

# FANSADOX

13

THE BLACK VAN

*roberts*

GISELLE

*roberts*

SADIX

*de Haro*

SEX SLAVES  
OF ROME

*badia*

AMBASSADOR'S  
DAUGHTER

*thorn*

BOUGHT & TAMED

*paul*

HAT TRICK

geoff merrick - Haffnium72

YAKUZA  
SLAVEGIRLS  
ROBERTS

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# BOUGHT & TAMED

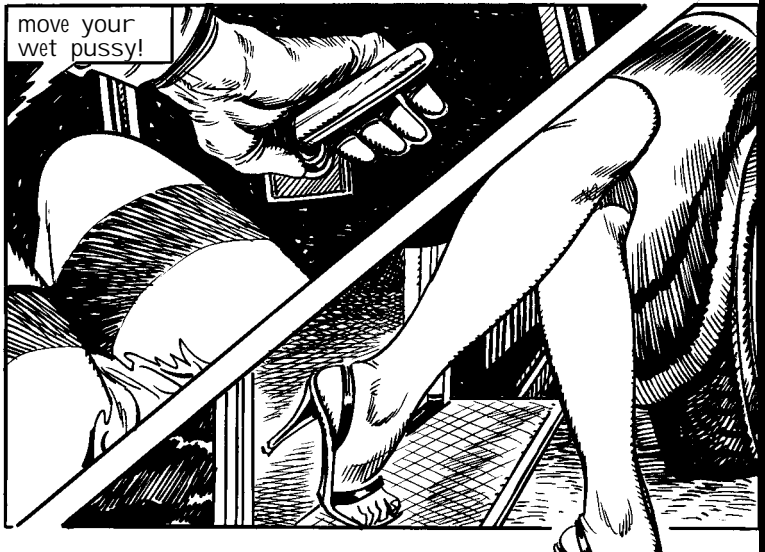


**Sara lives in Miami with her divorced mother.** Sara is a young, independent, University student. She has never visited her parents' native land. Her father dies and she inherits a large estate in the heart of the Colombian jungle. She decides to go and visit it... She arranges for her old uncle Alfonso 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..

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**EPISODE 6**  
previous in Fansadox 8 to12  
**LUCAS-PAUL**

next day, Raúl went to the village to show off his niece... no one said a word...

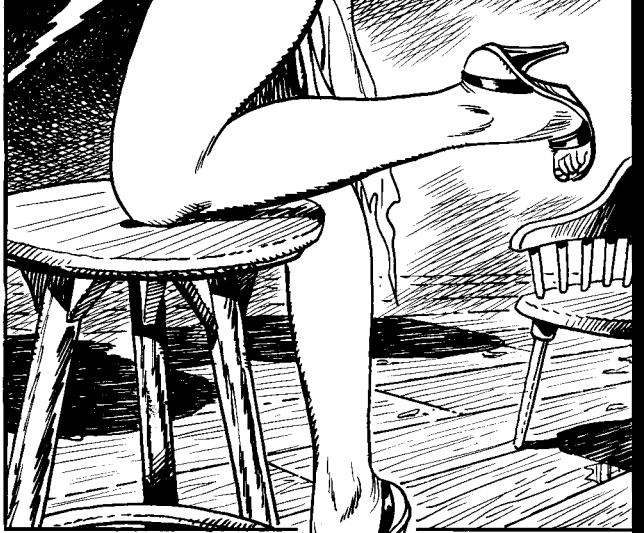




move... slut!



kneel on here... and wait for your uncle to finish the game...



and suck on this... i wanna hear you!



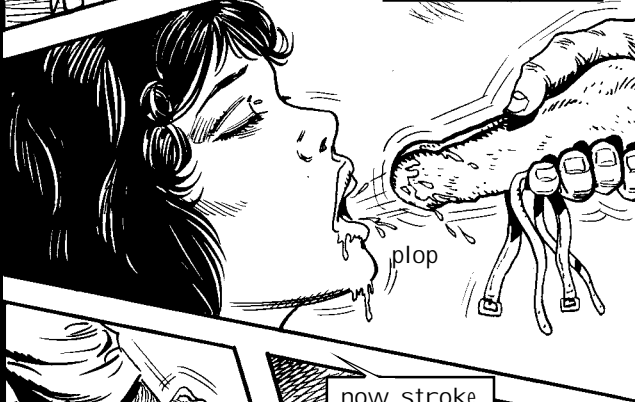
an hour later and still sucking,  
sara weeps in humiliation...



you win, you bastard...  
the slut's yours!  
a bet's a bet!



open your mouth  
wide, you whore!



now stroke  
my balls...



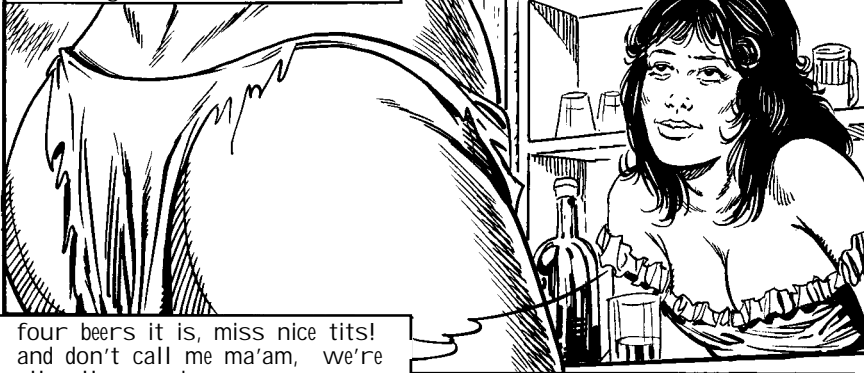
that's the way...  
suck... suck!  
ugh! harder!...



quit fucking around now  
and bring us some beers!



four beers please, ma'am...  
for the gentlemen of that table...



four beers it is, miss nice tits!  
and don't call me ma'am, we're  
all colleagues here...

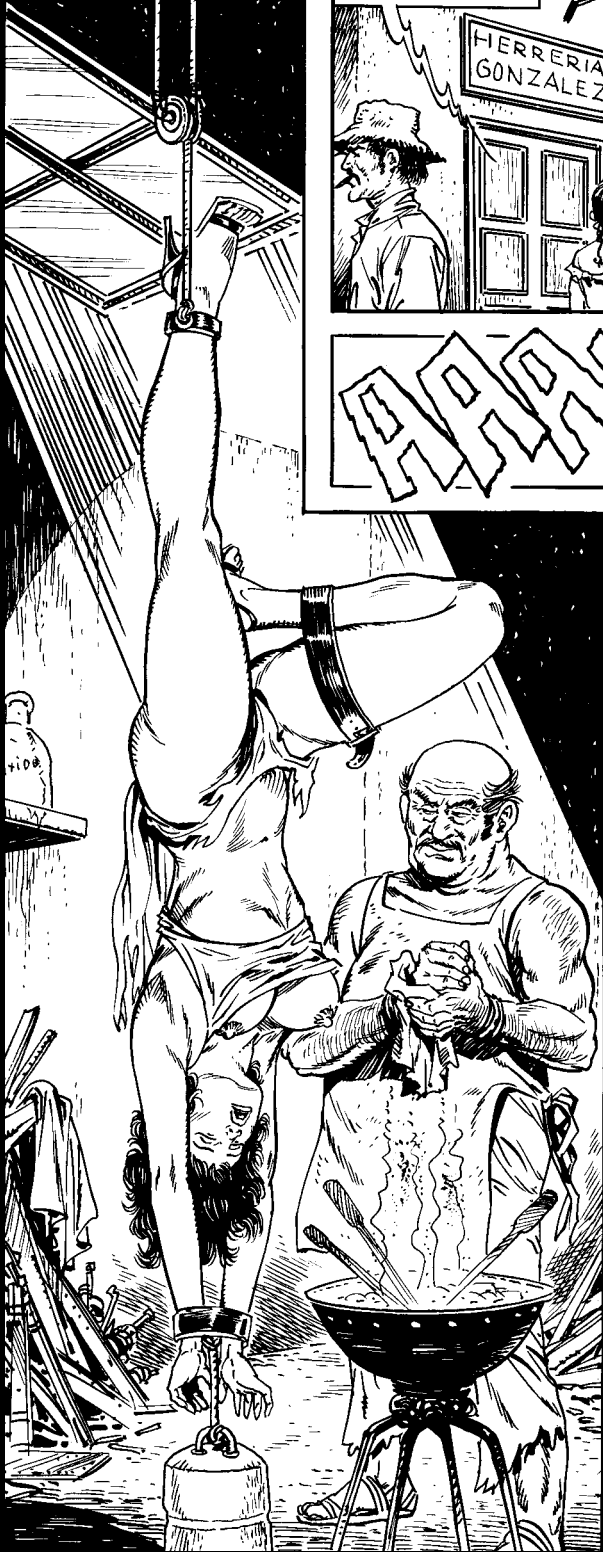
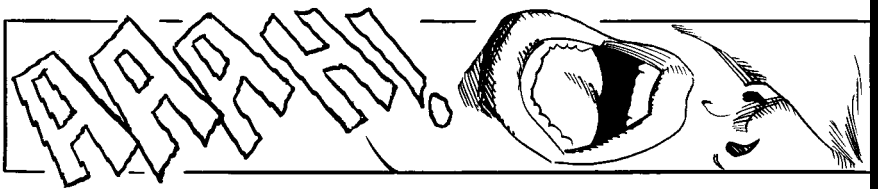
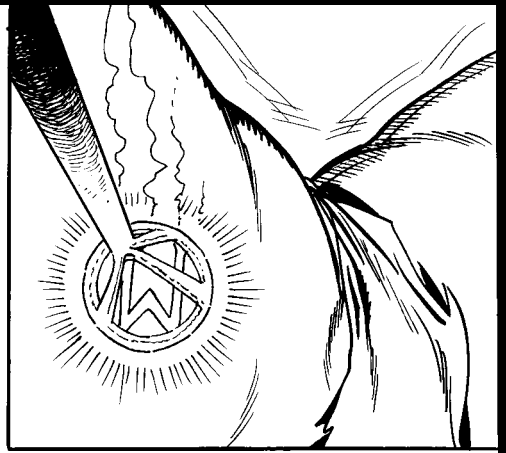


hold that tray still, there's no  
room for it on the table! and  
don't spill any of the beer!

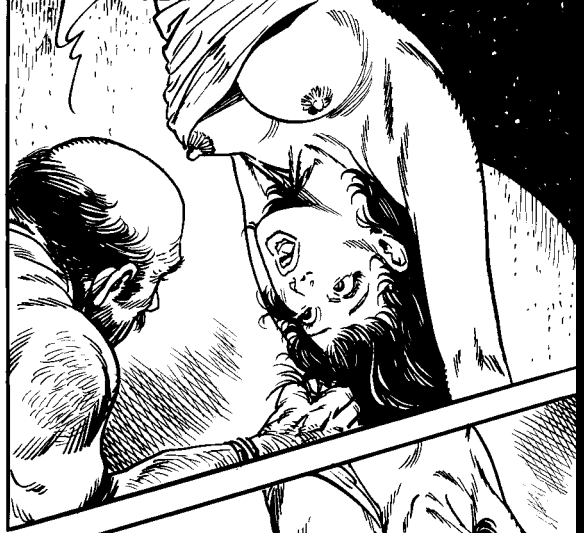


later raul takes his niece to the smith...

brand her with 'm' for ma-  
tanzas... top of the thigh,  
like a cow... good and clear  
and make it last  
all her life!



looks beautiful, slutface.. gonzalez is a  
good smith! ain't you gonna thank me?



yes!.. of course!..

