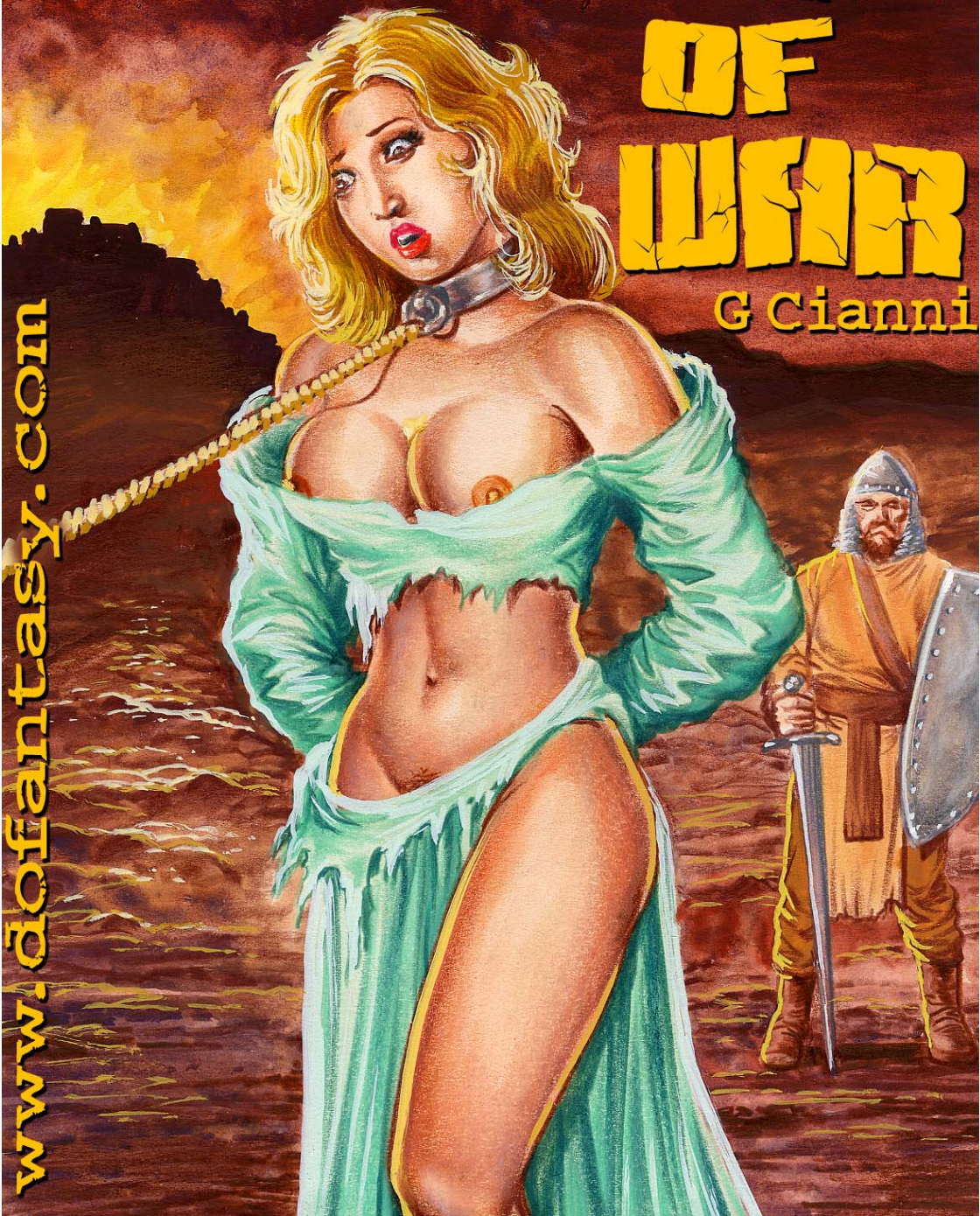


# SPOILS OF WAR

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# **PART ONE**

## *The shadow of the Castle*

The small village of Baden-Holdein slept placidly. The first snowflakes were already falling weightlessly upon the uncultivated fields around the village...

It was a peaceful scene, but the eye was drawn, inevitably, up the cliff behind the village to the dark outline of the Castle.

From afar, in the neighbouring Corven, the bells of the small Church could be heard, tolling death. A rare calm, like the heavy silence before the worst storms, hung over that autumn night long ago.

Very close, too close perhaps, the howl of a restless wolf sounded clear in the frosty air.

The full October moon rose among the thick clouds and threw the impressive silhouette of the old Fortress onto the tiled roofs of the humble houses. The women poked at the fire, and the men hurried to bring the animals in. The children had long since gone to sleep.

Everything was quiet. No one suspected the tragedy which was being forged in the Castle of Baden-Holdein, and its grave consequences, above all for the neighbouring Corven, where the bells kept ominously tolling death...

Elisabeth, terrorized, was fleeing through the narrow corridor that led to her quarters.

Her heart beat crazily in her chest; she could barely breathe... Her entire body trembled with fear...

They were alone in the Castle... She and he. The prey and the hyena...

Her father wasn't there, and neither was her lady in waiting. Rodrigo, the favourite, did not seem to hear her cries, and the guard would not

come to her aid... The unclean beast that pursued her was the captain of the guard himself!

Elisabeth closed the door behind herself, fastened the bolt with trembling hands, and moved everything she could find to block the entrance: the bed, the chest, heavy chairs... Panic gave her the strength her arms didn't have.

She feared that swarthy, close-bearded giant more than anything else in the world. His presence terrified her; his filthy stare froze her blood; his strong odour repulsed her.

Heavy boots could be heard on the other side of the wall. She had her eyes nailed to the door, and fear painted on her young face.

A sinister laugh gave her goose bumps.

As if the furniture were a castle made of playing cards, it all fell away...

Under the lintel appeared Orgon, the run-away slave; the quarrelsome, bloodthirsty mercenary; the now ambitious and evil Captain of the Guard of the Castle of Baden-Holdein... There, before the frightened girl, towered the impressive corpulence of more than six feet of robust muscles studded by the scars of a thousand battles.

There, a few steps away, spying her with lascivious eyes, rose her prophetic Destiny.

### *Three months later...*

Christmas Eve heralded the crudest winter of the century.

A frozen wind whipped the wall of the desolate Castle of Baden-Holdein, and snow covered the fields and the small town below.

By the light of the flames of the chimney in the Hall of Arms, events developed which would decide the fate of several generations on that side of the River. There began the reign of Orgon - the bloodiest, darkest reign that ever scourged the heart of Europe.

The silhouettes of the protagonists, crowded together at the fireplace, were thrown onto the high walls of stone. The cold penetrated the chinks in the windows, and the heat of the fire could barely be felt a pair of paces from the flickering light.

"Don't force me against my will, father," begged an enchanting girl.

"Allow me to intervene, my dear Elisabeth." It was Rodrigo, a dark cleric, a political favourite and a counsellor of the ancient Holdein, who spoke. "Orgon only means to comply with his duty as a knight."

"Knight! My God!" exclaimed Elisabeth with indignation. "How can you call him a knight? He is vermin! He raped me under the very roof that shelters him!"

"That's not what Orgon affirms, my dear lady..."

"How dare you!"

"I regret uttering such words, but it is my duty to analyse the facts from all angles... The Knight Orgon affirms that it was you who succumbed to his charm. Furthermore," added Rodrigo, directing himself to the elder Holdein, "we should not forget that your father named him Captain of the Guard, and therefore the arms and guard of the Castle are on his side."

"You know as well as I, that my father did not give him that title. It was he who came to power by assassinating the faithful Rolando... And I dare say that he counted on your support, Rodrigo."

"Daughter!" interjected the elderly Holdein. "I forbid you to speak to Rodrigo in this manner. May the ground give way beneath my feet if I cannot even trust one of my own!"

An embarrassing silence fell...

"And you, Rodrigo," continued the ancient one, with a debilitated voice, "I will not tolerate you doubting the honour of my daughter."

"Excellency," the scheming cleric hastened to respond. "I would permit myself to doubt the virtue, nor the honour, of your daughter... I merely repeat the words of Orgon, and point out the precarious situation in this house."

The storm suddenly whipped one of the windows open. There was a crash as the small alabaster window shattered and a chill wind filled the room.

The elderly Holdein stirred uncomfortably in his chair. He was the ghost of the energetic and powerful knight he used to be. He lived burdened by more than eighty winters, and by the gout that never ceased to torture him. What would become of the Castle and the small town when he died? What would become of his daughter, Elisabeth, alone and defenceless amid that pack of wolves?

Seated upon the rough oak chair which served as his besieged post, Holdein awaited death. His time had passed; he had lost the sequence of events; and all that remained for him to do was to impotently attend the treasonous plots that were forged around him. With strained dignity, he tried to ignore them. Among all the sinister people who surrounded him, two were particularly dangerous: the formidable Orgon, a violent being, ambitious and unscrupulous, and the scheming Rodrigo, an astute chaplain, not less ambitious and malevolent, capable of selling his own mother for a couple pieces of silver.

An entire world had died, and with it virtues such as loyalty, nobility and dignity... Now they were merely empty words. In their place were more fashionable terms: intrigue, betrayal, unmeasured ambition, and cruelty...

"Rodrigo," he finally said, with the firm tone of other times, "My daughter shall not marry Orgon, but Lancelot. She shall live in his Castle at Corven. You shall go with her, and ensure that no ill befalls her."

A sudden, frank joy lit up the face of the girl, who had scarcely heard her father's ominous reference to future danger and misfortunes...

A grim, stingy smile twisted Rodrigo's expression...

## *Fifteen years later, Corven falls...*

The dawn of that peaceful, summer day was breaking on the other side of the River. The torrid wind which had whipped the fields for seven days and nights was now calm, and dew glistened upon the levelled fields. The smell of burning impregnated the air. No bird sang.

Corven had been sacked the day before.

Hungry dogs marauded among the solitary streets and a cloud of noisy flies covered the corpses of the defenders. Alone, upon the bluff, resisted the castle, in the interior of which the terrified people sought refuge...

The bulk of the invading army had withdrawn outside the perimeter of the city. Only the impatient mercenaries surrounded the hill of the castle, which waited for catapults to breach its outer defences.

This proved unnecessary. Someone inside opened the gates.

The assault troops entered with mere blades. Few defenders remained inside - only the elderly, the women and the children. The mercenaries, drunken with violence and thirsty for revenge, set themselves upon the defenceless populace... Only the young men, the children, and, of course, the women of child-bearing ages, were captured and chained among the ruins of what had been the central plaza.

The pathetic scenes continued... Elderly people were dragged across the ground, tied to galloping horses; men were castrated and hung by the neck; women were raped; children were wrenched from the arms of their mothers and smashed against walls.

It was an orgy of terror.

No one would have survived if it weren't for the greed of Orgon who paid two silver coins for each captured woman and half as much for each man capable of working, and for each child. Later he would sell the disgraced survivors as slaves for twenty times as much. A profitable business for the coffers of the army, and a magnificent source of income to finance its bloody campaigns.

Except for the inhabitants of Corven, all had been lost. So much useless suffering! Weeks spent without food, with the water and the wells poisoned, with the wounded agonising in the streets... And so many dead!

From the height of the tower, the last bastion to fall, the sound of the invaders closing in and the cries of the people were heard getting closer and closer. Elisabeth and her two daughters hurried to change from their regal gowns into the rags of plebes. Escape was impossible, and they knew it; their only hope was to be confused with the rest of the populace and to be captured like simple village women - not as the wife and daughters of Sir Lancelot, who alone had dared combat the tyranny of Orgon the Usurper.

Wrapped in their cloaks, with the hoods dissimulating their noble tresses, and unadorned by any jewellery, the three women hurried through a secret passage which would take them outside the Castle.

When they emerged from the long tunnel, they were surrounded by fire and destruction. Horses kicked the frightened multitudes; axes and whips massacred and lacerated innocent flesh. The elderly were drawn and quartered in front of their offspring; babies were annihilated in the arms of their mothers; women were dispossessed of their clothing by lashes, then raped. Again, the astuteness of Orgon dominated the unleashed fury of the troops... The General offered three pieces of gold to whoever captured a virgin. Three gold coins were a fortune, equivalent to a soldier's annual salary, so, before being raped, the captive girls - especially the young ones - were inspected in the most obscene manner.

Elisabeth and her daughters attempted to escape such infamy and arrive untouched at the central plaza, a place formerly reminiscent of happy times, knightly jousts and springtime feasts, but now of so much horror! The women, cornered as a separate group, pressed against each other on trembling and teetering legs, with their clothing torn to shreds. It was a small taste of what the future held in store for them...

Taking advantage of the confusion, Elisabeth and her eldest daughter, Shelma, managed to mingle among the other prisoners, but a horse appeared in front of Dalma, the smaller, younger sister, cutting her off from the others. Frightened, the girl raised her eyes. A thickly-bearded warrior looked down on her with a brutal glare. He gave her no time to react. A cord cinched her waist and she was dragged her to the corner of the plaza. Another assailant joined the first; they gagged her with a rag torn from her own dress, and tied her hands behind her back. While one of them held her arms, the other grabbed her by the hair, tore open her dress, and began fondling her... "Good catch!" he said. "Let's go. Put her on the horse and let's get out of here." Dalma struggled like an animal... "Be still, you little vixen!" growled the soldier who had blocked her path, twisting one of her breasts. "Save your energy for later; you'll need it!"



Rough hands grabbed her by the hair and waist, and raised her onto the horse. Dalma lay face down upon the beast, looking desperately at her mother, who saw her, but was unable to help and was swept away in a crowd of women fleeing the castle.

The two mercenaries mounted up and carried Dalma off, leaving the burning city at a gallop.

Other horsemen surrounded the terrified, captive women, and, making use of the whips they carried, they kept them together until the butchery ended and the shouting ceased.

The city had fallen, its defenders victims of the blade, its elderly with their throats slit, and its young, its women and children, converted into the slaves of the conquering army.

The battle had ended; the city had been destroyed, the spoils taken and the harvests levelled...

Such was the law of the strong.

Among so much desolation there came a distinctive sound, mingling with the cracking sparks from the burning wood and the screams of women. It was jangling of the ornate saddle and trappings of the Usurper (as Orgon was known) as he thundered into the plaza.

Orgon was unmistakable with his dark skin and Moslem aspect; his long hair and thick, black beard; his height, height; his disproportionate lips; his giant teeth that instilled such fear upon smiling; and his fierce, proud gait. It was a sight which to intimidate even the most hardened criminal...

Elisabeth trembled when she saw him. After fifteen years of her trying to forget the monster, there he was, the man who had raped her and engendered her eldest daughter. He who was guilty of her dishonour, of her daily nightmares, of her inner demons that never stopped torturing her and tarnishing, from the very first day, her marriage to the good Lancelot...

The Moor, at the reins of his bay horse, without armour, his bare body accented by his black cape, came to a halt in front of the captive women. His eyes scrutinised each of them, although there were almost a hundred

of them.

Their glances crossed...

By the time the astonished Elisabeth noticed the Tyrant's smile, it was too late for her to hide.

Two warriors opened a path to her and threw her under their leader's horse.

Shelma tried to follow her, but the other women blocked her path.

"Rise, bitch of Lancelot, and submit to your new lord!" yelled Orgon.

Elisabeth raised her eyes and clenched her fists. The hood that protected her slid back, uncovering her exuberant and lustrous, jet black hair. The hatred and rage reflected in her face made her even more beautiful and desirable in the eyes of the Usurper.

"I curse the day you were born, Orgon. Only a disgraceful plot could explain your presence."

The woman's outburst didn't appear to disturb Orgon; on the contrary, it seemed to please him.

"Take this bitch and chain her up in the pit. Tomorrow morning, at the break of day, I want her naked in my quarters!"

Orgon spurred his horse, and two of his henchmen took charge of the noblewoman who had been until that day, the First Lady of Corven. After placing her in heavy shackles, they placed her in one of the carts that carried the spoils.

A dozen men armed with whips took charge of the rest of the captive women. Zorba, Orgon's lieutenant and most trusted henchman, directed the operations. One by one, the captive women were taken before him. The ones he deemed worthy of the infamous commerce to which they were destined, were bound with their elbows behind their backs, a pole across the middle of their backs, and their hands tied in front of their waists. The ones he deemed insufficiently attractive, had their throats slit on the spot.

The confusion and restlessness created by what had happened to her mother prevented Shelma from taking note of the impious selection process until it was almost her turn. The wife of the master shoemaker preceded her. She was a tall, beautiful woman, but perhaps a bit too old

for Zorba's taste... To the young Shelma's horror, at a mere gesture from the Lieutenant, one of the men decapitated her. The head, which Zorba himself kicked away, rolled heavily over the floor, sprinkling blood on the horrified girl and became part of a pile of mutilated bodies and skulls scattered amid a huge pool of blood.

Shelma, incapable of removing her eyes from the beheaded body which still trembled on the floor, the prey of macabre convulsions, hid her face under her hood, and began to recite prayers, convinced that her own hour had come. Someone pushed her from behind, and removed her cape, leaving her to the mercy of her examiner, who would decide her fate, whether it would be death or the most frightening slavery.

Shelma brought her arms up instinctively to her breasts, and lowered her gaze. She trembled like a leaf in an autumn wind.

Zorba, impressed, rose from his chair. The young woman deserved closer scrutiny... She was fascinating, disturbing... A hot, foreign, exotic beauty... She was very young, tall and svelte, but already with the features of a woman manifestly pressed against the simple dress which covered her.

But what impressed Zorba the most was her face and the blonde, slightly curly hair which fell halfway down her back. A mixture of peculiar and explosive traits, inconceivable to the lieutenant who had only seen blondes of clear skin and blue eyes. This girl had dark skin, the colour of orange blossom honey, darker even than that of slaves who worked in the sun. Her eyes were green, the colour of emeralds, and her facial features were fascinating: slanted eyes; high, proud cheekbones; a nose timid but eagle-like; thick lips; a small mouth; and a high forehead - a face from which it was hard to look away.

Everyone became mute before such singular and startling beauty.

At a signal from Zorba, two soldiers bound her with her elbows behind a stake. Incredulous, the lieutenant raised his hand and caressed the girl's skin.

"What is your name?" he asked as his jaw dropped.

Shelma failed to answer. Her terror prevented her from answering.

Zorba slapped her, first across her left cheek, then across her right cheek with the back of his hand.

Shelma, with her face on fire, hastened to answer with a timid voice.

"Helena," she lied.

Zorba grabbed the décolleté of her simple dress with both hands, and ripped it open down to her waist. Two full, young breasts, marvellously elevated, offered themselves to everyone's view. Zorba hastened to prove the quality of so much beauty...

"Are you a virgin?" he asked, pinching her rosy nipples.

"Y-yes..." responded Shelma, finding it difficult to speak or swallow, afraid to die.

Zorba opened her dress even more, and caressed with his eyes her fine waist, the soft roundness of her belly and small navel. Something very powerful shook his viscera.

"Give three coins to whoever it was who brought her, and don't lose sight of her," he said to someone behind him. This little kitten shall be mine."

Bound with her dress torn and with her breasts in the air, Shelma waited in silence, with bowed head, for the pathetic selection process to end. A cord around her neck fastened her to her companions in misfortune who, frightened, whimpered beside her.

When everything had finished, two dozen mutilated bodies lay scattered on the plaza. The rest, still alive, began the painful foot march to the dark Fortress of Baden-Holdein, the headquarters of Orgon and his henchmen, under the pitiless stimulus of the whip, with which the soldiers continued to punish defenceless backs, provocative buttocks and tired legs.

The soldiers, visibly disturbed by the beauty and helplessness of their female slaves, discharged their hatred and lust, whipping them without pity. Zorba rode his horse near Shelma all the way, kicking her with his boot and striking her with the end of his lance. From time to time, he bent down and grabbed her by the hair and kissed her mouth, his eyes shining with desire... "Hasten your step, little kitten, for a great reward awaits you at your journey's end."

Shelma, who walked with her gaze fixed on the naked back of the prisoner in front of her, cried and trembled with fear and rage. An uncouth

village man, dirty and ignorant, but at the command of a platoon armed to the teeth... A brutal, violent yokel whom no one would prevent from submitting her to his unworthy caprices. Shelma prayed to God with all her soul that the shameful procession would never reach its destination.

My God! What sin had her people committed to deserve such chastisement?

Shelma wondered about the fate of her mother, who was now in the power of the man who didn't even suspect that he was her father.

And Dalma? What had happened to her little sister? In the midst of the confusion in the plaza, Shelma had not seen her being captured, but she feared the worst!

A few leagues from the destroyed village of Corven, in a small farmhouse, which was the property of an elderly married couple, the Mathaus, Dalma won a dangerous game of Chess with Death. Around her, the Mistress of the Night took two new lives: those of Dalma's aggressors.

The horseman who had captured her in the plaza had carried her across his saddle at a gallop, through burnt woods and destroyed fields. Dalma, furious, stoically endured the lascivious hands which continued to molest her all the way. Another horseman rode beside them.

It was probably by chance that they arrived at the Mathaus farm. Upon dismounting, the warrior who had Dalma, whom he placed on his shoulder, entered the house. There he tossed her onto the skins which served the elderly couple as their bed.

"Prepare food, old woman," the soldier ordered without taking his eyes off his captive.

Dalma curled up in a corner, with her knees against her chest, attempting to hide her almost complete nakedness.

The old man observed her from nearby with his mouth agape.

The soldier approached her slowly, and turned her onto her back with his boot.

Dalma tried to turn back over, but the soldier stood with one heavy

boot planted on her belly. The girl kicked and struggled; the pressure on her belly was intolerable. Conquered, she crossed her arms over her tits, closed her eyes, and waited for the inevitable. Her captor began to undress.

Then something unexpected happened. The other soldier appeared at the doorway, and the two soldiers began arguing about who should fuck her first. The shouting match became a fist fight; then daggers were drawn. Finally, the soldier who'd entered the house last lay dead in a puddle of blood, and the other, with a dagger stuck in his ribs, staggered outside.

Dalma, spurred by instinct, jumped on the agonising man and finished him off with the dagger in his wound.

Then everything was calm. The elderly couple who had witnessed these brutal events without intervening, consoled the girl, who began crying bitterly in a nervous fit.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Mathaus, trying to calm the girl down. "You are a very brave girl. It's over now. Calm down."

Dalma, inconsolable and still gripping the dagger's handle, hugged the old woman as violent convulsions racked her young body.

"I've killed him! I've killed him!" she sobbed.

The old man offered her a big cup of goat milk. "Tonight you'll sleep in the stable," he said. "There's straw, so you'll be comfortable."

Dalma, continuing to embrace Mrs. Mathaus, sat at the table. Hiccups prevented her from drinking.

"Tomorrow, when you've rested, you can go home," said the woman.

"I don't have a home. I don't have anywhere to go," whimpered Dalma, a shadow of the resolved girl who had, instants before, killed the man who had attempted to rape her.

"Are you from Corven?" asked Mr. Mathaus with sudden interest.

Dalma nodded affirmatively.

"It finally fell?"

The girl lowered her gaze to the floor. "It's all over," she whispered.

She'd barely laid down on the straw in the stable when Dalma fell into a deep sleep. The tension of the long siege, the humiliation, the sacking of the castle, the flight, the frightening capture, the fighting and the deaths of her captors... So many nights without sleep! She was overcome by

fatigue...

Someone was shaking her by the shoulders.

Dalma opened her eyes, still half asleep. The light of a lantern blinded her.

"What's going on?" she asked.

Kneeling beside her in moth-eaten pyjamas which reached his feet, Mr. Mathaus regarded her with the same eyes full of desire as the warrior who had captured her.

"If you're nice to me," he said, pulling back the blanket that covered her, "I'll convince my wife to let you live with us."

Dalma couldn't believe her ears.

"You can't fool me. I know what kind of girl you are," added Mr. Mathaus, resting his hand on her calf.

"Leave me alone, old man!" she shouted, giving him a kick which knocked him to the ground. "You're crazy!"

"Shut up, you stupid bitch! Shut up!" Mr. Mathaus muttered without changing his intentions. "If my wife hears you, she'll kill us both!" But Dalma gave him another kick which left him curled up on the ground.

The old man, with his hands between his thighs, retired, cursing. Dalma rose and watched him until he entered his house.

Certain that the old man wouldn't try anything again, she fell back and in a few moments fell fast asleep.

## *Punishing the defeated*

"You are infinitely more beautiful than I remembered," said Orgon.

Elisabeth raised her head with all the pride that she could muster under the circumstances. She was standing completely naked before the Tyrant of Baden-Holdein.

Her arms were raised with her hands bound behind her, between her shoulder blades, by cords tied tightly above and below her breasts. Her rosy nipples, replete with blood because of the pressure of her bonds, bristled before the ardent stare of her interrogator.

"What a shame, these fifteen years wasted," lamented Orgon, approaching the woman, who could smell his breath foul with wine and evil. "Fifteen years remembering your kisses, your caresses, and your cries!"

Elisabeth closed her eyes, trying to forget these very memories.

"It was fantastic! Although you didn't have such a suggestive figure then, your ass was firm and delicious!" recalled Orgon, devouring her with his eyes. "Much more so than now, I suppose, after humping all these years as the whore you have become."

Elisabeth's eyes reddened with rage and humiliation. Not even all those years enjoying the affection and love of her husband Lancelot could erase that terrible episode from her mind. There were always some nights when she would awake from the nightmares of herself flattened under the weight of Orgon's giant frame, taking her again and again with all the brutality he had employed that bitter day which should never have dawned.

"Look me in the eyes, bitch!"

The sharpened point of a knife pressed under her chin forced Elisabeth to raise her eyes to the giant Orgon - to the face she saw in her nightmares, and the sickening look that awoke her each night.

Orgon came from the confines of the known world - from farther away than Turkey and the mythical Persia. He was a dark-skinned giant with Mongoloid traits and black eyes which instilled fear in those who dared endure his stare. Everything about him was disproportionate: his hands, arms, legs, feet, genitals... As a youth he had been captured and sold as a slave, but his strength and heartless prowess soon elevated him. Now he was the Usurper, the Tyrant, the insatiable scourge of that part of the world.

"What do you want me to do with you?" he asked.

Elisabeth continued to concentrate on her dignified silence. Orgon raised the sharpened dagger, obliging her to stand on her tip-toe.

"When I get tired of you, I'll give you to an ally in exchange for his loyalty. To Rodrigo, for example..."

The green eyes of the woman regarded him disconcertedly, suddenly shining with renewed rage. Now she understood! It was he who had opened the doors of the Castle.

"Didn't you know, you poor imbecile? Ours is an old and productive alliance. You are only one miserable example. Furthermore," he added with a smile that made her tremble, "on one occasion he confessed to me his debility for you and your eldest daughter."

Elisabeth remembered the disgusting advances Rodrigo made toward her whenever her husband was away, and thought how stupid she'd been for not incriminating him.

"Shelma is your flesh and blood, Orgon," stated Elisabeth, breaking her obstinate silence with a grave voice. "You will not dare give her to this filthy traitor."

Orgon, too affected by the woman's nakedness, didn't realise the import of her words.

"Praised be hell! Finally your highness has spoken! I was afraid that your jealous husband had amputated your shameless tongue. That would

have been such a loss!"

"You were born accursed, Orgon. I curse the mother who bore you, you and all yours."

Orgon grabbed her by the hair and twisted her head back.

"I could slit your throat right now," he said, moving the knife he held beneath his prisoner's chin. "But no, a bitch like you deserves something more subtle."

With a shove he hurled her against the window. Elisabeth's cry rent the air.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...!"

Before her eyes, in the patio of arms of the Castle of Baden-Holdein, the very place where she had been born and which had belonged to her family since before Orgon usurped it, everything had been prepared for a macabre ceremony.

A hundred rich men, many of them noblemen, crowded around the gallows where her husband, the conquered Lancelot, was about to be publicly tortured to death, bound naked on a millstone.

Elisabeth's scream caused them to glance up at the window, where they could see her bound naked. Behind her, penetrating her anus, stood Orgon.

This was the signal the executioner, the headsman, as he was known, had been waiting for.

A heavy mace shattered one of Sir Lancelot's ankles at the very moment when his wife was being raped where no one had penetrated her before...

Elisabeth, subjected by the hair in the Tyrant's hand, once again became the victim of the monster who had taken her virginity from her by force fifteen years earlier. Each blow of the mace, and each groan from Lancelot, was accompanied by a bestial thrust from Orgon which threatened to disembowel her.

The crowd shouted. The blood of the condemned sprayed the closest spectators. His agony was indescribable.

The executioner destroyed the bones of his victim with measured cruelty. He began with the ankles and worked his way up to the knees.

Then he started at the wrists and worked his way up the forearms to the elbows.

This wheel was one of the worst punishments, and was reserved for assassins convicted of the most heinous crimes - never for an enemy conquered on the field of battle. But Orgon failed to understand the codes and ethics of war. This imbecile had dared to resist his ambition, so now Orgon avenged himself the only way he knew how: with the utmost cruelty. Later, he would do the same with the woman he was raping.

"Bid him farewell, you damn whore," he said. "From now on it will be my balls you'll empty, not that dog's!"

But Elisabeth didn't hear, or even feel him. The horror of what she saw happening to her husband prevented it. That body bathed in blood, tied to a millstone in the middle of the patio, was the only thing she had loved in her life. Those crushed arms and legs; that unrecognisable face, contracted by pain; those agonising eyes which opened from moment to moment, ceaselessly searching for her beneath the lintel of the window...

Once again the mace fell, but this time the groan was even more heart-rending. So was the pelvic thrust Orgon gave Elisabeth, and she felt it this time, as the torturer smashed Lancelot's stomach and genitals. To the crowd's surprise, Lancelot remained alive.

Elisabeth, her heart rent, cried out as loudly as she could:

"I pledge my soul to Satan! May he wreak his vengeance upon you and your children!"

It was the anguished cry of someone who awaited only a horrible death, who no longer hoped for anything, and who could only look forward to ending their days amid the most frightening torments. A sepulchral silence overpowered the Castle. The headsman looked up at Elisabeth's naked body in the window, where Orgon stood raping her from behind. Lancelot also tried to say something, but choked on his own blood. Orgon forcefully thrust his cock even deeper into the woman's rectum. Elisabeth screamed in pain. "Do you hear that, Lancelot? Hear how your bitch howls when a real man fucks her?" Orgon yelled furiously. "Tonight she won't even remember you anymore!"

These words, followed by Orgon's laughter, made the blood run cold

in the veins of all present. "Headsmen!" yelled Orgon, still humping his prisoner. "Don't bury that imbecile; just feed his body to the dogs, then bring his head to me."

"NOOOOO!!! NOOOOOOOO!!!" begged Elisabeth.

Orgon, giddy with lust and thirsty for revenge, pressed her against the window frame and continued fucking her, now with a diabolic rhythm. "Please," murmured Elisabeth, with her arms twisted up behind her back and her entrails torn. "Please, Orgon, for whatever you want most, give him a sepulchre." Orgon didn't even notice. With his teeth clenched and his fists gripping the woman's long hair, he rapidly approached the culmination of his barbarous pleasure. Elisabeth, who now felt the immeasurable pain, yearned for her husband's death as well as her own.

The headsmen pulled Lancelot, who was still barely alive, off the stone, and tossed him onto the floor, then dragged him before his wife's grief-filled eyes to a nearby pit full of hungrily barking dogs. The headsmen threw Lancelot into the pit without any compassion. The barking of the beasts, the screams of the condemned, and the grunts that accompanied Orgon's orgasm resounded throughout the castle. Elisabeth looked through the curtain of tears that filled her eyes, at the puddle of blood, and found it hard to believe such acts of cruelty could have just taken place.

Orgon, his lust satiated and his thirst for vengeance quenched, pulled Elisabeth from the window and threw her to the floor. "Now you know how I treat anyone who provokes me," Orgon laughed at his victim. Elisabeth closed her eyes. One brutal hand grabbed her by the hair, the other groped her breasts. A knee forced her thighs apart. A disproportionately large penis opened and filled her completely. All the nightmares which had overshadowed her marriage to Lancelot suddenly came back to life... By the time Orgon satisfied his lust again, Elisabeth had long since passed out...

Wrapped in the shadowy cloud that engulfed the Fortress, and from the trench which had been excavated behind the first defensive wall of Baden-Holdein, Shelma and her companions attended, in anguished silence, the bitter events which developed in the patio of arms. The Lady

of Corven's screams and curses, Lancelot's cries, and the Tyrant's laughter reached the narrow wooden cage which held the girls. None of them dared to console the unfortunate Shelma, who, with incredible fortitude, endured the agony of the man she believed was her father, and the humiliation of her mother. No one wanted to reveal her identity to the soldiers who guarded them. The caravan of slavegirls had arrived at dawn, just in time for the execution. The prisoners were then enclosed in an improvised cage, made from rough-hewn, chestnut tree trunks, and cords of esparto grass. The space was limited, and the captives, although exhausted, exerted themselves to stay in the middle, away from the goads and hands of the guards.

They were all on the verge of passing out from fatigue, and extremely frightened.

A half dozen guards surrounded the cage and observed them, burning with desire, some of them ostentatiously touching themselves. "I want the brunette in black; I like her tits," said Tasio, a mercenary who had come from the south.

"I'll take the blonde beside her - the tallest one, with the dark skin," said another soldier, impressed by Shelma's exotic beauty. "I wouldn't if I were you. Zorba has taken a fancy to her," Tasio disillusioned him.

"Son of a bitch," murmured the disappointed soldier. Tasio opened the door, and the captives huddled together even closer than before. Bound as they were, it was impossible for them to attempt anything. Tasio made his way to the brunette, through the sweaty, panting, trembling bodies. Brushing against their warm flesh and smelling the scent of young women aroused him as much as he could be aroused. The girl, small and precious, looked around for help that would not be offered. Tugging the cord with which her wrists were bound in front of her, Tasio dragged her out of the cage. The other sentries closed in on her like hungry jackals. The men pushed her back and forth to each other, ripping her poor, rustic dress.

"You're lucky we caught you," Tasio told her, pinching her and caressing her lasciviously. "A couple more years of farming the land would have left you too withered to fuck!" The girl didn't listen; she just tried to maintain her balance and keep from falling. She felt certain that if she tripped and fell, the worst would begin... The lecherous criminals would be on top of her like vultures on carrion. "Don't worry," he continued

taunting her amid the laughter of his companions. "There will be no more farming for you. Whoever buys you will only use you for a decoration. It will take you a lot longer to grow old, and all thanks to Orgon!" "Unless you're purchased by a sick old man," another man teased. "Or by a woman," added yet another, very seriously.

Little by little the caresses became more violent and more fervent. The men became more and more aroused, and each time the girl was caught in their arms, she was retained and molested a little longer.

Tasio grabbed her by the hair, and, after savagely twisting her breasts, which were already swollen from so much abuse, he tripped her and threw her down. Lucia, as the unfortunate girl was named, fell on her face to the floor because she was unable to break her fall with her elbows around the rod across her back. Lying on her bare breasts, she looked ridiculous as she tried to avoid the inevitable. It was pathetic. The other prisoners contemplated the scene with their heads bowed in silence. Their young hearts were filled with both horror and indignation.

In their short lives, this was the first pillaging to directly affect them, and a cruel destiny had made them its victims. A heavy boot stomped on Lucia's bare shoulders, pinning her to the ground. Tasio smiled. She wiggled her legs and tried to crawl away through the dirt, on her belly. Pompously and facing the rest of the prisoners, Tasio opened his pants and pulled out his erect, reddened penis. It was the first penis many of the girls had ever seen.

Tasio knelt between Lucia's legs and spread her little buttocks to reveal the small, puckered orifice they concealed. This was exactly what he wanted. Amid the laughter of his companions and the silence of the captives, he pressed his glans, with premeditated cruelty, against the part of Lucia's body where she least expected it. Lucia, who had seemed resigned to her fate moments before, suddenly began struggling violently.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" the girl yelled, twisting, kicking, swallowing and choking.

Tired of her yelling, Tasio smashed her face on the floor, breaking her nose and filling her mouth with dirt. Placing all his weight on the girl's buttocks, which he was prying apart with both hands, Tasio penetrated his victim and completely filled her rectum with one pitiless thrust of his

pelvis. The other men applauded enthusiastically. Lucia, choking on dirt, her face bloody, barely whimpered.

The rest of the women, astonished and perplexed, continued watching the savage scene in mute horror. Fifty women, cruelly bound, seeking a false sense of security by huddling together, watched, terrified, as one of their own lay on the floor being tortured, flattened under the weight of the mercenary who made her his in the most humiliating fashion.

With a blank stare and his mouth falling open from time to time, the man humped his victim's fragile body as brutally as he could. He hadn't even bothered to remove his heavy chain mail suit, which protected him in battle, but which now tore the girl's back.

Lucia, with her eyes popping out of her skull, could barely discern more than five pairs of boots belonging to the soldiers who stood around her impatiently waiting for their turn.

If she survived, they would stick her back in the cage to wait with the other women to be sold at a public auction. There, the other women, though impeded by their bonds, would tend her wounds. However, if her young body failed to endure all the punishment of being gang-raped, the same band of savages that raped her would toss her dead body into the pit where the dogs had been gnawing on Lancelot's bones for several hours. The feasts of the conqueror...

## *The victory celebrations*

"Are you certain it's her?" asked Ursula, the strange woman Orgon claimed was his sister. "I can't believe it, with her fame for being such an arrogant, high and mighty bitch!"

"It most certainly is her," replied the traitor, Rodrigo, who had known Elisabeth since she was a child. "She is the First Lady of Corven, the one who won the admiration of the Court and all who knew her, whether peasant or noble." Orgon's ostentatious laugh interrupted Rodrigo. "From now on this bitch will be no more than a freak show," laughed the Tyrant. "I've always admired your pompous eloquence, Rodrigo, but this time you're mistaken. This damn little fox was never a lady. On the contrary, she has always been the most lascivious of whores. I can assure you..."

This conversation was taking place in the capital room of the Baden-Holdein Castle, the same room Orgon had usurped years ago when Elisabeth's father had died. Those present were celebrating with a banquet in honour of their leader's most recent victory. They were the mercenaries who fought under the standard of the skull which formed the most formidable armed force anywhere along the river.

The long table, which was set up in the shape of a "U", seated more than one hundred vociferous dinner guests. The meal had been excellent, and the wine flowed abundantly through all their veins.

Orgon presided over the 'agape', and looked magnificent in his campaign dress uniform. To his left sat Ursula, and to his right Rodrigo, the traitorous cleric who had given him Lancelot and all his people.

They were served by an entourage of slave-girls from the castle. There

were also beautiful girls captured in previous campaigns, or purchased from other warlords or travelling merchants. All of these girls were very beautiful and in the prime of their life, and waited on the tables barefoot and topless. The only thing they wore were translucent silk scarves around their hips, tied below their navels, but leaving their legs exposed. These fragile knots were the only defence permitted to them. This fragile silk was the only thing between their pussies, any hair of which had been removed, and the ardent stares of the drunken soldiers.

The coming and going of such suggestive young women in the torch light, undoubtedly contributed to the sexual tension and arousal in the air. But the target of all the commentaries, where all eyes, without exception, were focused, was the silhouette which rose before those presiding over the banquet. Together with the decapitated head of Sir Lancelot, hung the Lady of Corven, the woman whose beauty was a legend, suspended naked from the ceiling by her wrists, with her feet a palm's length from the floor and her ankles tied at opposite ends of a wooden stake so as to prevent her from closing her legs.

Her splendid body hung slowly turning at the end of cord, affording each of the spectacle's witnesses a perfect view of it from all possible angles. A hooded headsman, armed with a whip, lashed her body every time Orgon raised his cup. Thus had it been arranged. Elisabeth, who already had her back and buttocks covered with welts, endured the humiliation and punishment with composure. No scream, no protest, no plea, even though her entire being rebelled against the injustice of such an outrage, before the abominable treason, and before the vile commentaries of the conquerors. Only a painful sob escaped her throat whenever the slow turning of her body brought her face to face with her husband's skull, its face contorted in his final expression of agony.

"What do you plan to do with her, brother?" asked Ursula. Orgon raised his cup thoughtfully to his lips. Thweeeeeeeppp! SMAAAAAACK! The lash bit into the back of the narrow waist, and wrapped itself like a snake completely around the abused body of the conquered woman. The braided leather penetrated her flesh. The headsman waited a few moments before pulling the whip away, little by little, causing his victim to continue her endless rotation. "I haven't decided yet, my dear sister. I enjoy watching her suffer in her stubborn silence, and stupid dignity." Orgon rested his

cup on the table, but didn't remove his hand. "I want to break her, little by little, until she is obliged to grovel at my feet, and beg for mercy... Then I'll throw her to the dogs." "To the dogs?" repeated Ursula, surprised that her brother didn't have other plans for such a beautiful woman. "Yes, I'll throw her to the dogs. This harlot doesn't deserve the air she breathes, let alone the privilege of serving as my slave," Orgon asserted, raising his cup.

Thweeeeeep! SMAAAAAAACK! The tremendous lash fell high on her back, and the end of the whip reached around to martyr her prodigious breasts, just under the nipples, which happened to be pointing toward the delighted presidency at that moment. "Aaaaagggghhhh...!" The moan was rewarding. A seemingly limitless wound lay drawn on the delicate, sensitive skin. Contrary to what Orgon intended, his threats relieved the prisoner. Far from being terrified by hearing her own death sentence pronounced, Elisabeth was glad to realise how close the end of her torment was. Finally, she would be permitted to rejoin the late Lancelot in another life. Nothing, except learning the uncertain fate of her daughters, held any interest for her in life.

