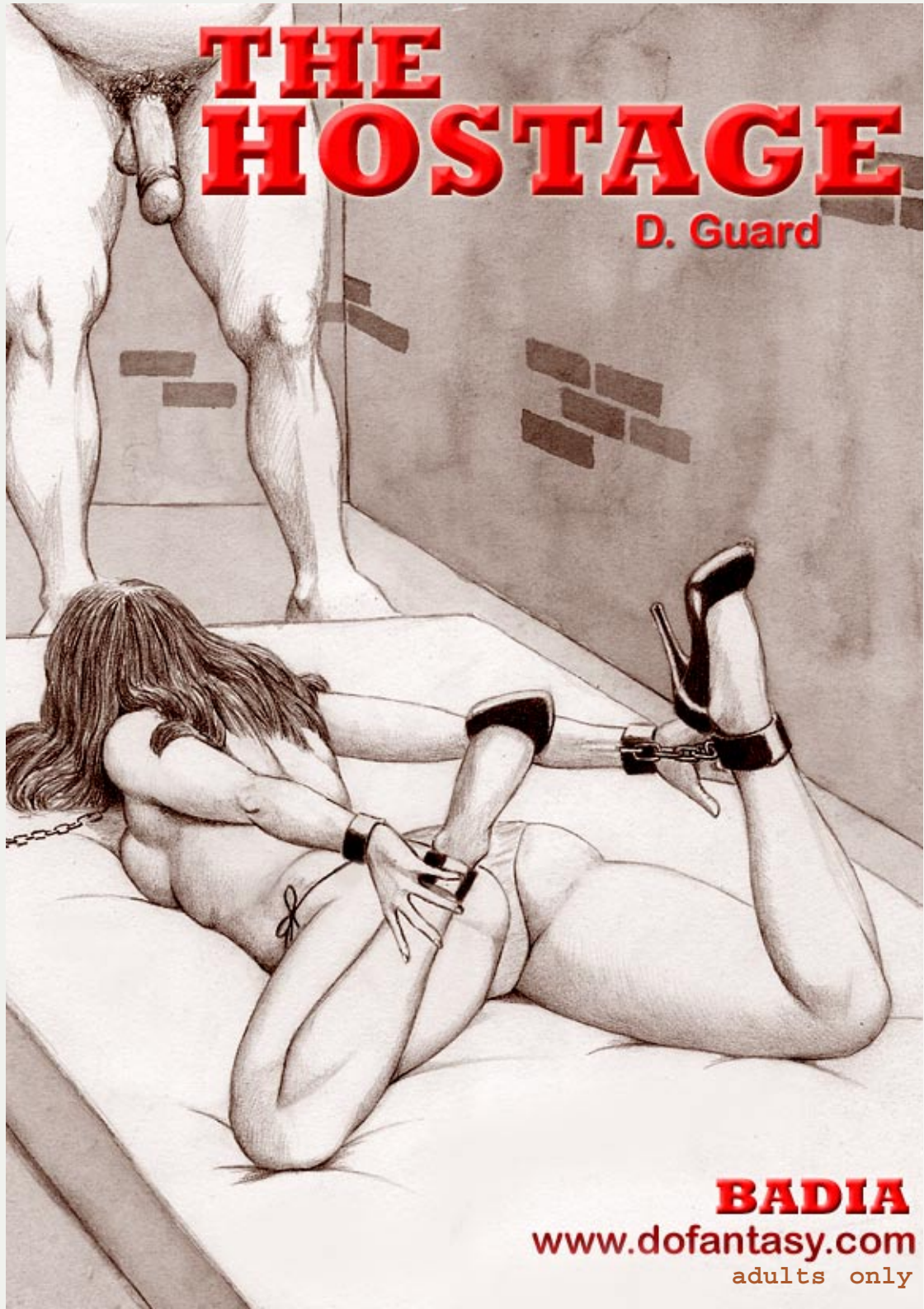


THE HOSTAGE

D. Guard



BADIA

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adults only

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Background

Mosquito Swamp Penitentiary, December 1992

Governor Dalton looked at his watch. Just after eleven ... it was late, but no one was waiting for him. Belen, his daughter, was in Conchacabana working as a tourist guide. His wife Leonor had left him some years before.

Outside Mosquito Swamp, no one was waiting for Governor Dalton...

The Governor stood up, combed his thick, lank, greasy hair, did up his flies and put on his cartridge belt.

Lidia, the brunette, the whore they'd just pulled in, would be ready by now...

She'd been in quarantine for twenty-four hours and had already received two visitors, two of his prison guards.

He pulled aside the iron manhole cover. Large jet-black eyes, wide open, looked up in terror and then closed, blinded by the sudden light...

Governor Dalton licked his lips. Lidia was chained by the neck to a ring in the floor. Her dress was ripped, her arms were tied back behind her shoulders and her wrists were tied to the collar round her neck.

The Governor loosened his belt again...

It was going to be a long night. No one was waiting for him at home and the whore Lidia, sentenced to six years' imprisonment, deserved all his attention...

January, 1999, six years and two months later, in the Federal Capital...

Don Braulio Manteca was a hard man, hard in the old style. He had begun as an adolescent pickpocket and local bully. Then he became a member of a paramilitary group and spent some time at the front passing information back to his group. When the peace treaty was signed, he became a professional *agent provocateur*, intimidator and freelance killer.

He soon realised that the real money was somewhere else, and he set up his own business... In this way, Don Braulio Manteca became the head of a debt-collecting business and earned a little money in that way and a lot more from blackmail and extortion. The business was a great success thanks to his violent methods, which he passed on to his employees, mostly ex-cons or fugitives from justice like the fat idiot Navajas. Soon he controlled casinos, brothels, "escort agencies" for the rich and even a clandestine movie company specialising in snuff.

"You have to help me, Don Braulio, for old time's sake..."

The speaker was Lidia. She had been one of his favourite hookers when she was young. Now she was twenty-nine and had just come out of prison. Six years! It was a pity, Dalton admitted. She wasn't even a whore. She'd just been arrested for possession of cocaine. Fucking laws! Fucking country! Fucking every fucking thing! thought Dalton.

"I have to get my sister out of there. If not, she won't last long."

Don Braulio Manteca nodded. He had known dozens of girls who had died or committed suicide or just gone crazy as Governor Dalton's guests.

“If you want some advice, Lidia,” said Don Braulio Manteca, playing with his unlighted cigarette, “forget your sister and think about yourself. I can find something for you to do around here. Something quiet, no hassle, until you find your feet...”

Lidia shook her head. He means, until I find my cunt and start working for him, she thought...

“I can put you in the lesbian catalogue ... they pay well and they don't knock you about so much.”

Lidia's eyes flashed in anger. He didn't understand. But she kept her cool.

“You don't know what I've been through” Six years with Dalton! Six years stuck in the hole without seeing another man ... you can't imagine...

Don Braulio Manteca crushed the cigarette slowly between his fingers and dropped it in the ashtray. He hated that bastard Dalton. Everybody hated Dalton...

“OK: I'll lend you Navajas and he'll give you everything you need to get your sister out,” he said.

Conchacabana

Belen was wearing a pale blue T-shirt with a generously low-cut V neck and a dramatic red miniskirt. She was waiting for the coach to bring Japanese tourists. It would be a quiet day, she supposed. The Japanese were angels, saints... Unlike the Argentineans and the Chileans, they took their photos, hardly bothering to get out of the coach, they caused no problems at all and they never stared at her sun-tanned breasts or her long naked legs.

Belen was fed up with the ridiculous uniform, but she still enjoyed her work. And she loved Conchacabana. It was a long way from her Mosquito Swamp, where her father was Governor of a prison with a particularly bad reputation. She could not stand him. He was a typical dirty old man, always staring at women and touching them at the least opportunity. He was a fascist, a bully and a sadist who deserved to be behind bars far more than most of the prisoners he was supposed to be looking after.

More than anything, she was afraid of him.

“Good news, dear. No coach tomorrow. I’ve put you down for

a day with a honeymoon couple, showing them the town,” said Marcela, the boss of the agency.

Belen smiled. Tomorrow was Saturday and she was fed up with the coachloads of weekenders down from the Federal Capital with their bachelor parties and their roaming hands and their beer bottles and their dirty suggestions about where they could put the bottles if she wished...

At six o'clock in the morning, Belen took the small agency car to be washed and at seven she was at the hotel to pick up the newly-weds.

“Sr and Sra Pescadillas?” she said at the reception desk of the rundown guesthouse.

The receptionist, an old woman, put her glasses on and looked in the book...

“Seventy-two,” she said mechanically. Her voice was husky from years of alcohol and cigarettes.

“Could you tell them the agency car is here, please?”

The woman looked annoyed. Belen noticed she wore very heavy make-up, had too many necklaces on and her arthritic fingers were covered in rings.

“How the fuck do you expect me to tell them? Do you think I've got nothing better to do than go up and down those stairs every time a hooker visits a room? I'd be up and down all day!”

Belen sighed and went up the stairs. It was not worth getting involved in a conversation.

She found number 69, written in lipstick on a door and worked out which room must be 72. She knocked at the door.

A tall woman aged about thirty opened the door. She was wearing dark glasses. Nothing else. She was completely naked...

“I'm sorry...,” Belen said in confusion, looking down at the floor.

“Are you from the agency?”

Belen hesitated. What agency did they mean? “Yes, I'm from the travel agency. You booked a tour.”

“Travel agency? What a pity!” said the woman, smiling, “with breasts like yours you could work for a better agency than that! And they’re real, aren’t they?”

“Look, it’s obviously a bad time to come,” said Belen, blushing.

“Navajas, come and look! She’s from the travel agency. She’s come to pick us up!” she shouted.

A fat man wearing a hood that covered his head completely came to the door in his underpants.

Belen looked at the strange figure in disgust.

“Is that her?” Navajas asked in a deep voice.

“What’s your name, dear?” asked the woman. “Sorry to ask, but you have to be very careful answering the door these days!”

“Belen Dalton from Pacific Tours.”

“That’s right, it’s her. Come on in dear”, said the woman, stepping to one side.

“I’ll wait in reception.”

“Just as you wish, darling. But they shot three men downstairs yesterday!”

Belen ignored the advice and went down to reception.

Three hours twenty minutes later Mr and Mrs Pescadillas came down to reception.

They got into the back seat and apologised, laughing heartily about some private joke.

“Sorry, darling, he had trouble getting in the car. He’s got a hard-on like a boa constrictor in a freezer! Ha! ha! ha!”

Belen carried on driving, trying to ignore them. From time to time she glanced into the mirror. The man had put his absurd hood on again. She did not like the look of him at all. The woman was common, but she looked reasonably normal. She was much younger and was attractive in a cheap kind of way. She was still wearing sunglasses. Belen could not understand what she was doing with the fat monster.

“Take us to lunch!” the man ordered, showing her an address on a piece of crumpled paper.

The restaurant was a filthy dive in the worst part of the port area, where tourists never went.

Belen decided not to warn them. She was still angry at the long wait in the reception.

As they were entering the port area, the man ordered her to stop the car on a piece of wasteland full of rubbish and abandoned cars. She parked and the man told her to get out. As soon as she got out, the strange couple began copulating on the back seat, banging the shock absorbers of the cheap little runabout the agency had given her.

Belen was indignant. She listened in acute embarrassment to the grunts and groans and thought, when I get back I’ll talk to the head of the agency...

Her cheeks burning in embarrassment, she got back into the car and drove to The Mariner’s Rest, a seedy restaurant full of port workers, foreign seamen looking for work, drug pushers and drug abusers.

Every single head turned to look at them as they sat down. Most of the men were looking at her legs, most of which were well displayed by the absurdly short miniskirt. She was very embarrassed. She made a mental note to complain about it back at the office. It was the guide’s uniform and she was fed up with her legs being the centre of attention everywhere she went.

“My Navajas wears the hood because he’s got a nasty rash on his face; said the woman as soon as they sat down. The room was dark but she had not taken her sunglasses off.

Belen pulled her skirt down. She could not think of a reply. ‘My Navajas!’ It sounded so stupid!

Watching them eat proved another ordeal, almost as bad as seeing them naked and hearing them copulate.

The man ate quickly, using his fingers, and the hood was soon

filthy. He made things worse at the end by lifting the plate to his lips and slurping directly from it. Then he licked the plate and belched with his mouth open.

Belen could not touch her food.

“On a diet, darling?” the woman asked.

“Er, no ... My supper didn’t agree with me.”

“You look as if you don’t do enough fucking. Are you sure you fuck enough? Look at us, we fuck day and night and we haven’t left a thing on the plate!”

Belen smiled weakly. She’d had enough of all this nonsense.

“What’s your boyfriend’s name?” the man asked in his deep, rough voice.

“Richard”, she replied, and was angry with herself as soon as she had spoken.

“Foreigner?”

“Yes, he’s from the States.”

“A Yankee! A Yankee gets to put his dick in our lovely little guide.” His eyes were fixed on her generous bosom. “What’s wrong with local dick?”

Belen clenched her fists and looked down at the dirty tablecloth. How much longer would she have to put up with this insolence and filth?

“Oh, leave her alone, Navajas. Can’t you see you’re upsetting her?” She took Belen by the hand and stood up. “Let’s go to the bathroom dear. This place is full of perverts!”

Belen agreed. She had no wish to be left alone with that fat slob and a restaurant full of men with hungry eyes...

The toilet stank. It was blocked with paper and excrement and the woman decided to crouch down and urinate directly onto the floor.

Belen turned sideways. “Where do you want to go now?” she asked.

“We’ll have a coffee and then you can take us to Cartagena. We want to go to Mass.”

A drunk came in and stumbled onto the woman, who had finished urinating but still had her panties down.

“You fucking bastard!” she shouted, putting a knee in his groin without pulling her panties up.

The man dropped like a sack of potatoes onto the wet floor.

A minute later, he lay dying on the floor with five knife wounds...

The first, and the most painful, was in his left leg. One was in the liver, another was in the head itself and there were two more in the heart...

Belen watched in horror as the knife went down again and again. She was sick into the toilet bowl.

“Come on, dear, or the coffee will get cold”, the woman said, taking her firmly by the elbow.

Belen did not know what to do. She sat down, drank the coffee, and tried to work out the best plan. She would drive them straight to the police station on the road to the port, or she would try to find a policeman on the way...

She did not feel at all well...

Two hours later, in a basement two floors below the Mariner’s Rest...

“Leave her alone, you filthy pig. It’s time for work, not fun and cunt!”

The man was on his knees, his big fat hands fumbling away at the clothing of the still unconscious girl. He was sexually aroused again. That was clear from the saliva around the mouth of his hood, and from his half-closed bloodshot eyes. He stopped and sat back on his ankles.

Lidia was wearing a provocative short dress. She had a small black mask over her eyes, like a highwayman. She was nervous

and also very excited.

She had learnt a lot about her body's needs in prison at the mercy of Governor Dalton. She had been through many hands, not only those of the prison guards. In the punishment cells she had met all kinds of sadistic females, guards and their friends, and they had all, without exception, used her body to satisfy their cruel lesbian fantasies...

The man in the mask growled ominously...

"What the fuck's this all about? Don Braulio promised me..."

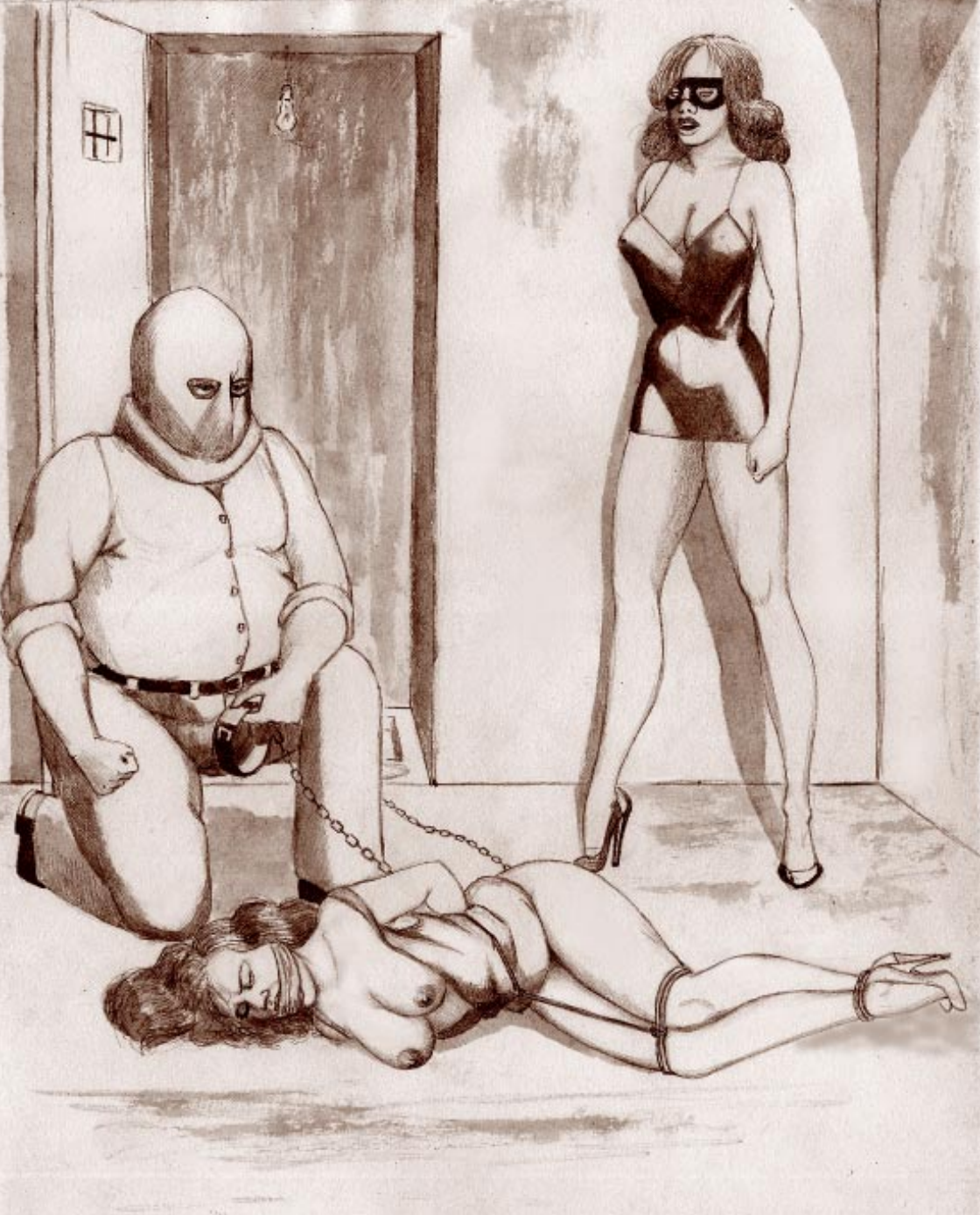
"Cut it!" Lidia interrupted. "Don Braulio told you who is in charge here. So hands off!"

Navajas, born and bred in the port area, killer and rapist, knew better than to insist. He was not the biggest fish in the pond. Don Braulio was. You had to know your place in the pecking order if you wanted to stay alive. He drew back from the delicious adolescent body tied up at his feet.

Lidia was secretly relieved. She had known from the beginning that her relationship with this pig was not going to be easy. She had spoken to Braulio and he had made it clear to Navajas: "If Lidia says lick my ass you lick her ass, OK? And if she says lick my cunt you do it, but if she don't say lick my cunt you don't lick her cunt, OK? I don't want no complaints about you, OK?" Navajas had nodded his agreement. He had no desire to take a trip in a fishing boat with his feet set in a bucket full of concrete.

Navajas fetched the collar. It was welded onto the end of a long chain. He lifted the girl's long hair and shut the collar around her slender neck. It was made of leather cut down in the front and higher at the back, which made it impossible for her to lower her chin. She could hardly move her head to one side. He blindfolded her with a dirty wet rag and took out a large knife. He was considered an expert. His nickname meant "Knives". He cut the rope from around her legs.

Lidia looked down at her hostage's body, lying unconscious on the floor. The scandalous red uniform showed all of her long legs



Put the collar on her and blindfold her...

that shone like satin and were obviously going to be good to touch – strong but silky... Her generous V-neck revealed most of the girl's even more generous bosom. Her breasts were about to flop out. They were magnificent, huge but firm and generously, provocatively uplifted. Lidia stared at the breasts. They were shining like her legs, they were full of life, a life of their own... They were moving more now as the girl's breathing became stronger...

The girl was safely tied up, with her wrists bound behind her back and she was chained to the wall of the toilet. She remembered how she had woken up herself, six years previously, in the punishment cell at the mercy of the prison Governor. She remembered the waves of panic, the confusion, the pain in her arms...

"Take this strap," she said, "and tie her elbows together. Not too tight."

Navajas pulled it tight with his usual brutality. He was always the same. It didn't matter whether a woman was his prisoner or not.

"You're a dumb idiot!" shouted Lidia.

Navajas looked confused. What did she want?

"Tie the belt above the elbows, not below..."

Navajas smiled. The bitch was right. Sometimes he was too soft...

He sat on Belen's buttocks and put the belt above her elbows, pulling it with all his strength. The shoulders creaked...

Lidia smiled. That's how she woke up in a dark hole six years ago, gagged and blindfold, chained by the neck, with her arms tied painfully behind her! And this big-titted slut lying on the floor was the Governor's own daughter!

"Put her in the toilet!"

Navajas pulled the girl by the hair to the toilet. There was hardly room in it for the filthy toilet bowl. Lidia pushed the chain in with her foot, pulled Navajas out and shut the door with an iron bar.

Yes ... she wouldn't enjoy waking up in there!

The first thing that Belen noticed when she woke up was the stink. Then the heat, a suffocating heat.

And then, as she slowly came round, she became aware of the pain in her arms. She was sitting on her side on a pool of urine that had obviously been there for some time.

She tried to move, to get up, but she had something soggy in her mouth that seemed to fill the mouth.

She tried to see where she was, but she had something pressing on her eyelids. Panic-stricken, she tried to stand up again, but her naked legs splashed uselessly in the dirty water.

Finally she managed to half-stand, half-lean against the wall. She had something heavy around her neck that prevented her from moving her head, and what felt like a chain attached to her neck too.

Tottering unsteadily on her blue tourist guide shoes, Belen tried to step forwards, but she hit her head on the wall. She was trapped between four walls, in a room that was hardly a meter across.

Gradually she woke up and her panic grew. She tried to find a door, a handle, a lock, anything...

She found nothing. She was a prisoner in a kind of coffin or container or she was buried alive between four walls.

Panic gave way to despair. She sank to the ground and sobbed uncontrollably. Her uniform was now wet with sweat and filth from the toilet.

She could not remember anything. Not even the extravagant pair of tourists, or the seedy Mariner's Rest, or the stevedore stabbed to death. She could only remember a cold cup of coffee and a splitting headache...

Belen had no way of knowing it, but on the ground floor, two floors above her head, was a nightclub, as it was called, a meeting place after-hours for the less salubrious members of the port fauna.

Another floor above, on the first floor where all the windows had been bricked in, the prostitutes were asleep. They were all locked in. Most of them were Philippine or Korean, although some were from other parts of Asia. They rarely left the building and when they did they were always escorted by Don Braulio's henchmen.

Navajas and the strange but lovely Lidia were fucking. Lidia lay back and let him get on with it. He did not seem to need any stimulating, and anything was better than Governor Dalton and six years' torture and abuse.

But she soon got fed up with the weight on top of her and the grunting so near her ear. She pushed him off and squatted over him. She began to ride him.

"Slowly, you great lout, slowly ... I like it slowly..." She closed her eyes and let her mind drift off, far from the unlovely beast below her...

From time to time, she gave a low groan to keep him happy, but he did not appear to expect it. She remembered a phrase she had learnt from an Irishman. He had told that a pint of beer in his hands lasted "as long as a whore's moan."

The only good thing about the fat slob was his dick. It was huge, as thick as her arm. The rest of the pig was of no interest to her at all. He was just a gurgling mass of fat that she was controlling by the rhythms of her pelvis.

She thought for a moment of pissing through the slits of his mask when she finished, but she knew he would like it, so she decided against it.

"I'm just warning you," Lidia said as she found her rhythm and pumped herself up and down on his huge member, "take it easy with the ... ugh! ... girl! If not I'll pull your ... ogh! ... balls out of their bag!" She dug her nails into the man's heavy scrotum to make her point.

Suddenly Lidia's head jerked sideways and her mouth opened. Her nostrils flared, she threw her head back and went into a big

breast-wobbling orgasm....

“AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Navajas watched in fascination as her breasts shook above him.

Lidia slumped forwards, gasped for a few seconds and then recovered enough to slip off the member just as Navajas was about to shoot off inside her. She gave him a final dig with her nails in the testicles, this time keeping the nails right in...

Navajas howled as his semen hit the air. It spurting out and fell back onto his thighs, the bed, the floor... There was thick, oily semen everywhere, and its smell impregnated the already stale smell of the small basement. He was angry. He hated wasting it on himself...

Lidia let go of his testicles and walked slowly to the mirror. She made up in her usual slightly overdone way, put her highwayman's mask back on and selected one of her most daring combinations of clothes.

