

El Magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 6

Solo para adultos

Winter
comforter
*RESIDENCE
TALES*

Goods in
transit
*SLAVEGIRLS
TAMER*

*OLD
man's toy*

Pony Girl
Terror cages
STRIP POKER
Waiting for her fate
The dwarfs and
their doll...

LA RESIDENCIA
Badía

INFIERNO
De Haro



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colección



cómics y
novelas
ilustradas
en español



**ESCLAVA
DEL
CASTILLO**
d'O Fantasy

**Esclavas
surgidas
del Frio**



REHÉN



**2050: CAZA
de
ESCLAVAS**
Ilustrado por De Hara



**EDUCANDO
A MI
ESCLAVA**
Ilustrado

**Presidio
de Mujeres**



**ESCLAVAS
DEL TERROR**



**GEMELAS
en el
INFIERNO**
Ilustrado por Badie

**Mercaderes
de Esclavas**



**BURDEL
INFERNAL**



**TRUEQUE
INFAME**



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intended for the fantasy of adults only.

waiting for her fate - mcLaugh-paul

Her ear-drums were ringing like jet engines...
her throat was burning... her mouth was being
forced open... she had a pounding headache.
She couldn't swallow. She couldn't stop the
saliva that was running down onto her chin.

She felt wretched and only terror stopped her
from crying...

She felt bad, very bad, and she wanted to die...

How did I get here?

Who are they?

What do they want?

Why are they treating me like this?

She had a dark complexion that matched the
setting: the dark floor, the walls, the ceiling. It
was like floating in nothing.

Was it all a nightmare?

In the flickering, sickening light of an oil lamp
she could just make out a strange black mattress
at her feet and horrible objects hanging from
the walls. Things she had never seen before but
which made her tremble...

The worst thing was the pain.

She had woken up like this...

How long have I been tied up like this?

She made an effort to concentrate and relax
the tension in her limbs. She tried to think of

something else. She even tried allowing panic
to flow over her, to cancel out her thoughts...
but it was no use.

Christ, I can't take any more...!

She would have given years of her life to lose
consciousness even for a few moments... The
wooden post seemed to form part of her body...
she tried to change the position of the tips of the
shoes, but the cramp made her stop. Her weight
fell heavily on the triangular stick that passed
between her legs and was now separating the
lips of her vagina.

The horrendous collar made it difficult for her
to look down at her body, but she knew she was
naked except for some strange rubber belts,
shoes and some stockings.

Somebody had stripped all her clothes off!
Somebody had dressed her up like this!

Somebody had tied her in this brutal way! But
who and why?

Did he rape me too?

She was afraid. She was afraid and she felt
dirty. She couldn't take her eyes off the whips,
belts, harnesses, vibrators and other objects
whose purpose she could only guess at.

Somebody was bound to appear soon...

But when?

Where from?

She couldn't see a door...

She was confused, perhaps from some drug. She couldn't remember anything.

She tried to reason, to keep calm, not to go mad. It was only clear to her that she was the victim of a sexual attack and that her attackers were sadists. Pitiless sadists.

Who would treat a woman like that?

Suddenly the door was kicked open and a thick shape appeared in the doorway. Was it man or ape? He was old, black, with enormously powerful shoulders. He was ugly and frightening and repugnant. A monster, a madman. Just looking at him was too much for her. He switched on a light which blinded her and he shambled up to her. She sensed a hanging mass between his legs and saw a huge erection.

The black monster lowered the triangular stick that was opening the lips of her vagina and she fell forward until she was supported only by her arms. Without saying a word he took her by the hair and licked up the saliva that was dribbling from her open mouth. He licked it off her chin and off her breasts. He moved back to her mouth and stuck his tongue through the ring. She felt it as if it were a snake with a life of its own. It was rough, smelly and enormously long. It was a mucous-covered eel that explored every inch of her mouth: palate, gums, the root of her tongue, her teeth, her open throat...

He drew apart only when she was about to choke for lack of air. He spat in her face and into her mouth. He caught hold of her breasts and twisted and turned them in all directions and he fondled her nipples until they became tubular and firm.

She felt her head swimming in the midst of so much nausea. She felt the agony of her arms and shoulders, the cramp, the torment in the breast, her panic, terror, humiliation.

He murmured in her ear with thick clumsy syllables, while his huge hands worked their way over all her body:

—My white slut... my white slut... my white slut... my white slut...

She felt him take off the harness between her legs and she knew that her vagina was now exposed. He moved the ankle fetters outwards to open her legs a little more. With one hand he put his thumb on one side and his fingers on

the other and he separated her lips and held them wide apart. For some time, he just looked. Then she felt two huge fingers penetrate her and she jerked rigid. He held her rigid while his fingers made long slow movements, down to the clitoris and up again, deep inside her.

The he put his face next to hers and smiled into her eyes, his jaw hanging loose and his breath foul, his chimpanzee lips open to reveal his neglected teeth. He was not entirely human, this strange sex-crazed beast.

Next he took his hand away from between her legs and she slumped forward and her shoulders took the strain. She cried out in pain.

He sniffed his fingers. He studied them. He licked them. He sucked them slowly. She saw that his tongue was misshapen, purple and long.

He crouched down and then the worst began... It was all slow and humiliating, an eternity while he searched for her body, looking for the woman in her. It was slow, sadistic sexual torture. It began innocently enough on the calves of her legs. He kissed them with his thick lips, the crumpled lips of an old black, licking his way up. The damp, intrusive contact made her hysterical. She tried to struggle against it, but the ropes made it impossible. She groaned as the tongue moved up over the knee like a snail gliding on its own mucous.

She was drowning in nausea. She felt the snail on her thigh now, first hot and then cold as the saliva dried. Her thighs began to shake and nausea came over her in waves. The pain in her straining shoulders was becoming more and more difficult to bear. She burst into tears and the tears ran down into the saliva that was flowing out of her open mouth and onto her chin and onto the floor.

Then it happened. His thumbs worked clumsily on her nipples while his tongue slipped into her vagina and found the clitoris. And then came his lips, an obscene sucking and slurping and licking as he wet his tongue in her juice and wiped it over his own lips. She shuddered. The black monster was kissing her on the vagina and sucking her clitoris!

She struggled harder against the ropes, but only succeeded in adding to the pain. She shouted, but only a groan came through the ring in her mouth.

And then something inexplicable happened. In the middle of the intense pain, of the tremendous humiliation, somehow the thick

waiting for her fate



My God, I can't take any more...!

lips, the huge wrinkled tongue, the apelike face pushing into her combined to produce an impossible reaction, a feeling of pleasure that gradually flowed over her. Incredulous, she heard the grunts and groans of her own passion, and she felt her own humiliation...

Meanwhile the black licked and sucked, slowly...

She thought she was going mad. Her body was asking to finish, asking for what her mind found repugnant... She was coming. It could not be long now. The orgasm was coming over her in waves, against her will, while the slow heavy lips and tongue carried on humiliating her, relentlessly, raping her in the same slow rhythm. Neither faster nor slower...

The grunts turned into high-pitched shrieks that came whistling through the ring. Defeated, she stopped struggling against the ropes and gazed ahead with her chin held up by the collar and tears and spit running down her chin.

The black stopped just when she needed him to carry on.

—You like that, don't you?—he asked, getting slowly off his knees and staring into her eyes.

His great hands trapped her breasts and almost finished what his huge tongue had started. Then he took a lash from the wall, made of several straps of bristly rope plaited together. She had never seen an object like that in her life. He stroked it without taking his eyes off her...

She was shaking...

He licked his lips...

WWHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

He hit her full on the breast. The heavy rope spread out like a fan and caught her first on one breast and then on the other.

WWHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!!

It was agony. It was unbearable, unbelievable.

He ran his fingers around her lips and he pulled and twisted her sore breasts in all directions... The salt in her tears and sweat ran into the cuts on her breasts and made her writhe in pain...

She shouted and shouted until she could shout no more, and then she lost consciousness...

When she came to, the black's face was again sucking slowly on her clitoris. She had never felt anything like it. After the sharp pain, the sucking became irresistible. She exploded in an a bitter shriek as a powerful, irresistible wave came over her again. She followed it. She wanted to finish. She tried to close her thighs to squeeze

her vagina, but her legs hurt too much. She wanted to press herself against the triangular stick, but it was not there. She spoke, but her words were intelligible.

Once again, the black stopped when he saw that she was on the brink of a huge orgasm.

He looked at her, studying the writhing body, observing how she pushed her vagina forwards rhythmically, how she was trying to squeeze her thighs but could not. He waited until the spasm had died down and then he knelt between her legs and continued his slow licking until she felt she was going mad...

...Then he shuffled over to a shelf and picked up two black penises, identical in shape and size to his own.... and he put them in her! He put one up into her vagina and another—the most painful—up her anus.

She had a brief sensation of blood flowing before she lost consciousness...

When she came to she was naked except for the collar, which was now attached to a ring on the wall near the mattress. He was washing her, all over her body. She did not struggle because she wanted to be clean. He left her food and drink, but he took away all the clothes. When he came again he was carrying the same clothes, newly washed.

Does he want to find me clean and leave me dirty?

Then he made her stand up and he tied her arms behind her to a short rope which was hanging from the ceiling. This made her lean forward. Her naked breasts hung heavily over the top of the harness and felt very exposed. Next he covered her vagina again with the rubber strip. He left it tighter than before and the rubber pressed on her mons veneris like a man's cupped hand. Round the back the strap pressed tight in the crack between her cheeks.

—You've had your first lesson, slave—he said in his slow, slurred voice—. Next time I'm going to fuck you here, on the mattress... Not yet, though. In my own time...

And now she is waiting, humiliated. Her mouth is open again, there is a collar round her neck and her large breasts are hanging unsupported and unprotected. She knows that she is helpless, that the black will appear again, that he will take off the harness and rape her.

Will he hit me on the breasts again? Will he do something else to me?

There are things she cannot imagine, but she can imagine the rape: the dark, wrinkled skin

waiting for her fate



—Next time I'm going to fuck you here, on the mattress...

pressed against hers, the lascivious, brutal hands, the rough tongue forcing its way into her mouth and licking her breasts and pushing its way into her exposed vagina. She smells the foul smell, tastes the stinking saliva, sees the huge twisted penis and finally feels the sperm

gushing inside her...

She does not want an orgasm, she will fight it, but will she succeed?

What does he want?

What does he expect from her?

For how long? ■

terror cages - dementguard-badia

Logan took a can of beer from the fridge went down to the cellar where his four slaves were waiting in their cages. A redhead, just sixteen years old, a dark-haired university student aged twenty-five, a nineteen-year old blonde with two finger-nails missing (he had torn them out the night before) and an extraordinarily beautiful young mother, aged thirty four.

Logan burped loudly and sat down in the armchair in front of the cages. The four slaves, who had been more than twenty-four hours in complete darkness, blinked for some moments. They looked terrified. None of them dared to take their eyes off him...

He opened the cupboard where he kept his tools and took out the screws. He was smiling in a strange, twisted way. The screws were a kind of nutcracker that was ideal for squeezing a woman's nipples until she went mad.

—Do you remember these?—he asked Wendy, the sixteen-year old redhead whose legs were tied to the sides of the cage and who was “enjoying” —he smiled at the thought— a rubber stick up her back passage.

The girl nodded. She could only nod: the rubber ball in her mouth left her no option. She was clearly terrified.

—Yes, I'm sure you do. It was a good session. A nice long Sunday afternoon. Since then your nipples have been bigger and more sensitive, is that right?

Her eyes swimming in tears, Wendy nodded again. It was true: since this crazed lunatic tortured her a couple of weeks ago, she had been unable to stand anything touching them. Even when he blew on them, it was agony. As Logan knew this, he bit her nipples every time he raped her. He liked to see a little blood.

He finished off his beer, running his eyes over the four girls. The brunette Margot, the blonde Helene who had lost two nails because she

refused to eat his shit, and his new acquisition, Sharon.

