

El magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

Nº 10

THE BLACK VAN
roberts

TORTURED INNOCENTS
roberts

BOUGHT & TAMED
paul

PONY GIRL
badia

ON TIPTOE
BLACKMAILED
ENSLAVED!

© DE HARDY 2000

HAT TRICK
geoff merrick - TAW

www.dofantasy.com

D'Fantasy
adults only

FansadoX 10 contents

cover - De Haro	
<i>slave auction - cianni- badia</i>	2
tortured innocents - ROBERTS	6
<i>pony girl - badia</i>	17
HAT TRICK #2 - GEOFFREY MERRICK - TAW	21
<i>on tiptoe and naked, all for me - badia</i>	28
<i>cousin Isabel enslaved - takamura - badia</i>	29
BOUGHT & TAMED - lucas - paul	31
<i>black mailed top model - lucas - badia</i>	38
<i>my son's girlfriend - De Haro</i>	43
BLACK VAN 2 - ROBERTS	45
A prologue to INQUISITION - badia	51

SLAVE AUCTION

CIANNI

How long did they keep us waiting there?

At first there were over a hundred of us, the auctioneer said. And the white women like me were last...

Stripped naked and in chains, and in the presence of so many people, mostly men, I felt like an animal in the market place.

Which is exactly what I was.

I didn't dare to look up. Most of the time I kept my eyes shut. I didn't want to see myself naked.

The crowd was roaring. People were getting more and more excited as the auction progressed.

First they auctioned off the blacks. They used them to work the fields, but also for their masters' sexual pleasure.

Two old Arab women standing near me bought a black boy. He looked about sixteen or seventeen.

The women had a young slave with them, a white girl. She was naked except for a red hood. She looked strange, with her long blonde pigtail coming down from under the hood. I don't know why she had to wear the hood.

I was struck by the way the unfortunate girl's very white skin stood out among the black slaves and the women's black robes.

She had a collar round her neck and a dog's lead attached to it. One of the old women was holding the lead. They had put the same type of collar on all of us when they took us out of the well in the morning.

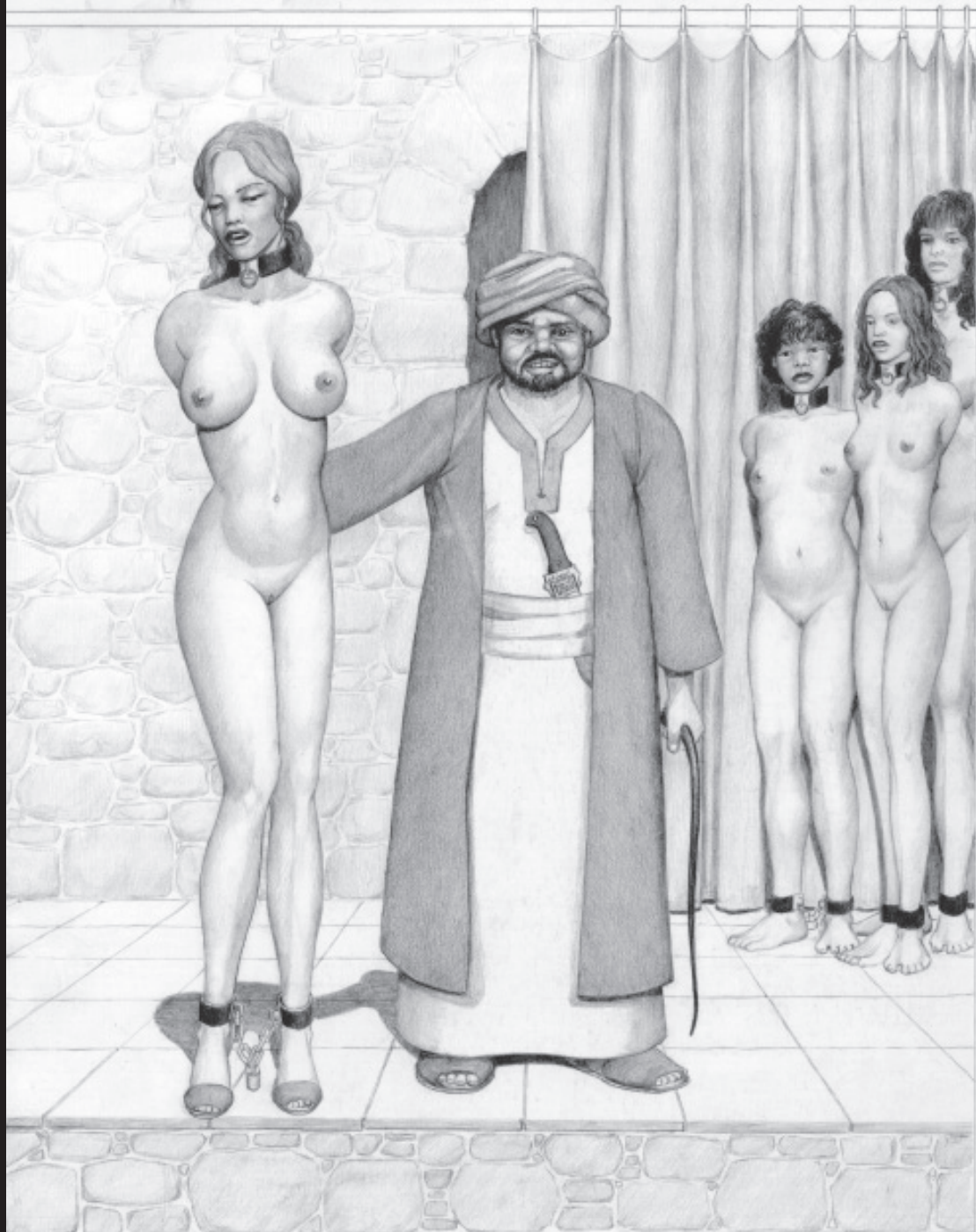
They had also -cruelly- put a bell on a pin through both her nipples.

I looked at the two women. They were holding the boy's testicles in the palm of their hands, as if to weigh them. One of them pulled his foreskin back and tried to masturbate him, unsuccessfully, by pulling at his member with both hands.

They were laughing and shrieking and calling their friends to come and look.

One of the women produced a leather whip, pulled the blonde girl over to the young black and hit her hard on the bottom, leaving a long red mark across one of her cheeks. They pointed to the boy's lips and pushed her closer. The girl lifted her hood and took it off. She was very beautiful. She looked terrified, but she hugged and kissed the boy deeply. It worked. His penis started swelling.

Then the girl gasped as she received another lash on the same buttock. They pulled her to one side, where she stood with her head down. She lifted one leg slightly, but apparently did



This young girl is waiting to give you more than twenty years of pleasure!

not dare put a hand to her cheek.

The other woman played with the boy's penis for a while, and then ordered the girl to masturbate him. The girl was very pretty and the boy kept looking at her breasts. The women shrieked and laughed when the boy finally came and shot his semen all over the girl's stomach.

It was awful... I was beginning to get some idea of what might be in store for me.

It was not long before I found out.

The auctioneer, a repulsive little Arab who barely reached my shoulders, pulled me out of the line by pulling on both nipples.

I was naked but also my pubic hair had been shaved off, my ankles were chained together and my hands were tied together behind my back. My arms hurt because my elbows were tied together too.

The leather straps pulled my shoulders back and lifted my breasts. It was a horrible feeling. I felt I was offering my unprotected breasts

and my bald vagina to hundreds of open-mouthed, lip-licking men...

"Here she is, gentlemen! The one you've been waiting for! Let her breasts fill your eyes and your thoughts." At this point he shook me by the shoulders, which made my breasts bounce and wobble. The men fell silent and just stared.

"This young girl is waiting to give you twenty years of pleasure." He put his hands under my breasts and rolled them round and round in a circle. The crowd began to groan and murmur obscenities. He shook me again by the shoulders, making my breasts shake about like jelly.

The auctioneer's hand went down... then put a finger and thumb in, found my clitoris and rolled it round and round.

Next he took his fingers out and ordered me to jerk backwards and forwards as if I was having sex. I had no choice. I obeyed.

The crowd was silent...

The auctioneer turned me round and forced my head down to exhibit my bottom.

The blood was going to my head and I was getting dizzy. The auctioneer's voice was getting more excited and the crowd were getting louder and louder. I gasped with pain as his finger went up my anus.

"Look at this ass! Look at this cunt! See how she moves when you put your finger in her! The lucky buyer will put his finger in this very night! And his prick too! He will dream honeyed dreams! His face will be lost between these sugared breasts and he will drink the juice of her fig, and he will be happy."

At this point, he withdrew his finger from my anus and turned me round to face the shouting crowd. They fell silent as two assistants took off the chain between my ankles and held my legs apart. The auctioneer went down on his knees and stuck a big dildo up my anus. I started crying...

The crowd groaned and swayed as my most intimate parts were publicly displayed and abused. I opened my eyes briefly and saw that many men were glassy-eyed, their jaws hanging loose. Many were masturbating under their robes.

Suddenly, the auctioneer stopped, stood up and announced the starting price. Another gasp.

"She's expensive, but remember, she's a virgin in her cunt!"

Once again, he turned me round and pushed my head right down. An assistant lifted my

bottom so that they could see both my holes together.

Then they made me walk down a kind of catwalk. Every few meters I had to stop, sit on the edge and open my legs wide so that the men could see me close up.

When the bidding began I opened my eyes. The price seemed to have put many people off, but there were still a lot of bidders.

I noticed that I was sweating, and I remember feeling especially wet between the buttocks.

One by one the bidders dropped out until only three were left: two men and the two Arab women.

At this point the auctioneer invited them to come up and examine me. One of the women jumped up first and put her hand between my legs. She had long nails. She found my clitoris with her nails and began scratching at it.

"Open your legs wider, you Slave!" She shouted. Then she ordered the girl on the lead to come up and kiss me. I tried to turn my face away but a stinging blow from one of the assistants' long sticks made me stop.

SWISSSSSSSSSHHH!!! SLAAAAAAP!!!
"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I turned my face back to the girl and let her kiss me as she had kissed the black boy.

It was strange. Cold and unexpected. Her breasts were pressed tight against mine and her hand was running up and down my stomach. Maybe it was panic, I don't know, but when the woman tugged at the lead and pulled her away I noticed I was close to tears and that I was breathing very fast, almost panting...

There were two bidders left. The first came up grinning stupidly. He was an old man. His mouth was hanging open, his beard was filthy and his breath smelt terrible. He grabbed me by the breasts and squeezed them until I screamed with pain.

"She's completely untamed," said the auctioneer. "And those breasts will keep you busy for a long time!"

The old man pulled my nipples together with one hand and slapped me on the breasts with the other, hard. The pain was unbearable, but there was nothing I could do except shout.

SLAAAP!!! AAAGGHHHHH!!!
"NO!!! PLEASE!!! STOP!!!" SLAAP!
SLAAAP!!! "AAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"If you mate her with a big black stud you'll get forty children out of this one!" Said the auctioneer.

"No!" Said the old man "I'll keep her a year

or two for myself. I like big white tits like these with red cane marks all over them!"

The second man was younger but no cleaner. He kissed me on the mouth (garlic and rotten food) and he stuck his finger up my ass. My head was spinning, my legs were trembling and my breasts hurt...

At that moment, everything started spinning round and went black. I felt myself falling...

I came to in a dark basement, lying on the floor. I was still naked and my arms were still tied, but I was also blindfolded now. Several people were in the room. Nobody spoke, but someone washed me. Then they lifted me and fastened my wrists to the wall at head height. I gasped as my breasts came into contact with the cold stone wall. There was nothing I could do. The position of my arms forced my breasts against the cold stone. Then they left me.

I kept thinking of the auction. I was sure I had been sold. But who to?

The sadistic women whose long nails had scratched at my clitoris? The fat, smelly man who had slapped my breasts so hard and pulled at my nipples?

Some time later, I heard a door creak. People came into the room. They removed my blindfold.

When I got used to the light I saw the black slave, standing naked. His penis was erect and he was holding a whip in one hand and a bamboo cane in the other.

Next to him stood the blonde girl, also naked except for her hood. She was sobbing. Her breasts were criss-crossed with red lines. She had red marks around her vagina too... She had been beaten.

The two old women were standing behind them. One of them took the cane from the black



and put it in the girl's hand.

"Now you know what it feels like, you can do it! First," the old woman said to the girl, "hit on her calves. Six times on each leg. I want her dancing..."

