

THE S/M & GORE MAGAZINE

# FANSADOX

**D'**  
FANTASY



**TAKAMURA  
CIANNI**

**bruno  
de haro  
paul**

**lucas**

**BADIA  
MATADOR**

**MOUNTING MY DAUGHTER**

*mail order slave*

*waiting in HELL*

*white slave*

**NIGHT COMFORT**

*my best friend's girl*

*buying a woman*

**FANSADOX**

**NUMERO**

**3**

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EL DE HARO '97

# MAIL-ORDER SLAVE

## Matador. Illust. de Haro

It all started when I picked up a magazine someone had left behind in a chair in Amsterdam airport. The plane was already two hours late in taking off. As usual, I waited comfortably in the VIP room with my tourist-class ticket. I particularly remember the little chocolate-coloured girl at the counter. It's a fucking disgrace that they let this rubbish into the European Union. It might be all right if they came alone, but they don't. They bring in their junkie-headed boyfriends, their crack-headed pimps, their noisy uneducated brats and any other human crap and detritus they can.

I'm not asking you to agree with me. I don't give a fuck if you do or not. Because you think you're a big-shot and you're not. You're no better than me!

Anyway, this magazine was full of interesting-looking contacts. It said it had a circulation of a million. And Charlie on the corner didn't even know about it! Which is surprising because he's Number One for penetration magazines.

So there I am looking at these photos and getting a very pleasant hard-on when I see this advert. Women from all over the world are seeking a European husband. It's fucking incredible. They might as well have called the magazine *Cunt and Country!*

In a different mood I would have been tempted to go to the publishers and set fire to the building. They shouldn't import this rubbish. But I had this aching hard-on and as you know that can change a man's attitude to things.

I'm not sure if philosophers have quite understood *The Role of the Dick in Contemporary Thinking*. I mean, a wide-open fanny can be the only important thing in your life at eleven o'clock at night and can make you feel sick at eight o'clock the next morning in a book of *Human Anatomy*. The same wide-open fanny! Now who can explain that?

Are they studying this question in the Universities? Have they cracked the genetic code that turns a man into a sniffing, cunt-licking animal when he's near a girl's fanny?

Anyway, I carried on reading. All the adverts were more or less the same. First the girls described

themselves and then they described Mr Superman, Mr Right, the man of their economic dreams. They went like this, more or less: "Philippine girl, aged 15, 1.45m tall (just the right height for me!) 32k, good cook, affectionate and loving, seeks European man, preferably German. The ideal candidate would be 50 years old or more, generous and economically comfortable. Aim: to establish a serious relationship".

Most of the girls were Asian, yellow or yellowy-brown in colour. There was the occasional European it's true, but they were fat or old. Rubbish!

From time to time there are some interesting ones. The advertiser, apart from being affectionate and a good cook, is an engineer or an architect, can play the piano or the violin and speak Russian and six other languages perfectly.

Some of them sounded very interesting indeed. "22 years old, blonde, green eyes. 1.74m tall, very attractive..." But there was always a catch. Mr Right, or should we say Mr Rich, had to be no older than 35, a non-smoker, a vegetarian and also into Central European literature and Rachmaninoff. For the right man there were long evenings of Dostoyevsky readings coming up and if he didn't die of boredom he might be in line for a long and chaste courtship period.

It made me angry. These ex-communists thought the sun shone out of their asses. The chocolate-coloured ground stewardess also made me angry because she was clearly looking down at me.

—Your flight will be boarding in five minutes, Sir —she said, politely enough, it's true.

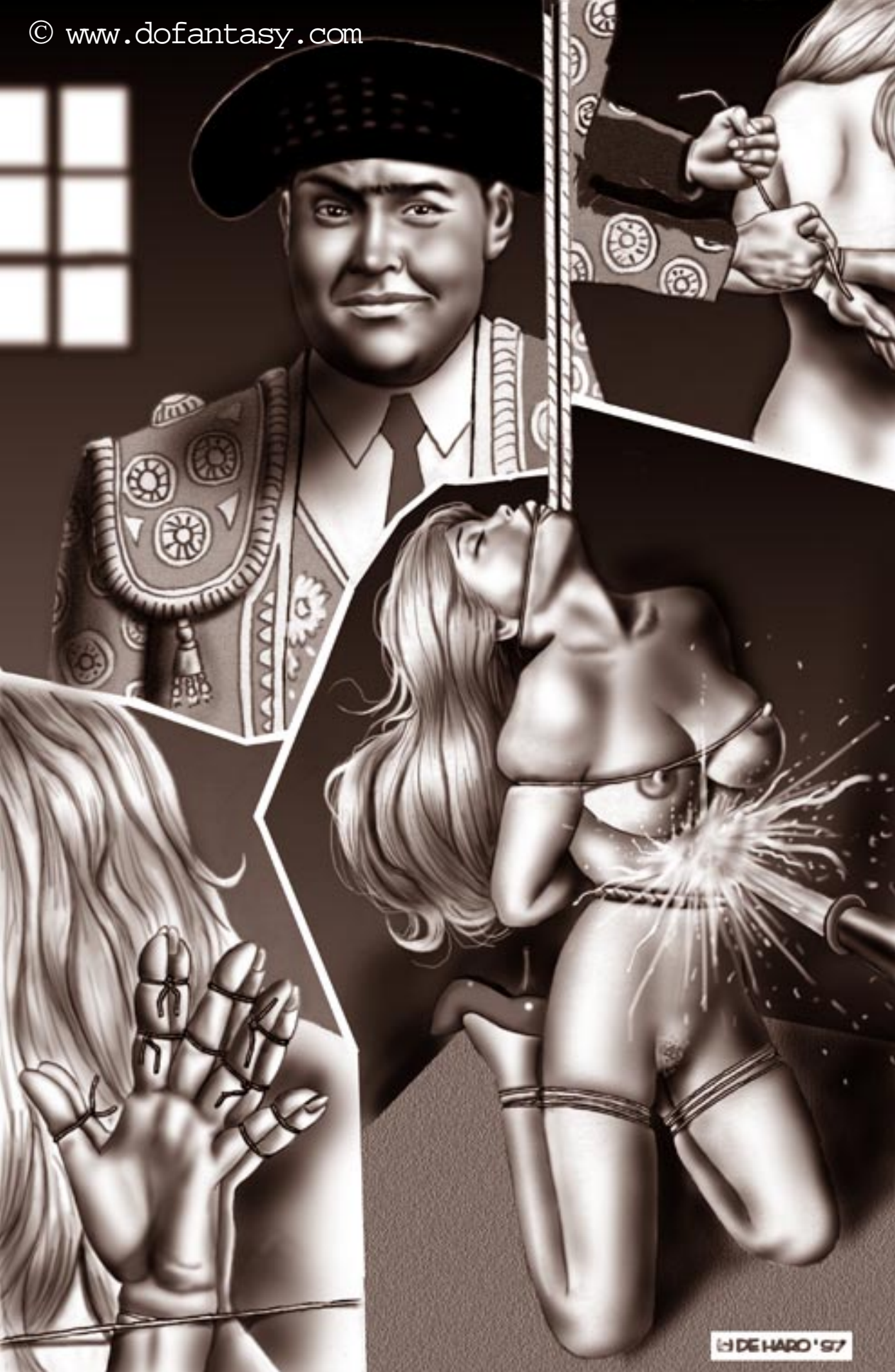
I got up without looking at her, bumped into her on purpose and left with the magazine.

On board I had a row with the stewardesses because they didn't have my favourite Champagne and I carried on reading. I got into First Class by complaining that Tourist Class smelt bad. I didn't need the extra leg-room, obviously, but I did want the free drink.

I carried on reading: "24 years old, 1m 72, 54k, blonde, blue eyes, very attractive. Harp and xylophone teacher, PhD in astrophysics, teacher of

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mathematics, degree in Sanskrit. Seeks young European. Must be attractive, serious, and without economic problems. I like singing, reading and accountancy. No drooling old lechers or men with income below \$1million per annum. Send full-length photo and detailed description of personal finances”.

Now this was better! She seemed a serious girl. I wrote down the reference and sent off a detailed if entirely fictitious list of my finances together with two photos of a gay man in bullfighting gear I bought from Dick on the corner. They showed a Spanish bullfighter complete with bulging groin tackle under his tights. A few days later I got an e-mail saying she was coming in a few days.

I set to work. I drew out my remaining savings and ordered a chauffeur’s suit and peaked cap with an embroidered shield of the Department of Foreign Affairs, I shut up the flat in London and went off to my aunt’s place in Hampshire to prepare things. I had forty-eight hours...

I spotted her straight away among the Aeroflot passengers. It had to be her. My heart was pounding when I went up to her carrying the sign “Miss Tatania Moskoskaya”. It sounded like a vodka.

She was wearing dark glasses. I could see she was a proud woman. She looked surprised when she saw my height. She was probably expecting somebody half a metre taller. I’m known in the district as The Dwarf, but I think that’s a bit unfair to me and disrespectful to dwarfs. I’ve also got eyebrows that meet in the middle, I’m going bald, and I’ve got unusually smelly armpits.

My mouth probably smells a bit too because I hate dental floss. The only floss I’m into is candy floss, if possible stuck to a big woman’s cunt. I also like what the Australians call Bum Floss – thong panties that go right up into the crack.

Anyway, I explained I was the chauffeur and she looked relieved.

—Welcome to the European Union, Miss Moskoskaya, —I said with a deep bow.

—Where is Mr Richard Prickson? —she asked in excellent English. Mr Richard Prickson, as you will have worked out, was none other than your humble servant, Dick the Prick. My motto: “It’s not what you’ve got, it’s what you do with it”.

—His Excellency, Mr Richard Prickson, is waiting for you at the Palace —I replied, wondering if this was not a bit over the top. No, she seemed very pleased. She would soon be meeting a prick all right, mine!

I escorted her to the limo, which was not the cheapest car I have ever hired, but it has proved a sound investment. I saw her boobs wobbling when she got in and it made me lick my lips.

I was working it all out the other day and the truth is, I got a bargain. I’ve hardly had any expenses with her. There was the chauffeur’s uniform, the bullfighter’s suit that I’ll tell you about later, the iron bars over the trap-door down to the cellar and the cost of the e-mail. I was renting the house

anyway, so that doesn’t count.

It was a pleasant drive. I asked her questions and she didn’t answer. I guess she thought it was none of my business. I though I heard her curse once or twice under her breath. She was probably working out when to fire me! They come over here thinking they’re God’s gift to humanity!

—His Excellency the Bullfighter will be pleased to receive you Highness for supper —I announced when we arrived at the house.

Even if you’re slightly short, establishing a relationship with a woman who is forty centimetres taller than you, who has never eaten lamb in her life, and who doesn’t smoke or drink anything except vodka is no real problem. But you do have to be careful. You have to take certain precautions. They’re big strong girls these Slavs. I’ve seen them on videos.

I had a peep through the keyhole and watched her. She was standing there all tarted up, waiting for her bullfighter, the Knight in Shining Armour who would rescue her from economic misery!

She looked gorgeous. I liked the long, elegant silky dress. I could see she had a lovely pair of tits just bursting to get out. They quivered and wobbled when she moved.

I waited for her to finish her vodka, which I had pepped up with some sleeping powder. A minute or two later she started holding her head and swaying. She sat down and was soon sleeping like a baby.

I don’t know anything about life in Russia but I can tell you that here in Europe people work for their food. In her case, the food was a little special – on bad days, which was when she’d behaved badly, she got chicken feed with Short Man’s Semen Sauce all over it.

She came looking for freedom, I suppose. We all make mistakes. She has a lot of time on her hands now to think freedom now. She hasn’t really got a job, you see. She just waits to receive visitors. So far, she’s only had one – the shortest bullfighter outside a Fellini film.

In a strictly physical sense, she is not always very free. The whole house is small and my aunt did up a tiny little cellar as a spare room for unexpected visitors. Which was thoughtful of her, because it now has a lavatory and a wash-basin.

Now a very small room is not much use if you’re into jogging, but that doesn’t matter because she can’t always use her legs, which at the weekends are generally tied up with wire to give me unlimited access to her more private parts.

As she spends a lot of time on the ground waving her gorgeous big thick-lipped fanny in the air, she has to lift her eyes to look up at me. This is a new experience for me and very satisfying. You have to remember I’ve been under 1m 50 for over half a century now and it can give you a complex. It does me good to have a big Slav fanny winking up at me.

I expect you’d like to know some of the

practicalities of my plan.

First, I tied her feet back with wire so that her heels were touching her Slav bottom. I put shoes on her too, but that's just decoration. When I put her on her back, her legs open automatically and a flower blooms! A pink carnation I suppose it is – all full of all wrinkly petals! Did you know there's poetry in small people too?

Now I'll tell you the ingenious solution I found for her hands. I didn't want to prune them, as you'll appreciate, but I did want to see flower and have unrestricted access to it. I didn't want her hands getting in the way.

I tied her wrists behind her back with the same wire as I used for her thighs and feet and I used some finer wire on her hand. I joined them back to back. Then I worked on her fingers and tied them in matching pairs. I put the wire around the joints in the fingers. I was looking for a kinky aesthetic effect here.

But that was not all. I don't know if I've mentioned it, but Moskoskaya has the most fabulous big firm arse ever seen in any calendar, including Brazilian calendars. The hands looked great on their own, but they always ended up obscuring the view of her bottom, which is the eighth wonder of the world.

An easy but clumsy solution would have been to tie her wrists higher up, in the small of her back. I didn't like that because I like putting my hands round her waist when I'm on the job. No, don't worry, I didn't saw her arms off! I'm an artist at heart. I did something decorative. I put her hands up a bit higher round the back, out of the way, and I put another wire under her armpits and just above the nipples. The wire presses her tits and makes them swell with the extra blood. It also gives her nipples an upward tilt when they have an erection, if that's the right word for it. I thought the whole thing was quite aesthetic and would have won a prize if it had been more politically correct.

It shows that little heads can

have big ideas too!

Well Moskoskaya – who still hadn't woken up from the glass of vodka and sleeping powder – arched her back and pushed her breasts forwards, which is what happens if their wrists are tied behind their backs, and I couldn't resist biting her nipples until they bled.

She looked so gorgeous and my hard-on was giving me so much trouble I couldn't wait for her to wake up. I opened my bullfighter's pants and put my dick in.

She wasn't lubricating too well, and I had a bit of trouble getting it up, but I managed to work up a bit of juice. It took me some time to get my rhythm



going (it was my first time, after all) and she woke up when I was still on the job. You should have seen her face!

I had to laugh! She was terrified. She couldn't believe what she was seeing!

I suppose the first thing she was my eyebrows, which as you know meet in the middle, or maybe it was my sleek, round, flabby priest-like cheeks and my general air of taking myself seriously. Well, someone has to take you seriously, don't they? If you don't take yourself serious, you can't expect other people to!

It's a hard world and nobody helps you. If you're a dwarf you're lucky if you get a job even in a film or a circus these days. If you want something, you have to get it yourself.

I've felt better since I had this bullfighter's suit made. I can't get a decent hard-on without it now!

The best bit is the hat. It covers up my receding hairline.

Anyway, Moskoskaya started twisting and shouting. You can't imagine the noise a Russian Comrade makes when she's on heat and being raped in a wine cellar.

I had to hit her, which is not pleasant for the receiver but can be for the giver.

I opened her mouth and spat in it. I wanted to give her the idea that she wasn't the big-shot any more. Then I stuffed my underpants into her mouth, together with her panties and her stockings. I tied them in place and that kept her quiet and left me free to concentrate on pumping my dick.

I looked her in the eye. She was different now. She was mine.

She had her mouth full, and her lips disfigured by the gag, but she was as lovely as at the airport.

I came like a train into her. Then I crapped onto her and pissed onto her, because you have to make things absolutely clear... I mean, who is master, her or me?

It was good job. I was pleased. They give a bullfighter an ear or a tail if he's done a good job. The only ears around were Russian and I preferred them on their owner, so I didn't cut them off. I'm artistic as well as sadistic, but I'm not Van Gogh! The only tail around was mine, and I certainly didn't want to cut that off! It had been a totally useless appendage all my life, except for wanking, and I wasn't going to lose it just when I'd found somewhere to put it.

