

El magazine S/M Gore

FANSADOX

N-11

THE BLACK VAN *roberts*

BOUGHT & TAMED
paul

INFERNO
De Haro

PONY GIRL
badia

OLD BERNARD'S NEW TOY
thorn

SLAVE DANCER
roberts

HAT TRICK
geoff merrick - TAW

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PONY GIRL

Fifth episode - BADIA

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. Later, he feeds her and shuts her in the cage for the night...

Now it is time to improve her trotting-skills...

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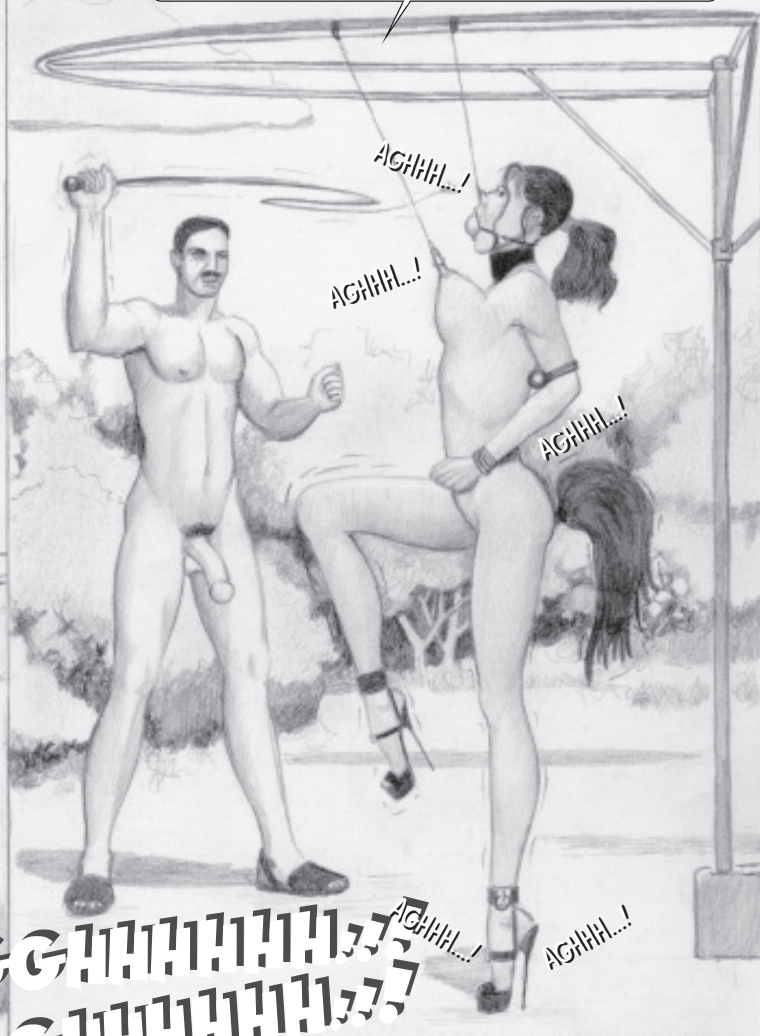
BLACK VAN 3 - ROBERTS 45

DADDY'S BROUGHT YOU A NEW PAIR OF SHOES... ARE YOU PLEASED?

NOG...!
NOOOOG...!



GIDDY UP, PONY! GET THAT KNEE UP! UP! BODY UPRIGHT!
... KNEE UP! WHICH HURTS MORE, THE RING IN YOUR NOSE,
THE NAILED SHOES OR THE RIVETS IN YOUR NIPPLES?



AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

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

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!



AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

YOU'RE MAKING ME HORNY, YOU SLUT!
MY BALLS ARE ACHING.
I WANNA FUCK YA!
YES... I'LL FUCK YOU TIED LIKE THIS...



ZUMPA
ZUMPA
ZUMPA

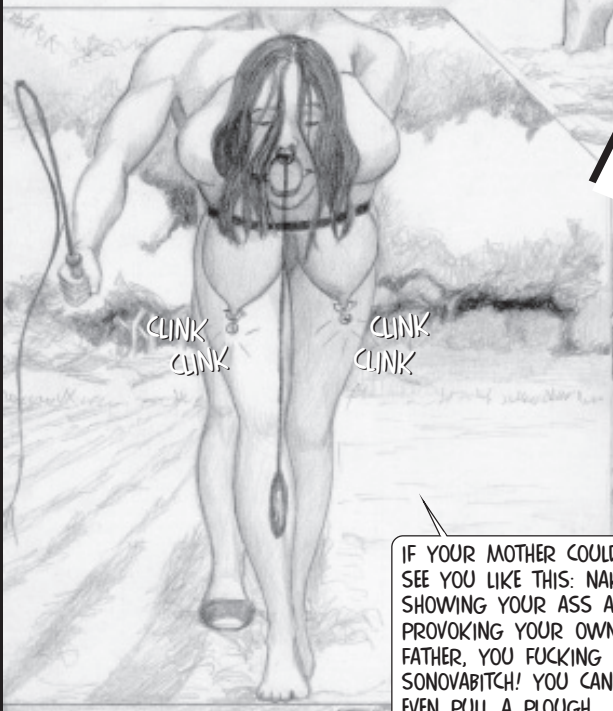
OH... VERY NICE...! I LIKE FUCKING YOU WHEN YOU SWEAT... D'YOU LIKE IT, SLUT?
YOUR CUNT IS DRIPPING.... AAAGGHHH...! AAAAAGGHHH...! JUST FEEL THIS DICK...!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH...! IF YOU CAN'T LEARN TO TROT I'LL USE YOU AS A DRAUGHT HORSE ... GIDDY UP! PULL HARDER OR I'LL TAKE THE SKIN OFF THE BACK OF YOUR LEGS... UP! UP!

AAAAGGGHH!!!



CLINK CLINK



CLINK CLINK

CLINK CLINK

MMMMHHH!!!

IF YOUR MOTHER COULD SEE YOU LIKE THIS: NAKED, SHOWING YOUR ASS AND PROVOKING YOUR OWN FATHER, YOU FUCKING SONOVABITCH! YOU CAN'T EVEN PULL A PLOUGH...



CLINK CLINK



AGHHH!!!

AAAAGGGHH!!!

UP! LIFT, YOU SLUT! MOVE YOUR ASS!!!

NIGHT FALLS. BACK AT THE STABLE...

YOU'RE NO BLOODY USE... SO I'VE DECIDED TO USE YOU FOR BREEDING. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SLURPS SLURPS

SLURPS SLURPS SLURPS

NOGG!! NOGG!! NOGG!!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE RING, YOU'D BITE YOUR OWN FATHER!!! WOULDN'T YOU, BITCH?

AND WHAT BETTER PARTNER THAN SPARK, THE STUD YOUR MOTHER USED TO MOUNT?

NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH NEIGH

D'YOU SEE THAT! HE'S RECOGNISED YOU!

JUDGING BY THE WAY HE'S MOUNTING YOU, HE WAS JEALOUS OF YOU... HA...! HA...! HA...!

GET RIGHT IN THERE, SPARK, THE DIRTY SLUT LOVES IT! HA...! HA...! HA...!

UAAAAGGGHHH!!! NOOOOOOOO...!!!



SLAVE DANCER

LATINA - Roberts

CAN YOU FEEL IT, SLAVE? D'YOU LIKE ME SPITTING IN YOUR FACE?
GIMME YOUR LITTLE TONGUE. I WANNA LICK IT!

Slave Dancer is a modern catamaran which measures 90 feet long from prow to stern, and is one of the many luxuries that, because of my wealth, I am able to enjoy. Leila is another...

I bought her in Mombassa directly from the hunter, with no middlemen. They push the price up and they usually push other things up too. Like their sick black pricks.

She didn't come cheap, if you'll forgive the expression, but she's worth it. Pure, dripping, lickable cunt.

Leila's getting her sea legs now. Like all the other crewmembers, she's got a long list of duties on board. Hers are different, of course.

She spends the nights shut up in her cabin-cell waiting for my visits - half a dozen a night, maybe.

Last night I had her tied down on her back with a tight wire round the neck choking her. The wire was tied to the head of the bed. Her elbows were roped together behind her back. To give me a good view of her cunt I had her feet suspended from hooks about eighteen inches above the straw mattress. It's a good height. It lets her move her legs and take an active part in her own rape, but she can't rest her feet. If she doesn't want to dislocate her toes, she has to hold her legs tense all night. Ingenious, eh? Hour after hour, airing her cunt and cursing her Master!

What's she like to look at? Well, she's a beautiful blonde, five-foot eight tall, blue-eyed and extremely young. Young, that is, by my standards. I'm over fifty.

These girls are good. Nobody buys and sells poor-quality cunt. She's a stunner. By which I mean, she stuns your brain but not your penis!

She's got broad and rounded shoulders and her back is smooth and arched, perfectly sculpted for sport at the end of a lash... and for bringing the whip down onto! She's got the slimmest waist imaginable, about twenty-five inches, and the most amazing pair of globes you've seen in your life. They're full and firm ... and they point up! And they're both natural! They look like they've been stuffed to bursting point with gelatine, like they're going to explode

and shoot a jelly and milk mix all over your face! When I see them, I feel my face dripping!

This girl oozes just vitality, energy, youth, strength and eroticism. She shines! Her skin is smooth and shiny. The shiniest bit is around the top of her thighs! She's got a self-oiling cunt and it can't stop dribbling!

I like her sun-tanned. She's brown all over from the hours she spends in the sun stripped off, totally stark tit-and-cunt-naked!!!

Now the only way a guy like me pumps cunt like this is with his wallet open. You know the type of girls I mean: young and attractive, superior beings who look down their noses at you if you can't further their careers. Rude, superior bitches with big tits who know how to carry them. Girls with tight-fitting tops and no time for bald-headed lechers with a beer gut.

They make me horny and they make me angry. I want to punish them. And I do. It turns me on. My dick throbs when I see their panic-stricken eyes and sweaty faces and when I see they've got cramp along their lovely legs because I've strung their ankles up and I'm whipping them or giving my old worm a gallop.

