TAKEN

LUCAS



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d'O Fantasy - Apartado 107 - 08197 Valldoreix - Spain
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www.dofantasy.com - e-mail webmaster@dofantasy.com
Published in electronic format by www.dofantasy.com

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PART ONE



Christmas in Nairobi

Rashid stopped the car in front of the hotel. He hadn't been able to take his eyes off the rear-view mirror all the way from the airport. In the back seat the most beautiful white woman he had ever seen was artfully brushing her hair in a little mirror. In two years of working as a taxi driver in Nairobi, the most cosmopolitan city in east Africa, he had never seen such flaming red hair or such emerald eyes.

He got quickly out of the car to open the door for his passenger before the hotel's doorman could get there. The woman was wearing baggy blue cotton trousers with white polka dots, trainers and a very short low-cut white shirt that left her narrow waist, belly button and irresistibly flat abdomen on view. Rashid breathed in deeply without looking at her as he passed her, those fucking white girls smelled really good…

A bellboy rushed up to take charge of her luggage. "Did you see that chick?" asked Rashid, obviously overcome with emotion.

"Don't you know who she is?" replied the bellboy. The taxi driver shook his head without taking his eyes of the woman's hips.

"She's Claudia Moore… the supermodel. The hotel is in an uproar. We've been expecting her for a month."

***

Claudia went down to breakfast wearing a simple pink, short-sleeved pink cotton frock that reached almost to her knees, and on her feet she

wore open sandals with low heels. When she had arrived she had fallen asleep at once, victim of jet lag.

She stopped at reception on the way to the dining room.

"Good morning," she greeted the concierge. "I'm Claudia Moore. Do you have any messages for me?"

"Oh yes, Miss!" replied the concierge, visibly nervous. "They called to say that they will be here to pick you up at ten."

Claudia looked at the hotel clock. Fine, she had over an hour to have breakfast. She picked up a newspaper and headed for the dining room conscious of being the focus of everyone's attention. She was used to it…

While the waiter served her tea she considered her luck. Even though she didn't like the poor and violent city, she was going to earn no less than one hundred thousand dollars for three weeks' filming and she would surely be able to get away to the Serengeti in neighbouring Tanzania for a break… That was what you call a job! She had been a model for a year, but it wasn't until that night on the beach with the President's soon and the subsequent scandal that her popularity had really taken off.

"Excuse me, miss." The hotel manager was impeccably dressed in a morning suit. "There's a car her to collect you."

"Oh… Thank you, could you tell me the time?" She asked with surprise.

"It's ten o'clock Miss."

Claudia was taken aback. It didn't seem like an hour had passed and she thought she had more time. She knew by experience what passed for punctuality in the third world.

She quickly finished her tea and under the watchful eyes of the waiters she stood up, smoothed her dress and left the dining room in the company of the manager.

In reception she noticed that the clock said it was a quarter to ten but she said nothing.

An impeccably dressed but unpleasant looking chauffeur opened the door to the stretched limo that was waiting for her.

"Good afternoon, Miss Moore," he greeted her politely. "We must hurry, they are waiting for us," he added giving her a view of his sparse and yellow teeth.

The car was enormous inside; a bullet-proof window separated the driver from the 'room' where the passengers travelled. The windows were mirror glass so that no one could see inside from out.

Claudia sat back in the comfy leather seat and distractedly opened a magazine that she had found on the bar. She leafed nervously through it before putting it back. It was disgusting… full of pictures of naked woman tied in indecent postures. Blushing and angry she looked up and caught the driver looking at her in the rear-view mirror with the same sinister smile on his face as when he had met her.

Claudia looked away, out of the window. She would have to speak to her agency about this…

They were in the heart of Nairobi, it was Christmas and people were doing their Christmas shopping. The car stopped at a traffic light. The metallic sound of the internal loudspeaker interrupted her thoughts.

"Didn't you like the magazine, miss?"

Claudia clenched her fists. The man was insolent; he had obviously left the magazine there on purpose.

"Did you know?" the worrying voice continued. "I'm a great fan of yours. I saw you advert on satellite…" The driver smiled again in the rear view mirror.

"You've got fantastic tits…"

This was too much; the swine was deliberately harassing her.

"It's a shame that you can only see them for a second…" The lights had changed and the cars behind began to blow their horns. The man looked at her indifferently.

"A friend taped the ad for me, but my video is rubbish and it flickers on pause."

Still thinking about the quality of his video he suddenly pulled away from the lights.

Claudia couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Be so kind as to concentrate on your driving. I'm going to inform the agency about your behaviour."

The man didn't reply. They were in the city's sinister suburbs. Claudia, who was getting more and more nervous, thought about getting out of the car, but this neighbourhood seemed even worse than that slug's impertinence.

They went on another twenty kilometres in silence. Claudia hadn't bothered to read the script and she didn't know where she was filming, but she didn't dare to ask…

"If you open the magazine at page fourteen, there's a great picture there.

It’s my favourite." Claudia was beginning to get nervous; this was beginning to turn ugly.

"Where are we going?" She asked finally.

"To the hideout," replied the chauffeur flatly.

"There must be a mistake…" Claudia babbled nervously. "They’re waiting for me at the studio, we’re doing inside shots today."

"This car isn’t going to any studio, miss" he said mysteriously.

"But you… don’t you work for Maisies & Maisies?"

"No and those people probably haven’t even gone to collect you yet."

The chauffeur stopped to light a cigarette.

"I phoned them and told them that you were running late. To come and get you later," he added breathing out a big mouthful of smoke.

The car was going flat out on a dusty road towards the deserted Massai reserve.

"Listen, please explain all this to me."

‘Patience, miss. We’ve got two days just for us before the hand-over." The man’s voice was hoarse and his shiny eyes were fixed on the rear-view mirror. "There’ll be plenty of time for chatting…"

"Stop the car and turn back for the hotel!" Shouted the girl furiously. Her strong temperament had overpowered her fear and she was indignant.

"Tut, tut…" the man shook his head. "You’re too valuable…"

A click on the loudspeakers indicated that the chauffeur had disconnected the intercom.

Claudia shouted and pounded on the glass… nothing. She tried to calm down by taking deep breaths. She failed. This was serious.

She looked at the mirror; the driver was concentrating solely on the road and driving very fast. He had put sunglasses on and was biting lips as he tried to avoid the potholes in the road. Behind them a thick cloud of dust prevented her from seeing anything. To each side the dusty desert plains told her that they were close to the Serengeti. Occasionally there were small and run down Massai settlements. Little children dressed in red or purple rushed out to see the strange vehicle pass.

In the middle of the desert plain, the vehicle slowed down on a hill. A dilapidated bus that was full to bursting point obstructed their way. Claudia tried the door handle it was locked…

In early afternoon they turned off the now almost invisible track and headed off across the dusty plain. After an hour, Claudia could make out an old single storey building.

Then the voice… "We're nearly there. That's it I think."

Claudia was disconcerted. What did all this mean? That man was working for someone, obeying orders, but for whom? What did he mean by 'hand-over'? Why this remote place? It was obviously a kidnapping, but who would they ask for a ransom? Who apart from the agency knew of her arrival in Nairobi? The only ones who could have interest in paying would be Maisies & Maisies. All of her money was in the bank and it would be risky for her kidnappers to get it out after she had disappeared…

Suddenly she remembered the little aerosol that she had in her bag… She furtively opened it and hid the little can in her closed fist.

The car stopped in front of the run down adobe building. It looked like some kind of abandoned workers' shelter.

The driver, who seemed to be about fifty, got out of the car and headed to the door with a pronounced limp. Claudia watched him… He was average height and his head was shaven. He was shapeless and lumpy with very short legs and no neck. There were large sweat stains under his arms and down his back.

She shivered involuntarily when she saw him throw himself against the door. He totally destroyed it, first using stones and then with a wooden beam that he pulled from the roof with his bare hands. His actions were brutally savage and filled with a primitive violence.

The man disappeared into the house. The burning tropical sun started to make itself felt through the car's protection now that the air conditioning was switched off. In seconds, Claudia began to sweat with the suffocating heat and tension of her situation. She was beginning to wonder if it wasn't all a terrible nightmare.

The chauffeur reappeared a few minutes later and went to the boot. Claudia couldn't take her eyes off him. He slammed the boot and moved to the door with a pair of handcuffs in his hands. Claudia clenched her fists.

"Come on, gorgeous, we're here," he said opening the door.

Claudia cowered at the far end of the seat. The man grunted…

"So the pussy-cat wants to play, does she?"

With an unexpectedly agile movement he grabbed her ankle and brutally dragged her out of the car. Claudia fell to the floor and her hand almost opened… She felt the man's heavy boot pressing down on her chest.

"We're going to be alone together here for a couple of days." As he spoke he pressed his boot down harder. "You'd better be obedient and not make

any trouble. And now," he said with a fierce shout. "On your feet!"

The girl struggled to one side and her dusty dress pulled up revealing most of her tanned thighs. Claudia took advantage of the moment as she got up to spray the aerosol into the man's eyes.

The man fell to his knees clawing at his eyes with his hands. He was choking and spluttering, wracked with tremendous spasms.

Claudia, surprised at the powerful effect, ran to the car but the keys weren't there. With resolution she grabbed some wood from the ruined roof of the house and hit the man around the head until he fell to the floor on his face. She searched his pockets but she couldn't find the keys. A steely hand grabbed her ankle but a kick in the face freed her at once.

Confused and nervous she started to run, to run to the east towards the road. She took her shoes off but put them back on at once. It was more comfortable to run in heels than to run barefoot on the burning plain…

She ran and ran, the feeling of hopelessness growing all the time.

Doubts assailed her: She had been stupid; she should have looked in the house for the keys, or she should have stayed and smashed him to death…

She ran as she never had before in her life, driven on by rage and terror. If she could get away until nightfall she might have a chance…

It was getting dark and she was slowing down. Her legs were aching. She turned around and she could just make out a cloud of dust against the impressive evening sky. She stopped, breathing heavily. She couldn't tell where the car was heading because the wind was blowing the cloud to one side. She wondered whether to lie on the floor or to keep running, she kept running…

The chase

Jake focussed the binoculars. His face was bleeding and his teeth were clenched with fury. He was wondering if he wasn't too old for all this. It was the first time in twenty years that anything like that had happened to him. He had been scratched, bitten, even kicked… but that witch had almost killed him. He was going to make her pay for it, but he had to restrain himself. She was too valuable a piece of merchandise for him to ruin. Anyway he didn't really want them to know about this in Nairobi. They still thought him their best agent in spite of his age…

The prey slowed down about a hundred yards away. The girl kept on

running even though she knew she was trapped.

At ten yards he lowered the window. The girl was a sight. With his eyes fixed on her magnificent legs straining in useless flight, he remembered the advert with the close-up of her nipple as it escaped from the flowery necklace.

He slowed down even more and matched her pace. He felt the ancestral excitement of the chase; the prey's powerful sexual attraction; the irresistible summons of revenge; the need to satisfy his wounded pride; the savage flavour of the desolate place… Everything made him want to prolong that delicious moment.

He came alongside her. Her shapely calves were shining with sweat and trembling with effort. Her slim dusty ankles were struggling to keep the uncomfortable shoes balanced on the rugged terrain. Her little heels pressed against the soles of the uncomfortable but sexy sandals. Her dress was stuck to her body with sweat and it outlined the suggestive curves of her back and narrow waist. The soaking material of her skirt was provocatively pulled between her firm and bouncy buttocks, buttocks that Jake had seen on TV. He didn't know where to look…

Claudia feared the worst with dread. The brute that had so violently destroyed the door would surely run her over out of spite. She knew she was trapped but she kept on running in a desperate attempt to delay the inevitable…

With a lurch and a blast of the horn the car cut across in front of the girl and she fell to her knees on the ground.

Jake got out of the car and stood a couple of yards from the girl, who was hiding her face in her hands. It was a torrid scene. On her knees, sitting back on her heels with her thighs slightly parted and panting wildly, she seemed like a trapped but unbeaten prey. The golden skin of her thighs, wet with sweat, gleamed in the light of the magnificent sunset. Her shoulders and breasts were rising and falling furiously to the rhythm of her agitated breathing. Jake was reminded of that damned advert again… She was the sexiest and most exciting woman he had ever captured.

"Here," he exclaimed throwing the handcuffs between her thighs. "Put these on!"

Claudia was too weak to resist and she picked up the cold metal. It was

the first time that she had seen handcuffs so close. She guessed how they worked and closed one cuff on her left wrist. Then, with a little difficulty, she cuffed her right.

"Tighten them and raise your arms!" Shouted the man. He was shouting wildly. Jake was an experienced professional. He knew that you had to disconcert and humiliate a prisoner… And that shouting was the easiest way to do that.

Trembling, Claudia obeyed. Jake went to her and, biting his lip, he tightened the cuffs even more. The girl whimpered.

He picked her up by her hair and dragged her to the car. He treated her roughly, with fury, his clenched hand in her hair forcing her to walk on tiptoe and arch her back.

He took a rope out of the boot and tied it behind her back after passing it around her waist. Then, biting his tongue, he pulled the loose end between her smooth legs and tied it off to the handcuffs and then to the rear view mirror. The girl could barely lift her hands to waist height without making the rope bite into her vagina.

"Well, well… little one. Now we're going to go back to the house. We've got some unfinished business for tonight…"

After making sure that all the knots were tight he got into the car and started it with a sinister chuckle.

Claudia had to walk or run at his side, trying to keep the rope loose.

Jake watched her narrow waist and fleshy breasts wobbling through the open window. Her thighs were completely naked now.

The intense red of the spectacular sunset picked out the model's hair and tanned complexion. The sweat on her legs glimmered in the shafts of fading light.

They would take more than an hour to get to the store and Claudia was already fading…

Jake, his eyes fixed on the famous top model, placed a hand on his member…



In a narrow Leblon street

The heat was unbearable, more than one hundred degrees and almost a hundred percent humidity. Jasmine stopped in front of the narrow, run-down looking doorway. Surprised, she looked for the cutting in her bag.

> *Girls wanted for a Samba film. Between 18 and 20. Must be attractive and able to dance. Apply to 15 Ferriera Street, Leblon. Rio de Janeiro. (Ref. 1255/95)*

This was the place. Nervously she looked for a bell. There was just an old doorknocker and she remembered her dad telling her that you had to knock as many times as the number of the flat you wanted. Unsure of herself, she stepped back to look at the windows and stumbled into a man who grabbed her by the waist.

"Did you hurt yourself?" he asked without freeing her.

"No, I'm sorry. I was distracted."

The man didn't let her go. On the contrary, he pulled her to him more firmly.

"Please let me go," she asked.

Indifferent, the man kept hold of her.

"I said let me go!" she shouted.

"All right!" shouted the man. "You're all cock-teasers. You dress up as whores and then you don't put it out!"

Jasmine was red in the face from shouting. Luckily there weren't many

people walking in the scorching midday sun.

At that moment the door opened and Jasmine took advantage of it to dash inside. Someone had pulled on a tatty old rope to open the way to a narrow staircase.

"Shut the door and come up to the sixth floor!" Shouted a masculine voice.

Jasmine went up slowly. It was very hot and she didn't want to break into a sweat. Sure of her charms she had dressed to impress and if she started to run with sweat it would ruin everything.

She smoothed her clothes as she went up. She was wearing a low cut top with straps. It reached to just below her breasts. A mini-skirt that barely covered her to mid thigh hung low on her hips. At seventeen, she had gone dancing in that outfit a lot of times and she knew from experience that no man could keep his eyes off her buttocks.

Nevertheless, she was sweating when she reached the sixth floor. It was the top floor of that abandoned-looking building. The lower landings were covered with dust and the doors looked like they hadn't been opened in a long time.

She found the door closed. She looked for a bell again… There was nothing; no nameplate on the door; just a little clean rectangle to show where one had been recently removed.

She hesitated for a few moments. She didn't like the look of it and she decided to go back.

"Hey! Were are you going?"

She was already on the fifth floor. Not knowing what to say she looked up. A man of about thirty was smiling at her.

"This is the place," he said. "I suppose you're here for the audition?"

His voice calmed her. She had come for an audition hadn't she? Well here she was!

The door opened on a long passage. There was no furniture or pictures on the walls and the place looked uninhabited although it was cleaner than the lower floors. It smelled of tobacco and hash. Jasmine walked past the man who introduced himself as Oswaldo, and she headed to what seemed to be the living room, at the end of the corridor. She could hear a play on the radio.

"Is it her?" she heard someone shout from the end.

"No!" replied her companion as he locked the door. "It's another one!"

Jasmine was ruffled; she wondered who they were waiting for.

"Are there a lot of applicants?" She asked without hiding her worried tone.

"Yes, of course. But none like you." replied Oswaldo smiling.

An older man, in his late forties, unkempt and dirty looking, was waiting in the living room, he was sitting with his bare feet on the table.

Jasmine felt uncomfortable under his gaze. His eyes were cold, like an eel's, yet they were penetrating too. It was as if they could see through her clothes.

"This is Hector. He's directing the auditions."

"Delighted to meet you," said the girl moving to him and offering her hand.

The man's cold clammy hand disturbed her.

"Turn around," was Hector's only reply after holding her hand for longer than was normal.

Jasmine looked at Oswaldo then she calmed down again and did a coquettish little twirl.

Hector took up a notebook and a pen and started to interrogate her without even inviting her to sit down. He asked the usual questions: name, age, address, and education…

Jasmine was uncomfortable with his smelly feet on the table. But she replied without paying too much attention and she looked around the room.

The blinds were down and a naked light bulb lit the room with a horrible violet colour. There was poster of Claudia Moore naked tacked over a moth-eaten poster of the Last Supper.

"Are your parents still alive?"

"Only my mother…"

"Where?"

"In Bahia."

"Do you live on your own in Rio?"

"No… Well yes, now. My girlfriend has gone to spend Christmas with her family."

The interview went on… Jasmine, tired of standing up, sighed. Hector raised his eyes, openly looking all over her body…

"How tall are you?"

"Five foot eight."

"How much do you weigh?"

"A hundred and twenty pounds."

"Bust?"

Jasmine blushed with his worrying gaze fixed on her bosoms.

"Thirty four."

"Are you sure?"

The girl looked at him disconcertedly.

"Hector means that you're not wearing a padded bra are you?" interrupted Oswaldo.

"I'm not wearing a bra," Jasmine timidly replied.

"Do you need the work?" asked Hector.

"Yes…" timidly again…

"A lot?"

"A lot…"

"Turn around," ordered Hector. "Stop!" He shouted once she had her back to him.

A long silence followed…

"Hips?" He went on.

"Thirty six…" Only the pen scratching paper could be heard. Someone had turned the radio off.

"Waist?"

"Twenty two…"

"Here," he said sliding a bag over the table to her. "Put this on."

Jasmine opened the bag. It contained the typical samba costume; thong, open high-heeled shoes, a tiny bra, and feathers… Unsure what to do she looked at Oswaldo and he pointed at the passageway.

When she reappeared, strutting on the heels, the men were dumbstruck. Eroticism oozed out of every cranny. She was irresistible and provocative… The kind of female whose mere presence provokes painful erections, a woman that could melt an ice bucket… everything about her was perfectly sensual and terribly erotic…

The atmosphere became electric. It was a tense and exciting situation: A splendidly half-naked creature was going to dance for two strangers and try her best to impress them…

"Let's see if you know what you're doing," said Hector reaching for a huge ghetto blaster. "Get up on the table."

The music started at full volume, a wild and electrifying samba. Jasmine felt like an object to the men's filthy stares, she closed her eyes and stood still for the rhythm to take her. Little by little she began to move her hips

slowly… then she started. Her slim body trembling sensually in front of her fascinated audience.

"Take the feathers off!" shouted Hector, turning the music down for a moment.

Jasmine obeyed. Covered only by the diminutive thong, her irresistible buttocks were frantically undulating in front of the men. Her long, naked legs moved with irresistible seductiveness, her breasts began to bounce… Her nerves, the tense situation, the of being feeling desired… Everything made her take refuge in the music, in the samba's obsessive rhythm.

Unaware of the excitement it was causing she let herself get carried away… It was a quite a show. Her incredible seventeen-year-old body moved with natural voluptuousness, without practised poses or artifice. It was the girl's own ardent half-caste temperament that drove her on.

Hector stopped the music suddenly. It was as if something in Jasmine had broken. She suddenly felt extremely naked, just wearing a little thong and a tiny bra. She was used to dancing barefoot and the high heels made her feel even more like a prostitute.

"That's enough," said Hector while Oswaldo turned off a video camera that was hidden behind a half-opened door.

"What's that…?" asked the girl.

"We always tape the auditions. We don't tell you so you keep it natural…" apologised Oswaldo, his voice still unsteady from the spectacle.

"Stay where you are!" shouted Hector when she started to get down from the table. "And now, tell me" he added. "What are you willing to do to get this job?"

Jasmine was expecting that question … but she still didn't know how to reply.

"You move well and you're beautiful looking." A pause… A pause that seemed to be eternal to Jasmine. "But you'll understand that we need to be sure."

Hector lit a cigarette without taking his eyes off her.

"Take off the bra," he said blowing out the smoke.

This time she didn't look at Oswaldo. Shaking with nerves and effort she undid it and threw it to the floor.

Two magnificent young firm breasts appeared to Hector's perverse gaze. A sepulchral silence filled the room.

"Turn around very slowly, with your hands at the back of your neck

and your elbows pulled back." They were precise, detailed orders.

Humiliated on the tabletop she obeyed without knowing why. She didn't even dare to think what would happen if she refused.

"Now the panties…"

Sighing deeply she slipped her fingers under the laces that arched suggestively over her hips and let them fall to the floor.

The music started again.

"Move it!" Shouted Hector while Oswaldo turned on the video camera.

Jasmine danced and danced. Her need to escape mentally helped her dance. Lost in the rhythm, in the music, she moved and gyrated to the men's delight.

The music stopped suddenly.

"Get down."

She obeyed nervously. She couldn't spend all of her life on the table.

"What do you think?" asked Oswaldo.

"She'll do… She's just what Yamamoto wants."

Yamamoto? Wondered the girl. Who's he, the director?

"Come here…." Said Hector handing her a biro.