"I applaud your decision," intervened Rodrigo. "It is just and wise, but I wonder if His Excellency doesn't indulge himself too much with this woman, who is without a doubt the one who incited so much ire against you." Intrigued, Ursula and Orgon just stared at him. Elisabeth closed her eyes; she knew too well the twisted mind of this scoundrel. "By Satan, don't hold back! Speak, Rodrigo!" "Throwing this harpy to the dogs would be a way of alleviating her punishment," said the political favourite, running his eyes over Elisabeth's body. "Don't forget, gracious Lord, that first she repudiated you, then later she raised arms against your army, causing much pain and suffering among your hosts."

Rodrigo stopped speaking to gauge the effect of his words on the Tyrant. Orgon listened with interest, although it disturbed him that someone should remind him that Elisabeth had rejected him fifteen years earlier. "A wise decision," continued the favourite, "which would fulfil the secret aspirations of your subjects, would be to sell her to the military brothel. That any simple soldier or a humble peasant could enjoy a lady of such elevated lineage, is a dream that only the greatest and most powerful leaders could make a reality." Elisabeth's blood froze. She hated

that traitorous pig, Orgon, his sister Ursula and all that hoard of drunks who filled the noble capital room of the castle where she was born.

"I believe that's a magnificent idea, brother," Ursula quickly added. "That way your men could each get their own revenge for all that they suffered and lost during the siege, thanks to this harlot..." Orgon signalled one of his bodyguards. A deafening gong reclaimed the attention of everyone in the banquet hall. Orgon stood, jumped up onto the table, and approached his prisoner. Everyone remained silent. The Tyrant grabbed her by the hair, and shook her, showing her to everyone there. Elisabeth felt the heat of all those stares puncturing her naked flesh. "This," he said, striking the suspended head of Lancelot, which also hung before everyone there, "this is what happens to the enemies of Orgon the Invincible. And this," he added, indicating Elisabeth, "is an enemy of Orgon and of all of you, his loyal servants."

Those in attendance nodded their indignant assent. "You all know I'm talking about the so-called Lady of Corven, a prostitute of the worst kind, a witch who, with her spells has extinguished the lives of our companions, dried up the wombs of our women, annihilated our children with atrocious diseases, and destroyed our fields and cattle with terrible plagues." The men were becoming irritated and started to murmur. Orgon paused a few moments before continuing his harangue. "And I, your leader, who have led you to so many victories, ask you, does this harpy deserve death?" "Let her die!" came the unanimous response.

"Burn the witch, Orgon!"

"Kill her now!"

"Let her blood flow!"

Orgon raised his hand; the hall became quiet. "Do you think she's sorry? Does she beg your forgiveness?" Orgon reached for his headsman's whip.

"Come now, you whore, beg for forgiveness for your Satanic deeds!" Elisabeth closed her eyes and squeezed her jaws together.

Orgon gripped the whip backwards, and used its butt end to probe the anus he had savagely raped the night before, during Lancelot's execution.

Elisabeth felt the wood. "NOOOOOOOOO!" she yelled, trying with

all her might to avoid another penetration, which would be even more painful than the first. But she was unable to prevent the obscene intrusion. Her sore sphincter gave way to the obscene intrusion, and the wounds in her rectum were reopened. "NOOOOOOOOOOO!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. "You see?" Orgon asked his mercenaries as he forced the butt end of the whip as far up Elisabeth's ass as her anatomy would permit.

"Finish her off!" "Burn her!" "Kill her!" "Throw her to the dogs!" "Put her on the wheel!" Orgon raised a hand to calm his audience back down. Beside him, Elisabeth twisted and turned, trying to remove the intrusive object that filled her rectum.

"I, Orgon the Invincible, put her at your disposal in the Troop Brothel. There each of you will be able to chastise her for one silver coin." The shouts of jubilation filled the banquet hall as Rodrigo smiled and surreptitiously sought a conspiratorial glance from Ursula. "And now, my valiant soldiers," Orgon added, stepping away from Elisabeth and letting her turn with the grotesque whip stuck in her ass. "Your leader offers you another surprise."

The women who had been captured in the taking of Corven appeared in a side door, still bound with their elbows behind bars across their backs and their wrists under their breasts. Driven by team leaders with whips, they jostled together, frightened, in front of the tables. The hubbub intensified. The men tumultuously left their seats and threw themselves on the helpless, unfortunate girls. There weren't enough girls for all of the men, so their emotions were fierce. Fights broke out. The cries of the slave-girls and the roar of the combatants, drunken with wine and lust, were joined by the sound of drums.

Unscrupulous mercenaries, violent beings who wandered around the countryside for months without seeing a pretty woman, now discharged their enforced continence on the daughters and wives of the conquered army. Some of the men had enough money to buy one of the unfortunate girls and take them to war, but experience had shown this wasn't wise. Some troops had been murdered by their fellows for the sake of their slave-girls.

Sordid scenes of sex and violence had begun. Miraculously, little Lucia, who had survived being brutally gang raped by the sentries, was now found being nearly strangled and straddling one of the most brutal warriors, known as Murdoc. This man was penetrating her and entertaining himself by sucking and biting her breasts. His brutal hands felt her sensual body up and down, seeking not only pleasure, but also to inflict pain on the terrified girl. In the heat of his passion, Murdoc slid his arms under her thighs, and, grabbing her by the waist, he forced her pussy to open even wider, and penetrated her as deeply as he could. Her eyes opened from time to time, but her cry was drowned out by that of her big sister, Santa, who was being raped by two of those savages at once.

Flattened between their sweaty bodies, which smelled of alcohol, Santa balanced, suspended in the air. The man at her back had her by the hair with both hands, and the man in front by her thighs. Both men were penetrating her at once, trying to press their penises together within her soft interior. Beside her, a beautiful brunette woman with dark eyes fought for air as she knelt between the large thighs of a fat, repulsive mercenary. The man was gagging her with his monstrous penis. Bound as she was, this woman served as a mere toy which he easily controlled with his hands entwined in her thick hair.

"Wait, you fucker!" another soldier said as he grabbed the woman by the waist and penetrating her with his mace. "I'm going to make her comfortable for you!" With all the perfidy with which he was able, the new assailant began violating the poor, unhappy woman with the artefact's thick handle. Her choked cries only served to give more pleasure to the man whose dick was down her throat. "Three months sleeping in the field," he bellowed. "Three miserable months of our lives! Now you're going to pay for it!"

Among this confusion, one of the captives elbowed her way to the Lady of Corven. She was a tall blonde with dark skin and green eyes. She was Shelma. "Mother!" she cried as if she'd lost her mind. "Shelma, no...!" But it was too late. Orgon grabbed the girl by the hair and embraced her. Shelma shrank back like a furious tigress, but she was bound. "Well, well. So this precious kitten is your daughter?" Rodrigo, who quickly joined them, assented. "She is her eldest, Excellency. The bitch had yet another offspring."

The Leader inspected the newly arrived guest before ripping her dress, after her companions had helped mend it somewhat. Her young breasts trembled with exquisite fluidness. Although not fully mature, they seemed ready to burst at any moment. The nipples, which were pink and perfectly shaped, as well as erect, due to the fury which had possessed the girl - went well with the amber skin of the breasts they accentuated.

"Leave her alone, Orgon! She's also your daughter!" Shelma, disconcerted, just looked at her mother, then at Orgon, who regarded her in a way that made her ill. Suddenly, it seemed she understood, and her whole world crumbled.

In another instant, in a fit of rage, she threw herself on the giant who was responsible for so much of her disgrace, and she bit his arm. Orgon, who had her by the hair, shook her like a doll, then forced her to her knees at his feet.

"Rodrigo!" Orgon barked. "These rags are unworthy of my daughter. Have her bathed, perfumed, dressed, and brought to my quarters." "NOOOOOOOOO!" objected Elisabeth yet again, as she had countless times that evening. "Mother!" Shelma cried as her eyes, wide with fear, transfixed Elisabeth while two soldiers dragged her, between them, from the room. From one of the far ends of the table, Lieutenant Zorba observed all this with a sombre countenance. That girl had been destined to be his kitten...

The party continued until well after midnight. By dawn, the exhausted bodies of the soldiers and the slave-girls lay on the floor where they'd passed out. Only the snoring of the satiated soldiers and an occasional sob here and there interrupted the stillness of the night. Total calm seemed to reign throughout the castle, except for one set of rooms on the first floor: Orgon's quarters.

At midnight, the Leader of Baden-Holdein went to his room, accompanied by the traitor Rodrigo. Shelma, with her hair clean and her body perfumed, dressed in the most luxurious and provocative gown, awaited them, bound to a pillar. The men approached her.

Shelma, struggling to free herself from the cords that bound her, had

torn her delicate gown. "Undoubtedly, Orgon," Rodrigo assured him, "she is your daughter. Lancelot accepted her mother - that whore! - even though this little kitten was already scratching the insides of her belly." Shelma regarded the traitorous cleric with evident disdain. She had never liked him, and always mistrusted the way he grovelled. "I've seen many half-breeds before, said Orgon, "but never one who could compare to this girl!

The Moor raised his hand and caressed the soft skin of the daughter he'd just become acquainted with. This first contact with her father caused Shelma to cringe. His hand was rough and sweaty. Orgon parted her thick, blonde hair, caressing his daughter's delicate ear and neck. "She's very beautiful," said Rodrigo, rubbing his hands together. "She has the same eyes as her mother and her sister." "They are those of an enchantress..." Orgon pointed, his stare fixed on the girl. "Where in the hell is her sister?" he asked. "I don't know. I have not seen her among the prisoners. Maybe she escaped or was killed." "Have her found, Rodrigo, and make sure no one disturbs us for a couple of days."

The cleric retired with ostentatious reverence, but not before casting a wicked smile at the helpless girl he was leaving in a butcher's hands. "Are you glad to make your father's acquaintance?" asked Orgon as he freed her from the post. The moment she was free, Shelma tried to run for the door through which Rodrigo had exited. Orgon took one step, and grabbed her by the hair.

"That's not the way, my dear daughter," he told her, dragging her to the opposite side of the bedroom, to a door which led to a room without furniture or windows, and the floor covered with softened hides. A pair of oil lamps illuminated the instruments of torture which hung on the walls. Shelma escaped her father's grasp, and sought refuge in the farthest corner from the door.

Orgon closed the bolt, and hung the key on the thick, gold chain which adorned his neck. Little by little, he closed in on his daughter; with one knee slightly flexed, he forced her back, neck and palms against the wall. Her green eyes flashed with anger in the light of the flame. Orgon regarded her with contentment, and devoured her with his eyes... She was disarming. Her adolescent breasts were pressed against each other



«Make sure no one disturbs us for a couple of days.»

at the hem of her décolleté. Her shiny, bare, brown legs seemed to stretch forever beneath her torn skirt. Her narrow waist seemed to scream for an embrace. She had been dressed like a courtesan for this encounter with her father - like a whore in a brothel.

"This is quite a surprise, don't you think? One moment you're the daughter of that coward, Lancelot, and the next you're the daughter of the victorious Orgon, the Lord of Baden-Holdein." Shelma didn't answer, although the shameless mention of the man she had believed was her father did bring a tear to her eye, alerting the Tyrant to the pain his words caused her. Orgon continued with his soliloquy, pressing himself further and further upon the anguished Shelma. "And a well educated daughter owes obedience and respect to her father," he added. "Aren't you going to kiss your father?" he asked, leaning with a hand on each side of the girl's head. Shelma lowered her eyes to the ground and pressed herself even more tightly against the wall, denying his request imperceptibly with her head. An instinctive fear - that of a trapped female - prevented her from moving or even speaking.

"Educating one's children is the first duty of a good father, as is obedience the first duty of a good daughter." Orgon leaned on his forearms and moved his hip forward, pressing himself against Shelma. The girl turned her face to one side, and stood on tiptoe to avoid as much contact as possible with the body which kept coming closer to hers.

"Kiss your father," he ordered, lowering his head until his lips brushed against her ear. The girl's soft fragrance finally sent him out of his mind, so he began planting wet, lascivious kisses on her neck. This sudden assault shook Shelma out of her passivity, and she began defending herself by punching and biting him. The man angrily stepped away from her, and the girl took advantage of this opportunity to run to the opposite corner of the room, where she assumed the foetal position on the floor.

Orgon went to the wall where the instruments of torture were hanging, and grabbed a long bamboo cane with his right hand, and a fearsome, braided leather whip with his left. "I'm going to teach you to obey your father," he threatened with his teeth clenched. "On your feet!" he ordered, cracking the whip against the wall, mere inches from the girl's face.

Shelma, startled by the violent sound of the whip, hastened to obey, with her eyes fixed on the whip. "Move to the centre of the room!" The girl advanced hesitantly, protecting herself by crossing her arms and lowering her head. "Hurry up!" yelled Orgon, striking the floor with his whip. "Lower your hands!" Her arms fell to her sides. "Look at me!" Shelma raised her head, humiliated. Tears filled her eyes, but she resisted the urge to let them fall. "Pay attention, because I'm only going to explain this to you once..."

Shelma couldn't bear her father's perverted stare, so she looked back down at the floor. Orgon raised her head back up with the whip handle. "I'm going to give you a series of orders which, as a good daughter, you will obey instantly. If not," he brandished the cane and the whip, "one of these will repeat my instructions more forcefully, until you learn to obey. Understood?" Shelma, her head elevated by the whip handle at her chin, lowered her gaze without responding. "Do you understand?" Orgon asked again, brushing the cane against her thighs. "Yes," murmured Shelma. "Yes, what?" "Yes, sir," mumbled Shelma, humbled, but with her voice full of rage.

Orgon raised the cane and struck her calves. Shelma clenched her teeth. She hadn't expected such swift, intense pain. It stung barbarously, but no cry escaped her throat. "That was your first mistake," he reprehended her. "From now on you will call me 'father'. All right?" "Yes, father," said Shelma with hostility. "Very well, daughter," Orgon congratulated her while walking slowly around her. "Will you also agree with me that a father and his children should become well acquainted?" Silence. "Answer!" The whip struck the floor near Shelma. "Yes... Father," she forced herself to say. "And that a daughter shouldn't keep secrets from her father?" "No... Father." "Very well, then," said Orgon, stopping in front of her. "Then you will now show your father how you were created."

Shelma bit her lips and clenched her fists. It didn't take much imagination to guess what Orgon's next order would be. "Strip! Strip naked!"

Shelma opened her mouth to speak, but the whip struck twice, once beside each of her feet. With trembling hands, Shelma unfastened her

dress. Orgon took two steps away from her and began staring at her contentedly. The dress fell to the floor, and all that remained on Shelma were her blouse and shoes, which she hesitated to remove. "The blouse!" ordered Orgon impatiently. Shelma became as red as a tomato, but she obeyed. Disgusted, she noticed the reaction her nakedness caused in her father: his agitated breathing, his lascivious stare, and the immense bulge which swelled between his legs, and assumed each moment dimensions more and more gigantic.

Orgon, on the other hand, couldn't believe how lucky he was to have made such a surprising acquaintance. The girl, who did indeed appear to be his daughter, had the kind of body about which he had always dreamed, but had never found.

She had a body that was sensual and round in all the right places, especially on her large, full breasts. Despite their size, they were tense like the skin on a drum and asking to be kissed. She had too a slender waist; and full rounded hips... She had long, slender legs. Her body, fresh and young, appeared soft and flexible, with shiny skin like the reflection of the moon and the colour and fragrance of cinnamon. She was like a dream he had previously thought unattainable... She was generous in her womanhood. Every curve of her lovely body promised pleasure...

Without waiting to be told, Shelma removed her panties and her shoes. "Is this what you wanted, father?" she asked, outraged. "May I get dressed now?" "Don't even think about it, my dear daughter!" responded Orgon. "It's not right for clothes to cover so much beauty!" Shelma raised her arms instinctively to hide her breasts. "Walk over to the wall," ordered Orgon, pointing to where the instruments of torture were. "Take the collar and put it on." It was a leather dog collar, with a buckle and a loop for a chain to be attached to it. Shelma fastened it. humiliated. She had stripped naked, so why not wear a collar?

"Attach the leash, and bring me the other end of it." The strap was about three yards long. When she went to give it to her father, he forced her to do so on her knees. "This is splendid! Besides being my daughter, you will also be my obedient little puppy. You will be inseparable from your father, wherever he may go, always at the end of this leash. And now, rise and kiss your father on the mouth."

That was too much. Shelma, suddenly overcome by fury, lunged at the man who degraded her, trying to scratch his eyes out. Orgon eluded her, and she fell to the floor. Before she could get up, the cane fell with inaudible force on her buttocks. Shelma sprang to her feet impulsively, and clambered against the wall, trying to avoid another similar blow. But Orgon kept whipping her buttocks and thighs mercilessly. "Stop!" "Stoooo-ppp!" "STOOO-PPP!" Guiding her with the leash, and continuing to whip her, Orgon obliged her to run around the room, uselessly fleeing the bite of the whip. He took delight in watching her young body with its full, bouncing breasts, as she ran with the agility of a frightened cat.

"Please stop!" "Stop!" "Pleeeeeease!!!" Orgon detained himself. The girl fell to the floor with her hands pressed against her stinging flesh. "Rise and kiss your father!" This time Shelma didn't let him repeat the order. With her cheeks wet with tears, she rose and, keeping her hands on her buttocks, she closed her eyes and offered her lips to her father. "What are you waiting for?" asked Orgon with a resounding slap. He wanted to humiliate her as profoundly as he could. Shelma rose on tiptoe and kissed him with her full lips - only for an instant, and with her lips closed, afraid she would be grabbed and raped. But nothing happened. When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the cynical smile on her father's face, who observed her as if having fun. "Now that I know how you are made, it's only fair that you may also become familiar with the man who gave you life, so..." Shelma closed her eyes before he could finish the sentence. "Undress your father!"

With trembling hands, she unfastened his trench jacket, his chain mail, and finally, his undershirt. A strong, muscular body, covered with old scars, appeared before her bewildered eyes. Shelma hesitated a moment before continuing. She had heeded so many humiliating orders, each more disgusting than the previous, that it didn't make sense to refuse to cooperate now. She was climbing - or descending - a painful stairway of extreme degradation that appeared not to have an end, and after each step, the previous step disappeared. There was no turning back...

The burning sensation on her buttocks and thighs removed her from such deep but futile thoughts. With her eyes closed, she lowered her hands to search for the knot that held her father's pants in place. "On your

knees; do it on your knees!" Yet another step... Shelma found the cord. "Open your eyes wide!" Beneath her disgusted gaze appeared a violet glans and a dark-skinned penis, replete with swollen veins, the size of a forearm.

Two testicles the size of melons hung below, emitting a nauseating stench. "Take a good look, my child. This pair of balls is where you came from fifteen years ago, one night when your whore of a mother provoked me and removed me from my chambers." Shelma let a tear drop. She couldn't believe his repugnant testicles were from whence she had been conceived.

"Come on. Take my boots off." This was the hardest part, but she did it, in a room without furniture or windows, barely lit by the tenuous light of the oil lamps, by which the Tyrant of Baden-Holdein toyed with his captives, and by which this giant could now be seen, dark-skinned, hairy bodied, strong and robust, standing in front of an extremely young woman, also naked and dark-skinned, but slender, with blonde hair, on her knees in front of his prodigious genitals.

"Touch them..."

One more step...

Shelma raised her hand, and, with one finger, she caressed his left testicle, which moved slowly in its bag, replete with semen. "You have brothers in there." Her fingers withdrew. "Caress them!" The whip cracked again at the girl's passivity. Her hand went straight to his scrotum and she started caressing it. "Don't be shy. Squeeze it!" Shelma closed her eyes and squeezed. Its texture surprised her. Inside, something seemed to escape her grasp. Frightened, she saw the giant penis rise and stiffen because of her fondling. It pointed straight at her face, with the violet head reddening and its orifice palpitating as if with a mind of its own. There was now no doubt in her mind what her father wanted. But nothing in the world could make her give it to him.

"Your little brothers want to come out to meet you, and you know how to open the door for them." Shelma removed her hand, and ran to the door, even though she knew it was closed. Orgon lashed her with his whip in such a way that it encompassed her slender waist and then he

pulled her back to him. He grabbed her by the hair, and slapped her twice to calm her down. Without letting go of her, he forced her back down to her knees at his feet. Shelma, in desperation, with her waist on fire, and her cheeks burning, raised her hands to his balls, which were continuously stirring, and squeezed with fury, digging into them with her fingernails. But a sudden tug on her hair which nearly ripped it out by the roots dissuaded her from pursuing this absurd attack, so she continued caressing her father's balls as her instinct dictated.

However, she did so with her arms extended, avoiding the glans, and not letting it touch her face. "Kiss it!" Shelma felt the cane brush against her nipples. Frightened and disgusted by her own cowardice, she closed her eyes and held her breath - but not her tears - as she took the penis by its base and rubbed it lightly across her closed lips. It was warm, and its skin was soft and smooth. His hand gripped her hair and prevented her from moving her head back to seek air. And, upon inhaling again, the strong odour penetrated her nostrils at the same time as a thick, yellowish droplet escaped from the convulsing penis.

Her revulsion overcame her fear, so she removed her face and, nauseated, she started gagging. Orgon decided she needed a little more stimulus. The crack of his whip caused his daughter to leap to her feet in terror. Orgon tied the end of the leash around his waist, then, from the centre of the room, he began striking with his whip across the surface of the floor so as to force the frightened girl to jump in order to avoid having her calves struck. "Come on, little girl; that's it. Very good! Dance for your father!" The shortness of the leash prevented the girl from seeking refuge in a corner, and forced her to run and jump around her tormentor. The whip sought her ankles persistently.

The sight of such a beautiful creature galloping in her futile attempts to avoid the bite of his whip excited Orgon's demonic sadism to an extremely dangerous degree. His penis was now as hard as a stake.

Another well-placed lash on her waist brought Shelma to her knees before his throbbing cock. She sobbed inconsolably. A couple of cruel slaps ended her bitter sobbing. "Begin at once! And with your eyes wide open!" Her small hands gripped the base of his penis once again, without being able to encompass it. It was monstrous! Orgon felt her warm, sensual

lips press against the head of his penis. He was at his limit. This exciting young woman was his own daughter, flesh of the flesh he had most desired... The product of a succulent rape which the years had not erased from his memory. Both women were now his; the mother was locked in a dark dungeon, and her daughter, their daughter, was kissing his genitals. It was the strongest law. The best women for the most powerful, and the boldest. "Part your lips and stick out your tongue!" Shelma shuddered, but obeyed. Why didn't he just rape her once and for all?

With the tip of her tongue, she sought the orifice that was beating like an open heart. She tried to penetrate it. A pleasurable chill went up Orgon's spine. "Look me in the eyes!" Shelma looked up without stopping the movement of her tongue. It was humiliating. Her father dominated her from above, and seemed even more gigantic and repulsive. "Now you will lick it. From the tip to the base, and from the base to the tip, back and forth until I tell you to do something else. I want to see it shining with your drool all over it."

Shelma choked down a gagging sensation. The hard piece of flesh smelled and tasted like a thousand demons, but she overcame her nausea. The tremendous pain in her calves and waist helped! She licked and licked for what seemed to her like endless hours. She used her lips and tongue, and even her cheeks. The penis, soaked in her saliva, throbbed more and more forcefully. Orgon's steel muscles trembled, and the monster groaned... When the twelve inches of hardened penis were shining brightly with spittle, Orgon knew it was over... He could not hold back any more...

"Finish with your hands" he ordered hoarsely. Shelma, who had feared something worse, hastened to obey. She ran both hands up and down his shaft, squeezing and even pinching it. She did it with her eyes open and fixed on the prodigious baton which held her hypnotised. The testicles moved with more insistence, and sudden tremors ran through the penis they controlled. She had the tip of his penis only a couple inches from her eyes.

What happened next surprised her disagreeably. A thick, abrasive stream shot out and stuck to her face. She tried to move away, but the hand which held her by the hair gripped like iron. Overcome by

repugnance, Shelma let go of the penis, which continued rubbing up and down, left and right - until it finally left her completely covered with a greasy stain. Her eyes were white, as well as her forehead, her hair, her nose, her mouth, her neck and her breasts... Orgon, completely drained, looked at her furiously. "Bitch!" he yelled, shaking her by the hair. "Look what you've done!" Shelma lowered her gaze to the floor, to where her father pointed at the puddle of sperm which had formed between her knees. "Is that how you treat your brothers? Lick! Lick it all up!"

Shelma, crying again with bitterness, bent down and began licking up her father's sperm.

In the morning, while Shelma remained enclosed in a room without windows, at the mercy of the perverse lust of the man who had engendered her, her mother, the Lady of Corven, was dragged through the torturous back streets of the city, naked and chained in a cart, to the brothel where she would work for the rest of her life.

A few leagues from there, Dalma, the youngest of the three women, tall like her sister, with the same clear, green eyes, awoke in the stable where she had passed the night.

She had rested and felt much better. Forgetting briefly the nightmare she was living in, the persistent aroma of the country in summer piqued her appetite. But then the memory of Corven burning and her mother and her sister fleeing from the troops fell on her like a floor tile. She had to get help. Determined, she arose and went to the door. Before she could even take note of the weight that she was dragging, she fell on her face, tripped by a chain fastened to her right ankle. Furious, she tried to remove the shackle, but was trapped.

The creaking of the door to the stable opening prevented her from drawing conclusions. The silhouette of old Mrs. Mathaus appeared beneath the lintel. Her husband followed behind her. Before she could protest, the old woman struck her with a rod on the thighs. "Quiet!" she said with unexpected firmness. "You are an escaped slave, and from now

on you will work for us." "That's not true!" Dalma denied it. "Silence!" Another blow, this time across the tits, stopped her protests.

Old man Mathaus, with his head bowed and not daring to look at her, placed more heavy shackles on her wrists and her other ankle. The ones on her ankles were connected by a short chain which would prevent her from taking natural strides. "Your first task today will be to dig a ditch for the bodies of your friends; then you'll work in the field. Last winter our nag died, which used to pull the plough."

"Listen to me!" yelled Dalma furiously, on her feet now in front of Mrs. Mathaus. "No! You listen to me, slave!" Mrs. Mathaus yelled louder. "If you speak without permission again, I'll rip out your tongue!" Dalma kept quiet, convinced the woman would do it. "You," the old woman addressed her husband, "go and get the pick and shovel." When the old man left, Mrs. Mathaus moved closer to Dalma. She was a big, tall, corpulent woman in spite of her age, and looked very strong. It was clear who ran her house. "Listen well, little girl," she said, moving her face close to the girl's. "I know very well who you are and that Orgon has placed a bounty on your head. As I caught you fooling around with my husband, I'm going to turn you in." Dalma turned pale. "Now, let's go and dig!"

Mrs. Mathaus took her to where her husband was waiting. The chains obliged her to walk with short, rapid steps, barefoot on the rocky soil. "We never could afford the luxury of a slave, could we dear?" the man said. "That's for sure, my dear husband. And now one seems to have come like rain from heaven. Maybe our luck is finally changing!"

The old couple began laughing contentedly, while Dalma buried the pick in the ground which was dry and hardened by the summer sun. "Yes, this was so unexpected we didn't even have a damn whip!" "What do you mean? There should be one by the granary which we used on the ox father gave us for a wedding present." Dalma shuddered. A whip? Mr. Mathaus, suddenly rejuvenated, hurried to the granary and returned with a long, fearsome looking whip. "I've brought oil too," he said. "It was all dried up." "You handle it, dear. By mid-day I want these pigs buried," Mrs. Mathaus said, pointing to the house where the dead soldiers lay, who had brought Dalma the night before.

"Before you go, dear, help me strip her," he begged. The old woman looked at her jealously. Dalma wanted to protest, but thought better of it. "When have you ever heard of a slave working with clothes on in a field with the sun so high and hot?" added the old man with an innocent smile. The two women eyed each other. One hesitated; the other begged.

"OK, but only from the waist up." "NOOOO!" cried Dalma raising her manacled arms to her chest. "You see how she needs a heavy hand, sweetheart?" asked the man. "She spoke without permission again!" The irate woman approached Dalma. She wasn't going to let this flagrant disobedience slip - especially not in front of her husband. Without a word, the old woman pulled Dalma's head back and thrust a filthy handkerchief into her mouth, which she tied in place behind her head with a cord. Dalma, with her cheeks temporarily deformed, regarded her assailants incredulously, but, before the old man had a chance to use his whip, she opened her dress and pulled it down around her waist. "Now get to work!" said the old woman, leaving.

At mid-day, when the unwavering rays of the sun caused the earth to crack, Dalma, drenched with sweat, and chained up with her torso bare, kept digging for fear of the whip. She had never before imagined that the earth could be so hard. Popped blisters on her hands and the gag in her mouth added to her suffering while she dug. The ditch was already six feet deep, but Mr. Mathaus didn't think it was deep enough. Sitting on the edge of the pit, he contemplated in ecstasy the bare back of his slave while he applied oil to the dry leather of the whip.

"Hurry up!" he encouraged her. "Your mistress will soon be here." The girl, who had been digging without a break for hours, worked as fast as she could. "Are you thirsty?" asked Mr. Mathaus. Dalma straightened and nodded her assent, looking up, blinded by the sun. Mr. Mathaus rose and opened his pants. Dalma didn't realise what he was doing until his hot urine splashed onto her face. Curled up in a corner, she felt each and every drop which the old man pissed on her. "Keep working!" he yelled when he was through. Soon his wife had joined them. "How are things going?" she asked. "You see what a damn slacker your slave is." "Fine. I'll take care of her later. You!" she turned her attention to Dalma. "Get out of there!" Dalma, covered in dirt, sweat, and urine, climbed

painfully up the rope the couple provided. Then she dragged the rigid, heavy cadavers to the pit where she covered them with dirt, and spread the dirt which was left over. In a couple more hours, the sun would equalise the colour of the earth, and there would be no trace of the two imbeciles who had been killed because of their own lust.

By then it was time to eat. Dalma, on her feet and chained up, with her back burnt by the sun, waited on the table. Her function was limited to making sure Mr. Mathaus's cup remained full of wine. She was hungry, but no one had offered her any food yet.

"This afternoon you'll start working in the field," the old woman told her. "My husband will go behind you, guiding the plough." The drunken old man didn't take his eyes off Dalma's topless body. He especially liked the form her breasts took when she filled his cup. "Your clothes stink, slave," he noted, his voice vacillating. "Oh, you dirty old man!" exclaimed the old woman, who was also getting drunk. "You like this little chick, don't you?" "She looks very good..." he replied with slurred speech. "You!" the old woman ordered Dalma. "Set the pitcher down and get on top of the table." Dalma obeyed. What else could she do? She was unhappy but helpless, at the mercy of the elderly couple. Besides, they seemed less dangerous when they were together.

"Take off those rags and show your body to this pig like a good whore." Although ashamed, the girl obeyed. The old man stared crazily... "Are you hungry?" asked the woman. "Yes, very," replied Dalma. "Very well, get down and finish this." The woman offered her a plate with a few chicken bones on it. Dalma began gnawing eagerly on the bones, and devoured them. It had been three days since she'd eaten. "Ma'am, may I please ask you something?" The food had given her courage. Her old mistress appeared disturbed by the girl's boldness, but curiosity overcame her pride. "Ask, slave." "Do you know anything about my family?" "Of course!" Mrs. Mathaus exclaimed gleefully. "The whole world knows."

This answer surprised Mr. Mathaus, who didn't suspect who the girl was. "You know her family?" he asked. "Of course, you idiot!" replied his wife with an unfriendly cackle. "This is the youngest daughter of Lancelot, lord of this region before Orgon served them their just desserts." Mr. Mathaus regarded the girl with renewed interest. He had always

dreamed of having a slave girl, and now that he was old and had the least use for one, none other than an daughter of the highest nobility served that purpose. What a daughter! And without having paid a single coin for her!

"Please, ma'am..." Dalma insisted impatiently. "I don't believe you will like what you are about to hear, my little slave girl. You are the luckiest of them all. You have free food, a roof over your head, and, who knows, my old husband might do you another favour!" Mrs. Mathaus began cackling again. "Being a slave of the Mathaus isn't so bad, is it?" asked the old man, reaching for her thigh under the table. Dalma was too impatient to protest. "Please, ma'am." "You see, dear, Orgon isn't very kind to his enemies. There doesn't seem to be much left of your father but his head, which is hanging by the city gates." "I've heard," added Mr. Mathaus licking his lips and closing his hand on the girl's leg, "that they broke all his bones on the millstone before feeding him alive to the dogs." Dalma lowered her head, trying to hide her tears from her masters. "And they also say the last thing he saw was his wife being raped by Orgon!" he laughed. "Some say that the way that whore was squealing, she must have been taking it up her ass!" Mrs. Mathaus also laughed.

Dalma couldn't hide her sobs anymore, so Mr. Mathaus moved closer to her as if to console her. "You know," he whispered in her ear, "you don't have to worry about your sister. Orgon himself has taken a fancy to her, and is taking good care of her. They say they've been behind closed doors for two days now!" The old man put his arm around her, reaching for one of her tits. "They also say that years ago Orgon used to secretly fuck your mother, who was such a whore, and that the girl is in fact his daughter."

"That's a lie! It's all lies! It can't be true!" she sobbed inconsolably at this news. "What could they be doing, just the two of them, behind closed doors for so long?" asked the old man, caressing the girl's naked thighs. His caresses came in the most insidious moments. "And my mother? What has become of my mother?" Dalma asked, upset. "She's right where a whore like her belongs." "Yes," interjected Mrs. Mathaus. "Orgon has sold her to the military brothel. I doubt she'll last long there, though," she laughed. Dalma hid her face in her manacled hands and started crying pathetically. "Come on now! Don't cry!" Mr. Mathaus consoled her while

feeling her up without shame. "We'll take care of you. Isn't that right, dear?" "That's right, little girl," replied Mrs. Mathaus. "Here you have nothing to worry about. No one is going to hurt you. Except us!" she guffawed.

That afternoon was truly hell for Dalma. Mr. Mathaus tied her to the plough with a pair of straps, one over each shoulder, which crossed in front between her breasts and were fastened at the back on a broad belt around her waist. The straps were long enough for the plough to remain three yards behind her naked body. Before starting to plough, the man decided to carefully test the straps and each of the fastenings. "Put your hands behind your neck!" he ordered. Dalma, not daring to refuse, obeyed uneasily. The manacles on her wrists were very heavy, so it was hard for her to remain in this position. Before she could react, Mr. Mathaus put a cord over her head and around her neck, binding her hands behind her head. Then he began his inspection. He slid his fingers under the straps and began to lower them down her shoulders. Upon reaching her breasts, he let go of the straps, and, trapping each nipple between and index finger and a thumb, he pulled outwardly, seating the cruel harness.

"Please," implored the girl with her eyes full of tears. "Don't you like having your Master touch your titties?" asked Mr. Mathaus, twisting the sensitive flesh left and right. "It's just that you're hurting me." "Your mother, the whore, loves having the tits fondled with which she breast-fed you." Sparks of hatred shot from Dalma's eyes. Mr. Mathaus realised this, and tweaked Dalma's nipples even harder. Dalma, bound as she was, couldn't defend herself, so she gradually changed her expression to one of supplication. "Aghhhh. I beg you, sir..."

"You know something, slave?" asked Mr. Mathaus, lowering one of his hands to her pussy. The last time I hitched up this plough, it was to a half-dead nag covered with flies that were eating it alive. What a difference!" Dalma defended herself by forcefully closing her thighs together. "Why do you resist?" asked Mr. Mathaus, tweaking her nipples again with both hands. "Haven't you learned how useless and painful that is?" Dalma realised how sensible these words were, and gently spread her legs. The disgusting fingers dug deep between her thighs. Tears of

rage and humiliation ran down her cheeks, dripping onto the hand that tortured her breast. Two rough, old fingers opened her. "Hmm! Still a virgin! A miracle now-a-days!" exclaimed the old man, sniffing his moist hand with delight. "Very well, little girl," he said, when he finally stopped fingering her. "Let's get to work!" With all his strength, Mr. Mathaus cinched up the belt two more notches, forcing Dalma to suck her belly in and stick her tits out.

The girl delighted him, and he especially enjoyed mistreating her so cruelly. Finally, he took the shackles off her ankles, but left her hands bound up uncomfortably behind her neck. "Plough!" he yelled, cracking the whip, which shone now with oil, above his slave's head. Dalma leaned forward and flexed her legs, but the plough remained stuck in the dirt. "Plough! Plough!" yelled Mr. Mathaus, still cracking the whip.

Dalma exerted herself with all her strength. Her legs, flexed fully, were a temptation the old man couldn't resist. He had before him, within reach of the whip in his fist, the bare, defenceless back, buttocks and legs of his young slave-girl. Without a second thought, Mr. Mathaus raised his arm and cracked the whip, striking the narrowest part of the girl's back, just above her kidneys.

Sssssswiiiiishhhhhh! Cracccckkkkkk!

It was a dry, dull blow which left a red mark on the skin which was already reddened by the sun. Dalma hadn't expected this cruel punishment, and jumped desperately in such a way as to pull the plough from the furrow where it had been caught. They advanced several meters. Dalma painfully buried her bare feet into the muddy earth, and put all her weight and strength into pulling the straps on her shoulders. The whip didn't stop cracking around her, giving her goose bumps.

Just pulling the plough was, in itself, torture, but pulling it with the threat of the whip, and with her hands bound behind her neck, was pure agony. Mr. Mathaus guided her from behind, devouring his beautiful beast of burden with his avid stare. Their advance was painful, but the spectacle was grandiose.

Two hours later, after they had completed two rows, Mrs. Mathaus appeared.

"Plough, pony! Plough!"

Ssssswiiiiishhhhhhhh! Cracccckkkk!

The whip struck Dalma on the hip, tripping her and causing her to fall to the ground. "Come on, bitch! Get up!" yelled Mr. Mathaus, whipping his slave-girl. Luckily, the lady stepped forward and grabbed his arm. "Leave her alone. You're going to kill her!" The man looked at her crazily. He didn't seem to understand. "Unhitch her, and lock her in the stable. Make sure she bathes, then chain her up for the night. Tonight she won't eat because she's so lazy."

Much against his will, Mr. Mathaus liberated the girl from the plough, and took her, half dragging her by the hair, to the stable. There, with her hands still bound behind her neck, he forced her to do her necessities in front of him. Then he cleaned her in the trough with his own hands. This was very humiliating for the girl. The old hands, dry but avid, felt up each inch of her body, and penetrated her most intimate parts. But the worst part was when he washed her hair. Mr. Mathaus grabbed her by the hair and dunked her head in the trough. The old man had fun dunking her head and pulling it out of the water at his whim. The girl, on her knees, with her hands behind her neck, couldn't stop him.

When Mr. Mathaus tired of this game, Dalma was half drowned, with her lungs full of water. The old man permitted her to recover for a few moments before chaining her up for the night. "Come and sit here," he ordered, indicating a place on the ground. There he tied her ankles wide apart with wet straps to a pair of wooden posts which held up the shelter. As they dried, the leather would dig into her flesh and pull more tightly on her legs. Then he took two thick, heavy tree trunks, and deposited them on the ground behind the girl, who stared at them in fear. "On your back!" he said. The girl turned her head and looked at the tree trunks without understanding. "Come on! What are you waiting for? Lay back! On the tree trunks."

Dalma leaned carefully back. One trunk met her back near the kidneys, just above the buttocks, the other crossed under her shoulders. The wrinkled bark hurt her skin, especially where the whip had left its marks. Mr. Mathaus removed the manacles from her wrists. The girl's arms were sore and numb from being bound for hours behind her neck. She couldn't resist... Mr. Mathaus crossed her wrists with the palms upward, above

her head, and, with another wet strap, tied them tightly to a beam in the wall. The old man contemplated his work with satisfaction.

The appetising body of his slave-girl was stretched as tightly as the string of a bow, with her legs spread very wide, supported only by the thick tree trunks that tormented her kidneys and her back. "Please, sir, don't go. Don't leave me like this," Dalma begged. Mr. Mathaus stood between her legs which had provoked him so much while she pulled his plough, and he grabbed her pussy. "When my wife falls asleep, I'll come back," he announced, rubbing the toe of his boot on his slave-girl's open pussy lips. You have quite a few hours to recover. If, when I return, you are obedient, I might remove the logs."

With another lugubrious laugh, which Dalma hated, Mr. Mathaus departed. Five minutes later, the straps dried and shrank, digging into the girl's tender flesh, and stretching her bound limbs even more tightly. Dalma, moaning in agony, didn't need any more time to recuperate...

That day wasn't much better for Elisabeth, the young mother of the Mathaus' slave-girl. The route taken from the Castle to the brothel wasn't, as one might have expected, the shortest. Bardo, the official who ordered the transport, complied with Orgon's precise commands. Elisabeth, naked and chained at her feet and hands, was obliged to run up and down the principal streets of the conquering city, to the beat of drums which repeated obsessively the death toll normally played while a criminal is being taken to the gallows. The entourage consisted of a cart pulled by two oxen, Bardo himself, half a dozen soldiers, a band of drummers and their conductor. Approximately five yards behind, the Lady of Corven followed them, pulled by a cord attached to her chained wrists. Two headsmen brought up the rear, hooded and wielding matching whips.

On each of the side panels of the cart there hung signs, which few inhabitants of Baden-Holdein were able to read, but which bore the words:

FOR HIRE IN THE MILITARY BROTHEL  
ONE SILVER COIN

The price of an hour with the splendid woman who captured the avid stares of all the curious people gathered in the streets. A veritable bargain! Anyone could afford it!

