

El Magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 9

Solo para adultos

THE BLACK VAN

roberts

INFERNO

de haro

BOUGHT & TAMED

paul

PONY GIRL

badia

DADDY'S GIRL

TAW

MINE AT LAST!!!

sex playthings

sensory deprivation

HAT TRICK

geoff merrick

www.dofantasy.com



contents

portada - josep de haro

pony girl #3 - badia 3

bought & tamed # 2 - lucas-paul 7

HAT TRICK - **GEOFF MERRICK**-badia 15

sex playthings - lucas-ROBERTS 20

inferno #5 - josep de haro 24

THE BLACK VAN - ROBERTS 30

sensory deprivation - matador-badia 36

daddy's girl - TAW 41

mine at last! - D.Guard -ROBERTS 47

editorial

Hot new comic in this number: **THE BLACK VAN** by artist ROBERTS. Very cool!!! I'm sure you could hardly wait Fansadox 10 for the second part.

Based on Lucas's highly successful 'Bought and Tamed', Paul keep on illustrating this tremendously erotic story.

In this number you'll find eight astonishing pages of classic fumetti at its best!

Geoffrey Merrick, creator of the legendary Tyler, white slave trafficker in New York, starts a new saga in this issue. Not to miss!!!

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 The coolest site for the hottest material.

Coming up soon (still coming, sorry) ... **INQUISITION**. The much-awaited luxury album by Badia. You can see a sample of these works of art behind this text...

And last but not least: we'd appreciate your feedback.

Please tell us what you like and what don't to dofantasy@dofantasy.com

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

©2000 www.dofantasy.com

All rights reserved. Published by
d'O Fantasy ♦ Apartado 107 ♦ 08190 Valldoreix ♦ Spain
Fax +34 93 5890865
www.dofantasy.com ♦ e-mail dofantasy@dofantasy.com
ISBN 84-8184-959-6

All reproduction of text or illustrations, partial or total, by whatever means, forbidden without the express written permission of the publisher.
All the stories in this collection are fictitious and are intended for the fantasy of adults only.

PONY GIRL

TEXT, D'O FANTASY

BADIA

Third episode...

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

—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.

The week passes... and Doctor Cuervo meets Beatriz again. This time she is completely naked and dressed up like a filly, ready to satisfy his every whim...

The girl is humiliated, beaten brutally and finally raped. And obliged to walk on all fours, carrying her sadistic step-father on her back!

The next day, Doctor Cuervo takes over the training of his young step-daughter...

HM.M... HEAD HARNESS... MUZZLE WITH A RING... JAW WIDE APART... TRAINING COLLAR... SPHINCTERS SEALED OFF...

...PERFECT EQUIPMENT FOR A FRISKY FILLY!...

AND NOW FOR YOUR NIPPLES. INSTEAD OF THE CLAMPS THAT HURT YOU SO MUCH, DADDY HAS BROUGHT YOU THIS...

MM...
MM...
MM...
MM...

AGGHH!!!



DADDY WILL GIVE YOU AN EARLY-MORNING FUCK TO START THE DAY...

NOGG!!
NOGG!!



IT'LL RELEASE SOME OF THE TENSION...

AND NOW, GET TROTTING. BUT FIRST...

LOOK ME IN THE EYE, SLUT!!!

HUG DADDY WITH THOSE PRETY LEGS!!!

ZUMP...
ZUMP...
ZUMP...

MMMHHH!!!

FIVE HUNDRED JUMPS, FILLY... COME ON! UP! UP! UP!

MORE LIVELY THERE... GET THOSE THIGHS UP! UP! UP! UP!...



CHAAKKKK
CHAAKKKK

YOU NEED TO STRENGTHEN THOSE PRETTY LEGS TO BETTER HUG DADDY



CHAAKKKK
CHAAKKKK

IS YOUR CUNT SORE? CAN YOU FEEL THE VIBRATORS, YOU SLUT? UP!... JUMP!!...

MMMHHH!!!
MMMHHH!!!

YOU'LL BE THE FITTEST OF THE STABLE... YOUR DADDY WILL BE PROUD OF YOU!...

TIRED? COME ON... IT MAKES ME HORNY TO SEE YOU SWEAT. I'D FUCK YOU HERE AND NOW, BUT YOU HAVEN'T EARNED IT YET... YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP ON EXERCISING THOSE HIND QUARTERS FIRST...

...AND YOU'LL DO IT BLINDFOLD AND TIED TO THE MILL LIKE A MULE. UNTIL YOU LEARN TO JUMP AND HUG PROPERLY!

MY GOD... HELP ME...

HE'LL KILL ME. I'M EXHAUSTED...

© www.dofantasy.com

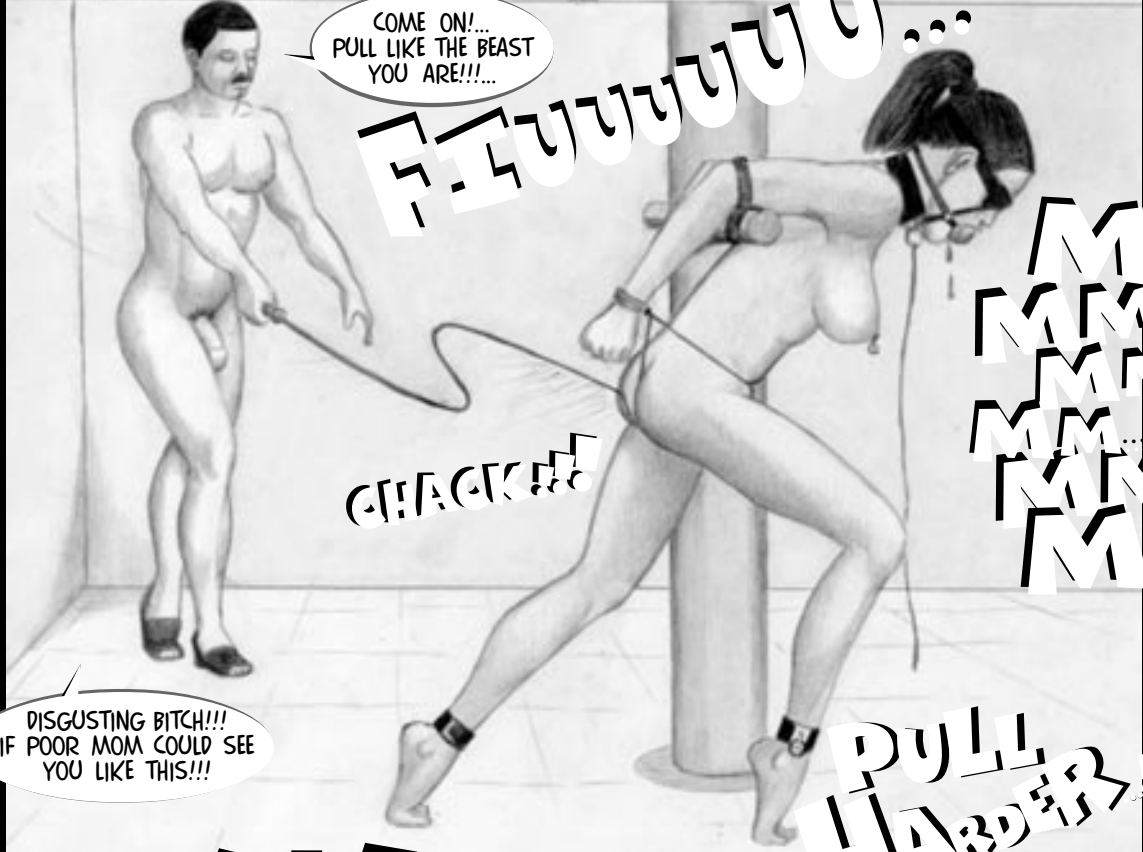


COME ON!... PULL LIKE THE BEAST YOU ARE!!!...

FUUUUUUUU...

**M...
MM...
MM...
MM...
MM...
M...**

CRACK!!!



DISGUSTING BITCH!!! IF POOR MOM COULD SEE YOU LIKE THIS!!!

PULL HARDER!!!

UAAAAGGHHH!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

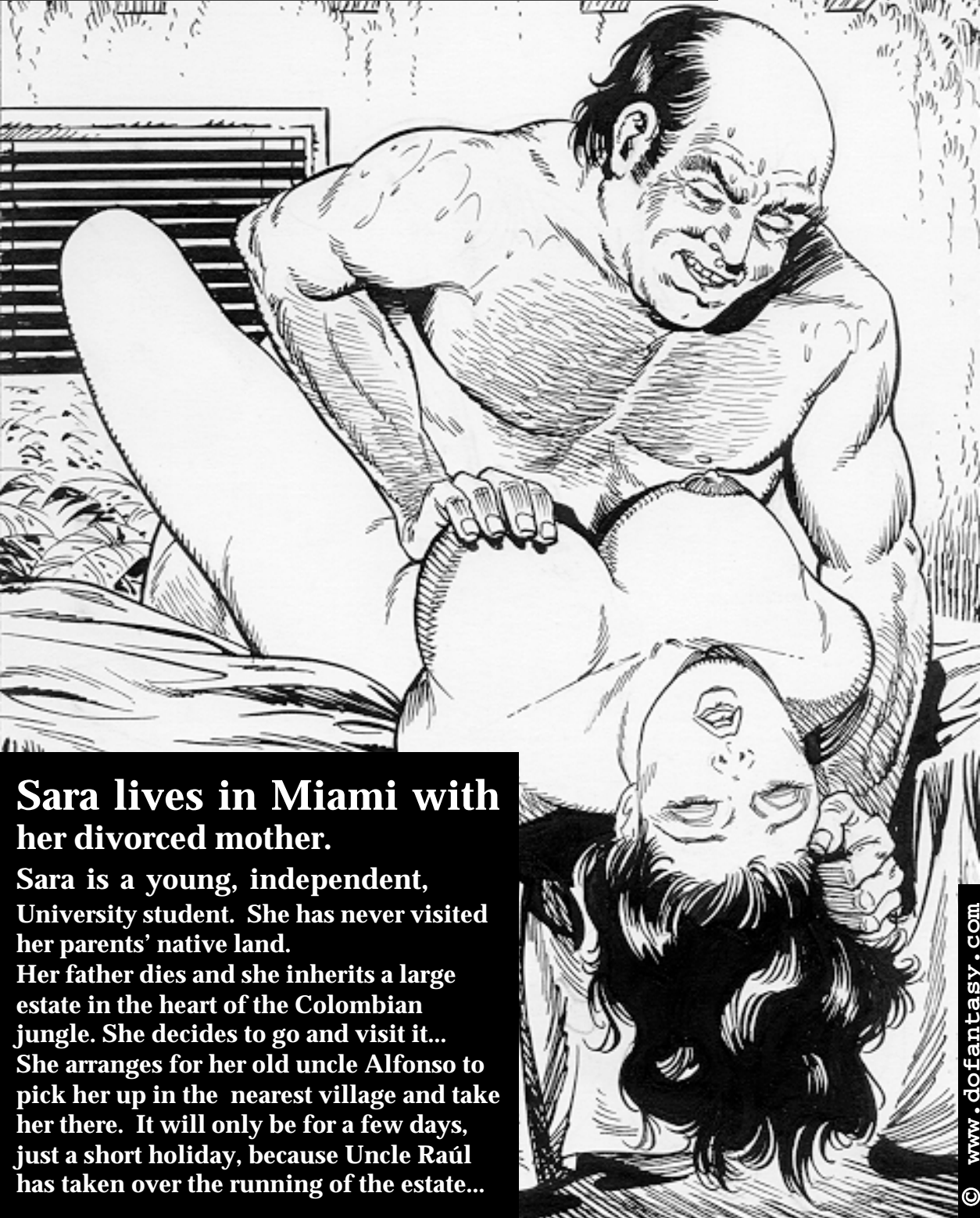
BOUGHT & TAMED

CHAPTER TWO

Based on the novel 'Comprada y Amaestrada'

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...

SEE THIS? IT'S YOUR UNCLE'S DICK! IT'S A GOOD SUCK!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT KIND OF A GIRL YOU ARE! LET'S SEE THOSE TITS! YOU WON'T NEED A DRESS HERE IN THE JUNGLE!

I LIKE BIG, SLUTTISH TITS!..



JEEZ, A WHORE'S BODY! YOU'LL WORK AS A WHORE FROM NOW ON TO PAY FOR YOUR KEEP.

