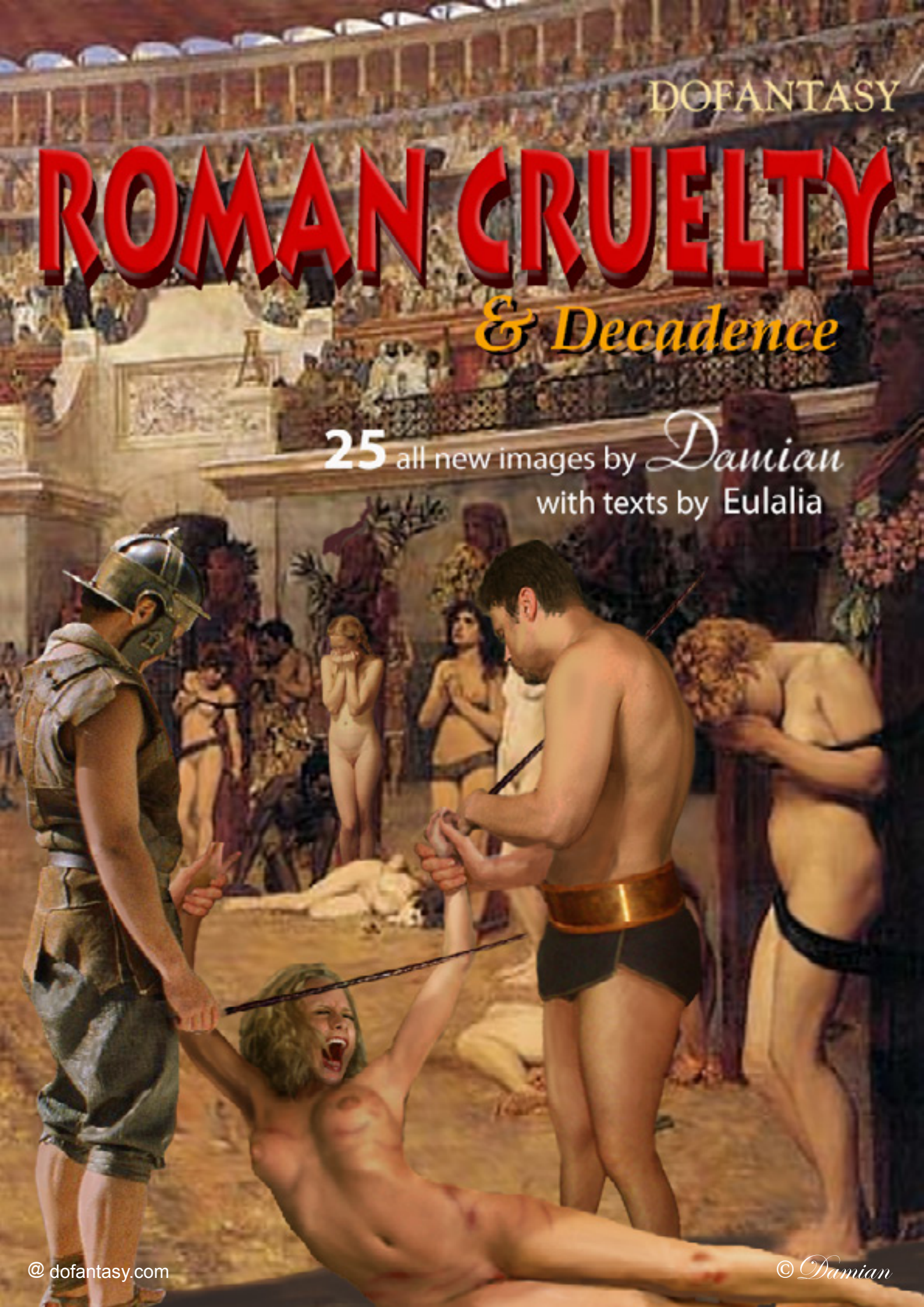


DOFANTASY

ROMAN CRUELTY

& Decadence

25 all new images by *Damian*
with texts by Eulalia



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ROMAN CRUELTY
& DECADENCE

DAMIAN

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MUMS

'WE'LL SELL OFF THESE FATTENED SOWS TO THE PRO-ROMAN TRIBES. THEY'LL USE THEM FOR BREEDING STOCK FOR A FEW YEARS. BUT WE'LL TAKE THEIR DAUGHTERS – HEY, YOU SULKY BRATS! STOP BLUBBING! SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MUMS – YOU'RE COMING WITH US TO LEARN JUST WHAT YOUR ELDERS MEANT WHEN THEY WARNED YOU OF ROMAN CRUELTY!'

WE GIRLS HAVE BEEN HUDDLED TOGETHER ALL NIGHT, NOT DARING TO WHISPER, HEARING JUST THE CLINK OF OUR CHAINS AND OUR MOTHERS WAILING, WEEPING FOR THEIR MEN, OUR FATHERS, THEIR SONS, OUR BROTHERS, SLAUGHTERED LIKE VERMIN BY THESE ROMANS, AND THE ROMANS YELLING AND LASHING AND BRUTALISING THEM. THE GODS KNOW WHAT THEY WERE DOING TO THEM – LOOK AT THEM NOW. IT'S SICKENING TO IMAGINE...

I TAKE A LAST, LONG LOOK AT MY POOR MOTHER'S TEAR-REDDENED EYES, HER WHIP-SCARRED BODY, THE WOMB THAT CARRIED ME, EVEN THE PLACE WHERE I WAS CONCEIVED AND CAME INTO THE WORLD. THE BRUTES HAVEN'T SPARED HER. A SOLDIER'S STICK THWACKS MY THIGH, IT'S TIME TO GO...

BE BRAVE, YOUNG SLAVE

'BE BRAVE, YOUNG SLAVE,
YOUR GIRLY GAMES ARE DONE –
ROME'S WON!'

PIA

I KNOW WHAT A SLAVE MUST DO, KNEEL NAKED, KEEP MY EYES LOWERED, WAIT...
LET MY TOUSLED CURLS HIDE MY FACE, I DON'T WANT TO LOOK, DON'T WANT
THEM TO SEE I'M CRYING, TREMBLING.... WANT TO WEE...

FUSCA

OUCH! HE'S SO ROUGH. I WANT TO CRY OUT, TO STRUGGLE, BUT I DAREN'T, I
KNOW I MUST KEEP HERE, KNEELING AS HE WANTS ME, DOWN IN THE SMELLY
CHICKEN-SHIT. MY NAKED BODY'S HIS, TO DO WHATEVER HE WILLS. FORGET
MY CHILDHOOD, PLAY, LAUGHTER, FREEDOM, GAMES, I'M A SLAVEGIRL NOW –
THESE TIGHT IRONS TELL ME, CHAINS CONSTANT JINGLING TO REMIND ME – NOT
JUST MY BODY, NO FREE WILL, NO THOUGHTS, NO GIRLISH DREAMS, ONLY LEARN
HOW TO SERVE, AND NOT GET WHIPPED...

BRONINIA

MITHRAS! HIS GRIP'S SO STRONG! HE COULD SNAP MY ARMS LIKE DRY TWIGS – THROW MY HEAD BACK, THRUST OUT MY BREASTS – AH, FEEL HIS LUST-BITE IN MY NECK! HIS FINGERS, ROUGH FROM THE TOILS OF WAR, EXPLORING, INVADING, DISCOVERING MY SECRET PARTS – AAAHHH! FEEL MY WETNESS OOZE DOWN MY THIGHS, MY GIRLHOOD YIELDING HELPLESSLY TO MY MONSTROUS MASTER!

RUFINA

WE'VE BEEN PICKED TO SERVE THE SOLDIERS – GODS, I'M TERRIFIED! HIS LEATHER'S HARSH AGAINST MY NAKEDNESS. HIS CANE'S AS LONG AS MY LEGS. THESE MEN HAVE COME STILL SWEATING AND STINKING OF BATTLE, SMEARED WITH THE BLOOD OF OUR DADS AND BROTHERS THEY'VE BEEN SLAUGHTERING. NOW WE'RE THEIR PRIZE!

BLANDINA

UGH, I CAN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT. I'M RETCHING, ALMOST VOMITING – AND YET, I MUST... KNEEL UP, NO NEED TO LOOK, SCENT AND TASTE TELL ME – THE TIP'S ON MY LIP, ALREADY OOZING, GIVE HIM MY TONGUE, TASTE THE SALTY SLIME, BE READY, OPEN WIDE AS HE THRUSTS IT IN.

MILITARY PROPERTY



THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTERS

LUCILLIUS, THE ÆDES

MOST HONOURED CONSUL, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS GIFT FROM YOUR GRATEFUL CITIZENS: TWO VIRGIN SLAVEGIRLS, FORMERLY CALLED THE DAUGHTERS OF THAT VILE, SUBVERSIVE, SO-CALLED SENATOR GENTILIUS WHO NOW IS FEEDING VULTURES ON THE APPIAN WAY.

