

EL MAGAZINE S/M GORE

FANSADOX

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Haro
Badia
Paúl
Matador
Takamura
Gianni
Lucas

adult
reading

NUMERO

4

El magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 8

Solo para adultos

doll's house
badia

INFERNO
de haro

BOUGHT & TAMED
paul

PONY GIRL
badia

#8 BEST FANSADOX EVER!!!

red's nightmare

hell's BORDELLO

trailer trash

TAMING THE BEAST

always smile at the police

NAILED

teaching marianne

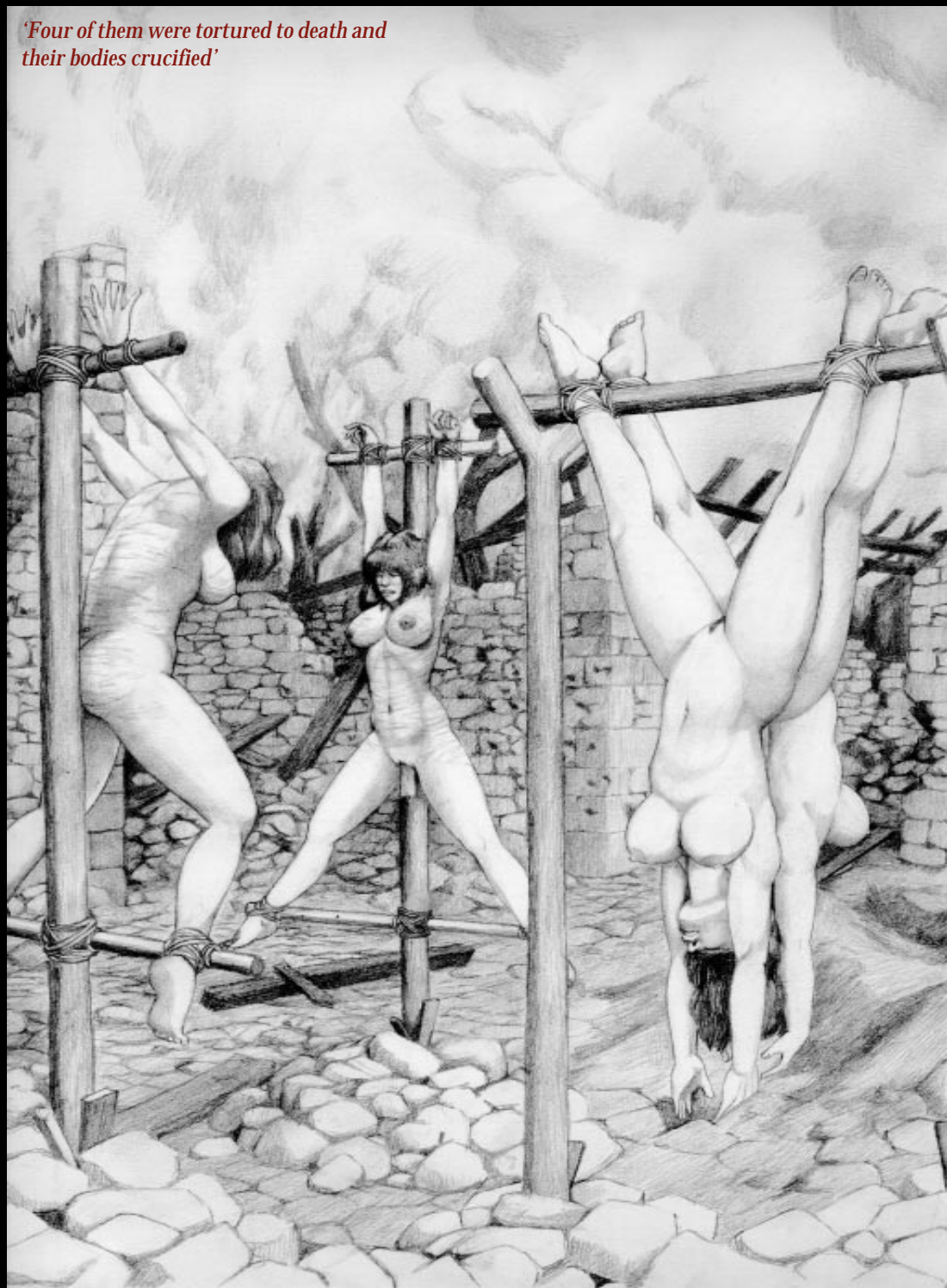
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INQUISITION

Gabriella Cianni. Illustrations Badia.

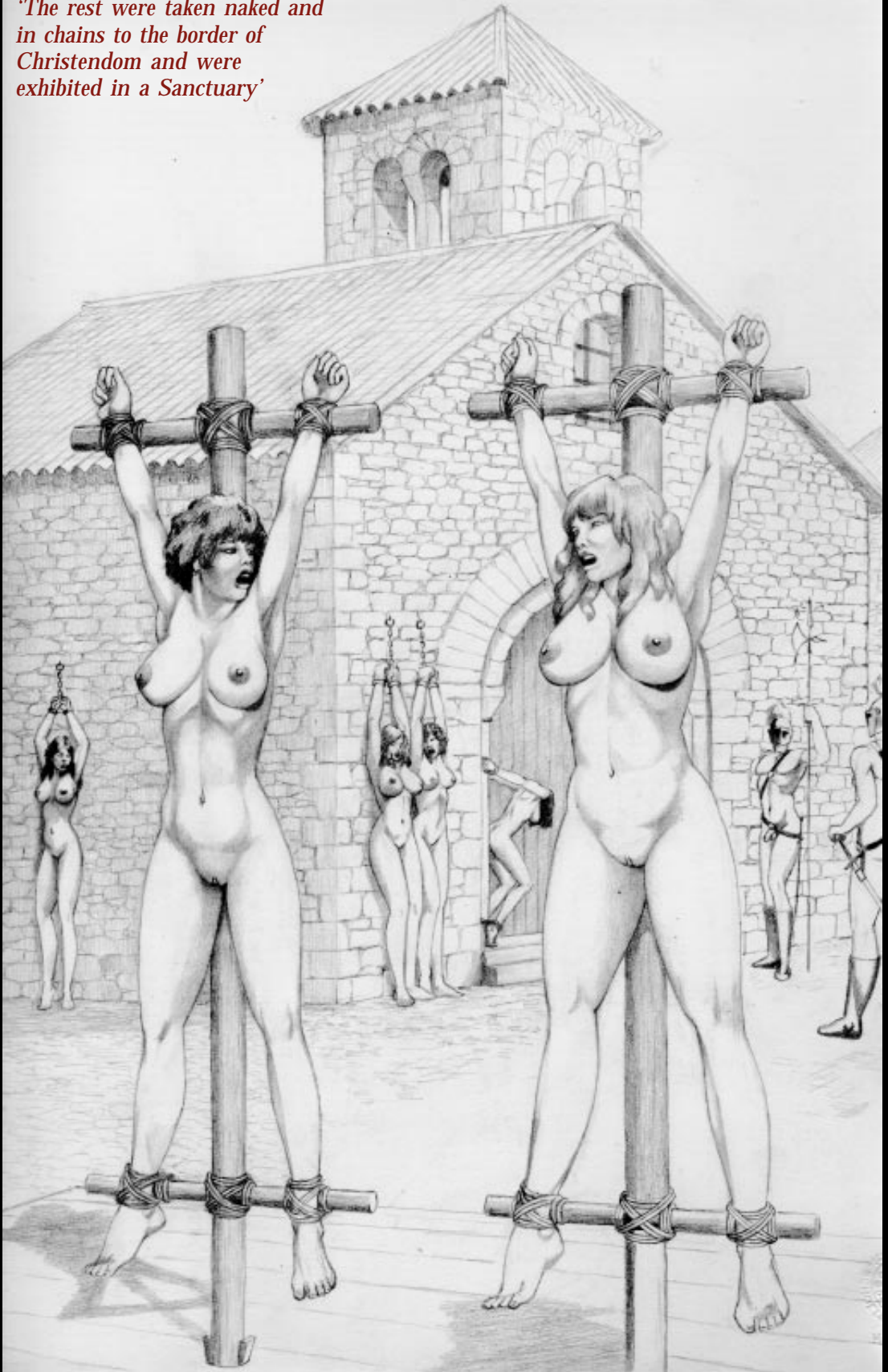
*'Four of them were tortured to death and
their bodies crucified'*

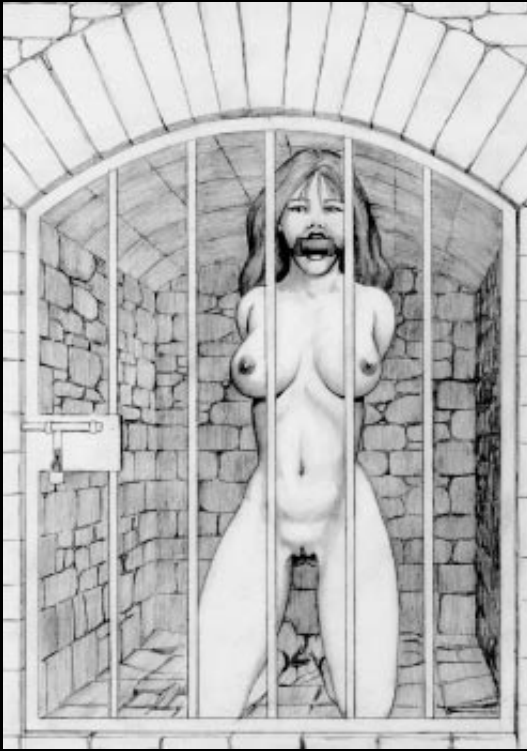


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*'The rest were taken naked and
in chains to the border of
Christendom and were
exhibited in a Sanctuary'*

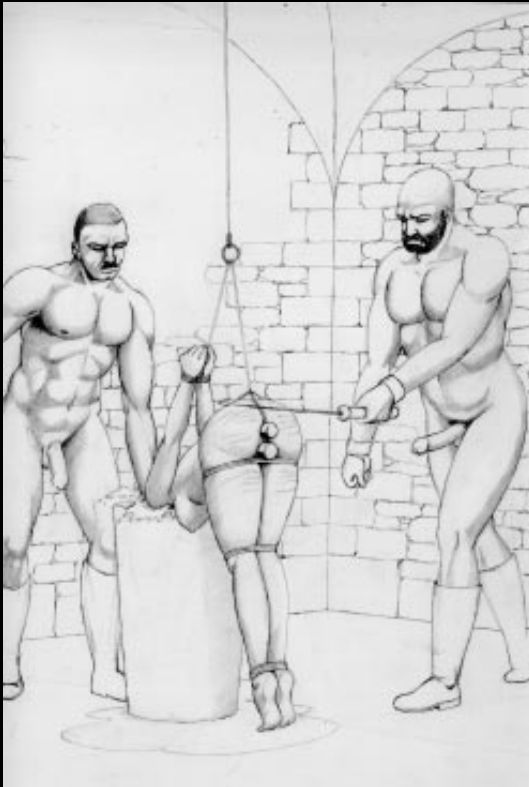




The Crusaders reached the furthest limits of Christendom. They rested for a few days and then began to look hungrily at the lands beyond, where the Infidel lived and sinned. They were soon attacking a small village in the Balkans, their first prize wrested from the Infidel. The Crusader knights had been travelling and fighting for months. They were fit and had now rested and their warriors' bodies cried out for the

most savage types of sexual gratification - part of the traditional booty of war... The knights galloped in the small village and met





with little or no resistance. In the first few hours, homes and crops were pillaged and burnt and the men killed. The young women were brought together outside the church as a lesson to the others. Four of them were tortured to death and



their bodies crucified

One had a stake run through her, another was whipped to death and the others had their throats cut like pigs, hung up by the feet.

The rest were taken naked and in chains to the border of Christendom and were exhibited in a Sanctuary.

There the War Lords took their pick of them for their own pleasure. They carried them back to the Fortress that overlooked the border.

They were Infidels, heretics, bodies destined for Hell.

That night, while the victors were celebrating



victory, the girls were shut up in dark rooms or dungeons. They were tied up completely naked in a variety of different ways that presented intimate parts of their bodies to the Crusaders. They did not, however, wait for long...

The knights, drunk and blinded by the wrath of war, hurled themselves onto the defenceless bodies. Whips bit into young flesh, horrendous penetrations put an end to scores of virginites' lust.

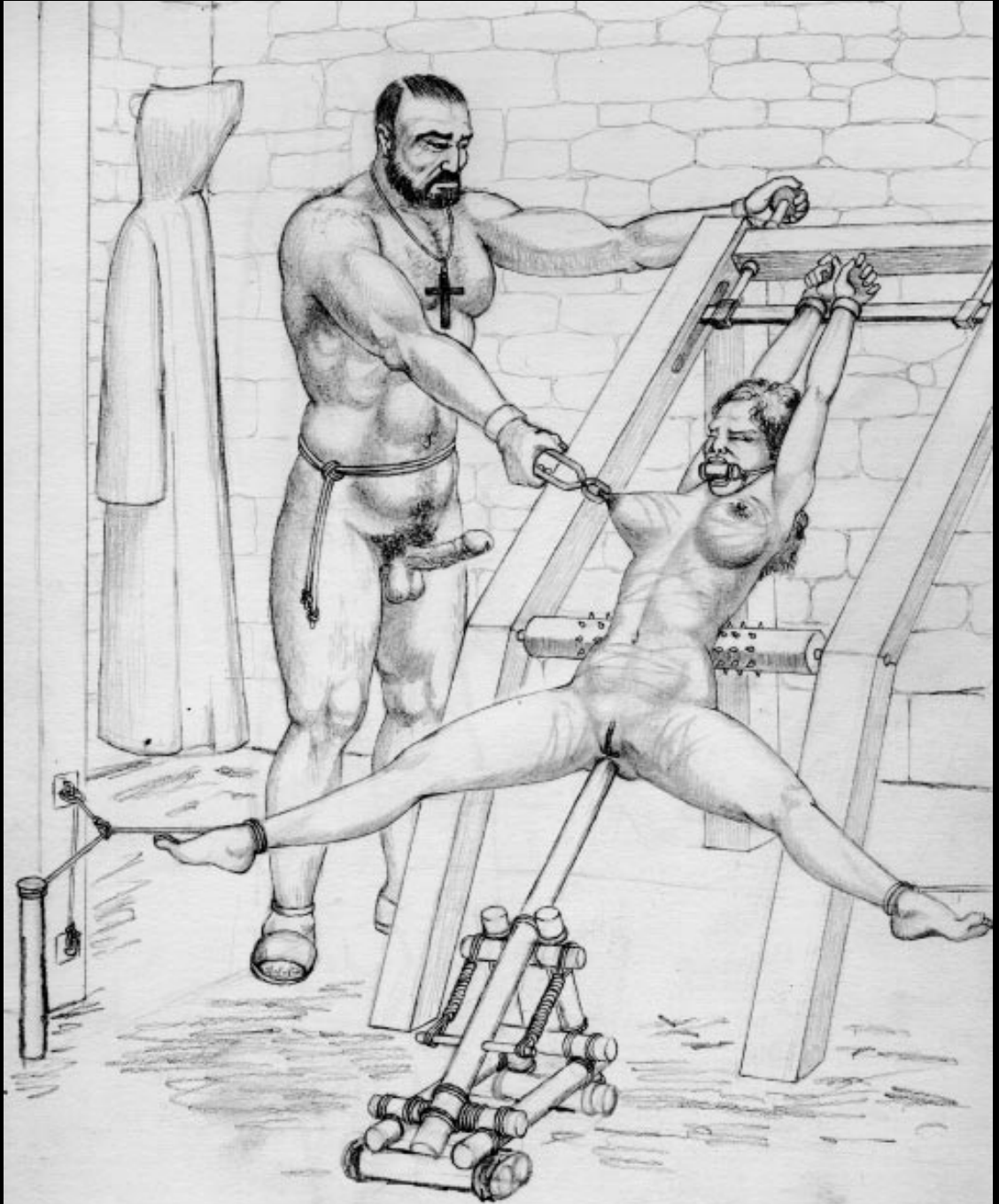
The rack, needles, stakes, thumb-screws, hot embers and rotten faecal waters were all applied to different parts of the body..

