

FAN SADOX

17

Zerns
THE CABIN

Thorn
OLD BERNARD'S
PONYGIRL

Hines
HORROR PRISON

Geoff Merrick
Haffnium
REBOUND

New!
by **ROBERTS**
THE BLACK VAN-2
YAKUZA
SLAVEGIRLS

Paul
MATERNAL
BLACKMAIL

D
FANTASY
adults only



GISELLE

Fansadox 17 contents

cover - Roberts

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THE BLACK VAN

Part 2

COOL! THEY'RE READY TO GO!

HEY! LET ME SEE!

NO
PARKING
AFTER
DARK



ROBERTS - WWW.DOFANTASY.COM



FUCKIN' NICE

SWEET...YOUNG...



AND THIS ONE!
OOH YES!

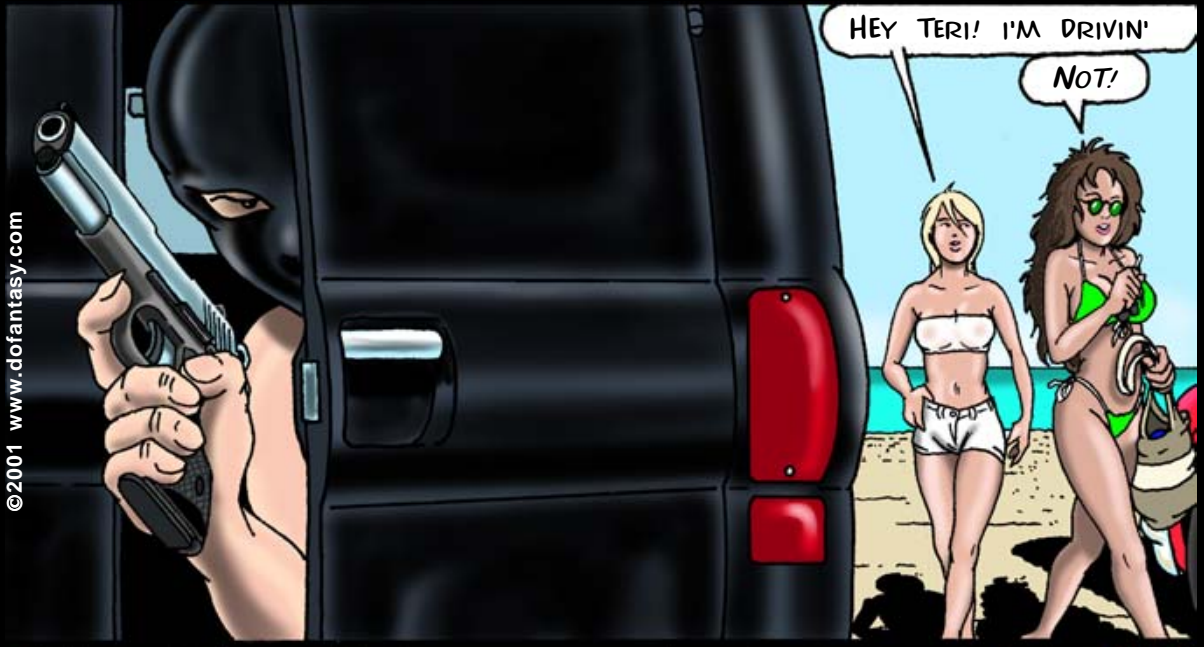
HEY! LET ME GET MY PANTS ON, WILL YA?

WHY? YOU DON'T WANT TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT CUTE LITTLE ASS, CHRISTY?



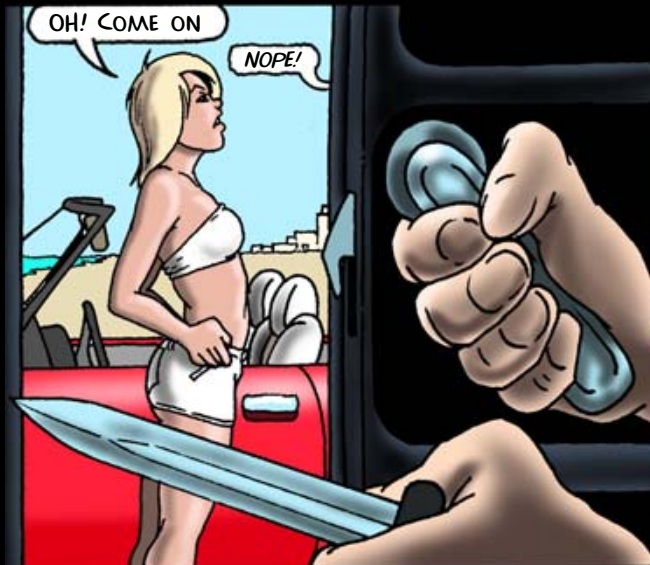
ONLY THE PARTS OF THE WORLD THAT I WANT TO SHOW IT TO!





HEY TER! I'M DRIVIN'

NOT!



OH! COME ON

NOPE!



I LET YOU DRIVE IT LAST NIGHT!...HUH?

CLIK!



TER!! UH!!

SHUT YOUR FACE 'N GET IN THE VAN!

OH GOD



MMPH!!

OOOW!! STOP!!



PLEASE DON'T DO THIS! LET US GO!

YOU'LL BE LUCKY IF I LET YOU BITCHES LIVE! SO SHUT UP!

NO! EEEEEEEK!!

LET'S SEE THOSE CUTE TITIS NOW! HA HA HA!



EEEEEEEEK!

A SCREAMER EH?



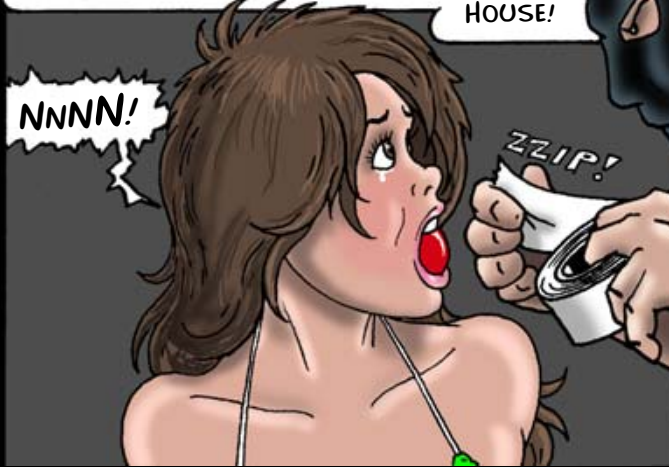
SHOT THAT LITTLE BITCH UP BEFORE SOMEBODY HEARS HER!

PLEASE! UGH! DON'T HURT US! UGGHH!

I'M GONNA FILL THAT MOUTH WITH DICK WHEN I GET YOU BACK TO MY HOUSE!

NNNN!

ZZIP!



STOP! NOOO!



RIP!

UUHHHH!!



SAVE THAT SCREAMING FOR LATER!



UHH!



NNNNNN...
UUUUHH



HEY! HELLO!

BAM!
BAM!

BUT I THINK I'LL FUCK YOU NOW!



AMPH!

QUIT, CUNT, OR YOU DIE



C'MON! PULL IT OUT OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND
AND FIND YOUR DRIVERS' LICENSE, ROMEO!

FUCKIN' BONUS POINTS! * * *

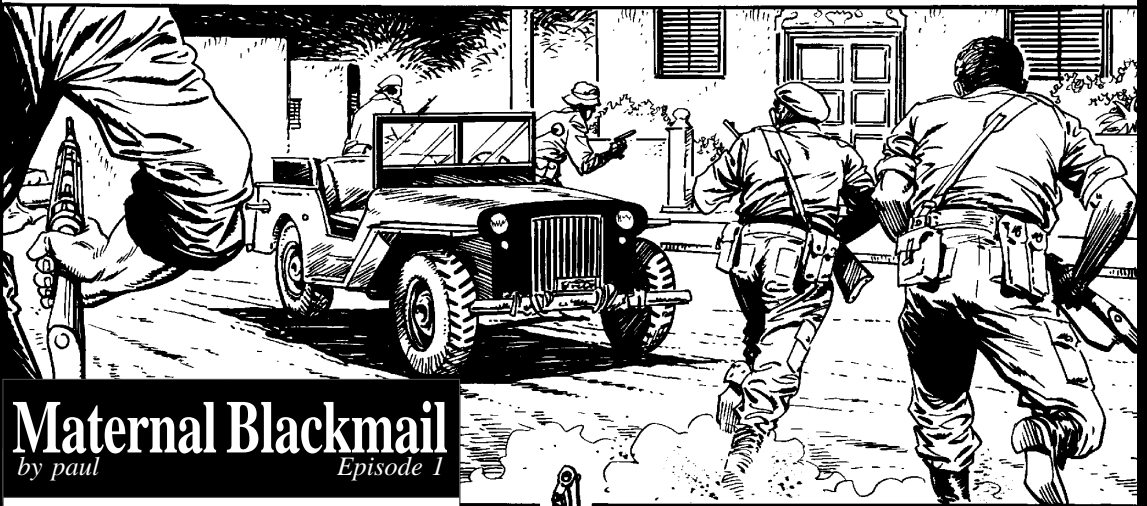
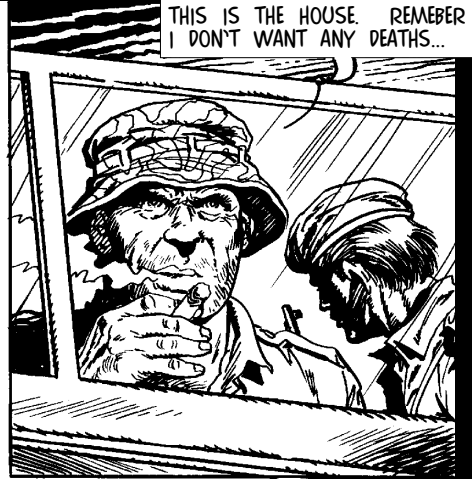
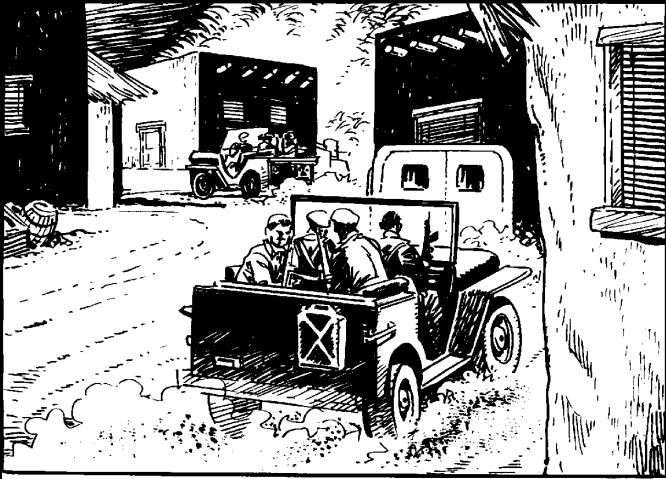


OK! JUST
A SECOND!
NEED TO GET
PANTS ON,
Y'KNOW?
...SHIT...!



TO BE CONTINUED

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Maternal Blackmail

by paul *Episode 1*

GARDEN CITY, THE OPULENT NEIGHBOURHOOD WHERE MOST OF THE FOREIGN DIPLOMATS LIVE IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL, WAS SLEEPING PEACEFULLY THAT QUIET SUMMER'S MORNING. NO ONE WAS EXPECTING WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...



ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR OLDER



OPEN THAT
FUCKING
DOOR!

EVERYBODY OUT!!!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!!!



BUT... WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS?

COME ON!!! OUT OF
BED. ON YOUR FEET!!!

YOU DON'T HAVE THE
RIGHT... I'M THE CONSUL...



BULLSHIT! YOU'RE FUCKING COUNTRY
IS NOT A FRIEND OF US ANYMORE...



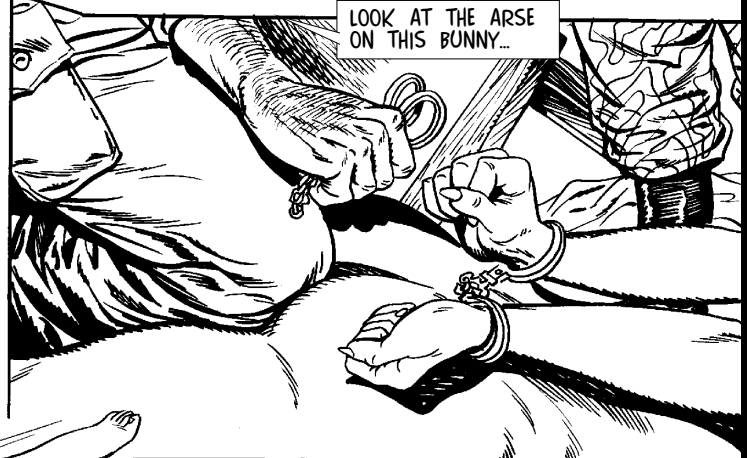
WHAT'S UP?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR?

