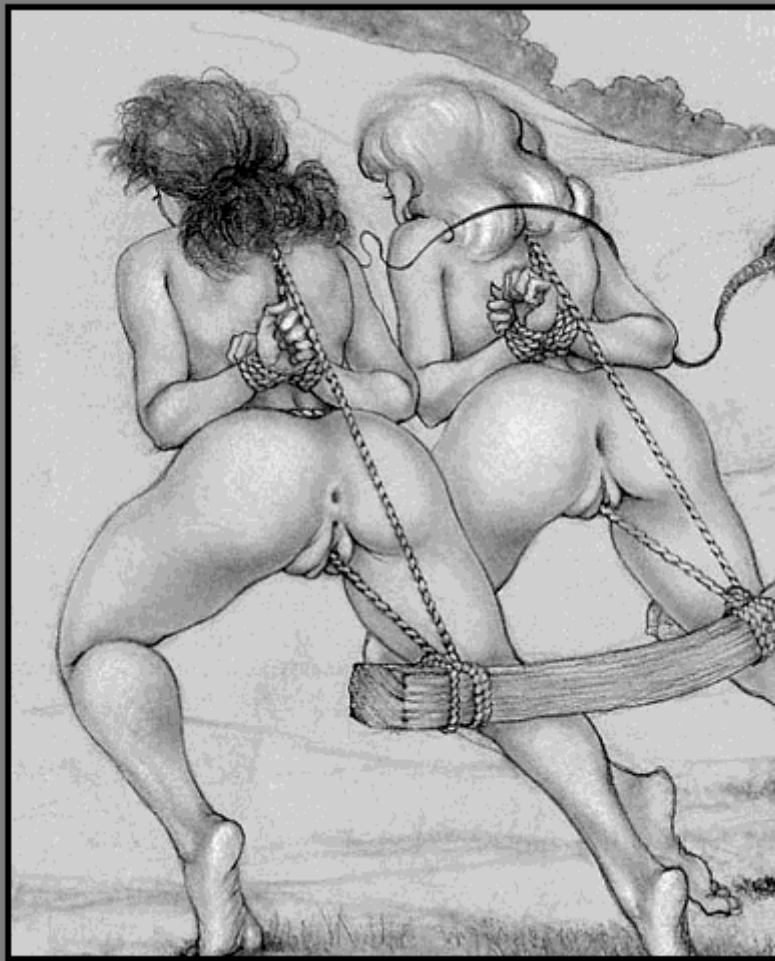


S.M. Knights

THE ARENA



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Chapter I

The Workout

Flavius' arena was located on an island some six hundred and eighty-nine miles south of the harbor of Pompeii. The early summer was a sweltering furnace, of which the sea offered little relief. In a cloudless sky, the Roman sun blazed down on the brown dirt floor of the Empire's then largest arena. Mid morning was workout time for all of the gladiators and gladiatrices alike. They worked out in the nude... some by choice, others by compulsion.

Flavius rolled up one of the scrolls and quickly handed it to Carlos who handed him another. He opened it and read down a few lines, "Carlos, here look, we are going to need at least forty blondes and twenty five more brunettes to make this believable to the Emperor. See here... and here... and... here. Any news on Hestus' next shipment?"

Carlos rolled his eyes, and squinted toward the action going on down on the floor. The sounds of metal clanking, wood creaking and a mixtura of male and female voices filled the background. He looked at Mona who was rubbing Flavius' shoulders, as he spoke, "His ship is due in two days, Master. According to my last order, thirty new blondes and ten brunettes are due to arrive; added to the ones we already have on the training floor they should complete the numbers we need. If necessary, I have already surveyed a few of the field girls..."

His Master winced, "Carlos, you know those girls are unable to handle the arena. For the most part they're pregnant, too small, or undisciplined... wait a minute... pregnant... yes, excellent idea... pregnant. Find me twelve or so full of milk, and bring them to the arena floor this afternoon. You have just given me a marvelous idea!" He snapped his fingers at Mona who was quite well muscled and already starting to show the firm round bulge in her lower abdominal region. She'd been his personal body slave for over six years and again, for the fourth time he'd pumped her full of seed. For a Nubian, she carried herself quite well and as in the past, not until the last three

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months, did she really show her swollen pregnant gut. The gods couldn't count the number of times Flavious had deposited his sperm into her smooth ebony body. He'd taken her in every possible position thought up by his devious mind.

There was one time, he thought to himself, that she displayed her pregnant form to him when he'd sworn that he'd only use her mouth and ass. For that she received a beating with a braided slug-stone while suspended between the two crosses on the arena floor. He watched as the thing coiled itself around her thirty-six times. Each one leaving its telltale splotch of red on her skin, where the flat stone had been sewn into the leather pouch on the end struck her. A couple of times he thought he'd knocked the wind out of her, when the stone landed on her swollen tits; their lactating causing the leather to get damp. Afterwards, she spent the rest of the day staggering under the weight of an oxen yoke pulling a plow in the twelve acres adjacent to his main house. She still delivered a healthy ten-pound girl in the few remaining months that followed.

He returned to the main house for lunch and a swim before he returned to the arena to check out what Carlos could find in his fields. He smiled to himself on the thought of subjecting a few pregnant sluts to the humiliations of the arena. After lunch, another of his body slaves, Gretchen had her guts pumped full while Flavious fueled his mind with even more visions of the ordeals that he planned for his bevy of slave girls for the arena.

Before leaving he turned to Carlos, "I want you to crack down on the males around here as much as you do the women. There is one thing that my arena sets as a standard, prime specimens of both men and women, completely denuded of body hair and no exceptions. If a girl comes here, displaying her scummy body hair, I want it removed and use those all of oils and pumice stones that I spend so much money bringing over here from Egypt. Use them hard on them if you must, tie them upside down, and literally sand them if you have to, but get them smooth in every crack and cranny no exceptions." He held up his finger, then continued, "The Greeks understood this and so do the Romans, that one of the beauty marks on both male and female is a smooth well oiled body void of disgusting hair. Understood?"

Carlos nodded, "Yes, Master, perfectly. All body hair will go."

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The arena had been divided into three sections for training purposes. Advanced warriors worked out under a special canopy. It filtered the sunlight, and reduced some of the intense heat. For those less advanced or mid-skilled warriors, the center of the arena was set up for them. Lastly, for the novices, the perimeters and alcoves were available.

Located in the center, also, was the punishment area; inside the inner 'ring' were positioned two 'T' Tao crosses for crucifixions, three pillars, two whipping arches, three 'X' crosses and three wedge shaped 'donkeys', this area was known to the gladiators as the pit of pain. If punishment was dealt out, it usually was a whipping, the more common form of punishment for a new warrior in his or her lessons.

The trainers, hand picked by Carlos for their exceptional skills, were the only ones allowed any kind of clothing. Some of them preferred to be nude due to the intense heat. Others wore only a loincloth and a few of the females wore a skimpy halter. One nude blonde Amazon named Velanna enjoyed her status because of a successful fight with a gladiator named Tiver. Tiver was a brute of a man with a firm dislike for Amazon women. Velanna defeated and killed him with the favor of Emperor Tiberius.

Velanna was a proud woman who enjoyed being naked. On this day she would be allowed to train some of the novices. Her arch-rival, a black girl by the name of Elba, also had been assigned to train novices with her this afternoon...

"Elba! I see you and I are training novices this afternoon?" Velanna chided.

"So we are, Velanna. I see you decided to undress for the occasion..." Elba replied with a definite bitterness in her voice.

"Oh, why Elba, you are ashamed of your body? Masking it with a small top and bottom?" Velanna stood up full and put her hand on her hip.

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"Why should you care, slut. Being naked is natural for you... and slaves... You can be ready to enjoy some hard cocks while you work..." She smiled a really nasty jibe back at Velanna.

"You bitch!!! If I weren't so eager to complete my lessons today, I'd show you a thing or two..." Velanna took on a ready stance, poisoning her weapon.

"Go ahead, don't let that stop you. If you want a test of strength I tell you what I will do. I will remove my 'masking' as you call it, and we can have it out here and now naked on the arena floor. Just girl to girl. What say you?" Elba got serious.

"That's fine with me! Right now..." Velanna was ready.

The two women prepare to fight, when Flavious returned. He was angry with his two favorite female fighters...

"That'll be enough! Get started with the lessons and keep your feelings for later."

"It was all her fault, Master. Showing up as a trainer all naked and hot to fuck!" Elba having removed her halter and loincloth.

"You black slut, I..." She was ready to go at it.

"I said STOP IT!" Flavious was getting mad.

"Let me do her now, Master, and you can watch me beat and humiliate this naked blonde bitch!" Elba spoke with confidence.

"Wait! You gave me an idea, Elba. You know I'll set up a special event for the two of you in the upcoming games. A naked white woman, in hand to hand combat, versus an equally naked black woman..." The two looked at him as they could tell his devious mind was working on a plan for them... "I'm afraid that's the way it will be, since I want to keep the two of you as future attractions. I won't let you kill each other. No, the winner whips the loser publicly in front of all the spectators. It'll be a full-fleshed black snake whipping. The loser will be spread eagle between two posts that will be mounted on a turntable. I'll have four naked slaves at levers turning the device so

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that everyone will watch where the whip lands. Then the loser will hang on a cross for the rest of the day. Fully naked in the hot sun."

Velanna looked at her boss with a sly smile, "Flavious you are a devil aren't you." She snuggled closer to him, pressing her breasts against his bare chest, she whispered, "I just bet you'd wish that I'd lose? Don't you...?" He looked at her with a lusting sort of look. She's feeling randy he was thinking to himself. "Flavious, maybe you'd like to have me flogged now for being naked and tempting you..." Velanna whispered in a very low voice to him, "Remember when I hung on that cross?" She nodded her head toward one of the crosses in the center of the arena, "How my breasts bounced and swayed as Carlos flogged them. My sex split and hurting on the support peg. I actually rubbed my clitoris against the wood to make me climax. As Carlos flogged my breasts and nipples... I felt a helpless pleasure flood me. I could actually feel the intense heat as I hung there that long afternoon. Remember how I was brought to you that evening. My arms still bound to the crosspiece. I was a well whipped and punished slave girl..."

"Carlos! This female, whether she's a trainer or not, has insulted me. Have her lashed with the eel skin, afterwards crucify her on that cross with a wedge at her sex. Leave her until the sun goes down. Then have her brought to my quarters. Understood Carlos?"

"Yes, my Lord Flavious."

Elba was smiling to herself as she refashioned the skimpy halter-top over her full breasts. The loincloth barely covered the bare curves of her ass and sex. She shined like ebony in the sun.

As Velanna was spread for her exposure to the sun, Elba looked at her and smiled. She relished the thought of watching Velanna being whipped. In truth, she could hardly wait until she defeated her. Thus being allowed to administer a real whipping with the black snake whip to blonde Velanna's sun-bronzed nudity.

Elba remembered that she had felt the cruel hand of punishment one time when Carlos whipped her sex after he'd caught her masturbating herself. Hanging her upside down, he'd given her a blistering with the rawhide strap squarely between her legs... Elba shook her head and focused back to the present. She heard the slap of the eel skin and Velanna's stifled moan. Again the slap of the eel skin whip and Velanna gasped, the punished cry of a suffering slave girl.

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To Elba, Velanna's punishment faded into the background. Her mind was now ready to get down to business.

She saw a young male novice who was watching Velanna being whipped; the young man's erection growing harder with each stroke of the eel skin on Velanna's bronze curves. Elba went over to a rack set up to hold training devices. She selected a supple switch and a sturdy narrow staff, she noticed a pair of those and grabbed them while she sauntered over to the youth.

"You find that blonde bitch exciting under the whip, boy?"

"Mistress... I... I'm not sure..."

"I am. You are swelling a lot aren't you? Maybe you'd like to slip that swollen organ of yours into that bare blonde's slit wouldn't you? See how she sweats and glistens in the hot sun? Look at her breasts heave and bounce as the eel skin snakes around them. Look there, her red nipples hard and ridged perked up to the sun. That eel skin chafes a girl's sore nipples. Makes you want to suck on 'em, doesn't it! Imagine her mouth on your penis. She could be made to suck on you while she's being whipped. Wouldn't that be very satisfying? Oh, notice that eel skin clinging to her bare sex. It's fingering her. She'll cum under the whip you know. I have seen her cum before, many times. Wait until she hangs on the cross where her sex will be spit on a wooden wedge. Velanna squirms nicely and comes whenever she is crucified..." Elba looked over at Velanna and then back at the boy who was now stroking himself and nearing a climax.

"Go on cum for me. Squirt yourself all over the place. After all, if Carlos catches you, he will let me whip you and put you up on a cross. Maybe next to Velanna... Maybe even on Velanna!"

With those last few words from Elba's singsong voice, the young man climaxed. He squirted a stream of white cum that shot out for several feet. He finished and had a look of satisfaction on his face. This must have been his lucky day. Carlos didn't notice him. Elba did and it excited her.

Along with Elba, a full ripe brunette with perky breasts and long braided hair noticed the young man's display of virility. She walked toward Elba and with her mouth slightly open, approaching them she licked her upper lip; "I saw you cum." she told the young man; he was slightly younger than she was.

He looked at the lovely brunette and began to blush. He put his hand, with some obvious embarrassment over his sex.

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Elba snapped at him, "Never cover your sex! Either of you! I have been chosen to train the two of you. Now, both of you must never be shy with each other. When you go to the arena in a show, shyness will get you both crucified. "

The girl looked at Elba and nodded. Spreading her legs apart slightly she spoke her name to the young man, "I am Melissa. I come from the land of the Greeks."

"Becket is my name. I am from the Norman clan." The young man replied dropping his hand from his sex and exposing his hairless, now somewhat flaccid cock.

While the formality of name exchanges was going on between the two novices, Elba noticed two blonde Amazon twins. These were her kind of raw materials. She would mold these four into gladiators.

Elba motioned the two Amazons over to her side. She appraised their bodies and examined them closely. Learning their names she told Melissa and Becket: "Here are Teka and Tanya, Amazons from the island of Lesbos. I suggest you keep your tongues in your mouths. If Carlos catches you, your sex will pay dearly under the strap. I know as I've paid painfully under the strap. These two novices are Melissa and Becket, doesn't he have nice balls...?"

Teka and Tanya looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders. In a quick motion, they stuck their tongues out at each other and touched them together.

"Teka go over to the rack and bring back four hefty staffs. You will start your training now."

Teka walked absentmindedly naked toward the device rack. To be kept constantly nude made her no longer care. She along with her sister had been captured in a battle over Lesbos. They both had been sold into slavery, being kept constantly naked ever since. Faint lines across Teka's back revealed her acquaintance with the whip.

Elba took the four staffs and felt their heft. She handed one to each of the novices. Before she could begin, Teka and Tanya had positioned each of their staff crossways at the end just between Becket's legs. Bringing up each end to a point just above their heads the staffs had wedged Becket's cock and balls in a squeeze.

He let out a cry and dropped his staff. The two Amazon's smiled at each other. They slapped the palms of their hands together.

Elba looked with a bit of surprise, "I see you learn quite fast, my Amazon twins. In your past you must have had some training..."

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With a motion too quick to see, Elba quickly brought her narrow staff in rapid upward strokes. Landing one quick blow to the bare cleft of each twin. They dropped their staffs and gripped their crotches.

Becket sighed in relief. Melissa made a surprised sigh. Tanya was on her knees and Teka was down on one knee rubbing her sore twat.

"Now when I begin my training, I do expect your full attention." Elba made her words clear.

In four quicker but not nearly so hard strokes, Elba planted a stinging kiss of her staff to four inviting hard nipples. The two Amazons clutched their chests. Teka crisped up her forehead. Tanya whimpered.

"Your first lesson. Be ready for the unexpected..."

Tanya cried a pitiful whimper; "You got my nipples so hard and fast, please..."

"Want more?"

"No! No, my mistress..."

"Teka?"

"No. No." She shook her lovely blonde hair.

"I must compliment you both, though, that is a very good move to render a male helpless. Becket, a defense for this action is put your staff in a more vertical position. Like this. If you see two females with staffs like these two Amazons, you can figure they will try this move. When you block their move, bring your staff around to catch an exposed flank." Elba demonstrates by stopping short of striking Teka's bare flank.

"Melissa, if you are fighting two other women. They will likely not try that crotch move like they did on Becket. Instead they will try to lure your defense down and put one staff between your legs, like this and slide the other one behind your back arching you helpless while they beat your bare sex with the first staff. The way to counter this move best is to take a quick offense. Use your blunt end quickly on a breast, at the nipple. While one is recovering, you can fight the other and trip her, like this. Then when she is down, use your staff for a quick blow to her bare sex. Then turn on the other one and disarm her like this and bring your staff up between her legs. They will both give up helplessly to your speed. Remember speed is the key in all of these moves. Understand...?"

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Becket, Melissa, Teka, and Tanya all nodded that they understood.

"We'll go slowly at first until you get the hang of the moves. Here, I will show you one more move. Melissa and Becket, you are fighting with Teka. Teka, opposition to a male and female is difficult. You are a surprisingly agile warrior already, so I will expect more from you. In fact I will expect a lot from you in the very near future."

The four looked at her with a puzzled expression on their faces. They were aware something was up.

In the background Becket looked back over his shoulder to see a nude and lovely Velanna being crucified. Her position on the cross was one of open supplication. She glistened in the sun.

"Becket! Never mind what that blonde bitch is going through. By comparison, you will be suffering while she watches..."

The boy nodded. He glanced back again and his cock twitched. Teka noticed and nudged Tanya who looked at his member and sniggered. Melissa focused on Elba.

"I will expect a quick learning of your lessons. Flavious who is the owner of the arena expects to exhibit some of his novices in his first show of the season. This is scheduled next week. I expect to have at least two of you ready by then. Slow learning will earn you twenty lashes with a three-tail whip. The marks quickly fade. If you are lazy and lax at your workout, you'll get twenty lashes with the flogger. If you talk back or show lack of respect to anyone, especially Flavious or Carlos, or me, you'll receive a flogging and two hours on the cross. If Carlos, not me, catches you in sexual gratification whether it be with each other or yourselves as individuals, you'll be strapped on your bare sex and left in the sun for half a day. Any escape attempt will be punishable by not fewer than fifty lashes and the cross for an entire day. In the instance of a woman, you will find yourself spending time on the bar with your bare sex split on hot metal. Males will stand in the hot sun with a fist-sized stone tied to the end of your cocks. Further punishments will be delivered as myself, Carlos, or Flavious sees fit. One more thing, each day you will notice by the punishment area there is a grist millstone. It is now empty. The first grain crops from the fields are due to come in within a few days. Flavious' policy is that we take care of ourselves. You are provided good healthy food. The grain takes time to have it milled and as you can see there are four groups of novices, four novices to each group. So every four days, this group will spend one day laboring at the grist mill. Now, for a group

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of exceptionally quick learners, this means everyone and not just one or two but everyone, Carlos will allow a group to be excused for a day on the mill. The poorest performing group will take their place at the mill, as chosen once per week by Carlos. As you will soon see, labor at the grist mill is not pleasant, your pace is kept constant under the lash and the work is done in the hot sun. You will be oiled to keep your skin from blistering off, so are there any questions?"

The four stood in complete attention and let the words soak in. Melissa looked at Becket, Teka and Tanya looked at each other.

Elba picked up her switch and narrow staff. The others took up their quarterstaffs. "Shall we begin?"

For the rest of the day, the four listened and worked on mastering the moves. Melissa got her sex sliced twice for failing to get her staff in the right position. Elba used her switch to raise two thin red lines across Melissa's tender bare sex.

Elba got really exasperated at Teka and Tanya. All they did for almost an hour was complain about their exposed breasts and nipples.

It was apparent that Elba had had enough of these two and their gripes. She grabbed them by their wrists and led them over to a couple of posts inset into the ground.

Using a length of leather, she first bound Tanya to one of the posts facing the sun with her wrists over her head. Then she did likewise to Teka at the other post, her wrists over her head.

While Becket and Melissa watched from a few feet away, they saw Elba take up her switch. She flexed it in the air. Standing first to Tanya's side, slightly to the right she readied the switch. Using side arm strokes, she beat a steady rhythm across Tanya's bare breasts. Targeting her nipples.

Tanya jerked at her wrists and thrashed her legs about, but the leather held her in place. She voiced a series of gasps and moans as well as squeals and protests. The switch sounded like it was thumping on full botta bags of wine. It made a kind of THWIP sound as it struck her well-developed mounds.

It was difficult to tell if her breasts had become red from the switch or their cruel exposure to the blistering hot sun. Her nipples popped up hard and erect as if defiant to obey the commands of the imposing switch.

All that Melissa or Becket could see was Elba delivering a steady action of her switch. It actually looked as if the writhing nude blonde standing against a post was inviting her punishment.

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By the time Elba had finished with Tanya she was ready to start on Teka. Tanya was bathed in sweat and still faced the sun. She was whimpering and twisting about for a while after the switching had stopped.

Becket saw her breasts swaying and jiggling as she writhed in her bondage. Tanya's head lolled from side to side.

Teka offered a slightly larger pair of breasts than Tanya. Her bullet tipped nipples were standing at full attention as Elba took up her position. There were no coy plays or actions with the switch. Teka was going to be punished and that was all.

In place, Elba resumed her action now on Teka. The reaction was about the same for Teka as it was for Tanya. After all they were twins.

Teka's breasts and nipples soon swelled up red and puffy in the hot sun. Jerking and thrashing her legs about didn't deter the switch or make it hurt less. It did give the owner of the two-switched mounds a bit of respite and something to do besides just suffer.

Moans, groans, and gasps filled the air once more as Teka did her girlish duty to protest vocally on the switching of her nipples.

Melissa had lost count as to how many strokes either of them had received. It really didn't matter. The point was that Elba was the trainer and the twins were the trainees. The two blondes were paying for their smart-ass actions.

When the object lesson was over. Elba untied them. With their nipples puffy and red from Elba's drubbing with her switch, she scolded them loudly enough for Becket and Melissa to hear, "When you're ordered to work out bare nipple naked that is what you'll do. No moans, groans or complaining. The sun hasn't burned a pair of nipples yet off of any girl on this island. Now, you two will spend extra time nude and I want to see your nipples standing proud and erect at all times. Even if you have to tease them publicly! Exposure is good for them! Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress." They both nodded their heads and replied at the same time.

Tanya felt the hot afternoon sun licking at her tender nipples. She gave an envious look at Elba's thin halter. Wishing that she could wear it now to cover her red sore buds.

Some move made by Becket was not quick enough for Elba. A flick of her switch sent a sharp sting up the tip of his cock. It made it droop a bit at the shock. Becket was having a hard time until now

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keeping his eyes off of Velanna writhing on the cross. Her sunburned nudity glowed reddish copper in the afternoon sun.

Melissa had become a bit uneasy at working on her stance. It seems that each time she took a proper stance Elba would use the switch to coax her to keep her balance. A simple poke would give Melissa such anxiety she would almost jump and close her legs. "Girl. I warn you. Keep those legs spread and in balance. If you don't I'll put you in a spreader bar for two days. You won't be able to close your legs at all. You'll find it most awkward to learn your lessons with that on."

"Yes, mistress, but you've sliced me a couple of times between my legs. My sex hurts and I'm afraid you will do it again and... And... Oh, my, I have to pee..."

"Little bitch of a dog, squat down now and pee! Right here in front of us all! Do it or I'll switch you raw! You, Tanya, go to the shed and fetch me a spreader, and be spry!"

Tanya took off on a run, her switched breasts bouncing with each step she took.

Melissa winced and turned red with embarrassment, her body crying out to relieve itself. Nervously, she squatted down and as Elba snapped at her, she produced a stream of yellow liquid that formed a puddle.

The puddle formed a dark oval shape in the brown dirt of the arena floor. It appeared to stay on the surface for a few moments. Then as if by evaporation, it filtered down into the ground, leaving a brown muddy circle about the size of plate.

Tanya returned with a spreader and handed it to Elba.

"Little animal slut, now cover up your place! Do it with your foot then bend over and hold your ankles, keep your legs as straight as possible!"

As Melissa bent over, her sex bloomed in full view from between her slightly parted thighs. A few drops of urine still could be seen dripping from her red clitoris peeking out between her lips.

"Hold on to your ankles. If you let go, I'll string you up for a whipping. Instead you will only have to take three licks from my switch for being a hot bitch in front of your group. I sensed you to be in heat the minute I laid eyes on you. You white sluts dribble obscenely at your slits when you get randy. Now, I warn you, don't let go. This will burn a bit..."

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The switch hissed and struck her squarely across her jaunty cheeks. Just above her sex. This produced a muffled wail nearly causing her to let go and stand up to rub her behind.

A second blow cut into the cheeks just below the first one. Without letting go, she wiggled and danced hissing and whimpering in pain.

The third stroked was the pay off. It sliced squarely across her behind at the level of her sex. The tip of the switch impacted the tip of her bud. Raising a red welt like the ones before.

Melissa saw a red flash of pain. She released her ankles with her hands stretched in full outward fingers. They did remain at the level of her anklebones. She wanted to rub herself and soothe the pain. It throbbed to her very soul.

This hurt so much, that someone could have twisted her nipples nearly off and she might not have felt it. Elba told her to stand up, but not touch her behind.

As she did, she turned slightly to try to see if she was bleeding. Becket looked and saw three wicked red stripes with one slightly below and across the meaty part of her ass. His member began to throb.

"You want to fuck her don't you? And you Melissa, you want to be fucked by him, right? Well go on, what are you waiting for, fuck her! Do it right here and now on the arena floor, and give her a good fucking! So that she'll always be ready for you I'll make it easy, I told you to spread your legs girl! You, blonde slut Tanya, put the bar on her!"

Melissa reluctantly spread her legs as Tanya secured the spreader on each of her slender ankles. It was quite obvious that Melissa was hot, her sex was sopping wet.

"Okay, man animal, mount the spread bitch! Go on, mount her!" Becket moved closer to Melissa. He put his hands onto her shoulders.

"No! Fuck her from behind, animal!"

Melissa smiled at him and turned around getting down on all fours. She stuck her whip-streaked ass toward his crotch; with her legs held wide by the bar it was easy for him to slip it into her. He began with easy strokes.

"Harder! Fuck that little bitch harder!" Elba used her switch on his ass making him thrust deeper into Melissa.

"AAA!" Becket wailed.

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"OH! A-AH!" Melissa sighed as his cock sank deeper into hot wet sex. It really didn't take long for Becket to dump his cum into Melissa. He really did want to fuck her. She wanted him to fuck her too. It was this public exhibition of their union that was so despicable. But it didn't cause either of them to fail ending up with a satisfying climax for that matter.

"Well you two put on quite a show, for just a casual fucking. You can really ram it home can't you, lover boy? Now, as for you, my sweating little white slut, three days with that thing on your ankles, will make you wish you could just hide. Obscene isn't it? In fact it's downright humiliating, having to walk... Oh did I say walk, I mean waddle about sprawl legged with your cute bare sex all on display. All wet after a fresh fucking! Oh, you won't notice it but I can guarantee you white girl, by tomorrow you'll be ready to hate it. Everyone will be looking at your spread sex. Wondering if you want another fucking or two or three... Or, maybe just a whipping between the legs... Or, possibly both... in either case, I have seen girl's clits swell up so hard, peeking out between their smooth lips all puffy red, sunburned and irritated, that girls have been known to scream and beg for another form of punishment, even the cross. Oh, and then there is the matter of peeing... I saw a girl once get laid out right here with a set of those on, and her companions had to stack sun-heated rocks on her bladder. To make her pee all over the dusty ground, and when she did, anyone could see just how sunburned her spread sex was getting... The rule then was that she had to pee twice or just keep soaking up the sun on that smooth sex of hers. Kind of makes your pee hole sting just thinking about it doesn't it? Oh, and think about this part as well, they even had to stuff small chips of salt up her little pee hole to help it along. Now, well that you listen to me girl, just take it and don't complain or you will find yourself wide apart right here."

"Listen to me all of you, let this lesson being taught to this white bitch here teach you to be wary! I am serious about your combat lessons. Melissa, if I were you and I must say I've been in your position before, pray that you don't get pregnant by him. Oh, hey girl, you're going to fuck him again, tonight when you sleep together. He won't be able to resist you, all spread and waiting for him. In fact you'll be fucking him a lot before I let you out of this bar. Let me give you a suggestion, suck him off at night, keep those balls of his drained then he won't be draining them into you. Besides his white cum probably tastes good and it's so good for you... Remember, if you get

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pregnant, that it's off to the fields you go. Bare ass naked to work long hours on the harvests."

The two Amazons looked at each other, realizing that Elba was serious. The last thing they wanted was to be put in a spreader and be fucked. Unless it was by another girl...

Chapter II

An Afternoon by the Pool

On the tenth day of their labor at the mill, Velanna and Teesha were summoned to service out by Flavious' pool; only to end up suffering another of his humiliating exposures. The two blondes found themselves baking under an intense sun as they trod, blindfolded and slowly, about a partial column of marble, both of them fitted into a special whipping yoke.

These yokes were looped with a coil of rope tied around the column. Made of heavy oak, each yoke had been clamped firmly around a girl's neck and wrists; forcing her wrists and hands to be outstretched about eighteen inches each side and at the same level as her head. Taking slow steps, the two nudes staggered a bit for better footing in the soft grass. Another equally naked, but unyoked girl lashed them to insure their proper pace.

Indeed, this was a special day for Flavious' young redheaded slave girl Ariel, who stood holding a switch. It was her emergence into womanhood's secret pleasures, joyfully made public by her Master Flavious. Their shoulders and breasts showing signs of nasty sunburn, the two blondes continued to trod about the column as the afternoon was about to get really hot. With lunch and noon meal nearing, Flavious ordered Ariel, under the threat of taking one of the blondes' place, to use her switch on either of them as they walked past her and show no mercy.

The little dear looked so innocent, standing there in her glorious nudity; fumbling with the switch and looking at each girl for a fresh place to use it upon. It was nothing that would require any mind boggling thought process on Ariel's part. After all, thought Flavious to himself, he didn't keep Ariel for her intelligence.

Mona was splashing about the pool and pleasing her Master. She glanced at Ariel standing and holding the switch but not striking. The girl looked just darling with one finger in her mouth pressed against her upper teeth.

It was plain and simple that Mona didn't like Velanna. Like Elba, she disliked blondes in general. But, Flavious was her Master and she would do anything for him. Flavious was looking at Mona for a facial reaction as he commanded, "Ariel, go ahead and use the switch on them. Go on or I'll make you a target too!" Coaxing her

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from the pool, Flavious watched Mona's mouth break into a smile. While lunch was being prepared, he just wanted to see a few more marks on the two sweating blondes as they stumbled and staggered about the white marble column.

Ariel nodded her obedience to her Master's will, fixed her eyes on Velanna as she slowly made her way around coming into position for Ariel to use the switch on her. She raised it high and brought it down on the upper slopes of Velanna's well-curved ass with a loud 'THWIP' echo. Velanna twisted and staggered almost causing her to trip. Regaining her footing with a hiss, she took in air between her clenched teeth, exhaling a breathy sigh, "AAA!" A red line had formed where the switch landed across her sunburned ass. Her muscles quivered and cringed in anxious anticipation of another hit. It came, only a bit lower this time and again the familiar red welt appeared causing Velanna to repeat her painful gyration.

Flavious smiled and splashed playfully at her, "Nice one, Ariel... See you can do it!"

Ariel smiled and it was plain something was on her mind, "Thank you... and Master, may I go pee, sir?"

Flavious paused almost long enough to make Ariel think he didn't hear her, then looking away he spoke in a lower voice, as if to see if she would not hear him, "Yes, you may, Ariel. Go and pee..."

She heard him all right; Ariel laid down the switch and quickly scurried to empty her wine filled bladder. Flavious motioned to Mona, then called out to Ariel, "Over there..." It was too late; she was partially concealed by a bush. He nodded at Mona, "When the little slut has finished, I want you to put Ariel up on that cross, by her ankles and give her 30 with the strap on that smooth puss of hers... teach her not to be shy when it comes to relieving herself... Meanwhile, have the servants finish preparations so we can have lunch. Then you go and whop Ariel real good, then go over by the column and show her how to do these two. I know you want to fix these two blondes' wagons, don't you?"

Mona smiled a big white toothed smile; "Yes indeed I do Master."

It didn't take long for Mona, who was quite strong herself, to grab Ariel by the wrist and lead her over to one of the five 'T'ao crosses erected by the pool... their intention obvious. In a matter of a few moments, Ariel was inverted with her legs spread and her wrists held wide apart on the base beam of the cross. Flavious swore her

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pussy glistened in the brilliant sunlight. Mona took up the five inch wide strap and adjusting her stance, she applied the first stroke to Ariel's bare sex. Not making any sound except the wet contact of leather on naked girl skin, Ariel jerked at the strap's impact. Again, Mona delivered a shocking stroke. Ariel shuddered and bounced against the hard wood. It took three more before little Ariel's weak bladder gave way to another stream. It caught Mona directly on her bare breasts. This didn't impress her, but she knew it pleased Flavious that it happened.

Flavious cocked his head slightly to one side, "Are you good at beating the piss out of a girl, Mona, or do you think this little slut is pregnant?"

Mona smiled, and then stopped for a moment looking at her Master, "Shall I check and see for you Master?"

Flavious nodded, "Yeah, do it the usual way... use your fingers Mona and your... how do your people call it; Shaman technique?"

Mona nodded with a smile, and lowered her voice slightly, "... skill of the Shaman... My Lord..." Mona using her ancient skills and knowledge probed young Ariel's sex with two fingers. She felt her uterus and its slightly swollen part pressing against Ariel's bladder. She looked at the shivering young girl as she slowly drew her fingers out, then wiped them on the girl's quivering ass. "She'll be swelling with ripeness, Lord, in ten more weeks..."

A sudden fear grew on Ariel's face, "No, Master, no... I am just full of wine... the Negress is mistaken... I have been only with you and you have not taken me... please... no... not the mill!!! Not with these two! Please!!! I'll do anything for you..."

Flavious had emerged from the pool and moved toward the girl hanging upside down on the cross, her mouth at the level of his sex... She immediately took the obvious hint and began sucking on Flavious' member. He enjoyed this girl's mouth long enough to take her desire for lunch to a new level. Having had his balls nicely drained, he continued, "... you, dear girl, have a very good mouth... it will come in handy at the mill. Mona see to her employment when you return these two... on the other hand, maybe I will keep one of them around for you to amuse yourself with..."