GENTILIA

URGH, THE PUDCY FINGERS SQUEEZING MY TIT BELONG TO THE MIGHTIEST MAN IN ROME, NOW THE EMPEROR, NEVER COMES! OH GODDESS JUNO, WHY DID OUR FATHER TRY TO CHALLENGE HIM? DADDY WAS A GOOD, BRAVE MAN BUT DOOMED. HE'S DEAD, AND NOW WE'RE THE POSSESSIONS OF THIS EVIL MONSTER AND HIS WOLF-BITCH OF A WIFE – HADES! HIS FINGERING IS MAKING MY TITS SWELL, MY WOMAN-JUICES WARM – OH POWERS OF THE NIGHT, SPARE ME. DON'T LET MY POOR, WEAK SEX SUCCUMB!



BRANDING

SLAVEWOMAN EULALIA' - OH YES, MISS, I WAS JUST THIRTEEN WHEN I WAS BRANDED – AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT I SCREAMED AND SCREECHED LOUD ENOUGH TO SCARE THE GEESE RIGHT OFF THE CAPITOL! BUT NOW I'M PROUD TO WEAR YOUR FATHER'S, MY HONOURED MASTER'S, BRAND – THE FOLK OF ROME LOOK UP WHEN THEY SEE THE MARK OF GAIUS MAXIMUS CRUDELIS, GAIUS THE CRUEL! BUT THIS UNCRATEFUL, LITTLE BITCH DOESN'T DESERVE SUCH HONOUR. SHE'S ONLY FIT TO SQUAT IN THE PIG-STY, SHOVELING SHIT, THANKFUL IF MASTER'S PRIZE BOAR'S FAT, FIRM PHALLUS TEARS OPEN HER TIGHT TWAT! DO YOUR WORK, FABER. HURT HER! LET'S SMELL THE PIGLET'S BACON SIZZLING UNDER YOUR IRON!

LESSON IN LUST

YOU'RE AN ENLIGHTENED FATHER, GAIVS CRUDELIS, LETTING YOUR DAUGHTERS LEARN HOW WOMEN CAN MAKE LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER! NOT LOVE, MERE LUST. THEY'RE LOW-GRADE ANIMALS – HEY, KEEP THOSE TITS TOGETHER! DON'T YOU DARE PAUSE!

BUT YES, I'M SURE THAT GIRLS, IF THEY LEARN TO PLEASURE ONE ANOTHER, ONLY IMPROVE THEIR BREEDING PROSPECTS – NEVER FORGET: OUR WOMEN ARE JUST LIVESTOCK, BRAINLESS BEASTS.

AND – PAY ATTENTION, GIRLS! YOU'RE LAUGHING NOW AND RIGHTLY. IT'S GOOD TO ENJOY OUR LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT – KEEP YOUR HEAD BACK, SLAVE! DON'T LET YOUR SHOULDERS SAC! BUT, MARK MY WORDS. THESE SLAVE-TWINS, TWO YEARS BACK, WERE JUST LIKE YOU, CIGGLING AND DANCING, AND SHOPPING IN THE AGORA. THE WHEEL OF FATE TURNS SUDDENLY IN ROME. TOMORROW YOU COULD FIND YOURSELVES NAKED AND CHAINED

READY TO BE AUCTIONED IN THE BAZAAR.

OH DADDY, DON'T! YOU'RE ONLY TEASING US! HEY, ISN'T SHE OOZING MILK?

YES, AND THEIR KNEES ARE WORKING ALL THE TIME AGAINST EACH OTHER'S CUNTS, THEIR BREASTS AND HIPS GENTLY CYRATING – NOW, SEE THEY'RE SWEATING, STARTING TO PANT – AH! SUCH A SHUDDER! WHAT AN ORGASM! I KNOW WHAT'S IN YOUR MINDS, GIRLS – OFF TO YOUR ROOM. ENJOY YOUR GAME. NOW, SHALL WE GENTLEMEN DISCUSS PHILOSOPHY? OR MAYBE WE SHOULD FIRST TRY OUT THIS TALL NEWBIE? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING, SLAVE-SLUT? COVERING YOUR CUNT'S A CRIME IN MY HOUSEHOLD. YOU'VE ALREADY EARNED YOURSELF TWENTY LASHES!



MASTERED

ULA

PLEASE MASTER, DON'T! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T OBEY... THESE ROPES ON MY WRISTS, THEY'RE TEARING MY SKIN... PLEASE LET ME DOWN. I'LL KNEEL FOR MY PUNISHMENT.

MASTER

WHAT ARE YOU WHINING FOR? IT'S NO GOOD BEGGING FOR MERCY NOW. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE. A SLAVEGIRL WHO WON'T STRIP? SHE DOESN'T DESERVE A MASTER HANDSOME AS ME. BEFORE I FUCK YOU TO HADES AND BACK, I'M GOING TO GIVE THAT SOW'S SKIN OF YOURS SUCH A LASHING THAT YOU'LL NEVER WANT CLOTHES ON!

PIA

I'VE ONLY BEEN A SLAVEGIRL A FEW MONTHS, BUT I'VE LEARNT – YES, I'VE LEARNT HOW TO DO IT SO WELL MY MASTER TRUSTS ME TO USE MY FINGERS TO STROKE HIS SCROTUM, HE DOESN'T EVEN WHIP ME WHILE I SUCK...
GENTLY NOW, KISS THE TIP, LET MY LIPS GROW MOIST ON IT, FLICK WITH MY TONGUE, SO IT GROWS HARDER, SWELLS INSIDE, KEEP SUCKING, WORKING, GRADUALLY FASTER, FEELING IT NOW AGAINST MY PALATE, BACK INTO MY THROAT, HE'S STARTING TO



SLAVE-PET

COME HERE, LITTLE SLAVE. LET ME INSPECT YOUR BODY'S CURVES. THOSE SALLOW YOUNG BREASTS, WITH THEIR GLISTENING, SILVERY SWEAT, THEY'RE TO MY TASTE. I LIKE THE SKIP OF YOUR HIPS, YOUR SMOOTH FLANKS LIKE A DEER'S. ON YOUR TENDER RUMP, ON YOUR BUTTOCKS, LOINS, LITHE THIGHS, THOSE RED MARKS FROM MY ROD LOOK QUITE DIVINE!

BUT IN YOUR DARK EYES I SEE FEAR, WELLING TEARS – YES, SO THERE SHOULD BE! SEE HOW THIS WRETCH WHO FAILED TO PLEASE ME IS NOW STRETCHED, HOW THE ROPES MAKE HER STRIVE, MAKE HER WRESTLE AND WRITHE! AS SHE STRUGGLES, EACH PART OF HER THAT SHE'S PULLING IS ANOTHER LIMB, SPRAINED OR STRAINED.

WHEN I WHIP HER, SHE LEAPS TO IT, HA! SEE HOW HER GIRLSHAPE STRAINS! SPINE, SHOULDERS, ROPED WRISTS, AND JOINTS ALL SPRING TO THE STING OF MY WHIP! HOW HER GOLDEN CURLS TOSS AND WEAVE AS THE WHIP WHISKS! HER BREAST-BUDS TOO, HOW SHE THRUSTS AND HURLS THEM!

WHILE THE LASH MAKES HER TWIRL, THE SCARLET BLOOD'S STARTING TO SPURT FROM HER
THRASHED
FLESH...

BUT YOU, LITTLE BROWNIE, YOU'RE QUICK AS A WHIP. YOU'RE LEARNING TO DANCE IN YOUR ROLE. YOU'RE PICKING UP QUICKLY THE SKILLS YOU HAVE TO DISPLAY, WHAT MOUTH, LIPS, TONGUE, TEETH, AND THROAT-MUSCLE MOVES YOU MUST PERFORM. KNEEL DOWN, OPEN WIDE, TONGUE
READY –

THAT'S MY SLAVE-PET!

FELLATIO

IT'S THE ULTIMATE SIGN OF OUR SUBJECTION, OUR HUMILIATION. WE KNEEL TO DO IT. WE'RE NAKED – NEARLY ALWAYS – AND OFTEN HAVE OUR WRISTS IN BONDAGE. WE'RE HELD BY OUR HAIR, CONTROLLING HOW WE MOVE OUR HEADS TO SERVE– IT'S LIKE WE'RE JUST KIDS AGAIN.

WE GET HURT. OUR MASTERS LIKE TO USE THE ROD OR THE WHIP WHILE WE'RE SERVING THEM.

WE HAVE TO DO THE WORK, USING OUR LIPS, OUR TONGUES, OUR TEETH (VERY GENTLY), OUR SPIT, SUCKING, DRINKING IN ALL THE SPUNK (AND IF OUR HANDS ARE FREE, WE MAY USE OUR FINGERS TOO). WE HAVE TO BE TOTALLY RESPONSIVE, JUDGING JUST WHEN TO LICK GENTLY, WHEN TO SUCK EAGERLY, WHEN TO PAUSE – IT'S AN ART, A SKILL, LIKE PLAYING A FLUTE.

WE HAVE TO BE HORNY OURSELVES TO GIVE THE BEST SATISFACTION. WE HAVE TO TRAIN OUR BODIES SO OUR JUICES FLOW, OUR TITS AND CLITS CROW TUMID AS WE WORK, CALL TO SERVE. IN SHORT – MARK THIS WELL, SLAVENEWBIE HUMBLBY WAITING YOUR TURN! – WE HAVE TO BE SLAVEGIRLS.