That first day was very important for me. I'd been a bachelor and a virgin for over half a century and I reckoned the second half-century wasn't going to be much better.

Big people don't know what it's like being a little person. And I'll tell you something else - they don't care! They don't give a fuck! You would think that in half a century some big tall woman with tits like a zeppelin would have opened her blouse and flopped them out in front of me saying "Here you are, lovey, you're entitled to a bit of fun, too. Get your pretty little mouth round one of these!" Well,

no. That was the first fuck of my short (if you'll forgive the word) and miserable life.

I treat her well. I leave her plenty of food and water in a big feeding bottle designed for cows. She looks lovely when she's drinking from it, great big udders flopping around! I'd milk her if I could!

I buy her the odd surprise, like the two-metre kangaroo-skin whip, or the miniature vodka bottles I sometimes attach to her nipples by a safety pin, or the bigger vodka bottle I sometimes use on her cunt.

As soon as I get to the house at the weekend, I put on my bullfighter's suit, lift the hatch and go down the ladder. I put the hose on her first, then I throw hot water over her and I give her a good wash. She's learnt to flush the loo with her mouth, so it doesn't smell quite so bad these days.

Then I put her on her back and what do I see but this big juicy fig, all pink and ripe, waiting for me to suck on it...

Then we start.

We always begin with a Russian class.

Now that surprises you, doesn't it? You thought I was going to say "I begin by licking her clitoris", didn't you? That shows how limited big men are. They're obsessed by licking clitorises and they don't think there are other sorts of pleasure to be had from women.

Now I'm going to tell you something. Women talk to dwarfs the way they talk to gay men. They don't feel threatened by them. We're like other women to them. And I know that when men have licked the same clitoris a few times, they suddenly stop licking it! At the beginning men would give their left bollock for a quick lick! Then when they've done it a few times they just stop! And then when they see a new fanny, a different fanny, winking at them their tongue starts jumping out of their mouths and they can't wait to go down on it!

You think I'm weird, don't you? Well I know a thing or two about you big people and I can tell you, I'm not so weird!

I'm doing very well in Russian. I can say Hello, Goodbye, and Thank you. She gives me the class on her knees. I usually stand up and listen to the lovely sounds of the Russian language. Sometimes I can't hear them too well because I've got my dick down her throat and she's got her mouth forced open with a dentist's forceps. I don't want her biting my dick off!

Then we swap roles and I'm the teacher and she's the student. There's not much I can teach her after two or three months, but there are still some surprises. Yesterday, for example, she learnt how to stick those marvellous Chinese balls up my arse. The ones on a string that tickle when they come out. She got them in and out with her mouth!

From time to time I change the position of her wires. If not, she'd probably get gangrene and her legs and tits would go purple and yellow and drop off, which is not the idea at all. I have to be careful. I've worked it out now. I have to tie her down before I untie her. Otherwise she'd be free and she'd



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be mean as a Russian bear.

Our relationship is developing and sometimes I have the feeling we're becoming an ordinary couple. Sometimes I don't even remember she's an immigrant.

Saturdays we like to eat together. I bring a hamburger for us both, except when I punish her and then I bring her chicken feed and bullfighter's semen. The truth is, my bollocks are very productive. They make a gourmet sauce. She appreciates it. I can see that from the way she licks and sucks the bowl until it's bright and shining.

Now that surprises you doesn't it? You think you've never eaten a man's sperm in a sauce, don't you? Do you really believe that? Have you ever been to a restaurant? Do they pay the cook well? Does the owner always treat the cook well? Does he treat him with respect all the time? You big people live in dreamland! You're kidding yourselves! Talk to a cook sometime about what they put in sauces in good restaurants!

I still remember lunch on the first day. She didn't want to eat at all and I had to pull the nail off one of her big toes with a pair of pliers. She has to learn the rules of the game. We all do. First you learn the rules, then you play. That's life.

A sweet domestic moment for us is siesta time. Normally I turn her round and give it to her up her arse, for a change. She didn't like it at first, but I have the impression she's getting into it a bit. She can't complain. There must be digger dicks than mine! Also I'm very considerate. I stick my fingers in her pussy at the same time, so she must like one end or the other, surely?

But not everything can be sweet and domestic and romantic. A woman has to work too. I usually wear the same underpants all week and she has to wash them - which she does by running them round her mouth and sucking them. It saves me a lot of laundry bills and also I don't have to bother with toilet paper.

I don't know why, but she's often sick when she washes my clothes. Which is a pity for her, because she has to lick it up.

In the evening we go jogging. I can't let her go very far on her feet but she's allowed to wriggle her way around the cellar on her knees and breasts. You should see it! I sit in the middle with a whip and she goes round with her bottom going from side to side and her arse high in the air. Poetry in motion.

But a man needs fresh air sometimes and I go to a restaurant for supper if my finances permit it. On the way back I have a game of cards in a bar. I try to lead a normal life.

Saturday night I always sleep in the house. I leave my Russian teacher in hot water and soap. There's an old zinc bath-tub down there. I put a few drops of bleach in to keep her going through the week. I tie her hair to a rope hanging from the ceiling. I wouldn't like her drown after she's come so far and learned so much.

In the morning I take her out and scrub her down

with a wire brush.

On Sundays I feel a new working week coming up and I get a bit depressed so I spend all morning with her to take my mind off things. I take all my clothes off except for my bullfighter vest and I put her on the ground on her back. No gag any more - she's learnt not to bite!

I keep her pussy half-shaved to display it well and I lick her clitoris. That's right! That's what I said! You read it right! I lick her clit! When you're eating your Sunday lunch and feeling bored, I'm licking clit!

Then when I've had a good lick I let her do the same. She has her rights too. I kneel next to her with my hands on my hips in a typical bullfighters' pose and I let her suck my dick. After a bit of this I put my finger up her arse and work on her fanny with the end of a Vodka bottle.

There's a rule here. She has to have an orgasm and it has to be real. I don't mind how she comes. That's up to her. I enjoy watching her. She can come on the bottle or when I'm giving her tongue or when I've got my dick in. I don't mind if she uses the whip handle or if she gets over the side of the bathtub and rubs her fanny on the metal.

If she chooses the side of the bath I help her. I hold her steady because she's on her knees and that way I get a blowjob at the same time.

Recently she's been using the leg of the bed. I don't mind, personally, what she does. I always find some part of her body or mine to play with. Sometimes I just sit on top of her, play with her tits and shoot off over them. I like the way they get that sticky shine when I spread my come over them.

The way I look at it, if she doesn't come, it's like an insult to me. And it's wrong to insult people. So if she can't come I have to help her. I work with one hand on her pussy and I work on her breasts with the other hand until she does come.

Sometimes nothing much happens for an hour or more, and I have to turn her over with her arse high and motivate her. First I use the whip on her arse. Then I sit her against the wall and pass the wire scrubbing-brush slowly over her nipples. It's not normally necessary to turn the brush round and use the wires on her fanny.

She's got the idea now and she finishes every time. She starts wriggling and wiggling and bouncing and wobbling and pushing and jerking and dripping and grunting and groaning and gasping until she comes. She's a big woman and she has big orgasms!

I could buy her a big vibratory phallus, I suppose, and put it in her, but she might think I was a bit small in comparison!

Our relationship is developing well. I'm a hard man but fair, and I believe in give and take and mutual respect. If you look beneath the surface, you'll see we're becoming a normal couple in many respects.

Tired after such romantic weekends, Sundays after lunch I kiss her goodbye love and I hit the road. I hate traffic queues. Just like big people really. ■



# WHITE SLAVE

Text: Bruno Illust: Paul

Young Dalton, heir to Laudendarl, rode slowly towards the long line of slaves that were returning from the cotton fields.

Night was coming.

The procession of slaves chained together by the neck moved slowly, escorted by estate hands carrying whips. Dalton could smell them: a rancid smell of sweat and dirt. The slaves worked from dawn to sunset and sometimes died of exhaustion. Meanwhile, a kilo of cotton fetched as high a prize on the open market as a kilo of meat.

Young Dalton rode slowly past them, moving down the line until he came to an unmistakable tangled mass of blonde hair standing out from the shaved negro heads. It belonged to Catherine Barlow, daughter of the late James Barlow. He'd had his eye on her for years, since she moved into the neighbouring estate. The Barlows were strict, upright people who disliked the Daltons for the way they treated their slaves, especially their female slaves...

Things were different now. When the Barlows died, young Catherine had become the only object of value on a debt-ridden estate, and had been acquired by Dalton.

Catherine dropped her eyes when she heard his horse. She knew that she was bound to meet him sooner or later, but she preferred later. She hated all the Daltons, but this one more than the others: he was drunken, loutish, violent, a conceited idiot, the spoilt child of unscrupulous parents. The Daltons were uneducated *nouveaux riches*. They had made a fortune trafficking in slaves of all kinds.

Catherine was twenty-four years old now, four years older than Dalton. She had always thought of him as a slightly strange snotty-nosed little boy. But she knew his reputation for violence and she was afraid of him.

—Good evening, slave. How d'you like your new life?

Catherine fixed her eyes on the bare back of the slave in front. Why should she lower herself and speak? Dalton was nobody, socially or morally speaking. She was a superior being and she knew that. He knew it too. Perhaps that made him more dangerous?

—Did Whipper cut your tongue off? Maybe he didn't like the way you sucked his dick?

Whipper was a bastard. He was the foreman. He was believed to be responsible for most of the rapes that occurred in isolated farmhouses.

Catherine carried on in silence, shuffling along, following the rhythm of the black slaves. She was exhausted after a day in the fields, picking cotton with a heavy chain around her neck.

—I've got news for you, blondie. Good news. D'you wanna guess? —he was getting irritated by her persistent silence.

Catherine looked up at him. He was, she saw, staring at the obscene cloth garment he had made her put on. Only young black girls wore anything like it, but hers was smaller. It was a piece of sack-cloth that opened in front. It had no buttons, so she had to use a piece of string as a belt. It was impossible to cover both her breasts at the same time. She always showed one nipple or the other and bending over in the fields she often showed at least one breast.

He had allowed her to use her own shoes, providing they had reasonably high heels, which he found attractive in whores, he explained. But he cut off the back of the smock with his machete, leaving her buttocks completely exposed. He said he wanted to leave her plenty of room to work and bend over comfortably. Every time she took a step, she knew that the slave behind could see the cheeks of her bottom moving. She did not fear the slaves especially. She supposed they would be afraid to touch a white woman. But she did fear Dalton.

—Daddy asked me to take good care of you! He wants me to teach you your job personally, you know, show you what's expected of a young slave on a well-run estate! I'm gonna break you in like a wild colt! Good news, eh?

Catherine was unable to control herself.

—Dalton, if we're going to talk animals, let's talk pigs! You're a filthy, disgusting pig!

—Thanks kindly, Ma'am, and may I remind you you're a slave? A pig's slave! Hey, d'you wanna know something? I like the way you swing that ass! It gives a little jerk every step you take! Next time we have an agricultural fair I'm gonna put you in it! What do you prefer – Best Butt of the Year? Or how about the Best Cunt section? You choose. Or what about Best Udder? I like that, myself. You'd sure as hell get the Best Udder of the Year Award. Twice! The judges would be busting to pin that rosette on your tits! They'd be pumping semen at the thought of it! Ha! ha!

Catherine looked down. She looked at her long legs, tanned by the sun, at her shoes which miraculously still had the heels on. She flushed red with anger and looked him in the eye.

—Shut your mouth, Dalton. You're just a little boy. A rude little boy. Go and learn some manners before you talk to educated people!

Dalton reached for his whip and cracked it down on the dusty ground at her feet.

SWIIIISSSSHHHH! CRRAAAAAACCKKKK!

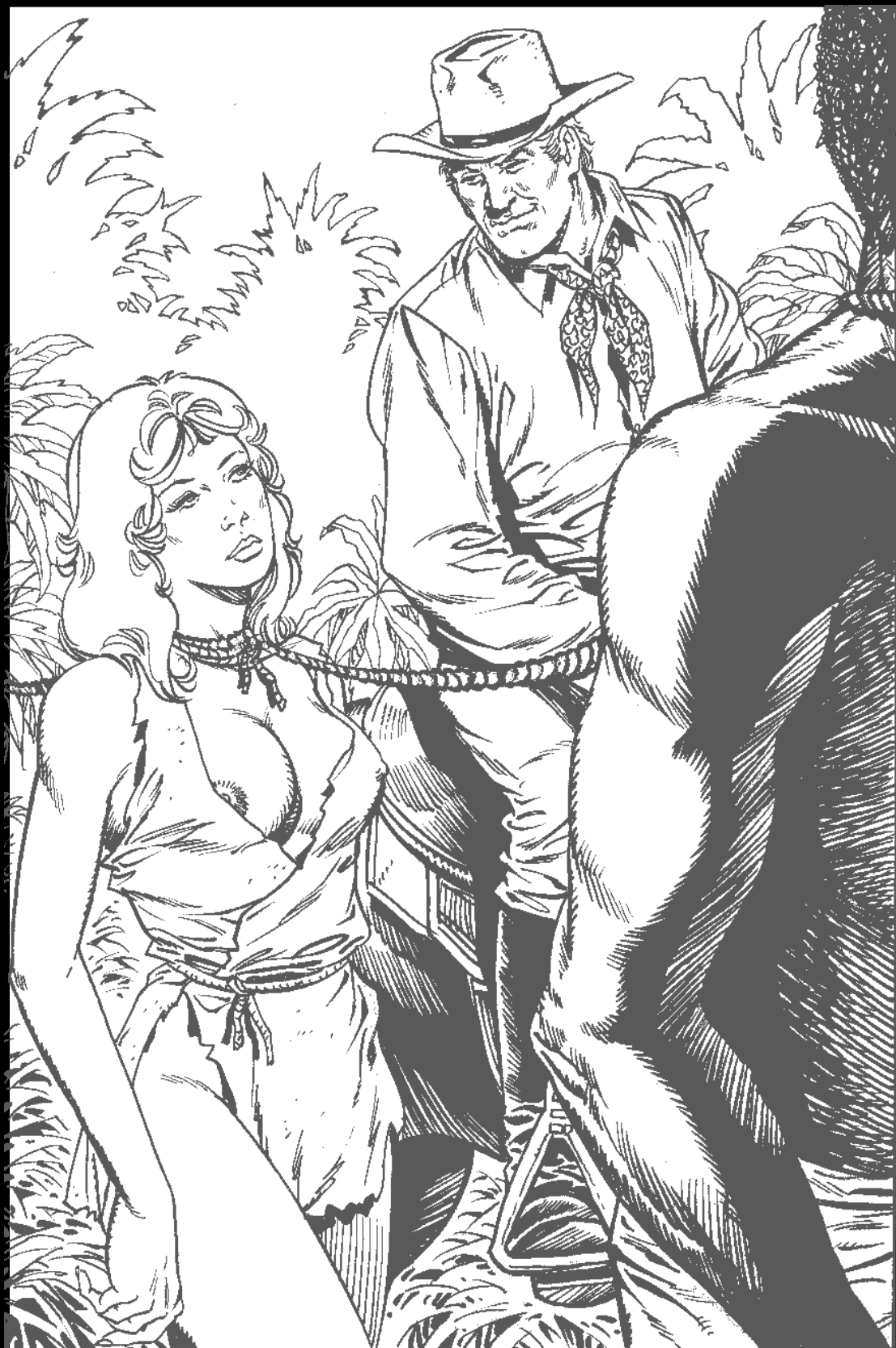
Then he brought it down on the shoulders of the black in front of Catherine.

CRRAAAAAACCKKKK!

—AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHH!

Catherine shuddered. If a giant like the man in front felt it like that, how would she react?

Young Dalton caught her by the hair and pulled her head back.



*Daddy asked me to take good care of you!*

—We'll start tonight. In the corral! Maybe I'll groom your udder! Let's see how you flop these boobs around! —he said, shaking her by the hair so that her head shook and her breasts wobbled from side to side. Her right breast flopped out of the smock and she put it back quickly.

