

El magazine S/M Gore

# FANSADOX

N° 8

Solo para adultos

**doll's house**  
*badia*

**INFERNO**  
*de haro*

**BOUGHT & TAMED**  
*paul*

**PONY GIRL**  
*badia*

*red's nightmare*

*hell's BORDELLO*

*trailer trash*

**TAMING THE BEAST**

*always smile to the police*

**NAILED**

*teaching marianne*

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**D'Fantasy**

# NEW!!! illustrated novels

## WHITE SLAVES

Victor Bruno

Paul



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

And not all of them were negresses...

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

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

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

### From the book:

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

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

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

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

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

"Open!" he ordered

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

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

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

This edition is completely new and illustrated by [www.dofantasy.com](http://www.dofantasy.com) artist Paul.

## Available in ENGLISH in PDF format

find it in...

<http://www.dofantasy.com/english/USASComfort1.htm>

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# editorial

Exciting new story in this number: TRAPPED, a comic based on Lucas's highly successful 'Bought and Tamed'. A tremendously erotic story illustrated by a classic: Paul. Paperback edition is currently out of print but is available in PDF format via the Internet or on CD-ROM.

Also new in this number are TAW, the Canadian artist famous for his blonde slave girls, and Geoffrey Merrick, creator of the legendary Tyler, white slave trafficker in New York. As always, if you want to be up to date with our ever-expanding list, or if you want to download our publications, just visit us at [www.dofantasy.com](http://www.dofantasy.com) The coolest site for the hottest material.

And coming up soon .... INQUISITION. The much-awaited luxury album by Badia. You can see a sample of these works of art behind this text...

And now, relax and enjoy the best of Fansadox...



# PONY GIRL

TEXT, D'O FANTASY

BADIA

second episode...

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

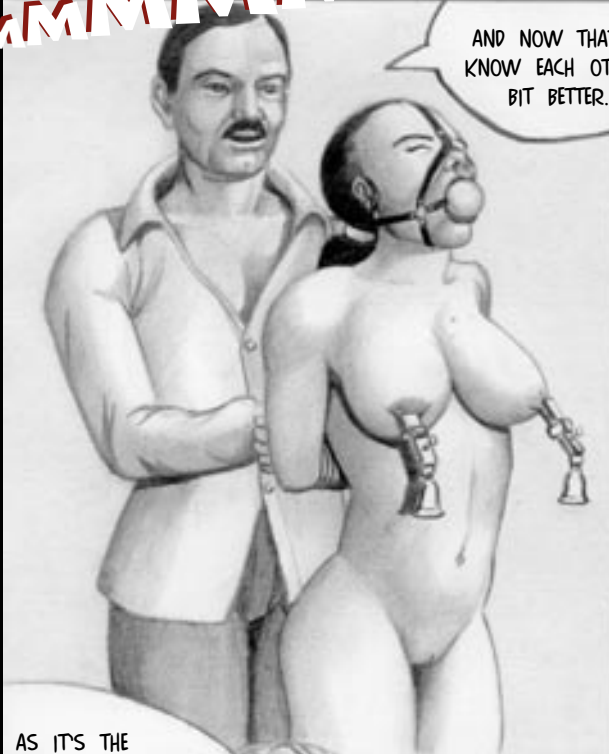
—Now that my wife is dead, you will replace her... Beatriz, red-eyed, looked up at her stepfather. She did not understand.

—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.

**MMM...!! MMMMM...!!**



AND NOW THAT WE KNOW EACH OTHER A BIT BETTER...



DADDY'S GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT FOR A RIDE. GIDDY-UP!!!  
**MOVE THAT ASS!!!**

**BLA???**

AS IT'S THE FIRST TIME, THE BEST THING IS TO RIDE THE PONY COMPLETELY NAKED...



YOU'LL ENJOY THE RIDE WITH THIS TROLLEY. I ASSURE YOU IT'S VERY COMFORTABLE. FOR THE RIDER, OF COURSE! HA HA HA!



**HAUW HAUW HAUW HAUW HAUW**

**MMMHHH!!! MMMHHH!!!**

FANTASTIC! I'VE NEVER  
RIDDEN A PONY NAKED!!!  
GIDDY-UP!!!

IT'S NICE TO  
FEEL THE TROT ON  
MY BALLS....

**MMMMH!!!H!!!**



GOD!  
I CAN'T  
BELIEVE THIS...  
I WANT  
TO DIE!

TROT UP  
THE HILL ON  
YOUR RIGHT...

GIDDY-UP!  
COME ON!  
TROT! TROT!



**HUAAAA!!!** **MMMMM...!!!**  
**HUAAAA!!!** **MMMMM...!!!**

**AGGGHHHHH!!! AGGGHHH!!!**



SHAKE THE BELLS! MOVE YOUR TITS!

CLINK  
CLINK

CLINK...  
CLINK...



MORE STYLE!  
LIFT YOUR LEGS.  
THE PRIZE IS A  
REALLY GOOD  
FUCK FROM  
DADDY!



BUT FIRST,  
I'M GOING  
TO HAVE...

...A SWIM  
IT'S HARD  
WORK RIDING  
IN THIS HEAT!



I CAN'T TAKE  
ANY MORE...

**YEA AHHHHHHH!!!**

**HAUW HAUW HAUW HAUW  
HAUW HAUW HAUW HAUW**

TO BE CONTINUED

# BOUGHT & TAMED

TEXT, LUCAS

PAUL

**Sara lives in Miami with her divorced mother.**

**Sara is a young, independent, University student.**

**She has never visited her parents' native land.**

**Her father dies and she inherits a large estate in the heart of the Colombian jungle. She decides to go and visit it...**

**She arranges for her old uncle Alfonso to pick her up in the nearest village and take her there. It will only be for a few days, just a short holiday, because Uncle Raúl has taken over the running of the estate...**

IN A LOST VILLAGE DEEP IN COLOMBIA'S JUNGLE...

SARA WAITED AT THE BUS STOP FOR UNCLE ALFONSO. SHE WAS GETTING TIRED OF THE WAY MEN WERE LOOKING AT HER... BUT SHE ALSO PROVOKED THEM A LITTLE BY THE WAY SHE STOOD AND HELD HER CIGARETTE. LOCAL GIRLS DIDN'T DO THAT...



YOU MUST BE LITTLE SARA... WOW, YOU'VE TURNED INTO QUITE A YOUNG LADY...



HOP IN, IT'S A LONG WAY.



YEAH, HE'S AT HOME.



WE'LL HAVE SUPPER WITH RAÚL. HE WANTS TO MEET YOU BEFORE YOU SEE THE LAWYER. HE LOOKS AFTER THINGS NOW...



UNCLE RAÚL WAS A DISGUSTING GUY...

DID YOU WANT TO MEET UNCLE RAÚL HONEY? GET ME A BEER! AROUND HERE WOMEN SERVE MEN...



SARA WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE. SHE COULD FEEL THE IGNORANT PIG'S EYES ON HER, STRIPPING HER CLOTHES OFF...



...IN LOTS OF WAYS AND YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO IT.



LOOK AT THAT ASS, ALFONSO! SHE'S JUST ASKING FOR IT...



QUITE A PAIR SHE'S CARRYING...



BET HER CUNT'S DRIPPING...



WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU FILTHY PIG! I'M AMERICAN. I'M A FREE WOMAN, NOT ONE OF YOUR HOOKERS! IF YOU TOUCH ME AGAIN I'LL REPORT YOU TO THE POLICE! UNDERSTOOD?



GOOD NIGHT!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, SLUT



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE LAWYER...

THE LAWYER EXPLAINS IT VERY CLEARLY. SARA WILL NOT INHERIT UNTIL SHE COMES OF AGE. MEANWHILE, UNCLE RAÚL WILL RUN THE ESTATE...

OK... I'LL BE BACK IN A YEAR TO THROW YOU OFF THE LAND, UNCLE...

THE LAW'S THE LAW, MADAM.



RAÚL HANDS OVER THE AGREED AMOUNT...