The girl hesitated. "Can I get dressed?"

"Sign first…"

Jasmine moved toward Hector. When she reached for the pen, the man pulled it away. The girl moved closer involuntarily.

"Before I asked you what you would be prepared to do to get this contract and you never replied."

The swine was going too far. He had made her dance naked and now he wanted more.

"Just think, this contract will change your life," he assured her with a sardonic smile.

Jasmine kept quiet. Inside she was in a turmoil. She wanted this chance. She needed the money and she knew that once she got a start, however small, the chances of finding something else were much better.

"All right. I'll tell you what to do. First you can pour us a drink…" He said between drags, pointing at a bottle on the table. Jasmine didn't move. She was expecting him to go on.

"Come on!" shouted the man.

With trembling hands she filled two glasses with the cheap spirit, spilling half on the table.

"You too!"

"I don't drink…" she muttered, her voice betraying her.

"You too…" repeated Hector in the same tone of voice.

Jasmine poured herself a drink.

"Drink… get it down you."

The girl swallowed it. The burning liquid escaped from her nose and tears came to her eyes…

"Now pour me one…"

Jasmine offered him the glass with shaking hand.

"Thanks, gorgeous." he said as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her to him. "You must be tired, sit down here."

The girl had no choice. He pulled her onto his knees and put his arm around her waist. He finished his drink with one gulp and threw the glass on the floor where it smashed into a thousand pieces.

Jasmine struggled, but he just held her more firmly. Meanwhile, other hands were pressing her wrists together behind her back and a rope was being bound around her elbows. The rope was pulled tight until her elbows were touching.

"HELP…" She stopped suddenly. Something… her own panties, had filled her mouth.

Something… another rope bound into her hair and pulled her head back.

Hector undid his trousers and let his erection press against her naked velvety buttocks

Jasmine started to cry.

Hands clawed at her breasts.

Steely fingers brutally squeezed and twisted them.

"Well done, spitfire… Congratulations, the job's yours."



Nairobi. Ninth Floor, White Building

"And what did you say she was called?" The one speaking was MM, Max to his closest colleagues. On the other end of the line in Boston, his twenty-year-old engineering student son Ben was asking him a favour.

"Look son, I never give interviews, but if this girl is so important to you, I'll make an exception." A degree of irritation was noticeable in Max's voice.

"What did you say?" he asked, with obvious annoyance.

"This woman is taking the piss. She's white and she's from a good family. You should forget her." Roy and Jason, MM's two closest advisors, were standing next to him; they looked concerned.

"I guarantee you this, boy. When this Rebecca has got what she wants, she'll disappear out of your life."

A silence…

"All right. We'll get in touch with her. Tell her she'll get her interview." conceded Max with a final sigh.

"It's nothing, son. Good luck, see you soon."

MM hung up the phone and sat in thought for a while.

"Well gentlemen, this is a turn up," he said finally. "This Rebecca has been turning my idiotic son on and she's asking for an interview with me. We'll give him what he wants…"

"That's very risky, Max," ventured Jason smoothly, trying not to wound him. "We all know that this Rebecca doesn't give a damn about your son."

"We have a full report," this time Roy took the initiative, producing a

thick folder. "She and her a smart-Alec boyfriend are just trying to get a scoop and sell it to the Boston Post. They've been chasing your son around for months over it."

"That's right," interrupted Jason. "I think you should talk to your son."

MM moved thoughtfully to the bar. Without a word he served himself a large Bourbon. Those idiots were right, but this wasn't the time or the place for him to introduce his son Ben to the turbulent world of his business. The boy wasn't ready yet.

The two advisors shut up when they saw their boss's face examining the dossier. They knew him well and they knew that one more word could be dangerous.

According to the report a man called Gary, a married man with two children, was Rebecca's lover. He was a lecturer in journalism where the girl was studying. It was known that he had been stalking the legendary MM for some time. MM was a shadowy figure behind an economic empire that every one knew to be pretty shady. Using skills of detection worthy of a professional, Gary had tracked Ben Mukele to one of the most exclusive engineering schools in the US. The facts that the boy was Kenyan and that not too many black students made it into these schools had helped him.

According to the report, Gary had asked Rebecca to flirt with the boy and she had been reluctant because she thought it improper and also because she hated blacks. His plan was for the girl to get an interview with Ben's father and then with the scoop under her belt she could leave the school and go and work for the Boston Post.

The report contained several photos of Rebecca and Gary.

MM paid special attention to two of them; in one, the girl was sunbathing topless at a swimming pool, and the other was a close up of Rebecca's face, probably at an open-air wedding.

With interest he looked up the girl's details. She was twenty-four and from an influential Boston family, well known to be racists. She would be finished studying in a couple of months, she had been playing the violin and the piano since her childhood, and she studied dance and could speak French, German and Spanish fluently. She liked horse riding, skiing and had been a tennis star as a teenager.

Max closed the dossier. His advisors looked at him impatiently.

"I'll tell you what we're going to do…"



Jazz at Joyce's Tavern, Boston

"I got it!" Rebecca was very happily telling Gary. They were in a bar in port area of Boston. It was nearly Christmas and very cold.

Gary grabbed her hand. The girl had just arrived and she was still wearing her coat and gloves. In the background a jazz band was improvising for an enthusiastic public.

"Really?" asked Gary impatiently. He was fifteen years older than her.

"Yes!" she shouted excitedly as she grabbed her journalism lecturer and kissed him. "But…" she added with a flirtatious gesture. "It's going to cost you dinner tonight and then later… Well I told them at home that I was sleeping over at Lucy's tonight!"

She was euphoric. She was a very extroverted girl, unable to contain her emotions. She was charming.

Gary looked at her unhappily. He was really in love with Rebecca, but he had a family, a wife… two kids…

"Well of course, darling!" he said making an effort. "Tonight we're going to celebrate this… But first tell me all about it."

The girl asked for a coffee with grappa; the drink was all the rage with the city's intelligentsia. She was tapping her foot to the quartet's rhythms.

"It's a shame that they're black," she started. Gary looked at her out of the corner of his eye, but kept quiet. The only thing he didn't like about his lover was her racism.

"It's incredible…" She went on, happily changing the subject. "They told me at twelve o' clock. They're expecting me in Nairobi tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow?" asked Gary with surprise.

"Tomorrow!" repeated Rebecca with enthusiasm. "And the day after we'll be famous. I can just see the headlines… Gary Jacobs and Rebecca Johnson get the interview of the year… and then… Then we'll get married!"

Gary looked at her bitterly. Why couldn't it be like that? Things had got out of hand and he hadn't found the right moment to explain things to her. He had deliberately hidden things from her… He was scared she would lose interest.

"I've got my ticket. I'm leaving early," she said, somewhat surprised at his expression. "Is something wrong, darling?" she asked.

"Oh no!" replied Gary hastily. He wasn't going to spoil her last day… "I've got a bit of 'flu… I'm sorry."

"I'll take care of you…" insinuated Rebecca licking her lips and looking him boldly in the eyes. "By the way," she added, the expression on her face changing radically. "Before I came I saw that idiot, Ben."

"You didn't…?" interrupted Gary with alarm.

"No, relax. But the swine wanted me to have dinner with him at his house… To celebrate, the pig! He's a disgusting swine! Thinking I would go to bed with a disgusting African!" She was really indignant.

"And so, what did you tell him?" said Gary impatiently.

"Well, the usual… That I was in a hurry, that we were just friends… that we would talk after I come back from Nairobi."

"You're brilliant," Gary smilingly praised her.

"Well really, there was something else…" added Rebecca staring at the tablecloth and playing with a spoon. "Give me a cigarette."

Gary, intrigued, offered her one.

Rebecca lit it and breathed in deeply.

"Well, you see, we met in the Boston Trading Bar. On the top floor, 102. Do you know it?" She asked looking up for a moment.

"Yes of course." He answered dryly, not wanting to interrupt.

"In the lift, going down, fifteen of us; all white except him." Rebecca paused to breathe out smoke. "I felt embarrassed, a black, you know… Everyone was looking at us. And then the swine had the nerve to link arms with me and kiss my ear. So I..."

"Come on, what?" Gary was very nervous.

"I slapped him and shouted at him…"

Gary held his head in his hands.

"The people were worse. Everyone started on him… They wanted to hurt him. It was the longest three minutes of my life… I didn't know what to do…" Rebecca's eyes were shining. She was on the point of crying.

"But didn't you stand up for him? Didn't you try and excuse him?" The man asked with exasperation.

"No." replied the girl dryly. "You know he disgusts me, I hate him… He's a damned groper, an idiot, and a nigger. He thinks he has the right to grope a white woman like me just because his father is incredibly rich."

Gary really didn't share the racist the views of the girl's family, but he tried not to contradict her.

"Come on…" he said taking her hand and removing her glove. "It's over now… I'm sure Ben will understand and everything will be all right."

The girl looked up again. She smiled flirtatiously again. Obviously the incident meant nothing to her and if the situation arose again she would behave in the same way. Or maybe she would give him a knee in the balls instead of a slap…

"Don't worry, when you get back you won't have to see him anymore… We'll have the interview and it'll all be over and done with."

"Oh, Gary!" She said sweetly. "You're so understanding… I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Well, well…" He interrupted as he let go of her hand. "We have to work now. We don't have much time left to prepare the interview."



Nairobi. White building. Ninth Floor

"Have we got anything in the cellar?" Asked MM.

"Yeah, we've got a half caste. I just got back from seeing her," replied Jason with a conspiratorial gesture.

"She's off to Japan tomorrow. The money came yesterday…" added Roy.

"And is she packed?" Asked Max.

"I don't think so…"

"She's not to be crated till later…" ordered MM. "By the way… How's the Rebecca Johnson business going?"

"We have the interview arranged for tomorrow at 10 pm," Roy informed him. "Her flight gets in at eight. We're picking her up at the airport."

The phone rang at that moment. "MM, it's your son on line three."

Max picked up the phone. "Hi Ben, how are you?" There was a long silence.

"Don't worry… I promise, it's no bother. In fact the interview has been organised. Your girlfriend must be pleased…" Another long silence followed.

"I see… I… I tried to warn you… In fact…" Max looked very serious.

"Where did it happen?" He asked suddenly.

"In a lift?" he repeated clenching his fists.

"Look, son, calm down. Don't take it to heart… I think you should get away from that stinking city for a while," he said, struggling to control his voice. "I just bought a little island to the east of Papua, in the Solomon Sea. Why don't you spend a couple of weeks with me there?"

Max was struggling to maintain an optimistic and jovial tone. He was

trying to cheer his son up.

There was a silence…

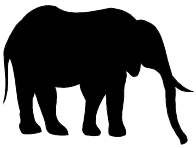
"Okay," he added. "Call me when you have made your mind up. I love you."

Max threw the phone to the floor. Roy and Jason didn't know where to look.

"We'll go ahead with the plan." Was all that he said.

Finally Roy dared to speak. "Do you think the boy would like to visit Coconut Grove?"

"I think he needs it." Answered MM.



A Hideout to the West of Nairobi

It was night. An oil lamp dimly illuminated the desolate room. The only furniture was a large rectangular table and a dozen chairs. It smelled very bad in there. The terrified and exhausted Claudia was sitting in front of Jake in one of the chairs and he was observing her attentively.

Her hands were still cuffed, but now at her back, and her arms were over the back of the chair. She couldn't get up. A second pair of handcuffs fixed her left ankle to her wrists, forcing her to bend her knee and keep her foot raised high behind her. This posture forced her torso forwards and made her breasts strain against the fabric of her dress. Her right foot was free.

She had been like that ever since they arrived, over an hour before.

Jake said nothing to her; he just looked at her ecstatically while he finished drinking a bottle of cheap evil-smelling alcohol.

The return journey had been a nightmare. The man, who hadn't spoken once the whole way, hadn't taken his eyes off her. He had made her trot almost the whole way and occasionally, with a sudden burst of acceleration, he had made her break into an unstable run in her uncomfortable heels. Bound as she was, almost stuck to the window, she had heard her kidnapper sighing as he masturbated. It had been repulsive.

Suddenly a sound like an alarm clock was heard. The man got up irritably and headed for the car. Claudia could hear bits of the conversation.

"The bird is in the cage…"

"Are you sure it's her?"

"Don't worry… She's fine…"

"Tomorrow?"

"Will MM be here?"

"I'll have it all ready…"

"Relax. You know I never spoil the goods…"

Then she heard the sound of the engine and the wheels spinning in the gravel.

He had left her alone…

Jake headed back to Nairobi. He was in a bad mood. The customers were coming the next day instead of Thursday and also MM was coming.

In fact he could see the reason for the hurry. This was an unusual order and quite risky. Normally the captives were anonymous and chosen at random for their youth and beauty. But Claudia was a girl that everyone knew and wanted and the whole world would be looking for her.

In any case he only had a few hours with her. At that moment he was the only one who knew where she was. Later he would have to let HQ know where he was keeping her.

When he got to the city he hurried to Chang's, the luxurious restaurant on Kenyatta Avenue; where he ordered four of the most expensive specials with their porcelain plates, cotton tablecloths and fancy napkins. He also ordered French champagne; the occasion certainly merited it. Then he went to his favourite, Lee's shop. It was a clandestine sex-shop near to the dangerous bus station. He preferred it to the aseptic stuff that the Corporation used.

"Make me up an order," he said to the assistant who nodded and took a large box from under the counter.

"I want something special this time…" he added.

The salesman thought he could guess what it was and he took out a whip.

"No, I don't want any of that. This merchandise is very expensive. I need adornments, decoration…"

The Indian gave him a lingerie catalogue. Jake leafed through it after taking one of Claudia's ruined shoes out of his pocket. "Find me some red sandals with straps that fasten around the ankles in this size. Oh, and with four inches of heel, at least!"

Jake carried on leafing through the catalogue. One of the models, another

redhead with green eyes, was wearing a transparent pink nightdress with a wide slit at the hip that left her legs and buttocks on view. It was very tight and it had thin straps over the shoulders. It was extremely sexy.

"I want this one," he indicated. "And also some stockings in the same colour."

While the Indian was looking for the garments, Jake picked up a monstrous vibrator shaped like a curved penis; it was twelve inches long and two inches thick. He also grabbed two metal clamps with toothed jaws. Then he bought a pair of latex panties with rubber dildos sewn into them, one was slightly smaller than the other, but they were both very big.

Satisfied with his purchases he stopped to pick up the food he had ordered on his way back to the store.

Every part of Claudia was hurting; her shoulders, her arms, her legs… The metal handcuffs were biting into her wrists and ankle. That monster had abandoned her six hours before and the oil had run out in the lamp at least two hours ago. She was in total darkness.

Terrible cramps gripped her twisted calf, tensed in a useless effort to alleviate the pressure on her wrists and arms. It wasn't necessary to bind her like that. That madman was deliberately torturing her. Was it his revenge for her escape? For hitting him?

She swallowed. Her throat was dry from screaming. She thought she could hear noises in the darkness and she screamed for help until her voice failed her. No one came… Now she was dying of thirst; she had sweated like mad when she escaped and she had had nothing to drink since she left the hotel that morning.

How far away that peaceful breakfast seemed!

She was very scared…

What would happen if the swine didn't come back?

And what if he did?

A shiver ran down her back.

Finally she heard the noise of a motor and the sound of tyres moving over the plain. Flickering headlights fleetingly lit the room. She felt a knot in her throat.

Was all this because of the damned advert? She couldn't understand the reaction to it. In Europe no one had minded, but in America… It was true that while she was shown dancing on a boat and wearing only a tiny

pair of panties and a Tahitian floral necklace, her nipple did appear for a few moments. But that was no big deal! It was more likely that this mess was due to her agent's stupid idea of mixing her up with the President's son… My God, what a stupid idea! she thought. Maybe they think that the White House will pay a ransom…

With a loud noise the car pulled up outside with its lights on. She saw the chauffeur bring in several packages and re-light the lamp.

The man came over to her with a plastic bag in his hand.

"Please…" babbled Claudia.

A massive slap turned her face to one side and his wild screaming made her shut up at once.

"Shut up, slut!"

With her cheek burning, her neck muscles aching and her wrists and ankle almost red raw from the brutal movement, Claudia turned her face back and saw with horror the items that Jake was placing next to her on the table. She also saw the damned bondage magazine, open at page fourteen…

Nairobi, White Building. Cellar 10

MM was furious. That Yankee bitch had humiliated his son, the heir to one of the largest fortunes on earth… He needed to give vent to the rage that was eating him up.

The lift stopped at the tenth cellar, the floor that didn't show on its control panel and that could only be reached by using a special code. It was the central transit warehouse. This was where the merchandise was packed and distributed to the customers or simply shipped to other Corporation Centres. There were several places like that around the world and they followed the rules of discretion and security that the business demanded.

Going down hidden stairs and along a passageway with anonymous doors, he went into one that had a red light lit over it.

"Well, well… Look what we have here," he exclaimed.

Inside, in total darkness, a naked girl was sitting on a wooden stool, bound to the wall and tied hand and foot. She watched him in terror from behind a voluminous gag.

Jason's mixed up in this, he thought; sure that they had prepared her


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him. It wasn't usual for them to be gagged or to have their ankles separated and chained to the ends of an iron bar…

MM left the door open so that the light from the corridor could get in and he grabbed her hair to pull her to her feet…

The girl was gorgeous; a half-caste with smooth jet-black hair, her bright eyes were filled with profound dread. That's how he liked his women… defenceless and terrorised. With satisfaction he sat on the stool and slowly looked her over. He had her standing in front of him, less than a metre away.

He liked what he saw. She was a typical Brazilian specimen, with the bouncy buttocks, firm thighs, narrow waist and beautifully firm but not overlarge bosom. Even chained up her body exuded rhythm from every pore.

He went on silently observing her for a while… Completely naked and gagged, with her hands behind her back and her feet chained to the ends of an iron bar, the girl was the living image of a Brazilian slave-girl from the last century…

Max raised his foot and tried to shove the toe of his shoe into her defenceless vagina. The girl was too terrified to move. Even if she had tried it would have been difficult for her to keep her balance and not fall to the floor. He opened the folder that contained her details and the bill of sale that would be delivered with her.

She had been in born in Bahia and lived in Rio. Her father was Scandinavian and her mother Brazilian, making her a typically explosive Brazilian mixture. She was seventeen and she had been captured just a couple of days ago by a local operative. The girl had gone to an "audition for a samba film" and well… The auction had taken place by video conferencing; there had only been six customers interested in an example of her type.

It was an exciting video in which she danced naked to raise the bidding.

Finally she had been knocked down to a powerful Japanese electronics magnate who MM knew personally. She was the eleventh girl he had sent him, and only one of them had survived. He hated selling goods to that bloodthirsty swine, but business is business.

She had been sold for one hundred thousand dollars, in a contest between the Japanese and Madame Roisy, a sadistic lesbian who owned some of Arabia's most exclusive and secret brothels. MM made some calculations, the whole deal had made a gross profit of eighty thousand

dollars, taking off commission, and the costs of her capture, auction and transport.

"Jasmine," he said after the long silence, and leaving the documents on the stool. "The money came today, so we're sending you to Japan tonight. It won't be a very comfortable journey for you but we'll try to make it as short as possible."

The girl shivered involuntarily. Barely two days ago she had been carefree in her beloved Rio and now the most uncertain and horrific fate awaited her…

"In your file it says that you're only a virgin in your bottom."

MM had stood up and was walking around the terrified girl, studying her carefully.

He stroked his member with one hand while twisting her head back by her hair with the other. He admired the fascinating and terrified face for a few moments.

With an unexpected and violent gesture he threw her against one of the walls, he lifted her arms up and got between them, so the girl was pressing her breasts and face to the wall and embracing him against her back.

MM undid his belt. "Did you know?" he whispered biting her ear. "You're a whore. Seventeen and you've been fucking like a bitch." He savagely pulled her buttocks apart with both hands and penetrated her anus with one dry shove…

"Mmmmmmfffffff!" escaped past the gag.

"You're worse than your sow of a mother who let a white man fuck her… Now you're going to pay for the two of you," he added.

The difference in height made him uncomfortable so he slid his hands down the fronts of her smooth hips and grabbing her groin he lifted her up, pushing against the rough wall and penetrating her more deeply…

"Arrrgggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The girl was lifted a couple of inches off the floor, crushed between the man who was raping her and the wall and pierced by his powerful, rock hard member. MM bit his lip, delighted at the expression of pain that he could see in the girl's profile.

He kept still for a few moments, stuck into the depths of her virgin insides. He was looking for the involuntary caresses that the girl would definitely give him in her efforts to adjust to the enormous intrusion that was violating her…

With the fingers of his right hand he sought her little clitoris, hidden among smooth folds of vaginal flesh.

"Do you know what the first thing Yamamoto will do when you arrive?" He whispered in her ear while pinching her between his thumb and forefinger. "He'll rip this out of you with pincers… He can't stand his bitches to feel any pleasure in the rests of their lives."

Biting his lips, full of uncontrollable passion and rage, he held her pressed to the wall with one hand on her vagina and the other in her hair and started to ride her with powerful thrusts of his buttocks.

"So make the most of this and enjoy…"

Terror to the West of Nairobi…

Claudia looked at him in panic. Jake was sitting in front of her with his legs apart. He was so close that his obscenely swollen penis was rubbing her left knee.

With one hand he was holding her leg by the ankle and he was stroking her calf with the other. Moments before he had taken off her ruined shoe and she was now barefoot.

His sweaty hands went up and down, squeezing, pinching, raising the dust and scratching… but never breaking the skin.

Her slim leg was clean and it shone in the weak light of the oil lamp.

"To judge by the adverts you make, you like men to look at you this way…" He had been talking to her for a while. Claudia shook her head…

Jake raised her leg even more and rested her ankle on his shoulder. Her dress was pulled up completely to reveal her silky thighs and tiny knickers.

He started to kiss her foot, to lick it, to bite it… then her calf.

"You're well built…" His hand slid down the back of her thigh, tense from her position. "They'll pay a fortune for you."

She was dazed by the obscene assault she didn't understand, or she didn't want to understand.

"Also. You're famous." One of his fingers was playfully pulling at the hem of her panties, next to her humid crotch.

"There are people who collect rarities, unique pieces."