I DON'T KNOW,
IT SEEMS THERE'S
SOMEONE DOWNSTAIRS...

BUT...?

COME HERE, PRETTY ONE.
YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST...

DON'T RESIST, YOU LITTLE WHORE...
YOU'LL MAKE IT WORSE...



LOOK AT THE ARSE
ON THIS BUNNY...



COME HERE... I
KNOW WHAT
YOU NEED...

HELP... NOOOOOO!
HELP...!!!



KEEP STILL GUTIERREZ.
LEAVE HER ALONE...

COME ON, EVERYONE DOWN STAIRS!

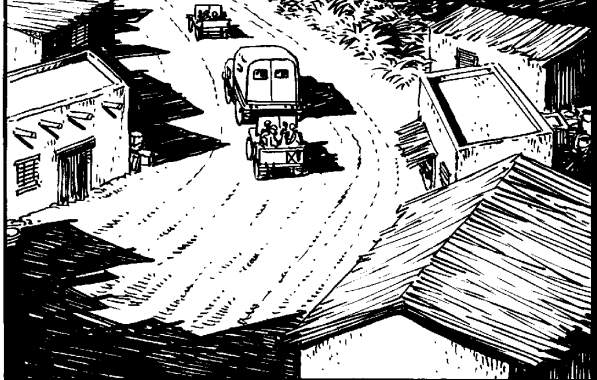
GET A MOVE ON YOU SCRUBBER...



UP... UP... COME ON... INSIDE!



THE MILITARY CONVOY TRAVELED ALL DAY LONG, TOWARDS THE NORTHERN JUNGLE.



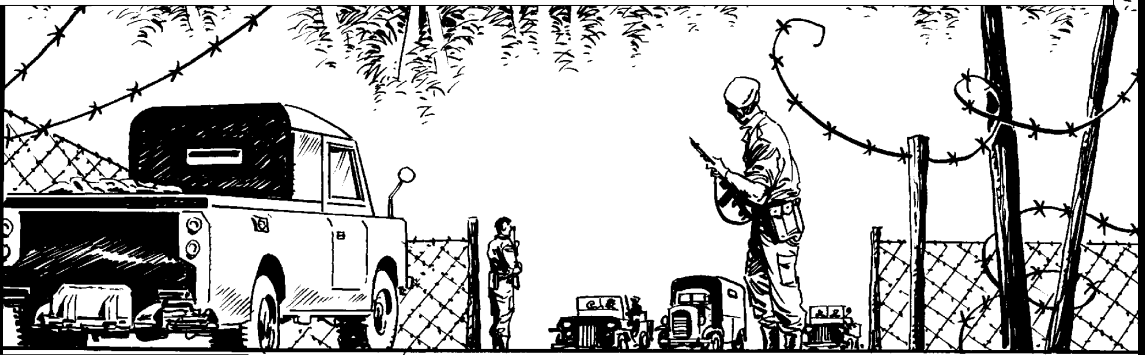
BLINDFOLDED, THE DUPOND FAMILY TRAVELED INSIDE THE TRUCK...



WHICH ONE'S BETTER FUCK, SLUT? YOU OR HER DAUGHTERS?

DO YOU LIKE MY BOOT ON YOUR FUCKING CUNT, FOREIGNER? HA...HA...HA...

WHEN EVENING FELL, THE CONVOY WAS PASSING THROUGH THE FENCES THAT SURROUNDED MOSQUITO MARSH.



MOM! WHERE ARE YOU?

MY DAUGHTERS! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING THEM?



MOVE IT WHORE AND FOR YOUR OWN GOOD AS WELL AS FOR YOUR DAUGHTERS, SHUT UP!



WHAT'S THIS? CHAINS? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT HAVE I DONE?



YEAH... I CHAIN YOU AROUND YOUR NECK LIKE THE FUCKING BITCH YOU ARE.



WAIT HERE FOR ME, FOREIGNER. I'LL COME AROUND TO RAPE YOU LATER... YOU'LL SEE HOW MUCH YOU LIKE IT...

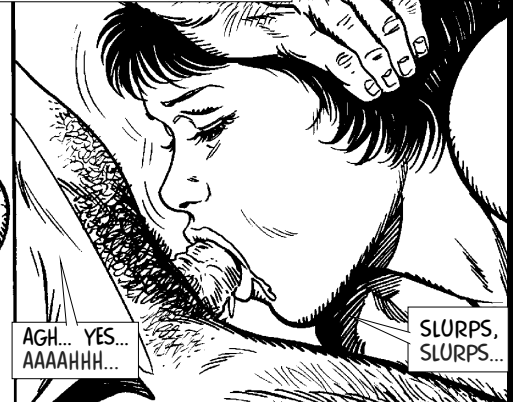
HOURS LATER, MADAME DUPOND IS TAKEN TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE.



SHE IS STILL BLINDFOLDED SO SHE CAN'T SEE THE DEPRESSING SIGHT.



JUST SOME HUMID NOISES...



AGH... YES... AAAAHHH...

SLURPS, SLURPS...

...AND THE DISGUSTING GRUNTS OF A MAN'S PLEASURE

THEN MADAME DUPOND STARTS TO SHAKE...



STICK YOUR TONGUE IN MY ARSE, RIGHT INSIDE, YOU SLUT... HERE HAVE A FART!

YES...YES... SIR...



SO YOU'RE THE FRENCH WHORE, THE FUCKING CONSUL'S BIT OF ARSE... YES... I LIKE YOU. I'LL TAKE YOU FOR MY PERSONAL SLUT.

TO BE CONTINUED

OLD BERNARD'S PONYGIRL THORN

Episode 8 Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 16

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 in a cage and she lost her virginity soon after, raped in the cruellest and most sadistic of ways. Now is time for holidays...

August arrived bringing the time for holidays. Just like every year, Old Bernard loaded up his old Austin with all his bits and pieces and set off for Old Oak, the large and remote Welsh estate that he had inherited from his auntie Petticoats.

It was a very hot day and, because of his hatred of motorways, Old Bernard drove along winding secondary roads making the journey seem endless.

Especially for Wendy, who was travelling bound, gagged and curled up into a little ball in the boot of the car.

Once he was within the boundaries of his land, but still more than ten miles from the house, Old Bernard drew the ancient car to a halt. He was very excited.

Old Bernard opened the boot... There was his slave-girl, with her bridle and hooves in place, her skin shiny with sweat and looking at him with her big blue eyes blinded by the sudden brightness.

Where was he taking her?

Why was she travelling tied up like this?

Was he going to kill her finally?

The only answer she got was when he urinated all over her face, aiming especially for her big and terrified blue eyes.

'Welcome to Old Oak, pony.' He grunted before slamming the boot shut.

'What do you think?' Old Bernard asked proudly, pulling on the leash attached around Wendy's neck.

'She's lovely...' replied the stunned Mr Farmer, eating the naked girl up with his lust filled eyes. Mr and Mrs Farmer were Old Oak's tenants, a pair of sinister and shifty fugitives who Bernard had completely in his power.

'She'll do,' added Mrs Farmer, 'she looks strong. The tractor has broken down and there's plenty to do around here.' And giving her husband a murderous look, the old witch added... 'I hope that with two of them you'll leave one alone to get on with the farm work...'

Old Bernard slapped the shocked Wendy hard across the face.

'Wake up pony... Say hello to Mr and Mrs Farmer, they'll be feeding you from now on, so better be polite to them...' he said tugging on the leash.

'Gaarrgghhhhhh,' replied Wendy with tears in her eyes as her head was shaken painfully from side to side. Apart from preventing her speaking, the iron bit was torturing the corners of her mouth and stopping her from swallowing. Plenty of saliva streamed down her chin to drip onto her young and proud breasts.

'Look at this, Farmer.' Exclaimed Mrs Farmer, who was in the habit of calling her husband by his surname. 'She's got a huge vibe stuffed up her cunt... it's even bigger than my one! What a dirty little girl...'

'Where's Tight Arse?' Asked Old Bernard.

'She's in the stable. Where else would she be, boss?' Replied Farmer.

'Come along pony... I want to introduce you to some one else...' grunted Old Bernard savagely pulling on the leash tied around the girl's neck.

Still wobbly with exhaustion after the agonising journey in the boot of the car, with her body drenched with sweat and barely able to walk in the monstrous "hooves" she was wearing on her feet, Wendy followed her owner stumbling to the stable. That was the ultimate cruelty, the ultimate humiliation... Not only did he treat her worse than an animal, now he dressed, shod and used her as one. He had explained it to her before they left the city, when she was tied to the bed and he was raping her... 'I'm sick of you, you tart... I was going to bury you alive in the garden but I've had second thoughts and I'm going to put you in the stable at Auntie Petticoats... You'll work like a mare there until you burst. That way you will suffer for longer,' he added with a sinister smile on his lips.

Once he got tired of raping her, he 'dressed' her in the horrible leather glove that Wendy knew so well and had suffered so many humiliations in. He also put the bridle on her head with its hateful bit that forced her mouth open and trapped her tongue. Then he tied a belt very tightly around her waist, shoved a huge and noisily vibrator up her sex and



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Wake up pony... Say hello to Mr and Mrs Farmer,
they'll be feeding you from now on, so better be polite to them...

added a new ignominy, a huge irritant dildo that had a pretty horse tail screwed to it which he savagely pushed into her anus. Finally he put the 'boots' on her... 'If I ever see the heels touch the floor I'll cut your legs off with a saw,' he warned her before putting them on her.

The damned boots were possibly the worst thing... They were like real horses hooves where Wendy's toes went, and then made of leather to above her ankles... The effect of this couldn't have been more pronounced; the girl's feet looked just like a horse's. But such fine effects had a high price... After a few minutes the girl's legs started to tremble, much to her owner's delight, and then they were assaulted by dozens of cramps... 'You'll get used to it, pony,' the sadistic criminal consoled her, calling her "pony" for the first time.

But none of that had prepared Wendy for what was waiting for her when she crossed the threshold into the stable for the first time... Amongst the dozens of horses the sight of skin as white as her own caught her attention immediately...

'That's Tight Arse,' said Old Bernard giving a stinging slap on her buttocks. 'She was your predecessor in the job, she spent a year in your cage...'

The two girls looked at one another in shock, astonished to see such outrages committed against a peer, another human being, a girl of the same age... What kind of monster was this maniac? How many years had he been kidnapping, raping and torturing girls and getting away with it? How many had he kidnapped? What had he done with them? What was he going to do with them?

'And now we're going for a ride,' said the old sadist slapping Tight Arse's flank. 'I'm dying to ride you... Ha... Ha... Ha...'

Wendy watched in stunned silence as that criminal hooked her companion in hell up to a little cart. The way she was fixed between the shafts of the cart forced the girl bend over at the waist. Her young and rounded buttocks, pierced by a tail just like Wendy's, were left pushing up towards the seat. Her young breasts hung down irresistibly...

'Today you won't be pulling the cart.' Said Old Bernard while groping Wendy's breasts and drooling on her face with lust. 'Today will be a learning curve for you... Watch Tight Arse here carefully and learn because you'll soon be taking her place.'

A shiver ran from the terrified girl's head to her toes...

This was insane, inhuman... Something extremely perverted. A woman, a girl, naked and pulling a cart as if she was a mare!

Old Bernard got into the cart, which creaked ominously under his two hundred pounds. Narah's legs bent adorably under the load, while her master

looked on his face twisted into a leer...

Old Bernard grabbed the reins in his left hand and the long carriage whip in the right. 'Giddiap! Pony!' He shouted as he savagely pulled the girl's head back whacking her viciously twice across her rounded buttocks with the whip...

The girl screamed and started to run, dragging the cart and that swine behind her. Two livid welts appeared where he had hit her with the whip...

Wendy was terrified as she began to run alongside the cart to which she was tethered. On tiptoes of course, just as he had ordered her.

The ride was truly wild...

Old Bernard never stopped flogging his "mount" across her well presented buttocks, demonstrating a cruelty that was as limitless as it was merciless. The old sadist's blood was tainted by the cruellest and most primitive instincts. He was beside himself and that wretched girl was going to pay for it.

'Giddiap, pony! Yeah yeahh... Gallop... hup... hup... hup... faster hup... hup... hup... it's been a year since I fucked your arse and I can't wait a moment longer...'

Wendy ran and ran unable to take her eyes off the girl's buttocks, that were presented so conspicuously a few inches in front of the blob of fat that she was transporting... Her legs and feet hurt terribly, not to mention her arms twisted up her back, the bridle that tortured her face and mouth, and of course the pair of monstrous irritant vibrators that were penetrating her...

Ignoring Wendy all the time, Old Bernard couldn't take his eyes off his young mount... her little feet so cruelly shod... the well-formed calves tensed excitingly... her long thighs straining, the prominent buttocks criss crossed with whip marks. Old Bernard couldn't take his eyes off the obscene tail that was sunk into her little anus... exactly where he planned to slate his sick lust as soon as they got to the river...

