

DOFANTASY

# ROMAN CRUCIFIXIONS II & Decadance

By *Damian* with photography by MAKAR

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No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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THE EDITOR

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- DECANDENCE -

DAMIAN

PHOTOGRAPHY - MAKAR  
TEXT - SANDOW

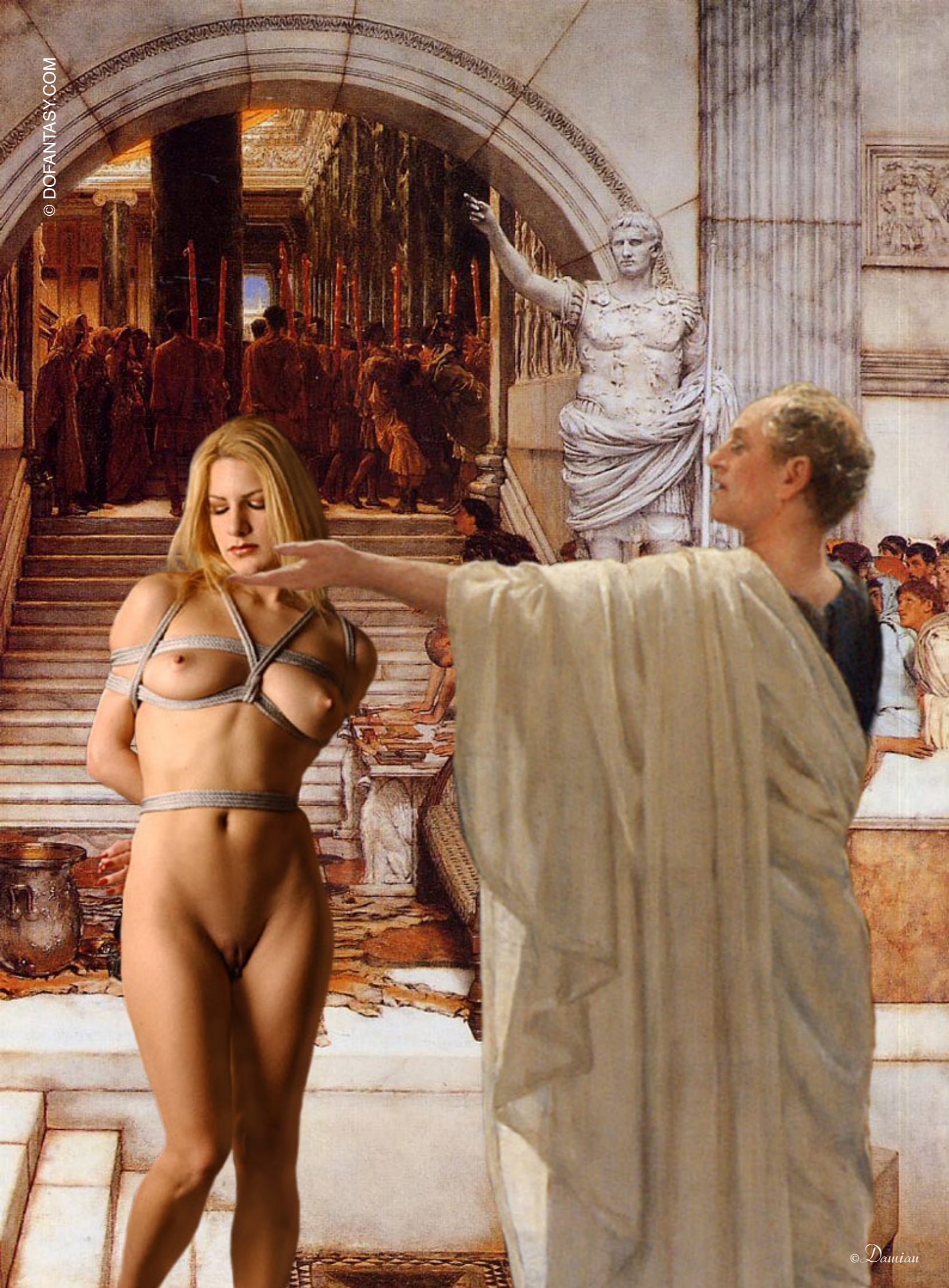
## IMPORTANT ACROBAT READER SETTINGS

THIS COMIC NEEDS VERSION 9  
OF ACROBAT READER OR LATER

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For a better experience reading this comic we recommend  
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- 1- Open de comic normally with ACROBAT READER 9 or later
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Alternatively you can type CTRL L
- 3- Use your keyboard arrow keys to change page
- 4- Click ESC anytime to return to normal screen mode



# THE FATE OF THE SLAVE GIRL IN IMPERIAL ROME

*T*he Roman Empire shaped the world more dramatically than any other dominion on Earth. Senators skillfully wielded raw power to shape their civilization and the world around them. At a time when the majority of the planet's nations were barely surviving from season to season, Rome was establishing an empire that would stand for millennia. At the top of the power structure stood the Caesar, an all powerful figure answerable only to himself. Running the government and issuing laws were the Senators, men ideally chosen for their wisdom, but more often chosen from among the elite ruling classes. Ruthless men with strong political ties.

Occupying the bottom tier of society were the slaves. Faceless workers who toiled to serve their masters. Their lives were an endless parade of grey days filled with drudgery, followed by sleepless nights of fear. But even here there was division, a subclass of slaves whose future promised only horror and endless degradation: Roman Slave Girls.

A beautiful female slave in Rome had the least amount of power of anyone in the Empire. She had no rights, not even to her own body. She could be bought, sold or traded at will. Her very existence lay in the hands of her Owner and Master. Fate is capricious and cruel. Desirable slaves could win the affection of their Owners through complete submission and devotion, eventually living comfortably in a large villa on the Mediterranean.

But for the vast majority of slave girls, fate had a far different life planned for them. Girls sold into slavery to pay off family debts, taken as prizes in battle, or snatched off the streets were more likely to find their lives thrust into a howling void of abuse, debasement and sexual humiliation.



# CAPTURED AND RESIGNED TO THEIR NEW FATE

*A*s the Empire grows, the thirst for conquest boils in each Legionnaire's heart. For loyal citizens, conquering barbaric tribes was not only an obligation of citizenship, but also an all-powerful need. Power is the cornerstone of Rome, and conquest the mortar which holds it together. Vast riches await the brave, as well as a supply of buxom young slaves destined for the Imperial Auction.

"Tits out and heads high, barbarian whores! Wrap your lips around those dildos and suck with all your might! You sluts are a disgrace! Living in the hills like savages, no wonder your men were so easily slaughtered. Like wheat before the scythe, they were! I've never seen men cut down so easily! You wildcats haven't seen a real man before, but you'll get your fill before we enter the city. My men have worked up an appetite killing your kinsmen, and nothing hits the spot like a pathetic wench crying while deepthroating a hard cock!"

Three sisters have been captured in a bloody skirmish. The young women are quickly stripped and shackled to a slave pulley in preparation for a grueling march back to Rome. Covering before the victorious foreign army, the girls shudder in terror. Visions of what lies ahead plague them. Hara recalls half whispered stories she has heard about what Romans do to their slave girls. She fears for herself and her sisters, and forces the rough dildo further past her trembling chin.

"That's right honey, get it all in! Stuff your face with that wooden cock. I've got some real wood for ya here, darling. 12 inches of Roman steel throbbing between my legs. Gonna split your face every mile of the journey, and we've got 30 miles to go! You'll be tasting jizz for a week when I'm done with ya. Make you a first-class cocksucker... that should up your selling price by the time we reach the Auction House!"



# HUMILIATED TO BREAK THEIR SPIRITS

Cassia was born into the family of a powerful merchant, living a privileged life that most women could only envy. But when her father's love of gold outweighed the love he had for his daughter, she was sold on the slave market. Falling from power to absolute helplessness is a disgrace she can't bear. Her proud blood won't let her humble herself to any man not of noble blood.

Lucius is not just any man. As the commander of the 201st Legion, his violent temper and iron will enforce order among his men. A stubborn young woman poses no problem.

"AAAAIEIE! Get your filthy hands off of me! I'll have you flayed alive, scum! I've had men blinded for less.. and you dare! AHH!!!"

"HAW! You hear that boys? Looks like we got ourselves a princess. This skinny little bitch thinks she can order me around because she's got royal blood running through her veins! Well I got some news for you, your highness... your royal blood don't mean shit here. The Legion may serve Caesar, but these men serve me! You're just a little reward for their dedicated service... a treat! You may have been a spoiled bit of fluff at one time, but you're the Legion's whore now! Your sweet slit belongs to every man here, and I'll be the first one to break it in!"

His words drenched the outrage burning in Cassia's breast. Her wrists shrieked in agony as she tried to pull herself up on the wooden cross, but the pain was more than she could bear. Her shoulders slumped in defeat, and she sagged against the bonds. The rough bark scored her tender ass as she twisted helplessly before the burly officer.

"I've seen your type before. You're just an untamed filly that needs to be broken to the bridle. Get this through your head, slut. The only reason I don't gut you here and now is because you've got a wet puss hiding between your legs... a pink slit that's about to get pounded by a hundred raging cocks! You're much too arrogant... too proud. A week eating slops out of a trough ought to change your attitude.

I'm gonna have you hobbled like a colt... make you crawl in the mud as we march. During the day you'll struggle to keep up, and get a barbed whip across your ass if you fall behind! At night you'll be tied hand and foot with a sign around your neck offering blowjobs to anyone passing by. You better learn your place, slut. I can always buy a new Legion Whore from the auction..."



# EVERYONE HAS A PRICE

Latin is the common tongue of the Roman Empire, but all nations understand the language of gold. When a legionnaire has a purse heavy with glittering coins, even his sworn enemies will meet to do business. Deep in the forest, far from prying eyes, legionnaire and Carthaginian can haggle over the cost of a slave without interruption.

"Kaius, you can't do this to me! P... please! I'm your sister! The gods will rot your bones for this! Stop!!!"

"Don't listen to the slut, Roman. She is strong, hard worker. Never had babies, so still nice and tight... worth a lot of gold, yes?"

"She'd be worth a lot more if she'd shut her damn mouth! By the gods I've never heard such a racket! You think I need your sister screeching in my house day and night? My ears will be bleeding before the next Solstice!"

"Bah! Cut out her tongue if she bothers you, Roman. By Hades, you can sew her mouth shut for all I care. For 100 gold aureus you can do whatever you want with her."

"Kaius, please! Cut me down and take me home! Don't do it... I'll... I'll do all your chores for you... I'll give you everything I have... Just don't sell me... Please!"

"Ha! I've already taken all you have, and it wasn't much! The only thing you have left is your firm tits and an ass smooth as a ripe peach! You're about to make me a rich man, sis!"

"Not so fast thief! I'm not sure she's worth more than 50, with all that yelping. I know how to quiet a feisty slut, a ring through her clit and nose should keep her quiet... yeah. I'll bite those titties suck them dry... I like a girl who screams when I pound her, but stays quiet when I'm done fucking her. Hear that bitch? I'll chain you by the nose to my bed... keep you like an obedient bitch when I'm not using you. But there won't be much rest for a barbarian slut back at camp. I've got lots of friends who will pay nicely for a cheap piece of ass like you! It's a deal Kaius! Cut her down and bend her over, I'll check out her smooth cunt right now!"

Next Spread

## SETTING AN EXAMPLE

Pleione shook her head in horror, her dark curls falling over her shoulders as she stared at the bound woman. The old slaver behind her snickered happily.

"Did I lie, barbarian slut? Rome is no place for slaves who don't obey their Masters. We've conquered most of the world, and strong people have fallen under our iron boot one after another. What chance does a defenseless little girl like you have? HA! You'll be a cum sucking whore when I've finished your training! You'll beg to be fucked like a dog in the streets, face rubbed in the dirt and ass raised to accept a mighty Roman cock!"

"It's... it's horrible! What... what did that poor woman do to deserve such torture?" Pleione couldn't take her eyes off the weeping woman. The blonde's creamy skin was striped with angry welts. She whimpered in misery, her cries joining the chorus of wailing women around her. Everywhere she looked she saw new slaves being trained for service, their eyes empty of emotion.

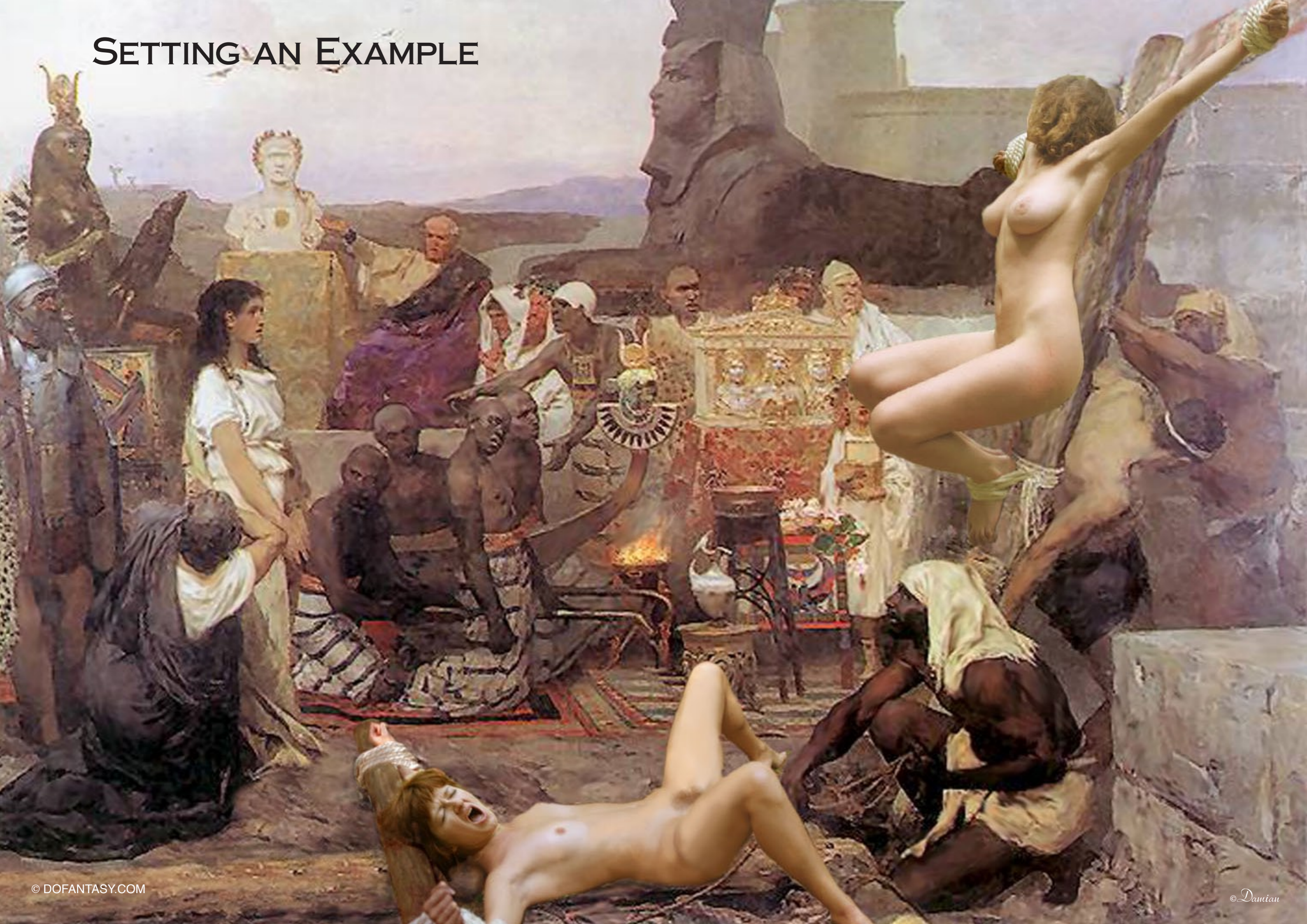
"That bitch? She had an orgasm without permission of her Owner. A slave should have a wet cunt at all times, and keep her nasty slit shaved to accept her Master's mighty cock morning, noon and night... but she is never to cum unless her Master allows it! What a dirty whore! But she'll learn to obey and submit... all you barbarian sluts learn sooner or later."

