

SEX captives of TERROR PRISON

by procter baldwin



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SEX CAPTIVES of TERROR PRISON

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Chapter 1

TABORA

For five days Guardia Tabora had been kept naked and in solitary confinement. Now at last they had returned her uniform. She sat primly on the edge of the bunk bed fully dressed, glad to feel the crisp linen of her tunic-shirt against her breasts, the soft cotton of her panties between her legs, and the tight drill of her skirt around her hips.

They had even given her make-up and a comb. Her uniform cap was perched on her neatly arranged black hair, and the badge of the Palace Prison Guardia Service shone brightly.

Tabora was scarcely twenty years old. She was lovely in the way that a chance mixture of Latino and Carib blood very often is. In truth there was more Carib than Latino in Tabora, and her thick black hair and deep dark eyes matched the golden brown of her skin. She had a small, wide nose and full, dangerous lips.

She was not a tall girl. That made her big breasts seem even bigger; and the tilt of her pelvis thrust out her ass-cheeks into full round prominence.

She looked the picture of a young guardia. Except for the boots.

That was the only thing missing. They hadn't returned her boots. Glad as she was to be clothed after five days of nakedness, she couldn't feel properly dressed until she was wearing her boots. In the prison only prisoners walked with bare feet.

She waited. She tried to convince herself that her punishment was over. Never again would she try to save a prisoner from the full effects of a torment ordered by Capitana Sandoval.

Even now she couldn't imagine why she had done it. Feeling sorry for a prisoner! Imagine! Was she not a true Sandovalista? And were the prisoners not the enemies of the Sandovals? In retrospect she thought she had got away with it lightly. Five

days of solitary confinement. Five days of nakedness. Five days of being exercised with the other prisoners -they had at least hooded her so that she wouldn't be recognized by any of them. And gagged her under the hood.

All the same, just like the others during the exercise period, she had had to suffer the lash. They whipped her to make her keep moving in the circle, lifting her knees up to waist height with every step. Yes, she knew now how it felt to be a prisoner.

She looked up. Voices echoed in the corridor outside her narrow cell. With mounting expectation she heard the rasp of a key in the lock.

A tall, well-built man in uniform entered, and a smaller, sly looking soldier followed him.

"Edmundo!" Tabora cried. "Edmundo, am I glad to see you! And you Raul, you too."

She knew them both. In a closed world like the prison at the Palacio Zorilla you get to know each other. The little one, Raul, she didn't like at all. He was creepy, unshaven, a permanent leer on his face. But Edmundo, the other one, big and handsome, with brown eyes and a relaxed and easygoing way -not with the prisoners, of course- he had made a pass at her many times.

"Oh, Edmundo -and Raul- thank goodness someone came," she cried, jumping up from the bench where she had been sitting. "They put me in solitary. What's happening? Have you come to let me out? Where's my boots?" Raul said, "Shut up, bitch.

"Wha...at...? Don't call me bitch! I'm not one of your prisoners."

She reached for Edmundo's hand. "Edmundo, you're my friend..."

Edmundo gripped her wrist and span her round, seizing her other wrist and pulling them together. "Give her the gag, Raul. I'll tie her hands."

"Please ... don't do this. Help me...!"

"Open your mouth, slut," growled Raul.

Tabora shook her head vigorously. "I don't believe this! You can't... I'm one of you ... UMPH!"

Raul had punched her in the belly, causing her to double over, and her mouth to fly open in pain. In that split second the gag forced its way between her lips, pushing her jaws apart, and clicking audibly in place behind her teeth.

At the same time that Edmundo gathered her arms behind her back and wound cord around her wrists, Raul's snatch-stick snapped in place around her neck, holding her firmly in position while Edmundo clipped a hobble-chain between her ankles.

Tabora gazed at her friends, her captors, with round, horrified eyes.

But not for long. Edmundo slipped a blindfold over her head. Two thick pads pressed against her eyes and a wide leather band was buckled behind her head.

All this had been accomplished without displacing the guardia's cap on Tabora's head, or rumpling her uniform. Bound, she looked as neat as if she was in her usual place of authority, whip in hand.

With uncertain steps, trammled by the hobble-chain, she was led out of the cell and down long corridors.

* * *

The prison at the Palacio Zorilla was a squat building of two storeys surrounded by a high, spike-edged wall. But that part above ground was mostly admin and staff accommodation. The main work of the prison was carried on below, in a vast underground network, dynamite blasted out of the hard rock that Veragonza was built on.

Guardia Tabora had never visited all of the prison. Some parts were out of bounds to junior staff.

In any case, blindfolded, led through the twists and turns of the corridors, pushed into an elevator to descend many floors, she soon lost track of where she was in the prison.

Only when they stopped and she heard one of her captor bang on a steel door, did she know she'd arrived. She heard the door open. Dread froze her stomach. For a moment she stubbornly refused to enter. But she was dragged in.

The steel door slammed.

Blindfolded, she could see nothing. She heard voices and laughter. She turned her head this way and that, trying to make out who was were.

She heard a chain rattle. She felt cold metal links encircle her neck. The chain rattled again. The links tightened, closing around her throat. Tabor began to panic.

How many times had she seen this happen to prisoners? How many times had steel chains tightened around slender throats, and young girls been drawn up until they stood on the tips of their toes? And how many times had she, Tabora, watched with tightening nipples and a pleasant tingle between her legs, drawing the leather whip through her fingers in readiness for whipping soft flesh.

And now...

Her hands were unbound. "Don't touch the blindfold. Just strip!"

It was a woman's voice, and even in those few words she recognized Capitana Ana.

"Please," she wanted to say, "please don't humiliate me. Please don't hurt me. I'm a guardia."

But she was gagged, and the words were just squeaks and made the other people in the room laugh: men's laughter and women's laughter.

Something like fire encircled her thighs just below her skirt. Someone had struck her. She heard the hiss of the whip again and reached out her hands to fend the blow off. Again that circle of fire around her thighs.

“Strip, slut!” Capitana Ana’s voice sounded impatient.

Tabora held out her hands imploringly, shaking her head.

“Give me that cane.”

Tabora, half-choking with fear, unable to move from the spot, unable to see or to speak, heard the swish of the instrument through the air. She tried to jump away, but between the constriction of her neck-chain and the tips of her toes she couldn’t move far. The cane caught her squarely across the front of her thighs. Almost before she had time to squeal, she felt the sting of it across the back of her thighs.

Then she squealed as loud as the heavy gag would permit. Which was surprisingly loud. But then Capitana Ana’s arm was surprisingly strong.

Tabora’s hands flew to the fastening of her skirt. In moments she had unzipped it and pushed it down her legs. She fumbled with the buttons of her tunic-shirt, at last ripping them in her haste to get the garment off.

All the time the cane sang through the air, and smacked home somewhere on Tabora’s bare skin. The more she exposed her body the more targets it seemed to find. Common sense told her that the more she stripped the worse things would get for her. But in the face of Capitana Ana’s anger, she could do nothing. She unclipped her bra and dropped it to the floor. In the same instant the cane whacked home across the fullest part of her breasts, almost beating the breath from her body.

In the hope that this torment would stop, if only for a moment, she pushed her panties down, sliding them as far as she could down her thighs, and then working them down with alternate shimmying movements of her legs until they dangled over the chain between her ankles.

That brought a round of applause from the others in the room.

But no respite from Capitana Ana. Six more times that cane sang. Six more times she was struck on some vulnerable, soft part of her body. Tears flowed from her eyes under the pads of that blindfold.

And then she remembered. The cap. Even her cap with the badge of her beloved guardia unit at the front, even that had to come off. She flicked it off, throwing it aside in a desperate gesture to make her officer stop.

And so she did.

She felt someone’s hands at the back of her head. The blindfold came off. She could see where she was.



And she wished she wasn't there.

* * *

The cell was long and not wide. At each end stood a winding drum with two soldiers to work them. A chain led from the one drum to a pulley in the ceiling above, down the length of the room, through another ceiling mounted pulley, and down to the other drum.

When the drums turned the chain wound its way from one to the other.

Tabora's neck-loop was attached to that chain. When the drums moved she would be made to walk, always on tiptoe, from one end of the room to the other. And she could only move at the speed of the chain.

Which was important, because she might have wanted to move very quickly.

On either side of the long room stood a line of guardias. It seemed that the whole corps of guardias was there. And each one held a heavy whip.

"So, Former Guardia Tabora," began Capitana Ana, "you were caught attempting to alleviate the rightful punishment of a prisoner."

Tabora looked at her Capitana in horror. "Former Guardia"? Did that mean she was dismissed. She would have to leave.

Oh no.

"For that offence against your colleagues, for that stain on the uniform of the Guardias of the Prison of the Palacio Zorilla, for that insult in the presence of your officer and the Generalissimo himself -Capitana Ana knew how to lay on the agony- you will be made to run the gauntlet of your fellow guardias. Five times you will run it."

She paused, and regarded Tabora with her flashing blue eyes.

Chapter 2

ANGELITA

“So generous of Don Pepe,” Sister Solana said to the Mother Superior of the Convent of Santa Honoria. “100,000 pesos! So much money!”

Madre Exultacion did not think so. “Hummm. 100,000 Paramundan Pesos ... hardly 627 US dollars and 48 cents. Not what I call generous.”

“I suppose not,” said Sister Solana, who had no idea what a US dollar was worth. She had vowed a life of poverty so long ago she wasn’t even sure how much a Paramundan Peso was worth. “You know best, Madre Exultacion. It just seems a lot to me.”

“Well, we shall at least be rid of Angela Mira.”

“So sad when the girls move on.”

“Sister Solana, sometimes I despair of you. Even you cannot have forgotten her sister Jacinta, can you?”

“But Angela isn’t like her sister. She is so sweet, so docile, so good-natured. You know, I had hopes that she would join the convent ... as a novice, I mean.”

“A novice! Well, that at least is a fate we won’t suffer, thanks be. Where is the girl now?”

“Did you want to see her, again? I wonder if you were a little short with her when she came to say goodbye ... of course, I don’t mean any criticism, Mother Superior, but...”

“No, I do not want to see that little minx again. I asked where she was.”

"She's in the hall, waiting for Don Pepe's car. He said they would come at 11 o'clock. Listen, Madre Exultacion, isn't that a car now?"

The Mother Superior went over to the window of her study and looked out. Peering over her shoulder, Sister Solana exclaimed, "What an enormous automobile! Why, it's as big as a bus. Such magnificence!"

"Such vanity, Sister, you mean; such vanity. An auto like that would cost two hundred times as much as Don Jose's gift to me ... to the convent, that is to say. Such vain pride in luxury will reap its own reward."

Sister Solana didn't reply. She was trying to work out how much 200 times 100.000 Paramundan pesos would be, but had quite lost her way in a snowstorm of noughts.

In the hallway the girl herself was waiting with obvious impatience.

The family resemblance of the Mira girls was striking. But Angela was a much slighter girl than Jacinta, narrow in the hips and with small, neat buds for breasts. Soon enough she would ripen into the full-bodied voluptuousness of her sister. But now her narrow face made her dark eyes look huge, and her long nose drew the gaze to her soft lips on which a mischievous smile eternally played.

In fact, in her convent uniform of pleated blue skirt, white blouse, light blue jacket and matching blue felt hat (worn against regulations towards the back of her head, the better to show off her lustrous hair), she looked much younger than sixteen. But in her impatience to be away she sauntered, swaying her hips, up and down the hallway, with a provocative snap to each step that belied the fact she still wore white socks and black strap-over shoes.

The moment she heard the big car pull up outside, Angela heaved opened the heavy main door and stepped out of the cool hall of the convent into the warm sunlight. Her unexpected appearance at the top of the steps startled a flock of white doves into the air, where they wheeled overhead in the blue.

In front of her a long limo squatted on the graveled courtyard like a malevolent black reptile. It wasn't her father's car. A young woman in uniform stepped out of the car and held the rear passenger door open for her. Suddenly feeling afraid, she hesitated. She wanted to go back inside the convent. But she couldn't. Not now, after so many goodbyes. She took a deep breath, clipped down the steps, and strode as bravely as she could towards the vehicle.

She smiled quizzically at the young woman. She said, "Who are you ... I mean, I was expecting my father's car."

The woman was wearing a sharply pressed military-style uniform of tunic-

shirt, surprisingly short skirt and boots. On her neatly rolled hair she wore a visorless cap with a sparkling silver badge. She said, "I am Guardia Isabella. It is quite in order. Please get in the car, Señorita."

She did not smile.

Angelita hesitated. She didn't understand what was going on. But she couldn't turn back. Everyone would be watching from the convent. The Guardia moved to her side, and held out her arm, enclosing the girl between the limo's door and the doorway. Inescapably she was shepherded into the car.

The interior overwhelmed her. The upholstery was mauve leather, edged with pink. Momentarily she noticed a submachine gun with carved ivory handles clipped to the partition between driver and passengers. But that was not the most striking thing. For sitting amongst the gaudy cushions was a woman in smart military uniform, gold-embroidered peaked cap on her severely pulled back black hair. The woman turned her head and glanced casually at Angelita. The smile that passed over her lips was not encouraging. She patted the seat beside her. "Well, sit down, Angelita. Sit down."

Her voice was deep with cool authority.

Angelita sat down, sinking deep into the plush mauve leather. She wrinkled her nose at the heady, incongruous perfume the woman wore.

"There's no time to waste," the uniformed woman said.

And they certainly didn't waste time. Guardia Isabella jumped into the car, slammed the door, and barely managed to pull down one of the flip-up seats opposite and seat herself, before the car streaked away. It sped through the arched gate of the convent and began the hour's drive along Paramundo's potholed roads to the capital, Veragonza.

Angelita turned round and looked out of the back of the limo. She was just in time to see the windows of the fast disappearing convent gazing after her expressionlessly. When she turned back she saw the two women appraising her up and down. She said, "I don't understand. I was expecting my father's car..."

The woman in the braided cap sighed, and smiled as if she was anticipating something very pleasurable. She crossed her legs and straightened her skirt. For the first time Angelita noticed the riding whip on her lap. "I am Melosa Sandoval. Comandanta Melosa. Ah, I see you have heard of me. Yes, my father is the Generalissimo, Señorita Angelita, a good friend of your father's. Does that put your mind at rest?"

Angelita wasn't sure that it did. It was certainly true that Don Pepe, her father was close to the Generalissimo, but her sister had always hated the Sandoval women and had made no secret of it. All the same, she thought, to be picked up by

the Generalissimo's car and driven away from the convent in such style ... that was one in the eye for Madre Exultacion. She fervently hoped that the old bat had been watching.

"But why? I mean, why should the Generalissimo send his car, and not my father?"

"Purely out of friendship I expect. They are good friends."

"But still, I don't understand why."

Comandanta Melosa clicked her tongue in irritation. "Did they teach you to always ask questions in the convent?"

"I've left the convent," Angelita said in a defiant tone.

"I think they taught you that young girls should always be silent and obedient."

Angelita didn't reply. Guardia Isabella grinned at her scornfully. Angelita began to dislike her.

"You see, Señorita Angelita," the Comandanta said, "I think that is a very good school for young ladies, the Convent of Santa Honoria; very good for the daughters of the rich."

"I suppose."

Angelita wondered where this conversation was going.

"A little restricting perhaps. They don't allow you much freedom."

Angelita frowned. "No."

"You see, I ask because I only went to a very ordinary school. So did Guardia Isabella. We are both very curious about the daughters of the rich."

Angelita's frown deepened. The limo swerved to avoid a particularly deep pothole and she was thrown against the side of the vehicle. The driver swerved again the opposite way to avoid a mule-cart loaded with hay, blaring his horn at the unfortunate peasant at the same time. Angelita was thrown against the Comandanta who pushed her firmly back into her seat. Melosa leaned confidentially towards her and, as if the momentary contact between them had vouchsafed a right to intimacy, she put her hand on Angelita's thigh over her skirt. She said, "We weren't poor, you understand. But my father only had his officer's salary. We weren't from the aristocracy of Paramundo. Truly we are proud to be of the people. But we, my sister and I, we couldn't go to such an exulted school as the Convent of Santa Honoria."

"I'm sorry," Angelita said. She wasn't sorry, of course, but she felt she had to

say something.

"Oh, don't be sorry. We learned many things they don't teach you at convent school. We learned who to despise, for example, and who to fear."

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"I have some bad news for you, Angelita. Concerning your sister."

"Jacinta? What..."

"Always the questions," said Melosa, shaking her head. "I will tell you. Your sister Jacinta was arrested and is in prison for a serious offence."

"Offence?"

"A serious offence. Treason. Plotting against the state. Your father is naturally devastated."

"Treason, but she couldn't have..."

Angelita paled. But she knew enough about her sister's activities from her letters to her at the convent. Had the Mother Superior seen the letters and denounced Jacinta? She wouldn't put that past the horrid old crone. She was hardly listening to what Comandanta Melosa was saying.

"I can see you are shocked by your sister's behavior. That is good. It tells me you knew nothing about it. Personally I think it was because she led a very sheltered life at the convent. When she left, she was very rebellious. Let off a lot of steam. I can understand that. But treason..."

Angelita stared at the woman. "What has happened to her? What have you done?"

Comandanta Melosa ignored her. "I think," she continued, "that a girl should taste something of the world early on. Too much sheltering behind convent walls is not good for them. Little hothouse flowers. A little freedom, carefully supervised, don't you think?"

Angelita frowned. She was all for freedom, but carefully supervised ... what did that mean? "Please, tell me about Jacinta. Where is she?"

The Comandanta swept on. "For example, I don't suppose you have been fucked yet."

"What!"

For a moment there was silence in the car. The only sound was the irregular thumping of the wheels over the potholes in the road. The guardia was grinning.

Comandanta Melosa smiled. "Ah," she said, "I don't think the nuns taught

you about such things. Perhaps they don't know themselves."

Guardia Isabella sniggered. Angelita glared at her, hating her.

"Well, do you know what 'fuck' means?" The Comandanta continued. She patted Angelita reassuringly on her thigh. "I can see you are too shy to tell me. I mean, have you lain with a man yet?"

Angelita stared at the woman in disbelief, open-mouthed and blushing.

"We must rectify that straight away. I think the answer to the problem is near at hand."

She leaned forward and pressed the intercom button between the passenger and driver compartment. She gave the driver instructions to turn the car and go back along the road they had just traveled.

"What are you going to do?" Angelita asked. She was shaking.

"Did you not see that group of men working beside the road back there? Prisoners, I think, out on a working party. Fine beefy men, they looked. But the poor fellows haven't had the opportunity to fuck a woman for months, years probably. They should be just in the mood for a little convent-reared virgin, don't you think?"

"You can't mean this!"

"Oh but I do. A first fuck is very important for a girl. You will remember this one, I'm sure. Get yourself ready. Take your panties off for a start. I suppose convent girls wear panties?"

The guardia laughed. The driver had halted the limousine, and was backing it slowly to turn it round. Angelita dived for the door and pulled the handle. She wasn't staying with these women a moment longer.

Of course the door was locked.

The guardia seized her and pushed her roughly back to her seat. The woman's eyes were gleaming with excitement. She was remarkable strong, and in the scuffle Angelita noticed for the first time that she carried a coiled whip at her belt.

"Now, take those panties off. Do it, or the guardia will do it for you."

Angelita had no doubt that the woman would. But she said, as defiantly as she could, "No. Leave me alone. If my father hears of this..."

"Your father, little slut, has disowned his daughters to save his own neck. You are ours now. Ours to do what we want with you. And I..." her voice was little more than a hiss "...I want to see you fucked. We're nearly there. So get those panties off and hitch up your skirt."

"No-o-o..."

Guardia Isabella reached forward and flicked up Angelita's skirt. Angelita pushed her away, curling up on the mauve seat cushions and holding her skirt down.

Comandanta Melosa clucked her tongue. "Tie her hands, Guardia. Such disobedience! I'm sure Mother Superior wouldn't have tolerated it."

The guardia grasped Angelita's arm and dragged her forward to twist her round. Angelita fought back, pushing the woman away. "Leave me alo-o-ne," she wailed. She felt her arm being twisted painfully and her other arm was seized. In spite of her efforts she was forced face down to the floor of the limo. Melosa's boot came down on her neck, pressing her face to the mauve and pink carpet. In a moment Guardia Isabella had produced cord and crossed Angelita's wrists and tied them tightly behind her back. More cord pulled her arms high up her back and was looped around her throat three times before being knotted off. It took several more pieces of rope before the guardia was satisfied that she was secured. All the time Angelita laid screaming and sobbing into the hideous carpet.

"Get those panties off her. Mustn't keep those men waiting."

Angelita realized the limo was slowing down. At the same time she felt her skirt jerked up and a hand reaching under it to grasp the waistband of her panties. She wriggled and squirmed and tried kicking back with her legs, but nothing helped. Her panties were drawn briskly down her legs, tangled with her shoes for a moment, and then were gone. The Comandanta lifted her boot from the back of her neck.

With difficulty she twisted herself round to glare up at the two women. "You pigs," she screeched. "Stop it. I don't want to go with any men. I won't go with them!"

"You will do just what you are told."

"Pigs! Leave me alone. Pigs ... OW!"

Melosa Sandoval had slapped her face. She looked in shocked amazement at the Comandanta. No one had ever done that to her before. Not even the bitchiest of the nuns. Melosa pulled her up into a sitting position and slapped her again, harder than before. "Listen, slut," she hissed, "you do not call Comandanta Melosa Sandoval a pig."

She slapped the girl again, and then once more. "Gag her. Use her own panties, and stuff them well in."

"No-o-o, UMPH!!!" The guardia was very skilled in her work, cramming the really quite ample white cotton garment -trimmed with non-regulation lace- between Angelita's jaws and fastening it in place with a band of leather buckled tightly at the side of her head. It hurt.

