

El Magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 7

Solo para adultos

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MY BED COMFORTER

the cripple's doll
ethnic cleansing
stud in chains
big game hunting
SLAVE GALLEY

juicy rabbits in a cage
lesbian training centre
GAGS: user's handbook

DOLL'S HOUSE
badía

INFIERNO
de haro

PONY GIRL
badía

colección



cómics y
novelas
ilustradas
en español



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



**GEMELAS
en el
INFIERNO**
Ilustrado por Bacía



**ESCLAVA
DEL
CASTILLO**
d'O Fantasy



**EDUCANDO
A MI
ESCLAVA**
Ilustrado



**Mercaderes
de Esclavas**



Un futuro
aterrador...

D'O
FANTASY



**Esclavas
surgidas
del Frio**



**Presidio
de Mujeres**



REHÉN



**ESCLAVAS
DEL TERROR**



**TRUEQUE
INFAME**



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editorial

In this edition we continue the sagas *Infierno* and *Doll's House*, as exciting and stimulating as the first day. And we open a new one: *Pony Girl*, which will provoke a strong reaction!

In Number 8 we will begin the much-publicised comic-strip version of *Bought and Tamed* (*Comprada y Amaestrada*), the famous bestseller by *Lucas*, now out of print (available in PDF format from our web-site). You can just see one of the pages behind this text!

We are opening *FansadoX* to all of you who want to see your own creations in print. Send us whatever you have: stories, illustrations, or full-blown comics. This number contains some of our readers' work.

And remember that the web is up and running at www.dofantasy.com. Keep in touch with our publications, present and future. We are preparing material that will surprise you.

We hope that the web will be a great way of hearing directly from all our readers. And remember you can send us your work on the web, right now! If you want, and if we can, we'll publish it free so that the whole wide world can respond with you to whatever turns you on. Great publicity for anyone who wants to make a career out of writing!

Allow me to introduce myself. I'm a right bastard. I am also an expert in gags. That's what I'm going to tell you about now. Gags come in all shapes and sizes, they come in all colours and all materials, but they all have three things in common: they degrade the slave to the level of a beast, they deform the face and if you tighten them enough they drive the wearer crazy. Oh, yes... and I forgot to say they are extremely sexy.

There are sadists and sadists, as I'm sure know, but I'm a special kind of sadist, a special breed, really, and me and my kind think there's nothing more provocative and exciting than a pretty face disfigured by a gag. And if you don't believe me, take a look at my four slaves here with their mouths wide open, the corners of the lips splitting and the saliva streaming down their chins.

Look at Berta now, the big brunette at the top. She's had that ball between her teeth for 32 hours.

Her head's going to burst...

That particular ball is made of fairly soft material, but it's not as flexible as you think and even if she didn't have the harness on, she wouldn't be able to push it out with her tongue.

The procedure for fitting one of these on Berta is very simple... This is how I got it on her.

I hit her a few times, just enough to leave her a bit stunned and to overcome her resistance. Then, without giving her time to recover properly, I pulled her by the hair to get her head back, squeezed the ball between my fingers and placed it carefully between her teeth, being especially careful not to break any. I released the ball and it went back into shape in the slave's mouth, pressing the tongue down and nearly taking the jaw off its hinges. The pain is sharp and intense, I can assure you, a bit like being stabbed in the base of the brain.

Then I took my time, and put the harness on Berta's head and I tightened it with the different buckles. This manoeuvre requires a certain brutality, especially if it's the first time the slave has been punished in this way.

Although the straps of the harness are a bit flexible, it's necessary to wet them first and leave them tight from the beginning. When they dry, the leather shrinks and the torture becomes more incisive.

The slave will count each second that passes, each instant... She'll implore God to come and free her from this torture or to kill her and release her from this suffering.

As a slave who was not used to this kind of gag, Berta began by biting the ball in a desperate attempt to close her jaws and relieve the pain. Useless task! Useless because of the material the ball is made of. By biting, a slave ends up putting extra pressure on her jaw, which makes it ten times worse.

And as if that isn't enough, the ball expands when it's wet... And the effect of that is simply marvellous: the ball grows in the mouth while the straps dry and compress the skull and that pulls the jaw up and stretches the lips. All the head suffers the effects of these contrary forces. The pain is so strong that they may go mad and may have to be sacrificed. But it's worth it. If you're my kind of person, that is.

Believe me, there's nothing like reading the paper in the company of a naked slave, crouching down on her ankles, gagged and with her head in a harness. A slave has to feel the torture but also the humiliation, something that's difficult to describe... She can't speak, she can only beg with her eyes. She can't even swallow. The saliva comes out between the lips and the ball and it wets her breasts. It even wets her thighs. Sometimes she can't take any more and a low groan comes out of her throat and interrupts my reading. A slap in the face or a cigarette put out on a nipple usually stops that.

But variety is the spice of life and it's a good idea to have several slaves. And several gags!

Now look at Marga at the bottom. I'm training her to be a horse. So the best thing in these cases is a bit in the mouth... A bar of very hard sticky rubber pressed in between the teeth will do. The effect is as pleasant as the ball to look at, and has much the same effect as a punishment and a humiliation, but it also lets you pull the head to one side or the other by pulling the reins on each side of the bit. A few minutes ago, Marga had her first session to break her in. I had her stood up for hours with her head tilted back and to the sides and I made her practise on the spot all the different horse steps I expected of her. All of this in front of a big mirror that covers one of the walls of the games room—that's what I call the room where I enjoy my slaves—.

Marga learnt and practised the turns left and right, in different styles: walking, trotting and dressage. She's a clever girl and she's got a great body.

Meanwhile, Miriam is still in her corner, in the dark. She's my latest whim. I kidnapped her just a couple of nights ago when she was coming out of the disco. She's got the same ball as Berta stuck in her mouth but she's also got her a blindfold. She can't see, she can't speak and she can't hear. She can only suffer and feel... suffer the savage pinches I give her on her nipples, and feel the vibrator—the irritating punishment vibrator—which penetrates her sex. Soon, very soon now, I'm going to take her blindfold off and she'll be able to see me. She knows me and I can assure you it's going to be a surprise to her...

And finally, there's Sandra, the oldest of them all. Sandra is—or was—a real society Lady. She's belonged to me for two years now. Two years that



I've had her chained by the neck in the games room with the ring in her mouth. Sandra is the all-purpose 'hole'. Do you want me to be more explicit?

I bet you do!... But beer is very diuretic so you'll just have to excuse me.

Another time maybe. ■

ethnic cleansing

—You've got soft smooth skin... I like that... I like the feel of your thighs... But why the fuck are you trembling, you little slut?

Iliana turned her head to the left, terrified.

She looked at Lorna's body that was hanging from a rope identical to the one round her neck, her nipples partly covered by the underwear the army officers had made them put on.

—Don't kill me... please... don't kill me!!!

—Why the fuck shouldn't we kill you? Tell me. Why shouldn't I kick away the stool you're standing on? Who's going to stop me?

Iliana swallowed with difficulty. The rope was strangling her.

—I... I didn't do anything... I don't understand this war...

—You are a Trosovats slut and if I don't kill you you'll breed Trosovats like rats breed rats... That's right. Like a rats coming through this whore's cunt of yours. Do you like me putting my fingers inside? Answer me! Do you like my fingers inside your whore's cunt or not?

Iliana did not answer. The dirty, brutal hands gave her no chance.

—Do you know why we dress you all like whores? No? How the fuck should you know, you stupid Trosovats! Just turn round so I can see your arse!

Iliana obeyed, trembling. She turned round on tiptoe, careful not to twist her ankle in the enormous high heels.

—I'll tell you why. We dress you up like that because we are going to fuck you until the glorious Terb semen comes out of your ears. So you won't give birth to fucking terrorists, just to glorious Terb soldiers... What do you think of this arse, Brigadier?

—Excellent, Sir. The best one so far, Sir.

—Now turn round again, you pig... And the tits, Brigadier? What do you think of this pair of tits?

—Excellent, Sir. A very nice pair of big, generous tits. Just the thing for feeding a future Terb soldier, Sir!

—Ha! Ha! Ha! But enough of that rubbish. I don't want to end up thinking the only use of that pair of tits is to feed our bastards.

The brown-nosing Brigadier stood to attention and

gave a crisp military salute...

—No, Sir! I'm sorry, Sir!

—Tell me, my dirty little friend, what do you prefer? Do you want me to stick my prick right up your cunt? Or do you want me to take away the stool and fuck you up the arse while you hang on the end of the rope?

—I don't want to die! NOOOOOOO!!

—A typical whore. Did you hear that, Brigadier? She'd rather have me fuck her than become a war martyr...

—I don't want to die. I don't... No... I swear...!

—Listen to me, you slut. What this officer really needs is not a cunt to fuck, but some company. It's going to be a long war and my wife's a long way away. What do say about becoming my very own private whore?

—Yes, yes... I'll do whatever you say...

—Will you suck my cock and open your legs every time I pay a visit to your cell?

—Yes... yes... I'll do whatever you want...

But just then, unexpectedly, a voice came from another part of the room:

—You stupid shit-headed Terb! Leave her alone! Can't you see she doesn't want anything to do with you? Can't you see you make her sick?

Commander Milianevic turned round, furious, but a little disconcerted... the voice came from another group of women with ropes round their necks. He stared at her. A voluptuous brunette with green eyes and a sultry, angry look. She had big breasts and long nipples. A challenge, the Commander thought, a difficult one to tame and ride...

In a flash, Commander Milianevic decided to have the brunette. But he wanted to impress her a little before he got to work on her. So he lifted Iliana up and put her thighs around his neck. He put a finger up into the crack of her arse and massaged the opening. The he moved her up and down in slow, rhythmic movements while he licked her vagina...

—This is what I call ethnic cleansing —he said, smiling and turning to the brunette—. And it's your turn next.

The girl looked impressed. To further impress her, he kicked away the stool from under Iliana... ■



...I like the soft feel of her thighs...



PONY GIRL

BADÍA

SCRIPT D'O FANTASY

In the very same cemetery in which Beatriz was weeping for her mother's death, Doctor Cuervo spoke to his stepdaughter...