Both of his hands were around her thigh now. Squeezing, sinking the nails in, kneading and testing the resistance.

"Please…" she dared to say… She hadn't forgotten the huge slap.

"SILENCE!" shouted the man, hitting her again.

With a brutal gesture, he tore off her filthy panties and pulling her head back he stuffed them into her mouth. He took a roll of tape from the table and sealed her lips with it.

A tear fell from Claudia's eye.

"In a few hours some people who are interested in you are coming."

The hands went back to her legs.

"We'll give them a nice dinner and you'll be sold to one of them…"

He kissed her again, on her Achilles tendon this time, with a little nip that made her shudder.

"Naturally, whoever buys you…" he went on licking. "Will have to teach you manners."

A hand went down to her open sex lips and two fat fingers penetrated her…

"And you'd better learn quick and forget all about Claudia Moore!"

He clenched his teeth and bending his fingers inside her velvety sex he scratched her.

"Because you won't be anything more than his sex slave…"



Nairobi International Airport

Rebecca had just gone through passport control and was waiting for her bags.

"Hello Miss Johnson. We hope you had a pleasant flight."

Rebecca turned around with surprise. A coloured man, very tall and well dressed, was offering her his hand.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Jason Wallace and I'm an executive director of the White Corporation," he said showing her some papers. "In the name of the company I offer you our most cordial welcome."

Rebecca, somewhat taken by surprise, offered him her hand and in a gesture she had not expected he kissed it reverently.

"The car is waiting. Don't worry about your luggage. We'll take care of everything." Said the man in a manner of one who was accustomed to giving orders.

"Oh you're very kind," she managed to say.

An ostentatious limousine was waiting outside. A chauffeur in an impeccable uniform opened the door for them.

"Would you like something to drink, Miss Johnson?" The man offered courteously.

"No thanks, I'm quite tired and I wouldn't…"

"A tea or a coffee?" he insisted.

"Okay… a coffee, thanks."

The limousine was crossing the plantations and little hamlets that surrounded highly populated Nairobi. Rebecca felt invaded by the strange feeling of well-being with which Africa greets her visitors. The blue sky, the red earth, the smell…

"I'm sorry to give you bad news Miss Johnson," said the man offering her the coffee in an expensive looking antique china cup. "Our President and Managing Director, Mr MM has had to leave suddenly… It was so sudden that we couldn't warn you." Rebecca moved in her seat. "Nevertheless," went on Jason, "It'll be a great pleasure for me to take care of you and answer your questions…"

"This is unacceptable, Mr Wallace," she finally said, barely able to hide her anger.

"Believe me I'm really sorry, Miss Johnson, but the President isn't in Nairobi."

"When's he coming back?" she asked putting her cup down on the table with irritation.

"Not within two weeks…"

"But!" Rebecca was overwrought. She had her story and Gary in her clutches and now… "But couldn't he have delayed his departure for just a couple of hours?" She asked uselessly.

"Believe me I'm really sorry…" was all that Jason replied.

The limousine was trapped in one of the gigantic traffic jams so common going into Nairobi. Inside the prolonged silence was getting more and more tense. Rebecca, seeing all was lost decided to risk it.

"Mr Wallace, please do not take this as rudeness, but I want to speak to Mr MM." The girl's tone was friendly once more. "I hope you understand… It was supposed to be an in-depth interview, about the man, not just a financial report."

"I do understand and I'm sorry, Miss Johnson." Jason left the initiative to the girl.

"Couldn't we? I mean… Couldn't we do the interview wherever he is?" Rebecca looked him openly in the eyes for the first time, with a broad smile on her lips.

"I'm afraid, Miss Johnson that would be rather tricky. The president is at a confidential meeting with the major shareholders." Jason was a professional, diplomatic, without any special accent. "Also, the meeting is taking place several hours flight from Nairobi."

"Please Mr Wallace. His son, Ben promised me…" She took her eyes off the man and looked ahead again. "I'm sure he wouldn't like to know

that…"

"Miss Johnson," interrupted Jason hastily, "I think that your idea is probably for the best."

He took the telephone decisively. "Wallace here. Send an urgent cable asking for permission for Miss Johnson to go to Coconut Grove to interview MM."

Rebecca's eyes lit up.

"I hope it won't be too much of an inconvenience for you to go there," said the man taking her reply for granted.

"You don't know how grateful I am…" The girl smiled again. "By the way, where?"

The telephone interrupted her.

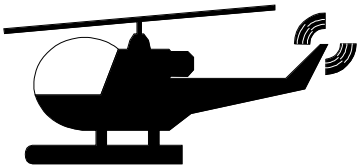
"Wallace speaking." A silence followed.

"Perfect. Have Miss Johnson's luggage loaded and we are coming straight back to the airport." He gave curt orders, executive-style, like a man used to being in charge.

"Congratulations Miss Johnson. It's all arranged. Luckily a company jet is about to leave for there right now. The president will see you over breakfast, Sidney time…"

"But… I have to call…" Added Rebecca, overcome by the rapidity of events, while the car, sounding a siren, headed back to the airport at full speed.

"We have no time to lose. We have take off permission from air traffic control and the car phone won't make international calls. You can make all the calls you need on the plane…"



Auction to the west of Nairobi

Claudia couldn’t believe what she was hearing or what was happening to her…

Around the table were three men, one called MM, one called One and another called Two. They were dining with a fat fifty year old woman who they called Cara.

They had arrived about an hour before in two helicopters. MM came first in a car. She soon learned that he was responsible for the whole nightmare.

Events had moved with awful speed. Jake had got sick of groping her from the chair and had masturbated, squirting his sticky sperm into her face. Then, somewhat more calmly, he had untied her and tied a rope that hung from the ceiling around her neck; it made her stand on tiptoe while he ripped her dress off. His hands covered with aromatic oil he had massaged her entire body, leaving her surprisingly bright and shiny. Then he had rubbed her with a chamois, just like the ones used on windows, until she was completely dry. Miraculously, the sheen didn’t disappear.

Then he played obscenely with her and masturbated three more times, then he put the pink nightdress on her along with the stockings and the shoes. With an irritated gesture Jake put the rest of the items he had bought in a drawer and closed the famous magazine.

"Time has run out for us, little one…" he said with a wink. Claudia breathed a sigh of relief…

Soon after MM arrived. He was a very tall well-built black man. He walked around her a couple of times sizing her up like a beast in the market place. He pinched her nipples that were pressing proudly against the material of the nightdress.

"Take the stockings off and the shoes off her and stick her in the cage," he ordered Jake after a long silence.

And she had been there ever since, hanging from the ceiling inside a small cage that she could barely fit into, with her hands up her back and her ankles chained.

After a while she heard the roar of a helicopter breaking the calm of the plains. The one called Mr One came though the door and MM quickly greeted him.

"We are honoured by your presence, One."

"I don't have much time, when do we start?" The man, who was middle aged, didn't even look him in the face.

"The others aren't here yet…" excused MM, uncomfortable with the man's lack of manners.

"So this is the little whore." he said moving to Claudia.

"Mmmmmm…" he muttered turning the cage around and around, like a stamp collector. "She's not bad… she's prettier naked…"

Slipping a hand inside he stroked one of the girl's chained ankles. "This is first class," he added, enjoying the smooth feel of her.

The sound of a second helicopter interrupted them. Two and Mrs Cara appeared at the door. MM made the introductions and invited them to be seated at the table.

A truly surreal scene followed. In a ruined barracks around an impeccably set table, worthy of a top Parisian restaurant and lit with fancy candelabra, four diners were waited on by Jake in a dinner jacket. Alongside them the world's most famous and beautiful supermodel was locked almost naked in a cage and attending her own sale.

MM stood up with a smile on his lips and a stick in his hand.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. First of all I thank you, on the behalf of White Corporation for attending."

"Get to the point MM." It was One who was putting on the pressure. Max kept his composure.

"I hope you'll excuse the urgency. The merchandise's identity is cause enough for us to rush the formalities."

Claudia was shocked to hear that word.

"An item of her quality deserves a more ample public. Nevertheless we are offering her only to your good selves as sign of our gratitude for your loyalty, and of course as a measure of the respect we have for the security of your establishments."

Claudia listened with horror, shocked by the lascivious looks that they were constantly aiming at her. They were disgusting creatures. They all had horrid bodies and repulsive faces, and their looks were twisted and disturbing.

"When dinner is finished, we'll take your bids," went on MM moving closer to the cage and grabbing Claudia by her hair with a theatrical gesture. "As for the rest… the merchandise is well enough known to all." Claudia closed her eyes, trying to hold back her tears. "I assure you that she's worth every dollar you're going to pay for her."

The woman raised her hand. "Of course we all know who she is, but can we have some details?"

"My pleasure, Cara dear," responded MM politely.

"Is she trained?" the woman asked.

"We never train the goods that we offer at private auction. We normally leave that pleasure to the buyer."

"Is she a lesbian?" the woman went on to ask. Claudia was stunned to listen to that incredible question-and-answer session.

"Not as far as we know," replied MM dryly.

A sinister smile appeared on the woman's lips. It made the hair at the back of Claudia's neck stand up and she closed her eyes.

"The teeth?" Asked One.

"Perfect, she has all of her teeth and they are sparkling white…"

"Her ass?" Continued One.

"I imagine, my friend, that you are referring to the hole." One nodded. "It's virgin. Very tight." The girl's sense of dread was growing by the moment.

"And the cunt?" The woman asked, with a sneer this time. MM wasn't phased; he always gave the same answers to the same questions.

"It's not virgin…" he replied.

"The little whore must have fucked like a rabbit to get where she is today…" announced the woman loudly, trying to catch the girl's eyes.

MM followed his usual script. "We have no information about that, Mrs Clara. Anyway, at her age the cunt doesn't go soggy with use."

The reply seemed to satisfy everyone.

"Any questions, Mr Two?" Asked MM. Two was a man of few words. He had barely spoken in the introductions and he didn't have any questions to ask.

"No," he replied dryly.

"If there are no more questions," said MM, "you'll permit me to say a few words." As he spoke he was poking the point of the little stick he was holding into the girl's ribs and she was twisting about in her efforts to avoid it. "The lucky man or woman who takes this marvellous toy," he began, nodding his head deferentially to Madame Cara, "will be acquiring an exquisite and well known slave that, with a little care and regardless of the abuse she receives, will remain in good condition for years. These are first class goods and, at the age of twenty, she's as good as new. This is a good investment. There are plenty of people who aren't here who would give their entire fortunes for the exquisite flesh that we are offering to you."

MM shook the girl's head through the bars, as if he was trying to wake her up.

Claudia finally opened her eyes and the tears flowed down her cheeks… Every stare was fixed on her. They all wanted her.

She was extraordinarily beautiful. She was one woman in thousands. The photos, the magazines, the adverts, none of them had done her justice. Her striking reddish hair was so exotic… Her high forehead… her startling green eyes, full of passion… Her cheeks with the high cheekbones… Her teasing expression of cheeky innocence… Her irresistible lips, slightly parted…

It was face that took the breath away. Every one admired her everyone wanted her…

"And now… Enjoy your meal!" Concluded MM.

Jake took the silver plate covers off. It was a tasty stew made from smoked Thompson's gazelle served with fresh greens.

The dinner was another aberration. Claudia listened with dread to a spine chilling conversation.

"I always pierce the nipples on my females," said Cara easily. "I do it live with a red hot needle."

"I also," added One, "pierce their clitorises."

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"Well I," added Two, more communicative now due to the alcohol, "if I like bumming one specially, I pierce the septum of her nose… Yes, don't look like that MM, it's the truth. I get on them when they are held just with their noses to the floor and their knees fixed; I even leave their hands free. I promise you that that keeps them in a nice position with their backs arched and their bottoms well presented…"

This made Claudia dizzy.

As the champagne flowed the conversation became more torrid.

"Have you seen the nipples on this slut?" It was One who was speaking to Cara.

"I saw them in the famous advert," answered the woman.

"They are conical and pink with virtually no aureoles… Note how press against the nightdress." Saliva ran between One's lips as he spoke.

"Yes of course. I'll pierce them as soon as I get home, at the bases and the tips. I always wanted to have a pair of nipples like that…"

"You will if I let you buy her," smiled One.

Claudia moved in her cage… and it wobbled at the end of its chain.

"She seems a little skittish," joked One.

"On my farm," Two was speaking again, drunk. " I have two slaves that were celebrities when they were free. Independent, superior sluts, that liked to kick men in the balls with their independence and provocation…"

"Yes, just like our little friend," joked One.

"Don't interrupt me, fuck it!" shouted Two looking at One challengingly. One shut up.

"As I was saying," he went on after another swallow, "on the farm I keep them nude at all times, they just wear high heeled ankle boots and have fat dildos in their cunts and their asses."

Claudia couldn't believe her ears…

"I take them out for five minutes a day so they can do their business in front of me." Another swallow, the diners listened with their mouths open. "Then I have their filth collected and mixed with their dog food…" MM grimaced in disgust.

"Their mouths," went on Two, "are also sealed, with rubber penises that reach deep into their throats. Believe me it's fun sticking them in… They aren't even removed for feeding them."

"How is that done?" asked the woman with interest.

"Well how do you think? Like with geese… You city people have no

idea."

"Excuse me but I don't understand," insisted the woman.

"The gags have a hole through the middle of them, I screw a syringe that is used for force-feeding geese to it and inject the dog food straight into their stomachs…"

"Brilliant!" Shouted the woman enthusiastically.

MM was amazed at his client's sadism and satisfied with the heat of the conversation. They were excited… The bidding would be high…

Claudia wanted to die. Her only hope, before he had spoken, was to end up with Two.

"Please, don't stop…" Cara encouraged him, eager for more details.

Two was proud of the interest he had provoked so he went on. "I twist their wrists behind their backs and fix them to the tops of the collars they have around their necks. No… it's not what you think," her interrupted himself with a cruel smile. "I also unite their elbows at the small of their backs. I promise you that makes their tits stick out sublimely."

"And you never untie them?" Now One was interested. In the face this savagery his "games" seemed like child's play…

"When I use them I take out one of the plugs or untie them, it depends… I already told you what I do to Nadine every time I bum her…"

MM seized the moment, it seemed that Two had nothing more to say and before any one could start again he decided to start the auction.

"Jake, put her in the middle of the table." He ordered.

The chauffeur moved some pulleys and the cage ended up a couple of inches over the tablecloth in front of the diners. Any one of them could spin the cage with a simple gesture and so be able to inspect her from different angles.

"How about half a million dollars to start with?"

No one was quiet except Claudia. They all looked at her. The girl was irresistible. Thanks to Jake's efforts, her bronzed skin shone under the dim light of the candles. Her hair with its reddish highlights framed her childlike, naughty face, disfigured by the sticky tape over mouth. Her tearful green eyes reflected the desperation and the sum of all the other feelings that were tormenting her. To these sadists the way in which she suffered was as important as her splendid face and fantastic body. Twentieth century slave-girls aren't just bodies to be used, they're people to be subjugated, tortured and raped physically and mentally.

Two took the initiative… "One million dollars!" MM paled.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the bid is at one million dollars… Any more offers?"

A sepulchral silence…

"Sold to Mr Two for one million dollars!"

Claudia closed her eyes… she couldn't believe what had happened. She had just been sold. A sadist of the worst kind had just bought her… Her! The famous and promising Claudia Moore…

One and Cara stood up, visibly irritated…

"That was a waste of time," spat Cara as she left the room in the company of One this time.

Two was stroking Claudia's calf as she was trying hopelessly to avoid him. "You're going to pay back every dollar of the million I paid for you," he said through clenched teeth, his eyes bright with lust.

"Well Mr Two…" MM had just returned from saying goodbye to his annoyed customers. "Before we sort out the details, let me congratulate you on your purchase…"

Two was still playing with the model's ankles and he didn't even reply. His mouth was hanging open and saliva was running down his cheek.

"Where would you like her to be delivered to?" asked MM with irritation. During the year they had been doing business together Two had treated him with nothing but disdain.

"Let's not beat about the bush, MM." He said brusquely. "Get her out of the cage and give her to me. I'll pay you now, cash on the nail. I'm taking her with me."

This wasn't normal, but in the face of a million dollars cash MM could make an exception… Anyway he was in a hurry. A young journalist was waiting for him at Coconut Grove.

MM made a sign to Jake who hastily lowered the cage and dragged the terrified Claudia out by her hair.

"You've got what you deserved, slut…" he whispered in her ear.

"Take the cuffs off her and bind her with ropes and straps… I want her elbows pulled tightly together. Then put her in the box." Ordered Two, pointing at the iron container typical of the sort used by the organisation. "Ah!" he added. "Don't drug her, I want her to be awake for the whole journey."

Two gave MM a briefcase full of money right in front of the terrified girl, "count it!"

Jake, meanwhile, had started to pack her… Claudia, kneeling back on her ankles, made no resistance. He tied her delicate ankles tightly to her thighs with straps. He placed her hands and arms in an ingenious glove that held them together behind her back with her knuckles touching. Then he united her elbows and firmly tied them off. It was a very cruel posture. Her twisted arms made Claudia throw her shoulders back and stick her breasts out…

She was the living image of powerlessness.

As a finishing touch, Jake fastened a thick mastiff's collar around her slim neck.

Two came over, he picked up one of the penis-shaped gags that Jake had bought in Nairobi and pulling the helpless model's head back by the hair, he slowly introduced it into her mouth until it was filling her throat completely.

Claudia opened her eyes wide. She seemed to be gasping for air, unable to control the nauseous reactions that the intruder was causing her.

"Calm down, darling," said Two, trying force the filthy dildo deeper with his thumb. "If you keep control you won't choke…"

With a cruel gesture he pulled down on the model's hair until her face was touching the floor. At this moment Jake passed a thin cord through the collar and tied it to her knees so that the girl couldn't get back up.

"Do you want her sealed?" asked Jake showing him the latex panties with two dildos sewn into them that he had bought in Nairobi.

"No, leave her like that… I'll clean her when we arrive," replied the amused Two.

"It'll do her good to wallow in her own shit," he added kicking her in the ribs and making her fall to one side. "That'll bring her down to earth…"

Jake tied her wrists to her ankles with tight cord that he ran between tensed buttocks. Then he wrapped an eight-inch wide strap around her elbows and legs, tightening it until her heard her joints crack. As a final touch, and in order to suppress unwanted noise, he tied her feet and hands with sticky tape and placed a special sponge over her mouth, which he also fixed with sticky tape.

The package was now ready and Claudia was twisted into a most agonising posture and held completely immobile. Every part of her hurt…

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The back of her neck, her back, her legs, her arms, her elbows, her wrists… She couldn't take much before something gave, before she broke…

Jake lifted her up by her hair and by the short rope that tied her wrists to her ankles and he placed her inside the padded chest, with her back down and her legs in the air. Specially moulded foam rubber ensured that she couldn't bang against the sides.

"Allow me," interrupted Two.

With a broad smile he unzipped his trousers and urinated all over that beautiful and photogenic face; all that the supermodel could do was close her eyes and hold her breath.

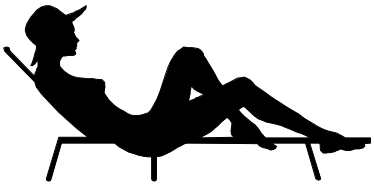
"That way you'll get used to the taste and smell of your owner," he said as he closed the box with a chuckle.

Total darkness fell upon the disgusted and humiliated girl.

Jake closed the heavy steel bolts and with that act closed off a stage of Claudia Moore's life. When the lovely 'supermodel' saw light of day again, she would be nothing more than the sex-slave of Ruben Valdes, a sadistic multimillionaire drug trafficker.

"Are you taking her to the farm?" Asked MM who was still counting the money.

"Yes…" He replied. "I'm having a holiday and I'll spend a few weeks with her… She's worth it."



In the Middle of the Ocean

The tiny atoll barely rose six feet above the level of the sea. The outer part was made of hard coral rock and resisted the sea's turbulent fury. In the centre there was a narrow band of vegetation, full of the coconut palms that gave the place its name, 'Coconut Grove'. In the centre a beach of fine sand surrounded a peaceful lagoon.

The fragrance of taro gave the hot atmosphere an irresistible aroma.

The bungalow was built on stilts in the water, near to the bank. The coral floor gave the three-foot deep water that covered an intense emerald green colour.

She had arrived a few hours before. The journey had been smooth. She had been the only passenger on the little jet and she had slept the whole journey. She woke up just in time to see the perfect ring of coral that formed the island from the air. The sea, a deep blue colour, seemed to be trying to swallow it with its white foamy breakers. Inside striking contrasts of blue and green decorated the peaceful lagoon.

As the plane descended to a small airstrip between the trees, the pure air of the trade winds, so different from the pollution of Nairobi, filled her lungs and fortified her spirits. She wasn't so annoyed with MM any more. This was better than the cold of Boston and her annoying journalism classes.

A four by four picked her up and took her to a pretty round building with wooden walls and a palm leaf roof. Over the door was a sign that

read, ‘Welcome to Paradise’.

A large German looking woman greeted her with a forced smile.

"We’ve been expecting you Miss Johnson. You’re luggage is in the bungalow already. You must want to have a bath and rest…"

Rebecca, lying in the sun on the bungalow’s tiny terrace, looked distractedly around her. There were five other bungalows and beyond the reception there were two other buildings. Three powerful motor yachts were anchored off the beach. Further away she saw some strange looking wooden cages hanging an inch or two above the water…

"Do you need anything Miss?"

Rebecca jumped. A young girl, not too much more than seventeen, completely naked except for a ridiculous apron that barely covered her most intimate parts, was offering her a fruit cocktail.

"Oh… thank you." mumbled Rebecca, taken aback by that unexpected apparition.

The young waitress stepped back with a curtsey, never turning her back. She was very beautiful, a blonde with blue eyes and tanned skin. Two little bells adorned her nipples and a pair of fine rings, also golden, hung around her ankles…

When she got to the door the girl turned around. Nothing, absolutely nothing covered her rear.