DELICIOUS CRUELTY, EXQUISITE PAIN

SUGIA (COCK-SLUT)

ALL I CAN SEE ARE MY FONDLING FINGERS ON THE CONSUL'S COCK. FOCUS, NO DISTRACTION... WARM, SPICY, MEATY TASTE – AH, A SALTY DRIP ON MY TONGUE! SUCH A SCENT, OH, THE FIERCE, FIERY SMELL OF A MAN'S SWEAT! AND THE SOUND OF MY QUICK BREATHING, POUNDING HEART, MY SOFT, PERSISTENT SUCKING, HIS GROWLING, GRUNTING – AND THE CRACK OF THE WHIP ON GIRLSKIN, SQUEAL OF THE PAIN-SLUT, MARKING THE RHYTHM OF THE THROBBING DANCE AS HE TUGS MY HAIR TO GUIDE MY HEAD, UTTERLY IN CONTROL...

SUSIA (FUCK-SLUT)

THE TIGHTNESS OF MY BONDAGE, THE BURNING OF THE CANE, THE ROUGH WARMTH OF HIS FLESH BENEATH MY THIGHS. MY BREASTS ARE HOT, FLUSHED. MY HAIR-LOCKS TICKLE MY TITS. HIS COCK'S INSIDE ME, GROWING FIRM – WORK, FUCK-SLUT. KEEP MY MUSCLES STRIVING TO THE RHYTHM OF HIS THRUSTING. WORK WHILE HE WHIPS ME ON. WORKING MY WIDE-SPREAD THIGHS AGAINST HIS LEGS, I'M SQUEEZING AND EASING MY BUM-CHEEKS, TIGHTENING AND SOFTENING MY WOMB.

SUBIA (PAIN-SLUT)

THE BITE OF THE TIGHT STEEL BONDS ON MY ANKLES HURT. I HEAR THE CLINK OF THE CHAINS WHEN I KICK IN PAIN. I HATE THE SORE, BURNING BANDS ON MY BARE THIGHS! MY SHACKLED ARMS TUG, MY HAIR FLOWS, MY COLLAR-BONE RINGS AS THE LASH HITS! MY TORSO IS TWISTING, DESIRING YET FEARING. MY RIB-CAGE HURTS, BONE-BRUISED AND BREATHBLASTING.

ON MY BREAST, THE PAIN'S BURNING, FLESH CUTTING AND BLOOD OOZING. I HEAR MYSELF GASPING, MY CRIES RING SO CLEARLY. AAAH! HE SLICES THE THONG ON MY ABDOMEN. PAIN-SHOCKED, MY TORSO SPRINGS UP LIKE A BOW. ECSTASY! GIRL-JUICES FLOW FROM MY PAIN-PARTS. I'M HIS SLAVEGIRL, WHIP-LOVER, SUCH CRUELTY I CRAVE

I FEEL IT GROW, FEEL IT HARDEN. MY GIRL-MOISTURE'S OOOZING – BUT GENTLY, DON'T RUSH IT, KEEP ANSWERING HIS DRIVE WITH A WAVE, WITH A SHUDDER THROUGH MY LOINS. HE'S POUNDING, I'M STREAMING, AAAHHH! HE EXPLODES!

I SAY 'THANKYOU, SIR,' SOFTLY, BUT STILL KEEP MY MOVING. I WON'T CEASE

WHILE HE WHIPS ME – I THEN PROSTRATE MYSELF GRATEFULLY, HIS SEED INSIDE ME.

PUNISHED FOR MY MISTRESS

I'M SORE, SWEATING, NAKED, THIGHS SPLAYED WIDE APART, ARMS TUGGED ABOVE ME, AND LOCKED IN THIS IRON STRAP, TIGHT AROUND MY WAIST, HARD ON MY HIPS. THIS CRUEL SPIKE THAT CHAFES MY VULVA POKES INSIDE MY CUNT AS I STRUGGLE AND TWIST. SO TRUSSED, MY ARMS ARE STRETCHED UP, MY SHOULDERS FORCED UP, MY RIB-CAGE RAISED, AND MY PERT YOUNG NIPPLES STAND PROUD IN THEIR ROSY RINGS, FORCED UP AND OUTWARDS... THIS MAN IS MY LADY'S LOVER, SO MUSCULAR. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIS TRIUMPHANT TOOL! HIS LEFT HAND GRASPS THE CHAIN, TUGS THE TIGHT COLLAR, AND JERKS MY HEAD DOWN, MY DARK BROWN HAIR'S FLUNG FORWARD, WHINING FOR MERCY -

'ARE YOU READY TO ADMIT, YOU LYING TURD?'

'I DIDN'T. IT'S NOT TRUE... I'VE ALWAYS JUST OBEYED MY MASTER'S ORDERS...'

NOW I'M TUGGED UP, TIPPED BACK, AND FORCED TO YIELD MY BREASTS ONCE MORE TO WHAT HE WIELDS IN HIS RIGHT HAND - THE ROD!

AS HE STRIKES I THROW MY HEAD BACK, EYES WIDE, MOUTH STRETCHED, HAIR FLYING. TWISTING AWAY FROM HIM, I SEE MY MISTRESS BEHIND ME, WATCHING ME, SMILING, VICTORIOUS, GLOATING -

"THE NEXT TIME MY HUSBAND GROPE YOUR TITS, YOU LITTLE WHORE, HE'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE!"

LEGS WIDE!

SOME SLAVE-KIDS ARE SHY OF OPENING THEIR LEGS. THE SLAVEMASTER'S GOT A SURE AND SIMPLE WAY OF REMEDYING THAT!

OH – OWWW! PLEASE STOP! YOU'RE HURTING ME. YOU'RE BREAKING MY ARMS – PLEASE, LET ME KNEEL, PLEASE FUCK ME NOW – I PROMISE I'LL NEVER TRY TO SHUT MY PUSSY EVER AGAIN...

TOO LATE BRAT, YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN THAT, FOR A SLUT LIKE YOU, FUCKING MEANS PAIN. YOU'LL ONLY GET IT WHEN YOU'RE SQUEALING HURT AND STREAMING WITH CUNT-JUICE. PERHAPS, IN TIME, YOU'LL EVEN COME TO LIKE IT THAT WAY – NOT THAT IT MATTERS WHAT A SLAVEGIRL LIKES OR HATES; SHE TAKES IT WITH HER LIPS AND LEGS WIDE OPEN – UNDERSTAND?

AH-AH... OH, YES, SIR, YES... I'M CUMMING SIR, OH PLEASE LET THIS END!

TORTURE HER TITS, BRUTUS. LET'S SEE HOW MANY TIMES WE CAN MAKE HER SPURT IN AGONY.

OHHHH – AHHH!

SHE'S CUM AGAIN. RIGHT, FLING HER ON THE FLOOR. SHE'S ALL YOURS, BRUTUS!

AND NOW, THIS LITTLE TROLLOP OVER HERE – YOU KNOW WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, DON'T YOU? STAND UP, LEGS OPEN!



FRIGID SLAVEGIRL

MISTRESS

FEEL YOUR CUNTS, SLAVEGIRLS. MAKE SURE THEY'RE WET AND WARM, LIPS SOFT AND SUPPLE, READY TO WELCOME IN YOUR MASTER – OR MAYBE HIS FRIENDS – THAT'S HOW YOU HAVE TO BE, ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT, NO MATTER THE TIME OF THE MONTH OR HOW YOU'RE FEELING. THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR A FRIGID SLAVEGIRL.
BUT THERE'S A TREATMENT!

FRIGIDA

AAAACH! I CAN'T BEAR THIS AGONY, THIS THING INSIDE ME, THICK AS A CART-SHAFT, TEARING MY CUNT-LIPS WIDE, MY BLADDER'S SQUEEZED, MY BIRTH-PASSAGE SCRAPED SO SORE, ITS POINTED TIP IS PROBING INTO MY WOMB – OH, MERCY!
IF I DON'T KEEP TAUT ON TIPTOES, TUGGING AT THE CHAINS, IT JABS ME FURTHER, EVEN IF MOVE MY LOINS IN THE LEAST, IT TORTURES ME, SHARP PAINS PIERCE MY INSIDES.

YET THIS MONSTER WHIPS ME, MAKING MY BODY JERK AND TWIST NO MATTER HOW I TRY TO KEEP CONTROL – THIGHS, BUTTOCKS, OWWW! RIGHT ACROSS MY BREASTS!
ARGHH! ON MY ABDOMEN, JUST WHERE THE STAKE IS!

OH GODS, NOW WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO? OH NO – HE CAN'T, BY THE POWERS OF HADES NO!!!



SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE!

SCREAM, GIRL! SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE! THE CROWDS LOVE IT. THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE PAID TO HEAR. WE LIKE THE WAY YOU KIDS ARE MADE TO STAND, WATCHING AND WAITING, NAKED, FOR YOUR TURN, ALL PRETTIFIED WITH FLOWERS AND GIRLY GARLANDS. YOU LOOK SO CUTE – AND WE TAKE BETS ON WHICH OF YOU IS GOING TO FAINT NEXT.