A moment later Angelita found herself back in her seat. She had lost her hat, her convent blazer was half off her shoulder, her skirt rucked up. Melosa brushed her hair loosely back in place with her hand. "Must have you looking good for these men," she said, and ripped apart the girl's white blouse, revealing her bra-less breasts. Her eyes opened wide with admiration. "Such sweet nubs, my dear. Such a sweet morsel for those unfortunate men."

She stroked the tears from Angelita's cheeks. "Think of it as charity, Angelita querida. Didn't the nuns teach you about charity? Your good deed for the day."

Angelita shook her head, her eyes begging the woman to stop this game. But already the limo was drawing to a halt and Guardia Isabella was opening the door.

Such a sweet morsel for those unfortunate men...



Chapter 3

TABORA

The links of the chain began to clink through the overhead pulleys. The ratchets of the windlasses ticked and clicked. The chain began to move, and Former Guardia Tabora began to move with it.

But not very well or very easily. And certainly very reluctantly.

It was difficult to move at all. Her hands had been bound and drawn high up her back, roped there with loops around her throat, loops tight enough to cause her some discomfort even if the steel collar had not been pulled by its chain so hard up to the ceiling chain. She could not use them to help her balance. Which might have been all right if she had been allowed to walk normally.

But they'd removed her hobble chain and replaced it with a spreader bar between her ankles that stretched her legs painfully wide. They'd lowered her a little so that her feet still touched the ground, but always only on the tips of her toes. The whole position was achingly hard on the muscles of her body and legs. It was hard enough just to stand ... but walk?

She had no choice. She was being dragged forward inch by inch. She managed to swing one leg forward in a wide arc, pivoting around her other toe. Then she succeeded in moving the other leg in the same way. It was an awkward, humiliating way to walk. But she could do it. She could just do it.

But doing it was no real help. Because each step, though made with increasing ability, brought her closer to the first guardia on the left hand side. Guardia Luisa was a well-experienced member of the prison staff, a woman Former Guardia Tabora had made friends with. In a sense Luisa had taken Tabora under her wing and taught her the business of being a guardia.

And that made it worse. For if she'd betrayed the service itself, she'd betrayed Guardia Luisa most of all. Why had she done it? A moment of weakness in a young woman. Surely she could be forgiven for that?

In what seemed like slow motion she watched Guardia Luisa's arm move back, begin its swing forward. In slow motion she moved forward towards the hissing whip. But there was nothing slow motion about the way the whip lashed accurately across her breasts, exactly across each nipple. And there was nothing gentle about the fiery pain that bit into her big tender breasts.

She saw the grim animosity on Luisa's face, and then she was drawn past her by the clicking windlasses towards the next guardia, the first on the right side.

Not that she was out of range of Guardia Luisa's whip. Not yet. The reason Tabora wore the humiliating ankle bar that spread her legs to their limit was, of course, to keep her legs open. For the whip.

Which lashed upwards from behind between her legs and snapped painfully across the lips of her cunt.

She cried out. And cried out again when the next woman's whip sliced across her lower belly, cutting into her soft flesh.

How many times Former Guardia Tabora had seen this happen to unfortunate prisoners? How many times she herself had lashed such women, enemies of the state, anti-Sandovalistas? She had thought then they deserved such pain. But now, experiencing it herself, she knew for the first time how intense that pain was.

And somewhere in the back of her mind she was wondering whether all those women -there were after all so very many of them- were truly guilty. Perhaps some, perhaps many, were as innocent of anti-Sandovalist activity as she herself was.

Not that that was any comfort now.

Another lash struck her across the breasts, and another swung between her legs, catching her thighs full across the tender inside, with the tip of the blade snapping up harshly against her cunt-mound, unprotected by even a single soft hair.

She could see Edmundo and Raul at the other end of the room working the windlass that was dragging her forwards. The distance seemed hopelessly far. And between her and there a dozen or fifteen or more guardias attended her, faces serious and determined, whips dangling and eager to move into action.

Someone was shouting, screaming in a muffled way. She did not need to be told who it was. Though she was conscious only of the cutting, fiery slash of each whip against her bare, unprotected flesh, she knew half-consciously that it was she herself who was screaming. She couldn't stop herself. Nor could she stop the tears

from flowing down her cheeks, mixing with the drool from her gagged, open mouth and dripping onto her reddening breasts.

Eventually she had passed each guardia, received lashes -many lashes- from each one and arrived at her goal. Edmundo stopped the mechanism and pulled the lever that reversed it. A grinning Raul came forward and turned her round. "Back you go, baby, up and down the room, up and down the room."

He gave her a push and she was dragged forward again, facing the whips ... but no, this time her tormentresses had swapped them for pliable canes. It was these canes that smacked down now on her whip-reddened body. Where the whip had stung, the cane cut. The whip had curled around her body, following the undulating, voluptuous contours of her brown flesh, but the cane dug deep across the curves she was so proud of. It was more difficult for the guardias to swing them between her legs, but instead the front and back of her thighs suffered bruising cuts, and her breasts ... she dared not look down at her breasts for fear of what she might see.

At the end of the line Guardia Luisa stood, her rancor unabated. As soon as Tabora was within range of her cane, she moved across in front of her and with a pitiless stroke of her cane brought the hissing wooden blade up along the furrow of her cunt in a deadly accurate slash. So harsh was the blow that Tabora stopped walking, stopped the arcing swings of her legs, and found herself dragged past the guardia by the neck chain, her toes sliding helplessly along the flagged floor.

Again she was turned by the soldiers working the windlass at that end of the chamber, and again she began her hopeless walk down the room.

This time the guardias had exchanged their canes for multi-fronded whips, each one covering a wide segment of her body with each blow.

How long must she face this? As long as it took to fulfill Capitana Ana's orders. Which was not a short time.

The whips were exchanged for knotted, many-bladed cats which speckled her body with red bruises, then for stiff, broad bladed, ridged leather knouts that winded her and threatened to knock her legs away.

Not once did her sobs and screams stop. But on the final walk she saw, through tear-filled eyes, that there was a newcomer in the room. A newcomer who filled her with more dread than ever.

Generalissimo Sandoval himself was talking to his daughter, Capitana Ana.

Chapter 4

On the road to Axalexapotl

Comandanta Melosa Sandoval stepped out of the long black limo into the late morning sunlight. They were parked at the edge of a long shallow valley, deeply forested to the far horizon. A broad swathe of timber had been felled in a long curving ribbon through the trees. At the point where the road met this cut stood a tall derrick, and an ancient smoking oil-engine was chugging away at the rear. Melosa's nose twitched at the smell of the fumes from the engine.

Beside the derrick stood four sunburned men dressed only in ragged pants. Their bare chests glistened with sweat. Each man was chained by the ankle to the next. Accompanying them was an armed soldier.

Melosa walked towards them. The soldier, a middle-aged, mustachioed man with grizzled hair beneath his cap, saw the gold-braid on the Commandata's cap and ran forward. He hastily fastened the top button of his shirt, pushed up his tie, shouldered his rifle and came reasonably smartly to attention in front of her.

"Sargento Lopez, Señora. Can I help you? Is there something the matter with your auto?"

"Comandanta Melosa Sandoval, Sargento. No there is nothing wrong with my car. What are these men doing?"

The Sargento's eyes bulged. "S-Sandoval?" He looked as if he fervently wished he were elsewhere, anywhere elsewhere, at this moment. "It is the new tourist road to the temple ruins at Axalexapotl," he explained. "The prisoners are shoring up the bank at the side of the road. The Generalissimo expects heavy traffic."

Melosa nodded. The prisoners had stopped work and were gazing curiously over at her. She stared back, looking each one up and down. "And what is that

machine?" She asked, indicating the steel framework of the derrick.

"That is a pile driver. It hammers wooden posts into the ground."

"Good. I have a job for these men. They can take a break from driving wood ... at least into the road. What is the matter, Sargento?"

The Sargento's eyes were bulging again. He was staring fixedly across at the limo. Melosa turned. The guardia had forced Angelita out of the vehicle and was dragging her reluctant form towards them. Angelita's blouse gaped and her little breasts and her prominent pink nipples were plainly visible on each side of her convent tie.

"This is the job I have for them. Bring her over here, Guardia Isabella," she said, walking over towards the prisoners.

The men were gazing with open interest at the sudden appearance of a bound and gagged girl in convent school uniform. One of them whistled long and low.

Guardia Isabella held her captive up in front of them. Melosa said, "Men, I am Comandanta Melosa Sandoval. You may have heard the name."

She paused, looking each man up and down appraisingly, and, it seemed, approvingly. "Let me introduce Angelita. She has been stuck in a convent school surrounded by nuns for too long. She is in need of a good fuck ... aren't you, querida?"

Angelita shook her head violently and screeched "NO-O-O!" through her panty-gag. The sound was so muffled and her trammelled movements so comical that the men laughed. But there was a nervous, excited expectation in their laugh. Did this woman mean them to fuck the little girl?"

Now I can't promise to shorten your sentences, but I can promise to lengthen them if you don't perform energetically enough.

"The Sargento protested, "But Señora ... Comandanta ... these men, they are animals, beasts. The poor girl, you can't mean..."

"Just obey orders, Sargento. Just obey orders. You wouldn't want any trouble, would you?"

The Sargento bowed his head. "No, ma'am." He knew better than to get into trouble with the Sandovals.

"Good. Does anyone else have any objections?" Clearly, judging by the rampant bulges in the men's ragged trousers, they did not. But poor Angelita tried to twist away. She was convinced now that the woman meant to carry this charade through. Melosa turned and stroked her cheek. "Not you, querida, not you. We know what you think about it all. But that's part of the fun, isn't it, men?"

"Let's have her!"

"I'm first."

"I'm first. I'm first in the chain!"

"I should be first. I've been in jail the longest. I haven't had a woman for longer than any of you."

"Don't quarrel, men. You'll all have your chance. This little bitch needs a thorough fucking. One she'll never forget. Guardia, tie her to that derrick. Legs apart. Wide apart. I can see these men are going to need plenty of room between her thighs!"

Angelita found herself pushed hard against the hot steel of the derrick, her waist bound to a crossbar with coarse rope, her ankles and knees roped far apart.

Melosa herself pulled up the front of her skirt and tucked it into her waistband, revealing the dark triangle of hair and the tight furrow of her young cunt. She turned to the men. "Now men, she's dying for it, as you can see."

They saw a terrified young girl shaking her head in disbelief that this was happening, her eyes begging them to stop tormenting her. They saw a lovely young girl, half-stripped, legs parted, twisting and straining against the bonds that held her. They saw a lascivious young wench, a perfect little morsel for their starved cocks. They saw a creature that possessed the curves, the softness, the cuteness, peachy skin and soft white thighs, all that they had been denied for so long. Not even Comandanta Melosa could have prevented what was about to happen even if she had wanted to.

Which she didn't. But she would control and orchestrate events to her satisfaction. "You," she decided after a moment's contemplation. "You shall be first."

The man was tall, broad shouldered, with a shaved head and malignant pale blue eyes. Without an instant's hesitation he strode forward, and the other men, chained to him by the ankle, moved forward in unison, each eagerly awaiting his own turn. He opened his trousers and let his thick, cunt-desperate cock bare itself to the virgin's slit. Angelita stared at it in disbelief. The man was broad shouldered, muscular, he had deep-set eyes, a pocked face, and his thin lips were set in a twisted, expectant smile. She didn't like him at all. But his cock was fearsome, broad and thick and oily, veiny and bright colored in the sunlight and seeming to cast a long hard shadow. He put his hands on her hips she felt his cock against her soft pussy hair. It was too much.

She twisted away from him. In spite of the guardia's rope work, her body contorted itself to avoid the push of his thighs. When he moved in on her again, she pitched her hips half a turn from him and frustrated his approach. She was screaming through sodden fabric gag, so much so that the sound was scarcely muffled.



This little bitch needs a thorough fucking, gentlemen...

"Keep still, you little tart," the man growled.

But keep still she did not. With desperate movements she evaded him again, and prevented him entering her.

Melosa, standing legs apart, her hands behind her back clutching her riding whip, watched the man's failed attempts with some amusement. The girl Angelita had some spirit. She admired that. It was so much more rewarding to torture a female who fought back.

But enough was enough.

She strode forward and pushed the man away with the tip of her whip. "Stand aside, man," she ordered. The prisoner, angered by his own ineffectual clumsiness, looked fiercely at her. For a moment it looked like his frustrated lust would cause him to defy her. "Stand aside, I say. If you want your chance to fuck this bitch do as I tell you!"

His eyes met hers. The snarl on his lips was never expressed. He moved back.

Melosa grasped Angelita by the hair and turned her head so that she could look her full in the face. "You stupid bitch," she said, her voice low and full of venom. "I will not be defied."

With a sudden backhanded swing of her right arm she slashed the riding whip full across Angelita's bared lower belly. Angelita's head flew back. She had never been struck like this before in her life. No one had dared... The pain was so unexpected, so extreme, she could not find the breath to scream her protest. But her assailant had not finished with one stroke. That was definitely not Comandanta Melosa's way. Not the way of any of the Sandovals. Again and again the whip lashed through the air, striking the innocent young girl across the thighs, the belly, the mound of her cunt with calculated fury. The crack of the blows on her tender flesh raised an echo far across the wooded valley. Twenty, thirty times she struck. And when at last she stopped she leaned down to carefully examine the long red marks the whip had made, running her finger along each one. She stood up and with a sardonically satisfied smile on her face, looked the tear-streaked girl in the eye.

Then she waved the prisoner forward again.

The man's cock had shown no sign of subsiding during all this. Through liquid eyes Angelita could see that it was even thicker, reared at an even steeper angle. But she saw it for only a moment before it slid along her furrow, found its entrance and disappeared, burrowing hungrily, inside her.

No longer could she twist aside. Impaled helplessly she felt herself pushed upwards, her feet leaving the ground. The man's hands moved under her skirt, held the cheeks of her ass. He began a rhythmic movement with his hips, banging

her painfully against the hard steel bars of the derrick. He was much bigger than her, and her eyes, when she opened them, were at the level of his unshaven chin. His mouth was open in a great 'O' of delight and he was drooling. She closed her eyes again, but that only caused her to concentrate on the massive, girl-splitting size of his cock deep inside her body, moving with a rhythm that the man was not controlling, but which held him in thrall just as helplessly as she was held by her bonds.

Behind the derrick the fummy oil-engine chuntered to itself. The long ribbon of felled timber disappeared raw into the forest. Work on the road had stopped while a convent virgin was raped for the pleasure of a Sandoval.

The man's thrusts became ever more urgent, until at last the rhythm changed and with an oath of relief the man stopped, his cock thrust deep inside her, and held her on the apex of his lust. Angelita could feel his cock contracting, spasming his cum into her.

And then he was gone.

Pushed aside by another man. Their shaved heads made them difficult to tell apart. Only the deep white scar that marked this one's face from eye to chin told her that the second prisoner had her, his cock impaling her, his thrusts, perhaps made even more urgent by witnessing the first man's assault on her, now ramming her against the swaying derrick.

He was grinning down at her, and his actions seemed designed not just to give himself pleasure, but deliberately to hurt her, to crush her against the metal bars, to squash her frail slender female body with the force of his own massive, sinewy bulk. And the more he could see the pain in her eyes, the more she squealed, the more he liked it.

And so too did all the others watching. Angelita could hear their comments, their cries of encouragement as the scar-faced prisoner conscientiously raped her and hurt her.

Even the disapproving Sargento could not conceal the bulge of excitement in his pants.

This time Angelita was scarcely aware of the moment when the man pumped his long pent-up cum into her. She felt the spasming of his cock all right, but she was losing consciousness. She was no longer able to cope with what was happening. To have been taken from the cocooning, blanketing safety of the convent to being repeatedly raped by coarse men out in the open -within sight of a public highway- was too much for her sixteen-year-old constitution to cope with.

By the time she was released, and the next man took his place in front of her, she hung limply from the ropes that held her to the derrick.

“Wait, prisoner,” said Melosa. “The girl is in no state to take you now.”

The prisoner looked at her in disbelief. He was a short, grizzle-haired, barrel-chested man. His moustache, broad and carefully trimmed was gray too, and he looked to be old enough to be Angelita’s grandfather. The expression in his eyes was of half-expected disappointment, bred from decades of disappointment.

Even Comandanta Melosa was touched. “Move aside, prisoner,” she said. “Can’t you see, the girl needs reviving, some water, perhaps, Sargento.”

Angelita stirred. Was she to be spared the rest of this ordeal? She thanked the heavens for saving her.

The Sargento fetched water in a tin cup and handed it to the Comandanta. Angelita’s eyes flickered open. She looked at the water longingly. How thirsty she was. How she longed for this gag to be taken out of her mouth.

Melosa flung the water in her face.

She jerked awake, and stared in fury at her tormentor.

“Good,” said Melosa. “She has revived. But, I think we should make sure she stays awake. I wouldn’t want her to miss anything of her first fuck.”

She reached forward and flicked Angelita’s convent school uniform tie over her shoulder. She pushed aside the tatters of her white blouse, and exposed her young breasts completely. Then she hit them with her whip.

If the beating of her belly and thighs had been painful, this was a hundred times worse. Even one stroke was like a streak of fire across those tender pink-tipped buds. But Melosa was not content with one stroke. Again twenty or thirty blows fell, accurately slicing across, up and down over the neat little bulges. Angelita’s nipples were like pink berries on top of two cones of their own which stood out from the swell of her young breasts. Nothing she could do could prevent that pliable, leather-covered steel strip from finding out each part of her compact, tight little tits. By the time Melosa had finished -and she did not hurry, choosing the angle of each lash with fastidious care- the cute, neat little breasts were covered with deep red slash marks.

Melosa ran her fingers over the lines, satisfying herself that she had done her work well. Melosa was, in her way, a craftsperson, a proud artisan of pain and terror.

She waved her hand. “Very well, prisoner. You may continue.”

The barrel-chested man’s sad face lit up with delight. His pants were open and the thick veiny stake-like mass of his cock protruded from a forest of gray curls. In a moment it was nudging against her furrow, and burying itself eagerly inside her cunt.

His hands grasped the uprights of the derrick as if to give himself more leverage, and he bounced the little girl up and down on his cock, with a skill that must have come from long experience. In pain as she was from Melosa's merciless whipping, her tits tender and bruised and rubbing agonizingly against the coarse hair on the man's chest, Angelita could feel no admiration for such skill. But those watching cried out their approval.

With a great bellow the man came, jetting his cum into her. The bellow expressed the culmination of lust and at the same time the disappointment that such pleasure could not last. To such a man there was always disappointment to be had.

The last prisoner pushed him aside. Frustrated by delay and eager for his turn, he positioned himself in front of Angelita, who by now was numb with shock and certain that nothing worse could befall her. The man opened his pants. He had mean eyes and a stoved-in face. His mouth was permanently fixed in a sardonic expression. He was lean and tall. And the cock that he revealed was lean and long too.

He ran his hands over Angelita's slender body, flicking each nipple with his fingers. His cock uncoiled to its full length, angling upwards like a semaphore.

"Wait, prisoner."

The man turned his squashed face towards Melosa and regarded her with hostile eyes. Clearly it would be dangerous to thwart such a man at such a moment. But Melosa was not daunted. Calmly she reached out with her whip and jiggled the long ramrod of his prick.

"Wait. I have a better place for a cock like that," she said. "A much better place."

She turned to the other men. "You and you, untie the slut and turn her round."

Angelita stared wildly at them. What now? What was Melosa Sandoval up to? She thought for a moment of her sister Jacinta, of her hatred for the Sandovals. And she knew she had joined with her sister in that hatred.

She found herself unbound, turned, bound again, now facing the sputtering oil-engine, bent over at the waist on a crossbar of the derrick, the top half of her torso shoved into the interior of the derrick, under the head of the pile-driver. The guardia wrapped rope around her neck and pulled her head forward and down and tied her down to the struts on the other side of the derrick. Her skirt was torn off, and her legs bound far apart once more. She was utterly exposed to the gaze of the men. She could feel their eyes on her newly penetrated slit, and on the most private place of all. She could feel her bottom twitching, the ring of her ass-hole squeezing tight as if it was trying to hide. And she was screaming, the sodden material of her

panties by now half ejected from her mouth, and her screams echoing across the valley towards the ancient sacrificial ruins of Axalexapotl.

Comandanta Melosa shook her head. The girl was making a tiresome noise. She walked round the derrick and lifted Angelita's head by her hair. "Shut your racket, slut. You give me a headache."

But Angelita did not shut up. She screamed the louder.

Melosa shrugged and walked back to the other side of the derrick. She waved the prisoners back. "One moment more, prisoner. One moment more and you can have her."

She turned to Guardia Isabella. "Give me your whip, Guardia."

Melosa uncoiled the long supple braid of ox leather and flicked it experimentally. Its crack reverberated across the valley. Then, backhand and forehand, she slashed it across and over the backs of the little girl's thighs until Angelita's screams became so hoarse and so deep that it seemed she could scream no more, but merely groan her dismay to the unlistening world.

