

FANSADOX

14

THE BLACK VAN
roberts

GISELLE
roberts

**OLD BERNARD'S
NEW TOY**
thorn

BOUGHT & TAMED
paul

Badia's
MASTERPIECES

**YAKUZA
SLAVEGIRLS**
ROBERTS

HAT TRICK
geoff merrick - Hafnium72

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Fansadox 14 contents

cover - Roberts

BOUGHT & TAMED - lucas - PAUL	4
GISELLE , mine at last! - D Guard-ROBERTS	11
HAT TRICK - GEOFF MERRICK - TAW	21
BLACK VAN - ROBERTS	27
<i>old bernard's sex toy</i> , THORN	33
DUNGEONS - BADIA	39
YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS - ROBERTS	46

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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...

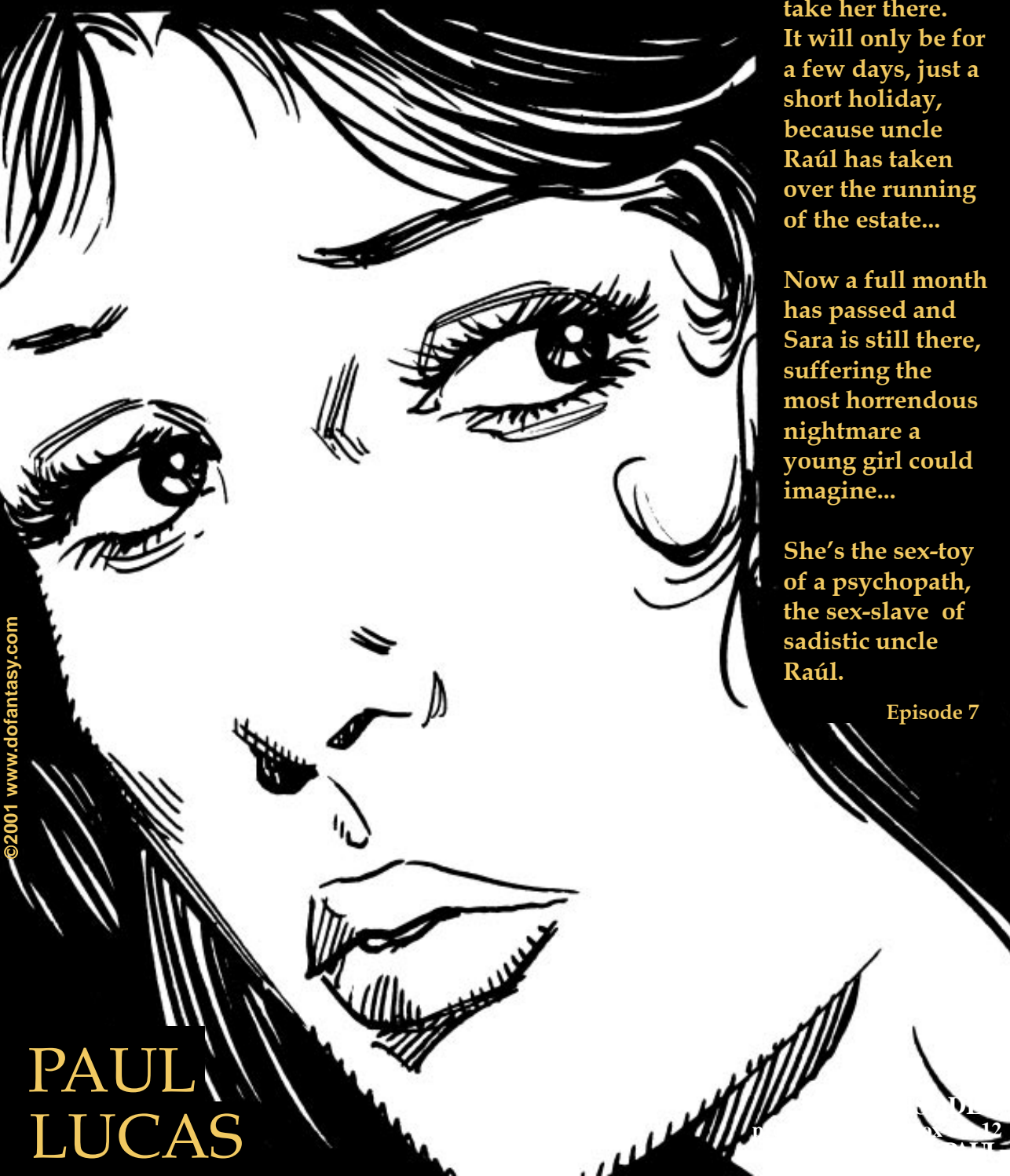
She arranges for her old uncle Alfonso to pick her up in the nearest village and take her there.

It will only be for a few days, just a short holiday, because uncle Raúl has taken over the running of the estate...

Now a full month has passed and Sara is still there, suffering the most horrendous nightmare a young girl could imagine...

She's the sex-toy of a psychopath, the sex-slave of sadistic uncle Raúl.

Episode 7



LATER...

I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNT YOUR LESSON, FOR YOUR SAKE...

YES, UNCLE, I'M SORRY! I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU ORDER ME TO...



YOU'RE GONNA BE YOUR UNCLE'S WHORE, GET IT INTO YOUR HEAD ... MY FUCKING WHORE, OBEIDENT, SUBMISSIVE... 'MI PUTA' ... 'MI CARNE' ... 'MI CONO' ... UNDERSTAND?

YES, UNCLE... I... DO...



YOU'RE GONNA KISS MY BOLLOCKS EVERY MORNING WITH YOUR SLUTTY LIPS. AND YOU'LL DO IT ON YOUR KNEES, BETWEEN MY LEGS ... THEN YOU'LL EMPTY MY BALLS. WITH YOUR PRETTY BIG MOUTH, OF COURSE.



OR MAYBE I USE YOUR ASS. YEAH, I LIKE GOING UP THE BACK. I KNOW IT HURTS. AND YOURS IS EXCELLENT...

LATER YOU'LL SERVE LUNCH STRIPPED RIGHT OFF. YOU'LL DANCE NUDE FOR ME WHILE I EAT... UNDERSTAND?



AND AFTER LUNCH: 'SIESTA' TIME... YOU'LL GO TO BED WITH UNCLE RAUL AND FUCK HIM LIKE THE WHORE YOU ARE. SQUIRMING ... CARESSING ... POSING ... LOTS OF SEXY MOANING ... UNDERSTAND?

YES... UNCLE...



YES... UNCLE... I'LL SERVE YOU NAKED...



...I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY. BUT, PLEASE.. DON'T BE ROUGH WITH ME.. NO NEED, I SWEAR... I'LL BE GOOD...

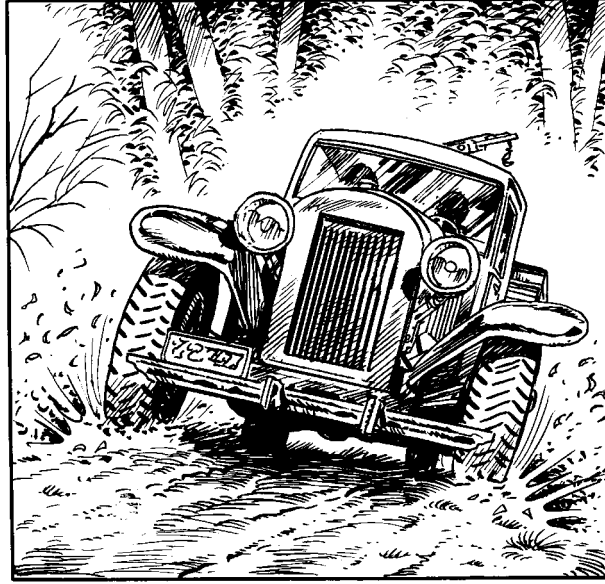


I'LL BE ROUGH IF I WANT TO... NOW SHOW UP THOSE BIG TITS, BITCH...!

GET OUT... YOU WHORE



KNOW WHAT? I'M GETTING A GOOD HARD-ON! WE'LL STOP HERE AND PLAY AROUND A BIT. I FEEL LIKE CHEWING UP THOSE PRETTY BIG TITS... GOOD IDEA, EH?



AND GET UP ON HERE...



YOU'RE IN GOOD SHAPE, NIECE, YOU'VE GOT ME HARD AS A ROCK. YOUR PRIZE IS THE BEST FUCK OF YOUR LIFE... YOU'RE GONNA FEEL THIS ONE. I PROMISE!



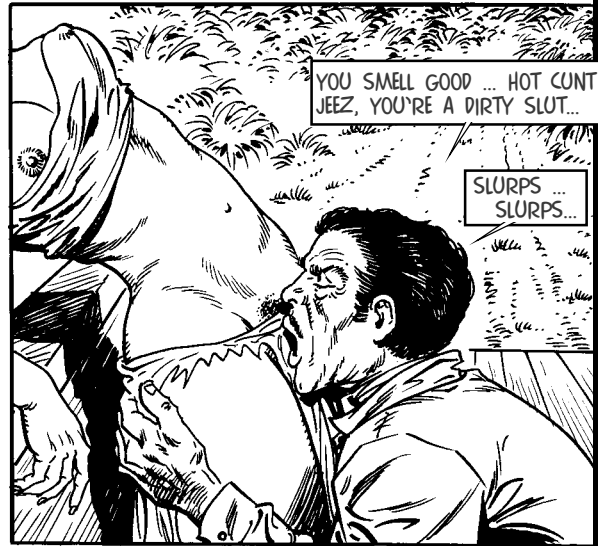
DON'T BE SHY WITH UNCLE, MOVE THAT CUNT OVER HERE..

SLURPS ...
SLURPS...



YOU SMELL GOOD ... HOT CUNT
JEEZ, YOU'RE A DIRTY SLUT...

SLURPS ...
SLURPS...



COME OVER HERE..



WAIT A MINUTE! FIRST YOU CAN
SUCK YOUR UNCLE'S DICK ... ON
YOUR KNEES, WHORE!



SEE HOW FAT IT IS? THAT'S YOUR FAULT, BITCH!

NOW GET YOUR MOUTH ROUND IT LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL...