—You needn't have bothered —he said— It'll be coming out again real soon. Shame to keep it covered like that! Cows don't cover'em up, do they?

When night fell, Catherine was taken to the corral, and her ankles were chained to a stake in the middle. She stood there nervously, waiting for her young "teacher". She had her wrists tied behind her back. She was still wearing her slave's smock and her shoes, but she supposed she would soon be naked. She was trembling, for the first time since they had come to bring her to this Hell.

Young Dalton appeared after a few hours. He was carrying a whip in one hand and the other hand was moving slowly up and down his pants over what was clearly an erection. He leant on the gate.

Their eyes met. Neither of them looked away.

One of her breasts had flopped out and she had been unable to put it back. It felt very exposed when she saw the whip.

—I slept in your bed last night. In La Fontaine. Nice house. I slept with Deborah Granville. I think you know her? —he said, his eyes fixed on Catherine's large breasts.

Catherine bit her lips. She loved the old farmhouse. But it wasn't just that. The Granville girl was a slut and she had her eye on Catherine's boyfriend, Red Butler. If only Red knew what had happened to her! He would work out a plan...

—Those sheets sure smelt good. They smelt of woman. It made me think of you —he said, putting his hand on his member.

Catherine unconsciously took a step backward. She came to the end of the chain.

—I'm gonna spell things out to you. Listen carefully. You're gonna work like all the other slaves, from dawn to dusk. But you get special treatment. First rule is, you don't wear clothes. Nothing at all. You're gonna be working stripped right off. No panties, no nothing. You're gonna be shaking your tits round in front of everybody and every time you bend down you're gonna show your butt and when you stand up they'll all see your fanny too. You'll end up as tanned as the others!

Rule Two is, you don't sleep in the huts with the others. You sleep with me. You're gonna dig a nice little hole for yourself in the floor of my room and I'll cover it with a trapdoor. After using your cunt, your mouth and your arse, I'll put you in there.

—I'll kill you first —she said, flashing her eyes at him.

Dalton smiled, took a lasso off the fence and threw it round her waist. Then he jumped over the fence and walked up the rope, holding the whip between his teeth.

—You're gonna be my private whore. When I've finished training you, you'll be begging me to fuck

you, you'll be saying, please, give it to me up the ass! Please let me suck your prick! Please let me lick your ass! Put your dick further up inside me, please, I wanna come!

Catherine spat in his face.

Letting go of the rope the way you train a horse, he brought the whip down on her for the first time. He caught her on the right thigh and she screamed with pain

—AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

—Take that belt off your jacket! Get those udders out! Show me your tits!

RRRRRAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKK!

The pain of the first blow had prevented Catherine from reacting to the order.

—AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

A second wheal appeared, next to the first.

A third whiplash came down.

—Stand up! Get up!

RRRRRAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKK!

The whip caught the left arm, curled round the back and stung on her right breast.

—AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

She squirmed and spun round, not knowing what to do. Her hands were tied behind her back. But the smock opened on its own. Dalton could not believe his eyes. They were the most amazing breasts he had ever seen in his life – heavy, sexy, but firm and uplifting. They were huge. They were perfect. They had long, tubular nipples just meant to be sucked...

He couldn't stand it any more. He went up to her, ripped her smock off and squeezed her breasts with both hands.

Suddenly he pulled himself away and forced her down on her knees. She tried to protect her breasts by crawling away from him, but it was impossible to avoid him and the whip with her hands tied. She dodged and twisted and tried to get around the other side of the stake, but the lash curled around and caught her on the unexposed breasts time after time.

—That's for your udders! CRAACK! And that! CRAAACK! And that! CRRRAAAACKKKKKK!!!

—AAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

—Now you're gonna do everything I say, OK? You're gonna flop your udders in my face every time I want! You're gonna stand with your legs apart every time I want and you're gonna wave that pussy in front of me! OK? Understand?

Catherine was crouching down against the stake in the middle of the corral. He pulled her up by the hair. He took her by the nipples.

—Kiss me. Kiss me deep, whose —he said.

Catherine howled from the pain. Both nipples had been hit by the lash.

She obeyed.

He kissed her, but carried on pinching and torturing her nipples.

—Open your legs while kissing me! I'm gonna knock that pride out of you, Catherine Barlow from La Fontaine —he said, forcing her legs apart with



*I'm gonna tame you, slave*

his boot, fondling her right breast and kissing her.

—Leave... leave me alone! —she begged, sobbing.

Dalton stood up and pulled her up by a nipple. He put the other hand between her legs and pulled her up until she was standing on tiptoe.

SLAAAP!

He hit her on the face. It stung more than the whip because it stung her pride. It was cheap, common, humiliating...

—Master! That's what slaves say when they speak to their owner. They speak with respect!

SLAAAP!

—Is that clear?

Catherine swallowed.

—Yes... yes... M... Master —she said, grimacing from the pain and humiliation.

—Now it's time to get down to basics...

It was a horrendous night for Catherine Barlow. Her Master, a spoilt adolescent, made her walk round and round the pole. He made her wiggle across the ground on her breasts and thighs like a lizard. He made her run round and round with her arms tied.

He asked her to display certain intimate parts of her body, usually the breasts, and he whipped her if she did not.

—That's right! Good girl! Stick that udder right out now! Good! Now move your tits a little to the left first, and then a little to the right, so I get a good angle of vision. Gooood! You're learning, slave, and that's good 'cos my right arm is aching!

He took his pants off and made her kneel in front of him and lick his balls and his erect member.

She also had to "brownnose" him, as he called it – lick his anus. At those times he was especially cruel, reminding her who she was: Catherine Barlow, heiress to La Fontaine, the most beautiful, talented young woman in all the county...

At midnight he sent for Mobuttu, the cruellest of the slave handlers. A mass of muscle two metres high, a man who walked like an orang-utan.

The slave handler received his instructions incredulously. He stared at the white woman chained to the pole by her ankles, her wrists still tied behind her back, her breasts hanging heavily, her head down with exhaustion and humiliation.

He had never ridden a white woman.

He took her by the crutch and lifted her in the air. He gave a strange loud grunt, terrible and primitive, a sound from when the world was young, and he threw her to the ground. He lay down on top of her, licking her all over her body, and then her penetrated her, making her shout and groan from pain rather than pleasure.

The enormous penis, so hard, so merciless, so demanding, provoked only disgust and fear. But the night was long and Catherine's strength and will limited, and when morning came and she was being raped for the twelfth time, she found that, despite herself, her body sometimes responded timidly to the monstrous pelvic thrusts.

When the sun came up, Mobuttu carried the

senseless girl to her cage.

Dalton gave orders that when she woke up she should be branded like his cattle on the right buttock.

She would then be led on all fours, naked, to his rooms, where she would begin her new life in Laudendarl. She would dig with her own hands the hole which would be her cell.

Some weeks later, the cream of Atlanta society attended a Spring party at Laudendarl. They were all there, Red Butler among them. Red was a lady's man, tall, well-dressed, an adventurer. It was his memory that came to Catherine in her small self-made cell. He was her secret love, her only remaining hope...

Catherine she caused a sensation at the party. Her master brought her into the room. She looked spectacularly beautiful and spectacularly naked. Her wrists were chained at the back to a leather collar round her neck. She wore very high heels and her ankles were fettered to underline the fact that she was a slave. The right cheek of her bottom carried the Dalton brand.

Catherine was taken around the room and exhibited to all the guests. She kept her head down. She knew most of the people at the party.

—Lovely party, Mr Dalton, —said Dorothy, Judge Granville's wife.

—Thank you for coming. Do you both know "Udder", my new slave? —Dalton asked, leading Catherine by the nipples.

—Good God! Isn't it...?

—Right first time, Judge. She picks cotton by day and she helps me in the house at night.

—I understand —Dorothy nodded— It's a bit naughty of you, but some girls have no principles anyway. They're morally deficient. I knew this girl would go off the rails in the end. I could see it in the way she used to look at Red. She's a slut!

Catherine said nothing. The woman hated her. She had hated her since the day she and her daughter Deborah became rivals for Red Butler.

—What's she like in the fields, Dalton? —enquired the Judge, staring at Catherine's naked breasts.

—She don't look too strong, Judge, but she is. They say her grandfather was a black slave.

It was not true, but who cared?

—See for yourself, Judge. Feel here. There's some fine muscles in this area —he pulled Catherine nearer by her swollen nipples.

The judge coughed nervously and looked at his wife.

—Go ahead, dear. She's only a slave.

The judge put his hands on her shoulders. She was warm, a little sweaty, perhaps nervous. He ran his hands down her arms and pressed the biceps. They were firmer than they looked. No fat on them, obviously. The skin was tense and the fibre underneath was like a rock. That came from the grandfather, he supposed.

—Carry on, Judge. Try the pectoral muscles! —said young Dalton, with a proud smile.



*Kiss me. Kiss me deep, whore...*

The judge was also sweating now. Without waiting for permission, he seized each nipple and squeezed it. He ran his hands over Catherine's large breasts. She noticed that his hands were now shaking slightly. His jaw had dropped and he was no longer smiling. He seemed to have gone into a trance.

—Well, dear? —enquired Mrs Granville— What's the verdict? You're supposed to be a judge!

There was a titter in the room, but the judge didn't seem to have heard his wife. He was still staring at Catherine's breasts.

His right hand began to slip slowly down her stomach and move towards her vagina. At that moment, the judge received a slap on the arm from his wife.

—James! Mr Dalton invited you to feel her pectorals, not her crotch! Behave yourself!

The judge jumped in surprise. He remembered where he was.

—Sorry, dear, quite right! Mustn't forget my manners, eh? —he said, his eyes still fixed on Catherine's breasts. He had never seen tits like that. They offered the promise of bliss, pneumatic bliss, a dreamy state of pre-orgasmic tension... That Dalton was no fool. He would float on (or under?) those breasts every night!

—I'm still taming her. In a few weeks she'll be broken in and you'll be welcome to come and see how a slave serves her master in Laudendarl...

—You won't need to ask him twice, Dalton —said Mrs Granville— My husband knows how to treat a slave! I'm sure he'll be only too pleased to test the results of your work on this girl.

She smiled at Catherine. It was a hard, humourless smile that shook the girl.

Dalton smiled and led Catherine away pulling hard on one nipple. He was pleased with his new acquisition. After lunch he had sent for her and begun to reap the benefits of his training. She licked his feet well. She sucked his member hard and he came into her mouth. Then he watched while she masturbated on the barrel of his revolver. Finally, he put her over a chair to expose her buttocks and whipped her.

—Look who's here! —he said, giving her a brutal pinch on the nipple.

Catherine's heart sank. There was Red, "her" Red! He was kissing Deborah Granville. How could he kiss that girl? Did he know she had been in bed - Catherine's bed - with Dalton?

—This is a surprise! —said Deborah, turning away to kiss Red again.

Red looked genuinely surprised.

—Don't tell me it's the Barlow girl?

—Who do you think it is if not? —said Deborah— It's the same cheap whore who couldn't keep her hands out of your pants. I told you. She's a slut, a hooker, a trash can for negro dicks.

Red turned to Deborah and kissed her.

—You're not getting jealous, darling?

—Me? I don't get jealous of slaves, even if they've got tits like a fat cow! I know you like to give your

dick a bit of exercise with slaves, but that doesn't mean I'm jealous. You're still a bachelor for one thing! And also, we all know the difference between a lady and a fat cow!

She ran her hand up and down Red's jeans over his erect member.

—Catherine tried to control herself but failed. She was tired from picking cotton all day and offering her body to Dalton half the night. She exploded.

—You're a bitch, Deborah, a stupid, brainless bitch! And you're a whore! You'll lie down under anything that moves and has a dick between its legs. Well I'll tell you something, Red. Everybody in this room can see my breasts now. But at least they're seeing them for the first time! Most of the men in this room have already seen hers, lots of times!

Silence fell over the room. The seconds ticked by... Then Red Butler spoke.

—Mr Dalton, my honour obliges me to defend my fiancée against some very serious and very public accusations. It's your choice: either we fight man to man, or I punish this slave personally, here and now and in front of everybody. A lot of respectable families have been offended and have every right to be present when punishment is meted out.

Dalton knew he had little chance in a fight. He gritted his teeth and handed Catherine over.

—We'll do this in two parts —said Butler—. Part One will be public.

He asked for rope and he led Catherine over to a rectangular table. He made her bend at the waist and lean forward onto the table so that her breasts and head were resting on it. Then he made her stretch out her arms in a "Y" and he tied them to the two legs at the opposite end of the table. Next he made her open her legs by moving her feet wide apart, one foot next to each table leg, and he tied her feet to the legs. Her buttocks were exposed at the edge of the table. The whip marks from the earlier session were still there.

Then he called for a whip and let the silence build up in the room before he brought it mercilessly down onto her bottom. Catherine's screams echoed round the room, but no one left. The men just stared.

After half a dozen stinging, cutting blows, Butler handed the whip over to Deborah. She flayed the girl so brutally that Butler had to pull her away.

—I think that's enough on her buttocks —said Judge Granville—. Why don't you turn her round and administer punishment on the front? I mean, on her breasts and private parts?

The judge received a sharp warning top on the hand from his wife and fell silent.

—It's time for Part Two —said Butler, ignoring the interruption— Please excuse us, ladies and gentlemen. Carry on with the party. Enjoy yourselves.

He took Catherine to a private room and pushed her down on her knees. Catherine watched in horror as the man she loved forced his member down into her throat.

—I always wanted to fuck you in the mouth —he

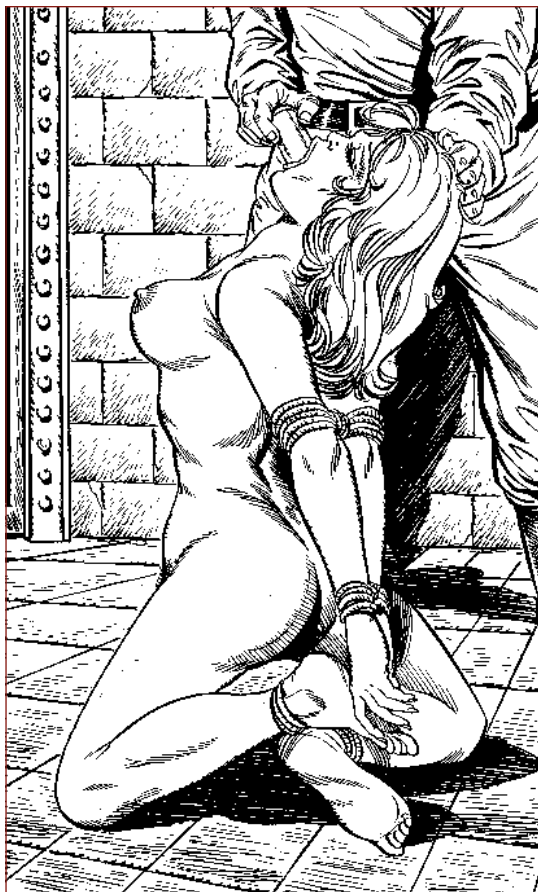


*I'm still taming her. In a few weeks she'll be broken in  
and you'll be welcome to come and see how a slave serves her master in Laudendarl...*

said, working away on her breasts with both hands.  
—Please, Red, please stop! —she mumbled.

Red stopped when he came, pumping his semen into her throat.

When he recovered, he made her lie on the ground



and open her legs. He played with her clitoris as he explained his plans.

—Let's get things straight. You're a slave now. And I'm gonna marry Deborah. We're gonna need an extra slave. I'll make Dalton an offer he can't refuse. He'll sell. That way you end up looking

after me and my wife. All our personal needs, Deborah's and mine, OK?

Meanwhile, you haven't paid for your offence yet. That filthy mouth of yours is gonna get you into trouble if you're not careful. So open wide!

He produced a huge rubber phallus and made her swallow it. She could hardly breathe. She thought she was going to die.

