

# FANSADOX

19

**THE BLACK VAN  
YAKUZA  
SLAVEGIRLS**

by **ROBERTS**

**THE CABIN**  
by **Zerns**

**DESERT SLAVES**  
by **Cagri**

**THE New!**  
**TRAINING  
HOUSE**  
by **THORN**

**Hines**  
**HORROR  
PRISON**

**Paul**  
**MATERNAL  
BLACKMAIL**

**D'**  
FANTASY  
adults only

# Fansadox 19 contents

cover - Roberts

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# THE BLACK VAN

C'MON, BITCH! LET'S GO!!!

YES! WELCOME TO OUR  
NEW PARTY HOUSE!!!  
JUST FOR YOU CUNTS!!

MMMPPHHH!!!

DON'T WORRY SLUT!! I'LL  
BE RIGHT BACK FOR YOU!!



NOW THE REAL FUN STARTS!!!

NNN!!! NN-NNNN!!!



GET IN THERE, CUNT!! I WANT YOUR NAKED LITTLE ASS TIED UP GOOD!!!

UUGHH!!!NNN!!!



OOO, YES...!!

I LOVE BIG, SOFT TITTIES!!! MAAAA!!!

OH YEAH I WANNA FUCK THAT POLICE SLUT IN HER BIG ASS!!!



SO? GET HER!

HERE CUNT! WATCH YOUR FRIEND GET RAPED!!!

I TOLD YOU, BITCH!!!

NNNNNN!!!  
SSSTPPP!!!!

GIVE MY SWEET  
YUNG PUSSY  
A FUCK SHOW  
TO WATCH!

UNN!!!

I'M GONNA STUFF YOU  
FULL OF HARD COCK!!!