Pleione turned pale, the depth of her duty as a Roman slave girl suddenly clear to her. She nearly fell to her knees, but caught herself just in time. The screams around her grew, and she knew that soon she'd be adding her voice to theirs.

"Oh yes, you'll learn, bitch. You'll be licking your Master's asshole clean after he craps... bathing his hairy balls with your tongue every morning, and thanking him for allowing you to taste his sweat and drink his jizz. If you are smart, you'll be as obedient as a newborn puppy. Cause any problems, and you'll be bred to a wild Mandingo! If you can't be a submissive slave to the Empire, you'll make strong new slaves for us! Our Mandingo savages are beaten until they know nothing but rage and pain... and they live to get their revenge on a pathetic white woman like you!"



# SETTING AN EXAMPLE



# WHERE ARE THE OTHERS HIDING?

"Answer me!" barked Leonius. "Did my hot cum glue your tongue to the roof of your mouth? Stupid slut, this is just the beginning of the ways we have to make treasonous whores talk. Maurus, start with the soles of her feet and don't stop until I can smell her flesh cooking!"

"At once, sir." Maurus gave an evil leer and grabbed the smoldering brand tightly. He stepped closer to the bound woman, his crooked teeth showing brokenly in his smile.

"NOO!!! I don't know anything! Please sir, I don't know anything at all! I'm just a seamstress... I've told you everything I know!! AHHHH!!!"

"You haven't told me shit, bitch!" Leonius glowered at the miserable woman. "We know there's a thief in the town that's been stealing bread from the supplies. If we haven't caught him, it must be because he's hiding in one of the shops. You've got a pretty face for a worthless whore. Your family must be hiding him! Is he your lover? Do you spread your legs for him at night, encouraging him to fuck your dripping cunt... slap your titties until you cum? Well you've got a hot body, but Maurus can make it so hot it burns!"

"AAHHHH!!! Mercy!!! I'm telling you the truth! We're just a family who mend clothes... we don't hide thieves... We'd never do anything wrong... you must believe us!"

"You expect me to believe your lies! With tits that big, you two must be the biggest whores this side of the Aegean Sea! Well don't worry, slut. The two of you will work off your debt. Even if we don't find the thieves, you'll pay us for the stolen food. You'll work on your backs with your legs in the air... unless we want to fuck your ass! Your brother is a weak little runt. He can dig latrines for the army until his heart gives out. Hell, we can probably just bury him in one when he collapses from exhaustion.... but you... you and your sister will make entertaining fuck toys for the men!"

"Please, NO!!! Let him go... he hasn't done anything to you. Please sir, have mercy!"

"The only thing I want to hear out of you is more screams, bitch! Maurus, work on her fat jugs next. I want those nipples glowing like blazing coals!"  
"NNNNOOOOO!!!"



## THE TROUPS CAN HAVE SOME FUN

"*A*era be praised! A fresh piece of fuckmeat, ripe and ready to be fucked!" Rommil licked his lips, a greasy trail of drool oozing from his mouth. "I guess the villagers must be desperate. They've gathered all their valuables and left them outside of town hoping we'd take them and leave. They even packed up this tasty morsel for us! HA HA HA! They're saving us the trouble of running you down and carrying you off!"

Rena's cheeks burned with shame. She tried to twist away from his hungry look, but the coarse ropes bound her tightly to the cross. Her naked body was exposed to the officer, and the jeers and catcalls from the men made her even more aware of her vulnerability. Their crude jokes made it very clear what they planned to do to the humiliated woman.

"I... I ask for your pity, noble sir... Please don't do this to me... I can cook... I can clean your tent and polish your armor for you... but please don't..."

"Shut your mouth, whore! The cowards in the village obviously think you're a filthy whore who would enjoy being fucked by a squad of soldiers, and they're probably right! My men are dusty and tired. We've been marching for a week, and haven't had a bit of tender flesh like you to toss around for days. Oh yes, we've grabbed a few barbarian cunts to satisfy ourselves... but when we were done, there wasn't enough left of them to fill a bucket! HAW! But you look young and strong... you might last for a few days..."

"You can't mean?? No! Please! Let me go and I'll never bother you... you've already taken everything the village has of any value. I... I wouldn't be able to stand being... used..."

"Ignorant barbarian slut! When have you ever heard of a Roman squad being satisfied! We're still going to torch the village and put your men to the sword! But you're gonna be our entertainment while we decimate this shitty little town. We're going to keep you leashed and haul you behind the horses. If you're a good fuck, we might even feed you! Yeah... your plump tits are going to be black and blue... I like hurting fat barbarian udders.... crushing them in my fist and wrapping them around my dick. Have you been titty-fucked, slut? You'll love it... the Roman way! I'll plaster your pretty face with my jizz and have you lick yourself clean like a cat before you beg for more. HA!"

# THE PUBLIC SHAME

*P*ublic humiliation was a constant threat hanging over the head of every Roman Slave Girl. Being bound in the public square and exposed to scorn and ridicule was the horrifying punishment awaiting any slave who failed to please her Owner.

A slave girl was never more vulnerable than when tied to a wooden cross before a jeering mob. The filthy jokes and barbed heckles could be more painful than a knotted lash across the back. A slave that was beaten in private could at least hide her shame as she sobbed in a dark corner. But public ridicule exposed her to the worst side of human nature, and she was helpless before it.

Serena is paying the price. She has been a slave for three months, serving the fat merchant Milon with her body every day. His appetite for perversion is legendary, and the cringing woman has submitted to his every disgusting demand. Little by little she has felt her mind crumble under his relentless assaults on her body. She has served as his personal toilet, allowing the greasy man to piss in her face, the hot stream of urine mixing with her salty tears. Her once beautiful hair is now constantly matted with sweat and dried cum. He has forced her to lick his rolls of fat, and suck his toes like plump grapes. Her soft voice is now hoarse, evidence of the rough face-fucks her Master gives her daily.

The final straw came when he forced a piss soaked rag into her mouth and violently thrust his greasy dick deep into her craphole. His fucked her ass brutally, his fat quivering with each thrust. The months of torment suddenly erupted inside the disgraced woman, and she curled up in a tight ball under him, sobbing uncontrollably.

That was this morning. Serena is now on display to the entire city, a target for verbal abuse and mockery. Spit covers her anguished face, and her small body heaves with sobs that won't come. She knows that there is no escape for her, and tomorrow when she is cut down she'll return to Milon and beg for another chance to please him. The acidic taste of piss is still on her tongue as she slumps against the ropes and cries.



# THE TRIP TO ROME AND A LIFE OF SEXUAL SLAVERY

A healthy young woman was worth her weight in gold to a rich Roman. Blonde hair was especially prized, and a merchant could expect to travel to the ends of the Empire to get his hands on an untouched beauty. Avitus has been gone from his estate for over three weeks. He's returning with two young women to fill out his household, and has been sampling their flesh as the leagues go by.

"By Jupiter, I've never seen a cunt this tight! You've been quick, little dove. Always too fast to be caught by a boyfriend or husband, but that ends now! With jugs that big, you were born to be a fuck-slave! Yes!!! Do you feel that, bitch? Your new Owner is knocking on the door of your cervix, and he's coming in! Ha! Brace yourself for another load of my ball-juice!"

"AHH! It hurts! AAHHHHH!!! Please stop! I can't take any more! I need some rest... I'm still so sore..."

"Can't get enough, eh slut? I don't blame you! My cock is as thick as a log and as powerful as Ares' spear! Your cherry didn't stand a chance against my tool. I can feel your cunt dripping around my cock, you're a hot little slut, aren't you? Yes you are, bitch! You might have been a wildcat as a free woman, but as my slave you'll be tamed by the cock and the whip!"

"NNNGGHAA!!! It's ripping me apart! Please take it out! I beg you!!!"

"That just means you need more training, bitch. And I've got a household of men just ready to pound your twat. You belong to me now, every inch of you. But I also believe in sharing my slaves equally with my family. Lucky for you, I've got a large family! Do you hear that blonde? I haven't forgotten about you. When I'm done dumping a load in this barbarians snatch, you're going to lick my shaft clean with your hot tongue!"

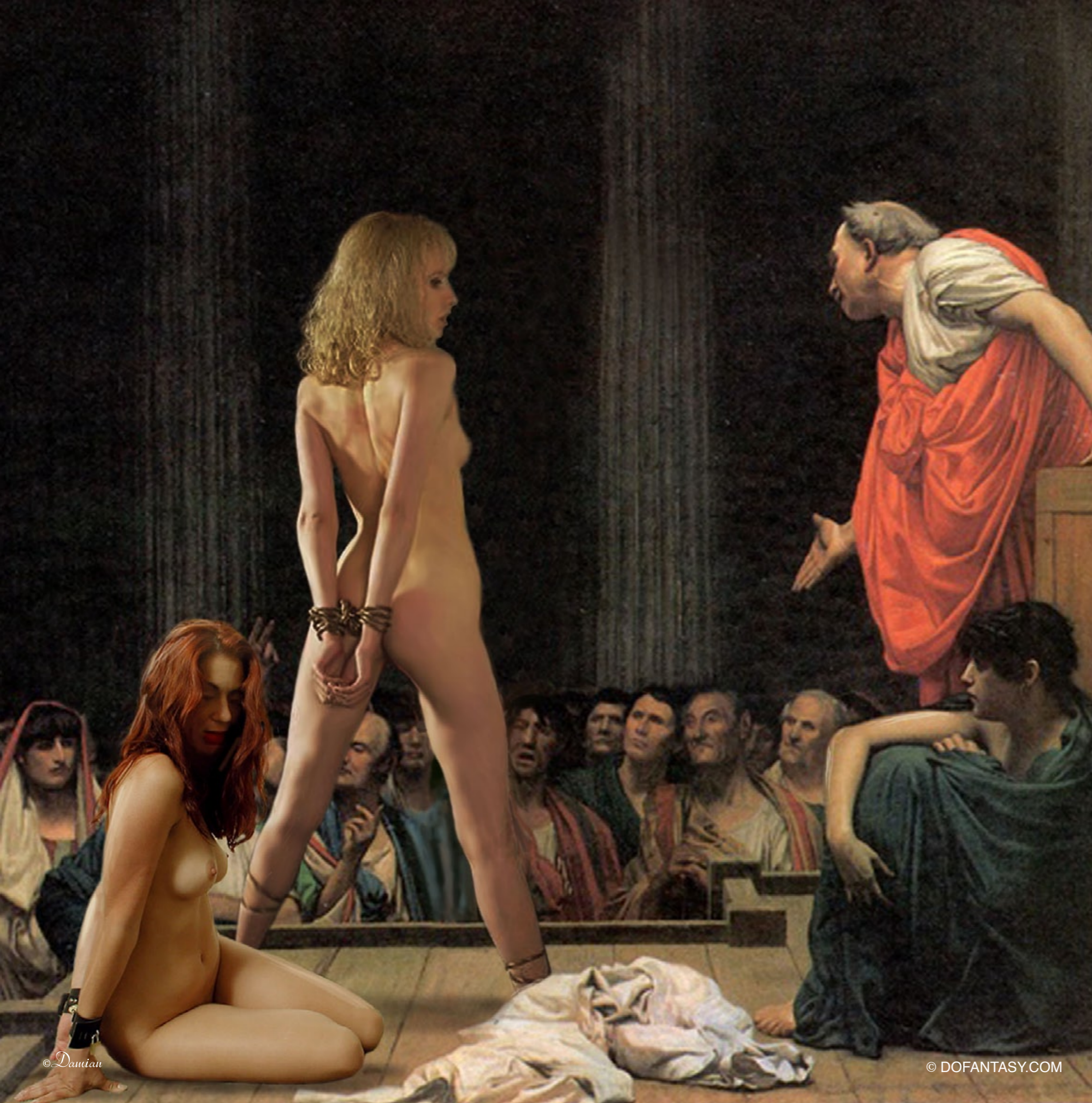
# THE PUBLIC SALE

"Come and see this week's offerings! Gather closer, she won't bite! Ha! She wouldn't bite even if you jammed a whole Roman sausage down her throat! She was an unbridled Athenian whore, but I trained her good and now she's as submissive as a kitten. That's why everyone comes to the Egnat's Auction House. They know I only sell the best merchandise!"

"You old goat! I knew you were rutting the slaves with your withered old dick! Why would I want a Slave Girl who's been all stretched out already? Making them scream in pain is half the fun!"

Egnat looked hurt by the accusation, but his hands secretly itched with the promise of a sale. "Stretched out? I only tamed the Athenian's mouth, her cunt and ass have been left in perfect condition! When I got her, she gave a lousy blow. The pathetic wench could suck a cock without breaking down in tears. But a few days with a wooden dildo strapped in her mouth made her much better! Haw! Ya should'a seen it! By the time I finally took the gag out, the bitch couldn't shut her jaw. I buried my tool all the way to her guts on the first thrust, and filled her belly with thick seed. She still cried, but it was tears of joy! Now what do I hear for this golden-haired whore?"

"Hurry up and get to the redhead! I've got a stable full of brunette slaves to wet my wick. But that merchandise is calling my name, and by Zeus I'll have her riding my pole by tonight!"  
The itching in Egnat's palms was almost unbearable. It was promising to be a very lucrative day.



