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THIS IS FICTION. IN REAL LIFE ALWAYS PRACTISE SAFE SEX

Also by Geoffrey Allen

Arena of Torment
Ritual of Pain
Temple of Darkness

AFRICANUS 4

Sisters in Chains

CHAPTER ONE

The warship *Imperator* turned into the freshening wind blowing her further along the shoreline and away from the great port of Alexandria. Below decks, ranks of slaves plied the oars giving greater speed as captain Lebienus ordered the helmsman to steer west where he was certain the mad Queen Hatentita, pretender to the ancient throne of Egypt, had stationed her ships. They were cumbersome vessels and as Roman intelligence reports indicated, poorly armed and equipped, no match for the warship bent on their destruction.

Africanus and Ustane stood side by side in the prow dressed in figure hugging dresses which did little to hide the splendid bodies beneath. The black woman inhaled the fresh sea air, filling her lungs and joyfully swelling her ample breasts. It felt good to be free again after everything she had endured, sold into slavery, whipped and chained, forced into seedy brothels and meeting with the mad queen, acting as her spy as she plotted the overthrow of the Romans, then barely escaping with her life through the terrible labyrinth. But all that was but a dark memory. Now she was on her way to Rome and back where she belonged, battling in the mighty Colosseum and, if the Gods favoured her, fighting alongside Fortuna who had trained her so well. She threw back her shoulders and let the air whoosh from her lungs, but not before she had unwittingly given Lebienus a splendid view of her erect nipples poking provocatively at the flimsy cotton dress. Shielding his eyes from the sun, he could see the dark and sensuous outline of her legs and hips magnificently proportioned as they tapered into her long, slim back. As a friend of General Petronius he had offered the women a cabin on the understanding that they could, if they so chose take a lover or two providing he was willing to pay for the privilege. Of course their fare would be deducted from their earnings as soon as they reached the port of Brundisium and then they would be free to travel overland to Rome. He wondered how long it would be before the *Imperator* encountered the Egyptian fleet, and if there was time to have at least one of them before battle commenced. In all probability it wouldn't be until the next day and he sent the Master at Arms with a message inviting both of them to dinner in his private quarters along with Seneca his second in command.

"We need a bath, first," Ustane advised. "Men like their women smelling sweetly, especially where it matters."

"Our cunt juice smells sweetly enough on its own without the help of perfume," Africanus said drily, going down the companionway to their cabin.

It was situated at the stern below the weather deck and a small window afforded a sweeping panorama of the ocean.

"Who the fuck are you?" Ustane swore as two young slave girls entered timidly into the cabin.

Africanus clicked her tongue. Would the foul mouthed Ustane never learn any manners?

"The captain sent us, mistress," the first replied. "With orders to bathe you."

It was difficult to guess their ages but Africanus guessed they were probably in their mid to late teens, bronze skinned and generously proportioned, hair tied in tails behind their heads and wearing neck collars, the symbols of slavery.

“I didn’t know there were other girls on this old tub,” Ustane said shooting them a cursory glance.

“We’re slaves,” the second girl informed. “Property of Calla and on our way to Rome to be sold.”

“Calla!” Africanus blurted. “That fat sow has got her greasy fingers into everything.”

When she had first arrived in Alexandria it was Calla working as a slave agent for the Lady Octavia who had bought and sold her, duping her with lies and deceit and selling the black woman into a brothel in Thebes where she had met Queen Hatentita disguised as a whore.

“I’d like to punch her fucking lights out,” Africanus hissed with uncharacteristic venom.

“Never mind that,” Ustane said, ushering the girls into the cabin. “We need to bathe and get painted if the captain and his mate want to wine, dine and fuck us. Are we going to charge them?”

“We can try, but I think our arses are on the menu. Which one of us is going to fuck the captain?”

“I think his cock is going into both of us,” Ustane said, stripping off her dress.

Africanus agreed that would probably be the case and slipped out of her clothes.

The slave girls knew what to do and tied the handle of a bucket to a length of rope and tossed it out of the window, filling it with sea water.

“Weak as a new born fucking kitten,” Ustane remarked disgustedly watching the slaves struggling to get the bucket up to the window.

She grabbed the rope and effortlessly heaved it over the sill leaving the slaves to fill the wooden tub. When it was filled enough to accommodate the bathers, the two women swung their thighs over the rim and sank in the salty water.

“By the Gods, this is cold,” Africanus gulped.

“Your nipples have gone hard,” Ustane remarked pinching each one in turn.

The black woman aimed the sole of her foot between Ustane’s legs and squirmed it hard into her cunt.

“You’ll make me come,” she laughed, wriggling her bare bottom.

The slave girls listened to the good natured banter with open mouths unused to hearing such coarse language and blatant fondling of breasts and sex. They were the daughters of merchants who had fallen on hard times and had been sold to pay off debts.

“Scrub our backs,” Africanus said, leaning into Ustane.

The women in the tub propped their dripping legs on the rim and pressed close together squashing breast to breast, nipple to nipple, bending their spines to the brushes now being worked into their skin.

Ustane watched over Africanus’ shoulder at the girl awkwardly rubbing the bristles up and down, her touch so light it had little effect.

“You’re not used to this are you?” she asked slyly.

“I’ve never done this, mistress,” she assented blushing.

Ustane shot Africanus an evil grin. “Have any of the crew fucked you yet?”

The girl dropped the brush in horror. “The slave dealer said we wouldn’t be touched until we were sold to our new master.”

Africanus' laughter was so loud it carried to the deck above. "That cow will tell you anything. You poor dears."

"Poor dears, my arse," Ustane sneered. "I shouldn't be surprised if the whole crew fucks the pair of them before we reach port. You're not virgins, I suppose?"

"I think they are," Africanus said softly.

"Then it's high time they were broke in. A girl's always better after her cunt's been stretched."

"Oh, that's cruel," Africanus laughed. "You might at least wait until we've had our bath."

"Why don't we fuck them now and they can bathe us afterwards. We can use the brush handles on them."

Africanus would normally have forbidden such harsh treatment but now she was in a playful mood and the prospect of going back to Rome made her game for anything. In her mind she was already in full armour, swinging her sword and listening to the applauding crowd, making the killing blow.

"I'll have the little one," she said, climbing out of the tub and standing gloriously naked, her dark skin shining like polished ebony.

The shorter of the two slaves looked up at her and gulped. The black woman towered over her and it seemed her long legs were twice the length of her own and capable of crushing anything that came between the powerful, rippling thighs. Her breasts were enormous and blessed with huge black nipples now hard and throbbing.

"It's a long time since I fucked a girl slave," the black woman taunted with a broad smile. "Now I can have you two ways, you can either bend over and I'll fuck you from behind, or would you rather get on your back and *watch* me fucking you?"

"I don't want either, mistress," the girl sobbed, putting her hands between her slim legs.

"That's no answer. Make up your mind or I'll beat you before I start."

"We should beat them anyway," Ustane hissed, warming rapidly to Africanus' fearful threats. "A slave girl is all the better for being whipped. My old master used to give me twenty lashes every morning."

"And that was before breakfast," Africanus added, hardly able to contain her laughter, so terrified were the slaves.

"Well?" Ustane growled menacingly. "Which is it, back or front?"

"I've got a better idea," Africanus smirked. "The little one can suck my cunt and you can fuck her from behind. Why not get the whole of your fist inside her?"

Suddenly the smaller of the two slaves made a bolt for the door but one swift movement of Ustane's foot tripped her over the boards. "Put her on all fours," Ustane ordered to her sobbing companion. "Then you can see how we deal with disobedient slaves."

The older of the two already knew there was no escaping the two women bent on punishing them. They had the benefit of age and experience and had been through it all themselves.

"I'll do as I'm told, mistress," she whispered, kneeling beside the younger slave.

She put her arms under the girl's belly and lifted her onto her knees, separating them until they were spread wide. Beneath her narrow shoulders her pert breasts pointed to the floor like cones, the pink nipples hard with fright. The black woman positioned herself at her front, getting her hips level with her drooping head. She lifted her long legs and slowly opened them, going wider and wider until they seemed to stretch the whole width of the cabin. The older girl sat fascinated at their

length, each thigh and calf glistening in the half light. Africanus lay back; her elbows supporting the weight of her body and pushed out her breasts. Again the older girl stared mesmerized at their size and shape, even both of her tiny hands couldn't encompass just one of the black shimmering globes. The nipples had risen into hard buds the size of her finger tips, but it was the size of the areolas which left her mouth gawping. Each dark, pimpled disc had spread the width of her palm, she was six foot of naked sex, legs and breasts any man would kill for, her whole voluptuous body built for pleasure.

"Get your head between my legs," the black woman told the younger girl. "And suck my cunt."

Ustane grabbed a tuft of her hair and forced her head into the sweating groin. "You heard, get your tongue inside her and start sucking."

The older girl unable to withhold the tingling in her belly placed her hand gently on the back of her companion's head and eased it into the quivering lips.

"Do as she says, Celia," she whispered, feeling a cold chill rising in her belly.

Ustane knelt behind the girl's proffered rump and slipped her fingers inside her delicate pink slit. Her wrist turned and jerked, moving forward until her knuckles grazed the now soaking lips. When she heard the girl moan she snatched up the brush and pushed the handle deep into her belly. There was nothing she could do in the way of resistance, her head buried in Africanus' sex, the black woman's thighs locked over her shoulders and her aroused companion holding her fast with both arms around her hips. Ustane's arm moved slowly back and forth letting the handle fully penetrate before gliding it back to the sex lips, then whirling it around the labia and thrusting it in again so fast the girl, her face still buried, uttered a muffled grunt of pain. She tried to withdraw her face but the black woman slapped her head.

"No one told you to stop," she rasped, feeling the mounting orgasm heating her belly.

For good measure, Ustane slapped her buttocks and thighs, delivering each blow at full strength. What had started as playful banter had now ascended into full blown oral sex. The black woman's eyes squinted from the tingling in her nipples and desperate to have them sucked, she reached out and seized a tuft of the other girl's hair, dragging her head over her breasts.

"Suck my tits," she breathed, pushing her face hard onto her left breast.

The girl, already wet and throbbing, immediately obeyed, taking the soft bud into her mouth and sucking it hard, she nibbled her teeth over the nipple, gradually learning how to pleasure another woman. When she was in her father's house she had seen and heard the female slaves having sex with each other, had crept to their quarters in the dead of night and watched them writhing and groaning, but until now had never actually taken part. All this was new and she was finding it both enthralling yet oddly strange that one woman could be so intimate with another. Getting bolder, she put her hand under the enormous breast and gently squeezed the abundant flesh. Her own breasts had not yet ripened into fullness and she wondered how long it would take before she carried breasts of that size. Not long, she hoped, sinking her fingers deeper and harder.

Ustane was working the brush handle so fast her wrist ached. Tiny beads of sweat formed on her brow but still the wretched girl hadn't reached her climax. What the hell was wrong with the stupid bitch? Any girl subjected to such hard punishment would have reached her orgasm long ago. She abandoned the brush and slipped her fingers over the pleasure bud, rubbing the tips fast around the distended flesh but heard nothing more than a faint whimper. By contrast, Africanus was writhing in

sexual ecstasy, forcing her hips hard into the girl's face and baring her breasts to the willing mouth now biting on her nipples. The girl, hearing the black woman's orgasmic groans, left off sucking and licked the sweat running from her chest, learning how to use her tongue and sweeping it right into the well of Africanus' throat. All around them the air was thick with the earthy aroma of feminine sex and scented sweat dripping from their glistening skin.

Above captain Lebienus paced the cabin floor.

"What the hell is keeping those bloody women? They should've been here hours ago."

"You know what women are like, sir," Seneca soothed. "They always take their time in a bath. Makes them smell sweeter and being scrubbed gives them the urge."

But sexual urge was not paramount in his mind. It was getting late and already the sun was dipping beyond the horizon. Tomorrow they would do battle and he wanted to be fresh for the affray. It was all right for the women down there wallowing in that tub. They did not have to risk their lives slashing and hacking in all directions and would be no more than mere bystanders, a couple of whores locked safely in their cabin whilst above the battle raged. By now the meal ought to have been finished and the captain and second in command enjoying the women before retiring to bed, well fucked and rested. But still they were not here. His patience ran out.

"Go below, Seneca, and find out what's keeping them. If necessary, bring them up here as they are, in the tub or out of it."

The door to the cabin opened with no warning.

"By all the Gods!" Seneca swore, as he entered the cabin and found Africanus in the heat of orgasm, one of the young slaves licking her breasts and the other slave groaning in agony as Ustane busily fist fucked her.

"Oh, shit," the black woman swore pushing the girl aside.

"Shit indeed!" Seneca grunted, reaching over and grabbing her braids.

She was on her feet and trembling from the sudden interruption. Ustane pulled away from the sobbing girl and got hastily up. In the heat of passion both had forgotten their invitation.

"Get upstairs," Seneca growled, kicking Africanus in the rump. She made for her clothes but he tore them from her hand. "Go as you are," he said savagely.

He too was aware of what lay ahead on the morrow and had a horrible feeling that the night of unbridled sex with one or both of the women would now not take place.

"So this is how you repay my generosity," Lebienus said, eyeing the naked women standing contritely before him. "I invited you both to my table, offered you all the food you could eat, a passage to Rome and the possibility of earning a few gold coins into the bargain. I even send slaves to wait upon you, and what do I get in return?" His voice lowered to a menacing snarl. "I'll tell you what I get. Totally ignored in favour of a couple of cheap slaves on which *you* chose to slake your lust."

There was nothing either woman could say to that and they stood before him like naughty school girls, hands over their sexes and heads bowed.

"What would you do now if you were in my position?" he whispered dangerously, glaring over the heavily laden table.

"Speak up girl!" Seneca boomed. "The captain of the mighty *Imperator* is addressing you."

"I'd have us both flogged," Africanus whispered softly, not daring to lift her head.

"I could think of something else," Ustane simpered, hopelessly trying to diffuse the situation.

"Oh, I'm sure you could," he said, running his eyes over her shapely legs. "That's the trouble with you women. You always think that offering sex will get you out of anything. This time you are profoundly mistaken. Bend your bare arses over that table while I decide which method I'm going to use to whip you raw."

"Oh, Jupiter," Africanus murmured obeying his instructions.

She bent over and gripped the other side of the table, spreading her legs as she knew was expected. Ustane stood beside her baring her bottom and mouthing silent obscenities, cursing the slave girl for not coming quicker. It was all her fault for taking so long and now both she and the black woman would be soundly whipped.

"I think this will do," Lebienus suggested, wielding a long, supple length of rope normally used for securing the tiller amidships.

"Hold her shoulders, Seneca, whilst I flog the ungrateful bitch and the other one can count the strokes."

Below, the smaller of the two slave girls stopped emptying the tub and cocked her ear.

"Listen to that," she beamed. "Those cows are getting a flogging. Serves them right for what they done."

The taller one crept to the door and listened intently. The rope smacked again into Africanus' bare rump and she heard the black woman grunt as it coiled around her buttocks.

"Four," Ustane counted, standing so close she could feel the shock reverberating through Africanus' hips.

The slave girl ventured up the narrow companionway and poked her head gingerly around the door, ready to flee at a second's notice. Africanus looked devastatingly sexual bending naked over the table, her long legs widely spread and offering her defenceless bare bottom to the rope winging in with terrifying speed. Captain Lebienus was tall and powerful, his rippling torso bulging with solid muscle. Not a man to cross under any circumstances. He gathered the rope in his fist and sent it whistling into the black woman's flank.

"Six," counted Ustane, now aware that the flogging was going to be long and hard.

Africanus bucked over the table thumping her pelvis against the rim. Her bottom throbbed from the pain and seemed to be on fire as the next blow lashed under her legs. She went up on tip-toe and fell forward, only prevented from crashing onto the table top by Seneca who held her rigid. She looked down and under his tunic saw his erection standing against his belly only a finger's width from her parted lips. Her breasts swung provocatively to and fro, the erect nipples only just missing the laden plates. If only she had not been so foolish wasting precious time on those slave girls she would now be filling her belly with oysters and freshly roasted fowl.

"Eight," Ustane muttered, keeping her head bowed, vainly hoping that by the time he'd finished with her companion, the captain would be too exhausted to flog her.

He delivered two more strokes crossing them over Africanus' back and then kicking her bottom with the side of his boot.

"Stay where you are," he said, flexing his biceps and going around the table.

"Thank you, sir," Seneca acknowledged, accepting the rope and getting behind Ustane.

Lebienus gripped the sides of her head and forced it downwards until her brow touched the table.

“This one looks more trouble than she’s worth. Give her an extra four strokes. I want her arse so raw she won’t sit down for a week.”

“You bastard,” Ustane muttered as Seneca lashed her right buttock.

“One,” counted Africanus, squeezing her cheeks against the pain now blazing hot and deep.

The young slave girl saw the rope whistle into Ustane’s arse crease and she howled like a she wolf. The other slave had joined her peering around her hip and going wide eyed at Ustane’s bottom raised high over the table.

“Go on, beat her,” she whispered. “Beat the shit out of her,” remembering the words spoken by her father’s overseer when he ordered the slave girls a severe flogging.

“Shhh,” the taller one silenced, ducking her head behind the door.

In the cabin Seneca was delivering the final blows over Ustane’s punished bottom, lashing each buttock with all the strength he could muster. Africanus had counted to fourteen before the flogging ceased and Ustane collapsed helpless over the table. Lebienus put his hands under her chin and threw her upright.

“Now my second in command and I shall dine and both of you will wait on us.”

They took their places smiling grimly at the women hobbling naked around the table, not daring to rub their throbbing buttocks or even suggesting that they should be allowed to cool them in the tub. The men relaxing from their exertions reclined in their seats delighting at the women bending over as they filled the goblets, letting their bare breasts sway as the jugs were raised and emptied. They took time to admire the long legs and curving hips going back and forth, bumping their seats and leaning close as they served each dish in turn. What was it about a woman that made her so extraordinarily sensual going about such mundane tasks completely naked when ordinarily she would have been clothed? Perhaps it was the realization that there was much more to a woman’s body than one ordinarily sees.

“You have good legs,” Lebienus complimented when Africanus replenished his goblet.

“Thank you, master,” she acknowledged, allowing his hand to roam freely over her bruised bottom.

Thoroughly subdued, Ustane stood still, plate in hand whilst Seneca fondled her breasts. Lebienus ordered more wine but when Africanus approached with a full jug, ordered her to tip it over her chest and breasts. He watched the amber liquid flowing between her black globes and over her belly, soaking into her dense mass of pubic curls.

“Stand closer, girl,” he said, all anger gone.

She stood beside his chair, belly almost touching his arm when he swept his tongue up the front of her body. Involuntarily she leaned over so that her breasts squashed into his shoulder, emptying what remained of the wine into his goblet. He made a half turn and cupped her right breast, lifting it and aiming the nipple into his lips.

“Get under the table,” he said softly, “and suck my cock.”

“Yes, master,” she obeyed, placing the jug on the table and diving under its top.

Out of sight, she breathed with relief that the flogging she had taken seemed to quench his wrath. Now he was up for more of what she really could give. Her hands

went under his tunic lifting it slowly over his knees, rolling it in folds and smoothing her fingers along the length of his thighs. Above her, she heard him gasp and closed her hand softly around his hardened organ. She opened her mouth, letting her full lips hover over the plum and breathing hot breath around the silky skin before slipping it on her tongue.

Seneca knew what was going on under there and ordered Ustane to lie on the floor where he could fuck her unseen by the captain. Even under these circumstances a man was entitled to some privacy. Ustane arched her back, digging her heels into the boards, lifting her bottom clear as Seneca penetrated her to the hilt. It took only three thrusts to fill her belly and she gasped at the shock. Her arms went around his shoulders hugging him close. Now that the burning pain had paled into a steady throb she was all pulsating sex, the dull ache adding spice to the pleasure rippling through her loins.

“Fuck me hard,” she whispered. “I want to be fucked hard.”

Africanus played her hot tongue around Lebienu's glans, licking until it throbbed. Her hand tightened its grip and went slowly up and down the shaft coaxing it harder and longer in her palm. She waited until it came to bursting point and sucked the whole length in her mouth, carefully angling her head and neck until she had swallowed him whole.

The taller of the two slaves crawled on all fours urging the smaller one to keep out of sight as she peered again around the door. She saw Ustane's legs locked tightly over Seneca's back, heels drumming into the base of his spine. Her head was thrown on one side, mouth open, gulping in the humid air. Sweat dripped from her temples and, pausing to wipe the back of her hand across her brow, she jerked her hips in unison with his hips riding hard between her thighs. The slave had heard her parents and slaves making love in the dead of night, listened to all the tell-tale grunts and groans and high pitched shrieks coming from the women. Now she stared at Ustane's juddering body clinging like a limpet to her lover, seemingly none the worse for wear after so severe a flogging. Dimly, she understood now what she had meant about a woman being all the more ready for fucking after she had been whipped. The smaller of the slaves eager to know what was causing all that noise emanating from behind the cabin wall leaned over the girl on all fours and put her hand to her mouth.

“It's so horrible,” she gasped, watching Seneca's cock gliding in and out of Ustane's sex, withdrawing almost completely, gathering strength in his loins before he plunged in and made her arse jolt from the floor.

“Shut up,” the older one chided, pushing her away.

Under the table she saw Africanus' back bending between Lebienu's knees and the back of her head bobbing fast over what she knew was his organ. The black woman was sucking him, holding the base of his cock in her fingers and then diving her mouth right into his pubic hair. From her throat came a warbling sound as she sucked and blew on the pulsating veins. She too appeared none the worse for wear and the slave could even see the welt marks on her bottom, going around her buttocks and into her dark sensual crease. The slave risked raising her head and saw the captain leaning back in his chair, face a mask of ecstasy from what was taking place under the table. Africanus was working well; doing all the things she did best, pleasuring a man to a degree that few other women could emulate. Such artistry only came from long practice and only the whole woman could really bring it off.

Disgusted and feeling sick at witnessing such a revolting spectacle, the smaller slave retreated to the cabin below and leaned out of the window, cleansing her mind and body with gusts of fresh sea air. On the horizon a darker mass separated sea from

sky and for a moment she thought she saw twinkling lights far away. The stars were clear and bright but stationary in the great azure plain above, but these were moving across the horizon, keeping an equal distance but at the same speed. Not understanding the significance of what she saw, she dismissed it with a shake of her head and went on dutifully emptying the tub, hurling buckets of water out of the window and muttering to herself.

Lebienus' cock trembled in Africanus' hand and she grabbed his balls stemming the flow of sperm threatening to engulf her throat.

"Not yet," he heard her say. "Wait until your balls are fully loaded."

He wasn't going to argue with that. Around his length her mouth was wet and warm, her tongue marvellous in its ministrations, furling around the trunk and into the plum groove where its flicking tip almost drove him witless. He could hear the harsh groans of Seneca and rapid pants of Ustane struggling to hold back her climax. Above the table he saw her legs lifting and going wide, toes pointing to the ceiling. Her arms reached up and grabbed her ankles with both hands bending her legs over her body. He wondered if there was still time to swap partners. A bell rang out indicating it was midnight and in six hours the dawn would come.

'Tomorrow,' he thought. 'I'll have her tomorrow after the battle is won.'

His balls were fully loaded and Africanus released her grip, dropping her head hard over his cock. The plum just nudged the back of her throat when his spunk erupted, shooting down her gullet in fast, hot jets. She pulled quickly back and let it rest on her tongue savouring the almond tasting juice slithering into her mouth. Licking her lips and swallowing hard, she emerged from under the table, her face glowing and smiling a wide, full lipped smile.

"You're good at your job," he complimented her, offering her his goblet.

She drank deeply and belched which made him laugh.

Ustane struggled to her feet almost bow-legged after Seneca had finished with her. He playfully slapped her bottom and offered her his goblet, the contents nectar on her parched throat.

"You did well, girls," Lebienus announced. "Now you can go and have your bath. The young slaves are at your disposal, and if the Gods favour us tomorrow I may even give them to you as a present."

"Thank you, master," they said in unison, bowing out of the cabin.

The taller slave bolted below and found her companion gazing out to sea.

"What so interesting out there?" Africanus asked, entering soon after and elbowing her out of the way.

"Those lights," she said. "I've been watching them for ages. They seem to be following us."

"Bollocks," Ustane said, looking dismayed at the empty tub.

"Fill it," Africanus ordered. "And wash the sweat from our bodies. I'm tired."

"What the fuck is going on?" Ustane grumbled, suddenly awakened by the sound of beating drums.

"It's only the drums beating time for the oarsmen," Africanus replied, turning over on her narrow bunk.

On deck, Lebienus surveyed the distant horizon. He had been up before dawn and witnessed the strengthening black line that divided sea from heaven. It was a sight that never tired him, the gradual lighting of the sky in blurred patches slowly followed by rays of gold illuminating the clouds.

"Sails to the East!" a sailor called from the look out post high above.

Lebienus gripped the stern rail staring into the distance marvelling at just how vast an ocean actually is. In that vastness dim shapes appeared, only two or three to start with, but then moments later another four came into view followed by a whole squadron bringing the total to at least fifteen. A lot more than the intelligence reports had led him to believe.

“Stand to!” he yelled, and dozens of feet pounded the decks, running hither and thither, gathering arms and setting the catapults, loading them with pots of oil ready to ignite the enemy ships. The drums beat faster, setting a heart stopping pace as the slaves sweated and heaved at the oars.

Africanus sat up forgetting she was sleeping in the upper bunk and promptly bumped her head on the ceiling. The bed seemed to tilt and a goblet resting on a table slid to the floor. For a moment the horizon went askew and then righted itself.

“Ships!” Ustane blurted, looking through the window.

Africanus scrambled out of her bunk. She knew now things were not quite right aboard the *Imperator*. She had sensed it at the beginning when she saw men at arms going below to their quarters, nothing unusual in that, except there were so many of them. In the captain’s cabin she had seen a full suit of armour and a well honed gladius tucked discreetly under a cupboard. And there was Lebienus himself, powerfully built and bearing one or two scars that could have only come from a sword or lance. The *Imperator* was moving fast and out of the window she saw the foaming wake of the oars. No merchant vessel could move at that speed. Then it hit her.

“We’re on board a fucking warship!” she shrieked, looking at the enemy ships forming into a crescent. “That bastard Petronius might’ve told us!”

“Great,” Ustane said dully. “We get out of one hole and fall straight down another.”

“It’s the story of my fucking life!” Africanus swore nervously.

“I wonder who those ships belong to?” Ustane said, joining her at the window.

“If they’re Greeks, we might be in luck,” Africanus replied, calmer now and leaning her bare bosom over the sill. “They treat their slaves well as a rule.”

“As a rule I don’t want to be a slave to nobody,” Ustane grunted.

The two women strained their eyes at the approaching vessels but were still unable to recognise which navy they might belong. Instinctively they put on their dresses, shorter ones this time, the hems reaching to mid thigh and tied around their waists with thick cord. If they had to swim, a longer dress would hinder their progress. Suddenly the vessel veered sharply to port as Lebienus turned to face the enemy.

The *Imperator* steered a course at the middle of the crescent drawing ever closer with every sweep of the oars. The drums were beating faster now reaching ramming speed. The two women now stared into an empty ocean. The ship had turned a half circle putting the Egyptian fleet ahead instead of astern.

“I think we should go on deck,” Ustane advised sensibly. “If this tub sinks we’ll have no chance in here.”

Africanus saw sense in that and they went up the companionway and saw Lebienus no longer attired in a loose tunic but resplendent in shining armour his gladius already drawn. The first Egyptian galley was so close the women could see the swarthy faces of the sailors lining the bulwarks. Africanus clung to the rail her heart thumping at the thrill of impending combat. Beneath the flimsy dress her nipples stiffened as they always did before the first blow was struck. Lebienus was quickly at her side, hugging her close and kissing her full on the lips, one hand groping her bottom fondly squeezing the cheeks.

“The hot body of a woman is good to hold before we go into combat,” he said, slapping her rump. His hands were under her dress feeling the warmth of her naked cheeks. Without instruction, she tore open her dress baring her breasts against the breastplate. He had only a few seconds before giving the order to attack and, lifting her off the deck, sucked each nipple in turn. Tears filled her eyes as he rolled the buds between his teeth, biting so hard she cried out from the sudden pain.

“I’m so wet,” she sobbed.

His hand went under her legs and rubbed softly into her pubic fleece. But there was no time to tease the quivering lips begging for his cock. He dropped her to the deck and, raising his sword, gave the order to let loose the catapults. The oil-filled pots already had small fires burning on their tops and when released whistled through the air at terrifying speed, exploding in great balls of fire against the Egyptian hulls. Africanus’ hand flew to her mouth as the papyrus walls erupted into flame showering sparks and burning reeds over the crew. In moments the whole vessel was ablaze. The *Imperator* swept through the Egyptian fleet igniting one ship after the other.

“Look at them burn!” Africanus marvelled shielding her face from the searing heat.

Volley after volley of arrows shot into the desperate crews leaping over the sides but the Roman warship, oblivious to their cries, sailed on, steering into a complete circle and attacking the other side of the crescent. The catapults had reloaded and were firing into the nearest ships setting light to the hulls and sails. Those furthest from the *Imperator* turned and fled, their oarsman frantically plying the oars as they headed into the open sea. Only one ship remained wallowing defencelessly against the greater Roman vessel bearing down upon her.

“Take her as a prize,” Lebienus commanded, ordering the catapults and archers to stand down.

The whole battle had been fought with bewildering speed, the superb discipline and weaponry of the Romans far outmatching the more poorly equipped Egyptian galleys. Many of them were now reduced to blackened wrecks slowly sinking beneath the waves. But it was the remaining ship that intrigued Lebienus. She was dead in the water with no signs of being able to defend herself. Neither were there any signs of armed men aboard, which made the Roman captain instantly suspicious.

“Seneca, take twenty men and board her. We will support you with archers.”

Seneca saluted and, with his men following close behind, leapt aboard the vessel. He went below, sword drawn against any possible attack, going down the companionways and into the holds.

“By all the Gods,” he breathed, staring in disbelief at the cargo.

“What in the name of Jupiter is keeping them?” Lebienus said, clenching his teeth and wondering why he was taking so long.

Then, before he could order more men aboard, Seneca appeared from the companionway and Lebienus went into fits of laughter.

“I might’ve guessed,” he said, wiping tears from his eyes.

Over Seneca’s shoulder the naked rump of a slave girl wobbled deliciously, her slim legs dangling limply at his front. He gave her bottom a hefty slap and dropped her to the deck. Behind him more slave girls trooped across the gangplank, driven like cattle by the armed men playfully jabbing their bottoms with the tips of their swords. The girls were all naked apart from bracelets jingling on their wrists and ankles and each seemingly more beautiful than the last.

“Only the Egyptians would be stupid enough to bring along a harem,” Lebienuis remarked, watching the girls cowering in fright. “In all my days at sea I’ve never seen so much cunt.”

“They will fetch a good price in Rome,” Seneca rejoined.

“Or a great deal more in Ephesus,” Lebienuis said thoughtfully. “Slaves such as these will be highly prized by the brothel keepers. Have them chained and taken below. But bring that one to my cabin.”

The girl he had singled out was tall and slender with firm breasts and shapely hips. Africanus looked at her with simmering hatred. Hell has no fury like a woman scorned and Africanus’ face contorted with rage.

“That’s fucked it,” she hissed.

With so many slaves on board ripe and ready for fucking there was no chance now of earning a single penny let alone a hoard of gold.

“Where is Ephesus?” asked Ustane, watching Lebienuis’ men busy looting the Egyptian ship.

“A long way from Rome,” Africanus said bitterly.

“You will sleep in the rope locker with the other two slaves,” Lebienuis told them. “Seneca will have the use of your cabin for the rest of the voyage.”

“That’s not fair,” Africanus blurted. “You promised us our own cabin.”

“That was before we captured those slaves, but if whoring is to your liking I daresay the crew will oblige you both, and you are hardly in a position to argue.”

“But you promised...”

A slap in the face silenced her protest. “I think you need reminding who is captain aboard this ship. Seneca, clap them in chains and have them put in the bilges, inform the crew that their cunts are there for the taking.”

“What?” she shouted. “You mean we have to fuck the crew for nothing!”

“No,” he said softly. “I shall see you are fairly fed and watered, after all a whore can hardly be expected to fuck a hundred men on an empty belly.”

“Or a full one,” Seneca laughed. “I shouldn’t wonder if she goes belly up before the ship docks.”

“You shit,” she muttered, without first realizing the consequences of her remark.

“Gag them, and then give them twenty lashes. After that they can have as much cock as they can take. When we reach port, sell them into the worst brothel you can find.”

“Your fucking mouth,” Ustane spat. “You can’t keep it shut for a moment.”

There wasn’t much Africanus could say to that. All her dreams of returning to Rome were gone in an instant.

“I’ll find a way out,” she said, but as the men bundled them into the bilges, it seemed very unlikely.

CHAPTER TWO

“On your knees,” the sailors ordered, lengths of knotted rope swinging ominously in their hands.

The ceiling was so low already the women were bending their heads. They were in the bowels of the ship which stank to high heaven. The walls were not panelled like the cabin but showed the ribs of the vessel and the cross members supporting the deck above. Lamps were lighted and stuck into cracks in the timbers. Beneath their feet, black stagnant water hung in pools between the keel and ribs. No one ever ventured this far down unless they were inspecting the planking for leaks, or were accompanying those sentenced to confinement as a punishment. Iron rings for that purpose hung from the timbers together with lengths of rusting chains.

The women knelt before them peering into the gloom. Before they had time to take in the dreadful surroundings, hands gripped the tops of their tunics and in one fast heave wrenched them from their backs. Half naked and trembling the women lifted their heads and opened their mouths wide. The gags were not silken, the type used in brothels when the clients gagged them for pleasure, neither were they made of cloth knotted behind their heads, but made of coarse leather, one part of the gag fitted with a ball of woven rope, large enough to fit snugly into their mouths, the other part a wide collar with a ring at the front, both parts were joined at the back with metal studs. The sailors went to work with cheerful expertise, first securing the collars, sliding them around their necks and fastening them with buckles, then fitting the gags, bringing them around the sides of their heads, positioning the balls and then securing the other end to the neck collar.

“That’ll keep you quiet, eh?” the sailor at Africanus’ front smirked.

“Ay, a woman’s all the better with her mouth silenced,” his friend added, pulling the gag tightly around Ustane’s head.

“The captain’s ordered you twenty lashes on your bare arses,” the first sailor informed them brightly. “Usually you’d be put over a bench, but down here we’ll flog you kneeling, but first we’ll rip off the rest off your clothes.”

“Ay, a woman’s all the better for a flogging when she’s naked,” his friend asserted.

They took the tattered remains of their tunics and tore them from their waists, leaving only the ropes that had acted as belts in place, still knotted around their hips.

“We’ll flog them first then put them in a position ready for fucking,” the first sailor suggested.

“Ay, a woman looks all the better with her thighs spread and knees up,” the second agreed.

“Easier to fuck them that way,” the first nodded happily.

“I think we should fuck them before the rest of the lads get to ‘em, if you’d seen some of the tarts they’ve been with you wouldn’t want to touch these bitches with a yard arm,” the second advised.

“Put them on all fours,” the first said. “That way their arses are easier to flog, all big and round like.”

“Ay and their tits wobble a treat when the rope starts biting, jiggling and bouncing all over the place. That black one’s got the biggest pair I’ve seen in a long while.”

“Nice to spunk over,” his friend said, reaching round Africanus’ back and giving them a painful squeeze.

“Her friend’s not so bad either. One look at her cunt tells me she’s had more than her fair share of cock.”

“Ay and a lot more to come, eh, Nerva?”

The women listened to their idle banter with pure horror. There was nothing threatening in their manner, just men going about their business of flogging and fucking their captives as if it were an everyday occurrence like eating or shitting, which made it sound much worse. But suddenly their friendly banter changed into harsh grunts when they ordered them on all fours.

“Get down,” the first rasped, shooting the sole of his boot into Africanus’ back.

She fell forward onto her hands baring her bottom to the man standing close behind her. Ustane crashed to the boards putting out her arms and only just stopping from falling flat on her stomach. A couple of rats ran along the keel, stopped for a moment or two then bolted as the sailors lashed at them with their ropes.

“Get away you bastards!” one of them shouted.

The sailors tossed a coin to decide which of them would flog whom.

“Heads! I’ve got the black one,” Africanus heard a voice announce gaily. “And is she going to know it. When I’ve finished with her, her arse will ache for a month.”

“I think we should tease them a little, first, Brutus,” the second voice chuckled darkly. “I’m in the mood for sport.”

“Hmm mm, I think so too.” The man behind Ustane crouched low and patted her bottom. “A nice arse if ever I saw one, so let’s see you put your fingers up your arses.”

The women went wide eyed at the thought. They could stand being flogged and fucked, but having to humiliate themselves by putting their fingers into their bottom holes beggared belief.

A muffled gurgling came from behind their gags and they shook their heads unwilling to obey their tormentors.

“You either put your fingers up your arses or we let the rats suckle your tits,” the first sailor threatened.

It was a bluff, even men as hardened as they wouldn’t have gone that far in their torments, but the women were not to know that. As if to terrorize them into submission, the rats peered nervously from the timbers and started grooming their whiskers and poking out their tongues. Ustane sobbed with fright and glanced sideways at Africanus who nodded in return. There was no way out of the situation and whatever the men wanted they would have to go along with it however revolting it seemed.

Swallowing hard, they balanced on one arm and reached slowly behind them. Their fingertips hovered at their bottom holes as if fearing to penetrate their own anuses.

“Go on,” a voice rasped. “Let’s see your fingers right up your fat arses.”

Another stifled grunt came from their gagged mouths and Africanus stole a sly look at Ustane who nodded miserably.

“Urrgh,” Africanus snorted, giving her wrist a vigorous shove. The men grinned at each other as her long, slim finger disappeared into her bottom. Ustane was slower to react, only immersing her finger a fraction at a time. Unlike the black woman so used to being publicly humiliated, she had never been asked to degrade herself like this. Her eyes winced at the pain as her bottom hole widened at the

knuckle. Gritting her teeth, she gave one final push and swore that by all the Gods she's kill both men now creased with laughter.

"Good. Now let's see you move those wrists," the first sailor commanded. "We want to see you screw your arses."

There seemed to be no end to their torments, being forced to put their fingers up their bums was bad enough, now they had to inflict further punishment on themselves. Slowly, their wrists revolved back and forth, getting used to the tickling sensation teasing their anal walls. Africanus uttered a soft grunt and gave her wrist another hard shove. Her bottom cheeks opened wider until her hole stretched right over her knuckle, a sight not lost on the sailors gazing with amazement at just how wide her arse could spread. Ustane, livid with rage lost all control and jerked her wrist so fast it blurred.

"That's good," he complimented. "Your arses serve you well. Now let me see you get three fingers up your shit holes."

The women looked at each other in horror. Just when they thought it was over and the sickening lust of their tormentors satisfied, they had to increase the pain threefold. Africanus withdrew her middle finger and closed the fore and third finger over its top forming them into a point. It had been a long time since a man had bum fucked her, corkscrewing his rigid cock all the way up her arse and now her anus had resumed its normal girth. Getting all three fingers inside was just impossible. But she held her breath knowing the men would never cease until they saw it happen. Her eyes went into slits and she pushed hard, forcing her anal hole over her knuckles. Another jerk and her bottom halves parted at the crease, she gulped and pushed, trying desperately to relax her anal walls and suddenly she was there. She'd done it. All three fingers embedded deep inside her bottom. Ustane groaned from the agony, taking much longer to get the fingers inside her bottom, but after suffering the pain burning into the base of her spine, she did it and coughed hard into her gag. One of the sailors put a finger to his lips motioning his friend to keep silent as he went to the gags, releasing the buckles and letting the leather fall from their faces. Both women inhaled the fetid air trying to soothe their parched throats. Their tongues had gone dry and stuck to the roofs of their mouths.

"Please, I need a drink," Africanus begged. "My mouth is so dry."

"Take your hands out of your backsides," he said. "You can drink after we've seen you play with your cunts."

"You filthy animals!" Ustane rasped, whipping her fingers from her bottom.

