

FAN SADOX

15

**BOUGHT
& TAMED**

paul

**OLD BERNARD'S
NEW TOY**

thorn

HAT TRICK

*geoff merrick
haffnium72*

**ROBERTS
the BLACK VAN**

**GISELLE
Yakuza
SLAVEGIRLS**

**HARO
badia
NILSSON**

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Fansadox 15 contents

cover - Roberts

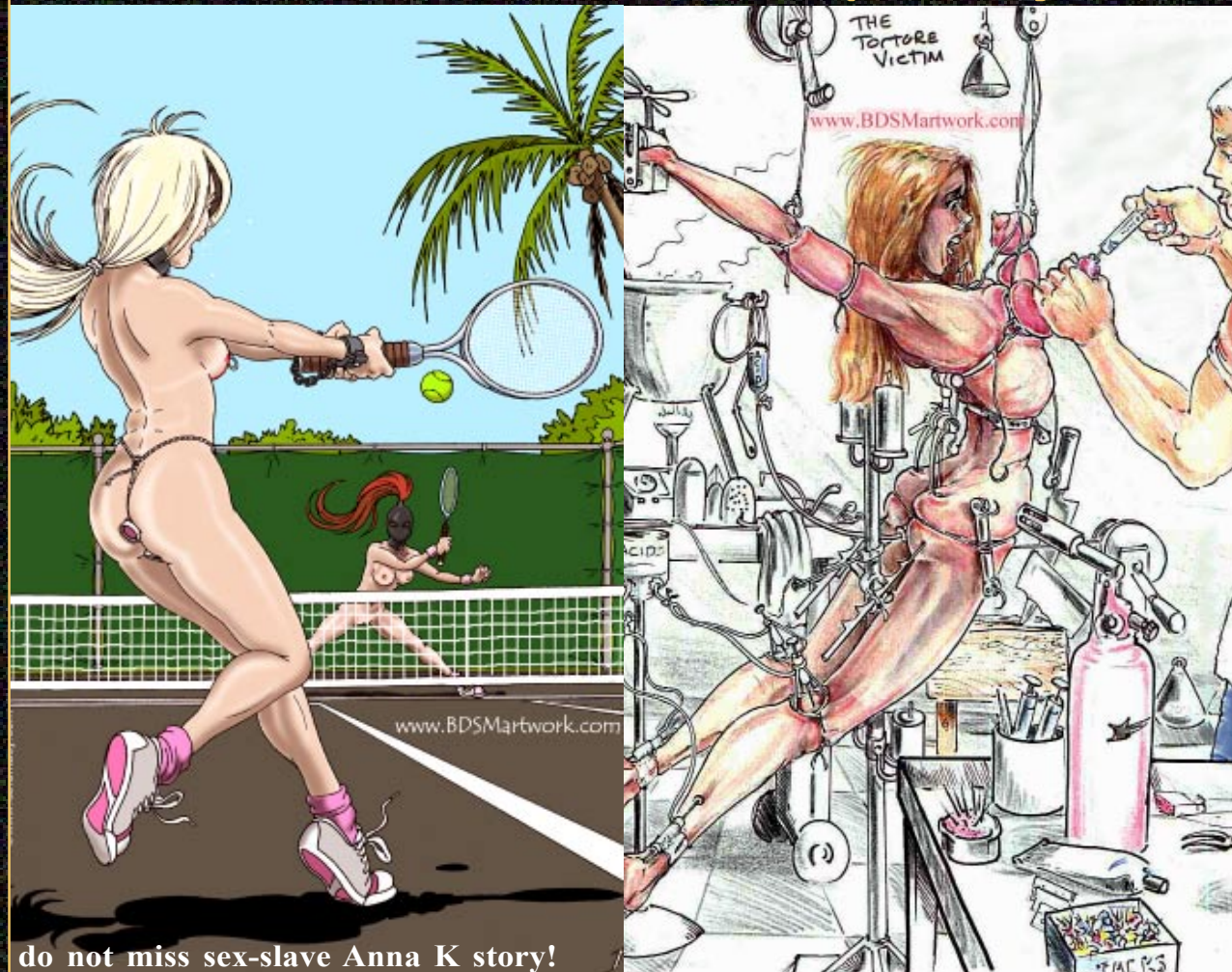
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do not miss sex-slave Anna K story!

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 two months have 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, a disgusting middle-age man, a brutal 'macho' and a primitive sexist who put a collar on his niece to show her around on the end of the leash.

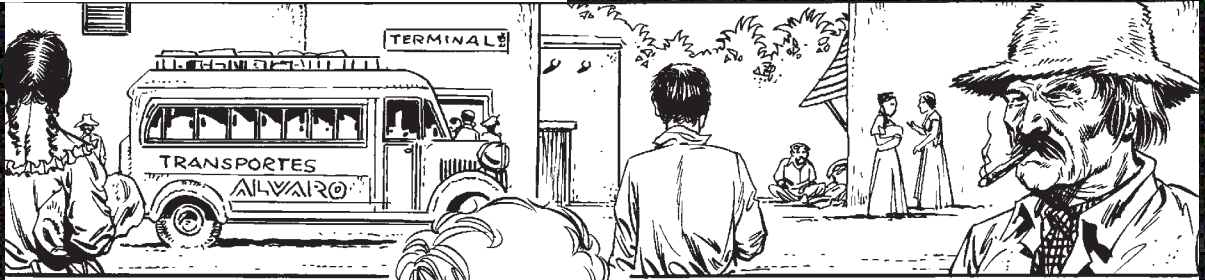
But Uncle Raúl seems to need more than his pretty young sex-toy. He wants her mother too, the woman who 18 years earlier had run away from him to marry his own brother.



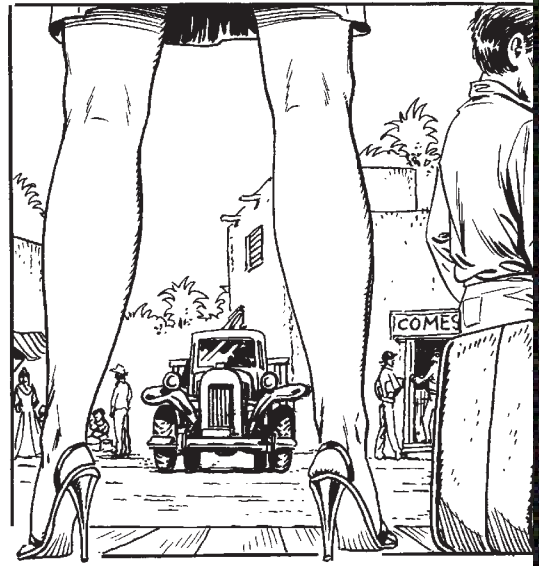
**PAUL
LUCAS**

Episode 8

SARA'S MOTHER ARRIVED IN MACONDO EARLIER THAN EXPECTED. HER BROTHER-IN-LAW, RAUL, WAS NOT THERE.



SHE WAITED IN THE SHADOWS, LEANING AGAINST THE SAME WALL WHERE HER DAUGHTER HAD WAITED FOR HER UNCLE TWO MONTHS EARLIER...



RAUL! HOW ARE YOU? LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME!



NOT MY FAULT, BITCH ... IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME BECAUSE YOU TOOK OFF WITH MY BROTHER!



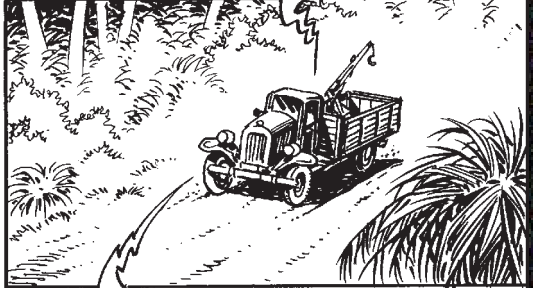
NOW GET INTO THE CAR. AT LEAST THE WAIT WAS WORTH IT, TO SEE A PAIR OF BIG TITS LIKE YOURS! BET YOUR LEGS ARE SOMETHING TOO!



I ... WELL ... HOW'S SARA?

NOT AS GOOD AS YOU! YOU'RE LOOKING REAL FINE TO ME.

I HEAR YOU GOT DIVORCED ... I TOLD YOU MY BROTHER DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PRICK FOR YOU...

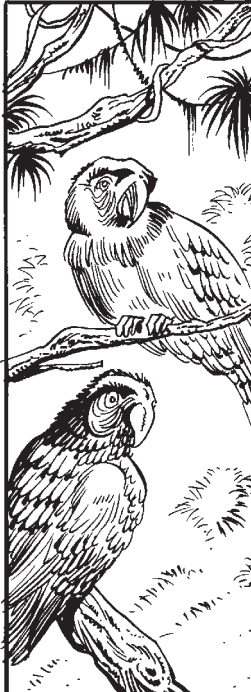


WELL ... YES ... YOUR BROTHER AND I SEPARATED. THE REASONS ARE NOT YOUR BUSINESS...

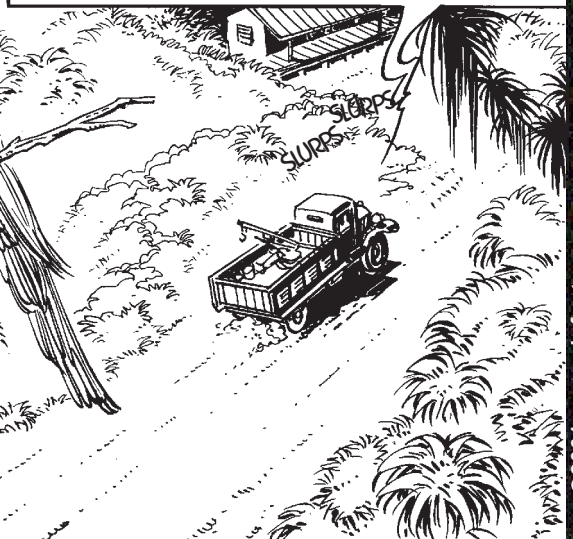
OK, BUT NOW YOU'RE ALONE, YOU'LL BE NEEDING A BIT OF DICK, I DARE SAY ... YOU'RE QUITE A FEMALE AND I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE HOT CUNTS LIKE YOURS...



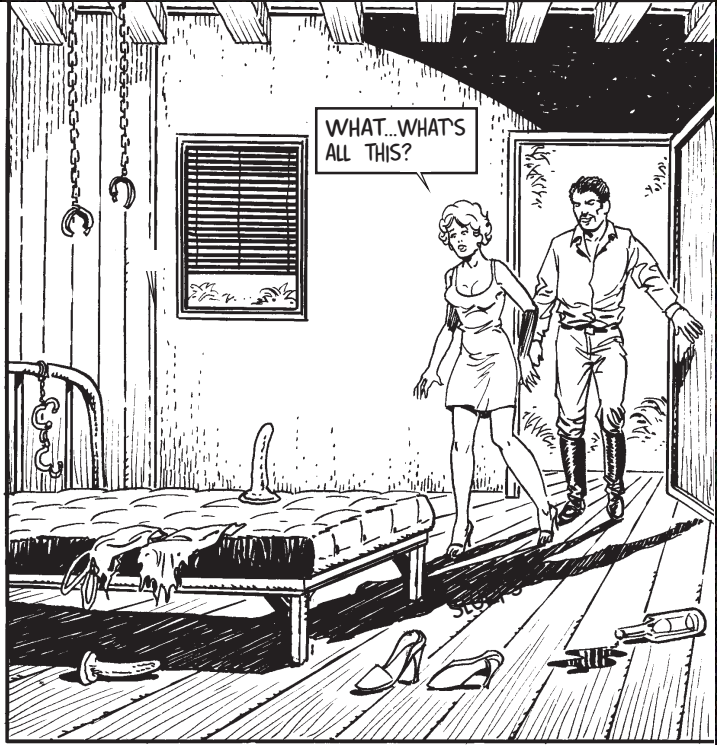
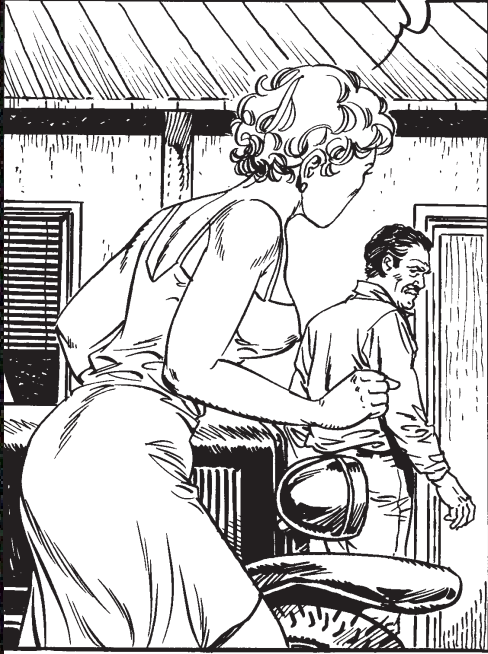
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, RAUL. YOU'VE STILL GOT A FILTHY MOUTH!