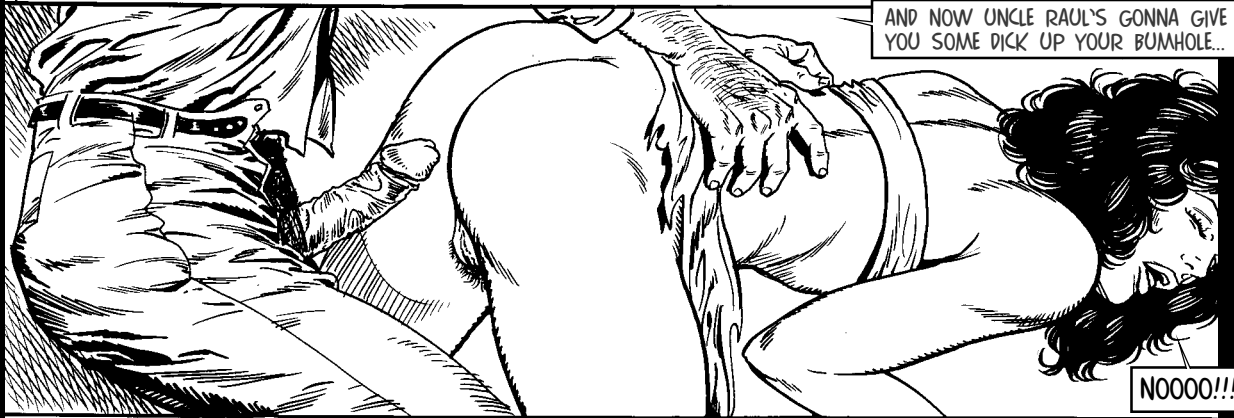
GET IT ALL IN. I WANNA FEEL YOUR THROAT ... SWALLOW IT, YOU BITCH! HARDEN IT UP!



SLURPS ... SLURPS...

SLURPS ... SLURPS...

AND NOW UNCLE RAUL'S GONNA GIVE YOU SOME DICK UP YOUR BUMHOLE...



NOOOO!!!

LIKE THIS ... NICE, EH? YOUR ASS IS REAL TIGHT AND TASTY... DOES IT HURT?

AGGGHHH...! YES... IT HURTS... PLEASE... DON'T DO IT...

YES, OF COURSE IT DOES! YOUR UNCLE'S A REAL MACHO!



AGHHH... AGHHH... STOP IT... PLEASE...



THAT NIGHT, IN MIAMI, SARA'S MOTHER GETS A LETTER FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW...



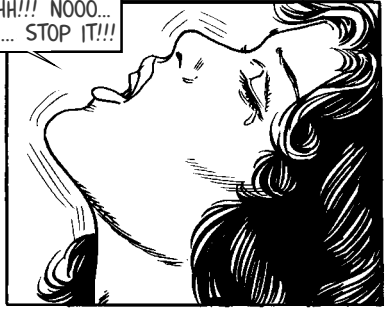
Dear Laura.
The girl's got malaria.
I'm taking care of her
but she needs her
mother. Come as
soon as you can,
your daughter
needs you...
Your brother in
law. Raul
PS. Bring lots
of money.

OH NO! POOR SARA ... THANK
GOD SHE'S WITH RAUL! BUT I
HAVE TO GO AND SEE HER...



WHILE LAURA PACKS, UNCLE RAUL
TAKES CARE OF HER DAUGHTER...

AGGGHHH!!! NOOO...
PLEASE ... STOP IT!!!



THEN GET DRIPPING, OR
I'LL BITE YOUR NIPS
OFF... IT'S A DEAL!

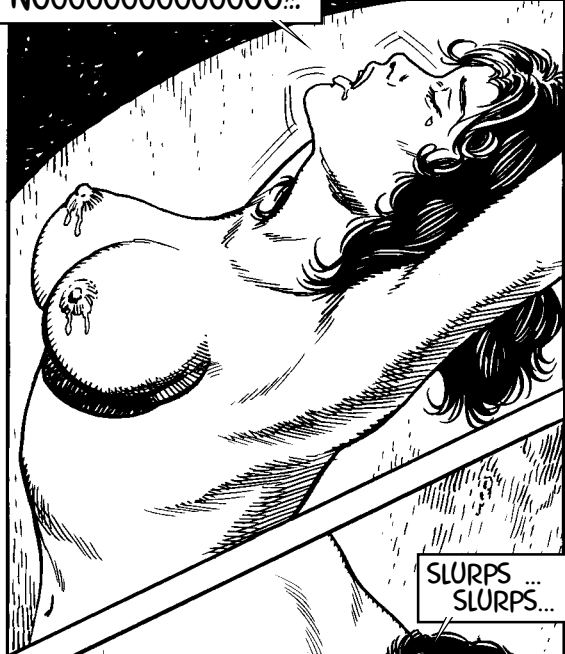


NOOOOOOO!!!
STOP!!! AGGHH!!!
AGGGGGHHHHH!!!!

DO YOU LIKE THAT,
YOU SLUT? DO
LIKE MY TEETH ON
YOUR TENDER NIPS?

IT'S GONNA BE RUNNING DOWN YOUR THIGHS
SOON. YOUR UNCLE'S GONNA GET THE JUICES GOING
... SLURP ... SLURP ... OH GOD, THAT TASTES GOOD!

Noooooooooooooooooooo!!!



SLURPS ...
SLURPS...



NOW COME
HERE, SLUT...



AGGHHH...!!!



TAKE THAT! ... FEEL IT?
FEEL UNCLE'S DICK?

TO BE CONTINUED

GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 4. Previous in Fansadox 13, 12 & 9

Our hero, tired of sniffing his stepdaughter's knickers, decided to move into the world of action. He kidnapped her three days ago and keeps her in a cage hidden in a dark basement. She's now his sex-toy. His slavegirl to play with... These were his parting words last night...

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

That girl at the supermarket checkout yesterday made me blush again! There I was nursing a hard-on and knocking over the cans of dog food! Making a fool of myself as usual! And gawping at her legs, no stockings on of course, and sitting there with that fucking T-shirt clinging to her tits and showing her big nipples... They're good tits, nearly as good as Giselle's...

And all the way home there I was stuck in the friggin' traffic thinking things like what will her long nips look like with a bell through them, how will her mouth look when it's forced open by a gag with a ring in the middle so I can get my prick into it? That'll wipe the smile of her fucking face! She'll look at me with respect, with terror!

Just the way my stepdaughter's looking at me now!

"Good day, Giselle, did you have a good night?"

This time she can't look at me. She's got her tits, nose and tongue sewn together on the same length of fishing line, and she's got her

knees forced against the bars, with her shoulders forced back and her thumbs strung up. Her head's down, just as I left her, and she's shaking all over from the huge vibrator up in her cunt. Her big blue eyes can only see one thing - my bare feet...

"Daddy's brought you some breakfast. Full cream milk, swimming in vitamins... Sperm, actually..."

"HMMMMMMMM ... hMMMMMMMM..."

She's in a bad way, but she looks great. Provocative, with her naked body suffering and shaking, soft, and smooth... I like the suggestive bikini marks...

I pick up the scissors and cut the line that joins her nose to her tongue and her nips.

I grab her long hair. It turns me on ... it's so blonde, so thick, so full of life...

I pull her head back and look at her little girl's face ... her blue eyes looking at in desperation... And I run my prick up and down over her cheeks...

"Your Daddy's gonna need a bit of help today. He's just had a wank to the health of a

lady friend. Somebody I met in the supermarket. I'll be bringing her soon to keep you company..."

"HMMMMMMMMM ... hMMMMMMMMM..."

I take the ring out from between her teeth. It's not so necessary now she has a ring in her tongue.

I want to kiss her...

Giselle's tongue is hanging out. She can't put it back in. She can't close her mouth...

I kiss her, I get my tongue in deep, exploring her palate, her gums, her teeth, the ring in her tongue, drinking her sweet saliva...

I bite her lips until they bleed...

I slap her twice. Then I cut the rope around her wrists and Giselle slumps forwards, still strung up by her big toes.

I untie her legs and she fall face down onto the ground. A picture of misery...

I give her a kick in the ribs and take the big vibrator out. It's been torturing her all night and it's still going good and strong. And it's damp, very damp ... I reckon the slut has made the most of it and given herself a good few comes on this one!

I lift her face and give it another couple of slaps, front and back of the hand. The backslap hurts us both!

"You deserve that for having such a great big, dirty cunt!" I tell her.

I untie her toes and crack the whip against the bars of the cage.

"Stand up, slave!" I shout. I'm impressed by the noise of the whip!

Giselle looks up at me, begging for mercy. Then she tries to stand up.

I jerk the chain round her neck...

"Get your dripping cunt up, you slut! No, on second thoughts, stay on knees, just sit up and lick this prick till it shoots off..."

Giselle obeys quickly. Just like a trained dog...

Aagh! Nice and warm! My step-daughter's tongue is working well! She's good with the spit and I like the cold metal ring I put in her tongue yesterday.

"Look your Daddy in the eye when you lick his dick!" I snap, tugging up on the chain.

I'm a stupid bastard! I shoot my load, same as always, just when it's getting good. Can't help it. Over-productive bollocks! I leave her whole face dripping with it. Some of it moves

slowly down her chin and slowly drips off her chin onto her nips...

Giselle stops licking. She's gonna heave her breakfast. Always the same when I come in her face. She can't control it, she feels so sick. It's stronger than her fear of the whip or being tied up for hours in a cruel position.

"Keep licking, daughter. And swallow your stepdaddy's come if you don't want me to pick up the whip!"

She tries, panic-stricken, but it's no use. She's choking. She can't get used to it! She doesn't like my smelly bollock-juice and she doesn't like the ring in her tongue.

I pull her to her feet. I'm furious...

I show her the hook hanging from the ceiling. Giselle shakes her head.

"It's your choice," I said. "Your mother never sucks my prick and she never swallows my spunk. But you will. I'm gonna show you how!"

I attach the hook to her nose and tongue. And I pull up on it:

"On tiptoe, you slut, time to dance. And when I get a good hard-on, you're gonna fuck me!"

And I string her up. She's delicious ... sexy ... shaking like a jelly. Shaking with fear and cramp. Her long, naked legs are shaking and trembling for me, and they make her tits shake and tremble too...

I pick up the whip and crack it on the bars of the cage with all my strength.

CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAKKKKK!!!

Giselle pulls a leg up. I don't know how she manages it after a night kneeling on the sharp stick.

I put the CD on, Massive Attack. It's hers and I know she likes it.. I can still picture her walking around the house half-naked dancing to the horrible stuff. Provoking me all the time ... just like a hungry hooker... Provoking her own father!

"Do me a nice little dance, now! You've got to load my balls before you can shoot them off!"

She tries it. She lifts a foot, just a few inches, and puts it down again...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!" she screams in pain.

She can't. Her nose is bleeding and there's cramp down her calves...

"Is that the way you obey your father?"

I go over to her ... I stroke her thigh, inside ... it's soft... I pinch the tender, sensitive flesh... Giselle shakes all over.... The inside of her thighs is damp, I suppose from the vibrator. Yes, she'll be good and ready by the time she rides me, not dry like the first time I raped her...

"Dance, I said!"

CRAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!! on the cage again.

It's a sad sight!

But sexy...

And provocative...

She's terrified...

"If your mother could see you now, wobbling your tits round for your father! Her own husband! You, her own daughter! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, wobbling your buttocks like that in front of your mother's husband? Whatever next!"

I take a seat in the old armchair and start a slow wank. I look at her breasts and I think to myself yeah, this is life...

I pour myself a whisky ... and then another ... and another ... and then a last shot...

Shit, she's beautiful!