AND THIS WILL HELP YOU  
PAY ATTENTION WHILE  
I'M GONE!! HA! HA! HA!

~~~~~!!!!!!!!!!!!





**OOOOOOWWW!!!!**

THERE! A GOOD CONNECTION!



**GDD!!NN-NN!!  
PLSS!!! DNNT!!!!**

WE DON'T WANT YOU TO GET BORED WHILE I'M GONE!! HA HA HA!!!



**UUUU..UUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!... UUGKKK!!!**

THERE NOW, YOUNG PUSSY!! YOU CAN WATCH YOUR BIG-TITTIED BITCH FRIEND GET RAPED WHILE I'M FUCKING THAT POLICE CUNT TO DEATH!! AND PLAY 'TRY TO STAY ON THE SEAT WITH 110 VOLTS THROUGH YOUR CLIT!!!

**HMMMM!!**



I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR

**UUUUU!!!!!!  
PLSS!!.. UUGKK!!  
UUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!**

**HMMMM!**



**MMPHH!!!**

DON'T UNPLUG HER UNLESS SHE FAINTS!! AND MAKE THIS ONE SCREAM!!



**UUUHHFFF!!!**

OH, THERE'S GOING TO BE A LOT OF SCREAMING HERE TONIGHT ...A LOT!!!

**UUUUUUU!!!! STPP!!!  
PLSSSS!!!! UUUU!!!!  
UUUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!**

**HMMMM!**



**MMPHHH!!!  
NNNNNN!!!!**

**UU... UUGK!!!!  
UUUUU!!!!**

I'M GONNA GO MAKE THAT COP SLUT SCREAM FOR HER LIFE!!! WITH MY DICK INSIDE HER!!! HA!!

NOW YOU'RE IN MY JAIL, COP CUNT! MY PRISONER!! I'M GONNA RAPE YOUR NAKED FUCKING ASS, RIGHT NOW!!



NNNNNN!!!!..STPPP!!!!..NN-NNNNNN!!!

NOW SIT ON IT!!! ALL THE WAY IN!! FUCK YOURSELF, BITCH!

UUUUUH!!!!..NNNNN!!!!!! PLSS!!!  
UUUU!!!!..UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!



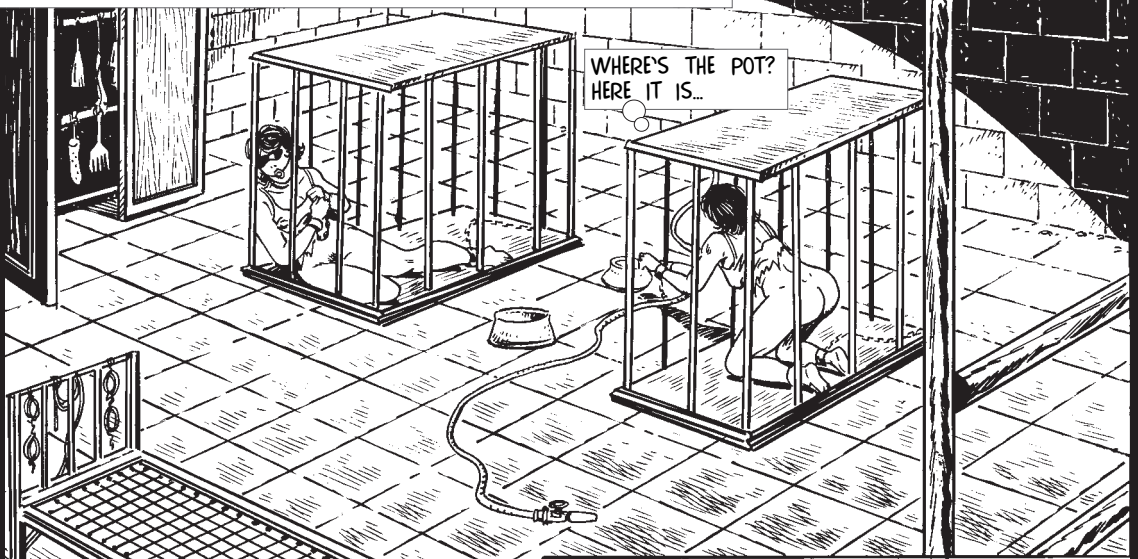
TO BE CONTINUED

# Maternal Blackmail

PAUL  
Episode 3

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...

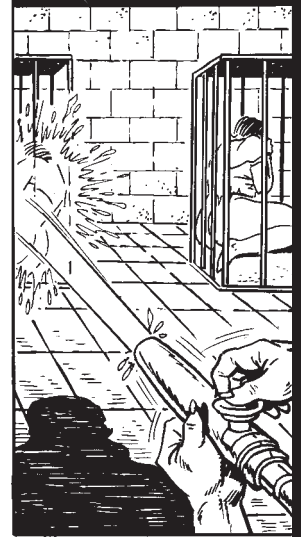
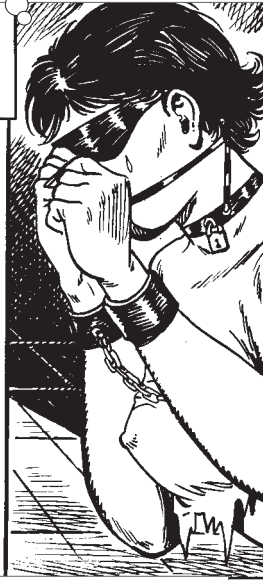
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE DUPOND'S OWN HOUSE...



OH NO! HE'S COMING BACK...

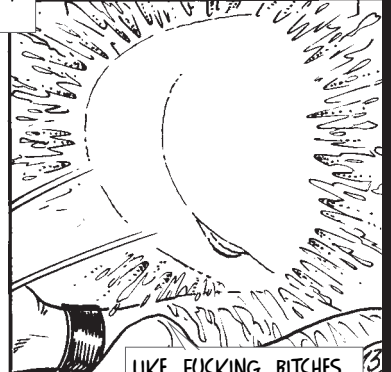
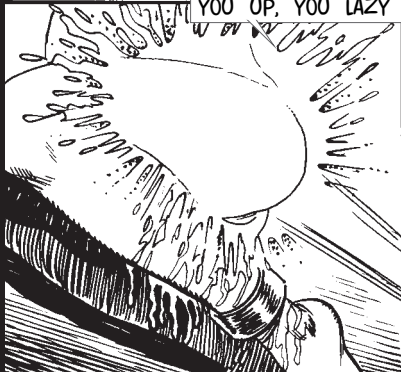
GOOD MORNING, LADIES. TIME FOR A MORNING SHOWER!

CHRIST, THIS IS EMBARRASSING...



COLD, IS IT? IT'LL WAKE YOU UP, YOU LAZY CUNTS!

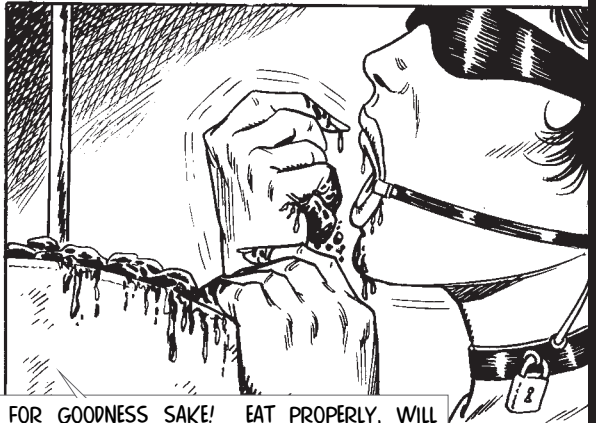
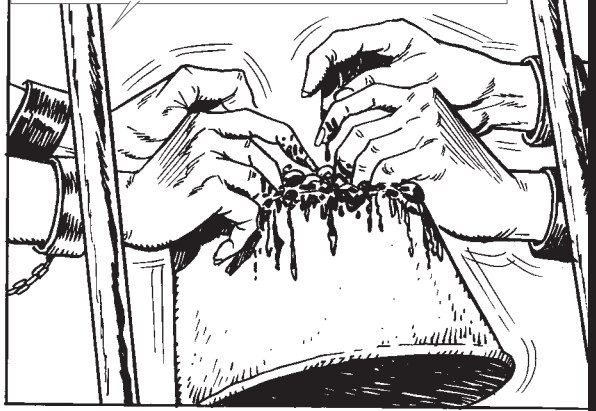
YOU'RE GROSS! YOU DO IT ALL OVER YOURSELVES...



AND YOU'LL EAT LIKE BITCHES. YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO EARN YOUR FOOD HERE.

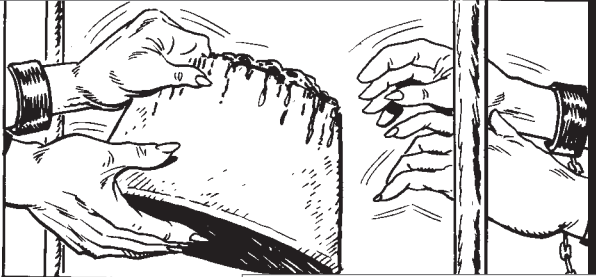


LOOK AT THEM FIGHTING OVER THE ANIMAL FEED! YOU WOULDN'T THINK THEY WERE SISTERS!

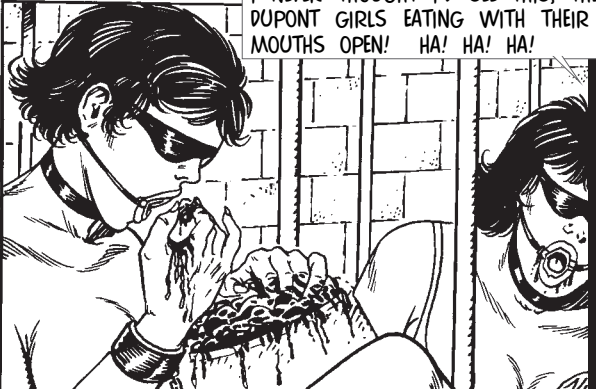


FOR GOODNESS SAKE! EAT PROPERLY, WILL YOU! WHAT SHOCKING TABLE MANNERS!

THAT'S ENOUGH! YOU'LL EAT IT ALL! LEAVE SOME FOR YOUR LITTLE SISTER, SHE'S HUNGRY.

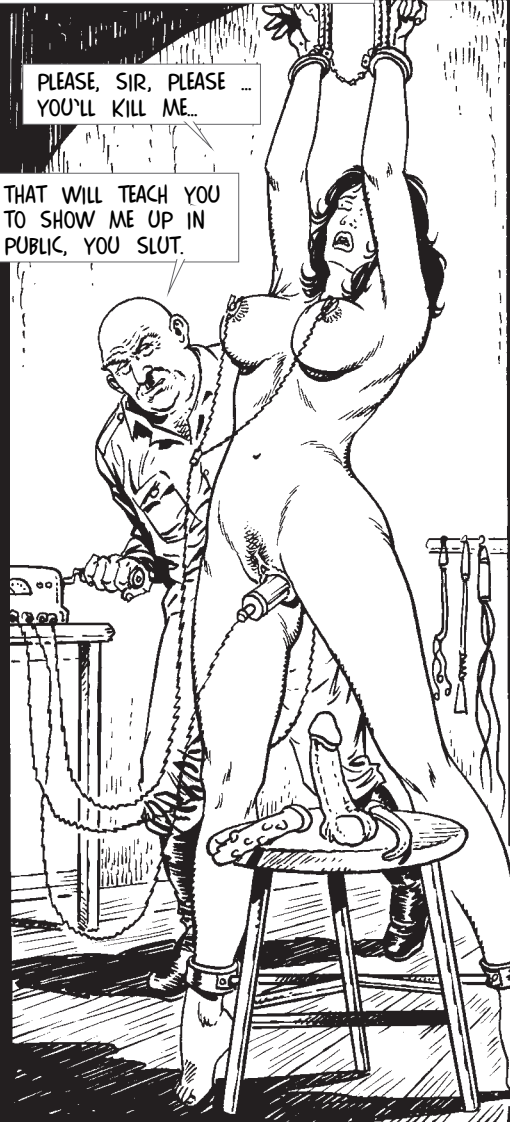


I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THIS, THE DUPONT GIRLS EATING WITH THEIR MOUTHS OPEN! HA! HA! HA!



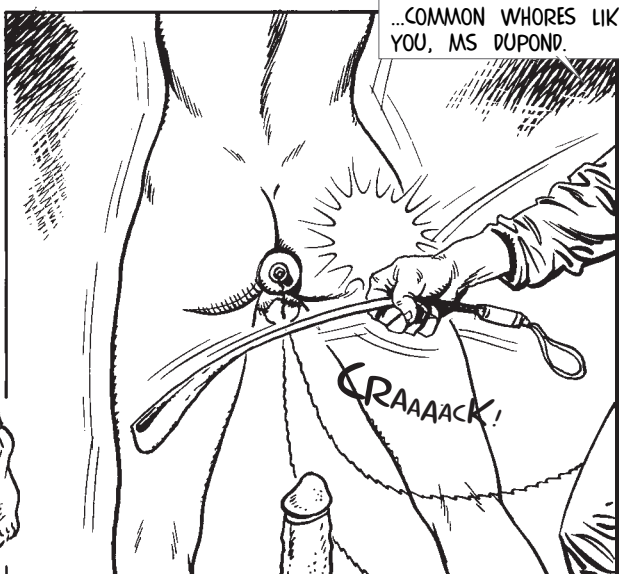
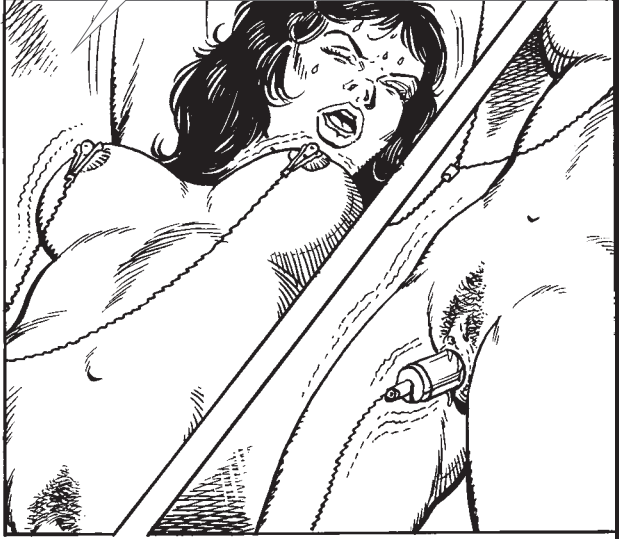
MEANWHILE, IN MOSQUITO MARSH...

THE BERMUDEZ ARE GOOD, CHARITABLE FOLK. THEY'VE ALWAYS SPONSORED THIS PRISON FOR LOST WOMEN...



PLEASE, SIR, PLEASE ... YOU'LL KILL ME...

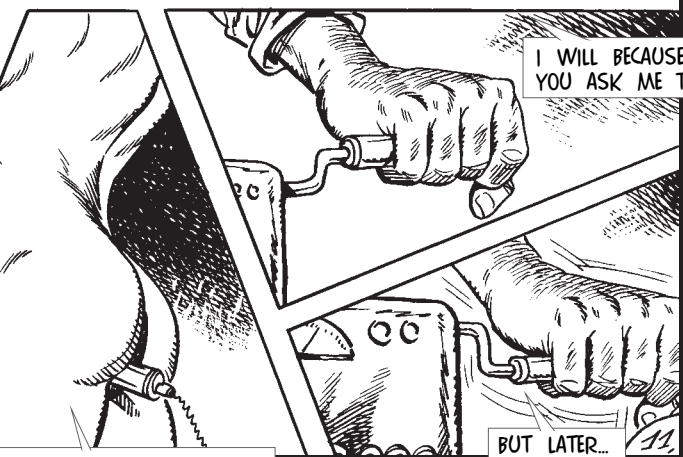
THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO SHOW ME UP IN PUBLIC, YOU SLUT.



...COMMON WHORES LIKE YOU, MS DUPOND.

CRAAAACK!

NOW TELL ME SOMETHING. DO YOU WANT ME TO FUCK YOU, OR NOT?



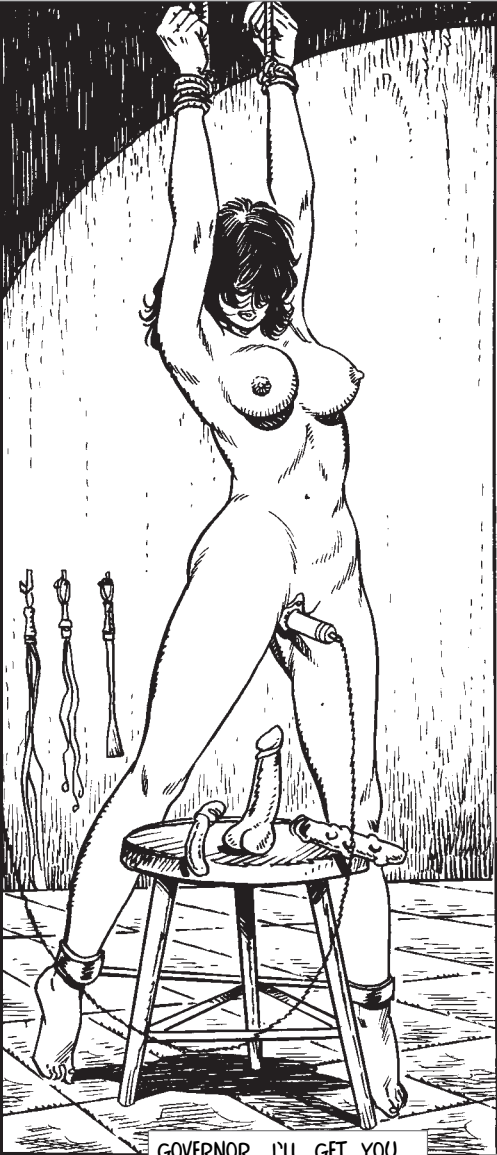
I WILL BECAUSE YOU ASK ME TO...

BUT LATER...

YES ... PLEASE ... FUCK ME, SIR, PLEASE... EVERYTHING...

IN THE MORNING, MRS DUPOND WAS MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE AFTER AN INTERMINABLE NIGHT TORTURE...

WAKE UP, YOU WHORE...

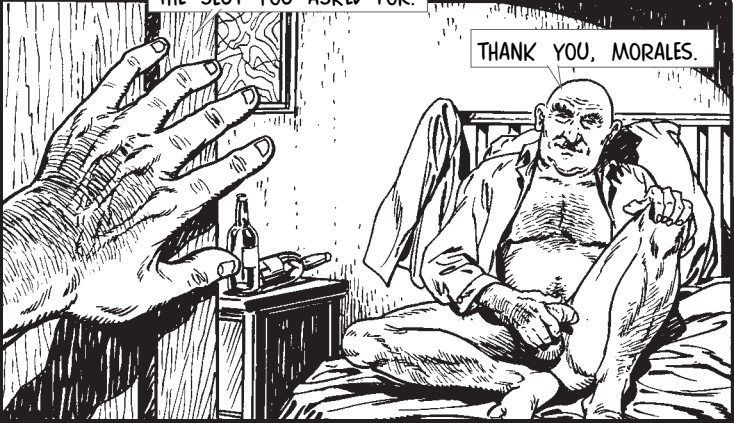


YOU'VE GOT A BUSY MORNING AHEAD OF YOU. HA! HA! HA!

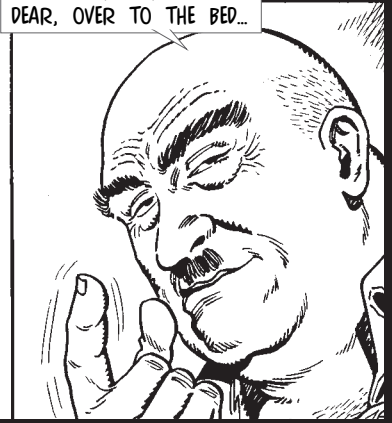


GOVERNOR, I'LL GET YOU THE SLUT YOU ASKED FOR.

COME OVER HERE MY DEAR, OVER TO THE BED...

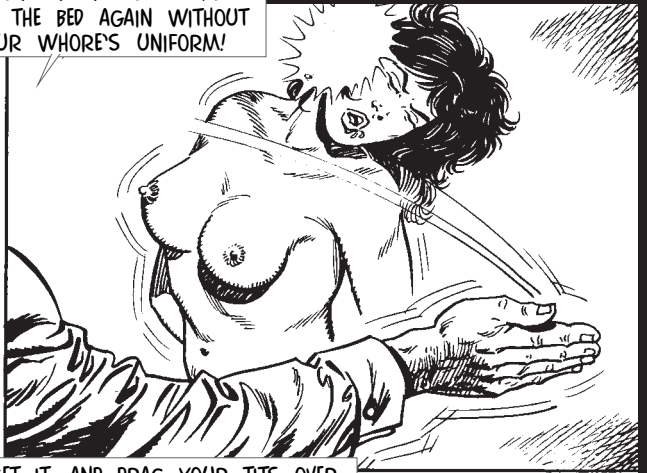


THANK YOU, MORALES.



DON'T DO THAT AGAIN,  
YOU DUMB SLUT!

I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU  
ON THE BED AGAIN WITHOUT  
YOUR WHORE'S UNIFORM!



GO AND GET IT, AND DRAG YOUR TITS OVER  
THE FLOOR LIKE THE FUCKING BITCH YOU ARE!



HMMM... AND NOW GET  
YOUR JUICE FLOWING



I'M GOING TO PUT THIS IN  
YOUR CUNT. ARE YOU  
PLEASED, MRS DUPOND?

THERE'S A GOOD GIRL NOW. GET UP  
ON THE BED AND PUT YOUR SHOES ON..

AT THE SAME TIME, SEÑORA BERMUDEZ, AN ENVIOUS NEIGHBOUR, IS PLAYING AROUND WITH MRS DUPOND'S DAUGHTERS...



OVER HERE. YOU'RE GOING TO DO YOUR GUARDIAN A FAVOUR...



AND YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT JUST THE WAY YOU ARE, TIED TO THE BARS OF YOUR CAGE SHOWING ME EVERYTHING...



YOU'VE GOT BIG BOOBS FOR YOUR AGE... AND THEY'RE NICE AND SENSITIVE TOO...



I'M SURE IT WON'T BE NECESSARY. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AREN'T YOU?



I COULD CUT THEM OFF WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS IF I WANTED TO. WHO WOULD STOP ME?



NOW GET YOUR FACE STUCK IN THERE, AND STICK YOUR BITCH'S TONGUE OUT...

HARDER! LICK ME! UGH! NOOOOW! YES!

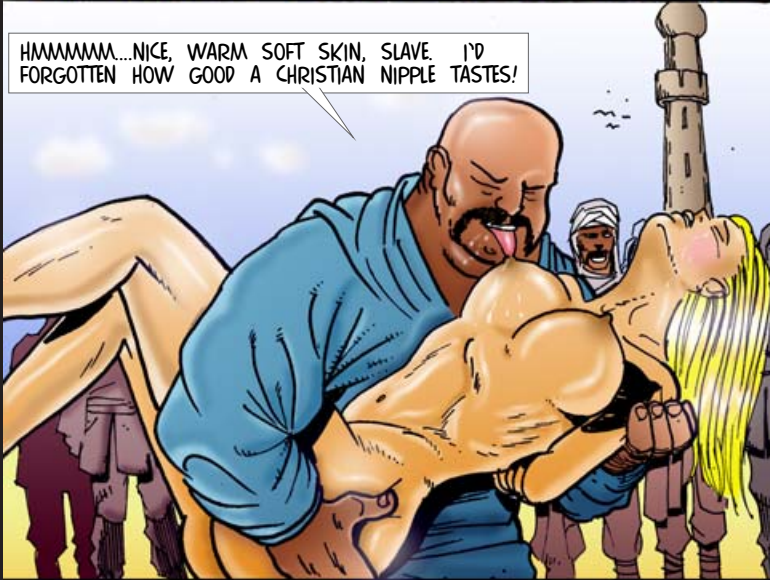


AGH! YES, LICK ME THERE, RIGHT IN THERE, LICK ME, LICK ME...

CHRIST! SHE'S A DIRTY LESBIAN!

TO BE CONTINUED

# SLAVE CARAVAN 2nd episode by cagri

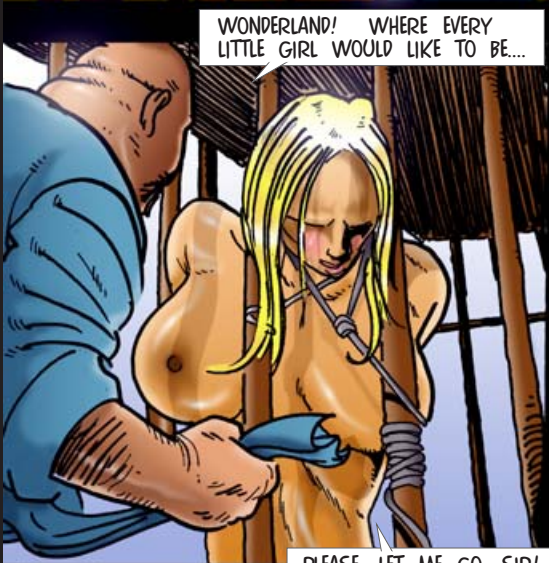


HMMMMMM...NICE, WARM SOFT SKIN, SLAVE. I'D FORGOTTEN HOW GOOD A CHRISTIAN NIPPLE TASTES!

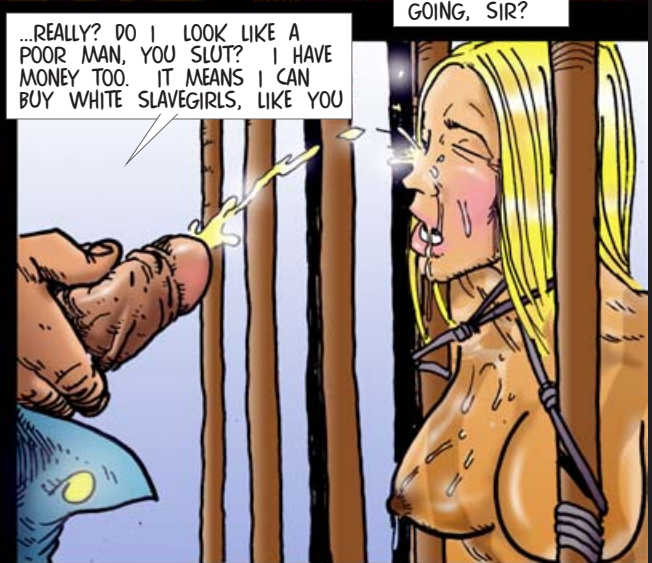


MOVE YOUR ASS INTO THIS CAGE...

WHERE ARE WE GOING, SIR?



WONDERLAND! WHERE EVERY LITTLE GIRL WOULD LIKE TO BE...



...REALLY? DO I LOOK LIKE A POOR MAN, YOU SLUT? I HAVE MONEY TOO. IT MEANS I CAN BUY WHITE SLAVEGIRLS, LIKE YOU

PLEASE, LET ME GO, SIR! MY FAMILY HAS MONEY...



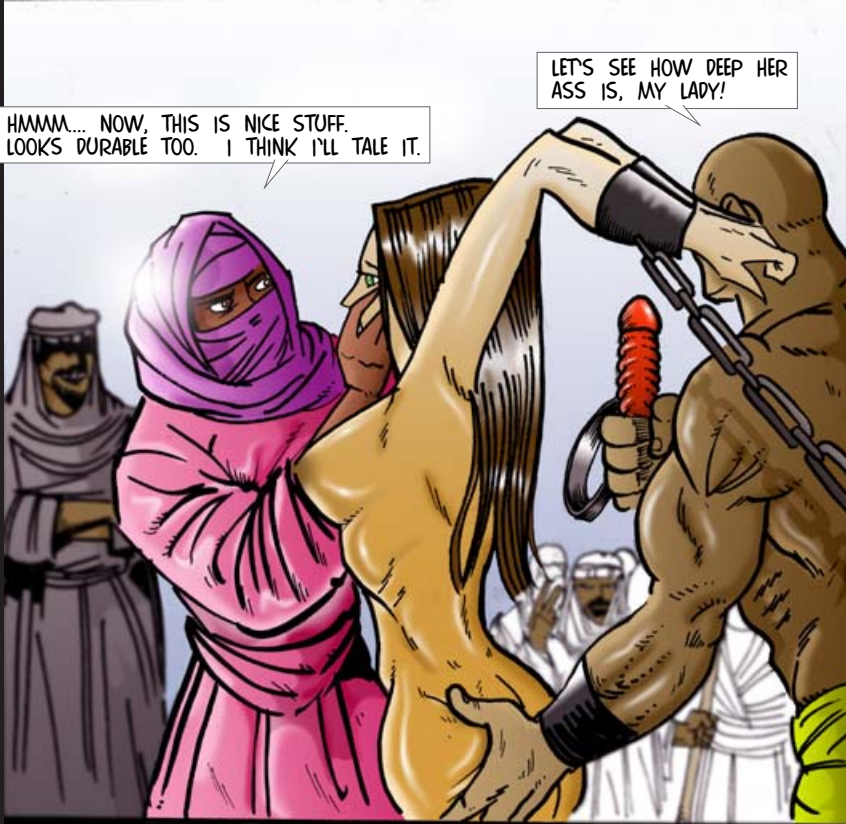
YOU'VE GOTTA LEARN TO TAKE WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, KID LIKE THIS, RIGHT IN THE FACE! YOU'LL SOON BE EATING MY SHIT TOO! HA! HA! HA!

NO... PLEASE NOOOO!!!

# SLAVE CARAVAN

HMMMM... NOW, THIS IS NICE STUFF. LOOKS DURABLE TOO. I THINK I'LL TAKE IT.

LET'S SEE HOW DEEP HER ASS IS, MY LADY!



PUAKHH!

PLEASE! IT HURTS! PLEASE!

NOOO, SIR, PLEASE!



UUUUAAAGH!



SAVE YOUR FIRKIN' BREATH GIRL!

REALLY TIGHT! AND A GOOD DEEP CRACK AS WELL!



YOU'LL HAVE TO FART THROUGH YOUR MOUTH PONY! HA! HA! HA!

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# SLAVE CARAVAN

