

GLADIATRIX

by Jonathan Firme

www.dofantasy.com



ART BY PAUL
adults only

GLADIATRIX

Jonathan Firme

Illustrated by Paul

Cover by Roberts

All rights reserved. Published by
d'O Fantasy - Apartado 107 - 08197 Valldoreix - Spain
Fax +34 93 5890865
www.dofantasy.com - e-mail dofantasy@dofantasy.com
Published in electronic format by www.dofantasy.com

All reproduction of text or illustrations, partial or total,
by whatever means, forbidden without the express
written permission of the publisher.
All the stories in this collection are fictitious and are
intended for the fantasy of adults only.

Background**

Flavia was a Roman aristocrat, a patrician. She lived well and comfortably with her father. When her father died, however, her life changed dramatically. She was sold by her own brother to Glaucus, a desert tribesman.

Glaucus was the owner of a school for gladiators in a remote, dusty village.

For some months he kept Flavia as his sexual slave, raping and torturing her...

Flavia suffered physically and mentally. Glaucus knew this. He wanted it that way.

He had noticed that she was especially embarrassed at having to masturbate in front of him. So he made her do it. And he made her masturbate at a banquet for his friends and important visitors...

As an especially embarrassing punishment, he was planning to make her masturbate in the village arena, where he trained his gladiators. All the village would be invited...

Glaucus had another plan too. Recently, he had decided to train women gladiators... The jaded appetites in Rome needed something fresh and new... A woman with naked breasts wielding a sword would pull the crowds in.

The time had come to initiate Flavia's training as a gladiator...

**The story of Flavia's first few months as Glaucus's sexual slave is told in the DOFANTASY novel GLADIATOR.

Chapter One

Flavia in the Cage

In the morning, the door opened and Glaucus came in. He pulled her off the bed. She was naked and there were no clothes for her to put on. She put one arm over her breasts and covered her most intimate part with the other. He smiled when he saw this. She was still shy after all she had been through... That was good. It meant she still needed lots more training...

He remembered the first time he had really seen her really close up, at a banquet...

He would have fallen on top of her as soon as he saw her...

She was tall and slim, with a small waist and round hips. She had long legs and her bottom was high and round, solid and firm...

But what he saw most were her magnificent firm breasts that wobbled and shook under the thin tunic every time she moved. They looked like wet dough for making bread, or goat's cheese, white and creamy... He could not take his eyes off them! He wanted to dip them in warm goat's milk and lick them clean! He wanted to bite at her lovely nipples and rip them off!

She was so young, so pale, her hair was such a deep chestnut-brown colour, with a fine reddish tinge, her eyes were so blue, her lips so full and sensual! Her face was pure provocation. Her look was deep and disturbing... But it was her breasts that he thought of most! They filled his mind as they were later to fill his hands and mouth.

She was a morsel fit for the Gods! She was also Roman! A real Roman patrician, elegant and educated. She knew how to move in society...

But she knew nothing of the most important thing: how to use her body to serve a man. To submit to him and offer him all that he desires. That is the law of Nature, Glaucus believed. Man is Master. Woman is Slave to his pleasure and must bend to his most sadistic whims...

He had made this clear to her from the beginning:

“First we will feast,” he had said, “and then you will be my dessert!”

When her brother sold her to him, or more precisely, swapped her for a team of

his gladiators, he had begun her training as a sexual slave.

"It's time to move you to the slave quarters," he said. "We will continue your sexual training there. And your training to be a gladiator will begin in a few days. Training is really very simple. It's a question of learning to accept discipline. There is only one important rule: a slave's body is not her own! It belongs to her master. Right now, for example, you are covering up your tits and your cunt. They belong to me! Drop your arms!"

She was very embarrassed, but she had little choice. She dropped her arms to her sides and looked down at her uncovered vagina. She could feel the blood rush to her cheeks... He was a filthy swine! She longed to be back in Rome, far from this dusty village full of camel dung and flies.

He looked at her for a moment, particularly at her breasts, and rubbed his erection thoughtfully through his tunic. Then he led her across the square, completely naked as she was! She felt a thousand eyes on her. Everybody looked, especially the men, but nobody spoke. Then a man suddenly appeared in front of her. He was being obscene, sticking his tongue in an out like a snake flicking the air. He put his tongue near her vagina, but did not dare to lick it. Flavia watched in shame and also in deep disgust.

Glaucus laughed and made her stop. He put his hand between her legs and separated her lips with his thumb and forefinger. Everybody in the square - men and women - stopped and looked. Flavia was deeply embarrassed. She had large breasts and she had always known that men found them interesting. But she had never voluntarily shown them to a man before, only to her female servants. One day Glaucus would pay for this, she vowed...

Glaucus put his other hand on her shoulder and turned her round very slowly so that everybody could see.

The man on his knees put his hand under his tunic and began masturbating. Other men -and some women - began shouting obscenities. Flavia took a deep breath and tried to switch off, to disconnect from all this obscenity...

"Stop them tits flopping, girl, they're making me dizzy!"

"Hey, if they're too heavy for you I'll help you carry them!"

"You want to get them udders milked! They'll burst!"

"One of them's leaking, love. Give us a drop!"

"Come over here love, I've got just the thing for that cunt!"

"Shall I lick it clean for you, love?"

Flavia had turned full circle now. Glaucus was still holding her vagina open, showing it to everybody in the square...

A fly landed on her vagina, inside her lips. She brushed it away and tried to ignore the obscene shouts of these primitive desert tribesmen...

The man on his knees looked up: "I'd give a goat and three chickens to be that fly!" he said, grinning at the crowd.

Glaucus laughed, and kicked him out of the way. He took Flavia across to the slaves' quarters.

The slaves lived in one large hut, full of cages. There were twenty cages for the men, and then came the six women's cages. An empty area at the end of the cages was known as the "punishment room". It consisted of tables, ropes, hooks in the ceiling, and heavy wooden crosses of the kind used at crucifixions...

There was one woman in each of the women's cages. Jasmin, his Iberian slave, was in the first cage. Then there were women she had not see before, and in the fifth cage there were two blonde women. They were standing up, with a finger inside each other, looking round nervously.

The guard opened the door of the empty sixth cage and Glaucus went in with her.

He pointed to the two women in the next cage.

"Nice, eh? Barbarians from the North Way. They are attacking our Empire more and more. Your brother tells me they are worried in Rome. The Senate says that the empire has got too big. The borders are too long to defend. The barbarian tribes are growing bold and better organised. They have learnt from us. Now, when we fight, we do not always win. But when we win, the booty is good! We take blonde slaves, like these two!

We put them together because it entertains the guards to see them with their fingers in each other's cunts. They don't find it easy to make love to each other, but they are learning. Of course they are really being trained to serve me and my friends. This is just a little game for the guards. The nights are long and they have to do something...

For the moment I am not putting you and Jasmin together. Perhaps one day I will put you in with her and you will suck her cunt. Watch the blonde prisoners closely and see what you can learn. If these barbarians can learn to play with a woman's body, a Roman patrician can learn too!"

He made Flavia stand against the bars of the cage, facing the girls and presenting her bottom to him. He made her put her arms out to the side, like a crucifixion cross. "Catch hold of the bars, tight. It will help you fight the pain." Then he told one of the guards to bring a wooden training sword.

He pulled his arm right back and slapped her with all his strength on the bottom with the broad side of it.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSSHH!!!

THWAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHH!!!"

It was a sharp, unbearable pain. Instinctively she brought both arms down and rubbed her bottom with her hands to ease the pain.

“Put your arms back up! If you bring them down again, I will turn you round and beat you on your big slave’s tits!”

SWWWWIISHHHHHHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The sword came down again, shaking her buttocks and making her scream again. But this time she kept her hands on the bars.

“Good. I see you are intelligent and will learn.”

He signalled to one of the blonde women to come over to the bars. He took off his tunic and stood next to Flavia, so that they were both naked and both facing the two blondes in the next cage.

He gestured to the blonde captive to go down on her knees in front of him and he pulled her against the bars. One breast squeezed through the bars on its own and flopped quivering into the next cage. Glaucus helped the other one through by tugging roughly on the nipple...

He then pulled the blonde’s right hand through the bars and put it on his erect penis. She began masturbating him. He moved her hand so that his penis was pointing directly at one of her breasts. He did not speak, so Flavia supposed, correctly, that the girls did not understand him. In the desert and around Mare Nostrum most people spoke some Latin, but it was not so common along the North Way.

Glaucus turned his head sideways and looked at Flavia. She was still facing the bars, holding on to them, still presenting her already stinging cheeks to the wooden sword. She hoped he would forget about her with the other girl pulling at his member, but she was wrong. He turned his head further and looked at her buttocks, running his hand over the welts the sword had raised...

“You will learn to recognise the caress of different kinds of instruments. You already know what the sword feels like, at least the flat side of it. Now you’ll learn other materials.”

He called a guard and told him to bring his basket. The basket contained all kinds of instruments for beating, whipping, flogging and of torture. Some of them were whips or bamboo canes of different kinds, others were phalluses – obscene erect penises made of stone or wood or sewn leather...

He showed her a leather whip. Her legs started shaking.

“This is the cat-o’-nine-tails. It’s a strip of leather, cut into nine small strips. Each strip has a knot tied in the end. When it comes down on your buttocks, it will open out. This means that it will catch a wide area of your bottom. Are you ready?”

Remember – don't move your arms! If you do, I'll have to punish you more severely, and on the most sensitive parts of your lovely, delicious, patrician's body!"

Glaucus pronounced the word patrician scornfully. His mother was rumoured to be a Nubian slave, and although his father was a free man in Rome, he had never been fully accepted in upper-class Roman society.

He looked at her lovely bottom, now showing the red, raised outline of the wooden sword...

SWIIIIIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Next he chose a bamboo cane. He showed it to her first.

"This has a lot of uses. I'm going to bring it down on your buttocks now, but another day I will pass it up and down between the lips of your cunt and if you do not obey me I will punish you by tying you with your legs apart and beating you on your noblewoman's cunt with the cane of a humble desert tribesman..." He sounded like a bitter man.

He held the cane way back behind him and brought it down with all his force onto her buttocks.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Flavia cried out in pain. She let go of the bars and rubbed herself. She couldn't help it. It was an involuntary movement.

Glaucus smiled.

"You'll be sorry you did that!" he said. "But I'll keep your punishment for another day. You've still got one more thing to learn today. The feel of the palm of a man's hand on a taut, tense bottom! Put your hands down on that rail."

Flavia looked down and saw a horizontal rail running around the bottom of the bars, about nine inches off the ground. Its purpose was to strengthen the horizontal bars by holding them together, but Glaucus had soon found another use for it. Flavia bent down and held on to it. She bent at the knees, crouching down. He kicked her in the ribs.

"Straighten your legs! Get your ass up! Stick your ass up in the air! Higher! Higher! And get your head right down! Ass up, head down, like a duck, come on! Show me your holes!"

She had her head right down near the ground and her bottom sticking right up showing a deep crack...

Glaucus stepped back a little to get a full swing and...

SWIISSSSH!!!

SLAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She could not stand it. Once again, she took her hands off the rail and rubbed her bottom.

“That was very silly of you. I told you not to move your hands. Now I’m going to punish you on your breasts!”

The northern girl was still masturbating him, but he seemed to have lost interest. He had eyes only for Flavia and especially for her large breasts...

“Now turn round to face me. Put your bottom against the bars. Put your hands behind your ass and hold the bars, tight ... now lean forward so your tits hang down. Let your body hang forward, let those big tits hang right down and swing. Now straighten up a bit, pull your shoulders back! Stick your big right tits out, push them up! Push them out! Lift them!”

He couldn’t take his eyes off the girl’s perfect breasts. They seemed to swell up before his eyes. The more he looked at them, the bigger they seemed to get...

He pulled his right arm back as if he was going to slap her directly on the breasts, but this time she was lucky. He went into an orgasm, his arm wavered and he fell forward, grabbing the bars of the cage. He groaned and grunted and threw his head back and screwed up his eyes and shouted out like a mad bull...

“UGH! AAAGHHH!!! AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He shot off all over the girl’s magnificent breasts and then made her lick his penis and clean it with her tongue.

“Your training will begin in a few days,” he said and left, stroking her breasts. He stopped at Jasmin’s cage and took her out, chained as she was by the neck, and led her away.

“By the way,” he said, turning round as he went through the door, “I suppose you haven’t forgotten that I promised Bonebreaker he could have you as a prize for winning a combat!”

Bonebreaker, a huge Guyo tribesman who was on guard at the door, grinned when he heard it. “Time to use your new cage, Bonebreaker,” said Glaucus, leading Jasmin away.

Bonebreaker pulled Flavia roughly out of her cage by the nipples, stretching them painfully. He took her over to the punishment room, where a newly-constructed cage was waiting on a table.

It was open at both opens. He forced Flavia to get into it. It was difficult for her. She got in from the front of the cage, while Bonebreaker waited at the back to pull her in. Her feet passed under a horizontal stick attached to the two sides of the cage. This was painful. It sat on the middle of her calves and dug into her.



He took up position behind her well-presented buttocks and...

Then she wriggled her bottom under another stick, halfway up the cage. This stick sat in the middle of her back and together with the stick digging into her calves made it impossible for her to lower her bottom. Instead, she was forced to keep it high, exposing her anus and her vagina at the same time. Bonebreaker could take his pick...

He ordered her to put her arms straight back behind so that her hands rested on her bottom. Then he pulled them painfully up, and tied them to a short rope.

A third stick forced her upper arms down, so that she could not lift her back and take some of the strain off her arms.

Her breasts hung full and splendid at the front of the cage. Flavia was glad that they were not sticking out of the cage. It was not so easy to beat her there.

Her buttocks, however, were a different story. They stuck high and provocatively out of the back of the cage. He could beat her there very easily, or on the soles of her naked feet, which hung over the edge of the table...

Bonebreaker walked round to the front of the cage.

"Open your mouth!" he ordered. Flavia obeyed. His penis was not especially long, but it was thick and powerful. He forced it right into her mouth and down her throat, enjoying the feeling as she choked for air and squeezed onto his member with her throat.

At the same time he put his hands into the cage and took two big handfuls of breast, squeezing them and rolling them around, watching in fascination as they changed shape in his hands.

"Good and wet!" he said, taking his penis out and walking round the back. He took up position behind her well-presented buttocks and pushed his penis into her anus, hard.

She screamed.

He grabbed hold of her buttocks to get a better thrust, and worked away at her, pushing and pulling crudely, painfully, grunting, groaning, gasping, shouting until finally...

"OH! ... AAGHH! ...UGH! ... UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

He shot tremendous quantities of hot sticky liquid deep into her bowels.

When he had finished he withdrew and half-collapsed onto the cage.

After a few moments he stood up, gazed at her round, lifted buttocks and...

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

He brought his hand down with all his force, leaving his fingermarks on her firm white flesh, causing her buttocks to shake and tremble and jolt, as her breasts had done before under Glaucus's cane!

Bonebreaker went to the front of the cage and made her clean his penis with her tongue before taking her back to her own cage.

After he left, they all had supper – filthy food, but food, and Flavia felt a little better.

Soon after eating, one of the northern girls called the guard. She pointed to her bottom. He grunted and went to fetch a bucket. It smelt foul. It was almost full of excrement.

The girl used the bucket and the guard took it away. Later Flavia told him she needed to go to the toilet too, and he fetched the same bucket.

“Woman's shit goes here, slaves and gladiators, it's all the same. As soon as it's full, we use it to train them. You'll see! Ha! ha! ha!”

Flavia did not sleep well that night. Her bottom was still stinging and there was a lot of noise from the next cage. The guards had decided they wanted to see the two northern girls making love to each other. They brought their torches and set them outside the cage, making themselves comfortable on wooden stools.

The guards mostly watched in silence, interrupting occasionally with obscene gestures and perverse instructions. The girls had obviously done this before, but she could see they were not really lesbians. They were just too frightened to disobey.

At first, they just kissed each other, standing up. Like Flavia, they were completely naked. After a few minutes, one lay on the straw bed, face up, and the other lay on the straw next to her. She was half sitting up, kissing her on the mouth, with one leg over her. They were just like a man and a woman kissing, Flavia thought, except that they had their fingers inside each other's vaginas.

Flavia saw that they were moving slowly, rocking each other. She supposed they found it comforting, even though it was against nature...

She knew that in Rome, as in Greece, many people defended this kind of love. She had met a Greek philosopher once who told her “For some people, it is their normality.” She liked the phrase. But she had never been in love with another woman herself, so she did not think it was her own normality.

Later she heard them groaning more urgently and making wet, slurping noises. They were whispering to each other, and moaning softly as they comforted each other, but she could not understand what they were saying.

She stood up to look. They had fitted together like a ball and they were kissing each other between the legs!

In the end they finished, very quietly at first, with low moans and subdued gasps and then finally they came together more noisily, unable to resist each other's

soft, exploring tongues. They went tense and jerked into a series of grunts and shouts and a final shriek... Each girl had nail-marks in her bottom from where the other one had held tightly onto her as her muscles went tense from the coming orgasm. Each girl had also held tight onto the other's buttocks and pressed them towards her face, trapping the clitoris tight against their tongue to prevent it from jerking away as the other girl went into sudden, sharp muscular spasms...

The guards pulled and pulled at their members and finally came onto the sandy floor watching the girls. Then they picked up their torches and moved off silently, satisfied with the show. Flavia was able to sleep a little.

No one came to visit her the next morning.

The girls in the next cage seemed very frightened. In the afternoon Flavia stood by the bars with them and they smiled at each other.

Suddenly, something unexpected happened. One of the blonde girls grabbed her wrists, held them hard, and pulled Flavia's arms right through the bars and into the other cage. The girl then held her body straight, went back on her heels, and leaned back. The weight of her body pulled Flavia against the bars of the cage. One of her breasts went through, but other one was trapped painfully against a bar. The other girl saw this and helped it through. Both of Flavia's lovely breasts were now hanging, white and firm, into the girls' side of the cage...

Flavia turned to the guard to ask for help, but he stood there, grinning. Of course! This was all his idea! He was gesturing to the girls, telling them what to do to her!

He put his arm out and moved his fingers, as if he was playing a harp or a lyre, fingering the string... The second girl understood. She stepped inside the other girl's arms, facing Flavia and with her back against her friends' breasts. With her right hand she began masturbating Flavia, fingering her like a Greek musician, playing with her clitoris, rolling it round and round. From time to time she put her finger right up inside her and brought some of her woman's juice down to wet the lips and the clitoris that they usually concealed...

At the same time, she was playing with one of her nipples...

Flavia was shocked at this. After all, they were all slaves here! Why should slaves treat each other so badly, so obscenely?

One of the guards saw her indignation. He laughed. "I'd fuck your juicy little cunt myself, but Glaucus wouldn't like it! He says we've got to leave your holes alone! He didn't say anything about the blondes though! Hey you! Stop wriggling! I think we'll do an X on you, that'll keep your cunt still! We'll chain you to the bars! Some people like that. You can't do anything about it when you're chained! You just have to let yourself go!

Some of the guards do it for fun! And the slaves, too! And they love it in Rome! ... That's right, put your hand up here onto the bar there ... Rich people, famous

people, all in chains with other people flogging them or wanking all over them! One of the guards here, one night he got paid to go and whip a Senator's wife and then fuck her! Now that's a job for you! Stud work with a whip in your hand! You don't get many jobs like that! Put your other hand up here, that's right!"

Flavia did not really understand him.

She was still facing the bars. He chained her wrists to the bars on each side of her head, leaving her breasts sticking through into the girls' cage.

"Now stand with your legs apart. Move your feet apart. Wider!"

He made her stand with her feet two or three feet apart and then he chained each ankle to the bars.

Then she understood! Her body was the X, with her arms and legs wide apart! She was reduced to a letter of the alphabet, a number 10, in the eyes of this beast!

"Now I'll untie you when all three of you have had a good come! No pretending, the real thing, tits flopping, cunt shaking, love juice running down your thigh, the works..." he said, laughing. He sat on a stool to watch. Flavia saw from the bulge in his tunic that he had an erection. "That's the rule - everybody has to finish or you spend the night with your big tits flopping through the bars. And I might go in the next cage and slap them with the edge of my sword!" he added with a grin. "Or I might come in there and slap you hard on the bottom for being a naughty little girl!"

The Northern prisoners took it in turns to work on her. If one was kissing her on the nipples and sucking and licking them, the other was kissing and sucking and licking her vagina. From time to time they changed places. They were both wet and shining round the mouth.

Flavia did understand this kind of love, but she did not find it repugnant. In any case, chained to the bars as she was, she could not stop the blonde girls from working on her. And if she didn't have an orgasm, she would spend the night standing up with her arms and legs wide apart, chained to the bars! She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate.

One of the girls - she did not know their names - kept putting her fingers right up inside her and tickling her very fast, working around the walls of her vagina. She did not know why she did this. At the same time, she also worked on her clitoris with the same hand, using her thumb. This, in combination with the sucking on her breasts, soon made Flavia's head spin, and she began to jerk her vagina backwards and forwards rhythmically.

The other girl had a different way of working on her when she was between her legs. She licked her vagina, sometimes with big firm strokes of the tongue, sometimes just playing around with it with the tip of her tongue. Then suddenly, without warning, she would pull her vagina's lips apart with both hands and suck and suck and suck! She half-closed her teeth and sucked her clitoris in and out between

the teeth, biting gently on it.

Again, it was impossible for Flavia to keep her vagina still in these circumstances. She pushed it into the girl's wet face, and onto her soft, clever tongue...

Sometimes when they were kissing her breasts, they took her head between their hands and kissed her fully on the lips. Often she hardly noticed they were doing it, because her head was spinning from the fingers or tongues on her breasts or in her vagina. Then they started kissing her with their tongues inside her mouth, following instructions from one of the guards. This was something that she had only experienced with the vile Glaucus.

Sometimes she found that this curious custom inflamed her with desire and she surprised herself at the way she returned the kiss with her tongue. When their lips were pulled away because they wanted to change positions, she followed them with her eyes, still kissing them, begging them not to stop! Sometimes she found herself speaking, although she knew they did not understand her.

NO!!! ... NO!!! Please stop! ... No! ... No!!! ...Aaaghhh!!! ...Oooooh!!! ... No! ... No!!!

One of the girls was squeezing both her breasts and kissing her and the other was licking her and she found she couldn't breathe and suddenly she began jerking and jerking and she went into a huge unstoppable orgasm...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

With her arms and legs splayed out like that, her whole body shook and trembled again and again. It was not only her pelvis that was thrusting now, it was everything!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

It was the biggest orgasm she had ever had. Everything went black, as if her brain had switched itself off. Her knees bent and she would perhaps have fallen, but she was chained to the bars.

Suddenly...

SWIIIISSSSSSSSSH!

THWAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Flavia screamed. Where was she? What was happening?

She managed to force her eyes open through the receding orgasm. Then she saw him. It was Glaucus! He was holding a bamboo cane. He had gone into the other cage, pulled the Northern women off her, and had brought his cane down onto her right breast, just above the nipple!

He had obviously been waiting for her to finish...

SWIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She screamed again. This time he had hit her on the left breast, again just above the nipple.

Flavia’s magnificent breasts were both sticking through the bars into the other cage. Her arms were high and tight against the bars, forcing her breasts against them so that she could not pull back.

“You have disobeyed me again! I told you very clearly that a slave’s body is not her own. It is her master’s. And you have given it to these lesbians!”

Flavia protested. This was a stupid invention! The girls were not lesbians and they had kissed her intimately because the guard told them to! And the guard had chained her in an X! It was not her fault!