Dalton's daughter would be awake by now...

The hours had passed and Belen stood trembling with fright... There were rats in there! She could hear them, scuttling around, brushing against her feet with their long tails, squealing if she frightened them...

She heard a distant door, then footsteps and finally the noise of a heavy iron bolt being pulled back.

She saw the pale light coming from the room outside. She felt a sharp tug on her neck as Lidia pulled her out of the toilet. She followed as best she could, stumbling, until she fell to the ground.

The pain in her arms and shoulders was horrendous.

“Welcome to Hell, you and your big floppy tits!” said Lidia.

Belen tried to speak, perhaps to beg for mercy, but the soaking rag in her mouth made it impossible.

“It was easy to find you,” Lidia went on. “Now it's all up to your father!”

Father? What's he got to do with this?

Lidia explained. "Your old man's got my sister Cristal. We want a swap. You for her. He lets my sister out and I let you out. Fair exchange is no robbery. Get it?"

Belen nodded, panic-stricken...

"I'm an old friend of your father's ... I was with him for a good few years while you were studying in the States and flirting with your Richard..."

Belen's head was swimming. Who was this woman? How did she know she'd been in the States? How did she know about Richard?

"Do you want to hear about me and your Daddy? No? Are you sure?"

Belen shook her head as much as she could in the restrictive collar.

"It doesn't matter, I'll tell you anyway. I was in Mosquito Swamp for six years. Six years shut up in 'the hole'. Do you know what 'the hole' is? Did Daddy tell you?"

Belen shook her head.

"It's what it says. It's a hole dug down into the rock. With a lid on it. I was in there for six years with the shit up to my knees. Once a day, or whenever he remembered, he had me taken out and he kept me company. D'you know what kind of company?"

Belen shook her head obsessively. She knew her father's reputation and nothing would surprise her.

"I'll start from the beginning. Your Daddy put his dick up my arse-hole. That was the beginning. I was your age, a bit older maybe... He came into my ass and grabbed me by the hair and made me clean his dick with my tongue, licking and sucking... His disgusting dick was covered with my period and my shit and the tip was covered in his revolting, slimy, smelly semen. And that's when I thought it was all over and I was wrong. His little games were just beginning then. I'll tell you all about them another time.

Plenty of time here. Your Daddy's not going to give up his little plaything, my sister, that easily!"

Belen tried to speak. She wanted to explain that she was not surprised, that she believed it, that she was sorry for the girl, that her father was a sadist and a torturer, that he had abused her mentally and sexually, that she had run away from home to get away from him, and that the old man would probably not give a damn about her. The deal wouldn't work. He would prefer to keep her sister and leave his daughter to rot.

"The way I see it," Lidia went on, "I'm like a mother to you after six years of living with your father. So I want you to come and tell me if you have any problems or if you need a shoulder to cry on. For the moment, all you need to know is that you'll stay in the toilet, chained up, and that I or my fiancé Navajas will come from time to time and feed you and look after you... I said fiancé, by the way, not husband. I wouldn't marry a dick that big. Half the time I can't get it in! I just ride him for fun sometimes. I really prefer a softer touch and men don't understand that..."

Belen stood up. The woman's fingers were moving slowly across one of her breasts and stroking their way down, moving towards one of her nipples, getting closer and closer to the nipple itself...

Belen tried to pull her breasts away. Lidia punched her angrily in the stomach when she saw this. She fell to her knees, doubled up.

"Keep still!" Lidia ordered. "And stay down on your knees! Push your tits out!"

Belen obeyed. She could feel that her T-shirt had been pulled back and off her shoulders. Someone had taken her bra off when she was unconscious and had tied the sleeves behind her so that the cardigan sat low, below her breasts. She knew that her large breasts were completely uncovered and defenceless and she did not like the feeling at all...

"Straighten your back! Push your tits up higher!"

Belen did as she was told. The woman put one hand under each

breast, like the two cups of a generous bra, and experimented by moving the breasts around. Finally she pushed them high and close together, to make them look bigger, Belen supposed. She felt the woman's thumbs working again, this time moving softly in smaller and smaller circles around the nipples...

Belen shuddered. Why was this woman holding her breasts? She hated it. She hated it when the thumbs moved onto her nipples. She hated it when she felt her nipples going hard and wrinkled. She hated it when they became erect...

Despite herself, Belen gasped and began to breathe more deeply. But she managed to shake it off and started struggling to get away from those intrusive fingers.

This time she received a knee in the stomach and fell to the floor again. Lidia jumped on her like a tigress and tied her ankles together with a belt.

"On your knees! You're going to have to learn to obey orders!" Lidia shouted, pulling up on the chain.

Belen sat up quickly. She was trembling with fright. She still had blindfold on and it was terrible not to know where the next blow might come from. She decided not to resist. She remained motionless, pushing her breasts out while the woman stroked and squeezed her nipples. Belen could feel that they were both firm and tubular...

"Get this clear," said Lidia, stroking and whispering into her ear, "it's your choice. Either you walk out of here alive one day or you don't! It's up to you. Do you understand?"

Belen nodded. She was too confused to know what was really happening.

"That's a good little girl... Now I'll tell you something else. Navajas, my partner, is just dying to get his hands on you. He's rough, I can assure you. You won't enjoy playing with him. So don't provoke him."

Belen nodded again, but she did not understand. Provoke him how? With her body? How could she avoid it?

“And I think I should confess something,” the woman said in a softer voice, “I like big generous tits like yours.”

Belen lowered her head. She tried to ignore the pressure on her nipples...

Suddenly Lidia let go of her nipples and stepped over the chain so that it passed between her legs. Then she put one hand behind her bottom and pulled on the chain from behind. This pulled Belen’s face closer and closer to the top of her absurdly short skirt. With the other hand Lidia lifted her skirt. Belen could not see it, but Lidia was wearing no underwear. Lidia’s voice was dark and threatening. “This is where I want your face...”

Belen felt something on her nose – a quick scent of woman, some pubic hair pushed gently against her nose... “Don’t move your head! Keep your nose just there! A bitch like you has to learn to identify her mummy’s smell!”

Very lightly, sensuously, Lidia pushed her vagina two or three times against the girl’s nose. With her free hand she opened the lips...

Belen felt the hard, wiry hair giving way to something softer and warmer. The woman’s lips seemed to be alive, to be opening, sucking her nose in! Was this woman mad? Was she going to masturbate on her nose? She shuddered and froze as the hot lips closed in on her nose...

“You can blame Daddy for this. Stuck in the hole, I didn’t see many men. Only him. Him and the jailers, you understand? Women jailers. At the beginning they tied me down to rape me, but in the end it wasn’t necessary. I got to like it. Anything was better than your revolting daddy...”

Belen’s heart sank. Everything the woman said was true, she was sure.

Lidia stopped and pulled back, leaving Belen with a warm, wet nose. She did not want things to go too quickly. She wanted the Governor’s daughter to suffer slowly. Revenge was sweeter if it was slow. She also wanted to enjoy the girl’s magnificent body

slowly too...

She stepped back over the chain and stared for some time at Belen's large breasts. She took them in her hands again...

Belen gave an involuntary gasp as the ringed fingers started working harder on her breasts, sometimes pinching her nipples between rings to hurt her, at other times moulding her breasts as a baker moulds dough, and at other times just pulling the skin above them and lifting them both together... The hands were insistent, intrusive, probing, they were worse than the woman's confidences, worse than the blindfold and the gag and the chain... How could another woman do this to her?

"You'll see, we'll end up being friends ... intimate friends ... real friends," Lidia said in a voice darkened by sexual desire... She could not take her eyes off this girl's perfect breasts. They were asking to be kissed. The left nipple was especially erect. Probably it was Belen's more sensitive nipple, the one she liked being kissed on first... Lidia had learnt from her female jailers that women usually have a favourite nipple... She longed to take Belen's huge, floating breasts into her mouth and suck them, but she preferred to wait. Waiting was a pleasure too...

"Down on your knees! ... Good! You see, it's easy! You just have to learn to obey orders, every time, whatever they are! You'll get used to it. The rules are simple enough. If I say, open your legs and show me your lovely juicy cunt, you just do it! It's as easy as that. You don't think about it. You do it!"

"Mmmmmmm! ... Mmmmmmmmmmm!" was all Belen could manage through the gag. She felt sick inside.

"Don't worry, dear, it's just a question of practice. You'll end up liking it. I'll make you like it! By the time I've finished with you, you'll be WANTING me to say 'Show me your cunt!' It's just a question of time. And now, you're going to bed without supper ... back to the toilet! Tomorrow we're going to ring your Daddy!"

Lidia pulled her by the chain, not bothering to untie her ankles, and shut her in the small toilet. It was a primitive affair, just a hole



You'll see, we'll end up being friends ... intimate friends!

in the ground with no toilet bowl to sit on. Belen curled up as best she could in the middle of a pool of urine and shit, her elbows tied behind her back, and a chain round her neck.

She wept bitterly, nauseated by the smell. Her heart beat out of control. She thought she must be near to having a heart attack. She waited for the big rats that would soon come out of the toilet...

Three hours later, on the second floor of The Mariner's Rest...

The phone rang and Lidia answered it.

"No, I haven't rung her Daddy, Don Braulio. I'll probably do it tonight. For the moment I've left his daughter's bottom soaking in toilet water. Ha! ha!"

"Navajas? He's a dirty pig but he's behaved himself so far. He's here with me now, pulling himself off with both hands. It's about the only thing he knows how to do..."

Navajas looked up from the magazine full of women tied up in the most obscene postures, and cursed. Lidia ignored him.

"Don't worry, Don Braulio, I'll give you a ring when the girl's ready."

"Leave your prick alone, and stand up, you dumb brute!"

Navajas hesitated. His penis was bulging with swollen veins and dubious-looking scars. The hole on the end was gaping as if it wanted to be sick.

"Turn round."

Navajas turned round slowly and stupidly. When he felt the cuffs going on his wrists it was already too late.

Lidia grabbed his testicles.

"Keep still or you lose these."

He obeyed. Lidia pushed him back onto the bed and his giant penis flopped around in the air like the mast of a boat in a rough sea.

“Now, dickhead,” said Lidia, licking her lips, “I’m gonna fuck you my way. And if you come, I swear I’ll take a knife to your bollocks!”

Navajas tried to get up, but he felt the cold edge of a knife on his jugular. Navajas, the Knife Man, was on the wrong end of a blade! He lay still.

Lidia took her dress off. She was not wearing any underwear... It was very hot and she was sweating. Her wet skin shined.

“You’re just a big vibrator now! If I have a good time, I may empty your big hippo balls for you!”

She climbed up onto the bed, still holding the knife, and squatted over him.

She was dominant. She looked very sexy.

She took the penis and pointed it at her vagina. She put it in place, gave a loud shout, and let herself straight down onto it. She did it with a cruel enjoyment. She had learnt all about cruelty in her six years with the Governor.

The fat slob shouted too, but with pleasure. The bitch was really into fucking! He’d never seen anything like it. She was always up for a bit! She was worse than him!

He was not so pleased with the rest of the event. The woman moved sinuously around on him, with a hypnotic sway, very slowly, desperately slowly, up and down his penis from end to end, pressing and squeezing on it, milking it with the warm velvety walls of her lovely vagina...

He wanted her to go much faster, to hit her rhythm... And he wanted her to take the knife away from his throat.

“Do you want to finish, dickhead? Do you want to shoot your load? Do you want to see my tits all covered in spunk? Do you want to shoot that revolting stuff all over me?”

“Yes, you big slut. I want to come ... I want to shoot off all over you ... You’ll pay for this!”

Lidia laughed. She speeded up. The guy was a slob, but there

was nothing wrong with his dick. It was ready to explode, to spurt...

“I’m ... coming ... ugh! ... I’m coming!” Lidia shouted. “Don’t you dare come! ... Ugh! ... Oooh! ... I’ll cut your ... balls ... off ... if you ... Ugh! ... Aaaagh!

UGHHH!!

AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Down in the cellar

Meanwhile, down in the cellar, time passed slowly for Belen among the rats. She had no feeling in her arms or shoulders and a piece of tyre over her nose was making it difficult for her to breathe.

Pure, simple torture...

Pure, simple terror...

She had lost a lot of water sweating and crying, and she was thirsty. She would have given anything for a chilly can of coke or a simple glass of water.

She was also hungry. She felt miserable. On two occasions she had to dirty her panties because she had no way of taking them down...

Would they leave her there to rot?

Would they let her die of thirst?

Two days had passed since she met the sinister couple. Almost two days stuck in a toilet in stinking excrement and urine.

Half unconscious from exhaustion and pain, she dimly heard the basement door open. Footsteps ... the bolt...

And a familiar voice.

“How are you doing, darling? Phew! You do smell a bit, if I may say so...”

Belen groaned, shouted, begged...

Lidia took her out of the toilet, pulling on the chain as if she was

a dog.

“Down on your knees, in front of your mummy...”

Belen staggered and sank to her knees. Lidia smiled as she saw that the girl was making a great effort to obey...

“You can’t see me, but I’m wearing a very short skirt. You’ve just had your nose under it. I’m a very attractive woman. Your Daddy was very keen on my body. You can’t imagine how it turned him on. He used to tie my wrists and ankles and hang me from the ceiling at the same height as his dick. Then he fucked me until he couldn’t fuck me any more, and when he was too tired to put his dick up again, he put other things up. A truncheon, a whip-handle, his fist, anything... He wasn’t fussy what he put up, as long as he had something big up me...”

Belen noted a harder, more bitter edge in the woman’s voice. She gasped as the woman took her nipples and squeezed them hard...

“If your Daddy liked me so much, I’m sure you’ll like me too. It must be in the family.” Lidia said, pulling and squeezing Belen’s nipples painfully.

Belen shook her head. She did not want to hear this rubbish. It made her sick. She was not a lesbian. “If you get silly, I might hand you over to my fiancé,” Lidia said. Belen felt herself trembling. “The sooner you and I are friends, the easier it will be for you. And now it’s time to ring your Daddy!” Belen was almost relieved. She would not have to make love with this woman!

But then the news hit her like a whiplash in the face. Her father! She remembered the last time they met. The filthy swine had tried to rape her. She had sworn never to see him again or speak to him again...

“Governor Dalton? Do you recognise this voice? No? I’m Lidia, the cunt you kept in a hole for six years! Remember? You should, you big shithead!”

Lidia took the gag off Belen’s mouth and pulled out the filthy rag that had been stuffed in her mouth for three days.

“Come on, lovely, say hello to Daddy.”

Belen wanted to speak but couldn't. In any case, she wouldn't have known what to say!

“Your daughter is here, darling, on her knees, with her arms tied behind her back with leather straps. Does it ring a bell? She's blindfold too, and she's wearing a lovely collar and chain like a dog. Can you hear the bells ringing, darling?”

Belen kept trying to speak. She had to say something, to let her father know that it was true. She was in the hands of twisted sadists, one of whom had a particularly clear memory of a six-year period...

“Do you want to speak to her? Not easy, she's gone dumb with the shock. You may recognise this, though...” Lidia put a vibrator into the girl's open mouth. “Suck, you dumb fuck! Daddy wants to hear you. It's one of his favourite games. I expect you've sucked it for him a few times... Louder! Suck louder! Daddy wants to hear you!”

Belen obeyed, mechanically. Lidia put the phone near her mouth.

“Can you hear her, big-shot? That's the noise of your darling daughter sucking on fifteen inches of rubber dick!”

Belen heard her father's voice, although she couldn't make out what he was saying.

“Do you want to get her back? Do you want to see your daughter again, so she can suck you off again, for old time's sake? Well, this is what you do. Tomorrow morning when you get to work, you go straight to my sister's cell and let her go. Cristal is the name.”

Lidia hung up quickly. She was very jumpy. The sadist's voice had brought back too many memories.

Lidia pulled on the girl's chain. She wanted a little revenge, and that turned her on...

“My cunt's on fire, you big-breasted slut, and you're gonna put the flames out!”

Belen felt a hand on each side of her head guiding her face forwards. “Get your face in here, all of it, rub it around!”



Suck, you dumb fuck! Daddy wants to hear you

Belen held her breath as Lidia used her face like a cloth, wiping it all over her vagina. It smelt of staleness, of sex, and of semen...

“Now keep still and stick your tongue out!”

Belen stuck her tongue out and waited. First came the damp, wiry hair. “Stick it in, you bitch! Get licking! I wanna hear you!”

She slipped a tentative, exploring tongue between the outer lips of the woman’s damp vagina. She felt the lips parting and then opening wide. Lidia was holding them apart to let her tongue in. “Get working! I said I wanna hear you sucking and slurping!”

SUUUUCK ... SLUUUUUURP

Belen sucked and slurped as the woman guided her mouth onto her clitoris and began nervous, monkey-like thrusts of the pelvis that pushed the clitoris onto Belen’s tongue.

“OOH! ... UUGHHH! ...OOH!”

Lidia held Belen’s head tight against her vagina, groaning softly, as she pushed harder and harder against the girl’s mouth and tongue. Soon she was swaying from side to side as she began a long, slow masturbation on the girl’s face, holding her lips apart and rubbing them all over the girl’s face until it was all shining wet...

At the door of Jimie’s Disco

Meanwhile, above them, in Conchacabana, at the door of Jimie’s disco, Navajas was looking for trouble. He was not in a good mood. He had stabbed a couple of children and shot another in the testicles. When the police came he gave as his reason “The way they looked at me.”

He had carte blanche in the district. He was a friend of Don Braulio Manteca.

He glanced at his watch. Nearly 6 am.

A bad time. They’d close in a few minutes and all the rich who were out slumming for the night, all the brainless yuppies jumping about on their pills and powders, would be staggering around

leaning on their miniskirted secretaries. They'd be off to finish the night in a dark side street or car park, if they still had any semen left in them...

Navajas went through them all, mentally. He mentally sprayed every pair of legs, every bouncing V-neck that came out of the door, with semen from his aching member. He pictured all the women lying groaning under his two hundred pound weight or sitting on top of him, legs apart, holding their cunts open for him to see... He pictured every face, every female mouth, pair of eyes, nose, breast and nipple as he mentally kissed, nibbled, licked and sucked.

His hand went down to his crutch. He'd fuck Lidia as soon as she arrived. It would be OK, but he'd rather rape one of these girls. He fucked Lidia all the time, for one thing, and she was bad-tempered. It turned him off a bit. Also, she was his boss in this particular bit of business and that was a big turnoff.

If the Big Boss would give him a freer hand, he'd make her pay for it...

Now the hostage was a different story. That was best quality cunt for you! Better than any of this stuff coming out of the door. He closed his eyes and saw Belen as she always was, naked except for a pair of high-heeled shoes and cardigan. He saw the cardigan very clearly, pulled completely off her generous breasts. Her breasts had always surprised him, so huge, so naked, but now they had become an obsession. He wanted to make them move, to see them wobble when he punished them...

He was impressed by her green eyes too, and the way her lips were always half-open as if asking to be kissed, and on the subject of lips, he thought, her cunt stuck out a long way and the lips there too seemed to be saying kiss me, kiss me...

He thought how often he had seen her go by when he stood on the door of Jimie's nightclub. She was spectacular, you couldn't help notice her, her big tits always wobbling as she went in or out, usually in the middle of a crowd of admirers, smiling, provoking, always inaccessible, always ignoring him... He could not take his

eyes of her tits! Or her hips, or her legs, or her big green cat's eyes or her half-open lips. He had often pictured her cunt, too. He had always imagined it, correctly as it turned out, as prominent, exuberant, with well-defined thick outer lips and a generous flow of woman's secretion, the kind of cunt that would take you in and not let you go, an active, generous, squeezing kind of cunt...

Navajas had a good hard-on by now.

He had to find a way of laying her. It was his right. She was his prisoner and he was a man, a real man, one of the last. He was not going to have her so close without taking the opportunity to enjoy her fabulous body.

Without realising, Navajas found himself looking at the well-tanned legs of a girl with brown hair. She was not too tall, with light grey or blue eyes. The best thing was the hair, which fell in waves down to her waist. A small stain on the front of her mini-skirt gave some idea of what she had been doing with the dickhead she was with. They had both been drinking...

"What are you looking at, bud?" the young macho asked Navajas.

"I'm looking at the bit of tail behind you. What you gonna do with her? Looks to me like you might need some help. You ain't in her class."

"Let's go to the car, love," the girl said, "walk away from it."

But the boy was playing the macho now. He swayed his way over to Navajas.

"What did you say, big-mouth ... think you're a bigshot, do you?"

They were his last words. Nobody saw anything. Nobody heard anything. A second later, two adolescent bodies lay lifeless on the ground, each with a hole in the forehead.

In a nearby sewer, a pistol complete with silencer lay smoking in the shit.

Navajas got into a van, glancing round for a last look at the girl's legs.

RAPE

Lidia was beginning to enjoy the conversation.

“Can you hear her, Richard?”

Even Belen could hear her boyfriend shouting over the phone.
“Leave her alone!”

“Doesn’t it turn you on? Don’t tell me she’s never done it to you?”

Belen, sobbing deeply, sucked hard and long and noisily on the imitation phallus, just as she once did on her father’s real penis.

“I wonder if she would give me a good hard suck like this on my cunt? What do you think, Richard? D’you think your titty friend here would do a good tongue-job on my clit?”

“Who are you? What do you want? Leave her alone!” Richard shouted, uselessly.

“Oh, I don’t want anything from you, dear. I just want a messenger. Talk to her father. Persuade him. He’ll know what you’re talking about. And hurry up. If not, this delicious little cunt of hers is in for a hard time. It’s going to be very red and sore soon anyway, believe me!”

Lidia hung up.

“And now, dear, your Mummy’s going to put the gag on again. Open your lovely little mouth, give it a good suck!”

Belen clenched her teeth, but got a slap in the face that made her open her mouth.

Lidia put something into the girl’s mouth and then tied the gag off at the back of the neck.

“You know what you’ve got in your mouth, don’t you?”

Belen shook her head.

“No? You’ve got your Mummy’s knickers. The ones I wore all day yesterday. Can’t you taste them? The thing is, your Mummy gets a bit excited sometimes and her pussy drips and drips. And she has a delicate bottom and doesn’t always use toilet paper...”

Belen's stomach heaved. Her own saliva was dissolving everything that had soaked into the knickers. She did not want to swallow. Her mouth was filling up. It was repulsive.

"And I've got a little surprise for you. You won't have to sleep in the toilet tonight. You can sleep on a nice soft mattress. What do you think of that?"

Lidia did not wait for a reply. She tugged on the chain and led Belen over to a soiled mattress.

Belen was trying not to be sick. She hardly realised that Lidia was tying her legs up in such a way that the ankle was tied to the back of the thigh. The girl lay on her back, with her legs pulled wide apart by their own weight.

Belen could only lay back and wait. She was defenceless and she knew it. She would have given anything for a towel to cover her vagina...

She watched like a distant observer as Lidia's face came slowly down between her legs. She was so confused she hardly felt it as Lidia's lips met her own open lips and kissed them very gently with soft little kisses, pecking and pulling at them... She waited, expecting to feel Lidia's tongue on her exposed clitoris, and was surprised when Lidia stood up.

"I'm going to leave you like this for a while to think about things. See if you can get some juice running down to your dry little pussy because I'm going to send Navajas... He'll be ready for a bit, so you'd better be good and wet. He's been at Jimie's looking at the girls all night, so he'll come with a prick to open a castle door! Just make sure there's some water in your moat, or it'll hurt. You'll be doing me a favour. It'll give my cunt a well-earned rest."

The hours passed. Belen lay naked on the mattress, listening anxiously to every sound, real or imaginary. Every noise triggered a flood of adrenaline. At any moment a big fat repulsive man would come in and rape her. Which in her case meant take her virginity! She expected little mercy. She knew that there was little she could

do to avoid being raped, tied up and gagged as she was.

The truth was, that Navajas was every bit as vile as she had supposed...

He crashed into the room and stood in front of her, gazing down...

Yes, there she was! he thought. The cunt that Lidia had prepared for him ... a new cunt, brand new...

He looked into the open lips. Belen tried to bring her thighs together at the top but it was impossible. She was blindfold, gagged, unable to use her legs or arms. She writhed and twisted hysterically like a crushed snake. Navajas only saw an open vagina, its lips opening and closing as if they were saying put it in, put it in, get your big dick in quick...

He spat on his member. He found it heavy. His penis and his balls all seemed heavy to him. His brain seemed heavy. He was jumpy. He wanted to feel light.

He needed to give his member a ride.

He looked at the girl's face. Yes, it was her all right. Brown hair, a beauty. He remembered all the details of her body, especially her delicious, round, exuberant, huge breasts... He had opened the door of Jimie's to her often enough. He had watched her go in and out in the middle of a group of excited men, wearing her whore's uniform, he had heard their lewd comments, often made directly to the girl, and here she was, the girl of all their dreams, the breasts that launched a thousand fantasies, the cunt that spoke in a thousand dreams, and she was all his!

Yes, this was her all right. The one who never dared to look him in the face because he caught her one day laughing about his hard-on with a girl friend...

