

FANSADOX

adults only

21

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**Paul
Slasher**

**FERRES
ROBERTS**

**Thorn
Geoff Merrick**

NEW!

**TEMPLETON
Marcello
ARIES**

D'
FANTASY

Fansadox 21 contents

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Damian

The Disenchantment

I THINK SHE'S LOOSE ENOUGH TO TAKE US ON.

NAH! TWIST IT IN A BIT MORE. WE DON'T WANT TO GET STUCK IN HER TIGHT LITTLE ARSE. WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO CUT 'ER OPEN NOW, DO WE?

SHE'LL HAVE TO LAST ALL NIGHT FOR THE LADS.



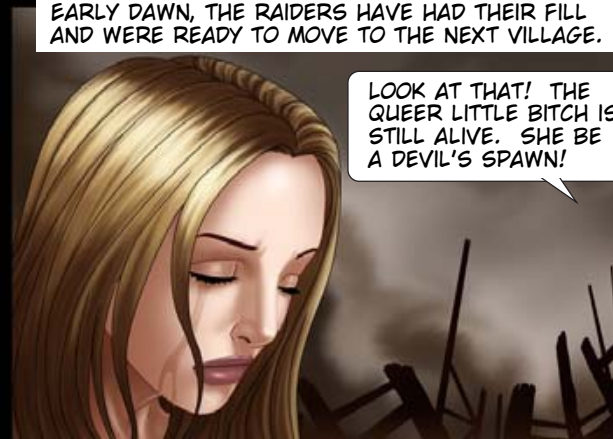
Ferres

NOW, TIME TO GIVE THE SLUT SOME SERIOUS BUGGERING!

ARGHH!

EARLY DAWN, THE RAIDERS HAVE HAD THEIR FILL AND WERE READY TO MOVE TO THE NEXT VILLAGE.

LOOK AT THAT! THE QUEER LITTLE BITCH IS STILL ALIVE. SHE BE A DEVIL'S SPAWN!





MY LORD, SOME OF THE BITCHES ARE STILL ALIVE. WHAT'S YOUR COMMAND?

LEAVE ONE ALIVE TO TELL OF OUR DEEDS. YOU MAY GUT THE REST AND LEAVE THEM FOR THE WOLVES.



2 TIME TO MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR HERETIC GODS, BITCH!



4 PLEASE, GOOD SIR! YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT WITH ME. JUST LET ME LIVE!

YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A SPENT COW. I'VE ALREADY HAD ALL I WANTED FROM YOU, FOOLISH WENCH... EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...



3



THIS!

5

TOO BAD. YOU WENCHES PROVIDED BETTER SPORT THAN THE LAST FIVE VILLAGES WE VISITED. NONE OF THEIR SLUTS LASTED TILL DAWN.

AAAIEEH!



SHOULDN'T WE LINE THEM ALL UP OR SOMETHING? THE WAY THE ROMANS DID. MAKE IT MORE MACABRE.

HMM... AREN'T WE SUPPOSED TO LEAVE ONE ALIVE?



NO, PLEASE!



OLAF, HOLD YOUR BLADE. WE'LL SPARE THIS ONE.


GOOD FOR YOU THAT I WAS USING A SHORT BLADE THIS TIME.




YOU GAVE ME A GOOD TIME, WENCH. I WILL MISS THOSE MOUNDS OF YOURS.

AAGH!

IT HAD TO BE THE QUEER ONE! YOUR LUCKY DAY, WENCH...



FEELING BETTER, WENCH? THIS WAY YOU WON'T BLEED YOUR GUTS OUT. BUT IF NO ONE FINDS YOU SOON, YOU'LL WISH I'D FINISHED YOU OFF.



MOST PROBABLY SHE'LL BE DEAD BY NOON.

WE DID LEAVE ONE ALIVE. NO ONE SAID FOR HOW LONG!

VULTURES WILL START PICKING MORSELS FROM HER CLINT IN A LITTLE WHILE. WOULD HAVE BEEN A GOOD SHOW.


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MANY HOURS LATER...



HELP, ME...!

HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME! HELP!



A MIRACLE! THIS ONE STILL LIVES.

GOD HAS SHOWN MERCY UPON THIS POOR CREATURE. CUT HER DOWN QUICKLY AND TAKE HER TO MY TENT. HAVE THE CHIEF PHYSICIAN SEE TO HER INJURIES.

AS YOU WISH, MY LADY

NINE DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE PLUNDER AND DESTRUCTION OF BERTHULIA. THE INCIDENT IS SPOKEN OF ONLY IN WHISPERS AMONG THE SOLDIERS ESCORTING THE YOUNG BARONESS TO CASTLE AASCHEN.



THE JOURNEY WAS LONG AND ARDUOUS. CHARLEMAGNE'S NIECE IS TORMENTED BY DOUBTS OVER HER ARRANGED MARRIAGE TO THE MIGHTY KING OF AASHEN, A NOTED WARRIOR KING, RECENTLY ALLIED WITH THE FRANKS.

HOW IS THE GIRL, MANUEL?

DESPITE THE TERRIBLE INJURIES, I'D SAY SHE'S DOING REMARKABLY WELL, M'LADY. SHE'S YOUNG AND QUICK TO HEAL.

SHE'S NOW FIT ENOUGH TO TRAVEL.



BUT I'M AFRAID SHE WILL SUFFER GREATLY FROM THE INJURIES TO HER MOST PRIVATE PARTS, ESPECIALLY IF SHE PERFORMS HER MARITAL DUTIES.

MARITAL DUTIES?

BARONESS... WE SHOULD PROCEED WITH HASTE TO CASTLE AASHEN. IT IS DANGEROUS TO STAY IN THE OPEN LIKE THIS. I'M SURE THE KING OF AASHEN IS ALREADY CONCERNED FOR YOUR SAFETY.



LMH? IT IS BEST YOUR HUSBAND EXPLAIN SUCH MATTERS.



HA! HA! HA! GOOD ONE MANUEL. YOU DODGED AN ARROW THERE.

YES, CAPTAIN.

THE OLD SOLDIER IS RIGHT. THIS IS A GOD FORSAKEN COUNTRY, INFESTED BY DEVIL WORSHIP. THE KING OF AASHEN MAY HAVE EMBRACED CHRISTIANITY, BUT WHAT OF THE IGNORANT COMMON FOLK?



I MUST RETURN TO MY CARRIAGE. PLEASE WATCH OVER HER, ABBOTT.



THE BARONESS IS TOO KIND... I'M SURE HER PLACE IN HEAVEN IS QUITE SECURE.

I WONDER HOW MANY MEN YOU HAVE SATISFIED WITH THAT BODY OF YOURS, GIRL. WHAT LUSTFUL THOUGHTS YOU CONJURE UP!



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WITH SUCH A SINFUL BODY, YOU DESERVE GOD'S IRE.



ONLY A PURE, CHASTE AND UGLY WOMAN CAN EVER TRULY BE VIOLATED. SURELY YOU ARE NEITHER.



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?



SHUT UP, YOU SINNER.



I'M A HOLY MAN AND I AM CONSECRATING YOUR BODY FOR YOUR NEW LIFE IN CHRISTENDOM.

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... PRAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



THE WAY OF THE LORD IS NOT EASY TO UNDERSTAND, MY CHILD.



I'M A MINISTER OF GOD AND YOU MUST OBEY ME.

NOO!!!



PLEASE DON'T. IT HURTS!



NO... I DON'T WANT

HUSH, MY CHILD. YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO ANGER GOD NOW, WOULD YOU?

TO BE CONTINUED

OLD BERNARD'S PONYGIRL THORN

Episode 10 Previous in Fansadox 9 & 11 to 18

Mr Farmer hardly slept that night. He had something on his mind. He was thinking about his new pony, Dripping Cunt. Again and again he pictured her magnificent breasts, still young and somehow immature, but at the same time firm and full, deliciously swelling, set off by two pink, tubular nipples that always seemed to be erect. He saw her slender waist, her long, strong legs, her decisive buttocks, and the white shine on her satiny skin...

Just before dawn, when Mr Farmer was still in bed, he heard Old Bernard start up his car. He glanced at his watch. Six o'clock and he already had a throbbing, aching hard-on. It was driving him crazy. He stood up and without bothering to shave rushed straight to the stable and opened the hatch on the sewer. Two eyes, that seemed to him as big as soup plates, looked up in terror. They seemed to be floating in the shit.

The stink from the pit was so bad that Mr Farmer was caught by a sudden nausea. He threw up over the new pony's anguished face. Wendy had been there all night, up to her ears in rotten water, her mouth wide open, her jaws forced apart by the huge ring that fitted over her teeth.

Farmer pulled hard on the rope that he'd tied to the girl's ankle the previous evening. The big eyes disappeared under the shit. It was only for a few seconds, but it seemed eternity to the girl.

Wendy came out of the pit, suspended by one ankle, swinging slowly like a pendulum, writhing and twisting like an eel on a fish hook...

MR FARMER'S STORY

The thick layer of sewage ran off her body onto the ground. The new pony was beginning to look white again... It made my hard-on ache to see the vomit and the shit oozing out of her lovely lips, through the ring in her mouth...

I directed the pressure hose onto her feet and then gradually down over her body. I played it over her crutch for a long time, and in her cunt and in her ass, and on her tits, her face, her hair, inside her mouth... I soaped her down well with a painter's brush and rubbed a foam up all over her body with a horse brush.

I had to do it half a dozen times to get rid of all the smell.

"Your Master will be away for a couple of days," I said as I groped at her fleshy buttocks. I got my





tongue right up into her cunt and up her ass too... It tasted good!

She did not appear to be cheered up by the news that I was leaving, or even by my licking.

"There, there, don't cry.. it's only a couple of days," I said ironically, as I stuck my erection into her throat. Lovely stuff, especially if you're still licking and sucking between a big pair of thighs...

"Mrs Farmer and I will ... LICK ... be sure you ... SLUUURP ... have all you need."

I was so horny that I could only put it in her throat a couple of times before I shot my load. It was a good cum, rich and full. It blew my mind!

The new pony was still swinging by one ankle, crying quietly. It wasn't shit coming out of her mouth now, it was good thick spunk...

At last her breath smelt good!

I cut the rope round her ankle and she slumped to the ground. I was lucky, I just managed to grab her head at the last moment and she only hurt her shoulder on the ground.

