

EL MAGAZINE S/M GORE

FANSADOX



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EL MAGAZINE S/M GORE

FANSADOX

D'
FANTASY

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in English !!!

sólo

NUMERO

4

Bird of prey

Lucas - Illustrations - Badia

original story - Geoffrey Merrick

It was dark and Mike was driving through Uptown to his house in the suburbs. On each side of the avenue were blocks of flats with lights on, many with the flickering light of the television. Hundreds of people, thousands, he

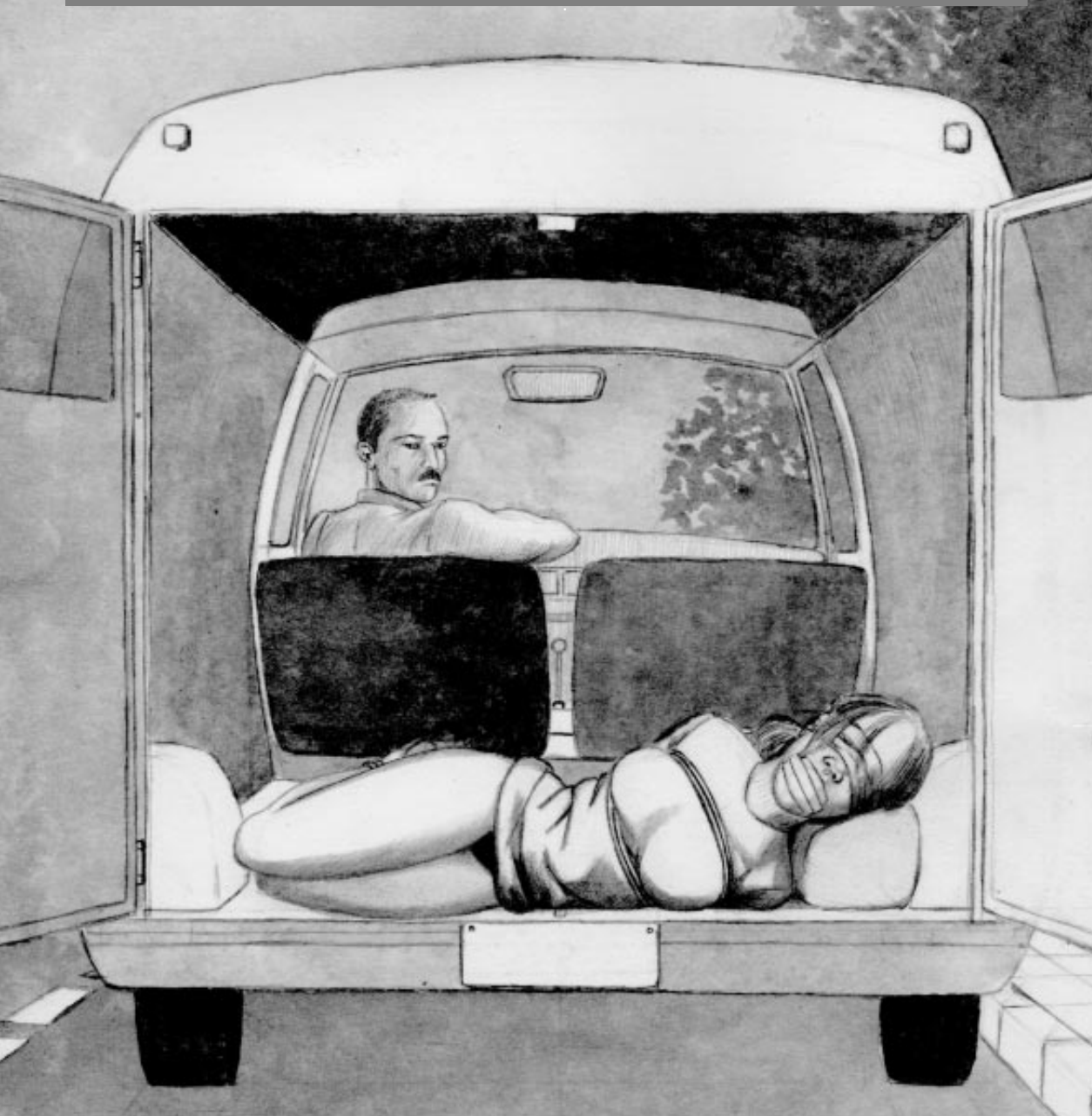
thought, were watching TV. Quiz shows. Girls with big boobs you never saw. Crap! He was going to do something more interesting. He was going to lift a dress soon and see one of the

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Say hello to Suburban Man, Rodolfo. He's a big-shot. He drives a huge people carrier with air conditioning and big tractor wheels. It looks like a bus in a South American village.

Rodolfo lives in a terraced house with a communal swimming pool, two square metres of his own meadowland (lawn with dying grass) and a custom-built barbecue on the wall next to his front gate. He's pleased because he lives only two hours fifteen minutes' traffic chaos away from the office.

Rodolfo has a wife. She was his girl friend from before his military service.

Rodolfo is the father of two children. The first came unexpectedly and was a surprise. So was the shotgun wedding that followed. (He thought "shotgun wedding" was just a phrase until he saw the shotgun). Both children are old enough to suspect that their father is a prize-winning dickhead who is not always at home when he's needed.

Rodolfo is terrified of being alone. It makes him feel insecure (he takes out insurance policies on everything). He is afraid of the unpredictable.

Rodolfo is a weird eccentric with a boring life who spends hours surfing the Net. He's a computer technician in real life.

One day, surfing on this waveless sea and breathing the saltless air, Rodolfo discovered www.dungeon.group.com

He was lucky (if that's the word for it) because it's a slippery site that moves from one address to another, for reasons which you will soon understand.

As he had few financial problems, our hero Rodolfo sent \$5,000 and adopted Mireille, the only slavegirl available that day who spoke some English. When he got home he had supper, watched some golf, kissed his wife Maruja goodnight and settled down in front of the latest computer. Shortly afterwards he had Mireille up on the screen, just as

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best pairs of boobs in the whole world.

He glanced over his shoulder to where a girl lay unconscious on the floor. He pictured the gorgeous dark brown eyes that were now under two layers of metal-backed blindfold, and on top of this, to be on the safe side, a strip of cloth cut from a sheet. He imagined the thick,

he had ordered.

Mireille was sitting with her tits nicely set off by the rope above and below them. Her thighs were wide open and her body was leaning slightly forward...

For the last twenty-four hours, 'his' Mireille had been carrying a ten-inch vibrator inside her. He had wanted her to carry it until the next connection, which was now.

—Good morning, gorgeous...

What a miracle of technology! He could speak to someone, see them and torture them from the other side of the planet!

—What's the weather like?

A reasonable question. He hadn't seen her for twenty-four hours. But there was no answer.

—I asked you a question! Fucking well answer!

He was indignant. He had paid a lot of money for this and she wasn't answering!

A man appeared wearing a balaclava helmet and lifted the girl's head so that Rodolfo could see the effect of his "prescription" yesterday.

The green eyes, the soft face, showed signs of exhaustion and panic. She clearly had no idea what has happening to her.

Who was talking to her?

Who was behind the camera?

Why was she being tortured?

Rodolfo was looking at her pubic hair when he lost his connection. Fuck it!

Frustrated and horny as an alley cat, Rodolfo has to use the fax to rescue his damsel in distress.

Twenty-four hours later, our hero arrives late for his date with Mireille. Extra time and penalties. But he's won the Champions League and he's euphoric.

Before he settles down for tonight's session, and with Maruja long since in bed to avoid the match, Rodolfo shaves, cleans his teeth, puts on a little *eau de cologne* and combs his bald head. He is wearing a baggy brown bathrobe and pink Chinese

sensual lips, stretched to breaking point by a length of red latex held in place by the same metallic sticky tape.

The girl was wearing a red cotton dress, which he had already pulled up to reveal her panties. He also imagined the huge but firm breasts which were pressing against the tight

GOOD MORNING, GORGEOUS...



flip-flops.

He goes onto the Net. Yes, there she is, as beautiful as ever.

—Hi, Slave!

Mireille shakes her head, frightened. She has been waiting for two hours...

—Oh, ‘ello... Master... —she stammers.

Rodolfo is moved to tears when he hears the French accent.

He licks his lips as he directs the camera. He’s nervous now. The girl is where he ordered. Sitting on a stool, naked, with her left wrist (she is right-handed) handcuffed to the right ankle and with the cables connected. There are two, one on each nipple, and they’re attached by pins which go through the flesh and into a bolt that needs a special tool to remove it.

—Do your boobs hurt much?

—Yes, Master... they ‘urt a lot...

—Did they explain to you what the cables are for?

—I must to obey... they are electric cables...

—Good, so now you know what to expect — before he carries on, Rodolfo lights up a cigarette—. You and I, Slave, are going to have an intimate conversation... and if I think you’re lying to me or if you start bugging me, I’ll fry your nipples. OK?

—Yes, Master...

—Excellent. Let’s get going then...

Rodolfo makes himself comfortable in his chair and opens his bathrobe to show his erection to the camera.

It will be a lot better than the erotic telephone numbers he used to ring. More interactive.

—Can you see that prick? Not mine, the one your end.

—Yes, Master.

—What do you think of it?

Mireille hesitates. What can she say about it? She looks at the huge flesh-coloured vibrator.

Rodolfo opens the “persuader” window and slides the control up to thirty amps. Just a tickle...

‘Click’.

The order goes through dozens of computers and telephone networks and arrives at the other side of the world, where it passes through the beautiful French’s girls equally beautiful nipples. She understands the warning and she replies quickly with the first thought that comes into her head.

—It’s... it’s obscene...

—You don’t like pricks, Slave?

—I... I mean...

—Did you ever touch one before you worked

here?

Work here? That was a joke! Mireille shudders. She cannot bear to think of her previous life, before this nightmare.

The girl is connected to a lie detector —or at least that is what they have told her— and she tells the truth.

—Yes,... I...

—Flesh or plastic?

—A... a real one, my boyfriend —she adds, as if to justify touching it.

—Boyfriend? You weren’t married?

Tears come into Mireille’s eyes. The voice is a madman’s!

Rodolfo sits up in his chair. He is indignant and his kidneys ache. He’s annoyed because he’s been bored for years with Maruja and here is this girl with prize-winning boobs and a juicy pussy and she’s been having a good time with somebody else’s dick. And without his permission!

—How long did you go out with him?

—Two... two months. Per’aps three, Master.

—Did you love him?

—Yes, Master.

—Was he good-looking?

—Ee was very ‘andsome.

—Did ee fuck you?

Mireille lifts her eyes to the camera. She hates this kind of interrogation. She has answered the same stupid questions time and again since she came to “Dungeon-group”.

—Yes.

—In the ass?

The same questions, all the time...

—Mireille shakes her head.

The electric shock in the nipples comes almost immediately.

—Answer in a loud, clear voice, Slave! Tell the truth! And look into the camera!

—No, no Master! Ee never fucked me there!

Rodolfo finished his brandy and pours another. He lights up another cigarette. He drops the mouse and his lighter, picks them up, and curses. He’s getting nervous, a bit excited, a bit annoyed, a bit indignant. The bitch deserves to be taught a lesson.

—Did you suck it?

—Yes, Master.

—Pick up that prick and show me how.

Rodolfo leans back and zooms in. Mireille’s face fills the 25-inch screen.