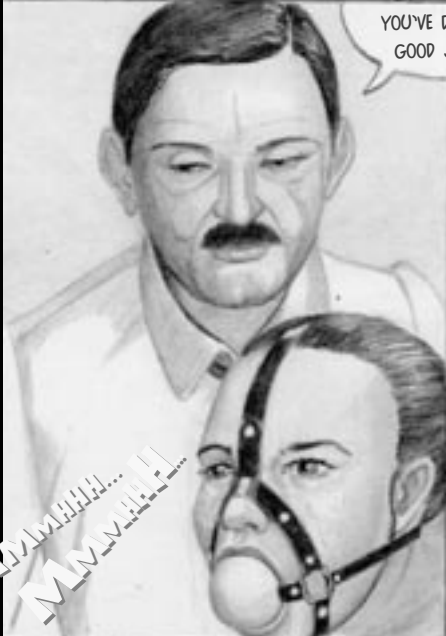
—Now that my wife is dead, you will replace her... Beatriz, red-eyed, looked up at her stepfather. She did not understand.

—The University is over. You will come home and look after me and my prick. After the mourning, we'll get married.

She slapped him in the face, startling the priest. Doctor Crow carried on, unaffected. He took a mobile out of his raincoat and in the midst of a great silence:

—Unhinged Stables? Doctor Crow here. Proceed with my daughter as agreed. And have her ready within a week.

A WEEK HAS PASSED SINCE THE FUNERAL AND THE EAGERLY AWAITED MEETING BETWEEN DR CROW AND HIS DAUGHTER FINALLY ARRIVES...



YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB...



TROT, FILLY, TROT! MOVE YOUR ARSE SO I CAN SEE!



I'LL UNDO HER SO YOU CAN EXAMINE HER BETTER

HOW WILL YOU USE HER, DOCTOR?
DO YOU PREFER TO RIDE HER FIRST OR TO FUCK
HER?



I'LL BREAK HER ARSE, BUT FIRST
THERE'S A PRESENT I ALWAYS
WANTED TO GIVE HER.

GO AHEAD...



MMMMHH...
MMMMHH...



LOOK WHAT DADDY
HAS BROUGHT FOR YOUR
SENSITIVE LITTLE
NIPPLES...

AGGHHH!!!

UGGGGGHHHH!!!

DO THEY HURT,
DEAR? PROBABLY.
BUT YOU'LL WEAR
THEM BECAUSE DAD
LIKES THEM. OK?



AND NOW, PRICKTEASER
SLUT, YOUR DADDY...

...WILL GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
ASKING FOR...

WOOOOO!

PLOP

HAVE SOME
DICK YOU
SLUT!!!

TOUGH!

AGGHHH!!!
JEEGHHH!!!

FUCK!
FUCK!
FUCK!

AAAAHHHHH...!!!
HUA AAAA...!!!
NOGGG...!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

the cripple's doll

A tragic accident with an industrial guillotine left me with no legs and no dick. Now you would think the Welfare people would be sympathetic to my plight. But no: I was just a castrated cripple to them.

Well that's no good. Dickless I may be, but dickhead I am not. Nor am I bollockless. Because Mother Nature played a little joke on me and left my balls on. So every time I smell a woman I get very horny indeed, if you'll pardon the expression from one so dickless. Can you imagine my life... twenty years jerking off a virtual dick?

One day I decided to put an end to this cruel situation. I decided that my real problem was that I was the only person I knew who couldn't shoot off when they wanted to, and that wasn't fair, so I came to the conclusion that if I had somebody to share my problem with, I wouldn't feel so bad about it. And what better than someone else with the same problem?

No sooner said than done. I could see it was a good idea, so I set about finding a partner straight away, and it worked a treat. I bought her through a catalogue. I think she was Lithuanian or Estonian or Letonian, I don't remember, one of those Baltic Republics that appeared after the demise of the glorious Soviet Union, you know. The truth is that what mattered to me was not her ethnic origin so much as her fantastic bodywork. To be honest, I think I wanted some female company too.

As soon as my lovely parcel arrived, I threw her down onto the Altar, chained her wrists and ankles and placed the ring between her teeth. I used a welder's torch to chain her—it'll be there until the cows come home as far as I'm concerned, it suits her—and I left her limbs quite loose so that she could move around and put on a good show. The ring was just something to keep my false dick amused, all 35 centimetres of it, decorating my once dickless crotch...

First of all, and in accordance with the instructions that came with the bill, I stuck the syringe into her clitoris—what better place?—and injected three overdoses of aphrodisiac.

I then introduced myself to her with a courteous greeting.

—Good afternoon, Miss. My name is Federico Bustamante López, castrated cripple, at your service, to rape you and frustrate you, both at the same time...

I don't know if she understood, but then I showed her the tools of the trade and I think she began to understand.

The first thing I did was to get some sticky bandage to hold the vibrator in place, well in and tight against the clitoris. It was a silly thing to do because she came before I could stop her. I punished her by putting the false dick down her throat. How? Simple, but ingenious. I pulled her by the hair to the end of the

Altar, and left her lying on her tits with her head pulled back so that I got a good aim at the mouth. Then I ran at her with the electric wheel chair... It was a good penetration because the mouth, throat and stomach were all in a straight line. Being a mechanised cripple has its advantages, apart from the government subsidy for new tyres...

But three doses of aphrodisiac are a lot of doses, so I carried on. I got down between her legs with the vibrator in my hand and I worked her cunt up into a nice froth. It was good fun and it released a lot of my tension. In and out, in and out, more vibrations, less vibrations, more clitoris, less clitoris, slurp, slurp...

I had her on the verge of an orgasm for two hours without letting her go...

By the time I got fed up—my wrist was hurting—I had become a virtuoso exciter of women (or at least Letonian women).

It was a great pleasure to see her twist and turn in her chains, trying to get her legs together to finish what the aphrodisiac and your humble servant had started.

But there was something missing: an up-the-arse job. I chose the same dick piece and this time dipped it generously into spicy Tobasco sauce, five-star. Similar routine. I moved her down the Altar by pulling her hips and then arranged her so that her fanny was pressing onto the corner of the Altar and her arse was well up in the air, facing me. I put my foot down and... straight in!

She didn't seem to like it at first, but after an hour of me working her back passage, she caught me by surprise and had another, huge orgasm. She couldn't help it. She was supposed to be getting frustrated, but she couldn't stop coming!

Now all this coming was a problem. However, your humble servant is a man of resources and he got his material out: two clamps on the nipples and two of my pistons (as I call them), one in the cunt and the other in the arse...

The Letonian is much more obedient now. I think she's worked out what's good for her. She's still chained to the Altar but she never comes, although I've seen her struggling hard not to at times. She gets hotter and hotter until she's at boiling point, she starts with a slow swaying kind of movement, like in slow motion and she ends up trembling all over wanting to get her legs together, but she daren't.

Our shared life is much as I had imagined it. We don't speak—she doesn't understand me anyway—, she's still got the chains on, but she's learnt what I expect from her... Show Business!!!

The show has to go on, they say.

And on and on, so long as she can't close her legs... Every day I spend fourteen or fifteen hours working

*I think she was beginning
to understand...*



DE HARO'99

on her: there's a lot of work feeding her, injecting aphrodisiacs in the clitoris or in the nipples, cleaning her inside and out, combing her, manicuring her nails, shaving her parts and the heating her up until the

chains nearly melt. It's a bit like looking after a little dog, or a doll, or maybe I should say a domestic boiler.

See you later! I've got a lot of work to do! ■

big game hunting

Caligula found her first and it's only fair if her goes in her first. I think she's called Sabine, but I'm not sure. What I know is that she's a difficult, untamed wild animal — a lioness, shall we say— with an extraordinary body. Oh yes, she's in great shape physically. There's a lot of play in her. I can play with her in bed, or in the woods...

I tracked her down like the others on the university campus. I go by there with the van, wearing my favourite disguise: harmless old man, wouldn't hurt a fly, more worried about peeing down my trousers than raping women.

—I'm going past the station. Would you like a lift? Get in!

I had trouble finishing the phrase because I'd seen her tits. My prey, as I call them all, had bent down by the front window and I was lucky. I got a glimpse of the two nipples! The left and the right!

By the time she realised we weren't going to the station, it was too late. The seat belt was locked and in a flash that splendid body was writhing around in the seat.

The cabin was a long way away and I had to put up with her shouting, her threats and her insults for six hours. And after the sixth hour, came the sobbing and begging.

The prey spent the night on tiptoe hanging by a rope in the centre of the cabin. For aesthetic reasons, I also tied her elbows behind her back with wire.

In the morning, after breakfast (which we had together) I stripped her clothes off and explained the situation to her.

—I'm a selective hunter. I only hunt females. Now this is the plan. In an hour's time I'll let you go, naked, and an hour later I'll come after you. If you manage to escape and you report me, that's the end of me. On the other hand, if I hunt you down and if you survive the hunt, I'll bring you back here and use you any way I like until I get fed up with you. And when that happens—I licked my lips again, looking at her tits—I'll cut your tits off, put them on the grill and we'll all three sit down for a supper of barbecued boobs.

The prey got rather nervous.

I brought Caligula, my dogo puppy, (one of my little jokes — he weighs 80 kilos). He's a real mean guy, hung like a donkey and horny as hell!

—Come on, doggy, have a good sniff!

Caligula got his tongue out and licked the cunt and the arse of my latest prey.

Then I cut the rope that was around her neck... And the poor thing ran off barefoot and with her elbows tied with wire. She seemed to be in a hurry!

She ran like a madwoman into the wood, stumbling through the bushes, tripping over branches, and finally disappeared.

Ten minutes later—it would have been cruel to make the poor dog wait for a whole hour— I set off after her with the lasso, the bridle, the gag, the electric cattle prod and Caligula drooling on the end of his chain.

When I came to the edge of the wood I let him go, lit a cigarette and five minutes later I set off to where the screaming was coming from. Easy.

I'll never understand how she managed to climb up a that tree with her elbows tied behind her back!

I took her on a rope back to the cabin, with the help of a bit of prodding and thumping. When we went past the well I made her look down it and I showed her the complete collection: bags, shoes, bits of clothing, hair of all different colours, skulls, and bones with half-rotten meat still on them... not to mention the squealing rats, maggots, beetles and blue-arsed flies.