Well, her turn had come now. It showed you shouldn't laugh at people because one day you might find yourself lying naked presenting them your naked breasts and your naked cunt...

It was his turn to laugh now. He would be in there soon. First in.

He put his boot down softly on her open cunt, rubbing the lines of the rubber patterned sole round and round, up and down...

Belen shuddered and tried to scream through the gag...

The heavy boot rubbed and rubbed. A psychopath's boot, indifferent to her suffering, unable to imagine it, the boot of a man trapped in a loveless world where other people's pain had no real significance...

This little slut would never forget his first fuck!

He lifted his boot and fell onto the girl, penis first. Over two hundred kilos landed on the adolescent body. Her large breasts flattened under the weight.

Belen yelled in pain. Something that felt like a baseball bat was pressing the inside of her right thigh. A beating, palpitating baseball bat. A baseball bat full of blood, at boiling point!

"AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She thought someone had shot her in the stomach. It was a brutal blow. The huge member tore away her virginity without stopping and hit the end of her vagina like a shellburst.

Something was opening and forcing her virgin's vagina, ripping it...

Something was inside, filling all parts, including the most intimate and feminine parts of her vagina...

Something brutal that should have been part of a nightmare was real and thumping, hammering into her again and again...

Belen was in such pain that she did not notice the savage bite on a nipple until she felt the blood seeping down her right breast.

"AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH"

Navajas was in Paradise, a psychotic's paradise. He was in his element, raping a virginal vagina. "Virgin ... virgin ... vagina ... virgin," he muttered strangely, angrily, at each thrust... This was one of his best rapes. The slut was suffering under his penis and he was enjoying it.

Virgin ... virgin ... vagina ... virgin



This rape had a lot going for it ... the victim was young, beautiful, he knew her by sight anyway, and had fantasised over her many times.

He liked the fact that she could not see him. She was being raped by a ghost's prick.

He decided to frighten her a bit more. "Do you want me to bite the other nipple off too?"

Belen thought he had really mutilated her. She had felt the pain and the blood. She shook her head hysterically left and right and struggled as best she could under the huge weight.

"Yeah, I'm gonna bite it off and gobble it up! It's too good to waste! I like a whore's nipple!"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The bite was even more sadistic than the first. Navajas sank his teeth in and bit hard, chewing until the blood flowed.

Then he pulled back and pretended to be chewing...

Belen froze like a deer that takes to water at the end of the chase and waits in resignation for the dogs' jaws to bite into it.

Then came the worst. Navajas began to rape her like the sadist he was. He began banging like a demented monkey, hammering away into her vagina with his heavy member. A thick, well-greased hammer, relentless and unfailing as the piston of a steam train...

It was an experience that no woman would ever want, especially if she was young and this was her first time...

Navajas pounded away at her for half an hour. He was an experienced rapist. Another man would have finished quickly, perhaps, but not him... He had done it so often he was used to it. He had trouble finishing...

It was half an hour of horrendous torture.

It ended with a tremendous explosion and terrible primitive cries, animal cries from the beginning of time... It left her with toothmarks all over her neck and both buttocks deeply marked by the claws of

this huge beast. Right to the final moment his hands lifted her buttocks seeking the impossible, the furthest, deepest most painful penetration possible...

He came as he had never come before. She was a great cunt, with her legs wide apart like that and bleeding... God, he liked virgins!

Belen was aware of a terrible pain, intense and sharp. And humiliation. And degradation. And terror. Real terror.

Navajas was not content with what he had done. He stayed inside the raped vagina.

When he recovered he started again. And he did the same for the rest of the night until dawn was breaking...

Belen concentrated on the basics: trying to breathe under the weight, trying to stay alive.

When he finally rolled off her, she lay on her side crying and shaking with her legs pulled up over her breasts as if to protect them, her nipples bleeding and her vagina torn and oozing sperm... She lay on the wet mattress, wet with her own juices and blood and urine, and wept...

She had just had her first experience as a woman. It was going to mark her for the rest of her life.

Navajas woke up at about 11am feeling irritable and horny.

Surprisingly, raping the adolescent hostage all night had not been enough to calm his sadistic instincts. He woke up with his usual throbbing dick, feeling very jumpy, and sadistic and destructive, as always.

He put the hood on, picked up the plastic rod and left the little bedroom naked, not bothering to close the door behind him.

On his way to the cellar, he met Lidia.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I thought you had enough last night, you dumbnuts!"

"Go fuck your ass! Nobody asked you what you thought!" he growled.

Lidia stepped back. She had never seen him like this before... She decided not to push her luck. She was the boss here, but you never knew quite where you were with Navajas...

He walked past her, kicked the door open and switched the light on. The hostage was as he left her, with her calves tied back to her thighs, her elbows tied together, blindfolded, gagged...

She was weeping bitterly, lying on her side, trying to come to terms with a brutal and indigestible fact: she had been raped. She was no longer a virgin.

He switched the video on and for the first time removed the blindfold.

Belen was a long time with her eyes closed, adjusting to the feeble light. Gradually she made out where she was. She also saw the disgusting figure of her rapist, although she did not recognise him as the doorman at Jimie's, nor the disgusting pig that hired her services as tourist guide.

The filming was perfect.

Mosquito Swamp, two days later...

Governor Dalton sat watching the video, remote control in hand. He was naked.

A French prisoner called Margot Pascal was in his bed. She was totally naked, her wrists handcuffed together below the chin to a thick leather collar she was wearing round her neck. Her white skin was covered in oil. Margot lay on her side, resting against the Governor's fat stomach, devoting herself to his penis, caressing it softly with her hands, lips and tongue.

Margot had been arrested by the army, together with her husband and two daughters. She did not know why. No one had bothered to tell her... Now she was the sex-toy of Governor Dalton. He simple blackmailed her with her husband and daughters, prisoners in the same prison.

Margot Pascal was watching the film too. He made her watch.

And she couldn't believe what she saw!

A fat man in a hood, naked and with a huge erect penis, was beating a beautiful girl in a dark basement. She was naked too, and had her legs grotesquely tied back and her elbows forced together half-way up her back.

She was shouting in pain, terrible bloodchilling cries...

Her torturer shouted into the camera: "See how daughter moves her ass, Dalton?" he shouted, hitting the girl with a rod. "Can you hear her? Nice tits, eh? She was a virgin too! You were late this time, you crap-head! If you were keeping her for yourself, you're too late!"

Margot watched in terror as she gave Governor Dalton the obscene caresses that he demanded. She did not understand anything. His daughter? Dalton's daughter?

It was terrible to hear the rod come slapping down, to hear the frightened girl scream, to see the marks left by the rod... It did not look like fiction. The girl's panic was too real and so was the rod...

The masked man had the girl cornered. He held her by the hair and squashed her face against the floor. He sat on her back and put something in her mouth that Margot had never seen before - a ball like a tennis ball, bright red, with a strap running through it. He tied it behind the nape of her neck.

The girl's lovely face was distorted now by the ball...

Margot felt a familiar tug on her own hair. The Governor was about to come. He wanted her to ease off a bit...

Submissively, Margot moved her lips and tongue back, holding the huge swollen penis by the base. She stroked it up and down very slowly. Her other hand was pressing his testicles...

This appeared to calm the pig down a bit. Margot hated being obliged to lick the tip with her wrists tied together below her chin. It was stupid. It was unnecessary and it was worse than humiliating. She felt more used than normal, even...

Meanwhile, on the screen things were getting out of control. The

savage chase had begun again. The only noises were the crack as the rod came down onto bare buttocks or legs, and the obscene comments of the hooded torturer. The girl's gag did not let her scream.

"Yeah, she's good and juicy, your little daughter! I split her cunt with this, see it?" he asked, waving his penis around in front of the camera. "I can tell you one thing. It hurt her! What d'you say, darling? Did I do a good job?"

Her eyes wide open in terror, the poor girl went round and round on her knees in crazy circles, trying to dodge some of the blows. Margot saw a long chain around her neck, but she could not see what it was tied to. Streams of saliva spurt between the crimson ball that gagged her and the corners of her mouth.

"Come on, move around the room so Daddy can see you from all sides! Show him how your big tits flop about!"

Another tug on her hair told Margot to get her mouth down again. The Governor had taught her very carefully what he liked most and what he could stand without having an orgasm: kissing and licking around the rim of the tip. He just loved it and he could take hours of it without shooting his load...

The scene on the television was beginning to take an ugly turn. The hooded man had caught hold of the chain and was pulling his captive in. He exhibited her to the camera, a full view of the adolescent's face with his erect penis rubbing against her cheek.

"Now the fun begins, you big prickhead! Up to now the only thing that's been in your daughter's ass is a turd! That's gonna change, dickhead, cos my big dick's going right up there now!"

The girl was now groaning softly, her large green eyes begging for mercy, looking at the hooded man and the camera...

Margot trembled.

The man kicked the girl to the ground and caught her by the hips. He placed her so that she was on her knees with her cheek pressing onto the ground.



Come on, move around the room so Daddy can see you from all sides!

And he penetrated her!

The girl jumped and shook around as if she had just had an electric shock. But she could do nothing to avoid the anal rape, tied up as she was.

It lasted an eternity, Margot thought. Was that really the Governor's daughter? The young French mother was so horrified by what she saw, especially by the enormous mass of the penis destroying the poor girl's anus, that she did not notice another tug on her hair...

A bad mistake! The hot spurt of semen caught her full in the face!

"You stupid bitch!" the Governor shouted, putting his knee into one of her breasts.

Margot tried to get up, but was kicked in the stomach. Then the Governor picked up a rod and chased the woman round and round the flat. Just like in the video...

When he got tired of this, Margot Pascal sat huddled up in a corner with her ankles tied back to her thighs, her knees up by her breasts and her wrists tied to a collar.

She was weeping bitterly.

What had she done to deserve all this? Nothing. Her only crime was to be a foreigner at a time when European governments were critical of the military uprising.

The next piece of film that Margot Pascal saw was a little more enlightening.

She was on the bed, on all fours, facing the television with her ass lifted high, presented to the Governor.

"I'm gonna fuck you like the bitch you are," he said, kneeling down behind her.

He picked up the remote control, switched the video on and penetrated her, holding her by the hair. Margot gasped as his penis went in, painfully, and she lifted her head to take some of the strain off her hair. She did not know what was she watching, but it was

very clear that the Governor found it exciting...

The girl on the screen was sitting on a stool this time, her ankles tied up to the top of the back two legs, just below the seat. She was still completely naked, with her arms tied behind her back and the crimson ball in place.

The hooded bastard was holding her by the air and explaining things in more detail to the video camera...

"See this, dickhead? See your daughter crying? Each day that passes is worse for her..."

He dropped his hand to the girl's pubis and pulled on a cord that ran deep between the lips of her vagina.

"It's on! Can you hear that hum? I bet you can guess what it is, eh? Clever lad, Dalton! Your little daughter's got a vibrator up there, that's for sure! Got a kick on it like a road drill, this one! And she's got two in her, one in her juicy little cunt and another up the tight little back passage!"

Margot was horrified. She had understood correctly! The girl *was* Dalton's own daughter! She felt the man's member pushing away inside her. He was getting turned on by watching his own daughter being raped and tortured! The filthy pig! The man was sick, he was crazy, twisted...

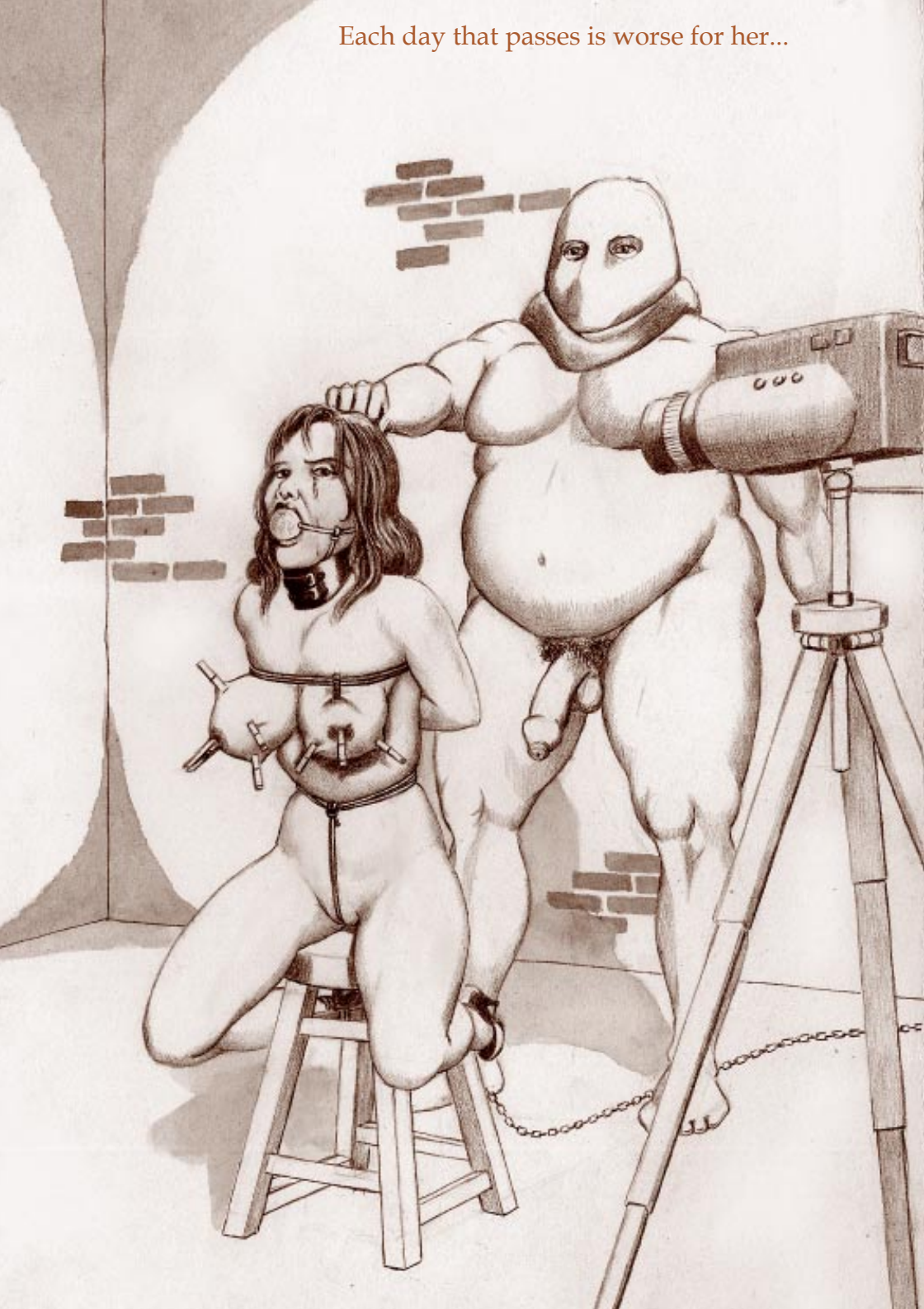
"Have you seen her boobs? Fantastic, eh? Did you know they were this good? Have you seen them before? Yeah, you randy old sod, you must have seen these boobs through the keyhole a few times, eh?"

Margot looked at the girl's breasts. They were indeed lovely and big, especially now they were swollen by the blood trapped in them. Tights ropes above and below them made sure of that.

She saw in horror that the girl's breasts also had clothes pegs attached to them!

Margot shuddered and gasped as the Governor thrust in again. It was extremely degrading to be treated in this way, like an inflatable woman or a plastic vagina. The Governor had his eyes

Each day that passes is worse for her...



fixed on the screen. He was watching in fascination as the obese and repulsive sadist tortured his own daughter!

Margot still did not really understand. What were these video tapes? What did they mean?

“Do you want to get your daughter back, you fucking bastard?” he asked, pulling the girl up again by the hair. “You do? Here’s the deal, shithead! You’re holding a girl, Cristal Hernandez. Let her go. That’s the only way to see your daughter again. We won’t kill your daughter whatever you do. She’ll stay with me. She’ll be my whore. My slave, Dalton, do your hear? my sex-slave! You can bet your life she’ll curse you every day you don’t let Cristal go. I’ll see to that myself!”

Margot gasped as the penis plunged painfully into her. She heard the Governor laugh. “Fucking idiot!” he said, pulling her by the hair and pumping her buttocks.

Margot could hear that he was getting ready for an orgasm and she quickly went into her own routine. She’d been practising for days. Since the bastard told her she was on trial... If she did a good job, he might give her some news of her family...

“UGH! AAAAAGHHHHH!”

“Are you coming, you dirty slut?”

“Yes ... AAAGHHHHH!!!”

There was no time for any more. The Governor shot his load as he always did, a long time before Margot could pretend to be getting there. Deep inside, the only thing she felt was repugnance and total humiliation. She had been the pig’s personal servant and whore for three weeks now...

Three terrible, long weeks...

But the other options in Mosquito Swamp were no better. Somebody always raped you or shut you in dark holes... At least here, she might get some news...

Night falls on Conchacabana

Night falls on Conchacabana and the multicoloured lights of the billboards and clubs are beginning to sparkle like the invisible stars. The bars and streets and casinos and disco doorways are already crowded. Scantly clad adolescents, walking or skating or scootering, hand out invitations to thousands of summer tourists with a lost look, wondering where to go and what to do all night. It's the height of the tourist season and everybody's out to have fun, to get drunk, to get their share of the action, or just sniff a line...

At the same time, in a forgotten basement on the outskirts of the cosmopolitan tourist district, an extraordinarily beautiful woman, hardly more than a girl, sits shaking with fright, her beautiful green eyes wide open trying to penetrate the near darkness of a stinking toilet. The scuttling of rats is now mixed with the scuttling of cockroaches.

The girl's name is Belen. Tourist guide, disco queen... The sexiest, friendliest, most lusted-after girl in town. Her breasts alone had inspired a thousand groans in the surfing community and had filled a thousand paper tissues with a billion struggling, surfing sperms...

The night Belen had danced in her bikini all the rich sons of all the best people in the Federal Capital had fallen silent. They just stared slack-jawed at her breasts as they swung and bounced to the music... Superb breasts, perfect breasts, quivering, vibrating, inviting, tempting, necessary breasts that made men unconsciously open their mouths and run their tongues over their lips...

The same Belen sits now in her own piss, shaking, unable to forget the trauma of her recent rape...

She is naked and chained to the wall by the neck. She is crying. She cannot stand the terrible pain of having her elbows tied together behind her back.

She has been missing for seven days now, seven days chained by the neck in a stinking toilet so small she can hardly sit down.

Seven days with a gag in her mouth!

Seven days with this sadistic bondage!

And almost seven days blindfold...

Almost, not quite. They took the blindfold off yesterday and let her see...

They let her see the basement with its four damp sordid walls. The stinking toilet where they lock her in. The chain that ties her like a dog to the wall. The eyes of the rats shining in the dark, the busy scuttling cockroaches...

They let her see too the repugnant hood and the cold eyes of the fat man who took her virginity and raped her so brutally all night, the eyes of the sadist who beat her so cruelly in front of the video camera...

Belen is infinitely more afraid now that she can see...

Belen is The Hostage. That is the name the local mafia use. The boys are curious. They want to know if Dalton will release a prisoner to save his daughter. They want to know if you can blackmail a man like that, Governor of Mosquito Swamp, the toughest penal colony on the Continent. The boys sit and grin and watch the video, again and again...

Bets are placed. Requests are made.

The boys are getting excited. They want to go down to the basement.

The order comes down: No visits. Stay away. It's Lidia's baby.

The boys nod and wait for the next video.

Belen's still crying. Her breasts are bruised and sore, her nips badly chewed and bitten, her thighs red with pinch-marks.

Her vagina hurts from the cruel rape, hour after hour...

She is still shut in the toilet. The inside of her thighs is stained with her own blood and the pig's semen. The pig's smelly saliva is on every inch of her body. And her body is covered in red welts, the mark of a whip...

It was horrendous. So horrendous that even now, after feeling the whip for herself all over her body, she could hardly believe it had happened...

Her mind is trying too to blot out the tremendous humiliation of wriggling around the room with her calves tied back to her thighs.

What she remembered most clearly was when he forced her to urinate and defecate in front of the camera.

She is still crying and shaking. Her jaws are still forced open by a hollow crimson ball made of iron forced into her mouth. A ball that stifles her cries, dries her throat out and gives her a terrible headache.

Belen believed at one moment that she had really died and that the small toilet with its rats and cockroaches was Hell itself.

Lidia waited for Navajas to leave for the door of Jimie's.

She was jealous. He'd been fucking her lovely girl non-stop for hours. Lidia didn't like it, but he was allowed his bit. That was the deal. She wanted her bit too, though ... and it was her turn!

She looked at her own naked body in the mirror. She liked it. In many ways it was like Belen's. Round, feminine forms... Perhaps she did not quite have Belen's extraordinary breasts, but hers were almost as good. Lidia examined her body carefully, critically, but could not fault it.

Sometimes she masturbated in front of the mirror, almost touching it, leaving her left hand on the mirror above her head as if it was tied there, as if she was close to another woman, breast to breast, as if she could reach down and suck her breasts... Recently that other woman had a name. She was called Belen.

Lidia decided to dress up for the occasion with matching black panties and latex bra, from the days when she was younger and did private sessions in good hotels that only the very rich were privileged to attend...

She was pleased with the result, but finally decided to go for a

kinkier bra. She chose another latex bra, also black, but with two large holes cut in the middle of each cup. She looked in satisfaction at the way her white breasts burst through the holes, stretching them. Next she covered her face with the mask, put on some tight shoes and picked up a small travelling bag with everything she might need for her session with Belen...

This time she would stand in front of the real Belen and touch real breasts, not a cold mirror! She felt as if she were already pressing her vagina into the girl's face...

She enjoyed every slow step she took down into the basement of the Mariner's Rest. It was going to be a memorable night. For the first time in her life, she would be in complete control. She would be the one on the other side of the prison bars. She was determined to enjoy every moment, every caress, every movement of the girl's tongue... She felt good in her short latex skirt, her kinky bra and the leather jacket that covered it.

Lidia opened the toilet door and had a surprise. Two large green eyes, brimming with tears looked up at her. The pig! He'd taken the blindfold off without permission!

The second surprise was finding the girl with her legs still tied back. Twenty-four hours later! It hurt her to think about it. And this was HER hostage, not his!

Lidia looked at the huge iron gag. Too cruel. It was not necessary, all this cruelty, Lidia thought.

She looked at the welts. Hundreds of red lines all over the girl's tanned skin. He'd gone too far again with his stupid whip!

"Hi, darling! I've come to look after you!" she said cheerfully, "so stop looking at me like that. And stop trembling too, I'm not going to eat you. Listen, I want to make things clear from the start, woman to woman. I have no intention of fucking you around or putting the whip on you or anything like that. Unless you make me! It's your choice. If you want to be a good friend of mine, you just have to obey me. You carry out all the orders your Mummy gives you. That's all. You'll be all right if you obey orders. Is that

clear?"

Belen nodded quickly, her body racked by cramp and tremors, her eyes pleading, begging...

"That's what Mummy likes, a good obedient little girl. Mummy's going to let you out of there," she said, untying her legs.

Belen sat on the floor of the toilet, unable to move her legs even though they were free... The pain was too terrible.

"Let me help you," said Lydia, pulling her backwards by the shoulders out into the room.

Belen lay on her side, her heart racing out of control.

Lidia brought over an old armchair. It was dirty and dusty. She sat on it and let the girl recover. Her eyes ran over the girl's lovely body, taking in all the details of its exquisite, perfect nudity.

"Come over here. On your knees. I want to talk to you."

It took the girl some time to get over to the chair.

"Do you want me to take that nasty thing out of your mouth?"

Belen nodded desperately. It was what she wanted most in this world, that and to have her elbows untied.

"Do you promise not to shout?"

Belen nodded again.

"Promise to be a good girl. Obedient?"

"Mmmmm ... mmmmmm.

Mmmm ... mmmmmmm."

"OK."

Lidia felt for the buckle under the girl's thick brown hair. She opened it carefully, not to break any teeth, and took out the iron ball.

Belen's mouth remained open. She could not close her jaw.

Lidia had suffered this torture many times in prison. She knew what to do.

WHAAAAAAM!

A hard slap surprised Belen, but it did the trick.

“Better?”

Belen nodded. She still could not speak.

Lidia ran her finger along the lines of Belen’s glistening lips, wet with saliva.

“You have beautiful lips ... Did he kiss you a lot? I thought so ... Have you ever kissed a woman?”

Belen managed to speak.

“He ... he ... ra ... he raped me ... he ... he raped me!”

“There, there, calm down darling,” said Lidia, embracing the girl, “men are like that ... there, there, calm down, it’s alright now. It’s all over now. I know how you feel. When I was just your age, your father did the same to me. There, there...”

Little by little, Belen calmed down. The warm arms of the other woman comforted her.

“That’s better ... that’s better. Better now?”

Belen nodded. Lidia drew back. The girl was still crying, but at least she was not shaking.

“I can’t ... I can’t stand any more...” she said, sobbing...

“Any more what, dear?”

“My ... my arms! I can’t stand it any more!”