Glaucus said nothing. He caught hold of her right nipple and pulled it up, hard, lifting the whole breast and stretching the skin painfully. Flavia screwed her eyes up, waiting for the almost unbearable pain...

SWIIIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Glaucus had hit her under the breast, just below the nipple, where the flesh is soft and silky. She screamed again.

Then he caught hold of her other nipple and pulled the breast up in the same way.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her breast shook as the cane bit into it. She looked down and saw a red welt on each breast.

“Pretty, eh?” said Glaucus. “The skin below the nipple is like the skin on the bottom of my bollocks, as you’ll discover when you lick them...”

Flavia watched in horror as he raised the cane again.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you,” said Glaucus, “you will receive one stroke on each breast for disobeying me by moving your arms when I was punishing your bottom. And now you will receive an extra stroke for having an orgasm with these Northern slaves. Each breast will receive two strokes!

And your little blonde friends here will be punished too for licking your cunt with so much pleasure. Navor, my best gladiator, won an important victory today, and I made a lot of money. The Northern girls will be his prize and that will be their punishment for licking a cunt that belongs to Glaucus of Patmos. It will also help

train them. They will not find Navor a pleasant man. He is a very sadistic person. Blood means nothing to him. Life means little, unless it's his own. He will know how to punish these girls..."

Chapter Two

Flavia and the Northern slaves receive their punishment

It was going to be a good day for Glaucus. Barbarians from the northern frontier, and a beautiful patrician from Rome itself. All waiting to receive their punishment...

He wanted Flavia to see everything that was happening. He had placed her in the end cage, next to the punishment room, on purpose. A slave can learn a lot from watching other people receiving their punishment.

The guards pulled the barbarians out of their cage and dragged them to Navor. He was waiting with a cross lying on the ground. Glaucus was not sure what his plans were, but he told him he wanted the girls alive, not dead. They were too valuable, and too pretty. Navor nodded...

First he did his bucket-of-shit trick. It was his own invention and he liked it. He tied the girls' right arms to the back of their iron collars, leaving the elbow pointing up, and he put a bucket of female shit in their left hands. The rules were simple. The one who held the bucket up for longest was the winner. The one who got tired first was the loser. Usually he ended up torturing both of them anyway, because when he got excited it was difficult to stop him, but usually the loser got the worse treatment...

The girls probably didn't understand what was going on. While they were holding the buckets, Glaucus went into Flavia's cage, carrying everything he needed for the session: a basket with different chains, rings for her ankles and wrists to hold her body in different positions so that she presented different parts of her body for punishment. He also had his favourite whips and flails ready.

He took her to the far wall of the cage. She could see the punishment room from there. He pulled both arms straight back behind her and tied her elbows together. This had the effect of presenting her breasts well. They were magnificent - huge, white and creamy... They looked as if they were going to burst!

He stood her a couple of feet from the bars of the cage, facing the centre of the room. He pulled her arms straight back behind her and chained her wrists to the bars. Then he made her shuffle her feet backwards until they touched the bars. In this way she was leaning forwards, with her breasts ahead of her feet and

her back arched, like a female figure on the prow of a sailing ship.

He looked at her breasts. These days he could think of nothing else! They were huge and firm, creamy and full, with erect tubular nipples. He played with the nipples with his tongue to make them stand out. They wrinkled and then stood right out. It seemed to him that they were reaching forwards, asking to fill his mouth...

He shook his head. This woman was driving him crazy! He thought of her breasts now as two living, moving, wobbling, shaking, trembling, quivering things with a life of their own!

He left her ankles untied. He might want to change her position later.

She looked at him, frightened. She looked at the basket. She looked at the girls holding the buckets of shit. She did not know what was happening, but she suspected that she was going to be punished on her breasts and she was right...

“We will begin with your big, patrician’s breasts,” Glaucus said. “There will be other days when I punish other parts of your body, but today it’s breasts... I’ve decided to use the wooden training sword and the cane again. They did a very good job on your bottom. I can still see the marks. You will receive four strokes from each instrument. Two above the nipple and two below.”

He picked up the wooden training sword. Her eyes opened wide in fear. She turned her head away and gritted her teeth...

SWIIISH!

SLAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She shouted out in pain, but it was only the first! Her breast turned red, showing the mark of the flat blade of the sword.

He tied two ropes around her body, one above and one below her breasts. This made them stand out and framed them nicely. He pulled it tight and the breasts swelled up with the blood trapped inside them. He tied the rope above them especially tight, so that it pulled both breasts up, exposing the soft, silky underparts. Then he hit her very, very hard...

SWIIIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She screamed and screamed...

He threw some water over her breasts and watched fascinated as it dripped off the erect nipples...

At that moment there was a sudden crash in the punishment room. One of the girls had dropped the bucket of shit!



Navor seized her by the hair and put his member next to her mouth.

“You’re gonna get a good mouthful of this,” he said, “Open your mouth!”

The girl did not understand. He kicked her hard on her shaved vagina and she bent forward with the pain. He pulled up her up by the nipples. This time she opened her mouth. Very wide, the only way to get that dick in!

Glaucus looked back at Flavia. He brought the wooden training sword down onto her other breast. It was quite wide and heavy and it shook the breasts each time it came down.

“NOOOO!!! NOT AGAIN, PLEASE!!!! I’LL DO ANYTHING YOU...”

SWIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The breast shook heavily and wobbled. Glaucus almost shot his load watching it flop about.

“Next we’ll use the bamboo!” She looked at it in horror.

He looked at her breasts. They were beautifully presented, but he wasn’t completely happy with her position. He thought about it, and decided to put her in the middle of the room with her hands behind her head.

“This time you choose the position. I want you to move your body around until you find the best position for me to punish your breasts with this cane!”

She moved left and right, her breasts beautifully lifted by the rope above them. They looked full and he had the idea for a moment that the cane would burst them and milk would come out and splatter all over him!

In the end she stood sideways to him, he supposed because she didn’t want to see him. He had no illusions in this respect. He was not a handsome fat. He was fat and he was ugly. But it did not matter. It suited him fine if she turned sideways because he could bring the bamboo down onto the nearer breast without hitting the other one.

He stood a little behind her and stretched his arm right out.

SWIIIISSSSSHHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was a well-aimed blow, just above the nipple. Flavia swayed, but stayed on her feet.

Another one on the same breast, just below the nipple.

SWIIIISSSHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

She swayed again.

Flavia stood in front of him for the next two blows. He pulled his arm back ready to punish her, but then changed his mind and put his fingers between her lips. He found her clitoris, winkled it out and rolled it around. He took some of her woman’s juice and rubbed it over her nipples. He ran the cane up and down over her vagina until it was wet and shiny and lifted his arm, aiming at her breast...

“NO!!! PLEASE!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

SWIIIISSSSHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

She swayed again, and staggered forwards, but her hands remained behind her head. She had a strong will. He liked that.

“Now face me and stand with your legs apart! Wider, wider! Push your cunt up and down! I want to see you fuck the air!”

Flavia jerked her cunt absurdly forwards and backwards. She looked beautiful. Her breasts, criss-crossed with red welts, were bouncing up and down and knocking against each other... Glaucus couldn’t take his eyes off them.

He put two fingers up her cunt and finger-fucked her, pulling more juice down and wetting her pubic hair with it.

“Keep fucking,” he said, and went to get the cat-o’-nine-tails.

As he was bringing it she heard a groan from the punishment room.

Navor had shot into the mouth of the northern slave. He was wiping his own sperm all over her face and breasts. He called the other girl and gestured her to lick it off.

She obeyed, licking her companion’s face and breasts.

Glaucus caught Flavia by the cunt and pulled her to her feet, with his finger hooked up inside her. He ordered the guard to bring a table and put it in the middle of the room.

It was time for the cat to lick her breasts!

He placed the table so that Flavia would be able to see the punishment room from it.

“Get up on the table on all fours, like a cow with two udders. Let them hang down. Move left and right, flop them around for me! Show me how you swing your udders!”

She did. She swung them slowly from side to side. He watched fascinated as they bounced off each other, wobbling and shaking...

Glaucus had an aching, throbbing hard-on by now. He still wasn’t sure how he

wanted to flog her breasts. He saw that if he hit her like that, down on all fours like a cow that needs milking, it would be difficult to get a good swing with the cat-o'-nine-tails. He stood in front of her and squeezed her tits like a baker working dough, trying to decide what to do...

"What do you think, Roman cow? What's the best way for me to flog your lovely big udders?" He stepped back and waited. It is important, he thought, for a sexual slave to participate actively in her own humiliation.

He circled slowly round, holding the cat and waiting for an answer. She looked puzzled, but lifted an arm, as if she wanted her to smell her armpits. He waited. He did not have a very clear target. Flavia then brought the arm down and put it behind her, over her bottom, leaving her breast totally exposed. That was better. That was real collaboration! He took her hand and slid it up even higher, until it rested in the small of her back. This was even better. It arched her back more and presented her tit better. He stroked the tit, savouring the moment...

Then, unexpectedly, he had a different idea. He made her stand up at the end of the table, facing Navor and the girls, leaning back onto the table with her bottom resting against the edge.

"Open your legs! Put your feet next to the legs of the table, legs wide apart!" He didn't have enough ropes, so she called the guards. "Bring some ropes and tie her feet to the table! Wide apart!"

They tied her ankles. Her vagina was wide open now.

She was writhing around a lot, protesting, so he called the guards. "Leave her legs the way they are and push her back onto the table. Tie her arms behind her to the table legs!"

Flavia wriggled as the guards pulled her onto her back and pulled her arms straight back behind her. They tied her wrists to the top of the table legs. She knew that her breasts and vagina were exposed to the cane or the sword.

Flavia felt like a piece of meat in a butcher's shop. She had always been reserved, even shy. She had never worn especially provocative clothes. She had never let a man see her breasts. She had never let a man put his hand under her tunic. And here she was, humiliated, tied to table exhibiting her most private parts! Her legs were wide apart now and she felt that her vagina was even more defenceless than in the ordinary "X", as the guards called it.

Glaucus was pleased with this presentation. He stood in front of her and put her hand between her legs. He opened the lips of her vagina, which were wrinkled together at the top. It looked better.

He let the tails of the cat hang down on her open lips, dangling it gently and slowly passing the hanging straps over her... Then he took one of the strips of leather and wrapped it round two fingers, about a foot apart. He pulled the strap taut, and ran it up and down, up and down, between her lips, so that it ran over her



Just then, Flavia heard a hammer-blow and an ear-piercing scream.

held Flavia's lips open so that she could put her tongue inside and clean Flavia's wet lips. It was a long job. Flavia's juices and urine were everywhere and the girl had to clean it all...

He held her head there for a long time and made her work with her tongue on Flavia's clitoris.

Flavia looked dazed now. It was a tremendous humiliation for a Roman patrician, to have her breasts flogged in front of other people and then to wet herself!

But he hadn't finished with her breasts yet.

He went back to the basket which held his discipline material.

He took out two lengths of cord with nipple clamps on them. They had a strong spring and bulldog teeth which bit deep into the nipple. He tied the strings to hooks in the ceiling. This pulled her breasts right up, revealing the big floggable area below the nipple which Glaucus liked so much. He looked at the soft, creamy silky, shiny skin and licked his lips...

Her body arched right back even more now, as she tried to take the tension off her nipples.

He walked around her, stroking her with the cat. He went back to the basket and selected a bundle of birch twigs, tied tightly together. Like the cat, the birch covered a wide area. The twigs were also knobbly. If you took one twig and ran it up and down over the clitoris, the knots and bumps in the wood jolted over the clitoris, especially if you rubbed fast and held the lips tight over the twig.

Which is exactly what he did.

He also shouted at her and insulted her, and the more he did it the more her tits heaved up and down. He watched the heaving mass of lovely female flesh until he couldn't stand it any more. He brought the birch down twice, once on the taut shiny underside of each breast.

SWIIIISSSSSSSSSH!!!

THWAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

She writhed and twisted, pulling on the nipple clamps and hurting herself even more...

“You bastard! You filthy, sadistic pig!!! You'll pay for this one day! You'll see!!!” she shouted.

“You are very gracious, Flavia,” he said ironically, “presenting your big tits and your dripping Roman cunt to me in this way. It is an offer I can hardly refuse!”

He picked up the birch twigs and brought them down onto the open lips of her vagina. Then he did it again, and again and again, pausing between blows to enjoy her screams and insults and fascinated by the reactions of the big, wobbling

breasts...

After a few minutes he stopped again to let her see what Navor was doing in the punishment room.

She stared in terror. The girl was up on the cross, with a stick in her anus. Navor left her there for a few seconds, letting the stick go further in, until she shouted at him.

“Navor! Stop that!” Take the weight off her! I don’t want to lose her!”

Navor nodded and put his hands under the girl’s thighs. He lifted her a little bit to get her off the stick and he took advantage of the new position to suck her breasts. Then he ducked down and kissed her shaved vagina. He supported her with one hand and put his fingers right up inside her, finger-fucking her for a long time. He seemed interested in the way she jerked her head left and right as he did it.

“He likes blondes,” Glaucus said to Flavia. “Now where were we? Oh yes, I was birching you on the lips of your cunt, wasn’t I? Shall we continue or do you have any other ideas?”

“Yes. You can let me go, you filthy pig!”

Glaucus smiled and removed the nipple clamps so that all her lovely, desirable, whippable breasts were presented to him in their full splendour. He sucked both nipples and blew on them to make them erect and firm and then he stroked them with the birch twigs, at first very gently.

Then he began patting them very lightly, with gentle little taps. He tapped harder. Her udders, as he called them, were wobbling more and more under the birch.

He put two fingers over her clitoris, squeezing it between them and stroking it...

“Fuck my fingers! Push your aristocratic cunt onto my unworthy plebeian fingers! Arch your back! Push your tits up! Shake your cunt around!”

She jerked her vagina onto her fingers and pushed her breasts out. He watched her for some time, patting much harder now onto her breasts. Then suddenly...

SWIISSSSHHHHH!!!

He birched her on the left breast...

“AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She screamed and screamed. Her whole breast was marked this time.

SWIIIIIIIISSHHHHHHHHH!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!! ... NO!!! ... NO!!!

Time to fuck her, thought Glaucus. He called the guard and he pushed her up on to the table and laid her on her back. He tied her ankles to two chains hanging from the ceiling and then he chained her legs wide apart to the bars of the cage. She could not close her legs, although she could move them a little bit. It wouldn’t stop

her from squeezing him with her legs...

He stepped back to admire his skill at presenting the most interesting parts of her body. As her legs were raised and her knees were drawn up, she was presenting her buttocks, her cunt and her ass all at the same time.

“If you have an orgasm, I’ll stop!”

He licked her all round the lips of her cunt and then he licked her clitoris. He licked her until he took her to the edge of a climax. She was breathing fast and jerking onto his tongue... Suddenly she began to groan, at first softly, and then louder and more urgently. He carried on until he calculated she was sliding into a climax.

And then...

He stopped!!!

Flavia tried to get her legs together so that she could squeeze herself with her thighs, but she could not do it because of the chains holding her ankles apart.

Her lovely face screwed up with the tension, sweat broke out on her forehead, and her jaw had a hard, determined look... But she could not get the top of her thighs together. She jerked and jerked and wriggled around... She pushed and pushed, grunting softly, sweating, but the lips of her lovely vagina remained open and she could not finish what the sadistic bastard had started...

Glaucus smiled again. He did not often smile, but today he was pleased with his work. The girl was right on the edge of an orgasm her body needed badly, and she was showing him all her most desirable parts in frenzied erotic movement...

He waited until Flavia calmed down, but then he found he was disappointed to see her lying so motionless, with only her breasts rising and falling as she took deep breaths...

He decided to punish her ass, her cunt and her anus all at the same time.

He climbed onto the table and stood over her, looking down at her open cunt, holding the birch and the cat. He had chosen these two because when they hit a woman’s body they spread out but also penetrated. He sat on her breasts, facing her cunt.

SWIIIISSSHHHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He had begun with the birch. First he applied three strokes down in the crack, catching everything – ass, cunt, and anus. Then he ran the twigs up and down her vagina. It hurt, of course, but she pushed and pushed because she wanted to finish...

Next he swung the cat...

SWIIISHHHHHH!!!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her screams excited him and he beat her again and again on the open cunt. She realised she was doing it to the rhythm of Navor’s animal grunts. When she looked up she saw that Navor was now fucking the blonde.

Glaucus turned the cat round and put the handle up inside her, and she fucked it, but it was still no use... She couldn’t finish...

At that moment Glaucus decided it was time for him to relieve his aching dick before he shot off all over her. He climbed off and went round to the end of the table. She was nicely placed, with her ass on the edge of the table.

He put his dick in and fucked her. Nothing exotic, a straight old-fashioned cunt job, he said to himself. He needed it. He soon found himself picking up Navor’s fucking rhythm, following his grunts!

Flavia was still trying to get an orgasm. He knew some women can’t finish unless you work on their clitoris, so he rubbed it crudely, roughly, with a finger to get her moving again! That was better. Her lovely breasts wobbled and shook as he banged away at her, squeezing one breast and rubbing her clitoris at the same time. He got her legs around her higher up and he went in deeper and in the end they were both pushing and groaning faster and faster until suddenly...

“UGH!! AAGHHH!! UGH!! UGH!!! UGH!!! UGH!!! AAAGHHH!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!”
came a high-pitched female scream and ...

“UGHHH!!!!

...
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!”
came a gruff, animal roar as Glaucus squirted his abundant semen deep inside Flavia...

He fell forwards onto her lovely breasts.

A long time later, Navor finally shot off into the blonde.

Glaucus gave orders to release all the girls and take them back to their cages.

Flavia was heavily marked and looked dazed. She had been beaten on her tits and cunt and ass with a sword, a cane, a cat-o’-nine-tails and birch twigs. Her nipples had been clamped. She had had an orgasm...

She swayed as she walked.

She looked at Glaucus with a mixture of humiliation and pure hatred.

He looked at her with a master’s pride of ownership. She was not his wife, as he would have wished, but at least she was his!

Chapter Three

Flavia is trained

Flavia lay down and cried. She was sore all over and shaking like a leaf. She felt especially tired because of the enforced orgasm, which was her first with a man inside her.

The two Northern slaves were taken to their cage soon afterwards. One of them was in a bad way. She was bleeding heavily, but she was alive. An old woman came and dressed her wounds and bathed them in strange-smelling water. Flavia supposed, rightly, that it contained desert herbs.

The night passed slowly...

The three girls were left alone for the next two days. The food was a bit better. Everyone started to get their strength back, although their spirits remained very low.

On the third day, Glaucus appeared with an old man. They stopped in front of one of the other cages and discussed the woman in it.

"I can let you have this one," Glaucus said. "But the price is high. She's a slavegirl as well as a gladiator. She's fully trained for both functions. And remember my conditions. I want 50% of all earnings. That means as a gladiator, but also as a slavegirl if you hire her out."

The old man looked unconvinced. He walked down the cages until he came to the blonde girls next to her. He looked at them for a while and moved on to her.

"How much?" he asked, looking at her breasts.

"She's not for sale."

"Pity. I'll give you double!"

"She's for my personal use. No one touches her."

The men moved back down the line. They stopped in front of the first cage they had seen.

"Come here and stick your tits through the bars," said Glaucus. The girl obeyed, unhappily.

The old man felt her breasts and seemed to like the feel of them.

Finally they agreed on a price and the old man ordered his slave to chain her ankles together with a short chain, about a foot long. He also told him to attach a chain to her iron collar. They said goodbye to Glaucus and shuffled off, she supposed, to some dusty village in the desert or perhaps in the mountains three days' ride away.

Was this, she wondered, the only way out for her? Would Glaucus tire of her one day and sell her as a gladiator or prostitute or private slave?

It did not seem a very happy ending to her stay here. If it had an ending...

Two more days passed. Then Glaucus sent for her.

He was lying on his back on the bed naked. He had his legs apart and Jasmin, one of his favourite slaves, was fondling his erect penis. She was holding it in one hand and moving her breasts up and down over it, one at a time, brushing it with her nipples.

"Go and stand against the wall," he ordered Flavia.

She obeyed.

He watched the intriguing flick of her buttocks, lightly reminiscent of a young horse or a female goat, as she walked naked across the room.

He ignored her for a time. Jasmin was now sucking and licking his member. She was sucking hard and sometimes she made a big slurping noise as she gasped for air.

Unexpectedly, he pushed Jasmin away and turned to Flavia.

"Do you remember the first time I saw you naked?" he asked. She just looked at him, contemptuously. Of course she did!

"You covered your tits with one arm and your cunt with another."

Her head dropped.

"This time you have not done it. Your arms are hanging down by your side. You are letting me see your tits and I can see your cunt perfectly from here. So can Jasmin. That is the result of your training."

His words pierced her. He was right. She had not covered her most intimate female parts. She had not thought about it, but what was the point of covering them? He would only punish her by beating her all over the body, even between her legs!

"You have seen how terrible it is to be handed over to Navor. His punishments are far more terrible than mine! He finds real pleasure in drawing blood. He would nail you to a wooden cross with a sharp stick up your ass! I only chain you to the bars of your cage!"

She said nothing. But what he said was true. There were worse tortures than

those she had suffered. She had been sadistically beaten and raped, she had been whipped and slapped and flogged, but she had not been crucified!

“It is up to you, my dear. If you are intelligent, you will learn. If not, you will be punished. Remember, Navor is waiting for you...”

You have already done many things in public that you once did in private. You will learn many more. Nothing is private now! Think how pissed yourself in front of me the other day. Another day, if it pleases me, you will do it again. Down your own legs, or into my mouth, whatever I tell you...

Now is a good time to begin. Go and get that bucket and put it down here!”

She obeyed. It was full of foul-smelling urine.

He smiled. “Yes, it does smell! I made Jasmin eat asparagus yesterday!”

“What do I have to do?” she asked.

“First, hold the lips of your cunt open so we can see it better! No, not your fingers, use both hands! That’s better! Now crouch down and piss into the bucket.”

She did as he ordered. She did not have much pee, but she did what she could. She was very embarrassed to hear it tinkle into the bucket.

“Come here. You have some little drops hanging to your hairs.”

He put his tongue out and she went over to the bed, offering him her vagina. He licked it all around the outside of the lips. Then he slipped his tongue inside and licked her clitoris.

“Good. The next time will be easier for you. Now go to the basket and choose a phallus. They are made of stone, wood or leather. You may choose the one you like most.”

Flavia picked up the phalluses nervously. The stone phallus was short but very fat, with big fat testicles. It felt cold to the touch. The wooden phallus was enormously long. It was shiny, as if it had been used repeatedly. The leather phallus was a more normal size, but it had big stitches up one side to sew it together.

She did not know which one to choose.

“Hurry up!” he said. “Choose!”

She chose the leather one, more or less without thinking.

“Now you are going to learn how to touch yourself in front of me. You are going to masturbate until you have an orgasm. You can choose any position of the body, but you must always make sure that your cunt is facing me. You can use both hands in any way you wish. Jasmin often uses one hand on her breasts and holds a phallus with the other. She puts it right up inside, but she ends up working on her clitoris with her thumb. You will probably find it easier to come if you do the same.

The only rule is that you have to do it alone. You cannot ask me or Jasmin to

help you.”

It was horrible. She did not know how to begin. She had often touched herself, but always in private, usually in bed at night, and sometimes in her private bathroom.

And she always thought of the men she knew. One of her favourite fantasies involved Augustus, the son of a famous Senator, Marcus Aurelius. He was older than her, it was true, but she liked older men and she found him very attractive. She had never met him to speak to, but he had often looked at her admiringly at banquets. They had friends in common and word had reached her just before she left Rome that he had enquired about her...