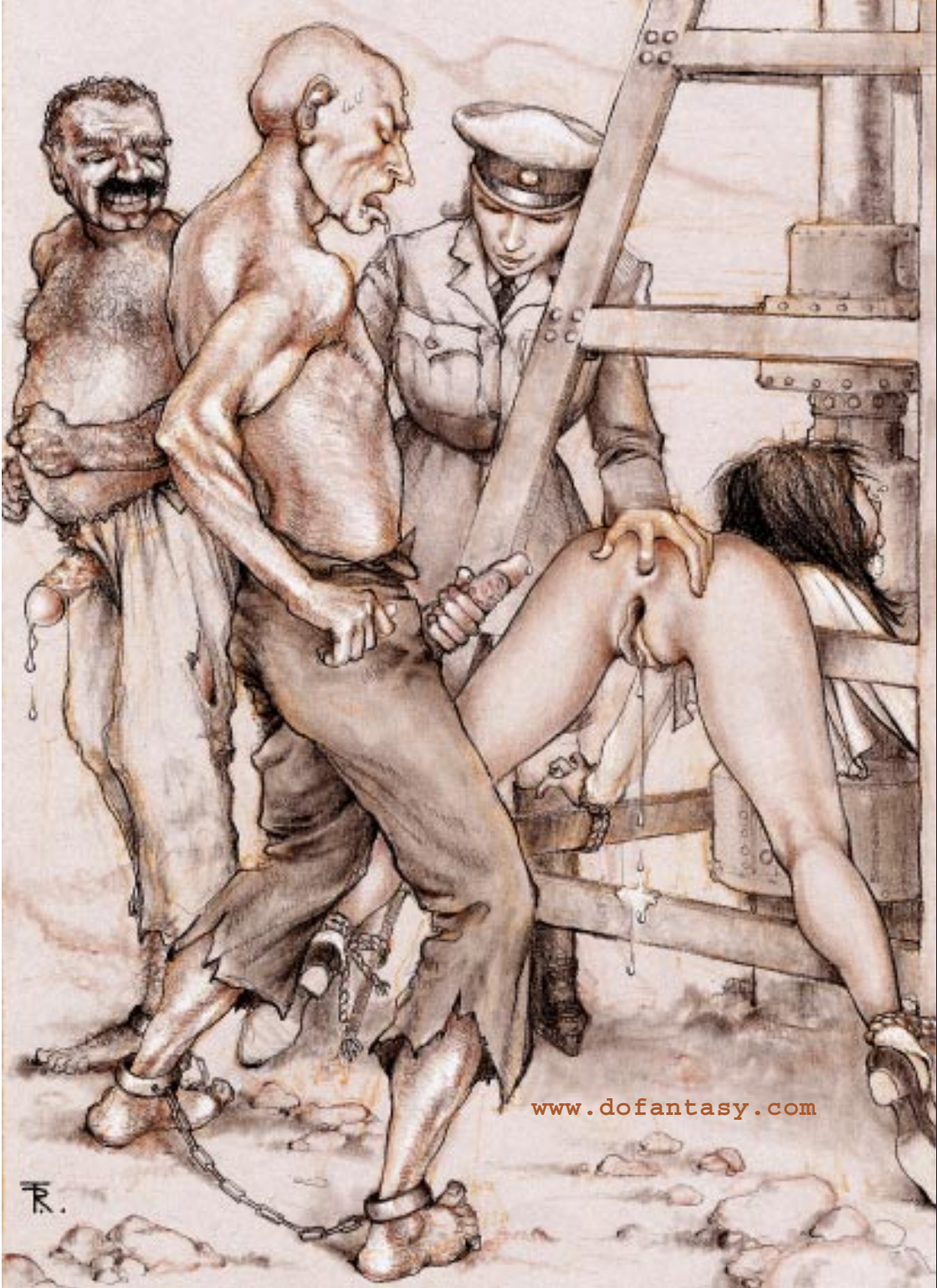
Melosa stopped at last. Glanced briefly at the livid blue-black stripes down the girl's pale thighs. Then she pressed the tip of her middle finger against Angelita's crinkle-tightened ass-hole, and pushed the finger slowly inside as far as the knuckle. "Just here, prisoner. Fuck her here."

Angelita's shrieks began again. She knew now what was coming next.

And it wasn't long in coming. The chained prisoners closed in on her, and the tall, thin one laid the tip of his long, thin cock against the girl's finger-violated ass-hole, and forced it inside her. She tightened herself as hard as she could, fighting its entry all the way. But first the tip disappeared inside, then, grinning with a less sardonic pleasure, the man eased himself into her inch by so slow inch. He held her ass cheeks roughly apart, letting everyone see the depth of his penetration.

Long his cock may have been, but this little convent girl, this little innocent, took it all, every inch and millimeter until his hips were hard against her buns and his balls rested on the opened slit of her cunt. And thin it might have been, but not so thin that her tiny rosebud was not stretched to its limit. Indeed, the longer the man stayed deep inside her the more it seemed to thicken, so that when he began to make his move, to slide in and out, to pump into her, she felt almost torn apart. There was nothing she could do about it, her ass-hole was locked around his cock, she could not move, so firmly was she bound, and must endure him pistoning into her, pounding her soft buns so hard that one of the other prisoners said, "Hey, guys, we don't need this pile driver. We'll get this guy to drive the posts into the ground with his cock!"

At last, not even this man could prevent himself from coming. With his hands



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"Just here, prisoner. Fuck her here."

on her hips, holding her body in the best position for him he rammed hard into her, pulled almost totally out, then pounded into her, battering her buttocks in a frenzy of violent jerks, and exploded inside her.

He slumped forward over her, rested there for a moment and then gradually withdrew.

Angelita's little ass-hole remained stretched and open, and the men stared at it in amazement and admiration, clapping the man on the back and laughing.

Melosa, satisfied, stretched herself and turned to the Sargento. "Well, Sargento, your men can get back to work now."

"Please, Comandanta," said the Sargento, "I have a request."

"Yes?"

"The girl ... I want ... I mean..."

He looked helplessly at Melosa, almost pathetic in his desire. The bulge in his trousers was enormous.

"Sargento," snapped Melosa, "you are in a responsible position. How can you think of raping an innocent girl? I'm ashamed of you. These men are criminals. Little more than animals. You said that yourself. Such behavior is to be expected from them. But I expect better behavior from a member of our glorious armed forces."

And a few moments later a disappointed Sargento saw the half-naked young convent girl, still bound and gagged, being dragged off to the waiting limo and tossed unceremoniously into the trunk.

He stroked his chin ruefully and watched the car turn and speed off in the direction of Veragonza.

Chapter 5

CUCA

Generalissimo Sandoval had a sense of humor, though like that of all dictators it was primitive, robust, given to practical joking, or bizarre ideas of appropriateness.

So it was that Cuca Cela de Monterey, a girl who had willingly offered herself in order to advance the status of her family, was given to McTeague. The Generalissimo seemed to think that any girl so innocent as to offer herself to such a fate deserved the best treatment.

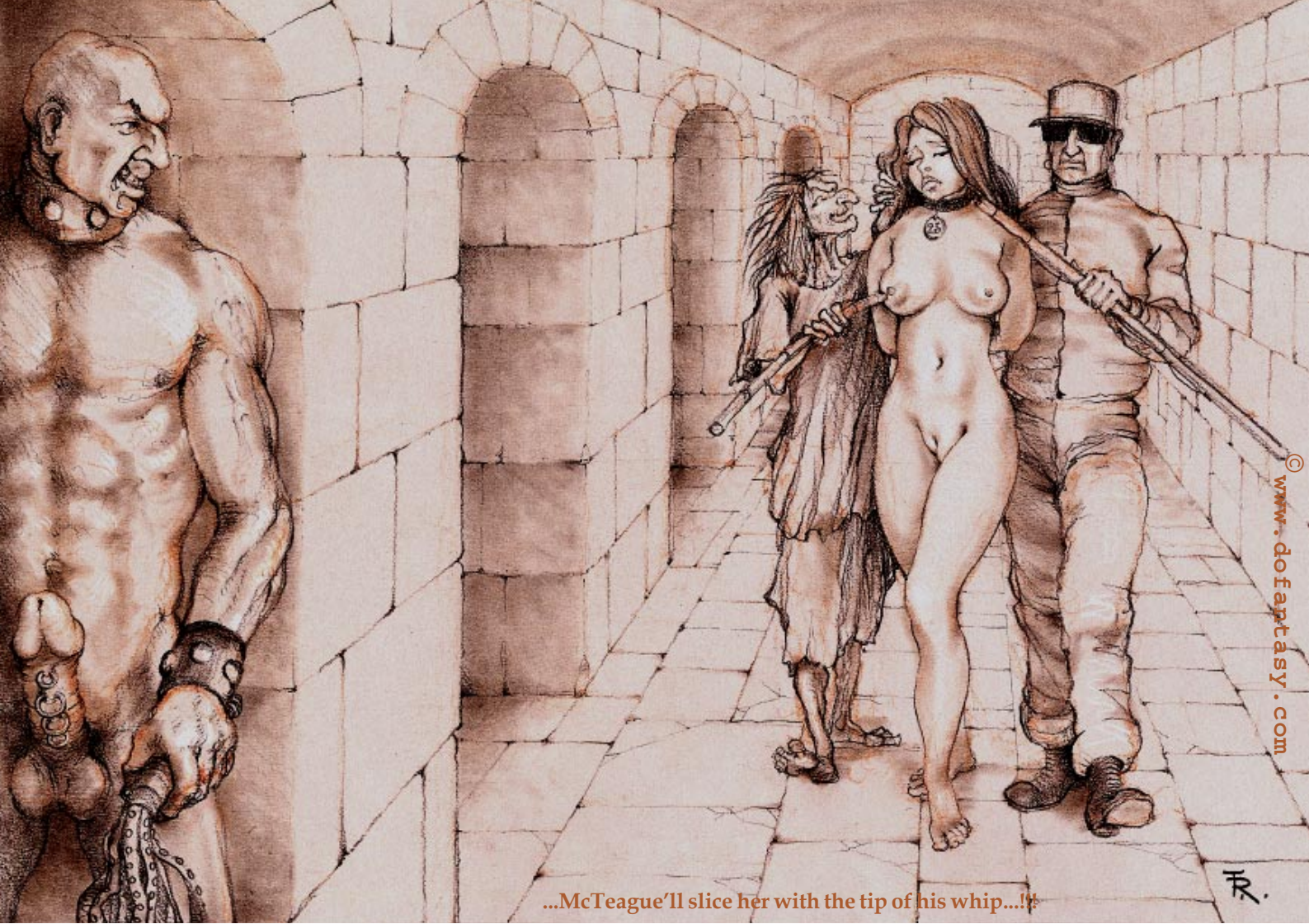
Which in this case is to say the worst treatment. Because of all his verdugos, McTeague was the most feared by the girls. Even the guardias themselves were wary of him. And he had a knack of knowing how to get the best out of a girl. Though again, McTeague's idea of the best was what you might call vice versa.

So it was that the lovely Cuca, the innocent Cuca, was brought by the Generalissimo's own bodyguard, Fabio, to the examination room in which McTeague worked.

Rocinante came along too, teasing the girl in her cackling voice, "Here comes poor Cuca, Cuca dear, such sad eyes fill with many a tear, McTeague'll slice her with the tip of his whip, McTeague will make her trip and skip!" And prodding her tits and her ass-cheeks with the pointed tip of her wand, held by Fabio's snatch-pole around her neck, Cuca could only endure the old crone's taunts, and the sting of her stick. The Monterreys had the stoicism of aristocrats, and because of Cuca's sacrifice of herself to the Generalissimo, they would soon be aristocrats. She was certain she could withstand anything that happened to her.

Almost certain.

What had happened to Dulce Cardenas had been a bit upsetting, but if that was



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...McTeague'll slice her with the tip of his whip...!!!

FR.

the worst that could happen, then she, a true Monterey, could cope. She fervently hoped that that was the worst thing.

McTeague stepped out into the corridor at the sound of their approach.

Cuca almost fainted. She had never in her twenty years seen anything like him. He was stark naked, his body was knotted with muscles so pronounced he looked like an illustration in an anatomy textbook. He was big, and ugly. His head was shaved, his eyes were the eyes of a predator, almost reptilian, and his mouth was set in a smile half mocking and half menacing. And he carried a heavy, many-fronded whip.

But that was not where her gaze was transfixed. It was his cock. Cuca had seen men's private parts before: her brothers, one or two boyfriends. But this was surely different from the appendages of young men. It stood almost vertical, fully erect - she hoped it was fully erect- rearing from above a ball-sack that would have not looked out of place on a horse. And it was ringed; all down the underside gold rings had been inserted. But the upper side was worse. It glinted with jewels: the whole length was studded with rows of sharp cut diamonds.

Beside her Rocinante laughed raucously. "Cuca's looking at McTeague's dick, what a monster, a sharp-toothed prick!"

McTeague knew all about Rocinante, knew how to humor her. He gave her a mock bow, and said, "Señora Rosamunda has all the wit, but Cuca wonders which hole it will fit".

Rocinante's coarse laugh filled the corridor, and McTeague took the snatch-stick from Fabio and drew the wide-eyed girl into his lair. Rocinante made one last lunge at Cuca's plump bottom with her steel-pointed wand, and turned away.

McTeague shut the door and Cuca stared around. She was shaking. Glad to be rid of the old woman, she was terrified of being in the same closed room as this fearsome figure of a man.

Not that she was completely alone with him. There was one other person there, a young woman, naked, and therefore a prisoner like herself. But whereas she was bound only by ropes fastening her arms behind her back, and wore only a collar with its numbered disk (73), this other woman wore manacles on her wrists, joined by about twelve inches of chain. There was a little more chain between her ankle-cuffs, and another chain ran from the center of that chain to... to...

Cuca couldn't really believe it ... did she actually have a thick ring through her cunt-lips, and did the chain dangle from that?

Cuca was shocked, and shocked too in a different way by the hard leather muzzle the girl wore over the lower part of her face, a black, snout-like contrivance that concealed all but the dark, uninviting eyes above it. Her hair was black and

thick and fell in a cascade of curls over her shoulder and down her back.

She was collared, just like Cuca, and wore a disk with the number 101 on it, and the same number was painted on her ass-cheeks, just as Cuca's was on her own rear.

The woman had an air so alien, and McTeague had a look so fearsome, that Cuca began to wonder if she really did have the stamina to cope with this. She still believed she was right to sacrifice herself for the sake of her families climb to the top. But how long would that conviction last?

McTeague took her over to the middle of the room, and linked her collar to a chain hanging from the rook of the chamber. He pulled on the other end of the chain until Cuca was standing on tiptoe, released the snatch-stick, and regarded his new victim with interest.

"So you are the lovely Cuca Cela de Monterey. So good to meet you, and in such favorable circumstances ... favorable to me, I mean."

Cuca didn't speak. What could she say?

"We have had other girls offer themselves to the Generalissimo's care for the good of their families. They come here filled with thoughts of their own magnanimity. They think, only a short time and I'll be back with my family, and they will thank me for what I've done, don't they, 101?"

Prisoner 101 made no reply, but regarded McTeague warily.

McTeague turned back to Cuca. "You must forgive 101. Under her muzzle she's wearing a gag, you see. Not her choice, I hasten to add. I guess it hurts to have her jaws that wide apart. But it pleases me."

He ran his hand down Cuca's side, over the swell of her hips and down the outside of her thigh. Then his horny hand was under her tits, lifting each one judiciously.

After a moment's pause he continued, "What was I saying? Oh yeah, all that spiel the Generalissimo makes about the value of his prison for young women, how they become good members of the community ... it makes me laugh just to hear it. And your family made you think that by accepting his terms they'd go up in the world. Yeah, well I guess they were right. The Generalissimo keeps his word to everyone ... except young girls."

His hand passed over Cuca's smooth round ass-cheeks. He angled his shaven head appreciatively. "Take 101 here," he continued. "She came here to help her family, just like you. She thought she'd leave soon enough and rejoin her delighted parents and all. But then she learned they'd disowned her. They'd got what they wanted and they didn't want some well-fucked little slut reappearing and sham-

ing them. So 101 is still here. Ain't that so, honey?"

101 had lowered her eyes. She was looking at the ground.

McTeague whispered conspiratorially, "Sore point with her. I just wouldn't want you to be surprised when the Monterreys disown you to. Hey, what am I saying! They already have!"

McTeague reached up and unhooked Cuca's collar. "But we can't hang around talking all the time. There's work to be done. Now, honey, d'you know how to give a good blow job?"

"B-b-blow job?" Cuca looked at McTeague anxiously. She was hoping he didn't mean what she thought he meant.

But he did. "Y'know, suck my cock off. You done that before now, surely."

Cuca shook her head. "I don't think I can. I don't want to."

McTeague laughed. "Hey, somebody's got to give me a blow-job, and I guess 101 can't, not with that gag and that muzzle, so the spotlight's on you."

He unhooked her collar and let her down.

Cuca shook her head again. She was looking at McTeague with alarm in her eyes. "I...I just can't..."

"Now, honey, you wouldn't want me to get angry, would you. When I say somebody's got to give me a blowjob and you're it, I ain't making small talk. I'm giving orders. In the nicest possible way, of course."

He waved his whip in front of her. "So come on, get on your knees, and get those lovely lips around McTeague's mighty member."

Cuca looked at the whip. She rolled her eyes and got to her knees. The sight of McTeague's cock in close up was much worse than from a distance. It was big, too big to go in her mouth, she thought ... and much too big to go anywhere else! And those rings and studs!

She closed her eyes, but when she felt the fronds of the whip brushing over her breasts, tickling her nipples, she opened her mouth a little. Even so she knew she couldn't do it. "Please don't make me do that, senor," she begged.

For answer McTeague grasped a thick bunch of her hair, pushed her head forward, and guided the tip of his cock into her mouth.

And then she found that she could do it. The massive olive of his cock slid into her mouth, forcing it wider and cramming itself right up to her throat. Her tongue was pressed down, and her cheeks puffed out. His grip on her head was so powerful she couldn't get away from it. And the worse thing was, it was not like

anything she could ever have imagined. It was alive! She could feel it throbbing, it was like an animal burrowing itself down her throat.

She was gurgling her protests: Stop it! Stop it! She wanted to say. But the words could not be spoken. Her mouth was invaded by an alien being.

She opened her eyes and saw that 101 was kneeling beside her. Her chained hands were at work on the gnarled shaft, forcing the head deeper into her mouth and pumping ardently. There was a gleam of malicious amusement in her eyes, as if she wanted to punish this newcomer for being the same kind of fool that she had been.

But that wasn't true. That was something McTeague had made up about her family disowning her. They would never do that. And in any case, right now she was terrified that the horrible man would come in her mouth, and that she couldn't stand.

But he didn't do that. Instead he slid his cock out of her mouth and 101, without being told, simply continued pumping, all the time carefully aiming the tip directly at Cuca's face.

Even so, when it came Cuca was quite unprepared for what happened. The stream of white cum splattered hotly between her eyes. It cascaded over her nose and down her cheeks, it splashed up into her hair, and some dripped down into her mouth, over her chin and onto her breasts.

Cuca was horrified. 101 was highly amused. McTeague shook his head.

"You got a lot to learn, baby. A long way to go. That was real bad."

He dragged her to her feet. She stared at him uncomprehendingly. She'd sucked his cock, he'd come, grotesquely all over her face -would no one wipe it off?. He'd had his pleasure, what more did he want?

A lot more, dear innocent Cuca. A lot more, as she will surely find out.

You got a lot to learn, baby.
A long way to go. That was real bad.



Chapter 6

TABORA again

Sandoval was in no hurry. He chatted affably with his daughter, Capitana Ana, for some minutes before turning to the prisoner. Tabora was back on her feet now, still up on tiptoe, the bar still between her ankles. She was shaking. Her heart was hammering. The ordeal had been frightful. Her lovely brown skin was a mass of stripes and bruises from neck to knee. And there was dread in her deep brown eyes.

She knew that worse was to come.

If Sandoval had only troubled to arrive after her beating, that meant she was just being softened up for his entertainment.

No wonder she was shaking.

At last -too soon for Former Guardia Tabora- Generalissimo Sandoval turned and approached her. All eyes were upon her. The guardias stood around nonchalantly, whips in hand. The soldiers kept more discretely in the background; it was never wise to put yourself too much forward when the Generalissimo was around.

Sandoval snapped his fingers and said something Tabora did not catch. There was a murmur of approval from the guardias. One of them, it was Guardia Luisa -she seemed to have taken special responsibility for Tabora's suffering- ran and fetched an object and handed it to the Generalissimo.

Tabora could not make out what it was exactly; something new to her for sure. Just a bar of black material. No one could say she couldn't wait to find out. She could have waited forever and not minded. But Sandoval came briskly over to her, and measured the distance between her nipples with the bar. A little adjustment of

a knurled turnscrew and the bar was shortened so that it fitted exactly between both nipples.

Tabora's stomach knotted with fear. And with good reason. The next thing Sandoval did was to hold up in front of her a pin. Not quite an ordinary pin. It had a broad head, it was about three inches long, and the first half-inch was thin and pin-like with a sharply pointed end. But the rest of the length of the pin to the head thickened until the last inch or so was about five millimeters thick.

Sandoval tucked the bar under his arm and gripped Tabora's right breast tightly ... tight enough to hurt even if she hadn't been so thoroughly whipped. Then he jabbed the point of the pin into the side of her dark nipple, just at the base where it rose from the dark surround of her areola.

Tabora shrieked. Which Sandoval seemed to like, because he jabbed her nipple again. He grinned maliciously, his small gray eyes shining with instant pleasure. Then he pushed the point deep into her nipple.

She screamed and tried to twist away from him. Immediately a guardia appeared on each side of her and gripped her arms and held her still while the Generalissimo pierced the soft nipple of their former companion with the pin. He pushed it through up to where the pin thickened.

Tabora was almost a passive spectator in this act. She stood completely still, but only because between the Generalissimo's grip in her breast -his fingers were digging deep into the flesh- and the guardias' grasp on her arms -not to speak of the neck chain, ankle-bar and arm bonds- she simply couldn't move.

But she made her views plain enough. Not even the mouth-filling gag could quite her screams ... screams that changed pitch up to ear splitting and down to an agonized gurgling.

All of which got worse when the Generalissimo presented one end of the black bar to the tip of the pin and inserted it into a hole that had been drilled there. Then he pushed the pin deeper through Tabora's nipple until the thickest part impaled it and most of the pin had disappeared inside the end of the bar.

Tabora's eyes were tight closed in agony, but they flew open again when Sandoval dropped the bar. Its weight dragged down on her breast, at the same time twisting her nipple viciously.