It was light now and there was no time to be lost. I put my arm round her waist to hold her steady and I stuck a pony's tail up her ass. Dripping Cunt

howled pitifully. She still is very sensitive round the back passage...

"Time to build up your strength, pony..."

I pulled her over to the trough by the hair and stuck her face in the thick mixture of rotten fish, fresh pig muck and farmer's pee - home-made, the pee - and encouraged her to eat.

"Come on, eat it all up. If not, you're a dead pony." I put my hand on her throat.

She struggled at first, but she soon worked out she couldn't get away from the other hand, on her hair. She sobbed a bit, and then she started eating up the shit...

I had another hard-on. It just turned me on, treating her like that, I just lost control...

I pushed her face into the muck again and again, holding her under the chin and by the hair. Her face was covered in the smelly paste. I'm not sure, but I think she threw up a couple of times and I had to pull her head back and I stuck some of the food into her mouth, some of



the more solid bits that were floating around...

I had to hose her down again. Her hair was straight and blonde and sexy, and it was handy too for holding her head still or for cleaning my dick on after I bum-fucked her, but it was a fucking pain to get that hair clean believe you me. I'll tell Mr Bernard to shave her head, but I don't suppose he'll want to.

It was a hell of a job getting that ring over her teeth, so I didn't want to have to take it out again. I left it in and I used the punishment bit on her. It's a T-shaped bit that goes through the ring. The straight bit goes down the throat and you use the cross bar to tie the reins on...

I pulled on the bridle, forcing the pony's head back. Dripping Cunt understood immediately. That thing in her throat could go down to her stomach...

"Time to do some work, pony."

I kicked her out of the stables. The poor thing went as quick as she could, but the way her leg was tied made it difficult...

It was a bright, sunny morning. Sweat was pouring off my new pony from the physical effort and her skin looked lovely shining in the sunlight. She was clearly not used to physical labour, but her shapely legs didn't look weak at all. They pulled very well. I remember how it made me excited to see her thighs and her calves straining from the effort, and her muscular buttocks drove me crazy as they jogged up and down, decked out in all the gear. I enjoyed looking at the way her arms were tied back behind her back too.

I led my new pony on very short reins, forcing her head back so that the bottom of the T went deep into her throat. I worked on her with the whip, terrifying her, hitting her skin that was already sensitive because of the sun. Sometimes I cracked the whip inches away from her... and sometimes I whipped her with all my strength



on her buttocks, on her waist and on her legs.

The trouble was, I was whipping myself up into a dangerous state! I had to control myself or I'd kill her and the boss wouldn't like that at all. I knew that Mr Bernard was keeping that satisfaction for himself...

There's nothing like a good wank when you're getting too horny. And Dripping Cunt would do the honours...

"Come here and fuck me, pony," I ordered, sitting down in the shade of an oak tree.

I had to whip her three times, once on the calves and then again on the hips and finally around the waist, curling it round her and pulling her to me.

"No, not on your knees. You're going to work on my dick with your legs wide apart, squatting down this time. I want a good view of your cunt, so remember to hold your legs wide open all the time..."

That first contact was a dream. I don't know

if it was her sweat or what, but the truth is that Dripping Cunt lived up to her name. Her pussy was well oiled, no doubt about that! She took me in with one gulp, squeezing my dick in a way that just blew my mind!

It was Paradise. I could feel it getting through to me again. She was just too sexy...

Before it was too late, I grabbed her nipples by the bells and stopped her with a sharp tug.

"Easy, pony, easy now..."

She obeyed, panting, the saliva running out of the sides of her mouth. Her superb breasts and legs were trembling all over. In fact, her whole body was trembling all over...

Still holding her by the nipples, I guided her head down, very slowly. Her mons veneris, clearly exposed now it was shaved, swelled around her lovely cunt lips that were working their way up and down my penis. Ah, if those lips could speak!

I gasped and looked in amazement at the damp love juice they left behind them.

I nearly came looking at it. My head was spinning and I could hear myself grunting and groaning...

I took two big handfuls of her boobs and dug my nails into them. I twisted them and turned them round and round... They were sublime, soft but firm, big and floppy but holding up well, wobbling and settling back into place with a life of their own every time she came near the tip and let herself down again...

I pulled them up just for the pleasure of seeing how they fell, quivering, provoking me, inviting me...

My pony's pussy gave me over an hour of ecstasy, until I couldn't hold it back any more, until her legs, shaking with cramp, could not respond even when I pulled hard on her nipples...

"Empty me, pony!" I said, slapping her tits hard and finally letting go of her now bleeding

nipples.

I don't know where she got the strength from, but Dripping Cunt suddenly started pumping up and down my dick. I suppose she just wanted to finish the session...

I couldn't help it. I roared.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It all went black but I knew I was jerking and throwing my arms around like a madman...

But the working day wasn't over for this pony yet. There was plenty of land to plough. There



were still seven hours to sunset. As soon as I got my breath back, I tied the pony to the plough and made her start ploughing again...

In a few minutes I had this terrible hard-on again and I just couldn't take my eyes off her jerking butt. I loved the red welts all over it, and her waist that was all red from the rubbing of the leather straps. I also liked the way her cute little anus was closing tight onto the tail

I'd stuck in it...

I wasn't too sure my new pony was going to stand the first day's work. I thought she might faint before sunset. What I did know was that I would have to rape her two or three times before then to keep my sanity! I'd brought a couple of sandwiches to build my strength up, and I made myself at home in the shade of a tree. My pony ploughed on, afraid of the whip...

I'd bring her into the shade when she finishes and I'd give it to her good and hard up the asshole. Then I'd make her lick my dick clean. And after that I'd hang her up by the ankles and give her a real whipping this time! It would be a long, sadistic session. Something for the pony's tits and cunt to remember all her life...

Something for the man who held the whip-hand to remember too! ■

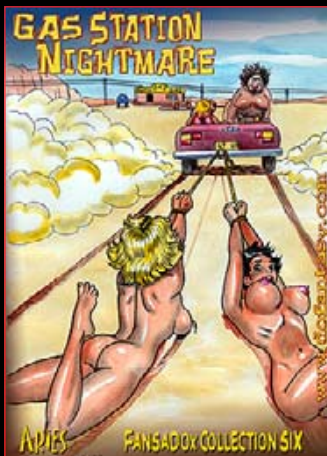
to be continued



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NEW FANSADOX COLLECTION

Fed up with reading 'to be continued'?
Try this, new from Fansadox.
Complete, self-contained comics
by your favorite artists



TRESPASSERS



LET ME SEE NOW...

Slasher

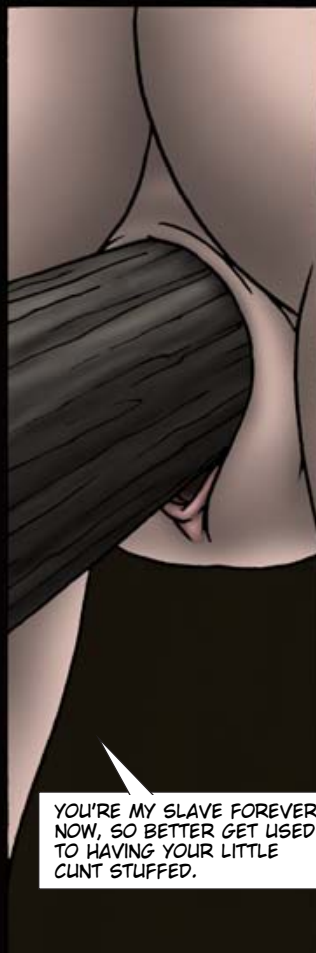


...YEAH! THIS'LL DO JUST FINE

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ALL YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE HORNY AS HELL. I BET YOU'LL LOVE THIS!



YOU'RE MY SLAVE FOREVER NOW, SO BETTER GET USED TO HAVING YOUR LITTLE CLINT STUFFED.



NICE HUH! YOU REALLY LIKE IT, DON'T YOU?

Shyhan 2002

NNNNNGGGGGG!!!

SEE? IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE.



YOU JUST HANG HERE JUICING UP FOR ME WHILE I TAKE CARE OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, OK?



HOW ABOUT YOU, BITCH? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE SOMETHING BIG INSIDE YOU TOO?

MMMM ... MMMG



WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO EAT MY COCK, OR WHAT?





SURE BITCH! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE GOOD AT IT, 'CAUSE I REALLY HATE SLOPPY COCKSUCKERS

PLSSS...



OPEN THAT MOUTH WIDE, YOU COCKTEASER!

NOOOO...



WHAT? GET SUCKIN', YOU WHORE! A SLAVE NEVER SAYS NO TO HER MASTER!!

NOOOO!!!



GULP!

Spencer 2002

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. IF YOU DO A GOOD JOB YOUR MASTER WILL FUCK YOUR ASSHOLE FOR YOU LATER!

PLSSS...



NNNN...



ARGGGGGGH!!!



DAMN YOU, YOU DIRTY WHORE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! THAT WAS A BIG MISTAKE!

NOOOOO!!!



Joshua 2002



OK... YOU LIKE IT
ROUGH, DO YOU?
WHAT? WHAT
ARE YOU DOING?



I'M GONNA TEACH YOU
SOME MANNERS, YOU
WET CLUNT!

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YOU'LL LEARN HOW A
SEX SLAVE TREATS HER
LORD AND MASTER.

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NOOOO!!!

Slasher
2002



AAIIIGHHH!



YOU BETTER OBEY, OR YOU'LL BE DAMN SORRY!



YOU'RE NOT SO COCKY NOW, EH, BITCH? YOU'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME, SLAVE... I'M GONNA TRAIN YOU THE HARD WAY, I'M TELLING YOU NOW!



AAAGHH! ... IT HURTS! PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE... I'LL BE GOOD ... HUH ...HUH...

TOO LATE, BITCH!

Jisher 2002

Maternal Blackmail

PAUL

Episode 5

Some days later, Miriam Dupond was not enjoying her enforced honeymoon with the repulsive Pablito... The young man's lust just got stronger, and so did his cruel sexual sadism. Miriam, still in chains, was more dead than alive now...

LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE.
I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP...

WE'VE HARDLY STARTED, KID.
SEE HOW HARD MY DICK IS?

SAY CHEESE, NOW!

