‘Slaves to Rome´

By Ellie Wylde

Copyright© 2022 Ellie Wylde

Smashwords Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any way without written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and events are either products of the author´s imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental

This book is for adult readers only. It contains explicit sexual scenes with graphic language which may be considered offensive by some people. All sexually active characters are 18 years of age or older.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you´re reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

www.EllieWyldeErotica.com

SLAVES TO ROME

PART ONE

Even though the street bustled with its usual energy there was something different in the air today. The raucous shouts from market traders were bellowed out with their customary fervor, reverberating off the cobbled streets and the white-washed walls but there was a tension amongst the crowds of passersby. Camila Gracchus glanced quickly to make sure her daughters were close and then to her two bodyguards. Her daughters seemed unconcerned, their youthful naivety blinding them to their surroundings other than to a flower stall and the lady waving her wares enthusiastically in the girls´ direction. The guards, however, already had their fingers resting on the pommels of their blades and were ready to draw at a moment´s notice.

"Flavia, Lavinia, stay close," said Camila, throwing a cold glare at the flower merchant, who quickly withdrew under the gaze of the

noblewoman. The two teenagers shuffled a little closer to their mother. They were both perfect young Roman women, dark-haired and olive-skinned. Flavia, the elder at nineteen, already had some of her mother´s curves and Camila liked the way she gently rolled her hips and swayed her ass with each step, it showed confidence and fertility. Both vital assets in the world they were growing up into. The younger, Lavinia, was slimmer, even more delicate. Her breasts were barely more than small mounds pushing against her fine cotton dress. The playful days of her youth, where her hair always hung loose and untamed, her fingernails underlined with dirt and her clothes always torn from some childish adventure or other, were vanishing behind her. She was becoming a woman.

They continued down the street. Camila felt, as much as saw, eyes on her. Hungry jealous eyes. A man, in little more than tattered rags, screwed up his face in an angry snarl. The homeless were becoming an increasing blight on the city, thought Camila and was surprised when the man spat on the ground near Flavia´s feet. A few months ago such an

act would be unthinkable. She looked to Gaius, the more senior of her bodyguards. He was a tall powerful man, five years out of the army and formidable presence. She considered whether she should have the man beaten for his insolence.

Gaius seemed to read her thoughts and shake his head, "Best keep moving, Domina," he said firmly.

Along with the increase of vagrants, there were also more street whores. There was a time when such women kept to the back alleys, but as times grew harder they had moved onto the main streets looking for 'business.' One such woman grinned at Camila and tossed her greasy hair in an attempt to be alluring. Once the woman might have been attractive, but the rigors of her vocation had taken her toll and the thickly applied makeup could only do so much to hide her tired appearance. When Camila turned her nose up at her, the harlot called out to Lavinia, "What about you little darling?" she gave a suggestive wink.

"Be off with you!" Gaius stepped forward and in between the whore and young woman.

"My street as much as yours!" the whore snapped back.

Gaius noticed a few more working girls as well vagrants, and even a few down on their luck storekeepers, looking over, keen to see how this situation played out. He resisted the urge to strike the harlot, even though it angered him to turn the other cheek. He kept walking and his wards followed close behind.

"Maybe when you've been taken for a walk by your Mistress you can come back and I will give your cock a good suck...unless she's already chopped it off!" the whore called after the guard. There was laughter amongst many of the onlookers.

"Did you hear how that woman spoke to Gaius, mother?" asked Lavinia.

"Just keep walking, my darling. There are some unpleasant people out today and not worth our time," Camila made sure her stride was calm and that she showed no sign of concern.

"Domina, perhaps we should head back to the villa, the crowds are even thicker up ahead and..."

"I am not going to be intimidated to walk the street of Rome!" snorted Camila, cutting off her bodyguard.

"But Domina…"

"But nothing. The Silk Market is just ahead I am sure there will be less… undesirables there."

Gaius nodded, his hand gripping his sword even tighter, and pushed through the crowds.

Even the Silk Market had lost much of its splendor. The colonnade that stretched through the plaza usually had dozens of merchants clustered around it. They came from all over the known world, and some even beyond, but today half the stands stood abandoned. The traders, as well as the finely dressed customers, were looking anxiously at the gathering citizens who hung around, some with hands outstretched others furtively glancing at loose jewelry and any trinkets the nobles may be carrying.

Camila ushered her two girls under the columns, out from the scorching heat and into the cooling shade. She sighed with relief as she

passed a row of city guard posted around the market to keep most of the plebs at bay. The smells of incense and exotic spices filled the air, it was enough to drown out the odor of the throngs outside and Camila breathed in deeply.

"Stay under the colonnade," she said to the girls, "Don't go wandering off… not today."

Flavia and Lavinia watched their mother mix with other finely dressed ladies. The daughters recognized which smiles were phony and which embraces were warm and which were not.

"Camila, my darling! Have you heard? You must have heard!" asked one woman with thick, flowing red hair that had been dyed, at great expense.

"Octavia!" the women kissed cheeks, "Heard what?"

Octavia looked at the other women in the group and beamed with pride that she was going to be first to share the gossip, "Petronius Hector Septim! He is back with his wife Dariana and that chubby little

brat of a daughter… I forget her name. They are back! Back from… from… fuck knows where!"

"Is that so?" Camila responded thoughtfully.

"Have they no shame?" chipped in another woman, desperate to be involved.

The conversation devolved into heated gossip complaining about everything and everyone leaving Camila´s daughters sighing in boredom and frustration, "Let´s go see if we can find some bracelets," said Flavia fed up with waiting and pulled Lavinia behind her.

They passed dozens of stalls each one displaying a dazzling display of arts and crafts. There were silk scarves in a rainbow of garish colors, ornaments depicting the Gods and wooden effigies of naked men and women. Lavinia paused at a particularly curious looking marble sculpture. It was about three palms high and appeared to be a shaft with two stones at the bottom. The top bulged out slightly.

"What is it?" she asked picking up the strange object, it was heavy and her fingers struggled to reach all the way around the girth, "It looks bizarre!"

A mature lady behind the stall laughed and then grinned as she saw Flavia gasp and then turn red with embarrassment.

"What do you think it is, my dear?" the woman asked.

"Some kind of horn… maybe from a beast in the wilds of Africanus?"

The woman giggled, "I guess some would call it a horn."

"Put it down," Flavia tried to wrestle the stone cock from her sister's grasp.

Lavinia twisted away and held onto it tight, "What is it for?"

The merchant woman reached out and tugged the sculpture from the girl's hands fearing it was about to be dropped and smashed, "When a husband and a wife… want a baby, but the husband is… struggling…

they place this under the bed and it lets Venus know to come and help the man. To give him… strength.″

Lavinia´s eyes opened wide and then she blushed, ‟Oh! Oh! I see,″ she then looked at her hands as if expecting them to be dirty.

‟Come on,″ sighed Flavia and dragged her sister away from the stall.

There were dozens of vendors peddling jewelry, gold, silver, and bronze, there were twinkling gems and sparkling glassware and the two girls happily tried things on. Flavia caught sight of a bracelet encrusted with strange green stones.

‟What kind of gems are these?″ she asked looking up at the stall owner. Then she gawped, the woman, maybe in her late twenties, was unlike any she had seen before. The woman´s hair was pitch black and her skin was of a golden hue, but what mesmerized Flavia the most were the amazing eyes: the eyelids curved into sharp points and the pupils were a deep rich brown. She couldn´t stop herself from staring.

"These are jade," replied the woman, her voice soft, her accent exotic, "Do you like?"

Flavia didn't reply, she hadn't even heard the woman speak and still stared, mouth lolling open. The woman shuffled uncomfortably.

"You... you are so beautiful..." gasped Flavia, the words tumbling from her lips.

"That's nice," said Lavinia, picking up a bronze hairpin with a depiction of a strange curling dragon, she then noticed the merchant, "Look at her eyes, Flavia! They are amazing! How does she do that?"

"I... I was born this way," the woman replied now unsure of where to look under the two Roman girls' intense scrutiny.

"I wish my eyes were like that," sighed Lavinia, "I am sure you get a lot of attention from boys."

"Where I am from, we all look like this."

"Everyone?!" gasped Lavinia, leaning in closer to take a better look.

"Lavinia! Stop staring, it is rude!" snapped Flavia, forcing herself to look away too, "I apologize for my sister she is very… inquisitive."

"It is fine. I am starting to get used to it. Would you like to try the bracelet on?"

"Yes, yes please," Flavia couldn't take her eyes off the exotic woman who fastened the jewelry onto her wrist.

"It looks beautiful on you," the young woman said with a smile.

Flavia pulled her gaze away from the merchant's face and to her wrist, "Yes… very… I will buy it," she handed over the coins and then just stood there.

"Is there something else I can help you with?"

"Erm… erm…" mumbled Flavia, desperate to find a reason to stay.

"What about this hairpin?" chipped in Lavinia, "Mother gave you all the money, can you buy this too."

"No," replied Flavia, "I don't have enough... we... we can get it tomorrow," she then turned back to the young woman, "You will be here tomorrow, won't you?"

"I believe so, yes."

"Just get some more denarii off mother," shrugged Lavinia, "No reason to come all the way back here tomorrow. Why are you being strange?"

"We mustn't pester mother when she is with her friends. We can come back tomorrow and...what is your name?"

"Liang," the merchant replied with a small respectful nod.

"And Liang will put the hairpin away for you."

"Yes, that is not a problem."

"Li...ang..." said Lavinia carefully, "Liang... do all people where you are from have strange names?"

"Lavinia!" snapped Flavia.

Liang giggled, "In my country, it is not such an unusual name."

"It has been nice to meet you, Liang," said Flavia, "I shall come back tomorrow for the hairpin and maybe you can tell me more about yourself… and your country."

"Why do you want to know about her and her country?" whispered Lavinia, not particularly quietly, "You don't normally care about such things."

"I want to… to expand my horizons," replied Flavia.

"You are getting very strange as you get older."

Flavia smiled and found herself blushing as she said goodbye to Liang who bowed slightly while placing her hands together under her chin in a curious gesture. Flavia found herself copying and then blushed again as she felt very awkward doing so.

The two sisters continued to browse. To Lavinia's annoyance, Flavia did have plenty of money left and continued to buy herself a scarf, a charcoal eyeliner as well as a jar of scented oil. Fed up, Lavinia pushed her way to the edge of the colonnade and sat on the marble steps overlooking the plaza. It was like stepping into another world. The

smell of burning meat, sweat and the coarse cries of the plebs echoed off the stone slab pavings. She liked watching the people, the hustle and the bustle. They always seemed so busy, they always had something to do. There were months on end where her mother, along with her friends, sat around and did nothing. But the poor folk always seemed to want to do something.

"Take a look at this! You won't find any better in all of Rome!" came a deep shout from a man.

Lavinia looked over and saw a large man with an unkempt beard dressed in a drab toga that had seen better days. He was calling out to a group that had gathered under the shade of a canvas awning around an upright barrel, drinking beer. He was next to a frail girl no more than a year or two older than herself. She was positioned on a high stool and looked meek and scared. Her dress may once have been considered fashionable, not high fashion but passable amongst the middle-classes, now it was grubby and had a few tears in it.

"The tightest cunt in all of Rome! Just twenty denari! Go on, show em!" the man grabbed the girl's dress and pulled it up revealing her freshly shaven mound. The girl tried to smile, tried to look sexy.

Lavinia found herself gawping at the spectacle, her eyes locked on the girl's treasures. The men were showing interest, one in particular.

"You, Sir! You look like a man with a taste for the finer things in life. How about you have yourself some entertainment?"

The potential customer just shrugged and sipped from his cup of beer.

"Open your legs!" the man snarled at the girl.

"But father!" pleaded the girl before she obeyed and revealed the petals of her flower.

Lavinia felt herself get hot at the sight and knew she was going red even though no one was looking at her.

The drinking man pulled some coins from his pocket and studied them as he played with them between his fingers.

"Do we have a deal?" asked the bearded man, hope starting to gleam in his eyes.

The man looked like he was about to take up the offer when he sighed, turned and went to a baker's stand and purchased a couple of loaves of bread.

"For fucks sake!" snapped the bearded man and backhanded his daughter, "What's wrong with you? Am I the only one interested in putting food on our table? What am I going to tell your mother? You ungrateful cunt!"

"I'm sorry father, I'll try harder," sniveled the girl as she nursed her swelling cheek.

"There you are!" came Camila's voice, "I told you not to wander off!"

"I didn't, I'm right here," replied Lavinia standing up and dusting off her dress.

Camila looked down at the wretched girl and her father and hurriedly pulled Lavinia away, "You don't need to worry about such people and what they get up to."

"Mother, what exactly was the man trying to sell?"

"I told you, you don't need to worry about people like that. They are animals! They shouldn't even be allowed within the city walls… unless they are in the Colosseum of course," Camila pulled her daughter back into the colonnade where they rejoined their bodyguards and Flavia, who seemed to be trying to look through the crowds to sneak a peek at the beautiful foreign woman.

*****

Camila kicked off her sandals as one of the slave girls finished filling the large bath. It was good to be home, good to be away from those streets and out of the heat. One wall of the room was open to the outside and, through the stone pillars, Camila looked out over the Eternal City just as the sun dipped below the horizon. The Villa was high up on the Aventine Hill, the most exclusive of the seven that made up Rome,

affording her a glorious view of the greatest city the world had ever seen. Temples, libraries and palaces stretched out in all their glory and it was easy to forget the sights she had witnessed that day.

"Domina," said another slave girl in a respectfully low voice, the girl then eased Camila's dress off her shoulders and down over her womanly body.

For Camila, nudity in front of her slaves meant nothing, there was no shame in it, it was no different than being naked in front of a hound or cow. Camila stepped down into the bath, the size of a small pool, that was lined with an ornate mosaic of Venus sitting in a huge shell while a green serpent circled around, frothing the waves of the sea. The warm water felt good on her skin and she felt the sweat and dirt from the streets wash away. Both the girl that had filled the bath and the one that had undressed her, stripped and joined her in the bath. They were beautiful lithe creatures. Camila knew how important the quality of sex slaves was. It was imperative that she had the finest girls available, even if it did cost a fair few extra denarii. The two slaves sat either side of her

and then started to wash her, one sponging her body with soaps sourced from North Africanus while the other massaged a mint paste into her dark locks.

Camila gave a gentle purr as the sponge moved between her legs and caressed her pussy lips. The sponge then moved down her legs.

"Just my cunni, Deena" she instructed.

The sponge moved back between her legs and Deena applied all her attention on rubbing her Mistress's soft folds. The slave had been with them since a child and had grown into a beautiful young thing. She had quite the talent for pleasure.

"Mmm…" moaned Camila, she stretched out her arms along the side of the bath and closed her eyes so she could focus on the soft caress of the sponge. She soon felt her nipples react to the sensation and they began to harden. Without opening her eyes, she moved the hands that were washing her hair onto her breasts. The girl began to softly knead and roll the erect nipples between her fingers and thumbs.

"Oh…oh…Mmm…" she purred again as the dual sensations sent pleasure coursing through her body. She leaned forward and kissed Deena. The girl's lips parted instantly and welcomed her Domina's tongue into her mouth. Camila kissed hungrily, her mouth opening and closing and then locking wide open, clamped over the girl's while her tongue enjoyed the sensations of licking and being licked.

Knowing her mistress's needs well, the slave girl increased the speed and pressure of her strokes with the sponge and pushed harder and faster into Camila's sex. Camila moaned gratefully in response.

The sound of bare feet on the wet tiles drew her attention back to the room. Her husband was making his way towards the bath flanked by two slaves, one a pretty young woman the other an effeminate young man.

"You are home early," said Camila. Deena moved her lips onto her mistress's neck and continued to gently kiss.

Vitus was a handsome man in his early forties, his hair was thick and dark and he had an impressive square jawline that was now just showing the first signs of bristle.

"The senate continues to fret and panic about the grain shortage while Emperor Marcellus is convinced that every decision, every idea, is there to undermine him and so we grind to a halt," replied Vitus. The slaves unfastened his toga revealing his muscular and toned body, "He still wants me to raise grain tax, against my advice, to fund the Legions in Germania. He is obsessed with rumors of a threat coming from the East. Why he has me as Master of the Chancellery and ignores my advice I do not know."

"So did you? Raise the tax?"

"No, of course not. That would be madness, half of Rome would starve if I did. Not that Marcellus would care. My ears are still ringing from his condemnations of me."

Camila's eyes were drawn to his broad shoulders, down over to a faded white scar that ran from his chest to his hip. And then her attention

was drawn to his cock. Even though it was still flaccid it was still impressive, "Our Emperor is young, not stupid. He knows he needs you. You are the one that makes the Empire work."

Vitus stepped down into the bath followed by his slaves. He gave a contented sigh as the water level reached his chest and he leaned back against the side. "He closed the senate early as he didn't want any more debate about the rising discontent across the city. It is a ploy of course. He is stalling until the Fifth Legion returns."

"The Fifth? Oh…Mmm…They were in Germania, were they not?" Camila replied, purring as her clit was deliciously caressed by the soapy sponge.

"Indeed," nodded Vitus, "Marcellus is announcing they return in triumph bringing a bounty of wealth and slaves. That the Empire's boundaries have been extended right up to the Rhine, and the town of Tahvanord is now under imperial rule," he then addressed the two slaves, "Tend my cock."

The slave girl didn´t hesitate, took a deep breath and plunged her head beneath the water. By the deep moan, Camila knew her husband´s dick had now been taken into the girl´s mouth.

"You sound like you think that is not quite the truth."

"General Fabius told me just last week that the campaign in Germania has stalled. Our Auxiliarium troops stumble blindly through the forests and are picked apart by the barbarians. That, while there is progress, it is slow… and costly."

The slave girl emerged from the water and gasped for breath. The young man immediately took over her duty and vanished underwater.

"Yet he recalls the Fifth back to Rome? I presume he wants a spectacle to impress the people. Although the Legion is not allowed to linger within cities walls. After one parade they will have to leave. That is the law."

"It is," replied Vitus and then he moaned, "When we voted Marcellus into office I had hoped he would have been easier to control – old enough to lead but young enough to manipulate. But he seems to

have ideas of his own. I swear he still thinks he is on the battlefield and the senators are his soldiers to command. He sees everything as war not the subtleties of administration and finance.″

“Spoken like the true Master of the Chancellery!″ laughed Camila, “Maybe that is not a bad… Mmm… Mmm… a bad thing. I took the girls to the Silk Market today. I have never seen the plebs so desperate… so angry. You remember that glass merchant we bought the vase from for Octavia´s birthday? I swear I saw him today in the plaza, whoring out his daughter.″

“I vaguely recall. He seemed a reputable man…Oh…oh…″ replied Vitus, his eyes closing in pleasure. The male slave´s head returned to the surface and the girl took over from him.

“Reputable no longer! If this crisis is reaching the middle classes… well, we all know what the next step will be!″

“Hence the return of the Fifth Legion, to stop any ideas of revolt before they get started. But it is just fending off the inevitable for a few more weeks. Once they leave it will be back to how it was before.

Change is happening whether Marcellus wants it or not. Oh fuck!! Yes!" Vitus stood up, his cock now fully erect and quivering. He took hold of the young man, pulled him to his feet and turned him around. The man bent over and offered his ass.

Camila watched on, smiling at seeing her husband's mighty dick, the length, the formidable girth, "Faster! Faster!" she urged her own slave girl. Deena sped up and pushed the sponge harder into her mistress's clit, "My teat!" The other girl leaned over and took one of Camila's nipples into her mouth and started suckling.

Vitus lined up his cock with the man's anus and pushed in hard. The man gave a whimper as he was breached. Camila knew what it was like to have that cock up her ass, the size, the power, to be completely filled. Also the discomfort. Vitus gripped the slave's waist and drove his cock all the way in. The slave cried out, his voice high.

As Camila watched her husband fuck she smiled as she saw the slave's own cock start to swell and go hard. It was small in comparison, weak as a slave should be, "You won't believe what I heard today."

Vitus was reaching a good rhythm, his muscular buttocks pumping back and forth, "Much of your friends' gossip I don't believe," he said with a grunt.

"They say Petronius Lucius Septim has returned."

Vitus stopped his thrusting and gave his wife a surprised look, "So he has finally decided to crawl out from whatever rock he has been hiding under. I thought after leaving under such a cloud he would prefer to stay in the dark and dank," he resumed his fucking.

"I look forward to catching up with his wife, Dariana," smirked Camila.

"You know gloating over a fallen family is not becoming of a Lady of Rome. But I do wonder how he managed to make such a return to Rome. He would have needed support from someone in the Senate. Someone powerful," he was lost in thought for a moment and then shrugged, "As I recall you were once the closest of friends. Didn't their daughter… can't remember her name… the plump one, play with Flavia as a child? I wonder if they still hold a grudge against us."

"We both know, in Rome, one family's fall is another one's rise. You did what you had to do. If you hadn't then maybe Petronius would have become Master of the Chancellery not you!"

"Perish the thought!" laughed Vitus, "But I did what I did for Rome, not for political gain," he slowed his thrusts and closed his eyes to focus on the pleasure of the tight anus around his cock.

They both went quiet each enjoying the attentions of their sex slaves, the only sound the slapping of skin on skin, grunts and soft moans.

"Vitus, I have a worry about Lavinia," said Camila at last, "I don't think she is developing as quickly as she should… as a woman. Sexually I mean."

Vitus reached over and gripped the slave's shoulder and pulled on it hard allowing himself to go even deeper. The slave's cock was now fully erect and he also was moaning with pleasure, "Lavinia? She is only sixteen there is no need to worry," replied Vitus through grunts.

"She is eighteen! I saw her looking at the whores today and she was… unsure. I think we have sheltered her too much. She needs… experience."

"Needs experience? Why?"

"The Celebration of Venus is only weeks away! It will be our girls' first orgy! Saphina is hosting it at the palace and we can't have Lavinia shame us!"

"What do you suggest? We cannot have her broken."

"Octavia bought her daughter a girl, a bed-slave. She says it has done wonders for Oliva's development!"

Vitus snorted, "Octavia and her new-age fashionable ideas! Fine, I shall leave it up to you. What about Flavia? Oh…oh… yes…yes…yes!" his legs started to tremble as he approached his climax.

"I am not so worried about her. I often peek into her room and find her masturbating."

"I worry she is too romantic and not pragmatic. She still thinks the world is about love, rainbows and roses. She believes all those stories she reads," Vitus pulled out and the slave quickly turned and dropped to his knees, mouth open wide. Vitus worked his cock with a few more strokes and sprayed his seed into the young man's mouth, "Oh, by the Gods, Yes!" Vitus then slumped back down into the bath.

The sight was enough to trigger Camila's own orgasm. A sudden tightness and then a glorious release forced a long moan from her lips, "Mmmm…"

The young man swallowed his master's juices and then rejoined Vitus in the bath. All the slaves then resumed washing their owners.

"Sisters can be jealous. If Lavinia gets a slave girl then you can be certain Flavia will want one too."

"You know your girls well," smiled Camila, her tone slightly mocking.

Vitus gave a grin, "Apart from their ages you mean?"

"I said nothing."

"There should be a glut of slaves brought back with the Fifth's return. Buy two… the best! I want only the finest for my girls!"

"All your girls?" teased Camila.

"My love! How many slaves do you need? You only have one cunni yet every time I come home I swear there is a new girl tending your appetite! Slaves are not cheap!"

"Then it is lucky I married the richest man in Rome," she smiled.

"Come here and get ready for the richest man in Rome's cock to plow your flower!"

*****

The vibrations throbbing through the wagon were different now. From the irregular bouncing of going through mud tracks, pockmarked with rocks, and potholes to a more consistent rumble of wheels on cobblestones. Alda pressed her face against the wooden panelling and tried to see through the gap. She could just make out that the forest had given way to vineyards, endless fields of grapes. And the days were

getting warmer. When they had set out from Germania, three months ago, there had still been frost in the air and the prisoners had all had to huddle together for warmth. Now even the mornings were warm and by the afternoon it was stifling in the cramped wooden cell. She turned back and looked around at the other wretched prisoners. There were a dozen of them crammed in so tight they had to keep their knees pressed up against their chests – for hour after hour. There was no respite. None. They had been kept in the box and not let out even once. The first few days the cramps had been agony now their limbs were just numb.

She heard a sob from the girl on her left and briefly smelt the sharp tang of urine as the girl wet herself. The hot liquid flowed out of the girl´s rags and didn´t stop until it ran against Alda´s leg. Alda hated to think what they all smelt like. There were a few holes in the floor that they could use as a latrine, for those ‘lucky´ enough to be close enough. The rest just had to piss and shit themselves where they sat. The only relief was she had become so accustomed to the stench that she barely noticed it anymore.

On her right sat Elke. Alda could barely recognize her own sister through the filth encrusted over the girl´s freckled face. Both their hair was still matted with their parent´s blood. For the first few weeks, a burning fury consumed her, all she could think about was throwing herself at the Roman soldiers, to bite and tear with her teeth and nails until they struck her down. That way, at least, she could have re-joined her parents, in the Golden Fields, with honor. That anger had subsided into total hopelessness and defeat. The Romans wanted to break them not just physically but also mentally and they had succeeded.

A fierce ray of light suddenly blinded them as a trap door was opened in the roof. Alda covered her eyes and looked up as best as she could. A Roman soldier leered down at them and then tossed down a handful of moldy bread crusts along with a few chicken bones, a few scraps of meat still on them. In an instant, there was the rattle of chains as the prisoners desperately scrambled to reach the pathetic morsels. Alda managed to grab a chicken bone and held onto it tightly. The other prisoners tried to kick out and beat off any competition for the food. It

disgusted Alda how easily her people had become savages, fighting each other rather than the common enemy. The Romans may have been evil but they certainly knew what they were doing.

Alda then heard a laugh from the soldier and looked up just in time to see the man hike up his uniform, brandish his cock and then piss down on them. He took great joy spraying his pee around, and did his best to make sure everyone got a turn. Alda just turned her away, there was no point trying to dodge, there simply was nowhere to move. She felt the warm liquid spray over her cheek and she clenched her lips tightly to stop any from running into her mouth. Then it went dark again as the trapdoor was closed.

"Here," she whispered and held up the chicken bone to Elke.

Elke blinked weakly and reached up with her chained hands to take it, "What about you?"

"I'm fine, I had a big breakfast," she joked, trying to add humor to her voice.

Elke just nodded and chewed at the gristle at the end of the bone. It broke Alda´s heart to see her sister like that. And the thought of what the Romans were going to do to her terrified her even more. Elke was four years her younger, just eighteen. She had never lain with a man and now she no doubt would be sold to a Roman pig who would fuck her senseless every night… or worse… sold to a brothel to be handed around like a fuck doll. To be taken again and again, day after day until she was broken and diseased, just to be thrown away, to rot in the mines or quarries. Alda wasn´t scared for herself, she would die before she would take Roman cock… but her little sister. She felt a tear well up and then run down her cheek and she desperately fought to banish the terrible images from her mind.

*****

When Alda woke the rays of light shining in through the gaps in the panels had faded and the smothering heat cooled slightly. She could hear voices all around. It wasn´t just the usual vulgar shouts of the soldiers but also women and even children. She was sure she could

hear music and singing. Not beautiful singing, instead it was lewd, drunken tavern songs.

"Where…where are we?" whispered Elke.

"I'm not sure… maybe Rome," a pang of fear shot through her. After weeks of dreading this nightmare, the day of its reality had finally arrived.

Alda pressed her face once again against the wood and tried to look out. She could just make out huge stone buildings rising up above them. She had never seen anything like it. Countless warehouses, workshops, stalls each far bigger than the largest hut back in her village. She could see people walking along paved streets, eying the wagon convey with interest.

The wagon then tilted sharply downwards as it descended down a slope and underground. The only light was the orange of burning torches. Alda gripped Elke's hand tightly, to give herself comfort as much as for her sister. The wagon stopped.

The prisoners sat in silence listening to the surrounding voices that echoed off stone walls.

"Open them up!" came a cry.

Alda could hear other wagons being opened and the whimpers of fear from the prisoners. Then it was their turn. The backdoors folded open. A large brutish man sneered at them covering his nose as he did so. The man's small piggy eyes sat deep in a round head that sat on a short thick neck.

He took a large key and unlocked a padlock that allowed the chains binding the prisoners to be pulled free. Alda gritted her teeth. This was it! She could end it all now. Just charge that man, make him kill her.

"Get 'em out! Get 'em all out!" came a shout.

The brutish man started reaching in a grabbing the prisoners one by one. He didn't care how - some he gripped by the hair others the ankles. Alda waited her turn and tried to build up the courage to bite the hand when it came close. But when the moment came her courage failed

her. The man grasped her wrist and effortlessly dragged her out of the wagon. She had expected her legs to respond, to take her weight but they didn´t. She just slumped to the stone ground, her legs totally useless after weeks of confinement. She just lay there on the stone floor and watched as the same scene was being played out in a dozen or so other wagons. The chamber they were in was large. A vaulted brick ceiling rose up supported by curved arches. Alda had never imagined there were so many bricks in the whole world, and yet she knew this was just one cellar in one building in Rome. Dozens of Legionnaires lined the walls and watched on as ruffians hauled out the prisoners.

"I swear, these Germanians stink worse than the Gauls!" laughed one ruffian.

"Fucking animals!" agreed the brutish man as he yanked Elke from the wagon and tossed her like a bag of flour onto the hard ground.

Alda managed to crawl on her elbows over to her sister and lay next to her, "It´s going to be alright… the Gods will protect us."

Elke didn´t respond and she certainly didn´t believe her.

"How many have we got?" A bald man in flowing red robes, embroidered with gold lace, asked the Centurion that was over watching the slave transfer.

"One hundred and fifty. Well, one hundred and fifty left camp. Perhaps we lost a few on the journey, only the weak ones you wouldn't have wanted anyway."

"One hundred and fifty thousand Denarii it is then," nodded the bald man.

"Two hundred thousand," the Centurion said flatly.

"What? That is not what we agreed. I wouldn't pay that for prime meat, let alone these scrapes you've brought me!"

"That's the price. Not my decision. It's come straight from the Emperor."

The bald man frowned and stroked his chin thoughtfully, "Why is the Emperor driving up prices? Is there a shortage of slaves coming in from Germania?"

The Centurian shuffled awkwardly as if caught out, "Don't know. Don't give a fuck. Price is two-hundred thousand plus… a little something. Let's call it two-hundred and ten thousand."

"So not only is the Emperor extorting an honest businessmen, like myself, you are too."

"The whores don't pay for themselves!" shrugged the Centurion, "None of my lads have had their cocks wet since we left Germania. Although back there we didn't have to pay for cunt. One sword for their men, another 'sword' for their women," the Centurion rubbed his crotch.

"The Roman Empire really does shine the light of illumination into the darkness and you are one of our most blazing torches," replied the bald man shaking his head.

The Centurion looked confused for a second unsure if he had been insulted or not, in the end, decided he didn't care, "End of the week, Regulus," he then stepped forward and addressed his men, "Form up and let's get the fuck out of here!"

Alda watched the soldiers march away, their steps echoing down the tunnel for at least five minutes. There were only about twenty ruffians and the prisoners outnumbered them seven to one, not that it mattered as they couldn´t even stand.

"Alright men, count them up. Ortho, dispose of any dead ones," instructed Regulus and his men got to work.

"You alive?" asked the brute to a feeble man. The man looked emaciated, his face gaunt, his eyes sunken, "Hey boss, this one smells funky!"

Regulus sighed and made his way over, "Fucking soldiers! They´ve stabbed him and now he has gangrene. Yet still they wanted me to pay top price. The world is crumbling down around my ears! Jupiter give me strength!" he nodded to the brute´s cudgel that dangled from his belt, "Very well Ortho. We can sell him as dog food, I suppose."

Ortho unfastened the club and raised it.

"No! No! Please have mercy! I´ll do anything! I´m a carpenter! I can work!" pleaded the man as the club was aimed at his head. He quickly

realized that his begging was having no effect, "I'll suck your cock! I will! I will suck your cock! Please, let me live!"

"I ain't sticking my cock in your diseased hole!" laughed Ortho and then the club fell. The first hit stunned the man, the second cracked his skull wide open. Blood and brain matter leaked out onto the paving stones.

The rest of the prisoners whimpered in fear and Alda pulled Elke in tight against her. The guards made their way around from prisoner to prisoner giving them a look over. Some girls they grabbed and squeezed their cheeks forcing them to open their mouths which they then looked inside checking for disease. When one seized Elke, Alda tried to shove him away, but all she got for her effort was a backhand across the temple. Elke just closed her eyes as she was leered at and tried to hold back her tears.

"Wouldn't mind a ride on this one!" the brute chortled, "Young and tight!"

Regulus, despite being halfway across the chamber, still managed to hear, "None of the merchandise is to be touched!"

The prisoners were pulled to their weak feet and shoved into four groups, when they fell they were kicked, when they didn't rise quickly they were kicked harder. Alda was relieved when she was kept with her sister and together they stumbled to the corner of the room. Alda noticed how the groups were comprised. The men of working age, the younger maidens, women and lastly the elderly. The groups were led away down separate tunnels and Elke and Alda shuffled along with a couple of dozen other girls.

After several minutes of heading upwards, through the dank catacombs, the girls arrived in a large room, lit by burning torches on the walls, in the center of which was a large bath, big enough for them all. One by one they were grabbed, their soiled tunics torn from them until they were naked, and roughly shoved into the bath. Alda watched as a thuggish man tugged Elke's robes from her skinny body. The girl did her best to cover herself up, crossing her legs and placing an arm across

her small breasts and a hand over her crotch. That didn´t stop the man from grabbing her little round ass and giving it a squeeze before pushing her into the water.

It only took a few girls to be in the bath for the water to turn a rich brown as the filth of the past few weeks washed away. Alda glared defiantly at the guard as she was too stripped naked and roaming hands fondled her curves. Once in the bath, she rubbed the muck from her skin and tried to get the worst of the dirt from her matted hair. The girls washed in silence, eyes down and tried to ignore the lecherous stares of the men that patrolled the bath.

Alda made her way over to Elke, who jumped in fright when she touched her. Elke calmed and just managed a meek nod. Alda cleaned her sister´s hair, anger and sadness filling her as she washed away their parents´ blood from her blonde locks.

Regulus entered the room and slowly circled the bath, "That one," he said and pointed to a girl who was huddled in the corner of the bath. Instantly a man reached in, took the girl under the arms and pulled her

out. The girl, no more than eighteen, thrashed about weakly and then went still, shivering from cold and fear, "That one. And her. That one too."

Alda watched as the prettiest of the girls were taken and then saw Regulus's attention target her and her sister. They were both yanked out of the bath. In all, seven girls were dragged from the bath and again found themselves being led up another tunnel by Regulus. Naked, they just sobbed and kept their heads down.

They reached wooden steps that went up to a thick door. Regulus took a key from his robes and unlocked it. The heavy click of the bolts echoed down the stone tunnel. They climbed the steps and found themselves in what appeared to be a villa of some kind. It was well decorated and lavishly furnished. Alda had never seen such artistry, even the chief's hut, from her village, was basic and primitive compared to the luxuries of this man's house.

Regulus unlocked another door and the girls were ushered into a room filled with bunks. There were already a few girls there, sitting

forlornly on their beds. Some were looking out of the barred windows others were whispering quietly to each other, until they abruptly fell silent as their master entered.

"Tavara," started Rugulus calling out to a young woman dressed in a basic green dress, "Help dress our new girls and check each one for their maidenhood."

Tavara nodded and approached the first girl, "This way," she said meekly, "Just lie here."

The girl looked around at the rest of the women for guidance, she received none. Then the cruel sneer of the brutish guard, bloodied cudgel still in hand, got her moving without protest. The naked girl lay down on the bed and, while the rest of the room watched, Tavara spread the girl's legs. Alda could see the girl blush as her sacred flower was carefully inspected. Tavara then gave Regulus a nod and received a satisfied smile in return. The girl was then given a white tunic which she hurriedly put on. Another girl was pushed forward and then another. Over half received a nod from Tavara and were given a white tunic the

others a shake of the head and a green tunic. Alda was then shoved in the back and she looked around, desperately looking for an opportunity to fight or even escape. Both options were hopeless. She lay on the bed and allowed Tavara to take her ankles and spread her legs. She lay down, fought back the shame and just stared at the ceiling. At least Tavara was gentle with her petals as she spread them, the touch sent shivers of pleasure through her. It had been so long since she had touched herself in a pleasurable way and her body reacted to the fingers.

Tavara shook her head and gave Alda a green tunic.

"Shame," sighed Regulus.

It was Elke's turn next. Still nude she looked at Alda, her tight little body still quivering like a feather in the breeze. When she didn't move the brute gripped the back of her neck and threw her so hard so tumbled onto the bed.

Alda was about to shout out in rage but she didn't have the chance and Tavara spoke first, "Get back on your master's leash you beast!"

"What ya say?!" the brute took a step forward, his hand gripping his cudgel.

"Settle! Both of you!" Regulus's voice was soft yet it was all that was required to get the brute and Tavara nodding in supplication.

Tavara then inspected Elke, who squeezed her eyes shut and whimpered as fingers gently probed her. Alda clenched her fists, she wanted to look away but wasn't able to. Fury burned in her thinking that this was the first time her sister was being touched in this way, and it was not at the hands of a lover but at the orders of a Roman.

Tavara gave Regulus a nod.

"Maybe this hasn't been such a bad batch after all. An untouched girl that beautiful will fetch a good price," Regulus said and smiled broadly.

As soon as Elke was given her white tunic she pulled it on and scrambled into Alda's arms. Once all the girls had been inspected and dressed Regulus and his guards left, the click of the door locking behind them. Some of the girls sat on their beds in silence, just staring at the

barred windows, others curled up into tight little balls, sobbing so much their cots creaked.

Elke lay next to Alda holding onto her sister as tight as she could, "Alda, what is going to happen to us? What did that man mean when he said I would get a fair price? Alda, why were they touching us… down there?"

Alda squeezed Elke even tighter, "Don't think about such things. Just focus on the good. We are no longer in that cursed wagon. We are clean. We have a bed and we are together. That is all that is important."

There was a laugh from the girl on the next bunk, "They were checking to see if your pussy is still fresh and tight. Romans like a tight virgin cunt."

Alda recognized the girl as one of the women who were already in the room when they had arrived. She was wearing a green dress. She was just about the pretty side of plain, although what beauty she has was marred by the way her nose and lips appeared to be constantly creased up like she was sucking a lemon.

"Why don't you shut up and mind your own business!" snapped Alda.

"Why? Are you trying to make your friend feel better? You should be telling her the truth! That she is going to be sold off like a prize cow and then she is going to be fucked by Roman cock every day and every night! Up her ass, in her mouth and in that sweet virgin cunt!"

"They… they are going to marry me off?" gasped Elke.

This got more laughs from around the room before the sour-faced girl responded, "Marry you? You ain't going to marry anyone ever! They're just going to fuck you and use you! They are going to own you! Body and soul!"

"I said shut up!"

The girl didn't listen, "Maybe some withered old Roman git will buy you, fuck you with his shriveled up old cock and then when he dies his sons will get you, share you around! Or maybe you will be sold off to one of their brothels! Fucked senseless! That tight little pussy of yours won't be tight for very long!"

Alda had had enough, the pent of anger and rage that had been focused on her jailers now exploded and her fury was directed at this one girl. Alda leaped from her bed and grabbed the girl by the hair pulling her from her bed.

"Get off! Get off me!"

Alda kneed the girl in the ribs and shoved her to the floor. The girl wheezed and flapped her hands pathetically towards Alda. Alda brushed the defenses aside, mounted the girl and started delivering punch after punch.

"Help! Help me!" the girl yelled shrilly.

The rest of the room just sat, frozen in shock.

Alda felt the girl's nose break beneath her clenched fist, a slight crack followed by a pulpy softness as her knuckles battered against the fleshy mound.

"Argh! 'elp! Please! 'elp!"

"Enough!" shouted Tavara.

Alda was lost to her hate, it was no longer just a cruel girl she was hitting, to her this was all the Roman soldiers that had raped and pillaged her land, the men that had murdered her parents and shackled her and her sister in that wagon. Alda punched again, this time she felt some pain as tooth dug into her knuckle. She didn´t care. The next blow punched that tooth from the girl´s mouth and blood poured from split lips.

Tavara tried to pull Alda off her victim, ˝Stop! I said stop! What are you doing?˝

Alda was too strong and shrugged Tavara off and unleashed another savage sequence of blows.

˝Stop! Alda! Stop! Please!˝

Elke´s voice cut through the red mist and Alda was able to regain some control of herself. She stood up, her deep breaths became steadier as her rage faded. She stared down at the girl´s bloody face and over at Elke who sat, eyes wide open in shock, bedsheets pulled up to her chin.

"What have you done?" gasped Tavara, "He is going to punish you for this!"

*****

Regulus stood over the girl with the bloodied face. Tavara was kneeling down and doing her best to straighten the broken nose. The girl yelped as two small splints were pushed up her nostrils. Her breathing then took on a strange whistling sound.

"I tried to stop her, Dominus," said Tavara "but she was too strong."

"I see," Regulus looked his new Germanic slave up and down, "What is your name?"

Alda was trying to stand tall, her legs were still weak from the journey and now, that the anger had subsided, they were shaking with fear. Ortho lurked ominously by Regulus's side, his piggy eyes fixed on her, his mouth a cruel smile… as if he knew what was about to happen and he was going to enjoy it.

"Alda," she replied forcing as much strength into her voice as she could.

"Alda, you have been here for less than a couple of hours and you have already damaged my property," Regulus continued to study the young woman. He rubbed his chin with long strokes with the back of his hand, his fingernails bristling against his short stubble. The girl, despite the rigors of captivity, still looked a hardy creature. Tall, broad shoulders even the hint of muscle showing through in her arms. He liked the way how she tried to act like she wasn't afraid, that she was prepared to die… even if she appeared to be about to piss herself, "I'm in two minds about what to do with you. After this display of violence, I can't risk selling you to a household. So, on one hand, you are a true beauty, thick long blonde hair, those steel grey eyes. I could make a tidy sum selling you into some of the brothels up on Esquiline Hill... their clients like a little fight in the girls. On the other hand, maybe I could find a more… interesting market for you."

Alda glanced around the dorm, the rest of the girls were watching on in trepidation while Elke was shaking even more than her.

"What about what she did to this one?" asked Ortho, pointing a chubby finger at the girl on the floor, "She needs to be taught a lesson. They all do! You want me to show them what happens when they step out of line?" the man didn't wait for Regulus to respond, he was already pulling down his breeches. He then tugged his cock out and started to stroke it hard.

Alda couldn't stop herself from taking a step back as she watched the brute's dick start to stiffen.

"Pff!" snorted Regulus, "We've taken that wretch to six markets already and haven't had anyone show her any interest," he gestured to the girl on the floor who was looking up with swollen eyes and still whistled with every breath, "Maybe a broken nose and a few less teeth will get rid of that miserable expression on her face."

"So you don't want me to give her a fuckin?" queried Ortho, his cock starting to droop.

"Tavara, go and prepare the meals. And give this one an extra portion of meat," Regulus nodded towards Alda, "I want to build her strength up. I think I have just the customer for her."

Alda felt relieved at what appeared to be a reprieve but had a feeling that what was in store for her may turn out to be worse than being taken by the brute.

*****

Flavia's dream ended and she returned to reality with a deep sigh. She rolled over and buried her face in the pillows doing all she could to return to sleep. She had been with that exotic jewelery merchant, together… somewhere. In the sun, they had been talking and laughing… was it a field of ripe corn? And they had touched. Just hands to begin with. Flavia couldn't remember what they had been saying. It had been important – like they had been bearing each other's souls to each other. Liang… she knew her in a way no one else ever had. Their hands had touched again. Then… then she had looked into those eyes, those

enchanting, unusual brown eyes. They had kissed. So softly… with complete love. Flavia´s hand reached down under the bed sheets and between her legs. She was already getting wet at the thought of Liang´s lips on her own. She started to trace her fingers around her hardening pearl. `What if Liang is the one?´ came her sleepy thoughts. She fell asleep again and returned to the field of ripe corn and into Liang´s arms.

*****

Flavia watched as the slaves brought out bowls of dates, figs, bread and cheese. They did so with perfect precision. `They have such an easy life,´ she mused to herself, `No weight of expectations, no one trying to shape them into something they´re not. Just one simple task after another.´ A slave girl nodded respectfully as she poured Flavia some milk. Flavia just took the drink without giving the girl any kind of acknowledgment and slouched back on the couch. At this time in the morning, the room was still refreshing cool. In the center of the atrium, a fountain sprayed a fine mist into the air that caught the rays of the sun that shone through the wide skylight in the high ceiling.

"We're going to the slave market today," stated Camilia between mouthfuls.

"Don't we have enough slaves? What else is there for them to do?"

"You sound just like your father. Which is not in itself a bad thing, of course. However, in this instance, we are actually getting you and your sister one each."

"Our own slaves? Why? What are we meant to do with them?"

"Do we get to pick?" chipped in Lavinia, her mouth full of food.

"We'll see, Lavinia," replied Camila, "Your father and I have decided that it is time you have some more adult experiences. In a couple more years we will be looking to find you husbands, by then we need you to be prepared… also there is the matter of the Celebration of Venus."

Flavia blushed as she started to understand, "These slaves are meant to… lie with us?"

"They will have to be girls of course. We can't have you…" Camila paused to find the right word, "spoiled before you take a husband."

Lavinia stopped chewing when she too realized what the conversation was about, "You want us to share a bed… with a girl?"

"My sweet flower, it is perfectly normal to have lovers of both sexes."

"What if I don't like her?" Lavinia asked after she finished swallowing.

"By the Gods! You are not meant to like them! They are just tools to help you develop into fine young women."

"I'm not sure," muttered Flavia, "What if I like someone else?"

Camila wasn't listening, "It is not up to debate. I thought Flavia you would be especially grateful. You must be tired of having to pleasure yourself!"

Flavia went bright red, her eyes darting towards three slaves who did their best to keep their heads down and pretend they were not listening.

Camila continued, ‟No daughter of mine should have to face the tedium of self love! It will be a good experience for you. You will be thanking me soon enough.″

‟I was actually thinking of going back to the silk market,″ said Flavia, ‟There was an order I was going to collect.″

‟Just send one of the slaves, they will do it. Deena!″ Camila snapped her fingers at the slave girl with the milk. The girl, who the night before had been sponging her mistress, looked up.

‟I want to collect the item myself,″ protested Flavia.

‟Why? What are you on about? Besides, until things settle down I don´t think we will be returning to the Silk Market. That part of town is starting to attract some very unsavory characters.″

‟Mother!″

"Don´t you ‘mother´ me! We are going to the slave market, you are going to pick a girl who gets your loins wet and that is the end of it!"

*****

The afternoon heat was like nothing Elke had ever experienced. The sun beat down on the line of girls and the glare off the white marble buildings forced her to squint. Also, she had never seen so many people. They were everywhere. Hundreds of them filled the plaza. All the villagers from her valley could fit in this town square ten times over and still have room to spare. She felt a tug and the girl in front of her, to whom she was chained, started moving. There were twenty of them in all, all had their wrists bound and then shackled to the girl in front and behind. As a long procession, they filed along the plaza towards a massive domed building. She was sure that such a construct must have been gifted to the Romans by the gods as no man would have been able to build such a wonder. She saw other slave trains being corralled by guards and their masters. Some were being treated worse than hers. There was a crack of a whip and a cry of pain as a guard lashed a train

of old men, encouraging one to stand who had succumbed to the temperature.

Once inside the huge domed building, the air cooled and her eyes struggled to adjust to the relative gloom. She had thought the plaza had been busy but that was nothing compared to this hustle and bustle. There must have been at least a hundred slave gangs, all bound and all looking afraid or dejected. Some were groups of middle-aged women, others muscular men, presumably warriors defeated in battle and now forced to endure this humiliation. There were other groups of young women as well as young men who appeared to have been selected for their slender almost feminine appearance. She noticed a few Roman noblemen checking them out.

"Let me see how big his cock gets," said one to the slave owner.

"Feel free to check out the merchandise yourself, my lord," the slave owner replied in a sequence of bows.

