

adults only

FAN SADOX

20

**YAKUZA
SLAVEGIRLS**
by **ROBERTS**

**MATERNAL
BLACKMAIL**
by *Paul*

SLAVE CARAVAN
by *Cagri*

NEW by *Slasher!*
TRESPASSERS

THE CABIN
by *Zerns*

**THE
TRAINING
HOUSE**
by **THORN**



REBOUND
Geoff Merrick

NEW by **FERRES!**
DISENCHANTMENT

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TRESPASSERS

Slasher

DID YOU SEE NICK'S
PRICK BY THE POOL?

dofantasy.com

ALL CHARACTERS ARE 18 YEARS OLD OR OLDER

HA! HA! HA! YES... YOU
SHOULD'VE SEEN HIS FACE!

HUMM... YEAH! HE'S GOT
A REAL NICE DICKY...



WHAT WAS THAT?!!

I DON'T KNOW!!

Slasher
2002

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)



EEEEEEEEK!!



NOW IVE GOT YA... YOU TRESPASSING TARTS



WHAT? NOO!!

HEY!! AUOCH!



THIS TIME, SLUTS, YOU WON'T GET AWAY.

Slasher
2002

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YOU'RE ON MY PROPERTY...



...AND OLD BARNY HUNTS ALL THE LIVING THINGS THAT MARAUDER ON HIS LAND...

NNNNN...

PLSSS...



HUM... THAT CLUNT OF YOURS SMELLS GOOD! MAKES OLD BARNY HARD AND READY!

NGGGG!!!

YEAH SURE... YOU'RE LOVELY PREY. LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE...



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slasher
2002

3

SEE THIS?

I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH YOU BITCHES...

...THERE'RE NO TV, NO PUBS AND NO WHOREHOUSES ROUND HERE...

SO I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PLAY WITH YOU...

NNNN...

PLSSS...



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I WANNA SEE YOU BEGGING ME WITH THOSE BIG PRETTY BLUE EYES OF YOURS... YOU KNOW... SHOWING RESPECT.

OUMMH!!



BEG BITCH!!!

ARGGGGGGH!!!

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NGGGG!!!



HMMM... YOUR BLOOD IS SWEET. TASTES GOOD I MUST SAY...

DON'T THINK I FORGOT ABOUT YOU, BLONDE BITCH. START GETTING READY 'CAUSE I'LL BE WITH YOU SOON.



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LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, SLUT!



GUMMPH

I TELL YOU, I HATE BLONDES. SO BETTER BE A GOOD GIRL, OK?



PLSSSS!!!

NOW LET'S MOVE IN CLOSE, MY PRETTY!

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I WONDER WHAT YOU WOULD SAY IF I JUST...

...PIERCED YOUR LITTLE CLIT FOR FUN, HUH?

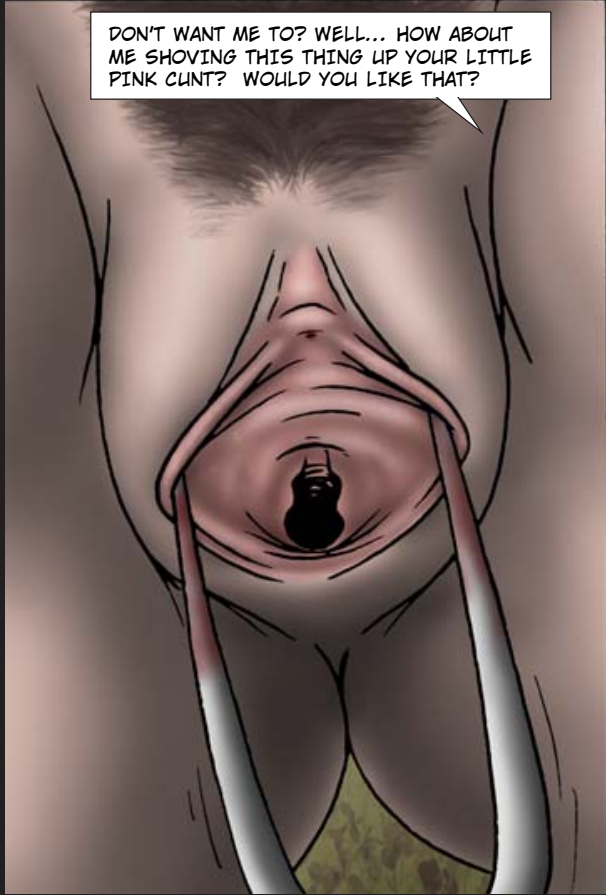


OOUMPF



NGGGG!!!

DON'T WANT ME TO? WELL... HOW ABOUT ME SHOWING THIS THING UP YOUR LITTLE PINK CUNT? WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?



NO? PERHAPS YOU WANT BIGGER, FLESHIER THINGS IN THERE, DON'T YOU!

NGHH!!!



WELL I JUST GOT THE RIGHT THING FOR A HOT LITTLE SLUT LIKE YOU...

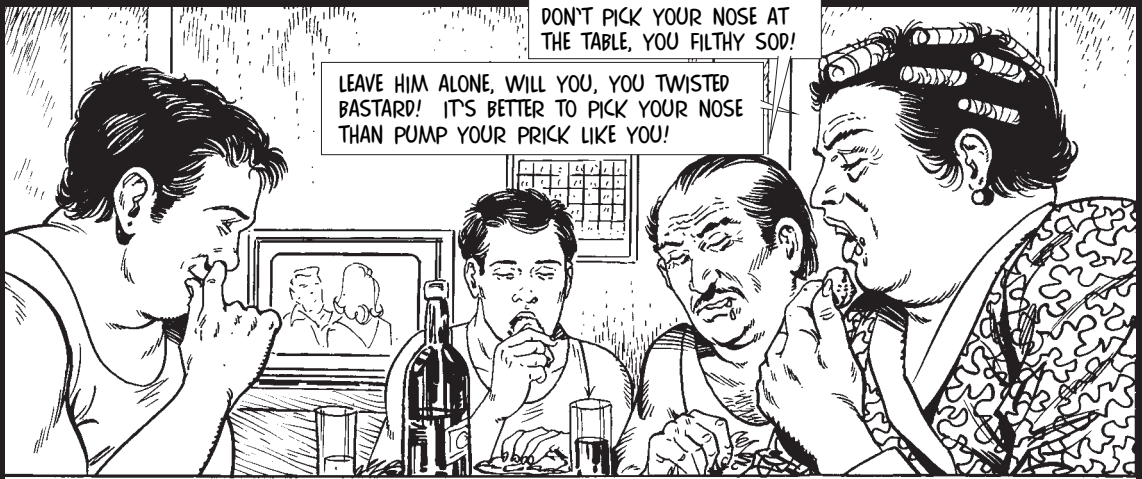
Slasher 2002

TO BE CONTINUED

Maternal Blackmail

PAUL
Episode 4

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...



DON'T PICK YOUR NOSE AT THE TABLE, YOU FILTHY SOD!

LEAVE HIM ALONE, WILL YOU, YOU TWISTED BASTARD! IT'S BETTER TO PICK YOUR NOSE THAN PUMP YOUR PRICK LIKE YOU!

FOLLOW ME, HONEY. YOUR MOM'S GONNA TEACH YOU A FEW BASICS...

YOU'RE EIGHTEEN, PABLITO. TIME YOU HAD A GIRLFRIEND. THE NEIGHBORS ARE BEGINNING TO WONDER ABOUT YOU...

WISH I COULD, MA, BUT I JUST DON'T HAVE THE KNACK...

...THEY SAY MY FEET SMELL AND MY BREATH SMELLS OF GARLIC. AND THEY SAY I'M DUMB TOO!

WHAT ABOUT THE TWINS, HONEY? DO LIKE THEM?

YOU BET YOUR ASS I DO, MA! THEY'RE NUMBER ONE IN MY WANK RANK! THEY ALWAYS STICK THEIR TITS OUT TO PROVOKE ME, ESPECIALLY MIRIAM...

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT WITH ONE OF THEM, SON?

THEY'RE MY DREAM FUCK, BUT THEY WOULDN'T GO OUT WITH ME, MOM!



MMMMPH!!

WHAT THE FUCK! WHO...?



THEY LOOK THE SAME STRIPPED OFF! WHICH ONE IS MIRIAM, MOM?



ARGGH!

THIS IS MIRIAM... HEY YOU, SLUT, SAY HELLO TO MY SON!

FOUR IDENTICAL BOOBS, LAD... TWO OF THEM ARE YOURS, YOU CHOOSE!

SHE'S ALL YOURS SON, HAVE A GOOD FEEL...

BE NICE TO MY SON, GIRL HE'S GOT A MEDICAL CONDITION. HIS DICK ACHES!



C'MON GIRL, HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND



SHE DOESN'T LIKE MY FINGERS, MOM!



UUUUGH!



NOW GET SOME SLEEP, PABLITO. MOM'S GONNA GET YOUR GIRLFRIEND READY FOR TOMORROW. IT'S SUNDAY, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO DO YOUR COURTING...

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NEXT DAY, PABLITO HAD DIFFICULTY CONCENTRATING ON MASS. AS SOON AS IT WAS OVER, HE RUSHED DOWN TO THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSE THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE PASCALS...



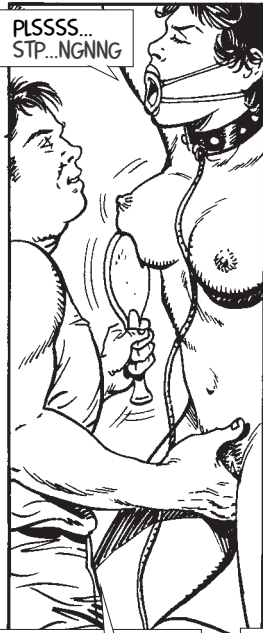
HI KID... I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK THINKING ABOUT YOU...



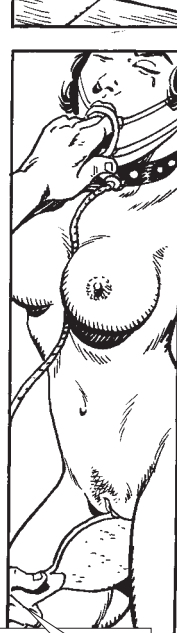
YOU LOOK GORGEOUS, LOVE! MOM DID A GOOD JOB. HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING FOR ME ALL NIGHT LIKE THIS?



NNNNNGHH!!!



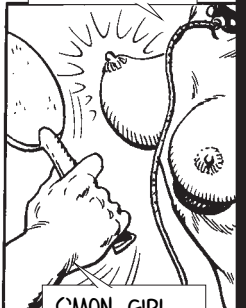
PLSSSS... STP...NGNGG



NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU MOVE WHEN YOU'RE HORNY



ARGGGGGHH!!!



C'MON, GIRL DANCE FOR ME!

I BROUGHT MY PING-PONG BAT. I'LL SEE IF I CAN PUT SOME SPIN ON YOUR BIG FLOPPY TITS...