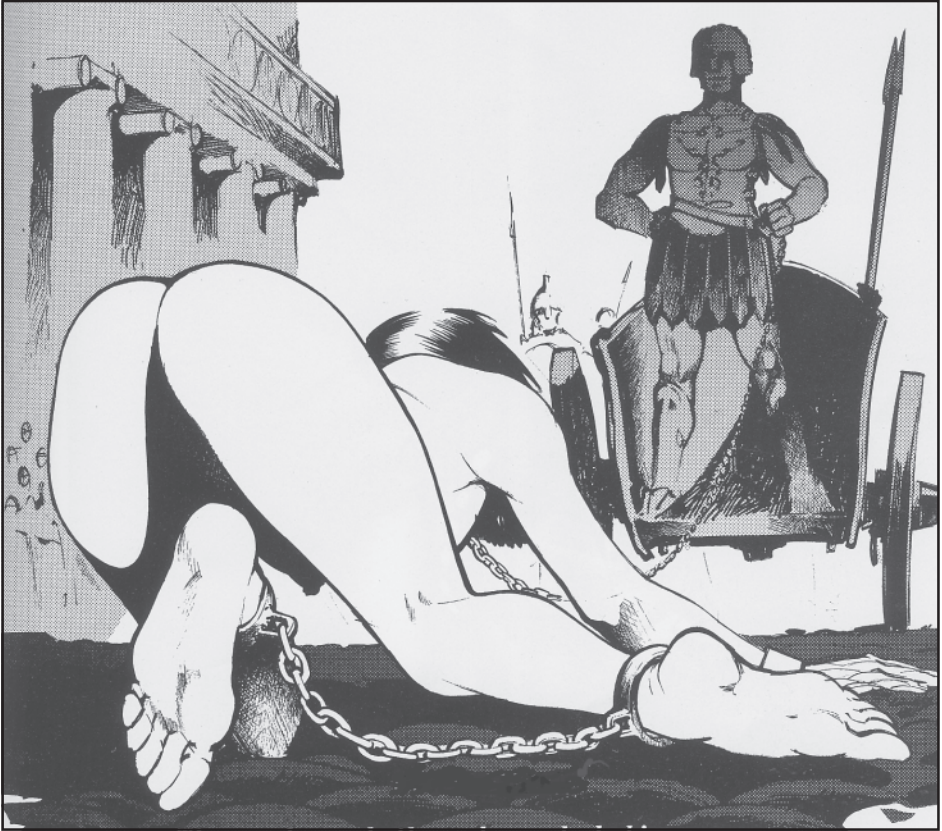
For Elisabeth, this journey was like Jesus's was to Calvary. Her bare feet ached, shackles wore sores in her ankles, and the leather whips lacerated her each time her step erred or faltered. In spite of the heavy chains on her ankles, the cord tugged on her wrists without any consideration, always faster than her legs seemed to be able to carry her...

The same mid-day sun beneath which Dalma was digging naked in the dirt, burned her skin and multiplied the effect of the whips. But perhaps the worst thing for Elisabeth was the humiliation of being submitted to such inhuman treatment in the city of her birth. The mocking of the neighbours, the lascivious glances of the men hurrying to the brothel, unbeknownst to their wives... The irate gaze of these wives, certain that their husbands would forsake their vows to them in order to indulge themselves in the indubitable charms of the beautiful captive...

People usually gathered en masse for these occasions, normally for criminals on their way to the gallows. The condemned were scorned, insulted and mistreated by the masses. Children, excited and encouraged by the violent behaviour of the adults, threw rotten eggs, tomatoes and even rocks... Why not? Upon her arrival in the central plaza, Elisabeth tripped and fell to the ground. Her legs collapsed after being dragged for such a long time with shackles on her ankles. The cart dragged her a few yards before Bardo signalled for it to stop. "Get up, you whore!" he yelled.

Elisabeth placed her hands on the ground, but amid the cruel laughter of the multitude gathered around her, Bardo pulled the cord, causing her to fall on her face in the dust. Then the official ordered two soldiers to place her in the cart. Multitudes of people gathered from all the nearby streets to see what was taking place. Bardo waited until the plaza was full, then he raised his captive's arms above her head and cruelly bent them behind her, forcing her back to arch and her tits to bristle for the crowd. All eyes were on the body of the prisoner. She had the best body a woman could have - sexier than any of the pariahs gathered there could ever hope to have. They couldn't even imagine it!

Yelling loudly, Bardo began to speak. "His Excellency, our victorious leader, Orgon, by right of conquest, places this whore at the disposition of his subjects for the price of one silver coin!" Cheers for Orgon and jeers and threats for Elisabeth filled the plaza and the surrounding neighbourhood. Bardo waited for everyone to calm down. "Register by name as soon as possible at the brothel, and reserve your hour with this whore." "Don't miss this opportunity!" he added, twisting his prisoner's arms back even farther...



**Get up, you whore!**

Confusion filled the plaza: pushing, yelling, fighting. By the time the procession renewed its march, only women and children remained there. By the time it arrived at the brothel, the cart was passing in front of a long line of men of all ages who were waiting their turn to register. There were already about fifty men, and more kept arriving. Elisabeth lowered her

head in humiliation. One of the headsmen took it upon himself to animate the crowd of patient citizens. Ssssssswiiiiiiiiishhhh!

Cracccccckkkkkkkk!

The end of the whip bit into the right buttock of the unfortunate woman, who, in spite of the weight of the chains and her fatigue, jumped like a frightened gazelle. The laughter and mocking increased. Bardo brought the cart to a halt. "I will also make you jump, bitch," said a young man with sunken eyes and a skeletal body. "They say you have a very tight little ass, you whore", laughed a bearded, middle-aged man.

Among these people who had endured and been terrorized by the priests of the Inquisition, sodomy was prohibited and punishable by death, even when practised within the holy bonds of matrimony. But a slave-girl was not considered human; therefore, this law did not apply. "How long do you get to be with her?" asked a toothless old man. "One hour for each coin, old man," answered the skinny young man with sunken eyes. "I'll pay three coins!" someone yelled. "I'll pay six! How about you?" "Just two, but I'll use the rod the priest won't let me use on my wife!"

Elisabeth looked up at the line of men to whom she would give herself in the next few days. They were plebes, vulgar men at whom she would never have considered looking in her life, the same people who would cheer her if she were to appear dressed up on a balcony at the Castle, or who would humiliate and use her in the most abject and vile ways in a filthy room at the whore house. Repressed men who regarded her with lust, their breathing agitated, their mouths (full of the gaps of missing teeth) open, and the most primitive desires consuming their dirty gonads...

Frightened by their leering, Elisabeth looked down at her breasts, of which she had been so proud. Suggestively pressed between her chained arms, she realised, bitterly, that they were offered to the view of those who would soon be taking advantage of them.

In a small plaza in Baden-Holdein, in front of one of the most popular businesses, the brothel, a very beautiful, tall, svelte brunette with a stunning figure and looking extremely feminine - obviously a woman of class, awaited nakedly and in chains, the arrival of the man in charge of the brothel where she would work for the rest of her life. Her back, buttocks and legs were marked by the whips of the headsmen. In front of her, a

long line of excited men stared at her, some of them touching themselves without shame...

The woman, humiliated, looked at the ground, but her noble bearing distinguished by her graceful silhouette bespoke only beauty and liveliness. She was about to enter the brothel from which, she knew, she would probably never live to escape.

Such was the lot of the conquered, and of anyone who dared to challenge Orgon the Invincible. A man of average stature, with a beard and a Moslem aspect, came out to meet the procession. He was probably about forty years old, with a large belly which was notable even beneath the tunic hanging down to his feet.

With a familiar gesture, he approached the woman and took her by the arm. In the same way he would have handled a goat, he examined her closely and had her turn to facilitate his inspection. The woman took a deep breath and raised her head with pride, choking back her own tears. The man, apparently satisfied, motioned toward the door and laconically told the woman to "enter".

Elisabeth was conducted directly to the basement of the brothel. The stairway was narrow and steep, with slippery steps too high for her to navigate quickly with shackles on her ankles. The Moslem, who followed behind her, waited patiently for her to reach the bottom. The place was dark and full of a nauseating stench. The man, who had not touched the woman since they entered the brothel, lit an oil lamp which feebly illuminated the walls of the basement and the dome which formed the ceiling overhead.

The floor was of moist dirt in which puddles had formed. Here and there pillars held up the rest of the building. The room was dismal enough as she saw it, but Elisabeth's heart sank completely when the Moslem lit the lamp at the far end of it. There at the back, between four pillars, the body of woman was hanging upside down by her ankles. Her long, blonde hair and her arms hung down inertly, with her hands reaching down to about a palm's length above the floor. Her body was covered with blood and an intricate pattern of wounds - some recently inflicted, some not. Her blood stained her hair and formed a small puddle under her hands.

Upon approaching her, Elisabeth saw with shock that a large wooden stake stuck out from between her buttocks. The poor woman, not much older than her, stared at her with wide desperate, blue eyes and moaned unceasingly.

But this was not all. Along the walls, cages had been installed in holes dug out of the dirt walls - small niches with bars not half a yard wide, and about a yard in height and depth. Six of them were occupied by young women who, stooped and curled up, observed her as they pressed against the bars.

The Arab took Elisabeth by the arm and placed her in front of a rough horizontal beam which was waist high. Without a word, he fastened her hands to a hook in the floor. The beam was just high enough so that her fingers and toes could reach the floor as she bent over it. Then the man bent down behind her and removed the shackles from her ankles. Elisabeth felt greatly relieved, in spite of the awkwardness of her position. Sadam, as the man in charge of the brothel was named, took a look at his new whore. He was glad she was older than most; all the others, except the one hanging upside down, were too young for his taste, and some of his clients preferred bodies which were more substantial.

Without a doubt, this woman's body was substantial! She was the shapeliest female ever to come into his possession! The brothel didn't open for business until the afternoon, and it was early, so he had time to dedicate to his new acquisition. In the position in which he had placed her, her buttocks were the most prominent part of her body, right in the point of the "V" formed by her long legs. They were big and prodigious, though not disproportional to her stature. Her skin was soft and smooth, and her flesh strong and hard. They were obviously meant for the whip and the cane. They would endure a lot of suffering marvellously! He looked down at her upside down back. The waist was as narrow as that of any of his adolescent whores, accented by her ample hips and majestic buttocks. He probed her tits. They were also large, heavy, firm and solid, and appeared to scream for the bite of the whip.

Satisfied, he surprised the woman, who was making fists, undoubtedly indignant at the treatment she was receiving. This reaction was quite

normal. Experience had taught him that mature, well educated women were more reluctant to accept their status as slaves than the younger ones. But this, of course, made them even more fun to tame. All in due time... Saddam turned around and placed himself in front of the magnificent butt belonging to his new toy. The woman desperately crossed her legs in an attempt to escape from his incisive glare.

Sadam grabbed her opulent buttocks, one in each hand, and began squeezing them, appraising the quality and texture of her flesh. Again he was satisfied. He attempted to separate them, but the woman was strong and resisted. Instead of insisting, Saddam bent over and ran his hands down her thighs, which seemed too long to reach the end of, and which she kept pressed tightly together. The woman was trembling. He continued his exploration at her calves and ankles. She had bloody feet from the long march through the streets of the city. He raised his view to the pleat formed by her buttocks and beginning of her thighs. This was a sensitive place which looked particularly good on this slave-girl. "Show me your toolbox, whore!" Elisabeth seemed not to understand at first, but it didn't require much imagination to figure out what he meant. Swallowing her pride, and with an air of fatalism, Elisabeth stopped pressing her thighs together and let them hang inertly. The beam upon which she rested dug cruelly into her hips. Saddam separated her buttocks with the thumb and index finger of his left hand. To his view appeared a vagina from which he would have to remove the hair (he'd soon take care of that) and a little butthole which had obviously been abused recently.

He decided to start with her vagina. Elisabeth reacted exaggeratedly, as if she'd been touched by a burning torch. Saddam liked this response; it indicated that the slave was sensitive. Unfortunately for her! He also liked the narrowness of her gash, and its velvety feel. With the right training in the next few days, she would be well able to give men boners! "NOOOOOOOOOOO!"

It was the first time Elisabeth had yelled in this basement, but it wouldn't be the last!

Sadam had merely brushed his finger against the orifice which enclosed her intestines. Usually he would be content with this small test of its elasticity, but it had been a long time, and this slave-girl deserved more

attention. Saddam lifted his tunic up and rested against the slave's shining ass. A pestilence very familiar to the occupants of the cages imposed itself on the stench which already reigned throughout the place, causing Elisabeth to vomit. From her inverted posture, she could see the hairy legs of her rapist, as well as his big balls and long, yellowish penis.

Why did all these pigs take her in such a painful and humiliating fashion? Saddam examined the penis of which he was so proud, and the closed circle of flesh he was about to penetrate with it. The position was perfect. The beam was always located at just the right height; the victim's comfort was of the least consequence.

Little by little, not heeding the moans of his new whore, he began opening her sore orifice until, with a loud "pop", it swallowed the entire head of his penis. The slave-girl kicked and screamed. Saddam enjoyed the incredible, tasteless damage he caused. "Stoppoooooooooooo!" screamed Elisabeth. "Get used to it, whore!" "Not to this... Please... NOOOOOO!!!!" For the next quarter of an hour, Saddam built, little by little, one of the most powerful orgasms he'd ever had. Raping in such a vile fashion the mythical and much-coveted Lady of Corven, who until then had been the exclusive morsel of knights and noblemen, contributed undoubtedly to the unique pleasure.

For Elisabeth, on the other hand, those were the longest moments in her life. When Orgon had raped her the same way, her soul had been too disturbed by the agony of her husband to feel the full effect, but now... Now she could even see it with her own eyes! The obscene coming and going of the long, yellowish penis which was pounding her guts, covered in blood... The pain...

The humiliation... The repugnance of feeling inundated by the presence of this stinking pig... When Saddam finally withdrew his filthy, flaccid penis, he directed himself to one of the cages along the foot of the wall where a brunette girl with clear eyes was enclosed. Upon seeing her, Elisabeth remembered her daughter Dalma. "Clean it!" ordered Saddam, sticking his dick through the bars. Elisabeth couldn't watch, but she heard the slurping sounds of the young mouth carefully accomplishing its disgusting mission. Elisabeth was so upset by what had just happened, she forgot that she'd been liberated from her chains until she fell to the

floor and Saddam told her to get back up.

Only with great effort was she able to do so. Her body ached all over, and was covered with bruises, as well as the marks of the whip which still burned, and the sores on her feet still tortured her, and her raped rectum added to her pure agony. What else could happen to her? Saddam grabbed her by the hair and placed her near where he'd just finished having his cock cleaned. "My little friend here will teach you quite a few things you need to know," he said, forcing her to stoop. Saddam opened the cage and pushed her inside. The young girl retreated to the back of the cage to make room for the new arrival. The Arab helped by pushing her in with his boot until he was able to close the cage door. "Explain everything to her," he told the girl. "If she breaks any rules, I will punish you both. Is this understood?"

"Yes, my Lord," responded the girl.

Before going away, Saddam took a fearsome, thick but tightly braided whip and beat the tits of the blonde woman who was still hanging from the ceiling. The body of this unfortunate woman, which appeared suddenly came back to life, writhed violently at the ends of the chains. Upon leaving, Saddam put out the lanterns.

Elisabeth and the girl manoeuvred in the darkness, trying to position themselves as comfortably as possible. Sitting on the floor, Elisabeth had her back to the bars, whereas the girl had her back to the wall. Letting her feet rest on the floor, Elisabeth placed her legs on either side of the young companion's body. Tania, as the girl was called, sat with her buttocks placed uncomfortably forward, her thighs raised slightly up and back, with her calves on top of Elisabeth's knees. Their pussies were pressed tightly together, and it was physically impossible to separate them. Elisabeth, at the end of her strength, started crying miserably, out loud. Tania reached forward as far as she could, and embraced her in silence. Little by little, Elisabeth became aware of the intimate contact of the young woman, and calmed down.

"I'm sorry," Elisabeth excused herself with a whisper. "I don't have any right to...." "Come, come," Tania consoled her with an unusual presence of mind for such a young girl. It was obvious that of the two women, the younger had the most reasons to cry. "The first day is the

worst," the girl lied compassionately. "How long have you been here?" asked Elisabeth between sobs. "Ten days and ten nights. Although it's hard to tell in the dark, I'm quite sure..." "What is this place?" "This is where we are locked up to rest." "To rest?" "From the time the sun comes up until late afternoon. That's when the clients come back." "The clients?" Elisabeth couldn't do more than repeat a few words between her sobs; she was unable to comprehend the exact dimensions of the situation she was in. "They take us out of the cages and make us clean ourselves up at the well by the entrance. Then we have to get dressed for them."

Tania interrupted herself, making it hard to follow what she was saying. "Then we go up to the first floor. There we serve as chambermaids, and some of us, depending on who's available, dance on the tables." "With who?" Elisabeth asked innocently. "By ourselves. They make us take off our clothes little by little to excite the men. You know!" To Elisabeth it seemed impossible that all this would actually happen, and even more incredible that such a young woman as Tania would be able to talk about it so calmly. "Th ... then, if any of the men take a fancy to you, you have to take him upstairs to the second floor."

Tania's slight stuttering didn't escape Elisabeth's notice. Thinking more of her daughters than her own misfortune, she hugged the girl. "Don't tell me if you don't want to..." The girl sobbed. "I believe it's good for me..." "Later, if you want," said Elisabeth, having regained her composure somewhat, after seeing the state that her young companion was in. "What's your name?" she asked, changing the subject. "Tania. What's yours?" "Elisabeth," Elisabeth responded. "How old are you, Tania?" "I don't know. I've lost count." "Tell me what happened, if you don't mind talking about it." "There's not much to tell. Orgon's men appeared, one day at my father's farmhouse, slit everyone else's throat and kidnapped me. I remember..." the girl's voice became more and more faint, "it was the man in charge who prevented me from being killed. He took a fancy to me, and kept me with him for a long time. By day I rode naked in his saddle. I remember his sweaty body sticking to my back."

Tania choked. Elisabeth caressed her hair affectionately. She reminded her so much of her own daughter! The girl continued her story amid afflicted sobs. "Every night he raped me, often from behind. Sometimes he turned me over to his soldiers. They were even worse. The obliged me

to do terrible things. "But about two weeks ago, he didn't return from a skirmish. You can't imagine how glad I was! But my joy was short lived. No one wanted to release me, nor keep me, so his companions sold me to Saddam. This is even worse, believe me!" "It's all right. It's all right," said Elisabeth. She wanted to add that everything would work out, but she didn't dare. "This is horrible. There are clients that - well, you'll see. Besides, there's Rashid, Saddam's brother. He's the one that teaches us." "What do you mean by that?" "Tricks with the clients, how to treat them, how to get more money from them, and, above all..." her own crying interrupted her enlightening discourse.

"Go on; keep talking. Above all what?" "The 'Prick'. It's horrible and very humiliating. It's one of the things I have to explain to you." Elisabeth waited in silence for the upset girl to regain her composure. "They keep it in the canteen where everyone can see it. It's a 'magic' rock, or so they say. What I can tell you is that it's very heavy - heavier than iron. A well polished pole goes through it. The pole is only about as thick as your finger. Whenever anyone asks you to, usually before taking you upstairs, you have to pass the test. It's hateful, I swear..."

"Tell me, what is the test?" Elisabeth pressed the girl, although she wasn't sure she wanted to hear what she would say next. "Sadam or Rashid grease the pole first, with butter, then place it on a table for all to see, with the pole sticking up. It's so degrading! All those men watching..." Elisabeth regarded the girl with affection. Her anguished eyes begged for sympathy and the affection she had lacked since the massacre of her family. "You have to get on the table and kneel over the pole, and stick it in you. You can imagine where. Then you have to rise and do whatever the client asks you to do, until he's satisfied, but without letting the rock fall. I can assure you that this isn't an easy task. That damn rock weighs about four pounds, and it's so wide that you can't close your legs around it. What's more, the pole is not only greased, it's very narrow."

"Why do they do this?" asked Elisabeth, noticing Tania's bald pussy against her own hairy one. "Can't you guess?" "No, not really." "Well," said Tania, with sudden timidness, "it's thought that if you can lift the rock and hold it, you can make a man very happy." This seemed crazy to Elisabeth, like an abominable obscenity. "And you say it weighs more than four pounds?" she asked. "Yes, and the pole is very slick." "I won't

be able to do that." "That's why we have Rashid to teach us. In the morning, during our free time, he'll be glad to teach you and train you as much as you want!" "What?" "Learn quickly. For your sake and for the rest of us. If you don't, they'll punish you down here, and your screams will keep all of us awake."

Elisabeth shook, thinking of the harshness and selfishness of what the girl had just explained to her, but she understood. In that basement they lived on borrowed time, at the mercy of any degenerate who, in a drunken stupor, might decide to end their lives. Something instinctive caused her to try it on her own. She flexed the muscles in her belly as if she were gripping something with her vagina.

Tania did the same. Elisabeth was startled as she felt the girl's pussy against her own. This was a sensation she had only felt with her husband. "And that woman?" "The one hanging there?" "Yes..." "She's stupid," Tania stated simply. "Why? What did she do?" "Just because. She's been here longer than any of us, but she behaves like a sanctimonious prude. It's been three days since we've slept, thanks to her!" "But why?" "She refused to play games with a fat fish who was in here, named Rodrigo, Orgon's busy-body." A cold sweat broke out on Elisabeth's brow upon hearing the traitor's name. "He's one of the worst clients," Tania continued. "From what she told me, he didn't used to come here very much, but now he comes here almost every day - apparently because he's so taken with her. She says he prefers women like you who are a little older than the rest of us."

Elisabeth started to tremble. Tania, pressed against her, vagina to vagina, let out a pleasant sigh. "I'm sorry," said Elisabeth, suffocating, and becoming alarmed by the sensations caused by the girl who seemed so much like her daughter Dalma. "Don't worry. I don't mind. On the contrary," said Tania shamelessly, "you might as well get used to this." Elisabeth, having been intrigued by the thought of Rodrigo and the woman hanging in the dark, didn't realise what the girl was suggesting. "What happened with Rodrigo and this poor woman?" she asked. "That son of a bitch enjoys sitting on his whore's face. You know what I mean?"

Elisabeth was about to answer "no", but the repugnance of what she suspected prevented her. "I suppose I can imagine," she answered. "And

this silly bitch refused. Instead of doing what he wanted and getting it over with, he forced the man to tie her up, and well, then he told Saddam on her, and Saddam became furious. Imagine, none other than Orgon's right arm. They say those two are close, they say they're like sphincter and shit."

Elisabeth closed her eyes. Rodrigo! What if he paid to be with her? Perhaps this would be the way to end it all, once and for all... She tried to take her mind off of everything she'd just been told, and the oppressive basement around her. The darkness and the intimate contact with her young companion helped. Her head was spinning. With odd naturalness, two hard nipples pressed against hers, which responded with a burning sensation. A fresh young breath sought her lips. Elisabeth moved her pubis, this time slowly and on purpose, as much as the confines of the cage would permit. She lowered her hands and caressed the slender thighs pressed against her legs. "Thanks," Elisabeth murmured between kisses. "It's better this way," whispered Tania with her voice broken with passion. "Why?" asked Elisabeth hotly, without stopping the undulation of her hips. "It's one of the things they make you do upstairs," answered Tania after a long pause. "Gracious! Really?"

A few hours later, a tremendous sound caused the two women to jump in their cages, they had been so absorbed in their tender experience. The light of the lamps illuminated the room again, and Elisabeth, who couldn't see what was happening behind her, heard steps coming closer. "It's Rashid," Tania whispered in her ear.

Elisabeth took advantage of the opportunity to take a good look at her improvised lover. She was merely a girl with dark, chestnut hair and big, pale eyes, with a round face, a small mouth, and a flat, upturned nose. Her skin was very pale, and her breasts were small. Elisabeth heard what sounded like a body fall to the floor, and a groan. "He let her down," Tania explained. "I think he's going to lock her up now."

The sound of a body being dragged through the dirt confirmed what the girl said. Elisabeth continued looking thoughtfully at the girl. The girl must have had at least a dozen orgasms in the short time they'd been pressed against each other in the dark. She hadn't been able to cum herself, but the experience had helped and comforted her. And pleased her! It

wasn't the same as it had been with her husband, but almost!

The steps came closer, the cage opened, and Elisabeth fell onto her back. Rashid dragged her out of the cage by her hair, then fished Tania out. "Well, well, the two little whores have been playing together!" he commented, seeing their wet thighs. "Yes, Master," they both answered at the same time. To never lie, and to always address men as "Master" were two of the many things Tania had explained to Elisabeth that day. Another thing she'd taught her was that her cage must remain clean. If she couldn't keep from defecating while enclosed, she had to bury her shit with her own hands. Without letting go of Elisabeth's hair, Rashid took her to the well, a sort of washing tub with icy water in it, and he threw her in.

Elisabeth bathed herself meticulously, as Tania had explained to her she must. Upon finishing, she perfumed herself behind her eyes and between her legs, as was also the rule. "Turn around and join your hangs behind your back. Today you will work on hair." Elisabeth obeyed, although she was disconcerted. Rashid used one strap to cinch her wrists together so that her hands were palm to palm, then another to bring her elbows together.

When they went upstairs, Rashid obliged her to get on her knees and crawl into a narrow cage, made entirely of bars. When she was inside, he tied the strap at her elbows to a bar in the ceiling. Elisabeth was forced to remain with her arms and the back of her neck pressed against the bars in the top of the cage. The shallowness of the cage prevented her from closing her knees. Rashid used a winch and creaking chains to raise the cage over his head. "This is a showcase," he explained. "The customers have a right to see what they're paying for." Then he returned to prepare her companions. The clients would soon start arriving.

Luckily for Dalma, Mrs. Mathaus fell asleep quickly. The straps were completely dry, digging into her ankles and wrists and pulling her joints as far as they would go without breaking. The two logs dug mercilessly into her vertebrae. Even though the night was cool, Dalma sweated as if under the noonday sun. Seeing the light of a lamp burst into the room

through the door seemed like divine providence.

Mr. Mathaus was dressed in his dirty pyjamas, which was frayed all the way down to his feet, and a wool night cap. He looked even older than he was. "How's my little slave-girl?" he asked without untying her. "Are you going to do whatever I tell you to?" Dalma nodded her head. "That's what I like!" he said, kneeling between her legs, which were spread and stretched to the breaking point. He checked to make sure the straps were digging into her flesh as he'd planned, and congratulated himself: "Good job!" he said. From the ground he picked up a handful of straw and brushed it against the sole of one of her feet. Dalma, not expecting this, tried to pull back her leg, but a terrible cramp took over her calf. "Mmmmmffff....!" "What's wrong? Don't you want Old Man Mathaus to take care of you?" Hysterical, Dalma shook her head, but Mr. Mathaus, impervious to her answer, stooped down before his slave's young pussy, which was opening and closing, and sniffed it with his big, Jewish nose full of hair.

What a delight! He began to kiss it passionately with his dry lips, and to lick it with his rough tongue, provoking more cramps in the tired limbs of his victim. He would continue until he forced out of the tortured girl the elixirs which he longed to drink. Since he was a young man he had enjoyed tasting the juices of a woman in heat, so why wouldn't he taste his slave-girl's? Dalma, with her entire body aching, her wrists and ankles feeling as if they'd been cut off, cursed her body a thousand times for letting the decrepit old man get what he wanted from her. But in spite of how much his caresses disgusted her, her pussy reacted by becoming moist, preparing its membranes for the foreseen assault.

When Mr. Mathaus was tired of drinking from between the legs of his young slave-girl, he jumped on her. That's when Dalma believed she was about to die, but later she would discover that in the dungeons of the Inquisition, a young body like hers would be able to endure all this and much more. Mr. Mathaus twisted and turned like a mangy dog running in sand, but to no avail...

His penis, withered for years, kept rubbing against the open, burning petals of his slave-girl's vagina, but without penetrating it. Dalma, with her back about to break, her legs racked by cramp, and her shoulders

nearly dislocated, prayed to God that the pig would finally be able to consummate his desire and so end the horrible torture. But it was a long time since God had listened to any of the prayers from the people of Corven...

Mr. Mathaus, trying to relieve his frustration by brutalising the body of his innocent slave-girl, grabbed a knife which he had stuck in the ground near her head, and cut her right arm loose. "Go to work, slave!" he ordered with a sinister voice. The torture made Dalma understand right away. With great pain, she lowered her hand to the belly of the man who had taken over her existence, and felt around in search of his ridiculous little penis. Finally, she found something tiny, wet and gelatinous to the touch. Immediately, she began stroking it diligently. The man, to facilitate things, grabbed her by the tits and dug his nails in to keep from falling off of her.

Dalma kept caressing his cock until he let out some weak groans and seemed to be about to have a heart attack. After persisting and enduring her master's exaggerated dramatics, she felt something moisten her hand. Mr. Mathaus remained lying on top of his slave-girl like a corpse. He could barely breathe, and his slobber fell in torrents on Dalma's congested face.

When he finally recovered, he was too weak to do anything more than look at her, so he left her the way she was. When he reached the door, he seemed to regain his strength, and he retraced his steps back to Dalma. He still had enough strength to retie her right wrist with another wet strap, which he passed between her legs and tied behind her around her waist. When Mr. Mathaus closed the door to the stable behind him, Dalma remained bound as before, but with her right hand tied in place over her vagina, and a wet leather strap running down the middle of it, spreading the lips.

Dirty and humiliated, with her back in so much pain it felt as if it would break, and her limbs nearly dislocated, she couldn't stop thinking about the strap which seemed to be cutting her in half. How much worse it would be when it dried!

While her daughter prayed to Heaven for the morning to come, Elisabeth exerted herself to keep the Prick from falling from her exhausted cunt. Hanging from the ceiling in the small cage, all the clients witnessed her efforts. Each time the rock fell, Rashid probed the Lady of Corven's abused sphincter with a broom handle. Elisabeth would scream and writhe in the bird cage, racked in pain while the men laughed like children. Then Rashid would try again, lifting the rock and shoving it up the sex slave's pussy, but not before greasing the stick again.

Elisabeth would close her eyes and squeeze with all her might on the slippery wood. "One! Two! Three! Four...!" the men who knew how to count would yell, pausing between each number.



This went on all night, and none of the men seemed to get bored -

especially not Rashid. She finally made it to one hundred, which was quite a feat, even for Tania, who mingled among the tables, enduring the obscene caresses of the men she served. "She's the finest of whores," proclaimed Rashid with enthusiasm. "Few whores accomplish this their first night." Sadam, who also appeared content, was even more optimistic. "In one week she will learn to stick it in herself." This was based on an old legend retold by everyone. They fantasised that slave-girls in the Orient could grab the Prick without using anything but their contracting pussy muscles.

While the Lady of Corven practised such noble exercises, her eldest daughter, Shelma, slept exhaustedly. She'd spent two days with Orgon and his monstrous penis - especially with his penis.

The powerful ruler observed her with satisfaction, delighted by his own luck. The girl lay beside him, stretched out on the skins, displaying all her beauty. Her breathing was reposed and tranquil, her dreams apparently foreign to her misfortune. Her wrists were tied behind her back, and she lay with her legs together and the ankles crossed.

He couldn't stop staring at her. She was perfect. Her ample shoulders... The breasts he had used so well, pressed together when he caressed them... The lips - what a delight! A trim figure, with provocative hips... A soft, flat belly... Long thighs, velvety to the touch, but strong... Small feet... He had not yet fucked her. The girl remained as much a virgin as when the two of them were shut in together two days ago, in the room without furniture.

He had not fucked any of her three cavities, although a slave-girl should serve her lord. No. Orgon wasn't in a hurry. Thus it was more pleasurable. Not content with the fact that she had emptied his balls dozens of times, albeit only with her small hands, her agile tongue, her persistent lips, and her adorable tits. Everything in the room smelled of semen: the skins, the girl - everything. He moved closer to her. Her body had been covered and covered again by sperm, which had dried, especially on her belly.

His dick became hard again. It was prodigious. He rose and gave his

sleeping beauty's belly a kick. Shelma's eyes opened. The innocent, angelical expression suddenly became a frightened grimace. She had returned to hell.

Each time she woke up, it was the same. The girl rose to her knees and began kissing her father's over-sized balls. Orgon brought her up onto her feet. He took the cord from her wrists and used it to tie her elbows behind her back. He adjusted it so that her tiny hands would be able to reach up beside her tits. The girl knelt back down. She knew what her father wanted. With the knack of an experienced whore and the grace of a consummate ballerina, little Shelma took the monstrous cock between her breasts and wiggled her torso with an irresistible eroticism. The glans slid in the lubrication created by her sweat.

"Come on. That's it. Keep going!" The thick head, which was the size of a baby's fist, disappeared and reappeared between her firm young tits, as they formed and reformed themselves in a wake around its passage. As Orgon's excitement mounted, Shelma hastened her rhythm and accented her movements. Her cleavage ran the entire length of the phallus they serviced, from the heavy testicles to the tip of the head, where the trembling eye opened and closed. It was so large that when she caressed the swollen balls, the penis was between her eyes, giving her the opportunity to lick and kiss it, which she did with seeming devotion.

Little by little, the sex slave took her lord to higher and higher levels of ecstasy. Orgon wanted to throw himself on top of her and choke her with his cock, but he restrained himself. He knew that her soft caresses would elevate him to infinitely higher levels of ecstasy. Shelma noted the semen being discharged from his balls, which she kept caressing, and she felt the semen begin its journey up through his cock, searching for a vagina that wasn't there...

The ejaculation was what repulsed her the most. Before her eyes, the tremendous fountain of thick, abrasive sperm surged again, covering her face and her naked torso. Conquering her nausea, she kept squeezing Orgon's balls between her tits until nothing was left to come out of them. Orgon furiously took a step back; the slave-girl looked at the floor in fear. A resounding slap knocked her back onto the skins. Barely a drop of her father's semen had landed on the floor.

## *Interlude*

At a small farm across the River, only a few leagues from the city, a very young, naked, svelte brunette pulled a plough with all her might under the high, hot sun. Behind her an old man, who could have been her grandfather, guided the plough and struck her back with his wicked ox whip whenever her step faltered. The girl had worked like this all morning, and would continue working like this all day. When night fell, she would eat something and give the impotent old man a hand job. This life and none other was that of a beautiful, healthy girl in the bloom of her life, condemned by some strange destiny to be a slave-girl in a small field in the country.

In the city, deep in the brothel's basement, six girls tried futilely to get some sleep while enclosed in their small niches excavated in the stone walls. In the middle of the room, a woman, who was completely naked and very bloody, hung upside down from the ceiling. Her hands were bound behind her with a cord, and her hair was bound by another cord behind her neck.

Her face was not clearly visible. It was stuck in a large container half full of faecal matter. The stench was horrible. The woman had her forehead and her eyes buried in the shit, her nose barely above its surface. Every once in a while, a pot-bellied Arab, who didn't smell much better, would remove the shit and smear the rest of the poor woman's face with it. "I'll teach you to be such a delicate whore," he said.

Nearby, another woman, of splendid beauty, green eyes and jet black

hair, with a stylised figure and torrid contours, tried to do the impossible in order to please another Arab, who was as filthy and stinky as the first. The man lay on his back in the mud with his hands behind his head, tranquilly enjoying the efforts of the woman. Naked like the day she was born, the delicious woman sat astride him with her legs on each side of his huge belly. She desperately held his penis, trying every way she could to give him the best orgasm he'd ever had in his life. This was not at all easy. He was used to having the prettiest women give themselves to him without holding anything back. She would be lucky if she could even get him off.

They formed an odd couple. The woman was obviously a woman of class, with refined movements and a bearing which, aside from desperation, denoted a broad-minded intellect and a cultivated spirit. The man was little more than a lucky cretin. "Squeeze harder, you whore," he said with a threatening tone. "Squeeze my dick as if you were trying to wring it out!" The woman, who had been doing just that for hours, had tired belly muscles. But, she redoubled her efforts. The man felt it, but it didn't seem to help. "Harder, whore!" he yelled.

The unfortunate woman gripped the man's shoulders, which she was leaning on, until her fingernails sank in, but the Arab didn't complain. Some of his clients liked this sort of entertainment. Without breaking the rhythm of the caresses she was applying with her velvety interior, the woman leaned forward and brushed her erect nipples against the man's torso. With her eyes closed, she rested her full, sensual, irresistible lips on her sex partner's filthy ear. She gave it a nibble, and licked his greasy cheeks, working her way toward his foetid mouth, which she gave the most lascivious kiss she could.

She ran her tongue over his lips, opened his rotten, yellow teeth, stuck her tongue in and explored his mouth. She almost puked. There was no reaction. The man remained unaffected by her efforts; his hands remained tranquilly beneath his head. In his opinion, what the woman did wasn't wrong, but she still had a lot to learn. Which was fine, thought Rashid. It would be his pleasure to teach her! "If you can't get me off," he told her, "you'll spend the afternoon on the chair." The woman raised her desperate green eyes and directed them toward "the chair". The chair was a pole about one and a half meters high, upon which was erected a horrible

wooden stake the size of a horse's dick.

That was where she would almost certainly remain seated until that afternoon when the brothel opened for business. She would sit there with her arms bound behind her back, the stake buried deep inside her, and her feet gripping the chair to keep from having her insides perforated. This and none other was the life of a sex slave, condemned to a life sentence in a brothel.

In the Castle erected upon the ridge overlooking the city, Orgon, its Lord, prepared to eat. A girl with blonde hair and dark skin, dressed in the finest clothes of silk, waited close to his feet. She was his newest sex slave. Her wrists were bound before her with the same cord that went around her thighs and forced her to lean slightly forward. She remained very quiet; even if she had wanted to, she couldn't have gone very far, because her ankles were bound and tied to a hook in the floor. Other cords were bound tightly under her breasts and kept her arms close to her sides. She was gagged, and trembled with fear. She couldn't help it.

She trembled whenever her master was close to her. Orgon, the Lord of the Castle, of the city and of all the lands near that part of the River, rose and approached her. He was a dark-skinned giant who looked like a Moslem. He was an old slave who, thanks to his physical stature and his immeasurable ambition and evil cruelty, had become the most powerful man in the kingdom. He circled the girl twice. She followed his movements with her eyes, not daring to turn her head.

The giant raised his hands and ripped her dress open, down to her waist. A pair of magnificent breasts rewarded his eyes. She was very pretty. The girl's trembling became even more noticeable. The man sat and began eating, clutching a sword in his left hand, unable to take his eyes off her full breasts.

Between drinking wine and burping, he occasionally lashed the girl's naked torso with a whip he kept on the table. The girl's posture, as she leaned slightly forward with her arms bound in front of her, caused her to offer him her back, her shoulders, and, of course, her marvellous tits -



She was his newest sex slave...

especially their sensitive nipples. Little by little, her skin became reddened. The whip didn't break her skin, but caused it to sting in an atrocious manner. The helpless slave-girl kept an eye on her master. She tried to determine what his cruel intentions were - when and where he would strike her next. But that was futile. He always surprised her. A shoulder, her waist, the middle of her back, the base of a breast, a nipple... He was very skilful with the whip - truly an artist. When he'd finished eating, Orgon yawned. It was time for a nap, which was when the Tyrant liked to give the freest rein to his sexual excesses.

The blonde, dark-skinned, green-eyed slave-girl whom he had whipped while he ate, waited on her knees with a blindfold over her eyes by her master's rickety old bed. A leather strap was cinched tightly around her throat, and a chain attached to it kept her from leaving. She'd been there a long time, unable to see, in silence, waiting... Orgon observed her as he sat in a rocking chair with a cup of wine in his hand. His new toy fascinated him. She was beautiful - very beautiful; but above all, she was tremendously sensual! Everything about her was truly provocative: her gestures; her speech; the way she looked around; the way she walked, ran, cried and suffered... Her perfume... Everything about her fascinated him.

And her body! Her body was irresistible. It was warm, young, soft and delicate. Her skin, the colour of dark honey, shone adorably in the light of the oil lamps. She was his daughter, and she was naked.

"Raise your ass higher!" he ordered.

The girl bent even more at the waist, and her sublime buttocks rose a bit more. He was fascinated. She was such a unique specimen - an explosive mixture of races. She had a rebellious nature, a provocative stare, and passionate gestures from the South. But she also had the icy beauty common in the North: her eyes, her hair, and her sculpted svelteness.

He sat his cup on the floor and opened his pants. Sometimes he surprised himself with his own monstrous dimensions! Then he strode to the girl and removed the chain from her collar, but not the blindfold from her eyes. Then he stepped away from her and grabbed his whip.

"Seek! Seek!" he yelled at his bastard daughter, as if at a dog. The girl lifted her head and attempted to orient herself toward the sound of his voice. The strong, rancid odour of her father filled the room to such a degree that it seemed impossible to locate him merely by using her sense of smell. She crawled haphazardly forward on her hands and knees. The tremendous lash of Orgon's whip let her know she was going the wrong way. She veered to the left. Swiiisshhh!!! Craaacckkk!!! The pain felt terrible. She tried again. Swiiisshhh!!! Craaacckkk!!! Again she tried. Swiiisshhh!!! Craaacckkk!!! Her ass had reddened, but she finally noted a direction in which her father's stench was a bit more intense. He was in front of her. Her small hands found the extra large feet belonging to the man who was abusing her.



«Raise your ass higher!»