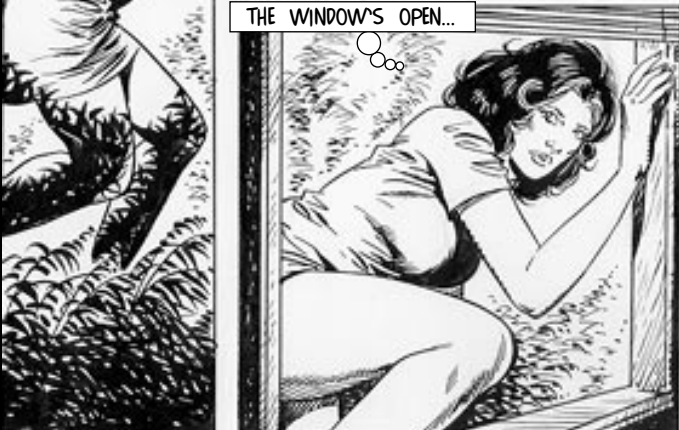
SHIT! I'LL GET MY THINGS AND GET OUT OF HERE! THE GUY IS A SCREWBALL!



THERE'S NOBODY AROUND...



THE WINDOW'S OPEN...



SARA FALLS INTO A TRAP. HER SADISTIC UNCLE ONLY HAS TO PULL UP THE NET, TIE HER UP, PUT HER IN THE LORRY AND TAKE HER UNCONSCIOUS TO HIS JUNGLE HIDEAWAY...



I'LL TAME YOU, TIGRESS...

AND I'LL TEACH YOU A COUPLE OF THINGS...



I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR PLACE. THAT OF A HARLOT...



SHE'S GORGEOUS  
WHAT A SKIN...!!!



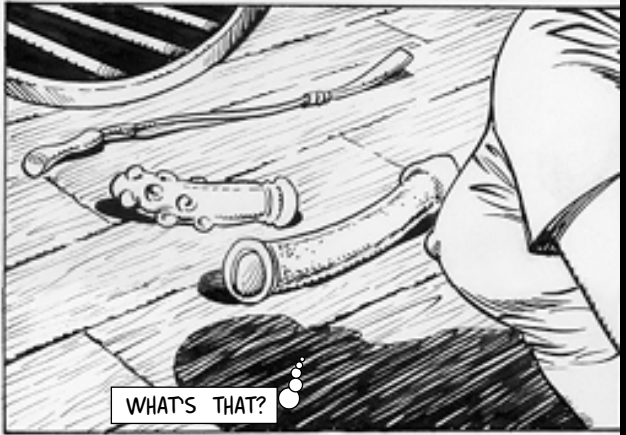
SOME HOURS LATER...



WHERE AM I?



GOD!



WHAT'S THAT?



WELCOME HOME, HONEY... THE LAWYER HAS GRANTED ME CUSTODY OF YOU UNTIL YOU COME OF AGE... I LIKE THE WORD 'COME' DON'T YOU?



I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A FEW THINGS. AND YOU'RE GONNA SHOW ME HOW A REAL HIGH-CLASS LADY COMES!



OH... POOR DEAR. YOU'RE SWEATING! UNCLE RAÚL WILL COOL YOU DOWN...



SPASH



STILL TOO HOT? I'LL TAKE YOUR DRESS OFF. DON'T BE SHY! AFTER ALL, I AM YOUR TUTOR...



I'D SAY THIS NIPPLE IS FEELING THE HEAT TOO...



GOD... HE'S MAD!



ZASS...



BETTER, GIRL?

AND NOW... LESSON ONE... HOW TO THANK UNCLE RAÚL WITH YOUR MOUTH!



TO BE CONTINUED

# trailer trash

Kelly made a mistake. She never should have come to the condemned low income housing project. Not at that hour. But she had so wanted to impress the housing authority that they had made the right decision hiring her right out of college, that she was willing to study the problem on location the day before she was set to report to the office.

She blinked, breaking the spell... because here she was, alone, in the middle of an condemned trailer park, all five foot, six inches of her, her short blonde hair clean and coiffed around her pixie-cute face, her adorable lips painted light red, and her expensive glasses perched on her fine nose in front of sparkling blue eyes.

Kelly made another mistake. She never should have worn what she did. But she thought she was a young professional doing a job, therefore she should be dressed suitably. But what was suitable where she lived and what was suitable on the outskirts of town were two different things.

She took a quick look down at herself, as if for the first time. She saw her pendulous dew-drop breasts swelling under the all-too-thin material of her cream-colored silky shirt. She saw her flat tummy and streamlined curves. And she saw her long, long legs coming from beneath the tailored blue suit's miniskirt, and the way her small, perfect feet fit into the three-inch high heel pumps.

She suddenly became acutely aware of how the simple gold chain crinkled across her smooth white throat, and then, how her breasts shifted in the frilly beige cups of the demi-bra beneath the silky shirt. Despite herself, she got lost in personal thoughts; how proud she was of her long legs, how she loved showing them, how they fit so perfectly into her slim hips and high, round, tight rear.

Kelly made a third mistake. She thought the place would be abandoned.

She first heard a noise coming from beside a rusted mobile home in the back. She spun around, her blue eyes gleaming in the gloom of the sunset. It's nothing, she told herself. Nothing bad would happen. Nothing bad could happen. She was perfectly safe. Even so, she took a step back toward the street, now thirty feet away, beyond four rows of dilapidated, rectangular, mobile homes. A sharp sound of movement came from her left. Telling herself she was overreacting, she nonetheless went quickly to the right, hastily deciding to take a short cut between the two furthest rows.

That was her last mistake.

When it happened, it happened fast. The squatter didn't give her time to correct any of her mistakes. He had seen her minutes before, making her way through the seemingly deserted park, examining the

abandoned shacks as if it were her birthright. He immediately started stalking her, becoming more angry and excited as she neared. She's alone, he realized, no one else knows she's here...she's cute, she's sexy, she's mine!

His hand clamped over her mouth as if it had been designed for it. Her felt her lips flattening against his palm, he felt his fingertips sinking into her cool, creamy cheek, and he felt his hand lock onto her face as if cemented there. At the same time his other arm clamped around her waist, trapping her arms against her side. He felt her strong yet pliant body. She bent forward, accidentally pressing her firm rump against his crotch, letting the bottom of her breasts brush across the top of his arm. It was as if the dance was meant to be, because, when she straightened back up, she all but helped him lift her off her feet and through the open, unlocked, door of the mobile home. It was as if she had never existed. The condemned low-income trailer park was empty again...save for a single small cloud of dust...already returning to the ground.

One second she was outside and alone; the next she was inside, hidden from sight, struggling madly with a man on top of her — her slim, stylish glasses laying against the far wall, her assault refracted through its thin lenses.

She couldn't be more than 110 pounds, he realized, and so slim yet so luscious writhing beneath him, her legs scissoring, her arms flailing, and her waist contorting. He looked down on her useless struggle like a father onto a baby's tantrum — like a conqueror looking down on the already vanquished. Her years of comfort was literally no match for his years of survival.

Still, if he let her scream, someone might hear her...and might come to help her. No, that couldn't happen... not now... not when he had her on the dirty worn carpet, surrounded by garbage.

Kelly screamed hysterically beneath his hand, feeling the heat inside the sheet metal box, seeing the torn paneled walls just three feet on either side of her, the corrugated ceiling just six feet overhead, and the cracked, broken slat windows just out of range. She bucked and kicked, but his weight wouldn't shift and the hand sealing her mouth seemed sewn there. Bite him! she screamed at herself. Bite him! But his hand vised her jaw, his palm squeezing her lips.

He looked quickly around, seeing the pile of rags almost at once. Shifting himself effortlessly so that he sat on her, he grabbed the material with the hand that had been around her waist, feeling the grit and dirt soiling what had once been washcloths and hand towels. Without pausing he wrenched down on her jaw with the hand that had been covering her lips, and immediately started wedging the pulpy, stiff, oily material deep in her mouth. Her brain was overwhelmed. For a few moments, it was as if ev-

everything had stopped except for one orgasmic writhe: her head back, her eyes huge, her hands up, her fingers splayed, her waist bent, and her mouth as wide as it could go. It was as if the gag was the biggest penis she had ever felt and her mouth was a vagina. It was as if she were coming, or vomiting, or giving birth. She was paralyzed in one gigantic, shuddering yawn.

And then it was all stuffed in, and it didn't matter that she couldn't comprehend it. He had grabbed her wrist and wrenched her over on her side, her arms twisted up her back as he sat in the saddle of her waist — one of her legs bent, the other stiff and straight.

Then thin, coarse rope dug into her wrists. Suddenly her hands were caught high on her back, her thin jacket sliding down her arms, her chest bulging against the straining cloth of her shirt. She started to kick again one second too late. He was kneeling at her feet, her shins bunched under one arm, wrapping more coarse, itchy rope around her crossed ankles.