With a terrible pull on the reins, Old Bernard stopped the cart pulling Tight Arse's head back cruelly.

Wendy barely had time to see him jump from the seat... Not bothering to get out from between the shafts of the cart or to untie the wretched girl that had pulled him there, the old sadist tore the tail out of the girl's anus and brutally sank himself into it...

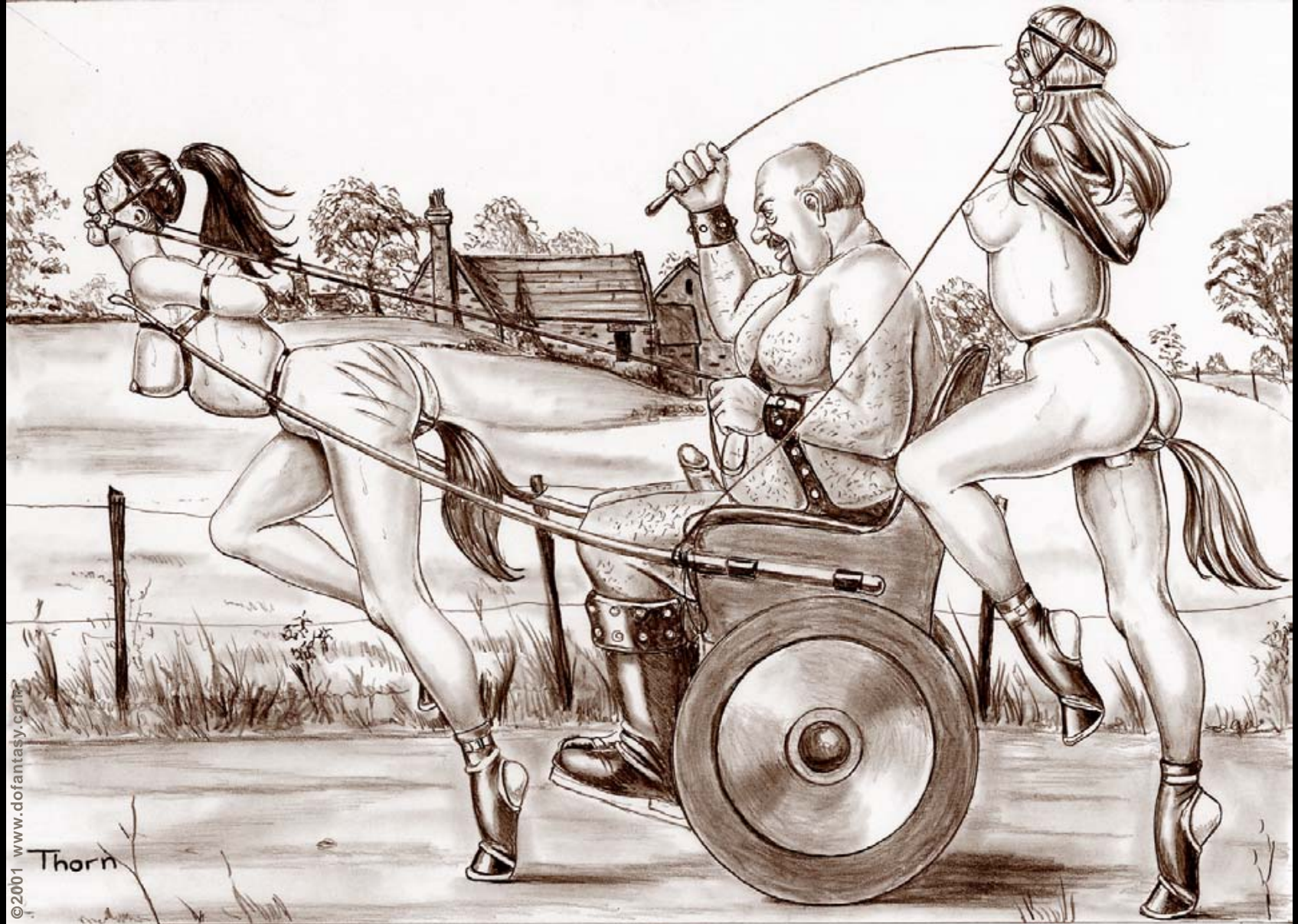
He raped her pitilessly as he viciously pulled on the reins and grunted like a pig...

'Did you miss me, pony? Yeah... I'm sure you did...ahhhhh...this really is a "tight arse"... ahhhh... ahhhh... take that ...ahhhh... and that...'

Wendy watched with horror as the endless, thick wedge of flesh went in and out, forcing open the girl's anus. It was a pathetic sight... the girl underwent that savage violation dripping with sweat from her exertions and her face shining with perspiration, tears and saliva gushing past the iron



Tight Arse is your predecessor. She was in the same cage as you were in London... I hope you get along because you're going to do a lot of dirty things together for me...



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Thorn

Giddiup, pony! Yeah yeahh... Gallop... hup... hup... hup... faster hup... hup... hup...
it's been a year since I fucked your arse and I can't wait a moment longer...

bit that disfigured her face.

It was a savage and brutal scene, indescribably vile, low and filthy...

SLAP... SLAP... SLAP...

Old Bernard's swollen belly furiously bashed against the exhausted slave-girl's lacerated buttocks... He was close... Wendy, who had seen him in that state so often, thought she had never seen him so excited. He was out of his mind...

The orgasm was tremendous. It was really violent and brutal... unworthy of a human being.

Old Bernard pulled his member out still erect. It was dirty with blood, sperm and the girl's own dirt. For one moment Wendy felt relieved to be wearing the bridle and the bit...

Old Bernard let himself fall heavily back into the cart, which groaned under his great weight. This time Tight Arse couldn't help herself and she fell to her knees on the floor...

Using a mixture of the whip, terrible threats and horrific insults, Old Bernard forced his young mount to get up and run back to the stables. The girl fell down heavily a couple of times hurting her legs, her breasts and her face. Wendy couldn't believe her eyes... If everything she had suffered at the hands of this maniac in London had seemed awful, what she was witnessing now left her speechless...

As soon as they arrived at the stables, Old Bernard jumped out of the cart without giving a second thought to the exhausted Tight Arse who fell once more to the floor on her face.

Old Bernard grabbed Wendy by the leash and roughly dragged her to a corner...

'This is where I train my foals,' he said.

Wendy looked without understanding... It was a vertical wooden post with a pair of heavy beams on the top of it parallel to the floor. Old Bernard pushed one of the beams with both hands... The device creaked chillingly; it was very heavy to move...

'I'm going to turn you into a good draft filly,' he grunted moving his face close to the girl, savagely pinching her defenceless nipples.

Not yet recovered from the horrid ride, Wendy let the sadist who had her in his power tie a length of coarse rope tight around her waist and pass the end between her legs, just between the sex lips. He tied the other end to one of the beams of the device.

'Here you'll build up your mare's legs and your whore's cunt for when I decide to have a stud cover you...'

SWWWWWIISSSSSHHHHHH...

That was the first of an infinite series of lashes that the desperate girl was to receive on her buttocks and thighs. Under a hail of blows and disgusting threats, Wendy started her endless walk to nowhere. She went around and around the post for hours pulling the heavy arm. A coarse squeaking accompanying

her every step and a terrible SWISSSHHH marking her every lap... The agony in her buttocks and thighs was unbearable, the crop hit her tender flesh again and again and, with no protection of any kind, Wendy's sex felt like it was on fire...

SSSSWWIIIIIISSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH

'Giddiap! Giddiap! Pull pony... Giddiap!'

Old Bernard was drooling with pleasure... His arm ached from beating his young victim...

In many ways he was tired of this, his latest slave-girl. He was bored of always playing the same games locked away in his house in London. But here, in the country, the possibilities where endless...

His balls were about to explode with pure lust...

SSSSWWIIIIIISSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH

'Giddiap! Giddiap! Pull pony... Giddiap! Giddiap!'

He needed to rape her at once, but that would mean stopping the device and spoiling the sadistic spectacle...

No... Not yet... He would have a wank first... A wank looking at all that beauty tied like a beast and going round and round, pulling the heavy arm with her cunt. Looking at the perfect nudity of her adolescent body, so firm, so warm... Looking at her large, spectacular breasts... at her erect nipples... at her long legs working hard... at the tail sunk deep into her bottom... at her delicate feet so crudely shod...

Looking at her desperate blue eyes glancing from left to right in terror... at the bit breaking her mouth... And most of all, Old Bernard masturbated while imagining what a beautiful pair she would make with Tight Arse. One blonde, Wendy, and the other brunette, Tight Arse.

He imagined both young bottoms between the shafts; both of them uplifted and penetrated by the tails. He imagined both of their sexes opened, moistened by the effort...

He imagined them doing their business standing like mares... there in front of the seat, within reach of hand and whip...

One fully trained and the other still in training...

SSSSWWIIIIIISSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH

'Look lively, Pony... Giddiap! Giddiap!'

Old Bernard couldn't take any more...

Old Bernard grabbed his young mare by the breasts... He viciously twisted her nipples... he lifted her rump up by the rope that was dividing her cunt in two... He pulled out the tail and bummed her...

Wendy's scream was heard all over the stables and into the fields.

In the house Mr Farmer smiled. Mrs Farmer made the sign of the cross.

In the stable Old Bernard emptied his balls into one of his young slaves' anuses for a second time.

Also in the stable, a young girl of barely nineteen called Wendy, once more begged God to have mercy on her and take her life.

And once again, no one listened to her. ■



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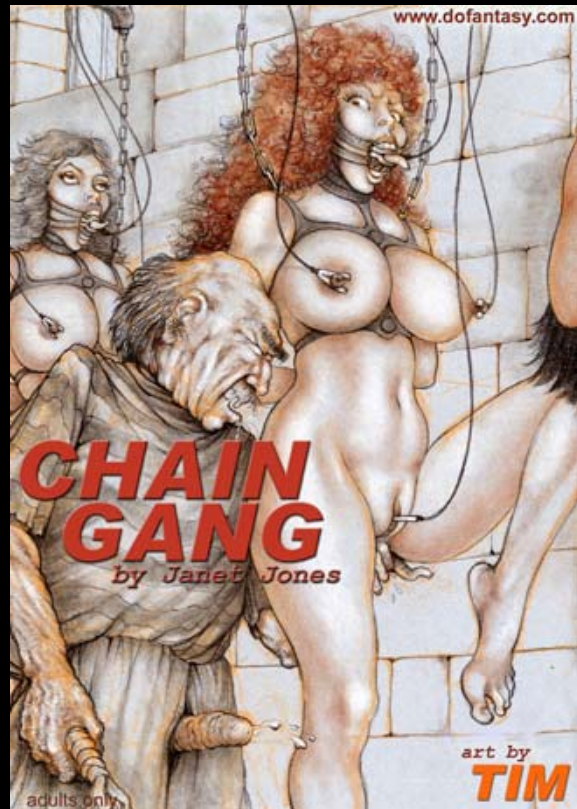
Thorn

Did you miss me, pony? Yeah... I'm sure you did



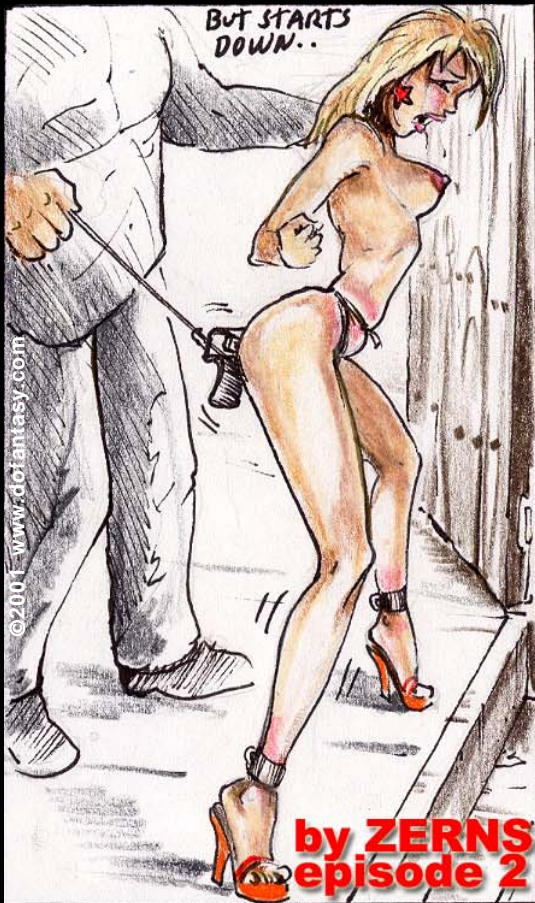
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Here you'll build up your mare's legs and your whore's cunt for when I decide to have a stud cover you...



THE CABIN

BUT STARTS
DOWN..