I've been holding back till now, but I can't any more. I've gotta flog her. I need it. I've always wanted to flog a beautiful woman, stripped naked and showing me her moist cunt! And this one is beautiful, stripped naked, showing her moist cunt and what's more she's all mine! Nobody knows she's here and nobody will hear her. She's my slave by right of kidnapping, and I can do what I like with her body and mind!

I crack the whip at the last moment, just the tip, where the leather is softer, and I punish her breasts... I've been rehearsing for this moment for years, since the day I first set eyes on her...

CRAAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!

"UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

My hand is trembling and so is my prick. It's the first time I've used the whip on her. And the first time she's been under the whip. It hurt her a lot and that turns me on...

Move your tits around, slave ... you're dancing naked to excite a man, you're not doing aerobics in the gym!"

She's really doing her best, but I don't care. I

flog her on the tits again. I like to see the red welts it raises, to see her legs go tense, see the cramp, watch her twisting to dodge the whip, showing me her tits, moving them for me, trying not to pull her nose or tongue open...

"One day I'll get you to tit-fuck me, squeezing it between them, roll the around, press them together ... but first I'll sew your nips together just for the occasion! Ha! ha! ha!"

After the fifth whisky I suddenly see red. It cones over me, everything goes red...

I want to punish her all over her body!

I pick up the whip, hit her between the legs with the handle, on the buttocks to see them wobble...

Brutally, sadistically...

"Show me your cunt! Open your legs!"

THWAAAAAAACK!!!

The handle goes down hard between her legs.

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

I rub her up and down between the lips of her cunt with the whip handle, pressing and turning the handle so she feels it all over her clitoris. Then I turn the whip round, take the oily handle in my right hand, and bring my arm back...

SWIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!

CRAAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKK!

"AAAAUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!!!"

When I finish I'm exhausted. My heart's beating like hell ... I'm heading for a heart attack ... and I drop into the old arm chair. I have to get my breath back or I won't enjoy the rest of the show!

I ring her mother, my beloved wife, on the mobile.

"All right, love? Any news of Giselle?" I ask, circling slowly round her daughter's lovely naked body.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm ... mmmmmmmmmmm!"

She won't hear anything over the phone. And she won't say much with her tongue pierced and hanging out.

"I'll be back late today, I have to go out of town, something's come up", I explain as I sank my finger into her daughter's anus. "Don't worry, they often run away from home, she'll be back. She's having a good time travelling

round, she'll ring... Look, I've gotta go, I've got a patient with contractions, she's just been taken to the Delivery Room...

I bring the whip down onto Giselle's thighs, right at the top...

SWIIIISSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"UUUUUAAAAAAAAIIIGGHHHHH!!!"

"I've got to go, dear, yes, she's shouting a bit, they often do! Bye!" I switch off.

Your Mummy's worried about you, why haven't you phoned her?"

SWIIIIIIIIISHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAUUUAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!"

"You're a naughty little girl. Tomorrow you'll write to her saying you're fine. Won't you? Of course you will!"

I take a length of whip and wrap it round my fingers like dental floss, and I run it up and down between the outer lips of her vagina ... I can smell the juice ... it's getting through to me!... the leather is coming out nice and shiny and oily... I put my fingers in and wet them and ran them through her pubic curls to make them shine... I like to see the curls wet!

The I go round the back and take a full handful of tit in each hand and roll them both round. I press my prick into the crack between her buttocks... Hmmmm!!! Lovely, deep and dark...

Giselle tries to pull away...

I go round the front and push my prick against her lips. I make her lips peck away at me, giving little kisses, up and down my dick ... warm, moist kisses from lips that look as if they want to speak...

"Can you feel your Daddy's dick? Is it getting through to you?" I ask, pressing against her...

"Aaaaaaaaggggggggh! ... aaaaaggggggggh ... noooghHHHHHHH...!"

"That's right, let yourself go ... cos this time you're gonna fuck me, aren't you?"

Giselle shakes her head desperately. As hard as she can, with a fishing line through her nose and tongue...

"Or would you rather I carried on flogging you? It's OK by me, I get a kick out of it! Your mother's not expecting me. I can flog the skin

off you all night if you like! Your choice. Are you gonna fuck me or not! Answer when I speak to you!"

Giselle nods...

I untie her and she falls to the ground. Her legs are shaking.

I pull on the chain round her neck, hard.

"Get up and walk! Come on! On tiptoe and one foot right in front of the other, like the top models! That's what your Daddy likes to see!"

It's turning me on, watching her swing her hips like she's on the catwalk...

"There, there, Daddy will dry your tears for you," I say, rubbing her dirty knickers over her face, "you should be happy, you're gonna fuck your Daddy..."

I rub my hands over all her body, down her back, between her firm buttocks, and I lick her breasts and face and nibble her ear... She shudders. I let her go. She staggers.

"Keep walking, slave, down the catwalk. You don't want Daddy to whip your boobs again, do you?"

I sit in the chair.

"Come here!"

She obeys. I grab a fistful of buttock and rub it around. I kiss her on the cunt, the navel, the tits... Yes, I must give myself a good tit-fuck, but not yet. I'll sew them together some time too. They've got to be ready. A slave's tits have got to be ready for when the master needs them...

Giselle weeps, humiliated, head down...

I stick my fingers up her cunt...

"You've got a very moist little slit here, Giselle. You're nice and ready to give your Daddy the come of his life! Come on, open your legs. Get your knees well apart. Put them on the arms of the chair."

I watch fascinated as she opens her thighs wide and wobbles her wonderful tits in front of my face, big firm adolescent tits, trembling tits that make my dick ache. I look at her little girl's face decorated with rings, lined by suffering... And as she puts her other knee on the arm of the chair, her lips open like a flower and she shows me the lovely young cunt that's going to suck me in...

"Get your cunt down on it!" I order, holding

my dick for her...

The soft damp lips, nibbling my dick with a life of their own, blow my mind...

"Aaaaaaaaagh!" Lovely.

Moist, soft, velvety, silky, mysterious, secret, a dream of a cunt...

"Aaaaaaaaagh!" Bad luck, eh? having a right bastard of a stepfather!

"Take your time ... no hurry ... ugh! ... your mother's not ... expecting me till ... agh! ... later!"

I like to talk to her about her mother.

"You know I ... decided to marry her ... agh! ... when she showed me a ... photo of you?"

Giselle loses the slow rhythm on my wet prick. She goes tense. I can feel how she hates me, despises me...

I tug, just once, on her nose ring. "Carry on, slave!"

And Giselle carries on, fucking me slowly, sensuously ... sliding her cunt up and down my prick ... it's fantastic. For me, of course.

I stroke her thighs ... I massage her firm, aching buttocks...

She groans. Her bottom is sore. Maybe her cunt is too...

The saliva dribbles out of her half-open lips and runs down onto her breasts...

"You're well built," I say, exploring her body with my hands.

I catch her of her erect nipples...

She leans towards me. She has no choice....

"Put your tongue out ... and keep fucking. That's all you have to do, keep fucking your father..."

I lick her and bite her and play with the ring in her tongue.

I grab hold of her hair and kiss her long and deep in the mouth...

I bite her lips until they bleed. I like to see them inflamed...

Giselle carries on, up and down, just as I ordered... she's beginning to find her rhythm. She might even be taking off, but I wouldn't put any money on it...

I'm not going to hold back much more...

It's coming over me...

I stop groping and fondling and I pull her hair. It makes her push her big boobs up. Her nipples are long and firm ... I can't take my eyes off her big breasts, they're bouncing up and down!

I grab hold of them. There's plenty to hold on to! ... I'm going!!!

"OH! ... AAAAHH ... UUUUUUUUGH!!! ... AAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

And I come, shooting my load deep up in her lovely dripping cunt...

Black. It all goes black.

When I open my eyes she's still there, my daughter, stuck on me like a soldier on a bayonet.

She groans. I suppose her cunt aches or she feels sick. It's not likely to be from ecstasy!

Well, she can get fucked. And she can fuck me too!

I slap her face and I don't stop until she looks dizzy. I put the ring-gag on her again and put the hooks on her nose...

My dick slips limply out... "Clean my dick!" I order her.

And I bring her face down between my legs. She falls to the ground, but her face stays where it should be, held by the ring around my prick and with her chin resting on my bollocks.

She's lovely. I hold her head and play with her nipples until my prick swells again and I put it down her throat.

I ring home.

"Just ringing to say I'll be back in an hour."

I put the phone near Giselle's ear. She listens to her mother's voice and starts struggling, twisting and turning like a wildcat, but her mouth is still round my prick...

"No, don't wait up for me, dear. Yes, I know what the sexologist said, but I've had a hard day. You won't get a flicker out of me, not even if you put your red nightie on..."

I hang up as soon as I can. I only have ten minutes to give Giselle her food and tie her up for the night.

And I want to shoot off again, into her throat, of course!

"Come on slave, suck me dry ... If you do a proper job, daddy will give you a bed for the night."

She has no idea what I have in mind... ■

to be continued...

GOOD DAY, DAUGHTER, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT?...

GAGHHH...

GAGHHH...
GAGHHH...

DADDY'S BROUGHT YOU SOME BREAKFAST. FULL CREAM MILK, SWIMMING IN VITAMINS... SPERM, ACTUALLY...