"That just earned you an extra ten lashes," the sailor calmly informed her.

"You can't expect us to put our fingers in our bellies, not after they've been up our arses," Africanus protested reasonably.

"You'll do as you're told," the first sailor said dangerously. "You'll play with yourselves and after you're nice and wet you can suck each other's come."

"You're vile," Africanus hissed, her lips curling at the corners.

"That's another ten lashes for you," the sailor said. "The more you open your gobs, the more we whip you."

A sigh of resignation escaped silently from her lips. Any further disobedience would bring greater pain from the lash. They had no choice but to do everything the men wanted no matter how disgusting it seemed. They reached under their legs and fluttered their fingers quickly around their sex lips, coaxing the clit from its fleshy hood. Africanus let her fingers slip gently into her cunt, gliding them in deep so the men could see she was fully penetrated. Masturbating her sex was nothing new, she had done it more times than she could remember, giving herself comfort which, no

matter how big a man's cock, never seemed to bring quite the same inward relief. She closed her eyes and concentrated on what was taking place in her sex. Let them watch, she thought, but the pleasure is all mine. Her fingers moved fast inside her sex, wiggling to and fro heightening the arousal rising in her belly. A cold chill thrilled the pit of her stomach. She could almost hear her heart beating it throbbed so fast. Then she did the one thing they really wanted to see. Her arm moved fast, driving her fingers right to the depths of her hot, wet tunnel. Her sex lips swelled, opening like a flower as she pumped faster, making her juices flow over her wrist and down her thighs. The men watched her juice-slicked fingers slipping in and out, drenched to the knuckles with her come. She started panting like a race horse, catching her breath at every fresh insertion. Under their tunics, the men's cocks went as stiff as swords, the throbbing urge almost too great to resist. Africanus climaxed with a sob, but it was the long deep throated groan had the sailors clutching their balls in desperation. Ustane came with short grunt, eager to get the spectacle of fingering her cunt over and done with. Unlike the black woman, she was silently thirsting for revenge. While the men were so engrossed in watching her soaking lips she could easily turn and flatten them, but prudence held her temper in check. Even if she did knock them cold where was there to run? Nowhere. Until they reached the port of Ephesus she would have to endure everything that was thrown at her.

"You cows have done well," the first sailor guffawed. "Now suck!"

The women sat up on their haunches, facing each other, grimacing at what they had to do. Simultaneously they placed their fingertips onto their lips instantly tasting an earthy cocktail of bottom sweat and sex juice.

"Get your fingers down your throats," the other sailor grated. "I want them sucked clean."

The women's cheeks hollowed as they sucked hard, drawing in each other's fingers, wet and slippery with the creamy essence of their own bodies. Strangely, it was not as foul as they assumed, neither was the feeling of sucking. Slowly and deliberately they sucked the fingers over their tongues, licking them clean and letting them linger until the last drop of juice and bum sweat was swallowed. There was nothing they could do to stop their nipples from rising erect from the breasts, or the tingling renewing in their bellies.

"They want it," one sailor whispered. "I say we give it to them now."

"Not until they've been flogged. Orders are orders."

They went behind the kneeling women and re-fitted the gags, pulling the leather straps tightly behind their heads, not forgetting to position the balls in their mouths.

"Bind their wrists," the first sailor said, tossing his companion two short lengths of rope.

The women knew not to argue and put their hands behind their backs grunting savagely as the rope was swiftly tied. Hands took their shoulders and pushed them down until their heads touched the desk and their breasts were squashed out against their thighs, bending their bodies until their buttocks went high in the air, a perfect target for the rope now coiling in the sailor's hand.

"We promised them an extra ten strokes," his friend reminded him, feeling his erection throbbing at the sight of the rounded bottoms.

He was of the opinion that the Gods had created nothing more beautiful or so inviting as a woman's arse, especially seen in that position when she was crouching low giving a splendid view of her hips narrowing into a long silky back. The crease between each half seemed longer and deeper, starting at the base of the spine where

two dimples formed on either side, then dividing the halves with a deep valley and vanishing under her legs in a tuft of curly pubic hair. The women's thighs were parted and the sex pouches seemed more ripe and full, still infused with blood after their recent climax. Traces of their juices lingered at the lips in glistening drops. Before the flogging began, he couldn't resist clutching each mound in his hand and squeezing the soft, pliant flesh. The juice was sweet on his tongue when he licked his fingers.

"Flog them both at the same time," he advised, licking fresh come from his lips. "Start with the black one."

His friend nodded. It seemed a reasonable request.

"Thirty strokes on each arse," he acknowledged. "And maybe a few more on their backs."

He stood to the left of Ustane who was so close to Africanus that their hips touched. Ustane looked over her shoulder and in the dim light saw the shadow of his arm raised high over his head. She gritted her teeth waiting for the rope to fall across her naked rump. It fell swiftly, cracking into her bottom with terrifying speed, faster than she imagined it would, lashing her over the raised crown of her buttocks. A muffled cry of pain twisted her head forcing the ball deeper into her mouth. Around her neck the collar seemed to tighten. She knew then that no matter how great the pain burning into her buttocks she would have to keep perfectly still and endure every stroke without twitching a muscle. There was a brief respite when the arm moved over the black woman, again lifting to the timbers and descending with amazing speed, catching her square across both buttocks. Africanus uttered a low grunt, bucking forward from the searing pain blazing into her bottom. As with Ustane, the collar and gag increased their pressure and she too knew not to move. The sailor delivering the blows was not tall or possessing the same muscular mould of the captain but there was no denying the strength in his arms, the pectorals and biceps bulging with masculine power under his tunic. She risked a backward glance at his rippling torso, the stomach forming into six wavering mounds of solid muscle. He was rugged but not ugly, with the sort of stubbly, raw looks that have some women going wet between their thighs.

He took a step sideways and smacked Ustane in the crease where thighs join into the under-hang of the buttocks, lashing her so hard her knees left the floor. Her whole bottom went into spasms, each buttock wobbling and bouncing from the sudden shock. It took all her strength not to twist and writhe as the agony of the rope seeped through her crease. He moved again, gathering the rope in his hand for a sweeping lash into the depth of Africanus' crease. When it came the pain was both hateful yet at the same time welcoming in its ecstasy. A shiver went through her loins and he saw her thighs quiver, the softer, fleshy insides rippling from knee to fork. He looked at her speculatively, listening with cocked ear to her throaty moans, but said nothing. He lashed Ustane up the length of her back, striking at the base of the spine landing the other end of the rope between her shoulder blades. Her head twisted tightening the gag. The ball in her mouth seemed to split her lips and she uttered a subdued cry. She had only taken three strokes and already her body throbbed. The agony was made worse by the delays between each stroke as he returned to Africanus, giving ample time for the pain to sink in during the hiatus. But the black woman intrigued him. Ustane went rigid with fear at every stroke but the black woman knew how to control her body, going tense before the blow was struck then relaxing as the rope sliced into her buttocks. It took a lot of will power to do that, to get the maximum pleasure from the pain he was inflicting. His cock went hard at the thought of what she might be like in bed, or anywhere else if she was willing.

“I’m only going to give them what the captain ordered,” he announced, to the surprise and disappointment of his companion.

“But Nerva, we promised them an extra ten for their insolence.”

“I’ve changed my mind,” he whispered. “The black one is on heat. I can smell her from here.”

That couldn’t be denied. The rich, earthy odour of her excited sex drifted into their nostrils.

“What about the other one? Do you think she’s begging for it?”

“She has no choice either way,” he grunted, lashing the rope into Ustane’s flanks.

The heat in the bilges was stifling. There were no windows or hatches to admit fresh sea air and the place stank of damp wood and brackish water. He threw off his tunic and stood naked behind Africanus, his cock unashamedly erect and rising long and proud from his groin. Brutus took the hint and cast off his tunic. He too was hard and throbbing. The ropes fell thick and fast, lashing with increasing speed into the women’s buttocks and thighs, but most of all under their legs where the men could see their cunts’ open and dripping. The final blows were aimed deliberately on the sides of their buttocks, softening the globes and making the women feel more and more desperate. The sex lips were swollen and quivering, opening and closing with longing. Each lash had sent hot darts of pain and fire through their bellies, and then the women did something that had the men gazing in wonderment. Both pushed their rumps higher, offering them to the rope and, if that wasn’t enough, shook them from side to side sending dozens of ripples through their thighs and buttocks.

The rope fell from Nerva’s hand. Never in all his life had he seen such a blatant display of sexual craving. Quickly, the men released the ropes binding the women’s wrists and hauled their bodies upright. The gags were still in place muffling any protest that might follow the next part of the punishment. Africanus was the first to be stood against the ribbed wall of the ship, bowing her head at the timbers above. Her arms were fully stretched along the horizontal timbers and tied at the wrists. She stood looking as if she had been crucified. The men couldn’t help but pause to admire the beauty of her legs, her dark shin shining in the dull lamplight, the beautiful undulation of her calves, her rounded knees, but most of all, the long shimmering thighs. Her belly was flat and firm, the navel deep set, her breasts large and full. Her nipples had risen and seemed to be staring at them from the enormous spreading areolas.

Behind her at about buttock height a shelf ran the whole length of the hull, just wide enough to sit on and solid enough to support her weight. The men came simultaneously to the conclusion that had them sliding their arms under her knees. They lifted her bodily from the floor and spread her legs, taking the thighs wide and dropping her arse on the shelf. Leaving her temporarily, they went off along the keel searching for lengths of discarded rope. They were quickly back again, tying them around her ankles and throwing the ends over huge iron hooks in the boards overhead. Together they pulled on the ropes, sliding them through the rings. Africanus’ eyes rolled in their sockets as her legs spread wider and wider, each ankle drawn outwards and upwards until her feet just touched the rings. The sailors lashed the ropes into knots leaving her suspended, bottom resting on the shelf, arms and legs firmly tied. Now the men had a splendid view of the underneath of her thighs and her naked sex stretched fully open. Brutus wiped his brow and stared into her groin. The dark lips formed into a perfect oval and it was possible to see the brighter pink of the inner petals winking at them. Her clitoris had already distended from its hood and seemed

to pulsate with every beat of her heart. Her knees had been drawn up so high they were now level with her head. The underside of her bottom flattened on the seat and above the wooden shelf the men could see her bottom hole tight and puckered. Her pubic hair unshaven blossomed above her sex in thick glistening curls, going outwards in a perfect vee shape under the pit of her stomach and into the creases of her thighs. Brutus took a step forward and rested his cock between her legs, letting it rub up against her sex. She was the right height and position for what he had in mind. Africanus looked defiantly at him as if daring him to penetrate her defenceless sex, but he moved along with his companion to where Ustane still knelt.

It was her turn to be seated and crucified, arms lashed to the horizontal timber and ankles tied at the rings. But she was not so easily taken and foolishly kicked out landing her left foot hard into Nerva's groin. He dropped her thigh and staggered back clutching his balls, almost bending double at the shock. Before Brutus could react, her fist smacked into the side of his head and he fell headlong into one of the ship's ribs almost knocking him unconscious. She ran along the keel, heading for the companionway at the stern, and realized her mistake. The steps were narrow and slippery. Above, the hatch was closed. She stopped dead at the bottom, staring at the men coming out of the gloom, their faces red with rage and lips twitching at the corners.

The slap landing on her jaw sent her reeling, her bottom hit the newel post and she tumbled in a heap, legs and arms splaying helplessly. Brutus reached out and wound her hair around his fist. A muffled cry of pain burbled behind the gag and she was on her feet gazing at the enraged face. Nerva kicked her rump sending her flying along the keel.

'Stupid cow,' thought Africanus. 'Anyone with an ounce of sense would've known there was nowhere to run, let alone kick him in the balls.'

The men went to work with the fury of demons, lifting her off the boards and crashing her bare bottom on the shelf. Another pained grunt came from behind the gag and she felt her arms stretched along the timber, hastily bound, the ropes pulled so tightly she sobbed. The ropes around her ankles shot through the rings so fast she blinked, then her calves went into the air and her feet hit the rings with a dull clang. Both men stopped for breath and eyed her malevolently. The ache in their face and balls had not yet subsided. But they were still hard and throbbing, eager to slake their lust.

"The black one is mine," Nerva said, stroking his cock.

Before his companion could utter a word he was there between her legs, aiming his rod into her parted lips. He stood with knees slightly bent, nudging the plum into the soft tunnel of her sex, entering her slowly, savouring every inch of penetration. The angle of her groin was excellent, her bottom resting comfortably on the shelf, legs wide open and tightly secured allowing maximum thrust from his powerful loins. He was in deeper than he had ever been with a woman, even the well ridden whores of Alexandria couldn't match that bottomless cunt. The last inch of his cock went in fast and she bucked as his balls touched her lips. He saw her hold her breath and throw back her head, straining the gag further into her mouth.

"Your legs..." he muttered, feeling the long silky thighs. "Venus has blessed you well, my dark beauty."

There was no hatred in his voice; neither did he feel any vindictiveness towards her. She was too beautiful for that. He leaned over and sucked her nipples, biting softly on the engorged teats, tasting the salty sweat gathering around the pimped discs.

“I’m going to fuck you well,” he whispered. “And when you’ve come, I’ll lick that sweet pussy clean.”

Africanus nodded acknowledging the softness in his voice. She could see in his face he meant no harm but just wanted to enjoy her fettered body.

Brutus had no such thoughts. If he’d struck his head on the iron nails protruding from the timbers he might now be feasting with the Gods instead of being here alive. His anger had not yet abated and he wondered how to punish the arrogant bitch.

“She needs something harder than my cock,” he growled, looking along the keel, but there was nothing he saw suitable to ride her cunt.

He went along the keel and picked up a wooden belaying pin but the girth was too great, even a well fucked whore couldn’t take that. He kicked angrily at a pile of timber and saw exactly what he needed. The unbroken bottle had a long shiny neck, a thumb’s length longer than his cock and about half as thick again. At the top were large ribs running around its circumference and at the base it was decorated with knobbles of glass the size of marbles.

“I wonder what it was used for?” he wondered, holding it up to the lamp.

Ustane couldn’t give a flying fuck what it was used for; she didn’t want it going inside her, not a thing of those dimensions. She wished now she had just submitted like Africanus who was rocking delightfully on her bottom and uttering soft warbling noises. Nerva was giving it to her with long, slow insertions and smoothing his horny palms all the way up and down her legs.

“Can you take all of this?” Brutus asked, taunting the terrified look on Ustane’s face.

She shook her head in fright and he saw tears streaming down her cheeks.

“No?” he said in mock surprise. “Well, we can at least give it a try. What do you think?”

Before she could shake her head again the neck of the bottle was already at the portals of her sex, its cold hard surface just inside her quaking lips. He gave a slight shove, pushing the neck just inside her. She sucked her breath and looked pleadingly at his hard eyes, all jocularly gone now as he bent to his task. His hand was around the base of the bottle twisting it back and forth and applying the gentle pressure needed to fully penetrate her sweating cunt. Ustane’s chest began to rise and fall under the rapid panting now filling her lungs. Her breasts thrust towards him and he broke off for a moment sucking in her nipples and biting the soft teats between his sharp front teeth. There was nothing she could do to stop the bottle from going deeper or the ribbed neck revolving against her pussy walls. The fetid air held fast in her lungs as he pushed it with greater strength, now moving the trunk of the bottle from side to side, forcing open her sex lips. She had taken almost all of the neck and the knobbles slipped around the outer sex lips making a curious squishing sound. He stopped and looked at her cunt stretching at the base of the neck.

“I think you can take a lot more than this,” he mused, wondering if she really could take the much broader shoulders of the bottle.

It could be done. He’d seen it done for a bet in one of the wharveside whore houses where women would do almost anything just to earn an extra coin. The whore was a slim dark beauty with a body as supple as a serpent, slim legs and pert bottom, cunt as large as a camel and a winning smile that no man could resist. He’d been pretty drunk at the time but the sight of her cunt swallowing a wine bottle was one he could never forget. The dirty bitch had lain on her back, legs thrown wide whilst one of the look outs from the *Imperator* had wriggled the neck of the bottle inside her

slavering cunt, then at her signal, had thumped his fist into the base. Her bottom left the floor and she whooped from the shock, her eyes opening wide and bulging in their sockets, but give credit where it was due, she'd taken it all and was worth the twenty sestertii she'd asked. But that had been a long time ago and he'd forgotten the whore's name.

He put the ball of his hand at the base and twisted it fast, making it slippery with her sex juice. The knobbles were right in her now and she arched her back against the side of the ship, squirming her shoulders trying to ward off the pain. It was useless, Brutus had wagered himself she could take it and take it she must. Her lips made a sucking sound and before his very eyes slipped over the shoulders of the bottle. He stopped then knowing it was physically impossible to go any further. Then he smiled grimly. If her cunt could stretch that wide, she could easily have his whole fist. He'd seen that done too, whores on their backs, cunts stretched from the fist of another whore going in right to her wrist, but it was something he'd never done and now it was there for free he thought he might as well do it, after all she was not in a position to refuse.

He whipped the bottle from her legs and tossed it over his shoulder.

"I'm going to fist fuck you," he told her. "And after that you can have my cock."

Ustane's watering eyes could barely focus on the grim smile of the man bunching his fist and putting it between her legs. Her already softened lips were wet and hot, juice dripped from her cunt where the bottle had been and, closing her eyes, she let him fist fuck her, taking all the time he needed to assuage the anger simmering on his menacing brow. But he was not as brutal as she thought. There is something very erotic about a man fucking a whore with the whole of his fist, or any other woman for that matter, and Brutus took his time, getting his fingers inside her and positioning his thumb into the palm, then forming them in a fist, gliding it carefully in, going so deep the protruding bone on his wrist just managed to slip past her lips. He moved his wrist in slow circles, listening to the squelching juices inside her cunt wetting his whole hand. He saw them dripping from her sex and soaking into the shelf so much she vainly tried to wriggle her bottom away from the warm pool. It was useless; her outstretched legs and arms were too strongly bound to allow even the slightest movement.

Ustane was more relaxed now and let her sex lips willingly encompass his wrist. Inside her sex the inner petals tickled softly against his revolving wrist, her clit touched the base of his thumb and he saw her face blush scarlet. What had started as a punishment was now giving her more sexual pleasure than she dreamt possible. Her thighs tingled into a myriad goose bumps and her nipples throbbed hard, standing erect from her breasts. He saw tears of ecstasy trickling down her cheeks and stopped dead.

"I'm not going to make you come," he whispered hoarsely. "My cock will bring you off."

His bunched fist was jerked out of her, soaked in juice and he sniffed the aroma of her hot cunt. Just a whiff of it had his cock hard and long. He bent his knees and aimed the plum into her lips not yet contracted from where he had fist fucked her. One thrust was enough to penetrate her to the hilt. At last here was the real thing. Bottle and fist were fine in there way but no woman is truly satisfied until she has a rock hard cock grinding inside her. She looked sideways at Africanus, still gagged but now a lot more comfortable with Nerva's tunic rolled under her bottom. His arms were right around her thighs, squeezing them into the crooks of his elbows and his

lips pressed firmly on her breasts. She had already reached her first climax but Nerva was still hard and giving it to her a second time, torturing her by bringing her cunt to the point of orgasm, then holding still until it subsided. Ustane could see her eyes had misted and she was in agonies of unrequited love. Rough mariner though he was, he had spent enough time with whores to know that when a woman is on heat her whole body tingles with longing. His tongue swept through her breast cleft and over the point of her nipples, then down her front and into her navel, enough to drive her wild and desperate. Her head rolled like a drunken puppet, her eyes no longer focusing on the shaggy head going between her breasts. Her hands strained at the ropes, fingers digging into her palms so hard the nails drew tiny drops of blood. Her legs were fully stretched and only her feet could move. Nerva glanced at the iron rings and saw her toes curling.

“Not yet, my dark beauty,” he whispered low. “I’m going to fuck you ‘til my cock’s sore. Then I’ll make you come.”

Writhing on the shelf, Africanus prayed it wouldn’t be long. Already her belly ached from so much heaving and her sex had gone dry. Almost all of her juices had drenched into his tunic and only when he brought her close again would she find relief in her soaking sex.

Overhead, the oarsmen stirred into life from cracking whips and the monotonous beating of the drum. They had been fed and allowed rest after the battle and now captain Lebienus was eager to reach port. He would be well rewarded for destroying the Egyptian fleet although they had been no match for his superior vessel. He had already fucked four of the captured slaves and idly his thoughts turned to the black woman and her foul mouthed companion.

“I want to see these two trollopes have been well punished,” he laughed, ducking his head under the deck ribs.

He arrived just in time to witness Africanus in the throes of orgasm, grunting behind her gag, her chin glistening with saliva. Her cunt was sore from hours of penetration but he was quick enough to catch the unmistakable twinkle in her eyes. Ustane slumped lifeless against the wooden wall, her chin resting on her chest, all passion spent. Her sex was larger than any he had ever seen on a woman and he made a crude joke which had the sailors in fits. Lebienus was in a better mood now. The Egyptian slaves knew how to pleasure their men and he felt happily rejuvenated. He had already decided to keep the prettiest for his concubine. Marvellous, he thought, what a woman can do with her mouth when needs must.

“Have these whores been flogged?” he asked.

“Aye, sir,” Nerva assured him. “Just as you ordered, twenty lashes on their bare arses.”

He looked into the fork of Africanus’ legs and was pleasantly surprised to feel his cock going hard at the sight of her sex invitingly open and wet. But his mind was on the little slave. She was a lot shorter and lighter than the tall muscular black woman and bounced over his cock like a doll. He looked distastefully at Ustane, in half a mind to have her lashed to the prow as a naked figurehead all the way to Ephesus. He slapped her belly with the flat of his hand, and then struck the insides of her thighs just for the sake of seeing her wince.

“Ten of my archers have been singled out for bravery in the face of the enemy,” he announced, giving Africanus’ breast an affectionate squeeze. “They of course will be honoured on their return to Rome, but I think now I shall reward them in my special way. Brutus, go to the upper deck and tell Seneca to send them here, I’ve no doubt these whores are still able to have more cock, their thighs are strong

enough and their cunts' good and wet. Nerva go to the galley and eat your fill. You have exceeded my expectations."

"Ay, aye, sir," he bowed and put on his tunic still reeking of the black woman's copious outpouring.

"I think you both will fetch a good price in the brothels of Ephesus," he ruminated, stroking his chin and looking at Africanus' mountainous breasts. "The house of Venus will pay handsomely to have you sweating on your backs. I'm given to understand the whores there have at least twenty customers a night, so you will be busy little bees."

And he laughed so much his stomach ached. He turned at the clattering of footsteps descending the companionway and made room for the men crowding the bilges. They stood in a huddle gawping at the naked women flushed from recent orgasm, their legs pointing to the roof, arms running the length of the timbers, well secured and totally defenceless.

"These whores are at your disposal until we reach port," he told them. "Use them how you wish. I have no further use for them." He made to go but stopped and bent to pick up a discarded cane and tossed it at the nearest archer. "Use this on their thighs and breasts if they fail to satisfy."

Africanus watched him go feeling blood rushing to her face. If she could have got out of the ropes she would have committed murder. Being punished by two of his horrible crew was one thing; taking another ten was too much. But there was nothing she or Ustane could do as the men stripped off their tunics and belts, displaying their rampant cocks. To both girls' surprise the men reached over and slipped the gags from their aching mouths. One of them lifted a bottle he had brought with him and put it to their lips, going to each one in turn and slaking their killing thirst. He would have put the gags back again but one of his companions stopped him.

"Forget the gags. Just leave the collars in place. I think they've suffered enough with those balls rammed in their jaws."

"Thank you, sir," Africanus smiled weakly.

It seemed that not all of the crew were so repugnant after all.

He smiled in return and softly patted her thigh. "Give them more drink and see their mouths are well soaked in wine. A woman's tongue is always sweeter after she's drunk a good vintage, not to mention her breath around my cock when it's stuffed in her mouth."

"Oh, no," she sobbed, knowing now why he had been so generous with the bottle.

"Oh yes," he returned. "Your mouth is just made for sucking a big fat cock, and I've no doubt you like the taste of hot spunk filling your guts."

"I never knew a slave who didn't like her porridge," one of the men remarked, and had the rest doubled with laughter.

One of the men wasted no time and presented his hard cock straight at her entrance and thrust into her with no delay. She groaned as she felt him slide in effortlessly to his full length. Another man clambered onto the shelf and planted his feet either side of Africanus' hips, straddling his companion's shoulders. There was just enough room for his body to bend under the roof, just enough space to aim his cock straight into her mouth. She swallowed deep, knowing there was little else she could do but submit to his demands, sucking his plum to the back of her throat, poking out her tongue and playing it around his balls. His hands went to the back of her head and held it rigid. She closed her eyes and could only feel the hardened shaft slamming into her throat while another one slammed in and out of her tunnel.

Africanus felt the first man's pelvis judder against her thighs and he came so fast she gulped at the shock of his spunk gushing her belly. The man at her mouth guided her head lovingly up and down delighting in her voluptuous lips riding his shaft. He was taking his time. There were still many leagues to sail before they reached Ephesus.

Ustane watched in silence as two men approached her raised legs, nudging each other and whispering their disgusting intentions. It was Brutus who had tipped them off at how easily he had fist fucked her and the size of her cunt after he'd finished.

"You're going to have both of us," one of the men told her, angling his torso against her right thigh.

The other man joined him, standing sideways to begin with, then shuffling his hips alongside his friend until his flanks touched her thigh. They turned awkwardly, grabbing their cocks and aiming the plums into her sex, not side by side as she assumed they would, but the first man penetrating her only just enough to let the plum rest inside her labia. The other guided his plum under the first and then both men began a steady jerking of their hips, letting their weapons slowly enter her sex, taking their time to let the lips stretch around the twin assaults getting deeper by the second. Ustane sucked her breath and watched them move closer together, working their cocks into the vaginal walls.

"It hurts," she wailed, feeling her sex tunnel enlarge as she was filled with their throbbing meat.

"You're lying, girl. You've already had a fist inside your cunt *and* that bottle, right up to the neck I hear, so shut your gob and have this!"

They gave a final shove, driving their cocks home. Only their pelvic bones prevented them from fully penetrating her, but she had taken most of what they offered and the plums were now riding her hard, forcing her sex walls further apart and rubbing her labia sore. The men now gathered around the two women delighting in smothering their faces and breasts with their organs. Two of them tossed over Africanus' breasts, keeping the tips of their silky plums only a fraction from her nipples until they shot their whole loads, sending fast jets of spunk piling on to her teats, then squirting it over the side of her face. Her mouth was still engulfed but at the sight of her nipples dripping with so much spunk the man who was mouth fucking her also shot his load all the way down her throat. Ustane suffered a worse fate, one that she had never undergone before. The men were nothing if not inventive and playful at teasing the defenceless woman. Two of them went either side of her, balancing themselves on the shelf and nudging their plums into her cheeks.

"Open your mouth, girl. Let's see those pearly teeth of yours."

Ustane obeyed and saw them tossing hard against her face. They shot simultaneously sending hot streams of spunk directly over her tongue covering it from tip to root. She closed her mouth and swallowed, but opened it again when one her tormentors slapped her face. Another jet of spunk splashed into her cheeks and another into her hair. Africanus was taking another shaft into her mouth and it came quickly, the man urged on by his impatient companions just itching to soak her breasts. Only one man remained aloof, silently watching the ribaldry of his friends, but looking hard at her bottom cheeks resting on the shelf. He could just glimpse her bottom hole and thought it might be possible. He was the bravest of the archers, having felled a dozen of the enemy and unwittingly saving Lebienu's life. Already he had been promoted to captain of his troop and the men parted at his command, getting off the shelf and standing aside as he approached the black woman's bottom.

“A nice tight arse,” he mused, poking his forefinger rudely into her bottom hole. “But not tight enough to deny my cock riding your dirt hole.”

“Can’t you just fuck me instead?” she whimpered.

She could just about stand being humiliated by the other two men who had taken her into the bilges. At least then there had been no one else to watch the degrading spectacle of seeing her bum fucked, but now there were nine other men looking on, waiting to see if their captain really could get his organ up her bottom.

“Bring the bitch forward,” he commanded, delighting in his new found superiority.

Hands grabbed her hips, dragging her bum closer to the edge of the shelf. He was there in a trice, thrilled at getting his cock inside the black woman’s anus, something he had always wanted to do but never had the courage to suggest, until now. Women could be difficult when it came to having men’s cocks shoved up their bottoms.

He drank a mouthful of wine and squirted it expertly into her anus. Watched by his grinning subordinates, he tickled her bottom with the tip of his plum, taking the throbbing head all the way around her arse, feeling the softness of her skin along the length of his cock before aiming it into her hole. Africanus heaved her belly, tightening the anal walls and squeezing her bum cheeks.

“Resistance. I like that,” he complimented unexpectedly.

His huge hand cupped her sex pouch and crushed the mound until it audibly squelched.

Africanus’ eyes went into slits from the excruciating pain. His hand, strengthened from years of combat and pulling bow strings, dug hard into her sex.

“All right,” she sobbed. “I’ll let you fuck my arse!”

His fingers released her sex and his hand slapped hard on her belly.

“All of it?” he asked seriously.

“All of it,” she repeated. “Go in as deep as you want. Fuck me hard. But please don’t hurt my cunt.”

“Agreed,” he said, putting two fingers in her bottom. “But let’s open you up a bit first, eh?”

She nodded and bared her teeth as the fingers wormed into her bottom, wiggling fast inside her and then stretching at her anal hole. His length went in slowly. He wanted to see his own cock actually going into her bottom, forcing the wrinkled hole to go wide around his shaft and sucking at the throbbing veins.

Her arse was not like the women he normally penetrated. It was hot and tighter, not wet but strangely comforting with her anal muscles caressing the shaft. The bum tunnel seemed deeper as if there was no end to how far he could thrust his weapon. He went in until his balls slapped her bottom and then twisted his torso from thigh to thigh. His hand went out and pressed hard on her stomach, swollen from the wine she’d drunk. Inside, her anal muscles involuntarily closed around the shaft holding it still. He pushed harder on her belly and then the muscles began to move, tickling his shaft in delicate waves. His balls tingled and he let out a long groan.

“Her arse is on fire,” he gasped.

All down his shaft her muscles were getting hotter, an unnatural warmth that seemed to burn right into his belly. Suddenly she gave a mighty heave and every anal muscle gripped him like a fleshy vice. He came into her, erupting like a volcano, pumping her bottom full of sperm. She gasped and let her belly go limp.

“You can fuck her now,” he said to the men gazing in awe at her twitching hole.

Then he slipped from her and went back on deck to rest.
It had been a long day.

CHAPTER THREE

“I think I shall settle down when we reach Rome, or perhaps head for Ephesus,” Lebienus said, gazing at the distant horizon. “I have been at sea for too long Seneca, and that pretty little Egyptian would make a good wife.”

“She is young,” Seneca observed, “and you are not getting any younger, my friend. If you want children I daresay her belly will bear much ripe fruit.”

“Her breasts would look splendid loaded with milk and I have always thought a woman looks her best with a swollen belly.”

He drank from his goblet and smiled contentedly. Life in the Roman navy had brought its rewards. During the ten years at sea he had made a tidy sum selling the captured crews as slaves, not to mention the gold showered on him by a grateful senate. He thought there might be enough to purchase a modest villa or farm, but somehow couldn't quite see him living a sedentary life with a wife constantly pregnant. But then again there would be enough girl slaves to cater for his needs.

“I need something more to occupy my mind than just watching the corn ripen,” he said, thinking aloud.

“Ephesus is a large and thriving city,” Seneca said, listening to the steady throb of the drum and the oars dipping the waves. “You could invest in a business; the brothels do a roaring trade along the waterfront, or maybe you could open a chandler's; ships always need provisions.”

“I had considered a ludus,” he replied, nodding at the thought. “There is a lot of money in training gladiators and fielding them in the arena. I've heard the amphitheatre at Ephesus is particularly grand.”

“You'll need a lot of money to purchase one. It's not just the gladiators but physicians, smiths, trainers, cost of the equipment and so on.”

That was true. The cost of running a training school was prodigious and would eat through his savings in no time.

“What if I purchased an already trained gladiator or two and fielded them myself. It would cut out the middle man and all the profits would go directly into my coffers.”

“Good idea, Lebienus, if you can find anyone willing to part with their stock. I should stick to farming, or perhaps a brothel. Whores are ten a penny and the profit margin is excellent. I've never met a poor brothel owner yet.”

“That's true,” he agreed, knitting his brow. “But first I need the stock.”

“You already have it,” Seneca laughed. “The *Imperator's* full of those Egyptian girls. Why, any red blooded male would lay down a week's pay just to get a sniff of their sweet cunts. I think ten denarii a reasonable price for one hour of their services; after all they are slaves and will work their arses for gratis.”

But still Lebienus was not satisfied. Running a brothel might have its pleasant distractions, but the financial return would not give him the lifestyle he really wanted.

“A successful gladiator earns his master a thousand aureus at one showing. That's a lot of gold, Seneca.”

“I wish you luck, my friend. But you are thinking too hard about the future. I think you need a little amusement to ease your mind.”

That was easier said than done and Seneca wished he'd kept his mouth shut. He considered a mock combat between the soldiers aboard ship but they had fought well and deserved a rest from so much bloodshed. He wondered about the Egyptian slaves but they had been fucked to the point of exhaustion and Lebienus wanted them

fresh if he was to pursue his idea of opening a brothel. The two women in the bilges barely looked up when the second in command entered. The archers had had their fill of fucking them and forcing their cocks halfway down their throats. They had been left tied to the timbers, but worn out from so much sexual abuse they were managing to snatch a couple of hours' sleep.

"Release them," Seneca ordered the sailor. "Give them meat and drink and bring them up on deck and then have them scrubbed. They smell like pigs."

This time Ustane kept her big mouth shut and like her suffering companion collapsed to the boards when the ropes were cut. Loaves and meat were brought and a flaggon of wine to appease their thirst.

"My arse is so sore," Africanus grumbled, rubbing her bruised buttocks and tearing off a hunk of bread.

"I've sucked so much cock my jaws ache," Ustane added, stuffing a piece of salted pork into her mouth.

"Maybe they've finished with us," Africanus suggested hopefully, dropping her voice to a whisper. "We must be nearing port by now and I've already worked out a plan of escape."

Ustane sighed dully. "Let's hear it," she whispered back, glancing at the sailor who was standing at the foot of the stairs and trying not to breathe in the stench.

It was better than she thought it would be and remarkably simple in its execution. Wait until the ship was about a mile from land when she would be slowed and the crew preoccupied with the docking arrangements, put their fingers down their throats, throw up all over the deck and pass out. The crew would be too busy to bother with them lying comatose on the deck, and when the time was right they could leap over the side and swim like hell. If they could get away unnoticed they had an excellent chance of making the shore and vanishing into the surrounding countryside. They might be stark naked but there were plenty of villas to rob. If the Gods favoured them they might even loot a coin or two. Then it would be plain sailing all the way to Rome.

"Plain sailing. I like that," Ustane laughed ironically.

But there was no denying it was a good plan and the best ones are always the simplest. They cheered up and went on eating, devouring every morsel that the sailor had brought. When they'd finished he ordered them on deck and buckets of water and scrubbing brushes were fetched to scour their stinking skin. It was the two young slaves who waited upon them. They looked tired and Africanus guessed rightly they had been well fucked.

The girls went about their task in sullen silence except to mutter foul curses at the way they had been treated, forced to have more cock than they had imagined possible, filling their bellies with spunk.

"You had it easy," Africanus told them. "We were roped in those rotten bilges and fucked four ways from Rome."

"Did any of the men work it up your arse?" Ustane asked slyly.

The girls said nothing; their silence confirming her suspicions and she thought that was funny and laughed as the brush tickled her soapy nipples. The girls threw the brushes into the tub and opened bottles of oil, its fragrance sweetened with lavender and myrrh. Tipping it generously over the naked women they went to work with surprising speed, rubbing it all over their breasts and bellies, going under their legs and all around their buttocks, especially into the crease. They seemed to spend a lot of time ensuring their bottoms were well oiled as well as their legs and soles of their feet.

“What’s this in aid of?” Ustane asked, growing suspicious.

The girls shrugged and slapped their greasy palms over the women’s backs, rubbing hard between their shoulder blades and around their ribs.

“We’re only obeying orders,” the tallest said, going again under Africanus’ legs until her sex dripped.

When the women were satisfactorily oiled, every muscle and pore glistening in the morning sun, they hastily withdrew and left the women standing bemused in their glowing nakedness. The leather collars had not been removed and the rings at the front of them were still in place.

“Maybe this is a reward for fucking those bastards down there,” Ustane swore, but looking content as she breathed in the scented oil.

Africanus wondered how far they were from land. With so much oil on their skin they could swim faster through the sea. She strained her eyes to the horizon but saw nothing but the vast ocean. The foredeck had been cleared and a rope fastened from one side of the ship to the other. It had been pulled taut and was about mid height from the deck. On either side the planks had been oiled and the women laughed as one of the crew slipped head over heels knocking his head on the cabin wall. Lebienus had come on deck towing his concubine behind him now looking devastating beautiful in her plaited wig and diaphanous robe. Her pretty face had been painted in the manner of the Egyptians and Africanus shuddered at the remembrance of the mad queen. Lebienus seated the girl on a cushion with a slave sheltering her from the sun with a huge ostrich feathered fan looted from the captured ship. The officers reclined on cushions with the rest of the slaves waiting naked upon them. The archers and soldiers were assembled at the bulwarks sitting comfortably and drinking their fill. All in all it looked like a pleasure outing in its gay innocence. One of the slaves who had waited upon Africanus and Ustane went along the length of the rope tipping the contents of the bottle and rubbing it well into the strands. A soldier strode onto the cleared deck and dumped two shields, full face helmets and swords into a heap. It was Seneca who assumed the duties of master of ceremonies by standing aloft on the cabin roof and holding up his hand for silence. The excited babble ceased and all eyes turned on him including Lebienus who wondered exactly why his second in command had gone to all this trouble. His young nubile concubine nestled lovingly into his side and he cupped her pert breast, idly thumbing her nipple as Seneca began his speech.

“Our great and noble captain, architect of our great victory has in his benevolence arranged a distraction to amuse and reward you for having fought so well. Two of the slaves will dress as gladiators and lock in mortal combat!”

“Well done, Seneca,” Lebienus muttered appreciatively. “You have exceeded yourself.”

His concubine nestled closer and furtively put her slim hand under his toga, grasping his cock and gently masturbating it.

Africanus and Ustane looked at the Egyptian slaves and smiled condescending at the idea that any one of them could even carry a sword let alone use it. The soldier who had dumped the armour came along the deck and made straight for the oiled women.

“You have been chosen to fight,” he announced. “Take up your armour and straddle that rope.”

“Oh, fuck,” Ustane swore. “It just had to be us.”

“Shit,” Africanus hissed, realizing now why the girl slaves had gone to so much trouble oiling them.

Dumbly, they put the heavy gladiatorial helmets over their heads and closed the visors, picked up the shields and slid their forearms through the straps and bent low to lift the swords, honed to razor sharpness. They padded over the deck and swung their glistening thighs over the rope. They stood legs apart barely able to keep their balance, their toes just touching the deck. Under their legs the oiled rope slithered into their sex clefts. Completely naked apart from the helmets they stood awaiting the order to begin. The sailor waited patiently until they settled over the rope then advanced carrying a length of chain. He went first to the black woman and fastened one end to the ring at the front of her collar, then turned to Ustane and secured the other end. For a full minute he waited, giving the assembly a perfect view of the near naked women, their whole bodies shining in the sun, buttocks and breasts gleaming with oil, their long thighs and calves shimmering in their beauty, their full and rounded buttocks hollowing at the sides as they struggled not to slip their oiled feet on the slippery deck. The nipples of both women rose with shivering anticipation at the impossible task ahead. There was oil everywhere, on their bodies, the rope, the deck, and most of all between their legs. The girl slaves had been most particular about rubbing it into their slits.

“I give you Ustane and Africanus!” Seneca announced from atop the cabin roof. “Place your bets if you please. My money’s on the black mare, well may she ride - I mean fight!”