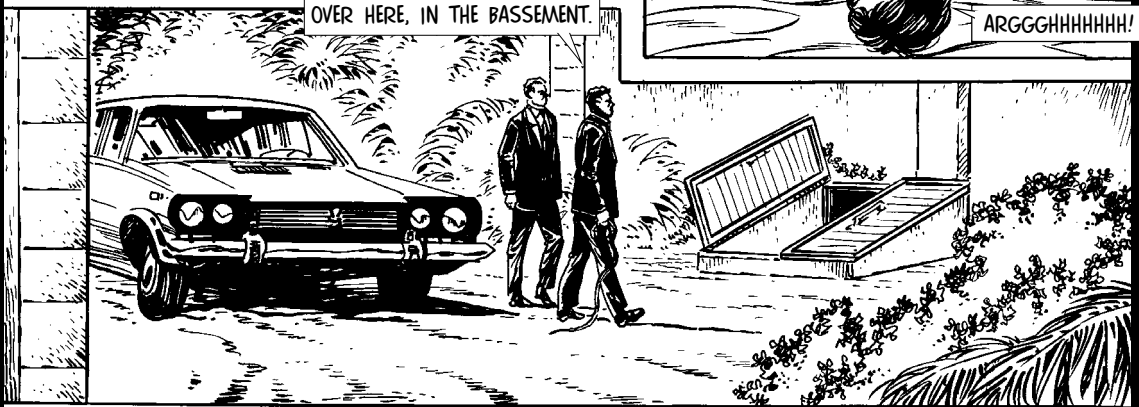
AND MUMMY'S COME
DOWN TO TAKE A PHOTO...



I'M COMING! UGH!...FEEL THAT,
YOU SLUT? UGH! FEEL ME CUM?

ARGGGHHHHHHH!

OVER HERE, IN THE BASSEMENT.



JEEZ, THIS PLACE STINKS!

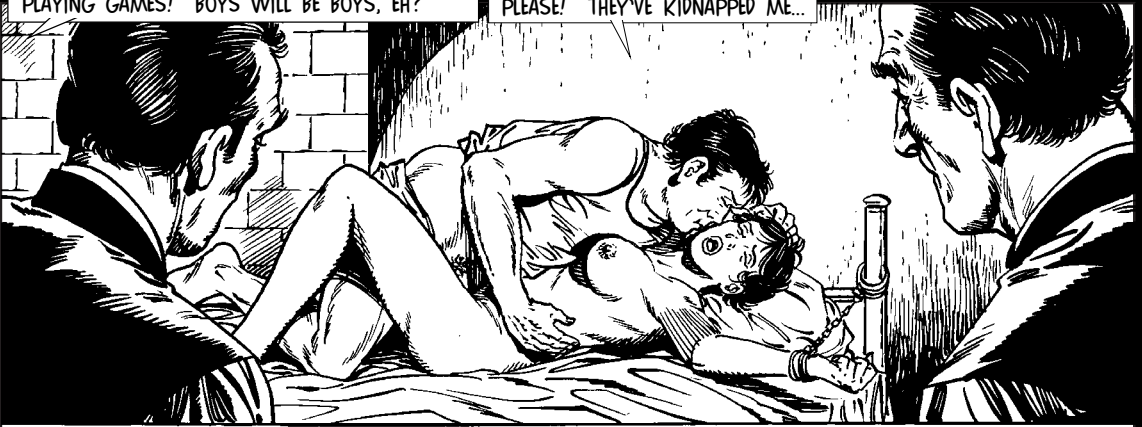


OH, GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN. YOU'VE COME
FOR THE PACKAGE FOR THE GOVERNOR, EH? I
WAS EXPECTING YOU, IT'S ALL READY. COME IN...



RIGHT AHEAD, GENTS. TAKE NO NOTICE OF THEM. THEY'VE JUST GOT MARRIED AND HE CAN'T STOP PLAYING GAMES! BOYS WILL BE BOYS, EH?

HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE, PLEASE! THEY'VE KIDNAPPED ME...



OUT YOU COME, YOU, SLUT!

HERE SHE IS. CLOTHES AND ALL!

WHO ARE YOU? YOU'RE HURTING ME!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE, MA'AM.



SHUT IT, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH YOUR LITTLE CLIT.

BYE, SWEETIE. BE GOOD, AND DON'T MAKE THE GOVERNOR ANGRY! I'M GIVING YOU SOME PHOTOS OF YOUR SISTER WITH MY SON. LET YOUR MOTHER SEE THEM. TELL HER YOUR SISTER'S HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE!



[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

JUST LOOK AT MY BOY. I CALL HIM TARZAN!
CAN'T STOP, ALL DAY, BANG, BANG, BANG...!

YOU HEARD THE LADY. YOU'RE
GONNA BE A GOOD GIRL, RIGHT?

YES...YES...YOU'R ...CHOKING ME!

WE COULD ALL DO THAT WITH A CHICK
LIKE THIS ONE TIED TO THE BED, MA'AM.

MIRIAM! MIRIAM, THEY'RE
TAKING ME AWAY!

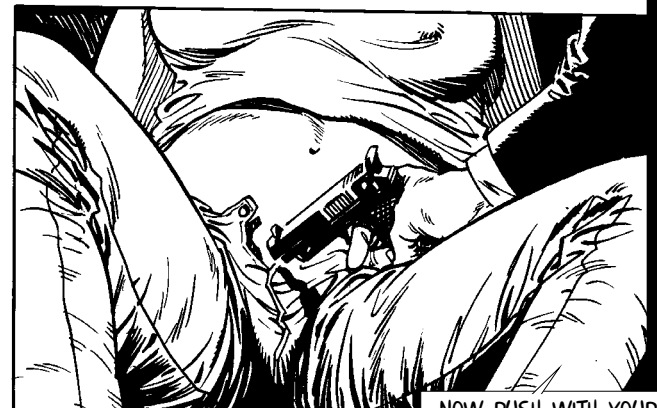
WALK AND CUT THE CRAP,
KID. WE'RE LATE!



SEXY TOP. WHAT'S
IT COVERING UP?



OPEN THOSE LEGS, OR THE
GUN'LL SHOOT OFF INTO YOU...



PLEASE, WHERE ARE WE
GOING? ARE YOU
GOING TO KILL ME?

DEPENDS ON YOU, KID.
WHERE? WE'RE GONNA
VISIT YOUR MOTHER.

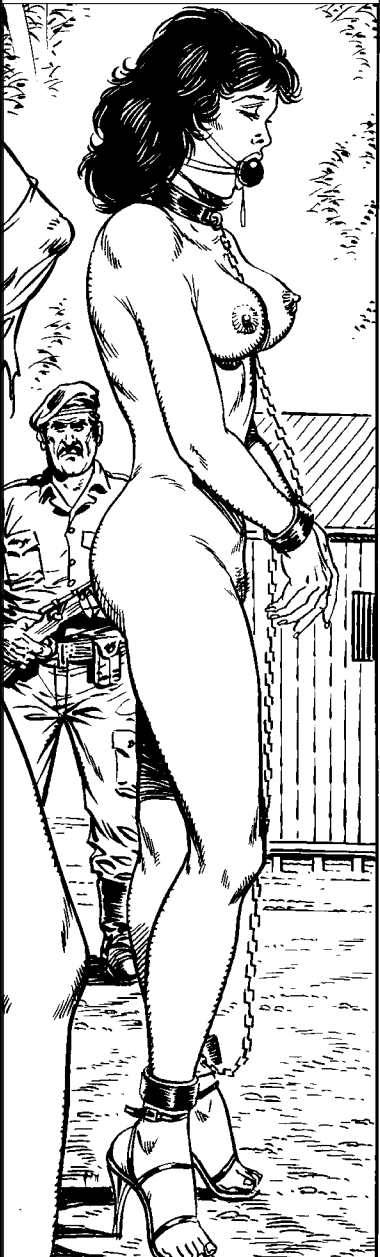
NOW PUSH WITH YOUR
CUNT. FUCK THE GUN!

LATER...

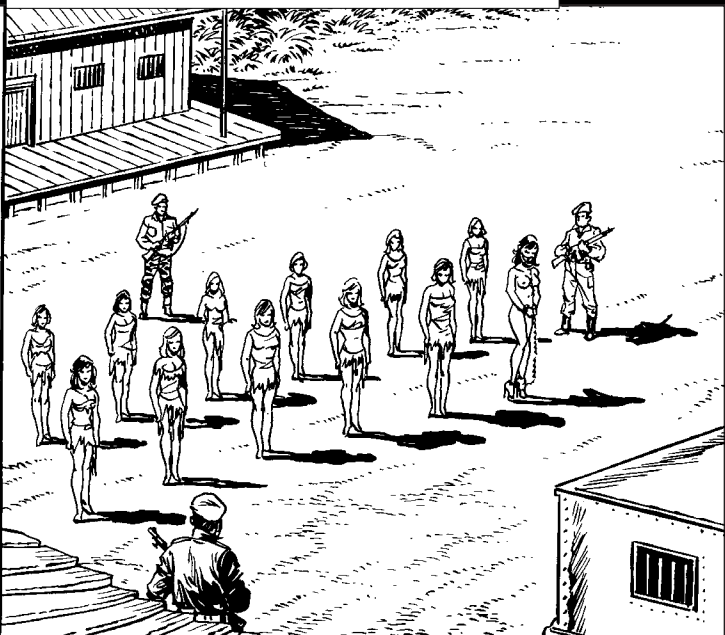
LEAVE OFF, MORALES.
WE'RE NEARLY THERE.



...BUT ONLY MADAME DUPOND IS NAKED.
SHE'S ALSO CHAINED AND GAGGED!



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PENITENTIARY, THE FEMALE
PRISONERS HAVE BEEN STANDING IN THE SCORCHING SUN



FINALLY, THE PRISON AUTHORITIES ARRIVE...



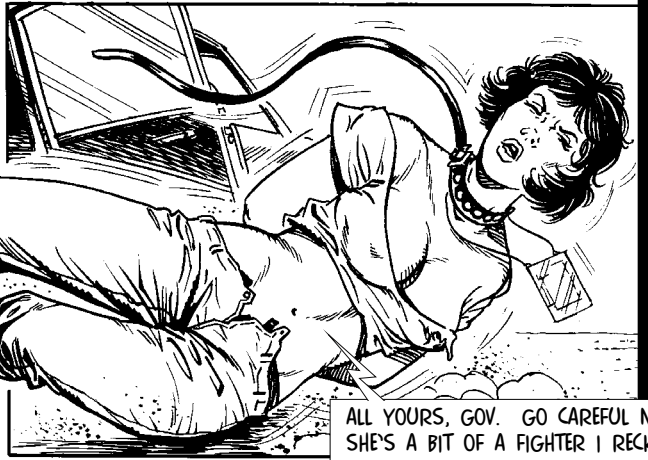
THAT'S THE FOREIGN SLUT I TOLD YOU
ABOUT, PATER. I KEEP HER SHUT IN. REAL
NYMPHO. BAD EXAMPLE FOR THE OTHERS.