AND YOU'VE GOT A GOOD MOUTH ON YOU TOO! I REMEMBER YOU GRUNTING LIKE A HOG IN YOUR UNCLE'S HOUSE! YOUR CUNT WAS DRIPPING WET. LIKE A WHORE'S CUNT! YOU SURE ENJOYED THAT ONE! YOU WE'RE HOT AND JUICY ... HUMMMMM...



YOU RAPED ME, YOU SEEM TO FORGET. AND WHY ARE YOU BRINGING THIS UP NOW? I WAS JUST A GIRL ... YOU ARE SICK, RAUL.



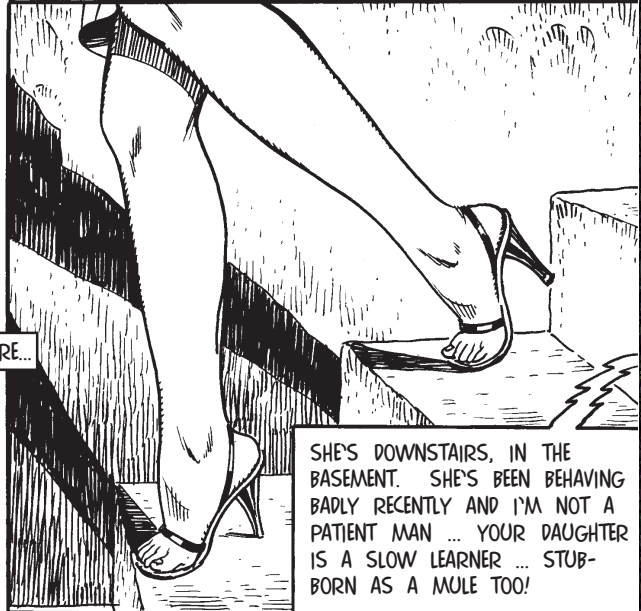
WHAT...WHAT'S ALL THIS?

YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR LOVELY LITTLE DAUGHTER?

OF COURSE I DO! WHERE IS SHE?

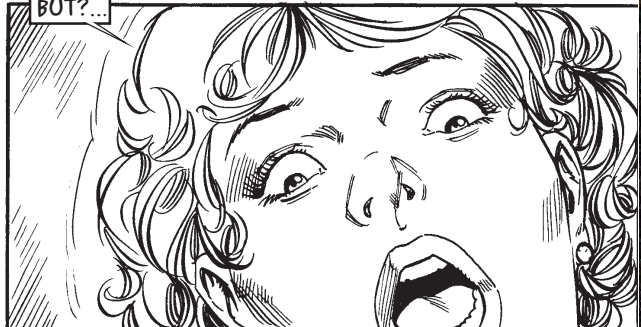


COME OVER HERE...



SHE'S DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE BASEMENT. SHE'S BEEN BEHAVING BADLY RECENTLY AND I'M NOT A PATIENT MAN ... YOUR DAUGHTER IS A SLOW LEARNER ... STUBBORN AS A MULE TOO!

BUT?...



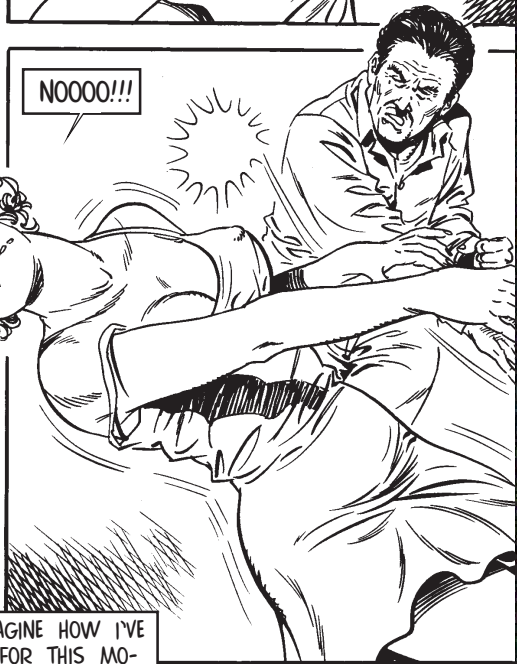
SHE'S ON HER KNEES AS A PUNISHMENT. SHE BIT ME WHEN I WAS FUCKING HER WHORE'S FACE!



YOU FILTHY PIG! LET GO OF MY DAUGHTER IMMEDIATELY! YOU'RE SICK. A CRIMINAL!

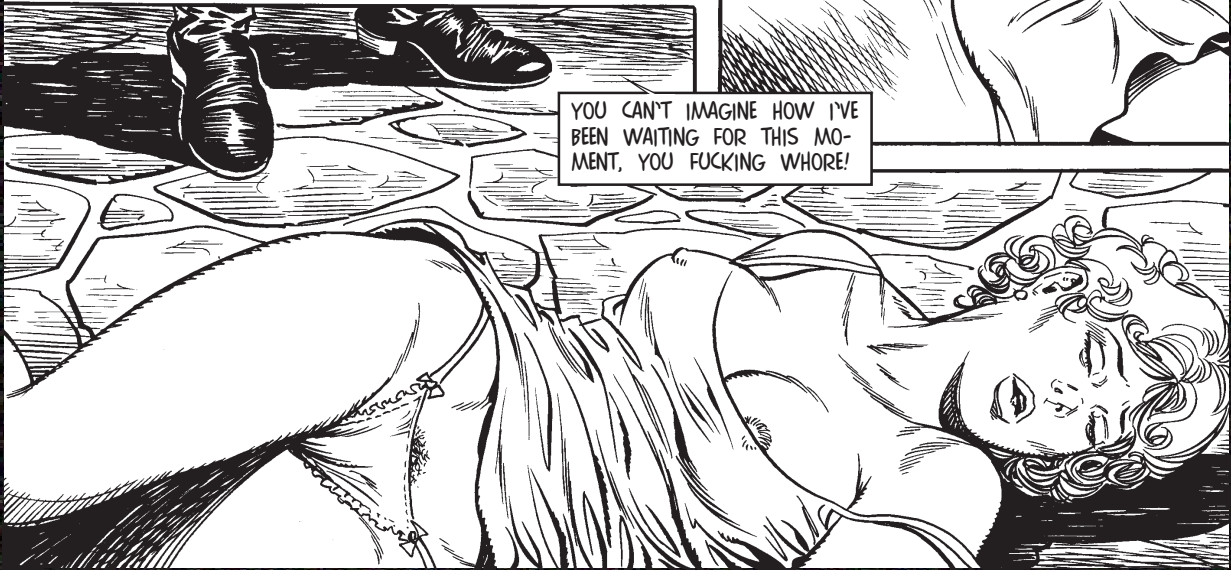


KEEP STILL, BITCH! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU JEALOUS?

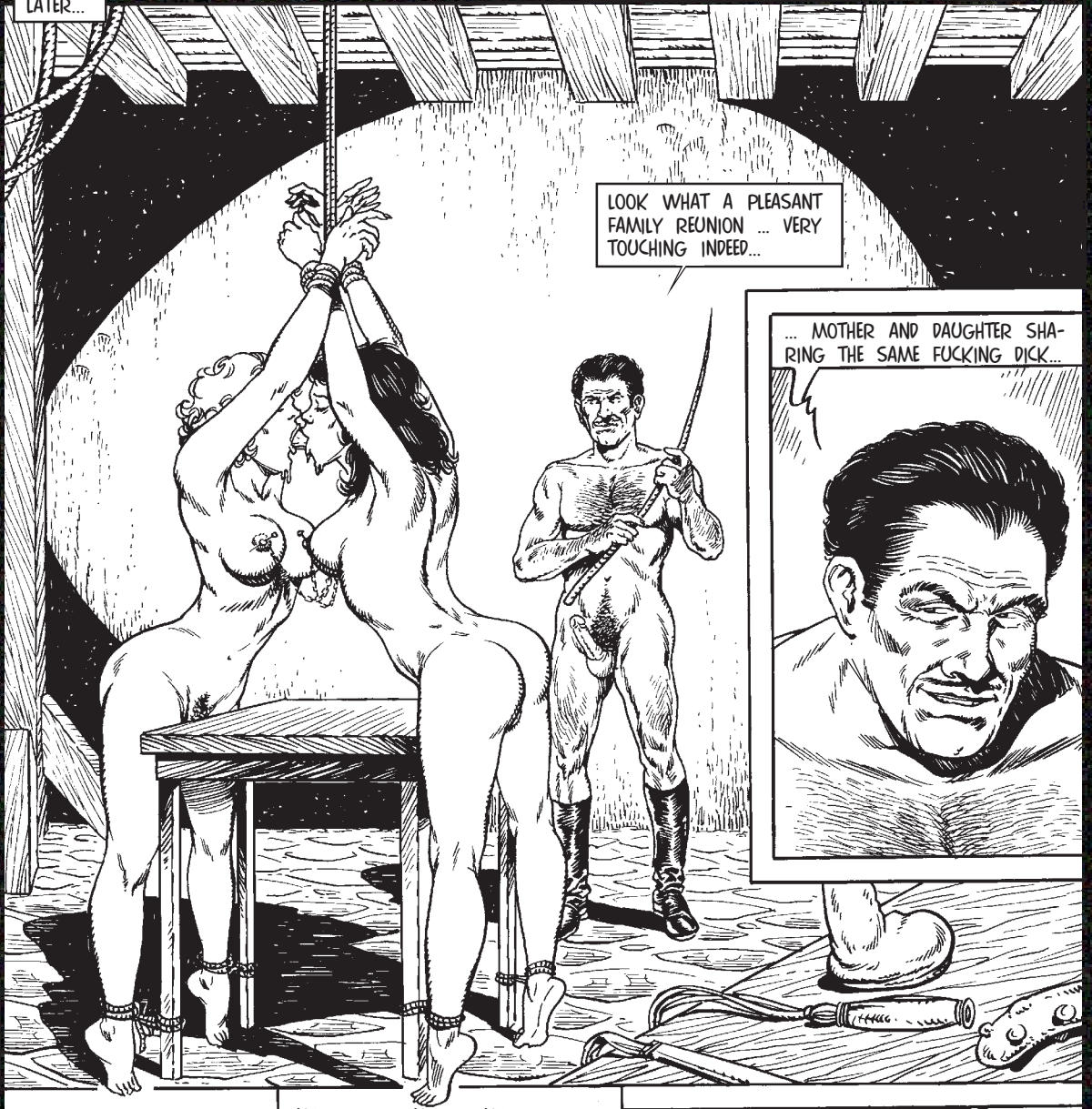


NOOOO!!!

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT, YOU FUCKING WHORE!



LATER...



LOOK WHAT A PLEASANT
FAMILY REUNION ... VERY
TOUCHING INDEED...

... MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SHARING
THE SAME FUCKING DICK...

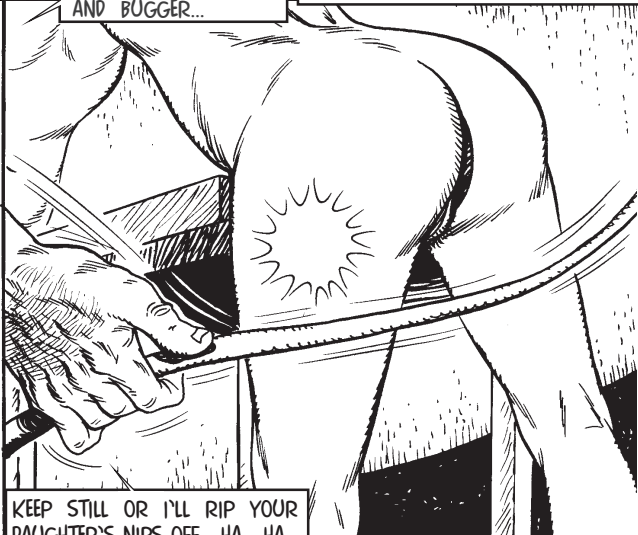
HUMMM...HUM...HUMMMMM...



I'VE DREAMT ABOUT THIS LITTLE ASS FOR YEARS, SISTER-IN-LAW...