Suddenly they were staring at each other; a pretty, blonde, elfin girl sitting in a refuse-filled, rotting hulk of a mobile home, her wrists tied behind her, her mouth stuffed with fetid cloth, and her ankles cinched — her sweat-stained shirt almost popping open and her panty-covered crotch just peaking out at the top of long, smooth, lightly tanned, bound legs.

Then he jumped up to wrap more rope around her head and deep between her teeth as she screamed and squirmed uselessly. There was an agonizing second as he tightened the gag's rope anchor so tightly her lips were stretched back and the hemp sunk into her neck flesh, then he was on her.

Outside the housing project was quiet. Occasionally a pedestrian would walk by on the sidewalk and look through one of its fence openings, frowning or shaking their heads sadly at the rotting hulks of the aged modular homes. But then they would turn away and walk on, having no idea that a sweet young social worker was no more than thirty feet away.

Inside she lay, her head, shoulders, and bound arms on the foul floor of the trailer, her shirt ripped open, her breasts flouncing free, her creamy skin shivering, her dark rose aureoles quivering, and her little pink nipples pointing. And there, holding her loins up by her ass and hips, his arms wrapped around her haunches, was the squatter, now squatting, wedged by her bound ankles, between her legs, his fetid cock stuffed all the way up her cunt. "You," he gasped between violent thrusts, "very



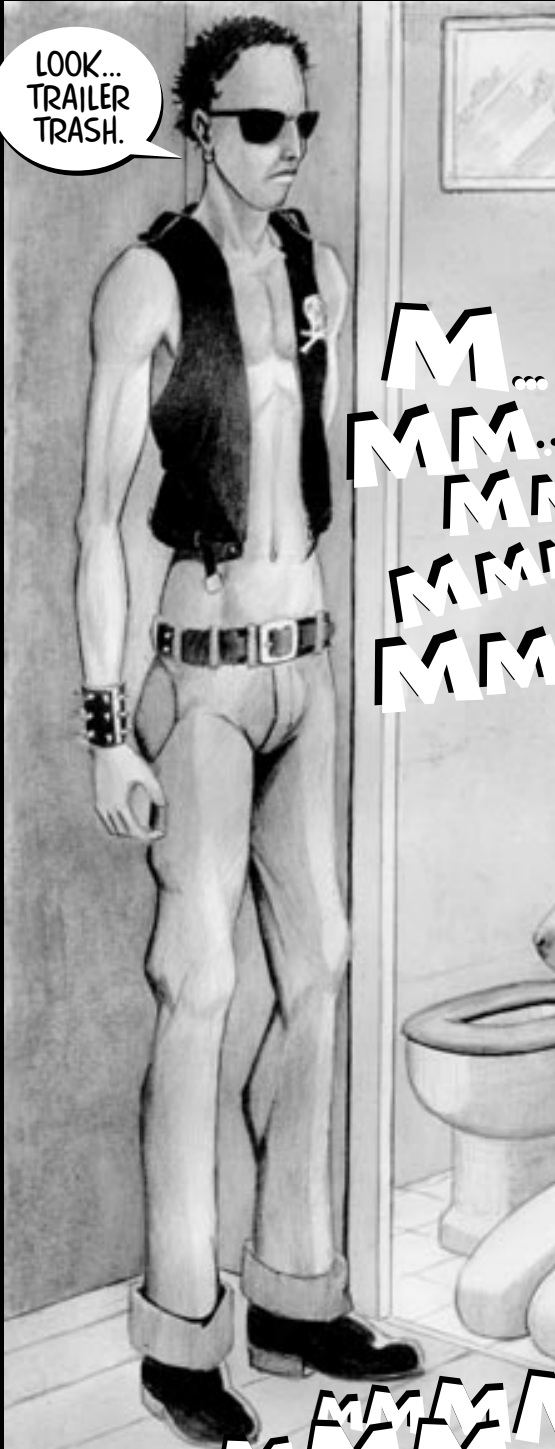
pretty... very... dedicated... huh? Throw... us... out... Bring... in... rich... huh?" And with each 'huh' he would ram particularly hard as Kelly cringed and mewled. "But... no rich... come in... I come... in you!"

And with that, he jammed himself all the way in, dragging her almost completely off the floor, and spewed a load of vile cream deep inside her.

Kelly stiffened in horrified disbelief, only her hands still scraping the ground, then she contorted in one, huge, sickening, dry heave — as if trying to eject

the foul defilement from her beautiful, refined, body. When she thudded back to the trailer floor, tears were blinding her blue eyes and he was mauling her tits like pizza dough, his noxious breath hot on her face. "You wait here, huh, little princess?" he sneered. "I show you who you have hurt...!" Then he started dragging her toward the back of the trailer.

The pack of punk kids found her in the tiny ruined bathroom of the abandoned, broken mobile home. She was wedged, back to the wall, neck lashed to exposed pipes beneath the sink, between the cracked, stained toilet and the mildew covered bathtub, her ankles roped to her thighs, her wrists tied to her ankles, and her elbows cinched — thrusting out her proud chest. The three teens marveled at the sweet face they could see between the rag stuffed and roped into her mouth and another rag tied over her eyes. The girl, who couldn't have been more than five years older than the trio of toughs who had found her, blindly begged piteously at them through the stuffing, rope, and cloth as they



LOOK... TRAILER TRASH.

M...  
MM... MMMMM!!!  
MMMMMM!!!  
MMMMMM!!!  
MM...

WHAT IS SHE...?  
A PET?

MMMMMM... MMMMM!!!

made a semi-circle around her, leaning on the toilet and stepping into the tub like hunting wolves.

One punk whistled quietly in amazement. "Well, look what the trailer trash left behind," he marveled. "What is she, a pet?" wondered another, already rubbing the front of his pants.

"Naw," said the third. "I bet she's, like, the daughter of their landlord or something, kidnapped for ransom!"

"Whatever she is," said the first, reaching down to his belt. "She can't see us..."

Then Kelly heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper being lowered.

She begged them to stop, she cried for help, she screamed in defilement, but it was all a strident mumble under the gag as they came in her face, down her cleavage, and across her thighs. They cleaned their cocks in her silken blonde hair, letting their members thud into the side of her face.

"Man," said the first. "Why do I always have to piss after I come?" And he was aiming his shaft at her nostrils when a huge, callused hand clamped onto his neck.

"What are you doing?" his father boomed, wrenching him back, the teen's urine splattering his friend's legs in the tub before his sphincter muscles shut. "I knew you were up to no good!"

Then he saw Kelly slumped, insensible, at their feet. For a moment, the room was silent. When the burly, rough-hewn father spoke again, his voice was low and rasping.

"Get out of here. Do not speak of this. To anyone. Do you understand?"

He looked at each of them, his face spelling murder. The tough guys were suddenly frightened children again, each nodding wordlessly, even breathlessly, before they ran out. Then he was alone in the room with the raped, molested young girl.

"Ah, miss," he whispered hoarsely, kneeling. "This is terrible...terrible..." His hands reached out, cradling her lolling head, feeling her smooth skin. "What have they done to you?"

Kelly mewed pitiously, practically rubbing her aching head in his rough hand. Even as he untied her from the piping and released her ankles from her thighs, he knew that his boy, nor his friends, couldn't have secured her so tightly and so well.

"There," he finally said, pulling her still bound and gagged form slowly out from beside the toilet. "There, there..."

His hands reached carefully under her arms. There was a breathless moment, and then his fingers clamped purposefully over her tits. He dragged her back into the rear bedroom as Kelly started to struggle and scream once more.

The father and son only spoke of it only once more,

and even then, the boy didn't even get beyond the first word before his elder replied tightly. "I let her go. If you ever do wrong again, you are dead."

Even so, the punks couldn't help but return. Sure enough, the pretty young girl was gone. She wasn't even in the rear bedroom, anywhere near the soiled, torn, flattened mattress amid the broken fixtures and piles of refuse. But then they had to escape quickly. The housing authority had finally arrived to move the rusting motor homes to a garbage dump forty-five miles away.

They ran to a broken window, leaping out as the trailer shifted on its iron axle... not even noticing the thirteen, tiny, new bolts screwed tightly into the living room floor...

The boy's father had raped Kelly, of course, smashing her on her back to the bedroom mattress, wedging himself between her legs — whose ankles were still tied to each thigh, though the ankles were no longer tied together — and filling her tight cunt with his huge, knobby shaft as she writhed beneath him, screaming uselessly into the gag.