—Four lovely sets of tits... Eight splendid nipples waiting for a bit of S and M—he said—. Quite a problem deciding—he added, standing up.

He walked across the room with a pimp's swinging gait, he lit up a cigarette and walked over to the cages where the girls spent their days twisted into the most sadistic postures. Two cages sat on top of the other two, so that the girls at the bottom had to put up with the urine and whatever else came down on them... Logan had fun assigning the cages depending on the merits of each slave. This guy was crazy. He loved shit as well as nipples and he wasn't too fussy about cleaning out the cages.

—Tonight I fancy scorching a new pair of tits... he said, stopping in front of Sharon's cage. He had brought her in only the night before.

She was tied up with her body against the cage, but her legs were hanging through the bars. She was shaking with fright. It was a long way from her usual life-style as a brilliant young executive.

—Which of my slaves do you think has the best pair, my nice young hooker?—he asked, pressing his cigarette against her defenceless thigh.

—Is it hot? he asked sadistically as the unfortunate woman twisted around in pain.

Logan dropped his trousers, pissed into Sharon's attractive face and carried on his sadistic ramblings.

—Yes, I'll take care of your fucking whore's tits tonight. With a bit of luck there might be milk in them...

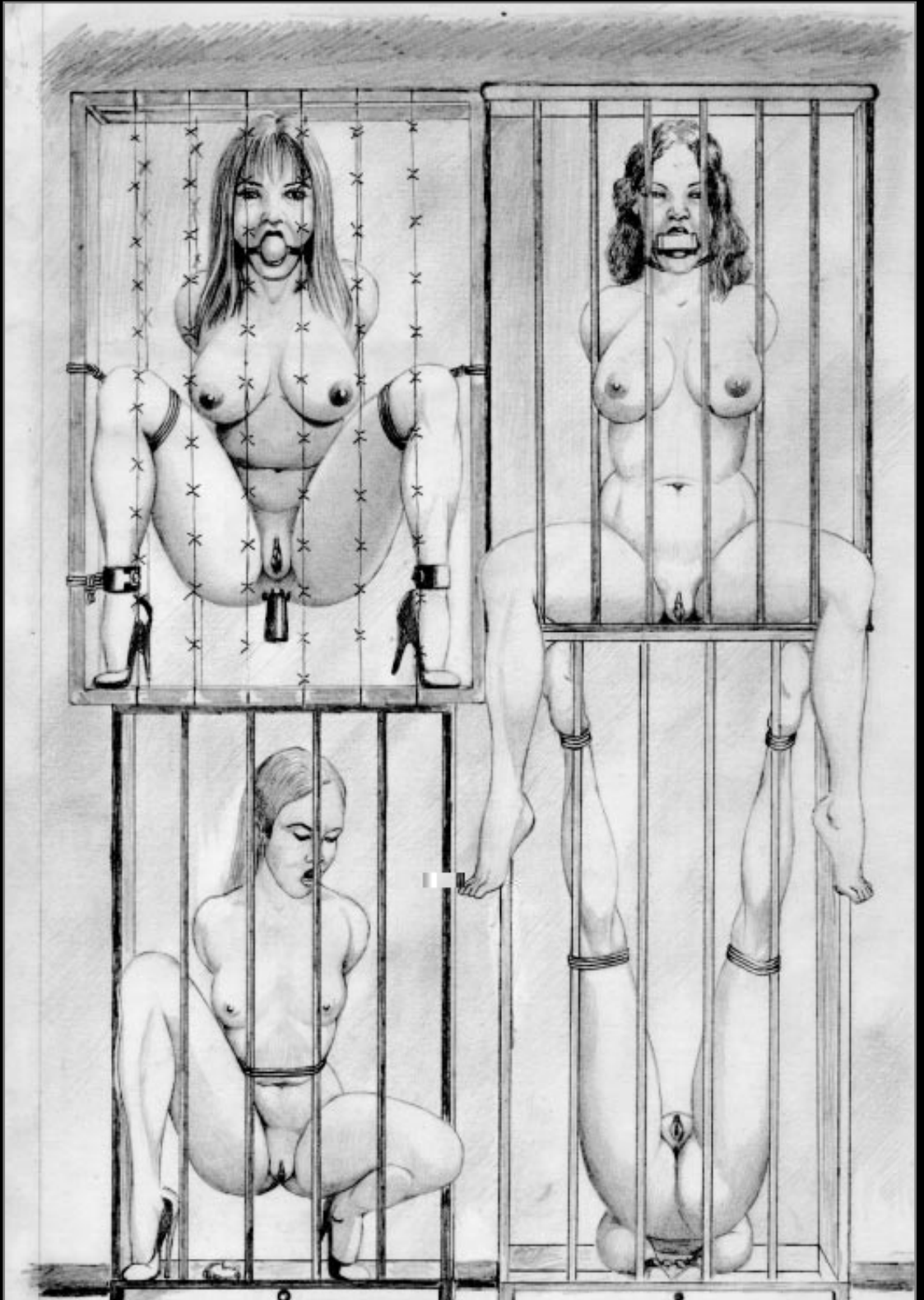
He seized hold of her nipples, pulled them through the bars and held them together with a giant safety pin. Her screams chilled her companions to the bone.

Logan fetched the tremendous dildo and waved it in front of her. It was made of red Plexiglas. It had scales on it like Tyrannosaurs Rex, which made it rough to the touch. But it

was also sticky.

—Suck it. If you do a good job, you can keep your tits as they are for another day...

The woman sobbed and obeyed. It smelt foul,



—Tonight I fancy skinning a new pair of tits...

as if had been up someone's back passage, and it tasted worse than it smelt...

Logan let her suck for a good ten minutes, encouraging her from time to time by tugging on the safety pin.

Finally he withdrew it and pressed a small switch on it. It vibrated. He held it before the woman's panic-filled eyes...

What followed was a nightmare for Sharon. Trapped against the bars by her nipples, the young middle-class mother who had been in Logan's hands for twenty-four hours was unable to take the monstrous vibrator out of her... it was horrible. Logan worked her vagina slowly, humiliating her verbally with obscenities. He was an expert in sexual torture and he provoked a score of orgasms in his victim in two hours. Finally he left her alone through boredom, but he left the vibrator inside her.

Logan picked up another can of beer and before switching off the light and leaving his slaves to another day of terror and darkness, he said to Sharon:

—Squeeze your fanny tight and don't let the vibrator fall. If it does, I'll go and get your daughters...

The threat was like a whiplash to the young mother. Panic-stricken, she tried to forget the vibrator, the agonising posture and she thought of Candy and Lucy. She pressed the obscenity that was humming inside her desperately. The psychopathic criminal had sentenced her to self-torture in his absence. She would have to awake and keep all her attention focused on the object stuffed up inside her.

—Yes, I think I'll get a couple more cages—he threatened, and slammed the door, laughing.

—HAW... HAW... HAW...!!! ■

Residence tales - killercat-badia

The use of the «rack» goes back many centuries. It has been used in war but also in sex. We could define its sexual use as the 'slow sadistic sexual torture of a beautiful woman for the pleasure of her torturer'.

In its simplest and also cruellest form, the rack was composed of just two wooden planks nailed together at the top, in the shape of an isosceles triangle with a wide base and a very open vertex. Once placed on this rack, the victim "rode" with all the weight of the body falling on the most intimate, tender, sensitive parts. The legs, wide apart because of the angle of the superior vertex, could not take much pressure off the private parts. To prevent the victim from losing balance, two heavy weights were sometimes attached to the ankles.

The Residence places at the disposition of its clients - and consequently of their slaves - a modified version of this ancestral torture rack. Instead of the traditional wooden planks forming an angle, we now use one vertical structure, such that the victim's vagina—generally shaved—is more visible and can be appreciated better by the sadistic eyes of her master while she is on the rack. Another interesting modification is the height of the

artefact: the slave, with her ankles tied to each end of a wooden stick, can only just touch the floor with the tips of her toes.

As we would expect, the slave struggles to avoid putting all her weight on the horizontal bar between her thighs. This struggle—which is delicious to watch, you may be sure—tires all the muscles of her legs until fatigue takes over and she accepts the inevitable: she lets her weight fall on her pussy!

This is a good moment for talking to her and enjoying her reactions in a large number of different, morbid ways. Often the slave's owner tries to humiliate her by using obscene language and describing in great detail what he is going to do to her, but physical contact at this stage is usually simple and consists of running the hands all over the body and feeling the soft touch of the skin, which now belongs to him by right of purchase. The following may serve as an example:

—Look me in the eyes, slave —orders Sr Velasco while he softly rolls Steffy's left nipple between his thumb and index finger.

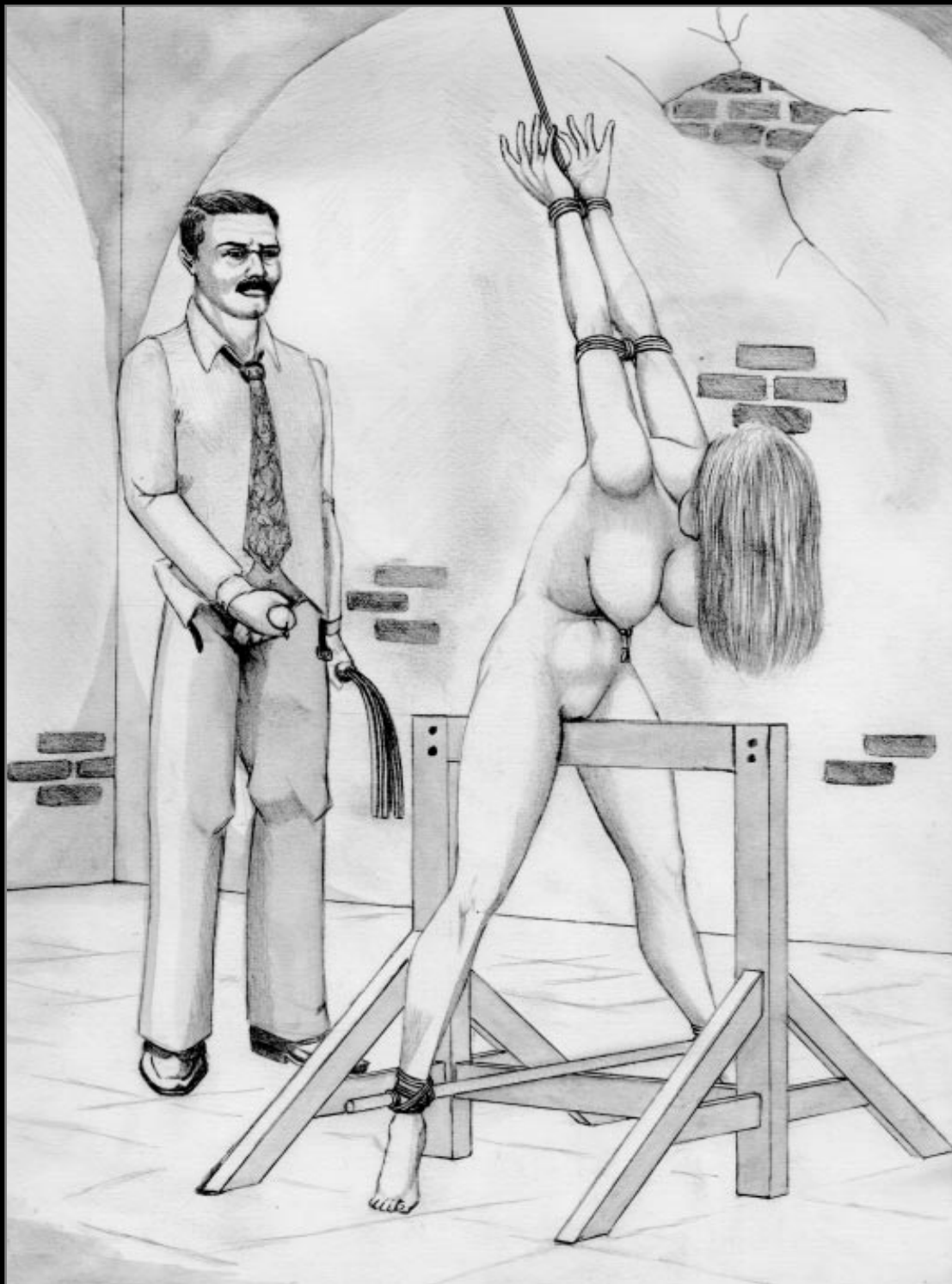
Steffy is his new slave.

