

El magazine S/M Gore

FAN SADOX

Nº 12

Solo para adultos

THE BLACK VAN
roberts

BOUGHT & TAMED
paul

MOTHER-IN-LAW
De Haro

GLADIATOR
roberts

OLD BERNARD'S NEW TOY
thorn

PONY GIRL
badia

HAT TRICK
geoff merrick - TAW

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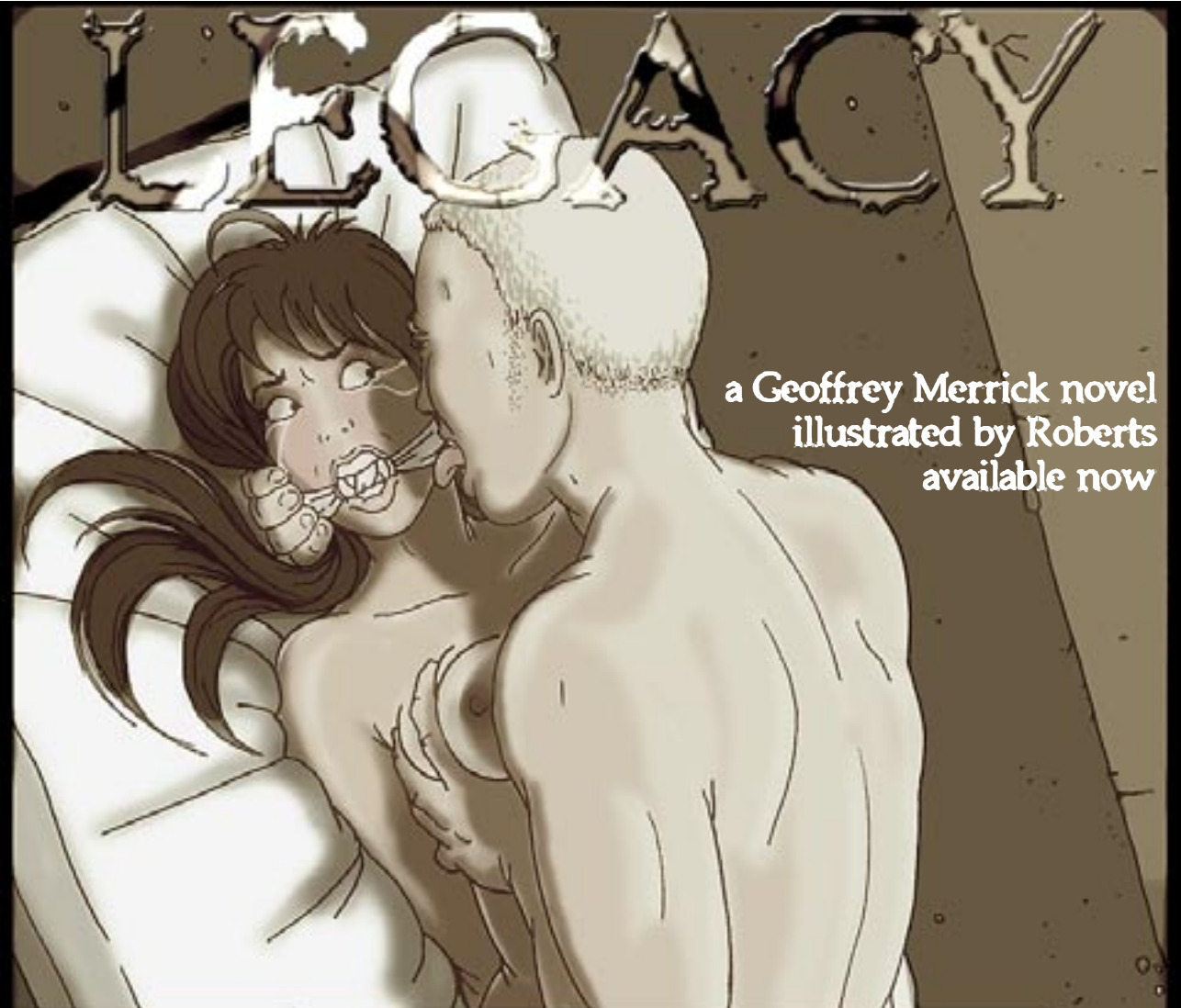
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a Geoffrey Merrick novel
illustrated by Roberts
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PONY GIRL

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

— Now that my wife is dead, you will replace her...

Beatriz, red-eyed, looked up at her stepfather. She did not understand.

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

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

— Unhinged Stables? Doctor Crow here. Proceed with my daughter as agreed.

And have her ready within a week.

After six chapters, now the story ends...

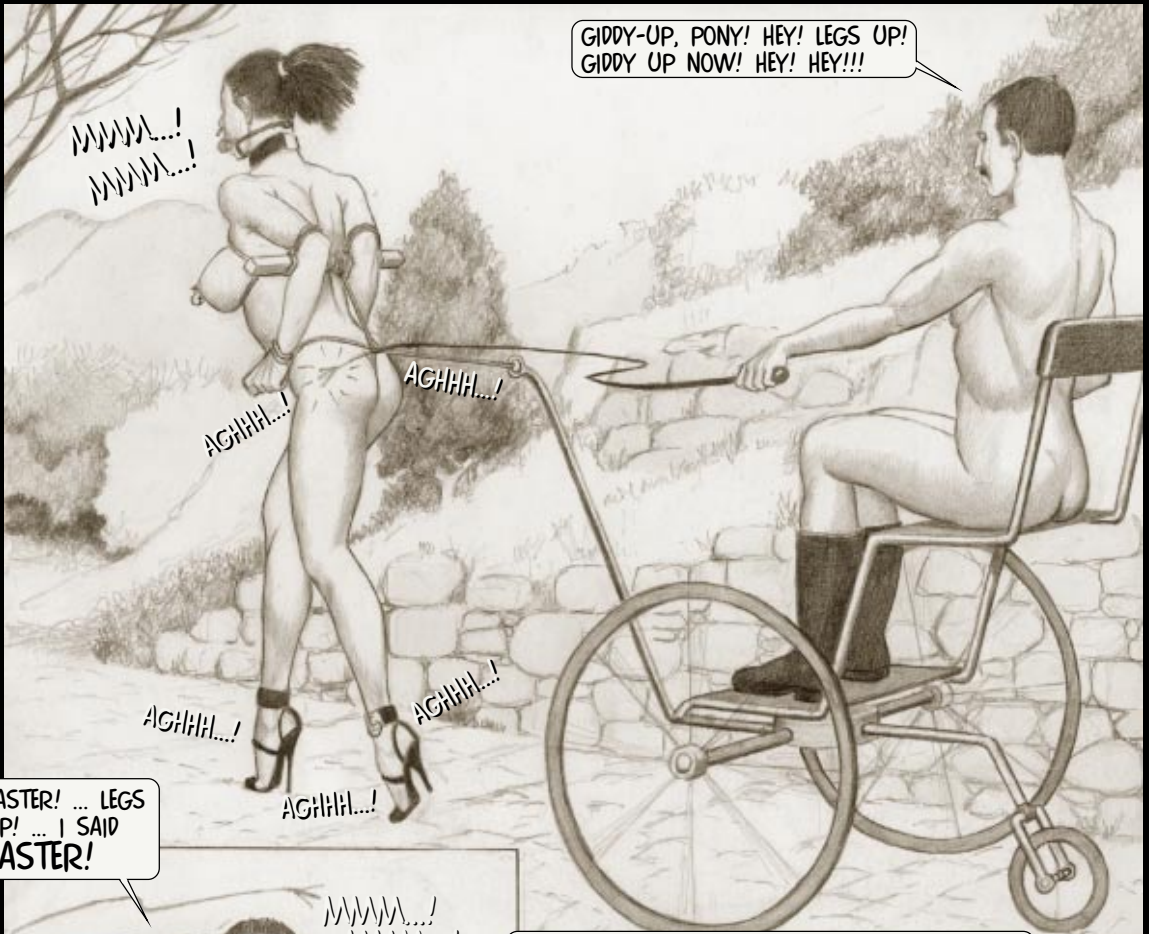
EPISODE 6
PREVIOUS IN
FANSADOX 7 TO 11

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THE WEEKS PASS AND DR CROW GROWS TIRED OF HIS SADISTIC LITTLE GAMES...

GIDDY-UP, PONY! HEY! LEGS UP!
GIDDY UP NOW! HEY! HEY!!!



MMMM...!
MMMM...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

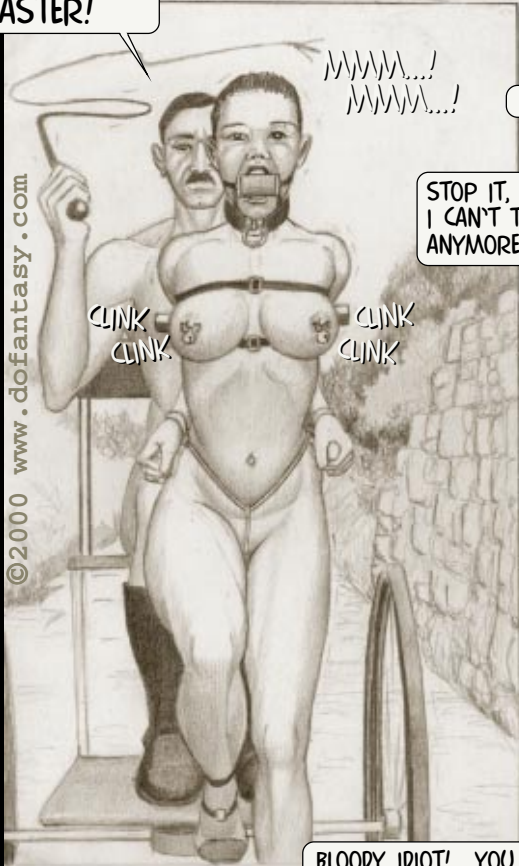
AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

AGHHH...!

FASTER! ... LEGS
UP! ... I SAID
FASTER!

BUT ISABEL IS EXHAUSTED, AND SHE FALLS DOWN...



MMMM...!
MMMM...!

CLINK
CLINK

CLINK
CLINK

STOP IT, PLASE...
I CAN'T TAKE
ANYMORE...



BLOODY IDIOT! YOU NEARLY KNOCKED YOUR FATHER DOWN! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT
WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STABLE! I'M FED UP WITH YOU!!!

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LATER ON, BACK AT THE STABLE...

I'M GONNA GIVE YOU A GOOD WHIPPING ON THE RUMP AND THIGHS. AND TRY NOT TO MOVE OR YOU'LL TEAR YOUR NOSE OFF!

AAAAGGHHH!!!