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to be continued

# GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 3. Previous in Fansadox 12

**Our hero, tired of sniffing his stepdaughter's knickers, decided to move into the world of action. He kidnapped her two days ago. These were his parting words last night...**

**"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. And tomorrow will be better...**

**Halfway up the steps I turn round:**

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

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

I'm in a bad mood, and horny as hell, to make things worst.

I keep thinking about that fucking girl from the supermarket checkout. She gives me an aching prick every time I look at her! She's pure sex. She's pure snob too, and unfriendly and rude. OK, I made a fool of myself today, I know! I couldn't take my eyes off her big, round thighs. My hands were shaking, I couldn't find my wallet. I was stuttering, drooling... I kept imagining her shut up in the cage here with Giselle. The two of them chained together by the tongue!

And the traffic was hell too. I killed time by planning the tongue job. An ordinary curtain ring would do the trick. Both of them stripped naked with their mouths open and their lips and tongues stuck together, sharing the same ring...

As if they were kissing each other...

Shit! My balls are aching. I've got to do something, and Giselle will find out soon enough what it is!

I get my clothes off, pick up the whip and go down to the basement, ready to hurt her.

I kick the door open, switch the spotlight on and hit the cage to announce my presence.

It smells of urine and come. And woman. Juicy woman's cunt...

Giselle is still on her knees, with her nipples attached to the bars. Still unconscious, more dead than alive...

I promised to piss in her face and that's exactly what I do. I'm just what this titty slut needs, a man of his word, a mature, stable relationship with plenty of discipline...

"Good morning, slave ... ready to empty my bollocks?" I ask, directing the stream into her eyes and into her wide open mouth...

"Gaaaaaggg ... mmmmm gaaaagggg,,"

"Your Daddy is running a good hard-on these days," I say. "Your mother's worried you haven't called her, and she's not into fucking, or maybe it's me, I don't know... Anyway it's up to you now to fulfil your mother's obligations".

"Gaaaggg ... mmmmmm ... gaaaagg..."

I can't make out too much of what she's saying, but who cares? I decide to change her position before I fuck her. She's weak and I don't want her blacking out on me again. It's a practical question. No one likes fucking an unconscious throat, one that doesn't swallow, doesn't suffer... You pay a whore for that. You

don't go to the trouble of hunting down a sex slave, with the price of pet food these days.

So I let her nipples go...

"AAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I tie her up "comfortably" with her back against the bars. The wood under her knees keeps her concentrating. Her thumbs are tied up and the string around her nipples is digging in too. A tug every now and again keeps her mind on the job. And if I fancy a wank between her tits, I have my hands free to get a good squeeze from both sides...

"Ready? Daddy's gonna fuck your mouth now..."

"Mmmmm... mmmm ... noooggggggg..."

Perfect. The groans and the good run of saliva down her chin mean she's awake...

I stroke her face with my dick. She's lovely... I don't know what my wife did to have a good-looker like this.

I run my dick over her eyes, wet with tears, her cheeks, her forehead, her hair, her wet chin, ears, nose...

"Do you like the smell of Daddy's dick?"

"Mmmmmm ... mmmmmmmmm..."

She doesn't seem to like it. It doesn't matter. I pull her hair back, go in through the ring and carry on in until I feel her throat.

"Agggggggghhhhh ... Agggggggghhhhh!"

I tug on the nipple string and I give her a good shake...

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

I'm fed up to the bollocks!" I shout, indignantly, still shaking her. "Will you stop that choking?"

I give a good push and sink my dick deeper into her throat. I put my knee into her stomach too. Her nose is bleeding.

Aaaaaaghhhhh! Pure pleasure!

I would like to drag things out a bit, but it's too much for me, I have to fuck Giselle's face, fuck my stepdaughter's face...

I pull her hair and I pull her face onto my stomach. She's choking. More fun that way. I get pumping and feel the spunk building up, asking to be let out, spitting its way out, hitting the tip now, and Giselle's throat is squeezing it as she gags for air...

I pull out quickly and spit the rest of it into her face.

"Ugh" Aaagh! I always wanted to shoot off into your face, you dirty slut..."

I still feel worked up so I slap her a couple of times. She deserves it.

When I calm down I show her the hooks, the rings, the pliers...

"I'll start with your cute, sexy little nose," I say, sitting on the stool in front of her.

"NOOOOOOGGGGGGGGGG..."

NOOOOOOOOGGGGGGGGGG!!!"

She's terrified. And sexy with all that saliva and come all over her ring.

I put the hooks in her nose and fix them tight to the back of her collar. Her head comes up and her nostrils flare up. I make a hole with the pliers in the wall between the nostrils.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGFFFFFFFFFFFF!!!"

Then I put the ring in.

"AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

AAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGFFFFFFFFFFFF!!!"

I keep her quiet by catching the tongue with the pliers through the ring and pulling it out...

"A nose with a ring is sexy. It's obedient too," I explain.

And I perforate her tongue and put the second ring in...

"They say a pierced tongue works better - you'll find out when you lick my dick and my ass. Or my balls. Ha! ha! ha! And they say you talk better, you talk sensual. I'll have to take the ring-gag out some time and see if it's true! Ha! ha! ha!..."

I'm getting horny again. I'd like to try the tongue ring, but not yet. Plenty of time. I show her the vibrator I put in the first day. It's monstrous, huge... I switch it on. and it jumps onto the ground. I pick it up.

"Your Daddy is a good Daddy. He just wants you to have a good time..."

I stick it right up her cunt.

"AAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

I tie a rope around her waist, good and tight, and another between her thighs, over the base of the vibrator.

I put one foot by her hip and pull brutally on the rope until the vibrator slips right up her cunt, all the way.

Tears, saliva, semen on her face and chin. Delicious, sexy.

I grab her by the hair, kiss her and spit into her mouth...

She groans...

I stroke her thighs ... her skin is driving

me crazy...

"Do your knees hurt?"

"Giiiiiggggggggg ... giiiiiiiiiggg!"

More tears, more saliva and more semen coming out of the ring. Her breasts quiver and wobble with each sob, her thighs vibrate and her legs are shaking from the stick under her knees.

The pain must be terrible.

She looks at me, begging for mercy with her eyes...

I slap her.

"Don't look at me like that. You deserve all this and more. You remember how you made me randy at home? In and out of the shower with nothing on your feet and your bathrobe open! And then you went out dressed up like a whore to "study" with your friends. And you left me wanking in the bathroom, breathing in your perfume, sniffing your dirty panties ... or fucking that lump of cold meat, your mother! You bastard! You cunt! Don't wind me up 'cos you'll regret it!"

I stroke her legs ... the calves all cramped up ... and her strung-up thumbs ... and I fondle the inside of her thighs...

It calms me down to see her suffer. So I make the most of it and go off for a quick sandwich in the bar on the corner.

**B**ack again and with four beers inside me, I tie her wrists up and tie her elbows together.

And I adjust the nose hook so that her lovely little mouth is at the right angle...

"Time to test this tongue, OK?"

No response. I pull on the nipple string and shake her again...

"Listen to me, you slut! You're gonna lick my dick with the ring in. Sounds like a song, eh?" I shake her again and she obeys...

She sticks her tongue out through the gag and licks my balls and then my dick, all the way up and down, up and down... A lot of saliva and tears. And not much interest.

It's OK, but I had expected something else. Maybe I should go up her ass? I press her face against me. Why do I like her face so much?

"Tongue out, slave!"

I use the word 'slave' from time to time. I

feel more manly, more powerful...

I choke her against my dick, against my thick bush, against my balls... I force her head back, crouch down over her and suffocate her between my buttocks...

"Get your tongue out or I'll pull your nipples off..."

Yes, the fucking ring is better there! I thank her with a rich fart in her face.

I'm getting horny again...

I'm still holding her hair and I open her throat and press her against my stomach until the choking and reaching bring on my orgasm...

I shoot off. Her wet chin is against my balls.

"Aaagh! ... Ugh! ... That's better! Our relationship has come on a lot in the last few days!"

"Gaaagggggg ... gaaaaaggaaaaagggggggg" she replies, bringing up the semen and spitting it out of the ring.

Her big blue eyes beg me to stop, tearful. But I have a feeling there's a hint of disapproval in that look. I know it. I had to put up with it often enough at home.

I slap her twice. I enjoy it.

"Now you've got it coming to you..."

I pass the string that's hanging from her nipples through the nose ring and the tongue.

And I pull until her breasts don't give any more, until she drops her head in humiliation, the way she should...

"Don't look at me that way again, you bitch!" I warn her with a kick in the stomach.

And I leave. It's four o'clock and her mother's waiting for me to go to the doctor. Sexologist actually. It seems she's not too happy with my performance.

I turn round on the steps and say goodbye to her daughter, once my stepdaughter and now my fucking-slave...

"You'll spend the night like that and tomorrow you'll dance for me. And you'll fuck me with your cunt. We'll have a good time, you'll see... Have a good rest!" ■

to be continued...

# MINE AT LAST...

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noogggg...  
noogggg...  
noogggg...

ready? daddy's gonna fuck your pretty mouth now...



do you like the taste of daddy's dick?

i always wanted to shoot off into your face, you dirty slut

i'll start with your cute, sexy little nose

a nose with a ring is sexy, it's obedient too



nooggg...  
nooggg...



agh...



agh...

look! your daddy is a good daddy

noooooog  
noooooog

...and a pierced tongue works better...



noooooog  
noooooog  
noooooog  
noooooog

...he just wants you to have a good time

how you dare? don't look at me that way again, you bitch!!!

you'll spend the night like that and tomorrow you'll dance for me. and you'll fuck me with your cunt. we'll have a good time, you'll see

noooooog  
noooooog  
noooooog  
noooooog

noogggg...  
noooooogggggggggggggg...  
noogggg...

slurps slurps  
slurps  
slurps slurps  
slurps slurps

time to test this tongue, ok?

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to be continued

# HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick - HAFNIUM'72

Episode 5. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 12

If he had thought the family was just getting by before, he knew it now. The same frugality that limited Kelly wardrobe to two suits and her nightclothes to an out-of-date teddy also effected her sisters' wardrobe.

"You girls are lucky," he joked to a anesthetized Megan, holding up her minimal outfits. "Pretty soon you'd have to start putting out to get nice clothes. Haven't you heard of basic black?"

Then he stilled, realizing that there was not an article of clothing in any of their bags that was black. He had a revelation. That must have been purposeful. Their mom must have known that black would have set off their eyes, hair, skin, and bodies so strikingly that they would become the targets of every man who saw them....

Suddenly he knew what he was going to do

that day. By the time he got back to Kelly, her head was hanging down to her knees, sweat making a stain on the carpet beneath her hair. She was making some sort of dying noise behind the tape, the clips bobbing in the air off her hanging nipples and lower lips as if of their own accord.

He had been right. If he hadn't taped her mouth, she would have used her lips, teeth, and even the holes in the small wiffle ball to tear the clamps from her nips and lips. He quickly moved over to her already dazed body and hit her on the back of the head with a padded blackboard eraser.

The delivery man rang the doorbell. No one answered. He rang it again. He waited for a few moments, then looked at the package in his hand. He immediately recognized the



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return address. Everyone knew that name. Someone was getting some nice lingerie.

He rang the doorbell again.