She tried to concentrate on him. The leather was indeed rough along the seam, but that proved useful. Although it hurt at first, it later had a stimulating when she pushed her clitoris onto the stitches.

She hated doing this. She kept losing concentration and stopping, but Glaucus did not seem to mind. He seemed obsessed now with her vagina, which at least meant that he was not always staring at her breasts.

She just wanted to finish, to get it over with as soon as possible. In the end she began to find a rhythm, more thanks to her own fingers than to the absurd, obscene object he had made her push into herself.

From time to time she left her vagina and ran her hand over both breasts and round over her stomach and back to her breasts. Gradually, nature took over. Her will was diminished and her vagina began moving in a different, more purposeful, more urgent way...

She put her tongue out in the corner of her mouth and bit it. She started breathing hard. She was making low groaning noises now and it embarrassed her. It was impossible to control them. They were getting louder and louder and turning into grunts like a pig's. Ugh! Ugh! It was so animal, so public! She had never shown her vagina to any man, and here she was copulating with an absurd leather phallus. She couldn't even turn round, because Glaucus would punish her.

“Do you see that ox-whip on the wall? If you don't come soon, I'll hang you upside down with your legs wide apart and I'll flog you everywhere – on your bottom, on those lovely big floppy tits, on your cunt, everywhere! That's better! Get pushing! Get that lovely damp cunt of yours moving!”

She lay down on the floor in front of him, making sure he had a good view of her open vagina. She did not want him to use the ox-whip on her.

She could see the ceiling, with its collection of rings in different places so that he could chain his slaves in different positions. Anything was better than seeing that revolting, filthy sadist! She closed her eyes and concentrated on Augustus. She imagined him pushing his fingers up deep inside her.

She got faster and faster. Red patches appeared on her breasts and on her throat and her grunts got louder and longer. She didn't notice them. She was jerking hard

onto the phallus now. She heard herself say “Augustus” and she hoped nobody had noticed...

Her eyes closed of their own volition and her body took over. She felt the climax coming over her in hot waves and finally she jerked out of control and shook all over and she moaned and groaned and grunted and threw her head wildly in all directions as her muscles went tight all over her body...

“OH! ... AGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She had finished.

She staggered forwards and slumped to her knees, lost and confused, humiliated, her brain cells washed away like a wave of the sea by the orgasm...

When she recovered her senses she looked up. Glaucus was looking lazily down at her. Jasmin was sucking his penis again. She could see that having his member sucked by Jasmin did not produce an orgasm, or at least not a quick one! From time to time he seemed to get impatient and put Jasmin’s hand firmly on the bottom of his shaft, and made her push and pull on his penis, pumping him towards a familiar pleasure...

She took note of this. He seemed to enjoy having her mouth around his member, but pumping the base made him finish quicker! This was useful information. If she had to be with the vile pig, she would pump him whenever possible.

He looked at Flavia. He looked at her breasts. She did not know what he wanted, but she saw his mouth open as he stared at them. His eyes were beginning to glaze over. He just kept stroking her breasts.

Then he called her over to the bed. He told Jasmin to sit on another stool. It was made of a very thick piece of wood with a hole in it. He pointed to the basket and she took out an enormous wooden phallus, about two feet long, which she fitted into the hole in the seat of the stool. It was at an angle, like an erection. The tip was carved so that it looked just like a real penis.

Jasmin lowered her vagina down onto this long stick and sat facing him. Flavia saw then why it was so long. She was able to stand up and masturbate on it. Obviously this was a routine that she had done before. She supposed that Jasmin too would have to have an orgasm in front of the sadistic bastard...

Flavia noticed that Jasmin had one advantage over her: she had both hands free to use on herself. She kept one hand between her legs and she used the other in different ways. Sometimes she provoked Glaucus, taking one hand away from her vagina or breast, running it provocatively through her hair and flicking her hair back with a challenging look. Sometimes she stroked her own nipples while turning left and right to give him a better view of her breasts.

At other times, Jasmin used her hand to stimulate herself, moving it quickly from one breast to the other. It seemed to work. She finished quickly, but Flavia was not sure if it was genuine...

Glaucus motioned Flavia over to the bed.

He was still looking at her breasts, so she decided to give them to him. The sooner this was all over, the better.

She sat astride him, with her buttocks on top of his penis. She leaned forwards and swung her breasts heavily from side to side in front of his face. His face went blank, like a baby's. She was sure he would have sucked her milk if she'd had any!

He took her breasts in his hands and buried his face between them, groaning.

She moved her bottom around, hoping he would have an orgasm, but he did not.

He sucked and sucked at her breasts. As she leant forward, she slid her vagina down until it was sitting on top of his penis...

She pushed and wriggled her bottom hoping he would come, but he did not.

Instead, he motioned her to go on her knees. Then he pushed one of her knees out a little, and he put the tip of his member in.

"Get your cunt down onto me. Quickly!"

She had no choice. She lowered herself down until his disgusting thick penis went up inside her. She found that she could move up and down on it, which surprised her, as she seemed to be playing the man's part, on top.

He soon began pushing up too. She took his hand and put it between her legs.

He smiled. "You are learning too fast!" he said.

She was not sure what he meant.

She wanted him to stimulate her clitoris so that she could finish. He pulled his hand away and seized her breasts, one in each hand. He pulled her down on top of him.

He squeezed her very hard. She shouted out in pain.

He put his hands on the cheeks of her bottom and pulled her forwards, holding her bottom tight and pressing her against his penis.

Then he rolled over on top of her and lifted her legs so that her vagina was pointing upwards and was exposed to the full weight of his thrusts. She hated it! She was being raped! But her vagina caught the rhythm and pushed and pushed onto his penis. Despite herself, she felt the familiar waves of an orgasm destroying her will, annihilating her reason!

They came together, sweating and shouting...

Then they lay still, as if dead...

He pulled himself off, slowly, and looked at her.

"I'm going to punish you now for trying to come too soon. None of us are in a hurry. There is no time in the desert, especially for slaves. You will be fucked here for all eternity..."

She was still sleepy from the orgasm, but he made her get up and go over to a small round table.

“Climb up on the table. Now go down on all fours. Put your head down. More! Put your face on the table, sideways. That’s it, rest your cheek on the table. Now lift your ass! Higher! Present your ass to Jasmin!”

She lifted her bottom as high as she could.

“Give her two blows on each tit with the cat!” he ordered Jasmin.

“Have you forgotten,” he said to Flavia, “how to put your arm behind you, in the small of your back, to present your udders?”

Flavia had not forgotten. She raised one arm, leaving her breast unprotected, offering it to the knotted leather straps for punishment. Jasmin came slowly up to her, smiling and holding the cat-o-nine-tails. She had no reason to love Flavia. They were both sexual slaves, but Jasmin had always been his favourite...

“Swing your udders!” said Glaucus. “Move them! Side to side, like a big, fat mountain cow walking to the cowshed to be milked.”

Flavia moved her body left and right, swinging her large breasts heavily...

SWIIIIIISSSHHH!!! THWAAAAACK!!! “AAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIISHHHH!!!

THWAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The cat wrapped itself cruelly around both breasts.

Jasmin moved to the other side. Nobody spoke. It was not necessary. Flavia lifted her other arm to expose her other breast to the cruel cat. She put the arm high behind her back and waited for the inevitable...

SWIIIIIISSSHHH!!! THWAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!

NO!!! PLEASE!!! NOOOOOOOO!!!”

Jasmin stopped smiling. A cruel, angry look came into her eye.

SWIIIIIIIIISHHHH!!! THWAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!” Flavia screamed. Her breasts were stinging...

“Now kneel on the table! Show me these splendid breasts of yours...”

Flavia obeyed, kneeling and turning a little left and right so that he could see the damage. She had bright red welts criss-crossing her breasts, with raised edges like tracks in the desert.

Glaucus stood in front of her. She did not wait for orders. She put his penis in her mouth and sucked it.

She wanted to stay alive. She wanted him to see she was learning.

He ran his fingers through her hair.

"I liked the way you offered your breasts," he said. "It is painful, but necessary. You have to unlearn many things that you learned in your previous life. I think you are beginning to understand that now..."

Love is not only what you think it is, Flavia. Love is also hard, painful, physical... Maybe one day you will love me the way I want. The way a slave loves her master. In time you will learn to enjoy this physical love too. I have total control over your body now, and this means I can release the physical needs that you would deny. I can give your cunt the orgasms it needs. You cannot stop me. You should not try to stop me. I am your body's best friend!"

Flavia listened in surprise. Sometimes he sounded almost educated, almost gentle...

She did not reply. She just sucked on. A pig is a pig and she did not want to end up falling in love with this one. She knew that slaves sometimes fell in love with their masters. It had happened with some of her own slaves in Rome. It is a slave's mentality, not hers. She would just suck. Suck and suck and wait... Something would happen.

Also, she had seen him in different moods, sometimes almost tender, but more often savage, vicious and sadistic. She did not know the real reason for this. Perhaps it depended on the amount of wine he had drunk, or on Jasmin's skill at emptying his testicles, or on the money he had won or lost with his slaves and gladiators...

But perhaps it was a training method. She had heard that when the army captured a spy they tortured him, but there were always one soldier who gave him food and drink, healed his wounds and befriended him... When the spy confessed, it was always to that soldier, his friend.

A general had explained this training method to her. "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re," he said. "Softly in style, decisively in essence". Our need to be loved is our great weakness...

Probably Glaucus knew all this, and more... He had once been a soldier. Now he trained gladiators and sexual slaves. He was an expert in training methods...

She thought of the clever way he gave his gladiators prizes of slavegirls, to give them a reason for fighting, a reason for fighting to stay alive... He was a pig, but he was not stupid.

She would suck and wait...

Chapter Four

Public masturbation

Flavia looked incredible! All Glaucus could see was her magnificent breasts, forced through the holes he'd cut crudely into her tunic! You couldn't take your eyes off those breasts!

It was the best display of tits he had ever seen!

And the dress that only just covered her cunt was too much. People would love this! If he ever got her to Rome and got a show in the Coliseum, she would be the biggest attraction ever: the most famous White Female Gladiator! So far, his shows had all been private, for the rich senators, but word had got out. People were asking questions. Romans were coming into the desert to see his shows here... The time was right...

Glaucus was sitting on a stool. He told her to come and sit on his lap. He watched fascinated as she wobbled and swung her way across the room. He told her to sit on his lap, with one leg on each side.

He did not touch her. He did not want to help her. She might finish too quickly. Finishing was her problem and he wanted it that way.

"All games have their rules, you will appreciate. This is no exception.

You will stand in the middle of the village square, wearing only this dress.

Now normally we have different kinds of entertainment. Sometimes we tie girls in an X between two posts. Their ankles are tied to each of their posts, but their hands are free. We see which one finishes first.

Sometimes we let them use a phallus or a gladiator's tongue or whatever... Last year we used dogs.

Sometimes we stand one girl in front of the other and we make one masturbate the other. In that case, the winner is the one who forces the other one to have an orgasm! For each girl, it is a hard struggle to avoid orgasm...

We have different games every year. The winner receives a prize. The loser is flogged or beaten on whatever part of the body the crowd decides."

She listened in horror, wide-eyed. At that moment, she looked perfect to him. He knew he had found her weak point. She hated having to show her cunt in public, but she hated having to masturbate in public even more. He stroked her breasts. He could not help it. Flavia thought she knew where she would be punished most severely!...

“And what will I have to do?” she asked, in a shaky voice.

“There is a special rule for you because you are a very special person. You will be alone and you will not be allowed to use your hands or to squeeze your thighs together! Your hands will be free, but you must not touch your vagina. Your hands must keep away from it, although you are allowed to caress your own breasts...”

She looked on in horror. “How can I have a climax if I cannot touch myself?” she asked.

Glaucus smiled. “I don’t know. The rules are new every year. You will have to be imaginative. There will be no post in the middle for you to fuck. People have already seen that. It proved disappointing. There were a lot of complaints. People couldn’t see the girl’s cunt!

You will not be allowed to take any objects with you, but you can use anything the crowd offers you. It could be an object, a finger, an erect penis, a tongue, whatever you wish really!

But remember – the crowd will demand punishment if you do not finish!”

Flavia’s head dropped. Her lovely breasts heaved and burst a little further through the holes in her dress.

“To make a better spectacle, the two Northern blondes will lead you out into the square. You will be wearing that dress. They will be completely naked. They will undress you and take the ropes off you when you get to the square. From then on, it’s up to you...”

By the way, we have some visitors from Rome. Our Games are getting famous! People come from Rome now to buy gladiators or slaves, but they also come to see our little festivities, like your performance this afternoon. They do not do these things in Rome, at least not in public, and we get more visitors every year. It’s good for business...

Senator Marcus Aurelius arrived yesterday. He has come on a private visit. He is here with his son Augustus. We must put on a good show for him. It is an honour to receive him. No doubt he will enjoy the show.”

Glaucus lifted her and put his penis into her. He fucked her and bit her breasts and slapped her bottom hard, but this time Flavia hardly noticed. Marcus Aurelius was here! With his son Augustus, the man she had often admired from a distance, the man who she had sometimes seen at parties talking to important people but looking at her?

Glaucus had an orgasm, quicker than normal, and made her lick him clean. He

made her stand up in front of him and open her legs wide, and he played with her clitoris. "Think about it," he said. "How are you going to tickle your lovely juicy little clitoris without using your hands or thighs?"

He called a guard and ordered him to take her back to the hut.

Her heart was thumping as she walked back. The Gods are capricious. Often they are cruel and heartless. But not always...

She could not see how this visit could change her life, but her heart was lighter. At least Rome did not seem so far away... And why were the Senator and his son here? Had they come so far just to see her? To see her do what? She was very confused, but any possibility of change could only be good...

On the other hand, she would have to present her breasts and bottom and vagina to Augustus! How would he react? And how could she masturbate without touching herself?

The guard opened the door of the cage and pushed her in. She sat down in a corner, confused but thoughtful. She would soon begin her training as a gladiator, she supposed. But first he wanted to complete her humiliation, it seemed.

She would take it as well as she could. She had once done the same at one of his banquets, where she was forced to sit on a wooden phallus and have a climax for the amusement of the guests... She had done it well, she knew, with pride and dignity. The men had watched with respect and amazement. Their dry, ageing wives had watched with jealousy and envy...

But this time, she would have to do it for the whole village. And Augustus would be there! If only she knew why he was there and how he would react...

She heard the preparations being made in the village square, which was near the slave's quarters. She heard banging and shouting, perhaps a podium being raised, seating for the guests...

She managed to sleep well, which surprised her. The next morning the preparations continued. A group of men came to the door and tried to look in, but were driven away by the guards.

The lunch was good. Flavia and the blonde captives from the North Way took advantage of this and ate and drank as much as they could. It was not always so good. Sometimes they had to eat the guards' semen and drink their urine...

They were all allowed to have a hot bath and were given oils and perfumes to put on. Women servants came and attended on them, washing their hair...

From inside the hut they could hear the noise growing in the square. One of the guards told them that several hundred people were waiting. There were Romans there too, he said, including a Senator. And people from other villages. He had seen men from the desert wearing clothes he had never seen before. They were not local tribesmen, he said. He did not like the look of them.

As evening fell and the heat of the day became more bearable, the girls waited.

The Northern slaves did not know what was happening. Flavia tried to explain it by gestures, but she was not sure if they understood. They looked frightened. She wanted to tell them not to worry, it was her problem today.

Flavia lay down and stroked her own breasts and thought of the Senator's son.

She ran her fingers around her vagina, and then inside the lips.

She caressed her clitoris, very, very gently...

It was dangerous to go too far. She didn't want to finish, only to get near...

The blondes in the next cage understood and turned away politely.

Flavia moaned softly.

Her breasts swelled in a great sigh, and sank into place again, trembling...

She felt a little better... The cool of the evening was helping...

Then the doors burst open!

Trajanus, the chief trainer of gladiators, came in holding some ropes. Each had a noose on the end. The blondes looked terrified, but Flavia shook her head to reassure them. Trajanus put one noose around Flavia's neck and another around her waist. He pulled the one around her waist tight, with the knot at the back, and passed the rope between her legs, handing the end to one of the girls. He handed the other one to the other girl, and showed them how to walk - just in front of Flavia. One led her by the neck and the other pulled the rope up and held it up, so that it passed between the lips of her vagina.

"Make the most of the walk there," he said with a laugh. "I've chosen a good rough hemp rope. Try and get it rubbing on your clit when you walk. It might help!"

Flavia thought it was good advice. She started pressing it into the crack of her vagina, but she had little time. They put the dress on her, forcing her reluctant breasts through the holes...

He rehearsed it with the girls, pointing to the middle of the square and showing them how to take the ropes off. They seemed to understand their part in the spectacle.

Then he stood them next to the door. Female servants rubbed oil over the blondes' naked bodies.

Flavia took a deep breath. She would masturbate somehow, and she would have an orgasm too, in public, and she would do her best to do it with dignity.

She heard Glaucus explaining the rules to the excited crowd. She would have to have an orgasm, but without touching her vagina. If she did not, she would be beaten, on whatever part of the body the crowd decided...

Finally the trumpets sounded and the doors opened. They walked out into the last of the sunlight, naked and glistening with exotic oils...

A roar went up from the crowd. Two blondes showing their tits and cunts! And

the Roman, the patrician, so proud, so young, so beautiful, so big-breasted!

A tremendous roar went up as the three girls walked to the centre of the square. The blondes took the ropes off Flavia as instructed.

They lifted the dress above her head and walked back to the slaves' quarters, slowly, as Trajanus had shown them...

Each step they took was an eternity. They knew they would not be allowed to cover their breasts or their bottoms with their hands.

Flavia took a deep breath. She was alone and completely naked, with a difficult task to perform. How could she do this most intimate, most private act, in front of hundreds of people? And without using her hands?

Flavia looked at the crowd. Most of the people were men, but there were women there too. They were laughing and shouting and pointing at her vagina and breasts. The air was thick with obscenities. There was pushing and shoving to be in the front row.

No one knew what would happen next...

No one had ever seen this show before...

Flavia turned round slowly, her arms hanging by her side, her back straight, lifting her superb breasts high and pushing them forwards.

An expectant silence fell.

A voice rose from the middle of a group of desert men...

"Nice cunt! But we have our own! We don't need no Roman cunt!"

A low, threatening murmur ran through the crowd. Flavia looked quickly round. She had not foreseen this. Instinctively, she looked for Roman soldiers. If things got ugly, she might need their protection. There were some, but not as many as in the past. The guards had told her that the local garrison was being reduced. Men were being taken from the south, where the desert tribes were hostile but disorganised, and were being sent to the north, to defend the northern borders.

She had heard the Roman soldiers talking and knew that they were uneasy. Tribesmen had come from a long way away to see her. Most of them wore familiar desert clothes, and could be identified as of one tribe or another. But there were others, five or six of them scattered around the circle, who could not be identified. They did not seem to be together, but their clothes suggested that they had something in common.

The soldiers had reported the matter to Marcus Toninus, the head of the Praetorian Guard. But there was no time now to interrogate the tribesmen. All available soldiers were on duty in the square or at the gates of the village. He told them to keep an eye on the men, but to do nothing.

Pax Romana, the enforced, unwanted Roman Peace, was cracking, and it had never been strong in the desert. There were strange people out there, nomads, who

spoke little or no Latin and were seldom spotted by Roman patrols. The desert was big and the nomads always seemed to be somewhere else when the soldiers looked for them.

Flavia looked around the crowd. She felt a momentary panic, a rush of blood to her cheeks, and half-lifted her arms. She let her arms drop to her sides. What was the point of trying to cover her breasts or the top of her thighs?

Looking around, trying to work out a strategy, she saw the Senator from Rome, Marcus Aurelius. He was also looking round, puzzled, sensing hostility to Rome... He had understood that the southern border was quiet...

Flavia looked in vain for his son, Augustus...

She would have to find someone to masturbate her, and if Augustus did it she was sure she could achieve climax, even with hundreds of eyes fixed on her and breaking her concentration...

For a moment, she was confused. The anti-Roman feeling was disconcerting. Somehow she must gain control of the situation. How could she have an orgasm in this atmosphere?

Without thinking, she bend down and touched her toes. Her breasts hung heavily, protected by her arms. Her bottom was taut and stretched and completely unprotected. Hundreds of greedy eyes were fixed on it. But at least her breasts were covered, and she was hiding her face, and she had surprised them all. She had taken the initiative with a simple, unplanned gesture...

She was showing her vagina and her anus at the same time, she knew. She lifted her bottom a little higher, aching her back giving a little extra push upwards on her bottom, so that her vagina came higher up and more clearly into view at the back. The crowd watched, fascinated.

She walked around in a small circle.

She was like some new animal, a new species they had never fucked before... It brought confused memories of women and sheep and goats and donkeys, of hot sleepless nights when erections ached and cried out for relief and men had fucked anything that moved, or even a boulder...

Cries came from different parts of the dense human circle: "Turn round! ... This way! ... No, over here! Show us your bumhole, love! ... Give us a look at your cunt!"

Flavia turned slowly round in a full circle.

Then she put her arms behind her back and straightened up, swinging her breasts lightly left and right as she did so. The men stared, glassy-eyed, mesmerized...

Flavia lifted her head proudly and looked at the crowd.

Slowly, she went into a rhythmic, snakelike dance, moving her hips as if to some monotonous but hypnotic desert music. She had full, well-rounded hips that seemed to glide their own volition, changing directions effortlessly in the hot evening

air. Her breasts swung slowly, sensuously, like the pendulum of some timeless desert clock...

An appreciative murmur rose from the crowd...

Flavia felt better when she heard it.

She placed both hands behind her back as if they were tied there. Her own orgasms had usually been in this enforced position, when she was raped by Glaucus or obliged to masturbate on a phallus of some kind. She remembered how he had made her sit on an ebony phallus at one of these banquets. She had to move around until she came, to the pleasure of the male guests and the envy of their wives... It had been horribly embarrassing, but it was nothing compared to this, with hundreds of eyes on her...

She leaned back and began stroking her own breasts, running her fingers down to her nipples. She lifted each breast high and proud, swaying slowly, her eyes closed...

The men in the crowd fell silent. Some of the men were watching, slack-jawed; others were licking their lips. No one was laughing. A woman as beautiful as Flavia, completely naked, sticking her breasts out for everyone to see, was not something they saw every day...

Flavia was gaining confidence now. She turned round in slow circles in the middle, rippling like a field of wheat in the wind, swaying sensually until there was not a limp member in the crowd... No one was laughing now.

She ran her fingers over her now erect nipples and stimulated herself, her eyes closed, trying to lose herself in her own lovely body...

After a time tentative shouts rose from the crowd...

"Over here, love. I'll lick it for you!"

"I've got a finger waiting for you! And I'll suck your breasts at the same time!"

"My tongue! Do it on my tongue!"

Offers came from different parts of the circle of onlookers.

Flavia opened her eyes as she moved round. She saw no familiar faces.

It had to be done. She chose one of the cleaner and younger men and danced over to him. He put his hand on her pubis and squeezed it. "Your finger!" she whispered, "give me your finger!" The young man slid his finger in between the lips of Flavia's vagina and began sliding it up and down, crudely, roughly...

Flavia put her hands behind her back for a time, then moved them up behind the nape of her neck. She leaned back and pushed her vagina gently, tentatively, onto the man's finger...

She closed her eyes. Other hands came out of the crowd, greedy, groping indiscreet hands running over her hips, her breasts, up and down her thighs...

She gasped as a finger was thrust up between her legs.

She yelled in pain as somebody pushed a rough finger up into her bottom...

Slowly, she moved away a yard or two, back towards the centre of the circle. A groan of disappointment ran through the crowd.

She turned round, looking for another man. And then she saw him! Augustus, the Senator's son, was smiling at her!