The assembly burst into rousing applause and for a fleeting moment Africanus imagined herself back in the arena listening to the roaring crowd and acknowledging their salutation. She looked through the visor at Ustane and saw only the upper half of her body through the eye holes. Ustane’s vision was equally as restricted, her eye holes protected with thin bars. Both women wondered if they really were expected to fight to the death. But then again, if the captain intended to sell them they would be of little use as corpses. It was the soldier who made the decision for them.

“The winner will be the one who remains on her feet. The loser will be flogged and given freely to the crew for the remainder of the voyage.”

Lebienus was quick to realize just how remarkable Seneca had been in devising this method of combat and had to admire his inventiveness. Not only was it almost impossible for the combatants to keep their balance wielding their swords and shields, but one slip and whoever tumbled to the deck ran the severe risk of being strangled on the chain. He made up his mind to give him a present of one of the Egyptian slaves. He deserved that at least, and it had taken his mind off things for a while.

A sailor acting as umpire stood alongside two gladiatrices and flexed a long plaited whip. In quick succession he sent it whistling into their sweating backs.

“Begin!” he bawled, taking a fast step backwards.

Already the sun was blazing on their naked skin and sweat oozed from their perspiring pores mingling with the oil and adding to their misery. Both women swallowed hard and for a few seconds gazed at each other in hesitant disbelief. They were the best of friends and had been through a lot together, now they were forced into combat and it was not impossible that one of them might end up making that fateful journey into the underworld.

Africanus, in time honoured fashion familiar to the gladiatorial code, gave Ustane a polite nod and they brought their shields over their fronts, raised their swords at arms length and crossed them. Lebienus looked at the black woman speculatively, wondering where she had learnt that custom. There was something about the way she carried her shield and sword that intrigued him. He put his arm

around the slim shoulders of his concubine and signalled for more wine. Dimly, a thought went through his mind that there was more to the black woman than met the eye. But as his concubine stroked his cock the thought vanished and he reclined on the cushions staring intently at the combatants.

Not surprisingly, it was Africanus who made the first move.

The sword twinkled in her hand clashing against Ustane's shield, and from that very moment she was back in the Colosseum where she belonged. The hollow, metallic clang brought abrupt silence from the assembly who now watched every movement of the sword willing her to make the killing blow. But right from the start she knew why the combatants were forced to straddle the rope. Already its greasy length was gliding through her cunt, teasing her sex lips and arousing her clit. How could either of them concentrate with that going on between their legs? Ustane raised her sword, bending her back to strike against Africanus' shield but as she lunged the rope went swiftly through her arse crease and she slipped, the soles of her oiled feet shooting across the deck. The rope cut deep into her bottom and sex and she caught her breath at the hot darts that erupted in her belly. The sword bounced harmlessly off Africanus' shield and she came upright again struggling to maintain her balance. Africanus was up on her toes now, trying to keep her sex and bottom just above the rope. The assembly could see her dark nipples going erect and her enormous gleaming breasts wobbling from her chest. Swiftly, she brought her sword in a graceful upward sweep landing the flat of the blade smartly across Ustane's thigh.

"You fucking bitch," Ustane hissed, wincing at the pain.

She wasn't as tall as the black woman and no matter how high she lifted her body, the rope still cut at her crotch. Carried by the momentum, both women had drawn closer and the chain binding their collars went slack. Simultaneously they crossed swords, hacking and stabbing in all directions, but Africanus knew her craft and was slowly tiring her opponent. Even from behind her helmet the men nearest to her could hear deep throaty pants escaping from her lips. The sun had risen further over the ship and now shone full upon the two women. Their whole bodies glistened with oil and sweat and it was difficult to concentrate on any single part of their bodies. Africanus' long black legs shimmered from arse to toe, the calves and thighs beautifully straining as she tried to keep her toes in place. Ustane was writhing over the rope desperately trying to stop the rope from going deeper into her sex crease. She thrust out her rump baring her naked buttocks to the assembly. Her arm came in a downward lunge, clanging off the rim of Africanus' shield, catching the black woman off guard. Her knees buckled and the rope dug deep into her sex. The assembly heard her gulp as it rubbed over her clit and her gasping from the sudden shock. Sweat was trickling down her spine and running in rivulets through her crease. Ustane was faring no better. The sweat gathered on her chest was now running through her breast cleft and streaming over her stomach. The pubic mounds of both women were soaked and their pubic curls glistened in the sunlight. She got upright again, spreading her long legs wide and bringing up her shield for a fresh assault. The men stared goggle eyed at the sheer length of her legs and in their minds were already licking the sweat from her fleshy thighs gone hard now as she took up the challenge, sweeping her arm in a wide arc and bringing in her sword at full strength. Ustane ducked under the blade and it sailed over her head. Now it was Africanus' turn to fall. Her body swung in a semi circle and she toppled over tightening the collar chain and dragging her opponent forward. They fell against each other, breasts squashing and flattening, the huge globes slithering from side to side as their erect nipples just touched. They parted quickly and the swords met in mid air. The force of the blow had them teetering on

their toes and for a moment they froze like gleaming statues recovering their balance. Africanus thrust out her rump ignoring the rope embedded in her arse crease. She landed the blade hard on the side of Ustane's helmet and then sent the flat of the blade winging against her ribs. Ustane's breasts wobbled and shook, slapping into one another as she tumbled backwards. The chain went tight almost choking Africanus. She fell against Ustane bending her legs and letting her breasts swing like huge bells. The men marvelled at their size and shape, the shimmering orbs swaying ponderously as she came upright, straightening her back and once more lifting her sword arm. But Ustane was ready and skilfully parried the blow. She leaned over taking her full weight on her left leg and raising the right giving a splendid uninterrupted view of her soaking slit. The men strained their eyes into her cunt and could actually see her cunt lips quivering. She brought her arm in a vicious upward cut and dug the tip into Africanus flank. The black woman let out a long howl and lifted her bottom high in the air. The men at her rear saw her cunt lips sucking on the rope and were sure they caught the first drops of her sex juice dripping from her lips. Their cry of approval briefly distracted her and Ustane sent another blow whistling on her left thigh, the flat of the blade landing with a loud smack. The pain was killing in its intensity and sent blazing tremors through her bottom and back.

"Fuck you," she howled, biting on her lower lip.

Her arm came up so fast Ustane didn't even see it and the pointed blade dug into the side of her rump. Her arse rose and fell thumping at full weight onto the rope. It went so deep into her sex it seemed her body was splitting. Her clit rubbed over the oily surface and her lungs filled from the tingling sensation deep in her belly. Africanus heard her gasping and smacked the flat of the blade against the side of her left breast. She went into a spin, pulling the chain taut and both combatants crashed to the deck landing on either side of the rope almost strangling themselves.

"Stop!" the umpire bawled, diving into the melee of armour and thrashing limbs.

Africanus landed on her arse spreading her legs open, stretching them at full width. Her breasts polished into a high gloss from sweat and oil tingled so much she temporarily abandoned her sword and cupped them in turn, smoothing her palm over the globes to ease the pimpled skin. Ustane was rubbing her arse trying to sooth the delicious pain going through her sex. She had almost orgasmed when Africanus' sword had smacked into her breast and now her fingers were slicked with cunt juice.

"On your feet, you bitches!" the umpire roared, lashing at their backs with his whip, delighting the audience as the two women again swung their thighs over the rope.

The men had moved forward and could smell the heat rising from the gladiatrices bodies. From under their legs came the sensual aroma of musky cunt sweat and there wasn't a man present whose throbbing cock wasn't erect and just itching to penetrate either of the two combatants. Lebienus remained calm with his concubine joyfully sucking his plum. Her tongue teased into the groove and the hand that wasn't grasping his cock lovingly caressed his balls. The offer of becoming his lover and prospect of all the money he might shower on her was just too good to miss. There wasn't a woman on earth who wouldn't have thrilled at so much gold and of course the added bonus of a rampant cock filling her cunt night after night. Lebienus looked past her at Africanus gathering her strength for a renewed assault. Her body was magnificent in its gleaming splendour; her legs strong and shapely, breasts high and full, her arse solid and beautifully proportioned, dividing at the crease into two gorgeous halves. From where he was seated he could just catch a glimpse of her sex,

dark and sensual, and an inkling of the pink petals inside now quivering from where the oiled rope had teased them. She was in heat. He could sense that from the way her sex lips trembled and her cunt juice gathering around her labia in thick white drops. All around the deck his crew were coupling with the slaves, some lying full length having the girl on her back, some with her sitting astride bucking her arse and impaling their cunts on the hardened cocks, others had the girls on all fours and were taking them from behind. Some of the slaves were taking two men at once, fucking one and sucking off another. Well, what did it matter? The men had fought well and the prime task of any woman is to please her master, surrender her body to his every whim, or why else would the Gods have made them so beautiful?

The women had resumed their combat and had now got the measure of the rope. They stood astride it letting it ride between their legs knowing there was nothing they could do to stop it from bringing them off in a volcanic orgasm. Their nipples tingled and throbbed, rising from their breasts like young strawberries, the black woman's teats as large as the tips of fingers, Ustane's a lighter brown but looking equally as tantalizing and just begging for a man's mouth to suck on them. Their sexes were equally as inviting, the lips fully open and wet, sucking on the rope as if it were a real cock gliding over the clit and making the women pant like mares. The umpire, rising to the occasion and eager to please his master, lashed his whip hard on their proffered rumps, winging it over their buttocks and urging them on at every stroke.

"Get on with it, you whores!" he yelled, lashing into Africanus' sweating rump.

She jolted forward and clashed her sword on Ustane's shield, who in return felt the whip cracking over the tops of her thighs. She lunged at the black woman and missed, toppling into her and the hilt of her opponents' sword thumped into her breast.

"Let's see those tits jiggle," the umpire bawled, landing the whip across their breasts.

He went behind them and whipped their backs, delivering six strokes in rapid succession watched by Lebienus whose eyes had not left Africanus for a second. She was using her sword more expertly now, parrying each blow and bringing up her shield deflecting Ustane's sword time and time again. But it was her magnificent body that really held him. He could never be sure what it was about a black woman that was so devastatingly sexual, whether it was the silky texture of her skin so splendid and shining, or the shape of her limbs, powerful yet shapely and made even more beautiful when coated in sweat. He had been at sea for many years and rarely had the opportunity to visit an amphitheatre and witness the games, but he had heard of gladiatrices battling in the nude or wearing only the flimsiest of clothes, perhaps lightly armoured as they were now straddling the rope. Some had been matched with beasts and had proved their worth; others had fought with net and trident slaying their opponents without compunction. Watching Africanus, he knew now that somewhere she had been professionally trained. She knew how to use sword and shield and could see that Ustane was tiring. He also watched his men. Those who were not preoccupied with the slave girls stared in fascination at the contest and he knew it was more the sight of their naked bodies rather than the contest itself that held them riveted. The pair of them would earn him a fortune if properly fielded. How much more could he make with a whole stable of women battling each other naked and oiled? Secretly he thanked Seneca. He knew now what to do and sipping from his goblet smiled

contentedly at the head of the slave bobbing over his cock. He would keep her as a plaything and use her body when needs must.

He turned back to the women and watched them in the final throes of combat. Exhausted from so much hacking and jabbing, the women had slowed into a measured pace, letting the rope slide into their slits while they swung their swords dashing the blades against the shields. It only remained for one of them to strike lucky and knock the other senseless. But it wasn't easy trying to concentrate with their juices flowing and yearning for a hard cock. Unseen by the audience, their eyes had that misty look that comes from desperate sexual longing. Their lips were permanently parted, breathing in long, slow breaths. Their nipples were numb from so much tingling, but were still hard. The men watching the dark discs of Africanus' areolas gazed in awe at their size. Her arse cheeks swung and rippled as she bent forward, each half dancing against the other, compressing into the crease making it look much longer and deeper than it actually was, then coming apart to reveal a darker shade of skin around her bottom hole. She had already climaxed, the men could see her juices turning a chalky colour on her inner thighs, but she was coming again and they could hear her raucous pants blasting into the visor. Ustane wearily parried her sword, her strength drained by the rope making her wet and the constant heat in her belly. Behind her helmet she stole a furtive glance at the men lining the bulwarks and thought she could stand a flogging if they got to fuck her afterwards. At that moment there was nothing more she wanted than a dozen cocks riding her cunt. But if she was intent on losing to have the men inside her it had to look convincing. She swung her shield hard into Africanus' shoulder deliberately exposing her belly and breasts and the black woman was quick to exploit the bare expanse of flesh. Her sword arm shot forward aiming the point into Ustane's navel. At another time and place the blow would have been fatal but here it merely had her uttering a shriek of pain as Africanus pulled the stab and Ustane's sword clattered to the deck. One swift sweep of the flat of Africanus' blade sent her reeling, but not before a return blow severed the chain. Standing, legs apart she saw Ustane hit the deck lying flat on her back, one leg straight the other bent at the knee.

"The black woman wins!" the umpire announced, kicking Ustane in the ribs.

Africanus slipped off her shield and wrestled the helmet from her head tossing it contemptuously at the audience. She flexed her arms and staggered sideways from the rope but managed to remain upright, sweat pouring from her face.

The umpire handed her his whip. "You shall have the pleasure of flogging her. Give her ten lashes on her bare arse and let her go."

Africanus had no qualms about beating Ustane. The crafty bitch had lost on purpose and she knew why. Africanus' cunt was still throbbing and she too wanted a good stiff cock to satisfy her, but Ustane had stolen the lead and she put her foot under her side and rolled her over.

"Drop your helmet and shield," she said dangerously. "And get your arse over that barrel."

Lebienus watched the black woman carefully, she was all too ready to flog her companion. Again he was sure she had been trained in the usage of a whip and showed no hesitation in using it. Ustane hobbled to a nearby water barrel and threw her body over its side. Whatever havoc Africanus was going to wreak on her naked and defenceless bottom would be worth suffering knowing that the men were already longing to penetrate her gaping cunt now obviously displayed for their benefit.

Africanus saw Lebienus' eyes boring into her breasts, a grim smile of admiration creasing his lips. They both recognized that strange and silent

communication that speaks volumes. Both were fucking each other in their minds. She lifted the whip high over her head, determined to make Ustane howl. She was not disappointed.

“You artful bitch,” she hissed, lashing with full strength, landing the whip square across her buttocks. “I’ll whip your arse so sore you won’t even feel those pricks.”

She coiled the whip in her hand, winding it in a tight circle then suddenly released it like a spring. The tapered end flicked under her legs and Ustane let out high pitched scream.

“Like it?” Africanus taunted, relishing the reddening bottom.

She stood tall and proud, even though her victory over her opponent had been a hollow one, but in a way it had served its purpose and had proved that she had lost none of her fighting skills, or the will to whip her defeated combatant. Her legs were stiff and slightly apart, her buttock muscles flexing as she swung her body from the hip, lashing with blind fury into Ustane’s shaking bottom. The welts criss-crossed over the flanks and buttocks, the trailing end just marking the tops of her thighs. She could see the whipped flesh turning a deeper hue and steadied her aim, landing one welt directly on top of the other, cutting deep into Ustane’s rump. The lashes fell thick and fast until she had delivered all ten strokes, but if Ustane thought the punishment was mercifully over she had another think coming. Lebienus leaned forward on the cushion anxious to see what else the black woman had in mind. Ustane struggled off the barrel but Africanus pushed her back again and snatched up her sword. Her hand whirled the sword as effortlessly as if it were a child’s toy and Lebienus dropped his goblet in wonder. Her artistry was almost beyond comprehension as the cutting edge soared towards Ustane’s bare rump and only a few of the assembled men dared watch, but at the last second before it struck, the sword turned in Africanus’ hand and the flat of the blade smacked into her cheeks. A roar of appreciation broke the silence and the black woman bowed in mock solemnity. Faster than the mind could grasp, the sword flew from her hand and stuck in the deck ringing from the shock. A fat gob of spit gathered in her mouth and she sent it flying over the bulwark and then, to Lebienus’ surprise, helped Ustane to her feet, kissing her full on the lips.

“Remember our plan of escape,” she whispered, flicking her tongue in her companion’s ear.

Ustane nodded and rubbed her welted bottom. In an instant they had become friends again.

“If I had known you were that good, I would’ve had you fighting alongside my men,” Lebienus said when they were alone in his cabin.

“If I’d known this was a warship, I wouldn’t’ve been on it,” she retorted.

She was no longer naked but had bathed and been given a short skirt to cover her bottom. The captain feted her with a good wine and meat. The skirt barely covered her buttocks, the top fitting just under the pit of her stomach, the hem floating tantalizingly around her upper thighs. But he had left the leather collar in place. Her scent wafted into his nostrils every time she moved, but despite her beauty and near nakedness he was not hard. There were other things on his mind so important they temporarily distracted him from having sex with her.

“So tell me, when and where did you learn such skills? There isn’t a man on this ship that could match you with a sword. You move like a panther.”

Africanus seated herself on a chair crossing her long legs and let the skirt ride up around her buttocks. Lebienus glanced at the expanse of naked thigh and the

roundness of her bottom emphasized by the hugging skirt, but quickly returned to his question.

“Well?”

“I learnt my craft in the ludus of Quintus Varus. My trainer was Fortuna, and I fought before the Emperor in the Colosseum. My mistress was his wife, the Lady Octavia,” she told him succinctly, leaving out all her dealings with the mad queen. He was clearly impressed and bent forward to refill her goblet.

“You fought in the Colosseum, eh? You’re good; perhaps with a little more training you could be magnificent. I’m thinking of buying my own stable of gladiators and fielding them in the amphitheatre at Ephesus. You would be paid in gold and I will cover all the expense of armour and any additional training you may think necessary, and of course, you will have your own slave to wait upon you and have the freedom of the city, but you will be escorted everywhere you go, and it would be far better than fucking in a brothel. I think that’s a fair offer.”

It was more than fair. It was amazing. She sat staring into her goblet hardly able to take it all in.

“You can bring along your friend,” he added, summoning a slave. “She’s clumsy and ill trained but I’m sure she’ll improve under your tuition.” He smiled at his next thought. “It seems that you can both take a good whipping and you certainly like your cock.”

“Thanks,” she said dully. “When it comes to cock we never seem to have any choice in the matter. In those fucking bilges we were forced to...”

“Yes, I know all about that,” he interrupted. “You were sent there as a punishment, but I think you’ve learned your lesson. So can we get down to business?”

A young Egyptian slave arrived, naked and bereft of her wig. Her head was shaven and shone in the light. Her body was slim and had been well cared for, her skin flawless and smooth. Her bottom and breasts were pert; the areolas large and dark, her nipples erect and firm. Africanus could see that her pubic bush had been well brushed and clipped. Without being told, she knelt in front of the black woman, resting on her haunches, hands discreetly folded in her lap, and head bowed as an obedient slave would be expected to do.

“Massage your mistress’ legs,” Lebienus told her.

Her hands reached for Africanus’ calf and she, uncrossing her legs, rested it on her shoulder. The slave worked expertly, folding her hands around the muscles and pressing her thumbs into the hardened muscle.

“She is yours to do with as you wish,” the captain offered. “She is your property. What’s your name, girl?”

“Matiti,” she whispered, rubbing her palms softly under Africanus’ knee.

Africanus closed her eyes; thinking. In theory she was a free woman who had come aboard the *Imperator* as a passenger and guest. Although Lebienus had threatened to have her sold into a brothel it was technically illegal and both of them knew it. On board ship he held the power of life and death over everyone, but once ashore the men and women not under his command were free to come and go as they pleased and Africanus was just too good to lose. She was also a valuable asset in any ludus or amphitheatre. Women like her were hard to find; tall, stunningly beautiful and trained as a gladiatrix. Where else would a man find a woman with those qualities?

Lebienus watched the black woman for a moment, his own knowledge of gladiatorial combat was scant but he did know the circumstances under which gladiators fought. They were either slaves bought and sold into the training school, or

they were men and women who sold their freedom to pay off debts and contracted to the ludus, or they were free and entered the arenas because they liked the thrill of combat and reaped the lucrative rewards that it brought. He could see Africanus was still considering his offer and said softly, "I could throw in a bonus, if you like."

"Hmmm?" she purred, relaxing from the slave's hands manipulating her thigh.

"You could fuck anyone of the gladiators or..." he looked at the slave's girl slender body, her nipples nicely stiff, "...your own slave if that is your preference."

"She has no choice in the matter," Africanus reminded him. "Not if she's my property."

"Think it over," he said, piqued at her sharp turn of mind.

He left them alone and went on deck wondering if he could talk her into selling her freedom, or perhaps there might be another way he could persuade her. She was fond of cock, he was sure of that, but then again a woman like her would hardly go begging for it. Once ashore she could enter any ludus she liked, there would be plenty of owners who would snap her up. But something was missing and just when he thought he'd found it, it vanished and that bothered him. He marched off to where his slave was sleeping and rudely awakened her. She rolled over and he threw open her legs, mounting her with the fury of a bull, pumping her sex until she was breathless. A man can always think clearly after he's fucked a pretty girl.

In the cabin, Africanus had stretched full length on the cushions, allowing Matiti to massage her buttocks and back. The girl was good at her job and knew where to pummel and soften the aching muscles. Her slim fingers squeezed the arse cheeks, rolling them round and round, pressing hard with all her weight, and then prising them open and digging her thumbs deep into the crease.

"You have a lovely body, mistress," she complimented, slapping the black woman's flanks.

"Who was your former master?" Africanus asked casually, grunting as Matiti's thumbs dug into the base of her spine.

"I was a brothel slave," she returned sadly. "In Thebes I was in the house of Akara. The mistress forced me to..."

The mention of Akara brought goose bumps to Africanus' skin. How could she ever forget that woman and the brothel where she had been forced to work as a whore, and where she had first encountered the mad queen?

"Never mind that," Africanus broke in, turning over to look more closely at the girl. "How long were you in there?"

"I was sold when I was fourteen, and when I was sixteen she made me earn my keep by waiting on the women, and when I was seventeen I..."

"Yes, yes," Africanus said impatiently. "Can you remember any of the whores you waited on?"

She stared Africanus in the face, her hand flying to her mouth. "Oh, it's you!" she blurted, recognizing her.

Africanus couldn't recall Matiti, but then there were so many girl slaves in the place her face was just like any other. She seized her by the shoulders, shaking her until her teeth chattered.

"Now you listen to me, you little bitch. You breathe one word of what went on in that place, or even mention you knew me and I'll knock your teeth so far down your throat you'll have to stick a twig up your arse to clean them. Got it?"

"I understand, mistress," she shuddered. "I won't say a word."

A shadow moved across the cabin window and Africanus froze. "See who it is," she snapped.

Matiti ducked her head through the door but saw only a sailor scrubbing the deck and Seneca leaning over the bulwark scanning the horizon.

“No one there, mistress,” she said, dropping to her knees.

Africanus sighed deeply and lay on her back. “Massage my tits, you little shit, and don’t forget what I told you.”

Matiti nodded her assent. The black woman looked terrifying when she was angry, and there was no doubt in her mind that she really would knock her teeth out. She cupped Africanus’ left breast in her hands and gently squeezed, pushing her thumbs into the nipple and revolving them until the teat went erect and then flattening the bud into the surrounding areola. She gathered the breast in her palms and pushed on the sides, rolling them round and teasing the nipple between forefinger and thumb and then softly slapped the whole globe. Her hands went in circles from where the breast rose from the black woman’s chest, following the crescent and going right under the globe, lifting its weight and letting it wobble back into shape. When she’d finished she moved to the right breast repeating her technique, finally crushing both breasts together until the engorged teats met and then opened her mouth wide and sucked on the nipples. Her teeth were sharp but she knew how much pressure she needed to tease the nipples to greater erection. She nibbled and sucked, flicking her tongue around the buds and heard the black woman utter a low throaty moan.

“Shall I suck your cunt, mistress?” she asked softly.

“No, Matiti, I want you to oil my body. Oil every muscle until I shine. Make sure you use plenty on my breasts and between my legs. I want to smell like roses. Then put some salt on my nipples, I want them permanently hard.”

“Very good, mistress,” she obeyed, shooting the black woman a bemused look.

While she was gone Africanus thought hard about Lebienu’s offer. It was one she couldn’t refuse, a chance to win fame and fortune in the arena, all expenses paid and, after she had amassed as much gold as she needed, she could dump him and head back to Rome.

When Lebienu returned he found her alone, her body glistening and richly scented. His cock went instantly hard at the sight of her but she tactfully ignored that.

“I have considered your offer,” she began, walking slowly around the cabin, turning on her toes, offering a splendid view of her magnificent body. “It is one I accept and my fee is nothing less than fifty aureus for each combat.”

“Fifty aureus!” he gulped.

“I think that’s reasonable considering you get ten times that amount from the sponsor.”

“You drive a hard bargain, Africanus, but I accept your terms. What about your friend?”

Africanus hadn’t thought about Ustane, but knowing she’d fuck with a goat if the price was right didn’t think she’d have a problem in agreeing.

“And you have your own slave,” Lebienu reminded her.

“She came as a bribe,” the black woman said flatly.

By all the Gods, was there anything this artful cow didn’t miss?

“All right, done,” he said, holding out his hand.

She took it and he pulled her hard against him, kissing her passionately, crushing her scented breasts against his chest and even through his toga could feel the points of her nipples. His hands were fast around her bottom squeezing the cheeks and fingering into the crease.

“I ought to charge for this,” she joked, rubbing her thigh into his flank.

“But you won’t because you know when you’re well favoured,” he smiled, nibbling her ear.

She fell to her knees and took his cock in her hand, tossing it long and slow. Her mouth opened uttering a playful snarl and she let the plum rest on her lower lip, just flicking the tip of her tongue into the plum’s groove. Inhaling deeply she blasted a breath of hot air all down the shaft then sucked its whole length into her throat.

“I wonder how you learned to pleasure men so well,” he said softly, putting his hand on the back of her head.

Her throat gulped. “It comes naturally,” she said, slipping his cock from her lips. “Every woman knows how to please her man.”

“Of course,” he whispered and guided his cock around her lips.

She flicked her tongue in and out, darting it up and down the shaft and then sucked on his balls, taking the whole sac into her mouth. He groaned as she played them around her teeth and rolled them into her cheeks. He was hard now, so erect his cock almost burst.

“I’m going to fuck you here and now,” he rasped, toppling her backwards.

She gave a cry of surprise and fell flat, legs high and wide, her sex open and willing. Lebienus was there at once, diving between her legs and penetrating her with one shove of his loins. Inside her sex she was wet and oiled and he went in effortlessly, thumping his pelvis against her thighs. Her legs went speedily over his back locking him tight, thighs flexing and ankles firmly crossed. Her arms gripped his shoulders hugging his body close. Then she started doing what she did best, riding him with magnificent gyrations of her hips and bottom, digging her heels into his back and clinging like a limpet to his powerful frame. Inside her sex tunnel the vaginal walls enveloped his cock, moving in soft waves against the shaft and tickling over the end of his plum. Her tongue flicked fast over his neck and ears, wetting him with saliva until he dripped.

“I’ve never known such a woman,” he acknowledged truthfully, moving his rippling chest over the squashing breasts beneath.

Her nipples retained their constant erection and he joyfully sucked the throbbing teats into his mouth, biting hard until she cried from the stabbing pain. Her fist thumped into his ribs and he slapped her face.

“Hurt me,” she sobbed, punching his shoulder. “Beat me ‘til I scream. Show me you’re a real man.”

He slapped her face so hard his hand stung. Her tongue drooped from her mouth and he bit it. He heaved his weight on his elbows and slapped her tits, making them jiggle and bounce. She brought her arm in a fast arc and punched the small of his back.

“Fucking whore,” he groaned, taking a tuft of her braids and forcing her head hard onto the floor.

She rolled over and sat astride him, bouncing and jumping her bottom over his middle. Her nails raked into his chest and he punched the sides of her breasts making them swing. Then she raised her knees and sat up, hovering her sex above his cock. She was still penetrated but only just, his plum nudging against her labia before she dropped her whole weight thumping her bottom on his thighs.

His arm went out reaching for the belt he used to bind his toga and sent it flying into her back. She groaned from the pain and rode harder, gyrating her bottom and snaking her hips, drawing his cock deeper into her belly.

“Whip me,” she sobbed. “I want you to thrash the shit out of me.”

He went wild, whipping in all directions, lashing at her back and bottom, leaving deep welts in his wake, but the more he whipped her, the more she begged.

“If that’s what you want,” he grated. “You shall have it.”

Most women get a thrill from a mild beating but Africanus wanted it hard and knew her arse could take any amount of flogging when she needed it to. She got off him and lay on her belly, offering up her sweating rump. Lebienus lashed her buttocks giving them ten quick strokes until her whole body shuddered in ecstasy. She was reaching her orgasm, he could see that, her panting and groaning filled the cabin and heat rose from her glistening skin. He grabbed her shoulders and penetrated her but came too quickly, however he was still hard and she bucked her hips in panic, slamming them into his middle until her orgasmic scream ricocheted through the walls.

Seneca gave the cabin a cursory grin and went on surveying the sea smiling thoughtfully at the thrashing limbs inside. Matiti waited patiently for the noise to die down before poking her head around the door. They were both lying as if dead, worn out from the exertion. Her nose wrinkled at the smell of manic sex and her eyes opened wide at Africanus’ sex, the lips still quivering, and juice dripping into her bottom crease. There was no doubting that her new mistress could fuck like a wild animal when she wanted it badly enough.

Lebienus eased out of her and sat up wiping sweat from his torso. Africanus lay with her arm over her forehead, her eyelids heavy and drooping.

He slapped her thigh and fell across her, resting his head on her damp breasts. Life at sea had its compensations but there was no substitute for a good hot woman.

CHAPTER FOUR

“Bring all the slaves on deck,” Lebienus commanded looking resplendent in his armour freshly burnished. “Have them scrubbed and oiled. We are approaching Ephesus.”

Africanus looked equally stunning attired in a long robe of transparent linen. She too had been bathed and oiled and her dark skin shone with velvet sheen of which only black women are truly capable of attaining. Beside her Ustane muttered savage curses. The plan of escape had been hastily abandoned in favour of her companion’s offer from the captain and now she would either have to play second fiddle to the black woman, fighting in the arena, risking life and limb, or make her own way in the world. For a while she would stay with Africanus, earn what she could and then run when she judged the time right. Matiti stood at Africanus’ side, naked except for a loin cloth wrapped around her pert buttocks and a newly fashioned collar of gold with the inscription, ‘legal property of Africanus.’ All three strained their eyes and even Ustane had to admit the city looked magnificent, gleaming in the sun. Its temples and buildings stretched along the shoreline and they could see ships of all shapes and sizes coming and going from the numerous wharves. People flocked to the waterside to see the great warship sail steadily into sight, the oars dipping in perfect unison.

Poppea stood on the balcony of her villa surveying the warship with grim expectation. She was no longer in the bloom of youth, but much oiling and massaging had kept her skin youthful. She could have passed for a woman ten years younger. Her well shaped breasts were regularly soaped and rubbed with oil of cinnamon and her areolas and nipples had been permanently stained a rich ebony colour making them appear dark and succulent. Her long creamy legs were polished with ivory paste and her robe was slit to the hip showing off her magnificent thighs. If it were not for a small tattoo emblazoned on her right shoulder she might have been mistaken for a pampered senator’s wife or mistress, something she encouraged now and then when entertaining guests in the finest and richest brothel in Ephesus. A ship of that magnificence would bring lucrative trade and her girls were already making ready. News had reached the city of Lebienus’ victory and she guessed correctly that he would in all probability be carrying a cargo of captured Egyptian slaves. She had already sent a buyer to the docks with a bag full of gold. She was one of the richest and most influential women in the city. And the most devious.

The Egyptian slaves manacled together at the wrists looked deliciously inviting in their dusky nakedness, their heads adorned with long, plaited wigs, arms and calves fitted with bracelets and nipples salted to make them erect. The two daughters of the merchant had already been sold and waited sullenly for their purchaser to fetch them.

The gang plank had hardly hit the wharf before Gaius, Poppea’s dealer was racing aboard and demanding to see the captain. He had watched the mouth watering Egyptians lining the rail and made up his mind to have them.

“Twenty aureus for the lot,” he said, offering Lebienus the bag of golden coins. “And if it pleases you, my great and illustrious captain. The Lady Poppea wishes to invite you and your officers as guests in her house of noble entertainment.”

“You mean a whorehouse,” Lebienus replied bluntly, marvelling at so much gold tipping into his hands.

“The very best in all Ephesus,” Gaius fawned, suddenly noticing Africanus. “Uh, how much for the black woman?”

“She’s not for sale,” Lebienus told him darkly. “And if any man gets within a cock’s length of her cunt, he’s dead. Same goes for her slave and the other girl with her.”

“Of course. How stupid of me,” he crawled. “I ought to have known you would reserve the very best for your own entertainment. Will you follow me?”

He left his second in command to take care of the docking arrangements and then did something which surprised Africanus. Matiti was swiftly manacled at her wrists and ankles, the chains long enough to allow freedom of movement but impeding any attempt at escape.

“Just a precaution,” he smiled, looking at the astonished look on Africanus’ face. “Don’t want her running off, do we?”

Matiti was equally as bemused as her mistress. Escape was the last thing on her mind as they went ashore and climbed into a carriage courtesy of Poppea. They passed cheering crowds tossing rose petals at Lebienus who waved in return and Africanus thought she was dreaming. Only a short time ago she had been fleeing for her life and now here she was riding through the streets like an empress, even Ustane managed a cursory smile as a bouquet of flowers dropped in her lap. They went past the great temple of Jupiter, and along a broad street lined with colonnades and fountains, and halted at a high wall with a heavy iron studded door let into the brickwork. Gaius leapt off the carriage box and rang the bell pull. The door opened and inside Africanus saw a courtyard with a fountain in the middle with well tended flower beds all around it. They went through a doorway and into an ante chamber with another fountain and marble benches lining the walls. The place was cool and fragrant and a deathly hush seemed to pervade the room. Gaius bade them be seated and went off to summon the brothel slaves. The officers of the *Imperator* looked warily around them wondering just what sort of place this was until a bevy of scantily clad girls poured through the doors bearing trays of wine and cakes.

“Welcome to my humble home,” Poppea announced incongruously, making a grand entrance from her private apartments.

Lebienus throat went dry at the sight of her. She went directly to him, crossing the room with long, graceful strides and, placing her hands together at her breasts, bowed her head. Her legs shimmered and through her diaphanous robe he caught the merest glimpse of her pubic triangle dyed black and brushed to a gloss. But her painted nipples stood out from her wobbling breasts and it was as much as he could do to stop from grabbing them.

Ustane hated her on sight.

“I don’t trust that bitch for a start,” she hissed, keeping her voice low.

Poppea shot a wavering glance at the women. “Are these your slaves, captain? The black one looks beautiful.”

“My guests,” he muttered, accepting a goblet from a slave.

“How perfectly delightful,” she smiled, running her expert eyes over Africanus’ body.

The smile as quickly vanished and she turned to Lebienus, coming so close he could see her nipples poking at her robe. She was no ordinary brothel mistress; he could tell that at once, neither were the whores coming silently into the room. They were not naked, but clothed in fine robes of linen, the cloth sweeping into their ample cleavages and slit at both sides from the waist down revealing just a hint of the superb buttocks beneath.

“My girls will take care of your men,” Poppea proposed. “May I suggest a bath to begin with and then a banquet to celebrate their great victory? My slaves will look after your guests, and perhaps you would care to join me in my own rooms?”

Africanus had to admire her skill. In a single sweep she had divided them all in exactly the way that suited her, separating the black woman from the captain and steering him to where she wanted, leaving a babble of house slaves escorting his guests to the bath house. The whores paired with the officers and led them to the communal baths, their arms encircling their waists and hips nudging with every step.

Lebienus found himself in a room overlooking the courtyard, richly furnished and perfumed with burning incense. She wasted no time in getting down to business. A girl slave helped him out of his armour and into a bath. While she bathed him, Poppea seated herself in a chair, crossing her legs and sipping wine, looking with smouldering eyes over the rim, studying his rippling torso.

“So, tell me, captain, where will the Gods lead you on your next venture?”

“I have done with the sea,” he said, raising an arm to let the girl scrub his ribs.

“I see,” she mused, genuinely surprised at the reply. “So, what will you do?”

The girl worked on his shoulders, pummelling them with her tiny fists. “I thought of going into business,” he said vaguely, grunting happily at the girl now massaging the back of his neck.

“Oh, there are too many brothels here already,” she fished, not wanting any competition from such an illustrious man.

“I’m going to field my own gladiators,” he said, reclining as the girl thumbed his pectoral muscles.

She smiled slyly at his erection bobbing above the water and looked quickly into his eyes. He gave a barely perceptible nod and discreetly closed his eyes.

“You must let me help you,” Poppea suggested. “I have many connections in this city. A word in the right ear can do wonders.”

‘Or your mouth around a cock,’ he thought, but didn’t say it out loud.

Somewhere outside the chamber came a high pitched feminine laugh and a door banged. The click of sandals rattled over a marble floor and a masculine voice asked for more wine. All the sounds of a brothel doing what it does best.

“I would appreciate that,” Lebienus acknowledged, thinking that she probably had her fingers in many pies, but determined not to let them dip into his.

The slave girl reached for a bar of soap and accidentally dropped it into the bath. She bent over shaking her pert breasts and put her hand under the water, giving his cock a furtive squeeze before standing up again. But Poppea knew her girls and what was going through his mind. After so long at sea he was too distracted to engage in serious conversation and she wisely withdrew.

“The slave will show you to my quarters when you are ready, captain,” she smiled, her long legs striding over the polished floor.

“Your mistress keeps a splendid house,” he complimented, grabbing the girl’s arm and somersaulting her into the bath.

She squealed and landed perfectly on his lap, her slim legs spread wide. His powerful hands were on her waist faster than she could see them move.

“Oh, master,” she whooped, lifted high over his knees.

Her hand went under her legs and gently encompassed his throbbing cock, guiding it expertly into her parted slit. She stared goggle eyed as he slipped a little way into her sex and then without warning, rammed himself fully into her.

“By Jupiter!” she breathed. “You’re so huge!”

She had probably said it a thousand times, but on this occasion it was true. He could see her flat belly hollow from the shock and she reached forward seizing his shoulders. His lips went fast onto her nipples sucking hard on the risen teats. Her hand rested on the back of his head, fingernails raking softly into his scalp.

“It’s got bigger,” she gulped, rotating her slim hips over his pelvis. “You’re so long!”

“I’m going to pump your cute little belly full of spunk,” he said crudely, bouncing her bottom up and down.

“But I’m not supposed to do this,” she wailed, clutching at his hair. “I’m only a house slave and... Oh, may the Gods help me.”

At first he thought this was all an act, the little slave being unwillingly fucked by a real man, but one look at her startled eyes told him she wasn’t acting after all. Her throat gulped and he bit on her left nipple, deliberately sinking his teeth into the bud and crushing it hard.

“You’re hurting me!” she sobbed, throwing back her head.

Lebienus wasn’t a cruel man, but the sight of her young, slim nubile body was driving him frantic. Her breasts were small and pert but firm in his hands, her thighs not much thicker than his arm but beautifully shaped in their slenderness. His outstretched hands could almost encircle her waist and he gripped hard, lifting her clear of the water. She braced herself for another fearful plunge that threatened to split her in two, but it never came. Very slowly he lowered her body over his cock, watching every inch of his vein throbbing shaft glide into her stretching sex.

“Why are you so big?” she wondered, getting the measure of the enormous shaft slipping into her belly.

“It’s you,” he whispered, grinding her sex over the root of his cock. “Your beauty makes me hard.”

It was not all lies. She was beautiful and did make him harder. But there was a reason for fucking her so hard. He angled his cock over her throbbing clit and raised her gently on and off his pelvis, cork- screwing it so his shaft rubbed deep into her vaginal walls. She was no virgin, any girl with those looks and a body that was like a weasel wouldn’t be, but her cunt was tight and she hadn’t had that many inside her, of that he was sure.

“What’s your name, girl?”

“Neptuna,” she told him, squirming her bottom around his shaft.