NOW SHOW ME YOUR BOOBS, GIRL. I BET THEY'RE REALLY SENSITIVE, RIGHT? YOU SEE THIS?

PLEASE YOU HURT ME... WHAT'S THAT FOR?



SHHHH! I'M GONNA TEACH YOU TO OBEY ME, RIGHT FROM THE START...



UUUUGH!

THAT'S BETTER. I'M GOING TO CONTROL YOU BY THOSE BIG WHITE TITS, SLAVE...

AAARGGGH!



READY FOR THE RIDE, SNOW PRINCESS? NICE NAME, EH?



MMMMMMAGH!

I'M GONNA GET SOME OF THIS ASS WHILE IT'S STILL ALIVE AND TWITCHING!



LET ME KNOW WHEN THE NEXT AUCTION IS

OF COURSE, MY LADY!



IF YOU DON'T RUN FAST ENOUGH, OR IF YOU FALL, I'LL FLOG THE SKIN OFF YOU, IS THAT CLEAR?

UUUGH!

WHEN CAN I RIDE THE NEW PONY, MY LADY?

WHEN WE GET HOME, JAMAL! YOU MUST LEARN TO BE PATIENT

LET'S GO!

OK M'LADY!

GIDDY UP, PONY... GIDDY UP!

**SMACK!**

ARRRGGGGGHHHH!!!

SLASH!

FASTER, SLUT!!!

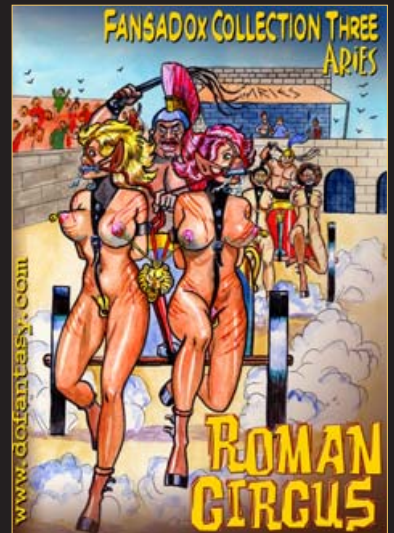


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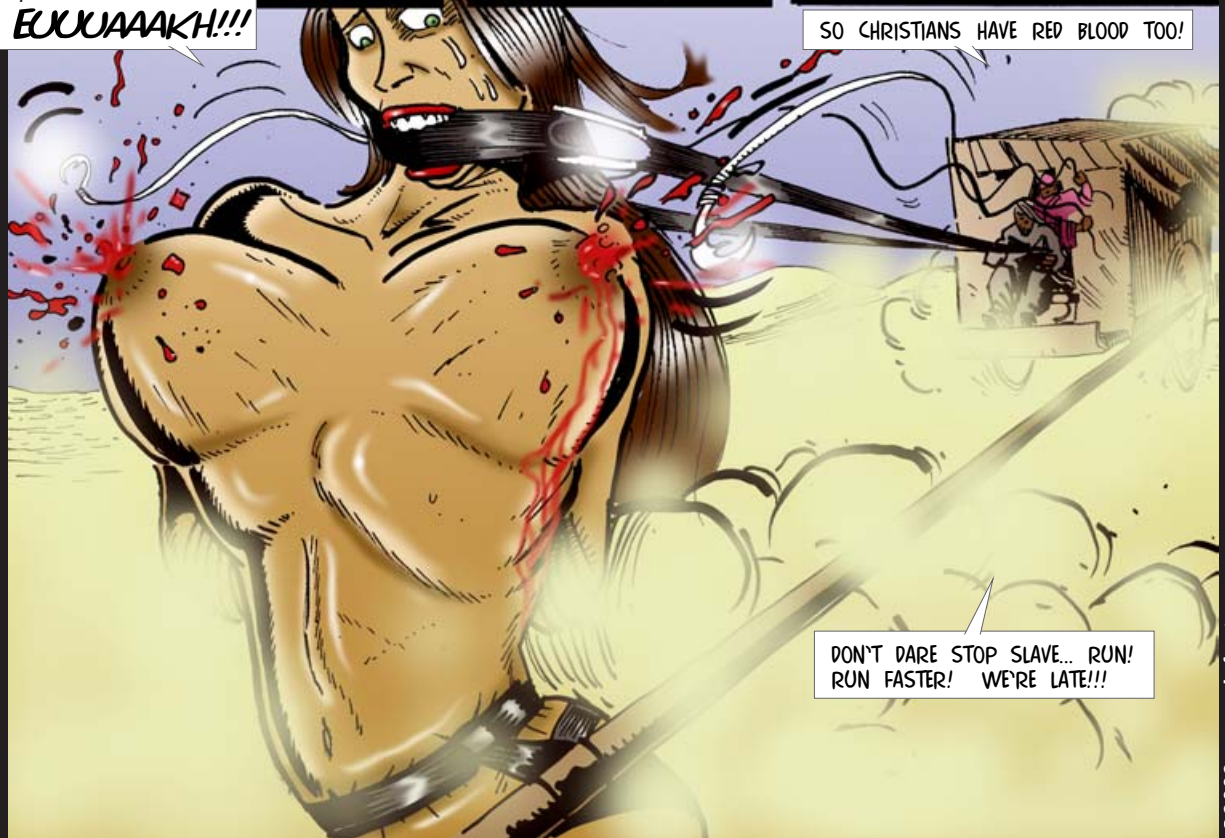
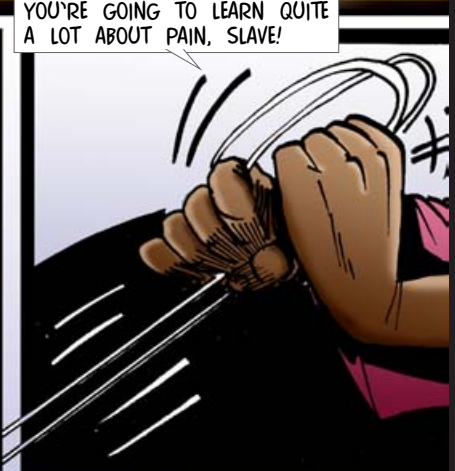
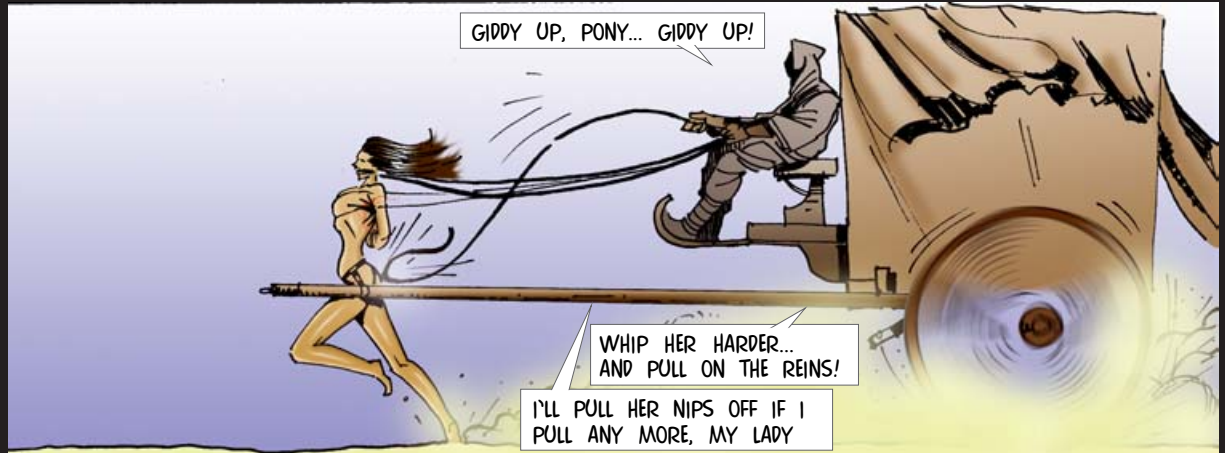
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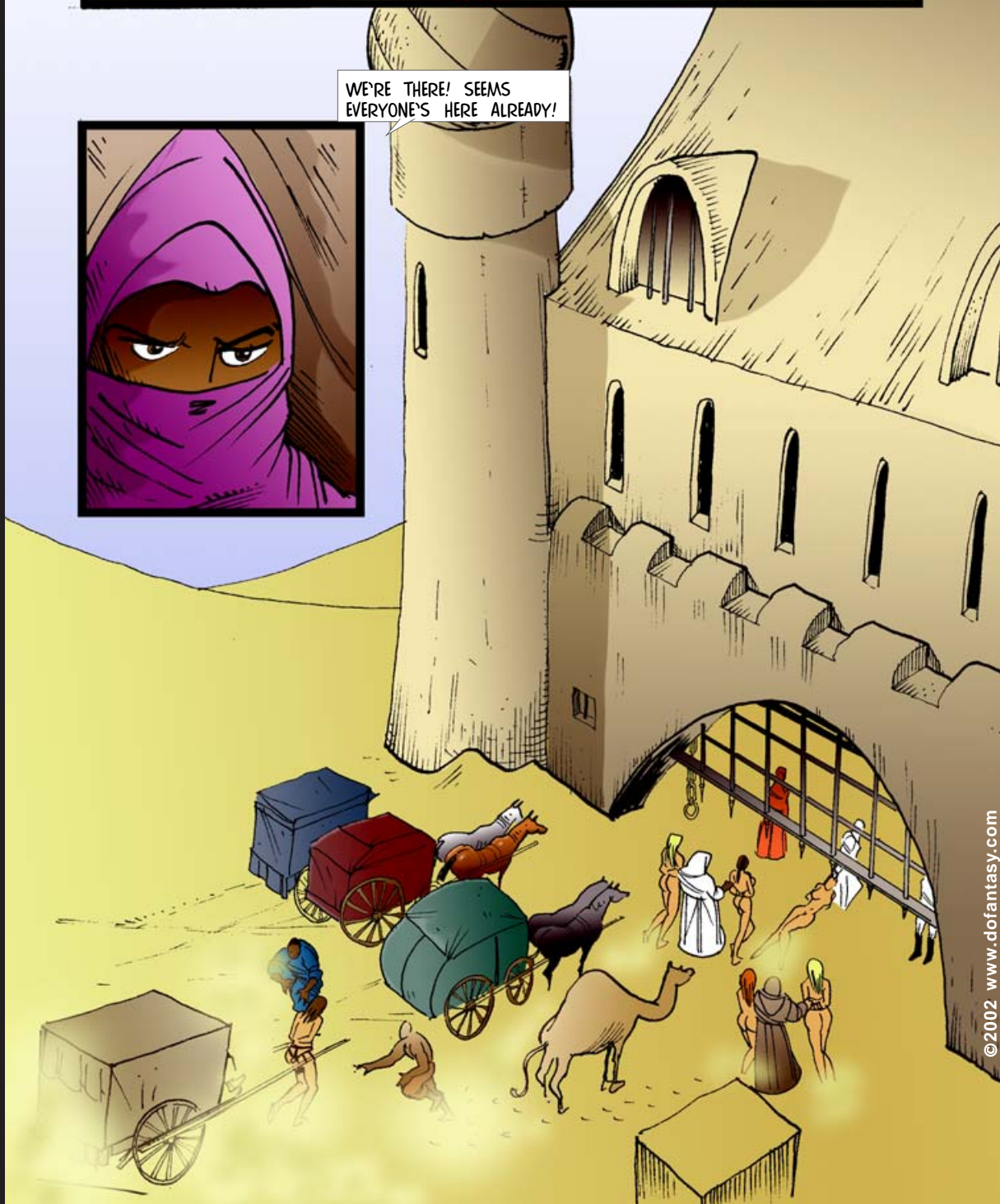
# SLAVE CARAVAN



PONY'S ABOUT TO  
FAINT, MY LADY!

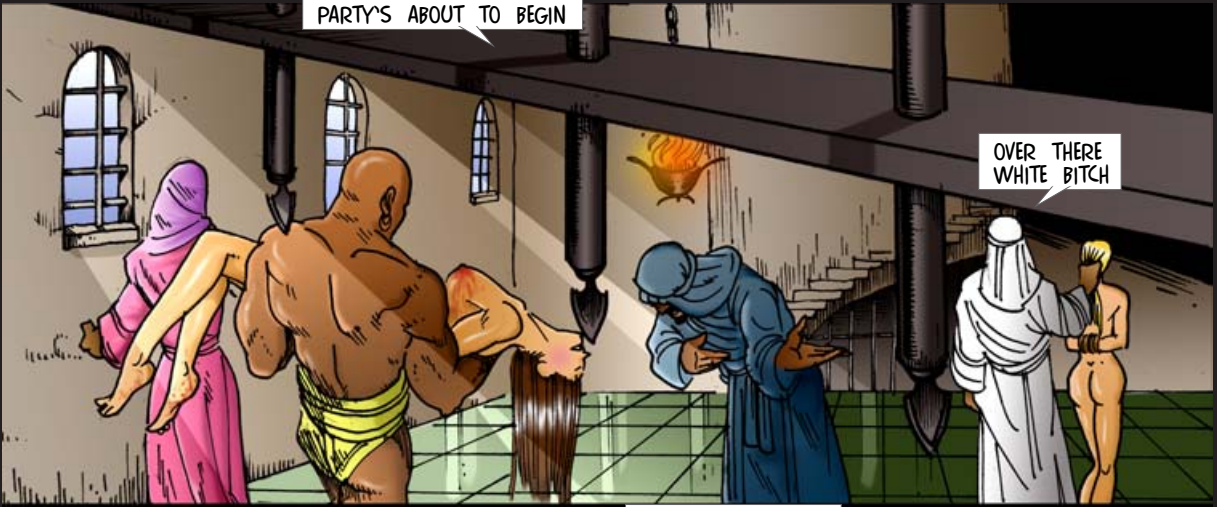


WE'RE THERE! SEEMS  
EVERYONE'S HERE ALREADY!



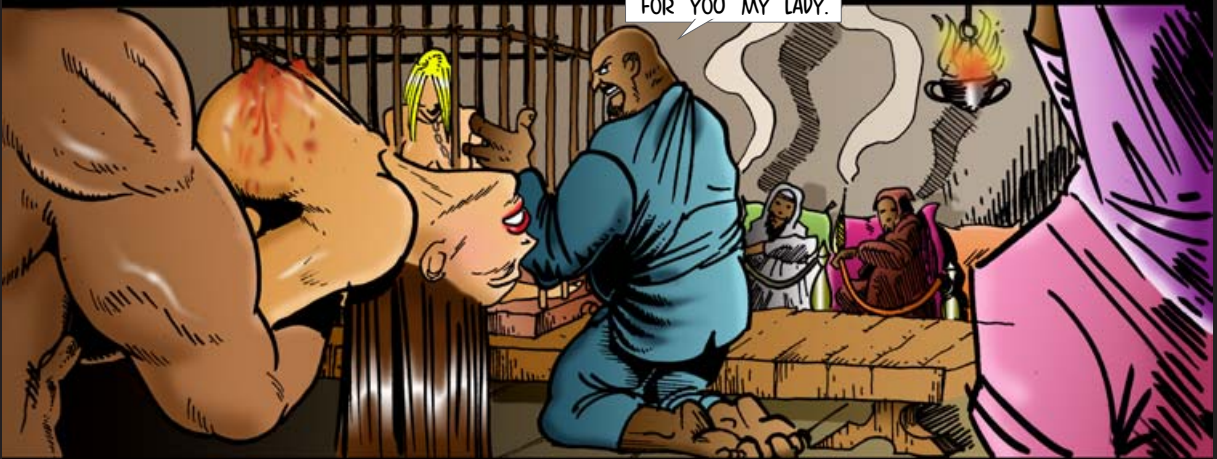
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WELCOME, MY LADY! THE PARTY'S ABOUT TO BEGIN



OVER THERE WHITE BITCH

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU MY LADY.



COME HERE, YOU SLUT!

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, MY LADY, I'LL START WITH THIS ONE

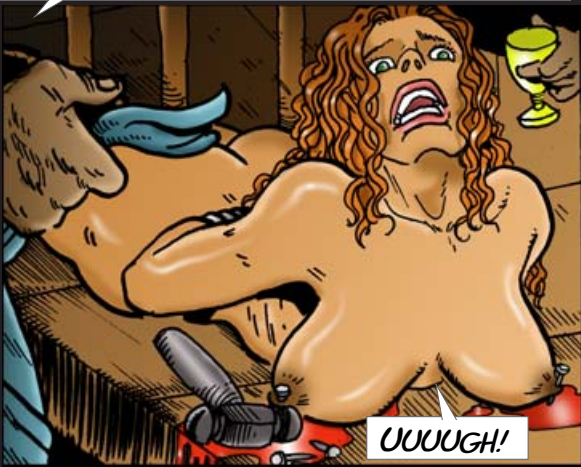
Nooooo!



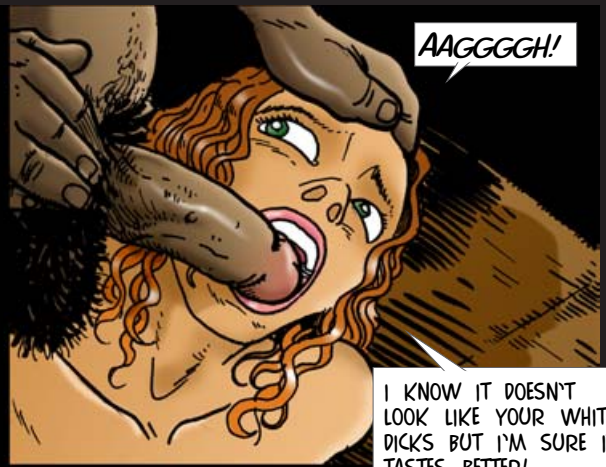
NOOO, SIR ... PLEASE!

I'M GONNA FUCK YOUR FACE, REDHEAD, AND I'M GONNA EMPTY MY BOLLOCKS DOWN YOUR THROAT...

IT'S NOT POLITE FOR A LADY TO FLOP HER TITS AROUND IN PUBLIC! NO AT HER COMING-OUT BALL! HA! HA! HA!



UUUUGH!



AAGGGGH!

I KNOW IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOUR WHITE DICKS BUT I'M SURE IT TASTES BETTER!

FRIGHTENED ARE WE? COME HERE AND LET ME CHEW ON YOUR LIPS. GIMME SOME TONGUE NOW ... AND SWALLOW A BLACK'S SALIVA...

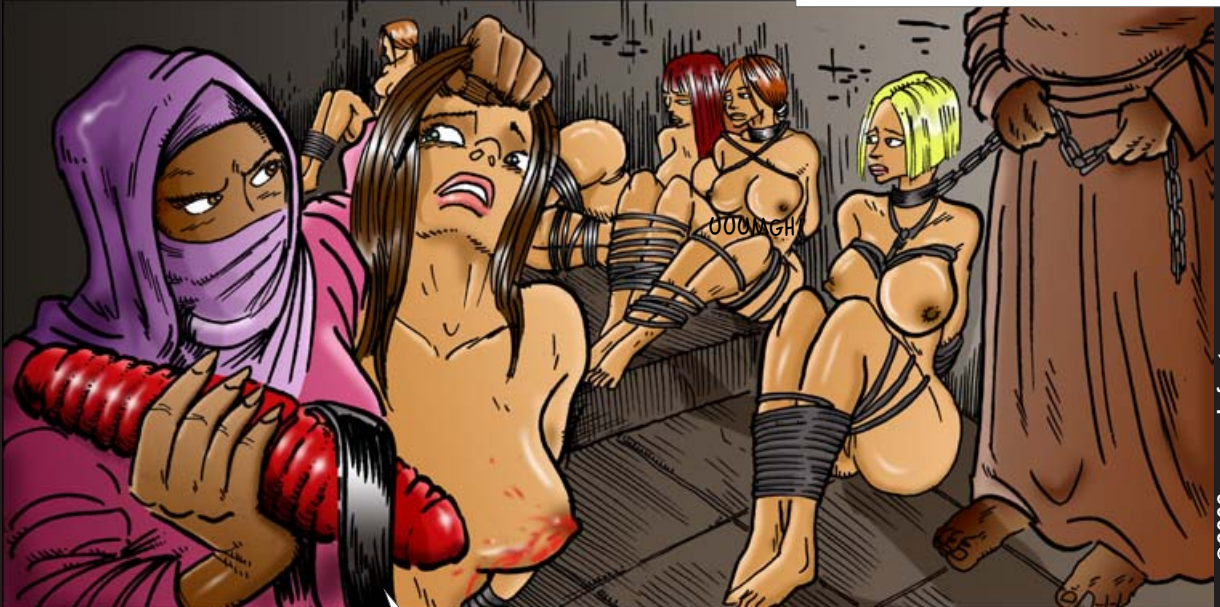


SLURP! SLURP!



IT HURTS, SIR, PLEASE!

YES! THAT'S WHAT I CALL ASS, REDHEAD. IS THIS THE FIRST TIME ANYONE'S BEEN UP HERE? HARD TO BELIEVE...



OOUMGH!

JABBAR CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO TURN ME ON! COME HERE, YOU BIG SLUT, IT'S OUR TURN NOW.

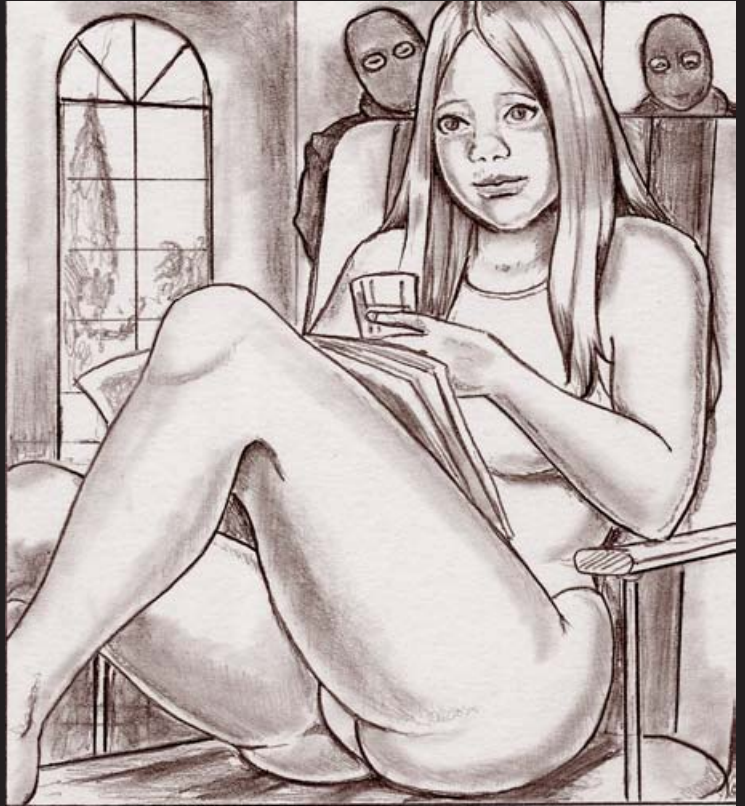
TO BE CONTINUED

# THE TRAINING HOUSE

ROBIN BEDDOWS SITS RELAXED AND IN GOOD HUMOR BY HER STEPFATHER'S SWIMMING POOL. SHE HAS TURNED EIGHTEEN AND IS ABOUT TO INHERIT HER LATE MOTHER'S FORTUNE. ALTHOUGH MOST OF HER TIME HAS BEEN SPENT AT AN ALL-GIRLS BOARDING SCHOOL, FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS, SHE HAS BEEN IN THE CARE OF HER STEPFATHER. NOW THAT SHE'S A WEALTHY YOUNG WOMAN IN HER OWN RIGHT, SHE HAS PLANS TO LEAVE. HER STEPFATHER IS A MAN SHE HAS NEVER LIKED, AND LATELY SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN AN UNPLEASANT INTEREST IN HER, THAT APPEARS TO BE ANYTHING BUT FATHERLY.

SO ROBIN IS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE FUTURE AND A NEW LIFE OF INDEPENDENCE, BUT UNBEKNOWN TO HER OTHER PLANS HAVE BEEN MADE; PLANS THAT ARE ABOUT TO UNFOLD AS TWO MASKED FIGURES CREEP UP BEHIND HER...

by Thorn



MORNING PRINCESS!



MMFFFFFFF!!!

SHE'S NEARLY OUT; I'LL GET THE VAN ROUND



LATER...



WAKE UP!!! IT'S TIME TO WAKE UP YOU LITTLE BITCH

UGH... WHAT... WHERE AM I ... WHO ARE...?

I AM MS GROGAN. WHERE YOU ARE DOESN'T CONCERN YOU. THIS IS A PRIVATE HOUSE; SOME MAY THINK OF IT AS A CLUB, OR EVEN A VERY EXCLUSIVE BROTHEL. MOST OF OUR GUESTS REFER TO IT AS THE 'TRAINING HOUSE' - THAT IS BECAUSE GIRLS ARE BROUGHT HERE TO BE TRAINED AS THE SEXUAL PLAYTHINGS FOR OUR WEALTHY CLIENTS, AND THAT, LITTLE MISS BEDDOWS, IS WHY YOU ARE HERE.

SOME ONE WANTS YOU FOR A SEX TOY; YOU ARE TO BE HIS SLAVEGIRL, AND HE YOUR MASTER. WE DON'T TOLERATE DISOBEDIENCE HERE AND WE CAN DO WHATEVER WE WANT TO YOU - EVEN FUCKING KILL YOU, OK?

LET'S HAVE YOU ON YOUR FEET, YOUNG SLAVE!



OH...GOD NO, THIS IS CRAZY... YOU CAN'T DO THIS... PLEASE. I HAVE MONEY; I'M WEALTHY. I CAN PAY YOU; I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE.

VERY TEMPTING, UNFORTUNATELY SLAVES DON'T OWN ANYTHING. NOT EVEN THAT SWIMSUIT YOU'RE WEARING... STRIP THAT SLAVE MAX!



OH NOOOO!!! YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS, YOU CAN'T BE... IT'S MADNESS... LET ME GO...



OH GOD NOOOO!!!

TIME TO SKIN THE BUNNY

A NATURAL BLONDE AND A VERY PRETTY BODY. I'M GOING TO ENJOY TRAINING YOU, GIRL

OH DON'T... PLEASE DON'T OOOH NOOO!

PLEASE...I'M NOT LIKE THAT

EEEEEEK!!!!  
NOOOOOO!!!

HUMMMM. A RESPONSIVE CUNT... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN YOU AND ME...

I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT YOU'RE LIKE, IT'S WHAT I'M LIKE THAT MATTERS

YOU'VE GOT A NICE, RIPE CUNT  
DOWN THERE GIRL. MAX, TAKE THIS  
SLAVE, WASH HER AND SHAVE HER

ROBIN IS SHOWERED... A VERY COLD ONE



AARGGGH!

THIS'LL COOL YOUR HOT  
LITTLE CUNT DOWN, SLUT

SCRUBBERD...



UUGGGGH

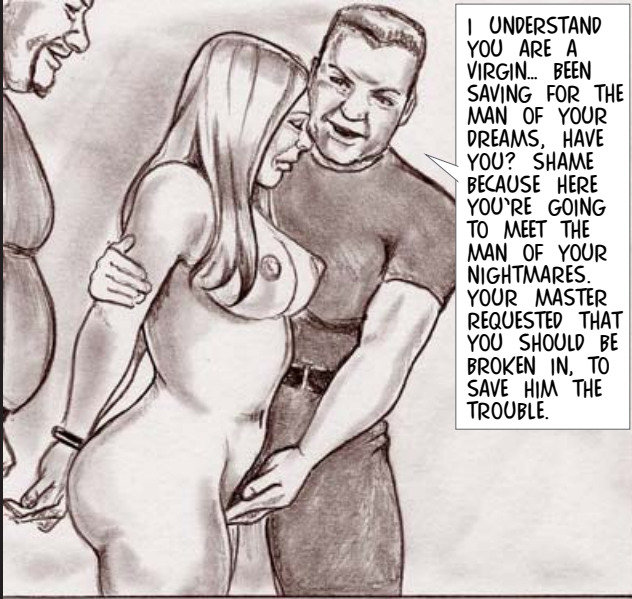
AND SHAVED...



PITY YOUR MASTER GETS TO HAVE FIRST GO AT YOU. WITH A  
BODY LIKE THIS, YOU'RE JUST ASKING FOR A GOOD FUCKING

KEEP NICE AND STILL NOW. IT WOULD BE SHAME  
IF I WERE TO SLICE THIS LITTLE CLITT OFF...

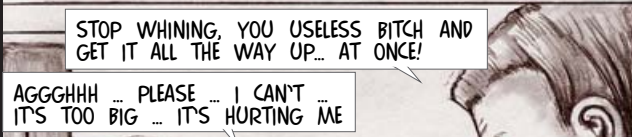
SO WE HAVE A NICE SURPRISE FOR YOU. A BIG RUBBER COCK TO STICK UP YOUR CUNT



I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE A VIRGIN... BEEN SAVING FOR THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS, HAVE YOU? SHAME BECAUSE HERE YOU'RE GOING TO MEET THE MAN OF YOUR NIGHTMARES. YOUR MASTER REQUESTED THAT YOU SHOULD BE BROKEN IN, TO SAVE HIM THE TROUBLE.



OH ... OH NO OH GOD NO



STOP WHINING, YOU USELESS BITCH AND GET IT ALL THE WAY UP... AT ONCE!

AGGGHHH ... PLEASE ... I CAN'T ... IT'S TOO BIG ... IT'S HURTING ME



UUGGGGH!!!

COME ON GIRLIE, PUSH DOWN HARD AND GET IT UP!



GET IT RIGHT UP AND FUCK YOURSELF!

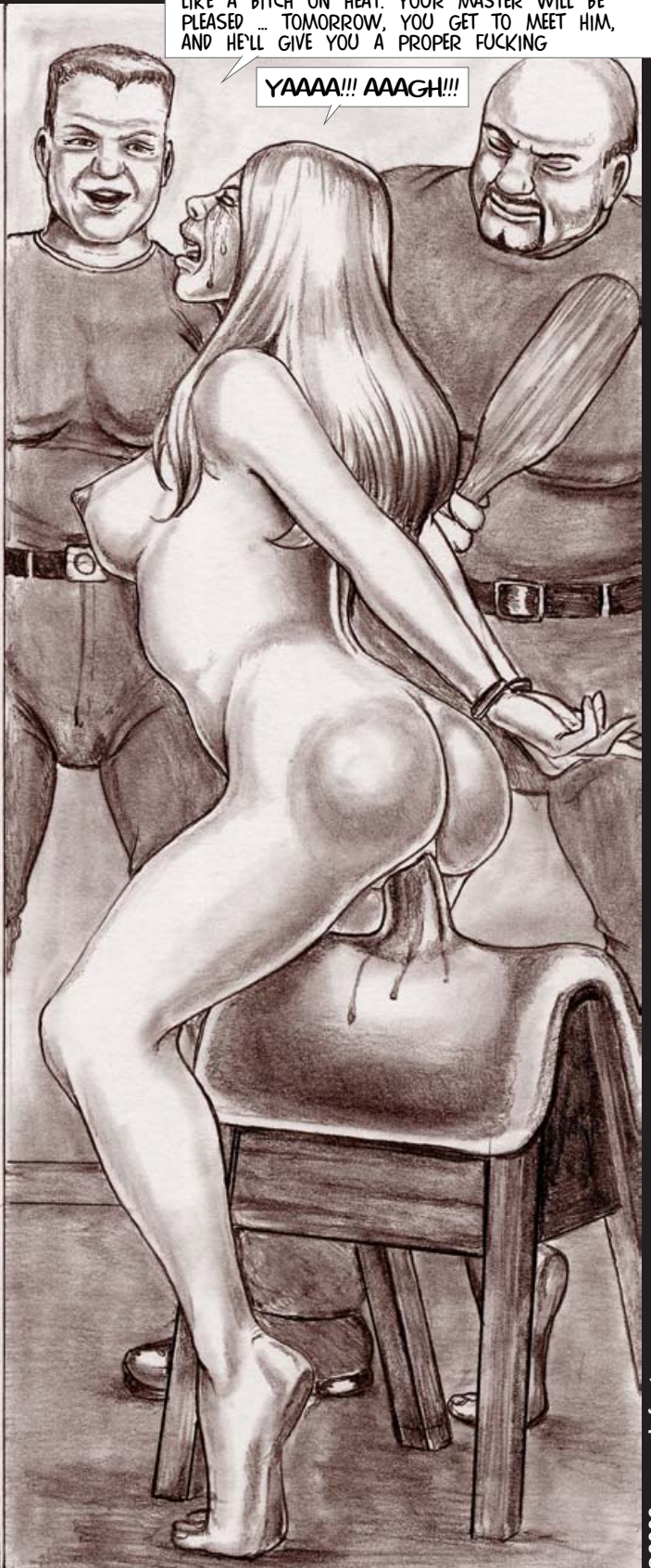
THAT'S POPPED HER CHERRY ... VIRGIN NO MORE ... NOW GET YOUR ARSE MOVING AND FUCK YOURSELF PROPERLY UNTIL YOU COME