# PRIVATE SALES FOR THE FEW

*S*lave Girls were little more than pawns in the shifting tides of power. A recent purchase of two golden haired slaves has netted a valuable prize for one swarthy slaver. The two young women are the daughters of Senator Ferox. The dusky slaver could make a fortune selling them back to the Senator... but a larger profit could be had by selling them to the household of Senator Hypatus, Ferox's political rival. "By thunder, these are the daughters of Ferox! How in Hades did you manage this you devil? And don't lie to me or I'll have your head on a pike!" "Patience, honorable Hypatus. I have nothing to hide. The daughters came into my possession fair and square. Ferox lost them to pay his gambling debts. He had planned to buy them back at tomorrow's Slave Auction, but I thought you might be interested in them before they become available for public sale. Was I wrong? I apologize if I misread the mighty Senator..." "Ha! Crafty old fox! You know what you're doing, and I know what you want! You want a pile of gold large enough to spend the winter drowning in wine and expensive whores? So be it! Consider these two cunts sold. Take them off the market; I'll take care of these two immediately!"

"P... Please Senator Ferox... Our father will pay handsomely for our return... He'll pay you double whatever the slaver demands, honest! Just let us go and we'll be on our way... You will earn the everlasting gratitude of our father for saving us..." "Why the hell would I want gratitude from that asshole? Stupid bitch! I hate that mangy cur, and can't wait to fuck his adorable daughter! You're mine now, and every night when I slide my thick dick into your silky puss, I want you to look into my eyes and apologize for all the insults I've had to put up with from your father! You'll beg for a swallow of my thick jizz, and wake me up every morning with a full throat face-fuck! Yes! I've got the advantage now over that pig, and I'm going to use it!"

"B... but we've never done anything to you... we aren't involved in any politics... that's for the men..." "Power is for the men, whore! And don't you forget it! I've got the power over life and death for you and your sister, and will use it to satisfy every disgusting itch I can think of. Your sister will make a perfect fuck-mate for my son. He's just turned 18 and is eager to use his cock on a cringing fuck-slave of his own. Do you hear me, bitch? Every hole you've got is going to be oozing thick Roman spunk. My son inherited his massive rod from me, along with a violent temper! Serve him well, or being stretched on the rack will seem like a day in paradise!"



## SUITABLY 'BROKEN'

Danielle thrust her chest out as she'd been taught. Her firm, young breasts exposed for all to see. Her mind whirled as she tried to remember everything she was supposed to do. The welts from her last 'lesson' had just subsided across her back and thighs. Her muscles ached at the memory of the crop which struck like lightning over her tender skin. She must do everything right, and not give her Owner any reason to correct her again.

"So what do you think? 1000 aureus and this slut was mine! She looked like an innocent maid standing there, bound head and foot like a sheep at the butchers. Her doe eyes wide with fright, but I can tell a shameless whore when I see one! She may act naive and pure, but her cunt flows like a river when she's riding my cock!"

"Congratulations Herodotus! You picked up a fine slave. I don't think I've seen skin so creamy on a captured Gaul before, it's like the purest alabaster. What a bargain for such a sexy beauty!"

Danielle trembled as she stood before the men, their words appraising her like a horse at market. She knew they didn't see her as a woman, but as a piece of property to be traded and sold. She arched her back further and tried to block out the humiliation.

"She was a bargain, but I'd have paid twice that amount if I'd know what an eager fuck-pet she would turn into. She started off frigid... crying day and night and begging for mercy... Ha! What an empty-headed whore! But I trained her right, didn't I honey? I shaved her puss smooth as marble and had the largest dildo I could find shoved deep into her shitter. It was a riot! She walked like a duck! She still screamed when I fucked her, but I took care of that... Do you remember what I taught you, bitch? Tell my friends what made you change your mind about being a frigid slut."

"Y... yes Master... My wonderful Master told me that if I was a bad slave... I would lose my tongue... and my clit..."

"That's right! And from then on you've been very happy being my cum-dump, haven't you?"

"Y... yes Master. This slave is very grateful she has such a merciful Master who is so... kind... and patient with his property..."

# DISPLAYED NAKED, EVEN AT COURT

Imperial law was sacred in the Roman Empire, and all citizens could rely on the courts dispensing justice swiftly. But for slave girls, justice was another instrument of humiliation. Powerful judges enjoyed twisting the laws for their own sport and amusement, with the Slave Girls paying the price for their entertainment.

Three captive Athenian slave girls have been brought before the magistrate, all charged with adultery. Their Master has accused them with unauthorized sex after finding their bedclothes streaked with semen, and bruises and bite marks marring their full breasts. Covering before the assembled judges, the girls are brought forward for questioning.

"Adultery from a slave is a crime punishable by crucifixion! Could you whores not keep your legs closed? Disgusting sluts! Your master should have sewn your lips shut until you could learn some self control! HA HA HA!"

"B... but please your honor! We didn't do anything

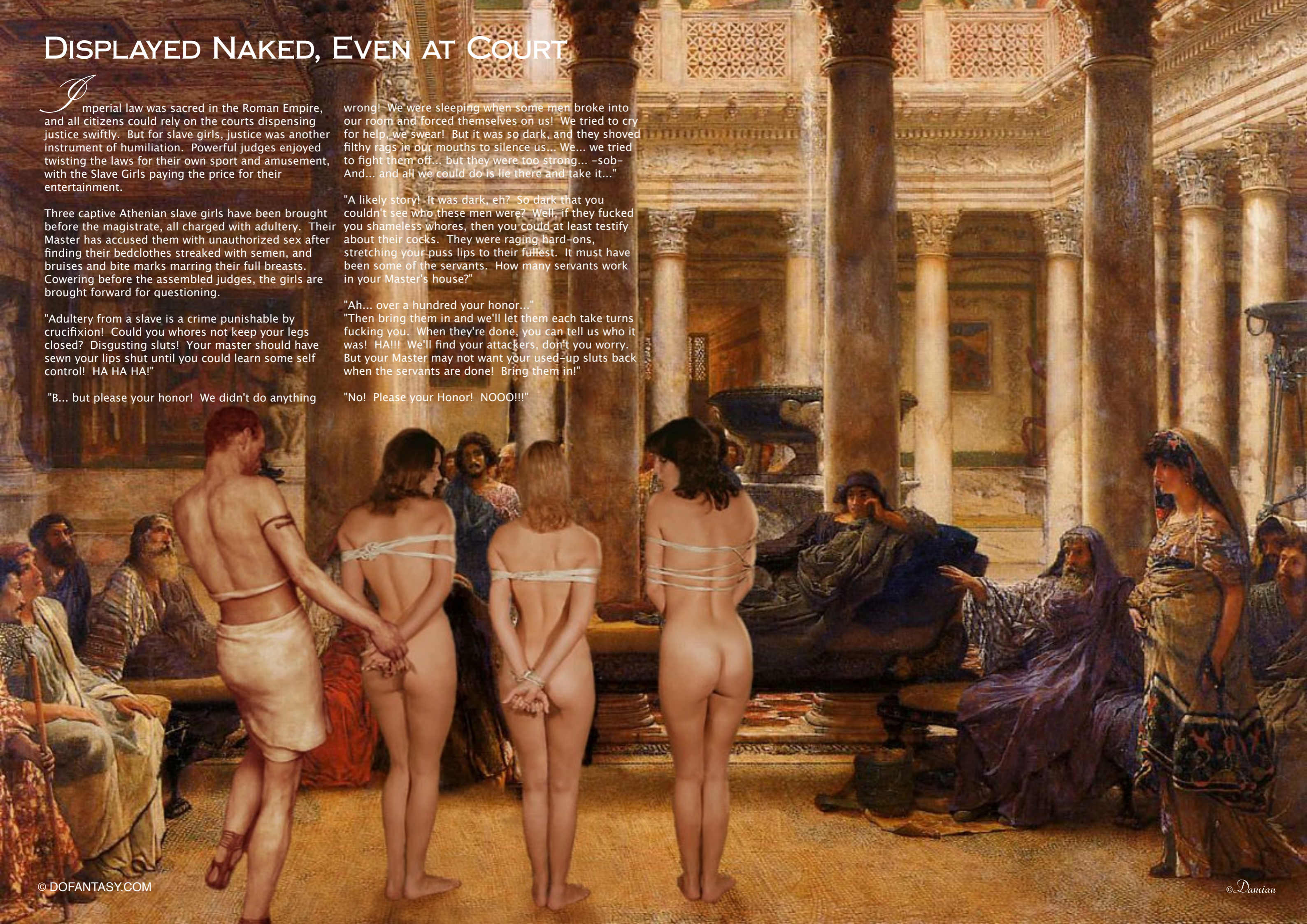
wrong! We were sleeping when some men broke into our room and forced themselves on us! We tried to cry for help, we swear! But it was so dark, and they shoved filthy rags in our mouths to silence us... We... we tried to fight them off... but they were too strong... -sob- And... and all we could do is lie there and take it..."

"A likely story! It was dark, eh? So dark that you couldn't see who these men were? Well, if they fucked you shameless whores, then you could at least testify about their cocks. They were raging hard-ons, stretching your puss lips to their fullest. It must have been some of the servants. How many servants work in your Master's house?"

"Ah... over a hundred your honor..."

"Then bring them in and we'll let them each take turns fucking you. When they're done, you can tell us who it was! HA!!! We'll find your attackers, don't you worry. But your Master may not want your used-up sluts back when the servants are done! Bring them in!"

"No! Please your Honor! NOOOO!!!"





# THE MASTER AT 'PLAY'

*F*or Slave Girls, life is a thing to be endured. Minute by minute, day in and day out. "Oh Yeah! That's right fuck-puppy. Wag your tail on my cock like a happy little fuck-pet. ARGH! Yeah! Work that cock deeper into your silky cunt, I want to feel my knob bumping against your cervix... get you all ready to receive my sticky gift deep in your guts..."

"Y... Yes Master. I... I'll try... it still hurts... I'm sorry..."

"Pathetic bitch! It doesn't hurt, you're just a lazy whore who tries to get out of her duties! Your first duty is to my cock, and your second one is to my balls! I'll beat that lesson into your head if I have to split your skull to do it!"

"No! I remember Master! UNGH! I'll be a good fuck for you... please! I'm trying..."  
"Then try harder! I bought a new crop at the market, and I'm looking for an excuse to try it out! See it, bitch? It's soft leather, but with a core of iron... just like my cock! Now I better feel you using those cunt-lips to milk my shaft for every drop of spunk or I'll flay you open like a damn fish!"

"AAAIIEEE!!! No Master! I want you... I want you to fill me up! P... please cum in me... I need to feel your hot cum inside me... running down my legs..."

"That's more like it, slut. See, your Master can be very tender. All you have to do is obey me completely, all the time, for the rest of your pitiful life! That's not so hard, is it? Yeah... work my dick slave... show me how much you need to be controlled. Surrender your body to me... I own you and you wouldn't have it any other way... work for your treat fuck-puppy. Make it hard and fuck me back..."

"OWWWW!! Yes! I need your cum Master... Your... your fuck-puppy is so happy that she belongs to you..."

Next Spread

# "LET ME HEAR YOU BEG"

*B*egging doesn't come easy for some Slave Girls. Humiliating themselves by asking for mercy at the hands of their tormenters can hurt more than a hot iron or leather crop. For proud women who suddenly found themselves at a slaver's mercy, begging was unendurable.

Avelina and Prisca have never known hardship. Their father ran a successful mill on the coast, and the two have been best friends since they were little girls. They've grown up together knowing only riches and luxury. To them, slaves were just shadows that flitted quietly around the villa attending to their whims.

But when their father accidentally made an enemy of a powerful man in the Merchant's Guild, they suddenly found themselves shackled in a cell with prisoners waiting to be executed. Their property was seized and the two friends sold into slavery. Avelina and Prisca have never been apart, and even slavery couldn't separate them.

They were bought by Roumilis, the very man who had their fathers put in prison.

continued overleaf...

# "LET ME HEAR YOU BEG"

...continued

"Raven-haired whore! Sing for me again, and remind me why I shouldn't feed you to the dogs for your lousy performance!"

"AAIEEE! I... I'll try Master... I am a good... fuck-toy for you... I love to clean your mighty cock and lick your heavy balls..."

"You still speak like a haughty wench! Let me hear you beg like a cringing whore. You pathetic cunts should be worshiping my cock and thanking me for sparing your miserable lives. I want to see you washing my feet with your tears... sucking my toes in supplication and devotion. Now! AGAIN!"

"AHHH!!! Y... yes wonderful Master. I... I beg you... to please have mercy on us... we -choke- aren't worthy to... lick the crack of your ass... or kiss your beautiful cock... we are... scum... Insects you could crush without thinking... we -sob- beg for pity..."

"P... please spare us Master... and have mercy on our fathers.... we... we live to serve you... We are nothing -sob- more than holes for you to shoot your cum into... -sob- we are pathetic whores... and -sob- humble ourselves before you..."

# BREAKING IN THE NEW BATCH





Previous Spread

Ovidius and Nico are breaking in the new slaves at the public baths. The two young women arrived on a cart this morning, the wagon creaking under the weight of a dozen other captives from the wars in the North. The bound girls were thrown to the muck in the street and could only lie helplessly at the feet of their new Masters. With a crack of the whip, the wagon jolted forward, delivering the other women to brothels around the Metropolis.

Ovidius and Nico dragged the women inside and inspected the new merchandise. They'd spend the next month breaking the women, bending their wills until they were as pliable as clay. They'd mould the slaves into cock-hungry whores, or sell them to the breeding farms. Either way, the men would get their dicks wet, and enjoy training the women to accept their new lives as slaves of the Empire.

"Your fat udders will fetch a good price, bitch! I've got customer's who will pay through the nose to slap and bite those plump melons. Oh yes, you silky-haired foreigners are all sluts... eager to wrap your snatch around a thick Roman sausage and pump it for dick-milk. I know your type, don't deny it! If you don't have a trail of jizz running down your long legs, you're not happy. Well you can start by begging me to fuck you like the whore you are!"

"AHH! I... I'm not a whore! I.. I am just a simple peasant... Legionnaires came to my -sob-... my village and took me..."

"Nico, get a load of this whore! We don't have to train this one at all, she works a cock like a back-alley hooker! The second she saw my cock, she dropped to her knees like a natural cocksucking slut! Haw! Had my balls bouncing on her chin before I could twist those fat nips! Look how happy she is!"

"Ha! If she's so happy, why is she crying? Stupid bitch needs some encouragement. Grab the whip and show her what happens to stubborn slaves!"

"Naw, those are tears of happiness! Heh, she's just hungry for a belly full of hot Roman cum... needs her cheeks full of slimy jizz. We'll have plenty of time to whip her tits once I've popped my load down her throat!"