Far Away… in South America

Ruben Valdes' helicopter had just landed in 'Santa Lucia'; a small farm discreetly lost in the remote and desolate 'Matto Grosso'. The house was an old military stores dump that Ruben had done up and which he visited quite frequently. He used the place as a refuge for those members of his huge organisation that needed to keep a low profile for a while. Drug trafficking was getting more and more dangerous…

At that moment, Manuel and Oscar, along with Teresa, a Brazilian girl, were the only ones in residence… apart from Esmeralda and Nadine.

Sitting on the porch with his feet on top of the large metal box, Ruben Valdes was thinking excitedly about its contents.

Inside, a super model who had disappeared and who was being looked for by the police forces of half the world was coming around for the umpteenth time… after falling unconscious so many times. Choked by the lack of the air in the box and sickened by the stench after being in there for two days, she could barely feel her body… Claudia Moore wanted, more than anything in the world, for someone to get her out of there. She didn't care what they might do to her.



In Paradise

Rebecca was walking barefoot on the beach under the implacable tropical sun. She was wearing a white wrap tied around her shoulders that left her shoulders and most of her thighs bare. Under the material and hanging from a cord that was tied around her waist, she had hidden a tiny tape recorder. She was finally going to do the damned interview!

The blue-eyed girl who had waited on her in the bungalow was accompanying her, still naked, to the large terrace that looked out over the lagoon. Sitting on an ostentatious wicker armchair and reading the paper was a massive black man of about fifty years old. He was wearing a ridiculous loincloth; loud sunglasses and he had a long whip across his lap.

The girl approached him and knelt in silence. The man went on reading.

Rebecca was still standing and she didn't know what to do. It was a bizarre situation and she wasn't ready for it. A few minutes passed by, the man looked up and looked at her slowly. Rebecca blushed to imagine the desire in the eyes that she couldn't see behind the sunglasses…

The man went on looking at her silently. The breeze lifted her wrap slightly…

MM was satisfied with what he saw. This caucasic female, as well as being educated and belonging to the American upper classes and hating blacks, was extremely sensual and attractive… He was beginning to understand why his son Ben had made such a fool of himself over her.

"You must be Rebecca, Ben's girlfriend," he said finally, impassive behind the mirror lenses.

Rebecca felt a tremor. His voice was deep and strong. She began to feel very vulnerable… standing in front of this giant. She looked for a chair.

"In this part of the world, women kneel on their ankles on the floor," said Max.

Apprehensively, but not daring to contradict her host, she knelt with her knees together and sat back. The wrap rode up her thighs leaving them totally uncovered.

With disgust she noticed the man's member, erect and trying to escape from the tiny loincloth.

"I understand that you slapped my son in public…"

"Oh no… it was just a little argument…" replied Rebecca, stammering. She hadn't expected it to start like this.

"You're very beautiful. Come here."

The girl suddenly stood up, doubly humiliated by the man and by the blonde girl's silent presence.

"Listen… I've come here to…"

"SILENCE!" shouted Max.

Rebecca, her fists clenched and full of rage, shut up.

"I know exactly why you have come here… You want an interview. An in-depth interview, a personal interview…" A smile crept over the man's face. "Very well. When you want to start, sit down there." He pointed to the floor at his feet.

Rebecca moved closer indignantly. She had travelled half way around the world for this chance and she wasn't going to give up now. She tried to encourage herself by thinking of Gary, of the paper and of her career…

"Closer…"

Max liked what he saw. Her reddened cheeks, her firm skin, her tensed shiny thighs, her smooth shoulders, her narrow waist, the start of a pair of breasts that he could tell were irresistible and the woman's suppressed fury… But what attracted him most was her expressive face with its blue eyes, blonde hair and haughty demeanour, clenched in a spontaneous fit of rage.

"So?" said Max, with apparent impatience.

"If everything is the way you like it, finally, we can begin…" replied Rebecca curtly, unable to contain the rage she was feeling. "And as you haven't introduced yourself," she added ironically, "I'll use your son's

name…" With a furtive gesture she turned on the tape recorder.

"Mr Mukele: Which of the White Corporation's activities do you take most personal interest in?"

Max made a sign with his hand and the blonde girl got up and went to him. He grabbed her hip with one of his big hands and turned her towards Rebecca while possessively patting her buttocks… She could only have been sixteen, eighteen at most.

"What do you think of her, Miss Johnson? She's called Martha and she's American like you. From New York, I think…"

Rebecca looked at her in stunned silence. The girl lowered her head and her curly blonde hair half covered her face giving glimpses of her fleshy lips and her turned-up nose.

"C'mon, don't be bashful, show yourself to our guest," ordered Max giving her another, louder slap. The girl obeyed, leaving her beautiful childlike face on view with its bitter expression. Her firm breasts weren't fully developed, her even tan, her golden high-heeled shoes that accentuated her shapely legs and the tiny apron all gave her a tremendously sensual air, an explosive mixture of beauty, innocence and eroticism.

"How long have you been with us?" the man asked her.

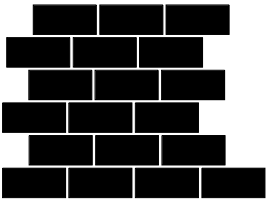
Martha bit her lip. "Three months, Sir…"

"Well, Martha. Tell Miss Johnson what your duties are in the company…"

"May I interrupt?" said Rebecca with exasperation. "My readers aren't interested in details about your staff…"

"I was trying to answer your question, Miss Johnson…" Max's smile was getting wider and more malevolent. "Little Martha is part of the business that I am most interested in personally…" With a tug he forced the girl to sit on his knees. "Or rather," he added biting her ear. "She's one of the company's assets… amongst other things, The White Corporation sells women… Beautiful women who fetch very high prices."

PART TWO



A Farm in the Marshes of the Matto Grosso

A chilling scream woke Claudia with a start. She had no idea how long she had been unconscious or how she had arrived there. All that she could remember was the endless agony inside the box, crushed and twisted by the cruel bonds that held her for what seemed to be an eternity…

The scream came again and she heard some voices, but she couldn't understand what they were saying. They sounded far away and seemed to be speaking a language she didn't understand.

Slowly she began to recover her senses. She was sitting on the floor, up against a wall with her hands chained above her head to a pair of rings that were hanging from a heavy chain. The place was a gloomy cell, about six-foot square, with brick walls and an earth floor. An oil lamp illuminated the pokey hole and a heavy iron door closed it off.

Claudia tried to get up but her legs wouldn't obey her. She was barefoot and wearing a sleeveless tunic that was very short and tight fitting. It was fastened at the front with laces that left a good portion of her torso visible, from her neckline to her waist. It was a very sexy garment.

The chilling, obviously female scream came again, accompanied by laughter that was clearly male.

She tried to get up again, pulling with her arms this time, but it was useless… Her whole body was hurting. With fear she heard footsteps stop outside her door. A blinding light flooded the tiny cell. Claudia couldn't avoid shivering violently when she heard the terrible screaming again, this time to its full effect.

A hoarse chuckle greeted her…
"How's our darling model this morning?"

It was Two, that swine who had bought her. With an instinctive gesture she curled into a ball pressing her knees against her chest while her eyes got used to the light, but she had been in the dark for a long time… A sharp whistle preceded a sharp report…
Whhhooooosssssssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh… CRACK!
"Aaaaaaaaarrrrrrgggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

The terrible scream only finished when Claudia lost her voice… A lacerating pain that she would never have believed possible burned into her left thigh biting deeply into her flesh. The most wanted and photographed model in the world was trembling in front of an ecstatic Valdes with her leg twitching convulsively.
When she finally managed to stop her leg twitching and get her breath back she heard his repellent voice again.
"Answer me when I speak to you!"
"Please…" muttered Claudia, her eyes still bleary from the light and in terrible agony.
She heard the clanking of chains and felt a pull on her arms; she was lifted up little by little until she was on tiptoe. Then she felt the sticky hands on her waist and the obese body pushing her against the wall. Claudia tried to defend herself with her head, but a hand grabbed her by her hair. A stinking mouth immediately began to kiss her mouth; to lick her cheeks, to suck her chin, her nose… A coarse tongue ran over her neck and her ear. Sharp and worn teeth bit her lips… A hand went down and twisted her breast… it went on down to her left thigh… Something pushed against her vagina…

"Whore," she heard him whisper while his teeth were biting her ear. "You cost me a fortune but now you're just mine. You'll be posing just for me… Only I will be touching you… Only I will fuck you…"
Her terror was replaced by disgust. Her face was completely covered with the stinking saliva. That creature repulsed and her he made her sick.
The man went on squeezing her, rubbing her and touching her…
"I know what you want, whore… You're dying for my cock… But you'll have to wait until I say."
Claudia couldn't understand that. How could that swine expect her to

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want anything from him?

The rings were opened and she fell heavily to the floor. The man tied her wrists tightly behind her back with string that bit into her skin and he put a dog collar around her neck, it was a choker collar. He stood her up by the hair.

"Come on, bitch, get walking. Wake those muscles up."

Claudia tried but she was very wobbly and off balance. The hand grabbed her hair again to stop her from falling.

"I'll teach you to obey… At any cost…" he said, giving her a couple of powerful slaps.

He dragged her out of the cell by her hair and along a narrow passageway to a staircase, and then he pulled her up the stairs in the same way … by her hair and on all fours.

They went through a large room and then out of the house. When they reached the stable, Valdes released her and threw her to the ground.

He had Claudia Moore where he wanted her… bound and defenceless at his feet.

"Stand up!" He shouted.

The girl, whose hands were tied behind her back and whose legs were bare, struggled to obey resting her weight on her breasts and her knees. She finally managed to roll over and get to her feet with a wobble.

"Walk to the wall and back!" Valdes always shouted. He knew how to treat a prisoner in the first days of her captivity.

Claudia obeyed; she was still confused by all that had happened to her. She couldn't resist. The numbness in her muscles, the constant screaming, the disgusting sexual attack in the cell, the sordid situation… All this was making her head spin…

She slowly began to recover the feeling in her limbs… and the natural grace of her movements. "On tiptoe!" Valdes watched his prisoner move ecstatically. She was even more beautiful than in the magazines… He could barely contain himself!

"Come here!"

Claudia, feeling stronger, shook her head. Valdes jumped up as if he was on a spring and pulled hard on the leash that went around her neck, cutting off her breathing and making her obey.

"Sit!" he shouted, pointing at a box. Claudia had no choice.

Valdes knotted the leash to a hook that was hanging from the ceiling, making her sit upright with her breasts out and her abdomen pulled in. The posture made her supermodel's waist even narrower. The man knelt down and bound her ankles…

"You'll learn to obey…" he said through clenched teeth while he attached her ankles to her wrists with a short length of rope.

It was an extremely cruel posture. Her feet were pulling at her arms and at the leash that was choking her. Claudia had to try to diminish the weight on her legs to avoid strangling herself.

Valdes stepped back to admire his prey. Half the world was wondering where this beauty he had wriggling at his feet had gone. With his left hand he began to rub his aching member in front of the terrified girl's eyes. Every muscle and every tendon in Claudia's body was tensed and trembling. Licking his lips he gave a little handle half a turn and the model's delicious body was made even tenser. Trembling excitedly he grabbed a stool and sat in front of his victim.

"Now, you little slut, we're going to have a chat." He said while stroking her firm but tensed thighs.

"I decided to make you mine when you made an exhibition of yourself in that obscene advert. You're a damned cow…" Began Valdes pulling a sharp penknife out of his pocket.

"I always dreamed of owning a famous woman, desired by everyone…"

With a studied gesture, he pressed a button and the knife opened in front of the girl's terror-filled eyes with an electrifying 'click'.

"Your little adventure, seducing the president's son… It made my mind up. You're a luxury whore… with lot's of class."

"It… was… a lie… an advertising stunt…" babbled Claudia, choked by the collar.

"Ordered you from MM. He's a specialist…" With precision, Valdes stuck the knife into her skirt, tearing it open completely. The cold blade touched her thighs but by a miracle didn't cut her. Claudia instinctively opened and closed her legs

"Did you know, you little slut?" Went on Valdez raising one hand and parting the girl's lips with his fingers. "There's nothing money can't fix…"

The damp fingers stoked her jawline to her ear. Her green eyes looked at him furiously.

"For money, you would strip in front of cameras… for everyone…" The

knife slid under the laces of the dress, scraping her smooth skin, "… and money; my money, has put an end to all that sin." The stiletto ripped the dress completely open. "Now you'll only strip for me."

Claudia could do nothing to hide the erotic pose she was now in. With her dress pulled down and her tensed breasts pushed out as far as they could go, she had no choice but to offer her peerless and erect nipples to the monster that had bought her. Small but noticeable tremors in them made them even more appetising to that sadist's eyes.

Her enforced impotence made her react. Her rage was reflected in her face. Incomprehensibly even for her, terror had given way to the most violent rage. She could have killed that swine with her bare hands. It was a very strong feeling that made her forget the desperation of her circumstances… Naked, bound and at the mercy of a psychopath who would surely torture her and finally rape her.

"You're a pig." She gasped, spitting in his face.

A terrible slap turned her head. She was almost knocked unconscious.

Valdes became enraged. In his ample experience as a sex-slave owner, he had never come across such effrontery, such daring. Using the knife he cut a long strip of the dress that was hanging behind the girl and used it to gag her, drawing the material between her teeth and tightening it brutally, making it bite into the corners of her mouth. That would stop her from spitting at him, but it wouldn't stop her from making the noises that he was hoping for. Also, the crude gag, squeezed between her sensual lips and adorable cheeks, gave her an even more sexy and enticing appearance. She was Woman. She had a most disturbing eroticism and a most irresistible and primitive magnetism that would never leave her.

"We'll have a great time, you and me…" he assured her after sitting back down to contemplate her again. "But first I'll have to break you in…"

He trapped a swollen nipple between his thumb and forefinger and began to caress it insistently.

"You're going to throw yourself at my feet begging to be fucked, to be bummed…" The pressure grew… "I've got big plans for you…"

"Arrggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!" was all that escaped Claudia through the soaked piece of cloth. Valdes, teeth clenched, pinched her with all of his strength.

"Open your legs!" Claudia hesitated but obeyed finally.

"More!" Shouted Valdes. The girl obeyed in spite of the way her ankles

were bound, which made it very difficult.

With the point of the knife, the man sought her little clitoris…

"Later you'll meet Nadine…" Claudia was trying desperately not to move. That swine was sticking her with the stiletto's sharpened point. The slightest movement would wound her.

"I had to remove it from her, and do you know why?" Claudia remained motionless. Valdes increased the pressure slightly…

"Answer!"

"Nnnnnnnggggggghhhhh!"

"I'll tell you…" the knife had gone up to her nipple. "Her little clitoris was no use to me. The fucking whore was very stubborn and she wouldn't come when she was told to."

Valdes, who was very excited now, poked the knife into her nipple without breaking the skin. Her elastic breasts sank in with the pressure. Claudia was terrified; this maniac was going to chop her up alive.

"Now I'm going to tell you what you're going to do," A single drop of blood ran down the blade of the knife. Valdes licked it off right in the demoralised model's face.

"I'm going to fuck your face," he said stroking her lips with his fingers, "and you're going to lick me as if your life depended on it… non-stop… and firmly."

Claudia, in spite of the dread that gripped her, was ready to fight back, to bite him, to rip his member off with her teeth. But Valdes had taken care of everything. He took a pair of metal clamps and a strange looking device out of his pocket.

After removing the piece of cloth that was gagging her he clamped one the clamps to her left nipple.

"AAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The pain was just as brutal as the lash had been in the cell, but this time the pain didn't ease.

Valdes, his mouth open, watched the girl's agonised reaction. He couldn't take his eyes of her incredible tortured breasts. The girl had the most provocative nipples he had ever seen. They stuck out like rounded pyramids from the firm globes of feminine flesh. They were smooth and soft with firm, delicate skin and they were pointing hard and proud at the man who was torturing them. The teeth of the little clamp sank cruelly

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in, making the blood flow to the tip and provoking a furious erection. Valdes began to play with her right nipple. He pinched it he twisted it… Fascinated he watched it return to its original shape as soon as it was released. Those breasts that the adverts had shown to the whole world were now his… He could kiss them, bite them, pinch them, pierce them, and torture them… he could even cut them off if he wanted. But he wouldn't do that. He had definite plans for the girl and they didn't include doing her permanent damage. Well, not physically anyway…

"Yeeeeoooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!"

The other diabolic clamps bit into her right nipple. Her scream was even sharper, no doubt because of the tense wait and the certainty of what would happen next…

Valdes took advantage of her scream to introduce the strange looking device into her mouth.

Claudia noticed something pressing in between her jaws, at the back between her molars. She saw the man's fat hand turning a wheel in front of her face and something began to force her mouth wide open. When it was virtually dislocated, Valdes slid a bolt and the sophisticated gadget came out leaving two metal wedges inserted between her teeth.

She couldn't close her mouth.

Valdes, a fierce grimace on his face, undid his belt while looking at his famous victim. He was alone with one of the most beautiful women in the world. Alone with a woman who was shivering naked and bound while looking at him with terrified eyes. Alone with a pair of naked legs that shivered with cramp as they made superhuman efforts to avoid strangling her. Alone with a pair of thick sensuous lips that were wide open in a pathetic invitation that he wasn't going to refuse. For the first time the tears ran down her proud features. Two firm fleshy globes, extremely deformed by the biting clamps, were pointing furiously at him…

"Look at me!" he shouted excitedly.

Claudia obeyed. He was totally erect. His penis was circumcised, covered with prominent blue veins at the base and the tip was thick and purple. It was very big and fat, extremely fat…

"Take a good look, slut, because you're going to be good friends…"

With his trousers around his ankles the man moved forward and, trapping the girl's breasts between his two hands, he started to masturbate. The girl's posture, with her torso forward, was ideal. Taking care not knock the clamps off, he began to furiously rub his penis between her swollen and firm breasts.

Claudia couldn't bear either the pain or the disgust that the swine was producing in her. The touch of his hard, rough penis was making her retch. It smelled very bad. But the pain was the worst; he was literally mashing her breasts with his hands. The little clamps, moved by the cruel and indecent kneading, were slipping slowly towards the tips of her nipples, pinching less and less flesh as they went. The pain got more and more atrocious.

"Yes" murmured Valdes, unable to hold back his saliva that fell onto the girl's hair and face. "You've got the best tits in the world and I'm dying to flog them…"

Claudia was about to pass out. She cursed her magnificent body, which gave her so much pride, which had given her all of the success she enjoyed in life. But which was now the cause of her misfortune and her captivity… of this abominable nightmare.

The man let her go and reached to grab her hair with both hands…

"Now you'll see…"

Standing on the stool he showed her his penis. With a slow thrust of his hips he moved it up to her face. It was barely an inch from her suggestive, terrified green eyes. It smelled rancid; it had an animal smell that told of years without being washed. He slowly placed the tip between her lips. Although her mouth was already forced wide open by the forceps, Claudia felt it open even more. Valdes, with one thrust, sank his large member all the way in, stopping at the back of her throat. Claudia could feel the warm throbbing member pressing against her palate and squashing her tongue. She couldn't hold back her retches. Valdes smiled. The girl's eyes were firmly shut, but she was just as lovely. She also looked very suggestive with the fat venous member stuck halfway in her mouth. Excitedly he began to push, slowly forcing open his prisoner's throat.

Claudia thought she was going to choke to death for the whole minute that Valdes remained sunk into the depths of her throat, squeezing his

belly against her face.

Time had stood still for the man. With extreme sadism he pulled and pulled on her hair turning her head slowly, seeking the maximum sensation of friction inside her defenceless throat. He felt his heavy swollen testicles rubbing on her delicate chin and her little nose crushed into his curly pubic hair. But what turned him on most were the involuntary spasms that were shaking the girl. Her vomiting reaction, her retching, all this united to squeeze his penis in the most subtle ways. The idea of putting an end to this celebrity by choking her with his penis turned him on… But it was obviously too expensive a whim to fulfil. Still pulling on her hair he withdrew an inch or two, enough to allow her to breathe. The he immediately drove back in. He felt her teeth press gently on his flesh, just enough to give him more pleasure.

"Lick," he grunted. "Use your tongue or I'll choke you right now…"

Claudia obeyed, or at least she tried. She had very little room to manoeuvre. The man pulled out until the tip was just level with her lips.

"Stick the tip of your tongue in the hole… Like that… Yes… Very good… You're a dirty cow…"

The girl was still crying, with pain, with rage and now with impotence. That madman had her completely in his power.

Valdes pulled his penis out even more. "The tip. I want to feel your tongue on the tip… Obey me!" Claudia could barely reach. She had to stick her tongue all the way out. Every time she touched it he pulled it further away, always keeping hold of her hair.

"You like it, don't you?" He asked his eyes shining. "You'll do anything for it… You're a horny little bitch."

Every now and then he would let her touch it. Controlling her head with his hands and twisting it so her lips and tongue made contact at the same time, he made her lick him from the base to the tip. Claudia's face was soaked with her own saliva and with the man's pre-ejaculation fluid. Valdes rubbed his penis up and down her wet, smooth skin.

An absolute master of the situation, he prolonged his victim's torment. It was a memorable moment, one to treasure. This was going to be the first orgasm of an endless series that the woman he had bought was going to give him in the future, day after day, week after week…

After about half an hour he thrust back into her, opening her throat and

spurting his burning seminal discharge deep inside his captive, not even allowing her the chance to spit it out. When his member became soft, he pulled out.

Claudia's mouth was still wide open. A trickle of semen mixed with saliva was sliding down her chin and dripping onto her bosom.

"You're worth every single dollar I paid for you," he said as if complimenting her.

Satisfied and tired, he went away, leaving her in the agonising posture and also leaving the little forceps in her mouth.

A fine yet continuous dribble of semen and saliva was left dripping pout of her wide-open lips.

Those were celebrity Claudia Moore's first hours as Ruben Valdes' sex-slave…



In the Solomon Sea

The party was well attended. In spite of the intense heat all the guests were dressed as hunters, men and women. The conversation was very animated. Everybody speaking exaggeratedly about their deeds and telling their favourite anecdotes. Alcohol flowed like water and further clouded minds that were already numbed by the heat.

"We've decided to organise one hunt a month, with the club." The one speaking was Wolfgang, a tall well-built individual with a thick German accent. Max was listening to him complacently.

"It'll be a pleasure to help you with that," he replied with a smile.