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by ZERNS
episode 2



SHE STRUGGLES
DOWN.. AT THE
BOTTOM HE
REMOVES HER
ANKLE CHAINS..
AT A DOOR..
GO IN.. BITCH!



TORTURE WOMB
PLEEZ.. I'LL DO..
ANYTHING!
DO.. DON'T
MAKE ME
GO.. IN
PLE..

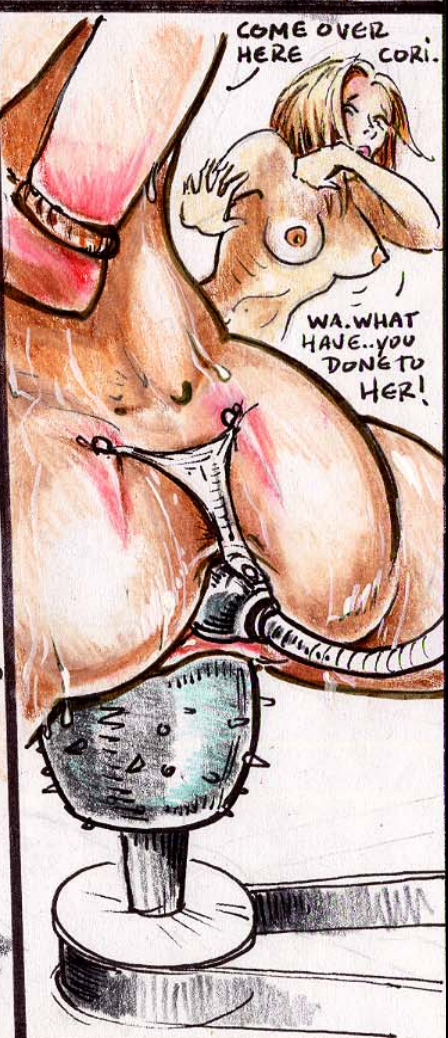
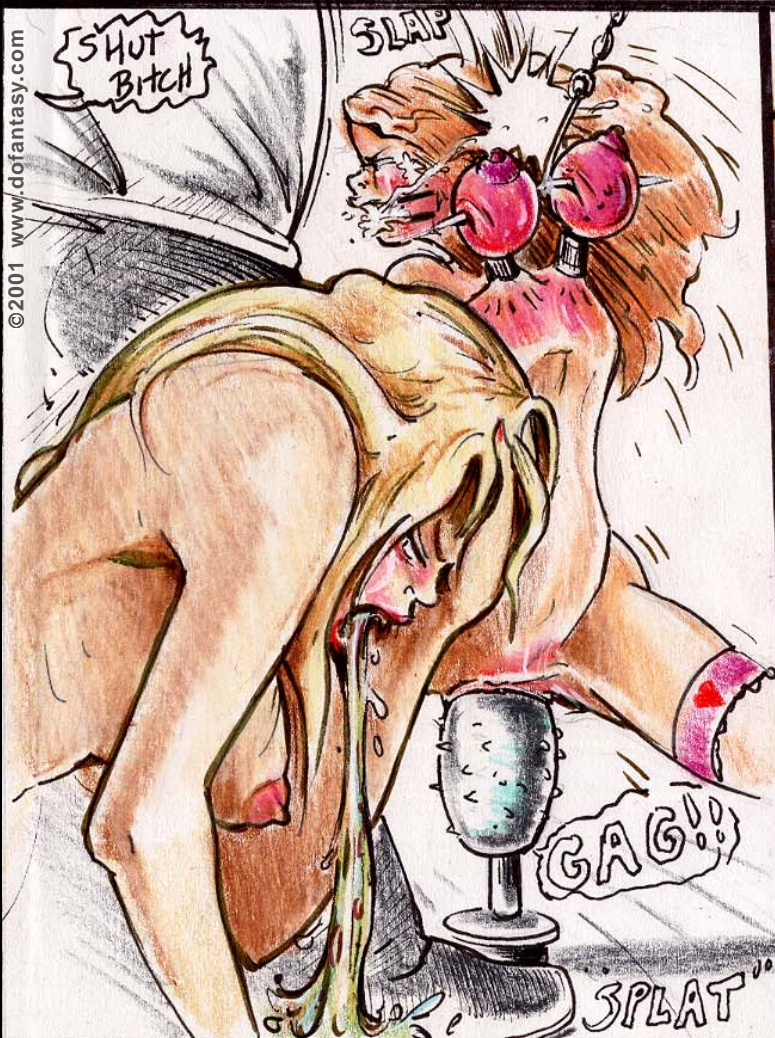
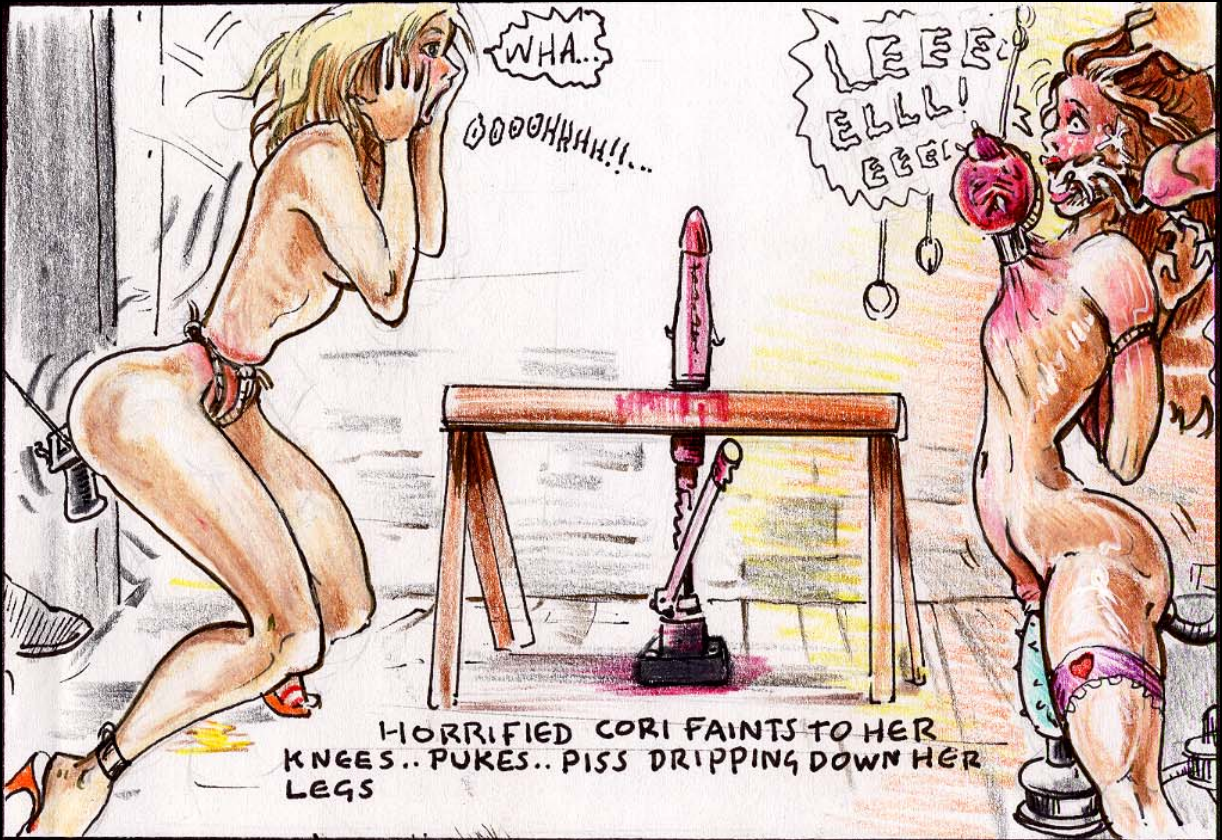
OPEN
IT
NOW!

IT OPENS WIDE..

CORI!.. JUST IN TIME



PIS





BUT.. I
NEV.. OK
OK.. PLEASE..

NOW. GO OVER
AND GIVE KELLY
A BIG WET KISS
HELLO AND
MAKE IT LONG
AND LEZZIE.
LICK KILROY'S
CUM FROM
HERMOUTH.
DO IT OR I
POP A CAP
IN YOUR
ASS!

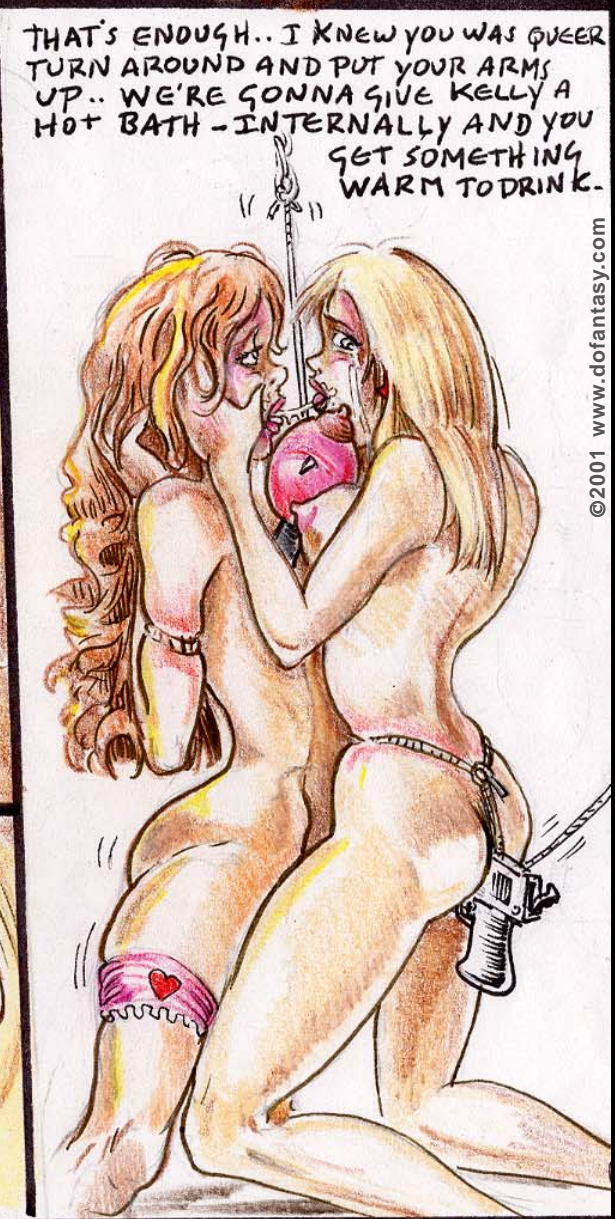


S.. SAVE.. ME..
KISS THE
BITCH!!

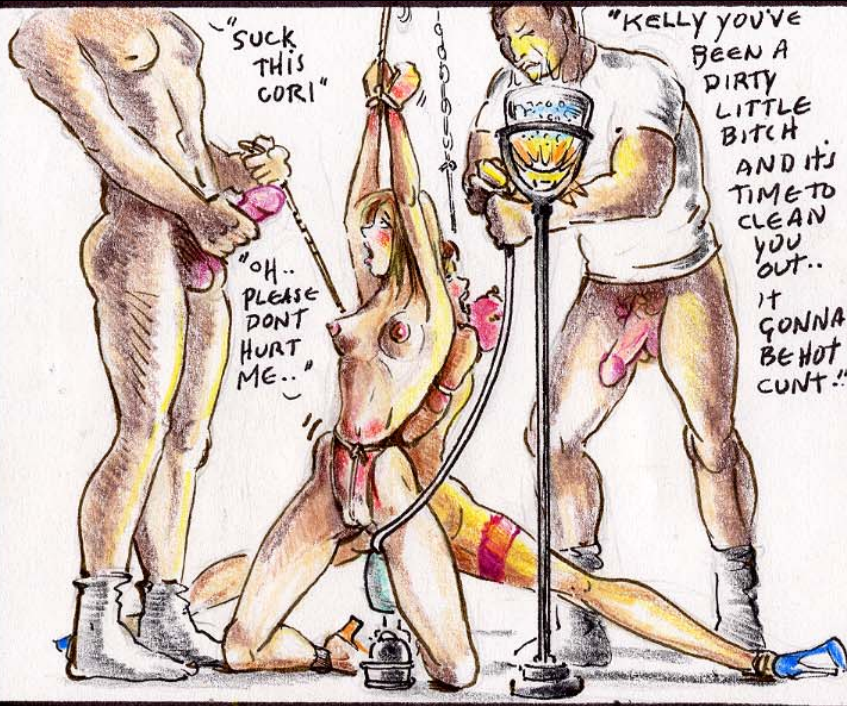
JUST HOLD ON..
KELLY.. I
HAVE
TOO..



UMM..UH.. OH..



THAT'S ENOUGH.. I KNEW YOU WAS QUEER
TURN AROUND AND PUT YOUR ARMS
UP.. WE'RE GONNA GIVE KELLY A
HOT BATH - INTERNALLY AND YOU
GET SOMETHING
WARM TO DRINK.