## TAKING HIS TIME

"You're killing me! NNGAHHH!!! Please Master, I'm sorry! For whatever I did, please forgive me! AHHH!!! I'm being pulled apart, please don't do this to me! I'm begging you Master! Please have pity on your slave! NNAAAAA!!!"

"Worthless cunt! A good slave should be able to hang by her ankles for hours before falling to pieces! You're such a weak little bitch, always whimpering and complaining. I think I've been too tender on you, I'm going to have to toughen you up. Show you what the life of a slave is really like! You belong to me, and everyone should know it. A gold hoop through your clitty will tell the city who owns you. I'll pierce that tender bud and hang a heavy ring through it. If you're a good little fuck-pet then I'll let you decide where your slave brand will be. Do you want it on your tiny tits, or maybe on your firm ass cheeks... yeah... gonna brand you like cattle, bitch. You've had it too easy around here..."

"-SNIFF- NOO! I... I can't stand it any more... please have mercy and kill me... please Master... I want to die..."

"Pathetic whore! You don't die until I'm done with you, and I plan to keep your tight cunt busy for years! Marcino offered me 5000 denarii to breed you with his savage Mandingos. Those black bastards haven't tasted white meat for months, and they'd tear through you like a sword through a silk hankie! Those brutes would stretch your tight cunt out, but you've still got a puckered little asshole for me to fuck... yeah... I'll breed you with Marcino's slaves, and keep your ass stuffed with my thick cock! A gutter-whore like you doesn't deserve anything better..."

"P... Please Master... Don't do it... I can't take any more..."

"Enough of your sniveling, slave! The only time I want you to open your mouth is when you receive a mouthful of hot piss directly from my dick! And since you're already in the perfect position for my golden juice..."

# SUCK FOR YOUR LIFE BITCH!

*A* Slave Girl's life was firmly in her Master's grip. The slightest infraction of any house rule could end with a shrieking young woman being nailed to a cross at the city gates, or dangling from a rope in the city square. Her life depended on her skills with her tongue, her ass or her clit...

"That's right, slut. Give me a reason to have pity on you. You've fucked up for the last time... you've got one chance and once chance only to get me to change my mind. Now suck, whore! Bob your head on my lap like a cum-guzzling tramp! I want to feel my dickhead pounding your tonsils... yeah... that's right... work that shaft... swirl your tongue on the tip... lap up each drop that oozes out of my dick" Marina forced her head deeper into her Master's crotch, her throat aching with the effort as his prick slid deeper down her throat. Her shoulders ached with the effort and her knees buckled on the hard marble floor. Every thrust of her head was agony, but she pushed herself further onto his raging hard-on. Fear raced through her head, and she could almost feel the iron nails press into her wrists. The price of failure would be paid with her life, and only her skill with her mouth could save her now.

"You ungrateful whore... after all I've done for you. I ordered you to wake me up with a blowjob at dawn, and you let me sleep in! And then you compound your crime by saying you were tired from polishing the floors with your tits the day before... Lazy bitch! Ahhh... but you do give a good throat-fuck... I'll give you that... Almost as good as your sister, what was her name? She used to tongue my ass after a good shit, and lick her lips happily when she was done... She was a good fuck, but you remember what happened to her when she screwed up... Yeah... Unless you want to join her on a cross, you better blow me all the way to my balls, and not spill a single drop when I cum! Deeper whore!"

Marina choked down a sob as she thought of her sister, and obediently worked on the cock of her Master. The same man who had sent her beloved sister to her death only a month before.

Next Spread

## USING THE 'PLAYTHINGS'

*L*ike any other tool, slave girls were made to be used. Roman slave owners had countless ways to 'use' their beautiful playthings. For a sexy slave, being dominated sexually was only half of the ordeal she could expect. Lust and humiliation always went hand in hand. Palemon finds that having a mother and daughter slaves makes it easier to control both at the same time. Sometimes he fucks one while the other watches, or has them beg to be fucked to spare the other the humiliation of being used like a common whore. This time he's come up with a new way to exert his power over the miserable women.

"AH! Your daughter's silky cunt is even tighter than yours Rosalina! See how eagerly it takes every inch of my shaft? She was made to be a fuck-slave. AH AH! She rides a cock like a natural born whore... but what else would you expect? Yeah, she's a prime piece of fuckmeat... Yeah... work that cock, bitch. Make me last though, we've just started and there's plenty of fun still to come! So which one is it going to be Rosalina? Do I fuck your daughter's ass next, or would your rather I whipped her tits?"

"-sob- Please... whip her tits Master... We.. we only live to serve you. I beg you to swat her firm tits until they burn with desire... for your cock..."

"Yeah! Well you heard you mother, sweet-cheeks! Fifty lashes across your plump jugs will have you ready for nice hard fuck!"

"NOO! Please Master! I... I want you to cum in me! Please don't hurt me any more... I'll be a good fuck-slave for you, I swear! AHHHH!!!"



# USING THE 'PLAYTHINGS'





## HE PREFERS THE 'BACK PASSAGE'!

"*Y*ou're gonna submit to me, bitch! Being a slave means more than just kissing my feet and shaking your fat udders in my face... you've got to be broken to ass-fucking like a dockside whore! Yeah! Come back on that cock... split yourself wide open for my dick!"

"AHHH! By the gods, it's too big! It won't fit Master! Please don't... please fuck your slave's cunt... I'm wet for you... I'll make it so good for you... ARGHHAA!!!"

"Not good enough, whore! A slave has to know she's nothing more than a piece of crawling fuck-meat, ready to serve on her hands and knees, and ass high in the air! Nothing tells a woman who is in control like an iron pipe up her shitter! Fuck! Your puckered hole is tighter than a merchant's purse! Yeah... take it all, bitch."

"NNGGGHAAAA!!! AAIEEEE!!! I'm tearing! Please stop Master, I beg you! NOOO!!!"

"Feel me plowing your shitter? Feels good, eh? Well it feels like the Elysian Fields to me, and that's all that matters! Damn, but you're a hot fuck. You're squeezing my shaft like a silky sheathe for Legionnaire's sword! Yeah! Now listen to me closely, you stupid cunt. There are only Masters and slaves in the world. Masters rule, and slaves get fucked. And my foot-long spear impaling your crap-hole tells you which one you are! HA! Now come up on it like a good, submissive woman. I'm not gonna stop till your hot ass is planted in my lap!"

"NNAAAAAA!!!!!"

Next Spread

## CEASER LIKES TO HURT THEM FIRST

*I*f the Roman Empire was a serpent, than the Caesar would be its head. With the full might of the Imperial Legions at his back, the Caesar was above all men and beyond all law. For the most beautiful slave girls, a night with the Emperor was a special hell that would leave them broken in both body and mind.

"AAAAIEEEE!!! NO!!! NOOOO!!!! AAHAHHH!!!"

"You dare say 'No' to Caesar? Arrogant wench! Your disobedient tongue is what brought you to me in the first place! No one denies Caesar anything, upon pain of death! Do you think your beauty would save you, or that you could distract me with your long legs and smooth slit? HA! That may work with other men, but not me! I don't want to fuck you, bitch! I want to hear you scream! A red-hot dildo up your slippery twat should loosen up your vocal chords!"

"NNGHAAAA! AAHHHH! Please! NO MORE!!! I'm sorry!!! I'm so sorry!!!"

"Get this straight, you stupid cunt. You're going to spend the rest of the night yelling your damn head off, and I'm going to love every minute of it. The louder you scream, the harder I get! I've had slaves bite off their own tongues when I've worked on them... some of them have even tried to end their own lives to stop the pain... but I've got something special for you. You look like a fighter, wild and untamed... Are you Greek? Or some little barbarian whore far from home? No matter... when the sun comes up you'll be a whimpering bag of misery... a useless hole for the guards to fuck at beat..."

"GGGAAAAA! AAIEEEE!!! Take it out! Please holy Caesar! I'll do anything... Anything!!! Just take it out!!!"

"Not bad, slut! You're getting the hang of it... but I think you can do better than that. Maybe having your massive tits crushed in the iron vice will encourage you to scream even louder!"

"NNOOOOOO!!!!!"

CEASER LIKES TO HURT THEM FIRST



# HARD AND VIOLENT 'LOVE'

The exact nature of the relationship between Master and slave has been lost since the fall of the Roman Empire. It was an intimate bond forged in pain, and strengthened through terror and humiliation. Slave girls learned to fear their Masters, but a kind word or gentle pat on the head would blossom into an all consuming love. A love of obedience and of complete submission to her Master's will.

Dominus grabbed a handful of his slave's hair and yanked her head off the silken pillow. She screamed in terror as he thrust himself even deeper into her straining ass.

"Do you expect me to believe this is the best you can do? What the fuck is the matter with you, cow? I told you to take my entire cock up your shitter, and you're screaming like a banshee after a few inches! I should send you to the slaver for more training. A week servicing his swarthy bodyguards will loosen your brown hole... yeah... your ass will be stretched out like a hangman's noose when they're done with you!"

"Please Master... I'm trying! I can take it all... I just need a moment... please give me a chance to serve you, wonderful Master! I'm a good fuck-slut for your cock... I want you inside me... I need to feel you fill my ass with your lovely cum... Don't give up on me, I beg you..."

Dominus ran a finger down his slave's flushed cheeks, and forced himself further into her aching ass. She looked deep into his eyes with a look of complete devotion, and of love.





## "IF IT HURTS, SCREAM!"

*D*rusus is taking his slave violently in one of his pleasure rooms: a special area he's created in his sprawling villa. To him, controlling a slave is all about pushing limits, and forcing his property to the breaking point and beyond. The servants have learned that when the Master of the house is locked away with a new girl, he isn't to be disturbed. The walls can shake with screams and wails of misery can echo down the vast corridors, but none dare disturb the Master while he's working. If a slave girl is strong enough to withstand a night in the room, then she is ready to serve the rest of his household. If she breaks, well, the Auction House is always full of new prisoners captured from Roman raids along the vast Mediterranean.

"Squeeze my cock harder, harlot! I want to feel every silky fold of your cunt wrap itself around my dick. Your pussy should try to milk every speck of cum out of my balls, and beg for more! I haven't pounded a slave's twat in weeks, so I've got a backload of hot cream building up in my balls... and you're going to take every drop!"

"YEEEE! AH AH AAAAA!!!! Let me go! I don't belong here! Please! STOP!!!!"

"You still think that you're anything more than a pain-slut? HA! You're nothing more than a hole to use so I don't get cum on my sheets! Nasty bitch, why do you think you're tied up like a horse ready to be branded? You're less than an animal in this house, you're a thing to be used like any other piece of property!"

"NOO!! I... I'm hurt! Please stop, sir! My family is wealthy... they'll pay you to let me go. They'll give you whatever you paid the slaver.. and more! AHHHAA!!!!"

"Ha! Who do you think sold you to the slaver in the first place, bitch? Your father doesn't need another mouth to feed, and saw an easy way to fill his purse with coin! But I don't mind filling your mouth... with Roman cum! A few hot squirts down the windpipe will take the fight out of you... yeah.. Your wet cunt is tight... I'm gonna pound your womb like a punching bag, so get ready. If it hurts, then scream your head off! I won't stop, but it will make this even more fun!"

# PUNISHMENTS FOR DISOBEDIENT FEMALE SLAVES

*Ɔ*f a Roman slave owner decided his disobedient slave girl needed extra training, he would send her to Quintus, a specialist in correction and punishment. The small man perfected techniques in slave correction which made him a legend throughout Rome. Wealthy citizens across the empire would send their 'problems' to him, trusting the Master to fix the girls if possible, or dispose of them if necessary...

It's been three months since slavers captured Thalina and sold her to a Roman captain of the Guard. He's tried to train the beautiful young woman with his fists and spiked belt, but his patience is running out. Every brutal fuck session leaves her in tears and almost comatose with shame. In desperation he's sent her to Quintus as a special project.

"Yes, you are a beautiful one, aren't you? Lovely flowing hair, like a cascade of golden wheat.... Smooth, unmarked skin... obviously a sign of a Master who is too lenient with the whip and paddle. Yes... you are spoiled through and through, like a fig left too long in the sun... rotten to the core you are.... But fear not, my lovely child. I can help you, and save you from the false dignity that still clings to you like a leach..."

"Please sir... don't send me back to that man... he's disgusting! He's made me do... things... Revolting, depraved things to him... and other women... Have mercy on me and let me go... You can say I escaped... or was killed..."

"Quiet now, young lady. I won't send you back to him, not until I've cured you of the badness inside your body. You'll stay here for as long as it takes to remove it... like a poisoned thorn... Yes, you still haven't embraced your destiny to serve as a vessel for mighty Roman seed... A canvas to be painted with stripes of pain..." Quintus licked his thin lips, "but you'll learn... I'll make you learn..."



# "IS SHE TALKING"?

An advanced guard of the 112th Legion has captured a farm girl on the outskirts of a Greek village. Her hourglass figure captured the soldier's eye, but he knew that it was his duty was to first present her to the Commander for interrogation. He hopes that after the young woman has answered all of the Commander's questions, she'll be released to him as a prize for his service. Dedication to the Empire was often rewarded in coin, along with foreign flesh.

Commander Octavius raked the girl with his eyes, the lines of his face grew hard as he approached her. "So you're the escaped kitten found lost in the woods, eh? You don't look like much, but Greeks are known for using deception and trickery. How many men are in your village, slut? How many armed soldiers are protecting that flea-invested dung heap? Answer me!"

Elene's mouth dropped. "I... Soldiers? But, we don't have any soldiers! We're just a small farming village... we don't have any fighting men at all! We will pay tribute if you demand, but it would be hopeless to resist an army like yours!"

Elene blushed in shame, the heavy cords preventing her from hiding her breasts from his stare. The young woman felt a sudden chill slice through her like a knife.

"No soldiers, eh? So instead of asking for tribute from that squalid little hole, we could stroll in and take what we wanted, eh? This conversation is very enlightening! Tell me, you stupid cunt, do you have any sisters? Do all the women have big tits like you, or are you just the village whore? Ha! With udders like that you'll fetch a hefty sum at the Auction Block... some greasy merchant will pay well to shoot his wad over those fat melons! Oh yes, you're not going home, bitch. When we're done with your village, there won't be a village to go back to! Guard! Send for the scout who found this little filly. I've got a special treat for him."

"No! You can't attack us! It would be a slaughter! We're a simple village, we'd be helpless to defend ourselves! Please mighty sir... I beg you out of human decency, please don't do this! Let me go and I'll make sure we give you everything that holds any value at all!"

"Bah! Nothing but Greek lies flow from your mouth! You'll learn the cost of your lies when we get back to Rome. Slaves captured in battle are subject to the most vile perversions imaginable, sick disgusting acts which would make your hair stand on end... Ah! That reminds me! Guard, fetch a razor. This little puss is the property of Rome now, and Roman fuck-slaves have their cunts shaved bald!"