I gritted my teeth as the cane came down onto me, but I ended up screaming. And dancing!!!
SSSLAAAAA AAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAP!!!
"AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Now the whip!" she said to the boy. "On her shoulders... If you whip her hard, I'll let you bugger her tonight... After fucking your white mistresses... HA... HA... HA... !!!!
SWIISSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!!! SLAAAAP!!!
"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

TORTURED INNOCENTS

Roberts



Have these two cunts caged and on the oxcart!

The huge, tan skinned Arab bodyguards enter the tent gruffly, one hand on the grip of their sheathed scimitar swords as they survey the interior for possible threats. But the only person found inside is the slave trader, a rather round fellow named Bacchus, who is waiting impatiently in a huge pile of pillows at one end of the large tent. He sips his wine as the guards look back and nod approval to their master. A raucous slave auction is going on in the courtyard outside, the noise of bidding, the jeers of the crowd a steady rumble. The guards step aside to make way.

Bacchus gets to his feet as the Shiek enters. The dark skinned, fat, graying man decked out in fine robes and jeweled rings strolls over to Bacchus, a frown upon his sun-wrinkled face as he looks the Sicilian slaver squarely in the eyes. Bacchus wonders to himself how the Gods could be so ironic as to bestow such riches upon this man who is possibly the ugliest Bedouin prince in all of Arabia.

"This had best be worth all the trouble I have gone to this day, Bacchus, or I may take your head with me as a trophy. What have you found that is so spectacular that you send messengers in the middle of the night to disturb me?"

Bacchus opens his arms wide and smiles a twisted little smile. "Relax, my Lord! Have I ever brought you disappointment? Have I not the finest female flesh in all the seven kingdoms? I should think you would be overwrought with excitement, knowing that to expend such an effort, I must surely have something most spectacular indeed! Come, sit! I will bring more wine before the viewing!"

Bacchus claps his pudgy hands sharply. Two beautiful, dark haired slavegirls scurry into the tent, clad only in their slave collars, wrist and ankle cuffs, firm young breasts jiggling as they bring the wine and goblets. The Shiek takes his cup and sips, nodding approval as the girls crouch at either side of the men sitting in the huge pillows, heads down, awaiting the next command.

"So show me why I should not simply go back outside and purchase a new plaything from the stock that Aramis has brought today." The Sheik taunts.

"PPFFFTTT!!!" Is the sound Bacchus emits, frowning.

"Cows!" he scowls. He claps his hands twice, and a large black Moor guard steps through a flap in the tent, followed by another pulling on a chain. What is on the other end of that chain

makes the old Shiek sit up straight.

Two naked, young, blonde girls, in their teens at best, stumble fearfully into the room, their bright blue eyes turned to the dirt floor in shame as the big guard pulls them over before the leering men. They are stunning, beautiful young creatures, long honey colored hair down their backs to their round, white asses. The chain is attached to both of their slave collars, making them try to walk while pressed against each other, rubbing each other's young, firm breasts together. Their hands are shackled behind them, and ankle cuffs with short chains connecting them prevent any long steps. Only muffled grunts escape from the leather gags tied cruelly tight in their mouths.

They are forced to face the now grinning Shiek, who looks them up and down, not believing his eyes as they take in all of this magnificent, white flesh. He stares particularly at the muffs of blonde pussy hair, something his eyes have never seen before. He cannot make a sound.

"Speechless, my Lord?" Bacchus taunts, looking casually into his cup.

"How much?" Is all the Shiek can say, still staring at the shivering girls.

"Twenty-thousand Roman in gold will do nicely" Bacchus chirps with a smile.

The Shiek gets to his feet. "Done!" he barks as a guard brings in a large and obviously heavy chest, setting it down hard at Bacchus' feet. Bacchus lifts the lid and surveys his sudden fortune.

The Shiek motions to his guards. "Have this two cunts caged and on the oxcart, we leave immediately!"

The girls are roughly dragged out to their fate as the Shiek heads for the exit, turning once more to the still seated slaver.

"Any more treasures of this sort you may find, I am the first you will contact." The Shiek orders.

Bacchus looks up. "Without question my Lord. Oh, and you will notice no lash marks on either of them. I have left the joy of training them up to you, my Lord. Enjoy!"

The Sheik grins as he hurries out.

The cloth cover is snatched roughly from the cage, allowing the bound and naked blonde girls inside to see where they have finally ended up. They look around wide-eyed, fear building in their bellies as they realize their surroundings.

The cage has been placed on the floor, in the center of a large dungeon. Daylight streams in



Ahhh... A spirited one, are you?

from a heavily barred skylight, illuminating the array of torture racks and devices arranged against the walls.

Both girls struggle helplessly, but to no avail, their arms chained wide apart to the opposite high corners of the cage, they sit facing each other, bare asses on the cold steel grate, legs spread and lashed across each other, their blonde-furred pussies forced open in all their pink glory.

The guards exit, slamming the heavy wooden door, and the girls begin to cry, still muffled by the cruel leather gags.

Time passes and the girls' eyes meet as they adjust to the light, but terror is all either of them can see in the others' face. Tears begin to stream down soft cheeks, now reddened with fear as they imagine what this hideous old man is to do with them.

The older girl whimpers in pain as she twists in her chains once more, finding them as unforgiving as ever. She tries to mouth a slobbery "I'm sorry" past the ball of hard leather filling her mouth, but it comes out moans and grunts as the drool drips down her smooth, white tits, jiggling high with her every squirm and wiggle.

Her young sister is sobbing hard, the terror of being captured and sold, the humiliation of being paraded around nude in front of strange men, and the helplessness of her naked bondage in this cruel cage all pouring out in a flood. Making it all worse is seeing her older sister forced into the same hopeless situation, knowing that whatever happens to her sister will happen to her too.

And probably while she is forced to watch!

Other footsteps approach, and they look in panic to see the Sheik as he emerges from a dark doorway, wearing a black robe open all down the front, exposing his round belly and his rock hard penis.

The girls squirm with disgust as he presses his dick through the cage, inches from the older sisters' face. He produces a huge, leather-covered dildo with little metal studs all over it, on the end of a carved stick. The girls whimper louder, the younger one wide-eyed at the sight of the huge leather clad dick.

"Now we shall have a lesson about your new purpose in life, my beautiful young slaves. From now on you are my personal toys, to do with as I please, and you will obey my every wish." He sneers tormenting the younger sister with the dildo, cruelly poking her and stroking her all over with it, until he finally brings its head to play between her helpless, open pussy lips. She

screams into the gag as drool runs off her chin, wiggling in her unyielding chains as her older sister is forced to watch this face-to-face. The huge, fat, studded dildo creeps into her inch by inch, until he has a full eight inches inside of her. The impaled young girl writhes in pain and horror, gurgling, begging sounds coming from around the gag as the cruel Sheik works the hard leather dick in and out. She bucks, she squirms her hips around, but there is no escape from this cruelty. Her screaming comes in hard, red-faced waves. She jerks at her chains in desperation, shaking her head, blonde hair flailing wildly. Her tight, virgin pussy dribbles blood from the cruel, dry, painful fucking of the harsh instrument buried inside of her.

"This is just the beginning, my pretty." He snickers. "We cannot neglect your sister."

He abruptly extracts the now-dripping dildo from the sobbing young girl, only to crouch at the opposite side of the cage and work the studded head into the older girls' open pussy. She puts up an effort to fight it, bucking her hips around to avoid the huge instrument, but it finds her anyway. He punishes her resistance with a rough, vicious fucking, sinking the entire ten-inch dildo in and out of her very fast, over and over for what seems like forever.

The breath has left the older girls' body, and she can only grunt helplessly with every hard stroke. The size of the thing would make a sexually experienced woman cringe, being a full three inches thick, but its effect on the un-penetrated virginity of these two unspoiled young girls is practically a near-death experience. Her head spins dizzily, the hard cruel instrument thrusting deeper with every stroke, threatening to tear her insides out. She attempts to beg for mercy, but it emerges as grunts in time to the Sheik's merciless pounding. At last he pulls the cruel dick from her, and she can breathe once more, but only between the long, crying sobs of despair.

"Ahhh... A spirited one, are you? Then I think I shall fuck you first, my pretty thing!"

He opens the cage and releases the older girl, only to shackle her hands behind her again once outside the cage. In her semi-conscious state and with waves of deep pain throbbing inside of her, she has no sense to react or even think of fighting now. She is thrown down on a bed of furs against the wall and has her ankles tied atop each other in opposed directions, forcing her legs to spread wide as she lay there, still crying.

The fat Arab goes back to the cage and brings



DP

AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...!!!

the younger girl over, cuffing her hands in front and her ankles attached with cuffs and a short chain. He throws her down beside her squirming sister and forces himself on top of her, holding her arms pinned over her head as she wiggles.

"I lied", he says spiting to her face. "I'll fuck YOU first."

He shoves his throbbing dick into the screaming girl as far as it will go, jolting it inside her as if to be sure it has gone in all the way. She can hardly breathe, between his immense, fat bulk now crushing her, and the stiff meat totally filling her tight pussy. She could not be more trapped and helpless, little squirms and wiggles all she can manage as the huge old Sheik begins humping her violently. Little screams bark out from her gagged mouth with every slap of his fat gut against her smooth, white inner thighs.

The older girl lay there, helpless to do anything, turning away in tears, refusing to watch her sister being raped so brutally.

The old Sheik shakes and groans out his orgasm, pumping warm cum into the poor girl who has stopped her struggles and now only whimpers in defeat.

After only a brief moment of recovery, he is between the older girls' legs, and shoves into her without hesitation. She squirms and fights more than her sister, which just incites the old sadist to slam into her more cruelly, adding the torment of biting her firm, round tits until her back is arched in pain.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH...!!!"

It is a vicious, painful fucking that goes on and on until he finally explodes inside of her with such violence it cuts off her screams and threatens to make her faint.

He rises to his knees, looking down at the two sweaty, raped girls now oozing cum and traces of blood from pink, gaping pussies, admiring his handiwork.

He snatches the younger girl over on top of her sister and removes the gag from her mouth, getting huge gasps from her as she breathes unrestricted for the first time.

"You must learn to lick pussy, bitch! It makes me horny! Lick your sisters' pussy!" the Sheik sneers, pushing her face into the older girls wet muff.

"UUUUUUHHH!" she protests, "Master PLEASE!!! Do no more to us PLEASE!!!" A small whip made of thin, vicious leather strands cracks across her white ass, raising red stripes and getting a shrill scream out of her.

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! NOOOOOOOO!!!!!" she screeches as he flogs her squirming ass red.

"You WILL obey me, slave!! Now suck on my DICK!" the Sheik orders as he pulls her face up to his half-limp member, still dripping with both of the girls' juice.

"OOHHHH... PLEASE.." She begs, but he holds her arms up high, raising her small tits up for his whip. It swishes and cracks across tender, pink nipples four times in rapid order before the screaming girl surrenders and takes his slimy dick into her mouth, fighting down her nausea and sucking it to a full erection once more.

"Now you will lick pussy, yes?" he demands, and the girl dives in and clamps her mouth over her squirming sisters' gaping wide pussy without a sound. The older girl jolts, wide eyed, wiggling in feeble protest, shocked and horrified at this new humiliation.

"Find it, Bitch!" he commands. "Make this slut cum in your mouth." The young girl does just that, finding her sisters' clit and delivering a licking that has the older girl moaning.

The fat, old Sheik comes up behind the young girl, who is on all fours, her face buried in squirming, blonde bush. He slides a studded sheath over his hard dick, equipping his meat with an array of metal peaks, unseen by the occupied girl. Without warning it is in her pussy, making her jolt and collapse on top of her sister, screaming loudly. The whip cracks across her back, and now across her helpless sisters' round tits too, getting them both going in long screams.

"That is not all, Bitch!" he scowls. "Lick! Lick her!" Another few cracks of the whip and her face returns to the wet pussy. He produces another dildo, this one tapered to penetrate a girls' ass. The older girl whimpers at the sight of it, her sister unaware of this new threat.

The young girl stiffens in a scream as it enters her, but she keeps her mouth firmly on her sisters' clit. Much to her sisters' shame, this triggers a jolting, back-arching orgasm that has her red faced and gurgling into the gag. Waves of embarrassment and shame turn the older sisters' humping, thrusting cum into another sobbing cry as she collapses, looking through streaming tears at her poor sister being whipped and raped and forced into this degrading, animal sex, ashamed to have surrendered to that same animal inside of herself. Wondering if she will be so weak again in the face of this forced sexual siege.