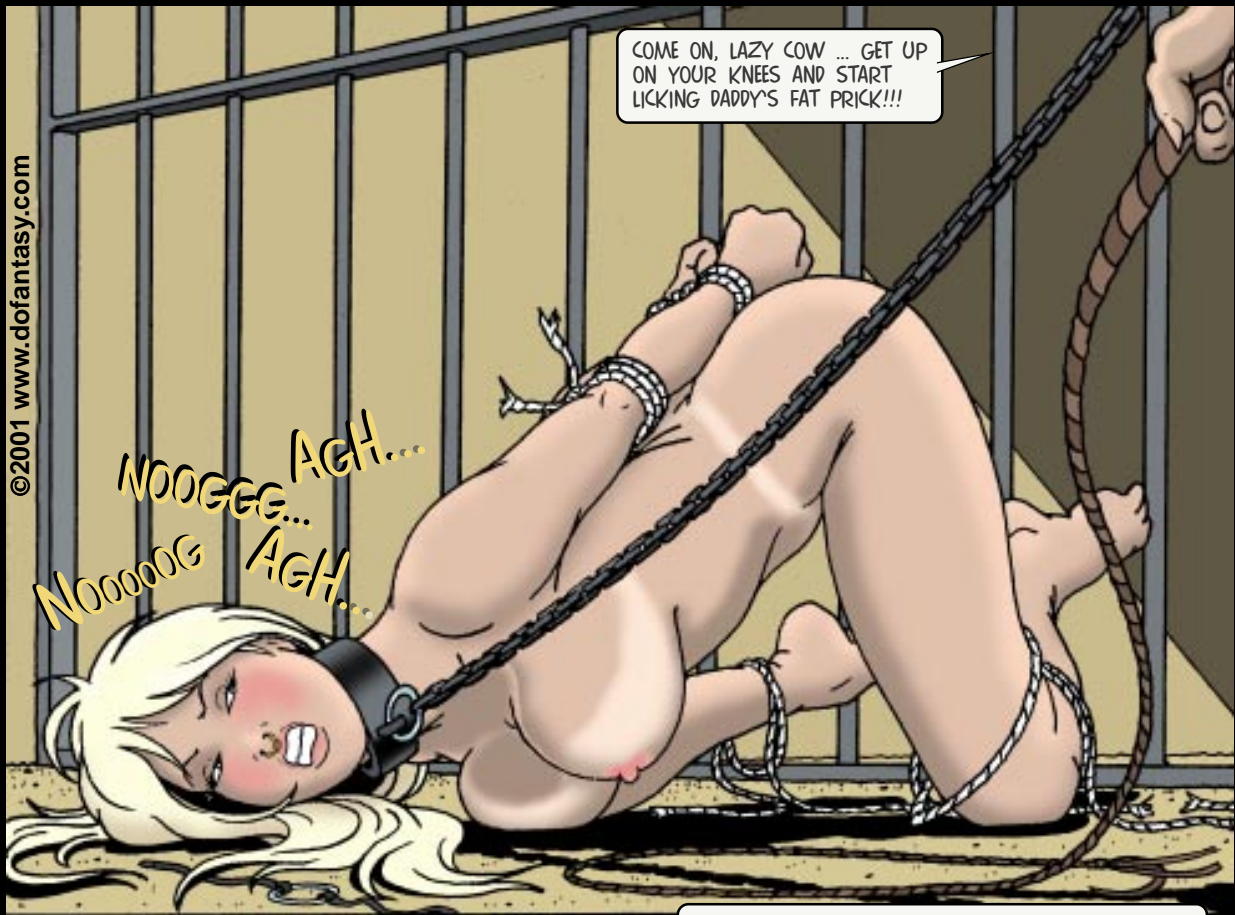
GISELLE MINE AT LAST

EPISODE 4



D. GUARD

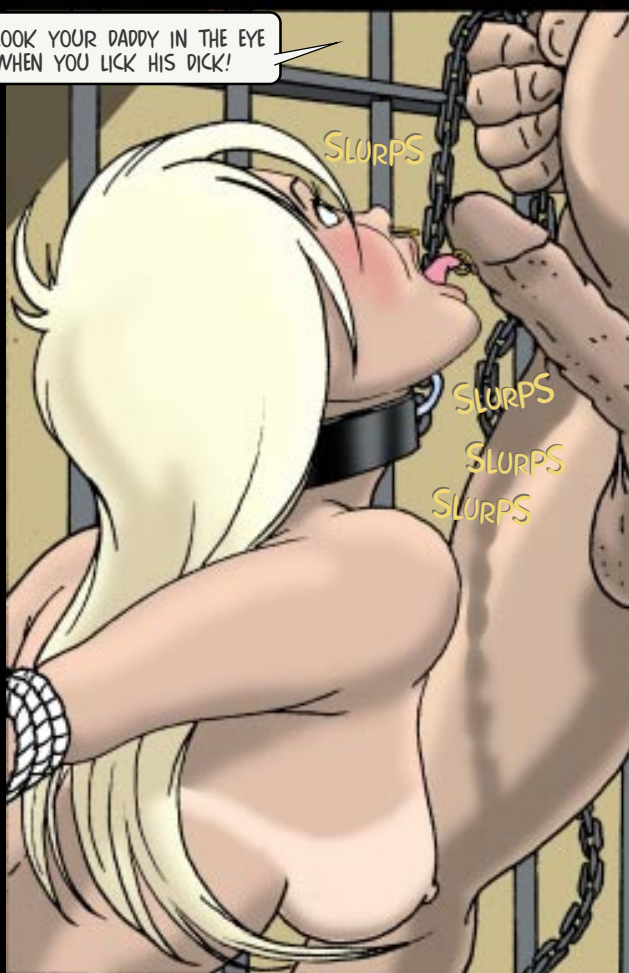
ROBERTS



COME ON, LAZY COW ... GET UP ON YOUR KNEES AND START LICKING DADDY'S FAT PRICK!!!

NOOOOOO AGH...
NOOOOOO AGH...

LOOK YOUR DADDY IN THE EYE WHEN YOU LICK HIS DICK!



SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

KEEP LICKING, DAUGHTER SWALLOW YOUR STEPDADDY'S COME IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO PICK UP THE WHIP!



AGH...
AGH...
AGH...
AGH...



THAT'S IT SLAVE... LICK IT CLEAN... SWALLOW DADDY'S THICK MILK.

SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS

DOWN YOUR GULLET I SAID!!!



NOOOGGG...
NOOOGGG
NOOOGGG
NOOOGGG
NOOOGGG

OK, SLUT... I'LL TEACH YOU OBEDIENCE... YOUR MOTHER NEVER SUCK'S ME PROPERLY, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO...



TIME TO DANCE FOR DADDY, SLUT.

AGH...
AGH...
AGH...



ON TIPTOE COME ON... UP... UP!!!

YOU'VE GOT TO LOAD MY BALLS BEFORE YOU CAN SHOOT THEM OFF

AGH...
AGH...
AGH...
AGH...



DO ME A NICE LITTLE DANCE, NOW!
DANCE, I SAID!

NOOOGEE...
NOOOGEE...

IF YOUR MOTHER COULD SEE YOU NOW...
...WOBBLING YOUR TITS ROUND FOR YOUR FATHER!
HER OWN HUSBAND! YOU, HER OWN DAUGHTER!

2000



WOBBLING YOUR BUTTOCKS LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF YOUR MOTHER'S HUSBAND!

AGH...
AGH...
AGH...

YEAH... MOVE THOSE TITS AROUND, SLAVE...

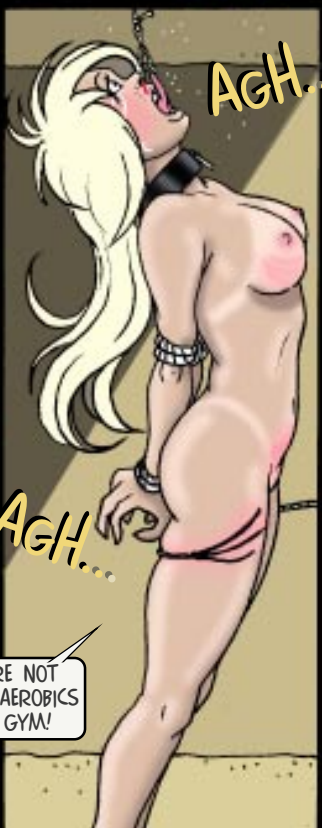
CAN YOU FEEL YOUR DADDY'S DICK? IS IT GETTING THROUGH TO YOU? :

THAT'S RIGHT... COS THIS TIME YOU'RE GONNA FUCK ME, ARBNT YOU?



AGH...
AGH...

...YOU'RE DANCING NAKED TO EXCITE A MALE...



AGH...

AGH...

...YOU'RE NOT DOING AEROBICS IN THE GYM!



NOOOOOG
NOOOGGG...

HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick - HAFFNIUM'72

Episode 6. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 13

“Come on now,” he said, standing out on the landing between the stairs and the bathroom, guest, attic, and bedroom doors. “Come on...,” he repeated softly, lightly tugging the leash he loosely held in his hand.

A foot came carefully out of his bedroom. A foot encased in a five-inch black patent leather high heel. A foot attached to a naked leg – one of the longest, silkiest, and shapeliest ever.

Kelly moved unsteadily out into the open. You couldn't blame her. The leash went to a studded collar around her elegant throat. Without the leash, it would simply look like a glittering loose choker or a tight necklace. Her legs were free of bondage, but her arms ... her arms were wrenched behind her, side by side, straight down, tied at the wrists and elbows by thin, rubber coated wire.

It thrust her chest out, bulging her breasts even more in the breathtaking, sleeveless, backless, black, halter-topped, corset micromini dress. With every breath her tits bulged out the top and sides, the outfit still impossibly containing her nipples. And she needed to breathe, because her head was all the way back, her hair viciously tied to the knot at her elbows.

“In case head-butting runs in the family,” he had hissed when yanking the knots tight.

She couldn't reply. Already the ball-bit gag was strapped deeply in her shining red mouth. The black ball was in the middle, with an inch bit through it. So the bit section could be yanked deep down, spreading her teeth, jaw, and stretching her lips, while the ball filled her mouth and blocked her throat.

Now, with her head all the way up, her eyes toward the ceiling, all she could do was make slurping, choked gasps as she tried to remain upright in the wicked shoes.

“You ... look ... unbelievable tonight,” he breathed, then tugged slightly on the leash. “Shall we go? Dinner awaits....”

Getting down the stairs was an adventure that took fifteen minutes. He merely tugged the leash and waited as she carefully found the edge of the stair, then stepped down. Bringing her other leg alongside was at least as risky, especially since she couldn't look down. Despite the fact that her baby blues ratcheted wildly in their sockets, she might as well have been blindfolded.

Then, with another tug, the process started all over again, as they made their way down three steps to the top landing, then a twist to the left for another dozen, then another left twist for the final four. He admired her stamina and balance as well as her stunning sexiness. Then again, the threats of how he'd hurt her if she fell might have had something to do with it as well.

As they stepped into his small living room, his hope swelled. If there was one thing he learned about the Carlsen girls, they didn't want to be hurt, and that desire would go a long way to keep them fresh and exciting in the coming minutes, hours, days, and....

He checked the area to be sure. The shades were down and the curtains drawn, so he didn't have to worry much about that. There was only a piano against the right wall, and a television, couch and two easy chairs along the far wall. The left wall was really just an entrance to the dining room. With a tug, they started in that direction.

The only light came from candles placed in their own glass lamps far away from the long, rectangular table and four chairs. Kelly couldn't see any of it – just the weird, dim shadows they cast on the ceiling.

“Please,” she tried to beg despite herself as she teetered on the shoes, her fingers fluttering.

“Yes, dear,” he replied. “All for you. Now, come. Let's sit down.” But only he sat down, at the head of the table, tugging on the leash so she had to stand facing him.

"I said," he repeated. "Sit down."

His tug on the leash made it clear what he wanted.

Kelly tried to say, "No, I...can't," but even before the unintelligible sounds burred from her mouth, she knew it was useless. She started to quiver forward.

"Widen your legs," he advised. "Come on, step around ... on either side ... Don't tell me you weren't ready to do this for your boss!"

She burred then, her shoulders spasming. "Not with my arms and mouth like ... no!" She gasped, cutting off the thoughts and babbling. Her skin reddened and then she had done it; her standing inner thighs rubbing his seated outer ones, the skirt forced up even higher.

"Now sit," he said, hands resting on her hips. "Sit."

And he bore her slowly down. His zipper was open. She felt his cock crown touching her cunt lips.

She tried to jerk up again, but it was too late. He had already wrapped the leash around his palm so there was no slack, and his hands held

her hips like clamps.

"Come on," he urged, slipping his lubricated shaft into her as she sunk. "Don't tell me you don't want it ... not after this morning...!"

And then she was there, facing him, sitting on his lap, her breasts in his face, and him impaling her.

