

FANSADOX

16

DE HARO

HINES
ZERNS

OLD BERNARD'S
NEW TOY
thorn

REBOUND
geoff merrick

ROBERTS
the BLACK VAN

GISELLE
Yakuza
SLAVEGIRLS

adults only
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D'Fantasy

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Fansadox 16 contents

cover - Roberts

| | |
|---|----|
| BLACK VAN - ROBERTS | 3 |
| HINES' HORROR PRISON - Hines-Shiranda | 12 |
| GISELLE, mine at last! - D Guard-ROBERTS | 18 |
| REBOUND - GEOFF MERRICK | 28 |
| <i>fresh catch</i> - HARO | 33 |
| THE CABIN - ZERNS | 34 |
| <i>old bernard's sex toy</i> - THORN | 40 |
| YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS - ROBERTS | 44 |

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BLACK VAN

#8

Roberts

NO! STOP IT! PLEASE!

STOP? BUT YOU'RE NOT CLEAN YET!

EEEEEEK!



PLEASE!
DON'T..

OH GOD! NO!



UH!



EEEEEE!
NOO!

OH
GOD



DON'T! NO! PLEASE!

YOU'RE
NEXT!

YOUR NEW OWNER WANTS HIS
PUSSY CLEAN!

EEEEEEK!



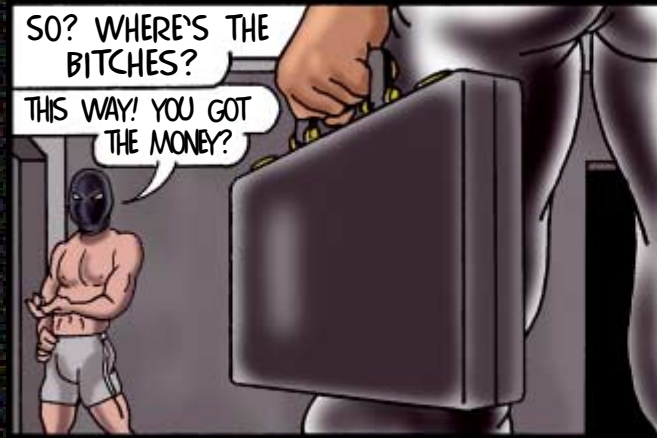
C'MON, LOCO GRINGO!

RAP!
RAP!



HEY! STUPIDO!
YOU CALL ME,
REMEMBER?!

JUST GET YOUR ASS IN HERE
AND TELL CHEECH AND CHONG
TO PUT YOUR VAN AT THE
BACK DOOR



SO? WHERE'S THE
BITCHES?

THIS WAY! YOU GOT
THE MONEY?



OH SI, GRINGO! FOR THIS
I HAVE MONEY

WHICH ONE?



I WANT BOTH OF THEM!!!

MEET YOUR NEW
MASTER

NNN!

UGH!

MM...VERY NICE, GRINGO! I'M GONNA RAPE 'EM BOTH RIGHT HERE!

PLSS! NNN!

NNN-NNN!



GO AHEAD! FUCK 'EM! BUT BE QUICK ABOUT IT... WE'RE LEAVING TOWN NOW... YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME LATER

I THINK THIS YOUNG WHITE PUSSY IS FIRST

OH PLEASE NO!

OOOO!

THE VAN'S PACKED

LET'S GO





UH! UHH! UUH!

MMM... SWEET YOUNG GIRL... YOUR PUSSY IS SO TIGHT... YOU LIKE MANNY'S BIG HARD COCK IN YOU, HMMMMM? UH... UHHH! OH SI! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY, DAY AND NIGHT...
...UHHH!

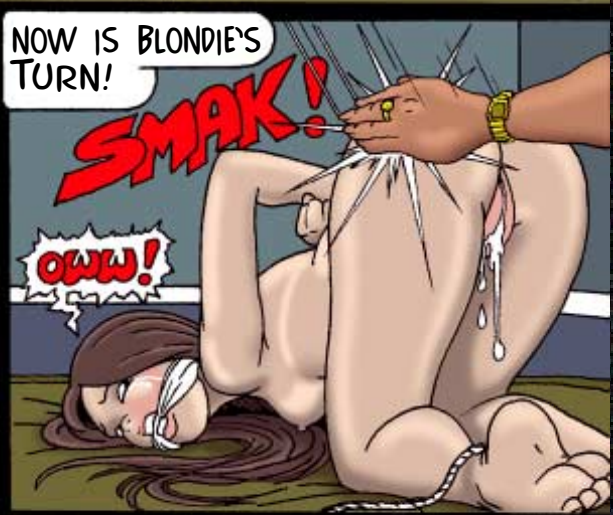
BE GOOD GIRLS AND MANNY MIGHT LET YOU LIVE!

NNNNN! PLSS! NNN!



OOH! UGH! UGH! UGH!

NNN!



NOW IS BLONDIE'S TURN!

SMACK!

OWW!



MANNY GONNA FUCK YOU GOOD!

UH!

UUH-UUH! NN!

WHAT IS THE PROBLEM, YOU LITTLE WHITE WHORE? THIS BIG LATINO COCK TOO MUCH FOR YOUR PINK PUSSY?



HA HA HA!!

UUUUUU!

UUUU!



OOO ...YEAH ... BIG MANNY GOT YOU STUFFED FULL OF HARD BROWN LATINO DICK! ... GO ON, WHITE BITCH! SCREAM... KICK... I LIKE THAT

UH!... UH!... UH!... UH!... COME ON, YOU BITCH! ... UH! ... UH!... I'M GONNA TAKE YOU CUNTS HOME AND ALL MY FRIENDS GONNA FUCK YOU!... UH!...



**UUU!UUUUU!
NNNNNN!**



**UHHH!
UUUU!**



UH..UH..UH..UH..
OOOOH!!

UU.U.U..U..!



YAAAAAAA!
YAAAAAAA!
UUHHH!!



NOW WE ALL GONNA TAKE A
RIDE TO MANNY'S PLACE AND
HAVE A REAL PARTY WITH
YOU BITCHES, C'MON...

UUHHH..

SO... WHERE'S THE PARTY NOW?

I KNOW AN OLD HOUSE



...CLOSE TO 100,000
DRUNK COLLEGE GIRLS
IN BIKINIS



OOO! SPRING
BREAK IN DAYTONA

WE ARE SO THERE

WE CAN TAKE THESE
MASKS OFF NOW!

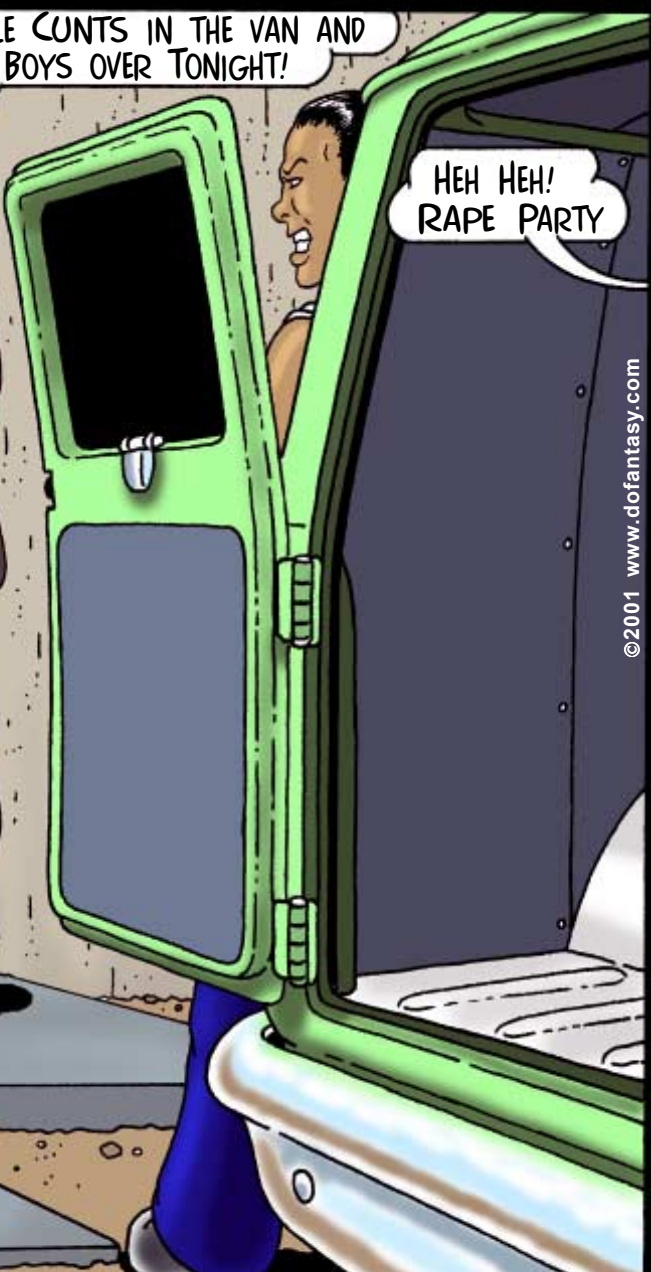
OH... YEAH...



HEY! GET THESE LITTLE CUNTS IN THE VAN AND
CALL THE BOYS OVER TONIGHT!