Mona nodded and casually rinsed herself off from the warm shower delivered to her by the little pee girl exposed so fully on the cross. When Mona finished she went over and spread the young redhead's lips wide to the hot noonday sun. Her girlish little bone

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peeking out from between those smooth lips fairly glistened with the girl's juices. Looking carefully, she could see the Ariel's pee hole fresh with a small drop of her piss. Looking at Flavious, he took her hint and handed Mona a small dish that contained hot yellow mustard. Taking a small toothpick sized stick, she dipped it in the mustard and put a fingernail-sized amount just inside of the rim... she smiled at Flavious.

It took about one or two minutes for the redhead to realize just what had happened. The burning irritation imposed by the mustard on her tender pee hole soon approached unbearable. Ariel wiggled and squirmed, then began a troubled moan when panic hit. She started to pitch her pelvis and hips about, and then her blood-curdling scream pierced the afternoon air, "AAAHHHEEE! BY THE GODS IT BURNS SO! I CAN'T STAND IT, WASH IT OUT!!! OH! OH! HELP ME! GODS I AM GOING TO PEE AND I CAN'T STOP IT! HEELLPPP!!" Her plea rang out in an echo... giving the two pacing girls at the column time to pause and listen in fear.

Ariel let another stream of yellow pee squirt out of the mustard painted hole near her swollen and sunburned bud of girl meat. Flavious looked at Mona, "Can't you shut her up? Give her ten with the wand, the thick one... teach that little slut to mind her manners and my eardrums, will you?"

Mona nodded and took up the thick rod, about one meter long and the thickness of her own middle finger. She tested it, and upon hearing the swish sound it made as it sliced the air, Ariel tried to get calmed down. Her eyes wide, she pleaded, "Oh, please... please... Master... no, no, no... please I beg of you... not on my tender bud... I can't take it... not from her... she has a heavy hand. Oh, I will surely die... please; please don't beat me down the-r-e! Oh... Ga-w-ds... NO!" Her head shook, as she silently mouthed the word 'no' over and over...

Flavious nodded to Mona, and spoke, "Begin..."

The rod sliced the air, and landed with a wet 'THUCK' inside the girl's bare cleft. It had struck the clit hard sending a small tingle up the rod that Mona could feel. Again, she landed the rod into the girl's split, and again she struck home... It took a remarkable six more times before Ariel eventually caught her breath, as when she did, she let out a scream that forced Flavious to duck under water to keep from breaking his eardrums. It was heard clear over in the Arena training area, and made two nude novices stop tilting their staffs to look up and

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listen. They resumed realizing that another of Flavious' girls was getting something to remember him by.

Mona continued to land blow after blow on the girl's tender flesh. By the time the last few hits had landed, her smooth mound was puffed up and quite swollen. Tears streamed down the girl's cheeks, and more than once, Mona had to toss a bucket of water on the girl to wake her up. With each stroke from the former one, Ariel's ankles, held apart by a combination of ropes and the 'T'ao formation of the cross, jerked feverishly to try and close together and protect her swollen meat. Sadly, to no avail, and from any distance, the inverted spread just made the look like she was anxious to take this punishment. It was obvious to anyone watching how this form of punishment got its casual name, 'the burning stick'.

Mona set the horrible wand down, and with her master's approval she jumped into the water to refresh herself from her efforts at beating the amber toed girl into a new level of pain. Ariel was breathing heavy, trying to catch her breath. Her breasts heaved as sweat poured from the base of her calves down; she sniveled and quaked, as one of the other slave girls would touch her here and there. Leaning down to speak to the girl, one of the servers had a slight smile on her lips, "Be thankful that you are not in Egypt... usually after a session with the burning stick like this, a girl is laid out flat and heated stones are put on her bladder. Peeing after a beating like this one, makes you feel like you are squirting out boiling water." She patted Ariel's bladder after she spoke, making her groan in pain. Woman being cruel to another woman... The common sight during these times.

As Mona swam near her master, she smiled and nodded toward the girl still inverted on the cross with the glowing red sex, "She won't be rude for a while... but going to the mill with her puss all puffed up like that will likely get her a ride on the wedge, Master. You know Pelonia, it will give her an excuse to abuse this girl all the more."

Flavious rolled his head slightly to one side, "Yeah... maybe so... but I think our girl just matured a few more months... likely enough to be more obedient." He swam to the edge and climbed out of the pool and casually went over to the food.

Flavious finished his lunch on the edge of the pool, "What will you do to them, the two blondes that is?"

Mona stepped out of the pool standing wet and shimmering in the sun, "Master, I will give them a new meaning to sore nipples and twats."

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Flavious wandered for a moment to the canopy and looked at more of the food laid out for him, "Oh yes, how about tonight we give that one..." He pointed to Velanna, "... a new meaning of sore nipples and twats." Flavious looked back taking a bite of apple while he smiled at Mona; she smiled back at him.

He allowed the two girls in the yokes some rest and recuperation. Finishing their lunch, Flavious nodded for Mona to feed the two blonde girls and she put them back up for exposure, then she jumped back into the pool for some more fun.

Flavious took Mona in the pool and emptied himself deep inside her. If she took with child, it was not the first time Mona had spent nearly nine months turn the heavy mill lever void of clothing, clad in chains. Flavious really cared for this ebony female... and she was most loyal to him.

When they finished their sexual romp Mona climbed out, still wet she stood in the sunlight stretching. Flavious admired her beauty as she flexed her dark well-toned body luxuriously in the brilliant sun. Quietly, she reached down and picked up the switch.

For the next two hours, Mona made Velanna and Teesha wish that they'd never been born women. Her switch found their clefts, butts, backs, thighs, waists, breasts, nipples, and belly buttons countless times. Mona was in heaven applying the switch to these two sweating blondes. They would stumble, twist, stagger and wail, pleading as they twisted this way and that. Mona, however, was deadly accurate and boasted that she could hit a nipple or a pair of them with her eyes closed. Not often, but sometimes she landed a whistling arch of a blow to a casually exposed cleft, hitting the clitoris squarely on its tip. This caused whichever of the two blondes struck to slip and almost fall. Once, Velanna took a nasty one between her legs that caused her to drop down onto one knee. The rope stuck higher on the column. It made her choke and gag until she managed to regain her upright position, Mona poking her nipples all the while she struggled to stand up and it was then she noticed that Teesha's back was really looking sunburned. She tested this area with a full application of the switch directly across the middle of Teesha's back. Teesha vocalized a wail that Flavious heard underwater, as he'd dunked his head just as Mona had struck her. He could see after he came up for air that it'd turned a white color before it became a red welt. That was the sure sign of sunburn, but Teesha only hopped at the effects of the blow and walked

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a few steps on her tiptoes. With her head back as far as the yoke would allow.

Flavious heard another firm application of the switch. This one made a definite hollow kind of sound, kind of like Mona had hand slapped a couple of water filled gourds. It was odd sounding and even got Ariel's attention; it made a 'FLOCKSIT' sort of sound. He looked to see Velanna reeling about to keep from falling. As she twisted this way and that, he could see the red welt forming across her twin breasts. Both nipples had popped up erect and tall with a swelling red stripe forming over their tips. Velanna's face was screwed up in a painful strain. Her breasts bouncing and swaying as she tried to remain standing. This was a tough one that Mona had delivered to her breasts. Velanna gasped and vocalized a scream that sent her spit flying. Before Flavious had time to react, Mona had danced about the column to lay a twin to it on Teesha's breasts. He couldn't actually see the stroke as Mona delivered it when the column was between him and Teesha. He could sure as hell tell from the sound and Teesha's reactions that Mona had struck her breasts, either at or close to the nipples. Again and again, the switch was on high and bounced a blistering hit squarely on either Velanna or Teesha's breasts. Things briefly took on a different pose, now after each stroke, the girl struck would only shake her head but not make a sound, at least not until she caught her breath. Then one of the girls would let out a wailing plea of pain for Mona to please stop.

Flavious started to climb out of the pool when Mona gave a sifting stroke to Velanna's cunt, causing her to drop to one knee and cough. Again, it was followed up by that familiar hollow sound, like two, full of liquid, gourds being struck. Velanna gasped as she again fell to her knees, the rope slid with her this time so she didn't nearly strangle herself. This last one made a red welt form crossing over the top of the other one at the juncture of her left nipple, which looked swollen to nearly twice its normal size. It was blood red and looked very well ready to pop. Mona was on her way to deliver another volley to Teesha's bare shuddering breasts when Flavious ordered her to stop, "That'll do, Mona."

Mona was still in suvh heat to inflict pain on the two blondes, that she was almost insolent in tone, "But Master."

Flavious answered in a slightly irritated tone of voice, "I said that's enough!" He walked over to where the two women were now

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down on their knees, taking in deep breaths. Bending down, he lifted their blindfolds off.

Velanna shook her head and adjusted to the bright sunlight, "I might have known it was your hand, Mona, beating our breasts so hard." Velanna glared at Mona.

"Shut up, all of you!" Flavious ordered.

Velanna struggled to her feet, once up and with her chest heaving, she spoke, "Master, Mona beat us too much, she hates blondes and it shows, just look at our breasts. My left nipple is pounding, and feels like it is ready to pop!"

"Yes, Master, please look at Velanna's nipple and look at my nipples and the awful one she landed on my clit." Teesha whimpered.

"All right now shut up, the both of you, going about whimpering over your hurt nipples and clits. Be thankful I don't give you something to really whimper about. Just because you're right doesn't mean you have to rub it in. Mona, you were pretty hard on them. I could tell you were hitting too hard by the sounds of it. So, take position three and be quick about it," Flavious ordered as he released Velanna and Teesha, leaving Ariel still mounted on the cross with her hair blowing in the hot breeze.

Mona winced and looked a bit sheepish, but she took up a standing position with her chest out, back arched and her hands folded behind her neck, and her legs spread. "All right now, face the sun, Mona." Flavious picked up the switch, nudging her as she turned causing her large breasts to sway provocatively this way and that. He tweaked her hard tipped nipples, feeling them swell erect under the pressure of his thumb and forefinger.

"Well, you two blonde sluts deserve some atonement from Mona. She was pelting you both harder than I'd intended... for now, I will allow you Velanna into the pool, my bed and pleasure." Velanna looked at Flavious with a lustful eye.

He continued, "Teesha, Ariel will return to the mill with you... I give her over to your womanly pleasure or suffering as you see fit." Teesha nodded and looked over at Ariel who closed and opened her eyes slowly.

Flavious continued, "For now, I have decided to allow you two blondes, three hits to one. Let me see, that's three hits to one on each of you times twenty makes sixty... times the two of you make a total of one hundred and twenty. Now, tell me where do you wish to place Mona's strokes?"

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Teesha jumped in, "Oh, Master, her breasts, nipples... everywhere... except her face of course!" Taking the chance to egg things on a bit.

Velanna in a low seductive voice, "Master, that's fine, but let me give her a few on her cleft... right on her bare clit so as to make it bounce off, please Master?"

Flavious checked a grin, "Okay, Mona these two have indicated breasts, nipples, cleft and clit. By my count that is an awful lot for each of those tender areas... You are to stand there as you are, bare naked, while I apply these strokes, can you do that?"

Mona's breasts quivered slightly, "I-I'm not sure, Master, that switch hurts something awful." Flavious looked at it, then her juddering breasts and nodded agreement. Already he showed signs of excitement his cock began twitching harder and harder, "Oh, you three, I am going through a lot of work here and I expect some satisfaction, say a good cock-sucking?"

Velanna nodded and was the first to reply, "Yes, Master, oh yes..." They all three agreed, as Ariel looked on with fascination. Flavious looked over at Ariel pointing the switch at her, "You want more, girl?" The young girl sighed and her forehead crisped up in painful anticipation... quickly shaking her lovely head no.

Mona gave a full toothed smile of uncertainty, "Yes, Master." Velanna really liked to suck his cock and yes she did it very well. Flavious felt the sun on his body and knew that it must be even hotter to Mona. Her breasts jiggled about visibly as if to dodge the oncoming switch. Taking careful aim he brought it down with a 'SWIT' that produced a sifting sound like water being struck. He'd caught both of her nipples and laced them with a red band of fire. He cocked his head to one side as he had felt a slight vibration in his hand when it had struck her hard nipples. "See the difference between the sound of my hitting her breasts versus the sound I heard when Mona here hit yours? Look I'll demonstrate and now listen carefully."

In the meantime, Mona was shuddering and trying not to make a fuss, just because her nipples hurt. In position, Flavious struck Mona again, this time harder. 'FLACK' it made a hollow sound, like full water gourds being hit. Velanna and Teesha both flinched as he hit Mona, she swayed and reeled a bit, and it was all she could do to keep from putting her hands over her breasts and dancing about. She forced her mouth closed, letting out a muted moan from behind her sealed

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lips. Her breasts juddered and quaked about from the blow and her body's motions.

Flavious watched Mona for a moment; he then quickly turned his attention to the kneeling Velanna and Teesha. "There, did you hear the difference?" Velanna and Teesha both nodded, Teesha's eyes were closed, Flavious noticed that; "Here, I'll do it again for you and I expect you to listen up, and I'll do it quicker this time, ready Mona?"

Mona nodded with her eyes closed. Flavious noticed a brief change in his favorite girl, "Oh now, Mona open your eyes, you embarrass me; you'd think I was killing you or something. Open up now, nice and wide, you are a Nubian, remember? From girlhood you have been brought up with breast torture as a part of your lifestyle. For this little insult to me, I'll add ten more strokes; just call them my strokes, okay?"

Mona nodded and whispered a faint, "Yes, Master."

Flavious looked at her, "I'm sorry, dear girl, but I didn't hear you?"

Mona answered softly, "Yes, Master!"

Flavious smiled, "That's better, now here we go again. First the right stroke..." His wand struck so as to force her erect nipples back inside of her swaying breasts. Again, it was that sifting sound of water being struck, and Mona danced a quick two-step, giving a little hop which made her breasts flop up and down a little. Her dark nipples began to turn red, and from behind closed lips came an unusual whimper, "ARGHAA!"

He steadied his girl, "Now the other one..."

A hollow sounding 'FLACK' reported the return; all the while bare breasts bounced several times and shook as she quietly sobbed while her tears began to trickle down her cheeks. He noticed that she had become silent, almost like a statue and other than some subtle motions and squirming about, Mona kept her position.

Flavious acknowledged her suffering, "Now did you notice the difference?"

"Oh, yes Master, yes..." voiced Teesha, looking up at him wide eyed.

"Most surely, Master..." echoed Velanna all attentive.

Flavious followed up his comment with a smile and a facial expression of good-natured kindness, "Remember that."

The next several strokes found a new territory, Mona's cleft and sex with the first one falling across her nether lips only to make a dull

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'WHIT' sound, leaving a red welt in its wake. Crossing the lips of her bare clam with several small but visible lines. Mona's legs collapsed a bit struggling to close together for protection, but forcefully keeping them spread for her master, her nostrils flared with a quick in and out of air. Not a peep came from her lips. She blinked three times.

"Good thing you didn't close your legs, Mona. It'd have earned you a flogging and the rest of the afternoon on a cross. Firm stance, girl that's it."

The next one was like the first only in the other direction, a real snapper that curled itself along the curve of her mons and across the expanse of her bare lips. Again the 'WHIT' sound made Ariel stir, as the limb sliced the air before it hit.

Velanna looked at Mona in amazement. How could she take such a whipping and not react any more than she was? This girl was really strong. Flavious too, admired her reaction of just a quick back and forth of her legs. Her ankles still in place and not a foot came together. With her eyes forward, blinking several times, Mona clenched her mouth pursed for a moment and looked as if she would blast a howl. When he glanced over at Velanna, Mona gave a quick shake of her head causing her breasts to sway gently sporting hard red nipples that probed the air. Flavious motioned for Teesha to stand up and come over to him. She stood before him, her sex dripping, and the firm mounds on her chest quivered with equally hard nipples. Moisture beaded and ran down the lovely sun bronzed curves of her nudity.

Looking at her face, he ordered, "Teesha lay down on the grass under Mona." She did. "Now, use your fingers to spread Mona's lips as wide apart as you can." Using both hands she pried them wide open; "Okay, keep your wrists and the rest of your fingers as well as her lips as far away from her clit as possible." Teesha nodded that she understood; "Don't let go! If you do, you'll get some of this switch just like Mona here is getting, understand?" Nodding that she understood, replied, "Yes, Master."

This next stroke was a classic, and even Flavious felt that he'd out-done himself. In a remarkably accurate stroke he pelted Mona's clit with the evil switch. The sound this stroke made was different, a woodsy kind of sound like a stick hitting a strip of beef or lamb; it was a sticky wet sound. Mona staggered somewhat and Flavious really thought she would lose it on this one. She blinked once, then twice and he noticed that she didn't seem to be breathing. Her breasts did a very

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subtle little bounce, caused by her heartbeat. He felt her pulse and it matched the slight bounce of her breasts. Mona's body jerked a little more than her head shook rapidly about three or four times. White clenched teeth appeared between her lips, Teesha felt her quivering more than saw it. It was a rapid motion unseen by the eye as Teesha was looking right up Mona's sex and saw a formation of white cream begin to ooze out from her vagina. Some of it dribbled down onto her face; Mona must have had an orgasm. Flavious gave a sigh of relief as he saw her chest rise taking in a breath and letting it out with a flare of her nostrils. He heard her make a slight guttural sound deep in her throat as the tide inside of her was leveling off, her muscles relaxed a bit; Flavious knew that this was a real test of control for Mona.

It was now time for his 'last few' and he'd save the best for last. With a couple of rapid strokes, he raised two nasty welts across her ass. They were normal sounding switch noises, hissing in the air and striking down on the skin. A quick bounce or two of her breasts and it was over.

With one left to go and Flavious realized that it would be this last one that would likely send Mona over the edge. He leaned over to her and whispered in her ear, "I'll make a deal with you my girl. I'm about to deliver the very last one to your clit. Now, I'll give you permission to demonstrate to these girls that you are human and release your emotions full and orgasmic. However, this will cost you a netting and two hours on the bar in my bedroom, 'bare' understand? With Velanna here to take you on before hand in a girl-to-girl breast fight... and maybe a ride on the pole afterward... If you decline this offer, you must stand and demonstrate to these women what you boast so heavily about, superior strength as a Nubian female. Should you fail with that choice, you would be taken to the arena training area where you'll ride the wedge on the cross of agony and have your breasts smacked with a flat oar until sundown. The choice is yours, I'll give you one minute to decide."

Mona thought about it, she really hated to be punished 'bare' on the bar. 'Bare' meant that she would have to sit totally nude and unbound on a finger thin piece of shiny metal that split the cleft of her sex enough to make her ache for a week. The bar was just one of those free form contraptions made of shiny round steel about half an inch thick. The 'punishment' would force her to sit on it using her own discipline, holding her arms and legs spread while her clit took the brunt of the torture by her own weight pressing it intimately down on

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the metal. Simply put, it was just plain awful and no slave girl was ever able to stand more than a couple of hours, tops. "Time's up, my girl. What will it be?" Flavious asked

"I'll sit 'bare' on it for you Master and take the nettling as you wish."

Flavious nodded and smiled to himself, "You are wise, Mona, I really don't think you could have handled being wedged like that on the cross and taking a wallop with a flat oar on your breasts either..." He paused then continued, "... and you do know what else would happen if you didn't?"

"I'd have to take more of them until I did, Master?" Mona shivered.

He nodded, "That's right, so are you ready, girl?"

She nodded and spoke no words. No one witnessing this stroke could have imagined the display of actions, reactions, emotions and vindication that Mona could possibly have delivered, it was a veritable show in itself. Ariel saw the switch fairly bounce off Mona's swollen clit, as Teesha scrambled away to keep Mona from kicking her. Velanna figured if Master Flavious had raked a hot coal across Mona's clit, she wouldn't have reacted any different. Teesha just looked in awe and smiled slightly as it was almost humorous to watch. Right after master Flavious had landed the stroke with its wet-wood-on-meat sound, Mona just put her hands down from behind her head, putting her fingers on her clit to see if there was any blood, there wasn't. Putting her hands on her hips she squatted down on the grass and let flow a steady stream of yellow pee. Teesha looked over at Velanna and gave her a look as if to ask, 'is this all?' All three girls began to wonder, and it was then that Flavious stepped out of the way and dove into the pool. Mona looked at the two blonde women, they all saw her eyes cloud up and weep. Taking in a tremendous breath of air that upon exhaling let go with the loudest most bloodcurdling scream anyone on the island had ever heard.

Even the cows on the sides of the hills stopped grazing and looked toward the pool. Workers at the docks stopped and looked towards the villa. In the arena where training was going on, everyone stopped to listen. Field girls stopped hoeing and raking. Slaves at the mill stopped turning the levers. Cook and her help stopped preparing food for a moment. Even Carlos stopped and listened as he was applying the lash to an unruly kitchen girl. Ariel just winced, shaking her head, as she couldn't cover her ears.

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"AAAIIE EEAA AHHRRRG GGEEEOOOWW
AAAHHOOO AAAIIIEE-A!"

Flavious had ducked underwater and even there he could hear her loud scream. Regaining her breath, she began to dance about holding her delicate sex and speaking incoherently in her native Nubian tongue. She rolled her eyes and babbling on and on something no one could understand. In a simple move, she dropped down to the grass on her ass and scooted around like a bitch in heat. Standing up she went over to each of the girls and spoke Nubian in slow words asking questions and making comments. She then started singing some short verse songs while spreading her lips to show them her beaten clit. Her next set of maneuvers took her over to Ariel where she got down onto her knees in front of the inverted girl, babbling on and on crouched and yanking at the grass as she spoke, then uncontrolled she peed again. In Nubian, she asked for forgiveness of Ariel, then stood up and kissed her smooth sex, allowing her tongue to languish over Ariel's swollen sex. Ariel looked at Master Flavious while she shook her head giving a short gasp as Mona's tongue worked on her clit. He smiled at her and motioned for her to jump in and enjoy it, which she did.

Mona stood up and began to walk about with her hands in the air, as if beseeching an unseen spirit. A few words began to spout from her lips now and then that they could understand. However, for the most part she was still speaking Nubian and not any form of Latin. Moving over to the pool, Mona knelt down and cupping water in one hand and spreading the lips of her sex with the other, she tried to cool off her unbelievably swollen clitoris. It was a futile effort, so she dove in and paddled about. Climbing out of the pool, she shook herself like a dog usually does when it gets wet. Her breasts bounced and quivered this way and that. Mona started to act more normal and walked about taking deep breaths, and voicing a few select words that sounded more intelligent. It was this last reaction that made the two blondes get scared enough to almost make each of them pee. Flavious smiled, as he knew she was saving the best of her reactions for last. Calmly she walked over to where Velanna sat and squatted down, raking her tongue around her mouth and spitting something out onto the grass. She smiled and patted a place indicating Teesha to scoot over on her knees and set near Velanna and her.

When the two girls were close enough she smiled again, a friendly smile this time, at them. The two blondes were now squatting

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and peeing all the while she smiled, and they were feeling very scared and uneasy. Mona using her thumb and index finger on each of her hands gripped a nipple on each of the two blondes and gave them a playful tug. Then a little bit harder tug as she steadied her balance. Mona looked to one side, still holding onto one nipple from each blonde, she cleared her throat, licked her lips and looked back at them giving them another big full mouthed, white toothed smile. Then she spoke in very clear loud words, "THAT REALLY FUCKING HURT! YOU TWO BLONDE WHOREING SLUTS!"

The two blondes just sat quietly, blinking their eyes. In short, Mona paid for her indulgence with her master's wicked strokes from the switch. It worked out that she got three dozen across her breasts, two more dozen at the juncture of her sex, six dozen across her ass and the 'four dozen more' on her clitoris. It was a good thing she was a strong girl as these were real knee bucklers.

They sucked their master's cock in the late afternoon by the pool, not objecting to anything he ordered. Ariel suffered the fate of any girl placed on a cross, as she was uprighted and then lashed with the three thongs whip to 'get her acquainted' with mill discipline. All of them sporting sore breasts, lashed skin, a deep sunburn and very sore clits.

Chapter III

Ashbod

Splashing about the indoor bathing pool, Flavious watched his two bedroom girls on the edge of the pool providing his entertainment. The evening meal went relatively well, but now it was time for a real contest.

Mona and Velanna, both naked and oiled, tied with their wrists behind each of their backs were busily engaged in Flavious' favorite pastime, female breast battles. Both of these girls had the equipment to deliver the action he savored.

Mona, slightly bigger in the breasts than Velanna, had a slight advantage. Part of her additional size was due to her condition... she was just starting to show at 10 weeks of pregnancy. Lunging at each other, Mona landed a loud slap of her huge tits against Velanna's quite red and swollen beauties. Velanna's nipples were very hard and erect showing definite signs of the blows delivered by Mona along with the deep color baked into them from the past several days of exposure. Not counting the number of whip strokes already delivered at Flavious' order.

Staggering back from the intense attack Mona was launching against Velanna, she tried to regain her footing against the slippery marble floor. Painfully, she dropped down onto one knee, which left Mona at a slight disadvantage. Using her shoulder, Velanna stood up rapidly, landing the bone of her right arm where it meets the socket, directly against Mona's slightly gaping sex. It was a perfect hit; Mona staggered back a couple of steps supporting herself against the wall, which gave Velanna just enough time to launch her attack. Using her torso, she rapidly shimmied herself against Mona's exposed mammary. Both girls now sporting rock hard nipples, Velanna's action was so intense, that it squeezed several squirts of milk from Mona's firm breasts. Covering the two women's torsos in a sheen of mixture of olive oil and breast milk. Mona was clearly not on her best footing, and she started to slip down the wall to land on her ass.

Quickly, Velanna kneeled down and renewed her slapping of her breasts against Mona's. The sound made Flavious' cock quite hard, between the two women's breasts slapping wetly together, the sounds each of them were making, and finally the color showing up on Velanna's chest and the redness of Mona's nipples in mock protest.

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Mona had no intentions of letting Velanna get the better of her, and using her nimble legs, she up-kicked Velanna from behind giving her a slight stun. It was just the time she needed to turn the tide on the blonde slut. Slipping her left leg between the stunned blonde's lovely limbs, she gave her a firm crotch kick. Velanna let out a gasp, and rolled away from Mona to catch her breath. Mona took advantage of the short gap to regain her footing, and scrambling as quickly as the slippery floor permitted, forced Velanna's back against the wall, turning the table on her. With equal strength to that previously displayed by the blonde Amazon, Mona used her heavy breasts to savagely slap the red breasted and obviously fatigued blonde beauty.

Flavius' cock was now fully erect in the pool as he moved to the side closer to the action. Mona started slowing down on her beating action as Velanna drifted off to near unconsciousness. Stopping the sway of her breasts, which still undulated from their own settling down, Mona stood up. Her defeated blonde opponent still sitting semi-unconscious against the base of the marble wall both of her red, swollen breasts well beaten and heaving as she tried to regain her breath.

Flavius emerged from the pool, and moved toward his glistening Nubian slave-girl, where he turned her around and untied her hands. He nodded toward Velanna, ordering, "Untie her, and put her in position for the loser's punishment."

Mona smiled slightly as she rubbed first her wrists, then gave a quick feel of her sore tits, nodding, "Yes, Master..."

Flavius from his past experience knew that Mona loved to fuck after having her breasts slapped around. He studied the blonde, wondering for a few minutes, if she would be as hot after having her breasts so mauled... or even after this loser's punishment.

Mona having untied Velanna, who was still giddy from the slapping, examined the blonde's breasts. She noticed that they were somewhat tender, very red and her nipples quite swollen. The redness, mostly there from her earlier exposure and sunburn, looked superficial. This blonde hadn't been a warrior in her past sporting tender tits. Looking over at Flavius, Mona nodded that the blonde could take it.

Flavius nodded in return, indicating by gesture to go ahead and lower the beam, arching Velanna's back on the beam. As this was being done, Flavius had sent for his Manta tail, the long tapered one with the buffalo horn grip.

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Everything was completed in a matter of a few minutes. A nude Flavious stood holding the tail splayed out on the marble stones of the bath pool. He looked first at Mona and then at Velanna and spoke to Velanna, "The contest was fair, and fought well by both of you. Like all contests, there has to be a winner..." He looked at Mona and gave her cheek a pat, then back over at Velanna, "... and a loser".

Velanna with her shoulders grotesquely bound against the beam, forcing her breasts thrust forward and tantalizing exposure, heaved a reply, "Master, please... haven't I suffered enough..." He didn't let her finish her sentence...

Flavious replied quickly, "... enough?... Enough! Hardly, dear female... and you are a very dear female... warrior I believe? No? Well, you surely have been fighting 'enough' to realize that when you lose, there is a price to pay. Now, usually, with this type of contest, the loser is forced to wear a breast press. Squeezing the very essence of..." He stepped closer to his blonde slave, rubbing and fondling her sore breasts and nipples, as he spoke, "... these..." Stepping around behind her and letting the whip fall to the floor, he slid his cock against her ass as he continued now to fondle her from behind. Squeezing and pinching her nipples as best he could grip their oiled firmness. He continued on, "... I have also allowed for slapping of them with paddles and even thin wands of whale bone. But I have decided to go easy on you, since I want to fuck you now, and again several times before the rooster crows three times on the morrow's morn..."

Velanna sighed both from the pain and his manipulations of her breasts and nipples... now his hand had found her bare cleft and he was pressing his finger against her clit. She moaned in obvious pleasure, "OOOHHH... Master-r... AH... AH... OOH... please, do with me as you wish..."

Mona shook her head, and mumbled inaudibly to herself, *the simple bitch*... She reached down and picked up the Manta tail, which her Master had dropped. Coiling it up, she stood by, and in a soft breathy voice in his ear, "Master... we can best serve you in your bedchambers..."

He looked over at her, realizing that he could take the blonde in the ass he was so ready... but by his own decree... it was time for the blonde to be whipped. Nodding once to Mona, "39 strokes... no cuts, split nipples or blood... make her regret being the loser."

Mona gave him a seductive smile, "I have been waiting for this moment, Master... May I put her up even more?"

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Flavius gestured with his hand, to do as she wished. He turned and snapped his fingers to one of his scrub girls... her mouth was needed for the moment.

Mona removed the beam and refastened Velanna so that she was semi-suspended by her thumbs. She then spread her legs and secured them to rings inset in the marble floor. Placed there for just such a purpose... the spreading of a slave-girl for the whip.

The Manta tail was tapered, hefty and had a feel of suppleness unlike any other whip. Mona's first stroke appeared to coil gently around Velanna's breasts... almost giving an appearance that Mona was about to go easy on the blonde.

Velanna's eyes opened wide and she tossed her head back, opening her mouth but nothing came out. She shook her head...

Mona gave her another stroke, about the same intensity, and like it's earlier mate, Velanna just shook her head and closed and opened her eyes... still remaining silent.

Flavius always liked this part... when the girl taking the whipping seemed to lose her breath. It added so much drama to a full whipping. Specially delivered to such a well-muscled, healthy blonde female as this one. He could see the strokes delivering their hateful pain across Velanna's exposed breasts, with her nipples standing hard and resistant against the firmness of the whip's body. If it was possible for her chest to get redder, this was the most that could be done clearly without splitting her open.

It was nearly eight strokes, the end of the seventh, when Velanna finally was able to catch her breath... poor thing. She let out a wail that made the nude female musicians on the opposite end of the pool stop playing. Flavius, with his scrub girl's tongue lapping his cock, clapped his hands signaling for the female players to continue. No sense in letting one blonde's pain stop their sensuous rhythms.

Velanna, breathing heavily, as the whip made another coil about her chest, gasped out another painful wail, "AAAARRRIIEEE!"

Mona yanked the whip away, causing Velanna's tits to sway painfully, "Stop the wailing girl, I'm not going to slice them off... just punish them some more..."

After the thirty-ninth stroke had fallen, Flavius stopped Mona. Likely, she would have gone ahead with another if he hadn't have stopped her. Standing up, "Revive her in the pool, and you..." He

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looked at the scrub girl, take care of them both; otherwise you'll find yourself up there taking some licks with that whip! Understand...?"

The girl's head nodded, and she immediately bowed her head, "Yes, Master... indeed my Master... I will... I will..."

Flavius looked at Mona, "Both of you... get scrubbed and clean... then get something to eat... I have some scrolls to finish... be here in one hour."

Mona nodded, "Yes, Master."

Flavius was on his way to his bedchamber for the evening with Mona and Velanna in tow. The blonde really hurt when she walked with her breasts bouncing at each step. Bravely, she endured the pain, which almost made her sick to her stomach... that and the plate of honey-reed birds she'd eaten. Oh, along with two measures of wine.

He'd fastened a collar onto Mona and was leading her by a leash. Velanna had been fitted into a special slave's chain... Her pierced nipples and clit had been rather painfully re-fitted with gold rings and with ones that looped around her thumbs and big toes as well. A gold chain had been fastened to each of the rings on her nipples, clit, thumbs and big toes. This outfit offered no modesty and only served to enhance Velanna's nudity. If she moved her hands into a non-submissive position, her breasts would be yanked as well as her clit. If she did not walk submissive style, then her breasts and clit would be equally punished. The unique thing about this chain was its clever size. When it was off, it weighed only about six ounces with most of the weight in the nipple and clit rings. Which were massive enough to hurt the tender areas they were attached to.

As they entered, Lustina was dramatically disposed on the bar. She was nude, but bound; her arms had been spread above her head to a special trapeze bar. Her legs are equally drawn spread to each side with cuffs and chains.

Made to ride the bar for two punishing hours as an attitude adjustment. Her brazen exposure revealed her small bare cleft resting fully on the bar's shiny, finger thick length. Flavius enjoyed playing with this big-breasted slave girl. Sometimes, though, she'd get too

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smart-assed for her own good. The bar would make her 'think' for a while.

Velanna quivered enough to make Mona notice, she looked at her and in a low voice, "Stop it, you silly bitch, Master won't torture you anymore unless you consider getting fucked by him tonight being torture... be happy he didn't put you on that thing instead of Lustina... shhhush."