I had to give her a couple of electric prods before she would start moving again. She seemed very impressed. I told her it was only a joke. But some people can't take a joke.

Back in the cabin, I made her go down on her knees and put her tits on a wooden box, then I tied her ankles to keep them apart and I engaged her in polite conversation while Caligula mounted her like a bitch. He went up her vagina, which makes a change!

—You're the fifth Big Game Animal he's caught alive. One of them only lasted a day. Another one, the last one, was here for two months.

She was very affectionate, very generous. You understand me? Especially with Caligula.

All this time the guy was pumping away from the back like a steam engine and dribbling all over her face with his great big tongue. He does work up a good saliva when he gets going!

—As for me —I said—, I'm easy to please. You only have to masturbate while I hit your tits with a hose full of sand and then if you eat my shit with a big spoon and a smile, I'm happy!

Just at that moment, Caligula howled and shot his load.

—First served, first come —I said.

And I offered my new prey a few words of comfort:

—Remember, my dear, while there's life there's

hope.

It was nice of me, I thought, a touch of class, really.

Class always shows in the end. Logical, in my case, after so many years in a school run by priests. ■



...I'm eassier to please...

juicy rabbits in a cage

One of the fantasies that's given me my best hand-jobs is that I have a girl in a cage. That's what I said, a girl in a cage. A good body not more than twenty years old, stark naked and in a cage just like a bird but with no feathers.

At the moment I'm a very happy man because I possess not one but two beautiful, young, provocative girls in a barbed wire cage.

You will not be surprised to learn that I spend hours contemplating them. Contemplating them or playing with them with my trident.

They're practically identical: soft shining skin and well-stacked where it counts. Four big ones.

From the day they arrived I've been training them in the inspired traditions of Lesbos. Highly educational for a *voyeur* of my experience and standing.

I call them Slit and Tickle. Just to give them the idea.

—Rub your fanny against Tickle's knee—I ordered Slit—. Until you both come—I added, to make things quite clear.

What a show: the two girls down on their knees, not a stitch of clothing on either of them. They each started with one knee pushing into the other's fanny and then they wriggled upwards until they both had the top of a thigh between their legs. Meatier than just a knee I suppose. And when they reached the top of the thigh their tits started pressing against each other too. Both of them with their elbows tied together and their hair back so I could get a better view. And both of them with their fannies shaved.

Now they've got it off to a fine art: they're rubbing themselves against each other like real professionals and it's not necessary, but I give them a little prod with my trident from time to time just to give it a certain *ambiance*, a little theatrical touch you know. You can't see it, but they've both got tiny little pricks (if you'll pardon the word) from the trident all over their bottoms. The ones on their arms and shoulders are from the cage.

Then Slit starts to come. She can't deceive me because she's one of those who have it running down their legs when they come. And I see it on Tickle's thigh as well. It's fantastic – juice spreading everywhere, I even find it on the floor of the cage

sometimes. Can you imagine?

—Kiss each other on the mouth. You love each other. Remember?

I can't stand any more and I get my dick out and start pulling at it.

—Move those buttocks. I want a show —I say, squeezing a bit harder—. Rub your tits together and groan like lambs with their throats cut... I want to hear some music or there's no supper tonight...

Brilliant! The cage sways around, the bodies move in closer and the tops of the thighs go in between the legs and the girls start pushing against each other faster and faster and the music is getting louder, they're groaning and kissing and there's this slurping noise from their fannies that's driving me crazy, it's all cunts and thighs and juice. I move the wheelchair until the cage—did I tell you about the wheelchair?—and the juice drips onto my face, it's boiling hot. I stick the Trident up, I don't even know where it goes....

There's yelling, there's begging, there's the juice coming down on me...

And I shoot off. Jesus, do I shoot off!

I keep my semen in a big jam pot. I fill it in a good day.

Then I lower the cage.

—And now, we can eat!

They eat from my hand, through the wire. You should see how they eat... They lick my fingers until there's nothing left in the pot.

Then I give them the bananas... And I don't have to say anything to them, they masturbate each other and peel them and swallow them whole without chewing them.

Then I pull the cage back up and Slit and Tickle sing to me like a pair of budgerigars.

And I am a happy man. I go to sleep with that thought. It's remarkable how Slit and Tickle have changed the life of a sad cripple.

They were always the sexiest girls in the district. They never bought a lottery ticket off me, though. They could have, to help the physically handicapped... But that's another story, my life before I caught them and put them in the cage.

Maybe I'll tell you about it one day. ■

stud in chains, or a letter for Maruja

Dear Maruja,

Your letter worried me. You can't carry on like that. You are right, men are all immoral creatures who don't deserve to live. I always think that there's only one thing that a normal, healthy woman needs from a man and you can get that without having to put up with their infidelities, or their macho dominance or their

flattery when it suits them.

What I'm getting at, Maruja, is that getting your hands on a prick is the easiest thing in the world, especially for weak, defenceless women like you and me!

A look... a smile... you ask him for a cigarette, he buys you a drink and you say 'No, not here. Better at



...rub your tits and your pussies, sluts. And groan. I want a show...

my place'. and you save the taxi fare because he takes you in his car. And when you get home you say, "Wait a minute, superman, I'm going to the bathroom". You leave him nursing a hard-on on the sofa, with a drink in his hand, and the little sachet dissolved in it.

You come back and the lucky would-be lover is snoring away in the living-room of your own house.

Very convenient.

And that's it. The lucky guy wakes up in chains and he's at your mercy. Last night's Big Shot is today's Big Shitter. Probably he really would shit himself but he can't because you've stick a vibrator up his arse.

And as well as the vibrator you put a Dick Restrainer on him. It's a practical little invention —invented by

a woman I suppose— a small flexible hood, lined with sandpaper.

And that's about it, Maruja, you can play with him to your heart's content. Life is short, make the most of it.

—Thank God you're awake, you gorgeous hunk! I was beginning to feel lonely!

What I do then is press myself up against them. They never resist my charms. They get a hard-on as soon as you rub yourself up against them and treat them like dickheads with a dick.

—Did mummy's little boy want to fuck mummy? Did he?

A sharp tug upwards on the sore dick brings tears to the eyes of any Adonis in chains. And I carry on talking to him, holding on to him and teasing him.

—Did you want to throw me onto the bed, dear? Did you want to get on top and crush your mummy? Open my legs with your knee and then plunge your prick into my cunt? Is that what the macho wanted? A fuck and away, leaving me all alone and sad and with my parts full of milk to remember you by? A little souvenir? No, superboy, that's not how it's going to be. You are going to stay with me from now on and you'll fuck when your new mummy wants. And there's a small detail. You're not going to shoot your load because if you do I'll cut your bollocks off.

A good knee-bollocking, Maruja, goes down very well at this point. From then on, he's in your hands, as they say. You decide when and for how long your young man will have the flag flying...

Now to make it clear who decides when the flag flies, you kiss his little tits, you go down on your knees between his chained legs, you lick his balls, you lick the base of his penis and his Dick Restrainer and you look into his eyes like a real hooker and before you know it you're holding a hard-on again, as good as before the knee went in.

Just remember you are the one who decides things, and you have to show him this.

A good hammer blow on a toe, breaking a few bones, is enough for the stud's superdick to return to a more dignified state.

And you then you get down on your knees again with your best eyes-open-wide-here-I-am whore's look. And then you do it again, until you've finished with all his toes... He's practically trained then and if he limps he's much easier to manage.

At this point you have to be careful —a macho is always a macho— you throw him on the bed, you chain him down and take the harness off. It never fails: you'll find you've got a hard, erect, member that's bright red and sore from the sandpaper.

From then on, you're on your own. It's a question of taste. Personally, I usually take my time with his

dick. After punishment, a good dick has an aftertaste of condensed milk with a touch of salt.

Then you can sit on top of him, and ride him a bit. You can even get a good grip on his prick and move it around. Don't grab it too near the bottom, though, or he might come.

Before you start, it's elegant and ethical to warn him:

—If you come I'll cut your bollocks off, you fucking dickhead.

It's also a good idea to strangle his balls with a bit of fishing line. It's a hundred per cent effective because the pain cuts the ejaculation off and at the same time the fishing line stops the rest of the tackle from going soft on you.

Maruja, if your slave shoots his load, he'll lose all respect for you and you'll lose a source of great fun. If you don't let a macho shoot off you turn him into a psychopath who can't think of anything else and that's where the fun is. He'll eat from your hand, he'll eat from your cunt, he'll eat from inside your arse.. he'll eat any part of you at the slightest gesture from you, the slightest touch. He'll always think he's about to explode and shoot that semen out.

And when you leave him for a few hours, it's the same thing... He'll only think about the moment you come back, he'll think how you always provoke him and torture him and you never let him finish and he'll think of the day you finally let him finish. Which is never.