## "TAKE IT UP ANOTHER NOTCH"

Centuries before the invention of basic human dignity, the Romans invented hundreds of methods for breaking the body. Torture was performed to extract confessions from the guilt and innocent alike. For slave girls living in the golden villas of Rome, the constant cries of prisoners would have been an endless melody playing through their days. Inflicting suffering on slaves became an art, and perfected under Caesar's rule.

White hot spikes of agony shot through Alita's spine as the rusting wheels turned. She was stretched out on the rack, a diabolical instrument which could bring a burly gladiator to tears with one twist of its gears. For a helpless woman, the mere sight of the device was enough to rip shrieks of horror from her lips. For Alita, being strapped into its cold embrace was a living hell. She has been accused of unauthorized masturbation. For a slave girl, the accusation alone is enough justification for punishment.

Despite her pleas of innocence, the terrified redhead has been questioned for hours. Two noblemen have put themselves in charge of her interrogation, a sport which brings them as much pleasure as it brings pain to the victim. For them, finding the truth to the crime is of no importance. All that matters is that they indulge their sick lusts on the flesh of the weak. Holding power over women is as natural as breathing for Roman nobles. Exercising that power is more vital to them than breathing the crisp air which races down the Alps.

In the clammy basement, Alita screams. She knows that there is no one to help her, no one to save her flesh from the coals or the barbed whips which hang from the walls.

"AAAH!!! Please noble sirs... no more! AAIEEEE!!! I... I'm an obedient fuck-slave... my clit is the property of my Master, and it's his to command. I have no right to pleasure... and would never stroke myself without permission. AARRGH!!! Stop! Mercy!!! I... I am a worthless slut! Please for the love of the gods, have pity on meEEEE!!!"

# "50 STROKES, JUST FOR STARTERS"

"No!!! Please Master! I don't know what I did wrong! I keep my slit shaved for your noble pole... I keep myself wet and ready to please you... I'm dripping with anticipation of your mighty cock, Master! Please don't do this to me! I beg you!"

Egidius stroked the stubble on his chin, and considered the wailing slave before him. She cost a purse full of silver, but he could afford it. Being associated with the powerful Merchant's Guild had made him richer than he'd ever imagined possible. Gold was constantly spilling from his robes, and beautiful women were no longer a luxury but a way of life. The corners of his mouth curled into a wicked grin. "You are a tender bit of slave-flesh, no doubt about it! I could suck and bite your juicy tits all day long, and your hot fuck-box feels like honey on my shaft! But I expect more from my slaves! You might get by with your full hips and curvaceous ass for a while, but your cocksucking skills are pathetic!"

"I... I just you to teach me... beloved Master! I... I want to get better... I do! B... but it's so hard for me to learn when choking on your thick meat... I'm sorry..."

"A proper slave uses pain to encourage her to work harder! Having my raging dick pound your throat raw should make you want to learn faster! How fucking stupid can you be, you dirty whore? Why do you think I grab you by the ears and force your head into my crotch like a stubborn mule? It's to help you learn how to serve like a shameless cunt!"

"I... I'm sorry Master! Please let me suck you off... I can do much better! Please give me a chance to earn your cum over my face... my tits..."

"Enough of this! Barius! Give her fifty of your best strokes! I want to see her back flayed to bone!"

"NOOO!!!! PLEASE MASTER!!! NOOOO!!!!"

"Ha! On second thought Barius, don't break the skin. Just give her welts from head to toe! If she's still conscious, then we'll see if she's improved her cocksucking skills any. She can start by taking your black mamba down her throat!"



## WILL SHE OBEY?

Obedience was demanded every moment of a slave girl's life. She could expect no mercy for any sign of failure. For a slave girl to survive, she couldn't take anything for granted. She was to look to her Master for permission to eat, to walk and even to empty her bowels. In time, the slave became totally dependant on her Master, and would look for his approval before performing any task, no matter how trivial.

But such unwavering devotion didn't appear overnight. Fiery haired Carthaginians slaves who weren't used to Roman culture had to learn brutal lessons. Strong women would survive to serve their Master's, while weak ones perished in the Coliseum. The decision was theirs: either serve as a humble slave, or perish under the desert sun.

"AHHH!! You animal! What kind of sick freak would treat a woman this way? ARRGGH!! Cut me loose, you dog! You don't have any right to treat me this way!"

"Shut your yapping hole, bitch! My Roman birthright gives me all the authority I need! Barbarian whores like you should be thankful to lick the grime from the soles of my feet! Consider your words carefully; they may be your last! I've had slaves lose their tongues for less, and you dare insult me? Fucking whore!"

You'll stay tied to the cross until I allow you down to kiss my feet! I'll make a proper fuck-slave out of you, savage! I'll whip and bite your tits until they turn into bags of agony! HA! Does that sound good to you? Serve me and my cock, or stay in the Coliseum until the ravens come for your eyes! HAW! Choose quickly, whore. I won't want you after you've been blinded! A broken woman groveling at my feet would amuse me, but only if you can still look pitifully into my eyes!"

Next Spread

## A NIGHT ON THE CROSS

"Water... Please sir, you can't deny me just one swallow of water? I... I can't take any more... I'm dying! I... I wasn't allowed to have anything to eat when they tied me... and I've hanging for hours... have mercy... please..."

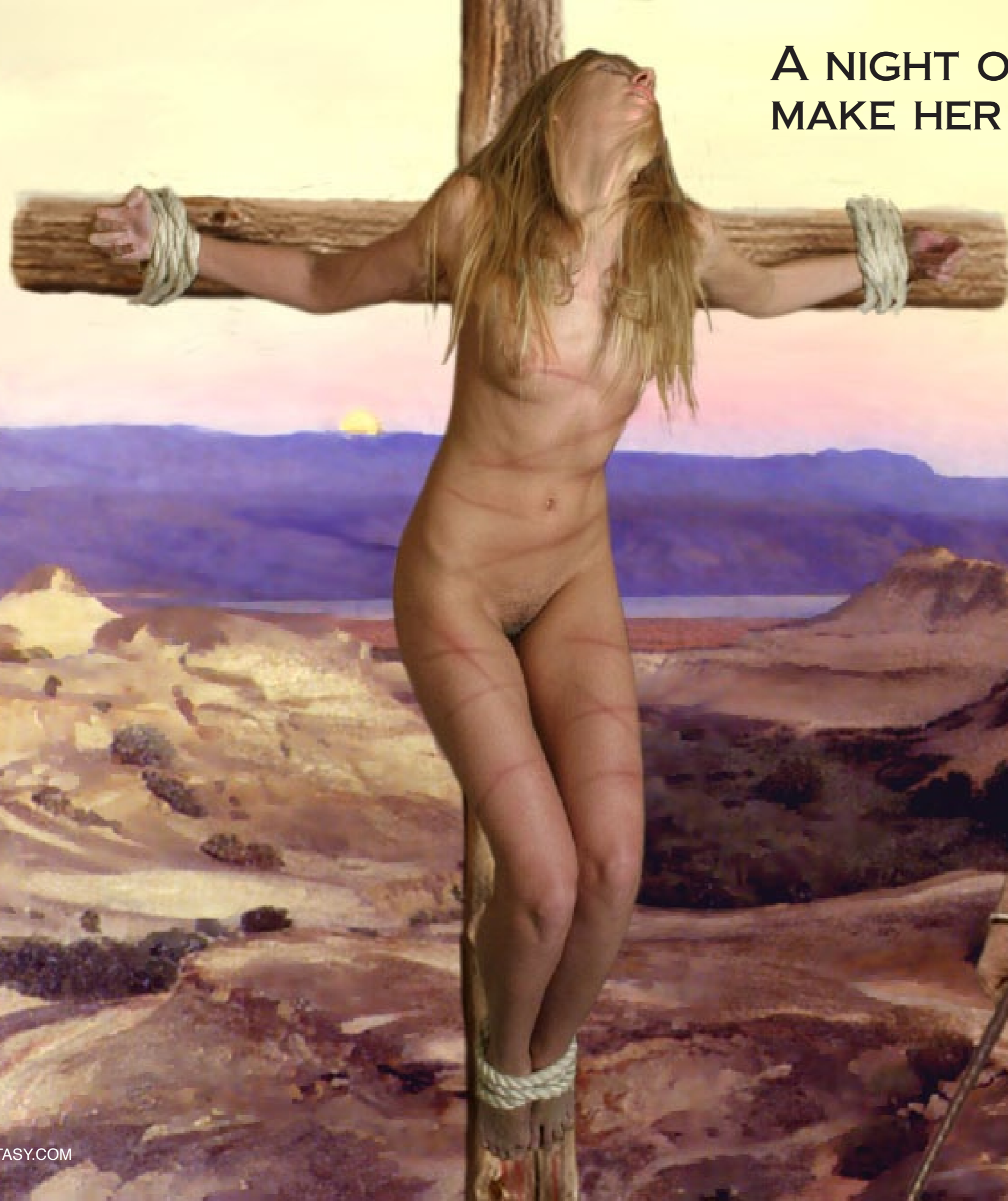
The Roman guard spat in the slave girl's face. The thick wad of saliva dribbled down her cheek. "If you didn't want to bake on the cross, then you should never have crossed your Master, stupid whore!" The guard laughed as the suffering woman's cheeks flushed with shame. "Oh yes, I know all about it! You were supposed to get pregnant from your Master, and give him many strong sons. Your Master is known for breeding slaves, and then enslaving their offspring! But even after he's kept your smooth puss dripping with spunk for a month, still you refuse to conceive! A night on the cross should make you think twice about disobeying your Master!" The guard struck the bound girl's knees with his crop, ripping a scream from her anguished lungs. Turning on his heel, he prepared to go.

"No! Please sir! Don't leave me! I won't last a night alone! The scorpions will smell my flesh! Please, I beg of you, don't go! I... I can make you happy sir... if you just give me a chance..." Tears ran down her face and spittle dripped from her chin. Even hanging in disgrace, the slave emitted an aura of health and desire. The heady smell of musk caught the Guard's nose, and he knew her cunt would be warm and inviting.

"HA! You are a cum-guzzling slut! Maybe there's some brains hidden in your blonde head somewhere after all! So if you can't get knocked up by your Master, you think that a burly Legionnaire might do better, eh? Well today's your lucky day, bitch. I've got a dick so hard it could split rock, and I'm a good cummer too. I'll have your womb filled with potent seed all night. Hell, you might just pop out triplets!"

The despairing woman could only lick her cracked lips, and try to smile through her tears. She would do whatever it took to escape a night on the cross, even if it meant spreading her legs to accept the Guard's fertile cum deep into her aching body.

A NIGHT ON THE CROSS WILL  
MAKE HER OBEDIENT



# THE LONGER SHE 'HANGS', THE BETTER SHE 'DANCES'!

*R*oman citizens were famed for their ability to devise new entertainments for the jaded masses that packed the Coliseum. No performance was too inhumane or disgusting for their appetites. Slaves were trained to dance and entice. Beautiful young women were stripped of their clothes and forced to gyrate their hips and enflame the lusts of men and women alike with their erotic dances. Nimble slaves entertained on stage, clumsy ones entertained in the animal pits.

With long legs and delicate features, Aurora was picked out the crowded Slave Auction and purchased by a wealthy citizen to entertain guests at his many banquets. The young woman has become an accomplished dancer, and spent many nights dodging groping hands and probing fingers as she dances for her Owner's amusement. But the crimson-haired beauty twisted her ankle on a loose cobblestone in the courtyard, and has been limping for days. As the date for the next feast approaches, her Master has decided to 'encourage' her to heal faster. He won't allow the crying woman to embarrass him in front of his guests!

"One day to heal should be more than enough for a strong slave like you... but two is an outrage! Do you think I'm some doddering old man who you can trick? I won't tolerate all this slugging around! You should have been back on your feet by this morning! Obviously you think you can make a fool of me, under my own roof! Haughty bitch! I've kept you fed because you dance well... even allowed you to sleep under my bed in case I need to take a piss in the middle of the night... and this is how you repay me?! With deception and lies! I'll burn that out of you, lying whore!"

"No! Please Master! AHHH!!! I'm hurt! I... I'm trying to please you... just give me a chance! I... I'll try to get better... but I think something is broken... -sob- I.. I'm in so much pain..."

"Another lie! You don't know what pain is, bitch! But you will... that I can promise you! Your fat tits look delicious... I bet they'd roast like little suckling pigs! Let's see, shall we..."

"NO! Please Master!!! NOOOOO!!!"



## JUST A POKE TO GET HER 'ATTENTION'

*C*rucifixion was the first torture to be labeled a crime against humanity. Other nations shuddered in revulsion at the barbaric practice, and many couldn't believe that such a disgusting and humiliating sentence could be carried out in a supposedly civilized Empire. Evidence of the practice was everywhere, and a pilgrim making their way to the magnificent capitol would walk mile after mile under the pain-ravaged eyes of the crucified. Some looks were filled with anguish, while others begged for a quick death.

Slave girls weren't immune from the uniquely Roman display of domination. Iola has been tied before a jeering throng for days. Her trivial lapse in service is now being paid back a thousand-fold with each hurled insult and cruel joke. The hot sun beats down on the hopeless woman, and a crowd has gathered to see how much longer she can last.

