

FANSADOX

18

New! *Cagri*
DESERT SLAVES

**OLD BERNARD'S
PONYGIRL**
Thorn

THE CABIN
Zerns

REBOUND
Geoff Merrick
TAW

Hines
**HORROR
PRISON**

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by ROBERTS

THE BLACK VAN

**YAKUZA
SLAVEGIRLS**

Paul

**MATERNAL
BLACKMAIL**

D'
FANTASY

adults only



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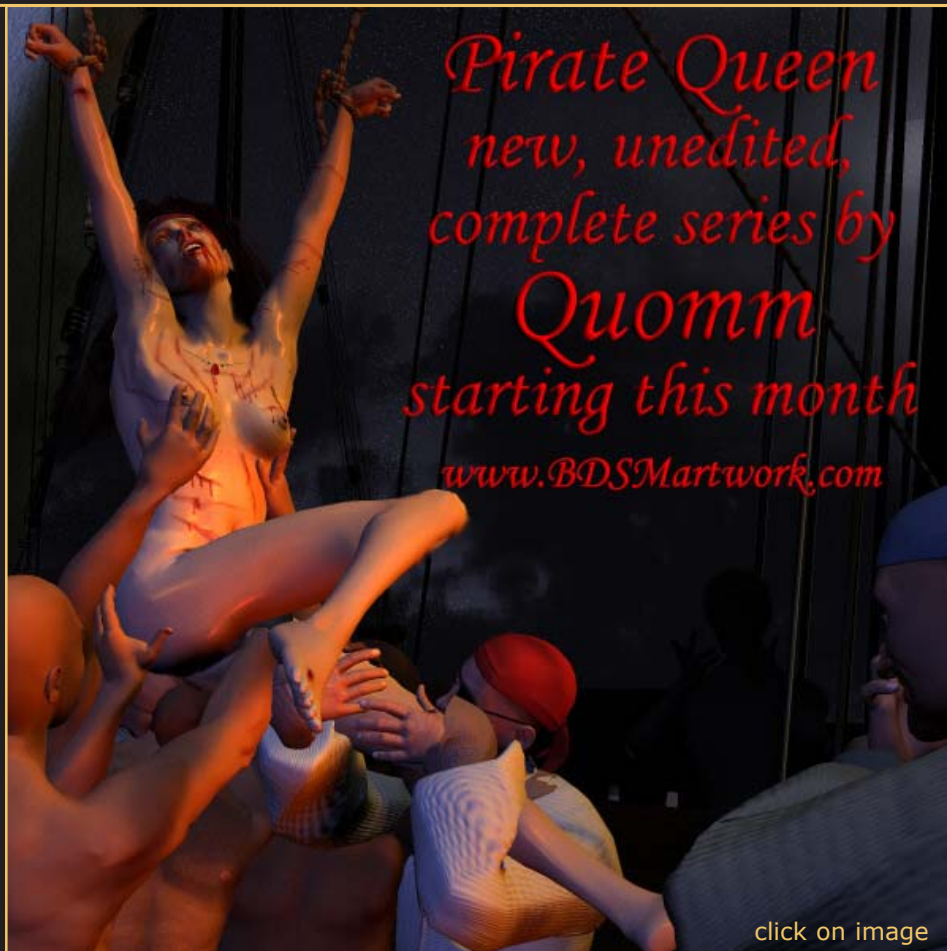
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THE BLACK VAN

UGK!!

POP!



Roberts

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT, BITCH!

A·A·G·K·K·

BUT ONLY UNTIL WE WANT TO HEAR YOU SCREAMING!

KZZZZT!

I LOVE GIRLS WHO BRING THEIR OWN CUFFS! HA HA!

STUFF THIS CUNT IN THE VAN AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

UUUH..



UKK!

DAMN! YOU BITCHES WERE THAT CLOSE TO BEING SAVED!

NNN!!

SOB

GET IN LET'S GO!



OHHH...



UUUUUHH!!

So? GO!

SETTLE DOWN AND ENJOY THE RIDE, CUNTS!



**UHHH!!
NNNNN!!**

HA HA HA!!

NNN!UUU!

UUUUU!?!NN!?!UUUUUUUU!?!?



OOOH YEAH! I BET PIG FAT MANNY WOULD PAY A FORTUNE FOR YOUR TIGHT YOUNG PUSSY!

UH!UHH!



HA! DON'T FORGET THE CUTE COP BITCH! HE'LL PAY BIG!

I WONDER HOW HE'S DOING WITH HIS NEW PET CUNTS!?

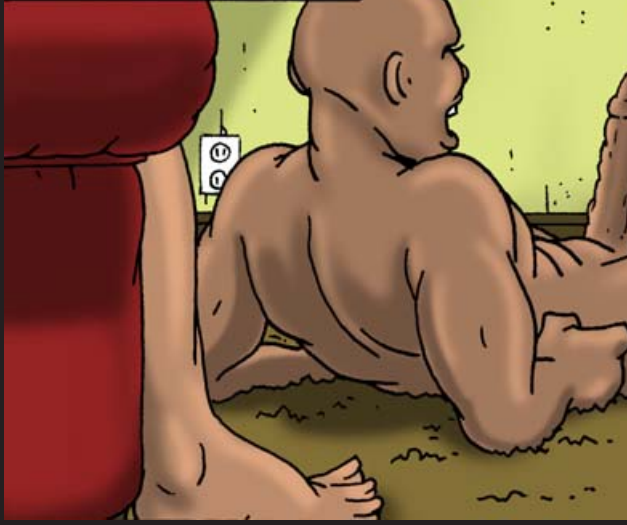
NOW CUNT, WE'LL GONNA WATCH YOU FUCK THAT HUGE BLACK COCK WITH YOUR LITTLE PUSSY HA! HA! HA!

NNNN!?!



SI, CHICA! GET ON THERE AND FUCK YOURSELF!

YEAH, BITCH! C'MON!!





HEY! BRING ME MY NEW BLONDE-GRINGA SLUT! I NEED MY DICK SUCKED! NOW!

HEH HEH!

SI, PATRON!

UH! UH! UH!



UH! UUUH!

HEY! YO! JEFFE WANTS HIS BITCH!

SLAP!

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THERE YOU ARE! WORTHLESS CUNT! I WANNA CUM DOWN YOUR THROAT

OH GOD...



WHILE I WATCH YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS' FUCK SHOW!

UU!!



NOW! SUCK!



I SAID SUCK!

UGHH!!



YOU CALL THIS SUCKING?

UHH!!



GIVE THIS USELESS PIG TO MY NEGRO FRIEND HERE!!

HA HA HA HA!! THIS POOR ASS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

NNNN!!



NO! WAIT! I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!

JUST GET YOUR BARBIE ASS IN THE BATHROOM BITCH!



PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME!

OH SHIT! LITTLE BLONDIE GONNA GET IT NOW!!

UH! UH! UH!

UGK.!! THERE NOW!

NOW YOU GONNA DO SOMETHING USEFULL WITH THAT MOUTH!
HA HA! HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!

YOU KNOW, PATRON!...
I THINK I FEEL A BIG SHIT COMING ON!

UGH! NN!

I'M SURE HE'S FINDING ALL KINDS OF ENTERTAINING THINGS TO DO WITH THE LITTLE BITCHES!

HA HA HA HA!
YES, I'M SURE!



Maternal Blackmail

PAUL
Episode 2

IN THE FIRST EPISODE THE ARMY RAIDED THE DUPOND'S HOUSE IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING. THEY ARRESTED THEM ALL - THE DUPONDS AND THEIR ADOLESCENT TWIN DAUGHTERS. IN THE DETENTION CENTRE MRS DUPOND IS TAKEN TO THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SHE HAS NO NEWS OF HER DAUGHTERS AND SHE IS PREPARED TO DO ANYTHING THAT WILL HELP THEM...

YEP ... THAT'S ONE HELL OF A WELL-STACKED BODY YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF THERE, YOU FOREIGN CUNT!

TAKE THAT BLINDFOLD OFF, OFFICER...

CHRIST! WHAT'S GOING ON?

JEEZ! THE PIG'S TALKING TO ME!

STRIP OFF, FOREIGN CUNT! I WANNA SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF BEFORE I NOMINATE YOU MY PRIVATE WHORE.

OH, AND DON'T MIND ABOUT THE GIRL HERE, SHE'S USED TO SEEING WHORES NAKED...

I ... I'M HANDCUFFED, SIR. I CAN'T...

RIP IT OFF, YOU DUMB CUNT. YOU DON'T WANT OFFICER MANTANZAS TO STRIP YOU, DO YOU?

SIR... MAY... I ASK WHERE MY DAUGHTERS ARE?

YOUR DAUGHTERS ARE FINE. AND THEY'LL STAY THAT WAY IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF LIKE A FILTHY WHORE!

PUSSIES LIKE YOURS NEED ALL THE DICK THEY CAN GET. YOU'RE IN LUCK! I'VE GOT JUST THE DICK FOR YOU!

OH GOD... WHAT A SHAME...



NOW COME OVER HERE, YOU CONT...



THAT'S THE WAY, NICE AND AFFECTIONATE LIKE A GOOD WHORE. YOU FOREIGNERS ARE NATURAL BORN SLUTS...



GIMME SOME TONGUE...

FUCK! I'LL TEACH YOU TO BITE A PRISON OFFICER!

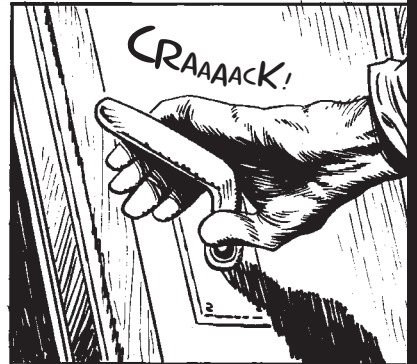
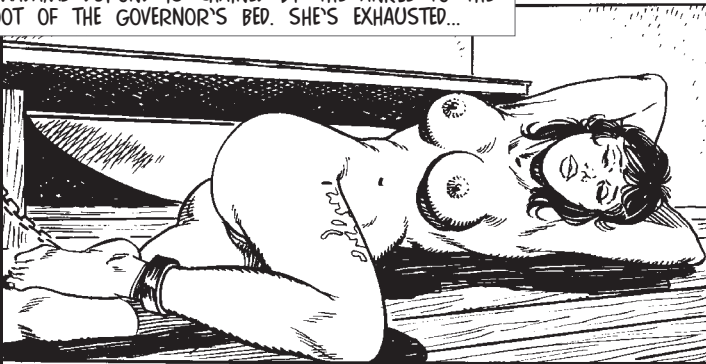


YEAH... COME HERE AND TAKE THAT, YOU SLUT! THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED, A HARD PRICK TO CALM YOU DOWN!

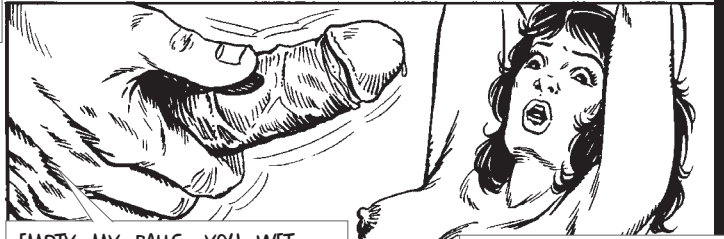
SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOMS...



...MADAME DUPOND IS CHAINED BY THE ANKLE TO THE FOOT OF THE GOVERNOR'S BED. SHE'S EXHAUSTED...



MADAME DUPOND FELL TO HER KNEES, AS IF RESPONDING TO AN ORDER...



EMPTY MY BALLS, YOU WET SLUT. A NICE WET MOUTH JOB!