As he had already taught her himself, she arched her back so that her

breasts rested against his legs. Then, little by little, she rose on her knees, rubbing against the thighs of the man who had given her life, whom she now served as a sex slave. The unbearable stench of his penis, which she had become accustomed to smelling, let her know when she had reached the correct height. The man groaned when his slave-girl's tongue made contact with his cock. He trembled. Just thinking that the naked, blindfolded beauty between his legs was his own daughter drove him crazy. That day he would force her to do something new; the little girl would reach another rung in the ladder down, the ladder of the miserable existence to which she had been condemned. But all in good time. There was no hurry. Taking it slow made it all the more delicious. The girl saw it from a different point of view. The man she served, who had turned out to be her father, nauseated her. His skin repulsed her, as did his odour, his exaggerated musculature, his oversized penis, and his thick, endlessly gushing semen!

His lack of manners, his excruciating cruelty, his brutality, and his sadism also disgusted her, as did the way he walked and talked, and looked at her and humiliated her. She especially hated the way he touched her. She was there only by force of arms, as part of his conquest. She formed part of the spoils of war waged by brutal, ignorant savages. Furthermore, as attested by everyone, including her own mother, that pig was her father!

The man backed up little by little toward the bed. His slave-girl followed him on her knees, offering the tribute she knew she must to his genitals. The man sat in the middle of the bed, on a cushion, with his back resting against the head-board. The girl climbed onto the bed and crawled between his legs. The moment had arrived. "Stick it in your mouth, slave," he told her.

She hesitated. Her eyes were blindfolded, but she remembered the size of his erect penis. The man stuck his dick out even farther, not wanting to miss a moment of her attentions. Full, velvety, sensual young lips threatened to scrape his dick raw in their fury. Her jaws almost became dislodged. Her nausea heightened. This lesson would take hours. The slave-girl, taking precise instructions from her father, learned to use her lips, her tongue, the insides of her cheeks and even her teeth. She also learned to recognise by touch alone, the most sensitive parts of her father's

dick, which gave him the most pleasure when stimulated correctly: the edge of the orifice, its interior, of course, and the long, sensitive ridge beneath it. She also learned the secrets of using her mouth on it as if she had speech impediments. Her concerned teacher also taught her how to gauge just the right amount of saliva to lubricate his dick with, and just the right amount of pressure with which to suck and to lick... He also taught to tirelessly fondle his heavy balls with both hands, burying her fingers in his nut sack but being careful not to hurt him.

After an hour of this training, she was still as nauseated as when she started. Her jaws were numb, her lips split, and her tongue exhausted, but she'd learned her lessons well, and she had developed as much skill with her mouth as an expert prostitute. The man regarded her with delight. The view from his position was sublime. Her long legs, half spread, one stretched and the other tucked under herself so that the knee could support her... Her dark, athletic buttocks, the narrow waist which was hidden behind her arched back, the shoulders protruding from her blonde mane... Most of all, her face excited him. Her tense lips, her cheeks which were sunken as she sucked... It was too bad her eyes were blindfolded. Her expression would be a feast!

And amid all that beauty, his own genitals. His cock was as hard as a bar of iron. Only a small fraction of it had disappeared in his slave-girl's mouth - just the head, but it filled her mouth completely! Orgon was satisfied - very satisfied. But not completely satisfied. What he wanted that night, was to use his sex slave's throat.

"On your knees, slave! But be careful not to let it escape." He enjoyed calling her his "slave" all the time. He hadn't called his other slave-girls "slave" as frequently, but with his daughter, it was different. The girl rose to her hands and knees, being careful to keep the head of his penis, which she found repulsive, in her mouth.

"Cross your hands behind your back."

She obeyed. This posture was uncomfortable, but not impossible to maintain. She kept sucking her father's dick fervently. Orgon tied her wrists behind her back, then grabbed her by the hair with both hands. "Lie back down." The girl felt more threatened than ever. She couldn't rest on her hands, and her bent torso was held up only by her hair. If the

monster let go of her... Orgon wrapped his legs around her, gripping her. Beside himself, he contemplated the portion of his own cock which remained outside his sex slave's parted lips. A foot in length? It was too simple! It was too exciting! The girl finally realised what was going on, but couldn't do anything about it but pray. The man looked at the body of his slave-girl, unable to resist a minute more. With his teeth clenched, he brutally lowered his daughter's head until her lips were against his pubic bone. The girl kicked, using her legs to seek support for herself which didn't exist, and to free herself from the stake that had transfixed and was choking her. The man closed his eyes and felt his daughter's teeth, but there was too much pressure on her jaws for them to do any damage. He felt the trembling of the choking body, which vibrated as it remained impaled on his masculinity, and, above all, he felt the up to then virgin throat struggling to rid itself of his cock and breathe.

"This is your next lesson, slave, and learn it well, because it's what pleases your father most." Little by little, he guided his daughter's face, gripping her head with both hands. He did it slowly, almost carefully. He raised her head until the head of his penis barely penetrated her throat, then he forced it down as far as it would go. He repeated this procedure an innumerable number of times. Everything in the girl beat like a heart to the rhythm of this pitiless rape. She breathed when the penis was almost out, the desired death when it penetrated her again. The man felt his satisfied penis throat the delicate throat it was coursing in and out of. It amazed him how flexible the body of a young sex slave could be. That must have been why they were so expensive, he thought, impressed. He stared at her; Shelma's face was congested and swollen. She no longer kicked, nor resisted with the same squirming. Finally, the moment came to finish what he'd started. The night was very long, and there would be more such occasions. Snorting like a bull, he curled her hair up in his hands and forced her head up and down on his cock in a cruel, diabolical rhythm until he had a furious orgasm.

It only lasted half a minute, but the girl, lost somewhere between life and death, endured in her throat the most bestial throes and the longest ejaculation... Something hot and sticky filled her belly as a thick, dark cloud encompassed her mind, leaving her unconscious. The girl was no more than a sex slave in a castle, captured during a war campaign and condemned to such abject servitude until her dazzling beauty faded, or

death rescued her from such a horrifying fate. What did these women have in common? A lot. The same green eyes, the three were slave-girls, and the same blood ran through their veins.

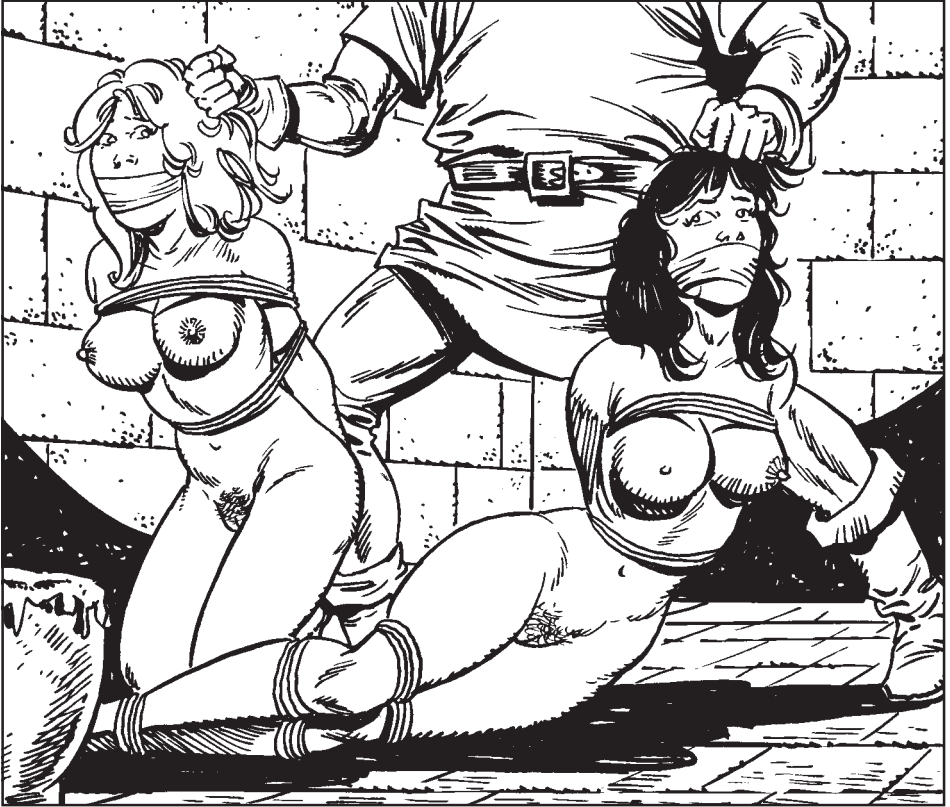
## *The night before the great celebration...*

The next day, there would be a big party. Baden-Holdein would celebrate the victory over Corven with all the pageantry that such an occasion deserved. People from all over the kingdom would come to the celebration. Many would come of their own free will, but many would be forced to attend - some in chains. Monsignor was a lean, austere fanatic with his own extreme convictions. Everything related to happiness was, according to his doctrine, a demonic perversion - an atrocious sin. He lived only for his ministry, for the mission of the Most High, and His Holiness had sent him on a mission to this world full of sinners, blasphemers and heretics. He went tirelessly from village to village, ranch to ranch, and from castle to castle in search of some unmistakable sign of the evil doer.

Monsignor Florentino had been commissioned by the Holy Office in those lands, and bore the title of Grand Inquisitor. He was God on Earth. He was even more feared than Orgon. As in every age, the balance of power was precarious, and the Inquisitor and Orgon were obliged to get along with each other. They despised each other, but their relationship was superficially cordial. "I have heard, Excellency," the Italian cleric addressed Orgon as was his custom, "that in Corven, witchcraft and sodomy were habitual - especially among the nobility." The men were conversing on their way to the dungeons where the jailers hastened to prepare the slave-girls for an auction which was to be held the next day. "Please excuse my ignorance of these matters, my Lord. I had no idea..." "To each his own station, and to the Holy Office all, as the saying goes, Excellency."

A cowed guard opened the heavy door to the hallway which had cells

all along both sides of it. I hope my Lord will know how to excuse the boldness," explained Orgon. "but I have taken it upon myself to separate two prisoners whom I believe may have copulated with Satan." The guard pulled back the elaborate bolt on the door, and the three men entered a lugubrious cell, which was illuminated only by the dim light from the hallway. Orgon stooped, grabbed two naked women by the hair, and dragged them into the light at the doorway.



"Here you have them, my Lord," he said, displaying the bound and gagged girls. "When we captured them, they smelled of sulphur." Whenever Orgon turned a slave-girl over to the Inquisition, he always made the same accusation. It was a small detail of no importance. Monsignor Florentino couldn't have cared less. As far as he was concerned, any woman capable of exciting a man's lust deserved the gallows. And the two unfortunate women Orgon was showing him appeared well capable of this crime! "That's a grave accusation, Excellency. Sulphur is a

blasphemous, heretic element," Florentino commented as he approached the prisoners, neither of whom appeared to be older than sixteen or seventeen. "I will investigate immediately." "I understand, my Lord. Tonight?" "Yes, much better at night. It's the new moon, and Satan won't be able to interfere." "Here, or in your quarters, my Lord?" Florentino hesitated dubiously, then said, "I'll come down here where morning never comes, and where sin is hidden. I don't want to contaminate your castle, Excellency." "Will my Lord need anything in particular?" "No, I have brought everything I need in my luggage."

That night, at the small farm by the River, there was a fierce argument. Mrs. Mathaus caught her husband with their young slave-girl in the stable. The girl, with her hands bound behind her back, was on her knees between her decrepit husband's feeble legs as he looked up at the ceiling with a blank, idiotic stare. "I warned you, whore!" yelled the woman, irately kicking the girl to the ground. "And you, you disgraceful old man, pull your pants up and chain her back up. Tomorrow I will take her to the Castle." "No! Please! Ma'am, I didn't..." implored the terrified girl. But, seeing that the woman wasn't in the mood to hear her pleas, she decided to appeal to her husband. "Sir, I beg you. I will do whatever you want; you won't even have to tie me up. But whatever you do, please don't send me to the Castle!"

This was too much for Mrs. Mathaus, who, beside herself, grabbed the girl by the hair and dragged her to the stable. There she kicked the girl's tits and belly until Dalma lost consciousness. Then she took the girl back to her husband in chains. "Let's rest, my dear husband," she said in the most conciliatory tone of voice. "Tomorrow I will liberate you from this pest. I swear she'll remember us for the rest of her days."

# PART TWO

## *The celebration...*

The day broke splendidly. The radiant sun rose over the horizon from beyond the River. Its cosy rays dissipated the light fog which formed each night on the tranquil water. It was a day to feel glad to be alive! It would be a great day; Orgon had promised.

Soon the joy of the morning languished in the heat of the day, the birds stopped singing and the beasts took refuge in their dens. Only the people, effected by wine, their early breakfast and the expectation of the party, filled the valley, leaving the old streets of Baden-Holdein deserted. The city, which was usually crowded and noisy by that time of day, seemed to be sleeping. Only squalid, starving dogs marauded among the garbage, searching for anything to appease their hunger.

Everyone had crossed the wall and eagerly waited on the grand open space by the River for the jousting tournament to begin. The multitude jostled together around the field where knights from all parts of the country would compete in combat for the coveted trophy. The conqueror would win, besides glory, one hundred gold coins and a female prisoner of war who he could choose from among all those taken in the fall of Corven.

Presiding over the grand events, under the canopy of the tribunal, would be Orgon; his sister, Ursula; Rodrigo the political favourite; and his guest, Florentino, the Inquisitor. Near the presidential bench, noblemen and knights who had bowed before Orgon's tyranny occupied their places with their wives. Most of them were old feudal lords who had lost their power and influence as the Usurper's hordes had marauded

across their lands - men and women too afraid to be absent from the celebration of the fall and death of one of their own kinsmen. Which of them would be next? they nervously wondered. At nine o' clock sharp, the sound of a cannon salvo, followed by the playing of trumpets, announced the arrival of the host and his retinue.

The multitude broke out in cheers and applause; women and children waved coloured handkerchiefs; the cannons fired again; and clarinets and kettle drums were played, giving goose bumps to those from the region as well as to the foreigners. Such was the power of the Tyrant. The men near the tribunal rose to their feet, and their women knelt. This was the new protocol. They all awaited the arrival of Orgon and his entourage at the end of the lists. And he didn't disappoint them! Orgon appeared waving to the enflamed multitude, standing on a platform which slowly advanced. He looked like a statue, an impressive colossus two meters tall, monumental, dressed in his campaign dress uniform with his heavy sword at his waist. Near his head, with talons gripping his right shoulder, Felix his falcon squawked. At his feet grovelled his slave-girl, Shelma, whom most people still believed was the daughter of his conquered enemy.

This girl, sitting on the boards with her legs to one side and her chest uplifted, looked at the ground in shame. Everyone in the tribunal knew her. All of them, on one occasion or another, had been received by the conquered and executed Sir Lancelot, in his castle at Corven.

But the most spectacular thing about the procession was the beast of burden pulling the platform: Elisabeth, the former First Lady of Corven, naked like her daughter, drenched with sweat and barefoot, struggled to pull the platform which bore the victorious Usurper and his dear daughter. Two headsmen, armed with whips, ensured that the unfortunate lady maintained a steady pace. Farther behind, at the end of a cord, the rotten head of Lancelot bounced along the ground amid a cloud of horseflies. The cheers increased after the initial shock. The handkerchiefs were waved more vigorously, and the soldiers in their dress uniforms who surrounded the perimeter created a wave with their shields and standards.

The wife of the vanquished trudged along about ten meters in front of the platform. Two long, leather straps hitched to the triumphant cart went

over her shoulders, crossed between her bare breasts and were fastened to a thick, tightly cinched belt around her waist. A crest of beautiful royal eagle feathers decorated her head, and another of pheasant feathers adorned her rump. Stuck deep in her anus, a big, tapered plug, which would require two hands to remove, bore the provocative appendage. The two hands could not be those of the poor woman, since they were tied to her collar, between her shoulder blades, her arms having been twisted up behind her head.

When this peculiar procession stopped in front of the astonished tribunal, the drums and trumpets sounded "Attention". Then Rodrigo did the honours. "May you live long in glory, Orgon. Your subjects salute you and congratulate you on your victory!" The giant stepped down from the platform with his sex slave at his heel and his falcon on his shoulder. A carpet of flowers formed a path to the seat he would occupy in the centre of the tribunal. Shelma, with bowed head, surreptitiously eyed her mother and her savage accoutrements as she passed her, and tears wet her cheeks. Upon mounting the tribunal dais, Orgon raised his arms. The clamour of drums, trumpets, cannon salvos and the multitude's cheering were deafening. Felix croaked stridently, and Shelma, his adolescent slave-girl, his own daughter, knelt, squatting on her ankles at his feet, with her hands resting on her knees, palms up. She didn't raise her head.

At a gesture from Orgon, the two headsmen cracked their whips at the feet of the former First Lady of Corven. With tears in her eyes, she directed herself to the rear of the cart where the worm-infested, putrefact skull of the man who had been her husband lay in a cloud of horseflies. Elisabeth halted a moment, taken aback by the macabre spectacle. Bad mistake! The tremendous lash of a whip on her calves brought her to the ground, screaming in agony. Everyone heard her pathetic lament, which ripped like a knife through the expectant silence of the multitude. The Lady, with her hands bound behind her head, struggled as best she could to rise to her knees. Dying in pain, and humiliated in front of everyone, she stooped in the most undignified fashion, showing the tribunal her buttocks and the tail stuck in her anus. Between her teeth, she lifted the beloved skull by its hair, and rose to her feet. A sepulchral silence accompanied her as she walked down the narrow path up to the tribunal. On both sides she bore the stares of those who were her equals. Some regarded

her with fright and repugnance, others with compassion, some with cruelty, and not a few with lust.

Lancelot's wife, the envy of wives and the secret aspiration of husbands, rose naked, with her back arched, offering her tits, her hands bound behind her head, between her shoulder blades, her head feathered and a grotesque tail sticking out from between her buttocks. She went to offer her husband's skull to the man she hated more than anyone else in the world, the savage who had raped her when she was a child, the barbarian who had deposited the seed in her belly which would become her daughter, Shelma, the same girl kneeling naked at the feet of the man who had caused so much harm! When she finally stood in front of Orgon, their eyes met. One pair were dark, cruel, sadistic and lustful. The other pair were green, aggressive, and full of hate.

Elisabeth looked splendid with her breasts thrust out and heaving as she panted in exhaustion. Her hair was dishevelled and soaked with sweat. Her eyes were filled with tears, but her stare was fierce, and her clenched teeth gripped the bloody skull. She looked like a lioness with the prey she'd recently hunted. Orgon waited a few moments, which seemed like an eternity to Elisabeth, before accepting her macabre offering. The silence was broken when Orgon lifted the skull of the vanquished.

Again came the cheers, and the drums and trumpets sounded. An even stronger wave surged through the shields and standards, lances were raised, and Felix squawked some more. The catharsis lasted several minutes, an eternity for Shelma and her mother. They celebrated their ruin, and their misery. There were a lot of people. Everyone was there. No one was on their side - the two women condemned to the whims of the conqueror. How cruel people could be! The howls and the vociferous turbulence rose to a new climax when the Tyrant raised the head of Lancelot in the arena. "Mama," murmured Shelma. Elisabeth looked at her, barely recognising her daughter as the naked sex slave with the gold bracelets and anklets, collared like a beast on a leash. "I love you," added the girl. Orgon, who realised that this conversation was taking place, stepped on one of the girl's feet with his heavy boot. She cried out. "You are a monster, Orgon!" shouted Elisabeth. "How could you do this to your own daughter?" She dared speak so boldly, because she knew she had nothing to lose.

Orgon smiled the smile of a man who could do anything he wished. He had humiliated this woman more than she could have imagined possible, but his evil mind was capable of even worse. He regarded her for a few instants, looking into her fierce, green eyes. He contemplated the feathers on her head and the tail sticking out of her ass, her twisted arms, the collar which was choking her, and her uplifted tits. How she excited him! With the pomp of kings, he stepped down from the stand from which he had been responding to the cheers of the multitude, and he approached the woman. He stuck his hand into his jacket and showed his captive something only she could see. The woman's expression changed radically. One of the soldiers who guarded her grabbed her firmly by the shoulders. "Consider this a gift from an old admirer," said Orgon, with his voice lowered. Only Elisabeth, and perhaps the soldier heard his words. The Leader of Baden-Holdein pinched Elisabeth's left nipple and pulled on it with one hand, and perforated it with what he'd shown her. Then he did the same with her right nipple...

When Orgon returned to his place on the tribunal, everyone could see what had happened. The Tyrant had pierced the flesh at the base of each of Elisabeth's teats with needles from which dangled matching bells. Everyone could also see the woman biting her lips as her face contorted in agony. From each mutilated nipple slid a trail of blood. This was too much for Shelma. She had kissed this bastard's penis, and sucked it deeper than her throat; she had licked his sperm, and she had humbled herself before him in all sorts of ignoble manners. But this overwhelmed her. Her young heart would have rebelled against such cruelty, even if it hadn't been her mother... As soon as she saw her mother's pierced nipples, Shelma threw herself onto the shoulders of the pig who was supposedly her father, and dug her nails into his face. "Pig! Murderer! Savage!" she yelled. The guard brought her down instantly. The guests lowered their eyes in shame at their own cowardice. It was the mother who provoked (besides pity) passion, envy and apprehension. The small girl, with her valour, inspired only compassion. "Slave, show your respect to my guests!" the Tyrant ordered Elisabeth, without seeming to notice the act of aggression; there would be plenty of time to settle accounts with the girl. Elisabeth knew what Orgon meant. Bound as she was, with the grotesque tail buried deep in her rectum, and her nipples bleeding, she had to go through each row of guests and greet them with servile

reverence.

This was perhaps the worst moment for Elisabeth since being released from Orgon's talons. She stopped in front of each guest: her closest friends, her most intimate female companions, her admirers, her rivals and enemies, and her suitors. She looked each person first in the eyes before kneeling and bending her waist to the jingling of the bells, knowing that her shameful tail was raised tensely above her buttocks. She endured all sorts of stares: heavy-hearted, pleased, obscene. Upon finishing her pathetic course, she went back to Orgon. Everyone waited to see what would happen next. "Return her to the brothel you brought her from!" yelled Orgon as loudly as he could. "This week she will serve any distinguished guest who wishes to visit her!"

Having said this, Orgon took a seat on his throne as two of his soldiers took Elisabeth away. "You were magnificent, brother," Ursula congratulated him. "Well timed, Excellency," Rodrigo added his praise. "That was quite a demonstration of your power, Excellency," the Inquisitor Florentino said in turn. Everyone praised him; everyone exalted his strength and his way of handling matters. Orgon thanked his admirers with timid nods of his head. "And you, my dear daughter, don't you have anything to say?" he asked Shelma, who was on her feet again, but with her hands bound behind her back, palm to palm, with the elbows tied against each other by the same strap, which was threaded around her forearms. The girl lowered her gaze. Her arms and shoulders ached in an infernal manner. "Your daughter, Excellency, has inherited the stubbornness of her mother," said Rodrigo, not taking his eyes from the girl's breasts, impiously displayed for all to see. "Of course, loyal Rodrigo. Among other things," responded Orgon between guffaws, as he shamelessly caressed the bent torso of his daughter, who bit her lips in rage. Everyone laughed with the Tyrant.

At that moment the trumpets announced the beginning of the tournament. The combatants, stuffed into their heavy armour, seated on ornate saddles with their lances, maces and shields, saluted the spectators gathered around the lists. The first joust began immediately. Meanwhile, under the canopy of the tribunal, no one paid any attention to the combat. "I didn't know you had remarried, noble Rothenstein," Ursula commented to an elderly gentleman who was accompanied by a beautiful young

woman who looked about twenty years old. She appeared upset by what she had just witnessed. "Oh no, Excellency," replied the elderly man, visibly disturbed by the comment. "She's not my wife, but my granddaughter, Helena."

The girl, very seriously, gave Ursula a slight nod. "Doesn't she live with you?" the Tyrant's sister persisted. "Yes, Excellency. Helena lives in my home." Rodrigo intervened. "The father of this beautiful young damsel died during the assault on Corven, and her mother disappeared the next day." "She's the daughter of a hero," Orgon shook his head in sorrow. "On whose side did your son fight?" Ursula asked the elderly man with malice, knowing the answer to her question already. "Well, you see," said the man nervously, "my son made a mistake. I tried..." Rodrigo interrupted impolitely. He liked the man's granddaughter. "He fought alongside Lancelot against his own brother, dear Ursula." Surprised, Orgon interjected, "I wouldn't have expected that from anyone in your family, Rochenstein. That's a great dishonour to your home." The elderly gentleman wisely held his tongue. There wasn't much more he could say. "And what became of your daughter-in-law?" Ursula pressed insidiously. "She fled with her children," Rodrigo hastened to answer. "We sent troops to track them, but the Earth seems to have swallowed them."

"The work of the devil, no doubt," the Inquisitor Florentino ventured to say with interest. "Or traitors have given them refuge," added the Favourite. "And how is it this precious creature didn't flee with her mother?" asked Ursula. "Helena had no reason to flee," replied old Rochenstein. "She has always been loyal to..." "Helena was outside and returned after her mother had disappeared," Rodrigo interrupted again, seeming to know everything about the girl. "What do you think, my Lord?" asked Orgon, playing with Shelma's hair as she knelt between his legs. "Very dangerous," responded the Inquisitor enigmatically. "What is your Illustriousness referring to?" "When the evil one penetrates a family, he usually takes over all its members, especially the youngest women." "You don't suspect our guest, do you?" asked Ursula, enjoying the turn her conversation had taken. "If Helena Rochenstein were possessed by a demon, or had attempted to do anything against this house," said Orgon with some logic, "she would not have come to celebrate our victory with us." "I'm afraid Miss Rochenstein didn't come of her

own free will, Excellency," said Rodrigo. "My men had to convince her grandfather with a certain amount of insistence, that the Lord of the House of Rothenstein should come with a lady from his family."

"Come here, girl," Orgon said after an embarrassing silence. The girl trembled from head to foot, but rose after a look of approval from her grandfather. The girl was very pretty, with straight, chestnut brown hair and clear eyes. Her attire was expensive and hid an obviously ample bosom. "Do you know her?" Orgon asked Helena, gripping Shelma by the hair and displaying her face. "Yes, your Excellency," replied Helena. Her voice seemed very sweet and well educated. "She is Shelma, of the House of Holdein."

Upon hearing this name, the Inquisitor Florentino became even more interested, and leaned forward in his chair. "Are you friends?" Orgon continued. "Yes, your Excellency. We were schoolmates at the Castle of Corven." "Do you know why she is chained up at my feet, as naked as the day her whore of a mother gave birth to her?" "N-no, Excellency," Helena stuttered and lowered her eyes. "Can't you imagine?" "I... Well, her father..." Helena stammered. "Go on. Say it," urged Orgon. "her ungrateful father betrayed me. Me! Orgon the Invincible, the Magnanimous!" Studying Helena's face, he added with a stern voice, "Exactly like yours." Helena teetered. She was alone and defenceless in front of the Tyrant, certain that no one present would help her. "What do you think, my dear Rodrigo?" "Let the punishment fit the crime, Excellency," interjected the intrigued cleric with a fierce smile. "I cannot answer, Excellency. The Holy Office should, before passing judgement, examine this young woman." "I suppose your Eminence should be the one to conduct this examination," Ursula suggested slyly. "My child, I am but a mere, humble servant of the designs of Providence," replied the Inquisitor Florentino without seeming diminished by this allusion.

"Helena Rothenstein!" said Orgon, rising from his throne. "You will remain detained in the Castle of Baden-Holdein under the custody of the headsman, until your innocence or guilt may be determined. The City of Baden-Holdein accuses you of treason and witchcraft. Take her away!" "NOOOOOO!" cried the girl, looking at Shelma. Two guards snatched her off her feet and hastily carried her away from the canopy.

The elderly Rothenstein stood up, irate, supporting himself on his cane. He was a tall, distinguished gentleman, from whom the years had not taken all dignity away. "This is a mistake, Orgon," he said, lifting his cane. "I call upon those present..." He didn't have time to say more. His bloody head rolled down to join Lancelot's in the sand. Only the cries of four women accompanied the summary execution. "He was a traitor," stated Orgon. "Tomorrow," he added, directing himself to Rodrigo, "send men to his house to take anyone found there prisoner, and to confiscate anything of value that's found, and have his fields razed." "It shall be done, Excellency."

"Of course, Excellency," said the Inquisitor Florentino, "the precious creature at your feet is of the Holdein lineage..." "That is true, my Lord," answered Orgon, caressing his sex slaves tits again. "She is the granddaughter of the last of the Holdeins, whom I had the honour of serving, and her name is Shelma. At least, until I find a better name for a slave-girl." "It's funny," said the Inquisitor, "but a few months ago, we received a petition for a marriage among cousins: one Shelma of the House of Holdein, and William of the House of Goldstein. "Quite a change of plans!" he laughed. "Pig!" yelled Ursula, stamping her foot in fury.

There was a long silence among the tribunal. Orgon and Rodrigo understood perfectly the reason Ursula had reacted the way she had. Orgon felt obliged to offer an explanation: "Your words, Inquisitor, have caused anxiety in this house. William Goldstein had been promised to my sister." "That's not true!" yelled Shelma indignantly. "William never promised himself to her. That was his family. He loved me!" "Shut up, you damn little fox!" Ursula yelled back, as if out of her mind. "Orgon, I hope you're going to do something, or are you going to let a slave publicly insult your sister?" Orgon found the situation most amusing. Ursula wasn't his sister, but Shelma was his daughter. "Of course not, sister," he replied. "What would you like me to do about it?"

"Two things: First, chastise this fox for her insolence. And secondly, take William prisoner for his treason against this house!" Orgon smiled. "The first thing you ask of me is as good as done, dear sister," he said while still fondling his Shelma's tits. The second thing would create certain complications."

"Excuse me, Excellency," Rodrigo mediated, "but today we have among us Sir Vulcan, in whose castle the libertine young man is staying." Vulcan was a thin, nervous man, and perhaps the only one person present who was truly loyal to Orgon. "Did you know anything about this, Vulcan?" Orgon asked him. "No, Excellency. I swear by the Devil I didn't." The Inquisitor Florentino wrinkled his brow upon hearing this blasphemy, but didn't interrupt. "Then William of Goldstein, in addition to betraying my dear sister, has betrayed the man who gives him shelter in his castle." "It would appear so, Excellency," Rodrigo assented. "Well, well, then let us speak, Vulcan." Shelma, who imagined something horrible was about to happen to William, rebelled again. "May you be cursed, Orgon! Haven't you done enough harm already? Leave William alone!" Rodrigo, who found Shelma as attractive as her mother, intervened again, trying to provoke Orgon. "Your young slave-girl, Excellency, has a very sharp tongue, and she talks too much." "This is true, my loyal Rodrigo. I like it that way. I wouldn't cut it out for anything in the world," Orgon replied, laughing out loud.

It was almost mid-day, and, with the tournament having ended, acrobats were entertaining the multitude with their feats of balance and flexibility. In front of the tribunal, soldiers climbed onto the platform where the slave-girls taken during the pillage of Corven were about to be auctioned.

Then something unexpected happened. Rodrigo, who had been led away from the tribunal by a member of the guard, returned suddenly and whispered something in Orgon's ear. "Bring her forward," ordered the Tyrant. A mature woman, almost elderly, but with vigour and the strength that only country people conserve so late in life, appeared in front of Orgon, accompanied by a brunette of indescribable beauty and emerald green eyes. Orgon thought he was seeing a spectre. The girl looked just like Elisabeth when he'd raped her fifteen years before. "Dalma!" yelled Shelma, relieved to see her alive. "Oh my God! Shelma! What have they done to you?"

The girl, whose hands were bound in front of her, fell onto her sister. "Oh, Dalma, what joy!" Dalma put her arms over his sister's head and hugged her tenderly. Orgon looked at the old woman. "Well, woman?"

"Glory to you, Orgon," she greeted him solemnly. "I bring you the youngest daughter of the traitor to whom you have done justice." "You speak well, woman. Your loyalty will be repaid. Tell me, what do you want?" "My husband and I are old and poor, and it has become hard for us to care for our fields." "So?" "We need a slave. A strong young slave." "Very well. Zorba!" Orgon called for his lieutenant. "Take this woman to choose herself a slave. God be with you, woman!" "Please let me tell you one more thing, Excellency." "Speak, woman." "Watch out for this whore. She seems harmless, but she's a witch."

The Inquisitor stirred with interest. "Explain yourself, good woman," he said. "Why do you say that?" "She charmed on my husband with an evil spell." "Continue." "She took away his virility, Excellency. He's no longer the man he used to be." Orgon burst out laughing. "You mean to tell me your husband can't get his dick up anymore, and it's this girl's fault? Ha, ha, ha!!! Get out of here; go with Zorba and choose yourself a good man-slave." Everyone else began laughing with Orgon, except for the Inquisitor, who couldn't take his eyes off of Dalma.

"Excellency," he said, in spite of the general hilarity. "The testimony of this woman is very serious. If the Holy Office doesn't intervene, this evil could spread among all your subjects, and could even affect your Excellency." The Inquisitor took advantage of the opportunity created by his host's bewilderment, to exercise his own influence. "Bring her!" he ordered the guard. The soldiers separated the sisters and pushed Dalma toward Florentino. The girl was barefoot and wore a humble but provocative peasant dress. Sleeveless and strapless, it had a deep décolleté. Mrs. Mathaus had dressed her in it in case she wasn't given audience with the Tyrant, in which case she would have sold the girl to the brothel.

"What do you think, Eminence? Are we in danger?" Orgon impatiently asked. "It's too early to tell, without a more thorough investigation," replied the Inquisitor, without taking his eyes off of Dalma's décolleté. "But all the indications show this to be a very delicate matter. Look, Excellency, at her eyes." Orgon looked at her. She had the same eyes as Elisabeth and Shelma, although perhaps a bit wider. "Green is the colour of the Evil One. Furthermore, take note of the mole." Dalma had a small freckle on her right cheek. "It's through there that Satan can escape at night and sow evil." The Inquisitor stood and shook the girl forcefully by

the shoulders. "I can feel something inside her," he said solemnly. "Excellency, the High Tribunal should take charge of this woman without further delay!"

Orgon bit his lip thoughtfully. The Inquisitor had played his game in front of everyone, so he couldn't deny his pretences, in spite of how attractive he found the girl. "Very well, Eminence. The laws of God are before the laws of men. If she is found innocent before the Most High, then she'll have to answer to men for treason. Take her away!" The sisters shot each other looks of anguish.

Just then the preparations were completed for the auction. About fifty prisoners waited, with their hands tied, in line, near the platform. They were dressed in scandalous clothes, and adorned with trinkets. They looked like prostitutes from the brothel. Those interested in bidding, mostly the proprietors of brothels far and wide, crowded around impatiently, though maintaining a certain distance. Before the bidding could begin, the winner of the joust had to be given his opportunity to choose his trophy. He was a tall, robust, young, and attractive man, so, in a way, the slave he chosen could consider herself very lucky. The winner went along the line twice, stopping occasionally to lift a chin, to examine teeth, and feel the firmness of some of the breasts.

He finally stopped in front of a young woman with reddish hair and very pale skin. She looked like a foreigner. "How old are you?" he asked, studying her eyes. "Twenty-four, sir." "Open your mouth." She opened her mouth, and he counted and examined each of her teeth. He even smelled them. Then he appeared satisfied. "Do you know how to read?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "And sing?" "Yes, sir." "Sing!" The girl blushed, but began to sing him an old love song. Her voice was very sweet. "Do you play the harp or the zither?" the winner interrupted her. "The harp, sir." The man placed his hands on her shoulders and lowered them down the length of her arms, pinching her flesh appreciatively and stripping her to the waist. Then he took her by the hips and slowly lifted them. Then he began caressing her loins and flanks as he moved his hands up to grab one of her breasts in each of them.

The girl moaned, and stopped breathing. The man, who did everything to her with his eyes as he stared at her beautiful face, entertained himself

by evaluating the firmness and smoothness of the high priced flesh of the slave-girl. Then he gently pinched her nipples until they were rock hard. Again he appeared satisfied. Then he lifted her skirt with one hand, to reveal her bare legs and her naked belly. "Spread your legs," he ordered fondly. The girl obeyed, looking up at the man who inspected her so obscenely. The man lowered his free hand... The girl moaned again, and bit her lips. He liked the way the girl looked at him. She was a simple female who would undoubtedly prove to be an ardent lover. "Are you a virgin?" "No, sir." "Have you ever been married?" "N-no... Sir." The man, who had not removed his hand, buried two of his fingers in her vagina. She moaned again - more profoundly this time, and with more feeling. Her tormented eyes, with which she never stopped staring at him, shone with desire...

The man examined her interior. Her vagina seemed almost unused, narrow and elastic. And wet! "Turn around!" The girl turned around, with her dress gathered around her waist. Her buttocks were as white as the rest of her body, and slightly upturned. The man caressed her, causing her to tremble visibly.

He ran a finger down the crack of her ass, and buried it. The girl let out a little yelp. "Have you been butt-fucked before?" "N-no... Sir." "Turn back around." The girl turned to face the man who seemed to be about to choose her. "Lick my fingers clean!" he ordered, placing the ones he'd had in her vagina within reach of her lips. The girl obeyed, but gave him a malicious stare. "Do you know how to suck a man's dick?" "I will learn, master." The man liked having her call him that. He had never had a slave, and his wife, who was in attendance at this cheeky event, had never let him see her naked. "Do you want to be my slave?" he asked. The girl kept licking and sucking his fingers, but couldn't hide her interest and excitement. "Yes, master," she finally responded. "If I take you, it won't be just to fuck you," he withdrew his hand and began twisted one of her nipples pitilessly. "I will torture you and make you howl in pain." "Thank you.... Master." "You want to suffer for me?" he asked, squeezing her nipple savagely. "Y-yes... Y-yes... Yes!!! Master!!!" "You will make a fine slave for whoever buys you," he said, continuing to walk in front of the row of prisoners. The beautiful redhead, disillusioned, frustrated and, above all, humiliated, began crying bitterly out loud.

The contest winner finally decided on a chestnut haired beauty who didn't stop crying while he examined her. From what the foreman who accompanied him as he made his choice could tell, he chose her not only because of her immeasurable terror, but because of her large nipples and clitoris. He apparently wanted to pierce her and put rings in her as if she were an animal.

The drums announced the beginning of the grand auction. The first girl was dragged onto the platform, and the auctioneer opened the bidding. "Six silver coins for this lovely creature. Do I hear seven?" Her breasts were large, and tipped with respectable nipples which inspired the crowd's admiration. And raised their bids! "Twelve coins!" yelled the auctioneer. The girl was finally sold to an elderly couple who ran the only tavern in town.

Shelma, kneeling with her head resting on her father's tremendous erection, watched as one by one, all of her girl friends were sold. Ingrid, one of her little sister's childhood companions, with her big black eyes and the body of a palm tree, was sold to a brothel in a port city far to the north. After each war, its owners travelled to the conquering city in search of new girls to offer in their establishment in exchange for large profits.

Nicole, a twenty-year old girl who had worked as an attendant in the Castle, was sold to a decrepit old man whose men servants carried him in a litter on their shoulders. The old man had worked all his life as a headsman. Mary, Elisabeth's attendant, was bought by the miners from a coal mine on the other side of the ridge. They were poor, but there were a lot of them, so they were able to pool their money and place the highest bid on her. Shelma could just imagine, sadly, what would become of her that night. aura, a fiery-tempered, free-spirited young woman of slightly more than twenty years of age, who Shelma knew had had several affairs with men from the city, was sold to a woman nearly the same age. Laura's new mistress looked rich and well educated, and, from the way she dressed, foreign. The redhead, whom the joust champion had first examined and then spurned, became the property of yet another woman, who was middle aged and the widow of a wealthy man who had died in dubious circumstances. Rumour had it that she had poisoned her husband because she couldn't stand men. The young redhead knew the rumours, and began trembling with fear when she discovered who her new mistress

would be. And so it went until the last slave-girl had been auctioned off to whoever would decide their fate thereafter.

Then the drums and trumpets sounded again, announcing the last spectacle, which would be the execution of the most useless or rebellious of the captives, who were brought out into the arena at this time.

What followed was a series of the most ruthless acts of violence. Some prisoners were burned alive. Some were drawn and quartered. Some were dismembered. Men and women alike were impaled, whipped to death or mutilated. Invariably, each of them cursed Orgon and his headsmen with their last breaths. The crowd, having had their thirst for blood and desire for revenge slaked, returned to their beds. The Corven campaign had been as long and bloody as it was unnecessary. However, none of its victims would call Orgon to account for any of the dead, maimed or wounded. The guilty, as in all wars, were the conquered. Furthermore, this particular war had been worth the trouble. The enemies had been tortured and killed; the city's coffers filled to overflowing with their wealth; and the brothels had been filled with their daughters. The conquerors could continue to exact revenge on the daughters for a pittance, in the brothels, for years to come, if they wanted to.

That night, Orgon held a banquet in honour of the Inquisitor Florentino. Ursula and Rodrigo attended it, as did Shelma, kneeling between Orgon and his sister. Naked slave-girls adorned with bells danced suggestive Oriental dances for the guests. Others, stripped only to the hips, waited on the tables. Shelma was crying in pain. Her elbows were still bound tightly behind her back, and, with the passing of the hours, the strap with which they were bound had shrunk. The pain in her shoulders from being bound this way for so long was the worst! She was restless, too, because being so close to Ursula made her nervous. Perhaps Ursula wouldn't remember Shelma's outburst or the threats which had been made.

Orgon, who imagined how hungry his daughter must have been, had not fed her for three days. Now he entertained himself by spitting half-eaten bits of food onto the floor near her, and watching her bend down to pick them up in her teeth and swallow them. He found it very gratifying to watch how she contrived to do this, bound and naked as she was, but still maintaining some dignity.