—You've gotta learn how to use your mouth and your tongue to make people happy. Mostly you'll be using them on my dick, but you're gonna be working on Deborah's cunt, too. When she's my wife and she's sucking me off, who's gonna be working on her? She needs a bit of tongue tickling down between the legs. And you're gonna do it. You're gonna lie on your back and she's gonna sit on your face and she'll get some nice soft tongue while she gives me a blowjob. You'll be a surprise – a little wedding present for my new wife!

He looked at Catherine, whose eyes had opened with terror at the thought of being bought by Red and Deborah.

Red was also planning the immediate future. He knew he had all night ahead of him. First he would stick it up her ass. Then he'd take a riding crop to her breasts and he'd hit her around the fanny a little. Maybe he'd put out a cigarette on the sole of her feet.

At midnight, he'd probably take out the false dick and let her speak. She'd go down on her knees, naked and in chains, and ask Deborah to forgive her. Maybe he'd lift Deborah's skirt first and drop her panties to show Catherine where she'd be putting her tongue. He wasn't too sure how Deborah would take that. They weren't married yet, so maybe he'd wait...

Maybe he'd just make the slave go round the room on her knees swinging her udders like a cow, or maybe she'd just display her pussy or masturbate again or lick his feet or his ass or drink his piss or eat his shit off the floor. He had plenty of time to think of things. And he was sure Deborah would have a few ideas too...

It was a question of honour. ■

## WAITING IN HELL

Text: Towaco Takamura Illustr. De Haro

He'll be here soon. I hate him. He's disgusting. I'd tear him apart with my own hands if I could.

I've been his slave now for two weeks and a day. I'm his "bunny" as he calls me.

It's been fifteen days of horror, with their fifteen nights... I'm not sure I can stand any more. But what choice have I got?

Here I am, stuck in this bloody hole. It's a metre wide and not much deeper. I can't even stand up properly. I just wait here crouching or kneeling or sitting, but always waiting...

I've been naked since the first day.

I haven't seen daylight since I got here. I live in a hole in the floor of his bedroom. It's a miniature dungeon, a chamber of horrors.

I've got a collar round my neck and a rope around the top of my breasts. I've also got a rope round my waist with another piece hanging down from it. If I misbehave he pulls the hanging rope tight between the lips of my vagina and makes me push against it until I come. I have to come or he takes the rope off and hits me on the bottom or on the



*You've gotta learn how to use your mouth and your tongue to make people happy*

breasts with it. There's nothing I can do to stop him. My breasts are unprotected.

Other times he passes the end of the rope between my legs and puts it in my hands, which are tied behind my back. Then I have to hold the rope myself and pull on it until I have an orgasm.

Sometimes I get sore and I can't finish. Then he says he'll lick it better and he licks my clitoris until I come. But if I can finish without his help, I do. It's quicker and I prefer to touch myself.

That's him now! I can hear the key. What will he do to me this time?

God! He's drunk again! There he is, tall, clumsy, naked, with his filthy bollocks hanging down and his prick in the air as always. He looks at me. His eyes are glazed with drink and desire. He's a monster.

He crouches down, puts his hand through the railing and pulls at the lead. He nearly strangles me. He pulls my face up against the bars.

Every time he drinks he does the same. I can't stand it...

—Open your eyes, bunny. And your mouth—he says.

He kneels down over me, licks his lips and pisses in my face, same as always. The piss stays here in this filthy hole. This piss-hole has become my life now.

Then he opens the bars and pulls me up into his room. He hasn't come here just for a piss.

I can stand up now, but I'm still not free. I'm on a chain that's tied to the collar round my neck and to the leg of his bed. My hands are handcuffed behind my back. They are in two oval rings that hold my palms together. I can only move my fingers just enough to caress this monster and dress up for him.

—Come on, get out and get dressed—he orders.

The clothes are laid out on the bed where he rapes me.

He lets my hands free and I put on the stockings that used to be white but are now dirty and stained with semen and saliva. He uses them to gag me if I shout too much. Then I have to put on the lace panties which are just as filthy and torn. Then I put the bra on. It fastens at the front. It doesn't even cover my breasts and it lifts them right up. They don't need it. I've always had big breasts and I don't like bras. After that I have to put on some old red shoes with very high heels that hurt my feet. I don't know who they belonged to and I daren't ask...

When I'm dressed up like an inflatable doll he makes me do a few numbers for him. I walk around with a tray, wiggling my hips. Then I walk backwards and bow to him like a Japanese girl. He likes to see my breasts shake and wobble.

I serve him cheap wine from a carton in a dirty plastic cup. Always the same cup and I'm always on my knees. He looks at me from the bed, sips the wine and stares at my breasts. His big Adam's apple goes up and down noisily. He ties my wrists behind my back again, burps and gestures me to climb onto

the bed

I climb up and sit on his penis. I can feel it under my vagina, but I know he won't put it in yet.

He rips my knickers off. Later, I'll sew them while he watches.

He pulls my bra off too.

He snaps his fingers and I have to give him another sip of wine. He drinks like a pig and burps and licks my face and breasts. I shudder. He makes me sick.

He points to his mouth and I have to give him wine from my mouth. It's what I hate most, kissing him. I prefer being raped. I sip some wine and give it to him, mouth to mouth. I have to lick his lips at the end of each mouthful. His breath smells and his saliva is thick and repugnant.

Another snap of the fingers. I've been here two weeks now and I know the routine! I have to lick his bush and wet it with my tongue and lips. He guides my head with his hands down through his hair. I have no choice. Gradually I move down.

My chin bumps into his big, smelly penis. The ritual never changes. He holds me by the hair. I have to open my mouth wide and run my lips and tongue down it. It's endless, thick, hot, dirty, hard, misshapen... It bends to one side like a boomerang. It has a big helmet, round as a tennis ball. His hands guide my mouth. I only have to open my mouth wide and make sure I'm producing enough saliva. That's what turns him on most I think, lots of hot saliva. He talks about it all the time.

Then...

Then comes the worst part. He opens his legs and lifts his knees and brings my face into line with his balls. His hands bring my head down, past the member. He masturbates then. I have his balls pressed against my forehead and I have to lick his ass! It's filthy! Why would anyone want that?

He must be mad. I have to lick and lick while he jerks himself off. It takes an eternity.

I want to die.

Then he pushes me back and hits me in the face with his penis. It's a relief. Anything is better than his shitty ass.

Next I have to take his prick in my mouth. I open my mouth wide but it's not enough. I can hardly get it in. I start sucking as hard as I can with my cheeks and my throat.

I slowly take it in until my face is moving nearer his stomach. I try to fight it. I can't stand it. I open my throat. I try to bite him, but my jaws are nearly out of joint.

I'm choking, suffocating. I'm going to die...

He's mad, but he's sane enough to know that if I suffocate he'll have no little bunny to play with. So he takes it out, turns me onto my back and sits astride me. He pulls at his penis and shoots off all over my face and breasts... He's revolting.

Then he calms down for a while but when's he recovers he becomes more violent. He pulls me off the bed by the hair and drags me over to a hook hanging from the ceiling and he ties my wrists to it.

The rope lifts my arms high behind my back and



Open your eyes, bunny.  
And your mouth...

the pain is terrible.

I half-stand, half-lean forward with my breasts hanging down totally unprotected. He fits in behind me, stuck against my buttocks. He runs his hands all over the front of my body, especially my breasts. I feel his hot wino's breath on the back of my neck. He leans forward onto me and I have to take his weight as well as mine on my arms.

He penetrates my vagina from the back. Every thrust is torture. He knows it and he goes in as deep as he can each time.

Finally he comes into me. By this time my cheeks are covered in his saliva, I have the smell of his shit up my nose, my face and breasts are sticky with old semen and now he's left my vagina full of new semen...

When he finishes he pulls away and leaves me hanging by the wrists.

He comes round the front and looks at me. Last night he hit me with the buckle of his belt, but today he's naked so he can't. He just rolls my breasts around with his hands.

He unhooks my wrists and takes me by the hair across the room and kicks me down into the hole. He locks me in.

A few minutes later I hear him snoring.

I put my head on my knees and feel his sperm oozing out and running slowly down my leg. My throat hurts and I want to be sick.

What is going on?

What have I done to deserve this? ■

# MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Text: Lucas. Illust. Badia

I shouldn't complain I suppose because a job is a job and these are hard times. But it's not fair for a government worker in a key sector like this to be paid peanuts. And on top of everything, I have to put up with the complaints of foreign sluts like Marianne!

I've explained it to her lots of times. She can't expect to be treated the same as everyone else. The other prisoners are all citizens of this country, they've got families living here, and they've got their rights.

Foreign delinquents are scum. They come here and expect to be treated like Kings and Queens!

Well they're not. We'd have queues of foreign whores at the border asking to be let into our prisons. We're not in the business of making our prisons look too attractive.

Before I carry on, let me introduce myself. My name is Asuí Ben Alraset and I'm a guard in the foreign delinquents' wing of Arabadat prison. Don't look for it on the map because you won't find it.

As I said, I'm paid peanuts. But it's a vocational job. Not everybody has the stomach –or the bollocks– for it. I tell the prisoners to call me "Doctor" because I'm more like a psychologist than a guard, although the truth is my salary is lower than an ordinary guard's.

At the moment I'm responsible for thirty-two female prisoners. They are all young and they were all arrested for walking in the street without a veil. So they all got life imprisonment.

Marianne is the youngest. She's only been here for two days and she hasn't got used to it yet. For example, she can't get used to her dormitory...

Let me explain. The prison is full. It's always full

because the laws in this country are strict and women are always forgetting their veils. So we have a lot of prisoners. Especially foreign women.

The foreigners' wing is where the toilets used to be. The prisoners sleep in holes in the ground. The holes smell bad and are small, but at least they're deep – two and a half metres deep. I'm not sure how many there are, but there are always a few vacant. I don't know what's wrong with these foreigners but they're always falling ill...

Well, Marianne complained when she saw her bedroom. I had to explain that this is a poor country, there's not much land available except in the desert and we can't give up valuable agricultural land just so that a foreigner can sleep stretched out, especially tall ones like her.

She also complained about the clothes. She says it's humiliating not to have any. That's just being silly. Why should we spend money on uniforms when it's hot in here and it's easier to disinfect female prisoners and check their personal hygiene if they're stripped off?

I'll show her these logical contradictions in the two training sessions, both of which will be held in private. Anyway, how could it possibly be humiliating for a shameless girl like her, capable of walking in the street with her face uncovered, to walk naked in a prison?

She didn't want to work either. Maybe she thought it would shorten her sentence, but it doesn't. Here the law is the law and it means what it says. She couldn't understand that work is to purify her rotten mind and to pay for her upkeep.

Foreign prisoners work naked. They make veils, silk panties and crochet-work bras, the kind that let



the nipple through. The prison is famous for these articles and it is part of the punishment for prisoners to make things that other women will wear and they will never wear. It helps their psychological renovation and it reduces their feelings of guilt.

In the workshop they are sometimes honoured

and she has to give up her meals or her sleep.

But what was I saying about Marianne?

At five o'clock in the morning I woke her up with the regulation bucket of cold water. She's tall, she's got long legs and there's no way she can lie down in her hole. She can bend her knees and rest against the wall, but that's all.

I use the winch to get her out. The prisoners have a rope around them under their armpits and I put the hook under the rope and pull them out. I haven't mentioned it, but foreigners sleep with their hands tied behind their backs, just above their bottoms. They all have bad physical habits and we don't want them touching themselves too much. I know it's not really their fault. It's the fault of the perverted society they grew up in. We solve the problem as far as we can by ensuring that none of our women reach the age of twelve with that instrument of perversion called the clitoris.

Anyway, this girl Marianne was crying and sobbing this morning. I slapped her a couple of times to stop her.

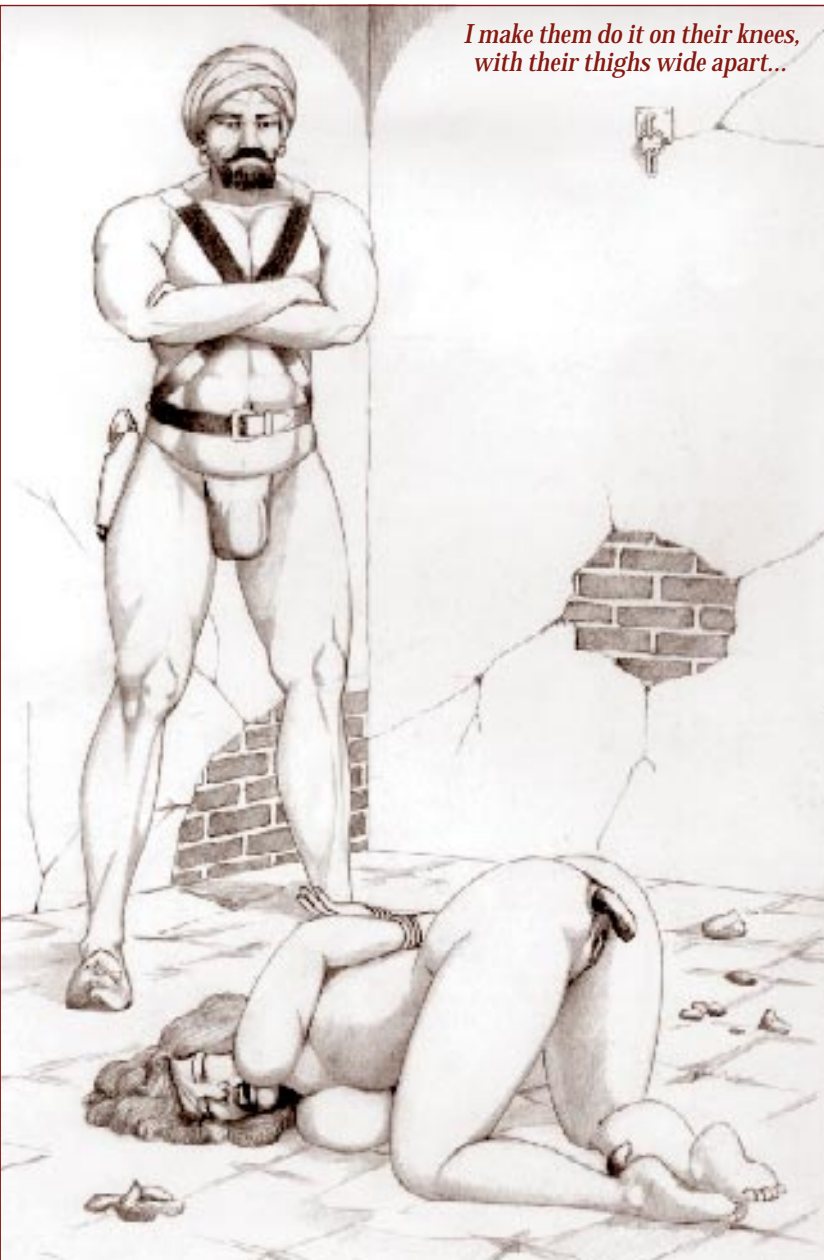
I took her to the lavatory. I kept a strict eye on her while she had a piss and a shit. I make them do it on their knees, with their thighs wide apart, their breasts pressed on the ground and their buttocks right up in the air. A prisoner must not have privacy, especially in the presence of the psychologist. It's a real show. You should see them with their cheeks open! It's a lovely sight. You can see their slits too. That, I think, is why the salary's so low - there's a long waiting list for this job, I can tell you.

She started crying again so I slapped her again. Then I cleaned her bottom myself.

I gave her breakfast. It wasn't worth untying her. When I got fed up, I made her eat directly from the plate. It was healthy: fish heads (slightly smelly, I must admit) and camel dung.

She was sick a couple of times but I didn't take any notice. I didn't even punish her. It's normal to be sick the first few days. The important thing is that in the end she licked the plate and the table clean.

I like to give them a task to do the first day that will make things clear to them. In her case, she had to clean the guards' hut. It's at the other end of the



by visits from the Doctrine Committee, composed of members of the royal family (over a thousand of them), the only ones with real money (US dollars) in the country.

The visitor chooses one or more prisoners and takes them to the Dogma Room where they receive private tuition on our culture and religion.