[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

YOU SHOULD LEARN TO CONTROL THIS BODY OF YOURS, YOU SLUT. USE IT ONLY FOR PROCREATION, A CHRISTIAN DUTY!

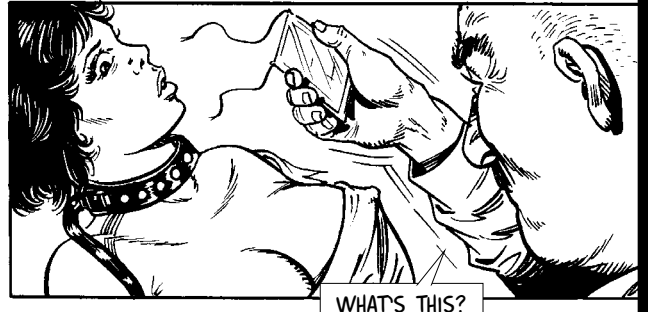
THEY'LL BRING YOU TO THE CHAPEL TONIGHT FOR CONFESSION. JUST THE TWO OF US, GET IT? CONFESIONAL SECRET, OF COURSE... YOU'LL TELL ME ALL, RIGHT?



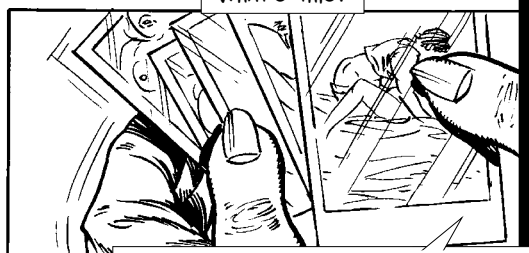
ALL YOURS, GOV. GO CAREFUL NOW, SHE'S A BIT OF A FIGHTER I RECKON...



MOMMY! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?



WHAT'S THIS?



MMMM... VERY INTERESTING. YOUR TWIN SISTER'S A SLUT. GOT YOUR MOTHER'S SEX GENES! HOPE YOU GOT THE SAME!

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT OF CORRIENTES STREET, THE PARTY GOES ON...

NO, PLEASE... I'LL DO IT... I'LL DO IT... DON'T WHIP ME... ANYMORE... PLEASE...



THAT'S BETTER. NOW ASK ME FOR IT LIKE I TOLD YOU. AND CALL ME DEAR.

YES, DEAR... PLEASE DEAR... GIVE ME THE VIBRATOR... I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW I COME. I WANT TO MAKE YOU RANDY, DEAR.

EASY WASN'T IT? WE'RE GONNA GET ON JUST FINE, I CAN SEE.

YOU'VE GOTTA EARN IT, KID. PLAY WITH YOUR PUSSY TILL I SEE THE JUICE COMING OUT.



YES, DEAR. I'LL PLAY WITH MY PUSSY...

TELL ME WHAT IT'S LIKE, SLUT. ARE YOU GONNA CUM FOR ME?



YES, DEAR, I'LL GIVE IT A GOOD SUCK.



OH, YOU'RE A REAL DIRTY ONE, YOU ARE! IT'S JUST RUNNING OUT OF YOU! OK. HERE YOU GO. GIVE IT A GOOD SUCK FIRST!

OK, YOU SLUT! PUT IT RIGHT UP YOUR CUNT, WILL YOU?

IT'S NICE, DEAR. YES, I'M GOING TO CUM FOR YOU ... YES...

THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU WHORE! GET ON THAT BED AND SPREAD THOSE LEGS! I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON... YOU SHOULDN'T CUM IN FRONT OF YOUR BOYFRIEND LIKE THAT! YOU SHOULD WAIT FOR HIM!

ARRRGHH!!!



MEANWHILE, IN AN ABANDONED WING OF THE MOSQUITO MARSH PENAL COLONY, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE HELD IN SEPARATE CAGES...

LET ME TAKE THIS OFF YOU.



LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU SLUT. YOU DON'T WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO SEE WHAT A WHORE HER MOTHER IS, DO YOU?

YOU'RE NOT A PRIEST BUT A PERVERT



RIGHT, YOU BITCH, CUT THE CRAP AND GET SUCKING ON THIS DICK!

YOU'RE GONNA SUCK PATER'S COCK AS AN ACT OF PENITENCE FOR YOUR SINS!

YOU FILTHY BASTARDS! I WON'T DO IT!



IN THAT CASE, I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR DAUGHTER'S KNEE. I CAN BREAK LOTS OF BONES WITHOUT KILLING HER.



DO A GOOD JOB, POOR SINNER. GOD IS MERCIFUL IF IT'S A GOOD BLOW JOB...

OH, AIN'T THAT CUTE! SHE'S TREMBLING!
DOES MY DICK TURN YOU ON? DO YOU
WET WHEN YOU SEE A UNIFORM?

IT MAKES ME SICK.
YOU AND PATER
MAKE ME SICK!

I HOPE YOU'VE INHERITED YOUR
MOTHER'S MOUTH TECHNIQUE.
CAN YOU HEAR HER SLURPING?



OH, YEAH, SHE'S GIVING
HIM A BIG ONE THERE!



THIS WHORE DOES THE
BEST BLOW JOBS IN
THE WHOLE PRISON!



MUMMY! THEY'RE FILTHY PIGS!
THEY'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO MAKE YOU...



TAKE YOUR TOP OFF. I WANNA SEE WHAT
YOU'VE GOT UNDERNEATH. STRIP RIGHT OFF,
I WANNA SEE IT ALL, TITS, CUNT, THE LOT...



DROP YOUR PANTS TOO. I WAS GETTING TIRED OF
YOUR MOTHER'S CUNT. IF YOU PLAY YOUR CARDS
RIGHT, YOU CAN TAKE OVER HER JOB... SO FAR, THINGS
ARE LOOKING GOOD FOR YOU, AND ME! HA! HA! HA!

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TO BE CONTINUED

SLAVE FLESH

MARCELLO

OK YOU
HIGH-CLASS
ASSHOLES, GET
READY. YOU'RE GOING
TO ROME, TO THE
SLAVE MARKET!

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Marcello

[CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE](#)

THIS IS THE HARDEST OF FATES! WE DID WHAT WE COULD. BUT WITH ALL THE MEN GONE TO THE WAR WE COULDN'T DO BETTER...

THERE ARE JUST A FEW OF US LEFT NOW. ALL THE REST WERE PUT TO THE SWORD... WE'RE SLAVES NOW. THE WORST KIND OF SLAVES...



WALK, YOU SLUT. AND HOLD YOUR TITS UP! SHOW THEM LIKE YOU WERE IN THE SLAVE MARKET. HA! HA! HA! YOU'LL BE THERE QUITE SOON!

ARGGHHHH
NOOOOOOOO!!



THE JOURNEY WAS LONG AND ARDUOUS. FINALLY, THE SLAVES ARRIVED AT THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. HE HAS FIRST PICK...

THE IMPERIAL SLAVEMASTER CHOOSES THE THREE MOST BEAUTIFUL SLAVES.



THE SLAVES' HEARTS WERE HEAVY AND THE WAIT WAS LONG...



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GET UP, SLAVE. YOU'RE GONNA BE USED



I AM A NOBLEWOMAN AND A SOLDIER. I AM ENTITLED TO BETTER TREATMENT! I'M NOT A SLAVE!

SOLDIER? YOU SURE GOT A SLAVE'S TITS, GIRL!




LET ME HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT YOU. YES... YOU'RE WORTHY OF THE EMPEROR'S DICK! I'LL MAKE YOU THE QUEEN OF MY SEXSLAVES, NOBLEWOMAN!



AND THIS WILL BE YOUR THRONE



NO... PLEASE...



OVER HERE, SLUT!
I'M GONNA TEACH YOU
HOW ROME TREATS ITS
SLAVES.




NOOOOOOOOOOOOO,
LET ME GO, YOU
BASTARD!




YOU'RE MINE
SLAVE, AND I'M
GONNA BANG THE
ASS OFF YOU!



NO! YOU
CAN'T RAPE ME!
I PROMISED MYSELF
TO A MAN BEFORE
GOD!