"I'm going to bed now," announced Ursula when she'd finished eating. "I'm very tired and have a lot of sleep to catch up on." Shelma breathed a sigh of relief; she had feared the worst. "Sleep well, sister," Orgon replied. Rodrigo and the Inquisitor Florentino stood up. "You," Ursula directed herself to Shelma, "don't think I've forgotten about your punishment. I'll see to that when we have William here to deal with as well. Then you'll pay for your treachery and your lasciviousness." Ursula left the banquet hall, and the Inquisitor pointed and said to Orgon, "Your sister has a lot of character."

Orgon, who had been distracted as he fondled Shelma's titties, preferred to change the subject. "Your Eminence must feel indebted to the Castle." The Inquisitor raised his eyebrows in surprise. "You've only been here two days," Orgon continued, "but already you've discovered two witches among its most desirable slave-girls." "In doing so, I keep the Evil One away from your lands, Excellency." "Yes, of course, although a little evil never hurt a girl a man was using," said Orgon as he lifted Shelma by her hair and sat her on his knees. "I don't understand what you're getting at, Excellency." "In all your experience pursuing sin wherever it may have hidden itself, you must have dealt with a multitude of witches and enchantresses, many of whom must have known some useful secrets." "What exactly are you talking about, Excellency?" "My daughter here seems to need a little stimulation in her love life, and as her father, I feel obliged to provide it for her." "A potion, Excellency?" "The strongest you may know of.." Shelma, with her torso arched backward, began trembling. The pig wasn't satisfied subjecting her with cords and chains. "My dear host, you couldn't ask me for anything simpler. Before leaving, I will show you an infallible formula. Your daughter will never sleep well again, I assure you. I suggest you then put a chastity belt on her to save her soul from the sin of masturbation."

"I trust your wisdom and will heed your advice, my Lord," said Orgon, sliding his hand between Shelma's thighs, causing her to bite her lips in rage. "Of course, Excellency," the Inquisitor Florentino changed the subject, "there is another matter which must be attended to before my departure." "You must be referring to our young witch, Helena of Rothenstein." "Precisely."

Helena had been waiting since that morning in a dark cell which had been dug out of a stone wall, full of rats and cockroaches. She was gagged, and her back and arms ached. The soldiers who had placed her there had chained her against the wall with heavy shackles so that her arms were stretched over her head and her legs were spread very wide. This position left her feeling defenceless. However, neither the rats and cockroaches, nor the pain in her arms and back, nor even being at the mercy of whoever might enter, could compare to the sense of dread welling up inside her. What would become of her? She was tormented by the looks she remembered in the eyes of the men at the tournament - especially Rodrigo and the Inquisitor. Disturbed, demented, criminal eyes... A tenuous ray of light entered between the solid if rusty bars which enclosed her damp cell. She was terrified. Every few minutes a man in a cowl would come and strike the bars with a ring full of large keys. The deafening clanking echoed off the stone walls of the dungeon and gave Helena goose bumps. "They've forgotten about you, child," said the man, pressed against the door showing her the keys. Then he left, but only to return soon and add, "Don't worry, if no one comes for you, I'll keep you entertained. Ha ha ha!" Then he disappeared again. Why? Helena wondered. My God! she prayed, help me...

Before the damn war she had led a peaceful life among the wealthiest families in the region. At that very moment she should have been at Court, to which one of her lady cousins had invited her. That trip had been one about which she had dreamed since she was a child. Instead, she was stuck in this lugubrious hole, abandoned and chained to a wall, enduring the obscenities of the cowed monster who kept her trembling by telling her what he would do with her if no one came for her. As the minutes eked by and the brief visits from the jailer continued, terror mounted in the girl's soul. Would she be forgotten and end her days in her underground cell, at the mercy of the cowed sadist? Would she ever see the light of day again?

Finally the sound of footsteps ended these terrifying thoughts. With the screeching of seldom used locks, bolts and hinges, the door swung open. The first person to enter was the Tyrant, the white of his eyes clearly discernible in the darkness. Next Helena observed the evil stare of the Inquisitor Florentino, and then the covetous gaze of Rodrigo. Helena began trembling. Orgon began stroking his beard. "You're going to leave us

without any slave-girls, your Eminence," he mused out loud. "It was my understanding that this girl was a free woman," replied the Inquisitor Florentino. "All beautiful women should be slave-girls," Rodrigo pointed out, staring at Helena's cleavage. "You speak wisely, Rodrigo," stated the Inquisitor. "Thus it is ordained by Nature, and therefore by the Most High, that the most attractive females should be kept by the strongest males - that is to say, the richest men. Thus our species progresses."

Orgon surprised them with a loud cackle. "Men of letters," he interrupted. "You make everything so complicated!" he said as he gripped Helena's beautiful face by the chin and turned it back and forth. "What you want is to fuck this beauty until she explodes!" Helena looked in every direction, her eyes full of terror. She had never heard anything so vulgar or obscene.

"Excellency, your comment offends the High Tribunal. The only thing this judge intends to do is to determine whether or not she harbours the Evil One in her bosom." "And the State," Rodrigo hastened to add, "needs to know where her family full of traitors is hiding." "Gentlemen, gentlemen," Orgon tried to calm them down, "let's not argue over such trivial matters." "Right; let us not," said the Inquisitor Florentino as he stepped forward. "Especially when this creature hasn't even been subjected to the 'test'." "Go right ahead, my Lord. What shall the 'test' be this time?" asked Orgon, without having let go of the horrified girl's chin. The Inquisitor Florentino looked the girl up and down several times as if looking for something in particular. He hesitated. In what part of her young body would the Demon hide?

His treacherous eyes finally detained themselves at her breasts, which were elevated by the position of her arms, and pressed against the cloth in her dress. "The puncture in the nipple," he said, taking a large needle from the satchel he carried. "This is a place from which a pure woman never bleeds." Helena twisted in her chains. "Mmmmmmf!!!" she murmured, removing her chin from the hand of the Tyrant and frantically shaking her head at the Inquisitor. Rodrigo began to protest about the impartiality of this test, but the Inquisitor stepped forward. "If blood comes out, it will be Satan's!" he said. Rodrigo decided to keep his mouth shut. Common sense told him to be careful when dealing with a man of as much power and influence as the Inquisitor, even when he was talking

nonsense.

"Hold still, you sinner," said the Inquisitor Florentino, speaking directly into Helena's ear. "If you move, it's more likely that the Devil will wake up and bleed." Before the stare, half curious, half lascivious, of his two companions, the Inquisitor cut open the front of the girl's dress with a stiletto. Then he pulled down her corset without unfastening it, and, being careful not to break it, until the rosy, fleshy buttons appeared.

The edge of the corset pressed the lower part of her breasts together in such a way that the nipples were swollen and full of blood, tense and erect as if with rage. Rodrigo hesitantly staggered forward. "Come, examine them and give us your opinion," directed the Inquisitor. Looking Helena in the eyes, Rodrigo touched each of her stiff nipples. Then he rubbed them gently between his forefingers and thumbs. The girl's eyes began watering. The sensation was delicious! "Well?" asked the Inquisitor. "Her nipples are warm," answered Rodrigo. "Do you feel her pulse?" "No." "Squeeze harder." Helena closed her eyes as Rodrigo obeyed. "Mmmmmffff!!!" "Now?" the Inquisitor continued. "No. I don't feel anything." "Squeeze until you feel it." Rodrigo obeyed with pleasure. It was truly a pleasure to comply with these instructions! "Mmmmmffff!!!" "Now?" exclaimed Rodrigo. "Now I feel it!" "In both of them?" The girl, trembling in pain, struck the wall with her head. "Yes, in both of them!" "Well, that's Satan's pulse. Now you will see, if you'll allow me."

The Inquisitor Florentino amicably nudged Rodrigo aside, as he finally let go of the girl's nipples. Helena, with her nipples on fire, remained hanging exhausted by her wrists. His Eminence stepped closer with the needle in his hand. "Don't move, you damn witch," he reminded the girl, speaking directly into her ear. With the thumb and index finger of his left hand, he pulled her right breast completely out of the corset by the nipple. Then he squeezed the base of it until the teat looked like it was going to burst.

Helena kept shaking her head. A series of tremendous shudders shook her trapped body between the tightly stretched chains. Her tears splashed onto the hands of the Inquisitor. Slowly, making a display of precision and refined sadism, the Inquisitor Florentino stuck the needle in the centre of the swollen nipple, until the teat became deformed and the skin finally

broke. The big needle kept going in until the breast regained its natural, conical, pointed shape. Helena through her head back so hard that she knocked herself out on the wall. But the needle kept going in. The Inquisitor Florentino, who knew very well how far in the needle could go, began to pull it back out when it was half way in. All three men stared at the same spot on the girl's body. At first nothing happened, but an instant later, a thread of blood burst out and stained the edge of the corset.

Rodrigo, seeing his cause lost, struck up a pointless conversation with the satisfied Inquisitor. Orgon, aroused by the spectacle he'd just witnessed, and tired of all the words he barely understood, imposed his authority. "Gentlemen! As they say in the Holy Scriptures, 'Give to Caesar what is Caesar's, and to God what is God's.'" Rodrigo and the Inquisitor looked at each other in surprise; this phrase meant both of them were right. "Thus, your Eminence, Helena will remain here until she divulges where her family hid, then your Illustriousness can oblige her to confess all you want," Orgon added. Orgon's Solomon-like decision seemed to please both of the other men, as well as the hooded headsman who was hiding and listening in the hallway.

The Inquisitor's party departed at midnight. Eight horsemen armed to the teeth escorted the carriage, which was pulled by three pairs of nervous mares. Inside, with the curtains drawn, rode the Inquisitor Florentino and his prisoner, Dalma. The road to the remote convent belonging to the High Tribunal was long and arduous, so his Eminence decided to take advantage of the journey... The cleric and his prisoner sat face to face, the girl curled up in a corner with her hands bound behind her back. Her legs were drawn up in a defence as subconscious as it was useless. She was still wearing the peasant gown off the shoulders which Mrs. Mathaus had dressed her in to sell her, and she remained barefoot.

"Do you know what would have become of you if I hadn't removed you from the Castle of Baden-Holdein?" Dalma was too terrified to answer. The man's eyes made her tremble. "I'll tell you. Orgon would have you naked at his feet like your sister, and do you know why?" Dalma shook her head. "This I will also tell, my child: so that you could help your sister empty his balls whenever they were full." Dalma kept shaking her head, her big, green eyes full of anguish caused by the barbarity she was listening to. "But fear not. This humble servant of the Lord has

liberated you from so much sin," Florentino added in a solemn tone, leaning toward the girl. Dalma pressed her back more firmly against the cabin, and her knees closer to her chest.

"And do you know why this humble servant of the Lord has saved you from so much sin?" He was so close, Dalma could feel his breath. "To torture you until you confess that you copulate with the Devil!" The girl began shaking uncontrollably. Her sexual experience was limited to her two nights with old Mr. Mathaus! "Come; sit here," the Inquisitor indicated a banquet which had been spread out in front of him. The girl obeyed, but kept her back to the wall and her knees together. Florentino fixed his eyes on the lovely torso before him, within reach of his hand. It was very warm, and her dress was drenched with sweat - perhaps more because of her panic than because of the temperature. It was moulded to her body like a second skin...

The Inquisitor obliged her to tell him all the vicissitudes of the ordeals she had endured since she'd been captured by Orgon's soldiers in the Plaza of Corven. The attempted rape, the death of the kidnappers, her two days in bondage to Mr. and Mrs. Mathaus, her nights with the old man... The Inquisitor constantly interrupted her to verify minute details - especially the most sordid ones! "What did you feel when you felt your master's penis? Did you like the taste of it? Did you yearn for him to penetrate you?" and so on, the Inquisitor interrogated her.

The girl responded, stuttering with fear, and bowing her head each time she spoke. She couldn't bear the Inquisitor's cruel, leering eyes, which seemed to devour her. His eyes scrutinised every part of her adolescent body. Her face was at once grave and innocent. Her green eyes were fascinating. Her small mouth had thick, smooth lips. Her breasts were firm and elevated, and appeared sculpted, the way the sweat drenched fabric of her peasant gown clung to them. Her figure was trim, but with pronounced curves. Her legs had delicate, unusually narrow ankles and tiny feet, which her skirt was short enough to reveal.

Everything about her - absolutely everything, urged sin. Her damned body must have been inhabited by a thousand demons! "And where did the whip mark you?" "On-on m-my legs and... and on... m-my b-back... your Eminence," Dalma remembered, scared to death. "And nowhere

else?" "I b-believe... that it... I-left a-a... a m-mark... b-behind, your Eminence." "Where behind?" "On my... on my back side." "On your ass, you mean?" "Y-yes, your Eminence." "Then say it!" "On my... on my ass... your Eminence." "Give me your right foot." Dalma pressed her body against the wall even harder. The mere thought of physical contact with the Inquisitor filled her with dread. "I won't say it again. Place your foot on my knees." The girl extended her trembling foot. Florentino took it in both hands.

His hands felt cold and clammy. Florentino caressed the sole of her foot while examining it closely. The mark of Lucifer could be anywhere... He turned her foot to the left and to the right; he separated her toes; he smelled her foot. Then he began feeling her ankle. It would be difficult to find shackles small enough to hold such a slender ankle, he thought. He began tickling her foot, and Dalma squirmed. "You're very sensitive, which is another sure sign of the Devil," he remarked. Then his hands roamed up her shapely calves, under her skirt. Her hairless legs were soft and silky. "Lift your skirt. I need to examine the marks." Dalma shook her head, more out of fear than chastity or modesty. Florentino gripped her calf with one hand, and with the other he savagely pinched her Achilles tendon. "You're hurting me!" she screamed.

"Lift your skirt!" Dalma lifted her bottom up slightly, and, with her hands bound behind her, she lifted her skirt up above her knees. "Higher!" ordered the Inquisitor without letting go of her ankle. Only when Dalma exposed the entirety of her thighs to the Inquisitor's ravenous gaze was he satisfied. Embarrassed, she lifted her free leg up and pressed her knees together. Florentino remained silent for a few minutes, observing his young prisoner's attempts at modesty.

"What do you think about when you touch yourself?" The girl was so disturbed by this overwhelming interrogation that she couldn't even lie. "I... I don't know..." "Don't lie! You do know!" "I swear, your Eminence, I don't..." Florentino pinched her tendon again. "I...! Please! Let go of me! I'll tell you!" The Inquisitor diminished the pressure on her ankle, but left his hands in place. "I think of my cousin William," she lied, stating the first man's name that came to her mind. "Then what do the two of you do?" "He kisses me..." she continued with her falsehood. "Where?" "On my lips..." "What else?" "Nothing..." This time the Inquisitor savagely

twisted the smallest toe of her foot to one side. "Aaaaaahhhhh! He... he caresses me," she confessed, kicking. Florentino regarded her vehemently. "Where?" he asked. "Everywhere." "Your breasts?" "Yes!" "Your hips?" "Yes! Yes!" "Does he caress your ass?" "Yeeesss! Yeeesss! Yeeesss!" "And your cunt?" "Yes! Yes! Yeeesss!" Furiously, Florentino continued twisting her toe savagely. "Do you realise that you have committed perjury?"

"Your Eminence, I..." Dalma stopped and tried to decide how to reply to the cleric's cold logic. "And that the solitary sin of a woman is the sin that most offends her Most High Maker? That she violates what is most sacred?" "I... I... I didn't think..." the girl cried bitterly. The truth didn't matter, and her lies condemned her. "Do you realise that lusting after a man who is to be wed to your sister is what perverted whores do?" "I... I... I beg for confession, your Eminence," Dalma decided to respond. "Not so fast, you filthy sinner! Before repenting, you must pay for your sins," Florentino passed his judgement with his eyes fixed on his prisoner's naked thighs. "Place your foot on the table." Dalma, more aware than ever of the nakedness beneath her skirt, placed her foot on the seat, and continued to press her legs together. "Remove your foot!" "Your Eminence!" "Do it!" "Your Eminence, my dress is all I'm wearing." "Do as I say!" yelled Florentino, bending her toe back.

Her alabaster legs spread open to reveal the small treasure which had miraculously remained intact. Her pubic hair was dark, like the hair on her head, barely covering her thick pussy lips, which were as inviting, if not more so, than the lips of her mouth...

"Show me how you touch yourself." Dalma swallowed her saliva. She had almost no sexual experience, but she wasn't an idiot. This fanatic, half crazy cleric was as much of a filthy pig as Mr. Mathaus. Outside, the moon illuminated their path through the night. The horses, though tired, continued pulling the carriage steadily beneath the lash of the conductor. The escorts, who were also tired, cursed and wanted to arrive as soon as possible at the quarters where they could rest a few hours. The austere carriage bounced on each rock and in each hole its wheels struck. Inside, a young woman, still a virgin and more beautiful than most, displayed her vagina obscenely to the judge who had absolute power over her life, and explained to him in detail how she masturbated in the intimacy of her bedroom. The world before Orgon no longer existed...

At dawn, the caravan halted at a small inn to rest and feed the horses. Dalma, with her hands still bound behind her, followed the Inquisitor, who led her by a cord, one end of which was tied around her neck. The dress which Mrs. Mathaus had placed on her was tattered and in shreds, thanks to the Inquisitor, who had entertained himself by cutting slits in it with his stiletto, so as to examine her body without letting the demons out. The two longest slits ran vertically over her breasts, permitting her puffy nipples to escape the confines of her rags. Suddenly silence fell over the inn. All eyes became fixed on the Inquisitor and his prisoner. Mostly on his prisoner - on her indomitable countenance, her bare nipples, and, as she passed by, on the bare back and small buttocks which the rags she wore revealed.

The Inquisitor led his prisoner upstairs to the second floor. No one else ever used those quarters, which were less than three hours from the Convent. Upon barely crossing the threshold, panic paralysed Dalma. The first thing she saw when Florentino lit a candle was a huge bed of solid bars, replete with leather straps and metal rings. The Inquisitor suddenly tugged her leash with such force that she fell on her face to the floor. Florentino slammed the door shut and went to sit on the edge of the bed, his feet resting on the floor. "Come here!" he yelled, pulling on her leash, which was choking her. Dalma, who still had her hands bound behind her back, crawled on her knees until she was between the legs of her judge. Florentino stood up and passed the cord which was around her neck through a loop in the ceiling, and pulled it tight, forcing Dalma to rise to her feet.

The girl, with her chin lifted up by the knot in the cord, couldn't even rest her heels on the floor. His Eminence untied her wrists, which had sores after being bound for so many hours. But this relief was momentary. Florentino tied them back together, but in front of her. He held her close, between his legs. "Spread your legs," he ordered. She could barely spread her legs, hanging the way she was, without choking. But she spread them about fifteen inches, and remained on tiptoe.

Florentino grabbed her skirt, and slit it from her navel to the hem. The tight, elevated posture of the girl, with her ribs out and her belly in, caused her mons veneris to jut forward provocatively...

"Show your confessor how you touch yourself." "No!" "Do you want to condemn yourself, stupid? Do you want to burn in the fire?" "No! I won't do it!" "Yes! Yes, you will!" said Florentino, directing himself to a nearby closet. Below, the inn's other patrons looked up toward the ceiling, intrigued by the shouts which they could hear coming from the room. "Now you'll see! Ssswiiitchhh! Craccckkk! "Aaahhh!" Ssswiiitchhh! Craccckkk! "Aaahhh! Enough!" Ssswiiitchhh! Craccckkk! Ssswiiitchhh! Craccckkk! Ssswiiitchhh! Craccckkk! "Heeellppp! Heeellppp! Enough!"

Those who were eating lowered their eyes in shame. Those who were drinking, kept drinking. Those who were neither eating nor drinking, just looked sideways. No one dared say a word. "A little whipping," one of the patrons finally ventured to say, just to relieve the tension in the room.

"Yes, the little fox will go home in heat."

"Come on, touch yourself!"

Swiiisshhh! Craaacckkk! Swiiisshhh! Craaacckkk!

"I don't think she's ever going home," said another patron, shaking his head.

Several hours later, the girl came down the stairs, followed by the cleric. Heads turned toward her, but no one seemed surprised. All that remained of her dress were a few strips of cloth which dangled around her long, slender legs as she teetered down the stairs with her hands bound in front of her. She was crying bitterly, and her cheeks were soaked with tears, but she made no attempt to dry them, even though her hands were in front of her.

When the strange pair came closer, everyone could see why. Instead of keeping the girl on a leash around her neck this time, the leash was attached to her wrists, then passed between her thighs so that it appeared to be coming out of her ass before it reached, stretched tightly, the cleric's clenched and uplifted fist. This forced her to walk on tiptoe, so as to show off her provocative legs through the strips of cloth which had been her skirt.

There were a lot of rips in her dress which hadn't existed before she went upstairs, especially around her belly and her buttocks, apparently created by the lashes of the whip they'd heard.

No one dared intervene on behalf of the poor girl. The big red cross embroidered on the cleric's cloak, which served as the insignia of the Most High Tribunal, instilled too much fear throughout those lands...

Meanwhile, back at Baden-Holdein Castle, in the same room without furniture where Shelma had first seen and learned to serve her father's huge penis, Helena of Rochenstein stood fearfully with her hands bound to a tree log only three feet long which had been nailed, like a stump, to the floor.

Orgon had just issued the order to have her brought to his quarters barefoot. Of course, the hooded headsman had been sent to fetch her from the dungeon.

"Don't worry," he had told her. "They'll get tired of you eventually. Then you'll be mine, and I'll take you through a secret passage only I know about, below this gallery. There, yet another dungeon awaits you."

But now Helena had another sense of dread, which was so great she didn't even remember any of the headsman's sinister threats. On her feet with her hands bound palm to palm in front of her, she could walk around the stump, but not away from it. A strap a foot long connected her ankles so that she couldn't take a full stride. Another strap bound her elbows together so that she couldn't bend them. This caused her ample bosom to stick out provocatively.

Orgon, completely naked, observed in silence. Shelma, who was also as naked as the day she was born, knelt quietly at his feet.

Helena, who still wore her torn, strapless, corseted party dress, looked every which way for a way to hide from, or at least present the least provocative view to, the ardent stare of the man who had issued the order for her to be brought to him.

If she faced him, the tops of her voluptuous breasts and her marvellous cleavage were exposed. If she turned her back to him, her feminine

silhouette and her bare back and shoulders were displayed. If she turned sideways, her protruding nipples were accented, barely covered by the deep décolleté of her silk dress, and pressed almost together between her bound arms.

This dilemma, which Helena seemed incapable of resolving, delighted Orgon no end, although he also entertained himself by pinching his daughter's nipples, after he had recently served her the second dose of the Inquisitor's love potion. He felt glorified with such marvellous creatures at his disposition.

"Well, well," he said, approaching her from behind with his erection sticking out a full foot in front of him. She tried to turn sideways, but he grabbed her by the waist and immobilised her by biting her neck. His prodigious cock pressed against her buttocks, which were still protected by her dress. Helena twisted and tried to turn away, but Orgon just embraced her more firmly. She tried to kick him, but he had already played these games with numerous other young women who'd been his prisoners, bound to the same stump, so his legs were already spread wide and well out of the reach of her bare feet and bound ankles.

"You're a rebellious little kitten, and the daughter of traitors! I'll teach you!" he said, biting her bare shoulder until it bled.

Helena screamed and hit him with her head, but only succeeded in hurting herself.

He stepped back and ripped her dress and corset, splitting it down to her waist. The girl's soft back, with her shoulders hunched slightly forward, due to the shortness of her torso, appeared in all its grandeur in the light of the torches. She stood straight and looked provocative, with all the most delicate curves, and she was very white, with an immaculate complexion. As of yet, she didn't even bear the mark of a whip. A back to break in! Orgon caressed her, softly at first - then more forcefully... He loved the way she felt - her curves, the softness of her skin, her fragrance... He kissed and even licked her shamelessly.

Helena, disgusted, hunched her shoulders forward, and sobbed in disgrace. She was about to be raped by the one person she most despised, the Usurper, the evil beast who had killed her father and her grandfather.

By a filthy foreigner who wasn't even of her own race!

Orgon slid his hands forward, seeking his victim's bosom. Desperate, she held her dress by pressing her arms against her sides. He found her breasts and squeezed one in each hand, until she howled in pain. Then he grabbed the front of her dress and ripped the corset off. Without stepping away from her, but still pressed against her back, Orgon grabbed her bare breasts and probed deeply into them with his fingers.

Shelma covered her ears with her hands, even though her wrists were chained.

Orgon, heedless of her screaming, continued torturing Helena's titties, delighted by the way his brutal fingers deformed the girl's swelling flesh. He squeezed them by the base, from beneath, with his entire hand; the slippery globes came up and swelled, and the nipples threatened to burst. Then he pulled on the teats; then he flattened them; then he pinched them; then he struck them. They were smooth, malleable, and, above all, large - large and firm. Ideal for torture...

The girl didn't stop pleading for a moment among her sobs. "No... No... Please... Stop..."

Her pleas only heightened Orgon's appetite. He grabbed her by the hair and bit her ear until it nearly came off. Prey to an overwhelming passion, Orgon yanked her head back by the hair and sought her full lips. He almost broke her neck!

Helena would never forget his first brutal kiss. When the soulless monster removed his lips, tongue and teeth from her mouth, her lips were bleeding profusely.

Orgon, driven out of his mind by desire, suddenly ripped the dress clean off her body, leaving her standing there completely naked before his eyes. Then things really got rough!

Orgon entertained himself by whipping her with a handful of green branches from an ash tree. Helena ran like a mad woman around the stump, although impeded by the shortness of the cord between her ankles.

Shelma, who witnessed this scene in disgust, continued covering her ears, in spite of the weight of the chains on her wrists.

In a few minutes, Helena's entire body stung and was red. Orgon piteously chastised her back, her hips, and her buttocks. He even tried to strike the tempting little crack in her ass. He didn't neglect her thighs, either, nor her taut little calves.

Helena jumped and hopped crazily on her bare feet. One blow would send her to the left, and another would stop her. She'd go to the right, and another blow to her hips would immobilise her. There was no escape; the cruel branches seemed to be everywhere!

When Orgon finally hurled the branches to the floor, Helena felt as if she were literally on fire, she was in so much pain, and she sensed that the moment had come...

"You," Orgon directed himself to Shelma, "free this little tart's ankles." Shelma obeyed, and Helena didn't resist. What did she have to gain? "Now watch carefully and don't miss anything," he told his daughter.

Orgon grabbed his balls in one hand and his cock in the other, and stroked them until he was satisfied with his erection. Then, as if she were a mere doll, he grabbed Helena by the front of her thighs and lifted her off the ground. She tried to brace herself against his torso, but she couldn't prevent her descent as her head fell downward and her belly against his torso. She hurt herself a lot by trying to fend him off.

Orgon, who had her by the thighs, observed her, and felt as if he were dying with lust.

Helena's hands were still bound at the level of her torso, and therefore pressed uncomfortably into her stomach; her face fell against the floor, and her ass was in the air.

Orgon released her thighs and lifted all of her weight by her hands, pressing her voluptuous buttocks against the stump.

"Grab my dick!" he ordered his daughter.

Shelma, frightened by all the violence she was witnessing, didn't hesitate. The potion was quickly taking effect, and she felt strange when her hand closed around her father's penis.

"Stick it in your girl friend's cunt," ordered Orgon as he spread Helena's buttocks.

Shelma obeyed. Her hands were sweating.

Helena let out the most pathetic of howls in the night. Over a foot of dick penetrated her in one swoop, ripping everything that got in their way.

It was a brutal, savage penetration.

Helena, bleeding from her bitten shoulder, ear, lips and tongue, and from her smashed nose, began to bleed from her pussy, as it was stretched beyond its limits. Helena hadn't been a virgin, but her pussy wasn't prepared for such an assault.

Orgon, before the proud, shining eyes of his daughter, mounted Helena and began pounding her with his pelvic thrusts. It was a merciless rape, without any succour. Helena was a prisoner and an enemy - the kind of woman you tortured so brutally and possessed as cruelly as possible.

Shelma didn't fully understand what she saw. She abhorred the cruel, repugnant deed - such obscene torture! But she couldn't take her eyes off the dark, shiny, swollen piston which drilled in and out of her friend's pussy - nor from her father's powerful hips; nor his tense, shiny thighs; nor from his face which contorted in his zeal.

What was happening to her?

For a moment, she desired to be the one he raped. Frightened by her own thoughts, she removed her eyes the way she would have removed her hands from burning coals. But neither Orgon nor Helena made this easy. Without showing any sign of fatigue, he kept riding the girl as if without approaching any destination. On the other hand, Helena's cries had given way to intense gasping.

The young Rothenstein, with her face bleeding and the thick trunk pressed into her belly, no longer felt the pain caused by the whipping nor the squeezing of her tits. All she felt was the pain in her torn pussy, which little by little became stronger and stronger and wracked her entire body. It was a strange, powerful, unmitigating sensation.

Shelma became excited and began panting herself, along with her friend, who, in her limited sexual experience had never experienced an orgasm, and didn't understand what was happening to her.

When Orgon's cock conquered Helena and a tremendous orgasm made

her entire body shake, Shelma covered her face in her hands, ashamed of her own reactions and thoughts.

Orgon, who couldn't leave things as they were, withdrew his cock from Helena's pussy, and, with the same brutality with which he'd penetrated her pussy, he penetrated her asshole with one cruel thrust, and began sodomizing her.

When he was finally satisfied with the damage he'd done, Orgon busted his nut deep inside Helena de Rothenstein's guts. Helena remained on the floor, shamed and doubled over in pain.

Beside her, Shelma cried miserably, sexually unsatisfied and ashamed.

The next day, a heavily armed party, sent by Orgon himself, departed en route to the rendezvous point with Vulcan, the noble host of William of Goldstein, Shelma's cousin, engaged by his family to Ursula, the Usurper's sister.

Vulcan had insisted that the delivery take place outside his castle, and that the capture be made by Orgon's men. He didn't want to appear to be involved in the betrayal. The right to asylum in those days of anarchy was perhaps one of the few which was still respected.

William, thinking he was on his way to meet with gentlemen, thought he would rid himself of the engagement which his family had made for him to Miss Ursula, giving Orgon some other satisfaction.

When he was close to the rendezvous point, William bid his escort farewell, and went alone into the woods near the desolate Corven, where he was supposed to find the small hermit chosen to meet him.

Within a few minutes, Rodrigo appeared on a horse.

"Greetings, William of Goldstein," Rodrigo said, saluting him.

"You're not the man I was expecting," William replied with disdain.

"Orgon sent me in his name. Whatever you have to say, say it to me, and let's get this over with."

William hesitated, but his desire to extract himself from the engagement his family had made for him caused him to heed Rodrigo.

"Go and tell Orgon that I myself never promised anything to Ursula. However, if anyone wants any other satisfaction from me, they have only to ask."

"You're a rash man, William. You know that in a duel, Orgon would

finish you before you even unsheathed your sword."

"You forget Providence, Rodrigo, which is always in favour of Justice and Honour."

"And what is the reason you can't fulfil the promise made to Miss Ursula?"

"My heart belongs to another woman."

"Yes, of course. And it just so happens that we all know the name of that young woman, for whom you dishonour your family."

"I swear to God that I will defend my family's honour with the sword. But it is only just that you should know the name of the woman for whom my heart sighs, and whom I will shortly take to be my wife. It's Shelma, the daughter of Lancelot, descended from the Holdeins."

At that moment a dozen men, who had been hiding in the hermitage, surrounded William.

"Traitor!" he yelled at Rodrigo in rage, "You are a coward and a villain!"

Then Orgon the Tyrant appeared, being carried out of the woods at a steady pace, in his carriage, cruelly whipping the beast of burden who pulled it, who, William couldn't believe his eyes, was his fiancée, Shelma.

William broke out in a series of curses and improprieties.

Orgon jerked back on the reins which tortured Shelma's mouth, bringing her and his carriage to a halt. The girl was barely a half yard from William.

Shelma was naked. Her arms were bound behind the middle of her back. A stick in her mouth served as a bit, with a bridle attached to each end. She was hitched to the carriage like a mare. Her large breasts bounced and flopped as she pulled the cart. From time to time there a sharp slap as Orgon's crop came down onto her full buttocks. She cried out in pain.

William was shocked by the sight of his beloved fiancée's naked body. Until then, he had only seen her face and hands.

Orgon dismounted, giving his young mare's buttocks some possessive slaps as she stood there panting exhaustedly.

"You're an imbecile, Goldstein," Orgon commented. "You would rather have my mare than my sister."



"You don't deserve to live, Orgon!" William interjected. "I'd heard of your cruelty, but I refused to give credit to those tales which were so insulting to a man whom I believed to be a gentleman."

Orgon, imperturbable, removed the reins and the bridle from his daughter's mouth.

"William!" she cried, as soon as her mouth was ungagged.

"Shelma, I'll save you!" William replied.

Orgon grabbed her by the hair and shook her, delighting himself in the sight of her naked beauty.

"Unhand her, you son of a bitch!" William ordered furiously.

"Come on, slave," Orgon addressed Shelma. "Tell this imbecile who your daddy is."

"William," said Shelma, as the tears burst from her eyes, "he's my father."

"Who? Orgon? That's a lie!"

"It's true. He raped my mother before she and my father..."

"Shut up, by God! Who told you such a vile and wicked lie?"

"Enough chatting," Orgon interrupted, jamming the bridle back between his daughter's jaws. "Tonight we will camp in what's left of Corven," he said, mounting his carriage.

"As you wish, Excellency!" answered Rodrigo.

"I'll meet you there this evening for supper, after I take my new mare for a ride. She needs some exercise.

"Pull!" he added, striking Shelma's hip.

Shelma struggled with all her might to set the carriage in motion, and then to keep it from getting caught in a hole in the road, or against a rock.

William remained astonished as she pulled the carriage out of sight into the woods.

Orgon cruelly pulled her head back with the reins as they went through the forest. He felt very fortunate. The young beauty's mother had pulled him on his Day of Victory, and now...

Shelma was wearing sandals which were laced up to her knees. The ground was slightly inclined, and having her arms bound behind the middle of her back wasn't the best position for her to be in to pull the carriage.

"Pull! Pull!"

Flick! Flack!

Shelma, terrified of the whip which cracked around her, kept pulling. Orgon, who was truly an artist with the whip, caused it to crack within inches of her ears, her waist, and her calves. Shelma could feel the air on her sweaty skin as the braided leather grabbed and ripped at it. Shelma ran in a state of anguish and tension.

From time to time, to make sure she took the whip seriously, Orgon would find a particularly delicate part of Shelma's body to strike. He especially liked to whip her long, sensitive thighs, with their muscles flexed in exertion.

Flick! Flack!

Shelma jumped and the carriage lurched. Two marks, barely an inch in length, remained high on each of her thighs.

The sting would remind her for several minutes that the conductor of the carriage would only accept the maximum effort from her tired legs. If she forgot, two more marks (or perhaps the same two!) would feel the bite of the whip.

"Pull! Pull!"

Flick! Flack!

The terrain levelled out and, in conjunction with the persuasiveness of the whip, permitted Shelma to begin running.

Orgon contemplated her in open-mouthed awe, extremely delighted, but with cold eyes hardened by understanding. He had trained many such prisoners to be his beasts of burden, and had used them from day to day to take him out for joy rides in the afternoon. They were all captives he wanted to punish in an exceptionally cruel manner, but not all of them appealed to his aesthetic sense of beauty. He liked corpulent women with large buttocks and strong thighs. These gave the best pull and were the most stimulating to whip.

These girls lived in his stables, like his horses. Stable boys made sure they didn't want for anything. Orgon liked to show them off to his visitors - especially to the ones he wanted to intimidate!

Shelma hadn't been fully trained, but she ran with an exceptional grace and style, and was much stronger than more corpulent women. Perhaps

he would make an exception to his rule that the women who entered his stables didn't leave them alive.

He could send her to take a complete training course for a season.

"WHOOOOOOOAAA!!!" he yelled, yanking the reins back.

Shelma came to an abrupt halt and fell to her knees. She was exhausted. Orgon dismounted and raised her head with his whip.

"Get up, slave," he told her. "I want to see how you move."

Bridled, and with her father beside her, Shelma underwent an abbreviated period of training, learning to trot as a mare with her characteristics should, with her chest uplifted, her head level, her belly in, and her thighs lifted slightly above horizontal...

But most important was her rhythm. Her cadence had to be steady and uniform, without jerking or useless prancing, so as to maximise the comfort of her passenger.

Orgon would have liked to extend that marvellous afternoon of training well into the night, but other ideas marauded through his cruel mind, so he decided to go to the camp.

On the way, Shelma suffered unspeakably as she tried to practice what she'd just been taught. She trotted for almost an hour, and felt as if she would die from exhaustion. Orgon marvelled at how quickly she learned, and how game she was. Her dark, young buttocks weren't anything like the more voluptuous ones he was used to seeing, but their delicious form, bouncy and prominent, along with her incomparable legs, gave her quite an advantage.

Contrary to what Shelma would have thought, seeing the wall of the destroyed city of Corven appear among the trees in her path came as a relief to her. Her beloved home town...

During her absence, Rodrigo had made camp near one of the doors which gave access into the city. Smoke still rose from what had been a prosperous city, and vultures circled overhead, searching for any flesh that might have remained on the bleached bones of the city's inhabitants.

After supper, Orgon, excited by his joy ride that afternoon, had Shelma and Helena de Rochenstein brought to his tent, where William of Goldstein

had been chained up naked for hours, guarded by armed soldiers.

The young man had his elbows bound behind an iron bar across his back, and a chain with gigantic links was fastened to his neck. It was short enough to maintain him in a kneeling position, as it miserably connected his throat to his wrists and ankles. He couldn't move even a millimetre without the help of at least two men. Only his fierce pride and physical strength kept him from falling onto his side. He was the symbol of a conquered man refusing to accept his own overthrow. His fiery eyes burned into whoever dared approach him; his sharp tongue cursed those who were not present; and his powerful muscles strained uselessly against his bonds.

"Gag him!" Orgon ordered upon entering his tent. There was no reason for him to endure the improprieties of the hooligan.

"Worm!" yelled William, "I'll kill you with my own..."

He wasn't able to finish the sentence. One of the soldiers shoved a pine cone into his mouth so hard it broke two of his teeth.

"I don't have anything against you, young man," said Orgon, smiling, "but my sister seems to be very upset with you..."

William tried again to break his chains with the strength of his muscles.

"Long live Orgon!" voices shouted outside the tent. "We bring you the slave-girls you requested."

Orgon stepped outside his tent. With the ruined city in the background, escorted by two soldiers, Shelma and Helena of Rochenstein stood there with their heads bowed and afflicted looks on their faces, as naked as the day they came into the world.

"Oh, my dear ladies!" Orgon greeted them, dismissing the two soldiers with a gesture. "Come in! Come in, please!"

The two young women, the very images of desire, capable of raising the dead, had been freshly groomed and perfumed. They entered the tent shoulder to shoulder. They couldn't very well have entered any other way, connected as they were by short chains clipped onto their sensitive nipples. Orgon liked to place such toys on his slaves. They made even the most recalcitrant prisoners as docile as lambs.

"Welcome to the party!" he said with sarcasm. He liked to see their vaginas together. The cracks between their sex lips were clearly visible, especially towards the bottom.



«Welcome to the party!»

The moment Shelma saw William, she took one swift step toward him - but only one step. The clips on her nipples retained her; the tug on them was infernal. Tears slid down their cheeks as both girls groaned in agony.

The teeth on the clips almost ripped their nipples off!

"Tonight," said Orgon, "both of you girls are going to do the same things. Come here!"

Helena moved toward him obediently, but Shelma, indignant at the cruelty with which the man she loved was being treated, stood fast. Helena, feeling the tug on her nipples, took a step back just as Shelma took a step forward, creating another tug, and more cries of pain!

This sequence of events repeated itself several times before the girls learned to synchronise their movements.

Orgon, delighted by this show, untied Helena's hands, but not Shelma's. William twisted in his chains each time Orgon came close to his beloved.

Then Orgon shoved the girls toward William. "On your knees!" he ordered.

Helena ended up directly in front of William - Shelma slightly to his right.

"Does she please you?" asked Orgon, shaking Helena by the hair.

William's cock throbbed fully erect in the presence of the two beautiful and naked young women, but he shook his head and looked into Shelma's eyes. His negation was obviously false.

"Grab him with your hands!" Orgon ordered Helena.

Helena knew what Orgon meant, and looked into Shelma's eyes as if to ask for permission.

Shelma lowered her eyes to the ground in rage. That was her man!

Helena gently took a hold of William's cock. He trembled, visibly aroused.

"Stroke it!" Orgon demanded.

Helena's small hand moved slowly, discovering the burning tip.

"Helena, by God! Enough!" Shelma yelled furiously.

Helena retracted her hand. Touching William was against all her principles. Only her fear of Orgon had caused her fingers to act...

Orgon knelt behind Shelma, lifting her chin with one hand and fondling her tits with the other, beneath William's killer gaze.

"Keep stroking him," Orgon ordered Helena. "Don't stop until his dick spits!"

William twisted, trying to evade the cold, persistent little hand that reached for him. He knew he wouldn't be able to resist Helena's caresses, and that she would get the best of him right in front of his beloved.

"For your own good, my child," Orgon spoke into Shelma's ear, "watch what your friend and your betrothed are doing, and learn..."

William, getting more and more excited, looked Shelma in the eyes, begging for her pardon. He was lost. Helena was taking him undauntingly where he didn't want to go.