Rodolfo licks his hand and begins to masturbate, slowly. It’s going to be a good show. Her thick, sensual lips go down over the rubber, leaving a trace of lipstick and saliva. Two dimples in her cheeks

EE WAS VERY 'ANDSOME, MASTER.



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DID EE FUCK YOU, SLAVE?



show that she's really sucking... and she's going cross-eyed trying to suck and focus on the dick at the same time...

Rodolfo moved the camera down. Her pussy is shaved and her legs are apart. The slut is getting juicy! He can see! It's shining! She's thinking about her boyfriend!

—Put it in your cunt, Slave, and work it up and down until you come!

—For a moment there is a spark of anger in the beautiful green eyes as they look into the camera, but she drops them immediately, looks at her pierced nipples and obeys.

Rodolfo is getting near to ecstasy now when he see her put it into her vagina. He opens two windows, one with her face and the other with the phallus, which is beginning to come out good and wet...

—What are you thinking about, Slave?

Silence. Rodolfo's hand reaches for the mouse, but she replies quickly:

—About you... Master... —she lied. She was beginning to pant now.

—Do you think it's my dick that's going up inside your pussy?

—Yes... yes...yes... —she said, still lying. She preferred the humiliation in front of the camera to his obscene questions and electric shocks.

—Open your eyes, Slave, and repeat "I love you, Rodolfo". Keep saying it until I stop you...

—I love you, Rodolfo... I love you, Rodolfo... Aagghh!... I love you, Rodolfo... Aaaaaghhhh!... She's breathing faster now and pushing her vagina forward onto the phallus.

Rodolfo, approaching orgasm himself, manages to record the girl's voice. A real trip with that sexy French accent!

Meanwhile, Mireille is working harder and harder with the rubber penis. She leans back in the chair and stretches her legs out straight in front of her, wide apart now, leaving her vagina totally exposed to the camera. Her other hand runs over her breast. With one finger she makes circles around each nipple, getting closer and closer. Very delicately, to avoid hurting herself, she stimulates the end of each nipple until it is firm and wrinkly. Then she drops her hand very slowly, still describing circles, to her vagina and inside to her clitoris. She rubs the clitoris quite fast, sometimes with one finger, sometimes between two fingers. The sooner she has an orgasm, the sooner this session will be over. Her pelvic thrusts are real and are getting stronger. She's breathing hard.

This end, Rodolfo is beginning to grunt. He is

struggling *not* to have an orgasm. His eyes are beginning to close, his head's going in all directions, but he manages to pick up the mouse and he zooms in on her pussy. He can see her vaginal secretion beginning to trickle out and run down onto her thigh. His tongue comes out and licks the air. He zooms in with the mike too, leaving it almost touching the girl's vagina. He can hear the slurp as the rubber goes in and out and strange wet noises as the lips suck in air. And in the background:

—Rodolfo, I love you...ah!... ah!...Rodolfo... aaaaghh!... no... noooo.... Nooooo!... NOOOOOO!!... AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Mireille's eyes close, her head goes back, she presses the rubber harder and faster into her vagina. She leaves her thumb at the bottom to work on her clitoris. She's pushing hard and rhythmically now to move her clitoris over her thumb. She's going into a huge orgasm... her breasts are shaking... her mouth suddenly opens wide...

—AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

She falls back, her eyes closed, her mouth open gasping for air, her breasts still shaking, but this time not from the orgasm... she's panting. The rubber penis is still inside.

Rodolfo is pleased. He's still fingering his member. But the sight of the girl's open legs, with the rubber still inside, and the wobbling of her breasts is all too much for him.. He comes too, but badly. Hardly any semen, and too fast. He's indignant! The bitch has spoiled a good come!

He clicks on the mouse, summons a man in a balaclava helmet and gives him instructions.

The man removes the phallus from Mireille's vagina and ties her to a post with only her knees on the floor. He snaps nipple clamps on her already tender nipples. The girl's screams are celestial music to the cybersadist.

Then the man puts on the ring gag, one of Rodolfo's favourites. He pushes a flexible truncheon deep into her vagina, and places a vibrator in the vagina and another one in the anus. Finally, he blindfolds her.

Rodolfo explains to his Slave that the session is nearly over. The sun is coming up and he has to go to work.

—I paid for another week with you, you whore! A week for you to pay for all the dirty things you did with your boyfriend! ■

I PAID FOR ANOTHER WEEK
WITH YOU, YOU WHORE!



Angeluí's wet nurse

Text, Matador. Illustrations, Badia

The truth is that my Ageluí —Ángel Lluís Moscoso Perales on his birth certificate— has everything he wants in life. Thanks to God and my cheque book we live comfortably and we can give our dear son all he deserves. A child-minder from the day he was born, Scalextric when he was six, a titanium-fibre bike at ten, motorbike at sixteen, a convertible sports car, then a Harley and a 200hp 4X4 when he was eighteen. All silly little things compared with the most important thing in his life: me, his magnificent, generous, big-breasted, high-booted mother, known in the district as Black. It's my favourite colour, you see: sunglasses, boots, bra and panties. Only the Tampax are white.

Well, as I was saying, his twenty-first birthday was a problem. I toyed with the idea of getting him a 500hp 50-metre Sunseeker, but what's the point when you don't live on the coast? An ultralight was another possibility, but the poor boy suffers from impetigo or whatever you call it... vertico, that's right. I was never very good at spelling. I've always been better with my fanny —or someone else's!— It's what your tongue's for, really isn't it? I may not be able to spell clitoris, but I know how to get my tongue down onto one!

Anyway, there I was one day buying fish when this Grade A bitch jumps the fucking queue! In she comes, ignores the local clientele, and starts ordering. It turned out later she works for a multinational and they brought her here and put her in charge of a factory. She got used to giving orders I suppose. Lovely boobs, but the lady has no class at all.

Well I gave her a good earful, and you know what she did? She answered me back! Here, in my own district, in front of other people! The funny thing was, I couldn't take my eyes off her boobs. She was wearing a see-through blouse, she had a low-cut lacy bra on and her tits were busting to get out. When she started shouting they were wobbling all over the place! I looked at them and I thought, some other

time when I've got one of your nipples between my teeth, we'll finish this conversation...

So I went back home in the Cherokee V8 and rang some of my friends. Two of them were very interested in co-operating. They came over and we started thinking about what to do with her – who would work on the front end, who would take the back end, who would do what to her tits, etc. Three's a good number for working on a woman.

I fired Ageluí's nurse. When he was younger she used to be his wet-nurse and feed him her milk, but he grew out of that some time ago. He needed firmer breasts now.

The deal was that this girl, Anita —the fishmonger knew her name— should replace the wet-nurse as our sons came of age.

Having your own building company is a big help: we made a soundproof underground bunker. A good place for my son to become a man —and me too, when I fancy taking a male role!—

The girl was delivered in a big wooden crate. Wonderful what money can do, isn't it? When we opened it and took her out, she was still unconscious. But a real winner, boobs like Second World War bombs when we lifted her up and let them hang down. How do they do it, these German women?

When she woke up, it was my job as hostess to explain things to her. Now did she understand? If she understood, she should blink twice. That meant "Yes". Three times meant "No". Not a big vocabulary, but big enough. There was really only one question from now on anyway: "Do you understand?"

At eight o'clock Piluca Repóllez – the famous pizza designer – arrived. At private parties, she's famous for the pizzas she makes with living moulds: she'll do you a Breast Pizza, a Mons Veneris, a Bum Floss, anything you want.

Revenge is sweet. I put a rubber truncheon up her back passage. Piluca slapped and sucked her boobs and Gemima played around



I'm not a lesbian, but who can resist this?...

with her fanny. Gemima kept running four fingers —and finger-nails— through the lips of the fanny like someone drumming on the table. When they'd gone, I did a bit of work myself between her legs and she ended up with no bush left at all. I filled her in:

—Tonight I'm bringing my son down. He's a bit shy. Teach him a few things!

Ageluí was very pleased.

—I've been wanting to try something new for a long time —he said.

The truth is that Claudia —as I now call her— looked adorable. She was up against the wall, with her wrists tied above her head, balancing on one foot and with her right leg lifted high to show her big provocative Teutonic cunt. She had a harness over her head and hate or fear, or both, in her blue eyes.

Ageluí took his clothes off. He was firm and stiff! We mothers just don't realise when our kids grow up, do we?

—You see this slot? You have to put your willy in there, son.

—I know that! Can I bite her tits like the wet-nurse's?

—Whatever you like, son. She's all yours, like the bike you broke up with a hammer.

I had prepared a few things to explain to him, but there was no time. He threw himself on his birthday present, dug his nails into her airbags, sucked at her throat like Dracula and stuck his dick up a treat, no problems at all.

But it didn't last long. I think he's got a problem. To be fair to him, though, he came right back and did it again – six times that evening! He may not have much stamina in his dick, but he's a real trier. Then he left. He said he had a squash championship.

I felt sorry for Claudia. Six times, but it was all go and no come. I don't think he finished the job at all. So I went to the cupboard and got out the harness with the XL Titan Cunt Fucker on it. It's a little thing my partner Bienvenida and I use when we need a change from our husbands.

—Do you want to finish, you dirty slut?

Three blinks...

I put it in anyway and gave her a good long

fucking. I'm multiorgasmic myself. I don't stop unless they call the firemen.

And it's not that I'm a lesbian, either. It's just that a girl like Claudia is hard to resist.

Anyway, after half an hour Claudia came. I was going for my fifth and I carried on. I just felt like holding on to those big breasts, grabbing hold of her waist and pinching her nicely displayed right thigh until it bled. And I was enjoying pushing the XL Titan Cunt Fucker right up to the metal studs on the harness. With a good push I hit the clit.

I'll let you into a secret. I'm into S&M.

At eight o'clock in the morning the maid, Rufina, came down.

—Breakfast, Madam —she said.

The truth is, I was hungry.

—What do you think, Ruffi? —I asked, pointing to Claudia.

—Is it real? —she asked. She's a bit slow sometimes. (With her head and her tongue).

—Of course —I answered, seriously—. It's for my Ageluí, until he finds a girlfriend.

—Oh... I understand, Madam. It's like an inflatable, a big doll so he doesn't kill himself wanking.

As you can see, she's not as silly as she seems.

—I suppose, Madam, I'll have to do the doll as well. I mean, clean her, feed her, brush her hair... —she observed.

From the way she looked at me, I could she didn't need any more instructions... She used to work with an English aristocrat. There's not much you can teach her about bondage.

When I went down in the evening, there was Claudia, newly brushed and perfumed, sitting astride a kind of gardener's cloche, but made of wood. She had all her weight down on her lovely little pussy. I started secreting as soon as I saw it. I put Ruffi's salary up on the spot.

I fetched my son, and stood in front of Claudia holding his dick —I wouldn't say he's hung like a donkey, but I'm quite proud of him—. I got behind the girl and pulled at the harness to lift her head.

I took the ball out, slapped her around a bit —face and boobs— and told her to lick and



She's all yours, like the bike you broke up with a hammer...

kiss my son's dick.

As my son only has one dick, I protected it against unwanted bites by putting in another harness, this one with forceps to keep the mouth open. She didn't resist. How could she?