Of course, when the prisoner is taken back to the workbench, often in a bad physical and moral state, she has to finish the garments she should have made

yard. At that time the yard was full of local prisoners who were enjoying their regulation exercise.

—Lift your knees and bounce your breasts, foreigner! —I said.

The poor thing just stared at me. My French isn't too good and maybe she didn't understand me.

— —I said, hitting her on the buttocks with my stick.

This time she obeyed.

—Higher! Much higher! I want to see those knees right up by your tits!

I gave another blow on the buttocks to make



*Higher! Much higher! I want to see those knees right up by your tits!*

things clear.

Perfect! She was proving to be a quick learner. That's good because if they learn quickly I can teach quickly and they do more things in bed...

—When you put your leg down, move your foot forward and point your toes down. Like a horse trotting.

Excellent. It was the first time she'd walked like that and she did it very well.

—On tiptoe. I want to see your calves working. I want to see the muscle under that white skin.

Elegant, moving...

Marianne pranced across the exercise yard, with her wrists tied behind her back over her buttocks. There were other women in the yard, but they were our own people.

I was enjoying the sight so much I made her go round a couple of times. Some of the other female prisoners made fun of the way her tits bounced when she brought her foot down. But I didn't. I was fascinated. Her boobs bounced and wobbled all the way all round the yard. They shook like jelly!

I noticed two or three of the women prisoners who looked as if they'd like to get their hands on her breasts. We don't encourage that unless it's part of some special Humiliation Course. In that case we do sometimes make prisoners offer their private parts to other women. But I don't like this technique much because prisoners often end up enjoying it, even if they have never been masturbated by other women before.

—Ring the bell.

She looked at me, puzzled.

—With your head, you idiot! If you can't use your hands, use your head! —I shouted and gave her another one with the stick.

I love the sound of the stick on her buttocks. They quiver under the stick. Like her tits.

I don't know if I've mentioned it, but her tits are huge and very exciting. Everybody looks at her all the time.

Saladino opened the door.

—I have come to eat your excrement —she said in our language, repeating the words I had taught her.

Saladino stepped to one side to let us in. He stared at her tits too but he couldn't take his eyes off her buttocks. Saladino is a butt man, a rear-ender, a little-holer. I've seen him inside some holes that most men wouldn't touch with a bargepole.

Another blow with the stick reminded Marianne how she was expected to walk.

We walked down the aisle between the beds. We stopped at the lavatory and I dropped my pants and sat down on the bowl. It was a filthy place. She started to retch. She stood there, trying to be sick, red as a tomato.

—Come here.

She took a couple of steps. Suddenly she went white as a sheet.

—Go down on your knees.

She obeyed. It fills my heart with pleasure to see how even proud Westerners learn humility.

Marianne is like all the others. I imagine her dancing in a disco, her tits bouncing, looking provocatively at the men.

I picked up the regulation brush, which is narrow to get into difficult corners. It's got a strap and buckle fixed to the handle. It smelt of excrement.

—Open your pretty little mouth —I ordered, stroking her lips with my fingers.

I had to put her over my lap and slap her twice. In the end we got the brush in by holding her with her head squashed against my balls, her tits pressed against the bowl and her head pulled back by the hair. It wasn't easy even then. We had to threaten all kinds of terrible corporeal punishments. But in the end we got the handle into her mouth and fastened the belt round the back of her neck.

—I'll be back in an hour and I want to see the brush shining clean!

I stood up, leaving last night's supper in the lavatory bowl. My pretty new foreigner would take care of my crap. The problem was that there is no running water here, just a bucket. I was unusually kind and fetched it for her.

—Clean the lavatory. And if it's not clean, I'll clean it with your tits. Ripped off!

After lunch I went back to see how she was doing and I found the lavatory clean and Marianne dirty, especially her face, hair and breasts.

I took her - walking as I had taught her - to the laundry area next to the yard and I cleaned her down using the same brush. The other prisoners fell about laughing. Some of them offered to help! Then I took her to the workshop to pack silk panties.

Later, Coronel Al Fayed arrived. He's the strong man in the army and one of the seven hundred and three brothers-in-law of the Monarch. He's a famous man, known especially for his cannibalistic orgies.

He walked around looking at the prisoners and stopped in front of Marianne.

—Is she new? —he asked in Arabic.

—Fresh fish, Your Excellency, just out of the water.

—Age?

—Seventeen, Your Excellency.

—Origin?

—France, Your Excellency. The land of wine and love.

—Virgin? he asked in French, as if the girl wasn't there.

—I'm afraid not, Your Excellency. You can't find European virgins any more, at least not so far as the vagina is concerned —I answered, also in French.

Marianne was still packing panties. She went red as a tomato. She was trembling.

—You, foreigner! —said the Colonel— Stand up so I can see you properly!

Marianne obeyed nervously, knocking the chair over as she stood up. She lowered her head and stood there with her hands tied together in front. She held them over her pubic hair. I separated them.

The Colonel went up to her and lifted her chin. She was crying. She looked tremendously beautiful and sensual.

—Open your mouth.

Marianne obeyed and the Colonel put his thumb between her teeth.

—Lick...

She licked.

—The Colonel's hands ran down her neck and over her shoulders. He did it slowly, with a practised hand, pressing the flesh...

—Lift your arms.

The exploration continued. He pressed her breasts, ran his fingers over their tender nipples, and over her waist and thighs... He was biting his lips. His eyes were fixed on her tits and had glazed over. It's natural. Just seeing her breasts is like floating a dream...

—Turn round.

He felt her back, hips, buttocks and thighs. He cupped his hand over her vagina and moved it slowly round and round in a circle, but he never took his eyes off her huge tits.

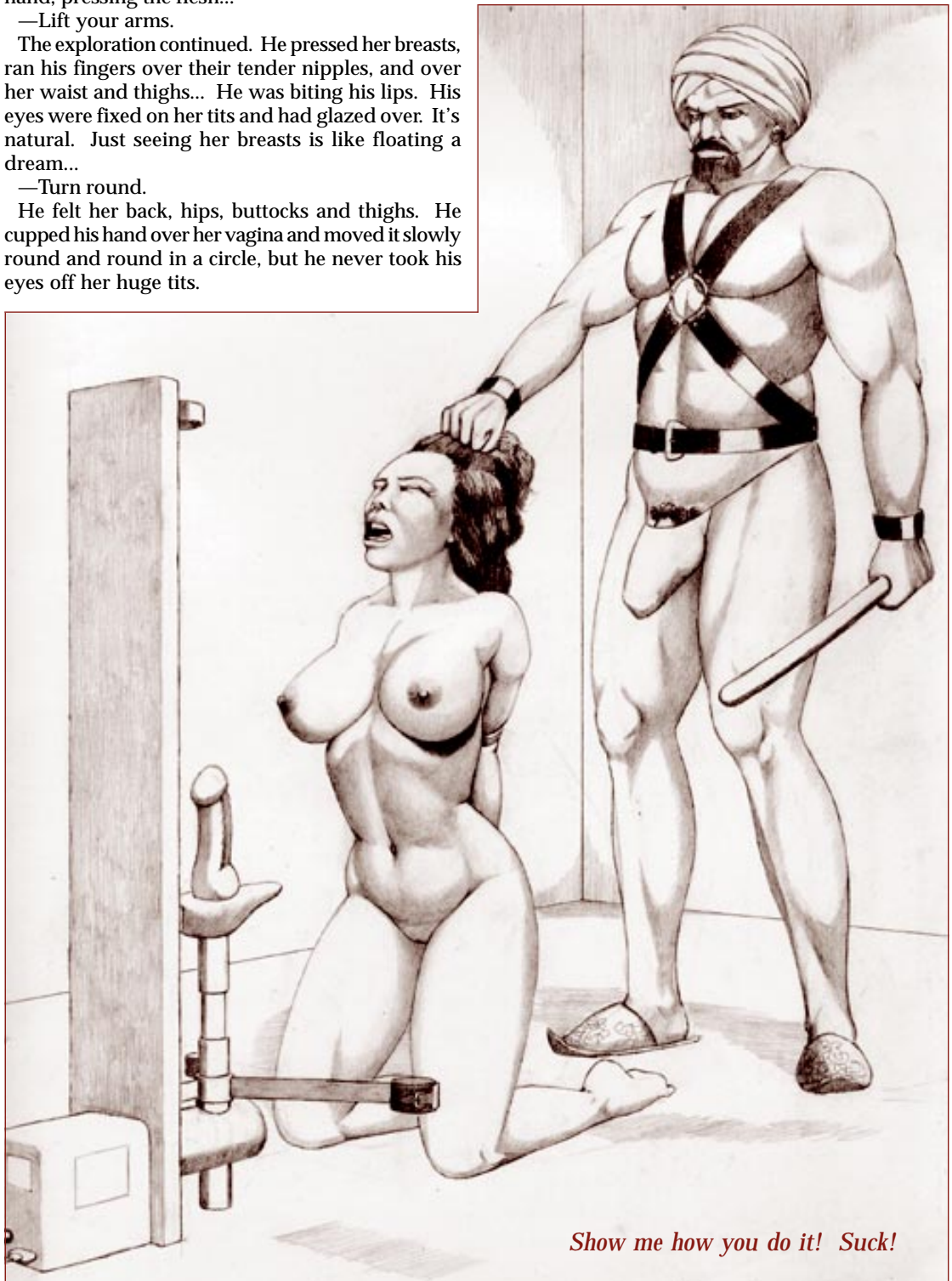
—I'm on duty tomorrow —he said, again in French—. Send her to my bodyguards at siesta time.

Good God! I thought. I only had a day to teach her something of our customs and culture.

We spent the night in the Dogma Room.

She soon learnt the preliminary postures.

—When you go in, the Colonel will be sitting on a



*Show me how you do it! Suck!*

chair or on a bed. You will walk towards him, go down on your knees and lean forward until your face and your breasts are on the floor. You will then stretch your arms out in front of you with the palms facing up. You will then stick your buttocks up in the air as high and as prominently as possible. Only then will you address him: "Prisoner F23 places her body at His Excellency's service to be used in accordance with his desires".

I made her repeat this about twenty times.

Then I secured her hands behind her back with handcuffs and the real action began...

I used the chair with the vibrator fixed to the seat. It's an infidel toy, a North American blasphemy that we only use with foreign prisoners. It's thirty centimetres long and some six centimetres across the bit on the end that's like a mushroom. It's made of sticky rubber and it's difficult to slide up and down it unless it's lubricated. It originally worked with batteries, but we haven't got any so I fixed up a transformer and it could run for weeks now if necessary.

It has a lot of possibilities. It can describe circles with the tip, or it can go up and down, like the piston of a combustion engine, or it can vibrate at supersonic speeds. It is also connected to a pedal and can expel into the corresponding orifice any liquid that has been previously placed in the deposit under the seat...

—On your knees! —I ordered her after dragging her by the hair to the chair.

It's a pleasure to work with these foreign women. They have fine, soft hair and they seem to feel the humiliation more than our own women. They don't like the handcuffs and for some reason they don't like being shouted at. I've noticed too that they don't like the way we put our nose just in front of the nose of the person we're talking to. It seems to upset them, especially the English. Funny, isn't it?

—You see this? —I asked, forcing her to her knees in front of the vibrator. No answer.

—Did you suck a lot of dick when you worked as a foreign whore?

Marianne was crying uncontrollably now. I was still pulling her hair back and it excited me to see her face like that, with the mouth open, her lips trembling, and saliva dribbling out of her mouth, down her chin and onto her breasts. There were tears in her lovely blue eyes as she looked down and tried to focus on the immense phallus that was vibrating at its lowest frequency.

SLAAAP!!

—Yes or no? —I asked, slapping her on the ass.

SLAAAP!!

I like slapping her on the bottom. Her cheeks are young and tense, like two little globes that react with a little quiver. They are round and hard. They're very white, except where my fingers have been.

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

—YES! —she shouted at last, gritting her teeth with pain and anger.

—Show me how you do it! Suck! —I shouted, moving her head to the phallus until her lips came into contact with the rubber.

—Open your mouth!

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

The cheeks quivered and my fingers left more red marks. There was a criss-cross pattern of red lines on her cheeks now. I do it by changing the angle of the slap.

When she opened her mouth to shout, I pushed her mouth right down onto the phallus. I held her like that, suffocating, for a few seconds. I ran my free hand down her long, fine neck. It was vibrating. I could feel the long rod going down inside her delicate neck.

—Suck! Suck or I'll choke you myself!

How could she do this with thirty centimetres of phallus in her throat? I don't know, but she did. I could feel it, as clearly as I could feel her coughing, choking and spluttering.

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

—That's right! Suck, you bloody whore!

I enjoy calling my foreign girls "whores".

I took her off the rod.

Her face was beautiful (if you're a bit of a sadist, as I can be sometimes).

It was bathed in sweat, mucus from her nose, and saliva. Her nose was bleeding, no doubt because she hit it on the phallus. Her lips were trembling, her chin was twitching and her eyes were open wide like her jaws.

I put her on again, right down to the end.

—And now —I said—, I'm going to take you off and you're going to show me what you can do. OK?

SLAAAP!!

A grunt suggested to me that she understood.

I let go of her hair.

She lifted her head until only the mushroom end of the vibrator was in her mouth. Then she began sucking... Her lips tightened over it, and her cheeks hollowed as she began sucking.

It's beautiful to see a European face working like this, with blue eyes, jaws wide open, lips about to split trying to get around a huge vibrator. And all of this with tears, blood, sweat and saliva! It reminds me of the juice that comes out of their honeypots if they are excited.

—Now stick your tongue out and lick it. From the bottom upwards.

It was beautiful, exciting, morbid...

—Put your tongue out more...

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

—I'm warning you. If you don't stick your tongue out more, I'll have to stretch it. And you won't like that at all!

It's a funny thing, but when a girl makes an effort, she gets more tongue out than a chameleon.

I let go of her hair.

—Carry on. Don't stop sucking or you'll be sorry! SLAAAP!!

Her lovely solid ass was lifted up a little, displaying her two round young cheeks... It was getting too

much for me!

