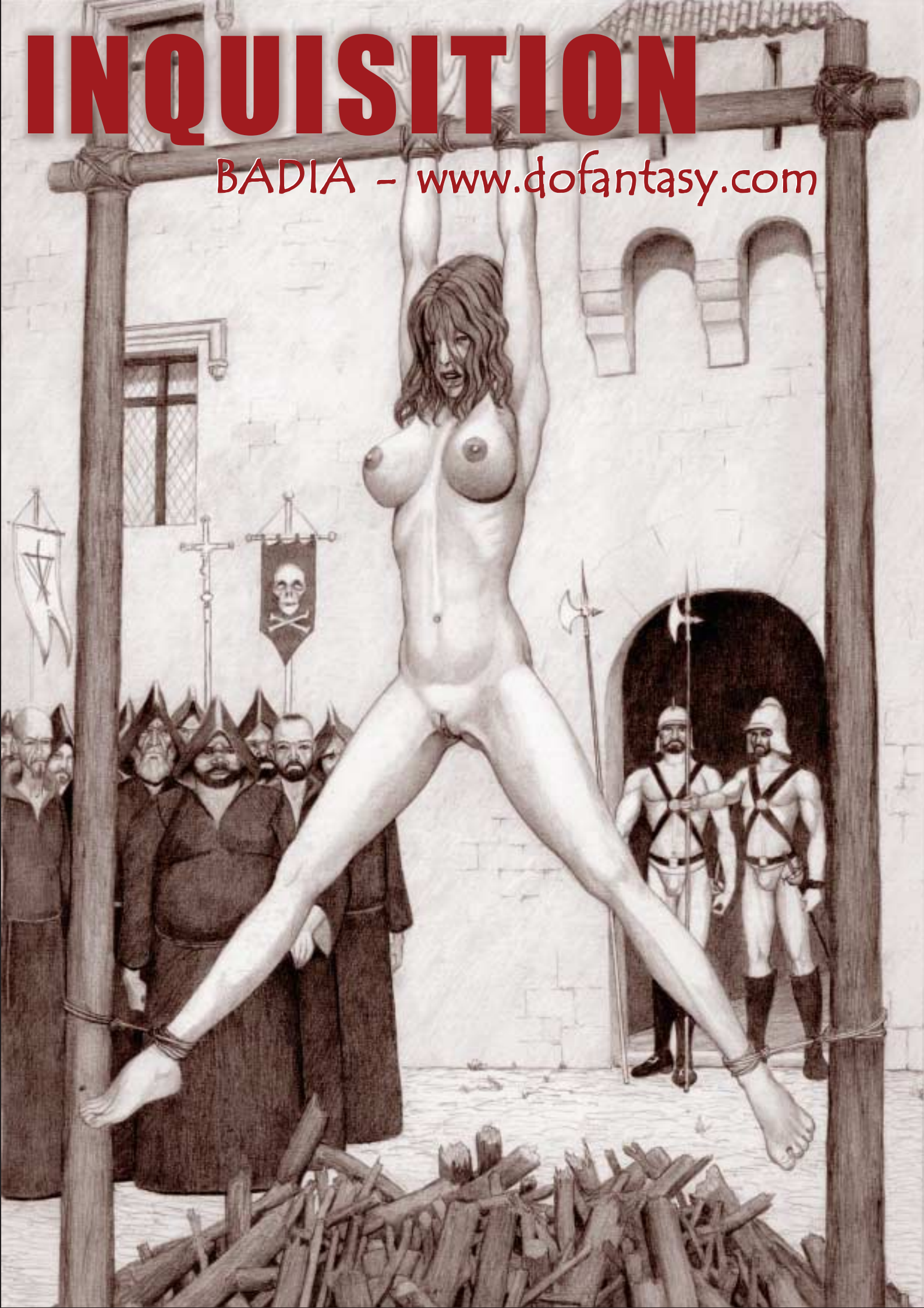
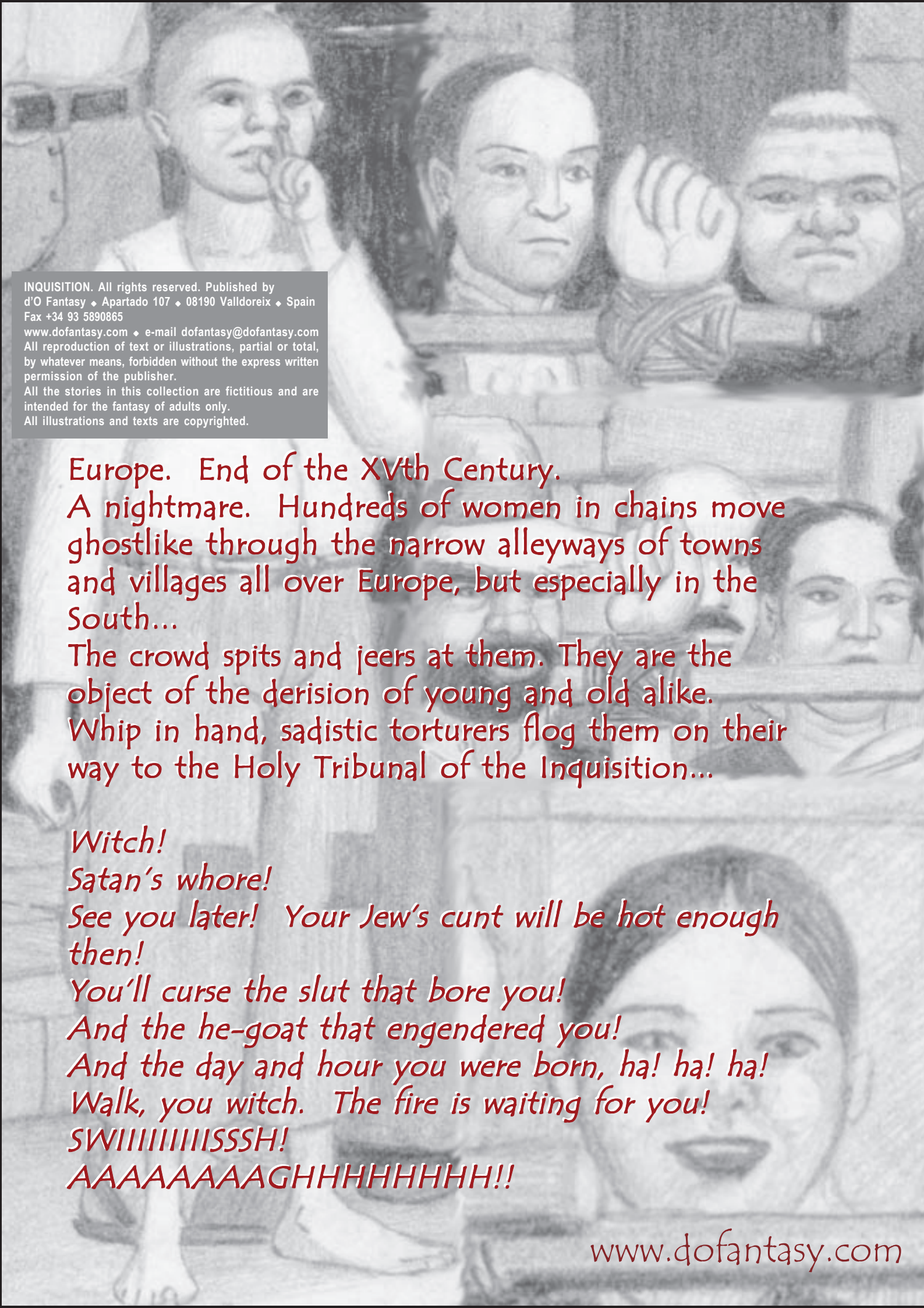


INQUISITION

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Europe. End of the XVth Century.

A nightmare. Hundreds of women in chains move
ghostlike through the narrow alleyways of towns
and villages all over Europe, but especially in the
South...

The crowd spits and jeers at them. They are the
object of the derision of young and old alike.
Whip in hand, sadistic torturers flog them on their
way to the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition...

Witch!

Satan's whore!

*See you later! Your Jew's cunt will be hot enough
then!*

You'll curse the slut that bore you!

And the he-goat that engendered you!

And the day and hour you were born, ha! ha! ha!

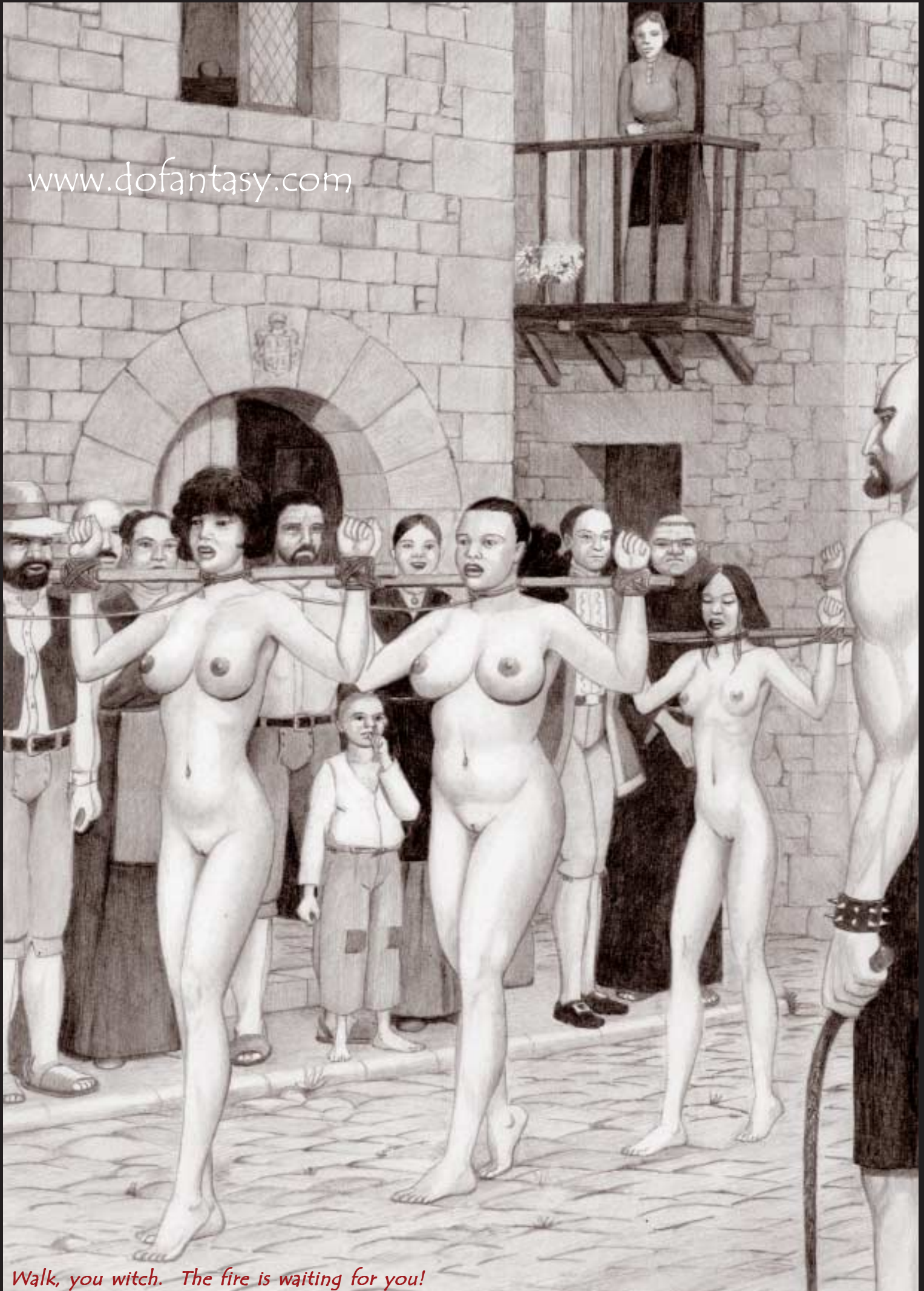
Walk, you witch. The fire is waiting for you!

SWIIIIIIIISSSH!

AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!

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Walk, you witch. The fire is waiting for you!

And so God's Judgements begin, cruel farces aimed at satisfying the carnal sadism of the clergy and the gentry. The Chief Inquisitor, Tomas de Zorquemada, is Judge and Jury in this sadistic act of barbarism. The Inquisition is characterised by secret procedures, a willingness to accept gossip as evidence, the absence of defence lawyers, and the practice of confiscating all the property of the condemned person and dividing it between the Inquisition itself, the Monarchy, and the accusers. Several thousand people are burnt at the stake for witchcraft. In Spain the accusation is often of having Jewish blood.

You spoil the harvest and decimated the cattle with your potions and exorcisms. Confess and you will only be burned alive on the Pyre...

No, in the name of mercy, no. I am not a witch... I have done nothing...

Do you deny that you fornicated with Satan?

I... I am a virgin. I swear by God...

You swear? You dare to blaspheme before this Holy Tribunal?

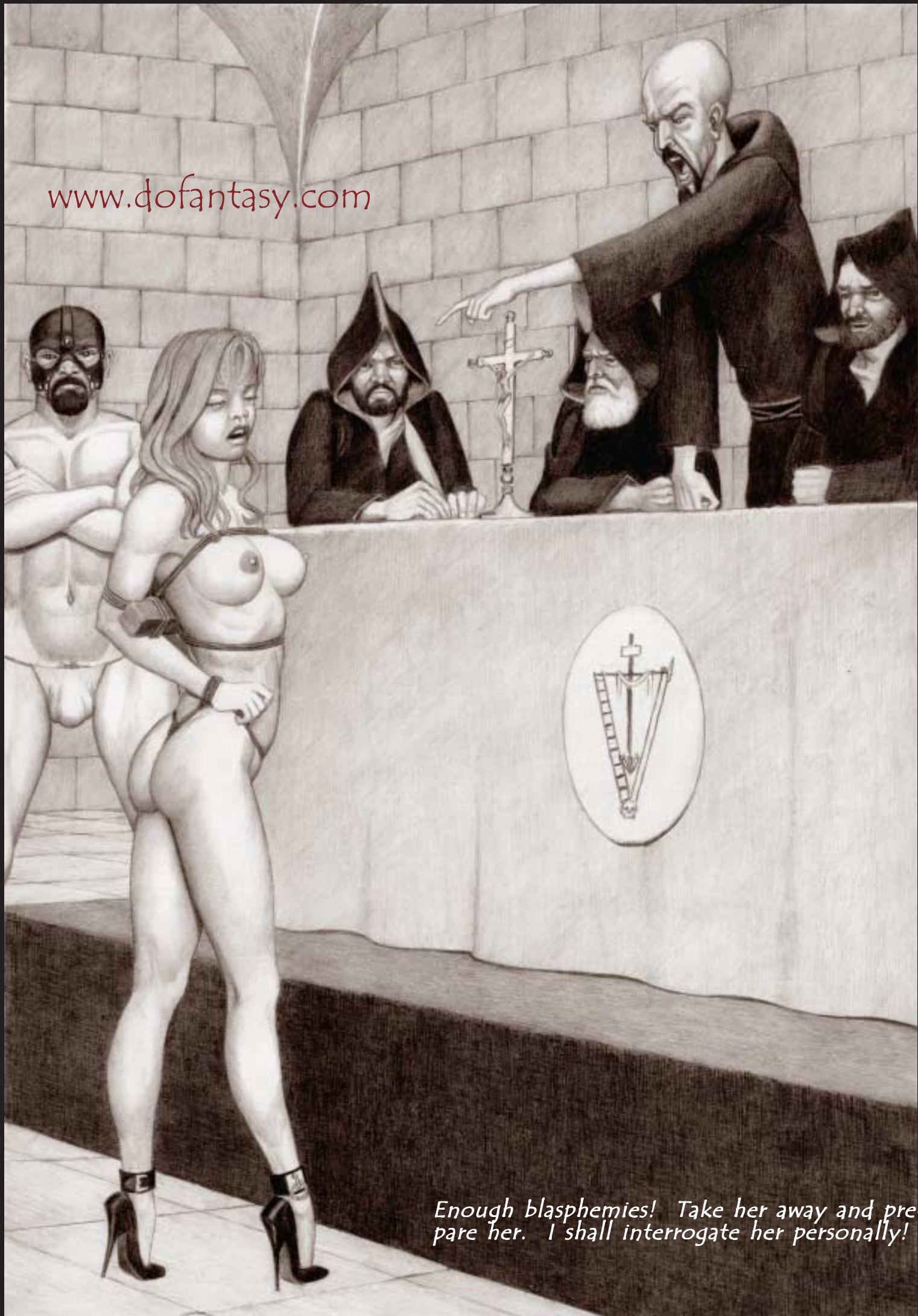
No... please... no...

Confess or you will be taken before the Question. Is that your wish?

I am innocent... I swear...

Enough blasphemies! Take her away and prepare her. I shall interrogate her personally!

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Enough blasphemies! Take her away and prepare her. I shall interrogate her personally!

Long nights of fear and terror...
Unconfessable rapes...
Bloodchilling torture, often sexual...
Nothing quenches the sadistic lust of the torturers.