SO YOU FLAKED OUT, BUT WE SOON WOKE YOU UP – ENJOYED YOUR WHIPPING? WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE? WE'VE TIME TO KILL – WE HAVE TO HOLD YOU HERE FOR A LITTLE WHILE UNTIL HIS HOLINESS THE EMPEROR SENDS DOWN HIS COMMAND. HOW WILL IT PLEASE HIS GODSHIP FOR US TO TORTURE YOU TO DEATH?

YES, DEATH, MY LITTLE PIGLET, BUT IT WON'T COME QUICK – SLOW AGONISING DEATH, BURNING OR BEASTS, OR CRUCIFIXION, WE CAN NEVER GUESS, HIS HIGH DIVINITY HAS INTERESTING TASTES...

THE DEATH WHIP CHALLENGE

THE COMPETITION IS FIERCE. THE EMPEROR HAS PROMISED THE CHAMPION FREEDOM AND A BAG OF GOLD. THE RULES ARE SIMPLE: BEAT A GIRL TO DEATH, BUT LAY THE MOST NUMBER OF STROKES ON THE FRONT – YES, THE FRONT – OF HER NAKED BODY BEFORE SHE SNUFFS IT. COMPETITORS CAN CHOOSE WHETHER WE GIRLS ARE STRETCHED OUT ON THE SAND OR HUNG ON A WHIPPING-FRAME. OF COURSE THEY SELECT US GIRLS WITH CARE, PICKING US OUT FROM ALL THE LIVESTOCK IN THE SLAVE-MARKET AND CHOOSING ONLY THE HEALTHIEST, ATHLETIC, NUBILE YOUNGSTERS. DRUMS POUND. I'M WHEELED OUT TO PLAY MY DEATH-ROLE – I CAN'T BELIEVE THE HORROR THAT'S HAPPENING! THE THUG WHO'S GOING TO KILL ME SWAGGERS AS HE SHOWS MY BODY, FEMALE PARTS DISPLAYED, ALL ROUND THE RING. TEN THOUSAND EYES DRINK IN MY HELPLESSNESS. YOUTHS WHISTLE; THEIR GIRLFRIENDS GIGGLE AND GLOAT. THEY LIKE TO SEE THE FLASH OF MY ANIMAL TEETH AND THE TOSS OF MY BROWN HAIR AS I TUG AT THE TAUT LEATHER BONDS, STRUGGLING IN VAIN. OLD MEN, THE CONNOISSEURS, OPINE: "A STURDY COW. SMALL BREASTS, STRONG THIGHS – I'LL LAY GOOD ODDS SHE'LL TAKE A HUNDRD."

MERRY DANCE

A MERRY DANCE YOU'VE LED US,
CRUX-BRAT, STRUGGLING AND
SQUIRMING, SCREAMING ALL THE
WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND OUT
ACROSS THE SAND. AND NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO PAY US BACK, FOR GIVING
US SUCH TROUBLE!

HEY, CRISPO, YOUNGSTERS LIKE
THIS DANCE WELL UP ON THE CROSS,
JUST FEEL HER MUSCLE, SLENDER,
FIRM AND TIGHT, NO PUPPY FAT ON
THIS ONE!

I KNOW, THEY'RE STRONG AT THIS
AGE, IF THEY'VE NOT BEEN SPOILT
WITH LAZY LIVING, PLENTY OF
SUPPLE SINEW, NOT MUCH WEIGHT.
YOU HEAR THAT, GIRL? YOU CAN
HANG HERE PANTING AND SWEATING
WHILE WE GET YOU NAILED

YOU'LL TRY TO KEEP STILL, BUT
YOU WON'T, WITH THE WHIPS AND
HOT IRONS, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE
YOU DANCE! YOU'LL PUT ON A FINE
SHOW FOR THE CROWD TONIGHT
— AND AFTER THAT, WE'LL LEAVE
YOU HERE TO DIE.

AND THAT WON'T BE QUICK. I
KNOW, I'VE CRUXED GIRLS YOUNG
AS YOU ON THE OSTIAN WAY,
THEY'VE STILL BEEN TWITCHING,
CASPIING, WHIMPERING FOR THE
MERCY-MAN TO COME AND BREAK
THEIR LEGS, ON THE THIRD DAY...
COME ON, LUCULLUS, MAKE THAT
LITTLE CHRISTIAN CUNT SHIFT —
THE WHOLE ARENA'S WAITING FOR
YOU!

NIGHT OF FIRE



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S HAPPENING TO ME! THE PAIN IN MY ARMS IS REAL ENOUGH, YET I MUST BE IN A DREAM - A NIGHTMARE? HERE I AM, NAKED AS A FROG, IN FRONT OF ALL THE GAWPING CROPPERS OF ROME, BEING HAULED UP TO BE CRUCIFIED. THE GIRLS ALL AROUND ME ARE SCREECHING AND BAWLING THEIR HEADS OFF, AND THE SMOKE OF THE BRAZIER IS STINGING MY EYES. I SMELL, AND FEEL, THE CLOSENESS OF HOT IRON. I SHOULD BE MAD WITH TERROR, MAYBE THEY'VE MADE ME MAD? YET - NO, IT'S TOTALLY INSANE - AND YET, I'M LOVING IT! MY BODY IS HOT. SWEAT IS STREAMING FROM MY FESTOONED FOREHEAD, SOAKING MY BREASTS AND MY TITS. I CAN FEEL THEM, THROBBING, FULL. MY BUM SHIVERS AS IT FEELS THE SPLINTERY ROUGH WOOD AND... IN MY WOMAN-PARTS... YE GODS, HAS A GIRL EVER STREAMED OUT SO MUCH SIMMERING OIL? AH, DO YOUR WORST TO ME. SHOW ME NO MERCY. I KNOW I'LL SCREAM. I'LL DANCE FOR YOU. MAYBE I'LL LAUGH AND SING. I'M FEELING MAD ENOUGH. MY WHOLE LIFE UP TO NOW HAS BEEN BOREDOM, DECENT RESPECTABILITY, AND PLAYING THE WOMAN'S PART WHILE MEN WENT OUT AND FUCKED AND FOUGHT AND FROLICKED THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

SO HERE I AM, KNEELING BEFORE HIM, NAKED, A VICTIM, READY TO BE TORTURED.

DON'T TRY TO PLAY THE HEROINE. TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW. JUST OBEY.

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEY'LL SCARCELY NEED TO TOUCH MY QUIVERING SKIN TO START ME SQUEALING.

DON'T FIGHT – THAT'LL ONLY MAKE IT WORSE, JUST LET THE PAIN FLOW THROUGH ME, CONQUER ME. LET MY WHOLE BODY WRITHE AND HURL, TUG AT THE CHAINS, CLUTCH AT THEM, CRIP TILL MY NAILS BLEED.

BETTER STILL, BITE! IF I'M A GOOD GIRL, MAYBE THEY'LL LET ME HAVE A FILTHY RAG TO CHEW ON.

AND SCREAM! WE GIRLS ALL SCREAM, OF COURSE. NO ONE WILL HEAR US. NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE HERE EXCEPT OUR TORTURERS.

AND, LITTLE WHORE THAT I AM, I KNOW THEY WON'T JUST TORTURE ME: THESE MEN WANT MORE – AND IT WON'T JUST BE RAPE!

'STAND, SLUT, THEY'RE READY FOR YOU NOW -'

DON'T CRY. BEST NOT TO LOOK AT THEM, OR AT THEIR INSTRUMENTS. KEEP MY EYES LOWERED. FLICK BACK MY HAIR, HOLD UP MY WRISTS FOR SHACKLING...

'SHE'S ALL YOURS, BOYS!'



ROBBER'S GIRL

TOO BAD YOUR MAN HAS RUN AND LEFT HIS BABE TO ANSWER FOR HIM – EH?

NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TELL US WHERE THE LOOT IS HIDDEN ALONG WITH ALL THE STUFF HE'S STOLEN FROM US, ALL HIS GOLD.

THE TASTE OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER – DIRT AND STALE BLOOD AND SRERM– STILL LINGERS ON MY LIPS. I BLINK DOWN AT THEM, BEWILDERED, MEETING THEIR HATE-FILLED, MOCKING EYES. A WAVE OF ANGRY LAUGHTER BREAKS OVER ME.

WHIP-STINGS STRIKE ACROSS MY SWEAT-WET BOOBS AND LEAVE SORE WEALS ON MY SMOOTH THIGHS. YOUTHS WHO ARE ROUSED BY A CLIMPSE OF A GIRL IN A KHITON FEEL WITH A THRILL. HOW LONG AND STRONG THEIR TOOLS SPRING UP AT THE SIGHT OF ME!

OLD WOMEN YELL. THEIR SPIT SPOUTS UP TO ME. "THRACIAN THIEVES" "WHORE!"



THE NIGHT BEFORE

YOU BITCHES KNOW WHO WE ARE, DON'T YOU? WE ARE YOUR EXECUTIONERS! TONIGHT WE GET YOU READY, SOFTEN YOU UP. LET'S SEE HOW THIS COW IS GOING TO HANG – NOT BAD. STRETCH YOUR ARMS. THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S THE WAY YOU'LL BE ON THE CROSS. NICE DANCING LEGS, TOO. BUT YOUR CUNT IS TOO TIGHT – LET'S GET IT READY FOR THE CORNU! THAT'S GOOD. I LIKE THE WAY YOU JERK WHEN I THRUST IT IN – IT'S HURTING YOU, ISN'T IT? LOTS? IT'LL HURT WORSE IF I TWIST IT, WIGGLE IT ABOUT – HEY, BITCH, YOU'RE MAKING MY COCK HARD – WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE INSIDE YOU, COCK OR CORNU?