The nobleman lifted one of the young men's tunics. The young man just froze, not knowing what to do while the nobleman took his penis and

started stroking it. Elke couldn´t believe what she was seeing. The humiliation this poor man was being subjected to in a forum filled with hundreds of people. Although, while she couldn´t take her eyes off this spectacle, most of the other Romans didn´t give the situation a second glance. The man´s cock hardened and he flushed red with shame at being forced into a state of arousal.

"What do you think, my Lord, a fine member don´t you think?" the man´s owner said.

"It is not bad, but I prefer a bit more girth…adds to the sensation. What about this one?" the nobleman had caught sight of a different chain gang where large, powerful men were bound. He started to paw at one. The man had a long beard, broad shoulders and arms as thick as tree branches. Elke didn´t know him by name, just as one of the warriors from a village near her home.

The nobleman lifted the warrior´s tunic and took his cock in hand, "Oh yes, this might be more fun," he started to pump. The warrior strained at his chains, clenched his jaw and then looked away, unable to

meet the eyes of his fellow captives. With every stroke, the man´s cock grew until his impressive manhood stood erect. The proud warrior´s face went red with shame "Oh yes!" grinned the nobleman, "This will be quite the snug fit!"

Elke´s gang was then led towards a tented area set up within the larger forum. They passed plush sofas where a selection of wealthy Romans lay, sipping wine while being fanned by slaves. Elke saw Alda and she sighed in relief. That morning her sister had been taken away and she hadn´t seen her since. Now she was stood with Regulus and a Roman Lady. Regulus was engaged in a sales pitch that involved squeezing Alda´s arms. The Roman Lady seemed interested, but not quite convinced.

"Get up on the stage!" grunted Ortho.

The girls stepped up onto a wooden platform that ran the length of the tent. From their couches, the Roman´s conversed with each other, pointing at the girls.

Regulus gave a respectful nod to the lady he had been talking to and then came up on stage, "Ladies and Gentleman, I trust you are well. I am very honored to be in front of you today with an especially enticing lot of girls from Northern Germania. Bidding will commence in five minutes, until then please come up, take a look and I am at your disposal," Regulus gave a well-practiced and excessive bow.

The Romans eased themselves off their couches and came up onto the stage.

"Can I buy them all as a job lot? I have just bought a villa on the coast and I need as much entertainment for my guests as I can get," asked one.

"My Lord, you are free to bid on all and any of these fine young girls."

"What do girls from Germania eat?" asked another.

"Whatever you give them," quipped Regulus getting amused chuckles from around the tent.

"This one!" a Roman Lady said pointing at the girl standing in the line, "What do you think of her?" she was addressing her two teenage daughters, "Flavia?"

Flavia sighed and looked the prisoner up and down, "She's nothing special."

"What do you expect?" snorted Camila, "Pointed ears? Six legs?" They moved along the line until they reached the girl next to Elke. "What about this one? Look at her tits, they are quite full," she cupped the girl's breasts and gave them a squeeze, "Very nice. Flavia, you try."

Flavia did as her mother instructed and gingerly gave the girl's breasts a squeeze. They were indeed full and felt nice under her hands. The girl's hair was burnt auburn and Flavia had to admit she was pretty, especially her hazel eyes.

"Regulus, Regulus!"

Regulus came striding over, "Camila my darling! So good to see you back again so soon! What can I interest you in today? Something for your husband or perhaps a little treat for yourself?"

"Actually, I am looking for two slave girls for my daughters. Bed slaves."

Regulus smiled while Flavia and Lavinia blushed and looked at the stage floor.

"Bed slaves are so on-trend, aren't they? Just last week your friend Octavia was here buying a couple for her son and daughter."

"Really, is that so? I had not heard," Camila lied.

"Has this one caught one of your daughter's eyes?" Regulus nodded to the hazel-eyed girl.

"Maybe," shrugged Camila playing down any interest, "There were also a few in the tent from Persia which also looked very enticing."

Regulus again smiled. He was always happy to play his customer's games, "Persian girls… such a handful. I have no doubt a lady of your command would easily bring them to heel. But as a first slave for your daughters… Hmmm," Regulus stroked the bristles on his chin, "These Germanic girls are like lambs, no trouble at all."

"Is that so?" Camila studied the hazel-eyed girl again.

"Want a better look?" Regulus reached over and slipped the girl's tunic off her shoulders allowing it to crumple to the floor. The girl immediately went to cover herself up but Regulus swatted her hands away leaving the girl standing nude, her face red, tears welling up in her eyes, "As you can see, a quite flawless body."

The girl did have a fine hourglass figure, round breasts with proud tidy nipples. Camila ran her hands over the girl's body before cupping the crotch, which got a meek gasp from the girl.

"Virgin?"

"I'm afraid not. She has had some past experience. But for a bed slave that is not a bad thing, after all, their role is to teach."

"True," nodded Camila releasing the girl, "Very true. Flavia? Are you happy with this one?"

Flavia was caught feasting her eyes on the girl's body and stammered, "Y…Yes… sure… she is fine."

Camila stepped along the line and in front of Elke.

"This one is a virgin. For young Lavinia, perhaps, such a shy timid creature would be a good fit," suggested Regulus.

"Bit scrawny," commented Camila.

"She has just arrived after a long journey, she will fatten up nicely."

"Lavinia, what do you think? Delicate, isn't she? Just like you?"

Lavinia saw Elke trembling with nerves, the girl's blue eyes moist, "She looks scared."

"They just get a little nervous," Regulus reassured, "Rome is so different from what they are used to."

"Are you sure she wants to be here, not back home?" asked Lavinia.

"Regulus is quite right. Where they are from they live in trees, like animals. We are giving them a far better life here. Imagine living up a tree your whole life, Lavinia? You couldn't manage one night in our garden!" teased Camila.

Regulus laughed, ‟Very good, my lady!″

‟What´s your name?″ Lavinia asked.

Elke looked at Regulus nervously waiting for instruction.

‟Doesn´t she speak Latin?″ queried Camila.

‟Most tribes from southern Germania have been under Roman rule for over a hundred years. In that time they have been able to pick up our language, the ones from the North… less so but they can generally manage. Of course, you can´t exactly have a scintillating conversation with one, then again, why would you want to?″ laughed Regulus.

‟Indeed!″ chuckled Camila.

‟Speak girl.″

‟Elke,″ came the reply in a barely audible whisper.

‟What curious names they have! You are right, she is very timid.″

‟Like a lamb,″ Regulus repeated nodding with authority.

‟Very well. We will have them both.″

"You mean you would like to bid on them?" asked Regulus.

Camila cast a cold stare over him, "Camila Furius Gracchus does not bid! Five thousand Denarii for both!"

Regulus took a deep breath, "My lady, I can't. There is proper procedure to be upheld."

"Fine, six thousand,"

Regulus stroked his chin thoughtfully, "The only way, in good conscience, I could take them off the auction would be for let's say…" Regulus studied his customer gauging her resolve, "ten thousand Denarii."

"Ten thousand?!"

"My lady, this virgin maiden is worth ten by herself! The Esquiline brothels would offer that and more, and I am sure some of the Senators on the Serpentine would go even higher. Ten thousand for both girls is a favor to you. As one of my dearest patrons."

Camila considered the offer. In truth, the money was totally irrelevant, she could pay ten times that amount and not even give it a second thought. But she didn´t like being swindled. In the end she just shrugged, ˝Fine. This one had better be a virgin! My friend Tarpeia bought a so-called maiden from a market in Pompeii, three months later she was as fat as an ox and a few months after that the virgin gave birth!˝

˝I can assure you, this girl´s flower is as pristine as a spring rose,˝ Regulus then signalled to Ortho who grabbed the two prisoners and dragged them off stage.

Elke looked around in panic, at the far side of the tent Alda was still standing, her hands bound, a collar around her neck and a guard looming over her. They made eye contact for a brief second, the same expression of desperate grief covering their faces and then Elke was hurried away.

Alda made a step towards her sister but was immediately pulled back as the guard yanked the chain around her neck. She coughed and

spluttered. Her new owner was a Roman woman, by the way she was dressed it was clear she was rich. Each finger was decorated with a gold ring and around her neck was a chain encrusted with emeralds that matched her eyes. Like many of the Roman women she had seen today, Alda thought this lady arrogant and aloof. And now she belonged to her.

"Come!" the lady gestured with a quick finger beckon and the bodyguard shoved Alda along. They approached the family that appeared to have just purchased her sister.

"Camila! My beautiful, beautiful friend! Oh and Flavia and oh my Lavinia! How much you have both grown!"

"Dariana, I heard that you had returned to Rome, I thought it must have been just idle gossip, yet here you are. So, so good to see you again!" Camila forced her face to smile broadly and warmly and then the two women embraced stiffly and kissed the air next to each other's cheeks.

"Yes, been back just a week. Petronius thought it was time. Florentia is such a splendid city, but he felt he needed to be more present in the Senate."

"He is back in the Senate?" Camila tried to keep her face smiling and hide her surprise, "Where are you staying?"

"For now, on the Palatine."

Camila struggled to hide her smirk, "Oh the Palatine. It is very nice there. So many… cute… little villas. We haven't moved. We're still on the Aventine."

"As I said, it's just for now. So what has brought you here today?" Dariana peered over Camila's shoulder at the two newly acquired slaves.

"Bed-slaves," replied Camila smugly, "For the girls."

"They were so popular in Florentia… a couple of years ago. So you chose Germanic girls? Interesting. I personally got a Persian girl for my Naevia. Persian girls have a much softer temperament. I have heard

Germanic girls are quite wild! Take this one for instance,˝ Dariana pulled Alda forward by her arm, ˜I asked Regulus to keep an eye out for an especially wild one! And look at her, positively feral!˝

˜She does look quite… Dariana why would you want such a creature?˝ asked Camila sensing that her rival was up to something.

˜For the Celebration of Venus! You are going, aren´t you?˝

˜Of course. I was discussing it with Saphina just the other day. Although, I am not sure if that,˝ she pointed to Alda in disgust, ˜Would be an appropriate gift.˝

˜Gift?!˝ Dariana laughed haughtily, ˜No she is for the games! Saphina loves her games!˝

Camila tried to recall any mention of the Emporer´s consort liking games, but she couldn´t, ˜I am not sure…˝

˜Wrestling! It is all the rage in the palace! Saphina just adores it! Has been boasting that no one could defeat her champion. But look at

this beast!" Dariana pawed Alda, squeezing first her bicep and then her ass.

Alda snarled, and since her hands were bound, snapped her teeth at Dariana instead. The bodyguard kicked her knees out from under her.

"By Jupiter!" gasped Camila.

Dariana just beamed happily, "See! Quite feral! Anyway, we must be going, all these brothel owners and their cheap perfumes are making my nose itch," she nodded in the direction of the men and women preparing to bid. Naevia? Where are you Naevia?"

A young woman, the same age as Flavia, came over, she looked bored and totally fed up. Naevia wasn't just beautiful she was enchanting. Her long dark hair was fastened straight up in an ornate bronze band before hanging down her back in a long ponytail. Her eyes were the color of olives and her wine red lips were full and plump. Even amongst all the beauties in the known world, Naevia was exceptional.

"N...Naevia?" spluttered Camila, her eyes drawn to every one of the girl's subtle curves and then to the divine face. Had she been

available as a slave girl, Camila would have bid half her fortune to own her. "Naevia you… you have grown into… quite the woman!"

"Thank you," Naevia mumbled back fidgeting under the older woman's hungry scrutiny.

"It's all the sex," said Dariana, "I make sure she fucks her slave every morning and every night. Has done wonders for her figure. You will find out for yourself soon enough with your girls. Well I must get this beast back home," she prodded Alda, "So good seeing you again!"

"Likewise," nodded Camila, still unable to pull her eyes gaze off Naevia. She felt her clit throb at the thought of Naevia having sex, images of her young nubile body flashed in her mind. The girl blushed when she caught Camila looking at her and then shuffled after her mother. Camila watched them go along with their feral slave. "Why didn't I know Saphina liked wrestling?" she asked Lavinia.

Lavinia shrugged, "Last month she was obsessed with swans. This month wrestling, maybe next it will be clouds."

The bidding had already started and Camila watched in frustration as a large girl, with fists the size of hams, was purchased and led off the stage. The remaining girls looked like they may well blow away in gentle breezes. None would be a match for the girl Dariana had bought.

"I guess next month I will just have to buy a cloud in that case. Where is your sister?"

They both looked around but Flavia was nowhere to be seen.

*****

As soon as Flavia left the gleaming marble plaza, and into the side street, she felt the atmosphere change. It wasn't just the disheveled look of the people, the very air seemed to feel charged. She took a moment to consider her actions. Behind, she could still see the flowing robes of the gentry the gleaming armor of the city guard that patrolled the square. Ahead the narrow alley opened up into a street where the plebs gathered, many milling around in groups at the side of the street drinking and roasting meat. She took a deep breath, `I've been through these streets a hundred times, there is nothing to worry about.'

Even since yesterday, there seemed like there were more vagrants littering the street. She kept her head down and just kept walking.

"Get the fuck off it! Get the fuck off it!" came a frantic yell.

"It's mine, you shit! Fuck off!" cried another desperate voice.

Flavia saw two men grappling for what appeared to be a large rat they had just spit-roasted on a fire. The men clawed at the blackened flesh until the rat came apart in their hands and they both scrambled to the floor in a race to stuff the scraps of meat into their mouths.

"Got a coin, young mistress?" came a croak of a voice.

Flavia couldn't tell if the beggar was a man or a woman, their creased face was so caked in filth. Flavia just shook her head and hurried on.

"You must have something!" this time a man stepped out from the shadows, "dressed like that I think you may have quite a few coins. And jewelry, no doubt too."

Flavia felt her mouth go dry and her legs shake. She shook her head and tried to get past the man but he grabbed her arm.

"Don't be afraid, if you don't want to give me coin I'm sure there is something else you can offer," the man sneered, his hands groping for her breasts while he started to rub himself against her.

She was sure she felt a firmness start to arise in the man's crotch. Images of being shoved to the stinking floor, of having her dress torn from her body and then taken flashed in Flavia's mind. She felt so angry at herself for getting herself into this situation and even more angry that she was now too afraid to even fight back.

"What ya think doing, Malan?" came a gruff female voice, "I offered you my cunt this morning for just one denarii and you turned it down and now you want some posh slut instead?"

"Clear off! This is none of your business you crinkly old tart!"

Flavia saw the prostitute from the street yesterday bearing down on them. She looked like a force to be reckoned with.

"This is my business! If you want pussy you can pay for it! That's how it works! Honest coin for honest cunt or all us working girls will be fighting over rats like those wretched buggers."

The man let go of Flavia and squared up to the prostitute, "You think I would pay for your floppy old snatch when I can have tight pussy for free?"

"Looks like your tight pussy has just done a runna," laughed the woman. The man turned to see Flavia sprint down the street and up towards the Silk Market, "My floppy snatch just doubled in price. Two denarri and it looks like you're ready to pay now," she nodded at his erection that was tenting his breeches.

"Curse the Gods! Fine, woman, lead the way!"

Flavia didn't look back and dashed up the street. As she approached the Silk Market the number of ne'er-do-wells startled to dwindle and more guards stood on the corners. She sighed a deep breath of relief.

Under the colonnade, the market was quieter than yesterday. More merchant stalls were closed and the customers haggled more vigorously for deals seeing the market´s plight. She caught sight of Liang and her heart gave a skip at the exotic beauty. She was just as beautiful as she remembered… just as perfect as in her dream last night. Flavia could almost taste the kiss on her lips, `Be calm. Be nice,´ she told herself, `Make pleasant chat and ask her if she would like to go for a drink… no not a drink, that´s too forward… a stroll. Yes, a stroll around the parks of the Aventine. That will impress her.´

"Greetings again," Flavia tried to sound composed.

Liang looked up, she had just been polishing her wares and hadn´t expected to any more customers, "Oh hello?" she then recognized Flavia, "Oh yes, you were the girl from yesterday… you were getting the hairpin for your sister. I didn´t actually think you would come back."

"I´m a girl of my word."

"I´m glad. Things aren´t so good today. The few customers, there are, think they can buy my jewelry for next to nothing."

"It´s the unrest caused by the grain shortage in southern Gaul and the economic impact that has caused on the cost of living in the northern provinces. Prices are being driven up by profiteering governors in the East who now have a greater control of the supply flow of the limited grain source," the words came out as a torrent before Flavia knew what she was saying.

Liang just paused her packing and looked at her, at first in surprise and then bemusement "Thank you for the… lesson. You are very well informed."

"My father is…." Flavia stopped herself, "Nevermind…"

"Here´s the hairpin, it´s twenty denarii."

Flavia handed over several coins and smiled.

"Thank… Oh, you have given me too much, this is forty the hairpin is only…"

Flavia interrupted, "It´s a tip… for reserving it for me," she then smiled.

Liang studied the Roman suspiciously, "I'm sorry… I think there is a misunderstanding… I am only offering the hairpin."

"I know… that is what I am paying for," it was Flavia's turn to be confused by the woman's unsure response. She had assumed she would be really grateful but that didn't seem to be the case.

Liang leaned forward and whispered, "I am only selling jewelry, I'm not offering other…services."

"Other services?"

"Sex."

Flavia gasped and went bright red, "I…I wasn't paying to… with you… I just wanted to be… nice."

"Of course," Liang didn't look convinced, "twenty denarii will be fine," she handed Flavia the rest back, "Now if you will excuse me I need to get back to work."

Flavia stood there dumbfounded not knowing what to do or say, "Really… It was just meant to be a kind gesture."

Liang didn′t look up and just kept polishing, ″I saw how you looked at me yesterday. I know what people want when they look at someone like that.″

″Why are you being like this? I′m a Roman lady, you mustn′t treat me like this!″ snapped Flavia her embarrassment and frustration turning to anger.

″And there you reveal yourself,″ sighed Liang, ″You Romans are all the same, old, young, man or woman. You just think you can own everything and everyone.″

″You… you don′t know me!″ Flavia felt her emotions rise and fought back her tears.

″Please leave.″

″No… I want… I want you to apologize to me. I was here to be kind to you and you have insulted me!″ Flavia stood tall her arms folded.

"Apologize to you? I asked you to leave, please can you do so. I need to earn an honest living and, as you kindly explained, things are very difficult right now."

"I do not leave just because… because someone like you tells me to! As I said I am a…"

"Roman Lady…" finished Liang, "Then perhaps you should behave like it and not try to buy your… pleasures… from someone like me."

Flavia spluttered and turned red, "How dare you!"

A man approached, two of the market guards not far behind, he was well dressed in a variety of garish silken robes in multiple layers and multiple colors, "Mistress Flavia Gracchus, I didn't realize you were at my humble market today. Is your mother with you today, because I am always at her disposal," the man bowed and then looked around hopefully.

"No…no she is not," a tear had fallen down her cheek and she quickly wiped it away.

"By the Gods, are you all right, Mistress Flavia? Has this woman offended you?" the man was clearly horrified at that prospect, "I normally don't allow such Easterners to trade here, but she seemed a decent person. I apologize for my terrible error," he then beckoned the guards closer, "I shall have her removed and, on Jupiter's glory, I shall not let her step foot in my market again."

"What?" gasped Liang, "I have done nothing wrong. She… she propositioned me!"

The merchant owner's hands tightened into clenched fists and his face turned a shade of purple.

Flavia snapped, "I did not proposition you!"

"Mistress Flavia, you do not need to explain or justify yourself to this… this cur! I am personally ashamed and humiliated at even the implication that this creature is insinuating! Guards take her away!"

"No! Wait! Tiberius! I need to work here, I can't sell my wares at just any market!" pleaded Liang.

"That is not going to be an issue as your wares are going to be confiscated as payment for rent owed for the rest of the month. And as punishment for your offense to the most radiant Flavia Gracchus. To whom I once again apologize profusely," Tiberius started a sequence of bows to Flavia, each lower than the last.

Flavia's head was spinning as the two guards roughly grabbed Liang and began dragging her from the market, "I'm... I'm... not sure if maybe there has been a misunderstanding..." she mumbled, her words lost amogst Liang's cries.

"Please! Stop! I will apologize to the Roman lady!"

Liang was dragged to the columns and then unceremoniously shoved down the steps to the plaza below. Tiberius bowed his head, "If you... or your mother require any assistance. I am your most humble servant."

Flavia just nodded and managed a polite smile. When Tiberius had left she followed in the direction Liang had been roughly escorted. She

saw the lady sat at the bottom of the steps, her head in her hands. A pang of guilt flooded through Flavia as she made her way down.

"Er…Liang?"

Liang looked up, as Flavia had expected, her beautiful eyes were now bloodshot through sobbing.

"Now what do you want? You have already taken everything from me. You've killed me! You know that? You have fucking killed me!"

Flavia didn't know what to say and took a moment to look over the plaza. A man cried out over the din, "Tightest cunt in Rome, special offer today, just ten denari!" he was standing by a miserable, if pretty girl, with more than a few bruises on her face and arms.

"Look, I am sorry…I…"

Liang didn't let her finish, "Sorry? How is sorry going to help me? You see that girl over there! Well tomorrow that is going to be me," she sobbed before completely breaking down, "Why did I come to this

fucking country? I´ve lost everything! All my money was on my stall… all my wares… Now I have to dishonor myself.˝

˝I can give you some money.˝

˝So now I am broke and desperate you think you can get your fun with an ‘exotic´ foreign girl. You probably want me cheap now. Well, fuck you! Fine, what choice do I have? You might as well be my first. That poor girl is being pimped off for ten denari am I worth more than that? What are you going to give me?!˝

˝You know I wasn´t propositioning you!˝ snapped Flavia, ˝Not back in the market and not now! I really was just trying to be nice! Here, one hundred denari do what you want with it. Maybe in the future you shouldn´t judge people so quickly!˝ Flavia tossed a pouch that clinked with coin on the step next to Liang.

Liang didn´t say anything at first and then slowly picked up the pouch, ˝Are… are you being serious?˝ all anger had left her voice, ˝You really don´t want anything?˝

"I… I wanted to be your friend… get to know you… to go with a stroll with you…but it is clear I was wasting my time," Flavia turned to leave.

"Tiberius acted like you were royalty… you aren't just another rich merchant's daughter, are you?"

Heavy footsteps made Flavia turn and she saw Gaius come marching down from the colonnade, "There you are! Your mother is threatening to tear down all of Rome if you aren't found."

"Why? I told her I was going to the Silk Market today. You know what she is like, half the time she isn't listening to what anyone else says," snorted Flavia.

"And you decided to come here with no protection? Flavia…"

"You shall address me as Mistress Flavia Octavia Grachuss!"

"Flavia, it is dangerous out on the streets at the moment, especially for someone such as you. Come on I must get you home," he then noticed Liang, "Is this woman causing you trouble?"

"No! No she is not! Why does everyone think that?"

"She's causing me a lot of trouble!" snapped Liang.

Gaius took a step forward, his arm raised ready to deliver a sharp backhand.

"Stop!" Flavia stood between Liang and Gaius, she then turned to the cowering woman, "Liang, I shall sort out your stall in the market. Gaius, let's go home."

*****

Elke hadn't stopped marveling at the sights of Rome since she left the Slave Market. Every street was grander than the last, every temple, every statue, every villa seemed a construct of total impossibility. From living in a village of simple huts made of wood and thatch to the sights and sounds of the Imperial city was like being transported to the realm of the gods. She hadn't even thought once about her situation as they trekked up the hill, she was far too in awe to think of herself. Only when they reached a metal gate flanked by guards did she recall her plight. Along with the hazel-eyed slave they were led up a cobbled path, lined

by trees and ponds, up to the main villa. She assumed that whoever had bought them was either the Queen of the whole Roman Empire or maybe an actual living God.

They made their way around the villa and towards the back where a woman in a well-made, if simple, dress stood waiting for them. She was about thirty, with an elegant figure. Her makeup was beautifully applied and made her sharp eyes and full lips all the more impressive. The guards stopped in front of her and pushed the two girls forward. She stepped down from the back porch and studied them.

"Do they speak Latin?" she asked, addressing the soldiers.

The soldiers shrugged and grunted.

"I see," she sighed, "You there," she pointed at Elke, "What is your name?"

"Elke."

"I'm not sure if that is a name or a noise."

"It's my name. Elke."

"and you?"

"Gilda," whispered the hazel-eyed girl.

"I am Marilla, I am the head of the house, you shall refer to me as Mistress. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress," the two girls said in unison.

"Excellent. Follow me."

At the back of the villa the floors were just plain terracotta tiles while the walls were a simple whitewash. Even still, Elke was impressed and ran her fingers along the smooth plaster work and wondered how such a surface was even possible. Several other young men and women passed them by, each one nodded respectfully to Marilla and then eyed the newcomers curiously.

"This will be your dorm," stated Marilla pointing through a doorway with six narrow bunk beds against the walls, "Although my understanding is you won't be spending much time in them," she added with a knowing smile, "Follow."

They continued the tour of the house, the kitchen, the atrium as well as several lavish bedrooms. Elke touched one of the huge beds, it was so soft, to sleep in it would be like sleeping in the clouds she thought.

"Do you like it?" asked Marilla.

"Yes! It's…it's erm…" she struggled for the word, "Magical!"

"It is good you think so, because this is Lady Lavinia's bed and you will be sharing it with her."

"I will?" beamed Elke, "Won't she mind…I thought that…" the word slave was about to form in her mouth but she hesitated to admit to herself that she was now one, "I thought that servants wouldn't share with the nobles."

"Servants?" laughed Marilla, "We are not servants and the quicker you understand that the better. We are slaves. We are property. We are no different to them than that chair or that table."

Elke and Gilda lowered their heads

"Will…will we ever be free? Ever allowed to go home?" asked Gilda.

"Don't cling to such thoughts. Accept this life."

"Are you a slave too?"

Marilla nodded, "Yes. But we are lucky. This is a very wealthy household, it has far too many slaves and nowhere near enough work to keep us all busy… so compared to the unfortunates to toil in the quarries and the mines… or even the poorer Roman citizens our lives are not that bad. You will be dressed, fed and kept healthy. And in your two cases, sleep in magnificent beds, for a while anyway.

"My sister, Alda, she was sold to another lady… will I see her again?"

"It is possible. If that lady moves in the same social circles as our Domina, Camila Furius Gracchus. Now take a seat, I am going to explain your duties. Firstly you are to do whatever you are told by the family, if there is any conflict of instructions the Dominus of the house is Vitus, obey his orders above all others. Then our Domina, Camila. After that

the daughters, Flavia and Lavinia. And then, of course, myself. It doesn´t matter what they ask you to do you must do it. Understand?

"Yes… Mistress," the two girls replied, the weight of the situation starting to bare down on them with even greater intensity.

"Good. You must never betray the family´s trust. If a guest of theirs asks you anything even remotely sensitive you simply say you are not at liberty to discuss such topics. No matter how much they threaten you, your loyalty is to House of Gracchus. If you betray their trust there are no limits, under Roman law, to the severity of punishment. No limits. Understand?"

This time the girls just nodded and a terrible pang of homesickness started to fill Elke.

"If you try to escape and are caught, if you are lucky, you will be sentenced to death, if you are unlucky you will be sold to the brothels… or worse, the mines. And believe me. You will be caught. There is no way out of this city for a runaway slave. Finally, if you ever lay a hand on your masters, ever strike them or attempt to harm them… then all the

slaves in this household will be punished. Five years ago a slave murdered his Roman master and was caught trying to flee. So all thirty slaves were taken outside the city walls and crucified. So if you sense any kind of sedition at all it is in your own interest to report it.″

Elke gave a sob and gripped Gilda´s hand. She just wanted things to go back to how they were before. On her farm where her biggest worry was losing a lamb or being teased by her sister. She didn´t deserve this.

"As I said, you are lucky. This is a good household. And your specific duties will not be too… unpleasant. You are to lie with the daughters and satisfy all of their sexual needs. You will help them bathe and be on hand for any of their personal needs.″

"I…I know nothing of sex, Mistress,″ sobbed Elke, "I´ve never even kissed anyone. How am I meant to satisfy them? And and…″

"And?″

"Well, we are girls…. And the daughters are girls… I… I don´t understand…″

Marilla laughed, "You must lead such simple lives in your country. In Rome, gender is no barrier for sexual delights. Man and woman, woman and woman, man and man. This is a city of total sexual freedom… for the Romans. As for us, it is slightly different. Relationships between slaves are allowed, if not encouraged, but only between the same sexes. Our masters don't want pregnancies. As for your current experience, don't concern yourself, Lavinia is a sweet girl and will learn with you. And maybe you will even enjoy your new life. I am sure all this…" she gestured to the lavish bedroom, "is far better than anything you could have had back home."

"Back home I had my parents…and sister…" sniffed Elke.

"Find your peace, girl. This is your life now."

*****

"What do you think? Isn't she glorious? A pure savage!" cooed Dariana as she eyed her new purchase with pride. Alda was stilled dressed in her green tunic, but now not only were her hands bound so were her feet and a leather strap was gagging her.

Petronius looked up from his papers, which he was studying while stretched out on his couch, ‟She´s not your usual type,″ he remarked with disinterest. Petronius was slim, in his forties with his short dark hair now being betrayed by an increasing amount of grey that was prominent around the sides and spreading fast. His countenance was serious which was shown in his cold steel eyes. He returned his attention to his documents.

‟She is going to wrestle!″

‟Wrestle?″ Petronius didn´t even look up.

Alda looked around the room, the walls were dark green and painted with, what she assumed were, Roman deities. Dozens of burning oil lanterns lit the room well but cast deep shadows. Four thick stone columns held the lofty roof up, which had a curious large opening, through which she could see the stars shine. No doubt to help cool the villa during the infernal heat. Several long and low couches were arranged in a circle of the atrium. Petronius was dressed in a beautifully

embroidered toga while his bare feet were being massaged by a pretty, and very busty, young girl.

"I told you, Saphina is holding the Celebration of Venus this year. All the noblewomen in Rome have been invited. This slave is my way back into her good graces. Wrestling is all she is interested in at the moment."

"That woman is an imbecile," snorted Petronius.

"An imbecile that is married to the most powerful man in the world! Can you imagine the indignity I will suffer if she doesn't welcome me back into the fold? Because of you!"

Petronius did look up now and gave his full attention, "Me? Me?! It was Vitus and Camila who stole everything from us! Disgraced us! Had us sent to that cesspool that is Florentia!"

"I saw her today, Camila, at the slave market. Buying bed-slaves for her brats! The way she looked at me…"

"The House of Septim will rise again. We just need a little more time. My plans are already in motion. I just need to work my way back into Emperor Marcellus´s inner circle. He is proposing to raise grain tax another five percent!" gasped Petronius in furious disbelief as he waved a piece of paper at Dariana, "It is madness! There will be blood in the streets!"

"Anyway, we were talking about Saphina´s party…and my new slave. I think this is going to be…"

"The plebs can´t afford it!" interrupted Petronius, "They can barely afford it now… what is he thinking?"

"Who cares about the fucking plebs and the fucking grain tax? We were discussing…"

"He has a plan… I know it… this is a play… he is no fool…" Petronius lay back on the sofa and stared up at the night sky, "My cock, girl, I need to think!"

The slave girl obediently stopped the foot massage, pulled up her master´s toga and proceed to work his dick hard, it was a small, spindly

thing, "He knows it will bring the city on the verge of revolt… he knows this could cause anarchy in the streets… so why is he doing it? What is his plan?"

Dariana clenched her fists, made an overdramatic stomp and stormed off. Alda just stood there watching the busty girl take Petronius's cock into her mouth. There was no expression on the girl's face as her head bobbed rhythmically up and down. Petronius continued to mumble to himself, deep in thought. Alda didn't know what she was meant to do and just found herself staring. The girl's eyes met hers as she continued the blowjob. Alda was sure she saw a spark of shame in them, but mostly just helplessness.

There was a sequence of quick footsteps from behind her and then she felt a sharp pain as her hair was yanked, "You were meant to follow me!" snapped Dariana pulling Alda out of the atrium so fast Alda almost tripped as her bound feet made it difficult to walk. She was dragged through the corridors of the villa until they reached a basic square room with thick straw matting.

"Femke! Femke! Where are you? Femke!" bellowed Dariana in no particular direction.

A plain-dressed woman hurried in, she was in her late twenties, had an athletic build, short brown hair with a pretty, if somewhat boyish face. Most noticeable, however, was a scar that ran down the side of her cheek.

"Domina," Femke said with quick bow.

"There you are. Look what I have just bought!"

Femke studied Alda not quite sure what she was meant to be commenting on, "She's very beautiful, Domina, I am sure she will bring you a lot of pleasure."

"She's not for me to fuck! Although I might. I bought her to wrestle. You are going to train her! She needs a little building up. She is quite a specimen, don't you think?" Dariana then gripped the neck of Alda's dress and tore it. The cheap dress came away easily and Dariana discarded it. Alda felt her cheeks flush as she stood completely nude in

front of the two strangers. She squeezed her legs tight together and lifted her bound arms to cover her full breasts.

Femke walked around Alda, looking up and down the girl´s long legs, the wonderful curves of her ass.

"What do you think? She could be a winner, I know it!" grinned Dariana.

"She a bit malnourished. Could do with some more muscles on her arms, but you have chosen well, Domina. Domina, why is she gagged?"

"She´s got a little snappy at the market, you know how the fresh slaves are, the ones straight out of the forests. Still feral. Anyway, you have a month."

"A month? Domina, it will take more than to train her. I need at least three!"

"Don´t be ridiculous, Femke!" Femke, despite her size, cowered at her Domina´s raised voice, "Saphina´s party is next month. And, besides, her wrestling fad will be long gone in three months´ time. One month and

then I want her ready to wrestle Saphina´s champion, understand? She is offering quite the prize, a hundred thousand denarii!˝

˝Domina…˝

Dariana raised her finger, ˝I don´t want to hear it.˝

˝Yes, Domina. May I remove her gag?˝

˝Sure. If she is still snappy you can take responsibility for the punishment.˝

Femke removed Alda´s gag, ˝What if I win?˝ Alda immediately asked.

˝By Great Zeus, the savage can speak Latin!˝ laughed Dariana.

˝Silence girl, how dare you speak to your Domina like that!˝ snapped Femke.

˝You want me to win. I will try harder if I am motivated,˝ continued Alda, ˝So how will you reward me?˝

˝My apologies, Dominia. I will put the gag back on,˝ Femke said meekly.

"Reward you?" laughed Dariana, "An interesting idea."

"If I win, set me free."

"Free?" Dariana laughed.

"Imagine how much harder I will fight if I could win my freedom?"

Dariana paused to think, "I suppose after you beat Saphina's champion she will lose all interest in wrestling anyway… and you will be no particular use to me. But to really motivate you, instead of a reward if you win, I think there should be a punishment if you lose! I will have you both sent to the Colosseum to be in one of those Gladiators' gang-rape shows the plebs so enjoy watching. I hear those brutes get really horny and desperate before they fight and what they do to the women that are given to them…. Well, it doesn't bear thinking about."

"Both of us?" asked Femke, her voice almost breaking.

"Both of you," with a smug flick of her hair, Dariana walked out.

When Femke was sure Dariana was out of earshot she turned on Alda, "What have you done? You have fucked as both!"

"Unless I win," replied Alda.

"Win? Win? Saphina's champion can't be beaten! The Iberian Warrior has never been defeated, and she certainly won't be by some novice girl that hasn't eaten in weeks!" Femke started to hyperventilate, "Most girls don't even survive those shows in the Colosseum, and those who do wish they didn't!"

Femke went so pale Alda thought the woman was going to faint, "Better die than live a slave!" spat Alda defiantly.

"Look around you fool! We live in a palace, we eat three meals every day, we have somewhere to sleep and you wanted to risk all that to go back to some damp rainy forest in Germania."

"The Romans have broken your spirit! It is better to be in charge of your own destiny in a damp rainy forest than living in this prison on bended knee sucking cock!"

Femke wasn't listening, all she could focus on was the image of gladiators pinning her down, her legs forced open and then being taken again and again while hundreds of plebs roared and cheered their

amusement as they pleasured themselves. ‟I´ll get you new clothes and a meal… you will sleep here tonight. Tomorrow we must start training.″

*****

Lavinia felt the butterflies churn her stomach, her nipples had been tight for the last hour and below she knew her pussy was wet. The thought of being with someone sexually for the first time made her heart pound and her palms sweat. She sat on the edge of her bed and waited, `Perhaps mother has changed her mind… perhaps she has taken the slave for herself…´ she thought to herself. Then the door opened and Marilla entered and gave a respectful nod.

‟Mistress, the slave girl has been bathed and is ready for you,″ Marilla then ushered in Elke.

The girl looked very pretty in a plain white nightdress and managed to look even more nervous than Lavinia. The girl´s chest was rising and falling fast drawing Lavinia´s eyes to the small mounds beneath.

"Thank you Marilla," replied Lavinia, her mouth feeling dry, she tried to swallow to dampen it.

Marilla put her hands on Elke's shoulders and eased the dress off, which crumpled to the tiled floor. Elke took a huge deep breath as she stood nude and just froze as she watched the young Roman girl look at her naked body.

"Come," encouraged Marilla softly to Lavinia, "No need to be shy, you can do anything you want. This girl is all yours."

Lavinia stood up and tried to stop her legs from trembling as she walked over to the girl, although she noticed that Elke's knees were knocking together. The girl's body was beautiful, slim with a perfect flat tummy leading up to small pert breasts with swollen dark pink nipples. Lavinia noticed the girl's pubic hair had been shaved smooth and her eyes darted to the top of the girl's labia.

"You can touch her, explore her body," said Marilla.

With a shaking hand, Lavinia reached out and cupped one of Elke's small breasts. The skin was so soft and smooth and she could

feel the hard little nub press into her palm. She could also feel the girl trembling beneath her touch. Her own nipples now tingled and tighten up even harder, she could feel her pussy getting hotter and her knew her lips were starting to swell. She wondered if the girl was wet and nervously ran her hand down, down over the tummy and down. Lavinia couldn´t believe how much the girl was shaking and found their eyes meeting. They shared to same aroused and nervous look.

Lavinia moved her fingers over Elke´s mound and was about to reach between her legs when her mother burst into the room and she withdrew her hand rapidly.

"I haven´t missed anything have I?" Camila asked, "Excellent, I see you are just getting started. Please continue, don´t mind me."

Lavinia blushed and shuffled on the spot, "Mother…what are you doing here?"

"What do you mean? I am not going to miss my girl´s first time… although men would all argue that it doesn´t count until you have lain with a man. Us women all know that sex with another woman is just as

intimate and emotional as it is with a man. Maybe more so. And that is what you are becoming tonight, a woman. So… carry on!˝

Lavinia floundered. She no longer knew what to do or where to look.

˝What´s wrong? Don´t you like her? We can get another one if you prefer,˝ said Camila.

˝No…no… she´s fine.˝

Marilla stepped forward, ˝Maybe it would be best if we gave her some privacy, Domina?˝

˝Nonsense! They are two virgins, they need a guiding hand otherwise who knows what they will end up doing? Here, let me help,˝ Camila walked swiftly over to her daughter and slipped the girl´s dress from her shoulders.

˝Mother!˝ gasped Lavinia, trying to cover herself up.

˝Lavinia, I have seen you naked more times than you can count! Although maybe not so much recently,˝ said Camila, taking in her

daughter´s newfound curves, "Now just embrace and kiss. Everything will come naturally after that."

Both Lavinia and Elke just stared at each other, both their gazes darting all over the other´s naked bodies. Lavinia felt a pulse emanating from between her legs and sending tingling shivers up her spine. She edged forward. She was now keenly aware of every part of her body. The cool tiles under her feet, the warm breeze that caressed the hairs on her arms and the back of her neck. And most sensitive of all was her pussy that now cried out to be touched. She took another step forward and both girls gasped as their breasts gently brushed together. Lavinia took a moment to take in the slave girl´s beauty, the blue eyes and blonde hair was so unlike most of the women she knew, but it just added the excitement. Both the girls´ eyes dropped to look at each other´s lips and when Lavinia instinctively licked hers, Elke found herself doing the same.

Lavinia took another step forward. Now the girls´ breasts pressed together and their tummies touched. They both felt the same intense

warmth of skin on skin and both felt the other´s nerves as they trembled. Lavinia knew her sex was now soaked, her flower was in full bloom and her arousal was on the brink of running down the inside of her thighs. She leaned in and closed her eyes.

Elke was so confused. Back in her simple village in Germania, she had never seen a single girl kiss another girl. All romance was between men and women. And that generally happened behind closed doors. The idea of a girl being with a girl was just something she had never considered. When she had privacy in her hut, when her parents were out at the tavern and her sister was with a boy, she would sometimes touch herself. She would close her eyes and imagine boys in her village, kissing them, having them kiss her… touch her where she was touching herself. Never once did she fantasize about any of the other girls. Although, she had to admit that none of the girls in her village, or the surrounding villages, who she met on market day, were anywhere near as beautiful as this young Roman girl. She knew she had no choice, although she also wondered what she would do if she did. Then the lips

touched and she closed her eyes and just let the sensations wash over her body.

The kiss was tentative at first. Both girls tried to recall how they had seen other people kiss and do their best to copy. Their lips just opened and closed against each other but it was enough to send subtle sensations throughout their bodies and stoked their desires even further. Lavinia had never felt her nipples feel so hard and was sure Elke´s were also firmer as they pressed tighter into each other. Out of instinct, she found her tongue edging curiously forward then, as her mouth opened slightly wider than before, she let her tongue briefly caress the slave girl´s lower lip. She was sure that she heard a little murmur of surprise and pleasure. Elke responded by slipping her tongue forward until both their tips touched. The touch of firm, slick wetness triggered something in both girls and their tongues simultaneously surged forward, hungry and curious to discover more.

Camila smiled proudly as she watched the two nude girls kiss. She could now see tongues had come into play, writhing between mouths

each time the girls´ lips opened slightly. Lavinia´s hands moved around Elke´s body and onto the small of the slave girl´s back, pulling her in closer.

"So, so beautiful," purred Camila, "Now Lavinia, just push your leg in between the girl´s… good…"

Lavinia heard her mother´s voice, and like throughout her life, obeyed. She lifted a leg slightly and eased it in between Elke´s. The response was instant. The moment the top of her thigh touched Elke´s pussy the slave girl moaned through the kiss. It was Elke who now wrapped her arms around the Roman girl and her hands found the gentle curves of Lavinia´s small ass. She squeezed hard, kneading them and, as she did, she intensified her kiss.

Elke drove Lavinia´s tongue into retreat. The divine sensation of the Roman girl´s thigh spreading her flower and caressing her clit drove her to heights of desire she had never experienced. Her tongue swirled inside Lavinia´s mouth, lapping ravenously. Lavinia responded by allowing her hands to move further down until she was able to squeeze

Elke´s equally small and firm butt. She then pulled the cheeks apart. Elke felt fresh air reach her most secret hole and it drove her wild. She too pushed her leg between Lavinia´s and purposefully lifted it until it met soft, wet lips.

Both girls started to rock backward and forward slightly while they continued to kiss, their mouths now opening wide and locking together tightly while their tongues curled and swirled around each other.

"Go to the bed," panted Camila, her eyes locked on the sexy nymphs.

Together, the girls, not breaking their embrace, shuffled to the bed and then collapsed onto the soft mattress. No longer handicapped by being in the standing position, they interlocked their legs completely and rhythmically drove their thighs even harder along the other´s sex.

It was so much hotter than Lavinia had expected sex to be. The heat of their skin pressed together, the warm night air on their bodies, the growing exertion of thrusting and grinding was building and building.

Sweat was now starting to form all over their skin making their small breasts slide easily over each other.

"Oh…oh!" gasped Lavinia, the pleasure between her legs too much and forcing her to break the kiss, "Oh…oh…Mmm…Mmm…"

"That's it, my beautiful girl," said Camila, "Embrace the pleasure, feel the pressure build… Mmm… Marilla, come here… quick!" Camila sat on the chair near the bed and hurriedly pulled open her dress revealing her own flower, which was glistening in the warm light of the flaming braziers.

Marilla knew instantly what her Domina wanted and dropped to her knees between Camila's legs. It had been a while since she had pleasured her Mistress, that role had fallen to the younger, newer slaves. She remembered the sweet scent and her Domina's petals well. She eased her head between Camila's thighs and opened her mouth and then licked with a slow nod of her head.

"By the Gods, yes," gasped Camila at the first touch.

Like so many slave girls, Marilla had arrived at the villa with no concept of lesbian sex. She had had a boyfriend in Iberia before she was captured and brought to Rome. She had never had the chance to lie with her man, and now as Camila´s Prima Ancilla, she was only allowed to bed other slave girls. She had long accepted that the female body was the only intimacy she was ever going to experience. She increased the pressure of her strokes, her tongue spreading Camila´s labia and then teasing the hard little bud.

Camila stroked the woman´s hair, she had forgotten how good Marilla´s cunnilingus had been and gave an appreciative purr, "You may touch yourself," she said.

"Thank you, Domina," replied Marilla quickly between licks. Generally, slaves were instructed to focus on their Master or Mistress´ pleasure above all else and not attend to their own needs. It was a great honor to be allowed this privilege. She pulled up her own dress and her hand urgently found her pussy. It was already wet from watching the two girls and she eased two fingers straight in and started to stroke herself.

Both Lavinia and Elke were now panting for breath, they lay side by side, looking into each other eyes, their faces creased up with exertion and pleasure. Lavinia could feel the pressure build. Her clit was tight and her pussy craved release. She was almost there. So close.

"The Gods…by the Gods…Mmm… Yes…" she gasped, "Please… oh please…"

Elke was experiencing the same divine bliss, no masturbation had ever reached this level of intense sexual heat. She picked up the pace, driving her own sex along Lavinia's thigh while speeding up the rocking motion that rubbed her leg against the Roman girl. Their sweaty tummies slapped together filling the room with the sound of skin on skin.

Camila felt a surge of pressure build as Marilla's tongue connected perfectly with her swollen bud, "Just like that… lick your Domina…" she moaned, her hands pulling down her dress and revealing her full breasts. She cupped herself, kneaded and then squeezed her nipples hard. Below, she felt her clit being drawn into the slave's mouth and the rough side of the woman's tongue swirl over its smooth surface. She

couldn´t take her eyes off her daughter and the young Germanic slave, writhing and fucking, both totally lost to the first experience of the pleasures of the flesh. She heard Lavinia moan, and knew her daughter was on the brink.

Lavinia wrapped her arms around Elke tightly and buried her face into the slave girl´s neck drawing in the scent of hot skin, moist with sweat. The pleasure was so intense she closed her eyes tight so she could just focus on it. She needed release and felt like she might explode if she didn´t come soon.

"Oh…oh…oh!" gasped Elke in almost a squeak, and then she convulsed. Her whole slim body shook as she hit her climax.

The sound of the slave girl´s orgasm was enough to send Lavinia over the edge. The pressure between her legs released in an explosion sending waves of pleasure through her clit, along her vagina and right up into her body forcing her back to arch.

"By the gods! Oh yes! Yes… Mmm…"

The two girls squeezed each other tight, using themselves to brace against their orgasms. And then they both fell still, panting, sweating and looking into each other´s eyes.

Camila squeezed her thighs together trapping Marilla´s head in place. Seeing her daughter orgasm broke through any control she had. She pinched her nipples so hard they hurt, while below she lifted her hips, and with one last masterful stroke of Marilla´s tongue, Camila climaxed hard.

"Thank you Venus! Oh, thank you Venus!" she cried, she took a few deep breaths to steady herself and then pulled her dress back up to cover herself. She then stood and brushed out the creases in her dress, "I´m so proud of you, Lavinia. You are growing up into such a fine young woman. Come on Marilla, let us leave them to rest… or continue."

Lavinia heard the door close and knew she was alone with Elke, "That felt so good," she whispered.

"Yes…Mistress… it was amazing," replied Elke. After feeling nervous and apprehensive all day it was the first time she felt relaxed and at peace.

They lay there holding each other, Lavinia tracing her finger up and down Elke's back, feeling the sweat under her fingertip. Elke left her hand on Lavinia's ass and gently squeezed it. Slowly their faces edged closer and then were kissing again. With their hunger sated the kiss was slow, their mouths opening wide in unison and their tongues gently moving around each other's in circles.