"SUCK THIS GOR!"

"OH.. PLEASE DONT HURT ME.."

"KELLY YOU'VE BEEN A DIRTY LITTLE BITCH AND IT'S TIME TO CLEAN YOU OUT.. IT GONNA BE HOT CUNT!"

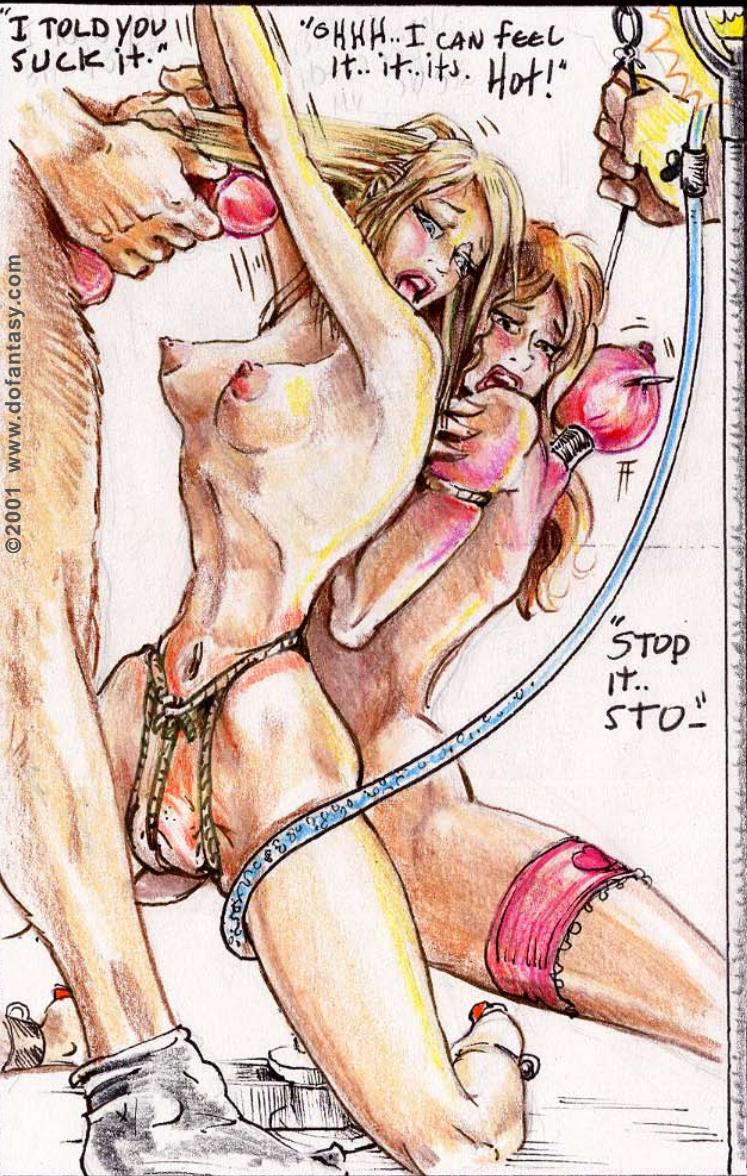


"NO!"

"NO!"



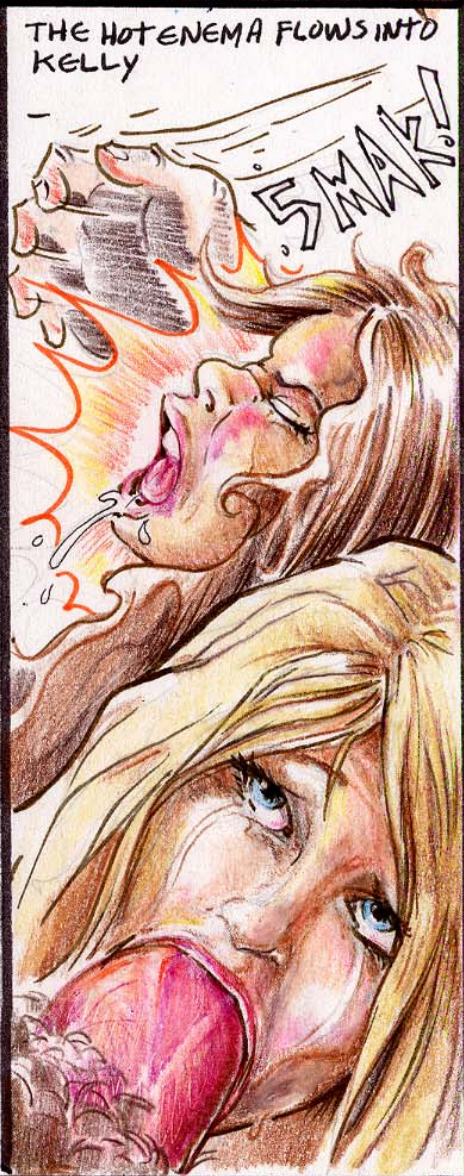
"HERE IT COMES!"



"I TOLD YOU SUCK IT."

"SHHH.. I CAN FEEL IT.. it.. its. Hot!"

"STOP IT.. STO!"



THE HOTENEMA FLOWS INTO KELLY

SMACK!



"OH HAAA"

"I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT"

"SSISSISS"

KEEP IT OPEN!
SWALLOW..
YESSSS..THATS..
IT.. IT..

'SPORT
'SPLAT

COME
HERE!..

AHHHG

CRACK

LOOK AT THEM!!
YOU KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THEM.. THEY
DID WHAT...

OH..OH..DEAR..
YE..GOD
..OW.

...THEY WERE TOLD!
AND IF THEY DIDN'T
THEY CAME DOWN
HERE.. SOMETIMES
THEY DIDNT COME
BACK UPSTAIRS.. NOW
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO AS YOUR TOLD?
I CANT HEAR YOU.. I
SAID.. FUCK IT!! YOUR
DEAD!

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TO BE CONTINUED

GISELLE, MINE AT LAST

D. Guard - Roberts

Episode 7. Previous in Fansadox 9 & 12 to 16

I was underground in a forsaken part of an industrial suburb and locked up alone with two of the most spectacular girls in the city, my blonde stepdaughter Giselle and brunette Marianne, the bloody slut from the supermarket. Both of them were naked, both of them had chains around their necks, like dogs. They were both terrified...

I was hard again.

It was time for some introductions.

I grabbed Giselle by the hair and twisted her head back. The nylon that united the nips with the ring in the nose lifted her breasts up suggestively... It really hurt her, I tell you.

'AARRRGHHHHHHHHH.' She cried.

'Look what daddy brought you, daughter,' I said moving Marianne closer by the chain around her neck. 'It's a little friend for you to play with, so you're not so lonely. Come on, welcome her into your cage... You'll be sharing it from now on...'

'GGGAARRRGHHHHHHHHH...'

'Do you like that, dear?' She's just as much as whore and just as rude to me as you used to be...

'GARRRGHHHHHHHHHHH...'

With anger I viciously twisted her head even further back. It drove me crazy to see her big tits lifted up and hanging from her nose... But the nylon suddenly broke and my stepdaughter's wonderful tits fell down, trembling for a couple of minutes like a pair of huge jellies. She was howling with pain...

I was about to explode with pure horniness. I needed to fuck, to cause even more pain...

'She has been in the cage for two weeks.' I explained to the astonished Marianne. 'Two weeks of patiently waiting for her stepfather to come and fuck her every afternoon, She's learned a lot in this time, most of all how to respect and obey her father... and also how to drain his balls just how he likes it.'

The terrified Marianne looked at my stepdaughter as if she was from another planet. She shook her head; she couldn't believe her eyes... the ring gag in Giselle's mouth, the ringed nipples and nose, the cruel way in which she was bound with the ankles behind the cage...

I grabbed her by the hair and forced her to crouch...

'Look at my daughter's ass... Can you see it?'

Marianne nodded desperately...

'Do you know what they are? They're a pair of fucking vibrators... She always has them in when she is waiting for me. And do you know why? Because daddy always fucks her when he comes to see her and he wants her to be ready... Do you

understand? Warm and wet, just as it should be...

Marianne closed her eyes with horror and that annoyed me. I lifted her off the floor by the hair and pressed her against my stepdaughter's body. They were the same height with similar cock-teaser's bodies. I rubbed them against each other. Their wonderful, fantastic breasts were crushed together...

I grabbed Giselle by her hips... Marianne's body was in the middle, between stepfather and daughter...

I bummed her there and then.

Marianne screamed like the devil... The ball that was in her mouth stifled her yells in a way that excited me even more.

With powerful and pitiless thrusts of my hips I forced her arse, bashing her body against my stepdaughter's with every shove.

It was one of the most violent orgasms of my life. I had wanted to fuck her arse since the very first day... Just as I was doing now...

I drained as copiously as usual and pulled out in one... I wanted to humiliate her, I wanted her to empty her bowels there and then, I wanted my sperm to act like an irresistible laxative. But Marianne managed to hold back with great difficulty, but she did fall flat on her face.

I was left standing in front of my stepdaughter. I thought I could see reproach in her eyes. I slapped her hard.

'Don't look at me like that, bitch! As a punishment you'll spend the whole weekend chained to the bars while I take care of your girlfriend!'

I dragged Marianne to the mattress by her hair and sank the double dildo that I had bought for them to play with down her throat; then I put the electrodes on her... Two clips from a battery charger biting right through her nipples, and two spiked metal vibrators, one up her cunt and the other up her arse.

'Now you're going to fuck my arse...'

And I sat on her face, sinking onto the dildo to its hilt.

I don't believe in anal orgasms, but sitting on the slut's face and choking her with my arse made me hard and throbbing again. Bouncing like a maniac on her face while eating up the sight of my stepdaughter's fantastic hanging body, I had one of the best wanks of my life...

Giselle vomited through the ring. It was obvious that her stepfather revolted her.

Good...

When I got up, Marianne was more dead than alive. I think I would have suffocated her if I had gone on a few seconds more.

But Marianne was unlucky and survived...

I grabbed the dynamo. It was an old hand cranked job, but it gave twenty amps...

'I'm going to get even now, you fucking cockteaser' I grunted, foaming at the mouth... ■

GISELLE, MINE AT LAST - D. Guard - Roberts

LOOK WHAT DADDY BROUGHT YOU, DAUGHTER, IT'S A LITTLE FRIEND FOR YOU TO PLAY WITH, SO YOU'RE NOT SO LONELY. COME ON, WELCOME SLUT MARIANNE INTO YOUR CAGE...

?!!!

AGH...

AGH...

AGH...



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DO YOU LIKE THAT, DEAR?? SHE'S JUST AS MUCH AS WHORE AND JUST AS RUDE TO ME AS YOU USED TO BE...

GAGHHH...
GAGHHH...

GAGHHH...
GAGHHH...

AND NOW...

OOOHHHHH OOOHHHHH
OOOHHHHH

...TAKE THIS... BITCH!
I ALWAYS WANTED
TO BUGGER YOU!



AND YOU, DAUGHTER... DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. YOU OWE YOUR FATHER SOME RESPECT!



C'MON, BITCH, CRAWL TO THE BEDFRAME. TIME FOR MORE FUN...

NOOOGGG... PLSSSS...



OPEN THAT MOUTH... DON'T CHOKE, BITCH...



NOW IT'S YOU WHO'S GOING TO GIVE ME ONE UP THE ARSE... HA..HA...HA

OOOHHHHH OOOHHHHH

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TO BE CONTINUED

REBOUND

Geoff Merrick. Illustrations, Haffnium72

Previous in Fansadox 16

Last time young, pretty, blonde, blue-eyed Leesa Mendaski (5'7", 110 lbs., 34D-23-33) had left college without telling anyone to discuss her homesickness with her parents. She had not called ahead in case they tried to talk her out of it. Unfortunately, she had stopped at a remote, run-down convenience store near her backwoods resort community to get a snack. There she was spotted by the parents of the boy she "broke the heart of" five years before. This secretly sadistic couple -an ex-girls' gym teacher and a male nurse who now ran a bed and breakfast out by the lake- instantly decided to make her "apologize" to their son... by attacking, drugging, and abducting her. Secreting her in their private quarters behind the inn, they plan her future while she tries to comprehend her captivity....

Day Two

Leesa awoke slowly, then very quickly. At first she thought the embrace at her arms, legs, and mouth were the comfort of her own bedclothes, but then the memories rushed back. The crushing grip in the back of the fetid, gloomy snack shop, the sickly sweet smell of the narcotic clawing up into her brain, the horror of the bonds, the terror of their hands caressing her, and the panic of the second anaesthetic as mister Brannigan spasmodically pumped her breast....

Leesa's eyes snapped open and she started, realizing where she was. She was lying on her side on a small, woven, oval rug by the side of the Brannigans' heavy oak bed. Her fingers flayed out, mirroring her astonishment at the way the ropes held her arms, hands and legs, while the pliant thing in her mouth and the swath of tape over her lips kept her prisoner. She had to use all her will power to keep from crying or trying to shout.