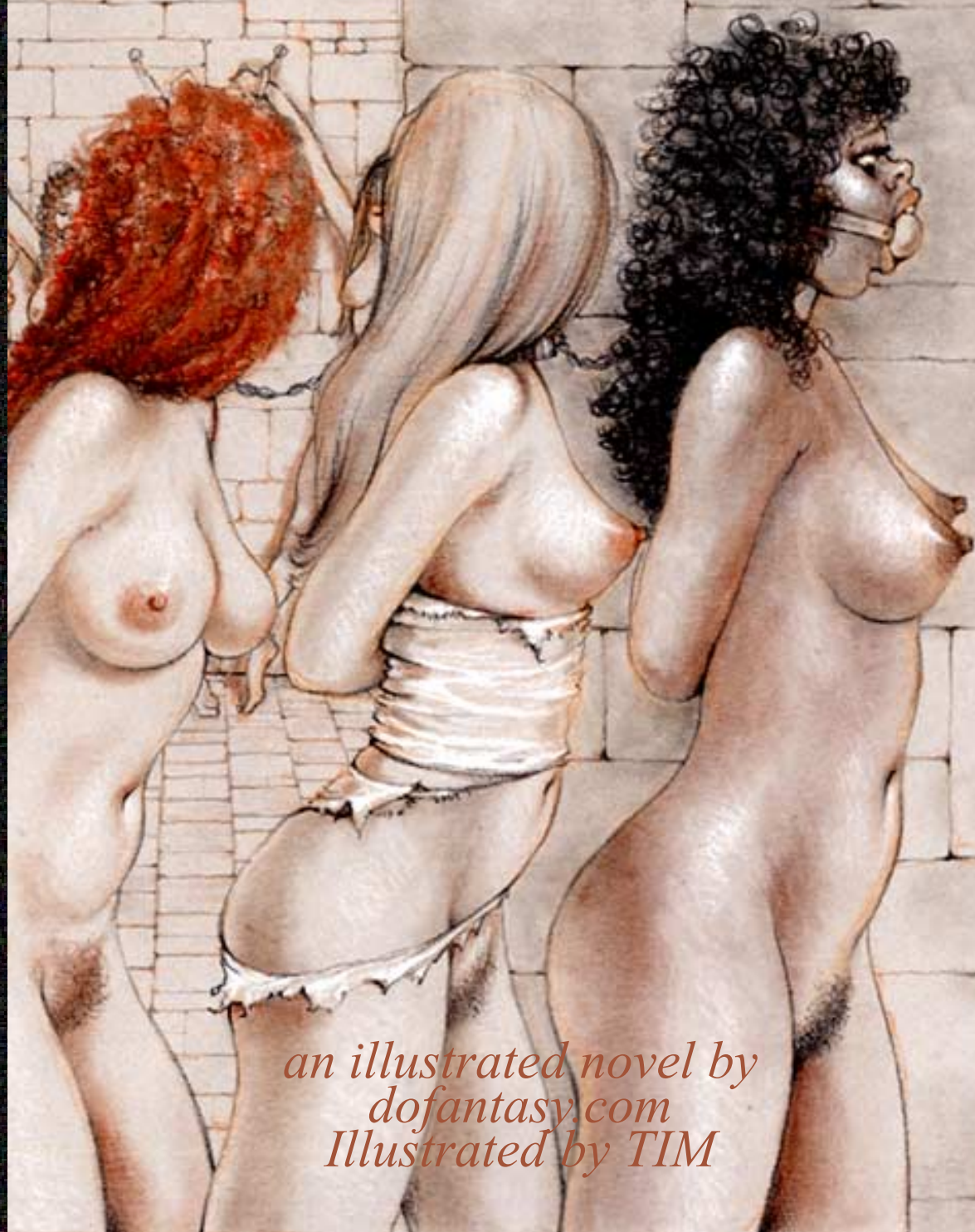
HEH HEH!
RAPE PARTY



TO BE CONTINUED IN PART TWO

female HELL in paramundo

by procter baldwin

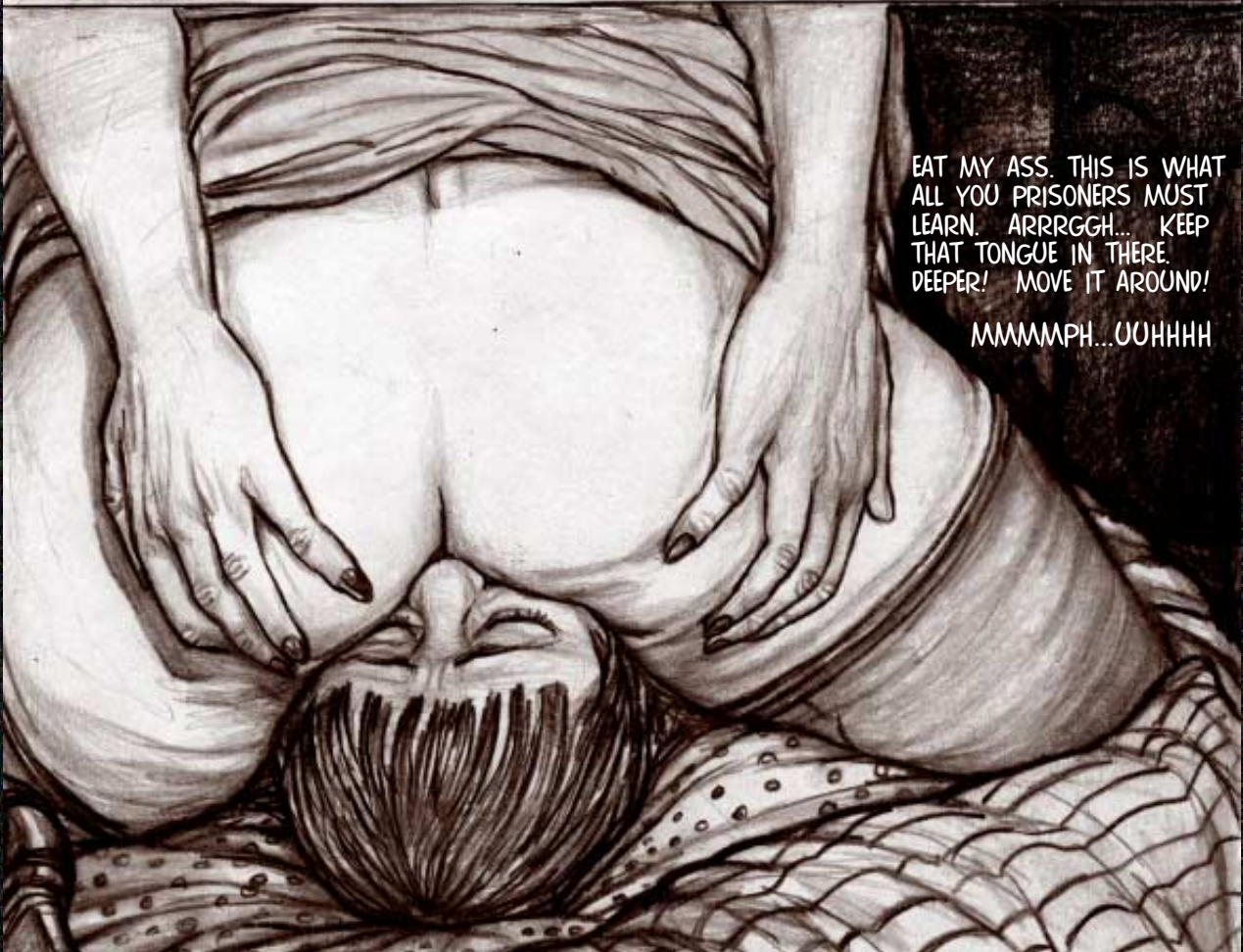


*an illustrated novel by
dofantasy.com
Illustrated by TIM*

NOW EAT MY
PUSSY, BITCH



UHhhh, YEAH...
YOU LEARN FAST...!



EAT MY ASS. THIS IS WHAT
ALL YOU PRISONERS MUST
LEARN. ARRGGH... KEEP
THAT TONGUE IN THERE.
DEEPER! MOVE IT AROUND!

MMMMPH...UHhhh

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE CELLBLOCKS, THE DYKE INMATES QUICKLY CHOOSE THEIR FAVORITES FROM THE SCARED AND HELPLESS NEW ARRIVALS...

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INTIMATE, HUMILIATING INSPECTIONS ARE MADE...



AND IN CELL # 314, TIA, WHO RULES ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS, HAS CHOSEN THE 19 YEAR-OLD ENGLISH MISSIONARY NAMED MILDRED.

NICE TITTS, GIRLY... GONNA BE GOOD FRIENDS YOU AND ME...
PLEASE MADA'M, DON'T...

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MMMM. KISS ME WET AND DEEP...



LET ME BITE THOSE YOUNG NIPPLES...

OWWWW...!

NOW LAY DOWN ON THE BED... AND
RISE THOSE LOVELY BUTTOCKS... HIGH!

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I'M GOING TO OPEN YOU UP.
THIS WILL HURT MY LITTLE ONE
NOOO! EEEEEEE...!!!

SO INNOCENT! SO TIGHT...
GOD HELP ME!
AAJEEEEEE!!!

SUCK IT, GET IT WET
'CAUSE TIA WILL FUCK YOU
RIGHT NOW

THAT'S IT...SURRENDER TO TIA
WHILE TIA BREAKS IN YOUR
VIRGIN PUSSY..

PLEASE! IT HURTS!



IN THE MEANTIME...

SI, DON
ERNESTO,
I'LL HAVE
THE NEW
GIRLS READY
FOR YOU AND
YOUR GUESTS
TONIGHT



TO BE CONTINUED...

GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 6. Previous in Fansadox 9 & 12 to 15

It was risky. I knew that. I could blow the whole thing...

But I stood to win a lot too. The slut was driving me crazy. I needed to hunt her down like I needed the air I was breathing! I pictured her tied up in the same cage as Giselle, the two of them tied together by the neck, one blonde and one brunette. Both of them gorgeous ... both of them shit scared ... both of them defenceless... Mine...

On Mondays "my" checkout girl stayed late helping the owner to do the books.

It was Monday...

I went into the supermarket at seven o'clock. There she was, flopping her big creamy breasts around all over the money as usual... I imagined them with my spunk dripping from them...

And as usual she was dressed to provoke me, with a tiny white top clinging to her tits and a very, very short black miniskirt riding low on her hips...

I couldn't see what shoes she had on.

It was all too much for my aching dick. I took a decision.

She would be mine! She was as big a slut as Giselle. And I'd make her pay for it...

I bought a few tins of dog food for them both.

"Is this stuff good?" I asked her.

My checkout girl opened her big black eyes and looked at me in surprise. Or should I say contempt?

"How should I know?" she answered, shrugging her naked shoulders, chewing gum in that indolent way she had. "D'you want me to open a can for you and try some?"

Same problem as always! I always seize up when she's near me! I couldn't think what to say!

My hands were trembling. I put them in my pocket, unthinkingly, and found a throbbing hard-on!

I couldn't take my eyes off the deep V-front of her top. Her skin, I saw, was whiter than

Giselle's and her breasts maybe even a little bit bigger...

They were firm, high, round, and elastic... And they were going to be mine, mine to bite, mine to whip, to squeeze, to torture...

Mine to come all over, again and again...

"What the fuck d'you think you're looking at, mister?" she said, raising her voice. Two women standing behind me were starting to get impatient...