LOOK WHAT YOUR PROTECTOR HERE HAS BROUGHT YOU! COME ON, PUT THEM ON AND GET ON THE BED FOR A SOUND FUCK.



SWALLOW, IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR TITS.



GET IT ALL DOWN!



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THAT NIGHT, THE GOVERNOR MADE MADAME DUPONT WAIT AT TABLE IN THE PRISON CANTEN. IT WAS THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CSRRP, THE COMMISSION FOR THE SOCIAL REHABILITATION OF REFORMED PROSTITUTES. THE CREAM OF SOCIETY ATTENDED THESE MEETINGS TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF PROSTITUTES SERVING LIFE SENTENCES... THE BERMUDEZ, MADAME DUPOND'S ENVIOUS NEIGHBOURS, WERE ON THE COMMISSION...

CANTINA

I TELL YOU, IT'S HER, THE FRENCH WHORE, OUR NEIGHBOUR...

HEY! YOU, COME HERE! BRING MY HUSBAND A WHISKY!

WHAT A COINCIDENCE, FINDING YOU HERE. I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A HOOKER...

PLEASE, RING MY FAMILY IN FRANCE!... I'M BEING DETAINED WITHOUT TRIAL!

YES, MADAME...

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU SLUT! ARE YOU CRITICISING OUR JUDICIAL SYSTEM?

OPPPSSSSS... BERRY

I LEFT MY LIGHTER AT HOME...

...JUST AS WELL OUR NEIGHBOUR HAS ONE...

YOU CLUMSY THING! NOW YOU'VE TORN OUR NEIGHBOUR'S UNIFORM. SHE'LL BE PUNISHED FOR THAT...

AND I WOULDN'T LIKE THAT, WOULD I?

YES... I KNEW YOU'D END UP LIKE THIS. SUNBATHING IN THE GARDEN EVERY SUNDAY...

...MAKING MY HUSBAND HORNY, POOR THING... YOU'RE A HOOKER ALL RIGHT. BUT IT'S OVER, FORTUNATELY FOR US WIVES...



AAAAAAGHHH!



WHAT THE FUCK!



LOOK WHAT THE WHORE HAS DONE!!!

I'M NOT A WHORE! AND MY FAMILY HAS BEEN DETAINED ILLEGALLY. I WANT TO SEE MY DAUGHTERS!



I'M SORRY, MRS BERMUDEZ... THE PRISONER WILL BE PUNISHED, I ASSURE YOU. AND NOW, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I WILL SHOW YOU THE LITTLE GIRLS. I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THEM... IF ONLY WE COULD FIND A GOOD, CHRISTIAN FAMILY TO ADOPT THEM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE WOMAN'S WING...

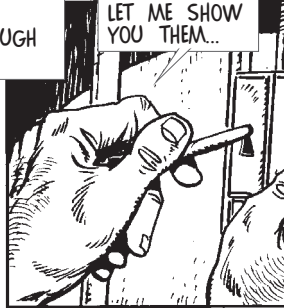
PABELLON MUJERES

THESE ARE THE LITTLE DUPOND GIRLS.

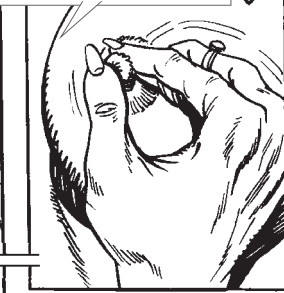
LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD. EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, OLD ENOUGH FOR ANY KIND OF WORK...

LET ME SHOW YOU THEM...

C'MON GIRLS, ON YOUR KNEES! HERE YOU ARE... HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE TITS...



JUST LOOK AT THAT NIPPLE... SO YOUNG AND SO WHORE I SUPPOSE THEY GET THAT FROM THEIR SLUT OF A MOTHER!



ALL RIGHT, WE'LL ADOPT THEM. ONE WILL BE FOR MIGUELITO, OUR ELDER SON.

PUT SOME CLOTHES ON THEM AND DELIVER THEM TO OUR PLACE ... NICE AND DISCREET, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...

NO PROBLEM, MADA'M WE'LL PUT THEM TO SLEEP AND STICK THEM IN THE VAN. LEAVE IT TO US...

WELL, YOU'RE IN LUCK, YOUNG LADIES... YOUR VERY FIRST DAY HERE AND YOU'RE ADOPTED BY A GOOD FAMILY! A PITY IN A WAY... I HAD A LOT OF PLANS FOR YOU...

SLAVE CARAVAN

by cagri

KEEP WALKING SLUTS, OR
I'LL MAKE YOU WALK!!



UUH... GOD...

DON'T BUZZ OF BITCH
OR I SKIN YOU ALIVE!



SEE WHERE YOUR FUCK'N ASSES
WILL FIND THEIR NEW OWNERS...



FANCY A REST AND A BATH, SLAVES?
YES SIR... PLEASE



SHUT UP AND MOVE YOUR ASS, WHORE!

I'LL ASK A FORTUNE FOR YOU, BITCH AND IF NOBODY PAYS THE PRICE, I'LL KEEP YOU FOR MYSELF...



ARMS OVER YOUR HEAD AND SHOW EVERYBODY THOSE WHITE TITS!

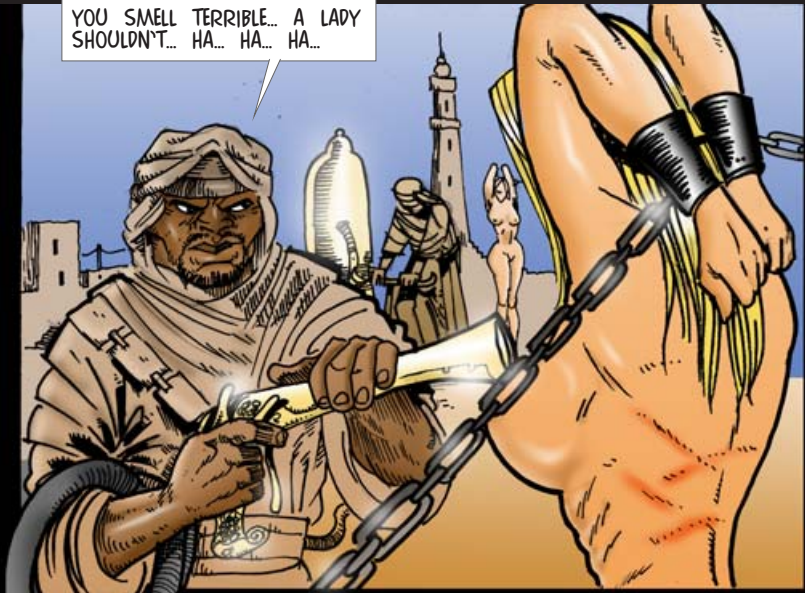
AND BE PATIENT, YOU'LL MEET THE ARAB COOK'S SOON...

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SLAVE CARAVAN

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

YOU SMELL TERRIBLE... A LADY
SHOULDN'T... HA... HA... HA...



HA... HA... HA... LOOK THEY LOVE IT...
THEY'RE WORSE THAN COWS...



THESE CHICKS REALLY
LOOK BETTER NOW!

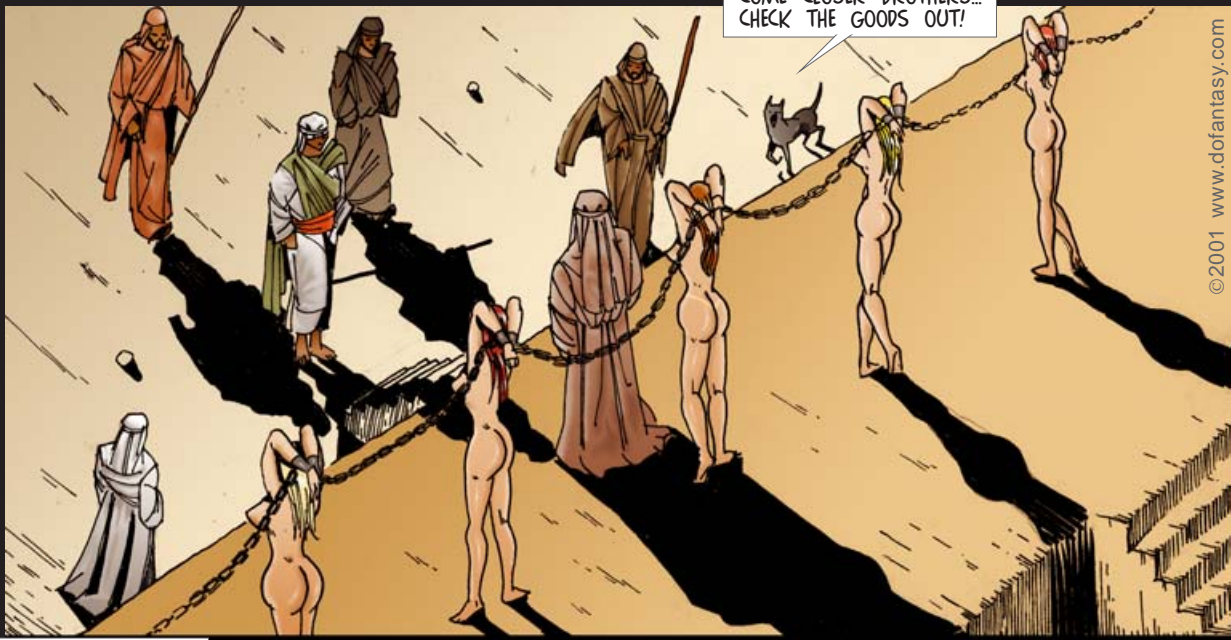


AND SMELL TOO...
HA... HA... HA...

SLAVE CARAVAN

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COME CLOSER BROTHERS...
CHECK THE GOODS OUT!



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LORD... ISN'T IT
FLESHY THAT ASS?



SMELLS OF EUROPE...
SLURPS...SLURPS...



MADE TO GET
FUCKED...



AND WHIPPED
TOO... YEAH...

YES, DAY
AND NIGHT...

SLAVE CARAVAN

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

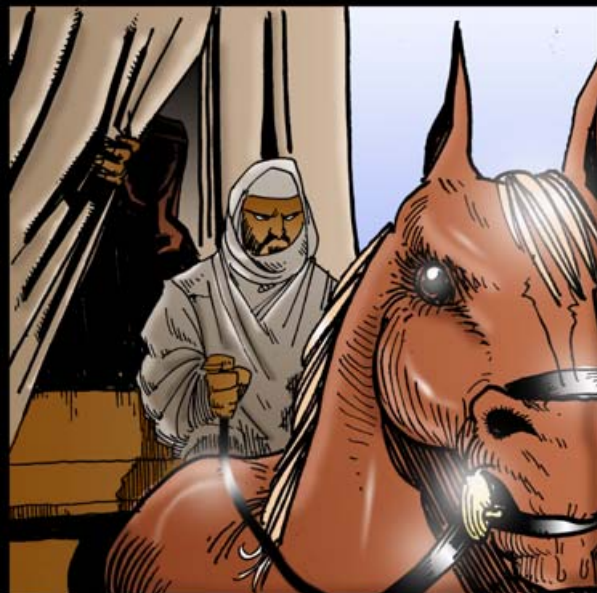
STEP BACK YOU BASTARDS!



MAKE ROOM FOR THE REAL BUYERS...



WELCOME MY LADY... I WAS WONDERING IF YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN THESE FINE SPECIMENS OF WHITE FLESH...



SLAVE CARAVAN

WATCH YOUR STEP LADY...



ARE THOSE THE BEAUTY CONTESTANTS WHO DISAPPEARED FROM THE COAST RESORT?