"Ha Ha! Now this is much better." He gloats as he pulls the young girl up by her hair. "Let us



©2000 www.dofantasy.com

Now you will lick pussy, yes?

go find some more games to amuse ourselves with!"

"Yeah... you're gonna learn to serve me as the slaves you are... Fuck her, you bitch! It makes me hot"

The older girl is now on her knees, arms chained overhead, the Sheik's dick sliding in and out of her mouth as she sucks with all her might. Fresh whip marks on her tits and ass indicate the source of her new enthusiasm.

Better still, her sister fucks her slowly from behind now, equipped with a long strap-on dildo that is double ended and ingeniously designed to give penetration to both girls, the ass penetrator still sunken into her.

The young girls' hands are free now, groping and pinching her sisters' tits. One hand reaches down to find the older girls' dripping wet pussy again, and a rotating finger once again starts the impaled girl moaning, until her shaking indicates the climax has come. This only triggers him to orgasm, and he pumps huge gushes of cum into her mouth that spew out and drip down her firm, round tits. The Sheik roughly snatches the older sisters' hair back and he looks her in the eyes.

"I think you have received enough, slave! I think it time you learn to give as well!" He commands.

"Please, no more...shame us no more Master...please." The older girl begs.

The strap-on is removed from the young sister, and the older girl is unchained and thrown on her back.

"Sit on her face, young bitch!" He commands.

"Oh Master..." She is cut off mid-sentence by the crack of the whip across already tender tits.

"YYAAAAA!!!! YES MASTER... YES!!"

She obediently squats her wet pink pussy onto her sisters' mouth. The young girl squirms around until the tongue finds her clit. The whip stripes the older sisters' tits again, getting a muffled scream from her.

"Now lick her until she cums!" he growls. The girl obeys, the young one rocking her hips to the licking, her eyes closed as the bliss overtakes her.

"Ahh..good." He nods. He steps up to the young girl and puts his dick in her face. "Now you can continue her work for her!" he orders, and the mere sight of the cruel little whip has her sucking for all she is worth. He reaches down and gives the older girl a crack on the inner thigh

with it, just to keep her attention. She screams into her sisters' pussy, the vibration and rush of hot breath getting a squeal out of the girl.

Muffled groans come from the older girl as streams of pussy juice run down her face. The young sister has surrendered all to the animal lust of the moment, sucking the old man's dick back to full hard.

"Make her cum, you slut." The Sheik growls.

And she does. The young blonde girl releases with pulsing hips and long, animal groans that set off the horny old Arab yet again, spewing her face and small tits with a flood of white goo. They are all collapsed into a heap in seconds, exhausted, the poor captive girls soaked in each others' sweat and pussy, dripping with the old Sheik's cum.

He recovers and stands, looking down on his spent and defeated prizes.

"I must find a way to keep you two sluts occupied until I return for your next lesson." He says, dragging the older girl to her feet. "Let us see what I have for you two to do!"

"Very touching... this is what I call sister loving... JA . . . JA . . . JA . . . !!!"

He has them bound together at the knees and ankles, laying on their backs, arms stretched over their heads and chained, pussies facing each other and both impaled on the same long, fat double-ended dildo. Any struggling on the part of either girl just drives the huge studded shaft in deeper. Big round gags are strapped into their mouths to quiet the begging.

"I need to attend to other business now, my pets." He says as he walks for the door. "Don't let me catch you whores sleeping when I return! I shall have you praying for death if I do!". At that he leaves, bolting the heavy door behind him, leaving the girls that way for the night. It is a torturous position, and every little wiggle causes the huge dildo to stretch their tortured pussies even farther. Tears stream down their red cheeks as they both cry. But the exhaustion begins to take over, the long day and night of whipping and raping and forced lesbian orgasms, the terror, and the pain.

The squirming stops, the eyelids begin to fall. The Sheik looks in through a small port in the wooden door at the now quiet dungeon. He chuckles fiendishly as he walks away, knowing he has all night to think up new punishments for this disobedience.■



©2000 www.dofantasy.com

Make this slut cum in your mouth, bitch!!!



©2000 www.dofantasy.com

Yeah... you're gonna learn to serve me as the slaves you are... Fuck her, you bitch!
It makes me hot



©2000 www.dofantasy.com

Very touching... this is what I call sister loving...
JA . . . JA . . . JA . . . !!!



PONY GIRL

text, d'o fantasy

Badia

Fourth 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. Proceede 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, harnessing her to the mill stone.

Feeding time...

LATER, IN THE STABLE...

I'M DYING...

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

LICK AND SUCK, YOU SLUT! I WANT TO SEE THE POT SHINE WITH YOUR SALIVA!

A PONY NEEDS TO FEED AFTER THE MILL STONES

DIG...
DIG...

SPLASH!

WOAF... IT STINKS!!!

CLINK
CLINK

MY GOD... HE'S MAD

NOW FOR DESSERT! MY PRICK UP YOUR ASS!!!



AGG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

VERY NUTRITIOUS! ROTTEN FISH AND HORSE MANURE! A BIT OF DADDY'S PISS WILL HELP IT DOWN... HA! HA! HA!



BUT FIRST I'M GONNA CLEAN YOU. HOT CASTOR OIL, SEVENTY DGREEF

GLASSSSSS!!!

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

AND AFTER A FUCK,
YOU NEED A REST! TIME FOR BED.
ON ALL FOURS! JUMP!

AAAAGGGHH!!!

NOGG!!!
NOGG!!!
NOGG!!!
NOGG!!!

SLURPS
SLURPS

SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

MY GOD,
HELP ME OR
KILL ME...

AGHHH!!!

AGHHH!!!

KEEP STILL AND YOU
WON'T SPLIT YOUR NOSE
OR YOUR PRETTY NIPPLES

NOW BE A GOOD
LITTLE GIRL AND SAY
GOODNIGHT TO YOUR
DADDY!...

MMMHHH!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick

As you may remember last time, 'The Taker' had scouted the three Carlsen sisters before assaulting two in their home. The spirited high school student is cruelly bound, gagged, and unconscious beneath the covers of her own bed, while the sexy, bikinied, college grad is secured brutally in the cellar - just as their pretty young executive older sister arrives home...

Full of venom and power, he marched upstairs, across the dining room, into the kitchen, and through the back hall just as Kelly was unlocking the back door. He got a look at her trying to twist the key and the doorknob while pushing in her thin briefcase with her long stockinged leg. But then the door swung even further open and suddenly there she was, revealed. She wore a form-fitting, probably tailored, pale blue, miniskirted suit, matching high heels with three inch pumps, and a peach-colored silk shirt with the first three buttons open, giving him a peek at a frilly lace lavender bra.

She was just becoming aware of someone approaching her, and was looking up, when he punched her in the stomach. Kelly made a woofing sound and doubled over. Grabbing her without stopping, he clawed his fingers over her mouth and slammed her against the door jam. Her bright blue eyes opened wide again, one hand grabbing at her own face, her other hand clawing out, when he punched her in the stomach again. Kelly doubled over once more, this time unable to make any sound except a retching gasp, drool splattering out of her lax mouth. He grabbed her hair and yanked her back, slamming her repeatedly against the door jam. She tried to grab onto something, she tried to focus, she tried to cry out... but he punched her in the stomach a third time.

Kelly went down to her knees in the narrow hall, unable to breathe or make a sound, overwhelmed by the attack. He kicked her in the side, sending her against the wall. She fell onto her back, her eyes rolling in pain and

shock, her blonde hair fanning out, her arms up. He planted his knee in her stomach and jammed a big, pliant plastic wedge into her mouth, bulging her cheeks. Then blue duct tape went over that and under her chin, sealing her working lips. Then a padded bandage went over that, anchoring itself on her nose. Then, grabbing her hair and a fistful of her jacket and shirt, he dragged her outside and around the back of the house.

He dumped her into the bushes, where he had put all the garden shed stuff. He would have put her in the shed if there had been enough room, but there wasn't. Instead he ripped off her jacket, and wrenched her arms across her back. He strapped her elbows together, then yanked each wrist to the opposite side of her waist where he used thin, coarse rope and plastic pull-ties to cinch her flesh to a special, extra long, plastic, multi-rooted garden spikes, which he nailed deep into the hard-packed earth. When it was done, she lay on her back, her crossed arms thrusting up her crotch, her hands peeking out on the wrong side of her waist, twisting in bonds that attached to anchored plastic spikes - ones guaranteed to remain sunken no matter what the upward pressure. Already she was beginning to writhe in pain as he tied her ankles to two more spikes and nailed them wide into the earth within the bushes. Her magnificent legs were now stretched their longest, revealing the tops of her stockings and garter belt, as well as her lavender silk and lace panties.

He kneeled, as if worshipping, as she tried to rear up, sweat pouring down her pain-wracked



Kelly nailed down in the bushes

face. But he just grabbed her shirt and tore it open. There were her whopping teardrops in a matching lavender satin and lace underwire bra, and all the tan smooth skin around it. He grabbed her face, threw her down to the dirt, and climbed atop her. She tried to rear up again, but he slammed her back down, ripping at her panties. Then he tore open her bra before grabbing a fistful of hair and unzipping his pants.

When her mother came home, she walked no more than thirty feet away from them, but Kelly was in no condition to cry out. Her hands were dark and limp, while his hands were around her throat, squeezing carefully. Kelly's face was dark, straining silently, and her long, beautiful legs spasmed, making the bush cover shiver only slightly. His cock was all the way in her... 'Darn raccoons,' her mother thought, quickly unlocking the back door. 'We have got to trim those hedges...!' But she didn't like vermin, so she moved quickly inside, closing the door tightly behind her.

Only then did he relax the grip on Kelly's throat.

She shuddered in her asphyxiated stupor beneath him, quivering, her tits jiggling. He started rutting again even before her back arched, dragging in her first new breath.

Inside, their mother saw the popcorn and TV, then shook her head. Megan, she thought, probably got an offer she couldn't refuse and went out again without a thought to conserving energy. She turned off the TV and took a handful of popcorn before heading for the stairs. Megan's eyelids fluttered when dust drifted down from the steps onto her comatose face in the cellar. Upstairs, their mother saw Jill's closed door. She was going to respect her youngest daughter's privacy, when she decided to risk a rejection. She tapped lightly on the door with her knuckle. "Jill?" she called softly. "Jill? You in there?" Opening the door quietly she looked into the gathering gloom of dusk to see her youngest daughter in bed, her face at rest... the sheet coming up to her delightful little nose. Practically under sedation, she thought. Seeing her look so angelic - practically glowing - she stepped in and gently kissed her daughter on the forehead. They grow up so fast, she thought, tasting the slightly sweet saltiness of the sweat that had dried in the hours since Jill's arrival home. She went back to the door, oblivious to the gag and bondage beneath the

sheet. As she closed the door silently, the pile of torn, sweat-soaked and cum-stained clothing shifted from the tiny gust of air created.

Outside, gripping her hair and the side of Kelly's head as if they were handles, he twisted this way and that - both checking on her mom's whereabouts through the windows above as well as grinding his cock deeper into the eldest daughter's spiked-down form beneath him. Her long, beautiful legs practically hummed in their bonds as his violent, but all but silent, fucking took her breath away. He would pull back quietly, all but the very crown of his log coursing out of her. Then, with an explosive grunt, he would launch back into her like a catapult. And his mouth would be at her neck, or her breasts would fill his drooling maw, his tongue and teeth rough on her nipples. She literally couldn't comprehend it. A man she didn't know had attacked her, beat her, choked her, and was fucking her brains out in the bushes just outside her home as if punishing her for something specific. It was as if an anvil had dropped onto her mind, eliminating all reason. The violence and lack of air did the rest. She was just a slim, statuesque shape beneath him. Finally, he clamped onto her like an octopus, his cock cannoning what seemed like a quart of cum up inside her, his fingers tearing at her scalp, his breath hot on her face. He waited until all the jism seemed to sink into her before quickly - almost like an afterthought - pinching her nostrils closed through the bandage, and pushing his forearm down onto her slim throat.

Beneath her mother's window, Kelly's legs snapped in the ropes and her body surged beneath her attacker. He felt her tits mash repeatedly against his chest as he held on during her frenetic but all but silent struggle - her deadened fingers scratching against the dirt. Kelly lost consciousness just as her mother started to wonder where she was. If her mom had gotten into her casual clothes in front of her window, she would have seen her 23 year old daughter being dragged by her ankles to her own sporty car.