She stood up.

I nearly fell to the ground when I saw them wobble!

I'd never had her so close before. She was tall, with a good fine waist like Giselle, impeccable hips and long, interminable shapely legs.

The big-titted slut put the tins of dog food in a bag, provocatively as always. Every move she made had her tits trembling and wobbling around...

I was nearly shooting off into my underpants. I kept my hand in my trousers...

"Two fifty."

I paid. I couldn't take my eyes off the slut's cunt. Her pants were so tight nothing was left to the imagination.

"Look at him!" said the old witch behind. "He can't take his eyes off that girl! He's old enough to be her father!"

I left quickly. I felt my cheeks burning.

Then came the longest two hours of my life.

I smoked two packets of cigarettes and knocked back half a dozen beers...

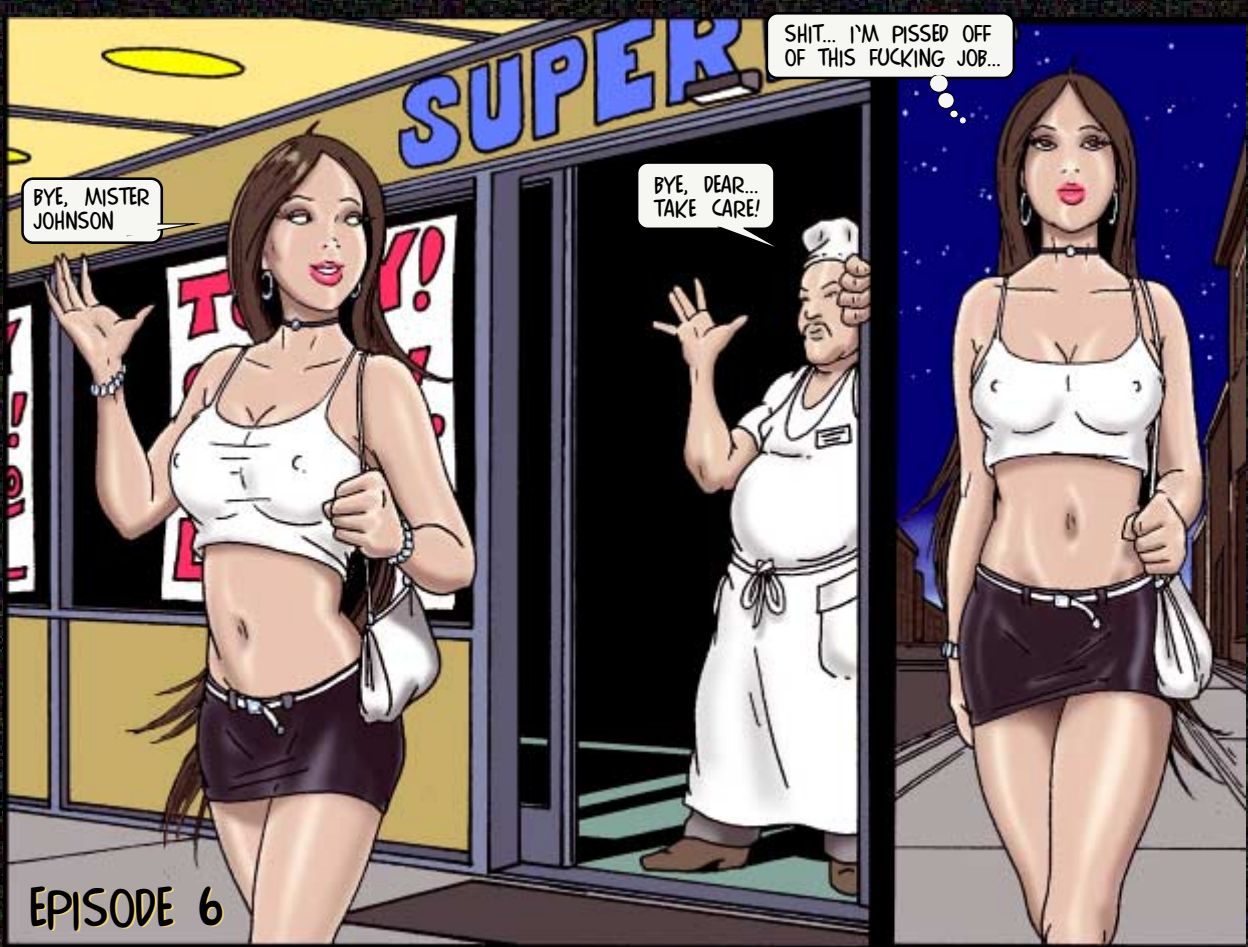
At five to nine I opened the van door.

At nine, my checkout girl left the supermarket. She was looking gorgeous.

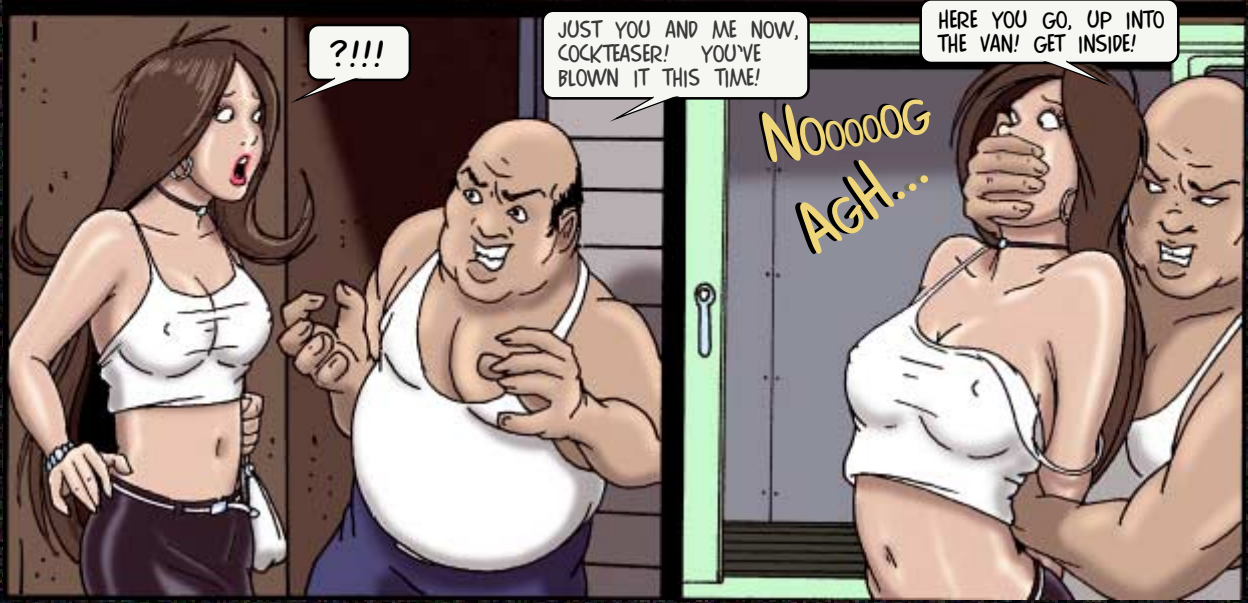
A prize piece, a hunter's dream, wet, wet...! And I was the hunter.

A few seconds later she wobbled her tits past my van...

"Just you and me now, cockteaser! You've blown it this time!" I growled as I jumped onto her... ■



EPISODE 6



WHO ... WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SHUT UP, YOU WHORE!
AND OPEN THAT WHORE'S
MOUTH IF YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO KILL YOU...!



AGH...



THAT'S THE WAY, NICE AND
QUIET. OPEN WIDE NOW!
AND BETTER GET USED TO IT...

GAGHHH...

HEY, THAT'S A FINE ASS YOU
WERE HIDING THERE! LET ME
HAVE A BETTER LOOK! HMMM...



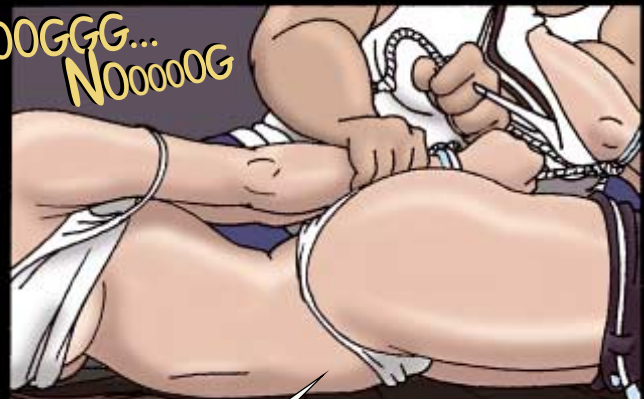
GAGHHH...

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NICE, FINE ANKLES
... JUST RIGHT
FOR CHAINS...



NOOGGG...
NOOOOOO



YOUR SMELL IS IRRESISTIBLE. IT WASN'T IN THE
PROGRAM BUT I'M GONNA RAPE YOU RIGHT NOW...

I'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT THIS FOR WEEKS, THINKING ABOUT THESE TITS...

NOOOGGG...

NOOOGGG...

NOOOGGG...

NOOOGGG...

AND THIS CUNT... LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY DICK, YOU BIG SLUT!

UUUUHHHH
UUUUHHHH

YOU'VE GOT A TIGHT LITTLE CUNT THERE. IT'S GONNA HURT AND I WANT IT TO HURT...

UUUUHHHH
UUUUHHHH
UUUUHHHH

CAN YOU FEEL THAT? FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE GONNA LIVE FOR THAT, JUST TO BE FUCKED BY ME! YOU'LL BE MY LITTLE PLAYTHING, MY OWN JUICY LITTLE FUCKTHING...

UUUUHHHH
UUUUHHHH

UUUUHHHH



NOOGGG...

TAKE THIS, YOU SLUT!
TAKE SOME MILK...

AGH...
AGH...

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AND NOW WE'RE GOING HOME. TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THE SKY. THERE ARE NO WINDOWS WHERE YOU'RE GOING. AND YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET OUT OF THERE...



GET DOWN, SLUT...
AND WATCH YOUR STEP



COME ON, LET'S GO!
WELCOME TO YOUR
LAST ROOM



THIS IS GISELLE. SHE'S MY
DAUGHTER AND NOW SHE'S YOUR
CAGEMATE. I HOPE YOU LIKE HER.
YOU'RE GONNA BE VERY, VERY
GOOD FRIENDS! HA! HA! HA!...