Sitting with her back to him as he entered, Lustina shuddered visibly with another orgasm. In her position an orgasm meant that her clit would become more sensitive to her pressing body weight. He could see her large breasts bulging on either side of the rippling muscles of her defined back. They swayed noticeably as she pulled and tugged at her bonds. Mona didn't mind this little white cunt. Brunettes and brunettes with dark suntans could almost pass as light skinned Nubians. Except a few of them had blue or green eyes, definitely a white race trait. Sometimes, their nipples would tan as dark as their skin, another trait of these white women. It was blondes like Velanna that Mona really didn't like.

Flavius just made Mona's heart sink, "Lustina, your time is almost up. I'll let you down. Mona here will take your place. You will remain to observe Mona, as she is to endure the bar, completely bare. Do you understand my meaning here?"

"Yes, Master."

"The next time you smart mouth me, girl, you'll find yourself roasting on this thing in the hot afternoon sun. And, you'll get a wet thong whipping across those large breasts of yours, which you seem quite proud of."

"O-O-Oh, M-M-Master..."

"Am I sensing another orgasm in you...? Flavius put his finger against his cheek.

"Umm..."

"The idea of roasting on this and a wet thong whipping makes you hot does it?"

"Oh - Oh - OH! Master! AH! AH! I-I-I'm not sure, I - Oh, please, Master, sir, I-I-I can't think right now..."

Flavius nodded to Mona to get him his single thong whip. Her head bobbed in obedience. She returned in a moment. Handing it too her master. Lustina quivered. Gasping she tried to quickly recover from her last orgasm.

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Master Flavious loosened the whip. Sending it on a journey to coil itself about her undulating breasts. It found the two nipples hard, inviting and ready. What Flavious' slave girls hated the most about his single thong whip was its ability to cling to sweaty or oily skin.

Velanna winced as the whip's wet thong slapped against Lustina's swollen mounds. She closed her eyes recalling her own journey with the whip less than two hours ago... She opened her eyes and savored in the picture the girl on the bar made as the whip made her jerk and grind her sex into the shiny bar.

At times it seemed like the whip didn't want to let go. This was one of those times. Flavious gave a quick little jerk on the whip, but it stayed across her breasts. Hiding her nipples behind a one-inch wide single strip of leather, its coarse side chaffing the tips of her sun-bronzed nipples.

A second yank pulled it free. Her large breasts really swayed back and forth with this action. Lustina tossed her head back took in a breath, which made her breasts heave and let out a muted sigh, "A-A-AAA-AH!"

All the while she vocalized her pain, her wrists and ankles pulled against their bondage.

More strokes produced a similar set of actions on the girl's part; she struggled, gasped, yanked and pulled, with swaying breasts and throbbing orgasms. Mona winced each time the whip slithered across Lustina's firm mounds. In its path there always seemed to be a red zebra like stripe to serve as a reminded of the whip's power.

Lustina sweated and protested each stroke, receiving twenty in all, each one leading her to another orgasm.

Velanna, judging from her gasps and moans, concluded that Lustina had at least twenty orgasms. Right now, she could almost enjoy a girl-girl ride with this brown skinned little bitch. She wondered just how hard her tits were to take that kind of a whipping and still only show superficial red stripes.

Master Flavious' definition of bare meant that a slave must endure whatever caprice had been dealt to her without being bound or wearing anything at all, period. For Mona, this would mean setting for two hours on the bar unbound and completely naked.

"Lustina you will count Mona's orgasms using the stones and the red and white vessels. For each one she has, you will put a red stone from the red vessel into the white vessel, understand?"

"Yes, Master."

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"I want you three to listen to this carefully. You will observe that she maintains her arms either outstretched or behind her head. She is not to touch the bar, her breasts or anywhere else. Only her sex is to make full contact with the bar. She may have her legs and feet outstretched or dangle free without touching anything else especially the floor. It is permissible for her to wiggle her toes. If she should violate these orders you are to come and get me or call me. I will be watching all of you from time to time so don't try to keep anything from me, do you understand?"

"Perfectly, Master..." Mona nodded closing her eyes at the same time. "Yes, I do, Master." Lustina gave another quick nod. Velanna nodded and started to side step toward Lustina when her chain jerked her right breast, she made a soft moan, "Hummm... yes Master..."

"Very well, failure on either of your parts will mean a wet thong whipping and more time on the bar for each of you, and sometimes altogether. Now, I will use this lamp as the gauge of time. Enough oil has been put in it to allow for the amount of time you will spend on the bar, Mona. When it has burned out, I will remove you. You will sit on it, bare as agreed. I will allow you the mercy of orgasms without having to ask for my permission. As I mentioned earlier you are not allowed to touch yourself other than behind your head or neck. Do not cross your ankles or touch anything with your feet. At first, I expect you to sit with both your arms and legs outstretched as if you were bound. First, to allow you to get settled in, I will attach the Ampalla stones to your nipples to see if they are as strong as you claim. A test of your Nubian pride, so to speak. Secondly, reminding you again not to touch your nipples, only the air, a switch-whip, the Ampalla stones, or myself may touch them. Anything else is a violation of my orders and we start over adding a half-hour to your time. Lustina, clean up after yourself, the bar needs to be shiny and bright and not covered with your female juices."

While Lustina cleaned up her mess, Flavious and Velanna helped Mona onto the bar. Flavious parted the lips of her sex, exposing her already swollen clit. Stepping on the footstool Mona oh so gingerly lifted her leg up and over to straddle the bar. Lowering her to softly position the hooded head of her clit against the shiny metal, Flavious let go of her nether lips which settled on either side of the bar.

He then nodded to her to lift her feet off the stool so that he could remove it. She did and extended herself to an outstretched

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position. Velanna saw that it looked like the one she'd seen Lustina bound in earlier, only Mona was not bound.

Any of the girls Flavious had placed on this thing, the first few minutes were not that uncomfortable. In fact it seemed to be quite tolerable indeed. When a girl sat on it for the first time her immediate reaction was, "Why all the fuss?"

Lustina went and got the stones to count Mona's orgasms. Flavious lit the lamp, which burned a steady bluish red flame. Velanna's eyes fell to ogling over Lustina's delightful body. Everyone had started getting into the next couple of hours. Flavious looked over to see Mona in her unbound spread eagle. Her sex resting on the shiny bar, with her back to him and he could see the gentle swaying curves of her breasts. Adjusting her slightly, he saw a ridged nipple pop into view as she twisted a bit this way or that. He went around to view the front of his ebony slave girl perched all bare on the bar. It was plain to see that she was beginning to settle in.

Lustina glanced over at Velanna looking at her in obvious lust. She lowered her eyes as if to give submission to the female warrior. She then opened them wider and gave a slight roll of her eyes toward Flavious. Velanna opened and closed her eyes softly, as if to reply... she was ready to take a chance on discovery for a few moments of delight between them.

Mona's wrists moved a bit and her fists opened and closed slightly. Toes that wiggled independently of the slow rotation of her ankles pointed with a yearning hunger for the floor. With her eyes closed, she strained to hold her position. Time told Flavious that the hurting part was near. She began to take in a breath and hold it, and then let it out slowly, causing her breasts to heave and shudder. She forgot for a few moments the rule about not touching the bar or her breasts. Using her right hand she made a quick adjustment of her sex on the bar. Just as quickly she put her arm back out and then brought them both behind her head. Her legs dangled now to each side. The two large toes on her left foot gripped the lower brace of the device just a second or two then fell back to a dangle.

Violation! Flavious was ready to forgive the quick adjustment, as it may have been all she needed to continue for the full two hours. However, the toes on the brace; for that there was no forgiveness... Taking a switch out of the closet, Flavious whisked it in the air... WHIT once, WHIT twice... "Arms and legs back out Mona, quickly now! Your feet are just too busy and you must be reminded..."

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"But, Master, I-I..."

"No buts..."

The salute was three quick strokes across her nipples. Square on target the switch made an unbelievable score. "OW! AAA! A-AH!" Followed by swaying breasts, swelling nipples and heaving chest. "Please, Master..."

"You will maintain your position until I give you permission to relax; either this or I will add another half hour to your time?"

"I'll hold it like this, Master... Oh, my nipples..."

"On my nipples, you say?"

"No, Ma-Master..."

Again he directed the wand to fall three times scoring direct hits on the hard buds. He could feel their vibration up the handle of the switch. Mona's breasts bounced up and down. "O-O-OW! OH! AAA!" She rocked and twisted on the bar, not doing her sex much good.

"I think she's ready for the stones, don't you, Lustina?"

"Master..." She really didn't think so and tried to hide it in the tone of her voice.

"Yes, Lustina go and get me the Ampalla stones and the leather loops..." Flavious motioned with his hand.

It took only a few moments to fit them in place, due to the erect condition of her nipples. Her breasts sagged a bit under the added weight of the stones. Dangling, their weight made her breasts sway independently of each other, instead of a more uniform direction as before. The nipples bent over now with the steady pulling of the Ampalla stones. These Ampalla stones were polished river stones about the size of a woman's fist. Wrapped in stretched gazelle hide with a looped string of leopard pizzle, which fitted over the woman's erect nipple and gripped tight.

In the tribes of Nubia, traditionally these stones were the size of the woman's fist that would wear them as punishment. In tribal marriages the husband would receive a pair of these as part of his bride's dowry.

When Flavious stepped onto the veranda Velanna saw this as an opportunity to move closer to Lustina. In no more than a few seconds, the two were in a full body embrace, while Velanna hurriedly removed the chains from the rings. Still wearing the thumb and toe rings, along with the nipple and clit rings, the chains gone, the two women began to gamm each other. Lustina knew about a stone dildo and using that, she made Velanna squirm and in turn received a servicing by Velanna.

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The two women had just about gotten away with their secret deed when Flavious came back in, quietly and observed the two writhing on the floor like a couple of oiled snakes. He watched them, and it made him all the more wanting these two. But not before he put them through some more paces.

Stepping in, he cleared his throat, "I see Mona's appearance, has made you two excited for each other? You both know better that to act without my permission now don't you?"

Lustina was a nervous wreck, she stuttered and stammered, "P-p-please, Master... I couldn't resist her... she's an Amazon, and my tribe were slaves to the Amazons... I-I-I had no defense from her..."

"Shut up slut... and you too, whore..." He spoke harsh to Lustina and snapped his fingers at Velanna, "... I will let you both off easy... twenty in the girl-girl position... and you can share the blonde's rings, Lustina... you have been pierced as well don't try to lie about it..." Flavious nodded.

It was only a few minutes, before the two women were standing face to face, held by shared ropes drawing their arms and legs spread. Fastened close also, by sharing one set of nipple and clit rings. When Lustina moved, it made their connection even more sensitive. Flavious had put his girls in these from time to time and watched them go into shared orgasms for sometimes hours on end.

He went over and took up the three thong whip... Lustina and Velanna both felt the lash as their wiggles, and squirms to escape the whip, brought each other to rude and humiliating orgasms. Flavious whipped them forty lashes... and watched with interest their erotic orgasms, as first Lustina would shiver then in a few moments Velanna would come sweating and shivering as their bodies suffered the whip and the pleasure of each other.

About three quarters of an hour had passed since the two girls were released from their forced bondage. Mona simmered through more than a few orgasms herself, each time she had one, Flavious could hear a 'click' as Lustina dropped another stone into the vase.

Lustina told Flavious that Mona had brought her hands down to her nipples and quickly remembering her orders moved them behind her head. I was a good thing she'd told her master, as Flavious saw Mona commit the forbidden action. As promised, had Lustina let it slide, it would be her nipples paying the fiddler. Master Flavious had promised her a wet thong whipping on her breasts had she failed in her duty.

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While Flavious directed Lustina to lash Mona's nipples with the lash, Carlos knocked for an audience. As he entered he looked to see an unbound Mona with her wrists crossed behind her neck, her ankles spread wide and Lustina drubbing her nipples with an inch wide switch. This was most definitely not to Mona's liking. Her entire body jerked and shuddered each time Lustina brought the lash down across her hard nipples, which from the looks of them were by far too red and swollen to be anything but hurting.

Mona's shuddering jerks weren't doing her bare cleft any good. It was difficult to determine whether the switch falling across her nipples or the hard bar against her clitoris had made her twitch the most. More than likely it'd been both of these actions. Mona's eyes rolled upward more than once during this nasty punishment.

"What is it, Carlos?"

"The galley arrived today as you know sir. I've taken care of the new arrivals as usual. Remember the two new girls, Gretchen and Felina?"

"What about them?"

"I caught them at it, Master."

"At it, Carlos?" Flavious glanced over at Lustina and Velanna.

"Yes, sir. Right in front of the rest of the girls, Felina had Gretchen on her knees holding the girl's head making her gamm her right there and then! The little blonde slut had her arms around gripping Felina's thighs. Sliding her tongue in and out of Felina's bare sex."

Flavious raised his brows at Velanna who lowered her eyes, "It seems to be an epidemic, Carlos... Where are they now?"

"Just outside the door, Pitus is watching them. I put them both on struts and spreaders. Oh, in addition, I brought you another of the new blondes, and I think Gretchen had been doing her as well... she looked quite satisfied, Master."

A small ruckus occurred as the three were ushered in. Lustina had stopped her lashing at Flavious' order; just as Mona had hit another orgasm she was sweating noticeably. Lustina looked at the three being brought in. Felina had arrived with Lustina just the week before; she smiled at her and Felina smiled back.

Gretchen bowed her head to the floor, her honey brown skin glistened in sheen of sweat. She had three red welts across her back at odd angles to each other, no broken skin. "Have Pitus take those two out onto the veranda and give them each twenty with the eel skin..."

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then send Gretchen back to the mill camp and have Felina put on the bar. I will take a look at this new one..." Flavious looked at the other blonde, a new arrival, "What is your name, girl?"

"Ashbod." the girl replied with an attitude not acceptable to Flavious as he gave Carlos a stern look.

Carlos snaked his thong across her back, leaving a red welt in its wake. She twisted a bit and choked out a hissing gasp. Looking back over her shoulder with an angry look at Carlos.

"Call him Master, girl!" Carlos shook his whip at her.

The girl coughed and snorted at him, then Carlos raised his whip to strike again... she cringed. Flavious stopped him, "It's okay, Carlos, thanks."

Ashbod was a rangy dirty blonde with a few wrinkles, a large mouth, and deep blue eyes. It was obvious she carried a few years over the other two. Like most blondes her skin was a deep brownish-bronze color. This skin tone seemed to favor certain blonde haired women, more so for those who had spent a number of their years naked and exposed to the hot sun. Her breasts sagged somewhat, likely due to her years of constant nudity. She sported little finger length nipples, which seemed to flaunt as well as hang a bit more than he liked. She also revealed several thin red lines from a whipping, all over from her neck to her ankles. Her clit had a shiny ring going directly through it, and from the dampness displayed down there, she had been recently rubbed to a new hairlessness by a pumice stone.

"She's not as young as these two, Carlos." Flavious commented.

"No, Master, she's a come along with the last batch. It seems her former master grew tired of her, after she'd made a few attempts at escape. If you'll notice..."

Ashbod shifted uneasy at the two men commenting over her body, "He had me wisped he did! Sunned me first for ten hours... The old bastard! Then he put me on the pile and had those two black holes of his stone pop me... buck bare like I am no less..." As she spoke she parted the lips of her smooth sex to expose her swollen clit with its shiny ring.

"What's she talking about?" Flavious took on a rather comically puzzled expression.

Carlos shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know, Master? She's been babbling on about the wisp and being sunned and the pile thing, really I can't figure it out. I think she's touched, sir."

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"Did we pay for this?" Flavious was hopeful that the girl would not represent a loss.

"Oh, no sir. Hestus tossed her in with the lot, totally free of charge. We got the twenty six you ordered and this one as a bonus, so to speak."

"If I'd have thought I'd paid for this one, believe me some heads would roll! She's completely gone as far as I'm concerned... clean her up for me tonight, if I'll have her put on the bar... then on the morrow, she'll go on a cross and be done with the matter."

"Master?" Lustina spoke respectfully.

"Lustina, did Mona fail again?" Flavious asked.

"No, Master, Mona's fine. I know what she is saying; this one called Ashbod." Lustina noted.

"You do? Then let me in on it, after all I just own her and you too!" Flavious was getting a bit angry.

"Master, sorry, sir..." Lustina sensed she was about to get another beating...

"Okay, enough with the displacements, tell me." Flavious was about to stand up.

"I remember her from my first auction three years ago. She's really quite attractive as I remember, and... well, it's obvious to me that she's had some abuse."

"Lustina, let me coax you along a bit. If you don't get to a point, you might find yourself back on that bar after I've given you another sound whipping with the thong. Do you get my point?" Flavious' fuse was growing short.

"Yes, Master, I was coming to it." Lustina went ahead.

"Good. I'd like that and I'm sure Carlos would too. Wouldn't you Carlos?"

He nodded, "Yes Master!"

Lustina got the hint, "Well, we were both sold to a hides-man and his wife, in the Britons. It turns out the couple had just lost a two of their slaves to the Crud. With no more disease about he went to Mirada and purchased us. His wife liked me as she had a fondness for large breasted slave girls. The master then took Ashbod out to put her to work processing the hides, buck naked mind you... wouldn't let her wear a stitch of clothing. Ashbod was a lot prettier then, and one time, on the way to the drying racks, he forced her over a barrel and took her from behind. Still feeling a bit randy, he finished her off by fucking her in the ass."

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"This term she used, wispig I think?" He looked at Carlos, "... is that a new term for fucking, Lustina?" Flavious asked.

"No, sir." She replied with almost a smile on her face.

"Good. I was beginning to wonder..." Flavious replied, not the least bit amused.

"Well, sir, if I may..." Lustina acted as if Flavious was keeping her from her story.

"Oh, believe me, you may?" He looked at Carlos and made a 'she's digging herself a hole' sign.

Carlos smiled a bit, and nodded, "I can tell, Sir..."

"Anyway, he fucked her good. Afterwards, he left her over the barrel, in the care of a black female overseer whose name was Biskette..." Lustina continued.

Flavious sat down and leaned his head over resting his arm on a nearby bench, starting to nod off to sleep; he stirred when she spoke again...

"She really abused Ashbod a lot, didn't she honey?" Lustina looked at Ashbod.

Ashbod looked at Lustina and nodded slowly, somewhat herself bewildered by this girl's story.

Flavious looked at Carlos, "You know Carlos, I'll just bet Biskette abused Ashbod here a lot. Wouldn't you say so Ashbod?" Ashbod now looked at her master. She nodded even slower. Giving him a look like it wasn't her fault this girl's so stupid. He smiled back with an understanding smile.

"So, Master. That's it." Lustina finished with a smile as if she was doing the right thing.

"That's it... Carlos, that's it... Gee, I wonder what those red streaks are for?"

"Oh, Master, those are the marks from where she's been wisped!"

"Carlos we're back to wisped again." Flavious was obviously beside himself with anger. It was late and he was getting tired and really wanted to get on with it.

"Master, shall I give her a thonging tonight?"

"No, Carlos, in the morning out on the verandah will do. In fact, we'll let her have a while to think on the bar. Then with a bit of sun to roast her thoughts, she can endure the thong then. Besides, it'll give Mona something to do while she recovers."

Carlos nodded.

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"Oh, I just have to ask this one of Ashbod. Girl, what is a wisping? Being sunned? Put on the pile and stone popped by black holes? Go ahead and tell me, I promise I won't flinch. Just be brief and give me the facts. Believe me, it'll go much easier on you."

"Master. Well the story this one told is true..."

"Ashbod, I know it is. Just answer what I asked for, okay?"

"Master, a wisping is a wrapping form of whipping with a whip that the other slaves called a 'will-o-the-wisp'."

Flavious started to ask what a 'will-o-the-wisp' was, but Lustina just started right on talking again. He raised his left hand as if to say, 'oh, that's okay, don't let me interrupt you.'

"Biskette," Lustina was on a roll now, "said that it came from Africa that's all that I know. It consists of a handle about this long..." She held up her hands separated by about a foot, "... and fitted with three incredibly supple thin, heavy thongs. More like switches covered with a coating or some such thing. Biskette loves to use this thing on a slave girl who's been 'sunned' for about ten hours or so. The slave girl is usually bound spread on a slant or another way, getting sunburned all over and everywhere. In the late afternoon or just before sunset, sometimes around a large fire, the slave girl gets spread again. Only this time she's ready for the wisp, I mean totally naked for this whipping, smooth no body hair. Whether Biskette is used to being naked or not, sometimes she'll get a couple of her strums or whoever is handy, to give the girl a wisping. Her rule is that the girl who does the wisping must do it equally naked, too. This 'will-o-the-wisp' is really awful, and it is used all over a sunburned girl, so that it wraps and coils about a girl's sensitive skin. Leaving red streaks and welts that sometimes take weeks to heal."

Ashbod cocked her head to one side, "I remember one time a strum started hitting my nipples steady... they are quite large Master." Ashbod smiled looking down at her fingertip long red nipples, dancing about as she shuffled her weight still kneeling in position.

At the word 'strums' Flavious started to ask a question. Obviously to ask what a strum was, but then what did that matter. Why interrupt a slave girl on a roll? He decided to let her continue and if that term didn't slip too far into obscurity, why then he'd ask anew.

"They'd send that thing in a scorching swipe across my bare breasts. Allowing it to coil around and yank on my nipples. It hurt something awful, Master... Besides I was real sunburned and she let her two black hole whelps really flay away on me..." Ashbod took on a

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crouched quiver that made her breasts shudder and beg for the whip at the very mention...

Flavious held up his hand in an immediate halt, "Black hole whelps? I gotta hear about these!" he murmured.

"Yes, Biskette's two waif slim daughters, twins actually, a couple of no good eighteen year olds with the largest black ass holes you'd ever want to see, Master!" Lustina jumped in.

Flavious slaps his leg, "THAT'S IT! Ass holes! Black holes! I knew it must have had something to do with the anus! Ever hear that one before, Carlos? Waif slim daughters with large black ass holes..."

Carlos stirred and made a subtle snore of a snort... Was he dozing a bit? Smiling a large smile, "No, Master, for sure. Never heard of black holes. Makes sense though, ass holes, black holes..."

"Me either. Go on..." Flavious pointed to Ashbod.

"Well, they slithered those things..." Ashbod rolled her eyes up.

"Wait, let me interrupt here and I'll let you go on, you're telling a good story. How do you know they had large ass holes?"

"Oh, Master, that's easy, you could see them between their cheeks. They were born with round, but well spaced asses. Peeking out between the cheeks, so to speak, sir, were their large black puckered bungs. I was told they'd spent the two years before as butt slaves for a Persian prince. Riding on pegs that were at least two inches wide, but I never saw that, to be sure..." Ashbod cocked her head slightly to one side.

"Too be sure, go on..." Flavious smiled at Carlos. He smiled back and gave his head a slight cock to one side. Waving his hand rapidly, "Go on... on... oh, did you come?"

"Oh, Master, I-I-I'm not sure I can answer that..." Ashbod felt a bit uncomfortable at talking about her sexual encounters.

"Yes you can girl, unless you want me to start whipping you right now too see?"

"Oh, Master, I came and came, sir. Yes, I am a slut to the whip, sir." Ashbod gave a slight blush as she lowered her deep blue eyes.

"How many times?"

"Oh, Master, I lost count, really..."

"I believe you."

"It was then that Biskette ordered me taken to her hut for the night, she put me in a spreader bar to keep me from closing my legs, and I slept on her sleeping mat. You know, sir, she didn't gamm me at all!" Flavious raised his brows at this comment.

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"But she rubbed her sex into mine almost all night. Literally fucked me in the same motions that a man would do. I have to admit that I came when she did this..."

Flavious looked at Carlos. Shaking his head in complete amazement, "Is there more?"

"A little, Master."

"There's more, Carlos, how could I have guessed? Okay, proceed."

"Biskette didn't like blondes that was pretty obvious. The next day she took me out to the stone pile..."

Flavious mouthed silently the words, 'stone pile.' He nodded. "Yes, the stone pile. Oh, Carlos, what could ever be the stone pile?"

"A pile of stones, Master?"

"Carlos, don't press your luck, okay?" Flavious looked at his most trusted man, then continued, "Now, Ashbod, in your definition just what is an stone pile?"

"By the racks where the hides are dried there is a large pile of round heavy stones. I know they get awfully hot when they've been in the sun for a while. At any rate she tossed me down onto the pile and motioned for her two whelps to come over and maw the stones over my tits; they rolled them this way and that over my titties..."

"Were you bound?"

"Oh, yes... staked out stark naked, spread eagle, and facing the burning sun. It hurt a lot because I was already so damned sunburned."

"It sounds like you were quite raw..."

"Oh, Master, yes I was raw naked. It was that kind of naked that only a girl can feel when she isn't even allowed to sweat... no body hair, or even water... I mean there was nothing between my skin and the blistering sun but air..."

"Air. Okay. I understand you were totally naked... Then..?" Flavious was ready to have sport of this little slut...

"Biskette did tell her girls to go get the heme oil and cover me with it. She really didn't want me baked to a crisp. The girls actually covered themselves with the oil then rolled around on me using their nude bodies to rub the oil into me with..."

"You must have drank it in, really..."

"Oh, no Master if I drank heme oil, I'd get sick... No, they rubbed it all over me, using their breasts, nipples, arms, hands, legs, thighs, asses, backs, sex, any part of their bodies that they could rub me with..."

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Flavious looked at Carlos, then back at Ashbod. He had a look of 'did something just slip by me or what' on his face. "Don't tell me, Ashbod, that they drink it in, did they?"

"When they put the oil on me, they really found that my clit was very hard, so they started squeezing my breasts, all my muscles, my cleft, my belly, and thighs..."

"It sounds like they kneaded you good."

"That's right, my knees too! How'd you know? Oh, they really wanted me..."

"Just a lucky guess..." Flavious wrinkled up his nose.

"I wasn't a guest, Master, they owned me actually... Oh, and they worked me over..."

"Just the right way..."

"No mostly all over, you know my breasts, sex, th..."

"Ashbod?"

"Hum, Master?"

"Finish please."

"Yes, Master... Anyway, as I was saying, they rolled some heavy stones over my breasts and belly. They made my tits hurt a lot! Biskette got mad because she'd ordered her two pucker bungs to give me a popping...'

"Pucker bungs and a popping? Here it finally comes Carlos..."

"They turned me over binding and re-tied me so that my tits rested on two heavy stones." She stuck her chest out with her two nipples hard and extended while she tried to rub them, "... see I had to press my tits down onto them, it hurt bad. Then, they took out two sticks with a couple of stones fixed into tips. Remarkably supple, they'd bring those stones down against my little pink ass hole until it became black and blue. I howled and wailed, and they said I sounded like a fornicating female dog in heat..."

"A real fucking bitch in heat!"

"I guess you could say that too."

"You know something Carlos?"

"No, sir."

"I could have this one go around to the guests, telling her story to them, just for laughs. What do you think?"

"Hum, Master... You may have something here..."

"I know we'll call her a female, stand-up comic!"

"Master... I know my tits are kind of saggy, especially after spending all day with them resting on those hard rocks. If you have a

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galley, I can row and that will help them or even spending some time at a grain mill, might work to build them back up! One other thing, Master?"

"What Ashbod? Don't spare me any details, please."

"Will I be whipped a lot?"

"Why?"

"Oh, just because..."

"Ashbod! Just because what?"

"I'm a blonde slave slut who likes to cum under the whip. Master, would you like to see me cum under the whip?"

"Sure why not?"

"I can't think of any reasons why not, sir..." Ashbod replied.

Flavius looked at her, puzzled. "Carlos let's accommodate this little bitch. Spread her wide over there. Open her up so that we can give her a good whipping. Lustina get me the thong and a jar of water, make it salt water..."

"Yes, Master." Lustina hurried off.

Mona gave off another orgasmic sigh. The lamp had almost burned out. Mona sagged a bit on the bar. Her legs dangled down on each side. Occasionally a foot and some toes would wiggle and flex.

Ashbod had been fixed in place, standing she painted a classical picture of an all over suntan blonde, naked and spread eagle. If she was onboard a ship, there wouldn't be a limp cock to be found. Her head turned so that she could look back over her shoulder. Waiting for her master's first lash.

Flavius walked up to her and began to fondle her breasts and nipples. Taking the finger length buds between his thumbs and forefingers, he pulled and turned them slightly. Ashbod whimpered and pulled slightly at her bonds.

Lustina brought him the thong, which had been placed in the container of salt water to soak, "Master, as ordered, sir. Mona's time is completed; the lamp has just flickered out." Still holding onto Ashbod's nipples, he looked at Lustina, "Good. I'll be there in a moment."

"Ashbod, when I get back I'd like to fuck your fine ass."

"Oh, sir, yes... but, wouldn't you like to whip me first?" Ashbod almost whimpered.

Velanna just rolled her eyes...

Flavius whipped Ashbod with the obvious love that a naked man has for using a supple whip on an equally naked and spread-

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eagled woman. When he'd finished whipping her, she was a circle of thin red welts, going over her, he fondled her nudity slowly caressing her long hard nipples. Parting her slit, he slid his firm cock into the depths of her sex and flooded her with a load of cum. Pulling out, Lustina immediately cleaned him up. He motioned for Ashbod to be taken down, and nodding to Lustina he ordered her to get the atonement plug and stool.

Returning with the unusual device, she sat it down on a stool, indicating that Ashbod needed to come over to it. Still dripping with Flavious' fresh fucking, he explained the device to her... "This, dear girl is nothing short of what it is called an atonement plug and its stool. You will be fitted with this large one stuffed in your cunt. The smaller one stuffed inside your ass... These two crystal marbles wedge your clit between them, or hold down this ring in your case." He fondled the ring in her clit, and then went on, "... The crystals are connected to this two-balanced fork like thing... that produce a vibrating sound. These are struck at regular times sending the vibration down and into your ring, causing you to get a sharp vibration that over a period of a few minutes can bring you to an orgasm... some girls even pee when this thing hits certain pitches.

"Now, you will sit here, with these things up your holes... that's it... now I'm going to place the forks in their respective slots. Good... done... now when I fill this container, it bubbles down and fills this bulb..., which turns the striker over, and..." The thing made an unusual 'PUNG-G-G-G' sound, which sent a vibration up through Ashbod's clit ring. Flavious could clearly see how her sensitive bud quivered.

Ashbod gave a short intake of breath, and she whimpered just a bit. Her back teeth seemed to chatter just a bit. Seeing this, Flavious wanted to make sure she was firmly seated on the prongs, and that they stayed will up and inside the girl. He snapped his fingers at Lustina, "Bring a brace and place it across her shoulders... get a heavy one as I want her to stay in place. One that will make it awkward for her to try and stand up, as she will be want to do after a while on this thing. And, bring the refill reservoir over, since I want her on this all night, understood?"

Lustina nodded her understanding, and all of his orders were followed upon within a few minutes. Standing up, he stretched and motioned for Carlos to leave with the others, and he told him to enjoy them. Bid him a good night, and he along with the rest of the women in the room, except Ashbod of course, snuggled into bed.

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All but three torches were put out, and poor little Ashbod just sat with her arms out-stretched, moaning softly with each approaching orgasm, her nude body glistening brazenly in the flickering light. It was going to be a very warm night indeed.

Chapter IV

Blossom Before All

It was the next evening that Master Flavious took care to help Mona down off the hated bar. She'd served her time well, and it was a new record, just a bit over three hours being totally bare on the bar.

"You may stretch and rub yourself Mona, I am proud of you..." Flavious gave her a knowing smile and a long hug.

"Thank you, Master, I am glad you're pleased. Oh, Master?" Something was on her mind.

"What is it Mona?" Flavious became a bit serious.

"Master, may I ask a favor?" Mona was a bit forward.

"I suggest you not press your luck with favors, or you might find yourself back on for another added hour on that bar... you know how it really hurts going back on after a ride like the one you just made..."

"May I whip the blonde called Ashbod for you, Master?" Mona was already hot to use the whip on this new one.

"I might have known... I was about to wet thong her myself for her consistent rambling."

"Master, I can wet thong her for you so that she's nice ready for a fucking... That is if she still gets as hot under the whip as she claims..." Mona smiled with a glint in her eye.

"Hum, it may prove interesting to watch you apply the wet thong to her. Remember, I don't want her cut or sliced up like raw meat, or you will find that smooth sex of yours split again and back upon the bar, understand? Come to think of it, I don't recall any girl of mine having taken a wet thonging, while riding the bar... It might be interesting to see, and if anyone can take it you can. First, though, I will deliver you one stroke as you stand for being such a pester to me... now, spread your arms and legs... your back to me... good... ready?"

Mona nodded, looking woefully back over her shoulder. Flavious picked up the handle of the thong and with a side arm stroke coiled the wet thing around the Nubian slut's bare quivering breasts. Its end found the middle of her back, with the shiny thong impacting against her skin making a wet sound 'THWICK' against her skin.

Mona twisted and tossed her head back, holding her unbound spread eagle posture. She made no sound other than a short hiss of air

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she took in between her clenched teeth. The wet thing just seemed to cling to her nudity with such an awful persistence that she shook her head several times. Flavious jerked on it a couple of times, which made her breasts jiggle and shudder as the wet leather worked itself loose. In its wake, a faint red line appeared as a single reminder of the wisdom of the lash. It had painted itself across the Nubian's erect nipples and scored her well-muscled bare back.

"See, now that's how I want you to wet thong this simple minded blonde slut. Let it soak in a bit, because if you get in a hurry, you'll cut her then I will punish you harshly..."

"Y-yes, Master." said Mona, still a bit shaky after her single stroke with the wet thong. Master Flavious handed the thong to Mona, and she dipped it into the jar of salt water, letting it soak a bit before taking it out slowly. She then shook a bit of the water out of it and with a casual stance, tossed the whip rearward. Taking a comfortable stance, the black beauty swung the lash in a slow arc that slithered easily across the blonde's sunburned nipples. A subtle whirring sound preceded the wet slap of the leather against the blonde's bare breasts. Ashbod jerked and tossed her head back as she gasped a raspy guttural sound, "AAARRGHH!"

The next stroke left a red mark only no broken skin, where it contacted her. Flavious noted that a white line had formed for a brief second under the lash's path. Mona used careful tugs to get the whip to drop off the girl's oiled skin. When it finally fell away a dark red line had formed under the whip.

Ashbod shook her head again, and she began to sweat. This time, Mona took careful aim allowing this stroke to find the cleft of Ashbod's smooth sex. It left a welt across her nether lips, and caused Ashbod to rear up in her bondage. Shaking her already disheveled hair a few more times, mouthing out a raspy gasp, "AAAGGHHH!"