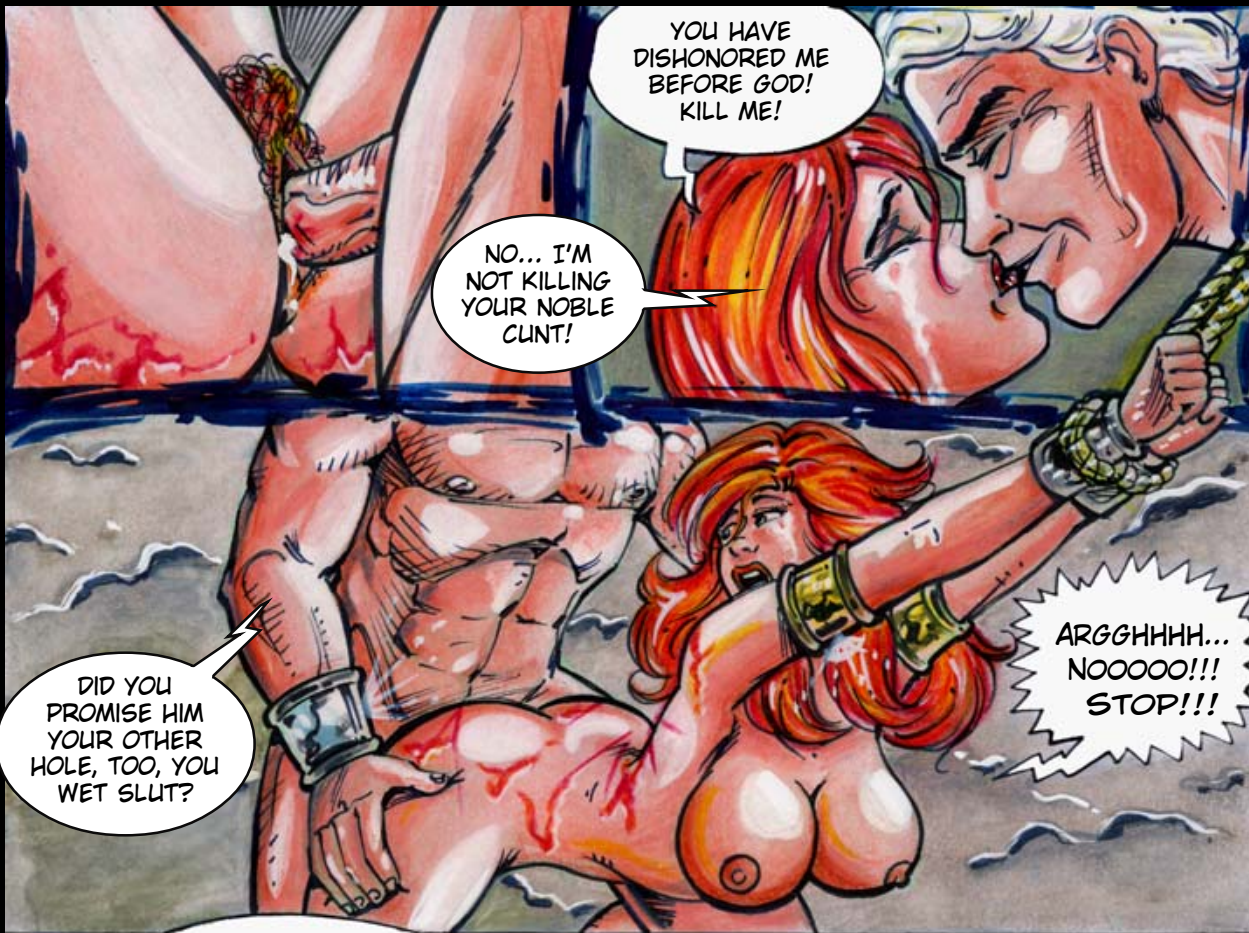
THE MAN'S
DEAD AND I CAN'T SEE
NO GODS HERE. I CAN
ONLY SEE A BIG, JUICY
NOBLEWOMAN'S
CUNT!



I'M GONNA FUCK
YOU DAY AND NIGHT, YOU
BIG BITCH. TILL I GET TIRED
OF YOU AND THROW YOU
TO THE DOGS!



NOOOOOO....
STOP!!!!!!!



YOU HAVE DISHONORED ME BEFORE GOD! KILL ME!

NO... I'M NOT KILLING YOUR NOBLE CLUNT!

DID YOU PROMISE HIM YOUR OTHER HOLE, TOO, YOU WET SLUT?

ARGGHHHH... NOOOOO!!! STOP!!!

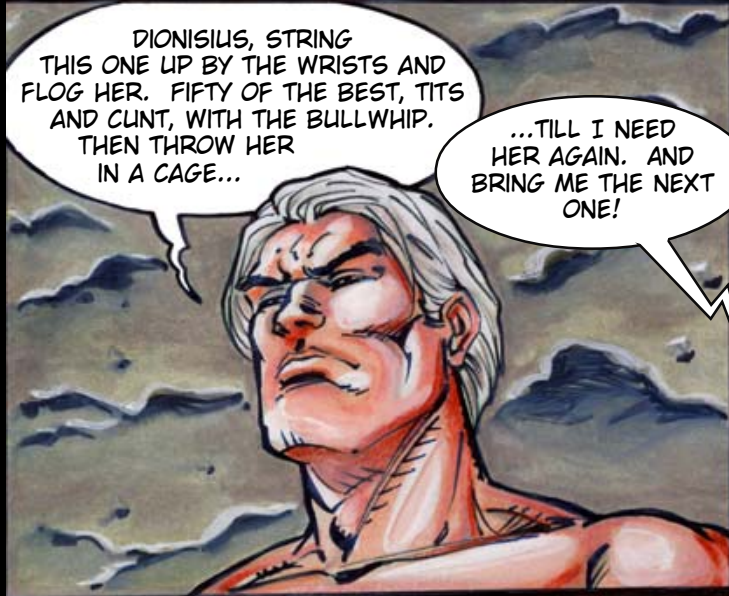
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YOU'RE HURTING ME... PLEASE, STOP! IT HURTS! OOOOOOH!!!



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DIONISIUS, STRING THIS ONE UP BY THE WRISTS AND FLOG HER. FIFTY OF THE BEST, TITS AND CLUNT, WITH THE BULLWHIP. THEN THROW HER IN A CAGE...

...TILL I NEED HER AGAIN. AND BRING ME THE NEXT ONE!



MOVE YOUR ASS, AND STICK YOUR BIG TITS RIGHT OUT, FOREIGN WOMAN. I'LL FLOG THE SKIN OFF THEM. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MEET THE EMPEROR AGAIN. I'M GONNA KEEP THOSE TITS ALL FOR MYSELF!

HER BIGGEST FANS

A Geoff Merrick Classic. Illustrations ARIES

Roberta Winter was blissfully happy as she walked along the country road. She was away from the madding crowd in L.A. and loved the blissful tranquility of filming in rural Canada. It made her a little less careful than usual as she wandered away from the location shoot.

After all, she was one of the sweetest, prettiest, serenely sexy young actresses in the world—only five foot, four inches and a hundred and three pounds, but with a face, and body that even superstars who made twice her income would kill for.

Her chest was not only 34D, but her breasts were so round and firm they made people think she was at least two inches fuller. Basically a small sex package, her waist was an incredible 22 inches, and her hips a slim thirty-three. Her rear was just right: small, round, tight, and a perfect handful. She knew that many of her fans wanted to see her naked, but that wasn't going to happen—despite what some of her more obsessed letter writers whined.

She marveled at their desire: even if they saw her in these denim miniskirt, hiking boots, ankle socks, plaid shirt (open but knotted at her waist) and deep u-necked ribbed t-shirt, all they would see was her shape. No matter. She was just over a knoll from the entire crew. One call from the assistant director and she'd go back. And even if she did as little as stub her toe, one small cry from her would bring them all running.

Her last rational thought was: what could possibly go wrong here in these tranquil woods? Then a hand clamped over her delicious young mouth.

If a starlet is attacked in the woods and there's no one there to see it, does she make a sound?

Another hand twisted in her short brown hair. Others grabbed her wrists and wrapped around her waist. Before she fully knew what was happening, she was dragged over a further crest and shoved down behind a huge, gnarled tree.

Within seconds, it was a different Roberta. Her clear, glorious hazel eyes were blindfolded with a thick rag. Coarse rope bit into her wrists crossed behind her, which lay half on her flannel shirt and half on her denim miniskirt. Her elbows were also crossed and painfully cinched, thrusting her glowing chest out.

That chest was housed in the bulging t-shirt, which could now be plainly seen amid the binding ropes since her flannel shirt had been ripped open. Her hiking shoes were off, but her thick socks were still on her crossed and bound ankles. The rope sunk

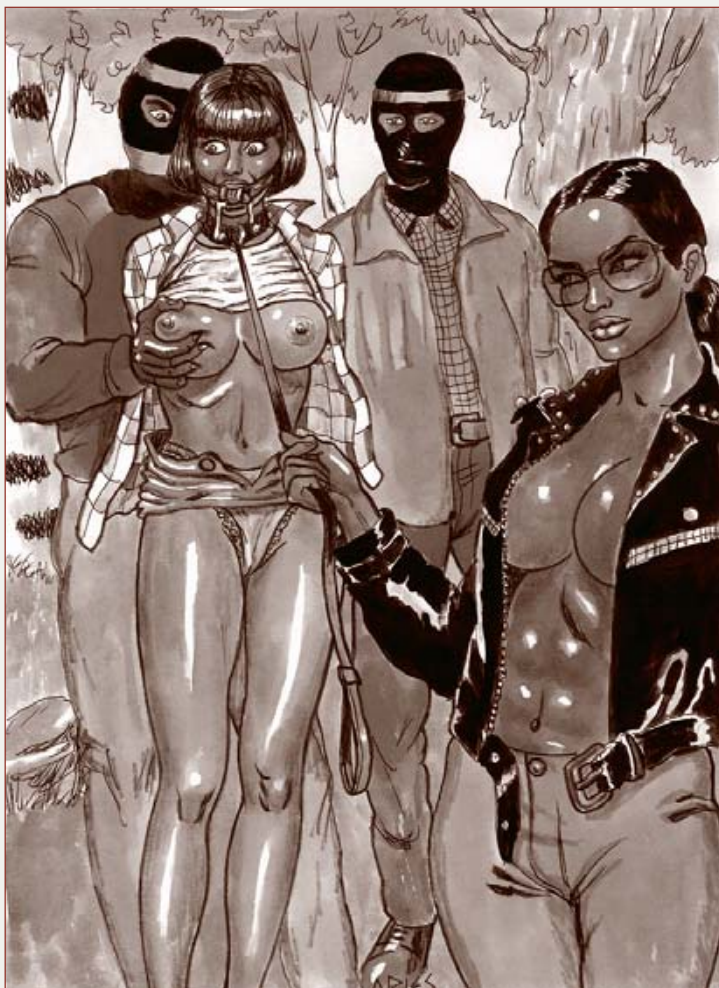
into the smooth, silky flesh above and below her bent knees.

Someone grabbed her hair again, tore off the cloth blindfold, and pushed her head back toward the glen where the crew readied the movie's next shot. She heard a mean female voice hiss "Why don't you say something to them, bitch?"

Roberta tried to call out, to scream, but the thick cloth between her soft red lips and perfect white teeth—holding in a horrid doggy toy between her tongue and palette—ruined any words and reduced any volume. "Hunh...." she attempted in fear and despair. "Eunh!"

But then the woman who gripped her hair put her other muscular hand across Roberta's lovely mouth and sealed it tight, laughing softly and sadistically. "You're going to have to do better than that, bitch!" she gloated. Then she threw the tiny, shapely brunette onto her face on the matted leaves.

Her eyes tearing, Roberta again could only see the hulking shadows of her captors before the blindfold was slapped over her big, beautiful, widening eyes and knotted tightly around her head. "Love your short hair,"



she heard her tormentor sneer. "Perfect for gags and blindfolds... it's like you wanted to be abducted...bitch!"