She smiled back and moved towards him, turning round in her half-dancing, half-walking way, showing him her bottom as well as her breasts. She took her hands off her head and moved her arms and stomach rhythmically, imitating the local dancers she had seen in the square at night.

She drifted across until she stood in front of Aurelius. He was perhaps a little old for her, but he was handsome. And he was her only hope of ever getting out of this filthy dusty village.

She turned round and round in front of him, stopping from time to time to swing her large breasts in front of him, left, right, left right...

She lifted both breasts in her cupped hands and gave them to him, one at a time. He needed no invitation. His mouth fell instantly on the now tubular nipples. He licked and sucked them and then began passionately licking Flavia all over her splendid, generous breasts.

The Senator's son was soon groaning with pleasure...

"Down, move down..." Flavia said in a voice that was growing dark with need.

Aurelius ran his lips down, kissing, exploring with his tongue, down over her pubis...

His tongue found the slit in her vagina and worked its way through to her clitoris, hidden away, mysterious, soft, suckable, dizzying...

Flavia began to sway differently now, less like a dancer, as his tongue strokes became firmer and firmer, longer and longer... He held her vagina open with both hands and kissed her on the clitoris. Then he began sucking it, pulling it in between his almost closed front teeth, over the ridges of the teeth, and pushing it back again with his tongue...

Flavia's head was going. The crowd sensed that she was unexpectedly close to an orgasm and began encouraging Aurelius...

"Give it to her! Get your tongue right in there! She's going..."

"Get your tongue out, lad! Put your dick in!"

"Yeah, it's a dick job! Give her cunt a good fuck!"

Flavius lifted a foot and put it between Aurelius's legs, pressing onto his erect penis through his tunic. Aurelius pushed and jerked against her foot, losing control fast. She pulled her foot back and opened her legs. She stroked her nipples with both hands and threw her head back. She was breathing fast now...

Aurelius had lost all control. He was licking and rubbing his tongue, his mouth,

his nose, his whole face over her vagina. His face was shining with sweat and Flavia's female juices...

Flavia stood with her feet wide apart, leaving her vagina open, and began thrusting hard onto his face. She was groaning and beginning to gasp and grunt...

"OOOOH! NOOOOOO! PLEEEEEEEAASSSEEE!!! OH! UGH UGH!!! AAAGHHH!!!"

She threw her head back. She was going to make it! Her nostrils flared, her eyes closed, she was coming, she was nearly there!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

She went into a black, mind-closing orgasm... She nearly fainted... She swayed and staggered to one side...

She had done it!

She sank half-conscious to her knees...

Aurelius, his face shining with her secretion, took her in his arms...

Silence fell...

The big-titted Roman had done it!

The patrician had shown them her cunt and one lucky man had licked it...

She had shown them her magnificent breasts waving and wobbling and finally shaking in a perfect orgasm...

Flavia breathed hard and lifted her head. She forced her eyes open...

Aurelius kissed her on the mouth. She returned the kiss...

She had been waiting a long time for this...

A voice cut through the now cooler air...

"What is your opinion, villagers, illustrious guests from Rome? Did she come or did she just pretend?"

"She came! No doubt about it!"

"That was a real come, Glaucus! You should know! You've seen enough!"

"She was faking! It was all put on! Beat her tits!"

"Flog her on the buttocks!"

"It was real! Let her go!"

"Beat her cunt to a pulp, the Roman slut!"

"Put this stick up her asshole!"

Flavia looked round indignantly! She'd had a big orgasm! Her whole body had shaken! Hadn't they seen it with their own eyes?

She looked appealingly at Aurelius. He seemed only half aware of what was going on. He stood up, a huge erection lifting his tunic...

Glaucus moved to the centre of the circle and raised a hand, appealing for silence.

“What says Rome?” he asked, addressing Aurelius’s father, the Senator.

The Senator rose to his feet and smiled.

“Rome says he was not close enough to judge properly! However, his son was much closer. His son’s noble tongue was deep inside and he must surely know if the slave was sincere in her passion...”

Aurelius looked round, still confused, his mind clouded by Flavia’s beauty and his mouth full of her heady woman’s juices...

He stood for a moment, uncertain what to say, and the murmur and the shouting grew again...

“Beat her with your dick, Roman!”

“Open the slut’s ass for her!”

“Make her touch her toes again. I’ll soon warm that bottom up!”

“Tie her between two poles!”

“Tie her in an X and flog her!”

Flavia looked into Aurelius’s eyes, looking for support...

He knew the orgasm was real!

Aurelius turned to Glaucus and said “Tie her between two poles! I will flog her myself!”

Glaucus nodded his assent. His servants placed two large poles in the ground about two yards apart and dragged Flavia, screaming, towards them. Her ankles were fastened to the bottom of each pole on short ropes, leaving her feet about a yard apart and her vagina once again exposed, defenceless... Her wrists were tied above her head, again leaving her arms and legs in the shape of a familiar X.

A cruel voice floated out of the crowd: “X! She wants X! Give her ten of the best: give her ten of the best!”

The Senator laughed. “Three on each tit!” he said. “And three on her bottom! And keep the last one for her vagina... Good and hard! This Roman patrician must learn more respect for Venus!”

Aurelius looked at Flavia, his jaw set hard. She saw no love or compassion. Only a sadistic cruelty. Her heart sank...

“Please!” she said, “please! I am Roman and of good family!”

“You are a woman and a slave,” said Aurelius, and I have decided that you must be punished.

He walked over to Glaucus in the midst of a terrible, dark silence, and consulted him as to the instruments of punishment.

“She already knows the wooden sword and the cat. I often beat her with them. I have punished her breasts and her bottom with both recently.”

He gestured to a servant who carried in a large basket of rods and whips and flails. He went through them thoughtfully and selected a long straight twig, extraordinarily flexible and whippy. He swished the air with it...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

The crowd listened in a respectful silence... A woman gasped...

Aurelius took the twig and swiped at the air. He nodded.

Flavia watched in horror, her breasts hanging unprotected in the now cold night air...

Aurelius stood in front of her and lifted them, kneaded them, rolled them round and round, sucked their nipples and bit and chewed them...

He smiled at the crowd, brought his arm back and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Flavia screamed, writhing and twisting in her ropes.

Her right breast had a cruel welt across it, just above the nipple...

“One!” shouted the crowd...

Aurelius rubbed the twig in her damp vagina. “I like a well-oiled twig,” he said to her...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

The second welt appeared, this time below the nipple.

“Two!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

“Three!”

He moved round and brought the stick down three more times on her other breast.

“Four! ... Five ... Six!”

The crowd roared out the numbers in increasing excitement. After all, the girl was Roman...

“Ass, ass, ass!” they shouted.

Aurelius moved round behind Flavia and drew his arm back.

“Hold your hand!” shouted his father. “Such a splendid bottom deserves the best. A Roman sword!”

He handed his sword to a servant, who took it down to the square.

Flavia watched, her eyes wide open in terror, as Aurelius took the sword. It was real, shining metal...

She took a deep breath as he walked round the back. She turned her head and saw him out of the corner of her eye, bringing it back...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

A heavy thud and her lovely bottom shuddered and jolted in the last rays of the setting sun.

“Seven!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Eight!”

The sword came down again, Flavia screamed and the crowd counted mercilessly...

“Nine!”

A thin line of blood showed in the reddening light of the desert sunset. The sword had broken her lovely satin skin...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Again, almost in the same place...

“Nine!” someone shouted mischievously.

Aurelius smiled, walked round to the front and parted the hair from Flavia’s tear-stained face...

She watched as he put his hand down to her vagina. The tenth, she knew, would fall there, on her open lips, perhaps on her clitoris itself. Her head was spinning from the pain and the public humiliation. Time passed slowly...

Aurelius seemed confused. He turned round and looked at Glaucus, who said nothing...

He walked over to him...

I will make the slut come properly this time!



“The twig’s no good,” he said. “I can’t hit her properly with it. I’ll catch her on the thighs...”

Glaucus nodded. He gave orders for Flavia to be untied. She stood there, shaking, crying, supported by two gladiators...

A servant was despatched to the punishment room and returned with two men. They were carrying a wheel and a pole. Flavia did not know what was happening. Her breasts were stinging from the whippy twig, her bottom was bleeding from the cruel sword and she knew the worst was still to come...

They placed the round pole in a hole in the ground and put the heavy wooden wheel on top of it. Then they lifted her and placed her on her back on the wheel.

“Open her legs as wide as you can this time!” said Glaucus. He was no lover of Romans, although his own father was Roman.

Flavia protested and begged for mercy, but the men forced her legs wide open. They held her there, waiting for the ankle and wrist fetters to be brought. Another wave of panic swept over Flavia. Once more, her vagina displayed for all to see, this time with the lips fully open...

“Turn the wheel round!”

“Let’s see her false Roman lips...”

“Do the lips of your cunt speak Latin, love? Ha! Ha! Ha!”

Aurelius waited, still holding his father’s sword, until Flavia had done a full circle. He turned to the crowd and shouted: “Last blow, my friends. The last blow will be with the cat, but this cat has small lead weights tied to the end of each strap!”

A roar of approval came from the crowd.

“But first,” said Aurelius, “I will make the slut come properly this time!”

Roar of approval.

“Let her go! Remember the rules, Flavia, you can only touch your breasts!”

He pulled her legs wide apart and put his hungry tongue down into her.

Flavia gasped. She had just had an orgasm. How could she have another one so quickly?

She did her best, but it was impossible. She was exhausted and after some minutes she was clearly in difficulty. Aurelius was getting angrier and angrier and so was the crowd...

The Senator stood up and raised his arm.

“The slut shall be flogged again! She’s not trying!”

Another roar of approval.

Aurelius picked up the cat, angrily.

Flavia gasped. He would hit her on the open vagina, with lead weights instead

of the usual knots on the end of each strap!

The Senator stood up at that moment and the crowd fell silent.

“As a special treat for the people of the desert, who have shown such loyalty to Rome and her illustrious representatives, the slut will receive the blow from another hand, a soft female hand! Bring back one of the Northern captives, still naked. She shall deliver the last blow onto this girl’s naked cunt!”

Flavia listened and shuddered. How could he do this? And to a fellow Roman? And a patrician!

She took a deep breath and shouted out...

“Is this how Rome brings its culture and learning to the desert tribes? Is this the glory of Rome? Is it come to this now, just rape and torture? Armed men flogging a defenceless girl between the legs?”

A long silence fell. Slowly the Senator rose from his chair...

“Fetch both the Northern slaves, both naked. They will each deliver one blow of the weighted cat. And bring the birch and the stick too. My son will punish this traitorous slut, unworthy of the name of Roman, much less of patrician, when the girls have finished.”

Another roar of approval came from the crowd, followed by an excited murmur. The crowd waited, glad to have another chance to see the strange muscular yellow-haired girls and their strong-looking breasts...

Glaucus gave orders for her to be fixed by the wrists and ankles. Men came running with big poles which they fixed in holes in the wheel to turn it.

A dog came out of the crowd, tall and with long skinny legs, a pointed snout and upright pointed ears. A desert dog, the dog of the old Egyptians, thought Aurelius, the dog they saw sometimes on ruined walls...

It loped across the square, not quite in a straight line, but it was clear that it was heading for Flavia. It put its long pointed snout in between her legs, sniffed at her vagina, and started licking it. Flavia shuddered in disgust. The crowd roared its encouragement.

“A dog’s life!” came a shout from the crowd.

Aurelius smiled and let it lick. Flavia was writhing, trying uselessly to bring her thighs together to protect herself from the insolent, inquisitive tongue...

The door of the hut opened and the blonde girls were pushed into the village square once again. They looked as if they expected to be crucified.

The dog lost interest, to the disappointment of the crowd, who were enjoying watching Flavia writhing...

Aurelius beckoned the girls over and handed them a leaded flail each, pointing to Flavia’s clearly exposed vagina. The girl shook her head repeatedly. Aurelius seized the girl and pushed her head down, exposing her bottom. He signalled to a

soldier who ran up and lifted her bottom higher. It was shining provocatively in the evening sun... He nodded to the other girl, who swung her flail and brought it down with a loud THWACK! onto her companion's bare bottom.

The girl screamed and rubbed her buttocks. Then he lifted her head and stood her in front of Flavia, pointing to her vagina. The girl, shaking like a leaf, drew her arm fully back and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Flavia screamed as the straps came down between her legs, catching her thighs and her vagina.

Aurelius then pulled the blonde away by the nipple and stood her companion in front of Flavia...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Flavia yelled. The pain was unbearable. She twisted and writhed in her bondage...

She lay in terror as the wheel turned round and round, showing everybody her private parts being flogged...

The girl was made to climb up onto the wheel. Flavia struggled in vain to bring her knees together as the girl flogged her again and again on her exposed vagina.

Aurelius waited, watching Flavia's shaking, wobbling breasts. From time to time he held up the birch and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THUUUUUUUD!

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

He hit Flavia on her lovely, large breasts, shaking them, raising welts all over them, hitting her deliberately on the nipples again and again and again, his face flushed in an orgy of cruel pleasure...

Flavia's screams rang round the square. The crowd listened in silence.

Then he turned his attention to her open vagina and he too beat her repeatedly between the open legs, causing her to scream and yell again and again as the leaded flail or the knobby birch came down between her legs...

Flavia's bladder opened. Warm, yellow urine ran down onto the wheel and onto the sand. Any of the men watching would gladly have cleaned her with their tongues, drinking her urine thirstily.

She had done what she could, but she had been unable to avoid this final

Flavia struggled in vain to bring her knees together as the girl flogged her again and again on her exposed vagina.



indignity, this final humiliation. Her bladder had opened and she had wet herself in front of hundreds of people.

A strange silence fell. The Senator stood up.

“Enough, Aurelius. Night is falling. The spectacle is over...”

Glaucus rose to his feet too. “Take the Northern slaves to the guests’ rooms. There are many ways of serving Rome! And take the Roman slut back to the hut. She won’t be much use to me tonight!”

Flavia was taken, shaking and weeping, to the slaves’ quarters. The crowd drifted away...

Night was falling fast now. Unnoticed, half a dozen desert tribesmen slipped out of the village, separately and by different gates, mingling with the crowd, and disappeared into the desert night...

The Roman soldiers and Glaucus’s own guard had received orders to keep an eye on them. Instead, they had all kept their eyes fixed on a large, swaying pair of perfect breasts that moved hypnotically across the square, giving them all an open mouth and an irresistible erection. They had all kept their eyes fixed too on a deep crack between firm buttocks where they had seen, albeit from a distance, the girl’s provocative little anus and her lovely, suckable vagina. Finally they had all kept their eyes fixed on a pair of beautiful legs with fully rounded thighs that promised pneumatic bliss if they could get them wrapped round their faces or if they could get their aching penises up between them.

Like all the men in the crowd, and some of the women too, they would all have gone on their knees and licked the open lips of her beautiful, tender, sore, flogged, loveable vagina...

They would all have given anything to be able to lick it, like the lucky dog, to comfort it with their saliva, to heal its wounds... They would all have licked her breasts to ease the pain in the stinging welts.

They would all have licked her bottom for her if she had asked them to...

Chapter Five

Training of a Female Gladiator

The Senator and his son returned to Rome the following day, tired and excited. They were true, all the rumours going around Rome about the sexual slaves in the desert! That kind of thing only existed in Rome at private banquets, but in the desert it was done in the village square! They had seen a Roman girl, from a well-known family, humiliated and abused in front of the whole village! They had even taken part in it, and had spent the night fucking and flogging the Northern blondes, unusually strong girls that had to be tied down with strong ropes. Big, muscular girls with solid thighs that they wrapped around your face when you sucked them!

The Senator and his son carried the news that there were fine sights to be seen in the desert of the famous black Guyoni gladiators. Flavia's name was often on their lips.

Meanwhile, normal life returned to the nameless village. For Flavia, this meant more training, this time not as a sexual slave but as a gladiator.

Long hours passed in the hot sun of the small training ground, where she had once seen a black female gladiator sit on the face of a badly-injured opponent and choke her to death with her vagina...

She was still punished if she made bad mistakes, and she still received unwelcome visits from the pig Glaucus, who still raped her and beat her, but the treatment had improved. The food was better, for a start.

Talking to the guards, she began to realise that a gladiator is a valuable investment. A good gladiator cost a lot of money to buy and train. They made fortunes for their owners through bets. The owners did not like losing them, and did their best to protect them and keep them happy. A famous gladiator could win his freedom...

Deaths in the amphitheatre were less common now because the merchandise was so valuable. The customers were complaining. Glaucus was convinced that naked female gladiators were the solution. He would lose some from time to time,

but he would also make a lot of money...

Flavia was physically strong, and soon grew stronger. The training was the same as for the men. The most important weapon was a sword, lighter and shorter than the men's, but still sharp and deadly. Most of the time she used the wooden training sword which she knew well because she had felt it on her breasts and on her buttocks.

As a special privilege, she and the other girls were sometimes allowed to wear simple clothes, usually just a tunic that covered most of the breasts but fell off in a fight. Glaucus took great pleasure in watching her train. He grew very excited when her ragged peasant tunic slipped off her nipples...

His servant, Trajanus, had half a dozen girls to train now. Among them were the two Northern slaves.

The girls all fought in the same style, with a sword in one hand and a net in the other.

The blondes were good with the swords and proved fearless. Flavia was good with the net. She judged the moment for throwing it well, just as her opponent had pulled the sword back ready to strike.

She had a particular trick that the guards loved. If she was fighting one of the blondes and the other girl missed her footing - which was easy enough on the sandy surface - Flavia pushed her face down onto the sand. She leapt on her quickly sat on her, catching the girl's arms behind her back and tying them together with the net. Then she lifted the girl's tunic, if she was still wearing it, and sank her teeth into the girl's vagina.

She wanted to win because she wanted to live.

If she was lucky, she got her teeth onto the girl's clitoris and bit it hard until the girl screamed and screamed. At first she found it difficult, repellent... But she understood that she had to work out her own style, with the sword and the net. She had one advantage here: she had been beaten and flogged so often all over her body that she knew what hurt her opponents.

She soon worked out a combination of moves which disconcerted most opponents. She moved one way, changed quickly to other side and caught the girl a surprise slap on the breasts with a backhand from the sword. The other girl instinctively put both hands to her stinging nipples, at which moment Flavia threw the net. She then got the girl to the ground with a quick trip.

If the girl fell on her face she turned the sword round and put the handle into the girl's anus, pumping it painfully up and down.

If the girl fell on her back she had more options. She could rub the handle hard over the girl's clitoris. To make it more painful, she had a handle specially made for her. It was made of iron. The iron had been hammered and beaten to give it irregular bumps and ridges. It hurt unbearably if it was rubbed repeatedly over a clitoris

and twisted at the same time...

On occasions she had been able to do all these things in quick succession. Then she had left the other girl rolling around screaming on the sand, trying to protect her breasts and her aching anus and her bleeding vagina all at the same time. It was then that Flavia beat her with the sword on the naked breasts, or sank her teeth into the girl's already stinging nipples.

Other days, things had not gone so well. She still remembered the time one of the girls - this time not one of the blondes but a short, stocky desert girl - had suddenly thrown herself head first at her, butting her on the vagina. The girl had rolled straight off and had sat on her face, choking her with her vagina. At the same time the girl squeezed one of her nipples as hard as she could. But that was not all. The girl then twisted her head round, put the sword in Flavia's vagina and rubbed it hard up and down between the lips. From time to time she gave it a vicious twist left and right with her wrist.

Flavia had fainted. Probably Trajanus had saved her life, pulling the other girl off her.

She had vowed not to make that mistake again. The next time she trained with the desert girl she was more cautious. When the girl flew at her she brought the sword handle down onto her head, hard. She then sat on the girl's back, facing her bottom, and beat her again and again on the buttocks until they were covered in welts with angry raised edges, red and purple in colour, some of them bleeding...

Chapter Six

The Night of the Silent Knives

Flavia lay asleep on her bed of straw. It was more comfortable than the stone floor she had been on before, and she was tired from her training.

It took her some time to understand what was going on. In the flickering light of a torch she saw the rough, lined face of a desert tribesman. He lifted her to her feet and tied her arms behind her back.

The door of her cage was open. She heard the sound of another cage door being unlocked. What was happening? Where were the guards?

“Who are you?” she asked. “What’s happening?”

The man placed his hand over her mouth for a second. His Latin was very bad, but his meaning was unmistakable. He raised his knife, said “Neck!” and made a throat-cutting gesture. Flavia remained silent.

He took her out of the cage and down the corridor. The other girls were coming out too. In the dim torchlight she saw the bodies of the two night guards. Their throats had been slit as they slept. They had been in a deep sleep after raping the two blondes. Flavia felt no sympathy for them.

The desert nomads knew their way around the village. They had visited it at the time of Flavia’s humiliation in the square. They had drifted off and had looked at the defences. They had seen the weak points. They had seen too the most important houses, among them Glaucus’s.

They were especially interested in Glaucus. Some years earlier he had taken one of their tribe and sold him as a slave...

They had entered the village at its weakest point and had slit the throats of the sentries. They used long, curved knives. No one heard anything.

Then they went to Glaucus’s house and slit his throat and then the throats of all the guards. They took Jasmin, his personal slave. They found her naked, tied to his bed, asleep on the floor.

The nights are long in the desert and men’s needs become unbearable. Women

are highly prized...

They extinguished their torches and led Flavia out into the square. Jasmin was waiting in a dark doorway, a sharp knife at her throat too. The girls were led to a point in the defensive wall where a ladder was propped up against the wall. One of the nomads went up it and as soon as he reached the top a second ladder appeared from the desert. The girls, five or six in number, were all forced over the wall, each with a tribesman behind her holding her by the wrists, which were all tied behind their backs.

They walked for hours in the desert, in silence. Very occasionally, they exchanged a few words. Their voices were gruff, harsh, primitive... Flavia wondered what they wanted them for? Rape? Auction? Probably both, she thought. What kind of rape?

Flavia was chained by the neck to a camel's saddle. From time to time a tribesman with a whip struck her painfully on the bottom, to keep her walking fast...

She was terrified and exhausted. After some hours they stopped and rested. The leader, a man with a heavily lined face, dried by the desert winds, looked at the girls. They were beautiful. It had been a good night's work!

He ordered Flavia and the two blondes to be placed side by side, their elbows tied behind a long stick, and he stood there for a long time looking at them.

It was a splendid sight. The blonde on the left had all her right breast flopping over the top of her torn tunic. The Roman slut, as they called her in the village, sat in the middle showing part of a lovely big nipple. The blonde on the right still had her breasts covered...

The chieftain looked hungrily from breast to breast, holding his whip.

He could not see their vaginas. They had all arrange their ragged clothes so that a strip of cloth hung down between their legs, protecting their honey-pots. He smiled to himself. The protection did not look very convincing to his experienced eye.

As soon as he got back to camp, he would take the Roman to his tent...

Hours later, tired and thirsty, the strange caravan reached the nomad's camp, hidden in an area of low hills. It was difficult to catch them by surprise here. They were protected by the vastness of the desert, but also by informers on the trade routes. They knew where the Romans were and the strength of their forces.

They had their own water supply - a small underground stream at the back of a long cave. They blocked the cave off when they were not there, making it almost impossible to discover. The wind covered their tracks with sand...

They were masters of this desert and the patrolling Romans never expected to see them, and probably never wanted to...

Nothing suggested to the casual eye that nomads used this as one of their



*Flavia was chained by the neck to a camel's saddle.
From time to time a tribesman with a whip...*

camps. Even if someone had found it, they would have seen only a few ruined buildings and the remains of a now dry oasis....