Instead she stiffened. She raised her head slightly, trying to see if the Brannigans were still asleep. By the way the light filtered through the lace curtains over the windows beyond her, she knew it must be very early in the morning. She listened intently for their breathing, but the roar in her own ears practically precluded it.

She slowly, carefully tried her bonds. Incredible: they held her like an iron grip, but somehow her arms and legs were not dead, bloodless limbs. She tried forcing out the thing in her mouth, but the tape on her lower face held as if an extra layer of skin. She looked all around her: the thick wooden plank floor ... the quaint, heavy, solid, old inn furnishings ... the open bedroom door behind her....

Leesa took one last frightened look at the bed looming over her, then started sidling her body toward the door. Her hands spasmed out, then returned to fists, seemingly with every deep breath. Her torn pink t-shirt swelled with her breasts as she inhaled as silently as she could. She felt the cold wood on her thighs as her pink, cotton, string panty barely covered her soft blonde thatch.

Relief mingled with fear as she looked out toward the empty, quiet hall. There was no ache between her legs. At least they hadn't violated in the night. But still her forearms were lashed together and her wrists tied to the crook of each elbow. Her knees and ankles were also cinched. But it could have been worse. They could have leashed her to the bed, or hogtied her so she couldn't move. She could have been laying between them, the woman's claws on her chest, the man's member deep inside her....

Leesa shook those thoughts from her mind and concentrated on the door. She bent her legs and her waist, then straightened. She pushed with her bare feet, her toes curling against the dust beneath the bed. She started to slither forward.

Visions of the house filled her head. Beyond the hall, a stairway. Beyond the stairway, a door. Beyond the door, the lake or road. Someone would see her...someone would help her....

The young girl made it to the bedroom door, her alabaster skin glowing with morning dew. Her blue eyes sparkled over the impossibly tight brick of tape sealing her lips. Her mane of blonde hair shone in the diffuse morning light.

She ignored the way the wood floor felt along her arms and long legs. She ignored how it

bunched and pressed against her lolling breasts. She pushed herself out of the bedroom, looking carefully for the stairwell.

If she only knew that guests were stirring just beyond the opposite wall, maybe she would have

open her knee bonds with his ubiquitous Swiss army knife, allowing his wife to quickly and neatly pull the girl's panties down.

"Okay, darling" drawled Agnes. "Do your business while we do ours." And, with that, the



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started quietly kicking it, but instead she continued to slither in the opposite direction, her hope growing with every inch.

They let her get just past the bathroom door before nonchalantly coming out of their room and walking casually toward her. Agnes Brannigan couldn't help but giggle as she strode past, enjoying the memory of watching her from the bed. Tom Brannigan wrapped his arms around her waist, scooping her up, as she tried to screech with frustration.

"Morning, Leesa," he said cheerfully. "Trying to get an early breakfast? Don't you know inn owners have to be up with the sun?"

Tears started pouring from her scrunched-up eyes as he unceremoniously plopped her on the toilet. His wife was immediately there, holding two light brown leather and steel shackles. She wrapped Leesa's shapely left ankle with one and clipped it to a ring on the side of the toilet's base, then wrapped the other around Leesa's right ankle before her husband cut the ropes and forcibly clipped it to a small ring on the opposite side of the bowl's base. Only then did he cut

two started shaving and washing. Leesa stared at them in disbelief, feeling her body redden. But they seemed to ignore the sight of her barely covered breasts and her soft thatch.

"Better get the job done," Agnes suggested, "or we'll do it for you...."

Leesa started crying again -begging them incoherently through the gag.

"Oh, all right," Agnes said. "But remember, you asked for it."

They stood her up, ankles still clipped to the toilet base, and administered the enema. Tom had years of experience from his nursing career. In fact, it was a distinct pleasure for him after all those years of grossly overweight, aged patients.

Leesa cowered in shame until the bidet was turned on. Then it was shower time. Agnes held her shocked, shivering form from behind as Tom re-hobbled her knees with rope. Agnes slowly tore the t-shirt from Leesa's torso as he unclipped her ankles. Then before she could even react to her nudity, they had cut the arm ropes, handcuffed her, and were hustling her into the shower stall.

“Oh my sweet angel,” Agnes moaned in her ear, lathering her chest slowly. “Oh my sweet plaything...”

Leesa simply stared in dread at Tom’s hard, knobby erection as he loofahed her thighs and hips.

“Now, don’t worry,” he grunted, making her start as he plopped the sponge on her cunt. “I told you we’re saving you for our son, didn’t I? Didn’t I?”

Leesa started to groan and shudder as he insistently washed her and his wife started shampooing her hair. Both exulted in her firm, shapely, stacked body. She was practically a co-ed goddess.

She was nearly unconscious when they carried her out, but came back to full realization as he pulled the tape off her mouth. Before she could react to that or the fact that she was seated on a laundry hamper, Agnes was there, her hand a clamp over the poor girl’s mouth.

“No spitting out,” she warned as her husband approached with two rolls of sticky white hospital bandage. One wrapped around her lower face -impossibly tight- from her nostrils to her chin. The other wrapped under her chin and over her head, anchoring her jaw shut. Only then did Tom stand her up while Agnes started happily pulling clothing and accessories from the hamper.

“We went through your stuff last night while you were sleeping,” the woman chirped. “You’re quite a good girl, aren’t you? Except...”

She held out what Leesa instantly recognized as her clubbing outfit: a simple, v-necked, aqua-coloured sweater dress that was formfitting and incredibly short. That was in one hand. In the other were her highest heels and spangly sable-colored thigh-highs. Leesa started to choke and jerk in Tom’s grip as if having a spasm.

“There, there, dear,” Agnes cooed as she neared. “Everything’ll be all right...”

When they finished, Leesa was on the floor between them, the bandage gag still adhered to her comatose head, her legs resplendent in the hose and heels -a section of her thighs nude and gleaming- and the dress embracing her body, her breasts bunched in the bodice.

Her arms were behind her back, her wrists and elbows retied with thin, coarse rope. Her ankles were crossed and tied, her knees strapped together with a single leather belt.

Tom looked at his wife knowingly. “The troops’ll be up soon. You sure you don’t need

my help with breakfast?”

Agnes touched his cheek lovingly. “Our little darling here needs you more. Don’t worry about us.”

“Okay,” he said, and quickly left the room.

Agnes looked down at the girl’s lovely bound body and thoroughly gagged face. “Now what are we going to do with you?”

The two bed-and-breakfast couples were served by Agnes in the communal dining room in the front of the rambling colonial house. She wondered where the family of three was, but because they checked in so late the previous day, she assumed they were sleeping in.

In any case, Agnes gave them their filling country breakfasts, going in and out of the kitchen -the one room that connected to both the inn and their living quarters. As she collected each course, she looked happily down at the bound and gagged blonde lying on the padded rubber mats in front of the cast-iron restaurant stove.

Her ankles had been lashed to an oven leg, her high heels clacking against the metal. Her head reared up and she had moaned piteously only once. Agnes had kicked her lightly in the stomach and she didn’t do that again. Instead she lay, her body yearning toward the far door -her legs completely revealed and her right tit’s aureole just peeking out into her bunched cleavage.

“There, there,” Agnes told her quietly as she collected the last table’s fresh fruit and cream. “They’ll be gone soon and then it’ll be just you and me...” And to give her a sneak peek she nimbly



dripped several big dabs of cream onto the girl, making her cringe and squeal as the thick white liquid plopped onto her cheek and chest.

Agnes kicked her in the stomach again, choking off the muffled cry. “Hush now, child.

You wouldn't want anything bad to happen to anybody else, would you?"

Agnes left to serve the last course to the guests as Leesa's body shook in big, wracking sobs.

Leesa watched the couples leave through the curtained windows in the private quarters' living room. Agnes had dragged her by her ankles and tied her to a heavy wooden chair there, with ropes under her breasts, around her waist, and at her wrists. Her legs were on either side of the seat, her ankles tied tightly off the floor to the chair's back legs.

She cried out to them, she hurled her body forward, she shook passionately, she tried to get their attention. It wasn't her fault she didn't know the windows were one-way and that the chair was bolted to the floor. Even if the room hadn't been sound-proofed, the bandage gag would have kept her cries inside the walls. But the couples left for their day of sightseeing and water fun without a word -one even looking straight through her.

Agnes, meanwhile, was upstairs, making sure the family was all right before returning to her quarters. But as soon as she entered through the kitchen, locking the door behind her, she stalked

over to Leesa, unbuttoning her simple housedress as she approached. Leesa's eyes widened as she saw what was underneath. Agnes was wearing a severe black satin bustier. Without a pause, the woman sat on the girl's lap, facing her, and began kneading Leesa's breasts through the dress.

"Ooo," she said into the girl's shocked, repulsed eyes. "Aren't these nice? So firm, so full, so strong ... even when I was your age, I didn't have the likes of these..." Then Agnes started stimulating her own tit with one hand while reaching into Leesa's dress with the other. She massaged them both with the same strength and vigour as Leesa's head fell back in torment.

The woman began to pant. "You like that, Leesa? Huh? Doesn't that feel good?" She suddenly grabbed the neckline of Leesa's dress and yanked the girl's right breast free, immediately slamming her face onto it, suckling.

Leesa wrenched back and forth, trying to scream. Agnes grabbed her hair and yanked the girl's head back without pausing in her vicious sucking. Leesa screamed for her to stop again and again, but it was all just such muffled mush through the bandage and mouth stuffing. But finally the darting tongue and hot lips began to make her groan.



Agnes' body began to thrust as she suckled and her right hand mashed Leesa's left breast in rhythm. Then both her hands were pressing down on Leesa's chest as her drooling mouth was on the girl's horrified face.

"Aren't you the sweet one?" she breathed, slobbering on her cheek. "So rich, so smooth, so luscious...."

The back door opened and Tom came in, carrying a full duffel bag. Agnes was immediately back to normal but her hands didn't leave Leesa's chest as she turned around.

"Ooo!" she exclaimed. "What did you bring us?"

Agnes was suddenly behind Leesa, her hand reaching down over the girl's shoulder, her fingers inside the dress, the blonde's full right breast bulging through the woman's digits. Leesa stared again at the normally dressed man, who, locking her gaze with his own, opened the duffel bag with a smile and poured its contents on the floor.

Leesa saw leather and buckles and rubber and spandex and lace and satin and whale-boning and padding and straps and boots and impossibly high heels....

"I said we were saving you for our boy," the man said ominously. "I didn't say how we were saving you...."

Kerry Sherman took another look at the road. She knew she should really go up and tell her folks she was taking a walk into town, but, really, they had been impossible the whole trip up. Yes, she had blossomed into quite the little beauty, but that was no reason to micro-manage her entire life.

Parents. Every time they saw anything on television or the news, they'd always think she was doing it. She tried to tell them that the media always exaggerated things for ratings, but while they said they knew that, they couldn't help trying to both support and contain her.

Kerry looked down at herself, her medium-length, straight brown hair, which surrounded her oval face, falling to the top of her chest. Yes, she filled out the t-shirt nicely, but it was just a t-shirt. And her jean shorts, ankle socks, and sneakers wouldn't get a second look from even the most inveterate pervert. The body inside maybe, but, hey, she didn't think of herself as any sort of sex bomb. Good enough for a soap opera, sure, but she was no model. Not at 5'3", 34C-22-33, and all of 97 pounds. No, she wanted to be an actress -her super cute face, rich brown

hair, and deep brown eyes lending themselves for soulful teenage parts.

But all that could wait until she came back from town. Taking a last look at the window of her parents' room, Kerry walked purposely back to the rear of the inn. She found the back door and knocked. She was distracted for a moment by the ripping, roaring sound of motorcycles passing in front of the house, but then turned back as the door swung in.

"Oh!" she said, taken a bit by surprise. But there was a nice-enough looking woman wearing a simple housedress.

"Yes?" she said politely, if a bit breathlessly. "Can I help you?"

"Uh, yes," Kerry said, regaining her composure. "I'm the Shermans' daughter, in room 4a?"

"Yes, dear? What can we do for you?"

"Well, I want to take a walk into town, and it occurred to me that I wasn't exactly sure which direction it is."

"Oh, dear, I thought I told your parents all that...."

"Well, they're still resting. I didn't want to disturb them...."

"Of course, of course ... how nice of you! Come right in, my dear. I'll go get you a road map...."

"I don't want to be any trouble...."

"No trouble at all," the woman said, already disappearing inside. "It's for the best. Come right in!"

Kerry stepped inside, looking around at the quaint furnishings and old world decorations. She unconsciously noted that the windows were a bit shiny on the outside and a bit dull on the side, but thought nothing of it. Instead she thought that moving the obviously heavy furniture must've been a bitch.

"Come in, come in," she heard the woman say as she returned.

"You have the map?" Kerry asked in her quiet voice.

"My husband the innkeeper is getting it. You having a good trip?"