"There," he sighed, holding her down on him as she gagged, choked, and gurgled. Drool splashed out of both sides of her mouth as her rosy wet lips rose off her perfect white teeth. "That's better, huh?"

His hands slid to her firm rear. In the flickering candle light, he started pumping her on him.

The only sound in the room was the creaking of the chair and her bubbling grunts as he slid her back and forth on his thighs.

"Kelly," he breathed ... "Kelly...!"

Her hands started bunching into fists, then straining out, and red began to flare across her neck and up into her face. There was a single clocking sound as one of her shoes fell off onto the floor.



And then she squealed in terror as he stood. Suddenly she was on her back on the table, staring at the front wall, the hair noose yanking her mane, and he was fucking her in earnest, her legs wide and her feet on the floor.

He slid her back and forth on the slick, smooth table top as drool spilled out of her mouth and up her face – into her flaring nostrils, furiously blinking eyes, and hair. Her breasts jiggled wildly but the corset-style top not only crushed her waist and bunched her tits, but held her nipples just within as if they were clenched by teeth.

“Ah ... ah ... ah ... ah...” Kelly cried as he rutted, the sensations that had built up during the day being scattered by the violence of the assault. But finally she heard him growl and felt herself being spiked all the way on his shaft.

Her legs bent off the floor and her torso rolled to the side, off her arms, as she felt him cannon a fresh spray of cream inside her.

The only sounds in the room were her muffled sobs, and virtually the only movement was the shivering of her body. But then he inhaled deeply and straightened, stepping back.

“Wow,” he said, looking down at her despoiled white creaminess in the glowing black dress. “Wow.”

There was a puddle of saliva under her cheek as he pulled her up, sitting her on the edge of the table. He looked down into her wild, wet, fearful eyes.

“That was amazing, Miss Carlsen,” he said. “Thank you.” Then he cupped her chin and kissed her.

She tried to pull away, but his other hand was cupping the back of her head. She tried to twist away, but the hand cupping her chin shot down to her left tit, rammed itself inside the top, gripped the teardrop crammed there and yanked back toward him.

Her feet, one still in the shoe, scraped the carpet, and her hips grinded, but his mouth kept sucking, his tongue everywhere. With the ball-bit she couldn't even bite him.

Then suddenly it was over and he was forcing the shoe back on her foot again. “What a great start,” he said. Before she could even react, he had crossed her ankles and black-taped them together. Then, with a tug on the leash she had slid to her feet, and he was there, sweeping her up into his arms.

Kelly was stunned and stunned again as he carried her over and sat down on the easy chair nearest the side window with her on his lap. She stared at the curtained and shaded window with her arms straight down, held out from her back by the chair's padded, upholstered arm. She complained in gagged wonder as he turned on the TV and picked up a newspaper from an end table.

“Now let's see how they're doing on your disappearance,” he said pleasantly. And he read the paper and zapped all the news channels as she sat there in shock.

“Hmmm,” he considered. “Three young blonde girls disappear, and nothing? Maybe on the local channels ... or the tabloid shows...” She sat and he watched, his hands wandering on her chest and between her legs.

“Hmmm,” he said again. “Maybe ... since your clothes were gone too, they thought you ran away. But all of you? On the same day? Or maybe they're waiting for a ransom demand...”

He dropped the paper and wrapped his arms around her shoulders and over her thighs. “Well,” he concluded briskly, “face it, honeybunch. No one has a clue.”

Then, before she could react to that, she was thrown, stomach-first, onto a thick ottoman. With another squeal, she found herself staring at the TV screen from two feet away, her knees on the floor, as a reporter nattered away about the President's penis.

“Now,” he wondered. “What would create the correct romantic mood? Your sisters again? No, that wouldn't be right. Oh, I know...”

And he clicked on a videotape that had already been loaded into the machine. Kelly stared in horror as scenes from movies played one after the other; the abduction scenes from *The Collector*, the rape scenes from *The Accused*, the captivity sequences from *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the attack scenes from *A Stranger Among Us*, the violation sequences from *Beloved*, the stalking scenes from *Midnight*, and on and on and on....

She tried to close her eyes. She tried to turn her head away, but then he was there, on her back, fist in her hair, fingers on her eyelids, hissing in her ear. “Oh no, Kelly, look. Look, Kelly, at the feelings your short skirts and tight shirts and high heels create. Look what happens, Kelly, when your sexiness combines

with psychotic perversion...!”

Then his cock was out again, rubbing across her lips and the tops of her tits before he sank down on her again, spreading her knees with his own, and started slowly rutting her from behind.

“Are you to blame?” he slowly whispered in her ear as he forced her to watch bound girls being suffocated in three different low-budget exploitation films while thrusting. “Naw, you’re not to blame, Kelly. It’s just that you’re so ... damned ... fuckable!”

He finally came again during the soap opera portion of the tape. Only then did he absently slice open the wire at her elbows with his knife and sit back.

Kelly’s head jerked down with a moan, and her arms snapped wide. Then she slowly curled over to fall to the floor with a thump. She cried and cried and cried as he kicked the ottoman aside and rested his crossed ankles on her ribs.

“Aw, I didn’t like this part anyway,” he said, clicking off the VCR to watch music videos, loveline, and spring break specials.

Finally he got up, stretched, and clicked the television off. The candles had long since melted by then, so they were alone in the dark. She heard him before she saw him.

“That was great Miss Carlsen. Would you ... would you like to come upstairs for a drink?”

The walk up was easier than the walk down, but just barely. Her ankles were free, but now her knees were cinched. Her elbows were free, but now she was exhausted. But she made it all right ... until they reached the second landing.

Suddenly he pushed her face first into the wall. Before she could recover from that, he had lifted her wrists, pressed himself against her back, and forced her arms to embrace him behind her, her bound wrists at the small of his spine.

She nearly went insane, angrily fighting with everything she had left, but he just kept pushing her back into the wall with his body as his hands stabbed into the sides of the dress, his fingers clamping onto her tits from inside.

“Come on, Miss Carlsen,” he hissed into her ear. “You know you want it. You’ve been giving me signals all night...!”

Kelly realized that he was pretending to be a first date masher, but her hysteria only grew when she realized where it was going. He

wasn’t playing a masher ... he was playing a date rapist ... and his intensity was matching the video scenes...!

She should have gone limp, but she was too tired and desperate to think. She should have known that struggling would only inspire him further, but she was overcome with only one desire; not to turn out like the girls on the video. Not to have it happen again. Not tonight...!

“Come on, you stupid bitch,” he seethed, his hips thudding her ass again and again, his hands tearing at her chest. “Don’t give me that! Not now!”

And suddenly he stopped. Kelly stiffened, cringing, waiting for the blow. But all she heard was a quiet, empty voice.

“You don’t really love me, do you?”

He suddenly and powerfully threw her onto her back on the landing between the doors. She stared up, cringing, eyes wide, as he slowly stepped up the final three stairs.

“It’s all been an act ... I’m not good enough for you, am I? There’s someone else, isn’t there? Some rich, handsome, hunk...!”

And then he fell on her, cutting her knee bonds, tearing the dress’ strap from behind her neck, wrenching her skirt up, and clamping his hand over her mouth.

“Take this, you fucking bitch,” he seethed into her tortured face. “Take it all!” Then he nailed her.

She stiffened. They both did, but not for long. It was the longest, most brutal one of the night. He pounded into her like a battering ram into a castle door, mauling her tits as if trying to open a birthday present.

Within seconds, she was gasping for consciousness, her tied hands wrenched up around her waist, trying desperately to push or claw him off. Her beautiful creamy legs kicked at him from either side, then scraped at the carpet in pain as he surged up inside her.

Kelly’s teeth came off the ball gag, her nostrils sucking in air, but his heavy hand was there, crushing her lips, hooking deep into her face skin as he kept her from screaming. His body thudded into hers with all the force of a stomach punch.

Then his hands were in her hair and his lips were crushing hers, his hips thrusting brutally. Kelly lost her breath, her fingers splayed in mid-air. Then her head was smacked against his

bedroom door and her body wedged into the corner as he pushed up off the floor, sending her hips and legs back.

Up in the attic, Jill, in her buzzed stupor, vaguely heard someone kicking the walls. In the guest room, Megan heard stifled screams and the sound of writhing. But then, both sweat-soaked, numbed, comatose blondes went back to surviving the night.

Downstairs he grabbed Kelly's throat and left tit as if trying to tear them off her body. Then he came inside her, grunting like an animal. She choked and wailed, and finally began to sob.

Only then did he seem to come out of her bestial trance, sliding back so he could sandwich her body with the floor.

He took a moment to study her. Even with her breasts bulging out of the dress and the skirt mashed up to her waist, she was excruciatingly lovely. He fell back on her, his hand finding her mouth and his lips finding her ear.

"Ssh, ssh, shh," he hushed. "We...can't let anyone find you ... Not now ... not after this..."

Kelly tried to scream, tried to beg, tried to yell

at him: "Stop it, stop it, stop it!" But there was nothing she could do about it. Nothing ... not from the moment he had first attacked her in the doorway of her home all those hours ago.

"Come on, you fucking cocktease," he hissed, and dragged her to her feet, slipping between her arms, forcing the back of her head to his shoulder by clamping closed her mouth, and wrapping his other arm around her 23 inch waist.

To her amazement, he didn't drag her into his room. Instead, he started forcing her back down the stairs....

Eventually, when he released Megan and Jill from their evening's agony, they fell to their beds limply.

Megan he strapped there at the wrists, elbows, waist, thighs, and ankles with hospital restraints. He even wedged her mouth onto an electroshock therapy muzzle, which kept patients from biting their tongues or screaming loudly enough to disturb other patients. He then slathered her cunt, inside and out, with medicinal ointment. He taped Jill's mouth closed, then shackled her wrists



It's your turn tonight, dear. My date is kinda tuckered out...

the way he had initially prepared her oldest sister for the night – with wrists in front, cuffed to the headboard, and ankles to baseboard slats.

Then he crawled in next to her, spooning, leaving her wet-look, skintight outfit on. He enjoyed the cool feel of the slick, shiny material on his skin, and loved the way her flesh filled it.

Slipping one hand inside the top and the other down the front of her pants, he started kissing and cooing into her ear.

“Yes, it’s your turn tonight, dear. My date is kinda tuckered out.”

She stirred in her sleep, brow furrowing, her body beginning to squirm as his fingers found her nipple and clit. The noises she then made were like music to his ears. Even with her mouth unstuffed, the tape was firmly sunk into her skin and sealing her lips.

Within moments he had her crying, the imprint of his hands moving within the sticky

black material of her plunging top and second-skin hip huggers. The wickedly pointed toes of the high heel boots kept cringing as he masterbated her.

Otherwise, the house was quiet. His bedroom was empty. Downstairs, in the cellar, Kelly lay where he had brutally dragged her.

He had savagely tied her wrists, knees, and ankles with tape, and then hogtied her with rope. He had stuffed her mouth with a square of sponge, then viciously bandaged and taped her lower face shut.