The first time had been like an animal attack, her bra torn off, her dew-drop breasts squeezed in his paws like water balloons, his member slamming into her like a hydraulic pile-driver, his mouth slavering all over her pretty face. When he came, it was like an explosion inside her, cannoning a ball of jism against her vaginal walls.

The next time was even more agonizing, as he sat her slim, violated, sweat-soaked shape on him, his hard-on impaling her as he lay on his back beneath her, holding her up by her kneaded chest, admiring her sweet, lolling, blindfolded and gagged face. Then it was slow torture as he carefully moved her up and down on his erect shaft, pinching and twisting her clit, until she trembled, shuddered, and groaned in unwilling orgasm three times.

Then he held her desperate body down as he savagely defiled her a second time.

Lying beside her, her elbows uncinched, his big body wedged between her arms, one hand squeezing her tits while the other was hooked deep in her cunt, he made hickey after ugly hickey on her creamy, smooth throat — rumbling between slobbering sucklings; "Now...whatever are we going to do with you?"

The boy's father watched as the grave housing authority officials instructed the crew to hook up the trailer to the truck in preparation for the long drive north. He even kneeled, seemingly to see if the axle remained firm enough to hold the load.

"Don't worry," said one man, misunderstanding his concern. "These things are strong enough to carry battleships."

The father smiled reassuringly back at the hous-

ing authority man, who's expression reflected the disappointment that their young, pretty, recent hiree wasn't there to appreciate all their hard work. "Young girls today," he thought for the hundredth time. "So undependable...so hedonistic. Never even showed up for her first day's work."

As the housing authority man turned away, the father's smile changed to a demonic satisfaction. "No," he thought. "Even the workers couldn't see from that angle..."

Because, of course, Kelly was there to appreciate all their hard work, but in no condition to tell them. Not the way her mouth was filled to the breaking point by the expanding rubber plumbing joist, and the way her lips were crushed and her mouth sealed by the plumbing duct tape that encircled her lower face so tightly it was practically a layer of her skin. And, of course, she was in no condition to alert them...not the way she was bound, naked, under

the trailer, in the very center, corded to the underside with wires around her neck, breasts, wrists, waist, hips, thighs, knees, and ankles — affixed to bolts through the floor.

The workers not only couldn't see her beyond the overhanging lip of the trailer, but they didn't even notice the wires hanging down from the trailer bottom on either side of the exhausted, panic-stricken girl's face — carefully placed so that when the trucks picked up speed on the interstate, the wire ends would flick up from the roadway, stinging her rich, hanging, tits again and again and again...

Kelly writhed frantically one more time, trying desperately to dislodge the dowel wedged deep in her cunt before the motors started. But it was held there by the thirteenth bolt in the floor — a bolt and dowel which would surge with every lurch of the trailer. She screamed in terror and dread — a hysterical hum that was easily drowned out by the truck's



throbbing motors. Then the trailer began to move... inch by inch, slowly, until the truck had cleared the area and turned lumberingly onto the connection road.

The father turned slowly, seeing the line of old, decrepit cars waiting on the other side of the abandoned park. There, behind the wheel of the head car, was the squatter. The father slowly nodded at him. As if following a command, the squatter led his

rag-tag parade of displaced park derelicts onto the road behind the trailer. As they all quietly followed the mobile home to its destination, the squatter glanced at the seat beside him...where a torn cream-colored silky shirt, ripped bone-colored lace panty, severed matching bra, tattered blue miniskirted suit, scratched high heel pumps, and cracked glasses lay... ■



YOUNG GIRLS TODAY  
ARE SO HEDONISTIC...

## teaching marianne

Marianne is learning how to suck my cock.

She's not finding it easy. That's because I make her sick!... And that's what I like about the lessons!

—Come here, slave... —I order. I'm sitting down, waiting...

She comes over to me on her knees. I like that. It moves her buttocks left and right and it makes her breasts swing like a cow's udder. They're held top and bottom by the rope, but they still swing and that blows my mind. What a girl! I reach out and play with her tits for a bit. I roll my thumbs over them to firm up the nipples. Pity I can't milk her! Maybe she can milk me? It's her job after all...

I run one hand down to the rubber strap that goes over her pussy and along her crack to her anus.

—Are the batteries still working?

—Yes, Master.

—If you're a good girl and if you satisfy me, I'll take it out...

—Th...thank you, Master.

Marianne has been all night with the vibrator stuck

up her ass, punishment for general lack of enthusiasm yesterday.

Lack of enthusiasm milking my bollocks with her mouth!

I stand up.

I can feel her tits pressing against my thighs.

It's refreshing to feel her cold cheek against my overheated genitals.

She's beautiful. Blonde, with long straight hair, innocent blue eyes, snub nose, big tits straining against the rope, smooth, soft skin, thick lips, a big mouth and a long tongue that I'm training.

—Nothing to say, slave?

—Will my Master please let his slave... suck his... b...bollocks?

Correct phrase, sexily delivered and well accompanied by moving tears...

—Permission granted.

Let's get the show rolling. I sit down.

She wets her lips...

She brings up some saliva...

She drops her head. Her breasts look magnificent from above, hanging just above my erect member. She swings left and right and rubs each nipple in turn over my dick, the way I taught her. Left, right. Left, right, left, right...

Then she drops her head and sticks her tongue out.

She licks my balls slowly, from the bottom up, with her eyes fixed on me...

She kisses my balls...

She kisses them and licks them...

She doesn't take her eyes off me. God, she's beautiful!

I stand up again and that's the signal for her to run her tongue all the way up, from the bottom of my balls to the tip of my dick.

Long, slow, interminable, tasty licks...

She's learnt a lot about saliva. She has to. A slave must keep all her orifices moist and ready for use by her Master.

I let her carry on for a good ten minutes with her eyes fixed on me...

Her breasts are pressing against my thighs now. I can feel the nipples. Hmmmmmmm!

I'm looking at her breasts and I don't know if I'll be able to stand it much longer.

I lower my dick until it's horizontal.

She knows what to do now...

She opens her mouth as wide as she can... and she takes all of it inside her (and in my case all of it means a lot!)

And her thick, sexy, sensual, provocative lips begin to slide up and down my flesh leaving me covered in saliva. She's doing well, she's producing a lot now...

Great! The helmet on the end is dripping with her saliva. She's pressing me with the base of her tongue, working me against her palate.

And those damp blue eyes...

I grab her by the hair. This is where she fucked up yesterday.

She's looking at me, frightened. She's shaking.

She slowly takes it all in, opening her throat slowly...

She starts choking...

I love it...

—Now —I say.

Yes, she'll make it this time. I can feel her stroking my balls... her nose pressed into my hair... her throat gagging at the base of my helmet.

And saliva everywhere...

Saliva dribbling out, down her chin, onto my balls...

I can't stand any more...

I press her even harder against me...

I can feel her suffocating...

I can feel the spasm of her throat on the helmet...

I feel the thick jet of semen surge out of my bollocks...

I can feel it go up my prick...

I can feel the helmet contract and the semen spurt out into her throat...

That's it...!

But I don't withdraw. I want to be sure it all gets down to her stomach...

Her blue eyes are still looking at me, this time with deep despair.

It was lesson one. Keep looking when I fuck your face. It's like fucking your soul.

Now I withdraw...



—On your knees, face on the ground and ass in the air... —I give the order.

But instead of taking the vibrator out, I change the batteries. Alkaline. They last longer.

You need more practice tonight. Now that you can suck OK, you need learn how to milk your Master with your ass. Ha!... Ha!... Ha! ■

# INFIERNO

EPISODE 4

ISABEL WAS A GUERRILLA, AN UNCONTROLLED SUBVERSIVE ELEMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS, A TERRORIST...

IN GERAI PRISON, ISABEL DISCOVERED A DIFFERENT TERROR, THE SADISTIC AND DEPRAVED GOVERNOR WHO HAD SWORN TO BREAK HER WILL....

...AND TURN HER INTO HIS SEXUAL SLAVE. IF SHE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BREAKING HER IN WOULD BE MORE FUN FOR HIM!

DE HARO

Fansadox

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WEEKS PASS AND LIFE IN THE PRISON IS A SLOW HORRIFIC NIGHTMARE FOR THE WOMEN PRISONERS.

FROM TIME TO TIME NEW PRISONERS ARRIVE AND ARE BEATEN, ESPECIALLY ON THE BREASTS AND BUTTOCKS...



THEY ARE SLAVES IN HELL ITSELF. THEY WALK AROUND THEIR CELLS AS IF IN A DREAM, NAKED AND SILENT. THEY CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THEM...