...AND UNCLE'S TASTY DICKY IN! KEEP STILL, YOU BITCH! THAT'S RIGHT, ALL IN ONE... GOOD... GOOD!...



AND NOW...



...RUBBER DICKY OUT...



GET USE TO IT, BITCH IT'S THE PRICE OF A BEDROOM FOR ONE NIGHT! AGHH!... UGGHHH!... AAAGHHHHH!!!!

LATER... UNCLE RAUL
IS SNORING...



...TIED UP IN THE MOST
SADISTIC WAY...



AND SARA IS SOBBING DESPERATELY...



GOOD MORNING, PUSSY!... DO YOU LIKE
YOUR BEDROOM? I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
FANCY A HOT SHOWER. YOU SURE
SWEATED LAST NIGHT, HORNY BITCH!!!



LIFT YOUR PRETTY FACE. IT'S GOT MY
SPUNK ALL OVER IT... WE HAD A GREAT
TIME LAST NIGHT, EH? AND TODAY'S
GONNA BE BETTER, YOU'LL SEE...



SHE'S IN A SMELLY HOLE NEXT TO HIS BED. HIS UNDERPANTS ARE
STUFFED IN HER MOUTH AND SHE'S NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE THEM OUT...

I'VE GOTTA GO NOW. YOU'LL
WAIT FOR ME IN THE
MONKEY'S CAGE! THIS WAY!



OVER HERE, PUSSY, OR
I'LL SPLIT YOUR CUNT...



HURRY UP,
SLUT!!!

IT'S NOT TOO BIG, BUT YOU'LL
FIT ON YOUR KNEES...



I'LL BE BACK IN A
FEW HOURS TO
TAKE YOU OUT
AND PLAY WITH
THAT SWEET
LITTLE CUNT OF
YOURS...!
HAI... HAI... HAI...!!!

AT NIGHT...

ELBOWS RIGHT BACK... STICK YOUR TITS OUT... MOVE YOUR ASS AROUND... DO YOU REMEMBER OUR SUPPER IN UNCLE ALFONSO'S PLACE?

YES... YES SIR...



WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

I... I... CALLED YOU A SEXIST... AND... A FILTHY PIG... SIR...



WELL YOU WERE RIGHT. I AM A PIG AND I'M GONNA TREAT YOU LIKE ONE! SO PUSH YOUR SOW'S CUNT AROUND WHILE I FINISH MY DRINK... MOVE YOUR CUNT! SLOWLY!



SLOWER, BITCH!!! ONLY FROM THE WAIST DOWN... AND GET THOSE TITS HIGHER!...



THERE'S A STICK IN THE COMMODE. BRING ME IT.



TURN ROUND AND RISE YOUR ARMS AGAIN. DO IT NOW, BITCH!!!



YOU'VE GOT A GREAT PEECE ASS, PUSSY. YOU KNOW? YOUR GRANDFATHER BROKE COLTS IN WITH THIS STICK. YOUNG, REBELIOUS COLTS. HE TAUGHT THEM THEIR PLACE ON THE ESTATE...



...THEN HE TIED 'EM UP READY FOR THE STUD... IT WAS CALLED RAUL AFTER ME! HA! HA! HA!...

I'LL BREAK YOU IN, GRINGA!
I PROMISE, I'LL TEACH YOU
OBEDIENCE AND RESPECT!



AND HOW TO SERVE A REAL
MAN WITH YOUR BODY!

GET UP!!! IT'S SUPPER
TIME. ON YOUR KNEES!!!



PUSH THOSE TITS
OUT! HIGHER!!!
TAKE THAT, SLUT!!!



YOU ONLY DESERVE BONES TO
NIBBLE AND MEAT THAT I'VE SPAT
OUT FOR YOU...



FROM NOW ON YOU EAT
ON YOUR KNEES OFF THE
GROUND LIKE A PIG!



NOW LIFT YOUR ASS...
I WANNA DANCE!
AND A NICE FUCK!!!



LICK IT LIKE THE
SLUT YOU ARE!



SUCK IT GOOD!
MORE SALIVA!!!



DOES IT MAKE YOUR CUNT JUICY TO GET UP SO CLOSE TO A SEXIST MACHO'S PRICK? TELL ME, SLUT, IS IT DRIPPING?

LET'S SEE...

THAT'S A TIGHT ASS... I CAN HARDLY GET A FINGER IN! KISS ME ON THE LIPS!



AAGHHH!!!

FUCKING BITCH!!!



LOOK AS IF YOU'RE ENJOYING IT! NOW I'M GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO BEHAVE WITH A MALE OF YOUR OWN FAMILY...



HOURS LATER, AN OMINOUS SILENCE HUNG OVER THE HOUSE...



SARA HAD BEEN HANGING ALL NIGHT LONG AND WAS EXHAUSTED BY THE TORTURE...



WAKE UP PUSSY... IT'S TIME TO TEAR YOUR SLUTTISH CUNT APART...



HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick

He discovered the Carlsen sisters, at least the youngest one, at a garden party. Despite what he did as a vocation, there would have been no missing Jill Carlsen. Five feet, four inches tall, blonde hair in a hopping ponytail, bright blue eyes shining, and swaths of smooth, firm, slim, youthful flesh showing in her delightful outfit of denim shorts just barely holding onto youthful hips, a girlish, elastic, short-puffy-sleeved, midriff-baring top, and sandals which laced up her slim, smooth, curving shins.

Her legs were as long as her smile was natural and unaffected. Her breasts were as firm and hard as two new peaches, and they punched into her simple top with the energy of newly born kittens. He heard her tell someone she was sixteen ... which meant she was fifteen, tops.

She was there with her divorced father, enjoying displaying herself, reveling in her freedom and growing beauty (while honestly interested in meeting new people).

Of course he wanted to take her right there, waiting until it got darker before he clamped her lips shut, dragged her back into the surrounding woods, and nailed her writhing form as her father wondered where she had wandered off to, but he managed to control himself.

He also managed to control himself when he discovered her living arrangements. She stayed with her mother in a big, ramshackle old house in East Woodlawn ... along with her two sisters. Megan, a less effervescent beach bunny, was going to take a year between high school and college to get some sun and experience. She was 5'5", slightly more filled out, with round, high breasts, a nice waist, and sleek hips. Her eyes were also blue but not as bright, while her cuteness was tempered by a growing coolness. She kept her darker blonde hair at medium length, to her smooth, creamy shoulders.

Then there was Kelly. A sprite denying her heritage. With the brightest blue eyes in almond-shaped lids, little nose, and blindingly cute smile, he wouldn't have been surprised if she had pointed ears beneath her the sweeping blonde bob which barely came down to her neck. Except, of course, she was 5'6" tall, with the longest, smoothest, sexiest legs imaginable. She knew it, of course, because despite her little business suits, her skirts were as short as possible, showing off her hint of a tan and the promise of the rest of her. And she always wore pumps with three inch heels. The rest of her wasn't bad either. Her ass was round and high and

firm, befitting those legs, her waist was small, and her chest was incredible - hanging melons filling out her starched off-white shirts.

He could just imagine the frilly lingerie beneath that fresh-out-of-college, junior exec surface...

She was that kind of girl: ambitious, dedicated to getting ahead, practically bursting with personal power and will. It was Kelly, more than her two sisters, that made him decide to try a hat trick. Mom, of course, was also pretty cool looking, although thickening and settling a bit - but Audrey, his 'fence', as it were, wouldn't get much, if anything, for her.

No, it was the daughters, who came and went on a fairly well planned schedule, who would finance them for years to come. Mom got alimony, but she also worked every day, and with one child still in school, had plenty of meetings to occupy her evenings.

He managed to stay off Jill until a few months shy of her sweet sixteen.

Getting into the two-story, colonial house was no problem. He had been casing the place for months. It was, like most of the houses in the area, spaced wide apart, with plenty of forest and farm land between dwellings. Coming through the woods in back, the house itself blocked him from the street, and the family collaborated with him by not trimming the bushes ... especially those near the small cellar windows.

Suffice to say that when Jill got home that Friday from school a little after three, he was behind the door of her second story room, having already drawn the opaque, frilly curtains around the three-paned bay window.

Her closets were to the right of the door.

Her brass bed was to the right.

Her desk was in front of the windows.

Bureaus were to the left and right of that.

Stuffed animals were all over the place and posters of teen stars were on the walls.

She came in, wearing a short, pleaded, plaid skirt; knee socks, white sneakers; a button-down, white cotton shirt, and one of those chokers all the teens were wearing around their long necks.

She had just tossed her books to the desk when he was on her like a deer tick.

The heavy, thick, drug-soaked cloth clamped over her nose and mouth like melting plastic. His other arm clamped around her arms and waist like a yanked seatbelt. Then he reared back, jerking her off the floor. She was so stunned she only gasped and froze for a second. Only then did she start to

bleat like a frightened ewe, and struggle.

She jerked in his grip, ramming her tight ass against his hips, her torso surging against his arm. He could feel her lips working beneath his hand and the violent hum of her shrieks. Her legs kicked, which only managed to make him grip tighter as their firm sleekness rubbed his body. Then the drug began to claw into her brain.

She made a surprised sound, her eyes widening.

Then her fingers gripped his arm and thigh spasmodically, her legs grew heavy, and her eyes began to droop.

"That's it," he whispered to her. "Just breathe...."

And then it was over.

Jill Carlsen hung in his arms like a life-size, hundred pound sex doll. He immediately twisted to his left and dumped her on the bed, watching her flop down laxly. She came to a rest on her back in the mid-afternoon diffused sunlight - legs wide, one arm crossed over her chest, her mouth open and her eyes gently closed. He felt his hard-on threatening to tear open his pants.

He quickly retrieved a bag from behind the door, reached in, and stuffed a big, pliant, pink rubber ball in her mouth, filling the orifice behind her teeth and opening her jaw to its widest aperture. Then came the gray tape over her lower face, then the padded bandage, then another swath of red tape - all under her cute ponytail. He bound her arms in the small of her back - wrists to elbows,

forearms to forearms. Then her ankles, still in the shoes and kneesocks, spreadeagled, hanging from the brass baseboard. Then he kneeled between her legs, dragging her pillows down to her haunches, forcing up her hips.

When he saw the virginal white panties peeking out from under the skirt he nearly messed himself. But he held on long enough to cut the panties off, release his erection, slather it with lubricant, and jam himself inside the soft, silky, blonde triangle. Suddenly she was no longer a virgin, and in no condition to react to that reality.

Then he started pumping in earnest.

She was amazing.

So tight and so warm he thought he'd explode.

For all intents and purposes he did, within seconds, only barely containing a shout of pure animal exultation.

She only reacted when he came, stretching in the bonds and moaning in the gag as if having a nightmare.

Only then did he tear open her shirt and yank down her plain tan bra. Her tits weren't peaches anymore. He grabbed her grapefruits before starting to rut again. Her eyelids started to flutter a minute or so later. Then her legs began to bend and her torso twist. Finally her eyes snapped open.

It took her a second to remember.

It took her another to see what was happening that very moment. It took another for her to truly



Nothing...you...can...do...

comprehend it. She started, jerking in her bonds. She made a surprised, frightened noise beneath the gag. Finally she realized: she had been attacked. She was being raped. And there was no way to escape or scream. His fingers slipped into her hair and his hand gripped her tit as if holding a baseball just before she started to buck and cry. Her beautiful body surged beneath him, her head shaking madly, tears pouring out of her eyes as he merely pressed down, gripping and grinding, jamming his meat up into her like corking a wine bottle.

"Nothing you can do," he hissed, thrusting, lowering his mouth to her sweet little ear.

"Nothing...you...can...do!" Then he wrapped his hands under her sweat slickened shoulders, trapping her like a bug under a rock, and plunged madly into her, his mouth slobbering her sweet neck. Outside, a car passed by every thirty seconds or so as he rutted away - the teenage girl bound to the bed, her mouth stuffed, sealed, and muffled. He just kept fucking the sweet young thing, stabbing his tongue into her ears, sucking at her throat, as she writhed helplessly beneath him. He heard her sister Megan being dropped off by her friends. Jill didn't, above the roar in her head, his tongue in one ear, and his hand over the other. Twisting slightly and pushing off her chest, he kept sliding his log all the way in her warm, tight cunt, while lazily reaching over to the nightstand. Jill did hear Megan come in, however, unlocking the back door. Her eyes grew huge, staring up into his bland face. He saw hysteria overcome any reason left in her expression. Her head snaking up on her neck, she stared imploringly at her closed door and started to scream. "Megan...help...help me...run...run... Megan... noooo!" It sounded like a distant cry of a kitten which had been buried alive. And just at its most wrenching and pleading, he plopped the drug-soaked cloth wad back over her nose and jammed his cock so hard up her ass nearly came off the pillows. Her screams were now the sound of a falling butterfly, her body taut beneath him, her legs kicking uselessly on either side. He held the cloth loosely over her nose, but kept his other fingers clamped tightly over her filled and sealed mouth.