He pulled on her feet, staring at how it made her skirt ride up to become a bunched belt around her slim little waist, and how her yellow hair trailed around her head like a halo. He watched the way her breasts would jiggle with each pull, her nipples like little eyes rolling around her chest in disbelief. And he

watched her mottled face clear back to a flushed elfin beauty, her eyes sparkling under fluttering lids.

Taking a quick second to look up toward

mother only turned when he started the car up, quickly driving out onto the road before the girls' mother had any real chance to see that both seats were filled and Kelly wasn't driving.

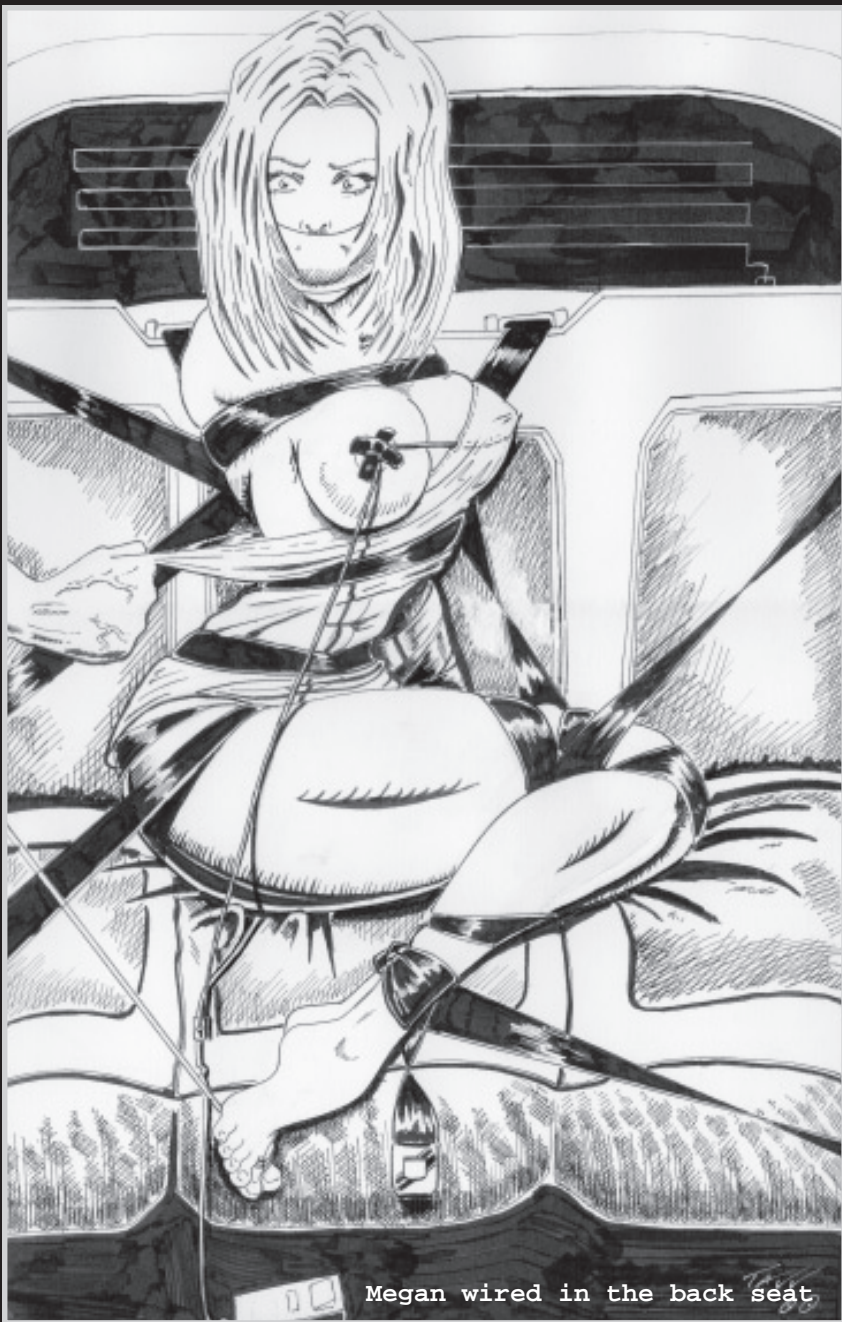
The mother only wondered about that for a second, however.

Kelly had long been independent, seeing no reason to say hello or good-bye to everyone during their busy lives.

When she left a few minutes later for the school meeting, he was waiting in a small dirt and gravel roadside just down the street. He took a quick look at his passenger - still gagged and elbows cinched - crumpled on the passenger's seat. Kelly's eyes were closed, her sweaty head drooping, her shirt torn open and dirty, her pendulous breasts hanging free, a glistening drop of dewy sweat hanging from one pink nipple. Her skirt was streaked and ripped, her stockings decorated in runs to reveal smooth, sexy, tan flesh - the high heels still clamped to her feet. He dragged her head to his lap just before her mom's car drove by, its driver oblivious. Then, rubbing her gagged lips against his hard-on by gripping her hair, he drove back into the three sisters' driveway and

parked right behind the back door.

When Jill's eyes began to slowly open, he was there, kneeling by the bed, forcing a padded, penis-prod gag into her mouth. He was holding the back of her head, pushing it in, even before she was fully awake. But by the time



Megan wired in the back seat

her mother's bedroom window, he hastily grabbed Kelly's hair and the nape of her shirt's neck to bundle her into her own car's passenger seat. He silently raced to the other side, and jumped behind the wheel - all the time watching the window. It remained empty until he plugged the key into the ignition. Kelly's

he had tightened it cruelly behind her head, she was crying and kicking for all she was worth, despite the fact that her wrists and ankles had been retied with thin, coarse rope. To her shock, she was now wearing her cheerleader's outfit of a deep v-necked midriff-exposing sweater, short pleated miniskirt, and kneesocks - only the underwear was now her sexiest black wonderbra and thong. Her eyes bulged above the gag as he buckled it tightly behind her head, then rolled her over to yank her wrists to her ankles for a wicked hogtie. Jill bleated and tried to roll over on the bed, her pushed-up tits getting further squished in the process. Taking that as inspiration, he took a moment to squeeze her breasts as if juicing grapefruit, then went through her closet and bureaus, throwing interesting items of denim, cotton, lycra, leather, and lace onto her crying, writhing, form. He shoved them into one of Jill's own knapsacks, then sat on the bed, gathering her up in his arms. She stiffened when she felt his finger tracing her vaginal lips through the thong, then started to sob as he carefully and methodically began to anchor cord in her hip bones. The hemp was forced between her legs and then yanked deep, deep, deep into her cunt, folding the silky satin of the thong into her girlhood like lettuce into a hotdog bun. She groaned in agony as he flipped the skirt back to just cover the invading crotchrope, then gave her tit a pinch as he headed for Megan's room.

As he plundered the middle girl's dresses and shoes, Megan was in the cellar, her wrists twisting in the handcuffs, her spread legs spasming, desperate little grunts coming from behind the gag. When he was in Kelly's room, reveling in her silk and satin finery before shoving it into one of her overnight bags, Kelly was outside, stretched out in the car, all but laying in the passenger's seat. The seatback had been laid all the way back, a rubber-coated wire around her throat and the headrest. Her elbows were loose, but her wrists had been wired to the metal slats at the seat's sides, and her ankles wired to the underside of the dashboard. She jerked in place, moaning and crying - her face covered in cum, the gag still filling her mouth and sealing her lips... nipple clamps biting into her aching tits... and a wire snaking from the cigarette lighter up between her quivering legs and under her skirt... a hum filling the interior of the otherwise empty car...

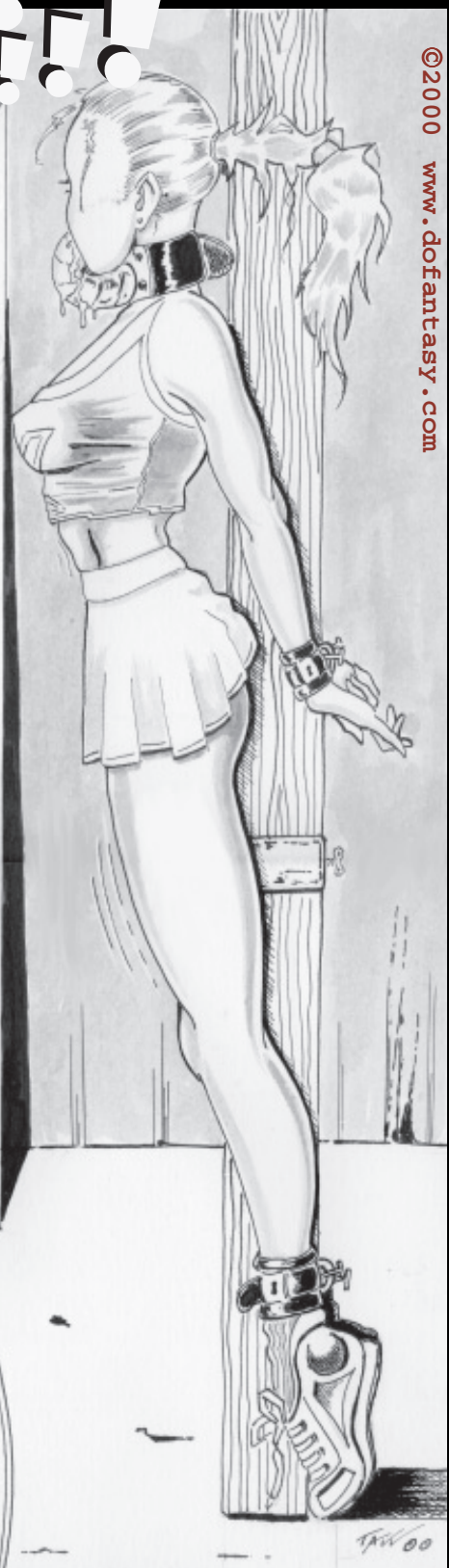
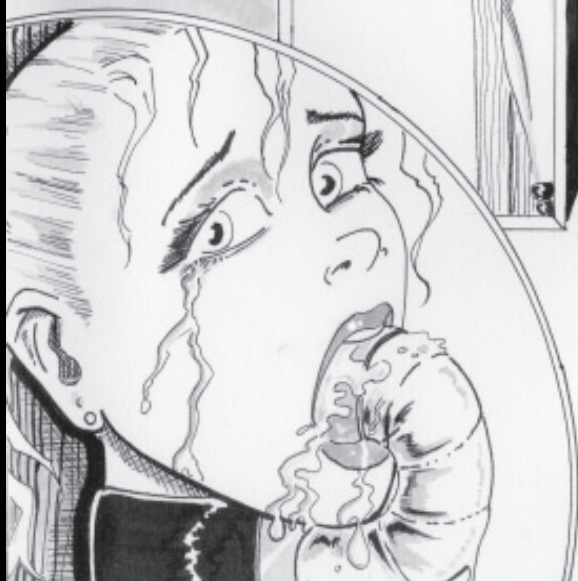
Megan was dumped in first, now wearing a tight, backless, u-necked sundress, which he was able to slip up her legs and tie behind her neck. A rubber penis was stuffed in her mouth, her lower face covered in dark gray cloth tape. Her arms were likewise taped behind her, from just under her elbows to her wrists. He stuffed her in the back seat, wedging her legs under the passenger seatback, wiring her big toes to the wire around Kelly's throat. He then wrapped her knees with one seatbelt before wrapping the other around her throat - holding her down just under window level. Kelly's bright blue eyes rolled back in her head, trying to stare into Megan's darker blues warningly, but soon the car interior was filled with the sound of choking and muffled begging.

Upstairs Jill swung into view, her face wracked with pain, her hogtied body in a painful backwards "O", as he carried her by the wrist/ankle ropes like an overnight bag. He pulled a garden sack over her and stuffed her into the little car trunk along with the bags of clothing. Then he kneeled on the driver's seat, grabbed one of Megan's tits through the clinging cloth, as well as one of Kelly's tits, and squeezed them both reassuringly. "All set?" he whispered pleasantly as they gasped, then choked again. Taking only a moment more to survey their remarkable sexiness, torture, and helplessness, he hopped in and restarted the motor. He pulled out of their driveway and headed north.