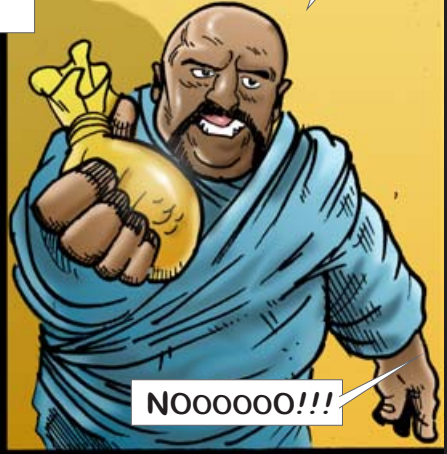
YEAH... THEY CROSSED THE DESERT NAKED AND BAREFOOT. TWO DIED...



LOOK AT THESE GORGEOUS CREATURES. EDUCATED, WELL BRED, UNTAMED, NEVER OWNED PURE CAUCASIAN STOCK...

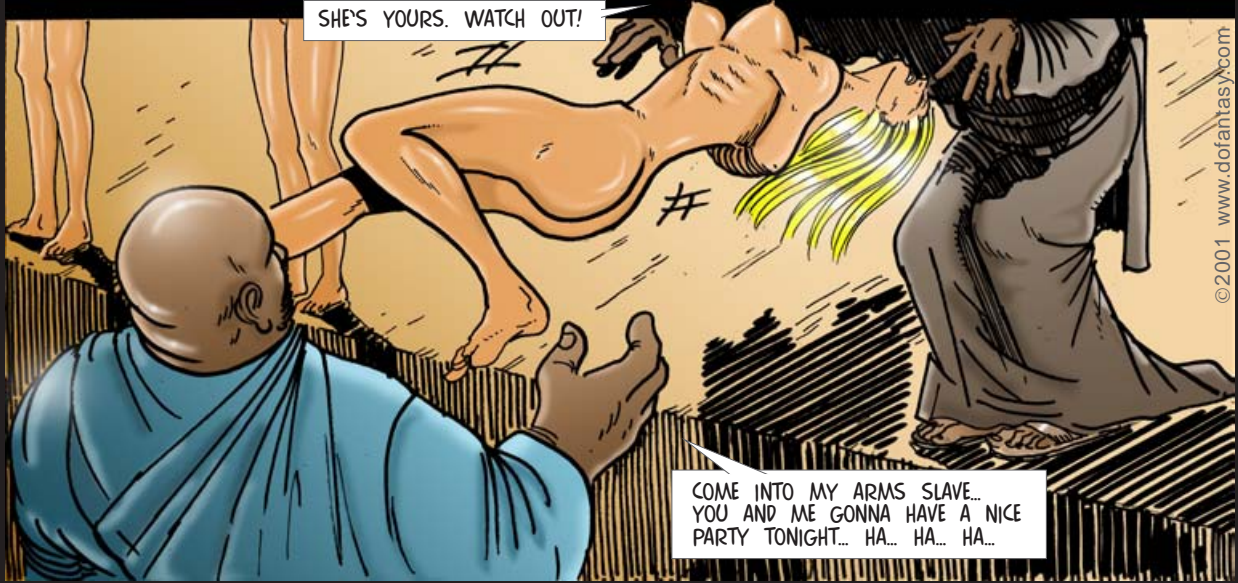
THEY COULD BE YOURS FOR 50 GOLD PIECES. THEY'LL GIVE YOU YEARS OF PLEASURE...

I'LL TAKE THAT BLONDE!!!



NOOOOOO!!!

SHE'S YOURS. WATCH OUT!



COME INTO MY ARMS SLAVE... YOU AND ME GONNA HAVE A NICE PARTY TONIGHT... HA... HA... HA...

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SLAVE CARAVAN

TO BE CONTINUED

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OLD BERNARD'S PONYGIRL THORN

Episode 9 Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 17

Old Bernard woke up in a filthy mood. He had a huge hard-on. Nothing new about that, of course. He had one every morning. Without bothering to get dressed (what for?) he went straight down to the stables. His second pony, Wendy, was waiting for him. He'd had her shut in a tiny little cage in his house in London for some time. He'd given her a rough time – all the dirty, most humiliating stuff you could think of, and some more you'd never think of...

Wendy had not slept a wink all night. How

OLD BERNARD'S NARRATIVE

Seeing her hanging from the post blew my fuses. I grabbed her by the breasts ... and I groped and pulled and twisted them round in all directions. They're too much for me, great big melons, soft and firm at the same time... And so sensitive...

I get my mouth down to work on them...

I started licking them, biting them, sucking hard on the big long nips...

Wendy cried. It hurt. But she didn't dare move an inch. A nail in her clit made sure of that...

She didn't even blink an eyelid.

No doubt about it, nailing her clit was a great idea...

I wet my fingers in her tears and stroked her sensitive little clitty...

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Yep, it hurt, but she didn't move a muscle. The only thing she couldn't control was the tremble in her breasts and in her long nips. Her nostrils were trembling too...

Hmmmmmmmm, delicious!

"You're dripping down below, eh?" I said, showing her my damp finger. The fact is, I didn't know if it was her tears, sweat, piss or puss juice, but it looked good to me whatever it was...

"I'm going to give you a new name, Wendy. I'm gonna call you 'Dripping Cunt', it's a better a mare or a pony than Wendy. OK by you?"

I had to slap her face and boobs around a bit before she nodded. I hurt my hand on her bridle with one hard slap. She'd be punished for that all right!

"I'm going to pull your big long nips right off your boobs," I said, showing her a pair of rusty wire strippers.

Dripping Cunt used her eyes to plead with me. She made strange noises through the tight collar. The noose wasn't helping her diction much either, nor was the head harness with the iron bit in it.

I put two nails between my teeth and twisted and pulled at her nips till they stood out like big strawberries, maybe twice their normal size.

Her tears dripped onto my hands...

I pulled on the end of one nip and stretched the whole big balloon...

"MMMMMMHHHHH...GHHMMMMMM..."

could she get to sleep with her vagina skewered on a thick phallus and her clitoris pierced by a rusty nail?

The girl looked absolutely miserable.

Old Bernard seemed quite surprised to find her still alive.

But he had a lot of experience and he had learnt that a young woman's body is an infinite source of pleasure for an old sadist...

If he was careful, his young slave would give him years and years of pleasure.

"I like the way you say things. It makes me feel like God above!"

I sank the nail in slowly, getting the feel of the skin and then feeling the flesh give way.

Dripping Cunt closed her eyes, foamed at the mouth like a horse and I think she may even have cracked a tooth on the iron, and she never moved...

That was one of the best ideas I've ever had, the clitoris job!

I left the nail in the base of the nipple and I showed my lovely new mare the second nail...

"Now you know what's coming to you," I said, pulling the left nipple out.

Yes, she groaned and begged and sobbed and cried and wobbled her big melons till I nearly creamed my trousers...

Yes, I needed to fuck her as much as I needed the air I was breathing.

But I decided to take my time with this second nip. After all, Dripping Cunt only had two. I wanted to make the most of them.

I prodded all round the nip without breaking the skin, just to make it sensitive. I wanted Dripping Cunt to have all five senses focussed on one of the most sensitive parts of her lovely body.

"No need to look like that," I told her. You should be proud that your Master has decided to decorate you. You'll look much prettier with the little bells on you..."

She wasn't listening. All her attention was on the nail and her delightful firm nipples...

OK, it was a bit over the top, I know, but let's face it – a mare is a mare at the end of the day.

Watching Dripping Cunt suffering makes me randy as hell, so as soon as she had the bells on I pulled out the phallus – come to think of it, I'm not sure exactly what happened to her clit – and I raped her.

Dripping Cunt looked just gorgeous. She had nothing between her thighs now and all she could do, strung up by the neck, was use her legs all the time. Now she really was moving! I enjoyed that all right!

I took the bit out of her mouth and started kissing her frantically, all over her lips and in her mouth. It's something that makes her shudder, more even than when I give it to her up the ass.



No need to look like that. You should be proud that your Master has decided to decorate you. You'll look much prettier with the little bells on you...

She can't stand my kisses, my tongue, my spit... It's normal, I guess. I've always had trouble with my mouth, bad smells, you know, the usual stuff. And I like to wet what I'm working on, from the neck to the forehead, over the eyelids and the nose and the cheeks, in the ears, you name it, I'll lick it.

My orgasm was a prize winner. That's how this girl gets me...

It doesn't matter how much I fuck her, she still gives me a dick like a fence post.

I slapped her about a bit when I recovered. I can't control myself, it just goes all black and red and I get



She can't stand my kisses,
my tongue, my spit...
She's a lovely fuck...

mean...

I left her like that, suspended by the neck, struggling with her legs, trying not to hang herself. It's amazing what a young mare will do to stay alive.

I ate with Mr and Mrs Farmers. They looked after the house for me. But I had trouble following the

conversation. The session with my Dripping Cunt had blown my mind and so had the good fuck I had at the end of it. So I didn't wait for the coffee. I wanted to get down into the stables again...

I reckon Dripping Cunt was pleased to see me. Her legs were trembling and she had cramp all the way up.

THORN

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Exercise time, pony!

I cut the rope round her neck and she fell like a sack of potatoes. She managed to turn sideways and fall onto her shoulder, which was better than busting her face on the ground.

I tied her long legs together and I threw myself onto her. I raped her until the middle of the afternoon,

crushing her, enjoying her taste and penetrating her slowly, deeply...

I fell asleep. Nothing like a good rape before a good siesta.

I woke up with a nice warm erection, and still inside her! I had the impression I'd been fucking her in my



Sweat broke out on the flanks of the two girls. They were a fine matching pair – the one on the right delightfully white, the one on the left with a golden suntan.

THORN

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sleep!
But it was getting late. Time to go for a walk.
I put the bit between her teeth, tightened the harness around her head, turned her round and plunged the tail into her asshole.
“Exercise time, pony!”

I put the horseshoe boots on her, untied her legs, changed the glove for the pulling gear and took her out into the paddock.
She was very weak and stumbled on the awkward shoes. The whip would stop that nonsense...
Tight Arse was tied to the cart. Mr Farmer had done

it personally. I could see that from the fresh sperm running down the top of one of her thighs.

I hitched Dripping Cunt next to her stablemate, pulled the straps tight and put the bridle and reins on her. Then I sat on the cart.

The legs of the two ponies went tense. Their thigh muscles rippled as they responded to my weight.

The sound of the whip coming out of its case made the two asses twitch suggestively. I cracked the whip...

Next I tugged on the reins and brought the whip down, first onto Dripping Cunt's arse, and then onto Tight Arse's lovely round, provocative buttocks.

"Giddyap" I shouted, in my best imitation of a country gentleman's accent.

The ringing of the bells on Wendy's nips was music to my ears...

That was my first ever ride with two carriage ponies. It was one of the best rides I've ever had. I had to keep getting out of the cart and looking at their huge boobs hanging forwards, swinging nervously...

Sweat broke out on the flanks of the two girls. They were a fine matching pair - the one on the right delightfully white, the one on the left with a golden suntan.

I won't bore you with the details. You can imagine it yourself, I'm sure. But I will tell you that I also stopped to give it to both of them right up the arse. Then I cooled their faces and tits off with a stream of hot piss.

I carried on at a lively trot. I was looking for style here rather than strength.

And at night I concentrated once more on Dripping Cunt's training. She still had the pulling gear on when I showed her the cunt trainer. It's a monstrous thing...

"You have to get used to the bigger sizes," I explained. "You're not a whore anymore. You're now a pony and ponies do it with stallions, OK? Now bend your knees and get down on that dick till you come... Let's go ... get pumping! Up ... down!"