Erasmus, the Inquisitor on this expedition, spoke

clearly: "Take no prisoners. The road to Jerusalem is infested with female rats". He chose one of the most beautiful female rats himself. A girl with red hair and green eyes. The incarnation of the Evil One, he called her. —I shall teach this daughter of Satan —he observed while he turned the wheel of the rack until the unhappy girl's tendons gave way. He tortured her breasts and her vagina with his

pliers, pierced her nipples and branded her sinful flesh with purifying irons. Then he possessed her.

Two days later, only the smell of burnt flesh and smoking houses showed where a village had once stood. The Crusaders had moved on. They were making their way to Jerusalem to liberate the Holy City from the barbarity of the Infidel. ■



'The Inquisitor chose one of the most beautiful female rats himself...'

Fraud in the Customs

Lucas. Illustrations by De Haro.

There was an endless queue behind Mónica García. The Boeing 737 had just landed in the small airport in Bangistan and the young Spanish girl, the only European among the passengers, was at the front of the queue.

—What's this? —asked the single Customs officer.

—It's red lipstick —Mónica replied, surprised at the question.

The official opened it, sniffed it and applied it to his tongue. He put it to one side, murmuring in an unknown language.

—And this?

—Sanitary towels.

—What?

—Hygiene. F... for the time of the month... period... — she stammered.

—Too many! You sell? You sell dirty things? Illegal. —the officer said, separating the two boxes of Adanx.

—And this?

—Can't you see what it is? —she replied, feeling indignant and uncomfortable.

—I ask, you answer. —he said curtly.

—They're panties. Don't women wear panties in this place?

The Customs officer put them along with the other objects.

—And for your face? Where is?

Three native ladies were standing near, looking with great interest at the variety of objects coming out of her case. He pointed at the black veils that they were wearing.

Mónica turned round. A lot of people were looking at her.

She realised that she was the only Westerner on the flight and also the only woman without a veil. Even pre-adolescent girls had their faces covered.

—We don't wear them in Europe, —she said, beginning to feel very uneasy.

The Customs officer looked her up and down in a way that increased her discomfort. It was hot and the young Spanish girl was wearing a short dress and leather sandals.

The policeman took out a Walkman, a book, a magazine and the girl's personal diary.

—What? —he asked.

Mónica explained that it was her personal notes and that they were in Spanish, not Arabic.

—You read, Miss? You read and write? —he asked.

She nodded. It was his lucky day. He had caught a revolutionary heretic or maybe a prostitute. That would be worth a few points in his career.

—Wait here please. Stand here.

In ten minutes the long queue of patient travellers had gone. So had the official with her suitcase. The airport was deserted. She saw only the occasional soldier or baggage handler.

Two hours later, she was still waiting. Ten hours after landing she was sitting on the ground, hungry. She had no documents and no money. She burst into tears.

She had tried to persuade a taxi driver to take her to the capital, she had looked for a telephone, had spoken to the crew of other planes... She had thought of just walking away, but the airport was in the middle of the desert.

—Miss García?

She jumped up. Two armed policemen signalled to her.

They handcuffed her and put her in the back of a van, which sped away from the airport with its sirens going.

Two hours later, Mónica was sitting with three young Arab women in the reception area of the Female Reformatory in Medéc. She was trembling.

Finally Mohamed Adhan appeared.

—Spain? —he asked.

Mónica was about to speak, but...

—I like Spain women. We will be friends, — he said, taking off the handcuffs.

Mónica stretched her arms. He was staring at her breasts and instinctively she put her hands up to cover them.

—Hands no. Down! —he shouted.

Mónica dropped her hands and straightened her back. She looked at the other women standing against the wall. They looked as frightened as her.

They brought out another girl, crying, head

down. She was naked, holding what was left of her dress...

Mónica shuddered at the contact with Mohamed's sweaty hands. He had just slid his fingers under the straps of her dress, over her shoulders...

—No move.

He pointed to a box on the ground and made her stand on it. She was too frightened to disobey.

Slowly, almost shyly, Mohamed began to pull her dress down.

It slid down little by little over the bra that covered Mónica's generous breasts. When it reached her nipples, it hung there a moment. Mohamed licked his lips.

Mónica went pale. He was a pig, a filthy pig - bald, greasy, dirty moustache, big, hairy nostrils and he had warts on his neck. He also smelt.

—Hmmmmm!... You big! Big tits! — he said, as the dress slipped off her bra. It fell onto her hips, revealing white panties, high on the hips.

The man walked round her, slowly.

—Big. —he said, staring at her bra.

It was. It was very big but it was also very sexy, made of open crochet work and with the fastening on the front. Her nipples were prominent and came through it. It looked more like decoration than support.

He gestured her to step out of the dress. As she did so he put his nose close to her panties and sniffed.

She turned her head and looked at the other girls. They were all staring at her breasts, their eyes wide open.

—Prostitute's panties! How much cunt? How much dollars? —he asked.

He could not take his eyes off her breasts. He stood there staring, running the dress between his fingers. Then he got a pair of scissors and cut off the top of the dress, making a kind of silky bikini top. He held it out for her to put her arms through. She stretched her arms out, relieved to be able to cover her breasts.

The women were still staring at them. One of the women was apparently masturbating.

Mohamed looked at her. He was still

—Prostitute's panties! How much cunt? How much dollars?



—You come with me!



dissatisfied. He snipped the bikini in front. The two halves slipped sideways off her heavy breasts and hung provocatively at each side.

—Better now.

—Better tits. —he said.

Then he signalled her to get off the box. He moved behind her and began stroking her right breast. She felt his sweaty hands running over her and his erection pressing hard against her bottom.

—You better here. Here you no work as prostitute! You come with me!

Mónica, wearing only her now open bikini top and panties, followed him down a dark corridor. He went into an office with paint peeling from the walls.

There were a dozen administrative workers, mostly men, typing on old Remingtons. They

all stopped when she walked in. Mohamed gave her a card with a number and pushed her against the wall.

Mónica held the card in front of her and looked at the camera.

—Above tits! —shouted Mohamed.

—Many soldiers see photos!

Mónica lifted the card above her breasts. She was very unhappy now. The flash blinded her.

—Turn.

She turned sideways. She held the card up by her shoulder, trying to conceal her breasts with her hand.

Mohamed went up to her with a tape measure. He started with her breasts, moving them up and down with the tape. Then the waist, the thighs, the calves, neck, inner leg from the bottom of the vagina to the heel...

He never asked for her name, address, closest relatives, occupation or studies. Only her age: eighteen.

—Eighteen years. Our women four childs when eighteen.. You have childs?

—No. —she replied quietly.

—No problem. You stay here now. You have thirty, forty childs. Blonde childs... —he grinned.

Mónica's eyes opened wide. Did he mean that she would never get out of here?

—Follow me.

He took her along another corridor, with cells on each side. He walked behind and ran his hand over her bottom as they walked.

—Go in.

It was the last cell. It had an open gutter that carried the faecal waters from the other cells. There was a bed but no mattress. In the middle of the room was an open cardboard box.

—Panties. PANTIES!!!

Mónica obeyed, trembling. She felt totally at the mercy of that pig. But at least he seemed to be in a good mood. She suspected that if she became hysterical he would beat her. She held her panties in front of her pubic hair.

—Give me. —he ordered.

Mónica crouched down a little, trying to conceal her breasts and her bush. She knew it was useless. Crouching like that, her breasts swung heavily from side to side and she was



aware that they looked even more attractive to him.

He sniffed her underwear. He licked it.

—Hmmmmm! Good smell. Your cunt good. Hot. Spicy. Arabs like spice. Your cunt is my dessert! You my spice!

Mónica felt sick. The idea of a sexual relationship with this greasy smelly pig turned her stomach over. She covered her breasts with her hands and walked backwards into a corner. She was shaking. Mohamed's eyes were fixed on her vagina now. She slowly let herself go down and squatted on her heels.

—Put uniform. —he threw a rubbish bag at her which he had taken from the cardboard box. He swore in Arabic. Mónica did not move.

—You obey. You obey men in uniform. If not, bad for you.

Mónica still did not move. She was terror-stricken.

—PUT IT!

Nervously, she opened the bag and took out a garment made of strong cloth, like canvas. Her fingers were shaking.

—Other way, you idiot!

She turned it round. It was like a barber's apron that buttoned up at the back. Then she realised... It was a straitjacket! An obscene straitjacket with holes for her breasts to stick through. He helped her put it on. He tied her arms behind her back and helped her naked

breasts through the two holes. It was a very tight fit.

—You like uniform?

Mónica tried a change of tone.

—You have no right to do this —she protested. Prostitution illegal. You lucky. In Bangistan many stones. Men throw stones on head of prostitutes.

—I... I am not a prostitute.

You not prostitute? You come here with bag many dirty things? You prostitute!

—I...

—SILENCE!!!

Mohamed pulled on two cords that went around the edge of the breast-holes and pulled the holes tight over the breasts. The breasts looked like over-inflated balloons and the nipples swelled with the trapped blood...

Mónica swallowed and breathed hard against the pain. Her eyes went around the room: a pale light bulb, the base of a bed, the floor with an open sewer down one side. What was the use of resisting in a place like this?

—Stand straight. Tits up. Good.

He put heavy rings on her ankles. He joined them with a short chain, thirty centimetres long. Then he pushed her against the wall.

She stumbled back and almost fell.

He showed her the collar. It was a tall, thick, offensive, humiliating collar.

He put it on tight so that she was half-choking

and he attached a lead to it through a ring.

—You like this! Jiggy-jiggy! —he took out a thick, humming vibrator in the shape of a penis.

Mónica struggled in her chains.

Mohamed put a savage knee in her stomach and she lay on the floor gasping, her head spinning. She felt him opening her legs wide at the knees and putting the huge vibrator up inside her. For a moment she felt his fingers working very hard on her clitoris. Then he stopped. But the humming continued deep inside her...

Mohamed then took a strap hanging from the back of the straitjacket and passed it tight down the crack between her buttocks and through between her legs. He pulled it hard with all his strength and it forced the vibrator still deeper into the girl's vagina.

—On your knees! —he shouted, pulling at the lead.

Mónica dropped to her knees. She felt as if the vibrator was perforating her.

—Now open mouth. In three, four days not necessary. Now, yes.

She looked in amazement at a gag containing a ring which he held next to her mouth.

—Open mouth, prostitute!

She realised that the man's penis would go through the ring and into her mouth. She clenched her teeth and pressed her jaws together.

Mohamed slapped her in the face and kned her in the stomach again. The vibrator hurt even more. He pulled her long blonde hair back and forced the ring into her mouth, just behind her teeth, stretching the corners of her lips painfully.

He tightened the straps and the ring was in place, forcing the jaws apart.

Next he took a pair of small shoes out the box. They had high heels and were too small, like something from a 1930's film.

—Stand up! —he shouted. —Walk, prostitute, walk!

He had learnt that shouting terrifies prisoners.

Mónica walked round in circles on her lead. Her feet hurt, her mouth hurt and the vibrator hurt too.

He loosened his trouser belt and undid his fly buttons.

—Look, he said, showing her his erect member.

Mónica looked away.

He opened the lips of her vagina and squeezed her clitoris hard.

—I say LOOK!

She winced, turned her head and looked at the large, threatening penis, the veins standing out, apparently about to explode. He carried on working her clitoris, but his eyes were going from her vagina to her breasts and then to her mouth...

He had never seen a girl like this before. Long legs, white, blonde, huge tits sticking through the straitjacket as if they were about to tear it open. And he, Mohamed, had dressed her like a prostitute, with those high heels, and he had opened her mouth and tied her up like a dog. She was his creation. He looked at his work and was pleased, especially with her breasts. They were huge, dreamlike. They were zeppelins that wanted to float up and sail across the sky...

He pulled upwards on the strap between her legs and lifted her up on tiptoe. Then he jerked down sharply on the lead, causing her to fall to the ground. She fell forward onto her knees, hurting herself. He pulled her hair back and put his prick in front of her mouth.

—I fuck your face, fucking Christian —he murmured, passing his member over her face.

Mónica struggled, tried to move her head away. His penis stank and was huge. She would choke. It was obscene, humiliating, inhuman.

Mohamed looked hungrily at his victim. He liked everything, the blonde hair, the blue eyes, the fine pubic hair, the pale complexion, the smell of her vagina, her open mouth, her bottom... He looked at her bottom and took a cane from the box.

—Turn. Stand against wall. Press tits against wall.

She pressed her breasts against the stone wall, gasping as they touched the cold stone. She felt him lift the straitjacket very, very slowly off her buttocks. She took a deep breath. Then came a short silence and finally she heard the swish of the cane coming down onto her bottom and stinging hard into the flesh.

WHHHIISSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
SLAAAP!

—AAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!! AAAAAGH!!!
NO, PLEASE!!!!

—Now on knees. You obey, or next time tits! —he turned her round and held the cane menacingly in front of her breasts.

—NOOO! PLEASE... NOT ON MY BREASTS, PLEASE!!!

She went down quickly onto her knees. He

—I fuck your face, fucking Christian



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turned her head to face his penis.

Then came a horrendous performance in two acts. First the penis struggled to get through the ring in her mouth. Then it broke through and went deep inside. He controlled its movements by holding her head.

It was brutal, savage beyond reason.

After lunging deep into her throat for some seconds, he pulled her head suddenly backwards and forwards and jerked rhythmically into her mouth until he came. It took him only two minutes, but they seemed eternal to Mónica.

An eternity in Hell.

How was this possible? A day earlier she had arrived to do voluntary work with a well-known charity organisation. And now here she was on her knees with a mouth full of semen. She was shut in a filthy prison cell with her arms tied behind her back, her breasts hanging out, and a vibrator held inside her by a tight strap that passed between the lips of her vagina.

When he withdrew, sperm and saliva flowed down over her chin and dripped onto her breasts. He spread them over her breasts with his member.

When his member had gone limp, he put it back into her mouth and made her suck it clean. She shuddered.

Then he pulled her to her feet by the nipples and took off the harness and removed the vibrator. He showed it to her, licked it and pushed it into her mouth. Then he put his fingers into her vagina.

—You come now. You finish now. I go when you finish.

He took off the ankle fetters and stood her against the wall with her feet wide apart to give easy access to her vagina. He worked on her clitoris with his frenzied fingers for a long time, and kissed and sucked her breasts.

Mónica decided to go for an orgasm. It seemed to be the quickest thing to do. She started pushing against the fingers that were rubbing her clitoris. She closed her eyes and thought of someone she knew. Slowly, with great difficulty, she moved into a less controllable, half-conscious rhythm, pushing her vagina forward and backward onto his fingers while he sucked her breasts...

On one occasion she lost the rhythm and stopped. He pulled her hair back with one hand, so lifting her breasts up, and then he hit them with his open hand, two slaps on each

breast, with the front and back of the hand. He watched as they shook and went red with the marks of his fingers.

Then he returned to her clitoris and rubbed it very hard and very fast until he saw she was panting and getting near to an orgasm. Then he stopped.