Leila always sleeps naked.

Every time I kick the door of her cabin-cell open I see the same thing: panic in her eyes, tits like two Zeppelins, and a tiny bush that tries to cover her gorgeous little cunt, but never succeeds...

Depending on the day, I stick it in straight away or I take things slowly, just stroking my dick and staring into her eyes.

Fear is nectar to me. I drink it like I drink her nubile crotch.

One way or another, she ends up being crushed under my 250 lb, and I roll around on her and listen to her cunt squelching and I stroke her soft, fragrant skin that's dripping with sweat. It gets me going. I lick her everywhere - face, armpits, breasts, waist, crotch and cunt, and all down her long tortured legs...



young Leila earning her keep

And when I can't wait any more, I pull her head back and penetrate her brutally ... and I bite her all over her big boobs and I lick her face with long, slow licks. I sink my teeth into her throat ... and I whisper obscenities into her ear... and then the show begins...

Leila moves her cunt around (she has to). She squeezes me and milks me deep inside (she has to). She responds passionately to my kisses on and in her mouth (she has to). She swallows the spit when I spit in her mouth (she has to). And she hugs me between her tied-up legs like any love-struck lover.

And when I finish I come right up in her cunt, or all over her sun-tanned skin, or straight into her face. Or in a glass where I keep some of each session's semen for Leila to have with her breakfast.

And I go to bed.

When my hard-on wakes me up I usually go up on deck and piss overboard. It's a nice moment, time to take a deep breath and contemplate the moon and the stars. Then I stroll to the cabin-cell. There they are: my cunt and my pair of tits, together with the best pair of legs in this Ocean, trembling, sweaty, racked by cramp.

In the morning I get Sambo to take her up on deck. Sambo is the drunken captain of the Slave Dancer. He has the very pleasant job of putting her suntan cream on. It's one of the best moments of the day: a beautiful slavegirl standing naked on deck, shuddering under the greasy hands of a drooling black who has access to her most intimate parts.

Then Leila drinks the semen from the glass, either mine or the crew's.

You should see the expression on her face when she looks into the glass...

But if you're a sailor it's a good principle to recycle as much as possible and sperm is too valuable an asset to waste.

After breakfast, Leila washes down the deck in the tropical sun. She's chained by the ankle. I wouldn't want her to jump overboard in a fit of desperation!

She scrubs the deck using her mouth. She holds a brush between her teeth with the handle down her throat. And she scrubs with a pair of vibrators in and on - one in her ass and one in her cunt. Six hours all told.

Before lunch, Sambo hoses her down and brings her to my table, dripping wet. She eats on her knees at my feet, with her wrists and elbows tied well back behind her. On a good day, she gets raw pieces of fish offal and other titbits that I am kind enough to regurgitate for her.

She eats with tears in her eyes. Such lovely blue, tearful eyes...

When I have coffee she sucks me off until I come.

Then it's time for a siesta on deck under the awning, just enjoying the splendid afternoon and the ocean. I lie on my back on the cushions and Leila, still chained by the ankle and with her elbows tied back, shuffles forwards on her knees and mounts me until I fall asleep. She does it slowly so I don't come. Just enough to get me off into a pleasant sleep...

By the time I wake up, Sambo has already tied her to the mast. Sometimes by the wrists, other times by the ankles. Today he's left her elbows tied back and hung her by the wrists from a halyard.

On tiptoe, leaning forward and with her wonderful tits rolling with the boat, Leila struggles badly to keep her balance so she can take some of the tremendous pain off her shoulders.

It's time for the flogging. A good siesta makes me especially sadistic...

Can you imagine a better Paradise than this?

Lying down on the deck with a whip in my hand, surrounded by the deep blue of the sea ... under a huge sky ... watching the clouds turn pink on the horizon ... and much nearer, a whiplash away, the naked body of a young slavegirl, terrified, waiting for me to decide to flog her. Begging me with her eyes not to do it. I take a sip of champagne and...

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSHHHH!!!

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The whip cuts down on two delicious twenty-year old thighs, already reddened by a day in the sun...

The scream is deadened by the thick rubber penis down her throat. Delightful!

She skips around as best she can, on tiptoe, and her full, gorgeous, breasts bounce heavily up and down. Ecstasy! Her low, scarcely audible moans are music to my ears...



The subtle pleasures of possessing a slavegirl!

The whip is a special torture whip. It doesn't cut any parts of the body off. It's tough stuff, but it doesn't cut, it just marks.

Leila's legs are always covered in red welts, especially around the back of the calves, but also on the thighs, buttocks and the back too.

Sometimes she has fascinating welts on her breasts and even on her tender nipples...

The marks make her shining, oil-covered skin look even more desirable. Sambo's bare hands do a good job with the oil. He gets it everywhere.

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHH!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHH!!!"

Good one, on one ankle. She managed to jump in time and I only got one leg. Her long hair flows out in the breeze, there are tears on both cheeks and she's begging me to stop ... she's choking ... she can't get enough air in with that rubber dick in her throat.

Ah yes, it's a subtle pleasure, possessing a slave!

Suppers are a little more romantic. It's the only time Leila wears clothes.

Sambo has just brought her to the table. She's beautiful, wobbling and flopping around uncertainly in stilettos with very high heels. Her tanned skin and her long, freshly washed hair look divine. So does her extremely short, low-cut dress. It's so short that even when she stands up she shows all her thighs.

"Take your stockings off, slave!" I order, before she sits down. They're the real thing - seam and garter! Leila rests the sharp heel of her stilettos on the chair and rolls her stocking down slowly. Her hands are handcuffed together. First one stocking, then the other. Her brown legs and marked calves are driving me crazy. I have to see them.

"No! Don't put your shoes on..."

I like her with shoes on when she's naked. I like her without shoes when she's wearing clothes.

"Come here so I can see you properly!"

She comes nearer, crosses her manacled wrists behind the nape of her neck and slowly turns round on tiptoe in front of me, presenting first one tit and then the other.

I knead her calves like baker's dough. I squeeze the flesh hard. She trembles...

"Hurt?"

"Yes... Master. It hurts...!"

Hmm! She's got such a sweet voice!

I slide my hands up her firm thighs to her skirt, and higher...

"Are you wearing panties, slave?"

"No... Master..."

Good. The inside of her thighs is damp at the top. I can feel the base of the thick vibrator, thirty centimetres long. I can hear it humming away inside her.

"Have you got one in your ass too?"

"No, Master... Please no...!"

I put my finger up her ass and look into her eyes. Desperation. Hate. And resignation too...

"Sit down, slave!"

She takes her place at the table, which pushes the vibrator even further up into her. She gasps and sucks in air. The table has a glass top and I can see her legs.

I pick up a carrot, one of the thickest, and dip it in a hot sauce. I hand it to her.

"Put this up your ass!"

She starts crying. I see desperation in her deep blue eyes...

She's beautiful.

I say grace and I order her to begin.

"Where were we yesterday?"

"Philippe," she replied.

"Oh yes, Philippe, the pig who was groping and rolling your tits around in the car. Shocking behaviour! Have your paid for this sin?"

"Yes... Master... I did!"

"How?"

"All night," she sobbed. "All night... with my thumbs tied above my head."

"Excellent, slave! You've got a good memory. I didn't remember the punishment at all."

We spent all supper talking about her relationship with Philippe.

You get very lonely sailing with a bunch of negroes and it's a good thing to have some female company for supper, especially if it's a slave's.

She's starting to wriggle on the vibrator. Suddenly she tenses her little fists, and sits forward...

"What's the matter, slave?"

"I can't ... I can't ... it's the ... agh! ... vibrator!... aagh!!!" she sobs.

"Just ignore it! Fight it!" I say, angrily.

But Leila can't speak. She is trying to control herself, but the lifting and falling of her breasts

a romantic supper under the stars



HAVE YOU GOT ONE OF THOSE UP YOUR ASS TOO, SLAVE?

