

Damians

THE CASTLE

46 pages of
high-resolution
images with
shocking texts by **NAJ**.

IN THE CASTLE

*O*n October 31, 1517, a little man nailed a paper to the door of a church. This man was named Martin Luther and his action sparked the Protestant Reformation which would sweep across Europe and change the face of Christianity forever. However, not all people who read his paper would agree with him, especially those who lived in the lap of luxury and power, such as some vicious, corrupt priests within the church. These men lived off the hard work of the people, growing fat from wine and good food while poor peasants slaved away as serfs. The priests told lies and stole the hard-earned money of the peasants so they could feed their own selfish desires and fund lewd, dirty acts behind closed doors. They did not like having their lies exposed, and they had the money to do something about it.

They decided to start a religious war against these heretics, these abominations in the eyes of God. Soldiers would march across Europe in the name of the church in order to “correct” their wayward brethren. Many of the valiant soldiers who fought and died in the name of preserving the sanctity of His Holiness truly believed in the rightness of their cause, but their commanders knew better. Of the countless villages that were sacked and burned, the knights and captains would order the prettiest and most beautiful girls to be taken away for “interrogation” in the Roman Inquisition.

Those girls were brought to dark, secret dungeons scattered across Europe, each overseen and controlled by a corrupt priest who was only interested in fulfilling his darkest and most filthy desires. Deep in these dungeons, there is no one to save them or hear them. They can only scream and beg their captors for mercy and pray to God for salvation, but their very captors control who God hears, and they have no mercy for the beauties caught in their grasp.





*T*hese two lovely beauties were the daughters of a simple cow farmer. One day they were walking along a flower-lined dirt road without a care in the world, laughing over some silly boy's antics in the village market. "Such a stupid boy, thinking he could marry me!" one of them laughed. The other laughed in response. "Yeah, his face was ugly and full of pimples, and he smelled like the shit in his stables! I wouldn't marry him either!"

Then they heard horses coming up the road towards them!

These two naïve girls didn't know what to expect from the knight and his men-at-arms who came up towards them. They were naïve and stupid and thought that these knights were romantic, handsome, and gallant soldiers. They approached them with freshly picked flowers in hand. The knight and his men-at-arms quickly accused them of heresy and claimed they were servants of Satan, working to undermine the church! The girls tried to flee, but it was far, far too late, and they were caught.

Now they are the property of the corrupt priest. They think that if they confess to whatever crime they are accused of, they will be freed, but they are sadly mistaken. Tied up in painful and humiliating ways, they are now nothing more than the fucktoys of these cruel wicked men.

"I bet you're enjoying this, aren't you, you filthy whore, you horse fucking bitch! I see how you scream and beg and plead, but I know your nasty snatch is sopping wet from hearing me whip your sister! Look at you, just another fucking cunt who thinks she's better than everyone else. I'll show you! You're nothing but a piece of meat to me, and I know how to treat my meat. Just you wait. If you thought those horses you fucked were huge, wait till you feel MY cock in your fuckhole!"





*T*he two girls were accused of adultery and homosexuality by a baker who saw them walk into his shop together every day. Even though he accused them because he was jealous of their beauty, he was right. These two girls hated men and were hard lesbians. While their merchant husbands went away on long trips, they would sneak into the other's home and fuck and suck each other until the sun came up. When the word reached a corrupt priest in the inquisition, he sent his best inquisitors to the village to fetch his new lezzie fucktoys.

“Got tired of getting banged by your midget dick husband did you? Couldn't help but become a rug muncher, huh? You must've been waiting for a REAL man to fuck you raw! Well, tonight your dream comes true 'cause I am gonna bang your brains out!”

“Yeah. Oh don't worry, honey, you'll get your turn to feel my dick in you soon enough! As soon as I'm done with your friend over there, I'll keep you company all night long.”

"How do you like THAT?
Scream, bitch!"

When the knight heard that the church had declared war against the heretics, he knew he could finally get her! That stuck up, snooty noblewoman who loved teasing him while her lord husband looked away. She loved flashing her pussy and those big, fat tits of hers. She took every opportunity to shake them in front of him, and she'd laugh and watch his eyes bulge and his cock grow hard in his pants.

"Oh good Sir Stupid, don't you know better? You had best not anger my lord husband, or you may find your head on a spike!"

"Not laughing now, are you my lady?" he sneered. "Now that I'm a Holy Inquisitor, there's nothing you or your pinprick husband can do about it, not unless he wants to be called a heretic and hanged too! I'm gonna hang you by your fat tits and whip them until they bleed before I grab 'em and bite 'em and fuck that pussy that you've always wanted me to pound. Guess whose head is going on a spike now!"





When he saw her, he knew he had something special. She had just been brought in, a trophy from the latest conquest against the heretics for use in the corrupt priest's dungeons. But no, she wouldn't simply be whipped and caned and fucked like the others, oh no. He knew she was something special, and he, as an inquisitor of the dungeon, had the power to make her his own.

She sat all alone in a metal box without enough space to even squirm, screaming her lungs raw. His dick throbbed and his balls grew hard, but he could wait, because he had all the time in the world. It would only be a matter of days before the shipment came in. He fed her a steady diet of shit, piss, and cum and laughed. "How does it feel, my pretty little whore, to feel the justice of the lord?" he sneered at her before closing the box on her desperate pleas.

And then it came: a shipment of ice from the Alps. When it arrived, he was giddy, and his cock throbbed in his pants.

He tied her arms brutally tight behind her and strung her up by her tits before threading the rope through a ring in the ceiling. He put the ice block in front of her and made her stand on it. He pinched and grabbed at her ass as she cried and begged for mercy. He pulled on the rope and made her stand on her toes. As the ice melted, the tension in her breasts grew tighter and tighter as her tits throbbed painfully and turned purple. "Exciting, isn't this, my tender little fuckslut!" he screamed. "Let's see how long you can hang before your tits turn black and fall off!" He giggled. "Maybe I'll get a stool and fuck your ass raw while I wait!"

The nuns had spurred his advances for years, and the priest could only scowl every time they walked by. He saw them, watched as they flashed their goods to every man that looked, watched them kiss and touch each other by candlelight in the nunnery. They were living blatant lives of sin, but there was nothing he could do. Until now.

He personally lead a band of inquisitors to the nunnery as soon as he heard of the new holy war. He "scoured" their fortress for any signs of sin and vice. It didn't take long. They screamed and demanded to be set free, but he ignored them. Heretics had no rights in the eyes of the church or God! As he rode away, dragging them behind by collars of rope, he said that he would cure them with the only medicine that worked - a good hard fuck!

He awarded his best lieutenant with the other, arrogant fuckslut as he prepared himself with a leather hood and vest. Several long nights at the hands of his inquisitors had softened them up; they were not quite so bold now! As his gleeful lieutenant stretched out the other nun for a good caning, he walked up to his personal favorite and showed her his throbbing, glistening dick. "The only thing that will fix a slutty, nasty bitch like you is a healthy dose of cock twice a day!" He grinned as he shoved his rock hard dick into her screaming mouth. "Maybe more!"





A simple beggar she claimed to be! She insisted she was only trying to make ends meet after her husband had been burned for heresy! When he looked into her eyes, he only laughed and spat in her face. "I can sense the devil's tongue in you, you nasty cunt. Grab her!" Everyone else on the street looked away as the inquisitors snatched their latest victim. She screamed and insisted her innocence, but no one listened or helped her. She was, after all, a heretic. It had to be true; as holy servants of God, the inquisitors could do no wrong, could they?

The Grand Inquisitor grabbed her by her hair and licked her cheek. "Nasty, lying cunt. I can think of a better use for your devil's tongue: licking my ass and balls!" She screamed and cried, begged him to let her go, but he only laughed again. "This succubus of Satan will say anything so that she can continue her wicked ways! We can't allow that now can we boys?"

"No!" they all shouted, laughing cruelly.

They took her to the dungeons, a new piece of meat to pound and break. They tied her spread out wide on a square of wood and her wet, pink little tongue kept flopping and lying at them. "Shut up!" the Inquisitor shouted as she begged him again. "I think we need to train your devil's tongue to keep quiet! Boys! Grab the clamps and the special fucksticks; we have a whore to loosen up!" As they snapped the clamps on her sensitive nips, she craned her head to the ceiling and screamed. The Grand Inquisitor shoved his thick, nobby fuckstick in her ass as another inquisitor rammed his into her cunt. "We'll make that tongue of yours useful yet, by God, or we may have to rip it out!"

When he was just a poor knight, the barmaid loved to fleece him of all his hard-earned coin. Laughed at by his fellow knights, he was considered the lowest of all. Even his lord would humiliate him, force him to joust fools and trees, and he was always stuck on the stupidest mule in the stable just to make sure he'd keep losing! It wasn't his fault. It was theirs! Give him a good sword, and he was truly a great warrior! And her... how she would smile and flash her tits at him and drown him in the cheapest ale in the inn. As he drank, the price of each mug went up. And she made all those cheap, easy promises of how she'd "reward her valiant knight, if only he would give her money to feed her poor children."

One day, he came by, flower in hand, and he caught her laughing and counting coin, his coin! "What a stupid pinprick!" she giggled. "The dumb shmuck will believe anything and drink anything! What a moron!"

That was the last straw! When he walked past the church and heard of the new holy war. He grinned and immediately pledged fealty to his new holy lord, a more just lord indeed! Outfitted with the finest steel in all Christendom, he took a platoon of inquisitors to his former lords' estate. Who was the poor knight now? The castle walls were painted red, but her... he saved her for himself. When he brought her back to the dungeon, he hung her up by her hands and feet and whipped her ass until she could no longer sit. "Remember me? Your valiant knight, you worthless fucking lesbo dyke!" He rammed his throbbing, massive cock in her and she screamed. "Call me a pinprick will you? I'll take all those fucks you promised me and more!"





"Blacksmithing belongs to men!" he shouted. She merely stared back at him. "I shall do as I please!" she shouted before turning away and walking to her own forge. He laughed at her at the time.

Later, his business dried up and his forge had grown cold. The constant ringing of that bitch's hammer grew on his nerves! How had a woman like her stolen all his business? Determined to find the answer, he snuck in. What he saw shocked him. She wasn't doing the smithing; it was some fool immigrant who barely spoke English! The goods were all shit! How? Then, he saw: "Free fucks with each job!" That whore! He tried to buy something, just to give her a good, hard pounding. But, the haughty bitch laughed. "Throw him out!" she yelled, and the burly immigrant tossed him into the street. She didn't even return his money!

But, he had a plan. He found an inquisitor and made a deal. He'd forge them the best weapons and armor if the inquisitors would help him with a little "problem." Lucky for him, he found an inquisitor who knew exactly what the blacksmith wanted. They put that scum immigrant to the sword, dragged the harlot out, ripped off all her clothes, and denounced her for the adulterer and whore she truly was. When he got her into the dungeon, he strapped her to a special rig that he made himself. It was still hot from the forging the night before. Oh how she screamed as he whipped her good. "Deny me a fuck and take my money, will you?" he snarled. "I don't think so! Just you wait. I've got all kinds of toys I can try on you as soon as my cock has loosened you up first!"



"Do you remember me, you frigid, stuck-up bitch?"

It seemed like years, yet it was only a week ago that the noblewoman had laughed at him and mocked his holy sermon from her pew. "What a dried up limp dick, no wonder he keeps moralizing about sex! If he can't have any fun, no one else should either!" She barely even tried to conceal her voice as the other nobles smiled and eyed her from their stands. It didn't take a genius to know she was putting out, but if there was any doubt, the bitch flashing her tits to one of the noblemen in church certainly cleared things up.