He took her over to the bed and tied her down with her legs wide apart. He picked up her panties, opened the lips of her vagina and rubbed the panties in her juice, which was just beginning to run down her leg. He sniffed the panties and rubbed them over her breasts. Then he sucked at her now fully erect nipples while his fingers worked on her vagina, sometimes playing around with the clitoris and sometimes going deep inside with one or two fingers.

After a few minutes he left her breasts and put his mouth inside her vagina, licking and sucking and drinking. He pressed her clitoris hard against his upper teeth with his tongue and pressed and rubbed and sucked it...

Then, unexpectedly, he stopped again, put the vibrator back in, stood in front of her and began to masturbate...

She half sat up on the bed. There was hatred, anger, indignation and sexual frustration in her eyes. What was his game? Now that she had decided to come, he wouldn't let her. She wanted to finish very badly now. Her vagina was still pushing forward and she tried to squeeze it against the vibrator, but she couldn't close her legs.

After a minute or two he took out the vibrator, licked her inside her lips, lay on top of her and penetrated her.

Almost immediately she found her rhythm once again and began pushing faster and faster.

She moved uncontrollably into a series of orgasms which came over her mind like the night but brought no real relief, as one led to another. She lost control of her voice and the cell reverberated with her desolate shouts and gasps.

When she began to recover, she lay in despair and slowly became aware of Mohamed lying on top of her. His words were rolling around the cell like approaching thunder.

—Every night I play with this tits. Every night I fuck this face... I fuck this cunt... Every night... I Agh!... fuck... I... fuck your slutish arse I... Aaaaghhhhh!... Ugh!... Ugh!...

—AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

—AAAUUUUAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! ■



He took her over to the bed and tied her down with her legs wide apart...

Fucking bastard...!

Matador. Illustrations by Paul.

The first day he introduced himself like this:

—Puri, I'm your boss.

It was a bad start, especially for him.

No first name, no surname, no nothing. "I'm your boss", just like that.

It pissed me off.

On the second day the randy sod cornered me in the fitting room.

—I've noticed how you look at me, Mari Puri, don't think I haven't —he said, lifting my skirt and sliding his hand right down inside my panties.

I said "In case you're wondering, that's my cunt not yours".

I think his balls still ache from the kick I gave him.

It obviously wasn't hard enough. Next day, lifted my bra and groped both my tits.

Men are simple creatures. I asked him if I could borrow a night-dress from the shop. A saucy one. He fell for it like a baby...

—Who's the lucky guy? —he asked.

I looked him straight in the balls and smiled:

—A son of a bitch I work with, you stupid bastard!

Subtle, eh? We arranged to meet at my place that evening after the soap on the telly. I told him I might or might not be wearing the night-dress when I answered the door! Men like things like that. They spend the rest of the day picturing you at the door wearing just a short plastic apron tied at the back.

That was one month, two weeks and three days ago and he still hasn't seen me in the night-dress or a plastic apron.

Actually I've been wearing very expensive clothes recently. I'm in charge of the shop, you see. At home I wear The Trousers!

My boss, who in fact has a name, Antolín, is not much of a boss these days. He obeys me like a castrated lamb. It took him some time, but he's worked it out that unless he's a good, little ass-licker there'll be no fanny or panties for supper and he'll have a sad flaccid dick the rest of his days.

He's lost that greasy-haired romantic thirties lover-boy look. He lost some of it when I shaved his head!

He's a good little boy now. I give him his bottle in the morning and change his nappy at night. And I fuck him when I fancy a bit of dick.

Like today.

I usually start off with a striptease. The truth is that I'm a pretty well-hung round the front myself and I know how to move it all around. I take my clothes off like a minister's whore. It's no use having big tits if you don't know how to use them!

My Antolín gets a throb in his prick just to see me take my blouse off. I know this because (did I mention this little detail?) I keep him chained up and

bollock-naked. If there's life in his dick, I can't help noticing it!

Where was I? Oh, yes, first I strip right off and then I pick up my panties and rub them in my fanny in front of him. Can you believe that? Well it's true. Then I wipe my arse on them and he has to open his mouth and I stick them in. He takes it very well. He's a little angel, really. The first few days he didn't want to open his mouth at all so I kicked him in the fucking balls and he soon learnt.

Sometimes I make him swallow them. He doesn't get much solid food so he's probably quite glad of it.

—Do you want me to fuck you, dear? —I ask him, as I put Ursula on.

Ursula is my extinct father's police truncheon.

Antolín isn't allowed to talk, so he doesn't. He shakes his head.

It's our personal code. When he says no, it means yes.

I'm good with my hands, too, and I've fixed up a little winch. I lift his legs until his arse is nicely presented...

Need I say more?

For all I know, he may like it. He has a hard-on after it anyway...

I get a bit turned on by all this so after a time I let him down onto his back and jump on top of him. I give him a good suck on the cock and then I suffocate him with my fanny.

He's a good boy with his tongue. He gives me some orgasms fit for a horse.

And I keep him under control with a strap around his balls. I can pull it tight whenever I want. You can't trust a stupid prat like him.

It's basic, it's simple, but it works.

Did I ever mention that men are a bit simple? Especially bosses.

After three or four orgasms I usually piss in his face. I say "Antolín, I'm your boss. Drink your boss's piss".

Then I get working on him.

I keep away from his jaws, just in case, and I grab hold of his cock and lick his tackle.

I have to admit that my Antolín has a sensitive willy and two lovely silky balls. They go wrinkly if I blow on them!

Can you imagine?

Well, I must get on with my work.

I tighten the strap round his balls and lick, kiss, suck, bite, scratch and strangle him.

He groans and grunts and sometimes says very quietly "Carry on, don't stop, please..."

Big mistake. When I hear that, I stop. I show him my cunt good and wide so he can see inside and then I give him a blowjob, but I don't help with my



I keep him under control with a strap around his balls...

hand at all, I just use my mouth. And he can't finish! That's how stupid men are. They think of nothing but blowjobs and if you give them one they can't finish!

In one month, two weeks and three days, my Antolin hasn't finished once.

And it's not for want of trying.

I, on the other hand, come all over the place. I come in front of him, behind him, all over him. I

come on the corner of the table, on the chair, on his balls, on his big toe, everywhere! The room's dripping with my come! There's moss growing on the furniture!

And he hasn't come at all yet!

Shit! It's eight o'clock! I wash my pretty little fanny in front of him, get dressed and go off to work. Work is work, after all, and I'm in charge of the shop now! ■

Missing in China

Matador. Illustrations by Badia.

First narrative, being the words of a Christian who knows the value of love's arts.

I confess that work is not my strong point. I get up at three, go to bed when I feel like it and work when I have no choice. Usually with a wine glass in my hand.

My job is delicate. It requires a soft touch with people. You could say I'm a high-class money-changer. I exchange women for money. A couple of orders a year are all I need.

And here I am in China, in the back of beyond, working on the third cunt this year.

It's an old tradition, coming here for silk or spices or whatever, but there's more money in cunts.

I'm very grateful to Chiu-Piu. He had this grotty restaurant that went bust after poisoning half the district. He ended up stony broke.

So we decided to go into the import-export business. With the Chinese, of course.

Transistors? Alarm clocks? Chopsticks?

No. We're into Mary-Annes, Susannas and the odd Caroline.

First they fall in love with me. I'm tall, I keep my hair hair well-greased, I wear expensive suits, and they can't resist me. Off we go, a holiday in China. Once here, Chiu-Piu has the contacts, and we're laughing all the way to the bank.

They're so innocent they pay for my flight sometimes!

Sally is the third this year. Twenty years old, blonde, blue eyes. Every Chinaman's dream.

The poor girl was doing a correspondence course in Mandarin Chinese and she wanted to practise. I nearly put my foot once. I thought Mandarin was a duck on a plate!

But it all went smoothly. We got the bus to Tun-Tin-Ton. That was the bad bit, three days stuck in a sardine can full of Chinamen.

Chiu-Piu was waiting for us with the cart. Six hours behind a donkey and we arrived at the headquarters of the Chiu-Johnson Corporation, US-Chinese multinational (sponsored) which I where I work. My name's Johnson.

We're all very happy with the Corporation. The

profits are high. For every bird we place – and you can't imagine how they go for American girls over here – we pick up a lorry-load of real US dollars. Very few expenses. The odd cup of coffee. Nowadays girls pay for their own yoghurts. A few condoms maybe. Sometimes I have to buy tourist class tickets for China but it's not as expensive as you might think.

The tax people don't know too much about all this.

Here's how the introduction went:

—Sally, Chiu-Piu.

—My pleasure.

—Hello.

—Sally would like to see your tangerines —I said to Chiu-Piu.

And I was off! My job was over and I went off to take some photos of the Great Wall.

I met a group of tourists from Ohio. Widows mostly, enjoying the life insurance money and hoping to pick up some late dick. Not exactly succulent young flesh, it's true, but there's big money in old cunts too, if you know how to choose them...

Second narrative, being the words of the Chinaman who sells young cunts.

(Note from Chiu-Piu: a few l's are plobably r's)

Wow! Another stunner! Where does he find them? So round? Breasts like full oranges are hamonious to the eye, as Confucius said.

—This way, please.

And I took her straight to the Chinese Cunt Stool, as Johnson calls it. It's a vely long stick with a plick on the end!

She looked surprised, but for long. I kicked her around the room a bit, and took all her clothes off.

I like seeing Western pussy. It's hairy.

And when I think how I worked in the restaurant and never sucked anything softer than a bamboo shoot!

I tied her wrists and elbows behind her back. I picked her up by the hairy head and the hairy cunt and sat her down carefully with the stick right up inside her.

You should have seen how she squeezed her legs together!

To help her keep them together, I chained her ankles.

Then I tied a piece of bamboo between her teeth and I took all my clothes off.

You can see me here, naked except for the boots! Good moustache, eh? When I go down on a woman it holds the smell. That's what hair is for, isn't it?

I had a good look at her. She was wriggling her legs all over the place!

—Look Sally, there are no oranges here, only a bunch of Chinamen fed up to the bollocks with Chinawomen dressed up like Chairman Mao.

Vely socio-political, but I don't think she understood.

—You've been commissioned. The client is an old man who wants a blonde with round eyes, and round boobs. He wants someone who doesn't understand Mandarin Chinese. And he wants her trained first, so let's get going.

You probably know we Chinese are good at sticking needles into people. It comes from eating with chopsticks, Johnson says! Ha! Ha!

So I connected the negative of the battery to the stick up Miss Sally's ass, and I showed her the needle.

She shook her head from side to side. Just as well I've travelled otherwise I wouldn't have known that she was saying no.

I put the needle into her tit anyway and connected the battery.

Miss Sally carried on shaking her head and her boobs!

She shook them about so much that I was worried about her vertebrae and I put a collar on her. Another Chinese invention. It glues on and has a bit set in the front to hold the chin. It's vely long. It keeps their heads up high and it holds the gag.

Now where was I? Oh, yes, the needles. Bleast electrocution is a vely Chinese thing. Unlike other cultures, which administer the volts on the skin surface, the Chinese like to get right under the skin so that volts and the amps go lound and lound the tits.

After an hour of this, Miss Sally was nodding to everything I said. No choice, really, with two dozen needles running through her bleasts and the seventy amps of the battery all used up.

When I came back from supper, she was quite obedient. I took her down off the stick, which was a pity because it was nice to see her legs squeezing it.

I placed her on the fucking stools – two stools a meter and a half apart. No problem for her because she had long legs. I also chained her wrists to the ceiling because it makes such a lovely X, like your Leonardo da Vinci. We Orientals appreciate the harmony in nature. Please observe how the loundness of her Western breasts is balanced by the loundness of my Oriental bollocks.

I'm not just fucking a work of art. I *am* a fucking work of art!

I'm also a bit of a misogynist, but I have to admit this girl had an effect on me. She was so good-looking that I got a hard-on! I normally need to shut my eyes and think of my partner Johnson to get a good one! I'm not really into vaginas. I like lounder holes.

So I moved lound the back of her and went up the ass first and up the cunt second.

Despite being a woman, she was vely good value. She'll be better value next time because I taught her a trick or two. There are some things that should be on all the school curriculums!

Miss Sally was a quick learner. I only had to mention acupuncture and she showed great interest in the lesson. I felt very comfortable up her back passage while I shut my eyes and thought of Johnson.

Then I put her in a small cage – made in China – with the bars made of barbed wire. I would pick her up in a couple of hours.

I set off for the Great Wall, with the satisfaction of a job well done, to see if I could find that old shirt-lifter Bugs "Bugger" Johnson. I found him in the middle of a group of American women. He said they were widows looking for a husband.

—Good ladies, honorable ladies —I said— Remember the words of Confucius: "Sell your fig when it is ripe, for the ripe fig is and lound and flesh."

They didn't seem to understand me. Oh well, it's their loss...

Third narrative, being the words of the Chinaman who buys the cunt (translated).

I never knew American dollars were so useful. I'd have collected them before if I'd known.

The round-eyed Caucasian bitch cost me a hundred big ones, as they say in the films. But she was worth every cent.

The children look after her. They comb her, they do her make-up – whites are so pale we have to paint them – they feed her, clean her inside and out, perfume her and generally keep her bodily functions in good working order.

They also give her gin-sex so that she goes like a rabbit, which is what in modern fucking jargon is called high-octane vibratory, multi-orgasmic, super-lubricating hyper-jerks. Like a rabbit. Out of control.

When she's not vibrating all over the floor I keep her in a wardrobe with bars instead of doors. It's so low that the Caucasian bitch has to crouch down. It's so narrow that she has to stick her knees out between the bars. And as the bars in the middle are big enough for my hand to go through but not big enough for her knees, she has to open her legs wide and put her knees through the wider bars at the sides. She always shows her fanny, you see, wide open.

Now, you may ask, why doesn't she stick her feet



So I moved loud the back of her
and went up the ass first and up the cunt second.

out and sit down? Good question. The answer is, she can't. Her toes are clamped to the floor in a kind of ski-boot mousetrap. She can't release them because her arms are together behind her back.

But that's not all. Like a good Oriental I'm keen on symmetry and I didn't want just the knees sticking out between the bars. After due consideration, I decided to clamp the tits to the bars with two bulldog clips, thus establishing a pleasantly round harmony of knees and breasts and also putting extra strain on her toes.

I don't know if you know this or not, but if you keep your whores a bit uncomfortable when not in use, they make more effort and produce more juice when you need it.

Where was I? Oh, yes, another advantage of the mousetraps is that they let me use the whore's mouth without taking her out of the cage. I forgot to tell you, but the white bitch has a gag and a ring forced between her teeth, set at exactly the width of my dick – which is a respectable size for an Asian dick – and as she's still wearing the standard collar, and as she can't move, I can fuck her face while I have a shave or pick my nose.

Today, for example, I stripped off and fucked her face while reading Confucius.

As we Chinese are great producers of yellow semen, she looked more oriental than Caucasian when I withdrew.

I cleaned her later with a good yellow pee on her face and into her mouth.

Before settling down to a well-deserved siesta, I stuck an unpeeled banana into her throat and a good-sized aubergine up her pussy.

I woke up refreshed and with a comforting hard-on. I ordered one of my lackeys to take her out of the cage. The bitch's nipples and toes were bright red, twice the normal size.

When she saw the splendid flag I was flying, she knew exactly what to do...

First she crawled to my bed, with her tits and her right cheek – never the left! – on the ground. It's a protocol as old as time: the inferior race crawls before the superior as a sign of respect.

When she got to the bed, she straightened her torso and presented her breasts.

I signalled her to come up. It's always difficult to understand a woman, and in this case she doesn't know the language of Confucius at all, but I find three or four clear gestures are enough to convey my meaning.

Once on the bed, the Caucasian bitch gave me a well-trained massage with her breasts. Here, I must admit, the white race is superior to ours. Our women's tits fill a very small rice bowl indeed. American tits fill a wok.