SOME COMMIT SUICIDE IN A DARK CORNER. LATER THEY ARE...

...BRUTALLY RAPED BY GUARDS OR VISITORS WHO PAY LARGE SUMS OF MONEY FOR THIS 'PRIVILEGE'.



NOT EVEN HOPE REMAINS.  
THEY ARE SERVING LIFE  
SENTENCES AND WILL BE  
HERE AS LONG AS...



...THEIR BODIES STAND  
TORTURE AND HUMILIATION  
BY PITILESS SADISTS...



...WHO ARE BENT ON  
MAKING EVERY SECOND  
OF THEIR LIVES A  
LIVING HELL....



SEXUAL HELL.  
VIOLENT HELL.  
HELL ON EARTH.



REIGNING OVER THIS  
EMPIRE OF TERROR,  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE  
GOVERNOR...

...LORD AND MASTER OF THE PRISONERS,  
SULTAN OF THE BIGGEST HAREM...

...OF SEX SLAVES IN THE  
WORLD. ALL OF THEM ARE  
YOUNG AND VERY BEAUTIFUL.



...SUBMIT TO HIS EVERY  
WHIM, HOWEVER  
DEPRAVED IT MAY BE...



THEY WILL TRY TO  
OVERCOME THEIR  
REPUGNANCE AND...

BUT FOR SOME DAYS NOW, NONE OF THE GIRLS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SATISFY HIM.



I WANT MORE SALIVA, YOU SLUT. AND SUCK LIKE YOU'RE ENJOYING IT!

BLOODY IDIOT! NO FUCKING IDEA. LIE DOWN!



THE WORLD GOES RED BEFORE HIS EXCELLENCY'S EYES.

I'LL TEACH YOU... OPEN THOSE LEGS!!!



THE GIRL LIES BACK AND OPENS HER LEGS WIDE. WHAT WILL HE DO TO HER?



DO YOU LIKE BEING FUCKED LIKE THIS?

NO... PLEASE! STOP! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE!

HE FINDS NO SATISFACTION IN PLAYING AROUND WITH THIS YOUNG BLONDE SLAVE. SHE IS AN EASY VICTIM. TOO EASY!

MOVE YOUR PUSSY! I'M NOT TAKING MY FIST OUT UNTIL I SEE YOU COME LIKE THE SLUT YOU ARE.



SHE WOULD DO WHATEVER HE WISHED. SHE WOULD PUT UP NO FIGHT. HIS EXCELLENCY NEEDED MORE SPIRIT!...



HE IS IN NO HURRY. HE HAS ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD. SO DOES SHE...

TAKE HER TO THE MALE PRISONER SECTION TONIGHT...



YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

**Noooo...!!!**

HE WAS THINKING OF A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN WAITING FOR SOME DAYS, A REAL REBEL WAITING TO BE BROKEN AND TRAINED...

**NOOO...!!!**



THE REBEL IS YOUNG ISABEL, THE UNTAMED GUERRILLA, THE MOUNTAIN CAT...



YOU AND I ARE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE SESSION. JUST THE TWO OF US..



BEING GOVERNOR WOULD BE BORING WITHOUT THESE LITTLE PLEASURES..

# red's nightmare



The dead bolt clicks back, the door swings in and she enters. Safe at home, or so she thinks.

Her face is framed by a mass of deliciously unruly dark red hair, her eyes are ice blue and her large sensuous mouth is just made for sneering. She's a queen. Queen of the Bitch Goddesses. A look that heats you to boiling; eyes and mouth to freeze your balls or slice them off.

She slips out of her jacket and flicks on the hallway light. Nothing happens, I've removed the bulb. «Shit,» she curses and gropes further into her blacked-out apartment.

My leather-gloved hand reaches out of the dark to cover her mouth. Shocked, she struggles but her «women's defense,» tactics are useless against my martial arts training and years of experience.

Then the chloroform kicks in and she collapses with a groan at my feet.



**МММННН!!!**  
**МММННН!!!**  
**МММННН!!!**

She awakens half naked, bound and gagged, in a specially prepared «playroom».

Smiling, I watch her squirm to her knees.

Her naked breasts, forced forward by the bondage, bob and sway as she struggles.

Her thick red hair falls over her face, her eyes burn wild over her gag, her lips and teeth chewing at the thick rubber ball strapped tight between her teeth.

My client chose this place. It's a small room in an abandoned warehouse that he has stocked with his favorite whips, restraints and devices.

Unknown to him I too have added some equipment. Video cameras and microphones mostly, so that all the action will be recorded. Neither client nor victim knows about this.

These guys think I work cheap. Grabbing the girl of their desires and presenting them helpless and at their mercy. They don't usually find out the real cost until a few months later when I send them copies of the videotapes and my demands.

There is another cost I usually attach they don't know about.

One hour alone with the victim...



She probably thinks its over. She's been chloroformed, kidnapped, tied up, spanked and forced to suck the cock of a stranger.

Still, she can't be too happy to see me leave. She probably thinks she's being abandoned, but the care and attention I've paid to her

bondage must give her a clue.

It's strictly to the client's orders... She's done up like the ultimate fetish bondage fantasy in a maroon spandex wet-look micro-mini dress. Wrists and elbows bound with black leather straps and ankles similarly bound to thighs. A ring gag stretches her mouth to its widest. She can only wait – for my return or does she suspect that someone else might be next?

DO YOU WANT IT, BIG MOUTH...?



I get back to my van just in time. The recorders are on and the mics are live! The asshole (my client) Jack arrives and sees his precious purchase waiting.

I'm just guessing but I think he comes on the spot, just at the sight of her.

She on the other hand is terrified.

He rips the top of the dress exposing her tits. He proceeds to play with them, pinching her nipples and squeezing...

Without hesitation he yanks out his cock and shoves it in her face.

She jerks away.

Enraged by her refusal he begins to discipline her.

In minutes he binds her hair in a rough link to her crotchrope, and her breast bondage attaches to a spreader bar he pulls from his collection.

He whips her back and forth across the room...

**JAAAAA GETH!!!**



RAW



LICK IT CLEAN,  
TROLLOP,,,,!!!

Defeated she submits to donning a new, even more humiliating costume. In tiny ass revealing panties and leather corset she is forced to dance and twist to his whip commands.

After fucking her he demands she licks his penis clean through the ring gag...

Hours later, completely tame her sleek curves are framed by a tiny top and micro mini as she strains to catch gobs of cum in her ring-gagged mouth. Her tits are whipped if she fails to catch one of the grey gobs, which splatter her face and neck.

She has been whipped and reamed by candles, dildoes and a wine bottle.

Vibrating plugs fill her ass and pussy.