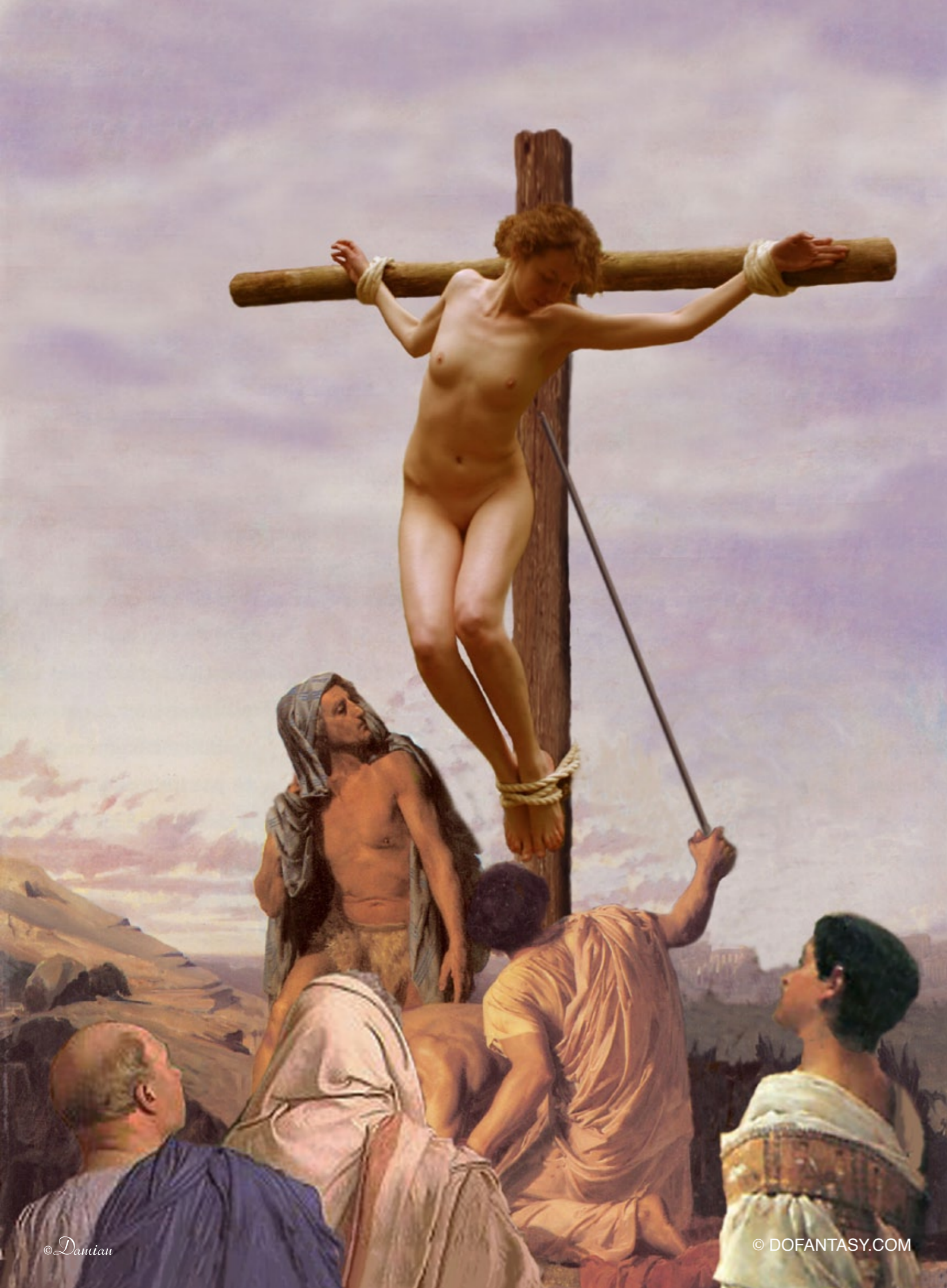
"Is the slut still alive? She hasn't moved for awhile. Maybe she's trying to trick us into thinking she's dead... that would be just like a barbarian whore! All they say are lies, and the only thing they think about is where they can slurp down another mouthful of cum. They're no better than animals!"

"Ha! But with a body that hot, I wouldn't mind giving her a drink of my dick-milk. Damn, I'd give her seconds! That pouty mouth would be great on my cock, those soft lips sliding up and down my shaft... yeah! What is she being punished for? Does anybody know?"

"I heard that she was found sleeping. Can you imagine? What the fuck did she expect? Sluts don't get a day off, or any rest! They exist only to serve with every ounce of their strength!"

"I heard she passed out while the Mistress of the house was fucking her with her spiked dildo! They say the worthless whore couldn't get the plug all the way up her ass! HAW! I've seen that thing, it's massive! You could use it as a tent pole! The Mistress got angry and tried shoving it in the slave's crap-hole with her foot. I guess the weak little bitch just couldn't stand it any longer!"

"Hey, give the stupid whore a poke! If she's still breathing then I want to hear her scream! Sluts don't get any rest, not even on the cross!"v



# THE ARENA 'SPORTS'





Previous Spread

## THE ARENA 'SPORTS'

"*A*AAHHH!!! Nghh... Unnn... This can't be happening... please don't let this be happening! AHHHH!!!"

"It's your lucky day, whore! You must be popular, look how many citizens have turned out to have you entertain them! Are these your friends, or did you make some enemies? HAW HAW! Judging by the looks on their faces, most of them are eager to see you bleed!"

"NAAHH!!! Please don't do this to me! I'm so scared..." Maria tried shutting her ears to the roar of the crowd, but an explosion of pain shot through her. A weathered board was splitting her in two! She yanked helplessly against the leather thongs binding her to the wooden frame, but the motion just forced her crotch even further along its splintered sides.

"NNNGHHH!!! AAAIEEEE!!! Please let me go! I... I can be a good lay for you... give me a chance! I... I know how to deep throat... you can pound my throat with... your cocks... and I'll happily swallow your cum! Please don't leave me out here! Please..." the humiliating words tumbled out. At one time she would have died of shame just saying them. But after two months as a Roman slave, she knows that worse things than pride are sacrificed in the Coliseum. Begging to be screwed like a common street-whore is nothing compared to what a woman can experience in the stone arena.

"HA! Do you hear that Liddus? The bitch wants a thick dick up her wet cunt one more time! I guess it helps calm them down, eh? A hard shaft up their cunnies... stretching their slick walls and filling their bellies with spunk makes them relax. What a slut! Well I hate to disappoint ya, bitch, but this crowd won't wait for a quick fuck! They came for some entertainment, and you're the main attraction! Have you ever seen what a tiger can do a naked woman? Well you're gonna find out! If you stay real still, maybe they'll walk on by ya... but the moment they smell your dripping puss it's gonna be all over! Some of the tigers take their time with prey, you know. They like to play with their food... make it last... If you're lucky, you might last for hours!"

"The last slave girl who sat on that pole didn't do so well. One swipe and the tiger took her leg right off! Funniest damn thing I ever saw! I almost shit myself from laughing! She hobbled around the arena begging for death! It was hilarious!"

## AN AFTERNOON SPECTICAL

*A*s the games in the Coliseum grew ever more savage and inhuman, so did the Roman's thirst for brutality. New and disgusting acts were invented, and carried out nightly in the massive stadium. Thousands of the wealthiest citizens gathered on the stone benches, attended by their worried slaves. The slaves were quick to bring food and drink to their Masters who watched the horror unfold below them. Each slave felt a tingle of fear crawl up their spines as helpless captives were butchered as the crowds roared in delight. The pathetic figures in the arena could easily be them one day, and if not today than perhaps the next. A slave quickly learned not to think about the future. A slave's life would only end in one of two ways. Either lingering on through bleak years of endless suffering, or quickly and violently at the whim of their Master. Tatus is taking care of his slave personally. He's owned the young woman for a full year, and has savaged every hole she has with his massive cock. Her screams are music to his ears. Many nights he has fallen asleep on top of the whimpering girl, using her firm body as a mattress for his bulk, his rigid cock pinning her firmly beneath him. As delightful as tormenting his property is, the chance to grab attention in the arena is even stronger. He has brought his favorite slave here to entertain the audience, and show off his status as a cruel Master.

"Tender Master... Have... have I failed you in some way? I.. I'm so sorry if I did! I try to be a good pain-slut... I know that you like hearing me beg for mercy and scream under your whip... and it fills my heart with -sob- joy to know that I can serve you by suffering! I... I live to -sniff- make you happy, sir... Please take me home and fuck your pain-slut... I... I need to feel you inside me... taking control of my body..."

"Save your breath for prayers, slut! You've been a nice little pastime for my cock, but that's all over now. I've fucked your cunny raw, and slapped your fat jugs for the last time, whore! Now I want you to scream real loud when the flames start searing your toes, got it? Ha! That shouldn't be too hard to do, even for an empty-headed bitch like you! I want you to scream your fucking lungs out as you roast on the fire! Consider this your last duty to your Master! I would say that I'll see you in the Elysian Fields one day, where you can serve me for the rest of eternity. But everyone knows that sluts never get into paradise! Cocksucking whores go screaming to Hades!"



## FOR CEASER'S PLEASURE

Royal visit by Caesar was the event of the year for all cities under the Roman eagle. Dining halls were built in anticipation of decadent feasts, and vomitoriums constructed to handle the excesses of Roman gluttony. Thousands of slaves were purchased and brought to provide entertainment for his entourage. Blonde Celts from the north were a special treat for the visiting dignitaries. Seeing the proud young women humbled before them, forced to cringe and scrape like diseased beggars was a way of displaying their power over the world. For attractive young woman, a royal visit would entail a string of humiliations which were designed to break her will.

"Axion, you have done well! I've gave you a fetid little back-water pesthole, and you have turned it into a garden of delights! Crystal water springs fourth from marble fountains, and the air is rich with fresh herbs. You do your family proud, and I shall not forget your name!"  
"Praise be to Caesar! I live to serve my lord! I have created a festival to delight your every senses, even one's as mighty as yours! Endless goblets of wine and a feast of a thousand delicacies and temptations for you palate await! Please come inside, mighty Caesar!"

"Hold fast, kinsman! What temptation do you present over here? A Celtic beauty, unless my eyes deceive me? Ah yes, that bronzed skin, smooth and firm. Hair like gold, and not just on her head! I'd wager that there's a downy patch of gold between her sexy thighs! Is this yet another offering you bring me?"  
"But of course, magnificent Caesar! When I said that I have anticipated your every desire, I wouldn't be so blind as to forget the most important one! This lusty young woman was just taken from the northern territories. Young, and untouched! Actually snatched from her mother's arms! She hasn't known the touch of a man before, but she's ready to feel the fearsome pounding of an Emperor!"  
"Ha! You've outdone yourself yet again! Take her to my quarters right away. Don't take her off the cross, just yank the whole thing up and haul it away. She'll remain lashed until I'm ready to use her tonight."



# PUBLIC REVENGE

"Don't start crying and blubbering like a disgusting little whelp! Your sweet cunt is a tunnel of nectar for my cock, and I could screw you until my hair turns grey! But even a saucy little bitch like you is only as good as your obedience, and in that regard, you've failed miserably! How dare you embarrass me in front of the Senator! I'll see the ground run red with your blood for that insult!"

"Please Master! You have to... I mean... please listen to your pathetic slave... She didn't have a choice! You have to believe me; I'm telling you the truth! The Senator was ripping my hair out when he... when he fucked my face! I couldn't take the pain, I had to scream! I'm so sorry Master! I didn't mean to embarrass my -sob-merciful Owner...."

"That's your excuse? That's even more pathetic than your life, bitch! When a citizen of the Empire sees a whore with udders like yours, of course he's going to get rough! What else would you expect? A sexy figure like yours was made to enflame a man's desire, and get his dick hard. It's the only thing you're good for! If the Senator wants to scalp you as he stuffs your throat with his meat, then you smile and open wide! Hell, if wants to rip your damn ears off while you suck his dick, then you let him do that too!"

"AAHHH!!! I'm so sorry Master! Please... please don't do this to me... I'll do better next time... I... I need to feel your hard cock slide between my -choke- tits... I want to feel you crush them around your shaft and pump until you coat my face with your cream... Please Master! Please give me a second chance!"

"I'm giving you a chance to make up for disgracing me in front of a powerful man like the Senator. The only thing he likes better than whipping slaves is seeing them turned into whimpering bags of misery! You're a public disgrace, and everyone will see you pay for your crimes! I'm going to whip you from head to foot... turn your tits into a rosy bags of torment!... Yeah... I'll whip your thighs, tattoo them with welts that will be with you for the rest of your life... even flay that tender clit! Every time you take a cock up your tight snatch, it's going to be agony! I'm going to make an example of you, bitch. I want everyone to see what happens when a slave makes her Master look like a fool."

# FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE MASSES

*G*ladiatorial combat was just one blood sport which painted the sands of the Coliseum red. Other more sadistic games were created to entertain the masses. The Coliseum, which had started as an architectural marvel, was quickly turned into a temple of humiliation and anguish. Slaves were broken on the gritty floor of the arena, the mocking crowds being the last things their failing eyes saw, before death closed them forever.

As with all things in the Empire, slave girls had no choice but to participate in the bloody tournaments. Even the most nimble slaves weren't expected to last long once they were lead through the barred gates of the arena and marched across the vast field. Slaves who completed the sick games were allowed to continue serving their Masters on their knees, tits out and mouth open. Even the relief of seeing another day was tempered with the knowledge that their horrible experience didn't guarantee that they wouldn't find themselves on the field next year...

"Cock and Bull" was an exceptionally lethal sport. A young slave was strapped to the back of a pain-maddened bull and released into the arena. Should the slave lose her grip on the charging animal, she would fall beneath the flashing hooves of the beast and be pounded into jelly. The only thing which kept a slave girl from sliding off the broad back of the bull was a fist full of coarse hair from the beast's hide.

Gladiators were challenged with circling the mighty bull and bringing it down with swords and spears. A well placed thrust could impale the mighty animal's heart and bring him crashing to the ground. However, a clumsy jab could also decapitate the shrieking woman who was hanging on for dear life!

The gladiator who managed to bring down the animal without killing the slave was rewarded with the ears from the bull, and the tail of the slave! He was expected to claim the wailing woman in front of the cheering crowd, her long legs still strapped tightly to the still carcass of the bull. Gladiators in this state of victorious blood-lust were violent partners, and typically beat the woman with their mailed fists as they ravaged their bodies.





## EVEN IN THE FORUM

Theocles and Vergilius guard the Imperial Senate. While the heads of state meet inside to openly discuss important matters of politics and the running of the Empire, the two men examine the slave girls crucified outside the Senate door.

"A natural red-head! Look at that tender patch of ginger hair on her snatch! It's as soft like goose-down, and protects her slit from prying eyes! HAW! That ain't going to give you much protection from my iron pipe, bitch! Gonna grab your curly hair and use it as a leash when I fuck your ass! Yeah... you've got a tempting cum-box, but your tight ass is just begging for a hard dick!"

"Vergilius, are you sure we're allowed to play with these worthless whores? The Senators themselves made sure they were tied up before they started their meeting. These sexy fuck-toys belong to the Royal houses. I'm not going to get my hands chopped of just because I couldn't keep them to myself!"

"Ah, relax Theocles! Once those old men get talking, they don't stop until the sun goes down! Damn, some of those old geezers could get a hard-on to save their lives, they probably cum dust! These whores are begging for a real fuck... yeah... that little blonde wench is probably dripping with anticipation of feeling a thick Roman cock plowing her snatch! She wants it, all foreign whores think with their cunts... see for yourself!"

"By Zeus, you're right! She's wet! What a shameless slut! Well honey, if you want it so bad, I'm not going to make you beg..."

"That's the spirit! Get ready for the fuck of your life, my red haired beauty. You want to gobble my cock down your worthless throat, don't you? Yeah... gonna have you bobbing on my knob... I'll fill your face with hot spunk, and you better not spill a single drop! The Imperial Senate is a holy place, you get any of my dick-juice on the ground, and I'll have you licking it up, whore!"