When I got fed up with this, I slapped her face and my Caucasian bitch gave my body a coat of saliva using her ignorant tongue as a paintbrush.

She was not allowed to forget a millimetre of yel-

low skin.

It's hard work for her because she can't bend her neck. It means her whole body's got to go up and down and that makes her big tits wobble and bounce.

A slap on them told her she was expected to put more effort into it.

Then we played.

We play West against East. The bitch tries to get her mouth round my dick and I try to avoid it. When she manages it her reward is to play with it for a while.

It's nice to see such a white face with a big yellow dick in it. Especially if it's mine.

This bitch sure knows how to use her throat. She has to.

At this point I let her finish me off however she likes, or I take her by the hair, throw her onto her back and I fuck her face until she starts suffocating, or I just give her a few slaps around the boobs or the butt. She's a wobbly girl alright.

You could say I use sign language with her.

One day the Caucasian bitch lowered her fanny down onto my Imperial prick and began milking me the way I had shown her - slowly and as if she was enjoying it. I think it was Confucius who said "If a Caucasian bitch only has her cunt to communicate with, she will become an expert communicator". Or maybe it was Johnson.

I give her small prizes if I see she's using it well. For example, if I see her vaginal secretion running down her thigh, I let her have a bit of exercise without the ropes on. The other day she thanked me by masturbating right in front of my face. From time to time she pulled the lips right apart so I could see how it was going. We Orientals like to see inside a cunt, as you'll know if you've seen our erotic art. "Delightfully explicit" is what you Westerners say about it. Why don't you draw your own cunts?

Sally is half-Chinese now. We don't like it when our women express too much emotion. We expect them to fuck quietly and in a restrained delicate manner. She does that now.

Not much choice really when the only thing you can move is your fanny! She can't move her arms, hands, or feet. She can bounce her tits around a bit, it's true, but apart from that if it moves it's a fanny. And when she's in the cage, I'm the one who puts his hands between the bars and moves it.

However, all that is going to change because I've decided to start using her hind quarters. That's why I've been having them cleaned every day, inside and outside.

But don't think it's for me. We Chinese are too delicate for that.

It's for Long Dong.

And who is Long Dong?

He's my horse. A real Kentucky race horse with a real American dick. Sally will be pleased to be fucked by an American, especially this one! ■



CHIU-JOHNSON CORPORATION



I can't remember anything. Just that I woke up here.

Did I have an accident? Was I kidnapped?

It's a long dark room, with a low roof, stone walls and tiles on the floor. It's a kind of tunnel dug under the ground. The air is so damp and stale that it's hard to breathe.

I must be abroad somewhere. But where?

I'm here the same as I when I woke up, naked and chained by the wrists and the neck to a ring set in the wall.

The other end of the tunnel I can see a heavy wooden door. The only light I have comes through the cracks in the door.

There's a big wooden tub with water and soap. I wash after each visit.

Apart from the tub the only furniture is the bench I'm sitting on.

How long have I been like this?

Footsteps, keys and the door opens. It's him!

Big, black, horrible. Always with that cane in his hand. I hate him and I'm afraid of him. I hate the cane and I'm afraid of it.

He's an animal, a brainless beast. I've never seen his face. He always wears that hood and he never speaks. He just makes obscene signs.

He comes straight over to me, and checks the chains. I know he'll rape me when he's finished. He won't speak. I've only heard groans and grunts from him.

He points to the bench with his cane. He puts me on my knees with my bottom up high and he penetrates me.

I'll never get used to it.

He's huge. He's inhuman.

First he puts it into my vagina, then into my anus and then into my mouth.

When he's finished he fetches me a plate with food. He stays to watch me eat it and lick the plastic clean and shining.

Then I have a bath. I have a quick soak and pretend I'm getting rid of the dirt he leaves on me and in me.

Then he blindfolds me with the same dirty cloth that I use as a towel and he leaves. I have to wait on my knees to receive the first visit. He handcuffs my wrists behind my back. My breasts feel very exposed and I'm afraid of the cane. I don't know if it's the same cane or not, but they all carry one and some of them hit me on the breasts. I never know when it's coming...

After a few minutes I hear footsteps, the creak of the door...

A hand on the back of my head steers my mouth to an erect member.

I know them all by the stink. This one is a decrepit old man. A sadist. A bastard. He can't come unless he hits me first. But at least he doesn't hit me on the breasts.

I know what he wants me to do and I obey. I lift my hands, chains and all, to his jaded genitals and I open my mouth. I try to stimulate him by sucking like a nymphomaniac.

It makes me sick.

I make myself sick, which is worse...

I feel his penis swelling. Maybe I'll manage it this time.

But it's no good.

He moves back. I wait, fearing the worst. A tremendous blow with the cane on the back knocks me to the ground. He chases me all around the

cave. I half-crawl, half-crouch, half-wriggle, whatever I can, to get away from him. At least he misses sometimes if I wriggle enough. Maybe his eyes aren't too good.

In the end he gets angry and jumps on me.

He puts his knee into me.

He hits me cruelly on the mouth and the stomach. I can't stop him. Sometimes I can get under the bench for a while but I'm not sure where I am this time.

I turn round.

He presses my face against the floor. My nose is bleeding.

He opens my bottom and sticks the handle of the whip in.

I groan.

He takes me to the bench and puts me on my back without taking out the whip. He may be old but he's strong as an ox.

He opens my legs with his knees and tries to put it in.

No use. Why doesn't he just accept that he's impotent?

He sits down heavily on my breasts and he grabs me by the head. We're back to square one, licking and sucking.

I feel my stomach turning over.

He sits on my face. It smells terrible.

I can't breathe. I'm suffocating...

How many will there be today? Who are they?

Why don't they let me see their faces?

Where am I?

I think of yesterday and the day before.

My past is fading. I can hardly remember who I am or what I used to be.

He's enjoying it. He's still suffocating me with his ass but he's turned round and he's masturbating against my breasts. At least he's got an erection.

I pray to God, if he exists, that the old man will finish quickly.

But he stops. He unlocks the handcuffs and puts them on again with my arms round the front.

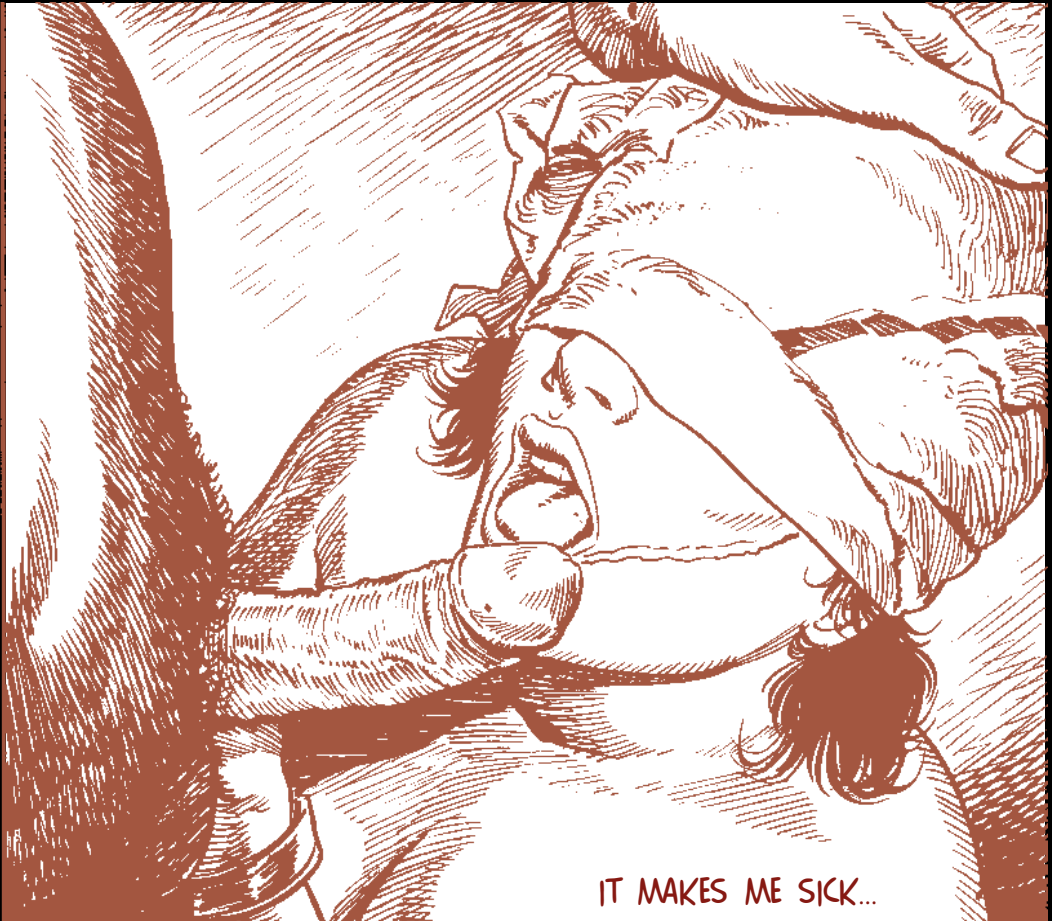
He sits me up on the bench and holds my head. I know the routine. I have to masturbate with one hand and masturbate him with the other. If I can find some of my secretion I rub it into his balls. If not, I just pretend. All this time, he's playing with my breasts. If I do something wrong he puts me over the bench and makes me stick my ass right up in the air. Then he spansk me hard on the bottom and passes his cane up and down between the lips of my vagina. The cane is very long and very thick and when the ribs in the bamboo jerk over my clitoris it hurts.

—NOOOO! PLEEEEAASE! STOP!!! YOU'RE HURTING ME!!!

But I can't drop my bottom until he moves me or I get the cane across it. I can hear him masturbating while he's running the cane up and down.

When he gets near an orgasm he goes down on all fours like a dog and licks my clitoris. He's got no teeth. All I feel is a tongue. He can't even suck me properly!

Then he makes me sit up and open my mouth. I



IT MAKES ME SICK...

have to try to catch his semen. If I'm lucky, he misses, like this time.

And that's it. He gets his breath back and leaves. He never speaks.

I hurry over to the tub and wash.

The next one is standing outside, waiting.

I tie the towel round my head and run to the bench... ■

Slavegirl's jewels

Bruno. Illustrations De Haro.

I don't like being told what to do, but Mrs Cuthbert pays cash and under the table. So I set aside my artistic scruples and accepted the commission. I took measurements and worked all night on the leather straps and the iron pieces. I was ready in the morning. So was Jemima Cuthbert, her stepdaughter. The girl had spent all night naked kneeling on the table, with her arms tied out to the sides like a cross and her hair tied back to keep her head up. She had weights hanging from her tits, which is a good way to keep them still.

First I set to work on her head. I sat her on a chair. She wouldn't be able to move around much there either because I sat her ass on a metal rod fixed to the chair. A rope around her neck and two hooks through her nose kept her head still. I put the forceps between her teeth and opened it until her jaw came out of joint.

I pulled the tongue out with the tongue tweezers. They're long, thin and have two small spikes that go into the tongue. They'll hold anything.

I always show them the tweezers first. I like them to know what's going on. I'm a bit like a good dentist in that respect.

—Don't move or it'll hurt more —I warned her

She was very helpful. She just stuck her tongue out. But what else could she do? I let go of the tweezers without opening them, so that they hung heavily and pulled the tongue right out. Then I put the bamboo tongue clamp on the base of the tongue. She was ready.

I showed my model the "brush", a stud that goes through the tongue. It has an attractive and practical brush on it, made of pig's bristle. When I say practical, I mean for women who like hairy licks in the vagina. I didn't ask Jemima her opinion. In any case, she could only speak with her eyes...

—Is pig's bristle OK?

I filled her mouth with dental antiseptic, and that was a job well done. Everything clean and sterilised.

The important thing here was the brush. Mrs Cuthbert made that clear. You won't be able to speak like you used to —she said to Jemima, pinching her cheek affectionately —but you'll give my clitoris a tough time. Worth it for that satisfaction, don't you think?

I moved on to the ring in her nose. I used the tweezers again. No problem. A hole through the nose, a couple of tugs to make it bigger and the first ring was soldered in. No need to sterilise because

the iron was hot.

I started to talk to her. In a way I'm like a hairdresser as well as a dentist. A boring barber if you like. They were surgeons too at one time. But she wasn't speaking to me. Not easy with your nose hooked, your head back and your tongue in a clamp. Oh, well...

—Mrs Cuthbert is a real lady. She's got class. And money! Expense is no object. She's my best customer. I have to do a good job on you girls. I've been working for her for twelve years now, decorating her pussy cats. That's what she calls you. Pussy cats! Ha! ha! ha!

I changed her posture a little. I tied her wrists to a rope hanging from the ceiling and I lifted her ass so that the rod was showing beneath her bush.

Then I heated up a small nail...

—Mrs Cuthbert likes them with the cunt sewn up. She's also a believer in semi-ablation of the clitoris.

I showed her the red-hot nail.

—I've come to the conclusion that the best way to ablate is by burning. —I explained. I used to cut it off at the base with a scalpel, but it's an area that haemorrhages very badly. I've also tried using pliers on it, the way you crush a tic. Not nice either. So now I burn.

I had to tense the ropes a bit more because when she heard this very clear explanation she started twisting around a bit. This is a delicate operation that needs concentration...

I took the clitoris in the tweezers and with the hot nail... ssssszzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzle... I burnt it down to about half its normal size. I'll explain why I left half later.

I had to switch the extractor on to get rid of the smell of burnt flesh.

Then I sewed up her cunt. According to Mrs Cuthbert, fishing line is the best chastity belt ever invented. It certainly does a professional-looking job.

But Mrs Cuthbert doesn't trust anything or anybody and she wants a real chastity belt put on her. This one is a designer belt. It's attractive and it has two little chains with a high-security padlock and a thin strip of titanium – high-tec – and a strategically placed slot with a hinge and trapdoor underneath.

I removed the clitoris through this slot and made a hole in the remaining base of the clitoris. I put a ring through the hole. The ring is made of hardened titanium and acts as a high-security bolt.



MRS CUTHBERT LIKES THEM
WITH THE CUNT SEWN UP.
SHE'S ALSO A BELIEVER IN SEMI-
ABLATION OF THE CLITORIS...



I'll explain...

—It won't do you any good to get your hands on the keys to the padlocks if you can't cut the titanium. Of course you could use a scalpel. Ha! ha!

Funny, eh?

I had another look at Jemima.

She was ready now except for the rings and the tits. I started with the rings, made of titanium, best quality. Rings for life.

One on each wrist and one on each ankle, all with automatic closing mechanism. I also put the iron collar on, a heavy one. Just a whim on Mrs Cuthbert's part, I think. It's a very high collar with a chin rest set in it. Once it was in place, Jemima couldn't turn her head or lower her chin.

Sublime.

I took her off the chair and put her on her knees in front of the workbench. I put her tits on the table.

I caught each nipple in a bulldog clamp with string attached to it. I stretched the string until the tits couldn't move, like their owner.

I decided to have a break then. I'd nearly finished and there was plenty of time.

I had supper in front of my work of art, with a big pizza between her tits.

Jemima looked at me with tears in her eyes, silently. I didn't mention it, but I had to gag her when I was working on her clitoris. I don't like doing it, but the noise was getting on my nerves. I took the bamboo tongue clamp off and I stuck the tongue back in with the bristle stud in it, quite a difficult job. Then I put a latex gag on her, the kind that sticks to the skin and doesn't let a murmur out.

—You don't know how lucky you are to go to Mrs Cuthbert. You'll have a great time —I explained, running my fork over her tits. She'll spend a lot of time with you, more than you imagine, and she'll take you to parties. She's got a lot of lady friends. Some of them are customers of mine too.