Three hours later he pulled into his own driveway. It had taken a while to transfer them into his own car and dump Kelly's vehicle, but it was worth the extra time to make sure it, and them, were never found. He pulled into his one car, barn-like garage on the extra patch of land down at the end of his road, and turned to check their progress. Kelly still had the small bruise where she hit her forehead on the opening of his passenger side, but otherwise she was as lovely as ever, complete with black sleeping mask - the kind you can buy in any luggage or travel store - crossed and wired ankles, wrists likewise bound behind her, elbows affixed to her torso by more rope, and breasts straining against the thin cloth of her rebuttoned, cleavage revealing shirt. The dildo was out of her cunt, but a clip had been fastened on her clit, which he had played with all the way up... when he wasn't sinking his fingers into her

MMHHH!!!
MMHHH!!!

©2000 www.dofantasy.com



Young Jill sitting on a «C» shaped prod,
waiting in her captor's room.

cunt. Megan lay on the back seat, semi-conscious, the dildo jammed in her beneath the hem of her sundress, which had ridden up to her hips as she writhed. Her taped together legs helped hold in the vibrator, her mouth was now filled with a black prod gag and her eyes blindfolded by a seemingly matching black sleepmask. She had lost consciousness near the state border so he had unplugged the device from the lighter socket.

He got out of the car, closed the two barn-like doors behind him, switched on the overhead yellow light, and opened the trunk. Jill came awake as he cut open the hogtie and dragged her out onto the dirt garage floor. She moaned and then tried to scream through her gag as her limbs started to revive. Not standing on ceremony he dragged her up by her arms and leaned her against the driver's side door. "See?" he said, holding her in place by grabbing her bunched tits through her bra and sweater. "You're not alone. The whole family's here." He heard her trying to say "Kelly? Megan?" in surprise and then start to wail in fear. "That's all right," he soothed, grinding her tits in a circular, shining motion. "Don't worry... I'll still have plenty of time for you..." She started to shake and buck, but he grabbed her pony tail, yanked back, and shoved his hand under her sweater and bra to grind her right breast like bread dough. "It's okay, Jilly," he assured her tightly. "You'll always come first." Then he dragged her to the ground.

Jill awoke, sunlight blinding her. For the merest of moments, feeling the warmth on her body and the coolness of drool on her chin, she thought she was awaking from a nightmare. A moment later, she realized she was waking into one. She was standing in a small attic room, in the middle of the rectangular space, against a thick wooden support beam. Beside her, to the left, was a simple, metal bed bolted to the thick wooden floor. Ten feet in front of her was a simple, uncovered, wood-framed window. She could see the rooftops of a normal residential street stretch off in the distance. She tried to cry out to them, and moaned in pain. Something was in her mouth. Invading, jutting, wedged there. She tried to reach up to remove it. Her fingers spasmed, but her wrists were locked by her sides and slightly behind her. She tried to step away. Her legs spasmed, her feet jerking in place. But that was not the worst. Something else was nailing her there. Something

that mirrored the thing in her mouth. Something that plunged and locked in between her legs, curling inside of her very girliness... Her breasts bulged in the wonderbra. The hem of her pleated cheerleader miniskirt tapped the very top of her thighs. Her sweater's v-neck gripped the sides of her cleavage. She was forced on her very tip-toes. Jill tried to speak. The words were mush and mucous coursed over her lip and out the edges of her yanked down mouth to pour across her chin... dripping between her tits and across her chest. Her hands reached, her knees bending, but she only seemed to walk slightly in place, the clacking of thick wood reaching her ears. Her eyes closed, then rolled around her head. At the very edge of her peripheral vision she saw a glint of bright silver light. She froze, trying desperately to see. It was a mirror, leaning against the right wall, placed so she would be just able to stare into it. Her reflection stared back in shock. She was forced back against the support beam, her ass tight against it. Her wrists were beside and behind her ass cheeks, shackled to the beam with thick black leather cuffs, closed with heavy key-locks and spiked to the back of the beam. Her ankles were shackled to the back of the beam, on either side. But that, of course, wasn't the worst. Her pony tail was tied to the beam. Her throat was collared, and coming off the collar was a "C" shaped wooden prod, the top part of which plunged two and a half inches into her mouth, forcing open her jaw, pushing down her tongue, and ending just before her uvula. But even that wasn't the worst. The worst was that she sat - if you could call the crotch crushing position "sitting" - on another "C" shaped prod, this one attached to the beam itself, the bottom section between her legs and the top section curling six inches into her cunt. Again, her skirt hem covered the invasion from view, but she could feel it... all half-dozen thick, slimy inches of it, snaking up between the flesh of her thighs - as it also stretched her legs to their optimum, keeping only the very tips of the high heels touching the floor. Jill tried to scream, her mouth instinctively sucking on the intrusion, then sneering off of it, as saliva poured over her lips and chin...■

TO BE CONTINUED...

On tiptoe and naked, all for me...

I bought her at in auction last night.

Isn't she pretty?

Look at her tits ... and her long, long tights.

And her dainty little feet...

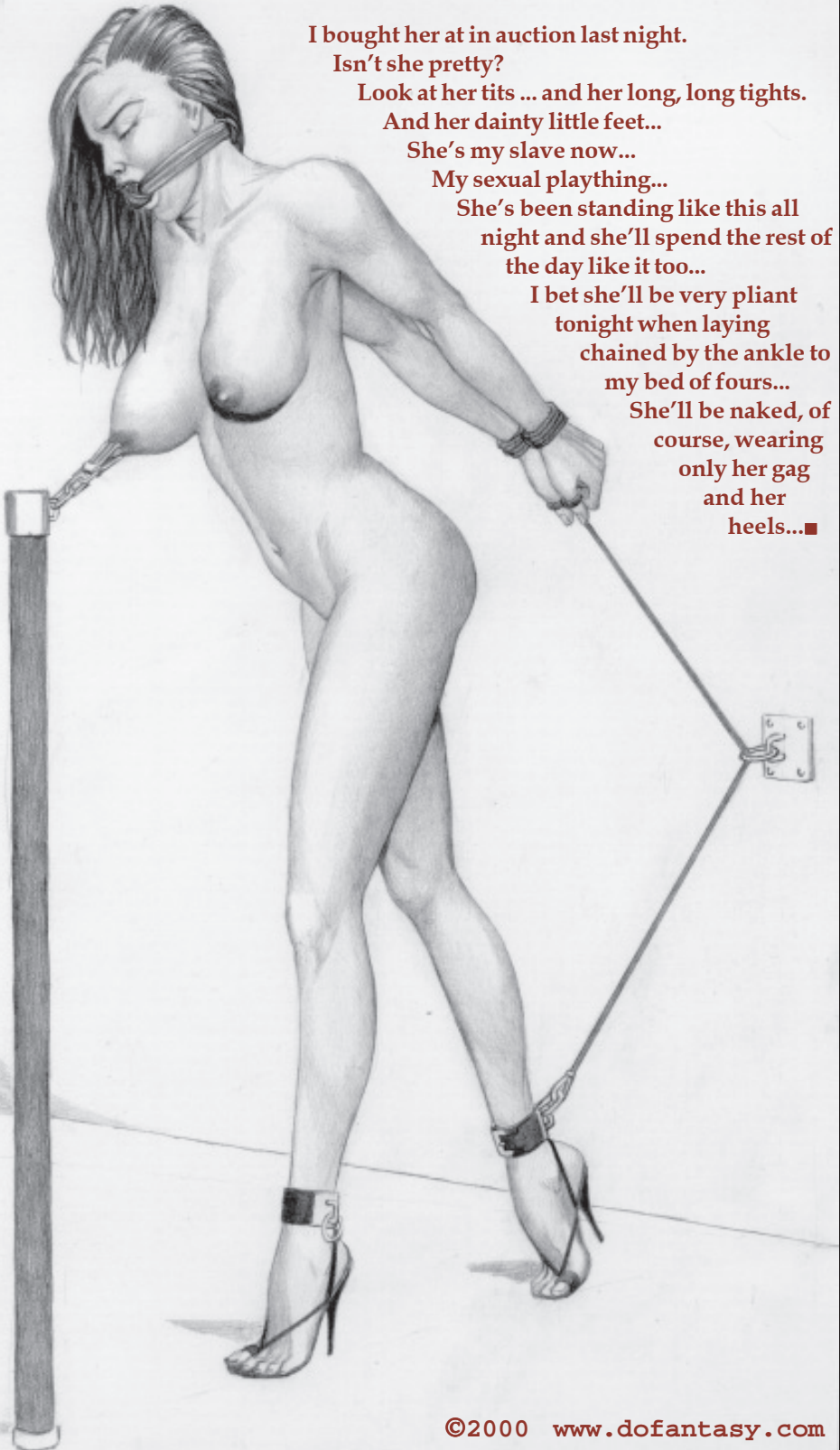
She's my slave now...

My sexual plaything...

She's been standing like this all night and she'll spend the rest of the day like it too...

I bet she'll be very pliant tonight when laying chained by the ankle to my bed of fours...

She'll be naked, of course, wearing only her gag and her heels...■



Cousin Isabel enslaved Takanawa

I had her brought to my chamber at first light.

"Good morning, cousin. How was your first night in the Castle?"

She looked down. Humiliated! Broken! But ecstasy for me as I contemplated her misery.

I had courted her in vain for months. She was haughty, proud, contemptuous, and it burned into me. It hurt my pride. It set my blood boiling.

I had her brought to the Castle. I threw her family in jail and now I've got her here, stark naked, on her knees at the foot of my bed. She looks lovely with chains on her ankles and wrists and a collar round her neck.

"Do you still think I'm not good enough for you?"

She looks left and right, nervously. She daren't look me in the eye.

She's still proud, but she looks more frightened than anything else.

"Have you decided if you want to be my wife or not?"

Silence. She bites her lips, the same lips that have kept me awake so many nights...

"Think well before you reply. I can shut you in the well for a week if I want to..."

That's where she spent the night. A hole with two foot of water in it and the odd drowned rat...

I caught a flash in her green eyes. A flash of pride and hatred.

"For the last time, do you consent to be my bride, Isabel?"

"Yes."

I pulled back the sheets to reveal my naked body and my naked erection. Then I celebrated her decision by lifting one cheek and farting.

"Exactly three days ago you spurned me before your parents and all their retinue."

She held my gaze this time, perhaps even met it with a cynical look.

"What has caused you to change your mind?"

"The well." She replied without hesitation.

I liked the reply. It was honest, even brave.

I was going to enjoy breaking her in, mind and body...

"So you would marry me only to change your chamber?" I asked, laughing.

"Do I have a choice?"

She glanced at the torturer, who was standing naked, waiting.

"You do" I said, spitting on the palm of my hand and masturbating slowly. "You can be my concubine, my sexual slave."

"Never!"

There was challenge in her green eyes.

I carried on masturbating.

"You have a slave's body, not a wife's..."

She dropped her eyes. Perhaps she remembered her nakedness, the chains...

"Are you good in bed?"

She grimaced, pulling her lips back as if my penis

was going slowly into her ungreased buttocks. She looked disgusted. She also looked beautiful.

"You must learn your duties and obligations: what to do with your cunt, how to kiss me and where, how to suck this noble prick of mine, how to lick this fine and lordly ass... Marriage is a very serious institution."

"And you are a bastard and a filthy pig!"

"How right you are, cousin, as you will have soon occasion to discover. Now answer: is it your wish to be my wife or to return to the stinking water and the bloated rats?"

"Your wife." She replied once more.

"Request it."

"I ... want ... to be your wife."

"That's a very weak request. As you are on your knees, so must you beg, dear cousin."

She drew in air, and her breasts lifted and fell.

"I beg you, cousin, humbly and on my knees, to grant me the honor of being your wife."

"I will consider your request."

She seemed troubled. Her breasts rose and fell again but faster. Was it panic? Or was my reply unexpected?