But suddenly his countenance changed to that of anger. Orgon, who continued to fondle his lover's breasts, aroused in her the same passion Helena aroused in him. Little did he know, but Shelma's blood was poisoned and her mind clouded by the Inquisitor Florentino's evil potion.

Shelma, whose eyes were half open, couldn't repress the sighs which angered her lover. She was unable to do anything about the passion which stirred in her young body.

The sight of her naked lover, aroused, his erect penis throbbing in Helena's hand, together with the probing of her father's obscene fingers in her pussy, took her where she didn't want to go either...

Orgon, satisfied by the response he was getting from his daughter, and by the spectacle he was presenting to the young man, caressed and pinched the fleshy little button hidden between Shelma's sex lips more and more insistently.

William, with his eyes fixed on Shelma's contorted face, knew that the moment had arrived. He struggled with all his strength to escape from Helena's agile fingers, but it was no use.

"Aaaaaaagh!" his moan escaped between his clenched teeth as his penis stained the girl.

Orgon, who had not released Shelma's chin, forced her to look at Helena.

"Wipe your hand off on this little piggy's face," he ordered Helena, "so that at least once she can taste that imbecile's milk!"

Shelma, not realising how excited she was, surprised everyone present, including herself, by licking William's cum off Helena's hand.

Orgon started laughing out loud.

"You've done well, slave," he told Helena. "But you have another dick to milk."

The girl looked at him with repugnance. William, whom she had known all her life, was an attractive, well groomed young man coveted by all the daughters of the local nobility, and she was no exception. She had not minded playing with William's virile member, and feeling it throb in her hand.

But Orgon was another matter...

The Tyrant took his clothes off and lay back on the skins which covered the floor of the tent.

"You," he signalled to Shelma. "Clean it," he ordered, pointing at his penis.

The girl looked at him disconcertedly, but only for a moment. Orgon grabbed her by the hair and rammed his cock unexpectedly into her mouth. Shelma gagged and struggled like a little animal against the hands which held her head in place. She bit with all her fury, but her mouth was forced open too wide for her to do any damage.

Provoking the furious but helpless William with his glances, Orgon held his daughter's head in place a few moments before he began slowly moving her head up and down on his dick...

The young Goldstein, erect again, couldn't take his gleaming eyes off Orgon's unusually large, horse-sized cock, nor from Shelma's stretched lips as they slid up and down its abnormal length. He couldn't believe it!

Helena, attached to Shelma by the nipples, moved with her. It was at once grotesque yet exciting contemplating her as her head went up and down through the unmistakable motions of fellatio, but without anything between her half open lips.

"You," said Orgon when he'd tired of his daughter's throat. "Get up here and mount me!"

Coordinating her movements with Shelma as best she could, Helena placed herself astride Orgon. Between her open buttocks, she pressed the giant's monstrous penis, which was as hard as a bar of iron.

Shelma, on her knees beside Helena, faced William, very ashamed of

her arousal.

Orgon lazily placed his hands behind the nape of his neck, not thinking of helping Helena at all in her desperate efforts to satisfy him.

Helena raised her hips and, grabbing Orgon's prick in her hand, she placed it to her pussy lips. Her entire body trembled...

With the cry of a wounded animal, Helena lowered her hips little by little. The glans, as big as a fist, parted her lips and then almost tore them apart. She felt as if she were about to be torn in half!

Helena tried to relax her muscles in order to alleviate some of the pain. Shelma, beside her, followed her descent with her eyes on her father's prodigious virility.

The young hips advanced millimetre by millimetre on their agonising journey, until a groan of anguish indicated that she'd gone as far as she could; there wasn't any more room in her, she supposed. However, Orgon was only too glad to demonstrate to her how mistaken she was. Grabbing her breasts as they dangled above him, he gave a sudden thrust which made her cry out in pain as the entirety of his monstrous cock buried itself inside her belly.

Helena froze stiff, as if smitten to death, with her hands gripping the Tyrant's shoulders. Her breath had stopped, and she didn't even blink. All her concentration was focused on the stake stuck deep inside her.

"Begin, slave!" Orgon growled, savagely slapping her tits.

Helena flexed her body and arched her back, sticking her breasts out and digging her fingernails into Orgon's shoulders. She barely raised her pussy lips an inch up Orgon's shaft.

"Aaaggghhh!" she yelled. She couldn't hump anymore.

Her guts, caught in painful convulsions, gave unsuspected pleasure to her rapist. Slowly the young vagina pulled up on Orgon's penis, revealing to Shelma most of her father's armament, glistening with pussy juice. As Helena's sex organ became accustomed to the phenomenally large penis, she began fulfilling her duties as a sex slave in a more dignified manner. Passion began to fill her belly and spread throughout her young body. In a few minutes, to Shelma's fright and William's arousal, Helena had an extraordinary orgasm, twisting and jerking and shouting again and again. Then she lay motionless and exhausted on top of the rapist.

He, however, was far from exhausted. He wanted the party to continue. Grabbing his victim by the waist, he began working her up and down in combination with pelvic thrusts which soon caused her to have another virulent orgasm. Not even Helena expected such a passionate reaction from her body!

Orgon continued. In just a few minutes he brought his surprised victim to orgasm a half dozen more times. She looked like a puppet in his hands, only coming to life when she was about to have an orgasm...

Meanwhile, beside her, Shelma tried to follow her crazy, anarchic movements, submerged in an impossible world of humiliation, pain and indomitable arousal. Her hips and thighs, as well as the rest of her body, were obliged to mimic the act of coitus Helena was engaged in.

The love potion sweetened her blood and took her to a world where only sexual desire existed, demanding immediate gratification...

Her father's naked body, and his huge penis penetrating her friend's naked body, as well as the presence of her much-loved and much-desired William, who was also naked and erect, and Helena's soft, diabolically voluptuous body - this all aroused her! Everything - absolutely everything - demanded that she do something to satisfy the passion that wracked her soul and burned in her belly, but her hands were bound behind her, and nothing - absolutely nothing - was between her legs. Desperate, she pressed her thighs together in an effort to at least give her clitoris something of a caress.

Unfortunately, this not only failed to mitigate her passion, it aroused it even more...

Orgon looked at her cynically. He knew exactly what was going on. He'd planned it this way. Her moment hadn't come; he had yet to decide when, if ever, it would.

For now, she would remain a virgin, with all sexual satisfaction off limits to her ardent young body. Only the most obscene caresses and the love potion would be permitted to her - nothing else.

Orgon removed the chain which united his two sex slaves, but left the clamps and the heavy links which hung from them between each pair of

superb breasts.

Then he dragged his passion-filled daughter by the hair to a kneeling position just inches in front of her beloved, who was also kneeling. As the two youths faced each other, he pounded two stakes into the ground, well separated. He then tied each of his daughter's knees to one of the stakes. Finally, he tied her ankles together, and her wrists to them with the same strap, so that she remained kneeling with her thighs spread, her back slightly arched, and her hips thrust out farther toward her beloved than her chest. She couldn't move forward or close her thighs. Her wet pussy pointed right at William Goldstein. Only with great effort could the two young lovers touch each other, and then only with the tip of William's penis. This was pure torture!

Orgon grabbed Helena, who was exhausted and in pain, and dragged her by the hair to the young couple. There he threw her to the ground and began brutally raping her again, bringing her to more of the orgasms he denied William and Shelma. The yelps and groans emitted during this sexual intercourse aroused Shelma and William, who tried to make more contact with each other, but to no avail.

Helena, ashamed and humiliated, witnessed powerlessly her own degradation. She couldn't do anything to stop the painful show she was giving Shelma and her beloved. The actions of the Tyrant, his unfaltering masculinity and untiring strength, as well as her own passionate nature prevented her from doing anything but relinquish herself to the man who raped her.

"Come on, boy," Orgon taunted William as he continued to struggle in his efforts to make contact with Shelma. "Keep trying! If you don't succeed tonight, I assure you that you won't be the one to take her virginity."

## *Just a whore...*

Just whore, Elizabeth, caged in the filthy basement to which she had been condemned, wanted desperately to die. The only time she ever saw light was when someone wanted to rape and/or torture her.

She had just finished servicing Saddam with her mouth, while he stood there, whip in hand, having interrupted her sleep as he did every morning for the purpose of emptying his balls.

"Come on, bitch! Lick it all up!" he ordered, striking her with the whip in such a way as to rip open the provocative dress she'd been wearing to work in since the day before. Elizabeth had spent the night with her arms bound behind her back, tied to bars by her throat the way the man who had used her in such a vile fashion had left her. She placed her lips on the heavy balls she'd become well acquainted with, and did everything to satisfy her jailer and tormentor, as she did every day.

Come on, bitch! Lick it all up!

She was desperate. She couldn't endure this servitude anymore. Her young companions looked at things differently. They even joked sometimes about their clients. But for Elizabeth, and most assuredly for the blonde woman who remained hanging upside down over the bowl of shit, that basement was hell!

Elizabeth wondered what strange power enabled that poor, unfortunate woman to endure the brutal, repugnant punishment inflicted on her for daring to accept Rodrigo's sexual whims.

Elizabeth raised one of her shoulders to wipe the sperm off her lips and tongue. She had only been a prostitute for a week, but already her

life had become the worst sort of hell. How long ago her first trick seemed!

Orgon had reserved the first three days of her service for the guests who had attended the celebration of his victory over Corven. It had happened in the dirty little room on the second floor, where she received her clients. She had waited as Sadam had taught her, bent over on her knees, with her ass raised up as high as she could lift it, pointing toward the door. Her tits and her face were pressed against the floor.



**«Come on, bitch! Lick it all up!»**

A pretty spectacle for whoever would enter! The interminably long thighs and the round buttocks spread apart to display the tools of a whore which she possessed, carefully shaved and well displayed...

The door opened and two people entered. Elizabeth remained motionless, wondering who the people were as they circled her once, then twice. Finally she felt a hand rub her ass, as one of the men said, "Get

up, woman!"

"Marcel? You?" she reddened when she saw who it was and found herself naked in front of her friend.

It was Marcel Trabant and his oldest son. His son was a big, adolescent boy whom life had given few natural endowments, and he looked somewhat like an ape.

The Trabants had always attended her court faithfully and earnestly, and Marcel had been one of the few people Lancelot trusted as true friends.

Marcel lowered his gaze, embarrassed, but his son continued staring at her without shame.

"Oh, Marcel, please act quickly and get me out of here! There are still quite a few of us left. We need to reunite quickly and take a stand against Orgon!" Elizabeth pleaded on her knees, kissing Marcel's hand. She thought his embarrassment indicated that he had come to rescue her.

"What you ask for is impossible, woman." Marcel replied, removing his hand from her grasp. He was careful not to call her by her name nor look her in the disconcerted eyes, which were full of pleading.

"Impossible? Don't you know Orgon won't stop until he's ruined everyone? Corven was first, but the rest of you will follow, one by one. Do you hear me? All of you!"

"Shut up, you stupid bitch! Your misfortune has caused you to lose your mind! Orgon is a gentleman, and we have his word. Your husband Lancelot was a poor idiot!"

Offended, Elizabeth just stared at him.

"Don't look at me like that, woman. Lancelot behaved like an imbecile. The smart thing to do is to make pacts and seek alliances with the strongest powers, such as people like Orgon. The dreamy, blissful days of your Grandfather Holdein are over."

"How can you talk like that?" asked Elizabeth, crossing her arms over her breasts, suddenly conscious of her nakedness. "What have you come here for then?" she added, looking him sternly in the eyes.

"I'll tell you what I'm not here for. I'm not here to discuss politics with one of Orgon's prostitutes! That would be a waste of time and money." The woman's hostility caused him to lose any reservations he formerly harboured.

"You too, Marcel? You, Marcel, are going to take advantage of my misfortune?"

"Don't worry, woman. I will not take advantage of you, although I have always found you more desirable than molasses. It's your own fault that you're here. For all I know, you like the job. Maybe Orgon's doing you a favour by letting you work in his brothel. I always suspected that you were a bitch in heat! Now it turns out that you were fucking Orgon behind poor Lancelot's back!"

"Marcel, by God! Those are all lies!"

"And Shelma? How do you explain the colour of her skin?"

"Marcel, you don't understand!"

"Shut up, or I'll call the guard!"

Elizabeth remained silent. She remembered her companion who was still hanging over the bowl of shit.

"I'll tell you why I'm here with my son. Do you remember your niece, Raquel?"

"Of course! She's my sister's daughter and lives at court."

"That was before your family fell into dishonour. Out of compassion for your relatives, I arranged to engage my son, Gustavo here, to her. Such an arrangement would have permitted her to escape from Orgon's persecution, and my son would finally have had a beautiful, well educated lady to take to bed."

"But Raquel is just a little girl!"

"So what? Besides, she's not any younger than your daughter, Dalma."

"But your son is..." Elizabeth made an insinuation without daring to finish her sentence.

"What are you saying?" replied Trabant, visibly offended.

Elizabeth bit her tongue.

"Listen, woman, the wedding is next week, and my son has no idea what to do with your niece. I thought you could teach him what he can and should expect from a woman."

Elizabeth listened in astonishment. She couldn't believe that a man whom she had considered one of her closest friends could ask such a thing of her.

"Sadam tells me you have the greatest skill with the 'Prick'. I'm having a replica made for Raquel, to see if she becomes as skilful as you with it. When my son understands it, maybe he will be able to teach the little girl

how to use it. Who knows? Maybe I could teach her myself. It would all be in the family."

"Marcel, please don't ask me to do this!" Elizabeth implored.

"Stop whining! And from now on, address me with the proper respect!"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Let's get started. First, show him how a woman is supposed to use her mouth and her asshole to satisfy him, then take his virginity. Secondly, let him show us what he's learned."

For a moment, Elizabeth forgot her own misfortune as she contemplated her niece in that idiotic brute's hands. And in those of his father! "We have a half hour left, and the boy is exhausted. It would be a shame to waste such precious time."

"Please, sir! For the sake of our old friendship, don't torture me anymore - not you too!"

Marcel became enraged. "What? You think serving me is torture?"

"Oh, no! Forgive me, sir! I didn't mean it that way!" she cried, throwing herself at his feet. The thought of her companion in the basement came to her mind again.

"Very well then. On all fours, with your ass lifted up high. I've always wanted to fuck you like a dog."

As soon as the Trabants were satisfied and left, Elizabeth assumed the position again, dirty as she was, with her tits and her face pressed against the floor. They had taken five extra minutes, and the next client would soon enter.

As she remained kneeling in such a humiliating position, fear welled up inside her. If the Trabants, who had been the best of friends with the Holdeins for generations, had treated her like that, what could she expect from the rest of her clients?

The door opened. Footsteps went around her. A firmer hand felt her ass, then pinched her softly at first, then viciously. Obscene fingers probed between her buttocks, sliding slowly down the crack of her ass. Who was it?

She began trembling. A finger probed her puckered little anus.

Other fingers pinched her bald pussy lips. Then a swift kick in the ass knocked her flat, and a heavy body got on top of her, between the legs

she could no longer close. A brutal hand grabbed her by the hair and smashed her face against the floor. She couldn't turn to look back.

An erect penis penetrated her buttocks, apparently trying to hurt her. All this was done in silence, except for her client's panting as he humped her.

There was a lot of pain, and she didn't even know who caused it.

She balled her fists up, trying to better support the man's weight, and she tried to imagine herself far away, at home with her daughters, in the days before the tragedy.

The man who was humiliating her was about to cum. A big, hairy arm braced itself by her face. The hand of the other arm pulled her up by the hair until her torso was no longer in contact with the floor. The insatiable penis continued torturing her rectum.

Then it was over. The man dropped her and left without saying a word. Elizabeth didn't dare turn around. She just assumed the position.

Again the door opened, and again there were footsteps. This time it was a man and a woman.

It was Sir Malcolm, and his young bride Natalie.

There had been a time when he had offered her everything he had if she would abandon Lancelot and marry him instead. Natalie had always known of his passion for Elizabeth, and had never forgiven him for it.

"She does have certain merits," she conceded to her husband as she flirtatiously squeezed his waist, which her arm was around.

Sir Malcolm, stunned by the naked beauty at his feet, remained speechless.

"You see, you silly fool," Natalie teased him while fondling his erect penis. "Now you can have your way with her without giving up anything - least of all your dear, beloved wife!"

"Y-you d-don't m-mind?" stuttered the man.

"Of course not, dear! Fuck her all you want, whenever you want, but only on one condition."

Elizabeth trembled.

"That you bring me with you every visit!" Natalie finished.

"You're my sun, my dear!"

"It's just that I love you, sweetheart."

The couple hugged and kissed tenderly while Elizabeth remained humiliated but motionless at their feet.

"You, whore!" Natalie's tone suddenly changed. "Suck my husband's dick!"

Elizabeth rose on her knees to find herself facing the man who was giving her a slack-jawed lustful look. With his pants still on... She opened his pants and found his penis small and limp.

"Wait a minute, bitch!" Natalie interrupted. "First you're going to show us what you've learned here. Take this!"

Elizabeth turned around to find the woman holding the accursed Prick. She set it on the floor with the greased stick pointing upward.

Tremendously embarrassed, Elizabeth got up and squatted over the device, with a leg on either side. Clenching her teeth, she bent her knees and lowered her body until her pussy lips made contact with the tip of the stick. Little by little she kept lowering herself until only the base of the cone remained obscenely visible outside her vagina.

Then Elizabeth began to rise, but Natalie stopped her. "No, you filthy whore! All the way in!"

Elizabeth looked at Natalie as if she were crazy. No one had ever obligated her to fit the entire monstrosity inside her.

"Now, I tell you!" insisted the woman, exasperated.

Elizabeth obeyed as she had so many other times, forcing the monstrosity inside her until her lips were about to split open.

"Good," Natalie said. "Now, go to my dear husband like that, and suck his dick."

Elizabeth waddled toward Sir Malcolm as best she could, in the undignified posture she was forced to assume as she gripped the Prick with the muscles in her belly and her pussy, being careful not to let it fall.

Twenty minutes she spent impaled. Twenty minutes she used her hands, lips and tongue as best she could to give her former admirer a precarious erection.

"Now," said Natalie, "you will make love to my husband the same way you make love to your dear Prick. You know what I mean."

Sir Malcolm lay down on the cot in the room, resting his shoulders on the headboard. Elisabeth mounted him, delicately holding onto the back of his neck. Wiggling her hips as seductively as she could, she tried to find the feeble penis with her pussy. Natalie observed all this with a smile on her face, although rage consumed her inside. In all the years she'd been married to her impotent husband, she'd never seen him have an erection before...

Elisabeth continued playing her seductive little games. This was what she hated the most, the pretence. She almost preferred being brutally raped to trying to stimulate this man, to having to offer herself actively to him. She found it repugnant to give herself up that way, and humiliating, but the punishment would be a thousand times worse. Thinking of the bowl of shit kept her motivated...

Forgetting how she felt inside, she ardently kissed the man's chapped lips, his jaundiced ear and his wrinkled cheeks. Rising slightly, she gently placed Sir Malcolm's face between her breasts, and she let him penetrate her pussy with his small erection which he kept thrusting at her insistently.

When Sir Malcolm finally had a painful orgasm, Elisabeth was relieved.

Suddenly Natalie barked out an order: "On your knees at the edge of the bed, with your butt up, whore. I'm going to thank you for the work you've done for my husband."

"NOOO!!!" yelled Elisabeth incredulously. The bitch had, hanging from her waist, a wooden dildo ten times the size of her husband's penis. It was grotesque and repugnant. Elisabeth would never have thought of anything so perverted. A wooden penis! she thought. And in a woman's hand! My God!

"My dear," said Natalie calmly. "Could you find someone to hold the slave-girl down?"

"No! Please!" yelled Elisabeth.

"I-I w-will... I'll hold her for you," Sir Malcolm stammered, impressed by the perverted imagination of his young wife. Natalie's mouth twisted with a look of satisfaction. Yes, that would be even better...

When the couple had left, promising to come back soon, Elisabeth glanced at the hourglass which indicated how long her visitors had with her; she had a little time left before her next client, so she took advantage

of the opportunity to lube her sore buttock with butter. She had been butt-raped during her first three sessions, so she wouldn't be surprised if she were butt-raped again during her fourth.

As the last grains of sand fell, she positioned herself on the floor and presented her sex-slave tools to whoever was about to come through the door.

Footsteps... Around her and around her... Caresses on her buttocks...

It was the unmistakable hand of a woman! "Get up, Elisabeth."

"Oh, thank God, Elvira!" exclaimed Elisabeth with her face lit by hope. Elvira was her best friend, like a sister to her...

Elvira motioned for her to sit on the edge of the bed.

"What do you know of Shelma and Dalma?" asked Elisabeth impatiently.

"Only bad news, Elisabeth. The Inquisition took Dalma, and she hasn't been heard of since. As for Shelma..."

"Please, Elvira. Tell me! Is she still with Orgon?"

Elvira sighed. "Yes, dear. He still hasn't tired of her yet. He always has her beside him constantly. He shows her off to everyone, and brags about her being the fruit of his loins."

Elisabeth swallowed hard. Tears filled her eyes. Elvira took advantage of the silence to whisper in her ear.

"I don't know how, but I know we're being watched. All your friends will visit you for fear to keep in with Orgon. I'm really very sorry... We have to do something."

Elisabeth looked at her disconcertedly. What was she trying to tell her?

"On your knees, traitor!" Elvira yelled unexpectedly.

Elisabeth obeyed, confused. Were they being watched? Was her friend putting on an act?

"You and your bitch daughters are finally getting what you deserve!"

"Elvira!"

"Silence!" yelled Elvira, slapping her twice, too hard to be pretending.

Elisabeth raised her elbow to protect her face.

"How dare a slave-girl address me by my name!?" Elvira continued, getting up and undressing, with Elisabeth's help. First she removed her

dress, which Elisabeth carefully folded. Then her blouse and her corset... Everything, until she stood with nothing on but her boots.

"Lick me with your tongue, whore! You know where!" Elvira knelt in the middle of the bed with her legs and buttocks spread wide, in a position similar to that assumed by Elisabeth before her clients came in. A strong stench filled the room.

Deeply revolted, Elisabeth moved her face closer, in case someone could see as well as hear them.

"What are you waiting for, you damn bitch?" Elvira asked. The words of her friend, hoarse with desire, stabbed like sharp knives into her soul. No one was watching them, she felt sure. It was a simple ruse, and an excuse to appease her guilt and avoid being too cheeky with the woman who'd been her sister up until then.

Elisabeth looked into the deep crack which separated the smooth, voluminous buttocks spread before her eyes. It stunk!

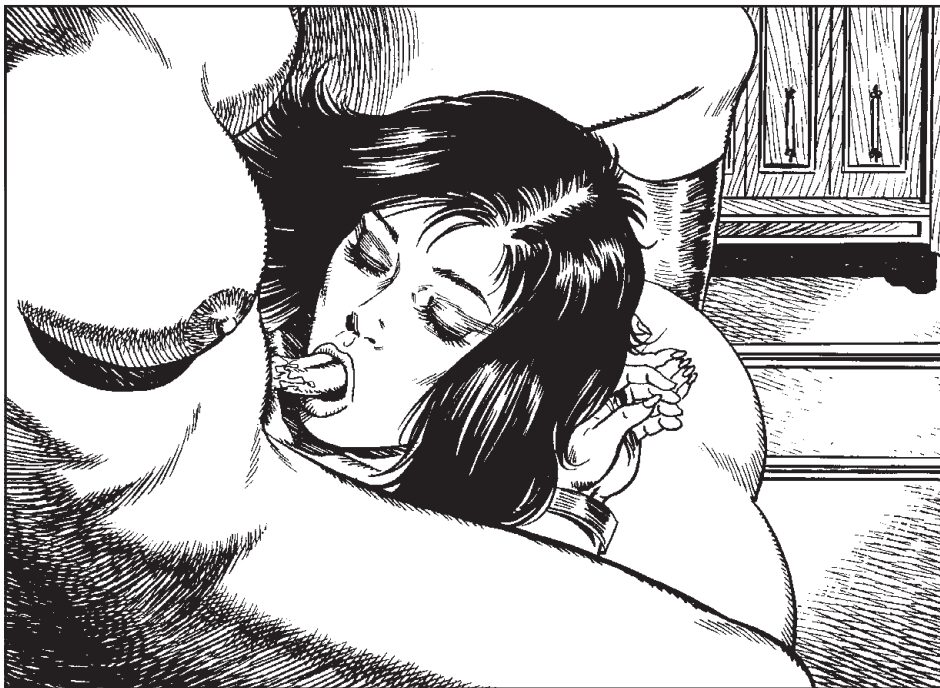
She'd never thought about it, but she was a woman, and knew what was expected of her.

She looked at the sex organ Elvira impatiently offered her. Her plum and violet coloured pussy lips could barely be seen amid the dense tangle of pubic hair that covered them. In the centre, a thick, glassy liquid filled the hole. Above it, an abnormally large clit, long and thick, stuck out from under its hood and fell to one side.

"I paid for two hours, and you're going to work hard, bitch!"

Elvira proved right. Elisabeth worked hard, licking and sucking.

All her friends, not so friendly now, visited. Many came to take advantage of the situation and enjoy, for the first time in their lives, real sex with such a beautiful, provocative woman. Others came just in case Orgon might suspect that they were the unfortunate woman's accomplices, and seek revenge on them if they didn't. But once they came through the door, something more profound and stronger than their feelings transformed them into bloodsuckers with a thirst for sex and violence - beasts who sought to satisfy their frustrations by torturing the defenceless prisoner who had once belonged in their social circle.



**«I paid for two hours, and you're going to work hard, bitch!»**

Then came the day when Elisabeth became available to anyone and everyone. The ritual then became slightly different. After each visit, she had to get dressed and go downstairs to find her next client. The list probably had more names on it than she had days left to live.

She'd been working like this for four long hard days, satisfying those pigs of all ages and social status. There were always one or two women, too. People with fetishes and fancies they'd never confessed to anyone before... There were some people who just wanted her to pose naked in obscene postures, and others who made use of all three of her orifices. There were some who just threw themselves down and let her do whatever she wanted. Others forced her to engage in the most vile acts. Some people made her just stand in front of them and masturbate before their cynical eyes until she brought herself to orgasm with her own fingers. Other people prohibited her from enjoying any sexual gratification, although they stimulated her for hours.

Later, during the hours she was supposed to rest, when the brothel was closed for business, Sadam and Rashid subjected her to whatever occurred to them, although, luckily, Rashid preferred her younger companions.

It had been a horrible week. Now she understood Orgon's generosity in sparing her life. She fully understood his cruelty - a cruelty without limits. At first, her condemnation in the brothel seemed like a kindness in comparison to her husband's fate. Now she was convinced that such was not the case.

With Sadam's abundant semen in her belly, and his bitter taste in her mouth, it surprised her when he left her cage without releasing her. All the girls got dressed except for her and the two latest additions to their stables - two girls purchased with the money obtained during the victory celebrations after the pillage of Corven.

When her very young companions were dressed, albeit with nothing but sarongs tied around their hips, and jewellery, they left the basement, and Sadam took down the woman who had been hanging from the ceiling. She'd been hanging there the entire time Elisabeth had been in the brothel, as far as she knew.

The woman fell heavily to the floor, and just laid there sprawled out; not surprisingly, she seemed unable to get up.

Sadam began kicking her and drove her to the well where he had her bathe with great care, using a lot of soap. Then he gave her a towel to dry off her body and her magnificent hair which looked blonde again, and finally he sent her to perfume and comb herself. In one hour the woman, who had appeared filthy and half dead, transformed herself into a young lady of unheard-of beauty. She was as tall as Elisabeth, but with rounder features. She carried herself with as much or more distinction, with a haughty face and proud expressions. She looked noble and dignified.

As a final touch, Sadam placed gaudy, golden bands, with bells, on her wrists and ankles. He also tied her arms behind her back.

"Let's see how you behave today, Your Highness. Your admirer is coming to visit you," said Sadam, giving her a firm whack on her round ass, which barely moved under the blow. Only another woman, such as Elisabeth, would detect the face she made in disgust upon hearing this news.

Rashid entered right then. The two new slaves began sobbing pathetically. But the Arab went right by them, without so much as a glance, to Elisabeth's cage. Had someone complained?

"Prepare yourself as best you know how, whore," he said. "Today you have a very special visitor."

After bathing and perfuming herself, and combing her hair to get ready for the occasion, Rashid had her remain completely naked, but he placed golden bands with bells on her wrists and ankles. Then he tied her arms behind her back.

When the two women were both ready, their jailer placed heavy collars on their necks, and joined them by a chain which was just as heavy.

"Come on, you whores! They're waiting for you!" said Rashid.

Unlike on most days, they were taken directly to the rooms on the second floor where they usually received their clients, instead of going to the first floor among the tables. There Rashid locked each of them in a separate room. Without wasting any time, Elisabeth assumed the position she detested, in which she waited for her clients.

A long time passed. Too much time... Elisabeth's back and knees ached, but she didn't dare move. There were footsteps in the hallway, but none stopped at her door. Who would it be this time? Finally, someone came in.

The same odious ceremony... Footsteps went around her, hateful hands caressed her buttocks obscenely, and... the tinkling of bells?

Could it be? It couldn't be...

The odious examination continued. A cruel pinch, fingers opening and probing. Elisabeth endured the humiliation, stoic as always. Without moving her head, she observed the new, studded boots. This was surely a man of means, very in fashion from the Court. He was surely a rich, influential man.

Something, probably a cane, brushed up against her inner thighs until it reached her vagina. Passing between her pussy lips without stopping or slowing down, it went straight to her abused butthole, but still kept going, up her back to her kidneys, where it forced her back farther down. Elisabeth humbled herself and bent her back even more sharply. Embarrassed, she could just imagine what a spectacle she was presenting



«Come on, whores! They're waiting for you!»

to her guest.

The cane continued its path slowly up to the nape of her neck. Elisabeth closed her eyes and pressed her nose even more firmly against the floor. Her client didn't seem to be in any hurry. He had undoubtedly paid for several hours of her services - perhaps all day.

A heavy boot came to rest cruelly on her right hand, pressing it flat against the floor, and stepping on it. When she realised what was happening and tried to remove her hand, it was too late. The man had placed all his weight on it. This hurt her a lot. The boot moved slowly, as if trying to break the bones in her hand. Finally, the man stepped down from her hand.

"On your feet, whore!"

"My God!" exclaimed Elisabeth upon recognising the voice. It was Rodrigo, the worm who had given her as a little girl to Orgon, the man who had betrayed her father and later the entire city of Corven. Would her misfortune have no end?

The cunning, traitorous cleric looked at her with bright eyes and a smile on his face. Beside him, at the end of a leash, her companion in misfortune, the beautiful woman who had been hanging over the bowl of shit for days, looked at the floor, standing there naked with a look of desperate compunction on her face.

"How are you, my Lady?" laughed Rodrigo, reminiscent of his days as a counsellor to Lancelot.

Elisabeth bit her tongue with superhuman self-discipline in order to control her anger. This traitor was guilty of having caused all her misfortunes, as well as those of her family and all her subjects and her neighbours. He was responsible for her being raped as a child, which marred the rest of her life. He had opened the Castle of Baden-Holdein to the Usurper, and caused the death of her father. The first to cause the fall of the city which had belonged to her husband, Lancelot, as well as his torture and execution and the terrible life of slavery to which her daughters had been condemned.

"Times change things a lot," said Rodrigo with irony, lasciviously inspecting Elisabeth from head to toe. "Nowadays the nobility has to

work for a living. How do you like your new job, ma'am?"

"I hate it" replied Elisabeth. "I detest it!"

"Tsk! Tsk!" the Favourite shook his head, as if in sorrow. "That's a shame, because it creates a serious conflict of interest. Everyone in town enjoys having you work for them..."

"Oh, Rodrigo! In exchange for what you want most, you could get me out of here, and save my daughters!" Elisabeth interrupted, throwing herself at his feet and pleading.

Rodrigo let her beg. It was delicious - a moment to be remembered by posterity: the arrogant First Lady of Corven naked and on her knees, grabbing his boots, and kissing them. "Why should I?" he asked. Elisabeth looked up at him with her eyes full of tears. "Haven't you hurt me enough already?" she asked. "What's done is done, and there's no help for it. Sometimes personal sacrifices must be made for the good of the people. Not even the nobility are impervious to these demands," said Rodrigo, his lips curling in an evil smile. "Give me one reason - just one, and I may consider interceding with Orgon on your behalf," he added. Elisabeth's head felt like it was going to explode because of all the self-contradictory emotions scrambled in it. The primitive hatred which she felt for Rodrigo, the degradation of her service in the brothel, powerlessly waiting in her cell for hours, day after day without knowing what was happening to her daughters... She had to escape from the brothel at any cost! Perhaps then she could save Shelma and find Dalma.

She took a deep breath. "I'll be your devoted sex slave!" she eagerly offered, straightening her torso provocatively, and pressing an ear against Rodrigo's genitals. Rodrigo's evil laughter made her blood run cold. "I can come here and do whatever I want with you, whenever I want," he said. And your inclination to serve me here can't be much different than what you're offering me. My elevated position permits me to spend quite a few silver coins each week..." Elisabeth refused to give in to these humiliating words. "That's all true, but then I'd be yours and only yours," she coaxed, turning her head to press her warm, half-open mouth against the bulge in the cleric's pants.

"I must be an irresistibly attractive man," said Rodrigo, audibly affected by Elisabeth's wiles. "This is the second time today I've heard promises such as these! And from the mouth of another lady of ancient lineage!"

Rodrigo gently pushed Elisabeth away, and, sitting down in the middle of the bed, he leaned back against the headboard. "Come here, both of you!" he ordered. Both of the splendid ladies hastened to obey.

Rodrigo just looked at them for a few minutes as the two of them stood at the edge of the bed, completely naked, adorned only by the humiliating bells which decorated them.

"Face each other, my dear ladies." Both women obeyed, without daring to look up. There was too much shame to share with anyone. "Come, come, my dear ladies. Raise your heads." Each woman saw their own undoing in the desperate eyes of the other. Rodrigo introduced them, telling their stories without sparing any details. Their stories were similar, and he was the cause of both of their tragedies. Velma, as the other beautiful captive turned out to be named, was twenty-six years old - two years younger than Elisabeth. Rodrigo had met her at Court, where she had come from a foreign kingdom. Her sharp mind and painstaking education caused the Queen herself to take her into her service, and in just a few months she became the most influential person in the royal chamber.

Her excellent aptitudes and privileged position, and, of course, her shining beauty, did not go unnoticed by the astute Rodrigo, who attempted to become more acquainted with her. She rejected him without any consideration at all. That was her first and last mistake at Court. Rodrigo, jealous of her powerful influence, and her ambition, which seemed to include taking the Queen's place, built around her a framework of gossip which finally caused her to be brought to trial. Not even the Queen's favour could save her then. She was condemned and banished from the Court, to serve the rest of her life in a brothel.

The only thing which remained for Rodrigo to do was to ensure that she served her sentence in the brothel of Baden-Holdein. Now, the Traitor could contemplate both of these beautiful women to his heart's content, as they stood face to face, naked. The same women who had dared to resist and reject him. He felt like God. "Both of you want to get out of here," he stated after a long silence. "Both of you have confessed your desire to serve me as my personal sex slaves." Both women listened while looking each other in the eye - Elisabeth in surprise and Velma with alarm.

"What should I do?" Rodrigo asked himself with a pause in his soliloquy. He was a master of eloquence! "It's true that I was thinking of buying a slave-girl to entertain me during my leisure time. I work too much and believe I deserve it." A ray of hope excited the captives. "But I can only afford one." The women's hope suddenly turned to bitter jealousy. "You've wanted me for years," Elisabeth quickly stated.

"It would be easy to let both of you rot in this whorehouse. Since the fall of Corven, there's a lot of fresh meat on the market, and at bargain prices! Furthermore, I wouldn't have to ask a favour of anyone." There was another pause. Both women listened intently. Their futures lay somewhere in the vague meditations of that damned schemer! "At any rate, I must admit that I would be happy to possess a slave-girl of your calibre, so, just in case I decide to take one of you, I would like to decide now which of you it would be."

These words suddenly converted Velma and Elisabeth into fierce rivals. "Raise your arms over your heads so that I can take a good look at you," Rodrigo ordered. They were, in truth, two suffocatingly irresistible beauties. Rodrigo, who contemplated them from the side as they stood facing each other naked, couldn't decide which woman was more beautiful. They were of the same stature, but one was brunette and the other had light brown hair. Their faces looked haughty and proud, with aggressive characteristics. Their breasts were equally beautiful. Velma had a rounder profile, with larger breasts, which started higher and ended lower on her torso. They were two globes of dark, soft flesh, topped by appetising nipples. Elisabeth was firmer and more compact. Instead of soft mountains, her breasts rose suddenly in an irresistible, concave curve which thrust her long, pointed nipples upward. Equally provocative contenders, they were also delightfully distinct. The suggestive arches in their backs; their ribs; their firm, soft bellies... One had given birth twice, the other not once, but nothing gave either woman a distinct advantage...

Undecided, Rodrigo continued his exploration. The curvaceous waists moulded delightfully into their buttocks, a part of the female anatomy which he appreciated in particular. Velma was slightly rounder, but again, the slightly different figures made a decision impossible. Elisabeth's silhouette was slightly taller and her features were more distinct, but Velma was so shamelessly voluptuous! Both pairs of legs, equally long

and shapely, also left Rodrigo uncertain. When he thought Velma looked better, he would suddenly see Elisabeth and change his mind. But when he thought she looked better, he'd see Velma and change his mind again!

While Rodrigo continued contemplating his view of so much perfection, the two rivals waited impatiently for his verdict, which would determine to whom they would belong from then on. Each was confident about her overwhelming beauty, but also nervous about the evident charms of her rival. The looks they gave each other were openly hostile. Rodrigo ordered them to turn slowly, so as to let him compare their bodies while viewing them from different angles. This was also useless. Velma appeared the most voluptuous and feminine - the optimum choice for when someone wanted to jump on her and rape her in the most savage manner. She was also the most ideal for marking with a whip. Elisabeth, with her more stylish curves, suggested more subtle pleasures which would occur less often, but last longer. Her cat-like eyes incited more ingenious torture, more refined humiliation than merely a whipping session. She seemed more apt for exercising the cleric's twisted mind.

Rodrigo took his clothes off. Two pairs of eyes, confounded and desperate, looked at his crutch. "Get on the bed, my ladies. Elisabeth to my right, Velma to my left." Both women hastened to obey. The two of them knelt on the bed facing each other. "Now your slave tongues will lick the entire body of the man whom you adore so much. Beginning with his feet." The captives looked at each other briefly. "Oh, and when you start licking farther up, don't fight. There will be enough for both of you!" Rodrigo added with a frivolous guffaw.

These were moments of ecstasy for the traitor. The two women eagerly used their two skilled mouths, their two pairs of sensual lips, and their two persistent tongues with all the skill they had developed in the brothel, and anything else their instinct dictated. Caresses between his toes, on the soles of his feet and around his ankles... Sucking on his big toe and the one next to it... Licking his calves and knees, from front to back... The two mouths slowly worked their way up his legs in synchronised motion. Rodrigo spread his legs. Velma, the more cunning, placed herself between his legs first. Elisabeth arrived too late. "Ladies, please! You seem more like two bitches in heat than ladies!" Both women blushed.

Velma removed one of her knees so as to allow Elisabeth to place one of hers between Rodrigo's legs. Elisabeth lowered her belly and, as she continued licking the inside of Rodrigo's thigh with her head next to Velma's, she placed her pubes against his leg and started humping as sensually as she could. Rodrigo rolled his eyes, delighted by the subtle wiles of the two women. Two wet, pink tongues simultaneously began licking his genitals in unison. A chill shot up his spine. He grabbed each slave-girl by the hair and forced her head to one side. The view was fantastic! Two beautiful profiles, two open mouths and sets of lips, face to face, with his erect, passion reddened penis between them... Two avid tongues, pressed side by side... Two pairs of open eyes, eager and jealous of their rival... Rodrigo synchronised their efforts by pulling on their hair, guiding them up and down his cock, detaining them at the ridge around the head, choking them with his pubic hair, forcing them to continue paying homage to his swollen balls... He savoured the sensation of two shaved pussies humping on his knees. He was in heaven! But again doubt assaulted him. Which of the two women should he choose? Velma was the most aggressive and the most temperamental. Elisabeth was more of a slut, and more expert. Again he reached the same conclusion: Velma merited a struggle, violence, and unbridled passion, whereas Elisabeth deserved being forced into submission with subtle torture, and prolonged pleasure.

He pulled their hair so as to force Elisabeth's head a few inches away while causing Velma's head to rapidly run the length of his cock. The girl didn't need any more instructions. Little by little, her lips gripped his cock and, as she sucked with all her tenacity, Velma lowered her mouth onto the raging hard-on until her throat opened and the penis completely disappeared. She was a well trained sex slave.

Elisabeth, jealous of the advantage this privilege afforded her rival, placed her hand on Rodrigo's testicles and began giving them a subtle, irresistible massage.

Velma, unable to go without air any longer, withdrew her mouth from his penis as slowly as she had placed it there. As soon as Rodrigo felt her tight throat release his throbbing cock, her tongue began skilfully flicking it. When she reached the tip of his cock, she used the tip of her tongue to play with its dilating opening.



"Remember last time?" he asked Velma.

"Yes, master," she replied.

"Tell your little friend here what happened."

Velma hesitated. Then, "My master ordered me to..." she choked on the words..

"Go on!"

"My master told me to clean... his buttohole... with my tongue."

"Then what happened?" he asked.

"I was stupid, and refused to do it."

"So then what happened?"

"I was punished."

"How?"