I stuck my fork into her tit, the right one I think it was, just to see if it moved.

—When I finish the pizza I'll ring your nipples. All Mrs Cuthbert's slaves have their tits ringed. It's very useful, as you'll see. Then I'll engrave your name and something else, I've got it written down somewhere.

Jemima carried on looking at me with her big blue eyes open wide. What was she thinking?

It's none of my business, but I always wonder where the fuck Mrs Cuthbert keeps her slaves.

Something in the smell of my belch made me remember her ass. It was on the list but I nearly forgot it.

I showed her the dildo – thirty centimetres long and four fingers wide – and I explained how it worked.

First I opened the belt. There's a hinge and a trapdoor between the cunt and the ass for this purpose.

Jemima winced. It seems the front of the belt

moved and caught the ring on the clitoris.

I showed her the phallus again before I put it in.

—You see this button on the bottom? Watch this! Spikes about half a centimetre long come out all along this obscene tampon.

You should have seen her eyes! Talk about Popeye the Sailorwoman!

—When it's in, it stays in.

I stuck it up her and she didn't like it at all. I would say she wasn't really used to anal sex. Well, she'd have to get used to it now, with her cunt sewn up.

When it was nicely in, I pressed the button. I did it very delicately, with a soft touch. However, judging by the tears and the jumping around, she didn't appreciate it.

I checked the time. Ten past one. The messenger wouldn't be here until eight.

I showed her the tattooing needles.

That took until after three o'clock. The truth is, I did a splendid job.

The word "whore" stood out especially clearly on her left breast.

On the outside of the right tit, and in very small letters, I tattooed the instructions in case she went astray: "Property of Mrs Cuthbert. Tel 9A591Z2. Reward offered.

Now there were just the nipples left to do.

For a change I used hammer and nails instead of pliers. Nails with blunt points so it was difficult to get down to the wood...

Then I put a couple of rings in, titanium again. Mrs Cuthbert knows what she's doing all right. What slave would refuse to eat her cunt or ass, if she was held by nipple rings, or the clitoris ring, or the nose ring, or all of them?

None.

I stood her up and took her over to the mirror. I'd finished.

—What do you think?

I said it for her. She looked absolutely splendid.

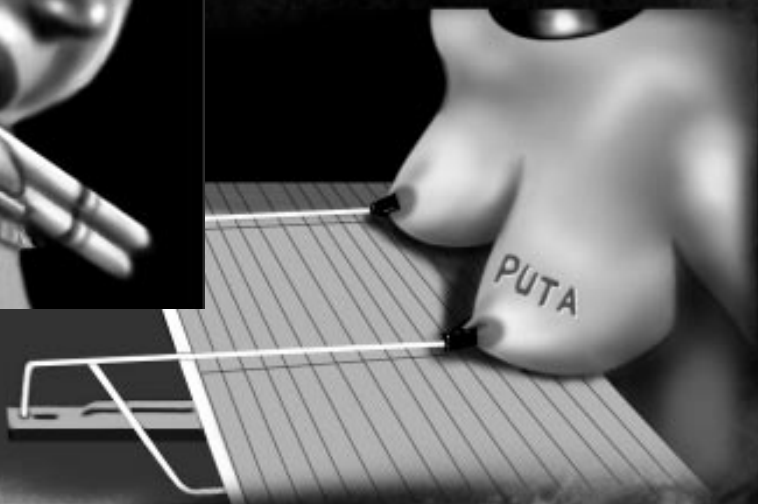
Can you imagine? Rings everywhere, a chastity belt, a brush on her tongue, tattoos on her tits, a spiked phallus up her ass...

—Now I'll put you in a parcel —I said pointing to a wooden box. Mrs Cuthbert can't come personally, so she's sending a messenger.

I always find it sad to say goodbye, but I find consolation in consoling others...

—Don't worry. We'll meet again in a few days' time. That's right. No need to look so happy about it! There's always something needs repairing. A ring may come off if someone pulls too hard, or the pigs' bristle on your tongue may wear down. It's durable stuff, but depending on the use it gets, it will probably need replacing in two or three weeks. You'll be back in the workshop for something or other...

I kissed her on the forehead. It was a "Be seeing you" kiss... ■



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DON'T WORRY.
WE'LL MEET AGAIN
IN A FEW DAYS'



BE SEEING
YOU, GIRL...

On your knees

Takamura. Illustrations De Haro.

He's a sadist, a bastard, a twisted criminal, a pig...

I met him at court. He was the defendant and I was the police lawyer's assistant. I was very professional, very ambitious, and this was my big opportunity – to send Kid Creole down for the rest of his life.

There were five hundred pages of legal documents. I wrote all of them: they were mostly accusations of murder, swindle, extrusion, illegal gambling, usury, heroin trafficking and white slaves.

It was a cut and dried case.

I was brilliant in court. I still remember his dark, threatening eyes fixed on me when I boxed him into a corner with my questions.

I was also naive. I thought I had caught him when he threatened me from the dock.

—Fucking bitch—he said—. Shut your trap or I swear I'll choke you with my dick!

I was pleased he said it. He'd given himself away. I wiggled my way back to my seat to make him angrier.

But the jury had received threats and Kid Creole was set free. A week later I was in his hands.

It was horrible.

With a glass of wine in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, the black bastard ordered his men to strip me off and tie me to a big trestle, the kind they put under tables. I was face down. My head hung off one end and my legs stuck out the other end. My wrists were tied behind my back and were also tied to a rope hanging down from the ceiling. This pulled my arms back and upwards and dislocated my shoulders.

—Give her what she deserves...—he ordered.

The men beat me with bamboo canes. For a long time I shouted and screamed. Finally I lost consciousness. The pain was unimaginable. I had never known pain before that day. It was unbearable, brutal...

I thought they were going to kill me.

I came to when they threw a bucket of cold water over me. When my head cleared I realised I was looking at a huge pair of black testicles and an erect penis. It was all so monstrous, so big, so black and purple, so misshapen. It all seemed so deformed.

Kid Creole pulled my hair back and asked:

—D'you want more bamboo, public prosecutor? D'you want my men to start again?

I shook my head quickly.

—Well open your mouth good and wide and suck my dick. I want every drop of sperm sucked out of it. I got a good hard-on listening to your speech in court. Now you're gonna finish the job off.

I sucked his member. Those men looked capable of anything. I had seen Kid Creole's track record myself and I didn't expect any mercy.

—Suck faster and harder, suck the last drop of spunk out.

I tried, but the posture or the size of his penis made it difficult for me.

I heard a swish and felt another terrible blow of the cane on my buttocks. In a reflex action I brought my teeth together and bit his member. He just groaned, I think with pleasure, and carried on.

—You have no sucking idea, public prosecutor, but I promised you'd learn and you will. By the way you sure looked good in court all dressed up like a Madison Avenue hooker, but your ass don't look so good right now. You're just one of my bunnies now. A special bunny. You wanted to send me down, huh? Now you're going down... on all fours. You're gonna be a dog, or a cat, or whatever, who the fuck cares? You're gonna be Animal Queen of the Blowjob. And you're gonna be Chief Asslicker too from now on. That sweet lawyer's mouth is gonna be full of different shit.

It was horrible. It began that same afternoon. Tied to the trestle, I felt on my own flesh the most horrendous obscenities ever conceived. He was especially interested in having me lick his ass. He said I was a new member of the Brownsosers' Club and he was going to call me Brownnose.

—So much bullshit came out of your mouth in that fucking courtroom that you ain't gonna know no difference when your fucking mouth's full of fucking manshit!

He hasn't taken his eyes off me since that moment. I have to follow him on all fours. I have a lead on. He takes me to his meetings with other criminals and he exhibits me. Sometimes I'm a cat or a dog or a prize-winning filly. I'm never allowed to put any clothes on and he humiliates me all the time with his sarcastic comments on my body, or my brilliant career as a lawyer. I have to wiggle my hips and shake my butt when he insults me.

Sometimes he puts stupid pheasants' feather in my back passage. He says a pheasant is a proud and beautiful bird and I should be happy to be one.

He knows this tongue-twister which he keeps saying to me:

—I'm not a pheasant plucker, I'm a pheasant plucker's son, and I'm only plucking pheasants till the pheasant plucker comes. Ha! ha! ha!

Today his lawyers came and he exhibited me. They were the ones I had stood against in court. It was humiliating.

I had met Ruth Perkins and Bill (The Knife) before. They were people with no moral principles.

As soon as they came into the room, Kid ordered me to bark and move around like a good little doggie. I still had the pheasants' feather in my ass, but I did my best.

—Say hello to these gentleman, Brownnose!

—Woof! Woof!—I barked, wondering I should flap my wings too.

—I believe you're into breeding pedigree dogs, Miss Perkins—Kid said to his lawyer in his best mocking accent—I wonder if you'd be so kind as



do me a favour. It's young Brownnose here. The fucking bitch has been jumpy for a few days and I think she's on heat. She hasn't had any puppies for some time either. Would you mind crossing her for me with one of your pedigree studs?

Ruth Perkins looked at me and smiled.

—My pleasure, Mr Creole. I've been looking for a mate for Rufus, a young Argentinean dogo. He's a bit clumsy and dribbly and he gets over-enthusiastic sometimes, but a young well-trained bitch like Brownnose will do him a lot of good. It'll calm him down. ■

My beloved stepdaughter

Matador. Illustrations Badia.

I've been married for years and I have to say that I've been very lucky with my marriage. It's often quite blissful.

My wife Dorothy is an excellent cook. She doesn't talk too much either.

What more can one ask of the state of holy wedlock?

It turned out well by pure chance. I'm very shy, you see. I got married by proxy and I couldn't pluck up the courage to see her until three years later.

To tell the truth, I admire those chaps you see in films who pick up girls with low-cut dresses and no hairs on their legs. One day I'll enrol in one of those whorehouses they disguise as dancing academies or dating agencies. Or maybe I'll work for a charity full of rich women with big boobs.

For the moment I'm in no hurry to change my solitary habits. Dorothy is still an excellent cook. She's got something else going for her too - her daughter, my stepdaughter, Jennifer. Jennifer is something else!

The first time I saw her I noticed she was looking at me in a strange way. I had the feeling she was looking down her nose at me, as if my physical appearance somehow wasn't quite good enough for her or her mother.

That's young people for you! No respect for the middle aged at all.

If she had been more sensitive she would have realised that it's not all a question of physical attraction. I mean she could have seen beyond the beer paunch, the bandy legs, the flabby pectorals that are beginning to look a bit like breasts, and my general air of being a rather conservative bank clerk. That comes partly from being a bank clerk. What Jennifer doesn't see is that the poetry is inside, not outside. (Actually, in her case, it's outside. It takes the form of a pair of Superboobs, big and firm and sucky).

In any case, the most famous people in history were all pretty ugly. Only a few, like Jack the Ripper, or the Roman Emperor Nero, were at all good-looking.

Where was I? Oh yes, the thing is I wanted to meet Jenny on my own, so I rang her mother from the bank and persuaded her to take a letter in person to the tax people. I said I'd be arrested that very day if she didn't do it. She wanted to know why I couldn't go myself, or send a messenger, but I said they'd take more notice of my wife. The tax office was in another village and I didn't expect her back for a

few hours, village buses being what they are.

My beloved stepdaughter arrived at eleven o'clock and at ten past she was sleeping like a baby. A packet of sleeping powder in the coffee did the trick.

I was already getting excited when she said she felt tired, and I nearly put my down into her dress to take her tits out, but I tried to keep a cool head. It's at times like this that greatness comes out and I didn't want her to see me do anything unusual.

I took her down to the kitchen and shaved her head with the machine we use on the Doberman. Then I put the hood on her. It takes some time to get all the straps in place and pulled tight, but when it's on it looks lovely. The most difficult thing was the tube in the mouth. In the end I had to use one of those screws that work like the jack of a car (a miniature one, of course, don't worry!)

I was some time getting the tube right and thought I heard her beginning to groan quietly.

When I took the screw out I left her teeth biting into the rubber lining.

She couldn't possibly get it out of her mouth, but I strapped the hood on her anyway for aesthetic reasons.

She ended up unable to see or hear a thing. She had her mouth wide open, which I found rather inviting. I had wanted to see her like that for some time. To be precise, since the day I received some photos from her mother just after we got married.

I remember looking at the photos and thinking "She must look great stripped off". Now I would find out. I stripped her off. Everything. First her jeans, then her panties, then her T-shirt and then her bra. Would you believe it if I told you her bra was so low you could see a little bit of the aureole around her nipples? Funny, isn't it, but I get a terrific aching hard-on when I see the aureole around tits. And if the nipples are tubular, I nearly come on the spot!

Last of all I took off her trainers and socks and put on her the high-heeled shoes I'd bought for the occasion. They're old-fashioned but they make women look tall and distinguished.

When I saw her lying there without a stitch on and her thighs wide apart to show her fanny I just had to wank! I was losing concentration!

I enjoyed all this. I'm into clothes, you see, but I'm into nakedness too.

As I supposed that Jenny wouldn't approve of the changes I'd made, I tied her arms behind her back, high up, so that they wouldn't interfere with her nobler parts.



I decided it was time to lay the whip on those lovely long legs...

Next I hooked the strap that went over her head to a pulley on the ceiling and I tensed the rope until her body was straight and her huge tits were pulled up. She looked absolutely sensational.

Then I sat down I had a bit of a rest then because all these straps and gags are tiring. For the first time I was able to really enjoy one of the finest works of creation – a beautiful woman beautifully displayed and with no way of protecting her tits and cunt.

Oh, yes, and with her eyes covered. I'd got pretty fed up with those eyes. They were distrustful, disrespectful. I could see she never liked me. Sometimes the eyes were mocking. I think she knew I'm a shy person and I think she used to provoke me sexually just to wind me up, just to annoy me. Well that's all over now.

From now on she's going to wear a mask and nothing else, unless I fancy putting the shoes on her or some silky underwear to have the pleasure of taking it off.

I started to get a bit randy again with such thoughts and I moved in on her and ran my hands all over her body. I put them suddenly, unexpectedly, on her breasts or on her fanny and I kneaded her buttocks the way a baker's kneads dough. Or I slapped her bottom, again unexpectedly. She didn't know which way to turn her head in the end.

She was still a bit sleepy so I poured a bucket of cold water over her to wake her up. I heard on the radio that it's good for the circulation. She did a little dance, just for me. She wasn't laughing at me then, I can tell you.

I blew on her cold nipples and they swelled right up, tubular and wrinkly, a double erection!

The water shook off the remaining effects of the sleeping tablets and Jennifer woke up to her new life. She couldn't see or hear or close her mouth or move her head. She could only wobble her big juicy tits around, which I was pleased to see she was doing.

It made me sweat and I'd had this aching erection for some time so I decided to strip off and give it a bit of air. I left my socks on (a sign of a true gentleman) and I put my reading glasses on because I wanted a closer look at everything. There were bits of the female body that I hadn't seen for some time, like the cunt, and I wasn't too sure of the details. How many lips does it have? Is it just the two we think or are there more inside? Are they wrinkly or smooth or do they change? Where exactly is the clitoris? Is it as erectile as we think or is it too small to see properly? And where exactly is the hole women piss through? How can they piss standing up? Why do they sit down to piss? What's the right angle to put your dick in? Is it a different angle if

they're standing up? Sometimes I do feel a bit ignorant.

I had all these questions in my head. It occurred to me (because I am sensitive) that Jennifer might have a few too, like:

Am I dead and is this Hell?

Is it a nightmare?

Have I fallen into the hands of guerrilla group?

A Satanic sect?

Drug addicts?

Bloodthirsty sadists?