Her legs and shoulders are suffering from the slow, prolonged torture, and an experienced

sadist like Sr Velasco can learn a lot by looking into the girl's eyes.

Without taking his eyes off her, he moves to the right nipple and then to both breasts, running his hands all over them. He is breathing faster now. He is trying not to lose control too soon, but he is gasping and drooling. He drops

his hands down to the girl's sides feeling her ribs, enjoying the slight swell of the abdomen, the gentle curve of the hips and finally his fingers profane the most sensitive part of her body. The girl tries once again to lift her vagina clear of the wood, but he opens her lips wider to increase the contact. Then he puts his hand



Steffy let her weight fall on her pussy...

under the horizontal bar and shakes it in quick vibrating movements.

Steffy feels the direct contact on her clitoris, groans, lets her head fall forward and closes her eyes...

—Look at me, you bitch!

He pulls her long hair up and slaps her cheek. Pain and humiliation burn into the face and soul of this young slave.

Until yesterday she was free, a University student from Berlin. Now her blue eyes fill with tears as she realises she is in the hands of a stupid psychopath. She does not know where it will end, or why this sadist feels so happy when he tortures her so cruelly. She is a novice slave.

After a few, interminable minutes, her calf muscles begin to give way under the physical stress, and cramp runs up them. She uses the last of her strength to lift her vagina clear of the wood, but to no avail. She sags down.

The delicate, sensitive skin is pushed up against the bone of the pelvis and the pain is unbearable. Her exhausted legs and aching shoulders react by pulling her up, but for a short time only. She starts shaking and has to let her vagina down onto the wood again. She takes longer to find the energy to lift herself up, and her vagina is less time off the wood. She is covered in sweat now, but it is a lost battle: gravity wins in the end...

The sadistic Velasco —in real life a professional blackmailer— delights in the pathetic efforts of his new young slave, in her groans, her shuddering and trembling, her provocative shiny, sweaty nakedness, her blue tearful, begging eyes, the saliva running out of the elastic ring in her mouth and down off her chin, her mouth forced open, her aching jaws...

The slave sags down again. Up... down... Up... down.

She is now “riding” the special Residence rack in the correct way, with the right rhythm and elegance associated with a born horsewoman offering her first sexual torture show, her exquisite nakedness tied sadistically with ropes and with the humiliation of hearing her own pleading coming unintelligibly through the gag that is reducing her to something like an animal.

Inspired by this sublime spectacle, Sr Velasco places a clothes peg with a strong spring and sharp edges on her right nipple. This will bite into her skin and take her attention of her vagi-

na and let her acquire the rhythm and elegance that her owner expects of her.

Only then does Velasco sit down comfortably and begin to enjoy the show. He takes out his member and slowly masturbates... imagining how submissive his slave will be after this sadistic torture, when he decides to rape her.

But this treacherous Velasco is a saint compared to his wife, Concha Cienfuegos, the splendid model and well-known star of interminable soporific South-American soaps...

Imagine the scene: a day has passed and the two women in Velasco’s satanic life are together. One is his wife, naked and sitting down comfortably to watch; the other is his new slave, equally naked but considerably less comfortable on the rack...

Concha had gone in the morning to her husband’s bed and found the girl in a cage, tied to the bars and squashed under Velasco, who had been raping her all night.

—Let’s go, my dear... you’ve been laying my husband all night and we can’t let you get away with that!

The girl was so tired that she offered no resistance.

Now Steffy really wished she had never been born, more than when she woke up and saw Velasco and he explained that from then on she would be his sexual slave. More than yesterday, when she rode the rack all day. More than tonight, when her sadistic “owner” broke her arse while he pressed her face against the pillow.

Steffy is now a woman’s toy...

—How many have you had, my dear?

Terrified, Steffy shakes her head, very carefully. Her only point of balance on the bar is the vibrator which is penetrating her at maximum vibrations.

—Did you say no? You don’t know how many orgasms you’ve had?

Concha presses a button and the vibrator speeds up. It also oscillates up and down, running up the vagina with every stroke. Steffy is now confused and all this savage stimulation is just more agony... the tremendous pain of her arms tied by the elbows behind her back, the nausea caused by the rubber penis held in her mouth and throat, the sharp pain of her vaginal lips crushed on the rack, the legs sadistically doubled back...

Steffy is just suffering and suffering and nobody knows when her torture will end...

We hope that this leaflet has given you some

ideas. There is always a rack available for hire at the Residence, whether it be as an instrument of punishment, to break in a slave, or simply for short periods of healthy diversion, as in the case of Sr and Sra Velasco.

For a small additional charge, the Residence provides recording facilities so that you can take away with you a souvenir of this magnificent

experience.

And remember, your slave will also be able to enjoy this film while she lies chained and naked at her owner's feet. What better way to spend a quiet Sunday afternoon?

For more information and bookings, ring our free telephone 900... ■



—How many have you had, my dear?

INFIERNO

2 DE MARÇO 98

DAWN IN GERAI PRISON...
THE PRISONERS ARE
PUSHED AND WHIPPED
OUT OF THEIR CELLS.
A NEW DAY IN HIS
EXCELLENCY'S DARK
KINGDOM...



MEANWHILE, IN A DAMP
DUNGEON, ISABEL IS
PUNISHED FOR REFUSING
TO TAKE PART IN AN
OBSCENE LESBIAN
RELATIONSHIP TO PLEASE
HIS EXCELLENCY.

SHE HAS BEEN SHUT IN
AND TIED UP FOR TWO
DAYS AND NIGHTS NOW...

ISABEL CAN'T TAKE ANY
MORE.



IT'S SAVAGE, CRUEL,
INHUMAN...
IT'S NAKED SADISM...



...PURE AND OBSCENE
SEXUAL TORTURE!...

ISABEL GROANS, HER
HEAD TRAPPED, HER
JAWS FORCED OPEN...



SALIVA RUNS
DOWN... THE BALL
CHOKES HER...
SHE'S BROKEN...
HUMILIATED...
TERRIFIED... ISABEL
PRAYS FOR HELP...

HOW'S
MY GUERRILLA?
I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN
THINKING THINGS
OVER...



MMMFFF!!
MMHHH!!

...IT'S ALL
DIFFERENT NOW.
YOU BELONG TO ME.
YOU'RE MY SEXUAL SLAVE
AND THAT MEANS
I CAN RAPE YOU...

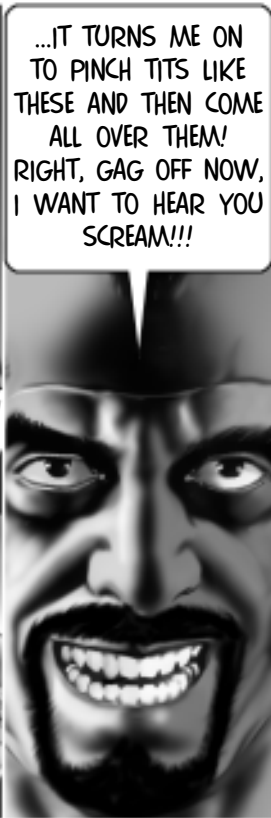
...WHENEVER I LIKE.
I'VE GOT GREAT PLANS FOR
YOU... I'VE HAD A LOT OF
EXPERIENCE HANDLING
WHORES LIKE YOU...





NICE TITS!
I'VE GOT A FEW
IDEAS FOR THEM
TOO!!!

MMHH??
MMFFF??



...IT TURNS ME ON
TO PINCH TITS LIKE
THESE AND THEN COME
ALL OVER THEM!
RIGHT, GAG OFF NOW,
I WANT TO HEAR YOU
SCREAM!!!



**OOOGHHH!!
STOP!!**

WHAT DID
YOU SAY.
SLAVE??



GOD, NO,
PLEASE... DON'T
HURT ME
ANYMORE

SHUT UP
OR I'LL BITE
THEM OFF!



AND NOW, SLAVE,
GET THOSE BIG
JUICY LIPS ROUND
MY DICK!



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS ONE, SLAVE? THE BEST YOU'VE EVER SEEN?



WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

OBEY OR I'LL SMASH YOUR FACE AND CALL THE GUARDS OR THE DOGS! GET SUCKING, YOU BIG-TITTED FUCKING WHORE!!!

**NOOO!!!
PLEASE!!!
NOOO...!!!
NOO!!!**

**THOOM!!
THOOM!!
THOOM!!
THOOM!!**



NOW SUCK ME UNTIL I SHOOT INTO THAT JUICY LITTLE CUNT OF YOURS! WILL YOU SUCK YOUR MASTER'S DICK NOW SLAVE?

YES, I'LL DO IT! I PROMISE... I'LL DO IT!!! DON'T HIT ME PLEASE!!!



THAT'S BETTER,
SLAVE! OPEN YOUR
MOUTH AND SUCK!
NOW!!!

YES...
AARGGHHH!!...
WAIT A MINUTE
I BEG YOU!



OK.
TIME TO WIPE
MY PRICK OVER YOUR
SWEET YOUNG FACE
GOOD IDEA!

OOOHH!!
UUUNNNH!!
MMH!



TIME UP.
NOW GET
TO WORK!



GOOD. LOTS
OF SALIVA.
GOOD, KEEP
SUCKING...

GGRH!
GMMMMFF!!
MMFFFF!!



**HARDER!!!
SUCK THE MILK
OUT OF MY
BALLS!**

**OOOGGHH!
MMMMHH!
MMMFFFH!
OOOOHHH??**

© DE MARCO '98



**AAAGHH!!
GOOD, NOW GET
LICKING, YOU
SLUT!**

**MMMMHH!
MMMFFFH!
OOOOHHH??
MMMM??**

**NOW I'M HORNY,
I'M GOING TO
FUCK YOU
AND SHOOT MY
LOAD RIGHT UP
INSIDE YOUR
WHORE'S PUSSY!**



**NOOO...
WAIT
PLEASE!**

**COME
HERE!**



**A TASTY
CUNT, SLAVE.
NOW USE
IT!!!**

**CONFUSED,
HUMILIATED,
ISABEL CANNOT
REFUSE.**

(TO BE CONTINUED)

winter comforter - cianni-paul

I knew from the first moment I set eyes on her that she was what I was looking for. She would be mine. She had to be. She was tall, dark, with big emphatic breasts, and equally emphatic hips and buttocks. But best of all, she was foreign, educated, a noblewoman. A fucking foreign son of a mother-fucker who looked down on us all even in collar and chains.

When the auctioneer ripped her smock and showed her breasts, I thought I was going to lose her. The bids shot up. Foreigners have lighter, smoother skin, blue or green eyes and hair black as coal. Fortunately, this country triumphs in its wars, so there are lots of slaves, and nobody in his right mind buys an untamed filly when there are any number of highly trained girls in any bazaar, ready to please men.

I didn't want the bazaar rubbish. I wanted to do my own training, I wanted a rebel colt to break. One I could mould to suit my own fantasies, one I could torture and punish, a woman I could jerk off all over and into until I was sick of jerking off.

I bid high and bought her. A lot of people looked at me as if I was mad. None of them knew how I like to enjoy my women...

They handed her over in chains just as she was, with her smock torn, her hair ruffled and pure hatred in her eyes.

—Don't take the chains off her—said the foreman who handed her over.