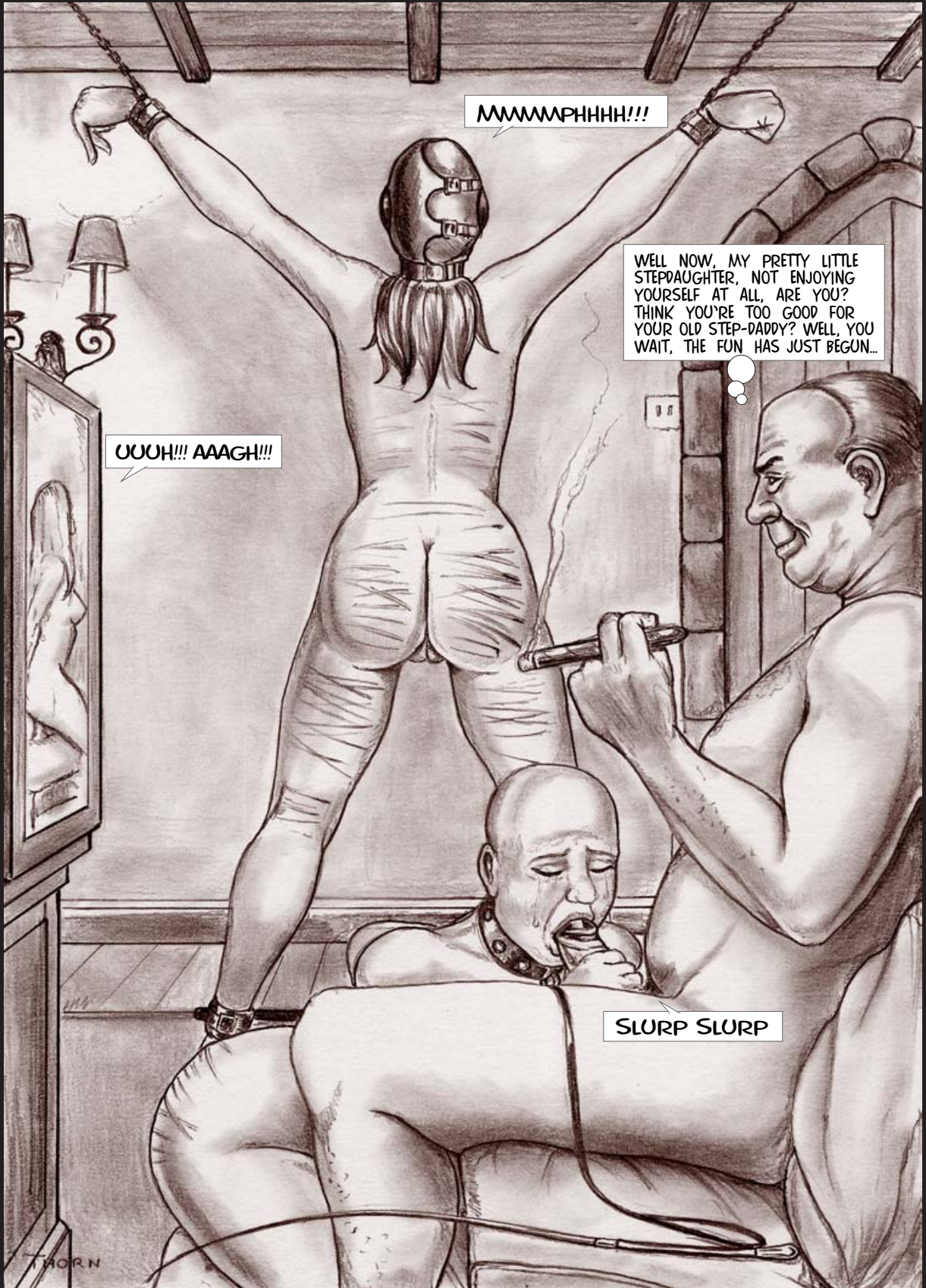
OOUH!!! OOUH!!! AAAGH!!!!



LOOK AT THE LITTLE CRY-BABY GO, SHE'S FUCKING LIKE A BITCH ON HEAT. YOUR MASTER WILL BE PLEASED ... TOMORROW, YOU GET TO MEET HIM, AND HE'LL GIVE YOU A PROPER FUCKING

YAAAA!!! AAAGH!!!





MMMMPHHHH!!!

WELL NOW, MY PRETTY LITTLE STEPDAUGHTER, NOT ENJOYING YOURSELF AT ALL, ARE YOU? THINK YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR YOUR OLD STEP-DADDY? WELL, YOU WAIT, THE FUN HAS JUST BEGUN...

UUUH!!! AAAGH!!!

SLURP SLURP

...He stops...  
EVEN THOUGH  
HER PUSSY ACHED  
AND THE SKIN  
AROUND IT BURNED  
SHE WAS BEGINNING  
TO FEEL THE  
PULSE OF AN  
ORGASM  
COMING ON

YOUR NOT  
RAW ENOUGH  
YET.. LETS  
GO TO  
MY  
BEDROOM  
YOU NEED  
TO LEARN



BREATH  
CONTROL!

UH.. WHY.. OWW!

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ONTO THE  
BE HE  
KINGELS  
HER ..  
ROPER  
HER..

OH.. I  
TOLD  
YOU...  
PLEASE..  
DON'T  
KILL  
ME..  
OOOACH!  
TOO..  
TIGHT.



OH  
GOD!  
DON'T  
HANG  
ME!!!



HE SLIDES UNDER  
HER.. STRAPS ON ...

# THE CABIN

by ZERNS  
episode 4



A RUBBER SPIKED DICK COLOR



TRY IT ON BITCH!

ACH... I CAN'T.. DON'T..



SHE STRUGGLES FOR AIR. EVEN AS SHE IS FORCED ONTO HIS WICKED DICK.

GASP UK!! GAK..

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UH... IN A SQUEAKY VOICE SHE CROAKS. WHAT.. NO... NOT.. ON MY TITS!

ON THEY GO..



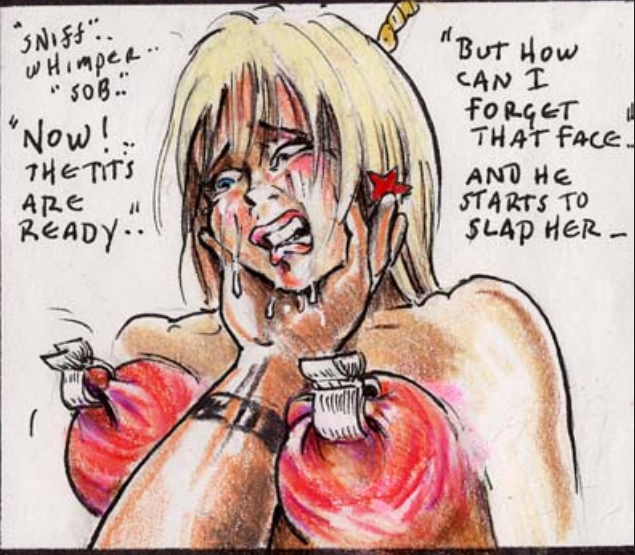
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SLAP SLAP



"SNIFF"  
"WHIMPER"  
"SOB"  
"NOW!  
THE TITS  
ARE  
READY"

"BUT HOW  
CAN I  
FORGET  
THAT FACE!  
AND HE  
STARTS TO  
SLAP HER -



"SMACK-SLAP-CRAK-SMACK-SLAP"

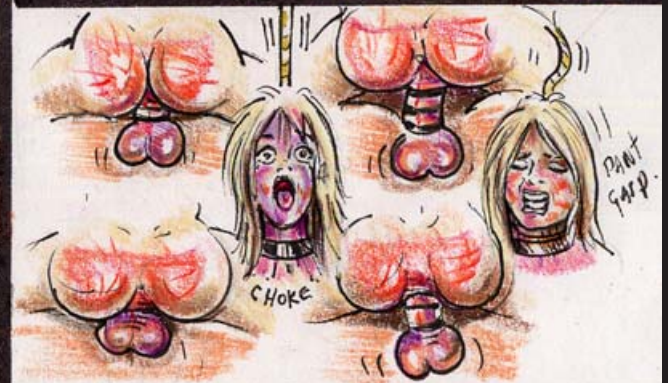
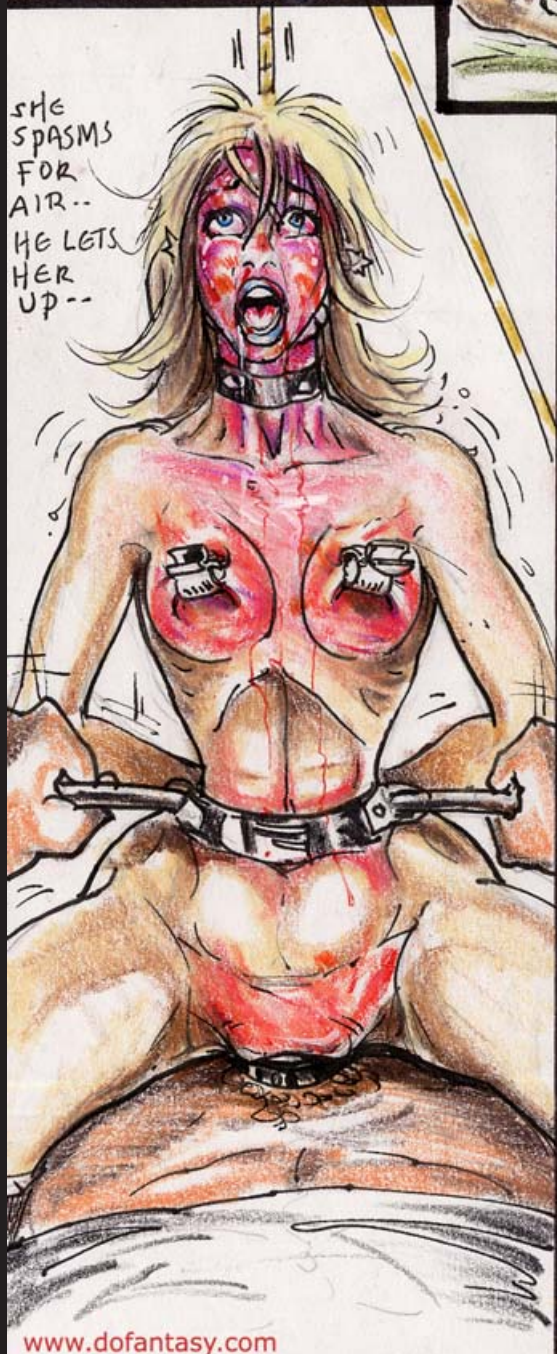


"SMACK"  
"NOO..."  
"OHH!  
PLE..."  
"SMACK"



SMACK .. SLAP .. SWAT .. SMACK !! ..

"OOH!!!"  
"BLUBBER .."  
"WHAAAA..SHE.."  
"WAILS .."



WHEN SHE HAS NEARLY  
CHOKED TO DEATH HE  
RELEASES A TORRENT  
OF HOT CUM INTO  
HER SHUDDERING  
BODY.



"WAS IT  
GOOD FOR  
YOU TOO...!!  
CORI..HA!!  
UNSTRAPPING HER  
HE SITS HER ON  
THE SIDE OF THE  
BED, TIES HER  
HANDS...

AND GLUES  
SHOES TO  
HER FEET  
"THAT'S SUPER  
GLUE CUNT"  
THEY WON'T  
BE COMING OFF  
ANYTIME  
SOON !!



LIE ON THE BED WITH YOUR  
ASS UP.. JUST DO IT!..  
THAT'S IT.. HOLD STILL ..  
SHUT UP BEFORE I  
REALLY HURT YOU.

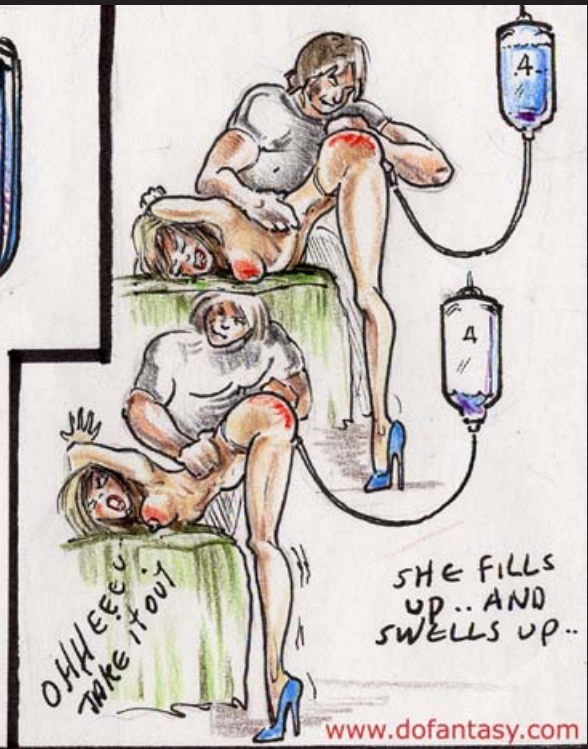


OH H H H  
G O O D .. I T J =  
T O .  
B I 4



"OH...NO... NOT AN ENEMY! PLEASE..."

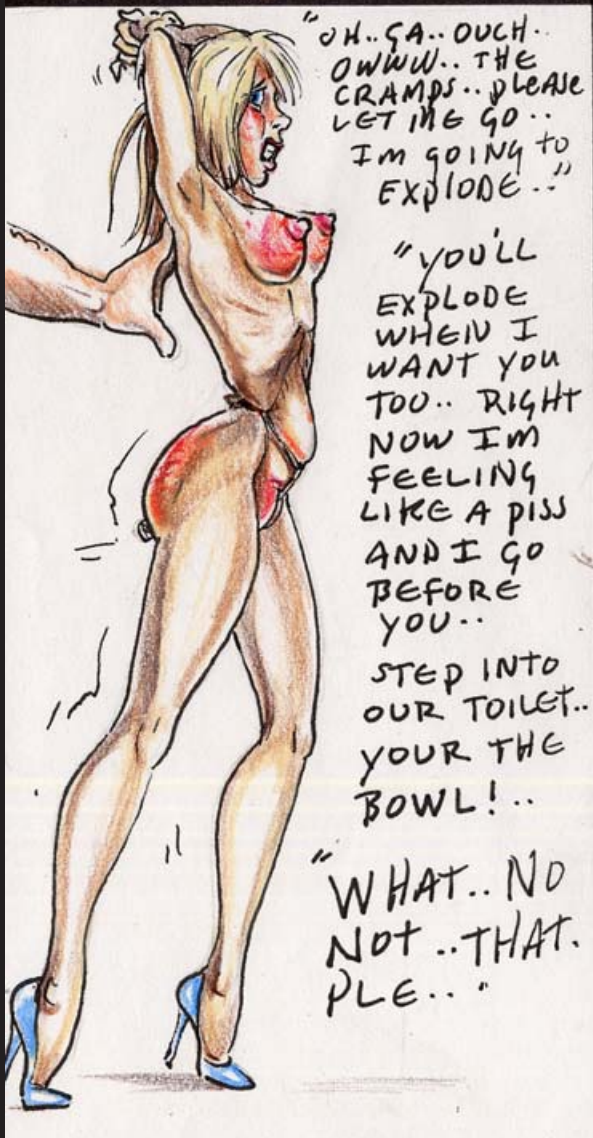
"4 QUARTS TO CLEAN YOU OUT FOR THE NIGHT."



"OH HEEEE TAKE IT OUT"

"SHE FILLS UP.. AND SWELLS UP.."

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"OH..GA..OUCH.. OWWW.. THE CRAMPS.. PLEASE LET ME GO.. I'M GOING TO EXPLODE..."

"YOU'LL EXPLODE WHEN I WANT YOU TOO.. RIGHT NOW I'M FEELING LIKE A PISS AND I GO BEFORE YOU.."

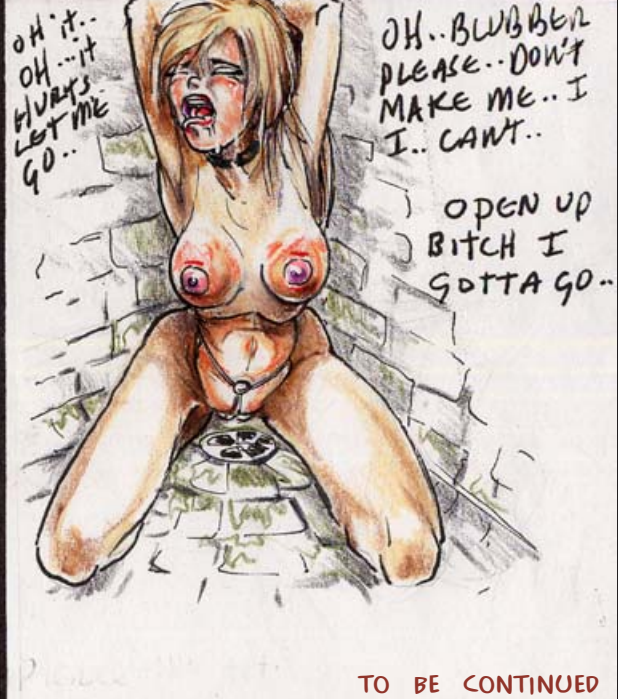
STEP INTO OUR TOILET.. YOUR THE BOWL!..

"WHAT.. NO NOT..THAT.. PLE..."



"GASP!"

SIT OVER THE DRAIN..



"OH..IT.. OH..IT HURTS LET ME GO..."

"OH..BLUBBER PLEASE.. DON'T MAKE ME.. I I.. CANT.."

OPEN UP BITCH I GOTTA GO..

TO BE CONTINUED

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# REBOUND

**Geoff Merrick. Illustrations TAW**  
Previous in Fansadox 16, 17 & 18

*Blonde, blue-eyed, 5'7", 110 lb. Leesa Mendaski, 34D-23-33, was 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» her for their boy's return from college — a process that's satisfying the wife but frustrating the husband...that is, until 5'3", 97lb., brown-eyed brunette Kerry Sherman (34-22-33), the daughter of a family renting suite 4A, stumbled into his clutches. Now both girls have suffered syringes of Lactaid, a banned maternity drug that is injected directly into the nipples...*

## Day Four

«Kerry's arms writhed in the tight, thin ropes which held her crossed wrists to the small of her smooth, curved back. She screamed with agony into the packing that filled her pried-open mouth and sealed her mashed lips. It was as if jumper cables were clamped onto her tits. She tried desperately to raise her torso off the coarse wooden floor. But no matter how she wrenched her lithe, lovely body, her breasts sloshed back onto the slivers — each touch of her aching nipples sending electric shocks into her brain.

Kerry groaned, sobbing in disbelief. They had dragged her down the hall and up the attic steps, shoving her into a dirty triangle of rough hewn beams, logs, and planks, barely larger than the average crawlspace, surrounded by cardboard boxes and bags of cloth wedged into the corners. There the man had laid atop her, his forearm across her throat, pinching her nostrils shut while the woman rummaged through the bags. Between the expertly shut-off air and the vile liquid he had injected into her chest, the abused girl rapidly lost consciousness.

When she awoke, she was alone with her tits, which were throbbing and swelling out of the torn, silky summer dress they must have forced onto her. It was soft white with yellow, rose, and purple flower designs, but it barely covered her. Swaths of her creamy flesh appeared from under the hem, which was torn to expose her shapely, smooth legs and perfect hips. Her feet were imprisoned in murderously high, beige, low-top granny boots which affixed to her flesh like rubber. In her mouth was something soft and round but at the same time hard and pliant. It was sealed in with some sort of plaster tape which covered her lower face like glue. And over that was a leather strap which affixed to her as if painted on.

Her ankles and knees jerked in the ropes in reaction to the mind-boggling sensations in her upper torso. Her soft brown eyes widened in amazement at the distended orbs attached to her chest. They were her breasts, but, at the same time, she didn't recognize them. They had measured 34C when the innkeepers had attacked her. They had to be 34D now, maybe even double-D. They had been firm and strong before, and they were firm still, but also wetter and squishier, as if they had been filled with mercury. They erupted out of the tight dress' stained bodice like living jello molds, the erect nipples dripping viscous fluid.