He's tired and this is enough for today.. ■



DOWN YOUR  
GULLET, SLAVE...

~~~~~~

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

I'M WAITING

# DOLL'S HOUSE

third 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!

Now she is here...

illustration: badia  
script and dialogue: d'o fantasy

START NOW  
SLAM!!!

**SLURPSS!!!**

THAT'S RIGHT, SLAVE,  
RUB YOUR FACE IN YOUR STEP-  
MOTHER'S CUNT. WHAT DO YOU  
THINK YOUR FATHER WOULD SAY IF  
HE SAW YOU, YOU DIRTY PIG?

OPEN YOUR MOUTH  
WIDE AND EAT MY  
CUNT. LET'S HEAR YOU  
SLURP. PRESS MORE...  
THAT'S RIGHT, THAT'S  
BETTER....

**SLURPSS!!!**

**GAFAAFFFF!!!**



IT'S DISGUSTING...  
I'LL THROW UP...

PUT YOUR TONGUE IN!  
RIGHT IN... MORE... THAT'S RIGHT...  
OH!.. FASTER! FASTER! LICK ME... OH!  
LICK ME... LICK ME!! HARD!!!  
OOOOOHHHHH!!!

I COULD NOT STAND IT  
ANYMORE... COME, BITCH AND  
LEAVE ME ALONE...

**SLURPSS!!!**  
**SLURPSS!!!**

THAT WASN'T TOO BAD!  
NOW COME WITH MUMMY  
SOMEWHERE QUIET AND WE'LL  
WORK ON THAT TONGUE  
PROBLEM....

PLEASE...  
MUMMY.. I....

SHOT UP, YOU  
STUPID BITCH! USE  
YOUR TONGUE IN MY  
CUNT, NOT NOW!...

A LITTLE PULL HERE  
AND ANOTHER THERE AND  
LITTLE SARA IS WHERE  
MUMMY LIKES HER  
MOST...

NO... STOP...  
AGGHHHHH.....!!!!



NOW GET WORKING...  
WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE  
MORE USE TO ME THAN  
YOUR BOLLOCKLESS  
FATHER!

I'M GIVING YOU SOME  
ASS NOW, SLAVE... STICK YOUR  
TONGUE IN... THAT'S IT!... GOOD!...  
YOU LIKE THAT, EH?  
LICK!... LICK!...

**SCHURPSS.**

**SCHURPSS...**

**SCHURPSS...**

**SCHURPSS...**

**SCHURPSS.**  
**SCHURPSS.**

OH GOD...  
I FEEL SICK...!!

**SCHURPSS...**

**SCHURPSS...**  
**SCHURPSS**

**SCHURPSS...**

YOU'LL SPEND THE NIGHT WITH  
YOUR FACE IN YOUR MUMMY'S  
PUSSY... AND IF YOU STOP LICKING  
AND SICKING FOR A SINGLE SECOND...  
**YOU'LL REGRET IT!**

ONE DAY AND THIRTY ORGASMS LATER...

AHHH...!!!

GOOD MORNING, SLAVE...  
YOU'RE GETTING BETTER.  
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU  
A PRIZE...

MUMMY IS A GOOD MUMMY.  
SHE KNOWS YOU'RE NOT  
REALLY INTO CUNTS...

I HATE HER...

SO MUMMY HAS  
PREPARED A LITTLE  
SURPRISE FOR YOU...

I WANNA DIE...  
I WANNA DIE...

Ooo..

**SCURPSS**  
**SCURPSS**  
**SCURPSS**

¿...?

Ooo..

ONE WEEK HOLIDAY...  
NO CUNTS IN ONE WEEK!  
ARE YOU HAPPY, DEAR?

FUCK... FUCK...  
FUCK GRRRR...

HERE HE IS...  
HIS NAME'S GUS.  
DON'T USE HIM ALL  
UP AT ONE GO!

NO... PLEASE!...  
HE'LL KILL ME!...

ISN'T HE CUTE?  
LOOK WHAT A PRICK...



ALL YOURS, GUS

NO... PLEASE...  
I CAN'T...

WHAT'S UP?  
YOU'RE NOT INTO  
PRICKS EITHER?...

FUCK... FANTASTIC...  
GRRRR... BEST THING I'VE  
EVER FUCKED... GRRRR...

GRRR... COME HERE TO  
GUS... FUCK FUCK...

NO... NO...  
NO...

**Nooooo!!!**

FUCK FUCK... ON THE BED...  
SLUT... AND OPEN THAT CUNT  
GOOD AND WIDE 'COS GUS IS  
HUNGRY... GRRRR!...

FUCK... FUCK...  
GRRRRR.....

GIVE IT HARD TO HER...!  
SHE LOVES PRICKS...

**SUCKSSSS**

BIG BOOBS!  
I GET A GOOD SUCK ON A  
BIG BOOB! GUS LIKES  
LICKING NIPPLES...  
SUCK... SUCK...

**ZUMP...**

**ZUMP...**

**Nooooooo...!!!**



GRRR... GUS IS BIG... LIKE IT CUNT? GRRR FUCK... FUCK...

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF A LONG WEEK FOR THE YOUNG SLAVE...

GRRR... KEEP YOUR ARMS UP ALL NIGHT... GR... FUCK FUCK...

YES SIR...

**Noooo!!!**

FUCK FUCK... I'M LETTING GO OF THE LEAD BUT KEEP THAT LEG UP... GRRR... UNTIL I SHOOT MY LOAD! GRR...

FUCK FUCK... ON TIPTOE OR I'LL BURST YOUR ASS... FUCK...GRRRR...

**Tump...**

**GAGG!!!**

FUCK FUCK..... YOU LIKE IT UP THE BUTT? GUS LOVES IT! GRR... GRRR...

**UAAAGGGHH!!!  
Noooooooooo!!!**

# Hell's brothel

Just one day's holiday and I'm a different person.

And the month has only just begun!

I take my clothes off, pour myself a drink, light up a cigarette and open the catalogue. The pink one. I start at the end... Two hundred pages!

Not a bad choice, eh?

I ignore the blacks and Orientals and concentrate on the rest. There's a lot of material here and it's my first day, so I eliminate the girls under twenty. I want something that knows how to move it around.

I have three finalists:

Regina: Italian, twenty-two years old, 175 cm, 55 kg and 85-60-87. Advertising model.

Maica: Cuban, mulata, twenty-two years old, 77 cm, 60 kg and 100-65-105. Medical student.

Sabine: French, twenty-eight years old, 172cm, 54 kg and 90-55-90. Feminist lawyer.

Time for a shot of whisky. I make a phone call and in five minutes, the three girls are ready and in the 'shop window' waiting for me to choose.

They're all naked. They've been carefully cleaned, combed and made up for me.

They're all waiting on tiptoe with a collar round their necks that lifts them up a little...

There's just me and the three of them...

It's a funny thing about women, but if it makes you horny to see one stripped off, it makes you a lot hornier to see three naked women together...

When I see them, I'm horny as a bull. They're shitting themselves with fright...

I'd like to have all three together, but who can afford that?

I circle round them a couple of times. I rule out the Cuban girl. Nothing wrong with those tits, needless to say, but she's too black for my taste...

It's down to the blonde Italian and the French girl, a brunette. The Italian is shitting herself and so is the French girl but she doesn't want to show it...

I grope all four tits, pinch the nipples, make Gina cry with the pain and make Sabine angry. I knead the buttocks and stick a couple of fingers in each ass...

Ummmmhhhhh...! Nothing to choose between them there, they're both tight as a duck's ass!

Gina lets me do it, but cries.

Sabine acts as if I'm not doing it at all. She has a proud look, and dry eyes.

I run my hands down a fine pair of legs... as far as the ankles and the feet. Feet are very important when you're punishing a woman.

It's all perfect. Especially Sabine's long, long thighs

that have given me a hard-on made of cement.

I stand in front of her, grab her by the shoulders and kiss her on the mouth.

She lets me do it. She even responds gently. It's her obligation.

—Ummmmmmmmhhhhh... You sure taste good for a lawyer...

I look her in the eye. She hates me. That's OK. She'll have reason to.

I put two fingers right up her cunt...

She draws back, but I put my hand round her bottom and pull her toward me...

Her cunt is shaved, like the other girls'. It feels soft. It turns me on to see an adult pussy shaved like a young girl's.

It's nice to be able to try a woman out before you use her. It's practical...

I feel around inside until she starts lubricating (you know that's for real) and then I take the fingers half-out and move her clitoris around. I'm still looking into her eyes.

Yeah, she's responding. She may hate me, but her pussy doesn't. Her body's going to let her down.

Slaves like that are fun. They're easy to humiliate! They have this proud look and a dripping pussy!

I take her firmly by the hips and look her straight in the eye.

—Here's the bad news, lawyer. I'm not going to hire you. I'm going to buy you.

You should have seen how she opened those big, dark eyes!

I undo her collar and push her out of the "shop window" towards the case full of accessories...

—Which do you prefer? —I ask, showing her a pair of enormous vibrators.

No answer. I slap her with the back of my hand.

—I asked you a question!

—The black one, —she says, nervously...

I put my arms round her... I hug her...

I'm like a child with a new toy...

I kiss her on the mouth again, longer this time, and I run my hands all over her body,

especially the breasts... I pinch and squeeze her nipples until her eyes water...

—See you tonight, lawyer —I say goodbye. First I put half the black vibrator in her mouth— You bring it. Don't forget. I'll tell them to have you ready in my room at eleven o'clock...

When I arrive, the French lawyer is waiting for me in accordance with my instructions.

Her legs are wide open. She's on tiptoe because she's tied by the thumbs to a bar. If she loses balance it will be bad for her thumbs and other parts too. Her arms are straight above her head, but her breasts

are still huge! I like that.

I walk round the back of her. She's shaking.  
Nerves? Physical effort? Both, probably.

I stroke her left thigh, from the knee upwards.

I stand behind her and put my thumb in her ass  
and the forefinger up her fanny. I squeeze the two  
together.

She's trembling all over. Her feet especially. She



BAD NEWS, LAWYER. I'M  
GOING TO BUY YOU

THANKS, GOD...

PUAFFFF... HE  
STINKS...

wants to close her legs, but she knows she can't.

—I bought you, lawyer, —I say, shaking my hand about in her crack, but still squeezing— Are you strong on consumers' rights?

No answer.

That's OK. We have plenty of time for a chat. Plenty of time for her to twist and shout, too.