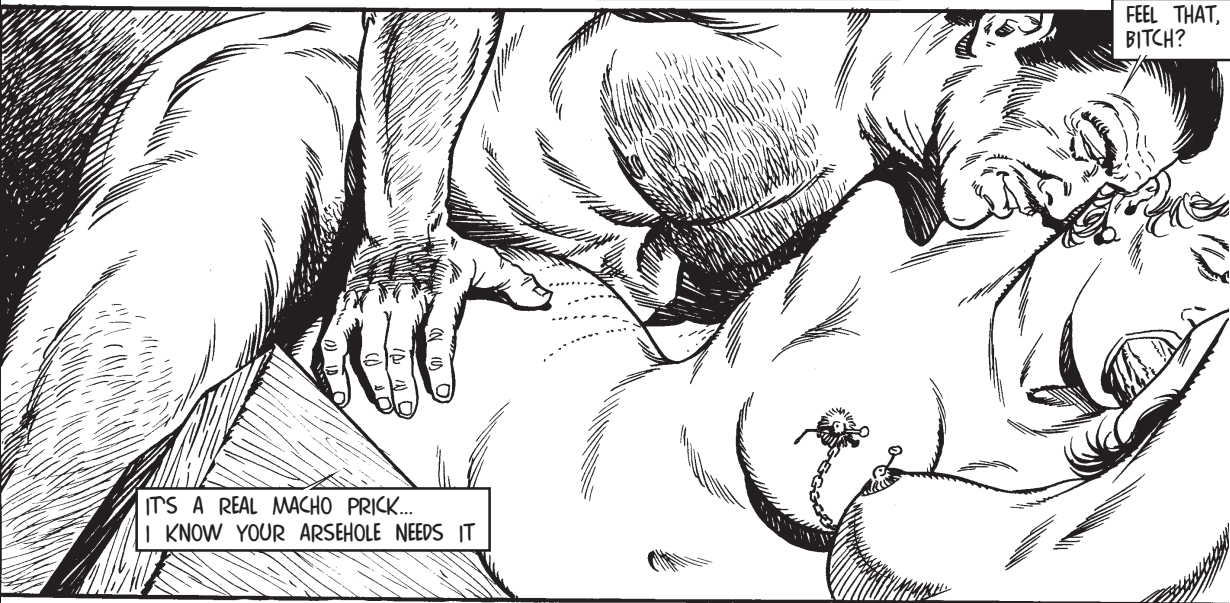
NOW IT IS MINE TOPUNISH... TO FUCK AND BUGGER...

NGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!

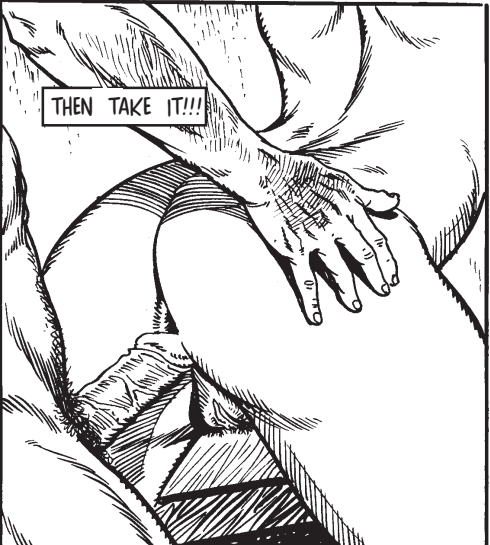


KEEP STILL OR I'LL RIP YOUR DAUGHTER'S NIPS OFF... HA... HA...

FEEL THAT, BITCH?



IT'S A REAL MACHO PRICK... I KNOW YOUR ARSEHOLE NEEDS IT



THEN TAKE IT!!!

NGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!

AGGHH...!!!



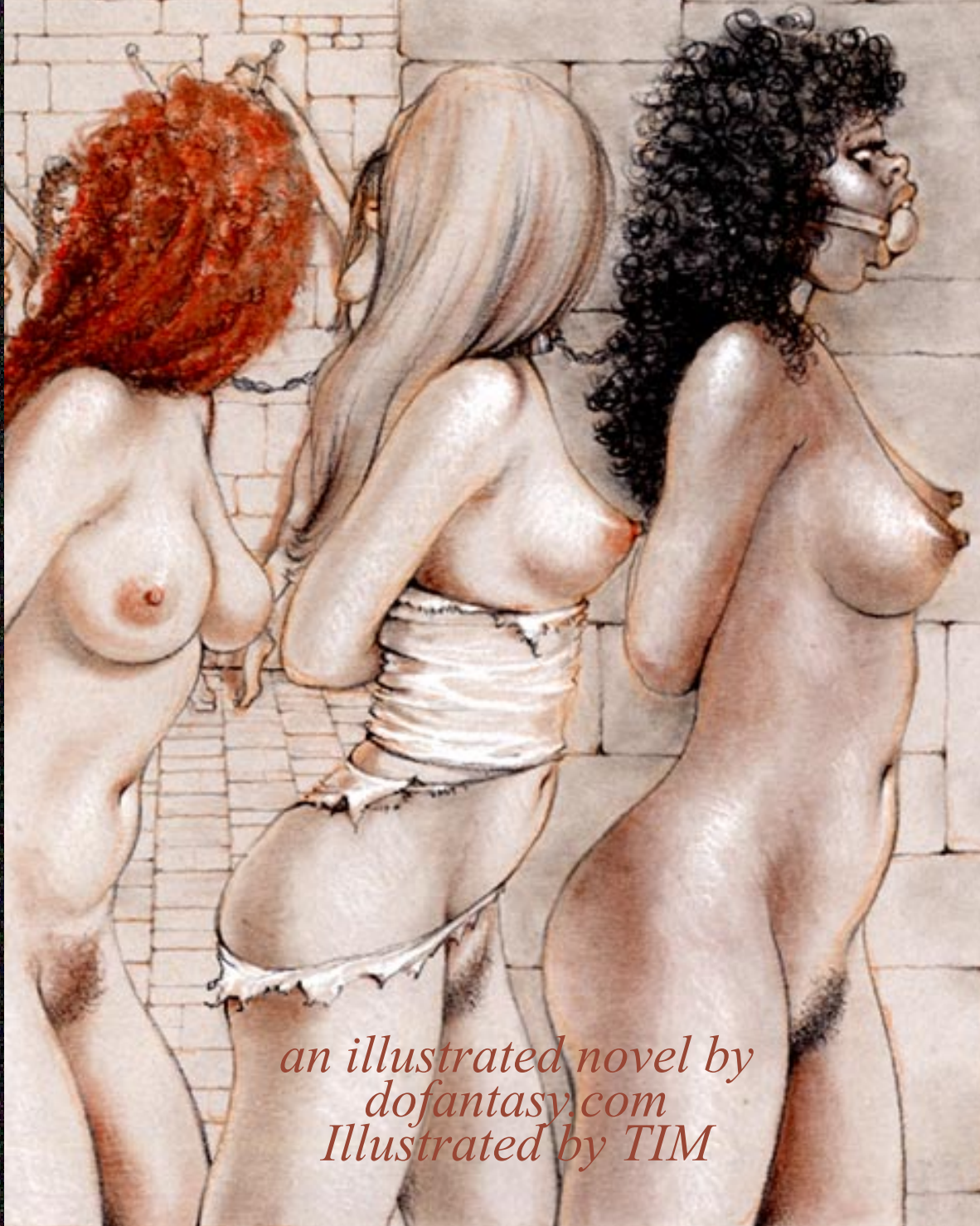
YEAH ... THE THREE OF US ARE GOING TO HAVE A GREAT TIME, YOU'LL SEE...



THE END. TO BE CONTINUED?

female HELL in paramundo

by procter baldwin



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Illustrated by TIM*

THE BLACK VAN

#7

by Roberts

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OH NO! GOD PLEASE!
I WILL!

FUCK THIS LITTLE WHORE!
RIGHT NOW!

OR THIS IS IN
YOUR PUSSY!

**UUUHH!
NNNNN!**

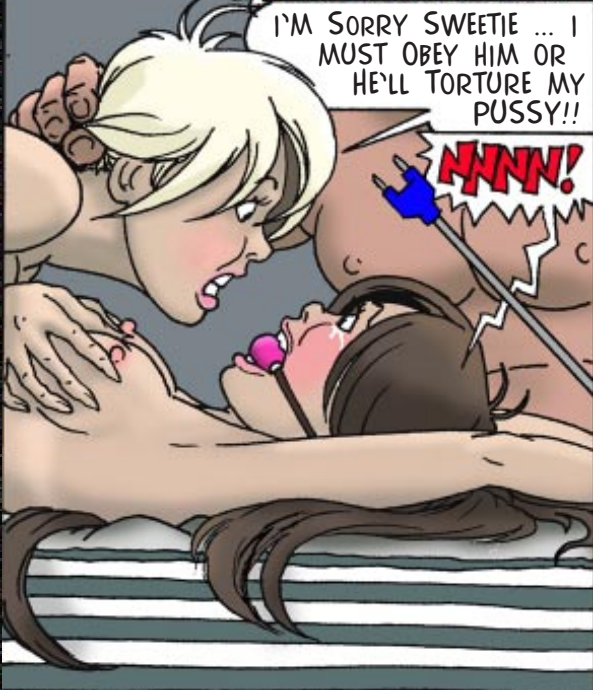


RAPE HER 'TILL SHE SCREAMS!

UUH-UHH! PLSS!!

I'M SORRY SWEETIE ... I
MUST OBEY HIM OR
HE'LL TORTURE MY
PUSSY!!

NNNN!



UUUUUU! NNN! UUUUU!?





UUUUH!!

IT'S TOO BIG FOR HER, MASTER!

FUCK HER!
YOU CUNT!!



MASTER PLEASE! ... NOOO!!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!

UUUH!

ZZZZT!

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YAAAAAA!!
UUUUUUUU!!

FUCK YOU PIG
FUCK!

ZZZZT!



UUUUUU!NNNN!!

YOU WANT SOME
TOO, LITTLE ONE?
YES, I THINK SO!

AAAA! PLEASE MASTER! I'M FUCKING HER!

HARDER, BITCH ... OR YOU'LL WHATCH EACH OTHER FUCKING DIE!



ZZZT!

ZZZZZZT! U..KK..K..



SINK THAT BIG RUBBER COCK IN HER PUSSY!!

YES MASTER! PLEASE! NO MORE!



AAAAH! PLEASE STOP!

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU GETTING IT TOO? HEH! HEH! HEH!...



OH GOD ... IS SHE...?

NO, YOU STUPID CUNT! THE LITTLE BITCH FAINTED!



GET ON THE FLOOR, BITCH!

HEY ... YEAH...
MANNY...?

YEAH ... WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE WHAT I'VE GOT...



TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK YOU GOT,
GRINGO!



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I GOT A LOT OF BUSINESS TO DO
YOU KNOW?



U..G..K..

YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THIS ... BLONDE,
ABOUT 19, GOT NICE ROUND TITS ... AND YOU
CAN TRY HER FIRST!

OH PLEASE, NO!



OH REALLY? AND HOW MUCH IS THIS LITTLE GRINGA FUCK-TOY GOING TO COST ME, YOU MARICONE? ...KEEP FUCKING, YOU BITCH!..

JUST GET OVER HERE! YOU WON'T CARE AFTER YOU'VE STUCK YOUR LITTLE BEAN-DIP DICK IN THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL!

OH NO...

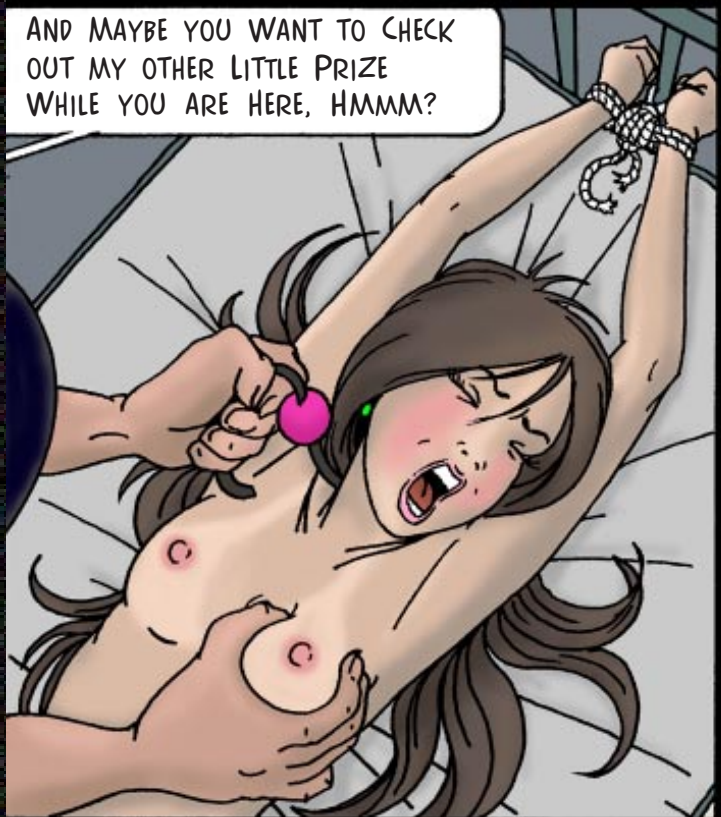


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AND MAYBE YOU WANT TO CHECK OUT MY OTHER LITTLE PRIZE WHILE YOU ARE HERE, HMMM?

YYYYAAAAAAA!!!

SEE? SHE IS SINGING YOUR SONG!!



GET THESE BITCHES GAGGED AND TIE 'EM UP REAL GOOD! WE GONNA GO AND PICK UP SOME WHITER PUSSY!

SURE JEFE!... HEH...HEH...HEH...

UHH!

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OOOH! STOP! UUUH! STOOOPPP!!!

UGH! UGH!
UGH!

HURRY UP! WE GOTTA HOSE THESE BITCHES OFF!

WE'RE GONNA SELL THESE CUNTS!

LET'S GO SEE IF GRINGO HAS BETTER PUSSY THAN WE GOT... HEH...HEH...HEH...!!!

UHHH!

TO BE CONTINUED

First night with her Mistresses

Miss White Slit and Miss Black Whip chose Caroline from among the twenty slaves in the catalogue. They chose her for her age, her lips-apart good looks, and her slim but well-rounded body. They also chose her because it said in the catalogue that she found lesbians revolting and she hated blacks...