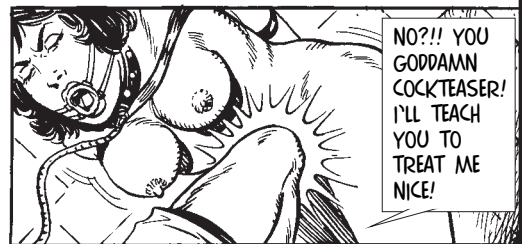
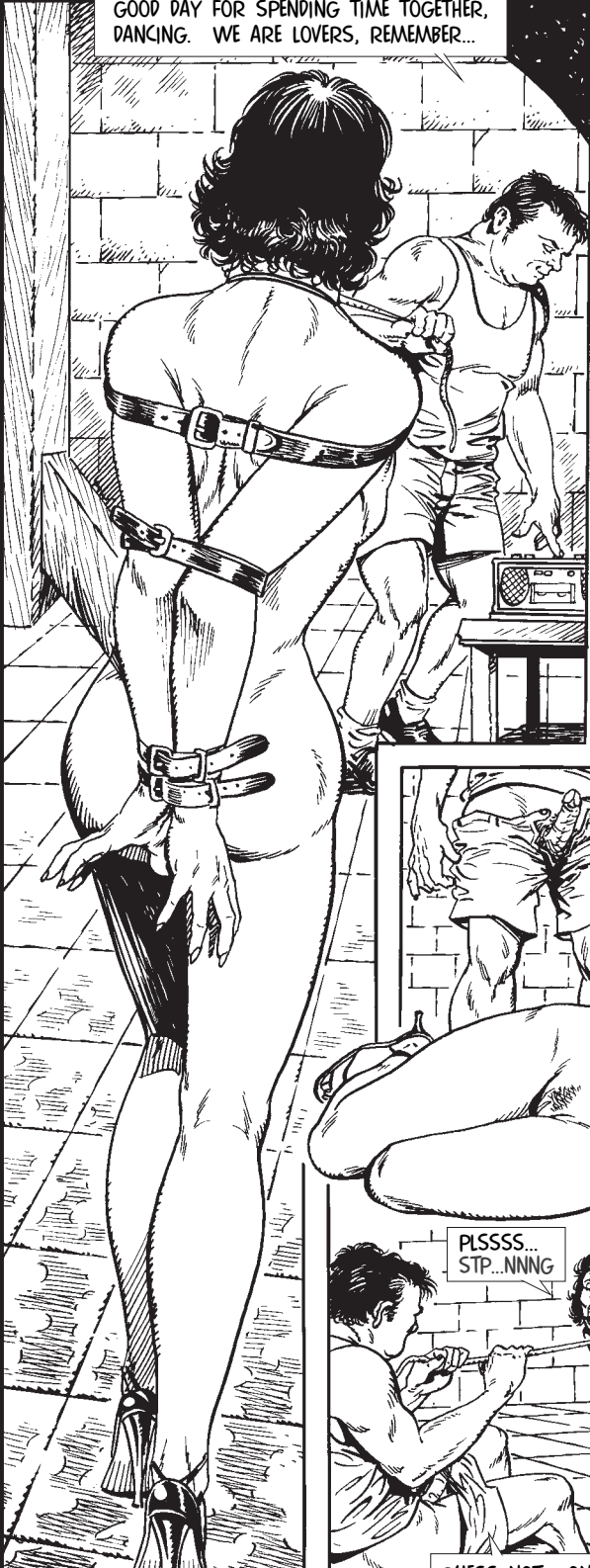
DO I MAKE YOU HORNY, LOVE? YOU ARE WET IN THERE...

...YEAH... YOU'RE WET EVERYWHERE

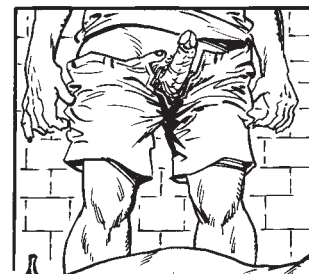
COME HERE KID, IT'S SUNDAY AND IT'S A GOOD DAY FOR SPENDING TIME TOGETHER, DANCING. WE ARE LOVERS, REMEMBER...

NOW PRESS YOUR THIGH AGAINST MY DICK, LOVINGLY... C'MON, PRESS IT I SAID!!!

NNNN!!!

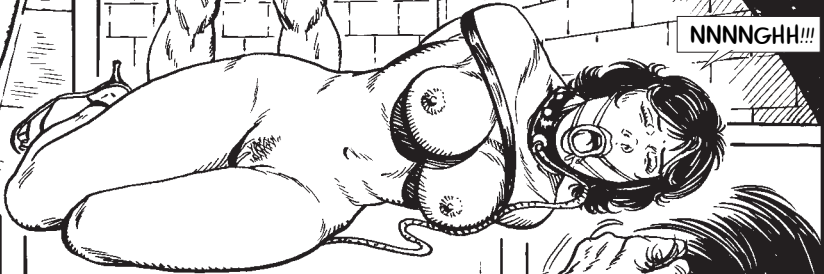


NO?!? YOU GODDAMN COCKTEASER! I'LL TEACH YOU TO TREAT ME NICE!

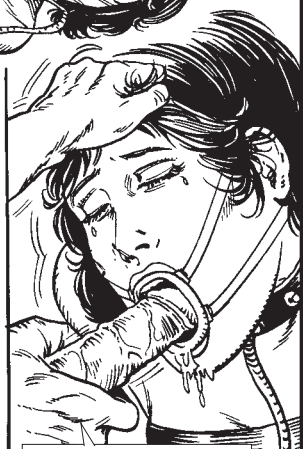


GIRLS SQUEEZE THEIR BOYFRIENDS' DICKS ON SUNDAYS! DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?

NNNNGHH!!!



PLSSSS... STP...NNGG



GUESS NOT. ON YOUR KNEES, SLUT!!!

I'LL TEACH YOU A FEW THINGS MYSELF!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MOSQUITO MARSH PENAL COLONY, THE TWINS MOTHER, MRS PASCAL, WAS THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A SUNDAY'S PARTY TOO. HER HOST WASN'T TOO HAPPY WITH HER ATTITUDE, EITHER...

SQUEEZE YOUR FUCKING CUNT, WILL YOU, I CAN'T FEEL YOU!

YES, SIR, OUH YES I TRY... I SWEAR!



WOBBLE YOUR TITS, WHORE, SHAKE 'EM UP, I WANNA SEE THEM MOVE!



KISS ME, YOU BIG SLUT, GIVE ME TONGUE, GIMME SOME SPIT, LICK MY GUMS...



MMMMMM!!!

YOU FRENCH SHIT, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? DIDN'T YOUR HUSBAND TEACH YOU HOW TO USE YOUR BIG CUNT?

I'M SORRY SIR... OUCHHHH!!!



PLEASE SIR, STOP... I BEG YOU... I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE...

STOP BITCH? THIS IS THE SOUND FUCKING YOU DESERVE. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME LESSONS. I'LL MAKE YOU THE DIRTIEST SLUT IN THIS PRISON!

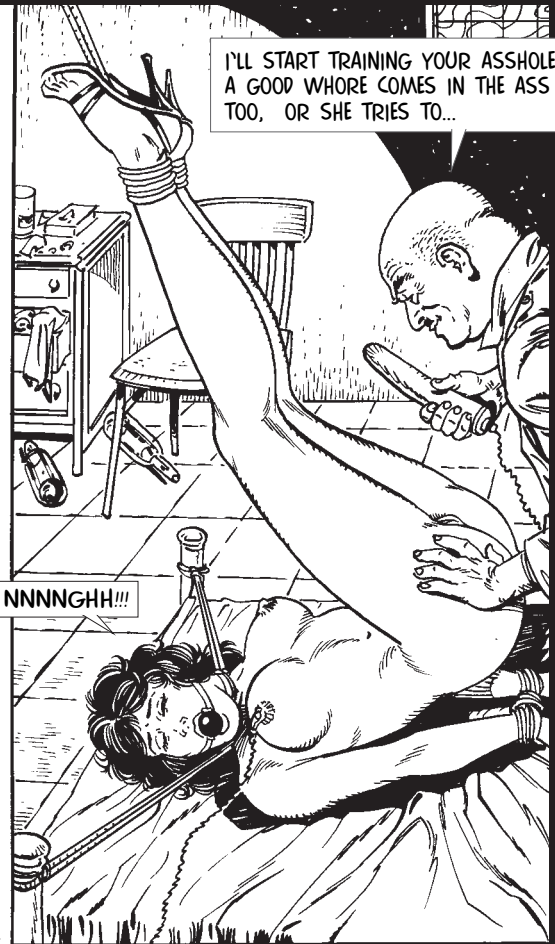
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A WHIP ON YOUR ASS
WILL MAKE YOU HORNY...
YOU WHORES ALL LIKE
BEING ROUGHED UP!



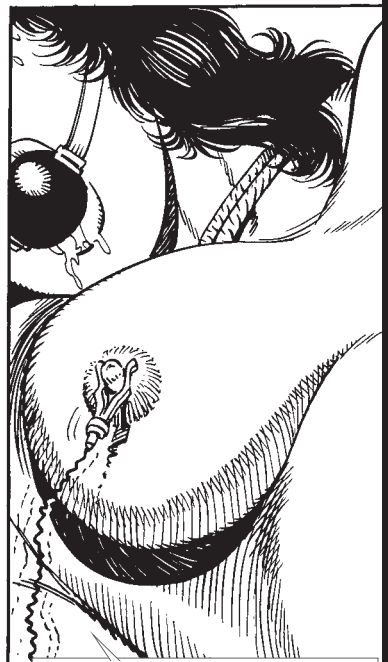
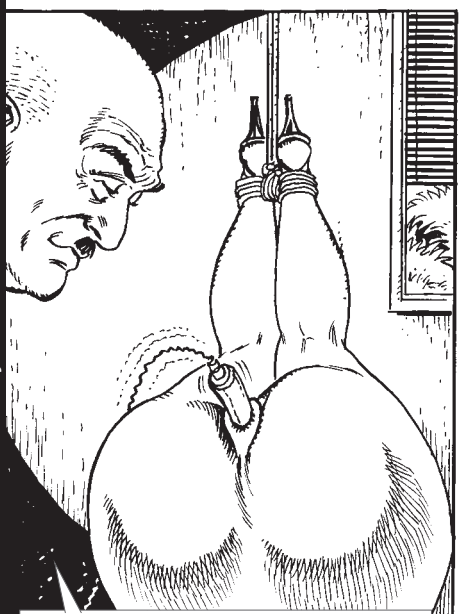
ARRRGHH!!!

I'LL START TRAINING YOUR ASSHOLE.
A GOOD WHORE COMES IN THE ASS
TOO, OR SHE TRIES TO...



NNNNNGHH!!!

I'LL USE YOU AGAIN
IN THE MORNING...



YOU'LL SPEND THE NIGHT LIKE THIS, WITH
A FEW SPARKS TO KEEP YOU AWAKE...

AND YOU'D BETTER BE MORE AF-
FECTIONATE, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE...

THE SELLER SAID YOU WERE QUITE A LADY IN LONDON... IS IT TRUE MY CHRISTIAN PET?



GGNNN!

EXCELLENT PURCHASE, LADY YASEMIN! A BEAUTIFUL FACE, SOFT WHITE SKIN, WONDERFUL TITS... YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME BORROW HER!

TIE THIS BITCH DOWN, GOOD 'N TIGHT AND WITH HER LEGS WIDE OPEN!




GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF MY SLAVE, YOU DIRTY OLD MAN! SHE IS HERE FOR MY OWN PLEASURE...

PLSSS...NNNGGG...

SLAVE CARAVAN

Cagri

episode 3



OH YES... I LIKE TO FEEL CHRISTIAN BREATH ON MY ASS HOLE...

I'LL BUY THE CHICK WHEN YOU GET BORED OF HER, MY LADY!

UUUGH!



I DON'T...UUH!...THINK SO!...OOH!... LOOKS LIKE...UUH!...SHE'LL BE... OH!...MY FAVOURITE TOY! YEAH!



UUUUAAAGH!

DON'T YOU THINK SO, MY BABY? DON'T STOP BREATHING NOW! HERE COMES YOUR DINNER!

SLAVE CARAVAN

HELP ME STAMP THIS BITCH!
SOMEONE STOLE TWO OF MY PETS
IN THE LAST PARTY AT OMAR'S!

IT'S A PLEASURE TO BRAND
THESE WHITE AS-SES SIR!
HERE'S YOUR I.D. CARD,
SLAVE! HA HA HA

PLS...SRR!
PLSSS...DNT!

AAARGGGH!

SEE THIS WHITE, CREAMY
FLESH, NEGRO? IT IS
MINE, ALL MINE!



OF COURSE, MY LADY!