I had to beat her with the bamboo cane all through the session. I beat her on the buttocks and all over the thighs. Dripping Cunt was frisky. I took the bit and gag off her and she roared out loud as ordered every time she got her cunt down on the trainer.

The first orgasm took half an hour to come, at least. Maybe she was tired. She was whinnying away for a long time and then suddenly the tone shot up like she was singing, and she found her

rhythm. I hadn't seen an enforced orgasm with no clit stimulation for some time, and I enjoyed every minute.

So much I made her do it again.

To my surprise she hit her rhythm straight away. She had another orgasm in about thirty seconds.

And the third was the same.

And so were the rest, until the twelfth, when I had to pick the bamboo up again.

And then she fell senseless to the ground.

I felt offended, personally insulted, and I decided to punish her.

I told Mr Farmer to put her in the sceptic tank, with the shit up to her nose and her mouth wide open in a punishment gag. She would spend the night there...

I was horny and frustrated at the same time. I couldn't fuck unconscious meat to save my life - so I fetched Tight Arse.

A couple of bells like Dripping Cunt's would look nice on my young brown pony... ■

More to come...



You have to get used to the bigger sizes. You're not a whore anymore. You're now a pony and ponies do it with stallions, OK? Let's go...get pumping! Up ...down!



FUCK N BITCH!!

NO DON'T I'LL NO..N..

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO CUNTS WHO ANSWER SLOW-



TIME TO DIE!

NOO..NO..WAIT..WA..

CLICK!

IT IS ALL TOO MUCH.. THE GUN WASN'T LOADED BUT CORI...

PISSE..



FAINTS..

TAKE THE GUN OUT



TURN ON THE SWITCH CORI ON THE WAY OUT

-UPSTAIRS CUNT TIME TO FUCK YOU SORE SLAVE GIRL-

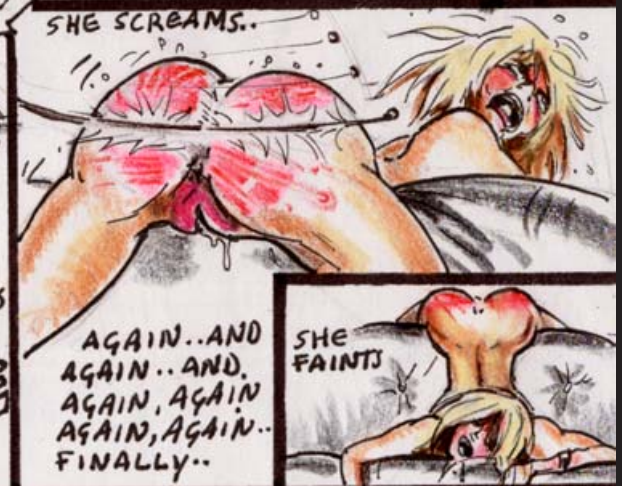
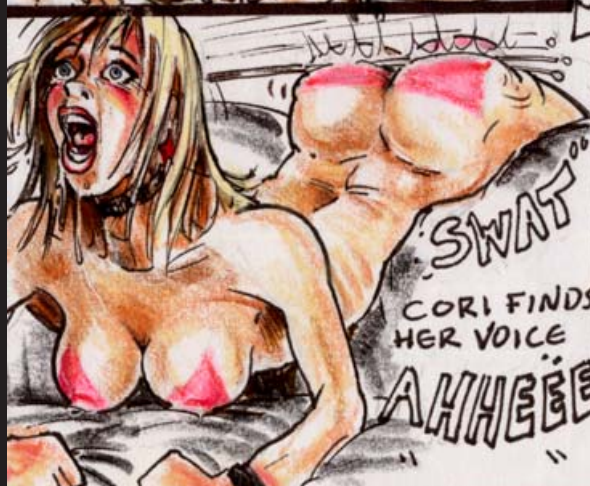
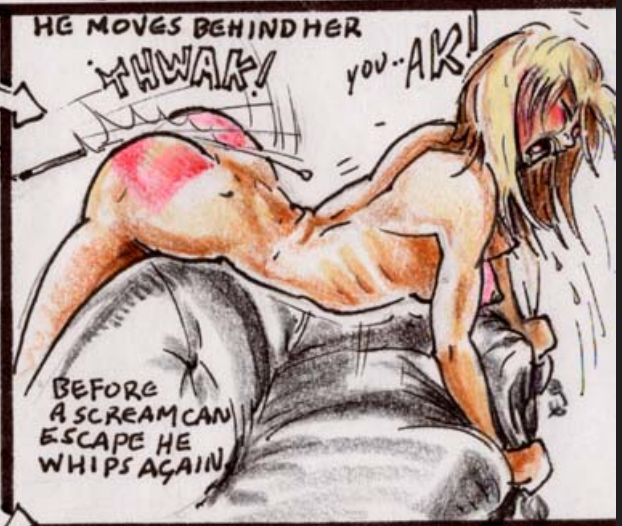
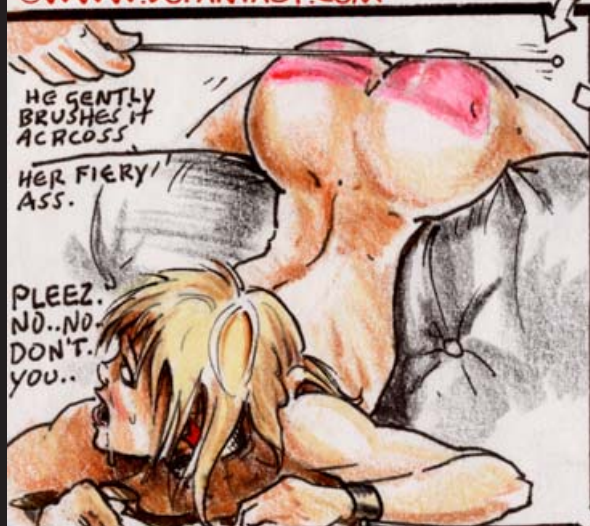


UH..UH..YES.. ..BUT..OK..

THE CABIN

by ZERNS - episode 3





BEFORE =
I FUCK =
YOU I
WANT
YOUR
BODY
TENDER-
IZED
FIRST. A
REVERSE
TAN
LINE..
HA..HA

NO..
NO..
DON'T
BURN
MEEE!

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HE TAKES LUNCH



1 HOUR LATER



PHISS
DRIP

EACH
DROP OF
SWEAT
SIZZLES
ON THE
HOT
LAMPS

"PANT"
PANT

OVER TO
THE COUCH
CUNT!



HER TITS AND
BOTTOM ARE
CHERRY RED





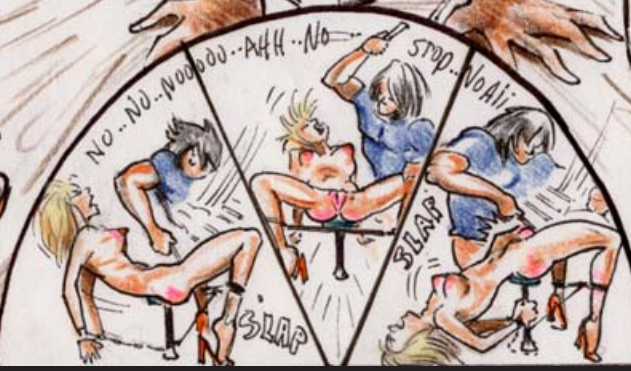
DRAGGING HER TO A BOLTED STOOL HE TELLS HER, HER CUNT IS NEXT.. SHE STRUGGLES WEAKLY..



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PLACING A COOL STEEL RULER AGAINST HER WARM SUNBURNED VULVA .. HE BEGINS TO BEAT IT—

P.. P.. NO.. NOT.. MY CUNT.. DON'T.. DONT...



NOW YOUR CUNT IS READY FOR MY DICK CORI..

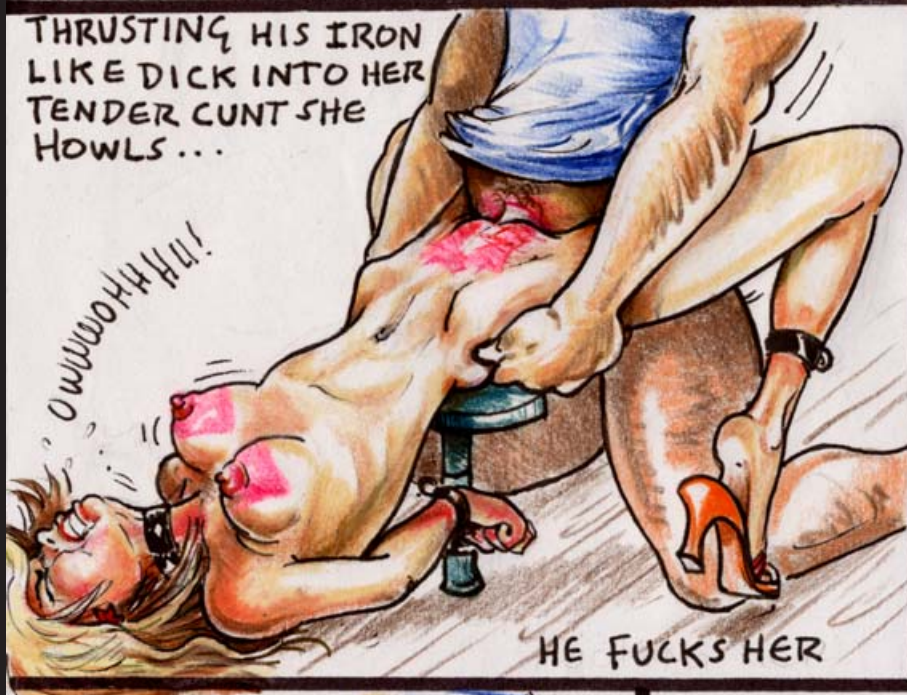


"SNIFFLE"
"BLUBBER"

OH.. DON'T.. DO..
OH.. HURTS.. AW..

©WWW.DOFANTASY.COM

THRUSTING HIS IRON
LIKE DICK INTO HER
TENDER CUNT SHE
HOWLS...



OWWWWHHH!!!

HE FULKS HER



UG..UG.. UG..UG..

ON.. AND.. ON

AND.. ON.. AND.. ON
AHH STOP.. AHH



...FINALLY..



AHGG...

TO BE CONTINUED

REBOUND

Geoff Merrick. Illustrations TAW

Previous in Fansadox 16 & 17

Young, pretty, blonde, blue-eyed, 5'7", 110 lb. Leesa Mendaski, 34D-23-33, had been abducted 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 run a bed and breakfast out by the lake — is "preparing" to have her "apologize" to their boy when he returns from college ... a leather, lace, spandex, and steel-laden process that is satisfying the wife but sexually frustrating the husband. Lucky for him, 5'3", 97lb., brown-eyed brunette Kerry Sherman (34C-22-33), the daughter of a family renting suite 4A, decided to go for a walk without telling her resting folks....

Day Three

"Pardon me, ma'am."

The local cop had the words out even before Agnes Brannigan had the back door open.

"Why, good morning, Jim," Agnes said pleasantly before "noticing" the troubled lodgers. "Why, it's the Shermans, isn't it? Suite 4A? Why, whatever is wrong?"

"It's Kerry," the mother blurted before Jim the cop could even get his mouth open. "Our daughter ... she didn't come back yesterday!"

"Whaaat?" Agnes said in mock surprise. "Your daughter? You mean the little one? The brown-haired girl? Why, she couldn't have been more than eighteen...!"

"Just finished school," Jim said solemnly, "going to start college next semester...."

"Oh, my goodness," Agnes gasped. "And you say she didn't come back last night?"

"We were out late," the father said grimly. "At the historic tavern. She had her own bedroom ... we didn't even know until this morning...."

