

Displacement Continued

Domitia Horatia was an interesting historical figure. Born into a lesser-known patrician family in Ancient Rome, said to have been beautiful beyond compare – blessed by the goddess Venus. So attractive was this young woman, even the Emperor himself sought to marry her.

And, had the girl not disappeared, she likely would have ended up married to said Emperor of Rome.

The world could be a very different place today, had Domitia not vanished without a trace one day – disappearing in a flash of multi-coloured light. A small patrician family would have risen to a power over night - bound to the Imperial line, the Emperor's bride might have produced heirs, changed the entire course of Roman history – and the history of the world along with it.

In a way, it was my duty as a citizen of the world to abduct the girl.

If I didn't, what would happen to time? If I didn't snatch her out of history, the world we all know would come to an end – none of us ever having been born in the new timeline.

To save billions, to save the world, I had no choice.

I had to steal Domitia Horatia from the past.

And make her my sex-pet.

I'd learned Latin – surprisingly easy language to learn, that. So many of our languages today have roots in Ancient Rome that learning Latin was almost *too* easy. There are many arguments about pronunciation with Latin – the language has been dead for a long time and, as you'd expect, there are many different schools of thought on how it was spoken back in the day.

I was, I suppose, about to find out first-hand how Latin was truly spoken.

Mechanical buzzing and whirring filled my workshop. The Matter Displacement Machine powering up, readying to kidnap an unsuspecting woman from the past. The air began to blur, flicker. A cascade of light, every hue and shade imaginable. Then a blinding white flash and a woman's gasp.

A second later, my eyesight returned – albeit, with stars and dark-spots filling my vision.

And there she stood, Domitia Horatia in the flesh.

Short, much more so than the last woman. Shorter than me by a head, and very much beautiful.

Olive tanned skin, dark eyes, shoulder-length hair. The woman was wearing a white toga, her hair brushed back. She had no make-up, wore no jewellery. Just white cloth and sandals. Her figure, far more lean and petite than Esme, drew my gaze. Small, perky breasts – nipples poking through the white fabric. A firm, round ass. Her face had a slight boyishness to it; pretty and cute, sure, but also sharp – a well-defined jawline.

And her eyes.

Instantly, I knew this girl was intelligent. More so than the histories gave her credit for.

Domitia spun around, eyes roaming the room, passing over me with only the slightest hesitation. She took in her surroundings, stood up straight, her posture one of command. A noble – even if a lesser one – trying to take control of the surprising, unfamiliar situation.

"You," the girl said, looking me up and down with keen eyes. "Where am I?"

Interesting. Not 'who are you?' or instant panic.

She had control, confidence.

Making her mine would take more effort than the last one, I could feel it in my bones.

"Olympus," I told her, shrugging. "Home of the Gods."

In Greek Myth, the home of the gods was Olympus. In Roman Myth, it was a little more complicated. Some sources place the Roman pantheon of gods on Olympus too, while others place them far closer to Rome itself.

It was a gamble to say Olympus, as this girl might believe something entirely different. But not a huge gamble. Even if she didn't believe my 'divinity' right away, I had plenty of ways to prove it to her. Like the 'magical mirror' in my pocket that could take pictures and allow for conversations across the world.

Domitia snorted derisively.

Interesting reaction. An atheist, perhaps?

"I am the demi-god son of Jupiter," I told the girl. "And I have chosen you to be my bride."

At that, the girl actually laughed aloud.

I smiled.

Breaking this one in was going to take some work.

I led the surprisingly calm and collected Domitia through my modest mansion, told her which room would be hers. When we crossed paths with Esme, in her slutty – albeit hand-crafted and very expensive - maid outfit, the French girl eyed the Roman up and down.

The two looked very little alike. Esme was busty, curvaceous, practically oozing raw sex appeal. Domitia was beautiful and sexy in her own, far more subtle way. Lean and tight and cool.

Hot and cold, meeting face to face.

A sweet, kindly smile crept onto Esme's face and, for the first time, a hint of emotion entered Domitia's. A slight scowl, confusion.

Esme spoke, voiced laced with curiosity, to tell she was done cleaning.

She spoke in old French, a language far enough removed from Latin that Domitia wouldn't understand what was being said, save for perhaps a word or two here and there.

Not being able to understand what Esme was saying seemed to bring out even more emotion from the Roman. Annoyance, and a hint of uncertainty.

I smiled, sent Esme on her way, turned to Domitia.

"You are mine now," I told her simply. "You might not understand how, you might not believe when I say I'm part god, but this is your new reality. The sooner you accept this new world you find yourself in, the sooner you'll discover just how enjoyable it can be."

The girl stared at me for a long moment, gaze unwavering.

"You'll find," I added, staring right back at her, "that being married to a demi-god such as myself is *far* more appealing than any options you had before. I will show you a world beyond your wildest dreams, all you need do is let me."

Domitia didn't say anything, continued to stare at me for a few seconds more.

Finally, without uttering a word, she turned and walked inside her new bedroom and shut the door behind her.

Roman society, like many throughout history, was patriarchal. Women – especially those of the upper classes - had little say in their lives, they were expected to rely on the primary male in their life for everything. Their father from birth until they were married off, then their husband until death.

My medieval French fuck-doll, in all reality, should have been the problematic one, not the Roman. Esme would have had far more freedoms than Domitia growing up. And yet it was the Roman who was giving me trouble, while my French maid radiated obedience.