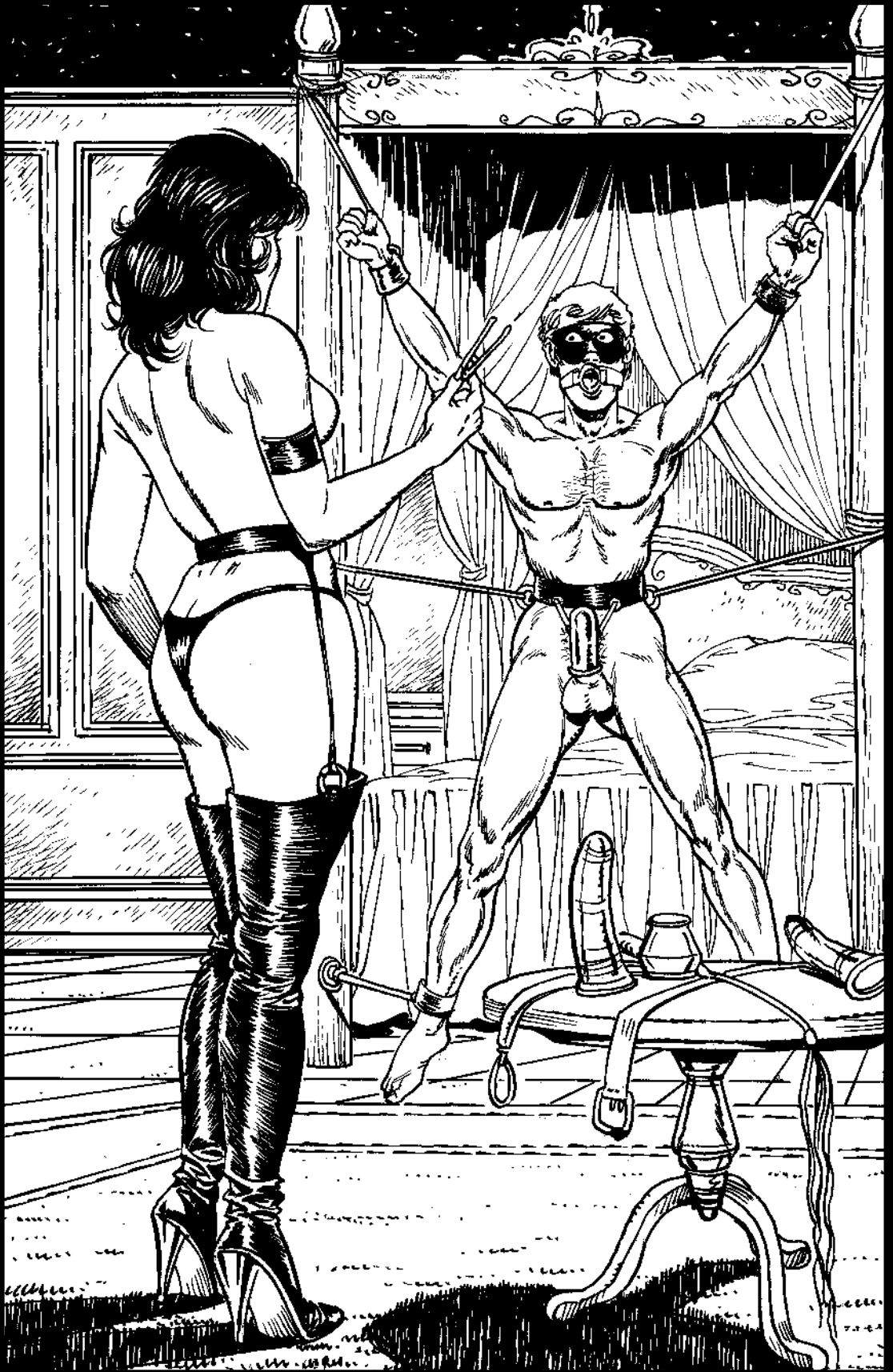
As I am writing this, Maruja, my Italian boyfriend Paola, as I call him, is lying down with his face squashed against my buttocks and his jaw held in a forceps – I wouldn't want him to bite me. He's got his tongue stuck up my arse. I can feel it right up by the navel. (There are ways of making tongues longer, but I'll tell you about that some other time).

And in front of me, Maruja, as I write this letter, I have a prize-winning Superdick, hard as nails and about to explode into a thousand pieces like his toes. The hole in the end is gasping to let it all out. Believe me, that hole is gagging at the bit. I'm wiping off a little watery drop now that's just oozed out. He always has a watery dribble when I put these boots on and show him my tits. When's he's had a good look at me I'm going to stretch him out on the bed and sit on him and he's going to give me some tongue. He hates that because he knows I'm going to come as many times as I fancy and he isn't.

I like his balls. I like the silky skin on the bottom of them. Sometimes I wonder what the milk rushing round inside tastes like.

I wonder how long I'll be able to stand it without finding out...

Lots of love, Violet ffolkes-Smythe ■



...from now on you'll fuck when your mummy wants...

Exemplary punishment

The slave

Oh God, what have I done to deserve this?
Did I die and is this Hell?
I don't know who he is. I can't see him through the mask I've been wearing since the day I woke up here.
I can only hear him...
I hear his horrible shouting, his grunts, I hear the obscenities he says to me.

He told me yesterday that I've been pulling the mill for two months and three days. Two months and three days on my feet, with the lever under my shoulders.

That's how I live, day and night.

That's how I sleep, or rather faint, when I can't take any more.

That's how I eat and drink.

This is where I go to the toilet and where he whips me and rapes me.

And always with the sinister *craaack* four times every circuit ringing in my ears, ringing round the walls of this hell.

This is my world: solitude, darkness and exhaustion...

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

Nothing exists apart from the interminable circle and the sadist who tortures me and rapes me.

I have to make an effort, I always have to do it...

—A hundred and forty circles—he orders me when he leaves... And I have no idea how much time has passed or when he'll be back! What I know from experience is that if I don't pull with all my strength, I won't manage it... and every circle I fail to do means a blow with a riding crop on my breasts!

Monstrous, unbearable...

SSSSSSSSSLAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHH!!

On my breasts with the riding crop...

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

And last time it was worse. He raped me like always, holding my thighs apart and sticking it up my arse from behind, then he put the two vibrators in, one in front and one behind and then he tightened this rope that's ulcerating my waist and rubbing me between the buttocks and cracking the lips of my vagina... It's torture to wear it, it's agony to walk with it, and going round the punishment wheel is hell on earth.

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

I'll die like this... blindfolded... tied up..

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

Every time I think about it, I burst into tears.

I'd kill myself, I really would, but how?

What's the point of living like this?

Alone, blindfolded, tortured by the useless, exhausting movements, by a cruel, merciless whip, by continual obscene rapes...

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

Why is he doing this to me?

What does he get out of it?

Who is he?

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

God! Tell me why!

Why don't you take pity on me and finish me off?

...craaack... craaack... craaack... craaack...

The executioner's tale

I can still see her sitting at the check-out in the supermarket with her white coat open and her skirt up to show her thighs. One day I saw her knickers with a little bit of curly hair coming out the side...

She was always angry, unpleasant, superior, swinging her long hair from side to side and giving all the men the eye except me. She used to take my money as if I wasn't there. She took my money as if she was doing me a favour, she just chewed gum, she didn't look at me or talk to me...

Until one day I got pissed off with it and I decided on her punishment... The Checkout Princess would spend the rest of her days blindfold (she never looked at me anyway, did she?), pulling the mill wheel round. She'd be stripped off, stark naked. Her tits would be in the air for me to see, waiting for my riding crop.

SSSSSSSSSLAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHH!!

On the breasts! Her curly hair would be shaved off so I could see her cunt properly and her bare arse would be going round and round day and night waiting to be punished.

That would put paid to her unpleasant ways, her snobbish superior manners, her indifference to me, her unhealthy provocation with the skirt and the hair coming out the side of her knickers like that...

—Faster, you slut!!

¡SSSSSSSSSLAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHH!!

On the kidneys and all over the arse, up and down, cutting the skin, marking the flesh...

I don't know how she keeps going...

She's a shadow of what she used to be... thin, greasy dirty hair, covered in sweat and her thighs are filthy with my sperm and her own body fluids...

She seems a bit down in the mouth today and I'm not surprised, eight hours round and round with two vibrators up there, one in the arse and the other in the cunt!

—Open your mouth or I'll knock your teeth in!

I take out the tube, spit on my dick and put it in her mouth. She didn't speak at the checkout, did she? Now she's got a reason not to speak...

—Giddyup, you whore! Giddyup! Move those thighs!

Pity I won't be able to return her to the checkout of the supermarket when she's learnt her lesson.

Pity I won't be able to carry on admiring her thighs...■



*Giddyup you whore! ...
Move those thighs!!*

INFIERNO

2 DE MARÇO 99

ISABEL SPENDS TWO MORE DAYS AND NIGHTS TIED UP IN THE DARK DUNGEON. SHE IS TOO TERRIFIED TO EAT OR DRINK... SHE KNOWS THAT AT ANY MOMENT THE GOVERNOR WILL COME TO PAY HER A VISIT...

DIALOGUES: D'O FANTASY
EPISODE THREE

...ISABEL IS STILL DRESSED AS THE SADISTIC RAPIST LEFT HER: DRESSED UP IN WHORE'S CLOTHES. HER MOUTH AND THROAT ARE STILL IMPREGNATED WITH SEMEN. SHE IS STILL WONDERING HOW SUCH HELL ON EARTH IS POSSIBLE...



NO, PLEASE...
NOT AGAIN!



LIFT YOUR ARSE
LIKE A GOAT AND
GET A GOOD
SOAKING!!!



YOU WILL OBEY,
SLAVE. I KNOW HOW
TO TREAT SLUTS
LIKE YOU!

OOOH!
OOOHHH!
OOHH!

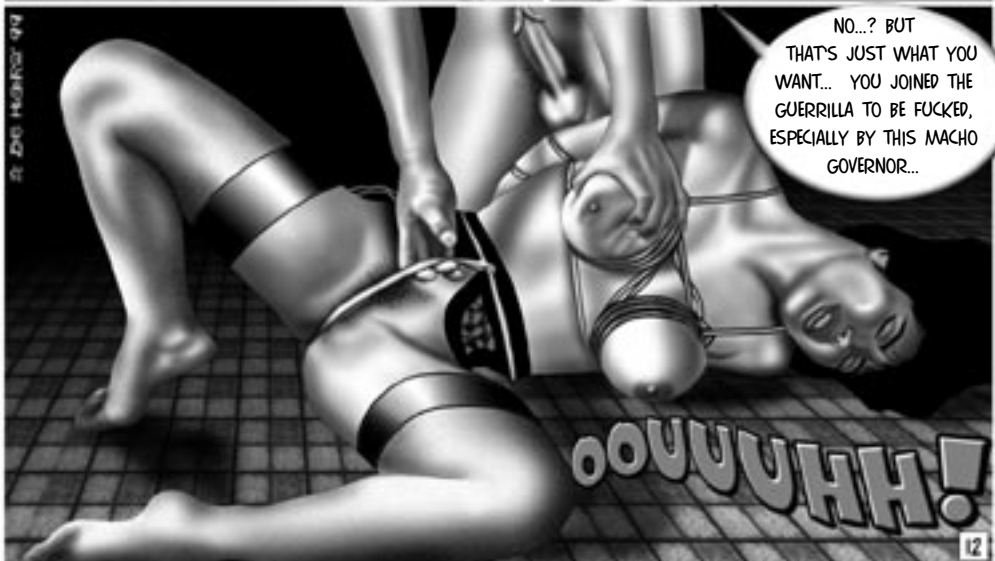


YOU ALL LIKE HARD,
VIOLENT SEX, EH, GUERRILLA?...
YOU LIKE THE ROUGH STUFF, EH?
ANSWER ME!