I've been dreaming of ripping your nipples off ever since I saw your tits.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Hold your legs steady, you slut. Or you'll rip your ass...

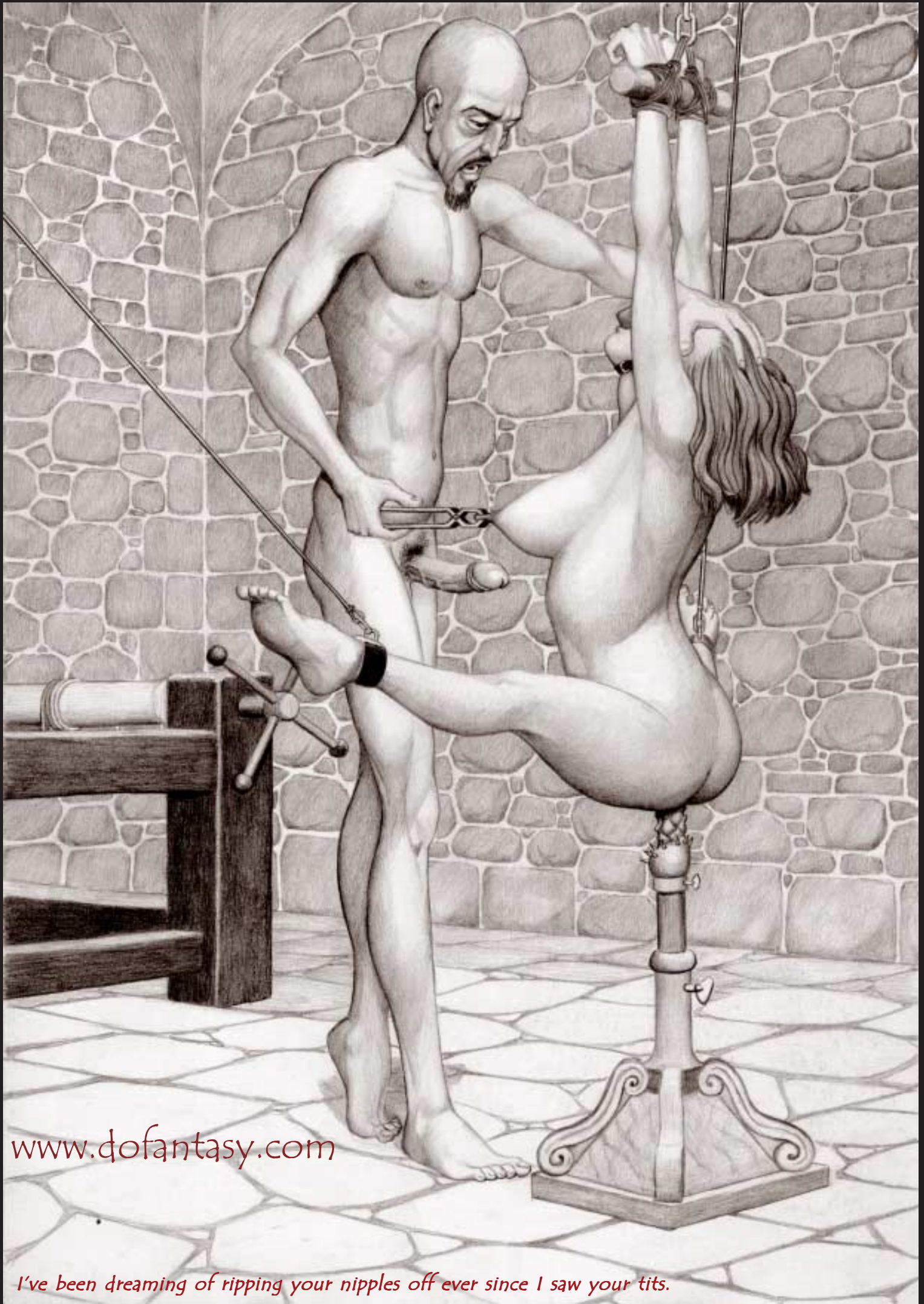
AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Do you like that? Answer, you fucking Jew-witch!

D'you want me to fuck you again?

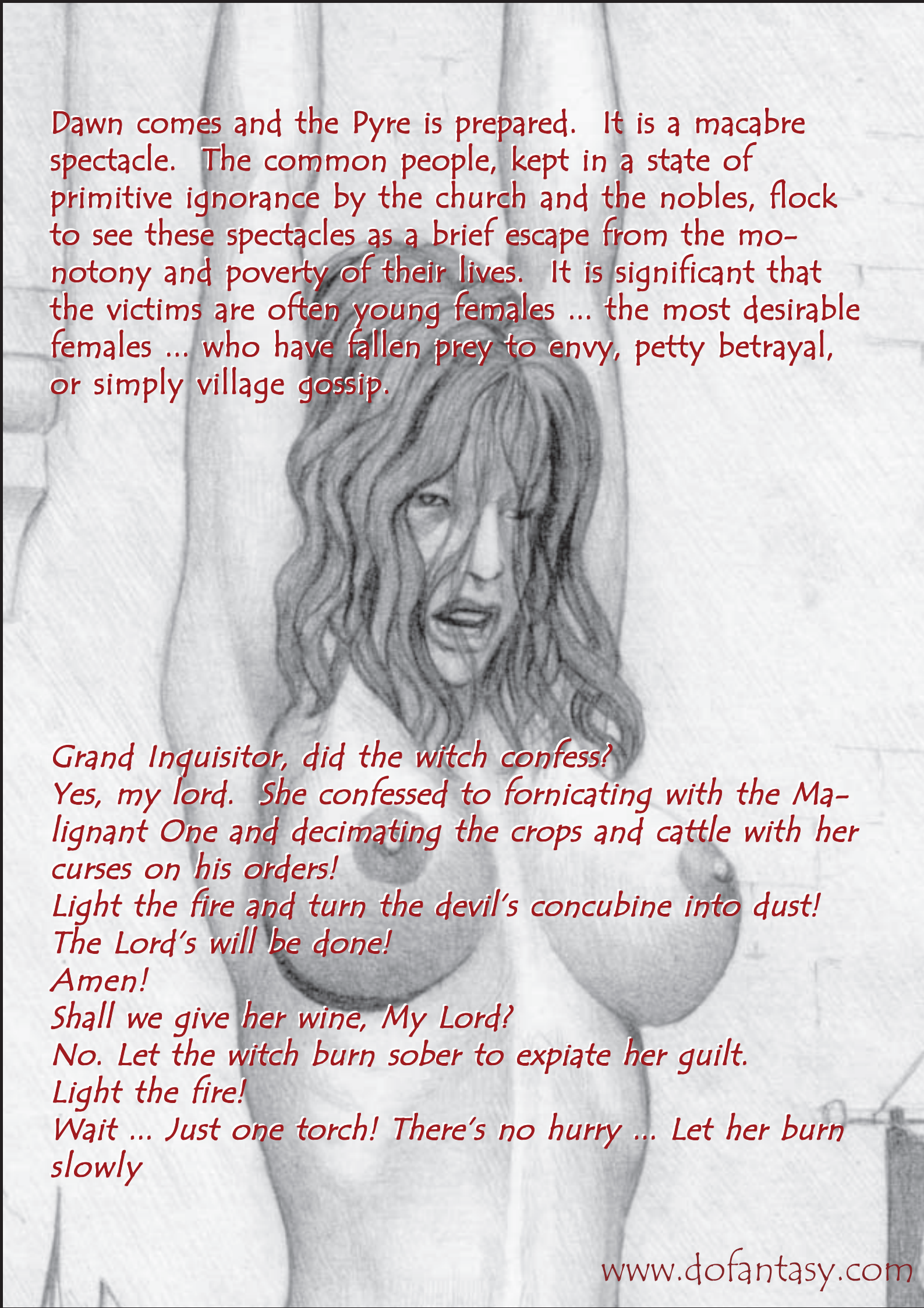
NOOOOO!!!...

Well I will. I'll fuck you again. Lots of times. You'll fuck all night and tomorrow you'll be burned alive on the pyre. And I want to be sure you'll be burned in Hell itself too!



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I've been dreaming of ripping your nipples off ever since I saw your tits.



Dawn comes and the Pyre is prepared. It is a macabre spectacle. The common people, kept in a state of primitive ignorance by the church and the nobles, flock to see these spectacles as a brief escape from the monotony and poverty of their lives. It is significant that the victims are often young females ... the most desirable females ... who have fallen prey to envy, petty betrayal, or simply village gossip.

Grand Inquisitor, did the witch confess?

Yes, my lord. She confessed to fornicating with the Malignant One and decimating the crops and cattle with her curses on his orders!

Light the fire and turn the devil's concubine into dust!

The Lord's will be done!

Amen!

Shall we give her wine, My Lord?

No. Let the witch burn sober to expiate her guilt.

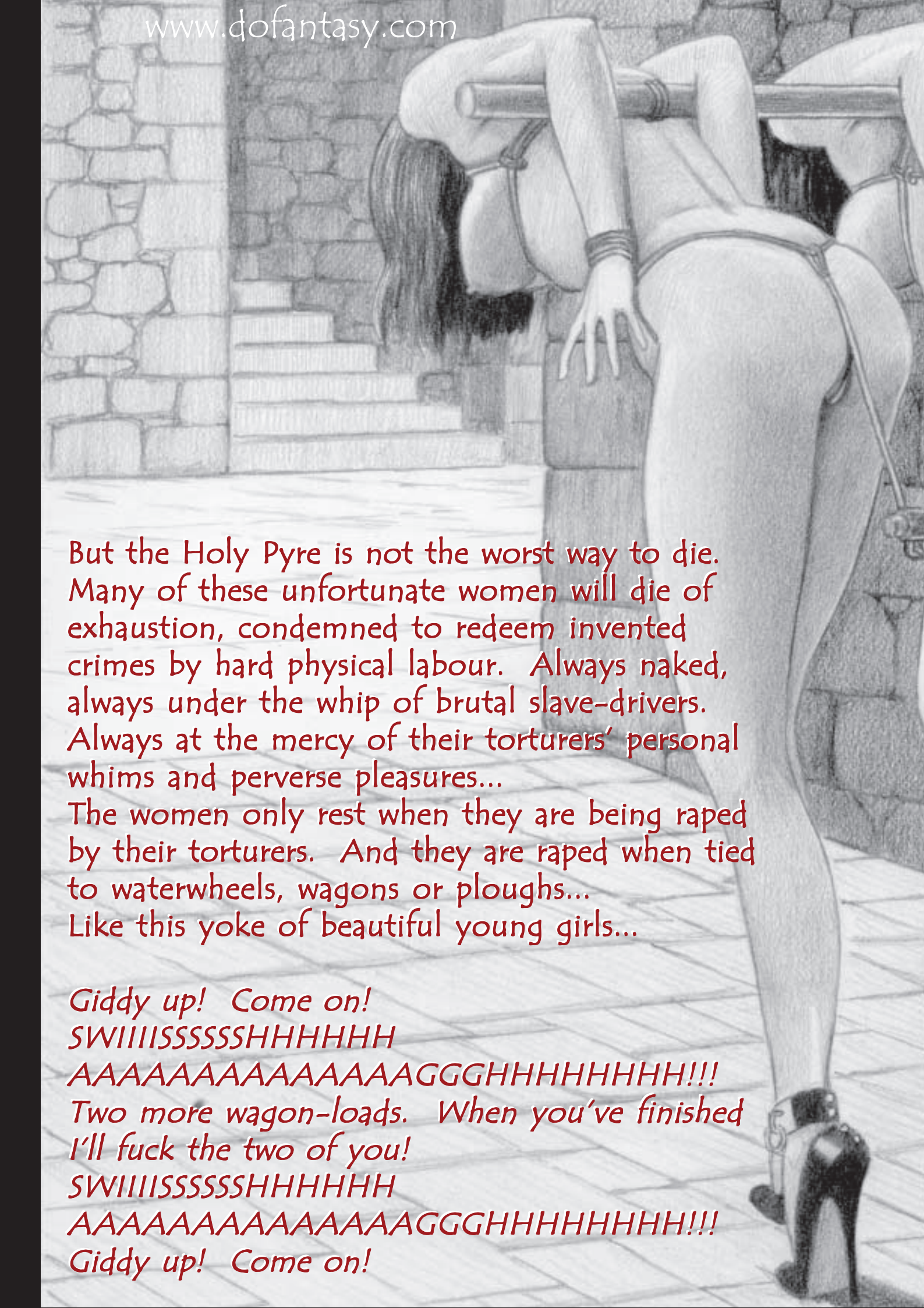
Light the fire!

Wait ... Just one torch! There's no hurry ... Let her burn slowly



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Wait ... Just one torch! There's no hurry ... Let her burn slowly



But the Holy Pyre is not the worst way to die. Many of these unfortunate women will die of exhaustion, condemned to redeem invented crimes by hard physical labour. Always naked, always under the whip of brutal slave-drivers. Always at the mercy of their torturers' personal whims and perverse pleasures... The women only rest when they are being raped by their torturers. And they are raped when tied to waterwheels, wagons or ploughs... Like this yoke of beautiful young girls...

Giddy up! Come on!

SWIIIISSSSSHHHHHH

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Two more wagon-loads. When you've finished I'll fuck the two of you!

SWIIIISSSSSHHHHHH

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Giddy up! Come on!

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When you've finished I'll fuck the two of you!

This is Elena, younger daughter of the knight Guzman, who was drawn and quartered alive by the Tribunal. She was also accused of black arts and found guilty.

Elena is serving a prison sentence in a dark cellar below the Chief Inquisitor's Fortress-Palace, official residence of Zorquemada himself. Day and night she pulls the waterwheel that provides water for the Curia and the nobility who live in that terrible bastion.

Elena pulls the waterwheel without seeing or hearing, gagged like an animal. Her head is shaven and covered by a leather hood that sticks to her skull and to her beautiful face, like a second skin.

She pulls the waterwheel with two wooden dildos in her, one in her vagina and the other stuck up her ass.

She never rests ... her guard, known as Assbuster, sees to that... *'Move those feet, faster, Your Jewish Highness!'* says Assbuster, bringing the whip down on the slave's haunches.

SWIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

'AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH!!!'

Elena pulls with the little strength she has left. She has no way of knowing it, but seven days have passed since she was found guilty...

A whole week pulling the waterwheel without stopping!

The beam is very heavy and it takes her over a minute to go round...

And she gets three whiplashes every time she goes round!

And when she fills that tank, Assbuster stops her, takes the dildos out of her entrails, grabs her by the long, exhausted legs and penetrates her as she is, tied to the arm of the wheel.

Sometimes in her anus and sometimes in her vagina...

'Two more rounds, Your Highness and Assbuster will give it to you up your Jewish ass! ... Ha! ha! ha! ... You'll see then why they call me Assbuster!'

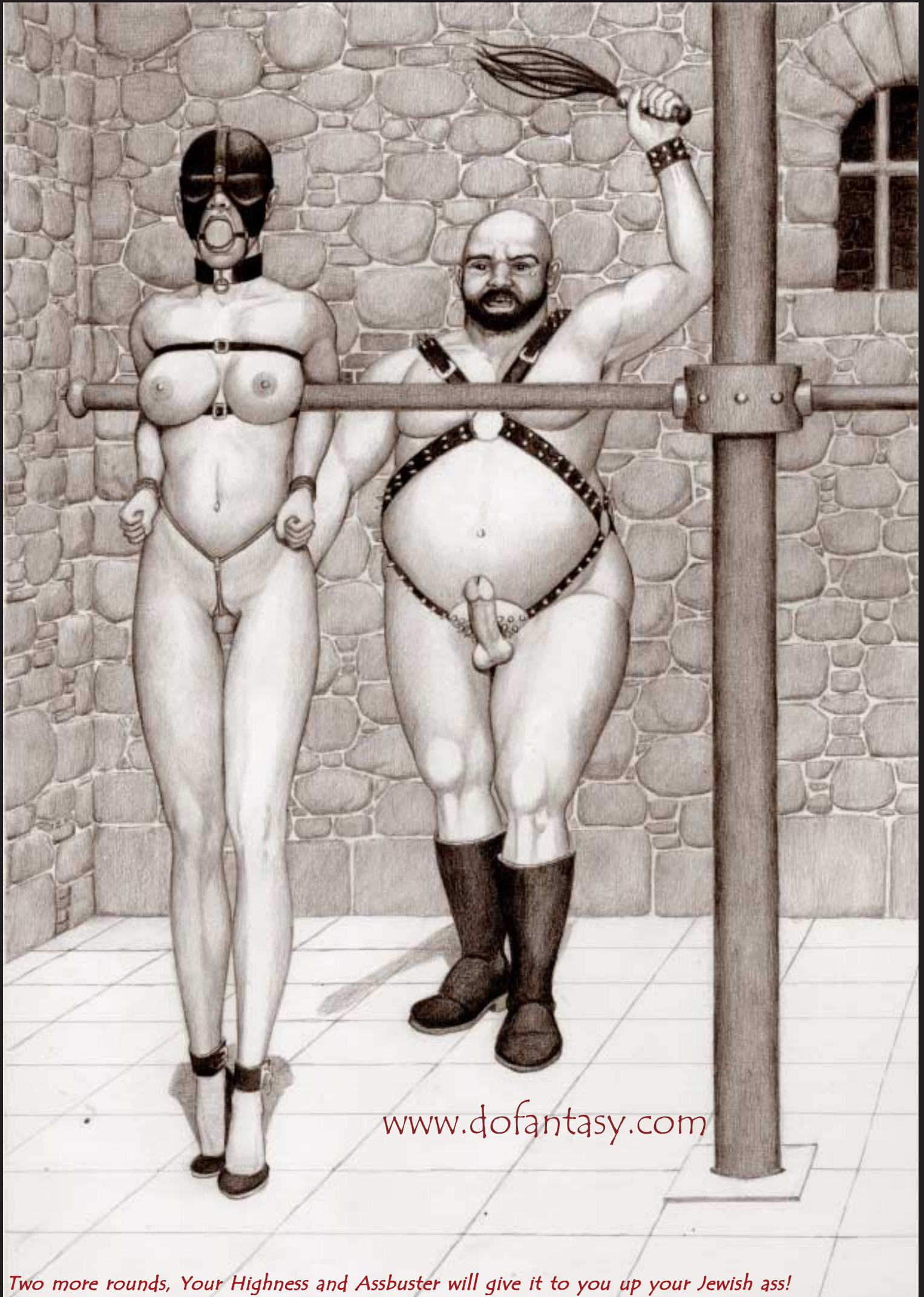
'NOOOOOOOOOO!!!'

SWIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

'AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHH!!!'

How long will Elena's beautiful body take this punishment?

When will the waterwheel finally stop?



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Two more rounds, Your Highness and Assbuster will give it to you up your Jewish ass!

This poor creature had the misfortune to attract the attention of the Chief Inquisitor, Zorquemada. Now she is tied cruelly to the rack and will be flayed alive. When her skin is broken all over her body, she will lose her virginity to the Inquisitor himself. She will then be sodomized with the abrasive whip handle and finally she will be dismembered and thrown to the dogs.

She has not confessed. The only sounds ringing around the walls of the sinister dungeon are bloodchilling screams. She is innocent. Too innocent to understand the meaning of the word "fornicate".

I'll tell you again, you whore! Confess you fornicated with Satan and I'll get the executioner and he'll slit your throat...

Nothing... only screams ... only pleading...
The Chief Inquisitor makes a signal and the torturer puts down the whip and tightens the ropes. Just a few centimetres ... Perhaps they will be her last...

CRAAAAACCCCKKKKKKKKKK

The diabolical apparatus creaks...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Confess you fornicated with Satan and I'll get the executioner and he'll slit your throat...

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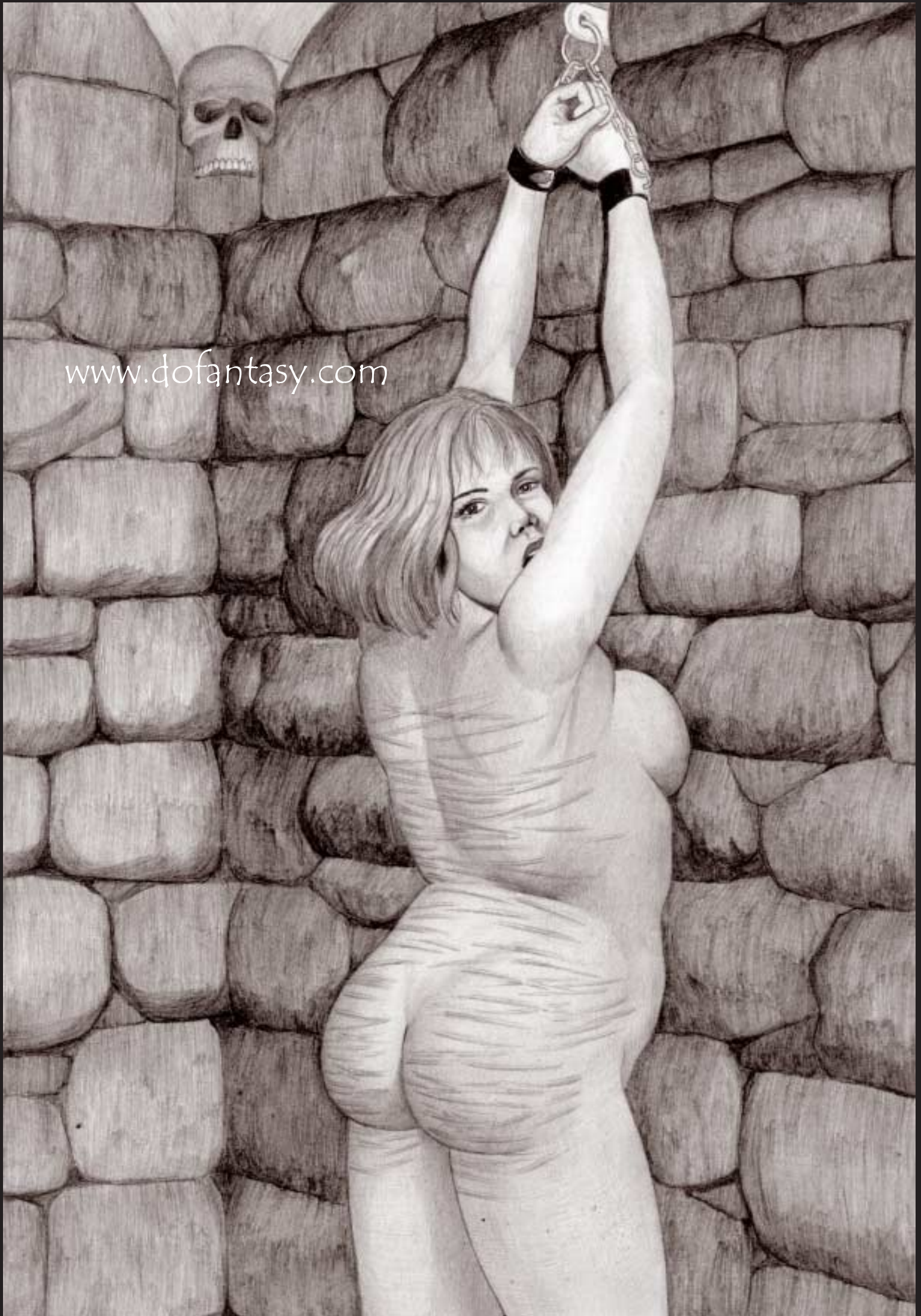
The bewitched woman was about to be thrown alive to the dogs. But the Usher of the Holy Tribunal claimed her at the last moment.

He wanted female flesh to destroy with his whip. A lot of flesh ... and the bewitched woman had more than enough...

So each night the Usher went down to the Torture Room to flog his victim with the same whip that peasant farmers used on their oxen.

He flays her alive, gradually, deliberately, inch by inch. Each night he flogs a different portion of her generous anatomy... And when nothing is left of her skin, he will carry on cutting into the flesh itself. Meanwhile, his triumphant grunts serve to warn the other prisoners that their time will come...

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Prisoners like young Celia, who is obliged to watch the horrors from her niche dug in the stone wall. She has been there ever since she was arrested... From time to time the naked torturer goes over to her cage, his penis erect, and gropes her obscenely through the bars.

Do you know what this is?

He asks, drooling through the horrendous mask that conceals his face.

Cecilia shakes her head. She is frightened. She cannot speak.

It's the key to your cage. The Inquisitor gave it to me. He's very busy. He's not going to interrogate you...

Cecilia closes her eyes and gives thanks to God that his groping hands will not humiliate her.

Now you are mine and I will do as I wish with you ... but not yet. You're not frightened enough yet. You still haven't seen enough...

The torturer stands back and pisses in the girl's face on her breasts. She cannot avoid the stream of hot urine. Dirty and humiliated, Cecilia weeps, lonely and desperate...

God! Why have you abandoned me?

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God! Why have you abandoned me?

...and while she prays, Cecilia has to watch while the torturer works on the asshole of another unfortunate girl with a hammer. The he rapes her. And he tears strips of skin off her buttocks and thighs with his whip...



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...nearby is María, her neighbour and friend since childhood.

María was in Cecilia's niche until a few weeks ago.

Now she is in the masked torturer's hands.

First he hung her up by wrist and feet in the most undignified posture that a woman can imagine.

Then he raped her day after day, week after week...

Then he pulled her teeth out, pierced her nipples and forced her mouth, anus and vagina with wooden dildos. Now he is torturing her with oil...

'Until you burst,' he said, turning on the tap, *'I need the column for your little friend...'*

In her niche, Cecilia could not stop trembling...



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I need the column for your little friend...

Finally, Cecilia has left the dark hole.

Nothing is left now of her friend or of many of her companions...

She is shaking, suspended by the wrists in front of the niche where she spent the last few weeks. She is naked and wearing a hood. She can see and hear nothing...

A huge ball of rusty iron forces her jaws apart. It is pure agony.

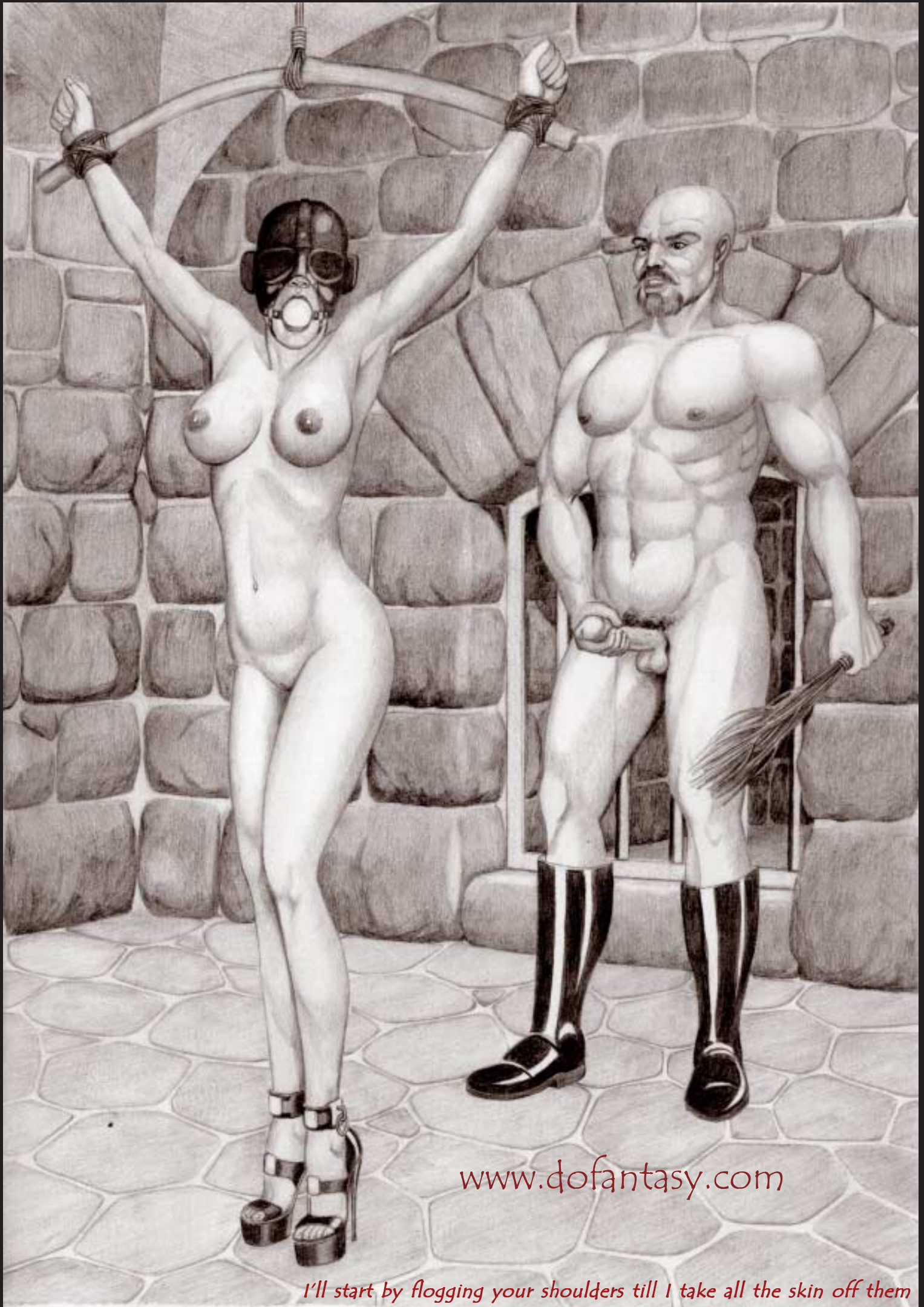
Whip in hand, the torturer watches her tremble. He is pleased. After three weeks looking at her through the bars, finally she is his, to touch...

Three weeks listening to her begging, pleading with him, humiliating herself, offering him her body. Three weeks enjoying the terror written across her beautiful face.

Nothing now can come between him and her body: her lovely back, her waist, her buttocks and the treasure they conceal. There is nothing between him and her thighs, and her calves...

Yes, he grunts between his teeth, *I'll start by flogging your shoulders till I take all the skin off them ... and then I'll stick it up your ass just as you are, standing up. And I'll flay the skin off the rest of your back, your ass and your legs right down to your ankles. And when I can't whip any more, I'll lay you on your back and take your virginity. And I'll carry on flogging the front of you. First the tits, then the waist and stomach and the thighs. And then I'll fuck you and turn you over again. And I'll crush you against the ground and go up your ass until you burst.*

And when I've finished I'll put you in a barrel of salty water. You'll spend the night up to the neck in there. And next day I'll take you out and start again...



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I'll start by flogging your shoulders till I take all the skin off them

While this was going on in the dungeon of the Chief Inquisitor's fortress, his men were combing fields and villages looking for more witches. If possible, Jewish witches. And they find them: often the most beautiful adolescents, or the most sensual and attractive woman. They set fire to houses and huts and the villagers flee in panic. The most primitive, cruel violence reigns.

The Inquisitor's men slit the throats of old and young alike. They hunt down and capture young women to exercise their cruelty on them...

They subject them to tortures unworthy of human beings, vile humiliations, savage rape, barbarous sexual abuse...

Everything goes. Everything is legitimate.

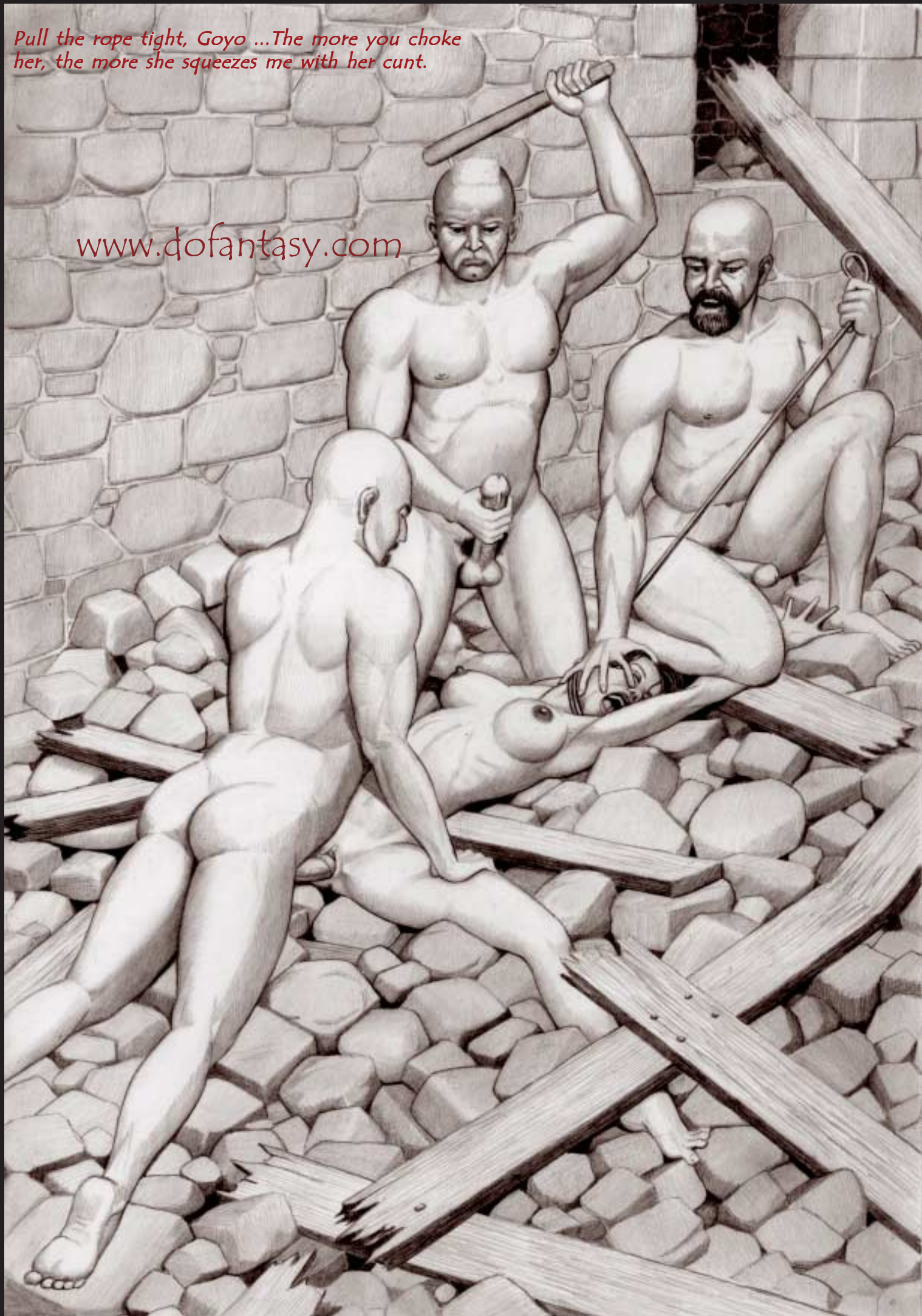
They brought Lucrecia down with a lasso as she ran panic stricken from her burning house. They took her to the old hermitage, tied to her captor's horse.