And the sensations...! It was as if every pore on her breasts had a sensor, and every touch of cloth, wood, or even air sent shocks stabbing up to her mind. They bulged, wriggling, as if alive, driven by an inner fire which coiled and burned in her



chest. Kerry's head went back, her jaw working, as her body contorted aching in the bonds. She had seen them inject the same stuff into the taller blonde girl...and her chest had already been bigger than Kerry's. What must she be feeling now?

Leesa felt nothing. She lay on her back on the white carpet in Agnes Brannigan's bathroom off the major bedroom, her beautiful blonde hair fanning out around her head. Her rosy pink lips stretched around a big baby-blue ballgag deep in her mouth. Her arms were behind her, secured by regular rope which also wrapped her torso, throat, and dug deep into her waist. Her ankles were bent back, tied to her thighs. She wore nothing else but severe baby-blue high heels.

Her own crystalline baby blues stared in horrified disbelief at her numb chest which all but obscured her vision. Her breasts were virtually a third larger, seemingly about to erupt with milk, her distended nipples like valves about to blow. It was as if they were water balloons a nano-second away from bursting. She made no sound, just blinked over and over again at the things on her chest where her tits used to be.

"There's no danger, is there?" the kneeling, fascinated woman asked her husband without even looking back at him.

If she had, she would have noted his scowling face and the way his pants bulged between his thighs. "Nav," he replied both casually and sourly. "They're sensitive as all get out, but they're not going to pop, if that's what you mean...."

Finally she did look back at him with a wicked grin. "That's what I mean, all right. So I guess we've got us a little training time before dinner and our boy gets back, huh?"

The man grunted.

"You wanna watch?" the woman invited.

Tom Brannigan said nothing. He just turned around and walked out of the bathroom, through the bedroom, into the hall, and down toward the attic door. Kerry managed to get one bleat out before he had dragged a dingy mattress out from under an eave, rolled her onto it, and started untying her legs. The girl started trying to screech and beg from under the gag, but then he suddenly grabbed the dress top, tore it wide, and slammed his hands onto her tits as if they were mounds of pizza dough.

"Shut up, bitch," he growled.

Kerry felt as if someone had set off two grenades in her head. She was blinded and deafened by the overwhelming shock. When she recovered he had already tied her left ankle to her thigh and was affixing her right ankle to the base of a ceiling support beam. The girl tried to get her voice back but could only gurgle, her eyes rolling, until he leaned down and wedged a dirty, smelly pillow under her neck.

Her eyes cleared as her head raised, so

she saw him clearly as he pulled off his clothes and positioned himself atop her. She stared in dread as he casually ripped the dress hem even more, exposing her soft auburn tuft. Then he was doing a reverse push-up, his arms on either side of her head.

"There's something else about this stuff you should know," she heard him mumble as she felt his cock crown touch her vaginal lips. "It makes you wet as hell."

He plunged all the way inside her like a Bowie knife into a soft leather scabbard. Kerry jerked in response, all her muscles bunching against her will. It felt as if he had torn open a hole in reality. All her senses were at full response power. She felt a pleasure and a fear that she had never experienced before. She begged to go mad, but knew she wouldn't, which filled her with even greater terror.

He started thrusting, as she lay beneath him, trying to comprehend this new assault. "See?" he grunted. "This stuff turns on the full girl, right? That's why we had to stop using it and hush it up. It would fuck up too many women's libbers' heads." He sniggered. "Hush," he repeated. "Fuck. Appropriate words, huh, bitch?"

He wrapped his arms under her shoulders, gripped



her collar bones and squished her tits against his chest, ever surging. "Oh, shit," he growled. "Makes you tight, too, huh? Look at you, bitch, so soft and warm. A real fuck toy...."

Kerry was moaning under the gag, her fingers spasming, her toes pointing, her body writhing like lava.

"So how come you're not enough for me, huh, bitch?" he murmured. "How come every time I'm fucking you, I'm thinking of her...?" He jammed into the trapped brunette even harder, feeling how her hot, moist muscles clamped on him despite her misery.

"Shit, I know, I know," he drooled into her flushed face, her eyes screwed shut. She'd be biting her lip if the gag allowed her. "You got big tits, she's got bigger. You're a sexy little brunette, she's a sexbomb blonde. You're daddy's little girl, she's my son's prize...."

He gripped her hair in his left hand and clamped her tit in his right. She surged up, then flopped down like a caught carp as he jammed himself all the way into her again. She babbled in desperation, finally starting to cry as he pressed his left hand tight over her already sealed mouth, his face an inch from hers. All the while his hips never stopped moving.

"Okay, okay, just because she's his, doesn't mean he has to get her right away, right?" he hissed. "A father's got to know what his boy's getting into, huh?" He snickered again. "Getting into," he repeated, rooting around inside the brunette. "Come on, bitch. Let's get some use out of you before your folks call in the cavalry...!"

Kerry started weeping in earnest as he thrust harder, moving his left hand to her chest. "Aw, don't worry, don't worry," he chided, thumbing away her tears, hips still going. "Even if they do figure it out, it'll still be too late, right, honey bun? You're mine now, no matter what..."

With that, he grabbed her spectacular hips and started slamming her onto him like a jackhammer. Her breasts swayed, her head went back, her hair flowed, and the sound that came from under the gags was like a falling climber. Her shapely body spasmed, her right leg twisting, until he finally slammed down heavily onto her and erupted inside.