ADMIT THAT IT
GETS YOU GOING WHEN
I ROUGH YOU UP! YOU
LIKE IT... YOU'RE CRAZY
FOR MY PRICK!

NO, PLEASE, LEAVE
ME ALONE... DON'T
HURT ME! I DON'T
WANT TO...



NO...? BUT
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU
WANT... YOU JOINED THE
GUERRILLA TO BE FUCKED,
ESPECIALLY BY THIS MACHO
GOVERNOR...

OOOHHH!

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PAIN GAVE WAY TO HUMILIATION AND NAUSEA. THE PENETRATING SMELL OF LUST AND DIRTY SEX MADE HER ILL...



...GRADUALLY, DISGUST GAVE WAY TO HATRED. ISABEL HATED LIFE, HATED THE SADIST WHO TIED HER UP AND SADISTICALLY RAPED HER...



...SHE ALSO HATED HER OWN BODY. IT BETRAYED HER ... HOW COULD SHE FEEL THAT WAY? SHE HAD TO CONTROL HERSELF SOMEHOW...

STOP!... NO... NO... NO... AAAGHHHHH...
NOOOO...

...OR THAT PIG WOULD NOTICE IT. HE WAS MAKING HER DEGRADE HERSELF, HUMILIATE HERSELF...



SEE WHAT I MEAN, SLAVE?

STOP... I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE...



YOU SEE
HOW I KNOW HOW TO
HANDLE SLUTS LIKE YOU?
YOU'RE DRIPPING
LIKE A MOP.

NO...
IT'S NOT TRUE...
IT MAKES ME SICK...
I DON'T WANT...
AAGHHH!



I'M GONNA FUCK
YOU SLAVE... AND YOU'LL
COME LIKE THE FILTHY
SLUT YOU'RE

**NOOO...
NOOOOO...
PLEASE!
NOOO...!!!**



**TAKE
THIS
DICK!!!**

GOD...
I CAN'T STAND IT...
I WANT TO DIE...



...IT'S FILLING ME
IT'S BURNING ME...
IT MAKES ME SICK...
IT'S DISGUSTING...
I WANT TO DIE...
NOW!

YOU'RE JUICY, SLUT.
AS GOOD INSIDE AS OUTSIDE, THE
WAY I LIKE THEM I'LL FUCK YOU
EVERY DAY, EVERY NIGHT, AT ALL
TIMES... UNTIL YOU BURST...
YOU'RE GOING TO WAIT HERE,
SHUT IN DAY AND NIGHT, UNTIL I
COME TO FUCK YOU...

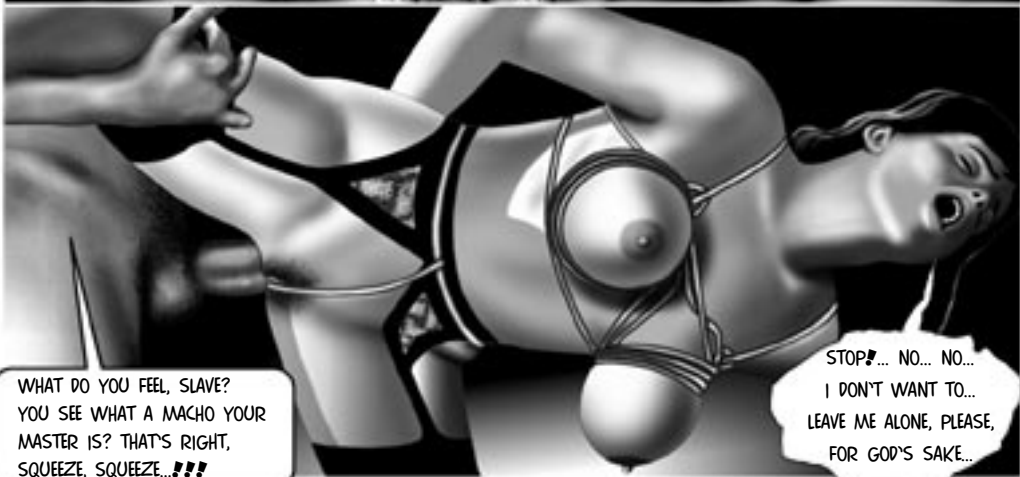


COME ON... SHAKE YOUR ARSE AND
SQUEEZE YOUR CUNT OR YOU'LL BE
SORRY... I WANT VICE, SLAVE, AND
YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IT TO ME...

SO... TIGHTEN UP THAT SLUT'S
PUSSY... YES, YOU'VE GOT THE
DIRTIEST SLUT'S PUSSY I'VE BEEN
UP...



STOP... I'M COMING...
I DON'T WANT TO... NO...
NO... NO... **NOOO!!**...



WHAT DO YOU FEEL, SLAVE?
YOU SEE WHAT A MACHO YOUR
MASTER IS? THAT'S RIGHT,
SQUEEZE, SQUEEZE...!!!

STOP!... NO... NO...
I DON'T WANT TO...
LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE,
FOR GOD'S SAKE...

I'M COMING... I'M... I'M...
I'M GOING TO WET YOU,
I'M GOING TO DROWN YOU...
NOOOOOOOOOOW!!!!

OOOOOH!!

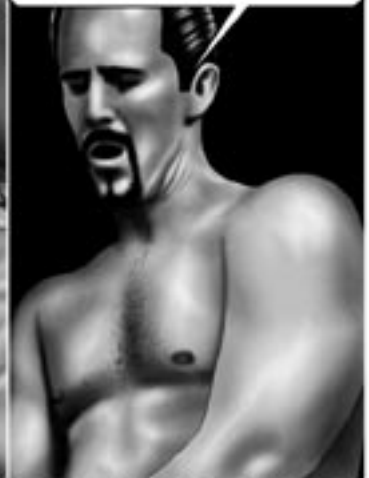


OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE AND
SWALLOW, SLAVE. SWALLOW
THE FIRST SEMEN FROM YOUR
MASTER. DO YOU LIKE IT?



THAT'S RIGHT.
LICK. LICK AND
CLEAN YOUR
MASTER'S FLESH.

YOU'RE SHIT USELESS AT FUCKING, BUT
I'LL TRAIN YOU... AND I SWEAR YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO LIKE IT... BUT A SLAVE...



...HAS MANY USES.

OK, WHORE, MOUTH WIDE
OPEN NOW, AND YOUR EYES.
LET ME WASH YOUR FACE.

I WANT TO DIE...
I WANT TO DIE...
I WANT TO DIE...
**I WANT
TO DIE!!**



ISABEL TURNS HER HEAD AWAY,
FEELING SICK. WHAT PLANS
DOES HE HAVE FOR HER?

TO BE CONTINUED...

slave galley

Ninfa was a very special galley. A leisure galley with a crew composed of a dozen splendid, beautiful young women. Women captured by the victorious hosts of the Great Pharaoh.

A dark-haired Iberian...

I can't take any more. It's unbearable, it's cruel, it's inhuman!

A week chained to the bench rowing from dawn to sunset!

Upstairs, on deck, the Masters are celebrating one of their endless bacchanalia while we're down here rowing to our last breath.

That pig Atenok makes sure we row all the time... I daren't look him in the eye. Nobody does. Out of the corner of my eyes I can see his bare feet going up and down the passageway. His legs and his whip... and his disgusting stud's member.

We are his sluts. He decides who rows and how long she rows. He decides who rests, who eats, who drinks and who dies. Yes, Atenok decides which of us is useful and will stay alive and who won't.

He also decides which of us he will use to empty his great ox's testicles and calm his sadistic instincts for one night.

We are his whores and oars, his amusement, his little toys.

CRRRRRRRRRAACCCCKKKKKKKK!

—AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

God! It was Flavia, the young Roman girl who rows next to me... Pigs! I can hear them laughing up there. They've got women in with them too. They make me sick.

Atenok stops in front of us. Is he going to give me a lash too?

I row harder, I row with all my strength. The sweat runs down my body and onto the floor between my legs. We row naked but the heat down here is awful. And the smell.

Atenok's whip rubs past my shoulder...

I start shaking...

God! What's he going to do to me now?

Master of the Slave Galley

It smells of sweat and sex and female slaves down here. It's animal, it's goat, it's fox, it's tiger. It comes from these twelve enemy prisoners turned into galley slaves and all at the mercy of my prick. Twelve high-class females I can rape whenever I fancy. And I make them row until they die of exhaustion or from my little punishments. Twelve beauties who had to watch yesterday while I took the skin off one of their companions with my whip until she died.

No one dared to protest, not even to look me in the eyes. They all bore it in silence and when I finished I

made them all thank me in the name of the slack body hung up by the wrists.

Shit, just thinking about it makes me horny! And we don't reach port until the night. Shit!

Let's see... Which one am I going to stick on my dick today? It's a difficult decision, that's the truth. Maybe I'll take the two Libyan sisters and have them fuck each other... Or this one, the Roman Flavia, a real noble patrician. A pity for her that her galley ran aground on the coast of Alexandria! Now she has to lick my arse like a street-mongrel. How are the mighty fallen! How low do their tongues go? And how brown do they come out?

—Row, you Roman shit!

CRRRRRRRRRAACCCCKKKKKKKK!

—AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Upstairs they like to hear a bit of shouting sometimes.

OK. I've decided. I'll take the Iberian girl. She's young and shiny... sweaty all over, and sticky down below. I think it's panic that makes her sticky like that.

She's a brunette, soft brown skin, browner than the others. She's got small, delicate feet, the kind used to wearing sandals. Yes, I'll have the brown Iberian. When we get into port I'll take her chains off and take her to the forward room and make get down on her knees and suck my dick while I have supper. It's bad for the digestion but it's good for the dick. For sweet I'll make her fill her cunt with fruit and then I'll stretch her out on the table with her legs and arms tied to the table legs.

A dish fit for the Gods themselves you will agree!