AGHHH!
AGHHH!
AGHHH!

CLINK
CLINK

AGHHH!

AGHHH!

CLINK
CLINK

CLINK
CLINK

CHACK!!!

CHACK!!!

CHACK!!!

AGHHH!

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AGHHH!
AGHHH!

AGHHH!
AGHHH!
AGHHH!

CLINK

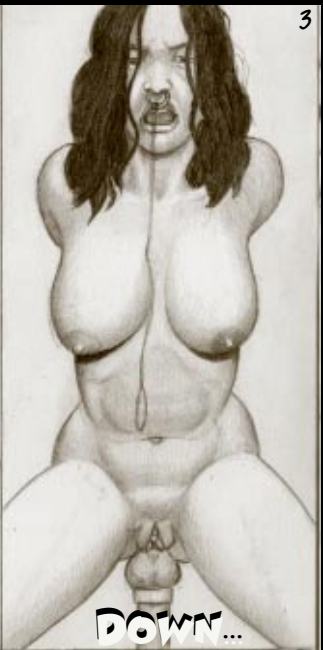
YOU LIKE BEING FUCKED, EH, YOU DIRTY SLUT! YEAH, LOOK HOW YOU'RE SQUEEZING ME WITH YOUR THIGHS! YOU'RE ON HEAT! YOU'RE A FUCKING SLUT...

ZUMPA
ZUMPA

AAAAGGHHH!!!

SOME HOURS LATER, DR CROW GOES DOWN TO THE STABLE TO HUMILIATE AND RAPE HIS STEPDAUGHTER FOR THE LAST TIME...

1
AGG!!!!!!!



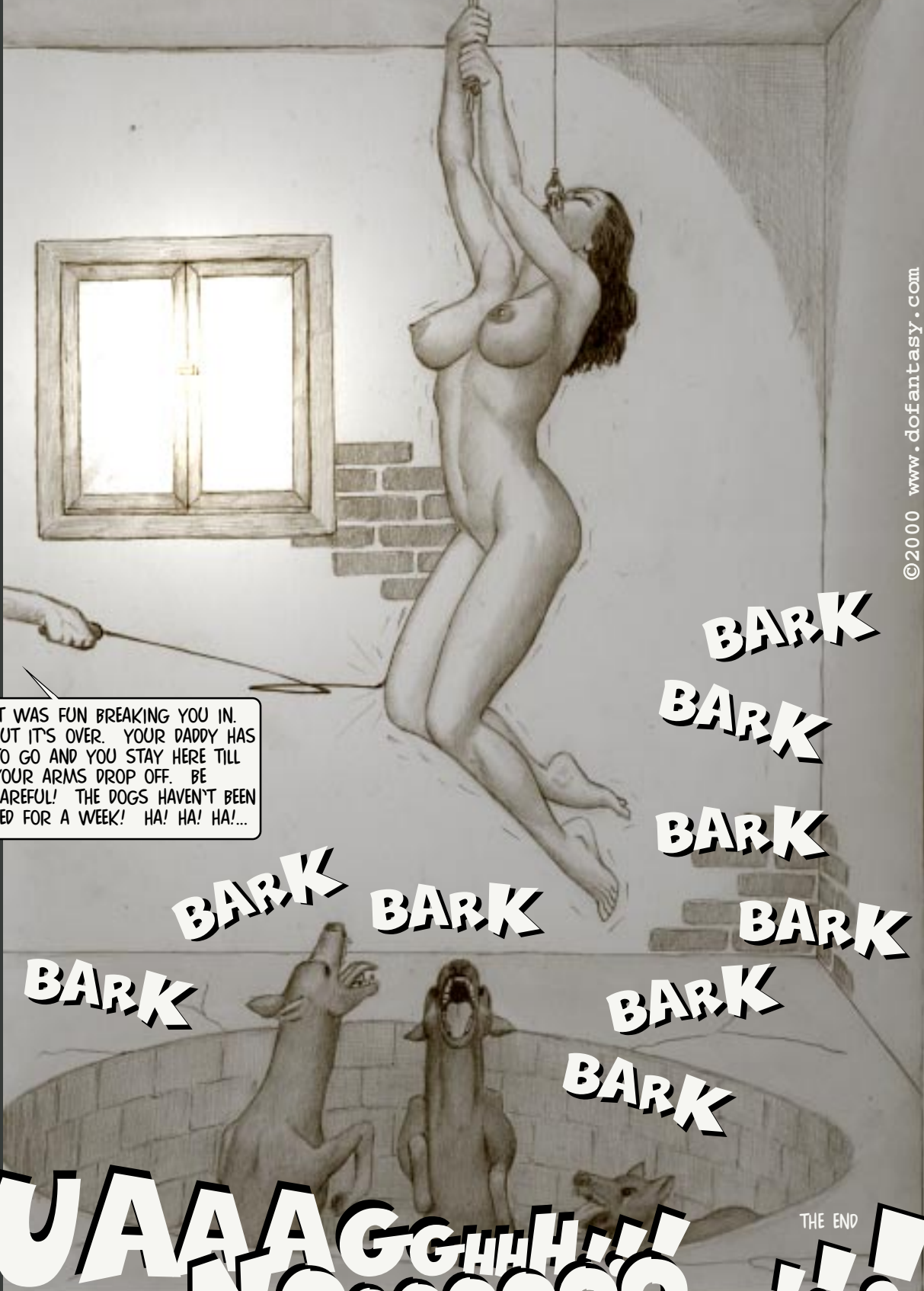
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GET YOUR BIG ASS DOWN ONTO THAT, YOU SLUT!
THAT'S IT ... FUCK THE STICK WITH YOUR ASS ... UP ... DOWN ... PUT MORE EFFORT INTO IT!



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

NOOOOOOOOO...!!!
NOOOOOOOOO...!!!



IT WAS FUN BREAKING YOU IN. BUT IT'S OVER. YOUR DADDY HAS TO GO AND YOU STAY HERE TILL YOUR ARMS DROP OFF. BE CAREFUL! THE DOGS HAVEN'T BEEN FED FOR A WEEK! HA! HA! HA!...

BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK
BARK

UAAAAGGHHH!!!
NOOOOOOOOO...!!!

THE END

BAHAN THE GLADIATOR

CIANNI - Roberts

Everybody knows Baham the Gladiator. His fame travels before him. His opponents fear him as they fear fork lightning. His men are envious of his fame and strength. Women desire him. But Baham is only a slave. A slave that the Goddess Fortune has smiled on, so far... This is his story.

On Sunday I've got a fight...

There's no way of knowing if I'll be alive next week.

I've been lucky so far and that's why I'm still alive. True, I'm supposed to be the best, but one of these days I'm gonna die. I'm not the first Gladiator and I won't be the last. So I know life is not for us.

We are here to die, soon.

I'm valuable to my master, the one who owns me and earns big money each time I win. That's why he wants me to stay alive. That means I have to *want* to stay alive. So he tries hard to keep me happy.

He's just given me these two slavegirls. They are young, still virgins, and they were captured just a couple of days ago. They are barbarians and like many of their kind, they are blonde and stunningly beautiful.

Master gave them to me so I would have a reason for fighting on Sunday. He knows I'm fed up with this fucking life...

But I won't play his game. Not this time. These two will be well used and well dead by then...

"GET THOSE PRETTY LITTLE ARMS UP!!!"

Tears in their eyes, the girls raise their tired arms again, holding heavy buckets full of shit. They are on their knees, completely

naked, with their right wrists chained to the back of the collar around their necks.

They look at me. They're frightened. They know their life will end soon. They can read it on my eyes, in the way I'm looking at their young, virgin bodies...

They know I'm a professional killer.

"I'll crucify the first one to drop her arm," I say.

They look at each other scared. From now on, they are deadly enemies...

"I'll use nails, no bloody ropes," I add.

Their young bodies are trembling.

I piss in their faces, a bit longer in the face of the one who appeals me more; Sugar Face I call her.

She has lighter hair and she's even younger than her friend. I look forward to nailing her wrists to the wood and to fucking her hanging there...

"Open your eyes and your mouth!!!" I shout.

When finish, I push my balls closer to her face. "Kiss my balls, slave."

Her arm goes down a little bit. She bites her pouting lips hard, trembling all over. She resists with all her might...

"Open your fucking mouth and lick me, you slut," I say pressing her face against my genitalia.

Sugar Face is suffocating... She fights,
she even tries to bite my prick... Silly girl...
I press her harder against me ... and fi-

nally the bucket falls to the ground. Shit
all over the place!
I grab her by the hair and smack her hard



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Open your fucking mouth and lick me, you slut...

... until her nose and her full, rich lips are bleeding.

Excited beyond Nature, I force her jaws

open, claspng my fingers deep in her cheeks and I fuck her mouth. I'm hard like steel. I'm Bahan the Steel Dick.



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R.

This goes up your pretty ass...

I fuck her throat like this ... my hands clutching her hair and face...

There's nothing like fucking a young,

choking throat.

I withdraw at the last moment and I cum into her face, adding shame to her misery.



Push your little finger up my asshole while you're sucking!

"Now crawl to the cross, slave. You're gonna die!!!"

She tries to run but I catch her by the

hair and drag her over to where the cross lies on the floor.

I tie her free arm to the crossbeam and



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I'll whip you to death after your little friend dies

her neck to the post. I show her the heavy hammer and the nails.

"Lick the nails. If they're wet they'll go in easier."

I have to slap her twice to make her obey. And I have to sit on her breasts to keep her still.

Slowly I nail her down, between the bones, taking great care not to break any arteries. The wonderful thing about killing on the cross is that the victim's agony lasts such a long time...

I do the other wrist and I cut the cords.

I show her the 'third nail' ... Actually it is not a nail but a rough wooden stake. It is as thick as a child's wrist, and a meter long.

"This goes up your pretty ass," I say. "If you want to die faster, just tear your wrists apart and let yourself fall down on it. Ass first! Ha! ha! ha!"

I nail the base of the pointed stake to the post with a small piece of wood in between. Enough to allow her lovely back to glide freely down.

I raise the cross.

And her dainty little feet clasp the post desperately.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!"

I bind the wrists of my other 'gift' to the front of her collar and I have her slack me off with her mouth and hands.

"Push your little finger up my asshole while you're sucking," I order, cuffing her face.

She's more obedient now...

I'm very excited again. Looking at Sugar Face impaling herself slowly with her wrists and ass bleeding, her sweet face contorted in extreme pain, is more that I can stand. So I grasp the sucking slave by the hair, and opening her throat I go down her gullet. I don't even look at her...

When finish, I kick her in the stomach ... and when she's doubled up on the floor, I kick her again in the kidneys, and then in the belly ... and then the tits, and then on her back again...