—Now I want you to jerk him off again and again until he gets tired and you cure his premature ejaculation... I'll come down in the morning and ask him how it's gone—I said, squeezing her nipples—. And if he says he's enjoyed it, that's fine. If not, I'll slice your tits with a scalpel and wash them in acid—the truth is, I get a kick out of frightening her!

I took her off the rack and threw her to the ground. She was lying on the ground face up and her hands were tied behind her back. I fetched the long iron bar with ankle fetters on each end and forced her legs wide apart with it. The saliva was running out of her mouth from the forceps. By wiggling like a snake, she was able to move across the floor to where my son was waiting for her. It was nice. The wiggle opened and closed her pussy.

As I am a discreet person, I don't know exactly what happened that night, but the fact is that Ageluí was delighted with her in the morning. It turned out he'd invited Pepeluí, Bienvenida's oldest son and Tato, Rebóllez's youngest.

But all this was two years ago and Claudia's doesn't see so much action these days. Ageluí never comes down because he's got a girlfriend. Silly little fortune-hunter, if you want my opinion. I'll get rid of her one of these days. The others never come because they're all in the USA doing MA's in business administration so that they can sink the family business.

So I have Claudia all to myself.

This morning, for example, I sat on her pretty Teutonic face and held it tight against my fanny and she gave me at least a dozen head-spinning orgasms. I stayed on top of her afterwards and used her mouth as a urinal.

Then I turned round so I could see her pussy and she gave me some tongue up the arse. It was a nice little extra, that's all, because I was working my own pussy with one hand and working hers with the other. If you do it right you can get both pelvic thrusts going together and synchronise all the lovely wet slurping noises!

In the end the noise and the smell of her juices made me so randy I couldn't stand it any more.

I leaned forward and got my tongue down in between her lips while she pushed hers up inside me and we finished each other off with lots of licking and sucking and grunting and groaning.

The best place to hear the slurping is in between the lips so I kept rubbing my ear inside her as well as my tongue. I got my nose down in there a lot too because you get the smell more concentrated.

Actually, if you put your nose in first and then your tongue and then you turn your head to get your ear in, you end up so wet that you might just as well give your whole face a good wash between the lips, which is what I usually end up doing just before I come!

As you probably suspected, we rich upper-class ladies have a lot of time on our hands and when we're not doing charity work to get into the magazines we often end up with something inside our fannies – a tongue or an ear or an XL ULTRA-MEGA-TITAN Cunt Fucker! ■

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dress. He had tied her arms behind her back, and this had pushed her breasts up and forwards. The rope framed the breasts nicely and pulled the dress even tighter around them. He had nearly shot off when he saw this.

Now he would know what a pair like that is really like. He would learn a lot from this one.

Women had bad habits, he always thought. They half-showed you their tits, but how often did they *really* show them to you? And how often did they show their pussies? Never! They always hid them.

Men weren't like that. Men were always ready to show their dicks because their dicks



Now I want you to suck and suck until he gets tired and you cure his premature ejaculation...

CUNTS FOR MERCENARIES

text - Smith

illustrations - Paul

My name is Bill Macoy and I work in the strategic planning department of the antigovernment guerrilla movement. I'm in charge of combat logistics: weapons, food, refuges in the jungle, etc.

I'm in one now. We hit a hospital and came back with medicine, food, two lorries, a Philippine doctor and three nurses - two Australians and one American.

What more could you want?

Chang, my translator, is handling Elle now. She's a young brunette with very white skin and a slightly adolescent body. Seventeen, maybe? Must be a nursing assistant.

He's got her hanging from a beam ready for use and he's taking bids. She's nicely displayed with her legs open and her ankles tied back and her pussy low but about the right

height for the locals.

There are two queues. Forty men altogether, fifty maybe.

The bids are for pecking order, if you'll forgive the expression. Its communal booty, but who wants to be last? Slack pussy, more risk of picking up a contagious disease and I suppose if you're last there's even a chance the girl won't make it and who wants a dead fanny?

No, they all want to get in first. Chang lifts the poor girl's head and opens her thighs to show her young pussy.

—Get a look at this Caucasian cunt. You'll never get a better chance! How many of you have ever fucked a white woman?

She's beautiful, but her face is disfigured by bruises. Chang's dirty underpants are in her mouth.

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were always begging for it.

—External genitals—a gay man had once told him—are always a problem.

But he didn't agree. He had thought about it and the way he saw it, the problem was women and their internal genitals.

Things were easier if you were a gay man. One gay could say to another "Grab hold of this and give it a good suck, ducky" and the other man would probably do it, maybe even to a stranger, maybe *especially* to a stranger. But women were different. They wouldn't do it. They wouldn't show you their pussies even if

you asked them to. Oh yes, they bought sexy see-through panties, but then they hid their pussies in them and went home and masturbated alone where you couldn't see them. It made him angry. It was, he thought, The Problem.

Well, things would be different now. He would arrange the ropes so that the girl always showed him her cunt and if the lips were good and open, so much the better, and if she wanted to masturbate she'd have to do it in front of him from now on, or he'd do it to her or she'd do it to him... There were a lot of possibilities.

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There are two lists, lads...

He turns her round to show the buttocks...

—There are two lists, lads —he reminds the audience.

The bids start dwindling. The men seem resigned to a place near the back of the queue.

Chang plays his last card. He sticks a finger up the girl's vagina and says...

—She's a virgin. When will you get another chance like this?

The men get excited, the first fights break out and Chang fires into the air. Finally he shoots one of the men in the balls. Things are getting nasty.

In the end two orderly queues form again, one for the front and one for the back. The queue for the back is nearly as big as for the front.

The sadistic orgy begins...

Even to a professional like myself, an old rapist and killer, it's nasty stuff. But war is war, and women don't put it out for you for the fun of it.

I turn away and leave the shouts and vulgarities of the shelter for the officer's refuge. It's built the same, but it's quieter.

Mary, a 22-year old Australian girl, has the job of keeping the officers satisfied. She's from Adelaide. She's blonde. She's got blue eyes, generous tits, long hair and very long legs.

The legs are tied the same as the other girl's, but Mary is crouching down with her toes touching the ground. Her long blonde hair is tied to a beam and she can't move.

Mary has already been assigned to the officers, but it wasn't really necessary. There are only three officers and they all have different plans for her.

Lieutenant Chou, as the highest-ranking officer, goes in first. He drops his pants and holds her chin so that she has to look at his member.

—You're going to suck my prick. And no biting, eh? OK, love? —he asks.

The woman nods. She's terrified.

—First I'll take your muzzle off and you'll suck it like a good girl, OK?

Mary nods again...

Chou takes the harness off and the ball comes out of her mouth. Saliva is still running down her cheeks and there are tears in her eyes as she looks at her rapist.

The man takes out a few dollar bills...

—I always pay my whores —he says, stuffing the notes into her mouth.

Chou pushes the notes down with the barrel of his pistol until she has to swallow them.

—That's money out of the way. Now show me what you can do...

The girl cannot take her eyes off the revolver. She sucks it, knowing that it can go off at any moment.

Chou takes the gun away and put his erect member deep into her throat.

—Suck, you fucking white —he orders, hitting her on the ear with the pistol butt. Bleeding, she obeys, although she has no strength left in her mouth after so many hours with the ball in.

Chou grabs her by the ears and fucks her face. At the last moment, he withdraws and comes into her face, where semen, blood and tears mingle.

Sergeant Tan is waiting...

He lies on the ground and lifts his victim onto his penis. Grabbing onto her thighs, he soon has a heavy orgasm that leaves him exhausted on the ground.

Ton-Li comes in from behind and penetrates her anus. The girl shrieks desperately.

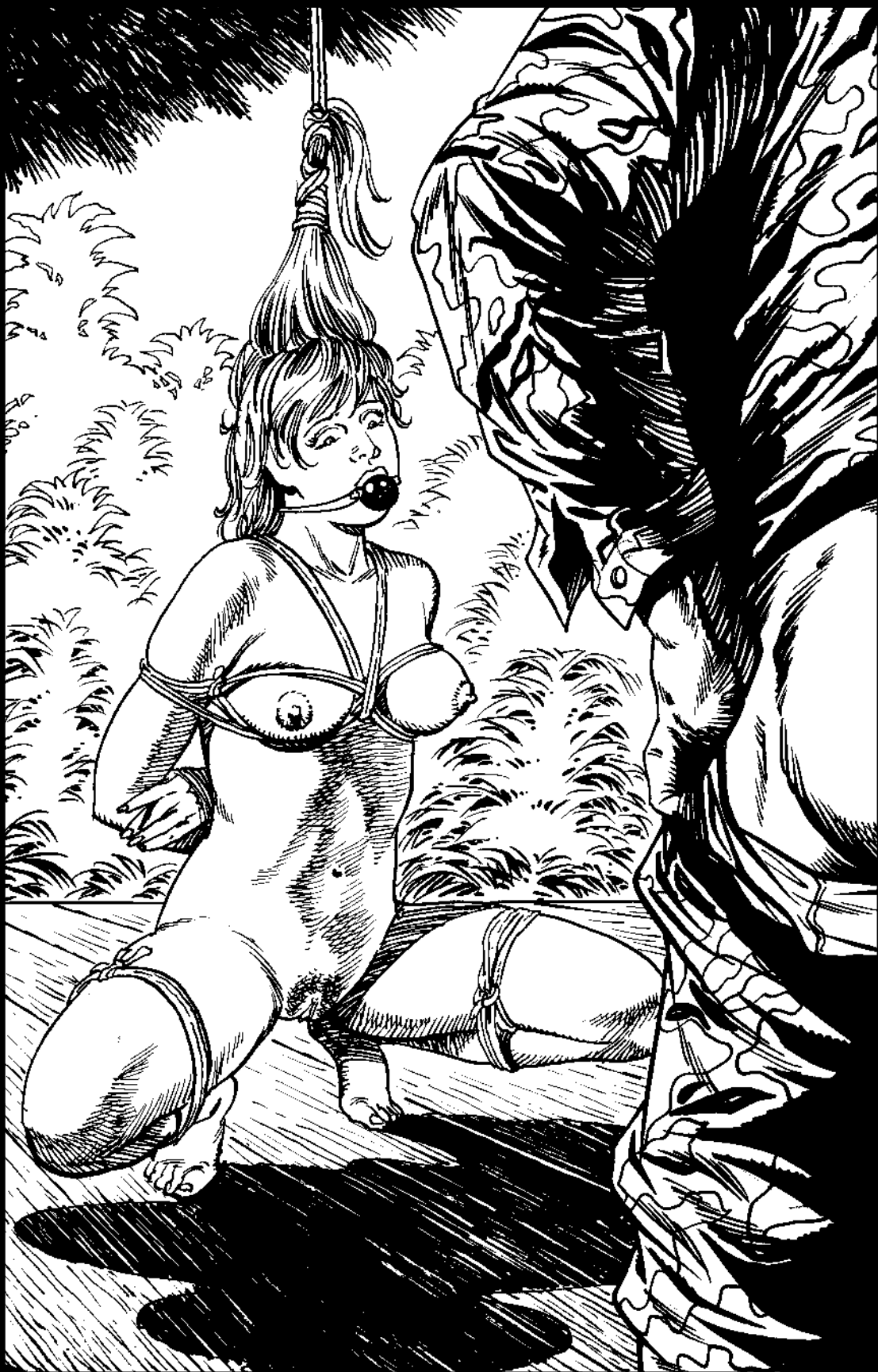
It's savage rape.