And before she had time to register the full shock of the pain of this, the Generalissimo had produced another, identical pin, and was gripping her left breast, to push the point through from the outside of her other nipple.

Tabora didn't actually faint. But she wished she could have fainted. She wished many things, most fervently that she had never been chosen for the job of guardia in the Generalissimo's prison for women. She wished she hadn't been born in



Paramundo, hadn't been born at all. And above all she wished she didn't know that this was only a mild preparation for what the Generalissimo had in store for her.

Sandoval lifted the bar that dangled from her right nipple and presented the drilled hole in the other end to the tip of the pin through her left nipple. And pushed the pin on through, deep into the bar, and penetrating her nipple with the thickest part of the pin.

Then, for a moment he let the bar go, and admired his handiwork. Tabora looked down. The heavy metal bar stretched between her nipples almost like a handlebar. In fact there was even a handgrip in the middle so that someone could grasp it and lead her along. And on each side of the grip were metal rings so that something -a lead maybe- could be attached. The matt black coating suited her brown skin, but was surely for the comfort of her handlers, because the weight of the bar was hard to bear, and the pins through her nipples simply unbearable.

Without looking round Sandoval held out his hand. A guardia placed something in it, Guardia Luisa of course, always ready to assist in Tabora's torment. The object was a hammer. It had a heavy head and long handle, and was finished in the same neat matt black as the bar between her nipples. Part of a set.

Sandoval grasped the bar by the central grip, then struck the head of the pin with the hammer, knocking it further into the bar, fixing it in place. And he wasn't satisfied until the nipple was squeezed between the broad head of the pin and the end of the bar. Then he did the same on the other side, though this was a little more awkward for him to do, so he missed the pin several times. He didn't seem to mind. It wasn't his thumb he hit, after all, but Tabora's tender, bruised breasts.

The pins now firmly embedded in the bar, the dark nipples transfixed, and Tabora weeping helplessly, at last they removed the chain from her neck and let her down from the ceiling chain. She fell forward, collapsing to the floor. Or at least she would have fallen to the floor had not someone seized the bar between her breasts and held her upright by it. Guardia Luisa.

All this had been carried out in awed silence, except the assorted screams, throaty groans, and other signs of displeasure Tabora was making.

But only Tabora was displeased. Everyone else seemed delighted. Capitana Ana came and admired her father's handiwork, and there was almost a burst of applause from the assembled guardias and soldiers.

It wasn't all that was going to happen to Tabora, of course. It may have been enough for her, enough for her to remember forever, but as she darkly thought, it was just a sort of preamble.

"Good," said Capitana Ana. "Take the bitch to the alcove."

“And make her jump to it!” Added Sandoval, laughing.

The Generalissimo was obviously in a good mood, and there was an air of gaiety, of festivity about the proceedings. The guardias were grinning, the soldiers leering openly, watching Former Guardia Tabora being led down the room by Guardia Luisa. She held the breast bar high, pulling the poor girl forward, almost dragging her by her tender tits, for her progress was slow, and she proceeded by the same wide arcing steps that she had made on the chain; they hadn't seen fit to remove the long bar between her ankles.

Two other guardias walked behind her. Each held a whippy length of leather-covered steel tipped with a studded metal disc. Each took turns to slash the whip up between Tabora's parted thighs and strike home with the tip on her unprotected cunt. Tabora found this more of a hindrance than a help in her progress down the room. But at that moment she neither wanted to walk nor to arrive at whatever torture the Generalissimo had in mind for her.

Capitana Ana and her father regarded their prisoner with amusement ... amusement mingled with malicious lust. Both father and daughter had much the same taste in pleasure taking. The father had taught the daughter much, and the daughter was a good learner. Those strange blue eyes that her sister envied twinkled with anticipation at what her father now had prepared for the helpless, hapless girl, Former Guardia Tabora. All eyes were on her. And she was a sight worth looking at. Her beautiful face was obscured by the gag and the streaming tears, that was true. But even so the loveliness of her Latino features -how beguiling those big, liquid-filled eyes were- combined with the dark Carib skin were obvious to anyone. And her figure, naked, completely on display to all eyes, that was a gift from the heavens. The lovely black breasts, their big dark nipples transfixed by the black handling bar firmly held by Guardia Luisa, looked even bigger pulled forward and moving, first the left one twisted upwards, then the right one as a result of each step she took.

Such a remarkable narrow waist as she had, though the tummy contours were pronounced, smooth and lovely, merely emphasized the broad, full mounds of her deep-crevassed, round bottom. Naturally every inch of her flesh was criss-crossed by a lattice of dark marks, of bruises and welts. Some might have thought that this disfigured her. But on the contrary, to all those present such a well-marked pelt was a stimulus to lust and desire.

And to more brutality.

Which faced Tabora when at last she reached the alcove. In its wide, high recess stood a triangular construction, shaped like an 'A', but curved in profile so that the area around the crossbar projected further forward than the apex or base. The wood of its fabric was well polished, worn in places as if it had seen much use.

With each reluctant step closer Tabora saw more clearly the way the frame was

made. It was studded, almost all over with conical studs, which certainly weren't blunt. There were straps dangling from various parts, and the straps were studded too, but with narrower cones. Something, another bar, sharp-edged and serrated hung down from the center of the crossbar.

It all looked strange, and had another girl been in her place, Tabora would have been intrigued. But as it was she didn't want to see it. She wanted only to turn and flee from the room.

Not that that was an option. Hopeless she was drawn forward by the painful breast bar, made to step awkwardly up onto the pedestal the frame stood on, and was pushed, face forward against the metal studded wooden device.

But she wasn't bound to it.

Someone put their foot on the bar between her ankles so that she could not step backwards. Guardia Luisa reached around the 'A' and put her hand through its upper triangle from the back so that she could grasp Tabora's handling bar, and pull her tight against the frame.

And then she felt hands parting her ass-cheeks, fingers tracing the deep groove between each mound, fingers touching and testing the dark crinkled star of her asshole. A finger being inserted.

She cried out in protest. But no one took any notice. They hadn't paid heed to her screaming up to then, why should they begin now?

Chapter 7

TABORA once more

“Let the slut see what she’s getting.”

The voice was that of Generalissimo Sandoval himself. And the “slut” was former Guardia Tabora, who wasn’t at all sure that she wanted to see what she was getting, and what ever it was, after the torments of the breast bar, she was sure she didn’t want to get it either.

But she couldn’t help herself. Curiosity overcame her. She twisted her head to see. It wasn’t easy, pressed against the studded supports of the A-frame, her back to the guardias and soldiers. But they helped, waving the thing in front of her face.

And then she wished she hadn’t seen it.

It was really only a dildo. She had seen plenty of those. It was bright pink, and looked to be of hard plastic. Just a standard dildo. Only its size would have made it stand out, that and the broad pointed tip, and the studs. Yes, it was the studs. They weren’t plastic, but stainless steel, glinting in the light. They were maybe half an inch long, and wider at the base. And pointed.

Tabora’s body began to shake. Her eyes closed and tears began to flow. And nothing had happened yet.

Please don’t put that in my pussy, she wanted to say. And they didn’t. Instead the pointed tip touched the tiny opening of her anus and nudged its way inside. The crinkled starburst of her ass-hole opened slowly out, widening, stretching, taking the pointed tip right up to its base. Then came the shaft, and the first ring of studs pressed up against the already overstretched ass-hole.

Sandoval himself held the dildo. He was the kind of man who led his men from the front. He wouldn’t ask them to do anything he wouldn’t do. He pushed hard

-this was no easy task- and slowly the ring of points, like a five-pointed star, stretched the ass-hole in each direction. And disappeared inside Tabora's little rose.

Not that Tabora didn't play her part. Horrible noises came from behind her gag. Not really screams, more a kind of high-pitched growling noise, a supercharged groan.

Everyone watched expectantly. The second ring of spikes pressed against the entrance. This ring was offset to the first, so that the points distorted the girl's ass-hole in a different pattern to the first set. Everyone breathed a sigh of satisfaction when the points disappeared inside her, and the ring closed itself around the shaft again.

Ready for the next circle of points. There were five in all. By the time the fourth circle had entered her ass, Tabora was screaming so loudly that several of the guardias had their hands over their ears, and they were used to such noise. But Sandoval persisted. Had there been a sixth circle, Tabora would surely have passed out. But as it was she was still conscious, more or less, when the entire device was firmly ensconced in her with just the flanged base protruding.

The shaft of the dildo was hollow, and there was a purpose for that.

"Turn the slut round," Sandoval ordered.

They did so, and bound her to the A-frame, legs apart, fastened both at her ankles and above the knee. Her waist was strapped in place, then rope was wound around her throat, and knotted at the back of her neck, the ends taken up and fastened to a ring at the top of the 'A' ... but not before they had been drawn up enough to stretch Tabora's neck, and pull the throat-coils tight up under her chin.

Her hips were pulled forward by two of the soldiers and Guardia Luisa swung upwards the bar hinged on the cross piece of the 'A'. At its extremity a steel pin was fixed, which fitted exactly into the hollow interior of Tabora's ass-dildo, and fixed her helplessly in place, her cunt-mound jutting forward, and her cunt-lips pouting openly.

Not that this appalling humiliation was enough for the Generalissimo. One of the guardias passed him a steel object, something like a tube. Sandoval slid the tube into Tabora's cunt. In contrast to the ghastly ass-dildo, it went in easily.

Too easily. Fully inserted, only one thing projected from her cunt: a broad-winged key. Sandoval turned it. He turned it once, and the tube expanded, opening Tabora's cunt. He turned it twice and short, sharp, broad-headed pins shot out, sticking painfully into her. The third turn seemed to snap a spring clip, and the tube sprang open, forcing Tabora's to gape open, and the pins to stick in her, and fixing the tube firmly in place. Sandoval removed the key.

He inspected the results of his efforts closely. Tabora's cunt was open to view,

stretched wide, startlingly wide.

Tabora said nothing. She couldn't. The ropes around her neck prevented speech or sound more effectively than the gag she still wore did. But she felt the pins severely enough.

Her nipples were still being dragged downwards by the heavy weight of the metal bar between them. That was causing her as much agony as the devices in her cunt and ass. But not for long. Sandoval had a use for that bar.

He took personal control of it. He clipped thin, strong, steel chains to the rings on either side of the hand grip, pulled them up through the same ring that held her neck rope at the summit of the A-frame, and tightened them. The breast bar lifted, pulling the breasts upwards.

At first this gave Tabora some relief. But that wasn't the intention. That wouldn't have been the way of the Sandovals.

Instead he kept on pulling until the bar had drawn the nipples upwards almost as high as her shoulders. Which pulled on them, and hurt badly, and exposed the plump undersides of her breasts.

And then, before Tabora could realize what was happening, Sandoval had a whip in his hand and struck the almost unmarked brown flesh. The whip resembled a riding whip, but it was longer. Instead of ending in a loop of leather, it ended in a bullet-sized cylinder of metal. And that gave its fierce kiss an extra force. Worst of all would be if that cylinder itself should strike her soft flesh.

But Sandoval was a skilled whip master. Only the length of the blade struck the twin targets. He liked to whip the undersides of girls' breasts. They were softer, he thought, and more responsive to the fiery sting of the lash. Again that part was less frequently whipped, so its sensitivity was that much higher than regularly beaten areas of their bodies.

Former Guardia Tabora's face was a mask of pain. Her eyes were slits, tears poured down her face, her hair fell forward and shook with every twitch of her body that followed every swing of the whip.

And that was before Sandoval began to use the cylinder at its tip.

Then things got really bad. He used it to strike at the surrounds of her trans-fixed nipples. They weren't little blows either. He struck with the full force of his arm.

Tabora passed out.

A little water, cold and thrown in the face, woke her up.

It was time for her next ordeal.

Chapter 8

Cuca is whipped

Prisoner 101 was a willing assistant to McTeague. How much persuasion had been needed to make her so, Cuca couldn't imagine. But she was sure she had never come from a good family. She was a slut, unashamed of her nakedness, displaying herself openly to McTeague, giving him every opportunity and encouragement to fondle her and use her.

That was something Cuca would never do, she was quite certain of that.

From time to time McTeague's ever-roaming hands would stroke 101's body, but nonchalantly and absent-mindedly. He was too intent on Cuca.

Cuca herself had been hitched back up to the ceiling chain and once more stood with straining calf muscles up on tiptoe. Her face was still humiliatingly splattered with McTeague's cum, a little smeared now where the big man had had some difficulty forcing a ring-gag into her mouth.

Now Cuca's jaws were achingly wide apart, the steel ring of the gag lodged behind her teeth and held in place by two leather straps, one circling her head above her ears, and one below. She couldn't dislodge it.

101 was standing beside them, acting as a gofer, running swiftly, and all too willingly, to fetch whatever McTeague asked for.

First it was a pair of forceps tipped with toothed bars. With these he'd fished inside her unwillingly open mouth and grasped her tongue, closing the forceps around its soft flesh, and locking them tightly, agonizingly.

Then it had been a piece of cord. While 101 reached up and pulled on the forceps, dragging Cuca's tongue out of her mouth, McTeague had bound the cord

several times around the tongue and knotted it tightly in place.

Heedless of Cuca's complaints, he'd cast the long length of the cord up over a hook high in the roof of the chamber. Actually he wasn't as skilful at this as he might have been -that or he was amusing himself- because it took three or four casts to get the cord over the hook. Each time Cuca's tongue felt like it was being torn from its roots.

But at last he succeeded, and pulled on the free end of the cord until Cuca was standing as stretched as she could be, and her tongue was tugged painfully far out of her mouth.

After that it had been a long length of what looked like electrical flex that 101 brought. Cuca couldn't see properly what was happening; her view was mostly just the ceiling. But she saw the flex thrown upwards and loop itself over the same hook. This time he managed it first time.

101 brought pliers. Cuca strained to see, and saw him strip about five inches of covering from the flex, leaving bare wire. Then he wrapped the bared strands around her tongue and twisted them securely in place with the pliers before clipping them off neatly.

Rope came, and 101 kneeled to tie rope around each of Cuca's ankles. McTeague pulled first the left ankle to one side, parting Cuca's legs, and fastened the rope to a ringbolt.

Then he did the same with the other side.

By the time he was finished, Cuca was screaming. He's already stretched her tongue as far as it would go when she was standing with legs together. But with legs apart it was too far, surely it was too far.

Well, McTeague didn't think so. And Cuca's tongue wasn't torn out, so perhaps he was right. But it felt to Cuca as if her tongue was being pulled out, her neck being stretched, her back being dislocated, her leg-muscles being strained to the limit. And her toes hurt.

But that was nothing.

That was blissful comfort compared with what happened next.

101, ever helpful, ran back and forth, breasts bobbing, hair flowing behind her, hips swinging, and bare feet padding on the stone-flagged floor. She plugged the far end of the electrical flex into a black box on a stand at the side of the room. Ominously a cable went from there to an electrical socket on the wall. She ran back with another electrical flex.

And on the end of this was a long, single-bladed whip. A whip with bare metal ends.

Cuca had strained to see what was happening. She had her suspicions, but she couldn't believe anyone would be that cruel.

Could they?

"Turn it about a quarter turn," said McTeague. "A hundred volts for a start. The kid's not used to it. And I'm a kindly sort of guy."

Ever helpful, Prisoner 101 twisted the central control, then turned to watch what happened.

McTeague swung his right arm experimentally a couple of times, then lashed the whip across Cuca's body with what seemed to her like the full force of his muscular arm.

She'd never been struck before by anyone. And certainly not whipped. Was McTeague really such a kindly guy if he could do this to the soft, yielding body of a completely innocent and inexperienced young girl?

Because as soon as the whip contacted Cuca's body -which was covered in a thin layer of perspiration as a result of her over-stretched ordeal- a blue spark shot from the tip of the whip and blitzed into Cuca's flesh.

The whip itself, with its metal tip, would have hurt, but the electric pulse along its length was sheer agony. The charge shot through her body from tongue to belly, and she screamed a low-pitched, unearthly scream.

Kindly guy McTeague grimaced and said, "Turn it up, 101. Half way. The two hundred mark. That just tickled her."

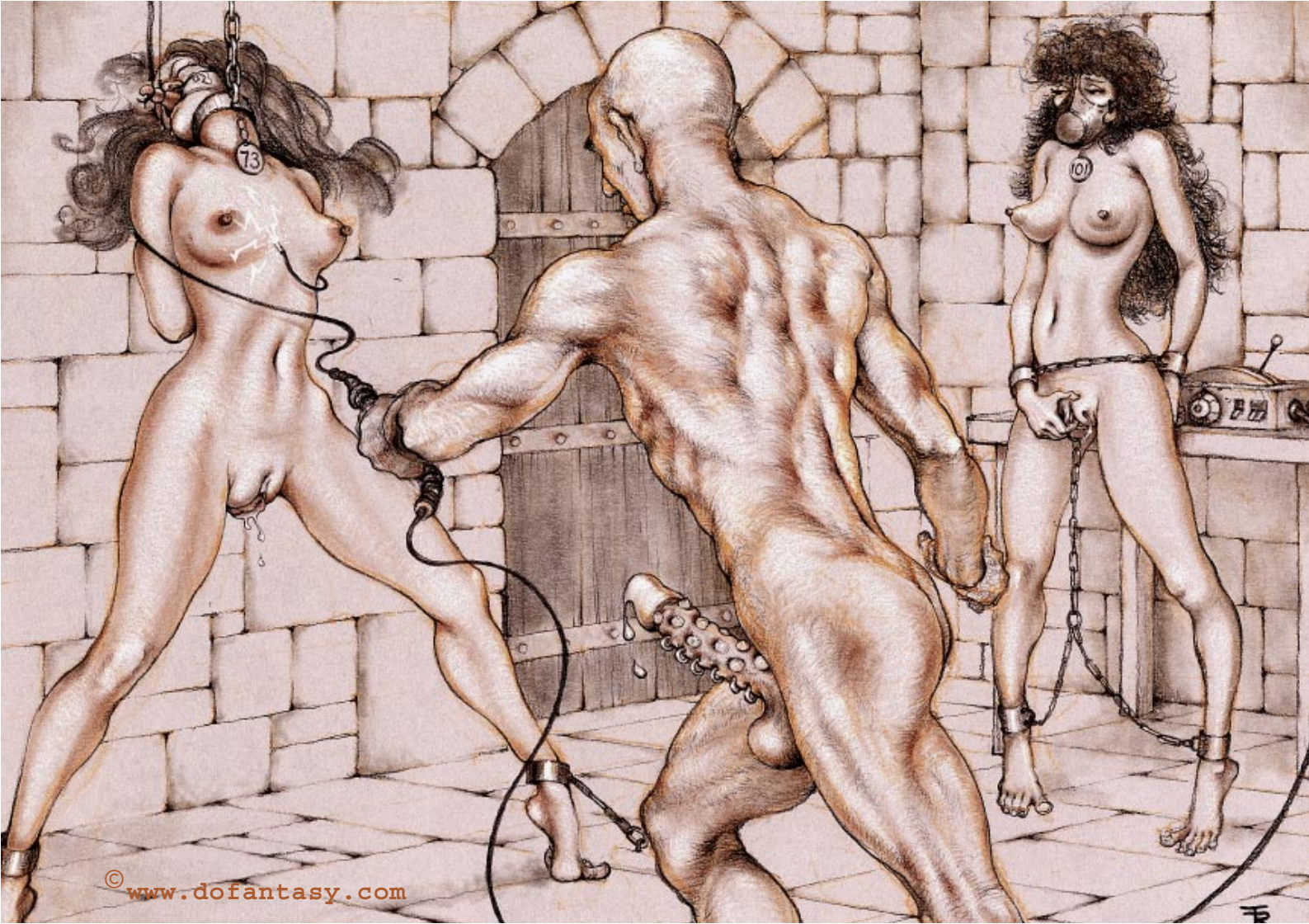
Tickled! thought Cuca. That was hideous. She was shaking, trembling all over. That mustn't happen again. Ple-e-ease!

But she could see from the corner of her eyes the muzzled head of Prisoner 101 bending over the black box. She could see her long fingers manipulating the dial. She saw her turn and watch, opening her legs as far as the ankle chain would allow, reaching behind the steel ring between her thighs, and parting the lips of her cunt.

The whip struck again, straight across her breasts, digging deep into the tender flesh. The electric jolt jabbed through her nipples, rushed through her body. She jumped, her toes leaving the ground, the neck chain choking her, the tongue rope tightening still further.

How long could this go before she died? Cuca knew he was going to kill her, that was the only possible end to this.

But she didn't die. She might have wished for it each time the sparks flew between her nipples, each time the lash encircled her waist and the blue flash



ripped into her belly. The whip itself was cutting into her, leaving red and purple marks to betray its path on her pale skin. But the thorn like jabs of pain that barbed into her from the electricity scarcely had ceased before the next stroke caught her on thigh, on hip, on belly, on cunt.

Each time the spiny stabs coursed through her body she jumped, hurting her neck, hurting her tongue. And each time she perspired more, making the electricity surer, and the track of the charge shot through her the more.

How many strokes? She had no idea. She was hysterical, jerking frenziedly, writhing and squirming and dancing with pain. The sparks crackled and snapped all over her.

And what did McTeague do? Once he ordered 101 to turn the charge up still further. Then he carried on flogging her.

What did 101 do? She fingered herself, openly enjoying the spectacle of her fellow prisoner, Prisoner 73, Cuca Cela de Monterey, suffering an unprovoked assault from a monster.

And then, quite suddenly it was over. McTeague stopped, clipped the wire and cord to her tongue and unhooked her collar from the ceiling chain.

Cuca sprawled to the floor. She was shaking all over, her body convulsing with helpless shudders.

But that wasn't quite all.

It seemed McTeague hadn't stopped for her sake. He'd stopped because he had derived so much pleasure from her torture that he was bursting to come.