Roberta was terrified, yet still somehow sure that any second someone would show up to rescue her. These insane attackers would run away and the stunning nightmare would be over. But in the next few moments, they simply untied her legs, put her hiking shoes back on (untied), strapped a studded dog collar around her slim throat and yanked her up by a leash.

Her captors were wearing ski-masks. She stood blindfolded before the four of them: three men and one woman, shivering in the gathering afternoon gloom.

"Man, she's a tiny thing, ain't she?" said one.

"Yeah," said another. "But even sexier in person, eh?"

"Shut up," snapped the woman, yanking on the leash.

"Come on, bitch."

Then, incredibly, they simply walked away, two men behind her, and another leading the way. The woman, of course, tended to Roberta, yanking up her denim skirt until her entire shapely legs and delicate panties were revealed, and pulling at her shirts until both of her bulging breasts were fully exposed.

"God, you're a slut," the woman whispered with envy as she dragged the gagged, blindfolded girl along. And with each step, her muffled bleats, swallowed up by the leaves and pine needles, grew more and more distant.

The film crew realized she was missing at about the

same moment an unknowing park ranger came upon the three men in the mountain's gathering sunset gloom.

"Hey guys," he said, "what are you doing here at this hour?" "Nothing, sir," said one of the men with a casualness which bespoke familiarity. "Just hiking."

The woman sniggered. She had clamped onto Roberta like a deer tick as soon as they saw the ranger's shadow approaching — dragging the blindfolded, oblivious little girl behind a wide, old tree trunk, away from the park ranger's view.

One stringy, strong hand was clamped tightly over Roberta's already gagged mouth; the other arm clamped around Roberta's beautiful little body, just below her heaving breasts, and her legs wrapped around Roberta's thighs and shins, keeping the gorgeous, writhing little starlet locked into place.

Roberta tried to break free, scream, run, or even fall, all her muscles stretched taut, sweat pouring down her shining, exposed skin, every tendon on her neck and face bulging. It was no use. All she did was quiver in place, her young, strong breasts threatening to explode out of her straining t-shirt.

"Okay," she heard the ranger say. "Just checking. Be careful out here, will you, guys? It's getting dark."

"You bet," she heard a man replay. "Thanks, sir."

Roberta groaned in horror, hearing the footsteps moving away. Her female captor giggled, then stuck her snake-like tongue into Roberta's ear.

The park ranger shook his head as he walked away. Even he should be heading home soon. The only reason he was still out there was because of that film shoot, but that was hundreds of yards away. These guys weren't even close to disturbing the production. Little did he know as he reported in that the four had reached their destination: a deserted cabin in an obscure part of the park.

They threw Roberta onto the wooden, stained bed inside and took turns.

They had pulled off her socks and shoes, tied her spread-eagled, tore open her shirt completely, bunched her skirt around her waist, then cut and pulled off her panties.

The men took a second to admire the breasts only youth, health, and luck-of-the-genes could produce, perfectly proportioned mounds with wonderfully circular aureoles and pink nibs, before setting upon her.

The woman wiped Roberta's brow with it as the men climbed on.

They gripped her hips and jammed their cocks inside before grabbing her tits and laying atop her.

The woman gripped Roberta's head, then leaned down until her mouth was right next to the girl's ear. "You will not bite or I will break a bottle in your ass. You will not bite or then we will take you out to the lake and fuck you while you drown. Understand?"

She didn't wait for a reaction. Instead, she carefully untied Roberta's gag and removed



the doggy toy from the beauty's exhausted mouth. Even so, she still gripped Roberta's head by the hair and chin.

"Okay, boys," she said, and, before Roberta could even gasp, her rapist's tongue was jammed down her throat.

She gagged, writhed, heaved, and made tight, yanking fists...but she didn't bite.

When a tongue wasn't there, the woman's hand or a sodden cloth was. When a tongue wasn't there pushing her head deep into the soiled mattress, the woman held Roberta's head up, so she could see the disgusting men grinding her breasts and ramming their unwashed cocks into her luxuriously satin snatch.

They reared up and came into her...once, twice, three times...then again...four, five, and six.

Only then did they flop around Roberta's weeping, comatose form idly playing with her tits, diddling her crotch, and letting the woman force her to clean off their cocks with her slobbering tongue.

Finally they untied her from the bed, retied her wrists behind her, tied her ankles to her thighs, then tied her neck to her knees. Only then did they lean her over, tits down. One man lay beneath her head, directing his cock into her flaccid mouth. One kneeled behind her, jamming his cock up her ass. The other rested as the woman pinched and stabbed Roberta's nipples with her fingernails, while making sure her working mouth, gulping throat and arching back were smooth with sweat and cum.

By the time it was over and the sun was rising, Roberta wasn't even aware that the four had left. She sat slumped in a thick, rough, heavy wooden chair. Her bare arms were wrenched behind her, wrists crossed and bound to the second slat. Her bare legs were wide, knees and ankles bound to the chair legs and chair leg slats. Her bare feet barely touched the dirty cabin floor.

The small, dirty, torn, sleeveless, un-necked t-shirt was all she wore. It barely covered her aureoles as her bare breasts hung beneath the ribbed cotton, and its hem barely covered her soiled beaver.

Drool poured down her chin and splattered the shirt waist. For, in her mouth, was a pony's bridle, only so thick that her mouth was forced open to its widest aperture and her smooth, sweet lips were drawn all the way back looking like sensual rubber bands.

Thin brown straps were tightly and perfectly affixed all over her head and neck, reminding the tormented girl of her captor's words..."love your hairdo...perfect for gags...." Yes, there was little hair to get in the way of the equipment.

She was alone, fuck-fatigued, moaning, in the gathering sunrise

coming through the high, small windows of the cabin...but not for long.

She didn't hear him or see him until heavier, stronger fingers grabbed her short hair and yanked her head back. She blinked up, her own beautiful eyes wide, into the coarsened face of a huge, pock-marked bearded man.

He was huge: at least six-feet-six and more than two hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a biker's classic regalia: t-shirt, leather vest, and black jeans with boots.

"I've been waitin' for you, darling," he rasped. Then he let his other hand slowly fall until his fingers moved under the t-shirt and touched her left tit.

Roberta started to sob and cry, her head twisting in his grip and her lovely eyes closing, but he completely ignored her reaction. He started indolently fiddling her hanging orb while staring down at her beautiful (even when distended) face.

"I been watchin' you," he continued. "I'm your biggest fan."

Roberta continued to cry, but started straining in



her bonds as his kneading became rougher and more insistent.

"You had no guards, like nobody up here would know who the hell you were. But I got news for you, darling." At this, he leaned down closer to her sobbing face. "Even if you weren't famous, you'd still be my bitch."

Roberta tried to tear herself out of the chair, screeching. Saliva splashed out of her mouth, choking her.

The man still hardly reacted at all. He twisted her tit and stood straight again. "Yep," he said. "You that purty."

He waited until Roberta collapsed in the chair before he quickly gripped the neck of the t-shirt and tore it from her. Then he froze. She did too. Because they both heard voices from outside. "Here!" came a voice from the woods. "Here's a shack."

Before she knew what was happening, she was out of the chair and being dragged toward a rear window. She tried to scream but the bridle and his choking, tearing hands reduced the screeches to grunts.

Two men in local constabulary uniforms came running through the trees. It was almost mid-morning and they had been looking for Roberta most of the night.

"Do you really think she'd be in there?" came a complaining voice.

"It's worth a look!" The sheriff's man burst in to the cabin, only to be disappointed.

The deputy came in after him, needing his flashlight to illuminate the gloom somewhat. All they saw was a rotten old bed and a broken chair on its side. "Not here," the sheriff's man said disappointedly. They shuffled around the cabin, kicking at the garbage.

Roberta heard them above her, her wide eyes pinballing around in their sockets. She screamed at them again, but they couldn't hear her... not with the t-shirt

stuffed in her mouth, not with the man's knotted handkerchief holding it in, not with the sleeve of her flannel shirt tied tightly around that, and not with his huge, heavily muscled hand clamped tightly over that as well.

She screamed once more, only her cry ended in a raw grunt and gasp as he pushed the huge log of his penis into her tiny tight cunt yet again.

Her arms were tied top to bottom in the small of her back as she lay naked in the dirt beneath the cabin. He had staked her ankles wide in the ground. He lay atop her now, keeping her quiet and silently fucking her as the sheriff's men searched just above them...the only thing separating rescuers from violated victim a simple span of two-inch floor boarding.

"Aw, she ain't here," complained the deputy. "I told you, sarge, she probably twisted her ankle or somethin' on the trail. The others'll find her. Or maybe she went home. You know how those Hollywood people are."

Roberta tried to call out "no" and shake her head, but the big biker simply tightened his grip on her mouth and shoved his huge cock up to the hilt again. She choked, her eyes screwing shut and her sexy little body jerking.

"Yeah," said the sheriff's man. "I guess you're right."

Roberta tried to get her breath to shout "no" again, pulling at the ropes and opening her eyes wide, but just then the deputy stepped on the board directly over her, and a small cascade of dust fell directly into her face.

Roberta tried to shake her head, blinking furiously, her screech turning into a tortured croak. Her captor almost laughed, but, instead, he put both hands over her mouth, reared up until the top of his head almost touched the bottom of the floor boards and started thrusting like a piston.



Roberta's eyes nearly crossed before her eyelids fluttered and shut. She made a strange, continuous, gurgling-gargling sound as her streaked, yet still stunningly sexy, body shook as if the ground had magic fingers. She just managed to hear the boots of the policemen moving toward the cabin door.

"Just a couple more seconds...." she heard her rapist whisper.

Despite the pain, she opened her eyes, looking at him in shocked disbelief as her body was pushed again and again by his plunging. Her fear grew even greater as he merely smiled benignly down at her and kept ramming.

"Well, I gotta spurt before they leave, don't I?" he whispered to her.

Roberta shrieked, kicked, and writhed just out of sight, staked out in the middle of the ground in the center of the area beneath the house, as the officers walked away. Had they just kneeled down they would have seen her...but they didn't.

The sheriff's man turned and looked back at the house, just at the moment the big biker started to shudder, pushing his log all the way in the luscious little girl and doing a push-up off her sealed mouth.

The officer had a glancing thought about the area beneath the house, just as the rapist's cock was engorged and started to billow with blood, but how could a movie star wind up underneath a shack like this? If she could do that, she could crawl into the place instead.