"Are you sure?" Agnes asked solicitously. "Maybe she got an early start...."

"Bed wasn't slept in, Agnes," Jim informed her. "Apparently, she wasn't the type to make her bed...."

The mother rested her head on her husband's shoulder.

"Oh you poor dears," Agnes said with deep sympathy.

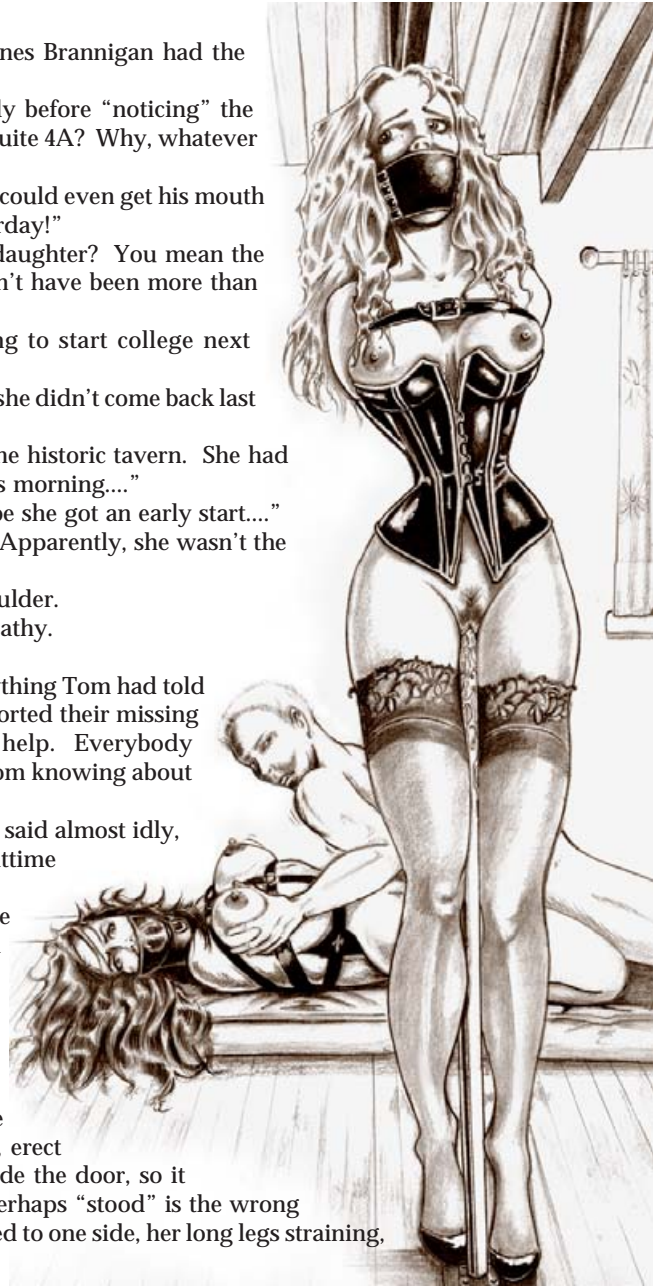
"Tom around, Agnes?" Jim the cop asked quietly.

Her eyes met his and she instantly knew that everything Tom had told her would happen was happening. The parents reported their missing daughter to Jim, Jim came here and asked for his help. Everybody knew that nothing in this town happened without Tom knowing about it....

"Oh, I think he's around here somewhere," Agnes said almost idly, controlling the tingling excitement and rush of nighttime memories. "Let me call him...."

He heard her call from the room at the top of the stairs ... behind the thick, insulated, padded wooden door, inside the paneled, and exposed beam-ceilinged room — with all the quaint curtains covering the bullet-proofed, one-way windows and the circular woven rugs and thick mattresses covering the hardwood floor.

Leesa Mendaski heard her too. Tom knew it by the small, strangled sound she made as her tall, proud, erect body jerked suddenly at the sound. She stood beside the door, so it would block her from sight of the hall if opened. Perhaps "stood" is the wrong word. She balanced there, head up and slightly cocked to one side, her long legs straining,



the pointed toes of the six-inch ankle-strap high heels just barely touching the carpet nap.

Tom heard her gurgle, swallow, and then moan, all the sounds dampened by the eight-buckle, jaw-wrenching, prod gag they had affixed over her lower face. She seemed to be in the middle of an eternal high C, except you couldn't see her mouth, which was open to its widest possible aperture, her unseen teeth clenched deep into a huge red rubber ball. And over that was an amazingly tight swath of leather which clamped onto her face. Her cheeks and chin were straining on either side of the obstruction's cover, which was secured by the four straps on either side of the muzzle.

To add to her silence was a single, thin, yellow, rubber-coated wire which noosed her lovely throat and was knotted around a hook screwed deep into a ceiling beam. Her shoulders hunched, trying despite herself to get her hands up to relieve the pressure at her throat and mouth, but the single glove that was laced up her arms and strapped across her upper chest gave no more this time than the dozens of other spastic attempts.

Instead all her action did was jiggle her luscious tits once more as they balanced atop the waist-crushing blue/black leather corset which molded her shape like liquid steel. She gasped, sighing, as her reaction to the call had moved her on the bolted down impaling pole which shot up between her thigh-high stockinged legs. Besides her tiny noises, the only other sound from her side of the room was the tiny clinking of the clips which held her ankles to either side of the iron pole.

"Was that call for you?" Tom Brannigan asked her sarcastically. "No, I don't think so." Leesa rolled her pain-wracked, tearing eyes. Tom watched those beautiful blue orbs glisten, looking anywhere but at him as his grin widened. He filled his right hand with Kerry Sherman's left breast and squeezed it brutally for the blonde's benefit.

For the brunette's part, she hardly felt it anymore. Her chest was numb. As were her arms, face, hips, and legs. She stared at the wall and corner of the ceiling, blinking, still trying, and not trying, to comprehend what had happened and was happening.

The innkeepers had attacked her. They had clamped her mouth shut with their hands, choke-leashed her, and tied her hands behind her back before she could even move. Then they had torn off her t-shirt and ripped down her shorts. Their hands had been inside her bra and panties before she could react. Their strength overpowered her like a tidal wave hitting a sand castle.

They had stuffed her shirt in her mouth, they had knocked her back into an overstuffed easy chair. The sensations at her chest and between her legs were already overwhelming. She screamed and struggled exactly like a crazy girl, but she was wedged in the seat, and hands were at her face and chest, her air cut off by a cord.

By the time she realized he was inside her, he was already thrusting and pumping like an animal. She didn't understand: it was daytime, sun was pouring into the room, she could see the lake in the distance outside the windows, and her parents were just a few stories above her. But there was a shackled, muzzled, blinded

blonde girl stumbling against the wall and the innkeepers were brutally assaulting her.

But then she couldn't breathe and her eyes began to grow grainy. She was only aware of drowning in buffeting waves until a thick cream, which seemed both warm and cool at the same time, splattered against her jaw and across her face. Even before she could take that in, she was propelled up and across the room. She stumbled down wooden stairs into a cool area of concrete, stone, wood, and dirt.

They had her in the bed and breakfast's basement. Her clothes were gone. She felt the blue electrical tape going on her wrists and ankles. She felt her sodden shirt being pulled out and a big, hard, cold, oval steel ball going in. She felt her lips being taped closed and together. She felt herself being pushed forward over a wooden bench.

Then the cock was back inside her.

From there on, she felt it all, yet none of it at the same time. When she could conceive anything, she couldn't believe a man could fuck her so many times in so short a time. She couldn't remember a moment his prick wasn't in her or on her. He dropped her to the basement floor and had her on her back, his body wedged between her legs. His wife strapped her ankles to her thighs and he had her on his haunches, sitting, as the wife wrapped her lower face in gauze.

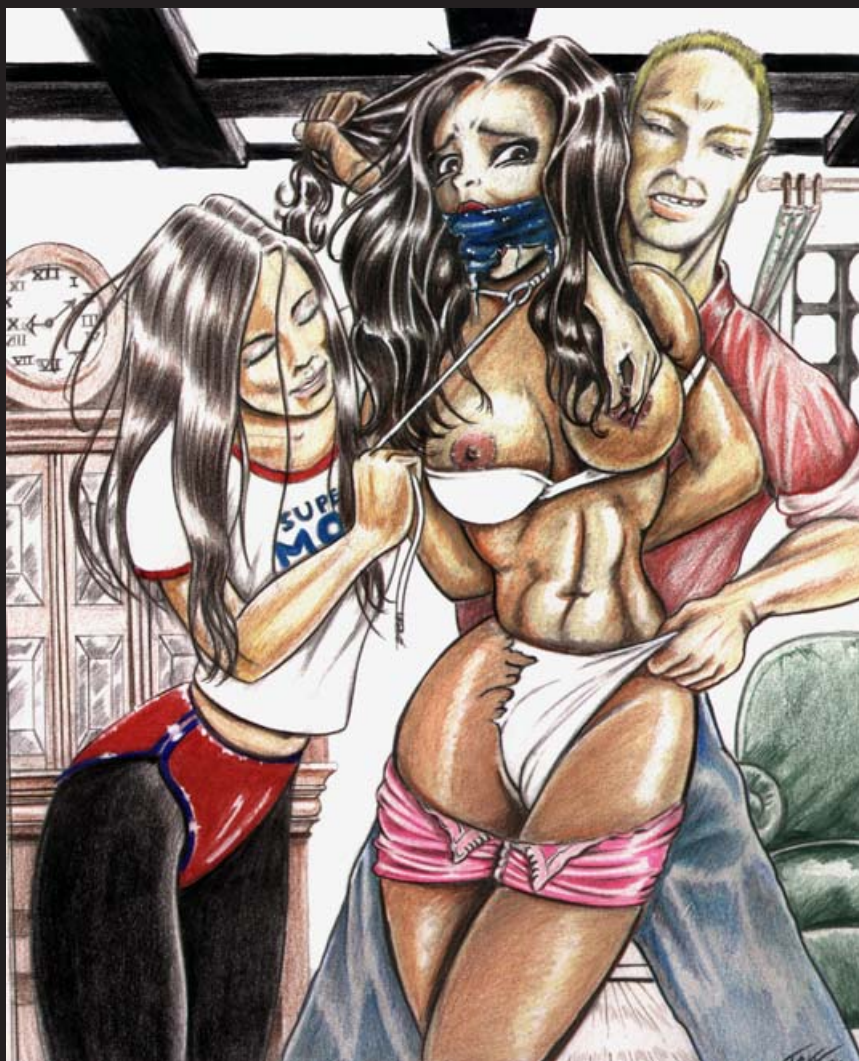
They unstrapped her legs and brought her upstairs with his member wedged between her ass cheeks. While the blonde stayed, standing, tied and strapped to a cellar upright, Kerry was thrown to the overpadded sofa beneath the living room windows. Falling atop her, Tom clamped one hand over her gag and lay his other forearm over her throat as his rigid cock sought her churned cunt once again.

As she writhed weakly, trying to make any sort of noise, she thought she heard him. She couldn't have possibly envisioned this herself. "Your folks'll think you went into town or're hanging around the lake," he grunted, his cock shoving into her. "That'll give us some time, huh?" He pushed up off her, jamming his hips even tighter into her. "What sort of a bad girl are you? No virgin, huh? Well, that's all right...still warm and tight enough for now...."

Then the rush of sensations started again and the roar in her head drowned out everything until his smirking visage swam into her foggy vision. "Your folks aren't at dinner," he sneered. "That means one of two things. They're either out eating or reporting you missing. Either way, that means we got alllll night...!"

The thudding between her lax legs got so hard and fast, she couldn't help but zone out again. It felt like a nightmarish invasion inside her and an assault on her chest. She knew she was in shock, but just like this entire attack, there was nothing she could do about it....