"I'll whip you to death after your little friend dies," I say. I leave. This is hungry work.

Back after lunch and Sugar Face is still alive. Her friend is crouched under her feet supporting her, easing the strain on the wrists and helping her out of the impaling stake.

It is a lovely sight... Two pretty young barbarians fighting for their lives. Good team work. They'd make good gladiators.

I kick the crouching girl off and take Sugar Face by her hips, raising her and impaling her again on the stake.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!"

She embraces me with her long, fleshy legs like the most affectionate lover.

I go up into her snatch, ripping her virginity apart ... and I start fucking her slowly ... very slowly...

Feeling her...

Feeling her cunt and her legs ... both of them squeezing me...

I look into her eyes, smiling. She's pleading with me...

Yeah, her death won't be an easy one... and she knows it.

If I'm lucky, she will last a couple of days. That means a dozen or so good fucks...

I let her hips and her legs tighten around me even more. I grasp her hair and kiss her mouth deeply ... I take her in my arms ... I feel her tender breasts squashing against my chest. Her body arcs, her wrists and asshole are bleeding.

I'm fucking her quite well now...

Kissing her even deeper...

Biting her lips till they bleed...

Pawing her lithe body like a madman...

Taking her...

Raping her...

Feeling her legs wrapping themselves round my waist desperately...

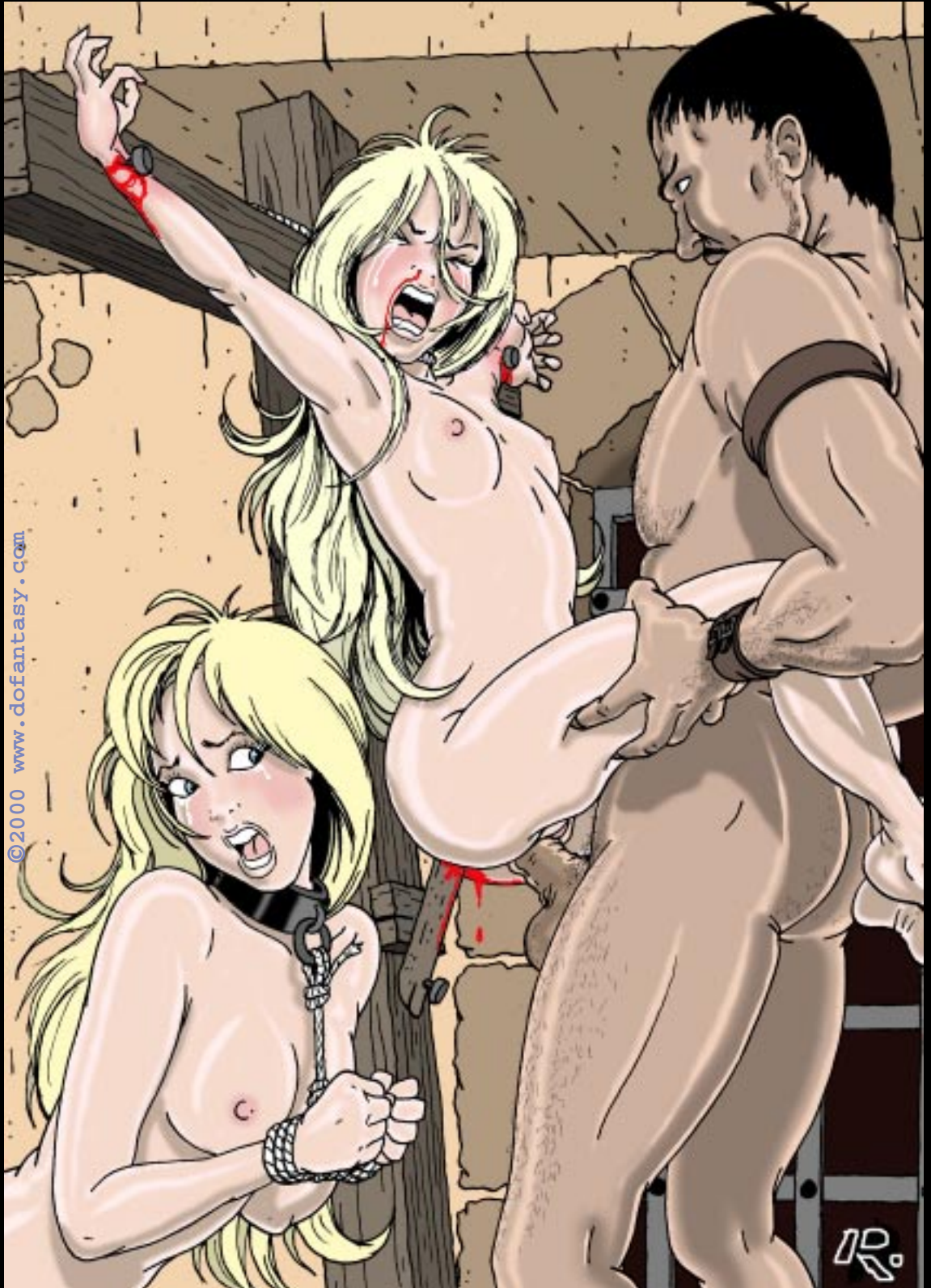
"Give me your tongue, slave"

I have to push her down the stake a little bit to make her obey...

"More..."

I suck on her tasty tongue...
I bite it until it bleeds ... I drink her
blood...

Young barbarian blood gives me the
strength to fight.



AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!

MONDAY, AFTER THE FIGHT



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I'M COMING, YOU BEAST... I'M COMING!!!!

I won and I survived. That's the good news...

The bad news is this bloody fucking bitch!

She's young, no more than a teenager, and she's the daughter of a powerful and wealthy Senator. She saw me fighting and she asked her father to arrange a fuck with me...

And here I am. Fighting now not to get impaled on that bloody pole. Looking rampant at this lovely creature sitting on my bone ravishing me...

"Don't dare to come, you brute... I give the orders here," she says pulling savagely on the thin wire that strangles my balls.

"AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!! That hurts!!!"

She starts fucking me again, waving her fine hips rhythmically ... her lovely tits wobble provocatively a finger away from my face...

I feel the warm velvet, delightfully moist walls of her young cunt squeezing my bone.

I don't dare to come. The truth is, I can't come with this bloody wire around my balls...

"You like what you see, you brute?" she asks pulling the wire, showing her young and creamy breasts to my face.

"AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

"You'd like to chain me and fuck me to death, wouldn't you?"

"AAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHH!!!"

The wire again... And she keeps on fucking!!!

"No chance ... son of a bitch..." She says, running her nails down my shoulders until they bleed...

Then she shouts...

"IIIIIIHHHH... IIIIIHHHHHH... AEEEEHHHHHHHHHHH..."

And she tears brutally at the wire around my balls...

"IIIIHHHH... AEEEEHHHHHH... I'M COMING, YOU BEAST... I'M COMING!!!!"

And she comes and comes, but she never lets go of the strangling wire...

"Please, stop..." She forces me to say at last.

Sod this! Begging for mercy is not my normal line!

But she keeps on pumping her cunt like mad, coming and shouting...

Exhausted, she releases the wire at last and I come like crazy, shooting deep into her...

She opens her eyes in fury and looks straight at me...

"I'll tell Daddy to buy you, you brute. You'll be my bed toy. And I'm telling you now, if you dare to come again, even a single fucking time, I'll have you castrated. Understand?"

I look at her defiantly...

"My Master will never sell me, you bitch." I say proudly.

She smacks my face twice, front and back of the hand.

"Wrong again, bag of muscles, my father has already bought you," she says, grabbing my pole. "Now shoot your load for the last time in your fucking life," she orders, running her dainty, lithe hands up and down my member...

Oh shit... I would like to be able to resist her... But I can't...

I shoot and shoot like crazy, looking at her perfect body, her young and creamy tits, her wonderful chest and shoulders, her tiny waist ... She's the sexiest creature I've ever had sex with. And I'm her sex-slave now!

What a fate!!! Here I am, the famous Bahan the Gladiator, the cruel ravisher, the steel phallus, reduced to the chaste bed toy of a spoilt teenager!!! ■

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..

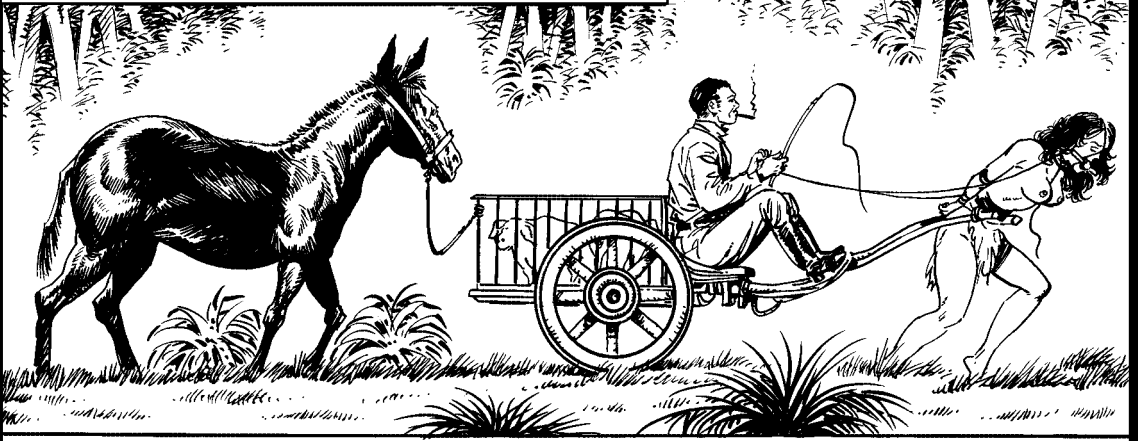
**EPISODE 5. PREVIOUS
IN FANSADOX 8 to 11**



TEXT LUCAS
ILLUSTRATIONS: PAUL

IN THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER, SARA ESCAPED FROM HER CAGE AT HER UNCLE'S PLACE. SHE RAN TO THE POLICE STATION, WHERE SHE WAS ARRESTED AND CONVICTED FOR RUNNING AWAY AND ALSO FOR STEALING HER UNCLE'S TRUCK...

NEXT DAY SARA BEGAN HER TWENTY-YEAR TERM OF HARD LABOUR... AND HER FIRST JOB WAS TO TAKE A CARTLOAD OF PIGS TO UNCLE RAUL'S FARM!



COME ON GET PULLING! IT'S LATE AND THERE'S STILL A LOT TO DO.



YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SHOW ME YOUR TITS, DID YOU? WELL NOW I CAN SEE THEM AND WHIP THEM! TAKE THAT!