Obviously I needed them. The haughty rebellious appearance of the slave left no doubt about that.

—But you can take all the clothes off her—he said, with a knowing smile, running his fingers up the girl's provocative thighs.

My slave's green eyes filled with tears, but if looks could kill, I'd be dead. She was imagining herself stark naked, humiliated, embarrassed, in chains like a dancing bear, and standing in front of a group of people she considered ignorant and of a lower caste.

I took his advice and ripped her smock completely off. She was naked underneath.

Then I tied a rope around her waist and gave her a kick up between the buttocks...

—Walkies time, slave. There's a long way to go.

I live in the wood and it's a day and a night on foot from the town. I live in a woodsman's hut. I hunt to eat and I sell the skins in the spring. This foreign bitch had cost me six winter's hunting! But I needed her. I needed her badly to keep me warm in bed during the long winter nights because there are no whores in the wood and no cunts except foxes'.

I marched along proudly, with my slave two steps ahead of me. The men in the street all looked at me enviously and I knew they had hard-ons. The kind of men who fuck chickens and dream of goats.

The foreign girl walked head down, feeling the men's looks burning her skin. She walked as quickly as the chains would allow.

When I got out of the town I stopped and had a good look at her. Her tits were bouncing as she walked and she looked good in chains. My chains now—I had to pay for them too!—

She was terrific. Her skin was soft and white and she was sweating in spite of the cold. Her little feet, her ankles and part of her calves were covered in mud and I liked the contrast. The thighs were strong and swelling, like the cheeks of her arse. She looked strong. That was useful because it made my prick big but also because I had plans to cut the woods down near the hut and work the land. The foreigner would be a good beast of burden, pulling the timber through the mud and pulling the plough. Under the whip. You're better off with a woman than an ox. I'm a bit choosy where I dip my wick.

—Whoa!—I shouted, pulling her to a halt under a thick tree.

The foreigner obeyed. Her provocative tits wobbled as she breathed in deeply to get her breath back. Strong, but not fit. There were cuts on her ankles, chains and neck



The auctioneer ripped her smock and showed her breasts...

from the fetters.

—Cut a twig—she looked at me without knowing what to do—. Use your hands.

She obeyed and I had a good look at her. I was getting a bit horny by now and she was all mine, but I decided not to use her for a couple of months. She was a prisoner of war and would have been raped over and over again. They would have taken her virginity as well as her clothes. She could be sick or pregnant, or both. If I fucked her too soon I'd be taking a risk. I could get ill and anyway I'd never know if the first child was mine.

—Longer, slave. Longer and thicker. Remember I'll use it to flay the skin off you when we camp down for the night.

The foreigner stood still, clenching her fists and holding her breath. Then she obeyed. It's difficult to imagine what was going through her aristocratic mind as she broke off a branch that an ignorant peasant like me was going to use on her naked body.

We walked through the rain all afternoon. The foreigner walked slowly now with the mud up to her knees at times. She was still in chains and she carried the branch in her mouth.

Night came and brought a cold north wind and more rain. She got firewood and lit a fire, with a rope around her waist and the ash twig still between her teeth.

I ate dry meat while she watched me hungrily, kneeling down near the fire. I used her white skin and thick hair to clean the fat and salt off my fingers and lips.

—Now, I'm going to flog you, slave! No reason. I just fancy it, that's all. You belong to me and I can do what I fucking well like with you. Stand up!

I had to give her a kick in the ribs before she obeyed. It knocked her over into the mud, which spoilt her fair skin. At first I put the rope round under her armpits and tied her to a big oak. She kicked and shouted, and cursed me in some strange language.

I decided to put an end to this rebelliousness and I strapped her elbows together behind her back.

I picked up the ash twig and showed it to her.

—Have you ever been beaten before, slave?

She shook her head. She was still furious despite the pain in her arms. She was a tigress...

—I was afraid so... In your country there are no real men. A real man always beats his woman before he fucks her. It shows who's master and it makes them fertile.

I stroked her nipples gently with the twig. She burst into tears. She was panicking. There were no haughty looks now. She was shaking.

—You're not free any more. You're my slave...

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

—You're my own cunt, my own slave...

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—UUUUUAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

—You're a hole just for me...

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—UUUAAAUUUUGGGGHHHHH!!!

—A slut's body all of my own...

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—UUUAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

—You'll clean my arse with your face...

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAAAAAAUUGGGGHHHHH!!!

—You'll work from dawn to dusk like a beast...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

—AAAUUUUUUAAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

—And from dusk to dawn like a whore.

I beat her until she stopped dancing for me, until the torture was too much for her. I would have carried on because it was making me horny, but it was a waste of time if she wasn't suffering...

I got under the blanket next to the fire and left her hanging naked with the marks of the twigs all over her. By the time she was fit to be raped she would have recovered.

The heavy rain made it a hard walk. The foreigner was still naked. She dragged her chains and trembled from the cold. The wood was thick here and the branches scratched her body...

At one point she stopped, turned round, fell on her knees and begged me with tears in her eyes:

—Please, Master,... let your slave rest and have some clothes...

I liked it. I didn't know she could speak the language. It sounded sweet and



You're my own cunt, my own slave...

melodious. And she used the words Master and she said “your slave”. Slaves have no identity, you see.

But I hit her anyway and knocked her into the mud.

—Carry on, slave, or flay you alive with an ox whip. A whore like you should be naked, ready to be fucked.

When we reached the hut I hung her outside, upside down and heated up some wax. It was cold and she was shivering.

The wax melted and when it was nicely warm I poured it into her cunt and all around it.

When she had stopped howling I explained it to her...

I'll do this every night for seven days. I have to disinfect this whore's cunt of yours.

Then I pulled my pants down, crouched down, pulled her hair back and stuck my dick up into her throat.

—No biting now, slave, or I'll pull your teeth out...

I came as soon as I got into her narrow throat. She was tight. Didn't they use their women properly in her country?

Then I fell back and opened my eyes. My head was swimming. There was semen running down into her eyes and down her hair onto the ground.

I staggered up and pulled off the wax mould that was in her cunt and around her stomach.. It left her pussy without hair. I got carried away at the sight of such beauty and I sank my face down into her, kissing her between the lips, licking her, sucking, groaning, biting...

And I noticed that her pussy started producing intimate fragrances... There was no doubt, she was a real whore.

I knelt down and showed her my dick again, hard already!

—Clean it, slave, show me what you can do.

It was a surprise. I would never have thought she could do that so well. She licked until she found the good points and she sucked with real feeling and took it all in and started licking my bollocks and finally she emptied me without wasting a single drop. She left me dry and sitting on the ground again with my head swimming again.

But all this was a long time ago and our relationship has moved on since then.

During the day she works naked, cuts firewood, cooks and looks after the cabin. I go out hunting knowing she's nicely tied up like a dog by the neck at the end of a long, heavy chain.

At night the foreigner has supper on her knees at my feet. She's exhausted, but she still dances for me while I play the flute. She dances well.

She's sexy. She moves her hips sensually, puts one hand under each tit and holds them well up, and she moves her fanny around like she'll do later today when I'm on the chair and she's sitting on my dick.

I let her do what she likes. It's natural. It's the slave trying to please the Master, the Owner...

I snap my fingers and the foreign slave puts out a lighted candle in her hairless cunt.

I snap them again and she stops dancing. Swinging her hips she comes and lowers herself onto my prick while her small, sweaty hands point it in the right direction. Her pussy is wet inside and must taste good. I release the collar and let her get to work.

And I enjoy her strangely beautiful face, her strong shoulders, her narrow waist, her flat stomach, now tense, and all this working for me...

If I am satisfied, no problems. But she knows that if she doesn't leave me completely satisfied I will take the skin off her back and shut her in a cage where she'll spend the night naked and hanging outside in the cold night air. ■



I stuck my dick up into her throat..

goods in transit - elisa-badia

Fuck! It's always the same. Bloody Mondays! It's still dark, but the cattle truck has already pulled up at the dockside. I adjust my belt and set to work. The worst thing is the smell when you open it. They get sixty or seventy girls in the van sometimes, hanging from rails in groups of six. I don't know why they put so many in. Sometimes they suffocate on the way.

In the warehouse I hose them down to get the worst of the filth off $\frac{3}{4}$ their own vomit and shit and other people's vomit and shit $\frac{3}{4}$. Then I disinfect them one at a time with the hose. First the cunt and then the arse. They shout and scream. They just don't like it!

Then I take them to the sheep dip. Fortunately their arms are tied, otherwise it would be impossible to get them in. The regulation dip is thirty seconds, but I usually leave them in a minute to be on the safe side. They end up with disinfectant everywhere: stomach, lungs and privates.

The rails now divide into three. Time for a preliminary selection: first-class meat, second class and offal. First class is auctioned the next day, second class is distributed to the big prostitution chains, and third class goes to the third world to be fucked or fed to animals or fucked and then fed to animals.

The second and third groups are packed and sent off a few days later, but the first group means a lot of work, sometimes all night. The auction is the following day.

First I wake up the sleeping ones by injecting a stimulant into the clitoris. There's no special reason for choosing that place, but I like it. Then I wash their hair individually with shampoo and talk to them about their future...

—They're bringing them in young now... —I said, pinching the buttocks of a girl hardly over 16.

—It's all over for you... —I say, sinking my fist into the butt of an older brunette.

—Just pray you're not bought by an old man who can't get it up —I say, biting the lips (the good lips, I mean) of a beautiful girl with chestnut hair and green eyes who can't stop groaning.

—Mind you don't fall into the hands of a lesbian —I say to a statuesque woman, thirty years old maybe, with a pair of slightly overblown boobs. The typical female that sadistic butch lesbians buy to torture in their

orgies.

—They'll pay a fortune for these tits—I say to an angel-faced blonde with a huge pair of breasts, the best of the bunch. I play around with them for a bit.

—If you were mine I'd bite this little thing off—I say to the prettiest of them all, pinching her clitoris. About thirty years old, very pretty, nice skin, and a distinguished face.

A lot of pleasure to be had there!

Then I label them—they all go to the auction with numbered tags—and I push them to the little theatre where they'll be sold in a few hours' time.

It's very practical moving them on the rails. They're less trouble and easier to handle. You have to remember it's young flesh and it's frightened. Sometimes they're surprisingly strong. You have to be careful.

When the work's done and if there's time $\frac{3}{4}$ I like to get home before the kids go to bed $\frac{3}{4}$ I play around with one of them. Today, for example, I separated number 140, a blonde with breasts to make your cock ache. I started by wanking between her tits and then I opened a can of beer, pulled up a chair and sat down with her face hanging above my crutch.

—You want to see the world the right way up? —I asked.

The blonde pleaded and begged me, but I left her like that and told her what she could expect...