BEND DOWN IN FRONT OF YOUR BLACK OWNER, SLAVE, AND KISS THE GROUND ... AND WORK UP SOME SALIVA BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO EAT HER CUNT! AND YOU'RE GONNA SWALLOW HER JUICES TILL SHE CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE ... AND THAT'S WHEN YOU AND I ARE GONNA START BUSINESS...

GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 5. Previous in Fansadox 14, 13, 12 & 9

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

This is the fifth day of sexual torture and sexual slavery for poor Giselle.

All week waiting for Sunday! My first Sunday with Giselle!

And it couldn't have got off to a worse start...

"Let's go to church, dear. I want to pray for Giselle," my beloved wife says as soon as she wakes up. What a pain in the ass! We spend two hours in a traffic jam, half an hour parking and then I have to sit through mass. Just to keep the old bag of fat happy! Hours and hours wasted! All that time I could have been fucking her daughter and slapping her big tits around!

In the end, I couldn't take any more. As soon as the priest said 'Ite missa est' I snapped. I was fed up to the bollocks with all of it. The moment of truth had come. "I'm going!" I said. "I need a fuck! I haven't had a good hard-on since your daughter left home. It was her smell that turned me on, not yours! She smelt like a whore on heat! It was it all over the flat. That was what got my prick up and sniffing for air! You know what? A marriage without a hard-on is more trouble than it's worth! I'm getting out! Taking off! I'm talking divorce, OK? Kaput! Finito!"

I left her crying like an idiot. Her problem! I dip my wick in her daughter now, and there's real cunt for you! Not that old bag dressing up every night in a nightdress that was too short for her, dribbling all over my face, talking dirty into my ear to get me horny, interrupting my porn videos...

The old cow even tried to get her hands on my dick!

And I had to have a shower every day in case she smells her lovely daughter's saliva and other stickier juices and suspects something...

I've got a throbbing dick and the conversation is boring and I'm seeing her daughter's great big bouncing tits in my mind and I've lost interest in anything else. I've just got better things to do with my dick! And just then I remember two other tits, on the girl at the supermarket checkout! So I leave my wife and rush off. The supermarket's on my way to the cellar!

I'm in a bad way by the time I get there and the first thing I do is walk into the glass door. It's closed! It's Sunday!

Fuck and cunt!

The girl at the checkout was bugging me as much as Giselle had. I had to get my hands on her. It was urgent! I wanted to beat her on the thighs and calves till there was no skin left on them, till I wiped that proud "Who-you-do-you-think-you-are-looking-at?" expression off her face. I hate the way they look down their noses at you. It reminds me of a camel.

I'll wipe that know-all look off her face! I'll have her begging for mercy! Please don't hit me! Please don't hit me! That's what I want to hear!

If I changed Giselle I'll change this one too... I ought to set up in business. Cockteasers Reformed!

Or maybe I'm just a bigmouth. I'm always talking about that girl and I never do anything.

One of these days, maybe things will be different...

Mmm ... a strong smell of young female down here. To be more precise, it smells of urine.

And cunt juice too. And sperm. A whole load of sperm, my sperm, top quality...

I heard her groan...

"That's right, groan on, you fucking juicy cunt!" I say to myself.

"Morning honey!" I say to her out loud, shaking the keys from the top of the stairs.

She's still in the cage, looking splendid, provocative as always...

She's waiting for me stark naked, not a stitch of clothing on, with her legs wide, wide apart over the bed I brought to rape her on...

The camel looks had gone now, of course. I've wiped all those smiles off her face. Psychological torture they call it. It's easy - a fishing line through the nose ring and then through the tongue ring and then through both nipple rings and then pulled tight.

A whole night with her head down, her tongue out and her nose and nipples pulling is the best therapy for a conceited stuck-up cockteaser like her!

And it helps if she has her elbows tied together behind her back and spends the night on tiptoe suspended by the hair...

She's been wearing the chain around her neck since the day I kidnapped her. And she's had a King Size vibrator working on her cunt ever since I left.

I go over to her, subtle as always...

I like just stroking her, getting the feel of her skin ... Mmmmm ... nice and soft ... nice and sticky from sweat ... and tears ... and saliva everywhere...

"There, there, no need to cry ... Daddy's here ... and he's going to give you a bit in the cunt and a bit up your cute little asshole... Good news, eh? You've been on your own long enough. You need your Daddy and his dick now to keep you company..."

I cut the rope that's pulling her hair.

Giselle falls face down onto the bed. She can't take any more. She's all in...

I look at her lovely little bottom, so round and tense...

I'd give it to her now, but she's in such a bad way she wouldn't even notice.

"Why are you crying?" I ask, pulling her up by the hair. I get a kick out of pulling her up like that. "You're pleased to see me aren't you? I've got some good news for you today! I've just split up with your mother and I'll have more time for you now..."

I can't make out what she says, but she carries

on crying, maybe more than before...

What this one needs is a good hard fuck.

I put her on her back, nicely arched. She's groaning from the pain ... must be the legs, they're pulling 'cos she's still got her toes screwed down to the floor. Suits me fine. No point in letting her go, she'll just kick me in the goolies.

Her head is right on the edge of the bed. She's twisting and turning a bit. She looks angry! I put the hook through the nose ring and fasten it to the floor.

I stand up and it's just the right height - her mouth gag is just in front of my dick. Such a sweet doll's face! Such frightened eyes!

I piss into her face. It's standard. It attracts their attention.

I wipe my dick on her hair, and when it's good and hard again I put it in...

Ah, that's the stuff! She couldn't be presented better, her head right back ... agh! ... her throat's sucking like a cunt...

In ... out ... in ... out ... slam it up there, whip up a foam ... agh! ... just hear that big sloppy cunt slurp on my prick...

I pinch her big breasts, sewn together by the nips... Giselle shouts and I get the benefit - her throat fucks my dick...

This is the life!

I'm getting off here, I'm flying, I'm heading for a big mind-blowing come...

I thrust in, hard as I can, hitting her lovely little nose with my bollocks. It hurts me but it hurts her more. She's bleeding. Saliva's running nicely now...

I'm coming...

"Take that ... Ugh! ... and that! ... Aaagh!" I growl between my teeth...

I'm holding onto her face now by the ears. I push faster and faster...

"Aaaaaghhh! Now! Take that, you slut!"

I end up shooting off into her throat and then splattering it all over her face.

It's humiliating for her. That's why I do it.

I fall back on the floor, on my ass. I'm exhausted!

This girl's gonna be the end of me...

That'll be her problem! If she kills me, no one's gonna come down and untie her.

I feel a lot better now. I take the vibrator out of my stepdaughter's cunt. It's soaking wet, the drippy slut!

It doesn't take long to recharge your bollocks

with those breasts shaking around in front of you, I can tell you!

"Now your Daddy's going to give his trouser snake a bit of a ride. In your cunt, a husband and wife job, you know ... Aren't you pleased?"

"Gaggggg ... gaggggg ... gaggggggggggg..."

"I knew you would be, I mean why the hell would a girl like you be born with a wet cunt between her legs if not to use it?"

I kneel, with my dick just inside her lips. They're half-open.

Her legs couldn't be wider apart. It's a lovely sight! I scratch at the top of her thighs and put my dick a bit further in...

And I push home...

SLAAAAAAM! PUSSSSHHH!

Lovely! No comparison with her mother. What a cunt this one's got! Moist, warm, tight, velvety, welcoming...

I grab her by the tits that are sewn together and press and squeeze and twist them here and there angrily... Giselle screams through the ring. She's still sewn by the nose too, showing me her tasty little throat. And her shoulders are pushed right back, presenting me her gorgeous breasts, big and high, just asking to be tortured...

Suddenly I get the urge to put my dick in between them. I sit astride her and show her my dick. Actually she can't see it with her neck forced back like that, but she can smell it and imagine it...

"I promised you a good breast-fuck, do you remember, you big-titted slut?"

"Gagggggggg ... gagggggggg ... gagggggggg..."

I put my thumbs in between her unbelievable boobs and separate them. The nips pull but they're holding...

Mmmm ... soft, silky skin down in there...

I stick my dick in the succulent tunnel, tender young meat...

Jeez! When I think I didn't see her tits once in all those years!

I can feel my balls stirring... They're asking for action... It's going to be another good one!

"Take this, you big cockteaser! Ugh! Have some good spunk all over your tits! Ugh! See if you do better than your mother, she never knew ... agh! ... how to get it out of me! ... AGHHHH!!!"

I shoot off again, all over her big tits, her iron collar, her cheek, and I keep a bit for her lovely little ears and her hair...

I slump down onto her. The best mattress there is ... soft, warm, pneumatic...

Middle of the afternoon. I have a hamburger in

the bar on the corner and head back to the basement. My blood's boiling again. I've seen the fucking girl at the checkout. She was kissing a boy, a yob with cowboy boots, a leather jacket and chains and safety pins everywhere!

She was looking really something with her short skirt on, her legs all naked, her deep V-front showing off her boobs. And you could see her back right down to the small of the back. She'll pay for that! Her back will pay for it too! The first thing I'll do is beat her on the back, before I get to work on her thighs and calves. And if she's into chains and safety pins, she'll be in the right place...

I announce my arrival in the usual way, jangling the keys.

"Gaggggg ... gagggggg ... gagggg...!"

I just have to go and get the camera. She's too delicious!

I open the cage...

Her hip is bleeding a bit. I'm not surprised...

"Are you ready, dear?"

"Gagggggg ... gagggggg ... gagggggg!"

I don't know what she's saying, but I'm sure she's right. She must be begging for it! She looks great like that, with her arms back and up behind her, her elbows together, and her lovely big boobs crushed down onto the bed. I like that high ass too! The wooden trestle is presenting her in the most spectacular way possible...

I stroke her legs. Yes, they're perfect. Provocative and sexy, with her big toes screwed down like that. These legs are every bit as good as good as the supermarket legs! The legs are tense as a violin string. Good invention that, just a piece of string round the ankle and the big toe, going through a ring screwed into the floor on its way. Any tug of the legs pulls on the big toes...

I twist her neck by pulling her hair back. I've got hold of her by the chain round her neck too...

"Time for a back-door job, that's the way to treat hot bitches like you!"

No sooner said than done. I stand behind her buttocks and I pull them apart.

Giselle wriggles a little bit and wrinkles her pert little bumhole!

"Better not struggle too much. Just relax and enjoy..."

"GAAAAGGGGGG ... GAGGGGGGGGGG!!!"

She didn't even scream like that when I whipped her breasts!

Yep, this is the real thing ... her ass is better than her cunt. At least it hurts her more and she

hates it more!

"Do you remember the day you told me to get stuffed?"

"Gggggg ... Mmmm ... Gggggggggg..."

"A nice suggestion, but your Daddy turned it round a bit. I mean, he turned you round. You get the stretched asshole, not me!"

I dig my nails into her buttocks and draw blood. I get a good handful of solid bum-meat. Good stuff! And I'm giving it a good stuffing too. Thanksgiving turkey never got a stuffing like this!

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHGGGGGG!"

She's twisting like an eel on a hook. The spit's running onto the floor. I'm stuck deep inside her. My dick is throbbing away up her bowels...

"Feel that, you hot slut? Can you feel that throbbing away?"

"Gagggggggggghhh ... gagggggggggghhh..."

"Yeah, that's getting through to you all right!"

I groan, looking at the way her butt twists and wobbles. "I always wanted to get into your ass, did you know that? I liked your tight jeans, your short little skirts showing me all that thigh nearly up to the top..."

I like skewering her this way, right up there. Good and tight. I let it soak for a while.

But Nature takes over and demands a bit of movement...

I slap her hard on the butt a few times and dig my nails in again. Time to get to work.

I pull it back, nearly out... I just leave the tip in, keeping the lovely little hole half-open.

"Ughhhh ... uggghhhhhhhh" Giselle groans.

Then suddenly I ram it home. All the way. Brutal stuff. Rape all the way. A prize-winning shaft...

"AAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It seems to hurt her more the second time. Maybe she's got a delicate little bumhole.

"Next session I'll be up you with a punishment rubber on. To teach you a lesson for flopping your big boobs around in front of your poor innocent Daddy all those years..."

I pull out again slowly. Mustn't get carried away now... My dick's nearly bursting...

Giselle groans pathetically.

"Do you know what a punishment condom is?" I ask, running my finger in circles round her wrinkled little hole. "I suppose you don't. It's a normal rubber but it's rough on the outside and it stings as well. Like the vibrator up you the first day."

I feel like Caligula giving orders in the Senate. Power's the best turn-on there is. Even if it's just

the power to decide when and how you're gonna rape a naked adolescent like Giselle, or how you're going to present her butt.

I'll bring a mirror tomorrow and put it the other end so I can see her face while I'm prodding her ass. She'll be glad to see me. It turns shit-stabbing into a social event.

"And now for a good SHHOOOOVE!"

"AAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAGGG...UUUAAAAAGGGGGGGG!!!!"

Delicious...

I grit my teeth and go into hyperdrive...

Her shouts turn me on and I lose control...

"UGH! ... UUUUGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Bushed. Beaten. Whacked. Pooped. I've had enough.