YOU CAN USE IT
ANY TIME, NEGRO!

YEAH I WILL, SIR, I
LIKE USING WHITIES!

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SLAVE CARAVAN

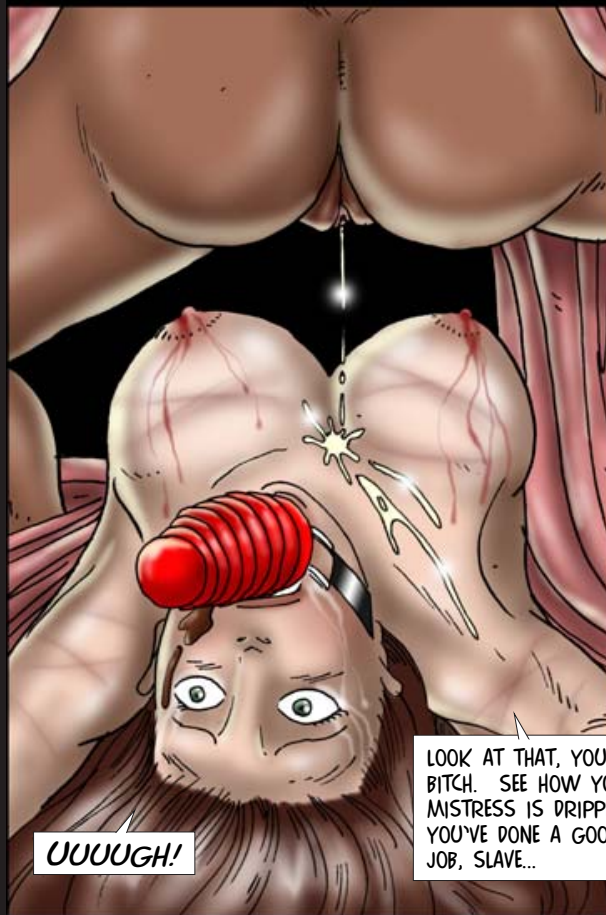


THEY BROUGHT EXCELLENT SPECIMENS TO THIS AUCTION, BRITISH STOCK MOST OF THEM

I HEARD THERE'S A GERMAN BATCH COMING FOR THE NEXT ONE. REAL WHITE STUFF!

OOH! CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS ONE IS STILL A VIRGIN!

MMMMMMGH!



UUUUGH!

LOOK AT THAT, YOU BITCH. SEE HOW YOUR MISTRESS IS DRIPPING! YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB, SLAVE...



OK SLUT, GET UP, PARTY'S OVER! IT'S TIME TO GO TO YOUR NEW HOME...

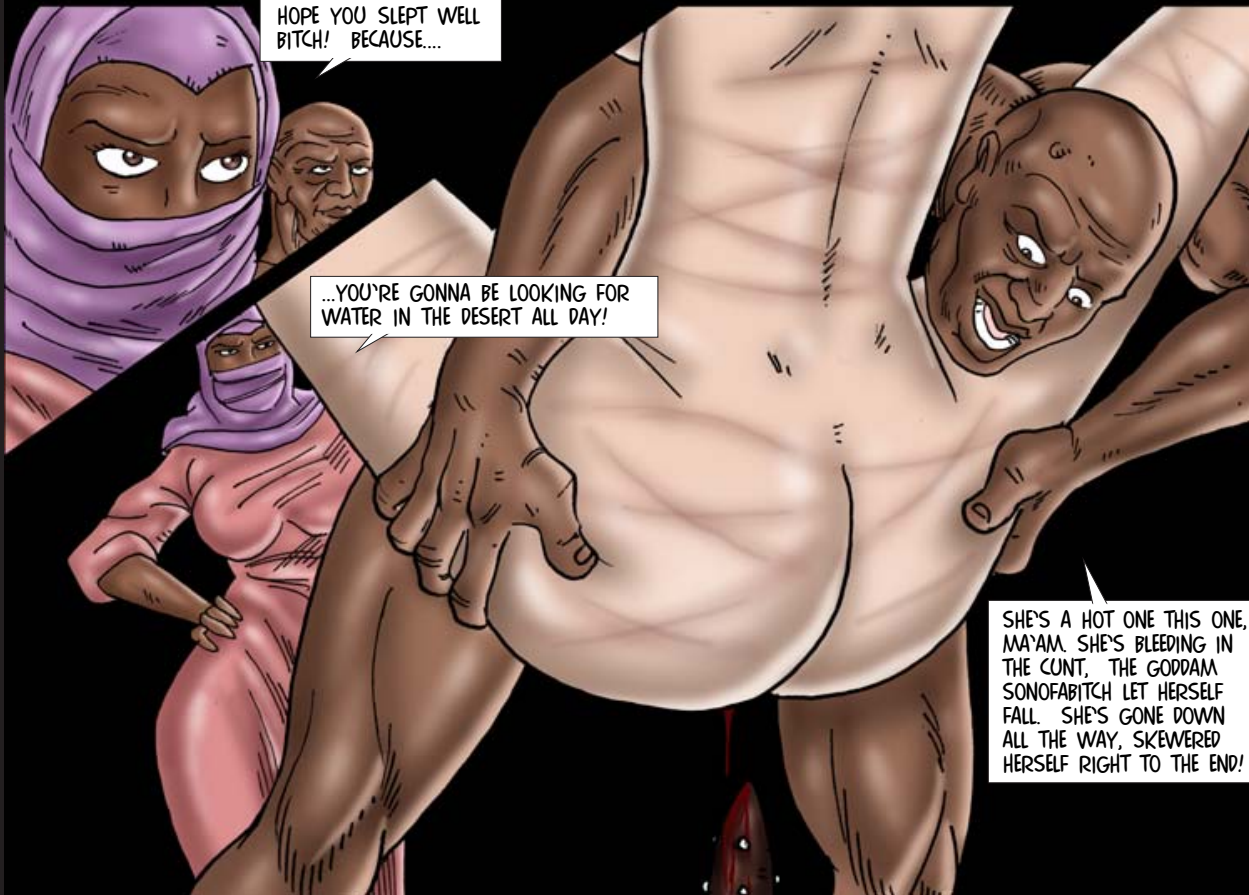
NEXT MORNING IN LADY YASEMIN'S SLAVE PEN...



MMMMMPH...

MMMMMMGH!

SAY GOOD MORNING TO YOUR MISTRESS, SLAVES. LET'S SEE NOW. WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO ENTERTAIN YOUR LADY THIS MORNING? MAYBE OUR NEW RED-HAIRED ENGLISH SLUT?



HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL BITCH! BECAUSE...

...YOU'RE GONNA BE LOOKING FOR WATER IN THE DESERT ALL DAY!

SHE'S A HOT ONE THIS ONE, MA'AM. SHE'S BLEEDING IN THE CUNT, THE GODDAM SONOFABITCH LET HERSELF FALL. SHE'S GONE DOWN ALL THE WAY, SKEWERED HERSELF RIGHT TO THE END!

SLAVE CARAVAN

UUUUGH!

YOU REALLY HAVE A TIGHT ASS GIRL!

THE SLUT IS READY, MY LADY! HOPE YOU FIND SOME WATER TODAY!

YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T GIRL, DON'T YOU?

DON'T DIE, OK? I HAVEN'T CHECKED YOU OUT YET! HA HA HA

LET'S GO SLAVE! GIDDY UP!

THE TRAINING HOUSE

by Thorn

ROBIN HAS BEEN ABDUCTED BY A SLAVE RING. THE KIDNAPPING WAS A COMMISSION JOB, AND THE CLIENT, TO ROBIN'S HORROR, TURNED OUT TO BE HER OWN STEP-FATHER. IN THIS CHAPTER ROBIN LEARNS THE REAL MEANING OF WHAT BEING THE SEX SLAVE OF AN AGEING PERVERT LIKE HER STEP-FATHER REALLY MEANS....

GOOD MORNING, MR SLADDEN, I HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED YOUR BREAKFAST. YOU'RE STEPDAUGHTER IS READY AND AWAITING YOUR PLEASURE



YES, THANK YOU, I'VE JUST FINISHED HERE...



SHE IS IN A SIMPLE RESTRAINING GLOVE, AS YOU REQUESTED. IF YOU REQUIRE ANY HELP AT ALL, PLEASE LET US KNOW



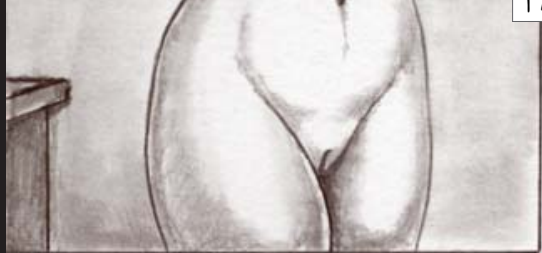
THANK YOU, MISS GROGAN. I'M SURE I CAN MANAGE... AS YOU KNOW, I LIKE TO DO THESE THINGS PERSONALLY.



UNCLE HAROLD... THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE... I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED ...THESE PEOPLE ARE MONSTERS THEY...

SHUT UP YOU SILLY GIRL! I AM QUITE AWARE OF YOUR PRESENT PREDICA-MENT. YOU SEE, ROBIN, IT WAS ME WHO ARRANGED IT... I HAD YOU ABDUCTED, AND FROM NOW ON YOU WILL NOW ADDRESS ME AS DADDY. SOMETHING YOU ALWAYS SWORE YOU WOULD NEVER DO, IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A STUCK UP, LITTLE PRUDE, ROBIN, SO NOW I AM PERSONALLY, GOING TO TRAIN YOU AS MY SEX SLAVE...



DON'T CALL ME NAMES, NOT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, BITCH. YOU CALL ME DADDY! AND YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW YOUR DADDY SOME RESPECT. SO, LETS HAVE YOU DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, ROBIN, TIME FOR YOU TO DEMONSTRATE A LITTLE SUBSERVENCE.

...YOU ARE GOING TO PERFORM EVERY DISGUSTING ACT IMAGINABLE, AND I AM GOING TO ENJOY IT, AS MUCH AS YOU ARE GOING TO HATE IT,



OH GOD NOOOO!!!

YOU CAN'T... YOU!!! HOW COULD YOU? YOU ROTTEN BASTARD ...HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME... I'M YOUR STEPPAUGHTER FOR GODS SAKE.

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

THERE, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE FEEL OF MY COCK RUBBING ON YOUR PRETTY FACE, ROBIN?

UUGGGH NOO!

I WILL CONTINUE THRASHING YOUR FAT BACKSIDE, UNTIL YOU ASK TO SUCK YOUR DADDY'S COCK!

WHAH AGGGH.. I CAN'T... PLEASE STOP.... NO... AGGGGHHHH OH GOD PLEASE AAAGGGGGH..... STOP!!!

ALRIGHT... I WILL DO IT... I WILL SUCK IT...AGGGGHHH. I WILL SUCK YOUR COCK,,, AGGGHHH... OH GOD STOP... PLEASE STOP... I WANT TO SUCK YOUR CO...CK

I WANT TO SUCK MY DADDY'S COCK!!!

GOOD GIRL!

NOW SLAVE, LET'S SEE YOU GET IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND SUCK IT.

OH NO... I... I CAN'T PLEASE IT'S FILTHY I CAN'T PLEASSE...

TIME FOR SOME ENCOURAGEMENT THEN I THINK.

OWWWW!!! DON'T PLEASE AGGGGHHH STOP... IT HURTS... AAAGGGHHH

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NOW FOR YOUR FIRST LESSON IN COCK SUCKING. JUST USE YOUR TONGUE FOR STARTERS, THAT'S IT... LICK ALL ROUND THE END... AHHH YES... NOW STICK YOUR TONGUE IN THE SLIT AND LICK... THAT'S IT... WHAT A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE COCKSUCKER YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE, ROBIN...