He knelt over her prostrate form, his great, bejeweled and beringed cock rearing above Cuca's face. She tried to turn away, but he grabbed her by her hair and turned her head upwards. The ring-gag was still in her mouth, the clipped-off cord and wire still around her tongue. Prisoner 101 was kneeling beside McTeague, pumping his cock, pointing it at her face. In moments he came, jetting streams of white cum into her face, and with careful aim by 101, into her mouth.

Chapter 9

Edmundo demonstrates his special skill

The Generalissimo was certainly in a good humor. After he'd soundly whipped Former Guardia Tabora's tits, he put down the whip, turned, raised his hand, held his index finger up and cried, "Edmundo, Maestro, the moment has arrived, I think!"

The assembled guardias and soldiers broke into smiles. A round of applause stuttered out. And Edmundo left the room.

To Tabora the happy expectations of these people were not encouraging. Where had Edmundo gone, and why?

She had been so comprehensively punished that she could not imagine anything else happening to her. Her lovely brown flesh was a mass of black stripes and bruises; she was gagged and bound and half-hanged from a frame whose components were studded to prevent her moving; and her cunt and ass-hole were filled to the point of bursting with painful, spiky and spiny intrusions.

What else could they do to her? She was past caring. Or she thought she was.

Until Edmundo reappeared, wearing a thick leather apron and pushing a wheeled cart. On the cart was a brazier burning brilliantly. For just one moment she thought he resembled a hot-chestnut seller.

Until he stopped the cart, removed a long narrow object from the brazier, and examined its red-hot tip. He shook his head, replaced it in the coals and began vigorously to pump a bellows.

Tabora began to shake again, her whole body quivering with fear. A loud moan escaped from her gagged mouth.

She had seen such long thin objects before, when she was small and played on the ranch of a distant relative out in the campo. Then it had been roundup time, and the cattle were branded.

But her?

They couldn't mean to do such a terrible thing. She was a supporter of Genera-lissimo Sandoval. She deserved punishment for her dereliction of duty. They had gone too far, but even now she could call herself a Sandovalista. But if they branded her?

In any case, she thought, with diminishing confidence, her amigo Edmundo, he would never do such a thing to her.

But Edmundo had taken one of the irons out of the brazier and was checking it again. He twirled it round in the air. Everyone stood back as its tip shone brilliant white.

Then, with a flourish he stepped forward, pointed the glowing end at Tabora, and stepped forward.

Now Tabora could see the reason for her awkward position, with her cunt mound forward. The iron got closer, she could feel its singing heat near her belly. Then she closed her eyes.

Or tried to. But the moment the iron seared into the bare skin of her cunt-mound her eyes flew open, and she watched in horror the white heat of the iron burning itself into her. It sizzled and smoked, and singed, and burned its way into her living, defenseless body, feeding itself on the smooth flesh, marking her forever.

Edmundo held the iron in place for what seemed forever, but was probably not more than two or so minutes. He withdrew it, and held up the smoking end to Tabora's liquid filled eyes. She could barely make out the emblem she had been branded with. But then she saw.

The Condor of Paramundo, the badge of the Sandovals.

This time she did pass out.

But that wasn't the end of the proceedings. Not for Tabora, not for any of the others.

Someone slapped her face to bring her round ... and not gently. How many times? Enough to wake her up, and a few more to make sure she was paying attention.

They released the hinged bar, and pulled out the ass-dildo. No easy matter.

Tabora began screeching again, the noise rising to a crescendo each time one of the rings of spikes stretched her anew.

Then they removed the tube in her cunt. That was much easier, because three turns of the key returned it to its original size. But it left her cunt gaping, just as her ass-hole was gaping.

Capitana Ana came forward, and examined her, but made no move to release her.

Sandoval took off his uniform tunic and handed it to a guardia. She held it reverentially and folded it over her arm. The Generalissimo was about to perform.

Tabora watched him approach. The pain from the burning brand was so great that she could scarcely think of anything else. She felt scarcely able to breathe: all her muscles were tense, her belly taut; her cunt had contracted.

Capitana Ana slipped her finger inside and nodded to her father. The slut was ready for him.

Sandoval opened his pants and took out his cock. It was fat and oily, and raised its head like a snake about to strike. His daughter held open the lips of Tabora's cunt, and he poked his cock inside the girl.

The Capitana patted the undersides of the suspended girl's breasts approvingly. Approving, that is, of the way Sandoval had whipped them, the nipple-joining breast-bar. But also encouragingly, as if to say, give the old man all you've got, Senorita Slut.

Tabora couldn't believe it, father and daughter together, treating her like this. But they weren't just any father and daughter. These were Sandovals!

In any case, the father was taking her with the same fearsome energy he had shown with Dulce Cardenas. He gripped her buns with his hands and pulled her forward, cramming the whole length of his cock inside her. His rough belly hair rubbed against her new-made brand, refreshing the pain that had begun oh so slowly to fade.

He took his time. A dictator has all the time in the world to enjoy his pleasure. Who would dare to disturb him? Who would dare to disturb him especially at this moment!

His movements grew more urgent. He was buffeting her tormented cunt, his balls were slapping up under her still-gaping ass-hole. His head went back, his mouth opened. He was coming. She felt his cock spasming inside her, jetting his cum deep into her.

Her head began to spin. She thought she would be sick. But she wasn't sick. In the midst of all the pain, of all the horror, she came.

It was the worst moment of her life. Worse than the beatings and the branding. That this evil man -she knew him for what he was now- could cause her such agony, and then humiliate her by demonstrating his control over her like that ... she wanted to die!

He withdrew.

He took his uniform jacket from the guardia and put it on. He walked away without another glance at Former Guardia Tabora, but waved his hand towards the soldiers in a gesture that said, She's all yours.

An open invitation to fuck her.

Which they did. And first in line was Raul, whose pawing hands explored every part of her tormented figure, jiggled the hated breast bar, then slid his cock inside her, all the time grinning like a monkey.

Chapter 10

Cuca's breasts

Cuca was on her feet again. She was hooked to the ceiling chain again. She was on tiptoe again. There was no rest for Cuca Cela de Monterey.

The ring-gag was still in her mouth, but McTeague had taken away the remnants of the cord and wire around her tongue. Not that she could feel her tongue. She thought she would never feel it again.

Her face was still covered in McTeague's cum. It was in her hair, in her ears, in her nostrils, and she could taste it in her mouth. It was mingled with her tears ... she was crying freely now. As McTeague said, it was a natural reaction. He was sure she'd get over it, get used to it.

USED TO IT?! Was it going to happen again? Again and again?

But Cuca had more worries at that moment, more pressing woes.

She could see Prisoner 101, McTeague's muzzled gofer running from place to place in the room, gathering bits and pieces and placing them on a wheeled table, which she pushed over to where Cuca stood.

It was a most peculiar gadget that McTeague picked up. It resembled a bra in a way; a bra made of black enameled metal. Cuca hoped it wasn't a bra, because it didn't look very comfortable.

But when McTeague held it up she was sure that that was what it was. And she was right.

It wasn't a bra she would have chosen herself. In fact she would have gone a long way to have avoided wearing it. But McTeague insisted.

Two metal rings side by side fitted around the breasts tight up against her chest.

A strap passed round her body to hold them in place. They were quite big rings, each of them with a knurled knob at the top that could be turned to contract them. And this is what worried Cuca, because she could see that the insides of the rings were studded with sharp points, maybe thirty or forty of them, all about half an inch long. And when McTeague tightened the rings the pins first pricked her soft breast-flesh, then jabbed it, then pierced the skin, then embedded themselves for their full length into the lovely mounds.

Not that Cuca was entirely silent while this was going on. Indeed she found her tongue once more, and screeched and screamed and yelled.

Which didn't bother McTeague one little bit. In fact he seemed to like it.

He grinned at her, fondled the now firmly jutting tits, and proceeded to the next stage.

Hinged to the sides of each circle was an open cone shape of metal, four bare struts formed into a shape like a pointy bra of the 1950's. When McTeague swung them round over Cuca's really quite big breasts, and snapped the catches that held them in place, you could see that they were well oversize.

Cuca wasn't really paying attention. She was still shaking her head in disbelief at way the pins around her breasts were hurting.

At the apex of each cone a screw was inserted, and on the inside of the cone each screw was tipped with a vicious-looking claw, also operated by a screw. McTeague now wound the screws down until the claw was touching Cuca's breasts. The open structure of the metal cones allowed him to put his fingers inside, grasp Cuca's tits and push her nipples between the jaws of each claw. He screwed the jaws together until they gripped the girl's tender pink nipples tightly -Cuca began to take notice now- and gave them an extra turn to squash the nipples and hold them absolutely securely. Cuca was howling again.

McTeague took no notice. He never did. Women's screams were like background music to him. He only noticed the silence when they stopped.

Instead he turned the screws on the outside of the cone, winding them out and drawing the nipples with them, each held in its implacable toothed claw. The cones really were oversize and the breasts were stretched a long way, so far that they themselves became cone shaped and the nipples were pulled way beyond comfort, way beyond ordinary pain. At least Cuca thought so. McTeague and Prisoner 101 seemed to take pleasure in the sight.

And they took yet more pleasure when 101 produced the next objects and McTeague took them from her.

Long thin needles. Long and sharp and terrifying to Cuca's aghast gaze. Because, though the exact spot was not clear, the general area that McTeague in-

tended to insert the pins was clear enough.

He wasted no time.

Poor Cuca! What had she imagined when she volunteered for this? A sort of school perhaps, with school uniforms and instruction. A sort of finishing school for young ladies. She was a very innocent girl who had led a very innocent life.

What she could never have imagined was that she would find herself standing, absolutely naked in front of a monstrous man, also completely naked, who was about to stick needles in her ... and took pleasure in doing it.

She was in hell.

McTeague on the other hand showed every sign of being in heaven, to judge from the deeply satisfied smile on his face. He inserted the needle between the bars of the open cone and pricked Cuca's left breast. She tried to move away. The best she could do was spin on the chain that hooked to her collar. This brought her right breast into prominence. McTeague pricked that. She span in the other direction.

McTeague didn't play this game for long. He seized hold of the steel bra, held her steady, then jabbed firmly down with the needle, straight into her left nipple. Cuca screamed. McTeague continued pressing down, slowly pushing the needle's tip into the nipple, deliberately drawing out the agony. The point emerged on the other side, and steadily the needle transfixed the soft pink nipple.

Cuca was hysterical. She watched with horror her lovely breasts being tortured. She shrieked with pain. She cried for help, but the only other person in the room was a girl, naked like herself, chained, gagged and muzzled. She leaned back against a table, her fingers thrusting in and out of her sodden cunt.

She wasn't coming to Cuca's assistance.

And no one else was. McTeague took a second needle and pushed the point of that through the same nipple, crucifying it. And he did the same to the other nipple, crucifying that too. The pain didn't get less, and the screams didn't lessen either. Tears ran down Cuca's cheeks in runnels among McTeague's cum. Tears dripped onto her breasts, mixed with streams of drool from her ever-open mouth. The chain holding her to the roof clinked and rang with her desperate movements and pulled the collar that encircled her neck high up under her ear. Her throat hurt.

And still McTeague didn't stop. The next needle went into the soft fullness of the upper half of her breast, and another into the underside, slipping easily, but far from painlessly, into the plump flesh.

McTeague had an endless supply of needles, and Cuca's breasts were ample

enough to take hundreds. The only thing that saved her from possessing twin pincushions instead of breasts was ... McTeague!

When a dozen needles encircled each of the girl's breasts -deeply inserted, pressed in right to the head so that each one skewered more than two inches of shiny steel into the lovely, tender flesh- McTeague's lust overwhelmed him. He had intended many more, but that would have to wait for another time.

He unhooked the chain that held Cuca's collar, seized her arms and half-pulled, half-threw her across the chamber, over a low table, and fell on top of her. She felt his hands feverishly rubbing the head of his cock against the slit of her cunt, and then it was inside, stretching her wide. He was heavy, crushing the air out of her body with his weight, and his cock seemed to split her open. Was Cuca Cela de Monterey a virgin before this moment? She never told. In any case this was a new sort of deflowering. She could feel the rings in his shaft entering her like hard ridges, and she could feel the sharp-edged jewels cutting into her, tearing her open, it seemed.

This was a true rape, like no other.

And McTeague fucked her hard and long. He seemed tireless. His bald ugly head loomed over her, leering down at her, and his hands were between the open bars of the cones that surrounded her breasts, and were pawing them, pummeling and squeezing them, and causing the needles to spike into her even more.

She screamed through the open ring-gag, screamed and screamed. And her pitiful cries acted like a trigger on McTeague. The more she screamed the harder he fucked her.

Then he came. He came like a geyser, but not inside her.

Once again he pulled out, and Prisoner 101 was there ready, her hands working up and down his massive rod, until the jets of cum smacked her in the face, between the eyes, in the hair, in the mouth, smothering her.

Later, much later, Cuca found herself outside McTeague's examination room. She was still naked, her arms were still bound behind her back. The ring-gag was still in her mouth, and her face was still plastered with McTeague's cum.

The needles had gone, and the horrid metal bra-thing. McTeague and Prisoner 101 had taken as much pleasure pulling the needles out as putting them in, and caused her as much pain.

McTeague had turned her over, put his thick finger into her ass-hole. Begrudg-

ingly he said, "Honey, I know you're longing for my cock up your ass, but I can't oblige. You're much too small. And I don't reckon on damaging my dick on some tart's ass-hole. We'll just have to try opening it up."

And with that he took his whip and pressed the end of the handle against her tiny rosebud. And pushed.

Now this handle had a more or less pointed end, and that slid easily in. But the handle itself was broad, bigger even than McTeague's vast cock. Cuca's ass was stretched, and stretched some more. The handle was ringed with ridges to give a better grip, and ridge after ridge slid into her, opening her up still further. Inch by broad inch its unrelenting form entered her, until even McTeague could get no more inside her.

He tested it, tugging it. It didn't move. "Well, honey," he said, "you're going to need help getting that thing back out of you. I guess it can stay in for now. Hey, a few days with that up your ass and you'll take McTeague's dick as easy as candy."

He stood her up. The whip-handle protruded obscenely from her ass-hole, so big it pushed her ass-cheeks apart. She could feel the many-fronded lashes against the back of her legs. McTeague ordered her to walk up and down the room. He lay back and watched, Prisoner 101 beside him, expertly stroking his already hard cock with her manacled hands.

Cuca Cela de Monterey walked with a waddle and the whip waved from side to side with her steps. The leather fronds swayed too. It was horrid. Humiliating. And McTeague was right. It wouldn't come out.

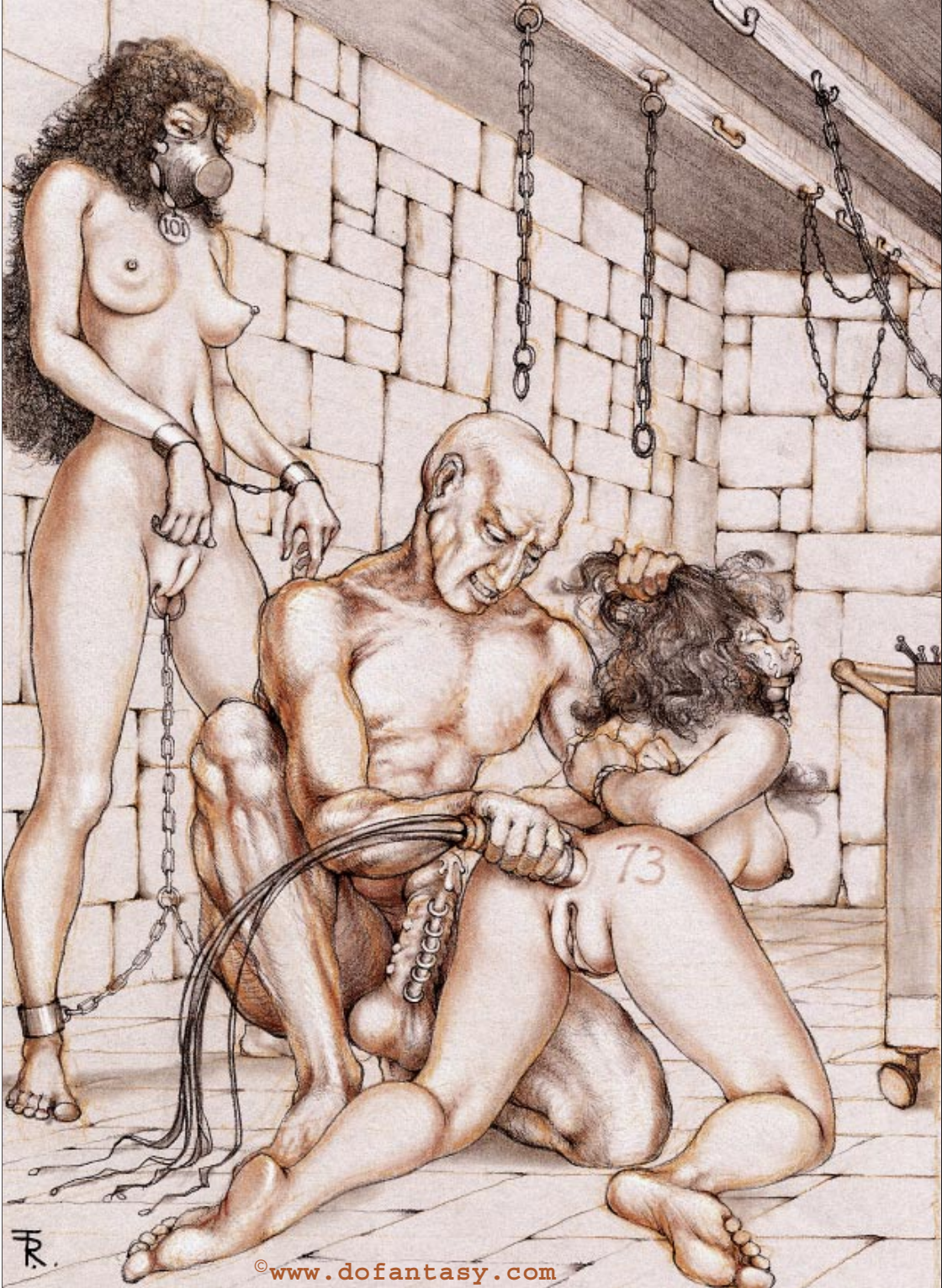
So she was still waddling now, walking down the corridor, her feet padding on the stone flags. A guardia walked with her, her snatch-stick firmly around Cuca's neck.

The guardia was grinning broadly, and from time to time, when Cuca's progress was not fast enough, swatted her legs with her own whip.

Others passed them. A group of soldiers, who laughed at her, pointing out the protruding whip to each other. Beneath the layer of McTeague's cum, Cuca blushed hotly.

The guardia pushed her into a cell. Its only occupant was another girl, naked, of course, and chained to the wall of the cell in a broad 'X'. The guardia picked up another snatch stick, made Cuca walk over to the girl, then snapped the extra snatch-stick around Cuca's calf and jerked her leg away.

Cuca tumbled heavily to the ground. She looked up and saw the wide-open legs of the chained prisoner above her. The guardia pulled on the snatch sticks until she had dragged Cuca just where she wanted her. "Senor McTeague has ordered your face to be washed, slut," she announced, and nodded to the sus-



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Honey, I know you're longing for my cock up your ass, but I can't oblige. You're much too small.

pended girl.

The prisoner was fair-haired, with the features of a gringuita. How long had she been here, Cuca wondered. She looked healthy and fit, like some kind of Hollywood starlet.

But Cuca didn't think much more. She was choking and spluttering from a shower of hot piss that struck her accurately in the face, sluicing of McTeague's cum, some onto the ground, a lot down her throat. It poured over her hair, soaking her, and splashed over her bruised breasts, and seemed to go on and on.

How much more of this treatment could she stand?

Much more, dear Cuca. Much more. You don't have any choice.



Chapter 11

Angelita at the Prison

They always arrived the same way at the Prison at the Palacio Zorilla. Half-naked, clothes disheveled, arms bound and tears streaming down their gagged faces, they stumbled through the gate on foot, or sped through in trucks, or in the case of Angelita Mira de Falco y Rianza swept past the respectfully saluting guards in a long black limousine. Admittedly they didn't catch sight of the new prisoner. She was bound in the trunk. All they caught a glimpse of through the darkened glass of the windows was the proud face of Comandanta Melosa Sandoval, accompanied by a guardia, Guardia Isabella of the Paramundan Women's Prison Service.

The gates slammed shut behind them, and the limo drew to a halt outside the entrance to the main building.

Angelita opened her eyes to bright sunlight flooding into the trunk when the lid was lifted. Guardia Isabella grinned down at her. "Up, Señorita! No time for sleeping. The day isn't over yet."

She plunged her snatch stick into the trunk and its cold steel collar snapped tightly around Angelita's neck. "Out you come, little bitch."

The young girl found herself painfully dragged out of the trunk, first into a kneeling position, then lifting first one leg, then the other over the edge of the trunk. Her hands were no help in this maneuver. Her arms were bound so tightly behind her back that she had lost any feeling in her fingers. Only the insistent pressure on the snatch-stick urged her to shift herself until she stood on trembling legs in the enclosed heat of the courtyard of her new place of residence.

Her skirt was rocked up around her waist, and her blouse was in tatters. Her

little breasts were on open view, the pink nipples shiny in the sunlight from the tears that had run down her pale cheeks and fallen onto the neat buds. Her hips and legs were bare from her waist to her now rather dirty white socks and the scuff-marked black strap-overs.

A couple of soldiers walked by, and Angelita shamefacedly glanced at them. But beyond a casual look at her, they passed by without taking any special notice of her. As if half-naked young girls were an everyday experience for them! Yet Angelita had seen in the cool way they'd checked her out, that they'd appraised her and found her of no special interest. For some perverse reason this made her more crestfallen than ever.