I collapse in a heap for the third time this Sunday.

She's groaning away under me, over the trestle...

And I stay like that for a while, dick in, gasping for breath and worrying about heart attacks.

I can feel her buttocks pressed against my stomach. I feel her arms twisted back and stroking my ears... I bite on the rolled flesh at the top of her back. I dribble onto the nape of her neck, and I suck on her big red swollen nipples. I squeeze them. I slip my hand down onto her cunt, then in between the lips and I squeeze her clitoris, hard...

"I like your clit. One day I'll bite it off!" I promise.

And that's how we spend most of the afternoon, joined together in harmonious postures, fitting in together... I have a nap, and fuck her ass again, and again in the evening, talking dirty in her ear all the time. I tell her about her mother, I explain what it's like fucking so much fat, I talk about the future divorce and I tell her how the two of us, just her and me, are going to spend a lot of time together...

Then suddenly I remember the girl at the checkout. I don't know why, but it makes me angry to think of her...

I get up, grab my daughter by the hair, pull her head back and fuck her throat through the ring.

"Suck on that, you bit slut, clean the shit off, it's yours, isn't it?" I order, slapping her on the face and shutting off her nose, choking her.

"Daddy's got to go now. He's decided to look for a little sister for you..."

I close the cage and go out. This time I'm serious about getting the girl at the checkout. ■

to be continued...

GISELLE MINE AT LAST



GOOD MORNING! DID MY DAUGHTER HAVE A GOOD NIGHT? LOOK WHAT A HARD-ON YOUR DADDY GETS WHEN HE SEES YOU!

GAGHHH...

GAGHHH...

GAGHHH...

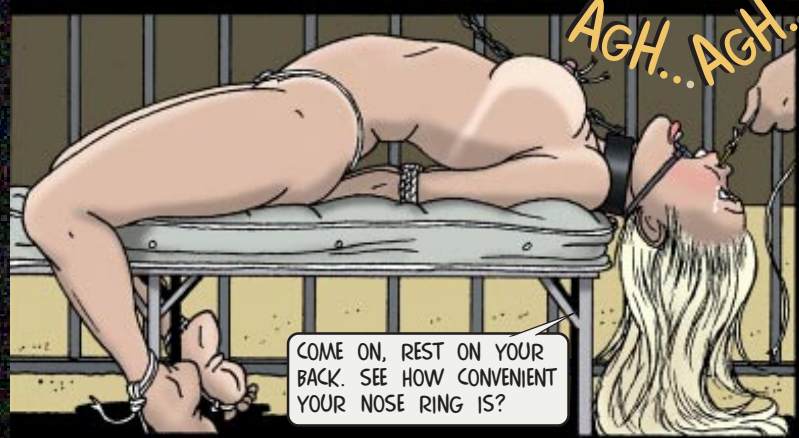
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ROBERTS - D.GUARD
EPISODE 5

OH! HOW SILLY OF ME. I FORGOT TO UNTIE YOUR LOVELY LITTLE NOSE...

...KEEPS YOU STILL WHILE DADDY FUCKS YOUR THROAT

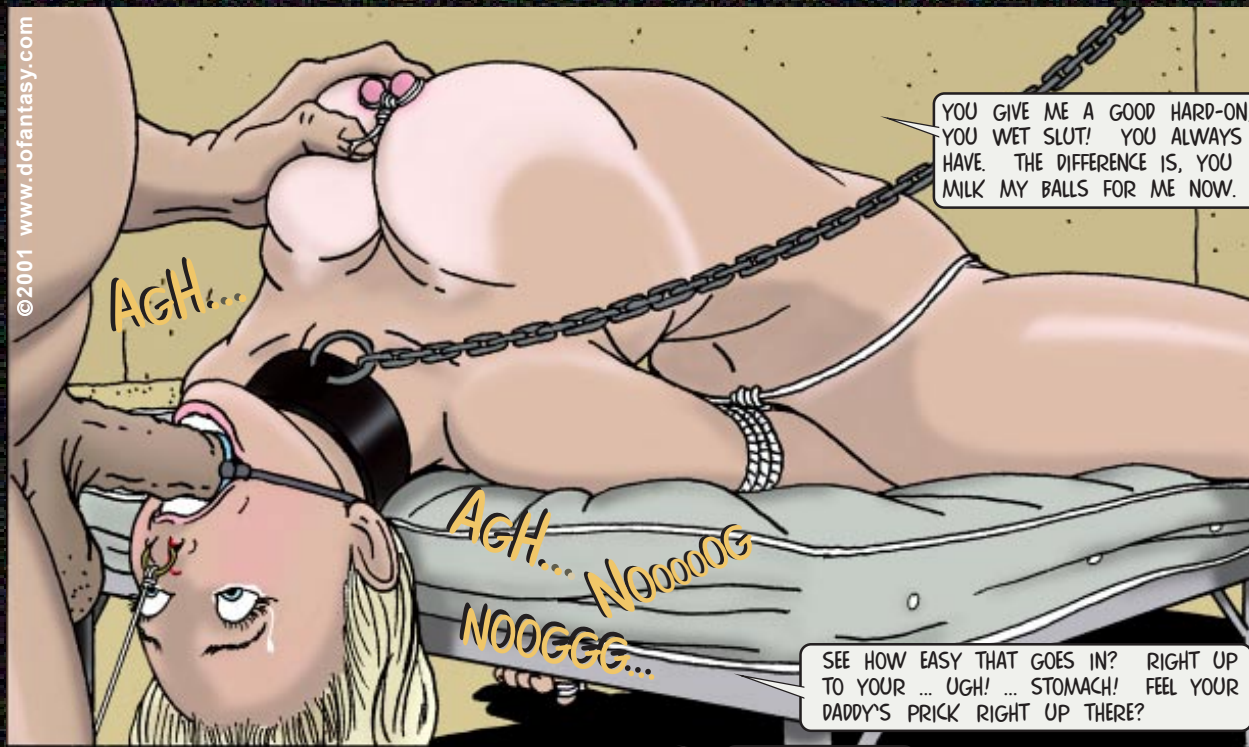


AGH... AGH...

COME ON, REST ON YOUR BACK. SEE HOW CONVENIENT YOUR NOSE RING IS?



NOoooooG

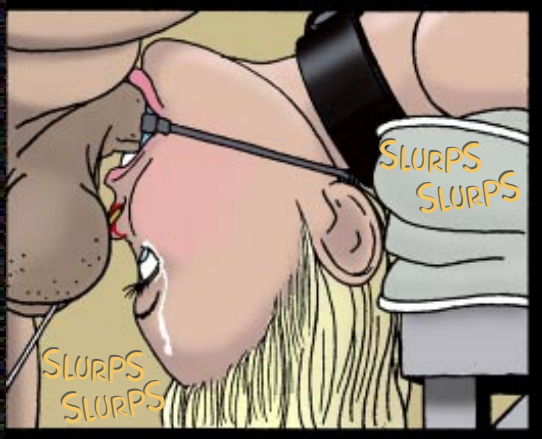


YOU GIVE ME A GOOD HARD-ON, YOU WET SLUT! YOU ALWAYS HAVE. THE DIFFERENCE IS, YOU MILK MY BALLS FOR ME NOW.

AGH...

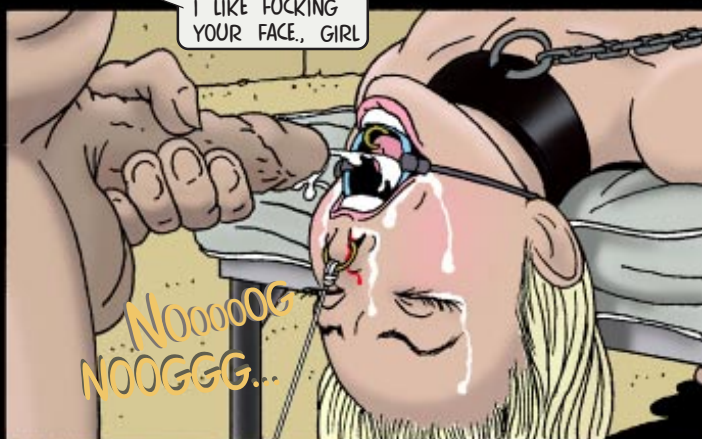
AGH... NOOOOOGG
NOOOGGG...

SEE HOW EASY THAT GOES IN? RIGHT UP TO YOUR ... UGH! ... STOMACH! FEEL YOUR DADDY'S PRICK RIGHT UP THERE?



SLURPS
SLURPS

SLURPS
SLURPS



I LIKE FUCKING YOUR FACE., GIRL

NOOOOOGG
NOOOGGG...



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

NOW YOUR DADDY'S GONNA CHECK OUT THE VIBRATOR. HEY, IT'S WET! YOU'RE A DRIPPING SLUT! YOU'RE JUICING LIKE A REAL PRO...

YEAH... LOOK, YOUR LITTLE
PUSSY IS SWALLOWING
DADDY'S PRICK!

SQUEEZE ME! WET YOUR
DADDY'S PRICK, ALL OVER!

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

NOOOGGG...
NOOOGGG...
AGH...



NOW FOR A
TIT-FUCK.

I'VE BEEN PROMISING
YOU THIS LITTLE TREAT
FOR SOME TIME...

NOOOGGG...
NOOOGGG

AND YOUR ... UGH!...
DADDY'S AS GOOD
AS HIS WORD!

AGH...
AGH...

AGH...
AGH...

AGH...

Fresh catch your welcome-on-board party, princess! Now it's time to catch Hook to hang some fresh cunt on the end of his



That's the end of your welcome-on-board party. Now it's time for Capitan Hook to hang some fresh cunt on the end of his meat-hook! Ha! ha! ha!

HAT TRICK

Geoffrey Merrick - HAFFNIUM'72

Episode 7. Previous in Fansadox 9 to 14

She couldn't help but giggle. The situation was so drenched in power and perversion, there was no way he could prevent a sadistic chuckle from escaping his lips and shaking his body.

The sexy figure below him stilled for just one moment, then renewed her desperate, angry, despairing struggle with renewed strength. He had beaten her, bound her, gagged her, raped her, held her captive, but to laugh at her agony as well?

Kelly Carlsen, the 5'6", 23 year-old blonde with the long legs and sweet, almost pixish face, couldn't stand what he was doing now. Holding her down, keeping her quiet, just out of sight of anyone outside the van.

Her wrists writhed in the black steel handcuffs, her fingers squashed between her upper back and his torso. The center link was clicked between her shoulder blades to the clip which hung down from the black leather collar around her slim throat.

He looked down now at her glorious, bunched-up cleavage in the plunging neckline of the sleeveless, backless, black vinyl microminidress, remembering clearly the feel of her wonderful tits in his hands.

His eyes shifted to her upturned face, her bright blue eyes closed in despair as she tried to get any sound past the black leather prod harness gag he had affixed across her head, the back of her neck, and around her throat. It kept a brick of black leather pressed tightly into her lower face, sinking into her cheek flesh, and the padded prod which held down her tongue and filled her mouth tight within.

She could only make muffled coughs or distant hum when she wanted to scream.

His eyes shifted again as her long legs jerked spasmodically. At first his gaze caressed the swath of creamy flesh between the hem of the vinyl micromini and the top of the thigh high boots, but then he studied the shiny black material of the five inch, high heeled, lace-up boots themselves — as her ankles twisted in the simple black straps that kept her spread feet tight

against the steel legs of the van's rear seat.

"There, dear," he grunted in her ear, one arm around her throat, the other hand slipping down under the dress' neckline. "No need to speak. Everything's being taken care of..."

She stiffened again when she felt his hand gripping her left breast like a football, but then shrieked with all her might — the strangled sound ending in a coughing fit.

"There, there," he soothed, kneading her chest while slowly choking her. "Why fight it? You knew this day had to come..."

Her big blue eyes flew open, her forehead wrinkled in pain. He practically saw her recent life pass before her eyes: how he had attacked her in the back doorway of her family home, how he had dragged her out into the back bushes, brutally gagged her, and viciously staked her down to the ground. How he had dragged her to her own car and molested her. How he had driven her to his own house and kept her in his bedroom ... how he had masturbated her, tied her to him, assaulted her on the dining room table, abused her down in the cellar. And now ... and now...

Kelly tried to scream again — tears pouring from her shut eyes, her torso lurching forward, the tendons almost ripping out from her throat. Although her strangled sounds hardly reached the van windows, he knew what she was saying. Two names.

"Jill...! Megan...!" Her younger sisters. The ones he had attacked, bound, gagged, and fucked before he got his hands on her...

The last she had seen of them was early that morning, when the rest of the residential street had been fast asleep. She was staggered by the sight of them, already in the van. Sixteen year-old, 5'4" Jill was sobbing and writhing almost hysterically in the front seat, which had been lowered so her blonde, pony-tailed head rested just below the window.

She wore a sick version of a school uniform, only the short-sleeve white shirt was little more

than a bra barely covering her 34C breasts and the red, plaid, pleated skirt was micromini in length. On her cringing feet were frilly white lace ankle socks, and over them red, four-inch high heels.