She vaguely became aware of him sitting on her stomach, kneading her chest around his log like a bread maker. Sometime later she was sitting up, her arms behind her, her elbows and wrists being wrapped. Then she felt something soft and filmy being laced on her, with some sort of material gathering up her aching breasts and thrusting them forward. Something warm and furry was on her legs and then her feet were being



unblemished body both taut and slightly squirming at the same time.

She wore a white demi-cup bra which thrust her jangling nipples up. On the pink nubs were small, nasty, silver, alligator-teeth clips. Her arms were wrenched behind her, but Kerry could make out white gloves which came up to the blonde's forearms.

Something dark was across her lower face and throat. It was a brick of black leather on her mouth, straps going tightly around her head. There was some sort of buckle on her throat, holding her back.

Her legs were wide. There was a white lace garter belt around her hips, thigh high white stockings on her legs, and severe white high heels on her feet — her ankles tied to the outside of the chair legs. She was humming.

No.... Yes.... She was making some sort of muffled, dim, agonizing sound, but she was not humming. Her crotch was. Kerry slowly blinked. Her vision sharpened for just one second. It was long enough to see the way something was moving inside her black thatch. No, not black thatch. She was a natural blonde. It

wedged onto her tip-toes.

Finally she surfaced from the depths deep into another kind of darkness, wedged on both sides by hard muscle and leathery skin. She was in the abductors' bed, between them. She wore a lovely white lace teddy with the crotch open, his cock plugging her from behind. It was tightly laced up her bulging chest and over her shoulders. Her face was muzzled by a harness which plugged her mouth, mashed her lips behind a square hunk of leather, and buckled behind her neck with straps coming from both across her scalp and cheeks.

Her arms were behind her, her taped wrists and his clamped hand keeping her fingers on the base of his shaft. His other hand was tightly gripping her left tit. The old woman had her hand between the girl's legs, her fingers pinching Kerry's clit above her old man's log. Her ankles were tied separately to two baseboard slats. Finally, her neck was lightly chained to the headboard.

Kerry blinked, seeing something indistinct beyond the bodies of her attackers. As her groggy eyes adjusted to the dark, her ears did as well. Coming into focus, between the bed and the bedroom door, was a figure in flesh and white. It was the blonde. She was sitting in a plain white chair, her lush, creamy,

was a strap. Something was moving and surging and humming on the other side of a black strap tightened between her legs.

The blonde's shoulders spasmed. Her fingers clawed the air. She jerked over and over again in the bolted down chair, her sweat-slicked skin gleaming in the moonlight.

Then Kerry lost consciousness again.

When she regained consciousness she was on her back, on a mattress, in this sunshine filled room, the blonde was on the impaling pole, and the bastard was inside her again. But there was still nothing she could do about it. Her body was strapped down. There was a thick, wide collar completely covering her throat, forcing her head back. Her mouth was stuffed so full with something rubbery that her cheeks bulged out over the seemingly cement pad which covered her lower face from ear to ear to chin to nostrils.

There were black straps on either side of her neck which adhered to a ring between the top of her exposed breasts. More straps came from them over her chest and around her body. Straps were under her breasts and around her waist. Straps adhered her ankles to her thighs. Her wrists were strapped, her arms were strapped, her elbows were strapped. Her feet were wedged into black high heels.

She was a concurred shape on the thick padding, his hand was filled with her round, buoyant orb, and he was rutting deep inside her again.

"No," he said to the blonde. "That was for me. Yes dear?!" he cried, the fingers on Kerry's tit tightening like a vice.

"Could you come down?" they all heard his wife call.

He looked purposely at the blonde, then down at the brunette. His face was triumphant. Kerry shuddered. "Sure," he called out, his eyes locked with the brunette's deep brown ones. "Just give me a second to finish up what I'm doing here, okay?"

He started fucking Kerry like a piston as both girls tried to wail.

Downstairs, the four heard nothing. Agnes looked apologetically at Kerry's parents as her husband raped their daughter just out of their sight. "Sorry for the delay," she said sheepishly. "He'll come in a minute."

Tom gripped Kerry's beautifully smooth shoulders, exulting in the way her collarbones deepened and her vagina clamped down hot and wet. He erupted into her for the eighth time in eighteen hours, but this was the first time she actually felt it. She blinked up at the ceiling in renewed shock, her body jerking in revulsion.

"There, there," he said, finally pulling out of her. "Okay," he shouted downstairs as he reached for more straps, which lay on the floor beside the mattress. "That'll do it for now. I'll be right down."

Like a champion rodeo rider, he cinched Kerry's knees together, and then affixed her wrists to her ankles in a severe hogtie. Then he rolled her onto her stomach, reached under her torso, filled his hands with her squishy, aching breasts, and leaned over until his mouth was by her right ear.

"Gotta go help a guest find their missing daughter," he told her. Giving her chest a squeeze, he rolled around, got to his feet, hitched his pants up, and gripped the doorknob. He stopped to stare into Leesa's unbelieving, horrified eyes. "You just wait 'til our boy gets home," he promised, and then he was out of the room, leaving the door wide open.

Kerry stared at the hallway in astonishment. She heard the man go down the stairs, saying "What's up," and then the unmistakable sounds of other voices ... voices, by their very pitch and timber, of people who had absolutely no idea what was going on in this room. People who had no inkling or could even dream, in their wildest nightmare, of what had happened.

Then came the sound that Kerry recognized above and beyond this horror. She started to cry out. She started to yell. She started to scream. "Mom! Dad! Help! Oh god, please!" Only Leesa heard the noise, which sounded like a yearling being smothered. She tried to scream as well, but all she could do was moan.

Kerry tried to crawl to the open door. Her nipples felt like matches and the mattress felt like flint. Her limbs seemed made of sand. She could hardly move her fingers. Her legs cramped and her arms convulsed. Her body curled up, tears of pain spewing down her face.

Gasping, choking, drool pouring out of her nose, sweat coursing down her body, Kerry writhed onto her side, the top of her head just clearing the mattress, her

rich brown hair whispering onto the hardwood floorboards. She tried to straighten, to crawl, but the mattress held her sodden body like flypaper.

"Geez, Jim, that's rough," said Tom Brannigan downstairs. "I gave her a map to downtown and that's the last I saw her."

"Oh dear," said Agnes Brannigan. "To town, Tom? Didn't you hear the motorcycles?" Jim the cop stilled, causing the Shermans to react. "Motorcycles?" Kerry's father asked. "What about motorcycles?" Upstairs his daughter heard him, and suddenly she cringed, rolling until her head lolled over the side of the mattress. Remembering the thinking she had heard just before being dragged into this nightmare, she didn't think twice before immediately pounding her forehead onto the hardwood floor.

"Sir, I think you and your wife better come downtown with me," Jim the cop told the Shermans.

"No," Kerry's father insisted. "What is this about motorcycles? We're not going anywhere until you tell us."

For a moment all was quiet in the living room...except for a quiet, distant knocking from upstairs.

No one paid it any mind. Old houses in these parts were like that. Only Tom took a split second to look at his wife, seemingly with concern. "Better tell them, Jim," he said to the cop.

Kerry was dizzy from the new pain, but even she knew that her skull on the hardwood floor was hardly making a sound. Moaning in the back of her throat, she forced her weight to the side again, her sodden skin stubbornly sticking to the mattress material like rubber cement.

"This area is one of the safest in the country," Jim told her parents, "but...."

"But?!" Kerry's mother practically snarled. "But what?"

They were silent for a split second again. A split second in which only Tom and Agnes noticed the far off thudding sound ... like a sack of foam hitting a cushion.

Kerry was on her side on the floor between the mattress and the door. Her eyes bulged over her bulging cheeks as she tried to will herself into the hall or shriek loud enough for her parents to hear. "Dad, mom, I'm here!"

"Motorcycle gangs," Jim said solemnly.

"Motorcycle gangs?!" Kerry's father exploded.

"I'm sorry, but there was an incident a few years back...."

"Incident?" Kerry's father all but boomed. "What sort of incident?"

"A girl," Agnes said, "from town. But they never found out whether she ran away with them or they took her...!"

"What?" Kerry's father bellowed as his wife began to cry. "What do you mean, 'they never found out'?"

Agnes looked apologetically at Jim, and then them. "They never found her...."

Kerry heard it all. She had inched her head into the hall. She was screeching at them, "Shut up, shut up, don't you see what they're doing? Listen to me, please!" But her cries were all just scrambled whimpers, drowned out by her parents' rage and despair.

“Now, now,” Jim the cop was saying. “That ain’t exactly right. She never came back is all. No one could prove anything bad had happened....”

“But this gang was around here yesterday?” Kerry’s father demanded.

Jim looked at Tom and they shared a resigned acknowledgment. They had both seen the gang drive by. Images of bikers grabbing a pretty brunette teenager off a back road appeared in three people’s minds. The other two thought of the same girl between them in their bed, trying to scream or claw away as they mauled and defiled her.

Kerry rolled onto her other side, choking — trying to keep the momentum going so she could knock her knees onto the stairway banister, or to suck enough air into her mucous-stuffed nostrils to get some sound out from behind the mouth-filling, lip-crushing gags. Her back arched, tears pouring down either side of her face.

“What are we standing around here for?!” her mother all but screeched. “Get after them, now!”

“We’ll help in any way we can,” Agnes quickly interjected, but the couple were already hustling the cop away.

“Fine, fine, that’s good,” Kerry’s father said absently.

“Let me know if you see or hear anything!” Jim called to the Brannigans over his shoulder.

“We sure will,” Agnes replied, her hand on the side of the door, pushing it closed.

“Maaaaaaaaaa-ommmmm!” Kerry cried. “Ma-om, ma-om, ma-om!” Her body quaked with each attempt, her tits wobbling, each muffled cry getting louder in the hall until Leesa could clearly hear it. “Hep! Hep! Heeeeeeeee-lp!”

It still wasn’t very loud. But loud enough for the Brannigans to hear. They looked out the window of the closed door at the Shermans getting into Officer Jim’s police car. They waited until it had driven away before collecting some important impliments and slowly marching back upstairs. They each carried a small bag: Agnes a medical bag from Tom’s hospital days, and Tom a gym bag from Agnes’ school days.

Tom stood over Kerry’s sexy, shapely little body in the hallway beside the stairwell, her luxurious hair fanned out below her head. She stared up at him in total terror as Agnes moved over to the door of the room at the top of the stairs.

“I see something,” he quietly told her with a smile. “I hear something.” She heard it too. The sound of his

zipper going down. Kerry started to cry, her body shaking.

“Better gag that little filly a bit better,” Agnes commented, looking at the sweet, little brunette with appreciation, head askance.

“Oh, don’t worry,” her husband said as he kneeled



beside the petrified girl. “I’ll give the darling something to gag on all right.” He opened the gym bag to remove a girl’s u-necked, sleeveless, cut-off t-shirt, a matching cotton micro-miniskirt, and then something that looked like a hairless leather and plastic version of his own cock and balls, but with straps coming off it.

Kerry stared in confusion and dread as he held it over her moistened face. “Molded from my own member,” he said proudly. He turned it this way and that in the morning sun. “But you already know it’s not as long as in real life....”

With a motion of his head, his wife was behind the brunette, dragging up her head, and the two tore off

the gag and dragged the rubber stuffing from the exhausted, weeping girl's mouth. She just managed to get out some small shrieks before she was gurgling on the pink prod he was forcing into her mouth.

"There, there," Agnes cooed, holding Kerry's head up and back by her hair. "Take it in, dear. Just be glad it's this and not something else...."