*****

Camila looked into Flavia's room. It was already dark and just the faint light of the moon shining through the curtains lit the room. She could see Flavia in bed with her new slave, they appeared to be lying back to back and were both asleep. Camila shrugged, 'They must have already done the deed. Flavia clearly didn't need any encouragement,' she thought to herself.

She returned to the Atrium where Vitus was relaxing on a sofa, drinking wine.

"Our girls seem to have taken to their bed-slaves very well!" beamed Camila, "I knew it was a good idea!"

"I´m glad it has worked out," replied Vitus.

"Marilla, you may return to your quarters," said Camila, giving her Prima Ancilla an appreciative nod.

"Goodnight, Domina, Dominus," Marilla bowed and then headed back to the slaves´ dormitories. Her own pussy was still soaked as she hadn´t been able to reach satisfaction and now she craved completion.

She entered the dark dorm, three of the bunk beds were already occupied with sleeping slaves. She pulled the sheets off one and got a murmur of surprise from a young slave. Marilla didn´t say anything and just lifted the girl´s dress and climbed onto the bed. The girl, even though she was half asleep, obediently rolled onto her front and offered her ass. Marilla shed her own clothes in desperation and mounted the girl, lowering her wet sex onto the girl´s firm round butt. Taking hold of the

girl´s shoulders for leverage, she started to grind her pussy against the girl. Her labia lips spread and she was so aroused her clit glided smoothly over the buttocks.

"Mmm… Mmm…" she purred not caring about the other slaves sleeping in the bunks, one above her, and another in the bed on the other side of the small room.

The bed frame was soon rocking as Marilla´s thrusts intensified and she angled her body to get the maximum amount of friction on her swollen nub. She may not command the authority of her Domina, still, the slaves knew that it was in their best interest to submit to her without question. She heard the girl beneath her moan. The girl had slipped a hand between her legs and was now masturbating.

Across the other side of the room, another girl moaned and the rippling bulges of the bedsheets gave away her activity. The sound drove Marilla to grind harder, forcing her sex down onto the ass and pushing the girl beneath her into the mattress.

"Make me cum!" she snarled, "Use that peach of yours!"

The girl started to gyrate her hips up and down and Marilla knew instantly that she was about to hit her orgasm. She leaned back, cupped her breasts and rode the girl to her climax.

"Oh yes…yes… Mmmm…"

She lay down next to the girl in the narrow bed and kissed her shoulder lightly as the girl continued to pleasure herself. Soon the girl gripped the pillow tightly, her hips spasmed and she fell still. Marilla held the girl close as they listened to the slave girl in the other bed, finish herself off. Soon they all drifted off to sleep breathing in the sweet smell of female sex that now filled the small room.

*****

Flavia heard her bedroom door open and the soft light shine in. She knew it was her mother checking up on her, making sure she had used her bed slave. But she hadn't. As soon as Gilda had come into the room Flavia had told her just to lie down on the bed. She had then extinguished the braziers and lain next to her. The slave girl was trembling nervously and Flavia had been tempted to make use of the girl,

instead, she just closed her eyes and pictured Liang. Her beautiful almost magical eyes. Her golden-hued skin. The subtle curves of her body. A body she so wanted to touch…to taste. Then she remembered the hurt and the anger, the way the girl had accused her and then blamed her. ‘How dare some stranger from a foreigner land speak to me in that way!’ she thought to herself, ‘I don’t want to see her again, anyway. I should just fuck this slave girl and put Liang out her my mind.’ But she didn’t.

*****

The trumpets blared out filling the plaza and reverberating down the narrow alleyways that led off it. It just about drowned out the sound of thousands of footsteps. The tread of thick leather sandals preceded the Legion by a few minutes and the throngs of merchants, plebs and aristocrats jostled to see the pride of the Roman army make its entrance.

Camila sat by Vitus on a raised balcony constructed outside the temple of Athena. Even though Marilla stood dutifully, parasol in hand, Camila still squinted in the bright sunlight. She cast her gaze further

along the balcony and saw the row of senators, some with wives some just whispering to each other. Dariana and her husband, Petronius, as well as their daughter Naevia, had managed to get themselves seats right next to the Emperor and his retinue. Camila snorted in annoyance and tried to crane her neck to get a better view of Marcellus and his consort, Saphina. But a row of Praetorian guards flanked the couple, their gold armor gleaming and their red cloaks streaming out in the breeze.

"See! See how Petronius and Dariana maneuver themselves. Trying to worm their way back into the Emperor's good graces. If they were any closer to Marcellus they would have his cock in their mouths," whispered Camila to Vitus.

Vitus casually looked over, "Our position is better."

"How so?"

"We are close but not too close. If a great statue falls, those closest are the ones who are crushed."

Camila didn´t have time to respond as a deep shout cried out followed by a cheer as the standard-bearer of the Fifth Legion led a column of Roman soldiers into the Plaza. Flowers were thrown by women and children as the Legion marched in perfect lockstep. Camila marveled at the military might, the array of spears and shields, the immaculately groomed horses ridden by centurions wearing helmets bristling with plumes of red hairs. No wonder the known world cowered under such prestigious power. She felt a sense of pride swell in her breast knowing such an elite fighting force was Rome´s to command.

"It seems to have cheered the plebs up," Camila commented, "They certainly look a lot happier than the wretches I have seen on the streets recently."

"It is a façade," Vitus replied flatly.

"How so?"

"The children throwing flowers, the women offering themselves as well as the men cheering – it is all an act. Designed and paid for by Marcellus. He wants to show the Senate how much the people love and

support the Legion and by proxy, love and support him. Tomorrow these same wretches will return to the streets, the slums and the brothels. Each with a few extra coin in their pockets and each with a clear understanding of the forces against them should they rise up.˝

˝And will it work?˝ asked Camila.

˝Only time will tell. Ten thousand soldiers against a city of hundreds of thousands of men with empty bellies… it not something that bears thinking about.˝

The parade went on for another hour with the Fifth Legion doing sequences of maneuvers, wheels and tactical formations. Every movement was precise and exemplified just what the Roman army was capable of. It ended with the Legion lining up in ranks beneath the high balcony and saluting Emperor Marcellus accompanied by a blaring of trumpets.

When the brass symphony quietened Marcellus stood and the crowd dropped to a respectful hush. Again Camila craned her neck to get a view and now that he was standing she could just see him in front

of the Praetorian Guard. Marcellus was a truly handsome man, still only thirty he was tall with broad shoulders. Camila knew under those dark purple robes his body was toned. It was a soldier´s body and he spoke with military conviction.

"My people! My warriors! My Rome!" he began, his voice booming out over the plaza, "Today is a day of great celebrations. The Fifth Legion of Rome has returned home from the barbarian lands of Germania. They come back victorious and bathed in glory! They return with spoils of war that will fill our streets with wealth. Caravans of slaves and wagons of gold make their way into our city gates everyday…"

On cue, several wagons were driven into the plaza and their canvas roofs pulled away to reveal dozens of men and women bundled inside. They were dressed in rags and covered in filth. They gawped in fear and awe at the sight in front of them, the noise, the sheer volume of people was far beyond anything they had ever experienced. They were greeted by a hail of rotten fruit and vegetables accompanied by mocking jeers.

While Marcellus continued his speech Vitus whispered to Camila, "Unfortunately none of those wagons or caravans carry grain and the victory he speaks of is much exaggerated. And what victories there are, are few and far between."

"How can those savages withstand this?" she gestured to the phalanxes of soldiers.

"The Second, The Twelfth and the Fifth Legion have struggled to push very far North beyond their camps at the base of the Alpes. Beyond the slopes of the mountains, the terrain becomes a maze of dense forests and swamps. The savages move freely in such an environment, hiding and striking from the shadows while our glorious legions toil and stall in the cruel wilderness. And now our great leader recalls the Fifth further weakening our forces."

The plaza erupted into tumultuous applause and another barrage of horns blared out while Marcellus waved at the adoring people. The Fifth Legion saluted, turned on the spot and then marched from the square. Slowly the crowds dispersed, filing away down the narrow side

streets that led back to the slums. The senators and nobles on the high balcony began to mingle and gossip as slaves brought out refreshments in the form of wines and fruit.

"There you are! All the way down here!" called out Dariana to Camila and Vitus as she pushed and weaved her way through the crowds of senators. Petronius followed his wife and greeted Vitus with a formal shake of the arms.

"Greeting Senator Vitus Lucius Gracchus, did you enjoy the… spectacle?" asked Petronius.

"Indeed…it was quite a piece of theatre," Vitus smirked and got a knowing smile in return, "I am glad to have you back in Rome. Are you planning to return to your seat on the Senate?"

"Naturally. I was just discussing matters of state with the Emperor and he said he is keen to have my voice back among the Conservatorium."

The two men stepped aside to discuss matters of state leaving their wives to 'gossip'.

"I was just telling Pretonius that I wanted you and your girls over for dinner," started Dariana, "Leave the men to their politics and what-not and have ourselves a ladies' night."

"That sounds… wonderful," Camila smiled sweetly.

"Excellent! I know my Naevia will be thrilled to catch up with Flavia and Lavinia. Oh and how did they get on with their bed slaves last night? Did they break them in?"

"Absolutely. My girls are red-blooded Roman women, just like their mother," laughed Camila.

Dariana giggled, "Oh girls will be girls. So tonight…I have just received a shipment of this new wine from the south of Gaul, it is quite something."

"I am looking forward to it already."

*****

Femke looked into Alda's room. All three plates of meats had been eaten, the girl had clearly been starving.

"You look a little better," she stated.

Alda looked up and nodded, "I haven't eaten like that for… for quite a while."

"Being a slave has many disadvantages, fortunately for you, food is not going to be one of them."

"I don't plan on being a slave for long," replied Alda, her voice full of steel and resolve.

"The deal you attempted to strike with Domina Dariana… it was foolish and arrogant. How do you possibly imagine you can win? Now I fear you have doomed us both."

"You may have had all your courage broken from you, but just a few months ago I was free. I had blood on my hands, Roman blood. I can fight. I have been fighting for years!"

Femke shook her head, she would have laughed had not their situation been so grave, "This isn't fighting. Graeco Wrestling is a sport, one that takes years to learn. It is face-to-face, just you and your

opponent. No advantages, just who is better. And I hear the Iberian Warrior is the best.″

"I will beat her,″ snorted Aldo indignantly.

"I hope you are right. Undress.″

"What?″

Femke unfastened her dress and then slipped it from her shoulders leaving her nude. Alda blushed as she took in the woman′s impressive muscular figure, large firm breasts and hints of abdominal muscles. Along her arms, which rippled with muscles, were also scars. They looked old but once they must have been grievous wounds.

"Wrestling is done naked, I am sure that is in part what attracts the Romans to the sport,″ Femke turned and place her neatly folded dress onto a bench. Again, Alda′s eyes were drawn to the array of muscles in the woman′s back, the ass cheeks that looked like they had been carved from granite but mostly to dozens of thin white scars that ran down her back. She turned again, "So… undress.″

Alda hesitated and shuffled awkwardly.

Femke, "I know nudity in our culture is not as commonplace as it is in Rome. I also recall the shame when I was first stripped… made to be entertainment for them. But we are in Rome now and you must get used to their ways."

Alda loosened the belt around her waist and then nervously eased the straps of her dress from her shoulder. She could feel her cheeks burn hot. With a deep breath, she let her dress fall and couldn't meet Femke's gaze and instead looked away sheepishly.

"Not bad…not bad at all. If only we had more time I think I could really shape you into something quite magnificent. As it is all we can hope for is to get a little weight on you before next month."

"So…what do we have to do?" asked Alda, her hands and arms trying to cover her breasts and crotch.

"Simple. Hold your opponent's shoulders onto the mat for the count of three… or make them say they surrender."

"Pff, I will never say that!"

Femke again shook her head realizing the amount of work she had to do, "Fine. Come at me."

Alda conquered her shame and raised her arms and tried to ignore the fact her breasts and sex were on display. She eased forward, knees bent, arms stretched out and then she pounced. She had expected to grapple around the shoulders but her opponent moved in response. Femke didn't move fast, she didn't need to. She just adjusted her weight, stepped towards Alda gripping her waist and then used her opponent's own momentum to spin her. Alda was caught by surprise and tried to adjust her feet to keep her balance. Femke's legs swept her footing away and she found herself face down on the mat in a blink of an eye. Alda tried to stand but Femke twisted and turned, wrapping her legs around Alda's arms and then bending them backward against the elbow joint.

Alda gasped in pain, tears immediately welling up in her eyes, ˝Stop! Stop!˝ she squealed in a pitch much higher than she had ever used before.

˝Say you surrender!˝

˝I surrender! I surrender! Please!˝

Femke released the hold and rolled off Alda. Alda nursed her aching arm and looked up at Femke who now stood over her. She could see the woman´s flower and was sure it was slightly spread.

˝If you don´t want to surrender don´t let yourself get so easily caught.˝

Alda felt a rush of anguish and jumped up wrapping her arms around Femke´s waist. The explosive power she used by driving her legs caught Femke by surprise and Alda was able to force her opponent onto the mat. She felt the intense heat of skin on skin. Her breasts rubbing hard against the top of Femke´s legs. Femke rallied and was able force one of Alda´s arms to open, and then attempted to roll the novice on her back. Alda resisted and struggled. Their two naked bodies

writhed together, legs tangling, breasts pressing against breasts. The more they fought the sweatier they got until their bodies were so slick it was hard to get a grip. Alda felt her strength start to wane. She was still weak from weeks of hunger and travel. Femke got the upper hand and gripped both of Alda´s wrists and pressed them down to the mat, then using her whole body weight she held them down. Femke´s full breasts were now in Alda´s face. She could feel the heat of them against her cheek, taste the salty sweat on her lips… and was sure the nipples were hard as they rubbed against her. Then she realized that her own body was responding. Her nipples were tingling and there was a warmth building between her legs. She tried to pretend it was just a natural reaction to the exertion… and not the sensation of their naked bodies rubbing together… of being physically dominated and beaten into submission. She tried to lift her shoulders from the mat but she had no strength left and fell limp. Femke rolled off her and lay by her side, both girls just lay there panting, their faces flushed… bodies glistening with sweat.

"A little better," Femke said at last, "Again," and she rose to her feet and stood over Alda.

Looking up from the mat, this time Alda was sure Femke's sex was in full bloom, and knew her own flower was not far behind. Alda tried to focus on something else, it was ridiculous to think she could become aroused by the touch of another woman, she liked men. All Germanic girls did. 'This was just how the female body reacts sometimes... it doesn't mean anything,' she told herself.

Alda got to her feet and readied herself. In a blur Femke was moving, gripping Alda and then spinning behind her, locking her arms around her waist. Alda found herself being lifted and thrown backward, the back of her head and shoulders smashed against the matting, stunning her. Femke was on top of her again, hot sweaty breasts pressing down on hot sweaty breasts.

"You need to be ready for anything," said Femke, "the attack can come from any angle. Try to roll me over."

Alda wrapped her arms around Femke and tried to shift the woman. She couldn´t move her an inch. Their bodies just pressed together tighter and Alda felt increasingly helpless… and with it she knew her pussy was wet, her clit wanted to be touched.

"You have to use your whole body not just your arms. Your legs and hips all must drive together."

Alda tried. She used every muscle she had, their legs entwined and she was able to push off the mat and roll Femke until their positions swapped. Alda lay on Femke, sweat rolled off her brow and fell onto her opponent´s face.

"Impressive," panted Femke. Femke then lifted her knee between Alda´s legs and in so doing ran her thigh right along her sensitive sex.

"Oh...oh…" gasped Alda in pleasure and surprise. The caress of firm, sweaty flesh rubbing against her swollen nub sent a thousand shivers of delight through her body.

It was all the distraction Femke needed. The woman reached down, grabbed Alda´s ass in both hands and then used her grip to roll Alda until once again Femke was on top.

"There is a trick to escape every position," smirked Femke. Her smile faded when she caught Alda glancing briefly at her lips. Femke felt her clit pulse with anticipation of taking the girl. With eyes locked Femke slid her hand down Alda´s body, down her tummy that was slick with sweat, down through the soft wispy hairs and over the girl´s mound. Femke could feel Alda´s heart pounding in her chest, see the confusion and doubt in the girl´s eyes. Femke´s fingertips then reached the wet folds and she was about to ease a finger into the girl when a blinding pain on the side of her head sent stars flickering across her vision. The world spun.

As Femke´s fingers had reached her cunni, Alda had thrown an elbow catching the woman in the temple. Alda hurled the stunned opponent tumbling onto the mat and then rolled on top.

"No one touches me down there!" Alda snapped.

Femke blinked a few times, "Maybe there is hope for us yet."

It was Alda's turn to lie on top and receive a sense of power over her opponent. The heat was intense, every inch of their sweaty bodies were pressing against each other. Femke's brief touch in her sex had gotten her soaking wet. After weeks of cruelty and suffering, as well as no sexual pleasure at all, Alda's body relished such warm intimacy. Then years of tradition took over. Men lay with women, not other women. It is just the way. Quickly Alda rolled off her opponent and pulled her legs up to her chest covering her breasts and kept her ankles locked together hiding her swollen flower.

Femke sat up, still nursing her head, "You certainly have some fight in you."

"As I said, I fought for real, on the battlefield. Sword in hand, not this play fighting."

"And maybe if you had a sword for the contest you would fare better. But you will not," Femke noticed the way Alda was sitting, "You will also need to learn to lose all shame. Your body is theirs now."

"My body is my own. You should have learned that!" Alda nodded at Femke's hand that was still tending the blow she had suffered. To Alda's surprise, Femke looked embarrassed.

"I am sorry… I thought… I thought…"

"I recognize your accent, you are from one of the Southern tribes of Germania. You used to be a proud people but I see Romans have broken your spirit… perverted you!"

"I have been a slave for five years! Don't judge me! You think I didn't try to resist?" she turned and displayed the dozens of scars on her back, "Yes they broke me! They will break you too! You will lick their pussies and suck their cocks just like every other slave!"

"Never," snorted Alda although a tear that pooled in her eye betrayed her doubt. An image Elke being subjected to such degradation flashed into her mind and she couldn't stop the tear from falling. She looked away, trying to fight back the tears.

"I wasn't taken in battle. I was given to them. By my father," said Femke.

"As tribute?"

"Yes. My father was the chief of my tribe I was going to marry the son of another village chief. It was arranged… however, I loved him nevertheless. Then the Romans came. We had maybe a couple of dozen warriors, what could we do? What could my father do? First they took the horses and then our goats… our grain until we had nothing else to give them…"

"Except their daughters," finished Alda. She had heard of this tale many times.

"I was given to a Centurion. The first night he tried to force me. I refused. So he gave me this," Alda showed her a sharp white scar down her back. The second night I still refused so he gave me this," she pointed to an old burn mark on her shoulder. The third night he just beat me until I couldn't resist and raped me."

Alda said nothing and just watched as Femke endure the agony of her memories.

"I think he thought I was more trouble than I was worth," Femke continued, "So he sold me to slave merchants and I was taken to Florentia. Of course, by then I was scarred so no use for the rich families. Romans enjoy watching people fight for their entertainment so this one man bought me and threw me into the fighting pits. I was bigger and stronger than most of the other women and became quite the earner for my master. First by winning the contests and then by selling my body to the cheering monsters who watched. Men and women. Most were satisfied with fucking me but plenty got off by just beating me for fun. You can only manage to win so many fights until…" she traced a finger along the scar down her cheek. So back to the market. I expected to end up in the mines, instead, Domina bought me. Why? Because I was cheap. You might look around and see just a prison, but for me this is heaven compared to where I have been," she then laughed sadly, "So yes they broke me. And now I am so broken that I think being treated like a dog is heaven," she sighed, "I'm sorry for… touching you. I thought you wanted it. It's just I am so… so… lonely," it was Femke's turn to wipe

away a tear, ‟You are the first person from home I have seen in years. I just wanted to feel a real connection. I won´t do it again.″

‟Good,″ sniffed Alda, ‟Because if you do I will hit that big head of yours again,″ this time she managed a grin.

Femke smiled, not just politely, it was a full beaming smile that made her look like she was glowing. Alda could see the spark of joy in the woman´s sad brown eyes and imagined the terrible things she must have endured for one joke to light her up so much.

‟We must keep training,″ Femke said at last.

*****

Flavia paced around the villa, frustrated and annoyed. It was far too hot to be outside so she found herself stomping around the atrium like a caged Cretan bull. Her new slave scurried behind her not knowing what to do with herself. That morning she had sent a letter to Tiberius at the Silk Market explaining that Liang should be allowed to have her stall back, but so far she had had no response. ‘Why do I care?´ she asked herself, ‘What difference does it make to me? The way she spoke to

me… I should be glad if she has to whore herself out!′ then the thought of a grubby, sweaty man taking the exotic beauty from behind made her whole body flush with anger and jealousy. A slave girl entered holding a note and Flavia′s heart skipped with excitement.

"Mistress Flavia, a message for you," the slave girl said before holding the paper out and diverting her gave to the tiled floor.

Flavia snatched the note and tore open the seal. Then she grunted in annoyance as she read 'Flavia, we have been invited to dine with Dariana tonight. Make sure you are presentable and that your sister is ready on time. Love, your Mother.′

"Lavinia? Where are you?" she called out and went in search of her sister. As she approached Lavinia′s door she heard a series of gasps and cries. Flavia slowed and eased the door open to peek inside. Then she blushed deeply. Lavinia was flat on her bed, her hands cupping her small breasts while her new bed-slave was between her legs, head nodding away vigorously.

"Oh…yes… by the Gods… don't stop!" Lavinia's hands then grabbed at her pillow and her hips lifted off the mattress.

Flavia stepped away, her body even hotter than before and rushed back to the atrium and the cooling atrium. She had heard her sister's sex last night and it appeared that Lavinia hadn't taken a break. It also annoyed Flavia that her younger sister had experienced the pleasures of the flesh before her. She looked at Gilda who just fidgeted nervously. She knew she could just go back to her room and have this girl lick her until she too was thrashing around in ecstasy. She was tempted… the words almost formed in her mouth for her to instruct Gilda to do just that. But then she thought of Liang… how much she wanted that exotic beauty to be her first…and only.

Bathing didn't help. Standing in the bath while Gilda sponged her body was agony. Flavia watched as the slave, with her curvaceous figure, tentatively wash her. The girl was nervous about being nude with her mistress, but said nothing and made sure not to make eye contact. Gilda moved around her and started to wash her back. The sponge was

soft and the strokes sensual as they moved up and down between her shoulder blades. When the sponge reached her butt, Gilda was unsure of how to proceed.

"Continue," said Flavia, trying to sound calm and in control.

The sponge continued its journey down and between Flavia's firm, round cheeks. She let out a little gasp as the sponge caressed her tight hole, sending little flutters of pleasure through her body. Gilda eased the sponge further between Flavia's legs until the soft surface caressed her labia. This sensation was many times more intense and Flavia couldn't stifle an audible gasp of delight.

"Continue."

The sponge worked backward and forwards a few times, until Flavia's flower bloomed fully and became so sensitive that she was now struggling to stand. Then Gilda moved around front, knelt down and began sponging up and down Flavia's legs.

Flavia closed her eyes and imagined it was Liang on her knees. Nude. Her golden skin dripping with soap suds. Those amazing eyes

looking up at her... she was desperate for release, her whole body was primed for sex. The sponge moved up to her inner thighs. It was so so close…

"Gilda…I want you to…" she started.

"There you are! Excellent!" came her mother's voice as Camila strode in, "So glad you are making use of your bed slave!"

Flavia's blushed at being seen nude by her mother and she covered herself up making Camila sigh.

"Where is your sister? Please tell me she has washed already, you know what she is like."

"She is in her room…she has been all day… with her bed-slave."

"Oh really?" smiled Camila, "Well I shouldn't complain about her gaining experience… on the other hand she really does need to get ready. I shall go and fetch her," and then Camila was gone.

"Hurry up," said Flavia firmly.

"Yes, Mistress," Gilda started to rub faster with the sponge, moving down her legs.

*****

Camila eyed up the Dariana's villa smugly. While for most of Rome it would be considered a palace, compared to Camila's villa on the Aventine the houses on the Palantine seemed very modest.

"Isn't this adorable," she said as they entered the atrium, "So close, so intimate. How come you decided to buy here rather than return to the Aventine?"

"We… just felt like a bit of a change. And of course, we are closer to the Capitol and the Senate which is important for Petronius," replied Dariana.

The joy of seeing Dariana making feeble excuses made Camila swell, "I did hear Petronius had returned to the Senate. And even though he will only be on the back benches I am sure his time will come."

"It will, indeed."

There was something in the way that Dariana replied that made Camila suddenly unsure. It had been a miracle that Petronius had been allowed back at all and realistically there was no way he could rise beyond the back benches, which were made up of the most lowly of Rome´s elite. Yet the way Dariana just failed to hide her smile gave Camila pause for thought.

"Come on girls," Camila led her daughters, along with their slaves Gilda and Elke into the Atrium, "Oh it is quite warm isn´t it? When will they get around to piping water from the aqueduct to the Palatine? You really could do with a fountain in here. I don´t know how we ever managed without them."

Dariana said nothing, her silence speaking volumes. She then gestured to the sofas, "Make yourself comfortable. Camila, you can lie here, next to Naevia."

Camila felt a little spark of excitement at lying so close to such a divine being, "Very well," she replied, hiding her delight.

The sofas were arranged in a circle allowing all the women to lie down on their fronts and, resting on their elbows, face into the center. By each sofa was a stool upon which sat their slave girls, ready to pass the ladies food.

"You look as enchanting, Naevia," said Camila as she lay down next to the girl.

"Thank you… you…you also look very glamorous," the girl replied nervously.

The compliment made Camila beam and she tried to scold herself at being made to feel so special by a simple word from a girl almost twenty years younger, instead she smiled like a schoolgirl being flirted with by a boy for the first time.

"I am so glad we can do this! It has been too long since we have been together. Wine!" Dariana clicked her fingers.

The slave girls instantly responded to their Domina's command and poured wine into ornate and expensive glassware. The dinner proceeded with crab for starters, then woodcock stuffed with quails'

eggs and for dessert sweetened figs and apricots. All the while the conversation was light, mainly gossiping about other noble families. Flavia joined in when she could, while Lavinia and Naevia remained quiet and only politely responded to questions directed to them.

"Lavinia," started Dariana after licking her slave's fingers clean of fruit juices, "How are you enjoying your bed-slave?"

Lavinia fidgeted slightly as all eyes moved to her, "Er… very much…"

"She has been at it like a rabbit," laughed Camila, starting to feel the effects of the strong wine, "Non-stop!"

"Ah the joys of first sex," smiled Dariana, "What about you Flavia?"

It was Flavia's turn to blush, "Sure, fine."

"Just fine? Not the normal response to a girl's first dalliances into the world of pleasure."

"I think I will enjoy it more when I am with someone I actually love."

Both Camila and Dariana burst out laughing and then stopped when they realized the girl wasn´t joking.

"My Darling," started Camila, "Sex and love and two completely different things. I love and respect your father, yet I found the pleasures of sex with a multitude of other people."

"Your mother is right," agreed Dariana, "I love my husband very much… but as a lover?" she laughed, "By the Gods, no!" she then turned to Camila, "Imagine if we were only to have sex with our husbands!"

"Perish the thought! I would go crazy in less than a week!" laughed Camila so hard she almost spilled her wine.

"My dear Flavia," continued Dariana, "If that Germanic slave your mother bought you isn´t to your taste, I have a whole host of exotic delights. You are free to pick any of my girls. Naevia, that bed-slave of yours?" Dariana pointed to a pretty Middle-Eastern girl, who was sat by her daughter, "You wouldn´t mind if Flavia gave her a ride, would you?"

Naevia shrugged, "I don´t mind."

"You!" Dariana point to the slave girl, "Show yourself to my guests."

The girl stood, and with her head down, eyes on the floor, slipped off her plain dress to reveal her olive-skinned body, small breasts with dark nipples. She had to fight the instinct to cover herself up and her face took on a ruddy hue of embarrassment.

"No!" spluttered Flavia, "I am quite all right. Thank you."

"You could fuck right here," Dariana gestured to the rug in the center of the room, "I so enjoy watching pretty young things in the raptures of carnal delights."

"I said no!" shouted Flavia.

"Flavia Octavia Gracchus!" snapped Camila, "You will not raise your voice in another lady's home, I thought I raised you better!"

"Raised me?" Flavia had now turned a shade of red, no longer through embarrassment but through anger, "You didn't raise me! You palmed me off to a string of nannies and ancilla! Marilla has been more of a mother to me than you!"

Camila floundered shocked at the outburst.

"By Great Juno herself," gasped Dariana, "You should be more respectful to your mother!"

Flavia hurled her plate across the room and stormed out.

"Dariana, I can't apologize enough. I don't know what has gotten into her recently. She is developing quite the rebellious streak. Just yesterday she sneaked off by herself into the city."

"That's what happens when young women are not getting enough sex. You need to make sure she gets properly fucked by that new house-slave. Every day. It is the only way to keep teenagers' raging emotions at bay. Look at Naevia now, calm and sweet. The perfect daughter."

"Thank you for the advice, Dariana," Camila smiled through greeted teeth, "Lavinia, can you go and find your sister?"

Lavinia gave a deep exaggerated sigh and went after Flavia, with an unsure Elke and Gilda in tow.

"I just need to check on some details with my Prima-Ancilla," said Dariana getting to her unsteady feet, "I will be just a moment."

Camila felt an odd pang of nerves being left with Naevia. The beautiful girl smiled sweetly at her.

"So Naevia, has your mother been scouring Rome for a husband for you? Every party I go to there are always a throng of young men trying to find beautiful girls with a good pedigree."

"I don't let myself worry about my mother's schemes," shrugged Naevia, "Cover yourself up," she then instructed her slave-girl who gratefully dressed and stood back.

"Schemes?"

"Oh, my mother loves to scheme. Always has some idea, always trying to climb one more step up the ladder. I don't understand why. I mean look where we are. There is nowhere left to climb."

Camila laughed on the inside at Naevia´s naive statement, "There is always one more rung to climb to," she then paused before asking as casually as she could, "Has she met many people since your return?"

"She does nothing else! There is always senator coming and going around here."

"Is that so? Do you happen to know what they discuss?"

"No… politics bores me frightfully. I was secretly hoping she was just meeting them for sex, that would at least add a little excitement and drama," Naevia giggled, "But quite often my father also attends. And my father is one of the few men in Rome that appears to have no predilection for cock."

Camila´s mind whirled and spun as she wondered which senators would offer support to such a fallen family. She put on her warmest smile, "You know Naevia, I have missed you. As a child you were always over at my Villa, playing with Flavia and getting into all kinds of trouble. I even recall bathing you after a certain incident with a muddy pond you

fell in after a childish fight with her! You really have turned into a spectacular young woman!"

"One you would still like to bathe?" asked Naevia coyly and then looked away.

Camila felt her nipples tighten at that prospect and took courage from the girl's flirt, "I would like to take you shopping one day… maybe tomorrow… and perhaps we could go to the bath house after."

"Just you and me?"

"Yes… I think that would be nice. Don't you?"

"Yes, that would be splendid. I have missed you too… I so enjoyed how you used to care for me when I was young."

Camila noticed how the young woman nibbled her lower lips and, at the same time, she flicked her long hair to one side revealing her neck and shoulder. Camila felt a tremble in her pussy at the thought of being able to have this perfect little nymph.

"Naevia," said Dariana striding back into the room, pushing a bound and gagged slave, "Could you go and check on Flavia and Lavinia? I want a little fun time with Camila."

"Yes mother," Naevia stood, threw a smile at Camila and then went after the other girls.

"What do we have here?" asked Camila, looking the slave up and down, "Isn't that the girl you purchased at the auction yesterday?"

Alda had her wrists bound behind her back and the leather strap had been returned to gag her mouth. She was wearing a short dress of crude cotton that barely covered her crotch.

"It is. What do you think?"

"Is she safe?" asked Camila nervously.

"I hope not! I want her wild and untamed… for now at least. I want to keep that feral ferocity those barbarians have."

"Of course… you were going to have her wrestle at Saphina's party. I must admit I'm not a fan of the sport… and not sure how long the fad will last."

"We all know how fickle Saphina is, but while she's interested in something she tends to be obsessed. Come closer, have a proper look," said Dariana beckoning over Camila.

Camila approached hesitantly, "Has she eaten you yet? I imagine she would be wild!"

"I'm not sure if I'm ready to have my cunni at her mercy!" laughed Dariana.

Alda stared contemptuously at the two Roman women and tested the bounds around her wrists. The rope was tight. Even still her legs were free. They would be no match for her, she could bring them down with a few kicks and then throttle them with her thighs. Her heart began to pound, it was her chance to go down fighting, strike a blow at the nobility of Rome.

"If looks could kill," Camila tried to tease, her nerves made the laugh sound thin.

"She is my beast," smiled Dariana.

"A very beautiful beast!"

Dariana stepped behind Alda and unfastened the plain dress and slipped it off the girl's shoulders until it fell away. Alda once again felt that flush of shame as she found herself nude again and tried to fight the rising sense of vulnerability.

"Mmm…" purred Camila, "A warrior's body," she reached out and ran her hands over the toned muscles.

The touch was soft and sent tiny tremors up and down Alda's body. The hand started to move towards her breasts, still, she stood there and accepted the touch. She bit the leather gag hard as she watched a fingertip trace a circle around one of her areolas. This time the sensation was less subtle and she felt her nipples start to tingle in response. 'These Romans are degenerate fiends,' she thought to

herself, ‘Only men should be with women, not women and women. It is not nature´s way!´ she stepped backward and away from Camila.

"Is she a virgin?" Camila asked quizzically.

"I have been told she is not. You know how some of these other cultures are, how they are so scared of another woman´s touch."

"At first!" giggled Camila.

"Yes, at first!" Dariana laughed, she then stepped right behind Alda and whispered in her ear, "I think you will learn to like the sweet taste of pussy," Dariana reached between Alda´s legs and cupped the girl´s sex and started to rub it, "You know, Camila, this one offered me a deal."

"Really?"

"If she beats Saphina´s champion that I should let her go in return."

"The audacity!" laughed Camila, "And will you? Surely you can´t entertain making a deal with a slave."

Alda bit the gag even harder trying to stop her pussy from getting aroused, but it was no use, the touch was so good, running through her

soft folds, caressing her most sensitive bud. She could tell by the way the hand was starting to glide that her petals were becoming moist. ‘This is wrong,´ she told herself, the shame rising just as her nipples started to stiffen.

"Of course not. I told her if she loses I will have her gang-raped in the Colosseum!"

The Roman women both burst out laughing even as Dariana continued to trace her fingertips through Alda´s folds, teasing her entrance. Alda gasped through the gag and fought back the urge to lash out with her legs, to kick these bitches to the floor and crack their skulls under her heel.

"I think I am going to ride her!" grinned Dariana. She pushed Alda over to the sofas and shoved her until the slave was bent over one of the couch´s high arms.

Alda sense of vulnerability increased as she felt her ass being pushed out. Her cheeks were grabbed, kneaded and then spread. She knew not only her pussy was on display but also her tightest hole. She

had fought against the Romans on the battlefield, she had watched them slaughter her friends and family and now she was taking it like a bitch. She realized she was more furious at herself than the two women. If her parents could see their daughter now… A tear of shame ran fell from her eye.

"So firm, so strong," teased Dariana as she pulled her dress open at the front and mounted Alda's ass.

Alda could feel just how wet Dariana's sex was. She could feel the woman's arousal spread over her ass with every thrust as her Domina started to drive her hips backward and forward.

"Looks like your savage knows her place," said Camila, approaching and pulling down Dariana's dress to reveal two full globes, wobbling with every thrust.

"All barbarians will learn their place is on their knees or between Roman legs."

Camila cupped each of Dariana´s breasts and gently kneaded them while she rolled the erect nipples between her thumb and forefingers.

"Mmm…so good," purred Dariana increasing her thrusting, spreading her flower and rubbing her bud harder against her slave´s firm butt. She then reached over and gripped Alda´s shoulder tightly so she could pull against them and drive herself even harder and faster against the smooth skin.

Camila moved around Dariana, kissing up and down her shoulder and neck. She reached round and continued to work the breasts. Dariana gasped appreciatively and tilted her head to one side to allow the lips to press deeper into her delicate flesh.

With her hands behind her back and the weight of Dariana pushing down on her, Alda couldn´t move she just closed her eyes and tried to pretend her own sex wasn´t as wet as her Domina´s, pretend that her own arousal wasn´t starting to moisten the inside of her thighs.

"I´m nearly there! Oh…oh… by the Gods, give me bliss!" Dariana´s voice was now breathy with lust.

Camila responded by squeezing Dariana´s nipples, hard, very hard.

"Oh you bitch!" grunted Dariana, the pain mixing with the pleasure, sharpening the glorious sensations even more.

"That´s it, cum on this savage´s ass, mark her with your scent, show her who is her Domina," encouraged Camila.

"Oh…oh Venus! Yes! Yes!" Dariana´s thrusts suddenly became frantic and rapid and then, with one long drive, she climaxed, "Mmm… fuck… yes…yes…" Her hips gyrated a few more times, eking out every last bit of her orgasm.

Camila released the nipples and just peppered Dariana´s neck with soft kisses until she dismounted the slave. Alda´s ass was wet from arousal and cum and it made Camila´s own pussy tingle with anticipation.

Dariana clearly read her thoughts and smiled, "By all means, help yourself."

Camila pulled open her dress and felt the air flow over her already soaked sex. She then mounted Alda. She could feel Dariana's juices between her thighs and knew it was mixing with her own arousal. She started to thrust slowly at first, relishing the first deep caress of her clit running over the cum soaked ass.

"So nice," she moaned, "So smooth….so firm… Mmm…"

Dariana slouched back on a sofa, her tits still exposed and took a large swing of wine emptying it. She then held it out for the Middle-Eastern slave girl, who quickly refilled it, "Attend my cunni," she instructed.

The girl hurried around and knelt in front of Dariana who spread her legs. The slave saw her Domina's pussy was still a hot red, swollen and wet. The scent of her orgasm still intense. The girl obediently leaned in and started to lick with rhymical nods. Dariana grabbed the girl's black hair and pulled her face in tighter, "Stick your tongue in your Domina's

cunt!″ she growled, her arousal building as she watched Camila grunt and groan as she rode Alda´s slick ass. She felt the slave girl´s tongue ease itself inside her, lapping and probing. It was so good being and Roman Noblewoman, she mused, the boundless sexual pleasures… the decadent riches.

Alda kept her eyes closed and just listened to the moans of pleasure. Between her own legs an inferno was now raging. Her pussy was so sensitive that she was desperate to touch herself. She squeezed her thighs and ground them together, eager to have any kind of friction on her sex, any kind of relief. Then she heard a different noise, that of footsteps and voices.

"Hello, girls,″ said Camila between breaths as Naevia, Lavinia and Flavia walked in, behind them came Gilda and Elke.

"Just take a couch, we will she will be finished in a minute… oh… mmm… maybe even less,″ smiled Dariana.

The daughters flushed with embarrassment and just stood there unsure of what to do.

"Girls," started Camila, "You are becoming Roman woman, there is no shame in sex, it is something we can all enjoy together… Oh…oh… Mmmm…"

Alda found herself looking over her shoulder, she didn't know why, it would have been better to keep hiden her shame by keeping her eyes closed and her head down. But she looked and she saw Elke. Their eyes met. She knew what Elke was seeing, her elder sister bent over, bound, gagged and being taken for sport by their enemy. Her shame and humiliation was all consuming.

Alda bucked up with such force Camila was thrown backward and on the floor, her legs spread, her pussy on the verge of rapture. Alda looked around, blind rage fuelling her.

"Guards! Guards! Femke!" squawked Dariana in fright.

Alda ran towards her sister, who stood rooted to the spot. Flavia, Lavinia and Naevia scattered as the savage came hurtling towards her. From the doorway two guards came running in, swords drawn. They saw the rampaging slave and moved to encircle her.

"Alda…" wept Elke.

Alda glared at the two soldiers and realized this was the end. At least she would die resisting. At least her sister's last memory of her was of her fighting, not being bent over and raped.

The first guard stepped forward and swiped his sword at Alda's neck. Alda managed to duck and throw a kick catching the soldier on the knee. The second soldier lunged, sword pointed straight at her side. Again, Alda managed to avoid the attack. Then there was a burning pain across her arm.

"Nooo!" wailed Elke.

Alda turned to face the first guard, who, although he was limping, had managed to land a blow. Blood ran down her arm and started to pool at her feet. She snarled through the gag, ready to face her end.

"Stop! Stop!" cried out Femke, rushing into the room. Then with a deft move she swept Alda's feet from beneath her and pinned the slave to the ground.

The two guards looked to Dariana for instruction, "Shall we kill her, Mistress?" one asked, eager to spill more blood.

Dariana calmed when she saw the struggling slave was unable to break free of Femke's pin, "No…no… stand down."

"Are you sure? The law says that any slave that tries…"

"I said stand down!" repeated Dariana forcibly and stood to add extra authority.

The guards nodded and slinked away.

"What was that all about my wild savage?" asked Dariana, stroking Alda's hair.

"Mother!" yelped Lavinia and both she and Flavia helped the startled and shaken Camila to her feet.

"I think you need to have that…that thing put down!" snapped Camila.

"Tush!" grinned Dariana, "I didn't buy her for polite dinner manners. But she does need to be punished. You," she addressed the slave girl,

who just a few moments earlier had had her tongue deep inside her pussy, ‟Fetch the collar.″

The girl nodded and hurried off.

‟Punish her? I could have been killed!″ snorted Camila, gingerly rubbing the back of her head in search of blood, there was none.

‟She was tied up and gagged, she wasn´t any real danger,″ shrugged Dariana, ‟The question is why did my savage get all excited…″ she then looked up at Elke who watched on, panting and trembling in equal measure, ‟You, girl, do you know my slave?″

Elke started to cry, she couldn´t help it. She felt so small and weak. She nodded.

‟Ah…a sister,″ smiled Dariana cruelly.

‟Her name is Elke…she´s…she´s mine,″ said Lavinia, pulling Elke in close.

‟Mistress,″ the slave girl had returned and was holding a thick leather collar from which hung three thin chains.

"Femke, put the collar onto our barbarian," instructed Dariana.

Femke tensed when she saw the device but nodded. She deftly rolled Alda onto her back, "Don't struggle girl or you will just make this worse," she took the collar and fasten the leather strap around Alda's neck. Alda glared back, but in her position, her arms bound and trapped beneath her, she was in no position to resist. With the collar around Alda's neck, Femke took the first chain and pulled it towards Alda's still erect nipple. The end of the chain had a metal clamp with tiny teeth. Alda winced as these teeth bit into her sensitive nub. Femke then clamped the next chain to Alda's other nipple. Again, Alda gasped. The third chain was a bit longer than the first and Femke pulled it down. Alda realized what was about to happen and struggled. Femke drove her back down, pushed her knee between Alda's legs and stopping them from closing. Femke felt Alda's soaked petals and spread them. The two women shared a glance and Alda could see pity in Femke's eyes.

"Just let me do this, it will hurt less if you don't struggle…please…"

Femke eased Alda´s hood open with one hand, revealing the swollen clit beneath, and with the other hand, she positioned the clamp. The teeth closed over the bud and locked in place.

"Aaah!" gasped Alda through her gag, as her already sensitive clit was pinched and tears rolled down her cheek.

"Alda…" whimpered Elke and Lavinia pulled her back.

"Domina," started Femke, "The Obedience Collar is on."

"Good," smiled Dariana, "Get her up."

Alda was pulled to her feet and she immediately noticed the effect the collar had on her body. The chains weren´t long enough to allow her to stand upright without stretching her most sensitive parts, it forced her to bow her head and stoop over submissively. With the anger now evaporated she was just left with shame.

"A night in the collar and she will soon come to realize that she is now property, not a person."

Foolishly Alda tried to lift her head in defiance, all it achieved was a shooting pain in her nipples and worse, her clit, as the chain stretched her, the small teeth biting her skin. She yelped and bowed her head again obediently.

"Take her away, Femke," said Dariana with a dismissive flick of her hand.

Even walking was painful for Alda, every step seemed to tug at her nipples and clit making her wince. She turned her head as much as she could and saw her sister watching her, completely distraught.

"Well, thank you Dariana, for a most… interesting night… I think we shall take our leave now," said Camila, still nursing the bump on the back of her head.

"Yes, it has been fun!" beamed Dariana, "We must do it again, soon!"

*****

The sound of skin slapping against skin greeted Camila even before she opened the door.

"Ah, you're back early," said Vitus as his wife entered the bedroom, "How was the dinner?"

Camila sat on a chair by the bed and took in the scene. Vitus was face down on the bed, his ass raised. He was being sodomized by his pretty male slave while he was devouring a slave girl's pussy.

"It was both eventful and interesting," replied Camila, opening up her dress and starting to tease her own sex.

"Intriguing. Please go on, I am listening," Vitus buried his face back into the girl's crotch.

"Dariana was showing off her new wrestling slave and it turns out the savage is a little… too savage. She plans to present the creature at Saphina's party, I personally can't see that ending well for her. Either slave defeats Saphina's champion, resulting in Saphina going into one of her childish tantrums… or loses. In which case Dariana looks a fool."

"Which she is not," said Vitus, looking up briefly, the girl's arousal glistening on his chin.

"Unfortunately not. I just hope the savage runs amok and totally humiliates her," laughed Camila.

Vitus looked behind him, "Harder! And don't you dare come yet!"

"Yes, Dominus," the slave replied meekly and sped up his pounding. It was clear to Camila that the young man was struggling to contain his seed and his eruption was close.

"You also said interesting…" said Vitus before returning to his cunnilingus.

"Naevia. She really has turned into the most beautiful young woman," Camila slipped two fingers in her now wet pussy at the thought of the girl, "When I had a private moment with her she said that there has been a near constant flow of senators coming and going to the villa, meeting both Petronius and Dariana."

Vitus looked up again, this time far more focused on Camila's words, "Did she tell you which senators?"

"No…and to be honest, while the Gods have gifted the girl with beauty they may have done so at the expense of wit. I doubt she knows anything about the game of politics nor what dangerous information she had divulged. But I have a plan."

"You always do, my Lo…"

"Oh…oh…oh!" interrupted the young male slave, his hips suddenly convulsing frantically, his face creased up in pleasure.

"For Jupiter's sake!" sighed Vitus, feeling the slave's cock diminish inside him.

"I'm so sorry, Dominus…I just couldn't help it…" the young man whimpered.

Vitus sat up, pushed the young man face down on the bed, gave his own cock a few strokes to fully stiffen it, and mounted his slave. Both men gasped simultaneously, one from pleasure the other from pain.

"As I was saying," continued Camila, giving the slave girl a clear gesture as to where her services were now required. The girl slipped off

the bed and onto her knees, her head vanishing between the folds of her Mistress´s dress, her tongue vanishing between the folds of her Mistress´s pussy, "I have a plan. I have arranged to meet sweet Naevia tomorrow. I am sure with a little encouragement I can have her keeping an eye on events within her household for me."

Vitus sped up his fucking, driving his large cock deeper into his slave´s ass. The young man whimpered and buried his face into the pillows, "I can just imagine what kind of encouragement you are going to offer."

Camila imagined having Naevia, she imagined it was her that was now lapping at her pussy. She pulled her dress down and cupped her breasts and the sensation between her legs intensified, "I am happy to fuck that adorable little thing… for the benefit of our family," she smirked.

"The Gods do reward sacrifices," Vitus laughed.

"Now come in that slave´s tight ass, while you look into my eyes," growled Camila, her own orgasm approaching fast.

*****

Alda was curled up in a tight ball on the matting of her room. It was the best position to alleviate the strain of the chains that bit cruelly into her nipples and clit. But still the pain brought tears to her eyes.

"What were you thinking?" asked Femke, more to herself than to the gagged girl lying next to her. She stroked Alda's hair, "They could have killed you. They could have just stabbed you and thrown you in a ditch and no one in this world would have done a single thing to stop them. Do you understand your place yet? They own you!"