Upstairs, Kelly screamed again, her arms jerking, her legs trembling, her tits jiggling. She was standing on her knees, her ankles lashed to her thighs. Her arms were together behind her, lashed to the rear bedpost closest to the bedroom door, as were her calves. Her hair was actually braided to the bedpost, keeping her from banging her head. In her mouth was an orifice-filling pump gag attached to a half-hood that adhered to everything between her nostrils and collarbone.

And on her nipples, tiger balm and Ben-Gay ointment. Between her legs, just under her cunt, was a turned-off dildo. On her body, the remains of her shirt, skirt, and stockings hung.

The doorbell rang again. Kelly screamed and screamed and screamed, shaking.

Nothing moved. Outside the room, on the other side of the door, there was silence.

Out on the porch, the delivery man shrugged and left the package between the screen and inner door. Somebody's going to be happy, he thought, as he got into his truck and drove away.

**M**egan couldn't believe it. She was one sheet of metal and one pane of glass away from rescue. She looked up from the floor of the van, seeing people actually walking by. She shouted at them for help, but the bandage around her lower face, anchored under her chin and over the bridge of her nose — holding in stuffing made from her own torn up clothes — wasn't having any of it.

She tried again to hit the van door, but the single glove laced up her arms, keeping her hands deep in her ass crack, prevented her. She tried to kick the floor, but the single boot laced down her legs, tying her feet to the seat base, stopped that, too. Otherwise she was wearing her best dress; a purple velvet v-neck mini.

"Jill," she tried to call out. "Do something!"

But her younger sister had her own problems. She was sitting in the passenger captain's chair, wearing what looked to be an eleven year-old's party dress with ruffles at the mid-length skirt and high neckline. There were ruffled white ankle socks and shiny, black, low-heeled "Buster Brown" shoes on her feet. To all the world, who could barely see her through the van's darkened windows, she looked to be a young lady waiting to go to a friend's birthday party.

But if anyone had been able to see through

the glass closely enough they would have seen that, while some of her hair was in pig-tails with ribbons around them, the rest of her hair behind her head was cunningly tied to the headrest in four places.

They may have also noticed the clear plastic strap around her throat, which was also attached to the headrest. And they might have also noticed that her small smile was just a tad artificial. Then they may have noticed that her mouth was actually just painted on clear tape pressed deeply into her skin, its edges blended in with more makeup.

Maybe they still wouldn't have been able to see her pleading eyes from behind the Sailor Moon sunglasses, but, had they have looked even closer, they certainly might have seen the tears running down her cheeks, mingling with the sweat that poured down her body.

Or the way her arm muscles strained, or the way her white lace wrist-gloves seemed a little stiff, or the way her flat torso shifted, or the way her legs seemed to hum in place — her crossed ankles disappearing under the lip of her seat. They also might have noticed the dark single wire, chosen to blend into the upholstery, that snaked from the cigarette lighter socket on the dashboard to under the hem of her party dress.

He had run that dildo mercilessly in the garage, while he was affixing Megan in the back of the van — waiting for it to push Jill, her chest brutally taped under the dress, beyond struggle into fatigue. Now he watched with a small smile as people passed him on the sidewalk, no one taking a second look at the shadowy figure in the van parked far away from the rest of the mall.

His investment in the van was paying off. The super strong shocks was taking whatever the girls were dishing out, and the tinted windows plus sound-proofing were taking care of business too. What were 222 pounds of female flesh vs. several tons of fine automotive engineering?

"Hey," he said, opening the back door so, even if there were anyone nearby, they couldn't see Megan attached to the floor of the second seat, and Jill blocked by the headrest and passenger seat. "Miss me?"

The sisters tried their best to scream, but it had all the effect of a two crippled doves. Then he was in with the packages and the door sealed behind him.

"Oh, you lucky, lucky girls," he mocked, showing them the bags from Rave On,

Fredrick's, and Eight East. "You're going to thank me for this. But first..." He suddenly dropped to his knees, his legs on either side of Megan's waist. As she shrieked and tried to sit up or kick, he sat on her stomach, grabbed the neckline of her dress, and tore it down to her waist.

"I've been waiting all day for this," he grunted as her mounds came free. Then his hands were on the outside of them, his cock was wedged between them, and he started getting a tit fuck without another word.

Megan stared up at him in hatred and disbelief, her face growing scarlet at the attempts to swear, but he didn't care. With the single glove forcing her to lay on her arms, and the single boot keeping her from kicking, her sex sacks were fair game.

It didn't take long. After all, it had been more than twelve hours since he fucked anyone, but his potency was proven when the cum spewed across Megan's neck and face. She shuddered, turning away angrily, but then he was up, redoing his pants.

"Now no complaints," he chided as he made his way to the driver's seat. "That'll have to do until I can get your legs spread safely."

However she responded was drowned out

in the engine starting, and then he smiled over at Jill. "Hey there, little darling," he sneered. "You miss your widdle dada?"

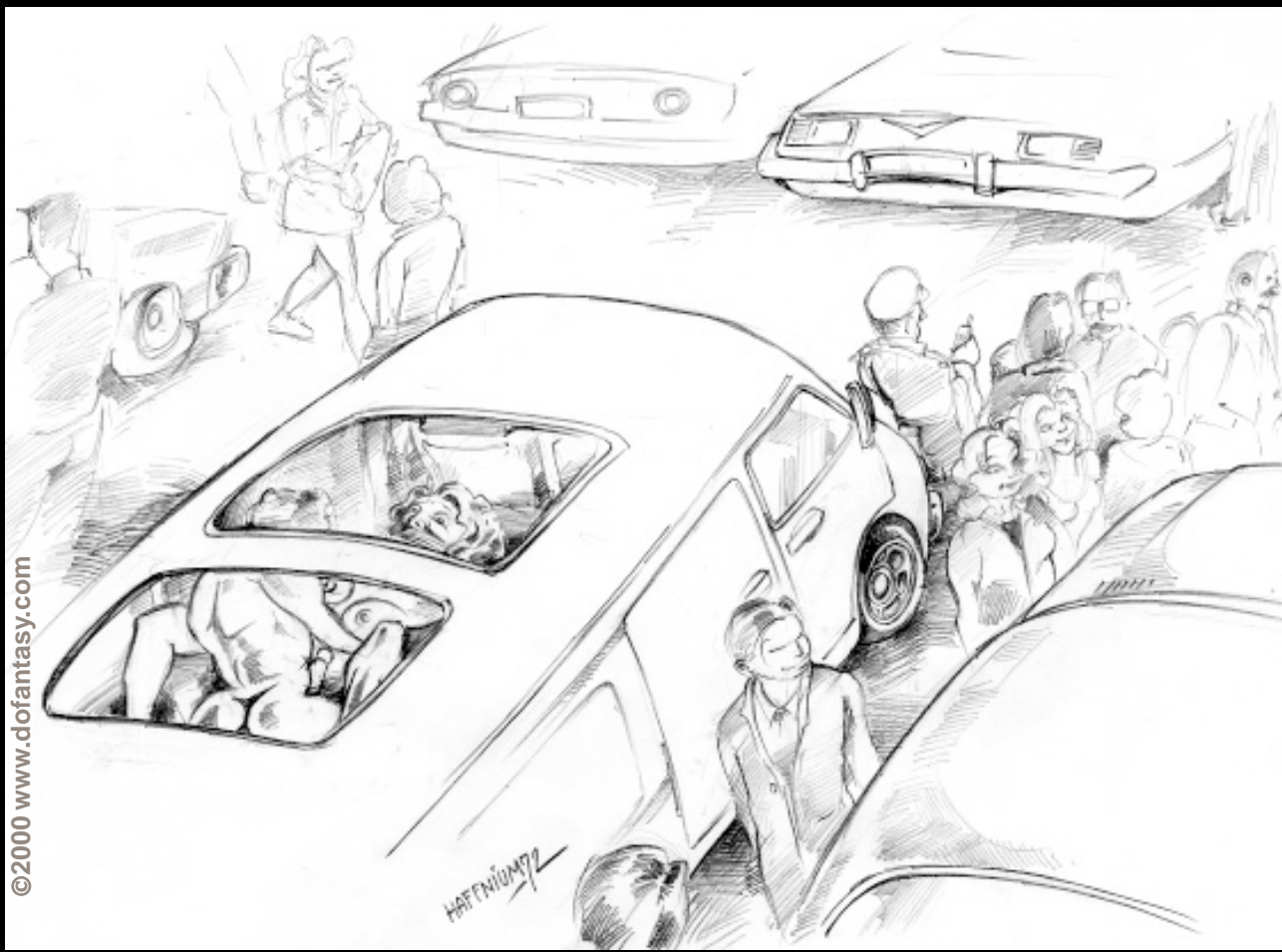
Her head seemed to jerk, but even he couldn't see her eyes behind the dark, dark shades.

"Geez," he said, putting the van in gear. "Wouldn't it be great to even make a fist? But that's what taping your fingers do." Then he was out of the parking lot and heading for the open road.

He nearly stopped a few times before he got home, but his smarts were stronger than his desire. To risk losing them now when he only had a few more miles to hold out wasn't worth it. But as soon as he pulled into his property's garage and the door closed automatically behind them, he was on the youngest girl like a deer tick.

First he pulled the seat lever, and she dropped, with a squeal, to a lying position. He yanked off the sunglasses to see her wet, frantic eyes. Then he cut loose her ankles from the strap holding them beneath the seat, and quickly restrapped them wide to the seat bottom. Then, slowly, agonizingly, out came the still humming dildo.

Then his knife came out and the dress was



cut from its frilly neck to its waist. Then he carefully sliced the tape, exulting in removing it slowly from her chest as she cried out in pain, watching as her c-cups seemed to blossom and grow.

Then he was on her in the remnants of her child-like party dress, sliding his erection across the seat, under the skirt's hem, and between her legs. Its crown found her lower lips, spreading them. Then, with a surge, curling his arms under her shoulders, he was in as she groaned miserably and Megan bleated below her head.

Inside the quiet garage, lit by one overhead bulb, the van rocked slightly, as if quivering. Within the vehicle he gloried inside her still tight, still wet, still warm cunt, her silken thighs caressing his, her freed mounds squashed by his chest. Staring down at her pained eyes over her fake smile, he swiped his hand across her lower face until the makeup disappeared and he could clearly see the tape silencing her.

"There," he said cruelly, "that's better." She spasmed as he rammed deeper inside her again, her feet twisting in their bonds.

She grunted and grunted and grunted as he rutted until, after awhile, even Megan stopped trying to yell. Only then, without pausing in his assault on Jill, did his right hand drop down and purposefully started smearing his cum across the middle sister's tits.

That got them both going again, crying and contorting, until he ejaculated. Jill stiffened, sobbing, feeling his jism spurt inside her, while Megan squealed, his climax making him squeeze her left tit like playdough.

Then he grunted, growled, and collapsed, making Jill wheeze with the pressure. "There," he finally huffed. "That takes care of that. What do you say we see how your sister's doing?"

"The problem with you guys is that you don't dress sexy enough," he said to the air as he carried their drugged bodies back in the duffel bag. "You got the equipment, why not announce it?"

"Why, sure, your bikinis and business suits are sexy, too," he told the oblivious, practically catatonic Kelly as he undid her limp form from the bedpost and dropped her onto the mattress, "but nothing to what you could achieve with just a little imagination. You know what I mean?"

She didn't even try to reply. She was too far gone for that. He was about to continue, but then

stopped. He stared at her: privates peeking out from the torn shirt and skirt, long limbs marred by bondage burns, blue eyes closed and red lips slackened....

"Hey," he said softly. "You're pretty cute, you know? How'd you like going out on a date tonight?"