And they didn't even turn to look when Guardia Isabella, for no reason at all, unclipped the whip at her belt and slashed it a dozen times at the back of her thighs, leaving clear fresh marks over the still visible traces of her earlier whippings.

She felt so utterly ashamed.

Comandanta Melosa had skipped up the steps and was already inside the building by the time Angelita was led up the steps, or more accurately tugged by the neck, into the cool building. She had no way of knowing that she was being shown a singular honor. Prisoners rarely entered by this door. Her own sister, Jacinta, had been dragged along with nineteen other young women past the port-cullis and down the long corridor into the depths of the prison itself. But they had a more select fate in store for this little beauty.

She found herself bundled into an elevator and Melosa pressed the button for the top floor. Angelita stared at their images in the mirrored wall opposite. Comandanta Melosa, neat and smart in her uniform, looked back at her. Guardia Isabella, cool in her crisp white blouse and short skirt, smirked smugly and sardonically at her. But the figure held by the guardia's snatch-stick she could scarcely recognize. A tear-streaked face bisected by the leather band that crushed, horror of horrors, a pair of her own panties in her mouth gazed at her from under mussed up hair tumbling less than picturesquely in streaks and strands over her face. Her convent hat had gone. Her blouse was in tatters, and her soft, pale breasts and long limbs, whip-marked and streaked with oil from the pile-driver, looked pathetic in the mirror. At the meeting of her thighs the thick delta of curls, matted and damp, emphasized rather than concealed the cleft of her ravaged cunt.

Was that really herself? She closed her eyes in despair.

But not for long. Moments later she was bundled out of the elevator and propelled along a narrow service corridor towards a far door.

Whatever lay behind that door, Angelita knew she wasn't going to enjoy it. She tried to hold back, dragging on her heels, but the snatch-stick tightened around her

throat, half-choking her, and the guardia raised her whip once more and smacked her calves with the harsh blades until the door opened and they burst, without knocking, into a stuffy, cramped office, where a middle-aged man sat at a desk writing.

But not any middle-aged man: Angelita could not be deceived by the mean surroundings, or the balding pate of the hunched-over figure. She recognized him immediately from the posters and hoardings she had seen. This was El Presidente, Generalissimo Sandoval himself. She had been too young to meet him formally at social functions, as Jacinta had. But she knew that behind that rather ordinary exterior lay a vicious and violent man. At least Jacinta had told her so. And she trembled.

At first he did not even look up in spite of the commotion of their arrival. Guardia Isabella stood to attention and held Angelita firmly with her snatch-stick. Comandanta Melosa perched herself on the corner of his desk and carelessly scratched inside her boot with the tip of her riding crop.

Minutes seemed to go by. Melosa yawned. Angelita felt the backs of her knees quivering with fear.

Finally the Presidente put aside the sheet of paper he was working on and sat back in his chair. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked steadily at Angelita. She tried to meet his pitiless stare firmly. But how could she, naked and shamefully exposed as she was? She lowered her gaze, but then seemed to feel his eyes roaming over every part of her body.

“So, who do we have here, Guardia?” He said.

Guardia Isabella’s gaze flicked across to Comandanta Melosa, and then, holding her head up and looking straight to the front, she intoned, “Prisoner Angelita Mira de Falco y Riaza, newly arrived at the prison, brought here immediately on her arrival at your request, Generalissimo.”

Sandoval sighed. “Ah yes, the sister of the troublesome Jacinta. How was your journey here, querida?”

Angelita looked at him in amazement and moved her jaws, mumbling something high-pitched and nasal.

“Remove the girl’s gag, guardia. Let her speak ... or does she bite?”

The Presidente laughed at his pleasantry.

Freed from the gag, Angelita found that not a word would come to her lips. She opened her mouth and closed it several times.

“What is it, Angelita? You can speak to me. After all I am your new owner.”

Angelita stared at him in amazement. "Owner?" She said. Then she blurted out, "I was raped. She..." she jerked her head towards Melosa "...gave me to some men, rough men, prisoners, road menders, I don't know, and made them all rape me! And beat me!" Tears welled up in her eyes, and she added, "I want my father to know. I want him to come and get me."

Sandoval put his hands behind his head and stretched. He looked interested. "Is this true?" He asked Melosa. "She was raped?"

Melosa nodded coolly. "Naturalmente! A few men making the new road to the ruins at Axalexapotl."

"And was it good?"

The Comandanta shrugged. "I've seen better. The men hadn't had a woman for a long time, so they were all too quick. And the girl, well she struggled prettily, but not for long. As soon as she'd had a few taps with a whip, she gave herself to them, all too willingly in my opinion."

Angelita stared at her in amazement. This wasn't how she remembered it. She'd fought like a tigress. She'd had to be tied down. And they'd beaten her hard, but that hadn't stopped her struggles. "It's not true!" She cried. "I didn't want..."

Sandoval ignored her. "Well, hija mia, the little bitch is as duplicitous as her sister. Did she take it in cunt and ass?"

"Si, she was as eager to get both ways."

"Did you suck their cocks as well?" He asked, suddenly switching his attention to Angelita.

The young girl looked aghast. She felt sick. "No-o-o, I wouldn't do such a thing!"

"The Presidente looked pleased. He beamed. "Bravo Chica! You have saved that lovely little mouth for me. I am almost touched," he said, laying his hand sincerely over his heart.

"For you! Leave me alone. I want to go home!"

"Come come, it is an honor, as well as a duty, to suck off your leader."

He swiveled on his chair to the side and began to unzip his pants. "Come round here and kneel down in front of me."

Angelita stared in horror at the already erect cock that sprang from the jefe's fly. That such a short man could have such a large cock startled her, and that a dignified, middle-aged man could do such a thing so openly in front of a uniformed guardia, and ... and his own daughter! It was all too much. Her legs almost gave way, but nothing could prevent her being propelled forward by the guardia's snatch-

stick towards the awful apparition standing up like a thick post from between the man's legs.

She heard herself yelling, shouting incoherently. She threw herself to the floor, shaking her head vehemently. Nothing, nothing on earth would make her do such a thing. They could kill her first!

Alas, she might have guessed that the Sandovals had other ways of making her do their will than that.

Sandoval gazed down at her thoughtfully and sighed. "So, the little bitch willingly lets criminals and suchlike chusma, but won't give herself to her Presidente. She's as much of a slut as her sister."

He got to his feet, and without troubling himself to replace his cock inside his pants, He pointed to a door behind his desk. "Take her through, guardia. You come along too, Comandanta."

Melosa pushed herself off the corner of the desk and stood up. She looked almost surprised at being asked, but pleased. "Of course, Papá."

* * *

Dragged along on her knees by the snatch-stick, Angelita, half-choking, passed through the door. If she was thinking that each portal led to something worse in this place, she wasn't wrong.

This room was larger than the airless little office, high-ceilinged with tall windows that looked out over the prison yard, and others that had a fine view of Veragonza itself.

But Angelita wasn't admiring the geography. She wasn't looking at the furniture, leather sofas and comfortable armchairs in the same spirited -or outrageous-taste as the interior of the limo. Instead she was staring aghast at the hooks and chains and ropes slung from pulleys in the ceiling and drooping between rings in the walls. She gazed with alarm at the racks of whips and at the multitude of showcases and shelves of unidentifiable but sinister-looking steel and leather implements, mostly with sharp edges and points glittering in the sun streaming through the windows. And if that wasn't enough, the pictures that adorned the walls! -she would have blushed at their lewdness if she hadn't been horrified by their brutality.

As it was she threw herself to the floor and refused to move herself an inch further. Which made no difference at all. Guardia Isabella was quite strong enough to drag her, partly by the throttling snatch-stick, and partly by the expedient of gripping a full fist of her black hair and hauling her inert form by that. With a practiced kick of the toe of her boot, Comandanta Melosa flipped Angelita over

onto her back. She knelt over the girl and slapped her face quite mercilessly over and over again until her cheeks were stinging and her head reeling.

“Get up, get up, you little convent-bred lagarta!” Melosa shouted. Her eyes were narrowed and that imperious face wore an expression so dangerous that Angelita flinched away.

But she didn’t get up.

Her whole body seemed to have gone limp, no longer obedient to her will or her fear. She felt the snatch-stick released from her throat, only to be replaced a moment later by a loop of rope that was roughly pulled over her head by Guardia Isabella.

The two uniformed women stood up abruptly. Angelita heard the shrill sound of a pulley-wheel spinning. All at once the harsh rope around her throat tightened, and she felt herself being lifted upwards by the neck. Guardia Isabella was pulling on the other end of the rope, which by some mechanism of blocks and wheels high up on the ceiling, a mechanism which reminded her of some chalked diagrams on the blackboard in science class that she hadn’t taken much interest in, pulled her effortlessly, though not painlessly, to her feet.

Generalissimo Sandoval was standing with his back to the window, a stumpy silhouette against the sunlight, regarding her. She was shaking her head, tossing her lustrous tresses, trying to loosen the harsh rope around her neck.

Melosa reached in her uniform tunic pocket and took out a knife, flicking open the cruel hooked blade, and advanced on their innocent captive. With two or three deft movements Angelita’s skirt and the last remnants of her school blouse fell to the floor. Guardia Isabella grasped her around the thighs, lifted her feet off the floor and dispossessed her of her socks and shoes. She gathered up the remnants and three them all into a bin.

Angelita was naked.

She didn’t yet know it, but that was how she was destined to stay. Prisoners’ uniform at the Prison Zorilla was very basic.

The guardia approached carrying a bundle of ropes and straps. She set to work on Angelita. In minutes the little convent girl was trussed in a manner she could never have imagined. Her legs were spread, held by ropes from leather ankle-straps to rings set in the floor. The neck-loop from the ceiling was gone, but not to any great relief for Angelita. In its place another, narrower cord was bound and knotted tightly, and the same cord pulled down under her tied arms and pulled through her legs. The guardia was very conscientious about this, making sure that it passed precisely through the lips of her cunt, then taking it right across to the other side of the room, catching it around a fastening in the wall, and pulling hard on the end.

Angelita felt the noose tugging at her throat, pulling her backwards, and squealed. The cord tightened through her cunt, rasping against its tender pink petals, and rubbing against her clit. She found herself staring upwards, her body bowed back, unbalanced, but held up by the tight cord between her legs. She felt dizzy, falling but unable to fall, gagging and choking on the tightness high under her chin. Her breasts, which she could not see, seemed to jut upwards, standing out prominently, vulnerably...

And that's where the first blow fell.

Mercilessly, a stinging bar of fire from Melosa's riding whip streaked across the flawless flesh and pink nipples. Angelita screamed. But so taut was the arc of her body that she could not flinch away. An instant later she felt herself strapped across the curve of her quivering thighs, this time by Guardia Isabella's multi-bladed whip.

Melosa's crop slashed downwards, catching each nipple once again, but skewing across them in a cutting motion. At the same time Isabella's whip caught her in the crook of the knees.

Angelita was screaming at them to stop. But she knew what terms they would demand. The choice was between whipping and sucking the Generalissimo's cock. Actually no choice. She would get her whipping and they truly wouldn't stop until the great man's prick was firmly embedded in her throat. She knew this, but still she begged them to cease.

Comandanta Melosa thrust a fist in Angelita's hair and twisted her head until she saw those fierce, pitiless black eyes. "Will you do as you're bid, lagarta? Will you open your mouth like an obedient little convent girl?"

Angelita gurgled incoherently. She wouldn't say yes, she just tried to say, "Please stop."

But they wouldn't. With an extra tug on her hair, Melosa released her and struck her breasts once more.

On and on it went. They didn't ask her again, just took her recalcitrance as a personal slight and went on slashing at her defenseless body and stinging her already bruised flesh with blow after blow. The sound of leather cracking against taught thighs and soft young tits echoed through the room, and that and her screams and yells must have echoed across the prison, if not over the whole of Veragonza. But nobody came to her rescue.

Why would they? Everyone in the prison had heard such sounds so often they were deaf to them. And the two women were anxious to please the Presidente, anxious to show that they could bring a slip of a girl, a chiquilla, to heel.

And yet they gave her no chance to agree. Perhaps they didn't want her to do

willingly what they could force her to do. So they went on beating the arch of her figure long after the tears were streaming from her eyes, long after she was yelling, "Yes, yes, anything, but please stop hurting me!" Perhaps they couldn't understand the wild gurgling sounds that emerged from her lips.

It was the Generalissimo himself who came at last to her rescue.

Not completely, of course, and not for long. And he didn't intervene until the damage had been done, until the young girl was a mass of red strips and welts.

"Basta!" he said. "That's enough. I cannot wait for the little cunt to make up her mind. Get her ready"

And so it was that Guardia Isabella untied the cord that ran through her crotch and released her. That took away her sole support, and she fell heavily to the floor on her ass. She lay there only half conscious, sobbing and twisting her hands still in their tight bonds.

She could feel the guardia fastening something to her outstretched ankles, but she didn't look to see what it was. Her attention was suddenly taken up by the Comandanta who without warning knelt beside her and smacked her fist into her stomach. Angelita's mouth opened in a frantic 'O' of pain. Just the right shape for Melosa to thrust a gag into her mouth.

This time it was far different from the shameful but soft muffling mass of her own warm panties. It was hard, metal: a ring that clicked in place behind her teeth and held her jaws wide open. With a roughness that bordered on deliberate cruelty, Comandanta Melosa fastened around Angelita's head a web of leather straps that held the ring in place. The leather bands obscured her pretty features, pinched her nose, cramped her ears, cut into her mouth, dug a deep groove under her chin, and, as ever, twisted around her neck.

Immediately the gag was fixed in place, with only a moment for Angelita's dark eyes to stare in weak bewilderment at the Comandanta, the girl felt her legs being lifted from the floor. She raised her head and looked down her naked body and saw two things. Her ankles were fastened wide apart to a long pole. At the middle of the pole a chain was fixed, a chain that rattled through a ratchet in the ceiling and shortened with every haul of the guardia's strong arms on the other end. In moments, it was obvious she would be hoisted from the floor. She began to panic.

And the more so at the sight of the other thing her eyes met. Generalissimo Sandoval was walking towards her, his thick and oily cock uncompromisingly thrust out before him.

It didn't take blackboard diagrams from science class to demonstrate the pos-

sible connection between a mouth held open in a wide 'O' and a shaft of similar dimensions. They could have been made for each other.

They were made for each other.

It was not long before Angelita's ass left the floor, and then her shoulders, and then her head. Upside down she was lifted higher and higher, until her long hair ceased to brush the ground, until her eyes were at knee height to the Generalissimo, until her lips were at crotch height to the Generalissimo, until a pair of female hands held her head and thrust it forward, until another pair of female hands - Melosa's!- fed the presidential member deep into her mouth.

She wanted to be sick.

She wanted to will her body to vomit this intruder out. But as always her body disobeyed her will, and she could only see herself compliantly being used. Sandoval's cock slid easily in and out of her mouth, the tip encountering the back of her throat, then, when the female hands of the guardia held her head firmly in position, sliding down into her throat, the massive cock disappearing completely inside her mouth, the Generalissimo's balls banging against Angelita's nose.

Could anything worse happen to an innocent young girl?

This was Sandoval country, so the answer was obvious.

As the Generalissimo caught his rhythm, Melosa released her grip on his prick. Her skirt and legs disappeared from Angelita's view. Angelita's whole attention was taken up by the fat cock sliding down her helpless throat, by the ramming of the man's hips against her sweet face.

And then it was divided. At every thrust of his body she felt the stinging agony of a whip harsh and malicious down the furrow of her cunt. Melosa was whipping her, deliberately hurting her as if every stroke of her riding crop could embody the malice she felt for this aristocratic little bitch that was giving pleasure to her father.

It didn't make any difference that Angelita would have given the world to escape this task. That the last thing she wanted was this intrusion into her very self. To have admitted that would have raised Melosa's ire to the highest degree. No one dare refuse her father!

So it went on. The Presidente took his time. He may not have had youth on his side, but he had stamina, he had experience, he had control of his own body. He would come when the moment pleased him. He was the Generalissimo, the Jefe. No one made him do what he did not want to do.

But a poor little prisoner like Angelita, she was made to do what others wanted. And at this moment she was torn between two wills, between a woman who wanted only to hurt her there, at the point of her femininity, and a man who desired only to



use that femininity for his own pleasure.

The rhythm of the man's thrust became ever more urgent, just as the whip struck ever more frequently. Angelita wanted to scream, but how could she? Her mouth was blocked. She could scarcely breath. She wanted it only to be all over.

And then it was.

And she wished it wasn't. The Generalissimo's hands clasped her head holding her against his crotch. She could feel the pulsing of his cock, the bulbous tip filling her throat. She couldn't breath. She could only suffer and suffocate while jet after jet of hot creamy liquid squirted far down her throat.

And still he held he there, held her until every tiny drop had gone, and his cock began to soften, and everything had gone down her gullet.

Chapter 12

DANIELLE

This was a simple job, and they were experienced operators, but it didn't go right.

"What's nagging you, Goulder?" The one said to the other. "I can't get a civil word out of you today."

He was a bulky man, dressed in jeans and blue T-shirt to look like a working-man, but there was something too neat about him. He'd refused to wear the dark baseball cap in case it mussed his hair.

The other man sat beside him in the van with hunched shoulders. He was chewing gum nervously and gazing intently out of the window. "Look, Deeley, this isn't going to go right."

"How do you know? It's just a pick-up."

"I've got a hunch."

Deeley laughed. "Your hunches! When did any of them ever come true?" "This time. You can count on it."

"Don't be crazy. Look, Goulder, there she is, right on time."

"That's the clerk?"

"Sure. She leaves at three thirty every day. Now the pick-up is all alone. This is going to go like clockwork."

The van was parked a block away at the head of a turnoff on the other side of the road from the building they were watching. It wasn't the best part of Colossus City, but the squat red brick building was only a five-minute drive from Van Burgh College, and that's what suited the pick-up, a young woman named Danielle Scott.

Danielle ran a sort of support agency for students at Van Burgh, helping them out with money problems, counseling them when they had emotional problems. That's what it seemed. But really it was a political agency, undermining the students' faith in the American Way, funded by unions and agitators.

Deeley and Goulder had no problems with this pick-up. They'd done well out of the American Way. Any do-gooding little bitch like Danielle Scott who wanted to bring in collectivism deserved all she got.

"OK, the clerk's out of sight," said Deeley. "Time to get this cap and jacket on, I guess. Let's get over there."

Goulder sighed and started the engine. The van moved quietly forward. They parked close up beside the rear entrance of the building. Most of the windows were boarded up, and a notice around the front announced that the building was due for demolition. There was no one about, and there would be no visiting students, since it was vacation time at Van Burgh.

They took the stairs. Moving silently upwards. Goulder wore a suit, Deeley had on a blouson jacket with the letters FBI on the back. His baseball cap, which he'd set carefully on his neat hair, bore the same initials.

They let themselves carefully in to the office on the fourth floor. The first room was the clerk's office. There was a computer on a desk, a filing cabinet, some old wooden chairs for people waiting to see Danielle Scott.

Through the frosted glass partition into the inner office they could make out the form of someone moving about.

Deeley nodded at Goulder. Goulder nodded back. Goulder opened the door and strode in. "Miss Danielle Scott?" He said.

The young woman was pinning something to a board on the wall. She turned, startled. Deeley, entering right behind, thought, "Wow, she's a pretty one."

This was the first time he'd seen her up close. Before she'd always been some way away. She dressed in shapeless clothes, just like the students. Now he could see she had a neat, trim figure, narrow-waisted, but with a curving ass and lovely round breasts. She was a redhead, he'd known that, but she'd always worn a beret when she was out. The hair was chin-length, cut to frame her face. The eyes were a deep green, uncannily bright. A sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of her nose and across her cheeks made her look pleasingly immature.

She caught sight of Deeley, and the letters FBI on his cap. She said, "What the hell do you want?"

"Just to ask some questions, Miss," said Goulder.

"Buck out," she said. Then she added, "Hey, are you guys for real? Show me

your identity."

"Sure," said Deeley. He put his hand inside his jacket. When it came out it was holding a pistol. He pointed it straight at Danielle Scott's heart, which just happened to be covered by one of the prettiest shaped tits he had ever seen.

Danielle stared wide-eyed. But there was something odd about the gun. It wasn't like any she'd seen before. It wasn't a revolver. It wasn't an automatic. It had no barrel. What was pointing at her was a V-section channel, and lying in it was a feathered dart about two inches long.

"What the hell..." she began.

Then stared down at her breast.

The dart was sticking in her, the red feathers, fluttering ever so slightly.

She fell slowly to the floor and said not a word more.

"So," said Deeley, "where was the difficulty in that? Just like clockwork, didn't I say?"

Goulder growled, "We ain't finished yet."

Deeley laughed. He went over to the girl and looked at her. "She's really pretty. Some nice make up and some good clothes, that'd make all the difference."

"You want that she should wear clothes, Deeley?"

"Maybe I don't. Maybe I'd like to look at those tits. We gotta make sure the goods are real, I guess."

Deeley bent down and lifted the hem of the girl's jumper. He pulled it up as far as he could on the right side. The left side was still pinned to her breast by the dart. He flipped down the cup of the little soft bra she was wearing. A rosy nipple, tight and firm, sat atop a compact, pear-shaped breast. "Yup," opined Deeley, "that's the real stuff OK."

"Sure, now let's get a move on. The show's not over yet."

The girl's eyes fluttered open. She was looking at Deeley but there was no expression on her face. She did not move.

"Look at that!" Said Deeley. "Worked like a dream. She's perfectly conscious, can see everything that's going on, and can't move a muscle to do anything about it. She's just like one of those sex dolls they sell. Wouldn't it be a great idea, get a few babes like this, box them in pretty boxes and set up a sex shop!"

"Get a move on. It wears off."

"No problem. She'll be like this for hours."

"Still, let's get her ready. Bring her over to the door. Get her roped up and gagged. You can't be too sure."