If only she knew who she was insulting, maybe she would have shown more respect. One didn't insult a priest with the inquisitors at his beck and call.

"Pull the chain," he said, grinning.

The hooded inquisitor pulled hard on the chain, yanking the noblewoman's arms behind her. She let out a scream as the rope pulled tight between her legs, weighed down by a heavy metal ball. Her legs trembled and her arms trembled. "Oh God! I'm being split in two!"

The priest's grin widened as he pulled out a leather whip. He knelt down and tapped the ball with the whip, sending shocks through the rope. The woman cried out in pain, and her legs shook from the strain. "Stupid, lying, whoring cunt. I think your oversexed pussy needs to remember its place!" He pushed the ball, and she screamed again. "And believe me, I'm no limp dick. I'll make sure your cunt and your ass and your mouth remember that! You must've been waiting for a real man to give you a good, hard fuck, putting out like that. Well, I'll give you what you've been waiting for!"



When he was done with the noblewoman and left her dripping and sore, the priest walked over to the next cell. The woman was bent over, her head stuck in a pillory and her arms pulled up hard behind her back by two ropes connected to the ceiling. He tapped the leather whip against his hand and that nasty grin spread across his face. “Did you miss me, lady cocksucker?” he laughed. “I know my cock has certainly missed you!” She began to cry and beg and plead, but the priest just slapped her across the face. “Stupid girl! Fucksluts are for fucking, not for talking! I'm surprised you don't remember that!”

He grabbed her hair and rammed his fat, rock-hard cock deep into her mouth. She shut her eyes tight and tried to scream, but it only came out as a gurgle around his massive dick. He began pumping in and out of her mouth while she gagged and spat and whimpered. “All those times you'd walk away from church without giving a donation, you tightwad bitch! You think all that money your poor noble husband earned is for your own benefit, don't you? Buying all those whoring clothes and whoring underwear so you could fuck and suck while your husband worked himself to the bone! Well, the Lord is just and punishes wicked bitches who don't know their place!” She tried to scream again as he shot his load down her throat. “Don't worry, lady cocksucker! I've got more where that came from!”



"Milkmaid, milkmaid, where did you go?" The grocer wandered into the dungeon and heard a sobbing plea. "Oh! There you are."

His job was to purchase milk from the dairy farmers to be made into cheese and butter for the lords. The farmers were kind and always gave him some fresh milk to drink, but that whoring little hussy... She would giggle at him, and every time she would go to milk the cow, she'd bend over and flip up her skirt so he'd get a nice eyeful of her ass and cunt, and every time she'd wiggle and laugh at him. "Oh, you'd like this, wouldn't you?" she'd say, knowing the farmer's family was nearby. "But if you try, I'll scream! It's okay, though, I bet you couldn't get it up unless your grandmother was sucking you off! What a perv!" She'd always rudely push the buckets of milk to him and spill it all over him. "What a clumsy midgetprick! It looks like you sprayed yourself with your own spunk. Now get the fuck out!"

Now she hung from the ceiling by leather straps. "Such a tight little cunt with such a tight little ass, always teasing me with your asshole and your fuckhole whenever I'd come by." He whipped her across her back and her ass and she screamed. "It's a good thing I make personal deliveries to the priest, isn't it? Now I get to give you that real fuck you've always wanted! But first we've got to cook our fuckmeat a little!" He dragged over a metal brazier and pulled it under her, and she cried and writhed as the heat rose and pinked her tight ass. "Now you'll be a nice, hot fuck!" he laughed.



"Man, what a hot looking fuck," the black man said as the pretty redhead walked along the road. He leaned on his pitchfork and clucked his tongue. The farmer next to him nodded. "Oh yeah, I'd fuck all her holes all night long!" The black man walked up and alongside the woman. "Hey baby, you looking for a man who can treat you right?" She turned to him and scowled. "Stupid slave! I don't deal with the likes of you!" she shouted. The black man got angry. "What're you talking about, bitch? I'm a free man, here!" She merely laughed. "Oh, a dumb fuckmonkey who thinks he's free, how cute!"

"Hey, don't you talk to my buddy like that!" the farmer said, walking up. "Dumb fuck, you think you're better than us, don't you?" She only grinned. "Oh, I don't think I'm better. I KNOW I'm better!" She spat at them and walked away down the road.

"Dumb fuck, we should teach her a lesson!" The farmer said. "Yeah," the black man said. He started to smile. "And I know how. C'mon." The two of them went to the priest, their good friend. "Hey father, I might know of a smoking hot little hussy who might need to be taught some manners..."

The inquisitors found her soon enough. They took her back to the dungeon and tied her down to a tilting table. The farmer watched and grinned as she begged and pleaded with them to let her go. "Should've thought of that before you insulted me, you haughty bitch!" the black man said. "Oh but don't worry, baby, I haven't forgotten that good hard fuck you've always been wanting!" He grabbed her by the hips and thrust his massive black cock into her hole. "Oh, yeah! This is great!" The farmer walked up and sneered. "Just you wait till it's MY turn, bitch!"



One might think a carpenter would earn a little more respect for his work. Not only did he have to spend his entire life working for a guild, but he had to do all sorts of measurements and careful cutting to make sure all the furniture was perfect. It was his skill as a carpenter that got him a job working for a lord, and his lord was good to him.

But, that was before she came along. The daughter of some rival nobleman came to a banquet. The spoiled rotten little bitch walked in like she owned the place, yelling and demanding attention and food from the servants and the people around her. Dumb bitch should've known her place. The worst came from when she sat down at the table. Her chair broke out from under her! She was so furious, she demanded justice from the "numbskull cowfucker" who made such shit. They dragged him out in front of the entire court and flogged him while the bitch laughed the whole time. Later, he found the chair that had broken. The bitch intentionally broke it before she sat on it! No wonder!

When he told his lord, his lord swore revenge. He wanted to start a war, but the carpenter had a better idea. "Why risk yourself and your men over some dumb fuck? I'd be much easier to bring in the inquisitors. I'm old friends with the priest there, and he'd do anything for a friend like me."

They dragged the bitch down to the dungeons and tied her to a post, wrenched her legs up behind her, and forced her back into a painful arch. How she begged! The carpenter was rewarded by having the first go. "Hey, you dumb fuckslut, remember me?" He showed her his specially made fuckstick. "I've been saving this for you, bitch!" As he slid it inside her, she began to scream and cry. "Dumb fuckslut, if you think that's bad, wait 'till you feel my cock!"



*A*s a ropemaker, he was in high demand as the holy war raged across Europe. Every day, he'd wake up fresh and bright, eager to return to his work. It wasn't so much the making of rope that was the most rewarding part. No, it was his reward for delivering the rope that he enjoyed the most. The priest was generous not only with his coin, but also with the fucksluts in his dungeon. He was the most sought after ropemaker in the area because his ropes were not only strong but thin and tight – the better for cutting into female flesh! The priest said that he could have his pick of the fucksluts in the dungeon, and... if he suspected any pretty, young girl of heresy, there might be some “truth” to his claim.

Such a pretty little thing, so shy and demure when she walked into his shop. “Hello, good sir. My husband needs some rope for cattle ties. What is your best rope?”

The ropemaker grinned. “My best rope? My best rope is for hoisting up hot pieces of meat like you!” He grabbed her, and she screamed. “Help! Help!” Quickly, he clamped a rag over her face and squeezed her nose shut. “Quiet, bitch!” he shouted. “I don't need my fuckholes to make noise!” She struggled uselessly against him. It was pointless, and she couldn't breathe! Soon, she blacked out, and she was all his.

He wasn't just good at making rope; he was good at using it too! He tied her up tight and hoisted her up till she hung upside-down from the ceiling. He walked around her, making sure every knot was super tight and then pulled them even tighter! She screamed in pain. “Such a hot piece of meat needs to be enjoyed at a good angle! Just you wait till I get this right, then you'll start swaying as I start pounding!”

*I*t's good to be the king, as the saying goes. As the Master of Keys for the archbishop, he had girls aplenty to choose from. Pulled from all across Europe under suspicion of "heresy," there was always fresh meat to choose every single day. Not only that, but he had a wide range of tools to use as he humiliated and broke down those proud, stuck up pieces of meat. Rope, iron, chains, whips, and leather were all at his command, and each had their own purpose. He was skilled in all of them.

He walked up to the girl, stretched out on a wide rope web, like a fly caught in a spider's web. He tapped his whip against the side of his leg as he walked around her. The pretty little thing was sweating and trembling, letting out little whimpers with each passing breath. And her eyes. Those pretty blue eyes were wide and shaking as much as she was. "Please, sir, I'm a simple girl. I've done no wrong!"

The Master of Keys shook his head. "Stupid cunt, I didn't ask for you to tell me your life story! That's not what you're here for!" He smacked her across her exposed belly with his whip, and she screamed. "Dumb bitch. You're not here because you're unholy. You're here for your holes!" He laughed. "But first, we got to tender you up and make you ready for a good reaming!" He pulled a nearby lit brazier up close, and she began to sweat even more as her skin flushed from the heat. "Oh please, sir! Take it away! I'm burning!" she cried out. "That's merely a tickle compared to the caning I'll give you and your tight little fuckhole! But first, we've got to tenderize the meat a little!" He laid the length of his whip across her belly, and she shook and pleaded. He just grinned.





The Master of Keys moved over to his next victim, a new slave captured in war against the heretics. He grinned as he watched his hooded apprentice bend over his new fuckmeat and start tying the knots. "Tighter..." the Master of Keys said. The apprentice bobbed his head and yanked on the ropes. The girl screamed. "Oh God! It hurts! Let me go! Pleeeeeaaassee!" The Master of Keys knelt down and slapped her across the face. "Shut up! I don't appreciate my cunts breaking my concentration!" He stood up again and pointed at his apprentice's work. "This part here is too loose, and what's this?" He yanked at a knot, and it came loose. "You need to practice your ropework better. We can't let these sluts get free, they might think they're people!" he said, laughing.

The apprentice ducked his head. "Yes my lord. Sorry my lord!"

"Hoist her up!"

The apprentice walked over to a rope threaded through a ring. He took the rope and pulled it. As he did, the bound girl was lifted up off the floor and into the air. "Oh God! Oh God!" she screamed as the ropes cut into her tender flesh. She struggled wildly, screaming in pain. The Master of Keys only laughed. "If you think that hurts, just you wait!" He turned to the apprentice. "I think we'll use the BIG fuckstick on this one, the one with the knobs!" The apprentice giggled. "Yes, yes!" When he returned, the girl's eyes went wide. "Oh please no! Don't put that inside me! Please!" The Master of Keys only laughed harder. "I'll hold her steady while you pump her cunt!" As she felt the head of the massive fuckstick brush against her pussy lips, she began to cry, then scream.

"And what have we here?" The Grand Inquisitor asked as he walked into the cell. One of his lieutenants stood holding a trembling girl, her arms tied brutally tight behind her back. "We found this harlot trying to flee from us on horseback!" The Grand Inquisitor shook his head. "Only a heretic would dare try to run from us! By your actions are you condemned!" The girl whimpered. "Please sir, let me go! I've done no wrong!" The Grand Inquisitor scoffed. "No wrong? You've done a terrible wrong! You have yet to suck me off, and that is very wrong indeed!" The girl's eyes widened. "No! No! Let me go!"

"So, you like riding horses, do you? I've got a horse that'll be perfect for a hot piece of fuckmeat like you!" He returned with a wooden bar with an inverted triangle on top and nailed it in place. "Let's saddle her up!"