He listened carefully for any sounds on the stairs outside but watched Jill's eyes - staring at him in horrified disbelief, filling with the realization that he would get away with this... that he had fucked her and would keep her from alerting her sister.

She tried to escape one last time, rolling like a wave crashing to shore, her chest thrust up, her hips thrusting, and her legs kicking out in one last spasmodic surge beneath him. All it did was make him come again, just as their hips locked. He saw her feeling it, her desperate eyes widening one centimeter more than seemed possible, and then starting to droop in desecration and despair. He

jammed his cock up; once, twice, three times - pressing her head back in rhythm with one hand, holding the drugged cloth against her nostrils with the other. Jill went under with a rattling sigh, slipping under the surface of consciousness like a child being pulled down by a great white shark.

He slowly, carefully, lessened his grip on her head, still listening intently from any warning sound from downstairs. There was only a second when he did not - when he looked full in the face of the unconscious Jill Carlsen. Her face was covered in sweat, her lips sealed, her ears drooled, and her neck was covered in hickeys. It took his breath away. He cautiously pushed himself off her, revealing back into his sight her torn open shirt, proud chest, skirt pushed up to waist, her long spread legs, and cum-dewy thatch. He could hardly walk, so he quickly came into her sleeping face, and, with her eyes and hair cum-splattered, quickly untied her ankles from the strong baseboard. He nimbly removed her shoes and socks, undressed her, and retied her crossed ankles together - all while listening for Megan's progress.

Leaving a gloriously nude Jill 'sleeping' beneath the covers (her torn bra, cut panties, ripped shirt and rumpled skirt under the bed), he hitched up my pants and hazarded leaving the room, his bag in hand. As he approached the stairs, he heard the TV on in the living room and popcorn popping in the kitchen microwave.

He waited until the microwave beeped, hearing Megan heading toward the kitchen before moving silently across the dining room. He heard her opening the bag and pouring the snack into a bowl as he retrieved the 120,000 volt zapper from his bag. He saw a flash of blonde hair, creamy flesh, and gray stretch cotton go by, then he stepped forward, pressed the zapper onto her back, and thumbed the switch while reaching beyond her. She made a surprised gasping noise and went down as he grabbed the bowl of popcorn and set it on the rustic dining room table without spilling a drop. Only then did he survey my handiwork, twitching on the wood floor at his feet. Megan was wearing a V-necked, gray stretch-cotton pull-over dress that came to her knees but had a slit up the side that came to her thighs. Her feet were bare, her sandals kicked off at the front door. Her small, kewpie-doll-like mouth and dark blue eyes were opening and closing like a beached fish while her shapely body moved sensuously beneath the tight fabric.

He grabbed her around her twenty-four inch waist and dragged her up. Then with one arm around her arms and waist, and the other around her throat, he dragged her to the cellar door between the kitchen and living room. Pressing the zapper beneath one thirty-six inch tit, he thumbed the switch again. She jerked in place, jiggling, her mouth making a cut-off alarm noise, then collapsed



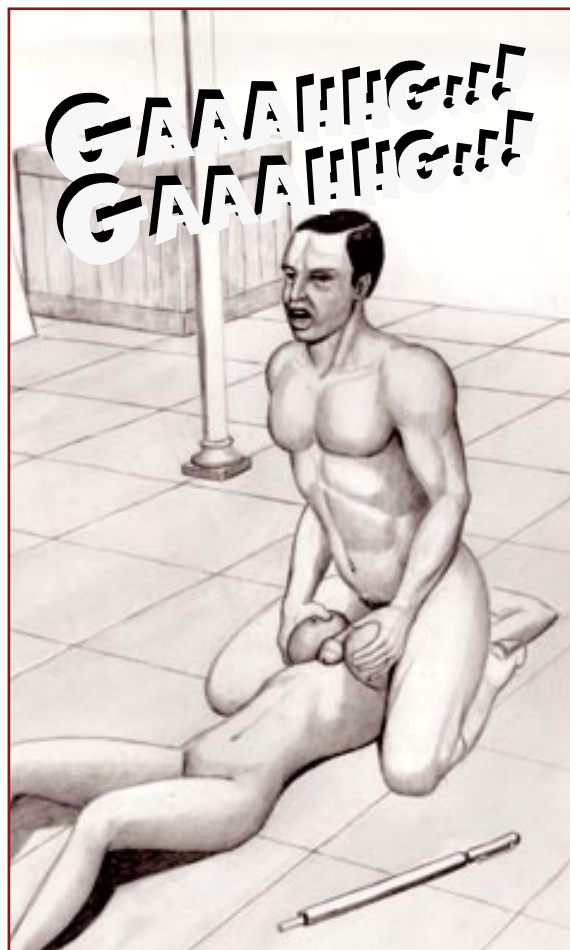
I'll teach you slut...

back into his grip. He dragged her down the cellar steps to a plain, dark cavern, interspersed with iron support beams, an exposed wood ceiling, and a floor that was half concrete and half earth. Suddenly twisting around, he threw her against the basement wall, watching her bounce and go down. Taking just a second to see her undulate on the cellar floor, he went up to retrieve his bag. When he returned, she was trying to pull herself up the basement wall, making gasping groans with each breath.

Standing on no ceremony, he grabbed her, dragged her up, pushed her face-first against the cellar wall, and handcuffed her wrists behind her. Then, dragging her head back by her blonde hair, he jammed a big leather sack in her mouth, which was attached to a thin strap he buckled brutally tight behind her head. Then on went swath after swath of plumbing tape. Only then did he reach around, grab the V-neck of her simple pullover, and start tearing. Within seconds her bikini was revealed: seamless, bright pink, with a top that gathered and thrust up her full creamy boobs and a bottom that molded her round, firm rear. Megan started to twist and bleat by then, so he gave her a quick punch to the kidney. She slammed into the cellar wall, her sounds cut off as if by a spigot, then

started to crumple with a pained moan.

He took the moment to drag her back up, sandwich her against the wall, and slip a thin rubber-coated wire through the central link of her handcuffs, which he then tightened brutally around her waist - the wire all but disappearing into her flesh. She started at that, but it was, as before, too late. Her blue eyes pinballed around their sockets, trying to understand the attack, but it just continued with brisk, savage efficiency ... as if her defilement was just a distraction from things that really mattered. Within moments a cord had been affixed to a pipe in the ceiling and wrapped around her strong chin. Seconds after that, her ankles were bound wide to two iron support beams six feet away from each other. Then he came up behind her and thrust his hands down into her bikini top and bottom. He let her undulate against him as he kneaded her bulbous tit, rolled her nipple, and pinched her clit repeatedly. He heard her gasp and then moan, her body jerking, and then choke, trembling. He kept doing it until she came, her face getting red, then purple. Finally as her eyes rolled back into her head he suddenly and expertly cut the noose, dropped her to the floor on her back, and jumped on top of her. He dragged her tits from the top and tore her bikini bottom off. Even before she regained full consciousness he was in her. She was no virgin, but she was no slut either. Her cunt was nice and tight, warm, and wet from the abuse, and he plugged all the way in with no further lubrication than her sister's dried juice. Finally she was completely awake and trying to rebel from the invasion. But the way her legs were spread and her mouth packed made it doubly difficult. Then, too, he would occasionally push her head against the floor or lay his forearm over her throat to weaken her even further. Soon she just stared, astonished and defiled, at the cellar ceiling, grunting as he pumped and mauled her. Finally he came in her cringing form, hearing her whimper and cry. Hardly pausing, he merely pulled out, jerked up, and thudded his cock between her crammed together boobs. For the next fifteen minutes he gave himself a nice long tit-fuck, hardly bothering to look at her. Only when his cum splattered onto her visage did he stare at her terrified, uncomprehending face. Then, feeling the need for a mouth fuck he reached for her lips...but that's when her older sister came home. He heard the car pull into the drive, then looked down at Megan's shocked, frightened eyes trying to look through the wall to wish Kelly away. He sunk the zipper into her left tit and thumbed the button. Megan slammed down to the cellar floor. He pushed the zipper into her other tit and switched it on again. Megan jerked in place as if having a fit ... then grew still. ■



TO BE CONTINUED...

SEX PLAYTHINGS

Lucas

The basement echoes with low grunts that seem to come from a wild animal. And the spine-chilling screams of a young woman on the wrong end of a brutal beating.

—HEADS OR TAILS? ANSWER, YOU FUCKING BITCH!!! HEADS OR TAILS?

The girl falls to her knees under the blows. She is completely naked. Her arms have been tied tight behind her back to expose and lift her breasts. The pain of the ropes is driving her mad. Her face, stomach and even her unprotected breasts are stinging from the tremendous punishment they have received from a long stick. The lips of her vagina are sore from repeated rubbing with the same stick.

The terror is almost worse than the pain.

Cindy screams as the stick comes down again, this time right next to her vagina.

She is nineteen years old. She has chestnut-coloured hair and large, full breasts hanging like melons. These breasts have figured prominently in a thousand male (and some female) fantasies in her neighbourhood. The skin on her breasts is soft and shiny like an apple. Her vagina is a secret, closed fig that men have longed to suck on.

—TAILS! —she sobs— TAILS!!!

The mad beast is Kid Rapper, a serial killer, weighing one hundred and fifty kilos. Pure muscle on a pure psychopath. A fugitive, on the run from Death Row in the Penal del Rosalito. A man with a track record in horrendous variants of rape, always accompanied by furiously sadistic attacks. A man with nothing to lose, more dangerous now than ever.

The coin hangs in the air and falls to the ground. The fate of the two sisters is decided. Cindy, the elder sister, waits in anguish. Her kid sister Gwen, a blue-eyed blonde, looks on terrified. She is tied by the wrists and gagged. Her pink top has been pulled up over her smaller and younger breasts. Her blue jeans have been cut short and the zip has been pulled down in front to half-cover and half-reveal her pubic hair. She is pressing her thighs together at the top in an unconscious effort to protect her vagina.

—TAILS! My lucky day! I'm into great big wobbly tits —says Kid, his voice dark and shaky with lust.

—NOOOOOOOOOOO...! I SAID HEADS!

—Do you really want me to put Superdick up your sister's tiny little cunt and bust it wide open?

Cindy stammers, looks at her sister, and shakes her head.

Kid Rapper moves over to Gwen, who is writh-

ing and twisting nervously in the ropes. He raises his hand and she flinches, expecting him to slap her on the breast. Instead, he strokes her nipple, softly, delicately, until it swells. Then he lowers the zip a little further to reveal most of her vagina. He goes round the back and presses himself against the girl's bottom while fondling her firm, uplifted breasts.

Gwen shudders and shouts through the dirty rag that is pulling at the corners of her lips. She shuts her eyes as his enormous hands become rougher, pushing and pulling at her breasts and torturing them. Then she feels him pull her jeans down at the back to uncover her bottom and she is aware of the sticky contact of a dirty, sweaty body. She is aware, too, of an immense erection pressing vertically into the crack between her buttocks and moving slowly up and down.

Kid Rapper is getting excited now. He pulls at her hair, twists her head round and kisses her on the lips, sucking in the saliva on the wet gag.

Gwen shudders.

Kid slaps her stomach and puts his fingers into her vagina first and then into her anus.

—AAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!... AAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!...

—Hmmm ... virgin front and back —he croaks, licking the blood from his fingers— D'you want me to show you what your ass and cunt are for? Do you want me to give Superdick a ride up your ass?

—NOOOOOOOOOOOOOGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!

—No ... I'm not gonna fuck you. Don't get excited! —he says gruffly, sucking and licking his fingers. Kid Rapper plays straight. Your sister said tails and she's the one who gets tailed. Or maybe I'll go in that big, juicy pussy of hers first. He pulls her jeans back up and crouches down in front of Gwen, who looks terrified. He shows her the used needle and the syringe full of brown liquid and then sticks it into her thigh, about an inch from the crotch.

—AAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!... AAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!...