A collar was around her throat as well, holding her to the seat's back rest. A huge white ball gag was in her pried-open mouth, covered in thick, insulated tape. Her arms were wrenched back, her wrists cuffed around the back of the seat, and each ankle was strapped to the seat's steel legs.

He had attacked her first, all those days ago, violating her in her own room, then bundled her into her big sister's car, and kept her in a special section of his attic where she couldn't be seen or heard.

Kelly heard another sound and looked back to see her nineteen year old sister, Megan, in the back seat, trying to get 'comfortable.' The sullen, 5'5", darker blonde had not been trying to draw her attention, but couldn't help grunting.

Little wonder. She wore a two piece, shining spandex, baby pink ensemble, which could be more rightly described as a four piece outfit; for while the halter top barely covered half her 35D breasts, Kelly could see a tight chain going from one to the other, slipping under the material to

obviously noose her tormented nipples. And while the microminiskirt barely held onto her hips and covered her succulent rear, Kelly could see a 'thong bikini' deep into her hip grooves – obviously serving as a crotch rope.

She wore pink, five-inch, ankle strap high heels, her ankles wired together. She was wrenched back, her arms behind the top of the seat, her elbows wired together and her wrists wired beneath the seat to her ankles – making the nipple and crotch torment all the more severe. In her mouth was a big pink dildo gag, her drool coursing between her tortured tits.

He had first attacked her just for something to do while waiting for Kelly to get home; dragging her into the basement, stripping her of her bathing suit, and, after transport with the others, kept her in the garage and then in his 'guest' room.

Kelly had tried to call to them, cry to them, beg them for help or forgiveness, but their captor had simply dumped the eldest girl into the back, strapped her ankles to the rear seat legs, and drove into the early, early morn.

The three stared out at the dark houses and nearly empty streets, already knowing that the van's darkened windows were one way. They had learned that the hard way when he had



taken them 'shopping' at the mall. Even so, they couldn't help but try screaming through their gags — filling the vehicle's interior with the sound of female helplessness.

He felt himself getting hard, his erection all the stiffer with each glance into the rear view mirror or at the passenger seat. The way their breasts bulged, their skin shone, their bodies writhed ... He remembered again how it felt inside each of them — Jill so tight, Megan so warm, Kelly so sweet...

He drove straight through for three hours, almost erupting in his pants. He had wanted to fuck them again so badly, but he wanted to get caught even less. It was a big enough risk having them out like this, instead of drugged inside laundry bags.

So he channeled his lust into finally dragging Jill and Megan out of the van and onto the floor of a large garage. He exulted in the way they felt, writhing against him, as he dropped them unceremoniously onto the mattresses laid there just for this delivery. He took one last look at Jill's frightened face and Megan's hate-filled expression, then down at their wonderful, undulating bodies before climbing back quickly into the driver's seat.

"Hey," said a quiet, deep voice. "Don't you want to say 'good-bye?'"

The Carlsen sisters' kidnapper looked blandly at the middle-aged bearded man. "Been there," he told him. "Done them." He quickly backed out of the garage and drove down the street before even the first light of dawn...

He giggled again, feeling Kelly surge against him uselessly, her breast bulging into his gripping hand. "Come on, now," he whispered huskily. "I thought they'd never leave. It's just you and me now..."

Kelly cried out in horror, almost soiling herself, saliva pouring down her chin.

He had parked behind a minimall that opened for business four hours later, in the narrow shadows by a tall fence. There he had joined the sobbing, contorting girl in the back — filling his hands with her mounds and snatch.

Unable to contain himself any longer, he dragged her up, slammed her flat stomach against the back of the rear seat where Megan had just been so recently affixed, and bent her forward — her wrists and ankles still strapped and cuffed as they had been. He slipped his hands under either side of the backless bodice, filled his fingers with her chest, and unerringly aimed his hard-on into her from the rear.

She wore no underwear, of course, and the skirt was so short it didn't even need to be pulled up. There was nothing she could do but take it ... as she had so many times before.

"You know what happens now?" he grunted as he rutted inside her, grinding her tits like meat. "They get sold," he told her. "That's right. I do all this to you and I get paid." Kelly tried to prevent it, but she couldn't help but wail in despair.

He looked out the front window, feeling his cock deep within her, his front on her heaving back, her mams squeezed in his hands. "I wonder where they'll end up," he thought aloud. "South America? Africa? China? The silicon valley?" He felt the remaining girl shudder in sorrow.

"That's all right," he mockingly soothed, jamming into her even harder, holding her tits even tighter. "Once it's all done, they promised to tell me..."

He came in her, then threw her under the dashboard in front of the passenger seat. He wired her throat to the underside of the glove compartment, pulled the boots from her legs, and wired her big toes to a passenger seat leg. Finally, he slit the strap of her dress so her breasts bounced free.

He kept her like that all the way home, jacking off on her at least five times as she wept, wailed, and writhed. Dragging her out in his garage, he fucked her again in the dirt by the van, her head dragged back, her legs kicking wildly.

"Videotape time," he announced.

It was only a short time later — one Kelly had mostly spent getting over her trip. She lay, tied to his bed, in a drugged stupor, medication throughout her body. As far as she knew, she was just waking up when she found herself viciously tied to a chair, naked, two feet in front of the television.

Her arms were wrenched behind the chair back, her elbows and wrists lashed together. Her legs were wide, her ankles and knees cruelly bound to the chair legs. A crotch rope was deep along the groove of her hip bones and through her legs, while more thin rope crushed her agonized breasts.

A big ball gag was deep in her mouth, but over that an incredibly tight vulcanized cloth gag sunk into her lower face, threatening to split her lips and break her jaw.

He stood on no ceremony, kneeling beside her. "See this?" he said, showing her a strange, small, grooved plastic 'C'. "It's what surgeons use to

keep patients' eyes open." he informed her. "You slide it between the eye and the socket. You don't want me to do that to you, do you?"

She had learned long ago that when he asked, you had better answer. She shook her head, staring at him in fear and dread.

"Good," he said. "Then watch. Don't turn away. Don't close your eyes ... or else." Without turning his head from her he slid a videotape into the VCR and pressed the play button.

It was a home video. It showed Kelly's sisters in a cheap, nondescript office, getting gang banged.

The walls were paneled. There were no windows. The desks were basic. The carpeting

was utilitarian. The lighting was florescent. There were five men, and they were taking turns.

Both Jill and Megan had ring gag harnesses on, strapped across their heads, behind their necks, and under their chins. Their hands were tied behind them with plastic pull-ties, then also tied around their waists to the small of their backs. Their legs were free, but obviously exhausted. They wore only push-up, demi-cup lace bras, matching garter belts, stockings, and high heels – black for Jill and red for Megan.

Kelly almost turned away. She almost closed her eyes, but then she felt his hand in her hair and her head was jerked warningly at the screen. Her eyes filled with tears as she watched Jill bent



forward over a chair, a cock in her mouth and another up her ass. Kelly was wracked with sobs watching Megan laid on a desk, her head bent over one side, a cock in her mouth, as one man thrust between her legs and another sat on her stomach for a tit fuck.

She watched as they all took turns at each orifice, a man coming to replace the cameraman every so often. Then she watched as they strapped dildoes and butt plugs into her younger sisters before starting to affix them in separate boxes — built to be shaped like natural seats, with straps at their foreheads, chins, shoulders, arms, elbows, wrists, chests, waists, hips, thighs, knees, and ankles. Finally they removed the ring gag harnesses and covered their heads with pear-gag-equipped, lace-up hoods.

They stuffed the rest of the box with padding, then sealed it shut with nail guns.

“Okay,” she heard her rapist say. “You can stop watching now.”

Drenched in sweat, exhausted, Kelly’s head drooped, then started to turn aside. He waited until she looked miserably up at him, then ejaculated straight into her face.

That night had to be the best for him. Her shock was so total, she didn’t so much as suffer the rest of the evening, but survive. He tied her upper body in a rope harness — cords above and below her bulging tits, more ropes going behind her head, ropes around her wrists and elbows, ropes around her tiny waist — and then fucked her against the wall until her ball gag was exposed.

Even so, she tried to scream and escape when he slapped onto her the same sort of half bra, garters, and shoes her sisters had been wearing. But within minutes she was on the floor, her legs hobbled, white tape covering her lower face, as he fucked her again.

He ran for the pile of her clothes, then found her trembling by the back door. Even after all that, she had managed to crawl there, but of course had no luck getting the locked partition open. Taking advantage of her fatigue, he dressed her in the last remaining tailored silk suit he hadn’t already torn off her: light purple shirt, black miniskirt, lace-topped thigh-highs, black high heels, and matching embroidered white lace bra and French-cut panties.

He tied her ankles, he tied her wrists, he duct taped her mouth. He dragged her into the basement and attacked her there, forcing her knees wide, ripping up her skirt, and tearing open her shirt. Minutes later they were back in the kitchen, him forcing her toward the stairs up to his room, her shirt hanging open, one mauled

breast hanging out of a bra cup, her ripped skirt barely covering her crotch, her stockings torn, her panties wrapped around her ankle ropes.

He tied her in his bedroom closet that way, her arms pulled high behind her, noosed to the hanging bar, forcing her to bend deeply forwards. He took her that way from the rear, then up the ass, his hands clawing her chest as she moaned, grunted, groaned, then grew silent.

Her hair hung down. Her eyes were rolled back into her head. Her eyelids fluttered. And he dressed her in a skintight, light blue, velvet microminidress, her abused breasts bulging out of the taut neckline. He dumped her onto the bed, her shining body shivering from the multiple assaults.

Regagging her with a leather bit gag covered in tape, he fell into bed beside her and was soon fast asleep.

When he woke up in the morning, she was gone.

For a split second, he couldn’t help but wonder if it had all been an incredibly realistic dream. After all, the odds that anyone could abduct and hold captive three incredibly pretty, sexy blonde sisters for as long as he had were astronomical.

But then he saw a new videotape on his bedside bureau.

“Those bastards,” he thought. He had given them his address. How else could they have sent the video of the other sisters’ shipping? He thought they would be satisfied with the two, but of course they had their own background checkers. They had to, given the business they were in...

He watched the tape immediately, not even bothering to dress or wash. In it he saw Kelly Carlsen lying beside him in the bed ... then a couple of men appeared, dressed in black. They expertly lifted and carried her without disturbing him in the slightest. Then the camera followed them as they moved her glorious body soundlessly out the back door and into their own van.

The last thing on the tape was a medium close-up of the girl as she started to groggily awake. He stared into her tired, bloodshot, but still bright blue eyes as the image filled with her creamy skin, bulging breasts, and sex-soaked shape...

Carly Simpkins stopped dead in the cheerleaders’ locker room when she heard the noise. The 5’3” brunette looked away from the makeup mirror and stared down at the darkened, empty area.

Stupid, she thought. The other girls just left. The last one either thought she was being funny

or just unconsciously switched off the lights. No big deal. The automatic lights always stayed on, and that gave her just enough illumination to finish her face.

She looked back into the mirror. Nice, she thought, referring to the lipstick color as opposed to her somewhat sweet, but slightly sultry face, and the mane of chestnut hair that came down to her chest.

And what a chest. The others called her 'Bubble Boobs,' and why not? The things had started growing at fifteen and didn't look like they were stopping anytime soon. Better enjoy 'em, as her mom suggested, 'cause they wouldn't stay this buoyant and full and round, forever.

Carly checked to make sure they were well and truly harnessed in the brown lace underwire bra and the midriff-exposing, brown wraparound shirt that went over them. Add to that the brown, crushed leather miniskirt and high heel boots, and she was all but ready to go.

She gave a last check of herself. Not bad, she thought. Satisfied with her necklace and earrings as well, Carly started to close her locker. Out of the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of her school sweater.

"Damn," she said. She forgot to put that back in the uniform closet. She had been so intent

on getting changed that she somehow missed bringing that back. It was no wonder, since tonight was another one of their meet and greets – trying to impress possible freshmen with the quality of their school. More like trying to get their daddy's checkbooks out by sex appeal, but, hey, whatever worked.

No time to dwell on that now. The gym would be emptying out and she had to get to her car before the parking lot lights automatically switched off. Besides, they were expecting her at the after-party. She quickly grabbed the sweater and trotted to the long, narrow, walk-in uniform closet.

"Now, where the hell is my hanger?" she muttered, moving deeper and deeper into the compartment.

"Right here," she heard a man's voice quietly say. And before she could react in any way, he thumbed the zipper against her exposed side.

She was on the floor, her nerves overwhelmed. Something was being stuffed in her mouth. Something was being pulled around her wrists. Something was pushing her up against the back wall of the dark, narrow closet, her legs rising...

She felt a hand under her skirt. She heard ripping and felt her panties being torn. Then a great weight was atop her, surging between her



numb legs, wedging her against the wall.

He tore open her shirt and grabbed her boobs, his erection shoving deep into her soft thatch. He watched as she started to squirm, trying to force the sweat sock out of her mouth. He watched as her cute face started to collapse in surprise, then shock. He watched as she tried to bring her imprisoned wrists forward, the fingers trying to motion him to stop.