You can be sure she never imagined the truth: a drooling old lecher who married her mother for a regular supply of Irish stew followed by beans on toast.

She'd never know because I wasn't going to take her hood off, and she'd find it hard to recognise my voice through the earplugs.

I had an attack of paternal affection when I looked at her tits. I bit them and drew blood.

What smooth skin! How silky to the touch! What a body!

She took the biting very badly. She put a well-aimed knee in my balls. An insult to my good person and to my bollocks!

I went and got the whip. I'd always wanted to whip a naked woman, especially this one.

I wasn't too good with the whip, but I'd practised a bit. I aimed at her ass as it looked like the natural target. It was the first flagellation either of us had attended, so we were both a bit surprised.

It was a real show. She jumped up and down, twisted around, making the cheeks of her ass and her breasts shake and wobble and bounce all over the place. I'd never seen anything like it. It was a feast for the eyes of a humble bank clerk.

And it had another beneficial effect. Jennifer the proud, distrustful, provocative castrator of stepfathers suddenly stopped turning her breasts and cunt away from me to protect them. She let me do exactly what I wanted with her body. I took it easy, though. I'm shy with women and with inspectors on the train and I needed time to get used to my new role in life.

She let me kiss all her body. She let me lick her and suck her all over. You can't imagine how long it takes to lick just one of those tits. I had this terrible hard-on and I kept pressing it against her legs. It was lovely.

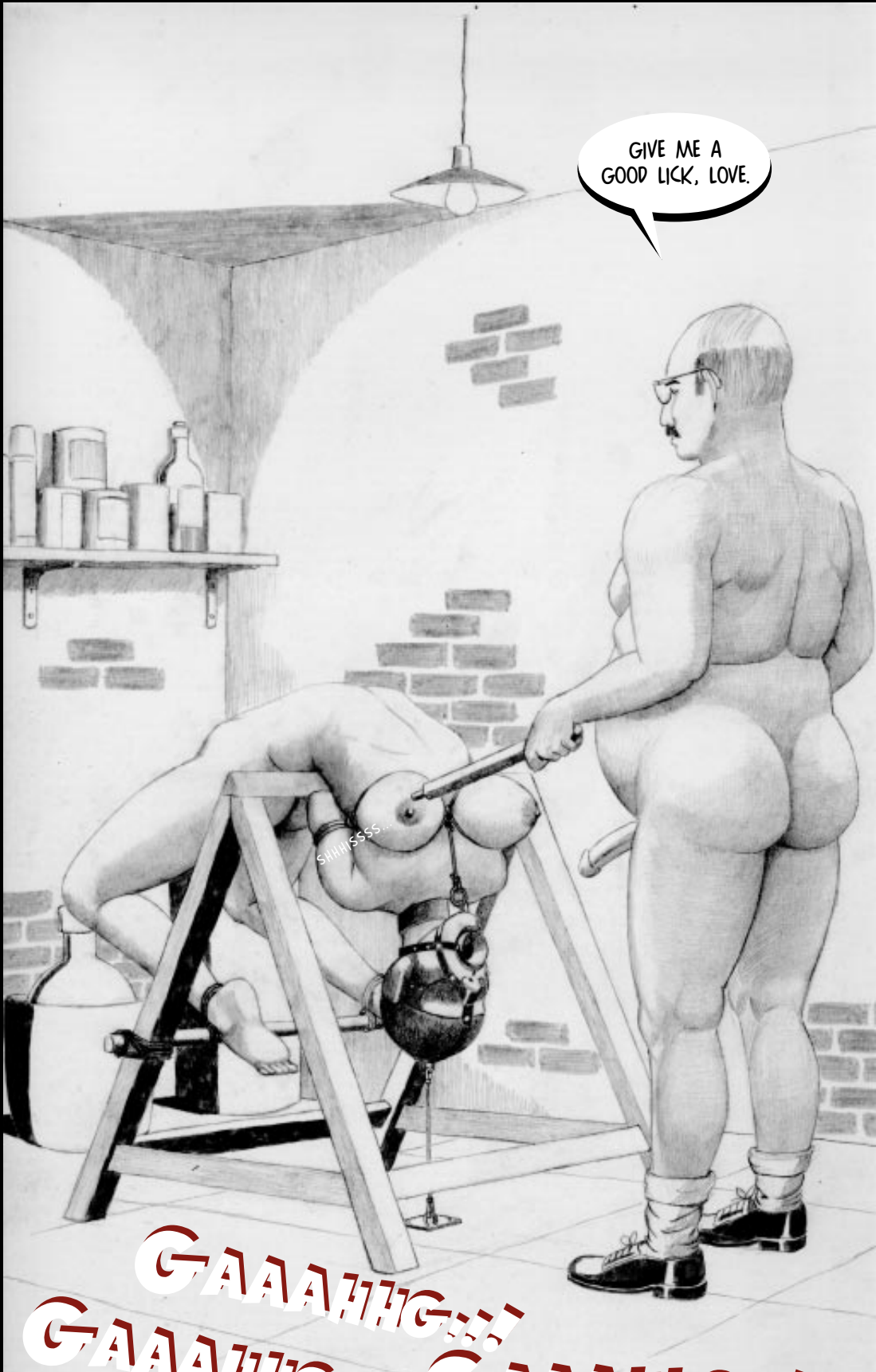
She only protested when I found her clitoris – much bigger than I'd expected – and started pulling at it with my teeth to see if it came off. I got another knee in the balls and I decided it was time to lay the whip on those lovely long legs.

I stood behind her and whipped her on the right leg first. It stung and she pulled it up, leaving me

GIVE ME A
GOOD LICK, LOVE.

SHHHSSSS...

GAAAHHG!!!
GAAAHHG!!! GAAAHHG!!!



with a fine aim at the other leg. I caught her just below the left knee and she couldn't pull her leg up because it was the only one in use at that time.

I got a bit carried away. I think I was about an hour putting the whip on her. I couldn't stop. Every time the whip went down, she shook her tits up and down. I ended up walking round her in circles, whipping and kissing and biting...

When I calmed down a bit I started looking at her cunt a lot. I passed the whip between her legs and took it in both hands so that one hand was in front touching her bush and the other was round the back touching her ass. Then I pulled up with both hands and pulled the whip in between the lips of her vagina. I moved it backwards and forwards in a kind of sawing movement. I don't know if she liked it, but she ended up moving her cunt around a bit! Maybe it was sore by the time I'd passed the whole whip through her lips. I never asked her. Not much point - she had earplugs in.

One things for sure. I was her boss now.

By this time my hard-on was getting unbearable. I would have liked to put it up her, but as I've already mentioned I wasn't too sure about the angle of these things. I mean, she wasn't even against a wall. Can you do it in the middle of the room standing up? How do you find out if you don't know?

I gave her some more soluble sleeping tablets and took her down.

I arranged her over the trestle. I put her on her back, arched back over the trestle. The idea was to display her cunt from the front and to display her tits and mouth from the other front, if you see what I mean. (You'll see what I mean if you look at the picture. She's all front. No wastage there at all).

It was easier to do than I thought. I didn't even have to untie her arms.

I stroked her with the electric cattle prod. You can get one in any village general store. A couple of shocks on the tits had her wobbling them for me again. She started dribbling at the mouth too.

I spent some time working on her with the cattle prod, until the battery got so low it wasn't doing much good.

Then I put my prick through the tube and into her mouth. It was a disappointment. The mouth was so twisted out of shape I could have been fucking a warm summer night.

Then I made a mistake.

—Give me a good lick, love. —I shouted so that she could hear me.

And without thinking I used the cattle prod on her nipple. The battery had recovered after a few minutes switched off and I nearly electrocuted my prick!

Fucking slut!

It was the best head job I'd ever had. To be honest, it was also the first.

I was enjoying it so much that at suppertime I was still in there, soaking my prick in my stepdaughter's mouth.

I got dressed quickly and rushed upstairs to my wife's Irish stew and beans on toast.

She was very talkative. She's been all day getting the papers in order, the tax people were slow, everybody had a problem of some kind, and where was Jennifer, why hadn't she left a note saying where she was going?...

I gulped the stew down, followed up with the beans on toast, dropped a few farts and left.

—What do you do down there? —I heard my beloved wife ask as I was going down the stairs. I wasn't worried. She's not allowed down there. It's always been like that. I keep my videos and magazines and things and rubber goods down there. It's my playroom and she hasn't got a key anyway.

This time I fucked Jennifer in the cunt, like a real macho. I put the truncheon in too and gave her a couple of tickles with the cattle prod.

I spent a long time working on her fanny with my fingers and my tongue. It took some time, but in the end I put my finger right up inside and found some juice coming down. I like to hear it slurp around a bit. I like to work up some froth.

It was fantastic when I got my dick in. A tight job. I could feel her pussy gripping me and squeezing me.

Not for long, though. I'm a bit quick when I'm in. The truth is, I'm a better wanker than lover. Maybe it's all the practice I've had. I can have a dozen wanks a day in the bank if the girls at the other tables are showing a bit of tit. Nobody notices, I don't think.

To tell you the truth, I've been wanking for so many years that I never quite know if I'm fucking or wanking. I mean, how do you know if you put it in her mouth and you jerk yourself off? What is it?

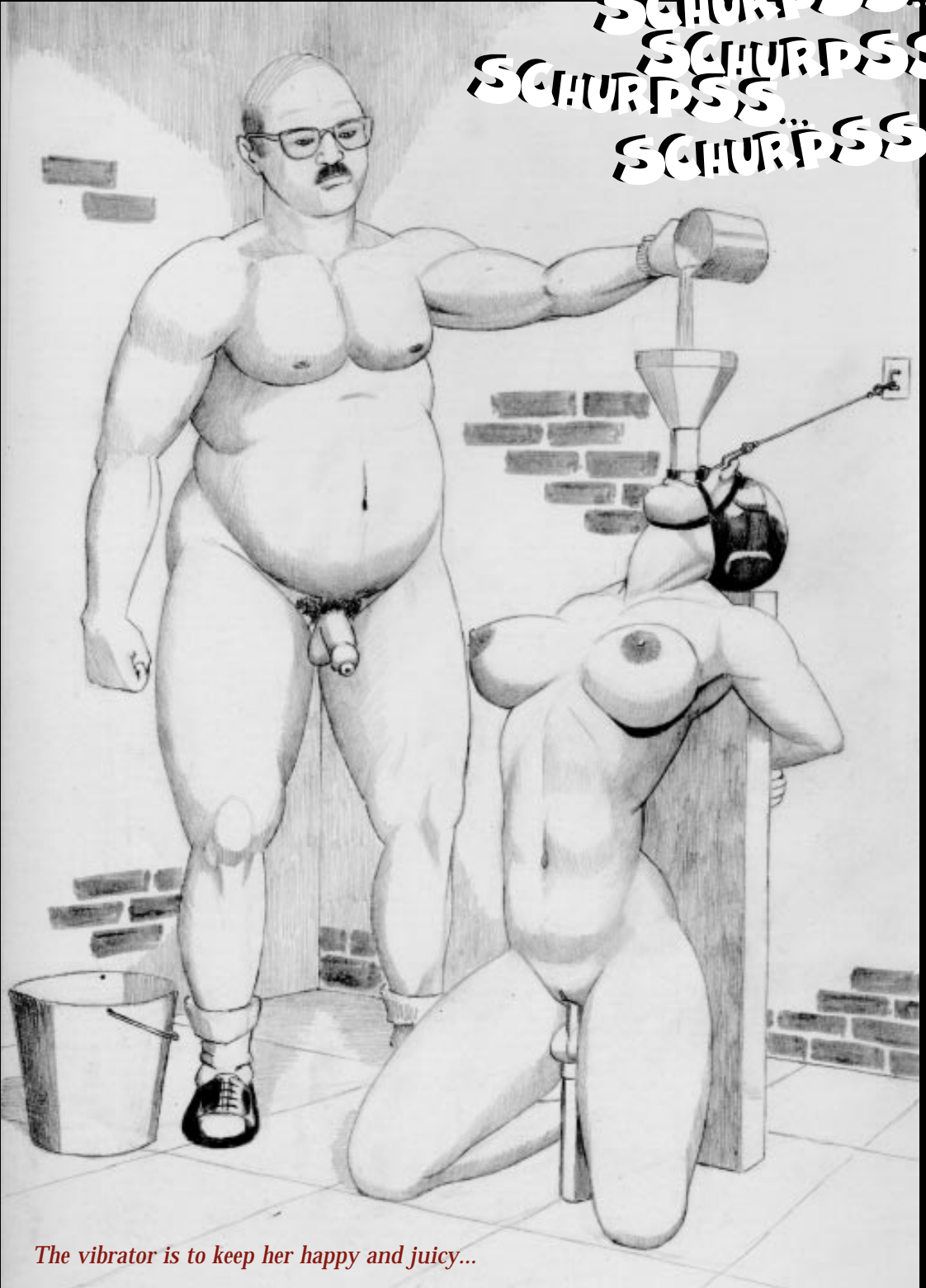
Anyway I don't do it so much these days. It makes you tired and I prefer to save myself for my family, or part of it.

I've had her for a week now and things are not as exciting, it's true, but the relationship is developing and becoming more mature.

I get up earlier than usual now I've got her to look after. I throw a couple of buckets of water over her and give her a tickle with the cattle prod. She sleeps on the trestle. The cellar is equipped with washing facilities, a chemical toilet, and a mirror. So I wash, shave, trim my moustache, have a piss and I'm ready for action.

Early in the morning I generally give myself a

SCHURPSS...
SCHURPSS...
SCHURPSS...
SCHURPSS...



The vibrator is to keep her happy and juicy...

couple of handjobs, one into her mouth and the other in her cunt.

Then in the bank I write her love letters.
At four o'clock I'm back at home.

It's a boring time of day, but there's work to be done.

If you look at the picture, you'll see her at the "table". It's an unusual way to eat, but I haven't got

it worked out properly yet. At the moment she's on liquid food and the funnel. Like a goose, for those of you who eat *paté de foie gras*.

The vibrator is to keep her happy and juicy. You have to accept reality. I'm not a young man any more and she is a healthy strong young woman.

The solution is twelve hours of vibrator. She's dripping when it comes out.

Why is she on her knees? It's just a little whim of mine. She looks as if she's repenting for past sins, which in fact she is.

The nose hooks are pure aesthetic, although they help with the feeding business too.

Hygiene is important. Nobody cleans in here, so I have to do it myself.

What does she eat? Good question. You will appreciate that Jennifer doesn't bring in a salary. Technically, she's a kind of parasite. She eats leftovers, scraps, things the Doberman should be getting, and if there's not enough, or if it's not liquid enough I piss in it. So far, she's looking quite well on it. The tits are as good as ever.

I'm experimenting with wickerwork techniques to find different ways of showing her boobs. Sometimes I over-squeeze them a bit, but nobody's perfect, are they?

After feeding time I always masturbate between her tits. I put my dick in the middle and rub them against it and squeeze them against it.

I take it easy for a bit then while my wife goes to the chemist's or the doctor. She's got her hobbies too. Her nerves haven't been the same since her daughter disappeared.

At nine on the dot I make sure I'm at home for the Irish stew and baked beans, the burps, the farts and Jennifer.

It's not Jennifer's favourite time of day. She's been hanging up all afternoon with a vibrator up her. In this posture I usually go for her ass and rub myself in the crack. I know it's not the proper way to do it, but they didn't teach that at high school.

I'm a self-taught man, really. I learn all the time. I'm experimenting now with needles in the nipples, mousetraps, bulldog clamps, clothes pegs, whatever pinches nipples best. I was always a breast man.

I still haven't quite worked out the anatomy of a woman's cunt. It's a very funny thing. I'm experimenting at the moment, as you'll see from the drawing, with a weight to try and keep it open, but I'm not very happy with the results.