One in the morning. HARD ACTION

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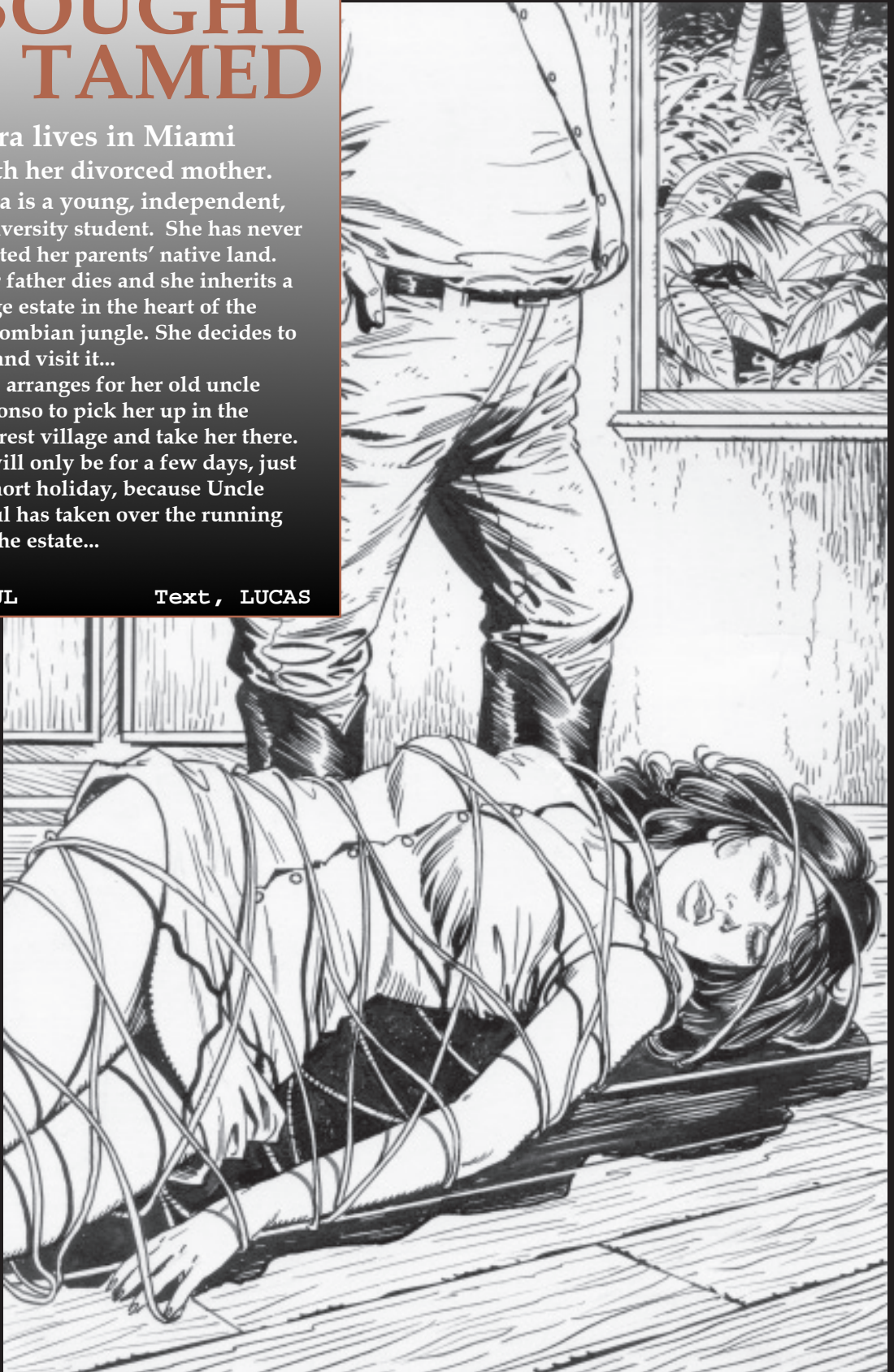
DID THEY CLEAN YOUR ASS OUT, SLAVE?

BOUGHT & TAMED

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...

PAUL

Text, LUCAS



THE BASTARD LEFT HER ALL DAY SUSPENDED BY THE THUMBS, WITH THE VIBRATOR IN... AND THEN...



GET UP, YOU SLUT! YOUR UNCLE IS HORNY. HE NEEDS SOME CUNT!



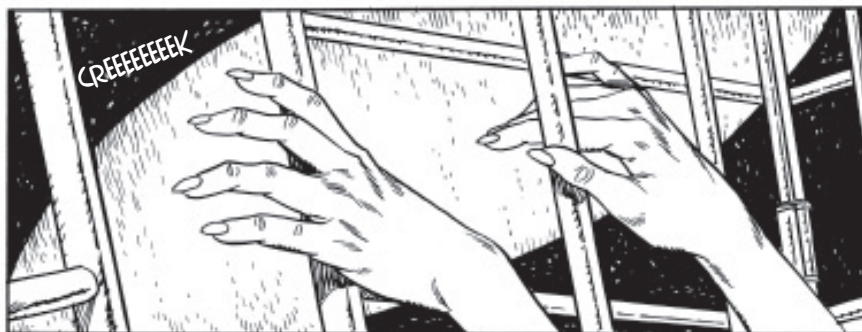
COME HERE AND SHOW ME WHAT YOU'VE LEARNT... YOU'RE GONNA SQUEEZE MY DICK WITH YOUR FUCKING WHORE'S CUNT... AND YOU'LL DO A GREAT JOB!!!



STROKE ME WITH YOUR THIGHS! NOW SQUEEZE YOUR CUNT... MMMHH...

RAÚL ABUSED HIS NEICE ALL NIGHT LONG AND THEN SHOT HER IN A TINY CAGE FOR CHIMPANZEES.

SEE YOU AT SIESTA TIME, YOU WET CUNT! I'M GONNA HAVE A REST FIRST. I NEED SOME STAMINA!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY! I'LL PUT HIS SHIRT ON. UGH! IT STINKS!

QUIETLY NOW! SLOWLY!



HERE IT IS... THANKS GOD!!!



DOES YOUR UNCLE KNOW YOU'RE HERE, GIRL?

NO! I ESCAPED! HE LOCKED ME IN A CAGE LIKE A BEAST!

SO... YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME!



I'M LOCKING YOU UP UNTIL WE CLEAR UP THIS MATTER, MY GIRL!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THE OLD PIG RAPED ME!



I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU'RE ALREADY QUITE A WOMAN! YOU MUST HAVE PROVOKED HIM!



LEAVE ME ALONE! LET ME GO!!!

NO PLEASE... NOT HIM!

IT'S YOUR CHOICE TROLLOP... EITHER I FUCK YOU OR I CALL YOUR GUARDIAN!



YOUR GUARDIAN HAS REPORTED YOU FOR STEALING A LORRY AND RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME. THESE ARE SERIOUS CHARGES! ANYTHING TO SAY?

GAG AGHHH...



WELL THEN... AS THE LEADING AUTHORITY IN THIS DISTRICT, I SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS HARD LABOUR! I CONCEDE CUSTODY TO YOUR UNCLE, A FINE MAN WITH A FINE REPUTATION. YOU WILL BE CONFINED TO HIS HOUSE. I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THIS MAGNANIMOUS GESTURE... KEEP STEADY GIRL, YOU'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!!!



AND NOW SEÑOR MEZQUITA, THE CONVICT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. YOU CAN JUDGE HER BEHAVIOR AND DECIDE ON HER PUNISHMENTS... AND MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T ESCAPE!



DON'T WORRY, GOVERNOR. SHE WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN, WILL YOU, WET CUNT? I'LL VOUCH FOR THAT. STOP BY TONIGHT AND CHECK FOR YOURSELF. NOW I'LL COLLAR HER JUST IN CASE... THE LAW WILL BE ADMINISTERED FAIRLY BUT SEVERELY. I PROMISE...

WELL DONE. I'LL BE THERE, SEÑOR.



LET'S GO, CUNT! VACATIONS ARE OVER. YOU HEARD THE MAN. TWENTY YEARS HARD LABOUR AND I'M YOUR OFFICIAL, LEGAL JAILER!!! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF WHAT YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR... I SWEAR!...



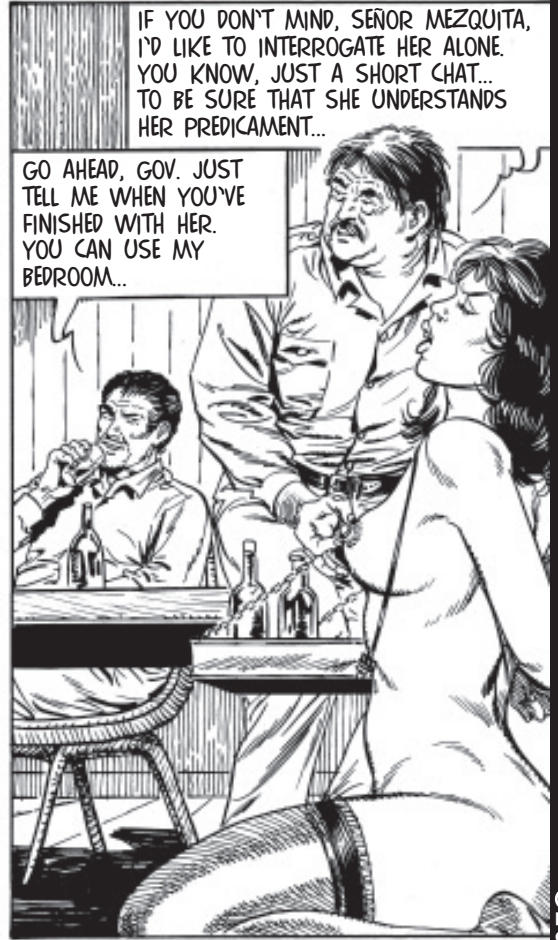
I'M QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE PENAL INSTALLATIONS YOU'VE PREPARED FOR THE CONVICT. MOSTLY THE CAGE AND THE HOLE NEXT TO YOUR BED. AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE UNIFORM! IT'S ATTRACTIVE AND VERY PRACTICAL IN THIS HEAT...



NO EXPENSE SPARED, GOV! AFTER ALL, THE DELINQUENT IS MY OWN NEICE... GOT A DRINK?



OVER HERE, CUNT, AND SERVE THE MAN! CRAWL ON YOUR KNEES!



IF YOU DON'T MIND, SEÑOR MEZQUITA, I'D LIKE TO INTERROGATE HER ALONE. YOU KNOW, JUST A SHORT CHAT... TO BE SURE THAT SHE UNDERSTANDS HER PREDICAMENT...

GO AHEAD, GOV. JUST TELL ME WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH HER. YOU CAN USE MY BEDROOM...

TWENTY YEARS SERVING THIS BASTARD IS A LONG TIME. YOU'LL BE NEARLY FORTY... YOU'LL WASTE THE BEST OF YOUR LIFE IN THAT CAGE.

NOW I COULD WRITE TO YOUR FAMILY EXPLAINING THE SITUATION... THEY WOULD HELP...



...BUT FIRST, YOU'LL BE NICE TO ME... WON'T YOU?

YEAH, YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU. BOLLOCKS FIRST, GRINGA... A GOOD LICK! NICE AND WET WITH YOUR SALIVA! NOW OPEN YOUR MOUTH! WIDER!!!



GOOD... NOW RUN YOUR TONGUE UP... GOOD... SLOWLY... WIDER THIS BIG MOUTH!!!



YOU LIKE IT, EH? GET IT IN YOUR MOUTH!