People in all the villages were afraid of these nomads. Some said they did not exist. Other said they did exist and in old times they were known as the Honey Eaters. Broken honey-pots had sometimes been found among the remains of camps in the desert. Robberies in small desert villages often involved honey. There was nothing surprising about this. In the desert you eat what you can, and honey is sweet and nourishing...

The caravan finally reached the most important nomad camp. The girls fell to the ground, exhausted. They were taken to the cave, where their arms were untied and they were given water to drink. They were fed honey from small spoons...

They were allowed to sleep, which they did until late in the morning.

Then the chieftain came into the cave, looked at the girls carefully, pulling down their ragged clothes and feeling their breasts. He did not touch them between the legs.

When he had finished his scrutiny he squatted down in front of Flavia.

She held her breath, not knowing what to expect...

"You! Glaucus's own cunt! Do you know what happened to your master?"

Flavia nodded. Jasmin had told her.

"And are you pleased?"

Flavia was uncertain what to say. She appeared to be a slave again. Should a slave be pleased when her master has his throat cut?

He did not seem to expect an answer. He stood up and pulled her to her feet.

"Come to my tent. A slave needs a master! It is the slave's condition!"

He threw her onto the bed...

He pulled her ragged tunic off, exposing her large, ill-treated breasts and her vagina. Glaucus had always kept it shaved, but her pubic hair was beginning to grow again.

He tied her arms and feet to the bed, making sure the lips of her vagina were wide open. Her arms and her legs were wide apart if she was saying "Here I am, take me, do whatever you want with me!"

The chief pulled his erect penis out and showed it to Flavia, who looked at it wide-eyed. It was huge, and probably insatiable...

"This prick is your master now! Your only purpose in life from now on is to serve it!"

"This prick is your master now! Your only purpose in life from now on is to serve it!" he said.

Flavia said nothing. She had learnt that it was useless. If you spoke to them you



*He chained her arms and feet to the bed, making sure
the lips of her vagina were wide open.*

just made them angry, and she had no idea what this man was like when he was angry...

He seemed disappointed with her silence.

He put his member away and sat down on the bed, not touching her, just looking at her vagina and her large breasts... He seemed to find them equally attractive.

After some time he went to a corner of his tent and picked up a pot of honey and a spoon. He dipped the spoon in and gave her a little to eat. She sucked gratefully on the spoon. She was hungry. He seemed to understand this. He brought a goat skin containing fresh goat's milk and let her drink some. Then he brought some dates and fed them to her, one at a time, holding his hand for her to spit out the stones.

"You are very beautiful!" he said. "Did that pig Glaucus rape you and beat you all the time?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And was he training you to be a gladiator?"

"Yes."

"Then I must be careful with you! You will be well-trained. And you have fire in your eyes!"

Flavia smiled an involuntary smile. But her bottom was stinging too much for her to trust the man's gentleness.

She would have to wait and work out the rules. She suspected that the rules would be beaten into her, and if the training was anything like Glaucus's, any excuse would be invented to beat her and punish her, especially on the breasts...

"Your breasts," he said, leaning forwards confidentially, as if he had read her thoughts, "are full and rich. Do they taste of goat's milk?"

She did not reply.

He picked up the goat skin and poured a little milk onto each breast. He lowered his head slowly, and licked each nipple, sucking it noisily.

Then he dipped the spoon in the liquid honey and let a thin trickle fall around her vagina and then in between her lips...

"You had a woman's climax in front of hundreds of men in the village square. Will you come for me?"

She did not reply.

"If you come under my tongue, I will not rape you today. I will unchain you too."

Flavia nodded quickly.

The man licked the honey from around her lips, slowly, sucking in her small new hairs and sucking the honey off them...

He moved in on her lips, running his tongue around them and over them, licking and sucking noisily...

Then he moved up to the clitoris, licking the honey off it.

Flavia began to shift a little in her bondage...

She began to look to one side and another, pulling the chains with her arms or her feet.

She had had a lot of practice at this and she was soon pushing her bottom up and thrusting her vagina forwards.

The chieftain seemed to be oblivious to every movement she made, which made it easier for her. She was on her own, able to think her own thoughts and do things in her own time...

She let herself go. She had no particular man to fantasize about now. Aurelius had proved to be a sadistic bastard like all the others. There was no one else. She did it for herself, for her own pleasure, she let herself go... But she also did it because if she did not, she would be raped...

The chieftain's tongue was skilful. It licked and his lips sucked and Flavia let herself go, surfing the wave, going up to the top, flying now...

His hands were on her breasts, running over them, his fingers circled her nipples, stroking them, encouraging them...

He licked on and on, rubbing his mouth all over her vagina...

Flavia was suddenly pushing fast onto his face, jerking her clitoris against anything that moved - lips, tongue, teeth, nose...

The man was groaning now. As she supposed, he was also masturbating...

Finally, Flavia jerked herself into a climax, gave a huge shout and pulled at the chains as her whole body went rigid...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The man licked slowly for a while, then stood up and masturbated onto her breasts.

"Milk," he said mysteriously, as he groaned and shot off all over her...

Then he untied her. "You are free. You will of course die in the desert if you try to escape. We will follow you and hunt you down and tie your legs to a camel's saddle. You will be dragged home on your bottom. The sand will take the skin off your bottom..."

Flavia believed him. But for the moment she was glad to be free. She went back to the cave where she found the other girls. They had all been raped, Jasmin told her. The desert men had taken them all to a big tent and had ordered them to lie down. They had smeared honey on their nipples and vaginas and had first sucked them clean and then raped them.

The blonde girls from the north had received special treatment. First one had been raped in the vagina while down on all fours like a dog. At the same time, she had been obliged to lower her head and lick the other blonde, who was lying on her back with her legs wide apart. In this way, the girl who was down like a dog, and who certainly felt like a dog, also had to lick like a dog, licking the honey from the other girl's open vagina...

When the tribesman had finished raping her, fresh honey was poured onto both girls' vaginas and they were forced to switch roles. This time, however, the licking was different, because the unfortunate girl was now licking a freshly-raped vagina. The honey tasted and smelt of the thick semen that was oozing out...

She had not wanted to lick the vagina at first, but two men had come while she was still being raped from the rear and they had lifted her arms up in the air, and arched her back to give a good view of her defenceless breasts, while a third tribesman had whipped them...

The blonde screamed a lot. As soon as the tribesmen stopped punishing her firm, prominent breasts she put her mouth down into the hairs, ran her tongue up onto the clitoris and began licking the honey and semen.

During the day most of the tribesmen disappeared. There were about twenty of them in all. They always left six guards, Flavia supposed to keep an eye on the six slaves.

In the evening the chieftain summoned her to his tent again.

Two other men were waiting, ropes in hand. They tied her arms behind her back and laid her on a table. Then they tied ropes around her thighs, just above the knee, and pulled her thighs wide apart. They stood to one side, pulling on the ropes.

She was in a very painful position, lying on her own hands.

The chieftain let his erect penis out and put a hand on each of her knees. He forced her legs even wider apart and stared at her open vagina for a long time.

"The honey-pot is dry!" he said. One of the men fetched a pot and smeared Flavia's vagina and anus with honey, liquid in the desert heat...

The chieftain gave orders to pull the ropes higher, which lifted her knees and also lifted her bottom, bringing her anus higher too.

Flavia took a deep breath. She was expecting to be penetrated in the anus, painfully as always...

Instead, the chieftain called for Jasmin to be brought.

"On your knees!" he ordered Jasmin, "and stick your tongue out!"

She did as ordered, going down like a thirsty dog.

He took her head between his hands and directed her tongue onto Flavia's bottom. Jasmin put her tongue out and into the crack, and began licking. She licked



The honey-pot is dry!

until she had cleaned it and there was no honey left...

He sent her back to the cave.

“And now, Roman slut, here is a real man’s dick for your sweet little honey-pot!” he said, slipping his thick penis easily into Flavia’s honey-filled vagina. “None of that fat Glaucus and his old man’s dick! This is a good hard desert dick! ... Take that! ... And that! ... And that!” he said, thrusting home again and again...

Flavia was uncomfortable, with all her weight on her hands which were beneath her bottom.

The chieftain seemed less friendly than he had been before. He fucked her without taking his eyes off her splendid breasts. He seemed to be fucking like a madman, with only her breasts on his mind. She did her best to cooperate, jerking as best she could in that uncomfortable posture.

He hardly made any noise. Silence was obviously the desert way. Only when he was about to finish did he start grunting and gasping and holding on to her breasts...

Flavia grimaced and tried to bring him to a quick climax as he took two full handfuls of her breasts and dug his fingers in like an eagle catching a fish. She was relieved when he finally threw back his head and gave a great shout...

“UUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He sank onto her, resting his head on her breasts.

A minute or two later, he pulled out and put his penis in her mouth, for her to clean and suck.

“Good Roman slut, aren’t you?” he asked. “Glaucus’s favourites, eh, you and Jasmin? But you’re the patrician! And you’re the gladiator! We’re going to have a lot of fun with you.”

“Who are you?” Flavia asked suddenly, surprising herself by the boldness of her question. She returned quickly to her sucking.

“Desert people. Nomads. The old Egyptians used to call us The Honey Lickers. We eat a lot of honey, especially if we can get it from the lips of a patrician with big tits!”

He slapped her tits several times with his hand, first with the open palm, then with the returning backhand, again and again. Flavia winced and gasped at every slap.

Then he produced his whip. He turned it round and began tapping her vagina with the handle...

TAP ... TAP ... TAP ... TAP...

It was primitive, rhythmic, not particularly painful...

Then he lifted his hand and began a new, more painful rhythm...

THUD ... THUD ... THUD...

It was hurting a lot now. She gave an involuntary grunt, which he seemed to enjoy.

Then he took the whip and pulled it tight between his hands, holding his hands about a foot apart. He pulled it, taut, over her exposed clitoris and began sliding it up and down...

She grunted again. He just stared into her open vagina, pulling the whip over her clitoris, again and again. Then he moved his hands further apart on the whip, leaving some two feet of whip between hand and hand, and he slowly rubbed all of it over the clitoris, licking his lips as he did so...

"Make your own honey!" he said. She was not sure if she was secreting or not, but there was a slight damp on her lips which seemed to feel the chill in the air, so she supposed she was.

"Your turn, Roman!" the man said. He wanted to see an orgasm, like the one in the village square. She pushed onto the whip as it moved slowly up and down. The man saw with satisfaction that it was beginning to shine with her own honey. He took it out and licked it. He put it back and soon had her moving into her own rhythm, jerking onto the whip which he held tight in between her open lips.

Flavia felt she had the situation under control. She was pushing nicely and biting her tongue...

Unexpectedly, another man appeared. He was also carrying a cane. The chief nodded and the man took up position next to Flavia. Her eyes opened wide in horror as he lifted the bamboo into the air and...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

he brought it stinging down onto both of her breasts.

Flavia stopped masturbating immediately and squirmed round, shaking her magnificent breasts, rolling them around as she writhed and twisted, to the men's delight..

The second man took out his penis and fondled it. He lifted his hand again and

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

he hit her on the inside of her thighs, on the soft, full skin at the top near the vagina. She screamed again.

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Again on the top of the thigh, this time the other leg.

The chieftain had stopped pulling the whip over her clitoris.

He started again.

Unexpectedly, Flavia exploded in anger.

“You stupid, filthy bastards! Leave me alone! Let me go!”

She burst into tears. She was still tired from the journey and could not take any more.

The men laughed.

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

This time the cane had gone horizontally, catching her right on the buttocks.

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Again, this time from the other side, onto the other buttock.

Red welts had appeared on Flavia’s breasts, on the upper leg and on the strong, firm cheeks of her lovely, round, feminine bottom with its deep crack.

“You are cowards!” she said, in a flash of anger. “In a fair fight, with a net and a sword, we would see how brave you are!”

The chieftain laughed.

“You have spirit, Roman slut! One day perhaps your wish will be granted. But with a wooden sword. We have no wish to lose men or women. We do not see breasts as noble and generous as yours every day... You will train with us, Roman. We will learn Roman ways from you. It is good to know how one’s enemy fights!”

He gave orders to untie Flavia. She looked surprised. Her arms were aching and she had hurt herself when he raped her on her back. She stretched her muscles carefully.

“For the moment, you have failed to please yourself on my whip. I am offended. It is not gracious of you. You have had the opportunity to give yourself pleasure on my whip and you have not done it. You will be punished. Remember that you must come, and you must have a big climax, bigger and better than in the village. Now lie on the table again while we put more honey in.”

Flavia sighed. Obediently, she lay on the table and opened her legs while he poured liquid honey into her vagina.

Then he called two other men who took her into the cave and down one of the

side tunnels. After a time it opened out into a subterranean chamber.

There was some light coming down from through holes and tunnels in the rock above their heads.

“This is our last defence if we are attacked. It has never happened and we do not expect it. There are less Roman soldiers now than before...”

This room is also the punishment room. You have a fiery temper and you will get to know the punishment room well, I believe. Tie her wrists up there! Short rope, I want her on tiptoe!”

Flavia’s arms were tied up. The position was very uncomfortable.

“Turn your head to the right. Can you see that beam with the phallus in it?”

Flavia nodded desperately.

“If you do not have a strong Roman orgasm, you will spend the night on this plank. The phallus will go into your anus. Your ankles will be attached to the bottom of the plank,” he said, pointing to metal fastenings at the bottom of the plank. “You will have a busy night, trying to keep your weight off the phallus,” he added. Flavia shuddered.

They made her walk forwards until she was right up on tiptoe and could go no further. Her back was arched back and her arms were pulling on the ropes.

“All right, men, lick...”

One of the tribesmen fell to his knees in front of her and took her bottom in both hands. He took his penis out and sniffed at her vagina, breathing in the mixture of honey and secretion...

Then he closed his eyes and began licking.

Flavia closed her eyes too and tried to surrender to his rough, intrusive tongue.

She wanted to finish before she was raped. She had seen a second tribesman waiting with his erect penis in his hand.

She had to finish or she would spend the night slipping down onto that sharp stick!

She hoped that she would not be beaten this time.

She needed to concentrate.

She hoped especially that she would not be beaten on her breasts. They were completely defenceless, pointing almost upwards, an easy target for a stick or a whiplash.

The walls of the strange underground castle rang with the sound of a desert nomad licking a girl’s vagina...

SUCK ... SLUUUUUUURP ...SUCK ... OOOH! ... SLUUUUUUURP!!!

The man carried on and on, his eyes closed, licking and sucking and drinking...



Flavia closed her eyes too and tried to surrender to his rough, intrusive tongue

Little by little, other men came and stood around. Their eyes were wide open, and most of them were holding their erect penises. Only the man on his knees and Flavia had their eyes closed. The man had his eyes closed from pure pleasure, shutting out his other senses, concentrating on the taste and smell of this beautiful honey-filled flower that was so warm and responsive under his busy, exploring tongue...

Flavia was lucky. This time, no one thought of punishing her breasts.

The man between her legs was lost in a world of subtle perfumes. His head was spinning with one of the oldest smells known to humanity, and one of the most powerful, the smell of woman.

He did not want to open his eyes...

Flavia sensed this from his touch, his low moans, his anticipated ecstasy, and she was grateful...

She moved her feet apart just a little bit more, which was all she could do, to open the petals of her flower a little bit wider. The man responded with another low groan of deep pleasure and began moving his whole face around like a man in a trance, washing his face in her juices, sniffing, licking, sucking...

The two began to sway together, in a strange dance, responding to some instinct from the beginning of time, and they moved smoothly into a faster rhythm...

They were both groaning now...

The man began sucking her clitoris harder, in and out of his mouth, sliding it over the ridges of his front teeth, top and bottom, sucking it in and pushing it back with his tongue, in and out, in and out as the moans became more urgent, higher in pitch, faster and faster until Flavia shouted out as the dark orgasm came over her mind suddenly, like night in the desert, and wiped out her mind...

“OOOH! ... OH! NOOOO! ... UGH! ... UGH! ... UGH! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her lovely body shook and twisted like an eel on a hook, her full breasts shaking uncontrollably, and then she sank back. She had fainted...

The man between her legs pulled his head back.

“Her honey is running down her leg,” said one of the men looking on. It was true.

The man stood up and penetrated Flavia. He managed no more than five or six thrusts before he shot into her. He staggered forward, found his feet and withdrew. He did not seem to know where he was or what he was doing...

Somebody untied Flavia, who was recovering now...

She thought the abuse was all over for one day, but she was wrong...

“Now you will see what to do to a slave if she is disobedient!”

He tied Flavia's legs above her head, with the ankles tied together, and then he lifted her legs high and straight, with ropes from the ceiling. Next he tied her feet to a rope round her neck.

He produced a huge wooden phallus, covered in knobs and bumps from where twigs had been cut off and rounded.

Flavia was exhausted. She looked in horror at the horrid object.

"If the disobedience is small, we put honey on this penis and we push it up into the slave's disobedient vagina, again and again, until she is sore and begging for mercy!

If it the disobedience is serious, we put a gag on her mouth like this..." he said, gagging her. And we push this penis hard up her anus! No honey!"

"We push this penis hard up her anus! No honey!"

He put his left hand on her breast to steady himself and ...

"MMMMMMMMMMGGGGMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!"

Flavia screamed through her gag as he forced the sadistic phallus up between her cheeks, turning and twisting it deep inside her.

He tortured her for some minutes like this, squeezing and slapping her breasts, until she wanted to die...

Then he ordered them to untie her and take her back to the cave...

The next day passed quietly enough. The girls were fed and had all the water they wanted.

Flavia was sore and very angry, but she recovered.

The tribesmen seemed busy, going out into the desert in all directions, talking excitedly.

They ignored the girls.

In the evening, the chieftain came with all the men, some twenty in number, and released the chains from the hooks. The girls were all taken out into the desert and the men made a circle.

The chieftain pointed to some camels.

"Look carefully at the camels, the way they walk. You are going to do the same."

The girls studied the camels, which had a curious swinging movement of the back, backwards and forwards.

One by one, the girls had to go down on all fours and walk around a circle. They were completely naked. Their breasts swung as they walked, and the men looked and laughed...

Flavia was last. She moved smoothly, keeping her bottom high in a provocative posture. The men fell silent. Some could not take their eyes off her bottom, others

were staring at her swinging breasts...

The other girls were taken back to the cave, while Flavia was left in the middle.

"Have you drunk water today?" the leader asked her.

"Yes," she replied.

"In the desert, we drink what we can. If the waterhole is dry, we drink our own urine. If our penis is dry, we drink the camel's urine. It is not nice, but we do not die."

Flavia had learnt something about men's darker fantasies. She knew what was coming next.

"Would you like to drink my water?" she asked, lifting her breasts high and opening her legs wide.

The chieftain said nothing, but he removed his robes and knelt in front of her. He looked up at her. She looked incredibly beautiful in the pink light of the setting sun.

"Give me your mouth," she said, taking his head between her hands...

She closed her eyes again, and not without difficulty managed to let her piss go.

It fell warm and golden, sensual and perfumed, onto his face. He opened his mouth greedily and drank noisily...

GLUG ... GLUG ... SLUUURP ... SLUUUURP

He closed his eyes and moved his face around, like a man refreshing himself at a waterfall, and let it fall onto his naked chest...

It was a gift. Something from the dark, secret places of this beautiful sensual woman...

Silence fell.

Flavia returned to the cave, dragging her chain, and left the men deep in thought...

Chapter Seven Training

The days passed. The girls were sometimes raped, sometimes beaten on the buttocks or the vagina, and sometimes just licked until they had an orgasm.

Flavia and Jasmin soon discovered it was easier to fool them than it had been Glaucus. The desert men often had their eyes closed, licking and sucking and slurping and wiping their faces all over the vagina in a kind of ecstasy, and if they heard the right noises they were happy...

One day, some two weeks after being taken to the camp, Flavia was unchained and taken out of the cave. The chieftain explained things to her:

“Roman, we want you to show us how you fight. Some of the young men here have little experience of arms. The Romans have always been afraid of us and have left us alone. We are men of the desert and we know where we are. They are men of the vineyards. They understand wine. They understand olive trees. They know how to find shellfish in the sea. They know how to grow wheat. They know what a fig tree is. But they do not understand the desert. They only know that you can die in it very easily and they do not come into it.

My young men need practice. They want to see how a Roman fights! You will show them!”

He handed her a net and a sword. “We took these from the slaves’ hut. Show us the tricks!”

Flavia stood in the middle of the circle, completely naked. Her swelling breasts and firm, rounded buttocks were the centre of attention.

A young man stood up. He too had a net and a wooden training sword, but his was curved, a bigger version of the desert dagger that the Romans soldiers feared so much...

The two circled around each other carefully, taking care not to slip on the sand...

Gradually they moved nearer, feigning attacks, studying the opponent carefully.

The young man suddenly got in close. He drew his sword-arm back and aimed

at a point just below Flavia's left breast. Flavia switched hands, threw the net with her right hand and stabbed the boy painfully in the genitals with her left. He rolled over, cursing...

There was laughter from the older men and some comments that Flavia did not understand.

The young man stood up, angry...

This time he waited. When Flavia grew tired of the slow circling, she threw the net and thrust with the sword a second later. This would have confused most gladiators, but the boy did something strange. He dodged the blow, and crouched right down, spinning and turning on the sand, until his head was close to Flavia's vagina.

Then he tripped her up by lifting both of her feet into the air and as soon as she hit the ground she found herself lying, not on the sand as she had expected, but on top of the young man, her bottom close to his head. He had spun round and thrown himself to the ground under her.

He quickly opened her legs and bit her on the vagina, holding her high, so that she could do little for some seconds. He kissed her again and again between the legs, to the accompaniment of shouts of encouragement from the other men...

"Enough," shouted the chieftain, smiling, "this is a time for swords and daggers, not for softer pleasures..."

All the men laughed.

The weeks passed and the tribesmen grew more proficient with the sword, and Flavia learned how to use a curved dagger. She learnt how to go low and come up at the moment when the opponent's sword-arm was weak, just after the lunge. If you were lucky, you could come up behind your opponent. In real combat, this meant you could run your curved dagger across his throat...