“Oh, your arms! Don’t be silly. That’s nothing. Your father kept me like that for a whole year. And tied with wire, not rope!” Belen turned pale. “Don’t worry,” said Lidia quickly, “your Mummy doesn’t hold all that against you. She’ll let you go if you’re a good little girl and obey her...”

Belen looked at her suspiciously, but nodded.

Lidia smiled. She stood up. Slowly she slipped out of her jacket and slowly, provocatively, she turned fully towards Belen to show her how her breasts were bursting through the kinky black bra...

“It’s very hot in here,” she said, as if by way of apology. “Come over here, dear, and let Mummy tie your hair back for you.” She

took a ribbon out of her toilet bag and tied the girl's hair back.

"Now you're going to kiss me on the nipples ... first with the bra on," she said, offering Belen her erect nipples in turn, "and then with the bra off!" She peeled the latex bra off and put a hand under each full breast. Then she put the nipples back in Belen's mouth, one at a time, slowly and deliberately, her eyes half-closed. Belen gave a tentative, almost involuntary suck. Lidia gasped.

"Now take my panties off."

Belen looked at her, not knowing what to do.

"You heard. Take my panties off. With your mouth. Or maybe you don't want me to untie your elbows?"

Belen's head dropped. She stared at the floor, trembling. There was cold sweat on her forehead... She lifted her head and saw the woman's private parts. They were smelling in the heat, a strong smell of ... woman.

Holding her breath, Belen took the latex panties between her front teeth and pulled down. It was not going to be easy...

She tried to do it on the left, then on the right, and finally managed to move one of the sides down an inch, but the latex clung to the skin like an octopus's sticker. She tried again, trying to ignore the strong smell and the strange contact of her face on the woman's skin. It was humiliating... She carried on, bringing it gradually down at the sides.

The time had come to pull at the front of the panties.

The smell of female was very strong now.

Belen held her breath, closed her eyes and bit on the elastic like a rabbit nibbling a carrot. She tugged downwards.

"Open your eyes dear. It's only a cunt! It's had a few more bashings than yours, I know, but a cunt is a cunt," said Lidia playfully, a little offended at the girl's attitude.

Belen obeyed. The woman's crutch and the inside of her thighs was damp with warm, strong-smelling oils, Lidia's natural lubrication.

The smell was bad. She felt her head going and she reached forwards suddenly as if trying to be sick.

“Don’t you like the smell of Mummy’s cunt?”

Belen felt too sick to answer. The answer was obvious.

“It doesn’t matter. You’ll get used to it. You’ll get used to the smell and the taste...”

A shudder ran down Belen’s spine.

She carried on with the task and managed to get the panties down low enough to reveal thick bushy pubic hair. Fortunately the hair was wiry and covered the vagina completely. It did not, however, cover the unusually long clitoris that had slipped through the woman’s lips. It was sticking out, bright red and obviously in an aroused state. It was twisted back like a small penis! At first Belen did not recognise it for what it was.

Lidia turned round slowly and lifted her bottom a little, inviting the girl to pull her panties down with her teeth.

Belen looked at the round buttocks. The panties had slipped right into the crack between them!

She had no choice. She had to get her face right down into the crack and try to catch the panties between her teeth. It took her some time.

She could not help her stomach heaving as she did this. Nor could she stop the tears from flowing down her cheeks and into the woman’s panties. The humiliation of having to serve another woman like this was terrible.

Finally she managed to hook her tongue round the thin line of tight panties and pull enough to bite onto. She pulled them down a little, and it was easier from then on. Eventually she was able to pull them off Lidia’s bottom down her legs and then remove them completely.

Lidia stood up to help her by stepping out of them.

<<<<<< forwards on her knees. Belen looked in astonishment. The woman seemed to have no sense of shame!

Lidia looked down almost tenderly at the girl's lovely young face, with its unnaturally pale complexion. She noted the grimace, a teeth-gritting gesture of deep repugnance, and smiled...

"Pl ... please ... my arms ... I can't take any more ... honestly ... pleeease!!!" the girl begged. Perhaps she thought she had completed her task and could now rest.

"Not yet, darling, not yet. Mummy needs a little loving care and attention," said Lidia, taking out of her toilet bag a bottle of nail varnish. She put it on the floor. "Open your mouth, like a good little girl!"

Belen looked puzzled but obeyed.

"You can start now. Mind you don't paint my toes too!"

Belen blushed a deep red as Lidia crossed one leg over another, presenting her foot.

Belen felt ridiculous. Taking care not to knock the bottle over, she painted the masked woman's toes one by one. Then she moved on to the right hand...

"You're doing very well ... you've got a clever little mouth and a clever little tongue I suppose ... when you finish you can take my tampon out with your teeth. Mummy's got her period, you see..."

Belen pulled the brush back. She was shaking again. She couldn't paint nails properly like that...

"You don't want me to untie your elbows?" asked Lidia. Belen carried on painting. Twenty nails, more than forty degrading bows of the head to dip the brush in the pot on the floor...

Lidia now opened her legs wide again. Belen did not know where to look. "Look at me!" Lidia said. "Look at my cunt! Put your head over it, just above it, and look at it! Don't be shy! Put your nose closer and sniff if you want to! It's only cunt juice and my period! By the way, do you use tampons, dear?"

Belen nodded. Everybody used them, more or less, it was a stupid question!

"Well what the fuck are you waiting for? You can see the string

When you finish you can take my tampon out with your teeth



I suppose?"

Belen nodded. She had indeed noticed it. It was stuck to a tangled mass of hairs and folds of female flesh, intricate and repugnant to her...

She looked down at the swollen, purple lips of the woman's vagina, where the flesh was a brighter redder colour like the inside of a ripe fig, and she observed the thick, smelly mucous that was coming down from deep inside and covering everything...

To make things easier, Lidia slid down the armchair a little and brought her ankles up to the front corners of the chair, opening her legs wider still. She looked down and saw the lips of her vagina wrinkled and stuck together slightly at the top. She pulled them apart, revealing the long clitoris curling up like a monkey's long, thin penis.

"Can you see it OK now?"

The obscene posture brought with it a wave of heat and smell. Belen nodded. She felt dizzy.

"Well get on with the job then."

Belen held her breath again and lowered her head slowly towards the open vagina. She put out her tongue and tried to pick up the thread.

Lidia gave a little jerk that lifted her breasts, a kind of first small spasm caused by this intimate contact. She turned her head sideways and half-closed her eyes. She took a deeper breath and lay back, waiting for the next touch of the girl's mouth...

Belen could not catch the thread on her tongue however many times she tried. In the end she had no choice but to put her mouth down on the smelly vagina and pick the repugnant tampon up between her front teeth.

Lidia gazed in fascination at the beautiful face that came up holding an Extrasuper Tampon dangling on the end of its thread. Blood dripped onto the floor...

She smiled. "Your father used to make me eat his toilet paper.

After he'd used it."

Belen's stomach heaved. She twisted her head sideways, releasing the tampon, which fell heavily to the floor.

Lidia ran two fingertips up between the lips of her own vagina, stopping at the almost manly clitoris and playing with it.

"Now you're going to pick that jamrag up and eat it! And when you finish, you're going to clean the floor with your lovely little tongue. Understand?"

Belen shook her head. She couldn't do it! The tampon was so filthy, so wet, so red...

"Remember your elbows darling! You don't want to spend another week like that, do you? You don't want another night under my fiancé, do you?"

Belen gave in. She could not stand the pain in her elbows or the thought of that mad bastard fucking her all night and biting her nipples...

She bent down and picked the tampon up in her mouth, trying to get it in without touching the lips too much. Finally she stood up, chewed it and swallowed all she could.

She turned her eyes to Lidia. Lidia saw the look of a beaten, submissive dog, its will sapped. The girl has my mark now, she thought, my menstruation is on her chin and inside her...

"On your knees! Lick the floor clean! I'm going to download a turd or two. You don't want Mummy to drop them in your toilet, do you?"

Belen burst into tears and wailed like a wolf, a cry of despair which shook her shoulders...

But she leaned forwards and began licking.

"Doesn't the chain work, dear?"

"No. It ... it doesn't.

"You should have told me. Too late now. You'll have to sleep with the smell, I'm afraid. You don't know how sorry I am! Now I think of it, my fiancé did say something about it..."

Belen swallowed nervously. The smell had just reached her.

“No paper either?”

This time, Belen did not bother to answer...

She saw a nasty gleam in Lidia’s eyes when she came out of the toilet after dirtying it. The woman didn’t say anything, didn’t give any orders. She just grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back to the armchair. She made her sit on the floor, her back resting against the front of the chair, and she pulled her head up. Then she opened her legs wide on either side of the girl’s face and squatted down, her vagina just in front of her eyes. Then she lowered her hot, burning vagina until it was over the girl’s mouth, and she went down on her, lips against lips, rubbing her juices over her, choking her...

Belen smelt the smell of old sex, of sperm and menstruation as Lidia masturbated on her face, pressing her vagina onto her mouth and rubbing it all over her face.

From time to time Lidia pulled the girl’s head up so she could suck her nipples...

She had seven orgasms, the last one on the girl’s nose, until she finally fell forwards onto the chair and let Belen slip out from under her.

Belen sat on the floor weeping, her face covered with the filth from Lidia’s ass as well as her menstruation and her female secretions. She sobbed and fell into a deep despair.

When Lidia recovered she untied the girl and gave her a hamburger from a bar that Belen used to go to, and she let her eat and drink before she shut her up again in the toilet.

And there Belen remained, feeling slightly comforted after eating and drinking, trying not to sit in Lidia’s excrement.

At least she was able to sleep that night. For the first time in a week, she saw her hands and could do all the normal but necessary things like scratch her nose when it itched or wipe the sweat from

her forehead, stretch her arms or relax her shoulders.

But the price had been high...

Exhausted, Belen slept until she heard a noise. Someone was out there, in the basement, moving furniture around and drilling holes in the wall.

She put her ear to the door ... there was some light coming through the cracks, but not enough to let her see who was out there.

Was it him or her?

Belen prayed for it to be the masked woman rather than the hooded man. It was true she had used her face as if it was a man's penis, but it was also true that she had untied her elbows and legs. She had even fed her!

The woman was not so brutal. She just wanted sex her own way, Belen decided. She didn't really want to torture her. She wanted her sister out of prison too. Belen understood. If she could choose, she would choose the woman...

But she could not choose.

The door of the toilet suddenly opened and she found herself looking into two cold, sadistic eyes, the eyes of a psychotic madman, a criminal, staring at her from inside a medieval hood.

Navajas pulled her out by the hair.

She struggled wildly, kicking and punching.

He punched her in the stomach and dragged her over to the middle of the room.

Belen screamed desperately, her eyes wide in terror.

This was it! The End!

A rope with the hangman's noose on one end was hanging above two piles of bricks about a yard apart. He would make her stand on the bricks, he would put the noose around her neck and he would kick the bricks from under her! She could see it all - even her naked body swinging on a rope...

“Get up there, you slut! Up! Or I’ll kill you!” he shouted, kicking at her.

She was too frightened to move. He grabbed her and stood her up. She was trembling uncontrollably. She felt like a rag doll in his hands.

Navajas pulled the noose down. Belen prayed.

But it did not go round her neck. He put it round her hair and pulled up, until her shoes – the blue uniform shoes – were hardly touching the floor. And he carried on pulling until she was hanging in the air, suspended from her hair, trying to find the bricks with her feet. Finally she found them...

But he carried on pulling until the girl was stretched to the limit, with only the tips of her toes resting on the bricks.

He picked up the “auction belt” as it was called in the Organisation. Its purpose was to lift the breasts at an auction.

It was a simple belt with two leather wrist straps at each end... He tied it around the girl’s narrow waist, far too tightly, and fastened the buckle through the last hole. He had never been able to use the last hole before, in all his years in charge of whores and slaves... What the hell were big breasts like these doing above a waist like this, he asked himself.

Belen could hardly breathe. Her breasts were swollen and presented high and full. She could not speak...

He took her by the left arm and twisted it back behind her until her joints creaked. Then he tied her wrist to the end of the belt. He did the same with the other arm...

Her shoulders were forced right back, her breasts were pushed high and forwards and her back was arched painfully. She was now hanging by the hair, trying to keep her balance a foot off the ground, with her legs forced obscenely apart on the bricks.

Navajas switched the camera on...

Belen took advantage of the moment to shout out...

“Daddy! Daddy! Please! ... Get me out of here! ... Pleeeeease! ... I

can't take any more! ... They'll kill me!"

Navajas let the camera run, smiling. Then he put the "punishment gag" in the girl's mouth. It was another of the diabolical inventions that the slave traders used with their girls. It stopped them from swallowing or speaking intelligibly, but it didn't prevent them from shouting or answering yes or no. It even let them plead and beg a little between sob and sob...

And of course it was painful, especially if it was tightened the way he tightened it now.

It bit into the corners of the lips, it hurt the teeth and it produced terrible headaches.

Navajas then picked up two small vices, little devices with a screw that tightened them. He liked these little things. His eyes were smiling as he showed them first to the video camera and then to Belen....

"D'you know what these are, you filthy slut? Answer me! Do you?"

Belen shook her head.

"They're iron clamps. They're used to cut through steel cables. You put them on, you turn the screws and they bite into things. Can you imagine that?"

Belen did not reply.

"Can you imagine that, you big drippy cunt?"

Belen nodded. It hurt her hair, but she nodded vigorously.

"Now tell your Daddy what's on the end of the screw!!

"Mmmm ... a ... point! It's pointed!"

"Good! Now what do you think I'm going to do with two of these cable cutters if I haven't got a cable to cut? Why do you think there are two of them?"

She opened her eyes wide and shouted

"NOOOOOO!!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

"You've got it! One of these for each of your great big tits! You're

not just a pretty cunt, you're a smart girl! You've got talent, yes Siree! Now I just want to check that your dickhead of a father is as clever as you! Listen shitbrain!" He looked into the camera. "I'm going to drill through your daughter's nipples. You wanna know why? Because I get a hard-on doing it, that's why. Second, because she's your daughter and you're the numbskull who won't release Cristal Hernandez. And third, because a slut with rings on her nips is a docile, obedient little slut. She'll suck my dick for me and she'll fuck me and she'll eat the shit from my ass if I want her to and she won't complain about it... Now do you understand, you big shit?"

He focused the camera on the girl's superb uplifted breasts...

Three days later, Governor Dalton sat watching the latest episode while the prisoner Margot Pascal, now clearly occupying the role of his latest personal sex-slave, sipped and sucked at the little hole in the tip of his penis, working on it with her lips and her tongue.

The Governor watched attentively as the savage scene unfolded itself...

First the hooded jailer played with the girl's tender pink nipples until they were long and tubular, like a newly sharpened pencil...

Next the vice squeezed its way onto them, above and below, until they flattened like chewing gum.

And finally the sharp screw turned its way down and down ... until it came out the other side, covered in blood!

"Does it hurt, you slut?"

"YEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

"We'll have to do something to stop it hurting then! We'll take your mind off your nips"

He stood in front of her and began to lower his head, moving past her squashed, dripping nipples...

Margot licked the Governor's penis and watched the screen at the same time. She thought the terrible pain would be the end of

the girl...

The man seemed to be smiling as he crouched down with his hands on the auction belt that was torturing the girl's waist.

He stopped when his mouth was almost touching the girl's wide open vagina.

He went a little lower so that he could look into it, breathing heavily now ... and then he lifted his head slightly and sank his lips fully onto hers, licking and sucking noisily at her open vagina...

Navajas pressed his face into girl's slit. He was mumbling, groaning, drinking and slurping, greedy for every drop of her female oils... His tongue went up to her clitoris and he sucked and sucked, moaning happily as he began to lose control...

Margot, the young French mother now the Governor's sex-toy, was wearing the prostitute's 'uniform' he had given her: she was naked and her skin was covered in expensive oil. She watched in confusion as she sucked the edge of the Governor's tip with her lips and tongue.

She was confused because she could not understand the change that had come into the expression and voice of the unfortunate girl with green eyes...

First came the panic, the terror, the desperate cries as her nipples were mutilated. Margot understood this, as a woman and as a mother.

Then came silence and tears ... the beautiful adolescent face changed subtly, from terror to unhappiness and a fleeting suggestion of resignation...

Then came the first gasp, as air was sucked in around the gag. Green eyes flashed for an instant and then came another pause, followed by stifled grunts as the girl's breathing quickened.

"Just get a look at that, will you!" said the Governor. "The slut's going drippy! She's getting horny!"

There were more grunts, and silence and a long, low moan ... there was no doubt now, they were the noises of an involuntary

pleasure!

Margot did not understand this at all. To understand it, she needed to spend more time, a few more days or weeks, as the Governor's whore...

The tension in Belen's muscles was clear. You could see it building up in her face, in the way her long, shapely legs didn't know whether to open or close at the top... In the end, she didn't have much choice. The piles of bricks didn't give her much room to manoeuvre...

Navajas pulled out some pubic hairs with his teeth.

"AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Now tell your Daddy if you're having a good time or not! Tell him you're getting off on my tongue! I'm sure he wants to know!"

"MMMM ... YEES! ... YEESSSSSSSS!!!" she murmured through the bit between her teeth.

Navajas suddenly stood up and moved round the back of the girl, running his exploring fingers all over her body...

"What I can't figure out," he said to the camera, "is how a dude like you made a lovely bit of pussy like this! My guess is you didn't have a hand in it, or should I say a dick in it! Ha! ha! ha! I reckon that slut of a wife of yours puts it out for anybody in town! Must have been pissed off with a limp dick like yours! Hey, get a look at this pair of legs!" He ran his hands up and down Belen's legs, both hands, one leg at a time, squeezing hard. "Get a look at this ass!" Belen nearly lost her balance when his finger went painfully up inside her. "What a waist! And what a pair of air bags! Surprised they didn't shoot off when I put the screws in. They're gonna look great with a pair of bells on them!"

When the tape ran out, Navajas changed it and came back with Big-Mac.

"You know what this is, you big wet cunt?"

Margot could see that the girl was clearly having trouble concentrating on what the man was saying, but she managed to

shake her head.

“It’s Big-Mac! The whore trainer!” he shouted, holding up a monstrous vibrator in front of the lens. It was a shocking object, huge and bright red in colour.

“And you know which whore it’s gonna train today? Do you know?” Belen had learnt to answer. She nodded. “Who’s the lucky slut? Whose big juicy vagina’s in for a treat today?”

“Mmmmm ... miiiiiiine!”

“Clever girl! You’re gonna learn a lot from Big-Mac! Lesson One: squeeze your cunt and don’t let the customer’s prick slip out! Here goes!”

He pushed the vibrator brutally up inside the girl’s vagina. Deep inside, right to the hilt, sending the huge rubber gland up to the end of the vagina, so that it hit on the womb itself...

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Belen howled.

Bubbles appeared around her punishment gag. The girl’s vagina was badly torn after the savage rape just a few days ago, and the pain sent her into shakes and convulsions...

Margot licked on and kept her eyes on the screen. The hooded man was looking at the spectacle in a state of psychotic ecstasy. He seemed to be fascinated by the way the tense, taut legs fought against the girl’s natural impulse to bring the knees up to resist the pain...

“Press hard, you slut! Take it in! Hold it in! Grit your teeth!” he shouted, beside himself with lust...

But the heavy vibrator slowly slipped down, humming and thumping away, sliding down the tight, inexperience passage...

There was a thump as it hit the floor and bounced.

Navajas was furious. He picked it up quickly.

“Did you hear me? Did you hear what I said, you dumb cunt?”

The girl was no longer in touch. She had drifted off into a private world of pain and indignity. Her eyes were firmly closed. She was biting desperately on the punishment gag...

He went for the cane. Actually, he explained, it was not bamboo, but some kind of whippy fibre-glass. You could buy one in any fishing shop in Conchacabana...

He hit her on the left calf. He'd been wanting to do that for a long time. He was into calves and these were prize-winners...

Belen ended up suspended by the hair, shaking her legs around in pain. Finally she managed to find the bricks with her feet.

"This time, pay attention!"

"AAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!! UGH! UGHHHH!!!"

He sank the vibrator deep inside her again, right up to the hilt, as brutally as before. But this time he held it in.

"Can you feel that? Is it getting through to you? Answer!"

"YEEEGGGGGGGGGGGGGSSSSSSSSSS!!!"

It was normal, Margot thought, with fifteen inches of thick latex vibrating deep inside her recently raped vagina. Any woman would feel it!

"Well this time squeeze hard. I'm going to let go!"

The girl tried to hold it in. She almost managed to, but she got a good grip too late, when two-thirds of Big-Mac had already slipped out.

SLAAAAAAP!!! ...SLAAAAAAAAP!!!

The rod stung on her legs, but she managed to keep her balance on the bricks. Navajas looked at her in surprise.

Then he sank the vibrator inside her again.

And this time the girl ignored the stinging welts on her calves, the terrible pain in her nipples and the agony of her forced posture, and she concentrated on holding the vibrating monster inside her vagina.

Navajas turned to the camera and smiled.

"See that, shitdick? We'll make a good hooker of yet. What d'you say?"

He stood in front of the girl and carried on with the lesson.



Can you feel that, whore?
Is it getting through to you?
Answer!

“When a client orders you to ride him, you squeeze his dick like that. But if he rides you, you don’t do it. Not unless he tells you to, OK?”

“Yeeessssss”, the girl howled. She was getting very confused now.

“Right, you slutty cunt, keep it up you till you come! Understand?”

The girl burst into tears. No, she couldn’t stand the humiliation! Having an orgasm with a vibrator up inside her! And in front of a stranger, and on film for her filthy-minded father to see!

The fishing rod stroking her tense calves reminded the girl of her obligation, her obligation to humiliate herself, to perform the most private of all acts in public.

Navajas pulled the armchair over and sat down to watch the spectacle. He was still holding the rod.

“Suck!” said Governor Dalton, pushing Margot’s head down onto his penis. “But keep looking!”

Margot sucked and watched as the girl tried to shut out everything around her and concentrate on herself. She shook her vagina, moved it as much as she could, brought the tops of her thighs as close together as she dared, and tried to turn an act of torture into an act of pleasure...

Margot supposed that the girl was thinking of some boy she knew. She was right. Belen was thinking of her Richard. She pictured his bronzed shoulders on a sunny beach. She remembered the night in the car when she masturbated him after the cinema. She remembered the firm feel of his erect penis, his grunts and groans, the penetrating salty smell of fresh semen on her hand, and she remembered the affectionate, intimate, detailed little things he always told her he wanted to do to her...

Belen was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not even notice that Navajas had sat down.

He was clearly enjoying the show. The girl was beginning to fly!

She kept screwing her face up and gasping for air... The almost imperceptible movements of her pelvis were moving into automatic... She was nearer than he thought!

Navajas moved quickly, pulling a box behind the girl, standing on it, putting an arm round her waist, and holding the vibrator in one hand. He then pushed his penis into the girl's anus with a quick thrust.

“AAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

And to Margot's horror he raped her, cruelly and savagely, until he had an orgasm deep inside her bowels.

The girl had to keep her balance on the piles of bricks, with her legs wide open and her arms painfully tied back, with the vibrator held right up in her vagina, her mouth forced open and her hair about to be pulled out..

Needless to say, she did not have an orgasm, however much she thought of her Richard, and the feel of his penis, or however hard Navajas manipulated Big-Mac..

Lidia visits the hostage

On the same night when the film was shot, an hour or two after Navajas left to swagger around in the doorway of Jimie's, Lidia went down to see the young hostage. She found her in a deplorable state.

Belen was groaning, on her knees, with the punishment gag still in and the auction straps still tied.

Between her legs, lying in the foul water on the floor, lay Big-Mac, still thumping and vibrating away at full power.

Lidia took away the barbarous instruments of torture, all except the chain that was always tied to her neck, and helped her out of the toilet. She washed her carefully with a sponge and soapy water. Belen cried.

Lidia took off her blue shoes, part of her uniform, and combed her hair. She gave her a hamburger and a can of Coke.

Belen ate hungrily, but never stopped sobbing.

“There, there, stop now. It’s all over.”

“Please ... please ... don’t leave me alone ... with him! He’s mad! He’ll kill me! He hates me! Please! ... Please!”

“There, there, tell Mummy all about it. It’ll do you good to talk about it.”

Between sobs, Belen told her everything that Navajas had done to her.

Lidia listened in genuine surprise. She knew the guy, but even so she was surprised at so much unnecessary brutality.

She had no reason to doubt the truth of the story. The video camera was still in position, although the cassette had gone. There was the rope hanging from the ceiling, there were the bricks, the fishing rod, the marks on the girl’s calves. There lay Big-Mac, switched off now, and the bit and the straps. And here was Belen, on the edge of an attack of hysteria, with her body, and especially her vagina and her rectum, torn apart by brutal sexual abuse...

And there, still biting into the girl’s nipples, were the diabolical iron clamps perforating her most delicate flesh.

Lidia worked carefully, but it was torture once again for the poor girl to have them removed, and she groaned and shouted in pain.