She lay there now, near the cold stone wall, on the dirt floor, on her side, in the darkness. Her dress was in ruins, her legs revealed, her cum-soaked tuft barely covered, her tits wrenched by the corset out the sides and top. Her thighs, arms, face, and chest were bruised and sweaty.

Her smoky blue eyes fluttered, then closed. A single small drop of blood ran from one nostril to soak into the bandage and disappear. ■



TO BE CONTINUED

BLACK VAN

by Roberts

SCREAM BITCH!!

FUCK THIS PUSSY!

UUUUUU! UUUUUU! NNNN!!

UUHH!!

OH YEAH...

UUUUH!!

SCREAM!!

NNN-NN! UUUUH!! UUUUH!! UUUUUUH!!

OOOH... OOOOHH...!
I'M CUMMING IN YOU.
BITCH!!! **UUUUUGH!!**

I'M CUMMING UP YOUR
ASS YOU CUNT! OOOOHH!
OOOOOHH!! OOOOOOHH!!
YEAH!! **UUUUUGH!!**

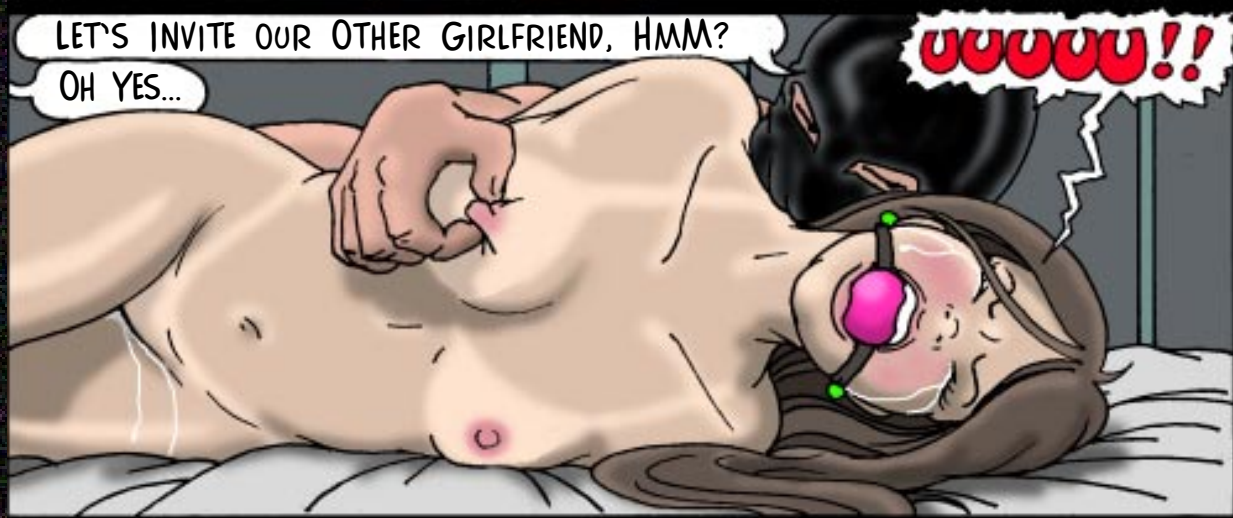


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LET'S INVITE OUR OTHER GIRLFRIEND, HMM?

OH YES...

UUUUUU!!



GET UP, YOU CUNT!



UUUUGGGKKK ... PLEASE ... NO MORE !!

CALL ME MASTER, YOU BITCH!!!

YES MASTER! PLEASE!
DON'T HURT ME, PLEASE...

TIE THE
YOUNG CUNT
WITH HER
LEGS SPREAD!

COOL...!

LICK THAT YOUNG CUMM OFF MY DICK,
SLAVE!

YES MASTER...
SSSSLURRP!

UUUUUUUUUUU!!!

WHAT'S WRONG
CUNT? NEVER DONE
IT WITH A GIRL?

NOW LICK HER PUSSY!!!

I WILL MASTER!

UUUNN-
UUUNN!
UUUUHH!!

Mmmmm!!



WE'RE GOING TO CUMM ALL OVER YOU BITCH! UUGH!! UUGGH!!
UUUUUGH!!



UUUUHHH!!!



OH YEAH! SHOW BLONDIE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A BIG HARD DICK TO FUCK HER WITH!

OOOHH! **NNNN!**



SPREAD'EM, BITCH
OH GOD! NOO!!!



OH NO!! PLEASE MASTER!!

MAYBE SHE WANTS BACK ON THE HORSE!

NOO! GOD I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT

THAT'S A GOOD SLAVE!

MMMPHH!

IS YOUR PUSSY AND YOUR ASS FULL NOW?

MASTER ... YES ... UUH!! ... YES!!

GET UP THERE AND FUCK THAT BITCH! NOW!!!

YAAAAAA!!

UUHH!!

TIE THE YOUNG CUNT'S HANDS UP TO THE HEAD RAIL ... AND TIE HER FEET APART UNDER THE MATTRESS!!!

NNN!NN-NN!



OLD BERNARD'S SEX TOY THORN

Episode 4

Previous in Fansadox 9, 11 & 12

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 two days ago 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 determined to have more fun with his new sex-plaything...

Wendy cried bitterly all night. She still did not know just how bad her situation was. She was lying face down under the bed, with the wood digging into her hips. Her anus was torn open. She still had the obscene gag in her mouth and it was slowly dripping castor oil into her stomach... Luckily for her and her finger-nails, the ten Chinese balls were still in. Wendy could not stand the pain in her bowels any more...

What had happened? Why had everything changed in her life? She asked herself these questions over and over again.

She had started her course in Fine Arts at the University only a few weeks ago. She was an energetic, optimistic girl, full of ideas and projects... Until the night she smelt a strange smell, like a hospital... She felt bad and decided to go to bed. In the morning she woke up tied up and gagged, legs drawn up in a foetal position. She was in a trunk.

How long was she there? A long time, perhaps days ... days imagining horrors...

Nothing she imagined was worse than reality!

When the trunk was finally opened, old Bernard looked down at her! The same old Bernard, the repulsive sadist, the cruel twisted

bastard who had flogged her, humiliated her and raped her in the vilest ways imaginable! The dirty old man who had made her suck his member, lick and kiss his giant genitals, his giant disease-ridden genitals, his huge stinking genitals that vomited thick sperm at the slightest touch...

He told her she was his slave now. He had paid good money for her. She was HIS, he shouted, to use as he wished...

Was he crazy?

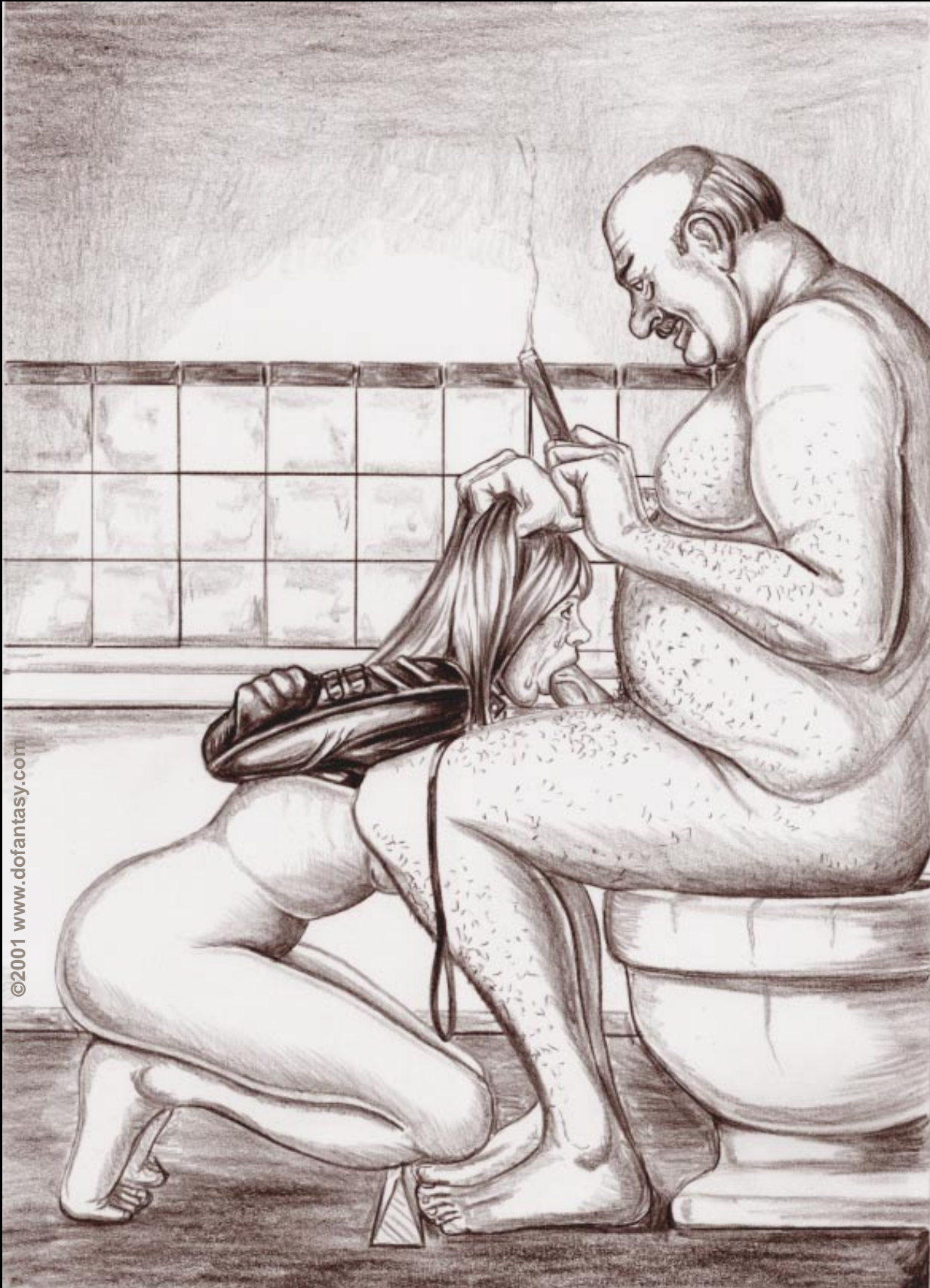
Yes, he was crazy. There was no doubt about that. This disgusting old man was a demented, dangerous criminal. He was crazy but in one respect he was right: she was his now. He could do whatever he liked with her. And there were no limits to his cruel, vile imagination or to the demands of his genitals...

Wendy was at his mercy. She was his young sexual slave.

Bernard slept well and enjoyed his breakfast. Then he turned his attention to other worldly needs.

"That's enough lazing about in bed!" he said, urinating into his young slave's face.

Wendy woke up with a start and looked at her master, terrified. She looked very tired. She had only just gone to sleep for the first time all



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night.

"Did you hear me, slave?"

Old Bernard caught her by the hair and put

his lips to her ear. His disgusting, degenerate old face was next to hers. He smiled cynically. His thick lips were covered in boils and his

evil-smelling saliva often dribbled down from the corners of his lips. The filthy pig could never speak without spraying spit into her face!