The buttocks were soft and small, easily fitting into his hands, yet flexing tight into her crease when he bucked her back and forth. Her nipples sprouted from her breasts and his mouth was there again, but this time sucking gently on the teats and teasing them with his tongue. She purred like a kitten and threw her arms around his massive shoulders, pressing her breasts hard into his face.

“You’re too good for this place,” he flattered her, rubbing the stubble on his jaw all over her chest.

He heard her gasp and, gathering his strength, lifted her out of the bath. She clung like a limpet, crossing her slim legs over the small of his back and hugging him with her thin arms. Still fully penetrated, he carried her effortlessly across the room and dropped her onto a couch. Underneath him now there was nothing she could do but cling to his torso as he rode her like a stallion, pumping so hard she caught her breath in short, rapid pants. Her head bobbed wildly over the cushion, jerking and twisting in time with his thumping loins. Her legs uncoiled from his back and went dead straight, toes pointing at the ceiling. Remembering his time with a rampant whore in Rome, he reached out and grabbed her ankles forcing her legs over her head.

“I can’t take you!” she shrieked, feeling his cock slam full depth into her sex. “This isn’t natural!”

Lebienus smiled at the compliment and rammed as hard as he dared smiling more broadly at the shocked look on her face. Then he went wild, releasing months of pent up emotion. It felt good to be on land again and with the prospect of becoming rich so what better way to celebrate than fuck the girl rotten? Past all caring for the lithe and tender body beneath his solid frame, he fucked her ruthlessly holding her legs rigid and spearing her so fast her head whirled. His buttocks went as hard as rocks as he drove into her, slamming his cock into the neck of her womb. Tears formed in her eyes and her sight blurred, fading the room into indistinct shapes.

Outside, a girl ran shrieking full pelt past the door chased by one of the *Imperator’s* officers, his cock enormously hard and a whip swishing playfully in his hand. It cracked across her bare buttocks and she laughed the louder running into the one of the vacant rooms, the door banging behind them. She was cornered and stood panting eyeing him with dark, welcoming eyes. The whip hit the floor and he rushed forward, sweeping the girl off her feet and throwing her over his shoulder.

“Oh, sir!” she shrieked as the flat of his hand sailed into her wobbling buttocks.

She landed with a crash on the bed and he plummeted between her legs drunk with sex and good wine.

In Poppea’s room the young slave was thrashing like an eel caught in a net, waving her arms and panting like a hard driven filly, her cunt already sore and wet from Lebienus’ massive cock pounding inside her belly. She came with a shriek, squinting her eyes into slits and tearing at the cushion. Lebienus came with harsh grunt and fulfilled his promise. The girl’s belly was inundated with spunk and she went silent staring in disbelief at the man lying exhausted over her trembling body.

“No one’s ever fucked me like that before,” she said softly, the words barely audible.

“I’ve never fucked anyone like you,” he said, stroking her hair and brushing it from her flushed face.

He slipped from her and brought over a goblet of wine, lifting it to her parched lips and letting her drink her fill. From his purse he fetched a silver denarius and put it between her teeth. Amazed at such generosity shown to a slave, she held it in her hand and kissed him

“How long have you been here?” he asked casually, seating her on his knees.

Her thighs and bottom were warm against his skin and her sex still wet.

“Oh, since the dealer sold me. About three years.”

“Very good. And you grew up in this town?”

“Lived here all my life,” she said proudly. “I was a slave at the ludus of Titus Agrippa. He’s got the best gladiators in all Ephesus.”

“Has he now?” Lebienus said wondering. “So you are well acquainted with the arena?”

“Oh no. I was just a slave in his house.”

“But you do know all about his gladiators and how they fight.”

“I used to see them training in the ludus. Some of them fucked me before I was sold to my mistress.”

That came as no surprise. “You still have friend’s there?” he asked, putting the goblet to her lips.

She drank deeply and belched a girlish belch. “I see them sometimes when my mistress sends me on errands.”

“I’m going to buy you,” he said, placing his hand on her breast and giving an affectionate squeeze.

He toppled her backwards and spread her legs wide, aiming his cock between her legs.

“Oh, I’d like that, master,” she beamed, jerking her hips.

He was in her again and riding her long and slow. Truly the Gods were on his side. The girl was worth her weight in gold, and his cock sank deep into her belly and again she sighed at its length and girth itching to have his hot spunk flooding her cute little cunt.

Poppea’s bedroom was cool and dark, the shutters closed to allay the heat. She was already naked when he arrived, standing at the one small window which had been left open. Lebienus, wrapped in a towel joined her at the sill, sliding his arm around her waist. He smelt strongly of the perfumed oil Neptuna had rubbed in his skin after they had finished coupling.

“Did my slave live up to your expectations?” she asked, resting her hand on his buttocks.

“She knows her craft,” he evaded. “It seems all your girls are good in bed. You have trained them well Poppea.”

“The guardians of the Empire deserve favouring,” she acknowledged, turning to face him.

He marvelled at her youthful figure which many women half her age would have envied. Her body had been kept in trim by constant oiling and massaging and the slightest hint of a greying hair was swiftly removed. Only a vague appearance of crow’s feet under her eyes and tiny wrinkles at the corners of her lips betrayed her real age.

“Now, tell me what *I* can do for you,” she purred, squashing her youthful bosom against his manly chest.

Her hands went over his buttocks and loosed the knot in the towel. It fell with a soft rustle and they stood naked, her nipples tingling at the enlarged penis throbbing against the pit of her stomach. Unceremoniously he cupped her breast and squeezed her ample flesh, sinking his fingers into the softer parts. She pulled slightly away and gripped his shaft caressing it slowly in her palm.

“I know you want to fuck me,” she whispered huskily. “I’m the best fuck in all Ephesus.”

“Experience always tells,” he agreed, and guided her to the bed.

From a small cabinet she took a bunch of silken ribbons and placed them on her breasts.

“Sailors are supposed to be good at tying knots,” she grinned. “So let’s see just how good you are. Not too tight, if you please.”

Lifting her right arm he placed her wrist at the bed-post and knelt over her chest working fast. One end went swiftly over the other in a loop, then under it and back again and around the post so fast she gaped in wonder. He gave a sharp tug tightening the loop and bound her more securely than any iron manacle. He went to her left wrist and repeated the exercise, stretching her arm to its fullest extent and left her, going directly to her ankles. With a tenderness that surprised her, he lashed her ankles in a double knot, opening her legs wide and tying them to the bed-end. She lay gazing at his bulging muscles, her arms and legs forming a naked X. His hands went under her bottom, raising it whilst he deftly slipped a cushion under her buttocks.

“I should say you’ve done this before,” she giggled slyly.

“No I haven’t,” he said amiably, taking up a longer ribbon.

After fucking the nubile Neptuna and finding she would be of more use to him than any painted whore he was game for anything. He knew that women are at their most compliant after a good hard fucking and he wanted Neptuna. He was going to fuck her mistress so hard and long she’d be begging him to stop. She gulped slightly when the ribbon went around her neck and fitted snugly under her chin. He gave a gentle tug and wound the ends over the bed-end, pulling it taut, allowing her to breathe but giving her very little movement anywhere else. He got off her and rummaged in the cabinet finding longer lengths of ribbon and a long, beautifully ornamented box inlaid with mother of pearl and gold. On the lid, a ruby was set into a ring of small diamonds. Only the Gods knew its worth. He put it to one side and knelt at her hips, sliding one of the ribbons under her left knee. Her leg would only lift a fraction but it was enough to bind it. She watched through slitting eyes as he tied the ends at the edge of the bed and went to her right leg tying the ribbon around her knee and checking for any movement.

“You’re very thorough, captain,” she said warily, watching him take another length and move to her mid thighs.

The ribbons were just long enough to slip under them and he lashed her securely, knotting the ribbons against her sweating skin. More ribbons went around her elbows and under her arms and lashed her firmly to the bed-posts. Her bottom shuffled on the cushion but the rest of her body held rigid and she looked at him in dumb amazement. None of the ribbons were tight enough to halt the blood flow but she couldn’t move a muscle.

“Would you like a gag?” he asked, snapping a broader ribbon in his powerful hands. “Or do you want the whole house to hear you coming?”

The very suggestion had her wet between her legs and she shuffled at the damp patch forming on the cushion.

“Gag me,” she said suddenly, her eyes going lustrous at the thought.

He fitted the ribbon between her lips and wound it twice around her head then knotted it at one side, testing its strength and pulling it tighter.

“Blindfold?” he suggested, his lips creasing at the corners.

This was something new. Many wealthy clients had tied her ankles and wrists, but had bungled the knots and usually her limbs slipped free denying the galvanic orgasm that being tied and defenceless always brings. But this man had not only bound her where she thought he would, but at her knees, thighs, arms, neck and shoulders, and had even gagged her into the bargain. She was his to use and abuse and there wasn’t a single thing she could do to stop him.

“Big tits,” he mused aloud, sitting astride her ribs and eyeing her breasts.

Her outstretched arms had lifted them and now the hitherto rounded globes had gone into an oval shape with the areolas almost exactly at the centre. From the excitement at being so thoroughly tied her nipples had risen to twice their normal size and seemed to be twitching in their desire for his lips. But Lebienus held back keeping her in agonizing suspense as he gripped his cock and played the tip of the plum around her teats. It only just touched the pimples surrounding the buds, a touch so slight she hardly felt it. In the semi darkness of the blindfold she felt the heat of his cock and its velvet touch playing at the base of her nipples and instinctively knew what it was that was teasing her to the point of distraction. Her mouth strained at the gag burbling incomprehensible words urging him to get his hardened shaft deep inside her belly, but still he held back, now resting the whole length of his cock between her breasts and just touching the plum under her chin. Her arms wrenched at the sockets

vainly struggling to tear free but the ribbons were too well tied and only her fingers moved, curling into the palms and digging deep. Her toes flexed and her feet twisted from the ankles in desperation. Her thighs quivered but were held fast in their bonds. Lebienuus was once told by a whore that when a woman is on heat the whole of her body becomes sensitive to the merest touch and he remembered it now. His cock travelled over her breasts, carefully avoiding the nipples and going slowly over her flattened belly. The tip circled her navel and he saw tears escaping from under the blindfold and trickling down her cheeks.

“Not yet,” he whispered guiding the plum to her stretching sex.

He was minded to see just how far he could push her before she climaxed and let the plum rest a fraction inside her cunt before taking it out and moving it slowly along her inner thighs. Her head went from side to side and muffled cries burst from the gag. Her teeth chewed on the ribbon tearing it to shreds and he watched fascinated as it disintegrated around her chin. Spit gathered in her mouth and she expelled the tattered ribbon, half choking from the effort.

“Please,” she warbled. “Just fuck me!”

“Not yet,” he told her and, taking a huge risk, put his fingers in her mouth and forced open her jaw until it cricked.

“I think your body needs a little softening,” he said, slamming her mouth shut.

“I want fucking,” she sobbed. “Please stop playing with me!”

Without a word of warning the flat of his hand sailed into her breasts so hard they jiggled. A livid imprint of his hand appeared on the side of her breast and he slapped her again on her nipples watching them sink into the areolas and rise reluctantly erect. The sound of his hand smacking onto her naked flesh brought renewed throbbing in his loins and cock and he slapped her thighs, leaving not an inch untouched. Her skin goose bumped and turned crimson from the fiery pain and he could see her crying now, choking back sobs as she begged for his cock. He was on the verge of penetration but instead dismounted and looked swiftly around the room. Nothing to see apart from a wardrobe. The doors opened and he whistled at the contents. Never in his life had he seen such a dazzling array of whips, canes, knotted ropes and every instrument of sexual torment. He saw manacles and chains fitted with spikes, a spiked iron collar and long lengths of chain made from tiny golden links. He selected a short cane and stood at the bottom of the bed.

“You need whipping,” he said darkly, tapping one end into his palm and tearing off the blindfold.

The sobbing abruptly ceased and she stared with undisguised fear at his towering frame, watched in terror as his arm lifted and the cane sizzled onto the soles of her bare feet.

“You bastard!” she screamed. “This isn’t love!”

“True,” he agreed. “But it’s giving me immense pleasure all the same.”

He had no intentions of really hurting her but knew that every stroke heightened her arousal. Her whole body was breaking into spasms of longing and he tickled the tip of the cane on her nipples, flicking the end until she ground her teeth in frustrated agony.

“I’ll give you my cock,” he said at last, tossing away the cane and sliding swiftly between her sweating thighs. “But before I do I have one request.”

“Ask,” she writhed, creasing her belly as if willing him inside her.

“I want to buy your slave, Neptuna. Twenty sestertius. Here and now.”

“Take her,” she nodded. “She’s yours.”

He was in her at once, ramming so hard the bed board hit the wall with a hollow thump. He was not in a hurry. He had got what he wanted and fucked her slowly in gratitude, taking his time allowing her to savour every insertion. He rode her for a full hour, only slowing to catch his breath. He lost count of her orgasms and his balls wallowed in her soaking juices. When he was spent, gushing his spunk into her hot sex he fell away fumbling with the knotted ribbons. Her arms dropped from the bed-end and lay lifelessly over her belly. Too exhausted to bother with remaining knots, he tore the ribbons from the bed and staggered to a wash bowl. He tipped the contents over his head and crashed beside her.

“You can fuck,” she gasped, turning into his side.

Her body was hot and damp, the skin clammy with sweat.

“You’re not so bad yourself,” he returned, feeling her breasts squash against his ribs.

They lay until dawn and he awakened to the sounds of slaves scurrying in the courtyard below. Poppea was still asleep and he gently rolled her on her back and parted her thighs. He couldn’t leave without having her once more but left twenty silver coins under her pillow and two golden ones for good measure.

He went back into the room where Neptuna had bathed him and found his armour freshly polished and his undergarments laundered. Much to his surprise she was still there sleeping soundly where he had left her, a jar of polish by her side. A gentle shake awoke her and she blinked, rubbing sleep from her eyes.

“Go and get your things,” he said softly. “You are my property and will come with me.”

“You’ve bought me?” she beamed, amazed at how fast the bargain had been transacted.

She dressed in her slave shift and padded softly beside him directing him to where Africanus and her companions had been quartered.

For a whole week Africanus and Ustane were kept under close guard in a small town house waited upon by Neptuna and Matiti whilst Lebienus went about the tedious business of purchasing gladiators and suitable premises to house and train them. Sticking to his original plan, he decided to field them himself without involving a sponsor thus keeping all the profits.

“I want double the rate if you’re expecting me to train this pile of shit,” Africanus said looking at the women slaves he’d bought.

Seneca had been right, no one was willing to part with already trained gladiators and he had resorted to buying thieves and criminals who normally would have been publicly executed in the arena, or fed to wild beasts. Training and fielding them as gladiatrices was entirely new and would earn him a fortune now he had stolen the lead.

“You will start training them at once,” he said. “But your personal slave will come with me.”

Africanus shrugged and watched Matiti escorted to the cells beneath the training ground. It was none of her business what he chose to do with her.

“Strip naked,” Africanus told the women. “And let me see what you’re made of.”

The six women were not in such bad condition as she assumed. Hardened by a precarious existence begging and thieving and constantly running for their lives, their limbs were wiry and their bodies slim. But they were hard faced and needed breaking before Africanus could set about her task. She had to let them know who their

mistress was right from the start. She summoned Neptuna and whispered in her ear. The girl stifled a laugh and ran off into the town wondering how she could possibly fulfil such an order.

“Until the slave returns you will put your arses over that bar,” Africanus commanded, warming to her new role as trainer. She pointed to a dark skinned brunette. “You’re first.”

Reluctantly, the woman walked to a stout pole suspended between two uprights and bent over it baring her naked rump to the black woman approaching with a long leather whip.

“The first to scream will get another ten lashes in addition to what I’m already going to give you,” she rasped.

She walked slowly behind her cracking the whip and watching for any signs of flinching. Two of the women bore traces of previous floggings, the welts still visible on their buttocks. Another two had been branded on their shoulder blades. All of them had traded their bodies for money. She slapped each one in turn, testing their buttocks and thighs and was satisfied they were all firm.

“Nice bum,” she teased, patting the brunette’s rump. “Six lashes on your bare arse.”

The brunette gritted her teeth and closed her eyes waiting for the whip to go whistling into her buttocks. It came faster than lightning, lashing over both halves and coiling under her stomach. Africanus heard a sharp intake of breath and the muttered curse, “Fuck you.”

She allowed that. It showed defiance, a valuable trait in a gladiatrix.

The second lash landed diagonally whipping her arse and pit of her stomach. Her hips jolted and a second later her buttocks squeezed into the crease. Already the scorching pain was taking effect. The third lash came under the fat of her bottom and she went up on tip toes, flexing her calves and thighs.

“Good legs,” Ustane commented, biting into an orange and crudely spitting the pips over the whipped girl’s bottom. “Give her a stroke in her cunt. See if that’ll make her howl.”

The brunette muttered an obscenity and braced her body, clenching her pert buttocks tight and keeping her legs close together.

“You heard,” Africanus taunted. “Open your legs, slave.”

Her legs slowly opened and were visibly quaking at the thought of what was to come. The whip sailed into her slit but she hung on desperately avoiding a further ten lashes. The black woman was good with a whip and knew how to handle it. She lashed again into the pubic mound slicing into the join of the brunette’s thighs, and then delivered the rest in rapid succession across her thighs and buttocks.

“You did well,” Africanus admitted. “On your feet.” She waved the whip at the next woman. “Bare your arse.”

“No,” she blurted, her eyes misting.

For several stony seconds the two women stared at each other wondering who was going to make the first move. The slave was tall, her skin a dark gold and her long copper coloured hair fell in coils around her buttocks. Her legs were long and straight and she had well shaped thighs. She had the body of an acrobat and eyes that smouldered defiance. Already Africanus knew she would make a good gladiatrix. She would not be easy to break.

“Very well,” she said softly edging closer, the whip coiling in her hand. “I’ll flog you where you stand and you shall have an extra dozen for your disobedience.”

The whip lashed into her buttocks but as Africanus tried to retrieve it the slave grabbed the end and swiftly wound it around her fist.

“Now whip me,” she hissed.

Africanus saw the other slaves grinning at their companion’s stance, standing tall and proud giving as good as she was getting. If she was not broken now Africanus would lose all authority and probably be swiftly sold or demoted to a mere house slave. Her right foot sailed hard into the slave’s groin, the force lifted her from the ground. She bent double and Africanus smacked her fist under the slave’s chin. She spun in a circle and hit the earth with a crunch. Africanus stood over her, legs apart, hands on hips, her eyes glaring down at her.

“There’s a lot more where that came from,” she grated.

The slave struggled to her knees and rubbed sand from her eyes and swore softly under her breath. She had been branded as a thief and the mark stood out in stark relief on her golden skin. Just as she was about to stand, her hand shot forward and grabbed Africanus’ ankle sending the black woman tumbling. She rolled over, sand sticking to her sweating skin. Like a demented cat the copper haired slave leapt at her, claws bared and snarling through her teeth. The grins on the other slaves’ faces vanished and Ustane stepped closer wondering how her friend would get out of this. But Africanus was used to surprise attacks; it was all part of her training and skill, getting out of difficult situations. She rolled over and over and brought her foot into the diving slave’s belly, took her whole weight on her leg and tossed her over her shoulder. The slave landed on her back temporarily winded and Africanus kicked her swiftly on the rump. The slaves watched in horror and Ustane in sheer admiration as she snatched the whip, winding it around the slave’s neck and placing her knee between the shoulder blades, bent her head backwards. The slave’s eyes goggled in their sockets, her lower jaw dropped as the whip relaxed its grip.

“In the arena you would be dead meat,” Africanus hissed. “Now get your arse over that pole.”

The slave got up and dumbly obeyed; throwing herself sullenly the pole and spreading her legs wide, her arms out straight and hands resting flat on the ground ready for anything that the black woman was bent on giving. But the whip she thought would lash her senseless even at the first stroke landed softly on her back.

“If you’re going to whip me just get on and do it,” the slave muttered.

Africanus lifted the whip high over her head and twirled it like a cart driver. Its entire length lashed the slave from neck to buttocks, then she gave her a full ten, going down her spine in measured strokes, keeping them an equal distance apart, knowing exactly where to strike. Only when the slave lay still did she order her onto her feet. She struggled off the pole and bowed low letting her hair tumble over her face. Beneath her chest her ponderous breasts swung like golden bells both heavy and full and Africanus secretly admired their shape and size. It would take one hell of a breastplate to mould around tits of that size.

“Who are you?” Africanus asked softly.

“I’m Asellina from Gaul,” she replied flatly, rubbing her blazing bottom.

“You will do well with a sword,” Africanus complimented her, stealing a glance at the other slaves who stood silent. “Your punishment is not over,” she addressed them. “Ustane will finish whipping you.”

“Right,” Ustane said taking the whip and dragging the nearest slave by the hair.

She threw her hard over the pole and lashed into her, making crude suggestions at the way her cunt quivered at every stroke.

She had almost finished whipping the last slave when Neptuna came hurrying across the quadrangle carrying a large parcel, her face flushed with embarrassment.

“What kept you?” Africanus asked, eyeing her suspiciously.

“It was difficult finding what you wanted,” she stuttered, blushing redder.

Africanus took the parcel and tore at the leather covering. A broad grin creased her lips and Ustane came over to see what had made her laugh.

“By all the Gods!” she breathed. “Where did she get those?”

“Arrange the slaves into pairs; match them with the tallest and shortest. Asellina will pair with the dark one.”

Ustane whipped them into couples, obeying Africanus’ instructions and grinning at their bemused expressions.

“Are you going to make us fight?” Asellina asked.

“No. You are going to fuck each other,” Africanus said, taking out the parcel’s contents.

The dildos were half again as long as a normal sized cock and just as thick but wondrously carved even to the huge bulbous plum well polished and oiled. Long thin leather straps trailed from the bases of the rounded testicles and were fitted with small silver buckles. It was both a test of strength and obedience and the slaves stared in disbelief at the shining wooden cocks. They were used to being publicly flogged and branded for theft and running away from their masters and in a way it gave them greater credence amongst their fellow slaves, but this was nothing less than public humiliation, debasing themselves with a male cock and forced to penetrate another woman.

“You’re turning us into men!” Asellina baulked, covering her pubic fleece with her hands.

“No, just women with a man’s cock,” Africanus told her. “I want to see how well you ride each other. Cocks of this size give me immense pleasure in watching you fucked with them, and at the same time delivers a lesson you won’t forget. Neptuna, dress them.”

The young slave took one of the cocks and went to Asellina, kneeling at her feet and positioning the shaft over her pubic mound. The brothel from where she had bought them had plenty of well practised whores who willingly showed her how to fit the straps. Asellina stood in simmering rage as Neptuna slipped the straps under her legs then went behind and pulled them so tightly she winced at the sudden pain. The straps went deep into her sex and arse crease and were buckled over the small of her back. She looked down at the massive cock rearing up from under the pit of her stomach and swallowed. The balls were larger than she’d seen on any real man and her hand instinctively stroked the shaft. Dimly, she understood why men possessed such power between their legs. Two of her companions looked equally amazed at the masculine sex shafts fitted solidly to their mounds and they too stroked the shafts wondering at the size and hardness.

“You, lie on your back,” Africanus ordered Asellina.

She lay flat on the ground her cock standing upright and glistening from the polish. The dark slave who had been the first to be whipped straddled the plum, supporting her weight on her feet and slowly bending her knees. Her back was facing Asellina’s front and she felt her hands gripping her hips guiding her downwards. For a moment the sheer size of the cock made her hesitate. Neptuna was at her side holding the shaft in her tiny hands and nudging the enormous plum into the dark slave’s sex.

“I can’t take it,” the dark slave sobbed. “A thing like that will kill me.”

“I’ll kill you if you don’t do as you’re told,” Africanus said savagely, snatching at the whip.

Asellina ducked as the whip whistled over her head and onto the dark slave’s back. It was long enough to coil around her front and welt her nipples. Another lash struck over the base of her spine and she howled like a wounded cat.

“I’ll do it,” she sobbed, opening her thighs wider.

She was still on her feet but lowering her hips an inch at a time, taking in the wooden cock. Asellina steadied her body gently bearing on her hips and watching wide eyed as the shaft was sucked into the girl’s cunt. The dark girl kept her back dead straight and held her breath for the final plunge. A deep breath filled her lungs and she let her weight drop, swallowing the cock into her belly.

“There,” said Africanus amiably. “I knew you could if you really tried.”

Laughing at the agony wrenching at the girl’s sex tunnel, she ordered the next slave onto all fours her head hovering over Asellina’s breasts. The slave fitted with the cock was well built and strong, her muscles honed from penal servitude in a mine. Her calves and thighs flexed as she knelt behind a smaller red headed slave whose slim legs quivered in fear. She had no compunction about penetrating her and gripping the shaft in her hand pushed it hard into the quaking pink sex lips. She had only just escaped death in the arena at the hands of a public strangler and knew if she failed now she would be sent straight back there. Her arm reached forward and grabbed the girl’s hair. One hard thrust of her buttocks sank the wooden shaft half way into the girl’s sex. She took a deep breath and lunged over her back driving the cock fully home. For a moment the red head froze in pain. The cock inside her had thumped into the base of her womb and her sex lips stretched so far round the shaft they ached.

Africanus knocked the woman’s hand from the red head’s hair and taking up the tuft pushed her face onto Asellina’s breast.

“While you’re being fucked, you can suck her tits,” she hissed, grinding her face over the nipple.

She turned to the two remaining slaves. “Bend over and grab that pole,” she said dully. “The other one can fuck you from behind.”

And her foot kicked them across the courtyard herding them forward like animals.

Soon the air was thick with agonized groans from the penetrated women and lustful grunts from their partners riding them with salacious grins as their loins and hips thrust back and forth, totally unaware that when the penetrated slaves had had their fill they would swap places and ride their tormentors.

“This is cruel,” Ustane whispered, looking at the wincing faces and the juice slicked cocks darting in and out of their swollen sexes.

“It’s a good lesson in obedience and a trial of strength to see how long they can last. See how their thighs and arses are already sweating.”

It was true. Their skin was soaked in sweat as they struggled to ride the cocks puncturing their bellies. But it was Asellina who held their attention. In her mind she was a man fucking the life out of her female partner, slamming her arse up and down and smiling grimly at the pain she was willingly inflicting. At every thrust the dark girl’s bottom jolted high off her hips but her strong hands held her in place holding her slim body rigid as the cock slammed back into her. The girl on all fours was being ridden like a mare, her companion clutching her hair, almost ripping it from the roots as the cock jerked from side to side, opening her dripping sex wider. Her teeth gnashed over Asellina’s nipples and she bit hard to take her mind off the plum

grinding at her vaginal walls. Asellina howled at the biting pain crushing her teat and jerked her hips so hard the dark slave bounced off the cock. She held suspended on her feet just managing to keep her balance but a hefty slap on her shoulders brought her down again. At the pole, the girl with the cock was taking things gently, letting her cock ride in in slow insertions, trying not to cause so much pain to her suffering partner, but Africanus was swiftly behind her, not wielding the whip but a long length of pole about an inch in circumference. It smacked into her rump, making a crease in her wobbling buttocks. She shrieked and jerked forward slamming the cock right into her partner's sex, so hard the balls rammed into the join of her legs.

"Ride the bitch hard!" the black woman demanded. "I want to hear her scream!"

Ustane began to wonder if her friend was suffering from the heat. In all her life she'd never seen women so cruelly punished. The penetrated women's eyes had long ceased to focus and they were only aware of a dull throbbing going through their numbed sex tunnels. All of them had climaxed and Asellina's belly was soaked with the dark girl's sex juice. She sniffed at the musky aroma wafting into her nostrils and smiled contentedly. Now she had the power of a man to fuck another woman and make her come. The girl fucking the one on all fours had reached her climax before her partner and beat her clenched fists over her back. Her head threw back and uttered a low throaty growl like a hunting panther. Africanus could see the nipples of the women hard and throbbing when they reached their climaxes, their mouths dribbling through parted lips. They all smelt of sweat and sex.

"These cows would fuck with a real bull if I let them," Africanus chortled. "Or even stallions come to that." She waited until the women wearing the cocks had finished climaxing their partners and picked up her whip. "All right, you animals, change places!"

Neptuna rushed forward and loosed the silver buckles, taking away the slicked cocks and carefully attaching them to their exhausted partners. Her nimble fingers moved fast and she tightened the straps, testing to ensure they were well embedded in the arse creases, and then gripped each cock pulling it from side to side checking closely for any slack. Lastly her hand cupped the balls and blatantly fondled them making sure they were snugly fitted under the women's legs.

"She wants it," Ustane remarked.

"She's going to get it," Africanus whispered, feeling a tingle go through her belly. "After watching those dirty whores, I'm in the mood for having her."

"Why not let the tall one fuck her, then we can both see how she performs."

"Later," Africanus mused. "I'll have them both brought to our quarters. We'll whip the pair of them raw and then I'll have her when her cunt's wet and stretched. And tomorrow we'll begin their training. We're going to make a lot of money out of this, Ustane, and then when our purses are full we'll head for Rome."

"I'll go along with that," she replied, and turned her attention on the slave women taking revenge on those who had already fucked them witless.

CHAPTER FIVE

Matiti groaned at the weight of her body hanging by the thumbs her toes just touching the floor. Lebienus sat in a chair arms folded across his chest.

“Try again,” he said to the guard.

A three tailed whip lashed across her bare bottom sending her body into a sudden jolt. Her back arched and she went into a spin twisting the ropes tighter around her thumbs until she slowed to a halt. She hung still for a moment and span back in the opposite direction, the whip catching her slim flanks as she passed the guard. She saw Lebienus eyeing her from an angry face and then stopped, staring vaguely at the heavily studded door. The cell was dimly lit with a solitary rush lamp and the air was stifling.

“Well?” he said, taking in a mouthful of wine and squirting it over her buttocks.

He took another mouthful and sent it hissing it down her back. He had no compunction in humiliating and beating a defenceless slave girl. Ever since Seneca had reported the conversation he'd heard between Matiti and Africanus when they were in the cabin his mind had not been at rest. All along he'd harboured suspicions about the black woman and her sojourn in Egypt and now he was determined to hear the truth.

Matiti licked her parched lips. “Please master, I need a drink.”

The guard placed his hands on her hips and turned her to face Lebienus. A jet of wine cascaded over her face and chest, and both men watched as it ran between her pert breasts and gather in her deep seated navel.

In desperation her tongue lapped at the liquid running around the corners of her lips.

“I don't know anything,” she sobbed.

Lebienus sighed and had to give credit where it was due. She was holding back a lot longer than he thought she would. “You're lying. Give her four lashes on her arse.”

The three tails spread as they descended, whipping over the top, middle and underside of her buttocks and again the ropes twisted. As her side came into view the guard gave another singing sweep and caught her flanks and thighs. Her body turned half circle and he struck her front, the first tail catching across her flat belly directly over the navel, the second across her bony pelvis and the last over the tops of her thighs. Her other side passed and he struck in the same place as before, and then again on her back, revolving the whip handle so that the tails wound around each other delivering one burning blow across the centre of her slim back. She had turned full circle and slowly span back again an extra lash striking her nipples, breasts and ribs.

“By all the Gods, girl!” Lebienus yelled, uncomfortable at the whipping she was taking. “My second in command heard you say you recognized that black bitch from a brothel in Thebes, so tell me about her or I'll have you taken down and skinned.”

He heard her choke back a sob and she shook her head.

“Give me five minutes with this Egyptian tart and I'll get the truth from her lying tongue,” the guard said, snarling into her face.

There was no doubt in Lebienus' mind that he probably could, but he had no desire to subject her to torture.

“Try another six lashes on her arse, but hold her still,” Lebienus said.

The guard nodded in obedience and fetched a heavy iron weight. Matiti looked down and saw him attach a length of chain to a ring in its top and wind the rest around her ankles. He gathered the whip and lashed her buttocks slowly and methodically, criss-crossing the tails and leaving their welts all around the buttock halves. Before he'd begun the whipping her bottom was pert and round and so small he could almost fit each buttock into his outspread hand, now they had swollen and had gone taut into the crease. He could see small hollows formed into the sides and would have given anything to get his cock inside her twitching slit. But Lebienus had strictly forbidden sexual persuasion, although he wondered if having the guard's cock half way down her throat might produce results. There were a dozen ways he could have used. He had seen female spies become suddenly loquacious after having their nipples pierced with hot needles and ringed, or burning candles held under their armpits, but he steadfastly refused to employ these methods on a younger slave, but he could resort to vocal terror even if it was a bluff.

"This is your last chance," he said softly, patting her welted cheeks. "If I don't get the information I want you'll be sold to the beast master, sewn into an animal skin and ridden by a mule. Have you seen the size of a mule's thing?" She shook her head and he saw her arse twitching at the thought of it. "Of course the creature might just work it up your sweet arse and then you'll..."

"I'll tell you everything," she broke in and Lebienus shot a dull glance at the guard.

"Speak," he said, slapping her bottom hard.

The little Egyptian babbled her confession so fast it was all the men could do to take it all in. Lebienus cross examined her in case she was inventing it and ordered her release. She fell to floor in a sobbing crumpled heap, hugging her knees and rubbing her welted arse cheeks.

"The girl has shown spirit," Lebienus said softly. "Have her taken to the slave quarters and washed. Give her a sestertius for her trouble."

Then he went up the steps into the training ground and could hardly believe what he saw. The female slaves were in the last act of fucking each other and he marvelled at the size of the cocks they were taking.

"What's the purpose of this exercise?" he wondered.

"It teaches them obedience," Africanus explained.

He didn't argue and told her to go directly to his rooms where the guard was already waiting with manacles and chains.

"Stand up straight, girl and put your hands behind your back."

"What?" she exploded. "You dare to chain *me*?"

"It's what the master ordered," he said bluntly, spinning her round.

She stood still breathing heavily and muttering curses, putting her hands behind her and feeling the wrists firmly locked. Lebienus dismissed the guard and eyed her speculatively. He was taking no chances. She was deadly and could move fast when she wanted to.

"I know all about you," he began, standing so close his breath wafted on her face. "Of course I believe you when you told me you are a trained gladiatrix. I saw that for myself and the way you broke those slave women down there, but you did not tell me about your time in Thebes."

Her eyes rolled and a deep sigh escaped her lips. Now she knew why he'd had her chained. Her nipples went suddenly erect from fear. There was no telling what he would do with her now.

“You were a whore,” he said darkly, glancing at her engorged teats. “You fucked men for money, and from what I hear, you were very good at it. You must’ve made a tidy sum, unless of course you were a slave, and if you were your position here has changed, wouldn’t you agree?”

Her nostrils dilated and her lips visibly trembled. “Who betrayed me?” she hissed.

“That does not concern you. You were a slave and unless you can legally prove your former mistress granted you your freedom you still are one. Agreed?”

She nodded and wriggled her wrists testing if she could escape the iron manacles, but they were too firmly fitted.

“I agree,” she muttered.

“So now you have forfeited your right to any payment and all the other benefits you tried to extort with your lying gob. Fifty aureus indeed! I’m not obliged to pay you anything and will have you officially registered as my slave.” He waited a couple of seconds for that to sink in before continuing. “Now tell me, my fine black beauty, who was your Egyptian companion in crime? The one you ran away with?”

“Oh shit,” she thought, wondering how much he really knew.

If it were known she had been a close ally of the mad queen she could be promptly executed for high treason.

“She was just another whore,” she risked, keeping her cool and returning his level gaze.

“And a very clever one it seems,” he muttered, dismissing the nebulous idea that her liaison might have been something more sinister.

Matiti had known nothing about Queen Hatentita’s disguises or where Africanus had gone after she had been taken up river. But she had told him about all the men she, Africanus, had slept with.

“Very well,” he rasped, thumbing her nipples. “I think we understand each other. You are my slave and have no rights whatever. I hardly need remind you that if you attempt escape you will be caught, branded and sold into a brothel or executed, unless you do my bidding and get those bitches trained, after that I may review your situation. Understood?”

“Yes master,” she whispered. “I am your slave and will do what ever is required.”

“Even taking a whipping?”

“I expect to be whipped if I fail you.”

“And if I want to fuck you?”

“I am your property and you can use me in any way you desire. My whole body is yours.”

“And you will have my cock anywhere I choose?”

“Anywhere,” she whispered. “I’ll suck, fuck and have it up my bottom if that is your pleasure, master.”

“Having that gorgeous bum of yours *is* my pleasure, and from what I’ve been told, I’m by no means the first, eh?”

“No master,” she simpered. “I’ve had lots of cock up my arse.”

“Willingly?”

“I loved it,” she answered truthfully.

He gave her nipples a gentle pinch and squeezed her bottom cheeks.

“And you liked men pissing all over your tits,” he smirked, giving them a hard squeeze.

“They pissed and spunked over my breasts, yes,” she admitted reluctantly. “And some wanted me to piss over them.”

“What!?” he blurted genuinely amazed at the suggestion.

She shrugged. “I was a whore and had to obey my clients.”

“Well, I suppose if they paid for it,” he agreed, wondering why they went to such lengths when there were any amount of slaves who would have to bear it for nothing. Some men it seemed had no business sense.

Her face wore an expression of utter defeat and all her plans had been brought to nothing. Again she was no more than a slave required to do anything her master wanted and it was not a good feeling.

“On your knees, slave,” he rasped, but grinned as he spoke.

Africanus dropped to the floor, head bowed in total submission. Lebienus went to his coffer and brought over a silver coin, weighing it in his hand as he spoke. “Open your mouth, girl.”

He placed his finger on her lip. “Wider,” he commanded.

Her jaws opened so much her face cricked. His fingers poked into her mouth and she felt the coin lodged firmly into her back teeth. “Close your mouth,” he whispered.

Her teeth ground against the edges of the coin but no matter how she tried her mouth was wedged firmly open. The guard was summoned along with three of his comrades. The sight of the naked black woman, hands manacled at her back, kneeling up with her mouth open was enough to bring on instant erections.

“She is yours for as long as you can keep hard,” he told them. “Her mouth and breasts are yours to spunk over if that is your pleasure. If you would like assistance I can summon the girl slaves.”

The men nodded in unison hardly able to believe such a gift from their new master. The girls arrived equally amazed at seeing Africanus offering her mouth and breasts to the assembled men who had already discarded their tunics.

“Your duty,” Lebienus began, addressing the slave girls, “is to assist the guards in shooting their juice into the mouth of the black slave. Those of you who hit the target will get a small reward. Now take off your clothes and do your duty.”

The men crowded in a semi circle around Africanus’ front unashamedly eyeing her bare breasts and splendid thighs. The naked slave girls took up their positions, closing their hands around the shafts of the pulsating organs, one or two blushing at the size and another going goggle eyed. The last, a former whore, had no scruples in obeying her master’s orders and almost comically led the man by his cock to where the black woman knelt.

“Put out your tongue,” she said, her eyes twinkling with malice.

Africanus’ pink tongue drooped over her lower lip and she stared straight at the throbbing cock hovering in front of her face. She could see his balls moving in the sac and the deep veins rippling in the girl’s hand.

“Lick it,” the slave girl grinned, obviously enjoying the humiliation she was inflicting.

She played the purple plum over Africanus’ tongue, rubbing it in circles and flipping it from one corner of the lips to the other, then guiding it in until the whole plum rested on the hot, wet tongue.

“Got a big mouth ain’t she?” the girl laughed slyly. “And just look at those teeth!”

Africanus glared back at her but unable to voice what was going through her mind. The girl grabbed the guard's balls and gave a gentle squeeze, manipulating them between her slim fingers.

"My word," she teased, bobbling them in her palm, "your balls are fully loaded. Plenty of nice hot spunk to shoot down her throat, or up her nose if you want."

That brought a guffaw from the rest of the men and the other girls who now began to grow bolder and led their cocks to the kneeling woman's face.

"Don't be greedy," the first slave girl chided. "Only two at a time."

Africanus snorted through her dilated nostrils at the second cock entering her mouth. Both plums rested on her tongue, nudging close together and filling her mouth. A gentle push from the girl's hands eased the cocks further into the cheeks and they bulged on both sides making the girl's laugh. The other two girls not to be outdone came closer, one on either side of Africanus' head and played the hot plums around her ears.