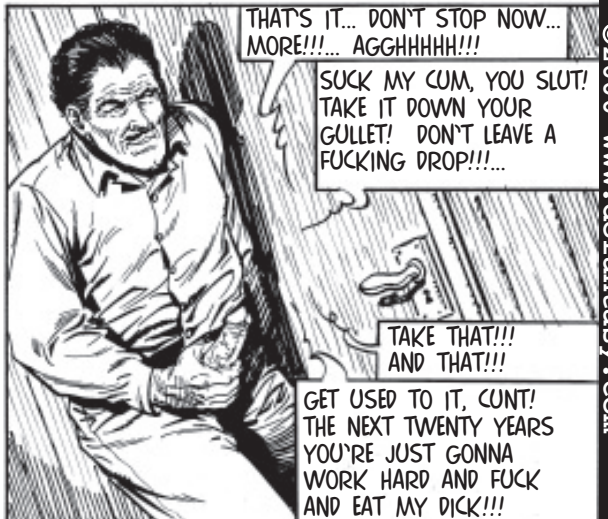
SUCK YOU PIG!!!!... EAT IT ALL!!!!...



I WANNA HEAR YOU SUCKING. SUCK HARDER! SUCK!!! DON'T PLAY THE LITTLE SHY GIRL WITH ME!



THAT'S IT... DON'T STOP NOW... MORE!!!!... AGGHHHHH!!!



SUCK MY CUM, YOU SLUT! TAKE IT DOWN YOUR GULLET! DON'T LEAVE A FUCKING DROP!!!!...

TAKE THAT!!! AND THAT!!!

GET USED TO IT, CUNT! THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS YOU'RE JUST GONNA WORK HARD AND FUCK AND EAT MY DICK!!!

TO BE CONTINUED

OLD BERNARD'S NEW TOY

THORN

The young girl was everything the old bastard had been promised. Just sixteen and freshly captured, Wendy was a pretty, sweet and innocent-looking girl with long blonde hair and wide blue eyes. Her body was petite but shapely and showed developing womanly curves with full firm breasts, a slim waist, shapely long legs and a round pert bottom. Wendy was every man's dream.

A wealthy man in his late fifties, Bernard was used to good living. He was overweight to the point of being fat, with a large belly, a heavy bowled face and a balding pate. He was definitely not the sort of man a young girl would find attractive. Knowing this didn't bother him. The fact that his advances repelled Wendy only added to his sadistic pleasure.

He had taken the girl straight to one of the attic rooms of his large and secluded house. The windows were barred and a heavy wooden door secured the only entrance. Apart from this, the room was fairly innocuous. The only oddity was that the big hardwood bed had a metal ring set in each of the corner posts. Here he could enjoy her, safe in the knowledge that she could not escape and that he would not be disturbed.

Unbeknown to Wendy there were other rooms whose purpose was truly terrible. Eventually she would become acquainted with them.

Wendy stood before him. Bewildered and fearful, she was very close to tears. One of the reasons for her obvious distress was that her shapely young body was now exposed quite naked for him to view. She was a shy modest girl and having to show herself nude to this unpleasant stranger was completely abhorrent to her.

The other reason for her distress was that she couldn't even cover herself with her hands. He had placed her in a leather bondage glove. Her arms were secured well up behind her back. Fastened wrist to elbow, then strapped tightly and imprisoned in heavy black leather, she was rendered helpless and totally at his mercy.

Bernard produced a whip from a draw beneath the window. It was long thin and springy, of a type used for dressage. It was not the most lethal weapon in his arsenal but it would mark her soft teenage flesh quite nicely. He brandished it in front of her like a rapier.

'This, slave is for you,' he told her. 'I'll use it on your naked skin if you don't do as you're told. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' she said in a half whisper, shaking her head.

'Yes Sir, you address me as "Sir" slave. Now I'll give you a taste of the whip whether you deserve it or not, just to get you used to it.'

Wendy looked aghast 'B ... but I haven't done anything wrong S ... Sir,' she stammered.

'You are arguing with me for a start,' he said. 'So turn round and bend over at once. I am going to whip you, nothing severe, just six frisky strokes across your bare buttocks.'

Frightened but affronted by this injustice she obeyed. Her big blue eyes looked at him, appealing, misting with tears as she turned bending forward and offered her bare bottom cheeks to him. He moved round to her side. His eyes feasted on the young bottom... it looked soft, almost tender. Her two white cheeks bulged out plump and rounded, as tempting as the juiciest of peaches. To him Wendy's pert young bottom was definitely one of her prettiest features and it simply asked to be punished.

Leaning forward he ran a hand over the two spheres. Wendy flinched at this first intimate contact with her flesh. He gently squeezed first one firm cheek then the other. The texture of her chubby white bottom flesh was that of the softest velvet.

Taking up a position just behind the quivering girl, he drew his whip across her cringing bottom, taking his measure. Raising the whip up high up over his shoulder, he brought it down with a swish that was followed by a loud crack. The twin cheeks of her bottom quivered as it bit into their soft young flesh.

Wendy jumped up gasping, hopping from one foot to the other, her bottom-cheeks quivering and her breasts bouncing. A line of burning pain erupted across her bottom. Her eyes staring wide with disbelief that it could hurt so much.

He waited, amused at her little dance of pain, before ordering her to reposition herself. Once more she bent her naked body before him, sticking out her bottom, offering it for the next painful stroke. A wicked twin tracked weal had now been raised across her white quivering cheeks. He lifted the supple rod again. Then whipped it down hard across her soft bottom. Letting it bite in just below the first stroke.

She jumped up again then turned to face him, sobbing. 'Oh ... oh it hurts, please ... please don't hit me any more, please Sir,' she implored.

'Shut up and bend over slave,' he demanded, 'and stick out your dirty little backside.'

'No ... please ... Sir ...'

'STAND UP AND GET UP ON THE BED, SLAVE. TIME FOR SOME FUN'



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'Don't you say "No" to me you little bitch.' He fumed as he grabbed hold of a handful of her hair, pulling her up hard onto her toes.

'I won't stand for disobedience, slave!' He

shouted turning her round and slashing the whip across the back of her thighs, where the flesh was most tender.

'Oh ... Waaah ... aggggh ... please ... aggggh ...

Sir,' she yelped as the whip stung her prancing legs. The whip rose and fell as he thrashed the backs of her legs, working his way down to the young calves. Yelling loudly, she wriggled and danced trying to avoid the stinging blows.

Finally he stopped whipping her. 'Are you ready to bend over now? I have given you two strokes on your bottom. If you behave, I will give you just four more.'

'Yes ... yes Sir ... I swear ... please,' she sobbed, 'I ... I will Sir.'

'Good, now you will ask me nicely to whip your ass,' he said, delighting in humiliating her this way.

Wendy hesitated...

'P ... please will you whip my bottom Sir,' she said at last through bitter tears, her face flushed with resentment.

'Right, bend over, let's get on with it' he said coldly, releasing his grip on her hair. The girl positioned herself, once more offering her bottom to him. She was trembling all over.

Slowly he gave the girl the remaining four strokes. Pausing between each stroke to let the pain sink in.

Thrashing her lovely young bottom had really turned him on. Now he was ready for some real fun. 'Stand up and get up on there,' he ordered pointing to the bed with his whip.

Wondering what was in store for her next, Wendy climbed up onto the bed wobbling unsteadily on the springy mattress, unable to support herself with her arms pinioned up behind her back. Kneeling, she turned to face her ravisher sitting back on her heels.

Unfastening the cord of his dressing gown he pulled it off, revealing his nakedness to her. Bernard was not a pleasant sight naked, with his fat belly and his penis sticking out fully erect beneath it.

'There we are, well aren't I a fine figure of a man?' He said his fat face grinning. Wendy did not know what to say. She could only stare, revolted at the sight of his gross body, her eyes falling to his penis as it jutted out. To her it looked huge and repugnant.

He followed her gaze. 'A nice big cock for you, eh you lucky slut?' He reached down and took hold of his erection sliding his hand up and down its shaft. He was amused and pleased by the look of revulsion on her young face. He knew what effect the sight of his naked body was having on her and how she would detest what he had planned for her.

He climbed onto the bed to join her and reaching out, he pulled her towards him.

'Let's have a look at these nice tits first, slave,' he said, as he took hold of a plump breast in each

hand cupping them underneath and lifting and roughly squeezing them. He ran his hands over their soft flesh, rubbing the tender young nips till they became erect. All the while their owner knelt with her head lowered, her face red with shame. Finally satisfied, he removed his hands from her breasts and slid them down over her body.

'Now for a feel of your sluttish cunt. Spread your legs slave.'

Shocked and panic-stricken at his demand, she reluctantly parted her thighs. His hand slid down towards the little slit that was now so openly exposed. With butterflies fluttering in her dry throat, Wendy desperately wanted to clamp her thighs back tightly together.

He studied her face as his fingers played with her soft cunt-lips, relishing the look of outrage in her wide revolted eyes. As a slave, she had been shaved and her lips were as smooth and soft as those of a little girl. He parted her lips, probing insistently at the young slit. She gasped with tiny frightened little squeaking noises trying to squirm away from his lewd fondling. He plucked at the small bud of her clitoris, which his probing fingers had located high in the partition of the soft lips. He felt it swell up hard beneath his touch as he rudely massaged it. He took two fingers and wormed them up into her tight little hole. Stretching her painfully, he began to finger-fuck her.

'Ooh ... aahh ... n ... n ... no ... pl ... please. Not this... You ... you mustn't ... no ... no OW ... OW,' she wept in protest as he kept on sliding his fingers vigorously in and out, hurting her tender virginal cunt. He kept finger-fucking the girl for a good minute, before removing his digits with a sucking plop.

'Time for a kiss and cuddle now, eh girlie?' He put his arm round her waist drawing the crying girl even closer. At first he felt her stiffen against him as if offering some resistance; then as if remembering the consequences, she relaxed allowing him to pull her close in a tight embrace. Wendy shuddered, revolted at the intimate contact with his fat naked body. He held her close feeling her warm young flesh against his own.

'Time for you to give me a nice deep kiss.' He lowered his face to hers and she turned instinctively away, repelled by his fat face, approaching lips and smelly mouth.

'Come on slave. Kiss me properly or else...!'