"We'll make a few changes," continued the German. "We'll set more traps and instead of anaesthetic darts we'll use irritant cartridges…" Wolfgang pointed at one of the servants. "We want to make these events more primitive and stimulating…"

"And the terrain?" Asked Max.

"It's perfect. We like marshes; there's visibility, water, and mud… We don't want to change that." Wolfgang stopped. A beautiful woman of about thirty wearing only a white wrap tied low on her hips was approaching with a tray.

"Sir?" Wolfgang smiled at her. The woman was visibly nervous.

"You've still got her?" he asked.

Max grabbed the waitress by her elbow and forced her to come closer.

She was a woman at the peak of her beauty. It was a classical beauty

with distinguished features. Her deeply tanned face gave her an exotic look uncommon in blonde haired blue eyed Nordic types. She was wearing huge earrings and large silver bracelets on her wrists and ankles. The nipples on her small but firm breasts were erect and they had little bells attached to them, also made of silver.

"It's my daughter Fanny's whim…" A grimace of disgust crossed the woman's face. "She's her servant. The girl especially likes mature woman like her, women with breeding, white women especially. I don't suppose that you mind?"

"Oh no, of course not," Wolfgang relied with haste. "I was only asking if…"

Max chuckled. "My friend," he said lifting the woman's wrap, "I'm sorry but Fanny wouldn't allow it." A small chastity belt discreetly closed off the woman's sex.

"She hasn't been with a man since you brought her." Now it was Wolfgang's turn to laugh loudly. Erica had been his partner and lover until she decided to betray him in both roles. At the time Wolfgang had been a habitual visitor to the White's installations, and he had decided to get rid of her… Six years had gone by…

"When Mr Mukele's daughter gets tired of you, I would like to invite you to one of our hunts…" said Wolfgang to the lovely woman.

Erica pulled back unconsciously, terrified by the idea. Max pulled her back, by her waist this time.

"Anyway my friend, I don't think that Fanny will be getting rid of 'Littlesucker' for the moment," said Max. "She's been her servant since she was thirteen and she's quite attached to her…"

"What… 'Littlesucker'?" asked the German with amusement.

"Littlesucker," clarified Max. "She named her that as soon as she arrived… Although I don't know why exactly." A cynical smile was painted on the big black man's lips. The woman was staring at the floor.

"Okay, Littlesucker," said Wolfgang. "Fetch a gin and tonic with plenty of ice."

"Right away, Sir," replied the woman with a curtsey.

"It's fantastic how beautiful they get with you," remarked the German, impressed by how his ex-lover looked.

"It's my job," replied Max proudly admiring the woman's fantastic figure and sexy walk as she went.

"By the way," said Wolfgang looking at Rebecca. "You haven't introduced me to your companion." He had been intrigued for a while.

Max turned distractedly to the girl. "Oh I'm sorry, I forgot… It's Rebecca Johnson, my son's fiancée. She's here to get to know all this." He stepped back and pushed the girl forward by her arm. "Come my dear, say hello Mr Heinz."

Rebecca nodded her head, astonished by what she was seeing and hearing.

"You'll have to excuse her… She only arrived this morning and she's a little tired," Max apologised for her. "We should be grateful for her coming to this party."

Wolfgang was amused. He didn't know what Max was up to exactly, but the girl, who was amazingly lovely, didn't seem to want to be there.

The girl was wearing white stockings to mid-thigh, high heels and a tiny thong that tied with laces on her hips. A tiny matching bra barely covered her nipples and left her fantastic bosom uncovered and without support of any kind. But what was most surprising was that Max was leading his son's girlfriend by a leash that went around her neck.

"It's a pleasure, Miss Johnson," he greeted her, kissing her hand.

"You see," said Max apologetically. "My son Ben is quite inexpert, and before taking the plunge, he thought it would be better if Rebecca got to know all about this. In reality," he added tugging on the leash, "I admit that as a good father I wanted to be sure that my son wasn't making a mistake."

In front of the astonished German, Max put his arms around the girl and kissed her passionately on the lips. Wolfgang was going to make one of his jokes but he kept quiet. Some kind of show was beginning.

When Rebecca managed to pull away from Max, blood was running down the man's chin. Wolfgang couldn't resist it…

"The girl is very passionate," he remarked while MM cleaned up with a serviette.

"Yes and my son is too young," replied Max. "But we have a few days left before the wedding, don't we my dear?"

"If you want my opinion, I don't think Ben's making a mistake with this babe. I'm sure that you'll show him how to treat her in the way she deserves…" added Wolfgang in a friendly manner. "By the way, I'd like to see the corrals and what you've got for us…"

"An excellent idea. I think Rebecca will find it interesting…" said Max, showing the way with his hand.

They walked along the beach until they came to one of the little piers where the motorboats were moored. Rebecca walked behind, a yard or so, at the end of her humiliating leash.

They came to a shelter covered with palm leaves. A man and a woman, also dressed as hunters, were inspecting three girls, two white and one black. The girls were naked and locked in a large wooden cage.

"Have you decided yet?" Wolfgang asked the woman, she was an impressive 5' 10" tall Amazon of about forty.

"The black girl will be better game…" her reply mystified Rebecca.

"Yes, but this one," said her companion pointing at a lovely chestnut haired girl, "seems more rebellious. She's like a little wildcat; it'll be a pleasure to noose her… By the way," he added pointing at Rebecca, "this one too?"

Max shook his head, "No, Mr Whiteham. Not this time… Maybe another day."

"We're finished anyway," added the woman, taking her husband by his arm. "Obviously each will vote for theirs."

Wolfgang moved to the cage. As well as being very beautiful, all the women on the island were in excellent physical shape.

"One of these three beauties will be the prey for our distinguished guests," explained Max. "A helicopter will drop her in the swamps on Papua, in a place free of crocodiles. We don't want any accidents," he said with a smile. "She'll have an hour's start, then they'll go and hunt her." Rebecca's eyes were wide with incredulity. "They're good hunters, so far not a single prey has escaped…"

Wolfgang smiled with pride. "Oh, come on Max."

"It's true, don't be modest. How many of you will be there tomorrow?"

"Fifteen, although there's only eleven of us here yet."

"Tell our young reporter what you do to the prey when you catch her…"

The German spoke to Rebecca… "It depends… It depends on lots of things. It's different if the capture is easy or difficult; if she's wounded and even if the one who catches her is a long way away from the other hunters."

Wolfgang was getting more and more animated as he spoke. "I

remember a French girl. She was a real beauty, a strong athletic chick. She managed to keep free until nightfall, but in the morning Mrs Kindergarten found her hanging from a trap by her ankle. She cut her hamstrings before letting her down, so she couldn't escape of course. When we got there she was still sitting on her face. She had pulled her teeth out to keep her from biting… We had to finish her off there and then… It was a shame."

Rebecca was stupefied. She couldn't get her head around the fact that people existed who could commit such atrocities.

"That Scandinavian beauty was the best one… Ingrid, I think she was called. Instead of chasing her like the others I went to ground sure that she would make it to the launch that we had arrived in. My friend! That was quite an experience. You should have seen her face when I caught her just yards from the motorboat. Maybe it wasn't very sporting, but I didn't give the signal until the next morning. It was an unforgettable night, for both of us."

"And what did you do to her the next day?" asked Max, who already knew the answer.

"Well, one of the guys had read a book about Papua and the native's customs. He wanted to boil her in seawater… too much. You should have seen how she writhed."

Rebecca couldn't hold back any more. "How can you commit these atrocities? You are the worst kind of murderers. You don't deserve to live."

Wolfgang looked at her in surprise. He couldn't believe that a woman could talk to him in that way, let alone in Coconut Grove.

"I don't want to stick my nose in, Max, but this babe of your son's is very insolent. If I was you I'd teach her some manners."

"Don't worry…" replied Max

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Rebecca couldn't move. She was on her back on a bed in Max's bungalow; she stared defencelessly at the ceiling. Her wrists were tied to the bed's feet and united by a cord that was as long as her hips were wide. Her legs were lifted up and opened and tied to the head of the bed by her ankles. Max was on top of her, naked, crushing her… The tight ropes on her

wrists pulled her arms down, forcing her to curve her torso and offer her breasts up to the black man who was looking at them goggle-eyed. She could feel the man's monstrous erection squeezed between her legs that she couldn't close at all.

"I'll help you to write your article, little one. I want to show you all the details…" He said as he switched on the small tape recorder he had found at her waist.

"Let me go you swine!" Rebecca was furious.

During the infamous reception she had been the focus of all looks, all laughter and mockery and of all unmentionable desires. Tied by her throat like a dog and led at the end of a leash, she had had to follow where that hateful black man led her. She had had to put up with the deranged conversations, the perverted commentaries, and the burning looks… They were all psychopathic murderers. And now…

Max grabbed her hair with both hands and started to kiss her, first on her mouth then on her cheeks, her nose, her chin, her neck… He kissed her with his mouth open, with his lips and his tongue. He licked her, he bit her… He stopped for a moment and looked at her, continuously squeezing his erect member against her open sex. She was a beauty. Her blue eyes, her classic features, her perfect white teeth, her lips swollen by abuse, her skin wet and shiny with her own saliva…

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you?" he asked excitedly. "If my son goes off you, I'll have you trained to serve me intimately." Claudia closed her eyes. She wanted the earth to swallow her up. Max stared at her, as if he was trying to drink in each and every line of her beautiful face. Pushing her blonde locks away to the sides, he saw her little ears and the tendons in her neck profiled. He played with her face, pulling it this way and that, making her have slit-eyes, raising her chin… He kissed her passionately again, trying to avoid her aggressive teeth.

Holding her by her hair at all times, he lowered his mouth down to the tiny bra that barley covered her. He grabbed it with his strong teeth and ripping it off he started to kiss her small, erect nipples. He kissed her violently, using his fat negroid lips and rough tongue.

Rebecca was trembling with rage and disgust. She hated to feel his rough and smelly skin rubbing against her own, She hated the feel of his big hands as they rubbed and pinched her. She hated blacks and she hated

being defencelessly bound, with her face soaked in sticky stinking saliva, at that disgusting giant's mercy.

She closed her eyes. The voluminous penis was getting more and more insistent…

Max seized the base of one of her nipples with one hand, making it dilate. He placed his teeth on the tip and started to bite it, staring at his victim. It was as if he wanted to rip it off.

"Arrrghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Max ignored her and went on…

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!"

He abandoned the tortured breasts for a moment and went on down. He also undid the knots in the laces that held the tiny panties at her hips with his teeth. He pulled them away closing his hand over her sex, pulling out a lot of pubic hair as he did. Rebecca had never felt so exposed. He rolled the panties into a ball and stuck them in her mouth, tying them into place with the bra.

The man's member was now rubbing directly against hers.

"I want you to be nice and quiet…" He said pinching her nipple again.

"Mmmmmmmmmfffffffffffffffffff!"

Max went down towards her offered-up belly. He kissed it, savouring its flavour, its fragrance and its texture… He sought her diminutive clitoris with his tongue… In spite of herself, the disgusted girl couldn't prevent her body from reacting and giving the man her juice.

"You're horny, pussycat… That's a good sign."

He penetrated her with his thick, black fingers.

"Mmmmmmm… you're tight and smooth."

He moved up again and knelt, crouching over the girl's torso. Rebecca saw his member for the first time. It was monstrous and deformed, bent. It didn't really seem human. He took a black vibrator out of the drawer in the bedside table and showed it to her. It was a perfect replica of his penis.

"Now we'll see how you respond… My son needs a horny little whore who gets wet and comes quickly. If you get there within five minutes," he said fiddling with his wristwatch. "You'll pass the test. I advise you to try hard…"

Leaning with one elbow on the bed he began to stroke her vagina with


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the vibrator. Rebecca was confused. Her body was reacting to his brutal caresses and the terror that she felt from being so defencelessly tied at that psychopath's mercy seemed to be exciting her. She fought with herself, trying to get herself under control and not give that swine what he wanted. She knew that if she didn't she would suffer the worst humiliations and the worst violations. She could even lose her will to resist, to fight against that sadist.

Max slipped the monstrous rubber head in between her open sex lips. Rebecca whimpered. Slowly but surely, he pushed the device into the depths of the girl. Her whimpering became more insistent, finally becoming a pathetic mewling. That lump of rubber was tearing her insides. She felt places inside her that she didn't even know existed.

The replica went on until it could go no more. There were still a couple of inches out. Max pushed and pushed, making his prisoner cry. When he was sure he had hit the bottom he started stroking her clitoris with his finger. His wristwatch bleeped.

"One minute…"

Max went on with his 'caresses', pulling the dildo out an inch or two and then pushing it back in, slowly at first and then more quickly. The girl's lovely face reflected the conflict of emotions that she was feeling. He knew he had her.

"Three minutes…"

Her graceful hips writhed imperceptibly. A large puddle of her female liquid soaked the sheets under Rebecca. The girl twisted on the bed with her eyes closed and her head thrown back, aware of nothing but her burning vagina. Max knew the moment was getting close. With a rapid movement he clamped a small but painful clamp with sharpened jaws onto her swollen clitoris.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

For Rebecca it was incomprehensible, but the pain unleashed the wildest orgasm she had ever had. For a moment she thought she would die, that her body would explode. For one long minute she was about to break her bonds and destroy the bed. But little by little the tremendous orgasm disappeared and pain began to overcome her…

Max stoked his penis and watched her. With her hair in her face and in that torrid posture, she was even more provocative than ever. Her firm breasts, soaked in sweat, were crazily palpitating. Her saliva had totally

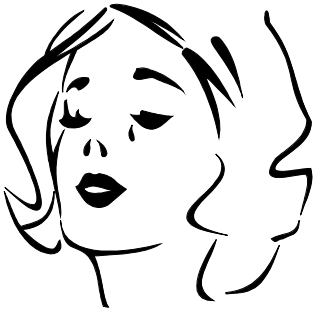
soaked her gag and was dripping down her cheeks to mingle with her copious tears. Her vagina, with the dildo still stuck in it, was dripping a fragrant liquid onto the sheets. Her exquisite legs were trembling from the enforced posture and the painful cramps it produced.

She was a sensitive and sensual female. Properly trained, she would please the most demanding owner. Even Max Mukele himself…

Without removing the awful clamp, he got between her legs to wet his glands in her damp crack and, with both hands he separated her buttocks even more before penetrating her anus with a brutal thrust of his hips.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

"This is going to be the scoop of your life…" He whispered into her ear.



Horror in the Matto Grosso

Wearing a tight corset and with her hands twisted up her back, Claudia was witnessing one of the most violent scenes she had ever witnessed in her life, something she could have never imagined. She was standing on tiptoe over the top of a vertical bar that was penetrating her vagina. She was wearing uncomfortable leather boots and a tight corset that left her breasts and buttocks on view. She was watching Nadine being raped. She could not believe her eyes.

"Pay attention you slut!" said Valdes. His penis was sunk to the hilt in the Frenchwoman's anus and she was crying bitterly. "Because she wouldn't allow herself to be trained, not only did I rip her clitoris off but I only use her in her asshole now…" He was taking her in a brutal manner, with massive thrusts of his hips. "But she's such a whore that I bet she likes it…" He added giving the wretched woman a couple of slaps on her hips.

Nadine was suffering. She was suffering unspeakably. Her ankles were tied to the ends of an iron bar and her wrists were tied high up her back and chained to the ceiling. She was in a cruel posture that forced her to bend her back and keep her head below waist level. But the worst thing was that she had to raise her face… A very tense elastic cord that was tied to the ring in her nose stretched to a post in front of her. With the man's every shove a wave of pain flowed over her body: starting at her anus, then her back, then came her tensed thighs, her shoulders painfully forced back, her arms, her nose… Her tears made a little puddle on the floor.

She was a lovely girl, very lovely. Everything about her, from her strong legs to her narrow waist and full firm bosom, was perfect. Less than six months earlier she had been a brilliant lawyer in Pairs. Her intelligence and her lovely figure had opened the doors of the most prestigious law firms in the French capital. But she had had the misfortune to enforce a claim against Valdes' company. At their first meeting the inexperienced girl hadn't been able to avoid treating her opponent rudely when he had turned up at her office in the company of a pair of cheap prostitutes. For his part, Valdes had been very impressed with the girl, as well as being very resentful… A few weeks later a chest had arrived at Santa Lucia from Pairs. MM had delivered the goods perfectly.

Now Nadine didn't look like the same girl. The aplomb, the assurance, the boundless self-confidence, the defiant and provocative attitude born from living in Pairs, were all gone. She was being treated worse than an animal. Tortured, raped and forced to commit the most degrading filthy acts, she had become a mere shadow of what she had been. Just her fantastic body and lovely face remained. And that was all that mattered to Valdes, who nevertheless felt he had lost something interesting with the girl's total surrender. Now she was little more than the piece of exquisite flesh where he emptied his testicles. He would take more care with Claudia; he would try not to break her so completely. He liked his slave-girls to fight, to resist and surrender momentarily because of terror and torture, but not to give in permanently. He got most of his pleasure from breaking them, subjugating them and crushing their desperate resistance.

"I hope you take this as an example." The man's voice was hoarse and grating. He was close to orgasm. Out of his mind, he began to pull on the sumptuous hips, forcing the girl to collaborate in her own violation. The tension in her nose and arms was unbearable… Nadine's screams were spine chilling.

Valdes withdrew finally, falling exhausted over the bent buttocks. Nadine now had to withstand his weight with her almost dislocated arms. After a few minutes the man seemed to have recovered and her stood up and headed for his slave's face. He grabbed her hair and twisted her face up in spite of the elastic in her nose.


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"Clean it…"

The girl started to clean his member with her tongue and lips; it was wet with sperm and stained with her own filth. When he was satisfied that his penis was shining clean and brilliant with her saliva, he took a supple cane from the wall and beat her savagely across her buttocks with it… Nadine lost her voice, but Valdes went on beating her until she fell unconscious, hanging by her arms and the septum of her nose…

Valdes turned to Claudia, who was trembling with dread now…

Without a word he gave her a terrible blow on her breasts, leaving a fine red mark across the top of both breasts.

"Tomorrow I'll ring you…" he said as he left.

***

Half an hour later two sinister looking individuals untied Nadine and took her and Claudia to the cells. They dragged them by the hair, Nadine still unconscious.

In the gloomy cell, the man who had brought her there placed a thick collar that was hanging from the ceiling on a chain around her neck and he cuffed her left wrist to her right ankle.

Claudia was sitting on the floor horrified by what she had seen. Before leaving, the man crouched down and grabbing her by her hair, gave the most brutal and violent kiss that she had ever experienced. Then he went out into the corridor to get a tray that he left within her reach. It contained a plastic jug of water and another jug full of a stinking thick goop with grains of rice floating in it. Alongside he left a pile of magazines and newspapers…

With her lips bleeding, Claudia couldn't help shivering when she heard the heavy sound of the door closing on her in the remote underground place, in some forgotten corner of the earth…

She anxiously took the water jug and drank it all in one go. Apart from the semen that she had swallowed when Valdes had forced her throat, she had had nothing to drink since Nairobi. And she was hungry, but not hungry enough to try to eat the disgusting contents of the other jug.

A little calmer now, she tried to find a more comfortable posture. It was useless. The ring around her neck was very heavy and the chain was too short for her to lie on the floor.

She closed her eyes for a few moments, trying to relax. When she re-opened them, her sight had got used to the dim light of the oil lamp. One of the headlines caught her attention… 'Claudia Moore, missing.' She quickly picked up the magazine. It was one of the most serious weeklies in her country. There on the second page, after the editorial, was an article by one of the most prestigious journalists in America. It said that Claudia Moore was in the Middle East, a prisoner of an extremist Islamic group who were threatening to kill unless the United States freed some of their members from jail. The writer sympathised with the girl, caught up in all that because of her relations with the president's son. The end of the article complained about the White House's silence on the matter and urged public opinion to pressurise the government.

Claudia couldn't hold back her tears. The damned story about the President's son again… That stupidity was what had got her into that nightmare and now it was making her look like the victim of a terrorist plot. They would never find her. She didn't even know where she was, but she did know that her jailers, the type of countryside she had seen and the length of her flight from Nairobi all excluded the possibility of her being in the Middle East. Also, Valdes had explained the reasons for her kidnapping in detail and it had nothing to do with politics.

She nervously read the rest of the papers. They all said the same thing. The majority had photos of her, wearing elegant evening dresses or provocative bikinis in the most exotic places on earth. It was bitter… to be cruelly chained up in that hole and at the mercy of the psychopath. It seemed impossible that she was the same woman as in the photographs.

After a while the dreadful screams that had woken her that morning started to scare her again. Steps in the corridor were followed by the noise of the door being opened. "Oh my God. Not again!" she murmured, the hair at the back of her neck standing on end.

The door opened and a girl of her own age or younger was pushed into the cell. The girl was wearing a simple white tunic and had her ankles chained close together. She tripped and fell at Claudia's feet. She was barefoot and her hands were tied behind her back.

The door closed and the girls were left looking at one another. The new girl was called Esmerelda and she was the daughter of one of Valdes' old competitors. A business conflict had put an end to both her father's life and her freedom. She had been a prisoner on the farm for a year.

The screams were heard again… "It's Teresa," said Esmerelda, she had a smooth Portuguese accent. "A Brazilian girl that Valdes bought for them to amuse themselves. They're all criminals." Claudia twisted in her chains. "The fucking bastard thinks that they'll leave us alone when he's away…"

More screams…

"They're whipping her. In fact they're sick of her and they think that if they destroy her Valdes will buy them another one…"

Claudia listened, stunned. Now that she had meet all the tenants of Santa Lucia, with the exception of Teresa, she knew what to expect.

"I saw him rape Nadine this afternoon…" said Claudia, her voice trembling.

"He's a swine. I hate him. He's really cruel, but he goes too far with her. Nadine represents everything he hates in the world."

Claudia kept quiet. She didn't dare ask any more questions. Each new discovery was worse and crueller than the one before, but Esmerelda went on…

"I was first… they were awful months. He came here for one week every month and after raping me non-stop during the first day he started what he called my 'education'…" The recollection made her eyes red. "When he left, Manuel and Oscar, two of the worst criminals you could meet, carried on. They weren't as refined as he was. They were just brutal. I tried to kill myself twice, but I failed." Esmerelda quietly sighed for a few moments. She had got up and was sitting next to Claudia, leaning against the wall with her legs pressed against her chest.