"Put them up her nose," the first girl suggested, her pert nipples now erect at the torment the black woman was suffering.

Both plums went slowly over her face, going softly around her cheeks, over her upper lip and resting at the entrance of her nostrils.

"I'll bet she's never seen so much cock," the first girl taunted.

Even Lebienuus found that funny and laughed a deep belly laugh. From where he stood it looked as if Africanus was drowning in cock. She suffered each cock in turn, going in and out of her mouth and playing around her teeth. Then they all withdrew and took up their places.

"I'm first," the mouthy slave got in and aimed the tip of her guard's plum into Africanus' throat.

Her hand worked fast, jerking rapidly up and down the shaft, her face beaming with laughter as his cock suddenly hardened. He swayed on his feet uttering a low groan as his balls went tight.

"Come oohnnn," the girl sang, jerking so fast she broke into a sweat.

He grunted and a long jet of spunk fired into Africanus' mouth, splashing all over her teeth and collecting on her tongue.

"Direct hit!" the girl shrieked, patting her man on the back.

They retreated and the second couple came forward, the slave girl taking her time unused to tossing such a huge organ. She rubbed it slowly and pressed her lithe body against the side of guard who slipped his arm around her waist.

"Over her tits," she said, angling the shaft at the black woman's nipples. "See if we can cover them in spunk, then she can lick them afterwards."

Outraged at the bitches tormenting her, Africanus' eyes went into slits and behind her back her fists clenched. There was nothing more she wanted now than to smack her fist into their artful faces, but for now she was totally helpless against the cock aiming at her breasts. Looking as if he was being tortured the guard shot his whole load whilst the slave girl moved his cock expertly over Africanus' areolas dumping great globules of spunk all around her teats. It slowly congealed and dripped over her breasts the steady stream paling against the darker background of her skin. Without any further instruction the slave girl hopped over the floor and cupped Africanus' right breast in her tiny hands. For a few breath taking moments she lifted the enormous black orb, seemingly weighing its ripe fullness and compressing it in her palms.

"Now lick!" she squeaked, lifting the sperm soaked nipple to the black woman's lips.

Her tongue poked from her mouth and lapped at the pile of dripping spunk, licking at her throbbing nipple and sweeping over her pimpled disc.

“See how the cat loves her cream,” one of the slave girls taunted, rubbing the next awaiting cock.

The slave holding the breast lifted it higher squashing it into the black woman’s face. Unseen by the watchers, she dug her sharp nails into the underside of the globe and gave the wetted nipple a hard pinch. Satisfied the nipple and surrounding skin had been licked clean she moved swiftly to the other breast and forced it upwards rolling the whole globe in circles almost smothering her victim. When Africanus’ tongue had cleansed her nipple the slave dropped the breasts and gave it a playful pinch.

“What a pair of whoppers,” she teased, slapping them to and fro.

This was more than Lebienus had dared hope for, seeing Africanus so splendidly humiliated and knowing there was not a thing she could do to stop them.

The next girl urged her man forward and whispered in his ear. He looked first at his companions and then at his master who nodded at whatever the girl had suggested. The assembly waited in awed silence to see what would happen as the girl gripped the guard’s cock and led him to the side of Africanus’ head. His plum touched her ear lobe and then slowly circled the outer ring of her ear and finally halted at the centre.

The slave girl’s lips twisted into the most evil grin that Africanus had ever seen. Her eyes looked like those of a reptile both with the heavy languid lids and strange preternatural gleam.

“We’re going to come in your ear and fuck some sense into you, you thick bitch,” she hissed.

The rest of the company roared at that gazing at the shining plum touching Africanus’ ear hole. The slave’s hand worked faster at the base of the guard’s cock, craftily pinching the root to stem the sudden rush of orgasm. The guard could feel the tension mounting in his balls and groaned.

“I’m coming,” he grated.

“Not yet,” the slave said, squeezing the root of his cock.

She went on tossing the shaft until she judged his balls were well loaded, then released her pinching fingers and he came like an erupting volcano pouring a fat stream of spunk into Africanus’ ear. The girl pulled his cock away and aimed the still spouting tip over Africanus’ face spattering her forehead and cheeks. A couple of stray droplets splashed onto her eye lids and she blinked at the creamy juice dripping from her lashes. She shook her head and the assembly caught a low croak coming from her throat.

“She likes it,” the slave girl said, playfully running the exhausted cock around the black woman’s face and wiping it in her hair.

She chucked her finger under Africanus’ chin and, taking the guard by the hand, led him back to where they had been standing.

Now it was the turn of the last pair.

“Go on, let him come up her nose,” the slave who had first tossed the guard suggested.

“No,” another slave broke in. “Let him jerk in her mouth.”

Lebienus tossed a coin to decide which fresh torment the black woman would have to endure.

“Her nose it is,” he smirked.

The plum was rested on Africanus' upper lip, the eye only a hair's breadth from her dilated nostrils. The girl tossed fast and he came in a flash, shooting three fast streams directly up Africanus nose. A few drops missed and splashed into her mouth. She took a deep breath and blasted air from her nostrils spattering her chest with spunk and mucus much to the amusement of the watchers who fell into each other laughing so hard they even doubled up clutching their stomachs.

"You did well, all of you," Lebienus thanked them, genuinely amazed at their inventiveness.

He looked at Africanus' face and the spunk dribbling from her nose, ear and eyes. Her nipples were still glistening with saliva.

"As a finale, one of you girls may piss down her back," he offered.

It was the girl who had first put the cock in Africanus' mouth that volunteered.

"I'll piss all over her," she grinned, rubbing her stomach.

But the girl who had forced Africanus to lick the spunk from her nipples pushed her aside. "I've got more piss in my belly than you," she hissed.

"Now now, girls," Lebienus interrupted. "If both of you are so willing I'll allow you both to empty your bladders. One at the front and the other at her back. A small gift for the one who drenches her the most."

Africanus could hardly believe the words she heard coming from a man she once so greatly revered. Either he was hell bent on punishing her, or just enjoyed watching a woman pissed on by his slaves. The first girl went behind her and bent over touching her toes and spreading her legs, thrusting out her rump not an arm's length from Africanus bare back. She looked over her shoulder at the her companion who had adopted the same position at the black woman's front, her bottom so close that Africanus could see her sex opening ready to empty her belly.

"Shoot!" one of the guards yelled, craning his neck forward.

The slave girls emitted a loud grunt and heaved their bellies. Long jets of steaming urine cascaded over Africanus' back and chest splashing everywhere at once. She felt it hit between her shoulder blades and all down her spine, a warm wet yellow river pouring into her buttock crease and forming a huge pool under her knees. At her front the slave girl wiggled her bottom sending her urine over both breasts and into the cleft. She arched her back and a second deluge drummed over her belly running rapidly into her pubic bush and soaking the fronts of her thighs. A few final squirts landed into the well of her neck and on her nipples. The liquid cooled quickly and her whole body shivered. She looked at each girl in turn memorizing their faces. Sooner or later, hopefully sooner, there would be a reckoning and she bowed her head sobbing at the sight and smell of her abused skin.

"Get out all of you!" Lebienus barked tossing the girl's a copper sestertius.

He waited until the room had emptied and freed Africanus' wrists. His fingers slipped in her mouth and wrenched the coin from her teeth. He went to a pitcher and tipped its contents over her head. She shuddered under a fresh freezing deluge but at least it was nothing more distasteful than water. He put a goblet of wine in her hands and bade her drink.

"I think you've been punished enough," he said flatly. "From now on you will obey my every whim. I expect to see your gladiatrices trained and ready within a month. Fail me and I'll have you sold." He looked at her soaking breasts and smiled thoughtfully. "I daresay there will be plenty of brothels vying for your body and even more customers willing to pay handsomely for pissing on you."

"Yes, master," she sobbed, flicking dried globules of sperm from her hair.

"Now go to your quarters and your slave will see to your needs."

Naked and dripping she padded to her room, not the splendidly furnished chambers she had been previously allotted, but a bare cell with a rude bed and a couple of wooden pegs on which to hang her clothes. A wash-tub and bucket stood in one corner and the solitary window was curtainless and heavily barred. Matiti jumped up when she entered her face fearful and lips trembling.

“Please, Mistress I...”

A slap silenced her. “You betrayed me, you treacherous little whore,” Africanus hissed, eyes blazing.

“I was hung by my thumbs and flogged,” she pleaded. “The master threatened to have me sewn inside an animal’s skin and fucked by a mule and...”

“He what?” Africanus interrupted, breaking into wild guffaws.

“It’s true,” she shrieked. “And that’s not all, the guard...”

Another slap sent her reeling. “I’m not interested in your excuses. Now wash this shit from me or I’ll beat you into next week.”

She squatted over the tub whilst Matiti painstakingly scrubbed her stinking skin, washing away the last remaining traces of congealed spunk and urine. She fetched a goblet of rose water and the black woman sluiced her mouth. It felt good to be clean again but her mind still simmered with anger.

“Those slaves who spunked the guards over me and pissed over my back and tits, I want their names and what they do here. You will find out everything about them, you little dung heap.”

“Yes, mistress,” Matiti bowed, thankful the black woman had not whipped her witless.

“I see that there is only one bed here,” Africanus observed. “So we shall sleep together. You will warm the bed before I retire and if I choose to fuck you then so be it.”

“I am your property,” Matiti acknowledged, fingering her slave collar.

“You have a pretty body,” her mistress said softly, seating her on the bed. “We have had a hard day and now we can at least sleep in peace.”

She pulled her slave on the pelisse and hugged her close, feeling the soft pert breasts against her. She stroked the girl’s slim thigh and rested her hand on her pubic mound. Her curls were tightly knit and soft to the touch.

“I’m sorry for what I did,” Matiti whispered tearfully. “I would never have told them anything if they didn’t want to have me fucked by a mule.”

“You silly girl,” Africanus soothed smoothing her hand on the sobbing girl’s bottom. “That was only to get you to talk.” She kissed her full on the lips and softly rubbed the small of her back wondering at the silky texture of her skin. “You were telling me about your life in the brothel,” she reminded her, moving her body so their nipples collided.

Matiti had to think about that. Thinking was always a problem for her. “When I was seventeen I was hired to rich men who liked younger girls,” she said. “I used to sit on their knees and they fondled my tits, then they took my hand and put it on their cocks and told me to stroke it. I was always nervous at first; I mean they got so big and hot.”

“I know they do,” Africanus smiled. “That’s what usually happens when a girl plays with a man’s cock. What else did they do?”

“I can’t tell you, mistress, it’s so horrible.”

“You must tell me everything,” the black woman asserted, pressing her ample cleavage into Matiti’s pert breast.

“I had to use my mouth, mistress. First they gave me time to get used it and only let me lick the top part, then I had to suck it and after I got used to that I had to suck it all the way down and back up again. When I knew they were coming I tried to take my head away but they wouldn’t let me and they came all in my mouth, then they slapped my back and I swallowed it, urgh!”

“I see, and did they get around to fucking you?”

“No, they didn’t because there was a big commotion in the brothel after you left and...”

“What commotion?” Africanus interrupted, her arm freezing around Matiti’s waist.

“Akara, the brothel mistress got punished for letting you and the Egyptian woman get away. We thought you were dead but one of the brothel women was sold into the house of the Roman governor and she said you were alive because she saw you.”

“What happened to the Egyptian woman?”

“Don’t know mistress, but we heard she got away too. Somebody said she was a queen.”

“She was just a whore who thought she was a queen,” Africanus said quietly. “She’s probably dead now anyway. So no one got around to fucking you, I mean you’re still a virgin?”

“I’ve never had a man, mistress, if that’s what you mean.”

Africanus slipped Matiti onto her back and opened her slim thighs. Her fingers pushed gently into her sex.

“You’re telling the truth,” Africanus gaped. “Only a virgin could have a cunt as tight as that. You must not tell a soul, because if you do Lebienu will sell you to the highest bidder. Virgins fetch a fortune. I shall keep you for myself. You are my property.”

She smiled at the thought of having a virgin slave that was still untouched. “Go to sleep,” she said. “It’s late.”

Africanus’ revenge came sweetly at the end of the slave’s training. It had taken more than a month to get them anywhere near ready for the arena. First she worked on their body strength, having them weight lifting with heavy logs chained across the backs of their shoulders and bending their knees to the ground and rising again to full height, lifting dumbbells and carrying blocks of stone around the perimeter of the training ground until they collapsed from exhaustion only to be well flogged for failing to reach the allotted mile. Only when their muscles had hardened and their naked backs and buttocks were well scourged did she judge them fit to begin combat. Armed with only wooden swords and small training shields they quickly learnt the art of cutting and thrusting, encouraged by Africanus and Ustane wielding hot irons fresh from the forge which were jabbed painfully into their buttocks if they showed any faint heartedness. Day after day, grunts and screams filled the air as they hacked and stabbed at each other, working in pairs and then changing partners, the victors rewarded with extra rations, the losers tasting the various whips and switches. For hours at a time they hung in chains, manacled at the wrists, naked under the blazing heat of the sun with a pail of water placed at their feet, or they were forced to kneel on sharp stones holding a heavy boulder. Africanus sometimes invented her own methods of testing their courage and resilience. A long pole was suspended between two uprights and the slaves forced to cling to the pole with their bare hands and feet their naked bodies hanging beneath it whilst a pack of half starved guard

dogs snapped and leapt at their bare buttocks. To fall meant certain death in their salivating jaws. Almost five weeks to the day after the slaves had started their training Africanus reported to her master with the welcome news that they were ready for his inspection.

“I shall need a few house slaves as combatants for my girls to practice on,” she said firmly as he inspected his stable of trained gladiatrices now resplendent in their fighting garb.

Their armour had been polished to perfection and gleamed like gold and silver in the sun. Asellina looked particularly splendid standing tall and proud wearing an especially moulded breastplate to cover her generous breasts and a short skirt of plaited leather. Her legs and arms were bare except for thick leather straps tightly bound to ward off the blows and she carried a shield and sword. The dark one called Mercia wore only a light fitting dress which floated around her buttocks but wore no armour except a shoulder guard with a high curved crest behind which she could duck her head. Her method of fighting was with a net and trident. The others were lightly armoured with short leather skirts and boots, naked from the waist up and armed with deadly whips of three tails studded at intervals with balls of lead. Their heads had been left bare and their hair was either tied in tails behind them or gathered in bunches at the sides. In the heat, Lebienus gaped at their sweating thighs and rounded buttocks and knew instinctively that when they entered the amphitheatre there would not be a man watching whose erection didn't beg to penetrate them.

“I congratulate you, Africanus,” he said, eyeing the naked breasts. “So now you may choose which slaves you require for their fodder.”

All the house slaves were paraded into the training ground clothed only in their slave shifts. Africanus didn't need to indicate which ones she wanted. Matiti had been busy and told her mistress the names of those who had tormented her. The memory of being spunked over and pissed on still burned in her breast.

“Lena, Julia, Helena, and Augusta,” she nodded without a trace of emotion. “And the two stupid looking ones,” whose names she didn't know

Lebienus knew why she had chosen them but said nothing in the way of protest.

The four girls looked at each other in horror, hardly able to believe the sight of the black woman now dressed in a short robe and looking stunning with her hair newly braided and her sleek limbs glistening. They looked at the gladiatrices fully armed and eagerly awaiting the signal to show off their fighting skills.

“Please master, we haven't got a chance against them,” Lena pleaded.

Africanus eyed her with pure hatred recognizing the one who had forced her to suck the spunk from her nipples.

“Give them weapons,” she said to Ustane who shrugged and fetched over six stout canes.

Africanus took time to glare at the other three; Julia who had her man spunking in her mouth; Helena who had filled her ears with man juice, and Augusta who had almost choked her by filling her nostrils with spunk cream.

She strolled casually to her gladiatrices who bowed their heads in respect. It was all thanks to her superb training that they were ready to take their places in the amphitheatre and have the opportunity of winning their freedom.

“Beat them senseless,” Africanus ordered softly. “Especially the blonde one and the one with big tits. They pissed on me and I want them punished. Prove to your master how well you can fight.”

“Match them,” Lebienus called out, seating himself under an awning.

Neptuna stood naked at his side holding a jug of wine and Africanus guessed correctly he had been fucking her from the day he'd bought her in return for the valuable information she gained in the market place.

"Gladiatrices, choose your partners!" Africanus bawled and smiled grimly as Asellina and Mercia went straight for the ones she hated most. She picked up a whip and went immediately behind the four slaves now visibly shaking with fear and flicking it over their haunches. "Don't worry," she whispered darkly. "My girl's won't kill you, but they will make you shit with fright, I can guarantee that."

And she lashed their buttocks herding them like terrified cattle towards the waiting women.

The gladiatrices moved in for the attack, stepping in perfect formation, a wall of glittering armour and naked limbs advancing steadily forwards confident in their success. It was too much for one of the slave girls who promptly wetted herself. A stream of steaming urine trickled down her thigh discolouring the sand. Another let out a cry of fear and followed her hapless companion, her legs apart and gushing water all over her feet. Mercia was the first to reach her opponent, swinging her net with one hand and balancing the deadly trident in the other. The points twinkled in the sun temporarily dazzling Lebienuis who leaned forward on his seat watching her every move. Lena held her staff in both hands and aimed a vicious swipe at Mercia's head. She quickly ducked behind her shoulder guard and the staff ricocheted off it with a loud metallic clang. She quickly recovered and sent her net sailing over Lena's shoulders. For a moment she was hopelessly entangled but just managed to break free. The net twisted into a thick rope and jerked to the ground. Mercia gathered it and swung at Lena's feet. Kicking wildly she crawled from the net but Mercia was there at once advancing with both hands on the shaft of the trident. Lena raised her shaft trapping it between the prongs and it was a combination of fear and strength that eased it away from her head. Mercia leapt suddenly backwards and a brief gust of wind caught the hem of her skirt lifting it over her hips revealing her bare rump. She bent her back thrusting out her buttocks and Lebienuis gave a low whistle. From hip to toe she was momentarily naked her shapely calves and thighs straining as she lunged at her opponent. The trident jabbed into Lena's flank and she hopped back uttering a muted grunt. The staff came flying back and landed square across Mercia's rump and it was her turn to howl. Jolting from the shock she turned into a half circle and brought the trident upwards catching Lena under both breasts. The pain was galvanic as the points recovered and came back fast digging deep into her buttocks. She swung again with the staff but her aim was poor and Mercia caught it a glancing blow knocking it from her hand. Defenceless now, Lena retreated step by step as Mercia closed in for the kill. Her eyes blazed from the thrill of making her first success and nothing could have stopped the trident from piercing into the slave's thighs and buttocks. But Lena was not quite finished and made a final desperate grab at the trident shaft, missed and tore the front of Mercia's tunic. Bare breasted, Mercia jabbed her weapon into the slave's stomach and she toppled backwards lying on her belly. The gladiatrix looked quickly at her trainer who gave a downward thrust of her thumb. The trident shot downwards sticking its three points hard into Lena's buttocks. Her shift had torn in the fall and Lebienuis could clearly see the barbs embedding in her bottom. She rolled over, rendering her breasts naked and vulnerable and the trident descended. A long howl rent the air and she rolled over in agony clutching her punctured teats. Mercia spun her trident in the air and grasped the shaft by the trident end, took aim and sent a hard swipe down across her buttocks. The slave arched into the air as the heavy wood smacked deep into her bottom and then lay still, panting and

beaten on the sand. Mercia gave her a swift kick in the rump and held aloft her trident her face flushed with victory. Lebienuus was the first to congratulate her and tossed her a gold aureus. She caught the coin in mid air and bowed low. It had all been much easier than she thought. As a finale, she grabbed Lena's hair and dragged her across the ground throwing her in a blubbing heap at Africanus' feet. The black woman didn't even look at her but instead sent a fat gob of spit onto her tear streaked face feeling gloriously satisfied.

Through the confused melee of swords, whips and staffs, Lebienuus concentrated his attention on Asellina dazzling in her armour and long shimmering legs. The breast plate was a perfect cast of the girl's mountainous breasts and was even made with high pointed nipples. The leather plaits of her skirt hung in short lengths over her buttocks and beneath them her whole bottom was naked. Every time she moved in for the attack the plaits dispersed over her sides and he could see her dark, pubic hair formed into a V between her thighs. She kept the shield over her front, her back bent and wielded the sword in the classical mode of attack so beloved of the Roman legions. Helena held her shaft with hands wide apart, keeping her opponent at bay with thudding knocks against the shield. But Asellina was in no hurry to finish her. Africanus had taught her charges the art of wearing down the opponent without expending too much of their own strength and Asellina deflected each blow but gradually moved closer bending so low her beautifully rounded buttocks thrust out behind and Lebienuus could see one of the plaits had come to rest in the arse crease. She circled her opponent, going in tight circles until she was within striking range and sent her sword in an upward cut deftly slicing through Helena's shift. The flimsy cloth sliced in half and fell from her shoulders. One savage wrench of her fist tore it from her hips and she stood completely naked backing away from the fully armoured gladiatrix. But she retained her cool and Africanus had to admire the way she skilfully avoided the sword winging at her thighs. Lebienuus was also full of admiration at the way her bare breasts jiggled and rolled with every leap. That was one thing that always had him erect, the way a woman's breasts wobble and bounce when laid bare. Her nipples were stiff and rising from her breasts like young acorns. Her body was running with sweat and her naked skin gleamed in the sun. He summoned Neptuna and seated the girl on his knees. Her pert bare bottom was soft and warm and his arm encircled her trim waist, hands reaching up to fondle her budding breasts. She wriggled her hips allowing his erect cock to stand between her thighs and pressed it joyfully into her sex and belly. Lebienuus gave her nipples a harmless tweak and turned back to where Asellina and her opponent were now battling.

It wasn't easy to concentrate with the shrieks and screams coming from the other slaves as the gladiatrices armed with whips lashed dementedly at their buttocks and backs. Their shifts had been torn into shreds and hung about their sweating bodies like strands of seaweed. Only one of the house slaves was putting up anything like resistance, the rest were being mercilessly flogged and whipped. Asellina gave three rapid slices of her sword and succeeded in shortening the staff until it was no longer than the blade. Helena, knowing it was useless as a defensive weapon, ran quickly behind the gladiatrix and sent it smacking against her rump and a swipe from Helena was no light thing. Asellina swore and swung round only to receive another swift blow on her left breast and even Neptuna winced at the hollow thump. Although protected by the breastplate the reverberation going through her breast was enough to make her heave. The gladiatrix went into fighting stance, bringing her shield in front and bending her arm ready to thrust. Helena charged like a maddened lioness, striking wildly at the shield and lashing out with her foot.

“She puts up a good fight,” Lebienuus complimented and Africanus squinted her eyes wondering why Asellina was taking so long to beat the slave into submission.

On the other side of the training ground she saw Julia ducking and weaving from the whip swinging against her back. Her shift was ripped and through the rents long dark welts manifested themselves. A curving lash brought the whip around her waist spinning her round on the balls of her feet. She tripped and fell but scrambled up again just as the whip struck hard into her buttocks. She yelped and tore the shift from her back rapidly winding it around her hand. When the whip descended she reached out and grabbed the whistling tail, wound it around her hand and leapt backwards dragging the gladiatrix after her.

“By the Gods,” Africanus muttered as the gladiatrix crashed to the ground.

An absurd tug of war ensued with both women trying to wrench the whip from each other’s hand. Julia had the advantage of being on her feet and kicked the gladiatrix on the side of her head. The gladiatrix clung stubbornly to the whip and swept the length of her left leg in a wide arc kicking Julia off balance. As she hit the ground the gladiatrix leapt through the air like a gazelle and landed between Julia’s legs. With equal speed she placed both her heels against Julia’s right ankle and reached behind her grabbing the right calf. Her whole body went into full length lying on the earth and pushing hard against her opponent’s legs. They opened wide and Lebienuus heard a loud cricking from her pelvis. Her legs stretched over the earth and he saw her dirt stained back lift into high arch. Her bottom rose and her sex came into full view the outer lips opening to reveal a deep pink well quivering from the pain. Julia held her breath feeling as if her body was about to split. Her legs were almost at right angles to her hips and with a deafening scream she passed out cold. The gladiatrix scrambled to her feet and wound a length of hair around her fist then dragged the slave across the ground dumping her unceremoniously on top of Lena.

“You were lucky,” the black woman hissed.

She averted her eyes to where Asellina and Helena were now locked in combat. Using her height, Asellina swung her shield at full strength knocking Helena sideways, the shield returned in the opposite direction and the slave staggered drunkenly from the ringing blows. Asellina remembering everything Africanus had instructed shot her arm forward and sliced the blade across Helena’s stomach. A long livid red welt appeared on her skin and she looked down in horror. Another crash of the shield sent her reeling. She rolled over and over sand sticking in clumps to her sweating skin. The sword blade twirled in the gladiatrix’ hand so fast it seemed to blur, then the flat of the blade smacked onto Helena’s naked buttocks. One hand clutched her bottom as she tried to regain her feet but again the blade fell this time hitting her square between the shoulders. She screamed and hit the earth landing flat on her face. Asellina struck her buttocks and the backs of her thighs striking with every ounce of strength she could muster. In the blade’s wake broad purple welts bruised Helena’s skin and Lebienuus could see it rippling from the blows. Her bottom was rounded and firm but soon turned into a wobbling jelly as the blade smacked into the sides and over the crown. Helena howled and clawed into the sand and he could see her breasts ballooning from under her chest. The blade ceased striking and the gladiatrix turned it so the pointed end waved ominously over the slave’s bottom. She gave two sharp jabs, digging the point into the centre of each buttock then, reaching forward she lifted a long length of Helen’s hair and sheared it from her scalp. Helena went abruptly silent and put her hand where her hair had been and felt only stubble. Seen from a distance it looked as if half her head was bald and it would take many

months to grow back again. Asellina put one foot on her back and bore down with her full weight before stepping off, leaving the slave winded and gasping. She summoned a house slave who rushed over and loosed the straps of the breastplate. When it was taken away Asellina bowed low to her master deliberately giving him a magnificent view of her naked breasts hanging ponderously beneath. Again Lebienus knew that any man watching that dazzling display would give anything to ride her splendid arse.

Augusta had succumbed to the whip and was held by two of the other gladiatrices who had already defeated their opponents. They stood each side of her clutching her wrists and pulling her arms straight. Behind her another gladiatrix was lashing her buttocks and back of her legs until she screamed for mercy. She did the one thing that Africanus hoped she would. Her legs went limp and suddenly she lost all control of her bodily functions.

“Oh no,” she wailed, as her bowels emptied.

Africanus chuckled at the sight. “I said you’d shit yourself,” she laughed as the gladiatrix dropped her onto the foul pile.

Lebienus laughed too and summoned Africanus to his seat.

“Your women deserve a reward for such a display,” he said watching the whipped slaves hobbling to their quarters. “They may go to the bath house and refresh themselves. The slaves will wait on them and *you* will wait on me. Neptuna will summon you when I am ready to receive you.”

“Yes master,” she smirked.

And he patted her bottom and smiled thoughtfully.

CHAPTER SIX

“The master wants you looking beautiful,” the slave announced after Africanus had been bathed.

She stood naked in the bath house, her body freshly scrubbed and sleek. Through the steamy atmosphere she saw her fellow gladiatrices clambering out of the tubs and slave girls scurrying to and fro.

“Are we all to be oiled?” she asked knitting her brows, and wondering why her companions had been included in what she assumed was going to be a private affair with the master.

“All of you, that is the tall one,” she indicated Asellina, “and the dark one,” nodding at Mercia, “and that one,” jerking her head at Servilia. “But not that pair,” she nodded at the remaining gladiatrices.

“Does he intend to take on all of us?” she asked askance.

The slave shrugged and ordered other slaves to fetch their jars of oils. The gladiatrices stood upright whilst their attendants rubbed oil into their bodies, starting at the feet and working their way slowly up their legs, taking great care to massage the calves and thighs. Their thumbs and fingers pressed into the hardened muscles gradually softening the tension wrought by so much battling. They went behind the women and manipulated their buttocks, punching and pummeling the globes and working the oil deep into their arse creases. At their command, the four women knelt so that the slaves could oil their backs, shoulders and breasts. Each slave knew her craft and massaged along the shoulder blades and into the wells of their necks.

“It feels so good,” Asellina sighed as the fingers plied deeper into her shoulders.

The women ceased their idle banter and drifted almost into slumber. The slaves went to their fronts and tipped whole bottles of oil over their chests, letting it run in thick streams over and between their breasts. Using both hands they palmed the oil hard into their nipples and then squashed the globes together rolling them round and round until they shone. They lifted each arm in turn and massaged the biceps and lower arms until they seemed to float.

“Please sit yourselves on the bench,” the slave mistress asked politely, helping Africanus to her feet.

The women sat side by side, thighs and hips touching as younger slave girls arrived with boxes and tiny bottles of coloured paint.

“He’s going to a lot of trouble to make us look pretty,” Mercia muttered glancing searchingly at Africanus.

“Some men like their women painted,” she said blankly and closed her eyes as the slave dipped her brush into a pot of light green paint and touched lightly over the eyelids.

The slaves too knew their craft, selecting the appropriate colours to highlight the different hues of skin. Because Africanus was black they chose brighter pigments and shades of white to line her eyes and painted her lips dusky amber. Her cheeks were lightly rubbed with vermilion and powder was rubbed into her neck and shoulders. Her nipples were darkened with kohl and the areolas made larger. A ruby was glued into her navel and her pubic hair brushed into a soft gloss. Asellina was painted with softer colours, but her eyes were heavily lined and shaped with sweeping tails going to her temples. Her pink nipples were reddened and as with Africanus, made to look almost twice their real size. Mercia had her lips painted a soft purple and

her face whitened with chalk then brushed with light green. Servilia was painted with blue and green eye shadow and her areolas stained black. Finally all the women had their hair fashioned into peculiar shapes. Asellina's long copper hair was twisted into tightly woven plaits then thickly oiled so they stood up on either side of her head like horns. Mercia's hair was parted in the middle and gathered into bunches drooping at the side of her head. Servilia's hair was tied in one huge tail and knotted over her crown and Africanus' braids wound around her head like a turban. The two remaining gladiatrices were left unpainted and had their hair held in place with clips.

"We look like prostitutes on an outing," Mercia grumbled tugging at her bunched hair.

"More like street whores," Asellina corrected, looking wryly at her enlarged nipples.

"One way or the other I think we're all in for a good fucking," the black woman muttered feeling her oiled breasts.

"It's what we're here for," Servilia said dully. "First they make us fight, then they fuck us."

The women went in single file to Lebienu's ante chamber where they could hear excited chatter coming from the main room. The acrid smell of incense drifted into their nostrils and a male slave carrying an amphora of wine hurried past hardly noticing the splendidly painted women glorious in their nakedness. The grins creasing their lips vanished as a slave handed them each a rudis, the wooden sword used in training and small shields no more than a foot in circumference.

"What the fuck is this for?" Mercia blurted.

But hardly were the words out of her mouth when another slave fitted shining bronze collars around their necks with a ring at the centre. He went to each gladiatrix in turn ringing their nipples and linking them with chains to the ring at the collar. Next he fitted ankle bracelets with long spikes coming from behind not too dissimilar from spurs. To complete their bizarre attire he closed a thick belt under the pits of their stomachs and fastened it half way over their buttocks, from its centre another strip of leather went tight under their legs and through their arse creases and locked behind them.

Without a word he hurried them into the main room their chains clanking and chinking at every step.

The assembled guests were on their feet at once applauding the gladiatrices arrival and through the smoky haze Africanus saw Neptuna and Matiti waiting naked upon them. Ustane was bending low offering a plate of filled goblets dressed only in a transparent skirt but with manacles and chains on her wrists and ankles. She shot a cursory glance at her friend and went on with her task ignoring the hand groping between her legs.

The men were finely dressed in pristine togas lined at the hems with red bands indicating that they were from the city aristocracy. Their wives and mistresses were no less resplendent in dazzling white robes lined with finely woven strands of gold, their faces and hair immaculate. When Neptuna offered her master a plate of figs he quickly planted a kiss on her cheek. That girl was more valuable than her weight in rubies providing him with the names of dignitaries anxious to invest in any novel idea that might offer a lucrative return. They stared agog at the gladiatrices and knew at once they would make a fortune. Of course all the profits from the takings at the amphitheatre would go directly to Lebienu but the investors would reap their rewards made in bets on the outcome of the contests and help defray the cost of armour and running the ludus. The women stood in a line, side by side, their bodies naked and

shimmering but made more emphatic by the rings, collars and chains, not to mention the glinting spurs. Even the dull flames of the lamps reflected in their oiled skin. But it was their painted faces and hair which really caught the attention. It's amazing how a woman can be so miraculously transformed with oil and paint and sculptured hair. Even the plainest can be made beautiful but these four were stunning before they started now they looked devastating. Lebienuus had deliberately drawn attention to them by leaving two gladiatrices unpainted and plain.

Lebienuus stood up from his seat amid wild applause the astonishment clearly manifested on the audience faces.

"My noble peers," he began sweeping his eyes over the assembly. "You see before you my best and most savage gladiatrices for whom death holds no fear. They are willing volunteers and ready to shed their own blood to enhance the glory of Rome. I give you Africanus, Asellina, Mercia, Leila, Camilla, and...?"

"*Servilia*," muttered Africanus.

"*Servilia*," he bawled. "May the best win!"

"Thanks a fucking lot," she murmured, biting her lip in anger.

Her smouldering eyes made a quick tour of the guests and one man in particular caught her attention. He sat on the best seat fawned over by the most beautiful slaves that Lebienuus could muster, each one slim and perfumed and his for the taking, but his gimlet eyes were focused on the gladiatrices and he stroked his chin in contemplation. An aura of power emanated from his presence and his dark brooding looks lent him a sexual vibrancy that had the women returning his gaze with strange longing. But their attention was soon diverted as they were paired off; Leila and Camilla, Africanus with *Servilia* and Asellina with Mercia, the latter being the first chosen, the other four retiring to an alcove to await their turn.

The women in the audience eyed the gladiatrices with envy. They fully understood the effect the near naked bodies so provocatively dressed was having on the men who craned their necks and shuffled uncomfortably on their seats.

"This is not a game," Lebienuus whispered. "I expect you all to fight to the best of your abilities. Any shamming will be rigorously punished."

He returned to Neptuna who knelt naked at his feet. A solitary drummer began a steady beat like the heart throb of an unseen beast. The two gladiatrices raised their swords in salute and the umpire stood at their side with his wand. He placed it between them at chest height and glanced at Lebienuus waiting for his signal. He held off for a full thirty seconds letting the tension mount and then gave a polite nod.

"Begin!" the umpire barked, jumping clear.

Asellina bent her back thrusting out her bottom and felt the leather strip tighten in her arse crease. Her breasts wobbled as she took her weight on her heels ready to spring. Mercia stood upright swinging her wooden sword and every movement either strained or slackened the chains at her nipples and collar. The teats went suddenly erect and throbbed at the pain as the rings tugged on the tender buds. Both women knew that even the slightest twitch of their muscles would have them tingling in their breasts and sex. Bare footed they went into a slow circle, the spurs glinting from their ankles as they passed lightly over the tiles. Already sweat was breaking out all over their skin and the men nearest to them could smell it, an intoxicating mixture of body odour and perfume. One of the men whispered to his neighbour who broke into a salacious grin. How could any man keep his cock under control with that going on, two of the most beautiful women imaginable virtually naked and moving like cats?

Asellina moved first, hacking with furious speed, clashing the rudis against Mercia's shield who in return parried every blow faster than the audience could grasp. The horns on Asellina's head made her look more frightening in the half light lending her a sinister appearance as she darted around Mercia in one quick leap. Her breasts wobbled and shook and when she raised her sword arm the chains pulled so tightly each nipple rose from its breast just begging to be sucked. Mercia bent low letting her breasts swing slowly and the chains slacken across her chest. But under her legs something hard rubbed into her clit and she swallowed opening her thighs wider to ward off the tingling sensation. Asellina had felt it too and now stood feet apart. They crashed together arms moving fast, bouncing and stabbing the rudis on and off their shields. The men were not so much looking at the swinging blades as at the women themselves. Dimly, they understood that whenever their legs came together their breasts heaved and a slight flush went through their faces. Those closest to the combatants could see the fringes of pubic hair at the sides of the leather straps glistening with juice.

"Those bitches are coming!" one of the men realized, gazing at the soaking pubis.

"I can see that," his friend replied. "Look at their tits."

The nipples had enlarged and stood up stiff and hard. A hot flush was spreading all over their chests and necks and both were panting like mares. The men seated behind them clearly saw the parted buttocks twitching and hollowing at the sides, the leather straps embedding deeper into their arse creases. The women were battling hard but it was what was taking place in their sexes, bellies and breasts that had them distracted from the flailing blows. The belts around their waists had definitely tightened under the pits of their stomachs and in their arses, and again that infuriating rubbing on the clits had them breathless. Both women knew they must end the contest soon or reach their orgasms right there in public. But Lebienuus was watching every movement of their swords and would know if they faked it. In desperation they went at each other like wild animals, grunting and heaving, hacking and slashing, their shimmering legs moving fast but unable to prevent a dazzling bottom wiggling display, not to mention their breasts bouncing so much it hurt. The rings in their nipples tore at the teats threatening to rip them from the quivering globes but there was nothing they could do to stop it.

"Those women are on heat," one of the high born ladies remarked. "I can smell their cunts from here."

Her friend nodded and smiled at the gladiatrices' discomfort, wondering how long it would be before they orgasmed.

Asellina got behind Mercia and delivered four swift sword blows on her bare arse driving her forward in painful jerks, but Mercia suddenly turned and got in fast, smacking the flat of the blade across both Asellina's breasts. She raised her shield and sent it crashing into Mercia's shoulder sending her reeling over the tiles. The audience winced as Asellina's sword smacked into the sides of Mercia's thighs and hips. Large dark bruises appeared on her flanks and she came back with a forward thrust jabbing the point of her sword into Asellina's navel. The taller gladiatrix doubled and another blow sailed into her bottom crease, hitting the leather strap and forcing it tighter. Inside Asellina's sex the strap rubbed her sex lips raw and she ran around the perimeter buying time as she adjusted the waist belt, pushing it lower under her belly. Those few precious seconds gave her time to plan her next move and the audience gasped when her sword whistled in an upward cut going under the breasts chains and ripping at Mercia's teats. The shorter woman let out a howl as her breasts visibly

lifted from her chest, flattened against each other and wobbled back into shape. Her nipples felt as if they had been branded and the pain brought tears to her eyes. Asellina had the advantage and gave another sharp jab into Mercia's ribs but she swung like a demon crashing her shield into the side of Asellina's head. She went into a spin and Mercia quickly followed swinging her arm at full strength landing the blade between the taller woman's legs. The sheer force of the blow lifted her up on tip-toe and she came back with a downward cut smacking her sword between Mercia's shoulder blades. She grunted and toppled forward and now for the first time the spurs came into play. As Asellina followed with her flailing arm, Mercia gave a backward kick digging the point of the spur into Asellina's thigh. She tripped and fell and Mercia hopped over her, digging the spurs into her breasts and grinding the ringed nipples under the heels of her feet. But Asellina was not yet finished and suddenly brought up her arm sending the flat of the sword up between Mercia's legs, smacking it against her cunt. A roar of approval went up as she doubled over clutching her sex. Asellina wriggled out from under her and flicked her sword at Mercia's left nipple, twisting the blade and dragging the ring off it. But a swift reprisal knocked the sword from her hand and her opponent brought her sword down and embedded the point into the hollow of her buttock. She withdrew and delivered another jab, this time into Asellina's throat pinning her to the ground. She lay defenceless, her legs sprawling wide open and feeling the leather strap against her clit and tight in her arse crease.

Mercia looked swiftly at Lebienus unsure what to do next. He looked at the dark brooding man who had followed the movement of their swords with the precision of a goldsmith. He had liked what he saw.

"Make her climax," he said softly, looking at Asellina's long spreading legs.