He clamped his mouth on hers. His mouth tasted awful, his tongue probing onto hers. Being kissed by this foul old man totally revolted her.

Bernard was in heaven as he slavered over her mouth and run his hands all over the soft young body. Wendy in her tight bondage had no choice but to endure the revolting feel of his tongue in

'COME ON SLAVE. KISS ME DEEP AND PROPERLY OR I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE...!'

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her mouth and his fat hands on her naked body. His fingers roamed down over her back, to fondle and stroke her pert springy buttocks. He slid his hand in-between the cheeks, intruding into her

deep cleft, exploring her secrets; probing his forefinger at the hot little dimple of her anus.

Shaken, she pulled away from him. He slapped her face hard.

'What's the matter slut?' he asked. 'Don't you like kissing me?'

Wendy wanted to tell him that he sickened her but she didn't dare. She just shook her head.

'Well, if you don't like kissing me on the mouth, you'll kiss my cock instead!

The girl looked horrified at this suggestion. 'No ... no ... Please I can't,' she begged, shaking her head.

'What do you mean you can't, slave? Of course you can! What you mean is you don't want to. And I don't give a fuck what you want or don't want!!! You are going to use that pretty little mouth of yours on my cock, whether you like it or not.'

Wendy started to cry. 'P ... please Sir, please don't make me do that, I ... I can't.'

Stop saying you can't, he interrupted her, any more "can't's" and you will get the whip.'

He lay back on the bed then pulled her forward so that she toppled over, falling face down on the bed between his outstretched legs.

His eyes shone with anticipation. His fully erect penis was sticking up in the air, just in front of her face. She stared at it wide eyed; she had never seen one like this, not up close. It looked huge, obscene and frightening. And it smelled awfully!

'Now for your first lesson in cock sucking. It is your first time isn't it? You can never tell with dirty sluts like you... Well is it or isn't it? Answer me slave!!!'

'Y ... yes it ... it is,' she said, trying to gulp back her tears and her nausea. 'OK, begin by licking it, just use your tongue, and lick around the end.'

With a helpless resigned whimper she lifted her face up to his twitching penis. Tentatively her tongue peeped out, fluttering against the swollen gland. Disgusted by what she was being made to do, she began to sob quietly, her hot tears running down her cheeks. She felt sickened. Never had she been in such a situation. With her tongue resting on the bell end of his penis Wendy was practically paralyzed with nausea.

He stood for her immobility for only a few seconds. Reaching out with the whip he brought it down on the upturned bottom-cheeks, as she lay there sobbing.

'Come on you silly little slut,' he ordered. Use your tongue and start licking it properly.

The sting of the whip brought her out of her confused daze and into action. Wendy set to work running her tongue over his huge erect penis.

He reclined back on the bed watching her at work, relishing in the feel of her licking tongue on his swollen gland and delighting in her tears and the knowledge that this pretty young girl was hating everything he was making her do. It was time to take her training a step further.

'Now, I want you to start sucking it, take it right

into your mouth and suck it,' he ordered.

With a sigh of despair, she put her tear stained face forwards and sobbing, she took the hot bulging gland between her sweet trembling lips.

'That's it,' he instructed her. 'Get it right in, lips tight now, suck hard... Ah... yes... that's better... Don't let it out now!!!'

Wendy's lips encircled his penis. She sucked at the thick length filing her mouth. Her eyes streaming with tears, her nostrils flared, her soft wet lips slid up and down its shaft.

'Get it right in, now suck hard ... ah, yes, that's the way'.

Slowly she began sucking at his big stiff penis, her saliva running down his length.

How he loved to see her face so young and sweet! It was so unbecoming to see her mouth sliding up and down his shaft... It was a picture of innocence being defiled.

'Now use the tip of your tongue and lick it round the bulbous bit ... Ah ... yes ... that's the way ... very good ...'

Her whole being was in revulsion, yet fearing his whip she forced herself to tongue his heavy gland, obediently licking it, now under his instruction probing the tip of her tongue into the vent at the end.

'Good really long sucks ... good ... that's good you slut ... ah ... yes.

He lay there letting her suck him her mouth sliding up and down his penis, her soft tongue fluttering teasingly round the bell end; until he felt the first spasm of an impending orgasm.

'Now,' he informed her. 'I'm going to come and I intend to come in your mouth. You my little bitch are going to swallow it all, because if you don't, I will whip you senseless.'

Looking up, her eyes met his. He saw the look of despair, yet with her mouth filled; she could not object, she could not protest, she could only suck.

He felt his spasm beginning and slowly rising. Reaching down, he held her firmly by the back of the neck so she couldn't withdraw. His orgasm mounted and exploded.

Grunting, his body stiffened. His penis erupted into her sucking mouth, squirting jets of thick sticky sperm over her tongue. Wendy spluttered and gagged; wide eyed with horror, as her mouth was totally filled. He made her take it all.

Finally, his orgasm spent, he released her. Her face was contorted with sheer revulsion. As she pulled away, a large glob escaped from between her pursed lips and running down her chin dripped onto the bed sheet. He stared down at the mess she had made, feigning anger.

'You filthy little pig!' he fumed at her. 'Dribbling all over my bed. I told you to swallow it. You are a dirty slut. Now, you're going to learn to do as

'I'M GOING TO COME IN YOUR PRETTY MOUTH.
AND YOU MY LITTLE BITCH ARE GOING TO SWALLOW IT ALL...'



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you're told.'

He grabbed her, rolled her over onto her back, then pinning her down with his hand on her chest. He took the whip, raising it; he bought it

swishing down across the front of her thighs. Her mouth was still full with his semen, her lips clamped, she made a high pitched mewling sound as the pain bit in.

'Come on you slut, swallow it. Swallow it down or I'll fucking flay you.'

Again the whip rose and fell leaving red welts on the front of her bare thighs. Driven by the burning pain the whip was inflicting on her soft flesh, Wendy forced herself to swallow down the revolting goo that filled her mouth. Sickened, fighting the urge to vomit, she gulped it down, her eyes wide with disgust.

He left her lying there curled up in a fetal position sobbing quietly. He needed a moment to gather his strength before continuing the abuse of his young victim. Going over to a wall cupboard. He unlocked it, taking out a glass and a bottle half full of whisky. He poured himself a large measure and stood sipping it while he watched the crying girl.

He finished his drink. 'Come on, get up on your knees slave,' he ordered. She struggled to get upright finding it difficult with her arms pinioned up behind her. Finally, more out of impatience than pity, he pulled her up to her knees. Climbing on the bed he lay back, facing her.

'Right you slut,' he said, his fat face grinning nastily. 'Time for you to get fucked. But it isn't me that's going to fuck you. It's you that are going to do the all the hard work. Get astride me! I want you on top so that you can stick my cock right up that sluttish cunt of yours. Then, slave, you are going to bounce up and down and give me a really good fucking.'

Revolted at the thought what she was having to do but realizing the helplessness of her situation, Wendy lifted her slim long legs over, kneeling astride him, feeling the humiliation that she was being made to assist in her own violation. She knelt over him, her thighs spread wide and the slit of her tender young cunt poised helpless just above his swollen penis. With a greedy smile on his fat face, he took hold of his thick erection between thumb and forefinger and guided it to the soft opening of her pink lips.

'Now, get yourself down slave, a nice big cock for you, eh?'

Sobbing slowly she lowered herself feeling his huge hard bulbous end nuzzling at her soft lips.

'Come on now,' he mocked at her obvious reluctance. 'Dirty sluts like you like having a cock up them.'

'AH ... ahhh ... no it hurts please ... it ... it's too big!'

'Shut up whining you bitch. You're going to get a good fucking whether you like it or not. I think a little encouragement will help you! How about a taste of the whip on these nice fat tits? We'll try that shall we?'

'Noo ... please don't... please don't hurt me anymore, Sir,' she begged pitifully.

Ignoring her pleas, he raised the whip and lashed it hard across the soft white flesh of her right breast.

'WHAAA ... AAH ... AAH ... AAAH ... !!!' She yelled out loud.

Her face crumpled as she burst into tears. Driven by the pain she forced herself down on his erection, squirming as she eased his rigid length into her tight cunt. Crying like a child she forced it up, filling her with his rigid flesh. It was painful. She felt as if she was going to burst.

Unmoved by her tears, he took aim and lashed her other breast. She thrust down, impaling herself to the hilt on his rock hard shaft, her face a mask of anguish, suffering the agony as it stretched open her tender cunt.

'Now get your fat backside moving, give me a good fucking, come on.' This time he slashed the whip indiscriminately across her body. Lines of searing pain erupted on her chest and belly.

'Waaah ... agggggh ... agggggh!!!' she shrieked, tears streaming down her face.

Struggling to avoid the whip, Wendy's body rose and fell, repelled at the feel the obscene thing sliding up and down inside her.

Come on faster you lazy bitch, he urged her, let's get you moving. He raised the whip, returning his attention to her breasts, and he began thrashing them. With expert aim he criss-crossed her breasts with smarting welts. The thin leather smacked and lashed across her bouncing globes, their plump flesh jumping and quivering with each impact of the whip.

Wendy's pretty blue eyes were wide with agony, her mouth distended with shrill shrieks and squeals of pain. Faster and faster she moved, pumping his penis with her tight cunt. Below her the springs of the bed echoed with her frenzied bouncing.

Wendy was bawling like a child, her chest heaving, her long blond hair flying, as he whipped her on. He watched her contortions enraptured with the heady pleasure of whipping this shy innocent young girl, forcing her to perform on him like the most wanton whore. The spectacle of her suffering was having a profound effect on him...

Bernard's orgasm mounted. He had been trying to hold back but now he let her have it. Grabbing her hips he pulled her down gasping with pleasure. He pumped his seed up into her, deep into her depths, defiling her sweet young body once more.

Later, Bernard was down in his kitchen. He had left the girl still in the glove but bound face down with her legs stretched wide apart and fastened to the rings at the foot of the bed. All the activity with his new slave had made him hungry. He took a thick slice of venison from a haunch in the fridge and a bottle of cold lager to wash it down. After

'NOW GET YOUR BACKSIDE MOVING, GIVE ME A GOOD DEEP FUCKING. COME ON, SLAVE!!!'