"Then Nadine came and he seemed to lose interest in me. It was a relief… Until he had the geese idea. That's been the worst thing in this hell. We had to be naked all day, we had our arms tied at the elbows and twisted up our backs with the wrists tied to our collars. We had huge dildos stuck in our private parts and our anuses and they were only removed once a day for us to do our business in front of him. It was very humiliating. I couldn't do it a lot of times and so I had to wait another twenty-four hours… But the worst thing was the food. We had rings with screw threads in our mouths and these had huge rubber penises screwed into them that kept us silent even when we were being tortured. But at feeding time they were removed and then they fitted tubes that went down into our throats. They used plungers to force the food straight into our stomachs.

You can’t imagine what it was like…"

Claudia had already heard the story, but in that cell and related by the girl herself it seemed even more awful, more real, nearer even…

"Sometimes he mixed our own urine and faeces with the fodder…" Esmerelda stopped. Her lovely young chest was palpitating agitatedly under her tunic. She was obviously disturbed by those memories. "Luckily Nadine got very sick. A doctor came and it seems he told him that if he went on treating her like that he would be left without her ‘services’, as he called them."

"And the doctor… didn’t he report him?" asked Claudia.

"You’ll meet him soon… He’s been a regular visitor since then. I’m part payment for his treatment of Nadine…"

"Don’t other people come to this place?" Claudia thought she could see a chance…

"Oh yes… Lots… But they’re all like Valdes… or worse." Esmerelda pointed at the magazines. "You’re here mainly for the gang of sadists that appear at the farm regularly."

Claudia looked at her disconcerted.

"Yes’ there’s no doubt. Valdes is a very presumptuous swine. He can boast he’s got you… He’ll get favours from important people… He’ll even lend you out as payment for unspeakable business deals. You’re an investment to him."

Claudia paled.

"Before he bought you he explained it all to me. He showed me your picture and asked me what I thought…"

Claudia looked at her with alarm.

"What could I say? I told him you were very pretty. I have suspected I would meet you in person ever since then."

"But there must be a way. Haven’t you tried to escape?" Claudia was getting more and more scared.

"No," replied Esmerelda dryly. "Once one of his friends came; a sadist of the lowest order. He had already given me to him several times. He had a girl of about sixteen with him. She seemed to be from around here. She was dark and could only speak Portuguese. He’d had her in a house in the Capital and she tried to escape. It seems he didn’t dare punish her there so he brought her to Santa Lucia.

A terrible scream interrupted her tale. The two girls looked at one

another. "It's terrible…" muttered Esmerelda.

"Please go on," encouraged Claudia after a while. She didn't know if it was better to be quiet or go on talking about those atrocities.

"They hung her outside, with her arms and legs in a cross, hanging a foot over the floor. Oscar and Manuel flayed her with bullwhips, one in front and one behind. Then they gave her to the dogs and finally they finished her off by impaling her in the corral. They made us watch it all… until she died."

Claudia's eyes were closed. "My God… please Esmerelda… stop," she murmured almost begging. At that moment the door opened, it was Valdes.

"I see you've met…" Without waiting for a response he knelt in front of Claudia and kneaded her breasts. They were definitely what attracted him to the girl. They were incredible.

"What has this little whore been telling you?" he asked her.

"Nothing," she stammered unconvincingly.

A hand was raised and a terrible slap shook her left breast.

"Arrrrrrgggggggggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"When you talk to me, you will call me Sir, respectfully. I paid for you after all!"

A tear formed under the girl's closed eyelid. That sadist as well as physically violating her intended to torture her mentally as well, to humiliate her, to make her submit to him as a person. That swine who wasn't fit to kiss her shoes, wanted to see her crawl, to beg, to plead…

"Yes… Sir…"

"That's better, and now," he said pulling two horrid penis-shaped gags out of his pocket, "I'm going to make sure that you keep quiet."

In a moment the two suffocating intruders were filling the girls' mouths. They were made of a bitter-tasting substance that dried their throats and irritated the linings of their throats. Before leaving he stood Esmerelda up by her hair and ripped her tunic off. Then he took a hemp rope from the same pocket and tied it behind her back at her waist. He passed the end of it between her legs and ran it through a pulley on the ceiling before tying it to Claudia's free ankle. Then to the horror of both girls, he lifted the model's leg and shortened the length of the rope with a cunning knot.

When he freed Claudia, Esmerelda screamed. The rough cord, tensioned by her companion's leg, dug pitilessly into her vagina, between the lips…

There was nothing she could do except stand on tiptoe and trust Claudia to keep her leg raised and still. But the model couldn't lie down because the chain at her throat wouldn't let her… For a few moments she managed to keep her leg up, sitting as she was, but a terrible cramp forced her to lower it.

Valdes went behind Esmerelda and stroked her breasts… "Have a nice rest, little one. Mr Herrera wants to see you tomorrow…"

He slammed the door and left.

Tears flowed from Esmerelda's eyes. It wasn't just the pain; it was also because of what awaited her the next day… Herrera was another old acquaintance of her dead father's. A dirty old layabout of sixty who had tried to pick her up once and who she had rejected indignantly…



Tea in Paradise

It was a chilling meeting. Rebecca was wearing a tight camisole that was tied between her legs and that left her breasts on view. A lace suspender belt held the white stockings at mid-thigh. A pair of sexy black high heels made her keep on tiptoe. A huge rubber ball behind her teeth kept her mouth wide open. Her head was held in place by a leather cord fixed into her clean hair at the back of her neck. A special glove wrapped both of her arms and held them at her back with the elbows touching. Rebecca had her ankles tied by a rough cord and she was kneeling on the floor. There was a chain around her neck stopping her from getting up. She had been like that for more than an hour.

Max and his daughter Fanny were sitting in two comfortable armchairs drinking tea. Erika and Martha were kneeling between their legs; Martha was the blonde that Rebecca had met when she first got to the island. They were working at producing new orgasms in their owners, who seemed, for their own part, to be completely indifferent to their efforts.

"What do you think?" asked Max.

"It's a lovely gift," replied Fanny. "I don't think Ben will be able to appreciate it though…"

"Your brother has to get used to all this sooner or later… And I'm sure Rebecca will be a good introduction."

Fanny leaned back in her chair and pushed her hips forward, lifting her heels onto the edge of the seat. She was obscenely exposed in front of Erika's wet face.

"Come on, bitch… I want to feel you deeper… In both holes," she grunted.

The woman obeyed and squeezed her aristocratic face even harder against the girl's black crack.

"Dad… We've talked about Ben a lot. He's a fool… With all this making it on his own nonsense… And that skin colour not being a problem any more stuff…" Fanny raised her eyes in search of Rebecca's. "He's so stupid that he tried to make it with a white slut like that."

Rebecca lowered her eyes…

There was a silence. Max seemed to be thinking. "The truth is that our little friend is a bit of a character; she plays the violin and the piano, she studies dance, she's a reporter and she speaks languages… I would be proud of such a presentable daughter-in-law."

He was talking with a whiskey in one hand and the girl's blonde mane in the other while she was licking and kissing his erect penis.

"Well I think my brother needs an ignorant bitch that knows how to use her cunt and that'll teach him what life's all about for once and for all. I would send this slut to a brothel in South East Asia… That would bring her down to earth."

Erika sought out her long dark clitoris and started to suck it in response to the girl's signal. She was very well trained. She had been in her service for six years and had spent most of them with her face pressed to the sadistic young black lesbian's sexual organs. She knew every detail, every hair, and every fold. Her life had only one purpose; to drag orgasm after orgasm from the diabolic creature whose whim had enslaved her. It had all started when Fanny, at thirteen, had been expelled from a boarding school in the south of England. All of her classmates had been white… The humiliations that she had suffered at the hands of her cruel companions had marked her. This had made the girl want women at the same time as she wanted to destroy them.

A disgraceful affair had given the school the excuse they needed to expel her. Max had brought her to Coconut Grove were Fanny had soon found a way to develop her lesbian tendencies. That had been when Wolfgang had got rid of Erika. Erika had been twenty-four, blonde and European, the image of her hated teachers… Max had given her to his daughter as a present.

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"I was with her for a while yesterday," confessed Max. "She has potential." A tear ran down Rebecca's cheek when she remembered that brutal rape.

"So under the sophisticated and refined façade, there's a bitch on heat is there?" said Fanny with the intention of hurting her. A strange feeling of jealousy came over the lovely blonde.

"She's got what it takes… With a few sessions she could become a fantastic slave-girl." Rebecca shivered when she heard that word. "But it all depends on what Ben wants, obviously."

"I don't know why, Dad, but I think you like this slut…"

"The truth is that I'm sick of Martha." The lovely girl began to tremble…

"Why don't you give her to me?" asked Fanny. Martha began to lick and kiss the rigid member of her black master with even more passion. She was terrified of being owned by the man's daughter…

"I'm also getting sick of this whore," she said kicking Erika to the floor.

"She's very old. I need a younger tongue and younger lips, I think these are worn out…"

Erika had a glimmer of hope, for a moment or two…

"You know what?" went on Fanny. "Wolfgang gave me a great idea. We could sell her to the Diana Club. They're old Australian lesbians. I bet she's just their type. They have hunts too…" With a heartless gesture she grabbed the woman by her hair and drew her close. "I wouldn't like a man to hunt you and fuck with his cock on your last day on earth…"

"Please madam…" Erika was begging her young mistress.

"Silence!" Shouted Fanny. "I've made my mind up… No matter what Ben decides to do with that blonde slut, I'm giving you to those lesbian sadists. They'll know what to do with you."

Fanny was very excited and she started to kiss her and bite her lips. She knew how much repugnance it made her feel. Even after six years of constant violation and abuse, Erika couldn't get used to it. She was a moody and sexual woman but she was no lesbian. Possibly the worst torture she suffered on the island was the constant denial of sexual gratification. Not only did Fanny forbid her sexual relations with men but she also chained her up at night so she couldn't masturbate. The sadistic black girl enjoyed turning her on and then leaving her flat. Erika had been on the verge of insanity on more than one occasion… Now at her young mistress's feet she was sobbing, terrified by her immediate

future and predictable end.

"What are you thinking, slave? Come on get on with it! I'm really horny!"

The two slaves went on with their humiliating task. Martha trying with all her soul to dissuade Max from rejecting her and giving her to that his vixen daughter, and Erika trying to make Fanny change her mind. Marta's decision would surely mean the end of her life in the most cruel and heartless way.

The temperature of the meeting was going up before Rebecca's eyes.

Fanny was shivering with excitement and she grabbed Erika's blonde locks trying to suffocate her with her vagina, to choke her with her thick burning fluids. The woman, her face wet, was trying her best to satisfy her young owner. The sooner she brought the girl to orgasm the sooner she would end her torture.

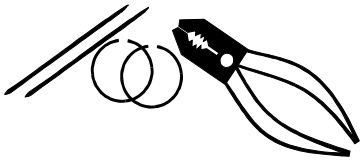
Max, staring fixedly at Rebecca, was getting slowly but surely closer to a powerful orgasm. His fat throbbing glans was jammed completely into young Martha's throat.

Reality hit the stunned Rebecca like a cold shower. She couldn't avoid trembling violently. She belonged to that black man in a way that a week ago she wouldn't have believed possible. He possessed her totally, unequivocally and completely, unthinkably amongst human beings. She was his slave.

Tortured by her own thoughts she raised her head and met Max's lascivious stare at the moment he started his orgasm…

Martha swallowed and swallowed, forcing the muscles in her dilated throat to drain the monster that was raping her.

Rebecca, powerless and desperate, was victim of a deep bitterness. Sobbing, she lowered her head in abject defeat…



Dawn on the Matto Grosso

Valdes himself came to get her in the middle of the morning.

At dawn, when Oscar had taken away the exhausted Esmerelda and left her alone in the cell, Claudia had thought that Valdes' words been just threats. But all of her hopes vanished when the Colombian woke her up with a bucket of cold water.

The terrible reality clawed at her entrails again. How distant seemed her world of contracts, parades… The world of the hypocritical adoration of hundreds of men who wasted their time and their money just to get a date with her, a smile and a "See you…"

Valdes unchained her and gave her a simple brown dress made of cotton that stuck to her damp body at once.

"Hands behind your back." Claudia still stunned by the violent awakening, obeyed and Valdes trapped her wrists with a pair of handcuffs, leaving the gag in place.

"You're fantastic," he said stepping back to look her up and down.

He took her collar down off the wall and put it on her. Pulling happily on the leash he forced her follow him out of the gloomy cell.

"I'm going to put your new 'jewels' on you."

Claudia tried to resist but the collar was a choker, like the ones that are used with big dogs.

Valdes gave a sinister chuckle.

"Don't get left behind…" he threatened, giving the leash a tug and choking her again.

Claudia rushed along behind the man, trying to keep the half a yard distance between them steady. When they came to a narrow staircase that went up to the ground floor she had to press against his back, and he was pleased with the efforts he had forced her to make.

"The tools are already in the stable. Where we brand the cattle."

Claudia already knew the place…

They came to the stables. He dragged her to a large wardrobe with drawers that was fixed to one of the posts that held the stable roof up. He opened the first drawer.

Before the girl's terrified eyes appeared a complete collection of instruments of torture meticulously arranged. Valdes moved her closer by gently pushing her waist.

"What about this. Is it your size?" Claudia tried to pull back but his iron hand held her. Valdes was showing her a massive rubber penis that was about ten inches long and very fat. It was the third in a row of eight. The other five were all bigger!

Valdes grabbed the base and rubbed her nipple with the tip.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmfffffffffffffffffff!"

This time the man's arm failed to hold her but he had knotted her leash to the post and that kept her in place.

"It's an irritant," he explained. "It'll drive you crazy, you'll see." Claudia looked at him with horror. It stung more than nettles did. She could never have believed that such diabolical objects existed.

"Look," he said showing her the wide ring around its base; "It's for your bumhole… It goes in and it doesn't come out…"

He took two golden needles out of the second drawer; they were a couple of inches long and quite thick. As with the dildos there was an ample selection to choose from in many thickness.

"These will do," he said evaluating her inflamed and erect nipple like an expert.

Claudia stumbled, her legs went weak… she wanted to die. Until then she had suffered all kinds of horrible abuse, but now that monster planned to mutilate her in a permanent way.

"What's the matter?" he asked, holding her by her narrow waist again. "Don't you like them? You'll get used to them. I'll take pictures of you just like the professionals used to… You'll be superb. We'll make our

own magazine."

Claudia's horror was growing; she realised that she had fallen into the hands of a maniac, an unpredictable criminal. He was a creature who was capable of inflicting irreparable damage on her from one moment to the next and with no good reason. He was a madman who was driven by the whims of his own aberrant conduct. Claudia could understand that he would want to rape her, but nothing could explain all these tortures. She was simply the plaything in his perverse fantasies…

Valdes dragged her to a heavy wooden ladder that went to the loft. Giving her no chance to avoid it, he tied her hands over her head to one of the rungs of the ladder and he also tied her ankles to either side of the base.

She stared at him in stunned silence as he headed to the cupboard to get the 'tools'. He headed behind the ladder shaking the irritant dildo as he went.

"You're not going to like this," he told her as he tightened the cord that held her hands as much as he could. "But later, when I decide to bum you, you'll be grateful to me… You'll appreciate the difference."

Claudia heard him tearing the back of her dress. She felt a terrible stinging between her thighs. In spite of her forced position she instinctively tensed her arms and imperceptibly separated her legs in an attempt to avoid the contact. Valdes was waiting for that… With a sudden shove he jammed the irritant rubber glans through her tense fleshy ring.

"AAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!"

In spite of the suffocating gag, her scream was ear piercing. This was the worst thing she had suffered so far in her awful captivity. Her entire body reacted trying to expel the deviant invader.

But Valdes was experienced and he was expecting that. He carried on pushing firmly…

"Easy… It's worse if you resist…"

The girl writhed and twisted in an attack of real hysteria. In the end her distended sphincter closed over the bulge at the base of the devilish dildo. Twelve inches of fat rubber was penetrating her. The pain and the stinging found parts inside her that she didn't know she had. In five years of active sex she had never allowed a man this type of congress. The idea itself had

always terrified her.

"See? There we are… You'll see how you end up liking it."

He tried to calm her down by patting her on her hips…

Max said at the auction that your bottom was virgin… Well, we've fixed that now," he said with a smile.

He passed a cord between her thighs and tied it to the ladder and her waist. The invader could not escape at all. She was sealed and stuck to the ladder. She couldn't even move her hips to try and alleviate the dreadful pain and stinging.

Valdes took a step back and contemplated in wonder. What a beauty! She was Claudia Moore, the supermodel, the most talked about and recently the most looked for woman in the world…

In a frenzy he ripped the front of her dress off. Once more the model's astonishing beauty was revealed in all its splendour.

Valdes began to kiss and grope her body… her breasts… her nipples… her ribs… her flat and firm abdomen… her narrow waist… her sinuous hips… her thighs… her knees… her calves… her bound ankles…

He stood up and removed the phallus that was forced down her throat.

"I want to hear you a bit."

With her jaws forced out of joint, Claudia could make no coherent sounds.

Valdes took a pair of stinking underpants out of his pocket. He had kept them there on purpose, and he sniffed them before jamming them into her mouth.

"It's about time we got to know one another more intimately… Also, from now on you'll clean my feet every night with your slave's tongue and slave's lips. So get used to the flavour…"

Claudia tried to force out the sticky and smelly ball of wool out of her mouth with her tongue, but Valdes ripped another length off her dress and tied it at the back of her neck after forcing it between her teeth.

"Now you can sing but without bursting my eardrums."

The torment was endless. As soon as Claudia had got used to the terrible stinging that seemed to be splitting her in two, new tortures, new agonies awoke in other parts of her body. She wondered where he would stop… How far would this maniac go with that savagery?

She suddenly began to feel terribly ill. Gagged as she was, she couldn't

swallow properly. Saliva was building up in her mouth, mixing with and diluting the filth of the underpants… She soon started to retch.

Valdes tried to calm her… "Come on…" he whispered, pressing against her body, "you have to take me as I am… You'll see how you end up liking me."

Claudia wanted to die. A life such as this, condemned to be that repulsive sadist's sex toy, wasn't worth living. Through her retching the shocked girl felt the man's erection pressing against her thigh as he rubbed his body lewdly against hers. She was strangely surprised that he hadn't raped her yet.

When Valdes judged that the girl had got over her nausea he went to get the needles… He wanted her totally conscious.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

Claudia could do nothing more than shake her head and plead with her eyes.

Valdes showed her the first needle, holding it in front of her face.

"Look at this, it's hollow. When it goes through there will be a little bit of Claudia Moore's flesh left inside it." The man showed her the tiny hollow, less than a millimetre wide.

"It'll hurt, but then you'll see how much prettier you are with your rings…"

He started by working on her nipple with his fingers, his mouth and his teeth until it was totally erect and pointy. It was pinkly throbbing and blood-filled when he stopped.

Valdes went on to play with the other little button, testing its elasticity and firmness. It was lovely; he pinched it, he pushed it in, he twisted it, he deformed it… but it always went right back to its original position, pointing at him furiously.

For a few moments he thought about where to pierce her. He could do it at the base but that would mean using large rings. It would be better to pierce the tips. Anyway that was where the nerve endings were grouped…

Playing with the needle he began to stick it in her without breaking the skin. He wanted the girl to focus her attention on that part of her body. Every now and then he wet her with saliva and lightly scratched the firm tip without breaking the skin… He was prepared to prolong the session


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as for long as was necessary; After all he had bought this pair of breasts!

Claudia's nipple was on fire, sensitised to the maximum. First there had been the terrible stinging of the phallus that was impaling her still, then the pinching, biting and poking, then the subtle scratching… Her mind was entirely concentrated on the little fleshy nub. The waiting was agony in itself. She tried her hardest to keep still. Any movement, even the slightest tremor would make the point pierce her.

"You're mine," he said, trying to teach her several lessons at once. "All mine. You are what has always been known as a slave… My slave-girl… I can do whatever I want to you, whatever I feel like."

Too terrified to moan, Claudia wept in silence. Her tears escaped from her eyes and bathed her cheeks. She looked at him pleadingly… She didn't deserve this. Nobody did, no sin, no revenge could justify this terrible punishment.

"You now own nothing…" He seemed to be trying to brainwash her… "You're mine and I'm going to ring you just like the other cattle. And another day I'll brand you with a red hot iron."

He grabbed the base of her left breast with his hand. The nipple swelled with blood. He began to drive the needle in very slowly, making sure that girl could feel her skin being pierced.

Claudia begged to die, or at least to faint. No one heard her pleading. The needle took an eternity to appear at the other side… and to the girl's horror it carried on through until the nipple was right in the middle of it.

Valdes freed her breast. It was perfect piercing. There wasn't a drop of blood… just pain and humiliation.

The needle was perfectly horizontal to the floor and sticking out an inch each side of her nipple. She was the fifth he had pierced in his life and he had never made a mistake.

"Twenty four hours and you'll have a pretty and useful hole in the tip." Claudia shook her chest in a useless attempt to ease the intense pain. She was a pathetic sight, but to Valdes' sick eyes she was a provocation. Without a word he went to get the other needle.

"And now…" He said holding it in front of her eyes.

Claudia shook her head. She couldn't believe it… she couldn't bear to go through that torment again…

Valdes stuck it in slowly, with the same cruelty and expertise. There wasn't a drop of blood.

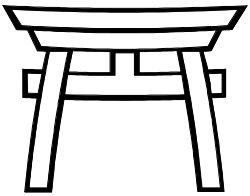
"There we are… It's all over now…" He was trying to soothe her, a little surprised by how sensitive she was. His other two slaves had fainted and had not been able to enjoy the whole show…

"If you're a good girl and learn to use your slutty body the way I like it…" he started to say as he vibrated her nipples painfully with the tip of his finger, "…I won't rip your clitoris off like I did to that useless Nadine… I'll just pierce it."

Claudia didn't hear him. All she could hear and feel were her nipples and the irritant invader that was filling her. Her violent shaking had moved the demonic phallus in her insides and the stinging had redoubled…

"You have one month to learn the lesson…" He went on with his eyes fixed on her breasts that were so full of blood that they wobbled at the lightest touch.