TAKE IT IN YOUR MOUTH AND SUCK IT. OOH YES... KEEP USING YOUR TONGUE, LICK THE END AS YOU SUCK... AH LOVELY!!! THAT'S A GOOD GIRL...



GGGGGGH!

THAT'S IT KEEP SUCKING... OOH YES, LOVELY. OOH... KEEP LICKING... AAHHHH GOD, GET READY FOR A MOUTH FULL OF YOUR DADDY'S SPERM... MAKE SURE YOU SWALLOW EVERY DROP. AAHHHH YES, AHHHH!!! IN YOUR MOUTH! THAT'S IT, DRINK YOUR DADDY'S COME... AAHHHHH!!



AARGGGHH...

AHHH... NOT BAD, YOU NEED MORE PRACTICE THOUGH, AND I TOLD YOU TO SWALLOW IT. LOOK AT YOU!!! WHAT A DISGUSTING SNIVELLING, LITTLE PIG!!! WHAT WOULD YOUR POSH FRIENDS THINK OF YOU NOW, EH? STARK NAKED, SHOWING OFF YOUR CUNT, TITS AND ARSE, WITH YOUR OLD MAN'S SPERM RUNNING DOWN YOUR CHIN... LICK IT ALL UP AND SWALLOW IT!!! OR YOU'LL HAVE A TASTE MY WHIP AGAIN.



GARGGGHH... PLEASSSEEE...

THAT'S IT, LICK IT ALL UP. NOW I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE SHE IS JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR.



THIS IS, ALISON. SHE KEPT ME AMUSED LAST NIGHT. AS YOU SEE, SHE HAS HAD A TASTE OF THE WHIP. BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL WHIP HER ANY MORE FOR THE MOMENT.



NO, INSTEAD I WILL SHOW YOU MY SKILLS AT BODY PIERCING. VERY PAINFUL IF INFLICTED ON SENSITIVE PARTS OF THE BODY... HER BIG TITS FOR EXAMPLE.



NO!!!

OH GOD NOOOO!



AARGGGHH!!!

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ISN'T THIS FUN? SHE CAN'T HEAR, SEE OR EVEN SCREAM. ALL SHE CAN DO IS FEEL THE PAIN OF THE SKEWERS IN HER FLESH. YOU HAVE TO PUSH THEM IN SLOWLY, MAKE IT REALLY HURT. THIS IS THE SORT OF THING THAT HAPPENS TO GIRLS WHO DON'T DO AS THEIR TOLD... GIRLS WHO DON'T SWALLOW ALL THEIR DADDY'S SPERM FOR EXAMPLE... PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO USE THE SKEWERS ON YOU, WOULD YOU? NO... PERHAPS NOT. I DON'T WANT TO MARK MY PRETTY NEW SLAVE... NOT JUST YET ANYWAY.

WE'LL PLAY ANOTHER GAME THEN, LET'S TRY A LITTLE BREATH CONTROL, SHALL WE. SEE HOW LONG THIS SLUT CAN SURVIVE WITHOUT AIR.

SO EASY, JUST PINCH HER NOSE. NOW, HOW LONG WILL SHE LIVE? A MINUTE, TWO, MAYBE THREE.

MMMM.....!!!

NOO!!!... DON'T, OH GOD, YOU'RE KILLING HER

MM...M...
MM...MM...
MMMM...!!!

THAT MUST BE AT LEAST A MINUTE. JUST LOOK AT THE POOR THING STRUGGLING FOR AIR...

OH STOP ... PLEASE STOP.

SO, YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS BITCH... OK, I'LL LET HER LIVE, BUT ON ONE CONDITION, YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME. I WANT A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR OBEDIENCE AS A SEX SLAVE. YOU MUST BEND OVER STICK OUT YOUR BACKSIDE AND ASK ME TO FUCK YOU UP THE ARSE. I WANT TO HEAR YOU BEGGING FOR IT... OR THEN AGAIN, YOU COULD ALWAYS TAKE HER PLACE.

OOOHHH...NO!!!

HOLD THOSE FAT CHEEKS OPEN WIDE FOR DADDY, ROBIN. I WANT TO BE ABLE SEE YOUR DIRTY LITTLE ARSEHOLE PROPERLY. NOW, MY DEAR, LET ME HEAR YOU SAY IT ... JUST AS I HAVE TOLD YOU.

OH GOD!!! P...PLEASE DADDY, PLEASE WILL YOU TO FUCK ME UP THE ARSE. I BEG YOU TO STICK YOUR COCK UP RIGHT UP MY ARSEHOLE AND TO GIVE ME A GOOD, HARD BUGGERING.

AS YOU ASK ME SO NICELY, MY DEAR DAUGHTER, I WILL BE ONLY TO HAPPY TO OBLIGE. ALTHOUGH, I THINK, YOU ARE GOING TO FIND THIS A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE.

GET READY TO BE ASS-FUCKED, SLAVE!!!

TO BE CONTINUED
THORN

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NEW FANSADOX COLLECTION

Fed up with reading 'to be continued'?
Try this, new from Fansadox.
Complete, self-contained comics



OF COURSE.. AS THE PAIN IN HER GUT RISES.. SHE AGREES..

THE CABIN

by ZERNS
episode 5

STAY..
STAY..
NOW..
HOLD
IT..



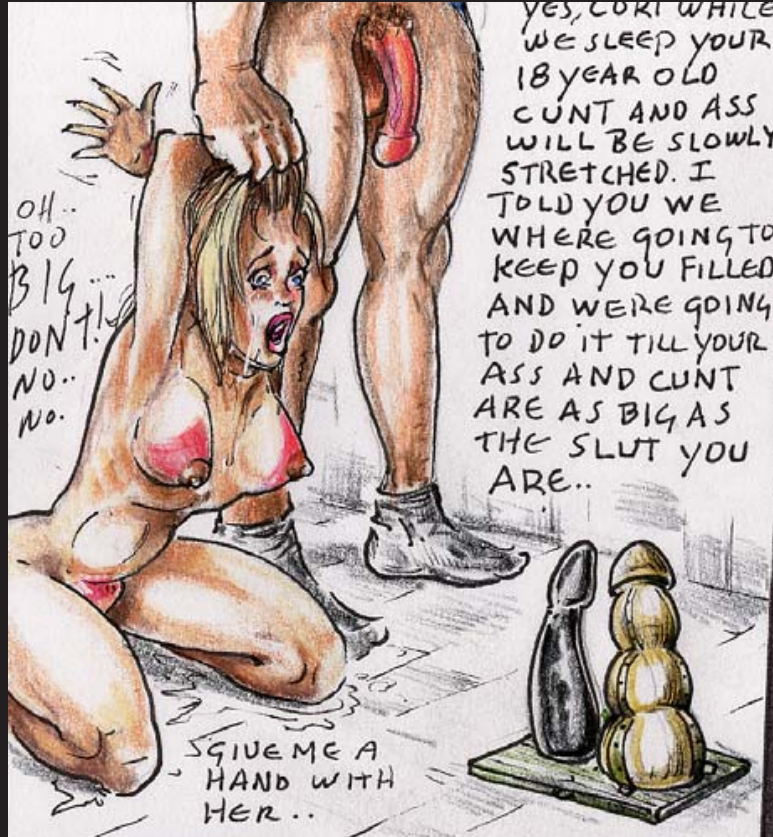
MOUTH
AND
EYES
OPEN
CORI



HOLD
STILL.
SLOWLEY

SHE
CONVULSES..
WITH THE
PLUG REMOVED..
FOR A GOOD
TEN MINUTES..!!
RETCING
AND
SHUDDERING





OH...
TOO
BIG...
DON'T!
NO...
NO.

YES, CORI WHILE
WE SLEEP YOUR
18 YEAR OLD
CUNT AND ASS
WILL BE SLOWLY
STRETCHED. I
TOLD YOU WE
WHERE GOING TO
KEEP YOU FILLED
AND WE'RE GOING
TO DO IT TILL YOUR
ASS AND CUNT
ARE AS BIG AS
THE SLUT YOU
ARE..

GIVE ME A
HAND WITH
HER..



No..No
No..No..

HOLD
STILL



SHE QUIETS A
BIT AFTER A
NECK ZAP..

YOU CAN
DO IT.. CORI..
RELAX..
RELAX..

JUST
GETTING
THE HEADS
IN OPEN BOTH
HOLES TO
THE MAX..!
THE KEEP
PUSHING
HER
DOWN..
SHE..!
WAILS..

ENOUGH!
SHE'LL
RIP!!

YOU CAN
TIGHTEN
DOWN
MORE
ON
YOUR
SIDE

I DONT
WANT
HER
BLEEDING
ALL
NIGHT
JUST
A
LITTLE
MORE.

SOME
OIL
AS
LUBRICANT
AND
OUR
GIRL
WILL
SLIDE
DEEPER
STILL.



OH... OH... YOUR TEARING ME EEE!!

OH... PLEASE... SOB... SOME
ONE... HELP ME...

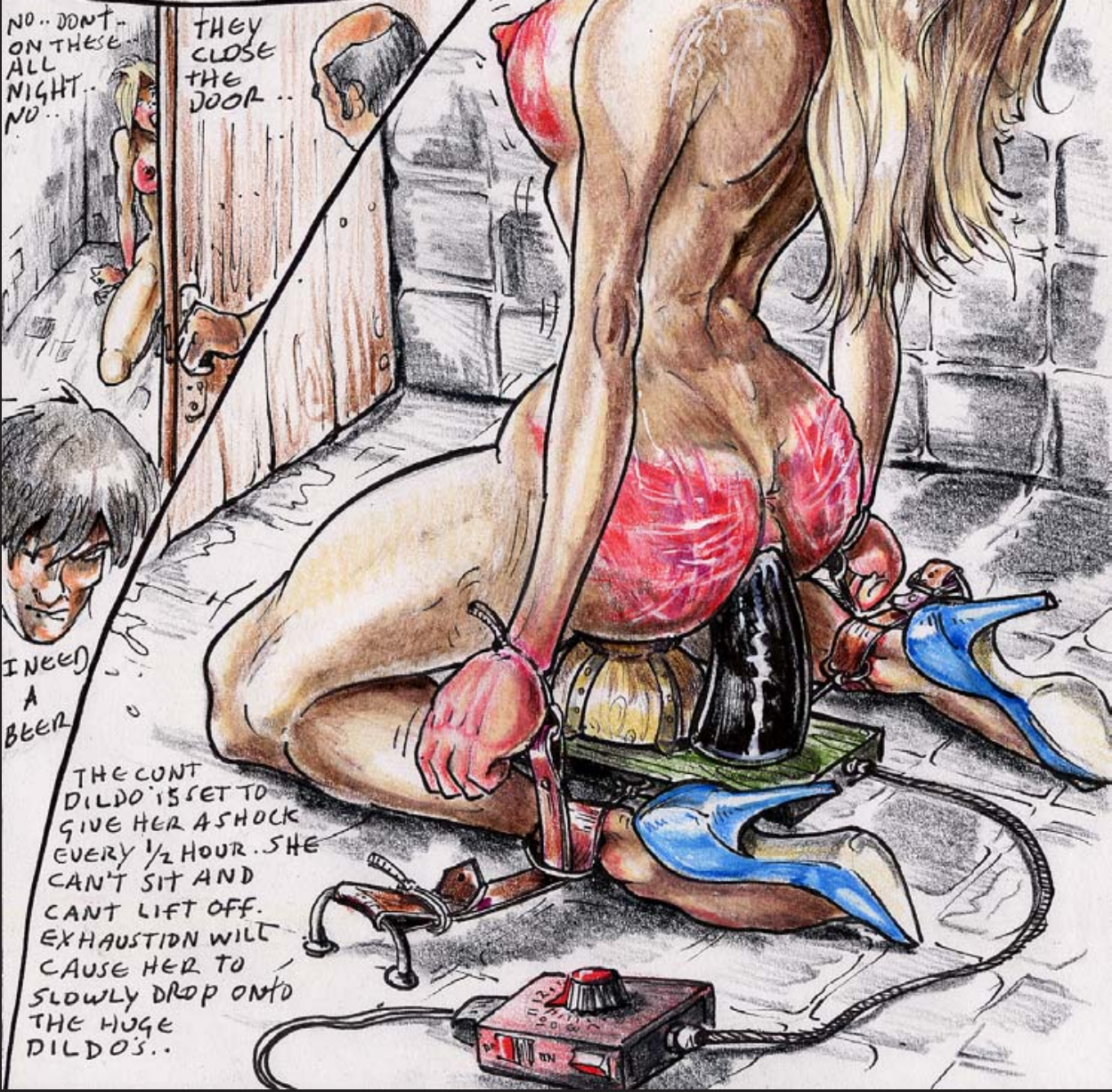
"SOB..."