"We just started," Kerry said absently. If she was concerned by the mention of a husband she didn't show it. Then she gasped and turned around when she heard the door open behind her.

Tom Brannigan was entering, holding a folded-up map. He saw the look on the cute little brunette's face, and chuckled. "The maps were outside in my car," he said. "I went out through the kitchen to get them."

He held it out to Kerry. The girl took it.

“Thanks,” she said. “I...” Then she heard a thunk behind her. “I just thought I’d...” She heard another thunk. She glanced behind her.

Kerry Sherman gasped, unable to breathe or move. There, over Agnes Brannigan’s shoulder was a girl. Kerry knew it was a girl from the way she was dressed. She wore a crushing blue-black demi-cup corset which adhered to her spectacular shape like an iron maiden. Her breasts were thrust up like desserts, her aureoles jiggling like cherries, her nipples their cut-off-stems.

She had no panties, but something dark, thin and tight was barely covering her sex. Most of her hips and thighs were revealed, but her long legs were encased in black stockings attached to a garter belt which came from the corset bottom. On her feet were five inch ankle-strap high heels.

Kerry could also tell from the girl’s long, lustrous blonde hair. She couldn’t tell from her face, because, except for her nose, she had no face. Across her upper head was an upside-down V -a padded black leather blindfold which adhered across her ears and over her skull. From her nostrils down was a matching padded prod gag which adhered to a form-fitting collar, obscuring the girl’s flesh down to her collarbone.

From her body Kerry could tell she was young - not as young as her, maybe- and beautiful. From her hands she could tell the girl was desperate. They fluttered on either side of her chest, her wrists locked into a harness that went over her tits, over her shoulders, and around her slim neck. The black leather strap harness rendered her into a half-armed animal unable to reach its own face.

Her knees were strapped. She tottered on the heels. She had been pounding her head on the hall wall.

Kerry’s mind screamed at her to yell, turn, and run, but before the order could get through her shock, it was too late. She felt vises on her mouth and right wrist, and then blinding pain.

Then the Brannigans had her sandwiched between them; Tom with his hand over her soft mouth and her arm wrenched all the way up her back, Agnes gripping her other wrist while tearing at her shirt and shorts.

Within seconds, her filled white lace bra and matching thong panties were revealed. The Brannigans were practically cackling as Tom kicked the door closed behind him and Agnes pressed the hysterical young brunette against her husband’s rock-hard torso. But after Leesa, Kerry’s struggles were nothing.

“You want the Durasleep?” the woman grunted.

“Oh no,” said the man. “I want this one awake as long as possible.” He quickly tightened a thin strap around Kerry’s small throat as Agnes held the girl’s mouth shut. “All right,” he hissed in the brunette’s ear. “Not a sound.” He yanked the strangling strap as punctuation and then the two fell on her in the mid-morning sunshine before she could even choke. “How much time do you think we have?” Agnes asked.

“Her parents’ll assume she went to town or is hanging somewhere around the lake,” he grunted. “I figure that’ll give us the afternoon. They probably won’t start freaking until dinner time ... and they still can’t legally report her missing until tomorrow. That’ll give us all night.”

He smiled mirthlessly down at Kerry Sherman, whose eyes were rolled up at him in disbelief and distress.

They were all in the basement. Leesa was bent over, tottering on the high heels, Agnes on her back, molesting her fully revealed tits like a master dough kneader.

Kerry was naked, bent over a wooden workhorse, her firm, tight, round ass in the air. Her arms were high up her back, her wrists crossed and tied with blue electrical tape. Her ankles were crossed and likewise cinched, though her knees were pushed wide. She moaned in agony, her mouth filled with a round copper doorknob, blocked in with an asterisk of more blue electrical tape across her lower face. Bull clamps, almost the size used on jumper cables, were attached to her round, high, wonderful tits.

Tom Brannigan was behind the brunette. “Un-blindfold her,” he instructed his wife, nodding insistently at the blonde. Agnes immediately went to work, unstrapping the padded leather thing from the girl’s bright blue eyes. Leesa blinked and stumbled, jerking straight in shock at the sight of her new, unwilling, roommate. She made a sound that could’ve been “oh no” from inside the thick padding and around the invading prod, then froze as if pinioned by the man’s gaze.

He was naked.

“I told you we were saving you for our boy,” he said flatly, then placed his hand on Kerry’s firm buttock. “So lucky for you this one came along.”

Agnes grabbed Leesa and wrestled her to the floor as Tom reached down and around to grip Kerry’s already tormented breasts. As his wife



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grabbed the blonde's tits, he straddled the brunette.

Kerry felt the cock enter her from behind and started trying to scream. Agnes gripped Leesa's head and forced her to watch as her husband fucked Kerry Sherman's brains out. ■

TO BE CONTINUED.


On day three, Leesa starts being "trained" by Agnes for the Brannigan boy's return while Tom "aids" the local authorities in finding the missing Sherman girl... when he's not raping her under their very noses....



FANSADOX the best-ever Spanish BDSM-gore magazine
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HINES' HORROR PRISON

by Hines-Shiranda
episode 2




IT SEEMS LIKE THE MEN ALREADY KNOW WHO THEY'RE GOING TO FUCK. SHOW US WHAT OTHER GIRLS YOU HAVE FOR US **COMMANDANTE**...

...AND SO THAT NIGHT, THE **COMMANDANTE** EAGERLY HOSTED THE IMPORTANT OFFICERS AND THEIR WIVES AND MISTRESSES...



SI, YOU GO - AND HAVE FUN!UHHHH... THIS **GRINGA**'S VIRGIN PUSSY IS SO TIGHT... C'MON... SQUEEZE MY PRICK, BITCH!

PLEASE... NO... LEAVE ME ALONE...



HERE IT IS , CUNT - I'M EMPTYING MY BALLS...AAAGGGGGHHHH...! I PROMISE YOU'LL BE PREGNANT BEFORE I LEAVE HERE!

Noooooooo...Noooooooo...!!!



TAKE THAT, GRINGA...
HOPE IT HURTS.

AAAAAAHHHH!



NOW LICK IT CLEAN, LIKE THE
GOOD LITTLE PET THAT YOU'RE

THEN THE OTHER OFFICER TOOK HIS TURN, TEACHING THE
GIRL ABOUT HOW TO TAKE LONG AND HARD ANAL

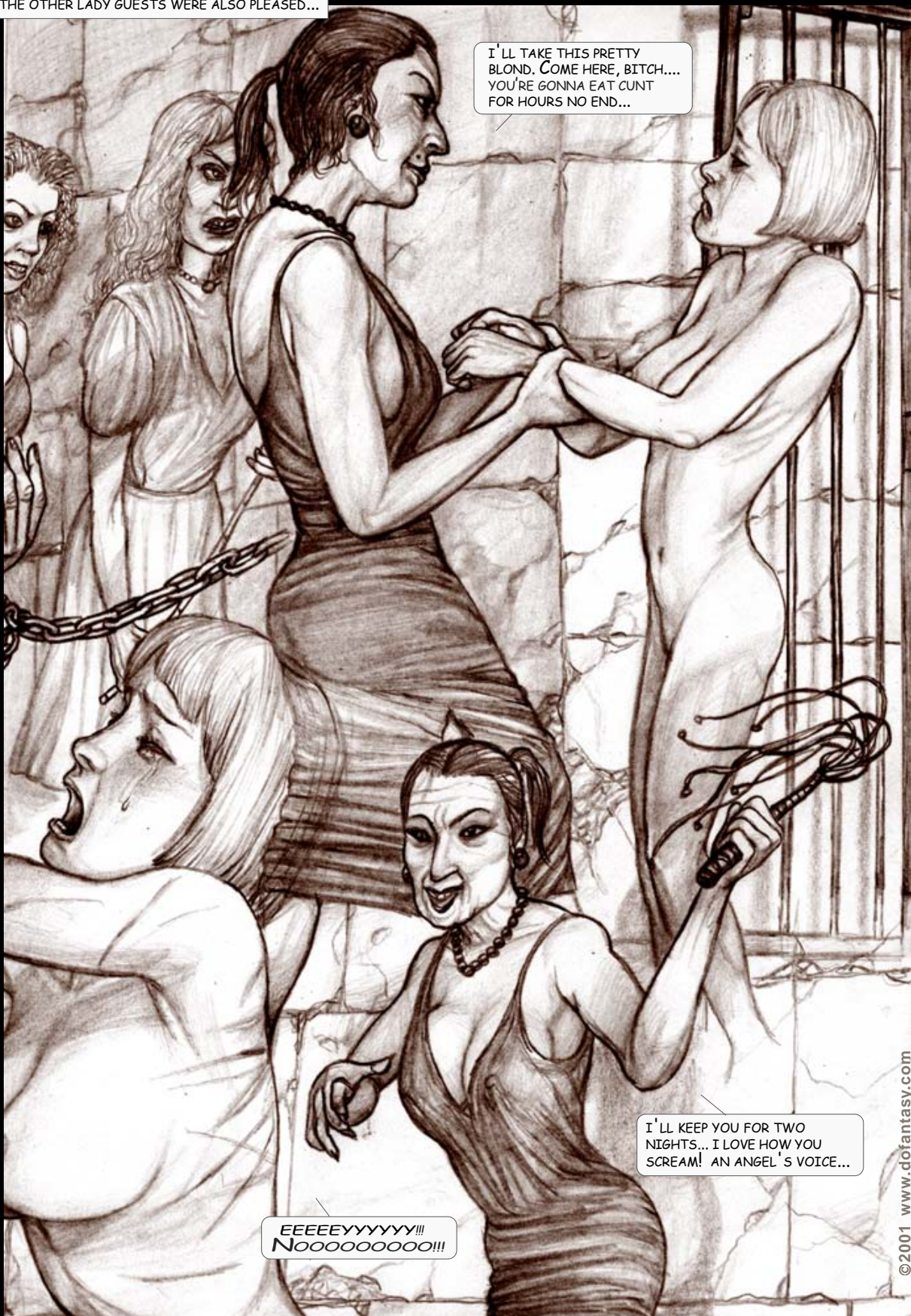
WHILE ELSEWHERE IN THE PRISON, THE GENERAL'S WIFE WAS PLEASED..

THIS ONE IS AS GOOD AS YOU SAID,
COMMANDANTE. YOU CAN INTRODUCE THE
OTHER LADIES TO THE GIRLS YOU HAVE
PICKED OUT FOR THEM. I WILL STAY HERE
WITH THIS ONE. I HAVE PLANS FOR HER...

SI, SENORA.



I'LL TAKE THIS PRETTY BLOND. COME HERE, BITCH... YOU'RE GONNA EAT CUNT FOR HOURS NO END...



EEEEYYYYYYY!!!
Noooooooooooo!!!

I'LL KEEP YOU FOR TWO NIGHTS... I LOVE HOW YOU SCREAM! AN ANGEL'S VOICE...



JUST A BIT MORE FOR YOU, SWEET BONITA...! TORTURING YOU MAKES ME HORNY...

PLEASEEEEE... OH, GOD...!

AFTER A DOZEN OR SO MORE LASHINGS... SENORA RUPERTA WAS EXHAUSTED... AND DANGEROUSLY EXCITED

FREE HER AND PUT HER ON HER KNEES. I HAVE A PRESENT FOR HER...



UHHHHH.....YOU WILL BE OUR LITTLE TOILET TONIGHT. THANK ME, WHORE..!

T..THANK YOU, SENORA....