About three o'clock in the morning I go to bed. I usually wake Dorothy up and give her a good earful for being asleep. Our physical relationship is suffering a little. She doesn't seem to be interested any more. ■



POW: Torture school

Dement Guard. Illustrations De Haro.

—Good morning, gentlemen. Take a seat —said Sergeant Beast, smiling at the new intake on the training course.

—I'll just go over what we've done so far. On the first day we looked at Capture and Transport. Yesterday we did Detainment Procedure, Transport Handling, and Code of Conduct for Dealing with Detainees.

Sergeant Beast switched the slide projector on.

—Today, gentlemen, we will have a theoretical and hands-on class on specific techniques for interrogating female prisoners.

The class, eight men in military uniform, looked at the projection screen where the word RAPE had appeared.

—This is probably your first introduction to one of the more effective techniques in the interrogation of female detainees. Detainees or prisoners, if you prefer the word.

The eight soldiers listened. No one spoke or moved.

—One or two of you may be surprised to see the word RAPE here. No need to be. The rape of prisoners, usually female, is standard, institutionalised practice in most countries. Rape is especially effective when applied to young, educated sophisticated prisoners.

Sergeant Beast went through a series of slides showing young women prisoners in many different countries, prisoners in anonymous cells all over the world. Some were crying, others screaming, but they all looked terrified.

—A woman prisoner should in normal circumstances be the victim of some kind of sexual abuse, whether or not this takes the form of actual rape. It could be the mere threat of rape, or violence used on the prisoner, or very intimate body searches, or obliging the prisoner to perform degrading or humiliating acts.

Sergeant Beast moved on to the next slide.

—I'll run through some of these practices now and we'll see some more when we have the practical. Our German colleagues have kindly lent us one of their prisoners

He clicked the slide projector.

MASTURBATION

—The prisoner is obliged to masturbate in front of you or your colleagues.

PENETRATION

—Not necessarily with the penis. The prisoner can be obliged to use an object which you have provided. It could be a brush, or one of those suction sticks for unblocking basins, or vibrators or an unloaded rifle or the foot of this stool or fruit, anything long really... It can be inserted into the anus or vagina.

BESTIALITY

—Dogs are the traditional animals here, but there are other possibilities. However, you should be careful with very big animals. Remember what happened to the Empress Catherine of Russia. She was a real horse-lover. She liked riding them and she liked being ridden by them. She had a wooden frame built on top of her bed to hold a horse in. One day the whole thing collapsed and the horse came down (I guess "came" is the right word, gentlemen). The Empress died with a smile from here to here!

The men laughed.

DANCING

—Now dancing is good fun. We keep our clothes on and make the prisoner do a dance or a striptease for us. It's simple but humiliating.

POSTURES

—The prisoner is obliged to adopt a series of postures which you will decide. You walk round her commenting on her most intimate parts.

Sergeant Beast lit up a cigarette. The room was beginning to get warm. The men were looking restless.

—Another technique that's very easy to do is to oblige the prisoner to strip off in front of her family, friends, neighbours, anybody she knows. If she's a guerrilla, it could be other members of her organisation. It's much more humiliating for an educated woman to take her own clothes.

He picked up a video camera from the floor.

—You can also film it (or pretend to, which is safer for you). Many people don't like having a video camera pointed at them in any circumstances and it's worse if you're being abused at the time. You should always make it absolutely clear that you are in charge of the situation, not her. You decide what she does and how and when she does it and you enjoy having this power over her. You enjoy watching her suffer!

A brief pause... Everybody was silent.

—All the things we have talked about today can take place in a prison, a police station, in a private home, in the middle of a wood, wherever. And remember too that having a few witnesses – relatives, etc. – has an intimidating effect on the entire local population.

Sergeant Beast looked at the men one at a time.

—And if I may go back to the rape issue, my opinion is that you can consider the prisoner to be legitimate war booty, the spoils of war, and from that point of view, rape is an available option. If you select this option, take your time. Work your way up to it. Start with some of the other things in the list. Watch the prisoner, see what seems to be most humiliating, because that will break her spirit and

get her talking faster than anything else. It won't be fun for her, but it will have its brighter moments for you, gentlemen. You'll be in a long military tradition which combines patriotic duty with pleasure.

The audience felt now more relieved...

—Innumerable governments, with or without terrorists or a separatist opposition, use rape as part of their military strategy. There are mistakes of course. Women are sometimes raped for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. They are unfairly punished just for living in areas frequented by guerrillas or subversive elements. That is a fact of life. I have to warn you not to let the possibility of a mistake prevent you from applying rape as a procedure.

There is the separate question of the use of rape and sexual torture on the civilian population. This practice has the advantage that it creates a feeling of defencelessness, which will affect new prisoners even before they become prisoners. In some cases, new prisoners are so frightened that when they are taken to a detention camp they start shouting and promising to tell all they know as soon as they walk through the gates. Don't trust them. Confession without torture is unreliable.

In these cases you should begin by explaining in detail what you intend to do to the prisoner. Let her think about it. Maybe she could watch while you actually do it to another prisoner. Begin slowly. Let the tension build up. Watch her reactions carefully, her eyes, her body language, to see what she finds most repugnant. Go through a list of sexual perversions and observe the reaction. It may be a slight tremble, closed eyes, blinking, tightly clenched fists, a squeezed ass, sweat, a tear, anything... You look for a sign and you remember it. If you can't spot any signs, don't worry. Have a break. Play the good guy for a while and then start again.

In a couple of hours even the best-trained spies give something away.

Sergeant Beast smiled.

—That's about all, I think, gentlemen. Enjoy your work. You'll never be accused of rape or torture while you work for the Secret Service. Rape and sexual torture are unofficially considered legitimate and in accordance with government policy.

And now, gentlemen, have a short break for a snack and coffee. After the break you will have a hands-on session with a newly captured prisoner. An English girl possibly working for the KGB. She hasn't eaten or drunk anything for two days and she's had two 5,000-watt spotlights on her. Nothing else has been done to her so far.

The soldiers left the lecture hall. Over coffee they discussed the morning's session and wondered which of the procedures would be applied in the hands-on session.

Sheila was sitting on the table when they went in.

Her eyes were wide with fright. She looked at the men. They were all armed with truncheons. None of them were smiling. They were all staring at her, looking very determined. She had never been so frightened in her life or felt so defenceless.

—Please, let me go —she begged, drawing her knees up to her breasts in an instinctive movement. Her voice shook and she was covered in sweat from the lights.

Sergeant Beast picked up one leg of the table. Sheila fell to the ground with a gasp. She tried, irrationally, to crawl towards the door.

One of the trainees caught her by the ankles and pulled her back. Another one pulled her to her feet by the hair.

—No, please, NOOOOO!! —she shouted, protecting herself with her arms.

She was surrounded. She felt a hand go under her dress and pinch her buttocks, hard.

—Don't touch me!

She brushed the hand away, made a rush for the door, and tripped over. She was on her knees, terrified. One of the agents caught her hair and pulled her back. She hit out wildly in all directions. Her heart was racing out of control. After a time she felt weak at the knees and her head started swimming. She fainted and sank to the ground.

—Get up, you bitch! Stand up! shouted Sergeant Beast, right into her ear.

—Fucking well stand up, you piece of cunt! — someone else shouted.

The truncheons started to come down on her legs. She managed to get onto her knees.

One of the agents put his truncheon under her chin and lifted her up onto her feet. Sheila was aware that she was the object of sexual desire, and that one of them had his hands on her buttocks.

—Take all your clothes off —Sergeant Beast ordered.

—NOOOOO!! —she shouted.

She felt a tremendous blow with a truncheon on her left shin and she was down on the floor again with the pain.

—Get up, you fucking cunt!

Sheila tried, but her leg wouldn't let her. A truncheon was raised again...

—No! Nooo!! Please! I'll get up!

She managed to stand up.

—Strip off.

Her hands were shaking badly now, but she managed to pull the zip down at the back of her dress and she dropped the straps off her shoulders. The dress slipped down to her hips. She crossed her arms over her bra.

The soldiers said nothing but they were looking intensely at her breasts.

She was beginning to shake now. Not just a tremble, a real shake.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, she received another blow with a truncheon on the same shin. She fell to



the floor screaming.

—Get up, you stupid bitch! Get up!—shouted one of the agents, swinging a savage kick at her.

She was very confused now, but she stood up, dodging the truncheons and the flying boots. Her face was red and her throat had gone dry.

—Take your bra off. OFF!!! NOW!!!

Shaking, she fumbled at the clasp and managed to

—Take your shoes off.

She got one shoe off easily, but the pain in the other leg made it difficult to take the other one off. She was pushed. She fell over and was kicked again. She stood up.

She was about to raise her hands to cover her breasts but she resisted the temptation. Her breasts felt very vulnerable and she knew everybody was



get her bra off. She dropped it and immediately and covered her breasts with her hands.

Sergeant Beast's truncheon came down onto her arms.

—Drop your arm. Drop them!!

She stood naked in front of her interrogators, with her arms hanging by her side and wearing no bra. She was looking at the floor.

A truncheon lifted her chin. One of these primitive men was masturbating in front of her. She covered her face with her hands.

—Drop your hands, you slut! If you do that again I'll break your wrists and your fingers! —someone shouted in her ear.

Sheila stood upright, crying.

staring at them.

Two agents walked round her, commenting on her body, especially the size and shape of her breasts. They pinched them and twisted them and rolled them round and up and down with their open palms. The others joined in and ran their hands all over her body. The one masturbating put his free hand down into her panties.

—Now take your panties off.

Sheila moved her hands slowly, mechanically. The soldiers stepped back to get a better look. She pulled her panties down below her knees and stepped out of them.

—Put this on, you slut! —ordered Sergeant Beast, holding out a pair of stockings, a kind of music-hall



her head Sergeant Beast was coming into the room carrying a huge phallus, a thick wooden stick as high as her vagina. It had a heavy metal base. He put it in front of her.

—And now, give yourself a good wank on this prick. Masturbate on it. We want to see you come! And we want to hear you come too!

Sheila had not expected this. She was prepared for more physical brutality, but not for this. She lifted her head and looked at her torturers. She saw nothing except sexual desire. There was no humanity, no pity and no chance of mercy, only desire and anger. She had the impression she was in a room full of robots all with the same chips, all programmed to beat her, humiliate her, maybe to kill her. Or at this precise moment, to watch her masturbate. And if she didn't, the truncheons would rain down on her again. She couldn't stand that.

She opened her legs wide on either side of the long wooden phallus. The men stood in a semi-circle in front of her.

She took it and pressed it against her vagina.

—Get it inside. Get on top of it.

She opened the lips of her vagina and be-

corset and some high-heeled shoes.

—And the collar and belt!

Finally, Sergeant Beast handcuffed her. The handcuffs were joined by a short chain...

—Good. Now walk around like a whore.

His voice was dark, heavy with lust.

—Sexier, you bitch! Swing your hips. Swing your ass! Lift your head! Let's see something a bit more provocative! —he said, tugging at the lead.

Sheila tried, but had difficulty in putting her bad leg down. They were all looking at her. They were all desiring her.

—Lift your knees when you walk! Higher!

A truncheon on the good shin drove her to make an extra effort.

—Higher! Higher!

She goose-stepped around the room in a parody of the Nazis.

—Now take all your clothes off. Strip right off! Go on, take your clothes off! Turn round and face us so we can see what you're doing!

She turned to face the eight men and took all her clothes off without looking at them. When she raised



gan to rub against the wood. She used a finger too on her clitoris. She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate. Her vagina was dry and she had some difficulty lubricating, but finally she managed it.

—Use one of your hands on your tits.

She moved one hand up and began to stimulate her nipples. She felt them swelling...

Her fingers were still shaking and she lost concentration at times, but gradually her hips took over and began the familiar, slow jerks that pushed her vagina again and again hard onto the phallus. She breathed in sharply as she went into a faster rhythm and her fingers moved quicker from one nipple to the other.

She dropped both hands to her vagina to expose it better to the wood and she worked quickly on her clitoris with one finger. She was beginning to come now, she felt it...

Her mind began to cloud over as the orgasmic waves got stronger. She tilted the phallus down towards her to get her clitoris onto it. She leaned forward, her eyes closed, her breasts hanging heavily do and swinging wildly as she pushed down onto the phallus and rubbed very fast on her clitoris. Sometimes she pushed herself deeper onto the tip of the phallus, so that it disappeared inside her, but she never stopped working on her clitoris. She was panting now and beginning to jerk out of control...

—Nooo!!!!... NNNOOOO!... AAAAAAGGHHH!!!!

AAGHH!! NOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
AGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

She came and sank forward, almost fainting, with the stick inside her.

She left the phallus inside for some time until she got her breath and felt her strength and consciousness slowly returning. Then she lifted herself off the wooden phallus which was now glistening in the strong light.

She looked at the men. Their faces were rigid, set like masks. They all seemed about to rush forward and rape her. She realised that she had masturbated, she had finished, but most of them had not. She feared the worst...

—Very good. —said Sergeant Beast, squatting in front of her and licking up the slow stream of secretion that was dribbling down one of her thighs. Simultaneously he ran his fingers over her vagina, making little curls in her pubic hair, which was now very wet. He put his finger inside her lips and found her clitoris and worked on it very slowly. She gasped.

—That was a good start. Now we'll bring the guests in. They're just in time for the rest of the performance.

He went to the door.

—Come in. The show's just beginning.

Paul and Susan Lester, Sheila's parents, walked uncertainly into the room... ■

The Sultan says he paid a fortune for her and he wants everyone to know who she belongs to. It is the day of the Great Celebration and the richest families have been invited to the palace.

Maira is chained by the ankle in the Main Patio. She lowers her head in shame.

Everyone will go through the patio and see her. Some will touch her.

She was one of the best-paid models in the country. She rejected the Sultan's advances and on one occasion she laughed at him in public.

The details of the kidnapping are unclear. The Sultan claims he bought her. The fact is that he now keeps her in the palace.

It is midday and the sun is beating down mercilessly on Maira's pale skin.

After the banquet she will be taken to the dining room where she will be stripped naked and made to wait at table. She will also have to dance. After the dessert His Highness will summon her, still naked, to his table and he will pop a green grape into her vagina and he will push a date into her anus. He will then laugh. She does not know why he does this. Is it some obscure reference to her bodily functions?

He will then order her to be taken to his room, where she will be chained to the bed with her legs wide open. She will be washed and one of his serving-women will caress her vagina (on the outside only) to prepare her for the Sultan's strange erotic fantasies.

Maira is shaking at the thought of the Sultan's perverse and violent lust. She hears him coming down the corridor. The servants leave. She shudders. Her legs are wide open and her vagina feels totally unprotected... ■

Chained anonymous



Slaves of the pirates #3

Lucas. Illustrations Paul

It was a magnificent sunrise. The storm had blown itself out. There was just a pleasant breeze now, carrying the penetrating smell of wet earth, recently cut grass and the intense aroma of the coffee plantations.

The sea-birds screamed endlessly and the frigates flew inland looking for twigs for their nests in the bushes on top of the cliffs.

The rain had passed, the earth was young and life had returned with this perfect morning.

People made their way to church because it was Sunday and because they wanted to give thanks. They breathed deeply on the fresh, fragrant air.

The church bells rang out. It was a new day, and a good day, in the tropics.

But not everybody on the island was free to go to church. The paths that led the faithful to church passed through coffee plantations where hundreds of slaves worked from sunrise to sunset, with no rest days on which to give thanks.

As every Sunday, Lucien Blanchart went to Mass. His estate was the biggest on the island and he had built the church as a pious act.

The congregation sat waiting. The service never started without him.

An hour later, they were still waiting.