NO... DONT...
ON THESE...
ALL
NIGHT...
NO...

THEY
CLOSE
THE
DOOR...



I NEED
A
BEER



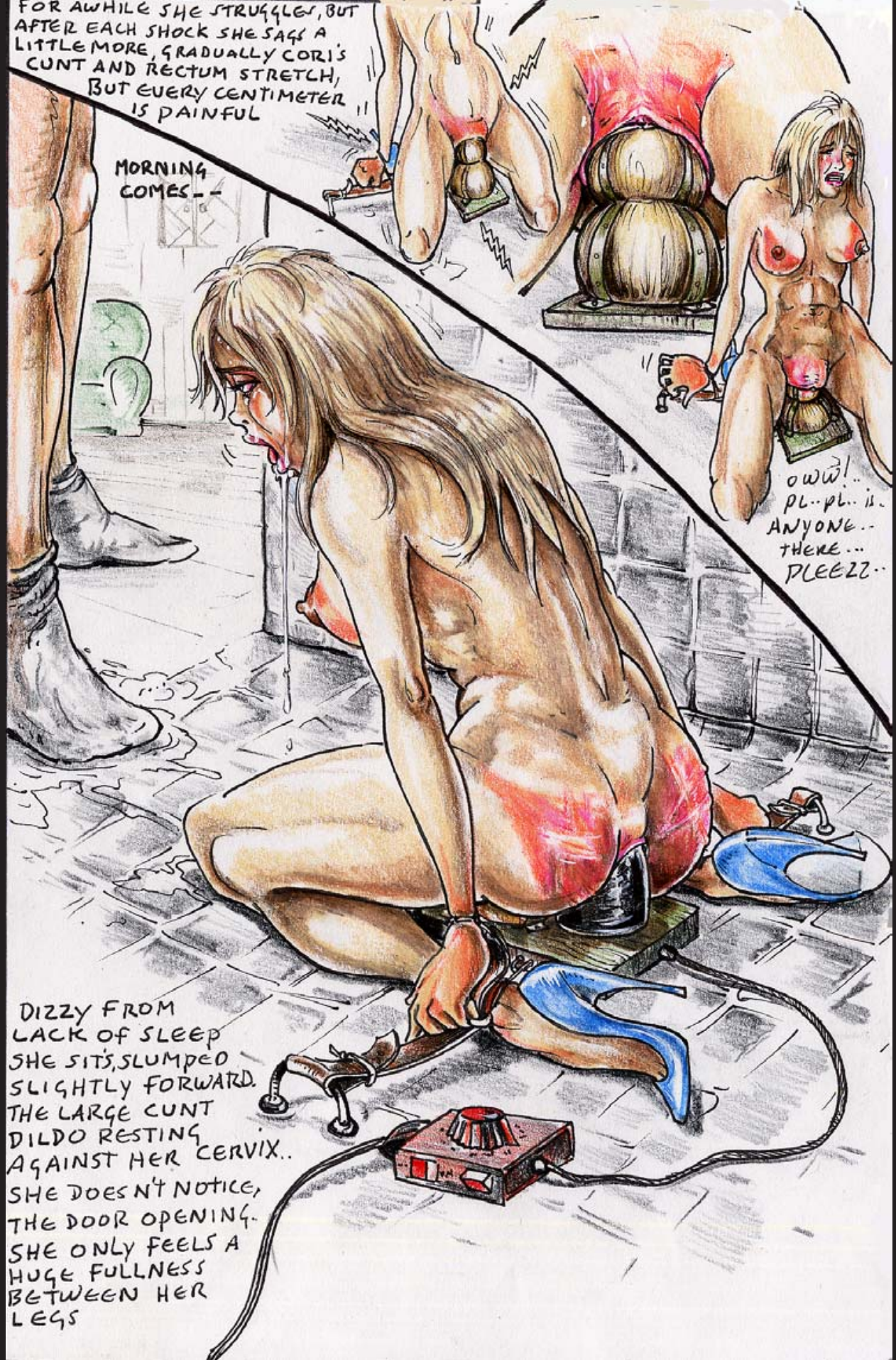
THE CONT
DILDO IS SET TO
GIVE HER A SHOCK
EVERY 1/2 HOUR... SHE
CANT SIT AND
CANT LIFT OFF.
EXHAUSTION WILL
CAUSE HER TO
SLOWLY DROP ONTO
THE HUGE
DILDO'S..

FOR AWHILE SHE STRUGGLES, BUT AFTER EACH SHOCK SHE SAGS A LITTLE MORE, GRADUALLY CORI'S CUNT AND RECTUM STRETCH, BUT EVERY CENTIMETER IS PAINFUL

MORNING COMES --

oww!...
pl..pl.. is..
ANYONE..
THERE...
PLEEZZ..

DIZZY FROM LACK OF SLEEP SHE SITS, SLUMPED SLIGHTLY FORWARD. THE LARGE CUNT DILDO RESTING AGAINST HER CERVIX.. SHE DOESN'T NOTICE, THE DOOR OPENING. SHE ONLY FEELS A HUGE FULLNESS BETWEEN HER LEGS





MORNING
CUNT.. AHH..
open.. up..
DO.. IT NOW!
He RELIEVES
HIMSELF...
SHE IS TOO
EXHAUSTED
TO STRUGGLE

SHE IS PULLED
UP.. WITH PAIN-
FUL TUG



— GET UP CUNT..
NOW YOUR FUCK
HOLES ARE
BEGINNING TO
LOOK LIKE
SLUT HOLES

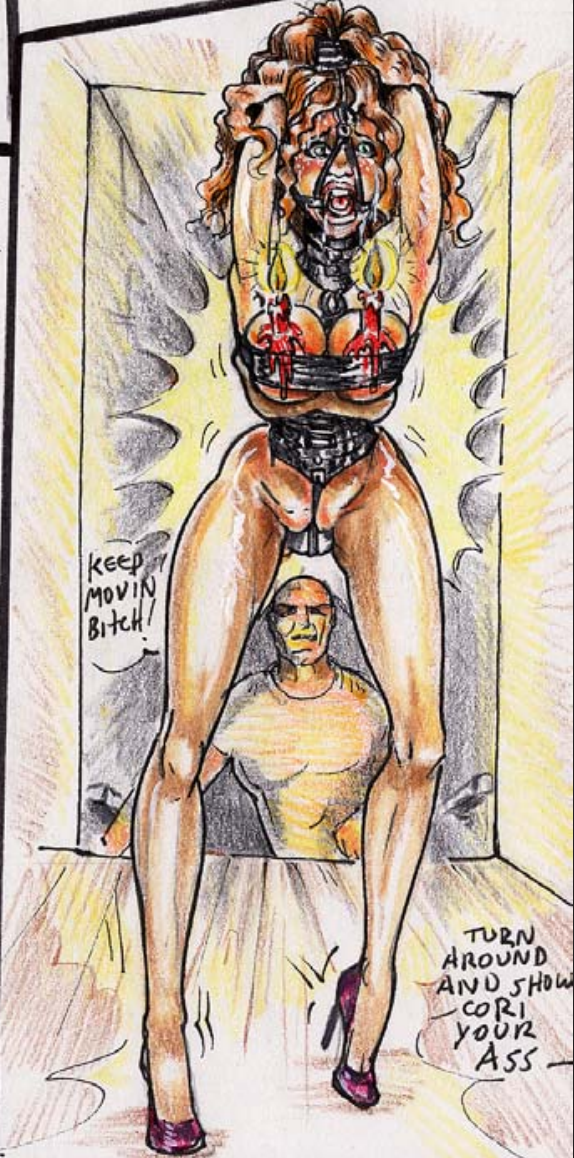


LEAN FORWARD..

THAT
SHOULDN'T
HURT..

OOH.. IT
DOES..
SO SLOW..
PL..

I GO AS
FAST AS I..
LIKE CORI
CUNT.. GOT
A SURPRISE
FOR YOU..
HERE
COMES
KELLY



keep
MOVIN
Bitch!

TURN
AROUND
AND SHOW
CORI
YOUR
ASS

ACK.. SHE'S ON FIRE ...
OH.. NO.. CANDLES..

NICE HOH, it's
HER BIRTHDAY
TODAY..



OPEN YOUR
ASS CORI..
AHH.. THAT H..
SIT

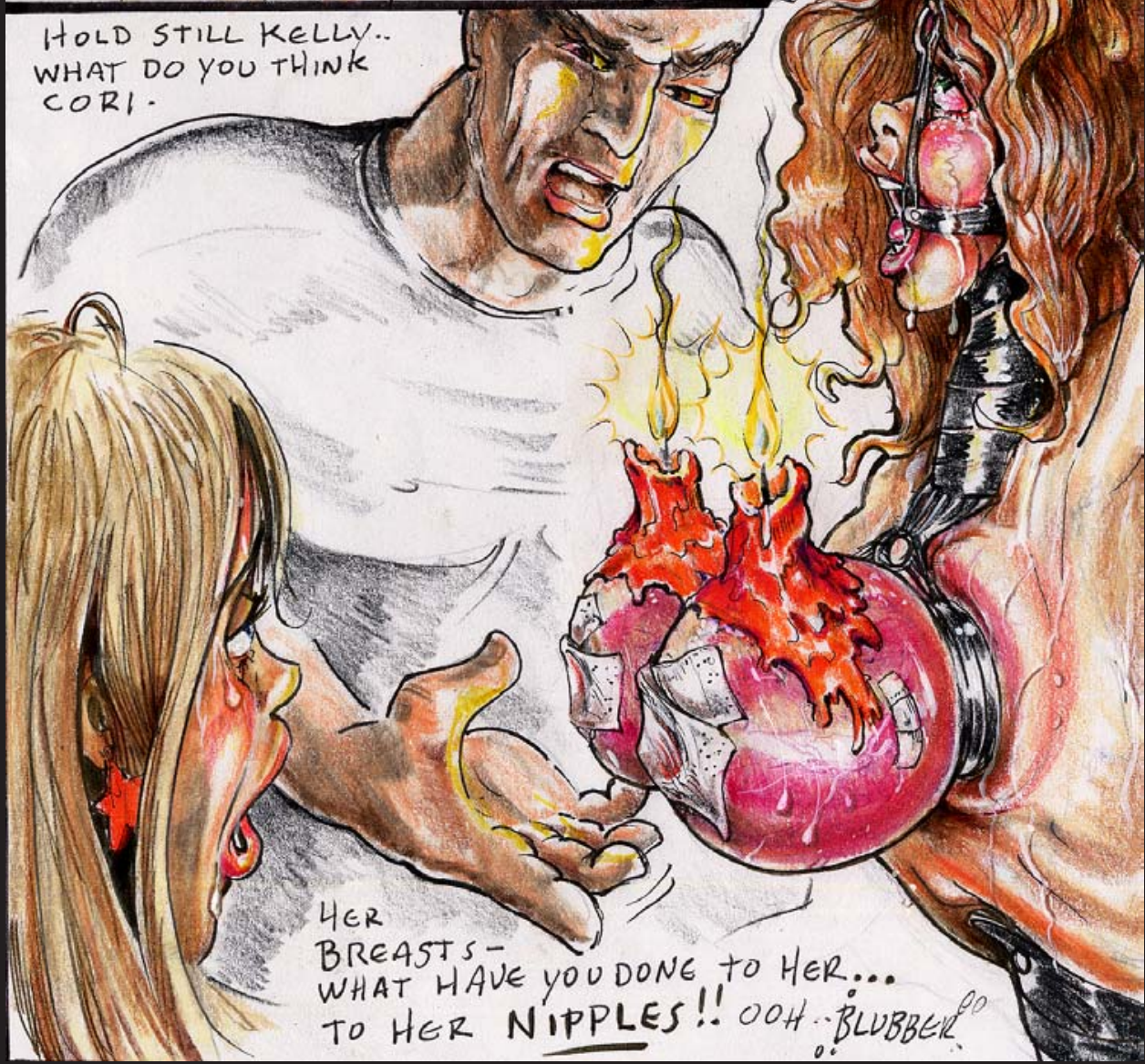


NOW
KELLY

SHOW CORI WHAT
WE DO TO
BAD GIRLS
LIKE
YOU



HOLD STILL KELLY..
WHAT DO YOU THINK
CORI..