I put my hands on her marvellous buttocks, so round, so young, so clean... And I opened them. Before my eyes there was the tiniest, neatest little bum-hole I had ever seen. And underneath it, a

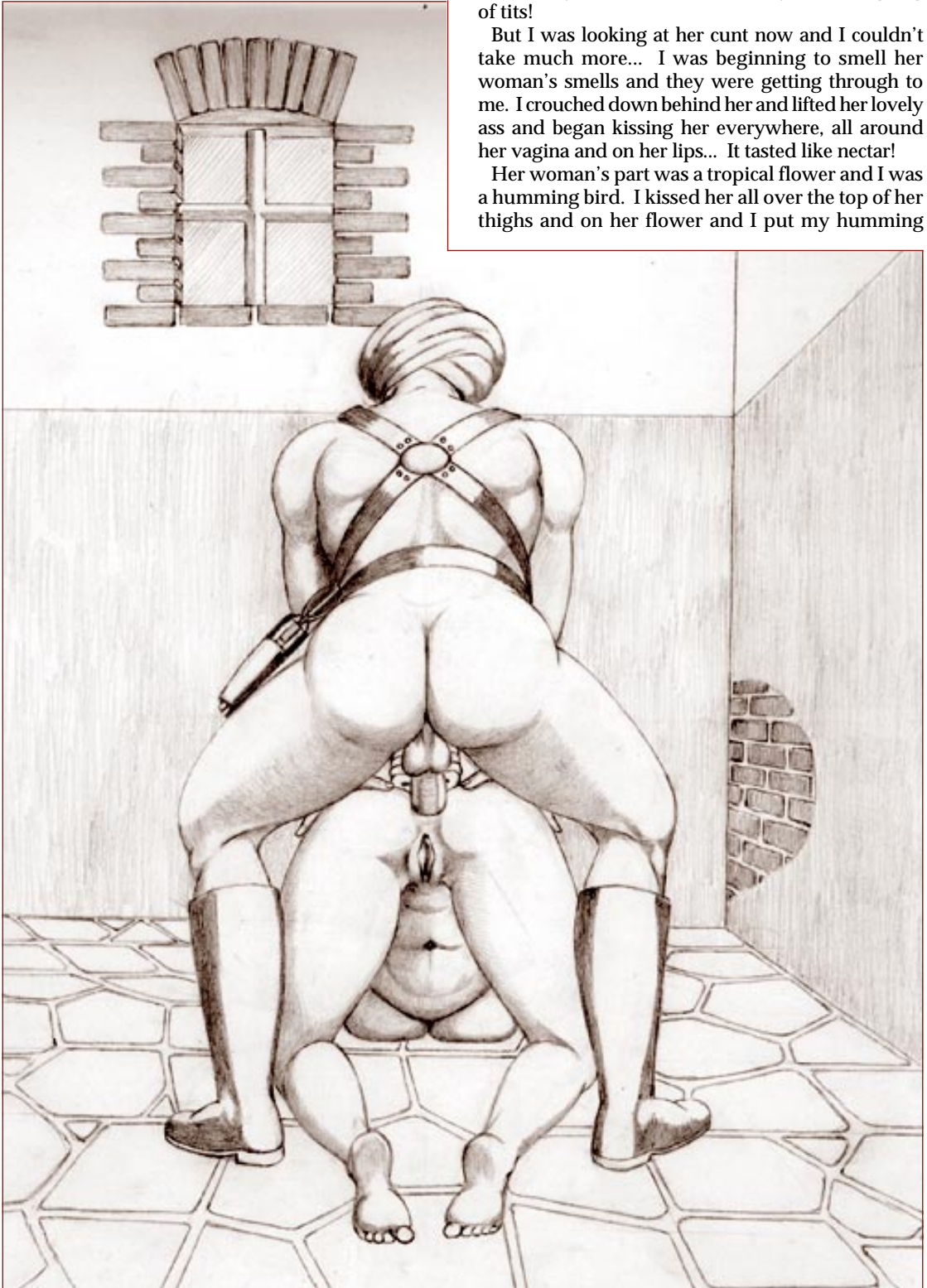
cunt to dream about in your old age! Swelling and bulging, and generous, but also neat, trim and tidy, an orderly cunt, covered with fine pubic hair that you could hardly see.

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

—I told you not to stop... Suck, you fucking bag of tits!

But I was looking at her cunt now and I couldn't take much more... I was beginning to smell her woman's smells and they were getting through to me. I crouched down behind her and lifted her lovely ass and began kissing her everywhere, all around her vagina and on her lips... It tasted like nectar!

Her woman's part was a tropical flower and I was a humming bird. I kissed her all over the top of her thighs and on her flower and I put my humming



bird tongue inside her lips. I found the nectar on her clitoris and drank deep. Marianne was a drinking vessel fit for a King!

My head was swimming but from time to time I remembered to check that Marianne was carrying out the task I had set her. She was. Perhaps because she was nervous or she was trying not to concentrate on what I was doing to her private parts, she was sucking and licking as if her life depended on it. Or perhaps it was just a woman's natural reaction to my tongue working in her so fast and hard?

I bit and sucked the outer petals of Marianne's flower.

She was sweet as a date. My saliva was mixing with the honey that was beginning to flow from her. I rubbed my face in it. I was going crazy! I couldn't stop! It was all so lovely and it was all getting too urgent for me. I was losing control. I wanted to drown in her honeypot... I needed to regain control of the situation.

SLAAAP!! SLAAAP!!

Her cheeks were red, hot and welcoming...

SLAAAP!!

And in between her cheeks was her secret, tight, neat little bumhole...

Just when I was going to go in that secret hole Marianne stopped being the docile, tame prisoner I knew and threw herself to the ground shouting and screaming.

I couldn't allow this and I threw myself onto her, turned her over and penetrated her soft flower. After

a few minutes I took my dick out and put it into her darker, tighter hole. I love European asses. I do not remember how many times I penetrated her, back and front, but it was many and my pleasure was great.

Some hours later I took Marianne and threw her into her bedroom-hole. It had been a gruelling first day for this young prisoner. The second day would be quieter for me. Colonel Al Fayed hated Europeans, especially the French. He was a sadist who enjoyed mutilating his female toys...

Fortunately Marianne survived the second day. She was more dead than alive. Her body was in one piece, although untouched would not be the right word... It took six weeks in our hospital to get her back to the state she was in when she first arrived.

I gave her the good news myself on her first morning back, when I threw the bucket of water over her.

—It's your lucky day... This is your last day here. You're going...! —I told her.

Marianne, naked and trembling, looked at me from her hole. She didn't know whether to believe me or not.

I gave her the news. I wanted to see the expression on her face...

—Colonel Al Fayed took a fancy to your white creamy tits. It seems he can't think about anything else. You'll serve the rest of your life sentence in his stables... As a filly! Until you drop with exhaustion! ■

# MOUNTING MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Text: Lucas Illust: Badia

My poor son, Antonio, made the tremendous mistake of marrying this fucking Emma. That's her ass and that's me beating it. Two months later, the slut goes and leaves him and then asks for a fortune to give him a divorce. Now I ask you, is that right?

Fortunately, Emma is a bit gullible. She's a journalist and works on stories for society gossip magazines, so she's crazy for a scoop. I'm in the magazines myself sometimes so it wasn't difficult for me to set up an interview here in my house. She came over from America thinking it was her big break.

Poor thing! What she got was the opportunity to show me her ass, tits and cunt every time I feel like seeing them! She didn't get her big break but I got her big slit!

Three months have gone by and she's still here as you see her, pulling this cart uphill and downhill. We go for a little ride together every day. I wear clothes and sit down and she's stark naked and walks or trots.

—Giddy up! Come on, girl, giddy up! Shake the flies off your buttocks!

I encourage her with a crack of the whip just over her head.

She was no use as a daughter-in-law, but she's great with a harness on. Coltish. Frisky. She's got gorgeous long legs... I could look at them for hours, and I do.

Emma doesn't talk as much as she used to. How could she with a bit in her mouth forcing her jaws apart? It's a case of grin and bear it. Or should I say

*Giddy up! Come on, girl, giddy up!  
Shake the flies off your buttocks!*



grin and bare it?

—Hey! Move your ass, you stupid!

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

Aren't those buttocks absolutely delightful? And what about those tits when she leans forward! That's a big dreamy mouthful for any man or woman...

I haven't laid the whip on her today. There's still a long way to go and a good horsewoman knows how to calculate the punishment she metes out.

We cross the stone bridge. The cord that she is pulling goes into her crack every time we go over a pebble-stone. It must be very painful. What is really pulling the cart is Emma's cunt. I like that. Especially when I remember how she left my son for a black.

—Giddy up!

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

This time I did give her one, in the middle of the right calf.

I like the sound of the bells. They're part of my daily routine now. I'd be lost without them. I put them on myself before we go out. Two little bells hanging from a safety pin that I put through her nipples. They're the same bells she used to have in her ears when Antonio nibbled them, blinded by love! Just as well some of us have our eyes open.

The rest of the equipment she wears was made by Isidro, the stable-boy who looks after my horses. He's also responsible for feeding her, hosing her down and cleaning her inside every night with the hose. I appreciate that it's natural for a horse to shit while working but it's important to clean it afterwards.

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

The other calf this time. Just to keep her on her toes, if you'll forgive the expression.

It's hard work uphill and the filly is getting very tired. That's natural too. Last night she spent six hours with her face between my legs working on me. When I finished, I told Cosme – my husband – and he came and took her to his room. I don't know what he got up to but this morning Emma's cunt and ass were oozing sperm. Her tits were all sticky too and so was her chin. Just as well she didn't have any more holes! It's not right, really... After all, he is my husband.

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

On the buttocks.

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

On the shoulders.

WHISSSSSSSH!! CRAACK!!

On the thighs.

I am a very jealous woman. If she behaves like a slut she must expect to pay for it.

—WHOOOA! —I cry, jerking the rope up into her vagina.

I untie all the ropes and let her free. I take a good look at her. I don't like the girl, but I have to admit she's fantastic. Her breasts are unbelievable. They're beautifully framed by the rope and they're at a lovely angle because her arms are forced back, and her tits are forced upwards, by the bamboo

cane behind her back.

I look at her breasts for a moment and then slap them hard with my black rubber glove. I slap each breast in two directions, from right to left with an open palm, and then the return slap, from left to right with the back of my hand.

SLAAAAAP! SLAAAAAP! on the right tit.

SLAAAAAP! SLAAAAAP! on the left.

She winces and cries out in pain. Her breasts wobble and it makes me drippy between the legs to see them.

—Open your back legs and push your cunt forward.

She's done this before. With my rubber gloves still on, I open her lips and find the clitoris. I treat it gently, as only another woman can, rolling it between thumb and finger. I'm quite gentle with her at times. I surprise myself sometimes.

Emma gasps, swings her head suddenly to one side and opens her mouth wide. Her eyes half close. She knows what is coming (she is) and she knows she likes it. She's never been able to fight against it, not even the first time.

—You like rubber, don't you?

Emma has already begun swaying and jerking faster on my finger. She doesn't answer. I hit her on the bottom with my riding crop and I gave her a warning tap on each breast with the rod, just below the nipple.

—Yes... Yes!... Agh!... Aagh!!

—You're going to come now! It's time for an ecological orgasm! Open air, open cunt! Push your cunt faster! Push!! Hold your tits up!! Push faster!! Push!!!

She pushes faster and faster. She bites her tongue. She's breathing hard now. She's going to come very soon. Suddenly she lowers her head like a horse and she's sucking my breasts. She's gasping now and so am I! She's groaning! She's coming!... —AHH!! AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!...

Her eyes close and she goes into a huge orgasm. She sways and sags at the knees. I have to hold her up.

—Down on your knees. And get that tongue out!!!

I don't give her time to recover. I'm in a bad way myself now! It's my turn to stand with my legs apart. I open my lips to let her tongue in. The juice is beginning to run down my thigh... She's cleaning me with her tongue... Her tongue goes into me... I'm stroking her breasts with my wet glove... I slap one. I'm holding on to them both. I've never seen breasts like... like... like... aaaghhh... these...

—No!... NO!!!!... AAGHH!! AAAGGHHHHHHH!!!

I come into her face and press her face against me and I rub myself all over her, over her face, nose, tongue, mouth, everywhere...

—AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

That was a good one.

I'm waiting for the piss to come now. When I can, I'll piss into her mouth and onto her breasts and into her open fanny. That'll teach her! ■



# NIGHT COMFORT

Text: Gabriella Cianni. Illust: De Haro

It's Saturday night and I'm on my way home on my motorbike. I live outside town, up the mountain. I'm tired, but I'm in a good mood. And horny as hell.

They let me in the most fashionable disco in town tonight. I got in close with the half-naked bodies and bouncing boobs of all the high-class whores in town. They rub up against you, right up against your dick sometimes, just to get your going, and then they leave you nursing this aching hard-on.

So what do I do? I go to a whorehouse. The Madame wasn't too sure about me, but she smiled when she saw the words American Express Gold (stolen, but who cares?) and she let me in. I sat down and made myself comfortable for the parade. Wow! The girls walked past swinging it all about like the whores they were. Madame kept asking me which one I wanted and I just said, "I haven't seen the right *mons veneris* yet".

I got so horny watching the girls go by I nearly creamed my pants. I made an excuse and left and when I stood up I had to walk out of the room scratching my ankle.

I just wanted to get home to put my hard-on to some use. Like Marta, for instance. Just a couple of months ago I used to hate going home. It was a cuntless, titless home, no use to man nor beast.

I met Marta by chance. Her car broke down near my house and the battery of her mobile had run down. She rang the doorbell. I answered it. I could see she was frightened when she saw me. She would have run off, but where to? She asked if she could use the phone. I reckoned the girl was alone, no one knew where she was and this was the chance of a lifetime.

She never got as far as the phone.

We've been together for two months now.

Nearly home now. Three kilometres up the hill, another kilometre to the right and I take the track up to the house. The lights are always out these days.

I park and let myself in. I'm not really a human being by this time. I'm just a dick on legs. I'm a genetically-programmed semen shooter.

I go straight to the kitchen, wait for the hard-on to go down a bit, and have a quick piss in the sink. It's full of dirty plates, so I might as well wash them.

I go down to the cellar. I've got my hard-on back even before I open the hatch.

Silence.

I stamp hard on the wooden steps. I want Marta to know I'm here!

There's no electricity. I light a candle. I run my hand over her knee. She groans. What else can she do?

I sit down on the mattress and light a cigarette. Marta is looking fantastic, as always. She looks

much better now I've taken off her conference hostess's uniform and put on some shoes with very high heels. The torn stockings look good too and I've left them on.

Her eyes are covered and her mouth's held open by a ring. Her arms are tied behind her back and her feet are tied to the thigh, up near her ass. She's still wearing her panties. She's got a couple of huge vibrators up inside her, front and back holes, working all day... She's oozing sperm from my last visit. She's so full of it, it's coming out of her ears... Maybe her tits are filling up with it...

I put the cigarette out on her left tit, just under the nipple, and I strip off. It's a relief to give my prick some air. Then I take the vibrators out.

I press her shoulders back onto the mattress and I watch as her long thighs open to reveal the object of my desire. It's called a cunt. A pussy. A fanny. A slit. A vagina. A split beaver. Who cares what you call it? A cunt is a cunt.

So I go into her cunt...

Marta groans, and the saliva runs out of the ring. I wipe it all over her face with my finger while my pelvic thrusts possesses her slowly but deeply...

Gradually my penis gets a bit of juice flowing and gets Marta groaning a bit.

She can't see me but she knows who I am, the same person who's been torturing and raping her for months – the same tattooed skinhead who opened the door in his underpants.

I take off her blindfold and I go up deeper inside her, licking her face, nose, her lips tensed by the ring. I spit into her open mouth. Saliva is a sign of love, a sign of intimacy. You should share your spit.

I run my teeth along the ropes that are torturing her body, I suck on her inflamed nipples and I bite them hard. I always do that when I fuck her...

She shouts.

A lovely noise, guttural but feminine, comes out of her throat.

I carry on pushing into her. Stomach against stomach, hips against hips, pubis against pubis...

I'm going to come...

I put my hands just below her breasts and I lift my head. I dig my nails in...

—NOW!!... NOW!!! —I shout, slipping into mindless ecstasy.

Marta twists and turns, but I don't give her too many orgasms. I prefer her to come on her own, on her knees in front of my favourite armchair, pushing a big vibrator up and down in her own pussy, or working on her own clitoris, while I make myself comfortable with a gin and tonic in my hand. Well, in one hand.

I'm getting a good push going now. A hard-on like this doesn't always come on its own. I worked this one up in the disco and whorehouse. If I carry



on putting it in like this she'll end up with a bun in her oven, but who cares? They say you can solve that one with a piece of wire and some alcohol.

I end up exhausted on top of her. I always get a good come with Marta.

She's breathing fast, but she hasn't come. I don't want her to, but sometimes she can't fight it – I mix aphrodisiac in with the food. I get it from the sex shop. I'm a good customer. I'm into Chinese balls at the moment, the ones that come on a string. I'm putting them up her ass now.

She's still on heat. Maybe I'll let her come later...

I untie her right leg and I hang her up by the ankle from the pulley on the ceiling. I pull her up until her hips come up off the mattress and her sweet little anus is at the right height for my dick when I'm on my knees.

Marta knows I always use her three holes. Sometimes I shoot off between her tits too.

I haven't recovered yet. I decide to have a rest and I kneel on her shoulders. It hurts.

I pinch her nipple, hard. She knows what to do...

Her tongue appears from the ring. It's got a small bell in the tip. A little thing I learnt from an American manual on piercing.

I make her run her tongue over my bollocks. Then over my dick and into my anus. I like the sound and the feel of the metal...

Before I put the blindfold back on her I half-suffocate her between my buttocks and I give her a little present, a fart. Straight into her mouth. I was glad to get rid of the wind. No use to me. Better out

than in, my mother used to say. Just the opposite of dicks, my father always said!