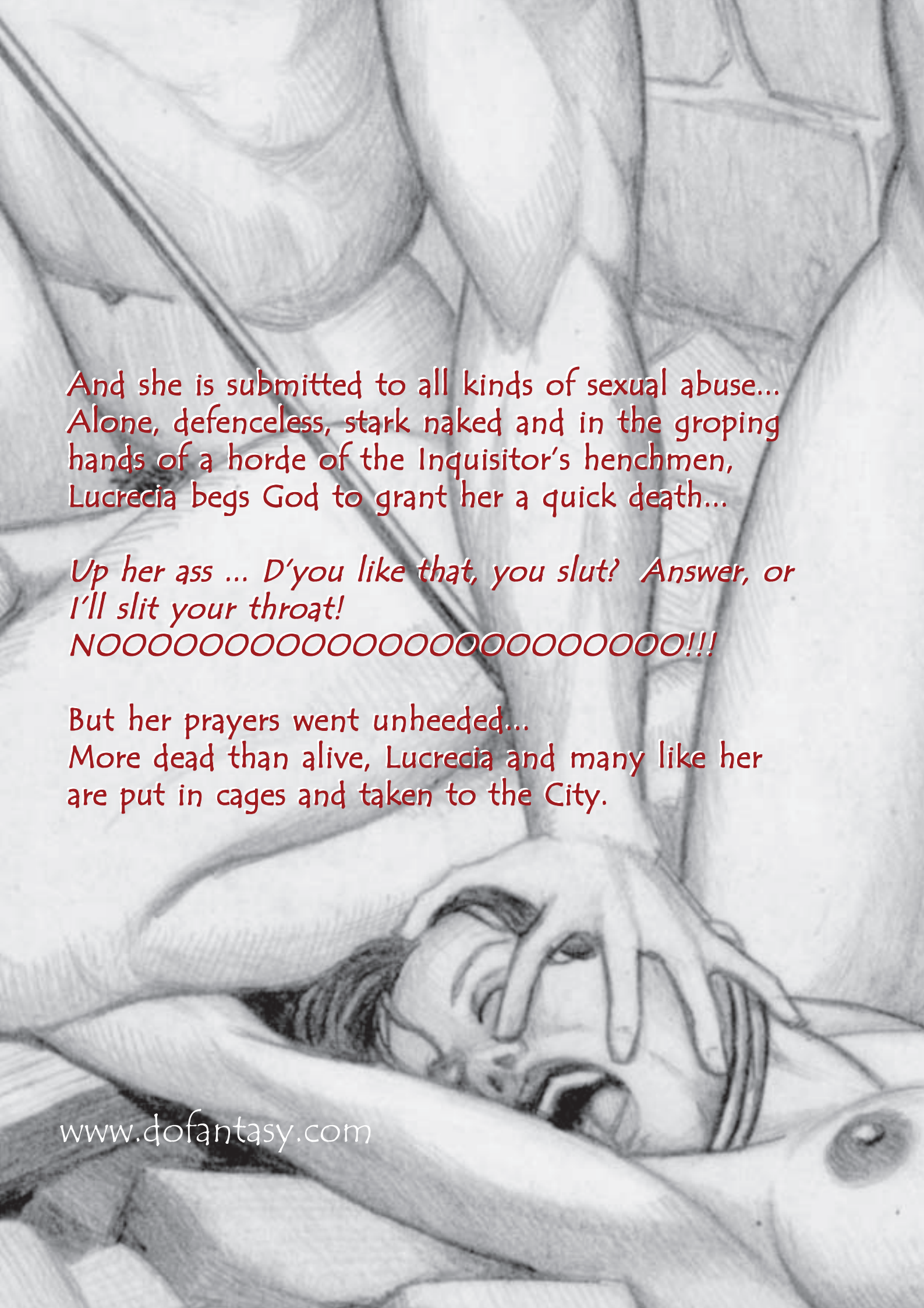
Here she lies, naked, tied up among the ruins...

Pull the rope tight, Goyo ...The more you choke her, the more she squeezes me with her cunt.

Pull the rope tight, Goyo ...The more you choke her, the more she squeezes me with her cunt.

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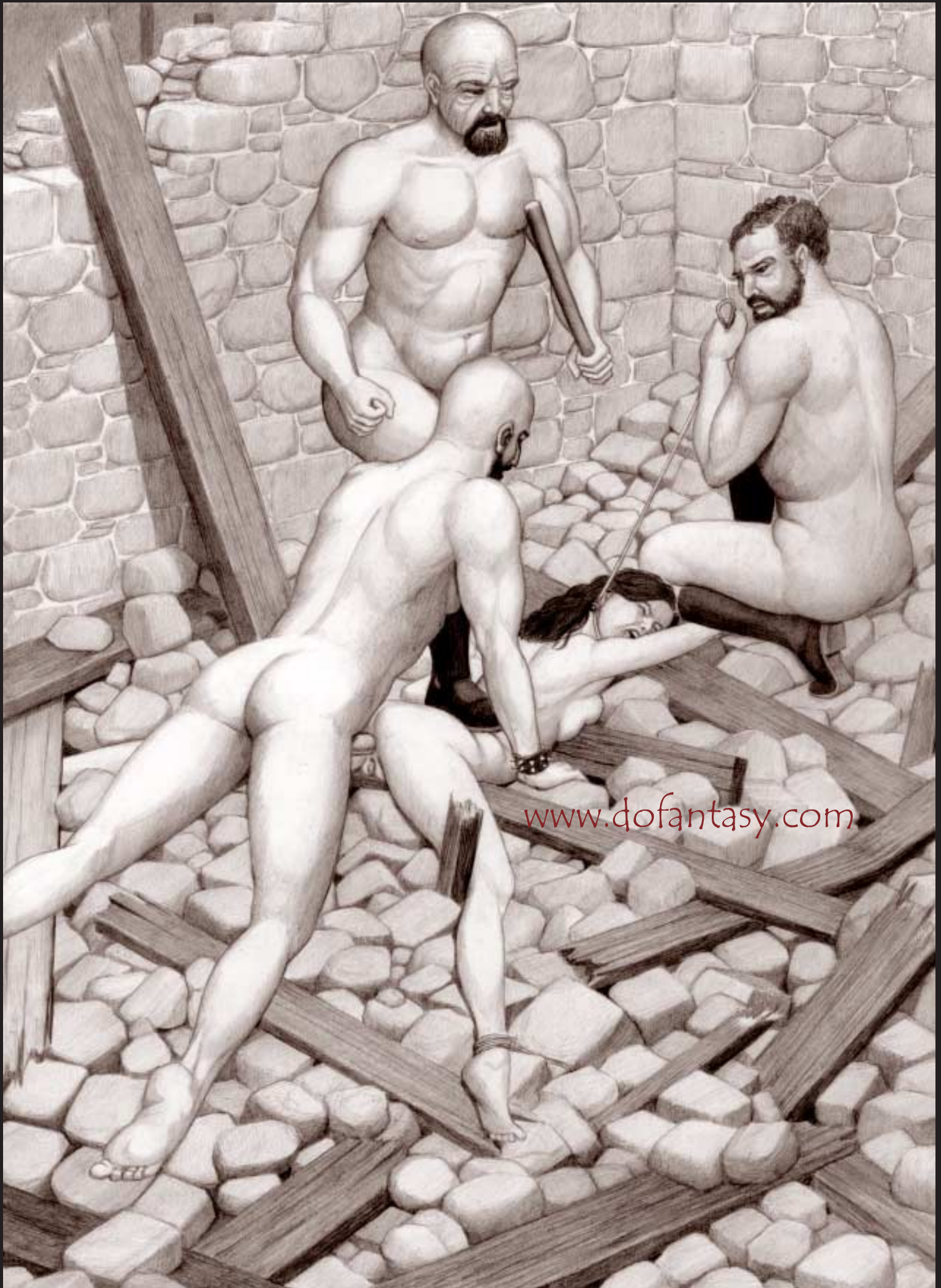




And she is submitted to all kinds of sexual abuse...
Alone, defenceless, stark naked and in the groping
hands of a horde of the Inquisitor's henchmen,
Lucrecia begs God to grant her a quick death...

*Up her ass ... D'you like that, you slut? Answer, or
I'll slit your throat!*
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

But her prayers went unheeded...
More dead than alive, Lucrecia and many like her
are put in cages and taken to the City.

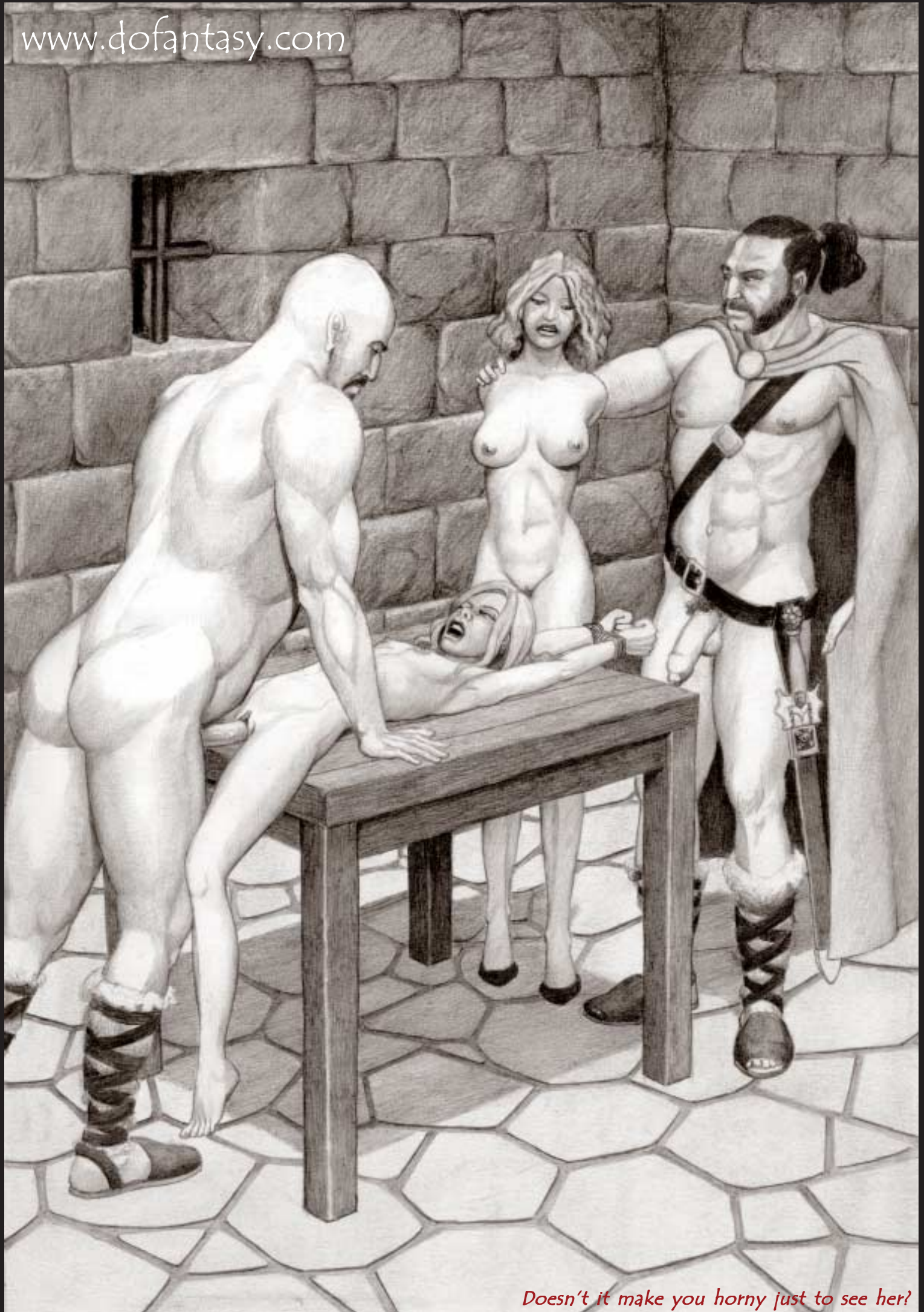


*D'you like that, you slut?
Answer, or I'll slit your throat!*

Some of the prisoners are offered to local noblemen as payment for their loyal services. These unfortunate girls will not receive trial of any kind. Why waste time on masquerades?

Look how your little friend likes it ... see what a good time she's having? Doesn't it make you horny just to see her? Don't get too excited, though! I hate cunts!

The speaker is the Captain with the pony-tail. He's known as Marcos the Sodomite. Men or women, it's the same to him ... he's a man with an obsession ... ass-holes.



Other women are sold as slaves to Noblemen. This twenty-year old beauty had been sold to the Marquis of Fresnillo. The Marquis and his wife Augusta have gone to the castle dungeon to work on their young slave...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHH!

'AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

'Stick your buttocks back, you slave, and get the stake up your ass...'
shouts the Marquis, flogging the unfortunate girl on the hips.

'OBEY ME!'

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHH!

'AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!'

The wife howls with delight as she works on the swelling young breasts of her new slave. She is jealous and will do what she can to spoil the girl's youth and beauty...

The girl wants to avoid the kiss of the whiplash and gradually moves herself down onto the sharpened stake... She has witnessed members of her own family dying on the stake, while she was being raped over and over again. Hours of agony and at the end, a terrible death...

The Marquis moves over, grips her firmly by the hips and penetrates her while his wife looks on.

The rape is especially brutal. Only a fine, velvety membrane separates the Marquis's member from the stake. He rapes her, his face twisted into a horrible grimace, biting the young breasts that are so conveniently displayed.

The slave writhes and twists, trying to avoid the hands, lips, teeth, member ... but only manages to nail herself down further on the sharp stake...

The Marquis finally comes, shooting loads of burning semen into the young slave's womb.

He gets ready to leave, exhausted.

His semen flows down, mixed with blood from the stake.

The Marquis's wife squeezes her fists. Her distinguished husband has not touched her for years...

The Marquis leaves.

His wife stays behind...