Old Bernard spoke to her as he licked her face and nibbled at her ears and nose...

"I said that's enough lying around in bed, bitch! A slave is a slave. You're a sexual slave, but you're still a slave. And a slave offers her Master services of all kinds. You're not just a Cunt Slave, you know! You're not just a juicy cunt and a tight little ass!

Old Bernard sat on her buttocks and untied her wrists. Then he pulled her arms right up behind her back and put the leather glove on them.

It was the same glove she had been wearing when she woke up in the trunk.

Bernard stood up, untied her ankles and pulled her to her feet by the hair. Wendy stood unsteadily. She could not feel her legs. The pig's sperm was oozing out of her vagina. Her stomach was turning and heaving from the castor oil and the Chinese balls were torturing her bowels.

"Have you ever eaten shit?" Bernard asked, dragging her to the bathroom.

Wendy staggered along behind him with her legs apart and her anus full of balls. He had threatened to pull out a finger-nail for each ball that came out. And the girl remembered the threat...

"Get up onto the toilet, slave!"

Wendy looked at her Master. She did not understand. What did he mean?

"Legs apart. Put your pretty little feet on the edge of the toilet, one each side ... no ... no ... don't be shy ... don't put your knees together ... no, no, as wide open as you can ... good and open, that's the way! ... good girl! ... your master wants a good close look at you!"

Wendy felt totally humiliated. The lips of her vagina were wide open. She felt defenceless...

"Now pee!"

Wendy blushed. She made an effort to relax and finally managed to urinate. Bernard put his hand down behind her while she was peeing and pulled on the cord hanging from her anus. The cord had the ten Chinese balls on it.

It was like the eruption of a volcano. Old Bernard had to hold her by the hair to keep her from falling off the toilet bowl...

"A slave has no secrets from her Master!"

Wendy closed her eyes and wept. It was all too much, all too cruel...

Old Bernard slapped her face. He liked slapping Wendy's sweet, childlike face.

"I asked you if you've ever eaten shit! Answer, slave!"

But Wendy could not reply. She had "Romeo", the phallus that contained castor oil, stuck down her throat...

She said no as best she could, with her eyes, with her strangled voice...

"Nnnnnnnngggggggghhhhhhhhh."

He held her hair firmly. She could not even shake her head.

"Do you feel better now you've had a good crap, slave?"

"Mmmmm" she said, trying to nod.

"Well, get out the way. It's your master's turn now..."

Old Bernard threw her to the ground and sat on the toilet.

"Kneel down here, slave", he said, pointing to the stick with its sharp edges, "you're going to suck my dick while I have a good shit."

He took the phallus out of her mouth and throat.

Wendy was sick. She couldn't stand any more... the stink, the pig squatting a few inches from her face with his knees apart and his enormous scrotum hanging down into the toilet bowl... his wrinkled, dirty penis...

And the noise...

The revolting symphony of damp farts punctuated by the soft plopping as his excrement hit the water...

"What are you waiting for, slave? A good whipping?"

The mention of the whip was enough. She remembered all too clearly the stinging blow each time the whip bit into her flesh, usually her bottom but sometimes her breasts... She obeyed immediately.

But old Bernard did not help her and Wendy had to get her face close in and bite onto the flaccid member flopping sickly in the toilet bowl.

Old Bernard pulled her hair and brought her face. He carried on defecating... He felt his tired penis slowly swelling in his slave's mouth. He heard his slave choking for lack of air, especially lack of clean air... It all made him feel good...

Yes, it was a pleasure to have a slave like Wendy.



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A delicious creature with delicious young female flesh to help him forget that he was three times as old as she was...

Young, smooth skin and big firm breasts on a nicely rounded woman's body... She had cost a fortune, but she was worth it. And now

he was going to get his money's worth ... he wanted full value for every pound he had paid...

Bernard stood up, turned round, bent forwards and opened his buttocks. He tugged hard on the lead around Wendy's neck until he had pulled her whole face into his crack.

"Clean me, slave. Use your lips and your tongue. Get your face right down in there. I told you a slave has many different uses..."

Wendy was sick again, twice. But she licked and kissed and rubbed her face up and down over the anus of the man who had bought her and had threatened her with terrible punishment if she disobeyed: "Get your tongue right in or I'll cut it off," "Obey, you slut, or I'll put your eyes out", "Do you want me to bite your nips off?"

Wendy obeyed, terrified. Terrified and sick in her stomach... All this was just a terrible nightmare, a revolting, sick, perverted, twisted, depraved psychopathic nightmare. An interminable nightmare of torture, hour after hour...

"Now do the bowl", he said, "the chain doesn't work!" The young slave hesitated and her master grabbed her by the hair and forced her head down into the bowl.

"Get licking. And I want to hear you! I want to hear you LICKING and SLURPING and SWALLOWING!!!"

He smiled. He enjoyed humiliating his beautiful young slave. It turned him on. The more sadistic and inhuman he was, the more excited he got...

He grabbed her round the waist and lifted her bottom high up in the air. Wendy felt sick. Her arms were tied behind her back, and she lost her balance again. She fell forwards into the bowl. She felt the warm water and the man's fresh turds hit her in the face...

She writhed around hysterically, trying to get her face out of the excrement, to get some fresh air, gasping, choking, spluttering, swallowing...

Old Bernard put his erect penis into her sore anus, grabbed her firmly by the hips and lifted her bottom high. He buggered her with strong hammer-like thrusts, getting more and more excited at the desperate wiggling and contracting of her tense buttocks, turned on by the sight of his own member banging away into the poor girl's bottom. He enjoyed watching her long legs kick uselessly into the air and her blonde hair

picking up the shit around the bowl...

Yes ... it was one of the best orgasms he'd ever had.

After the first orgasm he calmed down a bit and locked his slave in her cage for the first time. It was too small and the only way Wendy could fit in was on her knees. The old man did not want her to sit down, so he tied her knees well apart to two hooks set in the floor of the cage...

Wendy looked at her master, tears in her eyes...

The old man began with Romeo. Full of castor oil, needless to say...

"Mouth wide open, slave, if you don't want your teeth broken!"

The tremendous "comforter" penetrated Wendy's throat. It went right down until the base was between her teeth. She could not spit it out, however hard she tried. She could not open her mouth any wider...

Then he put the Chinese balls into her anus and followed them with a vibrator. He put another vibrator up into her vagina.

He switched them on...

Wendy started shaking like a leaf in the wind...

Then Bernard showed her Big Whopper. Fifteen inches long and thick as a man's forearm.

He lifted her chin between the bars of the cage with the tip of his Big Whopper. She jumped back as if she'd had an electric shock...

"Does it sting, slave?"

It stung. It burnt into the skin because the tip was covered in a some kind of sticky, irritating grease...

"Don't move, slave!" he shouted, indignant, "or I'll pull a couple of your nails out!"

He stroked her chin again, with Big Whopper's tip.

It stung, but this time she did not move.

"I'll be back to work on you after lunch. You can get your juices flowing by giving yourself a good fuck with this!" he said, waving the enormous phallus in front of the terrified girl's face.

Before he left - he had to go to church, everyone expected it of him - old Bernard put out his cigar on the soft, sensitive skin at the top of her thigh, on the inside, right at the top, near the vagina...

A sharp smell of burnt flesh rose into the air... and a muffled scream echoed around the walls.



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Old Bernard smiled...
Wendy closed her eyes praying she would

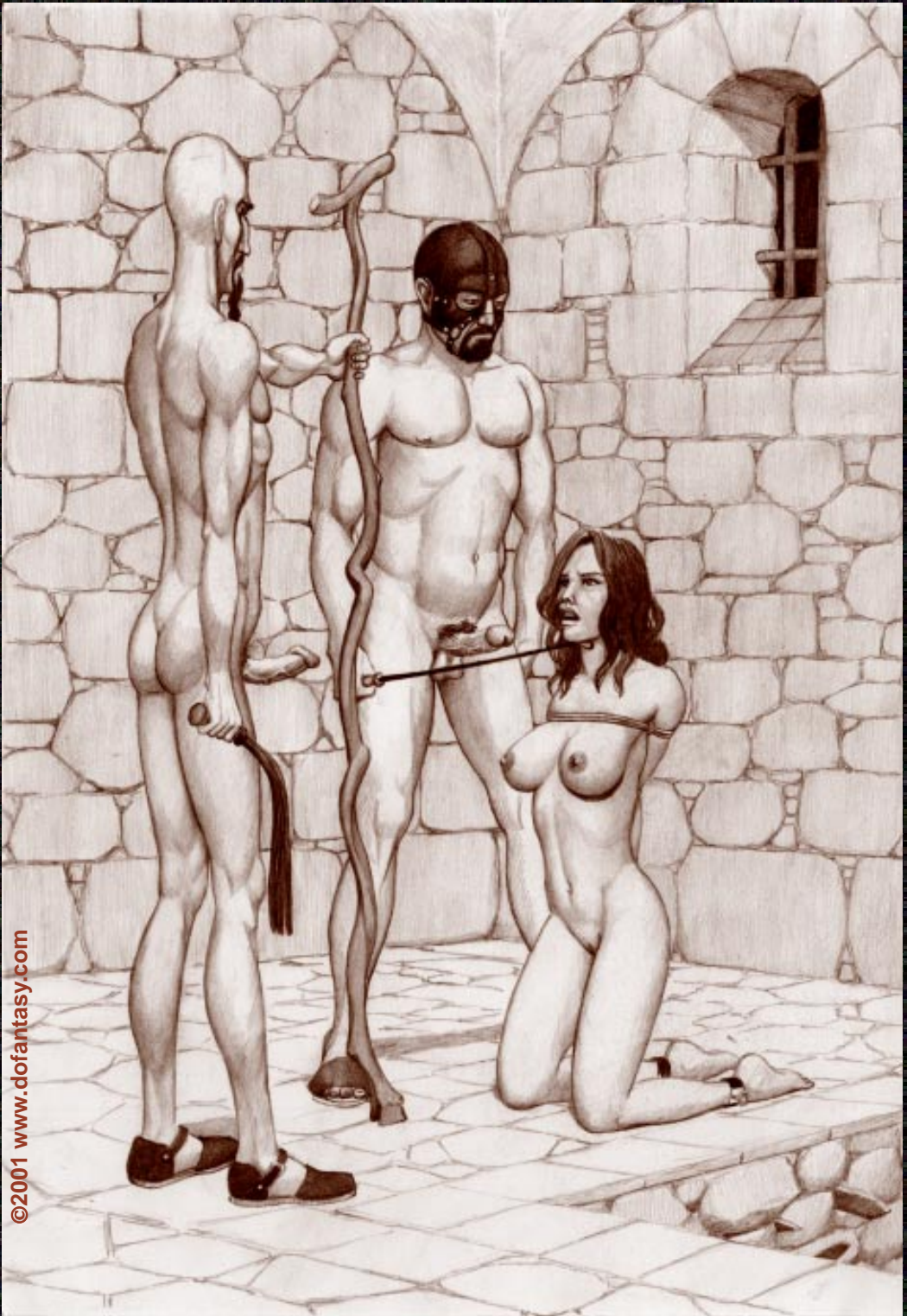
die... ■

To be continued...