—It means I can do whatever I like with you ... use you how and when I wish or my bollocks wish, torture you, mutilate you if you behave badly... I can even throw you away if you start bugging me too much.

I feel her body growing tenser, I feel it in her cunt and in her ass...

I go for the whip, an old horse-whip, four metres long. I show it to her. I stroke her nipples with it...

I've been practising for a year... I can cut the wings off a fly at three metres.

—For a start, we're going to have a chat, you and me. Get to know each other better. It goes like this. I ask a question and you say "Yes, Master" or "No, Master". If you tell a lie or if your answer just bugs me, I'll whip you. OK?

Sabine nods. I think she's very frightened.

—It stings. I feel I should warn you. It stings like hell, depending on which part of your body it comes down on! It'll give you an idea of my character and my intentions. But first, I don't want you to fall over when I whip you...

I show her the telescopic bar with a maxi-vibrator on top of it, a red one, thirty centimetres long and half a horse-power behind it...

I stick it up her vagina, hard and fast.

And I adjust it so that most of it goes right up inside...

—Now you've got a good reason not to lose your balance...

I lie on the bed, grabbing my dick firmly in one hand and the whip in the other. (Shame to use your good hand for your prick, but what can you do?)

I take a good look at her. She's slim but her breasts are huge! I like the lips of her pussy too. She's beautiful, she's trembling, she's naked. Her thumbs are aching, her legs are aching, there are tears in her eyes now and she's got a big, big vibrator up her fanny. She's going to get very sore with me!

I start moving my dick up and down a bit. I want to see her move around now!

—Are you married?

Silence, just groans...

I'm still holding the whip. I'm waiting...

—Yes... —she says, finally, in a thin voice.

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—AAAGGHHHHH!

On the right calf. In the middle. I'm a genius with the whip.

—Yes, Master —She corrects herself immediately.

She drew her leg up when the whip came down, but she used her thumbs and pussy to keep balance...

—Do you love your husband?

—Yes... Yes... Master... —she answers after a moment's hesitation.

—You don't sound too sure. You don't know? — I exclaim, indignant— Fucking whore! A woman should always love her husband!

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

Nice shot. Left calf. Widest part of her muscle, just above a brown spot. Precision!

—;AAAAAGGGGHHHHHH!!! Yes, yes, Master... I love him very much... Yes, Master! —She says,



moving the leg slightly. It must have stung a lot.

Another shot of whisky. I'm feeling like Attila the Hun.

—Children?

—No, Master...

—Good. I like tight pussies. Any lovers?

—No, Master. I swear! Honestly!

Idiot!

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—j;AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Round the waist. I like whipping a woman's waist. Especially if it's a small waist under big breasts...

She's writhing around now and her big breasts are wobbling all over the place.

—Idiot! —I shout —You've given yourself away! Tell me all about it!

—I... He... he works in the court.. We spent a lot of time together. Sometimes we worked late together...

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Left thigh. Inside, and high, moving towards the tender, soft flesh.

—Shocking! —I say, indignant— A woman's job is to breed, not work. And certainly not to fuck her colleagues!

—Yes... yes... I know, Master... Yes, you're right... You're right. I know I did wrong. I know it was wrong of me...

I open my Slave-Owner's Manual. They always give you one, with details of how to use them, their peculiarities and their case history. They also give their pedigree in case the owner is an anthropologist.

—It says here you're afraid of the dark...

She starts shaking like a jelly...

—Yes, Master.

—Very interesting. Claustrophobia too, I see. What does that mean?

She does not reply. She only sobs. She's not giving anything away, but she's frightened.

It makes me horny.

I smile. I'm thinking of the small hole I dug out under the basement.

—It seems you don't like it in the ass, either, lawyer? —I read on.

Tears. Not looking so proud now. Tears falling on her tits.

—Answer, slut!

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

—Do you like it in the butt, lawyer?

—NOOOOO...! I don't!!

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

—Do you?

—No, Master! —she corrected herself quickly.

It is the whip, not music, that hath power to tame the savage beast.

—Repeat after me: "I will be very happy if my Master gives me dick in the ass".

—I will be very happy if my Master gives me dick in the ass.

—We're beginning to understand each other.

She looks at me, terrified. She's still shaking. Her thumbs still hurt, there's cramp in her legs, her cunt is sore, and her tits are looking very good to me. When she moves they go up and down and left and right and all over the place. Big, beautiful, immense, firm, suckable, wobbly tits shaking like a jelly, heaving up and down... I can't take my eyes off them...

I lick my lips and get a firmer grip on my dick...

She's wondering what I'm thinking when I look at her breasts for such a long time. She shakes her head in horror...

SSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHH!!!

—AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!

Masterful! A simple flick of the wrist and the tip of the lash comes down on her left nipple. Just the nipple. Now that really stings! It's sticking out now alright!

And I'm pulling fast at my dick now and I'm holding it hard and I'm gasping for breath and my head's jerking around!

I'm trying to keep my eyes open to see those superb tits going up and down and I'm trying not to come... agh!... and I'm looking at her tits and her fanny is jerking too against the vibrator and... she's pushing faster now I... agh!... I go up to her and put a finger in between the lips of her... agh!... pussy and... it's all oily... and I'm rubbing her clitoris... fast and hard... and I've got two fingers working on the...agh!... clitoris now and I'm pressing it harder... agh!... and she's... jerking faster and faster now and... aagh!... suddenly... I want to... aagh!... lick... her... aagh!... lovely... juicy... aaagh!... dripping... fanny... and...

—AGGGGGGGGGGGH!... AAUUUUUAAGH!... AAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!

Shit! I've shot my load! Wasted it all over her thighs.

When I get my eyes open again, Sabine's still jerking her pussy around on the vibrator. The lips look very, very wet. I feel sorry for her. I lower the vibrator. I finish her off with two fingers working fast on her clitoris and the occasional push right up inside. A gentleman like myself can't leave a woman in that state!

That's enough for one day. If I'm not horny I can't



## always smile to the police...

Linda was arrested and left in a cell for a few hours. Then a female guard arrived...

—Take your shirt off!—she ordered, shouting.

The guard appeared to be lesbian. She was fairly sure of it.

Linda had no choice. She was very frightened, but she obeyed. It was all like a bad dream.

—And your bra...!

Linda was shaking with fright and embarrassment. She looked at the floor and she tried to cover her breasts with her hands.

—Stand with your back to the mesh! Lean back against it!

The cold of the metal made her jump.

The guard tore her shirt off and fastened her wrists to the mesh.

—I'm going to body-search you. You'd better not put up a fight —she said, holding up a humming vibrator. She moved towards Linda, smiling strangely...

At ten o'clock at night, a blinding light was switched on without warning and the guard appeared again, holding a whip. A naked policeman came in with her, the one who had picked a fight in the bar of the hotel.

—Well, well, gringuita! Fancy finding you here!

Linda's situation had not improved. Her arms and one leg were tied. The leg was hanging in the air. She had a humming vibrator in her anus! It was enormous and there was no way she could take it out.

She began to writhe around hysterically. What would the ignorant, repulsive pigs do to her?

—You have no right to keep me here. Especially like this. You'll pay for this!—Linda shouted.

The policeman got hold of her breasts... brutally.

She swallowed... she had not expected such a fast, obscene attack.

—Nice big boobs! I thought so in the bar and I was right.

—Let me go!... I'm w-warning you!

Nice little waist too! Goes well with such big tits! Hmmm!... Soft skin!

—Stop! Let me go, will you?

But his hands were running over her breasts now.