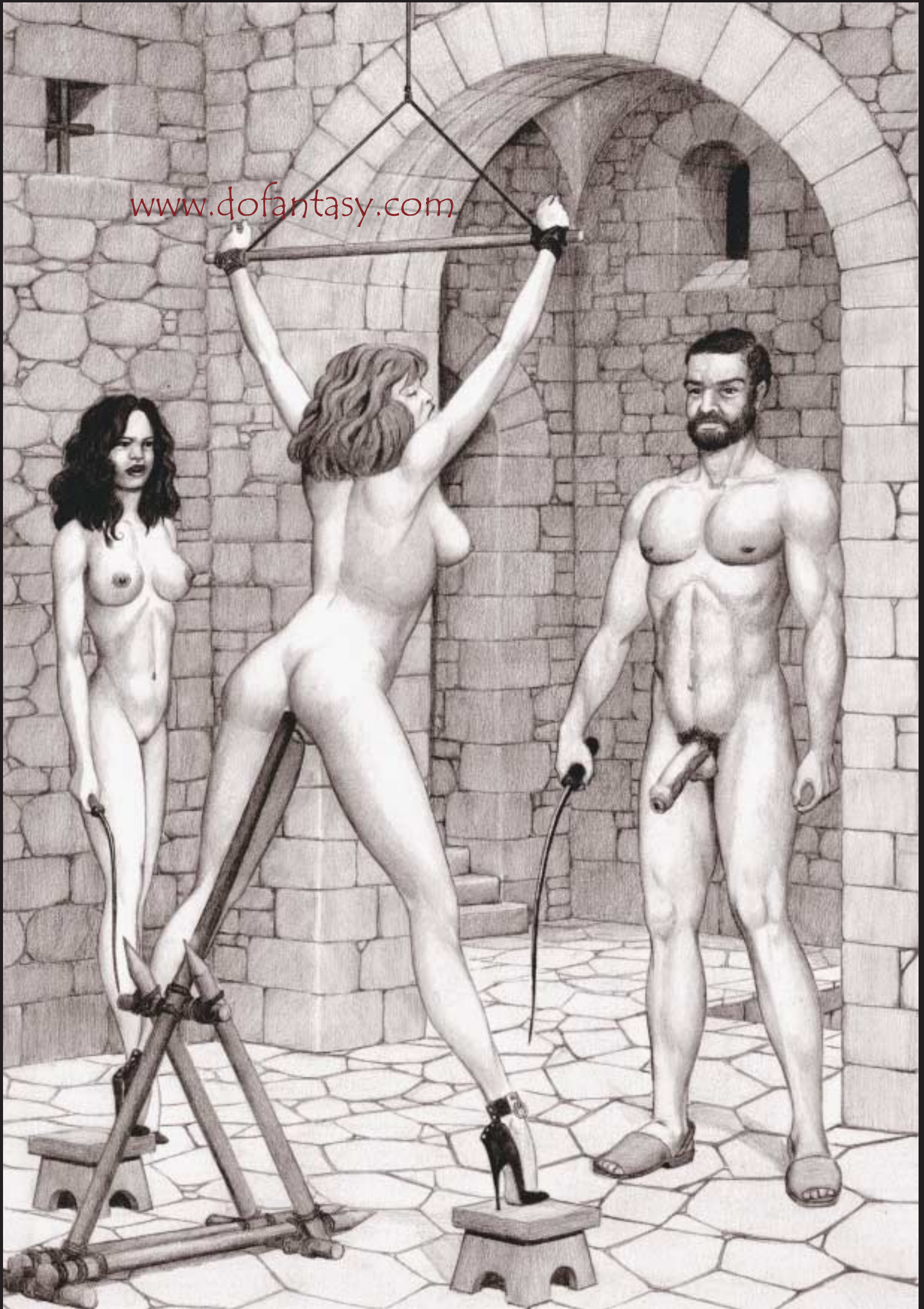
'Slut! ... You deserve all you get!'

She shouts into the girl's face and kicks away one of the stools that support the prisoner.

The woman lifts the girl's head by the hair.

'I'll be down to see you tomorrow morning ... and make sure you're good and dead, you fucking whore...'

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Stick your buttocks back, you slave, and get the stake up your ass...

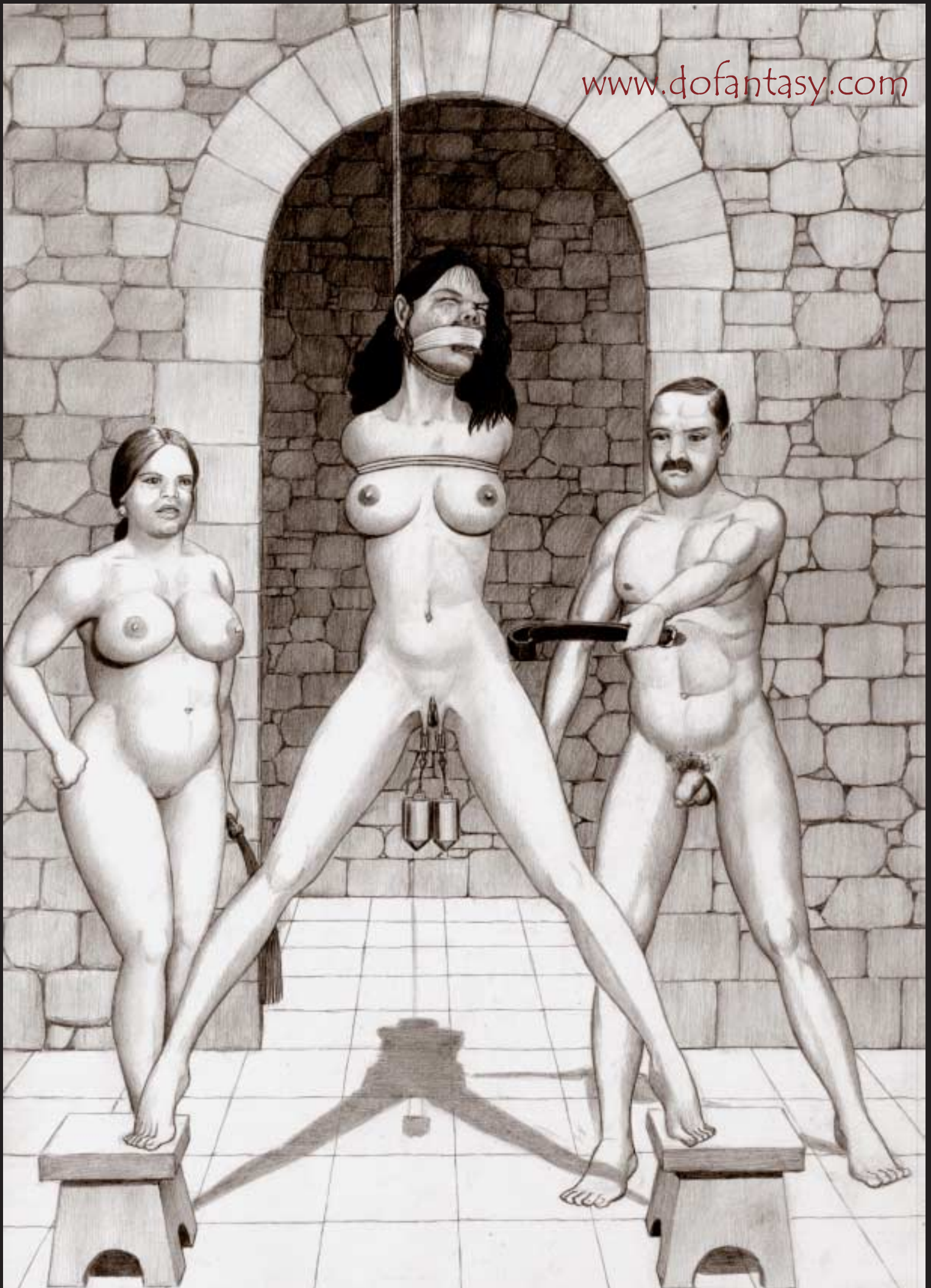
Tortured by clamps and flayed alive by the belt, Imelda's destiny is not better. Nearly choking to death, the girl struggles for her life. The tips of her toes are only just touching the stools.

It is true that hanging is infinitely quicker and more merciful than the stake, but Imelda has been suspended like this for hours. Hours under the whip, enduring her step-mother's scoffing and her stepfather's twisted desires.

A simple and malicious accusation was sufficient to bring her to the attention of the Holy Tribunal. The Chief Inquisitor authorised them to interrogate their stepdaughter and to decide themselves if she was guilty of carnal dealing with Satan.

Now the stepmother reveals the truth:

I wanted the pleasure of seeing you suffer like this, you filthy slut! But you're going to confess anyway! Confess you fucked with Satan!



Other prisoners were interned in the Convent of the Slaves of the Good Death.

Inés y Dolores have been in the Cage of Thorns for two days, on their knees. Two days without sleeping or eating, crushed together by one tight belt. They dare not move for fear of cutting themselves on the barbed wire... For two days Inés's breasts have been squashed against Dolores's breasts...

For two days Dolores's vagina has been squashed against Inés's thigh...

For two days Inés's vagina has been squashed against Dolores's thigh...

Despite the terror and despair that take over their souls, their young bodies cannot remain insensible to such intimate contact...

The first, tentative moans can be heard in the dark cell...

They do not know, but they are being observed...

This sordid cell is at the service of no known god...

What will happen to us? ... SOB ...SOB...

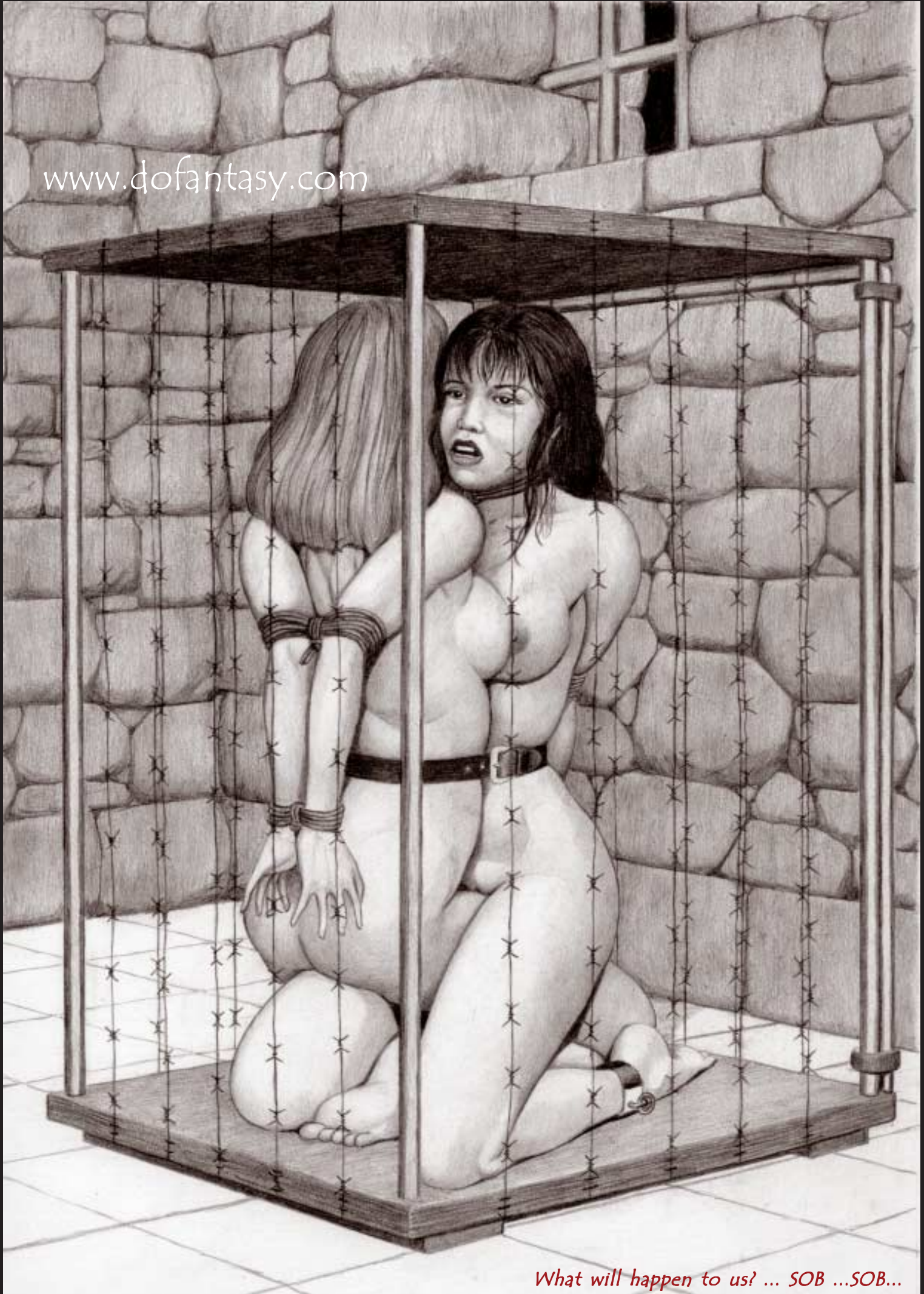
The girls ask, weeping bitterly.

The Mother Superior, Sister Anguish of the Holy Supplice, has decided to use them for her own pleasure. The prisoners will be at the service of this old, repugnant and unwashed body. They will surrender their supple young bodies to her in innumerable obscene sexual games, under the threat of a whiplash...

For this reason, they must be trained...

Two days on their knees in the cage in such intimate contact have been sufficient to awaken their lesbian instincts. Now they must learn some techniques...

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What will happen to us? ... SOB ...SOB...

Inés is severely tied to the rack by the waist and by the ankles. She grips Dolores by the waist. Her vagina and her anus, both intact, are at the mercy of the sadistic Abbess.

Come on, you slut! Get your face down into the Jew's juices!

AAGHH! I can't! AAAAGGHHHH!!!

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Obey me or I'll flay you alive!

The sharp sting of the whiplash overcomes the girls' repugnance and Inés obeys, shyly, slowly, fighting the nausea that wells up inside

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

No! Kiss her with your mouth open! Wide!

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Let me hear her cunt sing! Suck her! Lick her hard!

SLURPS SLURPSSSSSS SLURPSSSSSS

Inés kisses, licks and sucks in accordance with the Mother's precise instructions...

SLURPS SLURPSSSSSS SLURPSSSSSS

She licks and sucks until the obscene insistence overcomes Dolores's natural resistance and a violent orgasm shakes the young girl's splendid body.

Sister Anguish of the Holy Supplice gives the exhausted Inés her prize...

AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

The girl shouts twice. A monstrous dildo penetrates her anus. An equally thick wooden stick is thrust into her vagina and carries with it her virginity, for ever...

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Come on, you slut! Get your face down into the Jew's juices!

The days pass and Inés and Dolores are the Abbess's lapdogs. Stripped completely naked, with their wooden dildos in their vaginas and anuses, they follow her around wherever she goes, a leather leash tied around their young throats. Weighed down with fetters, they are obliged to perform the most horrid obscenities, either on each other or on their Mistress.

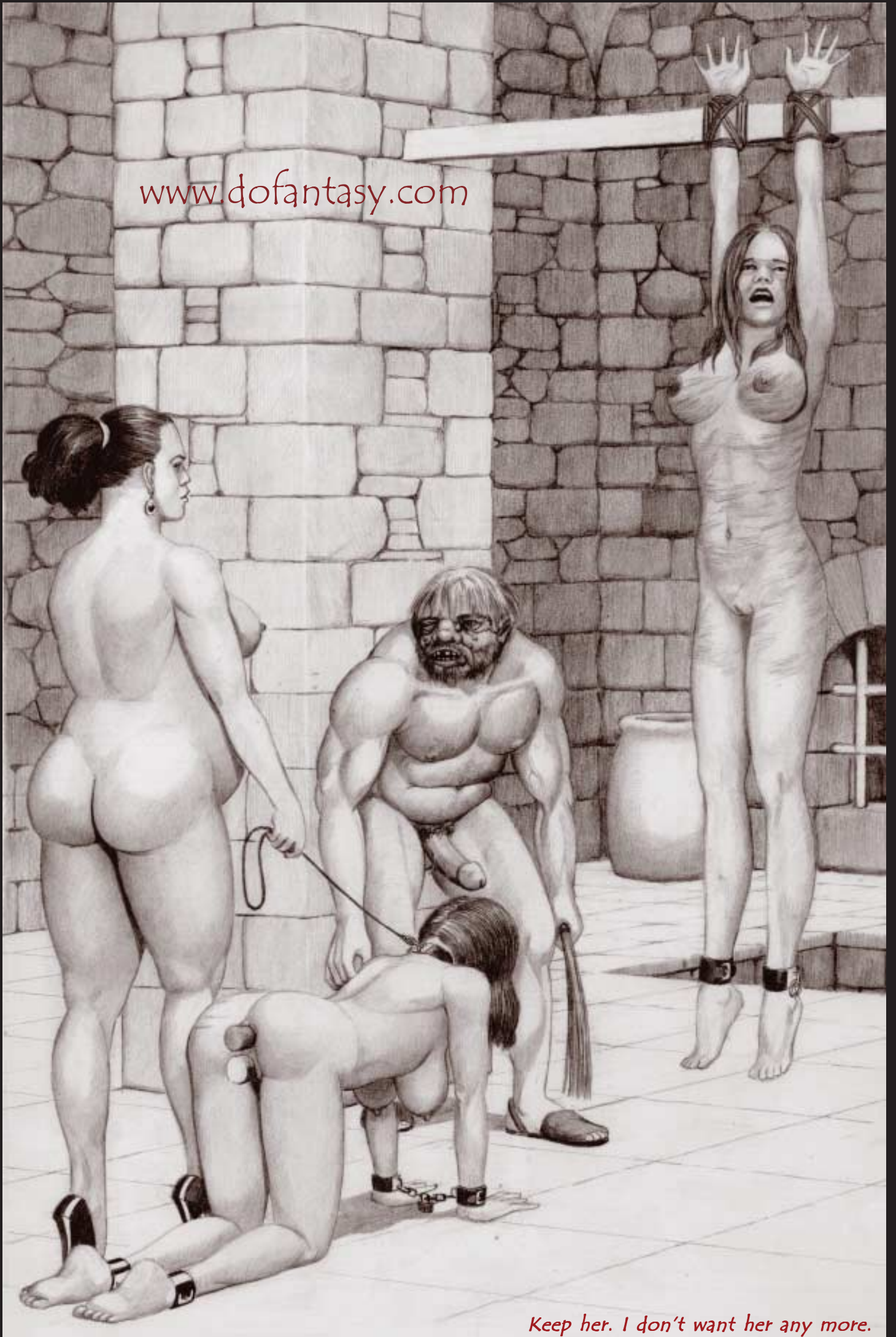
Today Dolores could not avoid being sick while she cleaned the Holy Mother's recently fouled anus. She cleaned it with her tongue...