"Nooooooo!" she cried out. The grinning lieutenant lifted her up easily and dropped her onto the triangle. She shrieked as the rough, hard wood bit into her most sensitive pussy flesh. "Please! Please, it hurts!" she whimpered, shaking wildly as her tits trembled. The Grand Inquisitor grinned. "Oh, we can take some weight off that fuckhole. Let's hang you up by your tits!" The bitch's eyes widened. "Nooooo! Pleeeeease!"

They looped nooses around her fat tits and pulled them tight, making her tits bulge. She screamed and cried as they pulled the ropes to the ceiling, through a ring, before tying the ends off to her bound arms! "There! Now, let's decorate this bit of fuckmeat!" the Grand Inquisitor said as he grabbed a cane. The cunt only screamed and shook her head. "Just you wait, you filthy little whore! My cock and balls are aching because of you, and once we're done, you won't have an unfucked hole on your entire body!"



She had been there for who knows how long, stretched out by rope until every muscle was screaming with only that small, wooden stool under her back for support. She moaned into the dark, but there was no response. Finally, she heard something. Footsteps echoed as a door slammed shut and a person moved into the room. "Please..." she whimpered. A torchlight appeared, and she squinted her eyes, and then she saw a man dressed all in black holding a whip in one hand. "No... no please no... let me go..." she whined.

"Such a whiny little cunt," the man sneered. He smacked her across her exposed tummy and she screamed. "Are you ready to confess yet to your crimes, you heretic, you harlot?" She shook her head and whimpered. "Please sir, I'm just a simple farmer! I've done nothing wrong!" She screamed as he whipped her again. "You're lying! You and all you filthy fucksluts are always lying, corrupting good men and making them do foul things with your fat tits and your tight ass and your wet, whoring cunt!" He whipped her again, and she screamed again. "Noooo! Let me go!"

"I'll let you go as soon as you confess that you're a lying, whoring slut! I'm going to skullfuck you and fuck your ass and then, I'm going to ram my giant cock in your cunt just to show you how much of a whore you are! You can lie to me, but your dripping slit around my dick is all the truth I need!"





The Master of Keys walked in. The brunette beauty was bent backward painfully over a wood stump with her arms wrenched behind her back and tied tight with strong, thin ropes and her legs were tied wide apart. He walked around her in a circle while her terrified eyes watched him. He took his time, a small smile on his face as he lightly ran his fingertips across her bare skin. “How are we doing today, my dear?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Please!” the girl bleated. “Let me go! My husband is a baron! He will gladly pay my ransom!”

The Master of Keys didn't respond. He rolled one of her nipples between a finger and forethumb, and she gasped. “That's the problem with you fuckmeats. You marry stuck-up man and you think you're special. Well, you're wrong!” He pinched her nipple, hard! She shrieked in pain and jerked against the ropes. “Fucksluts are fucksluts no matter how you dress them, only good for getting drilled and filled with spunk.” He leaned over, close enough that she could smell his breath. She groaned. “Perhaps you need to be re-educated, to learn what it means to properly please a man, like a dumb cunt should!” The Master of Keys grinned. “That's why your husband sent you here, after all!”

She gasped. “He would never!”

The Master of Keys laughed. “Dumb fucking bitch, you don't know anything! That's okay, though.” He took off his pants and revealed his massive, throbbing dick. “You only have one hole that's important, and it doesn't talk back!” He grabbed a handle hanging by a chain and rammed his cock inside her. “How does that feel, cunt? How does that feel to have my cock in your nasty snatch?!”

*I*t was always fun playing with fresh meat, especially the innocent fresh meat that was brought in by the inquisitors from poor rural, country knights. The girls were so pure and naïve and amazingly tight. It was what the dungeon apprentice liked best about them. He walked over to a redhead wedged into a tiny cage and unlocked the door. “Come out you airheaded bitch!” The girl whimpered and practically flopped out of the cage, her arms still bound unbelievably tight behind her back. He dragged her to the middle of the dungeon and tied her legs wide apart. She began to moan and cry. “I didn't do anything to deserve this! Let me go!” she protested, struggling uselessly. The apprentice merely grinned. “Keep screaming all you want, all it's doing is making me hard!” He then took some nooses hanging from the ceiling. She just stared like the dumb cow she was. “What... what are you going to do with those?”

“You'll see!” He looped each of her fat tits with the rope and pulled tight, eliciting a weak cry from the girl, then he walked over to a ring embedded in the wall, where the other end of the ropes were tied. The dumb cow finally realized what was about to happen. “Nooooo! Nooooooo! Please don't!”

The apprentice's grin widened. He stared at her then pulled down on the ropes, hard! “NOOOOOOOOO!” the girl screamed as he pulled her up by her tits! She continued screaming as her plump, fat tits began turning a dark purple. “Oh, poor baby! Let me help you!” He took a thick, leather whip and pulled it between her legs and then lifted her up by her cunt! Her screaming increased as she thrashed. He licked his lips and rubbed the bulge in his pants. “I can't believe I'm getting paid for this!”





The morning was bright when the priest wandered around his castle that morning. "Life is good!" he said, staring out at the sunrise. "Life is definitely good." He smacked his hands together and grinned. "My balls are aching and my dick wants some nice, fresh cunt. Let's see what we have today." He walked down to the dungeon to the cries and screams of tight girls, the crack of leather, and the wet slapping of flesh fucking flesh. The entire dungeon smelled of cunt.

He opened a door and caught sight of a redhead twisting slowly at the end of a tangle of rope, and his smile widened. "Ah, that ropemaker does good work." He walked up to her, and she began to babble and bleat and plead. He grabbed her by the chin and looked at her with an inquisitive eye. "Do I know you?" he asked. She merely stared back. "No. Doesn't matter, one good fuck is as good as another!"

"Please sir, I'm a--"

"Shut up! I didn't ask, and I don't care! You're just fresh pussy to me!" He walked behind her, stroking his rock hard, throbbing cock. He grabbed hold of the rope for leverage and, in one quick motion, rammed his dick deep inside her! She screamed and jerked uselessly against the ropes. The sound of wet flesh slapping as he fucked her joined the chorus in the dungeon. Life was very, very good.



It was after lunch when the priest returned to the dungeon to come for his new redhead fuckslut. She was bent over in a strict strappado, legs spread wide at the ends of a spreader bar, whimpering, and shaking like a frightened rabbit. “Did you miss me, cunt?” he asked as he circled her. The girl didn't even look him in the eye. He grabbed a handful of hair, and she let out a startled gasp. “Dumb cunt! I was talking to you!” He bent down and stared her straight in the eyes. “Now, did you miss me and my big, fat, throbbing cock, you stinking, filthy, dirty whore?” The girl averted her eyes. “Yes... master...”

“Good, good...” the priest said, and he let go of her hair. Her head drooped. She shifted her weight, trying to ease the strain on her shoulders, but it did little good. Her soft, creamy thighs quivered from the strain of maintaining such a position. The priest picked up a whip and circled her, lightly tapping her bare skin. She let out a startled cry each time the whip landed. He just grinned. “What's this?” Thwack. “I haven't even really started yet!” Thwack. “Such a white, tight, innocent little cunt. I knew the moment I fucked you that you were a virgin. Oh, I'm going to have fun breaking you, making you crawl and beg to be pumped in all your holes. When I'm done, your body will be covered in welts and all your holes will be dribbling with spunk.”

“No! Please!” She began to struggle frantically. “Let me go!”

“Shut it!” he yelled. He grabbed another handful of hair and yanked hard. She cried out in surprise and pain. “We need to put your yammering mouth to better use, and what better use is there than sucking my dick!” Her scream was muffled by his massive meat sausage as he thrust it down her throat and pumped faster and faster and faster.



The Grand Inquisitor was always busy, moving from cell to cell and inspecting the tight, fresh cunts. He wandered into a cell to find brand new cunt, just waiting to be fucked, strapped to the tilting table. “And what have we here?” The cunt shook and watched with wide, terrified eyes. His eyes flicked up and down along the length and curves of her sweet, untouched flesh. “Another bitch who would pervert honest men with her whorish curves and whorish ways?”

“No, my lord!” she blurted out. Stupid cunts! It was always the same! “I’ve done nothing wrong! Please, let me go!” The Grand Inquisitor sighed. “Stupid bubbleheaded bitch! Can’t you dumb cunts think up anything new? It’s always the same from your fat, cocksucking lips!” He reached forward and clawed a handful of tit. She let out a cry of pain. “My lord, please! It hurts!” The Grand Inquisitor merely grinned as he twisted her tender, sensitive nips, eliciting a scream. “Your lying words tire me. I already know your crime: you are a deceiving, moneygrubbing cunt who thinks herself too good to serve a man!” The woman shook her head. “Enough!” He grabbed a thin, wood cane and slashed across her thighs. “There’s only one cure for your lying mouth, and that’s a good, thorough fuck in all of your holes!”

“Nooooo! Pleeaaaaaassse!” His eyes flashed and his dick throbbed in his pants as he striped her across her body, watched her writhe in pain, watched those tight, young tits shake with each scream. He grabbed a handful of tit and squeezed hard! “I’m going to enjoy fucking all the sin out of you and filling you with my hot spunk!”

There's nothing worse than a gossip. The only thing the dumb bimbo had going for her was her stunning looks. She would come to the inn nightly and spread the tastiest, juiciest rumors. It was fun listening to her talk – who was cheating who and who was fucking who! Also, whoever gave her some good dirt would get a free handjob as a reward. If she got some really good dirt, she might suck some cock, and for the very best kind, she'd open her legs and give some nice, tight cunt. No wonder she had so much dirt on everyone! One day, a tailor caught a milkmaid fucking a farmer. The tailor eagerly ran off to tell her. “So, when do I get some pussy?” he asked. “Just you wait. You'll get what's coming to you...”

That night at the inn, she grinned wickedly and pointed at him! “That loser right there fucks goats 'cause he can't get anyone else, not even fat, old, ugly cunts!” Everyone laughed. His face turned red. “What the fuck, bitch? I thought we had a deal!” She sneered at him. “Stupid pinprick. Get lost!” She broke her deal! He would get his revenge.

The inquisitors dragged her to the dungeon and hung her up by a leg tied to a leather strap, and they tied the rest of her extra tight. They made sure to gag her stinking, lying mouth as well. The tailor found her sweating and whimpering. He grinned and his cock went hard as he picked up a whip. “Remember me, you lying bitch?” She HMMED and MMMPHFFED behind her gag. “I remember you! Call me a goatfucker, will you? After I tan your hide and stripe your skin, I'll take that whoring cunt of yours and more! Now YOU'LL get what's coming to you... or at least some cum!”





*A*s a senior apprentice, it was his job to test every fuckstick to make sure it made every cunt, ass, and mouth nice and red and ready for a good, hard fuck. He loved it, especially since he had to “test” every bitch’s hole afterwards to make sure they were nice and ready. His cock and balls already ached, and he hadn’t even started yet! He looked through the dungeon cabinets for some nice, knobby fucksticks – the better to pump pussy with! He picked out a nice, fat, new one and grinned.

He looked around for the fresh meat, and he easily found one. She was naked and tied down to a giant wooden box where her arms disappeared into holes behind her. Her lower lip quivered. “Please sir, what am I doing here? I’ve done no wrong!” He only smiled. “You’ve done a terrible wrong.” He slipped a finger into her tight, virgin cunt, and she gasped. “You’ve never let a man fuck your pussy! That’s a terrible crime indeed!” She whimpered. He took out his new, knobby fuckstick and showed it to her. Her face went white. “Noooo! Don’t put that inside me!” He ignored her and rammed it deep into her snatch. Her scream was delicious! “If you think that’s bad, you stupid bitch, wait till I stick my dick inside you! Then you’ll really sing!”