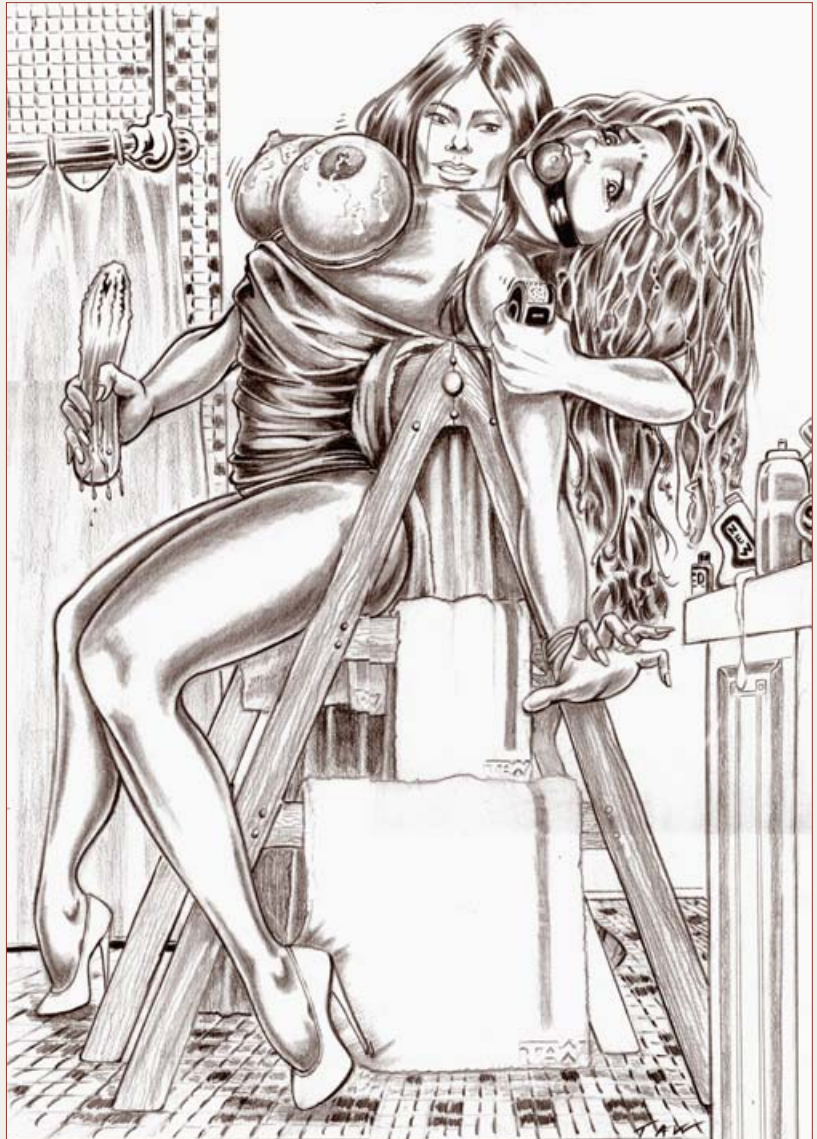
She thought her tits would tear. She thought her vagina would cramp. He grabbed her head, sealed her mouth, and pressed his body down on hers until her convulsions subsided. When he looked down at her then, he couldn't believe it. Her eyes had rolled up into her head, moisture coming out the sides. More liquid came from her nose. Saliva was covering her chin. Her nipples were

leaking down her sides. Her body dew practically glowed.

"Holy fuck," he breathed, staring down at her comatose loveliness. Then he pulled himself up to straddle her waist while reaching back to undo the gag strap. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," he muttered as he peeled off the tape, his cock lying between her mounds. "There's plenty of time to see to blondie. But first things first...."

He pulled a ring gag from his back pocket as he pulled the pliant solid rubber ball from her lax, drooling mouth. Expertly affixing the loop tightly in place, he gathered up her milky mammaries and squeezed them toward each other. Kerry Sherman moaned in her stupor as she unknowingly gave the tit fuck of her life, her pried-open mouth just inches from his throbbing cock crack.

Her moans almost seemed to mingle with Leesa's, although neither could be heard beyond the innkeepers' walls, and neither girl could hear the other. While Kerry was abused in the attic crawlspace, Leesa had her own troubles back in Agnes Brannigan's bathroom. The luscious blonde was bent back over a standing towelrack, her wrists tied on either side to it's middle, her now huge breasts quivering toward the ceiling.



Her head was back, her lustrous blonde hair hanging toward the carpeted floor, her mouth wrenched wide by a big ballgag which was seemingly made of pool float material. But that was far from the worst of it. She barely wore a baby blue, wetlook, shining spandex microminidress — the top yanked down to expose her ballooning tits and the skirt pulled up to reveal her luminous white tuft. Even that wasn't the worst.

The worst was that the woman had tightly wrapped the base of her breasts with thick white elastic, strapped a vibrating butt plug into her anus and squeezed a ten inch vibrator into her cunt.

"Hold it," she warned. "Hold it in. It falls out, and you know what happens...."

Leesa knew. The woman held a stiff-bristled toothbrush in one hand and a loofa in the other. One touch of either to her tender, bulging tits and it was practically electroshock therapy. The sink counter was covered with lotions, which felt like extra-thick honey to the girl in her drug-frenzied state. So she teetered on baby-blue stiletto high heels, her legs otherwise unencumbered, and clamped down with her vaginal muscles.

"That's right," Agnes cooed. "Suck it up. Massage it with your love canal...."

Leesa swallowed, shifting, trying to think beyond the ache in her shoulders and back, and the numbing roar in her chest. "Please," she tried to say but nothing but bubbling mulch came out.

"It's slipping," Agnes announced, watching the dildo

slide slowly out of Leesa's stretched, aching lower lips. "Try harder...."

Leesa slobbered, trying to shift into a better position, but the thick, knobby, vibrator just kept dropping.

"Oh dear," Agnes said sadly, then snapped the back of the toothbrush directly onto the center of Leesa's left tit.

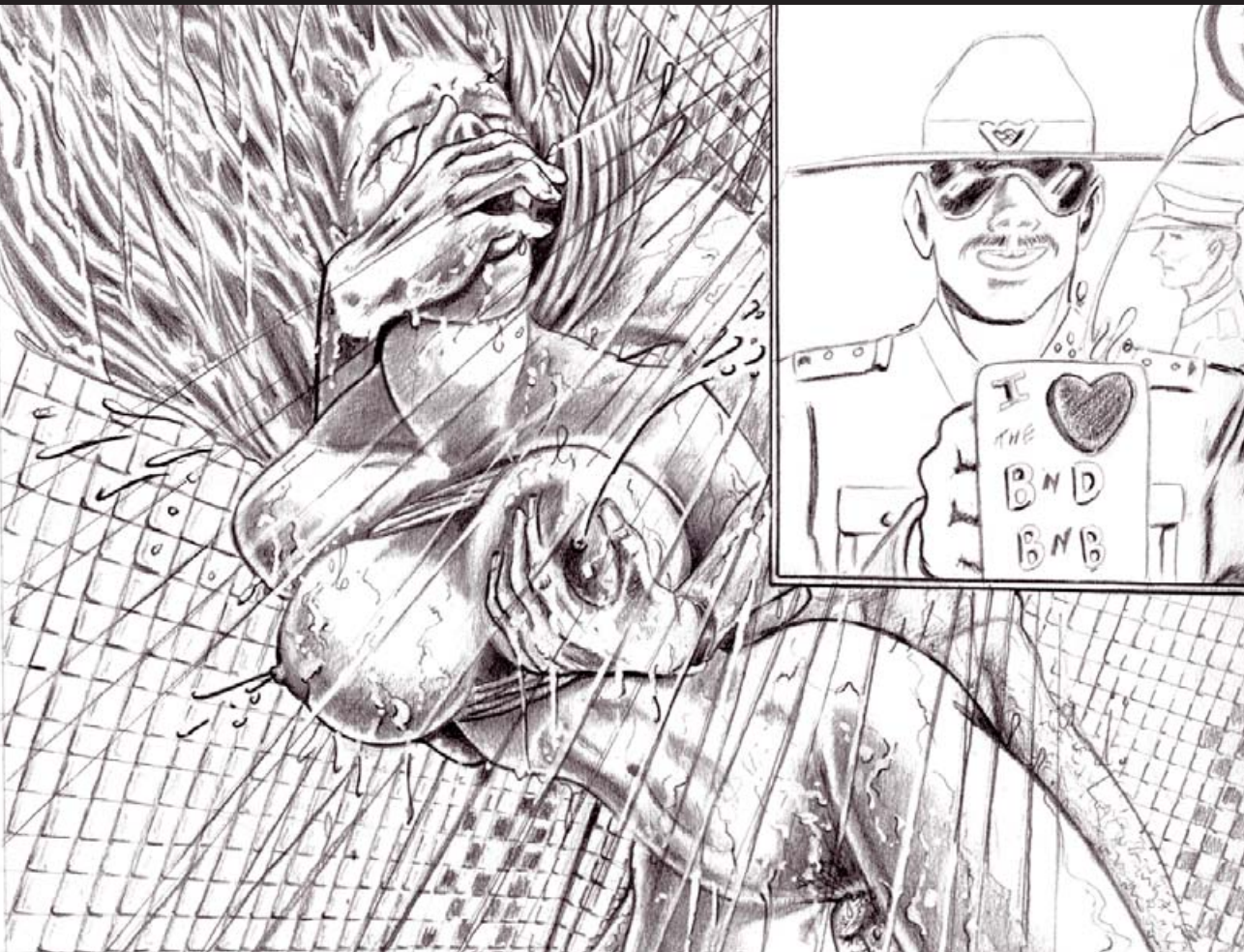
It felt like someone had chopped it open. Leesa shrieked into the gag, but Agnes was already holding a towel over her lower face. Her body convulsed, the dildo all but stopping up into her as her muscles clamped. Agnes smiled wickedly at the way her flushed, infused, breasts wobbled like oil balls in an earthquake. Then she merely reached down and pushed the wanker all the way back into the girl.

"My dear, my dear, my dear," Agnes cooed. "I do believe you're ready." And before Leesa could even understand the words, Agnes removed the towel from her sweating, tear-stained face, and switched on the vibrator at its base.

Leesa's crystal blue eyes snapped wide, and she was about to try stepping back when the woman tapped the girl's right tit with the loofa. Leesa stiffened again, then started to tremble with effort and invasion.

Agnes grabbed Tom's electric shaver off the sink counter and moved in close so the girl couldn't even fall over. With one hand she held the vibrator deep within the girl, while, with the other, she thumbed on the shaver.

"You have to be ready, you see," she murmured down at the girl as she brought the shaver closer to her quivering nipples. "Ready for my boy. You have to be able to take



whatever he dishes out..." Then she pressed the shaver side against Leesa's left breast as she shoved the dildo as far in as it could go. She clamped her hand over Leesa's lower lips as if they were her mouth, and tickled her tit with the shaver's silver screen.

The young blonde babbled hysterically, her bent-back body quivering, blinded by a bodyful of exploding fireworks.

Then the doorbell rang.

Tom Brannigan looked up from Kerry Sherman's cum-spattered face in the attic, semen dripping from her ring-gagged mouth. Agnes immediately pressed a folded bath towel over Leesa's screaming face in the master bathroom.

Without waiting for another ring or a knock, the ex-girls' gym teacher expertly punched Leesa in the solar plexus, knocking the air out of the girl, then felt for the vein on her neck. Within seconds the girl had stopped struggling and was already sinking toward the floor as the base of the towel rack slid with her. The dildo dropped to the carpet with a wet thud.

Agnes was already in the hall as Tom turned the corner. "Go," he said, and practically jumped into their bedroom. Agnes was on her way to the back door, secure in the knowledge that the male ex-nurse, who had taught her the vein press trick, would make sure the girls were quiet. She did not even guess that as she approached the back door, that he was already untying Leesa from the towel rack, ripping off his clothes, and dragging her insensible shape toward the shower, the high heels falling off as they went.