He injects a triple dose of aphrodisiac, the same drug as he uses himself to get full value from his victims.

—Just wait a minute. You're gonna enjoy this...

He suddenly pulls the jeans down to her ankles, separates the lips of her vagina by pulling with both hands and starts kissing and licking her with strong, broad upward strokes of his tongue...

—SLURP ... You're gonna be ... SLURP ... begging for some ... SLURP ... dick ... SLURP ... when you

see what I ... SLURP ... do to your sister. But I ain't gonna fuck you ... SLURP ... and I ain't gonna let you ... SLURP ... touch yourself either ... SLURP ... You're gonna be dying for a fuck and ... SLURP ... and I ain't gonna ... SLURP ... be giving you any ... SLURP ... You're just gonna think dick ... SLURP ... But you're only gonna THINK it. You get a bad deal here, kid. Cos you ain't gonna come any more, kid ... SLURP ... That's over now. Your sister gets all the orgasms from now on ... SLURP ... SLURP ... You get near to coming, but you don't get there! How does it feel? ... SLURP ... SLURP ... SLURP ...

Gwen twists and turns with every lick from the big rough tongue and every suck on her clitoris.

Kid Rapper stands up. He's feeling mean and horny now. He leaves Gwen hanging by the wrists with her buttocks, thighs and calves feeling very sore, and her vagina inflamed, coated with saliva and crying out for more attention.

He turns round and looks at the elder sister. She is still naked except for the ropes. He takes his huge erection in his hand and gives it a few rubs. His madman's eyes are fixed on Cindy's larger, heavier breasts.

—I'm sure gonna be busy working on those tits of yours!

He steps towards her. She runs into a corner, her breasts bouncing heavily up and down as she crosses the room. She turns round to face him.

All she can see is an enormous black penis, misshapen, twisted like a boomerang. Her legs feel weak and she drops down onto her knees, holding her thighs together to protect herself. But the mass of black muscle moves slowly towards her. She looks up. She can only see his lips and his eyes. And his dick, which seems longer and thicker than her own arm.

—NOOOOOOOO!!! You'll kill me!!! PLEASE!!! NOOO!!! I can't get that in!!!!!!!

Kid pushes and kicks Cindy back to where Gwen is strung up. He grabs Cindy by the hair, forcing her down to her knees again. She struggles, twists, turns, kicks, and scratches like a cornered cat...

Kid's eyes are focused on the generous breasts which are now flopping and bouncing and wobbling like jelly in all directions. He slaps her on them and then on the face. She hits her head on the ground and for a moment lies there confused. He takes advantage of this to put his member into her mouth. He forces it down her throat until half of it disappears.

Cindy comes round and realises she's suffocating. She tries to bite, but her jaw is aching and stabs of pain make it impossible. In any case, Rapper's member is too thick and hard for her teeth to do much harm...

Kid laughs and presses and pushes until, unexpectedly, he comes into her throat and fills her stomach and mouth and then pulls out and sprays her face and breasts with thick, stinking sperm. He

curses angrily. Coming too soon spoils the fun, for a few minutes anyway...

Cindy's stomach starts heaving. She manages not to be sick, but before she knows what is happening she is on her back and lying beneath a hundred and fifty kilos of muscle...

Rapper fondles her breasts and his penis grows hard again. He half-opens Cindy's almost virginal lips with his purple gland. He glares down at her, grits his teeth and pushes hard. With a low, animal groan he pushes straight up into her, stretching and tearing everything his penis finds in its path.

Cindy opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out. Her newly-raped throat produces no noise. Kid pushes his long, fleshy tongue inside her mouth and explores her gums, palate and tongue. He drinks the mixture of semen and saliva that fills her mouth.

Cindy heaves and is sick sideways. Meanwhile, the horrendous member hammers on rhythmically, filling and tearing all that it finds SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ...

And Cindy starts crying...

SLAMMM ... SOB ... SLAMMMMMMM ... SOB...

Huge hands pull her hair back...

SLAMMM ... AGH! ... SLAMMMMMMM...

Kid's tongue comes out of her mouth and moves over her face, eyes, cheeks, nose, chin, ears...

SLAMMM ... SOB ... SLAMMMMMMM...

Kid slaps her on the breasts to see them shake heavily...

He whispers into her ear, licking, sucking, biting.

—Do you like this, you slut? ... SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ... SLAP AAAGHH!! Ain't this what you wanted all day in the supermarket?... SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ... Sitting there on your bored, wet little pussy, thinking your dirty little thoughts? ... SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ... Did you want someone to slap you on your tits? SLAP ... AAGHH!!! ... WOBBLE ... SLAP ... AAGHH!! ... WOBBLE...

Did you want a big dick up your cunt? ... SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ... How does this one feel? ... SLAMMM ... Big enough for you? ... SLAMMM ... SLAMMMMMMM ... Say something, you fucking bitch! ... SLAMMM ... SLAP ... AAAAAGHHH!!! ... SLAMMMMMMM ... SLAP ... AAGHHH!!! ... Move those tits around!!! ... SLAP ... AAAAGGHHH!!! ... Move them!! ... SLAP ... AAAGHHH!!! ... Move your tits! ... SLAP ... AAAGGHHH!!! ... SHAKE ... WOBBLE...

Cindy grits her teeth against the pain and closes her eyes. Her face is swollen and her body tense as a violin string. Her breasts are stinging.

She holds her breath in a desperate attempt to avoid the stinking breath and the saliva that is dribbling out of his mouth and falling on her stomach.

Kid puts his hands onto her arms and pushes himself up to get a better look at her large breasts. They are still big even though she is on her back.



Say something, you fucking bitch!
Move those tits around!!!

He focuses his eyes on the delicate pink nipples and aureole and pushes up into her. He feels her shudder deep inside. He knows it's pain, not orgasm, but it moves her breasts and he likes to see that...

Cindy bursts into tears. She's covered in sweat, his and hers, her arms are hurting from the weight, saliva is falling onto her stomach, and his huge member, hard as iron and just as painful, is ramming up inside her again and again...

All this time sis Gwen looks down in horror, her vagina about to burst into flames.

Kid is a slobbering wild beast now.

He pulls at Cindy's bush to make her scream more. He pulls some of the hairs out.

He speeds up, his breath comes faster and hotter, he still can't take his eyes off her totally unprotected, shaking, tremulous breasts...

His baseball bat of a prick thumps harder and harder into the girl. He's losing control but he concentrates enough to get a thumb in between her swollen lips and manages lift her hips up.

He goes onto his knees and lifts her legs onto his shoulders.

Deeper...

Wetter...

More painful...

More sadistic...

Deep rape. Pure torture. Pure pain. The world goes black before Cindy's eyes.

Kid knows he's coming and he tries to cool it but he can't. His body goes into hyper-jerks and he lifts his head and arches his back and groans like a wild beast.

A primitive, spine-chilling groan, born of despair and desolation. He shouts and slumps forwards as his semen pumps into Cindy and his testicles empty into her delicate, desirable, drinkable pussy...

UUUUUUUGGGGHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Silence.

Cindy's vaginal secretion seeps noiselessly down, mixes with Kid's semen and flows onto her hands and his testicles before forming a small pool on the floor.

Gwen looks on in horror as Kid rolls over on his back, exhausted but still ejaculating...

Some hours later, Cindy opened her eyes and saw the same hood, the same thick purple lips with deep cracks in them, steel-grey eyes flushed with red still fixed on her breasts and saliva still coming down onto her stomach.

A nightmare? A hallucination? Had it all started again?

She tried to speak, to plead with the apparition, but she could not...

There was still the same thudding penis deep inside her. The same filthy rape, the same brutality. Her arms ached. Her hands were wet and slimy.

SLAMMMM ... SLAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM ... SLAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM...

Was it still going on? Would it ever stop?

She remembered Gwen and turned her head. Gwen was still hanging by the wrists, her breasts on display and her jeans open in front. Their eyes met for a second. Cindy's gaze was absent, dulled by hours of sexual torture. Gwen's eyes were brighter, more frightened ... Cindy noticed that Gwen's thighs were still pressed together at the top, but saw that this time the reason was different. Her sister's bottom was jerking backwards and forwards. Gwen was trying to masturbate...

Cindy felt Kid pull at her hair and twist her head away. He kissed her again. He wanted to look into her eyes, to see her pain, to gauge her humiliation...

His eyes went down to her breasts again. SLAP! ... AAGHHH!!! ... WOBBLE! He was still turned on by the jelly-like quivering. SLAP! AAGGHHH!!! WOBBLE! He looked into her eyes. SLAP! WOBBLE! He pushed his dick hard up inside. SLAM! Then he slipped a finger in between her lips and began rolling her clitoris this way and that, scratching it with his nail and pressing it between his thumb and forefinger.

He spoke into her ear, licking inside.

—You've got a nice juicy cunt ... SLAMMMM ... SLAMMMM ... a tight cunt ... SLAMMMM ... SLAMMMM ... a warm ... SLAMMMM ... wet ... SLAMMMM ... oily... SLAMMMM ... cunt. What's your ass like? ... SLAMMMMMMM...

Cindy started shaking. She writhed and twisted under the weight of the big negro. If he went up her ass he really might kill her!

Kid Rapper just raped on, holding her by the hair...

—...But I'm not going up your ass ... SLAMMMMMMM... I'm going up your little sister's! ... SLAMMMMMMM ... Cindy managed to turn her head and look again at Gwen...

—The slut's got a tight ass ... SLAAAAMMMMMMM ... and she's dying for me to open it ... SLAAAAMMMMMMM ... so she can crap better!...

He turned to the younger sister.

—There's just one rule here, kid ... SLAMMMMMMM... No orgasms! ... SLAMMMMMMM ... If you come while I'm up your juicy little ass ... SLAAAAMMMMMMM ... I'll bite off your clit and eat it in front of you!!! ... SLAMMMMMMM and I'll sew up your cunt with wire!!! ... SLAMMMMMMM

Kid reached up an arm and pulled Gwen's pants still around her ankles.

—Step out of them! Now stand with your feet apart! ... SLAAAAMMMMMMM...


Gwen moved her feet apart. The lips of her vagina were now partially open and her juice was trickling slowly down her thigh.

—...and get your little asshole ready. I'll finish this slut in a flash... SLAAAAAAMMMMMMM ... HA!... HA!... HA!... ■

INFIERNO

©DE HARO'2000

CHAPTER 5
DE HARO



ISABEL WAS CAPTURED AFTER A LONG PERIOD FIGHTING A GUERRILLA WAR IN THE JUNGLE AND IN THE MOUNTAINS. SHE WAS TAKEN TO GÉRAI PRISON. THERE SHE WAS SUBMITTED TO SYSTEMATIC SEXUAL ABUSE BY THE SADISTIC GOVERNOR. IT HAD BROKEN HER WILL. FOR THE FIRST TIME, SHE FELT HER SPRIT FAILING. SHE WAS CONFUSED AND HUMILIATED, SHE JUST WANTED IT ALL TO END... ISABEL WAS NOW BEGINNING TO UDERSTAND WHY THE PRISON WAS CALLED

'INFIERNO'

SHE WAS TIED UP NAKED IN THE PUNISHMENT CELL, IN THE MOST OBSCENE POSTURES, WAITING FOR THE HATED VISITS OF THE GOVERNOR...



HE USED HER SADISTICALLY AS A PLAYTHING TO SATISFY HIS TWISTED LUST. ISABEL FELT DEEP REPUGNANCE. SHE WOULD NOT STAND...



...THE ABSURD, CRUEL SEXUAL PUNISHMENTS FOR MUCH LONGER.

THAT NIGHT HE HAD PREPARED SOMETHING SPECIAL... A NEW PERVERSION, THE PRODUCT OF A SICK MIND, WAS WAITING FOR THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GUERRILLA FIGHTER...



MMGH!!

THE DOOR OPENED AND PANIC SEIZED HER. SHE REGRETTED HER PAST REBELLIOUSNESS. SHE TRIED TO SPEAK, TO BEG FOR MERCY, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE...



SHE WANTED TO SHOUT OUT THAT SHE SURRENDERED, THAT SHE WOULD DO ANYTHING NOT TO HAVE TO FACE THIS. SHE PANICKED AND FOR THE FIRST TIME FORGOT HER OBSCENE NAKEDNESS...



BUT THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPE. THE GUARDS HAD ENTERED THE PUNISHMENT CELL AND THEY WERE ALL SMILING!...