YOU GOT HARD LABOUR FOR THEFT AND FOR ABANDONING THE HOME. YOU'RE GONNA PULL LIKE A HORSE ALL DAY AND EMPTY MY BALLS LIKE A WHORE AT NIGHT!



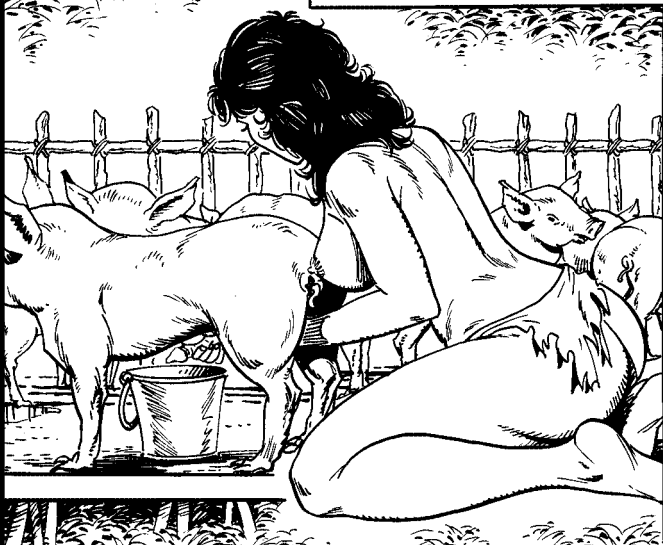
TILL YOUR CUNT SPLITS!





DID YOU KNOW THEY MILK MALE PIGS TOO? A BIG-TITTED SOW LIKE YOU SHOULD DO A GOOD JOB!!!

I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF HOURS AND IF THE BUCKET'S NOT FULL, I'LL WHIP THE SKIN OFF THOSE BIG FAT UDDERS OF YOURS!



SARA WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE CARRESS OF THE WHIP, AND ALSO WITH HER UNCLE'S CRUELTY. HER STOMACH TURNED OVER, BUT SHE KNELT DOWN AND MASTURBATED ALL THE MALE PIGS...



THINGS DID NOT IMPROVE ON THE WAY HOME...

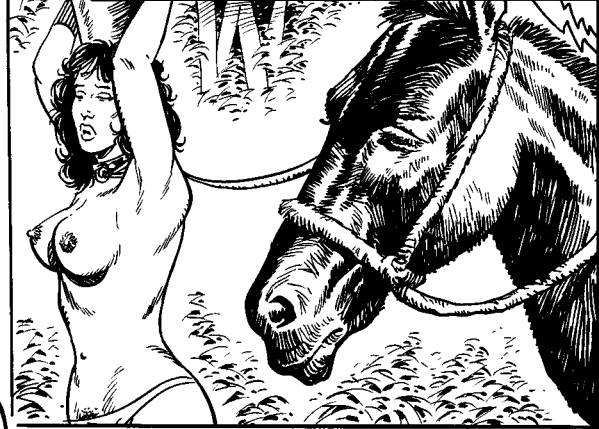
YOU'RE WALKING LIKE A HOOKER MORE THAN A PIG NOW! YOU'RE PROVOKING ME, WIGGLING YOUR ASS LIKE THAT!



CAN'T YOU WAIT, YOU HOT CUNT? DID THE PIGS' PRICKS TURN YOU ON, OR WHAT?



FEELING HORNY, EH? WELL JUST KEEP WALKING LIKE A WHORE AND CUM FOR ME. AT HOME I'LL FUCK YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE, CUNT AND ASS!



AT HOME, RAÚL THROWS HIMSELF ON HIS NIECE...



SHIT! CAN'T YOU PUMP YOUR CUNT? THIS IS LIKE RIDING A DEAD HOG! MOVE IT, FUCK YOU WHORE! I WANNA SOME ACTION NOW!

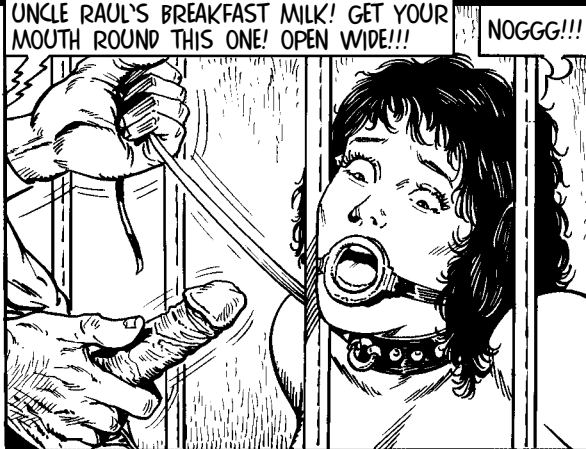


ANGRY AT HIS NIECE'S LACK OF SEXUAL APPETITE, RAUL PUNISHES HER. HE LOCKS HER UP IN THE CAGE IN THE CELLAR WITH NO DINNER. SHE SPENDS THE NIGHT SADISTICALLY TIED UP AND GAGGED...



IN THE MORNING...

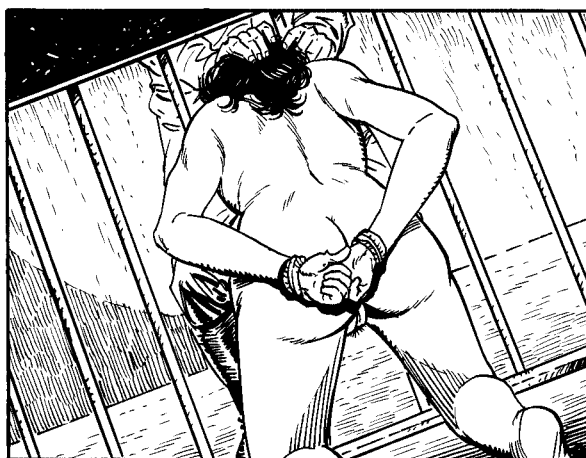
WAKE UP, YOU SLUT! BREAKFAST IS READY!



UNCLE RAUL'S BREAKFAST MILK! GET YOUR MOUTH ROUND THIS ONE! OPEN WIDE!!!

NOGGG!!!

THAT'S IT! ... NOW MOVE YOUR TONGUE ... TAKE THAT! ... AND THAT! ... AND THAT! ... AAGHH! ... SWALLOW ... SWALLOOOOW .. AAGGGHHHHH!!!



PUT THESE STOCKINGS AND WHORE'S SHOES ON. I'M HORNY AS HELL TODAY AND THAT MEANS WORK FOR YOU ... IT'S GONNA BE A HARD DAY!

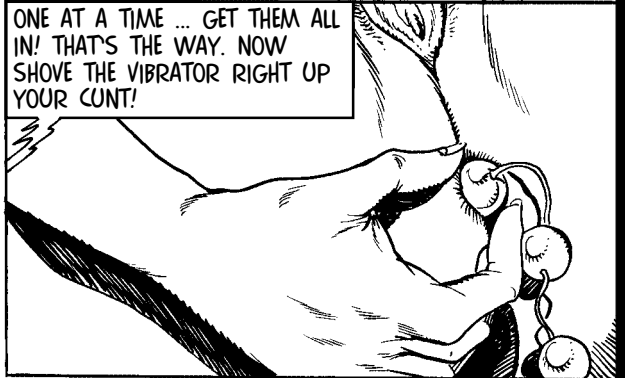
TO WORK AS A WHORE FIRST YOU HAVE TO LEARN HOW TO COME! LIE DOWN AND OPEN YOUR LEGS WIDE! SHOW ME YOUR CUNT AND YOUR ASSHOLE!



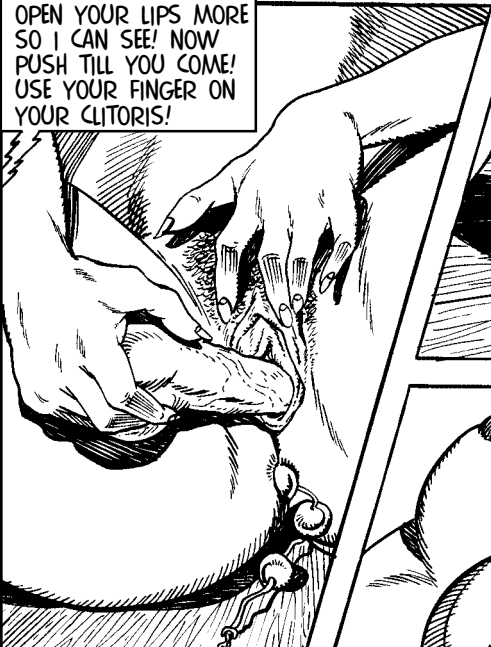
FIRST YOU CAN STICK THESE CHINESE BALLS UP YOUR ASS!



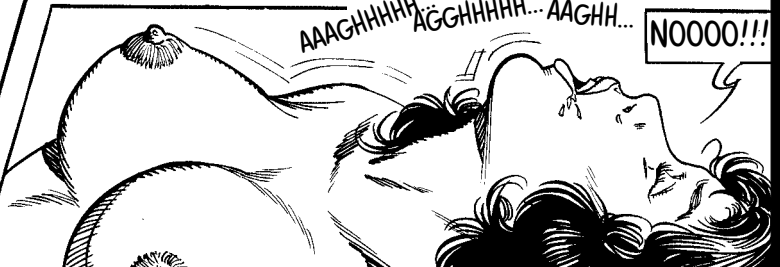
ONE AT A TIME ... GET THEM ALL IN! THAT'S THE WAY. NOW SHOVE THE VIBRATOR RIGHT UP YOUR CUNT!



OPEN YOUR LIPS MORE SO I CAN SEE! NOW PUSH TILL YOU COME! USE YOUR FINGER ON YOUR CLITORIS!