The whip fell away just a little easier after that one, still leaving a white line that turned to a red one. Mona knew just how to whip a sunburned girl without damaging her skin; it was all of her years with the Nubians. How many white women her tribe had taken as slaves could only be speculated, but enough to obviously teach her a thing or two about torturing them with a whip.

This next stroke snaked again across juddering bare breasts, indenting its path with fire. The wet thong seemed to bite her dark swollen nipples. Once again, Ashbod twisted and begged in a breathy tone of voice, "AAA! OH! NO, PLEASE! STOP! A-AH! AAA! BY

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THE GODS, NOT ON MY NIPPLES... PLEASE! NO!" While she begged, Ashbod twisted and writhed even more so. The whip clung firmly to her nipples as if the awful thong had a mind of its own. Mona delivered another sifting slice across Ashbod's bare breasts, and again it clung to her nearly raw nipples. Ashbod's protests became hoarse cries, while the ropes holding her openly spread eagle between the two columns in Flavious' bedroom creaked loudly. She twisted this way and that to try to shake the clinging whip from her welted breasts. Finally it mercifully slipped away. Ashbod's chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath and control the awful pain flowing through her shuttering tits as they revealed their painted stripes in naked splendor.

Mona asked, "Master, may I wet the thong again? It seems to be getting a bit dry."

"Yes... soak it for a few moments then give the little slut a well up stroke, understand?" Flavious responded in a seriously low voice.

Mona smiled, her white teeth looked large and straight in contrast to her dark skin. The well up stroke she delivered made Ashbod dance in her bondage.

Ashbod began hissing and howling all the while she thought to herself *If only I could close my legs and rub my breasts...* and to be denied this simple relief was inhumane!

Mona imagined just how awfully the blonde's nipples must be screaming in their pain and how her clit had to be throbbing beyond endurance, as the girl pulled so hard the ropes creaked against the anchors secured in stone.

Flavious admired the picture the blonde presented to him, her bondage forced her to stand as if she wanted nothing more than to be wet thonged; with arms drawn outward and her legs spread wide, leaving her so lustfully exposed to the thong. Mona placed another of those 'well up' strokes; this one split the lips of Ashbod's smooth sex and seemed to attach itself to her clit as if to suck it raw. Flavious swore Ashbod had pulled herself up and off the floor, because the whip had buried itself so deeply into her cleft. Ironically, he thought to himself, it looked like she had grown a tail.

Ashbod choked and coughed a bit, gasping, "OH! N-NA-AAA!" Her body shuddered, "S-S-STOP! PLEASE, OH MY SEX, OH MY S-S-SEE-EX! OOO-OH! AAA! OW-W! O-O-O-OOHH!"

Even with her legs spread as they were, the whip still clung firmly. Mona then gave it a brutal quick jerk, and a wet sound was heard as the whip dislodged itself from between the girl's legs. At first

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Ashbod's eyes grew wide as she actually looked to see if the whip took her clitoris with it. Shaking her head once... twice... then three times, "M-Master, oh Master, I can't help it..." Ashbod tried to maintain her control. That last one stung her to her very soul and with enough venom on her tender bladder that she just had to let go with her pee.

Flavius almost smiled at the cliché he was about to say, "Whipped the piss out of her, ya did, eh, Mona?"

"Master, I think this one has a weak bladder..." Mona said almost smiling herself.

Flavius stayed Mona's arm from another stroke as he spoke to Ashbod, "You little pissing slut! Maybe I ought to let you ride on that bar for an hour! Mona, give her more of the thong! Only back across her nipples this time! Do it until I tell you to stop!"

"OH, NO, Master, I'll just die..." With those words, Mona delivered Ashbod a hefty stroke over both her erect nipples. The blonde girl twisted and struggled to maintain control. Shaking her head, she sucked in air between her clenched teeth. Letting out a small but breathy protest, "AH! AH! NAA... AH!"

Mona followed her master's orders. Punishing Ashbod's erect nipples with stroke after stroke with that damp thong. Ashbod danced the dance of a slave girl under the whip. Her nipples throbbed on her quivering breasts.

"M-Master..?" Ashbod's voice quivered. "M-M-Master! PLEASE MAKE HER STOP THONGING ME! AH! A-A-AAA! That thing is skinning m-my nipples... AAA!" She jerked and twisted again and again.

Mona, with a steady hand kept thonging the girl's erect nipples. They turned a brilliant red, becoming quite chaffed and sore. "Mona, stop it please... I beg you..." Ashbod's voice was weak and her head lolled over onto on her right shoulder.

Flavius stopped Mona's hand, "She's had enough."

"Yes Master." Mona stayed her hand.

"Lustina, you and Velanna take Ashbod down to the baths and clean her up. Mona, clean up her dribbles, and don't waste any time; I want the three of you back in my chambers in 20 minutes, understand?" Flavius pointed firmly at Mona, Velanna, Lustina and the semi-conscious Ashbod.

"Yes, Master." Lustina nodded, "Understood, Master."

Velanna bowed her head, "Most clear, Master."

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The three girls left, while Mona cleaned up the mess left by Ashbod and adjusted the drapes and putting out a few torches. Leaving only a few lamps lit, he gave Carlos his work orders for tomorrow. Then sent Carlos off for the evening to punish the other two. He went over to lie down on his bed and started to drift off when Felina heaved a sigh of pain. He stirred awake and getting up went over to where she sat suffering on the shiny steel bar. Just about to speak to her, a knock was heard on the wooden door.

Mona opened it and said, "Enter."

Flavius thought it was the three girls coming back from the baths. He was surprised that it was Elfena, "Aren't you assigned to clean up the bath house?"

"Yes, Master, I just came from there. Those three girls you sent didn't see me, but did you give them your approval to girl play with each other, sir?" Elfena, a dark haired, brown skinned beauty replied.

"No, but I take they are, if I am to understand you correctly?" Flavius closed his eyes...

"Yes, Master, and it seems that Lustina wanted the new blonde girl to suck her nipples, while Velanna took hold of Lustina's breasts holding them while the blonde one sucked on them and it goes on sir."

"I see... Mona, light up those two torches, take them and go down to the baths with Elfena... bring back our three wayward little players. Oh, and before you leave go over to the closet and get me one of those supple switches. The green one with the white stone on the end, will do. I think a bit of thumping on these three will drive a lesson home, don't you think so, Felina?"

With pain in her eyes, "Y-Yes, I agree Master... always I agree with you..."

"Felina, do you know how to use a thumper?" Flavius was talking to her as if she were adjusting a flower arrangement.

"Master, I... am... hurting just ever so slightly..." She cringed her forehead at Mona who closed her eyes and looked down not saying a word.

"Good, I'll demonstrate for you... these look ready enough..." He bounced her jiggling bare breasts with his left hand and in his right he brought the thumper up high.

Felina just knew she would feel the thumper on her exposed tits whether or not it was her choosing. Closing her eyes, she felt his hand leave her breasts... the impact made a wet sifting sound like Flavius had struck a couple of full wine bladders. Her eyes opened in stark

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horror at the burning pain impacted upon her soft flesh. Immediately a red, blistering welt appeared just above her left nipple and progressed to the tip of her right nipple. The hurt pounded with the beat of her heart and made her feel like her entire chest swelled up or was sliced open. She heaved slightly as she stifled a guttural scream... "UmmPH! Ah... ah..."

She'd dreaded taking in a breath for fear it would hurt more... she sucked in fresh air simply because she had to, and prayed he would be merciful and stop with that one.

"Do you know where the thumper comes from?" Flavious asked as he looked at the whip while continuing his former tone of voice, like the girl was just there for an evening chat.

Taking a heaving breath, trying not to be too noticeable, she replied, "No... ooh..., M-M-Master..."

"Africa... in fact this one I got on a visit to Egypt." He looked at Mona, "... it was first invented by the Nubians. They called it a budding switch... a shorter version is sometimes used when more control is desired. Actually made using a strip of thin wooden shank with a small stone sewed or fitted somehow into the end then inset with a wooden grip. The grip can be decorated with leather or polished ornaments like this one." He showed it to her, before slapping it against her nipples slightly less hard. It made her flinch, a reaction that caused her clit to remind her just how much the bar hurt. He went on, "The device was used to punish young girls as they entered womanhood. It's humiliating and insulting to forcefully punish a grown woman with it, like Mona here or even yourself... however, Mona would remind us that you are a white skinned slut and that to punish you with it is acceptable. So I will again..." With that last little phrase, he hit Felina again across her breasts, this time scoring a direct hit on both nipples.

Felina shuddered again, and this time would not hold back her painful cry, "AAAIIEEEAAHHH! Oh by the Gods! My breasts are sliced... how awful!"

"Not sliced you silly slut, just whipped with a switch... that's all! Shut up before I give you something to really cry about." Flavious examined her breasts by fondling them and lifting them upward by their swollen nipples.

He showed them to Mona, "See they are not sliced... are they Mona?"

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Mona shook her head, "No Master... this thing hurts, but it won't damage... White women hate it because they flaunt themselves and are deserving of it constantly... a Nubian girl can take fifty strokes harder than those you just gave to this little bitch, and still go out in the fields and hoe sweet potatoes all day, then come back in and dance nude before the tribal elders. Most of them hardly showing a single mark or bruise, but a white woman... six will leave her tits black and blue for a week."

Flavius looked at Mona with a slight reservation, "Fifty... how about you? Can you take fifty that hard on those full breasts of yours?"

Mona looked at it, "When I was younger... yes... but not now... it would be very humiliating for me to be beaten again with this... except by anyone but my true mate... which I believe to be you, Master. Even though I was owned by Lady Elexeus..." She knelt down before him.

Elfena replied in curiosity, "You bought Mona from Lady Elexeus, Master? She was most generous to sell her to you."

Flavius added, "Well, yes she was... I recall that Elexeus had Mona in her garden near the pool along with another Nubian slave girl, Nerfa. It was obvious when I entered that she had been using this very 'budding switch' on Mona. The first thing I had noticed was Mona crying and whimpering like a little girl. I didn't learn until sometime later that to another Nubian, she was being punished like a naughty little girl. Nerfa was thumping Mona's clit and nipples with it. That was all, just her clit and nipples not hard, but just a steady, firm stroke... like this..." With those words he began a steady thumping on Elfena's sex, square on her clit. He then moved it up to her nipples and using a steady rhythm he flicked her nipples making her breasts bounce and bobble a bit. Elfena shifted a small bit, causing her breasts to judder visibly.

The corners of Elfena's mouth screwed up a bit, opening her mouth a little, let out a soft exhale, "Aaa. A-ah... H-ho... O-o-oh... A-ah... Aaa."

"See?" He stopped for a moment, looking at Elfena trying catching her breath, "Y-y-y-yesss, M-Master... I see... Hugh... a-ah... Y-yes, Master... Oh."

"Well how would you describe the budding switch, Elfena my girl?" Flavius was overjoyed at the reaction he got from the suntanned darling girl.

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"O-oh, Master... It made me feel so naked and ashamed. Like I was being punished for being kind of naughty or like someone caught me playing with myself... It was very humiliating, Sir..." Elfena dribbled about, displaying some exceptional goose bumps and hard nipples.

"Good, now look at your nipples and sex..." She did... "... see, not a mark anywhere." For the moment, some noise could be heard outside the door. "Oh oh, I think I hear our three 'naughty' pool girls coming back now. You hide in the shadows over there, Mona and take the switch with you. I'll call you when I need you, go on now."

"Yes, Master." Mona moved across the room with Elfena to hide amongst the drapes and columns. Flavious could hear the girls coming back, they were laughing and giggling a bit as they approached his chambers their voices grew quiet.

With a giggle, "You're wonderful..." Lustina chirped.

"Your fingers are magic, Velanna..." Ashbod cooed.

"Shhh! Quiet girls, we're here..." Velanna knocked on the chamber door.

"Enter." Flavious answered as if nothing was wrong.

"Thank you, Master, the bath was most refreshing." Velanna bowed her head in respect.

"Yes, Master, I thank you most sincerely." Lustina nodded her head.

"Oh, Master, it was fine..." Ashbod smiled.

"Good... Lustina, tell me about your bath?"

"Oh, Master, I-I really needed it, now I smell so sweet for you..." Ashbod moved close so he could smell her. "Yes, you do smell cleaner..." He patted Ashbod's behind, then continued, "... but I want you to describe, in detail, your bath Lustina... as well as Ashbod's bath... and Velanna's bath..." Flavious pointed to each one as he called their names.

"Well, Master... First, I got into the water and then Velanna and finally Ashbod..." She smiled unknowingly and there was some hesitation about her voice.

"And..." Flavious nodded to her to go on.

"Well... then, I washed myself and swam about for a few moments. Ashbod washed herself... Velanna herself... Master, why do you ask?" This was the wrong thing to say.

From behind the drape, Mona had winced at Elfena as she gulped a swallow.

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He could sense Lustina was hiding some details and she knew better than to question her master. "Since when do you wonder why I ask? You are only to answer my questions, never ask them. Tomorrow, you'll go to the cross for six hours... out on the Veranda and facing the hot sun... roasting while your soft little clam takes a split on the wedge..."

"But, Master, I..."

"Following, you'll get twenty with the wet thong! Care to open your mouth, again, and try for forty?"

Lowering her eyes, she shook her head no, in a quiet voice, almost a whisper, "No, Master."

"No, Master..." He mimicked her, "Be glad that I'm waiting until tomorrow to punish you, because right now I see three misbehaved slave girls... Three very good and in trouble slave girls, right Mona?" Flavious called back over his shoulder to the drapes...

"Yes, indeed my Master..." Mona and Elfena emerged from behind the drapes.

"Right Elfena?" Flavious asked to hear her answer...

About this moment, the lovely blonde Ashbod dropped to her knees, "Oh, Master, please don't have me thonged again... Look?" She stuck her chest out exposing her red nipples that looked so awfully sore. They were a deep color of ruby red jewels like they had been inset into those soft mounds on her chest. "Mona nearly skinned them off my breasts. Please sir, feel them..."

Flavious touched the girl's swollen nipples, and he fingered them enough to make her whimper. Feeling them in the palms of his hands, they seemed quite hot actually. With concentration, he could feel her heart beating in them. Ashbod shivered again, standing up on her tippy-toes on the polished marble floor.

Looking at Ashbod, Flavious went into his so sweet tone of voice, "Now, Ashbod, be a good girl and tell your Master exactly what happened in the bath?" He smiled at her, seductively.

"Well... Master..." She squirmed and raked her toes on the marble floor.

"That's it! All three of you on your knees, NOW!"

The three dropped to their knees, Velanna went ahead and crossed her arms behind her neck. "Good girl Velanna, you remembered a proper position. Now, the rest of you behind your neck with your hands and arms, and spread your knees apart. I want to see those 'clean' smooth pussies of yours. Now, stick those chests out so I

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can see those 'clean' nipples all perky and hard." With those words, Flavious took Ashbod's nipples between his fingers and thumbs again he tweaked them firm as Ashbod whimpered softly. Still holding onto her nipples, Flavious asked Ashbod the same question, "Now, go on Ashbod, tell me all about the baths? Oh, Elfena, what did you say when I asked your thoughts?"

"Yes, Master... I agree they were most naughty indeed..." She gave a sly smile to Velanna who gave her a sad look back then lowered her head...

Mona fondled the thumping switch as Flavious gave a slight twist on Ashbod's nipples forcing the girl to spill her guts, "Oh, Master, it was my idea to be playful... Lustina has such nice breasts and I really did like sucking on them. Velanna just helped Lustina to hold up her very supple breasts for me to lick and suck. Lustina's fingers are so nice... I just love them... then Velanna's tongue set me on fire... I like rubbing my nipples against hers... You should see the contrast of my reddish bronze skin against her dark bronze skin... Oh, Lustina is a real..."

"Shut up, Ashbod." Flavious gave her a hard pinch.

"AAA! Oh, yes, Master..." Ashbod went silent immediately.

"Velanna, you most of all, what did I tell you three when you left? And, what is my rule about girl play in the bath?" Flavious asked in a rather soft misleading voice.

"Be quick and no play... and Master, not without your permission." Velanna replied.

"Why did you three play anyway? Didn't you think the scrub girls would be watching you?" Flavious asked as he pointed to Elfena.

"Master, Lustina did fail to tell Ashbod and I am sorry for not reminding her." Velanna spoke in a low toned Amazon voice.

"Do you think a few days in the fields would help you three to remember?" Flavious asked, "... with one of those days having the three of you squirming on a cross with your weight resting on a narrow wedge?"

There was silence, then Ashbod opened up her mouth without thinking, "... will we be lashed before going on the cross..? Master..?" She almost whimpered the last few words. The two other girls just looked at each other in semi-shock with wide opened eyes at Ashbod's rather dumb question.

Flavious lost it with Ashbod's stupid remark, turning to Mona he grabbed the switch and took to beating Ashbod as she scrambled

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crawling away from him holding up her arms, "You stupid little CUNT! Yes, I will have you lashed! Yes I will have you flogged! Yes you will suffer before you go to the cross, and worse yet that miserable little clit of your will fry as brown as a strip of beef in a hot pan when you hang upside down on the cross with your legs spread and Mona here beats your CUNT with this between your stupid legs!" He was breathing harder than normal... "... I am sick and tired of your stupid ignorant comments! Think girl! What do you think will happen to you? That I would send you flowers while you hang on the cross?" He quickly turned to Mona snapping his fingers, "... maybe I ought to just nail her to it and let it go from there! After all, she didn't cost me a dime... and who would object to saving the world of such downright stupidity anyway?" He tossed the whip back at Mona's feet.

Everyone was quiet for a moment, Ashbod put her face in her hands and cried softly. He sucked in his breath... "I have to be careful of these kinds of outbursts..." He looked at Mona again, rolling his eyes toward Ashbod as he spoke, "... remind me to thank Hestus for his 'gift' by sending him a weakling scrubby-duck boy to pull his oars..." He took another close in breath, with his eyes closed spoke, "... now where were we?"

Mona replied, "You were about to tell the story of this..." She picked up the wand, "... Master..."

He nodded and lowered his eyes a moment, "All right, Mona, tell out loud what happened to you when you went to the fields? The first time after you became my house and body slave..."

"Well, Master, you sent me there where I was taken right away to the main grain harvest. I was naked, and worked in and about the piles of freshly cut grain where heavy caster barrels were laying over on their sides. When I didn't cut a good enough pile to start, the overseer threw me over a barrel and flogged me. After he flogged me, he fucked me in the ass then put me back to work... turning a lever at the grist mill..."

"Hum... go on and tell them about the first night." Flavious sat down as he spoke.

"That first night, I was placed in a cell with five other field girls, three of them were Nubians, like me. It was the three of them who 'budded' me, Sir..." Mona lowered her head.

"Budded you, Mona? What was that?"

"Oh, sir, I can't..." She began to sob a bit.

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"You can't what, Mona? Tell about it? Why?" Flavious was beginning to keep up.

"It's so humiliating... I'm a mature grown woman and not a naughty little girl..." She had some rather large tears in her eyes...

"Evidently they regarded you as a brat... but anyway go ahead and tell us what a 'budding' is? Unless you want to join Felina over there with a couple of more hours on the bar and a wet thonging along with this one," he pointed to Lustina, "Tomorrow out there on the patio... under the late morning sun..."

"No, Master, I'll tell. A 'budding' is, is..."

"Is what?" Flavious was beginning to lose some more patience.

"Master, it's a punishment using this switch with the smooth stone on the end of it, and a short handle with a stone sewn into a strip of sinew on the end. It's then used to beat the clitoris and nipples of a young girl who has been caught pleasuring herself... most of the time hard and long enough to make her cum... I've cum nine times under the switch, including that time." She was almost crying herself. "Once a girl has been 'budded' she is never given over to full womanhood by having the preparation completed... I was left with mine... see." She showed everyone her red, swollen clit.

"I can see, and frankly that surgery is quite a disappointment to my way of thinking... anyway, is the girl usually bound?" Flavious asked.

"Yes, Master."

"Were you?"

"Yes, Master."

"Okay, without playing question upon questions, how were you bound, Mona?" Flavious sat down again putting his hands on his knees.

"I was bound, like a naughty girl gets bound, Master." Mona spoke with her head down.

"How is that, Mona?"

"Thin corded by my thumbs and big toes, Master." Mona looked up.

"In what position is that, Mona?"

"Naked and spread-eagle... like this..." She demonstrated her position, then went on, "... only against the bars of the cell... Oh, dear Master, you know it was Branda that did it to me, that complete bitch!"

"Did what to you, Mona? Tell us..." Lustina asked.

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"She made me cum, bound like that. In my village, when a young girl is punished the most awful form of humiliation is forced upon her to cum or as it's termed, 'blossom before all.' As a young girl, this action is thought of as a lesson to be learned. If the girl is a woman, she is usually labeled a slut by the other women and from time to time she's taken to the house of women where she's forced to bare herself to slut punishments." Mona's lower lip quivered slightly.

"What are the slut punishments, in a Nubian tribe?" Flavious asked simply...

She cleared her voice a little, "One of them was to stuff an oiled, golden effigy of a male member deep inside of your cunt... it is heavy, and they made you walk around holding it in with your muscles. If it slides out, you were stone chaffed on the bare sex with a sandstone wedge. Another one was to place several small heated obsidian balls inside of your sex and like the gold effigy, none were permitted to fall. If they did fall out, you would be taken outside and spread upside down and beaten with a knotted rope whip made from rhino-hide turned stiff from soaking in salt water and drying in the sun. There are more, but one that was the most hated of all forced a girl to climb a greased pole where knobs had been inserted at the level of her sex; so that when she tried to climb higher and away from the knobs, she would slide down onto them... and they would penetrate deep into her by just the action of her body weight. There was no penalty for not staying up on the greased pole... a girl's weight would punish her enough..." She looked down.

"Why did they punish you in the cell with the wand?" Flavious asked.

"Master, Branda got mad at me, so she and her friends fixed me against the bars, slut girl like. Then Branda decided to bud me using a switch given to her by Harp, the black overseer who flogged and bugged me when I was over the barrels."

"What did that budding do to you, Mona?"

"I-it made me cum, Master, cum a lot."

"Mona, I still don't understand why Nubian's call it 'budding'?" Lustina asked in a puzzled wonder.

Mona was unhappy about repeating herself to a rather stupid white bitch, "Look it's done to a young girl who's just developing her womanhood. When she's been naughty or caught playing with herself openly. In my village, a mature woman was never budded in public for

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a crime of sexual display... only in private maybe between two women playing with each other. Budding was done to punish girls publicly."

The three knew they were in trouble when their master announced, "Well, according to Ashbod you three were being naughty, right?"

"Oh, Master, we were just being..." Velanna started to explain but was interrupted by Lustina, "Bathing, Master!" Velanna looked at Lustina with disgust, "Oh, Lustina, will you pipe down... you're only making it worse."

"Oh, she's well on her way to another forty with the wet thong, Velanna." Flavious added, as Lustina whimpered.

"Mona, was that the only time you'd ever been budded?" Flavious wondered.

"No, Master..."

"When did it happen before?"

"You started to mention it before Ashbod distracted you Master, it was at Lady Elexeus' when you purchased me. Nerfa was using an Egyptian version of the budding switch on me."

"Ah, Good you remembered that thumper..." Flavious called an order, "Mona, string Ashbod here into the Nubian slut girl's position. I think between those two columns will do using cords on her thumbs and big toes only... spread her good!"

"Oh, Master, please, I'll be good and watch over these two. Don't let her bud me, please, please oh Master pleeeeeease..."

"You agree that you were naughty? Don't you Ashbod?" Flavious noted.

"Yes, Sir, it's not that, but, it's that I'm a blonde girl, and she'll be cruel to me again for being a white girl so naked and open... Please, Master... have mercy..." Ashbod pleaded with a noted whine to her voice.

Flavious stepped in on her complaint, "Stop the whining you were a naughty girl and that is that... Mona will switch you with the Egyptian thumper... I shall watch... you will be made to cum... and Velanna will suck my cock. Now, what is all the fuss, you'll be allowed to cum and cum, just hang there and enjoy it. Think of it as a new experience, Egyptian style all nude and spread wide between these two columns... Mona will remain nude along with you and all of the rest of us as well... There now, that's a comfort to you, I know already... Mona, you may start when you are ready?"

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Mona nodded, then looked back at Flavious, who looked again over at Mona, commenting, "You may begin... oh, don't miss because if you do, you'll get a sound 'budding' yourself only this one coming from Velanna, all right?"

Mona applied the thumper, her expert aim never missing once she found Ashbod's clit. Flicking a steady tattoo that sounded wetter and wetter as Ashbod grew near her first climax. Flavious thought to himself that this had to hurt. Ashbod's earlier wet thonging between the legs must have made her clit very sensitive. It only took a few moments for Ashbod to 'blossom' under Mona's steady drubbing.

Resuming a fresh start on Ashbod's nipples, Mona made it take longer for her to cum this time. Understandably since Ashbod had lost a bit of sensitivity in her rather enlarged nipples since she had grown a bit older. Literally, Mona's relentless application soon had the blonde slut shuddering and moaning with her eyes open wide and rolling as she gasped in orgasm. Ashbod's breasts quivered with the rhythm of the thumping switch, drumming a steady beat... beat... beat against her now rock hard nipples and now her clit.

Another dose rained down on Ashbod's clit and even more relentless again and again slapping on her nipples, which had the blonde fairly dripping with sweat. Flavious motioned for Mona to stop, and Ashbod looked limp and exhausted, as a sweat coated Mona untied her.

Lustina painted an erotic picture, following up and standing with up-drawn, outward stretched arms pulled fairly taught by cords on each of her thumbs. Her legs spread wide and secured with cords around her big toes. Ready and waiting for her 'budding'... the significance of 'budding' is not as apparent to a white girl as a Nubian. Well, at least at first the results are the same for each, uncontrolled orgasms. Mona started on Lustina's clit, a familiar little pounding stroke that had Lustina dancing on the balls of her feet in no time. The cords are remarkably effective for keeping a girl in place. The thumbs and big toes hurt something awful if pulled or jerked on with any kind of force.

Flavious remembered this effect as he'd seen slave girls being punished on galleys or in labor camps by being strung up by their thumbs. He had come to realize that Mona took to thumping with the switch like a duck takes to water, and she ought to... knowing how to use it literally since she was old enough to walk.

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For Lustina her first orgasm broke a long period of almost total silence. In fact, all the sound anyone could hear was the wet little slap of the stone against the hooded flesh of her swollen clitoris. Lustina made a quick shudder and gave a shimmy, just a bit; finally with a raspy gasp, she came. "AAA! AH! OH! AAA! A-AAA! H-HA-AAA! AH-AH! AAA! OH MY GA-GAWD! AAA! HOO-O-OOH! AH... AAA!"

Mona beat a steady rhythm for quite a while longer all the while Lustina came and came. Flavious looked at Mona who was in seventh heaven, "I find this is most fun, Master."

"Be careful what you say, girl, you may be next..." Flavious had a wicked smile on his face.

"Yes, Master, actually it is a good deal more work, Master!" Mona replied...

"Yes, go back to work, slave-girl..."

"Yes, Master..."

Lustina's nipples must be more sensitive than Ashbod's. It only took a few 'licks' with the thumper to have Lustina quivering and shuddering in the throes of another orgasm. The impacts of the stone-sack on her hard nipples made her large breasts reverberate. In waves, the blows coursed from her nipples to her chest and back again. As she climaxed, her voice echoed the thumps of the switch. Both nipples had turned a dark red and swelled to more than twice their size when Mona stopped her action.

Flavious gave Mona a nod to rub her nipples against Lustina's and she could feel them throbbing. After twenty minutes of girl-girl coaxed by Flavious, both Lustina and Mona lay panting on the floor. It was now Velanna's turn for the switch.

In position, Velanna's appearance made Flavious' cock stand hard. The telltale lines criss-crossing her nudity from her earlier whipping and sunburn only added to her loveliness. Looking at her, Felina who was nearly exhausted from riding the bar, renewed her strength to endure imagining to herself what it would like to be girled with this one. This sunburned blonde, displaying herself bound only by her thumbs and toes had made Felina's clit twitch against the bar. Flavious sensed the girl's yearning, and motioned for Elfena to help her down from the bar... Elfena did as she was told.

How ripe this blonde bitch must be, Felina looked at the end of the switch landing on nipple and clit. Less than ten thumps had

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Velanna nearly creaming in orgasm. Her body drenched with sweat and her pussy fairly dripping with girl cum.

Flavius went over to her, Velanna looked like she was going to faint. As he held her, his hard cock brushed against the split of her smooth sex, and she whimpered. She was completely ready for him all right. Moving around behind her, he steadied her then nodded for Mona to continue, this time with more on her nipples. In all, Mona applied about a dozen more to each nipple. Velanna slipped again into the starry world of orgasmic delight, not forgetting to breathe, she gasped and moaned her passion.

Flavius shook his head, literally, this girl was popping fresh and ready for a good fucking and he was just the one to do it. Mona released her, letting her drop to her knees, Velanna immediately fell to sucking on Flavius' cock. She took every bit of him and damn near swallowed him whole. Flavius between gasps, gave his approval for Felina, Ashbod, Lustina and Mona to play with each other... after all, they'd earned a little playtime.

It was in the early morning before dawn that Ashbod and Lustina got up and just had to pee... when they finished, the two went outside onto the patio to sit and enjoy the slightly cooler part of the day. The large slots in the stones were there as a reminder to Lustina that her day on the cross would be far from comfortable. She looked over at Ashbod who was rubbing her tits and between her legs... not for excitement, but because those areas hurt.

Lustina smiled, "They'll quit hurting in a day or two... In a few hours, I go up on a couple of boards neatly arranged with a cute little wedge to absorb my weight. My arms out to my sides... just like I am... just like the day I was born... as bare as a bumpkin." She glanced over at Ashbod, "... In case I didn't say it earlier... I think your nipples are sweet and desirable so long... how did you get them to that length?"

Ashbod smiled and slightly to herself first, "Well, dear girl it is a 'long' story..." She said pulling on them as she said the word long. Ashbod took on a more down to Earth conversation, and not the airhead approach to her slavery. She went on, "... When I was young... about 18 or so... I was sold into slavery. It was near Ma' Niveona in Brittany... my stepparents took me in when I was 14 after the Romans

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kidnapped my real parents, and I never saw them again. These steps were pig farmers and when I was old enough to be convincing as a grown up, I ran away and took to working in the baths near Minavene... It was warm there, and the spa keeper allowed me to live in while earning a sovereign a month and tips... the tips where good, specially at first..."

Lustina looked at her, "I thought tips classified you as whore?"

She quickly raised her eyebrows and looked down a second then back up at the stars, "You know what is nice about the stars... they are always there for you, but never expect you to behave a certain way... they are the same for a master or a slave..." She looked at Lustina, "Yes... I guess you could call me a whore... but since whores are not allowed in the baths... then I couldn't be a whore, right? Well almost right... since towel girls and boys worked in the nude it was nothing for a few extra coins to be left where a customer asked for the towel to be put. And when the coins were taken... then it was into the pool with them to help them 'bathe' and 'clean up'..." Ashbod smiled at Lustina putting her left finger on her front tooth.

Suddenly turning her head to look at her, Lustina replied, "Kind of 'clean up' like we did, only without the painful side of it?"

Nodding Ashbod went on, "Oh, for sure indeed... no the baths were an easy way to earn extra money and not be held accountable to being a whore. What went against us, was when Augusta the moral one, slammed down the law on bathing nude... it made things awkward for us. But in the wisdom of things, there is always a way. The law also said that official inspections and guards were to be announced with a trumpeted fanfare... and they were indeed. The law only prohibited bathing in the nude, it did not require towel people to be clothed. So as long as we were not in the water, we could be nude to hand out the towels."

"What about infractions of the rules?" Lustina asked.

"Minor offences were handled with a whipping... which was received while in the nude mind you... gee whiz is there any other way? Usually, a Centurion or inspector supervised these. They always loved it when the chance came for me to take a few lashes... I had about the largest set of these..." She shook her tits back and forth, "... of any girl working there." Ashbod smiled as she talked about her breasts.

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Lustina shook her head, "If I was your owner, you'd have nothing but red tits... I'd wear out my leathers on them!" She gave a quick lick in the corner of her mouth.

"I just bet you would... well I worked there for about three years... my stepmother had died, and my step father remarried a woman that was nearly my age, her name was Sylvana. They'd moved to the Southern end of the continent, near Massilia, when a few months later he died leaving the farm to her. She hated me something awful, and made me work grudgingly hard from dawn to dusk. In the warmer climate, she planted several fields of wheat, often using me as the plough horse. It was from this time on that I never was allowed clothing again. After the harvest, she would take me and bind me to the grist lever and force me to turn the heavy stone grinding the grain into flour. If I didn't turn the lever enough to make several full sacks of flour, then she would string me up by my wrists and flog me. Then put me back to work this time wearing fist sized stones dangling from my nipples. They would sway as I turned the lever, hitting the wood so that she could hear them knowing that I was leaning hard into my work. It was from wearing these stones, that my nipples began to grow longer." Ashbod cocked her head slightly to one side.

"So just how heavy were these... stones?" Lustina wondered.

"About this much..." Ashbod leaned over and tugged on Lustina's nipples making them stretch longer.

"Oww... hey... take it easy... remember that I had my tits slapped around too with that green wand right along with you earlier..." Lustina snapped at her...

Ashbod smiled and licked her lips once, "Well, she didn't stop there... for the next two years, she kept me indentured to her. Even when the farm had grown to a sizeable villa, she would force me to toil, naked along with all the other slaves both male and female. The male ones would find ways to use me that I'd just bet even 'he' wouldn't have thought of. Anyway, I delivered two healthy female babies over the next two years. Do you think that when I was pregnant with them my stepmother would cut me some slack? No way, girl... she just whipped me harder and all the way up to the time I was ready to deliver I toiled and slaved in the fields and at that horrible lever. I'll have to admit, that keeping active didn't hurt my deliveries any... they popped right out of me like I had been breeding for a living... which at times I felt like I was..."

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Lustina stood up and looked at the light forming in the east as dawn approached... in the distance a cock crowed once, "I knew a couple of girls that all they did in life was breed. A tribe of Germans in the far north held them captive... one of the girls was 22 years old and had already given birth six times and she was swollen up with her seventh child, five of them girls. Too bad, but the tribe's elders had her publicly bull whipped every time she gave birth to a girl..."