When they've all finished they decide to have fun of a different kind. They cut her down and chase her through the mud with canes. Mary tries to avoid the blows, wriggling around on the ground with her breasts badly exposed.

They're laughing. They're enjoying it like the pigs they are. They're horny again...

I leave them and go to the food store. It's the only locked hut and I'm the only one with a key.

—Who is it? What do you want from me? —comes a voice.



You're going to suck my prick. And no biting, eh?

It's Diane, a terrified Diane. I found out she was in the hospital and she's the real reason for the attack. A coincidence her being here, an opportunity not to be missed.

Diane is American and black, like me.

Diane is beautiful, provocative, young, proud, ambitious, she's a high-class girl, the kind that's unattainable for men like me.

She's a 19-year old stunner. She's also my ex-wife's daughter, from an earlier marriage.

It was her fault Marjorie left me. Because she caught me peeping at her daughter through the key-hole when she was in the shower!

Diane looks lovely tied to the stool. She has no idea who I am. Her head is still in a filthy rag.

I cut her uniform off her with a machete. The panties last. I just leave a strip of uniform hanging down between her boobs. Maybe I'll pull it tight between her legs later.

—No, no... Stop!... Please! What are you doing? Stop!

Nice soft thigh. I stroke it. The moment has come.

—Diane...

—How do you know my name? —she asks, disconcerted. It will take her a few seconds to place me.

—Bill? Is that Bill? What are you doing here?

She's shaking. Just from the thought of it.

—Time to settle a few old scores —I say.

—Bill, for God's sake, let me go immediately!

Authoritarian, cold, dry. That's the Diane I remember. It makes me angry. And it excites me.

—Take it easy, girl. You and I have an old score to settle, remember?

—I won't say it again, Bill. I demand to be released!

—I lost your mother. It was your fault. I used to like fucking her very much...

—You're a pig, a fucking pig, a maniac! How can you talk about mom like that?

—So, as you took away the cunt I had, it's only fair that you give me a new one... What

do you think?

—You're crazy, Bill. I'll never go to bed with you!

Innocent. Naive. Stupid.

—You don't need a bed, honey.

I move round the back and pull her young hips back a little. She starts twisting and turning, trying to shake my hands off. It's useless. I pull her back until part of her tight little black ass is sticking over the edge.

I stroke it with my prick.

—NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...!! What are you doing, you bastard?

—What I liked most about your mother was her tight little ass.

—AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!

Great stuff. Difficult to imagine something better than sticking it up the ass of your ex's daughter.

—NOOO! STOOOOOOOP!

—I'm sorry if you don't like it, but you better get used to it fast. I've decided to keep you.

I snatch the sack off her head. She tries to turn round but I hold her by the hair and carry on pumping her ass.

Just before I come, I take it out and stand in front of her. She looks frightened. Maybe it's the blood on my prick.

I pull her head down on to me and stick my dick in her mouth, right the way in.

She's taken by surprise and doesn't bite. She's gonna throw up so I take it out and come all over her face.

The white sperm looks good on her black skin.

Yeah, things are gonna be different from here on. It's better than paying money for a shy flat-chested bug-ridden Oriental. There's good black ass here and good black pussy too.

I lost my wife but her nineteen-year old, big-assed, big-boobed, daughter is chained to my bed with her big cunt smiling at me. Fair exchange, eh? ■



-What I liked most about your mother was her tight little ass...

Mandy is mine

text - Gabriella Cianni
illustrations - De Haro.

I had too much to eat and too much Bordeaux to wash it down. I fell asleep. Strange, with Mandy waiting for me!

Now why the hell do I have a siesta and wake up in a bad mood and with a hard-on?

I went down the stairs and kicked the wine cellar open. I always wonder what she thinks when she sees my naked ass coming down the steps.

There she was with those big, languid eyes of hers! And behind them? Disgust? Passion? Fear?

I slapped her in the face as usual. It makes them feel humiliated and it gets me going.

She lifted those big black eyes again... they were asking questions, begging, weeping...

I pulled the handle of the winch to lift her ankles to the right height. I played with her boobs for a while and when the nipples swelled up I put a bulldog clamp on one of them.

—Let's go —I said, putting my prick and balls into her hands. I could feel the vaseline from the previous session.

Mandy is perfectly trained now. She looks me straight in the eye when she milks me.

She's incredibly sexy. Her perfect magazine-cover face goes well with those big boobs and that open presentation of her pussy.

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With or without underwear, for example.

He remembered when he had first seen her, in the library, where she worked, then in the flower show, and again in the video shop on the corner. She was strangely shy for a beautiful girl. Imagine, a shy girl in a top model's body!

He had heard her name, Karen. But he had never wanted to talk to Karen or get to know her, because relationships got in the way. He just wanted to possess her.

He had followed her. She lived in a quiet residential district. She kept herself to herself. Good. He could hunt her down. For some days

Her hands are marvellous. They start off gentle and end up rough.

With the palm of her left hand she held my balls while the fingers of her other hand ran slowly, softly, gently up and down my dick. It was lovely. When she's nervous, her hands sweat too.

I lit up a cigarette and blew the smoke into her face. Her big black eyes opened wider. She knew what I was going to do – put it out on the sole of her foot.

—Do you want a big dick right up inside you?

She didn't answer, but she looked down over her heavy breasts to try and see her pussy. She carried on working my dick, much harder now, and she pushed her pussy forward and rubbed the end of my dick up and down inside her lips. Before I realised it, she had sucked me in.

She is fantastic, especially in this position. I go deep and bang against her clitoris.

I held her by the hair and kissed her in the mouth. I rang my tongue around every hot, wet corner. I know she hates it, but that's part of the fun.

I always take my time and enjoy it all. She pants, sweats, groans, pushes and squeezes me with her fanny. She comes nearly as often as I do.

She's mine. I brought her here and I feed her and I fuck her. All she has to do is work with her hands, mouth and pussy ■

he watched her from the van with his infra-red binoculars. On one occasion he even saw her change clothes through a gap in the shutters. He caught a brief glimpse of the large, swelling breasts with their big aureoles and firm, erectile nipples. For some weeks he could think of nothing else.

He caught her easily enough. He parked the van next to her Toyota outside the library late one evening. She came out, opened the back door and dropped a couple of books on the back seat. He zapped her in the arse. She stood up, half turned round, and fell

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DO YOU WANT A
BIG DICK RIGHT
UP INSIDE YOU?

☆ DE MARCO '98



INFIERNO

DIE HARO '98





WELCOME TO HELL, SCUM. I'M THE MAYOR. CALL ME YOUR EXCELLENCY...



...THIS PRISON IS THE WORLD'S BUMHOLE. NOBODY LEAVES HERE ALIVE. YOU'RE HERE TO BE FUCKED...



ESPECIALLY THIS SLOT. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! MOVE THAT ASS AND SWING THOSE TITS! I'LL FUCK YOU PERSONALLY!



YOU'LL SERVE YOUR SENTENCE IN MY ROOM, IN A VERY SPECIAL CELL NEXT TO MY BED... UNTIL I GET TIRED OF YOU.



GOD!!!
IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!!!



SHE'S MY
PRIVATE CUNT! AND
NOW, GUERRILLA,
STRIP OFF!



YOU SEE
HOW SHE SUCKS?
NICE AND SLOW! YOUR
TURN WILL COME
SOON!

MMMMFF...!



NOW I WANT TO
SEE YOU TOGETHER...
I WANT A GOOD
SHOW...



THAT'S IT, SLUTS,
GET THE SALIVA
FLOWING... AND PUT
YOUR FINGERS UP
EACH OTHER!



NOW, GUERRILLA,
STICK YOUR ASS UP HIGH
AND SHOW ME YOUR CUNT!
AND YOU, SLAVE, GET YOUR
TONGUE INTO
HER ASS!!!



OH... NO
STOP, NO,
PLEASE!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

MISSING CELEBRITY

text - Lucas

illustrations - Paul

Sergeant Expósito Cardoso dressed up for the occasion, as he had done on the day he married Carmela Buitraguez some years before.

He had been posted to an obscure outpost in the South. He was the boss but his job was just tedious routine.

There were subversives everywhere, but they weren't interesting. There were no university students to shit themselves when they saw the police station, which always added a little fun to the day. The odd subversive they caught always turned out to be a nobody, just some poor bastard who had seen a way of putting food into his stomach. Most of them didn't have their own flowerpot to sow next year's crop in.

But this week was different.

He had caught a good one, a high-class lady who was always at the charity balls organised by the military regime. She was a beautiful well-built woman whose photos were the main source of masturbatory stimulus in a country where the common people were rather deprived of such stimulus.

Her star had waned a little when her father, General Augusto Mendoza, was shot after the *coup d'état* led by General Titochet.

She just disappeared from the newspapers.

And here she was, in all places, down in the remote fucking South.

If he played his cards right, Cardoso might get a better posting or promotion, maybe even be sent back to the Capital, where there were more seditious elements and more whores.

—Sir, the subversive element is ready for interrogation —Corporal Endrinás said, with a smile. He was a subordinate, in fact he was *the* subordinate in that particular outpost.

Doing up buttons of his newly-ironed shirt, Cardoso followed the Corporal to the cell. It was a filthy place, full of piss and vomit, rats and cockroaches. The toilet was blocked.

The woman was waiting with her face to the wall. She was tall and physically splendid but she was not looking her best at that moment. Her dark chestnut hair, which rolled down her back in waves, was now tangled after two days and nights in custody. She looked tired. Her eyes were tearful and her summer dress was wet with sweat and wrinkled.

She had an iron collar around her neck which obliged her to stand on tiptoe. Her ankles were fettered to the wall so that she could not close her legs. Her wrists were handcuffed behind her back and her elbows were tied together.

You couldn't be too careful with a famous subversive like her...

Cardoso grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back.

—Have you had enough time to think, you fucking rebel? Are you going to confess that you're Fidel's whore? —he spat on the ground and showed the woman the bamboo cane that he had used on her legs the previous night.

—You have no right to arrest me. I didn't do anything. I had nothing to do with my father's politics... I swear it! —the woman shouted, terrified. She knew that her situation was delicate now that her father had been shot.

—OK. If you don't want to co-operate we'll apply the regulations. Endrinás, you strip her and I'll do a body-search!

—No... Don't do it... Noooo...! Nooooooo!!!
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

One by one, the woman's garments came off as the soldier cut through them with his ma-



—You city cunts have soft skin... good meat for the rich!...

chete. The dress was slit from top to bottom, the lace bra was carefully cut at the straps and then at the back. The panties were half cut off and then ripped off.

Patricia stood there, trembling, trying to hold her buttocks together. She clenched her fists, waiting for the sexual abuse that she supposed was coming...

Not only her legs but also her breasts, her bottom, even her vagina, felt terribly exposed to the cane. She could not close her legs

—You're carrying a lot of weight in the right places!... It'll be a pleasure to body-search you... and to make you confess—he said. His voice shook a little as he moved round the front and stared at her heavy breasts... Then he put the cane between his teeth and crouched down between her legs. He ran his hands up her thighs, to her vagina, which he licked. He played around with it for some minutes with his fingers and his tongue until her thick pubic hair was wet with her own juices and his saliva...

—You city girls have soft skin... good meat for the rich!... and you're pretty soft inside too!—his voice was dark and unsteady, heavy with desire and threats...