"I've been wondering," Tom grunted as he pushed and twisted, forcing the back of her neck onto it, "how to keep you bitches' quiet, when it occurred to me. A penis-prod is not enough. You got all that air in your cheeks to play with. But not if my balls were in your mouth, too...!"

With a turn, he pushed one of the leather-covered balls into one of Kerry's cheeks. Her eyes widened, already sensing that it was some sort of steel-strong rubber which bulged the side of her face. Then he pressed down on her tongue with the penis-prod and poked the other ball into her other cheek, where it popped into place.

Kerry sobbed with disgust, her head going back, but Agnes was already tightening the straps brutally beneath her hair. Appallingly, it rammed into place as if made to measure. The balls were in her cheeks and the penis prod held down her tongue and filled her mouth. The drool started immediately. Almost as soon as the brunette realized her new predicament, Agnes dropped her head and stood.

Kerry fell back, wailing, her chest jiggling, as Tom fell on her. His wife shook her head as if to say "men will be men," then stepped into the room at the top of the stairs. She looked behind the door, smiling at what she saw.

"Well, hello there Leesa. Miss me?"

The beautiful blonde cringed, choked, and cried as her tormentor approached, and the wire around her throat tightened.

"Oh, dear, oh dear," Agnes clucked. "Look at your poor neck. And your glorious yellow beaver. Oh, you poor thing. Well, we must do something about that, mustn't we?"

The old woman went to the closet and opened the door. Leesa stared at the rack of corsets — especially the bright red one the old woman removed. It made the one she was wearing look positively loose.

Leesa started to beg as Agnes reapproached. The woman pulled over the padded bench of a make-up table to set the corset and doctor's bag on, then started unclipping the blue/black corset Leesa already wore.

"No need to thank me, my dear," she said mildly, ignoring the true meaning of the blonde's sounds. "We just have to get you ready, that's all. Your one true love will be home soon...."

Leesa started to yell, but the wire grew taut and her hysteria was choked off.

"Now don't get too excited, dear. Everything'll be all right if you just take it easy." Agnes admired the girl's unblemished alabaster skin as well as her firm yet curving shape. But then she started to fit the new, red corset around her, and all Leesa could do was grunt ... until there wasn't even enough air left for that.

A few minutes later, Agnes stepped back into the hall, her mouth open to call Tom, but she shut her lips to

watch approvingly. Her husband had the little brunette standing at the end of the hall. Actually she was leaning over forward, her head precariously close to the front window, her hands tied behind her, and her wrists affixed to her waist with more rubber-coated wire. Her legs were free, for all the good they did her.

She was now wearing the microminiskirt and midriff-exposing tee, along with the high heels, although you couldn't call any of it concealing. Tom's hands were up in the shirt, gripping her hanging breasts, while his cock was up the skirt, rutting her from behind. His own legs kept hers spread. As desperate as she was to fall or run, she was like a sex doll in his strong arms.

She was trying to grunt, but with the cock'n'balls gag in her mouth, all she could do was hum. And drool. The drool splattered out of her mouth like a leaky faucet, her drenched lips working furiously. The stuff coated her chin, splattered her chest and soaked into the shirt.

"Let's treat it like a wound," Tom grunted, still thrusting into the captive's sex. "Hand me the gauze pad and the bandages, huh?"

"Hand you nothing," his wife chided, grabbing the stuff but walking by him. "You keep at it." She, herself, carefully placed the pad over Kerry's moaning mouth, then wound the bandage tightly around it and her head as Tom held the girl's hair up. When she finished, the brunette's lower face was tightly sealed and the saliva was just beginning to darken the tan elastic.

Tom returned his hand to Kerry's tit, and kept fucking her up the ass. "What can I do for you?" he grunted.

"Thought I needed a little help," Agnes said quietly, watching him work on the debilitated brunette. "But now I don't think so. You just finish the job, hear?"

"Hear," he said, grinning wickedly, grinding Kerry's fine tits in his fingers while rhythmically and repeatedly impaling her. Agnes watched as the girl's face got perilously close to the window again and again, her hair tapping it over and over. Yet as she yearned for it, Tom expertly held her back.

Finally he gripped her tits as if trying to pop them, dragged her back to the wall, shoved his cock up into her as far as it would go — forcing her up on tiptoes — and cannoned into her again.

Even before her shoes hit the ground, Agnes was there, strapping the girl's ankles and knees as Tom pulled down the shirt to just cover her aureoles and the skirt to just cover her creamed tuft.

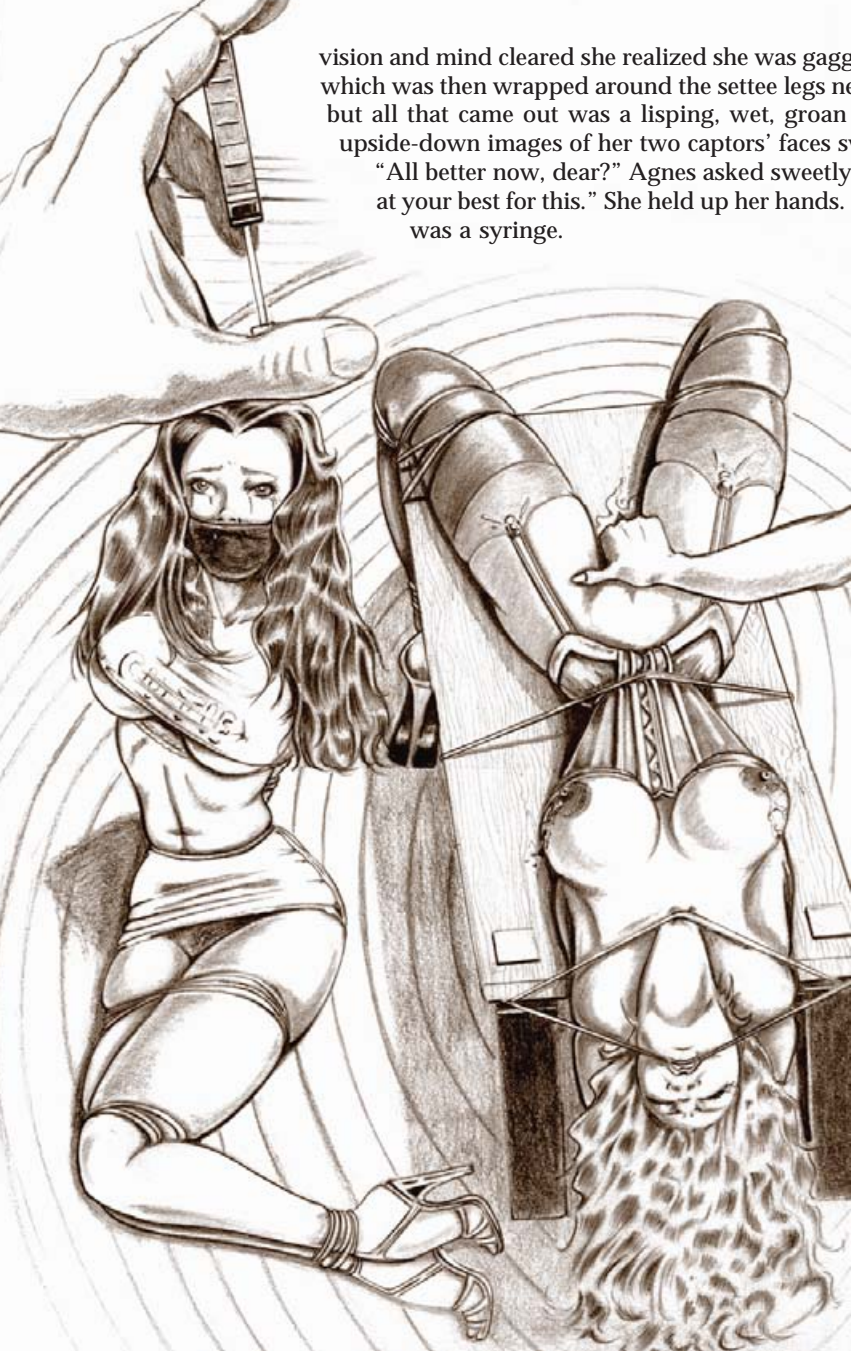
"That's what you get, bitch," he whispered to her in lieu of nothing. Then he started to wrap her eyes with bandage as Agnes held her quaking body.

They both dragged her into the room where Leesa stood unsteadily, her eyelids fluttering. Agnes had lifted her off the impaling pole, but she had done it by the waist of the new corset. Between that and the noose, the blonde could barely breathe. Normally 34-23-33, the red monstrosity made her 36-21-32, her legs appearing all the longer for it, and her breasts bulging out the sides of the demi-cups which held onto them like a clamp.

Pushing Kerry onto the floor, Tom immediately had his pocket knife out and snapped the noose wire. Leesa all but dropped into his arms, and he all but dipped her onto the cushioned bench, back-first. Both the husband

vision and mind cleared she realized she was gagged with rope deep between her teeth, which was then wrapped around the settee legs nearest her neck. She tried to complain but all that came out was a lisp, a wet, groan of pain. She blinked again and the upside-down images of her two captors' faces swam into view.

"All better now, dear?" Agnes asked sweetly. "That's good, because we need you at your best for this." She held up her hands. In one was a med-bottle. In the other was a syringe.



Leesa started to panic, but all the old woman did was walk away from her head to kneel by her side. Leesa's panic was distracted for only a moment when the man knelt by her. He had no pants on and his cock pointed at her accusingly.

"Now don't worry," he said soothingly, one hand cradling her chin as the other reached over to massage her left breast. "This won't hurt much. It's actually quite therapeutic, I'm told." Leesa started to wrench her body when she felt her nipples being swabbed with cold liquid. "Now, now," Tom said with added steel, gripping her shoulder. "You see this?" Agnes said tightly, bringing the syringe down into Leesa's view. "It's sharp as a razor, thin as a hair. If you stay still, it'll be fine. But if you move...."

Leesa froze in place, blinking, her eyes getting wet.

"Come now, dear," Tom urged, caressing her face again. "You know we're saving you for our boy. You know we wouldn't do anything to hurt you...."

Tears poured from the blonde's blue eyes, blinding her.

"It's just a little number called Lactaid, honeybunch," Tom explained as his wife loaded it up from the med-bottle. "The peat-titted girl's best friend. We just used it in the maternity ward to encourage milk production, but I

quickly realized it had a most interesting side effect... now freeze, honey, don't move a muscle...."

Agnes gripped Leesa's left breast and with a deft move, sunk the needle directly into the center of the girl's nipple.

"Don't move, don't move, don't move...." Tom told her. She felt the intrusion sinking deep and deeper into her breast, but then the old woman's thumb depressed and a strange feeling of warmth began to spread across her chest.

"Now the other one," Agnes said, and Tom was there, clamping Leesa's mouth shut with one hand while squeezing her left tit with the other. Agnes reloaded the syringe and repeated the expert injection. Tom watched, seemingly hypnotized, as the hair-thin needle slowly disappeared into Leesa's tit. Agnes pressed the plunger and then both abductors seemed to sigh and lean back.

and wife went to work on her without a word, both knowing instantly what was to be done.

Within minutes, Leesa's eyes began to blink instead of flutter, and she realized she was laying on the banquette, her legs dangling over one end from the knees down, and her head dangling over the other, her flaxen mane sweeping the floor. Her ankles were tied to the bench's legs, her knees wide. Her arms were up over her head, her wrists together, pulled back behind her head and affixed to the bench's legs there.

Her waist was roped to the bench and more cords secured her torso over and under her breasts. She realized that between the position, the bondage, and the corset, her chest was bulged and thrust as high as they would ever go, her nipples like two pointers at the ceiling.