There was a short silence after Lustina spoke... and in the distance, the cock crowed again. Ashbod spoke low, "Hear that... that is twice now the cock has crowed... it will do so once more before the sun comes up." She looked at Lustina, "Too bad about that girl getting whipped so hard for birthing girls... was she from the same tribe?"

"No... she was a Carthaginian, like myself... see my dark hair... that tribe was all blondes like you, Velanna and several others around here." Lustina commented slightly off handed.

"I see... well too bad anyway for her... I am sorry if she was your relative..." Ashbod tried to patch the sense of loss she was getting from the young brunette.

Lustina shook her head, "Actually she was just a close friend... go on with what you were saying?" Lustina changed her tone a bit.

"She kept me there until I was twenty-four, when for some unearthly reason, she took me to Massilia where she sold me to a female merchant by the name of Charisma. This woman came from Lesbos and had eight merchant galleys. I am not sure, but I believe I was sold for a very good price that mainly revolved around my unusual nipples. Charisma took me right away to her main galley, where I went straight to her cabin. There for the next six months, I was her complete body slave. She was crazy about my nipples and would wrap them in cords, put large gold rings in them, put copper coils around them and sometimes cased them in wet entrails which would shrink to squeeze them. Those hurt more than the metals she used on them. Except of course, when she would have the metals heated... especially the copper coils, as they would brand them. She had to tie my wrists out stretched to do that to me, it hurt so damn bad." Ashbod told her.

"I had heard of Charisma... but until you, I never knew anyone who was owned by her. Is it true that she is very attractive?" Lustina asked.

Ashbod nodded, "For sure on that, but I would say that Velanna is more attractive than her... and Velanna has a firmer body."

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Lustina shook her head, "Velanna is an Amazon warrior, silly... Flavious usually keeps her for use in the Arena... the Emperor loves to watch Velanna get put through her paces I can tell you."

Ashbod shrugged and continued, "Well, things were like this for about six months, and one day Charisma seemed to just grow tired of me so she took me down into the galley and had me chained to oar nine, center position, starboard side. The first thing I noticed was that every rowing slot was filled by a woman. No men at all, and everyone, including the drummer and the overseer were bare ass naked. Oh, the drummer and overseer were allowed sweatbands, but that's it. Not another stitch of clothing was allowed. The Gods know it that the heat down there was almost unbearable. Clothing would have been a bother more than a blessing. When I first arrived, one girl had been chained up by her wrists to the lower masthead, and from the looks of her, she'd been beaten with a strap across her breasts. They were very red and swollen, and the overseer saw me looking at the girl so she shook her whip in my face, saying that she'd claimed her tits got in the way of her rowing... 'You'd better keep yours out of the oars' way or you'll get the same treatment, understand?'... I just nodded and stepped into my place while she snapped the chains on my ankles and wrists."

Lustina looked at Ashbod, "So you were once a galley slave? No wonder your breasts are so delightfully firm... I've heard stories about women pulling the oars and gaining two full bust sizes in the process. It really works those pectoral muscles..."

Nodding Ashbod continued, "Yeah, the stories are true... those oars can firm you up all right as within two weeks, mine were nearly firm as when I was 16... You'd have never known that I had three kids. My hips retracted, and here I am at 28 pulling oars and feeling like a young woman. At least Charisma fed us well... not slop but quality food... that's why we were full of stamina and had the strength to pull the oars. It was not all fun and exercise for certain... I remember that the overseer would make a selection of whom she wanted to torment or whom she was ordered to torment might be a truer statement."

"One day in mid-summer, I'd been at the oars for over six months, Charisma came down to check up on all of us. I took my eyes off the pacer for a few moment to look at my attractive and quite nude mistress when my grip slipped and the oar came back to thump me in the chest causing my left tit to turn a bit red, as well as making me gasp. It was just the excuse needed to land me some punishments... Snapping her fingers, she nodded to the overseer to take me out of

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position. It was but a few seconds and I found myself standing directly in front of Charisma for the first time in over six months. She chucked me under the chin, and in the sweetest of tones addressed me... 'Well well my little hard nipples cupcake... let me see where that nasty oar scraped this tender breast of yours...' She fondled my breast and tweaked my nipple hard enough to make me whimper. 'You don't like Charisma to make over you?' It was obvious that she had been drinking and a lot of wine that I could smell on her breath, so I nodded thinking that she wanted to hear a yes that I loved her touch, but I didn't realize that either answer was the wrong answer. There was no right answer to her statement... 'I think you are an ungrateful galley slut, and in need of punishment... take her up on deck.' I said nothing more, as what good would it do?"

"What did she do to you?" Lustina was interested to hear.

"On the deck, I saw that the stories were true, no men at all... only women. The entire crew, all officers and Charisma herself bared it all when at sea. I saw two girls who were obviously being punished for the crime of being pregnant. One girl fairly eight months along steered the ship with her swollen belly blatantly exposed by having her wrists tied to the guide ropes. There was no hiding her condition. Another girl, apparently one of Charisma's officers, wore nipple clips that obviously hurt; yet she went about her duties as if she didn't feel a thing. I felt myself being shoved to the center of the main deck.

"Charisma hailed an announcement about my insubordination and to prepare me for a flogging. There is nothing like being flogged while at sea and the ship rolls in the waves. I think the sun is hotter and the air is excited with the presence of all the nudity and girls being tied on display. The overseer had the pleasure of flogging me, so she went and got a special whip made of six long strands of woven hide and hemp, there were a few knots in it, but thank the spirits nothing to cause my skin to be shredded. In position, I was given a full at sea flogging from my shoulders to my knees, revived only twice with buckets of cold sea water. Every girl present watched as the whip scored my back, breasts, buttocks, cleft of my sex, and belly... the overseer was quite skilled. Later I found out that two other girls were flogged after me, for fingering themselves while I was being whipped. I recalled in my semi-conscious state, Charisma ordering me to be put spread-eagled in the rigging and it seemed like a short while later I had girls on either side of me equally oiled, spread, moaning under the intense heat of the sun." Ashbod finished...

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"Sounds like what happens on Hestus' ship... not much difference with the floggings and spread-eagled in the rigging... ships handled by males do the same things..." Lustina shrugged.

"Oh, yes, I agree... it happened a lot to me as I served on these ships... both onboard Charisma's vessels and on the way here onboard Hestus' galley. On this first occasion though, myself and my two companions were left there the rest of the day, and turned this way and that a couple of times... it was at sundown that we were taken down and allowed in on the absolute Lesbian orgy that began on the main deck, and I can't even begin to tell you all of the goings on. Women at sea can think of the most obscene things to do to each other that any mind can imagine... I recall a number of wine drinking contests and one in which a dark haired deck girl drinking a stream of wine from a botta bag that was held up to her lips by two other girls. She also had spread apart her nether lips and began to pee an equal stream at the same time on two sunburned girls who writhed under her spread legs.

"There was another girl close by drinking more wine from a similar botta, but instead of peeing, she was milked from both breasts by two dark brown girls as she continued to drink the wine. The music, it was so intense that most of the girls were dancing and frolicking in each others' arms, rubbing bare pussies together as well as hard nipped breasts flattening in bear hugging contests. I saw a special contest where six girls were betting on how long another big breasted girl could take having her breasts squeezed in a torture clamp. Her tits were turning completely purple in that thing and after the bets were placed, she was so drunk that she took another turn of the screws."

"By the main mast, three deck girls grabbed me and tied me to the mast... I don't know if you ever experienced it, but taking a rope's end lashing on fresh sunburn is not my idea of fun. They even bet on how many licks of the ropes I could take across my breasts before I passed out. I can't remember who won... and you know the pregnant girl I'd seen earlier that day steering, now held by two girls while her breasts were being squeezed into two small wringers. They were even betting on how much milk they could get out of her before she 'unloaded her cargo' was the term they used.

"My time with Charisma's fleet lasted four years, and after that I was sold to farmers again. The ones that I mentioned to our Master who had the black bitches that tortured me constantly, and before I left had put me on the stone pile and beat my ass with a cowhide while

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hard stones bruised my breasts and all because I had longer nipples than theirs. No, I can tell you that women can be cruel to women far more than any man could imagine... and I do believe this Master of ours has a lot of imagination..." Ashbod nodded back toward the entrance to the bedroom.

Lustina started to speak, when in the distance, the cock crowed for the third time and the glow in the east was slowly coming into view... "That is the third crow... this day will be a cruel one and we better scramble back to Master's bed before he wakes... he always likes to take one of us right after he pees and wakes up a bit... Oh, yes you are correct, he has a lot of imagination..." The two girls moved back inside and silently slipped back down on their master's bed.

Chapter V

More Than Just Training

It was another day of their training for Melissa, Becket, Teka and Tanya; by rotation they had skirted their turn at the Arena's mill, but it would be with a new teacher. Not so fortunate however were the girls recovering from their frolic in the bath... Velanna and Ashbod found themselves sweating like cheap whores straining at the heavy-levered stones of the field mills. No one could have been more sorry than Lustina, writhing and squirming on a 'T'ao cross crucified openly on Flavious' veranda. She obviously felt even more hurt from her exposure to the intense sun, which offered her no mercy. Velanna sweltered and strained with her nipples brushing on the smooth wood of the large lever. Ashbod's long nipples flattened and then raised as the rough wood scraped her sorry peaks, she'd been fitted close to the lever by a set of rings fitted into each of her long nipples.

A lazy stroke of the whip caught Velanna's wary breast on its side, wincing in pain, the soft flesh bounced as its owner twisted to protect herself. It seems a bit too much for luck, but the long tips of the multi-stranded lash seemed to seek the tortured buds of the blonde Amazon with their snaky tongues.

Focus returned to Velanna with a deep voice command from Elba, "Are you ready now, my sweaty blonde whore? Keep the pace up, slut... or I use this on you until you crawl on your knees begging me to stop!" She brought the whip across Velanna's bare back so that the strands scored again the soft side of her right breast. It bounced as if it had a mind of its own and Velanna heaved silently against the lever.

Elba coiled up the lash, as Velanna turned the lever past her, Elba completely naked herself as this assignment came in the form of exile from the Arena. Overseers assigned to supervise the mill were required to do so in the nude like those laboring at the task. It was one of Flavious' casual requirements and the price paid by females to him so that he could observe his slave girls doing difficult tasks completely bare-assed naked. Unless given special permission, no slave girl regardless of station, was allowed clothing of any kind while laboring in the fields. To put anything on at all was a violation that would earn them floggings, hours of binding crucifixion, long hours riding on the painful wooden pony, shiny bar or the stone wedge itself.

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Trodding past Elba, Ashbod with her nipples ringed and nailed to the wooden beam forcing her to keep awkwardly heave against the wood. The muscles in her back rippled at the strain she displayed, leaving a tempting target for Elba who scored a stroke of her whip against the girl's bronzed back and a lick at the bulging side of her right breast.

Ashbod gasped, "AAAHHH!" tossing her head back and shoving harder against the lever as she flattened her breasts against the rough wood.

Elba yanked Ashbod's disheveled blonde hair back, "Hurts doesn't it nipple girl?" She stepped back and gave Ashbod another lash, which coiled around Ashbod's butt and snapped on her smooth mound across the slight gap in her sex. It left a red welt in its wake.

Ashbod danced a quick two steps, and shook her head slightly, giving off another quick gasp, "NAAHOO... AAA! Oh, please not down there... by the Gods it hurts a lot down there..."

Smiling to herself, Elba coiled up the whip to wait for Velanna to come around the grinder... her breasts bounced uncontrolled with each step. Elba had slept with Velanna many times in the past, and she was even whipped with her once when Flavious had them lashed in the girl-girl position in the Arena. Glistening with oil and sweat, Velanna stepped in from the glare of the sun to the semi-shade of the canopy when Elba stopped her. She went over to her and grabbed a fist full of Velanna's blonde hair; forcing her head back she kissed her full on the mouth and tongued the blonde. Their nipples growing excitedly hard as the kiss lingered on. Elba fondled Velanna's breasts and nipples, "I want you... you hard bodied bitch... right now, here in the heat of the noonday sun!"

It was time for the mid-day break, so Elba released Ashbod and Velanna, then Velanna and Elba ducked behind two bales of raw wheat, and girled each other for nearly half an hour. Ashbod watched them from a few feet away; as she lay in the shade of the canopy she closed her eyes and leaned her head back. It was a pleasure to just rest from the drudgery, and she dozed off.

Rudely Ashbod was stirred up, with a kick to her side, it was Carlos, "Wake up you slut, break was over an hour ago, and where's your companion and that overseer, Elba?"

Ashbod scrambled to her feet, the rings in her nipples bounced about as she climbed to her feet, "Sir... sorry, ah... where... yes, Sir, Carlos, Sir... ah... my companion is Velanna and our 'seer is... is Elba..."

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they're over there behind that pile... I think..." She squinted her eyes in the hot sunny afternoon, and fumbled with her fingers trying not to be a tattletale...

Carlos almost smiled at her, "No they're not... you sleepy little bitch... there they are over there oiled and displayed spread wide open on those two slant 'X' crosses."

Ashbod squinted in the heat boils coming off the ground, as she saw Elba and Velanna glistening side by side while on either side of them a grain slut whipped them with a fist full of baling straps. She could just hear the leather slap their wet skin and the gasps and grunts both women vocalized as they faced the blue cloudless sky while taking a fearsome beating with those straps. She looked at Carlos, "I-I feel sorry for them... taking such a brutal punishment for a few hours of pleasure behind that pile of hay..."

Carlos looked over at them then back at Ashbod, "Good thing you were just sleeping, that will earn you ten with this instead of a full drubbing on the 'X' frame. Now, move back to the lever, and around to the front of it, you'll be pulling it for the rest of the afternoon as well as it making it all the easier for me to lash your tits in this position. When I get done with you, I'll bring over two of the sickle whores to help you rotate the stone and grind the quota for the day. Or you'll find yourself taking another whipping for being light in your quota."

With those words he removed Ashbod's nipple rings, then he whipped her ten lashes across her breasts and replaced the rings. She shivered and moaned in the usual way as his whip caused her breasts to sway and bounce. It hurt enough when he put the rings back in her nipples. The other two girls were dark haired Spanish sluts, with dark brown skin. And the lever lunged against her back as the two girls leaned into the task following a slice of Carlos' whip across their bronze backsides.

In the Arena, a new instructor and quite naked herself, was ready to put four nude novices into new training practices... "Your former teacher, Elba has been sent to the fields... I am your new teacher, Agrippina... you will all simply address me as teacher. For now get ready to practice your posture and balance! Teka, remember to keep your balance on your lunges... all of you I expect you to work on your form as well. Tanya this time try to protect those breasts of yours... and Becket, you must remember where you are most vulnerable. Melissa, you won't get another lick on your pretty sex like

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before, but I highly suggest that you keep those legs slightly separated with your balance and stance square... now... ready... and attack!"

Four humans assumed a ready posture, with Melissa looking in good form. Teka's form looked flawless, however Tanya exposed a bit too much of her right breast and teacher flicked the whip to reminded her of her shortcomings. Tanya sucked in her breath a couple of times, each heave reflected the twin red lines curling toward her well-tanned nipple's rosy red tip... how it did sting in the late morning air.

Melissa's nether lips seemed puffy and swollen larger than normal, with wet ooze that seemed to flow from between them. A simple feel by the teacher and a quick sniff told her that Melissa's juices were obviously mixed with Becket's seed. She whispered to Melissa to be wary, if she missed a period, she'd find herself under the strap, naked, and laboring in the fields. She leaned over and told Becket about Carlos punishing a lad by putting his cock into a bee's nest.

The last time Carlos caught a gladiator tossing himself off, he had the man put on a cross and flogged while a naked slave girl took a cleft whipping with a narrow strip of leather that would penetrate her sex and sting her clit; it kept the man with a raging hard on. Bringing a bee's nest over, he had the man's cock put inside and stung until it swelled to more than twice its size. Then, six more slave girls kept on fucking him until he begged to become a eunuch.

"I will warn the two of you," she cautioned Melissa and Becket, "be wary of Carlos. He can sense when you two have been fucking, and in your state of constant undress it is easy to fall careless to have a quickie, catching you both when you least expect it. Melissa, believe me, hanging upside down and having your sunburned sex whipped with a broad strap is not very pleasant either..."

"Teacher, you mean he will really use a large strap on a girl's naked sex?" Melissa swallowed hard.

"Very much so." The dark haired teacher cocked her head to one side as she answered.

"I simply can't accept his getting a bee's nest and making me put my cock into it..." Becket guffawed.

"Believe it you two... he knows and I assure you that he will force you to do whatever he wishes. He's done so with me upon more than one occasion..."

"How? By whipping you?" Becket noted with a tone of sarcasm.

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"Watch your tongue, boy! I could make you retract that tone of voice, in full!"

"Sorry Teacher..."

"Accepted."

"Look, I am beginning to fall in love with Melissa. I desire her body next to me at night. I want to marry her!"

"Keep going the way you are, and she'll be swelling up nice and ripe. Deny Master of his privilege to make Melissa pregnant by him and she will suffer greatly. She will be sent to the grain mills to labor naked under the lash. With all the other unfaithful slave girls."

"How do you know of such a place?" asked Teka.

"I got pregnant once aside from the Master... I didn't know who the father was. The Master of course sent me to the mill, where at first I was flogged like a common sewer whore. Strung up naked and lashed daily, I was shackled and turning a heavy stone wheel used to grind the grain. When my belly grew larger, it made no difference; I still labored plucky at the task. My breasts became heavy along with my belly, so that I was singled out and given a breast whipping made an example of to the rest of the girls. Oh, they flogged them real good raising hefty red welts and popping my nipples... it hurt like fire, and I could actually feel them throb! After they would let me down I rubbed and soothed them, but they would only command me to stop. When I didn't they re-strung me back up again, and flogged my breasts even harder. After I stopped wailing for the second time, they cut me down then arched my back on a strut. Parading me around like a brazen whore with both of my tits glowing red in agony; my nipples puffed up to twice their normal size turned the color of ripe cherries. The next day, they fitted me into a punishment yoke, which forced me to expose my breasts even more obscenely to the open air and the sweltering sun. That evening, still wearing that heavy yoke, I was made the after dinner entertainment, where Master Flavious switched my nipples until I fainted. He had Marianna, another trainer, suck on them until I came to and then I learned that she was an expert at inflicting breast torture. Standing me back up, Marianna openly milked me in front of all the guests, while I wore that awful yoke... you haven't suffered until you've been humiliated like that..."

Melissa asked softly, "What happened to your baby?"

Teacher just replied distantly, "I gave up my baby..."

"That's too bad..." Melissa lowered her head, as the others went silent too.

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"Well not to worry, that was last year and you all are here now and will do what is needed of you to complete your training. All right, at my command all of you pose with your best form... I don't want to see a flinch or I will use my switch on your tender spots!" She changed her mood to one of a commanding mistress.

Melissa took up her defense stance, her legs slightly parted and both feet secure to the ground, as she held her staff at the proper position to be checked out.

Teka posed in an offensive posture, focused with her balance on the balls of her feet. Teacher felt the girl's muscles and checked her balance, which was sturdy.

Tanya stood with a firm vertical staff, her legs only slightly spread and ready to switch from defense to offense in a split second action. She had Tanya demonstrate rapid defense and offense, which performed smoothly.

Finally, Becket stood with a diagonal staff position, one foot back and parallel to his shoulders. The other leg slightly bent and forward, his toes pointing forward. For a male, this scissors position of his legs would leave his cock and balls to dangle appearing somewhat vulnerable. The teacher could see that Elba had been letting Becket off easy on corrective application of her switch and narrow staff. It was time he really learned, so she took up a position in front of him and with a couple of quick moves, one of which he blocked, she was able to land a firm blow to his nude sex. Becket coughed and grew intensely weak in the knees. Dropping his staff, he doubled over with one hand on his throbbing sex and the other on his stomach, he vomited... Melissa moved in to help him.

"Touch him slut and I'll flog you myself and you'll ride the bar for two hours!" she snapped at Melissa and looked at the two Amazons, who made no move at all toward him. Becket coughed and wretched a couple of more times he was in serious pain, in spite of it all his cock was slightly flaccid.

"He'll be all right in a few moments, Elba has been too lax with him and it shows." She looked at Melissa, "... if I were to allow him to go to the arena that ill prepared, the three sisters would have beaten his cock and balls to a pulp. Effectively that would have ended your chances of marriage to him, girl..." her last remark sank in with Melissa.

"He's so weak, mistress... maybe you shouldn't have delivered him such a powerful blows..." Melissa almost cried looking at him.

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"I said he'll be fine!" She glared at the naked girl, "Look, if I'd have given him just a fraction of what the sisters could deliver, he'd be spitting blood up by now. You just don't get it do you? Fucking each others brains out every night drains a male... slightly taking away..."

Teka spoke like a true Amazon bitch, "Males are weaklings, and a female could take a blow like that to her sex and still concentrate on her adversary..."

Teacher stepped close and looked Teka in the eye, "Ever been to the arena before?"

Teka and Tanya looked down and shook their heads in a negative fashion.

"Let me tell you. All of you..."

Becket by now was regaining his strength and composure, the teacher helped him up and nodded her concern for him, she continued her story, "... at first, like you, I'd heard stories about the cruelty of the arena. You hear rumors and tales that really don't let you know what it is like until you are in there. This arena is mild compared to the old one in Pompano, and I was a fresh novice at that arena. It was my first time actually and being a bit younger then. The story man decided to use us in a story of conquest. We were captives from a barbaric land, so the scene went, and a few of us were assigned to be warriors. Myself, three other women and three other men fought with inferior weapons, but we were disarmed and put into chains. What I did see was what happened to the few who were allowed to fight proper, four women and two men fought with equal weapons against the Roman gladiators. What they didn't know was that the gladiators were their top fighters, a very elite and highly trained group. Two of them were women, a black woman and a blonde woman. Two of the gladiators were also black men, and very strong..."

Tanya spoke, "They allowed you to watch?"

Teacher nodded, "Yes, after all we were in chains as captives, remember?"

Tanya nodded. "Melissa, you love this young man named Becket, right?" The two looked at each other and nodded with lowered heads. "There was someone that I once loved... he was not properly trained to fight, but was made to take a stand because of his size and build. Very strong, his name was Tamon and he came from the same northern tribe as me. One of the female gladiators, the blonde called Tigra started by using a whip on Tamon, and in one stroke, she let it out and wrapped its tip around his bare cock and balls. Jerking, he fell

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forward and gripped the long braid of the whip while he was being dragged screaming. Tigra smiled and gave him another jerk, and the crowd began to go wild. I cried out his name... over and over I begged them to stop and not kill him but capture him as a part of the spectacle. Tigra made matters worse as she climbed into a chariot sliding the handle of the whip into a locking tube. She seized the reins and brought the horses to a gallop, with my Tamon bouncing and dragging behind in the dust. His screams diminished with his strength, the first time around he looked at me with pleading eyes. I struggled and succeeded to get free, but was snagged by a net tossed by the black warrior woman, Zelena. One whom I thought was a friend of mine, holding a sword she had a chance to cut Tigra's whip and free my Tamon from certain doom. All she did was look at me lowering her sword; it was then I saw a gladiator come up behind her only I didn't warn her. He was swinging a length of chain with a long sharp hook on it, that slithered over her shoulder and with a sudden jerk he pulled the hook up into her sex. In a moment she was tethered similar to Tamon, only pulled firmly on a chain. Zelena fell forward, wild eyed as she tried to grip the chain to relieve herself of the strain hooked into her sex. The gladiator, Truxus stepped into his chariot and secured the chain stirring the horses to a gallop he dragged Zelena in a similar fashion to what Tigra was doing to my Tamon. By now Tigra had made one circuit of the arena dragging Tamon. Truxus sped up his horses to catch up with Tigra. They were racing..." Teacher's eyes begin to water, and her lower lip trembled... "Racing around and around the arena dragging Tamon and Zelena by their tender sex." She started sniffing and wiping her tears... the four novices stood in complete silence.

Teacher now looked with narrow focus at the two Amazons, "As I looked at Tamon laying there, dead... glancing up I saw Truxus' chariot slow down. Somehow, Zelena was still hanging on, I saw him release the chain from the chariot and toss its end over a wooden arch. He then hoisted Zelena up and up again until she hung with her sex fully impaled on that shiny hook, with her legs kicking wildly in the air. She wailed and screamed as she frantically tried to pull herself up and unhook her sex, then came one awful high-pitched scream! Zelena struggled for about another minute or so, and she looked pleading for some kind of help, which turned into a way out distant kind of help, like the help only a God could give her. Her eyes became big, distant and then came that empty stare of death... so, you think women are

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stronger than men?" Her lower lip trembled "... you know, young Amazon girls from the green countryside of Lesbos, that scream... the one that is kind of a helpless like deep sort of gut cramping scream? One of those 'women are stronger than men', kind of screams! That one kind of scream, lovely girl... that one like you two slit licking, suntanned, honey colored blonde, kiss ass girls think is, kind of scream!" She kicked the staff out of Tanya's hand so that it flew a few feet and landed with a dusty thud on the Arena floor.

Teacher blinked her eyes once then carried on to the silent stares of her four charges, "The real arena is not some day camp! It is not some spank my tit, lick my ass, cup-cake derby! There are some arenas out there, when you can get your cunt split open to your brains! What little you have of them! I mean serious stuff... where the Master might be kind and take a bull whip to you or, if he has a hair up his ass, up and hang you on a cross and set fire to you! That kind of serious shit is what I'm talking about here. It is about time that you all realized that the world you enter here, though full of sex and sexually stimulating tortures for the moment, can turn serious and dangerous at the flick of a whip. One minute you are a full lovely hunk of female beauty, or a healthy full of spunk male, and the next minute a male becomes an unwilling female and a woman turns into a hunk of meat turning over a fire with a stick jammed up her ass coming out of her mouth while another naked girl bastes her with butter over an open flame. Now you better take this seriously and get over the candy ass attitude, because if you don't sweet cheeks..." Teacher looked again at the two young Amazons, "... you might find yourselves the sweet treat on the dark side of someone's fantasy... do I make myself clear?"

It was Tanya who moved first and slowly went over to pick up her spear, Becket looked at her ass where her bare sex joined the lower joint of her body as she bent over, his cock twitched just slightly. Teacher saw it and for a moment didn't know whether to laugh or whack him one on the end of his cock for just the principle of the thing. She shook her head and turned away from the spectacle the young tan Amazon displayed to him. Looking down a second, she realized that this was a sex arena... and sexual combat was what they were to be taught here at Flavious' Island... she sighed and snapped her whip at Becket not hitting him, "Keep your focus, you horny little bastard... that little tart wants only girl-girl stuff... save it for your interest here..." she nodded to Melissa.

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"Sorry teacher, I just couldn't help noticing..." Becket looked back to see the Amazon girl moving back into place with her spear, she made eye contact with him and for a second took a stand with both her legs spread, her hands holding the spear above her head, and she did a body shimmy to show her stuff off to him. This made his cock ride higher... Melissa looked at him and gave him a slight jealousy stare then using her middle finger and thumb she gave him a thump on the tip end of his cock. He looked at her wide eyed, "OWW... hey that hurts... you little bitch..."

Melissa looked at him, "I'm a little bitch? She's the little bitch... I'm your true love, or don't you remember what you told me last night?"

"Of course I do... you are my love... but she's a temptation for anyone parading around the way she does like that!" Becket replied.

Teacher just paused to listen to this, it was getting good and would perhaps go somewhere... she raised her eyebrows as they continued.

Becket looked at the Amazon who was making eyes at him, and playing with her nipple, as he watched her, "... yeah... like the way she is doing right now... she doesn't look very lesbian at all... she looks good enough to stretch out right here..."

"Quit looking at her, and look at me!" Melissa pointed to the girl.

Tanya dropped her spear and stepped toward Melissa and Becket, "He can look at me if he wants to you little cock sucker... besides, I'm twice the woman you are and men are drawn to that..." She turned to Becket, "... want to sleep with me tonight, lover..." She fondled his swollen cock, "... I have a sweet fresh pussy waiting for you, and not a wet clam like she does!"

That did it, just what the teacher wanted to see, Melissa grabbed the Amazon by her hair and the two started a full blown cat fight right on the spot. She stepped back a few paces to give them room, and the two really dug into each other. Becket's cock grew even more erect and to a point where he was kind of self conscious about it. Teacher moved around the two struggling females to his side. Where she gently put her hand on his hard and now throbbing member. She began to whisper in his ear, "... these two are fighting over you, handsome boy... look at them sweat and claw each other... roll in the dirt and punch each other's tits..." she started to gently stroke him, coaxing him to step just a little closer to the action. "See... your

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Melissa is starting to get the upper hand on the blonde one... I'm going to make an announcement..."

She stepped in front of him hiding her hand action on his cock as she spoke, "Attention everyone... the winner of this little brawl will whip the loser and the winner gets this sperm bank behind me for her own tonight... you may continue..." The two girls renewed their fight even harder. With Melissa punching Tanya in the gut and slapping her right tit with open palms. The two gripped each other again and down they went into the brown dirt of the arena floor, struggling in the brilliant sun, the two women battled. Teacher continued to stroke the hard cock on Becket, occasionally feeling his balls swell in her hand. Like all males, any female doing her sexual best in the stimulating conditions displayed before him, she was also quite happy that she left her own clothing off as well. As soon as the situation presented itself the teacher gave Becket the opportunity for him to plug himself into her from behind.

Sweat poured off the two fighting females as they continued to attempt to pin each other and win the contest. Their breath was heavy as they would stand up, dirty and sweaty, to get a better hold on each other. No one noticed Becket fucking the instructor from behind, except the watchful eyes of Carlos. He didn't interrupt their fun... he was already having too much of his own to step in. Ashbod was kneeling with her mouth on his cock, doing her 'thing' like her very life depended on it... how close to the truth she was she would likely never know.

Becket was almost in full strokes pumping Teacher, when the two brawling women finally began to get tired. It was inevitable, that Melissa put up a good fight, but the more experienced Amazon managed to get her straddle of Melissa's chest. Being a bigger girl than Melissa, Tanya enjoyed punching Melissa's tits a few times, and it was watching this action that made Becket fill the teacher with a cunt full of white come. It was more than even she was prepared to handle. Her eyes went wide, as she gasped, "Oh... my... ooo... AAA..." she rolled her eyes slightly, as Becket emptied his balls deep inside of her. If only she had known just how spunky this young man was... Teacher could have avoided the next eight months of grueling, sweaty labor at the harvest mill.

The fight now over, as Melissa surrendered to Tanya... she crawled to her feet, as the Amazon marched in a small circle with her arms up in victory. She went over to the teacher, who had a rather

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satisfied look on her face, "... I'll take my reward now!" Tanya held out her hand for the whip.

The teacher nodded, and patted her belly gently, going over to pick up her whip, she bent over and some of the white cum from young Becket oozed out. Tanya saw this and looked at Becket's wet cock, putting two and two together, she went over to Becket, "You pounded the cream puff, I see... lover boy... what do you think Carlos would do, if he saw you pumping the teacher like that?" She made a little motion in the air, "... buzz... buzz... remember the bee hive?" She looked at the teacher putting Melissa up between two posts, then she looked back at Becket, "... oh, you'll be ready and randy again tonight my cock boy... only not with me... I still prefer my choice of meat... girl meat that is..." She looked at Teka who lowered her eyes submissively. Moving away from Becket, she went over to the instructor and held her hand out for the whip, which was laying on the arena floor... Teacher looked at the girl's outstretched hand, then at the whip on the ground... Tanya spoke softly to her teacher, "I'd like another instructor... the one I have is full of... spunk..." Turning her head toward the awkward looking Becket, then back at the still vibrant woman called Teacher, "... well, the whip please so that I can take my... reward?"

Agrippina stood proud like the dark haired Arena girl she was, with the testy little blonde slut still holding her hand out waiting, "You are a little bitch, and I ought to have you crucified right here and right now..."

Tanya stared at her, not blinking, "... maybe you ought to think twice about the cross... Carlos doesn't take to instructors getting pumped by their male students... oh, cute cheeks back there has a ball sack full of male cream all right... and I know for sure that pumpkin here will get a belly on her before winter comes, as hard as he's filling that cunt of hers each night... but you, darling woman, the image of female strength to us all, just toppled off that pedestal of importance... I can see the cross in your future unless you confess to Carlos and hope that cum quads back there isn't as fertile as he looks... I'm not blind, when you bent over to pick up some rope and tie little miss tuff it here, the cum was oozing out of you like you'd been fucking for a month... Carlos just might let you off with a sound lashing, that I would like to help him do if you will, then if he will, let me have you for the night." She did a casual fondle of Yeacher's nipples.

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Teacher bent over and picked up the whip, and handed it to the young Amazon, "You little cunt, I ought to..."

"... What... my darling what... whip my cunt for me? Or have Becket there fill me up with a load of his cream? It isn't me who has him inside of her tummy..." She gently patted Agrippina on the lower belly, "... it's you darling muff... who couldn't resist a hard 'sunburned' no less, cock..." She smacked her lips taking the whip in her hand... turning to lay the stroke on Melissa; Agrippina yanked the whip away and grabbed the blonde's hair...

One hour later, Carlos had all of the novices and their instructors gathered, he turned to Flavious and handed him a wand... Flavious spoke aloud, "I place a lot of trust in my instructors... here you see Agrippina, one of my long time teachers and guides displayed for punishment because temptation found her without getting my permission. That is a fault which merits punishment of thirty lashes with the long whip, and one day on the cross... punishment to commence immediately..." He handed the wand back to Carlos who reached over and took a 10-foot bullwhip off a hook. Agrippina was tied spread-eagle in a raised archway, wide enough that the long whip could have its effect on her. Her dark hair blowing in the hot breeze she looked back over her shoulder at Carlos... it had been a couple of years, but it was not the first time she'd been in this position to his long whip.

Carlos glanced to one side, looking in the eye the young Amazon Tanya who had two black eyes, a swelling cut on her lip, a broken nose, a black and blue right tit, several red blotches around her navel, most of her fingernails split, and was now missing one of her front teeth. He shook his head, as he positioned himself, Agrippina looked at him from the other direction and he saw her one black eye... Flavious nodded, as Carlos swung back the whip... it whistled slicing the air with a 'WHIRRIP-CRACK' against her back. It nearly knocked the wind out of her, and loud as she could, Tanya called out, "ONE to the BITCH!" She couldn't say 'to the' clearly because of her swollen lip and missing tooth. It had sounded funny for her to say it.