ISABEL TWISTED AROUND, HELPLESS... THE CLAMPS ON HER NIPPLES AND THE ROPES THAT BOUND HER WERE VERY PAINFUL...



A HUGE, NAKED GUARD CAME OVER TO HER WITH A STICK!



A MUSCULAR ARM WAS RAISED AND HUNG IN THE AIR. ISABEL'S BLOOD FROZE AS SHE LOOKED UP AT THE STICK...



BEAT HER! NOW!!!



TIME AND AGAIN THE STICK WAS BROUGHT DOWN MERCILESSLY ONTO THE GIRL'S DEFENCELESS BODY...

SPLAC!
SPLAC!

MMGHH!



GGHH!!
NNHGG!!

SPLACK!
SPLACK!

...BITING SAVAGELY INTO THE SOFT SKIN ON HER BREASTS AND THIGHS... ISABEL SCREAMED...



THE PAIN WAS SO GREAT, SO UNIMAGINABLE, THAT ISABEL BEGGED GOD TO PUT A STOP TO THE BEATING OR TO END IT ALL.



HER PLEA WAS GRANTED. THE BEATING STOPPED AND ALL THE GUARDS BEGAN TO TAKE THEIR CLOTHES OFF...

THE REPUGNANT SMELL OF ALCOHOL AND SWEAT, AND THE STENCH OF THE ENORMOUS PRICKS RUBBED ALL OVER HER PRETTY FACE, MADE ISABEL'S STOMACH HEAVE. ONCE AGAIN, SHE FELT A MERE TOY, AN OBJECT OF PLEASURE, A MISERABLE SEXUAL SLAVE...



THEY PULLED HER FROM THE CHAIR WITH A MAD URGENCY AND PASSED HER FROM ONE TO ANOTHER... HITTING HER, PINCHING AND SUCKING HER...





GGHH!!
NNHHG!!

© DE HARO 2000

HELL: A PENETRATING SMELL OF DIRTY MALE AND SEX, SWEATY SKIN, THE PAIN OF THE HARNESS AND THE GAG THAT WAS HURTING HER JAWS, THE BRUISES AND THE CUTS...



TAKE THE FUCKING GAG OUT. I'M GONNA STICK MY DICK RIGHT DOWN HER THROAT!



SUCK, YOU SLUT, OR I'LL KILL YOU! PLENTY OF SPIT! AND WORK YOUR TONGUE TOO!!

OH NO...
GOD NOOO!



HER PLEAS TURNED INTO A STIFLED MUMBLE, BROKEN BY SOBS. IT WAS MUSIC TO THE EARS OF THE SEX-CRAZED PRISON GUARDS...

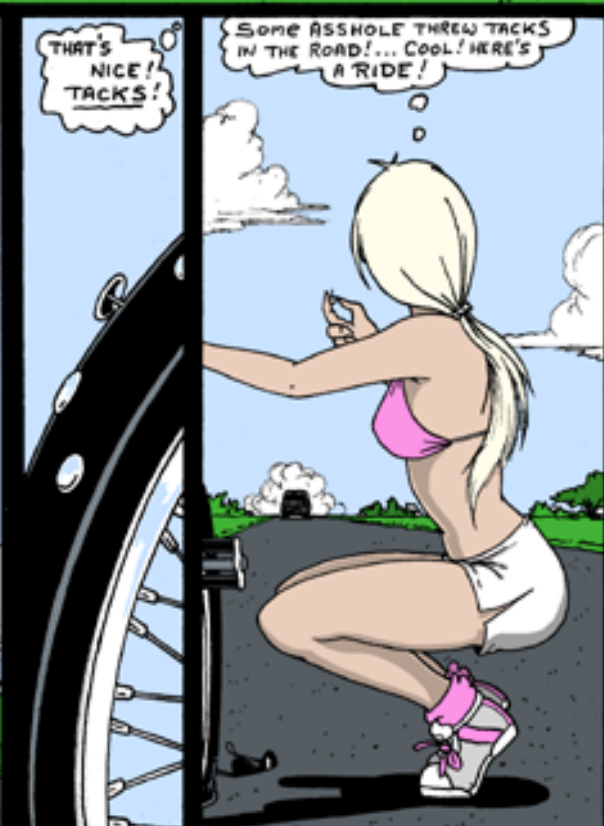
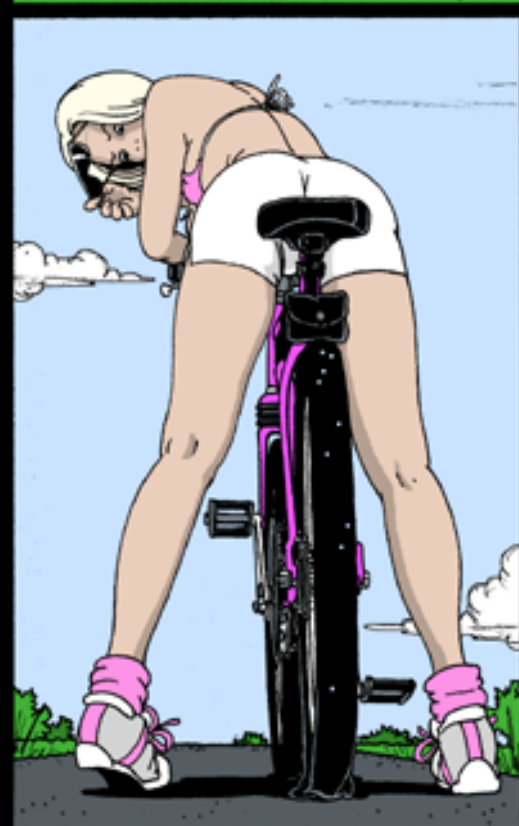
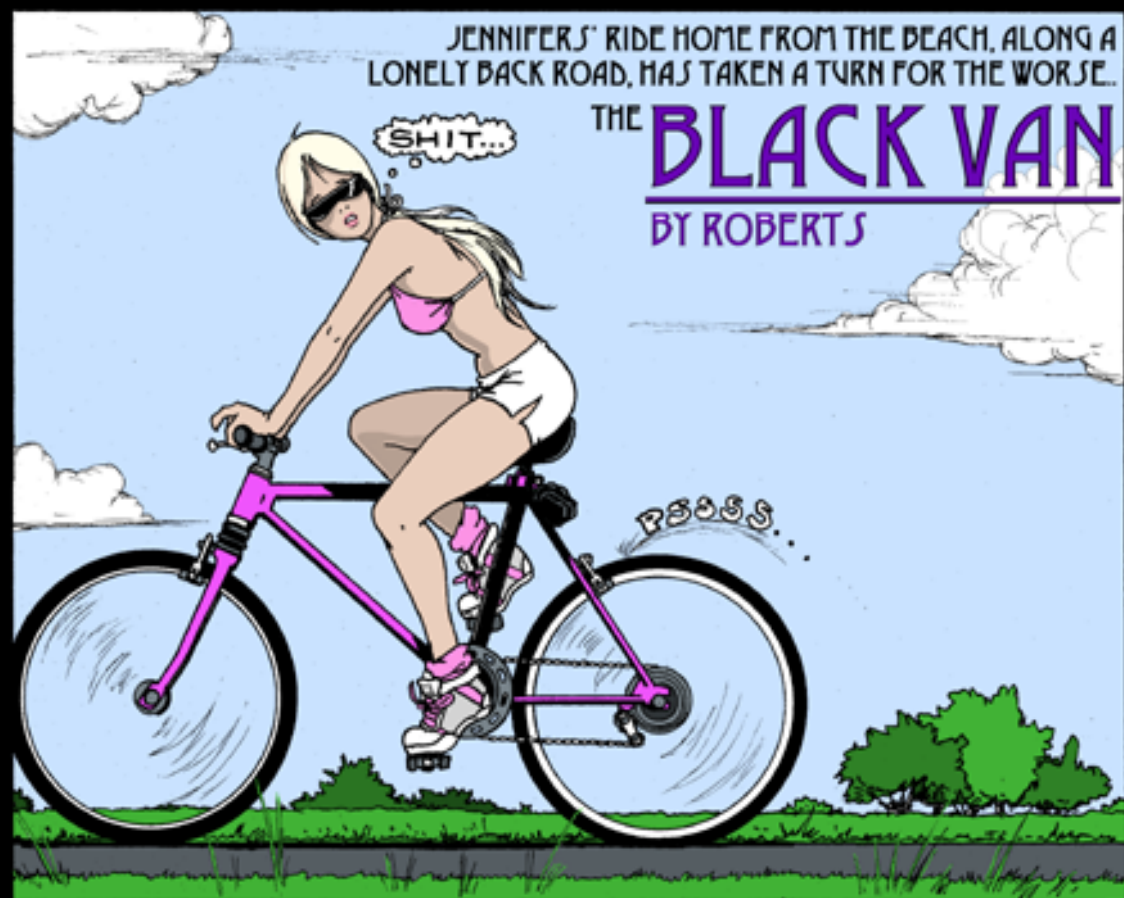


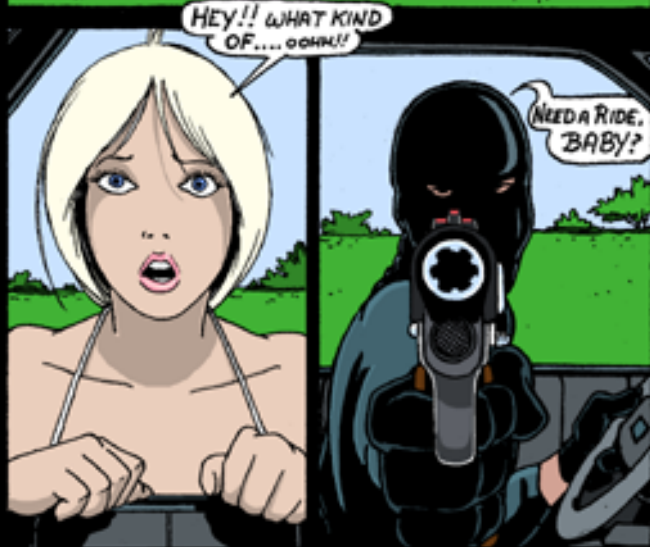
THEY THREW HER TO THE GROUND... THEY WERE A HERD OF WILD ANIMALS ON HEAT. THEIR PREY WAS CORNERED AND DEFENCELESS. THE WORST WAS TO COME...

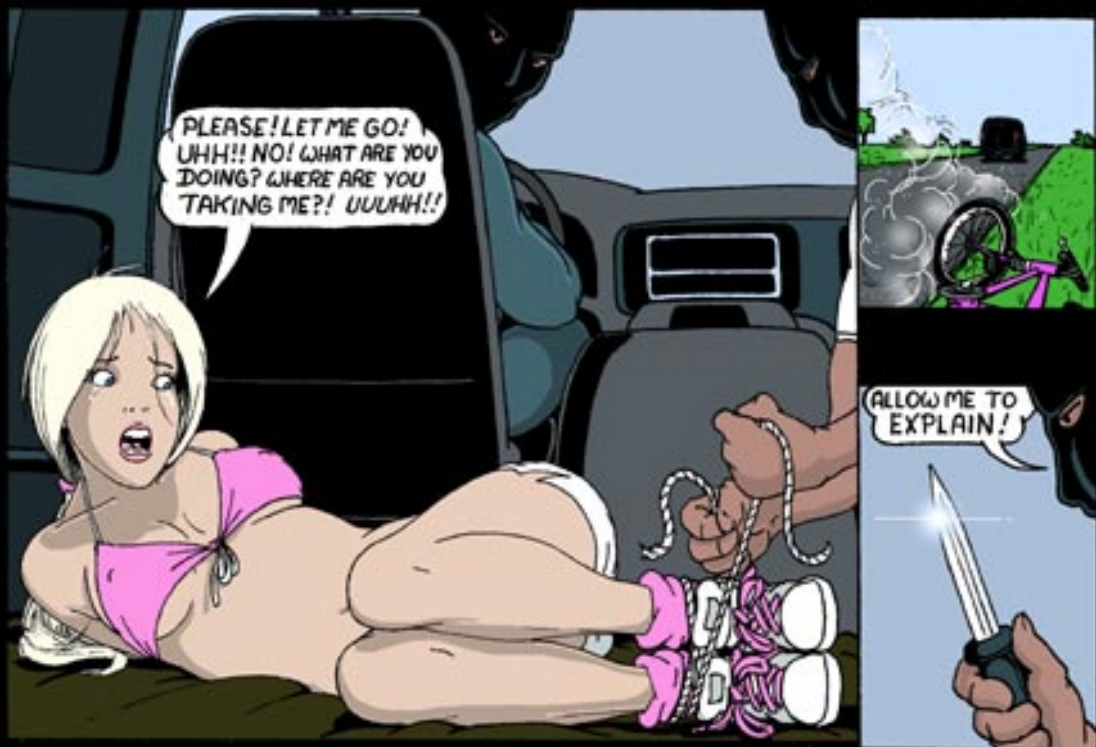
JENNIFERS' RIDE HOME FROM THE BEACH, ALONG A LONELY BACK ROAD, HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE...