—In this country, consuming drugs is punished by hanging. You know we found some cigarettes in your case? They had a funny smell.

Linda's eyes opened wide. Yes, she had two or three joints, but...

We're examining them now and if they're what I think, you've had it <sup>¾</sup>he said, kissing her on the lips.

Linda twisted her face away...

—I'll have the report on my desk tomorrow morning. I can process it or keep it a few days first, or I could even tear it up... What do you say?

Linda was crying. She could see no way out of this disgusting blackmail.

She lowered her eyes and let him kiss her.

Even the kiss was disgusting, a kind of rape.

This is the deal. You work with me for a week as my private whore and I give you the report at the end of the week. Think about it — it's me or the rope.

Linda was silent for some time. When the pig stopped kissing her...

—How do I know you'll keep your word?

—You don't trust me? You'll have to. If I process the report, you swing.

Linda looked at the ground in despair. She had little choice...

—Right, Princess, where were we? <sup>¾</sup>he asked, taking her by the waist <sup>¾</sup>when we met in the bar I asked you if you were wet between the legs.

Linda felt his erection against her stomach. He was pressing his hairy, decrepit chest against her breasts.

—Your turn to speak, Princess. Are you getting juicy?

—No...

—No problem. A hooker doesn't have to have it running down her leg to do her job. Open your legs a bit wider and start rubbing your pussy against my prick. This is gonna be a very thorough body-search. You're gonna earn that report! ■



FANCY FINDING YOU  
HERE, GRINGUITA...!

YOU HAVE NO  
RIGHT TO KEEP ME  
HERE LIKE THIS!

NICE BIG BOOBS! I  
THOUGHT SO IN THE BAR  
AND I WAS RIGHT?

# taming the beast

Getting back home after three weeks away is always pleasant. And if you've got someone like Longlegs waiting for you, well, it's just marvellous.

I've always been a bit short-sighted. That must be why I read "Russian filly to be mounted bollock-naked" where it actually said "Young white Russian female looks for economically sound husband". They are very similar sentences, you'll agree! It could have happened to anyone!

Well, I couldn't get married. Felisa, my wife, just wouldn't have understood. And I couldn't disappoint the poor girl. The only solution was to bring her to my ranch.

Best thing I could have done!

Sundays I go to Mass and when everybody else is getting the aperitif ready or lighting the barbecue, I strip and ride Longlegs. I could have called her Longvagina or Longbreasts but I'm a farmer, a down-to-earth, self-made Rump and Cunt Man. That's me in the drawing, walking the Russian filly and giving my dick a rest!

Uncle Eufrasio, the cobbler from Beaverville, helped me rig up that harness.

Take a good look at Longlegs in training. A superb mover. Firm muscular buttocks.

Clever, too! She knows a lot of English. She knows *Whoa! Giddy-up!* and *Trot!* She also knows *Show Your Breasts!* She pushes them in the air! The bar behind her back helps a bit. What a fine animal, eh?

She also knows some common down-to-earth agricultural expressions like *Show Your Cunt!* She stands in front of me, bends her knees and opens her thighs. *Show Your Clit!* starts off the same, but then she puts one hand on each side of her pussy and stretches the lips wide open. You can learn a lot from the colour. The vet told me that.

My favourite call is *Show Your Rump!* (She turns away her back on me, goes down on all fours, puts her face on the ground and sticks her ass up as high as it'll go. Rump and cunt in one call).

There is other technical equestrian jargon like *Lick My Dick!* but I guess an intelligent reader will be able to work out what it means!

This Russian filly is behind in the more artistic aspects of training, though.

SSSSWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSH!!!

That's just a warning crack near her butt to keep her concentration going!

—*Knees up!* Get your knees right up and squeeze your pussy!

I stand in the middle and she goes round and round on four metres of lead.

Marvellous!

—*Bounce Your Tits!* —I say and she moves the top part of her body up and down like a young colt prancing in the meadow.

—*Swing your Tits!* —she swings her breasts left and right.

—*Sleigh Trot!* —she trots and lifts her knees as high as possible. This gives an extra lift to her boobs and gets the bells ringing. It's a Christmas routine. It's one of my favourites because her boobs just wobble out of control. They bounce off each other! They go all over the place, shaking like jelly! It makes me come just to think about it!

SSSSWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSH!!!

Another warning! I don't usually have to touch her with the whip, just occasionally on the rump. Sometimes if she's misbehaved I shout "*Cunt and Come!*" Then she has to work her fanny in front of me until she comes.

Sometimes I help her. I use the four-metre lead as Pussy Floss. I pass it up and down between the lips of her pussy until she either comes or gets sore trying. If she can't come then I finish her off with my fingers and if she's very sore I use my tongue.

—*Walk! Walk!*

She's tired now. She's glad of a change of pace.

—*Dance!* —Her latest step:

Phase One: One thigh up to the horizontal

Phase Two: Same leg, foot follows it up to the horizontal

Phase Three: Straight leg slowly down. Squeezes her lips! Majestic!

She's getting tired now, but there's still half an hour to go.

—*Trot! Giddy-up!*

SSSSWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSH!!!

It's a sublime experience. Total control!

All thanks to Eufrasio's riding gear. Leather bit in the mouth and a serrated tongue depressor. Tight elastic buckles that get tighter as they get wet. High collar with chin-restraining central depression. Elbows tied back to the bar and hands free in front (necessary for *Show Your Cunt!* and *Rub Your Clit!*). Small of back and butt exposed. Tight elastic belt incorporating vaginal strap with vibrator. Thirty centimetres of pulsating rubber all the way up! Another elastic harness for rump plug lined with sandpaper if she misbehaves. Hair from her own head simulating pony tail... Marvellous stuff!

The rump plug stops her from messing herself. It helps her concentrate on the leg movements too.

—*Whoa! Whoa there!* —Time for twenty minutes' rest. I hitch the lead rope to the ring in her nose and take her to the stable.

She's jumpy, I can feel it. I'll calm her down. I attach the nose ring by a rope to a hook on the ceiling and she has to stand up on tiptoe. I hose her down. She

likes the hose when she's overheated. She stands still and lets me do it. Sometimes she does *Show your Rump!* or *Show Your Clit!* in the cold water. I don't even need to call!

I'd give her a sugar lump, but she's got the bit in. She's still jumpy though. I check the vibrator, but it's working OK. That ought to keep her happy. The rump plug is well in and the bells are hanging right, but I take them out and put them through in another part of the nipple, just in case I got a nerve.

I pull at her nose ring.  
—What the fuck's up, you shit-assed Russian?  
I'll have to talk to Uncle Liborio, the barber. He knows all there is to know about cows and horses. Half the cows are mad these days. You can't be too careful! I ask you, who in his right mind would want to lick the cunt of a mad filly?  
Be seeing you! ■

**CHASS...!!!**

**TROT  
GIDDY-UP!!!**



**YEAHHHHHHH...!!!  
YEAHHHHHHH...!!!  
YEAHHHHHHH...!!!**

**CLACK  
CLACK**

# NAILED

Sandra spent the night naked and chained to the wall by rings around her thumbs, toes, ankles, wrists, elbows, neck and waist. She also had a gag in her mouth. Her breasts hung free...

—That's better! You were moving too much... I was getting fed up with seeing your ass moving around, it was too provocative...  
—Mmmhhhhhhhhhh...!!  
—Mmmmmmmmmhhhh...!!  
—What's up? Does your pretty little leg still sting from the whip yesterday?  
—MMMMHHHH...!!  
—MMMMHHHHHHHH...!!  
—Am I going to take you down? No, you look fine... stuck to the wall like a painting.  
—jMoouuuummhhhhh...!  
—jMaaauuuuuuhhhhhh!  
—Miaowing? Pussies do that. Don't worry. No whip today. Today's dick day! First the rubber goes up, then it's my turn Ha! ha! ha!...  
—NOOOOOOGGGGGG!!  
—NOOOOOOOOGGGGGG!!!! ■



MAUUHHH...

GOOD NEWS...  
PUSSY. NO WHIP  
TODAY...

El Magazine S/M Gore

# FANSADOX

Nº 9

Solo para adultos

**LA RESIDENCIA**

*badía*

**INFIERNO**

*de haro*

**ATRAPADA**

*paul*

**PONY GIRL**

*badía*

**in English !!!**

**ABORDAJE**

ZOO humano

carne de subasta

amaestrar una tigresa

reeducando a una espía

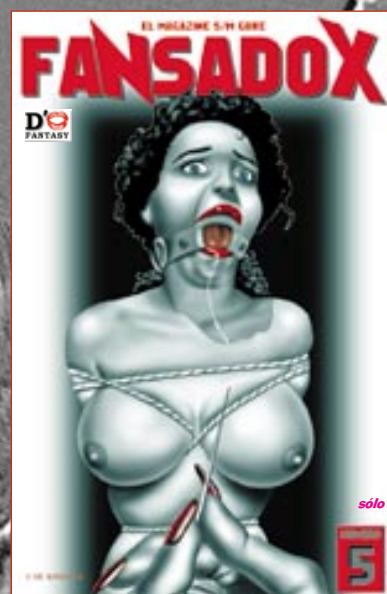
sepultada en el pozo

la perra de los críos

vendida por un puñado de cabras

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