Then I'll hang her by her beautiful long locks, on tiptoe, and I'll whip her legs. I like watching my slaves dance before they serve me. It helps them get rid of their complexes and it gets their juices flowing. When I have had enough of listening to her shouting I'll sit her on my lap and stick her on my dick and then I'll make her kiss me on the mouth and ride me until I empty into her. When I finish, I'll chain her to the feet of the bunk bed with the handle of my whip up her arse, in case I wake up horny in the night and need somewhere to put it. In the morning she'll row on the favourite's bench, the one with the 30-centimetre wooden phallus sticking up out of it...

The little Iberian is shaking from head to foot because she knows what's coming tonight... She doesn't like me messing around with her.

None of them do.

I wonder why? ■



...I'll make her kiss me on the mouth and ride me until I empty into her...

pig's tart

A big mistake. Our cousin the gringa made a big mistake. We've only got two rich relatives in this family and one dies and leaves it all to the other! That's how the rich look after each other. And she came to claim her inheritance. She'd never even been to the country before!

What barefaced insolence!

And what a bit of luck for us, her grandfathers, uncles, cousins once or twice removed, nephews, etc. Fortunately, we're a united family and we soon got a plan worked out. When she arrived we stood her in the middle of a big circle and pushed her from one to another, roughed her up a bit and pulled the clothes off her. In the end she was only wearing knickers. (The slut never had a bra on).

I took the knickers off her myself. I got her by the waist and made a snatch at her cunt. All in the same action, I snapped my hand shut and ripped off her knickers, plus a few hairs and a tampax too.

Our dear little cousin screamed like a broody hen and scratched and kicked and spat.

But it did her no good because this is horse-breeding country and we've all broken in a few colts in our time...

When we had her stripped off old Zacarias made a formal speech:

Gringa, welcome to our land. You have come a long way and now you're staying here. We need you here. Old Sonsoles is past child-bearing age and your cousins Orosia and Abelarda can't breed with all the men. We need you to have our children.

Uncle Germán, his eldest son, went into more detail:

—We share everything here, gringa. The land, harvest, cattle and cunts. In your case, you're a city girl and you don't know how to do anything, so we'll keep you in the stable until your pregnant. And as all of you know, the more you lie on her the more likely she is to get pregnant.

No sooner said than done...

We chained her neck to one of the horse rings. We went into town and bought something to hold her mouth open and a big false dick to put up her when we felt like a change. City things for a city girl. And day after day, her grandfathers, uncles, cousins once or twice removed, nephews, etc. visited cousin gringa to empty their semen into her cunt, her arse, her pretty little mouth, all over her Top-Model-Straight-Out-of-the-Magazines face, all down her tits and all over her fine, smooth, skin. She didn't need to use Beauty Cream any more. She was dripping with it!

And we carried on coming into her and shooting off all over her until the grandfathers, uncles, cousins once or twice removed, nephews, etc. ran out of spunk or started losing interest.

All except three of us, who earned the nicknames Juan the Donkey, Dick the Prick and yours truly, Arsebreaker. We carry on as usual entertaining the little gringa cousin every night. I think she's learning a lot from us!

Last week she surprised us all. Dick the Prick used the new vibrator on her. And he got thirty-four orgasms out of her in under an hour! With the help of yours truly, who was up the back passage wearing a specially knobbly rubber. The truth is, it's becoming impossible to satisfy her without using modern methods.

We were a bit worried by this new situation until the village genius, Dick the Prick, found the answer...

We got a big heavy table and lifted the gringa onto it. Then we turned her over and made her go down on all fours, like a dog. We pulled her arms forward and tied them to two table legs. This brought her head down and left her arse nicely up in the air.

—The fat's running out of her again —said Aunt Maria looking into our cousin's cunt. We all looked and it was true! Her pussy was dribbling.

Next we got her arse up higher by packing sacks of straw under her. Some of the straw was sticking and pricking her, so I put a sack under her tits.

Finally we tied her legs to the other two table legs and stood back to admire our work: arse and pussy facing us together, beautifully displayed! I separated the lips because they were sticking out together and I like them to look straight.

Then Aunt Maria came with a bowl of pig fat (from a sow, she said, because females are females and pigs are pigs) and we all took a bit and rubbed the gringa's cunt with it, all around the lips, right up inside. I put my finger in the fat and worked it up her back passage, just for fun.

Then we brought Champion, the best stud pig on all the plain, and let him mount her.

I don't know whether pork sperm is any use to a woman, but I think the gringa enjoyed the ride. Maybe she'll have a fat baby with red eyes and a pink prick.

Now the time has come for Part Two of the plan: she shares the money with us, and we let her go. We haven't told her yet.

The problem is, everybody in the family has to agree. That's the way we do things. And when we have a meeting, we can't agree. There's always one of us feeling so horny he doesn't give a shit for the money. His problem is not money. His problem is, he's nursing a big prick! He's got an aching hard-on! He's got a throbbing dick! What's money to him? ■



...we share everything here, niece...

lesbian training center

Let me be honest now. I'm a fetishist. I'm a leather freak and a lash freak.

On this occasion I'm going to whip Lillian and Laiza when they're both stripped off so that I can leave a few marks on their delicate skin. And this time I won't use a whip, I'll use a flexible steel rod, lined with leather. It's good for long punishment sessions.

I'm doing this because they're new.

—Have you every put your tongues right up inside a cunt? —I ask, circling very slowly round them, gazing at the splendid sight. I love the presentation of their tits, high and firm.

Neither of them answer. They look at me out of the corner of their eyes, terrified, but neither of them dare to speak.

I stroke Lillian's nipple with the end of my rod. It's erect and very pointed at the end.

I slide the rod between Laiza's thighs and move it slowly up and down until I'm sure she is really beginning to feel it.

—What I'm asking, Princess, is have you every had your head down between a woman's thighs?

She shakes her head apprehensively.

I carry on circling, trying to decide where to place the first blow.

They're tied up, back to back, and wearing high heels, so it doesn't really matter which I hit first. They'll both dance.

—I'll start by hitting one of you on the thighs... I don't know which one yet —I said, lifting the rod to Laiza's cheek. I'm beginning to prefer Laiza.

—Keep them high, we don't want them drooping, eh? —I threaten, while I move her breasts around with the rod.

Lillian groans and looks at me, disgusted. She doesn't seem to understand. She doesn't understand that another woman can touch her the way I'm touching her.

I carry on circling round them and I show them the little chain with two crocodile clamps, one on each end.

—Do you know what this is?

They shake their heads, but they don't look very happy.

—They're clamps. They've got teeth and a very hard spring. One pinch of this on your thumb even and you'd see stars —I stop in front of Laiza and pinch her left nipple between my thumb and forefinger—. You can imagine what it's like on your nipples, and it's even worse on here —I say, working her small frightened clitoris out of its case.

—Do you like this, you poor little thing? Do you like being rolled around? —I say to the clitoris, rolling it between my thumb and fingers.

The girl gives a shudder, a bit like an orgasm but I

know it's not. It's fear and disgust.

—Good, good... That's what I like. I like it when my lovers are not into this kind of thing. It makes me juicy!

I put the end of the rod into my vagina and I take it out wet. I show it to Laiza. She looks in horror as I pass it under her nose for her to smell. Then my open hands roll her breasts around, and my fingers move to her hardening nipples.

She lowers her head with shame.

I switch the pulley on and it tightens the rope. I stop it when the tips of their sexy little shoes are hardly touching the floor. Suspended by the wrists and with their ankles tied together, they can't make the slightest movement, however much they want to. To hold them tight together, I put one of my belts around their two waists.

I crouch down in front of Lillian... and I place the first clamp on her clitoris.

She goes crazy. She starts shouting and jumping and shaking like someone with epileptic hysteria. She carries her rope-companion with her.

Then I pass the chain between their legs and I crouch down in front of Laiza... and I pinch the second clamp onto her clitoris.

And it's the same show again, the same shouting, the same shaking, the same sharp pain...

—Now I'll take your belt off... and I recommend you to relax. You're tiny little projections are chained to each other and if you pull too hard, the clamps will tear them off.

When I think they've had enough, I take the belt off. They stay like that, on tiptoe, bodies touching. They are tense now, expectant, motionless... waiting for the rod to fall. They bite their lips.

I lower the pulley until their heels are on ground. Their arses rub nervously against each other.

—And now, my lovely slaves —I use the dreaded word for the first time—, I'm going to start beating you on your tits and on your bottoms and around your cunts. And I advise you not to move, because if you do, the damage will be terrible... When I've finished hitting you, I'll let the rope down and that's when the fun really starts. I'll stand in front of you and you'll both go down on your knees and you'll ask permission to serve me.

—Then one of you will press your face and your tongue between my legs and the other will go round the back between the cheeks of my arse and you'll work on me with your tongues until I come.

—You'll be like cleaning women. Imagine I haven't had a bath for two months and I need a thorough cleaning job. Front and back. Aghh!... Aghh!... AAAGGHHHHHHHH...!!! ■



Princess, have you ever had your head down between a woman's thighs?

top-security prison. women's sector

It's simple. This is a reformatory for guerrillas, or if you prefer the word, for terrorists. So let's not put too fine a point upon it. The fucking bastards that are shut up in here are a danger to our masters in this country, so either they change their life-style—they don't have to change their convictions—or they are going down the big hole for subverting law and order.

And as, generally speaking, the material that we get here is pretty stubborn at the beginning, the methods we use are drastic. There's a lot of work and we can't waste time with psychological niceties.

Today is my lucky day... a foreigner came in with this morning's lot, German I think. My patriotic flag pole went up as soon as I saw her standing in line with the others. We had the usual draw and I was lucky, I got her.

Right now I'm on my way to say hello to her and explain a few things—and do a few things to her as well—. The real problem is that these revolutionary bitches are all jumpy because they haven't been fucked properly, and here in Mosquito Badlands we know how to calm them down.

First, a boot on the cell door...

Here she is, chained by the neck and the wrists. Scared stiff! (Or am I the stiff one?)

Foreigners shit themselves more than the others.

What the fuck did she do to end up here? I don't know and I don't care... The only thing that interests me is she's got big tits and is still dressed.

WWWHHHHHIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHH!!

CCCCRRRRAAAAAACCCCKK!!

A subversive element like this one always takes her clothes off quickly enough if she feels a whip on her back.