I feel better after this and get ready for the last come of the evening. I put on the sandpaper condom – rough on the outside, of course – and I get the Chinese balls. I turn her round and penetrate her from the back.

She doesn't like this at all. But I do.

The rough contraceptive slows me down a lot. In the end I give up. It's getting late anyway, tomorrow's Sunday and I'll have all day to play with my new toy. I'll have all day to bust her ass for her.

I decide to leave her ready for the morning session. I fill the bottle hanging from the ceiling with a litre of oil at sixty degrees – hot enough to be painful but not hot enough to fry the flesh – and I give it to her up the ass. It's good to see her writhing around in the ropes. One day I'll take them off so she can dance with me. I knew I was a sadist; I didn't know I was so romantic! It must be love, or something.

As a final touch I put the mousetrap on her nipples. I know she doesn't like that either, but it's the punishment for not giving me a good come in her back passage.

—Now you're going to bed without supper —I said before closing the hatch and putting the carpet and the aspidistra over it.

I look at my watch. Only five minutes to go. Good timing. "Out of Africa" is on the telly and it starts in five minutes.

I told you I was a romantic, didn't I? ■

# MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL

Text: Matador Illustr: Badia

Poor Mary was desolate. So was I, all day listening to the same story, Fred this, Fred that..., what a prick Fred must be to go and leave her without a word like that, etc..., but it didn't matter, she couldn't live without him, she loved him, etc...

It went on all through lunch and all through the coffee and all through the litre of beer we had in one bar and the second litre in another bar...

I get fed up to the cunt with all this Fred business. Sometimes I find other women a bit boring. They're into love, most of the time, and I'm into sex. I prefer the company of men. We speak the same language (or should I say tongue?)

I like having a lot of men around me looking at my boobs, running a finger up my thigh and suggesting we have a coffee in some quiet little place they know. I often say yes. I like a having a man up my cunt.

And I don't fall in love too often either because I think most men are just dicks on legs, walking obsessions, sperm machines programmed to find a convenient cunt to shoot off into. Well, you know what they say about dicks – 1% of the body weight

and 99% of the decisions!

I can take men or leave them, and I often take them like I take a glass of whisky. When I've finished with it I leave it on the bar. They wash it, fill it up and give it to somebody else.

Although I have to admit it was all a bit different with Mary's Fred...

I got rid of her at eight o'clock after giving her the number of a gay friend of mine, a shrink. I got stuck in a traffic jam on the way home. It was a hot day. I had the cassette on full blast and the car hood down. I was wearing a deep V-neck, open down to the waist, sunglasses at night, long dark hair in the wind, and all the guys in the other cars just sat there staring at my boobs with their mouths open. I quite liked the look of one of them. He had a Mercedes convertible and gold rings all over his fingers. But I had to get home. Fred was waiting for me, like every night...

The bloody idiot! Whatever was he thinking of, coming to my house at four in the morning, blind drunk, telling me all about his problems with Mary and then saying it was really me he loved and



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jumping on top of me with his dick in the air!

You will appreciate that I had to defend myself. A simple knee in the balls is enough for most men, followed by half a dozen kicks (full force) in the same spot when they're down.

I would have left it at that, but I happen to find the guy sexy. I've always liked him. He's tall, dark, handsome and he sings rumbas. He wears very tight trousers when he's on stage and I've always been fascinated by the bulge between his legs.

I'm just a weak little girl at heart, but I managed to kick him downstairs and into the garage. It wasn't easy: ninety kilos of muscle are hard to move, not forgetting his huge bull's bollocks, full of rich milk!

I had a few useful accessories down there from the times I played bondage games with a gay friend. He had handcuffs stolen from a gay policeman, and they came in handy, if you'll forgive the expression, with Fred. In no time at all I had him tied up and chained to the hooks on the wall.

I got stripped off straight away. It was five o'clock in the morning and I felt like my first fuck of the day...

I got some scissors and cut off his pants and underpants. It was fun. And I wasn't wrong about his gear either. What the hell had Mary been doing with all this equipment? I'm a foot fetishist and I left his shoes and socks on. It was ridiculous, maybe, but we were alone. Even he couldn't see because I'd blindfolded him. I stripped off and forced my decidedly moist panties into his mouth. He was as horny as a nympho in a barracks. My panties are microscopic, and he's got a big mouth, so there was room for more. I pissed the remains of the beer onto a mop and put it in his mouth.

Then I stood back with my finger inside my pussy and had a good look at him. He had an athletic body, and his pectorals were so developed he was almost like a woman, which I found surprisingly attractive. He had long muscular legs, big firm arms and he was nicely tanned from his sessions under ultraviolet light...

But what really turned me on, what really got my juices flowing, were his balls. They're all silky underneath and lovely to squeeze. They're like two balls of jelly. I like to watch them move around inside their funny little bags and I love to crush them. And his dick is the one dick I'd never leave behind on the bar.

I finally made it home through the traffic. I've got a big house with a big garden. How did a single girl get a house like that on my salary? The answer is, a big pair of tits and a friendly smile. There's not a greasy-haired banker in town who can say no. Bankers are no different from other wankers - they think money and sex. They are more generous, though...

Anyway, as soon as I got home, I parked and ran straight down to the basement.

Like every day that first week, Fred was waiting for me with a huge erection. I put some music on and got undressed. Pity he couldn't see me, but he

had the blindfold on.

I got straight down to business. I put a cushion on the floor and knelt down comfortably between his sun-tanned legs. I took his balls in my hands... They were huge, I could hardly hold them both. They seemed full... They'd been working all day to produce the delicious salty milk that keeps me so healthy. I rolled them round and stuck my fingers and nails in them. He groaned with pain more than pleasure, I think, but who knows? Pain and pleasure are so similar...

If you treat his bollocks badly, the guy loses his hard-on, which makes it more fun. I like to start the whole process from the beginning, chewing the tip like gum...

I put it in my mouth. It's very tasty... I sucked with all my strength, the strongest suck ever I think. My pussy was about to burst into flames and I just sucked and sucked. My cheeks were going in and out like suction cups and my tongue was stroking and licking. Males find it very difficult to resist my mouth in full suck, and if they do, I just pump them a bit with my hand. It's not so difficult to know what to do with a man. You just show him your tits and you pump his dick slowly up and down...

He was jerking around like a rabbit in a trap now. I pressed his balls as if I was squeezing out a wet mop and SPLASH!!! out came the warm, rich, sweet, salty, tension-relieving, mouth-filling milk. A healthy addition to any woman's diet, full of little sea creatures, millions of little of Freddie's looking for a partner to perpetuate the species. Sweet little angels, this time they were going down the wrong plug-hole!

I left him dry.

Then I gave him a few minutes to get his breath back and get one or two neurones into place and I sat on his limp prick. I stoked his chest, shoulders, arms... I bit his ears and licked his lips that were stretched by the gag... I gave him some long, superslow licks on the nose. Spit gets them going, but so does anything else...

His dick was big now and pressing against my cunt. It was begging to be allowed in...

Now when I get going there's no stopping me. And men can't resist more than a few jerks with me, so I like to milk them first and then fuck them.

I grabbed it, stuffed it all in and rode him. I slapped him in the face, dug my nails in his bodybuilder's tits and pounded him in the stomach with my fists. I go up and down so fast when I've slapped men around a bit I go into hyper-space, twist my head around like a mad sadistic rapist and I shout and scream...

They'll take me away in a straitjacket one day. I wouldn't like that. I wouldn't be able to reach my own parts! I'd have to rub my fanny against the furniture, or the nurses...

Those of us who have permanently wet fannies have to do something with them.

So there I am riding away when my fanny takes over. I put my feet on the bed and I go into



hyperjerks. The penetration is deeper. I'm really flying now...

I'm howling with pleasure. Just as well the neighbours are used to a bit of noise in the evening!

I throw my head back, rub my right nipple, squeeze my tit, and...

Aaagh!! AAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!

I come, but I carry on straight away and gave another orgasm and then another...

Fred behaves very well. He comes sometimes of course, but that's no problem. His dick stays up there until he recovers.

He's improved the quality of my life a lot. Since I've been going out with him I've led a much healthier life. I get more exercise, I go out less at night, I smoke less and drink less. And I fuck better. Not bad, eh?

In the morning I always come down before breakfast and have the first ride of the day. Sometimes I have another one after coffee and toast. Then comes the problem - traffic jams, and then work. I have lunch with other people from the office, all of them boring old farts with spouses, offspring and mortgages. Any of the men in the office would give his right bollock to have me sit on his dick and bounce my tits up and down in front of him.

After work, I rush home, cursing the traffic. And there he is, flying the flag every day! I ride him and jerk off the tension of the day. Then I wash him with a bit of bleach in the water and hose him down. Just as well there's a drain in the garage. Then I take his gag off and feed him with hamburgers or whatever I've had time to buy on the way. On bad days, he gets the biscuits I buy for my Siamese cat, "Lick in Boots". (I can't call him Puss, can I? He's a male.)

I go up and have supper, take a shower, dress up in my sexiest, laciest, see-through clothes with high-lift bra, thong panties, and leather trousers, and go down again for more dick.

I take the blindfold off and do a striptease just for him. Other times I just take his gag off and let him beg for mercy. He usually asks me to let him go! No way! Where would my fanny be without his dick up it?

—Please—he says—, please let me go. I won't tell anyone, I promise. I'll give you any money you ask for. I'll marry you and we can do this every night. I like it and I love you...

Etc. Etc...

Either he's running out of ideas or the guy's really got the Stockholm syndrome.

—Listen, Fred—I say—. Isn't this what you wanted? Didn't you come here for my cunt? Don't tell me you want to go back to Mary? I like a stable relationship, Fred. —I said, running my hand up and down his member— And you're the lucky one.

Then I sat on his face and half-choked him with my cunt. He bit me once when I did that, on the lip of my fanny. He only did it once! I punched him in the balls. I had to go to hospital for two things, a

bleeding cunt and a broken finger. He was tied to the table at the time...

I had to answer a lot of questions in the hospital. Did my Siamese cat scratch me? Did I fall off my bike? Were my panties too tight? I don't remember what I said. I only remember the way the doctor played with my clitoris while he was asking the questions. That was an unexpected orgasm for both of us (I pulled him off, you've got to show your gratitude, haven't you?)

When I got back I went down to see Fred.

—You've been a very naughty little boy, Freddie! And Mummy's going to punish you! The doctor says I mustn't fuck for a week.

He was beginning to look frightened.

—So I don't need your dick.

He looked even more frightened.

—So I'm going to slice your bollocks with the bread knife. OK by you?

He wet himself. He shat himself. I had to get the water and bleach and wash and hose him down again. I like washing him and when I came to his dick I started to get horny again and I started rolling it around in my fingers. I thought of putting it in again but I had to teach him a lesson.

—Turn round and show me your bottom. Come on, higher, that's a good little boy. This is going to hurt Mummy more than it hurts you. You've disappointed me and you've got to be punished.

I put the trestle under his stomach. He looked lovely with his ass up and all his tackle hanging unprotected...

I got a rubber band and tied it just above his balls. I twisted it tight, so that his balls swelled up, strangled at the base. They looked as if they might burst.

I stroked them with the tips of my fingers. They were more sensitive than normal, I could feel...

I sat down with my legs crossed and I pushed a cork from a wine barrel up his ass.

Then I lit up a couple of joints. I blew the smoke into his face.

—You haven't had a smoke for some time, have you? Do you fancy one?

He said yes and I took out the cork and put the joint in instead. It would burn its way down and burn his ass...

Then I got working on his tackle.

—You bit me, remember? —I asked, putting out the first cigarette on his testicles.

I thought he was going to break the ropes. I love the way his bottom squirms around.

I lit it again, had a drag and put it out again. I lit another and another and another...

I covered his big balls and prick with burn marks.

Then the bell rang. I put a dressing gown on and answered the door.

Shit! It was Mary! I let her in.

She was desolate. There was no news of Freddie. I had to smile. Her Freddie was tied and gagged just below her feet...

—And how are you? —she asked— I haven't seen

*You bit me, remember?*



you for some time.

I was, I explained, very busy. I was preparing for some exams. Also I hadn't been very well.

—Not pregnant? —she asked— Not in love?

The bitch suspected something. But what? That I was seeing her Freddie?

I looked at her carefully while she was talking. I don't normally look at other women, but I could see she was attractive. Her thighs were a bit big, but maybe that was nice if you were a man and went down on her. Her tits were too big, but maybe a big mouthful is exciting...

It went through my mind to ask her to stay the night with me. I've always heard that another woman sucks your cunt and licks your ass better than a man. I liked the idea of me spanking her buttocks over the same trestle as Fred. I imagined the riding crop going down on softer flesh. I imagined myself bringing the crop down onto her big tits.

I was getting moist between the legs by then and I imagined her sucking me and licking me with Fred watching...

Maybe I would put my tongue in Mary's cunt too and we would roll around the floor, taking it in turns to be on top.

Fred would see it all, unable to participate. That would be hell for him and fun for me! He would see and hear the slurping and slopping and sucking and drinking and laughing and groaning and panting and slapping and then the shouting and coming...

Maybe he'd even smell our female smells. And he wouldn't be able to do anything to either of us!

That's hell for a man!

Mary was tired and had to go. Another day, perhaps...

The truth is, she'd made me randy. I took the dressing gown off and felt my fanny. Damn! I found the sticky bandage.

Then I remember Fred!

I rushed downstairs. I couldn't even see the joint. I suppose it put itself out.

I lit another one. Fred started trembling. He was just as I had left him, with his ass up in the air, but this time he had a glorious hard-on!

Maybe he liked being treated rough? Maybe he was into masochism?

I pulled the sticky bandage off and let my cunt breathe. I mounted him from the back.

It's not a common posture, it's true, but it's perfectly feasible with a good dick like his.

It was great, better this time because I imagined my friend Mary naked and tied up next to him, with burn marks on her tits and her cunt sewn up with surgical thread...

I decided to invite her round for supper one day and do some research into this lesbian thing... I mean, what exactly do they do to you?.. What do you do to them?... What does it do to a man to see and hear and smell it all when he's tied up and can't play?... ■

# BUYING A WOMAN

Text: Gabriella Cianni Illustr: Paul

The people of Chabia were cultured, wise and proud. But they were not warriors. They surrendered exactly six days after the surprise attack by our troops.

After the celebrations, our markets filled with the booty of war and honest citizens such as myself were able to buy works of art and exotic objects, some of them so modern and sophisticated that they were completely unknown in our country.

But it was not the latest technology that brought me one sparkling June morning to the cattle market. I was led by my genitals. Man's destiny...

When I got to the market the dealer shook my hand.

—You're up early today —he said.

—I've had a cold bed for too long —I replied, managing a weak smile.

—We should have a war every day —said the merchant.

—Where do you keep them? —I asked. I had no wish to get involved in a polite conversation. I had an erection.

He took me to the cattle compound. All transactions involving cattle took place here. What better place to buy and sell prisoners of war?

I followed the dealer to the compound, which contained the usual sheep, goats, pigs and cows, but was also full of hastily built cages containing extremely beautiful big-breasted women.

—Where do you want to start? —the dealer asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. He knew what I was looking for. It was early and there were only three or four other people there. One was a woman who looked about forty, dripping gold jewellery from head to foot. She was inspecting a naked boy. The boy, who was young -hardly an adolescent- was one of the few prisoners not in a cage. He was standing on two stools, some distance apart. The woman was fondling his genitals and examining the erection she had provoked very carefully. The boy could not do much about this: his arms were tied behind his back and his neck was in a noose hanging from a beam. If he shut his legs he would hang himself...



*I'm going to give you a thorough examination, in private...*

The dealer led me among the cages. They were full of children and adolescent males, all naked and in chains with a heavy collar round their necks and with their hands tied behind their backs. Some of them had erections despite the chill in the early morning air.

Then I caught a whiff of unwashed woman, a heady smell of armpit and cunt that told me we were getting nearer the area that interested me...

Unlike the children and young men, many of the women still had some clothes on.

I stopped in front of the first cage. A wave of adrenaline surged through me and left a flush in my cheeks...