Alda just sobbed and recalled the look on Elke's face. The shame that her sister must have felt could only have been matched by her own.

The door opened and Dariana strode in, glass of wine in hand, "How is my savage?"

"Domina," started Femke, "If you want her strong and fit for the party you need to remove the Obedience Collar."

"Are you telling me what I should do, slave?" there was steel in Dariana's voice.

Although Femke could easily have overpowered her Mistress physically, she cowered and her eyes dropped to the floor, ‟No mistress,″ her voice was so meek it was barely audible.

‟Do I need to put a collar on you too, Femke?″

‟No, Mistress,″ Femke prostrated herself at Dariana´s feet.

‟You are such a pathetic people,″ sighed Dariana, ‟At least you know your place. Suck my toes.″

Femke had long buried all dignity deep inside herself and did as she was instructed. She lifted Dariana´s foot and took the big toe in her mouth and then sucked.

‟What about you, savage? Get on your knees!″

Alda squirmed and was able to do as she was told. She kept her chin down as far as she could so the chains didn´t tug at her sensitive parts.

‟Look up at me, look up at your Domina,″ gloated Dariana.

Alda clenched her jaw and raised her chin. Immediately the sharp pain made her eyes well up and tears flowed down her cheeks. She could feel her nipples being stretched and worse her clit was pulled, and the clamp bit into it even harder.

"Keep looking," teased Dariana, her smile showing the joy she felt at having total control. She pulled her foot from Femke's mouth, "She will wear the collar all night," with a flick of her dress, Dariana left.

Alda collapsed back onto the mat and curled back up into a ball. Femke looked at the door and waited until Dariana's footsteps had moved further into the villa. She then unfastened Alda's gag.

"She didn't say I couldn't remove this," Femke shrugged.

"How? How can you live like this?" wept Alda, the emotion and pain getting the better of her.

"You accept the life you have given. You take joy anywhere you can and you take one day at a time."

"I can't! I just can't! Why couldn't they leave us alone?"

Famke lay down behind Alda and spooned her tenderly, ‟They call us the savages when really it is them.″

‟Has anyone ever fought back?″

Femke suddenly tensed, her eyes darting first to the door and then to the very walls in case the very stone was listening, ‟Don´t say that! Don´t even think it!″ she snapped, ‟You think how they treat you now is bad? You know nothing! You could be nailed to the cross along with every slave in this household for just contemplating such a notion!″

‟Maybe I would be doing them all a favor,″ Alda snorted and then felt Femke wrap her arms around her. She tensed, the touch of another woman making her awkward but slowly she relaxed and nuzzled tighter into the warm body. She needed the comfort, any act of kindness otherwise she didn´t know how she would make it through the night.

*****

‟Did you fuck your slave last night?″ asked Camila between an olive and slice of lamb, addressing Flavia.

‟I was tired… it was a long evening,″ mumbled Flavia.

"You act as if I have given you a great burden when I have given you a gift. Your sister was at it again last night! I heard her cries all the way from my room!"

Lavinia blushed and just focused on her breakfast.

"Maybe I should put her in your bed tonight!" continued Camila, "Sounds like she could teach you a thing or two!"

"Mother!" snapped Flavia, the heat in her cheeks now flowing down to her chest, "I will get to it when I am good and ready!"

Camila grunted and rolled her eyes, "I must have bedded at least a dozen girls by the time I was your age. How do you think you will get yourself a husband if word gets out that you won't spread your legs?"

"How would anyone find out?"

"Dariana already knows," shrugged Camila.

"That's because you fucking told her!" shouted Flavia almost sending another plate crashing to the floor before she managed to control herself.

"Mind your manners! Or by Mars I will put you over my knee and spank that insolence out of you!"

A slave entered the atrium holding a note, "Excuse me, a message."

"Hand it over," Camila reached out her hand.

"It is for Mistress Flavia."

Flavia leapt up and grabbed the note.

"Flavia, who is sending you messages? Is it a boy? Is this what all this nonsense is about? You don't want cunt you just want cock?! Well that is not how it works! You need your flower to be pristine when you marry!"

"It's not from a boy," snorted Flavia.

"Because if it is cock you want I suppose you can just have it up the ass. You there!" Camila spoke to the messenger, "Show me your cock!"

The young man blushed, looked at the women and slaves in the room and tentatively started to pull down his breeches.

"Ah I tiny one! That would be a suitable size for your first time, you just need to make sure you smother it in oil first…"

"Mother! I am not interested in…" spluttered Flavia, "In that…" she gesticulated at the young man's penis.

"It doesn't stay like that, it gets larger and harder! You, stroke yourself to readiness."

The messenger again looked around, some of the slave girls looked away, others watched with sniggers on their faces. The young man started to do his best to arouse himself but the pressure was getting to him.

"Oh dear," sighed Camila, "Well we could find you a different boy… one with more vigor."

Flavia had stopped listening and was reading the letter, she then let out an indignant snort, "Mother I need to go to the Silk Market!"

"Again? Why?"

"I have some…business to attend to."

Camila's brow furrowed in confusion, "Business? Business? What are you talking about?"

"Please!"

"Very well," Camila sighed, "take a couple of guards. And tonight I want either that boy's cock up your ass or your bedslave's tongue between your legs. Deal?"

Flavia knew that she had to at least appear to agree, "Fine," before Camila could say another word she hurried from the atrium.

"Mmm…" moaned the messenger who had now managed to achieve a full erection.

"For pity's sake, put that thing away!" snorted Camila.

*****

Flavia felt she was getting sadly familiar with the decline of the streets around the Silk Market and she had to admit they she felt better

being flanked by two guards. There were even more prostitutes than yesterday and several made their advances towards her bodyguards, some pulling down the tops of their dresses to show off their ‘wares´.

"Clear off!"

"Get back!"

Snarled the two men but that did little to dissuade the desperate woman.

"I´ll fuck all three of ya, including little missy. You want that darling, a roll with these two men and yours truly?" hollered a woman with thickly caked makeup.

Flavia blushed at the crudeness and looked away. She saw three ruffians huddled around a crate rolling bone dice and she saw the hate and anger in their eyes. There was a foul sound of someone vomiting as a man bent over double throwing up his guts, a flagon in his hand. When he had finished he slumped against a wall, wiped away the puke from his chin with his sleeve and just kept drinking. She couldn´t believe how the great city of Rome was rotting from the inside. These streets used to

be full of bright colors, entertainers, singers…and yes prostitutes, however, even they had always been sightly creatures, luring men off the street with beauty and charm.

A stone whizzed right in front of Flavia´s face and hit one of the guards on the shoulder. It bounced harmlessly off his leather pauldron. The guard turned to see a group of street urchins sneering at them. They were goading each other on until another stone was hurled at them.

"Clear off or I´ll tan your hides!" one of her guards shouted.

The response was a series of whoops, jeers and a particularly rude noise.

"We should speed up, Mistress, I´m not liking the attention we are attracting," said one of the guards.

They picked up the pace and Flavia felt a wave of relief as the Silk Market came into view at the end of the street. The plaza was still full of merchants and she saw the man that had been whoring his daughter out. He was sitting on a barrel smiling smugly holding and tankard in one

hand and a small pouch of coins in the other. His daughter was nowhere to be seen.

Flavia climbed the marble steps and the soldiers nodded to her bodyguards as they entered through the colonnade. It was noticeably quieter than yesterday, which had been quieter than the day before. There were plenty of stall owners twiddling their thumbs and looking concerned at the lack of patronage. When they saw her, their eyes lit up and they enthusiastically waved their products around, pointed to fine clothes, gleaming gems and intricately carved sculptures, anything to entice her over. Flavia smiled politely but kept walking. Tiberius wasn't difficult to find. He was sauntering around the central hub where the silk merchants were arranged.

"Tiberius," she said firmly.

The man turned, his bright robes fluttering dramatically as he did so, "Mistress Flavia Octavia Gracchus!" he bowed low, very low.

"What is the meaning of this?" Flavia held out the note.

Tiberius´s hand jingled with rings and bracelets as he took the paper, ˝Oh yes… the Eastern lady. I´m sorry Mistress Gracchus, but I just couldn´t bring her back.˝

˝And why not, I explained yesterday´s events were a misunderstanding.˝

˝I totally understand. However, we are, as you may have noticed, experiencing a difficult time here. And I just don´t think someone of her… origin is attracting the right clientele.˝

˝Of her origin?˝

Tiberius leaned in closer his exotic scents wafting over Flavia, ˝She would be much better suited to the souks in the North of the city… more of her kind of… people.˝

˝I, Flavia Octavia Gracchus, have told you to let Liang have her stall back!˝ she put on her most haughty voice which she had often heard her mother use with exceptional results.

"And will Mistress Flavia be purchasing anything today? Maybe some silk? Yellow! You would look divine in yellow! Or perhaps your mother is here?" he made an overly dramatic effort to look around, "No? That is a pity."

"You mock me?"

"By the great Gods, no! I merely like to point out that this is my market and I run it in a way that I feel best suits my customers… my paying customers."

"Paying customers? My family has spent a fortune in this poxy place!" snapped Flavia, her anger building.

"And will your family be spending anything today, in this poxy place?"

"I will come back…with my mother…. No! With my father!"

"Please do, I have some delightful togas to show him, and some even more delightful boys to entertain him while we fit him."

The arrogant smirk made Flavia feel like a child again. But she knew she had no real power. Tiberius was a Roman Citizen and was free to behave as he wished. She breathed deep and composed herself, "Did Liang provide an address?"

"I really don't recall," Tiberius stood up straight, pouted and folded his arms.

Flavia took a deep breath, "Please…"

Tiberius's whole demeanor changed as he received the respect he craved. He smiled broadly and warmly, "Now I think about it, yes. Yes, she did. You are such a polite young lady, so much better than some of those terrible snobs we get around here. Just a moment. Please peruse the silks, this yellow on you… Mmm to die for!"

Tiberius returned a couple of minutes later and handed Flavia a folded piece of paper, "I am not sure what interest this woman is to you, but be free to tell her that she still owes me rent for last month. Although I doubt I shall ever see that money, these foreign folk are often fly-by-nighters."

"And will you return her goods?"

"If she pays her overdue rent, I am happy for her to collect her tat," shrugged Tiberius.

Flavia made her way down the marble steps and back into the plaza. She noted the man with his tankard had now finished his drink and his daughter had returned, looking more than slightly unkempt. He was calling out to passersby, "Her flower is as fresh as a daisy, come puck her petals, just eight denarii!"

"Mistress, we should be heading back," said one of her guards.

"I want to go here," Flavia pointed to the address on the note.

"Mistress? We were told to escort you to the Silk Market and then straight back home. Please let's go. These streets… there is a foul humor in them today."

"I am going to this address, with or without you. Do you want to return to my mother and tell her you have allowed me to roam the city by myself?"

The guard knew he had no choice, ˝Of course my lady, we shall escort you. But if we are going there may I suggest we buy some cloaks as to attract less attention?˝ The guard nodded to Flavia´s fine dress and sparkling jewelry.

˝Very well,˝ she sighed.

The guard acquired a few cloaks from one of the less salubrious stalls in the plaza market. The material was coarse and felt rough on Flavia´s soft skin. She pulled it around her covering up her dress and the guards did the same doing their best to hide their leather armor and swords.

˝This place we are going to, it isn´t in the best part of the city,˝ the guard warned.

˝It can hardly be worse than the streets to the Silk Market,˝ snorted Flavia.

The two guards shared a concerned look, ˝Just stay close, Mistress.˝

The further North and the further from the Silk Market they went the narrower the streets became. There were no gleaming white marble facades, no ornate fountains with plumes of freshwater. In their place were run-down and grimy tenements, they may once have been in good order but now many leaned precariously jostling for space. Almost every doorway was occupied by vagrants and their meager possessions, sometimes just a straw mat and the mud-stained clothes they had on their backs. There were the ever-present prostitutes that filled all quarters of the Eternal City, however, the quality of these woman made Flavia think that most men would want the whore to pay them rather than the other way around.

There was a raucous cacophony booming down one side street. A tavern was open to the street and it was filled with unemployed laborers and down on their luck merchants. The stench of cheap ale hung heavy in the air and it was a blessing compared to some of the alleys that had urine flowing in streams over the cobbles.

"Hoy! Hoy!" came a call from the tavern, "What's this then?" a man with pockmarked skin had seen Flavia and the two guards and his interest was piqued, "Bit warm for those winter coats, ain't it?"

"Keep walking," whispered one of the guards to Flavia.

"Come on in, have a drink. That girl working, I've got a few spare denarii? She can sit on my knee if she likes. Don't ignore me!" the man stood and slammed down his tankard.

"We don't want any trouble," the guard said calmly, his hand reaching under his cloak for the handle of his sword.

"Who said anything about trouble? I said come in and have a drink, I offered coin for your slut, I was being a perfect gentleman," the pockmarked man stepped forward, he was tall and broad, his shirt hung open revealing a myriad of tattoos, most so faded that Flavia was unable to tell what they were meant to be of but one appeared to be an anchor with a nude woman draped around it.

A few more men got to their feet, they sported similar tattoos and had the same, `ready for a fight' look in their eyes.

"We are just on our way," said the guard, "Here, have a few drinks on me," he then pulled out a few coins and tossed them on the table.

"That is very gracious of you good sir, but I have had my fill of ale… now I have a hanking to do some filling of my own," the pockmarked sailor leered at Flavia, "Delicate little thing isn't she. You ever been with a man before?"

Flavia tensed and she took a step behind her guards. She could feel eyes on her from all directions, from the whores on the corner of the street, from the vagrants in the doorways and especially from the drunken sailors that sneered at her.

The guards pulled back their cloaks showing off their dark red leather armor and also the steel of their swords.

"A couple of soldier boys!" laughed the sailor and got the rest of his crew joining in too. They pulled out a variety of crude if effective looking blades, "Give us the girl, your weapons and armor and you will both escape a hard buggering. Otherwise…" the man rubbed his crotch, "I'm not picky when it comes to ass."

"Mistress, run back the way we came. Don't stop. Just run back to the Silk Market, understand?"

"I…I…" spluttered Flavia her thoughts too jumbled to formulate a sentence.

"Just go Mistress, as fast as you can."

Flavia's heart was pounding so loud that she could hear blood thumping in her ears. Her legs felt weak and not at all capable of carrying her weight.

"Run!" snarled the guard.

The tone of urgency snapped Flavia out of her shock and she turned and fled. She barrelled down one street after another as the sound of the fight broke out behind her. After two turns she was lost. All the alleys looked the same. The same decrepit buildings, the same rancid smell and the same wretched-looking people. She came to her senses. She knew if she kept running she would get even more lost. A beggar looked up at her and she recognized the worn pattern on the rug he lay on. She pressed herself up against a wall and pulled her cloak

tight around her body to hide her dress. Even though it was hot, and she was now sweating, she felt better skulking in the shadows.

She made her way back along an alley and saw a street sign she recognized. Quickly she rummaged in her dress and pulled out the note Tiberius had given her. This was the right street. A spark of excitement burned away some of her fear and she started to look at the numbers on the doors until she found the one she was looking for. She knocked.

"A denarii to suck my cock?" came an inquisitive question from behind her. An old man was holding out a single coin, both the man and the coin looked like they had seen better days. Flavia shook her head and knocked again.

"What? It's a fair price!" the man grumbled.

Flavia knocked again, harder.

"Blah! Whores today! Back in my day they had a better attitude. Fine I'll give you two, but that is robbery, how's a man meant to afford to eat if it costs him two denarii just to have his cock sucked? These are hard times indeed!"

"I´m not for sale! And even if I was I wouldn´t suck your cock for a million denarii!"

"Ungrateful wrench!"

The door opened and Liang stood there, caught by surprise at seeing Flavia she wasn´t able to stop the girl from pushing passed her."

"What? What´s going on?" she asked.

"What about you?" the old man continued, "You foreigner folk should be cheaper, one denarii for the whole service included up the ass!"

"Please, please shut the door," panted Flavia.

Liang glared at the old man, "Fuck off you old git!" she then slammed the door closed. Before she knew it Flavia was on her, arms wrapped tight around her and sobbing.

"What are you doing here? Are you all right?"

Flavia just sobbed and held onto Liang tightly.

"Come with me," Liang led Flavia to the back room.

It was cramped and dark but very neat and tidy. Flavia looked around with tear-stained eyes. The whole place was smaller than her bedroom, much smaller. It was very nice, curious parchments with a style of drawings and writings she had never seen before hung from the walls. The mattress was on the floor, however, it was neatly arranged and, strangely enough a lot of the furniture was very low and only when Liang helped her down onto a thick cushion did Flavia notice there were no chairs. She took a deep breath and her nose tingled with a sweet and spicy incense. It was calming and slowly she was able to compose herself.

"Would you like some tea?" Liang asked when she saw the young woman was still too shaken to talk.

"Tea?"

"It's a hot herb drink... it is good for you. It will ease your nerves."

Flavia nodded and watched in fascination as Liang prepared the drink which involved a strange pot with a spout on and a stove. When it was prepared Flavia took a sip from a cup made from a strange white

clay-like material ornamented with fine blue artwork. The taste was unusual but not unpleasant. She nodded in gratitude.

"Now may I ask what is going on? A noble lady in the Alleys, banging on my door. This is not a typical day."

"I…I…I came looking for you."

"By yourself, are you crazy… or just really naïve? There are far worse than that dirty old man in this part of town."

"I wasn't alone, I had two bodyguards… there was a fight and I got separated."

"That doesn't explain why you were here in the first place. Why did you want to see me? Hoping to get be thrown out of my home too?"

Flavia looked up from the cup of tea, clearly hurt by the suggestion. Under different circumstances, she would have given a sharp retort. Instead, she said nothing.

"Sorry, that was uncalled for," sighed Liang, "Flavia Octavia Gracchus."

"You remember my name," smiled Flavia.

"You did say it with such pride, it was hard to forget. Your father is a senior senator, right?"

Flavia nodded again, "Not just a senator, The Master of the Chancellery. He is in charge of all the finances of the Empire."

"Then why is a rich and powerful Roman girl visiting me in my humble home?"

"It's a nice home…I like it… where are your chairs… and bed? Can't you afford them?"

Liang's first reaction was anger but she quickly saw the young woman meant no offense and she laughed, "Those aren't necessary for me."

"I could get you some, if you want…"

"Listen girl, I don't need you offering me charity. I just want to know why you are here."

"I like this drink, it's so different…"

"Would you like something to eat? I think I can just about afford that."

"I spoke to Tiberius," said Flavia, "I tried to get your stall in the market back. But I couldn't… I'm sorry."

"So you came all the way out here to tell me you failed to get my livelihood back? That is… polite of you."

"I want to help," blurted out Flavia, "Tiberius said that if you pay him some rent you owe him you can have your stall back. I can pay him if you want."

Liang stared at the girl until Flavia looked away, "Ever since you've met me, all you've wanted to do is throw money at me, to 'help' me. Every Roman I know who wants to give me money only has one agenda. To have a roll with an exotic Eastern girl."

"No! I just… I don't know…"

"You don't know why you have this burning urge to give money to a random stranger? Do you often have these urges?"

"You mock me," snorted Flavia.

"I don't understand you. Why are you even the slightest bit interested in me and my troubles? Is it guilt? That's not an emotion most Romans seem to have."

"No…not exactly…" Flavia looked back up, Liang's face was just the most enchanting thing she had ever seen. The flawless golden skin, the deep brown eyes framed in the most enticing eyelids. Then she found herself taken in the rest of the woman's figure, the gentle curves under the dark red dress. Golden dragons embroidered onto the fabric just added to her mystery and sexuality.

"Then what exactly?"

"I like you! From the moment I saw you I wanted to… to…"

"Fuck me?"

"No, stop it! I wanted to be with you… just be with you…" tears were welling up again in Flavia's eyes. From the emotion, from the

frustration of not being able to put into words the feelings building up inside.

Liang was caught by surprise, "I'm sorry… I thought your desires were more…base."

"Because you assume I'm like all other Romans? That none of us have actual feelings?"

"I apologize if I misread you. I understand in your culture women having… casual relationships with other women is normal… but it isn't how I was raised. My preference is for men. I'm sorry."

Flavia felt like she had been kicked in the guts, "This was a mistake, I have to go," she mumbled as she got to her feet, "Thank you for… whatever this was," she placed the tea on the low table.

Liang stood too and sighed, "Do you even know the way? You were very flustered when you arrived."

Images of her panicked flight through the alleys came flooding back to Flavia and she realized she really didn´t know. Then she thought of those sailors, what if they were now looking for her?

"I…I don´t," she felt so foolish. She had so hoped that she would have arrived at Liang´s door with confidence and swagger, that she would have solved the woman´s problems and have her so thankful that she would… instead, she had arrived a sobbing mess and now she was afraid to leave. 'No wonder Liang isn´t interested in me,´ she thought to herself, 'She must think I am a vapid idiot with no grasp on reality.´

"I´ll walk you out of the Alleys. Here…" Liang stepped forward and pulled out Flavia´s ornate hairpins and jewel-encrusted clips.

Flavia gasped slightly at the touch of Liang´s fingers moving through her hair. With Liang so close, she couldn´t help but look at the woman´s lips, they were so perfect, moisture glistening at the opening and all Flavia could think about was feeling those lips on her, sliding her tongue inside Liang´s mouth and tasting her. She was getting aroused

just thinking about it and with Liang´s touching her she almost leaned in for the kiss.

"That´s better," said Liang frizzing up Flavia´s hair and then allowing it to fall in a messy tangle, "If it wasn´t for your make-up you could almost pass as a street urchin," Liang caught Flavia looking at her lips and then their eyes met. She took a quick step back and looked away.

Liang suddenly realized that since she had arrived in Rome no one had looked at her quite like that. People stared at her 'unusual´ eyes out of curiosity or they leered and propositioned her for the opportunity to lay with an Easterner. Flavia was the first person that had seemed to show any genuine kindness. Even if she had gone about it in an awkward and even insulting way. Liang hated it here, in this foul city with its foul people. She felt lonely and miserable almost all the time and with her stall gone that was only going to get worse. It was time to get out of this city. Today had been the first time anyone had visited her, the first time that she had actually made tea for someone. It would have been nice to

have had a friend, but because of what Flavia wanted of her and because of who Flavia was, that was impossible.

"Just keep your head down and don't look at anyone," said Liang and opened the door.

The old man had wandered off and there was just a woman wheeling a cart full of junk down the narrow street. Liang led the way and Flavia stayed so close that they occasionally bumped shoulders. The pair got a few quizzical looks but most of the residents were more concerned with their own problems.

A man staggered around the corner and almost collided with him. The stench of alcohol and old sweat hung in the air around him. What drew Flavia's attention was the maritime-themed tattoos that adorned his arms. The split lip and purple eye indicated he had just been in a fight and although Flavia wasn't absolutely sure he had been part of the crew in the tavern she still grabbed Liang's hand and pulled herself even tighter against the woman.

The sailor bent over double, and supporting himself with his hands against the wall, threw up.

"Come on, he's just a drunk," said Liang and pulled Flavia along.

Flavia didn't let go of the hand and Liang didn't try to prise herself free of the tight grasp. After another couple of turns, they reached the Tiber and the city opened up into a fresher greener world. Liang felt the grip on her hand loosen but not release.

"The Silk Market is just up here, will you be able to make it back to your house from there?" Liang asked.

While not as bad as the cramped alleys they had just escaped from, Flavia didn't relish the thought of even walking down the increasingly squalid main streets, "Yes…I'll be fine."

Liang felt the girl's hand tighten again, "Would you prefer I walked you all the way home?"

"You must think me some pathetic child. I was born here and yet I am the one who is afraid to walk the streets of my own city."

"The city is changing, everyone can see that. The sooner I get out of here the better."

"You're leaving?"

"I have nothing to stay for."

"I see."

Liang heard the disappointment in Flavia's voice but said nothing. They kept walking along the riverbank that was overlooked by brilliant white temples, pristine apartment blocks with terracotta tiles and tree-lined promenades. Liang smiled as she recalled the first memories of Rome, when she still had hopes and dreams and most importantly naivety. It was a glorious city, probably the most glorious in the whole world. It just also had a heart of pure darkness. She felt her hand being released. Flavia pulled off her coarse cloak, and delicately dabbed the sweat from her brow. Liang then noticed Flavia reach out to retake her hand, hesitate and then stop herself. Liang was surprised at how much she missed the contact and her thoughts wandered to being back in her cramped apartment, in the Alleys all alone.

"I need a drink," said Flavia, shaking Liang from her thoughts, "Do you want one? I'll pay… I mean if you want me to,"

Liang laughed, "I think you do owe me a drink."

Flavia smiled and her beauty caught Liang off guard. She watched the young Roman woman hurry into a taverna, her white and blue dress billowing around her slim figure. The establishment was very different from the drinking holes in the Alleys, this one was frequented by impassioned poets reciting their verses to each other, artists trying to draw inspiration from the tranquil surroundings and philosophers debating vital matters of life that had no consequences for anyone.

Liang took a seat outside and ignored the predictable stares from some young nobles who were totally convinced their wealth far outweighed their unattractiveness.

"Here!" said Flavia sitting down with their drinks.

Liang took the cup and sniffed the contents.

"It's not poison, I promise," grinned Flavia.

Liang took a sip, the taste was sharp but refreshing, "It's a kind of fruit?"

"Lemon! Watered down because, otherwise, it would make you cry."

They sat for a while, sipping the drink and avoiding any awkward eye contact. It was Flavia who spoke first, "If you had your stall back, would you stay?"

"I think it is time for me to move on."

"Move on? Then why did you come here? I mean, why did you leave your homeland?"

Liang hesitated to answer, "Not all is well in Asia... there is great... danger."

"Danger?"

"A warlord... he has gathered an army..."

"More reason to stay in Rome. No foreign warlord can defeat the Legions of Rome," Flavia said with total certainty, pride glinting in her eyes.

Liang fidgeted in her seat. Memories of thousands upon thousands of horsemen crossing the plains, of a dust cloud trailing them so high it darkened the sky, flashed into her mind and filled her with a dread so cold it made her shiver even in the heat. She didn't need to burden this girl with the horrors that lay to East and instead remained calm and just shrugged, "There are other places, other cities other than Rome."

"I have heard they are all too cold, or too wet, or too dry or too savage."

"Maybe you need to see more cities too," smiled Liang.

"I want you to stay."

"You are probably a girl who gets most things she wants, maybe it will be good for you to not get everything."

"I have everything my mother wants…I'm not sure if I have anything I want."

"You live in the villa in the hills! You probably have a dozen slaves whose very reason in life is to keep you happy. Believe me, you have it good."

"Do you know what is expected of me tonight?"

Liang shrugged.

"To lie with a girl my mother bought in the market so I can gain experience. Why does she want me to have experience? So I will make some nobleman a great wife. Why does she want to marry me off? So my family can increase their influence. My wants are not a consideration."

"You want to swap? Live in the Alleys, leave home each day worrying you will be mugged or worse. Have everyone here look at you like you are a freak to be fucked or spat at?"

Flavia went quiet again lost in thought for a while, ‟Do you think there are any happy people in the world? Somewhere people can just be themselves, love, live and die on their own terms. Wake up in a bed next to the one they love and just hold them without having to fear they will lose them.″

Liang looked up from her drink and saw Flavia was lost in her own reverie, she looked so sweet and thoughtful. A kind of innocence she hadn´t seen in a long, long time. It made her smile, ‟Maybe you would like to join some of those poets over there?″

‟Again, you mock me?″ replied Flavia, suddenly indignant.

‟You´re young. You still have hope.″

‟I´m not a child, I´m nineteen!″

Liang tried to hide her chuckle by taking another sip of the sharp juice. When she didn´t respond, Flavia gave an annoyed ‘humph,´ folded her arms and looked over to the river. Liang wasn´t able to hide her next laugh.

"I´m sure you will lead a life happier than most."

"My mother mocks me too, she says I´m too romantic that I read too many Greek tales of love and loss. And now you do too. I don´t see what is wrong with wanting something good and pure in your life and chasing after it."

"When chasing what you only think is good and pure means running around lost in the Alleys and almost getting… Well, it is less romantic and more…"

"Naive? Say it, my parents do all the time!"

Liang paused to study the young woman, her face so full of emotion even as she pouted with teenage angst, "I´m sorry for those crude things I accused you of. You really are different from all the other Romans."

"You shouldn´t always assume the worst of people."

"In my world, if I hadn't assumed the worst of people I would have died long ago, Maybe you need to start following your head more and your heart less."

"Pff… you sound like my mother. I thought you were different."

"Why? Why did you think I was different? You don't know me. I don't know what fantasy person you created in your mind when you decided to go on your Odyssey to find me but…"

"You've read the Odyssey?" gasped Flavia with renewed excitement.

"I may have been told the story."

"And you thought I was Ulysses coming to find you?" Flavia now beamed with joy, "I knew there was a romantic in you!"

Liang sighed, shook her head and then smiled, "That wasn't quite what I meant."

*****

Camila couldn´t take her eyes off the young woman. Naevia did a quick spin showing off the dress. The red fabric was tight around the waist and clung deliciously to the teenager´s small and perfectly pert ass.

"You like it?" Naevia asked coyly.

Camila´s gaze dropped to the obscene plunging neckline that almost reached her belly button and teased the viewer with her side boob, "You look quite divine."

"I am so glad you think so."

Despite how sexy the dress made the girl look, Camila still wanted to tear it from her toned body and ravish her right there in the shop. She clicked her fingers and a shop girl came scurrying over in a sequence of bows, "Have this dress sent to the Septim household."

Camila felt a little cheated once Naevia had changed into her elegant, but far less revealing gown and yearned to see the girl in the

red dress again, "Now you promise me that you will wear that dress for Saphina's party?"

"Yes, I promise. Thank you so so much, it is just wonderful! You are so kind to me," Naevia leaned and kissed Camila on the cheek.

"You deserve it, you are like a daughter to me."

"Not too much like a daughter… I hope," Naevia's eyes twinkled mischievously.

Camila felt a throb of heat between her legs at the obvious flirt and her heart sped up. It had been a long time since she had had a crush. She embraced the feeling, it made her feel young again. And she decided to take a risk and see just how far this girl was going to go, "I feel so hot, really the weather is like an inferno. I can't even remember the last time it raned. I think we both deserve a chance to relax and refresh…at the bathhouse," Camila studied the girl and tried to gauge her reaction.

"It…it would be nice to freshen up," the girl said, her voice suddenly weak.

There were two doors at the top of the stone steps, one for men and the other for women. On such a hot day the bathhouse was getting plenty of patronage but Camila took Naevia by the arm and brushed through the queues waiting in the heat and pushed through the plaza and up to the entrance. The manageress, a beauty from the lands of Arabia, was about to chastise such rude behavior when she saw Camila and instead bowed her head, "Camila Furius Grachuss, you honor us with your presence. I see you have brought an exquisite guest with you," she nodded again, "How may I be of service to you?"

"A hot bath to ready our skin for a cold bathe, then I am thinking a private room for me and my 'exquisite' guest to relax in."

"With some massage girls?" asked the manageress with a twinkle in her eye.

"Gokce, you have read my mind, a girl each… no, make it two girls each. After shopping in this heat we deserve to pamper ourselves."

"I quite understand, come this way," Gokce lead them through a smooth marble corridor, "Has the young mistress been here before?"

"Actually no… mother never has brought me here," replied Naevia.

"Really?" gasped Camila, "Well you are in for a treat, Gokce's girls have some of the finest…talents in all of Rome."

Camila smiled as she saw Naevia swallow nervously and tremble.

"Yes, it is far cooler in here," said Gokce covering for the girl's nerves, "But in the hot bath you will feel like being reborn. You can undress in here."

The room had several women in a state of undress while slave girls did their best to keep up with folding the discarded clothes.

"I'll send you some girls as soon as you are ready," Gokce gave a nod and left.

Camila enjoyed the young woman's nerves and felt a pulse between her legs at the prospect of seeing the girl naked at last. She slipped her dress from her shoulders allowing her dramatic and womanly

curves to be revealed in an instant. Naevia´s eyes dilated as they darted around the older woman´s body, from the full breasts to the narrow waist that opened out to the curves of Camila´s hips. Again, Camila felt a thrill as the girl blushed as she was unable to stop herself looking at Camila´s perfectly shaved mound hoping to glimpse the treasure that lay just a little further down.

A slave girl dropped to her knees and hurriedly collected Camila´s dress and folded it before turning to Naevia and waiting expectantly. Naevia glanced around the stone changing room, the other women there were stripping off without a care in the world, happily chatting while the slaves scurried around them. She then noticed Camila´s eyes fixed on her. Naevia looked to the floor sheepishly and, with trembling hands pulled the straps of her dress from her shoulder, took a deep breath and let it fall.

"Oh my," Camila said under her breath.

Naevia´s teenage body was slim and delicate. Small, but delightfully pert, breasts were crowned by tidy little areolas with plump

nipples. Her midriff was so flat there was even hint of muscles beneath. A very short pyramid of dark hair pointed down to her secret and then down to long toned legs.

"You have become quite the woman," Camila made no attempt to hide the fact her eyes were feasting on the young woman's nubile figure and she knew by the signs of the subtle warmth between her legs she was getting aroused at the prospect of exploring the girl's body further.

"Tha... thanks..." Naevia replied, her eyes still on the floor her cheeks ruddy.

Four Turkish girls walked in, their dark olive skin, pitch-black hair as well as dramatic eyeliner adding to their exotic appearance. All were in their early twenties and each a beauty beyond belief.

"Mistress Gokce, has sent us to tend to all your needs," one of them said and they then simultaneously discarded their dresses.

Camila's heart pounded as she took in the divine beings, they were wearing fine gold chains that went around their neck, down between

their breasts before looping around their waists. The look just added to the eroticism and Camila knew she was now wet.

"Well, lead on," said Camila unable to hide her broad smile.

The Turkish girls split into pairs and, standing on either side of the Roman noblewoman, took them by the arms and led them out of the changing room. Camila noticed that as the women touched Naevia the young woman trembled so much her legs shook. She then waited to enjoy the view of the young woman's small round ass and fought back the urge to sink her teeth into it, an urge that she hoped she wouldn't have to fight for long.

The moment they stepped into the main bath the heat and the humidity hit them. The vast pool was full of nude ladies, some by themselves relaxing, others in groups gossiping while others were enjoying the slave girls and it was obvious hands were being used below the water to great effect. Steam rose up off the water making the domed roof, high above, almost vanish in the mist.

The Turkish girls led them down the steps and into the water and Camila could instantly feel her skin´s pores open and sweat start to bead on her neck and shoulders before running down her back. The sight of the running moisture on Naevia´s skin made Camila´s nipples tingle and again she felt the desire to rub herself all over that tight teenage body.

They were taken to a small curved grotto in the corner of the bath, it was overhung by plants and vines that gave it a slightly more private feel. They could still look out over the steaming water and people watch. Under the water, there was a stone bench on which they sat, Camila on one side, Naevia on the other. With the waterline level with their breasts, the Turkish girls sat on either side of them.

"Believe me, this will make you feel like a new woman, every bit of grease and dirt from the streets will be flushed out of you," said Camila leaning back and spreading her legs slightly. Her Turkish girls responded, one slipped a hand between her legs and started to caress her intimately, while the other started to kiss her neck.

Naevia was still tense, her legs crossed her arms folded across her body.

"Just relax, we are here for your pleasure," whispered one of the girls in Naevia's ear. Then hands were moving all over her body.

"Are you all right, Naevia? Are the girls not to your liking?"

"No…no…they…they are very beautiful!" she stammered, "It's just… just…"

"Just what?" Camila turned her head and then purred as a tongue ran down her neck from below her ear right the way down to her shoulder.

"I've never been with anyone before…"

"Never? I thought your mother had given you that Persian bed-slave, she said that you had been enjoying her very much?"

"I haven't actually done anything with her… I just told my mother I had so she wouldn't be disappointed."

The two Turkish girls looked at each other and then to Camila for instructions on how to proceed.

"I perfectly understand," smiled Camila, "My Lavinia was terribly nervous the first time so I helped her through it and I am happy to guide you too," the thrill of Naevia being completely untouched made her pussy tighten around the fingers already inside of her, "Just open your legs and close your eyes."

Naevia was hesitant, "I'm not sure… I've never let anyone touch me… there."

"Hmm… then open your mouth," suggested Camila.

Naevia looked at the two exotic beauties waiting for her. With a nervous nibble of her lower lip, she opened her mouth. Camila gave one of the Turkish girls a nod. The girl leaned in and kissed Naevia, softly at first.

Naevia felt the tenderness of the lips against her own, the dampness of the girl's mouth mixing with her own. The Turkish slave girl

took the lead and slowly opened and closed her mouth around the young woman′s.

Camila smiled as she watched the teenager kiss, ″Faster,″ she whispered to the slave that was fingering her. The girl responded and started to make her thrusts quicker, with each drive her fingers curled upwards and caressed Camila′s top wall firmly, ″Oh yes…yes…″

On the other side of the grotto, the first Turkish girl broke off the kiss with Naevia and the second took her place. This girl was more forceful and slipped her tongue straight into the teenager′s mouth. Naevia accepted it and opened her mouth wider, her head lolling back against the marble wall. The two tongues tangled together, Naevia′s doing her best to follow the lead of the experienced Turkish slave. She felt the rough surface of the girl′s tongue rub over hers before swirling underneath to attack the smooth underside. She could taste the girl′s sweetness and her whole body started to react. The heat of the room, the steam, the moisture and sweat dripping from her face and down her neck, the hot, wet skin of the other slave pushing against her… it was too

much. Her arms dropped as she succumbed to the pleasure. Hands were on her small breasts instantly, kneading them, her nipples were being rolled and she knew they were now fully erect and her arousal obvious.

"Does Mistress want her underarms licked clean?" one of the slaves asked Camila.

Camila didn't answer with words, with eyes fixed on Naevia, she just lifted her arms. Both slaves began obediently to lick her armpits, the one continuing to finger her as she did. The tingling under her arm was subtle but extremely pleasant and accompanied by the thrill of the girls' submissiveness, she felt her pussy start to tense. The slave girl felt the building tremor and, even as she licked, sped up her thrusts even more, making sure the top of her palm rubbed Camila's clit with every drive.

"By the Gods...yes...Mmm..."

Naevia felt another tongue join the kiss. Both Turkish girls were now pressing her body against the hard marble, their breasts pushing against her own. The heat was now incredible, the temperature of the

room, the hot skin against her. It was hard to breathe. But still the two tongues probed her, all three tongues meeting between their mouths, their tips jousting.

"Spread your legs, young mistress," one girl panted, between kissing.

Naevia couldn't resist anymore, the need to touch her pussy was overwhelming, or even better have these girls do it for her. She moaned and opened her legs. She didn't have to wait long, within moments fingers were stroking her thick, swollen labia lips.

"Oh my… oh my…"

Camila could see under the water that Naevia's legs were now open and one of the Turkish slaves had a hand stroking the virgin sex. The innocent girl looked so lost to lust, so desperate, so beautiful. Camila's own orgasm shot through her out of now where, her pussy tightened around the fingers, that were working her and she cried out, "Yes! Yes! Mmm…" her legs squeezed together trapping the fingers inside her. Her two slaves didn't stop licking under her arm, running their

tongues in long strokes up her side, tantalizing the armpits and then up teasing the soft skin of the inside of her arm. Camila sighed basking in her post-orgasmic bliss. She kept watching Naevia who looked like she was being devoured. Slowly, Camila started to rock her hips backward and forward, squeezing the hand between her legs. The slave responded by gently stroking the inside of her pussy, still slick from her climax.

Naevia heard Camila cry out and the sound of bliss sent little sparks of her excitement through her clit and up to her raging hard nipples. She broke off the kiss, she needed to breathe. The air was sweltering and she could feel sweat and moisture running down her brow and soaking her face. All around the bathhouse, the steam swirled over the water, and in the mist, she could see other nude women and girls, washing, bathing…fucking.

The girl that had been tendering her sex stood, the water running down her olive-skinned body, flowing in a stream between two pert

breasts. Naevia looked up, still struggling to get her breath and took in the girl´s exotic beauty.

The girl straddled Naevia, positioning her breasts in front of the young woman´s face, "You want to suckle me, Mistress?" the girl cupped her breasts and offered them to Naevia.

For a split second Naevia marveled at the dark buds, swollen and erect, then she took one into her mouth and sucked at it. The nipple was hard against her soft tongue, which she ran in circles around and around it before lapping at it with the rough top side. She could feel the slave girl tremble with delight and moan, "Thank you, young Mistress."

Hands started moving through her sodden hair and Naevia realized the two girls were washing it. The scent of citrus filled her nostrils as she continued to suck on the nipple. Her own hands started to wander, moving around to the back of the girl straddling her and then tracing her fingers up and down over the dripping wet skin. Again she heard a slight moan of pleasure and she relished in how much joy there was in pleasuring someone else, even if that someone else was just a

slave. Her hand moved down, over the girl's waist and under the waterline. She felt the curves of hips and moved around and down until her hands were on the girl's toned ass. She squeezed it, tentatively at first and then harder. Curiosity getting the better of her, Naevia moved her hands inwards until she reached the crack of the ass, with a middle finger she traced down the line until she felt the subtle swirl of the girl's anus.

"Mmm...Mistress... you can do anything you want to me," encouraged the Turkish slave girl.

Naevia started to circle the little hole, even as she sucked on the hard nipple, she imagined the tightness of the girl and gently started to probe.

"Oh Mistress..." purred the girl, "You treat me..."

Naevia pressed her finger against the buttonhole and pushed. At first, nothing happened and then she felt the tip of her finger breach the tight little hole. One of the pairs of hands lathering her hair stiffened as her finger slipped in deeper.

"Thank you, Mistress…" the slave girl wiggled in delight.

Naevia felt a rush of naughtiness as her finger caressed the soft spongy skin of the girl's back passage. She released the nipple from her mouth and looked up at the Turkish girl whose face showed the joy she was receiving.

"Put your head back, young Mistress," said the other girl and lifted Naevia's chin before pouring water through her hair.

Camila was receiving the same process and enjoying the sights of being straddled, and happily kneaded and squeezed her girl's breasts as her hair was washed.

"Would you like to move onto the Frigidarium, Mistress?"

"Yes, that probably would be best, before my young friend succumbs… to the heat. Naevia, come along!"

The Turkish slave girls led the Roman noblewoman out of the bath. Camila took a moment to enjoy Naevia's nude, dripping wet body. The girl was very flushed and Camila was sure her plump nipples were

standing tall, she then smiled at the thought at just how hard they were about to get.

"Come this way, Mistresses," one of the girls said and took Camila by the arm.

They went through a marble-walled corridor until they reached a large heavy door. It took two of the slave girls to push it open and as soon as they did the Roman ladies felt an instant chill. The Frigidarium was relatively small compared to the vast hot bath and every part of the floor, wall and low ceiling was tiled dark blue. A pool of crystal clear water was in the center, the surface of which was perfectly still.

Naevia gasped at the cold. Walking from such extreme heat to this bitter cold made her skin tingle and more than anything, her already hard nipples seemed to tighten even more. The freshness after the sauna washed over her and revived her foggy senses.

"It looks daunting, but believe me it is a sensation like nothing else," said Camila, noticing her young friend looking at the freezing water in trepidation. Camila, along with her two girls stepped into the bath and

she inhaled sharply and clenched her teeth. She continued to descend and then jumped in and vanished beneath the water. A few seconds later her head burst out from beneath the surface and she gasped, the air from her mouth turning to a fine mist.

"Come on, young mistress," said one of the slave girls and then she whispered in Naevia's ear, "We will warm you up afterward."

The exotic foreign accent promising sex, made Naevia's pussy throb. Even in this cold room, her pussy still felt warm. The girl led Naevia into the bath. With just a single first foot submerged, Naevia gasped and the prospect of submerging her entire body in the water made her anxious.

"The trick is to be quick," said Camila, who was now sat in the bath, her two girls sitting on either side, "warm my nipples," she instructed. Both the girls then leaned in and took Camila's rock hard buds into their mouths, "Hmm…very nice…"

Naevia took Camila's advice and quickly descended into the icy waters, gasping with every step. She didn't have the courage to

submerge her head and instead just floated in the tranquil pool. Her two slave girls swam next to her rubbing their bodies against hers and gently nibbling at her shoulders, the skin of which was now covered in goose-pimples.

"Now tell me," said Camila with a grin, "Have your nipples ever been harder in your life?"

Naevia could feel her nubs were hard like diamonds, tinglingly and tight, "N…no… th…they…hav…haven't," she replied through chattering teeth.

The two Turkish girls swam, positioning themselves, one in front of Naevia and one behind. They then wrap their bodies tightly around the teenager, pressing their full breasts into her skin. The sensation of their warmth caressed her flesh and she felt hands move down her body. From the front she felt a palm resting on her labia lips and from behind her ass cheeks were spread and a finger started to rub her tight back hole.

Naevia leaned forward, mouth open and clamped her lips onto the girl in front. Inside the Turkish girl´s mouth, Naevia discovered a stiff tongue waiting for her and she sucked on it and then circled it rapidly with her own. Below, a finger eased itself into Naevia´s pussy, sliding in right up to the knuckle, while from behind, her buttonhole was spread open and a finger slipped in. Having digits in both her holes was like no other sensation, the sharp pleasure of her sex being stroked deep inside accompanied by the more subtle sensation of fullness in her rear.

The slave girls then stopped treading water and allowed their bodies to sink, pulling Naevia with them. Naevia struggled for a brief moment and then she found her head submerging below the blue waters. The world went eerily silent and became one of just touch and feel. The Turkish girl didn´t break the kiss for a second, and their mouths remained clamped, their tongues still dancing together. Below, both the fingers in her virgin holes began to stroke faster and faster. The darkness, the freezing cold that tingled her skin, the taste of the slave on

her tongue and the sensation of bliss in her pussy and ass, made Naevia´s whole world one of pleasure and nothing else.

Only when they needed air did all three resurface. They held onto each other and drew in air with deep, gasping breaths. When Naevia looked around she saw that Camila was climbing out of the bath.

"That´s long enough in here, otherwise our toes might fall off," Camila smiled, shivering even as her two girls rubbed their hands over her feminine curves.

Despite the pleasures, Naevia didn´t have to be asked twice and hurried out of the bath.

"This way, Mistresses," said one of the slaves.

They left through another thick and heavy door and into an orange tiled corridor. Naevia continued to shiver as they entered the next room. The walls were lined with wood and two massage beds, covered in thick white towels, stood in the center of the room. Naevia was relieved the room was warm, not hot, just pleasantly warm.

The Turkish girls gestured to the beds and Camila climbed on and lay face down. Naevia copied her. Soon hands were moving up and down her body as one slave started the massage while the other prepared a pot of heated, scented oils. When ready the oil was poured, using large ladles, onto the Romans lady´s back. One of the girls climbed onto the bed, mounted Naevia and started massaging the oil into the young woman´s skin, using her breasts.

Naevia purred at the soft and divine touch. Her body was already warming up and she could feel the tips of the slave girl´s nipples caress her super sensitive skin. The pressure built as the girl drove her naked body down harder onto the teenager´s back sliding up and down.

"Mmm… this is amazing," she purred.

"Yes… this is what heaven will be like," agreed Camila as one girl massaged her shoulders from one end of the bed and the second girl her ass cheeks from the other.

After a few minutes, the girl on top of Naevia whispered in her ear, "Do you want to roll over, young Mistress?"

Naevia felt her heart skip at the prospect of what was about to happen, she knew her sex was now ready and that she had lost any willpower to resist…even if she had wanted to. The girl allowed Naevia to roll over and when the teenager was face up, the slave straddled her over her waist while the other slave poured oil over Naevia´s breasts.

"Oh…Mmm…" she moaned at the warm tickling sensation.

The girl on top of her then started the massage, rubbing the scented oil into Naevia´s pert, and aroused breasts. Naevia watched, taking in the full, olive-skinned tits of the Turkish girl swaying gently as she massaged.

"You like my titties, young Mistress?" the girl asked with a mischievous smile.