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TO BE CONTINUED

OLD BERNARD'S SEX TOY THORN

Episode 7

Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 15

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 and old Bernard decides to invite his young slavegirl to dinner.

Old Bernard had never dined alone with a woman. The reason for that is very simple: He had never dared to ask one. He didn't have the slightest doubt that any woman, no matter who she was, would interpret such an invitation as an obscene proposition bound to end in sexual intercourse. And how would the invitee react to such effrontery? Would she reject him? Would she laugh at him? Would she humiliate him?

In reality Old Bernard had never tried because he couldn't have taken no for an answer...

Now with Wendy there was no risk of that...

But just in case, when he invited her he didn't remove the cod liver filled-soaked gag from her mouth...

"You're dining with me today, slave. In the dining room."

Those clear tear-filled eyes looked at him through the bars of the little cage. What new ordeal was waiting for poor Wendy?

Old Bernard opened the cage and Wendy fell to the floor face down. The girl couldn't stand; she had been stuck in there all day...

Old Bernard crouched down to tighten the harness that was holding her hands

cruelly fixed up her back even more and he checked that the Chinese balls were still deep in her intestine. Where else were they going to be?

With clenched teeth and crying bitterly, Wendy felt the swine to whom she belonged body and soul sink his thick and fleshy fingers sinking into her anus.

Old Bernard licked them. He liked the slut better every day... Even her shit was nice!

"Uncle Bernard had bought you some shoes. It's not right for a girl with your class to go on a date barefoot. Don't you think?"

They had high pointy heels, they were horribly antiquated like Old Bernard himself and they were two sizes too small for the girl. Once they were on they hurt terribly.

"Aren't you excited that we're dining alone, you and me?" Asked the old sadist as he brusquely drove three fingers into his young slave's sex.

"Gnnnnnyyyymmmmmmm..." Moaned Wendy being careful not to clench her teeth onto the bloody cod liver oil filled vibrator that was gagging her.

But she was wasting her time... Old Bernard tightened the obscene gag's base

squirting a good dose of the laxative directly into her stomach.

"That'll do you good before you go sit down for dinner" he said. "Girls of your age are all anorexic and can't shit properly..."

Wendy rolled onto her side bending double at her waist. She couldn't stand the pain in her guts... No, this time she wouldn't be able to keep the Chinese balls in and that terrified her. The threats Old Bernard had made about what would happen if she emptied her bowels without permission were spine chilling.

Old Bernard grabbed her left ankle and bending her leg double bound it to the top of her thigh with fine wire. He tightened it unnecessarily tightly, cruelly making the cable bite into her flesh

"Let's go darling," he said grabbing the bamboo cane that Wendy was so scared of, "dinner is getting cold."

Wendy raised her head to her Master her eyes pleading...

Old Bernard replied by grabbing her hair and cracking the cane down across her buttocks...

"Get moving, bitch... Or do you want to cancel our dinner date now?"

Wendy had no choice but to crawl. To crawl with her arms twisted up her back, with one leg tied up with wire, with the bloody gag squirting cod liver oil into her stomach, with the Chinese balls stuck in her intestine and with her feet in agony because they were squashed into the tiny shoes. Wendy kicked pathetically with her one free leg trying to ease the tension on her hair and follow the sadist that had bought her to the dining room...

It was a long, painful and tremendously humiliating journey for the girl. Old Bernard didn't stop flogging her. He was excited and hungry.

And he was furious.

"Four of your balls are hanging out, you bloody pig. What sort of behaviour is that? Shitting yourself on the way to the table,

my god! Where is it going to end? This is an unforgivable lack of respect for your date!"

As soon as she saw the table Wendy started to tremble... There was only one chair, a very comfortable chair, and next to it there was an iron bar that was screwed to the floor and that had a fat dildo on the end of it.

Old Bernard lifted her by her hair and placed her right on top of it, the obscene replica was pointing between her buttocks...

"Are you going to sit down the easy way or the hard way?"

Wendy shook her head... She had the Chinese balls inside her!

Old Bernard slapped her. "How dare you contradict me?"

Without freeing her hair, Old Bernard grabbed her by the sex and impaled her on the dildo... Luckily he noticed the resistance caused by the balls.

Old Bernard swore. He was feeling very violent, as he always did when he got excited.

Old Bernard ripped the balls out of the girl's intestine without moving her away from the pole for a second.

It only took a second, but it was enough for the girl, who couldn't hold it in any longer...

Old Bernard slapped her furiously. "Not happy with shitting yourself on the way here now you're doing it sitting at the table!"

But Wendy never heard him, she hadn't even noticed that she no longer had the Chinese balls inside her. With her free leg Wendy struggled to impede the dildo's advance and lift herself up...

Old Bernard took the hammer and nails. He had it all planned.

Wendy didn't realise what his sadistic plans were until the first hammer blow.

The pain was awful.

Old Bernard had nailed both of her nipples to the table.



«Four of your balls are hanging out, you bloody pig. What sort of behaviour is that? Shitting yourself on the way to the table, my god! Where is it going to end? This is an unforgivable lack of respect for your date!»

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"There... see how easy it is? Now you can't get up from your chair without permission..." He explained drooling with sadistic lust.

And hour and a half-later, Old Bernard burped disgustingly. He was a drunk as a skunk. On his left, Wendy closed her eyes and turned her face to try and avoid the repulsive stench of garlic and cheap wine.

Wendy's nipples were still nailed to the table her intestine was still impaled and her left leg was shaking with painful cramps... If she let it fall the fat phallus that was impaling her would destroy her insides. If she lifted it, even a little, the pain in her nipples killed her.

Old Bernard showed her a little box wrapped in gift wrapper.

"It's for you...A gift from your Master. It's the custom when one takes a girl out to dinner..."

Tearfully Wendy watched that sadist's thick flabby fingers undo the wrapper and open the box. Inside there was a little clamp with toothed jaws and a nylon thread hanging from its tip...

"I read in a book that girls of your age are excited more easily by their clitorises than by their bottoms. And Uncle Bernard wants you to be happy more than anything else in this world."

Wendy shook her head with desperation. Wasn't the way he had her sitting enough?

"I'll explain how it works... It's for your little nymphomaniac clitoris... See? It opens and goes on like this..."

"OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!!!"

Wendy couldn't hold her terrible cry of pain in. Old Bernard had put the cruel device on the septum of her nose and the pain was unbearable. Something like that on her clitoris would kill her...

"Look, slave: the more you pull the more it bites," explained Old Bernard pulling on the nylon thread.

The sharp saw teeth bit cruelly into her cartilage causing blood to run down her cheek onto her breasts that were nailed to

the table.

"It will hurt even more on your love button, you'll see," promised Old Bernard getting up from the table and kneeling between his young slave's thighs. Wendy tried to close her legs but all she got was two agonising stabs of pain, one in her anus and the other in her nipples.

Old Bernard got her little clitoris out of its hiding place with his fingernails, he licked his lips and then the little fleshy button for a few moments. Then he closed the clamp onto the sensitive flesh

"AAAAAAARRGGGGHHHHH!!!"

Wendy jumped up so hard that almost ripped her nipples off. A series of violent spasms followed...

A radiant smile illuminated the old sadist's face as he watched his victim's lovely body shaking with the agony in her nipples and her sex.

Old Bernard waited patiently for his young slave to get herself under control before he tugged downwards on the nylon thread. Pulled by such a sensitive part of her body Wendy had no choice but to impale herself even more onto the stake...

Old Bernard fixed the thread tightly to a ring that was anchored in the base of the vibrator that was squeezed into the girl's intestine.

Old Bernard sat back down at the table.

"Are you more horny now? Can you feel it? Answer you fucking slut!" He shouted as he pulled the gag out of her mouth.

"Please... enough... for god's sake... I can't take any more..." Replied Wendy who was on the verge of an attack of hysteria.

Old Bernard lifted her chin with his fork and fixed her with his gaze...

"What the fuck's wrong with you now? Aren't you comfy? Are you hungry? Do you want a fuck? Answer me!"

Shivering like a jelly and sobbing her eyes out, Wendy, finally free of the damned gag, swallowed.

"No... please... no... not fuck... please



Thorn

«Are you more horny now? Can you feel it? Answer you fucking slut!»
«Please ... enough ... for God's sake ... I can't take any more...»

anything but... that...' she mumbled beside herself.

"Then you're hungry."

And without waiting for a reply Old Bernard put a piece of chicken into his mouth and chewed it for a while. Then he spat it out and offered it to the girl...

"Come on, slave, eat up... It's already half digested..."

Wendy didn't dare turn her face away but neither could she open her mouth...

"Open up slave or I'll burn your nipples with a cigarette."

Wendy half opened her mouth. Her retches were stopping her from breathing.

"Grab it with your tongue," ordered Old Bernard holding the half-chewed meat in front of the girl's eyes.

Wendy obeyed... Old Bernard raised his hand more...

"Come on bitch, grab it!"

The farce went on for a few goes... All of them making her tug painfully on her clitoris and her nipples.

Old Bernard finally let the girl catch the piece of chicken...

"Now chew it well before you swallow it..."

Retching and sobbing desperately, Wendy chewed for several long minutes until the old man finally ordered her to swallow what she had in her mouth.

Old Bernard watched her he was furiously erect. Such cruelty excited him dangerously... And Wendy knew that very well, from her own experience.

Old Bernard got up and grabbed Wendy by her hair twisting her head back.

"Yes... I know you're horny... I can read it in your eyes... I only have to see the furtive looks your giving my cock... You want it, don't you?"

"No... please... enough..." The girl replied. But first his wine and garlic breath and then the old man's fleshy ulcerous lips suffocated her pleading.

He was kissing her... Wendy's tongue felt the rough, swollen and profoundly

disgusting tongue running over her gums, her palate... seeking hers. She felt the teeth sinking into her lips, her cheeks, her nose, her ears, and her neck... Yes, that swine wasn't only kissing her deeply but he was biting her face and licking and kissing her all over her face including her ears and her neck. Her face was now covered with a thick layer of stinking saliva.

Old Bernard was beside himself. He felt the girl trembling and fighting with all her strength not to die impaled. He felt the intimate repulsion that his lips, mouth and breath caused in her. Old Bernard was very dangerous when excited...

Old Bernard spat in her mouth.