But they both knew he would not, as he knew he would take her as soon as he laid eyes on her during the game. The timing was fortuitous. He had just received the pile of money and the new

videotape that morning: the one with Megan servicing camel jockies in the Middle East, Jill dressed as a teen pop star to excite sadists in Japan, and Kelly straightjacketed in a Mexican sanitarium, being "counseled" by only the wealthiest clients...

"That's all right," he whispered to the brunette bombshell crushed beneath his thrusting body, already formulating how he'd get her to his car and where he would keep her safe from even white slavers. "You'll do fine. Don't you know how tired I am of blondes...?" ■

THE END



BREATH DEEP CAITLIN. THIS STUFF WILL PARALYZE YOU BUT YOU'LL BE WIDE AWAKE WHILE I RE-TIE YOU FOR THE TRIP BACK TO THE BASEMENT.



A NICE FAT DILDO UP YOUR ASS AND SOME SCORCHING HOT PEPPER SAUCE... THAT WILL FEEL REAL GOOD IN ABOUT 10 MINUTES...



Ooooooh... GOD NO...

AND YOU, BLACK BITCH, TIME TO PERFORM A LITTLE "SERVICE" FOR YOUR NEW MASTER!



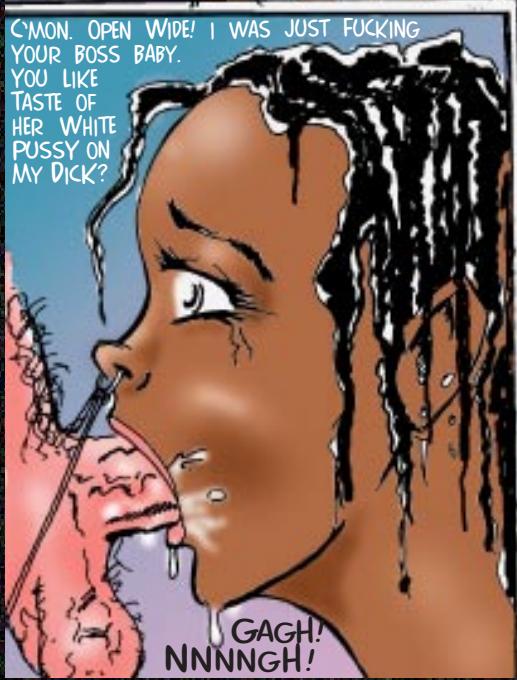
OH NO! HE'S BACK!

OK BIMBO, LET'S GO! YOUR MOM'S WAITING. HOW'S THAT BIG DILDO UP YOUR ASS? IS THAT HOT PEPPER OIL WORKING YET? THAT GAG LOOKS GOOD ON YOU ... HA...HA...HA... HOPE YOU DON'T MIND I USED YOUR PANTIES TO GAG THE BLACK BITCH HA...HA...HA...



NEW IN
FANSADOX16
FAMILY
AFFAIR
BY TAW

C'MON. OPEN WIDE! I WAS JUST FUCKING YOUR BOSS BABY. YOU LIKE TASTE OF HER WHITE PUSSY ON MY DICK?



GAGH!
NNNNGH!

OLD BERNARD'S SEX TOY THORN

Episode 6

Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 14

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 this same week 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...

That Sunday morning after Mass, Old Bernard crossed himself and left his front-row pew. He greeted Miss Petticoat in the aisle. She was a sweet if somewhat tedious old lady who divided her time between the church, games of bridge and her six Angora cats.

He accepted the old lady's invitation to have tea and chocolate cakes in the vestry out of morbid curiosity. Mrs Petticoat was Cindy Logan's grandmother. Cindy was the brunette with the sexy drooping eyes who for two long years had occupied the small cage next to his toilet. The same cage which Wendy now occupied.

Cindy's disappearance had been one of the big conversation topics for some time.

No one had suspected the truth. The most absurd hypotheses had been aired but no one knew that she was still in the district.

Obviously Mrs Petticoat knew nothing of Bernard's criminal activities. On the contrary she and everyone else regarded him as a pious churchgoer, an amiable man, eager to please and help everyone, attentive, polite, a gentleman... And the poor man was all alone in the world, they all thought!

Wendy cried all morning. She felt ill, dizzy, as she had all the time since she was kidnapped and sold to the old man. The castor oil was one of the most humiliating tortures he subjected her to. Her bowels were always going round and round. It was ceaseless nauseating agony that never gave her a moment's peace. And she spent all her time tense with her anal sphincters tense,

trying to keep the horrible Chinese balls inside. It required an unnatural, superhuman effort and in the end the balls slipped out covered in excrement and castor oil.

It took a superhuman effort, too, not to fall into despair at the sight of her own naked body, with a lead around her neck just like a dog, stuck in a tiny cage next to a smelly toilet.

Wendy could not take her eyes off the repugnant rubber penis, modelled on an elephant's penis, lying on the ground outside the cage. The old man had rubbed her chin with it and she could still feel the skin burning from the foul-smelling sticky liquid that covered the whole object.

She would die if he put that up her, she thought. But she had often thought that before, and here she was, still alive. No, she would not die. The old man knew what he was doing. He would not kill her. He would keep her alive to torture her, to humiliate her, to rape her, to be able to enjoy his old man's sadistic pleasures.

She gazed at the grotesque phallus, terrified... She was on her knees, with her arms tied behind her back, forced up high into the small of her back, pushing her breasts up and forwards... Her breasts and vagina were exposed, and the old man had promised her vagina a session with that monstrosity when he left in the morning...

Old Bernard had a bad time with the chocolate cake and tea provided by Mrs Petticoat in the vestry. He had an aching hard-on that took his mind off the conversation, so he left as soon as

Get your snout down in there, you
drippy bitch, and lick me clean
like a good little toilet-slave.

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he could and took his slavegirl out of her cage.
Then he dragged her over to the toilet so that
she could attend on him.

On her knees between her jailer's open legs,
Wendy watched the disgusting spectacle for the
second time that day...

Old Bernard was in such a bad way he hardly had time to get his trousers down. The filth was dripping out of his old man's anus and going all over him.

He finished evacuating his bowels, rested a minute or two and then pulled on the girl's lead to bring her face closer.

"Get your snout down in there, you drippy bitch, and lick me clean!" He moved forwards to the edge of the toilet seat.

Wendy closed her eyes and held her breath. The toilet was filthy and the smell was sickening, it turned her stomach over...

Old Bernard feasted his eyes on the body of his young slave as she knelt between his open legs. He ran his gaze over her long flowing hair, blonde and fine, over the harness that twisted her arms up behind her, over her narrow waist, over the round, decisive buttocks that were constantly trembling and twitching...

"Have you still got the balls up there, slave?"

Wendy nodded, about to be sick. She thought again that she would die, this time of disgust and humiliation.

"That's a good little girl. A sex-slave has to obey her Master in everything, right?"

Wendy nodded quickly. There was a soft plop as the old man's feeble sphincter muscles failed to hold back the last of his excrement...

"Well, get on with it. Get your tongue in there and clean it all out like a good little toilet-slave. And try not to be sick. That would be disrespectful towards your Master's shit. A serious mistake..."

SLURP ... SLURP AGHHHH ... AGHHH ... SLURP...

Old Bernard's stomach was still going round, even more than the girl's. It was not over yet. The girl's agile, reluctant tongue was getting through to him, making it very difficult for him to control himself.

But why the hell should he control himself? Why the fuck should he? Crapping on a slave's beautiful young face was all part of the deal. He'd paid good money for her, hadn't he? She was his, wasn't she? Tits, cunt, ass the whole thing. The price must have included the face too. You can shit on your own property, can't you?

Old Bernard held Wendy by the hair and pressed her face against his ass. The girl was choking... It was all filthy, smelly, damp, overpowering, riper than an open sewer...

She needed to take a breath. She needed fresh air...

She twisted round, but the old man held her.

She could not stand any more. She opened her mouth for air. She got a little in through the corners of her lips...

Which is what Old Bernard was waiting for.

"Take this, slave! Swallow some shit!" he grunted, clenching his teeth and forcing his bowels.

Yes, this was Paradise all right, not what the priest promised. If Mrs Petticoat could see him now! If she knew how often her missing niece had eaten his shit...

He felt better now he had done it and he pulled the girl's face away, but without letting go of her hair. She was so dirty, so pathetically sad and weepy, so unfortunate, that she seemed the most beautiful woman in the world to him at that moment.

"You've been a good girl, slave, and your Master has a present for you. Remember what I promised you this morning?"

Wendy did not reply. She closed her eyes tight and tried to control her panic-stricken breathing. She tried not to swallow his filth. Lines of tears, saliva and wet excrement ran down her chin and dripped softly onto her breasts...

Old Bernard shook her by the hair.

"Answer, slave! What did your Master promise you before he went to Mass?"

"A ... a ... Big W ... a Big Whopper, Master..."

"Good memory, I see. You must be impatient to get it up you, eh? You big-titted chunk of a whore!"

Wendy reached forwards and was sick.

A short time later she found herself looking straight into her Master's eyes, just as he had ordered her. Her body was exhibited to him in the most humiliating way imaginable, literally squashed against the bars of the cage. Her arms were still tied back in the sleeve of the leather harness. Her big toes were screwed down to the floor and her back was pressed hard against the bars of the cage. Her neck and thighs, open wide, were tied to the bars. Her vagina was fully displayed to him, its lips open... She was totally defenceless...

Old Bernard had taken a shower and he was wearing his old dressing gown. His penis was erect as usual. He showed the girl the gag in the shape of a penis, newly filled with castor oil.

"Open your mouth, slave. You're a bit constipated and this will do you good. Just make sure you don't crap out the balls! Ha! ha! ha!"

He had to kick her on the vagina to get her to

This one's a bit big for your lovely little cunt, but you'll soon get used to it.

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open her mouth so he could put the sinister gag down into her throat.

"Now for the good bit!" he said, holding up Big Whopper. "This is where the fun begins!"

Wendy's eyes opened wide in fright. The device was enormous! She remembered all too clearly how it had stung her chin. It was covered in some revolting sticky material, which irritated

the skin.

Old Bernard lifted his young slave's chin with the tip of the ignominious phallus. Wendy howled, a stifled howl coming with difficulty through the gag. Castor oil ran out of her nostrils. The sting was terrible, she felt as if she was being electrocuted...

She shouted and twisted around, trying to get away from the diabolical invention, trying to spit out the gag that was remorselessly, endlessly dripping oil into her stomach...

It was all in vain. The vile gag stayed in place and Old Bernard carried on stroking her with the diabolical invention. His eyes were fixed on her breasts. He seemed fascinated by the way they shook and wobbled as Wendy moved around...

"You have unusually delicatd, sensitive skin on your breasts, slave" the sadistic old man growled, rubbing Big Whopper over the girl's inflamed nipples.

Wendy panicked. She shook her head around, tried to kick out despite the cramp in her legs, and started to lose Chinese balls from her anus...

"This one's a bit big for your lovely little cunt, but you'll soon get used to it. No, I don't mean you'll just get used to it. I mean you'll end up liking it! You'll end asking for it, you won't be able to live without it, you'll see..." said Old Bernard, pushing the tip between the lips of her vagina and moving it around.

Every time Wendy twisted and writhed about in reaction to the intense pain in her vagina she pulled at her big toes that were screwed down and hurt her crutch that was wide open. It was agony in her thighs, sadistically forced apart as they were, and it tugged on the strap that went round her neck and was choking her.

Wendy would not have believed that such horrors were possible. What was the purpose of all this suffering?

She could do nothing to avoid this new torture, except shout, groan, grunt like an animal, beg for mercy through the humiliating gag, causing even more pain in her jaws...

Her skin seemed about to burst into flames. Big Whopper ran over her most sensitive skin like a branding iron. He ran it slowly down her chin, then down the side of her neck, onto her left breast and round and round over the red tubular nipple. Then he moved it straight onto the other nipple, down the middle of her chest, over her stomach, and onto her navel where it pressed hard for some time. Next came the pubis and

finally, and worst of all, he pressed it hard and rubbed it up and down, up and down inside her vagina, burning the lips forced open by the bondage, burning the clitoris again and again...

Old Bernard put his hand round the back. "There are three balls out, slave! Is that how you obey your Master?" Shouted extremely annoyed.

Wendy could not stand any more. Her stomach and bowels were going round and round sickeningly with the castor oil in them. How many litres had that evil sadist put into her in two days?

The girl begged for mercy, pleaded with him with her eyes... Anyone else would have taken pity on her. But Old Bernard was a real sadist. He enjoyed his pleasures too much. Her pleading only served to make him excited.

He knelt in front of his young sex-slave. He saw her for a moment as one sees a butterfly pinned down in a glass case with its wings open. And he was the collector, holding the pin. This pin was thick as a closed fist, long as a man's arm and stung like a bunch of thistles or nettles rubbed all over the lips of the vagina.

"Turns you on, eh? You big drippy slut! You want a bigger dick, eh? Your Master's dick isn't good enough for you, eh?"

Wendy bit into the gag, shook her head desperately, wept, howled in frustration and despair...

"I'm too old for you, is that the problem?" he asked, rubbing her vagina harder and harder, pressing the phallus onto her clitoris all the time now. Need some fresh dick, do you? Can't get enough fresh meat up you, eh? You're a dirty one, you are, that's for sure, and your Uncle Bernard's gonna teach you a lesson! You're gonna be sorry you opened your legs like that! You're gonna fuck till you can't fuck any more! That'll cure you of the habit! I'll see to that!"