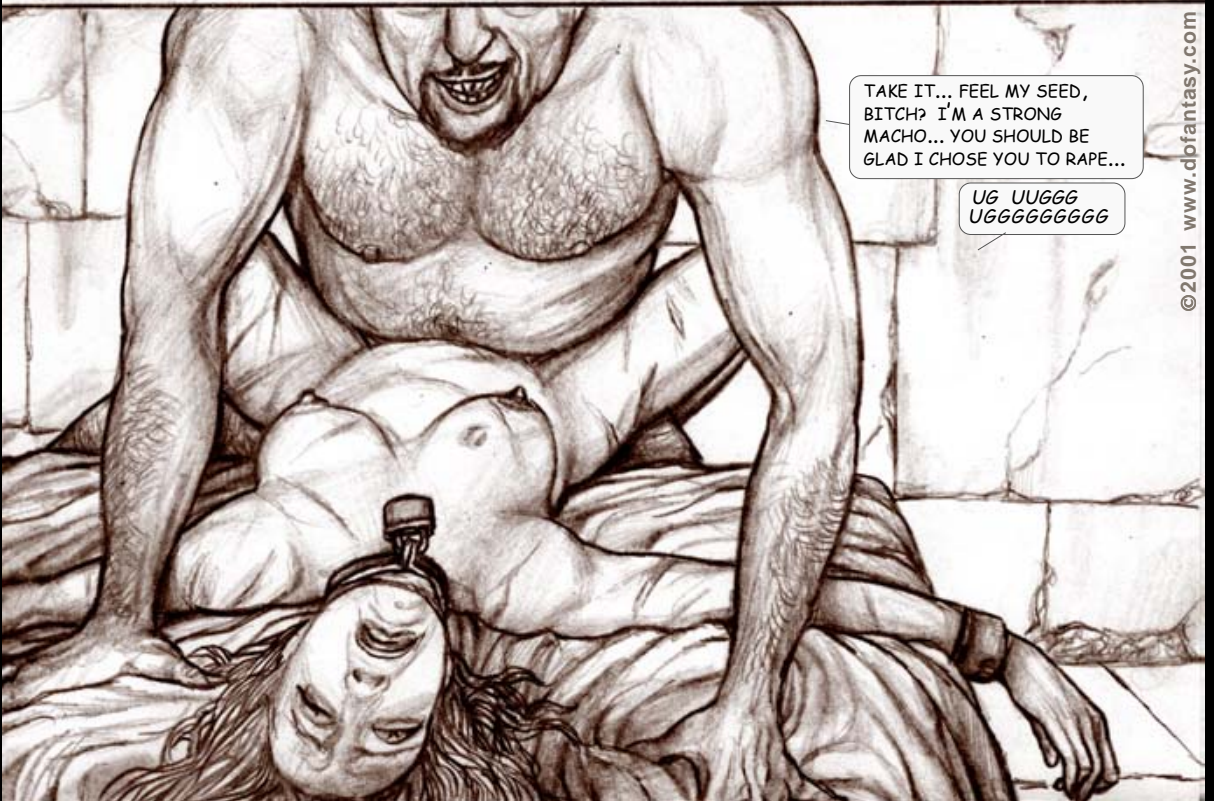
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DON ERNESTO WAS IN HIS OWN PRIVATE CELL. JUST HE AND TWO VIRGIN GRINGA BITCHES, HIS WHIP - AND HIS MASSIVE, BRUTAL COCK...


WORK IT, CUNT..!

SI... SUCK HARDER... BITCH... AAAHHHH...!



TAKE IT... FEEL MY SEED, BITCH? I'M A STRONG MACHO... YOU SHOULD BE GLAD I CHOSE YOU TO RAPE...

UG UUGGG
UGGGGGGGGG




DON ERNESTO WAS A PIG AND A SADIST; HE WOULD BREAK THEM IN ROUGHLY. FUCK THEM ALL NIGHT LONG. FILL THEM FULL OF HIS CUM...

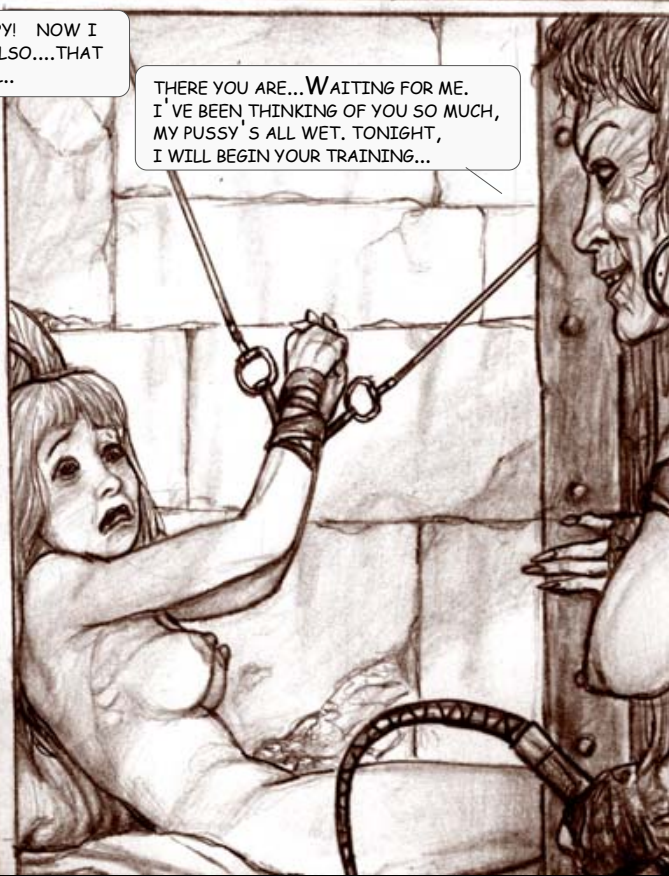
OH, YOU LITTLE SPOILED, NO-GOOD WHORE, MAKING ME BUST MY NUTS! SAY IT!

I'M A NO-GOOD WHORE.... SIR HAVE MERCY! PLEASE..!

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MY GUESTS ARE HAPPY! NOW I CAN ENJOY MYSELF, ALSO.... THAT FINE RED-HAIRED GIRL...



THERE YOU ARE... WAITING FOR ME. I'VE BEEN THINKING OF YOU SO MUCH, MY PUSSY'S ALL WET. TONIGHT, I WILL BEGIN YOUR TRAINING...

TO BE CONTINUED

YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

by Roberts

UH!UH!
UH!UH!

ROUND-EYED WHORE!
THE SLUT BITCH
IS CUMMING

OOOOHHH!?

UUUUUUUHH!!

WELL, SLAVE? IS SHE?

YES MASTER...SHE'S CUMMING HARD!!

CUM? YOU CUM WITHOUT
MY PERMISSION, SLUT??

UNN-NNNN!!

YOU LITTLE WHITE WHORE!
I'LL SLICE YOUR BIG TITS OFF
AND SEW THAT SLUT PUSSEY
SHUT FOREVER...

STOP! THIS ONE IS MASTER SATO-SANS!! WE WILL TAKE THESE LITTLE SLUTS TO MY CHAMBER OF 1000 ENDLESS SCREAMS



Nooo!!!

YES! YOU TOO! FOR MAKING HER CUM WITHOUT MY PERMISSION

NOO!! NOT IN THERE!! NOO!! HAVE MERCY!! NOOO!!



I'LL LEAVE MASTERS' NEW PET TO YOU WHILE I TEACH LITTLE KEIKO ALL ABOUT SUSPENSION AND RED HOT IRONS!

UUHHH!!! NNNNN!!!

**NOO!! DON'T!!
EEEEEEK!!**



HORNY LITTLE SLUT! I WILL MAKE YOU PAY DEARLY

NNNNN!!!!

YAAAAAAA!!

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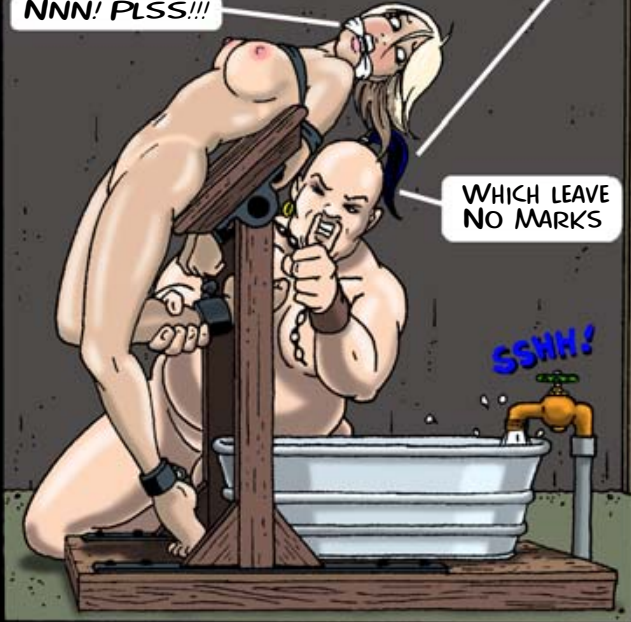


YOU'VE FIGURED OUT THAT I CAN'T KILL OR DISFIGURE YOU...

...BUT TAKE NO COMFORT ON THIS, BLONDE WHORE! THERE ARE A HUNDRED KINDS OF LIVING DEATH...

UUGK-KK!!

NNN! PLSS!!!



WHICH LEAVE NO MARKS



UHHH! NNNN!!

I WILL SHOW YOU ALL OF THEM!!!

OOOOH!!!



YES...WE START HERE!

YOU SEE, THE TRICK IS PATIENCE... TO PUSH THE NEEDLE IN SLOWLY... YES YES...

OOH-OOOH!!! NNNNNN!!!



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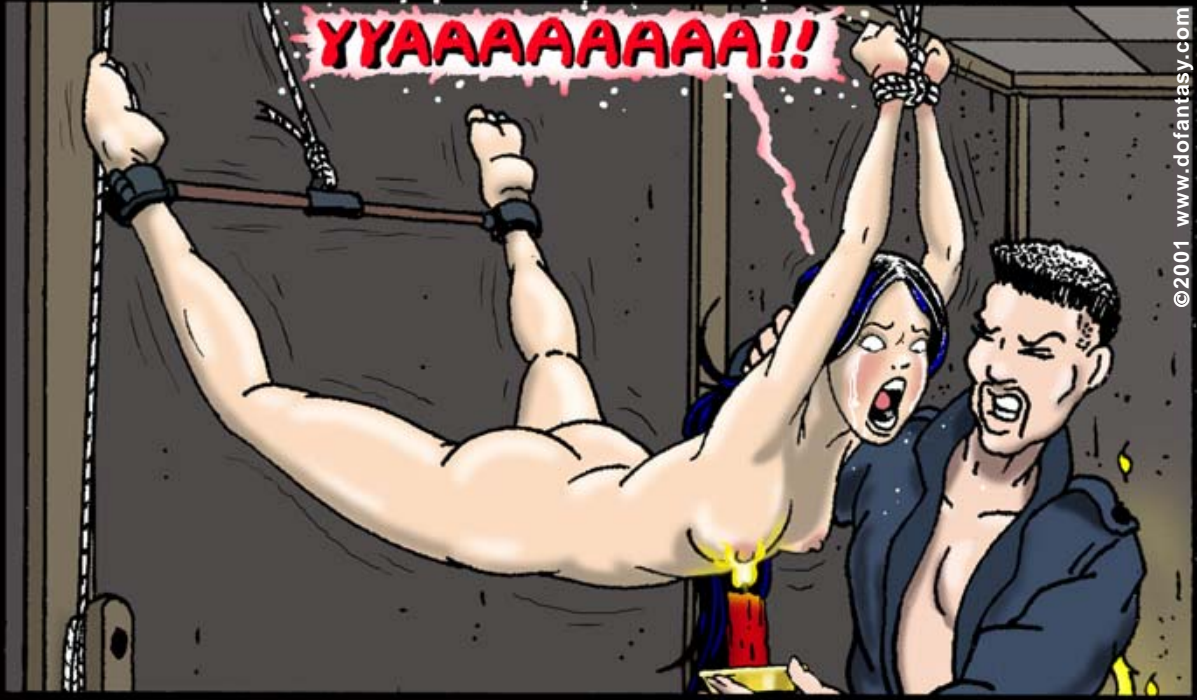
UUGH!!!

UUUUUUU!!

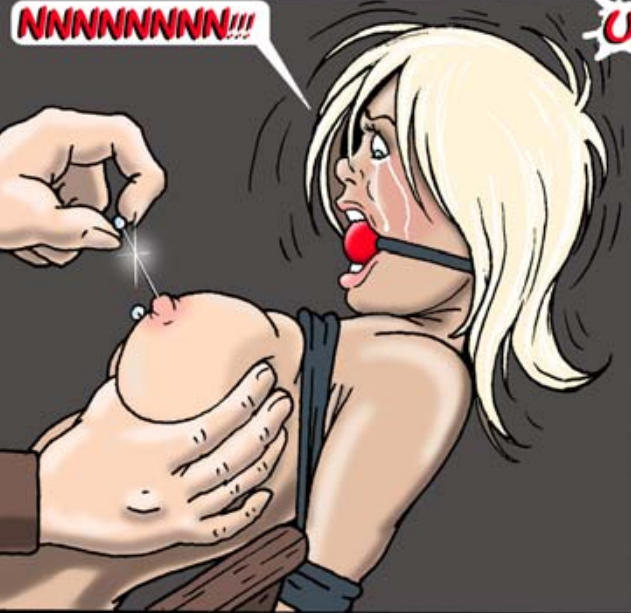
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!! NNN!!!



YYAAAAAAA!!



NNNNNNNN!!!



UUUUUUUUUU!!!



**AND THIS ONE'S FOR THAT
DISOBEDIANT CLITORIS**



NNN! DNNT!! NN-NNNNN!!!



**UUUUU!! NNNN!!
UUUUUUUUU!!!**

YES...NICE AND SLOW...
FEEL IT PIERCING YOU



UUUUUUUUUU!!!

HEH HEH HEH...

UUGGHH...NNN..UUUHHH..



OH NO NO LITTLE WHORE! THERE IS NO
EASY ESCAPE FOR YOU NOW!! WE HAVE
ONLY JUST STARTED TO HAVE FUN
TOGETHER! NOW IT GETS BETTER!!



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TO BE CONTINUED