As she opened the door, Tom was viciously rewrapping Leesa's wrists together behind her with tape. Agnes looked out to see their local sheriff behind a state trooper.

"Why, good afternoon, Jim," she said pleasantly. "And now who's this?" she asked about the other man. Upstairs, her husband pulled the elastic straps which were around the bases of each of Leesa's tits to wrap both her breasts at once — pressing them toward each other while still bulging them out.

"This is Sergeant Wallace," said the local cop. "We've teamed up with the state to look for the missing Sherman girl." Upstairs Tom wedged Leesa into the tub, pulled the shower curtain tightly shut, and turned both spigots all the way open.

"Oh dear," Agnes clucked. "You still haven't found the poor thing?"

"Uh, no" stammered Jim. "Is your husband at home?"

She smiled apologetically, motioning her head toward the distant sound of the running water. "In the shower, I'm afraid. He likes to be neat and clean for the dinner rush."

Upstairs, Leesa Mendaski's lovely blue eyes began to flutter as the powerful water coursed over her semi-

naked body. Tom Brannigan clamped one hand hard over Leesa's already gagged mouth, and the other sank deep into her tremendous left tit. The flesh of her face and chest bulged under his brutal grip. As her eyes snapped open and her brow began to furrow in renewed dismay, he bent down on her, forcing her forward.

"Yes, well, I see," said trooper Wallace. "Well, could we come in for a moment?" Upstairs Tom had Leesa bent over. His erect cock was already curling unerringly toward her dildo-dewed crack. Leesa almost managed a scream into his hand before she gasped in pain as he slammed into her. His hand spasmed on her mouth even tighter and it felt as if her left tit would explode.

"Well, all right," Agnes said carefully. She opened the door wide and motioned for the two men to sit down in the rustic living room — a room where hardly a day ago they had been attacking the missing girl. The officers sat comfortably and looked a bit uncomfortably at each other. "Would you like some coffee?" Agnes inquired as her husband maniacally fucked Leesa Mendaski one floor above them.

He was thudding all the way into her like a piston, all but crushing her mouth and pumping her tit like a bread machine. The pretty blond choked and gasped, whatever noise emerging from her throat totally drowned out by the coursing water.

"Sure," said Trooper Wallace. "That would be fine."

"Could I have a glass of your ice tea?" Jim inquired. "They make it great here," he explained to the state trooper.



Leesa' tortured eyes twisted to try looking back at her attacker, her cheeks bulging around her impossibly tight hand. All she could do was grunt in time to his thudding invasions, her mind filled with the screeching pain coming from her chest. She writhed, feeling something worse building up inside her tit.

"Why, certainly, Jim," Agnes said pleasantly. "One ice tea coming up. Um, Sgt. Wallace?"

"Yes, ma'm?"

"What would you like in your coffee?"

"Milk, ma'm," he replied. "Just milk."

Watery milk sprayed from Leesa's engorged tit like a super soaker. She squealed in agony from under the gag and hand, but Tom only felt the vibration against his palm as the lactose swirled away with the bath water. He just kept squeezing and ramming, squeezing and ramming....

The cops drank their refreshments as Tom vigorously raped the blonde co-ed from behind like a rodeo rider taking down a calf — holding her by her mouth and enflamed mammary.

Uh, Mrs. Brannigan," Wallace started, putting down the coffee mug. "Do you mind if we have a look around?" Agnes raised her eyebrows, looking at the local cop.

"It's nothing, Agnes," Jim promised. "We're just stumped and need anything we can find that might help."

Ignoring Wallace's dirty look for revealing their lack of progress, Agnes shrugged. "Well, we didn't see the poor thing after her family checked in, but sure, if you think it might help. We'd do anything to make sure the dear girl is all right. You want to start here or upstairs?"

Leesa tried to fall or jerk herself away, but Tom was too strong. She was all but attached to him, her tit spurting, as he surged up into her again and again.

"You don't want to check the bedroom, do you?" Agnes asked as they passed the door.

"Naw," Wallace said. "We'll wait until your husband's finished showering. What's this door?" He pointed at obstruction blocking the attic stairs.

Leesa contorted achingly in Tom's grip, her torso twisted across his, her fingers pushing uselessly against his taut stomach muscles. He just squeezed her face and tit again, nearly breaking her neck and dislocating her jaw. He pulled her onto his shaft for the hundredth time, her shining skin and dress remnants totally soaked.

"That's the attic," Agnes said. "I can guarantee you no guest has ever been up there."

"May we see?" Wallace asked.

Beyond it all — beyond the agony in her chest and face and mind — Leesa could feel him coming. The drug had done more than fill her tits and enhance her nerves. It had magnified her sexual responses. She could feel his rod getting hotter and thicker and filling with seed. She grew taut in his grip, panting in terror. "No!" she tried to cry out over and over again. "No!"

She tried corkscrewing out of his grip, her body slick as a marlin. But her tit was too big and he held it too tight. She twisted her head to the other side and suddenly his hard muscular hand was wrapped around her eyes and forehead, jamming her all the way on his member. Saliva exploded from around the ball gag, a sound like a stabbed deer escaping her mouth.

Agnes closed the attic door on it. Even if they had heard the noise, it also sounded like a sudden surge through the shower head. Agnes followed the two officers up into the small, narrow area not filled with boxes and bags. A single mattress lay in the wan light from a small window high in the ceiling.

"What's that doing there?" Wallace asked.

Tom jammed up into the girl. He rammed her back onto him. His cock cannoned his load into her.

"Are you kidding?" Agnes answered the trooper. "I