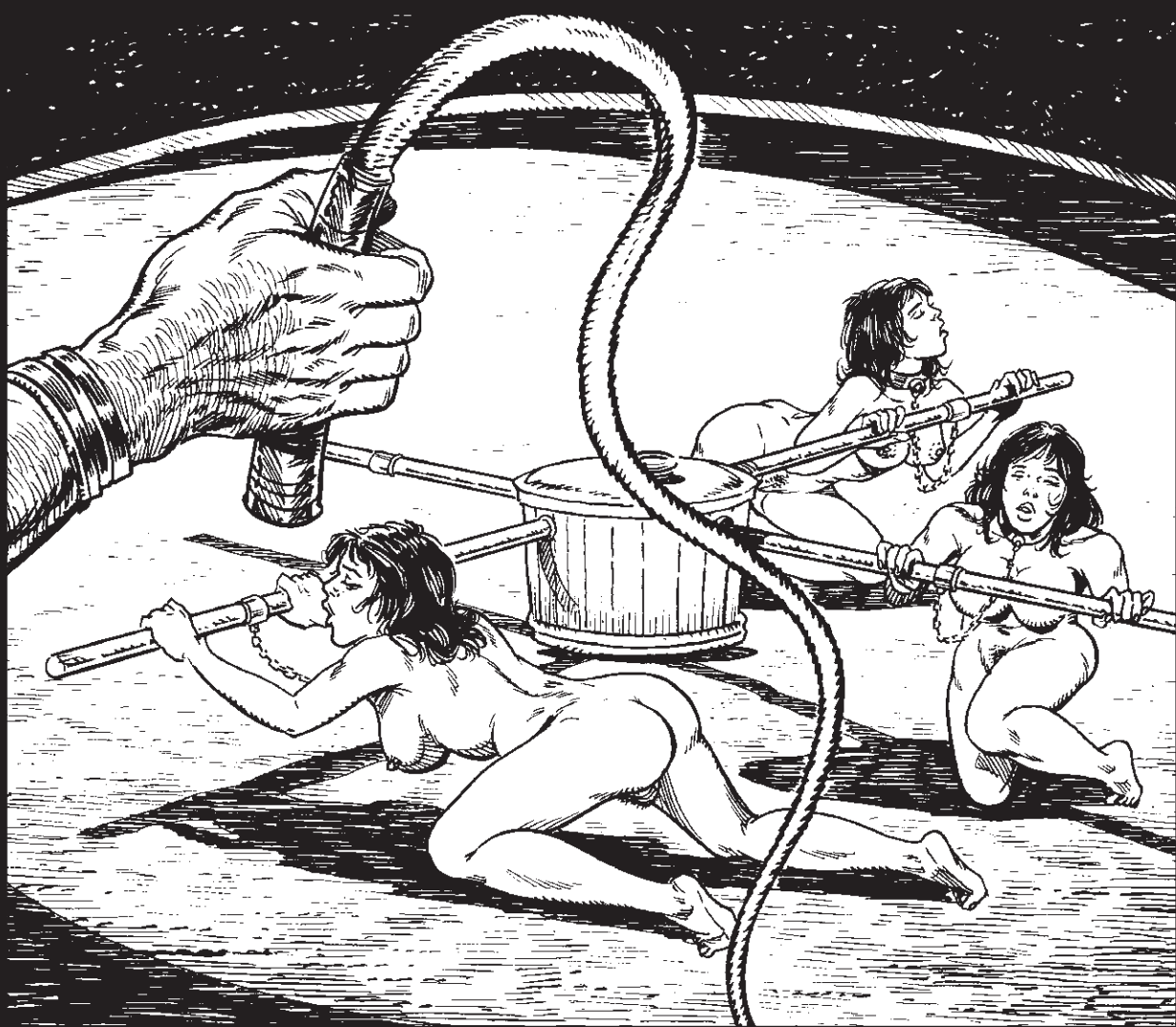
In the training sessions, it meant they could slap Flavia on the breasts, which they often did, or bring their curved wooden swords up between her legs, painfully...

As the days passed, rules appeared, for the amusement of the young men. The man who had hit a breast was allowed to suck the breast. The man who got the curved sword inside the lips of her vagina sucked the vagina. A slap on her bottom meant licking her bottom. As this always involved the use of honey or goats' milk, Flavia was often sticky. The flies were a problem...

But she was learning. She was getting better with the curved sword every day that passed... She was working out her own fighting style, not quite Roman and not quite desert...

There were also days when there was no fighting, darker days when the men changed mood quickly and wanted to beat the girls.

No reason was given. There was no invented "punishment" as with Glaucus.



To make it more difficult for the girls, the poles were very near the ground so that they had to go right down when they pushed

It was brutal cruel, unjustified. It was just the way they were. They flogged or raped the girls because they wanted to, and that was good enough reason...

One of the tribesmen's favourite sessions was in an old olive mill. Remains of a well and dead olive trees and date palms showed that this had once been an oasis, before the water slipped underground, reduced to the small stream at the back of the cave.

The poles that turned the millstones round were still there, and the men had restored the central turning mechanism that held them.

Three or four girls were chained to the poles and obliged to walk around an infinite circle, hour after dark, doing the work that donkeys had once done.

To make it more difficult for the girls, the poles were very near the ground so that they had to go right down when they pushed. They also had to keep their buttocks lifted, presenting them to the watching men.

If they slowed down they received a cruel whiplash on their raised buttocks...

"Faster, move your asses, keep 'em up high, show me your cunts!"

SWIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

SLLLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

The unfortunate girl screamed and rubbed her buttocks. As soon as she could she lifted her bottom high, presenting her vagina once more to the men...

It was all cruel, cold and humourless.

Sometimes the girls were obliged to lie face down, with their buttocks raised over a pole, and their faces resting on the sand. In this uncomfortable position they were whipped and then honey was poured either onto their anus or their vagina, and they were raped.

If one of the girls was taken off alone to be abused, it was usually Flavia. Usually the chieftain chained her to his bed, spread-eagle, but sometimes he preferred to tie her wrists together behind her back and lie on top of her.

He kept the honey in a pot on a table near the bed, and always poured a little onto her vagina before he penetrated her. Usually he licked most of it off. He put his penis in without excessive formalities. His real interest was her breasts...

He put his penis in without excessive formalities. His real interest was her breasts...

Sometimes he put a little goat's milk on her nipples first. He kept it in a jar on a low bedside table, with the honey. Sometimes he used the honey, running it over her nipples. He always stared hard at her breasts and vagina before he penetrated her, but once his penis was up inside he closed his eyes.

He appeared to go into a trance instantly. If there had been an earthquake he



Usually the chieftain chained her to his bed...

would not have known... It seemed to Flavia that he had become a child again, sucking his mother's tongue, holding on to her breasts for comfort and security...

At times she felt almost sorry for him, but she had learnt to recognise this problem. He was a sadistic pig like Glaucus, and she was not going to fall in love with him. She thought of it as the slave's mentality. She had known many cases of this in Rome with her father's domestic slaves and she was not going to fall into the trap of loving her master...

There were other times too when they did not beat her when she was expecting to be beaten, but just tied her down and stared at her with their hard, piercing looks...

One day the chieftain came to the cave.

"Roman!" he said to Flavia. "Stand up and move your big floppy breasts! My men want to look at you!"

Flavia stood up reluctantly and he unfastened the chain round her neck. She followed him down another small tunnel that led off the cave and found herself in a well-decorated underground room. There were rings on the floor and the walls.

She was soon suspended from the ceiling by ropes around her arms. Her feet were tied up near her bottom and her legs were opened as wide as possible by two ropes around her thighs, which pulled horizontally.

It was agony. She did not know what was happening because she had difficulty seeing below her.

The men stood around, some with their arms folded and some with their hands on their members, just looking...

She felt totally defenceless as their eyes penetrated her...

She felt totally defenceless as their eyes penetrated her...

She was waiting for the whiplash to come at any moment, but it never came. It seemed that the men just wanted to look...

Flavia did not understand what was going on.

Later, when her arms seemed about to be pulled off her body, they lowered her to the ground and left her tied up in the same way.

Then they all took out their members and masturbated over her. She looked up and all she could see were beards and moving penises and all she could hear were grunts and groans. For time to time she received instructions about how move...

"Shake your big tits, Roman!"

"Turn round this way! I want to see your cunt!"

"Move those big one, Roman slut!"

One by one the men came, shooting off all over her. Now it was her turn to close her eyes as spurt after spurt of sticky warm semen landed all over her...

"Now turn over, on your face!"

Flavia managed to turn over.

"Show us your ass, slut!"

"Higher!"

"Get that ass right up in the air, Roman!"

"Show us your cunt too! Higher!"

Flavia pressed her face down onto the floor and made an effort to push her bottom as high as possible...

The grunts and groans increased and finally, one by one, five or six men shot their load all over her back.

She felt it fall stickily onto her hair, all over her back and above all on her firm, raised buttocks...

When they had all finished they untied her.

"Wait here! Don't move!" said one of them.

Flavia got to her feet. When she was alone, she burst into tears. Why did she have to wait?

In a few minutes, the chieftain appeared, leading the two blonde captives by chains attached to the collar round their necks.

"Our lovely Roman patrician is wet!" he said to the two blondes. "Use your tongues! Clean her!"

The blondes licked her clean, her breasts, her stomach, her pubic hair... There was semen everywhere. On her back, on her buttocks, all down her legs...

"Now that she is clean," he said, "you may use her for your own pleasure. Flavia will lie down to receive your soft, feminine caresses. One of you will lick her cunt and the other will sit on her mouth. It is fair. If she receives pleasure from your tongue, she must return it with her own tongue..."

The girls looked at each other. No one moved...

"Or if you prefer, I can tell my men to tie you up as a group and whip you. It would be amusing. Three beautiful women tied back-to-back, naked... Six breasts, hanging free, waiting to be whipped. Six big, beautiful, milky breasts waiting for a single whiplash to curl around them all..."

He smiled.

The girls sighed with resignation. A whiplash on a naked breast was agony...

Flavia lay down and opened her legs. The chieftain trickled honey onto her vagina.

One of the girls went down on her knees between Flavia's legs and began licking...

“Come here! Stand with your legs wide apart! Show me your blonde cunt!”

He smeared honey inside her lips with the back of a spoon.

She then stepped over Flavia’s head, and stood there for a moment, one foot on each side. Then she bent her knees and lowered herself slowly, gently, onto Flavia’s mouth. The chieftain knelt down and lowered his head and looked closely as lips met lips...

He closed his eyes and listened, already in a trance.

Was this the desert way, Flavia asked herself? Were sounds and smells so important here? And tastes?

She had once asked him why he put honey on their vaginas. He looked up, surprised.

“We eat honey from honey-pots and we drink goat’s milk from udders!”

She could not get a better explanation. He seemed to mean, we do it because we are men and that is what men do.

“Lift your ass!” he shouted, bringing Flavia back to present. She listened. He was talking to the blonde between her legs.

She heard a quick gasp and a cry of pain. She supposed, correctly, that he had penetrated the girl in the anus. The honey would help her a bit, Flavia thought...

“Eat! Eat and drink!” he said. “I want to hear you eat and drink!”

The girls licked faster and harder.

“Suck! Make your noises!”

SUCK... SLUUURP!... SUCK... OOOH!... AGH!

The underground room rang with the sound of mouths and vaginas, quick gasps, and brutal, primitive grunts from the man who was grasping the girl’s buttocks more and more firmly now.

No one had given the order, but it was understood that they had to have an orgasm. Flavia and the blonde sitting on her face were caressing each other’s breasts, as if to help each other. Unnecessarily, perhaps, as the man had his eyes closed except to look momentarily at the blonde’s muscular bottom.

Flavia began her routine groaning...

The blonde too grunted and jerked about...

They had learnt that it was easy to deceive the desert men, but gradually both women responded to the other’s touch, and the feigned pleasure gave way to a different, more urgent need...

Flavia tried to resist the waves of orgasm that were beginning to close her eyes and bend her mind, but she could not...

The other girl’s strong, probing tongue was pressing hard onto her clitoris, driving her towards the inevitable explosion.

Flavia dug her nails into the other girl's breasts and fought in vain...

"AGH! OOH! NOOOOOO! PLEASE! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Her breasts flew wildly around as her whole body contracted...

She was nearly choking now as the girl on top of her face pushed hard onto her mouth, looking for the same pleasure, asking for it...

Finally she too threw her head back, pushed her breasts forwards and...

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The chieftain was still in his own world, banging away into the blonde's bottom, when suddenly he gave an unexpected groan and slumped forwards onto her...

He soon recovered but did not look very pleased. Flavia had seen on many occasions that some orgasms come before they are really wanted.

The chieftain stomped out and called all the young men to come to the room. He told them to bring bamboo canes.

He ordered the three women to stand against the wall. Two of them were still tired from their orgasms, one of them was holding her bottom. He untied Flavia and ordered her and the two blondes to put their hands behind their necks.

"The young men are getting soft. They only know how to suck breasts and cunts! They do not know how to beat breasts!"

The girls watched in horror as a dozen young men lined up in front of them, each carrying a cane.

"Stick your tits out! Push them up! Your breasts must learn to love the cane!"

The girls obeyed...

The chieftain took a cane from one of the young men and held it high...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIISSHHHHH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He brought it down heavily onto the breasts of one of the blonde captives. She screamed and dropped her hands. She rubbed her breasts again and again. The man did not seem to mind the fact that she had lowered her hands. The rules were simpler here, but at the same time more disconcerting. At times there did not seem to be any rules...

"Turn round, patrician, and lift your bottom high!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSHH

THUUUUD!

"AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Flavia's bottom jolted and wobbled under the cane, and showed a deep red line

where it had bitten into her flesh...

SWWWIIIIIIISHH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP

“AAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Now bend back like crabs till your hands touch the ground behind your heads!”

The girls obeyed. They looked like three strange animals, three vaginas sticking provocatively out, presenting themselves to the young men...

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THUUUD!

“AAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The men moved in a strange procession past the three girls, caning them cruelly on their unprotected, exposed vaginas...

With each stinging blow, the girls screamed.

If they fell to the ground, writhing and twisting in agony, the men simply waited for them to stop and pulled them up again in the same position.

“Now on all fours like a goat!”

The girls turned over, presenting their bottoms.

On instructions from their leader, the young men formed a circle, squatting down in the sand. They all took their erect members out of their robes.

The men sat facing outwards and the girls were obliged to walk round and round the outside of the circle.

“Shake your udders! Swing them like a cow!” shouted the chieftain. “Asses up!”

and walked past the girls, bringing their canes down again and again onto their bottoms...

It was like a kind of game, except that no one was laughing. When he called “Suck!” the girls had to take the penis of the nearest man in her mouth and suck it.

When he called “Cane!” the nearest young man hit the girl on the raised buttocks...

The leader then produced a cat-o'-nine-tails.

“This is how the Romans take their pleasure. They have whips too, like us,” he explained, but they use other things too.” Flavia saw with slight relief that it was not the cat that had small pieces of lead tied to the end. It had the standard knot on the end of each strap.

The girls then had to sit up, kneeling, with their hands behind their backs and with their breasts presented high and firm to the cruel cat. The nearest man was allowed to stand up and flog the terrified girls twice, once on each breast...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Each blow was so painful that the girls usually fell forward and had to be pulled upright again...

“It is hard,” the chief said to the girls, “but it is necessary.”

They looked up surprised and dazed... The leader did not normally speak, except to tell them which part of their body to offer him.

“The slave shows her love for her master by offering her breasts to be beaten at her master’s will. You have learnt a lot since you were with Glaucus of Patmos. You belong to us now and you know this!”

He looked at them fiercely. They nodded quickly.

“My men have learnt a lot too. A man must take all kinds of pleasure in a woman. Her breasts are his milk. Some of these pleasures are soft. They close a man’s eyes and fill his mind with soft feeling and delicate perfumes. A woman’s honey-pot is a man’s sustenance. Its honey gives him life. It a flower too, a delicate, pink open flower where a man may drink and lose himself inside her petals.

All these things are good. But my men have to learn the harder pleasure too. The pleasure of raising a cane, the fear in the girl’s eyes, the sound of the cane on her offered breasts, the marks on her bottom, they are his stamp, his mark... They say, these breasts are mine and I will shake them and beat them because that is my pleasure.

He opened a box and took out some jewellery – rings for the ears, bracelets for the arm...

“You will wear this tomorrow,” he said, “and you will wear the torn clothes you came in! There is pleasure to the eye in both. It is not good for you to be naked all the time. My men must learn the pleasure in robes, the pleasure of looking and imagining... They must learn patience and the pleasure of anticipation...”

The girls put the ragged clothes on, glad of the opportunity to protect their breasts and vaginas, not least from the penetrating looks that the man seemed to enjoy.

They were taken back to the cave, and allowed to drink and wash in the stream. They lay exhausted on the floor and went into a deep sleep that was soon to be disturbed...

Chapter Eight Attack!

It happened quickly.

The nomads had always been a minor irritation to Rome, but no more.

Until the day the tribesmen attacked the village and killed Glaucus of Patmos and took the women as slaves...

News soon reached Rome. Glaucus was an ally. He was also the best gladiator trainer in the empire.

And Marcus Toninus, the Centurion of the Praetorian Guard, was a friend of his.

Their friendship had a firm basis – from time to time Toninus received little financial gifts which guaranteed Glaucus extra protection. There were not a lot of soldiers in the desert at that time because of the Northern wars, but the few that were there were usually near Glaucus's village.

Rome had sent a hundred men into the desert, making a hundred and thirty in all.

At first they had combed the desert in vain. Then came a piece of luck: an informer told them where to look.

There was another piece of luck too. The day a scout spotted smoke, all the tribesmen were watching Flavia and the two blondes, eagle-eyed. There were no sentries.

The attack came just before dawn. The Romans wore thick leather armour instead of the usual iron, to make less noise. Even so, a sentry heard them and sounded the alarm, beating an old Roman shield with a hammer, but it was too late.

The soldiers ran in from all directions. Most of the men died inside the tents, pierced by Roman spears...

The chieftain himself was struck ignominiously on the head by a spiked ball on a chain as he came out of his tent brandishing his curved dagger...

The Romans found the girls easily enough. Flavia and Jasmin were shouting and screaming in Latin.

Flavia was beside herself with joy when she saw them! Romans! They were free!

The Roman soldiers looked at them quickly and left them chained to the wall. They explored the side passage, found the underground room, and left to make sure there were no other tribesmen left...

The girls waited impatiently.

Half an hour later, Marcus Toninus arrived.

He saw Flavia and smiled. He remembered how she had once tried to seduce him as a way of escaping from Glaucus... She had been wasting her time. He recognised that she was beautiful, and that her buttocks were lovely, but he preferred men...

He gave the order to release the girls, and to replace their iron collars with ropes.

"Take them outside! The Empire needs whores for its soldiers! Let's have a good look at them!"

Flavia's heart sank.

"Marcus Toninus! You can't do this! I'm a Roman citizen, and a patrician!"

Toninus smiled. "I have special plans for you, Flavia. You want to see your beloved Rome, right?"

"Yes," she said, "more than anything in this world!"

"Well your wish will be granted. Your fame has reached Rome. The Senator spoke very highly of your performance in the village square, and so did his son, who took a more active part! You will be taken to Rome and auctioned. Your price will be high! You are a trained gladiator and a trained sexual slave!"

Flavia was pulled outside and handed over to a man on horseback.

She looked beautiful, with her arm bracelets and the tattered tunic which covered one of her magnificent breasts and slipped provocatively off the other...

Her tattered tunic covered one of her magnificent breasts and slipped provocatively off the other...

Flavia's heart sank. She had hoped to be free, to be rid of this meaningless sexual abuse, this humiliating nakedness, this endless presentation of breasts and vaginas...

But at least she was going to Rome!

The journey to Rome took several weeks, and was hard.

They rode on camel at first, in the desert, but at times they were chained to the camel's saddles and obliged to walk along behind them, encouraged by the whip. The same old story, thought Flavia, Roman whips again...

At times they were raped by some of the soldiers, designated by Marcus Toninus, as a prize for bravery or for services rendered...

When they left the desert the camels were exchanged for horses, and the heat became more bearable, but little else improved.

Chapter Nine

Auctioned in Rome

The slaves arrived in Rome exhausted and were whipped through the streets...

Flavia collapsed at one point. The tatters of her dress fell off, leaving her lovely breasts exposed to the cruel whip.

The tatters of her dress fell off, leaving her lovely breasts exposed to the cruel whip.

A crowd soon gathered.

In the crowd, staring coldly at her breasts like a man obsessed, stood Augustus Aurelius, the Senator's son, the man who had licked and sucked her to an orgasm in front of the whole village.

He stared and stared.

He had not been able to forget Flavia.

When he thought of her superb uplifted breasts, generous and swelling, they always seemed to have on a life of their own, something mysterious and feminine...

Her vagina too had clouded his mind, although he did not know why...

He needed her.

He followed the procession to the slave market, walking behind the slaves now. His eyes were fixed on Flavia's buttocks and the little jerk they gave each time she took a step...

He had not found much pleasure in female company since his visit to Glaucus in the desert. This woman occupied all his thoughts, provoked all his erections...

The girls were allowed a day to rest and were then prepared for the pre-auction visitors.

Prospective buyers were allowed to examine the girls closely and sometimes, if they gave the guards a big enough tip, they were allowed to spend time with them in a private room with straw on the floor...

Marcus Aurelius had no need of a private room. He had seen and smelt and



touched and licked Flavia to orgasm and he could not forget the experience.

His father, the Senator, had not had this pleasure, however, and as he would be actually bidding for her at the auction, he insisted on inspecting her personally...

Father and son visited the slaves' quarters the next day. The girls were arranged in groups of three. Flavia was with Jasmin and an African slave they did not know.

Marcus Aurelius walked into the room. He saw Flavia sitting, depressed, on the ground. Her breasts seemed to him larger and more beautiful than ever at that moment.

He crouched down in front of her and began manipulating them, stroking her breasts and pulling lightly at her nipples.

He wet his fingers and stroked the nipples until they were erect and suckable...

"It's nice to see you again, Flavia. I have a feeling you and I will be seeing each other quite often...!"

Flavia said nothing.

He stood up. "While I'm here I might as well make the most of it!" he said, walking over to the African slave.

"Let's see what have under your dress!" he said, pulling her tunic down slowly, very slowly, until it finally slipped off her nipples.

He moulded and manipulated the girl's breasts as if he was examining some farm animal. His mind was on Flavia.

Then he walked over to Jasmin, who was standing sobbing, and pulled her dress down until it was only just supported by her nipples...

"You haven't shown me your cunt yet, have you?"

Jasmin said nothing...

He kissed her.

"You are Glaucus's Hispanic slave, I understand."

Jasmin nodded.

"Welcome to Rome. It is an honour for us Romans to beat the tits and cunts of other tribes without having to travel. Life is getting much easier! When our balls ache and our pricks throb, we get relief much quicker now. I had to travel into the filthy desert of the Guyoni to get Flavia's strong thighs wrapped around my face!"

His father came in, smiling. His eyes fell on Flavia.

"Ah, the lovely Flavia! You have only just arrived and you are already famous, my dear. My son has talked of nothing else. You will be a very successful gladiator. I would like to bid for you, but I want to see what I'm getting first!"

He called the guard and had her taken to a private room.



"You haven't shown me your cunt yet, have you?"

Once there, he made her get up on a table. His son held her head down, pressing her cheek onto the table, while the Senator and a friend examined her...

"Just look at that! Nice, he? Get your finger right up in that cunt! Play around a bit, get that ass wriggling!"

Flavia gave an involuntary gasp as the man worked away with his finger deep inside her vagina, scratching it faster and faster, looking for the sensitive places...

Sure enough, her buttocks begin to make involuntary twitches....

"She's a hot slut, this one!" the man said. "She's wet already!"

The Senator pushed the man to one side and began probing himself. Yes, she was getting drippy...

As he watched her strong buttocks go tense and push onto the finger, his erection became unbearable.

He took out his member and penetrated her in the vagina.

It was soon over.

Marcus Aurelius did not look too happy, but his father was putting up the money as well as his dick, so he decided not to protest...

The Senator had a quick orgasm, and sank forwards onto Flavia, steadying himself by holding her back...

"She's beautiful, son," he said. "She's yours. Don't worry about the money!"

Auction day came. The three girls were stood on a raised platform near the Coliseum, chained together by the wrists and collars.

There were women as well as men in the crowd.

"Come on, ladies and gentlemen, take a good look for yourselves!" said the auctioneer, brandishing his whip. "You won't see cunt as classy as this ever again! It's the chance of a lifetime! They're good and strong and they'll last you for years if you're not too heavy with the whip! And this one's the famous Flavia, Flavia of the Open Cunt, the Desert Gladiatrix! She's worth a fortune to her master, this one!"

Augustus Aurelius went up onto the podium and stuck his thumb in Flavia's mouth.

"Suck my thumb, you big slut! I know how you fuck faces. I want to know how you suck pricks!"

"I know how you fuck faces. I want to know how you suck pricks!"

Flavia closed her eyes and sucked on his thumb.

After a minute he took his thumb out and put it in his own mouth...

He left the podium, lost in thought, impatient to own this beautiful woman, to



"She's a hot slut, this one!" the man said. "She's wet already!"

have her only for himself...