"What we will do in a couple of days…" he said, twisting her nose between his thumb and forefinger,"…is put a hole here, in the septum. You've already seen how I like to bum my slaves… then I'll brand you… somewhere were it won't get in the way… Yes, between your legs, at the top…"



A Cellar on the Outskirts of Tokyo

The delivery had been unusually long. Problems with the Japanese customs had put the whole operation in jeopardy. Yamamoto had to intervene personally with the highest authorities in the country.

Luckily the White Corporation allows for this kind of setback and the packing methods help to keep the merchandise fresh.

Now Jasmine was waiting for the honourable Yano Yamamoto.

She had only woken a couple of hours previously and she could remember nothing since that gigantic black man had raped her against the wall of the cell in Nairobi.

The place had no windows and it smelled damp.

A dusty naked light-bulb was hanging from the ceiling and illuminating the desolate storeroom. There were piles of rubbish and wooden boxes all around her.

Painfully she flexed her arms again… Her entire body was hurting, especially her legs and her vagina.

She turned to the right, to Laura. The girl seemed calmer now. A few minutes ago she had been shaking and writhing as if a powerful electric current had been running through her. The beautiful twenty-six year old Spaniard was hanging from a nail in the wall by her wrists. Her arms were supporting the whole weight of her body… A rope that hung from the same hook was binding her ankles together and forcing her to bend her knees and turn the soles of her feet up. The base of what appeared to

be a thick wooden pole was sticking out from between her buttocks.

Jasmine looked away. She didn't want to think... she just wanted to wake up from the nightmare.

She tugged on her arms again… A painful cramp ran down her left calf. A terrible biting pain in the depths of her vagina followed…

She was sitting or rather, impaled by her sex on a solid wooden chair that was screwed to the floor. She could feel that something long and thick was penetrating her and more or less keeping her suspended in the air. Her wrists were tied to a rope that came from a pulley on the ceiling. But the worst things were her legs, they were opened and bent back at the knees with her ankles tied to the back of the chair. Her entire body was tensed like a bowstring and centred over the pole that was penetrating her. She had spent hours trying to alleviate the agonising pressure on the bottom of her vagina, flexing her bent legs with no more support than her ankles, or uselessly pulling on her arms. When she managed to lift herself up a fraction a cramp or simple muscle fatigue forced to fall heavily back down. Then the pain was unimaginable.

She couldn't even scream. There was a big rubber ball forcing her mouth wide open unbearably. She couldn't swallow and her saliva was escaping and dribbling down her chin and over her breasts and thighs.

She heard steps behind her. She closed her eyes; she didn't want to be there…

"AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!"

She had never heard such a bloodcurdling scream. Yamamoto had just hit the defenceless soles of Laura's feet with a sharpened and rigid Japanese cane.

"You'll pay attention next time…"

Yamamoto was boastful of his exquisite artistic taste and his culture. He knew how to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics and cuneiform writing, he understood Sanskrit, he could read Greek and Latin classics and he was a well known and respected admirer of music. But his favourite thing was dance. Laura was a well-known dancer and she worked in one of the most renowned Parisian dance companies. A native of Seville, she had grace and rhythm in her blood. Yamamoto had acquired her for her talent and he often forced her to dance naked and in chains for him. But the previous night, after a long day of sexual torture and an awful violation she had been exhausted. Pretending to be irritated by some minor slip in her dancing technique, he had inflicted this punishment on her.

The soles of her feet were red-raw. An initial session of two dozen blows had left the girl unconscious, on the verge of collapse. There still another two dozen to go. Well to be precise, twenty-three taking off the one he had just given her.

The Japanese stopped for a few moments to check the pole was well stuck into her until then virgin anus. It couldn't come out. A pronounced narrowing at its base and its shape prevented it. But he liked to take care of every detail…

"How's my little mulatto girl?"

Jasmine opened her eyes. He was in front of her impeccably dressed in tails and a bow tie.

Taking out one of his gleaming white dress gloves he dried her tears and saliva.

"I've watched the video of your 'audition' at least a hundred times; you're a great dancer… A little inexpert still, that's understandable at your age, but you have a lot of potential."

Jasmine paled. She remembered the damned test in Rio, the suffocating heat and the sinister flat… the faces of the men who had been there, the questions about her family, her friends… The humiliating test, dancing and shaking her hips in a thong and then naked. The attack… the darkness…

"You'll make a nice couple," he said sitting on box between the girl's open legs. "But don't think you're here just to dance," he added stroking the insides of her legs. "A beautiful young slave like you has lots of uses…"

Yamamoto stood up. Jasmine, terrified by the veiled threats, followed him with her eyes. He took a miniature version of a cat o' nine tails down from the wall, like the ones used in the ancient navies.

Sssssssswwwwwwwwiiiisssssssshhhhhhhhhh!

Crrrrraaaaaaaaaaccccccckkkkkkkkkkkkkkk!

"MMMMMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

Tightly tied as she was, Jasmine could only shake. The blow was so brutally painful that when she opened her eyes she expected to find that her breasts had been torn off. Miraculously that hadn't happened. There was a light reddening marking the nine lines where the whip had bitten into her. Just the agonising pain continued… Her breasts seemed to throb

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with a life of their own, her nipples incomprehensibly erect. She was sure she couldn't survive another blow like that one. But she was wrong. Two new blows, one on her tummy and another on her breasts convinced her.

"This is another one of the uses of a beautiful young slave-girl: torture," he said stroking the whip marks with his hand. "So far this year I've lost two of my dearest playthings. I hope you'll be tougher."

Jasmine closed her eyed, convinced that her end was near. Maybe it was better like that, she thought as she writhed with pain.

"But you won't escape in spite of your age, there's another way to benefit from a slave as expensive and attractive as you…"

The girl opened her eyes again. The cord kept her arms up in the air began to pull more and she was lifted from the chair. Yamamoto was turning the wheel and looking at her with a chilling look that made her cry.

As the girl went up the phallus that was penetrating her began to appear out of her vaginal lips.

When her buttocks were at the height of the arms of the chair, the Japanese tied the rope off. The phallus, shiny with her secretions, fell heavily to the seat.

Yamamoto went closer and separated her knees even more until they were touching the arms of the chair.

Jasmine was hanging by her wrists with her thighs totally open. Her vagina was about twelve inches above the seat and totally defenceless.

"Tonight you and I will have a little welcoming party…" He said as he tied an elastic cord to her hair and to the base of the chair, in such a way as to force her head back.

"We won't even invite Laura. You'll have plenty of time to get to know one another and to play together in the future…"

Sitting back down on the box he picked up a pair of tweezers, a big vibrator and a smaller one from the floor. Jasmine couldn't see what he was doing. She tried to look down but the elastic wouldn't let her. There was enough give in it to encourage her to try, and to make the pain in her hair bring tears to her eyes, but not enough for her to actually see what he was doing.

"Do you know?" He started by picking up the small pliers. "Catalogue shopping is very convenient, but some aspects of the merchandise need

more intimacy to be properly valued. It's risky, but I don't know any other way…"

He grabbed her clitoris with the pliers; it was well in view thanks to her posture. Jasmine shuddered at the cold touch of the metal. She suddenly remembered the words of the giant black man in Nairobi. When he had been raping her he had said: 'The first thing Yamamoto will do when you get there is get rid of this….'

Ignoring the pain in her hair she lowered her face and started to shake her head, her eyes pleading with the despicable creature that had bought her.

"What's up, little one?" He asked, pinching her.

"MMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

She was shaking all over.

"You seem to be very sensitive," he said as he increased the pressure. "Before, the first thing I used to do to my slaves was to take this off them. It made them more docile… But also more boring."

Jasmine gave up. She let the elastic pull her head back.

"An Arab friend opened my eyes for me. He has two harems, one with dancers and the other with the rest of the slaves. The dancers are the only ones he keeps whole… Do you understand?" he asked, increasing the pressure.

Jasmine painfully nodded her head.

"He thinks that certain hormones are necessary in the blood of a dancer…"

He pulled on the pliers a bit more and a small but painful tooth bit into the base of the little fleshy button.

"But as you'll understand, all this depends and so it's necessary to examine every example very carefully." The Japanese had put the pliers on the floor and picked up a large vibrator.

"For example, your companion Laura is a very dizzy girl," he explained rubbing the palm of his hand over her open sex lips. "I got her just after speaking with that friend. At the moment she still has her little jewel between her legs even though she still hasn't learned to use it the way I like…" Yamamoto lifted his damp hand to his nose. "Mmmmmm, you smell very nice."

He carried on groping her… "You have a couple of weeks to learn how to behave…"

Two fingers penetrated her. "You're very smooth and tight. I like you,

yes…!

Even though Jasmine couldn't have been further from feeling any excitement, her body reacted to the obscene invasion.

Yamamoto slipped the vibrator between her opened lips. Jasmine reacted again.
"MMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

The man ignored that and started to impale her with the monstrous replica. When the rubber tip touched bottom he switched it on. The girl tensed. An explosive mixture of sensations attacked her. The powerful vibrator seemed to effect her entire being, magnifying the pain in her clitoris. Her body reacted with violent tremors. All of her muscles began to vibrate in symphony with the invader. A large quantity of hot liquid escaped around the base of the vibrator and dripped onto the seat: the girl tended to moisten abnormally. In spite of the repulsion she was feeling she couldn't avoid her body's treacherous reaction, She wasn't able to remain impassive in the face of the degrading manipulation.

The Japanese watched her carefully, aware of the conflict that his victim was suffering. Jasmine, her eyes closed, tried ineffectively to control herself and not surrender to that swine's wishes.

Suddenly the girl's slim body was shaken by strong tremors; she was on the verge of a powerful orgasm. The terrible pain in her clitoris was now a powerful motor that was dragging her inexorably to pleasures that she had never imagined.

Yamamoto let a precise amount of time pass and with a rapid movement withdrew the vibrator. There was a loud wet 'plop'.

It was like something had been ripped out of her insides. A terrible emptiness overcame the girl, cutting off her orgasm. Her inner muscles twitched, trying to grab onto something that was no longer there. When she got control of herself the agonising pain in her clitoris came back to her along with the aching in all of her tensed and forced muscles.

Without a word he impaled her again…

Jasmine, raped and pierced again, went, step by step, slowly back towards the orgasm that would never happen.

This frustrating operation was repeated half a dozen times…

On the seventh, to Yamamoto's dismay, the young half-caste girl of seventeen fainted…



Under the Pacific Stars

Rebecca had never seen a sky like it. It was a moonless night and the dim light of candles let her see the Milky Way in all its splendour. On the horizon, the Southern Cross pointed to the Pole and a multitude of unknown constellations, invisible from Boston's latitude, drew the girl's attention.

Max gave his guests a big farewell dinner the night before they went to Papua for the hunt. Alongside the lagoon on a large wooden terrace, the guests waited around a big round table, chatting animatedly. They were impatient and excited at the adventure they were about to have.

Rebecca was wearing a floor-length blue evening dress. At the back it plunged down to leave her back and the top of her buttocks on view. In front, the neckline plunged to the waist giving glimpses of her breasts and her flat tummy. The skirt had big splits in front and at the rear. Every step she took gave glimpses of her lovely legs clad in white stockings and of the white thong she had on. A pair of shoes, also blue, gave her an elegant gait.

She was object of every look… Well, in fact she shared the honour with another woman.

In the centre of the table, locked in a cage, was the prey for the hunt. She was a pretty twenty year old Canadian who had been chosen by a margin of one vote over a lovely black woman from Atlanta. The girl, her hands clutching at the bars, was also looking at the firmament. That was probably

going to be her last night and as well as saying goodbye to the stars, she wanted at all costs to avoid the stares of those sadists who were watching her, hungry for sex and violence.

Fanny, who had Erika crawling alongside her on a leash, moved over to Rebecca.

"So you seduced my brother?"

Rebecca was disconcerted again. They had left her alone since that unpleasant afternoon when she had watched, bound and gagged, how Martha and Erika pandered sexually to the whims of that sinister pair of black people who were father and daughter. Alone until that very afternoon when Martha had brought her the clothes along with Max's invitation to accompany him to the party.

"Well… In fact it was him who was interested in me," she replied politely.

Fanny was much shorter than she was. Unlike her giant of a father the coloured girl was barely five feet tall.

"And tell me… What do you think of my brother?"

It was a very open question and very dangerous.

"He's a lovely boy."

"And black…" added the diminutive Fanny.

Rebecca bit her lip silently.

"Did you go to bed with him?"

This was looking ugly.

"N-No…" She stammered, unsure of what would be the best answer.

"Then you have a pure and virginal relationship… Until the wedding I suppose…"

"Nothing has been decided yet," replied Rebecca, very nervously.

"I've got good news for you. I spoke to Ben this morning…" Rebecca shivered involuntarily. Where was this little viper heading? "He asked about you and I told him that you where on the beach and couldn't talk to him. I said you'd decided to stay on a few days…"

Rebecca trembled… "Oh… that's lovely," she managed to say, not knowing how else to respond.

"Between you and me," said Fanny in a conspiratorial tone. "I don't know what's happened between you two, but he seems pretty angry with you."

"We had a little argument…"

"I actually told him that we were good friends and that you had asked

me to help." The two women stared at one another, very conscious of the hypocritical nature of their conversation. "I also told him that you thought that this would be an idyllic place to try a reconciliation…"

"Oh… Thank you Fanny, I don't know how to thank you…"

"Really I didn't do it for you, I did it for Ben."

"By the way," she said after a long embarrassing silence. "What happened between my father and you yesterday?"

"Nothing… Well… I mean…" stammered Rebecca.

"Did you seduce him?" ventured Fanny.

Rebecca fell silent. She was on slippery ground.

"You like the family, don't you? You didn't make it with the son so you slept with the father."

Rebecca lowered her eyes.

"Well that just leaves me, me and silly old Ben," said Fanny with a bold smile.

"How about I come over to your bungalow tonight? I could bring this bitch," she said kicking Erika in the ribs. "We'll have a great time, the three of us."

Rebecca felt ill just thinking about it. She had never been attracted to girls and even less to a horrible black woman like that.

"Well, Fanny, I don't think Ben would like it…"

Fanny gave a loud guffaw. Several guests looked around. "Don't worry about Ben. He doesn't need to know." She spoke deliberately loud.

"Really… Well, really I'm not like that," mumbled Rebecca timidly.

Another guffaw, the nearer guests were smiling with amusement.

"So what if you're not like that! Erika used to chase anything in trousers as well and look at her now… She's my most faithful bitch!"

"I see you've become friends…" It was Max who interrupted them. He had just the left the group he was talking to come and have a closer look at Rebecca.

"Yes Dad," replied the black girl, giving Rebecca a smouldering glance. You're away from Coconut Grove a lot and I get bored… I'm sure that in your absences Rebecca and I will have time to get to know one another better."

Fanny pulled on the leash and headed for the table. Rebecca, upset by the veiled threat, looked with horror at the 'tail' that poor Erika had sticking out from between her buttocks.

"Pick your knees up, bitch. Crawl on your hands and feet!" shouted the young black woman. The prostrated woman obeyed and adopted the humiliating posture. The order was surely given so that Rebecca could see every detail of the thick pole with a hairy shaving brush at its tip.

"Aren't you going to give me a kiss?" asked Max.

Rebecca looked at him with as much confusion as she had felt when she first arrived at the island. She stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

"Come on… don't be shy, Ben's not here so make the most of it…"

The girl's eyes fixed on the black man's lips. They were disgusting. The man's mouth was half-open and he was showing her his tongue. Rebecca thought she would faint with anxiety.

"Come on…" he encouraged.

With a great effort she put her arms around his neck and rose up onto tiptoe again. Max could feel her pointy nipples pressing against his chest.

The girl's eyes were closed and her lips parted.

"That's more like it," he said grabbing her around her waist and kissing her passionately, with all his ardour.

Rebecca tried to dominate the disgust that the creature awoke in her. She felt his thick, rough tongue filling and exploring every cranny of her mouth. Powerful arms squeezed her narrow waist… The embrace lasted an eternity.

Finally he let her go. Rebecca was trembling, horrified by the man's passion…

"Shall we…?" He indicated the table.

Placing his arm around her shoulder he led her to where the guests were looking for their names written on little cards on the places.

"That's lucky, we next to one another, darling…"

With an amiable gesture Max pulled the chair out for her. Rebecca looked with horror. An enormous wooden phallus was sticking up out of the middle of the seat.

"It's an exact replica of Ben's," he explained with a smile. "I thought you might be missing it."

Making sure that no one would notice, Max slipped his hands into the slits of the dress and ripped off her panties, smelling them discreetly before putting them into his pocket.

Rebecca looked around. Nobody seemed to have noticed the 'incident'.

"Where do you want it?" he asked her quietly.

The girl looked at him disconcertedly again.

"In your pussy or in your bumhole?" he clarified.

Rebecca knew she wouldn't be able to escape this new humiliation. With resignation she clenched her fists on the table and sat down slowly.

Max, who was standing behind her, rested his large hands on her bare shoulders.

Rebecca felt the cold touch of the wood between her lips. She tried to hesitate but Max prevented her. With a discreet but brutal gesture he sank her completely down onto the stake. A strangle whimper escaped from the girl.

Rebecca was left sitting bolt upright, her eyes closed and unable to breathe… A few discreet tears were running down her cheeks. The pain was atrocious, completely dry and with no preparation. Only the girl in the cage had noticed what had happened…

The guests occupied their places around the table. Rebecca kept still, afraid that any movement could tear her. Max, sitting at her side, watched in ecstasy as her opulent bosom palpitated under the dress's low neckline.

The dinner started with the usual pleasantries and jests among people who didn't really know one another. The wine and champagne soon warmed things up. Soon, Angela, the poor wretch in the cage, would be the star of the show…

"She has great legs… She'll run like a hare."

"She looks feisty like a tigress…"

"She looks very tender, we could roast and eat her…"

"And where will we cook her, you animal, in the middle of the swamp…"

"We'll bring charcoal in the helicopter…"

"I want one of those fantastic tits…"

"I prefer leg!"

Angela's big eyes were crying silently over the huge gag that sealed her mouth. She was absolutely certain that she wouldn't survive, that those bloodthirsty sadists would put an end to her life… But she didn't know how…

Only Rebecca, impaled on the chair, had any idea of how the terrified girl felt.

Max, never taking his eyes of his sensuous guest, had opened her skirt and was stroking her firm thighs.

"You haven't introduced your friend, Max." Said an older woman who was wearing a great deal of make-up and jewels.

"She's my son Ben's girlfriend," he replied.

"She doesn't look very hungry," replied the woman observantly.

"She's not feeling very comfortable tonight," joked Max.

"Have you been planning your wedding?" she asked speaking to Rebecca.

Rebecca shook her head, unable to utter a word.

"Ben will be here soon and then we'll decide…" Replied Max.

"She's very lovely. Please congratulate your son on my behalf." The woman spoke as if Rebecca was a simple adornment.

Max got up and stood behind the girl.

"Yes I think she is." With an unexpected gesture he pulled her dress down to her waist, showing her lovely naked torso to all of the guests.

There was a deathly silence. The only sound was of Erika under the table serving her young mistress.

"Believe me, Ben has made a good choice," said Max with pride as he stroked her shoulders. "She is a perfect example, beautiful, educated, very sexy. She'd fulfil the desires of the most demanding man."

"How much would you sell her for?" asked one of the diners.

"I'm sorry Mr Bring, but she's not for sale. She's like part of the family…" Max was holding her by her hair and pulling her head back.

"Everything has a price," insisted the man. "If you don't want to sell her, I'll rent her for a couple of weeks."

Rebecca closed her eyes trying to hide the humiliation that she was feeling. She could feel Max's hot hands in her hair and on her shoulder, and she could feel the cool sea breeze on her bared breasts. But what she most felt was the obscene chair and dozen or so stares that were fixed on her.

"Don't insist Bring, maybe another time.

Max sat back down and his guests went on chatting animatedly. Rebecca was still showing her torso to whoever wanted to look at it.

"Come here," he said before dessert. "I'm very horny."

A loud 'PLOP' accompanied Rebecca as she rose from the chair.

He led her by her arm to the bungalow. Once me she was before the bed where he had raped her on the first night.

Max took her by her waist and kissed her on her mouth again.

Rebecca resisted ineffectually. His powerful arms held her still. In the one sided fight she chose to bite his invading tongue.

"Damned bitch!" he said slapping her down onto the bed.

In a few moments Rebecca found herself tied just as she had been the first time. She was once more humiliatingly exposed and defenceless against that savage's attacks.

But this time Max didn't leap on her. From an umbrella stand near the door he took a bamboo cane. It was quite thick and yet surprisingly flexible.

"Tomorrow Ben's coming to visit you," he said showing her the cane. "The boy knows nothing of my business on this island. It will be quite an eye-opener for him."

A chilling sound made the girl close her eyes. Max was thrashing the air with the cane.

"At the end of the day I'm going to offer you to him as a welcome gift…"

"I'll never give myself to your stupid son, you swine…" said Rebecca surprised at her own words.

Max said nothing. He calmly undressed in front of her, carefully folding his clothes on a chair. With his underpants in one hand and the cane in the other he headed for the girl.

"Open up."

Rebecca turned her face away.

SSSSSWWWWWWWWIIISSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH… CRACK!

"AAAAARRRRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHMmmmmmmfffffffffff!"

Her pathetic scream never ended. Max had stuffed his filthy underpants into her mouth choking it off. He tied a strip of her dress between her teeth to finish the job of silencing the girl.

Max hit her twice at the back of her thighs, just where they meet the buttocks. He didn't go on for his son's sake; he didn't want to spoil the gift. Three welts were enough to show Ben that at Coconut Grove he could treat that white bitch very differently from how he had had to treat her in Boston.

It was enough for Rebecca too. Until then he had only tortured her sexually, cruelly and humiliatingly it's true. But this was different. This was pure essence of pain, unbearable pain. It was pain that destroyed

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you, that broke you. She would give herself to Ben, or to anyone. She would never be the same again… She would do anything, anything to avoid another blow like those.

Max was leaning over her and shaking her by her hair.