The sheriff's man shrugged and turned away...just as Roberta's ravisher shot a thick blanket of gooeey semen deep inside her straining, bound body.

After the men had disappeared from sight, the forest was silent. Then the quiet afternoon in the Canadian woods was interrupted by a strange rustling noise. It happened once, then again a few seconds later, then again. Suddenly the top of Roberta's head started appearing from under the lip of the cabin.

A few seconds later, there was another rustling, and Roberta's face appeared: eyes screwed shut, forehead creased in agony, gags adhered over her luscious mouth and sweet lower face. Then her naked body slid a few inches more through the dirt and fallen leaves.

Only when her mauled, shaking tits appeared did the truth start to become apparent.

Roberta's sexy little body moved again, the man's head appearing. Her arms were still tightly tied behind her, in the curve of her back, but her legs were untied. They did her no good, however, since her nearly eighteen hour ordeal had rendered them useless.

Her repulsive rapist was pushing her out from under the cabin using only his cock...in her cunt.

Roberta was pushed out a few more inches on her back, the truth finally exposed to the diffused sunlight: his big, engorged hard-on, hidden almost completely inside her, her vaginal lips stretched out, straining to take it all in, her cunt hair moist, dewy, dark and dirty.

He thrust his hips again, pushing her all the way out into the yard. She groaned and cringed in spite of herself, feeling the sunlight on her skin. She nearly bent one leg, her head going back, and then he did the impossible.

He stood up.

Her hips jerked upward as he swept his feet under him, and then, before she knew what was happening, he rose.

Roberta's eyes snapped open as if she had just dropped over the first rise of a rollercoaster. She felt her torso surging up, and then, to her shocked disbelief, she felt her legs leaving the ground. She started to shriek, but then the ride was over.

He stood, holding her a foot and a half off the ground by only his impaling pole.

Roberta's cry turned into a despairing rattle, then wracking sobs, as she sunk down completely on his meat shaft, hanging off him as if leaning out a window. Her eyes shut again, her gag like mummy bandages, as they both stood naked in full daylight.

He smiled at her perfect, youthful, female form, and felt his power.

She groaned in agony, floating yet anchored, sexual alarms exploding in her head.

Yet that was not the worst. The worst came, eternities later, when he carefully, almost tenderly, took her by her bound upper arms...and started to move her up and



down on his erection like a sex toy.

Roberta's eyes snapped open, staring at his smug, satisfied face. She cried out in torment to him, shaking her head no, but he merely nodded back and kept masturbating himself with her.

Then she had to stop shaking her head, only having the strength to let it fall back, her breasts quivering, as the alarms inside her became even louder and more shrill. She tried to scrunch down, she tried to fall off him, but he was too strong and his erection was too big. He slid her up and down six, seven, eight inches, leaving plenty to spare, as his cock just kept getting thicker, warmer, and wetter.

Roberta felt it coming. Worse, she felt herself coming; the amazing position finally unleashing a repugnant release.

Her knees started to bend, her legs started to kick, her torso started to flop around in a desperate last-ditch attempt to avoid the coming explosion.

But he held her...and moved her...and the sexual tsunami grew in strength.

Roberta threw her head back and screamed into the gag. Her rapist grabbed her upper arms in a spasm and shoved her down like a detonator. His cry was a guttural bellow of a beast as he thrust his own hips up to lock into hers.

Then they came.

Roberta jerked repeatedly in place, her legs achingly reaching for the ground, and her tightly packed torso twisting in his iron grip. He just fired and fired and fired cum inside her, coating her vaginal walls like whipped cream.

Finally the fireballs died down. Roberta longed for unconsciousness, but it would not come. Instead she had to face her rapist, still impaled on his cock.

She went crazy, but even that didn't help. The big ugly man merely grabbed the back of her shaking head and forced her contorting face against his shoulder. He wrapped his other arm around her jerking torso, and held her kicking, spasming body tightly against his hard bulk; even then refusing to remove her from his cock. In fact, he held her on it even more tightly.

Only then did he turn toward the cabin and slowly mount the steps; Roberta's swinging legs and pointed toes just missing the rotting wood surface. Locking the hysterical beauty to him that way, he brought his despoiled, repeatedly violated prize out of the light.

Now all he had to do was make sure this monstrous miscarriage of justice was never discovered....

That wouldn't be easy. The film company had opened the bank vault to flood the town with searchers. Not a path was unwatched. In fact, virtually all the patrols were out, combing every inch of the town for any sign of the famous Roberta Winter.

So it was no surprise that only the sheriff and his deputy were standing outside the small station house when the motorcycle went by.

"Whoa!" the deputy called from the parking lot to the sheriff, who was sitting on the steps. "Did you see that?"

"What?"

"That bike! What a beauty!"

"Was he speeding?"

"Him? Them. And no, I don't think so...cutting it pretty close, but...I don't know."

"Should we go after them?"

"Geez, I don't know. They were playing it safe...all leather outfits... helmets."

"So what were you shouting for?" complained the sheriff's man, turning away. "We're looking for a missing actress, not two joyriders!" He was depressed that they still hadn't found the missing tinseltown princess.

The deputy's mind was taken off their failure by the sight of the bike. "You shoulda seen it, man. Huge, powerful...now that's what I call a real machine!"

The sheriff's man shook his head. "If your description is accurate, you couldn't afford something like that anyway...."

"Not on my salary," the deputy agreed, looking back down the narrow road, lined with trees, in the misty, gray, afternoon. "Had to be at least \$7000...."

His brow furrowed... did he imagine it...or was the girl rider sitting in front of the guy? She was certainly hugging him tightly...even had her arms under his leather jacket...but was she hugging him with her back to his front?

There was no question the second rider was a girl. Although her legs were swathed in laced-up leather, and her boots were tight on the rider's stirrups, her black top left no doubt as to her sex < that thing looked like leather but it had to be rubber (and thin rubber at that!) the way it molded her great tits and trim torso.

The deputy shrugged and turned away as the biker drove Roberta out of town, literally before their eyes.

She was, indeed, sitting in front of him, her tightly packed little body pressed against his. Her arms were wrenched behind her, wrapping his torso under his big, loose jacket, where no one could see that the handcuffs which were connecting her wrists were attached to a metal ring in his thick leather belt.

Beneath the helmet, with the one-way visor completely covering her famous visage, Roberta was gagged even more stringently than before. A big red ball was all the way in her mouth. Thick, wide tape completely covered her lower face, and expertly wrapped second-skin ace bandage covered that.

The leather boots were covered in straps; some for show...and some to bind her shapely, long legs to the bike. And, he had, indeed, encased her struggling shape in black, dully shining, form-fitting polyrubberized leather, which had been a joy in and of itself.

Only what no other person could possibly notice was the way the brown leather laces on her upper legs knotted tightly together with the ones on his thighs...holding her affixed to his lap.

And what no one could see, even if they stuck their heads an inch away, was the small hole in the bottom of her rubber/leather pants...and that his fly was open....

With every bump...with every surge of speed...with every turn...in full view of every other vehicle and every passing pedestrian...the biker fucked bound, secretly struggling, gagged, silently screaming, little Roberta up the ass.... ■

I WAS SURPRISED YOU AND ROSE SPLIT UP. AT OUR AGE...

I HAD MY REASONS. SEX WAS ONE, AND SEX WAS ANOTHER. NO ACTION WITH ROSE. DIDN'T WANT ANY EITHER.

MAIL ORDER BRIDES

THIS ONE WAS ANOTHER REASON. TAKE A LOOK. IS AND A SEX-BOMB!

NOW TAKE A PEEP...

JESUS CHRIST!

IT'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF RELATIONSHIP, GET ME?

SHE DOESN'T COOK SUPPER. SHE DON'T IRON NO SHIRTS. BUT SHE DOES PLENTY OF OTHER TRICKS.

TEMPLETON

I CUM DOWN
HERE A LOT!
AGAIN AND AGAIN!
HA! HA! HA!

AS MY MAS-
TER WISHES

SPREAD THOSE
LEGS, SLAVE! SHOW
THE MAN YOUR
CARROT TRICK!

SEE HOW SHE
PLAYS GAMES FOR
HER MASTER?

FASTER! FUCK
YOURSELF
FASTER!

I JUST WHIP
HER ON
SUNDAYS NOW.
TURNS ME ON!

SHE WASN'T SO
COOPERATIVE. I HAD
TO BUY A BULLWHIP!

HOLY
CRAP!
I GOTTA
HAND IT
TO YOU!

YES ... YES...
MY MASTER

GUESS YOU'D
LIKE TO SEE
THE OTHER
ROOM... C'MON
LET'S GO.

BETTER THAN
ROSE, EH? AND
SHE RUNS ON
CARROTS!



I REMEMBER YOU WERE INTO ASIANS. I GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU IN HERE.

I WAS EATING HER CUNT WHEN YOU CAME. SHE'S SENSITIVE, NICE TASTE...

YOU MEAN I CAN...?



JUST 18, HIGH CLASS. GEISHA...

EVER WHIP A WOMAN? I MEAN, A REAL WHIPPIN'?

NO... ONLY IN MY HEAD!

HELP YOURSELF. WHIP HER WHEREVER YOU LIKE!




WOW, SHE'S ALL TITS AND SLITS!


ARGHH!

OH CHRIST MAN, THIS IS DOING ME A LOT OF GOOD!

YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB. SHE'S FEELING THAT. YOU'RE HURTING HER.