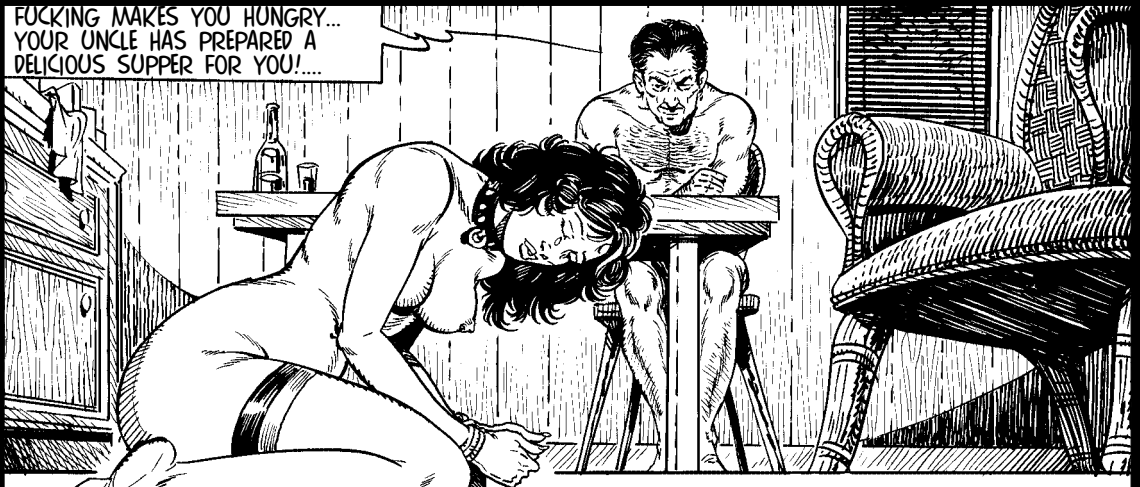


AAAGHHHHH... AAGHHHHH... AAGHH... NOOOO!!!



SARA SPENT ALL DAY LEARNING HER NEW JOB AS UNCLE RAÚL'S HIGH-CLASS HOOKER. AT NIGHT...

FUCKING MAKES YOU HUNGRY...
YOUR UNCLE HAS PREPARED A
DELICIOUS SUPPER FOR YOU!...



SEE THIS BUCKET?



PIG'S MILK! ...
YOU MILKED THE PIGS
WITH YOUR HANDS!

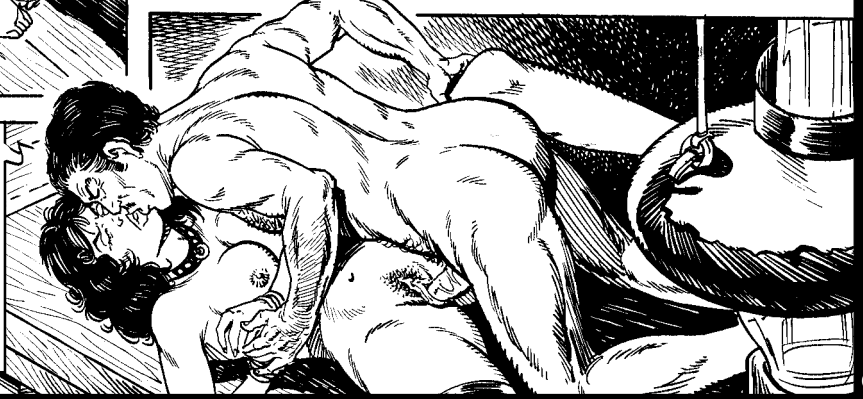
NO!!!
PLEASE!!!



SWALLOW IT, BITCH!!!



NOW IT'S TIME TO SHOW
UNCLE WHAT YOU'VE
LEARNT! PUMP YOUR
CUNT ! THAT'S BETTER!
MMMMMM! DELICIOUS!
YOU TASTE OF PIG.
COME ON, SQUEEZE ME
WITH YOUR CUNT, YOU
SLUT! SQUEEZE MY DICK!



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TO BE CONTINUED

OLD BERNARD'S NEW TOY

THORN

Episode 2

One appeared in Fansadox 11

Bernard is an old bachelor with strange habits and peculiar tastes. He's rich and he doesn't have to work too hard to stay rich. So he's got time for his hobbies. Like young Wendy, his present interest. She arrived yesterday in a cage and she lost her virginity soon after, raped in the cruellest and most sadistic of ways. Now the basic introductions are out of the way, old Bernard is making plans for having more fun with his new plaything...

I went back to the room. Wendy was as I had left her, lying face down on the bed with her arms and legs tied by the wrist and ankles to each corner of the bed.

She was still sobbing.

I ignored the tears and laid the table next to the bed: candles, caviar, foie gras and toast, a bottle of French champagne on ice. The cork came out with a cheerful "pop". I enjoyed the food and the sight of the round buttocks. When I finished I gave my new slave my undivided attention.

"Enjoy your meal," I said, slipping the bowl under her nose. It stank.

"I ... I'm not hungry," she said, turning her head away.

"You've got to build your strength up, like a good slave. Fucking uses a lot of energy, and the night is young."

I pressed her face into the bowl.

"It's nutritious," I explained, "it's dog food mixed with your beloved Master's semen".

Wendy tried to get her head away from the foul-smelling dish, but it was impossible.

"Here's to us," I said, raising the glass in my left hand. In my right hand I held a coachman's whip.

SSSSSSSWIISSSSHHHHHHHHH

SLAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

I caught her between the legs with great precision. Right on her freshly shaved cunt. I say her cunt, but I felt it was mine really as I had bought it and had just been the first man to go up it.

"I said eat, slave. I want to hear you chew and swallow like a good little bitch. And then you're going to lick the bowl clean until it's shining with your spit. NOW!!!!"

SSSSSSSWIISSSSHHHHHHHHH

SLAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

This time the whip came down a bit higher, in the crack between the buttocks but halfway between the cunt and the ass.

And she began eating.

"SLURP ... SLURP ... SSSUCK ... LICK...."

I felt pleased at my demonstration of authority and my precision with the whip. I buttered a slice of toast and put best Rus-

Enjoy your meal, slave...



...it's dog food mixed with your beloved Master's semen

sian caviar on it. I looked at her closely.

She was stripped right off, with her long blonde hair to one side and her legs wide apart. She was offering her back, buttocks and the back of her legs to the caress of the whip. I've been lucky this time, I thought. Eighteen years old, a virgin until this morning, and she's got the face of a young girl and the body and generous tits of a beautiful mature woman.

The way she cries turns me on.

"I'm very pleased with you," I said, sipping champagne. "You're just what I've been looking for. Especially your tits and the open little ass that you're very kindly presenting to me. The catalogue only gave your age, vital statistics, your price in dollars and it said you were a virgin. The photo of you in uniform didn't do you justice."

Wendy did not reply. She just sobbed and chewed the disgusting food.

"SLURP ... SLURP ... SUCK ... LICK... UGH!!!"

Of course it was difficult for her, tied down like that.

"And you've been lucky too!. Old Bernard still has a firm dick and knows how to treat young prickteasers like you. Discipline is the word."

SSSSWISSSSHHHHHHHHH

SLAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHH!!!"

I hit her on the back, just below the right shoulder. She gasped, sucked in air too quickly, choked on the food and brought some of it up.

"Eat your vomit, you filthy pig! Or do you think your Master is going to clean it up for you?"

"Please, no! ... Don't hit me! Don't make me eat it!"

SSSSWISSSSHHHHHHHHH

SLAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHH!!!"

"OBEY ME!!!"

"SLUURP ... LICK ... SLUURP ... OOGHHH ... SPLAAT"

She's retching and heaving again, and

she's licking and slurping and nibbling the food...

When she finished she lets her head fall into the bowl, a gesture of despair and exhaustion. But she's still showing me her lovely little ass.

"Are you a virgin in your ass?"

"I don't ... don't understand, sir," she said innocently.

I smiled, helping myself to another glass of champagne. Yes, she was a virgin in the back passage too. A luxury! Normally the dealers stick their dicks up the back passage when they sell you a virgin. It keeps the price high. But I decided to check.

"I'm asking you if anyone has ever stuck their prick into your ass. In the hole where you shit. Now do you understand?"

"I... understand.... Sir... No... nobody has done that to me, never, never..."

I finished the champagne. I was getting drunk but I could feel my dick starting to ache again.

"After supper I'll give it to you up the back. A slave is an ass-slave as well as a cunt-slave. From now on, I'll be up there once a day. That's one of the reasons I bought you. I always wanted a young bottom like yours."

"No ... no ... no, not that, please!"

"I'm afraid so! Right up your tight little back passage!"

"No! Let me go, please!"

"I'll let myself go, when I'm good and ready!"

"Oh God!" she groaned and twisted round delightfully, but whatever she did, she still presented her bottom to me.

"You'd better get used to it! I'll be up there all the time soon!" I said, taking away her feeding bowl.

I put "Romeo", my favourite dildo, into her throat, pulling her head back by the hair. Romeo is an ingenious plastic drinking bottle in the shape of a penis. An extremely wide and extremely long penis, but a penis, with holes in the base for the teeth to fit it. Once it's in, it's too wide for a slave



Time to put this lovely little anus to some use!

to get out. The brilliant thing about it is that it's hollow inside and the tip is made of flexible rubber. The tip presses into the throat and makes the slave retch and heave. And that stimulates the tip and pumps whatever is in the bottle straight down into the stomach.

On this occasion, I had filled Romeo with castor oil. Half a litre of it.

I sat down to watch my beautiful young slave fight in vain against this foreign object. She could only fight with her throat, of course, and the result was that she milked the tip and swallowed the oil.

I finished my supper, glancing from time to time at the slightly lifted twitching buttocks of my young slave. I gave her one or two lashes on the buttocks and the sole of the foot.

"Time to put this lovely little anus to some use!" I said, burping contentedly.

"MMMMMMMMHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I slipped the stool under her hips to lift her bottom up to a good height. I lit up a good cigar.

"MMMMMMMMHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I knelt down between her legs, nursing a huge erection and contemplating the firm, round buttocks that were lifted so provocatively.

I looked closely at the cunt I had penetrated a few hours previously, and at the lovely solid buttocks that were waiting for me. It was a beautiful ass, even more beautiful now that it was flexing and twitching from the effects of the oil.

I bit on my cigar and seized her bottom and pulled the cheeks apart with both hands.

"This is going to hurt a bit, slave!" I muttered, pressing the tip of my penis against her small ring of tight wrinkled flesh.

"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHH!!!"

I went up her ass with a single swift thrust, leaving my balls squashed tight against her lovely slavish cunt.

"AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH!!!"

Silky, warm, moist...!

And did it hurt her!

"That's why I bought you, slave," I grunted, pulling back ready for a good hammer-blow into her bottom.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!"
"MMMMMMMMHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I rode those round buttocks for a quarter of an hour. Wendy didn't stop crying all through it, until she ended up sobbing through her plastic dick...

I came like freight train deep inside her, right up in her bowels.

When I pulled out, Wendy couldn't control herself and she stained the sheets.

I looked at my dick. It was a bit dirty, but not too bad... Wendy had managed to hold her bowels despite the oil...

I went over to the cupboard and took out ten Chinese balls on a string. I showed them to her first, but she didn't seem to understand. I put them up into her ass, one by one. It was not easy...

"I'll be down tomorrow morning for breakfast and then I'll give it to you again up the ass, my lovely little slave," I said, cleaning my dick on her blonde hair. But first I'm going to count the balls up your ass ... and for each ball that's missing in the morning I'll tear a toenail out with pliers, OK? Ten nails and ten Chinese balls! Coincidence, eh?"