THE BLACK VAN

BY ROBERTS

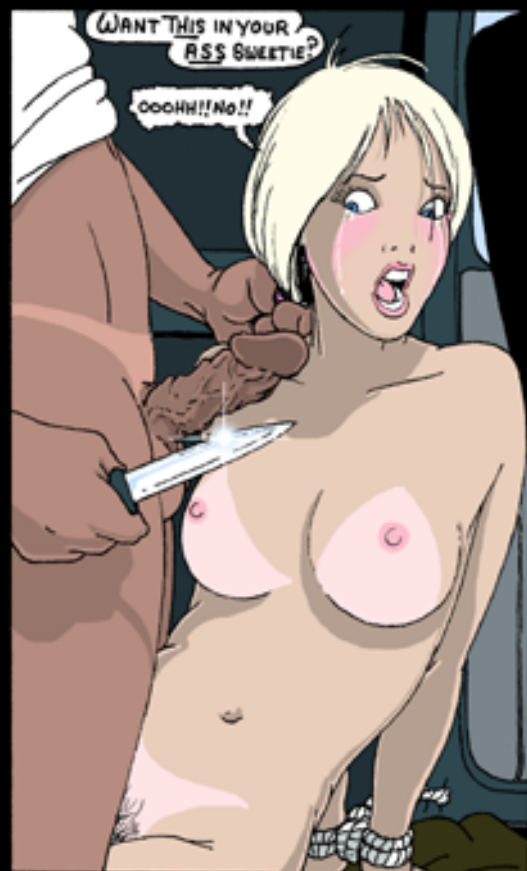






WHILE I TIE YOU UP TIGHT AND GET YOU COMPLETELY NAKED, MY PARTNER THERE IS DRIVING US TO AN OLD ABANDONED HOUSE, WHERE WE'RE GOING TO RAPE YOU AND TORTURE YOU FOR AS LONG AS WE WANT! AFTER WE'VE FUCKED YOU AND ABUSED YOU FOR A FEW DAYS, WE'LL SELL YOU TO SOME BIKERS, OR LATINO GANGSTERS, OR WE MIGHT JUST KEEP YOU.. FOREVER!



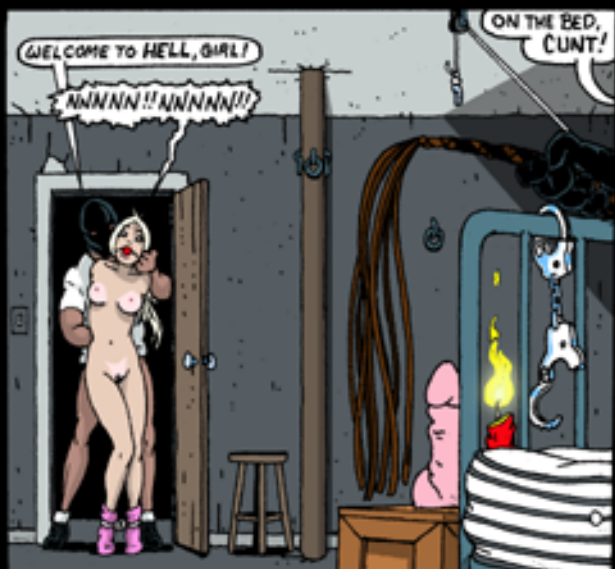






NNNN!!

NOW THE FUN BEGINS!



WELCOME TO HELL, GIRL!

NNNN!! NNNN!!

ON THE BED, CUNT!



UNTIE HER FEET..

UUUUMM!! NN..NNNN!!

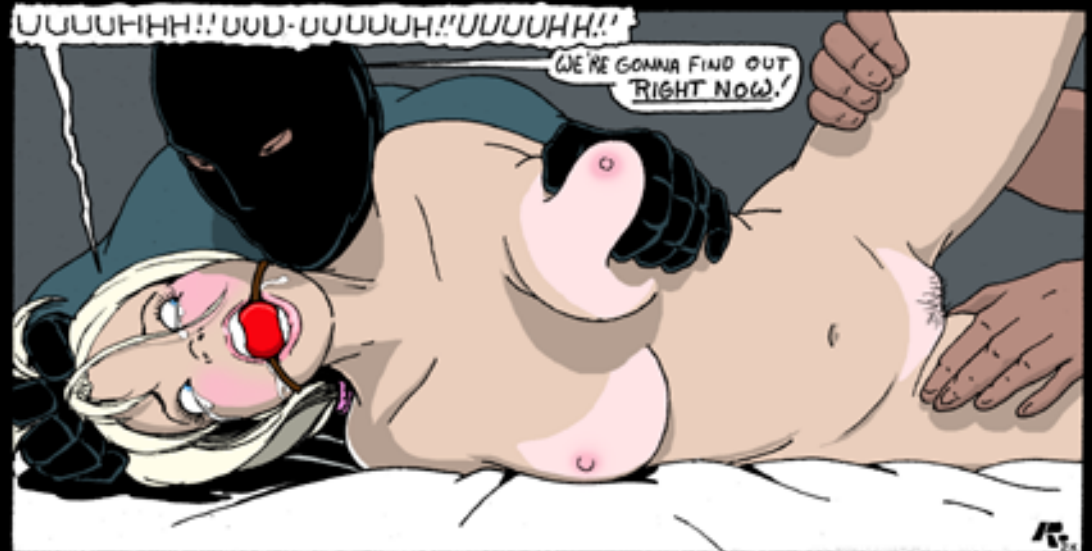


I WONDER IF IT'S POSSIBLE TO FUCK A GIRL TO DEATH?

UUUUHH!!!

SMAK!

WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT!



UUUUHHH!! UUU-UUUUUH!! UUUUUH!!

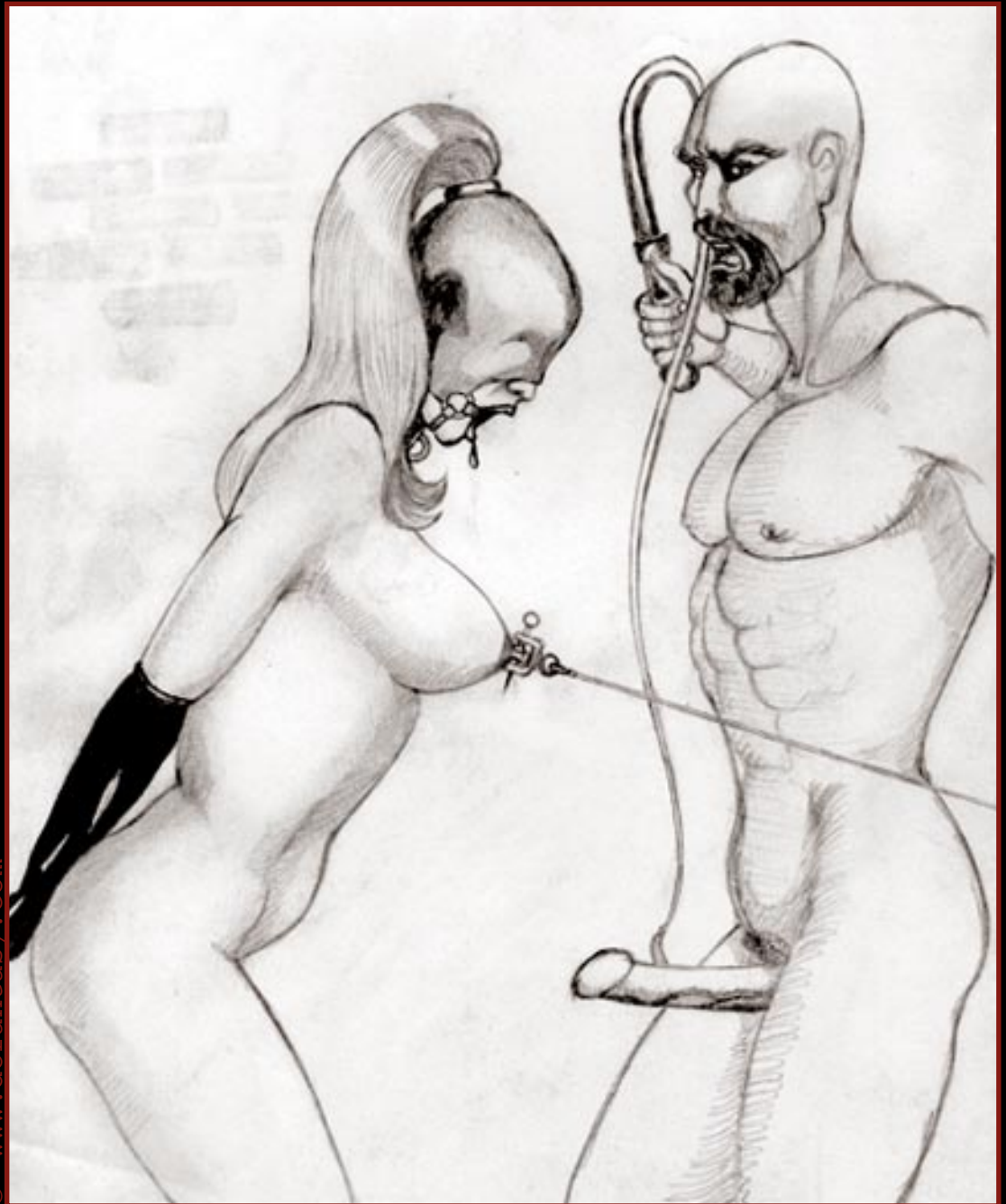
WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT RIGHT NOW!

© www.dofantasy.com

TO BE CONTINUED

SENSORY DEPRIVATION

Matador



Oh God! It hurts! It hurts!! IT HURTS!!! Oh, God, my arms, my shoulders... They hurt!!! My jaw! I can't close it. It's splitting open! My throat is dry. I can't breathe. I can't see. I can't hear anything. NOTHING AT ALL! Just a horrible buzzing in my ears. My head is going to explode. I'm cold. I'm shaking. What's happening? Am I dead?

ESD, Extreme Sensory Deprivation, is the technique I chose to train Marianne.

As soon as she arrived I ripped the dress off her. She was still unconscious. I blocked her nose and ears with melted wax, I blindfolded her with a bandage and a sanitary towel, I put the training collar, Super Size, between her teeth and held in place by a tight occipital harness, I tied her hair back in a pony tail and I put a latex hood on her, stuck to the face and head like a second skin.

Next I worked on her arms and legs. I stuck her fists and arms to her back with adhesive tape, some wire and a leather bondage glove. And then the finishing touch: boots with a very high heel that forced her feet into the pointed end and made it difficult for her to stand up.

And that's how she woke up.

Blind, deaf, breathing hard through her open mouth and, best of all, totally, beautifully, defencelessly naked, with her big, mouth-watering boobs wobbling and shaking around in front of me from any angle I fancied, and her pussy, which I hadn't touched yet, opening and closing as she writhed around.

And that's how I spent my first day, jerking and wanking as I sat on the ground in front of her cage and watching her writhe and twist. Every time she tried to get up she wobbled and her boobs shook and wobbled like jelly and my head wobbled and then she crashed into the bars and fell onto her knees, and sometimes her breasts fell forward onto the ground and I saw her lovely little asshole.

Her contact with the world came only through her soft, satiny, adorable skin. Her only sensations were cold, heat and touch. And the most useful of all: PAIN.

Her breasts were huge and white with bikini marks. I understood why she hadn't sunbathed topless. There would have been a riot on the beach.

It was time to communicate with her through

her exquisite epidermis. I selected an elephant's tail whip, with plaited strands like a pigtail.

It's indestructible, stings like hell and doesn't break the skin. It just raises thick red wheals on it. It teaches asses to respond. It's so painful that many slaves of mine have lost their sanity when they've had too much of it.