He spent the next six hours tending to his new guests' daily beauty regimen. Each was drugged, laid out on their respective beds, given nutriment, cleansed, and then treated with every imaginable moisturizer, revitalizer, ointment, and lotion he had found — getting to know every centimeter of their bodies as he poured it on and rubbed it in until they practically glowed with smooth, soft beauty.

Only then did she dress them, tie them, and shut them up.

Jill looked like an R-rated teen star, all decked out in a back and midriff-baring ensemble of a shiny, plasticene, skintight, v-necked, halter top that tied at the bottom of her tits — gathering them up and yanking them toward each other — and matching "pant-boots" whose waist adhered right at the very top of her first beaver hair and through her hips, while the legs ended in a wicked five-inch boot.

In deference to that outfit, he pulled out a five by six foot triangular wooden wedge he had built in the cellar workshop. Then he affixed a wider black leather collar around her slim white throat, handcuffed her behind her back, and clipped the middle cuff chain to a ring in the back of the collar. Her arms were now held high up her back.

He gagged her with a huge black ball and then sat her on the wedge, strapping her ankles tight against the sides so there was no way she could hurl herself off. The top of the wedge immediately separated her vaginal lips and she sank down onto it. She groaned in her stupor then started waking up.

Within seconds her brow had furrowed and then her bright blue eyes had snapped open, her body straightening with a jerk.

He laughed in spite of himself, then approached, shaking his head. "Jilly, Jilly, Jilly," he chided. "What will you get into next?"

As she began to bleat and plead in panic, he simply walked behind her, wrapped his first in her hair, and tied it to a pipe overhead.

"Nooooooooooooo!" Jill tried to scream before the sound disappeared into a choking and gagging

fit. Then all she could do was sit there, twisting this way and that, her fingers clawing, and her feet pointing, her toes desperately trying to reach the floor to relieve some of the pressure.

Drool started coursing over her wet lower lip and her groans became moans and her moans became gasps before they dissolved into disbelieving sobs.

Resisting the urge to at least give her tits a squeeze, he closed the door behind him and went to Megan's room. After a time he stepped back from the strict wooden chair he had made for her room, and saw how this makeover had turned out.

The prod gag was impossibly tight, mashing her lower face into a rubberized leather block of black, which set off her skin and eyes spectacularly. Her shoulders were back, thrusting her proud chest forward, her elbows and wrists tied together behind her with black tape.

Her legs looked wonderful in the black stockings, held up by the black lace garterbelt on her waist and hips. The pointed toes of her wicked black high heels barely touched the floor as her ankles were affixed to the back legs of the bolted-down chair by more black tape.

And the small triangular wedge of wood he had forced her to sit on went through her crack and ass cheeks as if tailor made.

Her upper body was magnificent, so smooth, so curvy, so soft, yet so firm — interrupted only by the black strap holding her

upper chest to the chair back. He couldn't resist with her, so, as she watched in disbelief and dread, he slowly started sitting on her lap, facing her.

She shook her head wildly. "No, no, no, no, no," she tried to squeal. She jerked in place, trying to get away or send the seat over. It was all no good, and she wailed in torment as he sat, and settled, pressing down on her girlhood with his full weight.

She head-butted him then, but it was a blind, panicky movement, glancing off his chin. He just laughed, moved his own head back and slowly placed his hands over her mountains.

"There," he cooed. "Isn't that nice?" He then pressed and squeezed while grinding down with his hips.

Megan's head went back, her eyes clamping shut as she screamed uselessly.

He didn't care. He just sat there for awhile, milking her mams with cruel purpose until he had his fill.

Megan's eyes only opened again when she felt something familiar slide into her cleavage.

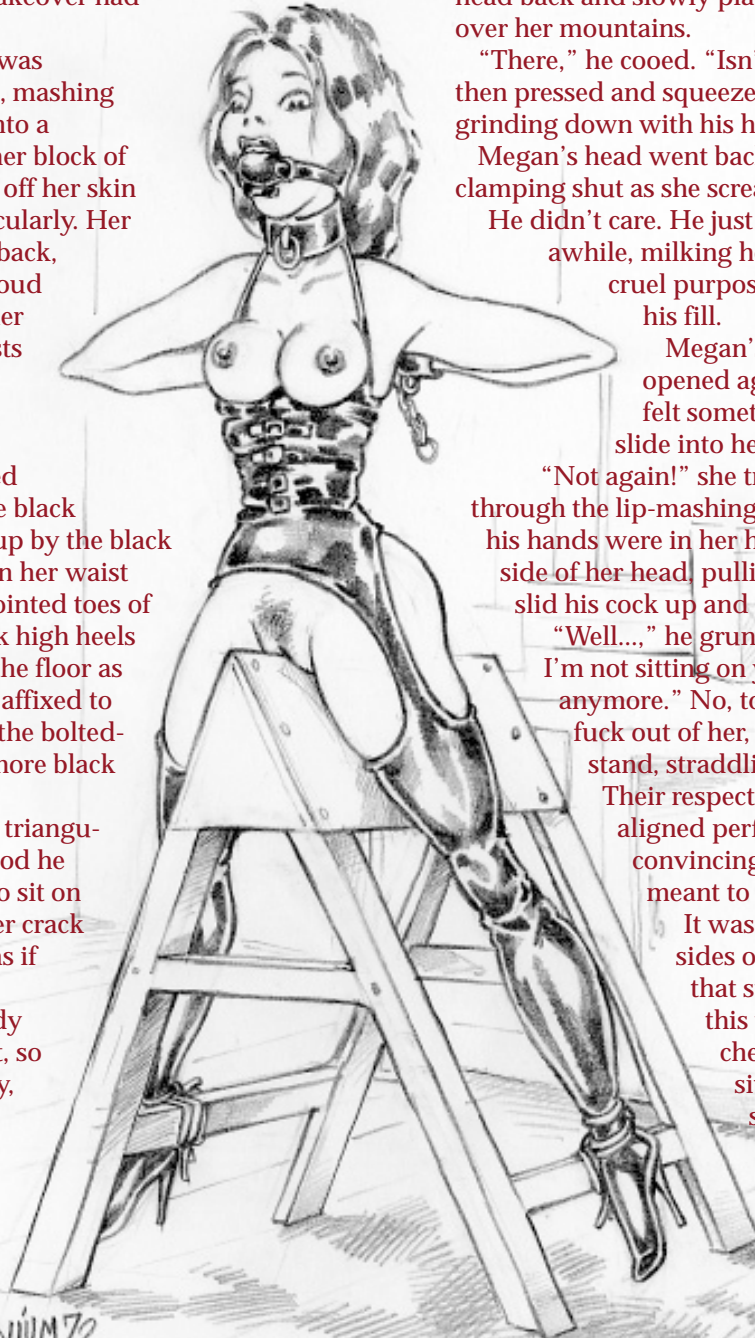
"Not again!" she tried to groan through the lip-mashing pad, but then his hands were in her hair on either side of her head, pulling back, as he slid his cock up and down her chest.

"Well...", he grunted, "...at least I'm not sitting on your lap anymore." No, to get another tit fuck out of her, he had to stand, straddling her thighs.

Their respective heights aligned perfectly, convincing him that it was meant to be.

It wasn't so much the sides of her breasts that stimulated him this time, but her chest flesh and the situation. The situation

became clear to her as well as he finally grunted, let go of her



hair, stepped back, and shot his load directly into the canyon at the top of her tits.

"There," he said. "That's what I was looking for."

And they both looked — him with savage satisfaction, her in disbelief — as the semen started to trail through her cleavage and make its way down the slight groove in her torso, heading toward her navel.

Megan's head fell back and she started to sob bitterly. She wriggled as much as she could, trying to deter the cum from its target, but her smooth, shapely musculature made it a fait accompli.

His smile widened as it drooled and drooled and drooled down her like a white snail, and then he laughed in wicked triumph as it

gathered, ticklingly, in her oval inny.

Megan's head came up, cursing him through the gag, but he just started pushing her head back and forth with his open hand. "Oh yeah?" he said. "What are you going to do about it? Huh? Huh? Come on blondie, what're ya gonna do?" Then he attached black rubber coated nipple clamps to her shaking nubs.

He left her sobbing and wailing, using all her remaining strength to get her cunt off the wedge and shake the clamps loose from her aching nipples.

He closed her door too and went to his bedroom to put the television into its picture-in-picture mode so he could watch the girls' progress as he prepped their oldest sister for the evening's festivities. ■



# INQUISITION

badia de luxe album



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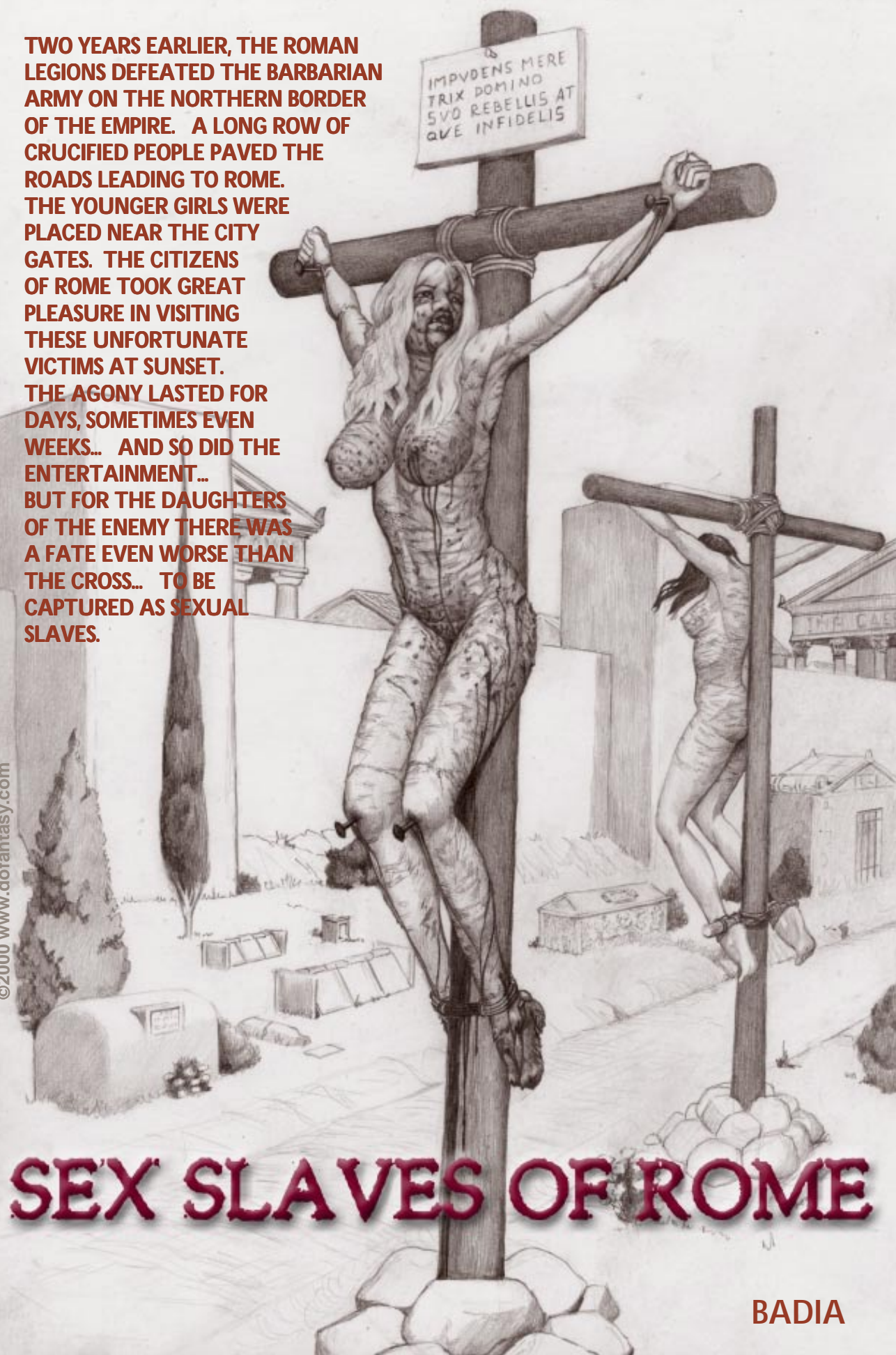
**TWO YEARS EARLIER, THE ROMAN LEGIONS DEFEATED THE BARBARIAN ARMY ON THE NORTHERN BORDER OF THE EMPIRE. A LONG ROW OF CRUCIFIED PEOPLE PAVED THE ROADS LEADING TO ROME. THE YOUNGER GIRLS WERE PLACED NEAR THE CITY GATES. THE CITIZENS OF ROME TOOK GREAT PLEASURE IN VISITING THESE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS AT SUNSET. THE AGONY LASTED FOR DAYS, SOMETIMES EVEN WEEKS... AND SO DID THE ENTERTAINMENT... BUT FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF THE ENEMY THERE WAS A FATE EVEN WORSE THAN THE CROSS... TO BE CAPTURED AS SEXUAL SLAVES.**