HER
BREASTS -
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER...
TO HER NIPPLES!! OOH.. BLUBBER!!

REBOUND

Geoff Merrick. Illustrations TAW
Previous in Fansadox 16, 17, 18 & 19

Blonde, blue-eyed, 5'7", 110 lb. Leesa Mendaski, 36D-23-33: abducted by the parents of the boy she «broke the heart of» five years before. This secretly sadistic couple keep her at their bed and breakfast out by the lake, along with 5'3", 97lb., brown-eyed brunette Kerry Sherman (34D-22-33), the daughter of a family renting suite 4A, who stumbled into their clutches.

Now guess who just got back from college...

Day Five

"Ta-da!" said Agnes Brannigan.

The sight took Andy Brannigan's breath away. For a moment, the burly college student's eyes widened and his mouth dropped. There were his folks the male ex-nurse and the female ex-phys ed teacher standing on either side of his old room's doorway. But inside, sitting on a plain, harsh, wooden chair in the middle of his room, was unmistakably Leesa Mendaski.

Unmistakable, because someone who hadn't obsessed on her for the past eighteen hundred and twenty-five days might not have recognized her, despite her bright blue eyes and long, natural blonde hair. They might not have recognized her because at least a third of her face was obscured. Everything beneath her nostrils were completely covered and sealed. They might not have recognized her because the agonized, desperate expression on her face was so different than her customary delight and joy.

And they might not have recognized her because of her unusual outfit and the way it "fit" her. Her head was back because of the way her arms were wrenched back and down, her hair knotted in the rubber coated wire and thin black rope binding her elbows and wrists. Her chest was thrust up for the same reason. Her legs were spread, with her ankles tied back to the chair's side leg slats.

Her spectacular body twitched in a stunning, skin-tight, black rubber/latex micromini dress, but her full, seemingly inflated breasts practically hummed thrust out in space, bunched between the deep v-cleavage of the punishing outfit. On her legs and feet were matching, black, five-inch heels and rubber /latex thigh highs, which set off her lustrous ivory skin like nothing before.

"For you, Sonny," his mother went on, presenting the coming home present like a game show gift. "Just the way you like it."

It took only nano-seconds for Andy's amazed expression to morph into a leering grin. It was almost as if his daily fantasies for the last sixty months had taken living shape right before him. His eyes went from her pleading face to her writhing body to her jutting chest. Her tits' undersides gleamed while her nipples slowly dripped.

He glanced at his father. "Lactaid?" His father nodded slightly and the boy's eyes, flashing, returned to the captive girl. "Oh, man, oh man," he whispered, stepping forward. The girl cringed as his free hand slid over her left breast as naturally as if he were testing a supermarket cantaloupe. "What's the matter, Leesa?" he asked huskily, slowly squeezing, "Cat got your tongue?"

She tried to scream then to beg, plead, reason, explain, and promise, but the packing, plug, and padding rendered it all just so much steam. "Too late for that now, baby," he seethed, half massaging and half mauling her chest. While feeling the exceptional sensation, he glanced down between her legs. Her soft tuft seemed to glow. "Stick her?" he asked flatly.

There was a telling pause before his mother replied. "We



got her ready for you, sonny."

"How long you have her?"

"A few days," his father admitted. "But...!"

"No matter," he interrupted, making the girl cringe as his hand spasmed. The student looked around quickly. The beautiful young co-ed here, against her will, for a few days? They'd have had to keep her quiet indeed. His smile slowly widened. "Stuck, maybe," he mused, "but you sure couldn't have use the pie hole..."

He brought up his other hand while never pausing in his kneading. The girl's eyes widened in dread as she saw the small medical bag he held. "Didn't my folks tell you what I'm studying?" he asked quietly. Only then did he leave her chest alone long enough to wrench open the satchel. He shoved the opening in her face. "Dentistry." He then looked meaningfully at his father. "Watch how it's done, old man."

The tube of seemingly luminescent blue gel came out first. Snapping on a rubber glove, he screwed a syringe-like plastic needle onto its top, slipped it under the top of her gag, and squeezed it across her mashed down lips. He then squeezed some onto his gloved fingers and started rubbing it into her lovely neck.

His parents watched, practically feeling the way it grew warm, then tingly, numbing her muscles. They could see it all in her eyes and her facial expression as it quickly did its work. "Anesthetic analgesic," the student corroborated. "Numbs the area while rendering the patient somnolent." He grinned. "The better to root canal."

He slathered the stuff across her throat and jaw, then carefully removed the glove and stepped back to join his folks for the show. Leesa's face showed surprise, then her eyes began to grow smoky and her lips drooped. Then they widened as drool began to burble up and over the top of her crushing gag.

"That's the cue," Andy said, moving forward to unstrap, untie, and unbuckle the muzzle. His father joined him, and they marveled at the way it slipped out and dropped off, swept by a veritable babbling brook of liquid. Agnes even saw a momentary look of embarrassment cross Leesa's visage as the poor girl tried to control her lower face. She watched as the blonde struggled desperately to talk or yell or cry for help, but it was as if she had become a gorgeous slack-jawed dipsomaniac.

"Hold her head," Andy said. His father didn't have to be told twice. He grabbed her scalp and chin, drinking in the soft, quivering beauty of her sweet, slack, working lips, as his son wrenched a dentafrice from his bag. Everyone recognized it, even though they didn't know what it was called. It looked like a metal version of a shark's jaws, and worked somewhat the same.

Within moments, two pieces of metal were in the girl's mouth, clamping over her teeth. Then, with just a few quick twists and turns, the dental student had pried open Leesa's lips to their widest aperture and then some millimeters more, until her jaw was the widest it had ever been.

"Blue shit loosens the muscles, too," Andy said quietly as the family members looked at each other with anticipation. "She'd be able to swallow a boa constrictor

now."

As they stood, the bound and newly gagged girl's head raised and fell back, a tiny, frightened wail beginning to emerge just before the father, mother, and son moved in on her again.

Agnes Brannigan didn't even hear the first thump, so intent was she on her husband and son's pleasure. By that time, Tom was seated beneath the girl, her lax legs on either side of him, his erection impaling her moist crack.

He held her up by her voluminous breasts; the better for her to take Andy's cock all the way into her pried-open mouth. The student had her head in his hands as he thrust into her face over and over again, his log coursing down her tongue and throat.

Her wrists were tied behind her and her ankles lashed to the chair legs, but it hardly mattered. The blue gel had been spread on her thighs as well. Tom almost slapped it on her tits, too, but his son stopped him at the last second.

"Oh no, dad," he said with a smile. "We want her to feel that, don't we?"

So the enchanting blonde sat, mouth and cunt fucked, her chest mauled, as Andy's parents told him the tale of her abduction and captivity.

"So her folks don't even know she's missing?" he asked.

"Don't think so," Tom grunted, shoving himself up into her again. "That'll teach you to drop out, bitch."

"Oh no, dad," Andy cooed with pleasure. "She's no bitch. She's a lovely, fresh, young girl." He looked down at her flaxen, thick, silky hair, her bulging breasts, her long, shapely legs, and the way her body filled the rubber spandex. "And that's what makes this all the better," he concluded as he pushed his cock all the way into her slavering mouth again.

This time the thumping noise from above caught Agnes' attention. At first she thought it might be a visitor thumping on the wall for the owners' attention. Maybe their call bell didn't work or the Brannigans didn't hear it. That wasn't impossible under the circumstances.

But now that she was paying attention, she heard that it wasn't coming from the guest rooms. It was coming from the attic...

The woman left without a word to her family. She didn't have to speak. They were completely occupied. In fact, on her way down the hall, she heard them talking.

"That's right, pop," Andy was saying. "Milk that maid!"

"Well, I'll tell you boy," Tom was replaying, "you sure taught your daddy a thing or two!"

Well, isn't that nice, the woman thought. She was doubly gratified that she heard virtually no noise emerging that evidenced a captive, save for the distant wet, sopping sounds of vaginal and oral sex. Maybe a gasp or two, but that may have been her imagination.

Instead, she concentrated on the thumping from above. It didn't concern her unduly, yet it was still annoying. The Sherman girl should have known better by now. What was the best she thought would happen? At the very least, a visitor would alert the landlords,

and the landlords would investigate. Then she knew what her punishment would be.

Oh well, Agnes shrugged. Desperation made for recklessness. The silly little girl wanted their attention? She would get their attention; just like the attention they had been giving her from the moment she appeared in their doorway in her t-shirt and cut-offs. No doubt Andy would want the blonde cunt all to himself in just a few minutes; then Tom would have plenty of time to see what Kerry Sherman could handle.

Agnes Brannigan opened the attic door. For a split second, she almost had a heart attack when her eyes took in what was happening within. But just a split second afterwards, she relaxed, folded her arms across her chest, and leaned on the attic doorway.

Kerry Sherman still hung from a rafter by her tied wrists. The wide leather prod gag Agnes had glued and strapped to her face was still in place. The tight summer dress was still barely hanging onto her great body by a single button. The five inch granny heels were still laced on her feet.

The only major difference was now Sheriff Jim was gripping her tight, round rump with both hands and trying to shove his cock all the way up inside her. Agnes watched as their squirming bodies bumped the uprights on either side. That was what had been making the thumping sound.

Agnes glanced over at Trooper Wallace, who stood off to the side, sipping a cup of coffee as the brunette moaned, whinnied, grunted, and choked just barely dodging the policeman's incursion.

"M'am," he said quietly without taking his eyes off the girl's contortions.

"Trooper," Agnes replied. "Been here long?"

He took another sip before answering. "Nope. Just got here." The two watched for a few seconds longer as the sheriff struggled to nail the young beauty while she managed to slide, pull or twist her shining, sweating shape away from his invasion. "Her folks should've never shown us that photo of her," he mused. "Got us pretty hard pretty quick."

"How'd you know she was here?"

The trooper shrugged. "Figured. We couldn't see her, but the scent of a sweet young thing was in the air. No offense, m'am, but that sure wasn't your perfume. We were expecting to sneak back and open up every box stashed here, but you must've hung her back up after we left last time, huh?"

Agnes didn't answer, thinking it was obvious. Instead, she said: "No offense taken. Pretty sharp." She stared at the sheriff's machinations for a scant few seconds more. "You know, he's never going to nail her that way."

Trooper Wallace considered it. "No?"

"Naw," Agnes said, shaking her head. "You never should've undone her legs. You need some balast for that kind of angle."

The trooper considered it for a few seconds more, then stepped toward the sheriff. "Just a second, Jim," he said mildly, setting his coffee down on a box beside the suspended girl. Agnes admired the deft way he expertly corded the girl's knees, then tied them wide to the book-ending uprights.