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this snack, he intended to give the girl a really hard whipping on her backside and then deep-bugger her.

Remembering his slave he lifted a tin of dog food down from the shelf... ■

Brutally beaten and raped, Isabel fears for her life...

INFIERNO

EPISODE VI

©BY DE HARO'2000

OH GOD, NO!
STOP!!! YOU'RE
CRAZY! YOU'LL
KILL ME!!!





DO YOU LIKE ARMY DICK? LICK, YOU SLUT!!!



WELL, GUERRILLA, D'YOU STILL WANNA PLAY WITH YOUR MACHINE GUN?

NO!... SORRY!... STOP!...



A BETTER WHORE THAN GUERRILLA, EH?

YOU PREFER DICKS TO PISTOLS, EH, YOU DIRTY SLUT!!!

SEXIST BASTARDS!... FASCISTS!



I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO SHOW PROPER RESPECT! ASS UP!!!

Noooo



AAAGHHH! STOP!!! NOT THERE, NO!!!



YOU FUCKED US AROUND SO NOW IT'S OUR TURN!!! TAKE THAT!... AGH!!!

PLEASE! NO! STOP! IT HURTS!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

BUST HER ASS! RIGHT UP THERE!



AAAAHHH!!!

CHOKE HER WITH YOUR DICK. KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT!



PLEASE!... I'M SORRY!...



TOO LATE TO BE SORRY NOW, YOU SLUT!!! LET'S GET TWO DICKS UP HER ASS TOGETHER!

I'M SORRY! STOP!!! NO!!!



OH GOD, STOP! I'LL CONFESS, I'LL GIVE YOU NAMES... PLEASE STOP!...

NOW YOU CAN CLEAN
A POLICE DICK. IT'S
ONLY CUM AND
GUERRILLA SHIT!!!

FOR GOD'S SAKE!
I CAN'T TAKE ANY
MORE!...
AAAGHHH!!!



I'M GONNA
BE SICK!
NO!... PLEASE...
I CAN'T...



A GOOD
LICK ROUND THE
END, COCK-
SUCKER!!!

STOP...
PLEASE STOP...
STOOOOOOOOP!!!



OK YOU GUYS...
THE SLUT'S
BROKEN IN... NOW
FOR THE POLICE
CUM UNIFORM!

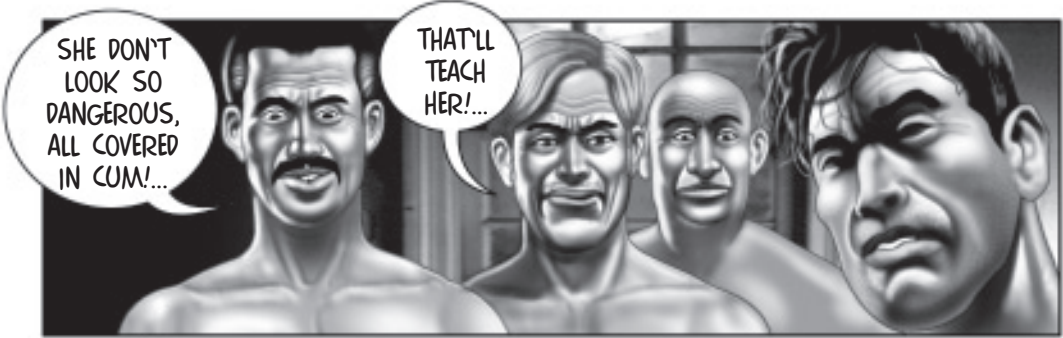
NNNH!!
GGHHNN!!
SLUP!!



OPEN YOUR MOUTH
AND YOUR EYES,
YOU SLUT!!!

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





SHE DON'T LOOK SO DANGEROUS, ALL COVERED IN CUM!...

THAT'LL TEACH HER!...



OOOHHH!!
STOP
PLEASE!!!



TIE HER UP IN THE PUNISHMENT CELL. I WANT HER CLEAN AND READY FOR SULTAN IN TEN MINUTES!!!



COME
HERE, YOU
CUNT!

NOOOOO!
PLEASE!



YOU SMELL
OF CUM. OPEN
YOUR MOUTH,
CYOU SLUT!

SP SSSHHH!!

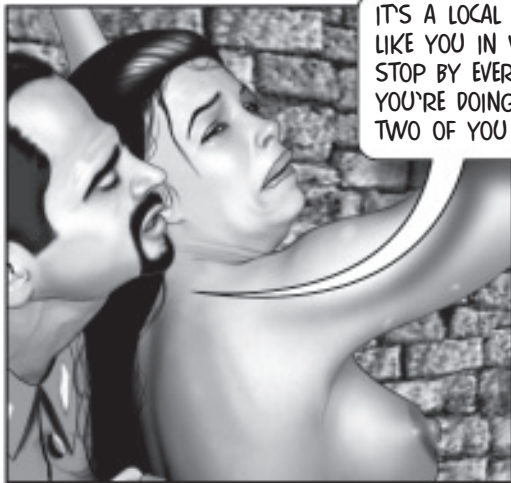


OK, GOVERNOR. THE SLUT'S CLEAN AND I'VE RUBBED BITCH'S JUICE ALL OVER HER CUNT.

MMMFHH!
MAH!!



MMMFHH!!



IT'S A LOCAL CUSTOM. WE PUT BITCHES LIKE YOU IN WITH YOUR OWN KIND... I'LL STOP BY EVERY AFTERNOON AND SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING. IT'LL BE FUN TO SEE THE TWO OF YOU PLAYING GAMES...



THIS IS SULTAN, YOUR CELL MATE. HAVE FUN!

GRRRRRHH!!

INQUISITION

www.dofantasy.com
20Th June



HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick - TAW

He heard tiny thunking - like a heating pipe coming on for the first time that season - from his bedroom in the two and a half floor colonial. He turned to where Kelly unwillingly lay on the bed beside him. "That would be your youngest sister," he said with a smile before rolling over toward the door. "A guardian's work is never done."

Kelly was in no condition to answer. When she had awoke in the dimly lit room, she was spreadeagled across his mattress, thumbs and toes viciously wired to his bolted-down bedposts, wrists and ankles cuffed as a supplement. She was wearing her sexiest lace-up blue underwire corset - the one which crammed her tits up, together and out... the one that had the garters which stretched down to hold flesh-colored stockings that adhered to her long, shapely gams like a second skin. And in her mouth was a horrible clamp-like instrument - a dental device which snapped under the front upper and bottom teeth to hold the jaw open.

He had been sitting on her chest, coming down her throat. Then, as she had choked and gagged and sputtered, he had merely slipped down, pulled her tits from the lingerie, forced his cock up into her cunt, and started fucking her again. He had laid atop her, arms curled under her shoulders, fingers tightened in her hair, crushing her tits with his chest, and rutted as she moaned in desperate, disbelieving despair, unable to stop him in any way.

Her sleek, sexy shape jerked in defilement, her mind tumbling. Just a few hours ago, she was a young executive with ambition. All she had done was come home, and then suddenly she was in the bushes, mouth stuffed and shut, limbs lashed down, her very sex attacked. Then, even more incredibly she was imprisoned in her own car, sexually tortured, her own mother driving by without a glance. And now... She gargled in rage, trying to make words, trying to hurl him off her, trying to pull away from him, but the cuffs merely clacked and the wire hummed, the bed only vibrating with her pain.

"Now... now... darling," he had grunted, pushing off her, pulling her head back by her hair even farther (but hardly slowing his thrusting). "It's... all right. You'll... see..."

Then he looked down into her sweating, cum-drooling face and disbelieving eyes - savoring the sight of her jiggling tits and her firm, smooth stomach jerking with each thrust of his hips.

Finally he came, her entire body stiffening, then shuddering in revulsion.

He ignored her, choosing instead to start cramming a thick, fluffy washcloth into her wedged-open mouth. She almost screamed, then started to choke as he unratcheted the dentifrice, jerked it off her head, tossed it to the floor, reached over to the right end bedtable, and started affixing swath after pre-prepared swath of wide, bandaid-colored, ready-made tape to her lower face.

When she had a big asterisk of tape from her nostrils to her chin, and from ear to ear, he merely half-pushed up again, snatched the remote control from the night table and clicked in the direction of the big TV in the far corner of the room. The unit flickered into life, but instead of showing a sitcom or drama, it revealed the interior of his garage.

"See? See?" he said, lifting Kelly's head by her hair. "You're not alone."

Kelly froze, her eyes widening. Megan was on TV, her face wracked with pain, her head covered by a horse-like bridle harness - only instead of a bit, it covered her entire mouth... seemingly holding something inside.

He clicked the volume switch. Kelly could hear her sister's choked gasps of pain and muffled cries for help.

He pressed another button and the view widened, revealing Megan on her tippy-toes in the dirt, her ankles tied with rope, her cuffed arms yanked up high behind her, and hung from a cross beam at the ceiling. Her backless summer dress barely covered her chest. Almost the entire round sides and backs of her succulent breasts were revealed - her sweat making the outfit even more tight and transparent.

Kelly could see Megan's back muscles straining and her ribs jutting out from her slickened skin. She was crying like a child, which made Kelly start to tear up too, her eyes glittering in the gloom. Megan was teetering, her toes barely touching the ground as she tried to relieve the pressure on her arms.

"Wow," he said. "She's in pain. I better do something about that." He turned to Kelly, squeezing one saliva suckled tit. "You wait right here."

And then he was gone. Kelly had stared after him, waited until she heard him go down the stairs, and then tried to get away, jerking and straining and pulling with all her might. When the bondage

and bed didn't budge, she tried screaming again and again and again, hearing only a distant, incomprehensible wail. Finally she stopped when she saw new movement on the television.

He had entered the garage. "Well, isn't this a pretty picture," he said quietly. Megan had started to plead through the gag and shake with exhaustion, her arm muscles humming.