Next Spread

## TORTURED FOR THE MASSES

Bellatrix and Chloe have been sentenced to die for the entertainment of Rome. Slave Owners and Masters line the walls of the vast Coliseum, and yell in anticipation of the spectacle to come. Seeing a woman broken before them, whipped and tortured until she begs for death is the ultimate sport for their amusement. Husky Mandingos have been trained in the use of the crop and chain. Their powerful muscles flex and stretch under their dark skin, preparing for the savage beatings they are allowed to inflict on the defenseless women.

"Please sir... don't do this! I'm a slave like you! I didn't do anything wrong... my Master just wants to see how long I'll... -sob-... last before I breathe my last... Please sir! He is wagering with his friends... I can't take any more! I want to live..."

"Huh? You want to live, eh? Well that won't last, believe me! You'll be begging me to end your suffering long before I'm done with you... yeah... You know how long it's been before I've conquered a white cunt with my black meat? It's been weeks! I've got a taste for the white flesh... and you're the tastiest bit of cunt I've seen in ages... I'll make it last a long time... your Master has already paid me to make sure you last for hours!"

"NOOOO!!! I don't want to die! Please, by the gods have mercy on me! AH!!! My arms are being pulled from their sockets! I can't take any more pain! NAAAAAAA!!!!"

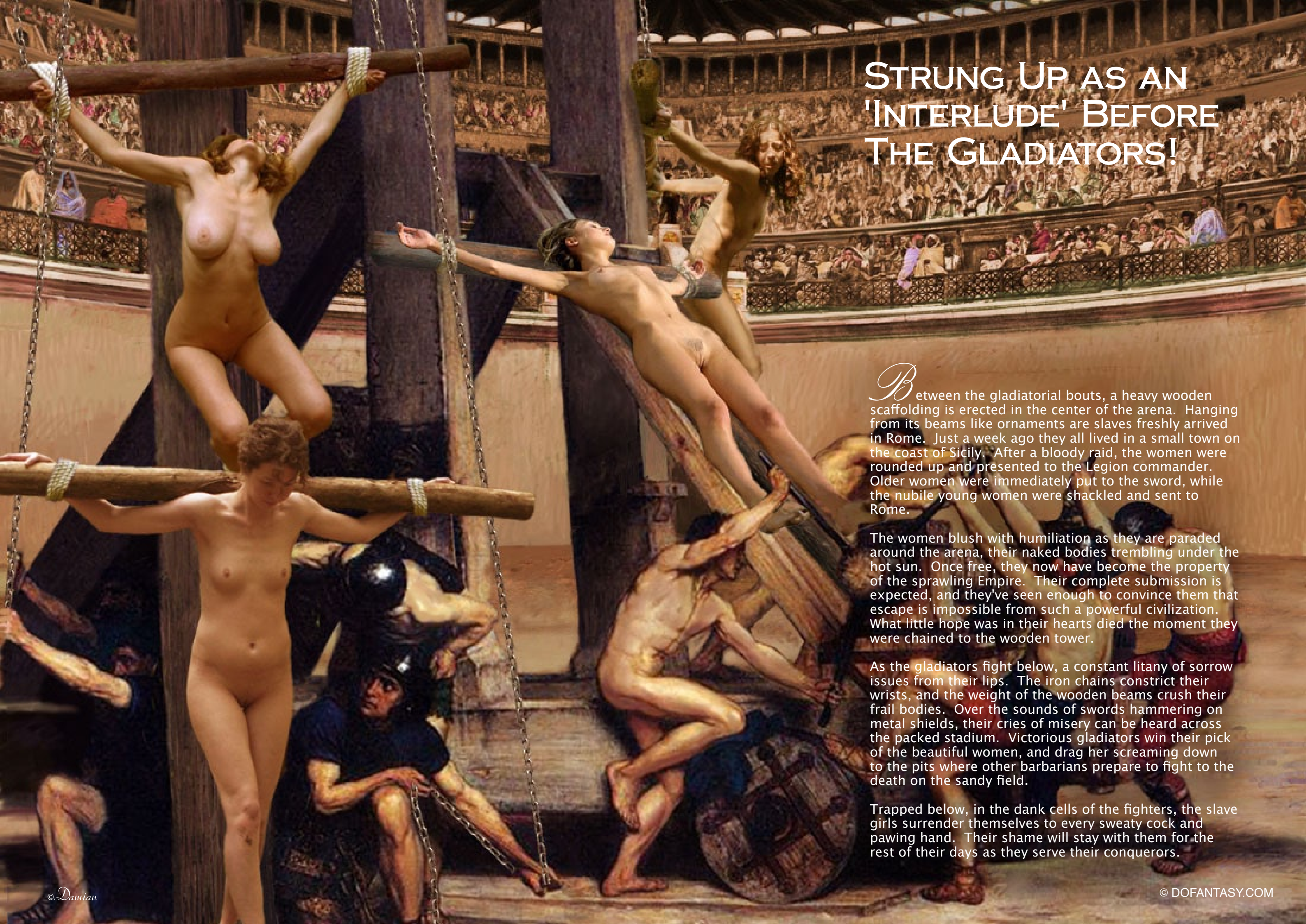
"Yeah! That's it, bitch! Scream for me! Scream for the last man who's gonna claim your sweet pussy! You nasty bitch, your dripping hole was made for my dark cock! You should be thanking me for showing you what a real fuck is like before you get sent to Hades! What? HA HA HA!!! Tibus, get a load of this whore! She just pissed herself in terror!"

"HA! What a spineless bitch! You should have her slurp it up before you go to work on her creamy skin! My slave is babbling to herself... guess she saw the torch and knows what I'm gonna do with it! Burning her smooth twat should wake her up!"

"AAIEEEEE!!! NANAHHHHHH!!!!"



THE WORST FATE -  
TORTURED FOR THE MASSES



# STRUNG UP AS AN 'INTERLUDE' BEFORE THE GLADIATORS!

*B*etween the gladiatorial bouts, a heavy wooden scaffolding is erected in the center of the arena. Hanging from its beams like ornaments are slaves freshly arrived in Rome. Just a week ago they all lived in a small town on the coast of Sicily. After a bloody raid, the women were rounded up and presented to the Legion commander. Older women were immediately put to the sword, while the nubile young women were shackled and sent to Rome.

The women blush with humiliation as they are paraded around the arena, their naked bodies trembling under the hot sun. Once free, they now have become the property of the sprawling Empire. Their complete submission is expected, and they've seen enough to convince them that escape is impossible from such a powerful civilization. What little hope was in their hearts died the moment they were chained to the wooden tower.

As the gladiators fight below, a constant litany of sorrow issues from their lips. The iron chains constrict their wrists, and the weight of the wooden beams crush their frail bodies. Over the sounds of swords hammering on metal shields, their cries of misery can be heard across the packed stadium. Victorious gladiators win their pick of the beautiful women, and drag her screaming down to the pits where other barbarians prepare to fight to the death on the sandy field.

Trapped below, in the dank cells of the fighters, the slave girls surrender themselves to every sweaty cock and pawing hand. Their shame will stay with them for the rest of their days as they serve their conquerors.



PLAYTHING FOR THE  
BEASTS

## PLAYTHING FOR THE BEASTS

*C*ruelty is the hallmark of the Coliseum, and the perverse games are an example of how ultimate power can erode the line between man and beast. Before the gladiators take to the field to prove their skills with sword and pike, the crowd is entertained by animals even more violent and bloodthirsty. Jackals, bears and gorillas are kept in cages far beneath the blood soaked sand of the arena. These creatures are starved and beaten until their primal violence is ready to explode. An enraged bear is a force of nature which nothing can withstand, especially a bound slave girl.

"Ya! Ya! This way you dumb beast! You get to eat today! What do you think of the main course? Tied slave on a stick! HA! Smell that fish? That's a dripping puss all ready for you to take a bite! Her little honey pot is just waiting for you, big guy! YA!"

"AAAAAH! No! Get him away! Help! HELP!!!! Somebody HELP ME!!!"

"That's right bitch, keep screaming! Tell the big, ugly brute where you are! Keep it up! He's a mean fucker, I don't think he likes loud noises! I guess your Master was right, you are a screamer! HA HA HA!!! Well I bet he hasn't heard anything yet! Your Master probably thought he heard you yell when he put that ring through your clitty, but you're gonna shriek like a stuck pig once this hairy monster gets ahold of ya!"

## UNDER THE STANDS OF THE ARENA, SOME NEED 'RELEASE'!

*U*nderneath the bloodied floor of the arena is a sprawling labyrinth of brick and mortar. In here are the gladiator pens where crude, violent men are kept for gladiatorial combat. They practice their skills up and down the long hallways, the air thick with the smells of blood and sweat. Laughter echoes in the close rooms, and the reek of unwashed bodies is overpowering. Every gladiator knows that each bout on the field could be his last. They live for the moment, and take their pleasure when they can. Sometimes pleasure is brought to them.

"AAIEEEE!!! Slower... please! I'm not ready! I'm too dry... it won't fit! AAAHHHH!!!"

"Ungh! Ungh! Yeah! Sexy bitch! Ride my dick... make it hard! Yeah! You got a tight ass, guess you don't have a Master who likes claiming your shitter! That's good... very good! Makes it tighter for me and more painful for you! I like to hear a woman scream, it lets me know that she's paying attention! Stupid cunt like you should be working to make a hard fuck last... last a long time! Don't you dare cum until I do, whore! Yeah! Fuck me back! I'm gonna take your shaved twat next... give you a real thick man-steak to work with!"

"Win the next fight, and then you can screw the whore's cunt! Understand Victus? This is just a sample of the reward I've got waiting for you if you come back in glory. I've got a pile wagered on you in the next round of combat, and I'm counting on you. You win the fight, and this little bitch can stay down here with you for the next month. I'll chain her to your cell... you can feed her or punish her... I don't care which. Just go out there and win!"

"Yeah! I got it! Win fight, then bust her tight slit wide open! Yeah!"

"AAAAIEEEE!!! Please, no more!! NO MORE!!! I can't take it!!!"



## LEFT FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF 'PASSING TRADE'

The Roman roads run straight and true, and are lined with the bodies of hot slave girls, writhing in anguish. These young women are securely tied to sturdy crosses and serve as a warning and a promise to the traffic below. The warning is clear: Rome means power. Unyielding power and authority over all women and slaves. The slave who isn't quick to wash her Master's feet with her tears, or clean the crack of his ass with her tongue, can expect no mercy from the all-powerful Empire.

The promise is to the strong men who live in this thriving testament to greed and vice. If a man is up to the challenge that Rome offers, and can prove himself in battle as well as business, than the rewards are endless. A villa of hot slave girls ready and eager to serve his every pleasure. No kink is too base or disgusting in this hive of excess.

If a man has any doubts about the power of Rome, he is free to sample the roadside slaves. They are bound for days, their tendons straining under the weight of their bodies on the leather ropes. Their muscles cramped in agony and burning with pain. These slave girls are completely helpless. Helpless to relieve their suffering, and helpless to resist the advances of every wandering beggar and thief on the Imperial highway. When she has been used to the point where she no longer arouses desire in the loins of the citizens, she disappears and is replaced by another unfortunate slave. In the land of excess, there are always plenty of beautiful young women to enslave and humiliate.

Next Spread

## TORTURE FOR SLAVES

AAIEEEEE!!! AAAHHHH!! NOO!! NO MORE!!!! AAAGGGHHH!!!!  
"Speak up whore, I can't hear you over all that noise! HA! You are the dumbest cunt I've ever had the unfortunate pleasure of taking the burning tongs to. You must have shit for brains! Let's start your lesson again. And this time, say it with feeling! Question one, what are you?"

"AHHH! I... I am a slave, Mister Xeno. AAGHH! I am a pathetic cum-slut! I don't deserve to breathe! I am nothing without my wonderful Master..."  
"Better, much better! I guess even a cringing shithead like you can learn something with the proper motivation! Question two, what is your first duty?"

"NNGHHH! I serve my Master's cock, Mister Xeno! I... I am unworthy to kiss the sole of his foot, and am... honored... to use my body to satisfy my Master's needs. If my Master steps on my face... I will thank him for letting me be a rug for his feet... I will keep my cunt shaved for his cock... and will never prevent him from using my fuck-holes... as is his right as my... -sob-... Master and Owner... AAIEEEEE!!!!"

"You're getting the hang of it. Either you're smarter than you look, or I'm an excellent slave trainer. You look like any other brain-dead whore, so I must be fantastic! Question three, what do you own?"

"OWWWWW!! AAAHH!! I own nothing Mister Xeno! I don't own my nipples... my tits, my clit.. my ass... My entire body belongs to my wonderful Master and he determines how to use it... NGGHHHAAAA!!! He can use every part of me, sell me, trade me or give me his friends for their pleasure... I have no life apart from my Master... -sob-."