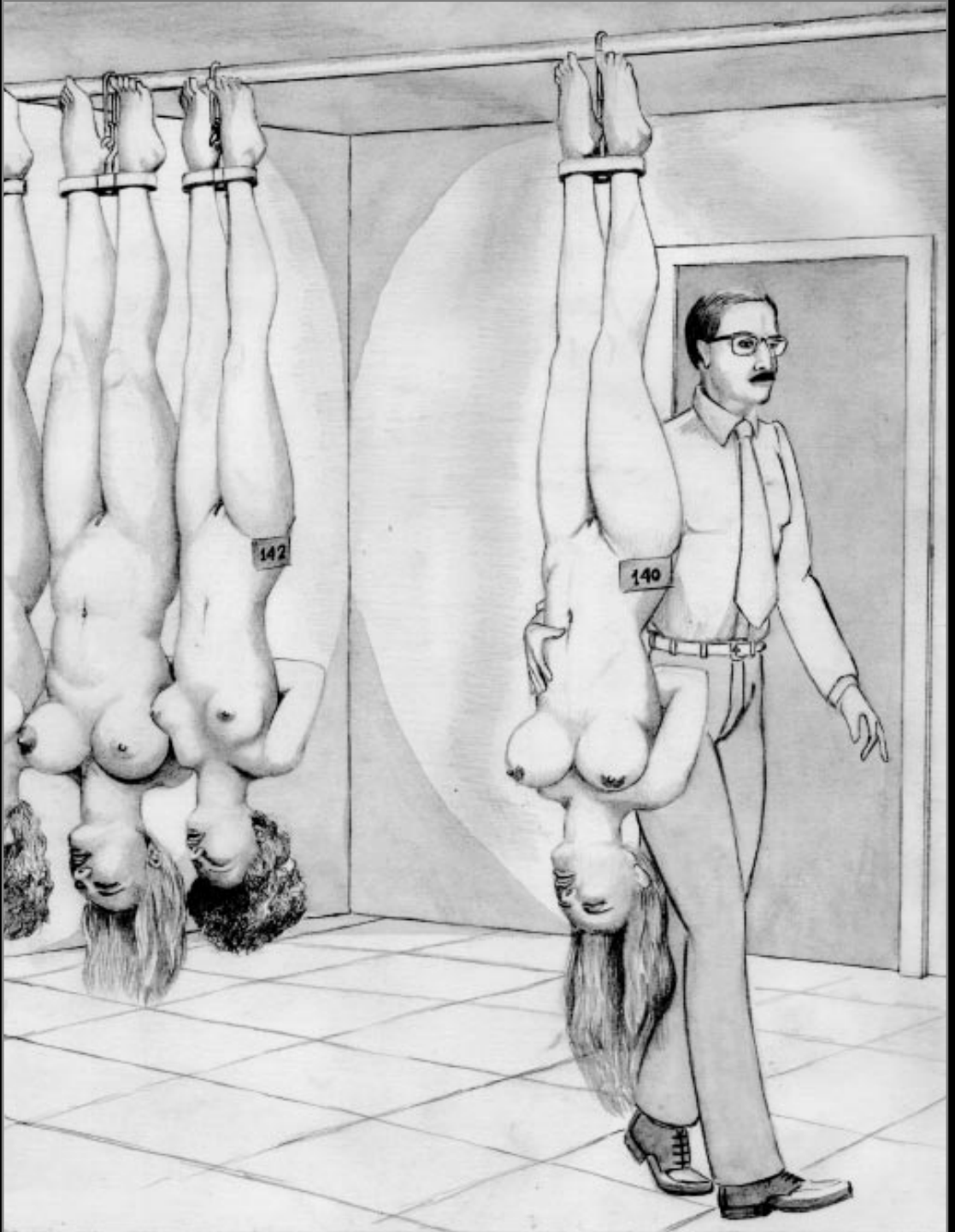
Tomorrow I'll take you out just the way you are, with seven of your companions. There won't be much public, a dozen men at the most and two or three lesbians. Most of them are middle-men, but some of them buy for their own use. They're private collectors, used to working with fresh meat. They're tough. They don't beat around the bush. They'll inspect you carefully, your hair, your toe-nails, teeth, tits, cunt, ass, everything... Don't be surprised if they masturbate you or put something in your cunt or ass to see how you react... Then comes the auction and someone buys you. The buyer could be anybody, but the most likely thing in your case, with these boobs, is that a private buyer will bid for you, maybe an old woman. Old women go mad over girls your age... Whatever happens, be prepared for the worst. They'll keep you hidden somewhere in a secret basement, in chains, and they'll use you for

things you can't even imagine... Do you want me to describe a few things they do?

I stopped speaking for a few seconds. The blonde's eyes filled with tears. Her angelic face was hanging over my dick and my balls and I felt a tear fall on me. I glanced at my watch... it was late and the children would be in bed already. I decided to spend the night with

number 140 and to show her some of the barbarities that were waiting for her and her tits. It would prepare her for her life as a slave... so I set to work. I moved the chair forward a bit, opened my butt and pressed her pretty little face against my ass. Upside down!

—Mouth open, slave. Time to download my lunch... ■



I separated number 140, a blonde with breasts to make your cock ache.

strip poker - lucas-paul

I won her at poker. What do you think? A big girl. Magnificent, eh? I took everything he had off an idiot businessman and he had no choice: he gave me his eldest daughter as a guarantee. Hard times, eh?

And there she is, all ready to go, held down by the ankles and in the right position for use as a urinal or sperm receptacle, as I wish.

—How are doing today, Princess?

Melanie turns round. Terrified. She's biting the ring of the gag. It's the latest thing... It goes between the teeth like all of them, but it's more flexible, which keeps her entertained while it strengthens her jaws. It's brilliant when you fuck her face because she tries to bite your dick off and she gives you a good squeeze!

Another advantage is the great variety of grunts, groans and pleading noises she makes, all of them unintelligible. And we mustn't forget the saliva it produces. Nothing gets me going more than a chin dripping onto my dick. There's something animal about it, something humiliating that gives me a good hard-on... it's like I'm raping her pride before I rape her throat.

But on another occasion I may decide to use her as a piss pot.

—Piss or milk? Which is it to be this morning?

The big green eyes open wider, tearful. I kick away the dog's bowl she feeds from. It's empty and the harness in her mouth is full of rubbish, so I decide to clean it by pissing in her face, in her eyes, on her forehead, on her rich brown head of hair and above all in the open mouth. The cleaning woman, Gracita, will hose her down later and clean her with the sponge, the ramrod and a brush.

I'm a bit calmer now, but just as horny, and I walk slowly round her, sussing out my next move. I slip my hand down the middle of her butt and slowly work my fingers into the two succulent cavities that I find down there.

—Daddy hasn't paid me yet, Princess. I'm getting impatient—I say with my finger up her bum, her tight little butt, ready for its first session, nice and clean. I must congratulate Gracita.

Princess shakes her bottom, but she's trapped. She's been there nailed to the floor in the same position for over a month... and who knows how much longer she'll be here?

—So I've decided to charge interest and break your arse...

Princess protests. I reckon she's a virgin round the back.

I take my finger out and hold her cheeks apart with both hands. She looks lovely with the leather skirt unzipped, wearing stockings with garters, on her knees and with her head held tight by the harness with the gag.

While I get a good grip on her thighs and stick my dick in, I know she feels her own humiliation: down on all fours all day waiting to serve me, doing her bodily evacuations all over herself and having to lick a bowl full of shit from time to time...

Not an easy existence, but what can I do? Princess is a financial guarantee, and if I don't get paid...

Phew, what a tight little arse! I'm getting going now, right in there, my balls up against her arse... I can feel the resistance... Great stuff... Aaaaaaagh!

Slowly—I am a premature ejaculator—I enjoy as much as I can before I ejaculate into her bowels.

I pull out then and move round her till I'm facing those lovely green eyes, filled with tears. I clean my dick in her mouth and I dry it on her hair. The I pull the chair over, and tense the harness on her head until her mouth is in line with my limp but happy penis and her face is resting on my stomach and her chin is on my genitals. I enjoy the tears, the hot breath, the tremble when she shouts...

And I open the newspaper.

By the third page I'm flying the flag again and on page five I've shot my load again. Then I have a short siesta, watch the match on the telly, keeping her face against my bollocks, on her knees, nailed to the floor...

—Know something, Princess? Your father's coming tomorrow for a game of cards. The idiot thinks he'll win you back and as he hasn't got any money, he's putting your young sister up as collateral... Good news, eh? You'll have company. I'll fuck her here, next to you. Ass to ass, with your heads tied together, blonde and brunette. Two cunts, two assholes and two throats to have a good soak in...

—HAW!!! HAW!!! HAW!!! ■

strip poker



—Piss or milk? Which is it to be this morning?

CASA DE MUÑECAS



LECOCHON WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE OLD MAYOR'S UNUSAL TASTES AND WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE

MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL FOR YOU

CASA DE MUÑECAS



LECOCHON SMILED... HE KNEW MADAME'S SKILL IN THESE MATTERS. AND IF TROUNORMAND, MAYOR OF POMPIGNY-EN-REBLOCHON WAS SATISFIED, THE CONTRACT FOR THE NEW TOWN HALL WOULD BE HIS! AND IF NOT, HE WOULD JUST ENJOY VISITING MADAME'S HOUSE AND PLAYING AROUND WITH THE TITS OF THE UNFORTUNATE GIRLS WHO WERE TIED UP THERE. WHERE DID SHE GET THE GIRLS FROM? SO WELL-STACKED!

CASA DE MUÑECAS

MADAME'S SINISTER OUTLINE MADE THE YOUNG SLAVE GASP AND SHUDDER...

THE TIME HAS COME, SLUT. AS IT'S YOUR FIRST TIME, I'M LETTING A REAL EXPERT SAPIST GET TO WORK ON YOU!



MADAME, PLEASE. I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT, BUT NOT THIS... I CAN'T...

YES, YOU CAN. M. LECOCHON HAS A LOT OF EXPERIENCE AND HE'LL FIND SOME WAY TO MAKE YOU...

GET THOSE THIGHS UP, YOU SLUT!

AAAHHGGHHHH...!!! DON'T WHIP ME, PLEASE!



CASA DE MUÑECAS





THIS WILL TEACH YOU!!!



SUCK HARD, GIRLIE
IMAGINE IT'S AN ICE
CREAM. MORE SPIT!
MOVE YOUR TONGUE!
YES... THAT'S BETTER...
NOW LICK THE END. GOOD!
CARRY ON... YOUR BITCH!
OOH! DOOGHH!!!

MY GOD!...
AGGGHHHHHH...
SLUUUUURRRP!!!...
I FEEL SICK!!!...

AND NOW THE BEST PART...
IT'S TIME TO WORK ON YOUR
PUSSY. LOTS OF JUICE, GOOD!
TAKE THAT AND THAT AND
THAT!!! OH! AAGHH!

**ZUMP
DUMP...
ZUMP...**



**NOOO!!!
AAGHHH!!!
STOP!**

**Noooooo...!!!
Noooooo...!!!**

HUMILIATED, BROKEN IN SPIRIT, AND NO LONGER A VIRGIN,
THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL WAS THE VICTIM OF SAVAGE TORTURE
ON HER BREASTS, LEGS AND ARMS...

Noooooo...!!!

CASA DE MUÑECAS

THE YOUNG SLAVE SUFFERED THIS SADISTIC TORTURE FOR SEVERAL HOURS. IN THE HANDS OF A PAIR OF OLD PSYCHOPATHS WHO HAD HIRED HER, SHE WAS RAPED IN THE VAGINA AND IN THE ANUS. WEIGHTS WERE ATTACHED TO HER BREASTS AND SHE WAS WHIPPED ALL OVER HER BODY, BUT ESPECIALLY ON THE BREASTS. SHE WAS BEATEN ON THE THIGHS WITH A RIDING CROP AND HER SOFT SKIN CAME UP IN WHEELS. SHE WAS INSULTED, THREATENED, BEATEN, BITTEN AND SPAT ON...



IT WAS UNBEARABLE...

CASA DE MUÑECAS

HER HOST ONLY STOPPED WHEN HE WAS TOO TIRED TO CARRY ON....



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER SIDE OF A FALSE MIRROR...

SLURPSS
SLURPSS
SLURPSS
SLURPSS
SLURPSS
SLURPSS

CASA DE MUÑECAS



NO PLEASE NOT THIS...!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

old man's toy - matador-paul

The day I retired, the only thing I missed from my working life was Avellaneda's legs. I remember her first day in the office a year before I retired, when she sat down at her desk that was on a little podium, six steps higher than the accountancy clerks... I nearly came there and then.

From that moment on I had this little obsession... I looked up from the accounts and there were her thighs. Sometimes they were naked, other times in subtle silk stockings, black or white but usually semi-transparent... She always wore a short skirt and pulled it up a bit, I never knew if it was to air her bush or to get the semen flowing among the office staff.