If only the dumb fucks knew who he was. He made sure no one ever told them, because he wanted to tell them himself. That was half the fun! He'd watch their eyes go wide, and he loved listening to them plead. Most especially, he liked the feel of their tight, quivering pussies as he fucked them raw. Used or fresh, either way was fine, because he was the one in ultimate control. He was the one who could do whatever he wanted because he was the executioner.

The girl was bent over, arms tied to both ends of a support pillar, and her body was covered with welts – some old, some new. Her trembling, quivering body betrayed her fear. He ran his fingers across her flesh. She let out a weak cry, and her body trembled. He picked up a whip, and struck her hard. She let out weak little scream, and her ass shook and her tits shook and her thighs shook with each hit. It made his cock rock hard for her cunt. He lightly lifted her chin, made her look to him. “Do you want me to let you go?”

Hope filled her eyes, the dumb cunt. “Pleeeeaassee...” she whispered. A small, tight smile crossed his face. “I’ll let you go... when I’m done with you!” He grabbed a handful of hair. “Just imagine... chains, hooks, ropes, whips, cuffs, and lots of hard, rough fucks! And maybe... maybe when I’m done, I will let you go... to your grave!”

Her eyes widened with pure, helpless terror. She began to wail. “But first I’ll ream every tight hole of yours!” He rammed his cock deep into her cunt and felt it twitch tight around him. Her screams turned to grunts as he pumped hard inside her tight quivering cunt.



A cloaked man walked into the fortuneteller's wagon. He found that she was just as lovely as he had heard. "Oh great fortuneteller, could you tell me my future and give me good news?" She smiled. "Of course! However, the future is not free. How much do you have?" He gave all his life savings: a small handful of coins. She peered into her crystal ball. "I see in your future... your limp, shriveled dick! You pathetic loser, you'll always be a loser and a moron! Now get the fuck out! I have your money, and that's all you're worth to me!"

He stood up and glared. "You stupid cunt. You think you're so smart. The only one you fucked over was yourself!" He pulled off his cloak and revealed himself to be an inquisitor! She gasped in shock. "Dumb, fucking, lying, deceiving bitch! You cheating whores are all the same, and I know exactly how to cure you of your cheating ways - with a good, hard fuck!" He grabbed her. She screamed. "Scream all you want, bitch! I'm the law here! I'm going to take you down to my dungeon, tie you up with rope and hang you upside-down from the ceiling - the better to shove my dick inside your lying mouth! Bet you didn't see THAT coming, you stupid cunt, but you'll definitely see ME cumming!" He dragged her away, and he was true to his word.

The girl hung from the ceiling by her arms, ropes encircling her tits and frogtying her legs. She looked at the executioner with fear. "I bet you don't know what day today is. It's a very special day!" She only stared at him with those big, frightened, cow eyes. "Today, you're mine!" He walked up and looked into her big, dumb eyes. "Do you know how many bitches I've killed?" She only whimpered. "I can't even remember now, but what I CAN say is that your death will be long, slow, and painful!" He grinned and shoved his fingers inside her. She gasped and bucked as he finger fucked her. "If you thought those inquisitors were bad, you haven't seen me! I get to fuck my meat in all kinds of fun ways, because I don't need to worry about keeping them alive..."

"Mercy! Mercy!" she cried out. He just grinned. He pulled out a fuckstick, a special fuckstick. Her eyes widened. It looked like all the other kinds, but at the end was a long, sharp spike! "Ever been fucked with this thing?" She only cried and struggled. He slowly stuck the sharpened fuckstick inside her. "No! Nooo! Don't put it inside me! Pleeese!" she begged. "Stupid cunt! Do you think you'll die this easy? No, I'm going to empty my load into your mouth and shitter and snatch first! This is just a taste of your fate!"



As a hunter for the inquisition, he could hunt whatever he liked, and that included bitches! He wandered around the forest looking for fresh meat to fuck. He found it! Some poor, innocent peasant had gotten lost in the woods. When she saw him, she was so relieved. The dumb cunt! She believed him when he promised to take her somewhere "safe." It was only when she was in the dungeon – with the naked, bound beauties and bitches getting whipped and fucked – that she realized how screwed she really was!

He dragged her to a cell and tied her in a standing spread-eagle. She begged and pleaded for him to let her go – it was the same stupid thing from every dumb cunt! He found a nice, fat fuckstick on a long pole and rammed it up her tight, virgin snatch. She screamed. He pulled the fuckstick forward, making her arch her back painfully.

He then began to play with her tits and her nips. "I think I'll pierce your nips and leash you like the bitch in heat you are!" She screamed when she felt the hot needle through her sensitive flesh. As he pulled on her freshly pierced nipples, his cock grew hard. "An animal like you needs some stripes!" he said as he picked up a whip. "Let's give you some pretty new ones, then I'll fuck your tight, virgin ass!"





She hung from the ceiling, by her elbows, her arms shaking from the strain and her nipples sore from the clamps and weights that hung on them. Her body was striped from the whip marks and her legs were forced wide apart by the spreader bar tied to her ankles. Her mouth and ass were dripping with the executioner's cum. The executioner stroked the length of his whip and smiled. "Now that was a nice warm-up, wasn't it? Now the REAL fun begins!"

He got a long rope and pulled it tight between her legs. She let out a low groan and squirmed helplessly. He threaded the rope through a ring in the ceiling before he went to fetch a big, heavy weight. He tied the end of the weight to the rope, and her eyes went wide. "Noooo! Pleeese!" the cunt bleated. He smiled and then he dropped the ball!

She screamed long and hard as the rope bit deep inside her tight, cum-filled cunt. He watched and grinned as she thrashed against her bonds. He walked up to her and pressed the length of the whip against the rope inside her filthy snatch. "Oh God pleeease! It huuuurrrts!" He merely grinned. "Let's see how much more weight we can put on your dripping whore cunt before you split in two!"

When the alchemist reached the inquisitor's castle, they all welcomed him with open arms. One of the inquisitors found him. "Good alchemist, we recently caught a moneygrubbing noble harpy of a cunt who just won't shut up! Perhaps you have some special concoction to quiet her down?" asked the inquisitor, nudging with his elbow. The alchemist grinned. "Perhaps I do, but I know one good cure that always works on cunts – a good, rough fuck!"

He came back with a black, glass bottle. When he went down to the dungeon, he could hear the bitch screaming from the very entrance. "Release me! I don't deserve this! I'll have all your heads!" she kept screaming and screaming. Wow, she WAS a dumb cunt! She still thought she was better than the piece of fuckmeat that she was! When the alchemist reached her cell, she only glared at him. "You! Release me or I'll have you skewered on a spit!" The alchemist laughed. "Fat chance, you dumb bitch! This is your own fault! You're here now because you think you're better than everyone else! Well, I've got a special 'cure' for you!"

He uncorked the bottle and poured a little bit on her tit. She let out a scream as the acid burned her tender flesh! "How do you like that, you stupid cunt?" He kept going, pouring a little more on each tit and grinning as the droplets fell across her stomach and her thigh. He then put the bottle to her fat, nasty snatch! "Noo! Please not there!" she begged him. He laughed. "Very well! I'll wait until after I've fucked you raw to burn off your clit! Dumb whores shouldn't enjoy getting pounded! Have me skewered on a spit, eh? I have a nice, fat spit that I'll skewer YOU on!"





The blacksmith never ceased to amaze. Since he started working for the inquisition, he came up with all sorts of contraptions which not only inflicted maximum pain and humiliation on all the fresh, new fucksluts that came to their dungeons, but also allowed for maximum access to all their nice, tight holes so that cunts and asses could be fucked hard and deep!

A dungeon apprentice walked into the cell and found a beautiful, unmarked virgin spread wide across a large, metal chair with her arms tied up the back. She was whimpering and crying, bouncing her tight, white ass delectably as she squirmed and strained against the ropes, trying to get free or at least find a comfortable position. The apprentice just grinned, walked up, and took a hold of each tight ass cheek with each hand. She let out a startled gasp. "Who's there? Please, let me go! I'm innocent!" The apprentice laughed. "Of course you are!" he said as he rammed two fingers up her tight snatch. The girl cried out as he wriggled his fingers in her unfucked cunt. "But we can surely fix your innocence and turn you into a nice, obedient cum bucket!" The girl wailed and squirmed. "Nooo! Nooo!" she gasped, her hips bucking uselessly, trying to eject his fingers as they wriggled inside her.

The apprentice laughed again as he ran his hands up and down her body and grabbed her tits and squeezed them roughly. "Maybe I'll save your cunt till later, my nice, new fuck! That just means I'll have to find another hole to ream!" He stuck his thumb up her ass, and she howled. "Nooo! Pleeeeease not there! It hurts!" she cried out. He placed one hand on her thigh while the other pinched her nipple, making her scream. "Dumb cunt! If you thought that hurt, wait till you feel my cock!" He rammed his dick deep inside her, and she let out a scream. "Nooooooooooooo!"



The new ropemaker stepped back and smiled with satisfaction as he watched the girl spin slowly from the end of a rope harness. The frightened girl whimpered and struggled for all the good it did. He was a skilled ropemaker. The girl whimpered and whined, still struggling. "Please let me go!" she begged. "Oh God, it's so tight! It hurts!" she whined. The ropemaker only laughed. "Maybe I'll cut you down but only after I've cum in your cunt and your ass and your mouth!" The girl's eyes widened. "Noo! Pleease don't! My husband is the duke! He'll pay you beyond your wildest dreams! Enough to buy your own castle and your own dungeon full of prettier girls than me! Just pleeease let me go!"

The ropemaker laughed again. He picked up a leather whip and began to stripe his fresh new cunt. She screamed and swayed with each blow. He timed each strike as she swung back, maximizing the pain! She howled and cried, tears running down her face. "Dumb cunt! I bet you thought I'd fall for that! It was your henpecked husband that asked us to make you disappear! He wanted a wife who was less of a bitch and who'd spend less of his money on whore clothes while fucking every minstrel that walked into his hall!" The girl's eyes went wide and her face flushed. "He... I... I never did anything like that! You... you don't have any proof!"

The ropemaker slapped her across the face. "Dumb cunt! Not only are you a liar, but you're a bad liar too! It doesn't matter. You proud whores always think you're better than us hardworking men! Well, I'll soon break you of that! Soon, you'll be begging for my cock like the good cocksucker you are!" He grabbed a handful of hair and rammed his rock-hard cock down her throat. She gagged as he put that lying mouth to better use - sucking him off!



*A*s the corrupt priest who ruled the castle, he could fulfill his own deep, sick, twisted desires by sending the inquisitors to fetch whomever he wanted! He remembered this beautiful nun who he'd met just a few weeks ago. He whispered that he could make her rich and happy – all she had to do was suck his cock! The dumb bitch then kicked him in the balls! “You stupid prick! You must be really stupid to make me think that a poor loser like you could buy me. I don't think I could suck you off, anyway. I don't suck rat dicks!” Oh yes, he remembered her. When he got back, he issued a new order – there was evidence of heresy in the nunnery, and the dumb, pretty girls needed to be taught a lesson!

When they were all brought back, chained and naked and whipped, he found her easily. She didn't bow down and grovel for her freedom or her life, the proud, arrogant cunt. When she saw him, she demanded he release her as she was “innocent!” He just slapped her. “Dumb bitch! Who do you think you're talking to?”