IMPVDENS MERE  
TRIX DOMINO  
SVO REBELIS AT  
QVE INFIDELIS

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# SEX SLAVES OF ROME

BADIA

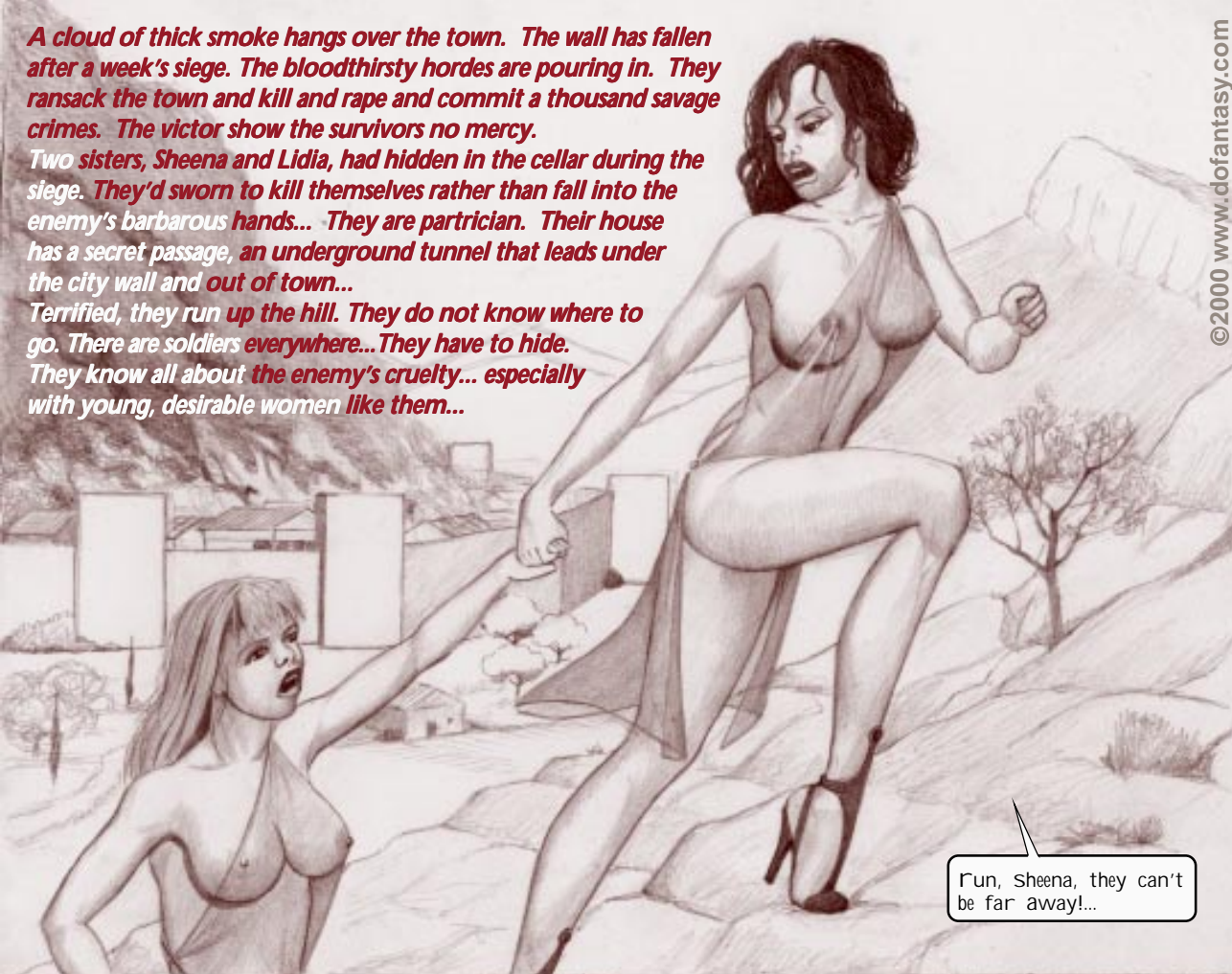


*A cloud of thick smoke hangs over the town. The wall has fallen after a week's siege. The bloodthirsty hordes are pouring in. They ransack the town and kill and rape and commit a thousand savage crimes. The victor show the survivors no mercy.*

*Two sisters, Sheena and Lidia, had hidden in the cellar during the siege. They'd sworn to kill themselves rather than fall into the enemy's barbarous hands... They are partrician. Their house has a secret passage, an underground tunnel that leads under the city wall and out of town...*

*Terrified, they run up the hill. They do not know where to go. There are soldiers everywhere... They have to hide.*

*They know all about the enemy's cruelty... especially with young, desirable women like them...*



Run, Sheena, they can't be far away!...



i can't run any more... these bloody shoes!



going somewhere, are we?



mmmmmm... look what we've got ourselves here!



Stop it... bastard...

Smooth skin, this one. tie her up!



nooooo!!!

my first gallic cunt... here's a centurion's prick for you!



leave me alone!!!

the young one's a virgin. pity...

two days later, demetrius, slave trader, receives a visit...



two noble gallic cunts, demetrius. top quality slave Meat!

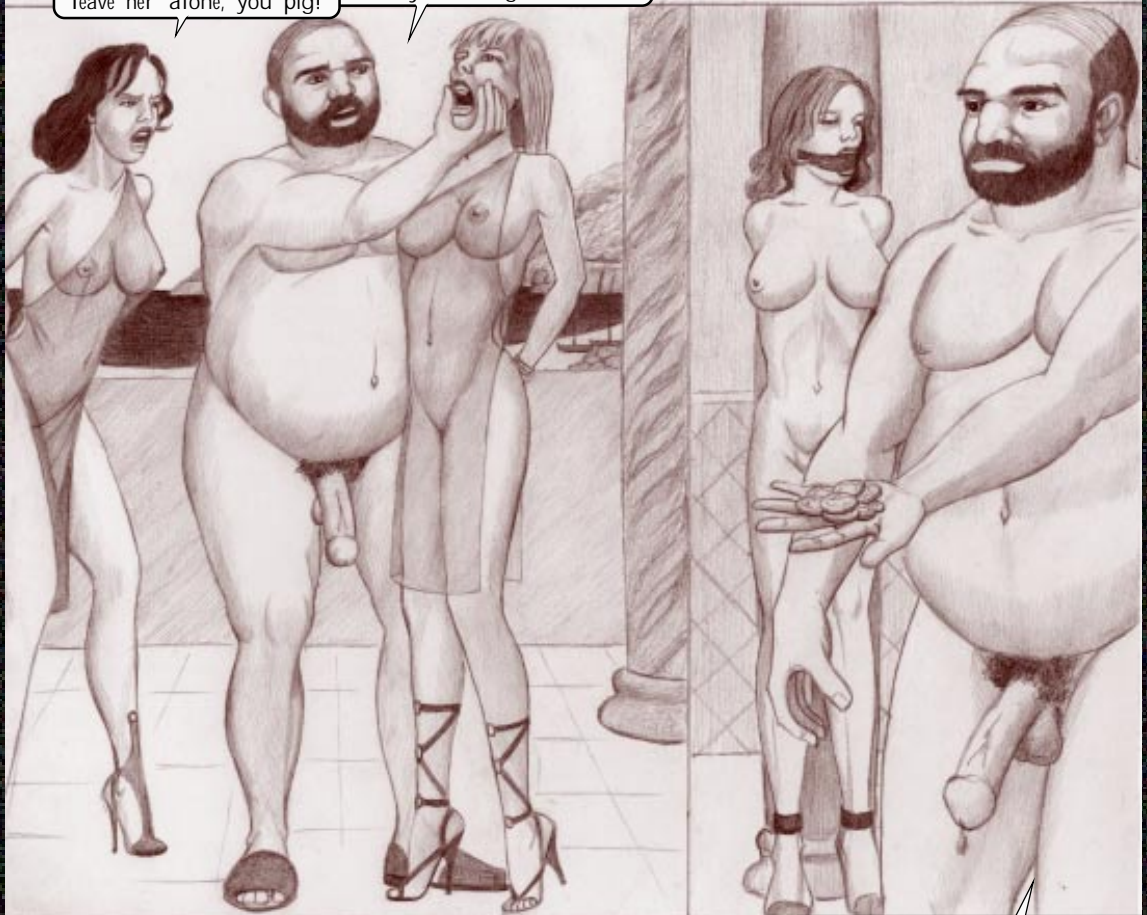
are they any good?

come and see for yourself...

leave her alone, you pig!

open your mouth, you bitch! stick your tongue out!

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i'll pay you 10 Sexterici for the virgin and 2 for her Sister... i'm going to have my fun taming these two...

it's a deal!

to be continued

# SADiX

@DEHAR☺'00



Sadix is in town. sadix is not of this time, or even of this world. sadix is vice, corrupt sex and raw violence. sadix is immortal. evil in the shape of a woman.

1



gothic is just everytown. anything can happen at any time. in any alley.

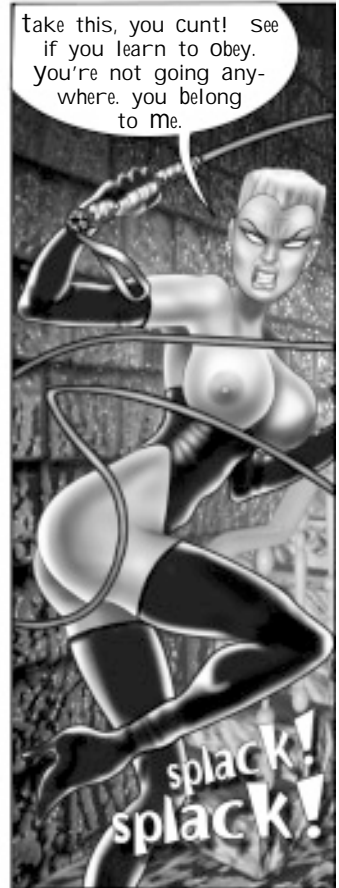


Nooooo00!!!  
oh, god, no!  
leave me alone,  
Please, leave me  
alone.