The point is that Avellaneda moves on the finest pairs of designer legs ever seen. Very long, with strong, supple muscles, round knees, delicate calves and ankles... And they're always on the go! She's always crossing them and uncrossing them, and then she leaves her thighs a little bit open when she crosses one foot over the other...

It's a show!

A show that's accompanied by the swish of silk rubbing together (stockings? knickers?) of heels on the floor, of groans and sighs all round the office. She's always at it, always showing her legs, always provoking... she picks up the cigarette lighter, uncrosses her legs, lights up, straightens her back —pushing her tits out—, crosses her legs again, beats her heels to the rhythm of the music in her head —what's she thinking about?— Then she gets up, straightens her skirt, tucks her blouse in, sticks out her boobs again and wiggles slowly to the bathroom: clip, clap, clip, clap. Meanwhile we all sit there drooling, biting our lips, nursing our dicks, dreaming of a bit of hands on, of stroking her thighs, pinching them, firming up her nipples, scratching her bottom, biting her cheeks, tying her to the table, holding her pussy open and slipping our tongues in...

One year, six months and twenty-one days of this show-torture: the time between her first day and my retirement. Day after day of sweaty hands, bursting pants, with my heart in my stomach and my brains in my dick.

Day after day of pressing my dick against anything I could find: my hand, the desk, the dining-room table, the bathroom wall, everything... You name it, I've called it

Avellaneda and fucked it.

With the last payment in my pocket, I went past her desk like every day and I spoke to her for the first time, running my eyes up her legs...

—Nice legs! Look after them for me.

I suppose she didn't really understand it until today...

Now I have Avellaneda's legs in front of me. Seductive, tense, long...magnificently displayed thanks to her rope round her toes. There they are, naked, upside down, shaking like jelly, doing what they should, making me horny.

A little break, a sip of Coronitas, a puff of the cigarette, and then I run my fingers down her legs again, from the crack in the bottom to the sole of the foot... feeling the ribs move, the shudder of disgust, the jelly-wobble of the buttocks... Avellaneda can wobble a bit, but won't fall sideways. She's balanced on her arms, spread out like a cross. She's on display. I puff on the cigarette again and enjoy it all. Peace of mind, I call it. Spiritual peace. I put the cigarette out on the sole of her foot, on the soft, sensitive part.

Perfect. She howls like a wolf and twists around, but the legs are still on display. She's always provoking me...

And I give way to it. I pick up the cane and hit her on the thighs...

SSSSSSSWIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!

...both of them. It's good to be doing something I believe in after all these years.

But she still provokes me...

So I cut the swimsuit open at the back and stick the cane in her vagina. Then I fill her arse with warm oil, have a puff at the cigarette, put it out on her foot and...

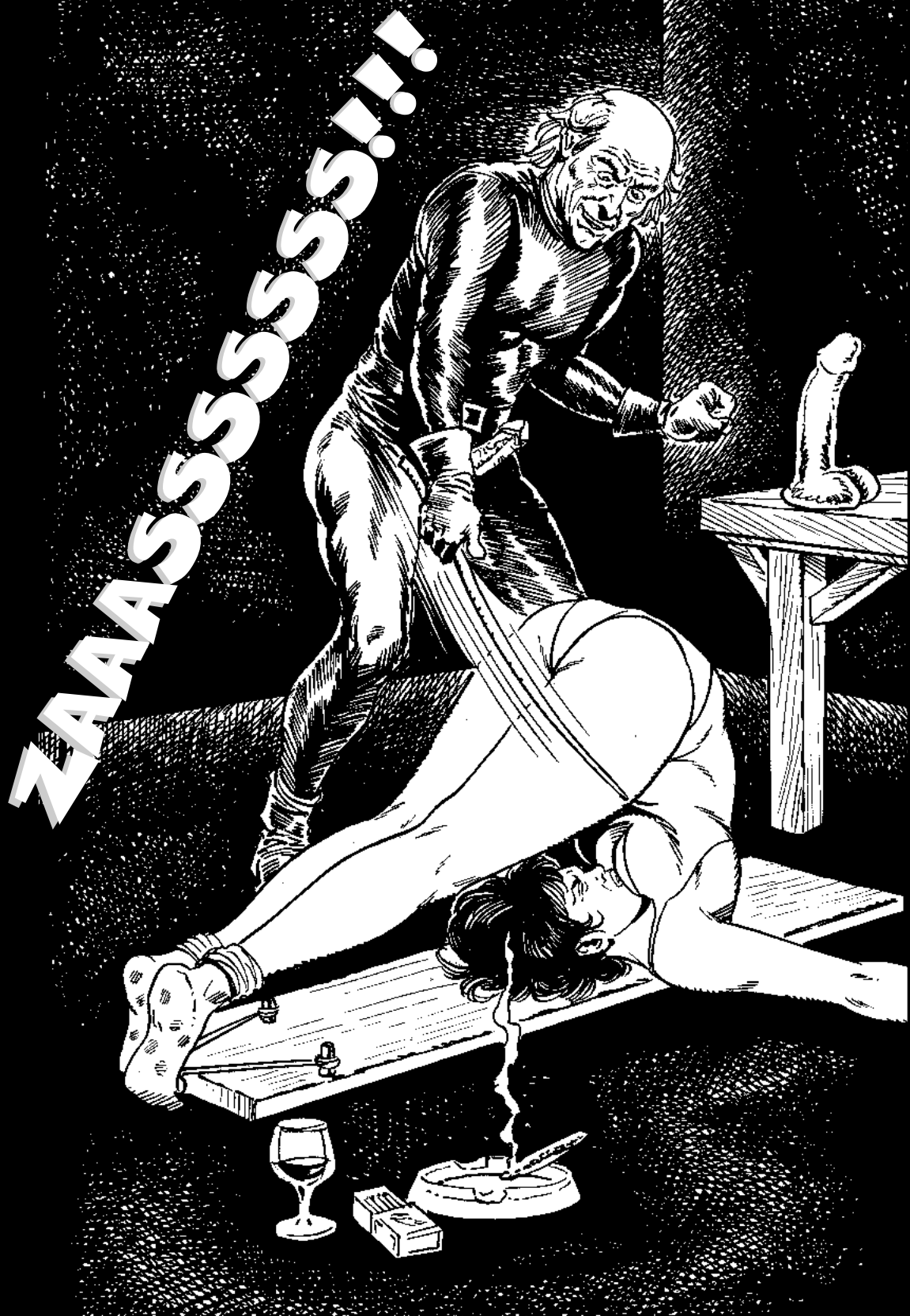
SSSSSSSWIIIISSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!

On her calves this time. And another cigarette. How am I going to give up smoking like this?

What I like most about this is that Avellaneda is not just a pair of legs. She's got breasts and nipples and a thick bush over a dark, secret, juicy, hairy cunt too. So now I'm thinking how to display her so I can work on her breasts and pussy and arse at the same time. It needs thinking about. Meanwhile, I'm slapping the wobbly, red cheeks of her arse with my open hand. My other hand is pulling at my dick. I can't decide where to put it...

Shit! I'm nearly out of oil. ■

old man's toy



It's good to be doing something I believe in...

slavegirls tamer - takamura-badia

Jones was a psychopathic black with an impressive criminal record. Jones was a murderer and rapist serving a life sentence... until the day his luck changed. His lawyer found errors in the judicial procedure, and he was released. In his first week outside, he met a man who was looking for a violent psychopath and he got the job! It's called falling on your feet.

Monica had been unconscious for seven hours and awake for twenty-four. She had woken up like that, in the worst position imaginable, leaning forward with her neck and ankles tied together at opposite ends of a stick and with a dirty vibrator held between her teeth. She couldn't get up or crouch down. She could hardly breathe. She didn't understand what was happening. Why was she there? Monica had been asking herself these questions for a day, with her eyes fixed on those horrible shoes that were not hers, on the stick that was torturing her neck and her splendid naked legs, now motionless and racked by cramp.

She tried to move and a cruel whiplash on the buttocks signalled the end of her solitude., and the beginning of another type of agony, this time worse and more obscene.

—Welcome back to school, slave. Somebody you know very well has sent you here to be trained for use as a sexual slave...

The words thundered around Monaco's brain. Then she felt the sharp pain of penetration, and at first she did not understand... Jones the psychopathic black knew this and after a brief silence he began listing in great detail his sinister intentions for her, while he raped her with pelvic thrusts like hammer blows.

—First I'm going to destroy your personality and then I'll show you what a well-trained pussy can do for the man who owns it. It'll be a real pleasure, not for you, but for me... HAW! HAW! HAW!...

The hours in the same position, the inane laughter of the torturer, the giant member penetrating her and tearing into her, hard as a rock, were too much for the girl and she lost consciousness seconds before the thick, foetid sperm poured into her bowels.

When she woke up, everything hurt so much she just wanted to die. She was now hanging

from a bar by the wrists and ankles. From the same bar! Face down! A kilo of lead hung from her nipples, attached to bulldog clips.

She managed to hold onto the bar with her hands and take some of the weight off other parts.

Jones began to strike her in the face with his black member.

—The back passage job was just a warm up...

SLAP...!

—It was the first lesson, slave...

SLAP!

—Now for the second...

SLAP...!

—This is where you learn to clean this wonderful dick with your tongue...

SLAP...!

—Did you hear me, slave? You're going to clean it from top to bottom, back and front...

SLAP...!

SLAP...!

—Don't forget any part of it. I want to feel the tip of your tongue working on both holes too...

SLAP...!

SLAP...!

SLAP...!

—And put a bit of enthusiasm into it!

Confused by the blows, shuddering with disgust, with her eyes fixed on the black member that was sticky with sperm and faecal matter, Monica opened her mouth to beg for pity, but before she could speak Jones grabbed her brutally by the hair and brought her mouth down on to his gigantic, stinking genitals.

Her spirit had been broken by the savage posture and the brutal treatment, and Monica started running her tongue up and down the vile prick, tears running down her cheeks. She had never dreamed of such humiliating and sickening treatment in her life. She moved her head slowly, bathing the black prick with saliva just as she had been ordered to.

—Other side too, and put more effort into it!

The prick was extraordinarily long, burning hot and hard as an iron bar... Monica licked it and kissed it for over half an hour... Her jaws ached, but she forced herself to keep

slavegirls tamer



Someone paid me to train you as his sex pet...

working with her tongue and head. Tremendous shudders ran down her shoulders and arms from the tension, her back arched backwards like a tensed bow and her legs seized up with cramp.

—Carry on sucking for a bit and when I give the word, take it all in. You won't like it. You'll feel you're choking, but that's life, or it will be. I'll put it in your mouth and you'll swallow it until you're gasping for air. I want to feel your whore's throat shouting around my dick. And I'm warning you: show some enthusiasm!

Monica opened her mouth and took in the inflamed, burning glans... and felt the member throbbing inside her.

With some difficulty, the purple glans moved deeper, forcing her mouth wide open. But she could see that there was still a lot of penis to go in, and she felt that her lips were going to split as the enormous member moved inside.

—For your own good, slave, get used to this —Jones grunted as he pulled her hair back hard and pushed it in another few centimetres.

Monica, about to die from lack of air and unable to bite because of the open jaws, shook her head and body desperately, trying to shake him off, but all she did was to pull her breasts upwards against the weights hanging from them and this hurt her nipples and limbs. The black caught her by the hair again and moved another two centimetres towards her, enjoying the feel of the struggling throat. When he saw that Monica was beginning to lose consciousness he withdrew, counted up to five and sank it into her again, torturing the pharynx that was gasping for air. Terrified, convinced that he wanted to kill her, Monica raised her eyes to look at her executioner and tried to beg him to be merciful. The vibrations that came from Monica's movements gave the sadistic black such pleasure that he nearly lost control and almost came into her.

Near ecstasy now, Jones pressed further until he felt his victim's lips press against testicles. The outline of his member could be seen in his victim's throat.

—You're not sucking, slave —he complained, indignantly.