Agrippina smiled to herself through the pain of the whip at the stupid Amazon's corny attempt to make herself sound like the victim of it all. She sucked in her breath, and with the second lash, which coiled around her breasts; she gasped a stifled moan, "AAAh..."

Tanya struggled to scream out, "TWO to the BITCH!"

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Carlos continued, the hot sun beating down on Agrippina almost as hard as the whip, he delivered another... Agrippina gasped, while Tanya screamed out, "THREE to the BITCH!"

For the next nearly twenty minutes Carlos swung the heavy whip, which at a few times nearly knocked the wind out of Agrippina, but he never once cut her in two with it. All the while the blonde little Amazon cunt, screamed a lisped number followed by her most favorite term... BITCH! This obviously was painful for Agrippina, but Carlos knew that the woman had had the pleasure of beating the living crap out of the mouthy blonde slut. Forever she would be without her front tooth... and later on in life when she would talk with less swollen lips, her words would have a small whistle once in a while.

The extensive amount of work to place Agrippina bound onto the cross, and hoist her up with her weight resting on a wedge, took longer than imagined. Her ankles were tied together as were her arms at the shoulders, elbows, and wrists. She was outstretched and displayed, shamefully whipped and cruelly exposed to the view of not only her peers, but the novices as well. The sad part would come later when her belly began to swell up forcing her to do hard labor in the harvest fields... As for the Amazon slut, later on she was found sneaking into the female novice quarters... Carlos caught her, literally with her tongue on one of the new girl's smooth clits... he took great pleasure in black snake whipping her and hanging her on a cross for a full day's sunburn.

Elba and Velanna slept together for the first time in five years, the two giggled like little girls and swapped stories in the slightly cooler evening air... Elba, speaking softly, "... when they crucified me, the only thing that saved me from the hammer and spikes was the female gladiator, Sula. She admired my efforts to escape the whip, and told the guard to not drive in the spikes and use only the ropes. Believe me, I actually felt the sharp steel spikes against my ankles and wrists; it was when his mallet was on high that she stopped him. Then and only then did I learn my destiny was with fighting in the arena, and well, here I am?"

Velanna shook her head in amazement, looking at Elba then commented, "Are you sure this arena is not as dangerous as the one in Pompeii?"

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"I'm pretty sure... Flavious is a very sexual man and that is his specialty to put on shows of a sexual nature. The most gore that I ever saw him put on here was a girl that he had impaled, and she really did deserve it... She betrayed her lover and caused another girl to kill herself. A very innocent girl to kill herself at that, and needless to say, many cheered when she struggled on the staff."

"You mentioned a sisterhood? Are they the 'Three sisters' that I remember..?" Velanna asked.

"Same ones, and I am one of those sisters, here quietly look there, at that softly lit window... carefully you can just see that other black girl... she's the one by that tall white bitch, Bralina, her name is Tee-O. Strongest and most full-bodied gladiator slut anyone would ever care to take a bed with... now over there that one is Roxanna. A real big titted whore of a half breed from Jamcomba south... and she completes the Three sisterhood. Half black by birth, she looks whiter than you do with a dark suntan. Her hair is straight sun-bleached brown and she has blue eyes... just like the haunting blue eyes that are yours, my lovely Velanna."

"Will we ever fight again do you think?" Velanna asked.

"Maybe... Someday..." Elba talked in shaky words, "Look, cupcake you made it clear that you are not ready to fight hard in the arena yet... and that you needed more training... well, you can just bet that you'll get more training... and very soon I imagine..." Elba smiled as a young slave girl ran up to the bars and shoved a note in then scampered off. Elba opened it up and read it silently for a few moments, then rolled up the message and nodded to Velanna that she understood.

Velanna smiled slightly and nodded toward an approaching Carlos, who was speaking to Flavious as he walked. The two men looked toward Elba and raised each their right hands, she raised her right hand and waved back with a big smile.

"What was that all about?" Velanna bobbed her head toward the figures of Flavious and Carlos.

"It seems some of the novices will be in the Arena this next show, and remember I told you how the Romans like to stage scenes. Well, it looks like you and I will be the main event in one of those 'scenes'..."

"Oh, no..."

"Oh yes... and it won't be that bad, so don't worry over it and I'm sorry that I scared you in the past. Very likely, it will involve some

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kind of scene in a slave camp... maybe something along the lines of a rebellion. The experienced gladiators will play solders arriving to quell the rebellion and capture the rebels. When you're captured you'll be punished in various ways for your crime of insurrection. There will be lots of whippings, some rides on the bar, and maybe a few will hang on a cross or two. I don't think we'll be nailed with spikes, or anything like that, but more realistically bound to them with ropes. Look for plenty of mock rapes and lots of sex... you know what I ended up with if I recall, the sorest damn nipples, twat, and ass that I can ever remember. You can bet there will be a lot of attention on the main conspirators of the rebellion, and I do believe that Flavious is quite angry with Tanya, as Carlos is ready to subject her to just about anything. I have a feeling the audience will be made up mostly of the Vestal virgins and Rome's favorite patricians; they are so hungry for lots of raw wild sex. Mostly we'll end up with nothing more than lash marks and for you... maybe a sunburn."

"Where will you be during this scene?" Velanna wondered.

"I'm to be with the sisterhood... that was the high sign you asked about, we will play the part of female Centurions. In the past, we wore shiny helmets with red feathers, a chain type harness that fits around in all the right places usually well up into the sex lips, and some silver shiny boots with red laces. Flavious loves us to carry mirror polished shields that will reflect the sun, and long shiny swords with 'red' handles. Otherwise, besides those rather skimpy links of chain, it looks like we'll all be quite naked, as usual the way Flavious prefers us to be kept..."

"How about the other solders, what will they wear?" Velanna was full of questions.

"Let me see..." she pulled out the piece of paper and read over the last part again, "... Okay... yes, here... they will wear only helmets and boots..." Elba smiled shifting her weight to one hip.

"What kind of weapons?" Velanna became serious.

"It says here, staffs... just plain old stiff... staffs..."

"Staffs?" Velanna said holding her finger between her legs as a small cock.

"Staffs..." Elba sheepishly smiles, "Just plain little old staffs!"

Velanna giggled, "Mass-staffs!" spoken as she mocked a fucking motion.

Elba parted the lips of her sex, took her finger, "Small mass-staffs... staff Ä staffing..."

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Velanna laughed, "Nothing like those fucking soldiers' staffs!"

Elba wiggled her ass, "Butt-staffs... too!" She poked her butt at Velanna.

Velanna licked her lips and bounced around causing her breasts to bounce and bobble about as she sang, "Staffs, staffs, oh and more staffs, oh I love staffs, la, la, la..."

Elba joined in the fun and sang with Velanna about staffs and hummed a joyous tune in harmony with her blonde friend. They took hands and did a ring dance in their cell... in a short while, they found themselves back at the wheel. In the distance a whip was heard to snap on some bare girl's skin followed by a definitely female gasp. Time to resume the training...

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Chapter VI

The Show, Day One

The scene Flavius had decided to unfold before the eyes of this rich paying audience, consisting mostly of bored Vestal virgins and ladies of Rome's rich upper class, looking for entertainment that would satisfy their already jaded lives, began in the late morning. By starting at this hour, the sun was already shining hot in a cloudless sky. Most of the Vestals, just to get some local color on their pale, pasty, but lovely skins, wore only skimpy clothing that could be easily removed and put on. Quite surprisingly some even showed up completely nude with their own servants scooting naked behind them with fans and soft shade umbrellas and canapés. The servants sometimes tripping over each other as they tried to be best at accommodating their mistresses.

Flavius' favorite customer, the Vestal Julia, and her three horribly mannered lesbian step sisters... Mica, Marci, and Monica flirted about bare ass naked taking the seats of other women and teasing the handmaids of more than one rich Senator's wife. Ironically, Julia sat next to a very naked and very unfriendly bitch of a Vestal, Ilonda, who made no secrets about her preferences for men... having two very big and well-endowed males fondle her nipples openly in front of everyone. While a very large and even more endowed black male fingers her smooth bare sex, Ilonda had one slave's cock in her mouth as she waved her silk cloth at Julia. Julia frowned at her, remembering the horrid breast whipping that she'd received from her one time back in Rome, after losing a silly argument... Julia was younger than Ilonda.

Elba was right; this program as Flavius has presented it to his audience consisted of a mock slave camp, supposedly where the Empire sent captives and criminals. A picture of depravity, and in the scene numerous Tao-crosses had been placed around the rim of the Arena itself. Also, there were several whipping posts, a type of grist mill, a series of punishment bars, at least four black triangular wedges, six torture racks, nine wooden cages, three drubbing stands, twenty-eight high 'H', inverted 'L', 'X', 'Y', & 'A' frame hoists, five body presses, and several dozen breast clamps or heavy clips. There were at the very least twelve 'keeping-areas' where the whips, ropes, chains,

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cuffs, clips, hooks, and other support equipment were kept in ready by attendants.

As the guests were seating, the scene that unfolded before their eyes almost defied description. Two women and one man were fully nude and bound to crosses. One nude male, a shiny black man, was strung up to a whipping post, an equally shiny black girl tied to the opposite side of him. His large cock was fully erect and slid into a hole carved in the post, while the girl had her legs spread and it looked like she had the last part of his cock in her sex, with both of them having been lashed across their backs, chests, and sides.

A young blonde girl was sitting astride one of the wedges, her sex obviously split and hurting. She had been whipped across her breasts, with her wrists tied over her head. A lusty dark tanned girl with long black hair was tied with her back against a whipping post, and her arms above her head and pulled slightly behind her. The cleft of her hairless, smooth sex was cruelly exposed as her legs were spread and tied to pegs set in the ground. She faced the sun while an equally nude black girl flogged her breasts and sex.

Behind this activity was the levered-stone mill, its four spoked-wheels to which two blonde women, a beautiful brunette girl, and a quite handsome white male were shackled keeping it turning in slow rotation and at a steady pace. Like all the other slaves in this scenario, they were completely naked to add ambience to the scene.

Detailed and maintaining full control of the action were numerous other members of Flavious' staff acting as storytellers, overseers, guards, mistresses, and law givers. The focus of the work seemed to be on a pointless effort to fill bags with dirt, then lift them onto the bare backs of the slaves and slave-girls, who laboriously took them a short distance only to be emptied and the whole process would then be repeated again at the other end. Such a meaningless task that it was not being evaluated for what the slaves actually did, but more in terms of what would happen to them in the course of the scene - out of pure whim.

Near each main section of the Arena's gallery was a storyteller whose job it was to tell of the on going action and to provide verbal stimulation by using descriptive words to the audience. These productions could be better compared to a grandly erotic and audience participating type of theater, in that there would be opportunity to take an active role, which many of the guests would do.

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Julia recalled the time when Ilonda and her decided to do a competitive nude wrestling scene and Julia openly mauled Ilonda's breasts in front of everyone. Being a younger woman in those days, Ilonda became quite humiliated over it. For that reason, Ilonda had taken great pleasure in giving Julia a public breast whipping back at the temple. Julia glanced at Ilonda who was completely enjoying herself, and smiled at back at her... Ilonda put her hands over her breasts and squeezed them... it was like she remembered.

About an hour later Teka, Tanya, Melissa, and Becket all fully naked were now chained sweating at lever-stone number two. All around them, whips snapped and men or women cried out in pain... the event was moving along... Melissa noticed that one of the other novices, Olivia, was being strung up for a lashing after being declared lazy by the overseer. Her wrists were corded and a nude black male pulled on the rope so that her wrists were drawn above her head. As with the rest, she was nude while rivulets of sweat were running down her back, front, and sides. Olivia who was a white woman by birth, with light brown hair, from the northern empire, her breasts were big and full with dark erect nipples peeking up at the sun, and she sported a very small ass, quite round and well toned. Melissa noticed that her skin had turned a reddish brown from her working under the brilliant Roman sky. The overseer motioned for another slave girl to stop her work and come over to him; she was a dusky brunette and stepped toward him listening to his words. He turned and started walking behind her, rubbing his cock in the crack of her ass, he reached around with his fingers to toy with her sun kissed nipples. She nodded as he whispered to her to pick up the lash; she positioned herself behind and to Olivia's left. Looking at the whip she fingered it and showed it off to the crowd while they cheered, voicing their approval, and started a steady chant... "Whip her! Whip her! Whip her!"

The girl held a slender single braided whip of some six feet long, advertising the obvious fact that it could leave a nasty stinging welt on sunburned skin. While coiled in the girl's hand it formed three loops, but just as quickly from holding it up, she flicked it out behind her. Shaking it loose a bit, with a side arm stroke she snaked it around Olivia's bare back. It snapped in a wrap across the girl's shivering breasts scalding her sunburned nipples.

Olivia tossed her head back and let out a typical female whimper from between her semi-clenched teeth. Looking back over

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her glistening shoulder, she blinked at the slave girl's expert whip handling and full stroke snake whipping of another woman.

As the overseer continued to fondle the whip girl's nipples and sex, he learned that her name is Charma. She gave a small adjustment to her stance. Then Charma sliced the whip again this time over Olivia's shoulder blades, causing it to curl around and snap on the tip of Olivia's right nipple. The audience could almost see Olivia's nipple being pressed inward and then, as if having a life of its own, pop back outward pushing the tip of the whip away. Turning an angry red in the process.

This whipping quickly became both cruel and seductive... Olivia danced and writhed as she glistened in the heat of the Arena. Not flinching one inch, Charma black snake whipped Olivia all over, over thirty lashes in all, and by the time Charma had finished applying all the strokes of the lash, under the intense sun she had found that she was sweating as much as Olivia who had just taken the whipping.

The overseer fondled Charma with a distinct purpose in his mind to fuck her brains out. He brought his fingers down to her bare sex and parted the lips, working the girl's hard clit causing her to wiggle her ass against his erect cock. Her breasts rose and fell in heavy breaths, as the tips of her nipples began to display their own color from the sun's burning rays. His hands raked over them cruelly, digging his fingers into the skin around her ripe breasts, which turned white then immediately back into their deep reddish brown as he did.

Things began to heat up for them, the overseer had parted the cheeks of her glistening ass, wetting her bunghole with oil and sweat from her skin, and he slid his rock hard cock deep into Charma's hot bowels. He ass fucked her in front of all the spectators; ass fucking was permitted between slaves as long as it was part of a scene. Under Flavious' rules, this activity in private, would have earned them both a day on the cross along with a public flogging from Carlos.

The deeper he fucked her, the more she moaned and vocalized the force of his thrusts with heavy exhales and guttural mouthing of incoherent words. It didn't take long for them both to cum; she felt like he had fucked her tongue from behind, and as he flooded her guts with his hot cum, she exhaled her vocalized whimpers of pleasure. The girl took a full load of his cum deep inside her bowels.

Regaining her composure, Charma coiled the whip and handed it proudly back to the overseer, and he kissed her passionately. Olivia

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had been let down and ordered back to work, openly displaying red welts and dark ridges up and down her entire nudity.

The audience began to settle into the spectacle before them. Velanna and Teesha had finally made their appearance on stage. In character, they began to incite some of the slaves to revolt; the setting had them doing this during a break in the work. Picking up clubs, Velanna led some of the slaves, both males and females to a spot where she'd hid some heavy weapons.

In the focus of the scene, Velanna stood up and lifting a staff high into the air, proudly showing off her total smooth nudity. With lovely blonde hair flowing in the soft breeze, she stretched her curves upward holding the staff, faint streaks shone across her breasts and belly from earlier whip strokes.

Back in the gallery, Monica whispered to Mica about Velanna, "She's so deliciously naked, her bare pussy looks very wet, oh how I would love to girl fuck her right here and now. And, did you notice that simply chompy ass fucking that Spanish girl took after whipping that brownette slut? I saw that her ass was still leaking his spunk when she walked off over ten minutes later! Now, that really made my pussy wet, for sure and certain... Oooo-oh, by the gods, I'd just love to be deep fucked in my ass by something hard and long enough to make me think it's coming out of my mouth!"

Mica wrinkled up her nose slightly as she fingered herself openly, "I've understood that Flavious clit clips those girls as a form of discipline... I mean serious clips... last time we were here, one of his field girls six months heavy with his baby, too no less, told me she'd worn one for a week straight! And, he put heavy ones on her nipples too no less..."

Monica whispers back, "If you look close, that blonde has been whipped across her breasts, see... wouldn't you just love to whip her? Oh, she is so brown and lush from her exposure to the hot sun here on this island... I wonder if Flavious would like to punish me? You know, whipping me... making me ride on the bar... then taking me to bed and seeding me deep... after three months of more torture and fucking... send me to the fields, bare to be flogged and forced to girl fuck in secret, just to keep from going insane..."

"You are already insane, you young bitch..." Mica looked at Velanna, "... yeah, they probably spread eagle her when they lash her, like they do most naked blonde sluts on this island..."

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"Oh, and don't forget completely bare smooth naked in the sun! I wonder why don't blondes just burn up in the sun, Mica? I mean to be so completely exposed like that..."

"Yes, naked and very naked indeed... oo-oh, I suppose she would just burn up... but then, I really don't know. I saw a blonde girl hanging on a cross one time about half a mile outside of Rome... she'd been sorely whipped on top of it all, yet she just seem to darken in the sun. glistening with sweat and her breasts heaved as she tried to breathe... she really didn't know just how good she looked up there..." Mica pondered as she slowly fingered her exposed clit.

Monica broke a small silence, "I saw two guards take a heavy bull whip to a blonde girl one time down by the harbor, and I think she was a galley slut. Anyway, they had caught her stealing a chicken... the first few lashes were delivered by a fishwife and she even took off her tunic to get a better swing of the bullwhip. Yeah, they delivered her a awful whipping."

Mica licked her lips and showed an obvious sense of arousal, as her fingers worked over her clit with a greater urgency... "A real black snake whipping... back... breasts... buttocks... belly... sides... welts... ooo-oh, Oh... ooo... AAA!"

Monica spoke in a low rasping whisper. "Could you take a snake whipping, Mica?"

Mica, still working on her clit, whispered slightly out of breath, "I-I don't know, I-I suppose so..." She licked her lips and worked her finger with more determination... she could feel her heart beating faster...

Monica continued, "I mean a real snaking, Mica... like the blonde all oiled... smooth... glistening completely and absolutely bare cunt naked... nothing on at all... even your jewelry is off... bare footed... just your skin, the sun, the sky, the heat... and the whip..."

Mica was starting to drift with it, her clit was about to explode, she nodded speaking softly, "With the right motivation... yes... bare cunt naked... maybe bound spread eagle under our hot Roman sun... the whip... the sting... the heat... like this heat, burning my exposed clit... Oh, OOH, OOOHHH!" She fingered herself once more real hard then pressed on her clit hard, bringing her legs together, as she gasped, "AAA! AAA! AAA! OOH! AAA! YES! OH, GODS BEAT ME! WHIP ME! POP MY CLIT!!! AAA! AAA! AAAAAhhhhhaaa... oh, yes..." She licked her lips and rolled with the feeling, "AAA... UUMMM... yes... I think I could..." She looked at Monica with a note

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of drunkenness and slightly sleepy eyes from her orgasm, "Yes maybe..."

Monica looked around noticing that a few others had smiled at Mica's orgasm... "Maybe? Ha! You just openly popped yourself squirting out girl cum for that far..." She held up her hands about two feet apart, "... just thinking about taking a lashing and you claim a 'maybe?' You forget, I know you! You'd melt like pudding after the first lash... and excuse me, but you just did..."

"Well, maybe if Carlos whipped me..." Mica teased.

Monica snickered, "Oh, now it's Carlos that has to whip you? Sure you'd get his hard cock when he'd finish with you. No, I mean a real good snaking say from another woman, a naked woman swinging the whip. With you all strung up like that galley slut down on the docks... yes, delivered by another woman like that sultry ass fucked bitch we just saw. What was her name, the storyteller called...?"

"Charma. She's the one who took the complete ass fucking..."

"Oh, yes, Charma... she sure knew how to whip that Olivia. I remember watching her perky nipples swelling up as the overseer fondled them."

Mica leaned closer to Monica, licking her nipple with the tip of her tongue, then looking up at Monica, "You'd like to see me whipped by Charma wouldn't you, all bare and spread?"

"... Maybe..." Monica rocked her head before and after she said that word. Monica closed her eyes, her mind's eye forming an image, of Mica spread-eagled on the Arena floor, while Charma fondled her and uncoiled her whip. Monica moving close to Charma fondling her full breasts and hard nipples as she coaxed her to whip Mica hard... Monica snapped back to reality when the wine slave arrived.

Mica was sobering up from her orgasm, but wanting more wine, "You're not drunk enough for what I have in mind. Here have some more wine..."

The two lesbian sluts of Vestal Julia drank more wine and looked at each other. Mica downed her cup first. Monica finished her cup and held it up for a refill, from the gallery slave. Then Mica held hers up for a refill...

As the action had progressed, Velanna led her small group of followers to the main part of the camp. Teesha, looking somewhat plump, dirty and sweaty, took up a staff, and with a deft, quick blow from her quarterstaff, she knocked out one of the overseers. It was only a matter of time before the camp was over run with rebellious

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slaves. One of the slaves, a loyal male trying to gain his freedom by being an informant left the camp. He ran a long distance to find Flavious and tell him of the revolt. Flavious sent one of his most elite fighting forces.

In the early hours of the afternoon, Flavious' forces landed a sneak attack on the rebellious slaves. Rounding up all of them, and taking special care to secure the conspirators, Velanna and Teesha. Three special Centurions arrived after having been sent by Flavious to administer any and all punishments to those unruly slaves. The battle didn't last long, as the slaves were armed only with staffs and offered very little resistance to the forces of Flavious.

It was supposed to be the next day, according to the story that Flavious' men began raping several of the women, and three of the anxious rebels were now being prepared for the cross.

By this time, Mica was noticeably drunk, with her words coming out slurred, she hiccupped saying, "Mon... ca?"

Monica's eyes had a sleepy look to them, she was quite drunk, "Yessssss."

"Still wanna see mee wheeped?" Mica quipped.

"Not wheeped, you drunken slut... you mean whipped... for the sake of the gods... say it right... you sound so stupid and silly when you're so drunk." It was all Monica could do to form her own words...

Standing up and making a display of herself, Mica was quite drunk, her words were very slurred, "I'mmmm noot drunnnkk... you're though..." she smiled with a bit of wine oozing from the corners of her mouth as she giggled then sucked in a hiccup... "Buttsss... I like butts... I like hiss buutt..." She pointed to Carlos, who moved up the stairs toward her and the stupid girl filling Mica's wine cup. She pointed to her tits, "I can take a-a wheepin, in fact right now... Carlos my man... don't spare the whip on me... use it on me now... whip me good and hard... then use me like the man you are and fuck me hard and deep. Make me pregnant... look at me, I'm nekked... all the way for you..." She giggled slightly, then went on rambling, "... see..." she stood up and shimmied her breasts, "... these, well whip my fine tits... suck me and fuck me... and whip me... me titties right here..." She traced her finger across her well sunned nipples, then went on, "... I won't get dressed ever... and I'll stay nekked for you as long as you like! Like this all bare assed, butt fuck, nekked..." She took another long swig of wine, as she spoke the wine spurted out of her mouth, "... you can butt fuck me, Carlos... I'm ready and I'm randy for you..." Mica pointed her

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finger at him and poked him gently on the chest after he arrived and looked at her seriously, she then took another long swig of wine and hiccupped, as Carlos grabbed the wine girl by the arm, she whimpered. Mica blinked, then spoke in a low voice, "I think he likes her better than me... damn... he'll just go and beat her titties for her... sunburned little bitch!"

Monica looked about slightly embarrassed, "Sit down you drunken slut before someone really takes a whip to you!"

Marci joined into the conversation, she too, was noticeably drunken, "Hey perky nipples. Come here and suck on mine..." She was addressing Mica. Putting her hands under her breasts and offering them to Mica.

Julia stirred and looked at Marci holding her breasts toward Mica. She focused on her three mouthy little step-sisters, "Thanks to the three of you for waking me up I now have to watch more of Flavious' show... now what's this about being wheeped?"

Monica spoke with a fairly clear voice, "Julia, I kind of challenged Mica to a whipping contest. Here are the guide lines I ask of you to rule on them for us..."

Julia got a puzzled look on her face, "Okay... just what are those guide lines?"

"I think Mica can take a full black snake whipping down there on the Arena floor, naked like she is and come while under the whip. Fully exposed, spread-eagled and taking it like that little slut Olivia just did from the butt fucked bitch named Charma."

Julia blinked, "And, if she doesn't what do you win?"

Monica replied, "Hot heavy girl-girl sex from her."

Julia nodded, "And, if she takes the beating and you lose?"

Monica paused, "... I take her place... then I either get a butt fucking or she does, whatever she wishes... plus the lashes of course..."

Looking to one side, then back at Monica, and over at the obviously drunken Mica, "I think I understand... so she..." Julia points to Mica, "... is the one who is going to take the 'wheeping' is that correct? Black snaked whipped, right?"

Monica nods, "Yes... and I mean completely bare butt and cunt naked out there on that hot Arena floor... black snake whipped!" She looked at Mica and licked her lips.

Julia looked at Mica as she spoke to Monica, "How many lashes?"

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"Thirty plus... and oiled from head to toe like a galley slut..." Monica stared at Mica.

"Galley slut! My, such obscene words... for obviously two very obscene little sluts... themselves... if you go down there on the floor of that Arena... I recommend you put on some oil as well... that sun will scorch you alive!" Julia added.

"To be sure... the oil will add to it..." Monica savored the concept a bit longer, then went on displaying greater sobriety than her sister, "... I want to watch her be black snake whipped to be sure... she wants Carlos to whip her and then she can get his cock when he finishes with her, but I desire to see her naked under the lash of another woman and that girl Charma will do just nicely... so set the rules for us my dear Julia... you know how I love to girl fuck my step sister Mica!" Monica smiled in ruthless joy as she focused on the whippings taking place in the Arena as part of the main action.

"Very well... when you want my input, you get my input... I will go along with your silly little game, provided that Carlos will!" She snapped her fingers putting up her hand, with her Vestal ring glinting in the sun, "Oh, Carlos... Carlos... over here, it's Julia!"

Carlos sauntered up the steps to Vestal Julia's area. Smiling, he bowed to her and she noticed that he is nearly naked in the skimpy loincloth he was wearing, "Yes, Mistress Julia, how may I serve you?"

"Carlos... this is Monica and Mica... they are two of my three step-sisters... the one over there squeezing her nipple is Marci... they need to be taught a lesson... first, that little brown bitch Charma, have her black snake whip this drunken sot, Mica... nude, spread, oiled, and more than thirty lashes fully exposed on the Arena floor... if she fails, stop and let Monica here, take her girl-girl in full view... if she stands up to the whipping, take her down, fuck Mica and then give Monica a lashing yourself with the blacksnake and fuck her in the ass when you are done... oh, oil the whole damn trio, I don't want their skin baked off just yet... there is a lot of entertainment yet to be had... oh, one more thing..." She reached over into her basket, and took out several gold sovereigns, and started to give them to Carlos who stopped her, shaking his head, "... thank you Carlos..." she stood up, fully nude herself, and kissed him flattening her full breasts against his chest.

"Thank you my Lady, Flavious would not permit me to take money from you, but a delightful kiss and a chance to really fuck one of these beauties... more than reward enough. And, I fully understand

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your orders, Mistress... I might add that getting a change in the script is costly, if you understand the predicament with Flavious..."

"Carlos... I am sure you and the audience won't be the least bit disappointed... Flavious might have to talk 'privately' with me... the last time he made sure I understood his wishes if you do recall? Oh you wouldn't mind letting me peek under your loincloth now, would you... say just for old times sake?" She smiled seductively at him.

He untied the sides of his loincloth, and it fell slowly open. Mica's eyes looked on with lust and wide open, it sobered her up quite a bit. His cock was nearly full even in a semi erect state, and it was smooth, hairless, and bronze like the rest of him. Julia's eyes fixed on his male organ, she licked her lips, "And I just bet you've poked a few of those young sluts down there basking in the sun? Eh, Carlos my darling... oh, go on now, you can tell me?"

"A few of them, mistress and yes, even the blonde slut you see there and now being readied for a flogging..."

"That one is Velanna... right?" Julia asked enjoying the view.

"Yes, the very one, my Lady." Carlos nodded.

"How many times have you fucked her, Carlos?" Julia put her finger on her front tooth.

"In the past week, more than twenty times I'd imagine." Carlos casually left his cloth off...

Julia nodded looking down at his complete nudity, she licked her lips, "I see... keep that thing exposed and up..." She fondled him playfully, "... keep that up and there will be lots of little Carlos and Velanna running about." They both laughed together.

"This Velanna is into pain I can assure you..." Carlos said as his cock slightly twitched in Julia's fingers.

"We'll discuss that later, but for now fetch me that girl I saw whipping the lazy slave girl earlier..." Julia asked absentmindedly.

"Do you mean Charma, my Lady?" Carlos asked.

"Yeah, that's her... Charma... she's the one with the ripe nipples... and Carlos..." She lowered her voice a little, "... could you arrange to have her breast whipped for me?" She licked her lips looking down on the arena at a heavy breasted girl laboring in the sun, "... you'll find an extra surprise in it for you..." She looked at him then down at his cock getting hard at the mention of a girl taking a breast whipping...

"It could be arranged mistress... would you care to have her brought to you here for her breast whipping?"

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She smiled, "Why Carlos you are most accommodating..."

They smiled at each other as Mica and Monica, having dropped to their knees, put their hands behind their heads and thrust their breasts forward exposing their red, swollen nipples to Carlos' hands. He accepted his extra reward, as Monica, Mica, and Marci openly sucked his cock...

Returning from the Arena's floor in a short while, Carlos brought Charma struggling along as she was brought up to Vestal Julia's position. A special wooden post had been set up in place for her whipping, Carlos tied her to it in such a way as to expose her breasts fully for the lash. In her bondage, the hot sun scorched down on her gloriously bare nipples.

Julia, seemed quite aroused with the visual display given over by Charma's exposure... Julia speaking in a clear voice to Carlos, "I wish to see this slut endure a hard breast whipping... do you understand me?" She looked at him, "... you will continue to whip her breasts until I tell you to stop. I see her breasts are quite red and ripe for your thong... use this three-thong lash, aim for her nipples... I want to watch her suffer and when I am good and ready, she will lick my clit..." She looked at Carlos, and nodded.

Carlos nodded once, pressing his finger into Charma's right nipple. It turned white before it got a darker red.

Julia looked at Charma's breasts making sure they were quite sunburned... "If either of these three cunts interferes with your task, Carlos, you may whip their breasts... you may begin, please..."

Standing to one side, and slightly to Charma's right gave Carlos plenty of room to apply side arm strokes across Charma's naked breasts. She moaned and whispered a muted, "No. pleaseee..."

This whip was by no means as cruel as the one Charma had used on Olivia earlier. Its three thongs made of supple rawhide left only a slight red path as they splayed across her tender sunburned breasts, stinging the nipples and their surrounding skin. Carlos knew the persistence of the whipping would tire her, leaving Charma to suffer a longer punishment under the brutal sun. Julia felt the hot sun on her back and shoulders as well as the upper slopes of her breasts and buttocks, she enjoyed being nude while watching Carlos punish Charma.

Each stroke made a whisking sound and a wet slap as it scored Charma's breasts. Charma vocalized a muted but throaty gasp or moan with each stroke. Sometimes she would only whimper at the lashes, as

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her well whipped breasts turned a bright red in the glare, the lashes scoring direct hits on Charma's bare breasts. Her nipples stood erect and scarlet under the relentless strokes of the lash. As Carlos' arm was beginning to fatigue just a little, he stopped to let it rest for only a moment. Julia reacted with an angry tone at Charma, "I told you this would hurt, you little slut... he will not stop... until I tell him too!"

"My Lady, this arm is stiff and I need to stretch it..." Carlos paused and fondled the red, swollen nipples of Charma's whipped breasts... glancing over at Monica to give her a wink...

Julia's chest heaved slightly as she sighed, "Okay... give it over to Marci... since she is so anxious to get involved with 'wheeped' tits..." Following her comment with a flick of her wrist.

Monica mimicked Julia in low tone of voice, loud enough for Carlos to hear, he gave her a second look as she rattled on, "Give it over to Marci... since she is so anxious to get involved with wheeped tits..." Flicking her wrist like Julia had just done.

On a second, but quick, thought, she put her hands behind her head with her breasts thrusting outward imitating Charma's position and again talking softly, "Now Marci, lash Charma's breasts until his arm feels better... Now Marci, make sure Monica and Mica are thankful to the Gods that their breasts are not suffering the way Charma's breasts are suffering..." Monica stopped talking. She looked over to see Julia looking at her very angry...

Julia stood and shaded her eyes, focusing on Monica she spoke clearly, "... better pray that I don't decide to have your nipples switched or some other such painful application... you little cock-sucking twat! Mimic me will you? Carlos, take these two down onto the Arena floor and put up together... girl-girl... let that Nubian over there take the whip to them... we'll see just who is the best!" Julia pointed to Monica and Mica, "... now, Marci... if you will take up the whip and finish like you were told the whipping to this girl Charma..." She looked as Carlos led Mica and Monica down the steps... their tits jiggled and bounced with each step they took toward the Arena floor.

This lash had become a bittersweet thong applied to Charma's already red and swollen breasts... it stung like fire, but it was not a heavy or bruising whip. Again, Charma's breasts turned red from the whip's cruel chafe as Marci continued to apply stroke after stroke across the girl's sore breasts. Marci's own breasts swaying this way and that as she opened her stance to flog the quivering nude girl.

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Marci's arm began to get tired, so she paused to rest, using the back of her whip hand to wipe the sweat dripping down into her eyes... impatiently, Julia grew frustrated at her step-sister's open display of weakness. Grabbing the whip out of Marci's hand, she took to lashing Marci's swaying breasts. With her arms flailing the whip against her step sister's exposed flesh, Marci vainly tried to protect herself, but it was a useless gesture. Then as if to renew her faith, she was handed back the thong and Julia pointed for her to resume again on Charma's exposed breasts.