Keep her. I don't want her any more.

The Mother Superior gives Dolores to the torturer. His member is already erect. He suspends the lethal flogging for a moment.

Dolores, on all fours and trembling, closes her eyes and gives thanks to God. Finally, this horrible nightmare is coming to an end...

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Keep her. I don't want her any more.

A small group of prisoners, perhaps the most select in the eyes of the Chief Inquisitor Zorquemada, is kept apart for the private use of the Inquisitor himself and his closest collaborators.

Lidia is one of them.

"Butcher", one of the most terrible torturers in the Holy Tribunal, has asked permission to take her virginity. Permission has been granted, as payment for his criminal services...

Celestina, a particularly unpleasant prostitute, will help him...

Celestina grabs her wrists, Butcher pushes her and Lidia falls onto the rack and hurts her kidneys ...

Butcher grabs her by the ankles...

That's it ... her back on the edge ... I want her to remember this moment for ever!

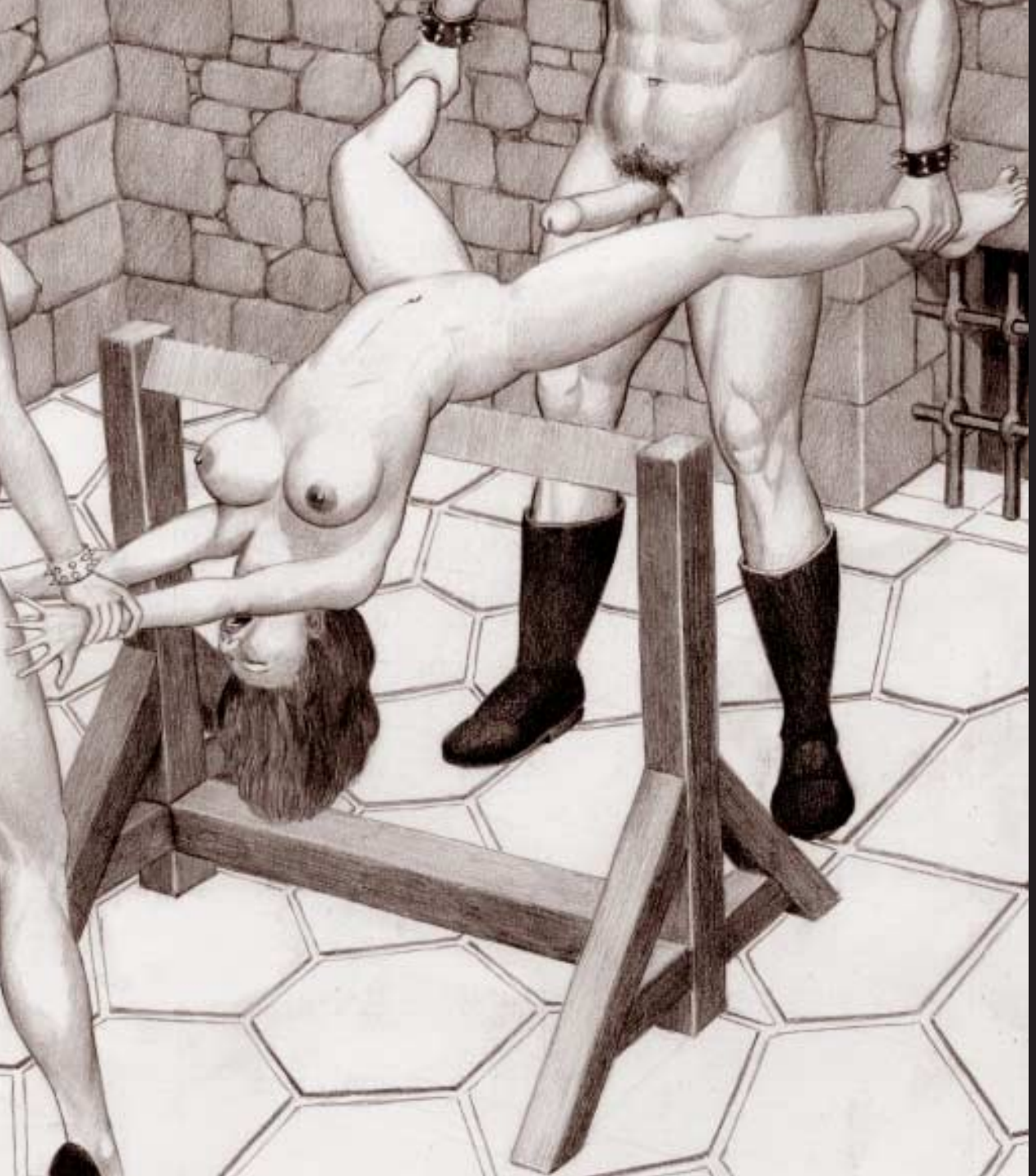
NOOOOOOOO... NOOOOOOOOO...!!!

It is a brutal scene.

Take this, you slut!!!

He shouts and pushes hard in, carrying half of the young girls' life before him

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I want her to remember this moment for ever!

Lidia is stretched out, on her back, on a torture table. Her slim young legs are tied by the ankles to keep them wide apart. Celestina first raped her and then tortured her with grotesque dildos made of rough tree bark. Now she is beating her between her legs...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHH!
AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

And Butcher, now recovered, is amusing himself by working on her soft breasts, while he sits obscenely on her face.

"Open your mouth, you fucking son of a witch! Clean my ass with your spit!"

He shouts, twisting and turning her sensitive nipples. Lidia obeys ... she cannot stand the pain any more...

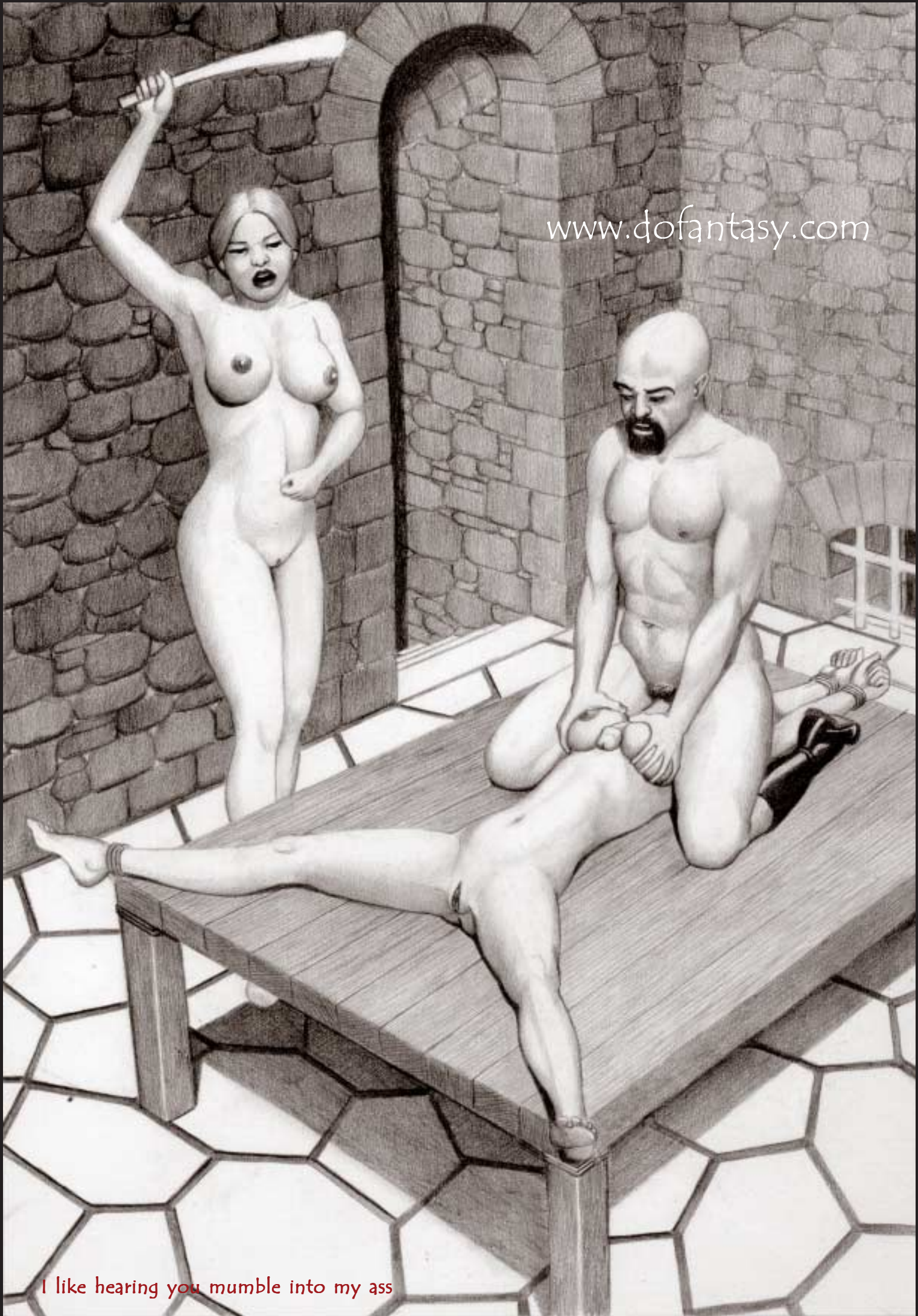
Stick your tongue right out ... I want to feel your tongue and your whore's lips ... and your mouth, all sucking my ass. Lick hard, you slut... dig this little tongue in!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHH!
AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
iThat's it! I like hearing you mumble into my ass...

Butcher farts and ejaculates all over her reddened breasts...

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I like hearing you mumble into my ass



But Butcher's cruelty knows no limits...
Helped by an old and fat madame from a whore-house,
the sadistic torturer hangs little Lidia up by the toes and
washes her face of his own excrement ... while he
initiates her sexual training.

*You're going to empty my balls with your mouth, you
slut ... whether you want to or not...*

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHH!

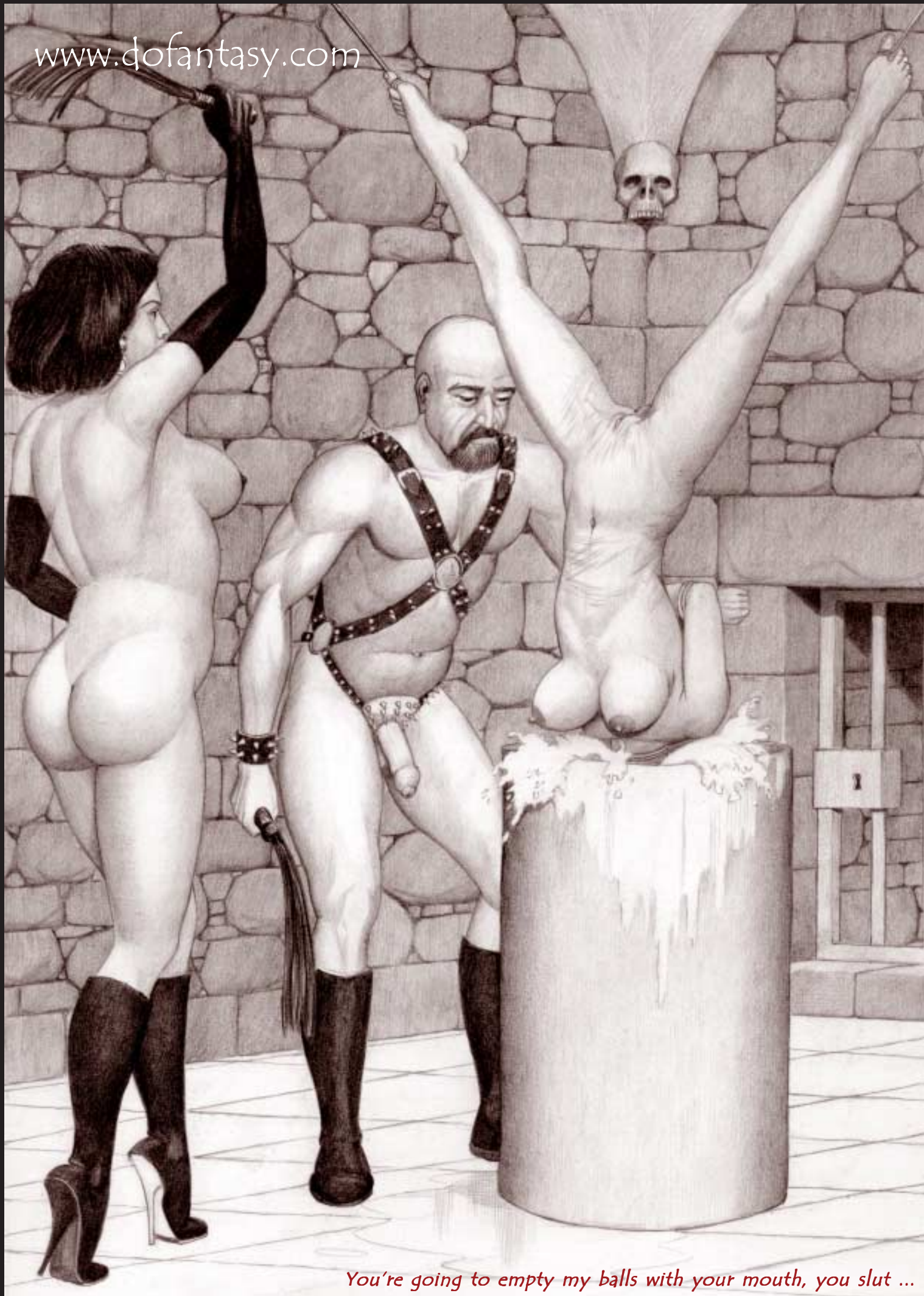
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

The old woman brings the cat-o'-nine-tails savagely
down between the girl's thighs. Just where the skin is
most tender and soft...

Butcher lifts his fist, bringing his victim's head up with
it. Lidia opens her mouth, gasping for air...

Butcher takes advantage of this moment to plunge his
member into her mouth. He holds her by the ears and
works on her throat angrily, pumping his immense
member into her...

Lidia is choking ... she's choking in the foetid water.
And she chokes when her head is out of the water, with
the penis in her throat...



You're going to empty my balls with your mouth, you slut ...

The training of Lidia and her companions continues... Their beautiful young bodies saved them from burning. They were destined to work as the Inquisitor's whores and they are subjected to cruel tortures as part of their training.

Tied up by the elbows, Lidia and her companion learn the obscenest skills that are required of them.

Get your ass down onto that ... and you, you slut ... rub my dick with your face until I shoot off!

The adolescent blonde obeys, groaning pathetically...

Now bring your leg up ... get it right in ... that's it... Aaaaagghhhhhh! ... Please! ... Please!...

Now move around, as if you were fucking it...

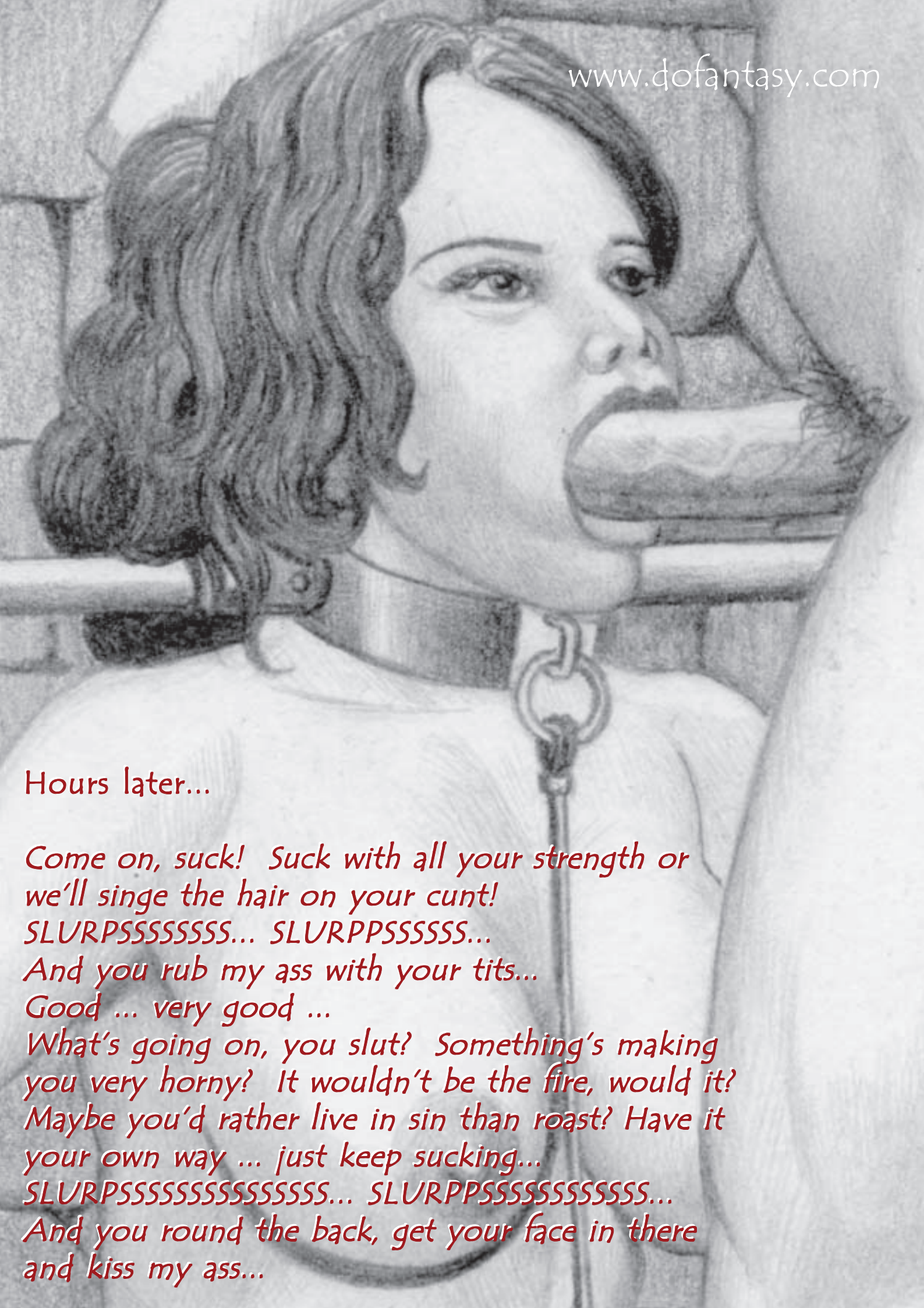
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH...