Naevia just managed a meek nod. The other slave girl then poured the warm oil over the other Turkish girl´s chest. That girl then slowly and deliberately rubbed the oil into her breasts, for Naevia´s benefit, making sure to roll her nipples until they stood tall. She then took Naevia´s hands and pinned them down on the bed before leaning down and slowly

rubbing her oil-slicked breasts over Naevia. She moved up over Naevia´s small titties and then up caressing the teenager´s face, lingering just long enough to let the girl have a quick suck on a nipple. Then she moved back down, driving her toned body firmly into the girl.

The feminine touch of skin on skin drove Naevia crazy, she knew her flower must now be in full bloom, her petals spread and desperate to be touched. She squeezed her legs together and tried to put some pressure on her pussy.

"I think the young Mistress needs her Temple of Venus tended to," teased the slave with the oil.

"Please…please…" gasped Naevia, pleading to be touched there.

The slave girl slid off and allowed the other to pour more warm oil over Naevia´s crotch. The girl moaned as the warm oil trickled down and through her swollen folds. Then the first touch almost brought the teenager to orgasm. An oily hand just feathered the very edge of Naevia´s labia lips, just enough to send a thousand waves of bliss shooting up the teenager´s body.

"Oh my!" the girl gasped, her back arching off the bed.

The two Turkish girls giggled at her reaction, Naevia didn't care. The next touch was firmer, more deliberate. Two fingers spread Naevia's hot lips revealing her pearl from its hood. The two fingers never touched her most sensitive nub, instead, they move up and down her labia, staying agonizingly away from the clit.

Camila, still lying face down on the bed, turned her head to watch the spectacle and as she did she pushed her ass into the air, "Eat my ass out," she instructed. One of her girls positioned herself behind the round ass and spread the cheeks. With her tongue, the slave girl ran down Camila's crack until it reached the buttonhole, and there she began to lick, her tongue swirling around and around, softening the tight hole, "Mmm… stick it in…stick your tongue in my ass…" The slave obeyed. With her tongue stiffened, the girl pressed the tip against the entrance and began to prob harder and harder until she teased the hole open, "Mmm…"

Both of Naevia´s slave girls were now at the end of the bed, one leaned in and softly blew on the girl´s flower while the other one continued to trace circles around the little bud. Naevia´s hips lifted, her hands opening and closing, griping the towel on the bed.

"Oh…oh…" Naevia gasped breathlessly as she continued to push her hips up hoping the girls would respond by applying more pressure. They didn´t. The two slaves continued to caress the very edges of her petals while tracing circles around her clit, "Please… please…" she moaned.

"Young Mistress is getting desperate," teased on, "Her pearl looks so hungry," she then blew on it sending thousands of little cooling sparks through the clit and up into Naevia who squirmed even more.

"I order you to lick my pussy! I order you to make me cum!" Naevia demanded.

"Let me take it from here," smiled Camila, sliding off her bed and over to Naevia´s. She could see the teenager was too desperate to think straight and she ran her hands over the slim, oil-slicked body, "So, so

tight,˝ she purred as her hands caressed Naevia´s breasts eliciting a moan from the young woman. Naevia looked up into the older woman´s eyes signaling that her body could be used any way Camila wanted.

Camila leaned in for the kiss. Before her lips even reached, Naevia´s mouth was open, tongue extended in invitation. The girl tasted so sweet. As soon as their lips locked Naevia´s tongue was surging forward into Camila´s mouth. They entwined, swirling spit around them. Camila stiffened her tongue and Naevia hungrily sucked it into her mouth and then lapped at it in a frenzy.

Camila allowed her hand to travel down over the teenager´s flat stomach and then down over the mound until she reached the engorged lips. As she has expected, Naevia´s labia was soaked allowing her fingers to glide effortlessly through the slick folds. Even through the kiss, the girl moaned, her hips again lifting up.

With her middle finger hooked, Camila eased herself into the virgin pussy and felt the wet tightness grip her. She stroked along the top wall, slowly searching and finding the most sensitive of spots.

Naevia had to break the kiss, she had to breath, "Fuck me…fuck me…" she growled.

Hearing the sweet young girl so totally lost to the lust sent a hot throb through Camila's sex and she knew exactly how she wanted to take this teenager. Camila climbed onto the bed, and by taking Naevia's ankles, spread the girl wide open. She saw the dark petals of the flower open up, the hot glistening pink beneath. Camila then locked her legs with Naevia's into the scissor position and then eased her own sensitive pussy against the teenager's.

"Don't worry my beautiful girl, I am going to fuck you better than you have ever dreamt about," said Camila, her voice now husky. The first contact of the two soaked sexes sent bursts of pleasure radiating through both bodies.

"Oh by the Gods!" cried Naevia, "Do it… use me… fuck me… I am yours…"

The two Turkish slaves, that had been tending Naevia, climbed onto the bed on either side of the girl, their hands moving over her

breasts, rolling and squeezing the diamond-hard nipples. Naevia glared at one in anger at the pain, and then leaned forward to vent the pleasure and pain in a passionate kiss. The Turkish slave kissed wildly and soon the other one joined in, three tongues lashing each other in a frenzy.

Meanwhile, Camila´s slaves began suckling on the woman´s full breasts, taking her nubs into their mouths and licking at them with hard strokes with the flats of their tongues. Camila moaned in satisfaction as she continued to rub her sex against Naevia. She could feel the delicate soft folds of Naevia´s pussy pressing against her own. Their arousal mixing together. The thrill of being the first person to bring this divine beauty to climax added to the excitement. She thrust hard, pulling the girl tighter into her.

"Oh!" gasped Naevia, looking up from the kiss. The two slaves moved their attention to the teenager´s neck, kissing it deeply from both sides, running their tongues up and down the skin.

Camila let her gaze move over Naevia´s body, the oil making every single subtle muscle of the teenager glisten as the two women´s midriffs

tightened and relaxed again and again as they drove each other together in rhythm.

"I…I´m going to cum…" moaned Naevia, her brow now creased, her eyes little more than slits, her hands, tearing at the towels on the bed.

"Cum for me my beautiful girl, cum all over my pussy…" replied Camila, knowing her own orgasm was only moments behind.

Naevia had never experienced such a mix of complex sensations, every part of her body was beyond sensitive. The two tongues diggings deep into her neck, licking from her shoulders up to her ears, the teasing hardness of teeth that played with her skin, nibbling but never biting. Her breasts being roughly, yet perfectly, kneaded as the slaves ran their hands over her oily titties, squeezing and rolling her nipples that had never felt so erect. And below. Below she could see Camila, her curvaceous womanly body, being suckled by the slaves, locked against her own slender form. The way their sexes glided together, soaked with oil and their own arousal, was pure bliss. Her labia being spread with every thrust, driving her tiny swollen pearl against Camila´s vulva again

and again. It was a sensation that she wanted to last forever yet at the same time if it wasn´t released in the glory of an orgasm, would drive her crazy.

"I…I can´t hold on," she whimpered, her body stiffening, her feet curling in an attempt to control the building pressure that was about to burst and ravage her teen body.

"Let it happen… cum on my cunni," replied Camila, her voice heavy and breathy from the exertion and pleasure, "Look into my eyes and cum!"

Naevia´s hands thrashed around desperate to find something to hold onto, something to brace herself against for what was about to happen.

The Turkish slave girls gripped her hands tight, "We are here, young Mistress," one whispered in Naevia´s ear, before lightly nibbling the lobe, "Let go and embrace Venus."

Naevia squeezed the slave girls´ hands as the pleasure on her pussy became too much. All the building pressure that had formed along

her clit and deep inside her teetered on the edge of her control and then she was lost.

"No! No! No! Oh Fuck! Oh Venus! Fuuuck!" Naevia's world crumbled into a single moment of ecstasy. Her whole body tensed, she gripped the slaves' hands so tight they gasped, her legs stretched out in a 'V' her toes pointing straight out.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" encouraged Camila as she watched the young girl thrash around as the orgasm consumed her lithe body. Camila didn't release Naevia, instead rode the girl even harder, driving her own cunt faster and faster against the slick flower.

"Stop…stop…just… I…No…Oh Fuck… Yes…by Venus yes!" just as the first orgasm started to plateau Naevia felt another one build out of nowhere. The pressure built fast…too fast… she wasn't ready, "Oh… no…" she whimpered as Camila rode her to another climax.

This orgasm was sharper than the first and wracked her body until her back arched up on the bed, her head lolled backward and her eyes rolled. As her world darkened, only the touch of the Turkish girls seemed

to tether her to this world. Her whole body climaxed hitting a level of euphoria she never felt possible. Then all the tension in her body melted away and she fell totally limp.

Watching the beautiful girl hit such divine heights brought Camila to the brink of her own climax. She tensed her body, controlling it for just a few moments longer so she could untangle herself, get to her knees. She straddled Naevia´s waist and looked down at the girl´s beautiful face which was still gripped by the aftershocks of her orgasm. Then with just a couple of rubs on her swollen clit, she came. The release of pleasure manifested in a hot jet of pure arousal. She squirted over the teenager´s body, drenching the girl´s titties, and spraying the slaves as well, "Oh… Mmm…. You are mine now my little nymph…all mine," she purred.

Camila watched total satisfaction as the slaves girls started to massage her cum into Naevia, rubbing it into her breasts, tummy and even her neck and face. Naevia just lay there, eyes closed, purring.

"I think," started one of the slaves, "Our Mistresses need another bath."

*****

Naevia sat between Camila´s legs in a large bath set into the marble floor of a private room. Two of the Turkish slaves were washing them with sponges and rubbing mint scented paste into the hair while the other two fucked by the edge of the bath.

For a while the two Roman women sat in silence, still reveling from their orgasms and enjoying watching the two slaves writhe together, kissing, licking, biting.

"I do so hope you enjoyed our little adventure," said Camila before leaning in to pepper Naevia´s neck with kisses.

Naevia tilted her head to give Camila´s mouth better access and purred, "So, so much… it was amazing."

Camila´s hand slipped between the girl´s legs, which spread instantly allowing a couple of fingers to gently rub her pussy beneath the water.

"I was thinking about what you said at dinner last night," started Camila, "about your mother and father having meetings with senators."

"Is that what you were thinking about when you were fucking me?" teased Naevia, fidgeting as her sex was brought back into a state of arousal.

"Maybe not then… Just I worry about your mother. She is so trusting… your father too. Our families have been friends for… well forever and I don't want anything bad to happen to them."

"Bad? You mean like when we had to leave Rome before? Because of that scandal? Isn't that all behind us?… oh…oh," Naevia gasped as a finger eased itself inside her.

"Things are happening in the senate… in all of Rome. Political changes, changes in policy and there are people out there hungry for power… people who will do anything to get it."

"Politics so boring," said Naevia, "Can we talk about something else?"

Camila curled her finger hard in annoyance at the girl pressing against Naevia's top wall.

"Oh! Oh! Mmm… too strong," purred Naevia.

"I just want you to help me help your family."

"Sure…but how?" asked Naevia, leaning back into Camila's firm breasts and resting her head on the woman's shoulder.

"All I want you to do is keep track of which senators visit, how long they stay for…and if you happen to overhear what they say to your parents… then let me know."

"Sounds like a lot of work… how will you make it worth my while?" Naevia took Camila's wrist and started to pump it, making the finger fuck her harder and faster.

"I am sure I can think of a few ways," smiled Camila.

Naevia turned her head and they kissed.

*****

"How is my prizefighter today?" asked Dariana, "Get on your knees."

Alda rolled on the matting and carefully got to her knees, keeping her head bowed so as not to have the clamps on the Obedience Collar pull at her nipples and clit. She felt humbled and defeated. To die on the battlefield was at least honorable, but this? To be shamed and humiliated by a Roman Noblewoman? It was far worse than any death.

Dariana ran her hand through Alda´s hair and then tugged it backward forcing the chin to lift. Alda immediately cried out as her most sensitive parts were stretched and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Beg for forgiveness, savage."

Alda just clenched her jaw and stared up at Dariana defiantly, even as tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Please Domina," interrupted Femke, "She needs to rest if she is going to be able to fight."

"Femke, I hope you are not being too soft on her?" said Dariana as she let go of Alda´s hair.

Alda´s head returned to a submissive bowed position.

"No, Domina. I just want her to be at her best… for you."

"Take the collar off her."

Femke nodded gratefully and quickly unfastened the buckle on the leather collar and then released the clamps on Alda's nipples and clit. Alda sighed in relief but still kept her head bowed out of fear of the collar being put back on.

"Thank you, Domina," said Femke and bowed her head as well.

"No resting, just training," replied Dariana as she turned and made for the door.

"Domina? She wasn't able to sleep at all last night… not with the collar on," protested Femke.

Dariana turned sharply and her cold gaze fixed on Femke. Femke knew she had gone too far and dropped to her knees and then pressed her forehead into the straw matting, "Forgive me, Domina, I just want the savage to be the best she can be for you. I apologize for speaking out of turn."

Dariana strode back into the room and Femke suddenly felt her bladder wanting to release. She pushed her ass as high into the air as she could to show her submissiveness.″

"Sometimes I think it is my fault,″ sighed Dariana, "I am just too soft on my slaves. I just can't help being a kind person. Maybe I need to be stricter? Do I Femke?″

"You are so good to us Domina, we…I shall be more respectful.″

"Maybe I should let the guards have turns with you both, sodomize you until you are full of Roman cum. Maybe then you will be more respectful.″

Femke had witnessed such punishments being handed out before and she fought back the urge to stop herself from peeing, "Please no, Domina. I am yours to instruct. I shall train the savage harder. I promise,″ Femke then groveled even closer to Dariana and kissed her Mistress's toes.

"And what about you, savage?″ Dariana addressed Alda, "Maybe you need some Roman cock inside your ass to teach you your place?″

"No Domina," muttered Alda under her breath

"I can't hear you. Come closer," Dariana pointed to the foot that Femke wasn't kissing.

Alda was exhausted and her will was sapped. She crawled over to her Domina and adopted the same position as Femke, head down, ass up. The humiliation was as real as any pain.

"No, Domina," repeated Alda louder and kissed Dariana's other foot.

Dariana took a moment to look down at the two women debasing themselves and felt the exhilaration of power flow through her.

"I am glad you both understand your place in this world," with that Dariana left.

Femke sat up and then fell onto her back gasping for air, tears running freely down her face, "That was close. She was serious," she panted trying to calm herself.

"Still prepared to live like this?" asked Alda, lying down next to Femke.

"We have no choice. This is our life."

"I don't… I can't accept that!" snapped Alda, "We can escape!"

"Sssh! Merciful Gods! Be quiet, I have told you! It is impossible. It would be a death sentence for us! Please don't even say that again!" They lay there for a few minutes until Femke sat up, "We must train."

Alda just nodded. Femke pulled off her dress and stretched. She caught Alda looking at her nude body and smiled, "Starting to like what you see?"

Alda blushed, "Let's just get on with it."

"We are going to work on your balance today, "Stand. Now put your hands on my shoulders and I'll do the same on you. All you have to do is kick away my feet and knock me over."

After a couple of days of good food, Alda was feeling better than she had in months, even after a restless night. She kicked out trying to

sweep Femke´s legs from beneath her, but as usual, Femke had anticipated this, adjusted her feet and as Alda was on one leg kicked the other one. Alda fell to the mat in an untidy heap.

"Again," Femke said.

They repositioned and this time Alda was more cautious, pushing and jostling with Femke to try to gain an advantage. Just when she thought she had caught Femke in a bad position she found her own legs swept away again and was flat on the mat.

"Again," Femke repeated.

No matter what Alda tried the result was always the same, she ended up flat on her back.

"Again."

"It´s no good," she panted, fatigue now filling her limbs, "I can´t get it right."

"You´ll get there, it just takes time. Come on, get up," encouraged Femke.

"We don't have much time," grunted Alda pulling herself back upright onto her decidedly unsteady legs.

They locked up again and Alda made her move a faint with the left, another faint with the right and then a sweeping kick with the left aimed at Femke's ankle. Femke wobbled, spun, hooked Alda's legs and then hurled the girl back down onto the mat.

"Fuck!" snarled Alda hitting the matting in frustration.

"See you are getting better, that almost caught me. Again," Femke reached down to help Alda up. Alda leaned to take her hand then lashed out with a kick catching Femke behind the knees. Femke tumbled and fell on top of Alda, their bare breasts pressed together.

"Ah! Got you!"

"Not exactly by the rules… but yes you did," smiled Femke.

Alda could see the way Femke was looking at her, she had seen many boys in her village look at her in the same way. A look full of

hope…fear… and desire. Alda could feel the intense heat of their sweaty bodies, the softness of Femke´s skin.

Femke´s gaze darted momentarily to Alda´s lips and then back up to her eyes. Alda knew what Femke wanted and was surprised when she felt a throb from her pussy and a tingle in her nipples as she waited in anticipation. She didn´t have to wait long. Femke leaned in, her head tilting to the side slightly as it angled for a kiss. Alda froze, after last night it felt like Femke was the only kind person in her life, the only person that cared for her. Their lips touched. Femke opened and closed her mouth slowly over Alda´s, the kiss was nervous neither girl sure of the other.

Alda´s felt the throb between her legs warm and the tingle in her nipples tighten. She didn´t know what to do. She didn´t know what she wanted. She just closed her eyes and opened her mouth slightly. Femke responded by gently easing her tongue between Alda´s lips and slowly caressing the soft insides of them. It felt good and then a leg pushed between hers and Femke´s thigh pressed against her rapidly swelling pussy and that felt even better. The tongue went deep inside her mouth

and circled her own, the leg on her sex started to grind up and down, spreading her labia and caressing her hardening clit. Alda knew in a few moments she would be lost.

"Stop, stop, stop!" Alda turned her head and wiggled so she was able to close her legs.

"I…sorry… I thought… you…" gasped Femke, her face blushing even deeper. She rolled off Alda and grabbed her dress, holding it against her body.

"I… I'm just not into girls…" spluttered Alda.

"You seemed to be into it… I could feel your… arousal…"

"Well, I'm not…"

Femke quickly dressed, "I think we need a break anyway… I'll get some water… and then… then perhaps we just do exercises…" the words came out in a rapid torrent.

Alda sighed as Femke left. Her pussy was still wet and her nipples hadn't softened in the slightest.

*****

"This is where you live?" asked Liang walking through the gate that was between high stone walls. She looked in awe at the stone columns that surrounded the villa.

"Yes… this is my gilded prison," replied Flavia leading Liang through the immaculate gardens that were being tendered by half a dozen slaves and up to the large arched door.

"You've just seen how most of Rome lives and you think it is funny to joke this is a prison?"

Flavia's mouth flapped helplessly and she blushed, "Sorry… I wasn't thinking… yes I am very lucky."

"Yes, you are. You should thank your gods every day just how lucky you are!"

Flavia fidgeted awkwardly, "Would you like to come inside, for a drink, you must be thirsty after the walk."

Liang noticed how the guards were staring at her and felt uncomfortable, "I think I'll be heading back."

"Please, I need to thank you."

Liang turned and headed back through the garden, "You've already bought me one drink, I don't need anything else."

Flavia tried to think of something to say, anything to stop this woman from walking out of her life. Instead, Liang paused when an entourage of guards and slaves came through the villa's gate carrying a couple of ornate sedan chairs. Camila got out of one and Naevia the other, both looking refreshed and very happy with themselves.

"Take our new dresses inside and lock away the jewelry," Camila instructed one of the slaves, who bowed and took the neatly folded dresses in her arms before hurrying away.

Camila then paused when she saw Liang, then slowly and deliberately looked the girl up and down taking in her slightly sweaty complexion after her long walk. Then, without saying a word to Liang, turned to Flavia, "Who is this?"

Flavia stepped down from the colonnade and approached, "This is my friend, Liang."

"Friend?" Camila's tone was simultaneously bemused and mocking, "She doesn't look very Roman."

"She is not," replied Liang tersely, "And she is just leaving."

"I know you," said Naevia, "You sell jewelry at the Silk Market. I do like some of it, although some is a little too… exotic for me."

"Oh, I see!" nodded Camila, "You were helping my daughter with her shopping. That makes sense. Here…" Camila took her purse off one of her waiting slave girls, "A few denarii for your good service."

Liang stepped away, "I wasn't helping her with her shopping I was actually…"

"Coming to look at my dress for the party," interrupted Flavia, hurrying to Liang's side, "I couldn't decide what would go with it, so Liang offered to come here and have a look at it so she could help me pick just the right broach."

"Hmm… that is not a bad idea. More merchants could learn from such industrious hard work. Most are such a lazy lot. So were you coming or going?"

Before Liang could reply Flavia interrupted again, "She just arriving!"

Liang looked briefly annoyed at Flavia and then faked a smile for Camila, "Yes, that's right."

Inside the house, Liang continued to marvel at the surroundings, there wasn't a single room smaller than her whole apartment. As soon as she stepped into the atrium there were slaves offering drinks and fruit. She felt bad taking anything off them, but the fresh grapes looked just too enticing and then she felt even worse when one slave girl bowed at her. It was the first time anyone had ever treated her like that. It was demeaning for them yet she did get a sense of the thrill the Romans must have at the power they wielded. She then took a sip from a glass of water, it was chilled, no doubt from the ice rooms such a villa would have had. It was so refreshing she gasped.

"Naevia and I are going to try on our new dresses. Flavia, darling, you know how much I love you but I think you will have a hard time looking more beautiful than this angel," Camila gave Naevia a squeeze, who grinned sheepishly.

"Well mother, as always, I am sure you are right," snorted Flavia.

When Naevia and Camila had gone, Flavia gestured for Liang to sit, "I can get us more food if you like, maybe wine?"

"I really must be going otherwise it will be dark before I get home. You only saw the Alleys in the day… at night it is far worse."

"Then… then… stay!"

Liang laughed, "I don't belong here. You saw how your mother looked at me."

"She looked at you, that is far more than she does with most people who aren't senators," Flavia quipped back, "And thank you for not telling her about me going to the Alleys…"

"Won't your bodyguards tell her what happened?"

Flavia laughed hard confusing Liang, "If the guards told my mother that they took me to the Alleys and lost me!" Flavia laughed again, "Believe me, when they get back and see me safe and sound they will give a thousand prayers to the Gods and never speak of this day to anyone for the rest of their lives!"

"I guess everything has worked out for you then," Liang again looked around the opulent surroundings, the fountain that sprayed cold water into the pool in the middle of the room, the silk throws that adorned the sofas, "It has been interesting seeing how the nobility lives. Maybe in the next life I shall be born into this."

"Next life?"

Liang smiled, "My religion is very different from yours. I must be going."

"Just one drink!" Flavia clapped and a slave girl hurried over, "Wine."

Liang watched the slave girls rush off, "You really don't often hear people say no to you, do you?"

"Nope," grinned Flavia and sat down, gesturing for Liang to do the same.

Liang sighed, "Fine, one drink and then I must go."

The slave girl returned with a jug of wine and poured it for both the women, "Is there anything else, Mistress Flavia?"

"No, you may go."

When the slave had gone Liang spoke, "You didn't even thank her."

"Thank her? Oh, you don't need to thank slaves… they just do what they are told."

"Maybe you don't need to… but perhaps you should do so anyway."

Flavia, once again, was caught by surprise and saw Liang was annoyed, "It…it just isn't how it works."

Liang shrugged and took a sip of wine, her eyes batted a few times, "Wow, that is strong!"

"We have our own vineyards in the south," beamed Flavia.

"Of course you do."

They sat in awkward silence for a couple of minutes, Flavia contemplating what to say, desperate to find something that wouldn't offend.

It was Liang who broke the silence in the end, "So what do you do all day?"

"Hmm… some days classes, our tutor comes and teaches me and my sister. Some days shopping… although lately the unrest has put a dampener on that."

"I'm sorry to hear the plight of the people has affected your shopping trips. That is truly terrible."

This time anger surged up inside Flavia, she had been kind a respectful to someone that was so far beneath her socially that it would be viewed as shameful to even talk to her, let alone have drinks, "You

know what, you don´t know anything about me either. So I live a different life than you. So I am lucky, that doesn´t mean I am a bad person!˝

Liang was taken aback but held her ground, ˝Would the dozens of slaves that grovel at your feet all day without thanks agree with you?˝

˝These slaves live in one of the finest houses in the world! They eat three meals a day! They never want for clothes or shelter, they bathe every day and when they are older they are freed with job opportunities on our farms and estates all around the country! How many people in the Alleys would kill to live like one of our slaves!˝

Liang stood, ˝You are a naive little brat! You take their freedom and say they are happy? Would you be happy in their place, knowing every day that every decision that is made is out of your control? You can´t choose anything, you can´t love or marry or have children,˝ she put the wine down, ˝I think I will be going now.˝

Flavia fumed, and then clapped her hands. The slave girl hurried back in, ˝Deena!˝

"Yes, Mistress?" the slave answered nervously, sensing the tension in the room.

"You're free!"

"Mistress?"

"You're free. I'm freeing you. Your servitude is offending my guest, so go!"

The slave girl looked from Liang and then back to Flavia, "Mistress? I don't understand. Have I done something wrong?"

"No. Nothing. Just my guest thinks you are unhappy and would prefer to go and make your own life."

The girl dropped to her knees, "Please Mistress, if I have done something wrong I apologize. I won't do it again. I will be better!"

"Stop this," said Liang.

Flavia continued, "Why don't you want to go?"

"I…I… grew up here, it is all I've known. I've nowhere to go…" the girl started to sob, "Please Mistress, don't send me away. You know I have nothing," the girl put her forehead against the marble floor.

"You've proved your point," sighed Liang, "Don't torture the girl."

"Deena, you may continue to stay here," said Flavia.

"Thank you, Mistress. Thank you!" Deena smiled in relief, "Do you need anything else? Wine? Breads? That cheese from Gaul? I shall get it!" the slave girl ran off like her life depended on it.

"I hear the Gallic cheese is quite something," said Flavia.

Liang sat, "I have heard many stories of slaves being treated terribly. I am glad you treat them better. But it is still wrong, to take everything away from them and leave them with no choice but to serve you," she took another sip of the wine, "This really is very strong. It is nothing like what they drink in the Alleys."

By the time the cheese arrived Liang had finished her first wine and the slave girl refilled the glass.

"This is good too!" gasped Liang taking a nibble and then a bite.

"Be careful, it looks like you are getting used to this terrible lifestyle."

"For one day only. Besides, after you cost me my stall I think it is the least you can do," Liang took another sip of the wine. The alcohol was starting to affect her and she had to admit it was nice just relaxing, even if it was for just one afternoon. The thought of the long walk back home, and the grim world she was returning created a wave of gloom so she drank deeply and let her thoughts wander to happier things. What it would like to live like this every day. To be a lady of leisure. It was impossible yet it was nice to let the thoughts float around for a while.

"Liang? Liang?"

"Hmm?" Liang looked around. The first thing she noticed was it was almost dark, the atrium was now lit by oil lamps around the wall. Up above, through the skylight, she could see the sky was a rich purple and the sun must have set.

"You fell asleep," teased Flavia, who was now kneeling down next to her.

"I did? I am so sorry… it must have been the wine…I'm not used to… I better go…"

"You can't go now, it is far too late. You can stay for dinner and I shall have a bed made up for you."

There were voices and footsteps as Camila and Naevia, both returned, the ruddy lamp light hiding their flushed faces, "Ah, I see the merchant is still here…" said Camila, half statement, half question directed at Flavia.

"She will be staying the night. We got talking about dresses and fashion and jewelry and you know how such conversations go," replied Flavia.

"Indeed!" agreed Naevia, "I could discuss such matters for days on end!"

"Er… how come you are still here? You've been trying on your new dresses for all this time?" asked Flavia, her suspicions raising.

"As you said, once we start discussing fashion time just slips away," responded Camila hastily, "Very well, your 'friend' may stay. Deena!" The slave girl appeared from behind a column, "We have an extra guest for dinner, can you let the chef know and tend to her bathing… Flavia, I assume your friend will be staying in your bed tonight. At least that is something."

Flavia blushed while Liang looked shocked at the blasé attitude of Camila.

"Mother, she will have her own guest room."

Camila sighed, "I have never met a girl so desperate to avoid sex! Fine, Deena, sort that out too."

Even the oil lamps couldn't hide the crimson shade of Flavia's cheeks.

"Mistress," said Deena beckoning Liang.

"Please, I prefer Liang, not mistress."

Deena looked to Camila for guidance but just got a shrug, "As you wish, Liang…please come this way."

Liang followed, unsure of where she was being taken.

"I've got a few things to tend to with your father," stated Camila and headed off.

Naevia sat down next to Flavia, "So? An Easterner? Very exotic! And she is beautiful too, those eyes!"

"It's not like that… I mean she's just a merchant… it's not like…"

"Not like what?" giggled Naevia, "You can still fuck her! Your mother says you have not even lain with a woman yet, is she going to be your first?"

"My mother told you that?"

"Sure. We had a good… catch up today."

Flavia looked around to make sure no one was listening, "Naevia, we used to be friends, right?"

"Yes, sure," agreed Naevia, slightly hesitantly, "Except for all your teasing about my weight…"

"Well, look at you now! Anyway, you must swear, swear by all the Gods not to tell anyone,"

Naevia held up her hand, "I swear by great Jupiter himself. Now tell me, tell me!"

Flavia looked around again then leaned in and whispered, "I think I am in love with her. Like real love… I have never felt like this before! Every time I see her my heart just goes wild!"

"Love her? But… she isn't a Roman… she isn't a man… You can't be with her… not like that. Sure you can lie with her…. But she's an Easterner and you are from one of the noble houses!"

Flavia gripped Naevia's hand tight, "I don't care. I just don't care. All I want is to be with her."

"Didn't you say she was staying in a guest room?"

"She… Liang… she says she doesn't feel the same way about… lying with another girl… I don't think it is part of their culture."

"Really? How strange… Rome is truly enlightened compared to the rest of the world. She should be honored that you even acknowledge her! She should be thanking all her heathen Gods that she has been so blessed that she has met Flavia Octavia Gracchus! She should be on her hands and knees begging to lap at your sacred flower!"

"Naevia!" laughed Flavia.

"I am sure she will realize how lucky she is."

"So you think I should go for it… even though she is an… Eastener?"

"Pff! What is the point of being nobility if you can't do whatever you want!"

"I just worry it might cause a scandal."

"Most of the senators have their cocks in everything that moves! Why shouldn't a Roman lady be with the woman she loves! Fuck

scandals! If anyone even looks at you funny they will have the great and the terrible Naevia Athena Septim to answer to!"

Flavia beamed with joy and embraced her friend warmly, "I am so lucky to have someone like you back in my life!"

"Yes, yes you are!"

*****

Liang followed Deena through the house giving her another opportunity to see just how grand the villa was.

"Just this way, Mist... Liang," said Deena and gestured to a door.

Inside was a bedroom and again Liang admired the grandeur, the bed wouldn't have even fitted in her small apartment.

"It's incredible! It has its own fountain!"

"Yes, it will keep the room nice and cool for you. There is a bell by the bed, if you ever need anything in the night just ring it and a girl will be here to service you," said Deena matter of factly.

"Service me?"

Deena nodded and smiled, "I would be happy to be the one, or if you prefer I can stay with you in the bed. It is up to you, Mistress… I mean Liang."

Liang let the idea that this beautiful young girl was happily offering herself sexually settle in her mind. She struggled with the notion of taking advantage of someone like that, but couldn't deny the thrill of power that sent vibrations through her body.

She composed herself, "I'm sure that won't be necessary."

"Oh… do you prefer men? I just assumed…That is not a problem I can arrange that too."

Before Liang could get her mouth to work to form a response, Marilla entered the room and cast a stern and confused look on both of them.

"Deena! What is going on? Why are you in here with some Eastern whore? If Domina catches you again…"

"Mistress Marilla! This is a house guest of Domina Flavia!" interrupted Deena as fast as she could.

"And who may you be?" Liang asked, stinging from by called a whore.

"My apologizes, I am Marilla, the Prima Ancilla, the Head of House," Marilla gave a humble bow although her gaze remained suspicious and her tone far from apologetic, "I wasn't aware we were having any guests tonight."

"I hope you treat your other guests better than this?" snorted Liang.

"Most of our guests are not… like you."

"Mistress, she is staying the night and will be attending dinner and will require to bathe," Deena said.

"Thank you Deena, go and arrange the bath, I'll take it from here."

Marilla waited for Deena to leave before speaking again, "May I ask how you know Domina Flavia?"

"No, you may not," answered Liang, surprising herself at the harshness of her response, but feeling the judgemental eyes of this woman got her back up.

"Then let me guess. Your dress is exquisite yet tired. Perhaps you just haven't been able to find a new one in that style since leaving your homeland," Marilla shrugged, "Although, for a price you could have had one replicated, thread by thread, but you have not. And your sandals, plain and functional. Clearly, very well worn. Not the look of a lady. So I am thinking you are a merchant. Not a wealthy one. I would have said you worked out of one of markets in the North of the city, however, Flavia wouldn't ever visit there. So the Silk Market. Tiberius prides himself on his exotic wares. And now I think about it, Flavia went there the other day so I am guessing you caught her eye and she has brought you home as a novelty to play with."

"You are very rude… for a slave," Liang locked eyes with Marilla, feeling guilt at using the woman's status against her and allowing her anger to get the better of her.

Marilla didn´t look offended or even bothered and just smiled back, "In this city either you are a noble or you are a slave, regardless of what the law says."

"I am not a slave! How dare you, I shall speak to Flavia and have you punished!"

Marilla was totally unfazed, "I report directly to Domina Camila and that opinion of being a noble or a slave is not mine. It is hers… and every other Roman you meet," Marilla then appeared to relax and her stance softened, "Let´s get you washed and I shall find a more suitable dress for you. It is not every day a merchant from the East gets to dine with one of the great houses of Rome."

Liang paused by the side of the large bath. Deena was already nude and waiting for her, sponge and oils in hand. Liang felt a growing sense of apprehension at the thought of undressing in front of these strangers. She knew it was a Roman custom, but for her, it was something she had never done before.

"Let me help you with this," said Marilla and started to unfasten Liang's dress.

Liang stiffened, her body going ridged, "I… I can bathe alone, thank you."

"You are in a Roman house, it would be appropriate to follow our customs," replied Marilla and opened Liang's dress from the back.

Liang didn't let the dress fall and held it to her chest. She looked down at Deena who was waiting, smiling sweetly, "I…I've never been washed by someone before," she mumbled.

"There is no need to be nervous, it is only a wash," Marilla eased the dress further down, "unless you want more of course," she smiled as she felt Liang tremble slightly.

With a deep breath, Liang allowed her dress to fall to the tiled floor her hands flapping awkwardly unsure of whether to cover herself up. She saw Deena looking her over, checking out her golden skin, her small pert titties that were crowned by small nipples, which were now starting to tingle. She then blushed as she realized her lady garden was

unkempt, without a lover in her life she hadn´t concerned herself with such vanities. She decided to quickly get in the bath so less of her body was visible.

There were steps down into the bath and when she reached the bottom the water level reached right the way up to her thighs.

"Just stand there… and relax," smiled Deena and she started to sponge Liang´s naked body, "Don´t be nervous," she added as she noticed the woman was still trembling.

As Deena stood in front of her, Liang found herself looking at the slave girl´s svelte body. Such a beauty must have cost a small fortune at the slave market, she thought.

Deena caught Liang looking at her ample breasts, "You can touch me if you like."

"Er…I…sorry… I…" spluttered Liang, lost for words and embarrassed.

"You are so shy compared to the Romans," said Deena, her sponge caressing Liang's left breast.

The sensation of the soft sponge feathering her nipple sent tingles shooting down her spine, and made her nipples start to tighten.

"I am just not used to… any of this."

"And it is best you don't get used to it," said Marilla stepping into the water. Liang turned to see the woman was now also nude, her voluptuous body swaying at the hips. Marilla picked up another sponge and stood behind Liang, "Embrace this night for what it is, a foreign merchant girl getting a few moments of paradise before returning to the streets."

"Why…. Why do you think I can't be friends with Flavia?" snorted Liang, she tried to sound indignant but the vulnerability of standing naked between two beauties took most of her confidence and her voice was meek.

"It is nothing to do with Flavia, it is to do with Camila and the Dominus of the House, Vitus. You simply have no place here. You can't

have a place here. It is impossible. Every decision, every friend this family makes has to make sense politically and their daughter fraternizing with a lowly foreign merchant girl… that is not a good political move. Don´t get me wrong, Flavia will be allowed to bed you, but you will be no different to us… slaves,˝ Marilla eased her sponge between Liang legs, delicately caressing the woman´s labia and then up, over her ass.

Liang gasped and tried to focus on anything other than the sensation that was washing over her most sensitive place, ˝I have no interest in any kind of relationship with Flavia or this family. I simply helped Flavia out on few matters today and that is it.˝

˝Yet, here you are, being washed and pampered. You don´t need to be clean just to eat dinner… you are being prepared for sex,˝ remarked Marilla, gently rubbing circles over Liang´s back.

˝I am not a slave, I choose who I lie with!˝

˝Please don´t move,˝ said Deena as she knelt down, the water splashing against her shoulders, in her hands she had a razor blade.

Liang watched in surprise as her dark pubes were lathered.

"The Romans like the cunni smooth," whispered Marilla in Liang's ear.

"Please stay still," repeated Deena as Liang trembled. She then got to work and started to shave.

Liang stood perfectly still as she watched the beauty on her knees before her. It was clear Deena was very adept with the blade. From behind Liang felt Marilla's breasts press into back, and then reach around to sponge her chest and then her tits.

"Lift your arms," said Marilla softly.

Liang obeyed without question. All her usual confidence replaced by trepidation. The touch of nipples teasing her back, the sight of Deena on her knees was starting to fire up her body. Her skin felt every touch tingle with waves of pleasure, and she knew her small nipples were starting to stand taller. Below, as her pubes were shaved away, she felt her labia lips start to warm and swell.

The sponge worked its way down one arm pausing to wash her armpits, and then the other arm was cleaned in the same way. All the

while Liang could feel Marilla´s breath on her neck. Liang gasped with pleasure as Deena washed her now smooth crotch allowing the sponge to move between her legs and rub firmly against her spreading sex. The caress feathered her clit and it made her already weak legs tremble more.

Liang was pulled firmer into Marilla as the slave now reached around and worked the sponge over her breasts, which felt delightfully full, and down over her tummy. She could feel not only the heat of the tits against her back but the touch of Marilla´s mound pressing against her ass. Marilla´s chin grazed against her neck and shoulder and Liang felt her head loll instinctively to one side at the joy of the touch.

"Would you like cunnilingus?" asked Marilla in a husky whisper straight into Liang´s ear. Her lips gently touched the woman´s lobe and her tongue ran up the curve of the outer edge.

Liang´s clit throbbed at the words. She could just let it happen, let someone else pleasure her for the first time in over a year. For the first time since she arrived in Rome.

"Don't worry," started Deena, looking up with her large brown eyes, "We do not discuss what happens in here. Flavia won't know," Deena read Liang's failure to resist as a single to proceed and gently eased the woman's legs open and leaned in, her mouth opening, her tongue revealed.

Liang's mind raced. She didn't know what to do. She hadn't prepared for this. Today was just meant to have been another terrible day in this dreadful city, none of this was meant to happen.

"She is very good," said Marilla, her lips now working down Liang's neck in a sequence of soft kisses, "A good orgasm will help you relax."

"I…I… this isn't how my …" stammered Liang as her mind wrestled with the red hot desire that burned between her legs, that cried out for the touch of a tongue that was moments away.

"No!" Liang forced the words from her lips.

Marilla laughed, "Very well, just the sponge it is, Deena."

Deena worked the sponge all the way up Liang´s thighs and up through Liang´s wet folds, right up to her swollen pearl. Her legs trembled again and she leaned into Marilla to help her stay upright.

"It feels good, doesn´t it," purred Marilla, "to be touched… to be treated like a Roman."

Deena rubbed harder with the soft sponge, spreading Liang´s flower and caressing the inside of the sensitive petals before pressing down on the bud.

"I… Please stop… this isn´t right… we are all women…" gasped Liang.

"This is Rome," whispered Marilla, her tongue now probing into Liang´s ear, "Everyone fucks everyone."

Marilla´s reached down with one hand and cupped Liang´s small, round butt, she then traced her middle finger over the golden skin and down the crack until she felt the slight wrinkle of her tightest hole. Liang gasped and wiggled in Marilla´s arms. As Deena continued, her attentions focussed on Liang´s exposed clit, Marilla started to ease a

finger inside Liang. The dual sensation of both her treasured places being pleasured at the same time was too much for her. She let out a moan of bliss and felt her resistance fading.

"I said no!" Liang wiggled free of the two slaves.

"Very well. That's enough, Deena. We want our guest hungry… for dinner. Finish washing our guest and then prepare for the dinner service," instructed Marilla as she stepped out of the bath and toweled herself dry.

"You can sit, I'll wash your hair," said Deena with a casual gesture, "Don't worry, I won't touch you anywhere you don't want me to."

Liang fought back the frustration and realized that the slaves had just been priming her for sex.

*****

Alda pressed her ear against the door. All was quiet. She had heard the other slave girls saying that no dinner was necessary as Domina Dariana and Dominus Petronius were both out for the evening while their daughter, Naevia, was dining at another house. She tried the

door half expecting it to be bolted from the outside but it wasn´t and she eased it open. With her heart pounding, she moved quietly down the corridor. Only half the oil lamps had been lit and there was as much dark as there was light. The atrium was so thick with shadows she almost didn´t see a slave leaning against the far wall dozing.

Tonight she just wanted to get a feel for the place, to get an understanding of the layout and the number of guards. She moved from one room to the next and, whenever she could, she peered out of the small high windows that looked out over the gardens. Occasionally she saw a couple of guards, all of which seemed disinterested and were just chatting amongst themselves. She then rounded a corner and almost collided with another slave girl. Alda´s heart skipped as she thought the girl was going to cry out, call for the guards. But she didn´t. She just muttered an apology and went back to her duties.

Alda allowed herself a slight laugh. No one seemed to care what she did in the house and the guards outside were no real threat. In truth, she could probably sneak out the front door and vanish into the night

before anyone knew she was missing. The trick was always going to be getting out of the city. She recalled the high walls, the guard houses and the series of gates. The city was the real prison, not the villa. Then another thought entered her mind, she wondered where Femke slept and she recalled their awkward training session that afternoon. Alda decided that she would give her the chance to come with her, to escape, whenever that may be. And then another concern entered her mind, her sister. She needed to find a way to reach her. She would not leave her behind to be used as a sex toy by the Romans. She just needed an opportunity.

*****

Liang had tried to eat lying down before and had always found it a disconcerting experience. Tonight, this was added to by the dress she wore. It was of the finest cottons and felt light as a feather on her skin, but she still fidgeted in the unfamiliar outfit. Deena sat by her side passing her over food and drink. Liang couldn´t bring herself to even look at the slave girl, not after what had occurred in the bath. Camila, Lavinia, Naevia and Flavia sat in a circle, each attended by their own slaves. The

conversation had gone pretty much as Liang had expected, a barrage of questions directed at her about her homeland from Camila, followed by being told what great work the Empire was doing to bring civilization to the savage corners of the world. The fact Chin lay far beyond the borders of the Empire was of little consequence to Camila. To her, every country was under control of Rome.

"Of course a merchant from the Far East wouldn't have been my choice to be the first to lie with my daughter, I can just glad she has chosen someone," said Camila casually.

"I am just a friend of Flavia… maybe not even that," replied Liang, "a passing acquaintance."

"Oh I see," Camila responded as if she had had some great epiphany, "You are a professional and seek payment for your services. How much do Eastern whores charge? Would one hundred denarii cover it?" she asked, with absolutely no intention of causing offense?

"Mother!" squealed Flavia in embarrassment.

"I don't think she is a prostitute," Naevia said, "She's a genuine merchant."

"You are absolutely right, I am not a prostitute and I certainly don't offer such services for payment. Maybe the Romans wouldn't have to fight for territory so much if they didn't assume everyone else was there just for entertainment."

Camila looked taken aback and then laughed, "I think you will find the Roman Empire is doing just fine."

"I like your wares," continued Naevia, "They are so intricate. Do you make them yourself?"

"Yes. I enjoy making beautiful things, and I enjoy seeing my customers' eyes light up when they see them."

"Maybe one day you can make something for me," smiled Naevia.

"I love my hair pin!" chipped in Lavinia and pointed to it proudly.

"Thank you, that is very kind of you."

Dinner went on for another hour with Camila getting increasingly drunk and increasingly less interested in Liang. The conversation turning towards gossip involving the other noble families of Rome. None of the names or events meant anything to Liang, who feigned interest for a while and then, when she realized her participation wasn´t necessary, didn´t even bother with that. She noticed that Flavia was looking at her almost constantly, and when caught sometimes she would smile other times she would just blush and look away.

After dinner, Deena led Liang back to her room, ˝Shall I let Mistress Flavia know you are ready for her?˝

˝Ready for her?˝

˝Ready to lie with her…˝

˝That won´t be necessary. I have explained my situation to your Domina. We do not have that kind of relationship.˝

Deena looked confused, ˝I think it is expected…˝

"Fortunately for me, I don't need to do what is expected of me," snorted Liang.

Deena looked concerned but just bowed, "Remember if you need anything… anything at all just ring the bell and I shall attend all your needs."

Images of the bath and the sensations that occurred there came flooding into her mind and she felt a mild warmth start to build between her legs, "I am sure I won't have any needs as I sleep."

Sleep was hard to come by. Liang tried to blame the mattress, it was too soft as was the pillow. And the fountain made the room much cooler than the sweltering heat she was used to. Her thoughts kept on returning to the bath, how her body uncontrollably reacted to the touches of Deena and Marilla. Her pussy began to warm and even though she tried to focus on something else, anything else, her hand started to move towards her swelling sex. She moaned softly as her fingertips found her hardening pearl and she gently traced her fingers around it feeling her

arousal growing with every rotation. A thought caught her by surprise. She could easily reach over and ring that small bell by the bed. The thought of Deena hurrying in to pleasure her made her nipples start to tighten.

'Why am I thinking like this?' she scolded herself, 'Women do not lie with women, it not how it should be!'

She tried to force the image of Deena out of her mind, and tried to picture some of her few male lovers she had had back in her homeland. But their attentions on her sex had even been too rushed or too tentative. Deena had known exactly how to touch her. She then wondered what it would be like to allow Flavia to bed her. Her delicate teen body, her attempts to be confident when she was still so insecure. The idea of being a lover of a rich Roman Noblewoman played in her mind, she imagined what it would be like to have such a life of wealth and luxury, to be given gifts and doted on. It was an impossible dream she knew. And Flavia was at least seven or eight years younger than her, barely an adult. What kind of relationship could they seriously have?

But she was sweet. And kind in her own way. And she actually acknowledged her as a human being, that in itself was more than anyone else in Rome had done. The way Flavia looked at her, it was different. I wasn´t just primal lust, it was genuine affection. She missed affection. And company. And laughter and kindness. She missed so much.

Her pussy was wet enough now to ease a finger in and she moaned again as she penetrated herself. She kept the finger inside, slowly circling, around and around, before starting to slowly pump in and out. Again she looked over at the bell, sex was just a ring away. `What a life they have? To have such pleasures just on hand.´

She felt the urge to reach over and ring the bell grow, `It could just be this one time… when else am I going to have such a chance?´ she asked herself, her finger starting to drive in and out of herself quicker and quicker until she could hear the sound of her wetness. Then there was another sound from the door, and her heart skipped a few beats at

the thought that Deena had come anyway and she feared she wouldn´t have the strength to turn her away. But it wasn´t Deena.

In the pale blue light that shone through the window, Liang could see Flavia´s slender figure. The girl made it halfway to the bed and then stopped. Even in the gloom, Liang could see she was trembling. For a moment it looked like Flavia was going to say something, then instead she slipped the straps of her nightdress from her shoulder and let it fall to the floor. She stood there nude, the cool light catching her subtle curves, her small breasts, her delicate waist that opened up to slim hips.

Liang watched, her finger still inside herself, as Flavia made her way over to the bed. With their eyes locked, Flavia climbed under the covers. Still, Liang´s body wouldn´t respond, her rational mind locked in battle with her primal urges.

"I…I want you to be my first…" whispered Flavia, her voice barely audible and shaking.