He went down to the dungeon after she had been roughed up and tied up. He found her sitting on a stool with her legs and arms tied up in the air to the pole. Best of all, her fat, tight cunt was wide open – ready for a good, hard fuck! He looked into her eyes, and he saw the first glimmers of fear in them. “Remember me, you stupid, stuck up bitch?” He dropped his pants, revealing his massive cock. Her eyes went wide. “No! Don't put that inside me!” He laughed then rammed his cock inside her! She let out a delicious scream. “I gave you a chance, but you blew it! Now you'll not just suck me off, but I'll pound all your holes until you don't remember anything else but my dick!”

After he had fucked all her holes, the priest dragged the crying nun to another cell. He strung her up on a giant, wooden cross and tied her up nice and tight. Tears ran down her face and covered her cheeks. "Please!" she begged him. "Haven't you done enough to me! Just let me go!" The priest slapped her. "Stupid bitch, I'm just barely starting with you! You think you're just here to laze around and get your whoring holes fucked? You're not here to have fun! You're here to serve and please your betters!" He picked up a leather whip and cracked it across her thighs. She let out a scream. "You think I haven't forgotten how you busted my balls? I'll make sure you pay for that!"

"Now tell me what you are!" he yelled as he continued to whip her. She cried and writhed, whimpered and pleaded as snot and drool ran down her face. Her face was red and her throat was raw, but he kept on whipping her. "Tell me you're a dirty, filthy whore, and that you love to suck cock!" he yelled. "I'm a whore! I'm a dirty, fucking whore, and I love sucking cock!" she sobbed. "That's right!" said the priest. "Tell the truth, you cumsucking, cockfucking, ballbusting slut! You're a piece of fuckmeat whose only purpose is to satisfy your betters!" She howled and jerked in the ropes as he striped her body red.

He put the whip away and walked up close, grabbed her by the chin. "Now what are you?" he asked. She sniffled. "I'm a cocksucking whore." The priest nodded. "And what is your job?" She whimpered. "I'm here to please and suck your dick and take all your cum." The priest smiled. "Good! Now you're learning your place. Let's see how much you learned when I fuck your slutty cunt!" he said, dropping his pants.





Sometimes, they caught really stupid cunts. The cunts kept insisting they were innocent, spat in the inquisitor's faces, or refused to admit that they were the dirty, filthy cocksucking cunts that they really were. Some were especially stupid: they tried to escape. A senior apprentice approached a girl, standing with her hands tied behind her back with a rope around her waist while more ropes bound her ankles together and bound her toes as well. Two loops hung around her tits. She didn't even know what was about to happen.

She stared at him defiantly. "You lazy, loser pinprick!" she scoffed as the senior apprentice approached. She struggled like the dumb cow she was. "Save yourself some pain and let me go! I'll just escape again if you don't! If you don't let me go, I'll find you and cut off your balls!" The senior apprentice smirked. "Stupid cunts always think they're so smart. You think dressing up like an inquisitor is going to fool anyone?" The senior apprentice took hold of the end of the tit noose ropes, tied to a metal ring in the wall. "You're going to love this!"

He pulled hard on the ropes, and the dumb cow went up in the air by her tits. She screamed, her eyes wide with shock. "Hah! How do you like that, you dumb cunt? Let's see you escape out of this!" Tears leaked from her eyes as she struggled, but her struggles only made the tit nooses dig tighter. He took a wooden cane and started whipping her. "Escape, you dumb bitch! C'mon!" He then struck her purple tits, and she shrieked in agony. "Scream, you stupid cunt! It's only making me harder! Cut off my balls, will you? I think I'd rather bury my cock, balls deep, in your cunt!" He smacked her crotch, and she shrieked. "Maybe I'll fuck you where you hang, see how well your whoring cunny can please my dick!"



The owner of the village general store hired some extra help one day. He found this pretty, young girl who seemed like a good choice. However, at the end of the month, he noticed that his profits had plummeted. Suspicious, he decided to hide and watch his new hire. Soon, he had his answer: she was stealing all his money! Not only that, but she decided to steal stuff from his own store without paying for it! The thieving twat! He went to an inquisitor soon after. He'd get his payback... one way or another!

In the dungeon, he found the stuck-up, thieving cunt tied to a support beam and bent over. "What have I done wrong? I didn't do nothing wrong! Let me go!" she yelled, struggling. He spat. "Dumb fuck! You think I don't know what you did? You took my stuff and my money! Well, you're going to pay me back for that... with your cunt!"

He grabbed a special fuckstick that his carpenter friend had made, just for him. "You see this, bitch? This goes in your stinky, filthy snatch!" As he rammed it hard into her pussy, and she began to scream and cry. "Just you wait till I put my dick inside you and fuck you!" he shouted. "You learned your lesson too late, fuckmeat! Thieves always get what's coming to them, especially thieving bitches!"



The ropemaker never failed to impress! This time he'd taken a new bitch and tied her body tight with a web of ropes and tied her ankles and wrists to spreader bars before tying them to each other! She hung from the ceiling, her legs parted and her nice, fat cunt open for a nice, hard fuck! She hung there, twitching and whimpering and struggling, but she wasn't going anywhere.

It was the apprentice's job to check each fuckmeat to make sure she was still nice and tight to be worth a good fuck. If she wasn't, then life got dramatically worse for her! Sometimes, if his job required him to bang his test subjects to ensure their cunnies were nice and tight, there was nothing wrong with that either! She whimpered and pleaded with him, but he ignored her.

He reached between her legs and slipped his fingers into her cunt. She let out a groan, and her struggles increased. He slipped in two fingers, then three, then four! Each time, her groans turned to gasps, then cries, then wails. He slid his entire hand into her snatch and wriggled his fingers while she screamed and thrashed. "Oh yeah... I think you're still a nice, tight little cunt!" he grinned as he drove his hand deep inside her. "But just to make sure, maybe I should pound you with my raging hard cock! I've got to check your other fuckholes too, so save your screams... you'll need 'em!"

The day was nearly done, and the Master of Keys wanted to take off early. He walked up to the tower where his own personal chambers were. Not only could he rest and relax there, but he had his own personal cell where he kept his own, personal fuckmeat! A new one had been brought in today, and his bulging, massive cock was throbbing just thinking about it! The best part about having his own personal fuckmeat was that he didn't have to share, and he could do whatever he pleased with her! He quickly got to his personal cell and found her prepared just as he had asked – bent over an short iron ladder with her pussy ripe for the pounding! He walked up to her and slapped her tight ass, and she woke up with a gasp!

“Dumb cunt. You think you're here to laze around and sleep?” She whimpered and trembled, shaking her ass and thighs as she shivered. “Oh God no! Oh God! Please, let me go!” she cried, struggling to get free. He laughed. “I'll let you go, cunt, when I'm tired of you! I'll give you over to the executioner and does he LOVE playing with his meat! But until then, you and all your tight holes are mine, and mine alone!” He pulled out his cock from his pants and rammed his dick hard and deep into her snatch. She screamed and jerked, bucking her hips as he pounded her from behind! “Ah, that feels great! I'm going to enjoy fucking you and your holes for a long, long time!” She kept struggling. “Take it out! Oh God take it out of me!” she begged, but he only pounded her harder! “I'll take it out when I grow tired of your nasty cunny and decide to fuck your ass instead!”





*S*mack! The executioner struck her across her tummy, and she screamed. She was tied with her arms and legs spread, standing on the floor, bright red stripes criss-crossing her body. “Had enough?” the executioner asked. The dumb girl nodded her head frantically. “Please stop! I’ll do whatever you want!” The executioner struck her again with the whip. She screamed. “Dumb fuck! I can do whatever I want to you already!”

He smiled. He pulled two leather nooses from the ceiling and showed them to her. “Do you know what these are?” Her face went white. “No! Please don’t kill me! I don’t want to hang!” He laughed. “Dumb cunt, these aren’t for hanging you by the neck!” Her face went even whiter as he looped each one tight around her tits. “Noooooo!” she screamed as he went to the ends of the leather nooses and pulled them and her into the air by her fat, purple tits! “Noooooo! It hurts! Ahhhh it hurts!” she screamed. He laughed. “I love hanging cunts by their tits! They never see it coming!” He struck one plump, purple tit, and she howled. “Don’t worry, my loud cunny! I’m not going to kill you yet! I haven’t even fucked you!” He pulled out his massive, throbbing cock, and she began to cry. “My dick loves tit hanging cunts too, as you’ll soon find out!”

"Did you ever think we'd end up here?" asked an inquisitor. He had a hood on his head but wore nothing else. "I mean, if that guy... what's his name, didn't nail that paper to the door, we wouldn't be doing this!" A weak little groan came from the girl he was fucking. "Shut up!" the inquisitor yelled, slapping the girl across the tits. She let out a whimper. The inquisitor put his hands to her hips and started fucking her again, his rock-hard cock digging deep into her tight, perfect cunt.

"Yeah, this is really sweet," said the other man, an apprentice to the Master of Keys. "Our choice of fuckmeat and cunt, and fresh ones, nice and tight, coming in every day!" The apprentice knelt down and tightened the girl's binding, arching her back even more painfully! "Dumb cunts. This is where they belong!"

"Damn straight!" grunted the inquisitor as his fucking sped up and he pumped his meat sausage faster and harder and deeper into the girl's cunt. He thrust deep inside her as he filled her cunt and womb with his spunk. "Ahhh! Life is good!" he said, grinding his dick inside her pussy. She let out a whine. The apprentice bent over and pinched the girl's nip, hard! "Oh don't worry, baby! You'll get your taste of cock when I stick my fat man meat down your throat!"





"Tell me your crimes, whore!" the man said as he whipped her again, adding to the stripes all over her. She let out a scream and whimpered, crying as she struggled. Her struggles had no chance of setting her free. They only tightened the clamps around her painfully stretched nips! "I didn't fuck and suck your cock!" she screamed, sobbing. The man struck her with the whip, and she screamed. "And what else?" The girl shook her head, face contorting with tears. "I humiliated you in the inn! This is what I deserve!" she bawled, straining against her bonds, yanking at her clamped and stretched nipples. The man hit her again. "Keep going!" The girl howled. "I'm a filthy, filthy whore who's getting what she deserves!" she yelled.

"That's right! Dumb cunt! Now you regret it, don't you?" The bitch sobbed uselessly. "Yes!" The man stroked his cock and walked up between her spread legs. "And you want my big, fat dick deep inside your cunt, don't you?" The girl sobbed and nodded her head. "Yes... please!" she cried. "Please!" she begged him. The man struck her with the whip, and she howled. "Good! You're learning, you stupid cunt!" He hit her again. "It hurts!" she cried out. "Shut it!" he yelled as he rammed his cock inside her tight, wet snatch. "When I blow my load in your hole, we're going to start again until you convince me you're not lying!"



The corrupt priest went back to the master bedroom. It had been a long day, rooting out heretics and selling the used fuckmeat to the lords and kings down south, but it was definitely, definitely worth it. He walked into his private dungeon. One fuckmeat was bent over in a strappado with clamps on her nips, and the other hung from the ceiling by her arms, and a crotchrope was pulled tight between her spread legs and her snatch. He looked up. The crotchrope and the strappado rope were the same! That ropemaker was clever!

The priest walked up to the girl with the crotchrope. She sniveled pitifully. "Are you eager to have your cunt fucked?" he asked. The girl nodded. "Yes master, please fuck this useless cunt. It's what she deserves," the girl whimpered, dropping her eyes. He struck her hard with his whip. "And I will, you dumb cunt! But you'll just have to wait your turn!" he said, gleefully striking her again and again while she screamed and thrashed, wrenching the other girl's arms up higher and higher.