After a couple of dozen more strokes, Charma fainted, only to be revived again by a couple of buckets of cold water. It almost felt good going on as it cooled her whip scorched breasts... it did however have a negative side causing the lashes to cling to her wet breasts. The strands would pull and jerk lazily on Charma's red skin after each whip stroke, her pain had intensified enough to make her shudder. The next several lashes found her nipples causing them to stand erect all the more to received the whip. In time, the whip dried in the sun causing the leather tails to turn stiff and chafe poor Charma even more. Before the whip had fully dried, Marci's arm gave out once more, forcing Julia to take action on Marci by forcing her to put her hands behind her head, and start once again to whipping Marci's somewhat sore looking breasts.

Sweat made the whip cling to the girl's skin, allowing her a taste of that painful jerking action as the whip's strands pulled on her breasts and nipples causing them to sway obscenely as the lash pulled away. Julia, having a renewed yen to see Charma's continued breast whipping, resumed with a fresh set of strokes across the girl's exposed chest. These new strokes produced a guttural squeals and whimpers of pain from Charma's throat, which drew the attention of a portion of the audience who had gathered to watch this painful ordeal being suffered by these two girls at the hands of Julia's whip. It made Marci feel more naked than before, as it must have been quite a sight to see a fully nude woman breast whipping another fully nude woman while yet another girl displayed her well whipped breasts swaying openly exposed in the hot Roman sun.

Charma's cries faded into a gasping wail, as Julia continued her whip action on the girl's very tender breasts. They swayed and bounced under the lash, forming small blisters from the tips of her nipples all the way down the red puffy sides of her swaying sunburned titties. It was almost obscene to torture a girl so openly exposed like

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this... Julia held up her hand stopping the whip, Charma gasped a sigh of relief. Marci looked at Charma's breasts noticing the small blisters that had formed, a few caused by the sun, the majority from that nasty persistent whipping. Looking at the exhausted girl, Julia gripped Charma's nipples gingerly shaking her breasts around... Charma nearly came unglued in a painful gasp.

Smiling, Julia looked over at the other woman, "Those'll be pretty sore for a while... let me see yours, Marci?" With the same gingerly action she gripped Marci's nipples and shook her breasts, noticing how hot they felt and how well whipped they were. Julia shook her finger in warning at the other two lesbian step sisters, come lately slave girls, "You see girls, I changed my mind about your playful idea of having each of you whip the other... instead I decided to punish those two instead of the two of you. Look at these very punished breasts... the next time you ask me to decide for you I will have the both of you more than breast whipped. Instead, you'll end up like those arena girls over there, naked and getting their bodies nettled with fresh blooms. Now service me and be quick about it! Before I change my mind again..." The two girls scrambled to accommodate their mistress, learning full well and by vivid illustration the folly in asking a mistress to decide a selfish squabble.

Charma had been sent back to the kennels for the rest of the day, her breasts were in no shape to stand any more of the whip or the sun. As she lay on her cot, she thought about how cruel fate can be. To think of this woman the patricians of Rome called a Vestal... Allowing her the power to inflict such an awful punishment on her was not good. Before today, she'd never laid eyes on Julia or the other three girls... yet on a whim, she'd been ordered strung up like a side of meat in the hot sun, whipped across her breasts, hard enough and long enough to force her to beg with a hoarse voice to stop. Whipped for so long that her breasts swelled up red and blistered from the harsh leather and exposure... she started to cry.

Awful pain and humiliation ran vividly in Charma's mind, laying on her back, her crimson breasts looked very angry exposing their swollen, vividly red nipples slowly rising and falling as she drew her breath. They were so tender that she couldn't touch them... another girl stepped out of the shadows, herself having been severely tit tortured, she slowly laid down beside Charma on her back. Her twin bare breasts red and streaked heaved as she began to sob, they hurt her more than Charma had realized. The two girls, turned to soothe each

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other's pain, Charma reached over and gently touched the bullet like tips of the girl's nipples. They were so hot to the touch that they felt like flame from the scorch of the lash. The girl's pitiful sobs were as much from the humiliation of being forced to expose her breasts for the whip as the whipping itself. Both of them drifted off to sleep... in spite of the pain.

Flavious' sexual spectacular had three more days of revelry to enjoy, and Julia's three lesbian sluts would suffer one kind of pain or another before the show was declared over. After all they'd asked for it... Monica began sucking on Julia's marvelous round breasts, while Marci used her tongue on her clit. Julia and her two girls displayed uncontrolled arousal, with their application of tongues and fingers while they watched the scene being acted out before them.

Velanna was being flogged with loud resounding slaps from Carlos' multi thong whip, for the enhancement of the show; he flogged Velanna while he was in the nude. His cock swayed from side to side as he delivered his lashes side armed. It was a custom that began on the galleys, which Flavious adapted to his arena shows, that when a slave was to be flogged the flogger as well as the slave must both be nude.

Carlos beat Velanna with as much vigor as he did that night. he black snake whipped her with strokes landing on her sun-bronzed breasts making them sway obscenely. Like Charma's breasts, Velanna's began to turn scarlet in the afternoon sun... standing with her arms outstretched between two posts. The whip streaked side curves of her breasts undulating revealing an exposed turgid nipple, just waiting to be sucked and soothed from their ordeal under the lash. The fingers of the whip flicked her breasts turning them an angry red in the glare of the sun. Meanwhile, the tips of the lash against her nipples made them sting as if they were being pressed between two clips.

The show continued, quietly Julia watched a sun-bronzed girl sit on the hated wedge... she looked too young and fragile to be so harshly punished on such a cruel device. An overseer called Brutis took up a position to the girl's right side; with her wrists together and drawn upwards, her nipples made erotic targets. A metal bit had been fixed firmly in her mouth and he then tested a switch for suppleness... it hissed in the air. The sound made the girl shiver, her breasts quivered slightly as she looked at him and crisped her forehead in a deaf plea to not whip her.

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Brutis saluted the squirming little slut with the supple switch landing it squarely across both of her hard nipples. A wet slapping sound could be heard as the rod indented the ends of her bullet tipped breasts. Squirming, her puffy nipples heaved up hard to try to expel the switch, and only after a few seconds Brutis let the rod slip away. Her nipples stiffened to a pucker as they turned bright red with a red welt forming about a quarter inch in diameter and the same length along where the switch had sliced. The girl wiggled and let out a whinny nearly lifting herself off the saddle-like wedge. As her weight settled back down her breasts bounced and jiggled a protest. A deep-throated wail from her throat followed the unusual whinny sound she made. Another lick with the switch landed across the same spot as the previous one, like before she hammered her sex up and down on the wedge. Her breasts shivering in protest as wails flowed from the girl in pain.

Brutis was literally an expert at switching a girl's nipples; six more had sliced her nearly raw, lacing the tips of her twin cones with fire. Spittle ran down the sides of her lovely jaws as the bit squeezed firmly against the corners of her mouth. It distorted her full lips making Brutis' cock yearn to slam into her mouth and be sucked by her.

Melissa having been released from laboring at the lever, two soldiers dragged her toward a dirt mound forcing her down onto her hands and knees, and they kicked her legs apart. One of the men knelt down and sank his hard cock deep into her pussy. Another man knelt in front of her making her suck his cock. Her breasts swayed as the man who was fucking her slammed his cock firmly into her bare wet sex. Melissa was as randy as she could be, and it was obvious that she just loved sex, of all kinds... even the hard brutality of a public forced rape.

Carlos went over to Brutis and stopped his switching of the brown girl's nipples, as it would not have taken many more to split them. Carlos told Brutis, "I know you want to keep switching those nipples of hers, but don't split them. Remember the Master wants her punished over the entire three days."

Two more scalding swipes of the switch made her bounce like a puppet on the sharp edge of the wedge. Roman slave girls referred to this form of punishment as 'the dance of fire'.

Another novice, a white girl with light brown hair, exceptional green eyes and firm breasts had taken Melissa's place at the flat spoke

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mill. They shackled her with her back arched against the lever, to make her breasts stick out a bit further. It made them easier targets for the whip. They took on a golden brown color in the late afternoon sun...

As the guests slowly began to exit, torches were lit about the arena. Flavious arrived and stopped to chat a bit with Vestal Julia over this and that... specially concerning one of his novices being severely breast whipped...

Julia heard a second set of bars slam closed in the lower level of the Arena, as the screams of two tortured girls died down to a hollow echo. Her bare feet shuffled in the straw strewn about the floor, as she glanced over to look at Monica, Mica, and Marci standing with up drawn arms, their bodies glistening with sweat in the torchlight.

Flavious gestured over toward the two whipped girls, "I think it only fitting dear Julia that you be allowed to watch. I also wish to thank you for your generosity of letting me use these three tomorrow in the Arena. They'll take the place of my severely whipped young Charma and Olivia. Oh, by the way I don't forgive accusations when directed at my paying guests... so here is where Charme pays for her harsh words and Olivia as well..."

Sweating and whimpering, Charma was standing with her wrists over her head and her legs spread... Olivia was similarly tied and crying. Their red and now deeply streaked breasts bobbed up and down with their sobbing gasps for air. It was hot and stifling down in the lower dungeons of the Arena, and in the dim light, holding a long black snake whip, stood a very naked Nubian woman. She was completely void of all body hair and even on her head. Glistening, her body shined and reflected every curve in the flickering torchlight, turning to greet Flavious, her nipples stood erect on upturned breasts. Her body rippled with firm supple muscles, and she was by no means at all fat even displaying a slight bulge in her lower belly.

Julia was completely naked and didn't seem to mind it; she has a well-developed body, but just ever so slightly plump from all of the easy living. Her skin reflected some casual sunburn from her first day enjoying the Arena. The Nubian, Mona, moved forward as she coiled her whip, her breasts bounced slightly with each barefoot step she took. She raised her right arm and turned to hang up the whip. Julia saw the faint lines of a whipping here and there on Mona's exposed nudity. She smiled at Julia and licked her lips, Mona liked to be with

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other women, specially mature Roman patricians. Continuing her smile and look at Julia, she let the chain slacken that held the two novices, they slowly came together. Due to their awkward bondage, they ended up breast-to-breast and flattened squarely together. It was then that Flavious addressed Mona, "Do you think they will be accusing Vestal Julia of any more false liberties?"

"I doubt it, Master... I think I made their sore tits just a bit sorer." Mona glanced at the two weeping girls with very red tits pressed squarely together.

"Snaked them hard, so I see..." Flavious looked at the two sorry sluts up close fondling their sorry breasts.

"Yes, but I didn't cut them any... oh, the one with the not so red tits... Olivia, I got her a couple of times between her legs... well up into her pussy I'd figure."

"Good... it'll do her wonders... By the way, hasn't it been a while since you'd been given a good whipping, my dearest Mona?" Flavious asked leading up to something.

"Almost two months now, my Master." Mona replied in an earthy womanly tone.

"Vestal Julia?" Flavious looked at Mona as he called his question.

"Yes, dear Flavious." Julia replied trying to mimic the earthy womanly tones Mona just vocalized.

"Do you feel like swinging a bull whip tonight?" Flavious asked, simply enough.

"Maybe..." Julia knew where he was going, but she just had to ask, "... but on who?"

"This one right here... I think that Mona can take a sound thrashing. I made a spectacle of her once in the Arena with a full scourging and crucifixion. See, check the palms of her hands and the ends of her feet..." Mona held out her hands and positioned her feet so the wounds showed, "... I had the sharp nails used in places that I knew would heal, then had her hanging in place with ropes to hold her weight while she was impaled on a buffalo horn."

Mona snuggled closer to Flavious, looking Julia straight in the eyes, "He hung me up between two blonde girls, all naked in the hot sun, and he knows how I hate blondes. When I was finally taken down, Carlos took me to Flavious' bedchamber. Unfortunately, along with the two blondes... he fucks the three of us solid for a week... right darling Master?"

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"Those blondes, what were their names?" Flavious asked.

"One was Lanna and the other was Natalie... they were from the Northern lands, Master." Mona reminded him gently.

"It might have been Lanna..." He snapped his fingers to help recall.

"She was the one who rode you a lot, Master." Mona looked at him quietly nibbling at his ear.

"Anyway, Lanna, ended up giving birth to mixed sex... Oh, healthy and ripe for little such a different child... I sold it for twenty gold bars to my friend in Rome... Justavious, the merchant of women..."

"Yes, that's right, Master... I remember how you fucked her all the way, belly swollen pregnant... it was a sight to see and I'd have sworn that every time he fucked her she got bigger!" Mona's eyes got big and she smiled a full teeth smile, "Master got me belly swollen pregnant two times!" She held up two fingers.

Julia said in a somewhat ho hum tone of voice, "Really, belly swollen pregnant? Twice?" She looked at Flavious with a sly smile, "You don't say?"

He struck a proud pose, nude, and Julia was impressed with his semi erect member gently swaying two and fro. That was the cue Mona was looking for; she knelt down and sucked on his cock until he moaned slightly. Taking hold of her smooth head, he forced himself down her throat with a firm thrust. She choked and coughed, and it was the excuse he was looking for to have her punished, "Ebony whore! You can't even suck your master's cock without choking! For that you shall be whipped!" With those words, Flavious grabbed one of Mona's wrists, leading her to the center of the dungeon. Hoisting her wrist up he shackled it to a dangling cuff and then did likewise to the other wrist, still naked, she stood erect and on her toes.

"Julia, take up this whip and give her a good snaking. Wrap it around her hard, and paint red welts on her." Flavious commanded.

"Wait, Flavious... let's spread her legs and fasten them to those ringbolts. As long as I'm swinging this whip, I want to make sure her female parts get a good feel of it..." Julia took the handle of the long whip and stretched her body holding it up. She stood in front of Flavious allowing her ass cheeks to rub against his cock as she lifted her self upward. Glancing slightly behind her, "... want to sleep with me tonight?"

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Flavious ran his hands down her body fondling her nipples and feeling her up good, his cock twitched in reaction, "... sure... why not?"

Julia smiled and looked at the naked Nubian spread and waiting in front of her, "... no reason not... but a firm yes to the need..." She licked her tongue at him.

Julia took up her stance to give a bull whipping to Mona, when Flavious' attention moved away from her. He blinked and took notice of a whip that he had forgotten he owned. It was a slender Manta-tail whip about seven feet long, supple as hell. It looked smaller, but was actually a little bit heavier than the bullwhip.

"Wait! Look here..." Flavious held up the Manta tail for Julia to see, he'd stopped her just short of delivering her first lash. Julia looked wide-eyed at the hellish whip...

"I've never seen one of those, but I have heard of it! Where did you get it?"

"It was a gift from an Egyptian friend. He said it came from a distant land across the great Atlan Sea." Flavious smiled as he looked at it.

"Let me hold it..." Julia held her hand out as Flavious gave it to her, as she tested its heft, Mona began to fidget uneasily. She wondered what had caused all their excitement. Straining over her shoulder, she looked to see it and fear filled her face. She'd heard legends of this kind of whip, made from the tail of a devilfish. In a soft voice, she whimpered.

"This'll raise blood welts on her." Julia whispered to Flavious, "... besides I can see that slight bulge in her lower belly... twice? ... Three counting this one is more like it..." She rolled her eyes toward Mona's pregnant condition.

"Yes, but she's black and they won't show as much on her as on a white woman... want to see?" For a moment he frightened Julia acting like he was about to use it on her.

"All right then! But she's your slave girl, and this could slice her real bad. I'll use it with a light arm..."

Testing its feel, Julia splayed it out behind her, it was a quick to respond whip... using a gently flick she brought it back singing with power as it sliced the air. Julia used the familiar side arm stroke, but still it made slicing impact. The whip scored the bullet like tips of Mona's breasts as it traveled around her nudity, finishing with a wet sounding SWIT in the center of her back. Mona shook her head as if to

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say no, but there weren't any words. Funny, Julia noticed that the whip seemed to flow into Mona's every curve. The two seemed fluid in that sense, and it was a most unusual effect concerning the time it took for Mona's body to register a welt.

Already, Julia was ready to deliver Mona's third stroke, when a high-pitched scream sliced the air. In the third stroke, it found the level of her bare cunt slit. Passing over the upper part of her cleft, it didn't look like it did much damage. As a matter of fact, it looked like her cunt was hardly bothered by the stroke, which had finished up its travel by spending itself over the upper slopes of her smooth ass.

Mona jerked and writhed in her bondage, sometimes opening and closing her mouth with awful pain. Within a few seconds, a deep red line had formed in the whip's path. Flavious saw the ruby score across the upper part of Mona's cleft. Holding up his hand for Julia to stop, he examined Mona closer. Julia coiling up the wicked whip stepped closer to the two as she began to admire her stroke work. She felt the ridges that began to form as hefty, and quite pronounced welts.

Julia stepped back into position to deliver Mona a few more slices with the Manta tail. Already, she had administered eight of them so well that the whip hardly made any noise as it sliced through the air. Her stokes found swaying breasts, a slim waist, muscled shoulders, firm butt cheeks, and a pouched cleft.

Flavious stood back and watched Julia whip Mona... how he loved to watch a naked woman whip another naked woman. There was something about the way their bodies silently interacted, almost like they were making a forbidden form of girl love. Mona's breasts swayed uncontrollably about as the whip incited them to actions beyond their owner's control. He admired Mona's apparent disregard for spread open nakedness, her complete focus on the pain of the whip and her own body attempting to climax with each stroke. He'd seen this kind of drinking in of pain to focus a female orgasm in very few women other than Mona, the only one who came to his mind was a lusty woman he obtained from Hestus' galley slaves... her name was Amber. Closing his eyes, he recalled once when he had Amber spread wide in the Arena and black snake whipped a hundred lashes... all delivered by a sturdy Amazon bitch by the name of Claudia. Following her whipping, Amber was forced to deliver in kind every stroke back to Claudia, then in front of the entire Arena, the two were forced to girl fuck each other until they fainted. He even recalled Amber and

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Claudia both peeing gallons while being whipped by each other... The heat of the Arena floor quickly dried up their obscene moisture.

Returning to the world of reality, he looked in time to see one particularly delicious lash grip Mona's breasts. Julia drew the whip away, but it held tight enough to make Mona's breasts sway as slipped away. Mona lolled her head to one side and gasped a deep-throated wail, just before another nasty deliverance embedded itself into Mona's bare cleft. Cleverly, Julia made the whip score Mona's smooth lips and slip itself between them, sucking her clitoris with a kiss of fire. Finishing the last of her strokes once again on Mona's wonderful breasts, Julia let the whip lazily cling over Mona's erect nipples, painting a red stripe in its hateful path.

"Flavious I have a surprise for you, tomorrow." Julia started to gather the whip up...

"Why Julia! I love surprises and I can hardly wait!" Flavious smiled, watching her body's movements as she gathered the whip.

"Oh, what's the difference, I'll give you a hint..." She squirmed delightfully as she handled the whip.

"I am understandably curious..." Flavious pondered.

"Remember that luscious little blonde nymph I got on my visit to Crete?" Julia giggled slightly.

Wondering, Flavious pondered a bit, "Blonde nymph? On Crete?"

"You first saw her when you visited me a long time ago... back when your father still ran this Arena... I remember your family visited my family at our villa in Espanna. It was the time you all came and stayed with us for two months. I remember because it was the time you challenged me to a contest..."

"Oh, boy... now you have me... a contest?" Flavious put his finger on his cheek.

"Yes... don't you remember the nudity contest? It was the next day after our parents had left for Madras... well, we slept together and the next morning before breakfast, I got up and started to put on my tunic and you stopped me. Your plan was that we both stay naked... whichever one got dressed first for any reason, would submit to the other as a complete slave. I remember that I laughed, but you stood up very serious... 'A pact!' you called... 'Bare naked', no exceptions regardless of visitors... in town... at the beach... even at the games!" Julia giggled.

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Flavious nods, "Ah yes, now I remember... I poured down the wine on the first few days. You, too, if I remember right and that messenger of Aurous, what was his name Jessup? We'd been out by the pool most of the day and you got sunburn that fooled the messenger. When you went in to get the message, he thought you were a slave girl, and it took two of your own slaves to assure him that you were Vestal Julia. He was quite embarrassed and you were quite drunk!"

"Funny, but I don't remember that!" Julia narrowed her brows.

"Oh, yes... you stood up to him and you were pretty angry that he thought of you as a slave girl. You pushed your quite attractive breasts against his armor and it was so funny because I remember you pointing to your breasts, back, butt, and belly to remind him if he saw any whip strokes."

"Oh, you are right, now I remember... I pointed to you and asked you if you thought I looked like a slave girl. What I don't recall what you replied..." Julia looked puzzled.

Under his breath, Flavious mumbled, "You really don't want to know..."

"What was that? What did you say?" Julia asked trying to understand what he mumbled.

"Oh, nothing..." Flavious looked up.

"Good..." Julia looked at his face with his eyes looking up.

"Really, nothing..." Flavious said again.

"You're making this worse..." Julia cocked her head to one side.

"Oh, I know..." Flavious realized he was in a slight corner with Julia.

Then after a long pause, Julia spoke, "...I'm going to finish with a few more slashes of this on your Nubian prize here, little Mona... I guarantee she'll feel them..." Julia brushed her hand under Flavious' nose.

Taking up her stance, she let the black skinned beauty have it... wails followed wails. Breasts vibrated and shivered under the whip, Mona's bare sex was slapped wet and sore with the awful tail as she twisted and writhed in the torchlight. Flavious held up his hand for Julia to stop the awful whipping, she did and he studied her body language as she coiled up the supple whip. Coming over to him, he took her in his arms and kissed her full on the lips and wide open embrace that let her feel his firm cock pressing at the lips of her moist sex. She returned his kiss and pressed her body into his in response.

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Looking at her, he offered Julia a permanent room at his villa. She nodded her acceptance, as he remembered her, Julia was still quite attractive for a woman of her stature. Her nudity glistened lustfully in the glow of the dimly lit cell, as she coiled the remainder of the whip and handed it to Flavious.

She smiled talking in a soft breathy voice, "Why I do believe that you would use this on me, wouldn't you, you rascal?" She had a twinge in her sex that only the feel of the whip could cure.

Flavious smiled as he took the whip from Julia, looking into her eyes, then he slowly looked over at Mona, sweating and painted with welts; "You'd probably like to feel Mona's breasts against your saucy tits, now wouldn't you?" Julia looked over at Mona and then back over at Flavious and licked her lips...

Julia hung easy spread wrist to ankle close to Mona in the same spread as when she used the whip on Mona, and the manta tail clung to her nudity as Flavious snaked her with it. What Flavious found unusual, is that Julia absorbed the obvious pain of more than thirty lashes with the thing. Blood red welts appeared from her shoulders to her thighs, sobbing and whimpering during the last six strokes.

Now, standing nipple to nipple, Julia flattened her perky tits against Mona's firm breasts. Flavious had attached their wrists and ankles together, and he'd wrapped a thin chain about their waists and thighs that forced the two women to press their clits firmly together. Julia felt the cleft of her sex press against Mona's bare slit, both girls clits were swollen and womanly erect so that their contact made each of them shudder with excitement.

It was difficult to determine, but it was Mona who came first. The wetness that poured from her made Julia's clit friction against Mona's clit enough to bring her to a blossom of an orgasm. In their sensitivity from the whipping that each of them received, Mona felt the ridges of welts that formed on Julia's naked breasts and sex. Julia felt the firm ridges that formed over Mona's nudity. Sore nipples whipped hard and erect, rubbed firmly one on the other. Both of the women sighed in orgasmic passion that seemed to be satisfied more than once.

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Julia and Mona both slept with Flavious that night and it was Julia's sex that got a good fucking from Flavious more than once. Mona drained his balls at least five times including two that she helped while Julia did most of the fucking. There would be no chance of Julia ending up with a baby this time as it was her cycle to not be fertile... but nevertheless, Mona wondered if Julia would be openly flogged and sent to the mill if she picked up a baby in her belly from Flavious' rich seed. There would be plenty of time, Mona thought to herself, plenty of time... Julia wouldn't start showing for some time as it usually took three or four months for her to display a ripe belly. Closing her eyes, she looked over at a sleeping Flavious and Julia splayed against his side... naked... when they hung together Julia felt very ripe under the lash.

Chapter VII

Show Time, Day Two

It was late morning the second day of Flavious' exhibition of the female slave revolt. The storyteller was explaining the events that had happened and the ones that were about to unfold. Flavious, sitting with Julia noticed a quite naked and very attractive female walking up the steps toward Julia's comfortable box. As she got closer he noticed the rings in her ears, nipples and the one in her clitoris, they sparkled in the sun.

On the Arena's hot floor, the action began to grow more intense as the slaves were lined up for their afternoon assignments. Velanna was bound, nude and oiled, against a post facing the sun, her nipples standing bold and erect. Standing next to her was a naked Nubian woman, oiled and holding a paddle. She was about to use it on Velanna's breasts; the two women shined and glistened in the sun. Even Flavious was getting excited at the scene that was about to unfold.

Julia, wearing a tunic to hide some of her welts, spoke first, "Flavious, do you recognize who's coming up the steps now?"

With his attention diverted from the action, he answered, "I'm not sure...?"

"Take a close look I do believe it is Lydia!" Julia replied in surprise...

"Oh, by the Gods! It couldn't be... Lydia? She'd have to be well over 30 years old now!" Flavious noted.

"Nope, she's the very one." Julia was surprised indeed.

"But she looks so young and healthy... and not a day over twenty-two." Flavious noted.

"Just a minute, she's only three years younger than me, darling and I'm 37... do I look old to you?" Julia asked almost dumbfounded.

"I remember when you bought her... you mentioned that she was close to your age." Flavious mentioned.

"Would you believe that she was three months pregnant then, and that was her first child? Since then, she has given birth to ten more and all of them girls... every damn one of them..." Julia pointed out as Lydia was about half way up the stairs.

"Really? Well I'll be..." Flavious shook his head.

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"You know those other three girls of mine? The ones you are using because of the recently breast whipped Charma and Olivia... which reminds me, how are they doing?" Julia looked down on the Arena floor to see if she could get a glimpse of them.

"Oh, fine, fine actually they are going to be in this afternoon's hand to hand combat matches using flails..." He smiled at her.

"Good, it's what they deserve the little sluts... you see Marci and Mica are Lydia's two oldest girls." Julia cocked her head to one side.

"You're joking! Two oldest girls... why hell they have to be nearly twenty if they are a day the little cum suckers..." Flavious was really surprised.

"Old enough Flavious... Lydia had them when she was quite young... anyway here she is now..." Lydia stepped up and into their shaded canopy just as absentmindedly naked as if she was getting into a bath tub, "... Dear Lydia, how are you today?"

"Mistress... and Master... well I believe I am fine after that climb and it is so hot, whew..." Lydia was just pure slut and a woman who could stand naked in front of anyone and look as if everyone else was stupidly dressed.

Julia whispered to Flavious, "The poor dear she's so simple minded... once I had her whipped for breaking a small statue. While I was applying the lash, she wondered why I was whipping her across her back while she was bound to a column. I stopped and with my hair disheveled from flailing her, I wiped my forehead and turned her around then continued to flail her across her beasts... she just told me that was better."

Flavious shook his head and he studied the expressly open female, her lovely eyes, so blue and clear. If desire is found in the loving eyes of a woman, then Lydia's eyes made love to the entire world. "Julia, you have a treasure here, just her presence is enough to move me to desire her, right here and now." Flavious' cock began to harden.

"Be careful lover, Lydia is ripe again. I had sex with her four nights ago, on Hestius' galley, and I could tell by her open desires, she was getting ripe then." Julia nodded.

"I remember that pregnancy becomes her..." Flavious commented, "... The way her belly swells so beautifully." Flavious just couldn't take his eyes off of her.

Julia snapped her fingers at Lydia, "Come here girl... remove your rings and make love to Flavious."

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Lydia removed all of her rings, including the ones in her ears... smiling, she displayed herself fully naked to Flavious... her sumptuous body all over bronzed from the sun. "Master?"

"Yes, Lydia." Flavious nodded.

"Wouldn't you like to whip me first?" She asked in a very coy but casual question.

Flavious' cock began to twitch; he looked over at Julia, who whispered to him, "What did I tell you... she's a hot female..." Julia primed her hair as she spoke, and looking back at him, raised her eyebrows.

Flavious closed his eyes and thought of Lydia spread eagle, oiled and glistening in the sun with the harsh crack of the whiplash followed by her gasp as the wicked braid splayed itself over her nudity. He could see her writhing and pulling at her ropes, looking back over her brown shoulder waiting for more of the lash. Her tongue licking her full lips, already her naked back streaked here and there with a few welts crossing the shuddering curves of her heaving breasts as she took in deep breaths.

Imagination gave way to reality as his hard cock slid deeply into Lydia's smooth bare sex... opening his eyes, he saw her smiling at him and rocking gently in his lap with his cock buried deep in her matrix.

"Flavious, I know that when you let go into her, she'll be swelling up, so you might as well keep her here for a while. Go ahead use and abuse her so to speak, and give her a dose of that manta tail. In fact, you could have some real fun with her and Mona... think of it, both of them pregnant, sweating and laboring as naked as the day they were born in your fields... Oh you will send them to the fields won't you? Maybe even set up a special grist mill wheel in your villa's garden and shackle them both to it and make them turn it, all oiled and naked with swollen bellies glistening in the hot sun. Then you can invite me to oversee their progress, so to speak... I will force them to work extra hard and long... no mercy, just the whip and the chains of womanly bondage! Doesn't that put chills up and down your spine? It does me... oh how I love to punish Lydia..." Julia was getting wet between her legs.

Flavious was breathing in a hard pant, as Lydia rode him, "My very dear Julia, you're welcome here anytime... to do with her as you please... thank you for the gift of her!" With those words, Flavious felt cum boil out of his balls and squirt hot into Lydia's fertile womb.

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Lydia closed her eyes and was happy, the time for feelings is never ready, at least in the Arena business.

Lydia kissed Flavious full on the mouth with tongue, and then put her hand below her belly button. Looking at both Julia and Flavious she spoke in soft, but simple words; "Master, Mistress, I have once again offered my body for the well being of Rome. Master, if I should carry your seed, as I am most noted for breeding fine, strong, and beautiful females, I pledge to you that they will serve you well or you may crucify me as punishment." Lydia spoke in short breathy words.

Julia patted her sweaty breasts, "Sweetheart, you are doing fine, your body is superb and you are strong of will, but you won't be staying with me. As your mistress, I am granting full dominion over you to Flavious. He has a fine Negress, Mona, and she is also quite pregnant... so you both will be able to comfort each other." Julia spoke clearly.

Lydia thought for a moment or two, looking at Flavious she puckered her lips again and kissed him full on the mouth for more than three minutes. Her nipples swelled full and hard, leaning back for a moment she allowed his thumbs to rake over her nipples back and forth his thumbs passed over her nipples and she whimpered.

Julia urged him, "Go ahead work on her, Flavious, feel that sex of hers get tighter on you... I can see that she's almost ready for more... I didn't tell you, but she can be demanding at times when she has a cock deep inside of her. Like a little bitch in heat... after this one, let Master have her bitch whipped between her legs... she loves it." Julia spoke softly in his ear as Flavious felt Lydia's vulva begin to open and close, squeezing his cock. He slid deeper into her feeling the tip of his cock start to tingle; he realized that this girl wanted all of him inside of her.

Her next few words were in rhythm with her body, "Master, how you will punish me for getting pregnant? How will you punish Mona with me... the both of us?"

Flavious was now in a rut, his mind raced to give description of what he would do to Lydia and Mona, "First, you will spend a long day of hard labor naked in the sun. I might even have you flog each other. When you are both soundly flogged, I will allow you both to sleep with me."

"Will you switch my nipples, Master? They get very wet when they are switched."

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"Yes, your nipples will be soundly switched." Lydia began to breathe very hard. Flavious felt his cock swell inside her as he looked onto the scene below. Several slave girls were placing large black, solid triangles on the arena floor. These triangles were massive and supported by heavy legs. Two tall wooden uprights were set firmly in the ground with the triangles setting side by side between them. A heavy rope had been stretched over the top of the triangles. In all six of these devices had been placed between the two uprights.

He looked at her, "Lydia... what you need right now is a bitch whipping between your legs... with a nine thong whip... I want to see your sex turned puffy, swollen and chaffed red from these thongs..." He snapped his fingers and two slaves at his orders immediately set up a whipping frame, to which Lydia was then bound slightly squatting, with her legs spread wide at the knees, ankles and wrists tightly fixed. He looked at Julia and handed her the whip, "She's your little cock sucker, you can do the work and bitch whip her." Julia stood up and unfastened her tunic exposing her nudity with his earlier whip strokes still visible on her body. With an almost arrogant pride, she stretched and exposed herself facing to the left of Lydia... With a low roundhouse stroke, she brought the whip firmly up between Lydia's legs, impacting her clit, which was playing peek-a-boo from between her spread lips; it made a wet slapping sound. Lydia sucked in air between her clenched teeth, while Julia smiled a glance over at Flavious, "One... dear Master..."

Lydia gasped again, and whimpered, "M-Mistress, please not this..."

Julia scolded her, "Shut up, you brazen slut... you deserve this bitch whipping and you're going to get it... Master wants your pussy puffy, swollen and chaffed red... that's what he's going to get! Now, be quiet and take it like the little bitch you are!" Julia gave her several more all square between the legs and the drenched clam of her sex was dripping with a residue of cum from her fucking and the stimulus of the lashing. The bitch whipped her for a half an hour, after that Julia was ready for a goblet of wine... Flavious handed it to her, and they left Lydia to bake in the Arena sun for yet another hour while they feasted on her exposure.

Struggling below were six slave girls, one of them Velanna. The other five consisted of Teesha, Melissa, Eleena and the twin blonde Amazons. They were naked in chains as Velanna struggled in a wooden yoke as whips flogged her bouncing bare breasts.

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The storyteller brought the action up to date, since the council had arrived from Rome. Consisting of three female Centurions from the Emperor's special elite forces. These female Centurions had ordered that all the slave girls be punished. Starting with these six, they would be forced to 'run' behind the horses of the Centurions. Afterwards, each would receive a severe whipping while bound and split astride the black wedges. Velanna's yoke was removed. Her wrists were now bound with a long rope. Likewise, Melissa's wrists were bound with a similar length of rope. Then a rope was applied to Eleena, Teesha and the twin blonde Amazons. Two ropes were handed to each of the Centurions, the women struggled and pulled against their ropes, and as they tried to keep pace their breasts would bounce and their asses quiver.