Cardoso's hands were going all over the body now, rolling her breasts around, then scratching their way down to her vagina—her honeypot, as he called it— and then further down to the thighs, up and down, up and down...

She tried to close her legs but it was impossible. He knelt in front of her and put his hand round the back and found her anus. He was breathing heavily now.

He licked her thighs. He had seen them in the magazines, he'd even cut them out and stuck them above the toilet so that he could see them when he needed a quick wank. Now he was licking them. What more could he ask for?

—A whore like you would bring in a lot of money in this part of the country. Pity I've got to send you back to the capital!

Patricia bit her lips. She would be shot if they sent her back...

—Have you got anything up your ass, you

big-titted slut? Drugs, maybe? Condoms for Fidel? —he asked as he put two fingertips on her anus.

She was saved by the telephone.

—It's for you, Sergeant —said Endrinás.

The two men left for the office and Patricia breathed a sigh of relief.

She was alone, her body covered in bruises, her shoulders aching, her legs racked by cramp and her spirits low. She wondered if there was a way out. Maybe she could buy her freedom by money or sexual favours from that coarse idiot of a soldier.

Cardoso returned.

—News from the capital. It seems things are on the boil there!

Patricia saw he was looking at her breasts as he spoke and unconsciously she turned away, trying to hide them from him. He moved round to the front and fingered her nipples.

—The word is not to send you back. You might have some support. The only support you'll have here is this—he said, lifting her big breasts up and down in his cupped hands and sucking them.

—Please... don't do this... —She pleaded looking at Cardoso.

—My orders are that you go missing. No details.

Patricia began to shake. He caressed her and opened the cheeks of her bottom in a more familiar, more possessive way than before.

Well I give the orders here and I think it would be a waste if you went missing under three feet of soil. So here's the plan. Do you want to hear it?

Patricia nodded, trying to ignore the finger rubbing the entrance to her anus.

—You'll stay here with me. You'll be naked day and night! I'll look after you, and you'll look after my prick. Not a bad deal, eh?

Before she could answer, he put an old rag in her mouth and tied it tight. He took off the collar and the ankle fetters and threw her to the ground. She was too weak to resist. He turned her over brutally, lifted her buttocks in the air and penetrated her from the rear.



I'll teach you how to suck properly... aaagh... you'll clean my ass with your face...

He held her head against the ground, pressed her right breast against the cold cement and raped her, painfully, while he muttered obscenities and groaned and grunted.

—Do you like my prick?... That’s a real macho prick for you!... You’re lucky... aaaaaaghhh... You’re my private whore now... aaaghh... I’ll shut you in and only take you out for a good fucking... I’ll teach you how to suck properly... aaaghh... you’ll clean my ass with your face... you’ll eat my shit... aaaaagghhhhh... I’ll hang you up by your feet next to my desk... and I’ll suck your fanny... I’ll bite your tits off... I’ll eat your ass... I’ll lick your cunt... I’ll... Aaaaaaaaaghhhhhh!!... AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

The following week, Patricia Mendoza, whose photos and smiles had filled magazines, discovered what it meant to be in the hands of a bitter, twisted psychopath.

Finally he had someone he could control.

And he lost no opportunity to humiliate his prisoner, to abuse her sexually. He ordered her to do the filthiest jobs, to adopt the most absurd postures and to perform the obscenest of sexual acts.

And if she disobeyed, he punished her.

What Patricia came to hate most were the intimate suppers with her jailer. He dressed her in a white dress that he had cut very short to reveal her vagina. She had no panties. He made her wear flesh-coloured stockings and red high-heeled shoes. Her wrists were handcuffed behind her back and she ate what she could directly from the plate.

Sometimes she stood next to him with her legs wide apart, half-crouching, and he licked alternately at his food and at her pussy. Sometimes he put honey in it and licked it all out. After supper she put on shows for him, walking around the room like a top model, adopting different postures to display the parts of her body that interested him at that moment, usually her breasts or vagina. She had to wriggle across the floor on her back or suck on a bottle or a candle. Sometimes she had to

masturbate against anything and everything in the room – the corner of the table, the back of the armchair, the handrail up the stairs...

And she had to have sex. He usually sat on a hard chair. She removed his clothes with her teeth. Then she sucked his toes, his testicles and his penis. She went down onto him, with her legs well apart. He played with her clitoris and breasts while she moved herself rhythmically up and down. Vaginal secretion, semen and honey trickled down her thighs.

Today Cardoso was on the phone to his superior officers.

—All in order, Colonel. She has been neutralised... Yes, that’s right, she’s “missing”.

Patricia hears the conversation when she is naked on her knees on his desk. She’s sucking a huge wooden phallus carved for her by Cardoso. He pulls her up and down with a rope and pulley.

—At your orders, Colonel. Thank you, thank you.

He hangs up.

—Suck, you whore! Strengthen those muscles! You see what a macho is? You see how he congratulated me?

Patricia straightens her aching back, disobeying orders. He jumps up, goes round the back of her and presses her head down onto the table. He lifts her bottom high and picks up the cane.

-SSSSSSWWIIISSSSHHHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

—UUUUUAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

He opens her legs wider and rubs the cane slowly up and down between the lips of her vagina. He turns her onto her back, puts her legs over his shoulders and runs his fingers quickly and roughly over her clitoris. He holds her lips open with his left hand and runs the huge phallus over her clitoris a few times. Then he slowly works it inside her. She’s too tired to protest...

This is hell on earth for Patricia. And she’s only been missing for a week... ■



-Suck harder, you whore! Strengthen those muscles!

The Art of Decorating One's Slave

text - Towaco Takamura
illustrations - Badia

—Shall we begin?

—Ready when you are.

—First, tell me something about your personal preferences. Normally the commercial department deals with this, but as you're here...

—Yes, I asked to do it here.

—What do you want to call her? Her name's Susan, but it's quite common for owners to change the name.

—I looked at my new possession and thought about it. Estrellita, little star. My mother had a dog with that name. A bitch.

—Fine. Hair colour. Estrellita is a brunette now. Do you prefer blondes, or redheads, or would you like a more modern green or pink?...

—No, she's fine.

Brunettes have a wild, exotic look. I've always liked them.

—Breasts alright? Surgery is an extra, if you want it.

—I walked up to her and felt her boobs. Her nipples were pierced and tied to her collar. She shrieked and twisted her body as much as she could...

—Keep still —I said, sternly— I've paid good money for you and I have the right to inspect you.

She stopped moving and responded to the breast exploration with only the occasional low groan.

—She has a lovely pair, with very sensitive nipples —I said, looking into her eyes.

She may suffer a little, so I squeezed them. A dribble of saliva escaped from the ring that was holding her mouth open.

—Her boobs are OK. I'm not so sure about the nose. It's a bit flat.

Estrellita's big eyes opened wider.

—In my opinion, she's too young for an operation —the clerk replied—. Surgeons like to work on a fully adult nose. But it's your slave and your decision.

Maybe he was right. I decided not to chance it.

—We include this vibrator —the clerk said.

He put a huge vibrator up inside her and strapped it on with a rubber harness.

—It's a tight fit. Must be her age. As you see, we've shaved her. She didn't have much hair anyway.

—That's fine. I like to see the lips.

Estrellita looked unhappy. I guessed she associated a thick bush with being a woman.

I dropped my hand to her pussy and started stroking it. She went tense but there was nothing she could do. Her ankles were tied to a wooden bar. She tried to close the lips of her fanny but she couldn't. She sobbed through the ring.

After nine months electrolysis and hot wax, the pubis goes taut and hairless for ever.

—If you have no objection, we will put your slave through a strict program of physical effort, to burn off the last traces of puppy fat. You choose the shoes.

I noticed the very high heels she was wearing.

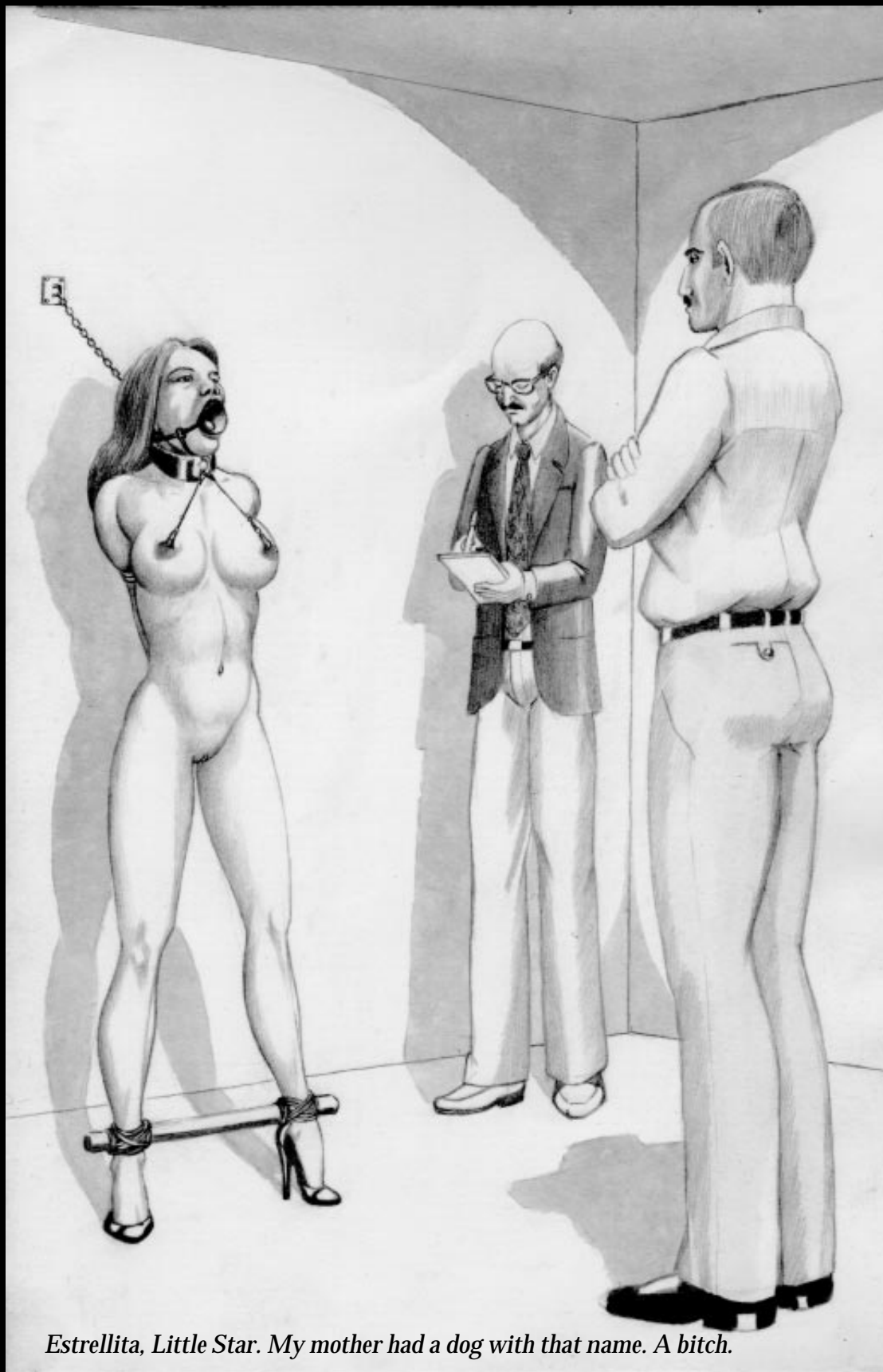
—Painful at first, —said the clerk— but they get used to it. In time she'll hardly be able to walk on flat ground without them.