"I…I told you… I don´t think of you in that way… it just isn´t who I am…"

"I saw how you were looking at me…at dinner… I know you want this too," Flavia rolled closer to Liang, her trembling hand reaching out under the covers.

"Don't…this can't end well…" mumbled Liang, her toned lacking any conviction.

"You don't understand…I… I love you… since the first second I saw you… you are all I want."

Liang gasped as the girl's hand moved over her breasts, the palming rubbing against her already hard nipples. She could feel how much the hand was shaking, then she realized it wasn't just Flavia, she was trembling as well.

"Flavia…stop… I told you…" moaned Liang, her voice without any conviction, "This can't happen. You are a girl… and still so young."

"I'm old enough to know what I want. Don't you find me beautiful?"

"Of course… you are a very beautiful girl… but you are a girl."

"I need you… you drive me crazy… you make me so… wet…" Flavia's lips were on Liang's shoulder and working up her neck.

Those words along with the delicate touches sent thousands of little sparks of delight shooting through Liang. Flavia's leg hooked over her as the girl half rolled on top of her. Liang lay still, staring up at the ceiling, her mind wrestling with the base needs of her body. The soft kisses now moved up towards her ear and then along her cheek getting closer and closer to her mouth.

'I must resist…' Liang told herself, 'this is not who I am… I am a person of morals and values… I am not a Roman.'

As Flavia's mouth was just about to reach Liang's she turned her head away knowing if their lips met she would be lost, "This is not who I am," she repeated this time out loud.

"We are meant to be together, I know it…" Flavia rolled a little more onto Liang allowing her kisses to continue along the woman's cheek.

Liang could feel the intense heat of the teenager's body pressing down on her, smell the girl's flowery scent, it was intoxicating, "Stop…"

"I can't…"

The hand moved off Liang's breast and down, down over her stomach and then down. She felt the fingers ease over her freshly shaven mound, 'I have to close my legs,' came the desperate rational thought, 'If she touches me there…'

Liang's body didn't obey her. She felt fingertips, reach the top of her pussy lips and glide over them, "Oh…" she gasped.

"Mmm…you are wet for me too," the lack of resistance encouraged Flavia and her kisses made the last few inches and reached Liang's mouth. With Liang's head turned away, Flavia struggled to kiss the woman's lips full on, frustrating her. With her fingers, she started to rub Liang's vulva up and down, nervously at first trying to copy how she liked to touch herself. She could feel Liang's pussy was soaked with arousal and this made her own clit throb and ache to be touched. So she pressed her sex against Liang's thigh and started to rub herself. She felt her pussy lips spread and then gasped as her pearl ran along Liang's smooth skin.

"Mmm…oh…"

Liang, hearing the beauty moan, knowing the girl was pleasuring herself against her leg along with the touch on her hypersensitive sex was too much. All resistance crumbled. Liang turned her head, opened her mouth wide and welcomed Flavia´s tongue inside. The two tongues met, first the tips jousting and circling each other shyly and then lapping at each other hungrily. Their salvia swirled between their mouths as they exchanged spit, desperate to taste each other.

Liang´s legs spread wider, taking on a life of their own, `Just this once,´ Liang told herself, `I deserve a little pleasure in my life. Just this once.´

It was a clear invitation for Flavia´s fingers, one which they readily accepted. First one eased inside her tight pussy, and then another. The nervous trembles of the teenager´s hand adding to Liang´s pleasure as her pussy contracted hungrily around the fingers.

Flavia lost control and went wild with desire, her kisses becoming so frenetic that she could no longer restrict them to Liang´s mouth. With

mouth open wide she kissed and licked all over Liang's face, her hands gripping the woman's dark locks and pulling her head so her wet kisses could attack from all angles.

Flavia panted between kisses, "Oh Liang, you are all I want… all I think about it you… touching you… loving you…"

Liang had heard lies created by passion during pillow talk before, but these were no lies. She felt consumed by the teenager's passion and accepted the barrage of kisses that now targeted her neck. She purred deeply as the kiss buried deep into her, "Fuck me… just fuck me…" she heard herself saying as if it was someone else who said it.

Flavia's whole body started to buck, grind and writhe against Liang in a desperate attempt to rub every inch of her against her lover. Her tight little pussy rubbed hard up and down Liang's thigh while her breasts pressed against Liang, both the women's nipples so hard they ached. Then she rolled completely on top of Liang and their mouths locked together, both wide open and still. But inside their tongues were ravenous, each trying to dominate the other. It was as hot and as wet a

kiss as Liang had ever experienced and she allowed the teenager to take control. She allowed the heat of flesh on flesh to wash over her, the sticky sensation of sweat between their lithe bodies, the wet noise of fingers working her pussy until the rest of the world faded away.

"My titties, suck them!" growled Flavia, hunger taking over from nerves.

Flavia pulled her body up higher and rubbed her small breasts over Liang's face. Liang felt the hard nipples caress over her lips and cheek and she struggled to catch one in her mouth. Her mouth opened and closed trying to snare it but Flavia's passion was making her movements too frantic. In frustration, Liang wrapped her arms around the young Roman girl and rolled her over until she was on top. Flavia's fingers were pulled from Liang's pussy during the roll, the ache of not being filled just fired her desire. She pinned Flavia down, driving her hands down onto the mattress on each side of her the girl's head, and with the girl immobilized she leaned in and took a nipple into her mouth. She could taste the hint of salt from Flavia's sweat and lapped at it

reveling in the tang. The nipple was hard and erect so she was able to run a tongue around it and give it a sequence of flicks.

Flavia moaned and struggled beneath her, "That feels so good, suck them…suck them right into your mouth…please."

Liang did as she was told. She sucked Flavia's nipple hard into her mouth drawing it deep inside and then with a sequence of short hard rubs with the flat of her tongue she licked the very tip of it.

"Oh! Oh!... By the Gods I love you… I am yours… my body is yours," gasped the girl, her head rolling from side to side.

Liang released her nipples, her desire overwhelming her, "I'm going to eat your pussy!"

"Oh the Gods! Oh the Gods!" this time the teenager's nerves were evident.

Liang tossed the bed sheets off the bed so she could take in Flavia's whole body, every single subtle contour catching the cool moonlight. She could see the girl's small breasts rising and falling with

short sharp pants of anticipation, the beautiful face consumed equally with fear and lust. Then Liang allowed her gaze to move down, down over the flat toned midriff and down to the teenager´s smooth mound. Flavia saw where her lover was looking and spread her legs revealing her most treasured possession. Liang could see the delicate small flower was swollen and ready, every small petal glistening in the pale light. She knelt between Flavia´s legs and with her nails traced both the inside of the girl´s thighs.

"You´re killing me…please…" moaned Flavia, her legs twitching, straightening and relaxing under the divine touch.

Liang smiled at the control she had over the virgin girl and moved her fingers closer to the flower, still barely feathering the skin with the very tips of her nails.

"I´m going to cum as soon as you touch my pussy…" Flavia whimpered, her hips now lifting off the mattress in a desperate attempt to offer herself to Liang.

"You want to cum on my tongue?" asked Liang, the crudeness of her words surprising herself, but, in this moment in time, they seemed right.

"Yes… I want to cum on your tongue… I want you to be the first to give me an orgasm… I want you to taste me as I lose control…"

Liang lay down between the girl's legs. As nervous as Flavia was, she was also anxious, she had never performed oral sex on a girl before, and just this morning she had never even considered that she ever would. Yet here she was. She licked her lips and then swallowed before leaning in. She could smell Flavia's erotic scent, the sweet musk of arousal. She moved closer, so close that her breath tantalized the wet petals.

"Oh my Gods… oh my Gods!" gasped Flavia, gripping the bed sheets as she braced her body for the first touch on her virgin sex.

Liang opened her mouth and readied her tongue. She looked up Flavia's body, between be pert little breasts and saw the girl looking back at her, panting hard.

"Do it…please… I can't take it any longer…"

Liang closed her eyes and eased her face right between Flavia's legs, and with a nod she licked the length of the pussy. The legs instantly squeezed tightly around Liang's head, holding it in place while Flavia continued to moan breathlessly through her pants, "I'm going to cum… I'm going to cum…"

Liang licked again this time with more confidence, she felt her tongue run through the velvety wet folds, tasted the sweetness of the girl's arousal and then ended with the sensation of the smooth pearl against the rough top of her tongue.

"I can't hold on! I just can't!"

Liang felt the girl's thighs tighten even harder around her head, so hard over her ears that all sound faded to nothing and her senses were reduced to smell, taste and touch… it was all the senses she need. She licked again, this time targeting the clit that was raised from the girl's hood. Flavia lifted her hips off the mattress again and just whimpered

wordlessly. Liang licked again, pressing the top of tongue hard again the swollen nub. It was enough.

"Oh…no…no… sorry… I can't hold on…I can't! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" the virgin cried out as her body bucked off the bed then went perfectly still, her legs stretched out, "Oh FUUCK!"

Liang held onto the girl tight and as Flavia climaxed she continued to lick and lap at the whole pussy. The taste changed to an even more delectable sweetness as the girl came. Liang inhaled the heady scent of the sex and it drove her to keep going. She didn't care that Flavia had orgasmed, she wanted to taste more… to pleasure more.

With now rapid licks, enhanced by quick nods, Liang continued to eat Flavia's, now hypersensitive, sex. Flavia continued to thrash around her arms lashing out at the mattress, her hands tearing up the bed sheets.

"I can't bear it! It's too much! Oh… fuck!" the girl was near hysterical.

Hearing the teenager in the throes of passion just added to Liang´s own desire. She used her fingers to spread Flavia´s petals, opening up the girl up, then she stiffened her tongue and plunged it inside. The taste, the smell… it was glorious. She whirled her tongue around, caressing the smooth entrance tunnel while running her upper lip over Flavia´s clit.

"What are you doing to me?" gasped Flavia, "You must never stop…never…oh fuck!"

Flavia then took hold of her legs under the knees and pulled them to her chest. This allowed Liang to probe even deeper and she forced her tongue in as deep as it would go. The girl´s arousal ran freely over her lips, in her mouth and down her chin. But Liang wanted to go deeper, wanted to pleasure this girl even more intensely. She leaned back, licking the juices from her lips and then, turning her palm upwards, extended two fingers. Despite how tight Flavia´s pussy was, it was so wet now that both fingers easily slipped inside. She instantly felt the sex react with a sequence of contractions. Liang started to circle, slowly at

first and applying extra pressure each time her fingers passed over Flavia´s top wall.

"You know my body perfectly… how are you doing this?" moaned Flavia.

"Cum for me… I want to see you cum again," encouraged Liang and with those words she stopped her circling motion and instead just started to drive in and out.

Flavia´s legs stretched up and out in 'V' shape and she went silent as her whole body started to tremble. Liang leaned in and kissed the girl´s pearl, then she gave it a soft flick with her tongue.

"Oh…oh…" squeaked Flavia, her hands reaching back and seizing the pillow.

Liang glanced up and saw the tension on Flavia´s beautiful, sweet face. Her brow was creased her lips pursed – she looked like she was about to explode. Liang then began licking the clit hard and fast with no build up, while her fingers continued to fuck.

The sudden burst of sensation on Flavia´s already engorged clit sent her wild. The pillow was hurled from the bed in a fit of passion and her hands scrambled to find something else to hold and she started to panic when she couldn´t reach anything to brace herself against the impending detonation of pleasure. The bedsheets were torn up and even the bedside table was clawed at, sending broaches and combs tumbling to the fall.

"Oh no…no… it´s feels too good! It´s too much! Please… Liang… Liang! Fuck me! Liang fuck me, fuck me, Liang!"

Hearing another person so lost to pleasure made Liang´s nipples tighten furiously, but hearing her own name being called out with such passion was even more arousing and her clit throbbed and demanded to be touched. She squeezed her legs together in an attempt to apply a little friction on her own bud while forcing herself to focus Flavia. She opened her mouth wide and sucked Flavia´ hard little bud right inside and then she launched an attack with all she had. Her tongue surged backward and forward so fast in made her jaw ache, but she didn´t care.

She just drove the rough flat surface of her tongue mercilessly against the smooth pearl.

Flavia′s whole world fell away, there was just the divine pleasure shooting in waves from her pussy up her body. Wave after wave, each sharper than the last. The sudden increase in speed and intensity of the cunnilingus had caught her by surprise and what little control of her impending orgasm she had was now lost. She continued to desperately try to find something to hold onto to anchor herself against the tempest of pleasure, but the bed sheets just came away in her hands.

"Liang…please… I′m going… to I…I…" words just fell out of her mouth in a breathy torrent as she felt the immense tension between her legs falter and then explode in a single surge of ultimate bliss.

Flavia′s back arched high off the bed as she lost control of the orgasm which now consumed her. Her legs straightened, toes pointed at the ceiling, her arms thrashing against the headboard while her eyes rolled back. Her whole body convulsed, every single muscle contracting simultaneously and then releasing in a flood of euphoria. She tried to cry

out to help release the raging energy coursing through her but she had no breath in her lungs and her cry of ecstasy was just a wordless gasp.

Liang felt Flavia´s post-orgasmic quivers shudder the girl´s slight frame. One aftershock after another until, finally, Flavia fell still. Watching such a mighty climax only further stoked the heat between Liang´s legs, she needed her own release. She mounted Flavia and moved up the girl´s spent body until she reached the pretty face. A face that all Liang now wanted to do was fuck. She lowered herself down and gasped with joy as her soaked pussy pressed against Flavia´s lips. She then began to ride, slowly rubbing herself up over Flavia´s nose and then back down to the chin. She did this again and again each time her clit pressing harder onto the soft skin. Her hips rotated back and forth and she gripped hold of the headboard for both balance and for extra leverage.

As she looked down at the beautiful girl she was fucking she couldn´t believe what she was doing. Her pussy moved down over Flavia´s chin revealing the teenager´s flushed face that was now glistening with arousal. Liang felt a thrill at knowing that this rich girl, this

nobility of Rome, was being used for her personal pleasure. That this girl´s face was now soaked in her juices. She thrust back up and purred as her clit caressed Flavia´s lips and then the tip of her nose. Her orgasm was approaching.

Her legs clamped tightly around Flavia´s head, locking it in place as her gyrations become more rapid and she started to grunt with effort, sweat now running down her brow.

"Yes…yes…yes…"

Flavia realized Liang´s moment of bliss was fast approaching so opened her mouth and pushed out her tongue. As Liang´s clit passed over it the woman gasped even louder.

Liang gripped the headboard even tight and tensed her body feeling the pleasure build to its breaking point.

"I´m going to cum, I´m going to cum on your beautiful face… oh yes…yes…yes…"

Liang paused, allowing her body to teeter on the brink for just a moment longer before applying one final thrust, driving her pearl across the teenager´s tongue. It was enough.

"Fuck! Oh fuck… Mmm…" it was a hard climax and she shook the whole bed as her convulsions sent her into spasms of delight. She squeezed her legs together and thrust a few more times eking out another orgasm, and sighed in total satisfaction.

Exhausted she rolled off Flavia and lay by the girl. Flavia immediately embraced her, locking their mouths together and kissing deeply. Liang knew part of the taste was her own essence and she knew Flavia was tasting the same. It made the kiss more intimate knowing the juices they were sharing was not just saliva. Liang slowly licked Flavia´s stiff tongue and pulled the girl tight into her. Hands squeezed her butt, spreading her… teasing her as they kissed.

At first, Liang was surprised to see Deena walk calmly into the room and broke off the kiss. But Flavia just pulled her back in while the slave girl picked the pillow off the floor, straightened the bedsheets as

best as she could and placed two glasses of cool water on the bedside table.

*****

"The war in Germania is not necessary, we should be securing Thracia in the East! The port there is all we need to get the grain flowing again!" shouted one of the senators and was greeted by a sequence of cheers from half the senate and jeers from the other.

Camila looked down at the proceeding from the high balcony. Below, lined on benches on either side of the large room, were the senators of Rome. On one side of the large chamber were the nobility, a selection of the prestigious and the powerful, known as the Conservatorium. These were families on the rise as well as families on the decline. On the other side of the room sat the Mercantilium party, the newly rich and the increasingly influential. In a city where everything was for sale, power could be traded and bought for the right price.

She saw her husband, Vitus, sat right at the front of the Conservatorium, in pride of place, and with amusement she saw

Dariana´s husband, Petronius, at the back with the more humble families.

Sat apart from both parties was Emperor Marcellus. His ornate chair was raised on a few marble steps and was central to the two banks of benches from which the senators taunted each other. He looked unconcerned as he nonchalantly pointed to a man from the Conservatorium to speak.

"Germania is riddled with barbarians, desperate to pull Rome down until not one stone sits upon another! Their submission must take priority over everything else!"

The first man stood again, "If vanquishing the Germanic threat is so important, may we ask the Emperor while the Fifth Legion languishes in Rome? It is against all protocol to allow such a force within these walls… it implies…"

"It implies what?" interrupted Marcellus, his voice cutting through the chamber with ease.

All eyes turned on the man who was speaking. The man steadied himself, puffed out his chest and responded, "It implies the Emperor feels he needs a military presence to quash an impending riot. That he is conceding that the streets of Rome are out of control… or…?"

"Or what, Senator Cassium?" Marcellus leaned forward.

Camila leaned a little further over the balcony to hear better the exchange between the senator and the most powerful man in the known world.

"Or that our Great Emporer is fearful that the senate will want to call another vote… that the presence of the Fifth is here to intimidate any those who stand against you. May I remind you, Emperor Marcellus, the days of tyrants are over. You rule by the vote of the senate and as such I request you have the Fifth Legion depart. Preferably to Thracia to get grain back into the Empire and stop famine and revolution!"

The Mercantilium side of the room rose together in applause and cheers. Marcellus was unfazed and waited for the room to quieten, "Thank you for your concerns, Senator Cassium. I can assure you that

the Fifth Legion is only here to rest and recuperate after a long and arduous campaign against the barbarians. As to where they will be deployed next… that is yet to be decided.″

Cassium stood again, ‟I would suggest they have rested enough and it is time they move on. If they are still here next week then I will be suggesting that a vote is called! A vote to have you removed from office based on the accusation of Tyranny!″

As half the room roared in agreement and the other half bellowed in anger, Camila studied Marcellus. His handsome features were calm, and although from this distance she couldn′t be sure, she thought she saw him smile behind his hand.

*****

Camila joined her husband as they descended the grand steps that led down from the Capitol and into the expansive plaza, lined with lavish governmental buildings.

"Cassium was not bluffing," started Camila, "He would be within his rights to call for a vote. No Legion is allowed to be posted so close to the Capital."

Vitus was slow to respond as he tried to calculate all the angles, "Marcellus is no fool. He knows Cassium and the Mercantilium are looking for any excuse to out him from office. And holding the Legion here is giving him the perfect excuse. Even the most loyal nobles of the Conservatorium know the perils of allowing the Emperor too much military power. Marcellus is risking losing even his staunchest allies."

"But were he to simply order the Fifth to leave, after being called out by Cassium… it would be a sign of weakness. Capitulating to the merchants and alienating the nobles in the process. He has put himself in a very precarious position. And we must be careful, we must make sure we align ourselves with the winners!" Camila said.

"The nobles of the Conservatorium would never vote to oust Marcellus. Cassium is just posturing. For the Mercantilium to win such a

vote it would require over a dozen nobles to turn their backs on Conservatorium. I am not sure if so many would risk such a move.″

"What about the ones who were desperate? The plight of our many noble houses is well known. Many have lost their families´ fortunes and only maintain their lavish lifestyles by digging themselves further into debt. Such people would be vulnerable would they be approached with a lucrative offer.″

Vitus paused to consider his wife´s words, "Families like Petronius Septim. Even now I wonder how he has managed to secure his place back in Rome. Who is paying for his return to the noble circles of Rome? He certainly doesn´t have the funds.″

Camila smiled, "I may be able to help in that matter. As planned, I bedded his daughter, Naevia, yesterday,″ Camila locked arms with her husband as they reached the bottom of the steps and headed across the plaza, "And while she is a beauty she isn´t particularly smart.″

"I am a lucky man to have found a wife so blessed in both departments.″

"Yes you are!" agreed Camila with a laugh, "Naevia has already mentioned that Petronius, along with Dariana, have been having clandestine meetings with several senators."

Vitus stopped and looked around furtively to make sure there was no one around to overhear. While the plaza was full of officials and politicians none were close enough to eavesdrop, "Do we now know if they are members of the Conservatorium or Mercantilum?"

"Unfortunately, the girl's knowledge of politics is limited, very limited, so she didn't have names. But I have tasked her with finding them. And next time I lie with her I am sure she will tell us all we need to know."

"Using Petronius's own daughter against him… a very devious plan. If we can find evidence of corruption… well he will be wishing he never returned to Rome."

*****

The sun was already high by the time Flavia woke. She felt its warmth on her naked body but was too tired to open her eyes. She

basked in her post-sex glory. Every fibre of her being felt totally satisfied. As she dozed she replayed the events of the previous night recalling the smells, the tastes and the sights of Liang´s gorgeous nude body. Soon she felt a warmth start to heat her pussy and her nipples started to tingle. She wanted sex. Sleepily she reached out across the bed expecting to touch the smooth golden skin of her lover, her arms stretched out all the way across to find the bed empty. She sat bolt upright, all weariness leaving her as she looked around the room. She was alone.

She pulled her nightdress on and hurried to the atrium expecting to see her family having breakfast. All was quiet with just a Marilla sat with some paperwork.

"Where is everyone?" Flavia asked.

"Morning Domina," smiled Marilla, "Did you sleep well… after your exciting night?"

Flavia blushed slightly, "Just fine. So?"

"It is late Domina, almost noon. I believe your parents are at the Senate and your sister is in the garden having her Greek class."

"And?"

"And? Domina?"

"Liang? She wasn't there when I woke… I mean when I checked her room."

"Oh, your merchant friend. She left at dawn. I trust she served her purpose. If you have a taste for Eastern girls I am sure your Mother could purchase you one. They are rare, but your mother would do anything for you. Shall I make inquiries with Regulus and see if he has such a slave available?"

"What? What are you talking about? My interest is not in Eastern girls! My interest is in Liang!"

Marilla sighed, "Domina… you know that is impossible."

"Why is it impossible? I am a lady of Rome, anything is possible for me!"

"Your parents… they won't allow it. You have freedoms some of us could never ever hope for," said Marilla standing and putting a hand on Flavia's arm, "However, in some things you are not free. You can lie with as many slave girls as you want, girls from any corner of the world, from Northern Europae, from Africanus… from the East. But you can't have a relationship with anyone that is not of pure Roman blood. And you know, ultimately, the only relationship you will have will be with a man of your parents' choosing."

"Pff! What do you know?!" snapped Flavia, fighting back her tears, "You are just a slave!" the realization of what she had just said hit her hard and she grabbed the woman's arm with both her hands, "I'm sorry Marilla. I shouldn't have said that. You are so much more than that."

Marilla smiled, "You are right, Domina, I am. I am just a slave. But I helped raised you into the wonderful young woman you are, who loves you with all her heart. Who hates that you can't have what you want. This is Rome and it is what it is. Liang understood that. That is why she left."

"I shall find her!"

"Flavia… you need to forget about her. For your family and yourself. Your Mother indulged you last night because she was just happy that you wanted to lie with someone. You know Liang will never be allowed in this house again."

Flavia slumped down onto a sofa, "I need to be with her, Marilla, you don't understand… I love her! I love her with all my heart!" the tears flowed freely now.

Marilla sat by her and wrapped her arms around the girl, "I am sorry. I know all too well what it is like to be parted from someone you love. It is just the way of Rome."

Flavia buried her face into Marilla's bosom while the slave gently stroked her hair.

"I will make you breakfast, anything you want," said Marilla and when Flavia had stopped sobbing she wiped the tears from her cheeks and kissed her softly on the forehead.

"If you were my mother, would you allow me to be with Liang?" asked Flavia, her eyes still moist.

Marilla was taken aback by the question, "I… I don't know how to answer that… I would want my daughter to be happy and free to do whatever she wishes."

"I wish you could have been my mother… someone who loves me for who I am not someone who they expect me to be."

It was Marilla's turn to feel tears well up, "You are a lady of Rome, I am just a humble woman from a fishing village in Dalmatia. I could never be worthy of being your mother."

"You are more than worthy. I don't know what I would do without you."

Marilla couldn't stop the tears, "Now, Domina, we must both pull ourselves together. You get bathed and changed and I will get you breakfast," she then squeezed Flavia tight and peppered the girl's head in kisses.

PART TWO

Saphina sat up and took in the sights around her. Her bed chamber was littered with naked men and women, most of whom were a tangle of limbs scattered around on her immense bed. In all, there must have been over thirty people passed out amongst the rubble that was last night´s orgy. Much of the white marble floor was stained with wine, as were the bedsheets, while dresses and togas lay in hastily created piles. Saphina smiled, it had been a good night. She lifted a woman´s arm off her and stood up on her bed. Then, purposefully, she stepped on the naked bodies of the dozen or so people that were between her and the floor. They moaned and groaned as they were disturbed from their drunken sleep. Once on the floor, she admired herself in the polished brass mirror, her dark hair hung in messy locks down to her shoulders, one side seemed to be flattened and sticky from spilled wine. She also noticed a stain over her round pert breasts that had run down and pooled around her bejeweled belly button. Her eye charcoal was

smudged around her olive green eyes and the red dye on her lips had smeared to create a freakishly wide grin making her look like a comedic performer from the theatre. She liked the look and waved at herself in the mirror and smiled broadly. Then she realized she needed to urinate.

A nude young slave girl was curled up on a rug, spittle dribbling from one side of her mouth. Saphina gave the girl a firm kick. The girl sat up with a start and looked around with blurred eyes. Saphina didn´t wait for the girl to get her bearings and grabbed the back of the hair and pulled the slave to her crotch. The girl obediently opened her mouth wide and clamped it over Saphina´s pussy.

Saphina sighed and peed. It was quite the torrent and the slave girl struggled to keep up gulping and swallowing as much as she could, even still a lot of urine ran down the girl´s chin, down her neck and over her small breasts. It amused Saphina to see her slaves degraded so, to make them know that in Rome their place was on their knees and to be used as a latrine by a goddess such as herself.

When Saphina had finished, the slave coughed and spluttered and then looked submissively at the floor. Saphina was about to leave when she felt something on her perfectly round ass, like something sticky had dried on it. She chuckled when she remembered a young nobleman ejaculating on her, he hadn´t lasted long inside her tightest hole at all and as he pulled out he had sprayed his seed everywhere.

"Lick this up," she then instructed to the slave girl, pointing at the semen stain.

The girl did as she was told and licked her Domina´s ass, doing her best to remove the dried cum.

"And my hole," added Saphina, spreading her cheeks.

Again, without hesitation, the slave girl extended her tongue and rimmed Saphina´s anus. Saphina purred at the subtle sensation and felt a little tingle in her nipples. Without warning, Saphina marched off, leaving the girl on her knees tongue sticking out. She pushed open the huge double doors and strode into the long corridor beyond. Still nude, she passed a few guards, that desperately tried to avert their gaze, not

that Saphina cared, as well as some slaves conducting their daily chores.

She reached the long dining table and clapped her hands. Instantly a few slave girls came running in.

"Food… and wine… what are you fools waiting for?"

All of the slaves scurried off like their lives were depending on it, all except one.

"Domina," a slave girl in her late twenties, with fiery red hair, said with nod, "Would you like me to bring you some clothes… or perhaps you might wish to bathe first?"

"What is the weather like today… Bertha… Brunhilda… B…"

"It's Breanna, Domina. It will be warm. Hot actually… very hot."

"Then clothes won't be necessary. Actually no one needs to wear clothes today. Tell everyone to take them off."

"Everyone, Domina?" asked Breanna apprehensively.

"Yes, everyone. Including the guards."

"Domina… I´m not sure if that is a good idea… mean if…"

"I know you are new to the palace," Saphina started calmly, "but why the fuck do you think I care about your opinion!" bellowed Saphina, her rage erupting out of nowhere, "Take off your fucking clothes! Take them off! Take them off! Take them off!" plates and jugs were sent crashing to the floor where they shattered into a thousand pieces.

Breanna shrunk and fought back the sudden urge to pee. She hastily pulled her simple dress from her shoulders until she revealed her pale, slender body, "Sorry, Domina," her mouth suddenly so dry she could barely speak. She felt even more vulnerable now and tried to cover herself up with an arm across her chest and a hand over her crotch.

"Why are you standing there like a fool?! Go! And if I see a single person wearing clothes for the rest of the day I will do to you as I did to your predecessor. That is have you taken to the Colosseum, tied down and raped by the baboons for all of Rome´s amusement!"

It was a vile spectacle that Breanna had been forced to witness, a spectacle that had concluded with the victim being slowly chewed to death by the ravenous beasts. The thought of that happening to her spurred her into immediate action.

"Right away, Domina," her voice was so weak that she didn't even know if Saphina heard her.

Saphina sighed as her fingers drummed the wooden frame of her couch impatiently. After a couple of minutes, three nude slaves appeared carrying food and wine. One quickly started sweeping the floor while the other two laid out new plates, dished the food and poured the wine. When they had finished they stood by Saphina, trembling.

Breanna came back in, she had managed to compose herself, slightly, "Domina, I have given out your orders. Everyone is removing their clothing as we speak."

"Stand up straight, let me see you," said Saphina between sips of wine, "Hands by your side."

Breanna did as she was told. She had a nice figure, slender with small titties that were topped by pale pink nipples.

"You are quite pretty. After I have eaten I am going to fuck you," stated Saphina.

Breanna felt a throb of warmth between her legs and her tingle in her nipples, "Yes, Domina."

"Why do you look so scared? Don't women from Britannia fuck?"

"Of course…Erm… just in our culture we only lie with men," replied Breanna, her nipples continuing to harden.

Saphina burst out laughing, "Just with men? What a ridiculous people you are! No wonder you were so easily enslaved!"

"Yes, Domina," nodded Breanna submissively.

"Which of these slaves do you find most attractive?" asked Saphina, nodding towards the three slave girls, who looked up with blushing faces.

"I…I… really don't have a preference…"

"Well pick one, get on the table and fuck her. I like to be entertained while I eat."

"N…now?…" sputtered Breanna and immediately regretted questioning her Mistress so quickly followed it up with a "Yes, Domina, right away, Domina."

She felt her labia starting to swell at the prospect of sex, even if it was with another woman for the first time. She looked over the slave girls. Like all the women in the palace, they were all extraordinarily attractive. One had short blonde hair and cute freckles that made the young girl even more adorable.

Breanna pointed, she was so nervous her hand shook as she did so, "Hilda," the word came out as a faint rasp.

"I'm waiting," sighed Saphina.

Breanna was unsure what to do, not only with the girl, but also the table, which was now covered in plates and wine jugs. She climbed onto the table doing her best not to kneel on anything or knock anything over. Hilda also climbed up, another plate fell to the floor and shattered. The

two nude girls knelt on the table, facing each other. Breanna looked over at Saphina, hoping for advice, but her Domina just popped a grape between her front teeth and watched them with her sharp eyes, still covered in smudged eyeliner.

Nervously Breanna reached out with two trembling hands and cupped Hilda´s ample breasts and began to knead them. She could feel the girl´s nipples hardening under the touch and knew her own were already fully erect. Hilda just copied and also started to rub her hands over Breanna´s body. The touch felt good and Breanna´s heart continued to speed up. She couldn´t believe she was about to have sex with a woman for the first time, on a table, as a spectacle for her Domina. Her very limited sexual experience before her enslavement had always been one of private love making, it was absurd in her culture to share such a moment with other people… let alone perform sex acts on another woman. Yet she couldn´t deny how her pussy had now spread and now felt so wonderfully sensitive.

"Well kiss! My Temple of Venus is still as dry as the deserts of Arabia!" snapped Saphina.

Breanna was too nervous to speak so just managed a meek nod before leaning in and closing her eyes. The other slave girl's lips touched her and they started to kiss, slowly, tentatively, their mouths closed.

"I used to kiss my mother with more passion than that, use your tongues. I am getting bored with you. Do you want me to find other ways to make you amuse me," said Saphina, her frustration showing.

Breanna opened her mouth. In some ways, it was the same as kissing a man, yet in others, it was so different, softer, more tender. It was unnatural to her, but still the sensations were nice and her clit gave another throb as her pounding heart continued to engorge it with blood. Her tongue met Hilda's, the tips of their tongues shyly touched, both unsure of what to do. Breanna told herself she needed to do more, that Saphina's patience could fail at any moment… with dire consequences. She told herself that was why, not that her own body was also demanding it. She took the girl's head in her hands, tilted her head

slightly and with her mouth wide open, she forced her tongue deep inside. It was an explosion of taste and sensation. Warmth, smooth and wet. Hilda´s tongue then started to respond and lapped back, swirling and twirling.

"Mmm… much better," purred Saphina leaning back and spreading her legs to allow her a hand to start to work herself.

Breanna continued to kiss, all the while her own sex was getting wetter and wetter. She tried to pluck up the courage to take things further, knowing she was being watched, and judged, made her hesitate. She heard a moan, clearly, Saphina had no issues with masturbating in the company of others.

"Get those fingers in each other´s cunts!" came a breathless instruction.

Breanna knew she had no choice now and reached forward, her hand touched the top of Hilda´s inner thigh and then she worked up. She wasn´t surprised to find soaking wet folds, at the same time, she felt Hilda´s trembling fingers on her swollen labia, which was just as sodden.

Breanna tried to imagine she was fingering herself, and with two curled fingers, eased Hilda´s slick lips apart before moving inwards. The girl was tight, very tight and Breanna was cautious of hurting the girl. Then she gasped as her two fingers entered her. She was so aroused that they had slipped effortlessly in. The pleasure forced her to break the kiss and the two women looked into each other eyes, their warm pants flowing over each other´s faces. Breanna could see the lust in Hilda´s expression, and it sparked something in her as well. She pushed a little harder and her finger eased into the teenager´s tight hole.

In the same rhythm, they started to fuck each other. Their wrists pumping backward and forward driving their fingers in and out with a wet slapping sound.

"That´s it…" moaned Saphina, her own fingers now inside herself and joining in the rhythm, "make each other cum…"

Breanna still couldn´t believe what was happening, that another girl´s fingers were pleasuring her… that it felt so good. The shame she felt was starting to fade as lust broke down her cultural beliefs. Over

Hilda´s shoulder she could see the other two slave girls, still standing by the table. They were watching with bright red faces, their nipples erect. Then she noticed a couple of nude guards had edged to the doorway, the men stood transfixed their cocks as stiff as the spears they held.

Suddenly there was a crash of plates. The pleasure had been too much for Hilda and she had collapsed onto the table, landing in the piles of meats and fruit sending much to the tiled floor below.

"Oh…my…oh…my…" the girl whimpered.

Breanna had to adjust her position and now knelt over the girl who was losing control. She watched the girl thrash around her arms flailing sending a jug of wine clattering to the floor. The girl´s fingers pulled out of Breanna as her hands searched for the edge of the table to brace herself. Breanna missed the emptiness in her sex intensely but focussed on fucking the busty young slave girl. She saw Hilda´s breasts rise and fall rapidly, the girl´s eyelids were creased up and her plump lips were open, mouthing wordlessly.

"You've got her," said Saphina, "Now finish her…" she then drunk from her wine glass with one hand while the other spread her pussy wide.

Breanna could see her Domina's hot pink skin and her swollen pearl that was a deep red and glistening. She felt an unexpected urge to taste that flower, to savor its nectar, the desire surprised her and stoked her own fires. She pumped hard, curling her fingers upwards and pressing against Hilda's top wall.

Hilda kicked, sending more crockery crashing. Her hands gripped the edge of the table so tight that her knuckles went white, "I'm going to cum…Oh… Mmm…"

Breanna felt her own clit throb with excitement at being able to control another girl so, but also with frustration that it was not getting the attention it was crying out for. Hilda's hips lifted her ass off the table and her whole body stiffened. Breanna felt her fingers being squeezed again and again. She watched as Hilda's head just flopped backward, thudding

against the table and the girl's mouth screamed but no sound came out, then her body shuddered and went still.

"Very nice…" said Saphina, her finger was now tracing a circle around her nub teasing it even further from its hood, "Now show that slut why you are the new Prima Ancilla."

"Domina?" asked Breanna, apprehension and arousal building in equal measure.

"Fuck her face! Cover her in your essence!"

The words from her dominant Domina almost triggered an orgasm. Breanna's whole pussy suddenly tightened and her nipples tensed. The thought of using the other slave girl in this way was more arousing than anything she had ever imagined. She had lived such a simple, innocent life on the farm in her village, the idea that sex was anything other than man and woman, with the man on top was totally beyond her comprehension. Hilda looked up, still shaken from the effects of her climax. Her face was so pretty and sweet. Breanna realized that she wanted to fuck it… to make it hers. She crawled up the table, ignoring

the squelch of grapes that squished beneath her knees, until she mounted and straddled Hilda. She felt very self-conscious, not only from Hilda, who now was looking up, wide-eyed, at her spread flower. But also from the two slave girls and as well as the guards at the door, one of which was now masturbating furiously. She swallowed and looked up at Saphina, who was still sprawled out on the couch, legs spread, finger teasing her own clit.

Breanna started to lower herself, Hilda´s warm pants flowing over her wet pussy tantalizing it even more. Then she gasped as her open sex pressed down on Hilda´s moist lips. Instinct immediately took over and she started to grind, gyrating her hips backward and forward. She moaned, she moaned loudly not caring who was watching or who could hear. Her labia was so sensitive now that the soft caress of Hilda´s mouth and nose sent thousands of little sparks of pleasure shooting up her vagina and culminating in her diamond hard nipples. As she face fucked, Breanna cupped her breasts and squeezed her nipples tightly,

so tightly it hurt. The sharp pain blended perfectly with the bliss between her legs, she squeezed harder and fucked harder.

"Look me in the eyes as you fuck," said Saphina softly, "And you!" she suddenly turned to address the guard who was working his cock, her voice menacing and cold, "If you dare to soil my floor with your sap I will have that tiny dick cut off!"

The two guards balked and slinked back down the corridor.

"Now, tell me how beautiful I am," Saphina smiled sweetly at Breanna although the red dye around her lips made the smile look crazed.

"Domina... you... you are very beautiful..." gasped Breanna between thrusts, her clit caught the tip of Hilda's nose delightfully sending shivers up and down her back.

"And?"

"And…" Breanna tried to think, tried to understand what her Domina wanted, "and…" her mind couldn't formulate words, the pleasure combining with the sudden pressure of her Mistress's demand.

"And?" snapped Saphina, her eyes glowering as her finger sped up, circling her clit faster and faster, "That's it? I am just very beautiful? Is that all you think of when you look upon me?"

"No Domina… you are… you are…" Breanna was starting to panic, even as she drove her pussy over Hilda's face she felt her fear mounting and that urge to pee returned, "You… are a Goddess!" she blurted out at last.

"A Goddess," cooed Saphina smiling happily, "I am, aren't I. Go on," the pace of her masturbating eased as she calmed.

"You are the most divine Goddess in the whole world… your body… it is pure greatness… more perfect than any of the sculptures in Rome…" Breanna felt her confidence growing as Saphina smiled broadly, "All other statues should be pulled down and replaced with your splendor…"

Saphina sat upright, "You are right! They should! That is an excellent suggestion. I shall speak to my husband about that this very day. Continue…" she relaxed back into her seat.

"Your… your…" Breanna's mind stumbled as she searched for more complements, "Oh…Mmm…" Hilda had opened her mouth and her tongue was now caressing Breanna's clit with every thrust. She struggled to concentrate, to gather her thoughts. She could feel her pussy starting to tense, the bliss overwhelming, "Your breasts… they are like a gift from Venus, made to be suckled by all those around you in homage to your glory…"

Saphina paused and looked thoughtful, replaying Breanna's words in her head before smiling, "I like that! They should be suckled!" she then poured her wine over her chest, the deep red liquid flowing down over her tits, "You two, idiots! Come and suckle!"

The other two slave girls burst into action, they knelt down by their mistress and took Saphina's nipples into their mouths. Saphina moaned

happily at the intensity of the sucking and slipped a finger into her pussy, “That´s right suck… suck my divine titties… Breanna, continue.”

Breanna watched the spectacle before her, the two young girls, on their knees, desperate to please Saphina. The power her Domina had over them was both terrifying and yet so enthralling. Knowing her body… her pussy… her ass… her tits belonged to someone else was so debasing but made Breanna even more aroused. She could hear Saphina´s finger working her dripping sex, the sound of wet sucking as the two slave girls licked, lapped and suckled and the muffled moaned as Hilda forced her tongue against Breanna´s clit.

Breanna gasped for air. She was there. Her whole body tensed and she squeezed Hilda´s head tightly between her thighs. Her toes wiggled and her breasts felt as sensitive as she had even known. She was about to have her first female induced orgasm and she knew it was going to be glorious.

"Mmm….Mmm…Mmm…" she whimpered, pursing her lips tight, feeling embarrassment rising at the thought of Saphina seeing her climax. She could see her Domina smiling at her.

"That´s it, cum on that slut´s face."

She tried to resist to hold on, that just made the tension even worse, "Oh…OH… OH!" she cried her mouth opening and her voice filling the marble lined room. Then all the pressure broke in a single release, and even as the total body orgasm claimed her she watched in shock, and then fear, as something totally unexpected happened. A jet of clear fluid squirted from her convulsing pussy and sprayed not only over Hilda´s open mouth, but right across to where Saphina was sat.

"Oh Fuck!" she shouted out aloud and watched helplessly as her juices flowed down the backs of the two slave girls and also down the front of Saphina, the liquid essence trickled down her stomach and down over her pussy.

Saphina gasped in surprise and looked up in shock. Even through waves of pleasure, Breanna felt her dread build, what had she done? She never knew that her body was capable of such an act.

"Wh…what was that?" asked Saphina, her masturbating paused as she took in the surprise.

"I…I don't know, Domina. I don't know what happened? Please, Mistress. It was an accident! That has never happened before. I…I'll clean it up!" Breanna jumped off the table, glancing down at Hilda's, now soaked, face, "I won't let that happen again! Domina, please forgive me!" she felt tears starting to form and panic rising.

"That was incredible! How did you do that? You must show me!" Saphina sat forward, rubbing her hand on her wet stomach and then sniffing the juices before licking her fingers curiously.

"I…I don't know Mistress…it just happened…"

"Can all women from Britannia do that?"

"I… I really don't know… it's never happened before," shame and concern made Breanna shrink under Saphina's gaze.

"You will need to practice! I want to show that to all my guests at one of my parties! They will be amazed!" Saphina already seemed to be daydreaming at the thought of her slave squirting over her friends, the shock and delight on their faces as they were drenched in feminine cum.

Breanna blushed, and doubt filled her, "Yes, Domina. I will try…"

"Try? Try? No, no, NO! You will not try, you will do! I want you squirting like a fountain! And if you embarrass me… well I think you already know the consequences."

Breanna tried to reply but even though her lips moved, no sound came out.

"Anyway, come with me! I need to feed my beast," said Saphina standing up abruptly sending the two slave girls, who had been kneeling, sprawling onto their backs. She didn't appear to care that her nipples were still hard and wet with spittle, or that her pussy was as of yet

unsatisfied, her petals hot pink and spread. She marched briskly out of the room and Breanna hurried after her.

Saphina hummed happily as she turned corner after corner of the sprawling palace. Nude guards stood to attention as they passed, she ignored them totally, while they tried, and failed, to keep their eyes off the goddess.

They reached a stairway that winded down. Still, so much of the palace was a mystery to Breanna and this was a part she had never seen before. They went deep and the marble-tiled walls gave way to crude stones and she guessed they were now far below ground and in the hill the palace was mounted on. Flaming torches flickered as they passed and their shadows were cast on the rough walls. The air was much cooler, so much so Breanna´s recently relaxed nipples started to tingle again.

"Where are we going, Domina?" Breanna whispered, nervous of asking and nervous of being alone with her Domina in such a dark, forbidding place. If Saphina heard she did not answer. Eventually, they

reached a corridor lined with heavy wooden doors. Each door had a small barred window. Saphina had a specific cell in mind and strode toward the door at the very far end.

Breanna heard whimpers and faint moans from behind many of the doors. She paused to look in one. The cell was in darkness, the only light was the dull glow from the corridor. Through the thick gloom she was just able to see movement. There was someone inside, no not one, a few, maybe three or four. As her eyes adjusted she could just see the tangle of naked limbs as a few women were crammed into the tiny room.

"Good morning my beautiful creature," said Saphina, her soft voice echoing down the stone passageway.

Breanna turned to see Saphina looking in the door at the end of the corridor and hurried to join her.

"Domina, are we safe down here?"

Saphina ignored her and pulled open the thick metal bolts on the door which sent a deep grinding noise up and down the prison. Breanna took a step behind her Mistress as the door swung open.

"Domina?" her voice was just a whisper and she could barely hear herself over the pounding of blood in her ears.

"Good morning, my beautiful beast," called Saphina warmly into the cell, "I'm in a good mood so I am going to give you a treat," Saphina turned and pushed passed Breanna leaving the girl staring into the dark, "Just wait here."

"Domina?" part of Breanna just wanted to turn and run, to flee back down the corridor and up the stairs into the light. The other part rooted her to the spot, not just out of fear but also curiosity. With a trembling hand she took a flaming torch from the wall and held it through the door. The small cell glowed orange and shadows, caused by her shaking, flittered around the stone walls. In one corner was a bed, someone was curled up on it, pressed against the wall. Breanna found herself taking a step into the cell to extend the pool of light. It looked like a young man was curled up into a ball, his skin rippling with muscles and adorned by strange tattoos. Then, Breanna saw full round breasts and realized that, despite the toned muscles, the person was a woman. She was bigger

than any girl she had seen, with powerful legs, and biceps that would put most men to shame. The woman´s back undulated with muscles as she tried to face the wall, to hide from the light that must have been burning her eyes after all this time in the dark. Around the woman´s neck, a thick metal loop and links of a chain that fastened it to the wall caught the flickering torch light.

Breanna had been so entranced that she hadn´t heard Saphina return, ˝Out of my way!˝

Breanna moved aside as Saphina shoved a bewildered and scared young woman in front of her. The woman was covered in filth, her hair matted and she was dressed in little more than a sack with holes crudely cut in. She mumbled in a language that Breanna didn´t understand, her eyes darting around fearfully.

˝My beautiful one! Here you are my beautiful creature!˝ called Saphina into the cell, her tone a mix of affection and mockery. With a firm push, she sent the prisoner tumbling into the cell where she landed face first. The girl looked up at the woman in the corner of the cell and

again mumbled something in her own language which Breanna assumed was a call of mercy from whatever gods she worshiped.

The call went answered. The woman sprung off the bed much like Breanna had seen the lions in the Colosseum pounce on unfortunate victims. The girl on the floor squealed as powerful hands pinned her down and tore the sack dress from her body in a series of ripping sounds. As she was stripped nude, she tried to crawl for the door, but the feral woman was too strong and a hand gripped her ankle. She was dragged back and lifted effortlessly onto the bed.

Breanna watched on as the woman flipped the girl onto her front and mounted her. The bed creaked and groaned as the savage woman started to grind and thrust her sex against the girl´s ass in a frenzy. The girl struggled briefly and then lay still and accepted her plight, gripping the bed sheets as she was taken. The feral woman groaned in pleasure, her mighty breasts swaying backward and forwards with every thrust. Against the wall, the torchlight cast the silhouette of the two women, the shadows convulsing with a furious, pent-up, sexual energy.

"Isn't she marvelous? said Saphina, beaming with pride.

Breanna couldn't make out the savage woman's face, the unkempt dark hair hung down over it as she fucked, but her body was an impressive, if formidable, sight. The dark tattoos appeared to take on a life of their own in the ruddy light and sweat began to glisten on her body, highlighting the powerful muscles.

"Enjoy your toy," smiled Saphina, she then closed and bolted the heavy door.

*****

"Any others?" asked Camila, her frustration growing.

"Yeah… maybe a few other… don't stop, I'm almost there…" panted Naevia.

Camila looked up from the girl's swollen pussy, Naevia was lying on the bed her hands gripping the pillows, "My love… I really need all the names?"