Kerry Sherman's deep, rich eyes widened in even greater fear as her girlhood was now totally exposed to the two officers. Trooper Wallace merely circled her small, glorious form before tapping the sheriff on the arm. "Go take the rear," he advised. "Let me show you how it's done."

Agnes was concerned that the sheriff might take exception



to that, but to her relief, the man merely smiled and slipped behind the petrified girl. His right hand immediately found her smooth, warm hip, while his left circled over her gagged mouth, drawing her head inexorably back. Trooper Wallace nonchalantly picked up his coffee with his right hand while unzipping his pants with his left.

Agnes watched in silent amazement as the sheriff's cock crown found the Sherman girl's ass crack and the trooper's hard-on stabbed between the girl's vaginal lips like a tonfa sliding into a scabbard. The girl's scream was cut off by a yank of her head as the trooper's left hand found her right breast.

Agnes saw the way her leg and arm muscles bunched, trying to close her limbs or pull herself away, but the trooper's approach was ruthlessly efficient. They had her sandwiched, her lovely back against the sheriff's front. That had her spiked from both the front and the back. And whatever her exhausted sinew could do was countered by the sheriff's pulls on her face.

For a few moments, it looked like an animated sculpture; the trooper unerringly stabbing into her crotch again and again, while kneading her full, round, lactaid-heightened breast, as the sheriff slithered up her ass like a python. The noises in the attic went from a thumping to a groaning, grunting, flesh-on-flesh moistened slurping.

Agnes was spellbound by it all for who-knows-how-long. Finally she snapped out of it when a shard of memory flashed the image of a blonde with her mouth pried open into her mind's eye. "Well," she said huskily in the confines of the attic, "the poor thing is obviously in good hands. I'll just leave you boys to it."

Much to her amazement, and even delight, she heard Kerry try to cry out as she was closing the door behind her. "Nnnnnnnnnnuhhh!" came the sound. "Ple...!" But then the sound-proof portal was shut and Agnes took a moment to take it all in. What did the fool think was going to happen? Her initial captors and assaulters were going to "rescue" her from her "rescuers"?

"Silly girl," Agnes thought, shaking her head. And then she headed back down to see how the love of her son's life was faring.

The night was short, and the morning came quickly. "Don't worry," Andy Brannigan heard Sheriff Jim say, "We'll locate her..."

"Shush," he told the bound bundle beneath him, squeezing her tits tightly. "I want to hear this."

He was laying atop Leesa on his bed, where she had been all night. Now she was face down, her ankles tied to her thighs, her feet pinioned in pink, six-inch high heels.

Her arms were wrenched behind her and tied high up her back, her delicate fingers cramped uselessly between his chest and her shoulder blades. Her effulgent blonde hair was in two pigtails on either side of her fine head, and her mouth was now pried to its widest aperture by a cunning combination of a prod and ball gag.

The ball section clamped her teeth and glued her lips to it, while the prod filled her mouth and held down her tongue. His body served as the rest of her bondage; his cock plugging her from behind, his body heavy on hers, and his hands filled with her chest. He yanked one hand free now, moving the palm to her lower face. Then the other tightened around her throat.

"Ssssh," he hissed in her ear. They both stared out between the bed's headboard slats him with a leer and her with despondency — to a small window that looked down onto the yard. There, Trooper Wallace and Sheriff Jim stood next to their patrol car, talking to the Shermans.

As the trooper explained things, the sheriff looked up. His eyes locked with Andy's, whose face was just visible over the window ledge. The student smiled and waved. The sheriff returned his attention to the discussion.

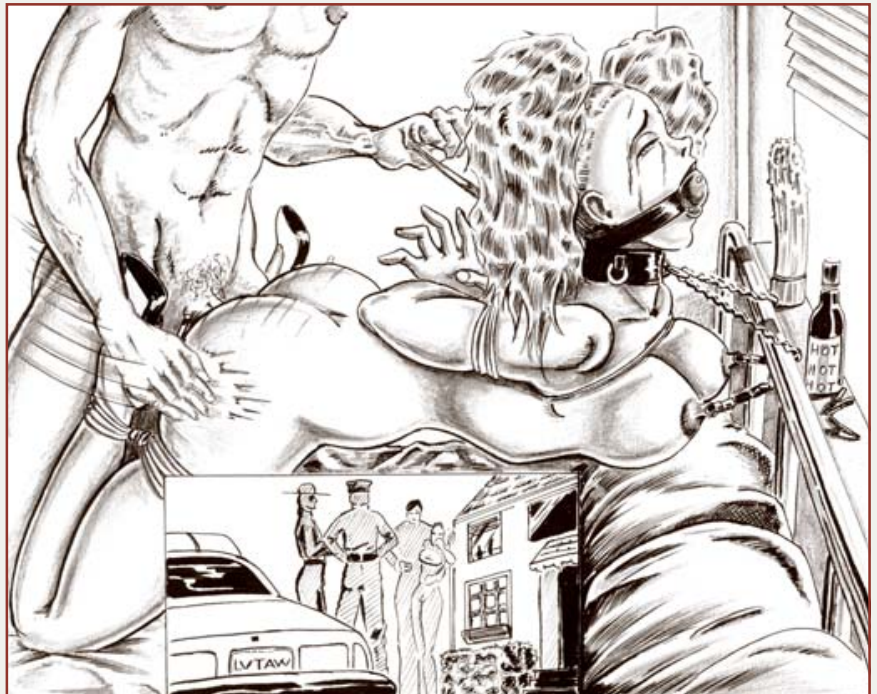
"I read," the Sherman woman said shakily, "that if a missing person isn't found within 48 hours..."

"Now, don't torture yourself," her husband interrupted. "I know these men will do everything they can."

"Yes, sir," Sheriff Jim assured them, resting his hand on their patrol car trunk.

Inside, for the hundredth time, Kerry Sherman tried to scream. She tried to kick. She tried to thump her head against the side of the enclosure. She even tried to scratch. But they had been too smart for her.

She wore a lace-up merry-widow corset with whale boning. On her lower legs was a single lace-up boot,



which imprisoned everything from her shins to her toes. It was then strapped to a bolt in the padded compartment. Her legs were bent double and strapped. Her body was bent double and strapped.

Likewise her arms were encased behind her in a brutally laced single glove, also tightly strapped to the padded floor. She was blindfolded by some sort of rubber latex which adhered to her eyes like thick paint actually outlining her closed lids as if she were a sculpture. And the gag; the gag was four-fold: stuffing her mouth and cheeks, padding her lips, sealing her jaw, and clamping around her throat so she could only get enough air for breath.

Her beautiful, thick, brown hair fanned back around the subjugation, creating the final restraint. It was tightly tied to yet another three bolts in the cushioned trunk floor, holding her head down firmly. She could hardly breathe, let alone speak; but she tried. Oh, how she tried! In here, she tried to shriek. I'm in here!

"You can count on it," Sheriff Jim finished telling her parents, not three feet away. "We will do everything we can. And more..."

Upstairs, Andy came into Leesa for the fifth time since he got home, tightening his grip on her mouth and throat so her long, agonizing moan of anguish wouldn't reach the window. He had taken her on the floor after his father had finished, his old man's cock in her mouth. By then the blue gel was wearing off, so they took turns stuffing her mouth before sealing it with black tape.

That got him so hard he did her again, doggy style. Only then did he ask to be alone. After his folks reluctantly left, he dragged her under the bed where he fondled and molested her for hours. Then, dragging her to the closet, he taped her legs to themselves, separately, so he could force her to sit on his erection as he bounced her on his haunches by her tits.

Finally it was bed time. What was left of the dress came off, as did the shoes. Then, under the covers, he wired her big toes wide to the baseboard, cinched her elbows, and propped pillows under her back for a fevered, frenzied, frenetic fucking which left her comatose. In the still of the night, as his father made his good-byes to the Sherman girl, Andy changed his "date's" gag, and prepared

for the new day.

Only when he had been able to spurt the last drop of "sixth-time" jism into her did he collapse down to murmur in her ear. "Oh, baby, isn't this wonderful? Only one thing could make it perfect..." And then he started to whisper.

Leesa's big blue eyes widened and widened. Her body began to tremble, then shudder, then shake. She started to thrash and try to scream so desperately that he had to clamp a drug-soaked pad over her face that his father had left on the bedside table. He held it there until she started to still, leaving her there to sob softly as he called his folks up to make ready.

As the preparations started, a car sped out of town along the same road where Kerry Sherman had supposedly walked into town.

"Isn't that the Sherman car?" Sheriff Jim asked, watching from the town's favorite speed trap spot.

"Yep," said Trooper Wallace from behind the wheel.

They both stared as the Sherman woman looked out her window and saw them. She stared at them. They stared back until the car disappeared in a cloud of road dust.

"I'm fairly certain they're exceeding the speed limit," said the sheriff.



"Yep," said the trooper. "I reckon."

"I wonder," said the sheriff. "Should we stop 'em? Just for their own safety?"

Trooper Wallace seemed to consider it. "Naw," he finally decided. "Let 'em go this time. Especially after all they've been through."

At that moment Kerry Sherman's hands clutched his shirt front.

"Now, there, there," he soothed, carefully pulling her fingers from the cloth and forcing her arms back down to the side of her back. Once again he marveled at the smoothness of her flesh and her youthful shape. Once again he was impressed by the strength of her struggle. Once again he appreciated the power of his handcuffs. Once again he exulted in the tight moisture of her cunt.

He was forcing her to sit on his erection. But her body was pulled down to the side and Sheriff Jim, in the passenger seat, had her lustrous, full, thick mane in his hands, forcing her to give him head, thanks to a dental device Andy Brannigan was kind enough to loan them. Her big toes were wired, wide, to the seat slats

The girl gurgled and choked and drooled and jerked between them; all under the dashboard ledge, out of sight of any passerby.

"That's right," the sheriff cooed. "That's good. You just keep sucking and licking, babe, and you might get off with good behavior."

"Cell ready?" Trooper Wallace asked breathlessly as he lowered her haunches onto his shaft again.

"You bet," the sheriff grunted. "In back. All the restraints in place."

"Good," Wallace sighed, holding her clawing hands down low as he bounced her on him intently. "I'll want to have plenty of time with this one when things slow down."

The sheriff gasped manfully at a particular good shift of his cock into her cheek. "Why not take all day with her now?" Jim managed to get out as he firmly kept her head from lurching back up.

"Can't," Wallace grunted, suddenly grabbing her hip bones and thrusting like mad. "Got to answer a call. The Mendaskis just reported their daughter missing."

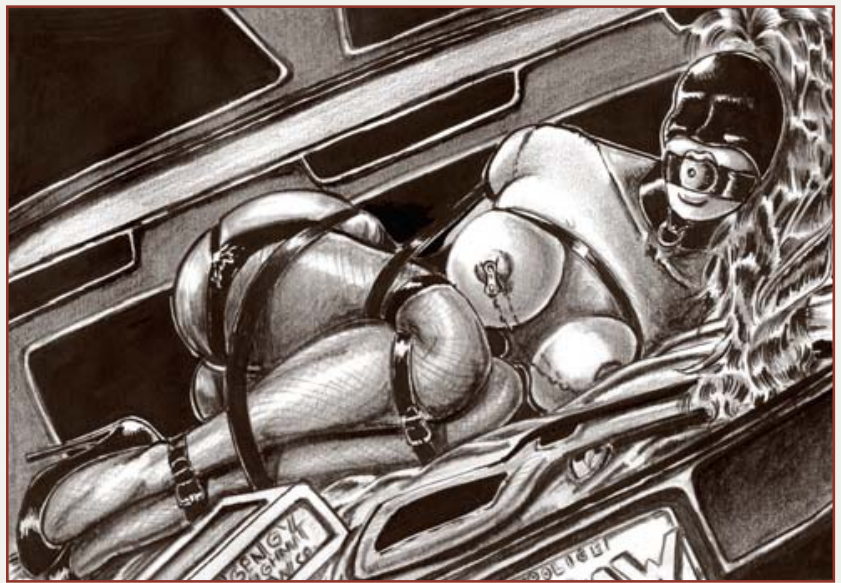
Sheriff Jim came in Kerry Sherman's mouth. He then held her down until Trooper Wallace finished. Then the straps came out again. She was back in the trunk, desperately gulping cum, by the time they pulled up to the Mendaski house.