Wendy listened in horror to the old man's ramblings. It was useless to try and follow his reasoning. He was just getting horny on his own dirty talk.

She held her breath, fearing the worst. The old man took a firm grasp on Big Whopper. She did not like the sadistic smile on his face at all... Suddenly he thrust the huge phallus right up into her vagina. She screamed in agony...

"AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

What he had just done seemed impossible even to him. He had put it up as far as it could go without bursting through the girl's insides.

Take that, you fucking slut ...
Drink the milk! ... Drink your
Master's milk!



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Wendy was more dead than alive. The pain was unspeakable. The suffering was unimaginable. She was sure that her end was near, that her short life would soon be over, that

she would die as she was, stripped off, gagged, indecently bound in a cage and tortured by a sadistic dirty-minded man old enough to be her grandpa.

But Wendy did not die this time either. She did not even lose consciousness. The body of a strong, healthy young woman like her is resistant even to aged psychopaths like Old Bernard.

He found it all delicious – the tears, the castor oil, the nervous convulsions that shook and wobbled her floppy breasts, the thumping of the machine in her innards that did not let her breathe... Wendy was choking...

To calm her down, Old Bernard threw a bucket of dirty water over her.

“I get a good hard-on when I see you cry!” he said, standing up and pulling the disgusting bottle from out of her mouth.

Wendy gasped for breath for a time, until Old Bernard seized her by the hair and sank his penis down into her throat.

“Castor oil and sperm. A marvellous cocktail, full of vitamins. Come on, move your muscles and suck my dick like the big slut you are!”

Wendy could not even reply. She dared not bite... Her jaws were exhausted ... the thrusts of his pelvis were getting too brutal ... the hands holding her head were too strong...

Her head was striking the bars of the cage violently as he banged away harder and harder into her face...

The old sadist was flying...

“Aaaaaaaaaggggggggggggghhhhh! ... AAAAAGHHHHHH!!! ... Take that, you fucking slut ... Drink the milk! ... Drink your Master’s milk!”

Old Bernard had had a good fuck and he followed it up with a good supper. He was very tired but he hadn’t read the church magazine yet. He settled down to read it. After a time he lifted his eyes and spoke to his slave.

“Listen carefully, sinner. ‘The abortion rate among university students has gone up three hundred per cent this year. It is our duty as good Catholics to warn young people of the dangers of promiscuous behaviour. We must do what we can to help our sons and daughters keep clear of sin. We must avoid this stain on our family’s honour.’ What do you think of that, slave? What the fuck am I going to do with you if you get pregnant? Buy an abortion clinic?”

“Hummmm ... gaaaaaaaaggggggggggg ... gggggggggggg...”

Wendy could not reply. The obscene babies’ bottle was back in her mouth, full of castor oil again. She had been struggling for hours using her arms and legs, trying not to go down on the

obscene Big Whopper, which was now fixed to the end of a pole near the bed where Old Bernard was quietly reading the church magazine.

She was trying to take the weight off her body and avoid being destroyed by that horrible invention. She had two straps around her ankles, which prevented her from getting off the monstrous thing. The tension in her arms and legs was becoming unbearable. Her exhausted muscles were threatening to give way any moment...

Old Bernard picked up the whip...

“Answer, you bitch... Do you take precautions?”

Wendy shook her head. How could she take precautions if he was always up her cunt and her hands were tied? Praying, perhaps...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

CRRRRRRRAAAAAAAACK!!!

“GGGGAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!”

Old Bernard had cracked the whip skilfully onto her waist. He kicked the church magazine away and picked up another one, glossy magazine full of women with huge breasts like Wendy.

His eye fell on an article about the forthcoming Miss World competition. The girls were practically naked, but not completely naked, which annoyed him. He liked them stark naked. He wanted to see big tits flopping around and open cunts gaping and dripping in front of the camera lens. He liked his women in bondage and gagged and with welts on their great big tits...

He looked up and threw the magazine away.

He preferred Wendy with her nicely presented wide-open juicy cunt and her swinging tits...

He was ready for another session. He fixed his eyes on his young slave’s beautifully presented, totally defenceless breasts...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

CRRRRRRRAAAAAAAACK!!!

“GGGGAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!”

“Fuck the thing, you big cunt! Get down on Big Whopper! Come on, let’s go! I can see you’re dripping for him! Down, that’s the way, down onto him! That’s it, ride him! Up and down, up and down, that’s it! Fuck the rubber till you come, you randy little bitch! And don’t give me any amateur dramatics now. Uncle Bernard has seen more orgasms in his time than you have... You won’t be able to fool me. I want a real come, and a BIG ONE this time!!! Get your knees further apart, go down on it! And stick your tits out, the whip wants to bite your tits again! Get them out!

Fuck the thing, you big cunt!
Fuck the rubber till you
come, you randy little bitch!



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Higher! Lift them! PUSH THEM OUT!!
Ready?"

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!
CRRRRRRRAAAAAAACK!!!

"GAAAG...GGAGGGGGGGGGG!!!"
SWIIIIIIIIUUUUUSHHHHHHHH!!!

CRRRRREEEAAAAAACK!!!
"GGGGAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!" ■

to be continued...

Kidnapped for sex



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I'll fuck you hung up like this, you whore! And I'll bite your tits and hold your legs wide apart with both hands... You'll be a more sensible slave-girl tomorrow!

YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

Roberts

#3

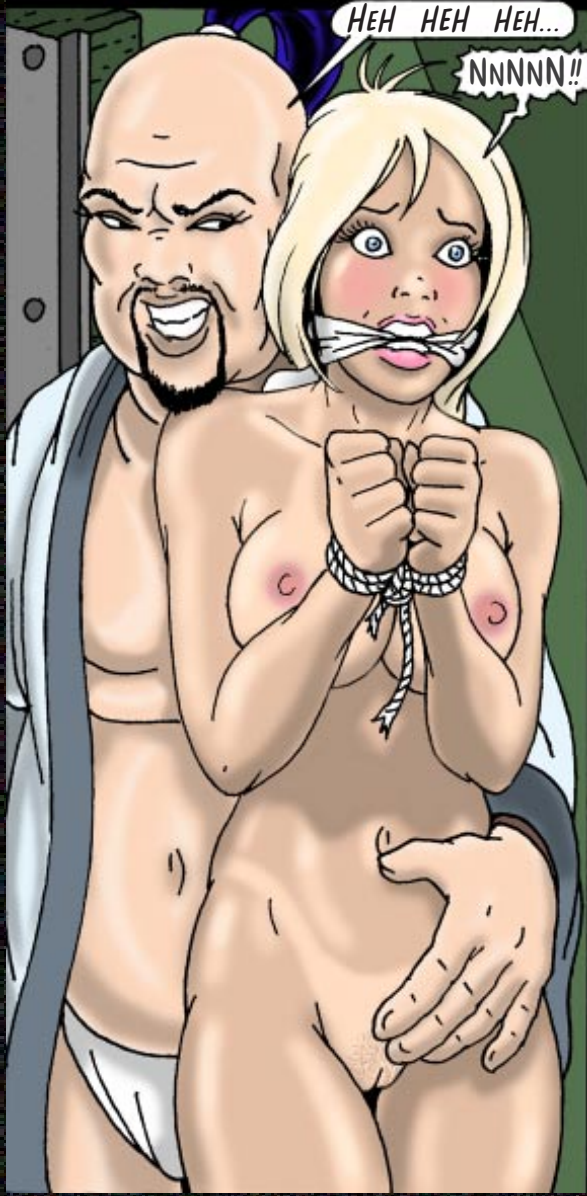
UHH!



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HEH HEH HEH...

NNNNN!!



NOW ... I TEACH YOU HOW TO
OBEY! YOU GONNA FUCK
AND SUCK ALL I WANT!





UUUUUUU!*

SPREAD YOUR THIGHS, BITCH! YOU GIVE ME YOUR PUSSY NOW!

OPEN YOUR LEGS!

NNNNN!

UUUHHHH!

YOU CAN'T? NO WORRIES I FIX THAT!

NNNNNN!

YOU SEE YOUNG BITCH? I WILL HAVE YOUR PUSSY ANYWAY!



NOW ... WHERE WERE WE?
AH ... YES ... THOSE NICE ROUND TITS!



NNNNN!!
NN-NNN!

UUUUUUUU!!



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NOW YOU SEE WHAT RESISTING
GETS YOU?



UUHH!

UUUUUUU!
NNNNNN!!



MMMMMMMM!!
TIME TO RAPE
YOUR PUSSY!

UUUH!

AH! KEIKO! COME ON THE PARTY IS JUST STARTING!

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO NOW!

NO MASTER! PLEASE! NO!

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OH-UHH! NNN!

SUCK HER BIG WHITE TITS, BITCH!

UUUUUUH!!

FINGER HER YOU WHORE!

UUUUUUUUUUUU!!



NNNNNNNN!!



UUH!

YOU LICK PUSSY NOW! ... LICK IT!

UUUH! NNN!

I THINK YOU NEED A HUGE FAT COCK UP YOUR ASS!



NOW WHORE! MASHIMOTO WILL FILL YOUR TIGHT PUSSY WITH HIS HOT CUM.. UHHHHHHH!!

...SLURP...



UUUUUU!

Feel that cane under your buttocks, slave? If you do a good job, I'll ass-fuck you before I whip your ass raw ... You see what a good master you have, don't you?

"Beauty to Sorrow"
MILKSON 1996



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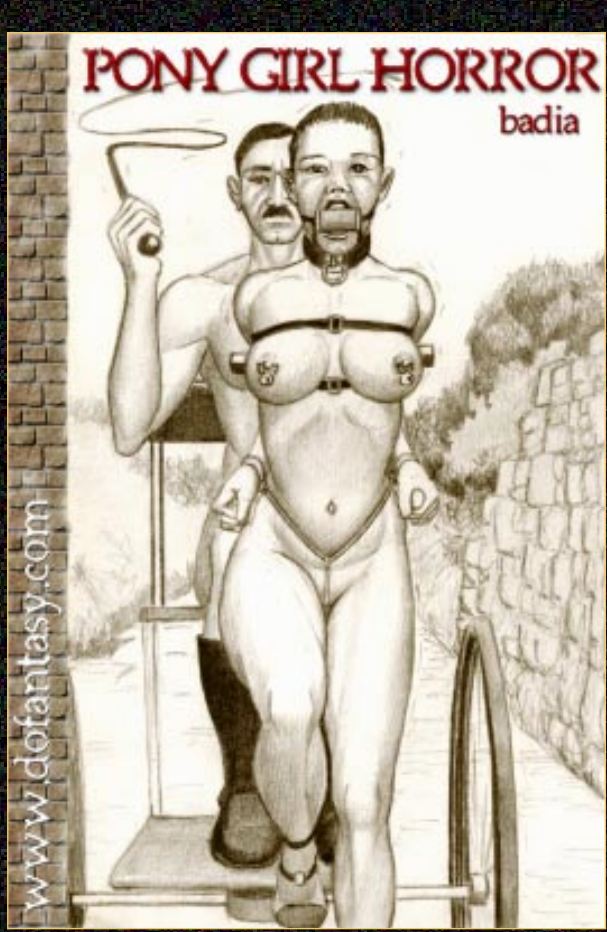


new
PONY GIRL
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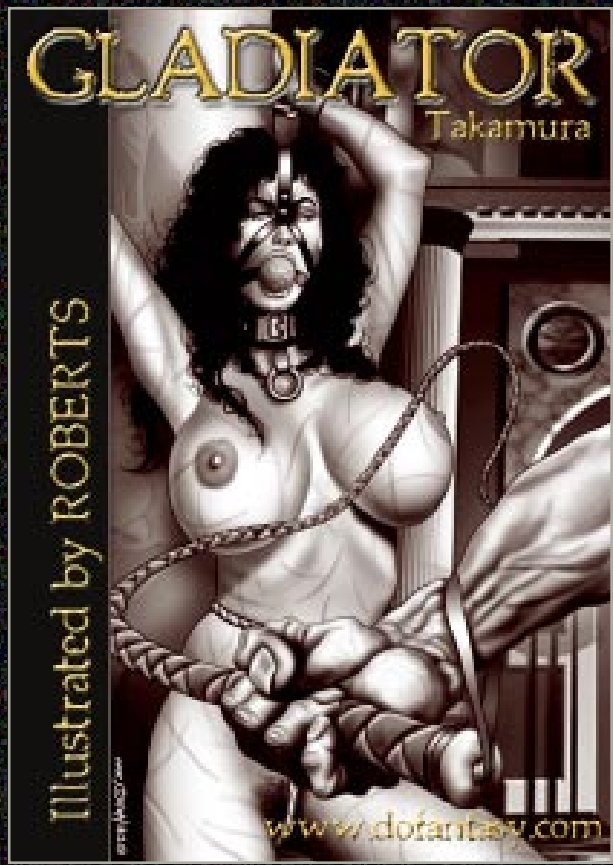
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**SLAVE
IN THE CASTLE**

Badia Gabriella Cianni