Perhaps it had something to do with Domitia growing up in a lesser-known, poorer family.

Or maybe her expectation of marrying an Emperor and all the prestige of that union

was getting in the way.

Regardless, she was being quite problematic.

Three days since I'd snatched her out of time, and she hadn't left her rooms once. On day one, I'd show her how the toilet worked. On day two, I'd brought her fresh clothes and shown her how to operate the shower. Each time, she'd barely responded to me, simply listened and then gone back to silently judging me.

How do you convince a Roman woman that you're divine?

How do you trick her into wanting you, that belonging to you is not just a good thing – but the best possible outcome for them?

I led Esme – wearing a wonderfully revealing maid outfit – to Domitia's rooms, my mind filled with thoughts and information. What did I know about Roman culture and ideals that could help me out? What was it that was holding me back here?

Domitia was in a new world, an amazing world of technological advancement compared to the one she'd come from. Everything around her must seem like magic, riches beyond anything she'd ever experienced before. I had foods that she'd never tasted, wardrobes filled with clothes that would have cost unfathomable amounts of money in Ancient Rome, I had three-thousand years worth of the most prestigious literature available for her to read – all translated to Latin just for her.

Why wasn't she impressed? She should be utterly mindblown!

As I stepped into Domitia's room carrying a platter of fine fruits, Esme following behind with another platter overflowing with spiced meats and vegetables, the Roman stared at me passively, her eyes flickering to Esme for the briefest of moments.

Was she uncomfortable about my maid?

No, that couldn't be the case. Domitia came from a society of slaves and human ownership. Me having a servant shouldn't be all that strange to her at all.

Did she have reservations about the way Esme was dressed?

Domitia's eyes shot to Esme again as the French woman leaned over, placed her platter on a side-table. Two huge, delicious tits swayed, ample cleavage exposed. When Domitia's face turned a faint shade of pink and she looked away, I figured it was prudish shyness.

Then the Roman glanced back, eyes locking onto Esme's chest.

The look in her eyes wasn't one of disgust or reservation. It was one of muted lust and hidden desire.

I knew *that* look very well.

The realisation hit me there and then.

Rome was an fairly open society when it came sex, particularly with same-sex relations. It wasn't talked about publicly, but many men would have male lovers and that was totally socially acceptable.

And many women would have female lovers, too.

Could *that* be it? Domitia's lack of interest in me...

I grinned.

"Esme," I said in old French. "Take off your clothes and suck my cock."

The command took my sex-pet by surprise. A heartbeat later, her bodice was on the floor, tits swaying free. A beautiful sight to behold, but my gaze shifted to Domitia instead of lingering on the twin beauties Esme had unleashed. I read the Roman's expression.

Surprise. And desire.

She looked at me, saw that I was watching her – that I'd caught her staring.

The Roman blushed, looked away.

"As my concubine," I said as Esme fell to her knees before me. "You'll have access to all that is mine in this manor. That includes full right to use my *servant* in any way you please."

Silence followed my words.

Then the wet sounds of kissing and slurping.

"Being your concubine," Domitia said slowly. "What exactly would that entail, your holiness?"

She still didn't believe I was divine, I could tell by the tone of her voice. A shame, but not the end of the world. I had her where I wanted her regardless. It was the next day now. Esme, I'd made sure, was around Domitia constantly after I'd blown my load down her throat. All of yesterday, and all of this morning until now.

Temptation and desire will break anyone.

Greed is powerful. Lust is greed on steroids.

For someone used to having exactly what they wanted – like a noble from a society like that of Rome - it broke even quicker.

"Call me Master," I smiled. "And you know exactly what it means to be mine, Domitia. I expect nothing more, and nothing less."

The Roman was quiet for a long moment, eyes down.

Finally, she spoke.

"I accept your offer, Master."

I sat back, watching with a smile on my face, as the two girls explored the other's body. Slow moving hands, gentle touches. Both were blushing, eyes filled with heat.

Domitia cupped massive breasts, kissed them affectionately. Esme trailed fingertips around smaller, perkier tits – tanned tits.

One body was lean and firm, the other soft and inviting.

When hands and fingers found themselves between legs, when lips found other lips and the sounds of soft, restrained moaning began to fill my master bedroom, I stood and walked over to the two girls on my king-sized bed.

They saw me coming; Esme separating from Domitia, Domitia whining softly – her face flushed, eyes unfocussed.

I climbed atop the petite girl, opened her legs and positioned myself between them, cock in hand.

Domitia's eyes drifted from me to Esme, hands reaching up and taking hold of the French girl's head – pulling it to her own. The two girls resumed kissing each other and I leaned forward, slowly began squeezing my cock into Domitia's very wet, very tight hole.

Moans of please escaped both girl's lips.

Domitia's fingers, I noticed, had disappeared between Esme's legs at the same moment as I'd penetrated her.

I grinned, slowly began thrusting.

"You take pretty girls from where they belong," Domitia said in Latin, hands roaming Esme's body. The three of us were laying in bed, all of us fondling another. "That's what you did to me, and to her."

She squeezed one of Esme's breasts, forcing a cute little gasp out of the French girl.

"Yes," I replied, curious how the Roman would react.

She was silent for a long while, fingers and hands caressing my busty maid's body.

Finally, Domitia spoke again – her voice holding a hint of excitement.

"So," she said softly. "Who will you be taking next?"