My dick was hurting and I was getting tired of wanking. I climbed into the cage with her. She must have felt me get in because she sat up, tense, arching her back and pushing her big white breasts right out. I brought the whip down across both of them at the same time! The red lines showed beautifully on the white.

You should have seen her jump! And she ran into the bars.

The second one came down onto her waist. It curled round and I pulled on it, drawing her towards me.

Before she knew what was happening, I put two nipple clamps on her, with sharp bulldog teeth and a screw for tightening them up.

I let her go. She stood up, trembling and shaking her magnificent tits around, with blood dribbling down them, shaking her hooded head and her long blonde pony tail!

I fixed a lead to the nipple clamps and pulled hard!

And that's how her training began!

A week later, Marianne still can't see or hear. She is still a prisoner in a dark silent world. She just waits for the sudden, unexpected caress of the plaited whip.

She has learnt a lot!

A lash on the buttocks when she's standing up, and she's learnt to jump.

A lash on the calf and she jumps with one leg up.

A lash on the thigh —this was the first thing she learnt!— and she brings her leg up high. Another on the inside of the thigh and she stretches it out horizontally in front. It wasn't easy to teach her all this, but it was worth it.

ON YOUR
KNEES, BITCH!!!



She's unbelievable when she does it! And I still haven't touched her pussy.

Two tugs on the nipples and she drops onto her knees. Another and she shuffles forward, still on her knees.

When she's on her knees, one lash on the buttocks tells Marianne to fall forward and press her face and breasts on the ground. She knows she has to push her buttocks right up into the air so I can see her cunt and her asshole at the same time...

It's an ideal position for fucking her or making her piss and shit! (For the moment, I just make her piss and shit).

It's lovely to see. She does it all over herself. Consequently, she has to clean it up.

And how is she going to do that with her hands and arms tied behind her back?

—On your knees!! —I don't know why I bother to shout. She can't hear me. Two sharp tugs and she falls onto her knees. A whiplash on her buttocks and she presses her tits and her face into her own piss and shit.

Shall I fuck her now? I'm beginning to need it, but I haven't even fondled her fanny yet. Discipline is important, for both of us.

Anyway, I don't fancy it with the room smelling like this.

Shall I crap on her?

I can't. I've just had one.

So instead I stick the vibrator up her ass and Marianne sticks her tongue out and starts licking up her own mess... She usually needs to take a deep breath at this point.

WHIIIIIISSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

CRAAAACK!!!

—Lick, you fucking bitch! You pissed it and you crapped it. Now you lick it up!!!

Perfect, the raised buttocks, the lovely slit...

It's incredible how effective the training is. She shows me everything.

WHIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

Maybe I should patent my method and put it on the market. It would save a lot of marriages.

And as I watch her, I'm already thinking about the next lesson. A slave is no use for carrying things if she's got those shoes on, and she can't use her feet or hands and her mouth is out of action. She's as much use as a clam. So she'll just have to use her clam to move things around. At least it opens and closes. I should

know, I've been looking at it for long enough. I still haven't touched it, though...

WHIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

A lash on the stomach makes her squat down and a sharp tug upwards on the nipples has her sniffing around with her pubis on the ground, looking for something to pick up. She'll pick up what she can in her cunt and follow me around on the end of the lead, with me pulling her nipples, until she receives the order to drop it somewhere.

Today I've brought a bottle of champagne. Full of shot, of course.

Give me enough time and I'll think of some way she can open the bottle.

As you can see, training a woman with this technique is time-consuming, but worthwhile. It is nothing new, either. Silence and Obedience are virtues which have been extolled for years in convents and monasteries.

—Enough training for today, slave —I say looking at her lovely ass lifted high with the vibrator sticking out of it.

I've to leave but instead I'm staring at this gorgeous, kissable pussy, with the lips just a tiny provocative little bit apart, and suddenly everything goes black and I'm down on my knees behind her and licking her cunt over and over again. Then I roll her onto her back over the mess—digging deeper the vibe— and pull her knees wide apart and go down into her lips. I roll my tongue around and around and I suck and gnaw and nibble at her lips and her clitoris.

And then I'm on top of her, putting my throbbing dick in and I'm pushing and gasping and... agh... ugh... aaaaghhhh!!... ugh!!! and finally I'm aagh!!... shooting... ugh!! my... aaaghhhh!!!

—AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Load.

Which shows that there has to be flexibility in even the severest training programmes.

I kick her on a hole dug on the ground and lock it with the iron grille. Fucking is disgusting.

I spit on her.

What is really exciting about **ESD** is that Marianne is not only submissive and silent, but that she is a potentially useful person if not used for fucking. ■

NB ESD: Patent applied for.

LICK, YOU FUCKING BITCH! YOU PISSED IT AND YOU CRAPPED IT. NOW YOU LICK IT UP!!!



GAG GHHH...
GAG GHHH...
GAG GHHH...

DADDY'S GIRL. JUST ANOTHER 'PROFESSIONAL' GIG



AT FIRST GLANCE THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF NASTY LITTLE STREET KIDS. FULL OF ATTITUDE AND FLAUNTING THEIR CHEAP SLEAZY SEXUALITY LIKE A WEAPON IN SKINTIGHT SHINY RAGS LIKE THE GIRLS IN ROCK VIDEOS. THEIR LEAN FLAT BELLIES TIGHT HIGH TITS AND PERFECT ROUND LITTLE ASSES COMPLIMENTED BY EYES MADE SMOKY DARK WITH CHEAP EYELINER.

THE BLONDE WITH THE SPIKED HAIR IS SHARLA AND THE DARK ONE WITH THE TWO-TONE HAIR IS HER LEZZIE FUCK BUDDY KYM. JUST A COUPLE OF LITTLE RUNAWAYS ON THE LOOSE IN THE BIG CITY, EXCEPT THAT ONE OF THEM IS ABOUT TO GO HOME - THE HARD WAY. I'VE BEEN HIRED BY HER FAMILY TO 'GET HER BACK'. THE WAY I'VE SET IT UP, KYM WILL HAVE TO BE TAKEN CARE OF TOO, BUT I'M SURE I CAN FIND SOME USE FOR HER... IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME.

I'VE BEEN TRACKING THEM FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, AND LAST NIGHT I MADE MY MOVE. PRETENDING TO 'NOTICE' THEM IN A PUNK BAR WHERE THEY WERE HANGING OUT I SOLD MYSELF AS A PHOTOGRAPHER DOING AN ARTICLE ON STREET FASHION. I FLASHED MONEY, COKE AND SOME SERIOUS LOOKING CREDENTIALS - IT WASN'T HARD.

THEY SHOWED UP FOR THE SHOOT IN THEIR GRUNGY SLEAZE FINEST. LATEX, SPANDEX AND SUPER HI HEEL CLOGS. I'D CHOSEN A WAREHOUSE THAT WAS CLOSED FOR

THE WEEKEND. 'GREAT ATMOSPHERE FOR THE SHOOT' I ENTHUSED. IT WAS ALSO OUT OF THE WAY AND QUIET. THEY WERE NERVOUS AT FIRST BUT I BROKE OUT BOOZE AND COKE AND THEY SOON RELAXED. FINALLY KYM HAD TO TAKE A BATHROOM BREAK AND I USED THE OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE!

ZIP STRAPS ON WRISTS AND ANKLES HAD LITTLE SHARLA BOUND BEFORE SHE REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING. SPEED AND EFFICIENCY BEING PRIORITIES I USED A LEATHER STRAP PLUG GAG WHICH COMPLETELY FILLED HER MOUTH WHILE COMPRESSING HER LIPS TIGHTLY BACK AGAINST HER TEETH. BY THE TIME SHE REALIZED SHE SHOULD BE FIGHTING SHE WAS TRUSSED LIKE A HOG AND CAPABLE OF MAKING ONLY TINY MEWING SOUNDS THROUGH THE HUGE PLUG GAG. WHEN KYM CAME BACK FROM HER TRIP TO THE LADIES ROOM THE FIRST THING SHE SAW WAS HER ROOMMATE/LOVER HOG-TIED AND GAGGED SQUIRMING ON THE FLOOR. BEING SMARTER THAN SHE LOOKED SHE BOLTED FOR THE DOOR. I CAUGHT HER BY HER LONG TWO-TONE MANE AND BEFORE SHE COULD SCREECH FOR HELP A QUICK BLOW TO HER FLAT TUMMY ROBBED HER OF ALL HER BREATH. WHILE SHE GASPED FOR AIR I WRENCHED HER WRISTS BEHIND HER AND SECURED THEM WITH ANOTHER ZIP STRAP AND FINALLY FORCED A LARGE WHITE RUBBER BALL ON A STRAP DEEP INTO HER STRAINING MOUTH..



I STEPPED BACK TO SURVEY THEIR BOUND FURY. KYM ON HER KNEES PULLED FRANTICALLY AT THE STRAP AROUND HER WRISTS AND CHEWED AT THE BALL IN HER MOUTH, WHILE SHARLA ROCKED BACK AND FORTH, YANKING AT HER BONDS AND GLARING AT ME OVER THE BLACK STRAP COVERING HER MOUTH. I TOOK A FEW PICTURES FOR MY SCRAPBOOK, THEN GOT DOWN TO SERIOUS BUSINESS.

SINCE IT WAS SHARLA WHO WAS BOUGHT, PAID FOR AND DUE TO BE PICKED UP SOON, I FIGURED I SHOULD GET HER WHILE THE GETTING WAS GOOD.

I WOULD HAVE PLENTY OF TIME AFTER SHE WAS PICKED UP TO ENJOY THE DELIGHTS OF RAPING KYM'S SLIM DUSKY BOD.

-LUCKY FOR YOU BITCH A QUICK COCK SUCK IS ALL I HAVE TIME FOR.

-MMMMMMNNNNMMMMN -SHE REPLIED

WHAT'S THAT? YOU'LL BITE MY DICK OFF IF I PUT IT ANYWHERE NEAR YOUR FOUL LITTLE MOUTH? PRETTY TOUGH TALK FOR A TIED UP SLUT WITH HER MOUTH FULL OF LEATHER DICK!

WHAT'S THAT CHOCOLATE? WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? TIED UP WITH A BIG RUBBER BALL IN YOUR FACE!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A FEW MINUTES AND SOME BONDAGE LATER...

MAYBE YOUR GIRLFRIEND GONNA LIKE WATCHING YOU GET YOUR ASS WHIPPED AND WATCHING YOU SQUIRM LIKE A DOG AS I HANG YOUR SWEET ASS.

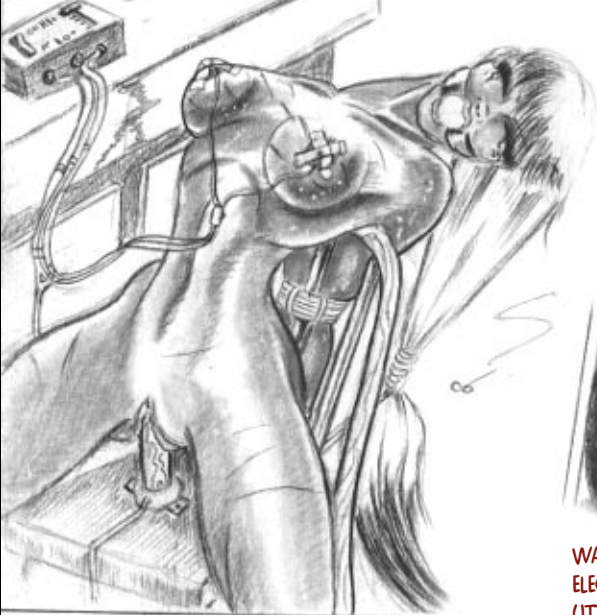
SEE WHAT I MEAN BETTER HURRY BITCH, YOUR FRIEND'S EYES ARE STARTING TO BULGE I AIN'T LETTING HER DOWN TILL YOU GET ME OFF SO GO GO GO!

YEAH, THAT'S IT SUCK YOU BITCH!



I FIGURE SHE'LL CHANGE HER MIND ABOUT A LITTLE COCK SUCKING WHEN SHE SEES HER LOVER WITH A ROPE AROUND HER NECK - JERKING AND STRUGGLING LIKE A SWEET BLACK FISH ON A HOOK.

FINALLY I MADE SURE SHARLA WAS DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM HER NEW OWNER HAD PROVIDED. AT FIRST SHE REFUSED AND KYM PAID THE PRICE, HOWLING WITH AGONY INTO HER GAG AS ELECTRICITY FLOWED THROUGH HER PUSSY AND NIPPLES.