He went to the strappado girl and grabbed her hips before jamming his cock inside her. She screamed and yanked down, driving the crotchrope deep into the other girl's cunt. They both began screaming as he pounded the girl hard and fast and deep. Oh yeah. It was DEFINITELY worth it!



The dungeon was quiet, broken only by the quiet sobbing of bound girls. It was late at night. She knelt on a wooden contraption, ankles and wrists bolted down while chains dug painfully into her arms and neck. She had almost fallen asleep before she was woken by the loud clanging of the metal door to her cell. In the dark, she couldn't see. "Hello? Is anyone there?" she whispered hoarsely, the chain tight around her neck. "Please! Let me go! I've been here for months! I'd be dead if that rat bastard executioner wasn't stopped by the priest so I could be his fuck cunt, but he's tired of me, and he put me back here! Please, release me!"

The clouds parted and the full moon shone through the barred windows. The girl's eyes widened, and she began to scream. It was the executioner! The executioner's face split into a wide grin. "Rat bastard, huh? I see you still haven't learned anything at all!" She began sobbing hysterically and struggling against the hard, metal cuffs, but it did her no good. He picked up a whip and tapped his hand. "Now I can finish what I started." He reached behind her. She heard a crank turn, and the chains bit deeper into her neck! She gasped. "Pleeease nooo..." she whispered, her face turning red.

The executioner's grin widened. "Dumb cunt, you should know better by now. I don't kill my cunts that quickly!" He tapped her tummy with the whip while he reached between her legs and rammed his fingers in her snatch. She struggled and her pussy and tummy twitched. "Ah... still nice and tight!" he said, grinning. "My raging cock missed fucking your tight snatch. I know how to fix that..." he said as he pumped his fingers inside her. She could only cry and struggle before the quiet night was broken by her loud, helpless screams.

IMPORTANT NOTICE - DISCLAIMER

All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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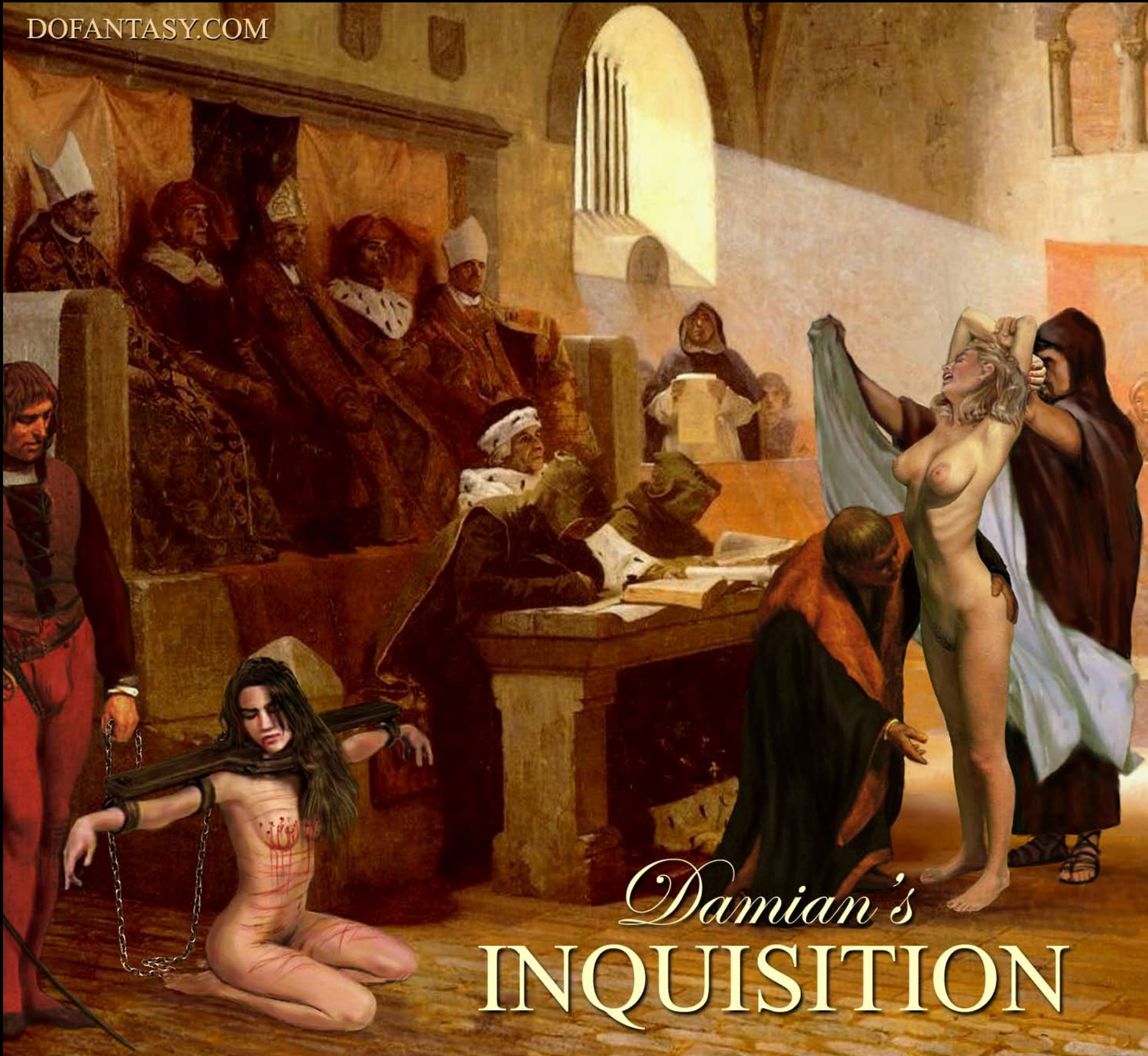


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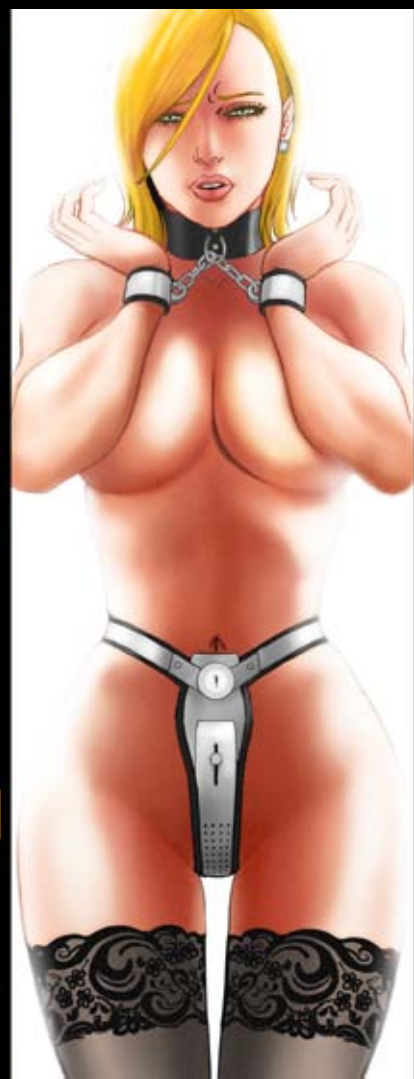
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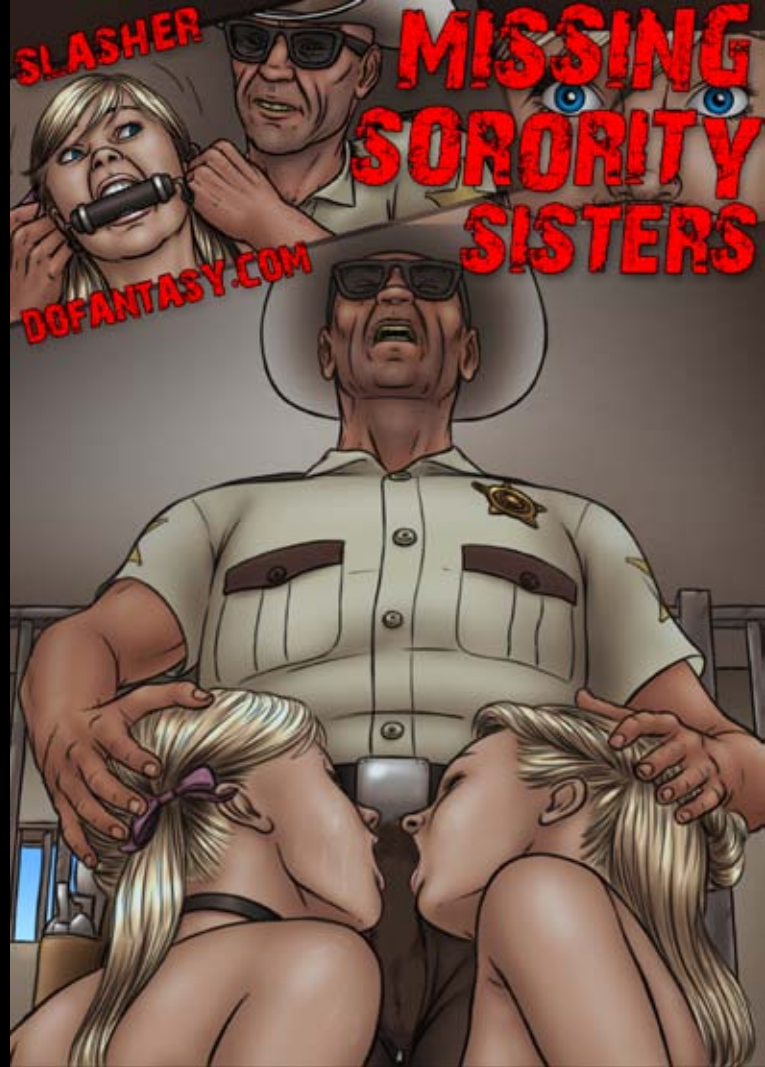
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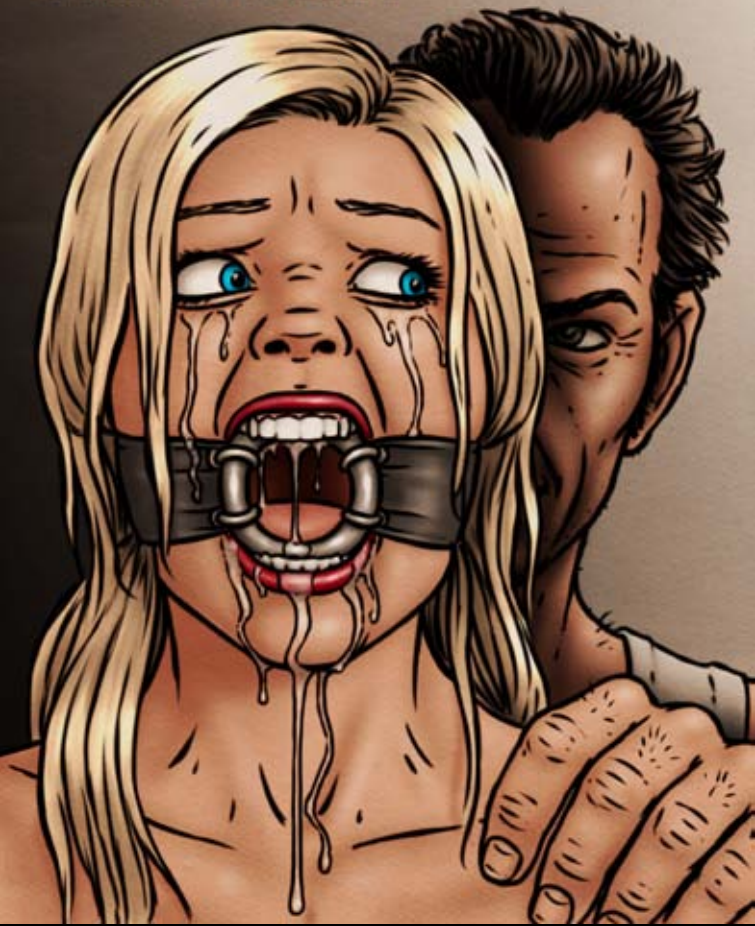