"MMMMMMMMHHHHHHHH!!!"

She understood now all right. And she knew she had a difficult night ahead.

I took out the dildo and filled it up again with a castor oil. I put it back down her throat.

"Good night, slave," I said, putting out my cigar on the soft flesh of the sole of her lovely little right foot. Right on top of the welts left by the whip...

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHH!!!"

Wendy cried out, and two of the ten Chinese balls slipped out of her anus.

Yes, you're right: The following day was unforgettable... ■

to be continued...



That's why I bought you, slave

INQUISITION

badia de luxe album



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GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 2. First in Fansadox 9

It wasn't easy to persuade Giselle's mother that the best thing for her was a year in the States. Giselle herself was much easier to persuade. She jumped at the chance of going to New York. For one thing, she'd get away from her mother and her repulsive stepfather! I offered to take her to the airport... As soon as she was in the van I pulled her hair back and held a handkerchief soaked in drugs over her mouth and nose. She didn't even realise what was happening. She just went to sleep with the whites of her eyes showing and her lips half open.

It is early morning now, and Giselle's second day as my sex slave...

I go quietly down the ladder into the basement and switch on the powerful spotlight.

Giselle takes refuge in a corner, dazzled and dazzling. She's been shut up in her cage for twenty-four hours now, in total darkness.

The noise of the whip hitting the bars is bloodchilling.

Her immense blue eyes turn on me. She's frightened.

"Come here," I say, pulling on the chain round her neck, "Don't be shy. Come over to the bars. Your Daddy needs to empty his bollocks. They're aching."

I pull in the chain link by link, running my eyes over the magnificent body writhing on the other end. Giselle pulls back with all her might, but it's not enough. She moves slowly towards the bars and is squashed against them.

I fasten the chain so she can't pull away and I take her nipples in both hands, one on either side of a bar. I love them - they're soft, smooth, pink, with a clear-cut profile. They're pointed like sharpened pencils. And they're very, very sensitive...

I pinch them and twist them around a bit to firm them up.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Giselle shouts and writhes around. The huge ring that is forcing her jaws apart is agony. I squeeze her breasts together against the bar, holding them between the thumb and the forefinger. Her tits are pressed intimately against the cage now...

I pick up the serrated bulldog clamp in my right hand and attach it to her nipples...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The clamp holds her tits together, but it also has fine needles which penetrate the sensitive flesh, making it impossible for her to pull away without damaging her tits.

"Don't move, slave, or you'll rip your lovely little nipples off ... and that would be a real shame," I say, horny as a ram.

Giselle groans and whines, begging for mercy I suppose...

"On your knees!" I order.

She tries to go down, shaking, but the tremendous pain in the nipples makes it difficult.

I punch her in the stomach.

She cries out, pulling on her nipples, but she ends up on her knees anyway.

"Time to empty my balls like a good little girl, OK?" I say, getting my throbbing erection out. "If you do a good job, I'll take the clamp off."

Giselle shakes her head, but the pull on the sensitive skin stops her. Her chin is wet with saliva. She looks very sexy like this, stripped right off, gagged and clamped by the tits.

I have to do something or I'll go crazy.

I take her hair in both hands and put my dick through the ring in her mouth...

"Come on, lick! Get your tongue working!"

No good, she takes no notice.

I put it right in and hold her by the hair until she shows signs of suffocating. I let her go slowly until I just open her throat slightly without going down it. I pull her head back. Her nose is bleeding. She looks lovely with a bloody dick half way in and that look of despair in her big blue eyes...

It's getting through to me...

Giselle needs to breathe badly and my dick only lets her do it from time to time.

The air rushes in and out of the ring and around the sides of my dick. The throat is trying to eject me. It catches against my dick. I like it...

I hold her like this for some time. I'm enjoying the moment, choking her and humiliating her. I'm getting close to coming. She's getting close to suffocating.

It's too much for me. I stick my dick right down in and squash her face against the bars.

And I push in until I shoot off into her, pumping my semen convulsively, mindlessly, down into her stomach.

Suddenly she stops struggling. Her throat is still. I pull out and look into her face. Her eyes are closed and she is bleeding through the nose and nipples... There is saliva flowing out of the ring, mixed with semen, a lot of semen.

I stand back and wait for the piss to come, and then I piss all over her face.

"If your mother ever found out! Taking advantage of her absence to empty your own father's balls with your sluttish mouth!"

She comes round, slowly, crying like a little girl...

"You'll spend the night like that, on your knees. And in the morning I'll come down and piss on you again and you'll milk my balls again," I say, wiping my dick in her long, silky hair.

It's been a good day. Tomorrow will be better...

Halfway up the steps I turn round and ask her:

"Do you like being my slave? An obedient daughter should enjoy it."

I don't get an answer, but I don't expect one... ■

DON'T MOVE, BITCH.
OR YOU'LL RIP OFF
YOUR TITS...

COME ON, LICK!
GET YOUR TONGUE
WORKING...

SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

N00000G
N00000G

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TIME TO EMPTY MY BALLS
LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

YEAH... TAKE THAT...

SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

YOU'LL SPEND
THE NIGHT LIKE
THAT, ON YOUR
KNEES.

AGH...

YEAH... GOOD GIRL...

...AND IN THE MORNING
I'LL COME DOWN AND
PISS ON YOU AGAIN
AND YOU'LL MILK MY
BALLS AGAIN

TO BE CONTINUED

HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick - TAW

Episode 4. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 11

Usually he could take or leave blondes. His tastes ran toward sweet, balloon-breasted brunettes. But there was something about the Carlsen sisters...

First and foremost, they were actual blondes, with lustrous golden yellow hair, not some dyed in the wool types. And second, all the equipment was original, not with artificial flavorings, colorings, or preservatives. These were the sort of blondes all the bottle, boob-job blondes were unconsciously trying to emulate. These were the blondes men lost their way for.

And finally there was just something about them; something fresh, unspoiled. It wasn't that they were unaware of their beauty. It wasn't that they weren't using it, per se. It was just that they were natural in look and manner. They were beautiful and free and happy.

The operative word in that sentence was "were." Now...well, one out of three ain't bad, he thought, as he secured Megan in the "guest room."

Megan was the middle child, the nineteen-year-old, the shortest of the three, but the one with the most aggressive shape and roundest, maybe biggest, tits. They bulged now out of the yellow wet-look micromini he had forced her into, and raped her out of.

Her eyes were the darkest blue and her hair, coming to her shoulders, was the shortest. Her skin was the most tan, but still creamy and maybe the softest. He felt it now as he held her seated on the bed and slowly applied pressure to her neck.

He loved the way she struggled against him, making wet, desperate strangling sounds, as he cut off her air. She was already exhausted by the assault and then being forced to rape her twenty- one year old sister with the dildo that was attached to the across- the-head harness gag he had strapped onto her. Now the dildo crown jerked toward the ceiling as he expertly choked her.

Finally she grew lax in his arms and he let her drop back onto the pillows. He stared at her for a few seconds, savoring her rich form, sultry face, and helplessness. He almost went down

on her again, but controlled himself. After all, he had fucked her twice already that day, not counting having screwed her sisters once each...

So, instead, he made sure she was set for the evening. He dumped out the clothes he had stolen from her room at the house he had kidnapped them from. A short-sleeved, red, cotton shirt immediately caught his eye. Dragging off the yellow minidress, he slipped the crimson cloth over her, discovering it to be the perfect nightdress.

Its buttoned, u-necked top, opened to almost the bottom of her breasts, revealed a lovely swash of cleavage. The body of the shirt adhered to her torso lovingly, and the hem just barely managed to cover her succulent ass and angel-tuft of silky yellow cunt hair.

Pulling off the yellow ankle strap high heels he had forced onto her feet, he found a wonderful set of red leg warmers that practically matched the shirt. When he was done only a foot-long portion of her firm thighs were visible. It was an incredibly sexy outfit that suited her beautifully. Then off came the head harness and out came the straps.

The room had been prepared for her particularly. It lay between the stairway door to the attic and the bathroom. His room, where he kept the elder sister, was just a door to the right of the attic. That way, all three girls were only a few feet away from him.

Originally all the rooms had their recessed, gabled windows shuttered and covered with rugs. But he liked sunlight, and he liked what sunlight did to his "guest's" skin, eyes, hair, and attitudes. It gave them hope, which led to even more desperation. So all the shutters were opened, the rugs taken down, and the glass treated so no one could see in...

A padded prod gag was absolutely required for sleep so she wouldn't choke on anything. But there were holes on the inside of the padding so her drool could seep into a sponge within the leather. He thought about spread-eagling her, but she looked so sexy lying there, he taped and strapped her wrists behind her instead, then attached her ankles to the bottom of the



Her tits bulged now out of the yellow wet-look micromini he had forced her into

baseboard with more tape and straps.

Then, just to be on the safe side, he strapped a narrow leather dog collar around her throat and clipped that to the headboard. All the beds in his house were made from a single metal frame instead of welded steel. They were then outfitted with the deepest, strongest, most costly box springs and mattresses, then bolted to the floor thirty-six times — nine times on each leg base.

He stepped back to consider his handiwork. Megan looked absolutely wonderful. His eyes rested on her breast skin, which glowed, slowly rising and falling in the shirt's neck opening as she breathed. Then his eyes inevitably settled on the line of the shirt's hem and her hips. But the pain in his crotch was greater than the ache, which was his signal to call it a night.

He dropped a bulky, heavy vib with fresh batteries on the bed and switched it on. Just to make her think about something interesting when she woke up.

He affixed an i.v. into her arm, which had a nutriment drip in a stand alongside the bed, and left her there. He returned to his room, where Jill lay on the floor where he had dropped her. Perhaps she had fainted after he had cut the tight cheerleader uniform from her lithe sixteen year old body, or perhaps she had lost consciousness after he had assaulted her, but either way, she was comatose enough for him to half carry/half drag her to the bathroom.

There he cut off the black lace bra he had pulled from her pert tits, peeled the tape from her lips, and pulled the sweatsock from her mouth. She managed one pained groan before he quickly forced the plastic plug gag he had used on her siblings into her own mouth. That having been strapped under her hair, he then untied her wrists and handcuffed them in front of her.

Then he did to her what he had done to her sisters beforehand. Her hands clipped to the shower wall above her, she was cleaned, "irrigated" on the shower stall floor, flushed on the toilet, and then freshened on the bidet.

When he brought her back up to her attic room, she was absolutely sweet, her flaxen hair cascading down her back and front, her wrists retied behind her with plastic pull-ties, and her lips resealed with tape. He stood her by her bed, which was pushed against the ceiling's eave, and reached for a plastic bag on the end table as the sunset light covered her from the one round

window at the end of the room.