She lay flat on her back still panting. Her breasts heaved up and down drenched in sweat and he saw her nipples aching hard and almost squashed by the rings. Mercia cast away her shield and knelt between Asellina's legs. Her hand went to the front buckle and released the hasp. One tug pulled the strap from under her opponent's legs and she tossed it over the floor. Already the leather was shining with sex juice. She put her hand over Asellina's sex and rubbed it over the pubic mound, artfully slipping three fingers inside the soaking tunnel. Asellina was one of those women blessed with a large cunt and it didn't take much effort to get the rest of Mercia's hand inside her.

The men went wide eyed at her fist bunching into the stretching lips and one shove of her arm buried it to the wrist. She worked her arm back and forth in rapid jerks sending Asellina into paroxysms of ecstasy. The whole assembly watched her hips break into a splendid writhing motion, her pelvis seemingly going in circles as if detached from the rest of her body. Her back arched lifting into a high bridge and her arse left the floor. The tips of the spurs dug into the tiles lifting the entire length of her body. Her buttocks flexed and squeezed into the crease whilst Mercia pumped her fist faster and faster. Asellina broke into a running sweat gasping and groaning at the myriad tingling darts shooting through her belly. Her nipples tingled and stung from the mounting orgasm and she quickly thumbed them teasing the teats until a long howl shattered the silence. Mercia pushed her arm with a sudden thrust and Asellina's orgasm gushed from her sex in a torrent of thick, creamy juice. She gave a muted grunt and her body crashed to the floor lying still. Her head rolled to one side and her eyes closed. She was finished.

"Excellent!" Lebienus congratulated, and Mercia rose to her feet and bowed.

Slaves rushed over and seized Asellina's arms dragging her across the floor like a lump of dead meat. They sat her up against a pillar and one of them emptied a pail of water over her head and another shoved a wine bottle into her stomach. Groaning, she put it to her lips and drank deeply. In all her life she had never reached such an orgasm brought on with so much pain and pleasure. Truly, the two sensations made good bed fellows.

"Bring on the next pair," the brooding man said, as a naked girl slave filled his goblet.

Lebienus was biding his time. So far everything had gone well and the guests were suitably impressed. He noted with satisfaction that one of the city magistrates had gone over to Asellina and was comforting her with wine and whispers. One hand was already on her thigh and she was stroking his cheek and allowing his other hand to stray around her breasts. He summoned Ustane and told her to prepare a room with a soft bed and all the wine they could drink as well as a whip or two. She bowed low seemingly content in her new role as go-between. It also gave her access to the most powerful men in Ephesus and it wasn't impossible she just might advance her own ambitions. Becoming the favoured slave or even mistress of a magistrate or consul had its advantages. She might even end up running her own brothel. Mercia was seated next to a man who was questioning her about her prowess in combat to which she was giving all the right answers but broke off when the next pair of combatants took to the floor.

The brooding man pushed a girl slave rudely to one side and eyed the tall black woman. Her long legs seemed to be more than half the length of her body; sleek, black and muscular and yet possessing a fabulous shape with gently undulating calves and solid thighs. The ruby set into her navel complemented the dark surrounding skin. His eyes travelled over her round hard buttocks, and then to her mountainous breasts with the rings hanging from nipples as large as the tips of his fingers. He peered more closely at her sex and silently gulped. The dark outer lips were oval shaped, forced open from the leather strap and he could just glimpse the fleshy hood above them and more than anything else wished he could sink his tongue into her hot slit. Her face was equally as beautiful with wide voluptuous lips and slightly slanting eyes both dark and mysterious and he wondered why someone in the higher ranks of Roman society had not taken her for a mistress or concubine.

He summoned Neptuna who hurried to his side. "Tell your master I'll wager one hundred gold aureus on the black woman."

She returned to Lebienus who almost choked at the sum. But he was hardly in a position to refuse.

"Tell Domitius I accept the wager and should she be victorious she is his for the rest of the night to use as he pleases, and she gives a good hard ride and loves her cock *and* a whip around her splendid arse."

He watched the reaction on his face and smiled as it lit up at the proposal.

The two gladiatrices bowed to the assembly and took up their positions, watched more closely by a woman who had kept out of view but who was making mental notes of everyone present and the effect the gladiatrices were having on the men, particularly Domitius, the most powerful man in Ephesus.

The umpire placed his wand at chest height and then jerked it away

"Begin," he said softly, his eyes flitting from one pair of naked breasts to the other.

Both women had closely studied their companions and knew the effect the straps between their legs had had on their fighting capabilities and were determined to

avoid the distraction. They advanced keeping their sword arms at chest height so as not to tighten the chains linking their nipples to the collars. They moved like predatory cats, bending their knees and thrusting their rumps but could do nothing to prevent the straps from tightening into their slits and arse creases. Africanus suddenly caught her breath when a hard object grazed against her clit and guessed that the strap had been fitted with some kind of device to enhance her arousal. Every movement had it touching the sensitive sex bud and already she felt her stomach thrill. All eyes were on them as they encircled each other sweating in the stifling heat, moving their feet noiselessly over the floor and then leaping into action with a wild yell.

A hush descended over the assembly as they watched the battling women; Africanus moving like a panther and Servilia like a lioness, their movements feline and deadly. They were all legs, buttocks and breasts dodging every slash of the swords, parrying the blows with their shields and then pausing to regain their breath. Both women quickly realized they were equally matched and could go on battering and hacking to little avail. Simultaneously they knew they would have to resort to different tactics to beat their opponent. Africanus moved to the left jabbing at Servilia's exposed belly aiming the tip of her sword into the navel where one sharp blow would finish her, but Servilia kept up her guard twisting her hips so the sword sailed harmlessly past and returning a blow onto Africanus' flank. The black woman uttered a throaty groan and bent sideways offering her naked breasts to the next thrust. The blunt tip of the sword dug into her nipple and Servilia gave the blade a savage twist screwing the teat flat. The pain was excruciating as the blade dug deeper and she staggered backwards raising her shield. Servilia saw the look of anguish in the black woman's eyes and, sensing a quick victory, lunged forward. It was what Africanus was waiting for, leading her on into false security, and as the blade whistled towards her belly she suddenly leapt behind Servilia and smacked her sword hard onto the small of her back. Another swift blow stabbed into the centre of her arse crease and she bent backwards from the shock. Africanus was there at once sliding the blade around her throat and at the same time pushing her knee into the base of the spine. Servilia froze. If the sword had been real instead of wood she could have easily had her throat cut. The wooden blade drew slowly across her throat, symbolizing a gesture that would have left her dead. Keeping the blade under her chin, Africanus' arm slipped from the shield and she put her hand over Servilia's forehead forcing her head back. Using her knee as a lever she bent the spine as far as she could. Servilia went limp and dropped her shield exposing her thrusting breasts. The sword blade travelled over her chest and strained at the chains forcing them outwards. The whole linkage went taut and tugged at the nipple buds pulling the breasts into cones. Servilia let out a deafening scream clenching her teeth and rolling her eyes. But the assembly had their eyes fixed on Africanus whose raised thigh and flexing buttocks held them spellbound.

"The most beautiful pair of legs I've ever seen," Domitius whispered, marvelling at the shape of her thighs.

Lebienus leaned over. "Imagine them wrapped around you, I tell you, my friend; there isn't a woman in the Empire who can match her when it comes to dipping your cock."

Domitius watched Servilia's back arc and clapped his hands. "I appear to have won the wager Lebienus. You owe me one hundred aureus *and* the woman."

"She is yours," Lebienus sighed summoning Neptuna.

But before she could fetch his purse the black woman suddenly gave an agonising howl and dropped her knee. Domitius just caught Servilia's foot giving a

backward kick digging the spur into her opponent's calf. She whipped round and drove the point of her sword into Africanus' belly and then again under her breast. Applause broke from the assembly in appreciation of Servilia's recovery and both women again faced each other on equal terms. They stood less than an arm's length apart waiting to see who would strike first.

"Your mother's got a cunt like a camel." Africanus whispered to the astonished Servilia. "Do you know she once fucked with a stallion and took his whole cock?"

"What the...?" Servilia muttered and fell crashing to the floor.

She never even saw the blade thrusting between her legs but felt only a stabbing pain where the strap opened her sex. The blade struck hard at her left nipple and then again into the right, spearing both teats in quick succession. She wriggled like an eel lashing madly with her spurs at anything within reach. Africanus' arm lifted high over her head and brought the flat of the blade smacking over the mound of Servilia's belly. Lebius watched it crease and then balloon back into shape. The black woman drove the pointed blade towards Servilia's throat but her leg quickly bent bringing the thigh over her breast and the foot into Africanus' stomach. Carried by the momentum, the black woman sailed through the air and somersaulted clean over Servilia's head. She lay on her back and saw Servilia scramble to her feet.

"Your mother fucked with a hyena," Servilia bawled aiming a blow at Africanus' heart.

But she ignored the jibe and rolled over feeling the tip of the blade sink into her right buttock. Now it was her turn to bring the spurs into play. She took her weight on her hands and launched her body in the air delivering a ferocious kick into Servilia's middle. Both spurs found their mark and she doubled over clutching her belly. Africanus was on her feet and swung her fist under Servilia's jaw. A loud crack reverberated around the room and Servilia collapsed into a heap. The assembly watched in amazement at what the black woman would do next. She dropped her sword and grabbed both breast chains lifting Servilia to her knees.

"Take off your belt," she rasped, ripping the chains from the rings.

Servilia choked back a sob from the pain throbbing in her nipples and reached under the pit of her stomach releasing the buckle and letting the strap slip from her sex. She reached behind and eased it from her bottom crease.

"Now finger yourself," Africanus muttered. "Let everyone see you come."

"Please don't make me," Servilia begged looking at the thrilled faces.

"Do it, or I'll beat you senseless," and the sword blade winged over her buttocks.

"I won't" she hissed. "Go and fuck yourself."

Africanus lost all control and lashed the blade into Servilia's back.

"Use this!" a voice cried and a whip flew over the heads of the assembly.

She caught it in mid air and coiled the tail around her fist glancing at Lebius who nodded his assent.

"Twenty strokes on your bare arse," Africanus grated, sending her foot into Servilia's back and knocking her to the floor.

She was on all fours her head bowed in shame.

"I'll give you half that amount if you finger your cunt between the strokes," she offered, draping the whip tail over Servilia's bottom.

A long slim hand appeared from under her legs, the fingers wiggling around the pouting lips, teasing them open. There are few more erotic sights than a woman fingering her cunt and Servilia was no stranger to bringing herself off when she

needed it. Oblivious to the ribald comments coming from the men, she closed her eyes and concentrated on what she was being forced to do. Her fingers fluttered around the labia until her whole sex blossomed like an opening flower. She put her fore and middle fingers deeper inside her sex tunnel and touched the clit bud, but just as she was about to fully masturbate a fiery lash descended on her buttocks. Her bottom jolted from the hot welt searing into her arse and she rocked forward almost losing her balance. The men in front of her pushed and jostled eager to see her breasts swinging like ripe melons. The crease between them looked longer than it actually was and when the second lash cracked over the top of her buttocks they let out a cheering roar. Her shoulders shook and she couldn't help her breasts swinging and slapping into each other. She took a deep breath and shoved her wrist deeper against her sex wiggling her fingers fast against her clit. The men closest to her saw the first drops of sex juice drip from her cunt and licked their lips just itching to get their heads between her thighs. Africanus took careful aim and sent the whip tail stinging into the centre of Servilia's proffered rump.

"Stop beating me!" she howled, her fingers freezing against her clit.

"Not part of the bargain," the black woman smirked. "Now be a good girl and do as you're told."

The assembly laughed at that and urged her to give Servilia a dozen more. She raised the whip and let it hang in her outstretched hand prolonging the agony of waiting.

Servilia looked over her shoulder and saw Africanus' grinning lips enjoying the punishment she was delivering.

"All right," she muttered "I'll give the bastards what they want."

Her wrist jerked and twisted, flitting the tips of her fingers against her vaginal walls coaxing more juice to flow from her sex lips. It plopped to the tiles gradually forming a hot sticky pool under her legs. Africanus took a step sideways and the whip hissed over the broad left buttock welting it from crease to belly. Servilia rocked forward on her arm and thumped to the floor. The men watched her breasts squash against the tiles and stared with undisguised longing at the ballooning globes. It seemed to them that there is much more to a woman's breasts when they are compressed and at that moment Servilia's looked massive flattening on the tiles. Her hand was still between her legs and fingers tickling her cunt walls but it was taking longer to reach her orgasm than she had anticipated. She was well aware of the men and women feasting their eyes on her bottom and breasts and waiting with bated breath to see where the whip would strike next. But one of the assembly was watching much more closely than anyone else and stepped furtively from the shadows to see the effect the whip was having on its victim and the woman who wielded it. Her eyes lifted following the whip lashing in a graceful arc swooping under Servilia's legs and landing with amazing precision alongside her hand. The whip tail just caught the outer fringe of the labia and Servilia's eyes rolled in her head. Feeling as if a thousand needles had stung her sex her whole body broke into spasms, the flesh on her buttocks quivering in waves from thigh to hip.

The woman who was watching closely stepped further into the light and gazed speculatively at the tall black woman and in particular at her long legs and magnificent hips. She watched the whip land expertly over Servilia's back and nodded thoughtfully. There wasn't a woman in all Ephesus who could wield a whip or sword with such expertise; neither was there any other woman who could fight anything like the ones she had seen. Her eyes toured the gathering and saw the effect the naked black gladiatrix and the whipped buttocks were having. Both men and

women were gazing in awe at the hand rubbing hard into the dripping sex and the whip delivering its blazing welts. She had also seen how much Domitius had wagered on the black woman and what he was doing at that very moment. He wasn't alone trying to keep his obvious erection discreetly tucked between his legs and neither were the naked slave girls slow in seating their pert bottoms on the men's laps. The air exuded sex and lust, even the women were flushed with sexual frustration, their belly's chilling and nipples unashamedly erect under their robes. The woman had seen everything she wanted to see and slipped softly away, heading quickly through the darkened streets and towards her intended destination.

No one noticed her absence and the whip cracked its final lash over Servilia's rump. She collapsed to the floor and lay panting in the aftermath of the hottest and wettest orgasm she could remember. A pool of juice lay shimmering on the tiles and Africanus bent low aiming her bottom at Domitius. Her legs parted to keep her balance and his eyes went straight onto her sex pouch, a dark plump mound with even darker lips, fat and soft between the join of her sweating thighs. She scooped a finger of juice and licked it then wiped it through Servilia's arse crease and Domitius almost fell from his seat.

He quickly summoned Neptuna who raced to her master.

"Do as he commands," Lebienuis ordered her.

Domitius rose from his seat. "Have the black woman brought to my room," he said to Lebienuis. "And one of your slaves. That pretty one with big tits will do."

Lebienuis motioned to the girl and she hurried over padding nervously behind the tall black woman swinging her hips through the colonnade that led to the private apartments. Servilia got up rubbing her whipped behind and saw both Mercia and Asellina being escorted from the room by magistrates, laughing at whatever the men were whispering in their ears. She went into a small garden and cooled her blazing bum under a fountain. A pair of hands came stealthily around her chest and groped her breasts rolling them together and thumbing the nipples.

"A golden coin if you will come with me," a voice whispered. "And perhaps another one or two if you will do my bidding."

"I'll fuck if you want," she murmured, lifting her arse from the soothing water.

He took her hand and led her to where Lebienuis had prepared the rooms and bolted the door watched by Neptuna who smiled artfully.

Leila and Camilla had fought well but the combat was short. They were not as well built or as tall as the other gladiatrices and Lebienuis was unwilling to spend any more money on them than he had to. The men taking them to the rooms were minor officials dealing with sales of property and land and might prove useful in the future.

"I knew it from the start," Poppea hissed as the woman told everything she had witnessed at Lebienuis' gathering. "The moment I saw that black tart and her slave I guessed that was what he had in mind. I should never have sold him Neptuna. That little whore can't keep her mouth shut for a moment." She stared angrily at her spy breathing through dilated nostrils. "And you say Domitius is in on the act?"

"It would appear so my lady. I'm quite sure she was given him as a present. Well, for the night, anyway."

"One night! My arse. If I know him he'll be fucking her rotten and... What do you want?" she bellowed at a young slave girl entering timorously.

"Please mistress; you wanted me to bring you some fresh figs."

Poppea snatched one from the plate the girl was holding and bit it clean in half.

“Urgh! These figs are sour,” she spat. Her eyes glared like a caged tigress. “Go to the punishment cell and tell Oranius he is to give you thirty lashes and then stuff your cunt with these pieces of shit,” indicating the pile of figs.

“Was that really necessary? I mean the girl was only doing her job,” the spy mollified.

“And I’m doing mine,” Poppea snapped.

She took up a goblet and drained it, and then paced the floor piqued at not being included in Lebienu’s money making venture. She had heard of women fighting in the Colosseum and some of the smaller provincial amphitheatres, but no one had thought of introducing them to the arena in Ephesus. She knew from experience that men are easily distracted when it came to women particularly the naked and shapely variety. Her own girls were endowed well enough and trained in the pleasures of the bed, but a fighting woman swinging a sword, glistening with sweat and slaying her opponent had an appeal that none of her stable could hope to match. It was only a matter of time before Lebienu opened his own brothel stocked with gladiatrices too worn out to go on fighting. Her regular clients would leave in droves, unless Lebienu could be stopped. The trouble was she didn’t know how. But an idea was vaguely forming in her mind as she gulped down another goblet.

“When are the next games due to be staged?” she asked her spy.

“In about a week,” she replied. “The sponsors are waiting for more beasts and the prisons are not yet full of sword fodder.”

Poppea’s taut face relaxed into softness. “Fetch my carriage. We are going to the city prison.”

The governor gulped at the woman entering the prison house wearing a gown that hugged her figure so tightly he wondered it didn’t rip at the slightest step. The thin material sucked into her bottom crease and into the joins of her thighs and even into her generous slit. He could see her erect nipples pointing at him and the swell of her breasts when she turned in profile.

“Poppea!” he greeted, gazing between her legs and then at her long creamy legs seen through the slit robe. “What brings you here to this terrible place?”

She was so close her heady perfume wafted into his nostrils and his eyes saw right down her cleavage.

“Only a small favour,” she smiled, touching his arm. “I’m in need of a few of your women prisoners for house slaves. Of course you will be generously paid.”

“I can’t do that, Poppea. The whole batch is for the arena and from what I’ve heard it should be a good show.” His face wrinkled into a horrible grin as he told her what was planned for the wretches. Poppea shuddered at the vile suggestion but it didn’t entirely come as a surprise. “I’m sure you could find it in your heart to spare me just a few of them. When did you last have sex? I mean, my girls are there for the taking in addition to my gold. I would recommend Nalia and she likes it up her bottom.”

He looked at her from the corners of his eyes and she stroked his forearm with the tips of her fingers. Her nipples were only an inch from his chest and he was sure the buds were erecting from the huge areolas. “Up her arse, you say?”

“As hard as you can give it and from what I’ve heard you’re quite a stallion.”

His chest visibly swelled and he stroked his chin eyeing the soft dumplings straining at her robe. “All right. You can choose six only and I won’t take less than thirty sestertius apiece.”

The lines around her mouth deepened at the price but as quickly evaporated. “Lead the way,” she smiled.

They went down a long flight of stone steps into the subterranean passages leading to the cells. A strong smell of urine and stale straw permeated the foul air and she put her hand over her mouth gagging at the stench. A couple of rats shot across her path and she nearly died of fright. They turned a corner and came into a shorter passage lined with bars behind which women prisoners in various stages of filth and semi nudity huddled in groups picking lice from their matted hair.

“By all the Gods,” Poppea heaved. “Where in hell did you find these animals?”

“The usual gutter sweepings,” he remarked casually. “Thieves, beggars, whores, false virgins, swindlers, bogus alms seekers, corruptors of young virgins, lying cheats, vagrants, some posing as house slaves and cooks and then tipping off burglars to rob their employers by leaving windows open, I have them all here.”

“Sounds just what I’m looking for,” she said warmly, keeping her distance from the grimy hands coming through the bars for a morsel of bread.

Some were thin and emaciated, others in the last stage of the pox, but there were a few who were strong and well shaped who would stab anyone for the price of a meal or fuck with a goat for a penny. Hardened from a life constantly slithering from one hovel to the next and keeping just one step ahead of being torn to shreds in the arena they would do anything to get out of this hell hole.

Poppea eyed them professionally as the governor motioned forward the ones she chose.

“Strip off your rags you scum,” he barked.

The women threw their crawling remnants onto the straw and stood naked before their prospective purchaser. Under a film of dirt they had good legs with strong thighs and tight buttocks of which some bore traces of recent floggings. Their breasts were in good shape and some were even good looking and nothing that a good scrubbing wouldn’t improve.

“I’ll take them,” she said. “Have them chained and delivered to my villa, the *back* door if you please.”

He almost choked. “But my lady, surely you can’t be considering this shit for your splendid establishment?”

“I have a use for them,” she replied vaguely.

She handed him the amount they had agreed upon plus the bonus of a free night with the whore who liked it anally. The women were led out one at a time and firmly chained with collars, linked to the ones behind and in front. A prison guard herded them along the passage flicking his whip over their flanks and prodding their buttocks. Swearing and spitting the women were packed into a cart and driven through the darkened streets and unloaded into the slaves’ courtyard.

“Scrub the scum clean,” Poppea commanded wrinkling her nose. “And then chain them in the cellars.”

The brothel slaves looked fearfully at the women as the chains were removed by the guards and began their awful task of scrubbing the dirt encrusted limbs. When they were cleansed the guards took them below to the cellars and fitted the chains to the collars and, as an extra precaution, fitted manacles to their ankles loaded with heavy weights of iron and bolted the door behind them.

Poppea summoned a male slave and sent him to the ludus of Titus Agrippa. He read the note the slave handed him and scratched his head in amazement, but if Poppea was willing to pay handsomely for hiring his best trainer he didn’t argue.

“I want this filth trained to fight in the arena,” she said to the stunned trainer when he saw the slave women released from their chains.

Seen in broad daylight they didn't look so ravaged but it was a tall order training unschooled slaves to fight with swords and shields.

"A week to train these savages?" he baulked. "It can't be done. Why it takes months to train a gladiator."

"You only need to train them to kill," she said darkly. "Just the basic moves. They already know how to fight I just want them brought up to speed."

"Very well, my lady, if that's what you want," he sighed.

He gave each of them a wooden sword and split them into pairs wondering if Poppea was losing her mind, but then again all this was probably for some show she was staging in her brothel and from his experience it wasn't unusual for one of the combatants to be killed and criminals were ten a penny, and it would make a change training naked women while feasting his eyes on their bare buttocks and wobbling breasts.

"I've never seen a woman using her fingers while she was tasting the whip," the man said to Servilia and introducing himself as Regulus.

"I've never done it before either," she snorted feeling his hand smoothing her bottom.

She stood still as he fondled her breasts, weighing them in his hands and rolling her nipples. He had removed his robe and she felt his erection nudging her belly. It was long and thick and she looked down to see the plum above her navel. Her hand closed around the shaft and softly stroked it.

"I think I'm in trouble," she joked at its length.

"Not really," he whispered. "I want to see you come while I whip your arse. Now start playing with your tits."

"You mean you're not going to fuck me?"

"Oh, I'm going to fuck you right enough but only when you're good and wet, so let's see you roll those nipples."

"I've been whipped enough already," she protested. "You can see the welts."

"Your arse can take a lot more," he said, smoothing his fingertips over the swell of her buttocks. "That's why the Gods created women with big arses so they can take a good whipping and you love it."

She couldn't really argue with that, after all it was the whip and her own fingers that had brought on such a drenching orgasm.

She pinched her nipples rolling the buds between her thumbs and fingers, and sighing at the way they sent tingles through her breasts. The pimples on her areolas looked like goose flesh and the whole disc enlarged to twice its normal size.

"You fought well," he praised running the end of the whip through her arse crease. "But not well enough. So someone has to punish your failure. Don't you agree?"

She nodded dumbly and squeezed her teats holding her breath ready for the first stroke. Behind her she heard him gather the whip and, taking a glance over her shoulder, saw his arm swoop in an arc. The whip cut into her buttock flesh going all the way around her hips and belly. Her already whipped bottom blazed anew and he watched the pale skin turn a ruddy crimson.

"You blush magnificently," he complimented her, striking again under each buttock.

The globes lifted from the thigh creases and squeezed in pain. Her back jolted just as another lash struck at the base of her spine. At the top of her crease the flesh formed into a V with deep dimples at the sides, and for a moment the whip fell limp.

“What a splendid arse,” he croaked. “The Gods have favoured you. Now cup your tits.”

Her hands went under her breasts and lifted them but neither palm was enough to contain so much ample breast flesh. Each breast swelled over her fingers which looked absurdly tiny under their weight. She went on thumbing her nipples teasing them to constant erection as he struck again, this time landing the whip in her crease. He heard her gulp and saw her whole bottom and thighs go into a ruddy flush. Her calves trembled and went suddenly taut. She waited for the next lash not knowing where he was going to strike next, but the searing lash she thought would rip into her bottom never came. She heard the whip hit the floor and then the flat of his hand smacked into her burning cheeks and for the first time in his room she howled in agony. He hit her again on the backs of her thighs and knees delighting in the sound of his hand landing on her naked skin. Her fingers dug into her breasts almost buried in the plump globes as she tried to fight the pain spreading through her bottom. He slapped her ribs and then her shoulders and much harder on the small of her back. The stinging pain went deeper than the whip and she went rigid wondering just how much more punishment she could take. Her belly quivered from the fluttering going on inside and between her legs her sex lips pouted full and ripe.

“I knew you’d come eventually,” he said, pressing his body close into her back. “They always do. No woman can resist a good slapping for long.”

She sobbed back a tear and tensed her stomach muscles wanting to deny him the satisfaction of seeing her come.

“Open your legs,” he whispered hoarsely, standing behind her and placing his head on her shoulder.

Her feet shuffled over the floor and his hand bunched around her sex mound squeezing until the tears flowed down her cheeks.

“Now come you bitch,” he growled rubbing his palm over her lips.

Her sex lips parted and he sank his hand into her squelching slit, feeling it wet and hot. His fingers touched her clit and she shuddered. Over her shoulder he saw her nipples throbbing and, using his free hand, squashed the buds into her breasts. Her arse bucked against his cock and his hand dropped to her belly the fingers aimed into the soft pit above her pubic bone. Her belly went cold sending icy waves rippling all the way to her chest.

“How did you know to touch me there?” she sobbed.

“I know all women’s little secrets,” he chuckled, pressing her belly so deep she gulped for air.

His hardened cock was pressing into her arse crease and without warning she broke free turning to face him.

“Fuck me,” she wailed. “Please fuck me.”

“On your knees and beg,” he snarled. “Unless you want another whipping.”

Servilia dropped to her knees and looked tearfully at his massive cock hovering in front of her face. Her hand gripped the shaft and played it around her lips.

“Please master,” she pleaded. “I want your cock.”

“Not good enough,” he sneered. “You’ve just earned yourself twenty lashes.”

Before he could move, her mouth dived down his shaft, taking all his length into her throat. His hand gripped the back of her head twisting her hair into a knot.

“Suck!” he demanded, dragging her head backwards.

Her hand rested neatly on his thigh as her head bobbed up and down swallowing the shaft and sucking at the plum. She let it rest on her lower lip and flicked her tongue rapidly into the groove. He groaned at the sensation of her hot wet

mouth blasting air over the silky skin and she nibbled at the sides opening the tiny aperture, her tongue flicking the eye. Her hand cupped his balls and crushed them until he grunted.

“You’re a hard bitch,” he complimented, savouring the pain in his balls.

In her mouth his cock swelled to bursting and she let it slip from her lips.

“I want your meat,” she hissed. “Fuck me ‘til I’m sore. Beat me if you want but just fuck me, please master.”

Her tears were real and he looked into her pleading eyes.

“On your back,” he rasped.

And she tumbled over the floor throwing her long legs wide.

Her moans of protest subsided into gasps of pleasure as Regulus sank his shaft deep in her cunt.

“Phew!” she breathed going goggle eyed. “I haven’t had a thing that big for as long as I can remember.”

“I haven’t had an arse as beautiful as this for a long time either,” he replied truthfully.

Her arms went around his shoulders hugging him tight to her breasts. Her heels dug into the floor and she lifted her bottom giving him greater thrust into her sex tunnel. He rode for an hour, only stopping to regain breath and wipe sweat from his eyes. Beneath him Servilia rolled her hips and inside he could feel her vaginal muscles fluttering against the shaft. Her thighs went taut and suddenly her muscles held him like a hot fleshy vice. Her chest was coated in a fine sheen of sweat and a heady smell of femininity wafted into his face. Intoxicated by her shimmering body he kissed her long and hard, not breaking off until he had left her lips sore and aching. They climaxed together in a mix of groans and shrieks and he collapsed over her, all passion spent.

“Who are you?” she asked, running her fingernails through his hair.

They lay side by side; limbs entwined his hands fondling her bottom and her arms encircling his broad back.

“A dealer in slaves,” he said flatly. “But not the kind who can be bought for a few sestertii. I specialize in good stock and my patrons pay well for women such as you.”

She had to think about that. “I’m just an ordinary slave,” she muttered glumly. “But now I have to fight in the arena for my master and that black woman.”

“You fight well,” he complimented. “Your body is built for it.” He smiled and chuckled to himself. “And you can take a good whipping. I know men who would pay a fortune to own you.”

His hand stroked her thigh and he wondered at its length and then the round fullness of her bottom. It was still bruised and welted but even dressed in an old sack she would still look stunning. Some women are like that he reflected, dress them in anything from a silken robe to rags and they appear killing.

“So who did you have in mind?” she asked idly, stroking his limp cock and watching it grow.

Her hand softly stroked it and then gave a gentle squeeze. She bent to take it in her mouth but he held her head back.

“I’m thinking of myself, Servilia. You’re wasted here.”

Again his words left her temporarily robbed of speech. “My master won’t sell me,” she muttered sadly.

It was his turn to think. His fingers tweaked her nipples as he thought of an answer. "Every man has his price and there isn't a slave woman living who can't be bought. Trust me. I know."

"What would you do with me?" she asked softly, fondling his balls. "Just whip and fuck me? I can have that from anyone."

"You would be my slave-wife. I own a fine villa and you would have your own slaves and all the cake you can eat."

"And as much cock as you can give," she laughed, spreading her thighs.

He penetrated her hard and deep and they fucked until they could fuck no more and fell contentedly asleep, Regulus calculating how much Lebienus would want for her and Servilia dreaming of the cock she'd just enjoyed. Unbeknown to both of them, Lebienus had no intentions of parting with any of his gladiatrices, whatever the price.

Africanus stood naked before Domitius as he took time to admire her sleek body. She was all legs and breasts, her fine black skin looking more smooth and silken in the lamplight. The young, large-breasted slave waited at his side filling his cup and displaying her slim legs and hips. He ignored her and fixed his eyes on the black woman as she turned slowly on her heels bringing her body into profile, emphasizing the curving contours of her bottom and breasts, then baring her long back and shapely shoulders, finally turning full frontal and standing with one knee slightly bent and her hips sloping, arms carelessly draped at her sides.

He turned to the young slave. "Bend over and touch your toes. Keep your legs together while the black slave beats you."

The women looked at each other in despairing amazement.

"But I thought you wanted me for..."

"What you thought is of no importance. You will do as you are commanded. You will beat the slave girl until she faints. I expect to see no mercy and her arse well lashed."

The girl swallowed hard at the sight of the towering black woman and her powerful arms.

"She has done nothing to deserve a whipping," Africanus protested. "Can't you just fuck us both instead?"

"I fully intend to fuck you," he informed. "But seeing one woman beating another always gives me a greater erection, especially when I hear the victim screaming for mercy and see her pale arse turn red and hot."

He sipped from the goblet and eyed Africanus over the rim. Her belly fluttered at his dark smouldering eyes and she knew it would be impossible to resist his throbbing cock. If beating the girl was part of the bargain she wouldn't argue.

"You heard the master," Africanus snarled, curling her voluptuous lips. "Bend and touch the floor."

"Bind her ankles," Domitius ordered, tossing Africanus a length of cord.

She knelt at the slave's feet and bound the ankles tightly. Another length of cord dropped beside her.

"Knees," his gravely voice uttered.

Africanus tied the cord and knotted it at the backs of the girl's knees.

She stood up and a third length bounced into her chest, longer than the previous two.

"Tie one end around her neck and the other to her feet," he said giving an evil smile that made her go instantly wet.

“Yes master,” she bowed, bending to pick up the cord.

The girl visibly shuddered as the cord was wound around her neck and then tied into the ankle cord. She used what was left to secure the girl’s wrists and the young slave was held fast. Only her hips and shoulders were allowed any freedom of movement. Seen so expertly tied, her bottom and back utterly defenceless, her large breasts swinging beneath her chest Domitius was already hard. Africanus could see the shaft rising like a tent pole under his robe and shot him a knowing look. The quicker she lashed the slave the sooner his cock would be hard inside her fucking her witless.

“Take your time,” he told her. “I want to see the girl flogged and your black body sweating.”

“Yes master,” she nodded, understanding the effect her gleaming body was going to make on his throbbing cock.

The whip was more in the way of being a crop than an ordinary plaited whip. The handle was long and shiny, the rest a long supple cane of equal width from handle to tip. Africanus tapped the end in her palm and strolled casually around the girl flicking the end over the proffered rump. Domitius watched with glinting eyes as the gladiatrix slid the crop up the backs of the girl’s legs, going slowly from ankle to buttock and then tapping the end on her flanks. She slipped the length of the crop slowly through her buttock crease and played it all the way up her spine and around her slim shoulders. The girl sobbed at the awful agony of waiting and both tormentors saw her fingers and toes curling in terror. Her dark nipples had gone hard with fear and a tiny tremor shook her breasts. The only sound in the room came from Africanus’ feet as she stepped to one side and carefully raised the crop getting the measure of the first stroke and where it would land.

It came at full strength lashing across the girl’s bottom cheeks and the effect was devastating. The girl’s body jerked from the shock, her back and legs went rigid, her head threw back and now Africanus understood the reason for binding her. The rope leading from neck to feet went suddenly taut almost choking her. She gasped for air letting her head drop and bending over as much as she could to ease the tightening cord. No matter how severe the whipping she would have to remain perfectly still and endure whatever the black woman was intent on giving.

Africanus glanced furtively at Domitius and saw his robe had fallen open giving full view of his naked cock and she silently gulped at its length. Even from that distance she could see the shaft throbbing. She turned baring her back and buttocks, squeezing her cheeks and rolling her hips. She heard Domitius sigh and smacked the crop over the fat of the girl’s rump. She struck again lashing under each cheek, knowing that was precisely what he wanted to see. But the girl held still, keeping her legs stiff and fingers just touching her toes awaiting the next singing lash.

Africanus delivered the strokes with a steady measured rhythm, timing each one a couple of seconds after the last and landing them a fraction above the other until the pain was so intense the girl’s bottom blazed like an angry furnace. She wavered on her heels swaying her body weight to and fro and Domitius chuckled at her breasts now hanging full and ripe. Africanus’ body glistened, each muscle and curve shining in the lamplight. He watched the sweat running the length of her deeply indented spine and trickle through her arse crease. She stopped to wipe sweat from her eyes and wondered how much more the girl could take. Then, just as she was about to send the crop cracking over her rump a stream of urine coursed down her thighs. She sobbed and fell head over heels performing a perfect somersault. Her throat

reverberated from a warbling gurgle as the cord tightened around her neck. Africanus rushed forward and loosed the knots.

“She’s taken enough,” she said, tearing the cords from her knees.

“I don’t recall giving you permission to free her,” Domitius grated. “Neither did I hear her scream. You were supposed to make her howl for mercy. Both of you have failed.”

He was still hard at the sight of the naked sweating women and rose from his seat making his way to a pile of cushions.

“Straddle my cock,” he said lying amongst their silky depths.

Africanus stood over him legs apart whilst the girl gripped his cock holding it upright. The black woman bent her knees slowly lowering her bottom over his middle. Her back was straight as an arrow, her breasts thrusting from her chest. Domitius’ eyes were riveted on her nipples, pert and throbbing, and then he went breathless. Her knees spread outwards and he could see her slit opening. The girl aimed his cock into the gaping lips and then Africanus dropped like a stone, her weight thumping on his pelvis. She balanced on the soles of her feet rocking her bottom and thighs gently back and forth and Domitius didn’t know where to look first.

“By the Gods, there’s so much of you,” he gasped agog, her glistening skin oozing sweat.

Dimly she remembered her time in the Egyptian brothel and motioned the girl to her side. She sat patiently as the tall black woman reached behind taking her weight on outstretched arms. Her bottom wriggled over Domitius’ cock taking every inch he had to give. He uttered a cry of despair as she toppled backwards spreading her long legs as wide as she could.

“Now suck my tits,” Africanus breathed, baring her breasts at the astonished girl.

Her head bowed to Africanus’ nipples, her lips sucking hard on the erect teats. Her hand groped for the other breast and squeezed it between her fingers. The pain still throbbed hot in her bottom and Domitius gazed enraptured at the welts emblazoned across her cheeks. Africanus rode her master with devastating gyrations, her hips rising and falling, her belly creasing and thighs straining so hard the muscles went into hollows. Inside her cunt Domitius felt her vaginal walls opening and closing and had full view of her sex lips sucking on his shaft, but it was the sensation of the fluttering tendrils that had him groaning like an animal.

“Slap my belly,” Africanus abruptly hissed at the girl.

Blindly she reached out and slapped the quivering belly and Domitius’ heart almost stopped.

The instant the girl’s hand struck the vaginal walls clenched his cock from plum to root sucking it in deeper until his pubic hair grazed her lips. The girl slapped again smacking her palm over the navel then into the pit above the pubic ridge. Africanus’ cunt gripped hard and hot, her rippling petals caressing the shaft like fingers. Domitius had fucked hundreds of slaves in his life but couldn’t recall any with a cunt like the one now bringing him off. But just as he was about to shoot his spunk Africanus went limp. Her heels dug into the tiles and she lifted her hips slipping his length from her sex.

“Suck!” she croaked and the girl’s head plummeted to Domitius’ cock.

Her mouth swallowed his shaft taking in as much as her slim throat allowed, her head bobbing up and down and just when she felt the shaft tremble she jolted clear and speared the black woman’s sex. He was fully engulfed and felt again her hot

gripping cunt. The girl slithered over his chest squashing her mountainous breasts against him and he quickly reached for her arse fondling her pert cheeks. Suddenly he was drowning in hot feminine flesh, in a welter of legs, breasts and sex. Neither woman prevented him from coming or his spunk gushing into the black woman's belly. Her bottom slammed against his groin then suddenly lifted as the girl's head buried into his belly. She sucked the last of his juice into her throat and withdrew tossing him with her hand until the shaft wilted.

"You have exceeded my expectations," he said softly. "It seems you complement each other with your sucking and fucking. As soon I recover I think I'll have both your arses." He smiled lasciviously and patted the girl's bottom. "I'll have you both at the same time, now get on all fours. The black slave's first."

"If you fight as well as you fuck," he thought, placing his hands on Africanus' buttocks and opening her bottom hole, "you will make a good investment."

And the black woman gritted her teeth as his shaft sank deep into her arse.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The gladiatrices from Lebienu's ludus walked through the crowded streets hardly noticed by passers by, their ordinary work-a-day attire attracting little attention. Only a few drunks leaning against the doors of public hostelrys uttered ribald comments at the long legged beauties processing in single file. As a precaution a couple of armed guards followed in their wake but none of the women showed any desire to bolt. They were heading for the amphitheatre and the first day of their combat. A covered wagon rumbled past, its female occupants heavily chained and muttering vengeful curses at their fate. As with the gladiatrices armed guards followed its path, swords ready to cut down any of the slaves attempting escape.

At the entrance to the amphitheatre the gladiatrices paused to admire its massive construction and the myriads statues adorning the walls.

"I never knew anyone could build anything so big," Mercia wondered.

"You should see the Colosseum," Africanus remarked. "It's ten times the size of this."

They passed through a low arch and made their way into the basements. The gloomy subterranean chambers were alive with noise and confusion. Gladiators, sword smiths, armourers, slaves and black smiths hammered at forges and honed weapons, selected their armour and waited patiently for their turn to mount the steps into the arena. The guards ushered the gladiatrices to a vaulted chamber where Lebienu was already waiting.