NOTHA

I KNOW I MUST OBEY, CO-OPERATE. HE'S GOING TO TORTURE ME TO DEATH TOMORROW ANYWAY, BUT HE CAN ALWAYS MAKE IT WORSE...

OH DIS, WHAT A COCK! IT HARDLY FITS MY LITTLE MOUTH, ARCH, ALMOST CHOKING! SUCH A SOUR, BRACKISH TASTE, LIKE FRUIT CONE MOULDY.

MY OWN BODY'S HOT. I'M SWEATING. HE FLICKS MY FLESH WITH HIS WHIP. I LIKE IT, GETS MY GIRL-JUICES FLOWING... HE'S JOLTING ME BACK AND FORTH, CRIPPING MY HAIR. HIS WANGER IS SO BIG IN MY JAW. IT'S HARD FOR ME TO HELP HIM – MY TONGUE FLICKS UNDERNEATH. MY LITTLE TEETH PRESSES,

VERY LIGHTLY. MY LIPS SUCK AS HE MASTURBATES INSIDE ME. THANK JUNO, HE LOOKS PLEASED WITH ME. I'M GIVING SATISFACTION. HEAR HOW HE'S CRUNTING! YES! HE'S THROBBING FASTER. I FEEL HIS HOT BLOOD RACING UNDER HIS COCK-SKIN – AAAH! IN MY THROAT, THE HUGE ERUPTION, MOLTEN HOT SPERM, IS FLOODING MY GULLET.

THANK YOU, MY EXECUTIONER. THIS GIRL THAT YOU'RE GOING TO KILL TOMORROW WILL DIE CONTENT WITH YOUR SWEET SPERM STILL WARM IN HER INSIDES!

WOMAN MUST SUFFER



DAUGHTER, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THIS WELL, IT IS THE LORD'S JUDGEMENT ON THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE, WOMAN MUST SUFFER. YOUR MOTHER SCREAMS WHEN I PLANT MY SEED IN HER, SHE SCREAMS WHEN SHE BRINGS FORTH BABIES LIKE YOU. YOU'RE A YOUNG WOMAN NOW YOURSELF, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO LEARN THE PAIN, THE CURSE, OF BEING A WOMAN.

BUT THESE PROUD HEATHENS, ARROGANT BARBARIANS, THINK THEIR LONG LEGS, THEIR WELL-

MUSCLED THIGHS, THEIR STRONG HIPS, GIVE THEM THE RIGHT TO STRIDE LIKE WARRIORS. THEY THINK IT NO SHAME TO DISPLAY THEIR FEMALE FORMS, THEY DARE TO ANSWER BACK, EVEN COMMAND, MEN AT WHOSE FEET THEY SHOULD KNEEL. YES, THOUGH IT TROUBLES ME TO EVEN TO WHISPER THIS, THESE AMAZONS BORE ARMS, USED SWORDS AND SPEARS, AGAINST THE MIGHT OF ROME!

IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT YOU SHOULD WITNESS THEIR HUMILIATION, SEE THEM BROKEN — HARK HOW

SHE'S SCREAMING NOW! BEHOLD HER SISTER'S NAKEDNESS, HER HUMBLED HEAD, HER SHAME. BE THANKFUL GIRL, THAT YOU ARE OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, AND THAT IT IS THE WILL OF OUR LORD FOR OUR ROMAN RULERS TO GIVE US PROTECTION FROM SUCH SAVAGES, AND OFFER SUCH FINE, PUBLIC EXAMPLES OF THE CRUEL FATE OF WOMEN WHO DENY THEIR PROPER PLACE IN LIFE. LOOK AT THEM WELL, AND LEARN!



CRUX BRAT

THRASH! OWWW!

JUST BECAUSE WE'VE GIVEN YOU A LITTLE GIRLY CROSSBAR, PICLET, DON'T KID YOURSELF YOU'RE GOING TO DIE GENTLY! HARK HOW THIS WOMAN'S SHRIEKING, CRAZY WITH PAIN. YOU'LL DANCE LIKE SHE'S DOING, TWISTING YOUR TEENAGE TORSO TILL YOUR MUSCLES TEAR. OH YES, MY LITTLE CRUX-BRAT, YOU CAN BE SURE, IT WILL BE QUITE AS BAD FOR YOU AS FOR A FULL-GROWN WOMAN – EVEN WORSE – NOW SKIP!

THRASH! AOOWWWW!

GOOD! SHE'S WELL CRUCIFIED. LET HER JUST DANCE FOR NOW, GUARDS. WHIP HER WHEN SHE WEAKENS. IF - NO, WHEN - SHE STARTS TO FAINT, COLD WATER, THEN THE RED-HOT HOOKS.

HEY BRAT, WE'VE HUNG YOU LOW, JUST SO THAT BOYS YOUR AGE CAN STUDY YOUR ANATOMY.

GUARDS, LET THEM FEEL HER, FINGER HER, EXPLORE HER GIRLY PARTS, NO INHIBITIONS.

WHEN ANY LADS WANT TO FUCK HER, URGE THEM ON - OUR ROMAN YOUTHS LEARN HOW TO CONQUER WHEN THEY DRIVE THEIR UNTRIED PRICKS INTO THE CUNT OF A GIRL IN PAIN!

SO BOYS CAN
STUDY YOUR
ANATOMY



MY LAST DANCE

TRAINED IN THE ROMAN BALLET SCHOOL, A LITHE YOUNG DANCING GIRL, ATHLETIC, ACROBATIC,
AND A SONGBIRD TOO, I ENTERTAINED THE EMPEROR, HE TOOK DELIGHT IN ME, OH YES, I WAS
CUTE AND COMELY, ONE OF HIS GIRLY PETS...

BUT NOW THE WHEEL HAS TURNED, THE ARMY OVERTHREW HIM, SLEW HIM, SEIZED ME TO MAKE
AN EXAMPLE.

BUT I'LL PLAY MY PART. I'VE SEEN GIRLS SAGGING, DROOPING ON THE CROSS, HOWLING AND
MOANING. THAT'S NOT MY WAY! I'M SINUOUS AND SUPPLE, I'LL DELIGHT IN MY DEATH-DANCE,
I'LL SQUIRM AND I'LL STRUGGLE, WRIGGLE AND WRITHE, I'LL TWIST AND TWIRL AND TEASE THEM
TO TANTALISE...

IT'S MY OLD DANCING-MASTER, COME TO WATCH MY LAST DANCE. HE KNOWS ME, KNOWS THIS
GIRL'S SECRET THOUGHTS. WITH HIS STICK – THAT DEAR STICK, TAUGHT ME SO MANY HARD
LESSONS! – HE PROMPTS HIS PUPIL.

WITH A HURL OF MY HIPS, LITHE AND LISSOM I LEAP. MY LAST SONG'S NO UGLY SHRIEK, BUT A
SWEET SOPRANO SERENADE ON THE EVENING AIR.



LIGHT'S LOW ON THESE NORTHERN HILLS,
BEYOND THE ROMAN WALL,
MY PEOPLE'S LAND
WHERE I PLAYED AND ROAMED FREE AS THE DEER,
TILL YOUR EAGLES CAME,
MORE THAN A HUNDRED MARCHING DAYS
FROM YOUR INFERNAL CITY.

YOU'VE MADE A DESERT,
CALLED IT PEACE,
AND NOW YOU DISPLAY
YOUR BANNERS OF VICTORY -
US, THE LAST PAIR OF TREMBLING FUGITIVES.
LIKE LEGIONARY STANDARDS, LIFTED UP
PROCLAIMING TO THE TRIBES
OF UTTERMOST THULE
THE UNCONQUERABLE MIGHT
OF IMPERIAL ROME.
ENJOY YOUR TRIUMPH,

SO FAR FROM HOME.
I FORGIVE YOU
FOR FUCKING ME, SCOURGING MY SISTER -
SEE, HOW SHE'S SUNK, EXHAUSTED,
YET YOU'VE HUNG HER LOW,
SO YOU CAN FUCK HER TOO -
TAKE OUR PATHETIC TRINKETS, PRETTY CLOTHES
GIFTS FOR YOUR GIRLS.

SEE ME, MY PICTISH SISTERS,
CROUCHING IN CAVES,
OR SKULKING SHIVERING UNDER WATERFALLS,
AND MARK -
THE WALL'S NO FRONTIER,
THE ETERNAL CITY KNOWS NO BOUNDS
IN SPACE OR TIME,
NOR IN THE DEPTHS
OF ROMAN CRUELTY!

NORTHERN HILLS

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All characters are 18 years old or older.

This comic contains entirely fictional work based on cartoon characters for adult entertainment. It shows no real people or events. The characters are shown participating in CONSENSUAL role-play for their own personal satisfaction, simulating activities which involve sexual dominance and submission.