Up ... down ... up ... down ... that's the way!!

The depressing spectacle of the lovely young girl moving her hips while penetrated in the anus is too much even for the hard-nosed Butcher. The sadist can't control himself and he shoots off into Lidia's face and all over her hair and beautiful breasts.



*Get your ass down onto that ... and you, you slut ...
rub my dick with your face until I shoot off!*



Hours later...

*Come on, suck! Suck with all your strength or we'll singe the hair on your cunt!
SLURPSSSSSSSS... SLURPPSSSSSS...*

And you rub my ass with your tits...

Good ... very good ...

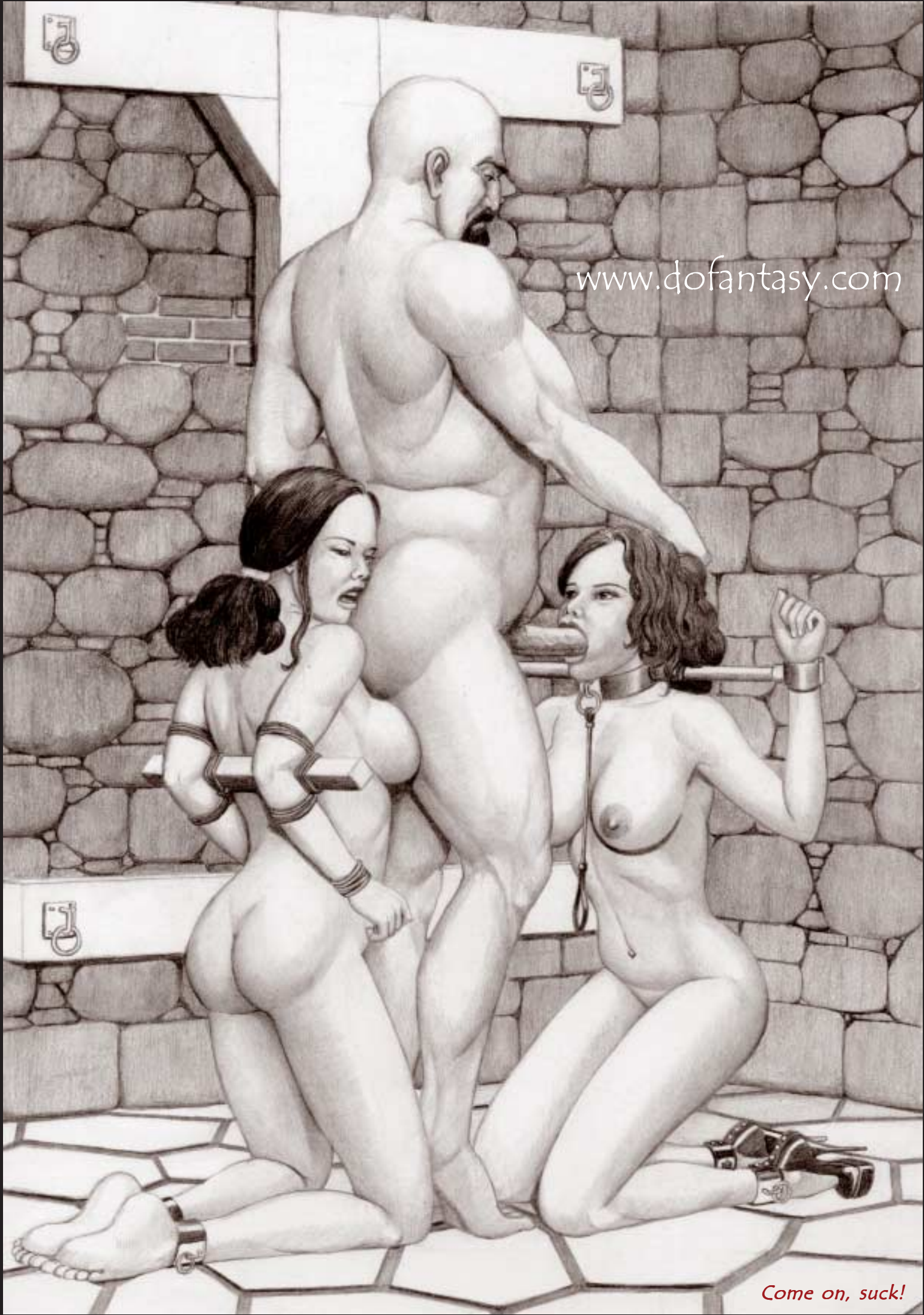
What's going on, you slut? Something's making you very horny? It wouldn't be the fire, would it? Maybe you'd rather live in sin than roast? Have it your own way ... just keep sucking...

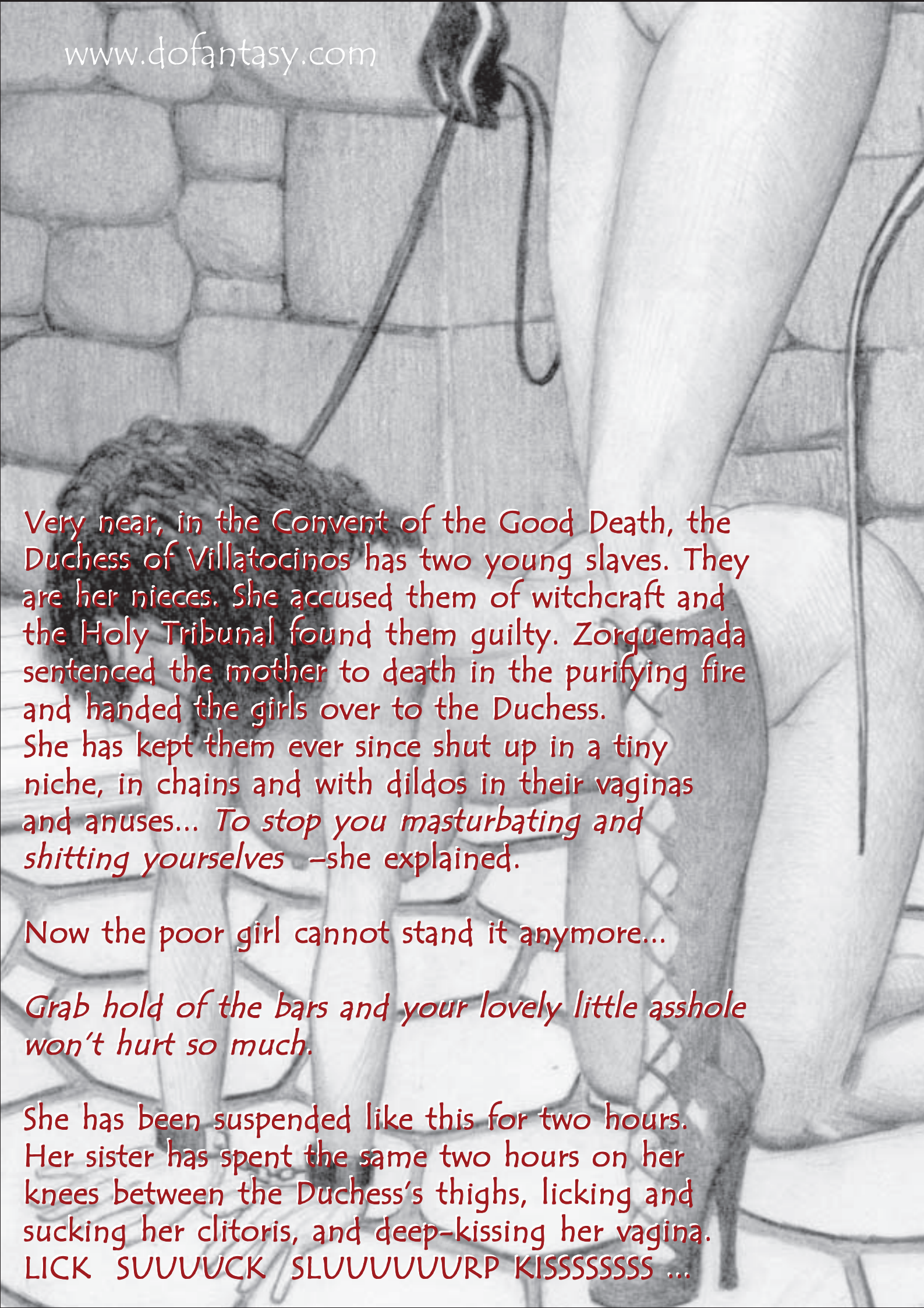
SLURPSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS... SLURPPSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS...

And you round the back, get your face in there and kiss my ass...

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Come on, suck!





Very near, in the Convent of the Good Death, the Duchess of Villatocinos has two young slaves. They are her nieces. She accused them of witchcraft and the Holy Tribunal found them guilty. Zorquemada sentenced the mother to death in the purifying fire and handed the girls over to the Duchess. She has kept them ever since shut up in a tiny niche, in chains and with dildos in their vaginas and anuses... *To stop you masturbating and shitting yourselves* –she explained.

Now the poor girl cannot stand it anymore...

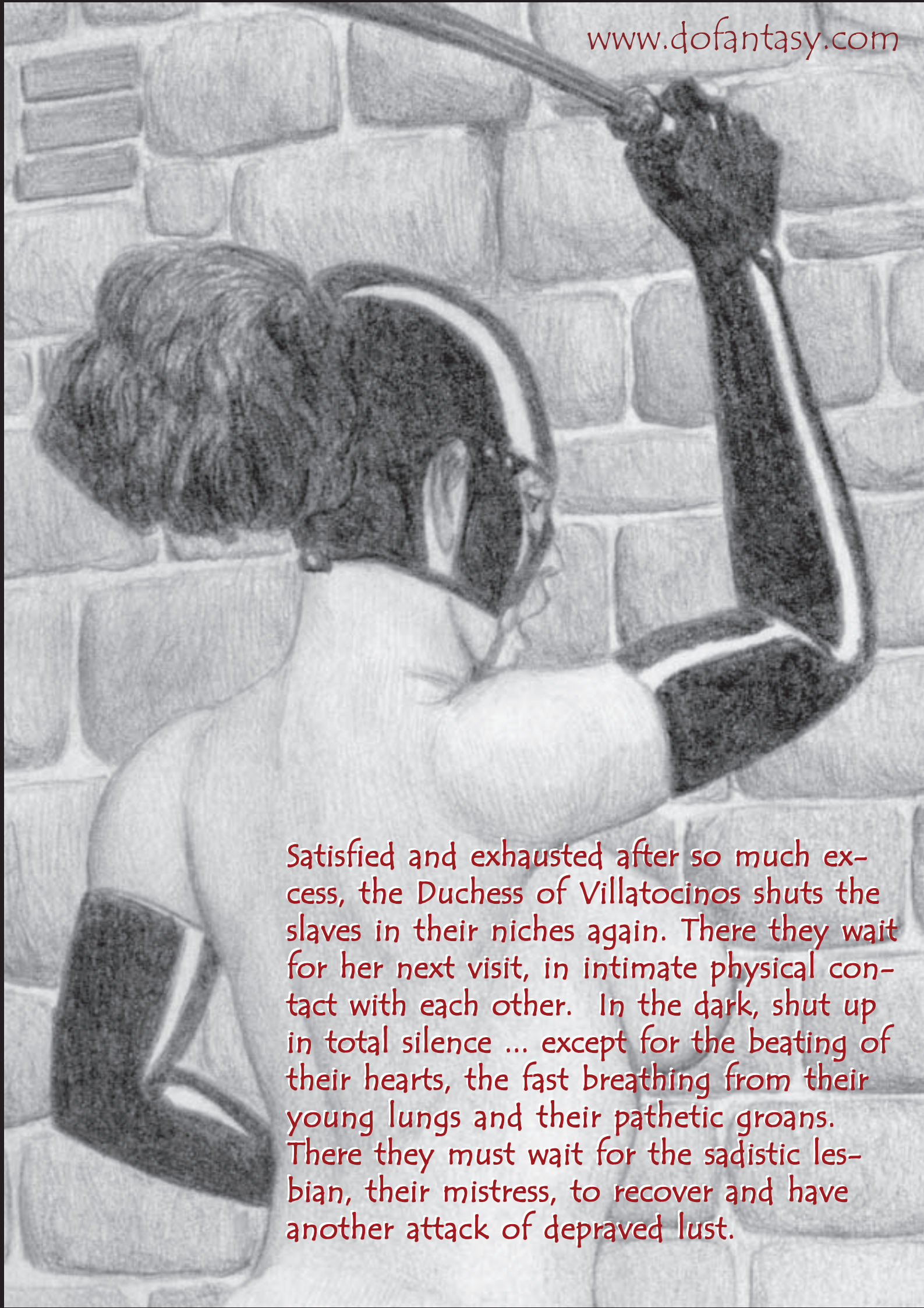
Grab hold of the bars and your lovely little asshole won't hurt so much.

She has been suspended like this for two hours. Her sister has spent the same two hours on her knees between the Duchess's thighs, licking and sucking her clitoris, and deep-kissing her vagina. LICK SUUUUCK SLUUUUUURP KISSSSSSSS ...

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Grab hold of the bars or else... Are you tired, slave?



Satisfied and exhausted after so much excess, the Duchess of Villatocinos shuts the slaves in their niches again. There they wait for her next visit, in intimate physical contact with each other. In the dark, shut up in total silence ... except for the beating of their hearts, the fast breathing from their young lungs and their pathetic groans. There they must wait for the sadistic lesbian, their mistress, to recover and have another attack of depraved lust.



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Get in, you scum...!

But on this occasion, the two adolescent sisters will have to wait longer than normal. The Duchess of Villatocinos has another appointment. A new plaything...

The Inquisitor Zorquemada has given her the Countess of Huerta, her eternal rival in court...

So these are the tits and this is the ass that turns men into sinners? Beg, you wicked slut to tie you down so that pigs can mount you. It's for everyone's good. Pigs have no soul and do not sin when they fornicate. And you'll enjoy it, like the pig you are!

No! Never! May the devil take you, you and your political intrigues!

iHmmmm!... A lady of character, I see. Well, if you don't want to fornicate with pigs I'll have to find a way of stopping you from provoking sins with your Jew-witch's body ... I'll cut off your ears and put your eyes out, I'll burn your cunt and your ass with red-hot irons, and I'll tear your tits off with hooks. We'll see how many men find you attractive then!



I'll cut off your ears and put your eyes out. I'll burn your cunt and your ass with red-hot irons, and I'll tear your tits off with hooks...

The Chief Inquisitor, Zorquemada, is passing by at that moment and notices her magnificent breasts, her lovely tanned skin and her beautiful green eyes...

*And who is this beauty, executioner?
Isabel, daughter of the nobleman Quevedo.
That makes her Lady Inés's daughter too? The
slut's daughter?
Yes, Inquisitor.*

The Chief Inquisitor looks more closely at the terrified girl and pinches her breasts cruelly.