"Why does it matter?… just make me cum… please…"

Camila traced her fingers around the teenager′s swollen nub and got a purr in response. The names Naevia had already told her were spinning around in her mind. They were a collection of merchant guild officials as well as senators that were almost certainly under their pay. If Petronius and Dariana were having clandestine meetings with them that was most intriguing. ‘Why would Petronius, who has been a long-serving member of the Conservatorium nobility be dealing with the opposition?′ she asked herself. She then gave Naevia′s clit a sharp flick.

“Ow!″

“My love, try to think… was there anyone else? Please think, it is important,″ she then smothered Naevia′s sex in a barrage of little kisses.

Naevia sighed in annoyance, “I think there was a meeting a couple of days ago which had a bunch of boring old men, one was called Trebonius another Junius and the last one… he was called…″

“Yes?″ encouraged Camila, already suspecting the answer.

“Cassium? Yes, that was it. Cassium.″

Camila slipped two fingers into the girl´s tight pussy and started to stroke while she tried to take in the gravity of the situation. `The leader of the Mercantile Senators colluding with a senior official of the nobility. But why?´ she asked herself.

"Faster… please… and lick my pearl… I want to cum on your face."

Camila leaned in and started to lick with long firm strokes.

*****

Camila could still taste Naevia´s sweet juices on her lips as she entered Vitus´s study. He was behind a desk discussing matters of state with a young man whom she recognized as one of his messenger boys.

"May I have a moment of your time?" asked Camila.

"I´m quite busy, my dear. Can it wait?" Vitus didn´t even look up.

Camila saw a stain on the young man´s tunic, it appeared to still be damp, clearly her husband wasn´t so busy that he hadn´t had time to have had his cock sucked.

"It´s important," she addressed the young man directly, "Leave us."

The man nodded submissively, "Yes, my lady."

Camila double-checked to make sure that no one was loitering by the door when she closed it.

"What is so important that it can't wait?" asked Vitus signing a document with his signet ring.

"I have discovered who Petronius and Dariana have had meetings with. Cassium!"

Vitus looked up, "Are you sure? For Petronius to have meetings with Cassium outside of the senate… not for agreed official business… well that would be very…"

"Interesting?"

"I was going to say concerning. How can you be sure?"

"The meeting was held in Petronius's villa and my little birdy, Naevia saw him."

"So pillow talk?"

"Pillow talk is the most reliable talk there is, my dear," smiled Camila, "One tends to tell the truth when your body is being ravaged by pleasure."

"And I am sure you ravaged her very well," grinned Vitus with a knowing nod, "Fine, you believe she is telling the truth… could she be mistaken?"

"The girl may be naive in the world and machinations around her, but she can manage to hear a name correctly. Also, she was able to name Cassium's closest party members. There is no doubt."

Vitus leaned back in his chair, "If Petronius could offer Cassium some votes from the nobility they would be able to oust Marcellus as Emporer."

"And who would be best placed to take his place?"

"The nobility would never accept Cassium, but maybe both parties could be convinced that Petronius would make the perfect in-between man, with support from the disgruntled nobility as well as from his newfound friends in the Mercantilium."

"Emperor Petronius and his consort Dariana… not a pleasant thought."

"Not a pleasant thought, indeed."

"So what are you going to do? I for one don't fancy being ruled over by that bitch and her husband!"

Vitus turned to look out the window and at the lush greenery of the fig trees, "Petronius's plan only will work if he can catch the Emperor off guard. If Petronius's allies in the nobility know they have been discovered scheming before the deed is done they will scurry back under their rocks out of fear of reprisals and Petronius and Cassium would lose the vote. We just need to know who those supporters are, which nobles are prepared to cross party lines and what have they been offered," Vitus turned back to his wife, "Do you think you will be able to ravage your little birdy for that information?"

Camila smiled, "I think we both know how good I am at ravaging," she stepped between Vitus and his desk and sat, straddling him. She

started to grind backward and forward until she felt the desired hardness. She reached down and eased the cock inside herself.

*****

Dariana circled the two nude wrestlers. Alda stepped forward kicking out to sweep at Femke´s legs. Femke nimbly dodged but realized too late that the attack had been a feint and was caught in a grapple. Alda repositioned, turned and, using a twist of her hips, threw Femke up, around and down onto the floor.

Femke managed to cushion the fall but still let out a pained grunt. She then smiled, "Excellent, that was much better!"

"So?" asked Dariana, "Is she ready? Does she have a chance against this so-called champion Saphina has?"

Femke got back to her feet, "I´m not sure, Domina. It depends on how good this woman is. Saying that, I am confident Alda has a chance, a very good chance."

Dariana stepped in closer and ran her hand over Alda´s sweaty body, ˝She is definitely bigger and stronger than when I bought her,˝ her hand reached one of Alda´s buttocks which she squeezed.

Alda tensed, gritted her teeth and resisted the urge to lash out.

˝It is good to see there is the same, anger… the same hate in her eyes,˝ smirked Dariana, her hand sliding between Alda´s legs and starting to rub the soft folds.

Alda just looked straight ahead focussing on a crack in the plaster of the training room wall. Dariana´s touch was soft as it spread her labia and her middle finger teased Alda´s entrance before tracing a line up to her clit. It felt good and Alda tried to control her body, tried to ignore the increasing tingle in her nipples and the growing warmth between her legs.

Dariana continued to stroke Alda as she turned to face Femke, ˝Have you fucked her yet?˝

Femke blushed deeply, ˝No, Domina.˝

"You want to, don´t you? So why haven´t you?" beneath her fingers, Alda´s pussy was growing wet and with the extra slickness she started to rub a little faster. She got a stifled moan in response.

"I´m… I´m her trainer… it wouldn´t be appropriate," replied Femke.

Dariana laughed, "Don´t lie to me, slave," she turned back to Alda and admired the breasts that glistened with sweat and noted the nipples that were standing taller than before, "I think our little barbarian here prefers cock. Prefers something hard inside her cunni," as she spoke Dariana slipped her middle finger into Alda´s now soaked pussy.

Alda hated her body for reacting the way it had. She hated that this Roman bitch found it so easy to arouse her and it confused her at the same time. She clenched her jaw and did her best to blot out the pleasure as her Domina´s finger started to ease in and out of her.

"If she wins," continued Dariana, "I will order her to fuck you, Femke. As a reward for your hard work."

"What about me?" came a voice from the doorway.

They turned to see Naevia standing there, watching.

"My sweet girl!" smiled Dariana, "You know you can fuck anyone whenever you want!"

Naevia walked into the training room and took a moment to admire the sweaty nude bodies of the slaves and inhaled the feminine scent that hung heavy in the air.

Alda couldn't stop herself from looking at the gorgeous nymph, she had been told that her Domina's daughter was beautiful, but seeing her in the flesh, she saw that was a terrible understatement. The girl looked like a goddess, her flawless olive skin standing out from the pure white cotton of her long dress. Her long black hair flowed like black water as it was fastened up high on her head by a bronze band and hung in a long ponytail. To Alda's shame, her nipples hardened even more and her pussy contracted at the sight of the nubile young Roman.

Dariana felt the brief clench around her finger and laughed, "I think this slave likes you! Perhaps she isn't so devoted to cock after all?"

Naevia stepped up to Alda and ran a finger down the slave´s arm, ˝She seems strong… I like strong,˝ she then slid her hand over to one of Alda´s breasts and traced circles around the erect nipples, ˝Is she wet, mother?˝

˝Oh, she is so wet, just listen,˝ Dariana slipped a second finger inside and pumped them both in and out rapidly. The sound of wet pussy lips filled the room.

Alda tried to keep her legs strong, to try and resist the pleasure that was being forced upon her.

˝She is certainly stubborn,˝ mused Naevia.

Alda glanced over at Femke, who just looked as embarrassed and ashamed as she felt. But also she could see a trace of anger… even jealously in the other slave´s eyes. When Femke caught Alda´s gaze, she bashfully looked at the floor.

˝I imagine she could fuck really hard,˝ mocked Naevia, now standing right in front of Alda and fondling both her breast.

"Oh… Mmmm…" gasped Alda, the pleasure building in her pussy, along with the visual stimulation of Naevia too much to resist anymore. Her legs trembled.

"Would you like to lick my pussy, slave? Stick your tongue in my cunt?" Naevia teased.

The words created mental images in Alda's mind and sent shivers up and down her spine, "Mmm…" her jaw clenched tighter and her brow furrowed under the strain.

"Maybe you want to kiss me?" whispered Naevia tilting her head up, opening her mouth wide and licking her lips slowly, "Do you? Do you want to put your tongue in my mouth… to taste me?"

Alda staggered, her legs almost giving way.

Naevia wrapped her arms around Alda's neck and pulled herself close so bare, sweaty breasts pressed against the fine white cotton, "You don't prefer cock, do you? You much prefer tight, wet, teen pussy," Naevia's was so close that her breath blew over Alda's face.

"Oh…Mmm…" Alda's legs finally buckled and she fell to one knee, Dariana's fingers withdrawing with a wet pop as she did so.

Both Roman women burst out laughing at the sight of the slave overcome by pleasure.

"Mother, I need to talk to you," said Naevia looking down at the humbled slave.

"Sounds intriguing," smiled Dariana, "Femke, I shall leave you and your student to your training."

As Naevia was about to leave, she turned, winked and blew a kiss to Alda, then smirked mockingly.

Dariana sprawled out on one of the couches in the atrium and Naevia sat next to her. A slave girl hurried over and quickly poured them both a glass of water before retreating to the deep shadows behind one of the columns.

"So, do we have news?" asked Dariana.

"It went just as I planned. I told Camila all the list of names you gave me," replied Naevia, sipping the water.

"Including Cassium? You mentioned Cassium?"

"Yes mother, as I said, I gave her all the names."

Dariana smiled, "Good work."

"Her next step will be to determine who amongst the nobles will side with the Mercantilium."

"And we will give her those names. You really are a devious little creature aren't you," grinned Dariana proudly at her daughter, "She and Vitus will be chasing their own tails. Searching for traitors in all the shadows and all the time they won't see who is really behind this. Until it is too late. And you are sure Camila wasn't suspicious?"

Naevia sniggered, "Camila thinks she is far smarter than she really is. And when she looks at me she just sees the disguise I wear – a beautiful, naive fool. She can't see passed my pussy."

Dariana´s eyes dropped to her daughter´s crotch, ˝It is such a perfect pussy after all. How many women in Florentia fell under its spell, showering you with gems and gold?˝

˝I lost count,˝ snorted Naevia, ˝of how many times you whored me out.˝

˝That tight little pussy saved this family, we would have been on the streets! I did what I needed to and so did you.˝

˝Well, I tire of whoring myself out to make ends meet. If I am to be someone´s lover then I deserve the best. The very best. And I know exactly how to get her.˝

˝I am sure you shall ensnare whomever you choose. But for now you must be Camila´s lover. Tell me, tell me how she fucks you.˝

Naevia smiled at seeing her mother´s arousal, ˝Camila is a very confident lover, passionate and strong.˝

˝Do you let her eat your cunni?˝

"Yes… I let her run her tongue all over it… I let her lick my pearl and take it into her mouth," Naevia's voice was low and deep.

"Mmm…" purred Dariana pulling her dress up revealing her smooth sex, "Do you like it? Do you like her tongue lapping at your cute pussy?"

"Yes… she licks slow… but hard… she knows what she is doing and she makes me purr with delight."

"Mmm… good… good," panted Dariana, her hand blurring from side to side over her pussy until it was soaking.

"She gets so hungry for me, to taste me… to ease her tongue inside me… it drives her crazy… sometimes… sometimes…"

"Yes? Yes?" panted Dariana, "tell me…"

"She asks me to lift my, legs right up to my chest to reveal my tight little hole…" whispered Naevia.

"Go on…please…." Dariana's fingers now slipped inside herself and started to thrust in a frenzy.

"She spreads my cheeks and runs her tongue down from my pussy…."

"Oh yes… oh yes…"

"Right onto my cute little asshole."

"Does she stick it inside you? Does she?" asked Dariana breathlessly as she pulled the straps of her dress down with her free hand to uncover her globes.

"Yes mother, she does. She stiffens her tongue and then she pushes and pushes until my tight little hole can't resist any longer and her tongue penetrates my ass."

"Oh fuck yes! Do you like it? Do you like her tongue up your ass?"

"Mmm…yes… it makes me feel powerful knowing that the great Camila Furius Gracchus is sticking her tongue up my ass… tasting my earthy essence… pleasuring me because she just can't resist my beauty."

"Oh…Oh! Fuuuuck!" Dariana convulsed on the sofa, her body wracked by dozens of little tremors as her mouth lolled open.

"Maybe that is where your tongue should be too, mother? Up my ass… fucking my ass…"

"Oh by the Gods! Yes!" another orgasm tore through Dariana's body and her legs twitched while her toes straightened then curled upwards.

"You would like that, wouldn't you, fucking your daughter's perfect ass with your tongue?"

"Oh please stop!" the words triggered yet another climax and Dariana almost slipped off the couch and had to grab onto the back of it.

Naevia stood up, turned and pulled her dress tight over her ass so the curves of her small pert buttocks showed through, "Maybe one day I will let you. If our plan comes to fruition and I get all I want, what I deserve, then maybe I will let you eat my ass."

Dariana watched her daughter leave, despite the orgasms, the thought of devouring such a peach stoked her passions into a fury. She wanted it, she wanted it so much, ‟You, stop skulking in the shadows! Get over here!″

The slave girl hurried over, ‟Yes, Domina?″

‟Turn around, bend over!″

The young slave flushed slightly knowing she was about to be sexually degraded, but knew she had no choice. She turned and bent over, pushing her ass out towards Dariana.

Dariana grabbed the girl′s hips and pulled her in close. Then, sitting on the edge of the couch, she lifted the girl′s dress up to reveal a cute little bottom. She heard the girl give a slight snivel as she spread the girl and a tight pink buttonhole was exposed. Hungrily she buried her face into the ass, her tongue lapping at the anus. She imagined it was Naevia she was eating out, she imagined her daughter′s perfect face rapt with bliss. The mental image stoked her passions even more and she stiffened her tongue and forced the cheeks apart even more until the

tight little hole opened slightly. Her tongue attacked like a spear, thrusting and thrusting until the girl was breached and she slid inside. She heard the slave moan as her tongue started to circle, around and around tasting the girl´s essence. She lifted her other hand between the girl´s legs to find the slave´s pussy was already becoming moist. No, matter how straight they claimed to be when they arrived at the villa, not a single girl remained dry when they were fucked by another woman. Dariana eased her middle finger into the girl and thrust in time with the drives of her tongue. The girl´s moans became louder as her shyness and inhibitions were replaced by lust and pleasure. Dariana again imagined it was Naevia, groaning and gasping at every touch. Her passion continued to rise and she stopped licking and instead sunk her teeth deep into the firm ass, pinching the flesh. The slave girl´s gasp was louder and sharper. Dariana bit again and again. She was making the ass hers just as she would make Naevia´s.

"Domina…please…" whimpered the slave as teeth pinched her skin.

The girl′s weak cry angered Dariana, she knew her daughter would never show such weakness. She stood and spun the girl around, shoving her face down onto the couch, her ass sticking up into the air. Dariana smiled as she saw the bite marks starting to form, and then she started to spank the girl, quick sharp spanks until she could see her hand prints starting to form. Oh how she would love to spank her bratty daughter, maybe one day. When the ass was glowing red, and her own hand was starting to sting, she stopped and took a deep breath.

"You may go now," she panted.

The slave girl stood up, allowing her dress to fall back down over her rosy ass. She tried her best to hide the sobs as her tears flowed freely down her cheek, "Yes, Domina, Thank you Domina," she whimpered and hurried away.

*****

Malan tensed as he felt his sap rising from his balls into the base of his shaft, he clenched not only his jaw but also her buttocks as he

held his orgasm back. The whore continued to thrust her ass back into him grunting as she did so.

"That´s it! That´s it! Make me cum you little slut!" Malan snarled as he teetered on the brink and gripped the woman´s long, greasy hair. He watched his wet cock slide in and out of the whore´s cunt one more time and then he allowed himself to shoot. He felt the glorious release as he shot a full load deep into the whore and then collapsed onto the stained bedding panting and basking in the brief moment of joy his orgasm had afforded him. He lay there and listened to the grunts and groans of pleasure, and sometimes pain, from the other clients and whores of the brothel. The walls were so thin that he could easily hear the slapping sound of skin on skin as the couple next door rutted. He sighed contentedly and sat up, the woman had already gotten dressed and was doing her best to tidy her hair in the poor reflection of a cheap brass mirror. Malan chuckled, wouldn´t make any difference, she had lost her looks many years ago and running a comb through her hair wasn´t going

to change that. There was a good reason he liked taking whores from behind.

It was hot as hell itself and he used his shirt to wipe the sweat from his armpits before putting it on and pulling on his boots. He took out a pouch that jingled with coins, enough to draw the whore´s attention away from the mirror and to the sound of the money.

Malan shrugged smugly when he saw the woman check out the pouch with surprise, ˝Got me self a good bit of business,˝ he tossed a few coins onto the bed, ˝A little extra for ya.˝

˝Can go for another round if you like, you can have my ass for a couple more denarii,˝ replied the whore, her eyes locked on the pouch.

Malan laughed, ˝Didn´t think I had so much coin did ya? Well, now me cock is spent and I´m thirsty. Maybe I´ll come back later. Maybe.˝ He went out onto the landing and was greeted by the smell of cheap perfume and heady incense, in the heat the sweet odor made him feel dizzy. All around prostitutes were pawing clients, groping them, rubbing themselves up and down against them, and once they had achieved the

desired reaction, dragging them into vacant rooms. He passed one room where they hadn´t even closed the door, he looked in to see a man with one woman on his face and the other riding him hard. He considered watching, the whores didn´t appear to mind, but he sighed when he remembered he hadn´t actually done the job he had been so handsomely paid for.

Outside the evening air was fresher, slightly. The sweet scent of the brothel being replaced by a more familiar stench of the street. He hopped over the stream of piss and excrement that trickled slowly over the cobbles and into the bustling tavern. The raucous atmosphere greeted him and he shoved his way through the crowds.

"Excuse me good sir, you look like a discerning gentleman…" started a man.

Malan quickly eyed him up, he was dressed like a merchant although much of his clothes were threadbare and by the rips and tears he was a man who had fallen on hard times. A couple of months ago a

merchant wouldn´t have been caught dead in the Alleys. Times had certainly been tough, and the higher the man the further he had to fall.

"Piss off, I ain´t buying," snorted Malan.

"Dear, sir. I have the freshest cunt to sell, won´t find tighter anywhere in Rome," the merchant pulled a young woman forward and shoved her towards Malan.

Malan inspected the girl with an expert eye. Like the man her clothes would once have cost a small fortune, now they were covered in stains, and he could guess from source. She was pretty, despite the tired, empty eyes. Much prettier than the whores the other side of the road. Malan sighed, if his cock hadn´t just been spent he would have happily taken the man up on his offer, as it was, his spear was unlikely to rise for another few hours at least, no matter how pretty the face or tight the cunt.

"Let me give you some advice, free of charge. Get the fuck out of here! There´s going to be trouble and you won´t want to be caught up in the middle of it."

"Trouble," asked the man looking nervously around.

"Big fucking trouble!" Malan gave one last look at the harlot's slender body and sighed again in frustration at not being able to get hard enough to take advantage of such a beauty just when, for once, her had money burning a hole in his pocket.

He kept pushing through the throngs of revelers and looked around for the best bet. Then he saw a bunch of sailors, down on their luck and drawn inland in search of work. They would do perfectly. By the black eyes and bruises many of them wore, they clearly liked a brawl.

"Hey you! I know you! I think I'm your father!" he shouted at one of them.

The group of sailors looked up in confusion, the one he addressed glaring at him, "What did you say?!"

"I said I think I am your father, cause I am certain I fucked a whore that was so ugly it must have been your mother!"

The sailors all stood up in unison and the man Malan insulted stepped toward him. He was a lot bigger than Malan had thought, meaning this was going to hurt more than he hoped.

"You think you're funny guy?" asked the sailor.

"I think you mother is the cheapest, ugliest slut in the whole fucking Empire and believe me I have been with some ugly, cheap sluts in my time," replied Malan with a glint in his eye.

The sailor turned to the rest of his friends and laughed, it was a loud booming laugh. He then turned back to Malan, but the turn also included a swinging punch. Malan knew it was coming and this wasn't the first time he had taken a fist to the face nor would it be the last. He turned his head slightly to roll with the punch, even still the blow took him clean off his feet. Malan crashed into a table sending cups of beer smashing to the floor.

The men whose drinks he had just destroyed stood up in outrage and looked over at the sailors.

"Are you going to pay for that?" one of the men snarled.

"I ain't paying for shit!" replied the sailor.

"Oh, you are paying!"

Malan rolled neatly under another table as the two groups of men hurled themselves at each other. In the commotion, he reached up and grabbed himself a cup of beer and took a deep swig. It was certainly the strangest job he had been paid to do in a long time, not that he was complaining. All around the tavern fell into chaos, the alcohol, the heat and months of frustration stoking the violence until the fighting started breaking out into the street.

*****

"Rioting in the streets! Violence and looting! The city teeters on the brink of anarchy and still you want the Fifth Legion to be sent away! We should be thanking Marcellus for only our great Emperor's foresight has saved us from all-out revolution!" the senator was greeted with a round of rapturous applause from his fellow nobles, a nod from the Emperor and an angry silence from the Mercantilium.

Camila looked down on the proceedings from her lofty vantage point above the senators. Her husband, Vitus as well as Petronius sat amongst the nobles, all of whom appeared very smug.

Cassium stood for the Mercantilium and cleared his throat before speaking, "Foresight indeed. Our 'Great' Emporer has obviously seen into the future like, the virgin mystics of Athens. For how else could one predict that starvation, squalor and poverty would could be the catalyst for violence?"

The rest of the Mercantilium chortled loudly at Cassium's sarcasm while the nobility scowled.

"But! But!" continued Cassium when the room had quietened, "May I remind our Emperor, that the legions are never to be used for domestic security, that is the role of the city guard. A legion's place is out defending our borders, not policing our citizens!"

Again the Mercantilium let their approval be known by stamping their feet. The noble senator rose again and was about to speak when Marcellus silenced him with a wave of his hand and spoke himself.

"Senator Cassium, would you prefer the Legion stands idly by while mobs rampage through the Alleys? That they sit on their hands while streets burn? How much longer do you think it will be until those mobs spread into the rest of the city? How much longer until they reach your glorious Villa on the Aventine?"

Cassium wasn't about to back down, "I would suggest we tackle the root of this problem and re-establish the grain supply! Let the people know food is coming, that this recession has an end in sight! That their misery isn't going to be solved at the end of a legionnaire's spear!"

The rest of senate all turned to Marcellus and waited eagerly for his response.

"Ideology has a time and place, Senator Cassium. However, words and good intentions are no defense when the wolf is already at the door! That is why I propose a vote!" Marcellus stood to his full height, his purple and white robes flowing out behind him, "We vote to introduce Martial Law until the riots have them quashed and the mobs dispersed!"

The whole Capitol broke into waves of gasps, cheers, shouts of anger and cries of disbelief.

"Martial law?!" bellowed Cassium above the ruckus, "You cannot be serious?!"

"I am very serious! In the last couple days, the riots have spread from one district of the Alleys to four! Where will it stop if we do not end it?!"

"The Mercantilium will reject this unanimously! Even your own party are not so fool hardly enough to go along with such a belligerent option! You do not have the numbers, Emperor, and once this vile proposition is defeated I will call for new leadership!"

The call for a vote on Martial Law had sent the Capitol into uproar, the call for new leadership pushed it into full pandemonium. Scrolls and documents were thrown into the air, and at each other. Accusations of tyranny were hurled about as well as calls to end the riots by any means necessary. Normally, Camila was amused when the senate devolved into puerile name calling and pathetic vents of anger, but this time she

felt a chill down her spine. Such a vote, regardless of the result, could tear the senate apart.

*****

Even in the carriage, smoke wafted through the curtains filling the small cabin with an acrid smell.

"If the wind changes the whole city could go up in flames!" snorted Vitus, "Then it won't matter who is in charge."

"They say the fires in the Alleys are under control," replied Camila, pulling back a curtain and peering nervously up at the sky. Even from the other side of the city, a dark haze of smoke could be seen over the slums, "I don't like the Fifth Legion being based within the city walls, but the Emperor is right in this case. The riots need to be subdued before we have a full revolt on our hands. Or worse."

"Calling for Martial Law is unthinkable. I support the Emperor in most ways, however, I will not, in good conscience, vote to jeopardize our freedoms. We must not return to the tyranny of kings!" Vitus sighed, "This could go wrong for Marcellus, badly wrong."

Camila closed the curtain and coughed trying to rid the taste of smoke from her throat, "The Mercantilium have only really been a token party there to appease the Merchant Guilds. They have never been a serious threat to the nobility. This could change that. Could you imagine Cassium as our next Emperor?! Once that man owned a woodmill and within a week he could be the most powerful man in the world!"

"No," replied Vitus, looking into nothing, his mind trying to calculate the angles. "He may have the votes to reject Martial Law… but none of the nobles would vote him Emperor." Vitus shared a concerned looked with his wife before speaking again, "Is this Petronius's plan all along? Shake the loyalty of the nobles with a vote against Martial Law and then, with the Emperor diminished, call a leadership vote with himself as the prime candidate leveraging Cassium's endorsement?"

"Cassium and Petronius… One would bring the traditions of Rome crashing down the other would seek to have our family brought to heel. We could kiss goodbye to any of our political aspirations."

*****

Even under the scorching heat of the summer sun and after weeks of no rain, the gardens of the Aventine were lush and green as waters from the great aqueducts funneled water into the fountains and the gardeners managed dozens of slaves to keep the plants watered.

Flavia sat on a stone bench that was covered over by an array of plants and vines to provide shade in the late afternoon. She watched Naevia as she tormented a young nobleman who could barely speak with teenage nerves and excitement. She could see Naevia was toying with the man, how she flicked her hair, how she pushed out her bosom and tilted her head to expose her neck. Flavia wouldn´t have been surprised if the young man´s cock was rock hard under his toga at the prospect of lying with such a beauty.

The distraction was momentary as her gaze was drawn to the haze of smoke to the North. It had been getting worse day by day and all she could think about was Liang, hoping and praying she was all right. The entire section of the city had been cordoned off, each street

barricaded by the Fifth Legion to keep the plebs, the riots and the flames away from the rest of the city. She felt so powerless.

"He wants to marry me," laughed Naevia holding a pink lily and spinning the stem between her fingers.

"Oh really? And I assume you said yes," replied Flavia with a smile, relieved that her attention was drawn away from the dark, smoky clouds.

Naevia sat, "I'm afraid not," she giggled, "He was very sweet, especially when he asked me if I would like to suck his cock behind the bushes. I might have agreed, had he remembered to have asked my name first."

Flavia laughed, "It must be nice to be so desired, to have every young man so desperate to lie with you."

"It wasn't always so…"

"I do recall you used to be rather… larger in frame. The Gods have certainly blessed you now."

"Larger in frame? I recall that wasn't exactly the phrase you used to say," Naevia's tone suddenly more serious.

Flavia shrugged, "We were children. All children are mean. I'm sorry for teasing you."

"Teasing…" repeated Naevia, "It was cruel. The hippopotamus… that's what you and your friends called me."

"Naevia! That was years ago. I told you I am sorry. Please tell me you don't still hold a grudge for some childish name calling."

Naevia forced the resentment from her eyes and smiled warmly, "Of course not! As you say, it was years ago. And now look at us! Reunited and best of friends!"

"Your suitor tries to attract your attention again," Flavia nodded towards the young man that was looking in their direction, "Sure you don't want to marry him? He is quite handsome."

"Unless he owns half the vineyards in Naples I doubt my parents would agree to any man."

"I heard that your family had some… financial difficulties… Is that why you left Rome all those years ago?"

"Is that what your parents told you, that we left just because of financial difficulties?"

"They weren't specific. You know it is crass to discuss other families' troubles."

Naevia snorted, "Yet that is all people seem to talk about."

"Whatever the issue was, I am glad your family has overcome it," when Naevia said nothing and just looked away, Flavia continued, "It has been overcome, you are no longer in trouble, are you?"

Naevia shrugged and looked down over the green slopes and at a stone colonnade that circled a bright blue lake, "I don't understand such matters. My parents don't say much. I think we just relying on family money now. And when that is gone…"

Flavia took Naevia's hand, "It will all work out, this is Rome! The noble families always find a way!"

Naevia forced a smile back, "I am sure we will. Our fortunes will change soon, you'll see. Anyway, enough about such drab matters! What about you, what is going on with you and your cute Eastern friend?"

"Oh, so you think she is cute too?" grinned Flavia.

"Sure, those eyes!"

An image of Liang's exotic eyes flashed in Flavia's mind and then she felt her gaze drawn back towards the horizon and the rising smoke, "I think it is over."

"Really? You tired of her already?"

"No! She…she… she left."

"She left you? A lowly merchant girl from the Orient left a daughter of one of Rome's noble houses?!"

"She was sure it wouldn't work. And my mother was quite clear on the situation too. She was just so happy that I wanted to lie with someone that she turned a blind eye… for that evening."

"And did you? Did you lie with her?"

Flavia blushed, and then grinned, "Yes…"

"Flavia! Was she your first? Tell me! What was it like?"

"It was beyond amazing… the connection… feeling like you are one with another body. Feeling like you belong in that person's arms, safe… loved…"

"Wow! I actually just meant how many times did she make you cum! You really sound like you have fallen for this woman."

Flavia turned on the seat to face Naevia directly, "I have! I totally have! I don't care about consequences! I just want to be with her!"

Naevia studied Flavia's face and saw just how earnest she was, "Then do something about it. Get her back. Show her that you are serious and that you are prepared to fight for her."

"How? She's… she's there," Flavia turned back to the North, "I've heard my parents talk. They say that the Senate is going to send the

Legion into the Alleys to quash the riots… and we all know what that means.″

“Not all the senate want that. The Mercantilium would never use the Legion for that purpose, it would contradict the policy of separating state and military.″

Flavia was taken aback, “And here I was not wanting to talk about politics because I thought you weren´t interested.″

Naevia shuffled awkwardly at being caught out, “I just hear my parents talk. Don´t really understand any of it.″

“Your father is with the Nobles, he is going to vote with Emperor Marcellus. Along with everyone else we know. The Legion will be sent in and if that happens…″ Flavia broke down and the tears that she had been holding back flowed down her cheeks.

Naevia thought for a moment and a plan started to form in her mind, a way to kill two birds with one stone, “I´ll help.″

*****

Camila sighed as she peered through the crack in the door and into Lavinia´s room. Her youngest daughter was a tangle of nude limbs with Elke, both were chatting and laughing and exchanging soft sensual kisses.

She opened the door and the two girls scrambled to cover themselves up, "Lavinia, can you dress and meet me in the atrium? There is something we need to discuss."

Lavinia was too surprised and embarrassed to do anything other than nod. Camila marched off, "Marilla? Marilla?"

She didn´t have to wait long before her Prima Ancilla hurried into the room, "Domina?"

"Go and fetch Deena."

"Yes, Domina. You sound displeased. Has she done something wrong?"

"Hm? Deena? No… just there is a matter that needs to be addressed before it gets out of hand," replied Camila taking a seat and adopting a serious upright posture.

Marilla returned with Deena and a moment or two later Lavinia came in with Elke.

"Mother, you mustn't just walk into my room like that, it is…"

Camila waved her hand dismissively, "If you don't want to be disturbed I suggest you close your door before you start your sex. Come, sit by me."

Lavinia sensed something was off and glanced nervously at Marilla and Deena who were standing in waiting. She sat, "Mother? What's wrong?"

Camila took a deep breath, "I may have made a slight error in judgment. That being listening to Octavia and her suggestions of giving you a bed slave. I should have been more careful."

"What? No! Elke is amazing, it is the best thing ever. She is like my best friend and er… lover… in one!"

"That's the thing, Lavinia she is not your best friend nor your lover. She is just a slave. Someone to be enjoyed."

"No, she is more than that! I can talk to her about anything! She is always there for me. She is the best thing in my life!"

"She is a slave, Lavinia. Nothing more. I see you have grown too close. You clearly have started to develop feelings for her. And while a closeness, even a kind of friendship is fine, like I have with Marilla, there can be nothing more," Camila, turned to the two slaves, "Marilla, Elke will now assist you with household chores. Deena, you are to lie with Lavinia."

"Mother?! No! I am happy with Elke! She is the one I want to lie with!"

"Deena, is more experienced and understands the line that must be drawn between Domina and slave. Elke wasn't suitable for the role of bed slave. It is my fault… and Octavia's of course."

"I don't want to lie with Deena!"

"Why not? Deena is far more beautiful than that scrawny Germanic savage!"

"I don't love Deena!"

"Oh by all the Gods," sighed Camila in despair, "That is the point! Slaves are for fucking not loving! Save your love for the rich, handsome young man your father and I choose for you."

"I refuse!" snorted Lavinia and turned to leave, "Come on, Elke!"

"Elke, you stay where you are!" interrupted Marilla.

"No! Come with me!" snapped Lavinia.

Elke looked between the two, she was confused and uncertain what to do.

"Deena, go with Mistress Lavinia back to her room," said Marilla.

Deena nodded, "Come on young Mistress, I will lie with you and make you feel better."

"Don't you touch me!" screamed Lavinia, stamped her feet and stormed out of the room. Deena, bowed to Camila and followed.

"I don't think Lavinia is going to be happy with this. It is like giving a child a puppy and taking it away," said Marilla.

"She will get over it. Deena has a way of making you feel better," Camila exchanged a knowing wink to Marilla.

"Yes, Domina. She certainly does."

"You may bed this one if you wish," Camila waved a disinterested hand at Elke who just looked between the two women.

"Thank you, Dominia."

"Now I just need to sort out Flavia. One daughter who likes her bed-slave too much and the other that doesn't care in the slightest. That foreign merchant girl, the one Flavia was getting all wet over. We haven't seen her again have we?"

"No, Domina. I think she had the common sense and decency to leave without a fuss."

"That is good."

There was the sound of footsteps and hushed chat as Flavia and Naevia returned. Camila felt a stir between her legs at the sight of her lover and started to undress Naevia with her eyes. "Afternoon girls, did you have a good walk in the park?"

"It was very nice, the grass is so…so…erm… green. Just magical!" said Naevia with a sweet smile.

Flavia gave her a curious look for the banal comment before answering, "Yes Mother, it was fine. Do you have any further news about how they plan to resolve the terrible rioting in the Alleys?"

"My darling, such matters are not for you to worry about. The plebs have always been ungrateful and sometimes that ingratitude boils over into frustration. The situation will no doubt be resolved shortly."

"With the Fifth Legion?" asked Flavia, scrutinizing her mother intensely.

Camila sighed, "Let the men of the senate worry about it. Can you check on your sister, like the plebs, she is also throwing a tantrum."

"Like the plebs? Are we also suppressing her freedoms, starving her and having her trapped in her room as it burns down around her?" asked Flavia snidely.

"In her opinion, I have done far worse," smiled Camila flippantly, "Please, dear. You are so good with her. Naevia! I shall get you some water and you can tell me more about this… green grass you saw."

As soon as Flavia had gone Camila grabbed Naevia by the hand and dragged her with desperate urgency, towards her bedroom, "Marilla, a cup of our coldest water for our guest… and another for me!"

The moment the bedroom door closed Camila's hands were all over Naevia's thin dress, "By the Gods, the moment I see you I am driven crazy," she panted pushing the teenager against the wall, "My Temple of Venus is already flooded!"

"A boy in the park wanted to fuck me," smiled Naevia as she allowed Camila to pull the straps of her thin dress off her shoulders, "Stick is cock inside me."

"No boy can have you. You are mine!" Camila's lips were all over Naevia's slender neck, her tongue pushing hard against the skin as she licked. The thought of any man touching her lover sparking a jealousy in her that added to her passion. She pulled the dress right down revealing the beauty's pert breasts, the nipples becoming more erect with every kiss, "I'll fuck you harder than any boy."

"Prove it, get on your knees! Stick your tongue in my cunt!"

Camila hesitated for a moment, caught a little by surprise by the dim-witted girl's authority, a surprise that also may her clit throb with the potential of where this would lead. She then dropped to the floor and pulled Naevia's dress right down and looked up in delight at the smooth pussy, the lips starting to glisten with arousal, the petals swelling as they engorged.

"Do it! I want your tongue inside me!" growled Naevia pushing her hips forward. The sight of Camila on her knees before her, so in her power, was an aphrodisiac like no other. How easy it was to bend these women to her will, she thought.

Camila didn't hesitate now, the smell of the teenager's fresh flower filled her senses, the feminine scent made her helpless. She craned her neck back and then buried her face between the girl's legs, her mouth already open, her tongue already stiff. She looked up the teenager's midriff, up between the two modest mounds and into the gorgeous girl's eyes. The thrill of kneeling down surprised her. She would never have positioned herself in such a subordinate position for a slave… maybe not even her husband. But for Naevia, she would do anything.

Gripping Naevia's ass, she pulled the girl onto her mouth and pushed her tongue through slick folds until she tasted the sensual tang of being inside the teenage pussy. She pushed harder wanting as much of herself inside the girl as possible. She kept staring up transfixed by the look of pleasure on Naevia's face. The girl then cupped her breasts

and squeezed them then pulled her nipples, stretching them out. The sight was too much and Camila had to remove one of her hands from the ass and quickly shoved it up her own dress where she found her own wet sex. She started to rub her clit, her fingers blurring from side to side while her tongue started to thrust in and out with a nodding motion.

The door opened and Marilla entered with a tray of cups and a jug of water. She paused briefly at the sight of her Domina on the floor. Naevia reached down and pulled Camila´s head tight into her so she couldn´t move and smiled at the slave, "Do you like seeing your Domina on her knees?"

Marilla had seen Camila fucking all kinds over the years. Slaves, noblewomen, friends, she had even seen her spit-roasted by a couple of young gladiators hired for entertainment at one of her birthday parties. However, she couldn´t ever recall seeing her Domina on her knees, licking cunni like a slave.

"Your drinks, Domina, young Mistress," Marilla said politely trying to avert her gaze and went to put the tray down on the table.

"Don't move," commanded Naevia, "stand there."

Marilla looked to Camila for instruction but it was clear she wasn't going to get any.

Naevia took a glass of water and sipped from it, "Do you think I'm beautiful, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you think my titties are beautiful?"

Marilla looked down at the two pert breasts, no more than a handful in size, that defied gravity effortlessly, "Yes, Mistress."

Naevia poured the water over her chest and gasped slightly as the icy coldness bit at her nipples, "Lick them."

Again Marilla looked to Camila, but her Domina was just looking up as she nodded away, her tongue working the teenager's pussy. Marilla leaned in and took a nipple into her mouth. It was cold from the water, and so hard. She suckled it, running her tongue in gentle circles around it.

Naevia looked down at Camila, the woman´s mouth was firmly clamped over her vulva and she could feel the tongue thrashing around inside her. The older woman was staring up at her, watching as Marilla suckled, ˝I think you like watching,˝ teased Naevia. The girl then took the slave by the hair and pulled her away from her breast and up to her mouth. Naevia opened her mouth wide and initiated the kiss, her tongue seeking a way between the slave´s pursed lips.

Marilla was unsure what to do, unsure what her Domina wanted. She submitted and opened her mouth allowing the teenager´s tongue inside. She closed her eyes and let the tantalizing sensation flow through her, the tingle of tongues dancing, the rough topsides brushing together and then the delightful tingle of the smooth underside being caressed.

Naevia then stepped away from the wall sending Camila tumbling backward to the floor. Naevia then pushed Marilla onto the bed and climbed on top. She looked around at Camila who was still panting heavily, her lips and chin moist from arousal, ˝I´m going to fuck your slave now, and you can just watch.˝

It had been a long time since anyone had taken charge of Camila sexually and part of her was thrilled at being told what to do, while part of her also seethed angrily and jealously started to boil up inside her. She watched as Naevia tore Marilla´s dress off and saw her slave´s curvaceous chest rising and falling in heated anticipation. The slave again looked to her Mistress in doubt as to how to proceed, searching for instruction but received none.

Nimbly the teenager spun around on the bed so her pussy was hovering just inches above Marilla´s face, ˝Lick it, lick my cunni,˝ she said to the slave, then she looked down at the floor where Camila sat, transfixed, ˝I want you to watch me eat and be eaten.˝

Camila watched as the teenager buried her face into the slave, her head nodding away while she gyrated her hips, grinding her own pussy onto Marilla´s face. The room filled with soft moans, and wet licking and sucking. Camila´s pulled her own dress off, sat upright leaning against the wall and spread her legs. Her pussy was soaked as her fingers worked their way up through the folds. She gasped loudly as her

fingertips grazed her pearl and then she started to rub at it faster and faster.

"Oh! Oh!" Naevia's head came up, her eye's closed, her lips trembling, "I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum on your slave's face… Mmm… Don't you wish it was you? Don't you wish it was your tongue inside me as I climax?"

"Yes…yes…" panted Camila, fingers now sliding into her vagina with a desperate urgency.

"Maybe you should ask me nicely and I will let you be the one."

"I… I…" spluttered Camila.

"Mmm… be quick! I'm can't hold on. Your slave is making my tight little pussy feel so good!"

"I want it! I want you to cum in my mouth!"

"Oh…Oh! Fuck! Mmmm! Mmm…" Naevia's whole body went tense and shuddered, her long hair flicking sharply as the teenager's head swayed from side to side, "Too late… I've cum… Mmm… your slave is so

good! Maybe you should give her to me, then you can lie in bed at night imagining her licking me out.″

“No! You´re mine! Marilla! Get out! Get out now!″ snarled Camila.

Marilla struggled underneath Naevia unable to wiggle free, “Yes, Domina,″ she whimpered, shocked at the anger in her Mistress´s voice. It had been many years since she had been spoken to like that. She grabbed her torn dress and hurried out of the room.

Naevia giggled as she lay back on the bed, her legs spread, her flower hot pink and glistening from saliva and cum, “I like it when you get angry and jealous,″ she giggled.

Camila climbed onto the bed and pounced on the teenager, pinning her down, “You like playing with me, don´t you!″

“Yes… are you going to punish me?″

Camila tugged Naevia´s long ponytail pulling the girl´s head to the side and exposing her vulnerable neck. She then bit the girl right above the shoulder, her anger driving her teeth deep into the soft skin.

"Oh! Oh! Mmm…" purred Naevia with a mixture of pleasure and pain, "Show me you want me! Show me that you don't want anyone else to have me… touch me… fuck me!"

"I don't want anyone else even looking at you!" snarled Camila between bites.

"Maybe I want to fuck your daughter… maybe I want to fuck Flavia. She is so pretty…she looks so like you…"

"No!"

"I think she would let me… let me finger her pussy until she is wet and begging for more…"

"You tease me! And mock me!" snapped Camila pulling Naevia's hair to turn her head again and then biting the other shoulder even harder.

"Ow! Oh! Mmm…! Admit it, the idea of me eating your daughter's tight pussy makes you wet…"

Camila´s desire, anger and frustration threw her into a frenzy of lust, "I´m going to fuck you! No one else!" Her mouth now attacked the teenager´s lips, her tongue forcing its way between the girl´s lips and dominating. She just wanted to devour Naevia, consume her. She locked their legs together so their thighs pressed firmly against each other´s wet pussies and then she started to fuck. The bed shook and banged against the wall with the intensity of the thrusts, wild and desperate. She kept the kiss going even through the effort and the need to breathe deeply. Naevia writhed underneath so her hard nipples rubbed against Camila´s breasts, their stomachs slapped against each other and their heat rose and rose until both bodies were covered in sweat.

Camila felt her own orgasm starting to build fast, and the pressure forced her to break the kiss and gasp for air. Then her eyes widened in surprise as her ass was spread and she felt a fingertip start to circle her sweaty asshole.

"Yes! Yes! Yeess!" she grunted with each thrust.

"That´s it, cum for me… tell me you want me…" said Naevia, her own voice thin and breathy.

"You are my love, my girl… I want you all to myself… Oh!" her ass was breached and a finger slipped inside and caressed her soft inside. The sight of the most beautiful girl in Rome´s face, dripping with sweat, contorted with pleasure, pleasure she was providing, sent Camila over the edge. She climaxed hard. She had to wrap her arms tightly around the sweat-slicked skin of the teenager´s body to brace herself, to tether herself to reality as a series of explosions erupted deep inside her. Her asshole clenched around the finger that continued to stroke her and fired yet another orgasm, "Oh! By the Gods! What are you doing to me?"

Naevia then rolled Camila onto her back, she was limp from her orgasms and allowed her body to flop onto the mattress. Camila watched on as the teenager moved down her body and the gorgeous face went between her legs, "Wait I´m still too sensitive… Oh…Oh…" gasped Camila as her swollen bud was drawn into the girl´s mouth and subjected to a barrage of hard fast licks. The intensity on her hypersensitive clit

was destroying her and she thrashed about, half trying to pull away, half just trying to grab hold of something, "Oh fuck! Please… please…." she had no idea if she was begging the girl to stop… or to never stop. The sensation of pleasure was so sharp, so precise. Her legs stiffened and her toes pointed straight out. She looked down at Naevia's nodding head, the glint of mischief in her eyes.

Her next orgasm tore through her and she clamped Naevia's head between her legs, "Fuck you!" she cried out angrily as she lost control and her back arched up, "How are you doing this to me?" Her clit was sucked and then subjected to a series of even harder licks during the orgasm. It was too much… the world darkened and her body just spasmed as she teetered on the brink of consciousness. She was only just aware of Naevia climbing back up her body, and the sweetest scent of teen pussy as it lowered over her face. She lay there and allowed herself to be face fucked, basking in her own post orgasmic bliss while savoring the sensation of the slick velvety folds caressing over her chin, her lips and her nose. The fucking sped up and Naevia drove her clit into

Camila´s face and then hit her orgasm nicely. Camila could taste the tang of cum on her lips now and licked it off hungrily.

They lay side by side in silence recovering for a full five minutes before Camila finally spoke, "I think I underestimated by youthful lover. I don´t want you lying with anyone else, understand?" Camila´s jealously surprised herself.

"You want to own me…own my pussy?" giggled Naevia, "If I was at the slave market, how much would you pay for me?"

"As much as it took…"

They kissed softly until Camila remembered her ulterior reason for bedding the girl. Part of her felt bad manipulating just a simple girl, but that was just the way of Rome, "Tell me, my love. Has your mother and father had any other guests in the last couple of days?"

"Sometimes I think you only fuck me so I tell you things," snorted Naevia, laughing on the inside.

"My darling girl, I am just worried. Insane things are happening in the city right now and I just want to look out for your family."

Naevia cupped one of Camila's breasts and then started gently rolling one of her nipples, feeling it respond to her touch, "My parents say not to worry. They say the riots will be resolved peacefully when the grain starts to flow again and that the Legion will leave the city soon."

*****

"She said that?" asked Vitus his expression both surprised and concerned.

"That and more!" Camila looked out the open shutters and out at the night sky, which had an eery orange glow to it, "Petronius is clearly aligning himself with Cassium and the Mercantilium. And worse…"

"Worse?"

Camila turned back to her husband who sat behind his desk, "Naevia says that she saw pouches of gold coin in her father's study. And after some nobles visited those pouches were gone."

"Bribery? And we have all heard of Petronius and Dariana's financial problems so we can be sure the gold wasn't his. He is funneling Mercantilium money to buy impoverished nobles…."

"And with the current economy, there certainly isn't a shortage of those!"

"How many? Camila, how many nobles did Naevia see?" Vitus's normally calm tone was betrayed by fraying nerves.

"She's not sure. She's not an astute young woman. It took all I had to coax even that out of her."

Vitus rose from his chair and started to pace up and down the room, his hand resting on his chin in thought, "It wouldn't take that many, ten, fifteen at most. If Cassium has fifteen nobles in his pocket then not only could he defeat the vote for Martial Law he would also win a leadership vote. He could appoint Petronius as the next Emperor, an Emperor who would be in his pocket. The end of the noble houses… commerce over conquest… the barbarians will beat a track to the gates of Rome while our Legions lie idle and our senate revels in their foolery.