She tried to raise her head to see them, but there was a tearing pain at the sides of her mouth. When her

Leesa began to blink again, and again, feeling the warmth turn into a churning heat. Both her captors watched as it seemed to have an almost immediate effect. Leesa's breasts began to tighten, as if slowly being inflated.

They daredn't touch them until the effect of the drug was complete, but Agnes reached down to cup the blonde's tuft with one hand. Tom held her shoulders while his erection waned in her face, brushing her murmuring, gasping lips.

"There now," he soothed, stroking her throat and combing her hair with his fingers. "That's better, isn't it?" His wife's middle finger hooked, slipping into Leesa's vagina. Her forefinger sunk between the blonde's vaginal lips, pressing the clit.

"How long?" the woman asked softly.

"Best to give it all night," her husband quietly replied. He noticed some excess jism on the end of his cock. He

casually painted Leesa's wrenched open lips with it, as if it were lipstick. Agnes began to stimulate the groggy, drugged girl in earnest. The blonde was soon moaning, her lovely body practically throbbing on the settee.

Her unconscious reaction was getting Tom hard again, but he had already gone too far by toying with her mouth. This was not his girl. This was his son's one true love, right?

He looked away ... directly at the body of the sexy little brunette on the floor not five feet away from him. He could see the bottom of her tits hanging out under the shirt, and how sexy the rest of her looked in the blindfold, gags, micromini and heels.

"Got any of that Lactaid left?" he asked huskily, holding his hand out as he moved toward Kerry's prone form. "Hand it to me, will you?" ■

To be continued

On day four, the state police get involved in the search for the missing Sherman girl, and sonny boy finally comes home from college. But where is Kerry and Leesa?

NEW!

This is a **DIRECT LINE** to send us your comments.

Now you can tell us your likes and dislikes and what you want to see in the next episode of any Fansadox story. Your comments will be appreciated.



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HINES' HORROR PRISON

THE PARTY IS OVER AND THE GOOD-HUMOURED GUESTS GO BACK TO THEIR HOMES. THE YOUNG CAPTIVES ARE SHUT UP NAKED IN THEIR CELLS...

COMMANDER ANGIUSTIAS, NO LONGER OBLIGED TO ACT THE ATTENTIVE HOST, GOES TO CELL 23. A YOUNG AMERICAN WOMAN IS WAITING FOR HER, A REDHEAD.

YOU ARE VERY COLD, SLAVE - I'M GONNA WARM YOU UP!

NO! PLEASE! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

UGHHH..! STOP IT PLEASE..! NOOOO!

THAT'S IT, SLAVE ... DON'T STRUGGLE OR YOU'LL MAKE IT WORSE FOR YOURSELF. JUST CRY LIKE A BABY, IT EXCITES ME...

WHACK

WHEESH
WHACK

WHIP
WHAP

PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

YES... YOU WILL LITTLE ONE...



START BY KISSING ME ON THE MOUTH...C'MON, LICK MY TONGUE



AND NOW ALL OVER... SOCK THOSE TOES CLEAN...



YEAH... YOU'VE DONE IT RIGHT, CUNT... NOW LET ME THANK YOU... OH DEAR, I LOVE THOSE TITS!



OWWW...! EEEEE..!

HINES' HORROR PRISON

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)



NOW, BITCH, YOU MUST BE HUNGRY...HERE, PROVE YOUR LOVE FOR YOUR MISTRESS....


PLEASE MISS... DON'T... I BEG YOU... NO...




YEAH... THAT'S IT... YOU'RE MAKING ME FART, GIRL... DON'T DARE TAKE THAT TONGUE OUT, WILL YOU?

C'MON NOW, KISS MY ARSEHOLE ... LICK IT... I WANT THAT PINK TONGUE WELL IN...

HINES' HORROR PRISON



I WANNA HEAR YOU SWALLOWING ALL MY JUICES... UNDERSTAND?



YEAH... IT IS COMING... GET ON YOUR BACK, GIRL, YOU'RE GOING TO EAT YOUR MISTRESS' SHIT... DON'T REFUSE OR I'LL BURN YOU ALIVE... AND DON'T THINK I'M JOKING!



OPEN THOSE PRETTY EYES, SLAVE AND LOOK AT WHAT'S COMING...

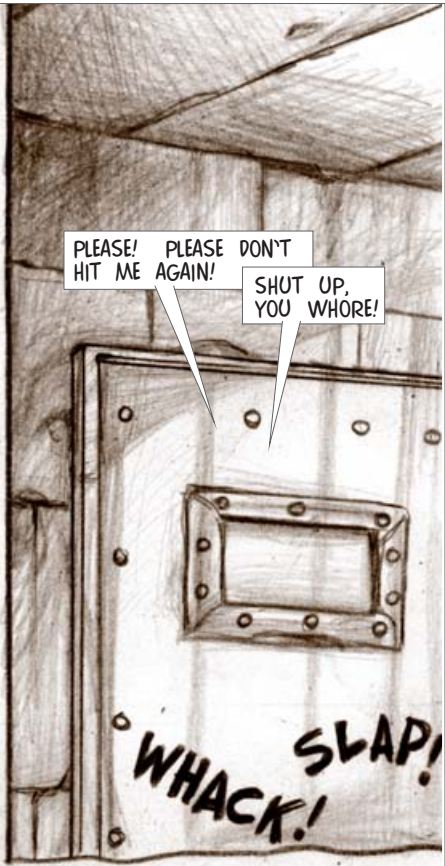


O YEAH... OPEN THAT MOUTH AND LICK IT... YEAH... ISN'T A NICE TURD

AND WHILE THE COMMANDANT BEGAN TO EMPTY HER BOWELS, SLOWLY, TAKING PLEASURE IN THE PITIFUL GAGGING SOUNDS OF HER YOUNG VICTIM, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE PRISON WARDEN PEDRO ENTERED CINDY'S CELL...



YES, GIRL, THAT'S IT - OPEN WIDE...EAT THAT FIRST ONE SLOWLY, IT'S TASTY



PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!

SHUT UP, YOU WHORE!

WHACK! SLAP!



WE'RE BOTH HERE FOR A GOOD FUCK!

SLAP!



C'MON, STAR LICKING AND DO IT NICELY...



NOW SUCK IT...
AND DO IT
HARDER BITCH!

SLURPS
SLURPS

SLURPS



YOU DID IT, WHORE... YOU
MADE ME HORNY AS HELL...
NOW BOTTOM UP!



BETTER GET USED TO PEDRO'S BIG COCK,
GRINGA. YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF IT...

OH, GOD! IT HURTS!
STOP IT!!! PLEZZZZ!!

WARDEN PEDRO ALSO HAD ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR HER YOUNG VICTIM, WHO COULD HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING...!
TO BE CONTINUED

YAKUZA

SLAVEGIRLS

#6

ENOUGH OF THIS!! YOU WORTHLESS WHITE PIG!!
I'VE SEEN BETTER IN HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER
ROOMS!! PUT THIS WHORE ON HER FEET!!



ROBERT S

I'M GOING TO HANG YOU BY YOUR WHITE
TITS AND CANE YOU UNTIL YOU CAN
REMEMBER HOW TO FUCK AND SUCK



SHOT
HER
UP!!



NOO!!!

UUUUUUU!!!...NNNN!!!

SHUT UP WHORE!!



UUUUUGGHHH!!!!



WHITE PIG! SLUT!! USELESS CUNT!!



LET'S SEE WHAT THESE BIG ROUND AMERICAN TITS CAN TAKE!!

NN-NNN!!



HANG THE BITCH UP!!

NNN!! PLSS!!!

UUUUUU!! UUUUUUU!!

SUCH A FINE
YOUNG ASS!!
SUCH A SHAME TO
MAKE IT RED AND
BLOODY NOW!
LET THE BITCH DOWN
FOR NOW...
ON HER TOES!!!

YOU TWO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND MAKE SURE TAKASHI HAS THAT LITTLE BROWN-HAIRED SLUT SUCKING COCKS CORRECTLY NOW!!

UUUHH!!! PLSSSS!!! NNNNN!!!

YES MASTER!



YOU ARE MAKING ME LATE FOR A GREAT PARTY, BITCH!!!

UUUUUUUUUHHH!!!



MAYBE IF YOU SCREAM ENOUGH, MY DICK WILL GET HARD FOR YOUR ASS



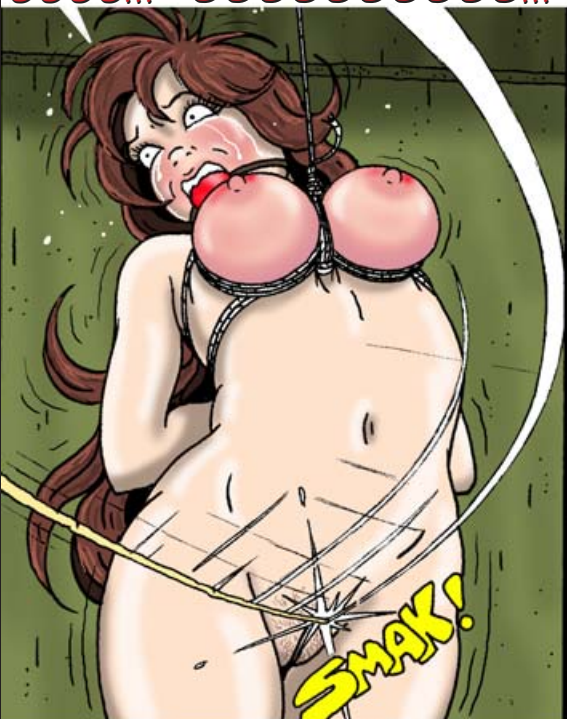
AT LEAST THEN YOU ARE WORTH SOMETHING

UUUUHH!!!!



SWAT!

UUUU!!! - UUUUUUUUUUUUU!!! UUUUUUUUU!!!



SMAX!



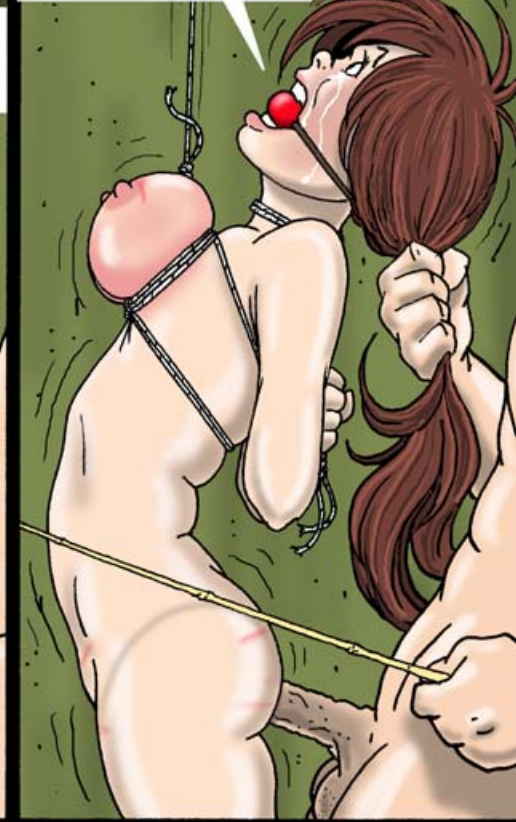
HA HA HA!! THAT'S IT!

CRACK!

UUUUUUU!!! PLSSS!!! NN-NNNN!!!

UUUUUUUUUU!!!

OH YES, ROUND-EYED CUNT!
I'LL ASS-RAPE YOU AND
LEAVE YOU HANGING THERE!!



MASTER SATO-SAN SAYS THIS YOUNG PUSSY NEEDS
MORE HARD COCK SHOVED DOWN HER THROAT!!



WE CAN'T SELL AN
UNTRAINED COCK
SUCKING SLUT!

TO BE CONTINUED