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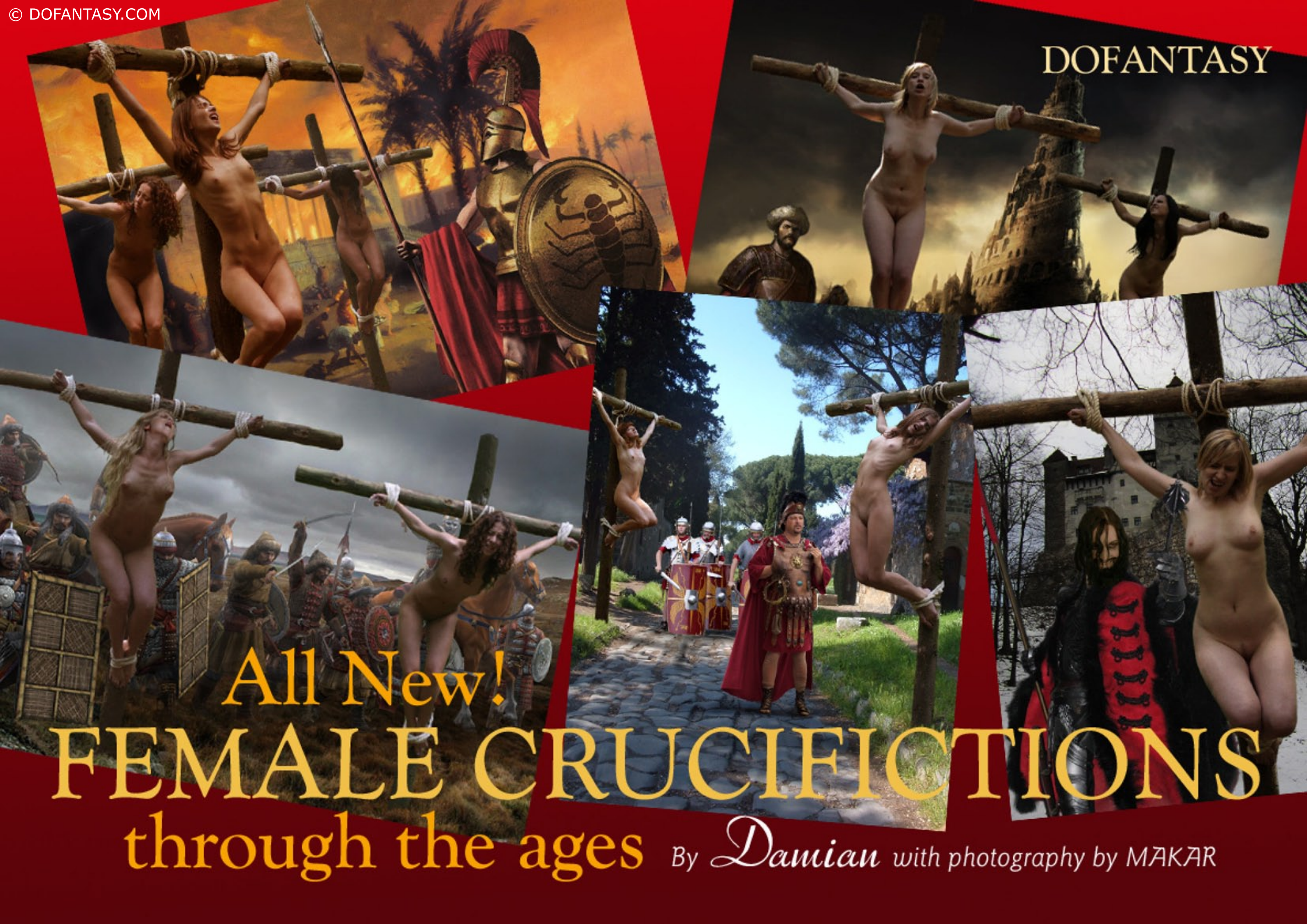
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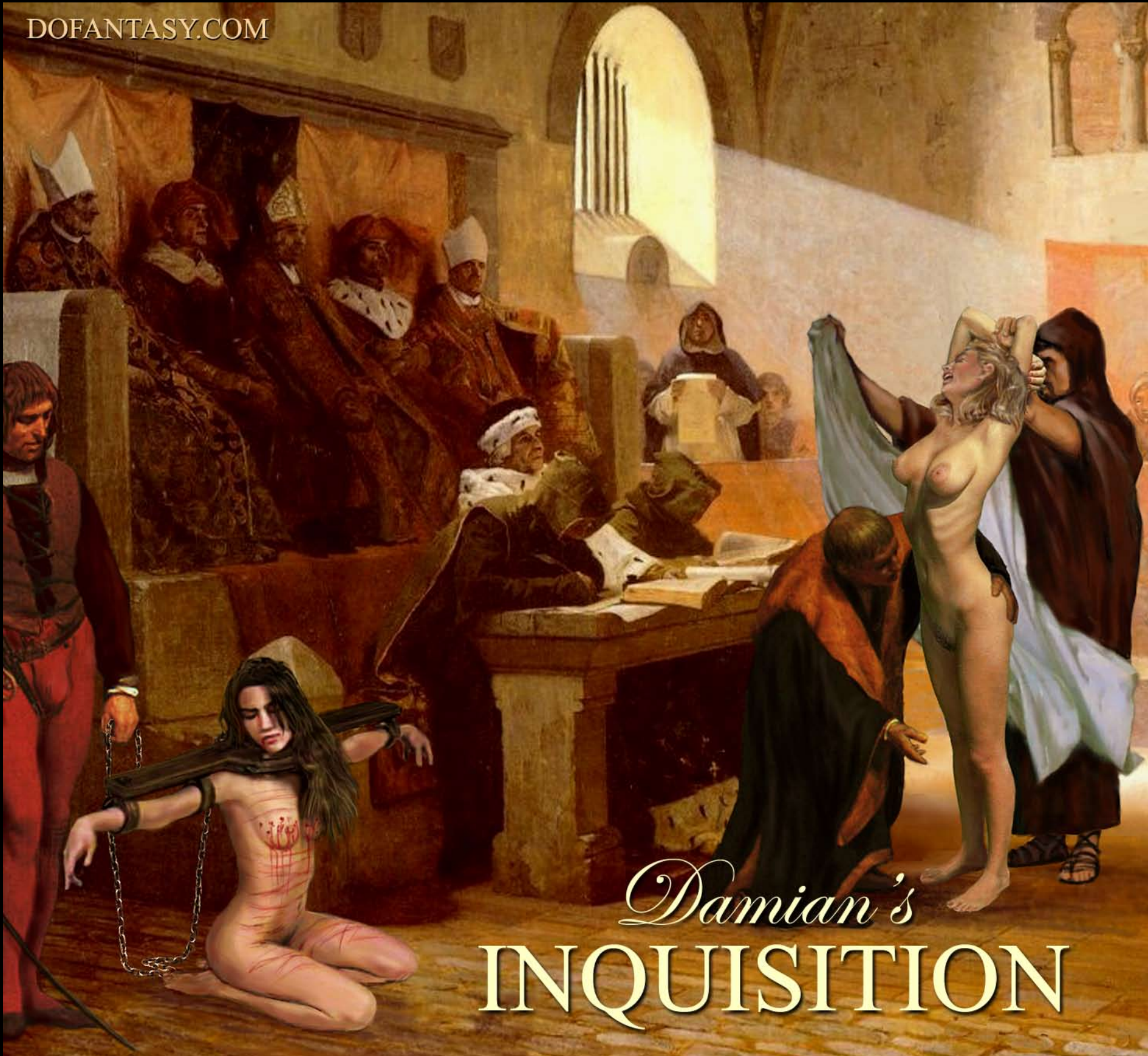