The invention, perfected by Navajas and his friends in the white slave business, had worked perfectly. The pressure of the clamp had prevented the blood from circulating freely in the nipple, and this had prevented the flesh, torn apart by the screw, from infecting. The result was a clean cut, which had now healed over, leaving two holes in the beautiful flesh, ready to be used at any time and for any strange purpose the men might choose...

Belen looked down at her mutilated nipples. She did not understand. “Why? ... Why did he do it to me?”

“If your father doesn’t take more interest in you, there are only two options.”

Belen looked puzzled.

“Either you are killed, or you’re sold.”

Belen’s eyes opened wide.

“Sold?”

“That’s right, darling. Sold as a whore to a third-world brothel. Or maybe as a sexual slave to some rich sadist. Don’t tell me you’ve never heard of white slavery?”

Belen nodded. She had, but she didn’t really know what it meant. It had always sounded like something that happened in the Far East...

“Well, Navajas is into it. He’s a trainer. He’s one of the most experienced slave trainers in this part of the world. He trains and sells. People come a long way for a real Navajas-trained girl.”

“But ... but I was born here. I’m only nineteen!” Belen stammered.

“Wake up, dear! Navajas and his business associates would give an arm and a leg if a tenth of their merchandise was as round and juicy as you! What d’you think the punters want? A ninety-year old with no teeth showing her wrinkled tits and dried-up pussy?”

Belen was shaking...

“But Daddy ... I haven’t seen him for ages ... and we ... don’t get on!” Belen burst into tears.

“I know, he’s a fucking pig! But that’s the way things are. I want things to work out as much as you do. I want you to be free and I want to get my sister back. Look, this is a stupid conversation. You’re wasting my time. Let’s get down to more important things. Did you manage to come?”

“No, no, I couldn’t!” said Belen, embarrassed.

“You’ve got to learn to come when he punishes you. If not, he’ll end up killing you and I’ll end up without my sister!”

Belen swallowed nervously. How could she come if she was being tortured? How could she come in front of other people?

“I can’t ... I can’t have orgasms just like that. I just can’t...”

“That’s where you’re wrong. I’ll show you,” said Lidia, changing

the batteries of the vibrator.

Belen leapt to her feet.

“No, please, not again!”

“I don’t want to force you, but it’s in your interests to learn how to have an orgasm. I want your Daddy to see it, maybe it’ll do something to him...”

“No, I don’t want to!”

Lidia picked up the whippy fishing rod...

“You’re going to, whether you want to or not. Your Mummy’s going to make you,” said Lidia, switching on the camera. “My sister’s life is in danger and I’m not going to let a stuck-up spoilt little child like you get in my way!”

Two days later, the young French mother, still imprisoned without motive in Mosquito Swamp, was obliged to watch a new video while she sucked at the edge of Governor Dalton’s penis tip. She wore no clothes and her body was covered in shining oil. The Governor’s finger was in her bottom.

On the screen, another naked woman, her eyes concealed by a mask, spoke to the camera.

“Do you remember this body, you fucking bastard? No? And these two fingers, do you remember them? You broke them because I made you come too soon, that’s what you said. Do you remember now, or are they just two more broken fingers to you, you sadistic slob?”

Margot raised her head, but the Governor pulled it down by the hair...

“Yes, you remember! You kept me in the “hole” for six years! Even a pig like you must remember that!”

Margot felt how the penis was palpitating between her lips. She pulled her back a little and blew on it to cool it off...

On the screen, the woman was still speaking...

“And what about the week when you taught me to use my cunt? Do you remember that week? Do you remember how you nearly killed me with the whip? How you whipped me when I had my big toes strung up, hanging from the ceiling?”

Margot shuddered.... This was even worse than the cruel savagery of the videos with the hooded man!

“Well now it’s my turn to show this lovely daughter of yours everything you taught me!”

Margot trembled when she saw the woman pick up Big-Mac from the floor.

The woman sat on the floor holding the huge vibrator, to the post to which the young brunette was tied. She picked up the fishing rod and swished it through the air a few times...

SWIIIIISH ... SWIIIIIIIIISH ... SWIIIIIIIIISH!

“You’ve had a bit of this on you, haven’t you, slave?!”

“Yes! Yes!” Belen said hastily, terrified by the sound of the rod, and by the form of address: slave! Why did she call her a slave?

“Tell me, slave, does it hurt? Does the rod hurt?”

“Yes, it hurts ... it hurts a lot!” Belen replied, instinctively bending one leg at the knee. Her calves were still sore.

“Tell Daddy what’s going to happen to you if he doesn’t let my sister go!”

“They’re going to sell me ... Daddy ... they’ll sell me! Don’t let them! Please! Don’t let them sell me! For God’s sake!”

“That’s right! And who are we gonna sell you to?”

“To a brothel.”

“Right again. But there is another possibility, do you remember?”

“Somebody ... somebody might buy me!”

“Good! And why would somebody buy you?”

“To be ... to be his sex-slave!”

“Excellent! Somebody might buy you to be his – or her – slave.”

“Now maybe your Daddy doesn’t know exactly what we mean

by this slave business, so let's spell it out for him. You're gonna tell your Daddy all about it. It may be the way to persuade him to let Cristal go..."

Margot watched as the brunette lowered her head and breathed in deeply, trying to control her nerves.

"Don't let it happen, Daddy, please, get me out of here, please... I can't take any more!"

The woman stepped back, brought a straight right arm round full force and caught the girl full on the breasts...

SSSSSSSSSWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

The brunette went tense on tiptoes and howled a spirit in torment, shaking her large breasts around, now marked by a deep red welt...

Margot leant forwards instinctively, protecting her well-oiled breasts with her arms, unable to believe that a woman could punish another woman in this savage way...

The woman in the mask waited for the girl to calm down, and waited for her big firm breasts to stop wobbling and bouncing around...

"I'm waiting for you to tell your father what it means, being someone's sex-slave..."

"It ... it means, well, I would belong to him."

"Or her."

"Or her," repeated the girl.

"And what does belong mean?"

"Belong ... like a dog." The girl burst into tears. "They could do ... anything ... to me, anything, everything they wanted!"

"For example?"

"Rape me."

"Rape you where exactly?"

“Wherever they wanted.” Belen was sobbing now.

The woman lifted the rod and she carried on quickly: “In the ... vagina ... and in the ... bottom ... and in the mouth!”

“You hear that, you sadistic bastard? That’s real posh talk! In her cunt and up her ass! And what else could this guy make you do?”

“He could ... make me ... do things!”

“We’re waiting...”

“Take his member into my mouth.”

“And if the buyer’s a woman?”

“I would have to lick her ... lick her vagina,” the girl answered, reaching as if she was going to be sick.

“What else?”

The girl swallowed nervously.

“Eat ... eat his bottom.”

“Carry on, don’t be shy. The rod doesn’t like shy girls.”

“Make love with his dog ... or his horse...”

“Carry on.”

“Lick his feet ... eat his ex ... eat his excrement ... dance for him...”

“What else?”

The brunette could not carry on. Margot watched in horror as the whippy fishing rod came swishing down onto the girl’s large breasts, biting in just below the nipples...

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAGH! AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHH!!!”

The girl screamed, jumped, twisted, begged to be spared the whippy fishing rod...

“You idiot! Do you think someone would buy a little plaything like you just to fuck and eat his shit?”

“To ... to torture me!”

“Bravo! Now tell us how they might do that!”

“They’d whip me, they’d torture me with ... with electricity ... they’d suffocate me ... they’d hang me up by the thumbs. They’d...”

“OK, OK, good enough! Your Daddy’s got a pretty good idea by now. I hope for your sake you’ve persuaded him. Now bend those pretty long legs and sit down on Big-Mac!”

The brunette shook her head. She looked at the woman and the rod and obeyed. Her splendid adolescent body rippled as she bent at the knees and slowly lowered herself onto the phallus. Her wrists were handcuffed behind the post. She stopped when the half-open lips of her vagina touched lightly on the tip of the vibrating rubber phallus. Big-Mac was thumping heavily with his new batteries.

“Keep still” the woman ordered.

The brunette stopped. Her legs started shaking from the effort of maintaining such a forced posture.

“A lot of owners like their slaves to ride them like that, with their wrists tied back, while they just lie down and relax. Some of them even do business on the phone. Others read so they don’t come so fast. Others just pick their noses. So I’m going to explain what you have to do...”

“A lot of owners like their slaves to ride them like that, with their wrists tied back, while they just lie down and relax.”

The brunette swallowed. If she didn’t get out of here in exchange for the woman’s sister, things looked bad.

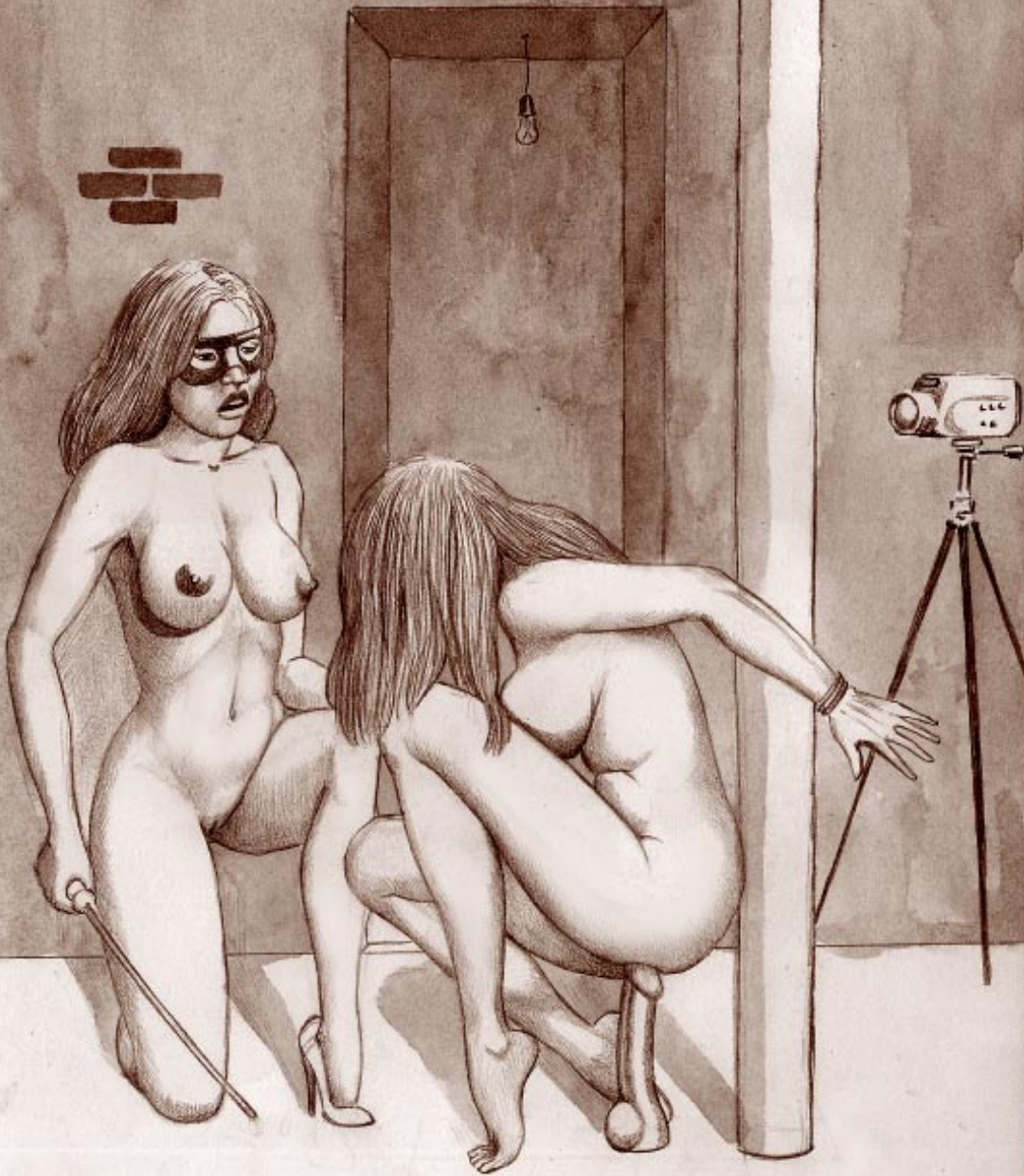
The woman carried on: “As soon as you feel the customer’s dick, or the owner’s dick, you smile. Even if he’s not looking. Go on, smile, slave!”

The girl had begun to sob, but she managed a pathetic smile.

“Perfect. Now go down on it, just a bit, to get the tip in. Hold it there.”

The girl went down slowly, groaning with the effort.

“That’s the way! If you carry on like this, you’ll make a great slave! Now you smile again and you start fucking the tip – just the



A lot of owners like their slaves to ride them like that, with their wrists tied back, while they just lie down and relax

tip – lifting your buttocks very slowly and squeezing as hard as you can ... and remember to smile!”

Margot felt the Governor’s big ham of a hand pull her hair back. His other hand was round the back, between her legs, sliding towards her vagina from the back... He fondled her for a moment, making sure she was damp between the legs, sticking his finger right up inside and bringing down some secretion...

“Ride me, you slut!” he ordered. No, not like that! The other way round, so you can watch the telly. And don’t miss anything! You can learn a lot from this woman!”

Margot obeyed, going down onto his penis. She did it carefully, not to provoke an orgasm. She had taken good note of the woman’s broken fingers...

“Suck it all in, and don’t move!” ordered the Governor.

Margot lowered herself until her buttocks were resting on his stomach, and stayed motionless, with her shoulders slightly forwards and her breasts hanging heavily. Her handcuffed hands rested between her legs.

Meanwhile the young brunette on the video continued with her lesson on how to serve a big rubber vibrator called Big-Mac. It was clear from the girl’s expression that the continuous movement of Big-Mac was beginning to have an effect on her. Her head went back and her lips parted...

The masked woman saw this and tapped her lightly with the rod on the inside of the thigh –

“Never come without your owner’s permission! Remember – you belong to him, mind and body...”

The brunette lowered her head in shame.

Margot suspected that the girl was really going into an orgasm...

The masked woman made her carry on in the same obscene position, worshipping the same latex Big-Mac, for another quarter of an hour, going up and down over the full length of the phallus...

“Now keep still and just hold the tip between your lips. Stand

up but don't let it go. Hold on to it, squeeze it with your lips!"

The girl tried to do this twice and failed, but managed it the third time. She stood up with her legs slightly apart and held on to fifteen inches of throbbing vibrator that were jerking wildly around in the air.

The masked woman dug into her toilet bag and took out some leather straps that she fastened around her hips. They formed a kind of pair of panties, but were just leather straps.

She stepped over to the girl and pulled Big-Mac out of her cunt.

Margot noticed how the girl brought the tops of her thighs together and squeezed them and rubbed her vagina as best she could. It was becoming clear that she needed to move around... Big-Mac had brought her very near to orgasm...

The woman fastened Big-Mac to her leather straps, which were designed to be a kind of harness that held it in the same position as a real penis. She lay on her back on the floor with her legs wide apart on either side of the post, leaving Big-Mac gaping just below the girl's vagina.

"You can finish the lesson on top of me! Fuck me, slave!"

Margot, the young French mother imprisoned without charge in Mosquito Swamp Penitentiary, opened her eyes wide as she watched the video, her skin glistening with oil. She was now sitting on the Governor's penis, riding him as he lay back on the bed, but showing him her bottom, not her breasts... They both watched the television screen.

The young brunette with green eyes lowered her vagina slowly until her lips rubbed the rubber tip of the grotesque imitation of a penis...

The brunette smiled at the masked woman lying below her open legs, gritted her teeth, and let herself sink down onto the phallus...

A sharp slap on the left breast reminded the girl that she must smile... She got the message, and despite her forced posture, with her wrists chained behind the post, she began riding the tip...

The woman in the mask lifted her hands and stroked the superb adolescent breasts, and then began squeezing them and rolling them around like dough...

The girl smiled. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

Margot felt the penis inside her mouth tremble and push... She held her breath and prayed. Fortunately for her fingers, perhaps, the Governor's penis stopped moving...

"Get down lower, get it all in!" ordered the masked woman.

The brunette howled as if she had been injured. She was fighting the relentless thumping and vibrating of the huge vibrator, and she was losing. She could not be far from an orgasm, an orgasm that she was not allowed to have...

Margot watched as she stopped for a moment, gasping, waiting for the rising tides to recede...

She was still trying to smile, although her face muscles were tense... The woman's hands ran frenetically, urgently, all over her body...

"Mummy will give you the orgasm you need, slave. But not yet. You'll let yourself go when Mummy tells you, not before..."

"Please, please ... I can't control it any more!" begged the embarrassed girl, her face flushed with humiliation and enforced, unwanted desire.

"That's where you're wrong, slave. And just to prove it, you're going to pump this little ass six times, very slowly, squeezing as hard as you can. And you're going to count each time. Start now!"

It was pathetic to watch.

The brunette was trying to smile. Her firm young thighs were going up...

"One..."

And down. Her legs were trembling and tense with the effort...

"Twooooo! ... Oh!"

Up...

“Threeeee! ... Agh!”

Down carefully, not to bring on the forbidden orgasm...

“Foouuur! ... Ugh!” A quick, primitive grunt escaped her.

Up so slowly...

“Fiiive...”

And down again onto the machine that was drilling away deep inside her vagina...

“Siiiiiiiiix!!!”

The woman underneath waited a few seconds ... she could feel how the girl’s vagina was beginning to convulse on the phallus attached to her leather harness...

“Do you want to let yourself go, dear? Do you want to come so Daddy can see how you do it?”

“Yes! ... Yes, please! AAAGHHHH!!! I can’t hold it any more! I’m coming...!”

The woman suddenly stopped stroking her and picked up the whippy fishing rod in her right hand. She used the handle to lift the girl’s chin.

“Listen carefully, slave! You’re going to move those buttocks ten times now, when I give the order. You’ll do just as I say. And you’ll do it all feel speed. I’m going to count backwards from ten, like a rocket, and when I get to zero you’re gonna come. Not a second before. If you do, Mummy will whip your big floppy tits as many times as the last number! If you come on ten you take ten on your tits. Do you understand the rules?”

The brunette nodded. Her breath was coming very quickly now and from time to time she stuck her tongue out of the corner of her mouth and held it between her teeth, or her head jerked suddenly left or right. She was almost coming... Big-Mac was not giving her a rest...

“And remember to move your ass fast, or you’ll have to start all over again, OK?”

“Yes,” said the girl, anxious to start moving...

“Ten!”

The thighs rose until the open lips of her moist vagina were nibbling at the tip of the rubber, like a rabbit eating a carrot...

“Too slow!” Ten again!”

The thighs came powerfully down onto the vibrator.

The slap of the firm, round buttocks hitting the woman’s stomach was drowned by a cry of passion...

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The girl’s large breasts were bouncing heavily and slapping into each other. She was almost there, fighting it by clenching her fists and biting her tongue...

The woman lying on her back smiled in satisfaction as she looked up and saw a thin trickle of female juice running down the inside of one of the girl’s thighs. She loved it. She looked up at the tremulous breasts. She had never seen breasts as good as these... They were big and full and generous, but they were also firm and uplifted. They were perfect. They were powerful as they moved and quivered and shook above her head! She would make this girl have a powerful orgasm...

“Nine! Quick!”

The girl trembled as she lifted her vagina...

“Eight, seven! Quick!”

It was unfair. The brunette went up and down twice as quickly as her tired legs let her.

Then she stopped at the top, her eyes white and unseeing ... she was trying to regain control of her body...

“Six, five, four, quickly!”

The girl moved slowly.

“Six, come on!”

“OOOOH!”

“Five!”

“AAAAGHHH! ... UGH!”

“Four!”

“UGH! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

The girl simply could not fight against it any more. She went into a huge, breast-shaking orgasm...

And so did Governor Dalton when he saw it.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Margot, the Governor’s new whore, shuddered as a hot spurt of sticky sperm hit her mouth. He had come! It wasn’t her fault! She had not even moved! But she feared the worst...

On the screen, the woman in the mask stood up and ordered the girl to go down on her knees.

“A slave always take her punishment on her knees!”

The girl obeyed, and went down on her knees, her wrists still handcuffed behind the post, a position which left her breasts totally defenceless, at the mercy of the fishing rod...

Four on her breasts! She wouldn’t be able to take it!

The woman stepped back and swished the air.

SWIIIIIIISH! SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

She struck the post just above the girl’s head.

THWAAAAACK!

The girl panicked. She moved around the post, still on her knees, trying to get away from the woman, who went to her bag and took out four straps...

She slipped one of them under the girl’s armpits and tied it off behind the post. This pulled at the skin at the top of the big breasts and lifted them, showing their perforated nipples. Two fine red welts, with angry-looking raised edges, were clearly visible.

The second strap held the waist to the post.

The third tied the girl’s knees together, as firmly as if they were sewn together.

The fourth strap was the cruellest... The masked woman put the girl’s blue uniform shoes on her and pulled the ankles up until

they were touching her buttocks. Then she put the strap round her, trapping the tops of her lovely strong, round thighs, just below the vagina, and then round her ankles and the post. She pulled tight with both hands on the fastening...

The girl was trapped against the post with her legs sadistically doubled back behind her and her knees on the hard cement of the basement floor. She was shaking, waiting to take the punishment on her naked breasts...

Margot could see that the girl felt totally defenceless. She saw how the girl's breasts were presented high to the rod, exposing the soft, sensitive skin below the nipple. They looked about to explode. They were throbbing with blood, a consequence of the strap above them.

The girl closed her eyes and waited for the terrible SWIIISH and the instant, unbearable pain as the rod bit deep into her breasts...

But the masked woman was not ready yet...

"I'm sure your Daddy would like you to have this in between your teeth. We'll leave it there for a whole year! That's exactly the time he tortured me with my elbows tied together by wire behind my back. Open your mouth like a good little slave!"

Before she had time to think, Belen found herself with a gag like a horse's bit, consisting of a piece of black plastic tube, stuck in her mouth. It had two little slots at either end for the teeth. It was made of semi-flexible material which meant that the masked woman could compress it by squeezing hard with both hands and fit it in. When she let go, the plastic expanded and forced open the startled girl's mouth until her jaw was nearly dislocated.

The woman then tied one of the two straps that were attached to the diabolic invention behind the girl's neck, under her hair, and tied the second strap below her chin.

"It's called a training muzzle," she explained. "It's for training slaves, as you will have imagined. It gives if you bite with all your strength. When you stop biting, it opens again like a spring and hurts like hell... Ingenious, eh? Practical too. The effort you put

into biting it will be good for the muscles around your lovely little mouth. Some slaves wear it all their lives, if their masters decide it's a good thing. I told you, I had one in myself for a year, thanks to your lovely father..." Another rape was over. Margot washed her lips and tongue, cleaning off the remains of the dirty sperm from the Governor's dirty penis. She looked at him. How could he have done that, make the woman wear the bit for a whole year? The Governor saw the look in her eye and spoke sharply: "Clean up and shut up, you big cunt! And watch the video! You haven't seen the best yet!"

The best, it turned out, was four blows and four screams of pain, one for each blow.

Margot watched in horror as the first blow came from the fishing rod, preceded by a terrible swish and a sharp thwack as the rod hit both breasts, just above the nipples...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The masked woman looked at the red welt across the breasts. Her mouth was slightly open and her nostrils were flared.

"You've got three more to go. I think we'll change the rod though." She went over to an old chest lying in a corner and went through the contents. She chose three instruments and went over to the girl. The first was a cat-o'-nine-tails, nine straps all coming from the same handle, each with a knot tied in the end. She let it swing over the girl's erect nipples, stimulating them...

"This one will take us down to three. I'm very absent-minded. I lose count easily. I could go on all day... You'd better count for me..."

She stepped to one side and pulled her right arm back. Then she swung it with all her strength at the lovely hanging breasts. It spread out as it hit them and marked both breasts...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"I didn't hear you count!" she said, hitting the girl with the handle

full on the vagina. Then she took one of the straps and passed it like a saw, up and down between the lips, again and again. Finally she pulled it right down until the knotted end went in, and she rubbed it roughly over the clitoris until it picked up the smell of the girl's secretions. She put it to her nose, sniffed lightly, and then put the knot in her mouth, sucking it...

"Two to go. And this time count!" Belen nodded quickly.

The woman picked up a plastic fly-swat, on a whippy metal handle.

"You didn't count last time, so this is number two on each of these big floppy tits. I wanna hear two twos, OK?" Belen nodded.

SWIIIIISH... THWAAACK ...

"AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH ... TWO!"

SWIIIIISH ... THWAAAAACK ...

"AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH ... TWOOOO!"

Two superb breasts shuddered and jolted. They carried on wobbling as Belen twisted and turned in her bondage.

"That's better! Now the third one is this - a real whip, an ox-whip too!" She held up several yards of plaited leather for Belen to see.

Belen's had little time to panic. The terrible whip came down with a crack onto her breast, on the soft round flesh below the nipple...

SWIIIIIIIIISH ... CRRAAAAACK ...

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

A few seconds later, Belen realised she had not counted. The masked woman did not seem to have noticed. She had other things on her mind, it seemed...