—Slut! Whore! We're going to teach you a thing or two here!

WWWHHHHHIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHH!!

CCCCRRRRAAAAAACCCCKK!!

There's nothing like experience. Two cracks are enough to tear the dress from top to bottom... and there's a surprise for me: the bitch isn't wearing a bra!

I go up closer... but she moves away from me by going round the post. She's chained by the neck, but she can still go round the post.

I have to stop her and I know a way...

I throw a whiplash halfway up, parallel to the ground...

WWWHHHHHIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHH!!

CCCCRRRRAAAAAACCCCKK!!

The lash goes round her waist and the post, and traps her against it.

I go nearer again...

—Hhhmmmmmmmm...!!! —I sniff in, deeply.

Women smell better when they're frightened...

I crush her against the post. I pull her hair. I kiss her

on the mouth. I bite her lips until they bleed...

Then I drop my hand and I pull her knickers off.

She groans with pain as I'm kissing her.

I step back and smell the knickers. Nice. I lick them...

She looks at me disgusted.

I'm enjoying this so I take my time and jerk off into them. Then I rub them in her face.

I squeeze her right nipple hard and her mouth opens...

—That's right. Open your mouth, you subversive element, open your fucking mouth!

She opens her mouth and is sick. Very dirty of her.

I put my knee in her cunt... and she opens her mouth again.

And in go the fishy knickers. She doesn't move... she doesn't put up any resistance.

I tie the knickers in with a string from my military boots. A couple of turns around under her hair until it won't go any tighter, until it's digging into the corners of her lips.

I pull her hair back and put my face a few centimetres in front of hers.

I get excited when I see her expression with her mouth open

I look down and look at her breasts. They're big. They're not so firm because she's a big girl, but they're nice and wobbly. They'll fill a man's mouth.

I put three fingers up her cunt. I scratch her a bit, I pinch her a bit, I twist my fingers around...

Her head sways...

I bite into her ear. If she moves I'll rip her ear off, I swear.

I take out my fingers and shove them up her arse, and put my thumb into her cunt...

And I then I close my hand and squeeze her arse and her cunt together. I have to hold her hair down so that she doesn't take off...

The I bite her neck, her cheek, her bare shoulder. And all this time I'm holding her arse and cunt.

I check my tooth marks. We all do that to them. All these subversive sluts walk around the reformatory with the marks of their tutor's teeth all over their bodies.

I step back and she falls to her knees. The chain round her neck stops her from falling any more.

I slap her a couple of times on the breasts with my cane.

—Tomorrow we'll carry on from where we left off, my little subversive. I'm going to make sure you lose your taste for this revolution business.

I leave her like that. I don't know if she understands me. It doesn't matter. The doctrine here is very simple: a woman here was born to be used, not to wander around spreading the revolution. And if you want to teach a woman her role in life, it's not necessary for



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THE NEWLY-ARRIVED GERMAN AND MARINA IN HER CELL

her to understand you...

I slam the door and leave the subversive blonde in the dark, crying in her chains, her mouth swollen, her tits smarting, her cunt and her arse very sore and her back cut. Tomorrow I'm going to rape her.

Yes, tomorrow, not today, because tonight I'm celebrating with Amanda. It's the end of her first month today and she's upstairs waiting for me in my bedroom.

But it's early yet and on my way I stop in front of Marina's cell. Marina has only been here in Mosquito Badlands for three days and she hasn't got used to it yet...

She's naked and she sleeps on the floor chained by the neck, like all of them. She sleeps with her arms tied behind her back, in the big leather arm restrainer that gets me going. Her thighs are still dirty on the inside with my semen...

I observe her... She's a nice, well-built girl. I always wonder why such classy girls end up in trouble.

Good, good, I see she's finally used the bucket.

I hit the bars of her cell with a piece of iron to wake her. The noise is terrible. Marina wakes up with a jump. She doesn't know where she is.

She looks around and sees me.

Now she knows where she is.

—What's that? There's still shit in the food trough?

Yes, you read that right. What these girls eat here is worse than shit.

She looks at me with those cat's eyes - the eyes of a cat that's just lost a fight. She's thinking about what I did to her last night.

I open the door...

She tries to get up. I give her a kick in the breasts and another in the stomach.

—I'll teach you, you fucking subversive, not to eat what the State has generously given you...

I get hold of her by the hair and I stick her face in the bucket; the same bucket as she has just used.

I hold her down there for some time. Shit in shit!

I let her go and I have a look at her... she's beautiful with her face covered in shit, urine and blood.

I leave. I would stay but Amanda is waiting for me.

Amanda is waiting for me but I can't resist stopping in front of Sonia's cell.

I'm training her to empty my dick with her throat and her tits. She's great with her tits. One of the best.

Sonia looks at me desperately, she's pressed against the bars and crouching down. She can't move... only up and down a bit to practise with the rod. She's got a rod held up inside by a harness. The rod's the size of a dick. And it vibrates.

And she can't move because she's fixed to the bars by a rope round her legs and by a clamp on both nipples.

They hurt.

—Show me what you've learnt.

Sonia looks at me with big brown eyes and she starts moving up and down, up and down, as much as she can with her legs tied.

Sexy, that's the only word for it! A big pair of tits, shining with sweat, tears and dribble, wobbling as she tries to masturbate. And her eyes are full of tears, they're begging me to take off the nipple clamp, to take out the vibrating rod, to untie her legs...

Begging me to kill her and put an end to all the torture.

But my eyes fix on the little mouth of hers, forced open by a training muzzle, one of those that let you shoot your load with no risk of being bitten.

A mouth open like that is an invitation. But what about Amanda and our celebration?

What the hell! I'm macho enough for both of them.

I take the subversive Sonia Martínez by the hair and I stick it down her throat. And I fuck her face until I break her nose. But I don't come into her stomach. I take it out at the last moment and I squirt it all over her face. Into those big, begging, brown eyes. I leave her with the nipple clamp on, the vibrator inside her, and a very sticky face.

And off I go to my sweet little Amanda...

Here she is... Fantastic! Waiting for me on the bed with no knickers on and dressed like a hooker. And wearing a few chains too. Chains on her neck, on her wrists and on her ankles. Little Amanda wears one of those old-fashioned balls chained to her right ankle, one of those balls in black and white films. It's because she gets frightened very easily, and would run off every time she saw me...

But not tonight. Tonight she'll stay with me and she'll do things to me... I won't rape her tonight, she'll rape herself. And in the morning...well, in the morning I'll think about it. Little Amanda has been here for a month and it's a long time. If I consider that she is re-educated I'll give the OK for them to sell her to some miners' brothel. The same miners she always defended with her communist antics.

On the other hand, if little Amanda shows no sign of contrition and still hasn't learnt what a woman's role should be in this wonderful society that has given her everything, I shall have no option but to hang her up naked by the ankles in the courtyard so that all the other girls can see her... until the sun and the vultures have done their work and only the chains are left. ■



SONIA LEARNING AND AMANDA WAITING FOR ME

spoils of war

She has a prominent arse, prominent and perky. If I were a poet I'd say her buttocks were more like a pair of big apples than plump water melons.

WHHHHHHHHHHHH! SSSLLLLAAAPPPP!

I love these birch twigs. They're knobbly and they sting.

And I love this little slut. She's younger than the other one and she's a bit shy... I'm teaching them how to fuck properly and the younger one's a bit behind in her lessons...

The technique I use is known to psychologists as 'involuntary conditioned reflex'. It's known to me as dominating, training, taming... What's in a name?

The point is that by the time I've finished with them they'll obey and come at my beck and call like well-trained dogs.

Their mistress, the well-known North American sadist Mrs Albright, was quite clear on this point:

—I want four things from you: the girls must live in a permanent state of terror, they must only think about sex, you must turn them into real Lesbians and the thought of a man must make them sick.

So far, I've achieved point one: they're frankly terrified. They know they are slaves, and that helps a lot, and so does my collection of whips and birch twigs.

And point four, hating men, is coming along nicely as a result of my fucking them all the time, sometimes with my dick, and sometimes with sticks, and sometimes with rats, in the front and round the back.

One of my tricks is to inject them a cocktail of hitec hormonal aphrodisiacs!

I'm a bit behind in my schedule with item number three in the list: to turn them into real lesbians. I smell failure here. I was worried on the first day when Mrs Albright rubbed their faces in each others' juices. I didn't like the way they reacted.

Excuse me, but I have to get on with the job. It's important not to lose the rhythm.

—Come on, let's start again from the beginning.

Ilina, the younger one, has just given Londra a passionate kiss on the lips. The problem is, Ilina's just pretending to like it, I can see that.

—Stick your arse up in the air, Ilina. Higher, higher! And put your head down! —I shout— Show me your cunt! I want to see your cunt, get that arse up higher!

Ilina sticks her bottom up and rests her face on the older girl's stomach. She closes her eyes, waiting for the birch twigs to fall. She knows her pussy is high and exposed, the lips slightly open like a female goat's. She can't close her legs because her ankles are tied to the frame. She can only wait for the twigs to fall.

WHHHHSSSHHHHHHHH! SSSLLLLAAAPPPP!

Ilina shouts out in pain.

—AAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

The twigs have caught her on the vagina as well as on the bottom. She hates that.

—Now carry on! Start again with the breasts!

Slowly Ilina runs her tongue down every centimetre of the magnificent breasts of the older girl. She licks them, she kisses them, she takes them into her mouth and she sucks hard on them. She's getting better, she's groaning and gasping in air the way I taught her. Very good.

Londra too closes her eyes and groans.

But she's just putting it on too. Pure play-acting. When they come up against the hard-skinned Mrs Albright, they won't get away with these amateur dramatics.

I take little Ilina by the waist and shove my throbbing dick up her arse.

—AAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

She hates it, I know. She hates being fucked up the back passage.

—Now kiss her pussy till she comes...

Moist, young red lips are pressed into different, paler, more sensitive, more mysterious lips. From what I hear, the other lips are lubricating very nicely. A tongue goes in, explores, finds a clitoris and rolls it around. Very good. Things are going well. Ilina changes rhythm now and starts sucking at the clitoris, as I taught her. She sucks it in out between her teeth.