He would brand her as soon as they got home, he decided.

Another man came up onto the podium. She looked in horror! It was her own brother, Claudius! Brother! Legal guardian! The words were a joke for someone who had sold her into captivity in the desert in exchange for some of Glaucus's gladiators, male and female.

Flavia looked around, confused.

Yes, there she was!

Aphrodite his wife, no doubt the evil plotting brain behind her brother...

Flavia looked hatred at the woman. She stared back, looking strangely worried, Flavia thought.

"If you buy me back, do not trust me," Flavia said to herself, glaring at her sister-in-law.

"Hello, dear sister," said Claudius, smiling, "welcome back home! I suppose you would like us to buy you back! We have one of the best teams of female gladiators in Rome, you know. You would be the icing on the cake!"

Flavia stared coldly at him...

"You are not worthy to be your father's son. Expect no mercy from me. Sleep with an armed guard at night. If I escape, I will avenge our father's dishonoured name!"

Claudius smiled weakly and turned to examine Jasmin.

The bidding was brisk, but most of the bidders dropped out very early on. Only her brother stayed in when the price got really high.

The Senator looked very angry. He called a guard.

"Go and tell Claudius he cannot have all the gladiators in Rome. If he pushes the price any higher he won't need any gladiators. I'll see to it that his license is cancelled."

Claudius heard the news and his head dropped.

The Senator was alone in the bidding...

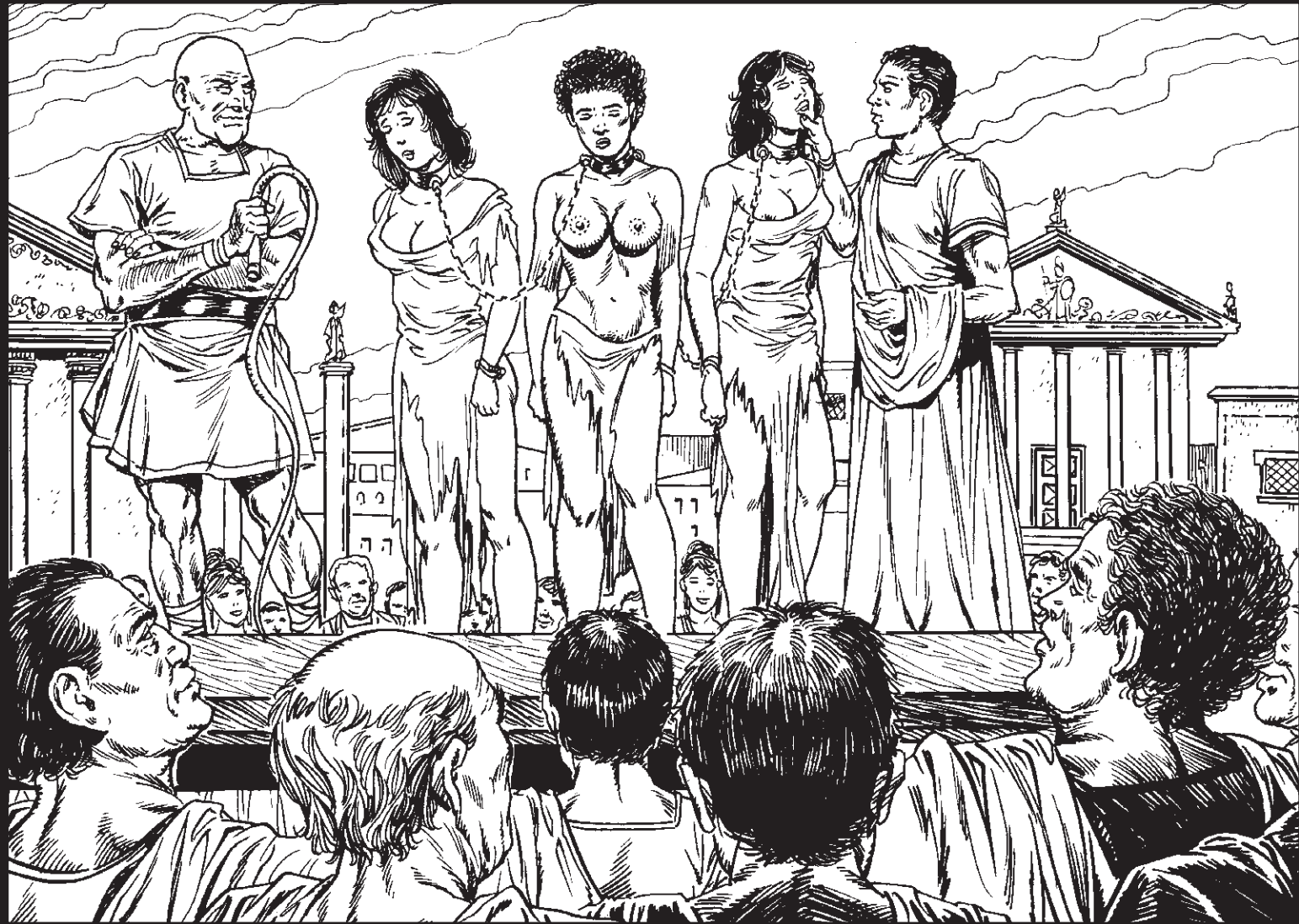
And suddenly Flavia was his! A present for his son, and one that he could use himself, no doubt!

They took Flavia home.

The first thing Augustus did was to take her to the cellar.

The brazier was already prepared; the branding irons were red hot.

He tied her wrists behind her head and behind a post, he put a rope around her waist to keep her still, and he tied her legs to a horizontal wooden bar at the base of





You're mine now, Flavia! You belong to Augustus Aurelius.

She shook her head. How could she sleep in that position?

He looked at her impatiently. He had been waiting a long time for this moment, since the day he first noticed her in Rome, at banquets, when her father was still alive. He had travelled into the filthy desert to buy slaves, but also to see her...

And he had been lucky when the fat slob Glaucus made her masturbate in the village square. Without using her hands, too!

He was never sure why she had come to him. Because he was handsome? Because he was clean? Because she fancied him? Because she thought he might help her escape?

She looked unbelievably desirable. She was wearing only the iron collar and bracelets that were used to tie her...

Her breasts were full and heavy, but she made them look light and floating.

Her cunt was closed, secret, desirable...

"Stand with your feet apart! Remember you are not Flavia any more. You are the personal slave of Augustus Aurelius! And a slave always shows her cunt to her new master!"

He ran his cupped hand over her vagina a few times, pressing in a slow, circular movement.

"Now show me your cunt properly! Pull the lips back!"

She separated her lips with two fingers of one hand.

"Two hands!" he ordered. "You can use your hands here. We're not in the village square now!"

She pulled the lips of her vagina right back...

He looked inside and breathed deeply...

"Come here and put your knees on this piece of wood. It's just the right height. And suck me!"

She knelt in front of him and put her lips around the tip of his penis, taking it in both hands.

He grabbed her by the hair.

"Suck harder! Get it in more! And don't pump me too much with your hands, I want to enjoy this one! It's my first, but it won't be my last! You're going to suck me day and night, you filthy slut!"

He tried to resist it, to have a good long first suck, but his eyes soon closed. When he opened them he could not take them off her magnificent breasts, and in no time at all he started grunting and jerking and...

"UUGH! OH! AAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Flavia swallowed his abundant semen and licked his penis clean carefully...

He sat back for a time, recovering, but he was not happy. The climax had caught



You're going to suck me day and night, you filthy slut!"

him by surprise.

“I told you not to pump me so hard, you stupid cunt!” he said, sinking back again onto the sofa, breathing hard. Flavia said nothing. After a time he spoke again.

Tell me something, Flavia. Why did you choose me in the village square, to lick you?”

Flavia looked at him surprised. Was this vanity?

“Because,” she said, “I was in the middle of a crowd of filthy sadistic bastards and I thought at least one of them might have remembered how he took an interest in me in happier days in Rome!”

She had seen now that he was no better than all the other sadistic bastards, but was the point of spelling it out for him? She had a better chance of escaping if she kept him on a hook of some kind. She did not want to be treated like a normal slave. Her best hope lay in keeping her status high...

But she had lost all interest in him as a man...

“It’s not important. You’re a slave now, like all the others who bear my brand on their thighs. The only different is that you’re a gladiator. But a gladiator is a slave too. Remember that. You must obey all my orders, immediately!”

Flavia looked at him, puzzled.

“I will punish you in many different ways, slave. There is no hurry. But I want to do something different with you. I liked the way you masturbated. I think there are many other things that you can do to yourself. Now is a good time to begin. You disobeyed orders. You pumped me too hard. Now stand up and punish yourself!”

Flavia waited as the stood up and handed her a cat-o-nine-tails.

“This is the one I used on you in the square. Use it on yourself! Punish your breasts!”

Flavia held it awkwardly, and he corrected her. “No, no, straight arm. Pull your arm right back and then bend at the elbow! As hard as you can!”

She pulled her arm back and brought the cat horizontally onto her breasts...

SWIIIIISH

THWAAAAACK!

“OOOH!”

It was painful, but it could have been worse.

“Now stand with your legs well apart, that’s right, and punish your lovely slave’s cunt!”

Flavia whipped herself between the legs...

SWIIIIISH!

THWAAAAACK!

“AAAAGH!”

“You’ll need to practise! Now put your hands behind your head and stick your big tits out!”

He took the cat and hit her as hard as she could. She staggered and screamed, but kept her hands behind her head...

“You are well trained!” he said. “Now touch your toes, legs straight. Get your ass up higher! Show me your lips!”

He picked up a short whip and brought it down extremely hard on her big round cheeks, causing them to quiver...

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK

“AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“I have been talking to Marcus Toninus, the man who rescued you from the hands and penises of the primitive desert tribesmen. He tells me these savages have a curious way of punishing women directly on the cunt. He tells me they make them go backwards like a crab, with their cunts up in the air. I would like to see this, slave! It seems easier than tying you to a wheel!”

Flavia sighed and knelt on the floor. She put her arms back like a contortionist in a market-place spectacle, and went back like a crab.

Aurelius stood up, holding a bamboo cane. He watched in fascination as this strange animal, looking like the one-eyed Cyclops with a hairy eye or mouth, looked or gaped up at him. For a moment he did nothing. It seemed to him as if this strange beast would speak to him...

“Come over here!” he ordered.

The animal, a walking vagina with two big breasts on its back, shuffled across the room.

He moved around it so that his feet were on either side of the head and...

SWIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The pain was so terrible that Flavia could not hold the position. Her legs shook and her already sore bottom hit the ground.

“You have moved! I gave no such order! Go up again and I will birch you as I did when you were on the wheel showing your cunt to the common people!”

He picked up a tight bundle of newly-cut birch twigs and beat her again and again, moving from her vagina to her breasts. Welts appeared around her vagina and the birch raised welts on her lovely, tortured breasts and broke the skin in

places.

Flavia screamed and screamed, but did not collapse.

Aurelius took out his penis and urinated on her face, on her stinging breasts, and finally directly into her open, gaping vagina.

He ordered her to suck his penis clean and left, giving precise instruction how she should be tied up for the night.

After supper, he went down and fed her with his own hands.

She was against the wall, tied up with her wrists tied to her elbows in the small of her back, like a woman with her arms folded arms behind her back.

Her breasts were pushed high and provocatively forwards in this position....

Her feet were tied to rings in the floor over a yard apart, so that her vagina was clearly presented...

He produced a huge wooden phallus and put it inside her vagina, rubbing it up and down, stimulating her clitoris with his fingers at the same time, stimulating her breasts by pouring cold water on the nipples, until he brought her, despite herself, close to an orgasm...

He looked at her in deep satisfaction, at her large heaving breasts. He slapped them about, watching them knock into each other and shake and quiver.

"This is a privileged view I'm getting! Soon you'll be famous and thousands of people will watch these lovely breasts!

He was working away at her clitoris as he spoke.

Flavia was in trouble now.

Her vagina was beginning to move on its own, pushing up at his intrusive exploring fingers. She was gasping for air, struggling against the enforced position and the coming, inevitable, irresistible enforced orgasm...

She was jerking faster and faster, her vagina like some strange mouth emerging wet from the sea, gasping for air...

"Your are very damp, Flavia... Your woman's juices are running down your crack."

He put his finger around her anus and found it wet...

He pushed it in. She screamed.

He rubbed and rubbed at her clitoris, pushing it up and down, rolling it between his finger and thumb, rubbing two fingers up and down it, pressing it with both fingers, quicker and quicker...

Flavia was groaning now and her pelvis was out of control...

Until...

"UGH! ... OH! ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

She roared out. Her face contorted, her eyes closed, and her whole body gave a tremendous jerk...

Her muscles suddenly relaxed and she collapsed half-conscious onto the floor.

Aurelius waited. "You should be grateful to me, slave! It is the second orgasm I have given you!"

She did not reply. He waited for her to recover and pulled her to her feet.

"Now we must talk business. You have your first fight in a month's time. You need to get fitter and stronger. My father has invested a lot of money in you and we don't want to send you into the arena with thin arms, do we? I am going to untie your arms.

You do not need to be trained, but you do need to eat and drink more and to practise all you have learned... You will not be tied too severely at the moment. You will empty my balls whenever I feel the need and your breasts will be punished whenever I feel like it, but that is not important. The important thing is that you will begin your preparation for your debut in the Coliseum!"

Flavia's eyes opened wide. "The Coliseum?" "Yes, you are starting at the top. The common people need to see your breasts... They are bored with male gladiators and they are anxious to forget the war in the North. Barbarian hordes are getting nearer and nearer. There are many rumours. The people need some entertainment. All Rome is waiting to see your cunt and your big, suckable tits, Flavia!"

He held her hands behind back with one hand, stroked a nipple with the other, and sucked hard on her other nipple, biting it, chewing it...

He pushed her to her knees, made her lift her bottom high, and penetrated her sharply, urgently, in the anus.

Flavia gasped and grunted with the pain.

But she was thinking too...

Chapter Ten

Flavia's Debut

The Coliseum was packed.

There was a fanfare of trumpets as the two women entered from opposite sides of the stadium.

They were both clothed in the same way, in a light tunic that covered all the body from the neck to the ankles.

It was specially designed to fit tight against the body above the waist.

Two large holes had been cut for the breasts.

Flavia's opponent, an African girl, looked strong and athletic. Her breasts showed dark and firm against the white tunic...

But all eyes were on Flavia, whose breasts, always superb, looked about to burst through the holes in the dress.

The two girls walked solemnly towards the centre, step by step. The African girl's breasts gave a muscular ripple with each step. Flavia's breasts heaved, came down slowly and wobbled...

There was not a limp member or a dry lip in all the Coliseum...

It was a difficult moment for Flavia. She was Roman. She knew many of the people in the crowd, she was sure...

She supposed that her brother and his stupid plotting sister would be there. She recognized the African girl. She was part of the team Glaucus had given her brother in exchange for herself! How could a brother do that?

When the girls reached the centre of the arena they saluted Senator Marcus Aurelius.

The Senator gave the signal for the girls to take their tunics off.

The African girl slipped out of hers. Flavia had to pull to get her breast back through the holes. The girls stood naked, arms by their sides, facing the Senator.

There was a strange silence. A wave of something erotic, something deep and

sensual and mysterious swept through the stands and silenced vulgar tongues. It was a respectful silence.

Servants came in carrying the weapons. Each girl had a net and a sword. They had been allowed to choose one piece of metal protection. The African girl had chosen an arm-piece that fitted over her biceps. Flavia had chosen a shin protector. There had been no other options. The girls' vaginas and breasts were exposed.

A murmur of excitement travelled round the stadium as the two girls checked their nets, folding them carefully and getting the feel of them... Neither of them liked the nets. They were especially small, so that they would not cover the girls' bodies when they were fighting, and they had no weights on them, which made it difficult to throw them...

There was a murmur of speculation about why Flavia, a Roman, was holding a curved sword.

Trumpets sounded and the Senator gave a signal. The two girls faced each other like two erect cobras, swinging hypnotically to get the feel of their legs and to check the other's reactions to subtle changes in direction...

Each swing set the girls' breasts in movement...

Each sidestep sent a ripple up their strong thighs and gave the crowd a view of their open vaginas...

For some time the girls circled round each other.

To the spectators it was a perfect show: if the girls were in profile, so were their breasts and buttocks...

The African girl's buttocks had many admirers, among them Marcus Toninus of the Praetorian Guard, better known for his interest in his own soldiers...

Men's hands were soon to be seen moving slowly to their crutches, and erections were massaged discreetly through the tunic. In some cases couples had gone to see the show wearing tunics with slits in the side, held together loosely by a broach, but still allowing a hand to slip through and massage the partner's genitalia. Here and there in the crowd men and women were gasping suddenly, throwing their heads back or turning them to one side, mouths half-open as they breathed deeply while their partner stroked them softly under the tunic...

Some women were observed to have one hand on their laps, holding a purse or some food, which they were soon pressing onto the tunic...

Flavia tested her opponent:

"Which breast shall I cut off?" she asked, provoking her.

The girl's eyes flashed for a second, but she controlled herself immediately.

Flavia was disappointed. This girl was well-trained. Trajanus had done the same with her to provoke her, talking to her, making sucking noises as if he was down on her vagina, saying anything to distract her or make her angry so that he

could punish her...

Suddenly, the girl lunged at Flavia, a treacherous blow that came diagonally up, not down, and could easily have pierced Flavia's stomach or perhaps her vagina and would certainly have gone into one of her breasts...

Flavia parried with her sword and turned sideways at the same time, to reduce the risk of a hit...

There was a roar from the crowd.

Flavia came out of her turn low, crouching down, and was on her feet behind her opponent while the girl was still turning away from her, off-balance.

Flavia flicked the net between the girls' open legs and caught it when it came through the other side.

The girl was still trying to get her balance when Flavia pulled the net tight with both hands and pulled upwards with all her strength.

The net went deep in the girl's crack. The girl gave a loud grunt of pain as it went tight over her vagina and she was lifted off the ground and thrown lengthwise onto the sand.

The crowd roared its approval again.

Flavia transferred the net to her sword-hand and smacked the girl's bottom with the open palm of her hand.

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

The sound rang around the stadium.

The girl stood up rubbing her bottom and looking very angry.

"I have a present for your cunt, Roman slut!" she said.

Flavia stood provocatively, half-squatting with her knees wide apart. She leaned back like a dancer going under a stick, showing the girl her open vagina. She pulled her straight arms behind her, pushing out her breasts, and smiled at the girl, wiggling slightly left and right...

In the same movement she swapped hands with the sword and net. Before the African girl knew what was happening, Flavia had slipped below a sword-thrust, which she had parried upwards with her own sword, and she was now between the girl's strong dark legs, lifting her into the air again on the tensed net. The girl screamed and fell forwards. Flavia pulled the net tight in between her lips and pulled it back and forth like a saw, burning the girl's vagina...

The crowd roared its approval.

The girl stood up, rubbing the thick, curly hair on her naked pubis.

She moved slowly towards Flavia, testing the treacherous sand with her toes, shifting her weight subtly from one foot to the other. Suddenly she went into a prepared, well-practised routine, cutting the air at lightning speed in different

directions all around Flavia.

Flavia was caught by surprise.

SWIIIIIIIIISH

“AAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHH!”

The sword cut across Flavia’s right thigh, twice, below the shameful brand burnt into her thighs by Augustus Aurelius, a double A...

She sidestepped and opened a long cut in the African girl’s leg at the back, just below the buttock and she cut her again across the left thigh and another on her right breast, from which blood dripped freely...

But things were not going well. Both girls were getting tired, too quickly. Both girls stood back...

She had to do something. She had to get the initiative. It had always been like that with her and she had always managed to do it, even in the most difficult circumstances when she had been obliged to perform the most private, intimate acts in public.

The girls got their breath back and began circling each other again...

Flavia moved back. Unexpectedly, she took two fast steps forward not towards the girl, but to one side of her. She threw herself sideways so that she was horizontal and she did a powerful scissors-kick, bringing one of her metal shin protectors into the girl’s left breast, which was already dripping blood...

The girl was knocked back but was not otherwise harmed. She picked herself up and swayed from foot to foot as before...

Flavia was unsure what to do. It was a time for risks, but which one? How?

The crowd watched in awe as the African girl fell onto one knee, parrying the blows with style and elegance. Both girls were now completely unaware that they were showing their naked vaginas to hundreds of men...

Both girls were now completely unaware that they were showing their naked vaginas to hundreds of men...

Flavia realised she had fallen into a trap. She was fighting like a Roman!

She let the African girl stand up. This time, when the circling began once again, she waited with the patience of the desert... The girl lifted her sword high and Flavia moved in low, slipping past her and coming up almost behind her. She changed hands and brought her left hand up between the girl’s legs, cutting into her vagina.

The girl screamed. It was not a deep cut, but it hurt and it restricted her movements in unexpected ways. Soon Flavia was behind her again, flicking her feet from under her so that she fell onto her back.

Flavia slapped her hard between the legs, this time with the back of the sword.



Flavia realised she had fallen into a trap. She was fighting like a Roman!

The girl screamed and Flavia seized the sword and threw it some yards away. The girl tried to go into a roll towards the sword, but Flavia pulled her curved sword over her buttocks.

She sat on the girl, facing her bleeding bottom, and beat it again and again with the back of her sword, as the crowd roared its approval.

The African girl had trouble moving now, perhaps from the cut in the back of her legs or in her buttocks. Flavia flipped her over and held her curved sword to the girl's jugular. Without taking it away, she sat down on her face, holding her nose and cutting off her air.

From time to time she stood up and beat the girl repeatedly on the breasts or vagina with the back of her sword. She was beside herself, in a frenzy, and the crowd roared her on...

Finally, as the girl lay twitching, the Senator gave a signal. The fight was over. Gladiators were valuable, especially if they were women, and both of these belonged to his son...

The Senator wanted them to fight - and fuck - another day...

Chapter Eleven

The End

Flavia rested for several days, recovering from her wounds.

She was free to move around in the house, a reward for her victory, although there were extra guards at the exits. She noticed a new look in their eyes. They were not exactly afraid of her, but they knew she could use a sword. And they knew she was famous. She was a well-respected slave, and she resolved to remember that she was a slave. Her body was still not her own and she could still be raped or tortured at her master's discretion...

She was attended by two women of Augustus Aurelius's household. Augustus was, fortunately, busy helping his father in the Senate and seldom bothered her during the day, although he raped her most evenings and sometimes made her spend the whole night tied to a bed next to his.

She listened to the guards talking. She listened too when the women had visitors, some of them soldiers.

She knew that something was happening. Nothing dramatic. No great war. But there were straws in the wind, signs to be read, and all Rome was reading them.

The barbarians were gaining ground, slowly but inevitably...

It was a hundred years now since Rome had abandoned Britain. The Picts and Scots had invaded it and had later been conquered themselves by the Angles, the Saxons and the Jutes. It all seemed a long way from Rome, but the price of bread had risen in Rome with the loss of the rain-soaked wheat-growing plains...

A generation later, the Vandals had left Spain and the alliance that replaced them had distanced itself from Rome and formed a different alliance, this time with the Visigoths... It was not like the old days. Diplomacy was proving more difficult than war.

The oldest soldiers still remembered how the Vandal Gaiseric had led his people to Africa. At first the migration was ignored, but gradually reports reached Rome of the size of the operation: 80,000 people. Fifteen thousand of them were warriors. The towns had fallen, one by one: Hippo, Carthage, and finally Rome was forced to

hand over the rich provinces of Byzacena and Numidia in a peaceful but unwelcome treaty...

For the first time, the Roman Empire had trembled. The marketplaces had never recovered. There was always a shortage of something, often the basics... The Empire was dying, not with a bang but a whimper.