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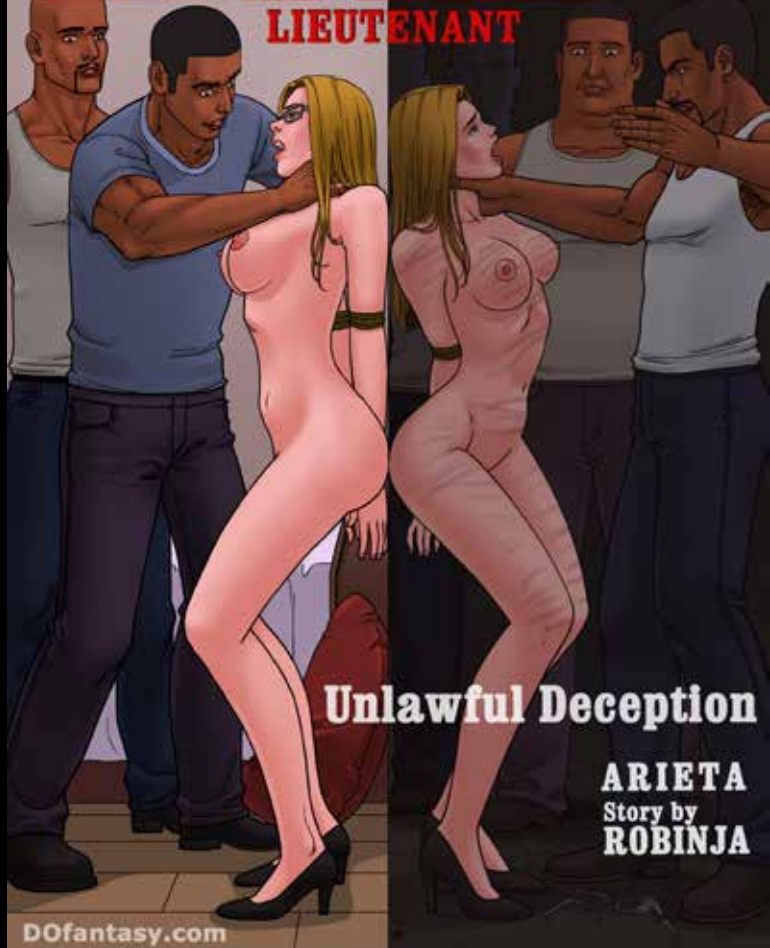
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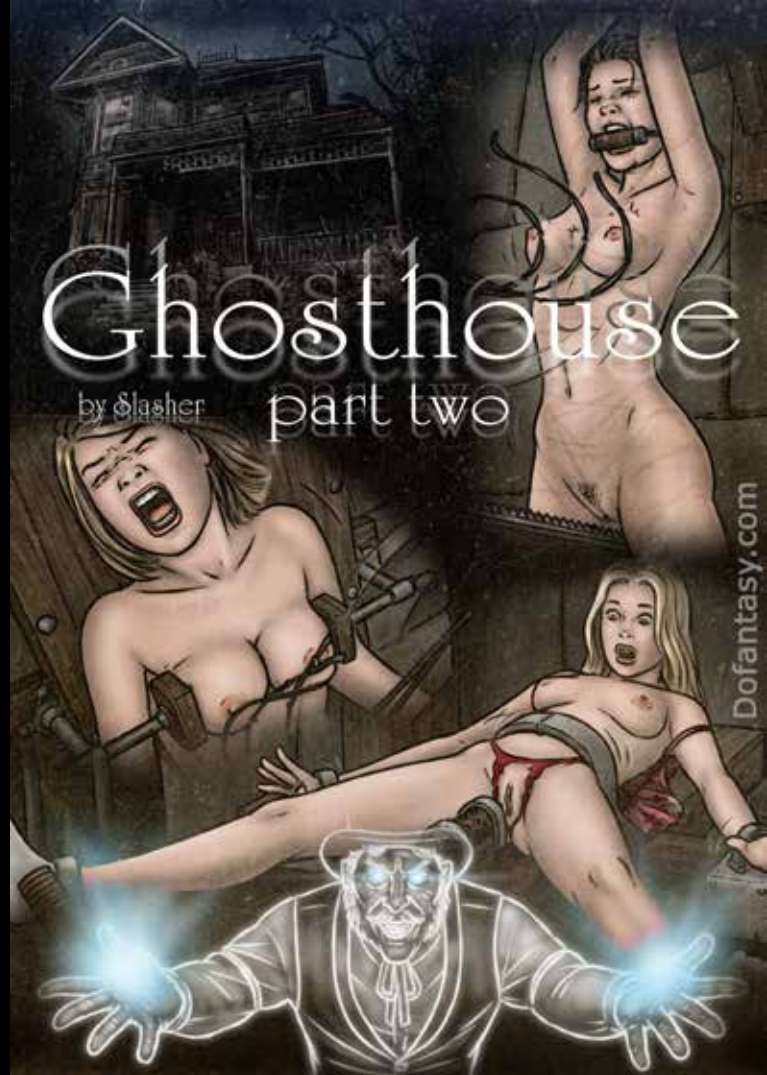
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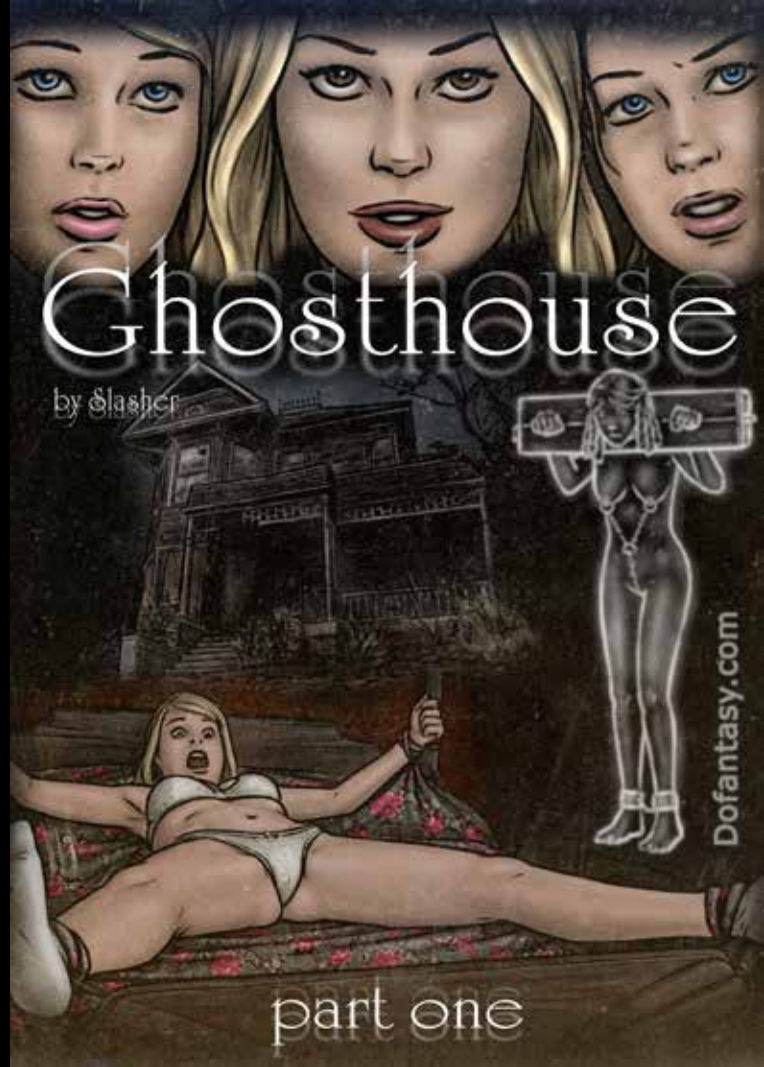
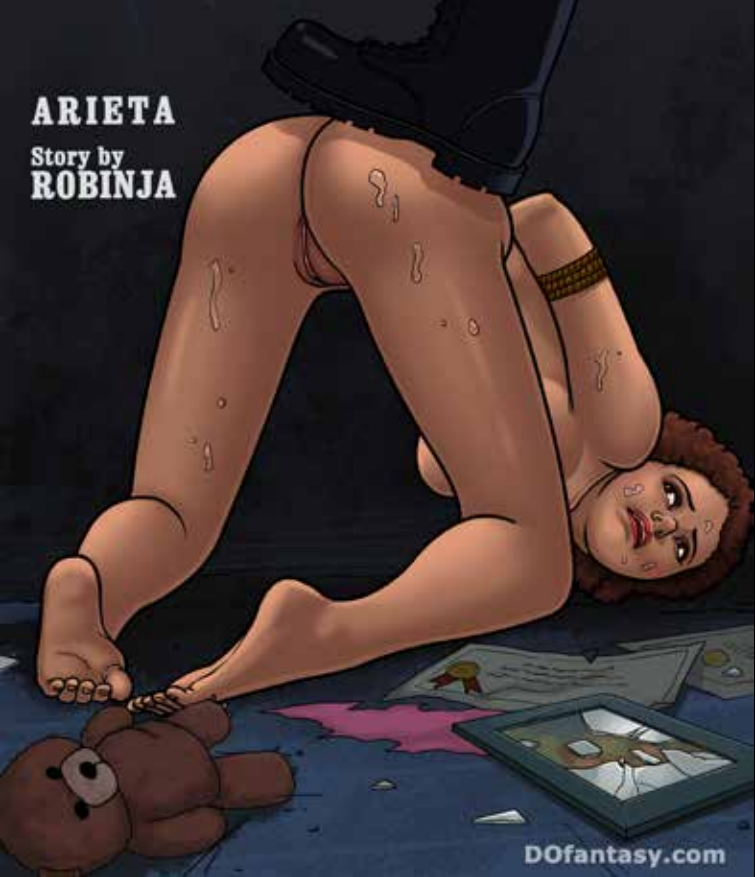
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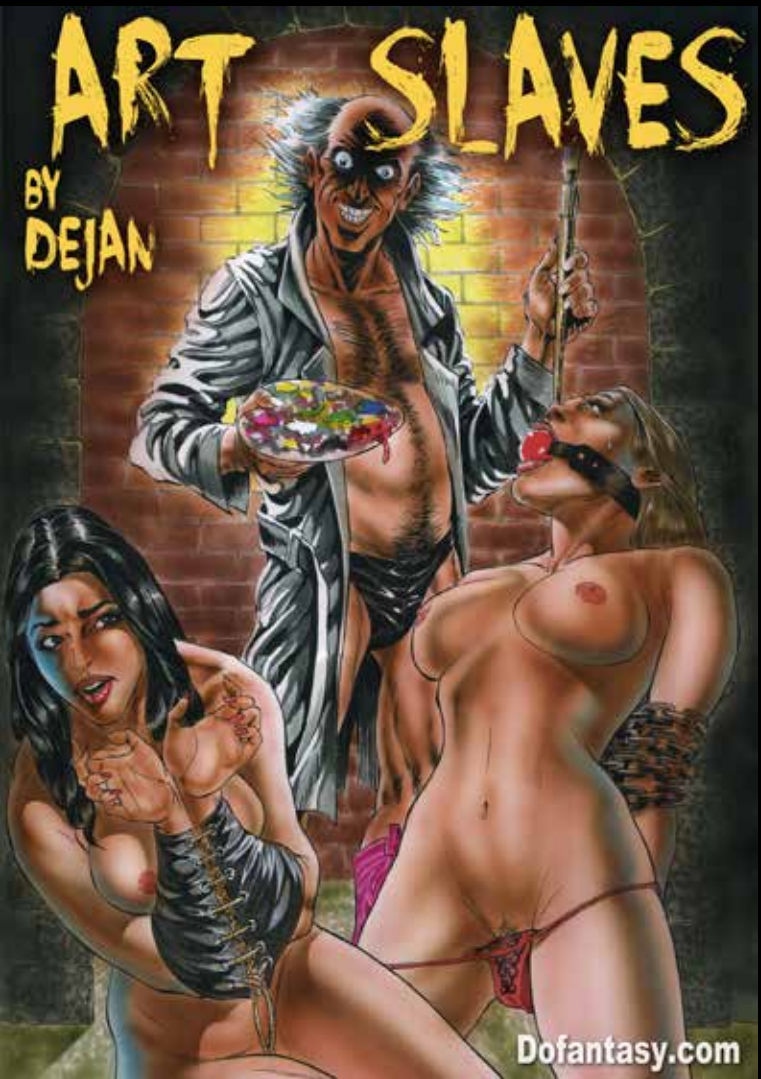