"It's our last night, for now…" he whispered in her ear while kissing it.

His fat lips kissed her desperate face. Then he twisted her head and went on kissing her neck, her breasts….

"I have some clients with very special tastes… They would pay a fortune for you… The worst kind of sadists who love to destroy beauty… I'm warning you… Be nice to him…"

With a quick thrust of his hips he penetrated her anus, just like on the first night. He didn't want to mess up what he had reserved for his son.

Rebecca wished she were dead…



Nightfall on the Matto Grosso

Claudia could only bend her knees. She couldn't work out how long she had been waiting like that, tied with her buttocks parted. Oscar had tied her in exactly the same position as the girl in the magazine, just as his boss had ordered him. It was the pose from the famous page fourteen: Jake's favourite. Mysteriously, the filthy magazine had travelled with her all the way from Nairobi to this forgotten corner of the planet.

She was bent over the end of a sordid iron bed frame in a cold Santa Lucia room. She was wearing a suspender belt, stockings and shoes and nothing else.

She couldn't have been more on offer. Her buttocks were the highest part of her marvellous body. Her wrists were tied behind her back and pulled upwards and tied off to the head of the bed. She couldn't raise her torso from the mattress nor could she avoid the needles, still inserted in her nipples, rubbing against the coarse material.

Neither could she close her legs, which were tied to the bars above the knees. She could only move calves and turn her head.

Every sigh, every shake, every little movement, made her raw nipples scream with pain.

And the huge irritant replica was still in place…

"There's a lovely sunset…" Valdes had just walked in the door. "How's my girl?"

Claudia didn't reply, she didn't know what to say…

Swwwiissssssssshhhhhhhhhhh….CRACCCCKKKK!

"YEAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!"

An awful scream… and then terrible pains at the base of her buttocks which caused to her drag her tortured nipples painfully across the mattress…

"How's my girl?"

"Very… well… Sir…" She managed to say finally.

Swwwiissssssssssshhhhhhhhhhhh….CRACCCCKKKK!

"YEAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!"

Claudia twisted with violent convulsions that nearly dislocated her shoulders and spat the repugnant replica out of her anus where it was still jammed in.

With delight Valdes watched how her, until then virgin, anus closed behind it.

Tomorrow afternoon you've got a parade. Just like the old days."

Valdes started to examine her in great detail. He liked to know every small detail about his slaves.

"I've invited some friends who are dying to know you personally."

A finger was introduced into her violated anus and began to explore it.

"I've explained that it's not a good time, but they insisted…"

Claudia was crying. The replica of a penis had been painful, but the finger was so humiliating…

"I've got some great dresses for the parade. You'll do a couple of turns first… then a little strip tease… You know the usual…"

The lovely supermodel could well imagine what the session would be like.

"They're really nice. I'm sure you'll like them. Anyway you'll feel better tomorrow, you won't have the needles in and you'll be wearing your rings for the first time. You'll be gorgeous…"

He pulled his finger out of her bottom and pushed it in lower down. She was totally dry.

"ARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Another terrible scream as the tip of the irritant phallus touched her vaginal lips…

"You're going to moisten your lovely little pussy a bit for me…"

As cruelly as he could he sank the replica all the way into her.

"AAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Claudia discovered that her vagina was more sensitive than her


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rectum…

Valdes began to move the gigantic phallus inside the girl. Even he was surprised that all of it went in…

Claudia cried and cried. Her whole body was shaking… she had never imagined that someone could have such power over another person, such total power. A few ropes in that sadist's cruel hands had turned her into such a defenceless creature, given up, unable to offer the slightest resistance, subject to the most atrocious barbarities that a sick mind like Valdes' could think up.

"Please…" she began.

"Easy… be patient… I know what you want, what you need… You're a horny little whore."

Valdes pulled out the replica. It was wet and shiny. It had done its work…

Calmly, but never taking his eyes off those nicely offered fleshy globes, he undressed.

He had Claudia Moore's sex lips in front of him… A lot of men would like to be in his place…

"Now, bitch," he said with a sudden change in his tone. "Your Master is going to fuck you. Do your best to satisfy him…"

Claudia couldn't imagine what he meant. What could she do tied up as she was?

With resignation she closed her eyes and tried to relax.

She felt hands on her hips…

She felt something warm parting her sex lips.

She felt something short but very thick penetrating her…

She heard horrid grunts filling the room…

She heard an unexpected grunt of anguish or pleasure. It caught her by surprise and scared her.

She felt his penis suddenly go into a faster uncontrollable rhythm of its own…

She saw his head jerk back and his mouth open as he let out the most primitive cry of all…

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Claudia was a very, very sensual girl…
He had not lasted long on top of her.

Claudia closed her eyes and wept…
This, it seemed, was her life.

A slave-girl had served her master…
A rich drug trafficker had used his slave-girl…

To be continued

‘Women Auction’ the second part…

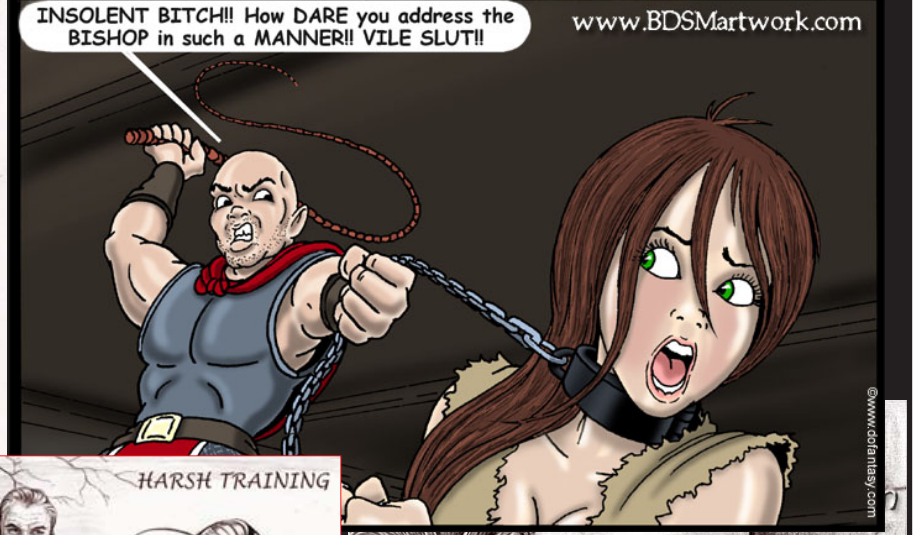
Jasmine, subjected to terrible threats, tries in every way to satisfy the cruel and demanding Yamamoto. The Japanese pairs her off with Laura and forces them to submit to the most revolting obscenities…

Ben arrives at Coconut Grove and is stunned to learn of his father’s evil business. No one has spoken to him of Rebecca and he thinks she has left… Turned on by what he’s seen during the day he would give anything to be with her. But that night there is a party in his honour…

Wearing very high heels and dressed provocatively, Claudia takes a turn on an improvised catwalk under the burning gazes of Valdes’ cronies. The gorgeous supermodel has never imagined a parade as horrific as this…

Meanwhile, life goes on in the White Corporation. MM visits Madame Roisy in her singular desert brothel. He sees some familiar faces and receives a new order to fill…





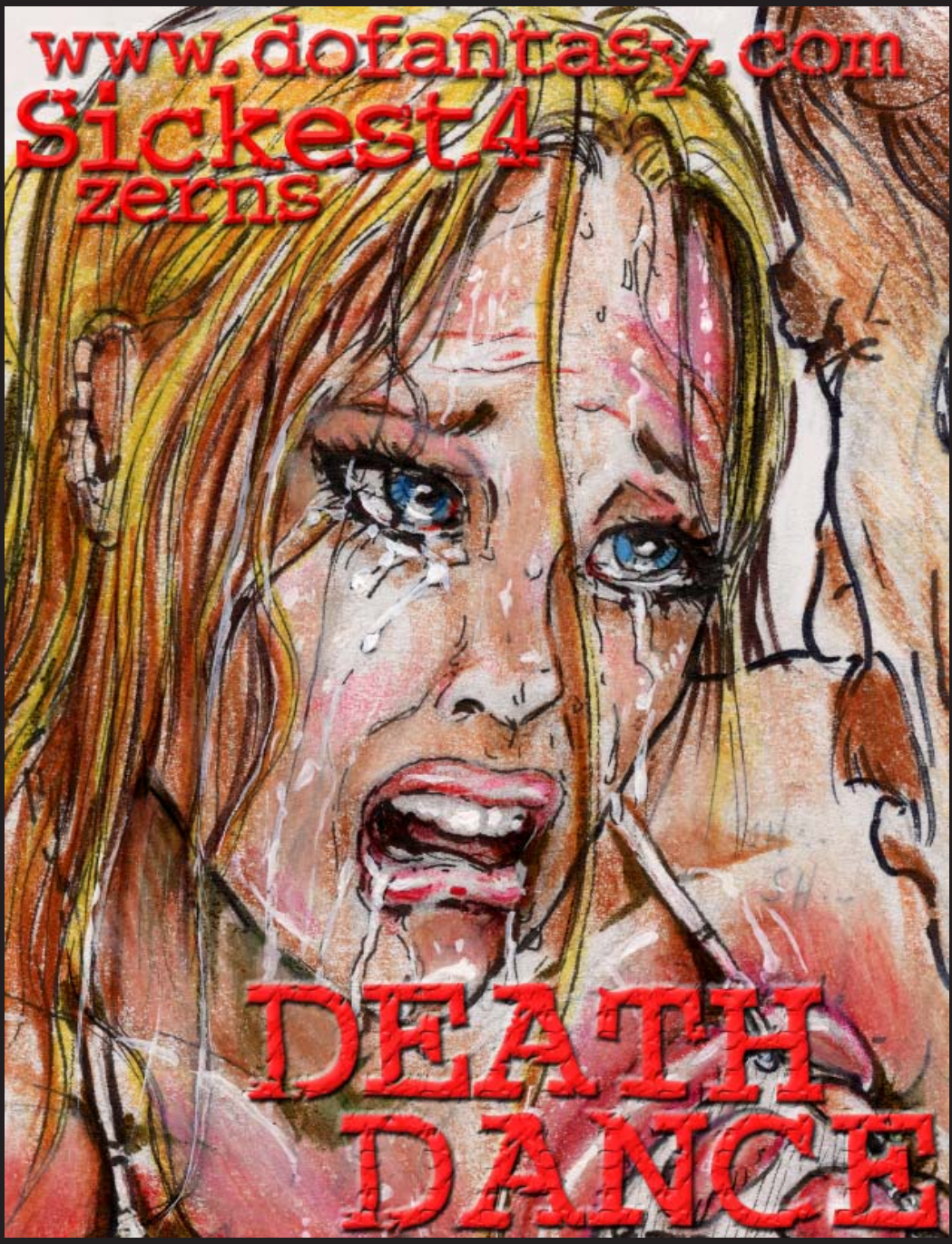




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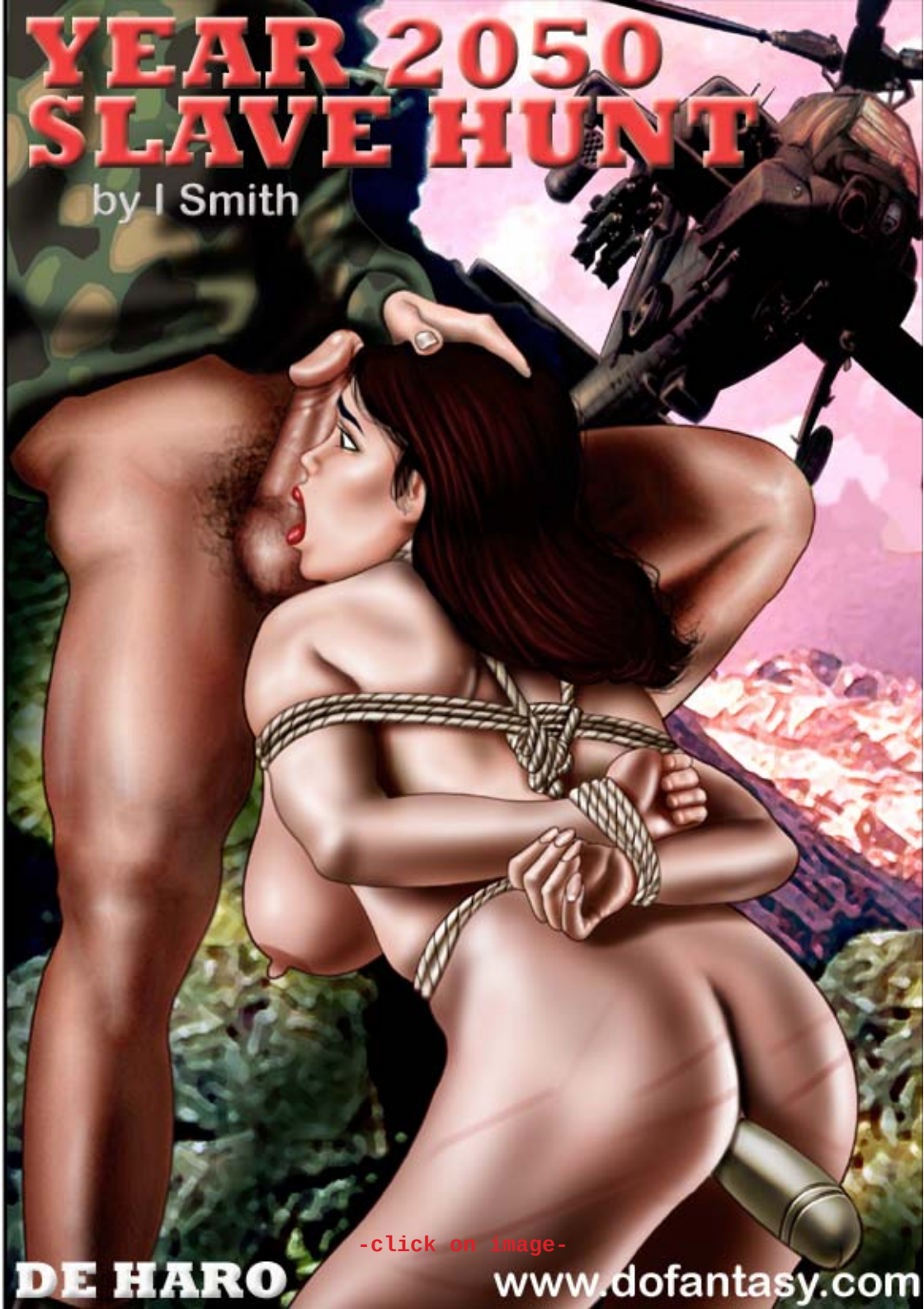
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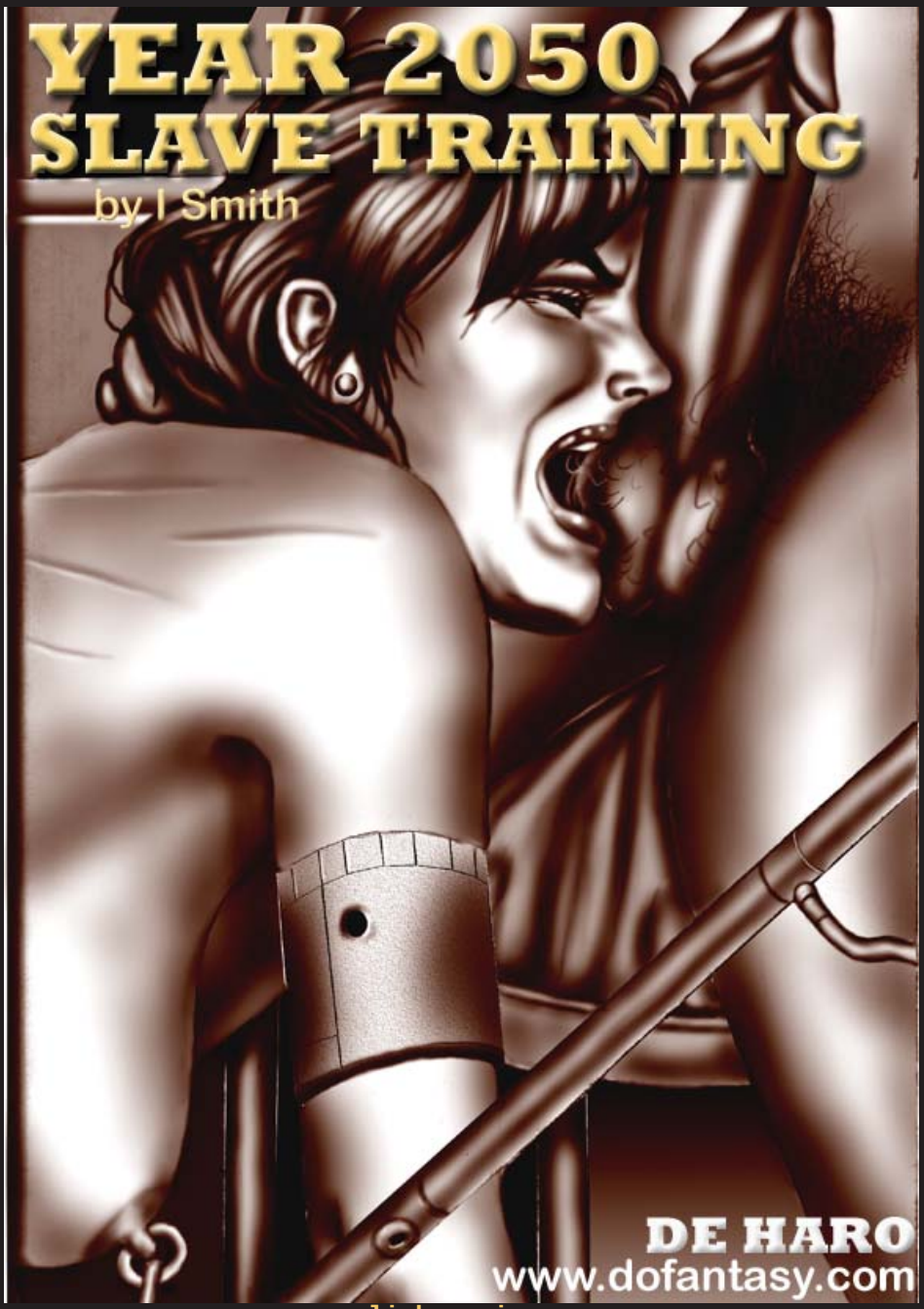
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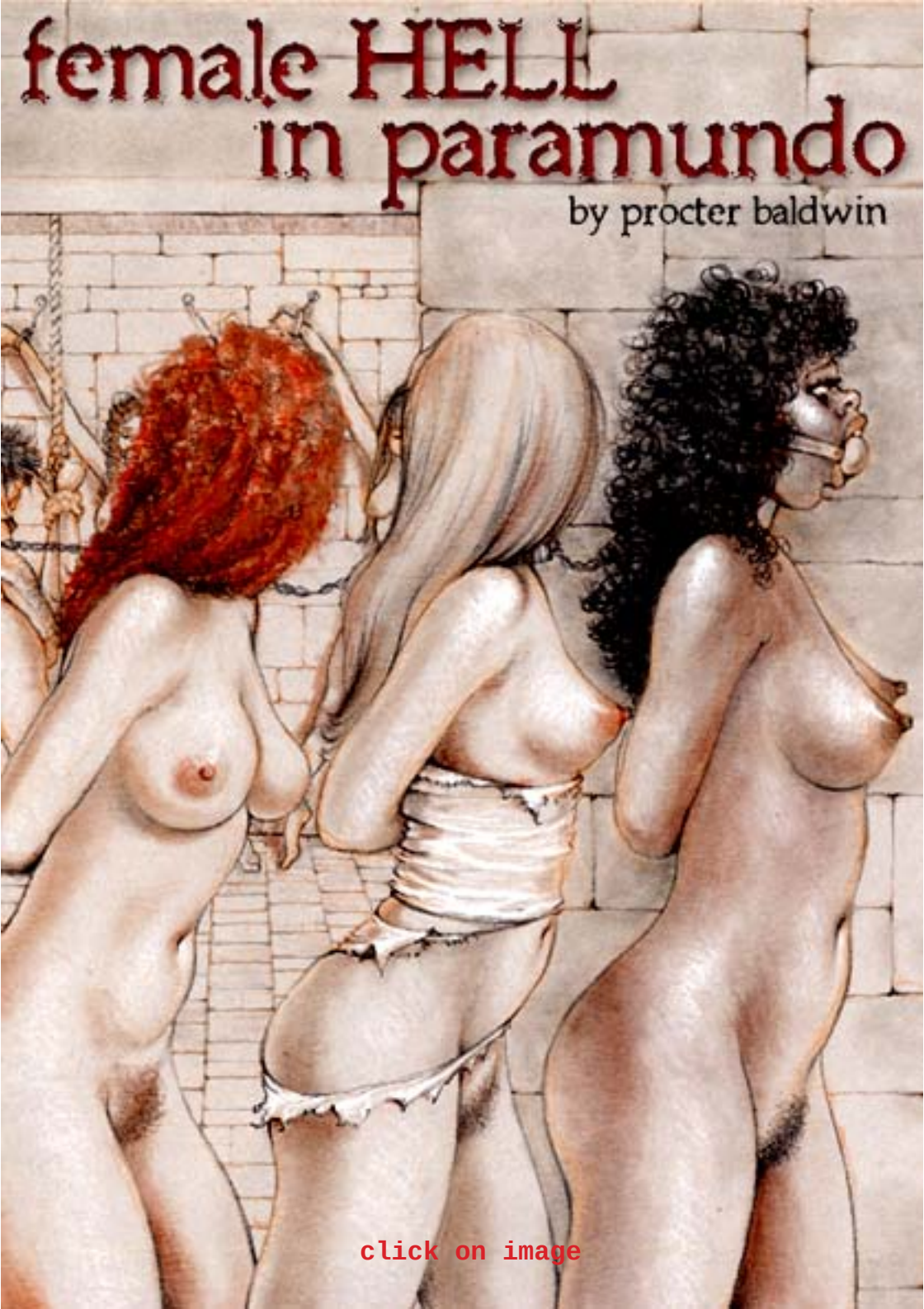


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