"Say, somebody's not going to be too pleased when he sees that."

Deeley was pointing at a poster on the wall. Goulder followed the direction of his finger. On the wall was a poster, an election poster for the state governor, Ronald Randall III. Someone had written in broad felt-tip, "Stuff the Fascist Bastard" all across it.

Goulder said, "I kind of agree with the sentiments."

"Who cares? He's not governor anymore. He's ambassador to some godforsaken Latino country."

Deeley took the limp body of Danielle Scott by the arms and began to drag her towards the outside office.

"Hsst!" Said Goulder, "Listen a moment. Isn't that the elevator? Someone's coming up."

Deeley shrugged. "So? You know who."

Goulder crossed to the window. "There's no auto out there."

"Maybe he's parked around the back. Or maybe he's parked some way away. You don't think he's going to stop outside here in his chauffeur driven limo, do you?"

The sound of the lift died away. Footsteps approached along the corridor outside. "Hell," murmured Goulder, "that's a woman. For Chris sake, is that dart-gun loaded?"

It wasn't. Deeley pulled the gun out of his jacket and feverishly began to feel his pockets for fresh darts.

Goulder groaned. He ducked down behind the door of the outer office just as it began to open.

A woman walked in. "It's only me, Danielle. I forgot my purse. What'll I ever forget next? Danielle?"

It must have been that moment that the woman saw Danielle lying in the doorway between inner and outer offices. She ran forward. "Danielle! What's happened?"

Goulder stood up, leapt across the room and grabbed her, jerking her round and throwing her to the floor. She screamed, but he put his big hand over her mouth and stifled her noise.

He put his knee in the middle of her back and pressed her face down onto the

floor, seizing her kicking legs with his free hand. "For Chris sake, Deeley, get the ropes."

"What the hell are we going to do with her?"

"Didn't I tell you I had a feeling? This job was going to go wrong from the start."

"What are we gonna do with her?"

Just get the rope around these legs. I can't hold her much more. And find something to gag her with."

"What?"

"For fuck's sake, Deeley!"

The newcomer was kicking and reaching back and trying to scratch her assailant. Goulder jerked her legs up, bringing her thighs off the floor, at the same time pulling up her head with the hand over her mouth. "Keep still you stupid bitch or I'll break your back."

Deeley wrapped rope around her ankles and knotted it. He got hold of her hands and pulled them behind her back. With difficulty he got cord around them and tied it off.

"Gag her," growled Goulder hoarsely. "Gag her, I can't hold her mouth much longer."

"Let her scream, there's no one to hear."

"Don't be crazy. Tear up some of her clothes, or some of that other bitch's"

Deeley knelt down over Danielle and tried to tear the skirt she was wearing. The material was tough, and double hemmed.

"Use a knife."

"I haven't got a knife. D'you have a knife?"

"Panties. Use her panties. Get 'em off her."

Deeley grinned. "Yeah, why didn't I think of that?" He pushed up the skirt and pulled down the front of the girl's panties. Danielle's eyes stared at him, but her arms lay limp by her sides and she made no move to stop him. She couldn't. Deeley rolled her over and pulled them over the plump cheeks of her bottom. "This is kinda fun," he said. They slipped easily down her legs and he tugged them over her shoes and off.

"Get 'em in this cunt's mouth!" Said Goulder.

"Plenty of time. Do it properly."

Deeley flipped the little garment inside out, and rolled it so that the crotch was on the outside of the ball. Then he stuffed it in the newcomer's mouth in the split second between Goulder moving his hand and her scream.

Deeley looped cord around her head and knotted it firmly, holding the bundle deep inside her mouth.

"I told you this was all going to go wrong," complained Goulder.

Deeley turned the newcomer over. She glared at him and mumbled something urgently when he ran his hands over her tits. "What's so wrong with this. Look, she's a presentable piece of cunt, nice tits, nice face too. Young."

"We can't leave her here."

"Take her away and have some fun with her, then."

"And afterwards?"

"Dump her."

"She's seen our faces. She knows what happened to this Danielle slut."

"Dump her in the river."

Goulder rubbed his chin and gazed down at the young woman. She stared back at him in desperate alarm and squirmed in her bonds. She was a pony-tailed brunette, she had bright hazel eyes and a pale, winsome sort of face. She was probably not much over five foot tall, but she wore heels to compensate, so high she must have walked on her toes.

"Stand her up," said Deeley taking out the dart gun and fitting a drugged dart in the channel. "She'll have to have the dart."

Goulder grimaced. He bent down and got the girl under her shoulders. He lifted her into a kneeling position, then got her to stand up. He shook his head. "I dunno. And he's not going to like this."

"He's not going to like what?" A gruff voice spoke from the outer doorway.

Both men swung round. Both women, too, turned their gaze to see who had spoken. Everyone recognized the man standing there. He was a shade over six feet tall, bulky and aggressive, wearing a superbly cut suit that must have cost enough to feed a family for a decade. And his face was the same as that on the poster on the wall of Danielle's office. The archenemy: ex state governor Ronald Randall III, known as Randy Ronnie by everyone, except to his face.

Goulder recovered first. "We didn't expect you just yet, sir. We've run into a problem. Just discussing how to clear it."

"So, I pay professionals and get a snafu."

"We can handle it."

"Who is she?"

"It's the clerk. She came back, uh, unexpectedly."

"So what are you going to do with her?"

"I dunno. She's kind of a good looking little cunt."

Randy Ronnie walked over to the girl and put his hand under her chin and lifted her face to get a better look at her. "What's her name?"

"Uh, Sharon, I think. There all called Sharon if they work in an office."

Randall shook his head. "I can't leave her for you two to dispose of. I don't want any muddles left behind when I get to Paramundo. Crate her up with the other one. It's easier to lose women there. Maybe the Generalissimo will like her."

"It's extra work," said Deeley. "What's the deal for us?"

"It's your mess. This is the deal for me," said Randall menacingly, "buy one, get one free. Give her the dart."

Deeley took aim. The girl, Sharon, who had come back for her purse and because of that wouldn't be seen again in Colossus City, stared in horror at the gadget in the man's hand. She was whimpering.

Deeley pulled the trigger. The drugged dart stuck her neatly through her blouse into her left breast.

She stopped whimpering and Goulder let her drop heavily to the floor.

Chapter 13

RANDY RONNIE

We only learn the truth about our leaders when the truth no longer matters. In the history books. For every treaty between states signed in public there are a dozen protocols, secret concordats, word-of-mouth agreements.

And so it was when Ronald Randall III arrived in Paramundo to be the new envoi from the USA. In public he and El Presidente gave speeches, extolling the new relationship between the two countries. Randall himself had the honor of cutting the ribbon that opened the new tourist road to the (until now unheard of) notable ruins at Axalexapotl. Until his embassy was ready he stayed in the new hotel owned by one of the great American chains whose extravagant bulk rose over the old town of Veragonza.

But it was only after the processions, the cavalcades, the presentations and the bombast that Randy Ronnie and the Generalissimo completed their true business ... not between states but between two individuals. Randy Ronnie had money in mind, untold wealth. Sancho Sandoval had power in mind: power over women.

Randall signed the documents with a flourish and passed them over the table. Sandoval took it and added his own signature. They were in his private apartments in the Palacio Zorilla.

"So, amigo, you have what you wanted," Sandoval said. "Exclusive mining and logging rights for your company in the virgin forests in the north of Paramundo."

"And I have your agreement that the environmentalists will not be allowed to interfere."

"Precisely."

Sandoval smiled to himself. He had the better of the bargain, he thought. Unstated in the document were his conditions. Sufficient payment and expertise to build three more Prisons for the Reform of Women in various remote parts of Paramundo, and fifty young women under twenty from the USA every month to populate them.

Like all dictators, the Generalissimo didn't know where to stop. He had no bounds to his lusts because no one could stop him. He had stipulated just how many blondes, how many brunettes and redheads there should be, how many black women and how many Latinas. It was true he had Latinas in plenty in Paramundo, but Sandoval had a bee in his bonnet about "repatriating" them from abroad.

While he was thus musing, two of his private slaves entered, bringing coffee, spirits, and choice Paramundan El Condor cigars. Randy Ronnie gazed at the slaves in appreciation. Tall in their high high-heels, wearing short tight black skirts that rode up and revealed their naked asses when they bent over, and a hard leather bodice that revealed more than concealed their breasts and left their mid-ribs bare, the women were marvelously shaped, and their thick massy tresses fell in waves over their bare shoulders. Of their faces he could see little except their dark eloquent eyes. The lower half was obscured by a snout-like muzzle of hard shiny leather with silver mounts, all held in place by straps that disappeared under the raven hair.

Ronnie reached out and slid his hand up the thigh of the nearest woman as she stood beside him. She did not flinch or move away, even when he reached the bare, pantiless lips of her cunt and began to explore between the cheeks of her ass. "I sure admire the uniform of your domestics," he said.

Sandoval set down his coffee cup. "Come, amigo," he said, "it is time to seal our bargain ... ratify it as your Congress insists. We shall have a congress of our own."

He waved at the two women.

The slave Randy Ronnie was fondling disengaged herself with a neat movement of her hips, and strode across the room. Ronnie put his hand to his face and sniffed loudly. An expression of rapture came over his face.

Sandoval stood up. He made a gesture with his hand, and Ronnie turned to see one of the women whisk a satin cloth away from what turned out to be a cage. It stood about six feet tall, and was narrow and shallow. Just large enough in fact to contain what it did.

Which was a young woman.

At first Randall didn't recognize her. She was dressed outlandishly in blue

I sure admire the uniform of your domestics...
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high-cut shorts spangled with white stars, a silk top that left her shoulders bare and was stripped red and white, tall white Western boots, and an Uncle Sam top hat on her brunette hair. And she looked very unhappy.

Randall went over to the cage and looked at her closely. "I know her!" He said at last. It was the expression of fear in those hazel eyes that reminded him. "It's that girl, the one with the redhead you asked for ... Sharon, ain't that right?"

She didn't answer.

Her mouth was filled with a ball gag that was as big as any Randall had ever seen. How her jaws must hurt, he thought. And his cock twitched in his pants. Her hands were bound as well, high up her back, and her legs tied apart to the bars of the cage. The cage itself seemed to be in three segments, and a gridded horizontal divider crossed the cage at her shoulder level and trapped her neck like a yoke, just under the silver collar she wore. Another divider held her waist firmly in place. She couldn't move.

"Yes, Sharon, that's her name. A surprise gift, Senor Ronald, and a welcome one. As you see, I have had her costumed in your honor."

Randy Ronny grinned widely. "I appreciate that, Mr. Presidente. Believe me, I appreciate that."

For a moment the two men, the short, round, dapper dictator and the tall, broad, expensively dressed ambassador gazed in appreciation at the caged girl.

Then Sandoval turned to a second satin covered cage that stood alongside the first. With a dramatic, showman's gesture he waved the cover away. The slave whisked it off, to reveal, this time, a taller girl, trapped inside in the same way as the first. But this time the eyes were not hazel and full of fear, but black and shining with hatred.

"To represent Paramundo, I propose, for your pleasure, amigo, one of our aristos. This is the delightful, or should I say, spiteful, Jacinta Mira de Falco y Riaza."

"Wow, what a doll!"

A doll. If Jacinta's eyes hadn't burned with hatred for Sandoval and all his cronies, they would have been lit with fury at the costume she had been made to wear. As if an aristocrat of ancient stock would dress as a gitana!

But there it was. Her ample breasts spilled in a cloud of lace over a yellow and black striped corset. From waist to the ground she was swathed in petticoats and frills under a shot silk skirt that was split to one side right up to her hip. They'd combed her hair straight back and wound it into a tight roll pinned in place with a tall black peineta.

Jacinta was gagged in the same way as Sharon, but the ball was if anything

bigger, brilliant red, held in place by wide black straps. Below her silver collar her neck was trapped in the cage by a similar horizontal partition, as was her waist, and her hands were bound firmly up behind her back.

As far as Jacinta was concerned, one thing she knew for certain. The shameful, mocking costume wouldn't stay on her for long.

And it did not.

"As my guest, and the guest of the people of Paramundo, you will, I hope, do me the honor of beginning the disrobing of these symbols of our two glorious nations."

Sandoval handed Randall a key.

"Why, Mr. Presidente, I am honored, believe me."

Randall stepped forward and unlocked the center portion of the cage, which folded right back to expose Jacinta's corseted middle. He reached out both hands and tugged down the ruffle of white frou-frou that obscured her breasts. At the sight of the full round gourds that bobbed into view, Randy Ronald licked his lips. He seized both of the soft mounds and squeezed them hard, deliberately crushing them painfully in his massive hands. He pinched each nipple, then slapped them, far from playfully, to make them bounce and swing for his pleasure.

He examined the lacing up the front of the corset, and turned to Sandoval. "I was never one for untying knots, Mr. Presidente. You wouldn't have such a thing as a penknife on you, would you?"

Sandoval grinned and gestured to one of the mute, muzzled slaves. She produced a hook-bladed knife and handed it hilt first to the American.

Randall slipped the blade under the lowest strand of the criss-cross lacing and cut it. Jacinta, helpless to prevent him, helpless to do anything, even to speak, stared straight ahead, refusing to grace his performance with her attention.

Strand by strand the cords of the lacing parted until the blade was up between her breasts. Then the whole bodice fell away, leaving her naked from the waist upwards.

Randall glanced up at her. Jacinta was looking slightly upwards and to the side, ignoring him. Randall laughed, "This young lady is a true aristocrat. As cool as a cucumber. I sure am looking forward to fucking that snooty look right off her face."

He turned to the Generalissimo. "I take it that is the way we are going to consummate our relationship, Mr. Presidente."

Sandoval held out his hand for the knife. "What else are women for?"

Sharon's cage opened to expose her upper half to his outrages. He caught the

tip of the knife in the bodice of the silk top and slit the edge. He took the garment in both hands and tore it apart in one swift movement. Sharon's breasts popped pleasingly into view. Sandoval grinned appreciatively. "They grow them big up there in Colossus City," he said.

Indeed they did. Sharon's pectoral ornaments were round and firm and full-blown. Unsupported by a bra, unconfined by a bodice, they projected mouth-wateringly plump and buoyant. But it was the nipples that caught the eye: dark pink, with close, tight surrounds and thick upstanding nubs, each one possessing a deep central dimple.

Sandoval opened his palms and felt their gratifying weight, then, more to appreciate their swing and bounce than to cause pain, he raised his hand and slapped them carefully.

Tears rolled down Sharon's cheeks, tears more of frustration and shame and humiliation than of pain. But it would not be long before she felt that too.

Sandoval held out his hand and without his saying a word a whip was placed in it by one of the attentive slaves. It was no usual whip, but one designed for the breasts of well-developed women. From a longish solid handle of dark wood three slender scourges of arm-length, leather-bound wire extended, each one split at its tip into tendrils of ridged nylon that terminated in steel pegs.

Randall's eyes widened when he saw it and his lips rounded in an 'O' of surprise and delight when the scourges smacked home on the soft, defenseless mounds, forming momentary furrows of agony. The pegged tips slashed around the curved sides and under-hang digging deep dents into the flesh, while the ridged nylon grazed and scratched the surface.

For a moment Sharon could scarcely believe what had happened. It was only when the second and third blow had fallen, and Sandoval was taking up position to mete out the same treatment to the other breast that a long drawn-out wail began to be emitted from the back of her throat. Her brows contracted, her eyes narrowed, and she would have doubled up in pain had she not been prevented by the design of the cage.

Naturally Randy Ronnie could scarcely wait to have his turn with such a devastating instrument. As soon as it was handed to him, once Sandoval had completed his task on Sharon's beautiful bosom, he turned it on Jacinta. It turned out to be harder to use than he had expected, and Jacinta scarcely felt the full force of the instrument until the sixth or seventh blow. Of course the first six or seven hurt her badly enough, but she was -just- able to keep her demeanor of contemptuous detachment. And on the eighth stroke she nearly fainted with the pain. So many sensations all at once. The grooving of the scourges, the rasping of the nylon, the deep impress of the pegged tips, all that melded into one shock of anguish that in spite of herself tears began to flow and stream down her face to join the drool from

around her gag falling on those injured mounds.

When he had finished they compared results, fondling the breasts of both women. It was agreed that both women looked the better for the marks and bruises that criss-crossed and spotted their tits, though they probably wouldn't have thought so.

Not that they were asked. The opinions of prisoners of the Sandovals don't count. Even if they were given, they presumably would not be in accord with those of their captors. And that would have to result in even worse punishments.

In any case Ronald Randall III was becoming impatient to strip the skirt from his girl, and this he proceeded to do.

If Jacinta had ever thought she would be glad to get rid of this ridiculous, shaming costume, she was having second thoughts now. The moment it was whisked off her, she felt vulnerable and helpless. She could not move even with the cage opened because of the partitions still holding her at waist and neck, and the bonds around her ankles holding her legs apart. Her legs quivered, she shook at the knees, she waited in abject terror for whatever was to happen to her.

Ronald looked pleased with himself. He'd wiped the haughty expression from the arrogant aristocrats face. He'd marked her body fearsomely. But that didn't mean that he felt any sorrier for her, or would be any softer towards her. Not at all. His instincts were roused now, and one of Randy Ronnie's instincts was to hit a girl when she was down. The most pleasure in conflict came not from the defeat of an opponent, but afterwards, when they could put up no opposition to their humiliation and maltreatment.

This instinct he shared with Sancho Sandoval, who at that moment was slicing through each side of Sharon's star-spangled shorts with the hook-bladed knife. The girl could feel the cold steel sliding down her flanks, and then the sudden tug on the material, and the spasm of fear as the remnants slid between her legs leaving her exposed to her tormentors.

And exposed she was. Just like Jacinta, she had been shaved, leaving her cunt-mound bare and the furrow of her cunt deep and clear and openly visible. Unlike Jacinta, whose inner cunt-lips were long and prominent, Sharon's was tight-cunted, the puffy outer lips concealing all.

Randall was entranced by them both.

Without waiting for the Generalissimo, he used the tit-whip he still held to good effect on Jacinta's thighs, and then upwards, hard into her cunt, scourging it while the tip-pegs swung up and struck deep between her ass-cheeks. The sound of the girl's high-pitched moans were a delight, a stimulus to more and yet harder blows. Such a song!

Such a duet.

For Sandoval had received another whip from his muzzled maid and even now was laying into Sharon's cunt with it, and her nasal cry intertwined with that of her fellow prisoner into an ecstatic harmony.

The whip he used was conventional enough, multi-froned and long. But each blade was studded with flat, leaded rivets, so that the force of the blows was multiplied many times. The effect was pleasing too, leaving rows of round blotches mottling the tender skin each time, blotches which united eventually after many blows into a single red-purple mass.

"It is time, amigo, to ratify our agreement."

Randall couldn't agree with Sandoval more. If anything it was long past time, so aroused was he. He had to fuck something soon. Protocol demanded that he couldn't fuck either of the girls before his host was ready, but Randy Ronnie needed a woman!

"I agree, Mr. Presidente. The time has surely come."

Ronnie was all for taking them there and then in the cages, he was so desperate. Admittedly the cages were a bit awkward for such a maneuver, but he wasn't fussy.

The Generalissimo had other plans.

Another wave of his hands and the muzzled slaves went into action with their usual cool efficiency.

The two divans that formed the central element in the room turned out to be rather more than divans. With a touch of a button, a tug of a lever, a flick of a catch, each piece of furniture changed shape radically.

Randall watched in amazement as they were transformed. The backs folded down. That was no different from a conventional dual-purpose piece of furniture. But when polished wooden frameworks slid out of the base and extended across the floor, and uprights and rails protruded from the back, he was hard put at first to understand what was happening.

But then the women-slaves went over to the cages and brought first Sharon and then Jacinta and laid them on the frameworks. And the shape and purpose of the devices became clear to him.

Sharon was first. She seemed stunned by what had happened to her, too bewildered to make any opposition. Randall knew that she had only just arrived. Perhaps this was her first beating as a prisoner. He watched as the women threw her,

quite unconcernedly over the hard wooden members of the extended framework, and bound her face down to it with leather straps around waist and neck. Her arms were unbound and stretched out above her head and fixed in place. Her legs were stretched wide apart, and the frame lifted a little so that her ass was lifted in the air. Randall could see exactly what the purpose of the device was. It was a rape-rack, and the girl lay uncomfortably on the wooden members, while her rapist reclined in comfort on the soft divan, and her soft body, using the rails at the back as a foot rest to give himself more leverage to fuck her harder.

"A brilliant invention, Mr. Presidente. May I congratulate you on it? Made in the USA I presume."

"You forget, Senor Ambassador, that your country placed an embargo on exports to us. It was made in Italy. Those ingenious artisans are always ready to breach any blockade."

Randall pursed his lips. "Well, times change," Mr. Presidente. "Times change. In future I hope you will place your business in the US."

They watched as Jacinta underwent the same treatment as Sharon. Unlike her co-sufferer, she did not take her fate without protest. The two muzzled maids had trouble restraining her. Once her legs were released she kicked out at them, and at Sandoval. She resisted every inch of the way, not that in the end it did any good. The women were of Indian stock, strong and implacable. With an audible thump, she was thrown down onto the hard wooden framework of the second rape-rack, and lay there sprawled and winded while the women bound her down to it.

The rack was adjusted, her ass raised invitingly upwards. The two men gazed with clear appreciation at the two young women, at the creamy flesh and fluid curves against the hard edged dark wood of the rack, the way their legs parted each side of the gaudy cushions of the half of the rack to be occupied by the man who was to enjoy her.

Ronald Randall III was a man of impulse. He was more than ready for the Latina bitch. He would have leapt on her, but he was aware of the necessity of taking his cue from the Generalissimo. When in Paramundo, do as the Paramundans do ... or at least as the Sandovals do.