"Well," he repeated, coming around her. "We better do something about that...!"

He untied her ankles. He gripped each foot and forced four-inch, pink, ankle-strap high heels on her. Then he jammed a triangular tire stopper under them - the kind backyard mechanics use to keep a car from rolling - which fit perfectly under the shoe's severe instep and stiletto heel. He slid them purposefully so that Megan's legs widened, her torso bending even further forward.

Kelly stared in dread, knowing the added height relieved Megan's arm pain, but not enough that she could fight or flee. For her part, Megan groaned in relief and fatigue, her head drooping, her sweat dotting the car's hood.

There, in the sunrise's preliminary light, her skin practically glowed, and with the way her smoky eyes shone and her eyelids drooped, she had a softness that hadn't been apparent in the cellar where he had first assaulted her. He abruptly realized that beyond her place as a middle child, stuck between a fresh teen and a sexy sprite, she was extraordinarily sensual.

"There now," he whispered huskily, coming up behind her as she moaned. "Isn't that better?" Then, with a purposeful look at the camera, he cut open the back of her sundress with a pocket knife.

It dropped down, revealing her mounds, which were a round, ample cross between her younger sister's jello-molds and her elder sister's teardrops - complete with the pink, pert Carlsen nipples and nickel-sized aureoles. And, with each of her deep breaths, they rose and fell like inviting handles.

Kelly found herself holding her breath, and not just because she was trying not to choke on the gag. Her head was all the way up, her chin on her chest, her body frozen, as she watched him reach around and slowly, carefully, take hold of Megan's breasts. Her head came up, her eyes closed, humming as he squeezed.

And then he was behind her, between her legs, lifting her skirt. "No," Kelly choked through the cloth and tape. "No!" She tried to look away, but couldn't.

Alternately holding up Megan's head by the gag harness, mauling her tits, anchoring himself with her hip bones, or holding onto the inside of her thighs, he fucked himself into her from behind - leaning on her back, slobbering on her neck, or tonguing her ears.

Megan grunted, squealed, and groaned in anguish, but otherwise could do nothing about it. Even if she stepped off the tire stoppers, she couldn't go anywhere, so she stayed there, legs wide. And there she remained, locked, him surging into her from behind. She only seemed to rise up, seemingly trying to leap off, when he came, but his grip on her tit, hair, and then his embrace - crushing her chest and wrapping her throat - held her there.

"Good girl," he gasped. "Good, good girl." He then lifted her head purposefully toward the camera. "Smile. You're on candid camera. Say hello to your sister..."

She made a little noise of surprise and wonder, then almost screamed as he yanked a doubled rope tight across her tits.

Kelly watched, sickened, as he stripped and retied Megan on camera... ropes crushing her breasts, holding her crossed wrists between her shoulder-blades high up her back - and sunk deep, deep, deeply along her hip bones and up her cunt lips. Then he tied her ankles to her thighs and cinched her knees before covering her lower face - from her nose to her chin - with elastic bandage. He then unceremoniously dumped her in the back seat of his car, wrapping a seatbelt back around her throat.

"Thanks for the sugar, sweets," he said and left the garage, leaving Kelly to watch only the shoes and remnants of a torn sundress before he returned to her side. And that was when he heard the small thunking from the attic.

He surveyed his handiwork in the attic doorway. Jill was jerking like a newborn calf in her bondage, the equipment holding her upright clattering against the support beam and her teeth. There was even that little extra wet sound that came from the "C"-shaped shaft up her cunt and deep in her mouth.

Her skin shone in the early morning light, drool coating her chin and front, and her lithe muscles were stretched to their utmost by the shackles.

Her fresh, young sexiness was enhanced even more by the midriff and leg-baring cheerleader uniform just barely covering her, and her penetration.

"What is missing from this picture?" he murmured, making her start with surprise. She couldn't see him in her position, but as he walked around her, her huge, frightened eyes followed him with pleading and dread.

"Oh yes," he said as he stopped in front of her. "I know."

And then he yanked down the sides of her sopping sweater, jerked down the cups of her saliva-soaked black bra (with a audible sucking sound), bunched her half-moon breasts together



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MEGAN RAPED IN THE GARAGE AND CRUELLY TIED UP IN THE CAR

with one hand and clipped a two-headed nipple clamp to her tits so that they were pulled together.

Jill squealed in agony and chagrin, then gasped as her movement caused the dildo to jerk up into her even more. She choked, almost whinnying, as he undid one wrist at a time, reshackling her arms to the beam so her fingers now fluttered near the back of her neck.

"Now, that's better, isn't it?" he soothed sarcastically, caressing the side of her head and the side of her left breast at the same time. "Now you can almost reach your mouth and your tits, can't you? But not quite, right? Not with your ponytail tied to the beam that way, huh? But if you try really, really hard... and maybe scalp yourself in the process... maybe you can get those things off your sweet little nips... and get that awful thing out of your succulent little mouth, huh?"

Jill begged and pleaded and cried, but all it did was make the wooden prod gag clack, and mucous pour out of her jammed open, invaded mouth.

"There, there," he chided, letting his hands course down her delightful shape. They came to rest on her hips. "Just be glad that thing isn't electric, right?" Then, with a slap on her thigh, he went off to start the day.

Kelly watched her youngest sister on the close-circuit TV reach achingly for her breasts, just barely managing to scratch the sides of her pert orbs again and again and again - trying to drag the flesh back so she could get her nipples in her grip - only to always fail. She watched as Jill then tried to reach her mouth, painfully turning her head as far as she could, her ponytail tightening and twisting, her middle finger just barely able to slip into the sides of her yanked down lower lip... before more mucous would drool and the finger would slip out.

But then he was back in the room and on her.

Kelly's handcuffed palms slapped the tile of the huge shower stall mere seconds before he jerked them up and snapped the center steel link to the clip-hook bolted into the wall just under the shower head. Kelly found herself standing on the balls of her bare feet, leaning forward, her arms over her head, just scant seconds before water splashed down on her.

The sound she made from behind and around the cunning plastic plug in her mouth was drowned in the strong deluge. No water pressure problems in this house. Within moments, her naked body was soaked, her hair plastered to her head. She tried to sink down, forcing the new gag from her mouth, but it was useless. The cuffs held her up, and the gag was wedged good and tight by both the plastic strap tightened behind her neck, and by the structure within her lips. It was a plug,

yes, but more than a plug. It had tiny plastic arms that pressed against the plug as it was forced in, then clicked open when it passed her teeth - to push into her cheeks and behind her molars. Even without the strap, she probably couldn't force it out. She made a little "awwww" sound to test, but then his loofa-enclosed hand slapped her chest.

The loofa was thick with soap, the lather coursing across her torso. She leaned there, skin shining, crystal beads of water dripping from her chin and nipples, as he completely and expansively bathed her. Of course he held her to him as he did it. Of course he jammed his crotch against her firm ass as he continued. Of course he took special notice of her breasts and cunt... lathering, lathering, and lathering again with extra insistent pressure as she groaned and writhed against her will.

Then, as suddenly as it started, it ended, and she was jerked down to her hands and knees, her handcuffs affixed to another clip by the drain. He quickly cuffed her ankles wide to two more clips in the back corners of the enclosure... and then out came the enema equipment. Even before Kelly was able to recover from that invasion, she was affixed to a nearby toilet, her wrists clipped separately to the edge of the bowl. Then she was forced to sit on the neighboring bidet. As if that, and what she had suffered in the bushes, her own car, and his bedroom, wasn't enough to make her founder, he then pressed a sickly sweet cloth over her nose while holding the back of her head.

Within seconds she was comatose, and easily moved, dressed, and injected with an i.v. while lying back on his bed.

Once or twice she was able to fight off the effects of the sedative just enough to become aware of the nutriment being fed into her arm, the sight of her black-ribbed, second skin turtleneck minidress, flesh-colored thigh-highs, and black high heel pumps, and the sound of another shower being filled with grunts and thudding flesh...

When Kelly finally awoke fully, her eyes snapped open at the sight of Megan being forced into the room.

It wasn't so much Megan's outfit of a yellow, skin-tight, scoop-necked micro-minidress with matching high heels which concerned her, nor the way Megan's hands were cuffed behind her or her knees were cinched, but by the new gag-harness Megan wore on her head... complete with a big, nine-inch long, black rubber penis extending from the mouth-piece like a rhino horn.

Kelly started, only then realizing that her mouth was refilled by a black leather prod gag; her hands were cuffed around a metal slat in the bolted-down headboard above her head; that her knees were bent over the baseboard - forcing her crotch up



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KELLY GETS THOROUGHLY CLEANSED. OUTSIDE AND INSIDE...

toward the ceiling - and that her ankles were strapped wide to the bottom of the baseboard. Her minidress' hem couldn't hope to compensate - it had long retreated to her hips, revealing her angelic tuft of pure blonde cunt hair.

Megan's tired eyes also widened in disbelief at the sight, then she tried even harder to wrest herself from his grip. But it was no good. He quickly pushed her to the back of the bed, undid her knees, strapped her ankles wide to the bed legs, and grabbed her head in both hands.

"I think you get the picture," he said evenly. "Tell you what... the sooner you finish, the sooner I finish." And then he forced her head down, bending her flat tummy over the baseboard, and unerringly pushed Megan's face between Kelly's legs as he flipped up the miniskirt's hem and shoved his own cock deep into her pantyless tuft.

For awhile he just didn't seem to care whether Megan's head stayed in rhythm or not. He was too busy enjoying himself inside her while his fingers clawed and squeezed inside her neckline. No, he seemed more interested in how his own hips thrust and the way her luscious little body surged with each invasion - groaning against the baseboard, her high heels lifting off the carpet again and again. Her fingers splayed out, scratching, pushing, and pulling uselessly at his shirt as he fucked her.

Then, as if to entertain Kelly, he absently clicked on the television, the attached videotape showing her how he had dragged Megan from the back seat of his car in the garage, stuffed her into the duffel bag that once held their youngest sister, then carried her to the bathroom, where she had gotten the same cleansing treatment.