A new wave of retching and even more distress made Wendy turn away and freeing herself briefly from the horrid mouth that was suffocating her, she spat out her master's 'gift'.

Old Bernard's reaction was instant...

"AAAAAAAARRRRRGGHHHHHH!"

Old Bernard had just sunk his fork into her right breast...

"Open your mouth wide, slave. Dessert time..." He ordered furiously twisting her head back.

The terrified Wendy obeyed. The old man's face was just over hers, twisted into a repulsive snarl that was a mixture of sickness, infirm lust and dangerous paranoia.

The man let his spit fall... Wendy closed her eyes and her mouth. She couldn't bear it... Old Bernard rested his fork threateningly on her breast... Wendy understood that once more she had no choice... That she never would have as long as she was that madman's sexual toy...

Wendy opened her mouth but not her eyes.

The fork's pressure on her right breast was increasing by the second...

Old Bernard smiled. He had taken a long time to get his first dinner date... But it had been worth the wait. ■



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Thorn.

«Grab it with your tongue.
Open up slave or I'll burn your lithe nipples with a cigarette»



«Yes... I know you're horny... I can read it in your eyes... I only have to see the furtive looks your giving my cock... You want it now, don't you?»



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«Open your mouth wide, slave. Dessert time...»

to be continued...

Fresh catch

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Before I rape you, bitch...
you're going to beg for it!
Repeat after me: «This slave-
girl humbly implores her master
to fuck her up her asshole...»

THE CABIN

CORI BOUNCES
DOWN A BACK
COUNTRY
ROAD..



A SMOKING TRUCK..
A CRAWLING VICTIM..
SHE STOPS.. A BIG!
MISTAKE.



ARE YOU..
OH BLOOD..

SHE GETS
CLOSER

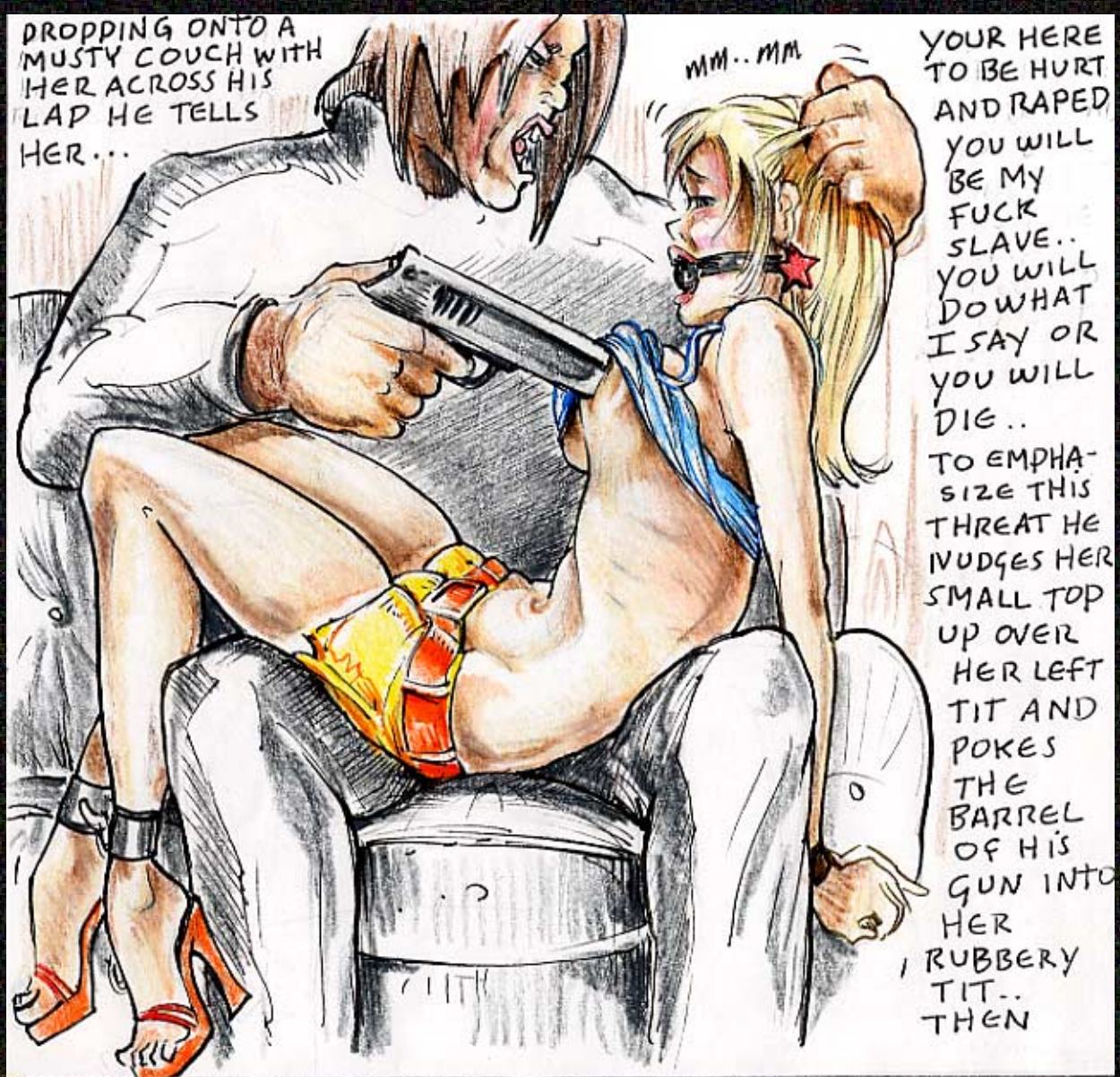


BOUND & DAZED... DEEP INTO THE
WOODS SHE IS TAKEN..
TO A CABIN... OF
TORTURE



THE
SPIDER
IS READY

DROPPING ONTO A MUSTY COUCH WITH HER ACROSS HIS LAP HE TELLS HER...



MM...MM

YOUR HERE TO BE HURT AND RAPED YOU WILL BE MY FUCK SLAVE.. YOU WILL DO WHAT I SAY OR YOU WILL DIE.. TO EMPHA-SIZE THIS THREAT HE NUDGES HER SMALL TOP UP OVER HER LEFT TIT AND POKES THE BARREL OF HIS GUN INTO HER RUBBERY TIT.. THEN



"JMPH"
NNNN

SADISTICALLY DRIVES HOME HER HELPLESS CONDITION BY RUBBING THE GUN AGAINST HER CROTCH

Next..



THE COLLAR HE STRAPS TO HER NECK IS A RADIO CONTROLLED SHOCK DEVICE.. A QUICK LESSON ..



ziiiizzp!

MAKES HER DOCILE ENOUGH TO REPOSITION HE PULLS HER TOP OVER CORIS YOUNG TITS.

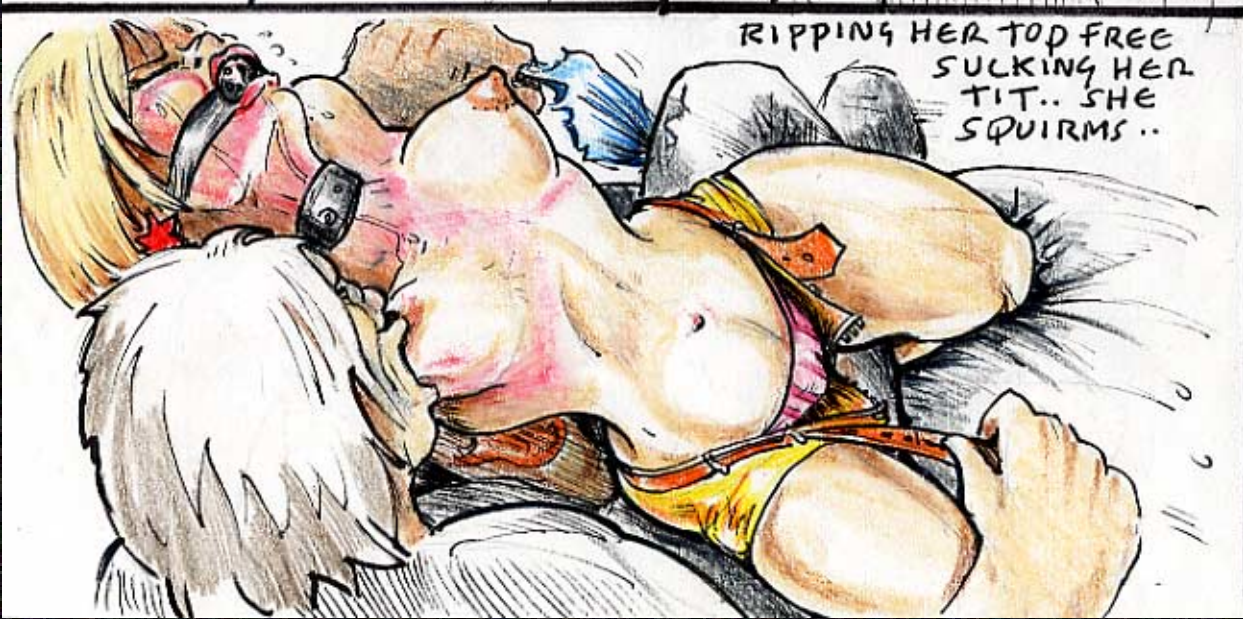


"LEAN BACK.. I WANT A BETTER LOOK.. AT YOU.."

Umphm



AND YOUR CUNT.. SLIDING HIS HAND DOWN HER BELLY.. HE WORKS THE TIGHT SHORTS OPEN



RIPPING HER TOP FREE SUCKING HER TIT.. SHE SQUIRMS..

DROPPING HER FORWARD HE
PULLS DOWN HER SHORTS
SHOWS HER THE DILDO. .!!

AND
SLIDES
IT IN...



BUZZZ

THEN TAKES OFF
HER CUFFS GAG
AND SHORTS...
"DANCE"

OHH
GOD!



BUZZZ

"PUT
YOUR
SHORTS
ON THEN STRIP
IT ALL OFF AGAIN...
AND DANCE SEXY BITCH!"

BUZZZZZ!

THE YOUNG GIRL STRUGGLES
WITH HER RISING FEAR AND
SHAME AS HER CAPTOR FIRES
QUESTIONS AT HER... STUTTER-
ING SHE TRIES TO STRIP
AND ANSWER...

C..CORI
YE..NO..
NUT..
NDO..
NGV..
YOU..
CANT..