Now there was a new name on people's lips: Attila. Attila the Hun. There had been fighting in Gaul, an important Roman victory even, but the threat was still there. Roman victories were not as victorious as they used to be, and the defeats inflicted on the enemy were never decisive...

Recently, armed groups had been making incursions into Rome. It was an early guerrilla war, designed to test Rome's defences. However, the barbarians made the most of it. There was small-scale looting, theft, and some kidnapping of Roman women. The warriors were difficult to control even for their own commanders, and plunder and rape went hand in hand with victory. Many of these men had been soldiers all their lives. They expected their rewards, and the booty was not only swords, shields and well-made armour. It was breasts and vaginas too...

Flavia did not know what to make of it all, but she had a sense that in this growing chaos there was some small hope for her. Things had been moving fast recently and in her case changes could only be for the good...

What was it that they said in the desert? Glaucus had told her this. He was in no hurry. "Sit in your doorway and wait and you'll see your enemy's corpse pass by."

Patience, the virtue of the timeless desert.

She had repeated the phrase to herself countless times when she was being raped and beaten and tortured by cruel, uneducated prison guards.

She had learnt to wait.

But she was watchful too, waiting for the moment to strike...

One day Augustus Aurelius came home looking very worried.

He came in with two friends. They were all obviously drunk...

Flavia recognised them as the men who had examined her anus just after the auction.

They had all come armed. Men usually wore their swords now and women carried daggers under their tunics. The Huns were rumoured to be bringing more men to the plains around Rome...

This time they examined her breasts and found the holes in the nipples Glaucus had made.

They thought this was very funny. Augustus went and fetched some thread and they pulled it through both nipples with a needle and pulled her breasts together.

“Make her go down on the floor again!”

They untied her and made her go down on the floor again, pushing her vagina high...

Aurelius handed the man the spiked ball on the chain...

He moved round to the other side of her and she lifted her other arm.

SWIIIIIIISH

THUUUUUUUUUD

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She had holes in her breasts again and there was bruising on the other breast from the previous blow.

It was pure agony...

They drank more. One of them lay on the mattress and was soon snoring.

The others laughed...

“Go down like a crab!” Augustus ordered. “Show me your cunt, Flavia, good and wide!”

Flavia went down like a crab. She lifted her vagina, leaving it defenceless.

Would he hit her on the open vagina with it? Surely not!

He gazed at her open lips for some time, apparently lost in thought.

He lifted his arm and began to swing the heavy ball...

Don't you dare! Flavia said to herself...

Flavia lowered herself a little and suddenly flipped herself suddenly to one side. The ball thudded into the ground behind her back.

Aurelius looked in drunken surprise. He was not sure what had happened.

Suddenly Flavia was not there.

She came up behind him, in a single smooth gesture, picked up one of the swords and pushed it into his lungs.

She pulled the sword out, put a hand over his mouth and drew it quickly across his throat, cutting through the jugular...

He fell jerking, blood gushing from the open slit...

The other man was still picking up a sword when Flavia turned round and pierced his left buttock with her sword.

She put her hand over his mouth too and pierced one of his lungs from the back.

He groaned and slumped forwards. A second later, his throat was slit...

The third man woke up to see a female hand dangling his own penis in front of his eyes. A second later felt a sharp pain across his neck and felt the warm blood flow...

Flavia cut her breasts free.

She knew the house. She knew where the gladiator's material was kept and she slipped quietly down a corridor and took her curved sword from a box. She fastened it around her waist.

She felt more comfortable as soon as she put it on.

Looking around the armoury, she found a curved dagger, similar to the one she had used in the desert. She took it too.

Now she needed clothes. The tunics were all bloodstained.

She went quietly down to the servants' rooms and took one of the slave's tunics.

Flavia was coming up the stairs when she met one of the guards going down.

"I prefer you with your big tits flopping around!" he said, pulling her tunic down and off her breasts. She smiled.

"Which one would you like to suck first?" she asked, cupping her hands below her large breasts and lifting them a little, invitingly...

The guard opened his mouth, looked at both her breasts, smiled, and lowered his head towards her right nipple...

It was his last mistake. He offered an unprotected neck to the knife...

She was wondering which of the doors to go for when she remembered she had no money.

She went back to Augustus's room. The bastard owes me money for services rendered, she said. She knew where he kept it and helped herself to a bag of gold coins, which she tied to her belt.

She crept towards the main entrance, but heard the rustle of a guard's tunic. She slipped back and took another corridor, to the door leading to the back garden. It was unguarded. Probably she had just killed the man supposed to be on watch by the door.

Flavia stepped out into the cool summer air.

She was free!

A year of the most horrendous humiliation, torture and rape were behind her!

She clutched her knife.

There was a smell of smoke in the air.

She heard distant voices, the occasional clash of sword on shield, cries of pain, a woman's shrieks...

She hurried through the streets.

She walked for about fifteen minutes, and saw no one.

She knew where she was going and she knew why...

She stopped outside a large house. Her house. The house where she grew up,

happy and free.

The house that had always represented security to her.

Now it was her brother's, she supposed.

She did not go to any of the doors.

She went instead into a neighbouring garden.

Yes, it was still there! A cave, a tunnel entrance, overgrown now but still there and not blocked up!

She knew this tunnel well. She and her brother had often used it to go into the other garden. No one knew who had built it, but her father supposed it was a way out in emergencies.

The question was, had her brother blocked it up at the other end?

She had no torch and the tunnel was pitch black, but she knew it well.

She reached the other end without too much difficulty and took a left fork. It led to her parents' bedroom.

She was lucky. The door behind the mural depicting the Goddess Fortune was still there. She tried it. It had been repaired and greased recently, probably because they might need to escape from the Huns at any moment.

She went into the bedroom. Her brother and his wife lay asleep in the pale moonlight.

She crossed the bedroom and checked the door. There were no guards...

She would have loved to talk to them both, to see the panic in their eyes, to make them feel some of the pain she had felt, but it was too dangerous. There would be several guards around the house.

She took out her knife and slit their throats as they slept. They both woke up and thrashed around in the bed, confused, their eyes wide with horror as they felt the lifeblood gushing out of them...

She left the same way she had come, silently.

She had no definite plan. For some time she roamed around, trying to think where to go.

Suddenly, she heard a noise and shouting in a strange language. A group of men had been hiding in the shadows. She ran as fast as she could and managed to give them slip.

Then there was more shouting in front of her. The whole district was infested with barbarians!

Desperate, she ran down a side street and knocked on a door. She shouted...

"Help! Let me in, please, help!"

After a time a gruff voice sounded.

“No! Go away! It’s too dangerous here!”

“My name is Flavia!” she said, desperately. “Flavia the Gladiatrix!”

There was a pause and the door opened slightly. A man peered through the gap, closed the door and removed a chain that was securing it. “Come in!” he said.

Flavia looked at the man. He was middle aged, and had a strong, athletic look to him. She heard a noise behind her and turned round to see a guard locking the door. His sword was out. A second guard entered the room, also holding his sword.

The man looked at her and smiled.

“It is a great honour to have the Gladiatrix in my house. I saw your fight. You are as good with your sword as you are with your cunt. We shall have to be careful with you!” He nodded to a guard, who put his sword against her throat.

Then the man pulled her tunic slowly off her lovely breasts. She sighed deeply as the tunic clung to her nipples for a moment, and then fell around her waist. It was a sigh of depression, of tiredness, of having seen all this before...

The guards removed her sword and dagger.

They took her moneybag too. Then they put a collar on her neck and chained her to the wall.

“Show us your cunt, Flavia. Stand with your legs apart. Pull back your lips!”

Flavia did as she was told, holding her vagina wide open for the man to look in.

“Now bend down and touch your toes. Show us your bottom!”

“Now do your famous imitation of a crab!”

“Go down like a dog and move around the room!”

“Swing your tits!”

“Stand up and stand by the wall. Legs apart, arms up!”

They tied Flavia in an X to rings set in the wall.

The old man fetched a large box containing all kinds of whips, flails and sticks.

He took a long, whippy stick from the box.

Flavia looked in horror. It was very similar to one Glaucus had used on her in the desert village.

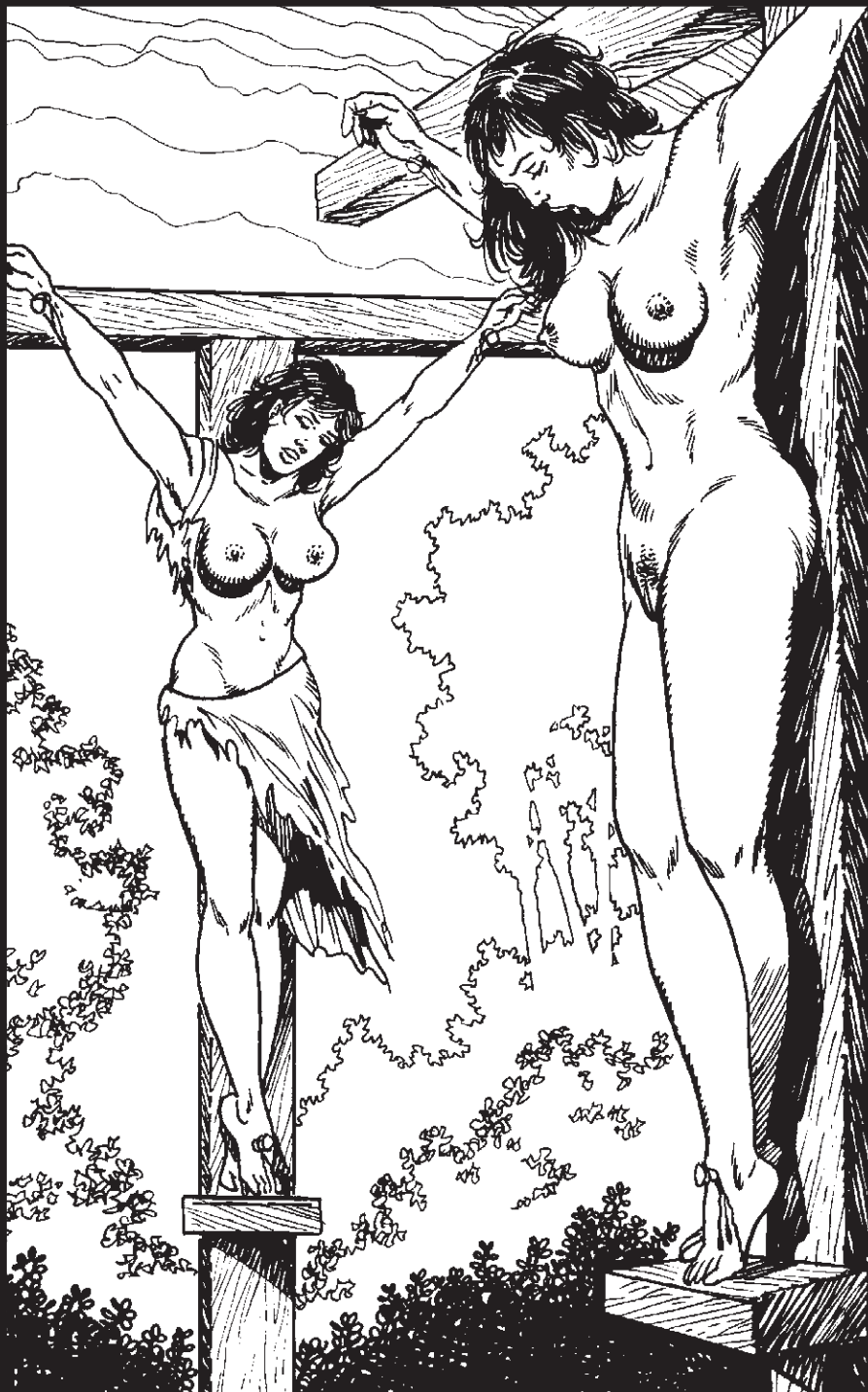
“You’ve been a naughty girl, haven’t you, Flavia? You’re an escaped slave, aren’t you?”

She said nothing.

She looked at the man’s arm as it pulled back the stick...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!



*"The Romans crucified our people, men and women.
That is our reply - a General's daughters!"*

were still on.

The man on the ground spoke. "Suck harder, you big Roman slut! Suck or you'll get the branch on your cunt again! That's no good! Harder! Give her the branch!"

The other man beat lifted the branch...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Again! And again! And another one!"

The woman's screams rang though the trees...

The soldier took Flavia away. They stopped under a tree.

He pulled her tunic off and kissed her breasts.

"You are a slave?" he asked, pointing to her brand.

Flavia nodded.

"Lie down."

He raped her.

When he finished, he rolled off and lay exhausted on the grass. His sword was lying in its scabbard on top of his heavy deerskin coat.

Flavia could have killed him easily enough. She looked down at Rome, and saw smoke rising from the outer districts.

If she made it back to Rome, what would happen to her?

If the law was applied, she would be crucified.

But these days the law was not always applied. It depended who you knew or what you were worth to someone...

She might be sent back into the arena. She could easily see herself billed as FLAVIA, THE HUN KILLER! or some other title.

In that case she would live until she died in the arena.

In the best possible scenario, she would be someone's slave. She would be whipped and flogged all over her body and she would be the victim of constant sexual abuse. She would be owned by some other Senator who had taken an interest in her and she would be branded on the other thigh, or perhaps the breasts or the buttocks. She would be tied up painfully day and night. She would have to suck his penis and his friends' penises and she would have to bend over and offer her anus to her master and his friends.

One way or another, Rome did not seem a good option...

Being famous just meant she could never hide.

The Hun recovered his senses and looked at her.

"You did not come!" he said.

Flavia shook her head.

He looked around and pointed to a fallen tree.

"Ride it!" he ordered. "Rub your cunt over it until you come."

Flavia rode the trunk. He unwound the rope that he was carrying around his waist. He tied her wrists and her knees below the tree so that she could not sit up. She was riding the tree trunk, like a horseman hanging low on the horse's neck.

"Move your cunt till you come!" he ordered.

He cut some whippy branches, stripping of the leaves but leaving the sharp twig ends.

"Stick your ass up into the air, Roman slut!"

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP

"AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Fuck the tree! Fuck the tree!"

She pressed herself against the tree, from time to time lifting her buttocks for him to flog her.

Finally she managed to have a small orgasm.

The Hun watched, stick in hand, as she jerked and shuddered against the rough bark.

"OH! ... UGH! ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHH!!!"

Her bottom twitched briefly as she embraced the tree trunk between her generous thighs, and she sank forwards, resting her cheek on the bark.

"Roman, you are my slave now."

He untied her and picked up the end of her chain.

He led her back to the group.

The other women were all on the ground. Two women were lying on their backs being raped. Two others had their bottoms in the air and were being penetrated from the rear, one in the vagina and the other in the anus. Three women were on their knees sucking the Hun's erect penises.

Flavia suddenly felt very tired. She had seen it all so often in the last year. Her feelings were numbed...

The guard, her new Master, it seemed, ordered her down on all fours and pulled her buttocks provocatively high into the air. She waited as she had waited so often, wondering what was going to happen...

She felt his fingers running around her anus.

She gasped as a finger was thrust in, deep.

Other fingers were playing with her vagina, sometimes holding it open to look in, sometimes rolling it around to stimulate her...

The men who were not actively engaged in raping the other prisoners began to drift over to look. They stood behind her, watching... It was her destiny. Men could not take their eyes off her easily...

She heard loud, coarse laughter, the kind she had heard from Glaucus's drunken guards when they had made her stand in different postures to show them different parts of her body. She did not like it. She had learnt to associate it with brutality.

Two men took her arms, lifting them out as if she was flying, holding them straight and pulling them back slightly.

Her magnificent breasts hung heavily in the cool evening air, exposed, defenceless...

Flavia had a brief vision of herself as a bird, and then as the figure on the prow of a ship...

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She had been hit, unexpectedly, on her naked buttocks, by what sounded like some twigs cut off a tree.

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The Huns looked down, satisfied to see the red welts across the white buttocks.

Two men appeared, one on each side of her, each carrying twigs. They looked at her breasts, so full, so erotic, so exposed and they pulled back their arms...

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

First one breast and then another, in turn, like two men cutting down a tree, they began a terrible, rhythmic punishment of her defenceless breasts, hitting them again and again, until she screamed and screamed...

Suddenly they stopped. One of the men put his penis into her mouth and forced it down her throat, almost choking her...

Another man penetrated her sharply in the vagina, from behind. Two men

picked up the twigs and hit her again and again on her hanging, shaking, wobbling breasts, the same breasts that had driven Glaucus crazy in the desert village, the same breasts that had silenced the crowd when Flavia masturbated in the village and when she fought in the Coliseum, the breasts that all men had always found perfect were now swinging wildly out of control as six strong Huns raped her vagina or her face, or held her arms back to expose her breasts, or flogged them with branches...

SWIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

When the two men had finished with her, she was placed on her back with her legs wide apart and raped again, until all the men had finished.

Flavia lay as man after man penetrated her, wondering if she should not have returned to Rome...

When the last man came inside her, they pulled her to her feet and tied her between two trees, her arms high, her legs wide apart, her vagina provocatively open...

They brought the other female prisoners and stood them around her, or pushed them to their knees in front of her and behind her, and made them lick her, or suck her, or clean her with their tongues.

Flavia closed her eyes.

She did not want to see these drunken loutish men.

But she could not close her feelings.

Slowly, gradually, the enforced, probing tongues licked her nipples into erection and worked on her anus and her vagina, driving her irresistibly towards another orgasm...

As she felt the warm, sticky tongues all over her body, especially on her clitoris, she felt too the warm, rising tide of orgasm. There was no real reason to resist it. It brought brief comfort and she had learnt that it was what men wanted to see...

She closed her eyes and pushed her vagina again and again onto the tongue, letting it have its way, letting her head jerk left and right, letting herself gasp and pant and moan softly and groan and grunt, pushing herself onto the tongue until the familiar dark tide swept over her and left her jerking mindlessly...

“OH! ... UGH! ... AAAGHHH!! ... AAAAAAGHHHHHHHH!!!”

AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

She let the shout come out, free and uncontrolled.

It was the only thing she had that was really hers and she did it for herself.

When she opened her eyes, she saw there were other men watching. Most were Huns, but there were two Romans with them.

In the middle of them stood a strong man, bearded and dressed in deerskins.

His name rang in every Roman household and chilled the blood. Attila. Attila the Hun.

He had come to the hills over Rome to negotiate a treaty. Rome would pay him in goods and kind. He would not attack the town. It was the best they could do in the circumstances.

“Who is this woman?” he asked.

“Flavia. Flavia the Gladiatrix.”

“Untie her! Bring her before me!”

They pushed her to her knees. She looked up and knew immediately who he was.

“Flavia the Gladiatrix! Your fame has reached barbarian ears! They say you are as good in the Coliseum as in the bedroom! They say men turn to stone when they see your breasts!”

Flavia did not know what to say.

Attila bent down and examined her breasts. He pulled her to her feet and turned her round, running his hand over her strong buttocks and the welts that covered them.

“Who does she belong to?”

The soldier who had raped her in the woods raised a hand.

“Give him forty silver coins.”

The money was handed over and the soldier fell to one knee to thank Attila.

“From now on, Flavia, no man but myself shall lay the whip or flail on you. You are my slave now and you will do everything I say, always... You will learn to obey me and you will learn to love the sticks I beat you with.”

“Yes, master,” she replied.

An attendant attached a chain to her collar.

“Put your hands behind your back and show me your tits!”

She did as ordered.

“Give me a flail!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

As so often, Flavia’s breasts took the cruel, merciless, punishment. Attila watched as they wobbled heavily...

Flavia looked down at Rome.

A large tear ran down her cheek.

She could not go back.

And going forwards meant being a slave to a Hun.

She took a deep breath and tried to collect her thoughts. She had not found the desert tribesmen worse than the Romans... She would do what she could with the barbarians from the north.

She thought of her life. Neither beauty nor fame had helped her much, but in some deep part of herself she had always had the feeling that she was a survivor.

She would go on, as bravely as she could.

She would present her breasts to the flail or bamboo or twigs torn from the nearest tree...

She would hold open her vagina for men to look at, or kiss, or lick, or suck, or beat with whips, or penetrate...

She would be raped in her vagina and in her anus and in her throat, again and again, she knew...

She did not know if she would ever be free.

But she thought she would survive.

End



CHAIN GANG

by Janet Jones

art by
TIM

adults only

THE BLACK VAN

D
FANTASY

by ROBERTS



adults only

©2001 www.dofantasy.com

FANSADOX



16

**HINES
ZERNS**

**OLD BERNARD'S
NEW TOY**
thorn

REBOUND
geoff merrick

ROBERTS
the **BLACK VAN**

GISELLE
Yakuza
SLAVEGIRLS

adults only

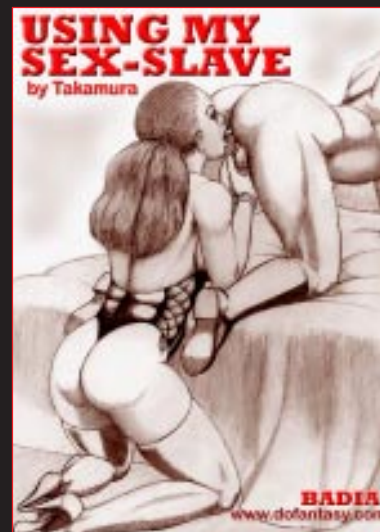
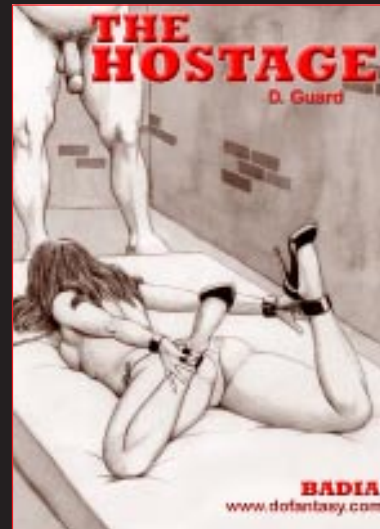
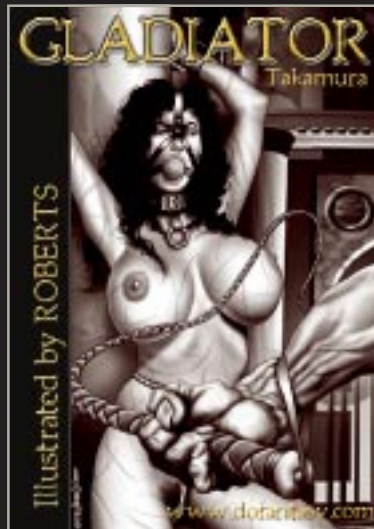
D'O
FANTASY

©2003 www.doffantasy.com



www.dofantasy.com







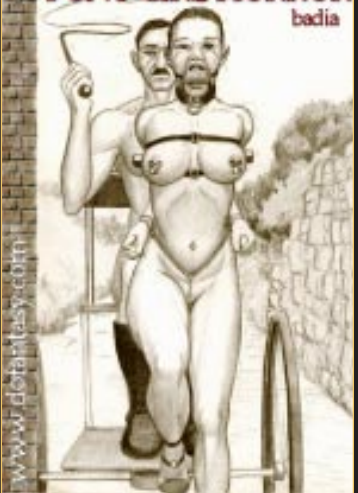
www.BDSMartwork.com
the online dofantasy.com image file

only quality art
-instant access-

SNUFF ONE THE SICKEST



PONY GIRL HORROR



INQUISITION



DOFANTASY

THE WILDEST COMICS

www.dofantasy.com
Sickest 4
zerns