Kelly stared in renewed terror, finally realizing that they were well and truly trapped by a stranger, imprisoned where no one might find them, and fucked anyway he wanted to. Kelly threw her head back and made a sound that caused the hair on the back of Megan's neck to stand up. But then he jammed Megan's head down again, ramming the black dildo deeper into Kelly, while jerking his own hips up into Megan as he mauled her succulent right boob.

Finally he grabbed the tops of her creamy thighs, yanked her back, and jerked up straight - cannoning his latest stream of cum all the way inside her.

Megan unavoidably surged up in reaction, trying to pull the dildo back and out of her sister, but was only able to hook it up in her instead. The blondes groaned as he collapsed across Megan's smooth back, grabbing and rubbing her tits like genie lamps.

"Ohhh, that's good," he breathed. "That's very, very good..." That seemed to remind him that there

was more than just him and his fuck toy in the room, so he glanced up at Kelly. "Was it good for you, too?" Her expression mixed anguish and disbelief. "No?" he responded. "Well, we're just going to have to do something about that..."

He quickly strapped Megan's waist to the top of the baseboard, then promptly left the room.

The two girls stared after him, unmoving. But when he didn't return in ten long seconds, Megan very carefully began to slide the dildo out of Kelly's cunt. She then stood unsteadily straight - the rubber cock like a perverse unicorn's horn. Once it was out of her, Kelly undulated very slowly with unmeasurable repugnance.

But then he was back - a small, hook-shaped cheese knife against Jill's throat. The youngest girl was taut with fear, up on her tiptoes in her cheerleader sneakers, her ankles hobbled by a one foot length of rope. Her crossed wrists were tied behind her, and a new gag sealed her sweet mouth; an ankle sock covered in duct tape. Her sisters could clearly see how her cleavage and sweater's v-neck (now stuck back over her bulging tits) was soaked in gleaming sweat and drool, and her sleek, vital young muscles hummed with tension.

"Now," he said to Megan. "Your older sister is very unhappy. Here you are, having all the fun, and she doesn't even manage to get off. So you get her off, you hear me? Get her off or you get to watch me cut little pieces off little sister, okay?"

He turned to smile sickeningly at Jill, who was already crying - eyes squeezed shut, head up as high as it could go - and trying to say "NO" through the cloth and tape.

"Go!" he yelled at Megan, who's head immediately dropped. "And you," he said to Kelly, shaking the knife at her. "No faking." He returned the knife to Jill's throat with a smile. "And believe me, I'll be able to tell..."

The memories of what he had done to her in the bushes, the car, and the bed stabbed into her brain as if they were the knife... and then the dildo's crown pushed inside her as well... He smiled even wider as Kelly's eyes closed and her head fell back. He had judged the situation well. Megan liked her younger sister... used to think she had a "chance." But she wasn't crazy about her older sister... thought she had "sold out." And that made all the subconscious difference.

After just a few moments of tentative probing, Megan started to let go, using her more extensive knowledge of sex to really fuck her sister... no doubt telling herself that she had no choice. Megan's head began to move up and down in rhythm, then with noticeable little twists and turns.

First sweat beaded up on Kelly's brow. Then her legs stiffened. Then her skin began to redden. Then she began to grunt and twist in her bonds.



MEGAN IN HER GAG-HARNESS... COMPLETE WITH A BIG, NINE-INCH LONG, BLACK RUBBER PENIS EXTENDING FROM THE MOUTH-PIECE LIKE A RHINO HORN. KELLY WAITS...

Finally she began to sob.

He smiled even wider, noting how Megan and Kelly weren't even looking at him anymore. Letting the blade slide slowly down from Jill's throat, he whispered deep into her ear. "Now don't move, little darling... don't you move a muscle..." And then the hook of the knife was in the "V" of the sweater... slowly cutting the cloth. "Don't you make a sound..."

The knife moved slower and slower as it went deeper and deeper into the material, opening her sweater more and more. He alternated watching its progress to enjoying the show on the bed - now both older sisters lost in the tortuous rapture. They didn't even react when Jill's sweater fell open, revealing the reaffixed bra.

"Now," he whispered to the shivering girl. "Now stay very very quiet, or somebody's going to get hurt..." And the blade slipped down to the belt of her cheerleader skirt.

Kelly started to pant behind the prod gag, her hips unwillingly jerking in rhythm with her sister's head. Her fingers were like claws in the cuffs, then bunched into tight, white fists. Every muscle seemed stretched to the breaking point.

The knife cut purposefully through Jill's pleated cheerleader skirt as if it were made of oleo. With one last deft cut, the cloth dropped to the floor with an audible sigh. Even so, neither Megan or Kelly knew. Only Jill knew and her eyes snapped open, staring in panic as his hands came to rest at her chest and hip. "Shh, ssh, shh," he warned in her ear. "Nobody should know but us, okay? Nobody but you..." His hand slipped into her right bra cup and the knife was inside her thong panty. "And me..." Her eyes closed, her head went back again, and tears silently streamed down her cheeks as she tried not to scream.

Megan thrust the dildo all the way in and out, in and out, again and again as Kelly gasped behind the gag and Jill's thong panty whispered down her legs and around her ankles. Megan started alternating her thrusts with head twists as Kelly jerked in place and he carefully gripped Jill's throat tighter, then started squeezing his erection up into her cunt from behind.

Jill made a sound like a stabbed deer, making him clamp his hand over her mouth, and press the blade tighter against her lily white throat. "Hush little baby," he whispered in a sickening sing-song, "don't you cry... daddy's gonna ram up between your thighs..." And he did just that, her legs spreading simply to relieve the pressure - pulling the hobble rope taut, the toes of her sneakers twisting on the floor as he filled her.

Megan yanked up on the horn and twisted her head before plunging. Kelly shrieked behind the gag, her body contorting like a wave. Megan

sawed the dildo against the roof of Kelly's cunt, crushing and twisting her clit. Kelly slammed her head to the pillow again and again, begging incoherently. And he moved slowly and nearly silently up and down inside Jill, tears streaking her face, his fists twisting in the ropes.

The orgasm exploded in Kelly like napalm, her body surging so violently it brought Megan's chin against the baseboard lip, nearly knocked her younger sister out.

Almost immediately he forced Jill forward and onto the bed, her ponytail slapping Kelly's stomach like a whip. The youngest girl bleated in surprise as he wrenched her onto her back, swinging her legs up and over him, the rope hobble below his ass. Yanking her knees wide, he grabbed her hips like a man possessed.

Megan's head reared up, vaginal juices splattering off the rubber cock.

Kelly screamed in agony, writhing like a madwoman. But he ignored them both, plunging his hard-on like a spear into Jill as he tore her bra off and grabbed her bobbing tits like a life preserver as she shrieked in renewed terror.

Megan stared, enraged, trying to rip her arms, legs, and body free, the dildo dripping, as he raped Jill right in front of her. The back of the youngest girl's head repeatedly slapped Kelly's stomach, her wails like drowning gargles behind the gag, as he mauled her chest and pumped into her.

The other girls stared in shock, then seemed to collapse.

Megan sagged in the straps as Kelly looked away.

Meanwhile Jill tried to cry out and claw with all her remaining might, kicking frantically, but his hands were like vises and his hips like a hydraulic press. He was on top of her, free hand clamping her tit like an orange juicer, face gibbering over hers.

"That's it, that's it... sssh... sssh... that's right, nice and quiet... no screaming... no screaming... Take it... take it like the sex kitten you are... All of it... there you go... there you go..."

And he came in her once more, one tit bulging in his hand, the other holding her mouth shut tightly atop her oldest sister's flat stomach.

Jill shook in disgust once, then choked. Her eyes rolled back into her fluttering lids. For his part, he just looked mildly at the others.

"She fall down, go boom," he said casually. Megan started to swear and shake hysterically. Kelly wanted to vomit, but couldn't. She wanted to lose consciousness, but couldn't. She did the only thing she could. She lay there as he put Jill on the floor, untied Megan from the baseboard, reined her knees, and dragged her out. She lay there as he returned to drag Jill out by her ankles. And then, eventually, she lay there as he came back for her. ■

TO BE CONTINUED...

THE BLACK VAN

PART 3

KIDNAPPED, BOUND, NAKED...
RAPED IN EVERY WAY, POOR
YOUNG JENNIFER HAS
PASSED OUT IN HER EVIL
ABDUCTOR'S GRIP...

THIS LITTLE CUNT
CAN SCREAM!

BETTER TIE HER
FEET AND KNEES, TOO!
WE DON'T WANT HER
TO HURT HERSELF WHILE
SHE'S JUMPING AND KICKING!
HEH HEH HEH...!!!







UUUUUUUHH!
UUUUUUUHH!!



NNNN--NNN!!
UUUUUUUUUHH!!

ZZZZ



UUUUUHH!!

C'MON, CUNT!
DANCE FOR ME!

CRACK!



UUUU-UUUUH!! PLS!!
NNNNN!!!

GIVE ME THE
FUCKIN'
WHIP!

UU·U·K!·K!

SHE'LL DANCE FOR ME!!!



NNNNNN!!
UUUUU!

SLAP!



UUUU..U.

BIZZ!

CRACK!



I'M GONNA HAVE YOUR ASS NOW!

NN-NNN!!



UUGGHH!!

OOHH... SHE GIVES IT UP TOO EASY!

WE NEED TO GO FIND A NEW TOY!

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UHH... SO NOW I CAN STRANGLE THIS BITCH WHILE I CUM IN HER ASS? UHH... GOOD...

NO NO! NOT YET!

UGK..K..



TO BE CONTINUED

ALSO BY DOFANTASY



ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH NOVELS

white slaves

galley slaves

naked cargo

slaves of the princess

sold as white slaves

pony girls

enslaved celebrity

slavegirl island

the taming of Julia Chant

julia enslaved

FANSADOX

2 to 11 in English

SICKEST snuff one

INQUISITION. The darkest night

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