"Get that tongue out and work my clit around! Lick! Lick!" Lidia held the girl's head in both hands and pressed it onto her vagina. Almost immediately she began swaying from side to side, masturbating on the girl's tongue, on the tube itself, on the girl's nose, on her whole face...

Finally she jerked her head left and right, threw back her head and went into a long shriek as the orgasm came over her and closed her eyes and shut off her mind...

“OH! UHG!! AAAGHHH!!

AAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was over, for the moment, Margot saw.

When Lidia recovered she fetched the camera. Belen had forgotten it was on. She focussed it on Belen’s breasts, criss-crossed with all kinds of raised welts...

“Would you like a training muzzle?” the Governor asked Margot. “It’s good for lazy sluts...”

The young French mother started trembling. And she set to cleaning and licking his penis with renewed enthusiasm.

“No, no, it’s not necessary. I am ... I am obedient and ... I like my work!” she said, lowering herself to fresh depths.

Governor Dalton burst into laughter. Hard, cynical laughter, a joyless sound that chilled Margot to the bone.

The Man’s Turn

That same morning, Navajas came back from the door of Jimie’s feeling hornier than ever. He’d just seen the annual “Miss Topless Conchacabana”.

It was more than he could take...

He got most of his clothes off in the van on the way to The Mariner’s Rest.

He leapt out, hurried down to the basement and kicked the door open.

She wasn’t there!

“Shit” Fucking cuntng SHIT!!!”

Belen held her breath, hoping he would not notice her in the dim light. She prayed to be made invisible, transparent, to be swallowed up by the earth. She prayed for something to put an end to her

suffering...

Navajas turned round, the preorgasmic liquid already dripping from his erect penis onto the floor.

He was a phenomenon, he said to himself...

He was about to leave when he tripped over the chain that tied the girl's neck to the toilet wall.

He stumbled and fell, cursing.

Then he realised.

He followed the chain link by link, running it through his fingers, until he came to Belen and the post...

This young slut had seen him fall, seen him make a fool of himself!

Belen waited, fearing the worst. She heard a light go on, lifted her head and saw the huge purplish tip of the man's penis coming straight towards her face...

She saw the huge purplish tip of the man's penis coming straight towards her face...

She moved her head to one side.

Huge fingers grabbed her hair and turned her face to the front again...

The penis pressed against the plastic tube between her teeth. It just did not go through. It was too thick.

He shook his pelvis brutally, squashing his victim's face against the post. He managed to get some of it in, filling the adolescent's mouth completely...

He pushed and spat on his fingers and wet it and in the end he got it in and down the girl's still virgin throat...

And finally his pubic hair beat against the small, delightful nose, until it started to bleed.

Time passed, and Navajas found it necessary to grab onto the girl's long hair, thrusting and shouting. He was banging away at the most attractive face in all Conchacabana and he knew it. He looked down at her enormous, wobbling breasts and he wanted to



She saw the huge purplish tip of the man's penis coming straight towards her face...

punish them so badly that he could think of nothing else. When he was staring at them, fascinated by their movement, he suddenly threw back his head and shot his hot, spurting, semen down into the girl's stomach.

But Belen had been unconscious for some time. She was slumped at the base of the post with a bleeding nose, her jaw forced open and her throat profaned...

Navajas did not see all this until he himself slumped to the floor, his brain blown by the tremendous orgasm and his testicles empty...

When he came round himself, he felt no pity for the girl, only the pleasure of sated lust. He decided to leave her where she was and just look at her. He liked her. She had made his dick throb every night when she left Jimie's half naked. She was the one all the guys had their eyes on, the one he had dreamed of kidnapping and tying up just the way she was ... naked, on her knees and with her mouth wide open.

His gaze ran hungrily down her thighs, full and blossoming, even more so now from the way they were bound up. That's what he was into at the moment: thighs and maybe calves. That's what he saw most in the doorway or when he went inside to check things out, legs, frenetic twisting legs, naked, and strong thighs that seemed to want to squeeze a man's dick...

These were good legs, well presented, well tied up, the best... The legs that had turned him on most, with their smooth shining skin, fully stretched over the bulging thigh, immaculate, waiting to be marked...

Strange, he thought, there are no welts on the thighs, no little caress from the rod or whip...

He was glad. When you train a hooker, it's good to leave areas of her body unmarked for later stages of the training...

He still had the thighs, the back, and the soles of the feet. He could see that some other areas had already been fucked up by that bitch Lidia! Even the fantastic tits...

Navajas filled his hands with breasts and thighs...

He found everything solid and tense and shining, full of life...

He pinched the thighs in particular, slapping them with his open hand. He gazed ecstatically at the open mouth, disfigured by the muzzle... The girl was still out, with saliva dribbling down her chin onto the dry blood from her nose.

He left the thighs and ran both hands up to the lovely breasts, which were bigger than usual now thanks to the strap above them. He squeezed them suddenly, sticking his fingers deep into them, nails and all, and sank his teeth into the nipples until they doubled in size and became erect like a man's penis.

He was enjoying himself with this splendid body, so well trussed up like a stuffed turkey. But something was missing...

What was missing was suffering. No one was suffering here. These lovely big green eyes were closed, when they should have terror in them. She should be begging him not to torture her any more, with that damp, dull voice characteristic of the training muzzle.

Her voice would be even sexier then!

Yes, he would wake her up.

He slapped her around a few times, pulling at her hair, pinching her nipples, even pulling out some of her pubic hair... No good, Belen did not come round.

Navajas cursed and tried again.

"Wake up, you slut! Wake up, will you!"

He stomped angrily up the steps to the ground floor and filled up two buckets with water.

He threw both buckets at her, the first into her face, the second onto her breasts...

Belen opened her eyes. She did not remember where she was, until she saw the hood and then the huge, tireless testicles bursting once again with their load, and the penis with its swollen protruding veins and the purple tip inflamed and angry from constant use and abuse.

She shouted and twisted her head around...

“NOOOOOOO! ... NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

A slap on the left breast calmed her down. He knew how to deal with hysterical woman.

“No good,” he said, “no good. A whore has to do more than just open her mouth when you fuck her...”

Belen’s big green eyes opened wide as the huge penis came towards her mouth once more. She closed her eyes, not daring to turn her head.

Instead of penetrating her, Navajas undid the straps that held her to the post.

Belen fell forwards, exhausted, her legs still tied back.

He caught her by the wrists and pulled her up until her shoulders creaked. He attached her cuffs to a hook in the wood.

She remained motionless, powerless, with her breasts exposed and her knees digging into the ground, her head hanging...

Navajas had done this before. He would train that mouth of hers...

He fetched the hook, a fishing hook with the barbs removed. He pulled her hair back to lift her face and put the hook in a nostril. Then he fastened the other end to the post at the point where her wrists were tied.

“Comfortable, you big slut?” he asked. He was fascinated by the way her breasts hung defenceless, with the girl’s body leaning forward and her arms right back out of the way, unable to protect them...

“Aaaaaaagh! AAAAHHHHHHH!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

“What did you expect? A training session lying in a hammock under a palm tree, sucking a black dick?”

He put his member near her mouth.

“Put your tongue out and lick me! Lick me like a bitch on heat!”

Belen obeyed, sticking her tongue out as far as she could.

“Further out! Get that tongue right out and licking! You’re gonna lick the tip, front and back, all the way round!”

Belen managed to touch the tip of his member with the tip of her tongue, but no more. She just couldn’t reach any further. The vicious hook in her nose prevented her from getting her mouth down...

“You’ve got a short tongue. Your nips are longer than your tongue! Don’t worry, we’ll work on that one later. For the moment, just get licking. The sooner I come, the sooner I’ll take the ring out.”

Belen licked and licked for what seemed like centuries. She felt like a licking machine. Her tongue was the only part of her body that she could move, apart from her eyes!

All this time Navajas was cursing, swearing and threatening...

“Do you know how you make a whore’s tongue longer? No? It’s easy! You put a muzzle like yours on her, you pierce the tip of her tongue with a wire and you hang a brick from it...”

Belen licked and licked. She daren’t stop!

“If the slut is young and strong like you, instead of the brick you can string her up from the ceiling, on tiptoe through the tip of her tongue. A couple of days is enough...”

He was getting more and more excited as he spoke.

“I like the look of your legs, all tense, struggling away there ... nice little feet, it keeps them healthy on tiptoe for two whole days! Nice calves too, all cramped up like that, and your butt looks pretty good all quivering! That’s the way, keep moving, wobble your tits around...”

Navajas gazed contentedly at his own penis and the girl’s tongue. He began to pull himself off. It was getting too much for him...

“I’ll open your little ass for you and let some air in. You’ll be screaming, I can tell you. It’s no fun being bum-fucked when your tongue’s up in the air...”

He pumped away into her face as he spoke, hitting the muzzle with his swollen tip.



Put your tongue out and lick me! Lick me like a bitch on heat!

“And when I take you down, your tongue will be twice as long and you’ll do a much better job. It’ll hardly fit in your mouth. You’ll have trouble speaking!”

Belen listened in horror, her eyes fixed on the penis that she was licking hard. She noticed how one of the holes in the end was gaping like a fish out of water.

“Get the tip of your tongue in that hole, girl! Hurry up!”

She had no time. A sudden stream of hot sperm shot into the training muzzle. He pulled out so some of it could go over her face.

Belen closed her eyes. She felt sick. It was hot, sticky, viscous ... it seemed to burn her skin.

She thought how she had always looked after her soft adolescent skin, putting cream on even when it was unnecessary, all for what? For this filthy pig.

She looked at him in disgust as he fell back again, onto his fat bottom again, on the floor...

He lay there like the pig he was.

Her mouth full of sperm, her stomach going round and round, Belen thought bitterly how her life had changed. Just a few weeks earlier she had moved into her flat. She had a good job, and she liked it despite the scandalous uniform that had half Conchacabana turning to look every time she stepped into the street...

There was a new Belen now. The old one had gone, did not exist any more...

The new Belen lived in a different world, a world of terror in which she was forced to present her breasts and vagina in different ways, to be tortured in different ways. Her life was reduced to waiting, waiting for a sadist to come and rape her and masturbate all over her. She felt profoundly humiliated, degraded, less than a human being...

Tied to the post, she could only suffer...

She suffered with the gag between her teeth, the tube that forced her jaws apart like a spring. She fought against it by biting with her jaws, forcing it down all the time. She could not stop for an instant...

Her legs hurt unbearably. How long had she been like this? How many painful hours had passed since the woman in the mask tied her up and left her to the mercy of this maniac?

Her shoulders were creaking, her back was arched...

The gag was the worst thing. She could not speak, or swallow or eat and drink properly.

She looked down at the pig. He was asleep, snoring, and had an erection again! He didn't rest even in his sleep!

His penis was just another instrument of torture. It was gross, vile, sick, covered in veins and scars. It was always dirty, always smelt bad and it was always hard as a truncheon.

Suddenly he snored very loud and woke himself up. He sat up confused for a moment and then smiled when he saw her. Automatically, his hand went down to his genitals. Yes, they were still there and yes, he had an erection. He could carry on with the training sessions. He would teach this girl how to use her breasts and cunt properly...

He stood up and went over to her. He stuck his member into the gag again. Like the first time, right to the end, until his pubic hair was pushing onto her nose.

Belen was choking. Her throat was about to burst.

Navajas felt her throat ... yes, his dick was all in. He left it there to soak for a few seconds, enjoying the stimulus of the girl's struggling gasping throat.

"Now swallow. I want to feel you milking me..."

She tried, but it was impossible. His penis was too thick and she needed air...

"Swallow or I'll leave it in and you'll choke!"

In the end he had to pull out. If not he would have had to look for a new plaything.

He was furious with her. He slapped her about the face with his member.

“A whore sucks the client when he tells her to!”

Belen listened, her eyes brimming with tears, her nose running with saliva and blood, and more saliva running down her chin.

He put it down her throat again.

“Swallow, you big slut! I want to feel you gagging on my dick!”

He groaned in satisfaction as Belen reached and gagged, choking on his thick member.

“That’s the way ... that’s it ... carry on...”

“MMMMMHHHHHHHH” Belen gurgled with the last of her air...

Navajas pulled out before he did any real harm. His dick throbbing hard and fast, he did not have long to go... He let Belen take air in just once...

“Keep sucking ... milk me ... Yeah! ... That’s it ... Now, stick your tongue out, you cunt! Stick it out, I said!” he shouted, his eyes bloodshot, fixed trance-like on the girl’s lovely face.

He was in Paradise now all right, fucking her face. He looked in satisfaction at the way his thick member could hardly be seen now, just the base visible, the rest deep in her throat.

He shot off again deep inside her...

But this time, when his heavy testicles exploded, Belen was not conscious to see it...

She slumped forward, suspended by the wrists and the nose hook, unaware of the huge quantities of sperm that her stomach rejected as she was sick through the training gag.

When she woke up, she did not suspect that twenty-four hours had passed. Twenty-four hours in that posture!

She remembered nothing. She was only aware of the tremendous pain, pains, in every part of her body. Worst of all was the way the diabolical spring forced her mouth open.

Belen blinked and tried to turn her head, but an agonising pain in the nape of the neck and another in the nose made her stop.

There was some light now, but she could only see what was more or less ahead of her: the toilet with the long chain that was still round her neck, like a dog's lead, the walls with their peeling paint and the mattress...

And it was the mattress that brought a sharp, photographic memory...

It was there that she lost her virginity, a virginity that she had preserved so carefully. How many times had she said no to men she found very attractive, men with their fingers down her panties in the back of cars as she sat late at night looking at the stars reflected in the ocean? She had let them masturbate her, sometimes grasping her own hands behind her back to help herself come quicker, and she had offered them her hand and had masturbated them too, but that was all. She had never gone down onto their members. She had never opened her legs for them...

Now her hands were behind her back all the time, and there was nothing she could do about it. Her breasts were hanging heavily, waiting to be beaten...

Gradually it all came back to her. She was a hostage, to be exchanged for a prisoner in her father's prison...

She remembered the video camera...

She remembered the woman with the carnival mask who had told her she would be sold as a sex slave, perhaps to a brothel...

She remembered the training session, especially how to use her tongue, her lips, her throat...

She remembered everything except how she was kidnapped. She did not even remember the strange couple by the name of Pescadillas, or the low dive near the port or the stabbing in the toilet.

To all intents and purposes, Belen just woke up a hostage.

"How's my whore this morning?"

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

The lash came down on both breasts, just above the nipples.

“AAAAGHHHHHHHHH!”

“Answer when I ask you a question! Did you sleep well?”

“YYYYYYYEEESSSS” she murmured through he gag, wet with her own saliva.

Once again she found herself looking at his swollen member, with its violet-coloured tip as big as a peach and its little hole gaping...

“Are you hungry, you slut?”

“Nooo ... nnnooo” she said, lying.

“A whore has to eat. If not she’s no good in bed...”

Navajas put a sandwich in her mouth whole, cold sausages, past its best.

“Swallow, you bitch!”

Belen tried but could not do it.

“I said swallow!” he shouted, pushing the food down with the help of Big-Mac.

Belen brought up the sausage and mustard, but some of it stayed in her stomach.

“That’s the way! And now a glass of milk to help it down” he said, grabbing her by the hair and raping her face until he fell back on his ass once more, exhausted.

Belen wept, her stomach heaving with the bread, sausage, mustard and sperm.

“You look better! Nothing like a good sleep, a good meal and a good fuck, eh?”

“Yyyessss ... yesss!” Belen replied quickly.

He stood up and sat in the chair in front of the girl with his penis exactly level with her training gag.

“Lick!” he ordered, brandishing the fishing rod.

Belen obeyed. Her breasts were still stinging!

“Bad news for you! Your father’s not moving. And your boyfriend’s dipping his wick in someone else.”

Belen shrank back, withdrawing her tongue. Her father had to do something! If not, how could she get out of here?

And would Richard do that to her? Would he forget her so quickly?

Navajas tapped her lightly on the side with the rod and her tongue came out immediately and set to work, this time on the base of the penis. As she licked the tip went up and down on her forehead. She looked very sexy.

“As your old man’s not interested in you, I put the word around. There’s a brothel in the jungle that’s very interested. They’ve seen the videos. They’ve offered three thousand dollars. It’s next to a mine. A hundred hungry blacks work there. They need a whore. The last one was a Philippine. She died after two weeks. They get them cheap and don’t mind too much. She worked day and night for two weeks and then they sold her body to the Indians for the barbecue!

Belen closed her eyes. Her stomach was going round and round. Bread, sausage, mustard, sperm...

“The other offer is from Sra Montijo. An old woman. High class! Lot of dough! One of our best customers. She always takes whites, and only the best quality. You know what she wants them for? She ties them to the millstone, uses them to pull it round. She likes the way it makes their butts move and their tits flop! I think she even uses them for breeding. Last time I was there I saw a couple of little blonde girls running around...”

He pulled his penis out and watched her with interest, stroking her chin.

“And Don Braulio has seen the videos too. He’s the Boss. Now if he keeps you for himself you’ll be lucky. Not so much work! He’s got his own little harem of half a dozen whores. And another good thing - you’ll see me from time to time!” Belen was shaking

now. She prayed to Heaven above that the pig of a father would let the prisoner go and get her out of this nightmare.

“Which do you fancy? Staying with the Boss sounds best, don’t you think?” Navajas asked, pinching her nipples.

“Nooooooo ... Noooooooooooo!!!”

“No?” The pressure on her nipples increased. “Would you rather go round and round in circles like a mule for the old woman? Breeding little girls with green eyes for her?”

“Nooooo ... noooooooooo!”

“Ah! So you’d rather be a whore for the miners?” The pressure was brutal now. “You’re not getting enough dick from me, is that it? You want a hundred black dicks inside you?”

“Noooooooooooo ... nooooooooooooo!!!”

“Yeah, that’s what you want! You want to be fucked to death!” he said, torturing the girl’s tender nipples. “No problem! If that’s what you want, I can give it to you!”

He cut the line to the nose hook and released her wrists. She fell forwards, doubled up. He cut the ropes around her legs too. They had been there for three whole days!

The girl fell forward, unable to move. He took her shoes off and tied her ankles to opposite ends of an iron bar. Then he pulled her up by the hair onto her knees and he tied her arms to the post by the elbows and wrists.

“Now, you big slut, you’re going to find out what a really good big come is!”

He wound a long rope round her waist, passed it down between her legs and slung it over a pulley hanging from the ceiling. He picked up a sack of rubble that was lying in a corner and tied it to the end of the rope.

When he let go of the sank, her legs suddenly shot up in the air. The rope went deep between the lips of her vagina, which were wide open now...

“Now for the good bit! Big-Mac coming up! Full speed ahead!”

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” she screamed, terrified.

Navajas spat on the huge latex vibrator, pulled the rope out from between her lips and sank the vibrator deep inside the hostage’s vagina.

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her whole body was vibrating ... first from the pain and then from the irresistible hammering of that mechanical penis thumping away at the overstretched walls of her vagina.

Belen had not had this monstrosity up her for several days, not since Lidia put it on as if she was a man...

“You’ve got a short cunt for a whore! A good inch sticking out of you! Some whores suck it all up and it’s hell of job to get them to spit it out again! They can’t get enough of it!”

“AAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Belen’s shriek rang around the walls. Navajas had let go of the rope and with the aid of a sack of rubble it pushed Big-Mac deep inside, almost perforating the end of her vagina.

To finish off the job, Navajas went for the pliers!

A real whore likes having her tits squeezed when she’s on the job. I can’t stay to do it, I’ve got to go, but I can leave you this!”

“OOOOGGHHHHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He put half a dozen clamps on each breast, each with a reinforced spring. Two of them went savagely onto her nipples.

And that is how he left Belen, with her body tense as a violin string, her vagina pushed provocatively forward, with fifteen inches of powerful vibrator inside her, and her adolescent breasts covered in clamps! And she had all night ahead of her until the tireless psychopath came back from work.

She knew how he would come back too – with an erection caused by a whole night watching girls and their bouncing breasts and long legs and round bottoms...

How many times, you big slut?

“How many times, you big slut? How many times have you come? Answer!”

“Tweeeeeeeennnnnnnyyy-twoooo!”

“Only twenty-two? Are you sure? You look as if you’ve been coming non-stop all night!”

Belen was all in. She couldn’t take any more! She’d had that thing stuck up her for twenty-four hours now.

In the end it was not Navajas that came to rape her. It was Lidia.

Lidia seemed different, more nervous than usual, strange somehow...

She also looked different. She was wearing long black rubber gloves and long black rubber stockings, decorated with a small pink flower at the top.

“If you’ve only had twenty-two orgasms, you must want more,” Lidia said, smiling and playing with the pincers on her nipples. “A hot cunt like yours needs more and more when it gets going... It’s a question of habit.”

“Nooo ... noooo ... pleassssse! ... I can’t ... nnnnnnnnnnnnnoo!”

Saliva ran out of the gag.

“We’ve got a wet little girl here, haven’t we?” said Lidia. She stroked Belen’s wet breasts and ran her hand down between the girl’s thighs. As she supposed, they were wet and sticky all down the back of each thigh. She sniffed the fingers of the black gloves. Woman’s juices and woman’s urine mixed. The room smelt strongly of both.

She cut the rope that was holding the vibrator in so brutally and took the huge mechanical phallus out with a big SLUUURP. It was jumping around in her hand from the tremendous force of the batteries.

Belen fell forward, her legs still held open by the bar.

Lidia looked her up and down. The girl was in a bad way, but



How many times, you big slut?
How many times have you come?

she was just as sexy as provocative as always... She would have put her cunt over the girl's mouth there and then, but she wanted to be careful. Navajas might come back any time and she didn't want him to catch her at a delicate moment, creep up on her by surprise... She wasn't sure she trusted him.

Lidia showed her earrings. They were common and cheap, a couple of red plastic rings.

"Do you like them?" she asked.

Belen nodded mechanically.

"They're for you. For your tits."

Belen shook her head. It was all she could move, but it was enough to swing her breasts like a cow's udder and Lidia ran a rubber glove over each breast when she saw them move... They really were lovely...

Belen said nothing, but watched in horror as the woman put the cheap plastic rings on her breasts, through the holes that Navajas had made in her nipples!

The nipples wrinkled and responded to the intimate touch of the plastic, sticking out like the wires on a barbed-wire fence.

But the worst was still to come.

Lidia threaded a red ribbon through the two rings and pulled until the nipples came together in the middle, until the two breasts formed a single mountain of succulent, shining, terse adolescent breast.

"AAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The pain was terrible.

"I'm sorry, love, but your father's being difficult. Navajas is getting jumpy. Your job is to calm him down, or we'll all be in trouble! He's unpredictable at the best of times..."

Lidia looked at the girl as she spoke. She loved everything about her... This girl was just too much for her to resist. She could not waste this opportunity. Her vagina was asking to be nearer the girl...

Belen watched as the black boots came over to her, slowly but deliberately. She waited as the woman untied her legs and lay her on her back on the floor, the iron bar still holding her legs well apart. She waited as the woman went down on her knees and kissed and licked and sucked her between the legs.

She moaned softly as the woman's tongue brought her to another orgasm...

"MMMM ... OH! ... UUGH! AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She lay exhausted, confused, as the woman kissed her way up her body, up to the breasts, kissing the plastic rings again and again...

Lidia was strangely silent. She seemed only interested now in looking and touching.

Very slowly, almost gently, the woman lowered her damp vagina onto Belen's face and began wiping it and rubbing it...

Belen felt the first more urgent push as the vagina closed over her nose...

Suddenly the woman got up. She went over to the box and rummaged through the collection of gags, whips, and whatever other unspeakable objects were inside. Finally she selected a bundle of birch sticks bound together at the base like a sheath of corn. She also took out a plastic ruler some two or three feet long.

Belen lay and waited...

Lidia switched on the video camera and pulled her round so that the camera could see. She crouched down over her and pissed into her mouth, then onto her breasts and finally into her open vagina.

She looked into the camera and smiled.

"Enjoy it, boys?" she said.

Boys? Wasn't it for her father? Belen wondered what happening. She did not have long to think about it, though, because Lidia brought the birch twigs down hard onto each breast in turn.

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

She pulled her round again so that the camera could see her open vagina and brought the birch down hard onto the soft, tender open lips.

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Then she began hitting Belen repeatedly on the vagina. The girl’s muffled screams rang round the rooms.

Then Lidia rubbed the knobbly twigs up and down, up and down, inside the lips of the girl’s vagina and over her inflamed clitoris until they were glistening with her juices...

Belen screamed and screamed.

Lidia squatted over Belen’s face, holding it still with both hands. Her back was to the camera, which was focused on Belen’s open legs.

She lowered herself onto Belen’s mouth and masturbated rhythmically, more and more urgently, against her mouth and gag. She gave a low groan as she pushed rhythmically, snakelike, onto the girl’s face.

Finally she lowered herself fully onto Belen’s mouth, completely covering it with her vagina, shutting off all her air. She turned round and smiled into the camera.

From time to time she reached down and picked up the plastic ruler, twisted round and hit Belen hard on the open vagina with the flat side. She seemed to be very angry today, and not quite in control. She was muttering angrily, pausing as she spoke to slap the ruler onto the open lips: “Naughty ... little ... girl! ... Naughty ... little ... vagina! ... She’s all wet and ... drippy ... naughty ... naughty ... naughty... needs a good big SLAP ... on its NAUGHTY ... WET ... JUICY ... LOVELY ... LITTLE ... LIPS!!!”