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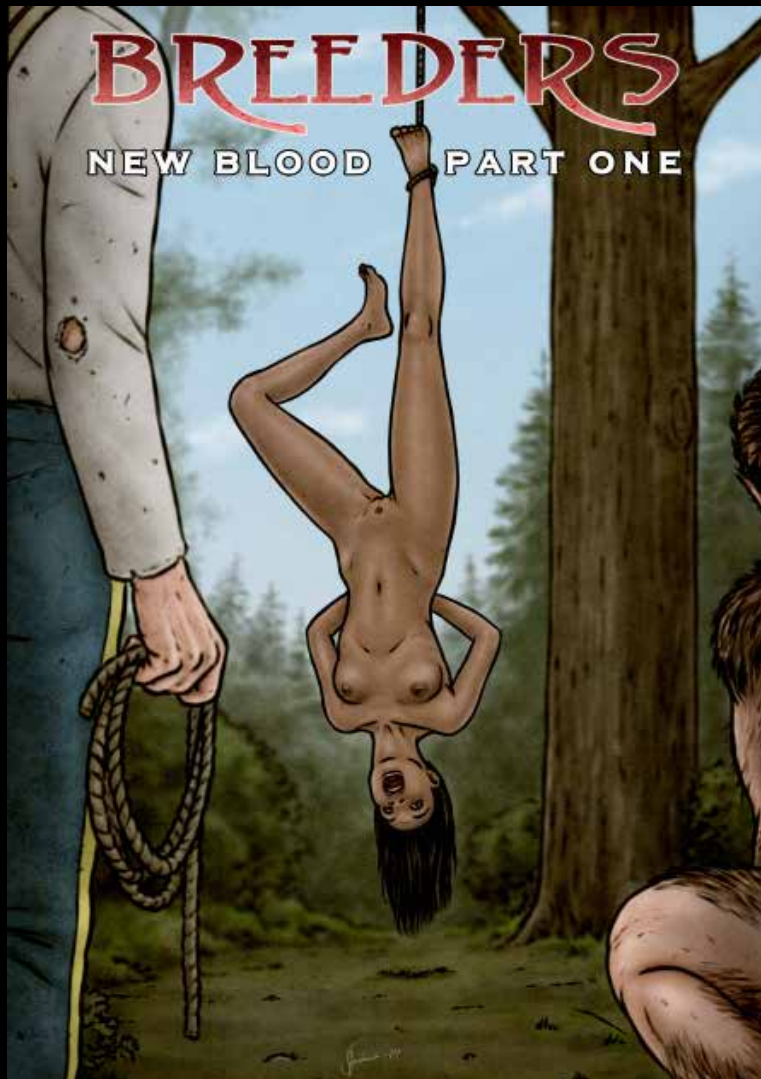
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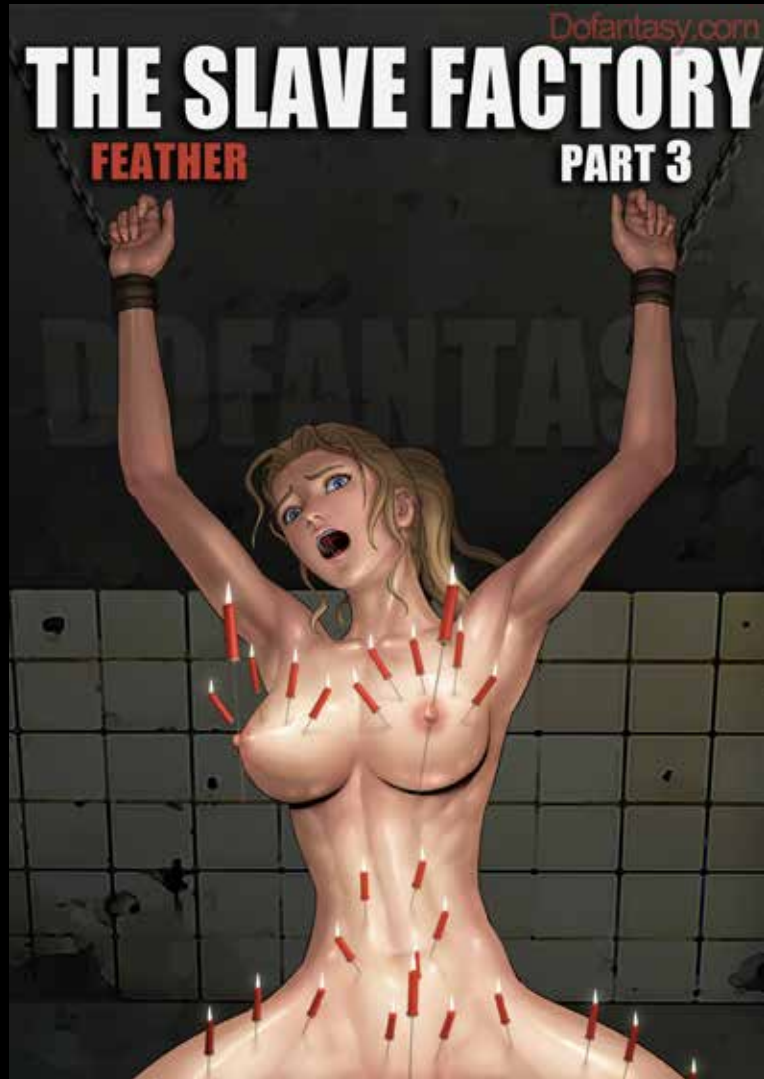
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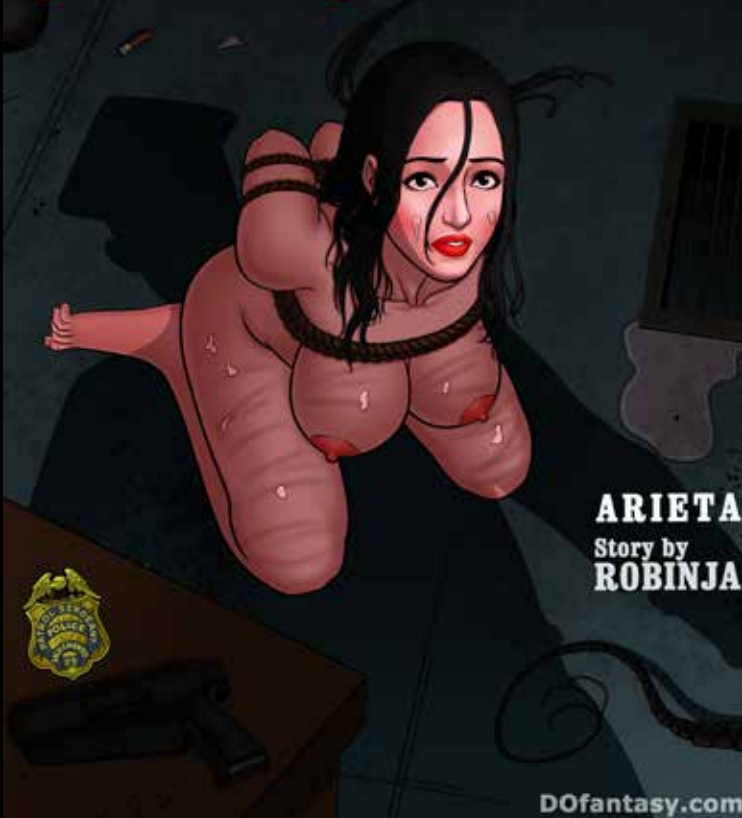
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