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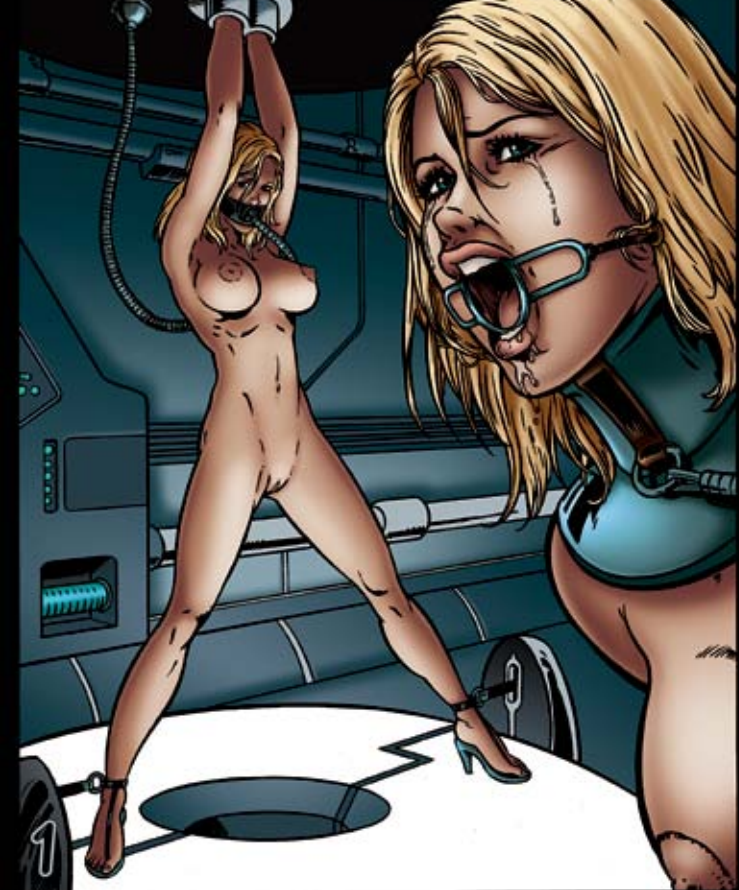
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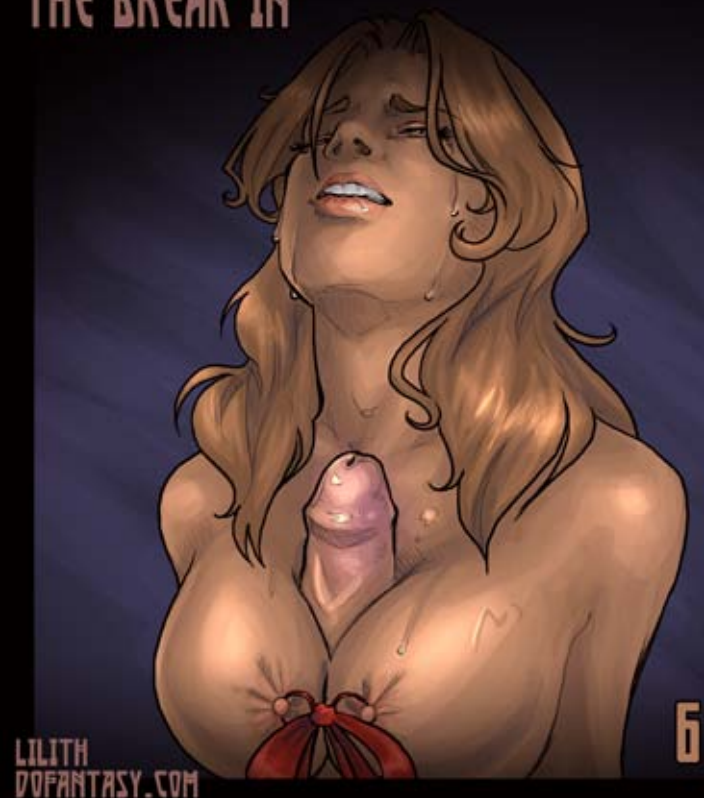




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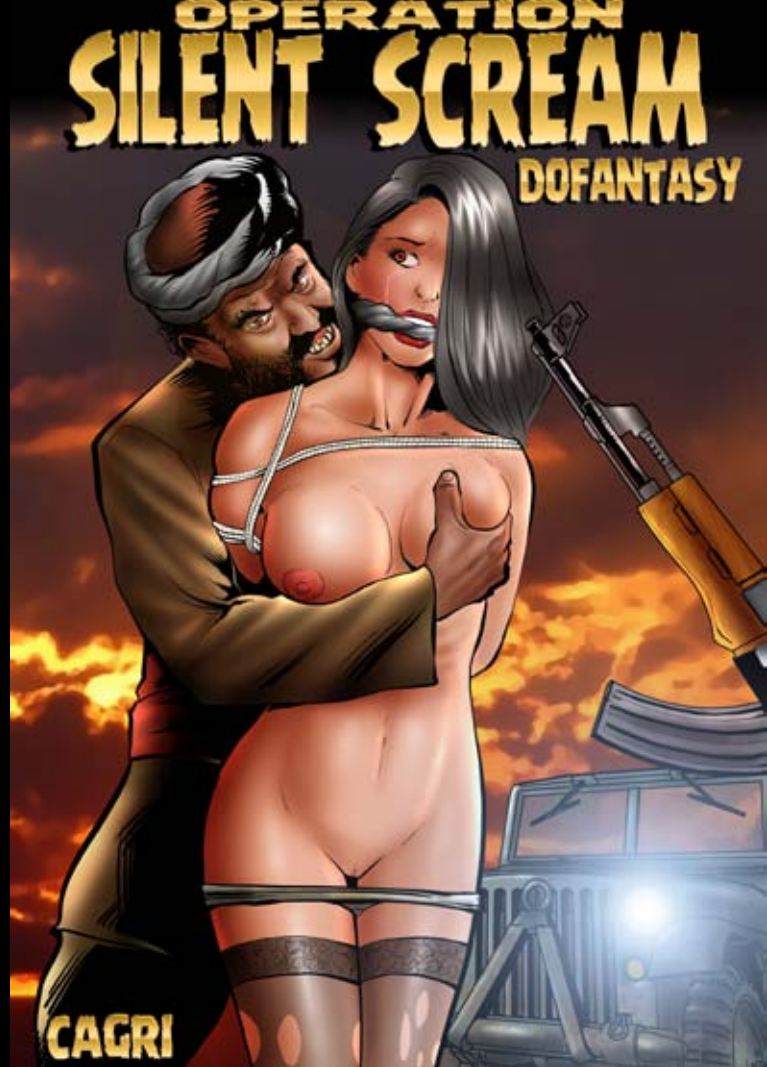




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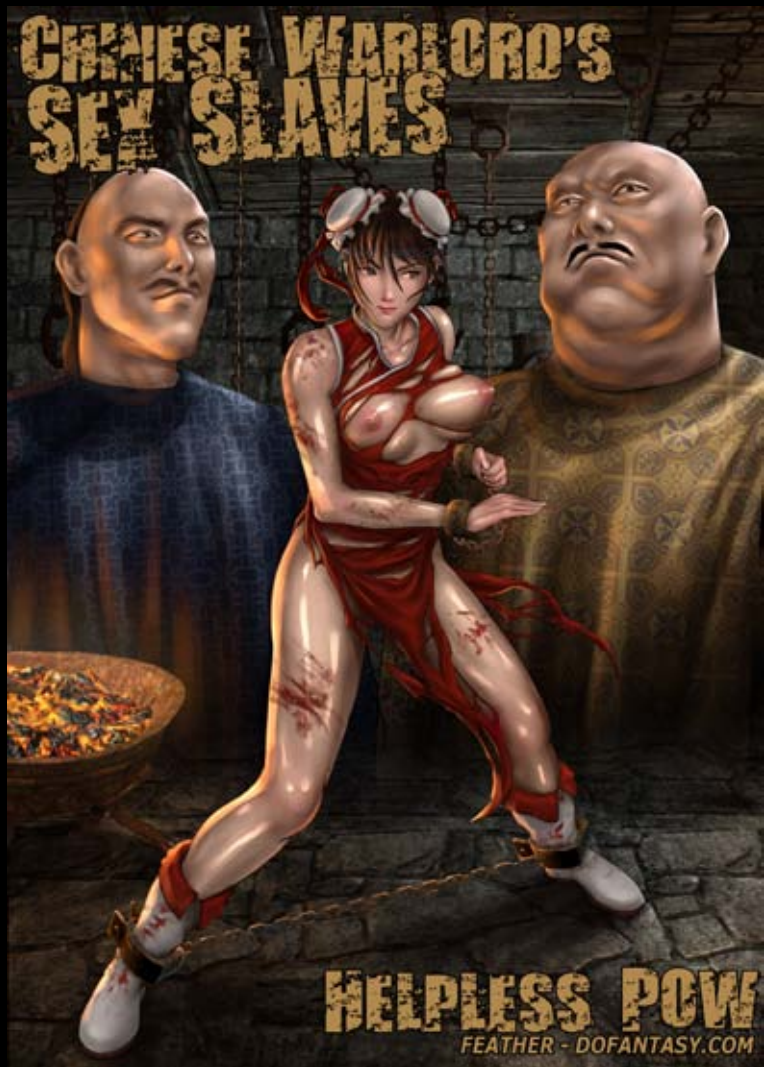


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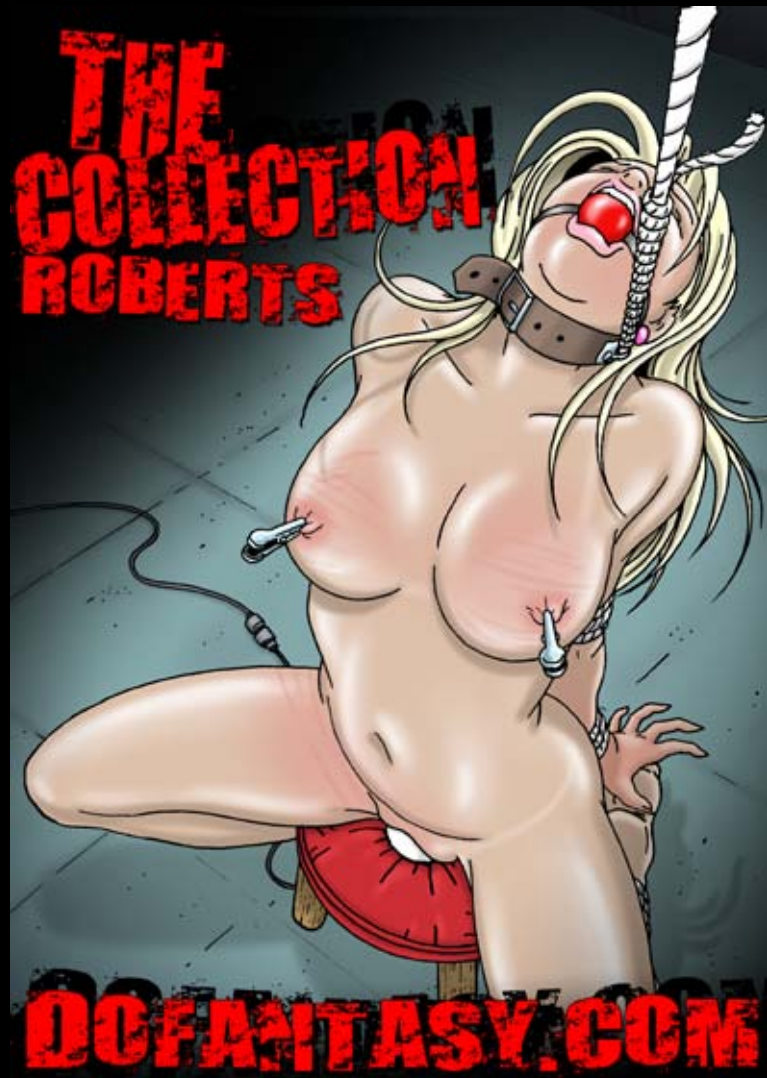