"I was forced to spend a week with my head stuck in a bowl full of shit."

"Don't you have anything else to say?"

There was a nervous pause, then: "Your slave thanks my master for the lesson."

For the first time in her life, Elisabeth thought there was something she couldn't do - not even for her daughters. She wouldn't be able to overcome this challenge.

"Has Your Highness been rehabilitated?" Rodrigo called her that to remind her of her former, splendid life at court, as well as the intrigue which had brought her to the horrible place she found herself in.

"Yes, my lord," she replied.

"If I take you to be my slave-girl, will you eat my shit?"

"Y-yes, sir. I... I swear I will!"

"And you?" he asked Elisabeth.

"I will too, my lord," she replied without any conviction, as a knot formed in her throat. It was the first time she had ever addressed him as her master.

"Excellent!" said Rodrigo, turning himself over on the bed. "Let's prove it."

To the dismay of both women, he knelt with his thighs spread and his buttocks spread wide and lifted up. It was filthy, and reeked like a thousand demons.

"Who wants to go first?"

There was a brief silence, which seemed like an eternity to the women as both of them nervously looked sideways at each other.

"I do, master," Velma stated with apparent conviction.

Elisabeth couldn't even utter a word; it was all she could do to keep from puking.

"I'm sorry, your Highness, but this time your little friend will do the honours."

Elisabeth thought about Sadam and Rashid and the brothel, and about her clients and her daughters, but she still couldn't force herself to do it.

"What's wrong with your companion?" Rodrigo asked Velma cruelly.

"She doesn't seem to think that cleaning your asshole is such an honour, my lord," Velma replied.

Those words were all it took to motivate Elisabeth. She moved her face near Rodrigo's ass and began licking his hairy buttocks.

"Not there!" complained Rodrigo. "In the middle. Start with the balls!"

It was absolutely disgusting. Both of the testicles hung down in long, filthy nut sacks, one of which was longer than the other. They couldn't have been less inviting.

"Don't be shy, my lady! Press your noble face against my asshole unless you want your beauty to fade in this brothel."

This threat seemed to work. But Rodrigo wouldn't be so easily satisfied.

"Stick your nose right in the hole, slave," he demanded, addressing her that way for the second time, and calling her a slave for the first time.

"Farther!" he insisted furiously.

"I said farther! I want you to open the hole with your nose!"

Elisabeth couldn't have felt worse. Her face was sticky and covered with the faecal matter of the pig who had ruined her life.

"That's it, slave! I've finally got you where you belong. Now remove your nose and use your tongue!"

Elisabeth started to vomit.

"Don't you dare remove your face, slave!"

Rodrigo's orders struck and confused Elisabeth's already cloudy mind. That was hell!

"Farther in!"

Her tongue already ached.

"Swallow!"

That was too much. Nausea overcame Elisabeth, and she puked to one side. Rodrigo was still not willing, however, to terminate her torture and humiliation.

"Lick up and down and clean me!" he ordered. "Use your aristocratic slobber."

Her saliva mixed with his faecal matter.

"Swallow!"

Elisabeth licked and swallowed, licked and swallowed...

"Do a good job, slave! Velma will tell me whether or not I'm clean enough."

Elisabeth redoubled her efforts. Rodrigo relaxed. His slave-girl's tongue licked up and down to his complete satisfaction. He felt her face pressed against his buttock, and the coolness of her recently applied saliva, the humiliation of the previously arrogant lady, her disgust and her anguish...

Her persistent tongue washed and probed. Rodrigo became more and more relaxed and sprawled out on the bed. His intestines also relaxed. He just let himself go; after all, Elisabeth was just a slave-girl - much less than an animal. A humid fart rewarded her efforts. After a moment of perplexity, she carefully licked up and swallowed the residue.

When Velma inspected the crack of the maniac's ass with her own nose and tongue, she could smell only the perfume of her companion in misfortune instead of the usual, vomit-inducing odour.

"Well?" Rodrigo asked her impatiently.

"It's clean, my lord," she admitted, albeit to her dismay.

Rodrigo made Velma clean and perfume Elisabeth.

Then he had both of them kneel against the edge of the bed, side by side, displaying their goods. Before his eyes, two haunches. Two alabaster columns; two slightly separated vaginas; two hairless pussies; two tightly closed, palpitating orifices...

He stuck his dick in the whore on the right. What difference did it make which whore it was? There he entertained himself for a few minutes

before sticking his dick in the other whore. Delightful! He continued his advances farther up without changing whores. Then it was the whore on the right's turn again.

He seemed like a musician playing instruments. Some slaps on the bare buttocks... Roughly groping the provocative hips... His throbbing cock opening and penetrating... The result: a few glorious groans and two expert pussies which stroked his dick like nothing else could, firmly gripping and kneading it with uncommon strength.

Who would he choose? He couldn't even tell one from the other!

"On your feet!" he ordered, surprising both women. "You," he said, gesturing at Elisabeth, "kiss my mouth."

For the Lady of Corven, this was the most difficult order to obey - even more so than licking his butthole clean. The only person she had ever kissed like Rodrigo wanted her to kiss him, was her husband Lancelot. To her, a kiss on the mouth was something more intimate than any sexual excess. Kissing the maniac who was humiliating her the way he wanted her to was even more degrading. She would have to give him everything: the embrace, the caresses, the lips, the tongue, the saliva...

Rodrigo was amazed, and left in ecstasy by the prolonged kiss. . He felt that, with this act of forced love, something which had previously remained intact broke in the woman's heart. Nothing would ever be the same again for her. A kiss could not be faked.

He was so overcome by the lust Elisabeth's kiss instilled in him that he ordered Velma to empty his balls with her mouth while he continued raping Elisabeth in that most intimate of fashions until she gave herself completely up to him.

When he was satisfied and exhausted, Rodrigo decided to recover by taking a nap.

Both women waited in silence without looking at each other until the monster who subjugated them in such vile manners woke up.

In a few minutes they sadly observed that his penis, which they had left flaccid, was becoming erect again. Even in his sleep he was unable to abandon his sadistic fantasies!

"I'll tell you what you're going to do," he said as soon as he woke up. "You're going to make love to each other, right here at my feet, and you're going to do it as well as you know how!"

The two women, visibly nervous, exchanged furtive glances.

"Do you know why, Velma?"

"For the sake of obedience, my lord."

"Wrong, slave! Do you know why, Elisabeth?"

"To satisfy my lord."

"Wrong again, slave! Let me just tell you: You will make love to each other the best way you can, because whichever one of you cums first will remain in this brothel until she dies!"

The two women looked at each other disconcertedly. They had not expected such refined cruelty from the bastard. They didn't know him well enough!

Neither of them was a lesbian, but they each knew that they would be unable to resist the advances of the other. They only had one option: to make the other woman cum first!

How? By giving her all she could, loving her, and caressing her in the most irresistible ways possible.

Rodrigo crossed his legs, and, with one hand on his cock, sat back to enjoy the show.

The two women got to grips in the battle without quarter, both defending and attacking. Velma sought Elisabeth with almost violent passion, while Elisabeth subtly but insistently licked her enemy's clit. It was a hard fought battle to the finish.

The first to come would remain in the brothel for the rest of her life, subjected to the desire and degradation of thousands of violent, sex-starved men.

Their incomparably beautiful, naked women, voluptuous and extremely full of life, struggled for many arduous minutes in front of Rodrigo's delighted eyes, although he never found out who won or lost the battle. One of them let out a howl which indicated that she had lost, but her adversary couldn't resist the sight of such boundless passion, and had an orgasm at the same time!

The yells, the spasms, the unkempt hair, the breasts and limbs, the vaginas burning with passion, everything - it all gave way to one unique, monumental orgasm which was prolonged in their impassioned embrace.

What had started as an act of war ended by becoming something completely different: an act of love, which returned the women to their senses.

Both of them wished that they had lost. In this secret hope, they looked anxiously up at Rodrigo, awaiting his verdict, which would determine their fates.

"Go to Saddam and beg him on your knees to hang you both by the same rope with your heads in bowls of shit. There you will both remain until I have decided which of you will lick my buttohole clean from now on."

## *The rape of a warrior*

It had been a very, very long time since William of Goldstein had started regretting his foolhardy decision. For days he had been crawling around naked at the feet of the Tyrant's sister, Ursula.

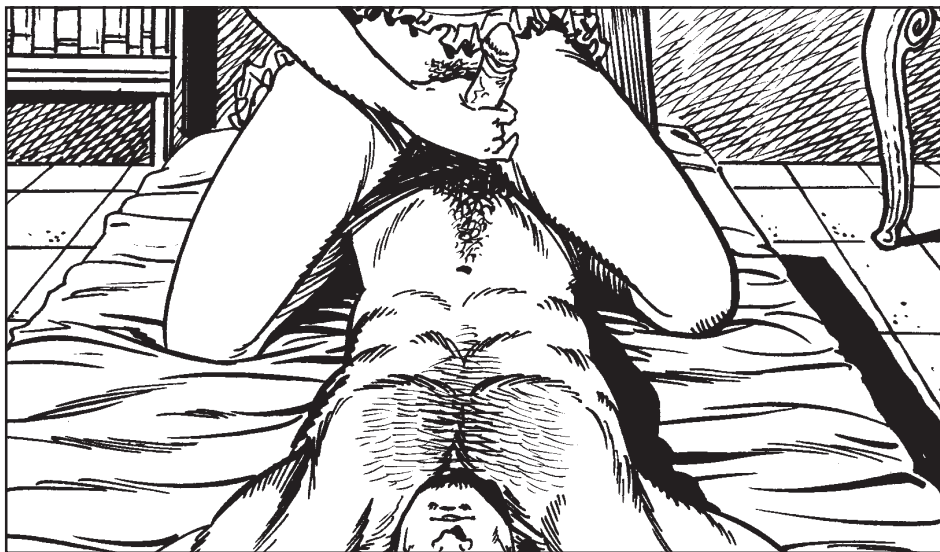
His stubborn and noble resistance hadn't lasted very long - only a few hours, as a matter of fact. Ursula had had him brought to her chambers and chained naked on top of some skins with his legs together and his ankles crossed, and his strong arms spread to form a cross. He had remained in that state on the floor for hours, awaiting the disposition of the woman who had ordered his capture.

The finely sculpted woman, whose skin was almost black, had finally appeared naked and covered with precious oils. In the dim light of the lamps, her body glistened arousingly. More than a woman to William, who commended his soul to God, she looked like a spectre who had risen from hell - like a voluptuous, female incarnation of the Devil.

However, contact with her oily skin incited feelings which were completely different. She sat on his thighs and began stroking his dick with her oily hands.

William tried unsuccessfully to avoid being aroused by her insidious caresses. In the blink of an eye, his cock was completely erect. When he opened his eyes, she showed him a pair of thin straps, and how they operated. They weren't collars; they were slip knots, one of which she placed around the base of his penis, and the other around his scrotum.

Then Ursula leaned forward over him, brushing her large breasts



against his face. William didn't dare close his eyes again, as his cock pressed against the belly of the woman who dominated him.

"Aaaggghhh!!!"

It was brutal and atrocious. Ursula yanked on the cords which ensnared his cock and balls. He felt as if all his strength had abandoned him.

"Please, Ursula," he whispered when the pain subsided, although his cock and balls were still tightly bound in her sling. The woman punched him several times. Many times... More than the physical pain this inflicted, it humiliated him.

"Stick out your tongue, you traitorous dog!" she ordered.

"Ursula, I... Aaaggghhh!!!"

Again the pain was more than any man could stand. William stuck out his tongue as soon as the pain permitted him to open his mouth.

"Farther! A lot farther, you dog! If you close your mouth, I'll rip your balls off!"

Terrified, William shook his head. There was no longer any trace of his erection.

The woman grabbed his tongue and buried her fingers in his mouth until she was able to slip another knot around the base of his tongue;

then she pulled the slip knot tight.

"Shut your blasphemous mouth!"

The mouth stuck his tongue out and tried to free himself from the strap that was hurting him. Ursula held on to the other end that emerged from between his teeth. She was smiling.

"Darling," she said, in a low, soft voice. Show me what a good lover you are..."

Ursula stood up, turned round and settled down on her knees. Her lovely buttocks, shining and oily, came down slowly... Just as she was about to come down on her prisoner's face, squashing it with her excited oily pussy, she gave a hard tug on the strap, pulling William's tongue out.

The swelling black thighs came down on the young Goldstein. A dark chuckle escaped from Ursula. He found it humiliating. She opened her thighs wide and began rubbing her wet pussy all over his face – especially over his mouth, which she filled with her own love juices.

William was unable to prevent it. He was terrified by the very idea that Ursula would pull his tongue off with one of her violent convulsions, or would choke him with her buttocks. Unwillingly, he gave her one orgasm after another, until she had had twelve...

William hated being humiliated like that by a woman, but the intimate contact with her open sex lips and her flowing secretion made his head spin, and he ended up with an erection once again...

Ursula licked her lips...

She lifted herself up and moved forward on her knees.

William was finally able to close his mouth, choking on her liquid as he did so. Her magnificent solid buttocks, wide open, came down onto her erect penis. He wanted them... He wanted them to slip down onto his throbbing member and calm Ursula's unending lust, at least for a time...

Ursula impaled herself with a wild cry that rang through all the dark corners of the Castle. She squeezed on the member with all her strength and waited for her insides to adjust to the intrusive object. Then she

went into a frenzied jerking, using his member cruelly and angrily, for her own pleasure...

It was the law of the strongest. A woman on heat, and bent on revenge, was having her way with a defenceless man who had betrayed her...

Ursula had done this before, many times, with slaves and prisoners. She knew exactly when a captive penis would overcome its owner's inhibitions and take over. William of Goldstein was coming dangerously near to that moment...

She clenched her teeth and pulled hard on the noose that was torturing her victim's testicles.

A blood chilling cry went up...

And was followed by another sinister chuckle...

The impending orgasm faded, but the erection remained. The noose around the testicles and the base of the penis kept the blood in and held the erection firm.

In this way Ursula had two more orgasms.

Then she loosened the strap. It was not needed any more. Her pet penis, her toy, her plaything, was a straining snake, raring to go, heading for orgasm again.

Her face screwed up with sudden tension, her head went back and she groaned. Another orgasm sent her into wild monkey jerks, her breasts flying in all directions...

As her eyes closed and her head sank, she saw the penis gasping as if pleading to be allowed to come. She could not permit that. This penis was not allowed to finish. She pulled hard on the strap and heard a pathetic groan. She rested briefly, and was soon sliding tentatively up and down the member once more.

All night.

All the interminable night.

When dawn came, Ursula was in a deep sleep, happy with her lover. She could take no more sex or sweet revenge.

William pleaded with her. He was a puppet in her hands, broken by his own lust, a flesh and blood puppet whose existence was now reduced to two little straps strangling his genitals and the base of his tongue.

The days went by, blurred into each other. In the middle of the morning, Ursula woke up from her brief but sufficient sleep and two guards fetched him and took him off to be tortured. Those were her Ladyship's orders. Among dozens of other prisoners, tied or chained to hellish machines, the torturer worked on William until his back was raw, his nails all torn out, his wrists and ankles crushed. He still had the straps on his tongue and genitals.

Meanwhile, in the Great Hall above them, a group of minstrels entertained the dinner guests. Knights, clergymen, important traders, sat alongside Ursula, Rodrigo; Orgon and Shelma.

It was the first time Shelma had sat at table with the others. All eyes were on her, bold, piercing, lustful eyes and other, more furtive eyes... Everyone had heard about her, Orgon's blonde slave. Everyone fell under her spell. No one was able to resist the effect of her loveliness or of her nakedness.

Orgon was eating like a pig. From time to time he put his arm round her shoulders and pulled her to him. To the envy of all present, he kissed her all over the face and all over the breasts... At times he made her swallow everything she had in her mouth, half-chewed as it was. At times he belched in her face, or shouted at her, or laughed at her.

Shelma seemed docile, outwardly unoffended, and made no attempt to clean her face or breasts where he had left them greasy.

A fat man with a long moustache observed that this lovely creature must be the daughter of Lancelot and the whore in the brothel.

Orgon smiled.

"You are a Saxon ass!" he said. "How could a bard's son have skin as dark as that?"

"So ... so it is true, than, what I had heard?"

"If you have heard that my blood beats in this beauty's veins, then yes," Orgon replied proudly. He laughed and pulled her hair, forcing her to hold her head in different ways so all could admire her.

A priest crossed himself.

"No, Father, you need not be afraid," Orgon said. "This slut received my sperm in her mouth only. There is no incest here that I know of!"

His laughter rang through the hall, followed immediately by the guests' exclamations and cries of encouragement. The priest had no choice but to smile weakly.

"Tonight I shall go into her round the back, Father," Orgon announced. "I take it there is no sin in that, either, Father?"

The guests laughed again. The priest realised that all eyes were on him now.

"Well, Father, what do you say? Is it a sin to give it to your own daughter up the ass?"

Shelma blushed. She stared at her plate.

"The Church will understand and bless those who bless her," was the cautious reply. "Your Excellency has always fought for The Cross."

More laughter and more wine.

"You see, daughter?" Orgon asked, running his finger over his daughter's anus. "You have nothing to worry about."

Ursula leaned forwards. "It will be a moving spectacle for young William," she said.

"You are a thoughtful person, my beloved sister..."

She beckoned Rodrigo over. "Dear, faithful Rodrigo, go and prepare the slave. Take her to where our young friend Goldstein lies waiting for entertainment."

"Your wish is my command, Your Excellency," the traitor replied.

Orgon turned to his daughter. "It is a great shame you have to leave before the minstrels have finished. If you behave well tonight, behave well with your lovely little bumhole, Daddy will tell you all about it."

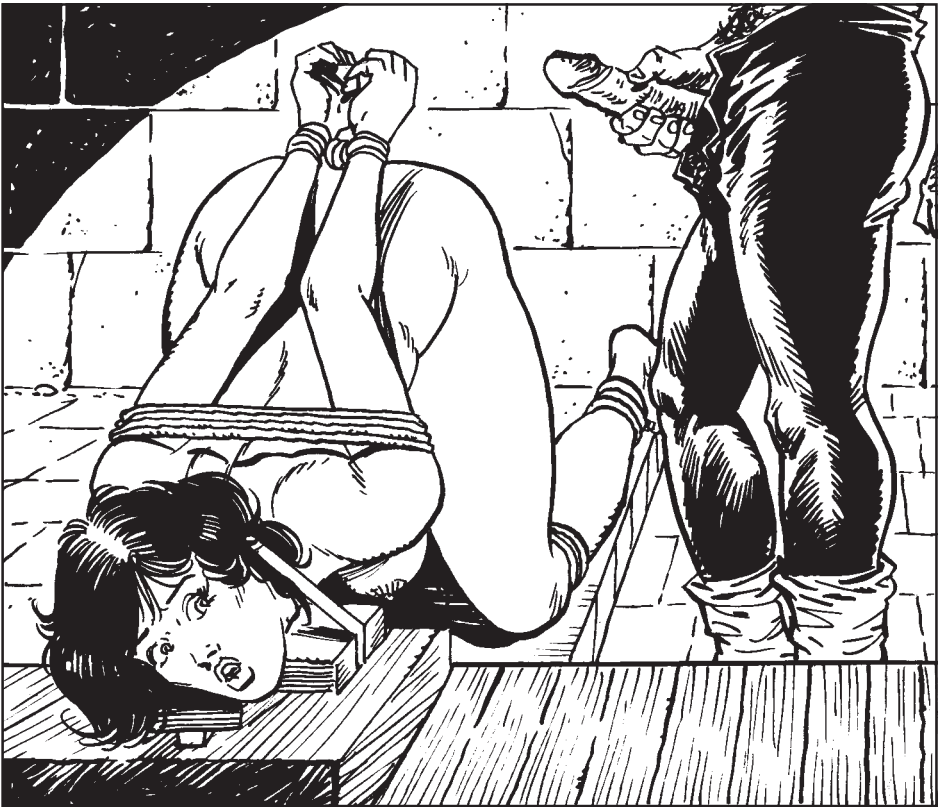
All eyes were on the young blonde's graceful, swinging walk as she left the room. She had armed guards on either side of her and the scheming Rodrigo behind her. Her swelling breasts lifted and flopped heavily, irresistibly...

Shelma was bound and displayed on a small revolving platform, not a yard from her young lover. She was tied by the neck to one end of the wooden structure, with one cheek forced down onto it uncomfortably. Her large breasts were hanging free, swinging lightly, almost but not quite touching the wood. Her legs were tied down wide apart. There was not much room between the ropes around her neck and the ropes around her

knees, and this forced her to lift her bottom high up into the air, offering her treasures in the most abject way imaginable.

William of Goldstein had a perfect view of her shaven pubis, round and swelling, as he sat chained to the wall with his arms chained above his head and his legs apart. A tremendous wooden stake, placed in position by Ursula herself, was penetrating his anus.

At the end of the banquet a small group took their leave of the guests and went down to the basement where the two young lovers were waiting, each with their legs apart...



Orgon went straight to his daughter's uplifted anus and began stroking it with the tip of his index finger.

Ursula sat down next to the suffering William.

"Ursula, you must believe me, I beg of you! I love you. I have always loved you!" he said.

Ursula said nothing, but there was an amused twinkle in her eye and the hint of a smile on her lips...

Shelma, trying not to feel her father's finger, listened in disgust as the man she had once loved confessed his false love for another woman.

William tried again: "How could you possibly think that a Goldstein could want the hand of a whore's daughter?"

Ursula look at Shelma. She patted her bottom. "I don't know. She's pretty!"

"Not in comparison with you, Ursula. I love you with all my soul. Marry me, Ursula, I beseech you!"

Goldstein's words fell on the dark walls. They sounded more like a plea for clemency than a marriage proposal. Ursula looked at Shelma. Yes, she was listening all right.

"A trifle late, my dear William!" Ursula said. "I'm not interested any more!"

"Ursula, please!"

"Let me make myself clear, William. I could never trust you if this pig of a slut here were still alive."

"Kill her," said William without hesitating. "Kill her and take me as your husband! If you want, I'll do it myself. I'll kill her with my own hands. She deserves it!"

Shelma sobbed bitterly. She would never have expected such a total, vile act of betrayal.

"Deserves it?"

"Yes! She seduced me with her dark arts! She took advantage of my honour as a knight to attract me! Ursula, I have always loved you in my heart!"

Orgon was still playing with his daughter's buttocks. He put his hand into his pants and fondled his erect member.

"Weren't you going to give it to your daughter up her ass, my dear brother?" Ursula asked.

"I was and I am," he said, turning the platform so that William Goldstein

could have a clearer view. The Tyrant of Baden-Holdstein looked down at Shelma. "The time has come," he said, "to know your Lord and Master."

He placed his hands on the girl's full, open buttocks, and slowly, very slowly, he put the tip of his swollen penis into his daughter's small, wrinkled anus.

He took hold of her firmly by the hips and sank his twelve inches of rigid penis deep into her virginal bottom.

Shelma's screams rang round the walls of the Castle dungeons. They were heard in the nearby fields and in the secret cell where a hooded jailer kept the beautiful Anne of Rothenstein for his own personal use and pleasure!

Orgon worked on his daughter with the same slow cruelty with which he had penetrated her.

William observed the terrible scene, unable to believe what he was seeing. The pig was the girl's father!

He did not understand it. He looked at the girl's tight orifice and did not understand either how it was possible for the penis to get in there without tearing it open.

Ursula closed her hand on William's sudden erection. "Does this make your little willy go bigger, dear?"

"I..."

"Answer!"

"No, it's you ... it's having you near me, Ursula."

"I don't think so. I think it's her little bumhole that's done this to you."

"On my honour, Ursula, I swear..."

"I'm sick of your lies, William," she said, pulling hard on the strap around his testicles.

William's cries mingled with Shelma's.

"Every time you look at that wet slut you get a hard on. I think I can help you."

William lost his erection. He was shaking.

"I'm going to put your eyes out. If you can't see her, you won't get so excited!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! Please! No, please, you can't..."

"I had thought about cutting your treacherous balls off and giving them to my dogs to eat. But I've changed my mind. Your balls are the only bit of you I can stand. So from now on you'll crawl around this filthy dungeon blind, with your arms and your legs broken. You'll be a dick, a prick, nothing else. I don't need any other bit of you."

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

"Jailer! Bring the mask!" said Ursula.

A masked man brought a copper mask, green with rust. He was fat and had not a hair anywhere on his body.

Ursula took the mask and showed it to William.

"Look," she said, showing him the inside. It had two nails where his eyes would go...

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The noble, brave, William of Goldstein shat himself, literally, in his fright.

"Before I take your eyes out, I want you to meet Braulio," Ursula said, pointing to the jailer. "He'll be looking after you. You'll enjoy that. You say this bitch is not the reason for your hard-on. So it must be the piece of wood up your ass. Braulio likes that kind of thing too. You'll get on well with him."

Braulio smiled. "I'm the man for the job!" he said in an unexpectedly high-pitched voice that left William in little doubt about the man's sexual intentions.

The last things that William saw were the nails that put his eyes out and Braulio's malicious smile...

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!! Kill me, Ursula, please!" he screamed. At that precise moment, Orgon shot off into his slave's bowels.

Shelma had stopped shouting. The insidious aphrodisiac and the obscene sexual attack had left her with confused and contradictory feelings...

Orgon withdrew from her anus and put the tip of his penis between the open lips of her vagina. He rubbed it up and down on her little clitoris, now hard and erect...

"NOOOOOOOO!!!" she said, trying to move her head around and giving

a provocative little wiggle with her uplifted bottom.

"No what? No? You don't mean yes, do you? You're pushing hard enough!"

"No," she said again, quietly, gasping... Her bottom pushed against the penis... "Please ... please..."

"Please what?"

"Let me ... finish! ... I need it.."

"Need what, daughter?"

"UGH! ... I need to ... finish!"

"Not your lucky day, daughter!" he said, withdrawing his member.

"Pllllleeease! Touch me there, please! I need to finish!"

"Jailers," shouted Orgon. "Flog this filthy slut! Take the skin off her buttocks! Whip some sense into her! She wanted her own father to commit a mortal sin and condemn himself for all eternity!"

Shelma was released from the platform and made to stand on a bench. Her arms were lifted above her head and chained to large beams, and her feet were chained to the bench. The chains on her arms were so short she could hardly touch the bench with her toes. Her magnificent breasts hung full and defenceless, and her vagina, with its lips fully open, was offered to Orgon, Ursula and the two jailers, who stood with their arms crossed contemplating the incredible sight.

"Flog her hard!" said Orgon. "Flog her back and buttocks first!"

One of the masked men worked exclusively on her buttocks. The other started on the soles of her feet, worked up to her calves, and ended up concentrating on her back and hanging breasts, calculating the fall of the whip so that it curled round and caught her on the breasts.

"Now flog her on the front," said Ursula. "Flog her on those big breasts! Flog her right on the cunt, good and hard!"

Shelma screamed and screamed as the whips and flails came down, ruthlessly, relentlessly, in rhythm, onto her lovely, defenceless breasts. They came down too on her vagina, wide open like and red as a fresh fig, and getting redder...

Finally, she fainted.



«Flog her hard! Flog her back and buttocks first!»

"That's a good start," said one of the jailers, running his fingers over her flagellated bottom. "Now for the fun bit." Grinning, he fetched a bowl full of salt and grabbed a handful...

# **PART THREE**

## *The Inquisition...*

Below the arches that support the castle of the Knights Templars in Mornes lay a hidden, secret world that was entirely dedicated to pain, suffering and torture. From those terrible chambers it was but a short step to a horrible end, burnt at the stake.

Body after body lay groaning in heavy chains, in painful clamps or stretched at the rack, wasting their last breaths in useless groans...

In one of the cells was a girl chained to a thick table. She looked around in panic...

She had been waiting there for two days, since her arrival. She did not know what she was waiting for. Two days trying to make sense of the senseless, trying to understand all that had happened in the last few months...

Where had it all gone wrong? The nightmare had begun with the outbreak of fighting in the fields around the town where she lived. Her comfortable life in a noble family changed dramatically when the town was put under siege. Food and water were in short supply and the defenders fell gradually, victims to arrows or disease. The survivors were often injured or sick or dying, but there were no medicines to stop the gangrene in the wounds.

The wall around the town was finally breached. People took refuge in the Castle. Many had their throats slit or were taken prisoner.

The Castle itself resisted and was under siege for another two months.

The dead were piled up in dark corners. Once again, water and food were scarce. The dreaded plague, carried by the unusually fat rats, broke out...

The enemy catapults hurled rocks and fireballs day and night. The defenders ran short of spears and arrows, and even of rocks to throw from the walls.

Dalma, for that was the girl's name, wept when she heard the news. The Castle had been taken. A traitor had opened the gate during the night.

The defenders fought with all their remaining strength, knowing that surrender would be infinitely worse than death in combat. Many threw themselves from the ramparts.

All was lost.

The enemy soldiers sacked and looted the castle, cutting the throats of the exhausted defenders or taking them prisoner. Most of the prisoners were beautiful young women.

Rape and pillage were rife, and brought with them all kinds of unimaginable cruelty.

Dalma, her mother and her sister all escaped from the Castle using a secret tunnel that led out and into the surrounding town.

Under the cover of darkness they made their way to the square where the enemy was holding the women prisoners, determined to do what they could to release them.

A horseman intercepted them and took Dalma off with him, struggling and kicking and screaming. He hit her again and again with his riding crop until she stopped. He was joined by a second rider and together they left the castle by a hole in the wall, and galloped down to the river.

They crossed it and rode for several hours. Dalma writhed as she lay across the rider's lap, trying to escape from his hungry, exploring hands, forced to listen to his threats, his obscene jokes and his wild laughter. She was terrified.

They came to a lonely cottage, inhabited by an elderly couple. The riders dismounted and pulled her to the house. They threw her down onto animal skins. Without taking off his helmet or his sword, one of the

men chained her to a ring set in the wall and threw himself onto her. His companion came hard behind and pulled him off. Swords flashed. One of the men lay down, the other dying. Dalma, beside herself in panic, was able to reach his sword and finished him off.

At night, as she lay sleeping, the old farmer came and tried to abuse her. She defended herself as best she could, still in her chains.

In the morning the two old people came and announced to her that she was now their slave. Naked in the hot sun, she was forced to dig the soldiers' graves and then to plough the fields as if she was an ox. The old man, still angry at the way she had fought him off the first night, used the ox whip skilfully on her naked buttocks.

At night, exhausted, Dalma was forced to stay awake and attend to the old man's vilest sexual fantasies. One night the old woman discovered them and took her revenge by handing the girl over to Orgon, alleging that she was a witch who had used her dark arts on her husband.

A clergyman heard the old woman's story and had Dalma arrested in the name of the Inquisition. She was abused by the Inquisitor on the road, and when they stopped at an inn, she was forced to masturbate only inches from the Inquisitor's shining eyes...

When they got to the Convent at Mornes, two masked men took her directly to the basement and chained her to the table, where she now lay...

She had been sleeping a little, but had had a nightmare. Big hairy spiders, covered in slime like a snail, were walking over her naked body...

She woke up with a start. Where was she?

What time was it?

Why was she in chains?

What did she have in her mouth?

Slowly her mind cleared and the terrible reality came back to her. She felt a sudden thump in her stomach as she realised Inquisitor Florentino was observing her in silence. His erect member protruded obscenely from his habit.

Dalma understood the reason for her nightmare. It was not spiders but the man's icy hands that were running over her, cold damp hands, insidious, obscene hands...

"The Devil is in you, she-viper," he said. His voice was croaky with lust and his hand was pressing onto the inside of her thighs at the top. "Only the Devil himself is capable of provoking such desire in a holy man such as I."

Dalma listened in astonishment. She was terrified of this madman. She knew she had no devil in her. She knew too that this fanatic was dangerous.

The Inquisitor continued his exploration, running his fingers over the many cuts that the journey in an open cart had made in his victim's dress. He fumbled around, rubbed, pinched, sank his fingers in, seeking for signs of the Malignant One, the Prince of Darkness, the Evil One...

Dalma was chained with her hands above her head and her knees slightly apart. She had some freedom of movement despite the heavy iron chains that seemed more suitable for a drawbridge than for fettering a beautiful young woman.

"The easiest thing would be to burn you at the stake."

Dalma started shaking.

"Yes, burning you would be the easy way, but that would condemn you to hell." Florentino spoke softly, almost affectionately. "And my obligation is to save your soul. So you will do penitence for your sins first. Then I shall snatch the Devil from out of your body. And I know his abode."

Dalma could not believe that the fanatic was serious. Sins? Devil? She knew she was a normal girl with the normal problems of all girls of her age. Why was he accusing her? She was terrified, confused by the lack of logic of his statements. She was sure he would stop at nothing and would commit the foulest of crimes to support his paranoid beliefs.

The truth was that Florentino was not too sure of himself.



«The easiest thing would be to burn you at the stake»

The girl's provocative body, near-naked, was shaking his faith to the roots. He had always supposed himself to be impervious to the temptations of the flesh. Only the Dark One himself could penetrate his defences like this. The long claws of the Devil himself were in those swelling breasts, deep inside that irresistible young body...

What could he do? There was only one way to know for certain if the Evil One was present. He, a holy man, chosen by Providence to fight against the darkness, would have to face a hard test. If he were seduced into committing the most terrible of sins, fornication, then he would know that the Devil himself was in the woman's irresistible body... He would know for sure that she was the reincarnation of Lucifer...

He fell onto the girl with a yell of utter frustration. His trembling hands pulled at the tattered remains of her dress, revealing her magnificent breasts. He prepared to fight the Devil in hand to hand combat... hitting, punching, pinching, twisting, biting, slapping, he attacked the girl ferociously as she writhed around in her heavy chains.

Dalma bit onto her gag and wept. She could do little else weighed down as she was by the iron fetters.

Suddenly, Inquisitor Florentino let out a primitive cry, took out his erect penis and penetrated the girl, taking away her virginity with a single hard push.

He was in no doubt now. The Evil One had seduced him through this beautiful young body and would not let him leave her.

Shocked to realise that Satan himself had him in his power, the Inquisitor thrust again and again with his pelvis into the suffering girl, and slapped and bit her. He could not stop, an irresistible force had him in its power...

Finally the Devil seized him and shook his body. The clergyman thought for a moment that he was taking him to Hell itself. His body jerked and jerked with a pleasure so strong that it could only come from the fires of Hell.

The orgasm was the first that he had ever felt in his miserable life. When it passed it left him exhausted, not sure if he was alive or dead.

He looked down at the girl. She did not look like one possessed. She was a beautiful, sensual creature. But he knew that she was so beautiful,

so sensual that those breasts could only have been moulded by a malevolent spirit.

He found himself irresistibly pushing again and his mind clouded as the Dark One took possession of his soul once more.

"Jailer!" he shouted, unable to stop raping the girl again.

To Dalma's horror and deep humiliation, a jailer walked heavily over to the board where she was being abused.

"I ... I have discovered ... where this slut ... conceals Satan," the Inquisitor said, gasping. He sank his teeth into her breasts, lost in a swirling mist of sensual delight. "He is hiding in her nipples!"

Just a few hours later, Dalma was tied up, stripped completely naked, unwillingly offering her superb breasts to the torturer's cruel hands.

Her body was arched back cruelly, resting only by the pelvis against a wooden structure, her ankles and wrists tied by rope to the ceiling.



«I'm going to drill those nipples»

The hooded jailer stood ready to pierce her young nipples with a thick iron needle. His aim was to kill the Devil that was in her, or at least prevent it from burrowing deeper into the girl.

The pain was sharp. Dalma did not lose consciousness, which was perhaps all the worse for her, as she saw the point of the nail dig into her skin first and felt it pierce the soft flesh at the base of the nipple.

The blood ran down her body. Her bloodcurdling shrieks reached the room in which Inquisitor Florentino now sat, recovering from his grapple with the Prince of Darkness. For the first time in his life he was masturbating, indulging in what he considered a solitary sin, fantasizing about the splendid girl he had raped hours earlier, and excited by her screams as she was being tortured...

The torturer worked slowly, as he always did with beautiful female prisoners. His natural cruelty grew more savage if his prisoners were especially beautiful, and he strove to inflict the most painful torture possible on Dalma's naked body... He worked in total silence, broken only by occasional explanations of what he was going to do to her next...

"Now I'm going into your asshole."

He went round the back of the torture frame and put his penis against her anus. Then he pushed in. Dalma screamed again. This time it was not a nail, but a huge penis that took away her virginity from the only untouched part of her body.

Hours passed before a second jailer, covered in the blood of a victim, came to take her down. He pulled her across the rough stone floor, her breasts rubbing over the pebble-stones, to a rack. She could not have stood up on her own...

The sinister figure lifted her like a sack of flour by the hair and one foot and threw her down on the rack. Trembling with fright, she curled up and tried to protect her breasts with her knees.

The jailer tied her down to the rack and turned the wheel slowly. Dalma felt her body crack as the joints were pulled. The straps dug into her

wrists and ankles and split the skin.

"MMMMMMMMGGGGGGFFFFFFFFF!!!"

She groaned through the gag. The torturer carried on tensing the ropes, and the cords and chains groaned and screeched. The frame of the rack itself was put under such tension that it seemed about to break, and the stresses and strains passed through Dalma's young body too...

She would stay on the rack until Inquisitor Florentino decided to go down and see for himself if the Devil had been driven out and he could begin the long, painful process of saving her soul.

Hours went by. Days went by. The girl lost all notion of time. All she knew was that a dark figure came from time to time and tensed the ropes. Dalma's body stretched painfully under the torture.

One day Florentino decided to visit her.

"How are you, sinner?" he asked.

"Please ... please," Dalma said in a scarcely audible voice, "stop this. I'll do whatever you like. I'll confess..."

The priest looked down at her severely.

"Satan! Are you still there?"

"No..." the girl whispered.

"Do you now speak with a woman's voice to ensnare me?" He examined the pierced nipples and from his pocket took out two copper rings. He put them through her nipples. She screamed with pain. Her nipples were sore and the ring was thicker than the holes.

"I shall come and examine you in two days' time. Prepare your confession."

One of the jailers took her off the rack and dragged her to a cage at the far end of one of the cells. Some of them contained prisoners. Before he shut her in, he ordered her to put the remains of her dress on. He tied her wrists together behind her back and pulled her dress down at the front so that her large breasts were hanging free.

The hours passed slowly. Time had stopped in that sinister place. She looked around in horror. All the prisoners were women...



**"I shall come and examine you in two days' time. Prepare your confession."**

By the light of smoking torches she saw that the dungeon had been dug out of the living rock. The walls were the mountain and the floor was covered in rough planks. The damp, the poor light, and the low ceiling all made it horribly claustrophobic.

Half a dozen women were in different cages. Some were completely naked, while others, like herself, wore the tattered fragments of dirty smocks. Some had sunk into a kind of apathy as if they had been there for some time. Others seemed to have arrived recently.

The only noise was the monotonous crack of burning torches, the soft groans of despair, and the occasional creaking of a chain from which a woman was suspended by the waist.

To her right, a slim girl was suffering in silence, her eyes closed. She was on a rack. To her left, a blonde girl with an angelic face was hanging upside down from a chain on one ankle. Her fingers and her dirty hair hardly touched the ground. Her body was covered in bruises and welts and her small nipples had been burnt.

On the other side of her, an extraordinarily beautiful woman was struggling to stand on tiptoe. Her back was to the wall and a huge wooden penis sticking out of the wooden floor disappeared between her buttocks. Her full hips, prominent buttocks and heavy, rounded breasts all moved slowly as she flexed her legs.

Another woman, a little older than her, was on her knees with her back to a wooden post, her elbows tied behind her back. She wept silently. Two wooden planks had been screwed together like a vice, crushing her breasts. Her nipples stuck out between the wood, revealing that she too had been tortured on them. They were also burnt and had nails through them.

Dalma could make out other shadowy figures and could hear their groans.

Two torturers walked up and down amid the horror. They were corpulent, solidly-built men with muscular arms. They always wore hoods and thick leather boots, but their chests were bare. They struck terror into all who saw them.

Their job was to guard and torture the unhappy women who had been reported to the Tribunal. They spent much of their time sitting around drinking or playing a strange card game that Dalma did not recognise, or stretching their legs, as they put it, with the grim humour of men well used to stretching limbs.

One of them stood up. The prisoners stirred. There was a sudden, uneasy sound of chains moving.

The woman who was hung up by the waist received a severe whiplash on her buttocks and jerked around. The man whipped her on any part he saw moving – arms, legs, breasts...

The other prisoners started wailing in horror.  
A new lesson was beginning in Hell...

"I'll come back and give you a good fucking later," the jailer said, tensing the ropes on the rack where a woman lay suffering.

"You could bumfuck this little one," he said to his colleague when they came to the blonde girl who was suspended by an ankle.

"No way. I'm going to fuck something from the cages today."

"Sorry about that, love," the first man said to the blonde girl, "your boyfriend here fancies a bit of a change. Don't worry though, I'll help you out myself with this!"

Dalma watched in horror as the man pushed a thick wooden dildo between the girl's buttocks. She shouted and screamed. Dalma could not imagine how the girl could take the monstrous phallus without breaking.

They walked on, cracking the whip into young flesh and causing Dalma to cringe. Then she heard a scream. It was the girl whose breasts were being crushed. She begged and pleaded for mercy, promising all kinds of obscene sexual favours if they would loosen the breast screws...

"You're no use for that sort of thing any more, you filthy slut!" said one of the jailers, selecting a nail from a pile on the ground and showing it to his victim – it was thick, long and rusty.

Dalma sat with her cheek pressed against the bars and her head averted. She wished she could put her fingers in her ears.