—When Monica again felt close to suffocating, Jones withdrew and the girl was

sick..

—Look at it this way... if you survive this night, no dick will ever get stuck inside you and you'll be able to serve your Master to his complete satisfaction. Your price as a slave will go up!

Monica looked at her torturer as if she wanted to kill him. But only for a second, until he sank plenty of time. You'll be here with me practising until Mr. Moscoso is ready to take you to the farm with him. So make the most of this big black dick. You won't be having many orgasms with his! HAW! HAW! HAW!!!

Monica lifted her head as if struck by lightning. Her stepfather! That bastard of a stepfather had sent her there! What for?

Suddenly she saw the full horror of her situation. Her confused mind began to register the facts. This was the worst of all possible hells. Her stepfather! The revolting, repugnant old man who had abused her since she was a child. The pig who had killed her mother and inherited all her land and fortune!

Monica burst into tears... at the precise moment as a hot, thick liquid was pumped rhythmically into her stomach.

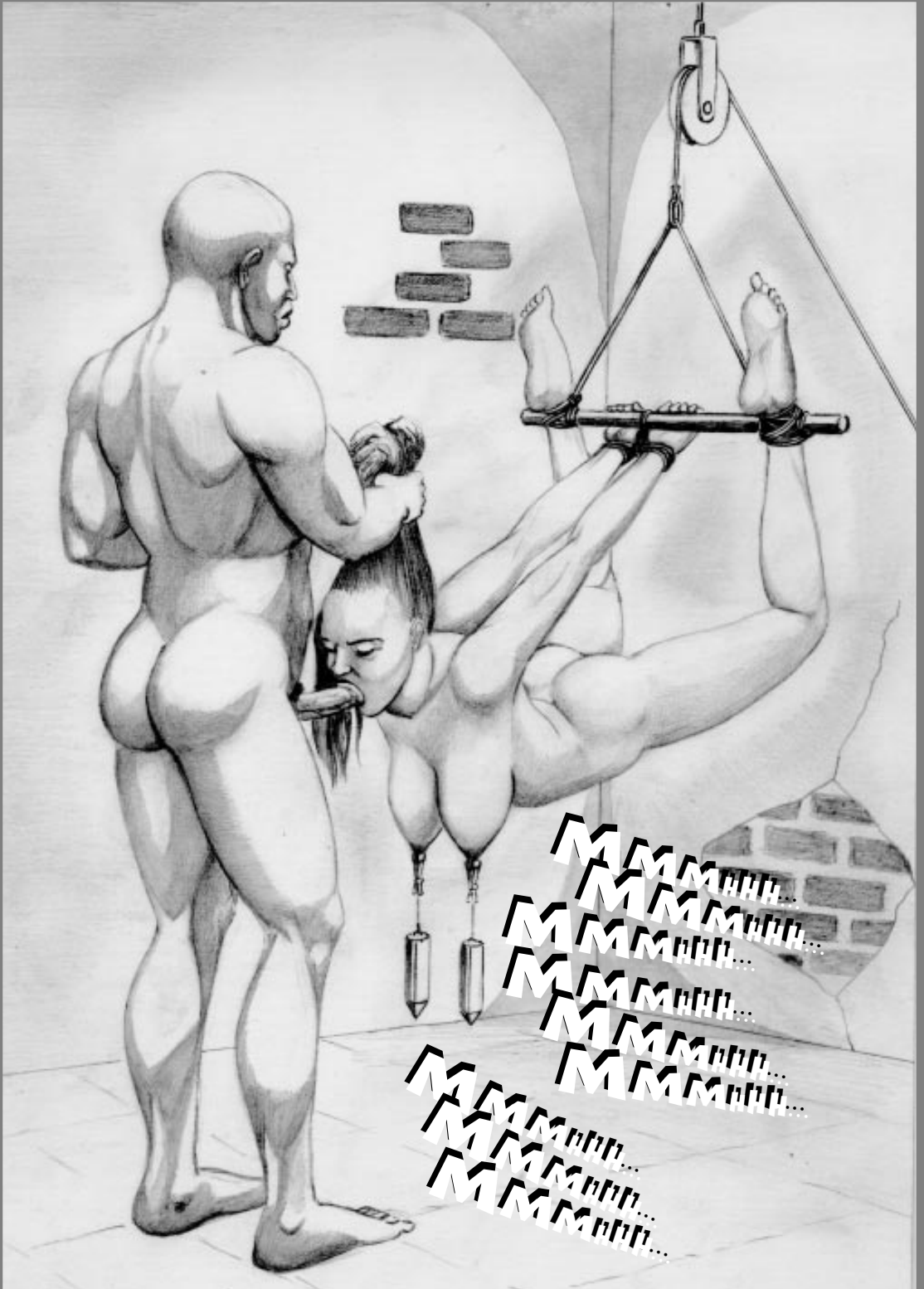
And then, nothing. The rest was darkness.

When she woke up, the unhappy girl would find herself face to face, for the first time since her kidnapping, with the man who wanted to use her as his sexual slave...

And while she slept on, Moscoso, who had been planning this first moment for years, was checking his suitcase... No, it was all there. the black corset designed to choke her, the red garter, the old-fashioned stockings, the pointed high-heeled shoes that tortured with every step, the muzzle and the gags, the high studded collar, the narrow sleeves for tying wrists and elbows together, the chastity belt which incorporated huge irritating vibrators, the thick truncheon with leather on one side and sand paper on the other, the riding crop made of kangaroo skin and his private Bible, a volume entitled "Educando a mi esclava*". ■

*'Educando a mi esclava'. Get it at www.dofantasy.com

slavegirls tamer



—For your own good, slave, get used to this ...

the dwarfs & their doll – mcLaugh-paul

Lena was the latest thing for adolescents. She was a sexy redhead who knew nothing about music but she was discovered by a multinational record company. They groomed her for stardom and taught her how to move her ass until the sperm flowed from any males who bought tickets for her Megaconcerts. But fame has its price and in Lena's case, the price was that your humble Servant here noticed the girl's positive qualities. Your humble Servant, by the way, is one of the richest and most perverse businessmen in the northern hemisphere, more so even than Billy Puertas. Billy's into silicon chips and I'm into real cells, fat and all... when I get my hands on a nice pair the girl learns all about bits and bytes, believe me.

You should have seen me, stinking rich and drunk asz always, going up to Lena after the ceremony for her sixth plutonium disc, licking her face, trying to suck her tits and then telling her to take her knickers off and lie on the velvet-covered table where the jury had sat.

As a soprano, Lena is no great shakes, but she does have spirit. She put her knee into my balls and said some very unkind things about my mother. Then the security guards threw me out.

I decided to teach her a little humility.

And the best way to do that was to give her a job in one of my factories. And here she is, in the clone nursery. Cloning humans is now considered legitimate business. It's just like a robot factory, really, except that the robots are flesh and blood, and have buttocks, hairy cunts, and breasts with big nipples—or if you prefer them, non-hairy dicks—. And that's how I made my fortune. I clone the famous. They sell like hot cakes. What the fuck do people do with them?

With the latest bio-engineering, nobody can see the difference between a copy and an original. My beloved, and much lusted after, Lena is now in my hands and I use her as a breeding female.

As soon as she arrived, she was brought before me dressed as a hooker, which is how my agents dressed her when they kidnapped her the evening of the plutonium disk incident.

I have to confess that I was impressed to see her in my room, with whore's clothes on, blindfold, and her wrists handcuffed behind

her back. Her face was angelic, but she somehow managed to look sexy too.

You should have seen her expression when they took the blindfold off!

I threw myself to the floor—a bit theatrical, I admit—and rolled around, holding my bollocks.

—It still hurts, you mother-fucker...—I said, yelling.

She looked at me as if I was crazy. I decided to stop beating about the bush and get a look at her bush. I slapped her on the face, and put my knee in her stomach for good measure. Then when she was down I raped her. I did some good work on her left nipple with my teeth, which are especially sharp because I have the habit of grinding them in my sleep.

Once the operation was over – and of course I used an abrasive rubber for the job – I pulled her by hair and tied her to the window that gives on to the production line in the factory. I proudly showed her the hundred or so clones of famous people we have shut in small cages in a posture which is undignified but highly practical...

—This is a farm and you are here to give birth to dwarfs for as long as you can. At seven months per baby—dwarfs are premature—we should be able to get thirty or forty dwarfs out of you, with a bit of luck.

She looked at me. She did not understand. When it finally sank into her befuddled neurons, she started shaking with fright. I rolled her downstairs and gave her a second dose of information...

—This is a highly mechanised factory, but we still do some things manually —if that's the right word for it—.

And there you have her... the superstar Lena, the real, authentic Lena, chained by the neck, ankles and wrists in an artistic cage in the middle of the cafeteria, with three of my best dwarf studs giving her the works. They are really only dwarfs so far as their height is concerned, because when I made them I included a few genes of the subspecies *Bufalus Macrotesticulus*. The result has more bollock than brain, I suspect, but that's true of most men, especially when they're in front of a well-presented butt.

You have to keep up with the market, don't you? There'll always be a demand for women

the dwarfs & their doll



Three of my best dwarf studs giving her the works...

with big firm silicone-free breasts, quick-response tubular nipples, and thick-lipped vaginas with good juice production—thick bush optional— but would you believe it? What

everybody wants this year is garden gnomes!

GARDEN GNOMES! What the fuck do they do with them? ■

pony girl - lucas-badia

She was a bargain. I got her for a song, war surplus I think they call them. Her people withdrew after the armistice and they left her behind with a heap of scrap metal that wasn't worth saving. It's true we lost the war, and the oil with it, and we lost the southern province and we get the odd missile coming this way, but my husband Musif and I are not much affected because we live a long way from a town and nobody's going to waste bombs on remote country districts.

Her name's Beth and she's from London like me. She's the typical redhead with green eyes. Nice contrast. Celtic. Irish origin. We call her Scarlet, because I'm into the cinema and it's a good name for a girl or a horse. She's a filly now, to all intents and purposes, which must make a change from being a war correspondent.

The first thing we did after buying her was to break her in and fit her out with all the right trappings. When she was still unconscious, we hung her in the stable with her legs wide apart and her feet hardly touching the ground. I put the bit in her mouth between her wisdom teeth and pulling hard into the corners of her mouth. Then I turned the hose on her and woke her up. Her green eyes were a nice surprise... and so was her expression: confusion and panic. We exchanged glances and I knew we were going to be OK. There was chemistry between us. I knew this filly would turn me on and I knew I would think of lots of ways of making her suffer...

I got to work on her. I picked up some old scissors for cutting up chicken and took off her journalist's uniform, a ridiculous parody of a marine's standard issue clothing.

I imagine Scarlet could see clearly enough that I was beginning to get a bit juicy as I exposed more and more soft round Celtic flesh, especially when I cut the bra off and a fine pair of airbags flopped out! Similar to mine but bigger, which made me rather angry as well as randy—she's slimmer now, but the tits are still big and I have to admit they look good on a slim body, like Lauren Bacall—.

Scarlet turned her head and tried to speak. She

looked furious. This time, Irish eyes were not smiling! Nor was the Irish mouth because with the bit in her mouth she could only make strange noises. The best part of it was the saliva that was coming out of her mouth, going down her chin and dripping slowly onto her funbags. I love it. It reminds me of other juices. I spent a few minutes groping around different parts of her body just to see her reactions. The muscular quality was fine. She was a good strong woman, especially around the thighs and calves, which was very important in a horse. And then I moved up to the juicier parts that are not so interesting in a cart-horse but they're good in a woman who's got a job as a sexual slave.

I rolled the arse around a bit, and pinched it, to see where the cane, and the twigs and the flail would be coming down rather hard sometimes. I'm afraid—when I see the wheals, I get a bit carried away—I ran my fingers down the arse and round to the cunt, and I put two or three fingers up. I pulled her head up and made her look me in the eyes.