—I want you to feel her tongue —I say to Londra, who is facing me—, and I want you to feel my prick —I say to Ilina—. Feel her, Londra. Now look into my eyes and tell me you like me —I say, still working on Ilina's bottom, but excited now by Londra's pelvis thrusts. She's going faster and faster, her tits are bouncing, she's looking at me...

—I like you, yes... AAAAAAAGGHHH!! ...I'm coming...I'm coming... NO! NOOOOOO!! —she says, her head sways from side to side, she's biting her tongue in the corner of her mouth. She's losing control!

It gets me going. I hold Ilina's round little bum tighter than before and press faster and faster.

I'm coming too.

—AAAAGGGGHHHHHHH!!! —I shoot into her. Londra and I have an orgasm gazing into each other's eyes, like two lovers. We've both come and we haven't even touched each other!

Ilina sobs into Londra's pussy.

I feel sorry for her. It's hard, but they have to go through the various stages. It's for their own good. It'll be worse with that butch lesbian, Mrs Albright.

She, is used to giving orders and she's used to being obeyed. When she gets excited she can be real mean. She'll beat Ilina on the arse like I do. But when she's finished she'll separate the birch twigs, she'll take each twisted, knobbly twig one at a time and she'll pass it



—Now kiss her pussy till she comes...

up and down the line of Ilina's pussy, from top to bottom, right down in the juice inside the lips, backwards and forwards, over the clitoris, again and again until all the twigs are shining and slippery. Then she'll put them together again and beat the girl with them. She'll beat her on the breasts and then on the arse again.

She's a mean woman and she knows how to make a pussy real sore.

There's a story about the Arab girl Hissa, the one from the Gulf War. They say she suffocated after being sucked in up to the neck in Albright's giant fanny! I

suppose it's a joke.

And when I look at little Ilina I think I wouldn't like it to happen to her.

It's a funny sort of a job, this. To tell you the truth, I only do it for money. I don't particularly like it. If I could choose, I'd train female slaves for gentlemen, not for other women. I think it's a waste myself.

But what can you do? He who pays the piper calls the tune. Recently all my clients have been lesbian fascists like that Albright. So I just take my salary and get what fun I can out of it. ■

My night comforter

I go downstairs and there she is... tense, frightened, confused.

She's just as I left her... chained, naked, raped mentally and physically. And always with her mouth half open like that.

I go up to her and I feel her nervousness, her panic. She doesn't dare to speak.

I touch her.

I touch her at the top of her thighs, between her legs. Yes, that's my semen. Last night's come.

I stroke her pubis... the vibrator is still doing its implacable, humiliating job... eight, nine hours now, maybe?

I work my hands higher up her body, stroking, pressing, sometimes pinching, whatever... They are possessive hands. She's mine. She belongs to me.

I stroke her hands, I press her slender waist, I feel the ribs, I move up to the generous breasts. I press them, I twist them round, I demand to hear her groans, her little grunts, her timid requests, her sighs, her passion and her humiliation.

I bring my face up to hers, I breathe her breath, I feel the damp of her tears, her heat, her frustration, her torment...

I press myself against her. I am naked too. I feel my cock against the harness that disappears between her softly vibrating lips.

I move left, right, swaying slowly, and I press my cock against her thigh, against her young skin. Her soft, warm skin. And I look at that mouth again, half open.

Later, I'll rape her.

Like yesterday.

Like the day before yesterday.

Like the day before the day before yesterday.

And like every night since I shut her in here.

—Kiss me —I give the order.

She kisses me and I start rolling her big breasts around with my hands. When I move to her nipples she gives a sudden gasp, sucks in air.

I love kissing. I love mouths and lips, top and bottom, and I like all their liquids and juices. But she hates kissing me on the mouth. She hates it more than she hates fucking. More than when I put the bottle up her arse, more than when I pour warm water and soap into her pussy...

She knows she has to kiss me, so she closes her eyes and turns her lips to me, her unwilling, disturbing lips...

I pull her by the hair to lift her mouth...

Her mouth, her eyes, her tears, they all blow my mind. Her humiliation blows my mind...

She rests her lips against mine and I open her mouth with my tongue. I start to rub myself against her young, chained body...

She's trembling...

I squeeze her left nipple...

She groans...

I spit on her hesitant mouth...

She swallows...

I demand her tongue...

I feel it...

I trap it between my teeth..

I suck it...

I bite it...

I spit inside her mouth...

I suck and lick her face and breasts...

And slowly, very slowly, I slide my hands down her body to the harness that holds the invisible vibrator... It's time to take it out. Time for other lips and other liquids.

And when I've finished I want to see her peeing through those lips. I want to see it flow.

Like every night... ■



...I spit on her hesitant mouth...



DOLL'S HOUSE

second episode

Helène, an intelligent, rebellious orphan, wakes up naked and in chains in a dark dungeon. She does not know where she is or how she came to be there.

Suddenly, a blinding light appears and the horrible Governess is standing in the doorway.

The cruel Governess threatens her with terrible physical punishments if she does not obey, and hands her over to a group of soulless clients with very special tastes.

Helène is brutally ill-treated and raped...

But the worst is still to come. When the sadistic clients leave, the Governess informs the unhappy girl that she will be receiving another visit shortly:

Her hated stepmother...!

illustration: badia
script and dialogue: d'o fantasy



GET IN THERE, YOU BITCH, AND WAIT.



YOUR STEPMOTHER WILL BE HERE SOON TO TAKE POSSESSION OF YOU...



HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! YOU ARE VERY PUNCTUAL, MADAME



VERY PUNCTUAL AND VERY IMPATIENT. I HOPE THE BITCH IS WAITING FOR ME STARK NAKED AND WITH HER LIPS MOIST.

I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET MY CLOTHES OFF! IS SHE VERY FRIGHTENED?

TERRIFIED! ESPECIALLY NOW SHE KNOWS YOU'RE COMING.

SHE'S QUITE RIGHT. SHE KNOWS I'M COMING TO BREAK HER IN.

NAPINE, QUICK! A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE FOR MADAME.



I'VE HAD TIME TO TAME HER A BIT. AND I LENT HER TO A FEW GENTLEMEN. BUT I HAVEN'T TRAINED HER TO SERVE YOU SEXUALLY YET.

NO PROBLEM. I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU: EVER SINCE I MET HER I'VE BEEN WANTING TO WHIP HER AND THEN RUB HER SWEET INNOCENT LITTLE FACE IN MY JUICE!



I KNOW YOU'RE IMPACIENT,
BUT ON THE WAY I'LL SHOW
YOU OUR METHODS...



THIS ONE IS NEW. HER
MASTER ASKED US TO
OPEN HER ARSE SO THAT
HIS STALLION'S PRICK
WON'T HURT WHEN HE
RIDES HER.



HA...
HA... HA...
HA... HA...

AGGHHH!!
Uggghhh!

I'M KEEPING
MONIQUE FOR ME.
SHE'LL BE VERY
AFFECTIONATE
WHEN I LET HER
DOWN...



ММММНН...
ММММНН...
ММММММННН...

ISABEL FAILED TO
PLEASE A CLIENT, A
FILTHY, SMELLY OLD
BASTARD, BUT
A CLIENT...



ММММНН...
ММММНН...
ММММНН...
ММММНН...
ММММНН...

YOU SEE WE WORK
EFFICIENTLY ON THE SLAVES
IN OUR CARE.



I AM A BELIEVER IN YOUR METHODS.
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU THE
LITTLE ONE. AND NOW, IF YOU
DON'T MIND...



THERE SHE IS,
WAITING FOR YOU
IN THAT HOLE IN
THE WALL.



CRAWL TO YOUR
MISTRESS, SLAVE AND
HONOUR HER.



**COME HERE,
BITCH.
TO MY FEET!!**

**OH GOD!
I HATE HER,
I WANT TO DIE...**



GROVEL AND KISS THE GROUND
BEFORE YOUR MISTRESS, SLAVE.
SHE OWNS YOUR BODY AND
SOUL YOU BELONG TO HER.



LET ME SEE THIS PRETTY FACE...
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WITH YOUR
MOUTH FULL... THEY TELL ME
YOU'RE VERY GOOD
SUCKING DICK.



MMMMHHH...
MMMMHHH...
MMMMHHH...
MMMMHHH...

I WONDER IF YOU ARE AS
GOOD LICKING CUNTS
**HEAD DOWN
NOW!!!**



SLURPS



USELESS! NO FUCKING
IDEA... I'M GOING
TO TRAIN YOU
FROM THE VERY
BEGINNING.



I CAN'T...
PLEASE...
I... CAN'T...

WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR?
PUT YOUR TONGUE IN
**I WANT
PASSION!!**



SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

YOU CAN'T? A SLAVE EATS AND LICKS HER MISTRESS'S CUNT AND ARSE UNTIL SHE DROWNS IN THEM!!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, BITCH...

OUCH!

NOOOOOO!!!

...ANOTHER HOUR AND SHELL BE BEGGING FOR PERMISSION TO SUCK YOU. PLEASE LEAVE US, MADAME

NO. I WANT TO BE HERE TO HELP. SHE IS MY DAUGHTER!

THEN YOUR ASSISTANCE WILL BE VERY VALUABLE, MADAME

AAAAAAAAA!!!
HUUUUUUUU!!!





DOWN ON ALL FOURS, SLAVE...

...LIKE AN ARSE-LICKING BITCH THAT STILL HAS A LOT TO LEARN.

I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY YOU WERE EVER BORN, SLAVE...

NO... PLEASE... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

I WON'T STOP UNTIL YOU BEG FOR YOUR MISTRESS'S CONT.

NEVER, SLAVE? WAIT UNTIL I BREAK YOUR ARSEHOLE WITH THIS!



NO... NEVER

...SIXTY-SEVEN...
...SIXTY-EIGHT...

I'M WAITING

GHOF

NOGGO...!!!

I LIKE THE IDEA OF A
HORSE UP YOUR
ARSE...

STOP, I CAN'T
TAKE ANY MORE!
I'LL DO IT!
STOP!!!

START NOW SLAM!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

El magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 8

Solo para adultos

LA RESIDENCIA
badía

INFIERNO
de haro

ATRAPADA
paul

PONY GIRL
badía

in English !!!

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