The jailer removed all the other nails from the girl's nipples. He like the girl and he was enjoying it...

"We'll need to make a bit of room for this one," he said.

Blood dripped onto the girl's thighs as the nails came out. The girl seemed to go into a trance, foaming at the mouth in terror and throwing her head around...

He trapped the left nipple between two fingers and pulled it. Dalma turned her head to see what was happening. He pushed and pulled the needle in and out like a saw. She would not have believed that a human being could do that to an innocent girl. When the nail was in place the jailer hung a hammer from it.

"I'll take care of that one later," he said, pointing to the last of the women who could be seen from Dalma's cage. The prisoner was also leaning on the wall trying to get some weight off her toes. Her arms were chained outwards like a cross. Her thigh muscles were bulging from the effort of lifting herself off the wooden penis in her anus. She had been warned that if her heels touched the ground the stick would rip into her and she would die impaled on it. In twelve hours...

"How's my little girl doing?"

The woman's body showed none of the scars or welts of the other women. She looked beautiful and very feminine with generous swelling breasts, rounded hips and strong legs. In her suffering she held her mouth open and it gave her an expression which the jailer found irresistible, suggestive of sexual desire and orgasm...

"Do you want to dance?" he asked, with a sinister smile, resting his hands on her wide thighs.

The woman shook her head.

"You don't want to dance with your lover?"

"No ... nooo ... please ... leave me alone..."

"Now that's not very friendly. You know you like it when you get going..."

He lifted her off the stick by the armpits and kicked the stick over. She was left suspended by the wrists and with her back against the stone wall.

He was brutal. He lifted her legs high, forcing them against her breasts, and pushed his penis in with a hard thrust.

From her cage Dalma could only see the jailer's back and buttocks, banging away rhythmically into the girl.

She turned her head away. She had been raped herself, but she had never been a front-row spectator before of any other rape. The two women near her also moved around uncomfortably. They must all be thinking the same thing: when will it be my turn?

Sooner or later, it was bound to happen...

The jailer began grunting and groaning. The woman's back was

battered and bruised and she was shouting out in pain. Little by little her shouting grew softer and became a series of low moans and quick gasps and finally turned into passionate panting and grunting. She was the jailers' favourite. She had been there for four weeks and she was still fresh and beautiful. No one had taken hot irons to her taut, shining skin or burnt her with smouldering torches. No one had even whipped her.

She was a naturally passionate girl who had been sent to the convent by her parents as a novice. After a year in a cloister, she had not been able to stand any more and had been caught consoling herself with a wooden crucifix. The abbess had ordered her to be stripped and chained in such a way that she could not use her sinner's hands on her sinner's vagina.

A week later, Inquisitor Florentino came for the girl and declared his intention of unmasking the demon in her body. However, the girl had proved very popular with the jailers, which made it advisable to postpone his interrogation for some time. It was politic to keep the Church's faithful servants happy...

A sudden change of rhythm announced an impending orgasm, which arrived punctually, accompanied by a tremendous grunting and roaring. However, the girl, although visibly aroused, was unable to finish and was left crying miserably still hanging by the wrists.

Soon another jailer would rape her again, perhaps harder and more violently, to see if she felt something...

Her rapist slumped forwards gasping and finally recovered. He dropped her without warning and staggered off to other areas which Dalma could not see, but which she knew from the screaming to contain other women.

His companion stood up and took a bunch of keys off the wall.

"Let's see what they've brought us this time," he said to himself, licking his lips.

Running the keys down the line of cages, he walked up and down a few times, looking at the girls inside. Each time he stomped by, Dalma held her breath...



**"Let's see what they've brought us this time,"**

He was as heavily built as his companion, but looked older and his skin was white and flaccid.

"What's your name?" he asked the girl in the next cage. "Dalia," the girl replied with a trembling voice.

"Come closer to the bars, Dalia."

The girl, who also had her arms tied behind her back, moved over with difficulty.

"Press yourself against the bars."

Terrified, the girl pressed her breasts and thighs against the bars.

The jailer – whose nickname, Bonebreaker, the girls had sometimes heard – tore the girl's dress off with his rough hands. Dalma saw a pair of huge, heavy breasts with long, tubular nipples.

The man put his hands on her waist. "Move them tits around!" he ordered in a gruff voice. The girl began to move left and right, causing her large breasts to wobble. "Up and down!" She lifted her head and straightened her back several times, causing her breasts to lift and fall and wobble back into place provocatively...

The man seemed convinced.

Dalma seemed safe for the moment. She breathed a sigh of relief. But fear was too much for the other girl, Dalia, who wet herself.

Bonebreaker looked at her angrily.

"You filthy slut!" he shouted.

He opened Dalia's cage and pulled her out by the hair. Then he chained her down to the wooden floor with her arms out sideways and her legs apart. He put a strange leather gag on her. It covered her mouth and forced her jaws apart. Through the hole in the front, Dalia's open throat was clearly visible.

He placed a funnel in the orifice, pulled his pants down and urinated into it.

The hot liquid filled Dalia's mouth. From her cage, Dalma saw her knuckles go white as she clenched her fists with impotence.

The man finished urinating and explained to Dalia exactly what he was going to do...

"I'm going to cover your nose now. If you don't want to suffocate, get some air in as soon as you can."

The girl tried to shake the urine out of her mouth but could not move her head enough. He was holding the gag.

"Breathe!" he ordered, holding her nose for a few seconds. Dalia breathed in desperately through the nose, but did not swallow, supposing that he would let her go immediately. She had nearly choked before she realised that he was not going to let go of her nose.

Suddenly, she started swallowing the urine that filled her mouth and the funnel. It was difficult because the tube on the funnel was narrow and the urine went down very slowly.

It came out of her nose. Her face changed from red to blue. She stopped swallowing. He took his fingers off her nose for a few brief seconds.

He repeated the movements again and again until the girl had

swallowed the last drop.

He did not bother to put her back in the cage, or even to take the funnel out. He just left her stretched out on the floor, ready to be used by any of his fellow jailers.

Then he returned to his search for a victim, someone to rape, and stopped in front of the two cages that were still occupied. He ran his keys up and down the bars again, in the same sinister ritual as before, eyeing the women with the same manic lust...

Dalma did not know what to do to hide her breasts. They were falling out of the tattered smock.

Every time the man stopped in front of the cage she dropped her head. Her heart was racing out of control. This time he would choose her...

She was right.

He opened her cage and went in. He pulled her up by the hair and then he lifted her up by the shoulders. He put her down and made her turn round so he could see her from all angles... He examined her as if he were examining a horse.

He did not take her out of the cage.

Instead, he passed a rope over one of the bars of the ceiling of the cage and tied it to her wrists, which were already tied behind her back. He pulled on the rope, forcing her arms up behind her and straining her shoulders terribly. He held her there for a long time, tensing and slackening the rope, while he explored her body with his probing fingers.

The first thing he did was rip off the remains of her tattered smock, the same smock that the old woman, Mathaus, had put on her when she took her to Orgon that fateful morning, during the festivities of Baden-Holdein. It all seemed so long ago now...

Bonebreaker was astonished. He had expected a child's body, thin and unsatisfying. What he saw was very different: shapely calves, powerful, muscular thighs, round, pert buttocks, and extraordinary

breasts...

Dalma held her breath and withstood the examination in a dignified silence. Suddenly the jailer lifted one of her feet and pulled it back. She was left resting her weight on the tips of the toes of her left foot. Her shoulders were creaking. She was unable to keep silent any more and gave a huge shout.

Bonebreaker ignore this. Unexpectedly, he went down on one knee and began kissing her foot.

The other jailer came over to see what was happening. "Bastard!" he said. "You're going to fuck the youngest one!"

"She looked like a kid when she was dressed, but get a handful of this!" said Bonebreaker, pinching the firm flesh on Dalma's buttocks. "First class meat, all ready to go!"

"Who with? You saw how the priest had his eye on her. He's not going to let you get in there first!"

Bonebreaker did not reply. He was too far gone. He was already kissing the foot again, and running his tongue and teeth up the calf, looking for the tendons...

"Her skin is..." he sighed, unable to finish the sentence.

The other man dropped his pants. Dalma looked in horror at the thick, flaccid member, still dirty from penetrating the girl against the wall.

She thought of her second night with the old farmer, Mathaus, and she supposed these strong men were going to be very different.

The man with his pants down walked over to her. He held her hair back behind her neck and opened her jaws with his other hand. His penis was throbbing already, palpitating with lust just inches in front of her face. She opened her eyes wide in horror.

She felt Bonebreaker let go of her foot and grab her by the bottom. She felt how he lifted her off the floor. She felt how her wrists took part of her body weight and how her shoulders were almost pulled out of joint.

And she felt, most of all, how one man put his penis into her mouth while the other raped her painfully. It was the second rape of her life.

The two men stood for a time, hardly moving, staring at her, one with his testicles pressed against her chin and the other with his large penis just inside her vagina...

She moved around trying to get more air into her lungs. The two men glanced at each and began to rape her with a slow, deliberate rhythm...

When one pushed into her, the other withdrew.

Both members had blood on them, from her nose or from her almost virginal vagina. They raped her for an hour, a long rape by experienced, almost professional rapists, each of them well used to torturing his victims with his large member as well as with whips and flails and nails and smoking torches...

When they pulled out, Dalma hung motionless. Indescribable pain racked her arms and shoulders and stabbed through her vagina. Her sex lips were sore from the cruel penetration, and her still expanded throat was so sore from the penis that she doubted she would ever be able to speak again.

A thick, oily liquid ran from her trembling vagina and seeped down the inside of her thighs.

She only opened her eyes when someone suddenly grabbed her by the hips. She saw the two men sitting on the floor drinking and playing cards again.

Who was holding her waist?

Two new jailers had come to relieve the others...

After them would come others...

And others...

When Dalma woke up she was no longer hanging from the ceiling. She was lying on the floor of a crypt. It had a small altar in the middle. Two candles illuminated the tiny room, revealing that the low ceiling was cut out of the living rock.

Religious images, many showing naked saints, were placed around the room, together with crucifixes.

It was cold and she was completely naked.

Her body ached...

Two tense ropes bit into the base of her lovely breasts, causing them to swell up like balloons about to burst. Her hands were tied behind her back, palm against palm with her elbows lifted high above her head. Other ropes went around her waist and down between her legs. Their function was multiple: they had been placed there to rub roughly against the delicate, soft skin of her most intimate parts and also to hold the two wooden phalluses tight in place... In addition, the upper rope served to tie her hands back painfully.

If Dalma tried to move her elbows forwards to take the pain off her shoulders, the effect of this was that the top rope pulled on the bottom rope and this in turn tortured her vagina...

Everything hurt: neck, shoulders, wrists, breasts, vagina, anus....

Two long straps hung from her magnificent breasts, tied to two rings in her nipples, like two dogs' leads waiting to be picked up and pulled...

Where was she? What did they want from her now?

She did not have to wait long to find out.

Inquisitor Florentino appeared in the doorway. He looked serious, troubled...

A man in conflict with himself, a criminal tormented by his own remorse...

He went over to Dalma and kicked her hard, right between the legs, his eyes fixed on her generous, swelling sex lips and the cord that disappeared intriguingly between them...

"On your knees, sinner!"

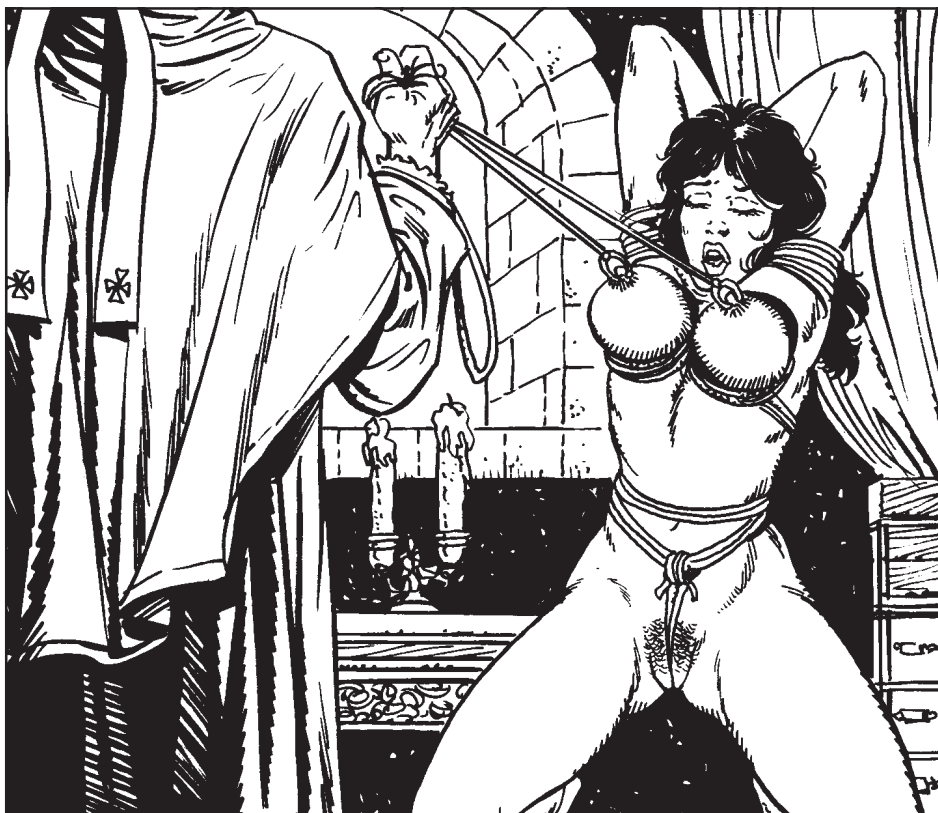
Dalma made a tremendous effort and went down onto her knees, in a position that opened her thighs wide and gave him a clear view of her open vagina...

The priest licked his lips unconsciously...

He picked up the straps and pulled on them.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The cruel rings almost pulled her nipples off.



"You'll drag me down with you, down to everlasting torment, you wicked, evil slut! But I'll see to it you pay for your sins and mine before you burn at the stake!"

She moved forwards on her knees trying to slacken the straps, but Inquisitor Florentino pulled on them again.

"Confess, sinner! Confess!"

He could not take his eyes off her lovely, exposed sex lips...

He was beside himself with lust, out of his mind, crazed...

Dalma followed him around the crypt, shouting, pleading with him to let go of the straps... "Please! ... Stop! ... No! Pleeese! ... I'll confess

whatever you want! I've got the Devil in me! I confess! Stop, pleeeeeease!!!!"

Inquisitor Florentino felt all the power of this lovely woman. It hit him hard on his genitals and gave him an erection once more. Satan, he said to himself, it is the Evil One again, using this beautiful woman's body to ensnare me!

He lifted his head and shouted out "Lucifer! Now I know where you have taken your abode!"

He pulled his terrified victim over to his throbbing genitals. He wanted to know if she could provoke the same feelings in him with her mouth as she had with her genitals. If so, he would know for sure where the Devil was hiding. The mouth, he believed, was a holy place, reserved by the Supreme Being for the ordinary human activities of speaking, singing and eating...In normal circumstances the mouth would have no place in the sins of the flesh.

Dalma suddenly found herself staring at his erect, threatening member.

She felt totally alien to the philosophising that escaped from the Inquisitor's lips in short, unconscious bursts. She just wanted to be untied, to stop the pain, so she set to work on his penis, working as well as she knew how...

She did it well. The priest went into ecstasy, a state higher than anything he had known in his own spiritual exercises, in which prolonged fasting and self-denial had given him many hallucinations...

He had a huge, body-jerking orgasm, losing control of his own body, twitching and thrusting, making up for fifty years of mortification of the flesh...

Dalma was left with a mouth full of sperm, and then with more sperm all over her face and all over her superb, uplifted, bouncing breasts...

Her eyes were full of tears.

Just a few weeks ago she knew nothing about sex. She had never supposed, in her ignorance, that it might be associated with pain and torture. She had supposed that it was always associated with love and

affection...

Desperate, ashamed, dirty, humiliated, she had already decided that there was no point in living in the world she had found herself in...

She saw little hope of ever escaping. The Inquisitor's anger rose as his pleasure rose. Each orgasm condemned her to Hell itself.

He kicked and pushed her against the wall and back on tiptoe, this time with her breasts pulled up by the straps through the nipples.

Dalma would have to stay like that until he saw fit to return, facing the wall, on tiptoe, her breasts lifted painfully by the nipples, staring only at the wall and the straps...

When she had been alone for just a few minutes, Dalma prayed to the God who had abandoned her that her torturer would come back soon...

## EPILOGUE

The military brothel is closed in the morning.

Two men sit in the canteen drinking wine at one of the tables, the same table at which female slaves serve their clients sexually later in the day.

They are pleased. They have just come to an agreement.

Their names are Sadam and Rodrigo, the same vile, scheming Rodrigo who exercises so much dark power in the Castle of Baden-Holdein.

Deep in the ground below their feet, the object of their agreement hangs suspended from the ceiling, her face halfway in a large earthenware jar full of excrement.

It is Elizabeth, once considered the fairest lady in all the land. With her is Velma, a young debutante at court.

The two women have many things in common: beauty, sensuality, intelligence and an expensive education. They also share a common hatred of the man who has just bought them: the treacherous, scheming Rodrigo.

They have been hanging like this for two days, Elisabeth by the right ankle and Velma by the left. They are tied together by the neck, waist, crutch, ankles and also by the big toe. At first sight their posture suggests an intimate caress. On closer inspection the full intimacy becomes clear...

They share other, more intimate things too...

They have the same thick wooden phallus in their mouths and in their throats. Their heads are held slightly to one side, their lips are together in an intimate kiss that never ends, and their necks are held together by implacable straps. They share everything. They share the same breath,

the same saliva, the same desire to vomit...

They share too the same phallus inserted in their vaginas. It is thick, made of plaited leather, and was specially made for them by Rashid.

It is some two or three feet long and is very flexible. It goes deep into their vaginas and is held there by the straps that unite their crutches and their waists. It has a slight curve that takes it deep inside their shaven lips. The leather has been roughed up with a file to make it coarse and hairy. The girls are unable to keep still as they hang, and with every movement one girl rubs the rough leather over the girl's inflamed, irritated clitoris.

As they revolve slowly over the excrement, their free legs prove not to be so free. Their big toes are tied together. They cannot find a posture which is less painful without torturing each other.

If they lower their legs they pull on their big toes and if they do not they get agonizing cramp in their thighs and calves, a pain which is getting worse as the hours pass...

Their arms are tied behind their backs at the elbows and wrists. The straps that tie their elbows together are digging into the skin. Another strap joins the girls' wrists together, girl's wrists, passing down the deep crack between their buttocks, and holding the long phallus inside them.

The two women cannot take much more. The stink is turning their stomachs over and the shit is making their hair filthy. Every movement, every breath, tenses one or more straps and sets off a chain of agonizing movements, sudden spasms...

But that is not all. The close proximity of their bodies, the brushing of skin against skin, lip on lip, the sharing of breath and saliva, the pressure of breast on breast, nipple on nipple, sets off its own quite different associations and reactions...

Their minds cloud over, their most secret desires and fantasies come out... Each movement brings pain and pleasure, and the need to receive and transmit reassurance, consolation, and pleasure begins to effect them both...

Their bodies need to know each other, to get used to each other, to love each other...

But they do now know this yet.

They still believe that one of them will remain in the brothel while the other is handed over to the psychopath who has destroyed their lives...  
Unfortunate girls...

A few yards away, above their heads, Sadam counts the coins...

And a smiling Rodrigo stands up and goes to a staircase. He walks down the steps to the dungeon. The slaves he has just bought are waiting for him, hanging and revolving, pressing onto different ends of a shared phallus...

He has news for them...

Meanwhile, in an obscure, forgotten corridor in the rock below the Castle of Baden-Holdein, a door opens...

On the other side is a cell, dark as an abyss and lugubrious as Hell itself. No one knows it is there. There are others like it, a meaningless maze of tunnels going nowhere, dug for some long-forgotten purpose...

For many years no one has wanted to explore the subterranean world, a world of dark myths...

Anne of Rothenstein has been swallowed up by the earth. Many have sought for her in vain. Rodrigo first, then Orgon, then Inquisitor Florentino, and others too. None found any trace of her.

Only one person knows her whereabouts. A mysterious figure who hides his face under an executioner's hood, a man with no name. No one knows him but many have seen him.

She is his prisoner. His private prisoner.

He had taken her out of her cell one night and hidden her here, in the

depths of Hell.

Here she waits, chained up in a small chamber, naked, waiting for him to rape her. On the floor lie bones, the bones of those who were there before her, waiting to be raped...

The flickering of a lamp...  
The scuttering of rats' feet...  
She is trembling. She wishes she could die.

The masked man lifts her silently by the thighs and pulls her knees apart, presenting her upturned vagina to his penis, presenting it with its lips wide open...



"How long have I been here, Master?"  
She speaks because she knows she will go mad if she does not.

"Three moons, slave."

He looks at her while he works on her. She is the most beautiful creature he has ever seen. He gets excited every time he thinks of her. Her body is present wherever he is, soft, silky... Her breasts drive him crazy... Her vagina is soft, mysterious, pink, liquid, inviting, wet as a fresh fig, secret and lovely to lick...

He likes the way she shows her suffering, her humiliation...

The girl carries on talking, talking between groans and grunts, knowing the man is not listening. He would cut her tongue off, but it would be a waste of a good firm tongue that cleans his penis after every rape.

He obliges her to do a thorough job, using both tongue and lips...

The days he brings no other food, the cleaning serves as her only source of energy... What better morsel for a slave than her master's excrement, he says to himself, and what better drink than his semen?

The posture, swinging by her arms, forces the girl onto the man's penis and he soon has his first orgasm.

Anne weeps and falls silent...

It is summer and the heat is stifling. Good weather for sleeping off a heavy meal.

A daily occurrence is about to take place in Orgon's chambers. The Tyrant of Baden-Holstein is about to wake up. He lies naked on the animal skins, snoring. His member, already erect, rests on the rudimentary bed.

It is out of all proportion to the size of the man. It is more like a horse's or a donkey's, as long as a man's arm, as thick as a closed fist, as hard as a rock and as dark as a ditch...

A rough hemp rope goes round his neck, and on the other end of the rope is a young blonde girl, with a dark complexion and green eyes. She is sitting on the floor curled up in a ball. She is naked, and her hands are tied. There is resignation in her expression. She seems to expect little of life.

The man yawns. The girl presses her legs up against her naked breasts and shrinks back against the wall.

The man opens his eyes and looks at his naked slave.

He takes her in slowly, unable to take his eyes off her. She is beautiful and desirable. Perturbingly desirable. He is obsessed by her.

The girl squeezes her splendid breasts. She looks at her torturer with hatred, but with some passion too... She has been under the effects of some herbs she had never seen before, herbs which confused her and left her vulnerable and responsive to the sight of an erect penis...

She lives in a state of continuous sexual arousal.

She is not allowed to satisfy herself...

The man smiles at her, enjoying the sight of her large breasts squashed by her knees, and her marvellous buttocks...

The slave returns his gaze...

It is time for him to play with her. Time to use her, like the slave she is...

He pulls on the rope.

The girl resists.

It is a useless resistance.

Her young body is burning with desire, but she still hates this man, her father, and she will always resist him...

The rope around her neck pulls tight. She is choking.

On her knees, with her hands still tied, she slides towards the animal skins, towards the man, the father, the deep humiliation...

She is afraid of being punished. He once told the torturer to flay the skin off her back. She will never forget it. It nearly killed her.

The man opens his legs and she kneels between his thighs. She looks down at his member. She cannot get used to the sight of it...

A tug on the rope reminds her that there is work to do.

She slowly raises her hands to the giant testicles and strokes them. She feels them writhe and twist under the stimulus.

The penis is pointing directly at her lips...

She lowers her head and with the tip of her tongue she opens the hole. It is already expanded, so much that she can put the tip in it. The man sighs.

She opens her mouth and closes her lovely lips over the restless tip until she has it all in her mouth. It fills her mouth. It opens her jaws, it chokes her... And it is only a fraction of the shaft that is to come...

The man gives a sudden, unexpected shudder and lets out a primitive grunt. It is getting through to him...

The girl looks up. She knows he likes that.

Her life is in the hands of this cruel, worthless man who enjoys looking into her green eyes and gazing at her wet, sensual lips as they close around the tip of his penis.

With her tongue, lips and cheeks, sucking, she begins to offer up the tribute expected of her. Licking, stroking, sucking the tense throbbing flesh that fills her mouth. She works carefully. An observer would even have said, affectionately.

Terror works miracles.

The young slave is soon a victim of her own sensuality, overcome as she is every afternoon by some powerful combination of factors: the effects of the herbs, or the restless throbbing of the hard flesh in her mouth, or is it simply her own nakedness, or his, or the ropes that hold her, or the knowledge of her own status as a slave, as a mere sexual object?

The man smiles.

He knows what she is feeling. He knows that part of her wants this. The enforced sexual abstinence to which he subjects her is the most subtle and unbearable of the tortures at his disposal...

The lovely green eyes close. The man tenses his thighs and buttocks. The girl concentrates. She lowers her head and the burning tip penetrates her throat. He takes her by the hair, using both hands and he holds her head steady...

The penis sinks slowly in between the lovely lips. The delicate neck expands to take it in. It looks like some magic trick, a story-teller's

fantasy...

The lips take it all in, right to the end and are left kissing the heavy testicles. The girl twists her head left and right as her throat fights to expel the foreign object.

The man closes his eyes and concentrates on the delicate sensations...

The girl, clearly excited now, seems to be worshipping the penis that she serves...

The man stretches his legs, arches his back and feels how the girl's small, probing fingers are stroking his testicles, how her throat is pressing his penis, her teeth are biting lightly into it, her full lips and firm tongue are stroking him...

The slave works fast. She sometimes achieves her goal and her rapist shoots off deep into her throat...

But not this time.

This time brutal hands close on her hair and pull her head up. They turn her over and crush her on the skins. A heavy body falls on hers.

The girl clenches her fist and digs her nails into her palms. She clenches her teeth too and tenses every fibre of her lovely body...

The man goes onto his knees, opens his slave's buttocks wide and sinks his face into the secret, fascinating, irresistible crack...

With fast movements of his tongue he licks and kisses all he finds there. He licks her shaven sex lips, then turns his head sideways and pulls them into his mouth, sucking them. He moves round to the friend and with his tongue he winkles out her mysterious little clitoris and licks it and sucks it into his mouth too, trapping it between his teeth and playing around with it with the tip of his tongue. His tongue moves down and finds the small, wrinkled orifice that leads to her bowels...

His victim gives a sudden groan and throws her head back. She is panting now, panting from pure passion, from pent-up tension...

He separates her sex lips with the tip of his member and rubs it around. But he withdraws just when it is beginning to get through to her....

The girl is totally confused now, her mind awash with stimulants. She gives a soft moan, inviting him to carry on, begging him not to stop...

He takes no notice. He takes her blonde hair in his hands once more and crushes her face, silencing her moans. Blood flows from her nose and mingles with her tears...

Shelma, for that is the young slave's name, presses her buttocks together in a vain attempt to resist the onslaught. Her stubborn resistance serves only to fan the flames of her tormentor's passion. She gasps as his throbbing penis goes in the tight little hole...

For the next hour her young body, slim and unbelievably sensual, suffers the worst tortures and humiliations imaginable until finally the thick, seemingly endless flow of semen stops.

Exhausted, her body still burning with a passion that she has not been allowed to satisfy, she lowers her head and cleans the penis that has penetrated her so often and so cruelly...

For some days, Inquisitor Florentino wandered around the Convent, deep in his own tormented world of doubt and physical desire. He had been unable to sleep well for several nights now. Every time he got off to sleep the same nightmare woke him up.

He was in Hell. A thousand small devils all carrying tridents, all with long tails, were torturing him and prodding him on the genitals.

They all had the same face, the face of the prisoner Dalma...

Today, however, his mood is lighter. Once again he is the confident, tireless servant of the Almighty. He has found the way to conquer the Dark One. After arduous interrogation, he has finally discovered the Devil's hiding-place...

The girl has spent the week tied up to the past and impaled on a horrible

wooden stick. It was his own ingenious idea and incorporated a mechanism to graduate the pain according to the size of the weight he put on the end of a rope. He did not want Satan to escape now that he had him cornered...

The interrogation sessions have gone on all night, with no pauses, but it has all been worth it, he is sure. He has discovered, concealed beneath the lamb's skin of this apparently innocent and innocuous woman, a filthy vile slut, a body that exercises a fatal and evil attraction on all men who go near it...

There is only one solution...

The girl waits for exorcism and the consequent expulsion of the Satanic form that lurks inside her irresistible body.

She is naked and tied up in a dark chamber smelling of incense and wax. Her knees rest on two stone blocks about a yard apart and her arms are out sideways in the shape of a cross. Two torches cast a sickly flickering light into the gloom of this small, grim room. A large crucifix presides over the ceremony.

Inquisitor Florentino walks slowly towards the woman with a sharp knife in his hand...

The girl's mouth opens in panic. She twists in her ropes. The man has just explained in detail what he is going to do...

The Inquisitor fumbles for a moment between her open thighs. He sees that he can still tense the ropes and get the knees another six inches apart.

The girl sees his intention and screams. She thinks she is about to split down the middle.

His cold fingers run over the fine tendons that run along the inside of the thigh. They are tense, near to breaking, but the possessed sinner is young and strong and can take a little more. He tenses the ropes and opens her knees.

She groans.



This is pure, gratuitous torture, terrible and savage, but it is nothing compared to what awaits her...

The man holds his dagger up before her eyes and smiles.

Finally he will put an end to the Threat hidden in her body, the Influence that confuses his moral sense and leads him to sin...



He touches the woman's cheek with the point of the knife and runs it slowly down her cheek, down her throat, down between her breasts, and over her smooth stomach.

The blade goes round her navel and down to its destination...

Inquisitor Florentino goes slowly down on his knees.  
He has all Hell itself before him.

He looks for Satan with the sharp point of the dagger. He finds him hiding in a small piece of excited, erect flesh, hidden in the tempting, warm, wet lips, and he cuts him out...

He stands contemplating the small piece of flesh, the Evil One incarnate...

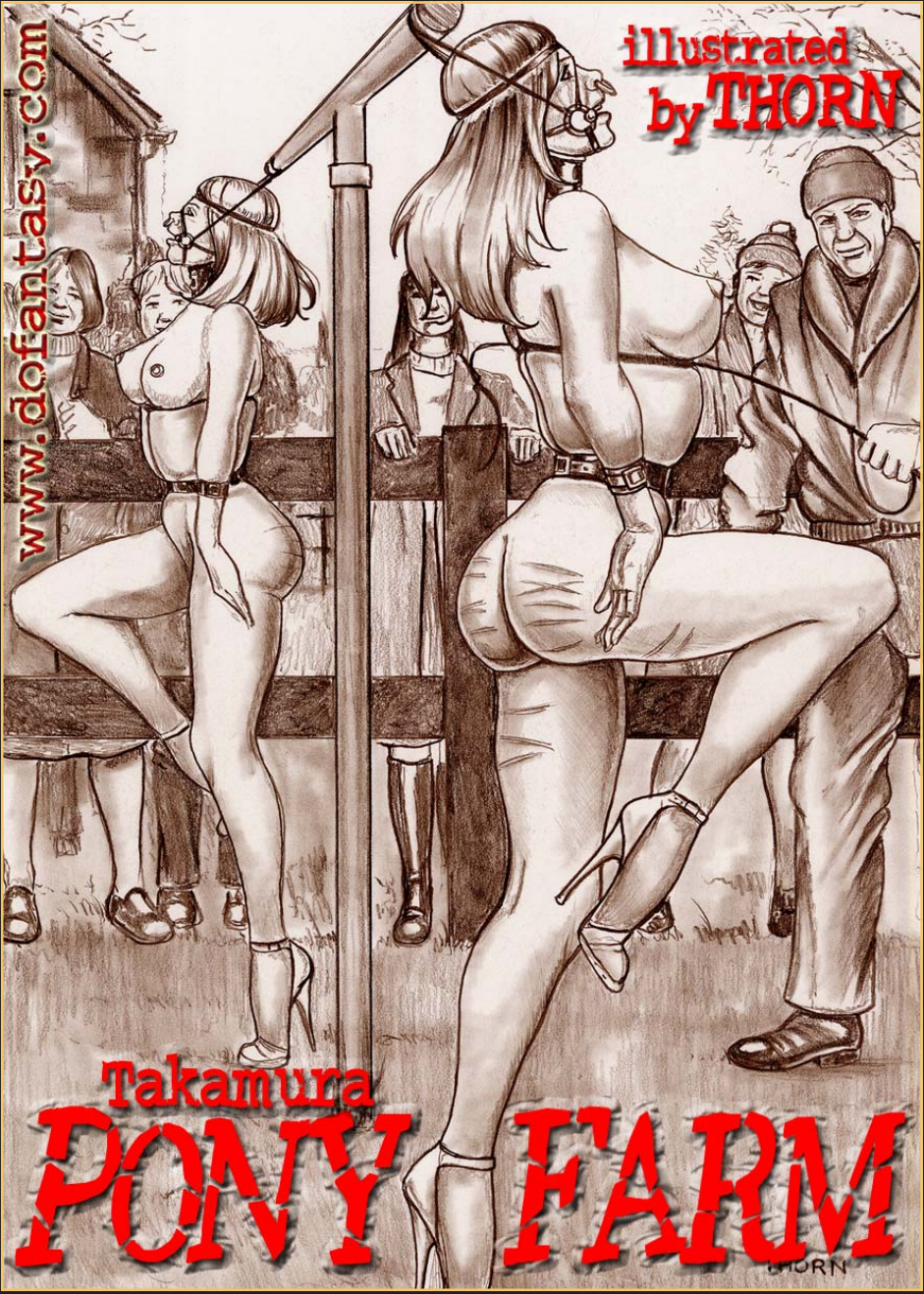
In a moment he will cast the Devil to the ground and trample him with his boots...

And then, and only then, will he be able to sleep the deep sleep of the righteous...

**THE END**

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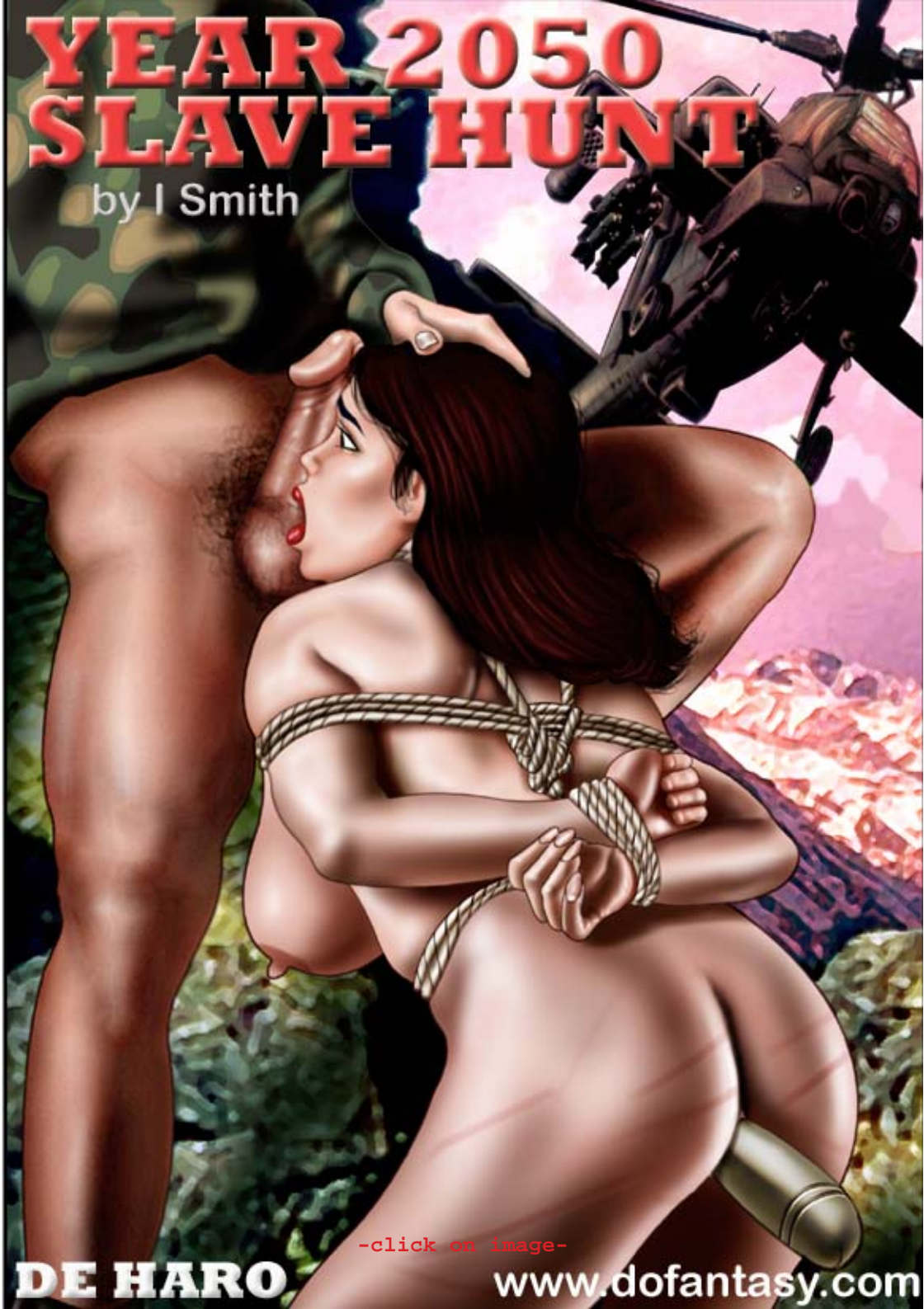


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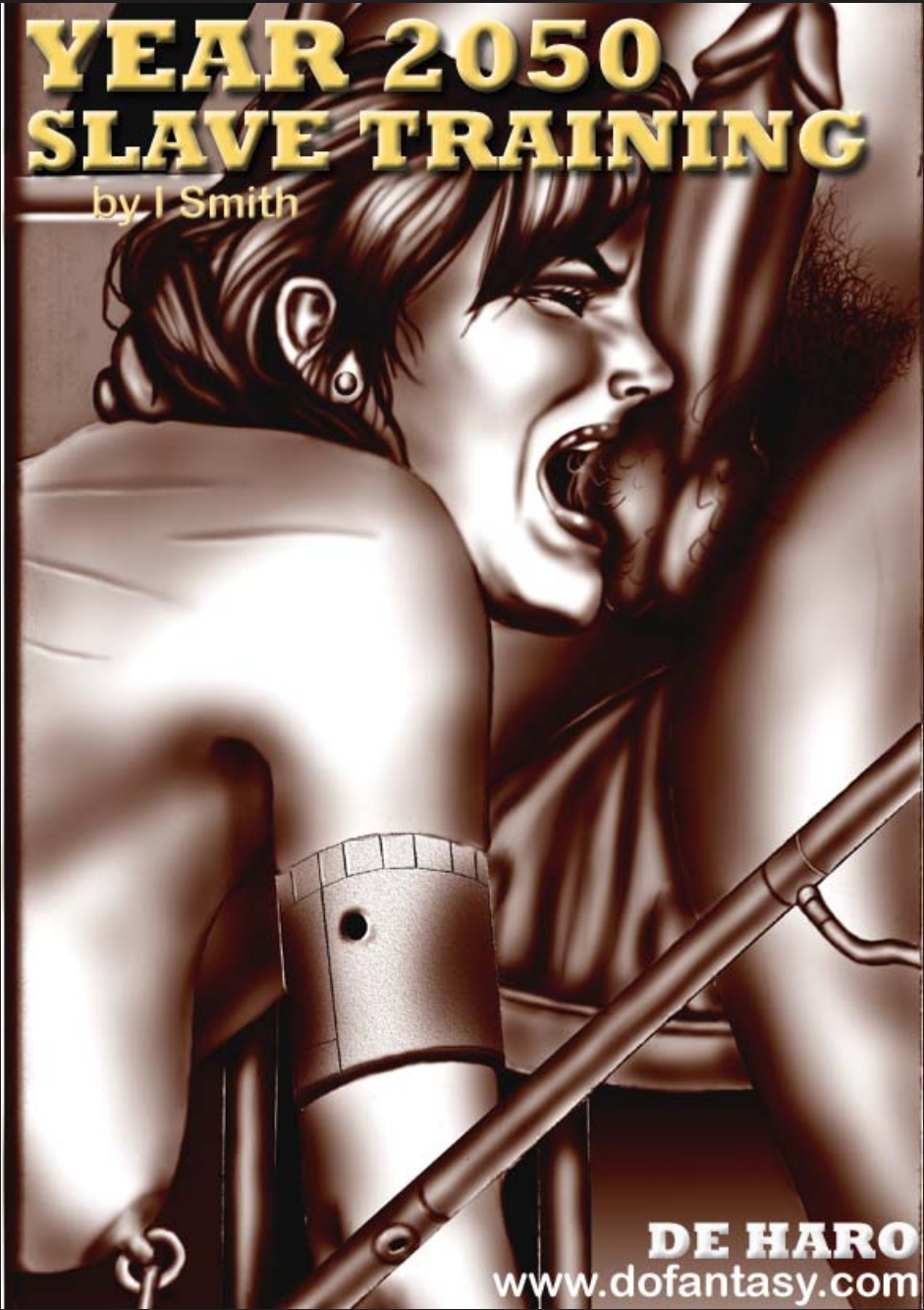
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