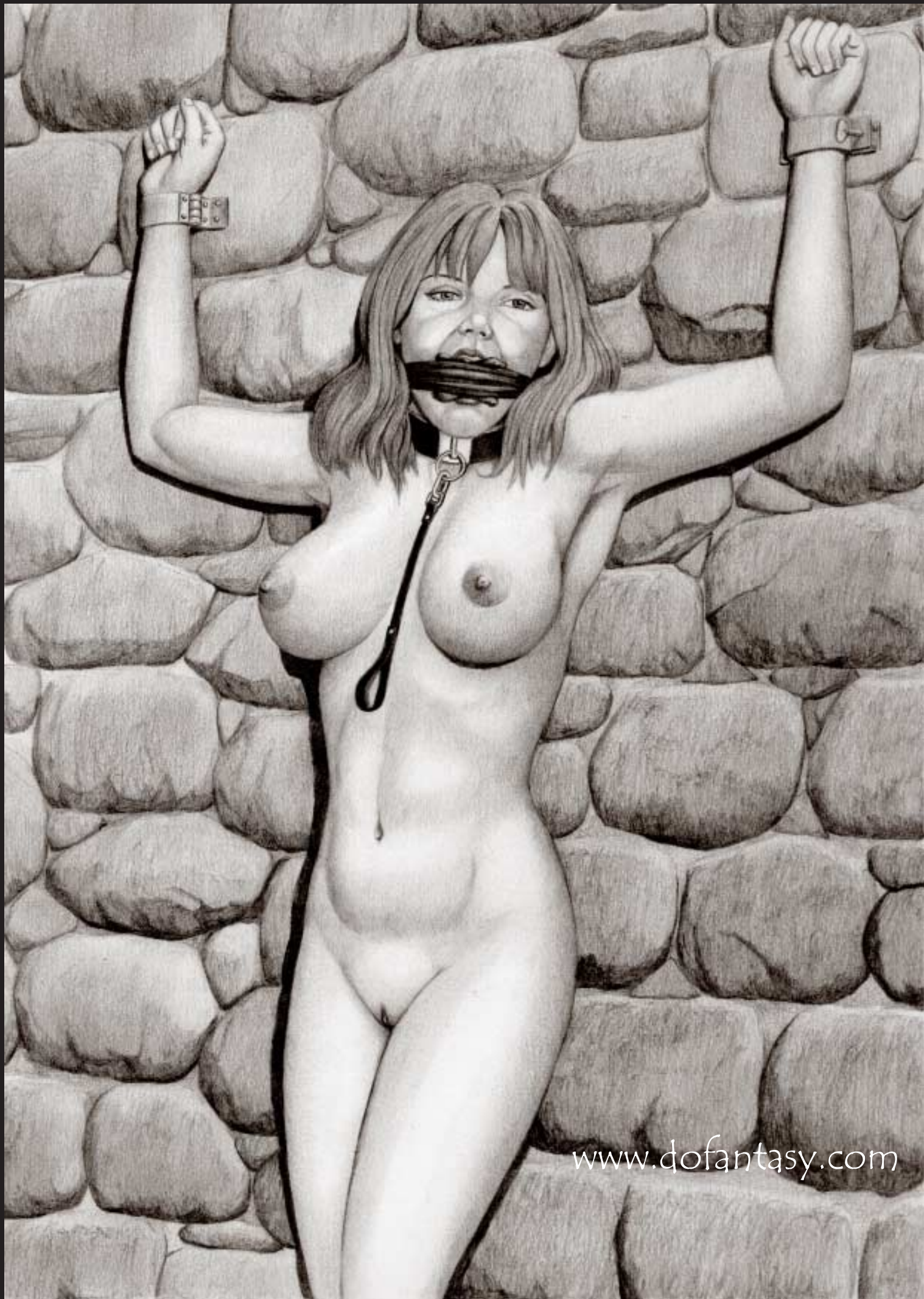
*I threw your mother to the dogs yesterday. A fine
spectacle, it was!*

HUMMMMMMMMMM! HUMMMMMMMMM!

What was that, dear? Speak up!

iMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM...!

*No, no, I'm not going to burn you. You'll be my
concubine. I'm low on affection at the moment
and you're going to provide it.*



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No, no, I'm not going to burn you. You'll be my concubine

Isabel has been on tiptoe for hours, hung up by the wrists. She is completely defenceless. The Chief Inquisitor has brought her to a dark dungeon below his palace. They are alone.

And he is whipping her...

He is using a small training whip, which stings but does not mark the skin. It is very manageable and reaches all parts of the body...

It is pure torture.

A whiplash, a stroke, another whiplash, obscene hands, a whiplash, two fingers inserted...

A lick on her lips, held apart by the muzzle...

A whiplash on the thigh...

More kisses and licks and bites and lashes ... inside the thighs, right up at the top ... on the right buttock ... the waist ... the hip ... on one calf ... on the other calf ... on the sensitive fold of skin between leg and thigh...

Then a savage bite on the right nipple...

A cruel sharp whiplash on the left one...

Fingers running over the swelling flesh of the breasts. Nails digging in. Hands kneading, squeezing, twisting, torturing, humiliating...

Another lash ... between the thighs, right inside...

The whip slips down like a saw between the girl's defenceless open legs ... front and back ... front and back ... it stings, it irritates the skin and the soft mucous. It confuses the mind...

Isabel shudders as a finger penetrates her from behind...

Keep still, you slut...

SWISSSSSHHH ... THWAAAACK!!!

The whip comes stinging down onto her breasts...

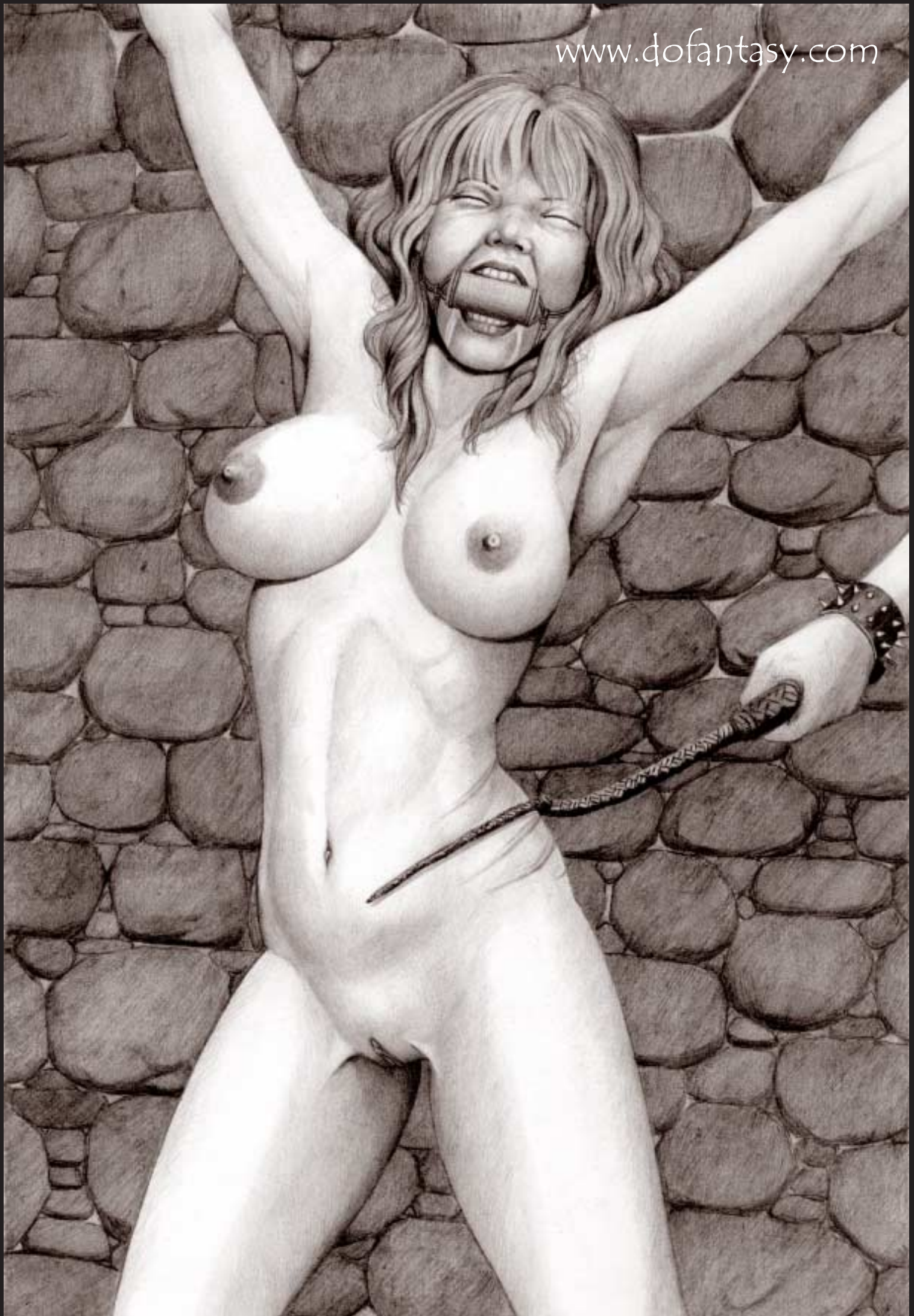
The handle of the whip replaces the obscene finger...

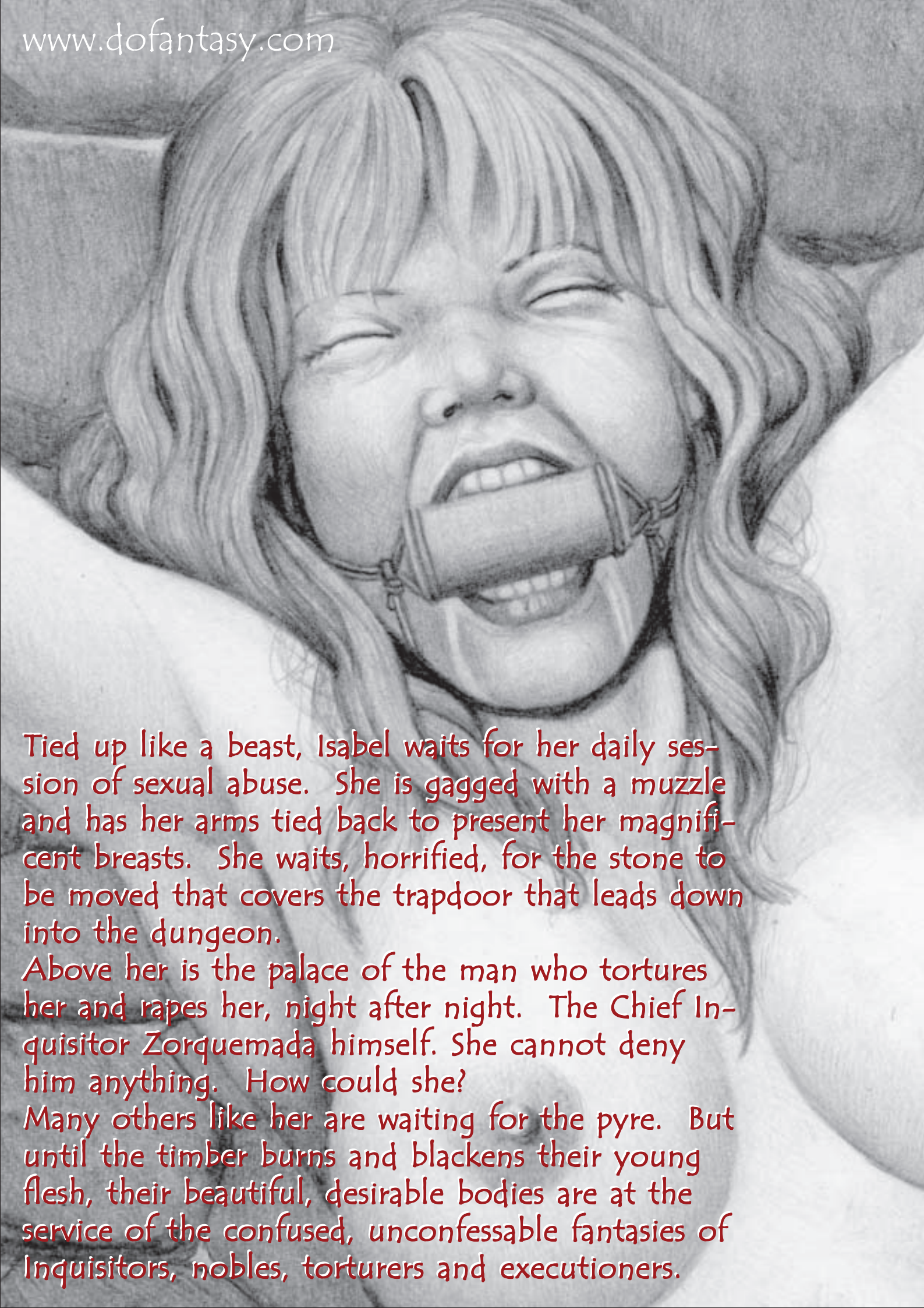
AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!

Isabel cannot stand any more. She would give anything to be able to stop the torture...

Are you going to be an obedient, submissive, wet-cunted little Jew-witch now?

Isabel nods, her eyes brimming with tears...





Tied up like a beast, Isabel waits for her daily session of sexual abuse. She is gagged with a muzzle and has her arms tied back to present her magnificent breasts. She waits, horrified, for the stone to be moved that covers the trapdoor that leads down into the dungeon.

Above her is the palace of the man who tortures her and rapes her, night after night. The Chief Inquisitor Zorquemada himself. She cannot deny him anything. How could she?

Many others like her are waiting for the pyre. But until the timber burns and blackens their young flesh, their beautiful, desirable bodies are at the service of the confused, unconfessable fantasies of Inquisitors, nobles, torturers and executioners.

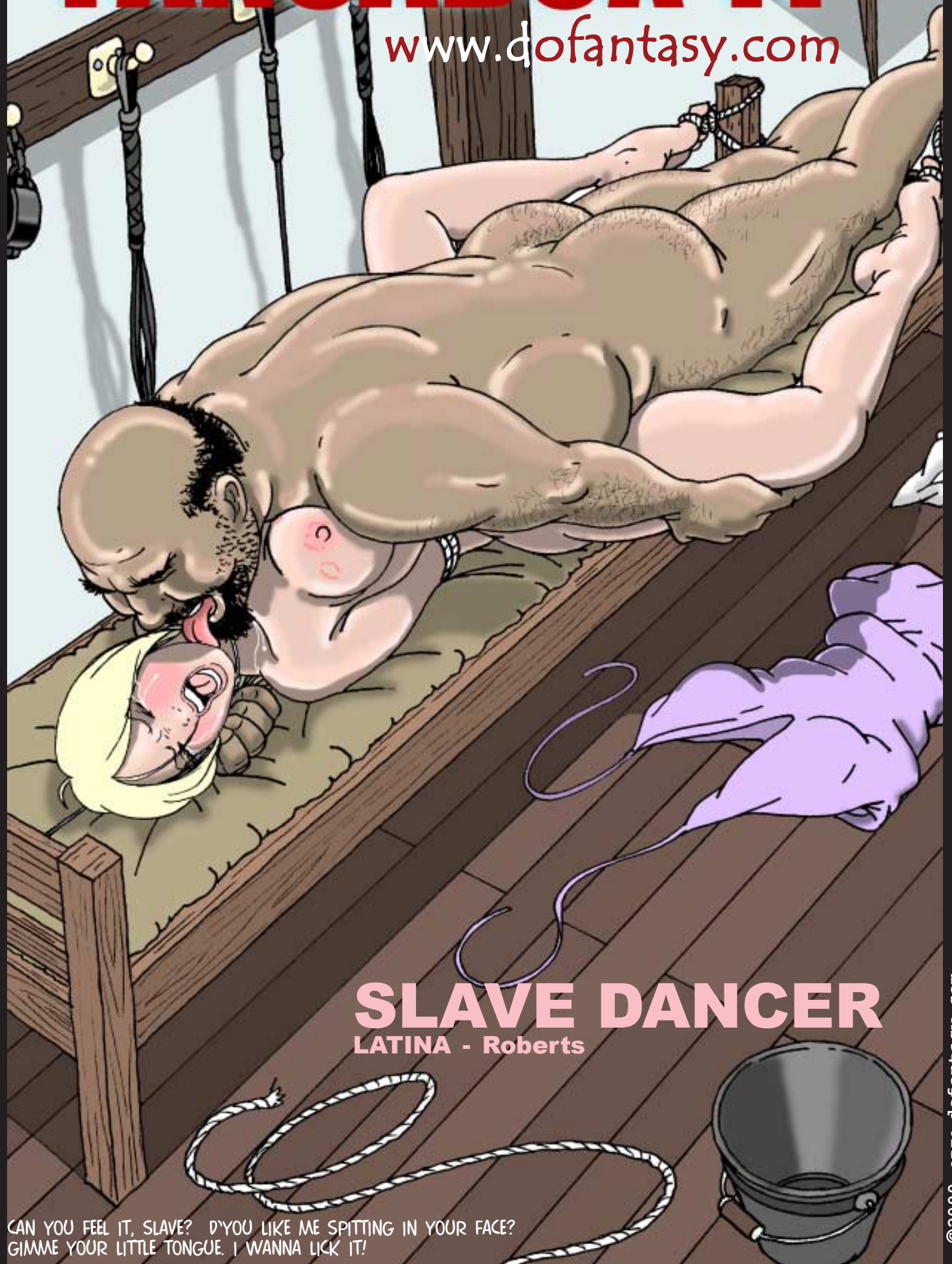
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THE END

FANSADOX 11

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SLAVE DANCER

LATINA - Roberts

CAN YOU FEEL IT, SLAVE? D'YOU LIKE ME SPITTING IN YOUR FACE?
GIMME YOUR LITTLE TONGUE. I WANNA LICK IT!