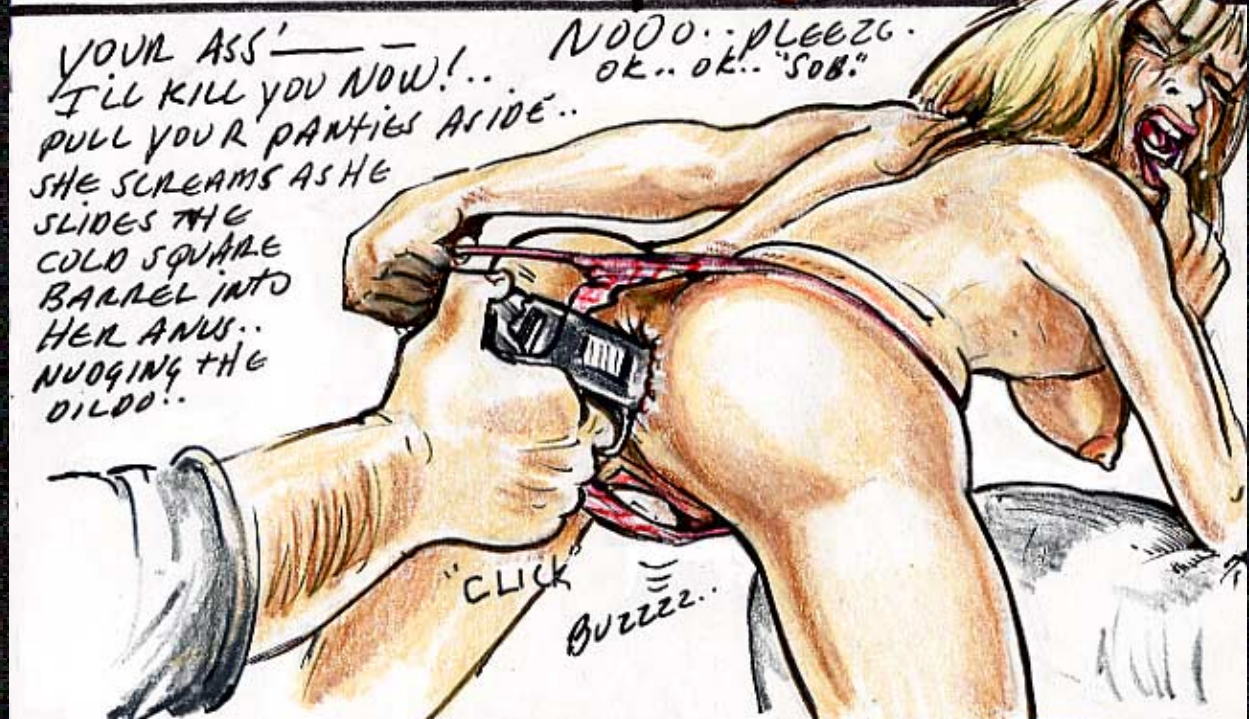
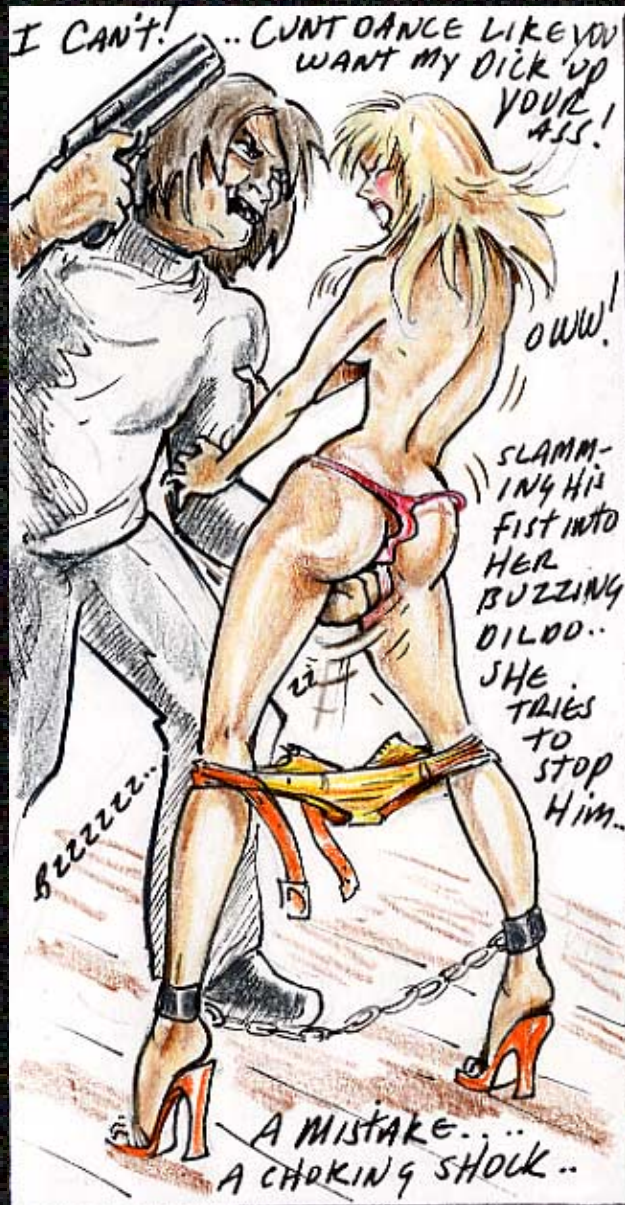
..B..18..
NO..IM..
..WHAT..
-I..
YOU..
..

YOUR NAME BITCH.. YOUR AGE.. GOOD..
GOOD.. YOU A VIRGIN, DON'T LIE CUNTI..
I THOUGHT.. YOU LOOK TOO SLUTTY..
TO BE FRESH.. YOU TAKE
IT UP THE ASS.. HA..
YOU WILL.. WHAT
THAT... WHAT!



BUZZZZZZZ

HE
BOLTS AT
HER..
SHE
SHRINKS
BACK
RAISING
HER
HANDS
IN
DEFENSE



OH... Don't kill Me.. "Just get your ASS HIGH" HER ASS ARCHES UPWARD...



BZZZZZ

OH H..it.. HURTS..

THE GUN AND THE DILDO ARE TIED INTO PLACE...

SHE'S GETTING WET DESPITE THE PAIN..

"THERE" THE GUN IS COCKED AND I HAVE THE STRING ON THE TRIGGER..



ONE MORE COMPLAINT AND I BLOW A HOLE IN YOUR BOWELS.. STAND-UP..



(OH! GOD.. IT'S.. HARD.. YES.. OK..)

NOW WALK TO THAT DOOR..

SHE WALKS WIDE LEGGED AND HALF BENT OVER TO A DARK WOODEN DOOR AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM..

HE TELLS HER TO OPEN IT.. SHE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT..

REBOUND

Geoff Merrick

Day One.

It was a total accident, which made it all the better. One moment the male nurse was looking around the backwoods county store with his gym teacher bride, the next moment he saw her — down the tall, narrow, full aisle, looking obliviously down at the soda hamper.

“Hey,” Tom Brannigan said softly to his wife of more than twenty years, “that’s Leesa Mendaski, isn’t it?”

Agnes Brannigan looked over, her gray eyes narrowing. She didn’t say yes or no, just: “Haven’t seen her for five years, have we? Not since she broke our boy’s heart...”

The compact, muscular man with the crew cut stood still and silent beside the wiry, hawk-faced woman with the stringy hair. They took in the young girl’s long, straight, silky, dark blond hair, her blue eyes, her sweet face, and her tall form in the deep u-necked, spaghetti-strapped, pink t-shirt, tight; beltless jeans; and sandals.

“Look at those legs, would ya?” the woman said quietly. “Longest damn things I ever seen...”

The man only glanced at them, his eyes resting elsewhere. “She grown a bit since we saw her,” he breathed. “What you think? 36C?”

“34D,” his wife said expertly and began glancing around to see who else was in the little store. Like so many suburban shops in a lake town, it was dark, dusky, and crammed with stuff. It was also late in the afternoon, between the time vacationers came in for lunch and headed home for dinner.

“She ain’t here with friends,” the woman murmured. “What you think?”

The man tore his eyes away and was immediately on the move. “Be right back.”

He sidled toward the front door while the woman stayed still, watching the unknowing girl check out the soft drinks.

Outside the man checked the girl’s car in the small gravel parking area out back, admiring the packing job in the back seat. Galvanized by the sight of all the suitcases, he hastened to his own car parked alongside. He grabbed at the pulpy white pad in the clear plastic freezer bag within the glove compartment and headed back.

On the way, he carefully let the air out of the tire on the bicycle that was propped under the shop’s front window. During the entire time, not one car passed by on the narrow, wood-lined road.

“Hey,” he told the kid behind the counter as he reentered the store. “Your front tire’s flat,”

“What?” the kid exclaimed, looking up from the dance magazine he was studying. “You’re

kidding! Damn!” But he was already coming around the counter, heading outside.

The man was back at his wife’s side in nano-seconds, his hand slipping into the plastic bag. With one move of his head, he was moving toward the still oblivious girl, the bumpy, pulpy, sodden white pad held low. Without a word or hesitation, his wife was by his side.

“Leesa!” the man said, moving in front of her. “Long time no see! What are you doing here?”

The girl looked up in mild surprise, impressing the man again with her farm-fresh innocence, obvious intelligence, calm maturity, and natural good looks. “M-mister, Mrs. Brannigan!” she said with a little dismay. By the fleeting expression on her face, they could see she obviously reminded herself that the discomfort she instinctively felt was five years old, and had to do with their son, not them.

The man noticed she couldn’t help quickly glancing around to see if their son was with them before going on. “Uh,” she said, “just taking a break from school...”

Before she could continue, the woman interrupted pleasantly. “Why, your parents didn’t tell us!”

“I’m, uh, surprising my folks,” she stammered, her expression telling them that she didn’t really want to reveal that. It was no matter. The cheery banter had served its purpose. Seemingly because of the aisle’s narrowness, the man was in front of her and the woman slightly behind. “Hey,” the girl said, her nose wrinkling while her eyes blinked. “What’s that smell...?!”

It was the last “normal” thing she ever said.

The couple pounced without warning, almost before Leesa got the last word out. The woman grabbed the girl’s wrists, just above her simple bracelet and watch and jammed them behind her. The man slammed the thick, sticky, lumpy cloth over her lower face.