I like it. Sexy. I'm a bit of a fetichist with feet and legs.

—Body-building? Piercing? Tattoos? Special training of any kind? —he asked.

—Gold rings in both nipples, one in the navel and one in the clitoris —Estrellita sobbed at this—. And I'd like to see samples of tattoos, pricks maybe, the word Slave, you know... And I want her expert in serving women as well as men. And good at erotic dances, oral sex, high society etiquette, looking after the house and children...

—We have nine months —he said— why don't you enrol her for the full course?



Estrellita, Little Star. My mother had a dog with that name. A bitch.

—OK. I won't need everything you teach, but it'll put up her resale value. Oh yes, —I ran my finger over her tongue— put a stud in her palate and a small, convenient brush in her tongue, to scratch my prick when it itches.

You can't imagine the expression of horror on her face. We were discussing her body as if it was a car. We were choosing the optional extras for the rest of her life. I don't think she was into body-piercing!

—Right, Sir, that's everything. If you'd like to sign here...

She looked on terrified as I decided her destiny with my signature.

—I want to talk to her for a moment. Take the ring out.

She pleaded with me, she begged me to let her free, she even dared to threaten me...

—If you wish, Sir, we can remove the vocal chords. Some clients prefer it like that.

Estrellita's mouth opened wide, but she remained silent.

I remained silent too, weighing up the pros and cons of the option. ■

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unconscious. He moved her straight into the back of the van and left her on the floor. Quiet town, quiet street, rainy day, no problems. He parked at the side of the road opposite the girl's flat and tied her up and gagged her. He was tempted to fuck her in the van, but it was too risky – someone might see the van moving. When everyone was asleep he left her in the van and let himself in with her keys. He took all of her underwear and a few dresses from her wardrobe. It was risky, but he wanted to see her in her own clothes.

Then he went home to his own quiet residential district with its own library, video shops and florists. It was three o'clock in the morning. He parked outside the front gate and went alone across the small garden and down the steps to the basement. He left the door slightly open and went back to the van and picked up Karen's fifty-two kilos. He put her over his shoulder and as he walked quickly across the garden he was conscious of her breasts knocking against his back. Once inside, he laid her down on a mattress and examined her in the pale light of a single light bulb hanging from the ceiling. He took her dress off and then removed her panties and finally her bra. He gasped when he saw the breasts. They were huge, succulent delicious. They were breasts that stopped you from thinking. They were breasts made to play and suck for hours, breasts

to put your dick between. He left her wearing only her socks, pulled down to the ankle. He looked into her vagina and licked the inside. That's better, he thought. Now you are showing me your tits and your cunt...

—Are you awake?

Silence.

He lay on her, with the shaft of his penis resting on top of her vagina. He wiggled a little to bring it down between the lips.

—Are you awake?

He began to press his member slowly, rhythmically against her. After a time he stopped and sank his tongue into her ear.

—Karen, are you awake?

She shuddered. A few seconds later she tried to speak, but could not. There was cold sweat on her forehead. She tried to shake him off, but with her arms tied behind her it was impossible to get any leverage. She could only kick her magnificent long legs in the air and make strange noises.

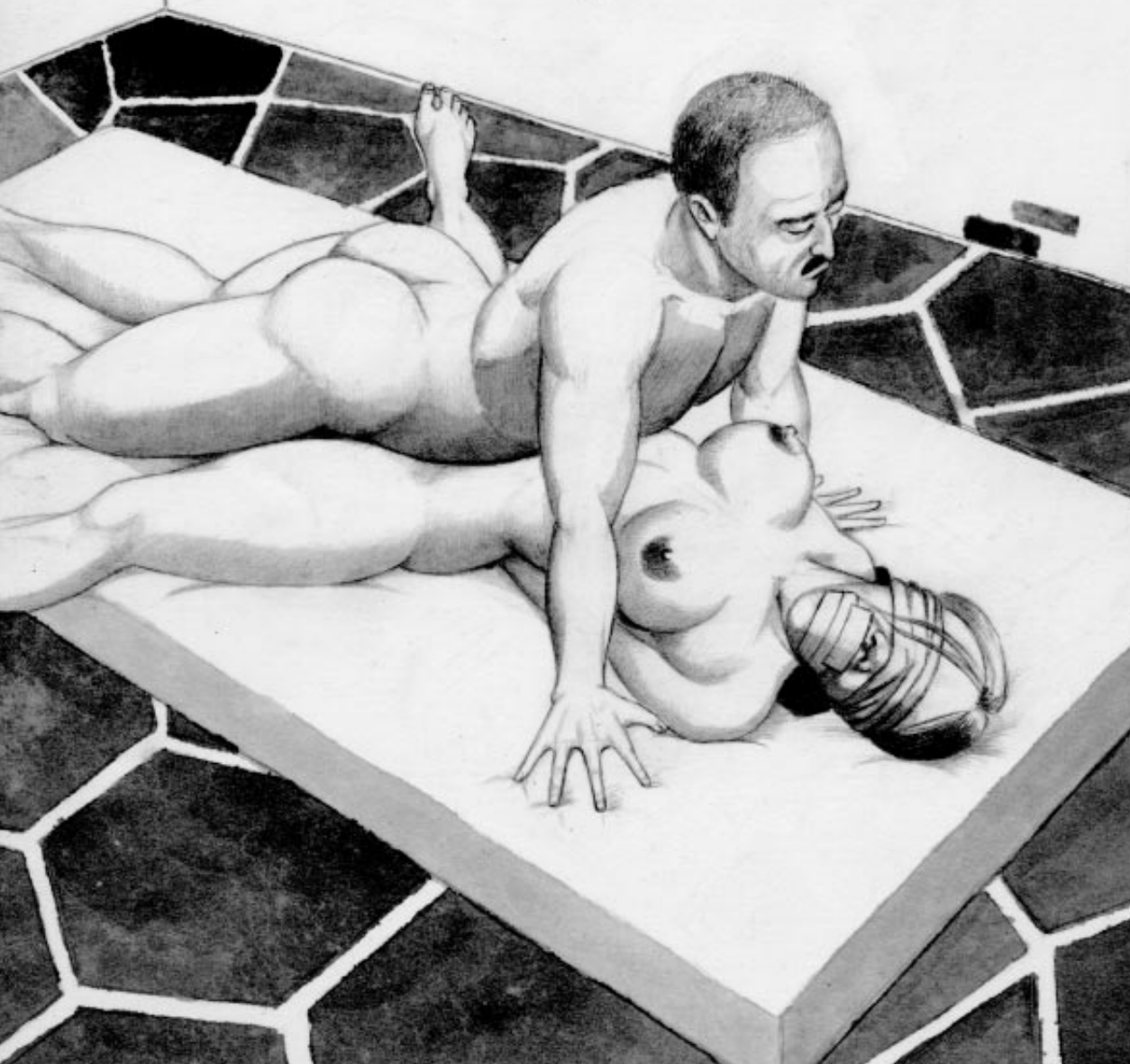
Mike sank onto his elbows and took her long chestnut hair in hands, while he kissed her ear and neck...

He ran his fingers around her left nipple and sucked it. Then he squeezed it. With an open palm and straight fingers he rolled his hand over the whole generous breast, over and over again. Karen kicked her legs up in the air – almost

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*Her huge breasts wobbled and shook as he thrust into her,
faster and faster...*

WOMEN'S VOICES



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the only movement she could make – and the lips of her vagina opened wider. He let the shaft of his penis sink down further between the lips.

It was as if the lips were biting at him.

Then he moved his buttocks down and his member found its own way in. He pushed

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brutally forwards and thrust hard into her. After a time he lifted her thighs and put them over his shoulder. She half sat up as he drove deeper inside her and then she fell back onto the mattress again.

Her huge breasts wobbled and shook as he thrust into her, faster and faster. Her head was going up and down with each push and she was beginning to grunt.

Mike felt the orgasm coming and he tried to resist it, but he could not. The semen shot out for what seemed several minutes to the suffering girl. Mike saw that she was having slow but violent convulsions. He wondered if it was a nervous reaction or an orgasm. He fell forward onto her and rested there for a few minutes, and then he sat up again and carried on working on her, this time on her right breast. For some time she made strange guttural noises. Perhaps she was too weak and confused to speak.

He removed the gag and blindfold and left her for an hour to recover. When he came back, he tied her arms in front of her. He pulled her ankles up to her buttocks and tied the ankles to her wrists, which forced her legs back painfully. Next he sat on her and attached a bulldog clamp to her left breast so that it pinched hard on her nipple. He took her right breast in his hand and felt its full weight and beauty. His dick was hard between her breasts and he pushed the right breast against it. This was just the beginning, he thought. This would teach her to hide her boobs and pussy! She was showing him everything now.

—Are you awake, Karen? It's time to show me your vagina.

When Karen woke up an hour or two later, she wanted to die. She knew that she had ceased to be a person, and had become a sexual slave. She was a shape, a recipient for sperm, so many kilos of flesh. She was a pair of breasts and a vagina. She could do nothing except suffer.

She had a twenty-five centimetre vibrator in her vagina attached to a harness and a she had a plug in her ass which was joined to the

vibrator by a tight chain running sadistically between her cheeks.

She was wearing a black Lycra T-shirt that clung to her body but stopped at the waist and did nothing to conceal her vagina or buttocks.

She was face down now and he was lying on top of her, sucking and licking at her ear, and pulling at the short chain which he had fitted to her nipple clamps.

—Grab hold of this and give it a pull, love —he said, pressing his penis against Karen's hands.

She did not respond. He pulled at the little chain again and she gasped with pain and quickly caught hold of his erect member.

—You know why you're here, don't you? —he asked. Karen gripped his member and shook her head. She was sunk in despair.

—You're like all of them. You put your tits on display, don't you? You put your nice juicy lubricating pussies in your panties and you don't let us see them, don't you? Harder, grip it harder! —he was getting angry and breathing faster as she pulled more rhythmically at his penis.

He sank his tongue into her ear and began grunting.

—Faster, don't stop! Aaghhhh! No, no!!... NOOOOO!!!! OOOOOGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Karen felt his body jerk into a spasm and the sperm gushed over her back.

Time passed. She did not know how long. One day he hung her by the ankles from a bar of some kind. He had just finished putting the gag on when she thought she heard a distant doorbell. He left for a moment and returned with a parcel.

—Present for you from a fashion company in Florida —he said—. You can see it later. Time for the blindfold now.

She felt the parcel being passed up and down her thighs. From time to time he opened her lips wide and pressed the corner of the packet into her vagina or bottom.

—You can't see anything, so I'll tell you what I can see. Lovely soft skin for a start. Firm thighs. I'm looking at your bottom now

She woke up and his dick was hard between her breasts and he pushed the right breast against it...



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and your pussy. You can't really stop me, can you? I've got the panties you used to hide it in. Very sexy, see-through white lacy panties. I'm opening your lips now and I'm going to kiss

you and suck on your clitoris...

Karen could not speak. There was a new gag, a ball, in her mouth She felt his tongue go in to her unprotected vagina, it found the clitoris

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Uncle Nicholas' toy

text - Towako Takamura

illustrations - Badia

I can't stand any more. Not again...