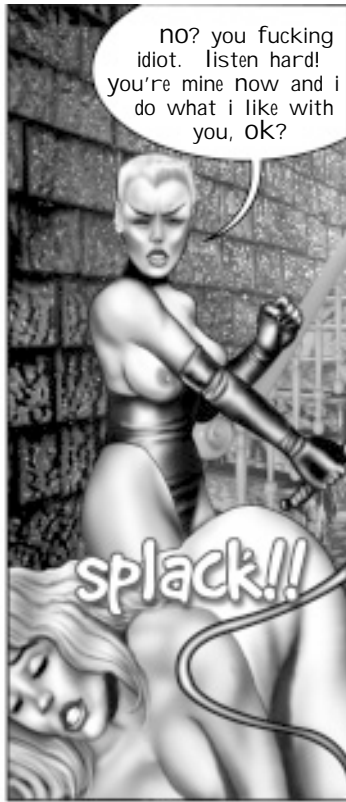
come here... Where  
do you think  
are going?

oooh!!! My dress! let me go!  
i haven't done anything to  
you! Please, let me go...



take this, you cunt! See  
if you learn to obey.  
You're not going any-  
where. you belong  
to Me.

splack!  
splack!





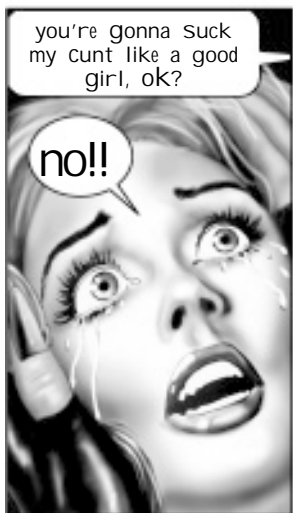
Shut up, you dumb cunt! d'you wanna wake the whole town up? crawl in the dirt like a dog!

ooooh! ... please .... let me go! you're hurting me!

SSNAP!!  
SSNAP!!



Crawl like the shit you are!



you're gonna suck my cunt like a good girl, ok?

no!!

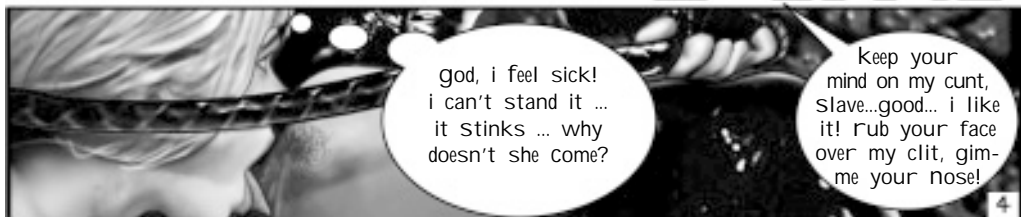


Come on, you bitch, get your face in or i'll flay you alive. move that tongue! that's it ...good!

mmnnggg...  
sturps!!



oooooh! good! i wasn't wrong about you...



god, i feel sick! i can't stand it ... it stinks ... why doesn't she come?

keep your mind on my cunt, slave...good... i like it! rub your face over my clit, gimme your nose!

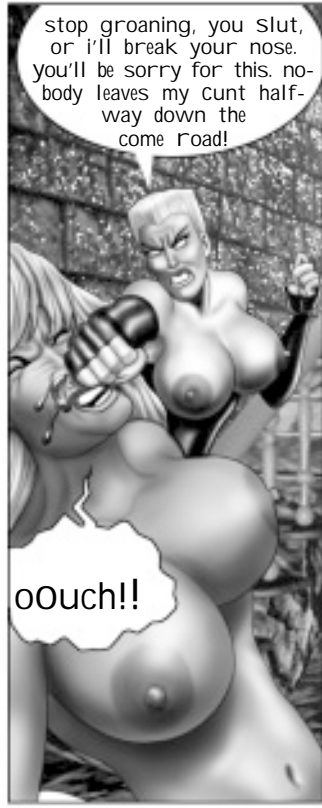


a few yards away, someone is watching from the shadows of the alley. he's drunk. he can't believe what he's seeing.

what's going on? holy shit!



i'll tell the vicar. he'll never believe me! i'll tell the boys too. we've got to work fast!



stop groaning, you slut, or i'll break your nose. you'll be sorry for this. nobody leaves my cunt half-way down the come road!

oouch!!



open your mouth. does it hurt? hope so...



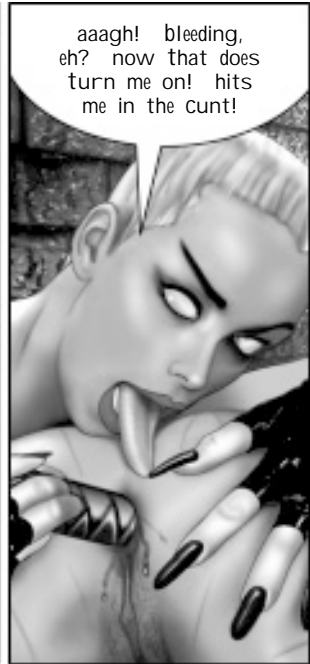
and this? does that hurt? ever had a whip up your ass?

MMMMFFF!!!



No, i don't think you have. you'd like it. you're a dirty Slut. you'd like it up the back...

**MMMGH!!  
MMMGHH!!**



aaagh! bleeding, eh? now that does turn me on! hits me in the cunt!



**MMMMHH!!  
HHMMMM!!**

mhmhmhm ... gimme your blood ... more blood ... Sweet, thick, young blood ... gimme more ... now....



more blood ... more...  
**grrraaunnggh!!!  
sslurpss!!!**



**GRAAHHH!!!**

from now on, anything goes in this town. sadix has come to stay...

# BLACK VAN

ROBERTS

EPISODE 5

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Remove the gag!

nnn!



Stubborn bitch!  
Won't Suck, eh?

no! uuugh!



i can convince you!

oh god! what  
are you doing?



**STOP! EEEEEAA!**

Suck it, bitch!

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good girl!...

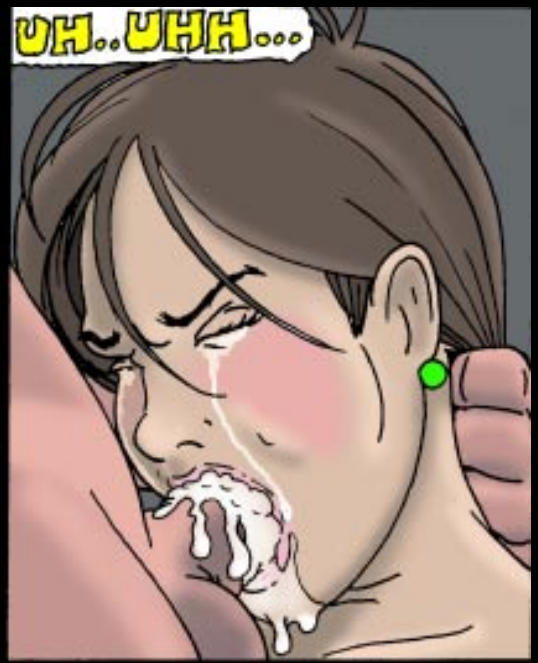
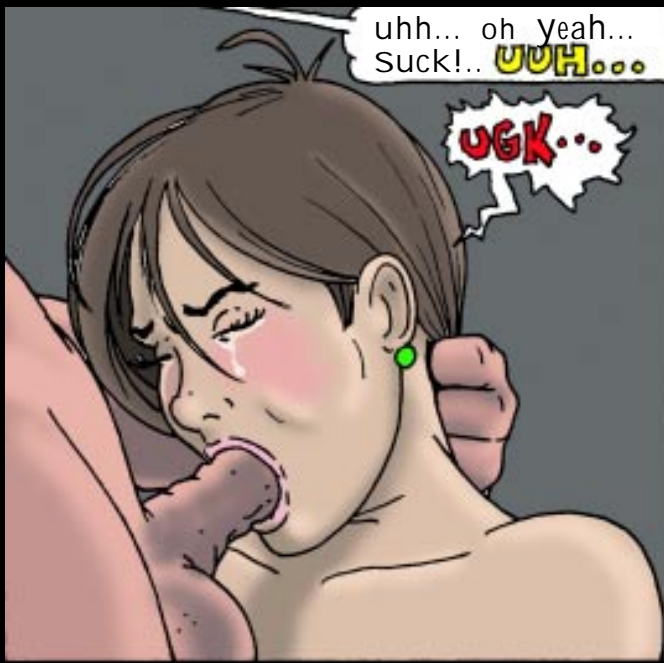
ughh!

you better suck it, cunt!

no... please...  
i will...

i wanna fuck this bitch  
so stick your dick *now!*  
in her ass!

**NNNN!  
NN-NN!**



oh god..noo! **AAAAAAAAAAAA!!**



uuuhhh!!  
Right up that  
tight ass...  
ummmm!!!

**EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!**



oh yeah... another  
Screamer!

i can fix that!



**NOO!  
EEEE!**

**UG..GKK!**



fill the  
little  
Cunt's  
mouth...

...and hold her down!  
i'm gonna  
fill her  
pussy!



**NNNN!**

ever had mint toothpaste in your pussy?