Leesa’s bright eyes bulged in her shocked face, but before she could even react, they had sandwiched her tightly between them, his other hand tight behind her head, forcing her face even deeper into the noxious pad.

She jerked and tried to scream, but it was way too late. Their hard bodies pinned hers, his muscular legs on either side of her long, shapely ones. The woman’s clawed talons locked her wrists like shackles. The girl’s shoulders wrenched, trying to grab at the thing over her lower face, but it only made her collar bones stand out prettily, and her shirt top fill with her gasping milky orbs, whichg mashed against Tom’s chest.

“Feel that?” the man hissed, his face an inch from hers as he shook her head tightly. “Took me months to develop this at the hospital. Sticks to your face like glue, stops up your mouth, fills your nose with the special sauce. Night-night Leesa...”

The girl tried to scream and wrench herself away, but the anesthetic was already clawing up her nostrils into her brain. They both saw her expression change from surprise to confusion to horror to terror and then to a clouding weakness. They both felt the wonder of her youthful form mashed between them. Then they both were shifting her slumping form toward the back. No more than fifteen seconds had passed.

They took a split second to stare down at her comatose form between them in the dank darkness of the crowded, unlit back room, her breasts shifting in the pink cotton, before he pulled the pad away to reveal her lax face, her sweet pink mouth open.

They got her out the back and into the gathering sundown without ceremony. The woman had their sedan’s back door open, and her husband merely pushed the unconscious girl onto the seat. It happened so fast, with the car between them and the street that, even if a car had been going by, no one could really understand what was happening.

Then he was leaning in, going through the girl’s jean pockets, savoring the firmness of her shape just on the other side of the cloth. The sensations didn’t slow him – finding and tossing Leesa’s car keys to his wife as if they had practiced it. Their years in the hospital and school system held them in good stead.

The woman noted all the suitcases which had clued her husband that the girl had made a fateful stop on her way home – meaning that even if her folks had known she was coming, there was no way to know for sure what had just happened. But obviously her parents didn’t know, so no one would even ask about her for days, or even weeks or months. The school would think she was at home. Her parents would think she was at school.

The kid pumping air into his bike didn’t even look up as Agnes Brannigan drove Leesa’s car calmly out of the parking lot. He did look up when Tom pulled around, turning in the other direction as his wife. The man glanced down the otherwise empty road, gave the kid a thumb’s up, and drove away. The kid didn’t even realize that the man’s wife wasn’t in the car with him anymore, and he was thinking more about getting back to the dance magazine than catching another glimpse of the great-looking girl in the pink t-shirt.

The kid went back to repairing his bike, shaking his head. Why did the rich owner keep this shop open anyway? They could go days without any customers this late in the season. And even when people did show up – like the three who just left – they left without buying anything. And that was the last he thought about it. Tom Brannigan pulled into the long cabin driveway, savoring again the remote beauty of their farmhouse. It was right along the lake, surrounded by trees, with other nice vacation cabins just a few hundred feet away. There were some rowboats by the small wharf out back, but the real centerpiece was the rambling structure, complete with living quarters, and a quaint, rustic bed and breakfast closest to the road.

It was a great location, with as many truckers and traveling salesmen as there were vacationers looking to get away from the rat race for a few days. The male nurse and female gym teacher had bought it when he finally had enough cleaning bedpans and she was fed up with forcing high school girls to climb ropes and jump pommel horses. She had enjoyed ogling their gym shorts and cheerleader skirts, but thought it best to retire when the urge to punish them for their beauty got too great.

Besides, he thought the hospital administration might get suspicious if too many patients suffered from strange side-effects on his late night watch. Even so, they retired to run the inn with a thorough knowledge of anesthetics, restraints, and physiognomy. They had spent months fantasizing about various ladies disappearing, but it had never been safe enough ... until today.

Brannigan pulled the car around back to the section closest to the outside cellar entrance, then turned to look at the backseat. Leesa lay there; eyes closed, dark blonde hair fanned out, slim, soft lips open, unblemished nostrils flaring. His eyes moved down her body ... her breasts lolling in her shirt, her flat stomach covered with pink cotton, the low-riding hip huggers gripping her smooth curves, and her legs stretching seemingly forever.

Checking the placid lake surface through the trees and the shuttered windows around him, he quickly opened the cellar door, then opened the car door so that both doors created a shield from all eyes but the passing birds. He gripped under the girl’s arms and dragged her out and inside the basement.

When he closed all the doors, it was magic time: that moment between dusk and sundown where the air is filled with perfect light.

The taxi pulled up a short time later. Agnes Brannigan stepped out with a duffel bag, paid

the driver, and went inside to discover that their few guests were still out to dinner. She immediately went into the living quarters in the back and then down into the cellar.

The floor was covered, cement block wall to cement block wall, with padded mats she had carefully stolen from the gym over many years. The place was otherwise empty save for iron and wood uprights, support beams, and pipes than ran along the ceiling and walls. The illumination came from dim bulbs set under gratings in the ceiling.

Leesa Mendaski lay in a pool of yellow light which made her flesh seem to glow. There was more to see than before. Her t-shirt was ripped between her breasts, hardly covering her small pink aureoles. Her jeans were off, laying in a pile beside her long legs. Her pink, string panties matched her shirt.

The breath caught in the woman's throat. "So... so..." She couldn't find the words. "Pretty" wasn't enough. "Beautiful" was not apt.

"What you bring?" her husband grunted, nodding at the duffel bag.

Agnes snapped out of her reverie. "Went through her stuff before I sunk her car in the swamp. Walked to the gas station to call a cab." She shrugged the bag off her shoulder. "Her cosmetics, lotions, lingerie, heels..."

He returned his gaze to the anesthetized girl. "Keep the lotions," he said. "Bury the rest." When his wife started to protest, he calmly cut her off. "We've been waiting for this all our lives," he said softly. "Thinking we'd take a vacationer or a student or a patient. But the one who broke our little boy's heart? It's too perfect. No, my darling, she's not wearing what she wants to wear ... she's wearing what we want her to..."

The woman looked down at the exquisite girl lying there, then stared at her husband, her smile widening... The great thing about bed and breakfast hostleries, as opposed to inns or hotels, was that, for the most part, guests wanted to be left alone rather than served at all times of the day or night. So they had plenty of time to measure her.

Five foot, seven inches tall. A hundred and ten pounds. Bra size: 34D. Waist: 23 inches. Hips: 33 inches. Hair: dark blonde, with some light blonde and even dark red thrown in. Eyes: blue-green. Shoe size: seven.

Even so, their three guests weren't totally independent. The Brannigans answered the buzzes and phone calls which came from their rooms. And once their bedtime needs were taken care of, they returned to their living quarters, unlocked the basement door, and walked down

the plain carpeted, contained stairs to the cellar.

Leesa was awake. She was still in her torn t-shirt and panties, only her nicest pair of black high heels were affixed to her lovely feet. They matched the things on her head. A padded black leather prod gag was deep in her mouth, buckled brutally tight at the nape of her neck. A matching padded black leather blindfold covered her face from the top of her nose to nearly the top of her forehead. It was buckled just as tightly just above the gag, effectively sealing her pretty face.

She moaned in fear and agony, but not just from that. Her arms were behind her, her elbows touching, her hands facing each other. Her elbows and wrists were cinched with rubber-coated electrical wire, then black electrical tape. A rope also wrapped her wrists, holding them between her firm, round ass cheeks, the cord also wrapping her hips.

Her long, shapely legs were bent double, each shin viciously tied to each thigh, a rope going from the wire and tape to the deep instep in the high heels, holding them on her contorting feet. She writhed in anguish, seemingly despite herself. She only stilled when she heard their footsteps approaching.

Tom stood on no ceremony, walking right up and kneeling beside her sleek, luscious form. "Welcome back, Leesa," he said mildly, her body twitching as his hand rested on her lovely hip. "Let me guess. Homesick, huh? First time away too much for you? I know how it is." He let his hand start to trace the contours of her body as she stiffened, not even breathing. From Agnes' vantage point, she noticed the girl's brow grow damp with sweat.

"You always were the impetuous one," Brannigan continued, his hand feeling the groove of her waist. "Couldn't just call or visit, huh? Had to pack up, didn't you?"

The girl tried to talk then, but all they heard were mangled moans.

"Ssh, shh, ssh," Brannigan hushed soothingly, his other hand lowering to rest on her thigh. The girl groaned in dread, her body beginning to shudder. "Don't worry, don't worry," he continued. "Nothing's going to happen to you. We just want to keep you nice and safe, that's all."

Leesa started to babble and squirm away. The man motioned to his wife, and she came quickly over to hem the girl in once more. "Now, now," Agnes chided. "This is how it all started, remember?"

The girl froze in place, sweat beginning to make her t-shirt transparent. She made a sound that both recognized as their son's name.

"That's right," he intoned. "Ben. All he

wanted to do was cop a little feel. You didn't have to start screaming and crying like that."

The girl tried to sit up or roll away, shrieking hysterically into the brutal gag. The married couple held her down easily.

"Yes, yes," the wife said soothingly. "We know it was years ago. It'll be all right. Don't worry, it'll be all right..."

Now calm down, calm down," the man chided casually. "This is the very reason we did this to you. Because we knew you'd get all bent out of shape."

The girl stilled, her eyes huge with alarm.

"That's better," the man said. "Now do you understand?"

You tried to get him in trouble," the woman chimed in, her hand caressing the leather tight over the girl's mouth. "That's why we had to gag you."

"You ran away," the man added, gripping her thigh. "You can't do that now."

"You slapped my boy," Agnes said, gripping her shoulder. "Not again."

"If only you had been a good sport!" the man whined drily. He then gripped her left breast through her thin shirt and squeezed as if trying to make juice.

Leesa screamed in violation, her body taut as a bow. The binds and gag swallowed it up like mud.

"There," said the man casually, now caressing the breast like a sleeping pet. "Now was that so bad?" He ignored how the girl's body was wracked with sobs and kept calmly kneading her chest. "Really..."

They just kneeled there, caressing her, until her weeping became weak and she lolled between them — her flesh shining, her tendons relaxing in spite of her abduction and imprisonment.

"That's better," the woman whispered. "Don't worry. No running, no fighting, no screaming ... we're just going to keep you nice and safe for our boy..."