How long have I been like this?

Two days?

I can't feel my arms or legs. I can only feel my vagina...

I lost count when I had the eighth orgasm, but I must have had two hundred. I'm going to die...

I try to lift myself up off it, but I can't. I'm getting weak... I fall down further onto it every time.

The first few times I nearly managed to get off, but I was still about an inch away. It's so long, so inhuman, so horrible. It goes up and down all the time, vibrating and twisting left and right. Sometimes it hammers me. It's torture.

Two days like this...

In this half-light, with a pale wall lamp above the photo of the pig who married my aunt. I'm alone with the photo. And the only noise is the ticking of a clock.

When will he come back?

There he is... naked and repulsive as always!

—Hello, niece. Are you getting the idea? —he asks, switching the light on.

I look at him, begging him with my eyes to stop. The ball in my mouth made it impossible for me to speak.

It's the same routine every visit. He checks the ropes and chains that are digging into my ankles and lifting my feet up. My weight is on my knees, and on my private parts.

He takes the ball out for a moment. I can't close my mouth, let alone speak or chew, but he stuffs some hamburger into my mouth and makes me swallow. It's only halfway down my throat when he puts the ball back in.

It's time for my injection...

He says it's an aphrodisiac. He may be right. It has a terrible effect on me.

This time he injects me in the nipples... Yesterday it was the clitoris and the first day in

my nose.

It hurts. It's a long one.

—There we are. Now, my dear little niece, push your pussy, push pussy, push pussy, push...

He stands in front of me with his big belly and his stupid dick in the air. And boots on! Who does he think he's impressing? And he operates the remote control. He's proud of his invention. He's a psychopath.

For a brief moment, the vibrator stops. I am aware of how defenceless I am on my knees with my thighs wide apart and a big rubber piston up inside my private parts.

It's all so disgusting —his presence, his stupid photo, the drugs inside me— it's all torture, but I can't control it, I begin to move up and down the piston, I look for it with my clitoris.

He smiles, satisfied.

—We're pushing our little pussy, aren't we? We're oiling the rubber, aren't we? Push pussy, push pussy, push pussy, push...

I'm beginning to offer him the show he wants to see. I'm lubricating again and he knows it.

—Nice and juicy, nice and juicy, push, push, push...

My body takes over... it's pushing faster and faster... my mind starts to go in waves and I can't stop and a huge orgasm shakes me.

—AAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!
OOOAAAUUUUUUUGHHHHHHH!!!

I think I faint and when I open my eyes there he is, masturbating.

His eyes start to close and he comes quickly over to me and shoots off all over my face and hair. He's a pig...

Not bad, pussy, but you can do better!

And like a doctor, he prescribes my treatment:

—Twenty-four hours with no food, three doses of aphrodisiac every eight hours, maximum vibration, minimum speed and maximum vertical displacement. Slow but



Push your pussy, push pussy, push pussy, push!....

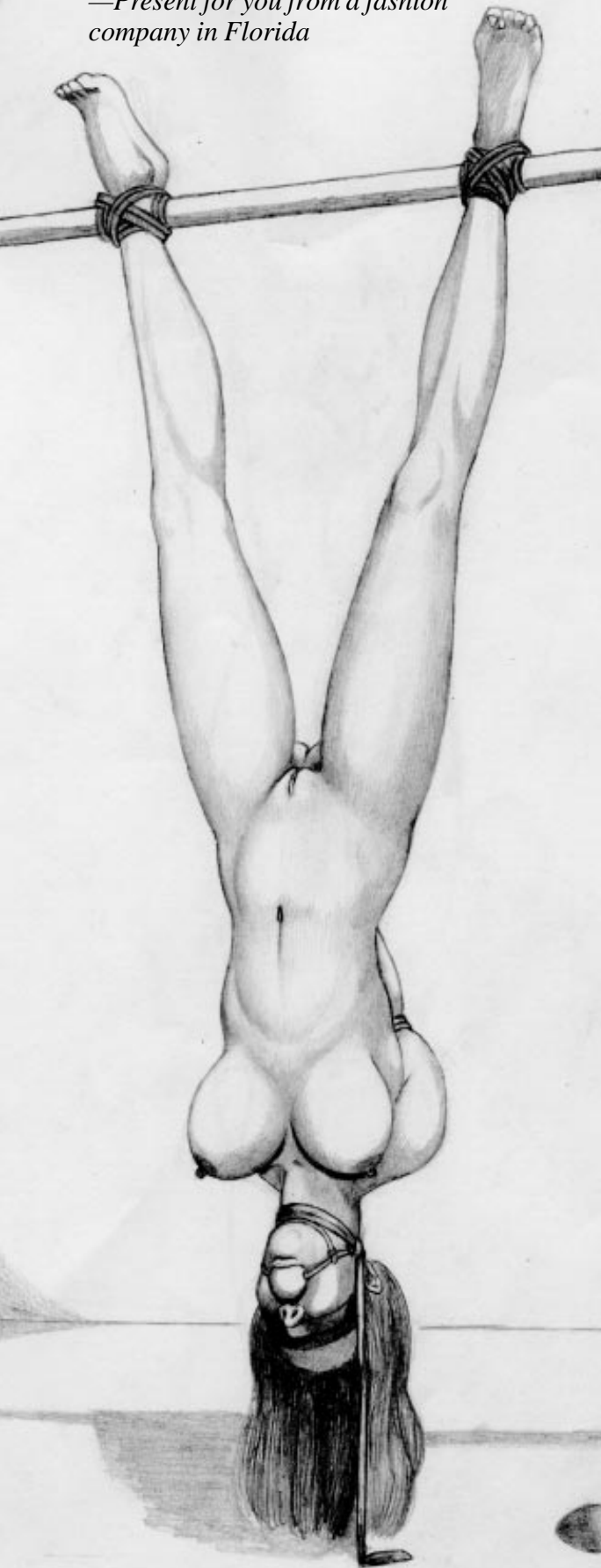
steady this time! He switches the light off and leaves.

And here I am, with my face and hair covered in his stinking semen, looking at the clock and his stupid photo. And I've got this

tireless vibrating thing up me, moving very slowly over its maximum distance, right up and right down inside my vagina. I feel as if I'm about to burst into flames...

No, this time I won't be able to stand it. ■

—Present for you from a fashion company in Florida



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and then the long sucking and licking began. Suck, suck, slurp, slurp. She wanted to move her head but she could not. He had tied a rope to the collar round her neck.

He carried on sucking while he dropped his hands to her breasts, which were hanging heavily down, and he began working on her nipples.

She felt she was suffocating. Then, suddenly, he stopped. She heard him masturbating and she felt his warm semen hit her vagina and stomach and then he wiped his penis across her breasts as if he was painting them with semen.

A few minutes later, he untied her and left her sitting on the floor against the wall. He removed her blindfold and gag but left her arms tied.

—You like white panties and bras. I like black.

She saw that he had opened the parcel and was fingering the strange clothing. A pair of patent leather shoes with extraordinarily high heels lay on the floor. It would be torture to wear them. But he made her put them on. Then he dressed her in a strange rubber basque which had holes in front. It lifted the breasts high and it had holes for her nipples. It clung tight like a wax mould of her own body. The strange garment was open at the bottom.

He pulled up a chair, lay her face down across his lap, pulled up the rubber garment and spanked her on the bottom until it was red. Then he stood her up against the wall.

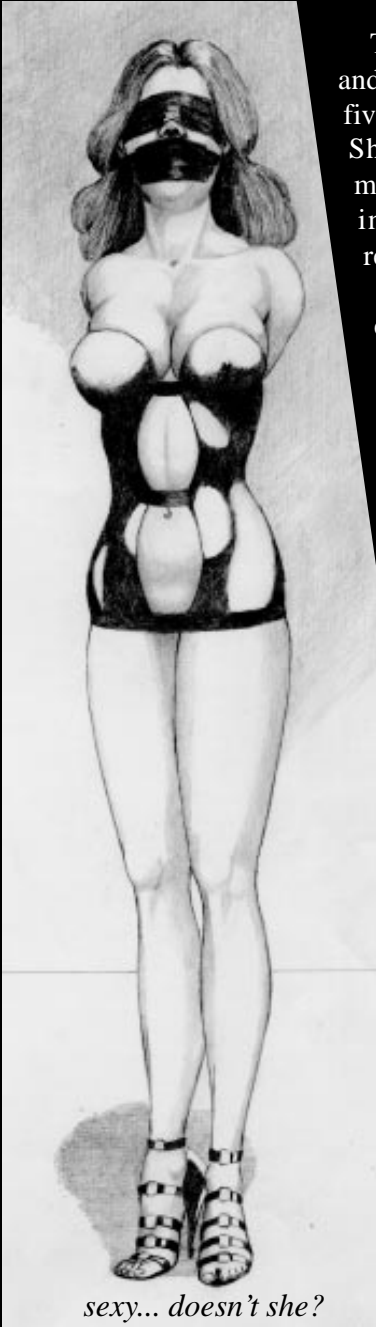
—Your breasts are covered, but your cunt isn't. I decide what you show and what you cover up.

He made her stand with her legs apart and began working on her vagina. She was too dazed and frightened to struggle. She felt his penis sliding up again inside her. He raped her against the

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wall. From time to time he pulled down the built-in rubber bra to see the breasts and then covered them up again. If she moved too much he pulled hard on her hair, forcing her head back and pushing the breasts even higher. When he finished, he led her over to a sofa, produced a cutter and removed the rope. He pulled the rope down into the vagina until it was wet and made her suck it. He wiped it over her breasts. Karen sobbed. Mike smiled.



sexy... doesn't she?

The days went by and Karen was raped five or six times a day. She woke up in the mornings to find herself in his unwanted, repulsive arms.

Later came the enemas and the "showers" with the hose.

Sometimes Mike sat her on his lap with her legs wide apart at breakfast time and divided his attention between coffee and her breasts. He penetrated her after the coffee.

Then he tied her up again.

He had two metal bars which he was very proud of. He tied her to them in different positions. One bar usually went between her breasts and the other, which sometimes held a rubber phallus, went behind her and into the cheeks of her buttocks. The nipples were sometimes free and sometimes chained together. The excruciating gag was sometimes fixed to the front post.

Sometimes she wore clothes – mini-skirt, panties, bra, or a tight leather suit with no underwear. But her feet were always in the same unbearable shoes.

When Mike came back at lunchtime, he raped her or

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Psychiatric clinic

text - Tobías. illustrations - De Haro

I remember the day they sent me her CV, one of a number of applications for a research post. She was the only girl, a foreigner on a scholarship, twenty-four years old, no family, and a photo that looked extremely promising.

I did not hesitate

A few days later, Rebecca came to my office. I was to be her tutor for her doctoral thesis.

I presented my proposal, which she ingenuously agreed to. She would take the role of a patient and would do her thesis on therapy from the patient's point of view.

We began the following day. I instructed her to remove her clothes behind a screen and to put on a straitjacket. She did this very professionally. I helped her do it up. Then I showed her the gag with the ball in it.

—It helps avoid damage to the tongue caused by biting during paranoid phases.

Rebecca looked surprised but opened her mouth.

Then I chained her ankles. It was a short chain and she could hardly walk.