He had only released her a split second, but it was long enough. Jill let out a short despairing sound, than ran as fast as her young legs could carry her toward the window.

He caught her in midair from behind. Her bare feet actually managed to touch the thick, bullet-proof glass as he pulled her back and clamped the thick, drug-sodden cloth from the plastic bag over her nose.

Her bright blue eyes were huge over the top of the pulpy, sopping cloth and she writhed like a hooked marlin in his arms. But he was anchored heavily on the floor and much stronger than she was. So he just held on, enjoying the sensations of her youthful body contorting against his, the begging sounds coming from beneath the cloth and tape, and the sight of her breasts shaking.

She started jerking against him as if being jolted. Once, twice, then a third time before her entire body shuddered once, then trembled. Her eyelids fluttered as her orbs dimmed and rolled up in her head. Then she sighed and went lax.

He stood there for a few moments, holding her to him still, making sure that the drug had truly taken effect. He could afford to; the days of brain-damaging chloroform were long gone. These sedatives were positively gentle in comparison, and had virtually no side effects, such as the raging headaches and vomiting chloroform caused even when applied correctly.

He stood, enjoying the sunset, as the girl he had deflowered in her own bed, practically above her downstairs mother's head, slept in his arms. He slowly turned, brought her back to her new bed, and laid her slim, sleek, naked body down.

He straightened, savoring her streamlined form, appreciating the way her chest was a growing combination of her middle sister's melons and oldest sister's teardrops. In fact, he could've sworn that her mounds had gotten bigger in between the time he had attacked her and now.

He couldn't help himself. He slowly kneeled and gently suckled on her tiny pink nips and coin-sized aureoles. Finally, when the ache in his loins threatened to team with the pain, he got down to business — dumping the clothes he had brought from her closet onto the floor.

There he found a pale blue, spaghetti-strapped, midriff-baring camisole and a hipbone-hugging pair of blue satin French-cut



He dropped a bulky, heavy vib with fresh batteries on the bed and switched it on...

panties with a triangular patch of lace just above her tawny tuft. He slowly peeled off the tape from her mouth, appreciating the naturally pink lips beneath.

He set those off with a blue ballgag. Usually he let his guests' jaws relax during sleep, but given that Jill was the youngest and most resilient, she could survive a night of aperture. Then he cuffed her big toes around a steel slat in the baseboard and, then, using two pairs of handcuffs, shackled each of her wrists on either side of her waist to the bed frame.

Then, again being unable to resist, he curled her hair into a ponytail and tied it to a slat in the headboard. Now she couldn't get her fingers to her mouth without scalping herself. But, even if she wanted to try, he would be back long before she could. After all, she had tried to throw herself out the window...

So he knew; things were going to change. That kind of attempt revealed the last vestiges of everyday sanity. Now a combination of fear and resignation might set in; a hysterical blind panic that would make her both dangerous and malleable...

But that was tomorrow. Now he affixed an i.v. to her arm, went slowly down the stairs, locked the attic door, and returned to his own bedroom. There Kelly lay, following her

assault, the one he had forced Megan to perform on her, and the witnessing of Jill's violation.

At twenty-one, she was the oldest, and, somehow, the sexiest, but maybe it was because he liked sweet, bright, sprite-like faces, glittering blue eyes, big (but not quite too big) teardrop tits, and a perfect body — consisting of a tiny waist, tight ass, and the longest, shapeliest legs possible.

He had to admit he also liked the fact that, while Jill and Megan were still maturing, he had caught Kelly on the absolute edge — just as she had finished growing and just as she was about to leap completely off into her own life. She was at her absolute optimum and so ambitiously enthusiastic about her possibilities that it was orgasmically exciting that he stole her just at that moment... and that he possessed her now.

She lay as he had left her; spread-eagled, wrists, thumbs, ankles, and big toes strapped, a corset on her shape, stockings on her gams, and a prod gag strapped in her mouth. Leaving her that way — either semi-conscious or pretending to be — he went to the bags of clothing he had taken from her room and emptied them on the floor between the baseboard and walk-in closet.



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He curled her hair into a ponytail and tied it to a slat in the headboard

His eyes immediately went to one of her few business ensembles. He had already ruined one in the bushes of her mother's house, and he remembered how amazing she looked in it, staked down in the dirt, her lower face encased in tape. He looked over at her now, wondering if he could risk not making sure she was out before tending to her.

He shrugged and then poked a 75,000 volt zapper against her side and thumbed the switch. Her eyes snapped open, and she surged in place, making a sound of surprise and defeat. So...she had been awake and was just waiting for her chance. No matter; she was out now. And he took advantage of that fact, untying her from the bed posts, and redressing her in a wicked white teddy he found deep in the bag.

A teddy? Boy, he thought, they all must've been just getting by if she still had a teddy. Those were long out of style. But he had to admit, it looked amazing on her; tight in the crotch, as high as possible up the leg, and bunching her tits together in white lace.

He found some white thigh-highs as well and got those on her before cuffing her ankles to a slat on the far left of the baseboard and cuffing her wrists around a slat on the far right side of the headboard. Then he turned off the lights, undressed, and got into bed with her.

Rolling her onto her left side, he spooned her, wrapping his left forearm around her throat, and squeezing his other hand deep in the left cup of her teddy. "G'night darling," he whispered, then started slowly and carefully nibbling her ear, sucking her throat, and kissing her face.

His hand wandered down until it rested on her inner thigh like a misquito. Then he played her skin with dandelion soft touches and caresses. And he kept going, never getting more intense, until he felt her skin flush and she began to react in spite of herself.

Ah yes, he thought, licking her inner ear, there was something about the Carlsen sisters... the working of their lovely lips... the heft of their breasts ... the firmness of their tummies, the trimness of their waists... the sheen of their hair... the creaminess of their legs...

The clenching of their fists... the flash of their blue eyes... the fear and dread in their faces... the crawling of their flesh... the shuddering of their bodies...

Kelly started to moan and sob quietly, her shoulders and legs trembling, until he finally fell asleep. Then she tried to get her hands and legs free. She tried to get her head close enough to her hands to drag the gag from her mouth. She even tried to get herself away from



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It looked amazing on her; tight in the crotch, as high as possible up the leg, and bunching her tits together in white lace...

his arms and legs.

She failed at all of it.

She cried for about forty-five minutes more, then lost consciousness.

Light flooded into the rooms, waking Megan and Jill. They moaned in anguish, realizing that it had not all been a nightmare. They had been attacked in their own homes. They had been bound, gagged, and raped. They had been affixed in a car and moved to their attacker's house. They had been held captive there. They were still bound and gagged and vulnerable to his every whim. They were still unable to fight, run, or scream for help...

And they were both still exhausted, so they did nothing about the i.v. in their arms. They both just lay there, hoping to wake up again out of their torment.

By then their sister Kelly had been molested for almost two hours.

She had woken from a drugged stupor to find herself just barely seated on the left hand edge of the bed, facing the window. Her feet were wedged in peach-colored high heels, her legs coated with flesh-colored thigh-high stockings, her ankles affixed to a four-foot long spreader bar, her arms wrenched up behind her, and her wrists cuffed to the top of the left bedpost.

The position thrust her torso forward, bending from the waist, her breasts bulging out of a sheer, ruffled, bone-colored silk shirt open to the waist. It was firmly tucked into a peach-colored suit miniskirt, which was jammed up to her hips by her spread legs.

And he had been there beside her, fingers fluttering just inside her shirt and just beneath her skirt's hem. He was there for more than a hundred minutes — at first just tickling her inner thighs and her breast's undersides. Then, after almost a half hour, he started barely touching her labia lips and just barely scraping her nipple tops with his fingernails.

For a while she managed to keep from reacting at all ... but then her body betrayed her. Flashes started inside her eyes. Goosebumps, then sweat, rippled across her skin. Then needles started to prick into her brain.

Her fingers began to splay. Her toes pointed inside the peach high heels. Her wrists and ankles twisted achingly. She began to gasp, then moan behind the wiffle-ballgag. Then drool started to course out the wiffle holes. Tears came out of her eyes. Her nose began to run.

But ... he ... just ... kept ... doing it!

Tickling, tickling, always lightly tickling until she thought she'd go insane. "Do it," she tried to pant. "Get it over with." But either it came out as indecipherable gasps, or he wasn't listening.

Finally, at the ninety-minute mark, he began to move slowly over until he was lightly pinching her clit and left nipple. Kelly thought her head would come off, and the sounds she started making went beyond moans or gasps into something desperate, pleading, and indescribable.

Then his cock crown was there. Not pressing, not entering ... just there, touching her labia lips the way a cone cradles a scoop of ice cream. But his fingers never stopped stimulating her clitoris and nipple, until it was she who tried to force her hips down onto him.

But the bondage wouldn't let her. She gave out a noise of insane frustration and revulsion, but then just had to stay there as he continued touching, and tickling, and caressing so lightly it was like a moth's wings.

She started babbling at him, trying to wrench herself up, but he just placed his hand over her mouth and kept lightly caressing her girlhood. She moaned into his hand, letting her head go back as far as it could.

She only closed her eyes for a second. Then his tongue was at her nipple, too.

It was the sharp, sudden sound she made then that might have helped waken her sisters. But then he had brutally pressed a brick of tape over her ballgagged mouth, hitting her in the face with his cock as he stood.

"There," he said. "Now you've gone and done it." Then he quickly and neatly affixed nipple clamps to her sensitized tits and, before she even knew what was happening, two more to her labia lips.

He left her as she tried to scream, leap out of her skin, or tear herself apart. But the two hours had exhausted her more than she knew. She only managed one or two shrieks and wrenches of her body before she slumped, moaning in increasing sexual agony as the clamps' fire caught and burned within her.

Her eyes grew smoky and their lids drooped. While she really didn't lose consciousness, the last thing she coherently remembered seeing was mucous and drool coursing down her chest and between her breasts like an Egyptian river. ■

to be continued...

MOTHER-IN-LAW

Lucas - HARO

Red hair, green eyes, magnificent tits, a small waist, a firm and perky ass, delicate white skin, a beautiful face ... yes, Rebecca is one beautiful woman. Beautiful and strangely disturbing.

As you can imagine, she had plenty of opportunities to be unfaithful to my dear little Rudolph.

I have to admit, she had a motive or two as well. On the positive side, Rudolph has a lot going for him. He's blond, handsome and he's a Lieutenant in the SS. On the negative side, he's impotent. To be more precise, I think he may be impotent with women. I strongly suspect he's a faggot. He's never told me, but I'm his mother, so I suppose he wouldn't.