The girl started crying again in despair — her lovely body jerking, her fine breasts bulging and undulating just beneath the pink cotton. Tom Brannigan left her in the good graces of his wife who cooed "Oh, my sweet angel, my darling little plaything..." as he made notes as to what he needed to acquire the following morning.

Finally, he unlocked his workbench cabinet and starting removing all the bottles he had stealthily stolen from the hospital over the years, checking each to make sure whether they were his experiments or straight from the manufacturer. Deciding on a fresh one, he

soaked a cloth with it, then motioned at Agnes to hold the girl's head still.

Before the gagged and blindfolded blonde could fully react, he had plopped it over her nostrils and used two rubber bands around her head to hold it over her nose. Her shoulders hunched, her bent and bound legs kicked and her skull shook, but it wouldn't come off. Within moments, they could see her struggles weaken and the noises she managed to make lessen.

Neither took their eyes off the girl, but Agnes said "What?"

"Durasleep," he answered. "Designed for patients in pain on long trips to specialists ... say from the coasts to the Midwest. She'll be pretty much out for about six hours."

"Perfect," his wife said, already working out their morning schedule.

They untied the girl, then retied her with soft but tight rope. Her ankles were crossed and cinched, her legs corded above the knee, then her elbows and wrists were wrapped. Adding more cord to her wrists, he then wrapped it around her slim waist, the soft hemp sinking into her sleek curves. The blindfold came off and the dripping gag came out — each savoring the way her drool streamed and puddled from her soft, slack lips.

He pushed a small, pink, pliant ball back into her mouth and sealed it there with a thick strip of tight white plaster, cloth tape. In all his work, he found that the cloth tape was the strongest and the plaster glue mix was the stickiest. Between the two, it was like cementing her mouth shut. Finally he fashioned a short, soft rope leash around her throat, just to be on the safe side.

Even if their bed and breakfast guests had been awake, there were no openings or windows between the hostelry and the living quarters, so only the Brannigans saw the comatose girl being carried in the moonlight through the kitchen, up the back steps, down the hallway and into their large, quaint, rustic bedroom.

The man set the unconscious girl on her side on the oval carpet by his wife's side of the mattress. He stared down at her, watching her chest rise and fall, filling the shirt to overflowing. His eyes moved down her long, shapely legs. Finally he bent down to remove her shoes. Wouldn't do to have her kicking the floor, wall, or furniture, even in her sleep.

Leaving her there like some sort of bound and gagged pet, the Brannigans brushed their teeth and went to bed. After all, they had a hell of a day ahead of them... ■

to be continued...

UH..UH..UH.

COME ALONG NOW, LITTLE WHITE SLUT! YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN WHAT GANG RAPE REALLY MEANS! HA... HA... HA...!!!

UH-UUUH!



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YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS #4

by Roberts

NO? THEN WE'LL HANG YOU BY YOUR BIG TITS AND WHIP YOU TO DEATH

TAKASHI! WHAT IS WRONG WITH THAT CUNT?! TAKE HER ASS TO THE ELECTRIC ROOM AND TEACH HER TO SWALLOW!

NN-NNN!!

UGH!NO!UGK!





GET YOUR ASS UP HERE! QUICKLY, YOU ROUND-EYED WHITE PIG! CRAWL!, CUNT!!!



GET IN THERE, WHORE! YOU'RE GOING TO FUCK EVERYBODY NOW!!

UUUUHHHH!



THE BITCH GOING TO LIVE THIS TIME?

THAT'S UP TO HER!

EEEEEE!! STOP!!



NAGURA! LEAVE TWO GUARDS AT THE DOOR AND SEND THE MEN UPSTAIRS TO #5... THIS RED-HAIRED SLUT WANTS TO GET FUCKED BY 20 HARD MEN TONIGHT!

UUU! NNNN!



PLEASE... NO MORE... I'LL DO EVERYTHING YOU WANT!
PLEASE I'LL SUCK YOUR COCK! YOU CAN FUCK ME! FUCK
ME IN MY ASS! ANYTHING! JUST DON'T TORTURE ME
PLEASE! DON'T SHOCK ME! PLEASE DON'T! (SNIFF ... SOB)

OPEN YOU MOUTH, BITCH!
THIS GONNA FIX THAT GAG
REFLEX BUT GOOD!

NO! NO! PLEASE I'LL
CHOKE! YOU'RE CRAZY!
I'LL DIE! GOD PLEASE!



YOU GONNA OPEN YOU MOUTH WIDE!
OH GOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

EEEEEEEEAA!!



AAAGGHH!!! NOO!! UUUHHH!!!



NNN...UUUGGKKKKKK!!!



GKK!!! UOKKK!!!



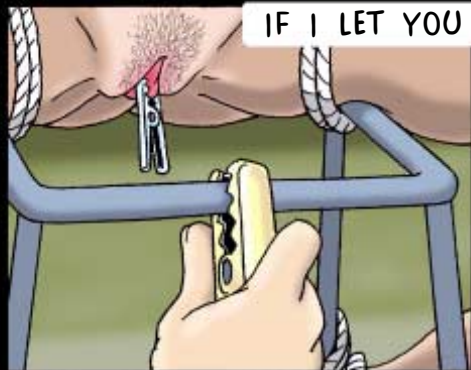
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YOU GONNA DRINK CUM
LIKE THE WHORE YOU
ARE!!! HA HA!!



UUUUU!!

IF I LET YOU LIVE!!!



UUU..KK...GKK!!!



HMMM... YOU LIKE HOW THIS FEEL ON YOUR NICE TITTIS, YES?

UUUUU!!NN-NN!

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UGH!!



AND DOWN THIS NICE TANNED, SMOOTH LITTLE BODY, MMMM?

N!UU..KK..



I THINK YOU NEED A LITTLE MORE FOR YOUR PUSSY!



UUUU..K...K..!!

YOU GONNA SUCK EVERYBODY'S DICK AFTER THIS! HA HA HA!!!





MAKE THE BITCH REALLY SUCK IT!!!

GET OFF ALL OVER HER...
3 MORE HARD COOKS
ARE READY TO FUCK HER!



UUUHHHH... PLEASE... NO MORE...
DON'T FUCK ME ANYMORE... PLEASE

CUNT! YOU GOT 15 MORE DICKS
TO SUCK AND FUCK!! GET BUSY!!!



TELL ME WHEN YOU
ALL FINISH! I'M
GONNA HANG HER
BY HER BIG TITS!

NNN!!



SMACK!

TO BE CONTINUED

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FANSADOX

the best-ever

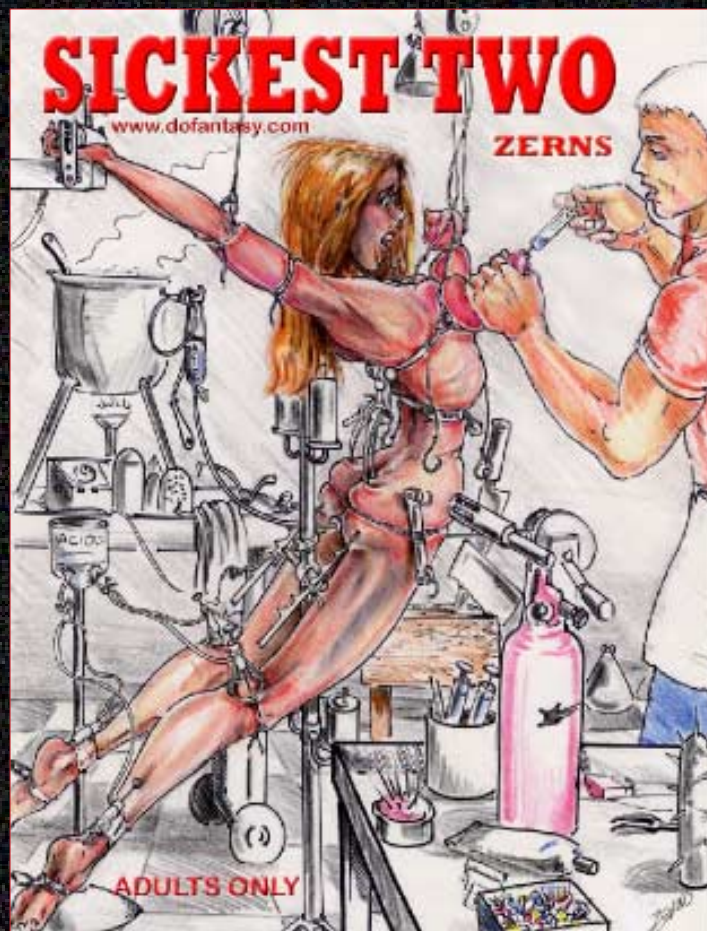
Spanish

BDSM-gore magazine

Now the COMPLETE
collection 1 to 16

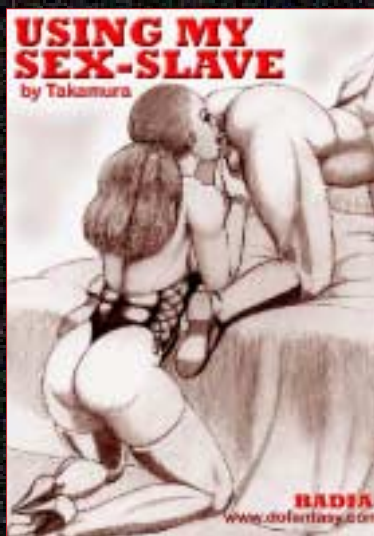
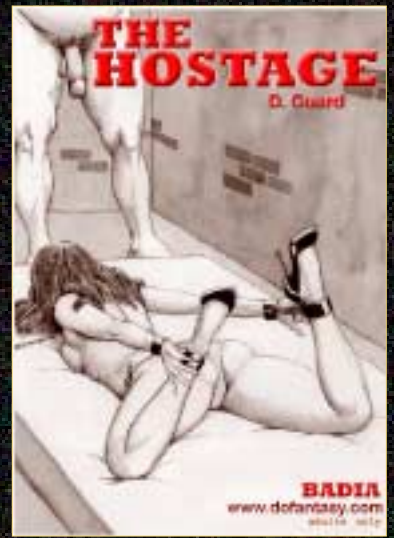
in English!!!





SICKEST # 2 & 3

NEW
COMICS
BY ZERNS



COMING THIS MONTH

The Slaves who came in from the Cold
 Women's Prison
 Hell's Brothel
 Slave Traders