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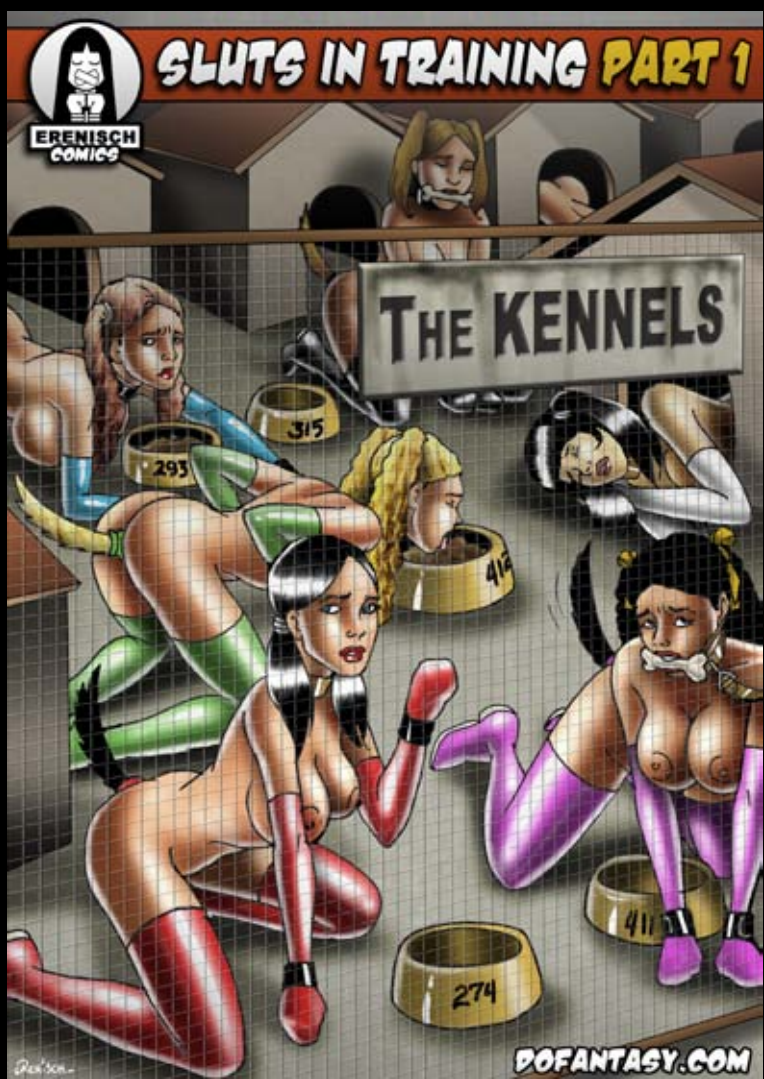


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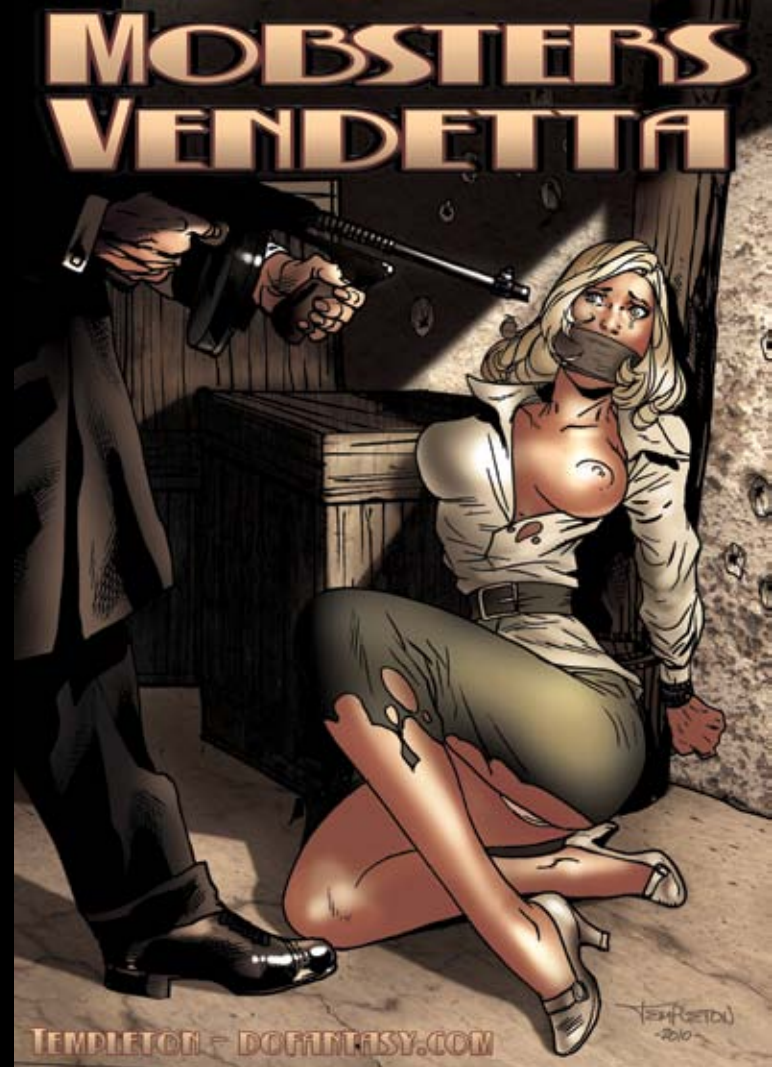
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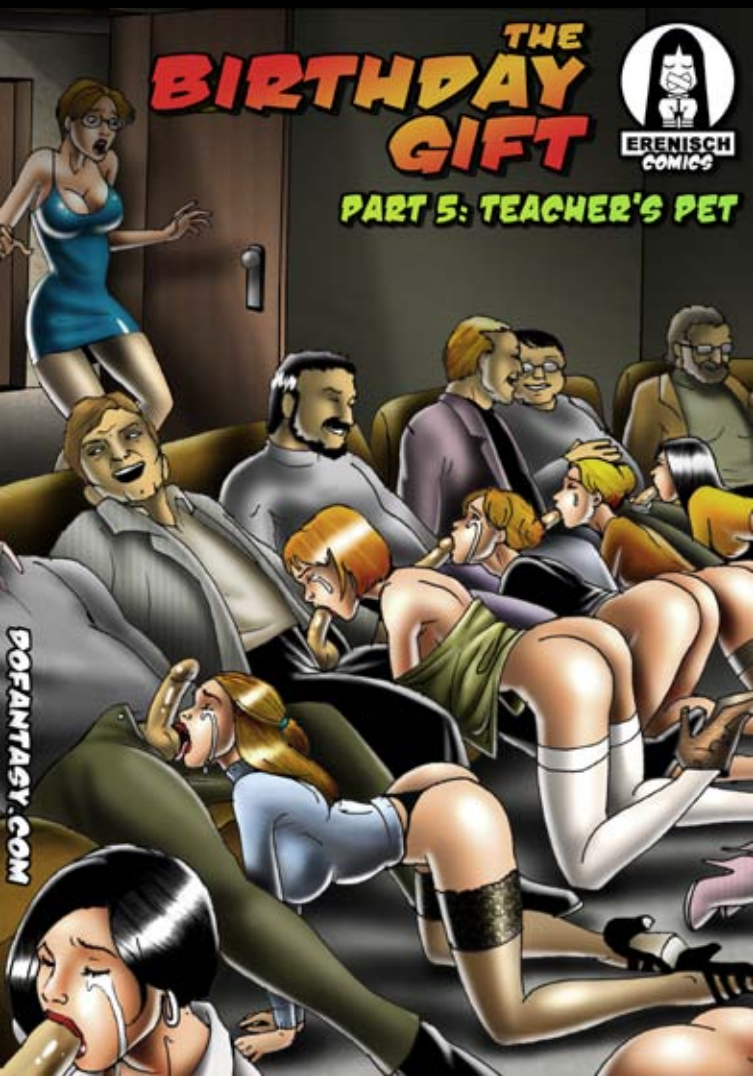
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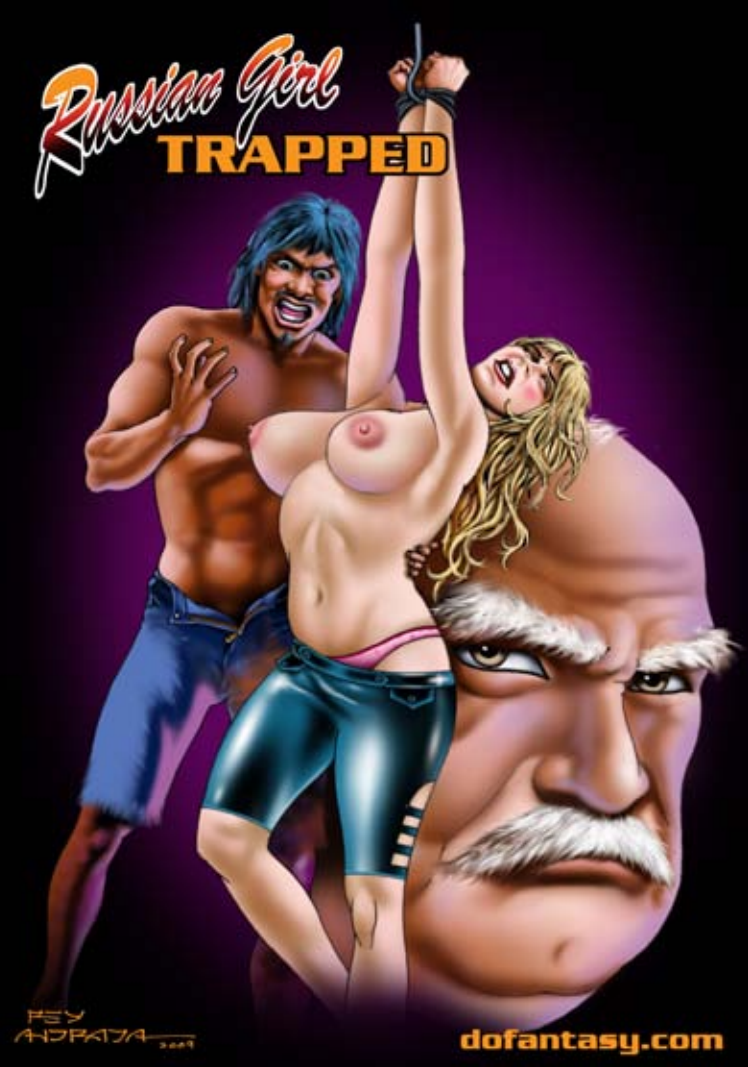
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