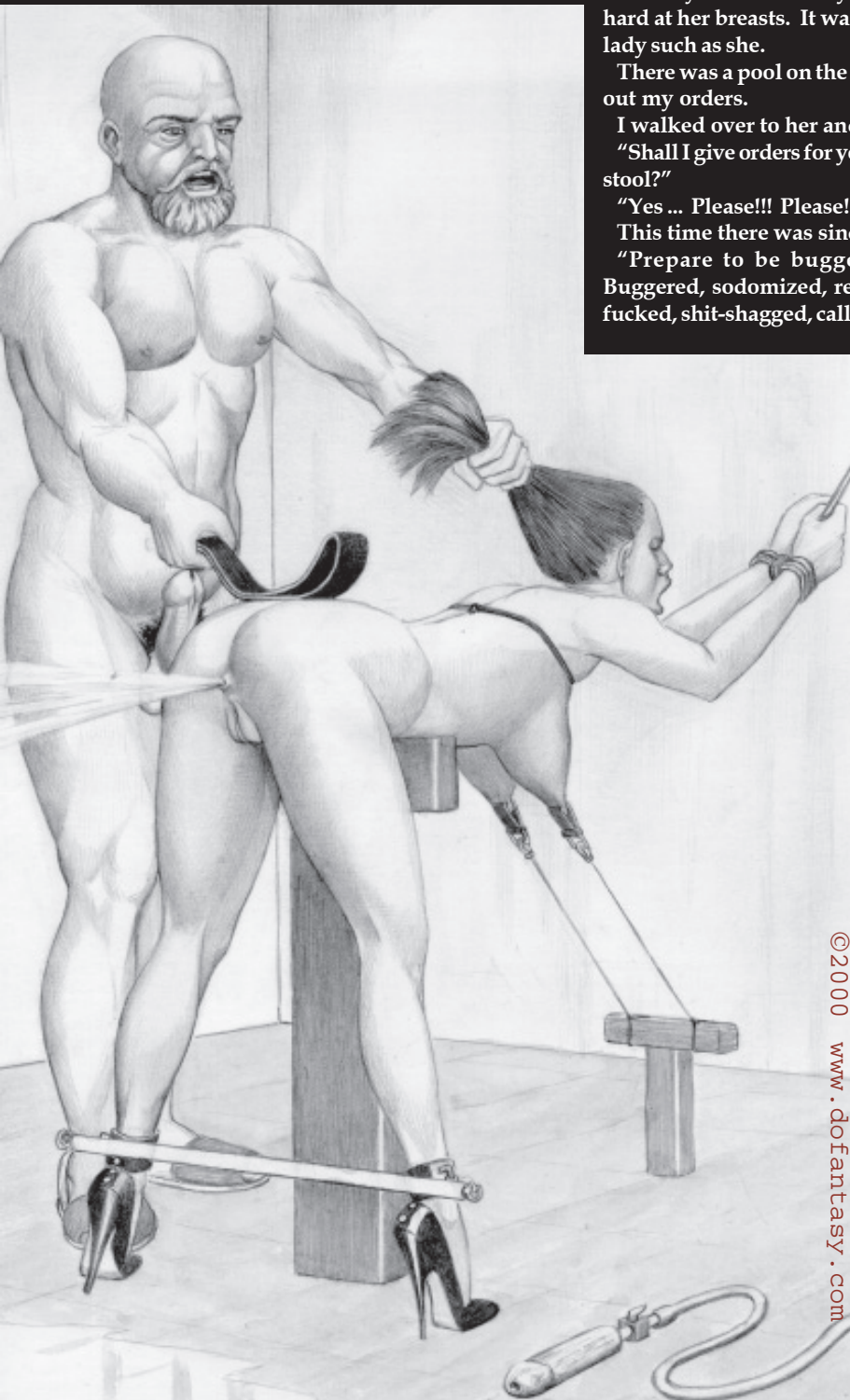
©2000 www.dofantasy.com

You have a slave's body, not a wife's...

Was she offended?

"Cousin, I have a small dilemma" I said, changing the subject. "I like to do things in a good and Christian manner. I shall not possess you before I marry you. And yet I have a man's need, a need to empty my balls. If I am to marry you, it is inappropriate to use another cunt, be it a slave's or a courtesan's..."

She stared at my penis. There was fear and disgust in her eyes.



"Has Madame emptied her noble bowels this morning? Has she shitted?"

Suddenly she looked disconcerted.

I turned to the torturer. "No, my lord."

"Then take her away, shave her cunt so that no hair obscures her tender lips, and purge her ass..."

I returned after lunch.

My beloved cousin was over the whipping stool, with her fanny most delicately shaved. Nipple clamps pulled hard at her breasts. It was a little undignified for a fine lady such as she.

There was a pool on the floor. The torturer had carried out my orders.

I walked over to her and showed her my erection.

"Shall I give orders for you to be taken off the whipping stool?"

"Yes ... Please!!! Please!!!"

This time there was sincerity in her voice.

"Prepare to be buggered, cousin. That's right! Buggered, sodomized, rear-ended, back-doored, bum-fucked, shit-shagged, call it what you will! But first, you must request it!"

"NOOOO!!! PLEASE!!!"

"Do you want to stay here until tomorrow?"

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

"Well, then?"

"I beseech you, bugger me. Put it in my ass. Put it where you will, but stop this torture!!!"

"When did you empty her?"

"Five hours ago, master." Said the torturer.

"Time enough for a big shit to build up. Clean her again."

No sooner said than done. I sat down and watched and it seemed to me that revenge was sweet indeed.

Grease her ass...

In went the long nozzle, big and fat as a man in all his glory...

I put the funnel in myself and poured in two litres of boiling milk and one of tempered oil not to burn her dead.

I sealed her with a cork. She began shouting and blaspheming like one possessed of a thousand devils.

"Press, cousin, press as if it were a child! An ass-child! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I pulled at her hair and beat her on the buttocks

Press, cousin, press as if it were a child!
An ass-child! Ha! Ha! Ha!

©2000 www.dofantasy.com

with a thick leather belt. The nipple clamps pulled at her nipples wild...

My erection was throbbing.

After a dozen blows, her bowels blew out.

Glorious spectacle!!!

She began sobbing.

"There, there, don't weep!" I dried her tears with my prick and I wanked in her face and shot off into her eyes.

"You are still not worthy to be buggered. Not until the wedding. It will be a fine spectacle. Your parents and brothers will attend, chained by the

bollocks. And Angelo will be there too."

Isabel opened her eyes wide. They were stinging from tears and sperm. She looked at me angrily. Angelo was her fiancé, my old rival.

"I castrated him personally yesterday."

"You coward, you bastard! I'll kill you for this!" She shouted.

I smiled graciously. A winner can and must be gracious, discreet in word and gesture.

"Indeed. A coward and a gourmet, if I may say so. For I shall sup on his bollocks tonight and you will be my dinner guest! Ha! Ha! Ha!" ■

Text, LUCAS

PAUL

BOUGHT & TAMED

CHAPTER THREE

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...



SARA'S ABUSE WAS ONLY STARTING...



COME HERE... UNCLE'S GONNA FUCK YOU RIGID! YOU'LL LIKE IT! NO SLUT CAN...

...RESIST A REAL MACHO'S DICK...



...PUMPING UP HER CUNT!!! YOU'RE GONNA BE BEGGING FOR MORE OF YOUR UNCLE'S DICK UP YOU!!!



HEY! YOU'RE DRY, YOU BITCH!



WHO CARES? I PROMISED YOU SOME FUN AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE IT! AND YOU'RE GONNA DRIP FOR ME OR I'LL WHIP YOUR ASS TO A PULP!!!

I KNOW YOUR KIND... YOU NEED SOME ROUGH STUFF TO TURN YOU ON! YOU NEED A MACHO TO DOMINATE YOU! WELL, TRY THIS!



AND THIS! AND THIS!



NOW PAY ATTENTION... I WANT YOU TO REMEMBER YOUR FIRST FUCK WITH ME ALL YOUR LIFE...



HMM!... YOU'RE TIGHT FOR A HOOKER!

SHIT!
WHAT THE HELL...?



GOOD THEN... I'LL FUCK YOU SLOWLY... AND DEEP! YOU LIKE IT? IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, YOU CAN HAVE IT EVERY DAY!



YOU'VE NEVER USED YOUR CUNT BEFORE?

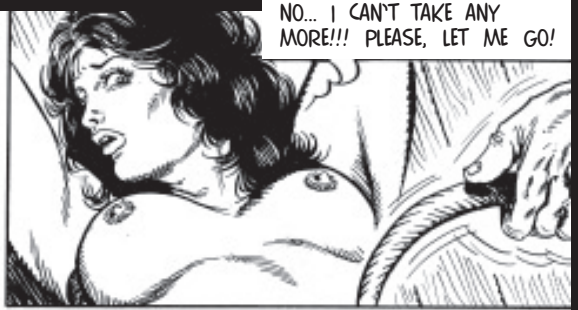


LATER, THE RAIN COMES DOWN IN SHEETS...





I'M UPSET, PUSSY!... YOU KNOW WHAT WE DO IN THIS COUNTRY TO A WHORE WHO DOESN'T COME WITH HER CLIENT? ANSWER, FUCK YOU! DO YOU KNOW OR NOT?



NO... I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!!! PLEASE, LET ME GO!



OK, I'LL TELL YOU... THE CLIENT FUCKS FOR FREE AND THE PIMP PUNISHES THE WHORE...

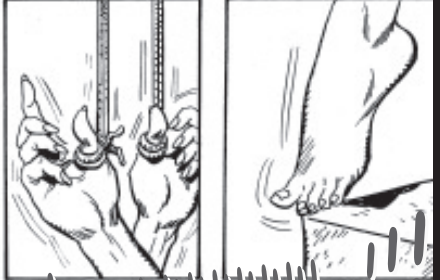


I'M GONNA BREAK YOU IN, NEICE, LIKE A WILD COLT! TAKE THAT! AND THAT!

I'LL TEACH YOU HOW A REAL WHORE USES HER PUSSY!!!



I WANT PASSION WHEN I RAPE YOU... YOU'RE GONNA LEARN TO MOVE, TO KISS, TO DRIP!!! TAKE THAT! AND DON'T FALL OFF THE BOXES!!!

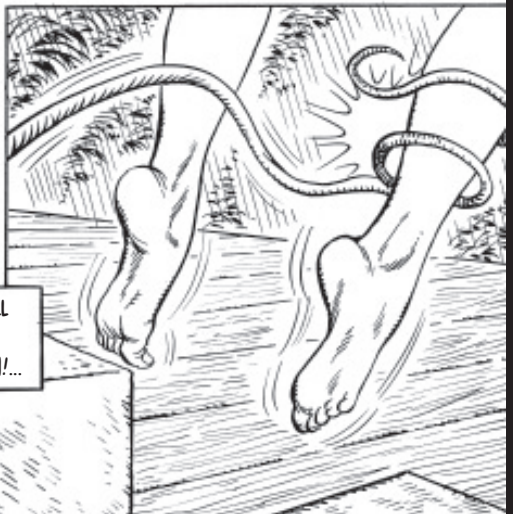
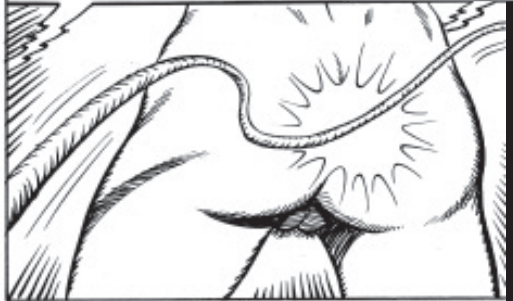


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH...!!!



TELL ME: ARE YOU GONNA OBEY ME AND WORK FOR ME LIKE THE WHORE YOU ARE?

YES!... YES!... STOP, PLEASE!!! AAAGHHHHHHH!!!

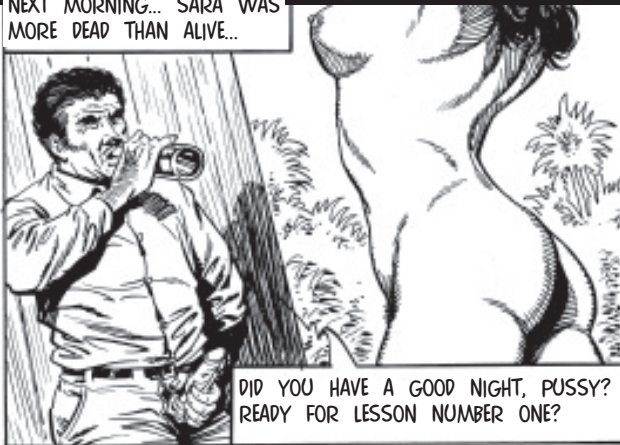


OK! THIS TIME I'LL STOP! NEXT TIME, YOU GET A DOZEN!...

YOU'D BETTER CALM DOWN, NEICE, AND TAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT! IF NOT, YOU'LL PULL YOUR THUMBS OFF...

SLEEP WELL,
TROLLOP!

NEXT MORNING... SARA WAS
MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE...

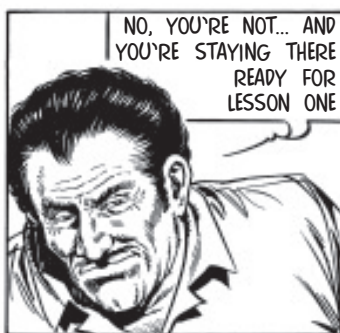


DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, PUSSY?
READY FOR LESSON NUMBER ONE?