"You have been contracted to Domitius," he informed them, lifting a sword from a bench. "You will be matched in accordance to his instructions. It is unlikely that you will be expected to fight to the death, but if the crowd wishes it, so shall it be. Understood?"

The gladiatrices nodded dumbly. It was all part of their training that death might await them sooner or later.

"Fight well and die with honour," he continued solemnly. "When you go into the arena bow to Domitius and raise your weapons in salute. If you are wounded and cannot continue the fight remove your helmets or drop your weapons then it will be up to the crowd and Domitius to decide your fate. Good luck and may the Gods favour you."

"Fuck me," Mercia muttered when he was out of earshot.

"It's what we're here for," Africanus said huskily. "If you take my advice don't be put off by anyone in the crowd, pay attention at all times and fight like wild animals. It's your only chance."

"Don't we even get to fuck before we go up there?" Asellina asked, looking at a burly gladiator baring his powerful chest.

He turned and looked in surprise at the women as did many others.

"Are you bitches going to battle each other?" he asked, raising his brows.

"That's the idea," Africanus told her stripping off her robe and tossing it to the ground. Naked except for a loin cloth she made her way to where the weapons and armour were piled and selected a short leather skirt. She fitted it snugly around her waist and tried on a pair of calf length boots. She fitted leather armllets over her forearms and walked bare breasted to the weapons, undecided what to choose.

Servilia stripped completely naked and ignoring the goggling men slipped into a skirt of thick leather plaits which did little to hide the bare buttocks beneath. She chose a short sword and shield and a wide brimmed helmet.

The other gladiatrices following their lead cast off their robes and put on skirts and breeches, leaving their breasts bare and chose their weapons. In the arena above the crowd could be heard gathering and cheering the first contestants.

"I've never seen women fight," the gladiator remarked, eyeing the black woman's naked torso. "And if you ask me it's a waste of good fucking flesh."

"If I win you can fuck me afterwards," Asellina quickly blurted.

He looked abruptly at his comrades who shrugged off their thoughts.

"I'll fuck you now," he said steering her into a darkened alcove.

Unashamedly she stood with her back to the wall as he lifted her skirt around her hips. His breeches fell with a hard thud to the flagstones and he penetrated her at once. She caught her breath and threw one leg around the small of his back pushing her sex onto his hardened cock. His hands went swiftly to her buttocks lifting her clear off the ground and then dropped her on his shaft. An arm went around Mercia's waist and guided her to a bench. One sweep of his arm sent the armour clattering to the floor and she was on her back in an instant, legs wide and sex gaping. The men looked at each other and then at the steps leading to the arena. There was just enough time. The four remaining gladiatrices quickly paired with whoever chose them and were as swiftly penetrated.

"Fuck me like an animal," Africanus croaked, grabbing the buttocks of the gladiator slamming his cock hard into her sex.

"You're going to live, you dirty bitch," he muttered, groping her ample breasts. "And when the games are over I'm going to fuck you sore."

Her hips bucked and humped as his cock rode into her sex. It was the same with the other women sweating and grunting like sows in heat as they fucked their partners oblivious of the wild looking female slaves herded into the holding cells.

"What's your name?" Africanus asked breathless as her lover erupted his spunk into her belly.

"Priscus. I am called Priscus from Germania," he told her giving her bottom a healthy slap.

"I'm Africanus and I'm going to have your cock," she grated, watching his massive organ slip from her dripping sex.

There was no time to exchange any more words as a trumpet blasted a fanfare announcing the next round of combat.

The women pulled down their skirts and tied their hair into tails. Armed and ready they stood in line at the foot of the steps.

"*May Nemesis bring me victory,*" Africanus prayed, but silently hoped she would not be fighting Servilia.

The gladiatrices shook hands and briefly kissed wishing each other good fortune and went slowly up the steps and into the sunshine.

Twenty thousand people leapt to their feet as the near naked women strode into the arena, some carrying helmets, others bare headed. All were armed with swords, shields and tridents, honed to deadly sharpness, the points glinting in the sun. They raised their weapons in salute ready for Domitius to match them, but just as he was about to speak another fanfare sounded and Poppea's slaves came sullenly through the arch.

"Who the hell..." Africanus muttered, looking at the slaves, completely naked except for tightly fitted leather thongs.

They raised their weapons, a collection of long whips split at the ends into four tails weighted with lead balls and bowed to Domitius shaking their bare bottoms and breasts. Poppea came grandly under the awning and seated herself on one of the

marble thrones reserved for dignitaries and sponsors of the gladiators. Domitius had no choice but to accept the situation for anyone willing to field the entertainers was legally entitled to a seat. They both stared at each other with glazed hatred but Lebienus couldn't help but admire her splendid legs and fine full breasts shimmering under her robe. Her nipples and areolas had been darkened and enlarged and showed tantalizingly through the thin material. A waft of sweet perfume drifted across his face and he smiled in admiration at her ingenuity. Only a woman could have pulled that off and he wondered what Domitius would do next.

He rose to his feet and the crowd fell silent.

"Noble citizens of Ephesus I am proud to present the gladiatrices of Lebienus and Poppea, the first to field women fighters in our great city. We witness the battle of the Amazons armed with sword and shield against the savage warriors of Xenia, queen of Persia armed with whips. Let the battle commence!"

Leila and Servilia closed the visors of their helmets and brought their shields to the front. Mercia and Camilla were armed with tridents and held them forward aiming the points at the opposing force. The rest of the women armed with short swords and shields adopted the stance of attack bending their knees and backs.

"I never saw so much arse and tit," a man in the audience remarked, going hard at the sight of naked breasts and buttocks.

It was the same throughout the whole arena. Every man was craning his neck at the sweating women feasting his eyes on their long legs and shapely hips, a sight not lost on either Poppea or Lebienus who swelled with pride and gloated over the thought of the money they were going to make. Domitius simmered with rage for he was legally bound as chief sponsor to pay compensation to both slave owners for their losses. He had already allowed for Lebienus' gladiatrices but now Poppea might well double the price and one way or another he would have revenge on that painted whore. Neptuna kept discreetly in the shadows well away from her former mistress. Ustane and Matiti were seated at the edge of the awning ready with plates of fruit and jugs of wine hardly able to look at the combatants below. Ustane had already ingratiated herself with her master and had been elevated to his principle slave but the death of her friend was not something she wanted to witness. Matiti offered up a prayer for Africanus' deliverance and averted her eyes from the sleek black woman leading the attack.

They advanced in line marching in step and keeping close together and the effect on Poppea's slaves was terrifying. Training in her yard was one thing, confronting well armed professional gladiatrices in the arena was quite another. Mirroring their opponents they kept together brandishing their whips and doing everything they had been taught to do. The trainer had told them to keep their eyes on the opposing force and never turn their backs. The whips were long enough to ensnare the arms and legs of the gladiatrices and all they had to do was get close enough but keep out of range of the edged weapons and shields. The line of Lebienus' gladiatrices came to an abrupt halt as each woman selected her opponent. For a heart stopping second a deathly hush descended over the arena broken by Africanus' word of command.

"Now!" she yelled and the gladiatrices charged in unison breaking their opponent's line and scattering them in frightened confusion.

Domitius concentrated on Africanus watching her every move. Her ebony skin shone in the bright sunlight as if she was of polished marble. But there was nothing inanimate about the way she fought. Used to battling against whips she kept her distance and the shield held high. Her opponent was tall and slim but hindered with

over-large breasts swinging heavily with every step. The crowd roared at the sight of them but Africanus ignored the wild cheering. One distracted moment could spell defeat and she moved in like a panther aiming the sword at the slave's chest. Out of the corner of her eye she glimpsed Mercia stabbing with the trident driving her combatant further from the main group. But there was no time to dwell on that as the whip tails sailed over her head. She ducked and they whistled in wide arcs and then she made her move. Quicker than the slave thought possible the sword lunged in an upper cut slicing a thin line across the slave's bare buttocks. The howl of pain made even the hardened Poppea wince and she began to wonder whether the trainer had been right after all. In the few minutes of combat it was clear that her troupe were no match for the gladiatrices and she saw Lebienus shoot her a sly nod.

"Bastard," she muttered, signalling for more wine.

The slave rubbed her cut bottom and came crashing towards the black woman lashing at anything she could strike. Again Africanus ducked but came up too fast and the whip lashed across her breasts. It was her turn to shriek when the lead balls ripped against her nipples now erect and firm. The whip returned at waist height wrapping around her hips the tail just flicking into her belly. A swift cut severed it and the lead balls carried the length of cord over her shoulder. The slave knew what remained was useless and quickly abandoned it. There was no chance now but to resort to using her fists and feet as if she were caught up in a tavern brawl. But that was how she fought best and she was good at it. A shower of sand cascaded into the black woman's eyes as her foot kicked forward rendering the black woman temporarily blinded. An opening occurred between sword and shield and she rushed in punching Africanus on her left breast. An ebony thigh quickly raised and the knee thumped into the slave's pubic mound. She buckled over and the rim of the shield slammed under her chin. Her body jerked upright and Africanus followed with the hilt of her sword ramming it hard into the slave's belly. Winded, she collapsed but not before the sword blade whistled at her head missing it only by an inch but slicing off a great lock of hair. The shield smashed against her shoulder and she went into a spin and hit the ground head first. Africanus knelt over her the sword tip poking at the throat.

"Kill the useless piece of shit," Poppea hissed.

"She fought well," Domitius acknowledged and gave the sign of reprieve.

Africanus rose to full height bowing to the cheering crowd. Her fight was over and she dutifully retired to the arena wall to watch the rest of the combat. Camilla had already disabled her opponent and was driving the points of her trident into the chest of the slave. The outer barbs threatened to dig into her nipples, the centre point struck her chest and she screamed surrender holding up her arm in defeat. Camilla withdrew her weapon and drove it hard into the slave's bottom piercing the wobbling buttocks and the audience broke into wild peels of laughter as she rubbed her bruised cheeks.

"Beat her!" Poppea growled and Domitius gave the signal.

Camilla used the shaft of her trident to deliver the blows sending it smacking over the slave's naked rump and not stopping until the buttocks were blazing red. She strolled to where Africanus stood and leaned against the wall wiping sweat from her brow.

"This is too easy," she grunted watching Asellina hacking at her slave.

"Plenty of time yet," the black woman cautioned, "look at Mercia."

The slave had seen how deadly a trident could be and was keeping well out of range but constantly encircling Mercia and lashing her whip across her exposed buttocks and hips. She was tall and agile and was using her long legs and nakedness to full advantage. Whenever the trident jabbed at her belly and breasts she jumped

back and swung her whip over Mercia's thighs. It wrapped around both legs and a sharp pull sent the gladiatrix tumbling.

"Excellent!" Poppea applauded, feeling now that her slaves were at last gaining the upper hand.

Like her companions the slave was more used to tavern room brawls than real combat and she rushed forward grabbing Mercia's hair. The pony tail was long and thick enough for what she had in mind. She held it tight dragging Mercia across the ground well away from the abandoned trident. Lebienus could see his gladiatrix hissing through her teeth and wincing at the pain tearing through her scalp but could do nothing but await the outcome. Mercia went suddenly faint and lay still, her eyes closed. The slave released the tail and lifted her arm in salute at Poppea who nodded her satisfaction.

"Watch this," Africanus said slyly her eyes squinting in the sun.

Camilla riveted her gaze on Mercia whose arms had spread wide over the earth. Lying as if crucified she waited until the slave was within reach and grabbed both her ankles jolting them from under her. Her body fell backwards long legs thrashing the air and Mercia suddenly leapt into life surprising the whole audience with her speed. She sat astride the slave grabbing her bare breasts and squeezing the soft abundant flesh until tears streaked down her cheeks. A vicious slap on her jaw left her stunned and Mercia raced for her trident. She aimed the three prongs at the slave's throat and gave a downward lurch.

Matiti who had gathered strength to watch the combat now that her mistress was safe clamped her tiny hand over her mouth in horror. The trident whistled past the slave's head and stuck in the earth but was as quickly retrieved. The handle flew in a circle and prodded between the slave's thighs. One rip tore the thong from her hips and she lay with her legs spread, utterly defenceless against the trident handle screwing into her sex. Her back arched flattening her buttocks into the sand.

"Never take anything for granted," Mercia taunted, as the slave's legs went rigid.

Lebienus smiled at the handle driving into Poppea's slave, each twist sending it a little deeper. The girl groaned from such deep penetration and brought her knees to her chest clutching at them as the handle now juddered hard inside her. Her head threw back at the orgasm mounting inside her belly. Her nipples went stiff and she gulped at the tingling spreading rapidly through her thighs and breasts.

"Come you whore," Mercia spat, angling the handle into the sex walls.

The audience loved that and urged Mercia on with wild guffaws. What might have been a noble fight to the death was now nothing more than humiliation of the defeated slave as she orgasmed in full view of her mistress and her rival now lovingly patting Neptuna's bottom cheeks. When the girl lay panting and gasping Mercia grabbed her hair and pinned it with her trident leaving her naked and wet in her own pool of sex juice.

"You never cease to surprise me," Africanus complimented as Mercia joined her. "Her cunt will ache for weeks."

Mercia was about to make a crude joke but stopped to watch Servilia finishing off her opponent.

It was over in minutes, Servilia had already moved in and one slash of her sword had disarmed her opponent. The next slash had sent the flat of the blade smacking across the girl's stomach, wounding her. The slave clutched her stomach and fell in a crumpled, writhing heap. Servilia removed her helmet and looked at the slave with disgust. It had hardly seemed worth the effort of battling her and she stalked off

without even bothering to salute. Asellina had got behind her slave and now had the sword blade across her throat. She was spared but Asellina put her boot into the slave's buttocks and sent her reeling. She hit the earth and crawled slowly away only to receive another kick which left her senseless. Only Leila remained but her opponent was not so easily disposed. She was tall and slim with pert almost girlish breasts but blessed with large areolas which seemed to cover half her tits. Her buttocks were tight and compact and she moved fast making good use of her whip as Leila's buttocks revealed. Through the eye holes in her helmet Leila's vision was restricted to less than half of what she might ordinarily have seen and the slave knew it. She leapt from side to side brandishing the whip catching Leila's buttocks and thighs and then moving out of her line of vision.

"Not bad," Servilia mused, giving credit where it was due.

Poppea watched her remaining slave with nothing less than embarrassment. She too had underestimated just how competent the gladiatrices were and all her troupe had been wiped out save the girl now coiling her whip ready for the next assault. Domitius had visibly relaxed and had Ustane seated on his knee whilst he stroked her thigh. At least none of the combatants had been slain or even injured which saved him a small fortune in compensation, but the crowd had loved watching near naked women battling and it augured well for the future. He stroked Ustane's bottom and sipped from his goblet smiling contentedly at the pair still fighting below.

Leila was clearly tiring from the repeated lashes descending on her naked bottom and back and her sword thrusts were clumsy and ill timed.

"What the fuck's the matter with her?" Asellina swore. "One cut would finish the bitch."

Africanus wasn't looking at Leila and the slave but at the gladiators assembling at the gate resplendent in their shining armour and powerful chests. Priscus had caught her attention and was looking back at her with undisguised lust. The black woman knew how to fuck and he was just as anxious to get his combat over and done with. The thought of riding her belly would have him fighting like a demon. After the combats had finished and the customary party held in their honour he would be the first to claim her. Africanus read his thoughts and shot him an inviting grin.

Servilia laughed softly and put her hand between her legs stroking her sex, looking hard at the gladiator who had fucked her. She knew he was hard and smiled as he adjusted his breeches.

"We've got some hard fucking to do when this is over," she whispered to Africanus, and Mercia chuckled in agreement.

"My cunt's wet already," she said, biting her lower lip. "How much longer are they going to be?"

Leila knew all eyes were on her and deftly brought her sword into play hoping to ensnare the whip. The tails sailed over her shoulders and wrapped around her breasts, the lead balls digging sharply into her nipples. The slave rushed behind her and pulled the whip tight squashing Leila's breasts. With fast movements of her hands she wound the whip into a plait and the balls crushed into the nipples. For a moment Leila was blinded with pain and tears and lashed wildly with her sword. She struck at nothing but air and felt the slave's knee pressing into the small of her back. An arm went around her neck and forced her back into an arc. There was nothing for it but to abandon her shield and sword and remove her helmet before the slave strangled her.

"Oh shit," Africanus muttered seeing the weapons drop from Leila's hands.

"Now she's fucked," Asellina grunted.

The helmet was heavy and solid with its wide brim and high crest and Leila was choking as her fingers wrestled with the straps. The arm around her neck was much stronger than it had appeared and was crushing her throat in its grip. She dragged the helmet from her head and swung madly behind striking the brim into the side of slave's jaw. The arm around her neck went slack and Leila turned cracking her fist under the slave's chin. She let go of the whip and staggered backwards but just managed to land her foot into Leila's sex.

"That hurt," Mercia said, clenching her jaw.

The gladiatrices watched helplessly as the slave dived for Leila's waist hurling her to the ground. Both women rolled over and over sand sticking to their sweating buttocks and backs. Leila reached out and grabbed the slave's hair ripping a tuft from her head. She rolled over and thumped her fist onto Leila's left breast, her other hand smacked into her stomach and Leila doubled up in pain. The slave bent over and was about to knock her unconscious but Leila got in first closing her mouth over the slave's breast. A shriek of pain reverberated around the arena as her nipple crushed between Leila's teeth. She bit as hard as she could and then cupped her hand into the slave's sex. Her fingers slipped inside the sex tunnel and lifted her bodily off the ground. The slave heaved at the pain and fell crashing on her belly. Leila was there at once getting between her legs and forcing them open splitting the pert buttocks. While she lay writhing on the sand Leila unwrapped the whip from her chest. She was on her feet now, one boot pressing into the small of the slave's back. The whip strokes fell thick and fast lashing into the buttocks the lead balls embedding into the arse crease, the tails welting into her haunches. The slave clawed at the earth and tried to raise herself up but Leila's boot kept her pinned. She used her full strength to beat her, delivering the strokes with measured slowness, going steadily from buttock to shoulder blades then rolled her over to her back. She landed a dozen strokes on her slim thighs, the last blow cutting into her sex slit. She dropped the whip and looked down at the sobbing slave. What happened next left the audience and gladiatrices gaping.

"You fought well," she whispered, hauling her opponent into a sitting position.

She knelt astride the whipped thighs and kissed her full on the lips. Her hand cupped the breast she had bitten and soothed the throbbing teat with her thumb. Then she helped her to her feet and both women bowed to Domitius.

"The gladiatrix has shown mercy," he said. "Reward them both with silver."

"What a crafty shit," Asellina fumed as they caught the coins he tossed.

"Brains over brawn," Africanus said dully. "That girl will go far."

The two women left the arena arm in arm heading for the gate, ignoring the glares from the gladiatrices and wild applause from the crowd.

"A splendid performance. I congratulate you, Lebienuus. Your women have served you well and I look forward to sponsoring them at the next bout. Have you considered matching them against beasts?" Domitius suggested.

"I haven't considered that," he said softly. "Perhaps in the future..."

They looked at Poppea who returned their looks with flushed anger. "I concede defeat," she murmured. "But next time Lebienuus will not be so fortunate."

A trumpet sounded heralding the entrance of the gladiators and the gladiatrices went below to soothe their aching limbs and await the return of their lovers their bellies aching for as much cock as the men could give.

The victory celebration was held in Lebienuus' villa, the tables laden with food and choice wines. The gladiatrices were freshly bathed and perfumed, their limbs

oiled and clothed in flowing robes. A bevy of naked slave girls welcomed the gladiators now wearing tunics of fine linen. Lebienus gave a short speech accompanied by Neptuna looking more womanly with her face painted and hair in ringlets. Ustane and Matiti were dressed only in short pleated skirts and it was their job to ensure the tables were replenished, tactfully ignoring the many hands fondling their buttocks.

“You promised you’d have my cock,” Priscus whispered, reminding Africanus of their earlier meeting.

“I want it now,” she said, seated on his knee, one arm around his shoulder. “I can feel you hard already.”

His cock prodded her thigh and she shuffled further into his groin. Even through her robe it felt hot and throbbing and for one fearful moment she thought she’d wet herself.

“Your cunt’s soaking,” he said going wide eyed.

His hand slipped around her front and groped her breast, thumbing the nipple and pinching it. He heard her catch her breath and her buttocks squeezed. She crossed her legs and her thighs flexed from longing. She put her hand around her hip and felt for his cock gripping the pulsating length in her fingers.

“I could make you come now,” she joked stroking his plum. “I can feel your balls are already loaded.”

“Make me come and I’ll flog your bum sore,” he threatened, lifting a goblet to her lips.

She drank deeply and belched. “I’d like that,” she teased winking at Servilia whose robe had fallen from her shoulders baring her breasts to the gladiator crushing her to his chest.

The atmosphere was heady with drunkenness and ribald humour, all the tension and fear of combat evaporating in wine and sex. Mercia was being led into the shadows by a powerful Nubian almost twice the size of her. Asellina and Camilla were seated on their lover’s knees getting loudly drunk, their robes tucked up around their naked thighs. Only Leila was absent but no one seemed to notice or care.

“What if I suck your cock right here?” Africanus suggested, laughing at Matiti as a gladiator suddenly threw her over his thighs and delivered a hard spanking on her pretty bottom.

“Only if you let me tongue your cunt,” he said with mocking severity.

“That’s a bargain,” she grinned, slipping from his knees.

She knelt in front of him parting his strong thighs and placing her head neatly between them. Feeling drunk and playful, she opened her mouth wide and snarled like a great cat, baring her teeth and gnashing them over his plum. For a moment Priscus almost jumped from the seat but then her soft mouth glided down the shaft, swallowing his whole length right to the back of her throat. Her tongue played around the plum wiggling like a lizard, flicking so fast the shining purple skin tingled. Her free hand cupped his balls and held them tightly in her palm. Priscus sighed contentedly and snatched a goblet from a passing slave girl. When she bent over to offer the tray he grabbed her hair and held her head rigid. His face buried in her cleavage and he sucked on her nipples whilst under his tunic Africanus worked her mouth and tongue over his cock.

“This is paradise,” he muttered, slapping the girl slave’s bottom.

Clearly Lebienus was well pleased with the day’s progress as well he might be because he was now twenty thousand aureas richer and with many more combats to come he would be more wealthy than he had ever dreamt possible. Discreetly he left

the goings on and took both Neptuna and Ustane upstairs to his private quarters revelling in his good fortune.

Africanus had almost sucked Priscus to orgasm when a voice boomed above the drunken din.

“We need some sport here. Bring in the defeated slaves!”

Africanus popped Priscus’ cock from her lips and was on his knees in a trice watching one of the gladiators dragging in two of Poppea’s slaves. They stood naked their buttocks still bearing the welts the gladiatrices had inflicted.

“Give them weapons,” a gladiator barked. “Let’s see how well they fight.”

One of the house slaves came forward and fastened shackles to their left wrists linked together by a length of chain. In their free hands he placed a stout cane and stood back awaiting the word of command. The slaves who were temporarily given to the victors by right of conquest looked fearfully at the splendid gladiatrices, the price of defeat all too evident on their faces as they stood naked before them.

“Let them fight blindfolded,” one of the gladiators suggested.

“I’ve never seen that done before,” Africanus remarked, intrigued at the idea.

Matiti padded softly across the floor carrying two lengths of silk and tied them around the slaves’ heads. The gladiator who had ordered the blindfolds took up his gladius and touched his finger over the point.

“They will fight in accordance with gladiatorial law,” he announced assuming the role of Master of Combat. “It will be my duty to see they fight well,” and he prodded the tip of the sword into the buttocks of the nearest slave.

She jumped at the sudden jab in her bottom and lashed out wildly with her cane. Her opponent shrieked as it caught her unawares smacking hard into her flanks and returned the blow with a vicious swipe landing on the slave’s ribs. The chain went taut and pulled at their wrists, they stumbled into one another slashing blindly at anything within reach. The gladiator hopped from side to side prodding and jabbing at their naked rumps. At each jab they jolted like puppets suddenly pulled on their strings and the audience collapsed in laughter. But there was nothing amusing on the slave’s faces their lips wincing at every blow. Neither of them had any idea where the next lash would strike and were defenceless against the whistling canes cracking on their naked skin. It didn’t help their mental state feeling the pointed sword driving them back and forth like cattle and hearing the wild guffaws from the audience urging him on. Now and then the canes collided in mid air and the slaves tumbled to the floor only to be seized by the hair and dragged upright again. Without warning Servilia came marching across the floor and kicked both slaves on their buttocks, her face red with drunken anger.

“Now fight you dirty whores!” she yelled snatching the sword from the astonished gladiator.

There was nothing playful about the flat of the sword smacking against their flanks and buttocks and even Africanus sucked her breath at the pain they must have felt.

“I bet she’s a real savage in bed,” Priscus joked and Africanus slapped his face.

“Any fool can torment a blindfolded whore,” she retorted crossing her legs and folding her arms.

Priscus grunted at her display of feminine jealousy. Why were women so fucking difficult he wondered and averted his eyes to the slaves. Their buttocks blazed from the repeated sword smacks and more welts were appearing on their breasts and thighs as the canes struck their targets. Servilia was beating them with the full

strength of her arm bringing it in a wide arc and landing the blade savagely on both buttocks. She stole a sly look at the men and could see the effect she was having. Her lover was as hard as a rock and was eyeing a pretty young slave girl. She knew from experience that when a man's cock is rampant he'll dip it anywhere and as the girl sidled up to him she rushed over and knocked her flat. The sword clattered to the ground and watched by the whole audience, she opened her legs and unashamedly straddled his thighs. Africanus couldn't help but smile when her hand went under her legs and guided his cock into her slit. Priscus wisely remained silent and slipped his arm around Africanus' waist drawing her close. The combating slaves were tiring, their wild slashing producing little interest now as the audience fell lovingly into each others arms. On the word of command they ceased beating each other and Matiti removed the blindfolds and chain. Their buttocks and bellies were crossed with welts and they rubbed the painful burning scars.

Africanus summoned one of them and told her to get on all fours.

"You want her fucked?" Priscus asked.

"No I don't," she replied surprising him with the negative. "I'm going to use her as a table."

The woman knelt still while a slave placed a tray loaded with meat and drink on her back. Africanus reached out and helped herself and gave the welted slave a hard slap on her tender rump.

"Even this shit has its uses," she hissed, still piqued at Priscus' earlier comment about Servilia.

"You need fucking," he said, knowing that a good stiff cock usually settles a woman's mind.

"Give it me now," she challenged, turning to face him. "If you're man enough."

He wasted no time in fulfilling that order and scooped her up in his arms heading straight for the nearest vacant couch. With masculine ferocity he ripped her robe in half tearing it down her front and wrenching it from her shoulders. She crashed on to her back and he threw her legs wide, his eyes glaring.

"You've asked for it, you loud mouthed bitch," he snarled, unused to be ordered about by a mere woman.

Africanus bucked her bottom from the sheer strength of his manic penetration filling her with one heave of his loins.

"Take it easy," she simpered, gulping at the length of his hardened erection.

Priscus had no intention of taking things easy. Fuelled with copious amounts of wine and anger he rode her hard, slamming his pelvis against the pit of her belly, corkscrewing her cunt with his cock. His hands went out and grabbed her breasts crushing the globes in his powerful grip. Already tears formed in her eyes but he ignored that and went on ramming his organ into her belly. When he thought he had punished her tits hard enough he reached under her knees and lifted them high over her head bending her body until her spine cricked. The soles of her feet locked over her head and her sex was open against his massive erection. His arm bent in a wide sweep and came slapping on her thighs and buttocks. He hit her as hard as his strength permitted and saw her teeth clenching from the shock.

"Why are you treating me like this?" she wailed but knew the answer.

"Your mouth is too big and you have too much to say for yourself," he snarled, slapping her flanks.

"I'm sorry, Priscus," she sobbed, creasing her belly from the cock pounding her soaking cunt.

“Too late for that,” he grunted, slapping under her buttocks. “You should’ve thought of it before you opened your gob.”

“I was only joking,” she excused lamely, rolling her eyes as his full weight bore down on her bent body.

“Liar!” And he grabbed her ankles forcing her legs further over her head.

From where Asellina was coupling, sitting astride her lover and joyfully cantering over his cock it looked as if Africanus was having the monster fuck of her life but she couldn’t see the tears of anguish streaming down her face. Priscus was riding her with a vengeance, penetrating her cunt until his balls grazed against her pubic curls. His fingers pinched her nipples and then he sucked on them rolling the blubbery teats between his teeth, biting until her eyes misted.

“Please stop,” she begged sobbing at her crushed teats. “I’ve taken enough. Please Priscus, I’m sorry.”

He stopped punishing her and drew back, slipping out from her slit, but before she could blink he dropped her legs and moved up her body, grabbing her head, he dragged it up and shoved his cock into her mouth.

“Now suck on that you bitch, maybe when your mouth’s full of cock you’ll stop jawing.”

He put one hand under her chin holding her face still and the other at the back of her head ramming her mouth to his balls. She almost retched at the amount of cock filling her throat but knew that if she failed to bring him off he would beat her arse raw. She closed her eyes and sucked up and down his throbbing length, fanning her cheeks in and out, sucking and blowing, licking at the plum and tickling it with the tip of her tongue, doing everything she knew to assuage his anger. Gradually it subsided and the hard lines on his face melted but his cock was still rammed to the back of her throat. She sucked until he came shooting his hot spunk into her belly. He grunted and drew back spattering her face and hair, chest and nipples.

“Now you can fetch me a drink,” he croaked, slapping the side of her face.

The slave was still on her knees but someone had ordered the other combating slave to sit on her back and hold up the tray. The gladiators were possessed of a wild sense of humour and the kneeling slave had her mouth stuffed with a banana and had another rammed up her bottom. The seated slave was drenched from a goblet of wine emptied over her head and breasts and an orange had been forced into her mouth. At least it made Africanus laugh and diffused the pain she had suffered from Priscus’ cock slamming hard inside her, but she still hadn’t reached her own climax and came softly back with a goblet.

“I want it again,” she pleaded. “Fuck me ‘til I come.”

He smiled at that and accepted the drink she offered, getting on her knees and looking lovingly at his rugged face. She could see scars of combat and went wet between her thighs. At last here was a real man, as powerful as Hercules himself, who fought for his life and the contrast with Lebienus who thought of nothing but money was deeply unsettling.

“You have a body like a cat,” he praised, sipping from the cup and playfully squirting the amber liquid into her open mouth. “And you fuck like a whore.”

Before she could utter a word he rolled her on her back and penetrated her belly but slowly now riding her with long powerful strokes and crushing her naked breasts to his chest.

“You’re so massive,” she whispered truthfully. “I’m being ridden by a stallion.”

And her thighs closed against his ribs and she smiled contentedly at the huge cock jabbing her womb.

CHAPTER EIGHT

She awakened not with Priscus' cock still embedded in her sex, but to a hand firmly covering her mouth. Servilia put her fingers to her lips motioning Africanus not to speak. The black woman nodded her understanding and quietly slipped from Priscus' arms. He grunted and rolled on his side snoring like a horse. Servilia tip toed out of the room with Africanus padding behind her.

"What the hell's going on?" she whispered, glancing over her shoulder at the confused tangle of drunken bodies.

"Lebienus is still asleep with his whore," Servilia rasped, shooting a furtive look along the passage. "The whole place is unguarded. See?"

Africanus peered across the training ground now beginning to lighten as dawn broke over the high walls. There wasn't a guard in sight and neither were any of the house slaves.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Servilia asked.

"What about Mercia and Asellina?" the black woman returned in a low whisper. "We can't leave them behind."

"There's no time." Servilia's voice was urgent now. Soon the house slaves would stir from their slumber and there would be no chance of escape undetected. "They're still asleep with their men. Africanus, it's now or never."

She trembled so much she looked as if she was on the verge of a fit. Escape had not seriously entered Africanus' mind, but now the opportunity was too good to miss. Over the horizon, Rome beckoned with an outstretched arm.

"But we're naked for fuck's sake," the black woman blurted. "We wouldn't even get to the end of the street."

Servilia hadn't thought of that, she was so used to being without clothes it seemed almost natural walking about baring her all. With that peculiar understanding born out of circumstance, they went silently back to the nearest pile of discarded clothes. A sleeping slave rubbed her eyes and looked blearily at the two women putting on robes. Servilia grabbed her head and thumped it on a table top. On the other side of the room Priscus groaned and for one fearful moment seemed as if he was rising. But he merely dropped off to sleep again and Africanus almost wet herself. They crossed the training ground like fleeing gazelles their long legs leaping over any obstacle in their paths and made it to the barred gate. It was locked.

"Now what the fuck do we do?" she swore nervously.

It was Servilia who solved the problem. Following in her wake Africanus raced along the outer wall and into Lebienus' private garden. The small door leading to the street was locked but the wall was not nearly as high as the one surrounding the gladiator's quarters. Servilia cupped her hands and Africanus stepped into them and grabbed at the parapet. One heave lifted her over the top and she grabbed Servilia's arm in her turn, hauling her up the masonry. Not speaking they tore along the deserted street and kept on running until they gained the main thoroughfare. This was the dangerous part and it took all their courage not to keep on running. They walked briskly but nodded and smiled at drunken men staggering back to their homes and early morning traders setting up their stalls. A troupe of soldiers clattered by, marching in perfect unison and again they smiled at the ribald comments thrown their way. They reached the forum and headed along the street leading to the city gate.

It was only when freedom was in sight they felt the first signs of fear, until then they had not noticed it, buoyed up as they were with the joy that comes from

escape. They had outwitted Lebienus and the guards and had gained the final gate to freedom but now their stomachs churned.

A clammy sweat broke under Africanus' arms. "I need a piss," she rasped, turning into a side alley.

She lifted her robe and squatted over the gutter drumming a jet of steaming urine onto the cobbles.

"Hurry for Jupiter's sake," Servilia shivered looking fearfully at the traffic rumbling through the gate.

Africanus squirted the last drops and stood up smoothing her robe. She patted her braids and together they walked casually under the arch joining the throng heading into the countryside. No one seemed to pay any attention to the two women walking in step taking longer strides now, their shoulders back and arms swinging.

"Hey! You!"

"Keep going," Servilia hissed, ignoring the man dismounting from his horse.

"I said, stop!"

The women halted as he strode up to them hand on the hilt of his sword. He was in full armour and bore the insignia of a centurion. Not a man to argue with.

"And where might you two beauties be going at this hour?" he inquired, leering at the nipples poking through the robes.

"We are freed women on our way to the villa of Julia Antonius," Servilia invented.

His brow knitted. It was not a name he knew.

He moved closer, eyeing the robes sucking into their bum creases.

"Who freed you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Lebienus Petronius," Africanus said and Servilia swallowed at her nerve.

He didn't know that name either but was half convinced she was telling the truth. "I'm going as far as Antellium and if it's on your way you can ride with me." His lips twisted into a harsh grin. "A ride for a ride, eh ladies?"

They looked at each other and nodded their assent. If they refused now he might ask for proof of their freedom and neither wanted to end up in the arena as beast fodder, the usual penalty for runaway slaves.

The centurion mounted his horse and both women clambered behind him sitting astride the animal as it trotted along the high road their breasts bouncing and wobbling at every jolt. Peasants and traders gazed in wonder at the bare lengths of thigh revealed in the breeze but kept their peace. They rode for a full two leagues before the rider halted at a wayside inn. Saddle sore and thirsty the women dismounted and hobbled to a table. The city had vanished over the horizon but still they wouldn't feel safe until they were alone again. He bought bread and wine and generously allowed them to fill their grumbling guts before ordering them back onto the horse. It was getting dark when they reached the town of Antellium and lamps were lighting in the houses. They rode under a low arch into a courtyard and all three dismounted. The landlord of the inn bowed low and showed little surprise as the soldier ushered the women upstairs and into a room. It wasn't his business if a man had two women to wile away the dark hours. He sent up food and drink and accepted the coins the soldier placed in his palm. He would personally see that they were not disturbed. He gave them time to eat and drink and went quietly into the adjoining room and in the darkness settled on a stool peering through a small hole puncturing the brickwork.

"A ride for a ride," the centurion reminded the women and unbuckled his armour.

The landlord pressed his eye to the bricks and saw the women peeling off their robes and almost fell from the stool. He couldn't make up his mind which was the more beautiful, the tall black woman with huge tits and large succulent nipples and thighs that could crack walnuts, or the paler one with tight bum cheeks and splendid hips.

"I'll take you first," the centurion said, ordering Africanus over the bed end.

Dumbly obeying she bent over placing her hands on the pelisse and spreading her long legs wide. Her breasts swung heavily and the landlord uttered a muted whistle. He'd spied on many an itinerant whore in that room but couldn't remember seeing such a magnificent looking mare. In the lamplight her skin seemed to shimmer and he saw her nipples suddenly blossom from her breasts as the centurion aimed his hardened cock into her gaping slit. She grunted when her sex lips parted from the throbbing organ now plunging into her belly. He was right in her so deep his balls rubbed against her pouch. His hands reached forward and grabbed her hips urging her bottom into a steady rocking motion, pulling her on and off his cock.

"Fondle my balls," he ordered Africanus who reached under her legs and gently squeezed. He groaned and turned to Servilia waiting patiently for her turn. "Kneel beside me and open your mouth," he told her, slamming hard into the black woman's sex.

The landlord gulped at what happened next. Servilia knelt at his side her face close to Africanus' flanks her mouth open and willing - so far everything had gone much better than she had ever imagined. It was worth swallowing his spunk to be free. The centurion withdrew his cock now slicked with Africanus' cunt juice and plunged it into Servilia's mouth. His hand went quickly to the back of her head holding it firmly as she rode his cock. She was good at sucking and knew how to use her tongue. The landlord could see her cheeks bulging and hollowing as her head bobbed up and down getting faster and then slowing almost to a halt as she played her tongue into the eye of the cock. Her fingers pinched the base stemming the flow of spunk and he went straight back into the black woman driving so hard she nearly crashed over the bed. Servilia smoothed her palm over his thumping buttocks and whispered the filthiest of obscenities she could think of. He laughed at that and playfully slapped Africanus' bottom. She reached under her legs and bobbed his balls on her fingertips but then Servilia got behind him and, crouching under his legs, sucked his balls into her mouth. Only professional whores could fuck like that and the landlord wondered where the soldier had picked them up and more importantly where they were headed. He took his eye from the hole and mopped sweat from his brow. His eye pressed against the hole just in time to see Servilia worming her index finger into the soldier's bum. Africanus was grunting like a pig and bouncing her bottom against the soldier's belly so fast the buttocks wobbled and rippled. Her breasts were swinging slowly under their own weight and the landlord could see her nipples hard and erect. The other woman had withdrawn her finger and was kissing and nibbling the soldier's arse cheeks, and then he was out of the black woman and forcing his cock into Servilia's throat. But his hand was not idle and he rubbed his palm over the black woman's sex pouch at the same time fingering her slit and tickling her sex bud. She caught her breath and her legs went rigid and the landlord's throat went dry in disbelief. It just didn't seem possible that a woman could have a pair of legs that long or such a magnificent arse. Again he wondered who they were. Women like that were as rare as shit from a statue. They had to be whores but from his experience women from that profession were hard faced and mercenary. These, it seemed, were genuinely enjoying fucking and fondling the man and up to now hadn't been paid a

brass coin for their services. That made him think. He had seen all sorts pass through the inn; escaped criminals, forgers, beggars, cheats of every sort, wandering whores one wouldn't touch with a spear let alone dip one's cock into. These were certainly not the latter. They were in too good condition and had been well fed. Maybe they were just a couple of well heeled women out for their jollies with some soldier of rank. But still something was missing and he couldn't quite work it out...yet.

"Spread your arse cheeks," the soldier's voice grated through the wall.