DUNGEONS



"The King is dead. Long live the King!"
Dom Ludovico makes the official proclamation hurriedly. His brother has died, leaving no masculine descendents, and he himself is the new King. He's impatient. At last Elina, his niece, will be his! He's been wanting her since she was a child. And he's received nothing but contempt from her... But that's over now. Elina is waiting for him in the depths of the Castle. Stark naked...



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SUNDAY, AFTER THE CEREMONY ... LUDOVICO AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW BERNARDO GO DOWN TO THE DUNGEON...

Look up, slave! Look into the eyes of your new masters! You'll never see the light of day again ... you'll spend your days buried alive, in chains, waiting for your masters to come and rape you...



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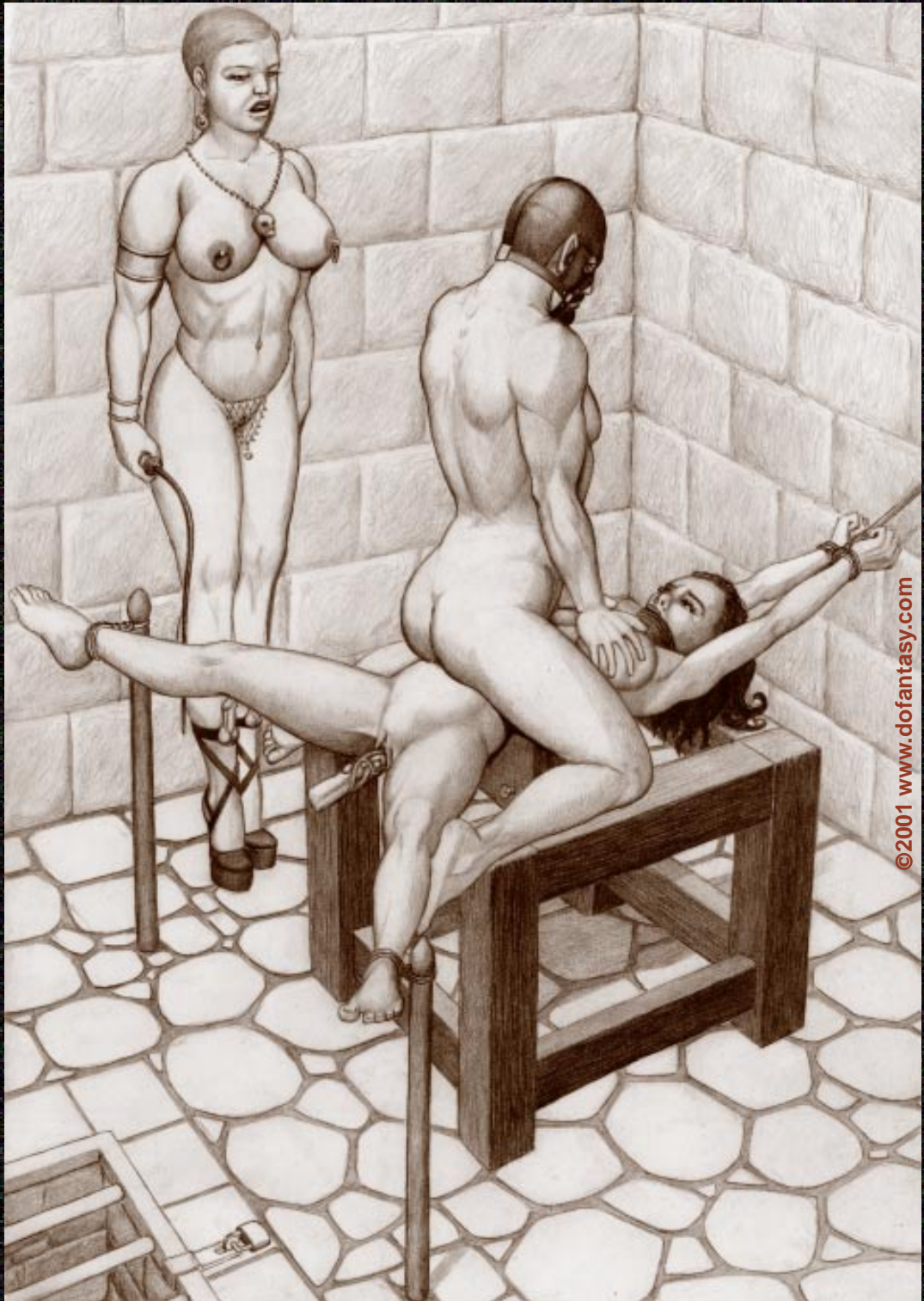
LATER...

I'm going to rape you anyway, Princess. The way you are now. But first I want to hear you pleading with me, begging me to fuck you...



MONDAY...

Do you like that, Princess? Tell me when you've had enough ... Ha! ha! ha! ... Because then I'll rape you. Just the way you are, right up your cunt ... the presentation is perfect! ... Ha! ha! ha! ... Then I'll shut you up in your little hole, in chains, with your hood and gag on ... Until my balls fill up again and I need to shoot off...



TUESDAY ... DOM BERNARDO AND HIS WIFE BASTARTA VISIT ELINA, THE PRINCESS IN CHAINS...

Hurry up and come, Bernardo ... Shoot all over the whore's face! Oh, you don't know how I enjoy seeing you like this, Princess! First, you're gonna eat my cunt! Then I'm gonna sit on you and slide a turd straight into your mouth and you're gonna eat it! I'll make your life hell, dear ... HA ... HA ... HA...

INQUISITION

badia de luxe album



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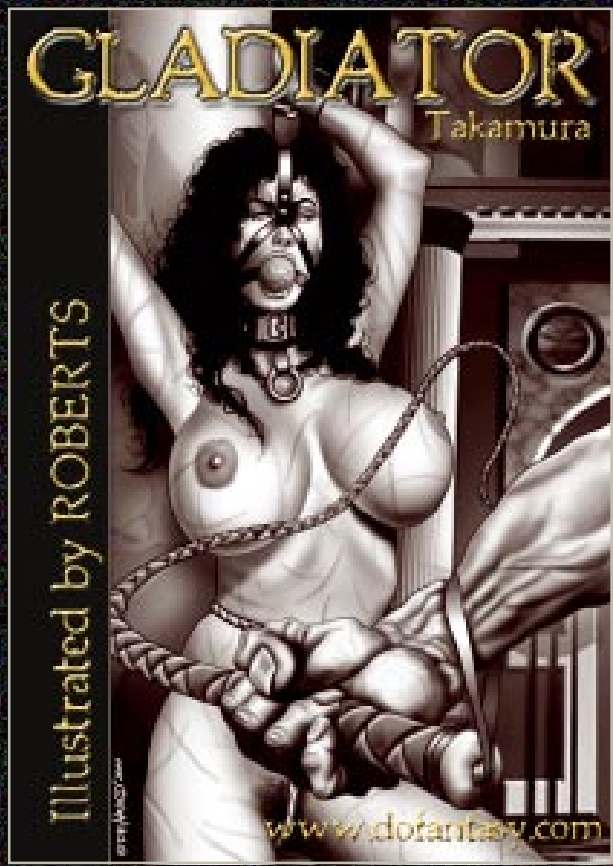
Geoffrey Merrick
Illustrated by ROBERTS

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THE ELECTRICIAN
Geoffrey Merrick - illustrated by Haffnium72

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GLADIATOR
Takamura

Illustrated by ROBERTS

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**SLAVE
IN THE CASTLE**

Badia

Gabriella Cianni

YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

YOU MAY INFORM SATO-SAN THAT HIS PACKAGE HAS ARRIVED!

by Roberto

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NO! PLEASE SIR! DON'T!!
I DO WHAT YOU WANT!
PLEASE! DON'T!!

TOO LATE FOR THAT, PIG!
YOU GONNA SCREAM NOW!



NO!
UUUUH!

HEH HEH...



SMAK!



SMAK!

MERCY! OH ... PLEASE! MERCY!!

THAT WAS
A TICKLE ...



MNOO!!

YAAAAAARRRR!!!

GRACK!



STOP! I'M SLIPPING ... PLEASE!!!

EEEEEEEEEE!!!

UUUH!!! UUGKK-KK-K...K



U..K..K..

MASHIMOTO! MASTER
SATO-SAN WANTS YOU!



GOOD! NEW BITCHES! CUT THIS ONE DOWN BEFORE SHE DIES, WOULD YOU?

OF COURSE, MASHIMOTO-SAN! THEN SHE WILL GIVE HER ASS IN GRATITUDE FOR MY GOOD DEED!

UK - GK ... K...



INDEED SHE WILL!

SNAP!

CLEAN MY FUCKING FLOOR OF YOUR PISS, PIG! HURRY UP! I'M GOING TO FUCK YOUR ASS

UHH ... UK

SLURPS ... UGH YES M...MASTER... SLURPS...



DO SOMETHING USEFUL, YOU
IDIOT! TAKE THIS YOUNG BITCH
AND SEE IF SHE REMEMBERS
HOW TO SUCK DICK NOW!

YES, MASTER SATO-SAN!

AHH! MASHIMOTO!
WELL DONE...!

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TAKE THIS ONE TO MY PRIVATE CHAMBERS! SHE WILL GET MY PERSONAL ATTENTION!

HEH HEH HEH... OF COURSE

MMMMPHH...



AND BRING KEIKO UP TOO... WE'RE GOING TO PARTY, HMMM?

YES, MASTER

OOHHH!



UUUUUUUUU!

HAVE THEM READY FOR ME! I WILL BE THERE AFTER I FUCK THIS ONE'S ASS!



TAKASHI! BRING HER AFTER YOU HAVE HOSED YOUR CUM OFF OF HER!

OOH-UHHH!

AHHH! YOUR OWN PUSSY BETRAYS YOU, WHORE! YOU ARE SLIPPERY AND WARM FOR ME!



NNNN!

UUUUUH! YES... I THINK I'LL FUCK YOUR HOT PUSSY FIRST! FEEL MY THUMB UP YOUR ASS?



NNN-NNN! PLSS!



UUUUUUUUUU!!

OH YESSS ... WHITE WHORE ... I'M FUCKING YOU... I'M GOING TO PUMP YOUR PUSSY FULL, THEN I'LL FUCK YOUR TIGHT ASS FOR AN HOUR...



NNNN!
NNNN!

...OR TWO...

ALSO BY DOFANTASY

ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH NOVELS

legacy

the electrician

white slaves

galley slaves

naked cargo

slaves of the princess

sold as white slaves

pony girls

enslaved celebrity

slavegirl island

the taming of Julia Chant

Julia enslaved

Teresa's torment

Julia in captivity

FANSADOX

1 to 14 in English

SICKEST snuff one

INQUISITION. The darkest night



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