It was the first day and the dealers had selected the best. They were all magnificent, young and desirable. And the best of it was, I could afford any of them. Or two of them, if I felt like it.

My hard-on was beginning to get urgent. I tried to keep my head clear, or I would make an impulse purchase and come away with the wrong one, or maybe even a goat.

I walked between the cages with my mouth open, breathing hard...

Most of the prisoners were sitting down, with their legs crossed, huddled together for protection. They looked at me out of the corners of their eyes, but none of them dared to meet my gaze. Their eyes were red from crying. This did not surprise me. They had recently witnessed the brutal killing of members of their family by our troops. They had also seen one of their companions flogged to death as an example to the others...

Then I saw her. She was the one. You have to trust your instincts sometimes, and there was no doubt about this one.

She had large, dark feline eyes that were widely separated and a clean face with distinctive features. Her lips were thick and sensual and had a pout that made her look as if she could be bad-tempered if she wanted to. She held my gaze a second longer than the others and I felt a thump in my stomach.

—That one. I'll have a look at that one, the one with the yellow dress. Get her out—I said, pointing.

The prisoner dropped her eyes. She was trembling. She was wearing a short yellow dress made of silk. It was very dirty and someone had ripped it in front. The aureole of her left nipple was partially revealed, but I could not see the nipple itself. Her left breast was covered but the nipple was clearly erect.

The merchant opened the cage and put a pole in with a noose on the end. He pulled the unfortunate girl out by the neck and threw her at my feet. She lay there with her hands tied at her back.

The dealer pulled her to her feet by the hair.

—Do you want to examine her?—he asked.

—Of course—I said, managing another smile.

The girl was still looking at me. She held her breath for a few seconds.

—I'm going to give you a thorough examination, in private...—I said to the girl, lifting her chin.

We went to the examination area. She was

barefoot. Her arms were still tied half-way up her back, with one hand tied to the opposite elbow. This pushed her tits up and out.

The thin leather straps were digging into the skin of her arms.

Her legs were strong and athletic. They seemed to promise a particularly active, muscular kind of bliss... They were smooth and satiny. I like strong legs. I like to feel them squeeze into my sides when I rape my slaves. These legs were perfect.

Meanwhile, my hard-on was getting worse and I had to put my hand in my pocket to let it up a bit higher.

—Get in—the dealer ordered the girl. It was a small dark room and it took me some time to get used to the light. The furniture was a chair, two stools and a mattress. There were two lamps on the wall. On the floor was a basket full of leather whips, different size bamboo canes, gags and lots of phalluses of all shapes and sizes, some smooth, some with ribs like a cane and others with knobby projections.

The dealer stood the girl on the stools, with her legs well apart like the adolescent I had seen earlier. She had to stand tiptoe because she had a noose around her neck.

It was uncomfortable, but nobody buys a woman without seeing her naked and displaying her private parts...

I strode up to her and ripped her dress off with both hands. She was beautiful.

My dick was throbbing. Her breasts were full and lifted, with huge nipples for me to suck on. They were breasts that obsess you, cloud your mind, make you want to stick your nails and teeth into them, make you want to bite the nipples off...

I stepped back to avoid the temptation to rush forward and suck them. I had to wait...

Then the dealer moved the stools forward and apart and this obliged the girl to push her head back and her cunt well forward. She was displaying her cunt beautifully. Tricks of the trade. It was nearly too much for me...

I couldn't take my eyes off her. Her breasts were pointing right up now. They were totally exposed. I liked her thin waist too, and the muscular legs, with the tendons straining to keep balance. The stools were so far apart that she had to stand on tiptoe. My eyes ran up her thighs to her cunt, which had opened like a flower. Her big, thick lips waiting to be kissed seemed to me to promise an infinity of blissful penetration. I wanted to kiss her pubic hair and suck her. There are times when the wires get crossed and a man doesn't really know what he's doing...

I decided to stand back from it all. I limped over to the chair and sat down slowly.

I let her struggle for a few minutes—infinite minutes for her, I suppose—and I watched her struggle to stay on tiptoe. I thought: all this beauty, all this splendid, perfect body, is going to be mine. Mine to kiss, mine to torture with my teeth, mine to



*Did they teach her how to take a man inside her?  
How to suck and fuck? Can she suck and fuck?*

tie to the bed and lie on, mine to lose myself deep inside... And also mine to humiliate. There was a dark pleasure in that, too. She was an educated woman, a proud woman, with a proud pussy for me to play with, for me to make dry or wet...

—What do you know about her? —I asked the dealer, who was standing in the doorway, perhaps worried about his merchandise.

—Good family. Aristocrat. Educated in Richland.

—What did they teach her in Richland? —I asked— Did they teach her how to take a man inside her? How to suck and fuck? Can she suck and fuck?

My tone was wrong, too tense. I was losing my grip. I too am an educated man, or at least I am considered. I turned my attention back to the girl.

She was shaking. Her legs were tense and her toes were absurdly red with the physical effort.

The dealer shook his head

—The aristocracy of Chabia is female. They look down on men as inferiors. They do not study the arts of love. Sex is a necessary evil for them. They are more interested in a matriarchal custom which they call marriage.

I could not take my eyes off the struggling, writhing body, the moving breasts, the open cunt, the big, shaking tits. It was all made for fucking.

I stood up and tried to concentrate on the sales spiel.

—She's twenty-five years of age and a virgin. It is a country with different customs from ours.

I pricked up my ears. She was a fully-grown beautiful woman and yet no one had penetrated her. A woman, with her own character and personality, and the experience of a child. I saw a challenge here: how to tame her and make her expert in the arts of love. It would be a pleasure to accept this challenge.

I could not keep away. Her flesh was calling me. I walked up to her and put my hands on her hips. I was very near her breasts. The skin on her breasts was soft, shiny, like silk. I love that taut, satiny skin.

I ran my hands round the back, and slowly scratched her firm buttocks. These cheeks would soon know the kiss of a man and the kiss of a whip. I stroked them gently.

Her long, thick legs were still trembling. I ran my hands over the back of her thighs and the beginning of her buttocks. Perfect. Beautiful, tense skin. One of my favourite spots.

I walked round her. Yes, I would take this one. She was my dream combination: strong but somehow fragile. A woman, not a child. Educated and strong-willed, someone who would finally submit to a life determined by my fantasies, but whose will to resist would never break.

I stroked her breasts. She didn't dare to move. She just bit her lips and closed her eyes. She was still trembling.

Her breasts were large, firm but workable. I bent down and sucked on one. My head was swimming and suddenly I found myself furiously licking and kissing and running my tongue all over her

generous breasts. I felt the nipples go hard and saw them swell. The girl could not avoid a low gasp. I forced myself to step back. She was beautiful and she was responding beautifully. She was going to be mine. Both her breasts would be mine. Her cunt would be mine. I licked my lips.

I stepped up to her and ran my hands over her breasts again, and then ran them down to her waist, over her solid buttocks and down the outside of her thighs. She twitched. Her thighs were firm, her knees muscular and her calves well-fleshed.

I placed both hands above her knees, on the inside of thigh, and I moved them very slowly up. The flesh was firm, and the skin was tense and responsive.

Carefully, almost respectfully, I put my fingers just inside the lips of her vagina and parted them slightly. They were warm. I moved my fingers from left to right, and up and down, rolling her cunt around and pressing her lips together. Her lips seemed to kiss my hand. I pressed the lips together and moved my hands up and down in different directions, so that her cunt was squashed and the lips pressed against each other as they slid past. I rolled them round, delicately, over the clitoris. She gave an involuntary jerk. My fingers were beginning to grow moist. I put a finger up inside and brought down some of her juice. She closed her eyes, turned her head to one side and gave a long, low groan. She pushed her cunt against my fingers. It was involuntary. She hated all this but her body had its own life, its own thoughts, its own dark, wet, secret needs...

—Look at me, foreigner —I ordered, still holding her vagina.

She flashed her large dark cat's eyes into my face. They looked through me the way a cat does. They were glassy and dilated. Her lips parted slightly and I could see she was in unknown territory. A traveller in a new galaxy where the centre was the unknown, dizzying black hole of her own vagina. It was a journey inwards. She had not chosen to be here, but it was her new life and I wanted to know what she thought.

—Do you want to be my slave? —I asked.

Her eyes moved slowly from the horizon to focus on mine. They were full of passion, full of contradictions. She saw me, perhaps for the first time. She looked into the eyes of the man who was about to buy her, body and soul.

—Never! —she said.

It was the first word I had heard her speak. Soft, serious, educated, with an undercurrent of desire, of submission but also of resistance.

I took my fingers from inside her cunt and put them to my nose.

—This perfume has no price. And yet I must pay one, for you. I will buy you and your opinions.

The girl held my gaze. She was challenging me with her eyes. Probably I was of an inferior race in her eyes. In that she was mistaken. Our technology is not modern, but our culture is old and our



*From now on, you will wear no clothes! You will be chained naked by the ankle to a ring set in the floor of my bedroom...*

knowledge of the mind and the body is great.

The important thing for me at that precise moment was that she should be wise in bed, that her cunt should be moist and should squeeze my penis and lead me to new lands, that the lips of her mouth and vagina should suck at my penis and that her strong, muscular buttocks should respond and twist and writhe when I penetrated her.

I put my hand between her satin thighs and looked for the centre. I found the clitoris, small, hard, erect and I took it between my thumb and forefinger and rolled it around... It was slippery. It tried to escape. I held it with my nails.

Her legs were trembling, her mouth was half-open and she was beginning to breathe harder. Her breasts were rising and falling as she took air in. The noose made it difficult for her.

—I see educated women are sensitive to the needs of the body.

I knelt down in front of her and put my lips against her different lips. I put my tongue in gently, slowly. I felt the warmth in my face and I found myself licking, sucking her clitoris, pressing it hard with my tongue and rubbing my face between her lips.

She was beginning to gasp and groan more audibly.

I stood up but left one hand on her cunt. I slipped the other round the back and down inside the crack between her cheeks. I felt the darkest of all holes, closed tight like a rosette. I like this hole too. She was a virgin, I was sure. I penetrated her for the first time, with my finger. Her black eyes narrowed. She was frightened. She did not understand. She had not counted on this. It was new and obscene.

I sank my finger until my hand could go no further. I liked the feel of it. It was tense, warm and narrow... Anal rape is profoundly humiliating, especially after an enema.

Her right foot came up slightly and she was about to lose balance. Her large breasts wobbled and shook as she regained balance...

I took my finger out and showed it to her. I ran it around her face and lips. I opened them but her teeth remained tightly closed.

—Open your mouth, slave...

It was the first time I had used the word. She was no longer a prisoner of war. She was a slave, the sexual toy of a foreign enemy who now had the power of life and death over her.

I reached for her nipple. I seized it and pinched it with my nails as I had earlier pinched her clitoris.

The slave, my slave, opened her mouth from the pain and I put two fingers in her mouth, one clean and one fresh from her anus. I ran them around her mouth, stroking the gums, the palate, and the tongue that she was trying to hide...

—Suck. Lick. I want to see your slave's tongue working.

She looked at me with hatred burning in her feline eyes, but she obeyed. She knew she had no alternative. She had seen a companion die under the whip. Maybe she thought she would be better

with an educated man like myself than with a soldier or farmer. At least she would eat better, from my table or my trousers.

I withdrew my hand.

—Suck on the nails...

I was already imagining her at work on my prick, which was about to explode.



—How much do you want for her?

—She's beautiful and she's a virgin. She's a noblewoman, she's an educated woman who will give you conversation in the winter... Twenty-six.

I gave him a bag with fifteen. I was sure he had raised the price because I looked so desperate.

—You will have the rest tomorrow. Now leave us.

The dealer smiled and withdrew discreetly. The slave looked at me differently now: more provocatively, like a wild animal that would not be tamed easily...

I took the noose off her neck. She put her feet down on the floor and moved her toes. I pushed one stool nearer to the other.

—Kneel on the stools—I ordered.

I preferred her like this. I don't like a woman looking down at me, even if she is tied up and displaying her private parts.

I opened my pants and took out the aching dick that would be the centre of her life from now on. I drew imaginary lines on her face with the tip, and I explained why I had bought her and what I expected from her.

—From now on, you will wear no clothes! You will be chained naked by the ankle to a ring set in



the floor of my bedroom. The chain will permit you to go to the bathroom. You will put oils and perfumes on your body and you will be clean inside and out. You will wait for me to come and take you.

I explained that she would devote all her attention and efforts to my member, offering it her mouth and her vagina and her anus. She would give me pleasure with her breasts or her hands or whatever pleased me most. If she behaved badly, her food would be my sperm and my excrement. Her obedience would be total. So would her silence, if that pleased me. She would sing, dance or play for me.

I was in a bad way by now and I pushed my dick into her mouth. She resisted and turned her head to one side. I grabbed her by the hair and slapped her on the large breasts. She gasped. I warned her it would be dangerous for her to resist me or bite me. She opened her mouth and I fucked her face. I began thinking of what I would do when I got her home. I saw it like this:

I would take her home and show her the ring she would be chained to for rest of her days or until I got fed up with her. I would flog her as any responsible master flogs his slave as soon as he gets home. I would do it at the foot of my bed; she would be hanging from the ceiling, not even touching the floor. I would flog her senseless. I



would take the skin off her back and buttocks. She would come round to find herself chained by the wrists to a ring on the wall. I would fuck her, destroying her virginity with brutal thrusts of my pelvis. She would howl in pain as I pressed her flogged back and buttocks against the stone wall.

The slave would put her legs around me. She would try to take the weight off her wrists and to keep her back away from the wall.

I would spit in her face and in her mouth. I would push up hard inside her, enjoying her cries and her desperate embrace.

Later this slave would learn what the elders of her people had not taught her, how to use her body for the benefit of the person who possessed her by right of conquest and by right of purchase.

No, I could not stand it any more, with my dick stuck down her throat. My head was spinning and I suddenly realised I was living my fantasies. I had the woman at my feet, on her knees. She was my slave... My mind filled with images of her huge wobbling breasts, of flogged buttocks, of her open cunt, of her secretion that despite herself was beginning to flow down her leg...

My mind went dark and switched off. Black waves of bliss came over me and I cried out, a long, low groan of pleasure or despair; a cry from the mists of time when the world was young and I came into her mouth and into her cat's eyes and all over her proud face and her magnificent, generous swelling breasts...

When I recovered I slapped her until my hands stung. Her look of pure hatred, her humiliated eyes, and her wet, sticky face turned me on again. I could not wait until the evening.

I took my clothes off while she looked at me in disgust and I forced her to her knees. I tied her ankle back to her thigh. This opened her buttocks and left them high and ready... I slapped her, first on one cheek and then on the other.

From time to time I stopped to put my finger up her ass. I watched in fascination as it opened and closed, like the mouth of a fish out of water. I explored her most intimate parts in detail. I had just bought her and I wanted to know what I had bought.

I was well satisfied with my purchase.

At home, at night, I went down to the cellar to see my foreign slave, my newly acquired war booty. She was waiting for me naked and upright. She could not sit because the ring round her neck was on a short chain. Her right wrist was also chained to the same ring. Her left hand held a heavy ball. If she let the ball go, it would hang down and pull the wrist fetter into her flesh. She was trembling, especially her left arm.

The lips of her secret, perfumed vagina were slightly open and I wanted to put my own lips against them...

But first things first. I cracked the end of the whip down onto the ground next to her naked feet and I turned it round and approached her, holding the handle near the lips of her vagina. I rubbed her

with the whip handle, passing it over and over her clitoris. After a time she began to push rhythmically forward, pushing her cunt onto the handle. There was more juice oozing over her lips and running down her thigh. She was beginning to breathe hard...

I stepped back and turned the wet handle round and lifted my arm. I wanted the whip to know all parts of her beautiful body, inside and out, as I would myself...

She must love and fear the whip, as she must love me and fear me... ■





**ENGLISH NOVELS**

**white salves**

**galley slaves**

**naked cargo**

**slaves of the princess**

**slavegirl's island**

**FANSADOX**

**3 to 8 in English**