Belen shouted each time the flat side of the ruler came down onto her open lips...

SSSSWIIIIISHHHH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It stung hard. It was agony...

Then Lidia turned the ruler sideways and brought the edge down hard onto the girl’s clitoris.

SSSSWIIIIISHHHH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAMMMMMGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Then she smiled into the camera and rubbed the ruler up and down, round and round, twisting it and turning it over the clitoris and from time to time slapping it onto the open lips again...

“By the way, I’m filming this for my own fun,” said the woman, still sitting on her face. “Your father doesn’t seem to be very interested in you. So the film’s for me. Me and the boys in the Organisation. You’re getting famous, did you know? They keep asking me for more videos. You’re a film star! You can get these videos in all the video shops now!”

Belen lay and suffered, choking for air as the woman lowered her vagina once more onto her mouth. A loud buzzing noise came in her ears and bright lights flashed in her brain and finally she slipped into a, dark, unconscious rapeless night where there were holes in her nipples and no birch twigs and no plastic rulers slapping her vagina...

Tit fuck

“Now suck it up!”

Some hours later, Belen lay recovering in the cellar of the lowest dive in the port area when Navajas reappeared, in his usual blood-chilling way.

“I’m going to fuck your tits today!” he announced, fixing his eyes

on the hostage's provocative breasts, which were now tied together by the red lace through the nipples.

He untied her arms, releasing them from the post, and sent her flying with a kick in the back.

She was unable to use her arms, and she chose to hold her head high to avoid hitting the ground. In this way she fell forwards onto her breasts. The pain was terrible!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“But first you're going to have a good come in front of me! I want a demonstration of all you've learnt!”

He sat on her buttocks, pulled her arms back and tied the elbows together with a strap.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The girl shouted and dribbled onto the floor.

To be on the safe side he tied her wrists together, palm against palm with her fingers interlocked, and he pulled her to her feet.

“Put your shoes on, you big slut! A whore always wears whore's shoes!”

Belen staggered. She felt faint. As he was pulling her hair, she looked for the blue shoes of the travel agents' uniform by groping around with her feet. She put them on as best she could, cursing the fact that she'd never changed them for the ones with flatter soles, a size bigger.

She grew the six centimetres he wanted, six centimetres which meant she would walk on tiptoe, showing off her fine ankles and lovely calves.

“Walk, slut. I want to see you walk with your cunt in the air! I want you to give me a good hard-on!” he said, squeezing his member.

The girl walked around the basement feeling humiliated: naked except for the shoes of her own uniform, her arms tied together, her breasts ringed in red plastic and laced together with red lace, and her jaws forced apart by a gag. She trembled as she walked, her

skin shining with the cold sweat of fear, her breasts dripping with her saliva and her cheeks wet with tears!

She walked around the small room, aware that nothing and nobody could prevent her from being raped in a few minutes.

She was also worried that something was going wrong. Her father had done nothing to get her out. He was not apparently getting the videos any more. Everybody else in town was, probably, but not her father...

“Come over here and get your slit down on your friend Mac” he ordered.

Belen wanted to die! She looked in horror as the sadist held the huge phallus next to his own penis for comparison. They were both enormous.

Belen stepped back. Her vagina was sore after a day on that thing, followed by beating birch twigs and slapping with a ruler.

Navajas pulled her over to him. She felt like a dog on a lead and that’s how he addressed her: “Get over here, you bitch!”

He was enjoying her fright as he pulled her in link by link, like an angler patiently pulling in the line. The difference was that this fish was a real woman, round and full, perfectly feminine... He looked in admiration at her flowing jet black hair, her sharp green eyes, her thick sensual lips stretched to breaking-point around a training gag... He stared fascinated at her generous, swelling breasts tied sadistically together through her ringed nipples... He loved the way the shoes made her legs tremble and how her breasts wobbled as she came towards him...

He had caught a fine specimen this time!

A naked, frightened specimen he was soon to devour, humiliate, torture and rape once more...

“Feet apart!” he ordered when the girl was a few inches from his naked body.

“Further apart!”

Belen obeyed, moving each of her small feet a few inches apart.

“More! You can do better than that! Don’t try to hide your cunt! Show me it!”

He was not satisfied until the two feet were a yard apart, which was difficult in those shoes.

He looked at the lovely ankles, the clearly marked tendons straining in her crutch, tense with the effort...

Belen took a deep breath. She knew her vagina was exposed, open and defenceless. She also suspected that the diabolical posture had closed and tightened the wall of her vagina, making it difficult to penetrate her with that huge obscene object.

Navajas picked up the fishing rod and ran it between her legs.

“Ask for it! Ask me to put Big-Mac up you or I’ll flay the skin off your tits with this rod!”

“Biiiiiiiiiiiiig Mmmmaaaac!”

“Please!”

“Pleeeeeeeeeeease!”

Navajas pushed it up and into her, listening to her groaning, fixing his eyes on hers...

Belen fell to the floor, dribbling saliva. Her bladder opened as she lay there. Navajas watched the straw-coloured liquid run down her thigh and onto the floor.

He pulled her by the hair to the mattress.

“On your knees, you slut! On your knees and flop your tits around!”

She could not get up, but he didn’t really mind. He turned her over with her arms tied behind her and sat astride her. Then he spat on his penis and pushed it with some difficulty up between her lovely full, mutilated breasts.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was hell. Each time he pushed, the nipples pulled and strained.

She broke into a cold sweat, as always when she was tortured, and this helped him push his member into a space between her

swelling breasts that was hardly big enough to take it. He also spat on it again. Then he began to fuck her tits, sitting on her stomach. Each thrust hurt twice, as it went up and down...

THUMP! PUUULLLL!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH...!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH...!!

THUMP! PUUULLLL!

AAAUUUAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH...!!

UUAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHH...!!

He slapped her with the front and back of his open palm, without letting go of her hair and without losing his rhythm.

“Do you like that, a good slap on your full udder? It’s an honour for your udder to serve me like this, did you know?”

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he jerked faster and faster, threw back his head and roared.

“UGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

There seemed to be no end to his production of semen. A stream as thick and abundant as ever hit the girl under the chin and flew up onto her face and into her nostrils. It also shot off all over her breasts.

Belen lay back in astonishment, hardly noticing her own orgasm that came at the same time, an unwilling but inevitable reaction to the vibrator inside her.

“OH! ... OOOHHHH!!!”

“You see! You like it! You’re a real hooker, a real pro! You just need some training! Look at you, coming all over the place! You’ve been coming all day!”

He twisted and hurt her breasts as he spoke. He had finished, but he had not finished hurting her, humiliating her, degrading her... He hated her like he hated all the cunts and cockteasers who flopped their half-naked breasts in his face as they walked past him at Jimie’s.

“On your knees, whore!”

of the thighs and directly on the vagina. They used heavier or more cutting instruments on the bottom!

One advantage of the small flail was that it could be used for hours without cutting the skin, but it left the nerve endings raw and drove the girls to the brink of madness.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAACK!

“UUUAAAAAHHGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The six straps smacked down hard on the top of the thigh...

Navajas pulled on the flail to unwrap it from around the thigh, revealing six bright red marks which stung for a long time...

“The next one will come down on your tits, good and hard!”

Belen shook her head. She made a tremendous effort, pressing the lips of her vagina around Big-Mac in an attempt to pick it up.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAACK!

Unexpectedly, the six straps came down on her left side.

“Harder! Squeeze harder! Imagine you’re having a piss. You look up and there’s a man you don’t know looking down at you!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAACK!

Inside of the thigh again!

Belen rocked her hips lightly back and forth, pressing Big-Mac as she did so. She got it in a little bit. She tried to imagine what she would do if a strange man saw her pissing and she tried to cut off the flow.

The vibrator hummed on, but now with a different sound. It was not resting on the sheets!

She had done it!

“More! More! More!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH!



The next one will come down on your tits, good and hard!

THWAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAUUUAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

This time the flail had gone done right on both breasts, onto the plastic rings. It was an act of great brutality, much worse than when the masked woman had hit her with the fishing rod.

But it caused a spasm which helped her suck the vibrator up inside.

After three hours her breasts were blood-red and swollen like balloons. Big-Mac was going up and down between Belen’s red thighs with only the help of the muscles of the vagina.

“When a client orders you to ride him, that’s what you do, Ok? You squeeze his dick like that, OK?”

Belen nodded. She was exhausted and half-unconscious by now. Her head was spinning and she was about to faint.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAACK!

“Yeeesssss!!!”

“That’s better! Now, you big floppy slut, you’re going to get that super-udder of yours working on my prick! You’re going to pump my bollocks dry! And I’m not going to help you!”

Weeping, Belen came forwards on her knees until her big raw breasts were touching the sadist’s penis.

She would rather be raped through the gag!

Lifting herself up slightly on one knee, she brought her breasts down onto her trainer’s gigantic erect penis. She began moving up and down, gritting her teeth, revolted at the sight of the huge member appearing and disappearing between her breasts.

The pain was terrible. She had been repeatedly flogged on the breasts, and her nipples were tied together. His penis was so thick it stretched the nipples every time it moved.

It was painful, exhausting and humiliating.

She would have liked to use her breasts to give milk to a child, not to caress a sadist's penis. It was a horrible way to masturbate a man, she thought.

And it was tiring because her arms were still tied behind her back and she could not use her arms.

She only knew she had to obey. She had to avoid the fishing rod and the whip and the cat-o'-nine tails with its knots and the horrible new flail with its six stiff straps and the painful birch twigs that the masked woman hit her with and rubbed over her clitoris, hurting her with its knobbly twigs, and the plastic ruler that she punished her vagina with, slapping her again and again on her open lips...

She had given up trying to understand it all, but she had not completely given up all hope of being rescued.

She had to obey and she had to humiliate herself to the bitter end, whatever it might be...

She was brought back to the present by another stream of hot semen, thick and generous, which splattered onto her face and ran thickly out from between her breasts.

She brought up the last of the horrible hamburgers that he had made her swallow through the gag!

Navajas waited until she had finished and then grabbed her hair, rubbing her face in her own vomit.

"It's a tongue-job, you dirty cunt! Lick it all up!"

It was another nightmare of smell and nausea. The floor ended up clean but the vomit went back into the girl's suffering stomach, or stuck to her face or hair.

Navajas was very satisfied with the session. He took her by the red ribbon on her nipples and shut her in the toilet in the dark. Just like the first few days.

"We'll go over the lesson again tomorrow, from the beginning. If you do it well, we'll start work on your little bumhole, see if we can put a smile on your wrinkles! A good whore knows how to use her back hole too!"

Belen slipped slowly to the ground.

Between her open legs, next to her raped and flogged vagina, was the hole in the ground from which the rats would soon come out.

She burst into tears.

“Daddy! Get me out of here!” she moaned...

A Hard Session

A hard session. That’s what she needed, Navajas said to himself. He had been too soft with her. She was afraid of him, but she was not really offering him her tits or cunt the way he wanted. She needed a tougher training session.

He decided to work on her psychologically and physically. He would give her a bad time today. He would work his way into every crevice of her mind and body...

Belen had been shut in the toilet for twenty-four hours, in total darkness. A day and night with rats, sore breasts, a sore cunt, elbows tied together, jaw forced open...

She did not know what would happen to her next. There was always some new torture, a stiffer whip, a plastic ruler, a birch twig...

Navajas burst in and pulled her out by the chain, the chain that had never come off her neck...

He pulled her over to the mattress.

She started shaking. The mattress reminded her of too many painful experiences.

He stood her up naked as always, but wearing her blue uniform shoes. She stood blinking, uncertain what he expected her to do.

She looked at him in confusion and disgust. He was fat and ugly. He was her master. He was the man who raped her day and night and beat her and covered her body inside and out with his filthy endless semen...

She gazed at his ox’s testicles flopping down between his flabby

thighs. She wished his penis was as flabby as his thighs...

He picked up the fishing rod.

“Down on your knees!”

She dropped quickly to her knees on the mattress, waiting for the rod. She was afraid of it.

Navajas came over to her, untied the hostage’s arms and chained her wrists to her ankles. He chained each wrist to the opposite ankle...

He stood in front of the girl with his erection touching her gag.

Belen closed her eyes and tried to relax her throat.

“D’you want me to take the gag out, slut?”

She nodded vigorously.

She couldn’t believe it!

He cleaned the saliva that was dripping from the girl’s chin.

“I imagine you’ll be glad to have it out after a week! The truth is, it’s very practical for me though,” he said, sticking two fingers down her throat. If I want a blow job you’re always ready to give me one. But I’m a fair man. If I take it out, will you be obedient and affectionate, same as always?”

Belen nodded quickly. She even licked his fingers in a desperate attempt to show him he was the boss. She would do anything to be able to close her mouth, to swallow...

“I’ve got some good news for you! Your Daddy gave in yesterday! We’re all pleased.”

Belen’s heart leapt! She was free!

But Navajas had not finished.

“Well, not everybody’s so pleased. What the hell do I get out of letting you go?”

Belen started shaking.

His fingers were still exploring her throat.

“Look at it my way. What would you do? Just let you walk out of here and not see you again? Hide you somewhere else and use

you as my personal whore? Kill you on the grounds it's me or nobody?"

Belen shook her head, then nodded, then tried to speak. She wanted to do something, to say something...

"There is another option. It depends on you. I let you go and come and work as a whore for me. Let's say, alternate days. What do you think?"

Belen could not believe her ears. The pig was not just a sadist. He was a complete idiot. Was he serious? Did he really expect her to go back to be raped if he let her go? He was mad!

"Of course, before I let you go, you'll have to persuade me you'll really come and see me. You'll have to convince me you really will be my private hooker."

What was the idiot talking about?

"I have more experience of this business than you. I know a hooker can't do well unless she's got a good pimp and had a good training! And this dick you see in front of you is the best there is!" he said, waving his genitals about in the air.

Belen felt sick again.

"Now you're not going to be any different from the other sluts, are you?"

She tried to control her stomach and she tried to speak.

"Aghhh ...aaaaaaaaagh..."

"I'm pretty sure you couldn't live without this dick! But I want to be sure. Down on the mattress!" he ordered, sending her down with a tremendous slap on the face.

"This is what I'm going to do," he said, pressing his boot down onto her vagina. I'm going up for supper now. You're going to have a good think about all this. When I come back, I want a straight answer. If you say yes, I'll make you do a little test. You've got to prove to me that you're crazy about me! You'll fuck me until you convince me the only thing you want in this world is to carry on fucking me!"

He left, leaving Belen alone, lying face down on the mattress.

As always, she had little or no room to manoeuvre. His proposal made no sense, and she was convinced it was a trap of some kind, but she had to do something. Things seemed to be getting worse. The videos seemed to be for the video shops now, not for her father.

She needed to see some small flicker of hope, or at least of change.

The masked woman did not seem to be in charge of the situation the way she was at the beginning. Maybe her father had refused to release the prisoner in exchange for her? In that case, the woman's part in the kidnapping had more or less disappeared. If it had all gone wrong, who was the boss now?

Where did that leave her? A life as an unpaid movie star and private hooker? She already had that life, it seemed. Maybe the fat bastard wanted to make some money out of her, use her as a real prostitute? In that case there was a glimmering of hope. At least she would have more chance of escaping one day...

So that was it. She would do what she could to please the disgusting pig, however much it turned her stomach over, however humiliating it proved to be.

She had very few cards to play. She would play whatever cards he offered her, whatever the consequences.

Navajas walked down to the second basement of the Mariner's Rest, his stomach full of beans and spicy sausage. Even before he arrived, Belen noticed the smell of garlic and cheap wine.

He came down the steps naked as usual, erect as usual, but this time he was not wearing his hood. He was wearing Lidia's mask.

It made Belen uneasy. There were lots of small changes here.

"Have you been thinking about things, you and your big udder?" he asked, smiling. Belen had never seen his mouth, only his eyes, until now, but she was sure he had never smiled before.

He kicked her in the ribs, which was more in line with what she had been expecting.

"Yeeeeeeesss!" she answered.

She was still lying on her stomach with her shoulders forced back, her ankles chained to her wrists and her thighs lifted off the mattress by the tension of the strange position.

“Are you going to be my whore? Will you go with no panties on to wherever I tell you go to, three times a week?”

“Yeessss ... yeeeeeeeeesssss!”

“And will you do whatever I tell you to do?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!”

You’ll take all your clothes off like a whore and dance for me?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!”

“You’ll suck my toes one by one, slowly?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!” Belen swallowed nervously.

“You’ll suck my balls and lick them sore?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!”

“You’ll ride me and fuck me while you lick my mouth?”

“You’ll go down on all fours and walk around the room, swinging your big tits from side to side?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!”

“You’ll lift your ass and ask me to give it to you up the back?”

“Yeesss yeeessss!” Belen was unable to avoid a shudder.

“You’ll stick your tongue up my ass until I come?”

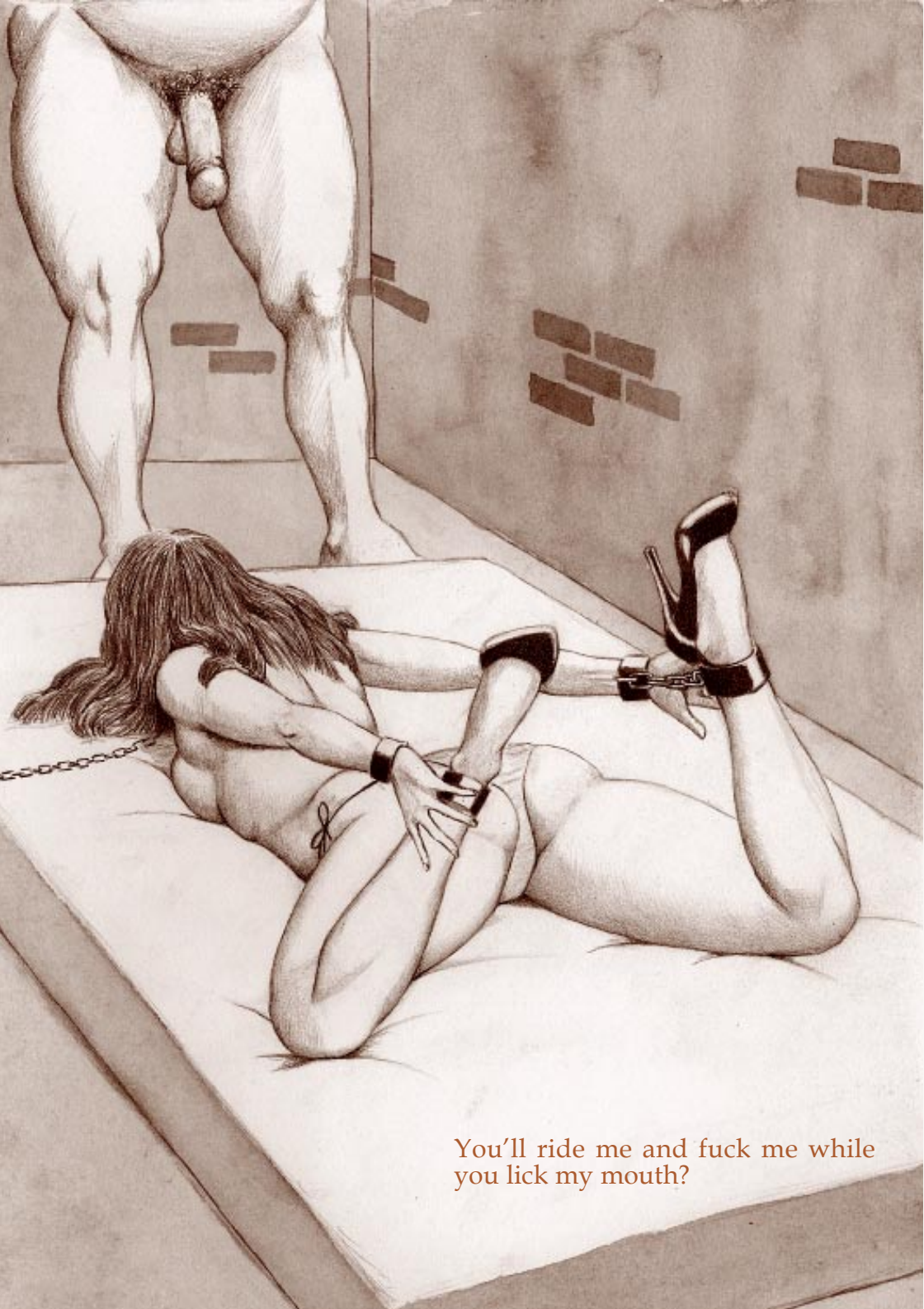
“Yeesss yeeessss! Yeeesssssss!!!” She was nearly sick.

“OK, bitch, now let’s just imagine it’s our first meeting. Crawl over to your master’s feet and suck his toes one by one!”

It was revolting and sickening. The pig hadn’t had a wash in months. Not his body, nor his bouncer’s socks that were growing over his feet!

It was sickening to have to pretend to be fond of him and to lick his scrotum.

“Suck the balls in, bag and all! That’s the way! Now bite! Harder!”



You'll ride me and fuck me while
you lick my mouth?

Belen sucked the repugnant bag in as best she could through the gag and dug in with her teeth as much as the plastic let her.

Navajas directed her down to the base of the penis. She worked conscientiously on it, licking it until it was covered in saliva and she had cleaned off the disgusting stench of the huge genitals.

He put his hands round the back of her neck and began fumbling with the straps under her hair.!

It was happening! What she had been desiring, imploring God for weeks was really happening! He was taking off the gag, the piece of plastic tube that held her jaws apart and tortured her so!

When it came out Belen was left with her jaw forced apart as before. She could not close it or swallow. The saliva was running down her chin as before.

“Now start again with my feet!”

He hit her three times, hard, on each cheek before she could move her jaw a little and then he hit her again to knock her to the floor where she had to kiss and lick his feet.

She had supposed that the disgusting task was completed, but she was wrong. It began again, this time with the help of her lips.

The beautiful young hostage licked and sucked each of his ten misshapen toes, sticking her tongue well down between each of them.

She kissed and licked his ankles, continued up his hairy legs until she came to the giant testicles, which she kissed, licked, sucked and gently nibbled!

She stuck her face in against them and ran her tongue and lips down each crutch, feeling the swelling and turning of his testicles, sensing the tireless production of his sperm that would soon be all over her face or breasts or up inside her...

He pulled her face by the hair to the base of his penis.

She licked, sucked and played around with it with her tongue and teeth with apparent enthusiasm.

As often as he demanded.

Up and down.

Up and down the monstrous member that was half as long again as her beautiful young face.

Up and down the monstrous member that some days before had taken her virginity. It was a thick meaty stick, fifteen inches long, as thick as the girl's arm.

A horrendous instrument with a life of its own, crowned by a purple tip the size of a closed fist.

A terrible sight, impossible to forget...

Belen shuddered as she licked. Her thoughts turned from the purple tip to her own body, now losing its golden suntan...

"In your mouth now!"

She pulled herself up as much as she could to reach it, struggling against the bondage. Her breasts, ringed and tied together, rubbed against the rapist's testicles.

She kissed the violet tip, sucked it, licked it while searching for the little holes with the tip of her tongue, ran her tongue around the rim, in around the deep depression at the base of the tip, over the strange piece of skin at the base of the foreskin, all the time trying to please him, trying to do the right thing, trying to overcome the deep repugnance he caused her...

Two fingers went into her mouth to open it. It hurt!

The sadist pulled his member away a little and pointed it directly at Belen's lips.

She started trembling. She realised she was breathing hard and fast. Panic!

She hoped he would change his mind. She did not see how she could get his penis in her mouth now she did not have the gag in.

She carried licking and sucking, hoping to distract him.

But Navajas thrust his member forwards as hard as he could...

"AAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her teeth bit into the rim of his penis tip. She could not open her

mouth any further!

He pressed harder, enjoying the contact, enjoying the bite of the girl's teeth, until he forced it in and down into her throat.

He groaned with pleasure.

He was fucking one of the prettiest faces in town. One of the prettiest he had ever seen.

Belen tried to ignore the shortage of air and the pain in her jaw muscles and she concentrated on licking the invading flesh all along the bottom. She wanted to show him what she had learnt!

Navajas smiled. Yes, he thought, the slut is afraid all right, no doubt about that!

He grabbed her brutally by the hair. He liked raping women in that way. And he stuck it in even deeper, revelling in the feeling, enjoying the choking throat, the gasping for air, fucking the slut's face as it came right up and banged into his pubic hair...

Yes, she was trying to suck him off! He could feel the young throat working desperately on his aching penis...He fucked slowly, pulling out just enough to let her get some air and then sinking it in again and leaving it to soak. The slower he went, the better. She could devote herself to his dick as long as she wanted, the little slut... She could show him what she had learnt, what a well-trained whore should know...

And then, quicker than he had expected...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He came, shooting off thick and fast down her throat. He managed to pull it back in time to hit her full in the face and still had some left to squirt over her gorgeous breasts...