At the same moment, Andy was standing the missing girl in his parents' rustic living room. His mother was mockingly faking weeping to the side, while his father stood before them with an open book. Leesa stared in disbelief, overwhelmed by what was happening to her. She wanted to howl, she wanted to run, she wanted to

collapse, but she couldn't do any of it.

Her hair was the most beautiful it had ever been — cascading down her back. Tiny flowers were wedged in it. Around her throat was a stiff white collar attached to a lower-face-clamping pear-gag buckled beneath her mane. A ring was in the center of the collar's front. A white strap attached to it went down through her cleavage and attached to other straps which ran along the underside of her breasts, serving as a bra to her naked, heaving chest her nipples tightly tied with wire-enhanced ribbons.

A white whale-boned corset crushed her waist. A white strap affixed her elbows behind her while cunningly sewn white gloves affixed her hands in front of her navel. The glove fingers were likewise sewn together so she was forced to clutch a small bouquet of white roses. A silken white train flowed from her hips behind her. An impossibly tight, white, open crotch, ankle length, skirt adhered to her long and shapely



lower limbs. White high heel boots took it from there.

"Now," Tom Flannigan was saying. "do you take this girl in health, for better, for richer, as long as she's a good fuck?"

"I do," said his son, as tears streamed out of the girl's bright blue eyes.

"That's fine," said the man. "I now pronounce you defiler and bondage bride..."

The dental student took a long look at the incredibly pretty blonde helpless beside him. "I love happy endings, don't you Leesa?" he cooed. "Now, as for this ring; what do you think? Nose, nipple, or...?"

His eyes lowered meaningfully as the girl of his dreams fell back in his arms, wailing to the ceiling.

The ex-nurse and phys ed teacher stood back and watched as the two rolled around the floor, the "bride" getting the worst of it.

"I always cry at weddings," said Agnes. ■

To be continued

YAKUZA SLAVEGIRLS

by Roberts

DO NOT FUCK WITH ME, KASIM! YOU KNOW HOW I DISLIKE SURPRISE GUESTS!! THIS BETTER BE WORTH MY TROUBLE!

UUUUHH...UUUUHHH...

TRUST ME, MY FRIEND, THIS CUSTOMER IS WORTH SPENDING TIME! HE IS WILLING TO PAY HANDSOMELY FOR, EH, SPECIAL V.I.P. TREATMENT, YOU SEE?

LET'S GO BITCH, YOU'RE GONNA GET SOLD TONIGHT. TAKASHI, TAKE THE BITCHES TO THE SHOWERS!!

THEN BRING THE CLIENT! WE WILL SHOW HIM THE FINEST MERCHANDISE TONIGHT!

GET IN THERE, YOU FILTHY BITCHES!!
YOUR NEW MASTER WILL WANT YOUR
LITTLE PUSSIES CLEAN AND TASTY!!

MMM... YES, MASTER SATO!
VERY NICE PRETTY GIRLS! WE
CLEAN 'EM UP REAL GOOD!!!

YOU HAVE 20 MINUTES, LU!



YES MASTER! MY GIRLS
HAVE THEM READY FOR
BIG DEAL, VERY QUICK!

UUHHH!! NOOOOO!!

OWWW!! STOP!!

EEEEEEKK!!!!



TAKE SPECIAL CARE WITH THE BLONDE BITCH. SHE BELONGS TO ME NOW!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!



**STOP!! PLEASE!!!
EEEEEEEEAA!!!!**

WE CLEAN YOU EVERYWHERE REAL GOOD



UUH!!!!



THIS BETTER BE WORTH MY TIME, KASIM!

OH, IT IS SATO-SAN!





HMMMM... YES...
VERY WELL THEN!

GO AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THE
GIRLS IN THE BATH HOUSE, WHILE
YOUR FRIEND AND I GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS! GO ON!!



BRING OUT THE BITCHES!



OH YES! I BUY THIS ONE NOW!!

SORRY, NOT
FOR SALE!!



WHAT? OUTRAGEOUS!
I DO NOT LIKE GAMES!!



FORGIVE MY IMPATIENCE. THESE
ONES ARE EXCELLENT MATERIAL TOO!

NO NO... THIS ONE IS MY PERSONAL
FUCK TOY! SHE IS HERE TO AMUSE AND
PLEASURE US HOWEVER WE WISH AS
YOU VIEW AND SAMPLE MY LATEST
OFFERINGS OF NAKED FEMALE FLESH!!
SHE IS ENTERTAINMENT, YOU SEE? NOW
GO AND TEST THE MERCHANDISE ON OFFER...

UGH! UGH!... THAT'S IT... C'MON BITCH, FUCK!!! LET'S GIVE HIS EXCELLENCY A GOOD FUCK SHOW!

A YES! VERY ENTERTAINING!

BUT I THINK THIS YOUNG CUNT WILL EXCITE ME EVEN MORE, WON'T YOU DEAR?

PLEEEASE..



GO ON! GIVE THEM A TRY!

UHH!.. YES... I BUY THEM BOTH.. UH!...THEY'LL SERVE ON MY YACHT!! NEED ENTERTAINMENT THERE!



EXCELLENT! WHERE SHALL I HAVE THEM DELIVERED?

MMMM! NO I TAKE THEM NOW!!! WHEN I FINISH IN THIS BITCH TELL YOUR MEN TO GAG THEM BOTH AND PUT THEM IN MY CAR! WE GO TO THE MARINA AND LEAVE IN THE MORNING WITH THESE FINE CUNTS CAGED BELOW DECKS!!!

NOOOO!!!

PULL YOUR DICK OUT OF KEIKO, KASIM! YOU HAVE WORK TO DO

LEAVING SO SOON? FFUCKKK!!

WHAT LESSON HAVE YOU LEARNED TONIGHT, MY YOUNG SLAVEGIRL?

SO MANY LESSONS MY MASTER...

IT IS MUCH BETTER TO BE MY PROPERTY, THAN MY MERCHANDISE!

YES MASTER!

EVENING AT BERTHULLIA. IT'S BEEN A BUMPER HARVEST AND THE TOWNS-FOLK HAVE RETURNED FROM A TIRING DAY IN THE FIELDS.

SENIS, I'M TELLING YOU NOW, YOU SHOULD THINK ABOUT THIS. YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO FIND A GOOD HUSBAND AND HERE YOU ARE DRESSED LIKE A BOY.

THIS WAS NEVER A PROBLEM BEFORE, WITH THE OLD KING...

YES BUT WE WERE NOT CHRISTIAN THEN. THE KING COMMANDS US TO BE CHRISTIAN AND OBEY THEIR LAWS AND WAYS.

The Disenchantment

BESIDES I AM NOT INTERESTED IN ANY MAN.

I WISH THE OLD KING WAS STILL WITH US. I PREFER THE OLD WAYS...

STOP THAT, SENIS. SUCH TALK IS FORBIDDEN AND DANGEROUS.


SHHH!! SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU. YOU COULD GET A WHIPPING OR WORSE.

...WE'VE BARELY FINISHED THE HARVEST!

THERE IS BERTHULLIA, MY LORD.

HMM..? RIDERS PASSING THIS WAY? A LITTLE EARLY FOR THE KING'S COLLECTORS...

WARRIORS, STEEL YOUR HEARTS AND STAB THIS INFECTED BOIL! THE WRATH OF THEIR KING RUNS DEEP.



RUN THEM THROUGH!
LET NONE ESCAPE!
VERMIN DESERVE
NO MERCY!



WHY ARE THEY
ATTACKING! THEY'RE
SLAUGHTERING US!
AAAAARGH!

LORD
PROTECT
US!



WHERE IS
THE MILITIA?
AAAAGH!



BURN THIS
PLACE TO
THE GROUND!

PLEASE
HAVE
MERCY!



KNOW THIS, OH PEOPLE
OF BERTHULIA. YOU
HAVE SINNED AGAINST
YOUR KING.

YOU HAVE ALLOWED A USURPER TO SIT UPON MY THRONE AND ACCEPTED HIS YOKE WITHOUT RESISTANCE.

YOU HAVE WOUNDED YOUR KING BY ACCEPTING THE GOD OF OUR ENEMIES.

WOE TO THEE, PEOPLE OF BERTHULIA. FOR YOUR KING DEMANDS VENGEANCE AND NO GOD WILL SAVE THEE FROM HIS WRATH.

SPEAK! DO YOU NOT HAVE A TONGUE?

WHAT CREATURE ARE YOU? ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?

AAGH!

LET'S MAKE CERTAIN.

NO, PLEASE!

SHE IS A YOUNG HARLOT, MY LORD!

MY LORD, WE HAVE FOUND THIS CREATURE. IT DRESSES IN THE MANNER OF A BOY BUT HAS THE SHAPE AND SCENT OF A GIRL.





LNGH!

A GIRL INDEED. THIS CREATURE CLEARLY LACKS THE GLORY OF MANHOOD. OR PERHAPS IT IS TUCKED INSIDE THIS LITTLE CLEFT? SHALL I COAX IT OUT?



NOOO!
I BEG YOU...

DO YOU DESPISE HAVING BEEN BORN A WOMAN? WOULD YOU LIKE US TO TEAR OFF YOUR FEMININE CURSE FOR YOU?



MY LORD, WHAT OF THE CAPTIVES?

LET THE MEN TAKE THEIR FILL OF THEM. RAVISH THEM UNTIL THEY ROT.



THE KING HAS SPOKEN.

ABOUT TIME TOO!



WELL, LITTLE GIRL. IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT BEING A WOMAN IS ALL ABOUT.



ME AND THE BOYS WILL GIVE YOU A REAL GOOD TIME.



NOOO!
PLEASE
DON'T!

COME HERE, GIRL. WE'LL
GIVE YOU A NIGHT YOU
WON'T FORGET.



NICE MOUNDS. THESE
SLUTS ARE GOOD VALUE.

SOME LIKE THIS ONE, MIGHT
EVEN LAST UNTIL MORNING!

AAIYEEH!



SCREAM FOR THE
LADS, DEARIE.



SERVANTS OF A
USURPER DESERVE
NO QUARTER. DO
YOUR WORST WITH
THEM. THEIR BODIES
ARE BUT FODDER TO
ME. LET THEM FEEL
MY VENGEANCE.



NOW, SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THAT PRETTY LITTLE MOUTH OF YOURS.

Y...YES, MY LORD.



DON'T GO JUST GAGGING AND CHOKING ON IT. SUCK ON THE MEAT LIKE A REAL WOMAN.



PATHETIC LITTLE BITCH. YOU ARE USELESS!



LET'S SEE IF YOU ARE ANY GOOD AT FUCKING.

DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, SLUT!



MAYBE I COULD JUST SLICE OFF HER HEAD AND FUCK HER DOWN THE THROAT.

NO. SHE'LL BE A COLD FUCK BEFORE MORNING. BESIDES, SHE LOOKS TO BE A GOOD PIECE OF ASS.



SHE COULD USE A GOOD HARD POKE RIGHT HERE.



STOP! PLEASE, MY LORD! I AM BEING TORN!

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, SLUT. YOU'LL ALL BE DEAD BY MORNING.

LET'S SEE YOU SQUIRM ON THAT. AND LOOSEN UP THOSE ASSES FOR THE NEXT BATCH.

ALRIGHT, BOYS. THEY'RE READY FOR YOU ALL.

I LIKE THE TASTE OF A WOMAN'S TONGUE. PREFERABLY IN A STEW. I DOUBT YOU'LL BE NEEDING IT ANYMORE.

NOO!!!

HA!HA!HA!

TO BE CONTINUED