PLEASE, LET ME
DOWN!... I'M
GOING TO DIE!...

NO PLEASE...!!!
LET ME DOWN!!!



NO, YOU'RE NOT... AND
YOU'RE STAYING THERE
READY FOR
LESSON ONE



BUT FIRST, YOU NEED A SHAVE. WHORES
HAVE A SHAVED PUSSY. IT'S HYGENIC!



AAAGGHHHHHHH...!!!

ONE BY ONE!... ROOT AND ALL!...

PLEASE!... UNCLE!...
I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU WANT! STOP!



YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU WILL!...



LOOKS BETTER NOW... YOU LOOK
STILL YOUNGER!... KINKY, EH?...

TIME FOR LESSON ONE!



NOW YOU'LL LEARN WHAT YOUR
CUNT'S FOR... YOU'RE GONNA COME
FOR ME JUST AS YOU ARE...



AAAAAAAAGHHHHH!

YOU LIKE IT, EH? YOU'RE A SLUT
LIKE ALL OF THEM! NOW GET
MOVING! THE SOONER YOU COME,
THE SOONER I LET YOU DOWN.



YEAH... THAT'S IT, WHORE...
CREAM... CREAM FOR UNCLE RAUL!

FRUIT

SQUEEZE THIS CUNT OR IT'LL COME OUT!!!

Blackmailed TOP MODEL

LUCAS

Giselle is the star of the catwalk, the top model all the cameramen look for first, the most envied and the most desired. A splendid, seductive body, blue eyes half concealed by languid, drooping eyelids, a distant look that manages to be cold and sensual at the same time, flawless features and a generally sexy, cruel look all combined to catapult this young girl to fame in only a few months.

She seems to represent something new, an explosion of colour and fantasy, a perfumed freshness, a kind of physical audacity that makes men long to spend just a few minutes alone with her...

She's the new woman.

She's the cover of the magazines. She's the body in the fashion photos.

But there is one true story about Giselle that is never in the magazines. This nineteen-year old is the mother of a four-year old girl, who lives with her grandmother.

Only one person knows this story...

The model

"Come on, Giselle, get it moving! What are you doing? They're waiting for you! Roll that lovely little bottom down the catwalk!"

I look up, take a deep breath, a first tentative swing of the legs and I step out.

Click... clack...

So many eyes on me...

Click... clack...

Especially his...

Click... clack...

He's in the front row, in the expensive seat I gave him!

He makes me sick. So hairy, so sloppy, so ... badly dressed in those screaming shorts and black trainers and no socks! Why did they let him in?

And me here with these nineteenth-century frilly bloomers on under a see-through nightie. I swing my way down the catwalk as if I wasn't there, left hip, right hip, in these absurd heels... I feel like an expensive whore.

What am I going to do? He's got my Patty!

I walk past him. He stinks. No one's sitting next to him. Five thousand dollars a ticket and there are empty seats in the front row!

Shit! There's the music, my cue to dance. Not my favorite activity in a fashion show, and this

time right in front of him.

I feel like a prostitute. And it's worse with him looking at me.

I walk to the end, turn round twice and swing my way back to the dressing rooms

I look at him as I waltz past. I see his stinking flat feet stuffed into Juliano Marotto shoes!

Incredible!

The music stops.

Click... clack...

I stumble and hit my ankle. These fucking heels!

"Anything wrong, Giselle? You look a bit tensed up."

It's Mimi Florianne, the daughter of the old bag that runs the show, the one who pays her money and (if you're not careful) takes you as her choice.

I feel myself shaking. It's not her, it's his mobile that's just rung. He's the only one who knows the number...

I turn away from Mimi and shut myself in the bathroom.

"Hi there, pussy. Are you feeling nice and damp down there? Is your thatch gluey?"

My hand is shaking. I do not reply.

"You were gorgeous. I just loved your tits

and your cunt and your clothes. D'you know what? Buy them. Buy the lot – the bloomers, the sexy night-dress and the shoes. Wear them all when you come tomorrow. You remember we have a date?"

"Yes."

He hangs up.

The blackmailer

I get myself all dressed up the way women like to see me: shirt half-open, hair showing, beach-skaters shorts and boots with no socks.

They oil their bushes just looking at me!

Gissele was waiting for me on the corner, but with a gabardine over her night-dress. A raincoat in August! Stupid idea, but I liked it: the plastic gets to me. It was also a good excuse to punish her. I never said anything about plastic!

She was wearing dark glasses and had the suitcase. Full of underwear, some of it used and some of it clean, but all of it sexy! And shoes!

As soon as we got in, I ordered her to take her raincoat off. Woooooowwwww!!!

The drive to the farmhouse was weird. Nobody spoke. I had a throbbing dick and she had lovely thighs and I couldn't think of anything to say. I just kept looking to see if I could see her pussy!

"Welcome to our little love-nest" – I said, clapping the cloth over her mouth and nose.

When she woke up she had her arms tied back and a powerful vibrator thumping up her ass. There was another one in her pussy and a gag in her mouth. One of those gags like a plastic washer with a hole in the middle. The ones that expand and force their jaws apart and then let your prick in.

She was having so much trouble with the thumping in her ass and cunt that she didn't even notice I was standing in front of her with a full flag-pole!

I put a noose around her neck and pulled her to her feet.

"Private show!" I said "You're gonna give me a private show of all your fuck-holes!"

She just looked at me. She was terrified. She didn't understand.

I picked up a knife and slit her nightie down the middle.

She was tied like a dog, dribbling at the mouth. The languid-eyed man-eater, Gissele, the cold, proud queen of the lingerie scene, the

I lean into the toilet bowl and I'm sick.

Do I remember? I haven't been able to think about anything else for a long time. The thought of it turns my stomach over! Having to spend a whole weekend with that creep to get my Patty back!

professional tit-wobbler, the tightest cutest wiggliest little buttock-owner in the business was in real trouble. She was being fucked by two machines!

I put the high-heeled shoes on her and chained her feet together.

Then I showed her the safety-pins with the little bells.

She started squealing.

I had no choice. I pushed her back against the wall and stuck my knee into her stomach to calm her down.

When she recovered, I made her face the wall and I stood behind her, took her breasts in my hands and rubbed them up and down against the cold stone wall of the farmhouse. It made her nipples big and sore and sensitive. I wanted a bigger rub at them, so I made her bend at the knees and go up and down, pressing her tits against the rough stonework every time she went up or down. I put a finger in her pussy to help her go up. After a time, she started to get nicely oiled round the clitoris.

But it was time for a bit of decoration. I took my finger out and picked up the safety pins. I cleaned them with alcohol and put them through each nipple.

She went berserk, foaming at the mouth. I didn't mind too much. I like all a woman's juices. I licked the foam off her chin and off her tits and then I put my tongue into her mouth for more...

She didn't like it, but I'm generally considered a good worker with my tongue.

"Now for the fashion parade! That's what I call a catwalk!" I said, pointing to a wooden plank turned sideways. "Each time your foot goes down onto the floor, you'll spend another day here with me ringing little bells on your boobs. OK by you?"

She shook her head and tried to speak.

I slapped her face. I was getting fed up with her mumbling.

Then I blindfolded her and put some music on.

"Start walking!" I ordered, tugging at the rope round her neck.

I was nearly spraying the room just looking at her. That much-admired tit-swinging style of hers would be fun to watch on the side of a

plank. She'd have to put one foot even more in front of the other now, like cats do. She'd have to pinch and squeeze her pussy every step!

Gingerly, the most expensive leg in the fashion business tapped around, found the plank and stepped up onto it.

Marvelous sight! Endless leg: ankles and calf and thigh all trembling from the tension. Useless, trying to keep balance in such stupid shoes, and with her arms tied behind her! Not to mention the vibrators buzzing and whining and shaking inside her!

There are times when I really enjoy being a sadistic pig!



I always wanted a top model to clean my ass with her tongue and eat my shit...

Anyway, I don't know how she did it – practice, I suppose– but she put one foot in front of the other and walked right down that plank! Obviously she didn't see the end, so she fell off, hurting one shoulder and squashing one tit.

When she stood up, her blindfold was wet with tears and they were still running down her cheeks. So was her spit, only that was all over her much-admired boobs too.

She looked lovely...

I picked up the whip – like in the videos! – and I cracked it down next to her. She looked impressed. She jumped up and got back on the plank again.

She was very nervous. She was trembling from head to foot.

Time for the real show: the passion show!
SWIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!

She paused. I had to encourage her along by pulling on the rope. Her right foot went down.

“Another day with me!” I said. “While you're walking the plank, I'll explain the rules, so you know what's expected of you ... Oops! Another day! Well, I expect two things of you. One is respect. The other is blind obedience. Respect because I'm the male around here and obedience because you should always respect your elders. They know more than you and they know what's good for you.”

At that moment her foot went down again.

“Third day!”

I paused. She turned round just before the end. She must have counted the steps. Clever girl.

She looked great. Bleeding nipples, her nightie slit down the front a bit, moving her shaking thighs along the plank...

“And as a mark of respect, you mustn't speak unless you're spoken to. You'll kneel in my presence. You'll also take care of my personal hygiene. I always wanted a top model to clean my ass with her tongue and eat my shit. Four!”

It was all a bit of a game really, because I wasn't going to take the gag out too soon, or take the blindfold off. A blind slave is a docile, obedient slave. And to tell the truth, I'm a bit afraid of those piecing steel-blue eyes. I like to do the piercing myself, with safety pins and my dick...

“And then there's the sexual question” I said. “You didn't think you were going to have a holiday without being fucked? No, of course you didn't. By the way, that's twelve times now.”

“Don't worry about the sex bit though. I'm a

normal person. Throat, cunt and back passage to keep my dick fit and well-oiled and the usual massage with tongue, hands, lips, tits and thighs...”

There must have been something in the list she didn't like because by the time she reached the end of the plank she'd clocked up twenty days.

I tried to cheer her up, to show her the fun part of all this, like the number of orgasms she'd be having...

“We'll put some imagination into it. I'll be the Roman and you'll be the barbarian slave. Or I'll be the Sultan and you'll be the Christian...”

It was no use. Gissele carried on trembling, crying and dribbling onto her breasts. And she kept putting her foot down. I'd lost count to tell you the truth but I shouted “Thirty-three!” anyway.

Then I decided to tell her the less pleasant part...

“I'll keep a record of your mistakes and each night before supper I'll punish you if you've been a naughty girl. It might be an on-the-spot punishment like a few punches or I might whip you -I was nearly shooting my load when I said that- or it might be more subtle like hanging you up by your hair or your thumbs. Or I might leave you all night hanging by your feet with an ass-job and a cunt-job in, like now.”

I'd given up counting her foot-faults. There were too many. She'd never make a tennis player. She might get a spin on my balls, though...

Gissele had given up parading, too. After her last fall she just stayed on the ground, sitting on her knees. She was groaning and wriggling, obviously disturbed by the vibrators.

There was a certain crisis of authority in the air. My authority!

I decided to play hardball.

“I've got news of your daughter, Patty...”

She sat up, thunderstruck.

“Are you interested?”

She nodded so violently that a lot of saliva ran down her chin and onto one of her breasts...

“Come over here, then! No, don't stand up. On your knees! That's a good little pussy, over here!”

She reached me. I had my legs open waiting for her.

“Look, pussy, look. Sniff around. Use your whiskers, your nose, your mouth!”

She couldn't see much, but she could hardly

miss my dick, it was smelling so ... I still had to help her get her head down on it, though. She didn't seem to understand. I held her head between my hands and guided it down.

"That's a good little pussy!" I said, when I finally got my dick through the ring and into her mouth.

She struggled to get free, but I kept her head still by pulling her hair. It was pure Nirvana to me to see her struggle.

I told her my plans...

"Your daughter is in good hands. I've found some excellent step-parents for her. A very traditional family, with deep religious beliefs. They'll look after her and bring her up correctly. When I say correctly, I mean until the day she has tits and menstruates and is ready for me... And as for you, my oily little cunt-wiggler, it's not going to be a weekend, or a week, or a month. It's for life. Twenty meters below the farmhouse there's an old

cellar dug into the rock. I've done it up for you. You'll be very comfortable. Nobody will ever find you and you'll never escape!"