Then he fell back exhausted. He gasped for air himself and seemed to faint for a second, but he recovered quickly and made her drink the rest of his thick semen...

He pulled himself to his knees and lifted his fat thighs. He moved his knees apart.

Belen had not recovered from the throat-rape. She leaned

forwards and was sick. The stench filled the airless basement.

Navajas loved it all. He had humiliated his hostage as never before. He decided to make the most of it and oblige her to perform his annual act of bodily hygiene! Instead of a sponge and a bar of hard soap he would use the softer parts of his young hostage's face: her tongue, lips, face, saliva...

"Get your face right in there, girl. Lick my ass. I want a good lick, now, a lot of saliva! As much as you can!"

Belen moved closer, holding her breath. She began to run her tongue up and down the deep cleft between his huge, white, flatulent, fat-ridden buttocks, trying not to look at the flabby white thighs and the dark bag of his testicles that was now hanging loose and looked even more like an ox's!

Sooner or later those bags of semen would shoot off again, probably into her stomach...

She saw the penis hanging unusually lifeless, like a fireman's hose, resting on the sheets!

And she saw the deep cleft...

"Eat my ass, you slut! What are you waiting for? I said eat my ass!"

Belen had no choice if she wanted to get out of there. She opened her lips hesitatingly and then put her tongue out!

It was the most indecent act imaginable!

"In further, you big floppy slut or I'll stretch your tongue for you!"

Horrible, awful, inhuman, sickening, filthy!

The man was a beast, a waste of space, a waste of the air he breathed...

He was a sadist, a criminal, a twisted bastard! Belen thought she would be doing the world a favour if she cut his balls off! She wished she had the chance...

"What does a girl like you - from a good family, I mean - feel when she eats her pimp's ass?"

No answer. Just the sound of retching and of damp licking. Very damp...

“Answer, you slut!”

“Nausea,” she said. It was her first word for two weeks and she said it with real feeling. Her dirty, raped mouth closed...

“Nausea? My butt makes you sick then? Who the fuck do you think you are?” he shouted, getting up laboriously. He flipped her onto her back and began to slap her and hit her, on the face, on her tied nipples, ribs, stomach, pubic hair, vagina...

“NOOOOOOOOO! I didn’t mean it! I like it! Honestly! I like it!”

Navajas stopped hitting her.

“All right!” He stood up, still angry. “I’ll give you another chance. Get up and give me a hard-on with your tits!”

Her face dirty after being used as a substitute for toilet paper, Belen began to work on the pig’s penis with her generous breasts...

His huge member soon grew and turned rock-hard. Very quickly it became the instrument of torture that the girl feared.

Navajas lay down on the mattress.

“Now get on top and fuck me with your slut’s cunt until I come again. And make sure you don’t come yourself!”

Idiot, she thought. Cretin! Why should I come on top of you?

But Navajas knew what he was talking about!

Belen climbed on top of her torturer, her wrists still handcuffed to her ankles, and once again contemplated the huge member pointing to the ceiling. It reached up to her breasts! Behind it, almost separate from it, lay the folds and flaps of the white stomach leading up to his old woman’s breasts, his short bull’s neck and his fat, ugly face...

She realised with a jolt that she was seeing his face for the first time!

It looked vaguely familiar, but she could not place it. She was sure she had seen those falling cheeks, those fat lips, like a black’s...

Suddenly her eyes opened wide. It was the bouncer at Jimie's! The one they all laughed at, but were a bit afraid of!

"Fuck me, you big cow" Flop your udder around! Move it!"

Belen tried not to show that she had recognised him. He might not want to release her...

She tried to concentrate on the job in hand, which was a difficult balancing act. She managed it.

She took his penis in and was beginning to move around a little when she lost her balance...

"AAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She cried out in pain as she fell down and forwards. She lay motionless, her eyes white, her mouth wide open, gasping for air. Violent tremors ran through her body...

Navajas put his hands behind his head and looked contentedly at the face lying close to his.

She was really beautiful! What features! What big, green eyes! What shoulders! What breasts! What a waist, what round, firm buttocks...

And how she suffered! She suffered beautifully!

No woman could take all his dick in. He knew she could not. She could only suffer...

He put his hand down and felt the base of his penis. He noted with satisfaction that a good two inches of dick were still sticking out of the girl's vagina...

"Fuck me! I want a high-speed fuck!"

Belen groaned in pain as she tried to move her pelvis as fast as she could.

It was horrendous! She had to make him finish quickly or she would go mad!

It was impossible. The bastard had a thick skin, she supposed. He wasn't even moving!

A quarter of an hour later her young hips were faltering... She

could not do any more than she was doing, and it was not working!
She was groaning...

Navajas waited, listening.

She was groaning, moaning, gasping...

A minute or two later her moans became more urgent, shorter, sharper, and her head began to move left and right in quick spasms...

Then she threw her head back, showing him her inflated nostrils and open mouth and...

“OH! ...UUGH!! ... AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

She went into a body-jerking, tit-shaking multiple orgasm, shaking and wobbling her large, lovely, tremulous, tortured breasts again and again in front of him, for him, just for me, all for me, he thought!

She had never felt anything like it, not with Big-Mac, not with Lidia, not with Navajas. It was like an electric shock that ran up and down her nervous system and would not stop...

Belen had an orgasm for fifteen long minutes...

Navajas, in all his long life as a rapist, pimp, white slave dealer and trainer of prostitutes and slaves, could not recall seeing anything like it.

When it was over, Belen's neurones had all exploded and nearly burnt themselves out.

She sat paralysed, rocking slowly like a chimpanzee driven mad by captivity, stuck on the still erect member of her rapist and trainer.

He reached out and pulled the red ribbon on her nipples until their lips met.

It seemed to wake the girl up. The stab in her nipples followed by the foul breath, was like smelling salts!

She tried to close her mouth to avoid the obscene curiosity of his long, exploring reptilian tongue, thick and rough as sandpaper.

“Kiss me! A thoroughbred, pedigree whore always kisses her clients on the mouth!”

Belen recovered consciousness. Same world, same humiliation, same repugnance! Same erection too, deep inside her...

The oldest empire, the empire of the senses, the throb of the aching penis, never to be satisfied...

What was happening?

Navajas pulled her head back a fraction, leaving her lips almost touching his.

"I'm giving you the chance to give me a good come! If you don't manage it, you'll get my dick good and hard up your back passage!"

Terrified, Belen sat up and started jerking about, trying to get him to come.

But he was holding her by the nipples, and every movement hurt...

"And you're gonna do it slowly, very, very slowly. Lying down on top of your lover ... kissing him affectionately on the mouth, putting your tongue into his mouth, dribbling into him, a real old-fashioned, wet, saliva job!"

Belen leaned forwards and snaked her hips round and round on the huge penis while she kissed him, kissed the pig, trying to ignore the smell of garlic and alcohol... Belen kissed, knowing that she herself smelt of vomit, of sweat, of shit, yes, of the pig's own excrement!

She tried to put into practice all the obscenities that he had taught her with Big-Mac on the same mattress!

And it was no good.

Half an hour later Belen came again, freely, openly, shouting and groaning with total abandon...

And Navajas just smiled. He was longing to give it to her up her ass. He wanted to give her an enema with his own sperm. He wanted to put it all in and see it all come out...

He kned her in the stomach to get her off him and he placed her face down on the floor.

He put his hands on her delicate-looking shoulder-blades and

he put it slowly, painfully, into her tight, (cute, he thought to himself) wrinkled little anus...

“UAAAUUUUAAAUUUUUAAHHHHHHHHH...!!!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...!!!

Belen shouted and twisted with all her strength, trying to hold her buttocks together, trying to close her anal sphincters to keep this big fat snake out of her bottom...

Navajas pushed and pushed and squeezed her nipples and pinched her vagina until he sank the full length of his penis in between her lovely round shining buttocks...

The slut's got a tight ass, he thought, appreciatively...

And he started fucking her.

She screamed each time he thrust into her and he kept thrusting until he shot off in her and filled her bowels with his viscous, gushing sperm...

When he was sure he had finished coming he withdrew, turned his victim over and fell on her, crushing her...

He kissed her intimately on the mouth, used his tongue, bit her lips, exchanged saliva with her, and finally spat down into her throat!

Belen resisted at first, but lost strength gradually, until the moment came when she was hardly aware what was going on.

Then he penetrated her again, this time from the front, in her vagina...

Belen opened her eyes wide, briefly, showing a flash of green, fully conscious once again. She smelt his saliva and breath and she felt the warm syrup he had left inside her.

He closed off her nostrils between his thumb and forefinger and forced her to swallow everything in her mouth.

He raped on and on and as he did he talked on and on...

“Come on you big hooker, show me your big tits! Show me your cunt! Show me your asshole! Show me...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He was coming, but he fought it off! And then...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He came into her but was quick as always and pulled out in time to spray her with his thick, sticky semen and leave her breasts dripping...

Belen could not take any more. Her bladder opened and she wet herself.

Navajas was pleased. It had been a very good session. He watched the pale urine round out of the girl’s vagina and flow down her thighs onto the mattress. He was happy, really happy...

There was just one thing missing.

“At the end of a training session,” he said, “the whore always tidies up the room and cleans up any mess she’s left. It’s fair! A lot of it is her own mess!”

He picked up the fishing rod.

“This room is filthy. Full of spunk and puke! And shit! Any you’ve just wet yourself, like a naughty little girl, haven’t you?”

Belen lay on the mattress unable to move. It took her some time to understand.

“Get up, you big cunt. Clean the room. You dirtied it, you clean it. Clean up all the mess WITH YOUR TONGUE!!! And when you’ve finished you can polish the pole with your cunt! I want to see you running your cunt up and down it till it’s shining! And then you can lick it clean. It’ll be good practice for a client’s dick!”

A Stick up in the Ass

Belen fought hard not to go down onto the wooden stick.

She fought with her arms, legs, and even with her anus!

How long had she been like this?

Her small naked feet clung on to the wooden pole as best they could. But they slipped down gradually, inevitably... Then she

pulled herself up on her tired arms...

There was no way she could avoid this torture. Her body was weak, but her spirit was weaker...

There were no limits, it seemed, to the cruelty and sadism of this man...

Not satisfied with bugging this lovely creature, and then forcing her to lick up her own vomit and excrement, Navajas had hung her up with a stick in her anus. The stick, attached to the pole she had cleaned earlier with her vagina and her tongue, was some nine inches inside her. Her arms could not hold her much more.

If she let herself go, the stick would go in another nine inches and would tear her bowels apart.

She knew this because Navajas had explained it to her in great detail.

“If you slip, you burst! Then you’ll know what pain really is! You’ll curse your mother for bringing you into this world! You’ll go down and down and it’ll go up and up until it goes through your lung! That’ll be even worse. I’ve seen a lot of whores die that way! And it’s slow. Even the weakest take twelve hours or more!”

Belen had feared the worst when she saw him take the bloodstained stick out of the box and bolt it on to the pole. She did not know whose blood it was. Perhaps girls who were less strong than her and had not held themselves up on the pole. Perhaps girls who had chosen to die on the stick rather than spend their lives in such horrendous slavery!

She was alone. Every second that passed she hoped to see that pig, the sadistic killer, the criminal she hated with all her being, walk through the door to torture her or rape or do anything to her rather than leave her on that stick!

She pulled with her arms once more, biting on her gag to find the support that she could not get from the pole, hanging on with all her strength... She drew her feet up, trying to hold them against the pole despite the sweat that covered them...



How's your cute little ass doing? Getting a bit sore on the stick?

well and she was a woman of character!

THUMP... THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...

“MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!

MMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!”

Navajas’ orgasm came as usual – exasperatingly slowly and explosive when it came, laden with tremendous quantities of semen!

“MMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFF!!!

MMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!

MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!”

A river of sperm flooded the young hostage’s vagina and then came out, running down the pole...

Without warning, Navajas hit his victim on the side!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“Are you glad you’re coming out of the toilet?” he asked.

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

On the side again!

“Answer, you dumb cunt!”

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!”

Belen shouted, nodding her head quickly.

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

On the thighs...

“Pleased you’re coming with me, are you?”

“MMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!”

Belen nodded again.

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

The whippy rod punished her shiny, satiny thighs once more...

“Are you pleased you’re going to work as a farmhand?”

“MMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFF!!!”

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!!

On the back, across the shoulder!

“Pleased you’re gonna work like a farm animal, pulling a cart, or pulling the millstone round? Answer! ANSWER!!!”

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH!!!”

On the back again!

“And as a whore? Tell me! Are you glad you’re going to work as a whore for me and the desert farmers? They’re pretty tough out there in the desert! Are you gonna enjoy it?”

“MMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPFFFFF!!!

MMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPPFFFFF!!!”

Belen could not take any more, physically or mentally. She was ready to go, anywhere... She was ready to die...

The rod hissed through the air and came down on each of her lovely breasts.

WHIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

WHIIIIIIIIIIIISSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHH!!!”

She drew her legs up so violently and pulled so hard on her arms that she pulled herself right off the stick that had been in her anus for a whole day!

She hung limply by the wrists, swinging slowly from the chain!

Navajas put his hands on her breasts and caresses them gently, almost affectionately...

He smiled. The cunt had character! She was worth her weight in gold!

Plans for the Future

Navajas took off his mask and went over to the box. He would make a selection of the most useful things to take with him.

He chose a number of leather and plastic straps, a straitjacket and a tight latex hood.

Then he made a separate pile with Big-Mac, the red plastic rings and the red ribbons, the training gag, two pairs of dirty underpants and three rolls of thick sticky tape...

Then he made a third pile. In this pile he put some rubber panties with a hole over the anus and a rubber bra with a small hole for the nipples to come through. Then he chose another rubber bra with a huge hole cut in each cup for the whole breast to come out through. Lidia must have left it here. He had seen Lidia wear one like it sometimes. He fingered it and smiled.

He'd never really been into that sort of thing. He thought this kinky clothes stuff was for clients, or for films, not for him. He'd always liked his whores stark naked, stripped right off, maybe with just a pair of high-heeled shoes on. Shoes were OK. They gave the girls' buttocks an extra jerk when they walked, and they helped them swing their tits.

But he liked the rubbery feel of the black latex bra with the enormous hole in each cup.

He walked over to Belen carrying the bra. He lowered her onto the floor and sat her up against the wall, still only half conscious.

He put the bra on her and watched in amazement as her large, perfect breasts came bursting through the black rubber, looking whiter and bigger than ever before. They were separate objects with a life and a will of their own! They stuck out provocatively, temptingly, asking to be punished, he thought, asking to be flogged and whipped and birched and slapped...

He ran his fingers over the deep red welts that crossed Belen's white breasts. He stroked the tense, silky flesh that had once been the bouncing wobbling centre of attraction at Jimie's disco, the stuff

of a thousand male fantasies, and he smiled again...

These breasts were his now!

He went back to the chest and put all the material back. He would take everything, box and all! He had other material in the van too...

And there would be plenty of ropes, whips, sticks, rakes and God knows what other agricultural instruments on the ranch.

He would use his imagination... He would have plenty of time on the ranch to think about these things...

And he had the best tits and cunt in Conchacabana to give him ideas...

A low moan from Belen, still wearing the latex bra, brought him back to the strange reality he had created.

He looked at the girl. Her magnificent white breasts were bursting through the latex, waiting...

As he stared at Belen's full breasts they seemed to represent to him all the breasts that had wobbled provocatively past him at the door of Jimie's... They were all the breasts that he had longed to see and touch as a young man and that he had never been allowed to see or touch... They were all the breasts on all the girl's who had ever laughed at him from behind the checkout at drug stores, or on beaches...

Navajas loved those breasts and he hated them too...

And as he stared at them, so young, so white, so energetic, pushing their way through the black bra, he felt the need to punish them once more, to make them responsible for everything that all the woman he had ever known done to him all his life... He would punish these breasts for the laughter and indifference he had always received...

He would look after this girl so that he could punish her well. But he would not punish her alone. She was too valuable for that. He would put her to work on the ranch so that other men could punish her too. Groups of men... Or women...

He remembered an old outhouse he had seen on the ranch. It was full of old wine-barrels.

He pictured a group of naked men sitting in a circle, maybe with this box in the middle. He pictured Belen walking into the circle, wearing black boots, black pants and the same cut-out bra...

He would teach her to ask to be punished...

Maybe she would have to go down on all fours and walk around in the circle, swinging her tits like a cow's unmilked udder, licking the men's, or women's, genitals... She would have to lift an arm or leg, presenting the clients with a big hanging breast or her cunt. Then she would ask to be punished. They would have a clear view of a good target, Navajas thought. They could hardly miss her breasts...

Or maybe he would put a big wine-barrel in the middle of the room. She would have to pull her panties down and lie on her stomach across the barrel. She would lift her buttocks as high as possible, offering an even better target and showing them her asshole and her cunt at the same time... Maybe they would be allowed one hit each with a bamboo cane...

Or maybe she would lie backwards with her cunt sticking out over one end of the barrel and her feet on the floor. Her legs would be spread wide apart. She would ask to be licked or slapped or flogged or fucked...

And maybe her head would be hanging back off the end of the barrel and she would open her mouth and ask for dick or cunt at the same time...

Or maybe he would strip her naked and tie her wrists together above her head to a single rope hanging from a hook in the ceiling. Then he would tie her feet to opposite ends of an iron bar to show her cunt with her lips open. In this way she would be in the middle of the circle and she would be able to turn round and offer herself to the clients one at a time.

Or she could ask to be flogged on the buttocks and or on the breasts or on the cunt or on all of these places at the same time...

He would have to think about it...

One way or another he was going to punish those big, insolent breasts...

But he was not going to do it alone...

The End

USING MY SEX-SLAVE

by Takamura



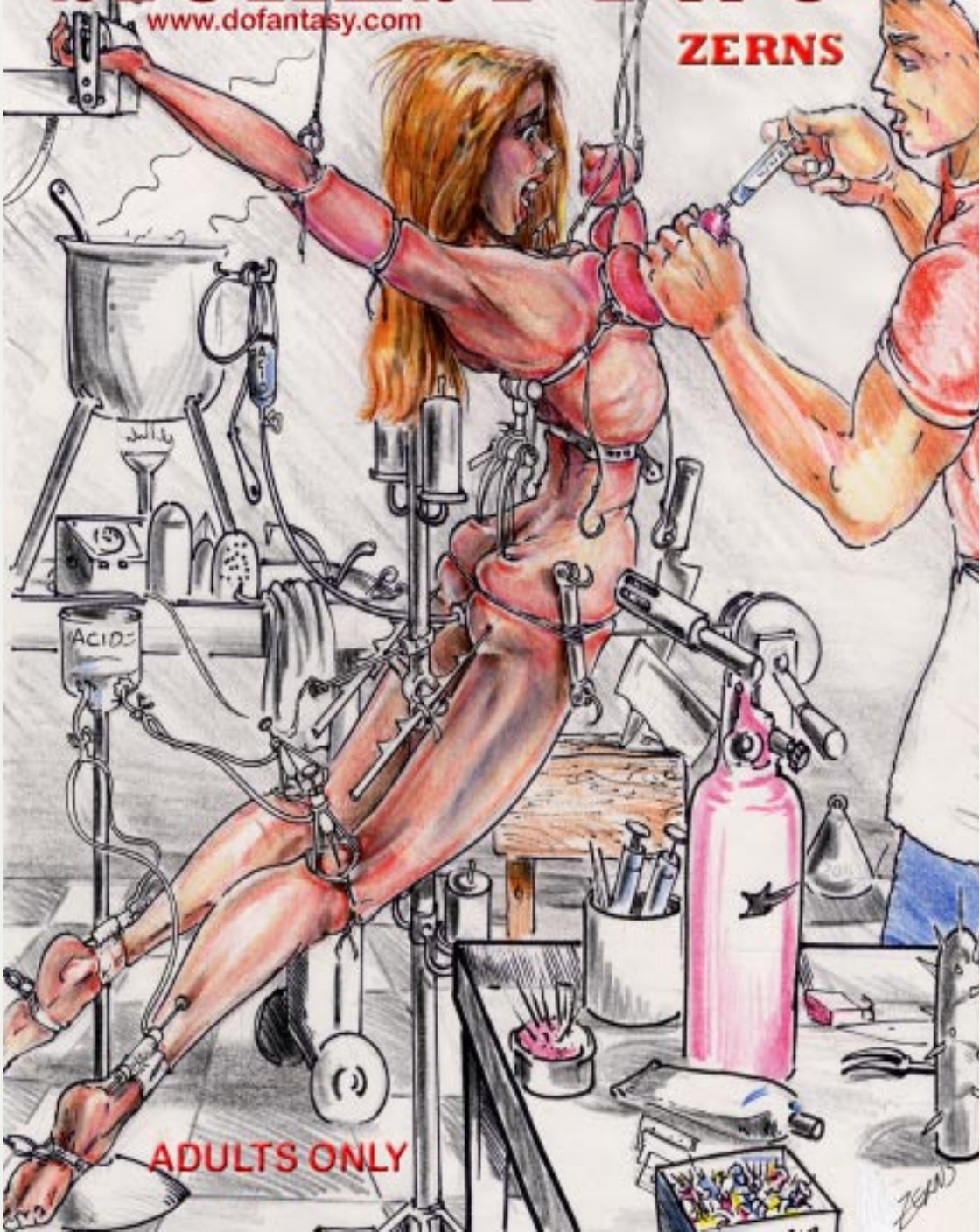
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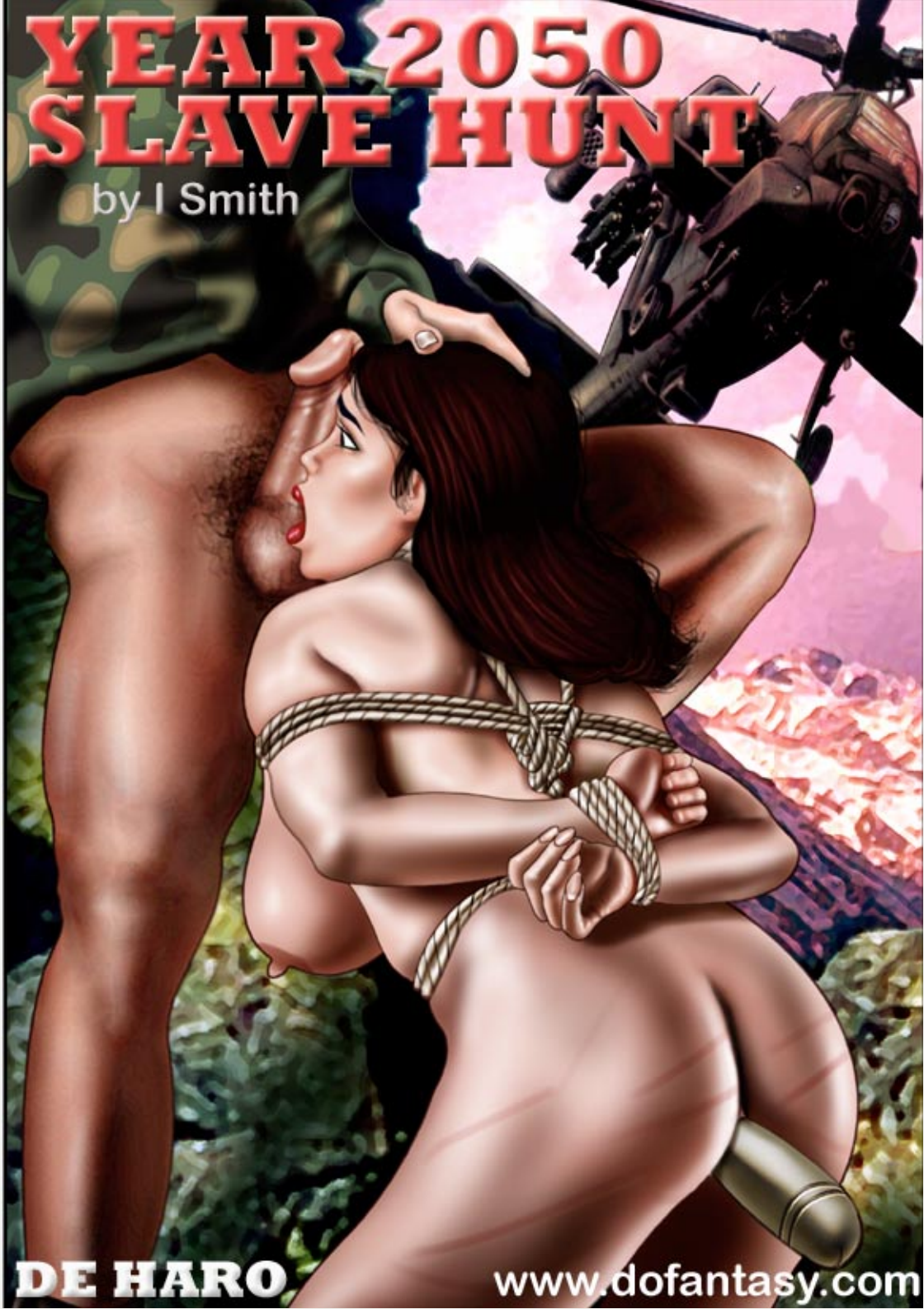
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