The soil of the arena floor was soft, almost like running on a sandy beach, but this ground was hot from the intense overhead sun and it burned their bare feet. At first the Centurions just gave their horses a nudge. This made the women lung slightly forward. With awkward steps, they stumbled and pulled against the forward motion of the horses. This would be exhausting as they were made to follow for some time behind these horses.

Struggling and pulling on the ropes that held them, each girl stepped up her pace as the horses began to trot along faster. Making their first circle about the arena, the six jerked and heaved against the ropes. On the sidelines, a Negress holding a long black whip snaked it out to strike Melissa across her back, leaving a red welt in its path and curling around the side curve of her right breast. An exposed nipple felt the sting of the whip, and Melissa let out a squeal that turned into a breathy gasp. She almost lost her footing, catching herself in time to keep from being dragged in the dirt. By now, the horses were about to break into a gallop and the girls hurried to keep from being pulled off their feet. The horses began a firm gait like trot as a very hot Roman sun burned down scorching bare shoulders and backs.

The pace became a firm gallop and the women were running to keep up. Their arms being yanked along in front of them, with breasts bouncing and ass jiggling, Eleena slipped and fell, the rope dragged her along the soft ground. Stopping for a moment to let her get up, Teesha dropped down to her knees breathing hard. Meanwhile, the Negress with the whip reminded them not to be clumsy, so Teesha's nipples felt the whip more than once until she got back on her feet, crying out under the effects of the snapping leather.

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No mercy was given and the gallop resumed, the girls broke into a full run again. Heavy breathing and running made the women sweat which mixed with dust. Two more times the horses galloped around the Arena and finally the three horses slowed to a stop in front of the wedges. Some of the women completely exhausted dropped to their knees, their bodies besotted from a combination of sweat, oil, and the dust from the arena floor.

Eleena's butt and breasts were scraped nearly raw from where she'd been dragged, gasping she plopped down into the soft red soil. Her body took on earthy colors as the soft ground mixed with the oils and sweat from her run. It was almost obscenely erotic to see how her swollen nipples perked upwards. Velanna was released from the rope and that awful yoke was once again fitted to her shoulders, this time it seemed heavier than before. Short whips snapped their anger against her breasts as she struggled under the weight of the yoke. The remaining girls had now been fitted into wooden yokes like the one placed on Velanna, they scurried up onto the platform where the women were doused with water to cleanse the soil and dust from their nudity.

Short lashes flicked against wet breasts exposed with such cruelty by the heavy yokes, dancing and yelping the whips unmercifully stung their sunburned nudity. In their efforts to escape the flicking thongs, Melissa and the twin Amazon's attempted to jump away from the scaffold. Instead, they found more whips that drove them back up, and now their bare clefts felt a sharp sting as slowly one at a time, the six women were lifted and placed astride the nearly scalding dark wedges. Struggling and their feet kicking the air, Flavious noticed that Velanna's clitoris looked red and swollen as her lips were invitingly spread to receive the sharp crest... in a few seconds she perched squarely on it.

Many of the women in the audience put their hands between their legs, in anticipation of feeling the pain delivered by the wedges, just the sight of the women made their vulvas pour forth gushes of moisture. Raw, unbridled and naked female sex splayed ready for pleasure and pain with golden breasts baked hard in the glare of the broiling Arena floor; breasts that bobbed and swayed under the sting of the whip. Each girl, positioned so that her cleft was split on the upper crest of the dark triangles, shuddered and gasped with the only relief they could get... the relief of humiliating orgasms. Orgasms that caused their teeth to chatter and their bodies to struggled like mindless

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dolls being manipulated at the hands of sadistic puppeteers. Flavious watched as deft fingers spread wide the bare clefts of the six girls, exposing their red swollen clits to the view of an audience hungry to see them suffer. Every girl's nether lips were parted and placed on each side of the crest, stretched so that they could be seen from the most distant seat in the gallery. The slave girls positioning the women on those things felt the heat that was building up in the triangles, it was almost too hot to touch with fingers, let alone the tender cleft of soft flesh the six girls had to expose. The ghastly black shapes absorbed the heat from the over head sun, and soon enough these six girls would feel their clits sizzle and fry to a blister in the heat of a cloudless afternoon in Flavious' Arena.

Freed of the heavy yokes and with chains fitted on their ankles, the women joined by several others began to clean and rework the arena floor for the next entertainment segment... 'Games of love, Contests of Fate'... No arena event would be complete without issuing rewards for the best performers and punishments for the worst performers. On the last event, 'The Slave Revolt' eight women, including Velanna among them, received each a laurel wreath and pouch of coins. The losers were lashed and crucified on 'T'ao crosses raised and placed around the circular arena floor. For the most part they were bound in place by ropes, but a few were nailed, all of them were allowed to have wooden wedges placed at their sex to rest their weight on. The remaining slave girls were immediately put to work cleaning and preparing for the contests to follow. Those who came in second and third were taken up into the galleries where they were 'employed' to service some of the wealthier guests.

Swollen clits chaffing in the sun made the women on the crosses moan and plead for relief. From time to time, a passing slave girl would either lash a noisy girl or give her some relief. Flavious had assigned them to punish these women and if they showed too much mercy, mostly they would end up being slapped, paddled or kneaded on their bare breasts publicly before being placed on the other side of the cross to the girl they were befriending.

A dark-skin, dusky brunette, crucified facing the main gallery near the lower walkway, twisted and gasped after a bare slave girl had been cuffed and fastened by each wrist to the brunette's large nipple

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rings. The weight of the girl's arms alone pulled down on her nipples until she wailed a pitiful gasp. To add to the scene, one of the Patrons had been supplied with a supple switch, to which she was intensely applying to the slave girl's breasts leaving her streaked from shoulders to her belly button with red welts. The slave girl's jerks and reactions were causing the brunette intense pain as her breasts were yanked and pulled in rhythm with the falling switch.

Leaving the Arena floor, a nude Velanna strolled up to the gallery and the approval of the audience who praised her and offered her money for her performance. Melissa followed her, holding the laurel wreath over Velanna's head. Stopping, she looked back at Melissa holding the laurel wreath up with both hands, she reached over and took Melissa's nipples between each of her index fingers and thumbs. With a firm jerk upward she pulled them into a distorted upward stretch. The audience applauded and cheered. She let them fall with equal speed, which made them bounce and quiver on Melissa's chest. Swallowing hard, closing her eyes, Melissa knew that Velanna would use her, and Velanna with a steady rhythm began to slap Melissa's breasts. Noticing with each slap, how Melissa's breasts turned a subtle white then took on an angry red color, leaving no doubt the girl's breasts were quite sunburned.

As she took in the applause, she glanced over at Melissa, "Like to suck on my nipples, wouldn't you slave girl?" The dusky nude asked Melissa in a mocking tone.

"AH! If that will please you..." Melissa realized she had to do as the main winner had ordered.

"Please me? Like you, I've been naked under this awful sun. Lick my nipples and soothe their sunburned tips..." She ordered the girl to do in front of the gathered crowd. Melissa began to suck on first Velanna's right nipple and then her left one. This girl tasted like the sun, Melissa thought to herself as she finished what was ordered of her.

It didn't take Flavious long to return after he left Julia's private box to oversee the final touches on the up and coming Arena games. The first being bare breast battles... Flavious had just returned to the freshly wetted canopy where Julia had just poured some more wine and settled back to be entertained with the competitions... She looked at Flavious who removed his tunic and sandals, then motioned for Lydia to come over and suck his cock, which she did with a most pleasant smile on her face.

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Julia saw a girl stand up and saunter over to two blonde Amazons, holding lengths of leather cords. As the girl began to inspect the other women that had lined up after the first two, the storyteller stepped in and spoke... "Now the entertainment moves to the action displayed before you of sexual gratification by female warriors of the various captured Amazon tribes... Denuded smooth and brought here before you, the Patrons of Rome and the most reverent ladies of the Vestals, to bear witness of their fate for having been born with large, breasts..." The man bowed slightly as he gestured toward the Arena floor...

The action began to heat up as several pairs of nude women with their hands tied behind their backs began to sway their bodies to 'slap' their opponent with their heavy breasts. Most of the time the women scored hit after hit on each other and it only took a few minutes before each of them displayed red and bruised bouncing tits.

Flavius commented to Julia, "I love this sport! Oddly enough, so do many of your fellow companions from the Vestals..." He looked about as most of the women began to cheer their favorite or ogle over the loser's swollen pain. He saw a couple of women comment to each other, by pointing to their own nipples, how red they were and must be hurting.

Julia nodded as she looked about, then leaned back so that Flavius could get a good look at her tits, "You enjoy women having some form of punishment put to their breasts, don't you my Master?" She glanced him a sly smile, as it was plain to see that her own breasts were openly available for some attention. She continued, looking down at her own tits glistening in the afternoon sun, the back up at Flavius, "... Do you want to punish these, here and now?"

Flavius looked over at her, as he snapped his fingers twice, Mona then put a pair of nasty looking nipple clips in his hand. He swung them at her, "How long can you wear these?"

Julia closed her eyes and opened them again slowly, answering, "... With my hands free, my Lord?" She held up her hands wiggling the fingers and not touching her glistening breasts.

Flavius cocked his head slightly to one side, "... With them tied behind your back."

Julia pouted slightly then replied, "As long as you order me to wear them, my Lord, and if it pleases you..."

Flavius didn't answer her, instead snapped his fingers again, this time Mona placed a larger set of clips with an extension that

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provided a clip for that sensitive spot on between her legs. Most of the women Flavious forced to wear this set of clips, found them most humiliating and especially so in a public situation like Julia was in now. He held up the larger set, "I want you to wear these with your hands tied behind your back... you might find closing your legs a bit difficult. Ask Mona here, I made her wear them once while she was having her back flogged by Carlos here in this Arena!" He looked over his shoulder at his Nubian prize, blowing her a kiss, which she returned in kind. Her nudity glistened with oil from head to toe, and the roundness of her tummy served as a natural badge to the virility of her Master, Flavious.

Julia cocked her head to one side and slowly put her hands behind her back, a signal to Mona who tied them securely. Flavious took the clips, and making Julia stand up before him, spreading her legs he looked at the fullness of her sex, then up as she looked down at him with her breasts brazenly displayed. He fondled her bladder, "You've had a bit of wine, wouldn't you like to empty this?" He patted gently her bladder again.

Julia rolled her eyes nodding, and then she stepped over to the area available for public relief while the sun shined down hotly on her. She awkwardly squatted down in Flavious' view and emptied her bladder like a shameless slut. As her pee literally streamed out, she closed her eyes then Mona went over to her and fondled her bladder pressing on it gently as if to force more of it from her. Finally finished, Mona helped Julia back to her feet, where Flavious put the clips on her nipples, which made her wince, then he put the large clip onto her clitoris. That hurt enough to make Julia stand tall and cough slightly. She pursed her lips and wrinkled her nose slightly. Mona admired it and gave it a couple of additional adjustments to insure it would not easily come off. Julia walked as normally as she could to stand completely naked, and painfully clipped, before Flavious. He admired the jewelry and the female who was wearing it, "You look delightfully troubled my girl."

Julia tried to smile, and gave him a very interesting look, for which Mona commented, "The real fire of this thing happens when you want to come, silly girl. As for me, I'd rather take a horsewhipping than be made to climax publicly wearing only this!" As she spoke she jiggled the chain so that it took its measure of sensation from Julia, who just gasped slightly. Then, she looked at her Master and gave him

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a slight wink to let him know that she loved these clips and what they did for her.

In the next hour Flavious watched the scenes on the Arena floor knowing the mounting pain that Julia had to be experiencing. In the course of matters concerning Julia, he openly fucked Mona twice and set up Mona and Lydia in a playful 'breast battle' of their own.

Julia closed her eyes and tossed her head back as these damn things were beginning to hurt... she was wishing she'd kept her mouth shut. Shaking her head slightly was enough to catch Flavious' attention. He looked at her red nipples and imagined that her clitty was just as red if not redder. He reached over and gently patted on her bladder; she moaned, "Ooo... AAA... Flavious, Master, I have to go really..."

Flavious looked at her closely, "You really shouldn't keep drinking wine while wearing those things, specially the one down there..." He gave it a little tug that made her moan again, "AAA-aahh... Oooo..."

He looked at her and smiled then over at Mona who was still exchanging titty slaps with Lydia, "Mona, Julia can't pee with this thing on can she?" He said it loud enough for some of the other women around to hear. It was the humiliation that made Julia lower her eyes, but she knew full well that she was being tortured by the man she loved and called Master.

Flavious motioned for Mona to come over as he spoke aloud, "Take this little pee slut down onto the Arena floor and let her relieve herself. She can wear the clips going down to show them off!" Mona nodded and stood up as she turned to come up to Julia... when she did, Flavious told her to bring Lydia along.

Mona led Julia down the gallery onto the Arena floor; it was obvious that Julia was in agony. Each 'bouncing' step she took put undue pain on her bladder as well as causing the clips to jerk and pull on her puffy swollen sensitive parts. Julia was sweating and moaning as Mona led her down the steps gently pulling on the links to her clips.

On the Arena floor Julia was almost doubled over in pain, her eyes were weepy and swollen as Mona led Julia up the steps to the higher of the platforms reserved for announcements and displayed losers. On the elevation, Mona announced out loud to the gallery, "Julia here has a need to pee, but you see that the clips put on by her Master keep her from doing so. Shall I remove them so that she can pee?"

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The crowd of mostly women cheered and catcalled at Julia causing her a lot of humiliation. One of the women called back loudly, "Make her breast battle you for the right, woman... you have just the tits for the job!" The crowd laughed, and Mona smiled a toothy smile back at them.

Flavius watched the agony now clearly displayed on Julia's face, he looked at Mona who could see that her Master was watching. He gave her a signal to go ahead and slap Julia around a bit... she did. To Julia it must have been a lifetime of agony, during which she was denied the ability to relieve her bladder. At one point, Mona got her into a hold that allowed Mona's right hand to massage Julia's bladder enough to make her cry out in pain. Finally, with Julia on her knees, wailing with the nipple clips and clit clip still dangling from her sensitive parts, Mona looked toward her Master, who held up his fist as Lydia sucked on his cock. The crowd chanted as Flavius held up his fist, Lydia sucking on his cock as he could feel her mouth making it tingle. Julia sweating and in obvious pain with her hands still bound behind her back, her breasts heaving. Mona, sweating and glistening looked at Julia then up at her Master... his hand still clenched in a fist. Lydia sucking on him to an intensive fever that brought his cock closer and closer to squirting her mouth full of white liquid. Mona lifted Julia painfully to her feet, flaunting Julia's obscene bondage. In the next few moments, Lydia felt Flavius' cock explode in her mouth, as his fist turned thumbs up, the sign to let Julia free of her clips and permit her to pee there and now. Mona held Julia in such a way to force her legs to spread apart, and taking her chain in her right hand, she yanked it off as Julia let out a blood-curdling scream, "AAA-rrrggghhh!" In the next few moments, Mona again massaged Julia's bladder and in a matter of a few seconds, distressed as she was, nature over came Julia's shame. She emptied her full bladder off the edge of the platform onto the Arena floor, and it flowed in a thick brisk stream of yellow, flickering in the warm breeze. Julia clearly had a relieved look on her face, despite the fact that her wrists were still bound behind her back.

Flavius put his hand on the mane of blonde hair that was Lydia's flowing locks. He took a fistful and worked her mouth up and down on his cock as he watched Julia humiliate herself so brazenly in front of the gallery. He loved that woman, and her humiliation only served to confirm her feelings for him. Lydia still sucking gently on Flavius began to tenderly massage his balls. He looked at her, and

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closed his eyes a moment thinking about something that Mona once told him about pregnant slave women in Nubia being forced to suck and swallow male cum or give up their fruit; Lydia needed to suck more cocks instead of getting fucked by them so much, he chuckled to himself.

Looking up, he realized that Mona had won the breast battle that she put Julia through, so he indicated for her to claim her right to the win. Mona nodded, and in the next moment she picked up a tapered wooden spoon. Julia began to shake her head no, and she looked with a pleading cry on her forehead at Flavious who nodded, yes... Mona, with a toothy smile, positioned Julia in an open display, with spread legs and exposed breasts. She popped the spoon a couple of times in the palm of her hand. Then at Flavious' nod, she began to beat Julia's breasts with the spoon. Hitting her so firmly, and rapidly, that Julia didn't have time to respond with anything but a breathless grunt and a vain attempt to breathe. Julia twisted and shook her disheveled hair as the spoon left red splotch after red splotch on her jiggling breasts. Clearly in the gallery, could be heard the sound of the spoon striking Julia's tender girl flesh.

Flavious yanked on Lydia's hair holding her face up to see mistress Julia taking a beating with such a clumsy device as a large spoon. Lydia was doing a slight gasp for air, as she licked her lips and watched Mona beat Julia nearly senseless with something so oddly shaped.

Later that evening Flavious sent Mona to bring Julia to join them in his bath. Mona like all good slaves knocked on Julia's door. Julia greeted her in the nude, and with a smile on her face; Mona stepped inside the door, not saying a word. With a casual move, she took Julia in her arms and gave her a long full body embrace and passionate kiss. Then for the next half hour, the two women made full-unbridled girl love.

They giggled as they walked slowly, and fully nude down the marble corridor to Flavious' baths. It grew warmer and moister the closer they got. Flavious was in the large bath with Lustina, Ashbod, Lydia and two other girls. He splashed Lydia just as Mona and Julia appeared in the doorway. He looked at them, obviously perturbed at their uncalled for delay.

Mona sensed right away that he was not in a good mood, the guilt of their act written all over their faces. She spoke first, "Master... mistress Julia..."

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Flavious didn't let her finish, "Ah, yes Mistress Julia... won't you join me, now that I am quite waterlogged? I see that you and Mona were... 'Detained'..."

Julia, displaying an obvious sunburn, tried to speak calmly and rationally, "Flavious, let me explain... you see..."

Flavious interrupted her, "What I see is a weaseling, sunburned pee slut trying to come up with an excuse for taking liberties where she shouldn't have... am I not correct?"

Julia lowered her head, then looked up at him...

What didn't take long was placing Julia and Mona in tight bondage opposite each other against a column, with their wrists over their heads and their legs spread around to each side, near the center edge of the pool area. Flavious still nude and wet, moved close to Julia... Using his index finger and thumb, he hoisted up her tender breast by its equally tender nipple. Julia winced with pain.

"Beg me to stop and I'll leave your sun ripe nipple to rest! This position should make your words flow with ease. Go on!" He gave an extra jerk to both nipples, first one then the other, in turn.

Flavious felt the heat coming off the pool floor; Julia and Mona struggled against the chains with equal effort. He fondled Julia's exposed nudity, as he said nothing more, but with obvious intent positioned himself with Lydia's assistance as she guided his cock into Julia's moist sex. He humped her brazenly so as to make it obvious to the slave girls looking on that Julia deserved nothing better than to be displayed and fucked, openly and savagely. After he finished emptying his balls inside of her, he unsheathed himself from her, and stepped away.

Like a mindless halfwit, Lydia fell to her knees and began cleaning her master's cock as he turned back to look at Julia who rested with her head back and her eyes closed against the column. Her spread legs dripping with the residue of her master's balls... he nodded to Ashbod, "Go and get a strap, give Mona thirty strokes across her breasts, then turn cupcake there around and give her thirty across her ass; afterwards clean them both up and bring them to my bedchamber. No girl Å girl business hear me? Or I'll make you all sweat tomorrow on the bar. As for the pee queen, make sure she empties her bladder for you... standing up." Flavious turned and left with Lydia and Lustina scampering along.

Mona snapped at Ashbod, "Go on girl... make it quick... it won't be the first time I've had my tits walloped, just get it over with, and

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clean us up... before Master gets any madder." Her gaze still upon the door where he'd left the bath area. A nude Ashbod scampered over to the 'toy' cabinet opened it and took out a three inch wide strap of leather molded into a carved ivory handle. It was close to four feet long. Mona looked at Ashbod and what she carried back, "By the gods girl, think you could have found a bigger one?"

Ashbod took a stance that allowed her full arm strokes of the strap across Mona's swaying breasts. After the first 10 or so, Mona began to squirt milk that made the strap wet and hurt more. Each lash made a dull, hollow sound like Ashbod had struck full botta bags of wine. Mona was groaning and moaning with hurt as the last few strokes seemed to peel her rock hard nipples right off her chest.

It was Julia's turn to take an ass whipping with the nearly milk soaked strap. The first one burned like fire, and yes, Julia's ass was almost as sunburned as her tits. After about six or so, Julia squealed and squirmed against the column. Like an enduring martyr she held fast against the thirty strokes that burned into her soul.

Ashbod released them, and before she took them into the pool, with the help of Mona, she worked on making sure Julia peed standing up like Flavious ordered. It was in this effort that Ashbod used every means she could think of to make Julia pee. She massaged her bladder and rubbed her breasts against Julia's. Mona finally stepped in, and using a thin stick dipped in salt, she rubbed it into Julia's urethra. This made Julia's pee hole sting with an uncontrollable desire to urinate. Standing near the toilet trough on the far end of the baths, the two women finally made Julia pee a half-inch stream of yellow that seemed to go on forever. All the while the girl peed, Mona and Ashbod massaged her bladder.

The women all bathed and cleaned themselves thoroughly, then as fresh as they could be, they wasted no time in getting back to their master's bedchamber. Where they made haste in double exposing themselves in front of Master Flavious as he pumped Lydia's sex with ever deeper strokes.

As he watched their hands fondle bare breasts, belly, arms, clefts, butts, and legs he felt his cum ready to shoot into Lydia's cunt. When he came, he was buried deeply inside Lydia. She was very, very ripe.

Lydia came with an equally unbridled lust. Riding on Flavious' cock, she could feel his cum shoot deeply into her and she had a

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joyous look on her face. Julia looked at Lydia with a sly smile, within the next hour Flavious and Lydia spent them-selves a few more times.

Mona took up position with a long black whip, which she uncoiled with a deft flick of it behind her. Bringing it around in a side arm stroke to wrap it around Velanna's breasts, it made a whisking sound as it traveled. On impact a wet slapping sound could be heard as it contacted Velanna's breasts and nipples. She tossed her head back and let out a painful gasp. The impact made her involuntarily grind her sex against Ashbod's smooth cleft. In all the Nubian delivered Velanna thirty strokes with the lash for the most part squarely across the blonde's bobbing breasts.

It was mid morning the next day, the games would not be starting until mid afternoon, as many of the guests were enjoying the lateness to recover from their individual states of drunkenness and satisfied sexual hungers. After breakfast, Flavious went down to the Arena where some of the girls were practicing and getting set up for the afternoon.

Eleena was angry at having to be punished along with the novice slave girls, she was a yearling and should instead be allowed to do the punishing, but the whip sang its song against her bronze skin making her breasts bounced and her nipples hurt. Streak after streak formed on sunburned skins as Eleena was punished with the rest of the girls.

Finally, there were the twin blonde Amazons, their bodies were so sun-tanned that their nipples seem to disappear on their breasts but the Nubian's whip found the girls hot nips and scalded them with more fire. Their clefts made wet popping sounds as they bounced their painful dance on the wedges, which they were forced to sit upon while they were being whipped. Ironically, these two were the first to climax, their sweaty, oiled bodies writhing in delightful orgasm as the whip snaked or coiled itself about their nudity all the while the sharp ridge of the wedge ground their clits into tender puffs of nerves.

Flavious noticed that the Nubian doing the whipping was none other than his best performing yearling, Adima. Looking at her standing naked with her breasts high on her chest swinging the black whip was a very erotic scene, almost a mock contrast to the two blonde Amazons who sat climaxing on the wedges.

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After a short while, Adima finished up her whipping of the six, with a few more slashes to Eleena's breasts, but she wouldn't leave it at that. She instead delivered a few more as well to the other five, altogether, those six girls had been very well punished.

By the earlier side of mid-afternoon, the storyteller announced that the so-called conspirators, eight more would be crucified and twelve more would be exercised behind the chariots.

Julia looked at Flavious and wondered, "Are you going to leave those other six on the wedges?"

Flavious shrugged, nodding, "For now, sure, the ones that will be running behind the chariots won't be those six on the wedges. It'll do them good to just sit there and sweat."

Julia's legs tightened slightly and her heart rate increased, "I see... those girl's must have very sore pussies by now, so they won't likely be able to do much of anything." Raising his eyebrows, looking at Julia he followed firmly, "They'd better or they'll go to the cross." Flavious looked at Julia, thinking that maybe she'd better quit digging herself a hole or she would find out just how awful the wedges can be. It'd been a long time since a Vestal had been subjected to such a punishment, and there were a few in this audience who would like to see her suffer.

Lydia looked at the wedges; she'd been tortured on them before so she knew that they were designed to punish a woman soft sex. Up the steps came Mona, quite nude and showing off her welts as she glistened in the sun, "Master, is there anything I can get you?"

It was plain and simple that she was one of his favorites, he pointed as he spoke, "Mona, I want you to make girl love to Lydia here. Keep her quiet and at ease, I expect to see you two with tongues in each other's clefts before the chariots run. But, first come over here, my girl, as I do feel a bit of a rise at seeing you. Spread your legs and lower yourself onto me." Mona did as she was bid to do, and while Flavious held his hard member up, she turned and lowered herself down on him. He spoke, "... That's it... I might as well give you another fill of my seed and look Julia, isn't she such a randy bitch?"

"So I notice... She was a delight to see under the whip last night. Which reminds me, by some chance can I have her when you are finished?"

Nodding he replied under his increased breathing, "Yes... so Mona, service mistress Julia before you play with Lydia... understand?"

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Mona rolled her eyes as she replied, "Yes, Master." Mona rode her master all the while her pussy wet and bare sliding up and down his firm cock. In a quick burst of motion, she had brought his balls to a boil. Flavious ran his hands over her firm breasts, teasing her nipples while his fingers casually traced the ruby red welts criss-crossing her body here and there; her ebony skin was glistening in the hot sun. Her total lack of head or body hair made her enticingly exotic as firm muscles rippled beneath smooth black skin. Muscles that would be needed when Flavious had her employed at the grain mill.

Flavious closed his eyes and with a firm thrust he unloaded himself deep inside Mona's womanhood. She gripped his shoulders as she met his thrust with a solid downward lunge, feeling her abdomen get warm from his pulsing release. The couple spasmed in orgasm as they gripped each other in tight embrace, Mona whimpered and Flavious moaned as they kissed and fondled each other.

Lydia looked at her new master and Mona, smiling she pampered them kissing Mona's right nipple. Julia looked at Mona with renewed lust and in her own anxiety to join in, she could hardly wait for Mona to service her as she watched the tall firm Nubian lick her full lips, closing her eyes with her head tilted back.

Preparations for the climax of the afternoon show were completed. The women on the wedges were being taken off; only to follow with their new bondage of the heavy yokes having been re-attached. Whips began to snap on oiled skin as the girls writhed and whimpered with the stings; clearly Velanna's sultry bronze body glistened brazenly. Snapping whips flicking over dark red nipples made several sets of breasts judder visibly to the audience while they enjoyed watching the twins pay the price for being young, blonde and nude.

Slaves working to set the stage for this next caprice, twelve naked beauties were being led in chains, three of them were black and it was time for the chariot ride. What Julia thought would be a dozen naked beauties being dragged about the arena behind a couple of chariots was her error. The appearance of two very odd looking carts caught the entire audience's attention. There were hooked together, one after the other, and Julia just had to say something, "Flavious just what ingenious devilish devices have you cooked up this time?"

"Dear Julia, didn't I tell you?"

"Tell me what?" She blinked her blue shadowed eyes...

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"Oh, yes, I didn't have time to tell you yet, these are those special 'Tong' Carts, you know the ones from the northern lands of the Chins. It seems that when a Chin war lord conquers a village, all of the young women are gathered, usually after a long night of rape and pillage. Things are made arranged so that several of these carts are waiting where a list of names are read, and every young woman who didn't willingly give to the warlord's men are made to ride this thing back to his fortress. They ride it bare in the sun sometimes they are whipped as the carts bounce along, but needless to say, my dear Julia, these Chin girl's bouncing along while their bare pussies are split on the sharp upper crest of a wedge shaped beam has to make them want to be obedient. From what I have come to learn about the Chins and their philosophy explains entirely how they came to invent these carts. Those wedges came from their lands, made of exceptionally hard wood and sharpened with honing stones. Now, wouldn't make sense that they would have perfected some type of mobile device to punish a female? You need to realize that I had these devices brought at a great personal expense, and I plan to have six girls placed on each cart. Three groups of two tied facing each other, breast to breast, while their bare clefts go bouncing along on those sharp crests." He was emphatic and had no intentions of taking any critical arguments over how he subjected his slave girls.

Julia smiled and took the hint about watching her tone of voice, "Flavious... Dear sweet Flavious... You really know how to entertain..."

He looked at her and settled down more at ease, "You are welcome as always dearest Vestal Julia, but I trust that you will no longer be hostile towards me. As I plan to have your three lovelies bounce about on those carts as well as nine of my fine strong novices."

She almost gave a giggle, then she quite stoically replied, "No bother, I assure you, they more than deserve the punishment."

He looked at her as he took a big gulp of wine, which aided in his reserved disposition, "Good..." He opened and closed his eyes slowly, then in a quite smooth voice asked, "I wish you to stay the night with me, I am planning a feast and orgy? Also, I have a special surprise for you with these two well fertilized slaves of ours..."

She drank a swallow of wine, and shifted herself around so that he could see her nipples getting hard, she was happy that he found her desirable with all of these remarkable slave girls in his stable, "Oh delightful, darling Flavious... yes, what do you have in mind?"

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Flavious had a sly smile on his face, he worked his lips a bit, "Oh, you'll see, I can tell you this that Mona will like what I have. It is a specialty from her former homeland, Nubia, and it is quite old. I acquired it from a friend of mine in Egypt and she assured me it is genuine, even gave me a demonstration of its workability."

She shifted herself, "Now you have me quite curious..." Flavious smiled at Julia and drank a hefty swallow of wine. Julia did the same smiling as she drank and letting some of it flow out of her mouth and down onto her breasts.

Snapping his fingers, "Mona, clean up that messy wine from Mistress Julia's breasts."

"Yes, Master." Mona stepped over and did as she was told.

"Lydia, you help, too." Flavious barked.

"Yes, Master. Mistress, I will help please you..."

The late afternoon sun baked down on twelve helpless, nude slave girls bound to a simple, but painful cart. They weren't simply tied to it; they were in fact married to it. Its crest has its way with them, body and soul. As the chariots dragged the heavy carts about the arena, the oiled women rubbed against each other. Bare breasts, some showing whip marks, bounced and friction nipple to nipple together. The girls wailed long and loud in agony, as their equally bare slits rose and fell against the sharp crested beams on the carts. These women had been bound in such a fashion as to force them to press their nude bodies together. Their backs had been arched against heavy struts. A wooden spreader had been placed between their ankles and each ankle bound to the spreader. Like the struts against their backs, it was heavy and awkward.

Two blondes from the northern providence, both quite dusky and bronze from their exposure had nipples that seemed to disappear on their chests due to long hours in the Roman sun. Even their bare and smooth clefts were as equally dark as their shoulders, but these two had been bound differently as a single heavy strut had been used. One was placed between the two of them at such an angle that it caused their bare breasts to rub on the wood instead of against one another.

By the time their torture was finished, the two would display very red and easy to spot nipples. The constant rubbing effect produced a very prolonged orgasm between the two with spasm following upon spasm. The two squealed and gasped with abandon as they rode that rail, and Julia's girls were not enjoying their little jaunt

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on the Tong Carts either. Their glorious bare breasts bouncing and rubbing together as Mica and Marci seemed to be getting an extra hard bounce. The cart was earning its reputation for bringing the most stubborn of females into submission.

Mica and Monica's bare clits had become so red and sorely chaffed they could hardly breathe, while Merri's cleft was burning now more with desire. She had been bound to a full-breasted brunette beauty, sporting quite exceptionally hard nipples. This brunette's nipples had become so erect and hard, that Merri didn't want to leave them, she could feel them pressing shameless against her own lovely breasts and nipples.

The brown girl looked hard at Merri, speaking in broken words as the cart bounced, "I want to feel your nipples against mine and the pleasure of it makes the hurt between my legs go away. Say you'll sleep with me tonight and make girl love to me, sweetness..." With those words, the girl kissed Merri full on her lips letting her tongue move against Merri's.

Realizing the futility of her request, Merri replied, "No, they'll flog us if we sleep together. It is forbidden!"

"What's a whipping, compared to exquisite pleasure? I am called Tonalla the exceptional." The girl replied with a sultry whisper.

Merri stammered, but was frightened, "I, I, am not sure..."

"I am a Roman woman by birth. Sold into slavery here at the arena of pleasure because of a debt. I have felt the lash many times for the sake of my sexual pleasures."

"I do not wish a flogging." Merri replied.

"Never mind that. You'll get one if the overseers decide to lash you... what is your name, girl?"

"Merri."

"I am Tonalla the fourth daughter of Pestillus, he sold me to him to pay off a debt he owed to Flavious. That man has had me several times, more frequently following a flogging. It makes him real excited to see a Roman woman under the lash so it is a good bet that I'll be a part of tonight's entertainment at his orgy. Join with me and we can both be lashed tied together. He likes that and I love the feel of another woman writhing against me; the last time he put me against that black Nubian of his, Mona." The cart made a hard bounce, which made them both squeal, then Tonalla, went on, "... oh, by the gods, she has hard breasts."

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Merri went into a whiny voice, "But the whip, it hurts more since we've been so exposed to the sun and all..."

Tonalla scolded, "Stop whimpering, it's hard to talk while we're bouncing about on this wedge... OH!" Her words were cut short by another sudden hard bounce of the cart. Merri nearly passed out. She felt the woman's hard nipples against hers as Tonalla gasped and let out a wail, "Stay with me, Merri..."

As the carts made their rounds, five crosses were being set into the ground. Who would be their prisoners tomorrow? The audience began to retire; it was time to get ready for the evening's planned orgy.

Flavius slapped both Lydia and Mona on their bare behinds. Lydia rubbed her butt and smiled sweetly to her master. Sticking it out for another as he accommodated her. Whips snapped on lazy backs as the slaves prepared the arena for the evening as the first of the many torches were starting to be lit and even more of them were being lit at the entrance to Flavius' villa.