—Can you feel that? A good filly knows her Mistress's voice and touch!

I think she understood. She looked at me with profound disgust as I sniffed my fingers and then sucked them one at a time. And then I moved up to her tits, a good solid handful, firm and white, good for twisting and turning and rolling around. I always wanted one of these high-spirited, frisky redheads...

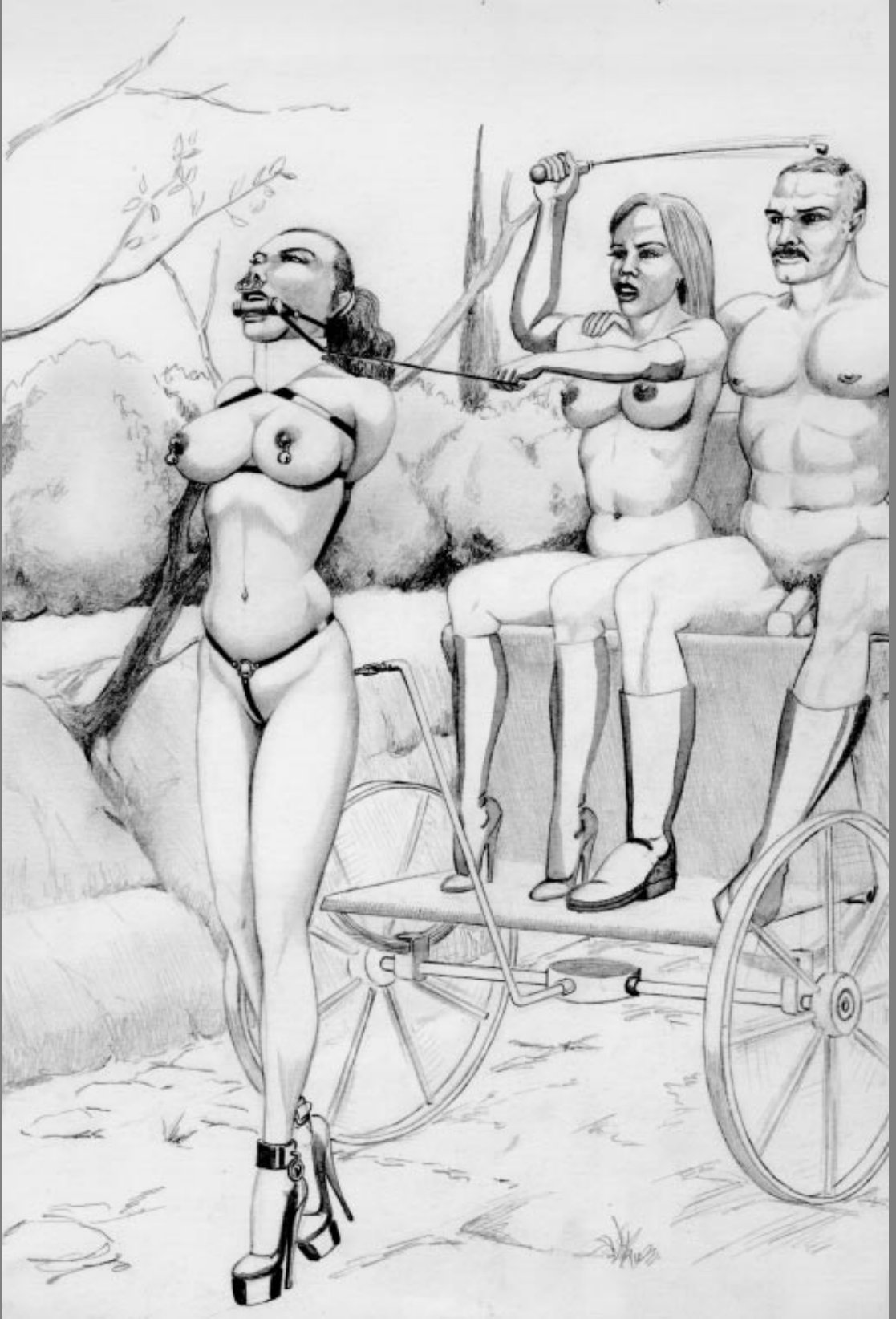
But it was time for some serious work on her. I tied some rough rope around her waist, passed the end through her legs, making sure that it went right in between her lips, and I tied her to a pulley and began to tug at the rope. She arched backwards, tense, as the rope pulled tight into her cunt. It made her push her breasts out towards me.

I showed her the rivet machine. I held it near her nipple and let her see a rivet come out. I sucked her nipples until they were both sticking out like a man's prick and...

CLACK! CLACK!

It took half a dozen buckets of cold water to

pony girl



Scarlett leaves the stable nose-ringed and with bells on her nipples.

bring her round.

Her big green eyes looked terrified, peeping through the untidy mass of her red hair. She was perfect, delicious, cute, sensual, desirable...

I fitted a ring with small bells through each nipple and soldered them on .

—They're here to stay. A young filly like you should be frisky and happy and the bells suit you. You're strong and you've got stamina, both good qualities in a horse.

I put the boots with wrought-iron stiletto heels on her. They had built-in horse-shoe soles and leather straps that went up to the ankles. They wouldn't win a prize for comfort, that's for sure! They make galloping difficult, so she often gets punished.

I pulled her red hair back into a pony tail and I put a rough collar round her long elegant neck. It made breathing a bit difficult and also made her lift her pretty little chin. Finally I put a big ring through her nose, one you can take off. It was thick and heavy. It was difficult to put in, but it was worth it. What with the bit, the bridle and the high collar Scarlet looked a fine young filly.

And next, out for a ride.

I had her pulling all week, naked under the whip and in the hot sun. Finally, Scarlet was pulling the cart well enough to take Musif and me out for a ride in the midday sun, so we could get some air.

Above we saw the allied planes, supervising the peace agreement.

—Giddy-up! Faster! Giddy-up!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

...on her muscular little bottom!

—They're yours, those planes, Scarlet! A bit too high to see you, though!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

It's a rare and sexy sight: a young, beautiful, educated European, tied up and dressed up like a horse, pulling a cart by the vagina, with all her muscles rippling and accompanied by the tinkling of bells on her nipples, the clacking of her horse-shoe boots, the occasional whistling of a whip and the sharp crack as it bites into the flesh.

—Giddy-up! Giddy-up!

Thighs well up, with style, head back, hair waving in the wind, arms tied, naughty little bottom with tight, muscular cheeks exposed to

the bite of the whip, it's just too perfect. Exquisite flesh available for all kinds of pleasure. Out of the corner of my eye I see that my husband, Masif, has an erection. Upper-class Arabs like him get a real kick out of dominating Western females.

I pulled back on the reins and nearly pulled her head off. She arched back, made a horsey noise and stopped. I tied the reins so that her head was pulled right back. I untied the harness that was around her provocative thighs. She groaned. Her fanny was looking very red and sore. I took my husband by the penis and stood him in front of his new filly...

It was memorable. I always enjoy watching my husband rape a defenceless woman. It makes me jealous and very angry.

Luckily for Scarlet, Musif's savage brutality calmed me down a little bit. But not completely.

I needed to teach her a lesson. I would discuss the details with her later, alone in the stables.

After lunch —when I'm at my randiest— I went to see her. I went naked, and I have to say, a little drunk, ready to give free rein to my dirtiest thoughts.

—Eat your master's shit!—I shouted, working her cunt with my shoe while I played with my own nipples.

—You fucked my husband... and now you're going to fuck me. An animal has a lot of uses...

The war correspondent Scarlet O'Callaghan, naked and tied up like a beast, raised her head and looked at me with disgust. She shuddered. I don't know what made her sick, the shit, or the brutal session of lesbian sex that she knew she was coming very soon.

I ran over to the cupboard, took out the punishment harness and put it on. It had an enormous latex penis lined with sandpaper...

—Grit your teeth! When the penis goes in the fun really begins...

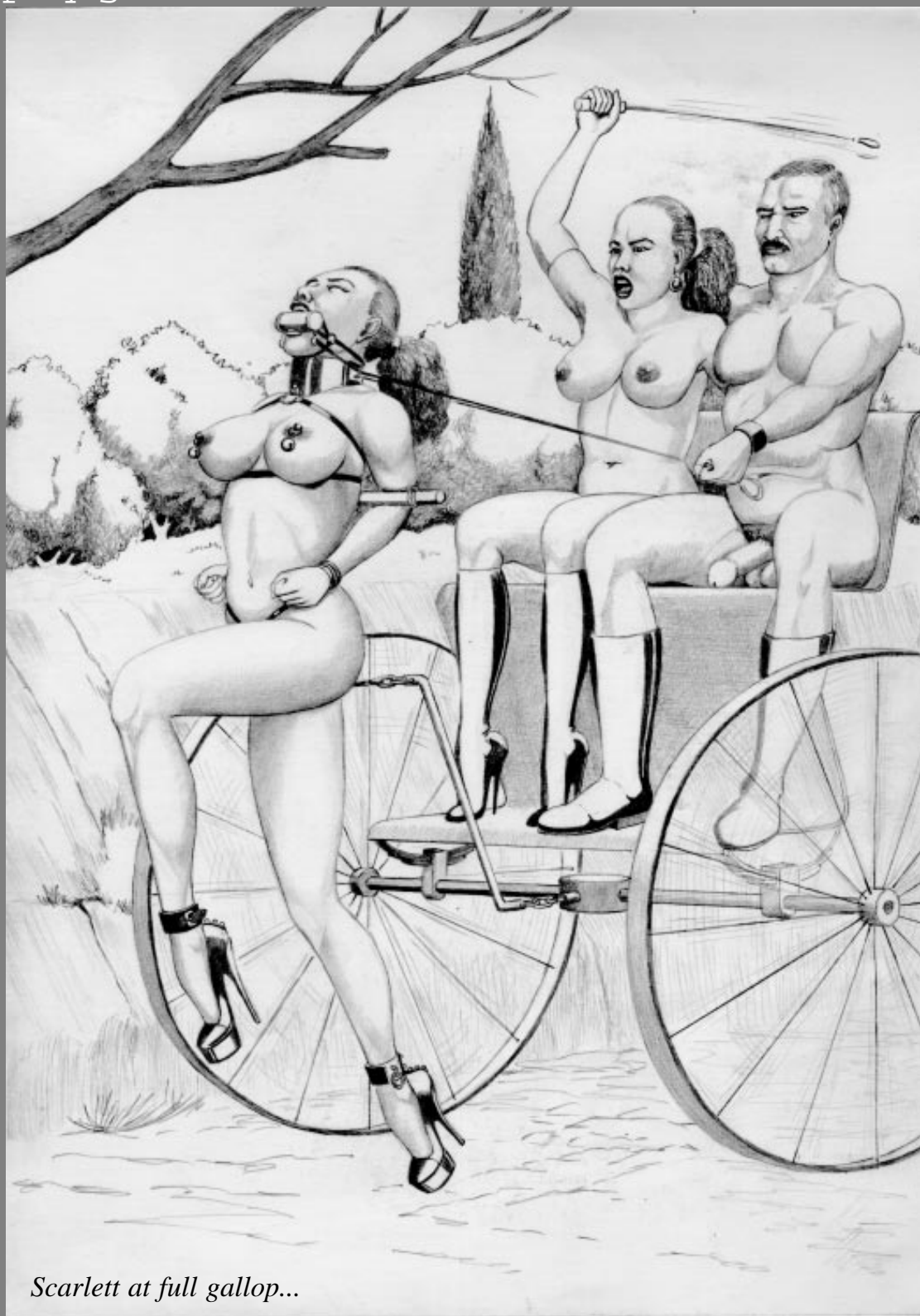
Meanwhile, high above, her own people are patrolling... ■

pony girl



Eat your Mistress's shit! - I shouted, working her cunt with my shoe...

pony girl



Scarlett at full gallop...

El magazine S/M Gore

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