I took her to her room, which I had prepared some months previously. She went barefoot, chained, gagged and in a straitjacket. The room was two square metres of soundproofed cupboard, with everything I needed: high-pressure cold water jets, loud sirens, strong lights and a pair of powerful loudspeakers.

I gave her a two-hour session.

When I opened the door, she was sitting on the floor looking very shaken...

I showed her the gag with a ring.

—Only one thing left. You can feed the patient without risk of being bitten —I didn't point out that it was the exact diameter of my penis.

It was a bit difficult to fit. She didn't seem so keen on continuing with her thesis. I also fitted a harness with a flexible steel band that passed tight over her vagina. She looked puzzled. I explained that it was to prevent her from hurting herself by excessive masturbation if she managed to get her arms free during therapy sessions.

I left the straitjacket on — I would leave her breasts for later. I held her by the hair and placed her on her knees in front of me. I told her she'd be more comfortable in the Vagina Protection

Harness if she opened her legs. She opened them wide as she could. With my free hand I dropped my pants.

Then I ran my erection over her face. Such lovely smooth skin!

—You can choose —I said as I wet my erection in the saliva that was running down her chin—. Either you obey me now, or I'll give you a dozen therapy sessions and then I'll ask you again. What do you say?

Rebecca nodded desperately. The two hours of intermittent cold showers and other stimulus had been more than sufficient to persuade her.

—Stick your tongue out and lick my balls... until I say stop. You can open and close your legs if you like. Try and have an orgasm. Press your vagina tight against the harness. That's right, push! Push harder! I'll masturbate you later if you can't finish...

She had a lot to learn.

I grabbed her by the hair and I moved my glans down into her throat.

—Carry on. Lick, damn you!

I came into her mouth. Then I removed the harness and worked on her with my tongue and finger. I took the straitjacket off too and got to work on her breasts.

As I was working on her, I explained to her, point by point, the life of a sexual slave, with its innumerable duties and obligations and no rights.

I went into some detail on the system of positive points and negative —punishment— points which I would award her. They were specific to the generous use of different parts of her body...

I told her some of my erotic fantasies and I gave her a summary of the training program for sexual slaves.

I also explained the importance of etiquette: how to greet me correctly in her cell, which postures to adopt for different occasions, how to address me....

—You are essentially dead as the person you were. You will now refer to yourself as “Your Slave”.

Yes, it would be a pleasure to bend her will, tame her, mould her and enjoy her. All parts of her body would be at my disposal.

It was just a question of organisation, really. It's very important to be organised.

I would do it in the end. Even if it took me years. ■



ONLY ONE
THING LEFT...



CARRY ON.
LICK, DAMN
YOU!

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SLAVE CARAVAN

text Gabriella Cianni

illustrations by Paul

I woke up here and I don't understand how.

This cannot be real.

I keep thinking that everything that is happening to me is part of a nightmare... but I've been here long enough to know that it's no dream.

It's a medieval place. No cars, no electricity, no running water. People wear tunics and no shoes. The men have beards. Everything is filthy and everything smells, including me.

I am for sale.

It's like a scene from a film. Snake charmers, fortune tellers, charlatan healers, and above all merchants... Some of them sell pottery, others dry meat, others some kind of spicy stew. There are vegetables I don't recognise, goats, sheep, and people... and slaves of both sexes.

I am standing up, with my neck, wrists and ankles chained together. I am naked and filthy.

I am on tiptoe. I've been like this for hours. I have a stick in my vagina. If I let myself down, I go down onto it and it's agony...

It's cruel, like the piece of goatskin with strange characters nailed into my leg. It must be a label with my price, or origin, or name.

It hurts. All my body hurts - the chains, the ring round my neck, my legs...

The merchant is coming! I can't help wetting myself, wetting the dusty stick...

He smiles and runs his hands all over me. I don't understand the words, but the obscene language of his hands is clear.

He takes my elbow and gestures to an old man standing nearby with three armed men.

The old man shuffles nearer with his eyes fixed on my body. They are dark, mean, sadistic eyes.

He smiles. He's repellent. His teeth are rotten, sharp, black and his gums are shrunken. His nose is large and full of hairs that come down onto his upper lip. His grey beard is stained with food and mucous. His skin is dry and wrinkled.

The merchant talks confidentially and the old

man looks at the label.

He smiles and sits down.

He lifts a hand - long, crooked fingers with rings and enormous nails.

He lifts my chin and talks to me. He asks me something. Even if I understood I couldn't answer with this gag on.

I am a beast in the market.

He moves closer...

He examines my hair, he turns my head sideways and licks the sweat from behind my ear.

He licks his lips. He seems to like my sweat. It's disgusting.

He squeezes my shoulders and my hips. Then he prods my cramped feet. He moves up prodding my calves, knees, and thighs. He rubs the lips of my vagina against the stick using his thumb and forefinger. He opens the lips of my vagina and looks in. He finds my clitoris and plays with it between his fingers.

Suddenly he looks at the label in my thighs. He presses it further in.

The gag conceals my scream.

Then he walks round the back of me. I can feel his hands exploring me. They run over my bottom. He's pulling my cheeks apart!

I am aware of everything - the stick in my vagina, the hand in my crack, the cramp in my feet and legs. My legs start shaking. It's all so public and so humiliating.

He is putting his fingers inside me!

First I feel a nail, then a finger, then another finger...

He pulls them out and comes round to the front, sniffing his fingers and licking them. He's repugnant!

Without taking his eyes off me he signals to a servant who gives the merchant a bag of coins.

The merchant looks at me and smiles.

So does the old man.

God! What will happen to me? ■



I've been like this for hours. I have a stick in my vagina.

The pick up

**text - Sandra
illustrations - De Haro**

Don't you think she's beautiful? She's called Renata. She's Italian, but she speaks English perfectly. I found her tonight, dancing up on the podium, shaking those gorgeous breasts under a tight cotton top. She's going to shake them a bit more now!

I got chatting to her and I could see what she was looking for. She was into drugs. Not my scene, but I said let's go back to my place for a shot. As easy as that! She went straight to the cloakroom to get her things...

And here you have her. Not very happy. No drugs, a lot of ropes and some good-sized vibrators and one superb dick waiting to go up.

You should have seen her face when I got out the vibrator, the gag with the phallus in it, the wooden plank she would have to ride... She didn't know if it was a joke or not!

I had a bit of a fight with her at first, but she got tired. Too much dancing or too many drugs. She looks good, eh? Don't you like the half-open trousers? I cut her panties in half round the front and pulled them down. Don't you want to just slide your hand down into that bush?

And the breasts? Where have you seen a pair like that?

She wasn't wearing a bra. Probably didn't need one! I cut her blouse off and her breasts just flopped out. I put my hand down her pants and into her pussy just to see them move! And do they move! They shake and wobble all over the place! I nearly come every time they go up and down!

I like pussies and I like them wet. I put a finger up her to bring down some juice and I spread it around. Her bush is getting wet and her pussy's making slurping noises!

—Now I'm going to give you a good fucking. That's what you junkies need, more dick and less drugs. You should shoot good quality dick!

I open my pants and show her what I mean.

—There's no hurry for that, is there? —she says, trying to gain time.

—My dick is in a hurry —I say.

I take her breasts in my hands. They're huge and firm. I lick the nipples and suck them to get them big. They come up great, like pencils! I put my hand between her legs to keep the juice flowing.

I kiss her on the mouth. She holds her jaw tight and presses her lips together, but I bite her on the lips and draw blood. I force my tongue in. She won't

dare bite me. She's frightened. She's trembling.

I like it. It shows respect!

I start kissing everything in sight – her face, her mouth, her bush... I pull the trousers down a bit and kiss the top of her ass. It's a firm ass, a dancer's ass. But I always come back to the tits. I pull her hair back so that they stick out... I shake her by the shoulders to make them wobble, I grab them, I pull them together and work her nipples with my thumbs, I suck them...

She panics and tries to hit me with her head. I slap her on the face, then on each breast, and I pull down her pants and smack her bottom, hard, until it's red.

I untie the ropes around her legs and take off her boots, her pants and what's left of her panties. They've got a yellow stain, I notice. Then I put her boots back on. I make her sit on the top bar and open her legs wide.

—If you don't open your legs wide, I'll tie them again, and wider apart this time! Now open them!

She opens them wide.

I look at her. She looks beautiful leaning slightly back. Dark brown hair, green eyes, big thick sexy lips, enormous boobs and now a beautifully displayed cunt too. That's what I'm looking at now. I put my fingers in between the lips. She wriggles her bottom a bit but says nothing.

I work on her vagina for a long time. There's a lot of juice. I rub it over her breasts so that we can both smell it. She's beginning to respond to my fingers. She's jerking a bit and her head's swaying. Her juice is dribbling down her leg now. I kneel down and lick it off.

I find her clitoris and suck it. I drink up her juice and I leave my saliva. that's a fair exchange.

Then I stand up and slowly work my prick in. She leans back on the ropes, half-sitting on the bar.

I'm going faster now. I'm holding her breasts and kissing them. Every time I thrust she wobbles... she's looking at me with hate in her eyes, but she's getting a good rhythm...

I drop one hand to work on her clitoris to keep her going...

We'll see how she does. If she's good, I'll keep her. If not, I'll send her to Amhed. He'll know how to get the most out of her.

But for the moment, she's on my dick and I'm pushing right up inside and... aaaghh... she's hooked one leg up round the back of my ass... and... aaaghhhh... I'm going in deeper and... ugh!... she's jerking against me... and... ugh... she's groaning too now and

—AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

We go into a huge body-jerking, brain-shaking convulsion together. Her head falls back and mine falls onto her breasts. And now she's starting to jerk again! She wants more! I haven't got my breath back yet! I'll have to do it with my fingers...

I think I'll keep her! Her pussy's dribbling all down her leg! She's asking me to suck her breasts again! She wants me to suck her pussy! She's jerking again! She understands me! ■



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masturbated over her. Then he went back to work, leaving her to wait for the evening.

In the evenings he washed her inside and outside, dressed her up and played with her breasts for hours, sometimes in front of the television, before raping her again. He seemed to be looking for new positions all the time – front or back or mouth, against the wall or on the sofa, or on the puff, or on all fours with her head on a pillow, or sitting astride him and then lowering herself onto him. The position did not seem to matter, as long as she showed him her breasts and her vagina.

Some days he tortured her with huge vibrators until she had repeated orgasms. Other days he spread ice cream over her breasts and licked it off or he covered the lips of her vagina with honey and cleaned them with his tongue.

Karen wanted to die. But she had some hope of escaping from this madman. One day he had switched off the TV and had looked at her strangely.

—I'll let you go one day soon —he said— When I see that you've got used to showing your body properly. You've nearly learnt your lesson.

Karen did not know if or when that day would come. But perhaps it would. Meanwhile she was careful not to cover up her parts. When he was in the room she always lifted her breasts and turned them so that he could see them. If she found him on his knees fingering her underwear, she stood in front of him and herself opened the lips of her vagina just in front of his mouth. He smiled. He seemed to be pleased with her...

—That's very good —he said—, very natural. It's nearly time to let you go... But, no, I would not give away a little thing like you. No, I'll keep you here forever, until I get feed up of your pretty cunt... HAW... HAW... HAW... ■



...two metal bars he was very proud of...

w w w . d o f a n t a s y . c o m

colección



cómics y
novelas
ilustradas
en español



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de
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en el
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