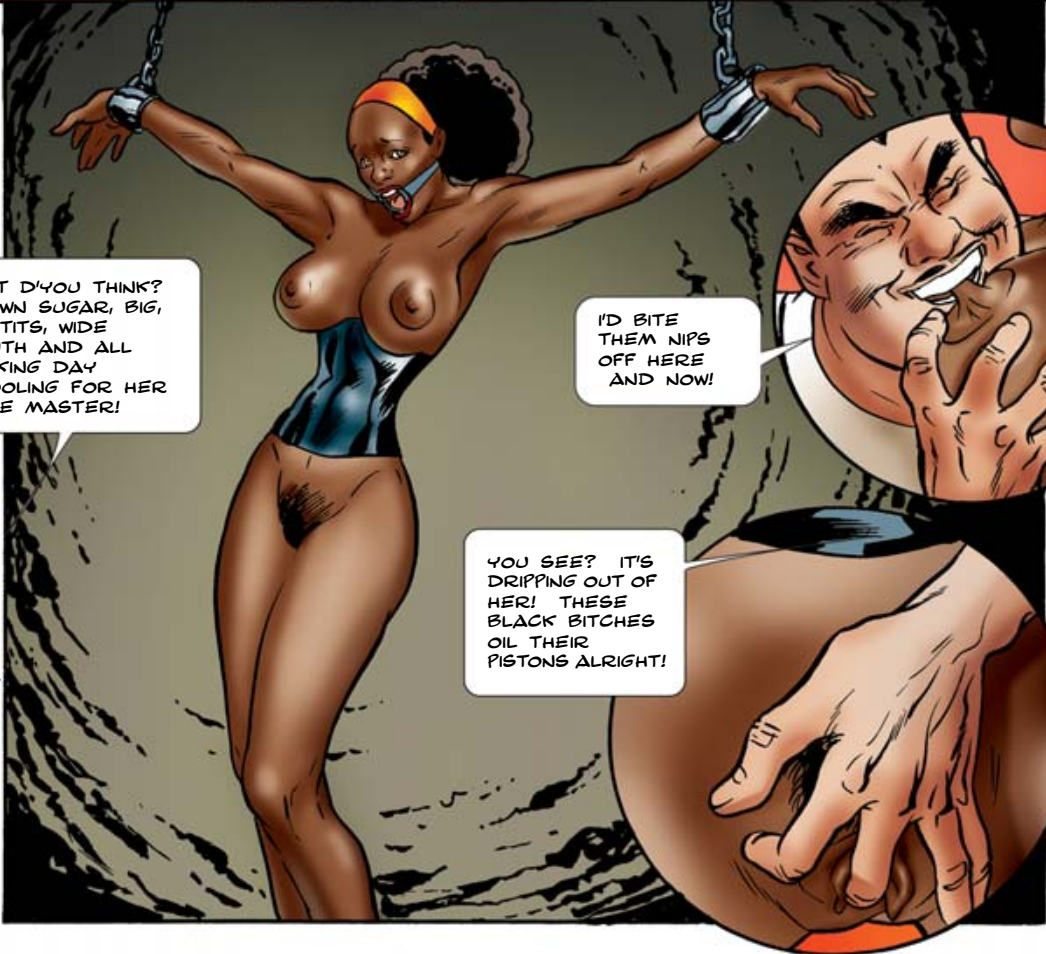


THIS ONE IS A FRESH ONE. IT'S HER SECOND DAY. NEW FUCK-TOY. REAL SPECIAL! THESE BLACKS CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT!



WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK OUT THE THEORY, EH?

JEEZ, THIS IS MY WILDEST DREAM COME TRUE! MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A SOUTHERN LANDOWNER! THAT MEANS CUNT-OWNER!



WHAT D'YOU THINK? BROWN SUGAR, BIG, BIG TITS, WIDE MOUTH AND ALL FUCKING DAY DROOLING FOR HER WHITE MASTER!

I'D BITE THEM NIPS OFF HERE AND NOW!

YOU SEE? IT'S DRIPPING OUT OF HER! THESE BLACK BITCHES OIL THEIR PISTONS ALRIGHT!

HOT AS HELL, AND GAGGING FOR MORE! SHIT, I CAN'T GET MY FINGER IN IT'S SO TIGHT



KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE JOB, YOU SLUT, AND GET THAT THROAT READY!



GAGHH!

I'LL HELP YOU! ... UGH! ... SUCK DICK, YOU DIRTY SLUT!



LICK IT!

BOY, THAT WAS SOME ASSHOLE!



THIS ONE ISN'T TRAINED YET... LOT OF WORK STILL TO DO!

I JUST FILLED HER BLACK BOWELS WITH WHITE CUM!



PLGHH!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

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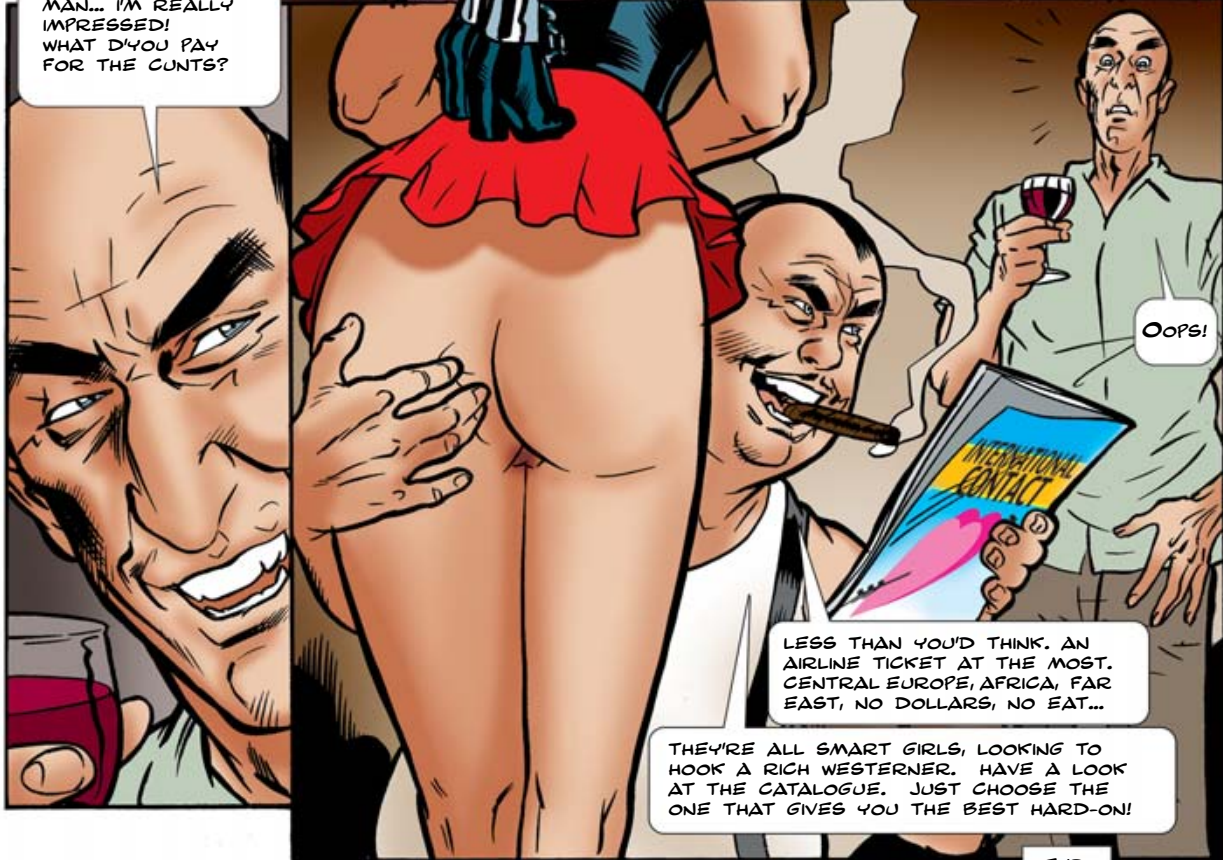


NICE HAREM, MAN! IT'S A SADIST'S DREAM COME TRUE!

MAN... I'M REALLY IMPRESSED! WHAT D'YOU PAY FOR THE CUNTS?



YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE, AND THIS SURE BEATS FILLING A TISSUE! I'M GONNA FILL ALL THE BIG, JUICY CUNTS I CAN FROM NOW ON!



Oops!

LESS THAN YOU'D THINK. AN AIRLINE TICKET AT THE MOST. CENTRAL EUROPE, AFRICA, FAR EAST, NO DOLLARS, NO EAT...

THEY'RE ALL SMART GIRLS, LOOKING TO HOOK A RICH WESTERNER. HAVE A LOOK AT THE CATALOGUE. JUST CHOOSE THE ONE THAT GIVES YOU THE BEST HARD-ON!

END

THE BLACK VAN

U-UGK-KK!!..PLSS!! UUUUU!!!!



NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE BITCH!!!
JUMPING AND WIGGLING AROUND UNTIL
YOU FEEL OFF YOUR CHAIR!! JUST BECAUSE
OF A LITTLE SHOCK TO YOU CUNT!

THAT MUST HURT!
WANT ME TO TURN
IT OFF, HMMMM?

SORRY CUNT! I'M BUSY!!
MAYBE AFTER I'VE RAPED
YOUR GIRLFRIEND YOU CAN
SUCK HER OFF MY DICK!



UUU!!!PLSSS!!!



NNNN!!!

C'MON CUNT!! I'M GONNA FUCK YOUR PUSSY FULL! UUH!

UUUU!!!



THAT'S RIGHT BITCH! MMM!

UU-UU!!!..NN!!!!



UUUUUUUU!!!!STP!!!!UUUU!!!!



YES YOU DO, SLUT!!

UUHHH!!!!



NNN!!!!



YOU LOVE BEING FUCKED FULL OF BIG COCK, HMMM?

UGH!!UGH!!UGH!!UGH!!

UUU!!!UUU!!!..UUU!!!

YOU SEE, PIG!! WE DIDN'T MISS THE PARTY!! IT'S JUST BEGUN!! DOESN'T SHE LOOK SEXY, HANGING THERE NAKED, GETTING FUCKED HARD? YOU WANT MORE DICK, FUCKING PIG?



COME HERE! WE HAVE A BETTER GAME FOR YOU!!

UKKI..GKKKI!!



UGH!



THERE PIG!

UUUUUUUUU-UUU!!!!!!



DON'T FALL OFF! HA! HA!



YOU LIKE GUNS, COP SLUT?

NNN!!!



YOU LIKE MY BIG HOT COCK BETTER, DON'T YOU FUCKING PIG? WE'LL SEE WHEN IT'S UP YOUR ASS!! HA! HA! HA!

UUUUUUUUU-UUU!!!!!!



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CLICK HERE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE



**UUH!!!UUH!!!UUH!!!
NNN!!!UUUGHH!!!**

**HEH HEH HEH! YOU'RE
GOING TO LOVE MY NEW
TOYS, FUCKING PIG!**

NNN!!DNNT!!



**GDD!!!NNNN!!!!
PLSSSS!!!**

ZZZZZ!



Y..YES...SIR... SLURPPP!!!



**NOW BLONDIE! IT'S TIME TO DO
SOMETHING USEFUL! LICK, BITCH!!!**