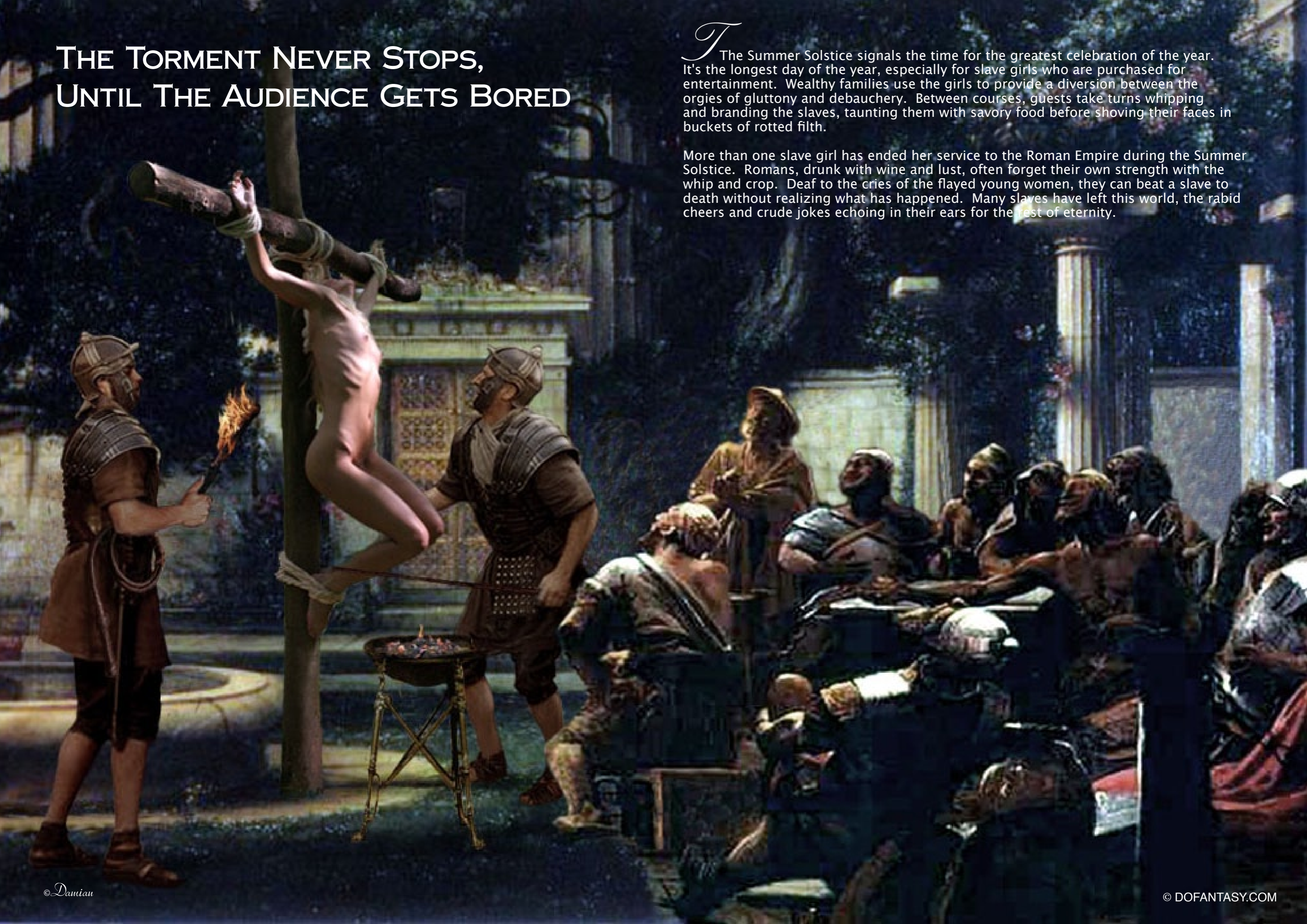
# TORTURE FOR SLAVES



# THE TORMENT NEVER STOPS, UNTIL THE AUDIENCE GETS BORED

The Summer Solstice signals the time for the greatest celebration of the year. It's the longest day of the year, especially for slave girls who are purchased for entertainment. Wealthy families use the girls to provide a diversion between the orgies of gluttony and debauchery. Between courses, guests take turns whipping and branding the slaves, taunting them with savory food before shoving their faces in buckets of rotted filth.

More than one slave girl has ended her service to the Roman Empire during the Summer Solstice. Romans, drunk with wine and lust, often forget their own strength with the whip and crop. Deaf to the cries of the flayed young women, they can beat a slave to death without realizing what has happened. Many slaves have left this world, the rabid cheers and crude jokes echoing in their ears for the rest of eternity.



## IMPORTANT NOTICE - DISCLAIMER

All characters are 18 years old or older.

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

No actual toons were harmed in the making of this comic.

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DESCRIPTION OF EVERY COMIC

# ROMAN CRUCIFIXIONS

By *Damian* with photography by MAKAR  
and texts by JEDAKK



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**DUNGEON III**  
*Collection*

**46** pages of  
high-resolution  
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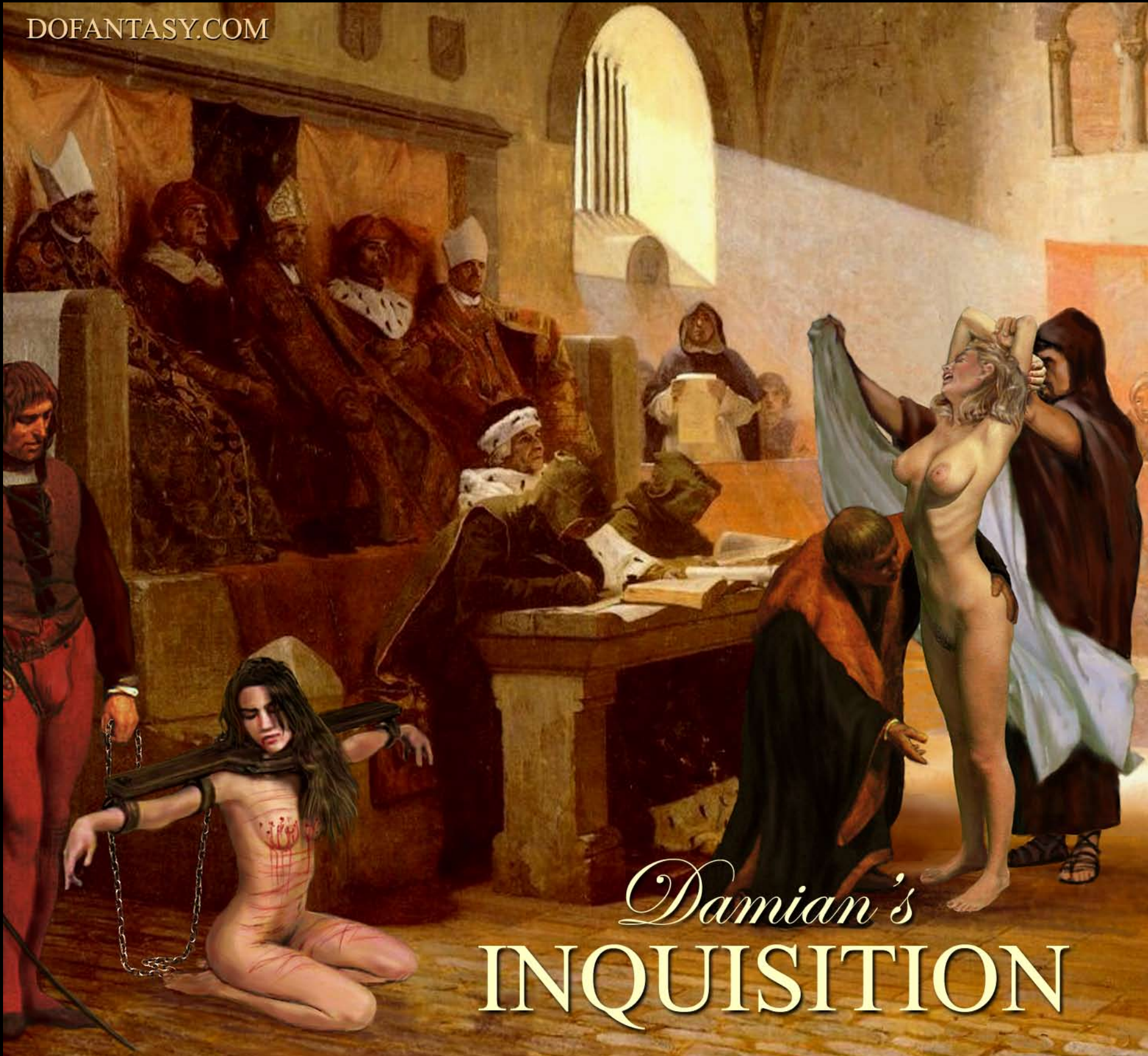
DOFANTASY

# DAMIAN'S DUNGEONS

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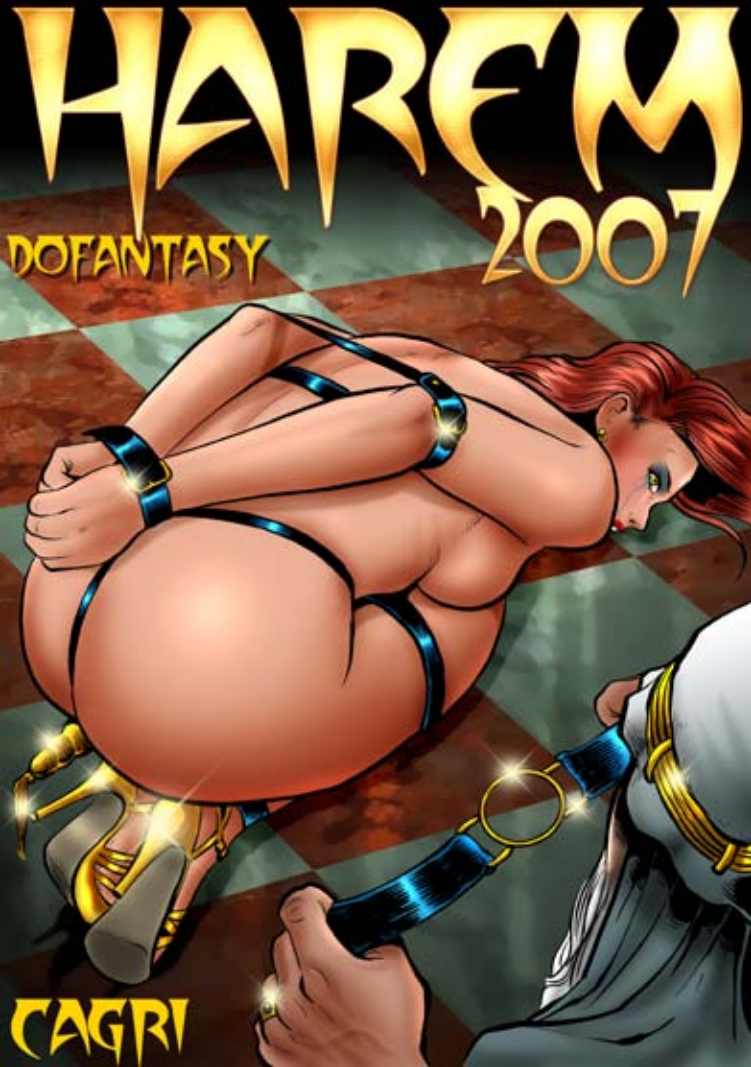
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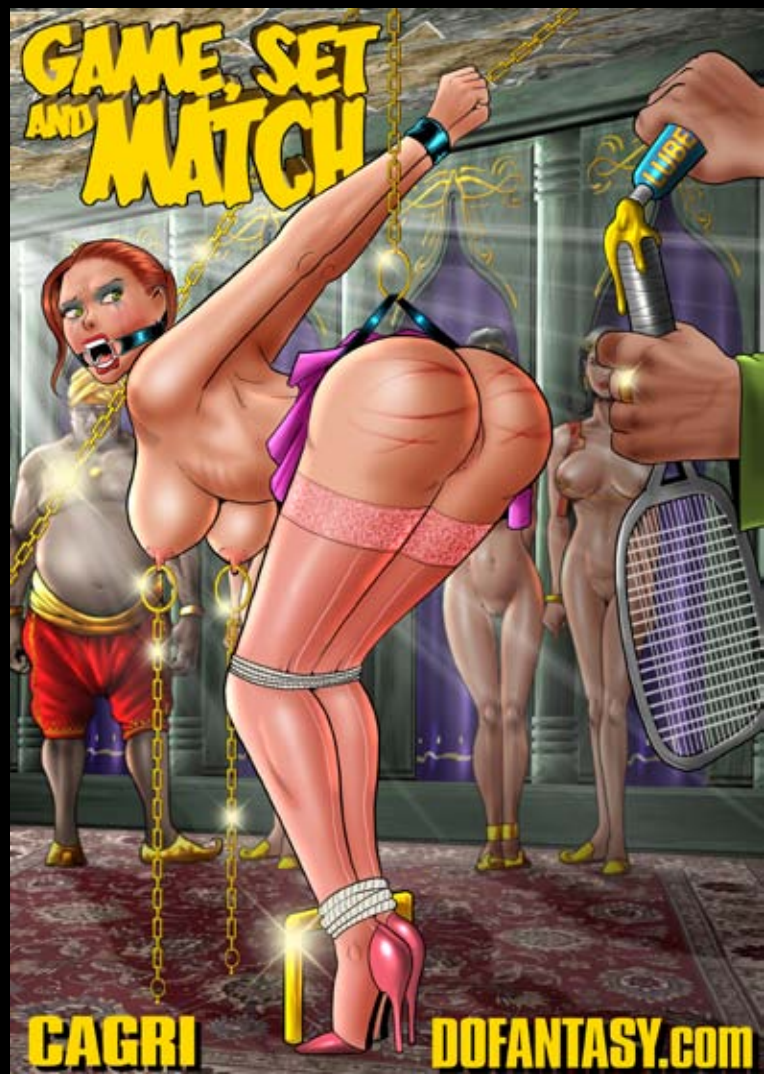
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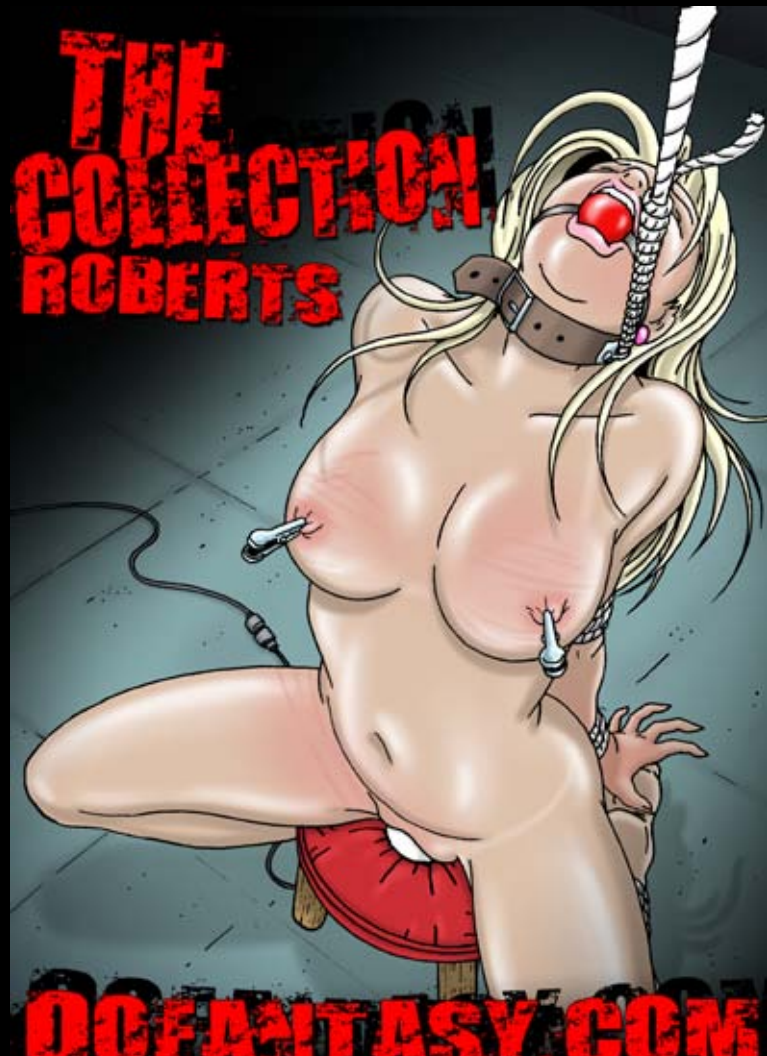
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