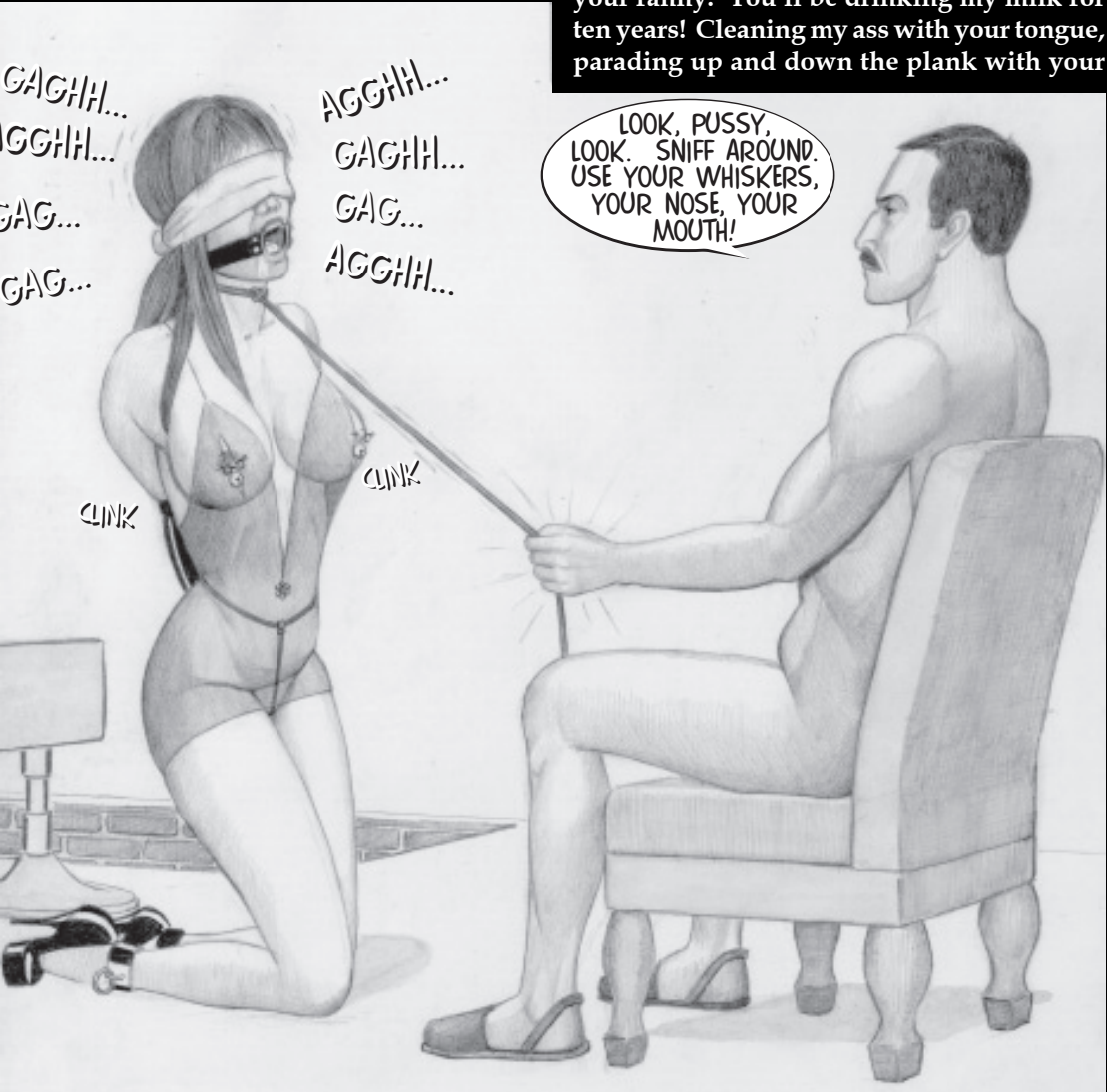
I was getting really randy now, and struggling with her head while she was breathing all over my dick didn't calm me down at all.

I pressed the nape of her neck until I forced my dick down into her throat.

"Did you really think I was going to let you go?" I croaked. My voice was dark and heavy with unspilt semen. "Did you think I was a complete fucking idiot?"

What a trip! There I was, pulling away at my dick with the end down of it right down my favorite glossy-magazine throat!

"If I'm lucky, you may last ten years as a good lay. Ten years, that's a lot of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds! You'll spend your time waiting for me to come down and stick my prick up your ass or into your fanny. You'll be drinking my milk for ten years! Cleaning my ass with your tongue, parading up and down the plank with your



nipples pierced! And then what? Who knows. Maybe your daughter will take your place and I'll get you pregnant ready for when Patty's past it. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

I pulled out and shot off all over her face. For a proud bitch like Gissele it's more humiliating than down her throat.

And I kicked her hard in the stomach. If there's one thing I hate, it's pretending to be affectionate after a good fuck!

Now I had her on the floor, on her back... I made her open her legs wide.

"You're not getting up until you come - and make sure it's a real come, or I'll leave the vibrators in all night!"

I knelt between her legs and got to work on her clit with my fingers and you should have seen her! She soon started pushing and shoving! In no time at all there was juice all over my fingers and she was coming out in red patches over her neck and front and she was gasping and grunting and groaning and panting. Then all of a sudden she gave a big, big groan and her whole body jerked all over the place. Then she sank down, and just lay there, panting. I believed her.



I hadn't finished though.

"Now open your legs again. Wider! I'm going to piss right into your pussy!"

She opened her legs wide and I stood over her and directed a stream of hot piss right between her lips. Then I moved it quickly up over her tits and saved a bit for her mouth. I knelt down and held her head between my hands and told her to drink. She did.

It's when they drink your piss that they really know who's boss.■

My son's girlfriend

I don't know what to do with her now...

Keep on whipping her?

Dildo fuck her crazy?

Rape her?

Or drown her...?

She seems quite concerned...

She has a lovely face when she's scared...

Decisions... decisions...

next page...

...Perhaps I'll make her write a goodbye message to Mike and I'll keep her for myself...■



© DEW/DA 2000

©2000 www.dofantasy.com

Sweet young Jennifer has been kidnapped while returning home from the beach. We find her bound, gagged, and naked before her hooded abductors, crying in fear as she waits for the inevitable to come...



THE BLACK VAN

Part 2



UUUUUHH!
COME DOWN HERE BITCH!



NN-NN!



UUH..UHH! NNNN!

I LIKE YOUR TITS, BITCH!



UUUUUUUHHH!!

YEAH... NICE TITS...



UUUUUHHH!!
NNNNNN!!

SO NICE I WANT TO JERK MY DICK ALL OVER THEM!



UUUGH!!UH!UH!UH!

NNNNN!!

I'M GOING TO RAPE YOUR PUSSY, BITCH!



NNNNN!!! UUHH!! PLSSS!!NNNN!!



UUUUUUUUUUUUHH!!



OH... YEAH! ...UH!! LET THE BITCH SCREAM!
UH! ...UH! ...UH!

YAAAAAAA!!
YAAAAAAA!!

STOP?!?



WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED TO FUCK YOU, CUNT!

UUKK..GKK..!



UHH!!
UH!.UH!
UUHH!!

AAAGHH!
OOOH..!

UH!.NO!! UH!.! UGK-K.!!



NOW I'M GONNA
CHAIN YOU UP AND
ASS-FUCK YOU!

NOOOO!!!



PLEASE... OH GOD...
NO MORE... PLEASE...



EEEEEEEEEE!!!
NOOOO!!



UUH!
STOP!



PULL IT OUT!!!
YAAAAAAA!
UUH!!



EEEEEEEEEE!!!

UGH...UGH
GAG THIS
CUNT!
UGH!

UGH...! OH YEAH... UGH...!
WHIP THIS BITCH! ...UGH!

OOH... I'M GONNA PUMP
YOUR ASS FULL OF CUM...
OOH...! UGH! UGH!
UUUUUUUGH!!

SSSSSMACK!

THE FUCKING CUNT
PASSED OUT!

THAT'S
OK...

JUST MEANS WE GET
TO WAKE HER ASS UP!

HEH HEH HEH...

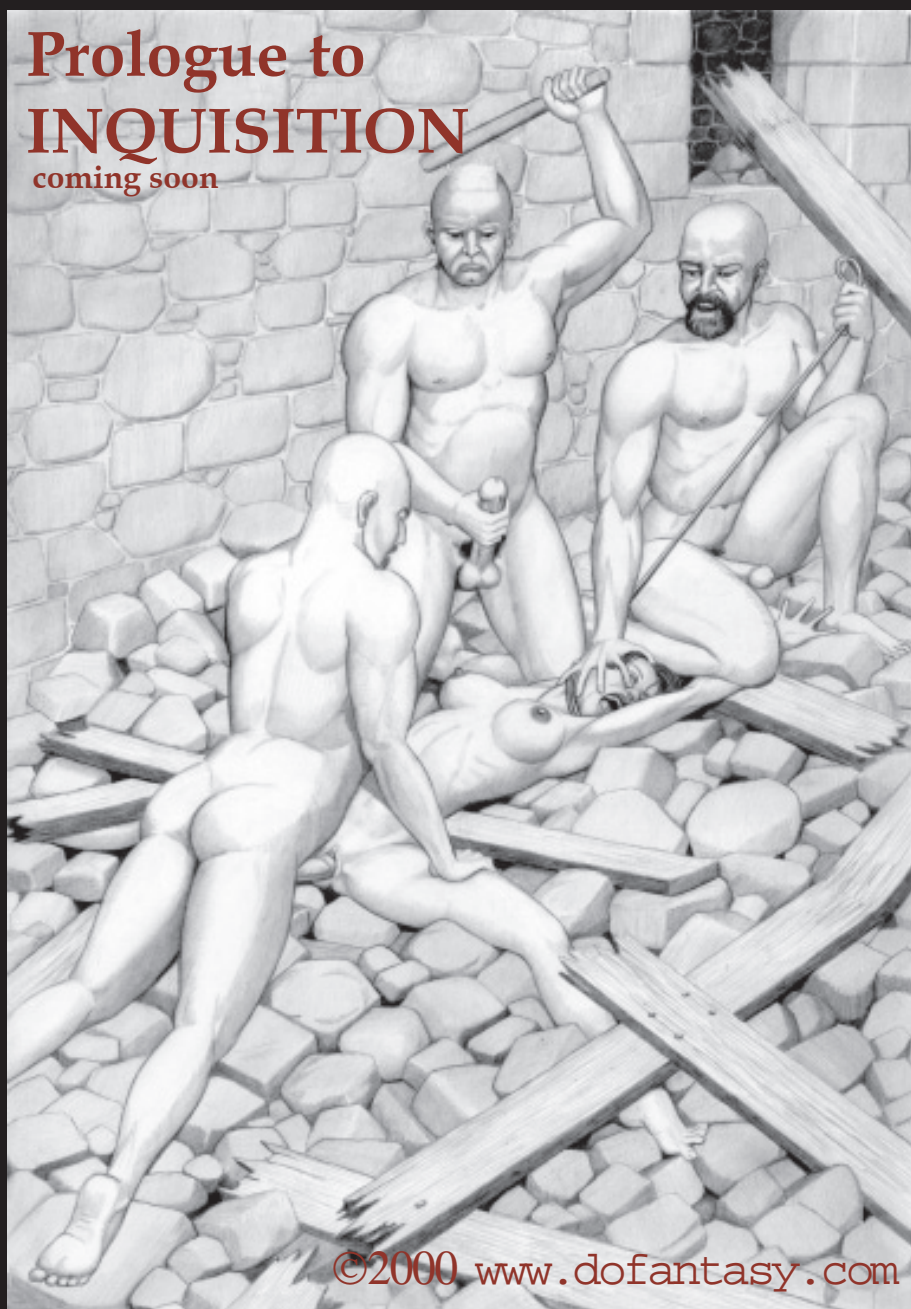
KZZ!

Terror reigned over the sunlight land.
The wind carried fire and the blood-chilling sound of screaming.
The world was young. There were few people and fewer laws. War ruled the
land and with it came hunger and disease.
And Satan!

The Inquisitors surrounded the village.
First they burnt the crops in the fields, and then they razed the houses.
They killed everyone.
The only living soul they found when they walked into the village was Flor.
Flor had nothing to do with that war. Nothing to do with their world that
was fast disappearing.
She should not have been there.
But the executioners needed to justify their acts.
They needed to find one Possessed of the Devil.
Flor would be their witch. ■

Prologue to INQUISITION

coming soon



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 pleurably. 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>

D'
FANTASY



Apartado 107 ♦ 08190 Valldoreix ♦ Spain

www.dofantasy.com

www.dofantasy.com