PLEASE I'LL PUT ON THE STUPID CLOTHES, JUST PLEASE STOP HURTING HER PLEASE!!!!!!

WATCHING KYM WRITHE AND SQUIRM AS THE ELECTRICITY COURSED THROUGH HER BROKE SHARLA UTTERLY. SHE TEARFULLY PROMISED TO DO ANYTHING IF I WOULD STOP TORTURING HER BELOVED KYM

I HAD JUST FINISHED RE-BINDING HER IN HER NEW 'BRITNEY SPEARS' OUTFIT WHEN THERE WAS A POUNDING ON THE BACK DOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE.



THAT'LL BE YOUR FAMILY COME TO COLLECT THEIR LITTLE GIRL



HELLO HIS' BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MEET LIKE THIS HEY?

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO COOL FOR ME AN' MA, LIKE YOUR SHIT DIDN'T STINK CUZ OF ALL YOUR DAD'S MONEY. ALL I EVER WANTED WAS A HANDFUL OF THAT SWEET ASS - NOW YOU CAN'T STOP ME TAKING ALL I WANT!

THANKS MISTER. YOU GOT YOUR MONEY,
YOU CAN TAKE OFF NOW - AND GET THAT
BLACK BITCH OUT OF HERE TOO.

OK SIS' LET'S SEE THAT
SWEET ASS OF YOURN - YER ALL MINE
NOW AND DON'T INTEND TO WASTE ANY
TIME Y'HEAR. OH AND IF YOU THINK YER
OL' MAN IS GOING TO HELP YOU THINK
AGAIN. THE OLD FART'S DEAD!!!!

THAT'S RIGHT AN' HE LEFT ALL THE
MONEY TO ME AN' MA. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT
MEANS - MA IS NOW YER LEGAL GUARDIAN AND
THAT'S WHY YER COMIN ON HOME WITH US! YEAH
I SEE LOTS OF ASS FUCKIN' AN' COCK SUCKIN'
IN YER FUTURE BITCH!

TIME FER SOME SPANKING NOW LIL' GIRL.
TEACH YOU TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME

HI MA! DIDN'T EXPECT
YOU SO SOON!



I COULDN' HEP IT MA, BITCH
DONE SEDUCED ME - YOU KNOW
WHAT SHE'S LIKE!

WHAT'S THIS - DID YOU
FUCK THIS LITTLE TWAT'S
ASS ALREADY YOU IDIOT!

NOW YOUR DICK IS ALL COVERED
IN SHIT! WELL LET'S GET THAT
CLEANED OFF RIGHT NOW!!!

I THOUGHT A FEW LIT CIGARETTES UP YOUR
ASS MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND. MAYBE THIS
WILL HELP YOU STOP SMOKING!



I THOUGHT SO -
NOW LICK IT ALL
CLEAN THAT'S A
GOOD GIRL.

NOG!!! NOGG!!!

BACK IN MY VAN KYM AND I ENTERTAINED OURSELVES WHILE WE WATCHED (AND HEAR!) SHARLA'S STEP MOM AND BROTHER - NOW HER LEGAL GUARDIANS AND OWNERS OF ALL HER RICH, DEAD FATHER'S MONEY - SHOW HER WHAT HER NEW LIFE WAS GOING TO BE LIKE. IT SEEMED TO FEATURE A LOT OF BONDAGE AND RAPE. KYM SEEMED QUITE UPSET BY ALL THIS SO I TRIED TO CONSOLE HER...

AGG!!!!!!!

GAGG!!!!!!

DON'T WORRY LITTLE GIRL, I'LL BE RELIEVING THOSE EVIL BASTARDS OF SOME OF THAT MONEY - AFTER THEY SEE THESE VIDEOS I'LL OWN THEM AND YOUR LITTLE LOVER...

Nooooooooo!!!

MM... MM... MM... MM...

Nooooooooooooo!!!!!!



MINE AT LAST

D. Guard

It wasn't easy to persuade Giselle's mother that the best thing for her was a year in the States. Giselle herself was much easier. She jumped at the chance of going to New York. For one thing, she'd get away from her mother and her repulsive stepfather!

I offered to take her to the airport...

As soon as she was in the van I pulled her hair back and held a handkerchief over her mouth and nose. She didn't even realise what was happening. She just went to sleep with the whites of her eyes showing and her lips half open.

I couldn't resist it. I pulled her hair back and kissed her on the lips. I'd been waiting a long time to do that. They were bleeding when I stopped.

And here she is on the screen. I've got a closed circuit camera on her. She's been awake for a few hours now...

She looks terrified. She looks absolutely eatable.

She's completely naked, stripped right off.

She's chained to the bars of her cage. Her feet are wide apart and her arms are chained back above her head. Her breasts are huge and firm. They look even bigger than they are because she never took her bikini top off when she sunbathed. You can see where the bikini bottom went too. The lips of her vagina are slightly open, showing through her pubic hair.

What you see most, though, is the tits. They're completely exposed. I can do what I like with them.

That swelling white mouthful is all mine, at last!

I nearly shoot off just looking at that sweet, round, child's face with its big blue eyes and that soft skin, so white, so brown, such roundness of tits and cunt. The parts that she always covered up are just the parts that you see most.

What's that little girl's face doing above those enormous wobbling breasts? And what will she do to me with those strong, muscular thighs?

Plenty of time to invent things. I've got plenty of ideas already.

I get ready for the big moment. I get dressed, but I can't take my eyes off the screen. I'm nearly shaking as much as she is now...

I put on my knee-length rubber boots, a hood, a genital harness and butcher's gloves. And I pick up the Australian lash. It's plaited kangaroo hide, all three metres of it...

I take a look at myself. It's pretty impressive, I must admit!

I stamp down to the cellar, slide open the four bolts noisily, open the heavy, squeaking door and shine the torch into her eyes.

—This will be home from now on. You're a slave now!

She was shaking. Her mouth opened in horror and she wet herself. I watched fascinated as it ran down those strong legs. The inside of her thighs looked wet and drinkable. Maybe I would clean them for her with my tongue.

Slowly, savouring every moment, I move the powerful torch all over her body. She's so white on the breasts and fanny it looks like a white bikini!

She starts twisting and turning. She's straining against the chains now and her big tits are knocking against each other and joggling in all directions, left and right, up and down, round and round... Her nipples stand out in the torchlight. They look small and lost in the middle of her breasts. I'll work on them later and bite and suck them out a bit.

I can't believe it. She's perfect. A thin waist, muscular thighs, arms held back, breasts swelling, bursting, held up high and pushed out by the position of the arms.

A woman goes crazy if you stand her against a wall and hold her hands behind her bottom with one hand and masturbate her with the other. But she goes even crazier if you lift her hands above her head or tie them there and masturbate her...

—Where am I? Who... who are you?

—SILENCE, SLAVE!



I crack the whip down.

I put the light on so she can see me.

She looks, a blank expression on her face. She doesn't know me under the hood.

I walk over and start kissing her all over brown and white body. I kiss like a maniac, which is probably what I am.

I kiss her on the mouth, lick her all over the face, and fill my hands with her unbelievable white tits. The tits keep me very busy. I squeeze them, push them, pull them, roll them round, draw soft circles round the nipples with my fingers, dig my nails in, pinch, suck, bite... I slap her on the breasts. I'm losing control now. My head's swimming...

I put a knee in her stomach, punch her on the mouth and punch her again in the stomach... Then I stick my dick right up into her cunt...

I'm so horny by now that I jerk a few times like a monkey and shoot off.

I bend forwards, lose balance, slip on her piss and end up on the ground. I come onto my own leg. Bugger!

Giselle is sobbing. Her breasts shake with each sob.

I stand up angrily and slap her face. I enjoy it. Her sweet little angel-face turns away from the blow and hits against the bars.

—Did you enjoy that? —I asked, slapping her again, this time with the back of my hand.

—No? Try this up your cunt, then!

I show her the tube of chilli pepper. And the vibrator.

—You know what this is, slave?

Her big, blue eyes open even wider. They are begging me not to hurt her. It's a specially big vibrator, for cunts that have seen it all. And it bangs like a shit-house door when it's in.

I squeeze the chilli onto this huge device and cover all the latex with it...

—You'll feel better with this up you, I promise!

I kneel in front of her open fanny and stroke the inside of her thighs. What skin! What a smell, spunk and woman! I run the tip of my tongue gently up and down the lips of her vagina and gradually work it inside. Then I hold her lips apart and rub my face inside her cunt: my nose, my chin, everything. I find her clitoris and suck. She's beginning to secrete her woman's oil and she's groaning now and breathing

faster.

I don't give her a rest. I bite and chew on her clitoris, and suck it in and out between my teeth. And I come again without even touching myself!

I take advantage of this anticlimax to plunge the vibrator right up inside her... and she nearly breaks the chains!

It's a good moment to take my hood off. She'll recognise me and it'll help her come...

She looks at me, terrified...

—Daddy!!!

—Wrong! Master! Slave Master! —I say, correcting her. I push the thick, rough rubber object right up inside her. I'd love to lick her again, but there's too much chilli around, so I just bite her nipples and pump the latex with one hand while I work on her clitoris with all the fingers of the other hand until she starts moaning and whimpering and then all of a sudden she's grunting and gasping and saying "No, No, Please, Daddy, Stop, No..."

Then she starts pushing her cunt faster and faster onto my fingers and she's jerking those strong, muscular thighs up and down the rubber stick and she feels the orgasm coming over her and she screws her eyes up and turns her head and opens her mouth and her whole body goes into a convulsion... I pull my mouth back from her nipples just in time to see the mouth-filling breasts crash and wobble as she goes rigid again and another huge body-tensing, tit-shaking, thigh-jerking mind-blowing orgasm comes over her mind and body. She opens her mouth and out comes the oldest cry in the world. A cry of pleasure, pain, and desolation, a cry from when the world was young...

—AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

My hands are wet with her oil and the chilli. I press my dick up against the lips of her vagina and push myself against her until I shoot off over both our stomachs.

It's been a good start to our new relationship. She never called me Daddy before. I'm touched. I could get to like her, especially the way she is now: standing in her own piss, with her arms tied back behind her head and her legs wide apart, displaying the dreamy white tits and the suckable pussy that she had always covered up so carefully.

She'll never be out here again... I promise. ■

El magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

N° 8

Solo para adultos

doll's house

badia

INFERNO

de haro

BOUGHT & TAMED

paul

PONY GIRL

badia

in English !!!

*red's nightmare
hell's BORDELLO
trailer trash*

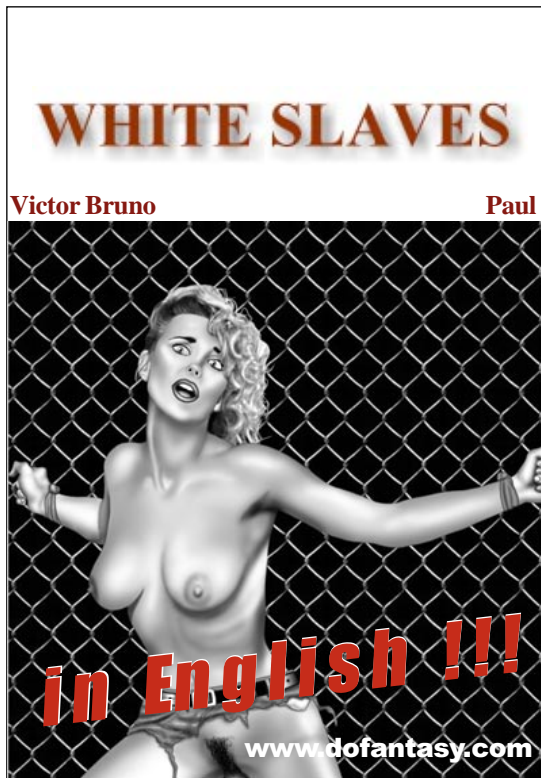
TAMING THE BEAST
always smile to the police
NAILED
teaching marianne

**order
number 8**

www.dofantasy.com
D' FANTASY

©DE HARO '99

NEW!!! illustrated novels



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 artist Paul.

NEW: Second part 'SOLD AS WHITE SLAVES' ready to download!!!

Available in ENGLISH in PDF format

find it AND MUCH MORE TITLES in...

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



www.dofantasy.com



✉ Apartado 107 ♦ 08190 Valldoreix ♦ Spain
www.dofantasy.com

www.dofantasy.com