—Mummy, mummy, he's coming, he's coming! —shouted a little girl, running into the church.

The congregation fell silent.

The priest made the sign of the cross.

Lucien Blanchart was not alone.

He brought with him, on the end of a chain, a young woman with fetters on her ankles and chains around her neck. The chains were aesthetically arranged above and below her breasts. She was naked except for boots and a short corset of the kind worn by music-hall artists or prostitutes. She was walking head down, her eyes half-closed, with a gag in her mouth and a hook pulling her nostrils open. She had large corks in her vagina and in her anus.

A white girl!

It was true, then.

The priest stepped forward as he did every Sunday to welcome the patron of the church and to accompany him in.

—Good morning, Father —said the landowner and slave trader.

—Good morning, M. Blanchart —the priest replied, in a servile fashion.

Taking no notice of the staring eyes and murmurs, Blanchart walked up the aisle and sat in the front row.

He sat in a seat on the aisle. The girl knelt down next to him. He turned her body so that she was facing him, not the altar.

When Mass was over, the faithful said goodbye as usual.

—Goodbye, M. Blanchart.

—Have a good day, M. Blanchart.

—Lovely morning, M. Blanchart.

M. Blanchart spoke little. Sometimes he nodded.

—So this is your niece? —the voice was deep, but clearly a woman's...

He spun round, suddenly interested.

—Good morning, Miss Ironhand —he said, touching the rim of his hat.

Miss Ironhand was English. She was generally believed to be the second richest person on the island. There was some dispute as to whether she or Blanchart was the cruellest person on the island.

The woman looked the girl up and down.

—Why don't you pay me a visit this afternoon? Come round for tea and cakes. Bring your niece.

Blanchart smiled.

—I'm afraid that won't be possible, my dear. I set sail for the continent in a few hours.

—That's a pity. We haven't had one of our little chats for a long time —she complained.

—True, very true. Perhaps when I get back...

He took out a handkerchief and gave a discreet cough.

—I was wondering if you could do me a small favour?

—I'm sure I could. You know I've always done what I can to help you —she said, staring at the girl in chains.

—It's my niece. I don't want to leave her alone. She's very young and there are so many black slaves around... Could you...

Miss Ironhand did not let him finish. She took the chain from his hand and pulled the girl closer to her.

—You can set sail confident that your niece will be in good hands.

Blanchart smiled.

—Of that I have not the slightest doubt, Miss Ironhand.

Claire Blanchart sat on the stable floor, trembling. She was trembling from fright but also from disgust.

Standing in front of her, dressed as a New Orleans hooker, stood Miss Ironhand, holding a whip.

—Welcome to my humble estate, my dear. You would have been here already but your uncle outbid me at the auction.

Claire was confused and felt sick. Her age and her strict education in a convent school in France had done little to help her understand what was going on in the world around her. Since she was captured by the pirate Bouchenoire and sold to her uncle Blanchart, she had understood very little except that she was now a slave. She had been raped and tortured by her uncle and had learnt that men are not always as refined and educated as they seem. What she had not expected was this violence coming



Lucien Blanchart was not alone...

from a woman, or the strange and lustful way the woman looked at her body, especially her breasts. She feared the worst.

—As things turned out, it was lucky really —she observed, gesturing to Carmen, the young Spanish girl she had bought instead.

Claire looked at Carmen. She remembered her from the auction in the dark cellar at the slave market. She recognised her despite the enormous replica of a penis which she was wearing in front of her mouth.

—I'm very happy with that day's shopping. Carmen was a bargain. And now I've got you too, at least for the moment, thanks to your uncle's generosity...

Miss Ironhand ordered Carmen to come over. The girl was naked and had recent wheals on her back and buttocks, presumably from a whip. She knelt in front of her mistress. Her chin was tilted right up. This was because the obscene phallus was rigid and went down her throat and into her stomach, preventing her from lowering her chin.

Miss Ironhand spat onto her hands, wet the end of the dildo and stood astride it. She lowered herself down onto it until the slave's face was squashed against her pubic hair. She held the slave's head by the hair.

Claire could not take her eyes off the scene. It was sickening and repugnant, but it was also so shocking, so extraordinary, so unbelievable, that she had to look.

Miss Ironhand was going up and down like a piston engine and at one point the phallus slipped right out. Miss Ironhand pulled the lips of her vagina open and Claire saw what seemed to be an unusually large clitoris (or was it a small penis?) which she rubbed over Carmen's face. She pulled at it frantically for a minute or two until a broken stream of liquid shot into the girl's eyes. Miss Ironhand rested for a minute and then climbed back on the dildo. Once again she started moving up and down on it. She was shaking wildly and shouting and grunting.

When it came, the second orgasm was brutal, totally out of control. She jerked wildly, groaned, grunted, gasped, shouted, her arms flayed around and finally she fell — maybe even fainted — and took the slave girl down with her, still held by the head and still attached to the phallus.

On the ground, she went into a series of quick vibratory orgasms, one immediately after the other, until she fell asleep on the floor.

When she woke up, she sat on the floor for some minutes and collected her thoughts. Then she moved over to Claire. She made her kneel and she stood in front of her with her vagina near her mouth. She took her by the hair and used her other hand to open her own vagina. She pushed it forwards until it was nearly touching Claire's mouth.

—Stick your tongue out and lick me clean, slave... You've seen what I expect from my slaves. Now it's

your turn.

Claire spent two hours working on the Englishwoman's vagina. First she kissed the lips as if she were kissing a boyfriend: surrendering herself, with enforced passion, going in deep with the tongue... she slurped and licked and drank. She sucked on the huge clitoris too. She was drowning in a vagina that seemed to smell of semen. She felt sick.

Her face was covered in what she supposed was vaginal secretion. There seemed to be no end to the flow of it; the more she sucked and drank the more the juice flowed.

Following instructions precisely, Claire concentrated on the long clitoris and rubbed and sucked until the woman had five or six orgasms.

Then, when Claire felt she could stand the nausea no more, the Englishwoman turned round and presented her buttocks.

—Lick my ass, slave.

Claire sank into despair as she forced her nose near the pestilent, foetid-smelling anus. She was overwhelmed by disgust and a sense of humiliation...

Miss Ironhand laughed and released her bowels. Shortly afterwards she urinated.

She felt happy. She had finally expressed herself clearly. She hated it all — youth, beauty, even sex. She hated the destiny that had given her a man's mind in a woman's body.

The only consolation she could see was that she was rich. If she was a woman in society, she would be a man in private.

Claire slept badly. She was frightened. She had nightmares and was aware of unfamiliar smells. She dreamt she was covered in secretion and urine and excrement. She was glad next morning when a large Negro eunuch appeared and took her out of the stable and washed her. He washed her in of front some plantation workers.

—Mistress want you clean. That what I'm gonna do, Miss. Clean your ass, your cunt, your hair...

Claire burst into tears.

The negro picked her up like a doll and put her into a large metal bath. He cleaned her on both sides, turning her over and over. He scrubbed her feet with a rough scrubbing brush and didn't seem to notice that her head was under the water. He seemed somehow to have become like his mistress, or to have been brutalised by slavery, so that he washed her as if she was soiled bedlinen.

—Now, Mistress want to see you.

She followed him back to the stable. Carmen was also there waiting for her, naked, with her wrists tied behind her back and both her nipples chained to a ring hanging from the ceiling.

The girls looked at each other. There was no hope in their eyes, only fear.

The negro placed chains on Claire. First he tied the wrists behind the back and then he put on the painful nipple rings. He placed them around the nipple and then secured them by piercing the nipple



YOUNG CARMEN
WAS A BARGAIN...

STICK YOUR
TONGUE OUT AND
LICK ME CLEAN,
SLAVE...

with a pointed bolt like a tiepin.

Claire screamed as each ring was made fast. Tears came into her eyes. She did not know if it was from the pain or tiredness or despair...

The negro left them facing each other, naked and in chains.

What now?

They soon found out.

—We're going to have a lovely little party, my dear young slaves —said Mrs Ironhand, standing in the doorway.

Claire opened her eyes wide. Mrs Ironhand was wearing the same clothes as the night before and judging from her hair and the smell she hadn't had a wash. More remarkable than that was the huge coconut-palm penis she had hanging from her belt. It was an obscene, disturbing object.

Mrs Ironhand went straight up to her:

—Do you like it, slave? —she asked, holding up the phallus— It's called "primeur". It's a very naughty little dicky. It goes a very long way up where it shouldn't.

Claire shook her head.

—You don't like it? I'm afraid I just don't understand you girls —she said, stroking her bottom— You didn't seem very enthusiastic yesterday when you were licking my ass! I had the impression maybe you weren't into sex with other women...

—Stop, please! —the girl said, shaking her buttocks to remove the woman's hand.

—Ah, now I understand! You're a nympho, a secret nympho. You're a hypocrite! You don't like to admit your secret fantasies!

—No, I...

—It doesn't matter. Who cares, anyway? I'll explain the programme to you both. I hope you'll both put aside any stupid squeamish doubts you may have. I want you to enjoy this, to put real effort into it...

Miss Ironhand stepped back to get a better look at the girls.

—First, you two will play together and we'll start with this —she said.

She held up another, double-headed phallus. It was a kind of wooden eel with a head at each end. It was enormous, some forty centimetres long, covered in erotic carvings showing explicit sexual scenes.

Miss Ironhand carried on.

—The last one to have an orgasm will carry on with me. I'll fuck her with primeur, just as she is, standing up. Then I'll put it up her back passage and when I've finished she'll clean primeur with her lips and tongue. Then she can rest and build up her strength. She'll need it because in the afternoon the negro will flay the skin off her back with the bullwhip. She will be beaten in the corral, naked. I've invited a few friends round for tea to see the whipping.

Claire looked at the two dildoes. She did not know which was worse. If she did not manage to finish

first, she would have the bigger up one up her later...

—Come together now, slaves —she said, holding the two-ended phallus between their vaginas— It's all yours. Get pushing!

The two girls pressed their splendid bodies against each other, breast against breast, sore nipple against sore nipple. They opened their thighs and pressed their vaginas onto the long eel-headed object.

Neither of the two wanted to be last, but one of them would be...

Claire closed her eyes and tried to concentrate.

Carmen moved her head forward and kissed her on the lips.

Claire pulled back, surprised.

Miss Ironhand watched them, smiling. She had a favourite, a favourite loser...

Carmen took advantage of Claire's confusion to corner her against the wall. She moved off the dildo and trapped Claire's left thigh between her own. She shook her hips frantically and squeezed hard so that her clitoris got plenty of movement and pressure. Within minutes, the Spanish girl went into a furious, wild orgasm.

Miss Ironhand walked over to Claire, smiling and holding up primeur. Claire panicked and ran to the door, forgetting her pierced nipples. The chain pulled tight and the girl fainted.

When she recovered consciousness the first thing she saw was Miss Ironhand's tense, sadistic smile.

The woman was penetrating her, quickly, brutally...

How long had she been doing it?

—Put your legs around me, slave —she ordered.

The pain in her nipples was unbearable. The coconut-palm dildo was destroying her insides and she felt dizzy and sick. But she obeyed, opening her legs to let the woman sit between them and abuse her more forcefully.

She squeezed her torturer with her thighs and pushed her vagina onto the phallus as best she could.

—Turn round and lift your buttocks. Right up high, slave —Miss Ironhand whispered into her ear.

Claire still had her wrists tied behind her. She turned round with difficulty and pushed her buttocks up.

—Open your ass, slave.

Claire presented her anus as high and as open as she could. Primeur was already moving up and down her crack, almost gently stroking her...

For some reason, Claire relaxed momentarily and her mind went over the last few weeks — to when she was captured by Bouchenoire and sold to Blanchart and raped and taken to the church in chains and...

The last sound she heard that day, apart from her own screams, was a sadistic tea-drinking hermaphrodite shouting into her ear:

—Take that! Right up your ass!! Take that, you mother-fucking son of a bitch!! You filthy slut! Take that, you fucking whore! Get your ass higher! Take that! And that! And that!... ■

IT'S A VERY NAUGHTY
LITTLE DICKY. IT GOES A
VERY LONG WAY UP...



NEW!!! illustrated novels

WHITE SLAVES

Victor Bruno

Paul



This exciting story was first published as 'Southern Comfort'. It is set in the years just before the Civil War when thousands of slavegirls were used by their owners as 'bed comforters'.

And not all of them were negresses...

This is the case of society beauty Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw who wakes up one day to find herself nude and tied to the shafts of her mistress's (her former rival...) carriage. And she was being groped obscenely by her hated neighbor Edward Monsom...!

Or young Sue, whose parents died and who has been sold to the highest bidder to pay her family debts...

The book is a wonderful story of humiliation, suffering and delighting... It depends on who's telling the story.

From the book:

Edward slapped that flesh. "Steady!" he warned, just as if Nellie were one of his fillies. It was nice to know that it was actually the flesh of the Honorable Mrs. Gordon-Bradshaw he was slapping. A woman whose hand he had once kissed; one he had bowed to;

shown respect to. Those days were over. This was now a slave. A Pony. Edward returned to the front of the shafts and squeezed Nellie's right breast in an absent-minded way.

"Well made..." he murmured, almost to himself.

Nellie whimpered and shied again. Oh the shame and misery in those dark eyes! Edward saw that she was dribbling profusely. Not very lady-like. Still, she wasn't a lady any more, was she?

"Steady!" he repeated. Then added: "Or I'll take a crop to you." Nellie shuddered violently. She knows I can, if I wish, thought Edward pleurably. Doubtless he would before long, too.

"Open!" he ordered

Nellie's mouth opened reluctantly. The cruel bit cutting into the sides of her mouth was very evident. There was indeed a lot of saliva about in the pink interior. Nice, strong teeth, he thought.

"Close," he said. The mouth closed. Nellie whimpered again. She was not having a very nice time, he reckoned. Edward looked down and studied the depilated mound of Venus with its attendant pink sex lips. Made more prominent, it seemed by the undercutting of the divided strap. Unhurriedly, delicately, Edward ran a finger up between those sex lips... and now Nellie whimpered more loudly and bucked even more violently.

"Whoa there!" called Edward, "You're far too frisky, girl! You need exercise."

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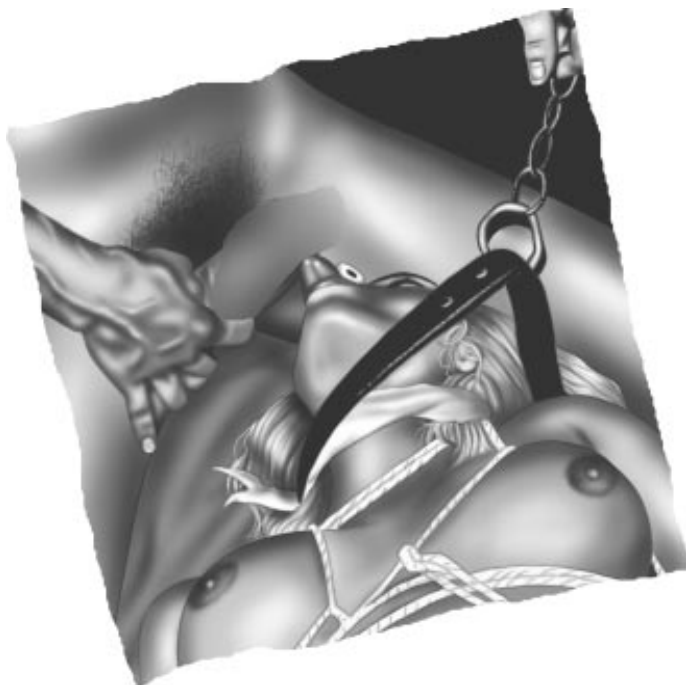


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