**NNNNNNNNNN!!**

**NNN·NN!  
NNNNN!**

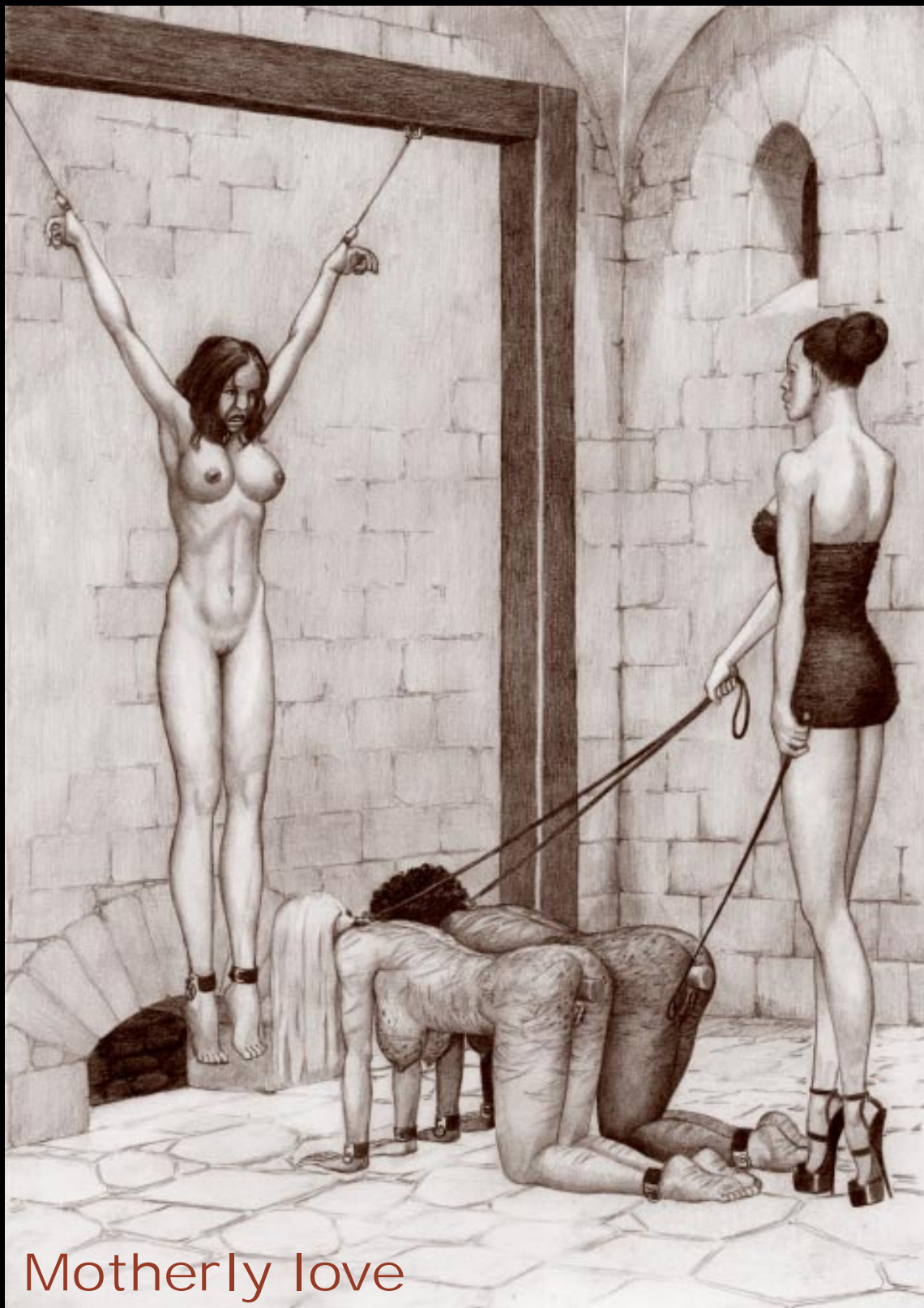


heh heh heh

**UUUUUU!! NNNN!!**

uuuh! go on, you little bitch... uhh! scream!.. no one can hear you...

**UUUU!! UUUUU!!  
NNNNNNNN!!**



## Motherly love

**Your father is dead, dear step-daughter. I killed him. Now, I want no more misunderstandings between you and me... I'm a pervert, a fucking sadist and a lesbian. How does that sound for starters? And those bitches are your new roomates...**

# THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

D. Guard - Thorn

## **In Colonel Arencibias's office**

"Daddy has to be informed! Please, Sir, call my father! He's the Ambassador. I swear it's true!"

A long silence... Colonel Arencibias carries on reading the mountain of reports on his desk, imperturbably. In front of him, standing up and handcuffed, Diana Moorday bites her lips nervously. She was arrested in the university just a few hours ago. Nobody told her why – not in the railway truck where she was kept blindfolded, not in the crowded police station and not in the undercover van in which they had brought her to this strange place. She did not know why she had been arrested or why they spoke so sharply to her, pushed her around, groped her breasts or slipped their hands up her thighs...

Finally Colonel Arencibias looked up from the paperwork and ran his eyes up and down her body, slowly, savouring every detail. Diana felt as if she was naked. She wanted to cover her breasts, but her hands were handcuffed behind her back... She was about to speak, but she changed her mind.

"Miss Moorday," said Arencibias with an unpleasantly hard edge to his voice, "I know who you are and who your father is. I regret to inform you that your father is no longer Ambassador. Our glorious Patriotic Military Uprising has put an end to the corrupt government".

"But ... I haven't done anything! I was born in this country! I haven't..."

"You are under arrest. That is all you need to know".

"But..."

"Silence!"

Diana bit her lips. A tear ran down her cheek.

A second officer, as unpleasant as the first, came into the office...

"The rules of this prison state that each prisoner is entitled to one tutor", said Arencibias, rising and walking over the disconcerted Diana. "I am your tutor, Miss Moorday," he said, lifting her chin with his truncheon. "And the Padre here, Morales, will be your Spiritual Director. We'll make a useful citizen out of you, between the two of us!"

Diana was terrified. She felt the truncheon slip down her chin, down her neck, over her shoulder and move slowly down to her young but full breasts. She couldn't speak. She couldn't believe what was happening!

The truncheon pressed against one of her nipples...

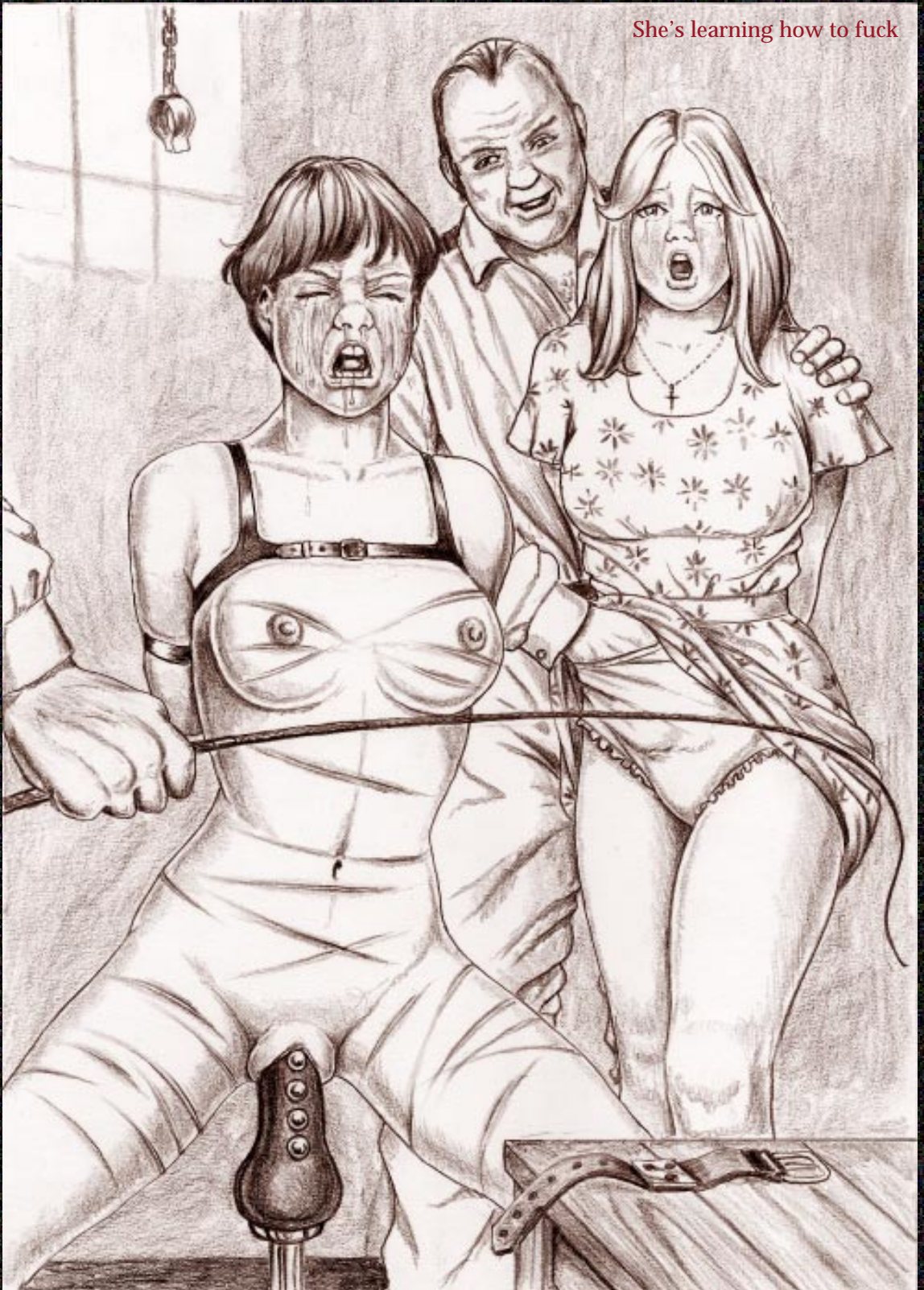
## **In the fifth Gallery...**

Diana let out an involuntary gasp of pure horror. A prisoner, a girl her own age, was doing knee-bends in a strange position ... completely naked and with a uniformed guard watching over her!

"In this prison you reduce your sentence by studying and working hard", said Colonel Arencibias, stroking her shoulder.

Diana did not understand what was going on ... or rather, she did not want to understand it. The unfortunate girl had her ankles tied to rings set wide apart in the floor. This

She's learning how to fuck



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explained the strange posture in which she did her knee-bends. Her body was arched

back from the strange corset that had fine leather straps hanging from it. The straps

held her arms up behind her back, which pushed her generous breasts up and forwards. The breasts were completely naked and bounced with the exercise.

She had a monstrous phallus sunk deep into her vagina.

Her skin was covered in angry red wheals. Her face was contorted in a horrible grimace... she was in pain and had tears on her cheeks...

“She’s learning how to fuck”, said Arencibias dryly.

The guard brought the fine rod, lined with leather, down onto the poor girl’s breasts...

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHH!!!”

“Put more into it, you slut!” he shouted.

The girl accelerated the painful movements. Her legs were tense. Her breasts were pushed forwards, presenting themselves to the rod, covered in welts. Her erect nipples caught some of the blows... The phallus was beginning to get damp from the girl’s own secretions. It was too big to be real, too thick, too long.. And it had studs on the side that rubbed against the girl’s clitoris...

Diana swayed. She was so dazed that she hardly noticed when the Colonel slid his hand down into her panties...

“What about you, Miss Moorday? Do you know how to fuck?” he asked, removing her cuffs.

### **In an empty cell...**

His tone changed as soon as they entered that horrible room...

“Strip off, you fucking slut! Get those tits out! Stark naked! Show us your cunt!”

She looked up panic-stricken. The Chaplain and Colonel Arencibias smiled at her. It was a hungry smile.

“We don’t waste government money on uniforms here! Tits out!”

Diana shrank back against the wall, her arms crossed over her breasts. She was trembling. Colonel Arencibias shook her roughly by the arm.

“You’re getting off to a bad start with your Chaplain ... we’re the only friends you’ve got here. Would you rather we called the guards?”

Diana’s knees were beginning to give... She

slid down slowly until she was sitting on the floor with her knees up against her breasts.

There is only one word for what happened then: beating. She was beaten brutally.

Colonel Arencibias lost his temper. He kicked her hard on her sex. She fell sideways. He pulled her hair, forced her to her feet, and shook her. He began slapping and punching her and slamming her back against the wall...

The Chaplain prayed and masturbated as if in some strange dream...

Diana fell to the floor several times, and was kicked up again. Her nose was bleeding, she was sick onto the floor, she was choking...

She couldn’t think straight, or speak or beg for mercy ... she couldn’t even try to dodge the blows. Her world was suddenly full of slaps, fists, boots and pulled hair...

It all took place in silence. With implacable brutality. It was methodical, uncompromising and precise in a military way...

Then the Colonel’s voice rang out again.

“Stark tit and cunt naked! Let’s see what you’re made of!”

Slowly, reluctantly, with a deep feeling of embarrassment and humiliation, she took her dress off. Then her bra... The two officers looked on, waiting.

“Get those panties off too!” said the Colonel, drooling...

The Chaplain took the crucifix off her neck and slipped it in his pocket.

“It’s for the alms box in the chapel”, he said.

Diana started trembling... Colonel Arencibias picked up a cane identical to that which the guard had used on the other girl... The one who was learning to fuck.

“Take her for a walk, Arencibias”, said the chaplain, sitting down...

The cane whistled through the air but did not touch her. She lay on the ground curled up like a ball, protecting herself with her arms.

“On your feet!” shouted Arencibias, “and parade around the room!”