Poor little Rebecca! She would have been more careful if she'd known who I am! Gunnila von Reich, intimate friend of the Führer himself!

The truth is, I'm rather glad she's been putting her cunt out for another man. It gives me a good excuse for punishing her. I'm into punishing people, you see, especially women with lovely big tits like hers. It just turns me on. It's even more fun if they're not lesbian!

When I get fed up playing around with her, I'll put her in a military brothel. I'll make good money from these big floppy tits and that lovely wet little cunt of hers too!

"Tell me, my dear, are you going to chew your mother-in-law's lips now, or shall I put another clamp on your nipples?"

"Mmmmmmm ... mmmmmmmmm" she nods, desperately.

Actually, I didn't need to ask. She agreed last night, when I stripped her naked, gagged her with a pair of my own dirty panties, tied her elbows behind her back, and put a knobbly stick up her back passage.

I decide to put another clamp on her big tits. Plenty of room for it!

"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" she shouted as the sharp teeth bit in. It's a good

clamp. The spring is strong enough to support a soldier's kit bag. And the poor little girl has such sensitive breasts! Especially this morning, after a night with the clamps on, and her neck and ankles chained to the bed.

It made my thatch drip just to see her!

"Now we'll see if you enjoy being with your Mother-in-law!" I said as I got to work on her.

It was a long session. I like to give all my new whores a good working over, inch by inch. I stroke and lick every fold of their skin. First on the front and then on the back. It's a drag changing their position, but I don't feel they're really mine until I've licked them everywhere.

I had a good time and Rebecca didn't have such a bad time, considering she's not really into women. She ended up coming like a road drill! The fact is, I've got a lot of experience and the tools for the job ... like "Throb" my multivibrator, twelve inches of fucking-stick with a built-in clitoris stimulator. And I always give my girls a tablet of Dewflow to keep them moist. It never fails.

"My turn again!" I said, opening my legs and sitting on her face.

I came like a professional. Like a professional slut, it's true, like a dirty cunt-licking, oil-dripping slut! The juice just oozes out of me every time I have a good ride! Rebecca got a good mouthful of it! She couldn't swallow fast enough, especially when I let the piss out too! Ha! ha! ha! Pints and pints of top quality cunt-juice with a dash of Grade A urine coming down too fast to swallow, running all over her chin! I saved some of the piss for her breasts and then I directed the last of it right straight into her cunt. I held her head tight with both hands and rubbed my cunt over her face. I got her whole face in! She slurped every time she tried to take a breath!

SLUURP!!! HMMMMM!!! SLUURP!!!

I can't get her to work on me with her tongue,



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Tell me, my dear, are you going to chew your mother-in-law's lips now, or shall I put another clamp on your nipples?

though. So I decide to make things clearer.

"Now are you going to lick me or not?" I say, tugging on her nipple clamps.

Rebecca gasps, then nods quickly and mumbles through the dirty underwear.

I stroke her affectionately on the breasts. She starts crying.

"We're going to be good friends, you and me," I say. "Now I'm going to take the gag off and you can start by giving your lovely mother-in-law a kiss on the mouth and a good lick inside it too. A big wet kiss, the way Rudolf likes them, with plenty of military spit and polish! And get that tongue going!"

She nods again. She's learning fast. She kisses me and gives me some tongue.

"Now what about my tits? Do you like your mother-in-law's big tits? They're a lot of work, but I want you to clean and lick and suck them until they're both wet and shining ... aagh! ... good! ... now this one! ... now I'm going to sit on you and you can suck on my clit and give it some tongue, OK?"

She doesn't reply - too busy sucking. I have the impression that from now on she'll do whatever I want.

"And then you're gonna lick your mother-in-law's ass! The way you've been licking your boyfriend's dick! I want it good and clean. Is that clear?"

No reply, but who cares? I'm still getting a good suck here. I'm breathing faster and starting to drip again. I can feel it oozing down my thigh.

I take off her gag and bring my wet thigh up to her face. "Lick that up, you filthy slut and let me hear you slurp!"

LICK!!! SLUUUURP!!! SUCK!!!

"Get your tongue in! Aaagh!!! ... Chew me!!! ... Lick me!!! ... Harder!!! ... AAAGHHH!!!"

I grab her head with both hands and hold it tight against my cunt again. This time I push and push into her face. I'm pushing faster and faster, gasping and groaning and jerking onto the hard tongue and suddenly I'm losing control and this big wave of an orgasm shakes me and my eyes start to close ... and ... aagh!!! ... and ... UGH!!! ...UGH!!! ... and

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

I jerk into her wet face and I groan and it's like a big wave coming all over me.

I let go of her head and sink down onto the bed.

Silence...

When I open my eyes again, I see her beautiful red hair spread out on the sheet. For a moment I think how lovely she looks, but then I remember she's here to be punished.

I untie her hands. "Now wipe my cunt clean with your hair! Inside the lips too!"

When she's finished I put my fingers up her tell her one of my plans for her future.

"Y'know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to sew a fifteen-inch dick onto your cunt so you can put it up the ass of that faggoty husband of yours. You promised to make him happy, didn't you? Well you will!"

Her eyes open wide. Maybe she didn't know he was gay: Who cares? I roll my fingers around and masturbate her again and again.

"You didn't know my son was gay? Tough luck! That's no excuse for being unfaithful! You're going to be punished for that. You're going to be fucked senseless by men and women. You're going to be whipped and caned all over your body until you've got red welts everywhere, all over your ass and your big tits and your tasty cunt! You're going to be the soldiers' delight: one big, red, sore, dripping, orgasm machine!"

Meanwhile, all this dirty talk has turned me on again!. I put my head down between her legs and lick her.

This time she does not protest. She knows that things could be worse, and she knows that they will be.!

Lieutenant von Reich has been listening behind the door. He smiles and enters the room just as his mother is going down onto his wife's vagina with long, firm strokes of the tongue.

His mother looks up, smiling. His wife stares, eyes open wide.

"It has been an interesting conversation, Mother. I see you know a lot about my wife's sexual habits, and my own! You are right, she deserves to be punished. She has compromised my career by her public infidelity with another SS officer! And I wish to do the punishing myself. She will be taken to SS headquarters where we are experimenting with new and rather interesting methods of sexual torture! I want this slut beg for death..." ■

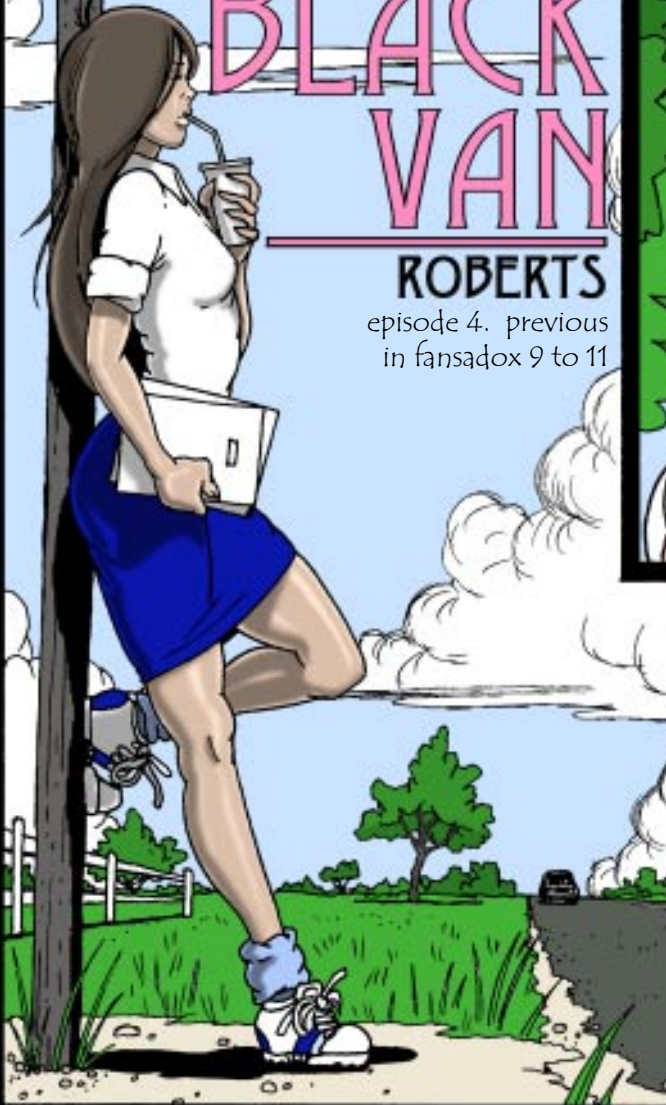
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BLACK VAN

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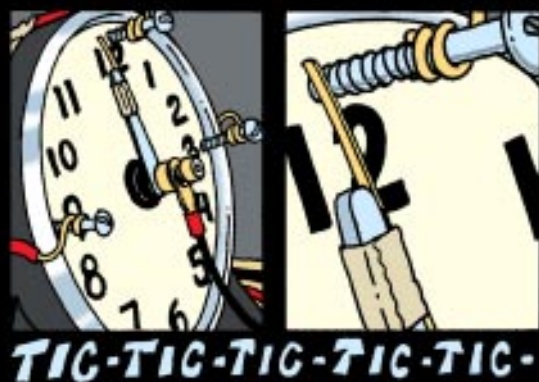
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OH GOD! NO!! EEEEEEEEEKK!!!





OOOHH... A FIGHTER! GOOD!

NICE ASS...

NNNNNNNNNN!!

NNNN-NNNN!!
NNNNNNNN!!



NNNNNNNNNN!!



YOU LUCKY BITCH! YOU'RE GOING TO GET SO MUCH DICK TONIGHT!

NN-NNNN!

GET THE LITTLE CUNT NAKED! WE'RE HERE!





HAVING FUN, BITCH?

NNNNNNN!

THE NEXT SHOW STARTS NOW!

NNNN! PLS!

SHOW OUR NEW PUSSY WHAT FUN SHE'S GOING TO HAVE!

UHH!

TIC-TIC

-TIC-TIC-TIC-TIC-TIC

ZZZZ!!

TIC-TIC-TIC-TIC-TIC



GOOD! I WANT MY DICK IN THIS BITCH NOW!

THEN GO ON! FUCK HER!

NNNN!



I NEED TO CUM IN THIS WHORE ONE MORE TIME
UH! UH!

UUUUH..H..

NOW YOU CAN SUCK HER NASTY PUSSY OFF HIS DICK!



NNNN!

AAAAH! UHH!
OOOOH! UH!

ON THE BED, LITTLE BITCH



YEAH... WHILE YOU SIT ON HIS COCK AND HUMP IT WITH YOUR TIGHT CUNT!

UUUH! NNN!

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