And it seemed that there in the Palacio Zorilla, there was a civilized, correct way of proceeding to the rape of innocent women.

Sandoval had slipped off his tunic and handed it to one of the muzzled slave-women. She hung it on a hanger, and waited patiently while he undid his belt and unzipped his pants. Randall turned, realizing that the other slave was standing next to him, coat-hanger in hand.

In a few moments both men had stripped, and stood naked, their erect cocks flagrantly out-thrust. Randall, impatient to ram his cock deep inside the Latina

slut's inviting cunt, would have leapt on her, but even now it seemed Sandoval was not ready to consummate the proceedings.

Once more a whip was in his hand. He stood within the frame of the rape-rack, legs astride the unfortunate American girl, Sharon, who was only in this distressing situation because of a slip of memory ... if she hadn't forgotten her purse on that fateful day...

The whip was raised, held aloft, then brought down, hissing through the air, and smacking into the girl's defenseless cunt so hard even Randall flinched. The rape-rack, heavy though it was, seemed to move across the floor. Sandoval had to shift his position for the next stroke.

Which was not long in coming.

As for the girl, so tightly was she bound in place that the only movement she made was a pathetic clenching of her little fists, and a jerk of the head. And of course there was the usual sort of wailing, deeper in tone now, but a constant lament, which went on and on, only faltering at the moment when the blades of the whip struck into her cunt, and the pain took away all capacity to utter a sound.

Randall shrugged. To him it seemed too much. He had nothing against the girl suffering, of course, but surely her tormentor should take his pleasure too? All the same, when one of the slaves held out a whip for him, he took up his position over the Latina, and slashed down at her prominent, cherry-lipped cunt. Jacinta's head jerked up so abruptly that the peineta flew out of her hair and the black tresses swirled around her head and cascaded over her bare shoulders and the hard timbers of the rape-rack.

It was good. It was like being offered a foreign delicacy at a banquet, dubiously tasting it, and finding to your surprise that it truly was delicious.

Whipping the aristocrat's cunt one stage beyond necessity was good. It was one of those sophisticated pleasures that only the decadent know. He felt inside himself how his cock, aching for its relief a moment ago, now had taken on a new rigidity, a new dedication. It felt as if it would never lose its erection again, that when he chose he could plow the Paramundan girl's furrow the whole day long, and the whole night too.

At last the two men took their places. As Randall settled himself on the soft cushions of the divan and eased his cock into Jacinta's unresisting cunt, he wondered to himself what the protocol was here. Should Sandoval come first, or was it the guest who took precedence?

In the end it didn't matter. He felt the slave-woman adjusting the foot rests to

give him maximum drive with each thrust of his hips. There were handholds too, and he was able to use his whole force, maximizing the potential of his powerful frame. He found himself concentrating on fucking this beautiful, unwilling, helpless woman, enjoying her body, penetrating the depths of it, slamming his groin against her soft flesh. He ran his hands under her, feeling the bouncing, swinging masses of her breasts, the hard points of her nipples, squeezing them hard, using them to anchor his body instead of the rape-rack's handholds, pulling on them with each poke of his broad cock into her tight sheath.

He withdrew, slid the tip of his cock along the valley of her ass, found her asshole, and pressed the eager tip into the tiny aperture. She was tight. She resisted. He felt her ass-hole ringing his cock, trying to squeeze the strength out of it. But to no avail. Deeper and deeper it entered her ass, so deep that only when the very root pressed hard up against her anus did he stop. So deep inside her was he that he seemed to feel the tip skewering her body way up.

She was his now. An instrument for his pleasure alone. She had no independent existence. It was his pleasure, and his pleasure alone that counted. It was good that her body was slammed hard against the sharp-edged beams of the rack. It was good that she howled, and tried to squirm and could not. He was tearing into her now, thumping his hips against the up thrust curves of her rump.

And he came.

He came, holding onto her breasts, pulling on them, his fingers deep in their well-whipped flesh. He was concentrating on the moment, losing himself in the near unconsciousness of the ecstatic spasms that made his body vibrate with inexpressible delight.

Was not this the purpose of life?

Randall lay sprawled heavily over Jacinta's prone form. He looked over at the other rape-rack. The Generalissimo was pistoning in and out of the American girl's cunt like a machine.

Whatever the protocol might have been about precedence of coming, it scarcely seemed to matter. Fucking was the order of the day, and Randy Ronnie's cock was more than willing to repeat its performance. He began to slide in and out of the tight, comfortable sheath of her ass again, slowly at first, savoring each smooth inch.

There was plenty of time, he reflected. No doubt he would have to fuck the American girl before he left, and there would assuredly be more whipping to be done.

But then, he thought, grasping two fistfuls of Jacinta's black hair and using it to pull himself ever deeper inside her luscious ass, he had always known the duties of an ambassador were not to be taken up lightly.

Chapter 14

DANIELLE again

One of the minor pleasures of an invitation to the Palacio Zorilla, Randall found, when a few days later he was attending a private dinner-party there, was the guest toilets.

Naturally they were very well appointed, as you would expect in a presidential palace, but the Sandovals had included extra amenities. These took the form of two tall urinals made, like the washbasins and other fittings, in an unusual shade of mauve-pink porcelain. These were placed behind a small screen, and were each designed, to Randall's great pleasure, to hold a captured girl.

On that day, in his honor, both girls were American, both from Colossus City. They were the Van Burgh students, Rachelle and Laura. To intensify their humiliation, their names were inscribed in clear letters on nameplates above the urinals.

Randall regarded them with amusement. "Pleased to meet you girls, I truly am, believe me," he said, unzipping his pants. "It's always a pleasure to meet folk from the home country when you're abroad."

The girls, both blonde, their long well-kept hair falling in curls over their shoulders, knelt in the broad base of the porcelain. Their knees were wide apart, held in place by stainless steel bands. Their arms were braceleted behind them, and a steel bracket supported a steel band around their necks, crafted to hold their heads tilted backwards. Another shiny steel band encircled the lower part of their heads to hold in place a ring of steel behind their teeth that held their mouths open jaw-achingly wide.

For a moment, Randy Ronnie couldn't make up his mind which of the girls to choose, but in the end, he reflected, it didn't matter. During the course of the

evening he would surely get the chance to use both.

He stood in front of the one called Laura, a girl with cone-shaped breasts, not small, but with big pink nipples. She looked at him appealingly with her blue eyes. What would she have said if she had not been so firmly fixed and gagged? Randall could imagine her begging to be taken back to the USA. There they were in front of the one man who could arrange it.

But that wasn't about to happen, thought Randall, as his cock sprayed a jet of liquid with surprising accuracy straight between her eyes. He adjusted his aim and filled her mouth, then let it soak into her hair, before directing it over each of her breasts in turn.

He shook the last drops of piss into her mouth, then zipped himself up. He glanced at the nameplate of the other girl. "Rachelle," he read. "Well, Rachelle, I guess we've got a date for later on. I can't wait to use those big tits of yours."

He grinned happily at her, looked over the dripping, quivering figure of Laura, and waved his hand. "S'long."

The meal was very intimate. The table was set for four, Sandoval, of course, and his guest, Ronald Randall III. Sandoval's daughter Capitana Ana was there as well, and a nephew whom Randall had not previously met, Felipe.

Felipe had been to Colossus City, even studied at Van Burgh, Randall learned. But the boy -he was in his twenties, Randall guessed, but in the company of his uncle he acted as shy and tongue-tied as a youngster- would say very little of his time there.

The meal was everything he would have expected from the palace of a man who enjoyed the best things in life.

But what occupied Randy Ronnie's mind more than the food, more than the beautiful but forbidding Capitana Ana -those curious blue eyes!- were the four girls serving the food.

They were all black women. Each one was ravishing. The supple curves of their bodies were confined in tight black satiny dresses, the bodice cut to reveal the tops of their breasts, the skirt short enough to let him admire the shapely legs.

White lacy caps were perched on their hair, and from them long white ribbons fluttered down as they swayed elegantly past. Their wrists were manacled, and short chains connected them, though this encumbrance did not seem to hamper them in serving the dishes. They wore muzzles, too, not unlike those of the slave-women in Sandoval's apartments.

Randy Ronnie longed to slide his hands up those long black legs to see if they wore anything under their skirts. But the presence of Capitana Ana inhibited him. Something about her restrained his exuberance.

Even so the meal ended in uproar, though it was none of Randy Ronnie's doing.

Sandoval put his hand in his pocket and took out a photograph. He laid it face down on the table. "We have a new prisoner I want you to take charge of, Felipe."

Felipe looked startled and glanced at Randall. "I don't know... Is this the moment...?"

"Ah, yes, of course, I haven't mentioned ... Senor Ambassador, Felipe, my nephew is a verdugo in our prison, that is, he is one of our team of torturers. He tortures young women as a profession."

He laughed. "Wouldn't you and I have given the earth for such an opportunity when we were his age?"

Felipe blushed. "Uncle..." he pleaded.

"He was reluctant to start with, can you believe that? But my other daughter, Melosa, tells me he has come on fast. A quick learner."

Felipe put a finger inside the collar of his dress shirt to loosen it. He seemed to be embarrassed. Capitana Ana's face wore a sardonic smirk.

The Generalissimo picked up the photograph. "I think you should see a picture of the young woman you are to deal with next."

He handed it across the table.

Felipe took it as if he was being handed a scorpion. He took one glance at it and threw it down. He leapt to his feet. "Uncle! You couldn't be so cruel," he cried.

"Me, cruel? What a curious thing to say."

"I can't do such a thing. Not to her. You know she means a lot to me. Any other woman, but not that one! Let her go. I demand you let her go!"

Sandoval waved him to his seat. "Sit down, my boy. You still have much to learn about life ... and about women."

He took from his pocket a sheaf of papers. "Read these."

Randall saw Felipe Sandoval's face go white as he took in the contents of the first of the papers. Before he'd finished three pages he was shaking with anger. He tossed the sheets on the table and stood up. "Where is she?" He demanded.

"Examination room 13, nephew. But will you not wait for liqueurs?"

Felipe did not wait. Before his uncle had finished his question he had disap-

peared from the room.

After a moment's pause Sandoval threw back his head and uttered a shout of laughter.

Capitana Ana picked up the papers and began reading them. "Are these genuine?" She asked. "Did she really write this?"

"Hah! Of course not," said Sandoval. "The girl is as clean as the driven snow, a true do-gooder. The foolish little slut really believed she could help the unfortunate, aid the poor, all that sort of thing. She didn't even know who was funding her operation. I had Fabrice Rabineau do them. Fabrice is the finest forger in all the world."

Randy Ronnie had picked up the photo. "She's a real good-looker," he said. "The picture hardly does her justice."

"Come," said Sandoval, "we shall forgo liqueurs. I will treat you to the sublime taste of Condor Dorado another time. Other treats are in store."

In the room to which they adjourned, the chairs were comfortable, even if in the usual garish colors that the Sandovals favored. Not that Ronald Randall III took much notice of the decor.

His eyes were feasting on the waitresses, who after the briefest of delays had followed them in. They still wore the chains between their wrists, and the silver collars with their identity discs around their necks, but the caps and the tight little dresses had gone, and they were naked. The muzzles had gone too, and Ronnie realized that all the time they had been wearing ring-gags under them, holding their mouths wide open.

Two of the women knelt on either side of him, unfastened the belt of his pants, and took turns to slide his already stiff cock into their ring-gagged mouth, using their tongues to great effect.

On his left Sandoval was enjoying the attentions of the other two women, except that Capitana Ana seemed to be involved. Her hand was inside the dictator's pants, and the Generalissimo himself was idly running his hand over each girl's bottom.

It was at that moment that the television came on. The whole of the wall facing them lit up into one of those multi-screened giant televisions.

A young woman, Danielle Scott from Colossus City stood in the middle of a sparsely furnished room. She was neatly dressed and seemed free of any restraint. Into view strode Felipe, still wearing his dinner jacket.

For a long time Danielle had been made to wait in that room. She'd examined every part of it, seen the dangling ropes and chains, the tables with their leather straps and steel manacles, examined with mounting horror the array of whips and rods that hung on racks.

Were they trying to frighten her? She couldn't imagine that anyone would really use such things ... and certainly not on a woman. Up to this point Danielle's knowledge of the iniquities of the world that she was trying to counter was theoretical. She'd read about men being tortured by cruel regimes, about women being raped by soldiers. But she'd never experienced any such thing. Not did she expect to, even now after the shocking events of the last few days.

Even now no one had actually laid hands on her. All the same, she was more than glad that when the door opened and in walked Felipe, her Felipe, she was mightily relieved.

She ran across the room and threw her arms around him. She kissed him. "Oh, Felipe, you can't imagine how glad I am to see you."

For a moment Felipe embraced her. He looked into her innocent, freckled face, with its surround of rust-gold hair. Her warm, yielding body made him falter in his intent. But then he realized this was how she would act, using her charms to confuse and distract him. He pushed her away.

"It's no good, Danielle. I know everything."

"Know what?" She looked at him with such innocence, that he felt sure she could only be putting on an act.

Suddenly he was angry. He grabbed her wrist, and twisted her round, jerking her arm high up her back. "I know all about you, you ... puta! I know what you were up to ... using me! You and your organization."

"What are you talking about? We're friends, lovers. You're hurting me, Felipe, let me go!" Danielle tried to struggle away.

Felipe tightened his grip. "You bitch! They intercepted your letters. They know everything. I was just a pawn in your game against my uncle ... you could have got me shot! You wouldn't have cared!"

"It's not true! It's not true!"

The more she protested the angrier Felipe became. He threw her forward over a table and bound cord around her wrists behind her back. She was still protesting her innocence when he forced a gag between her lips to shut her up. It was a cruel gag, one that expanded inside the mouth when you turned a key, opening out like the segments of a steel fruit, until with the last twist of the key, pointed studs

sprang out and dug into the unfortunate victim's tongue and cheeks.

"That will save me hearing any more of your lies!"

She tried to get away from him, but he put his hand into her red hair and dragged her to the middle of the room with it. He looped a hanging rope around her throat, and hoisted it up with the free end until she was up on tiptoe before fastening it. The loop was tight and she couldn't prevent herself from spinning round on her toes.

Felipe stripped, throwing the dinner jacket and dress shirt into a corner. "I loved you, you bitch! And you betrayed my love. How could I have been so stupid? You deserve everything you're going to get."

He stood in front of her stark naked, that is to say, in the uniform of a verdugo of the Women's Prison at the Palacio Zorilla.

Danielle stared at him in amazed horror.

"I thought you loved me for myself, valued me for myself. But you and your ... your ... comrades, you were laughing at me all the time."

Felipe ripped her white blouse open and threw it back off her shoulders. He unfastened her skirt, tugged it open, dragged it over her hips, and let it drop to the floor around her feet.

Danielle wore a soft white bra in which her full, pear-shaped breasts nestled attractively. Her little white panties had been pulled partly down when her skirt had come off, and a patch of red hair peeped over the front of them.

Felipe was genuinely excited. His cock reared upwards. To him she had become just another prisoner to be tortured, but one whose misdeeds made her deserve the worst of treatments.

He took a knife and cut off her bra, then jerked her panties down to her ankles and over her shoes. These he hung from a hook on the wall.

From a cupboard he took out a device that he had seen but never used before. It seemed much too cruel. But now he had someone who he very much wanted to see wearing it.

It looked archaic, like something the conquistadors of old would have worn for armor. A series of overlapping bands made up a body-sheath, flexible enough to fit tightly to any pretty form. It unfastened at the side, and hinged open so that it could be put on the victim.

When it was opened Danielle's eyes widened in horror. She could see that the inside of each band was lined with studs, sharp, conical points that would dig into the soft flesh of a girl. She tried to shake her head, to speak, to say No!

But Felipe wrapped it around her slender body, fastened it and tightened it so that it fitted snugly around her. It reached from just below her breasts to just above her cunt. The points dug painfully into her.

Below the breasts two brackets projected, brackets intended to mount the two curved plates that Felipe fetched next. Each plate was fitted with studs, but unlike those of the body sheath, these were narrow and long and intended to pierce the flesh, not just to dig into it. He lifted each breast in turn, snapped the plate in position, then dropped the breast onto it.

Danielle's head flew back and she screamed through her gag.

Felipe smiled grimly, turned, and fetched an evil-looking whip with a dozen stiff blades, and brought it down hard on each breast, hammering the lovely pear-shaped mounds hard onto the points.

Now Danielle was screaming one long scream of agony, but the sounds she made did nothing to temper Felipe's fury. Two more, similarly curving plates clipped on the sides of the lower plates, hinged over, and snapped in place. Needless to say these too were equipped with dozens of long points.

Needless to say Danielle's screams did not lessen in volume.

Her breasts were almost totally enclosed. The only parts visible were her two dark-red nipples emerged from an aperture at the front. He pulled on them mercilessly, and fastened a serrated clip over them so that they stood out a long way.

He went away, then returned a moment later carrying a handful of needles. He held one up to Danielle's helpless gaze, then in one movement jabbed it straight down through the vulnerable nipple of her left breast. A second pin pierced her from side to side. Ad no matter how hard she tried to spin away from him she felt the awful pain as a needle penetrated her right nipple and transfixed it vertically, and inexorably another spiked through horizontally.

Danielle hadn't actually lost consciousness, but she had given up hope. She'd given up hope even before she watched Felipe don a sheath over his long prick. That he would rape her she had known from the beginning. But not like this.

For the sheath was no contraceptive. It didn't even cover the head of his cock, but enclosed only the shaft. It fixed with cords around his body, and was ringed with a series of circles of hard metal spikes.

He couldn't mean to fuck her like that! He couldn't!

Felipe didn't. Not straight away. First he took a many-bladed whip, reached down and gripped her ankle with his left hand, exposing her bare, tight cunt, and began to hit her between her legs, a long hard whipping, a softening up, he would say, for her fucking.

And then he did fuck her.

It was quite hard to get it in her. That wasn't surprising. Especially as he'd chosen to ass-fuck her, and the spikes took some effort to get past her tight ring.

But then he was fucking her, taking his revenge on her ramming his cock into her pain-wracked body, taking pleasure in hurting her, not just because she was a woman, not just because he thought she had betrayed him, but because he still loved her and could only express his love now by this extreme act of violence.

Because he was a true Sandoval at last.

THE END

female HELL in paramundo

by procter baldwin

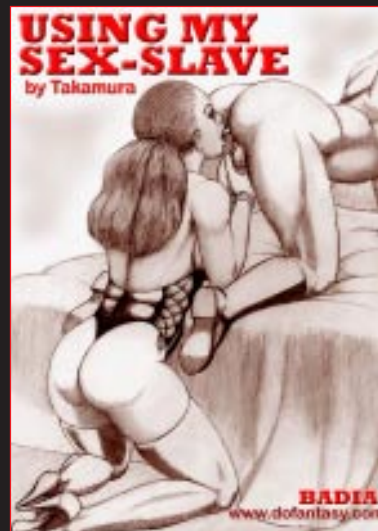
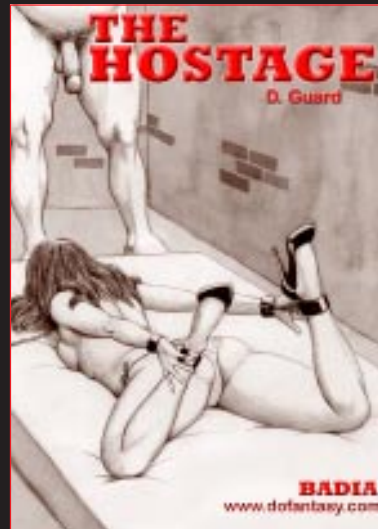
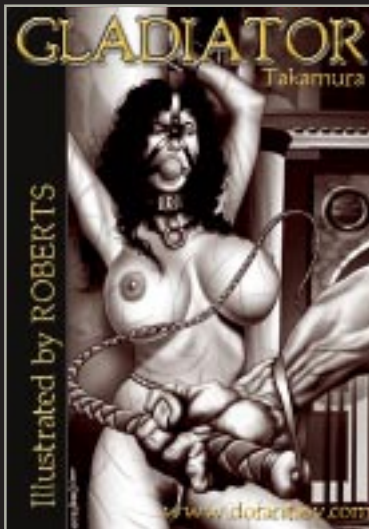


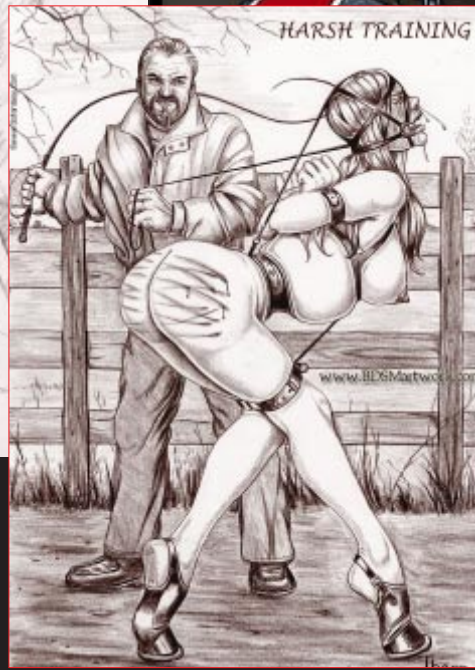
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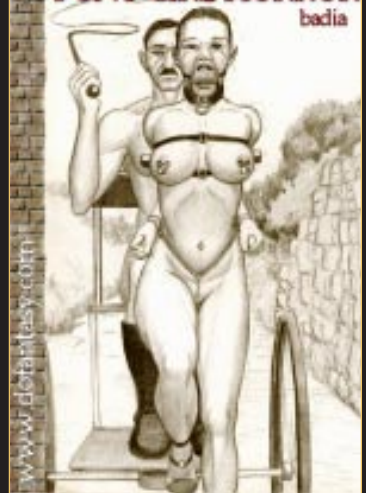
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