Diana did not know what the madman wanted. He pulled her hair and then pushed her.

“Head up! One foot exactly in front of the other! That’s the way ... good ... one ... two ... one ... two... March! Left, right, left,

Get those panties off too!

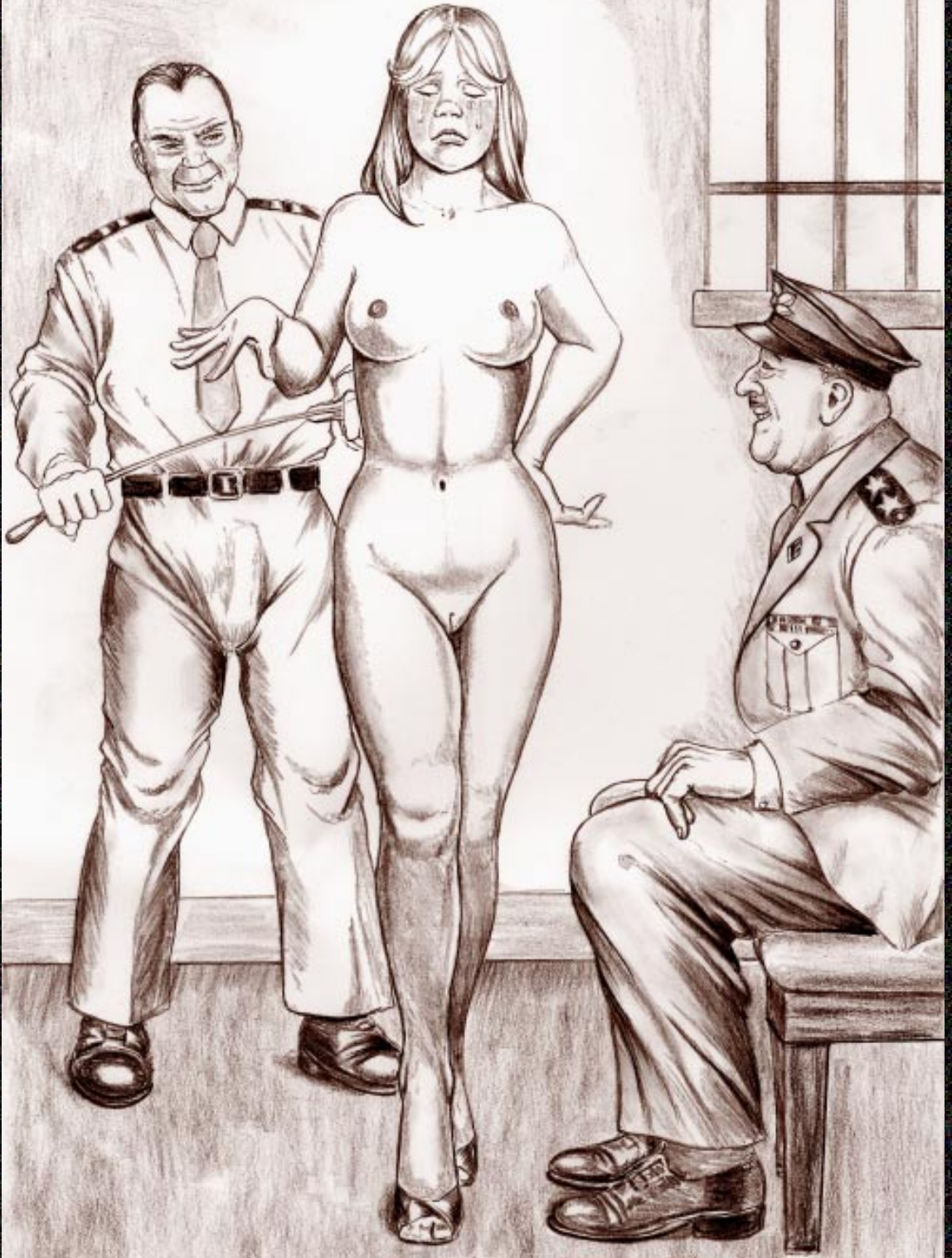


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right... Bend those arms at the elbow, one in front, one at the back! Left turn! one ... two ... one ... two ... open your hands ...

bend those wrists ... one foot in front of the other!!! How many times do I have to tell you?"

Are you a virgin? Answer, fuck you!



Diana walked and wept. And walked again and wept again. That was all she could do. She did not lift her eyes from the

floor. She paraded stark naked in front of two uniforms, deformed by sadistic erections. The pigs began drooling, gasping ...

...if you don't give him a good time, I'll send you to the guard tomorrow and he'll teach you how to fuck properly... with your asshole!!!



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and she kept walking, one foot exactly in front of the other, moving her shoulders, el-

bows and wrists, from one wall to the other, in that horrid little room...

“Are you a virgin?” the Chaplain asked.

Diana sobbed.

“Answer, fuck you!”

“Yes!”

“Yes, Sir! Not bollocking yes!”

“Yes, Sir!”

The Chaplain took out a coin.

“Heads or tails, Arencibias?”

“Heads. I imagine the chaplain will want tails. You people are always bugging around with little boys!”

The coin rolled to her feet.

“Halt!”

Diana stopped and stood to attention.

“Heads or tails, prisoner?”

“Heads, Sir...”

The Chaplain cursed.

“So... Who’s going to fuck you first, prisoner?”

“You... Sir...” Whispered Diana...

“Bright girl!”

“And after...? Tell me, prisoner... who’s going to rape you when I’m done?”

Diana bit her lips...

“The... the... Chaplain, Sir”

“Yes, be booth will fuck you... Aren’t you happy?”

Diana sobbed, a tear ran down her cheek.

This time Colonel Arnecebias put the harness on the girl without waiting for the answer. It was the same as the one on the girl who was learning to fuck...

Diana stood defenceless, obliged to present her breasts to the two officers... Her arms were tied high up behind her back, her shoulders were pressed back and she was leaning forward to show how her breasts hung... The fine leather strap tied tight around the top part of the breasts, just above the nipples, lifted the breasts. It seemed to the Colonel that Diana’s breasts were asking for the cane, in their own suggestive, provocative way...

Victim and torturer looked at each other for a few seconds. The Colonel was wearing his uniform, but had a visible erection. Diana was naked and tied up like an animal. She felt humiliated.

Arencibias fell upon her... He knocked her to the ground, sat on her and fondled and groped her all over her body, hitting her, slapping her breasts, biting her. He did not have

enough hands, teeth, lips or tongues to do all he wanted. He pulled her hair, twisted her breasts, sank his nails into her cunt, pinched the outer lips, lifted her legs and put his fingers up into her anus, punched her in the stomach, bit her neck or breasts or nipples until they bled...

And then he took her virginity...

He did it in the most sadistic way...

He grabbed her round the thighs and lifted her legs until her knees were touching the floor over her head. Her vagina was left pointing upwards, totally exposed, wide open, and he knew that he would go in as deep as possible...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHH!!!”

The Colonel showed no mercy. On the contrary, he went down onto her and went deep inside her and pumped and pumped until a huge orgasm shook him and he shot his sperm deep inside her...

Diana lay sobbing with her arms behind her back, crushed by the weight of the rapist’s body. Everything was hurting, especially her gnawed breasts, pinched and slapped, and her brutally raped vagina...

The Colonel stood up. His penis was covered in blood.

The Chaplain took his clothes off. He too had an erection. There was semen on the tip of his penis. He had not been able to watch the spectacle without coming...

Colonel Arencibias grabbed Diana by the hair, cleaned his penis on it and threw her across to the Chaplain.

The Chaplain turned her round...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH”

The cry was even more bloodchilling than the first time...

The Chaplain had sat the girl on his erection, going up into her anus with one thrust...

Arencibias cut the air with the cane. The Chaplain let go of Diana’s hips...

“You’re going to give the Chaplain a good ride, prisoner!” said Arencibias, “and you’re going to do it all on your own. And if you don’t give him a good time, I’ll send you to the guard tomorrow and he’ll teach you how to fuck properly... with your asshole!!!” ■

**to be continued...**



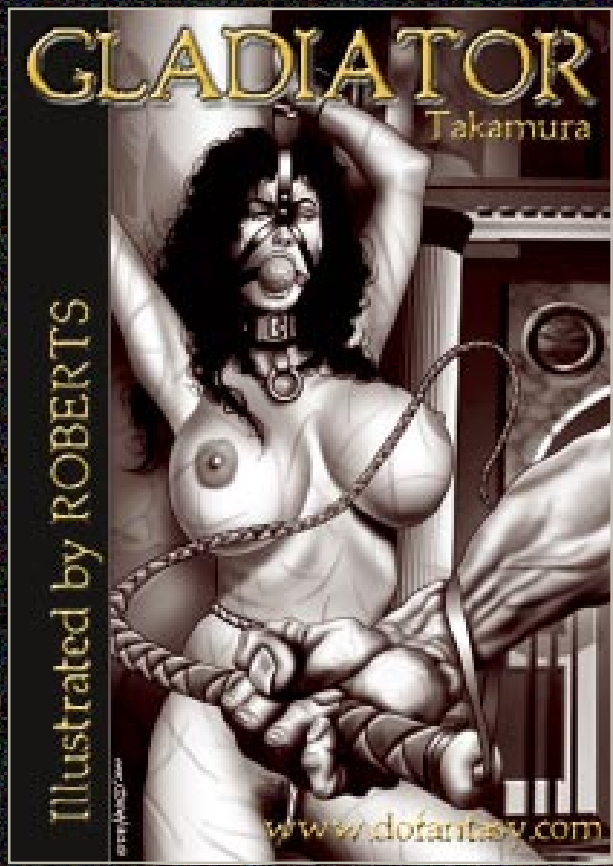
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Illustrated by ROBERTS

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**GLADIATOR**  
Takamura

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-instant access-



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Poor thing, she rejected him...

**From now on, your fucking life will be like this, dear... crouched in your hole in total darkness, waiting for me to come to rape you... and spread-eagled on this rack feeling my prick up your holes... You did not want to my whore, now you're my fucking-pet!**

# YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

Roberts

KYOSHI-FUJIMURA  
INTERNATIONAL FREIGHT  
同成 取 氏 班 州 手 由 东 卸 拜 国 升

You may inform Sato-San that his package has arrived!

you are late, mr. smith

Shit happens...

yes... i couldn't agree more mr. Smith!  
you'll get over it!

this is true... you, however will not!

**FUCK!!**

**BRA-A-A-A-H.P!!**

paid in full! now...

heh heh



ahhh!! this one might be worth my trouble!

nnn!plsss!



uuuhh!!

RIP!

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NNNNNNN!!

yes... mmm!  
Very nice!  
Chain the bitch  
up with the  
others!



Say hi to you new  
Room mates  
Cunt!

no samples  
takashi!

oh!..

nn! mmm!!

mmmmph!!

heh heh heh!

**PLS! STPP!**

uuuh!

**UUGH! PLS!  
UUUUGH!!**

Uuuhh!  
nnnn!!

you think you  
here just so  
we can rape  
you, eh?

uuunn!

oh we gonna rape  
you pussy  
alright  
...mmmm!

uuh! gdd! uuh!  
we gonna  
torture you  
nice titties  
too...

uuh!stp!

we gonna train  
you!, you suck  
and fuck Real  
*good!*



i think now you need you pussy raped some, hm?

nnnnn!!  
nn-nnn!!



dnnnt!  
nnnn!!



UUUHH!

**TAKASHI!!**

i Warned him again, master!



ooh! master Sato-San!  
mmmmphh! nnnn!!

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