got a knee splinter every time I needed to find something up here. It only takes one of those to get you thinking. I had some pillows up here for awhile, but they got too dirty to use again."

Leesa's eyes widened in defiled disbelief. She clawed at her despoiler, writhing in disgust, but then his hands were back over her mouth and squeezing her nostrils shut.

Tom opened the bedroom door at the second knock, a towel around his waist. "What the...?" he exclaimed, seeing the two officers behind his wife. "What's going on, Jim? Can't a guy have a nice shower in peace?"

"Sorry, Tom," the sheriff replied. "State's involved with the Sherman girl thing now. They could use your input, I guess." The cops misunderstood his smile as being flattered by their need. Agnes didn't misunderstand. She knew he was smiling at the word "input." He had plenty of input on the Sherman girl thing already. And, of the four people in the doorway, only he knew that she was under her summer dress, in a cardboard box, still in the attic.

She was semi-conscious, on her back, her arms twisted behind her, lashed wrist to elbow, forearm to forearm, then to her torso beneath and above her bulging tits. Her knees were up, ankles tied to thighs, then again to her waist. Her head was twisted to the side to fit in the box, the ball wedged back into her mouth and tape wrapped around her head — covering everything from her nostrils to her chin line like cement.

Had she been awake, that wouldn't have kept her from

alerting the men. But she hadn't been awake.

"Nice shower?" Agnes asked him.

"Great," he replied. "Come on guys, let a man at least dress, all right?" "Sure, sure," said Jim. "We'll wait for you in the living room, okay?"

The Brannigans watched them head for the front stairs before Agnes slowly closed the bedroom door. She looked at her husband knowingly. He looked back placidly before going to get his shirt and pants. Agnes walked over to the bathroom. The dildo, towel rack, high heels, and ropes were still on the floor. The shower curtain was closed. She moved over to it and peeked inside.

Leesa Mendaski lay on her back, the dress in tatters around her, the elastics bunching her bruised tits. Milky liquid dripped from her nipples. A wet towel was tied around her head. Her big toes were wired to the spigots. The toilet plunger handle was shoved up her cunt, viscous liquid drooling around it. She didn't move.

Agnes walked back to the bedroom door. She opened her mouth to speak. She didn't get the chance to. From downstairs they both heard a hearty young voice.

"Mom, dad, I'm home...!" ■

*To be continued*

On day five, Andy Brannigan is "reunited" with his first love, who discovers exactly what's he's been studying in college, while the state's super trooper gets closer than ever to the missing Sherman girl...


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UPSTAIRS, THE CHIEF WARDEN IS TAKING HIS PERSONAL REVENGE...

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TWO TUGS AND YOU TAKE IT ALL IN...  
ONE TUG AND YOU RUN YOUR LOVELY  
LITTLE MOUTH UP, SUCKIN' GOOD 'N HARD!  
AIN'T EASY TO MAKE ME CUM,  
EH, YOU WET COCKSUCKER!

GP 2002

# HINES' HORROR PRISON



UHHHH...YOU'RE SO GOOOD

NOOO! OWWW...!

THE GUARD IS LOVING THE FEEL OF BURYING HIS LARGE COCK DEEP WITHIN THE GIRL'S ASS. HER PATHETIC MOANS ONLY CAUSE HIM TO FUCK HARDER, PLUNGING HIS DICK DOWN TO THE BALLS...



OHhh! IT HURTS..!

SI, SI YOU LIKE THIS HURT, DON'T YOU?

YOU'RE SO TIGHT. YOUR ASS IS MADE TO BE FUCKED! AFTER THE OTHER GUARDS HAVE THEIR TURN, YOU AND I WILL DO IT AGAIN. ALL NIGHT.

PLEASE! NO! PLEASE!

**BAM!**

**AGGHH!**



HEH HEH...SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU LADY...

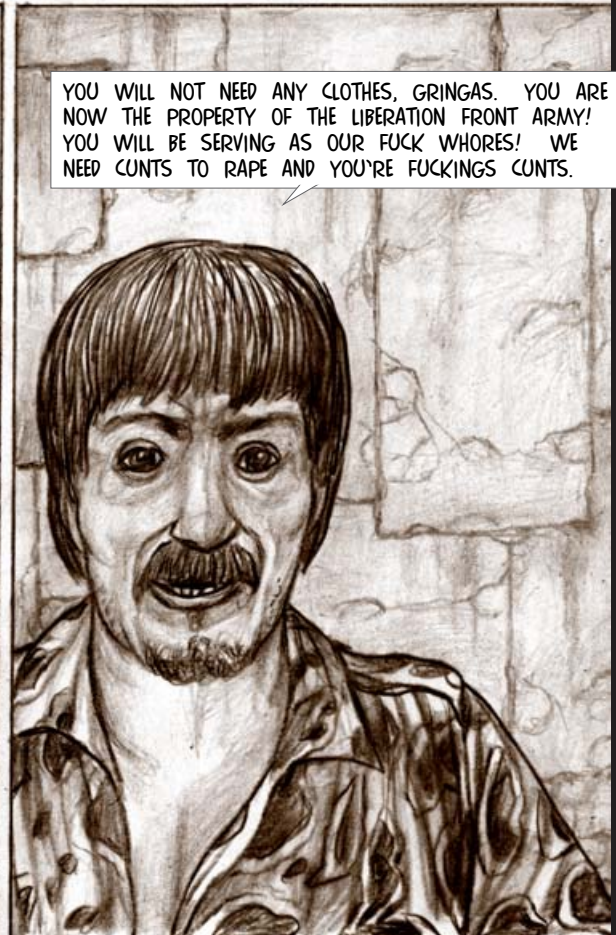


I AM PABLO, A FIGHTER WITH THE LIBERATION FRONT ARMY! WE HAVE TAKEN OVER THIS PRISON. SO ROLL THIS FAT PIG OFF YOU AND COME WITH ME AND JOIN THE OTHERS. QUICKLY!



WE HAVE FREED YOU AND KILLED ALL THE PIGS! AND WE HAVE TO LEAVE HERE FAST! THEIR ARMY WILL ARRIVE SOON!

BUT WE NEED CLOTHES... HAVE TO GET DRESSED!



YOU WILL NOT NEED ANY CLOTHES, GRINGAS. YOU ARE NOW THE PROPERTY OF THE LIBERATION FRONT ARMY! YOU WILL BE SERVING AS OUR FUCK WHORES! WE NEED CUNTS TO RAPE AND YOU'RE FUCKINGS CUNTS.

AS THE PRISON AND ITS INHABITANTS BURN BEHIND THEM, THE MISSIONARY GIRLS ARE HERDED INTO THE JUNGLE.

THE REBELS ARE A HORNY LOT, SO AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR CAMP...

MOVE IT, YOU BITCHES! FASTER! DON'T MAKE US WAIT!

COME HERE, GRINGA. I WILL FUCK YOU NOW

I'LL START WITH YOU, GIRL... I'D LIKE TO CHEW ON THOSE DAINY TITS OF YOURS!

LIKE IT DEEP GIRL? I WHISH YOU DO... THIS ONE'S GONNA BE A LONG. DEEP FUCK....

AND SO BEGINS THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF ALMOST ENDLESS FUCKING AS THE GIRLS SERVICE THE REBEL CAUSE....

**HINES' HORROR PRISON**

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

# YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

#7

UGKK!! STOP IT!! NO!!  
PLEASE! NO MORE!!!

YOU SAY STOP????  
NO NO, CUNT!!!



**YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEKKK!!!!**

YOU FUCK  
SLAVE NOW!



NOW WE ALL GONNA RAPE  
YOUR PUSSY, AND TIGHTASS!!!

NOOO!! U.U..K!!!!



PLEASE!!..U.U.LP!!..I'LL SUCK!!! SLURP  
SLURP... I'LL SUCK YOU ALL! PLEASE!!

WE KNOW YOU WILL, LITTLE CUNT!!  
AND YOU GONNA GET ALL OUR HARD  
COCKS UP YOUR PUSSY AND UP  
YOU TIGHT YOUNG ASS!! HA HA HA!!!

NOOOO!!!..GKK!!!..PLEASE!!  
DON'T RAPE ME!! NOOO!!!

UGKK!!



OH YEAH...UUHHHH!!!!



OH GOD!! UUUGGHHH!!! STOP!!!!  
**YAAAAAAGGHHHH!!!!!!**

**AAGHH!!!. EEEAAAAAAA!!!!  
PULL IT OUT!!! UUUH!!!**

**GIMME YOUR MOUTH, SLUT!!**



**G.KK..K!**

**OOH!!OOHHH!!!!**



**MMM!! YOU FEEL  
IT DEEP IN YOU  
ASS?? HMM??**

**YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!**



**LAY THE WHITE  
BITCH DOWN!!**

**AAAAAAAAGHH!!!!...STOPPP!!!!**  
**What are you DOING TO ME?!!!**

I'M GONNA FUCK YOU,  
LITTLE WHITE WHORE!!!



**SUCK MY COCK, SLUT!!!**  
**NOO!!UHHH!!!**



**UUUUUUU!!! PLSSS!!! NN-NNNNN!!!**



NOW WE  
GET SERIOUS

UUGGHH!!! NNN!!!

THESE WILL GET VERY  
HOT... VERY QUICKLY!!!

UHUUHHH!!!  
NNMMPHH!!!

UUUUUUUU!!!!  
PLSS!! STPPP!!!

GDDD!!! NNNNNNNNN!!!!

NOW I HEAR YOUR BIGGEST SCREAMS!!

TO BE CONTINUED