The landlord's cock throbbed at what he at first thought was pure imagination. But no. His eyes were not playing tricks. The black woman was having the centurion's cock up her arse and she was now lying bottom up over the bed end her hands on her cheeks pulling them apart. She'd had a few cocks up her bum hole, of that the landlord was convinced. He'd had a slave that way once and the little bitch howled and groaned like a stuck pig but this woman was taking his whole length without the slightest murmur. Her hips revolved in circles, rising and falling from the small of her back, the cheeks going tight on his cock and then releasing it so he could ram harder into her bum. The other woman was fingering the black woman's slit pushing her fingers in deep and twisting her wrist until sex juice dripped from her cunt. Suddenly the centurion juddered his pelvis and slapped the black woman's arse so hard she yelped at the stinging pain. His legs went stiff and he leaned back groaning like an animal. He came into her but just as his balls almost emptied whipped his cock from her arse and thrust into the other woman's mouth. She grimaced at the smell of the black woman's arse but had no hesitation in swallowing his spunk. All three of them collapsed on the bed; the soldier on his back with the black woman now sucking his still hard cock and the other woman burying her head between the ebony thighs.

"Is our part of the bargain fulfilled?" the black woman asked, tossing spunk from the soldier's cock.

"You've earned your ride," he admitted as both women nestled into his side. "Who is this Lebienus Petronius who freed you?"

"A merchant from Catallia. We won our freedom at a game of dice," Africanus said dreamily, stroking his balls.

The landlord's ears pricked up. No man in his right senses would grant freedom to such a pair of slaves who could pleasure a man like that, and never on a game of chance. The lamp in the room sputtered and went out and the landlord was left only with the sounds of grunts and groans and tittering laughter. He crept downstairs and summoned the inn slave with instructions to ride to Ephesus on the promise of silver if his instructions bore fruit.

In the morning the centurion fucked both women again and without bothering to even bid farewell galloped off to join his regiment with yet more tales of ribaldry.

"What the fuck is that?" Africanus asked at the small leather purse Servilia brought out from under the pillow.

She unbuckled the flap and tipped out a shower of coins. "There must be at least a hundred sestertii!" she gulped.

"But how...?"

"When he got up for a piss I robbed him," Servilia announced proudly.

"But what if he misses it? I mean we'd be dead meat."

"We'll have breakfast from that bald headed old bastard downstairs and be on our way. We'll cut across country and get lost in the hills. I know people there who will take care of us for a while until the heat cools."

Africanus had to admire her craft. That artful bitch could tumble into a sewer and come out smelling of lavender. They dressed quickly and went downstairs, ordering breakfast and sitting in the shade of an olive tree. A mounted slave thundered to a halt and went speedily to his master babbling like an idiot. The landlord ushered him out of earshot and plopped two steaming plates of mutton stew and apples on the table.

The women bolted their food like ravenous wolves and Africanus joked that fucking was hungry work. The landlord presented them with a free jug of wine and told them he wished that he were thirty years younger. The women politely laughed and drank their fill. They got up, staggered like drunks and hit the flagstones; unconscious.

The cellar was dark and dank, lighted from above through a small barred window, admitting just enough light for the women to see they had been stripped naked and firmly chained. They lay side by side, their wrists manacled to each other and their ankles secured with chains to a heavy stone with an iron ring in the top. A length of tarred rope had been wrapped around their necks which in turn had been bound to length of timber.

"It was the wine," Africanus muttered shifting uncomfortably on the stinking straw. "The bastard drugged us."

"I should've known," Servilia sighed. "No landlord gives away anything."

They looked up at the sound of approaching footsteps and felt suddenly vulnerable in their nakedness. They covered their bare breasts with their free arms and watched the door creak open.

"Oh, you're awake," the landlord said cheerily. "I trust you slept well."

The women said nothing but eyed him with undisguised hatred as he dropped his bulk onto a crude stool. He regarded them for some moments feasting his pig eyes on their naked thighs. Then he caught hold of Africanus' big toe and wiggled it.

"I know who you really are," he grinned, coming straight to the point. "Lebienus Petronius, a merchant indeed. He is offering quite a reward for two runaway slaves; a tall beautiful black woman and the other with a birthmark on her bum. I could see the black woman right enough, but just to be sure I took a good look at your bare arse my dear and I must say that birth mark does you credit."

"What do you want?" Servilia hissed, looking into his cold grey eyes.

"You for a start," he chuckled. "And your friend. But first we must discuss business." He folded his podgy hands over his fat stomach and licked his fleshy lips. "You know as well as I do that I could hand you over and collect my reward and you'll be fresh meat for the beasts by sundown. But that would be such a waste of good fucking flesh. Wouldn't you agree?" The women remained motionless, a sinking feeling chilling their bellies. "So I have a proposal. You will stay here under lock and key, not in the cellar of course but in a special room built for the purpose of fucking, and that's just what you're going to do, fuck your sweet little arses day in and day out until you've earned the price of my silence. Uh, shall we say ten thousand sestertii? I think that's fair."

"What!" Servilia blurted. "It'll take years to earn that!"

He did a quick mental calculation adding the sums on his fingers. "Not if you each get through thirty men a day. I would say about two years. It's worth that wouldn't you say, not to be ripped apart in the arena. Of course if you can't manage it..."

"We can manage," Africanus sighed.

“You can lessen the time by having men up your arse,” he suggested. “I shall charge double the rate for the pleasure of bum fucking you. And you,” he said facing Servilia, “are good with your mouth. A belly full of spunk will knock a few weeks from your time.”

“You shit!” Servilia spat.

“You call me a shit? Very well. I’ll not settle for anything less than fifteen thousand perhaps then you’ll learn to silence your tongue.”

He reached out and stroked Africanus’ thigh and then patted Servilia’s belly. “I’ll leave you for a while to think it over. If my proposal is not to your liking I can have you both delivered to your lawful master by sundown. Good morning ladies.”

And he got up and bowed locking the door behind him.

“It’s all my fault,” Servilia sobbed. “If you hadn’t listened to me...”

“I’d still be back there fighting for my life with those whores,” Africanus interrupted.

She leaned over and kissed Servilia’s cheek who returned the gesture with a gentle squeeze of her breast. “Don’t worry my love, we’ll find a way out this shit hole.”

But chained and fettered in the cellar she couldn’t think how.

After what must have been several hours, they heard the key in the door and the landlord stood in there, looking down at them.

“Have you thought it over?” he asked, barring the door with folded arms.

He eyed them through his pig eyes staring malevolently at the naked women.

“We’ll do as you ask,” Africanus muttered.

His horrible face brightened and he immediately set about freeing them. It would have been easy to have knocked him cold but common sense told them that he would not have left the passageway unguarded. He led them upstairs to the room where they had fucked the centurion and again barred the door with his bulk.

“You’ll start earning your keep tonight. A cohort of infantry is passing this way so if I were you I’d get some rest. You’re going to need it.”

He closed the door but left it unlocked and the women open mouthed in shock. A cohort, all of five hundred men, it just wasn’t physically possible that they could take on so many, but Servilia knew of an Ephesian tart who had once fucked three hundred men for a bet...and won. Africanus flopped on the bed listening to the soft footfall of approaching steps. A middle aged woman shuffled into the room carrying a stone jar in one hand and a pot in the other.

“Master says, I’ve got to grease your cunts,” she informed them crudely. “So on your backs and legs open. If you struggle the master says I’ve permission to beat the pair of you.”

Africanus glanced quickly at Servilia. It wouldn’t take much to overpower her. One good smack on the jaw would be enough. It was Africanus who made the first move. She opened her legs wide and waited until the woman knelt between them her fingers covered in grease. Without warning, she suddenly swung her thighs around the woman’s waist crushing her ribs until she gasped for air. Servilia hit her on the side of her head and she slumped over the black woman’s belly. They ran naked along the passage but found the stairway blocked with a closed door. They turned and ran back past the room where the dazed woman lay and up a narrow flight of stairs which led to a windowless room piled high with household debris. They back tracked going along another passage and found another flight of steps descending haphazardly into a long chamber piled with armour, some of it new and expensive.

“Where in hell did all this come from?” Africanus wondered seizing a sword.

Servilia picked up a dagger briefly admiring its workmanship. But there was no time to waste and they rushed out of the room and through a low door. The male slaves looked up at the women but remarkably paid them little heed as if they were used to seeing armed naked women rushing madly about the place. Instinctively Africanus knew something was wrong and they turned and headed back up the staircase. On the landing they halted looking totally baffled.

“That fucking door wasn’t there just now,” Servilia swore trying the latch of a stoutly studded door.

Walking slowly now, they headed along the only corridor open to them and entered the narrow passage leading to their room. The woman was standing in the doorway flanked by two enormous slaves rippling their chest muscles and eyeing the women from head to toe.

“Drop those weapons and get inside,” she said almost spitting blood at the sight of the gladiatrices.

The sword and dagger fell from their hands and they filed miserably into the room.

“On all fours,” she said to Africanus. “And you get over her back. That way I can beat you both at once and when I’ve finished your arses will be twice their sizes.”

Africanus knelt on the floor and Servilia placed herself over her back. The guards leaned idly against the door jamb delighting in the splendid display of so much naked flesh. The woman rolled up the sleeves of her work tunic and swished a long cane in her palms. Not one for wasting time she got to work at once lashing with demented fury, first at Africanus’ bare rump and then over Servilia’s back and buttocks.

“Now let’s see if you learned obedience,” she said in between the strokes. “The master likes his women to be obedient and it’s my job to teach it.”

She gave Africanus’ rump twenty lashes delivered at astonishing speed from so small a frame, and the same amount on Servilia’s bottom. Both women were sobbing when she ordered them onto their feet. In their time as slaves they had suffered many a beating but couldn’t remember receiving one so fast and hard. The cane had bitten deep into their soft ample flesh and the woman had known exactly where to strike, sweeping the cane upwards under their arse cheeks and then lashing on the full roundness of their buttocks, but deliberately avoiding punishing their open slits.

“Have you learnt your lesson?” she grated, prodding the bellies of both women.

They nodded and wiped away the stinging tears. The guards looked on, equally amazed at how so slight a woman could quickly reduce two taller and more powerful women to blubbing wrecks.

“Now get back to where you were and open your legs,” the woman barked tossing the cane over her shoulder. She turned to the guards smiling like a she wolf. “I don’t think I need your assistance. Get out!”

The men shrugged and reluctantly left the room hearing the door banging shut behind them.

“You stupid bitches,” the woman grinned, sweeping her palm into the grease jar. “No one ever escapes the inn. Now keep still and take a deep breath...”

Africanus’ eyes rolled in their sockets and her whole body shivered from thousands of pins and needles tingling her sex. A burning sensation started in her

belly and her bottom writhed over the pelisse. She clutched at the sheet tearing it to shards with her fingernails.

“What have you done to me?” she wailed now rubbing her pubic mound.

The woman smiled grimly. “You’ll see all in good time.”

She turned to Servilia and shoved her greasy fingers inside her then scooped a palm full and rubbed it all over her labia laughing like a hyena as her bottom bounced off the bed. She returned to the black woman still catching her breath and rubbed the grease over her breasts not stopping until the whole of both globes were smeared. She pinched the throbbing nipples and smoothed more grease over the teats.

“Your customers will love sucking those hard buds,” she observed, pausing to admire the erect nipples.

She slapped more generous handfuls over Servilia and then summoned one of the inn slaves, a demure girl who visibly cringed in her presence.

“Tie their wrists and ankles to the bed,” the woman commanded.

The gladiatrices were in too much pain to offer even the slightest resistance as the girl swiftly obeyed. When the women were firmly tied the slave bowed so low her forehead bumped her knees and she was gone as silently as she entered. The woman cocked her head on one side and gazed at the spreading thighs. There was enough grease for what she had in mind and the women watched through a haze of tears as her hand plopped on their thighs, greasing them from knees to sex crease. She wiped her hands on the bed sheet and opened the small pot. She placed it between Africanus’ lips and tipped half its contents down her throat. Leaving her gulping, she went to Servilia and emptied the rest clamping her hand over her gasping mouth just to make sure she swallowed it all.

“All done,” the woman said cheerfully and giving vent to a high pitched laugh ambled out of the room.

The women lay in choking silence staring up at the cracked ceiling. The burning sensation began to subside and in its wake came a curious chilling feeling. Their nipples were still burning and their breasts seemed to be swelling from their chests. But it was in their sexes that the grease was most ardently felt. It was Servilia who first reacted. Her arms and legs strained at the bonds and she lifted her bottom moving her hips with a slow undulating motion.

“What has that witch done to us?” she croaked, her tongue hanging from her mouth. “My cunt’s throbbing.”

Africanus looked down at her nipples and gaped. The whole areola had doubled in size and was swelling from her breast. The agony in her sex was unbearable and her toes curled into the ropes.

“I want fucking,” she breathed. “My cunt’s itching for it.”

She choked back a sob and looked at Servilia whose face was flushed red. Her lips had parted and her chest heaved from heavy breathing. Her bottom shifted over the sheet and Africanus could see the buttocks clenching.

“I’ve never wanted cock as much as I do now,” she sobbed.

“Your wish is granted,” said the landlord, ushering a couple of officers into the room, the advance guard of the approaching cohort.

For a moment they stared at the naked women writhing desperately, their whole bodies in motion. Every sinew and muscle seemed to flex and harden at whatever was taking place in their bellies.

“Please, fuck us,” Africanus pleaded as the men unbuckled their breastplates.

“They are yours until the rest of your men arrive,” the landlord advised. “And afterwards please feel free to eat and drink as much as you may require. Fucking these delightful whores is going to be thirsty work, eh gentlemen?”

They had stripped naked even before he closed the door, their cocks were hard and rampant. The landlord stole to his spy hole and pressed his face to the wall. The men were there at once ramming their cocks between the trembling sex lips and feasting themselves on the huge throbbing tits.

“Fuck me till your balls drop off,” Africanus sighed, bucking her hips at the shaft gliding effortlessly into her cunt.

Behind the wall the landlord smiled knowingly. By morning both women would be fucked rotten and still begging for more, and he watched as Servilia struggled at the ropes, her anonymous lover pounding wildly between her sweating thighs.

“That grease made me fuck like a rabbit,” Africanus grunted, splashing water between her legs.

“I knew it the moment my cunt throbbed,” Servilia rejoined, going to a mirror and looking at her ravaged face.

The slave girl had come in the moment the last man departed and had loosed the ropes. Exhausted from so much riding the women slept until mid afternoon and awoke to the joyful sound of birdsong. Their eyes were heavy and dolorous from lack of sleep and their hair had gone into a tangled mess.

“We look like a couple of whores,” the black woman observed gloomily, sweeping braids from her face.

Servilia carefully washed her bruised sex, the labia still puffy and swollen. Her bottom was sore where it had jerked and humped from hours on end. Africanus’ nipples had been sucked raw but were still sprouting from her breast. The effect of the grease had still not worn off and she stroked her sex lips gasping at the sudden heart throb pounding against her ribs.

“I can’t believe I still want it,” Servilia whispered, flicking her thumbs over the distended teats.

They had lost count of the number of cocks they’d sucked but there was no denying the stale essence of spunk lingering on their tongues. They sat together on the bed which creaked under their weight and ate from the bowls of porridge left by the slave girl. The air in the room was heady from the smell of sweat and the peculiar odour that seems to emanate from ancient buildings.

“We made fools of ourselves yesterday when we tried to escape,” Africanus reminded her companion.

“No we didn’t,” Servilia argued. “We weren’t to know there were doors everywhere. This place is a prison. I wonder where all that armour came from?”

“We’re not the only ones that bald headed old pig has robbed. He steals from the men and has the women fucking like stoats.” She belched and tossed the bowl across the room in disgust. “There has to be some way out of here because if we don’t find it our cunts will look like horse collars by the time they’ve finished with us.”

“I think that fat heap of shit will sell us back to Lebienus anyway,” Servilia said, getting up and stretching her arms.

“Or sell us as slaves,” Africanus added. “I need a piss,” she said, looking out of the door.

Servilia joined her and they padded along the passage looking into the various rooms now deserted but retaining a distinctive sexual odour.

“This will do,” she said, spotting an empty pot in one of the rooms. They took turns to relieve their swollen bladders and feeling much better looked out of the window at the distant hills seeming so easy to reach if only they were free. Somewhere overhead a door opened and closed. Unseen footsteps scampered down a staircase and a bolt shot into its hasp.

“This place makes my flesh creep,” Servilia muttered as they headed back into their room.

They flopped on the bed and fell into a slumber only to be awakened by the woman prodding their bellies with her cane.

“It’s time for your medicine,” she leered, holding up the jar.

“Not again!” Africanus protested, sitting up and eyeing the jar.

“One good greasing every day,” she sang poking Servilia’s bottom.

“My cunt’s still sore from last night,” Servilia argued. “You can’t expect us to have another dose.”

“I see,” the woman nodded menacingly. “I thought I might have trouble from you two. It’s written all over your faces. Longinus!”

He walked slowly into the room his face filled with grim purpose. Stripped to the waist and wearing only a pair of coarse, hide breeches he resembled an ape more than a man. Half his body was covered in thick, matted hair and his muscles seemed of stone.

“Deal with them,” the woman said sharply.

He seized both women by the hair and hurled them bottom up over the bed. He used his feet to kick their legs open and then got swiftly between them pressing his paws onto the small of their backs. Knocked breathless the women felt a great gob of grease smacked into the join of their legs and then a hand rubbing it all around their labia. Slim, claw-like fingers crooked into their sex tunnels wiping grease all around the vaginal walls and over the clits. Another handful slapped on their buttocks and was smoothed into the arse creases.

“Turn them over,” the woman said bluntly.

Longinus’ arms gripped under their waists and spun them on their backs. They watched grimacing at the grease being rubbed into their breasts and nipples and over their belly mounds.

“In half an hour you’ll be ready for more cock,” the woman laughed.

“I think they’re ready now,” Longinus muttered, loosening the thong around his breeches.

The women watched in horror as he stood naked displaying a massive erection. They could see that there was no arguing with that and closed their eyes wondering who he would jump first.

“By the Gods,” Africanus gulped feeling as if her sex was splitting at the huge organ spearing her belly.

But the sharp pain of penetration lasted only a few seconds and he started riding her with surprising calm, taking his time and graciously taking his weight on outstretched arms, not crushing or stifling her under his enormous chest. Her sex lips softened around the shaft of his cock making it wet and just touching his pubic hair.

“Lovely,” he grunted, feeling her wetness soak against his balls.

“Oh yes,” she chirped as her clit touched his shaft.

He was so large around the girth she felt his veins rippling and throbbing and already, heightened by her arousal the grease was doing its work. Her sex tunnel contracted and squeezed, the tender petals caressing his length and they both broke into a steady rhythm, Africanus undulating her hips in time with his thrusting pelvis.

The woman watched them, once or twice glancing at the spy hole but convinced it was vacant. She heard the black woman's sex sucking in long pulls at his cock urging him to ride deeper. Her face glowed with longing, her eyes rolling in their sockets and her mouth open and gasping. His great shaggy head lowered to her breasts clamping his mouth over her nipples sucking each one in turn and not stopping until she groaned with ecstasy. Her legs lifted opening as wide as they could and with one graceful movement locked over his back. Her arms went around his shoulders hugging his hairy chest to her squashing breasts. His body was nothing but solid muscle and his hands could have crushed her skull if he had wanted to, but instead he reached under her bottom smoothing her buttocks and pinching at the tops of her thighs.

"Rides well, don't he?" the woman suggested to Servilia who was now trembling with jealousy.

"I think you need it," she said, stripping off her skirt and tunic.

Her body was lithe and slim but not unattractive with its slender calves and thighs, narrow hips and pert breasts. She slid between Servilia's legs and began squirming her hips forcing her sex mound to graze against the throbbing labia. She laid full over her, wriggling her body like an eel and nibbling hard on Servilia's nipples.

"Suck my fingers," she whispered forcing three fingers into Servilia's mouth.

She sucked hard drawing them in to the knuckle and feeling the tips bobbling against her tongue. Servilia did not struggle as the woman placed her hand on her thighs opening them still wider until her slim body rode effortlessly over the plumper belly. The woman slipped her fingers from the wetted mouth and cupped her small shapely breast.

"Suck my tits," she commanded breathlessly, guiding her pink nipple bud into Servilia's mouth.

The nibbling teeth biting into the tender bud drove the woman wild. She let out a howl and smacked her bottom up and down bruising Servilia's sex with her own wiry pubic hair. Using her toes as levers she dug them into the bed and juddered into Servilia's groin. She did everything a man could do short of penetrating her. She kissed her lover's face worming her tongue into her throat, pinched the erect nipples, reached under her thumping belly and fingered the grease-coated sex lips. Servilia groaned as the fingers touched her clit and her bottom jerked upwards almost throwing the woman to the floor, but she clung like a limpet grinding her sex until the skin rubbed sore.

Beside them Longinus was giving Africanus his full strength, flexing his powerful thighs and raising her bottom with the sheer length of his cock. Inside her belly the tip of his plum nudged into her womb and she thought she had died at the immense power of his thrusting. Her legs were still wrapped over his back and he was now slapping her flanks as if riding a mare. Just as she was about to orgasm he put his arms under her shoulders lifting her bodily off the bed. He rested on his calves seating her upright on his cock.

"Whooh!" she gulped. "You're in so deep!"

Her bottom rested on the root of his cock and she rocked back and forth impaled on the shaft embedded almost into her belly. Her breasts squashed against the mat of hair on his chest but were strangely soft as he now bounced her up and down, lifting her high enough to suck her teats and then dropping her so fast her head span at the shock. His hands gripped her waist and she marvelled at how easily he lifted her.

Then he rolled backwards carrying her tight to his torso, keeping her in position until she lay over him still impaled.

“Now ride me you sweating bitch,” he growled staring at her through dark smouldering eyes.

Yet despite his roughness there was nothing dangerous or threatening, it was all sex, hard and strong, their bodies soaked with sweat and slithering against each other’s skin. He slapped her bottom hard but the stinging pain was sweeter than any lover’s lingering kiss.

“Beat me,” she wailed. “Slap my arse!”

He went on smacking with the flat of his hand and she rode like a wild animal, blasting air and mucus through her nostrils, dribbling from her panting lips until at last they both reached their climax. He flooded her sex with spunk until it flowed from her in a hot stream mixed with her own creamy juice. They lay gasping and groaning all energy spent. Beside them the woman and Servilia lay quietly in each other’s arms having already come together and were now tenderly kissing and fondling their breasts. An unnatural peace descended over the room broken only by contented grunts and whimpers.

Below, the landlord continued to ply the soldiers from the cohort with yet more wine wondering what was keeping the woman who should have reported long ago. He excused himself and went upstairs peering into the room seeing four naked bodies entwined in a confusion of twisted limbs.

“The customers are waiting,” he growled at the woman but tactfully ignored Longinus.

She slipped from Servilia’s arms and for the first time since the gladiatrices had set eyes on her saw real fear in her eyes.

“Let her alone,” Longinus growled in return. “Dolmacia has done what you asked.”

The landlord went off in a sulk cowed by Longinus’ towering bulk. Africanus planted a kiss on his cheek before he trudged unwilling from her, but it was Dolmacia who surprised them by fondly embracing Servilia and stroking her cheek.

“What do you suppose is the matter with her?” Africanus asked. “One minute she treats us like shit and the next she’s all over you.”

“Oh, you thick bitch,” Servilia sighed. “Can’t you see? She hasn’t had a man for years. I just gave her what she wanted.”

The women turned at the soldiers crowding into the room and clambered dully onto the bed, the grease arousing them for another hard fucking.

For a whole week they did nothing but fuck, sleep, eat and fuck again and lost count of the number of men they got through. The cohort broke camp and marched off into the hinterland exchanging stories about which woman had provided the best sex. It didn’t help Servilia’s state of mind when Dolmacia ordered her into her private room and had her again, insisting they take turns in wearing an enormous phallus. The landlord had watched them through another spy hole fascinated at the way women could make love to each other, which put another idea into his head. He knew of a woman in Ephesus who would pay handsomely for the privilege of fucking a robust black woman or her libidinous companion, and dispatched his slave to the city on the fastest mare in the stable.

“By all the Gods, what does he want now?” Poppea snapped when she was informed of the slave’s arrival.

She was still reeling from her defeat in the arena and had lost so much money it didn't bear thinking about. The news of Africanus' and Servilia's escape had been posted all over the city but it offered small comfort. They were probably far away by now and impossible to trace. It happened and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

She paced the floor magnificent in her anger as the slave was ushered in. He delivered the letter the landlord had urgently penned and stared at the slave in disbelief.

"A tall black woman," she mused, re-reading the letter. "And her companion, both well endowed and of strong limb, fucking like goats with any man they're given, even taking it up their bottoms, and willing to sleep with women?"

"That is so, my lady. I have seen them and can tell you that my master speaks truth."

"That old bastard wouldn't know the truth if it bit him in the arse, but I like your loyalty. Describe these women."

The slave waxed lyrical, giving expert and detailed description of the two gladiatrices and Poppea for once listened without interruption, taking in every word.

"You will remain here and may have a young slave to administer any comfort you require whilst I visit the inn," she said, ordering her carriage. "And not a word of this to anyone."

Poppea could move fast when needs must and her carriage clattered through the city gates just as they were closing. Without stopping, the equipage rattled along the highway, the driver lashing the horses until they arrived in darkness at the inn.

"My lady, you came at such haste," the landlord bowed, surprised at such an immediate response and wondering if he should double his price for a torrid night of sex with the two women.

"I want to see these latest acquisitions of yours," she said, even waving away the wine he offered. "But without being seen."

"I can arrange it, my lady. Please follow me."

Poppea pressed her eye to the hole and froze. Right there in the next room was the very woman that Lebienus had brought to her own house, now standing stark naked and looking more stunning than ever freshly washed and oiled. Her companion was equally bare and seated on the bed rubbing a salve into her sex.

"How did you come by them?" she whispered, still watching the black woman toying with her braids.

"I bought them," he lied. "Of course, they didn't come cheap as you may well imagine."

"Uh, uh," Poppea murmured as two men came into the room.

She watched breathing slowly through her nostrils as the women embraced their clients, getting straight down to business; Africanus dropping to her knees and sucking fondly on a massive cock, whilst Servilia mounted her man and bucked her bottom as if it were the last fuck she was ever going to get. Poppea wasn't aware of the grease that Dolmacia had applied just before her arrival but the effect was stunning enough. Soon, Africanus was on her back, long gleaming legs thrown wide with the man's buttocks bouncing between them.

Poppea crept away from the hole and went into the landlord's private room. She threw off her cloak and stood resplendent in her robe, the same one she always wore, split to the hip and hugging her breasts showing the nipples beneath. Hard headed business man that he was, the landlord couldn't help but gawp at her long, creamy legs and a bottom that most men would kill for. But Poppea was harder.

“I’ll offer two hundred sestertii,” she said flatly.

It took a few minutes for that ridiculous price to sink in. “I won’t take anything less than ten thousand,” he said grimly. “Why, the black woman alone is worth that.”

Poppea seated herself on a couch and crossed her legs and he gaped at the bare expanse of thigh broadening into the rounded shape of her bottom.

“So she is,” Poppea said slyly. “But as you know, Lebienus is a very good friend of mine and wouldn’t take kindly to your holding two of his best slaves, having them whoring for your own personal gain without having the courtesy to inform him. He is not the most forgiving of men, you know.”

“Bitch,” he snarled.

“Of course I am,” she grinned. “How else did I end up running the best whorehouse in Ephesus to which Lebienus is a frequent visitor, as well as the city consul and magistrate? Two hundred sestertii or I turn you in. Up to you.”

“Take them,” he muttered. “And I hope the Gods rot you.”

“They probably will,” she agreed. “As soon as Lebienus’ property has finished fucking have them chained and packed in my carriage. Now aren’t you going to offer me a drink? Not the usual poison you offer because I need hardly tell you that your slave is my hostage and if I don’t return my guards will get the truth from his tongue and you’ll be feeding the crows ‘ere morning.”

“You ought to have been Empress,” he sighed. “There’s no one to match you.”

And he managed a weak grin as he summoned Dolmacia.

CHAPTER NINE

“You fought well against my warriors,” Poppea complimented, facing Africanus and Servilia.

They stood stark naked and chained in an ante chamber. The journey had been long and arduous, covering many leagues with nothing more to eat than dried bread and a little brackish water. The country villa whence the carriage had brought them lay in a remote valley where few travellers passed. Around it stood the ruins of a long abandoned town rumoured to have been wiped out in a plague. Only the temple of Jupiter and an amphitheatre had escaped the ravages of time.

“You also cost me a great deal of money,” she continued, pacing the floor and looking resplendent in her flowing robe of crimson trimmed with gold. By comparison the gladiatrices looked tired and bedraggled, and they smelled of old sweat and were begrimed with dust. “Not to mention my loss of prestige,” she raged, going red in the face. “I can’t even raise a loan of ten gold pieces!” She picked up a vase and hurled it at a pillar shattering it into shards. “How unfortunate for you that I tracked you to that stinking hole where you made a pretty coin humping on your backs.”

“We never made as much as one denarius,” Servilia said bitterly. “He made us fuck for nothing.”

“And that’s what you’ll earn here too,” Poppea retorted. “And you’ll keep on working until you’ve paid back my losses. Don’t think Lebius is going to come galloping in here on a white steed rescuing you, because he won’t. No one knows where you are,” she smiled slyly, coming so close they could see her dark nipples beneath the robe. They were erect with excitement and pointed at the women like pyramids. “You will rest for a while and then be prepared for a little entertainment I have devised. I think you will both look very inviting in your costumes. The more discerning of my patrons will of course be free to have you afterwards...if you are still alive that is.”

She clapped her hands and a male slave entered the chamber dragging them away by their collar chain. He led them into a room dimly lit with sputtering lamps and seated them on a stone bench. Where their feet rested were iron rings let into the floor and he swiftly shackled their ankles.

“If you want to piss you can lift your arses off the seat,” he growled.

“I need to shit,” Servilia wailed.

He laughed at her discomfort. “Sit in it,” he told her, marching off slamming the door behind him.

“Now we’re for it,” Africanus whispered. “Did you see the look in that bitch’s eyes?”

Servilia looked at the manacle shackling her foot against the ring and gulped.

“I wonder what she’s got in store,” she muttered. “Do you think she’s going to have us killed?”

“She lying,” Africanus comforted, shifting her bottom over the cold stone. “We’re too valuable. My guess is she’ll have us fighting her slaves, or maybe with a beast.”

“What if we refuse?”

“Look around you,” Africanus advised.

Their eyes had gradually accustomed to the gloom and all around the room were various instruments of torture. Chains hung from rings in the ceiling, a bed with

an enormous spike in the middle stood in one corner, and in the other above a cinder choked hearth was a roasting spit large enough to accommodate a fully grown man or woman. A long table with shackles at both ends into which ankles or wrists could be fitted filled the floor with its deadly bulk. Profusions of whips, canes and crops lay heaped under its top, but there was not a sign of any armour or weapons.

Servilia eyed the roasting spit with pure terror.

“The bitch is going to have us cooked,” she wailed, and a stream of urine cascaded from under her crotch.

Africanus narrowed her eyes at the horrendous device and shot her companion a dull look.

“My love, it hasn’t been used for years. See how the wheels are rusted together.”

Servilia lifted her bottom from the yellow pool forming on the seat. “That doesn’t mean it can’t be used again. Look at that bed!”

The spike was positioned so that anyone lying on the bed couldn’t avoid having it rammed up the anus. A massive phallus reared up from a plinth with foot shackles at equal distance from its base designed to hold a man or woman in place while it did its evil work and even Africanus shuddered at the sight of it. It was shiny and well polished and had been recently employed on some slave or other. Now it was her turn to wet herself and she raised her bottom and leaned backwards gushing a jet of steaming piss all over the floor.

“Why don’t you just admit we’re done for,” Servilia sobbed, feeling the urine chilling against her bottom.

Given the surroundings, it wasn’t a bad assumption and Africanus seriously wondered what it was like being shackled to the spit and roasted above roaring flames, or fucked to death on the phallus.

The bolt in the door shot into its keep and both women froze in horror. A young slave girl came softly into the chamber and placed bowls of corn porridge into their laps. Around her neck she wore the usual slave’s collar with her mistress’ name engraved upon it. A cotton shift floated around her pert buttocks and Africanus noticed that under the flimsy material her sex mound had been expertly shaved. Her nipples had been ringed and on her left breast she sported a tattoo. Poppea was obviously making sure that any of her slaves could be easily detected if they were foolish enough to escape.

She placed her hands together at chest height, bowed and left without uttering a word not noticing the women had wet themselves. The fettered women scooped the porridge into their mouths belching and gagging at its foul taste. But it was food at least and they dropped the empty bowls to the floor. They lost all sense of time, their cold buttocks turning numb and as they shivered from the cold. They tried to sleep leaning into one another but every time they drifted into slumber they almost tumbled from the bench threatening to crack their skulls on the stone floor. After what seemed an eternity the male slave reappeared and loosed the ankle shackles. He lifted them both under the arms and hauled the exhausted women upright. He took away the shackles at their wrists and the collar chain and stood back as Poppea entered the chamber now dressed in a white tunic trimmed at mid thigh. Her full breasts strained at the material, bouncing as she walked.

“These animals stink,” she said wrinkling her nose at the stale puddle of urine, and slapped Africanus across the face.

“Why are you treating us like this?” she said nursing her stinging cheek.

“Slaves must be taught obedience,” she rasped, stirring the dead embers of the grate with her foot. “From now on you will obey my every instruction, but just to ensure your unswerving loyalty we’ll perform a little ceremony. Nemo, light the fire and we’ll see how she roasts!”

Africanus nearly collapsed from fright as the male slave struck a flint under the dried twigs. Soon a blaze cast its ruddy shadows over the walls, the flames leaping under the spit. His powerful hands were strong enough to turn the rusted wheels.

“Put Encora on the spit and roast her,” Poppea ordered, and the young slave was dragged to the spit.

Screaming in terror she was no match for him as he lifted her bodily to the furnace. He lifted the long iron bar from its cradle and deftly bound her thighs and arms, stretching her slim body along its length.

“You can’t do this!” Africanus shrieked, as Nemo lifted her bodily towards the fire.

“I can and will unless you swear to do my every bidding,” Poppea announced, folding her arms under her breasts.

It was mental persuasion at its worst. If they refused to obey the girl would be roasted and it would be their fault. If it was all a bluff it certainly worked.

“We’ll do anything you want, but please let her go,” Africanus begged, dropping to her knees.

Servilia knelt beside her looking pleadingly into Poppea’s cold eyes. “We are your obedient slaves, mistress,” she trembled.

But it was not enough to satisfy her. She wanted nothing but total subjugation.

“Lick your piss,” she sneered, glancing at Nemo who smiled joyfully in return.

The women swallowed but knew not to refuse. The heat from the flames was already making the girl slave writhe and whimper in Nemo’s arms. They crawled on all fours bending their heads to the pool and lapping at it like cats. Behind them Nemo gently lowered Encora to the floor and pinched her bottom, twisting the soft flesh until she screamed. It was part of the act and although she had performed it many times it was still frightening real and she was never sure whether her evil mistress wouldn’t carry out her threat if any of the new slaves refused to obey.

Hearing her scream, the women licked the floor clean grimacing at the horrible taste on their tongues.

“Excellent!” Poppea acknowledged delighting at the cowering slaves. “I am almost convinced of your loyalty, but just to be absolutely sure...” She turned to Nemo now releasing the slave girl. “Hang them by the thumbs with their toes just touching the floor. Beat them and leave them until morning when they will enter the arena for their first combat.”

“My lady,” he bowed, kicking Encora from the chamber and smiling at the thought that later his mistress would give her to him as a present for his efforts. But first there was the final command which had to be fulfilled.

“Stand up and put your hands in front of you,” he barked, kicking Servilia’s rump.

The rope knotted around their thumbs was thinner than the ones normally used for flogging and bit deep under the knuckles. The trailing ends of the ropes were deftly tossed through the rings in the ceiling and were long enough to hit the floor. He took up the ones tied to Africanus’ thumbs and gave a strenuous heave. She was heavier than he thought and it took several grunts and tugs to get her feet off the floor. Slowly he lowered her again watching her outstretched toes until they lightly touched the stone flags. He knotted the trailing ends to a larger ring in the wall and went

immediately to Servilia repeating the process. Both women caught their breath as their whole weight bore down on the ropes. Try as they might it was impossible to reach the floor with the soles of their feet which made hanging seem all the more painful and there was nothing to be done to alleviate the tearing in their knuckles. They dangled only a few inches away from each other their knees and breasts almost colliding.

Nemo chose a long swishing cane to beat their arses and tested its suppleness by flexing it in his hands and then letting it suddenly spring free. He went behind both women patting their rumps and sliding his fingers through the creases. A woman always looked her best when hanging fully suspended, arms and legs stretched to full length and the ribs protruding through the taut skin. He looked up at their breasts now gone into an oval shape with the nipples rising hard and pointing upwards and outwards. But there was nothing hard about their buttocks. Each pair was soft and wobbly to the touch and a light slap made them dance and ripple. For a moment he wondered if it was worth the risk of taking the women down again and fucking them instead, but one never knew just when Poppea might suddenly enter the chamber.

The first lash whistled into the black woman's rump and her body jerked from the shock crashing into Servilia and sending them both spinning. The ropes tightened until they gagged at the pain feeling as if their thumbs would wrench from the sockets. He waited until their bodies slowed and struck Servilia across the back of her thighs. Her knees instantly smacked into Africanus' thighs and she swung into an arc returning fast bumping her hips against Servilia's belly. In a way there was method in his delivery. Each stroke of the cane sent them careering and crashing into one another causing more bruises than a single lash. The punishment had almost been completed when Encora stole softly into the chamber, an impish grin creasing her wide lips.

"What do you want?" he rasped. "Didn't the mistress tell you to go to my room?"

"Please Nemo," she whispered; sliding a thin arm around his thick waist, "can I watch you beating the slaves?"

He was about to thrash her from the chamber but changed his mind.

"Get on your knees and hold their feet," he ordered, chuckling at the thought.

Encora dropped first behind Africanus, gripping her ankles in her tiny hands. The lash whipped into the black woman's bottom but Encora held her fast, keeping the long legs as straight as her strength allowed. He lashed again striking into the small of her back and then on the crown of her arse. Her whole body bent and twisted but was denied the natural movement of swinging to and fro. The cane smacked hard into solid flesh and the pain was greater as the body hung rigid. Africanus hissed through her teeth swearing silently that Encora would be punished for increasing the pain she was suffering. Dimly, both Africanus and Servilia sensed that Nemo and the slave girl were more than just slaves together. They saw it in her eyes, now wide and longing as she looked blatantly at Nemo's breeches. He was hard at the sight of the naked whipped women and would soon be fucking Encora raw. He went to Servilia and gave her the remaining lashes and tossed the cane playfully over his shoulder. The women watched him grab the girl and carry her across the floor as if she were weightless. Their laughter died on the staircase and the gladiatrices were alone.

One by one, the lamps went out and the only sound was the distant laughter of slave girls and the ominous clinking of chains. Robbed of speech from their parched throats the women hung in their bonds not daring to think of what fresh horrors awaited in Poppea's arena.

In her chamber Poppea watched the last of the slaves returning from the old amphitheatre laden with baskets of weeds cleared from the stands. Constant sweeping by hordes of slave women had swept the seats clean and fresh sand had been raked over the arena floor. Tomorrow the new arrivals would again combat her slaves and when all had been fully trained and tested, the invitations would be issued but not to either Lebienus or the dignitaries of Ephesus. She knew of men who would pay handsomely to view naked slave women but not engaging in ordinary combat. She had been to the mighty Colosseum and seen what a little imagination and inventiveness could do with naked females as voluptuous as the gladiatrices. Through the fading day she could just make out the vehicles of pleasure ready and waiting in the courtyard. The male audience was in for the biggest surprise of its life.

Tomorrow the stands would be packed.

Tomorrow she was going to make a lot of money.

Tomorrow the new slaves would be stretched to the limits of their endurance, their splendid bodies naked and sweating under the blazing heat of the sun, whipped and flogged into submission.

Poppea smiled and turned her magnificent profile to the man entering her chamber. As instructed, he took off his loincloth and stood naked before her. Already his massive erection reared to his navel. She slipped her robe from her shoulders and he carried her to the bed.

“Fuck me hard,” she whispered. “Then let me sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a good day.”

THE END