We need proof, we need something to get Cassium and Petronius for bribery, corruption and sedition.″

Camila left her husband consumed with his thoughts, as soon as she stepped out of the study Marilla, approached, ″Domina,″ the slave looked down at the floor.

″Ah yes, Marilla, maybe best we don′t talk about what happened in the bedroom with Naevia. I shouldn′t have put you in that position. Let′s forget it ever happened. If you weren′t a slave I would apologize.″

″Domina… I… I… don′t trust Naevia.″

″Trust her? What do you mean?″

Marilla fidgeted awkwardly, ″I just don′t think she is the fool she makes herself out to be.″

″Marilla, it is not your place to comment on a Roman Noblewoman! Go and attend your duties.″

″Dominia… I have been in your service for as long as I can remember… and I don′t pretend I know all the details of politics but?″

"But?"

"I know people, Domina. I know young women, I know how they think, how they act. I know when one is being genuine or not! Something is going on, I hear whispers around the city, slave girls talk at the markets…"

"Enough, Marilla," sighed Camila, "As my Prima Ancilla I trust you completely. However, when it comes to matters of politics and Roman nobility… it is best you keep your opinions to yourself. Now, I want you to instruct Deena to bed my daughter and then treat yourself with that new girl, Elke, isn't it?"

"Yes, Domina. Thank you Domina."

*****

Emperor Marcellus stood on the high balcony of the palace his gaze fixed on the orange glow over the city to the North. When the wind gusted he was sure that he could just make out the howls of anger blended in with the screams of fear carried on the hot night air.

"Dominus, Petronius Hector Septim," announced a slave.

Marcellus turned and saw Petronius, being led through the antechamber and beckoned him over, ‟Ah Petronius, come enjoy the view.″

‟Thank you, Emperor, it is beautiful.″

Marcellus looked back out and spread his arms in grandeur, ‟The vile slums of the city are being finally purged, ready to start afresh. A phoenix rising from the ashes. I hear you want to talk, but first, can I get you anything wine? Cock? Cunt?″

‟Thank you, I am thirsty and cunt would also be most appreciated, it has been a long day.″

Marcellus nodded to the slave who bowed and hurried away, ‟Our lands are surrounded by enemies. Even our cousins in the Byzantium Empire offer trade in one hand while looking to rob us with the other. Savages to the North in Germania and to the East something far worse gathers… Something that if we don´t prepare for will be the doom for us all. An enemy unlike anything…″ he paused realizing he was saying more than he intended, ‟Yet, despite that, our greatest threat is ourselves. The

plebs clamoring for more than they deserve,˝ he gestured to the orange glow ‟and worse our own Senate, with their misguided ideas. They think every problem can be solved by diplomacy and negotiation. What does Cassium know of the barbarians?˝

‟Nothing, my Emperor.˝

‟Exactly, yet a timber merchant thinks he knows how to rule. I wish I could see Cassium try to negotiate with the savages,˝ Marcellus laughed, ‟They would hack his limbs off and stick his bloody torse on a spike until he bled out!˝ he laughed again, ‟I would love to see that!˝

‟It would be most amusing, indeed.˝

‟Perhaps, perhaps after this vote I should send him to Germania… what do you think, Petronius? He likes wood mills, there are plenty of forests there!˝

‟That is what I would like to speak about… the vote. I am concerned…˝ started Petronius and then paused as the slave returned with golden goblets filled with a deep red wine and two stunning slave

girls. The slave placed the goblets down on the marble balcony rail and slipped away silently.

Marcellus bent one of the girls over the balcony railing and pulled her dress up to reveal a small firm ass, each cheek perfectly round, "Go on, you are concerned?"

Petronius watched as the Emperor pulled his cock from his toga and start to stroke it to erection. Petronius followed suit, bent the second girl over and pulled out his own dick, "Martial Law. That wasn't part of the deal," he couldn't help but notice just how large the Emperor was, not only in length but also in girth. His own penis, while average, felt very small in comparison. He knew it was a powerplay, a way for the Emperor to show his dominance."

"I plucked you out of disgrace and returned you to the senate, the deal is whatever I say it is."

"And I am eternally grateful for your generosity…."

"Generosity? Hah! I do not act out of generosity. You serve a purpose, nothing more. You are just fortunate that you also benefit from

said purpose,″ Marcellus spanked the girl′s ass hard and got a squeal out of her.

"Even still… there is no way a motion for Martial Law will pass. Too many of the nobles remember the dark days.″

"And you Petronius? Will you vote with me?″

"Of course, My…my…″ Petronius struggled as the pleasure around his cock increased as it hardened in his hand, "of course, my Emperor. But my vote will not be enough.″

"The vote for Martial Law is just a formality… I…I… Mmm…″ Marcellus eased his fully erect cock into the slave girl′s pussy. The girl moaned, "You need not concern yourself. Not all my plans involve you. I can assure you, Martial Law is inevitable. You can use her ass if you need a tighter grip.″

Petronius tensed slightly at the disguised slight at the size of his penis. He rubbed the girl′s sex to make sure it was wet and then penetrated her, "I shall defer to your better judgment. As for the other more delicate matter…″

"Yes?" Marcellus gripped the slave girl by the shoulder and pulled her into him with one hand while he held his wine with the other, "How is your 'investigation' into Vitus Lucius Gracchus, coming along?"

"Everyone I have spoken to, every deal he has made, every document he has signed… it is all beyond reproach. There is no sign of treachery. So I have put an alternative strategy in motion," Petronius started to thrust and felt the slick, wet sex grip his swollen member, "May I ask, why did you choose me?"

"You have certain underhand creativity which, while I find deplorable, I also find useful. Also, you have a history with Gracchus that should encourage you. Vengeance is a greater motivator, I find."

"I see. Is that your motivation too? Has he wronged you in some way?"

"No, not at all. Vitus is a Gracchus and is from an honorable family, unlike some, with no blemishes to their name. He served in the Twelfth Legion in the Gallic Campaigns with my father, did you know that? Despite his statesmen like façade, under that toga beats the heart of a

warrior. He is twice the man you will ever be. There is no man in Rome I respect or love more than Vitus Lucius Gracchus.″

Petronius seethed as he kept thrusting away, listening to the sound of skin on skin and tried to cool his anger and focus, ‟Then why? What is all this for? If he has done nothing wrong why do you want me to bring him down?″

‟My reasons are my own. Let′s just say it is in both our interests that Vitus Lucius Gracchus is discredited.″

Petronius almost lost control. He couldn′t stifle a moan, the girl was tight and his cock throbbed, he knew if he climaxed too early he would shame himself in front of the Emperor. He slowed his pace, ‟If I frame him… if I set him up and am discovered… even you wouldn′t be able to protect me.″

‟Your point?″ Marcellus put the wine down, gripped the girl′s waist in both hands and started to pump harder. The slave moaned in pleasure and attracted the attention of soldiers patrolling the grounds below, they looked up and grinned at the spectacle.

In response Petronius sped up his own thrusting, his fists clenching to hold back the impending orgasm, ‟It is a huge risk I am taking. If this goes wrong, as Emperor, you may keep your head but I would not,″ he could feel his sap rising to the shaft,

‟Great risks yield great rewards. You will get what I promised you. Once Vitus has had to leave office his title will be yours.

‟Thank you, my Emperor, I shall serve you well,″ he spluttered quickly, his cock starting to tense.

‟Such a position of power requires a lot of patience and self control, are you such a man, Petronius? Do you have patience and self-control?″

‟Ah, fuck by the Gods!″ Petronius hurriedly withdrew his cock, it was a serious breach of etiquette to shoot your seed into another Roman′s woman. He sprayed his hot cum over the slave girl′s ass in a series of twitches.

Marcellus laughed, "And once you are Master of the Chancellery, your 'deplorable underhand creativity' can be harnessed in different ways… more funds could be allocated to the war efforts, for instance."

"I will be yours to command."

"Excellent! I knew you had ambition in you," Marcellus gripped the girl's hair and yanked back her head as he fucked harder and began to grunt. With a deep sigh, he spasmed and, with slow deliberate thrusts, he delivered all his seed into the slave before pulling out, "Petronius, no one must know of this," he then reached down, grabbed the slave girl by her ankles and flipped her over the balcony in one swift motion. There was a shrill horrified scream that ended abruptly with a single thud, "Do you understand? No one," he nodded at the girl Petronius had just fucked who pulled her gaze away from her bloody pulp of her friend far below and turned around in terror.

Petronius felt his stomach lurch at the thought of the appalling act expected of him. He had seen many slaves put to death and seen

terrible acts of violence in the Colosseum but he had never been the one to actually to perform the deed himself, "You want me…"

The slave girl tried to move but she was trapped between Petronius and the balcony railing, "Please… please my Dominus… I will say nothing… nothing I swear to all the Gods!" her eyes were wide with fear.

"Even a politican needs to get his hands dirty sometimes. Show me you have what it takes," said Marcellus.

Petronius swallowed and stiffened his resolve, this was a test, a test he couldn't fail. He reached down, gripped the girl's legs tightly.

"No! No! Please! Dominus! Don't kill me! I don't want to die…"

Petronius, closed his eyes, lifted the girl up and pushed her over. There was another scream and another sickening thud.

Marcellus nodded and gave a cold smile before looking down at the ruined bodies below. He waved to the guards to signal all was well.

*****

Liang heard another cry followed by laughter. She peered between the crack in the drapes, the street was filled with smoke and burning embers were floating down from the sky. All around wooden crates and debris were burning threatening to spread to the buildings. A group of drunken ruffians were tormenting a dwelling just a few doors down. They were hurling bricks and shouting obscenities at the owners. Liang felt the fear, that had been brewing for the last couple of days, sharply rise to terror. A man and a woman were pulled out onto the street and after a few kicks and punches were forced face down onto the filthy, ash strewn ground. Liang couldn´t look away as both the husband´s breeches were pulled down and wife´s dress ripped open. They were mounted by the leering thugs, their cocks already fully engorged. First the woman cried out and sobbed and then the man as they were raped right in front of each other. The man tried to fight his way up to his feet, but the ruffian on top of him had pinned him down and drove his cock into his ass mercilessly as the rest of the crowd cheered with perverted glee. When the monsters had finished the crowd moved onto the next door and

kicked it down and the same scene was acted out again with different thugs taking their turn.

Liang´s mind spun, in less than five minutes it was going to be her, face down in the street a cock up her ass. She considered her options, try to block the door or run into the street and hope to flee while the men were distracted. Then what? Where would she go? Half the district was already in flames and all routes out were barricaded by soldiers. The situation was hopeless.

"What about in here?" came a shout, "Doesn´t that foreign slut live here?"

"Yeah, the one with golden skin! I wanna fuck her!" replied another deep, drunken voice.

"Nah, It´s my turn!"

"You can have her pussy, I prefer a tight ass anyway!"

"As long as she sucks my cock!" laughed a third man.

"If you can get it up again," teased the first voice.

"Oh, my staff is always stiff!"

Liang felt her vision swim and her legs wobble. She searched for something to protect herself with and grabbed a knife. It was small, barely sharp and looked pathetic in her trembling hand. There was a series of heavy thumps on the door.

"Open up you slut!"

"Get ready to get fucked by Roman cock!"

Liang tried to make herself angry, to make herself strong so she could slash and stab and drive the men away but she couldn't. She just felt petrified. Her feet were rooted to the spot as the door was kicked again and again and started to buckle. Her bladder started to feel full and she knew she was going to wet herself, no doubt the men would get an extra laugh out of that. She sobbed and looked at the knife considering plunging it deep into her own throat, to end the fear, to prevent the violence. At least if they raped her dead body she wouldn't feel it. She stared at the blade but her arm wouldn't respond. There was

a metallic crack as the bolt on the door gave way and she saw the three men looming in the doorway silhouetted by flicking flames and smoke.

"Hello there," laughed a deep voice, "You going to poke us if that little knife?"

"My cock is bigger than that blade!"

"Be a good girl and put it down and get on your knees like a good little whore."

Liang sobbed again, and to her shame she did what she was told. She dropped the knife and fell to her knees and watched the men approach, one already unfastening his breeches.

"That's what I like about these Eastern woman, they know their place," the man's cock was already fully erect and bobbing around in anticipation, "Open wide, good girl. Now don't close your eyes, I want you looking at me as you suck me."

Liang felt she had left her body, that she was just watching from the ceiling and saw herself piss herself and open her mouth. The

humiliation and shame was someone else´s as she watched herself kneeling in her own pee ready to suck cock while the men roared with laughter as the puddle spread around her.

The man gripped her hair and position his cock by her mouth. She saw the dick bob up and down, the head fully swollen and a drip of pre-cum already glistening on the tip.

"Show daddy some love," mocked the man.

Then there was a startled scream and a raspy gurgle from one of the men who still stood in the doorway. The man, with his cock out, turned in surprise, "What the? Who are…" he did finish his sentence, steel flashed in the ruddy light and then the man collapsed to his knees facing Liang. He was holding her throat in a vain attempt to stem the flow of blood that was pouring in torrents between his fingers and down onto his chest. Moments later he collapsed.

Liang looked up to see three bodies strewn around the room and several cloaked figures walking through the door. One of them approached her, it was smaller than the others. Liang couldn´t move. Not

a single limb would respond. The figure removed the hood. Liang expected to see the face of another ruffian, ready to take to the place of the one he just murdered, instead she saw the most beautiful face she had ever seen, and more than that, a familiar one.

"I…I know you…" Liang whimpered, her body still struggling with fear and confusion, "You were at Flavia's villa…your name is…is…"

"Don't worry, lots of people forget my name, strangely they never forget my face," smiled Naevia.

"What are you doing here?"

"I've come to rescue you. Flavia is very worried about you. Come on, we need to go," Naevia handed her a thick cloak.

Outside the street was full of drunken thugs, swearing, hurling stones, and banging on doors. From inside homes, Liang could hear the pitiful screams of residents being forcibly taken. The man and woman Liang had seen raped early were now huddled behind a crate of rotting fruit, holding each other tight, staring in numb disbelief as they looked upon the carnage.

There were about eight of the cloaked figures escorting her and Naevia. They moved quickly through the Alleys but not so fast as to draw unwanted attention. They rounded another corner to encounter a dozen ruffians kicking a man, who already appeared dead or unconscious, on the ground. They turned and looked at the group of cloaked figures.

"Who are you lot?" shouted one.

"Don't look like you are from around here!"

"Take off your hoods, let's have a look at yer!"

Liang felt her legs start to shake again. Naevia took her wrist and held it tight, "Just stand back."

Their cloaked escorts stepped forward and then faster than Liang could believe, swords we pulled from the folds of cloaks are were slashing at the ruffians. The first few men died before they even realised what was happening. The next couple managed at howl of dismay as they were cut down where they stood. The remaining half dozen brandished their cudgels and attacked. Liang was sure that she heard

the dull metallic thud of the wooden clubs bouncing harmlessly off metal breast plates just before the attacking thugs were butchered in a series of expert combinations of thrusts and slashes. A couple of the men whimpered in horror and ran wailing back down the narrow street.

Liang tried not to look at the slaughter left behind but found her gaze pulled to the piles of gore soaked bodies. Blood was flowing freely from the ghastly wounds and was creating a puddle of ichor that she tried to avoid standing in.

The group kept moving. Liang now clung onto Naevia with an iron grip, her legs feeling so weak that she thought she may fall at any moment. One street they passed was completely ablaze. Liang recalled it once had a bawdy tavern and a popular brothel, now nothing was left other than burning shells. Any attempts to quench the flames had long been abandoned and fires were threatening to leap to the next street any moment now. She had stayed in her home for the last couple of days, she knew the situation was bad but hadn´t realized just how bad. It

was only a matter of time until the district was destroyed and its residents homeless or worse.

"Keep going," said Naevia pulling Liang along, "We're all most there."

They reached a wider street that led out of the Alleys and into the rest of the city. There were dozens of people, all their possessions in the world strapped to their backs, wailing children clinging onto their parents in confused horror. Burning embers rained down on them from the night sky warning of the fires that burned just a few blocks away.

The cloaked figures barged their way through the throngs of people not stopping for the snarled and angry curses hurled their way for pushing to the front. At the end of the street a wooden blockade had been erected. It was expertly designed with rows of stakes protruding from the walls to prevent the masses from pushing up against it. In the center was a gate through which could be seen Roman Legionaries, staring through, their spears in hand.

Liang couldn´t hear what Naevia said to the Legionaries over the panicked raucous behind them. A few moments later the gate was pulled open, much to the excitement of the plebs jostling behind. As soon as Liang and her escorts were through the gates were slammed closed again. Some of the masses bellowed in frustration only to be greeted by the tips of spears that were thrust through to drive them back.

Once beyond the barricade, the escorts discarded their cloaks to reveal their Legionary´s uniform. Naevia handed over a large pouch, that jingled with coin, to the lead soldier who nodded and returned to his post on the barricade.

"Come. It´s a long walk, but it´s such a lovely night," smiled Naevia gesturing Liang to follow.

"Where are we going?"

"Home. I shall look after you."

"Is Flavia there?"

"No. Best you stay with me for a while. Don´t look so worried, everything is going to be fine. I promise."

By the time they reached Naevia´s villa, Liang was exhausted. The adrenalin, that had been pumping through her, had now gone and her body was crashing. She was too tired to pay the villa much attention. In most ways, it looked the same as Flavia´s – lavish and excessive just smaller. Naevia took her around back and they entered through a discrete door.

"It´s late and we don´t want to disturb the whole household," said Naevia.

Her concern for waking people was appeared limited to her family and not the slaves. Naevia opened a door to a dormitory and called impatiently for her to be attended. Two half dressed, half asleep slave girls hurried out.

"We need to bathe and our guest requires fresh clothes."

Liang blushed as she saw Naevia and the slave look at her crotch which was still stained with her pee.

The slaves topped up the bath with as much hot water as fast as they could, and then helped Naevia undress. Liang looked away at first but couldn´t stop herself from throwing a couple of glances at the divine beauty. The teenager´s body was perfect in every way, so svelte and tight.

"I don´t mind you looking," teased Naevia as she stepped into the bath. One slave girl immediately started to sponge her, lifting her Domina´s arms and delicately wiping underneath.

The other slave girl pulled down Liang´s dress. Liang recalled the similar treatment she had received at Flavia´s house and felt a sudden throb between her legs at the prospect of what was to come.

"You are very beautiful. I can see why Flavia is so obsessed with you," said Naevia.

Liang blushed again and made half a move to cover her now bare breasts up, "I´m not sure she is obsessed with me."

The slave girl lead Liang into the water and started to clean her back. Naevia and Liang stood a few feet apart, nude, with the slaves

fussing over them. Liang noticed that the Roman made no attempt to look away and eyed her moist body.

"Believe me, when Flavia likes something it is always with a fierce passion. She said that you fucked her and then left. Is that true?"

Hearing the sweet looking teenager say the word 'fuck' not only made Liang's cheeks heat up she also felt her nipples tingle, "We spent the night together. It was a mistake. My mistake. When I woke, I knew I needed to go."

"Why? Did the life of an alley rat sound more appealing than living like this?" Naevia gestured to the ornate bathroom and the doting slaves.

"An alley rat? Is that how you see me?" snorted Liang, her temper rising.

"I meant no offense," smiled Naevia insincerely, "It's just what we call people who live in the less desirable parts of the city.

"A lot of the people who live there are good, honest and hardworking. Just they weren't lucky to be born into this!"

Naevia shrugged dismissively and then sat down at the far end of the bath, the water level with her dark nipples. Liang took her lead and did the same.

"Do you love Flavia?"

"I…I… it doesn't matter. Our situation is impossible," replied Liang as the slave girl started to apply a mint paste to her hair.

"Impossible? How so?"

"You know so. Would your parents allow you to have a relationship with someone like me? An alley rat, as you say, and a foreigner at that!"

"I get what I want because I make it happen. Flavia wants to be with you, if you want to be with her, then make it happen."

Naevia's slave girl then asked softly, "Domina, would you like fingers in your pussy?"

Naevia nodded and spread her legs, and gave a moan as she was penetrated. Liang felt her nipples start to harden. She couldn't stop it.

The most beautiful girl she had ever seen was just being pleasured right in front of her. She knew her own labia was now starting to swell.

"You really think Flavia loves me? It is just a teenager's youthful crush? Pff… what do you know? You are the same age as her."

Having applied the paste into Liang's hair, the slave girl moved her hand between the guest's legs, "My lady, would you like me to finger you?"

Liang tensed and fidgeted in her discomfort at the situation.

"Flavia won't mind," reassured Naevia, "You cannot commit adultery with a slave. It is Roman law."

"Roman law?" laughed Liang, "That is hardly based on morals! If I did love Flavia, then being intimate with anyone else would be wrong!"

The slave girl looked to Naevia for instruction who just shrugged and shook her head. The girl just continued to sponge the rest of Liang's body.

"Slaves are just masturbation aids and masturbation is not cheating," replied Naevia flippantly.

"Why? Why did you come to my aid?" Liang tried to ignore the fact her nipples were rock hard and with every single caress of the sponge against them sent a thousand tingles of pleasure shot through her body making her pearl throb.

"Flavia is one of my best friends…oh… Mmm…" Naevia purred as the slave girl curled her fingers inside pressing against her top wall. She cupped her own breasts, squeezing her nipples, "Maybe I am a true romantic and want you two to be together."

Liang looked away, and then had to stifle a moan of her own as her erect nipples were caressed softly by the soapy sponge. The slave girl noticed her reaction and slowly moved the sponge downwards, over her tummy and down. Liang's mind raced and then the sponge was between her legs, the soft textured surface spreading her labia and brushing against her clit. She clenched her jaw and squeezed her legs tightly together denying the slave access.

"Flavia's parents will never accept me. An Easterner with not a single possession or denarii to her name… it is a dream and I am not a dreamer."

Naevia studied her thoughtfully, "You are right. I misjudged you. I thought the promise of a magical union between yourself and Flavia, the prospect of wealth and power would be enough to convince you. I see you are more like me than Flavia. A pragmatist."

"Convince me of what?"

"No need to worry about that tonight," replied Naevia and she stood up, water dripping from her tight young body. She waded through the water towards Liang.

Liang suddenly felt her heart speed up causing her clit to throb with every beat. She watched as the beauty walked towards her, the water droplets on Naevia's breasts glistening in the orange light of the oil lamps.

"Leave us," commanded Naevia and the two slaves hurried out of the bath and vanished out of sight.

Liang just watched on as Naevia straddled her, the teenager´s nipples now just in front of her face. Liang saw how plump they were, how tall they stood from the neat dark circles around them. She tried to compose her thoughts, "What are you doing?" she said in little more than a mumble.

"I´m going to wash your hair," Naevia filled a small wooden bowl, gently tilted Liang´s head back and then poured the water through the dark locks. She did this several more times and then ran her fingers through the straight hair.

Liang just looked up at the gorgeous young woman and then gasped as Naevia started to ride her, grinding herself against her. She could feel Naevia´s soft folds pushing against the top of her pubic bone, she could see the pert breasts sway gently backward and forwards with every thrust.

"I…I don´t think we… I mean…" stammered Liang.

"Ssh," whispered Naevia, placing a finger over Liang´s lips, "I saved you, so the least you can do is let me fuck you."

"I appreciate what you did for me… but…"

"If it wasn't for me you would be face down in a pool of your own blood and piss, your skirt pulled up over your ass being raped again and again…" said Naevia softly as she stroked Liang's cheek.

"That… that doesn't mean you own me…" spluttered Liang, trying to sound defiant.

"Oh…Mmm…" moaned Naevia as her clit caressed up and down Liang, "Don't I?"

"No…I'm my own person… I make my own decisions!"

"Is that what you think," laughed Naevia, "You have nothing, absolutely nothing. No home no possessions… I suppose you can go back on the streets, whore yourself out… take cock in every one of your holes and maybe… maybe you will survive," Naevia took the back of Liang's head in both hands, gripped her jet black hair and pulled back hard so Liang's face was tilted upwards, "Or you give yourself to me. Be my plaything for tonight. I want to taste what Flavia tasted, fuck what Flavia fucked, have what Flavia had."

"Is this just a game to you? I am a person, not some toy to be fought over by a couple of jealous teenagers!"

"You prefer the streets?"

Liang knew the streets of Rome were not a safe place even in the best of times, and these certainly not the best of times. To be sent away, with nothing, was a death sentence whether that was a quick and brutal rape followed by having her throat slit or a longer, more tortuous end of selling her body until disease and poverty claimed her.

"You didn't save me just to send me away."

Naevia leaned in, her mouth wide her tongue already extended. Liang watched as the open lips moved towards her own, lips that promised so much. She felt an anger towards this arrogant girl and the way she spoke to her…but what choice did she have? She didn't know what to do. Naevia's mouth clamped wide over her own, the tongue surging forward.

Liang kept her lips pursed, she felt the attacking tongue trying to force its way between. It took all her willpower to turn her head away.

"It will be our little secret, I promise I won't tell Flavia," whispered Naevia before trying again to kiss.

"No!" Liang pushed the girl away.

"You reject me?" gasped Naevia in amazement, "You fucked Flavia but refuse me? Me?"

Liang couldn't tell if the teenager was angry or just surprised, "I told you. I make my own decisions. If you want to throw me out then do so. But I am not yours."

In a blur, Naevia's hand was around Liang's neck. Liang could see the rage in the young woman's eyes. She dared not fight back, dared not strike the noblewoman. Then as quickly as the anger appeared it vanished and Naevia became calm again and even laughed.

Naevia stood, the water falling off her body and raining down all around Liang, "It has been years since someone hasn't wanted to fuck me. It is of no matter, as you will learn, I always get what I want," she then clapped her hands sharply and a slave girl came rushing back in, "Tend to my guest. Give her every comfort she desires."

*****

"Keep moving! That´s it! Watch your left foot, keep your arms up!" encouraged Femke as she circled Alda looking for mistakes. She then lunged forward trying to sweep Alda off her feet while simultaneously making a grapple for her arm. Alda nimbly shifted away, blocked the grapple and countered with an attack of her own. Femke deftly dodged the first move but Alda was persistent and fast and got her arms around her waist. Femke tried to maneuver herself to counter back but she was hoisted into the air and slammed hard onto the matting. The air was forced from her lungs and she had no strength to prevent Alda from pinning her down.

Alda got off her instructor and offered her a hand.

"I need a minute," wheezed Femke looking up at the Germanic slave. She was no longer the half-starved girl that had arrived a few weeks ago. Her body had filled out, her muscles were wiry and strong and most importantly she had a meaner, more confident look in her eyes. Then Femke looked up at Alda´s flower, hot with sweat.

"If you weren't so distracted by my pussy, then maybe you wouldn't be flat on your back panting," sighed Alda, stepping away to hide her sex.

"Sorry… I can't help…" started Femke blushing, all these weeks while wrestling nude with Alda, was driving her crazy.

"So, do you think I'm ready?" asked Alda, taking a towel to wipe the sweat from her body and also to cover up from Femke's hungry eyes.

"You're good… already much better than I ever was… a natural."

"I am pretty good!" grinned Alda, and then she asked nervously, "Will you be there with me?"

Femke saw the doubt coming flooding back into the eyes of her student, "Do you want me there?"

"Of course, I might not want to lie with you… but I want you with me."

"I´ll ask the Domina, I´ll say that it will help you win if you have me as support."

Alda smiled a little confidence returning, "And who knows, maybe after watching me you may learn something," she teased.

Femke didn´t laugh and went quiet.

"What´s wrong? I´ll be fine, you just said, I´m a natural."

"Yes, I´m sure you will," Femke forced a smile onto her face.

"You don´t think I can win do you?" snorted Alda in indignation.

"In a fair wrestling match? With an adjudicator enforcing the Grecco rules to the letter… Yes, I think you could win. But…

"But?"

Famke got to her feet and, knowing how awkward Alda still got with nudity, covered herself with a towel, "I´ve heard things about what goes on in the Palace… about the Empress Consort Saphina."

"What kind of things?" Alda could see the worry in her tutor´s eyes.

"Slaves talk… they say things… a lot of it is just rumors… whispers that get passed on so much they become absurd exaggeration… However, I have heard Saphina embraces hedonism like no other… that she is more perverse than any Roman man… her sexual appetites…" Femke looked into Alda's eyes and already could see that fragile confidence starting to fade so she again tried to smile, "It's probably just rumors, slaves just like to gossip about their masters. I shouldn't have said anything."

"You don't think this is going to be a normal Grecco rules match?"

Femke shrugged, "I just don't know… even if it is… win or lose… I think the Romans will want to have their fun with you…"

"Rape me?" Alda's body quivered and her face went pale.

"It's what Romans do… and at a party held by Saphina… I just don't know what perverse things will await us."

"I won't let them! I'll kill those monsters first! I'll be no sex toy to a Roman!" Alda tried to push some bravado into her voice.

"Alda… you must just do whatever they ask… suck their cocks… lick their cunni… otherwise… they will kill you…"

"Then I will die fighting like I should have done in Germania!"

"And they will blame me…" said Femke softly.

Alda balked and fear filled her eyes.

"I… don't want to die…" sobbed Femke, "I'm a coward… I know we should fight back but… for the most part, my life here is easy…compared to before..."

"Don't you ever want to be free, free to make your own choices? Live your own life?... not have the threat of rape hanging over you every second of every day?"

"Of course that is what I want... but… but here, right now I am safe… looked after… I have seen how others lived… I have lived that nightmare. I can't risk it."

"Even if that includes beatings and degradation?"

"It is better than being tortured and killed. Just do what they say, Alda, and when it happens, put your mind somewhere else."

Alda embraced Femke tightly, telling herself that it was to comfort her friend.

*****

To begin with Liang felt bad at eating so messily, but after two days of being trapped in her home and barely eating, made her ravenous. She tore at the seeded loaves of bread and indulged in the fresh cuts of meat as well as taking bites from the array of fruits that had been lain out for her. A couple of slave girls stood against the walls of the atrium, silent and doing their best to remain almost invisible. Even though they were trained not to look directly at their masters, their presence made Liang feel uncomfortable.

"You certainly have an appetite," said Naevia walking in, "if you need anything else these slaves are at your disposal."

"Thank you," Liang responded then realized she was being rude by talking with her mouthful so sipped at the glass of clear cold water, "Thank you. You are so generous."

"As I said, Flavia is my dearest friend, and if you are important to her then you are important to me. When you are finished there is something I want to show you."

Naevia led Liang towards the back of the house and then into what looked like a storeroom. The floor and walls were plain stone with none of the usual extravagant decorations and workbenches lined the walls.

"Is this to be my room?" asked Liang, uncertain of what she was being shown.

Naevia laughed, "No, well not unless you want it to be. Look under that sheet."

Liang saw where the girl was nodding at, there was a large object covered by rough hessian. She took the sheet and pulled it away and gasped with amazement, "My stall! You managed to get it back from that odious man at the Silk Market!"

"Yes, I bought it back from him. As usual, he drove a hard bargain…"

"I'll pay you back! As soon as I can, I will pay you back every denarii!" Liang turned, her face beaming with joy, "I can't thank you enough!"

"Actually there is a very simple way you can thank me," smiled Naevia and handed a thick piece of paper.

Liang took it and unfolded it, there was a drawing of a symbol, an Aquila with an olive branch in its talons encircled by a laurel, "What is it? You want me to make this into a piece of jewelry, a pendant perhaps?"

"Not a pendant, a ring."

Liang gasped and looked up at Naevia, "You know I can't! That's illegal! If I was caught forging an official signet ring I would be crucified!"

"It needs to be precise, every measurement, every detail must be perfect, there can be no mistakes."

"I just told you, I can't. I owe you and I will find a way to pay you back, but not like this!" Liang held the drawing out to Naevia.

"This is cost of saving you from the Alleys, the cost of housing you, returning your stall. Giving you a chance at another life. This is the debt you owe and this is the price. How long will it take?"

Liang looked at the diagram again, "I told you I…"

"How long?"

"With all my tools… and if you can provide the gold of course… maybe a day or two."

"That is fine," smiled Naevia and pulled a gold ring from her dress, "It used to be my grandfather's he would be honored to know it was repurposed for such a worthy cause."

"A worthy cause?"

"Yes, restoring my family's name. I'll have a guard posted on the door, let him know if you need anything."

Before Liang could respond, Naevia was out of the door and there was a click as it locked behind her.

*****

"Your first Celebration to Venus at the palace! This is such an exciting moment for you both," said Camila, smiling with motherly pride at her two daughters, "And you both look absolutely exquisite!"

Lavinia happily spun around to show off her new dress while Flavia just stood there tolerating her mother's joy.

"My girls' first orgy! And looking like that you will have the pick of the party."

"That's right," agreed Vitus lying casually on the couch, "You will be the most beautiful girls there."

"Except Naevia," snorted Flavia.

"Oh, is Naevia going?" asked Camila, trying to feign surprise, "I didn't realize. Well, you need to keep an eye out for her. She's not as astute as you, Flavia. Don't let her get led astray."

"Led astray? It's an orgy!"

"Still… she is very innocent."

"She not that innocent," mumbled Flavia under her breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing. Do I have to go? I am not in the mood to party or lie with anyone."

"We have all been invited by Saphina! This is a great honor! You should be overjoyed! And yes, you have to go, fucking a few roman girls will be the best way to get your mind off that Easterner."

"Easterner?" queried Vitus.

"Our Flavia had a bit of a crush on a foreign girl from the market. But now she has lain with her and it is all out of her system," answered Camila.

"It wasn't a crush!" snapped Flavia, "I love her!"

"Just do what your mother tells you and go and fuck some Roman girls!"

*****

The steps up to the palace were crowded with the female elite of Rome as they made their way to the celebration. For the most part, they ignored the columns of black smoke that rose on the far side of the city, the ruddy rays of the setting sun hiding the flames that still burned in the Alleys.

Flavia and Lavinia followed behind their mother, who was stopping every few steps to greet her other wealthy friends.

For as long as Flavia could remember she had heard tales about the Celebration of Venus, an event that only occurred every four years. This was the first time she had been of age to attend and her heart was starting to beat faster with every step. If even only half of what she had heard was true then this Celebration was going to be far more debauched and decadent than anything she could imagine. At school, the girls would whisper and gossip about what happened on this night, some saying they had been told by loose-lipped slave girls or intoxicated mothers. They would tell of the floor being covered in nude female

bodies, writhing together in total bliss. Of games so sexually depraved that it had made her friends blush just hearing of them. Of how maidens were awarded to the highest bidder and, as part of the initiation, that one virgin was deflowered as an offering to Venus. Like many of her school friends, she often masturbated to the thought of this Celebration. But it was one thing it being a fantasy another for it to become a reality.

A pang of nerves shot through her. One night with Liang certainly wasn´t going to be enough to prepare her for this and she suddenly regretted not lying with her bed-slave. She looked around and saw some of her mother´s friends looking at her and Lavinia, there was hunger in their eyes. They clearly had designs to fuck them. The thought of it made her pussy start to warm up and her nipples tingle.

"Greetings Flavia and Lavinia," said Octavia, her dark red hair catching the breeze. Their mother´s closest friend was in her early forties although she could easily pass to be ten years younger. This night she was glamorously made up with green eye shadow and a pink coral shade on her lips. Ever since Flavia had started to bloom into a woman,

she had noticed Octavia´s increasingly sexual smiles, and lingering gazes. ‟Your first time at the Celebration of Venus, you must be so excited… and nervous of course. Don´t worry, I´ll look after you… both,″ the woman made to attempt to disguise that she was looking both girls up and down.

Flavia was sure, by obvious little mounds pressing against the dress, that the woman´s nipples were already fully erect. Images of both her and Lavinia suckling them suddenly flashed into her mind.

‟Than… thank you…″ spluttered Flavia trying to pull her eyes away from the woman´s chest.

Lavinia just nodded meekly and smiled. The woman returned to her group of friends yet it was clear by the way they were all looking over that the two sisters were the topic of conversation. When Camila had finished gossiping they continued up the steps until they finally reached the colonnade that stretched out along the front of the mighty building. Flavia could hear music emanating from inside accompanied by

laughter. She took a deep breath and glanced over at Lavinia, who looked even more terrified than before.

"It´ll be all right, it´s just a party… we´ve been to dozens of parties," Flavia said, doing her best to sound reassuring.

"Not like this…" replied Lavinia, her voice so quiet it was barely audible.

"Hurry up you two!" Camila called over her shoulder. Their mother wasn´t suffering from any nerves and was keen to get inside.

The entrance hall was decorated with huge bouquets of flowers and the nude marble statue of the Goddess had been lavishly adorned with laurels, gold, jewelry and gems. As the guests arrived, they made their way up to the towering statue and took turns kissing the Goddess´s vagina before laying down an offering at her feet.

Flavia watched as her mother approached the statue, stood between the Goddess´s long legs and then kiss the marble pussy. Lavinia went next and had to stand on her tiptoes to reach. Flavia looked the nude statue up and down, it was the ideal image of feminine beauty

and fertility. Large round breasts, a slim waist that curved out into childbearing hips. It was then her turn. She stepped up to the statue and whispered a prayer she had been taught, ‟Mother Venus, bless me and my body, may you grant me pleasures on this, your night.˝ She then tilted her head upwards, the Goddess´s vagina was sculptured to perfection, the labia lips were thick and open, the clit pushing out from the stone hood, and glistening from the salvia of all those who had already licked it. She opened her mouth and kissed the vagina and as she did her own pussy throbbed with excitement.

The music got louder the further into the palace they went until they reached the central great hall. Flavia took a deep breath as they stepped inside. She expected the orgy to be in full swing, to see a carpet of nude bodies so entwined one couldn´t be recognized from the other. But, the party was only just starting to warm up. Around two hundred Roman women were gathered together in small groups, keenly gossiping about nothing. Slave girls were diligently attending to the guests and making sure all cups were fully charged with fine wine while also

bringing out a constant flow of plates piled high with fruits. On plinths there were dancing girls with dresses so thin they were transparent and their perfectly toned bodies were shown off as they moved with an effortless grace to the enchanting music.

The only overt sexual activity appeared to be a few women, who had already indulged in the strong wine, taking advantage of the waiting staff. A few noble women in their thirties had surrounded a pretty young slave girl, who was laden with a large tray full of wine cups. One of the women had pulled up the girl´s dress and by the position and motion of her hand, was fingering the slave vigorously. The slave girl, whose face was screwed up in a mix of concentration and pleasure, was trembling causing the tray to wobble precariously while the women laughed at her predicament.

"Camila! Girls!" came an overly joyous cry.

They turned to see Dariana hurrying over, with them was Naevia, looking impossibly beautiful in the red dress with the plunging neckline.

"Dariana!" replied Camila with matching fake enthusiasm, the two women kissed cheeks, "And young Naevia, aren't you looking just divine!" this compliment was completely genuine, "I'm so happy you made it!"

"We were just on our way to pay our respects to Saphina."

"Where is she?" asked Camila looking around before seeing and stifling a laugh, "Is she dressed like Cleopatra?"

"I believe she is."

"She does know this is the Celebration of Venus, not one of her strange dress-up parties?"

"She's the Emperor's consort, I doubt she cares. As long as she is the center of attention," remarked Dariana.

"Girls, come on we need to greet Saphina."

They all pushed their way through the crowds of girls until they reached a raised stage upon which sat Saphina, dressed in Egyptian regalia. The dramatic eyeliner and shadow made her look wonderous

and her dress only just covered the front of her breasts, leaving both sides completely exposed. She had a host of slave girls around her, some lay at her feet, others fanned her with huge palm leaves, while others stood by feeding her grapes.

"Saphina!" Camila managed to get in first, "You look absolutely spectacular! Cleopatra herself would be green with envy at your beauty."

"Who?" asked Saphina, with a quizzical expression.

Camila was caught off guard, "Cleopatra… the Egyptian Queen who beauty was…"

"I was joking, Camila," sighed Saphina, "I know who she is."

"Oh…very good jest!" Camila tried to recover by forcing a chortle, "You remember my daughters, Flavia my eldest and Lavinia my youngest. It is their first Celebration," she pushed her two girls forward to be inspected.

"Hmm…" Saphina studied them, "They are pretty enough, I suppose… I will fuck them both."

Lavinia and Flavia both audibly gasped while Camila beamed with pride, "You honor our family!"

"Aha…" Saphina then dismissively waved them aside, "Dariana, so you have finally returned from whatever shit hole you've been hiding out it in since…"

"Florentia," interrupted Dariana, "Some people say it is the cultural center of the entire Empire."

"Which people say this? I would like to meet them so I can mock them and then have them beaten for being idiots."

Dariana's mouth flapped uselessly for a few moments before she regained a little composure, "This is my daughter, Naevia."

Saphina sighed as she was about to give the teenager a cursory glance, then her eyes widened as she took in the young woman's beauty.

"This is your daughter? Dariana, I didn't think either you or that spindly husband of yours had it in you to produce such a delight!"

"Thank you, Saphina," smiled Dariana, not before throwing Camila a smug look.

"Tell me, is she adopted? Or perhaps you bought her from a slave market to pretend to be your daughter. If so I would double, no triple the price you paid for her."

"I am not a slave! Nor am I adopted!" snorted Naevia.

"Oh my, she speaks!" laughed Saphina, "And is feisty. Come here girl, let me have a better look at you."

Naevia stepped up the couple of steps to stand in front of where Saphina was seated. The Consort was undressing the girl with her eyes, "Have you fucked before?"

"Yes…"

"Men?" asked Saphina, her eyes narrowing.

"No… I have just lain with girls."

"Excellent!" Saphina clapped her hands with glee, "I am most certainly going to fuck you tonight… a lot!"

"You do me great honor," Naevia nodded submissively.

"Sit with me, I wish to get to know you better," Saphina moved aside slightly on her faux throne and patted the cushion next to her. Naevia obediently squeezed in next to her. Saphina then looked back at the other woman, and gave a shrug, "What are you all still doing here?" she then waved her hand, "Off you go."

Camila felt her jealousy build as she saw Saphina place a hand on Naevia's knee before sliding it up her dress. The women bowed their heads and then returned back to the party.

Naevia leant in close to Saphina, and whispered, "You may do anything you desire with me, my Queen."

Saphina smiled, "Oh, I am going to enjoy you!"

*****

No chances had been taken with the slaves brought for the wrestling competition. Alda had a thick metal collar around her neck and just below it were two more hoops through which her wrists were bound. Around her ankles were heavy metal shackles that weighed her down

and restricted her movement. It made her feel very vulnerable as she followed a couple of soldiers around the service corridors of the palace. She was not alone, there were several other women similarly bound and, by the looks of them, equally apprehensive.

"Keep moving," called out one of the soldiers over his shoulder, "Down here."

The guards led the women down a flight of steps, unlike the rest of the palace they had seen, these were crude and plain and a chill went down Alda's spine as she realized they were being taken down into the dungeon. She looked around at the other women, they were all physically impressive with toned muscles, many adorned with tribal tattoos. They looked like they have been taken from all around the Empire, some were pale with fiery red hair, some were tall with flowing blonde locks while others had olive skin with hair so black it had a sheen in the light. Alda's attention was drawn to a woman whose skin was darker and richer than any she had ever seen. The woman caught Alda looking and just stared back, trying to hide her fear.

"Keep fucking moving!" called the soldier, unconcerned at the difficulties the women had tackling the steep steps in their shackles.

They reached a long corridor lined with cell doors. The only light came from spluttering torches that cast more dark shadows than light in the dank dungeon.

"You in there. You in there," the soldiers started to roughly push the women into cells two at a time and closed and locked them in, "No fighting and no fucking! Understand?"

"They don't understand," said the other, "They're fucking savages."

"You reckon any of them have a chance?"

"Against the Iberian Warrior? You must be jesting!" the soldier then banged on the door at the end of the corridor, "Ain't that right, you bitch?"

The two guards leapt back in fright as the door was battered furiously from the other side and a deep snarl was heard.

"Fuck me!" one laughed as he regained his composure and was sure the door was going to hold, "I wouldn't want to fight that with my sword in hand let alone stand toe to toe stark naked. These slaves are going to get fucked up!"

"Ten denarii says this blonde one is the last one of these slaves standing before the Iberian takes her down," the guard squeezed the blonde girl's ass before shoving her into a cell, "I heard these Northern women fight like beasts!"

"You're on! Cause my money is on this one," the guard grabbed Alda's crotch before pushing her into the cell as well and locking them up, "Germanic women are fucking barbarians, when I was over there I saw some of these cunts fighting alongside their ugly fucking menfolk on the battlefield. I bet this one will sort out that Northern slut!"

"I'll enjoying spending your money on that whore you like, I'll make her call me daddy as I shaft her ass!"

"Why spend coin on cunt when we can have it for free," the guard glanced over at the last slave still to be locked away and shared an evil look with his friend.

"Let's have ourselves a spit roast with this red haired one!"

The girl with red hair gasped and backed away but there was nowhere to go.

"Fine, you fuck the mouth though, I ain't chancing my cock!"

Alda slumped down on the foul smelling straw of the cell that reeked of urine and fear. The only light came through the barred window in the door which was only enough to illuminate the grim surroundings. On the other side of the cell she could just make the blonde girl who stood tall, arms crossed, and glaring down at her, sizing her up.

"What are you staring at?" the woman snarled.

Before Alda could come up with a retort, there was a desperate cry from the corridor from the redhead before it was stifled and replaced by a gargle. Then there was laughter followed by the sound of skin

slapping rhythmically on skin. Alda knew she needed to look strong but she didn´t feel it at all. It could just have easily have been her out there, Roman cock in her mouth and pussy… powerless and used. She pulled her knees up to her chest and tried to block out the sound the girl´s muffled whimpers and the guards´ grunts.

*****

The great hall had filled up. There must have been over three hundred guests, all Roman nobility and dressed in the finest gowns and each sporting their most impressive jewelry. The air was full of laughter and sweet with delicate perfumes. All around the guests were starting to embrace the heady atmosphere. Flavia could see many women touching, some discretely, others less so. Hands were moving inside slits of dresses accompanied by soft moans.

Then the wine started to flow, literally. A dramatic fountain decorated with nude marble effigies of frolicking goddesses was set against one wall. Accompanied by a gasp of excitement from those next to it, the water changed from clear to a deep red as wine sprayed the

statues before flowing into a large pool at the base. Guests marveled at the spectacle and started to gather around anticipating the real start of the party and the joys that were to come.

The slave girls, who had vanished some time ago, returned to the hall, now they were naked, their bodies covered in golden paint that made their skin shine in the light of the hundreds of braziers that lined the room and hung from the high roof. Each had been picked for their womanly bodies, full breasts and curvaceous hips to represent Venus and fertility. Each carried a tray charged with crystal cups which they handed out to the guests.

Flavia blushed as a beautiful naked goddess held out the tray for her and couldn´t help but take joy at the feminine shape before her. Her clit, which had been calm for a while, suddenly throbbed as feasted her eyes on the slave´s golden curves.

"Mistress?" the slave whispered and held out the tray a little further and nodded to the glass.

Flavia composed herself and tried not to show her nerves as she reached out and took the glass. Lavinia was also excited too as her eyes moved from one naked girl to the next before taking a glass in her trembling hand and watching the slave girl´s pert ass as she moved on to other guests.

"Women of Rome!" Saphina´s voice cut through the room and the music quietened, "Tonight we celebrate our Goddess, Venus with tributes of sex and decadence. Tonight Venus looks down from the heavens at us and masturbates as we offer our bodies to her divine beauty. Tonight no lips will go unkissed and no cunni will go untasted for every moment of our pleasure is ecstasy for her. Every one of our orgasms we dedicate to our Goddess! Tonight I am the living embodiment of Venus and each virgin girl who brings me to climax is also bringing our Goddess to climax and she will bestow that maiden with fortune in love and fertility. And for one, the one that Venus tells me is worthy by granting me with the most profound orgasm, will be chosen to be deflowered in offering to our Goddess´s glory! Now fill your glasses

from her sacred fountain and then drink and fuck for tonight there are no taboos, there are no limits and nothing is too depraved for we are just instruments of Venus´s will and she lives through us! The celebration starts now!˝

Saphina then nodded to a slave girl who banged a bronze gong, which was shaped like a perfect breast, sending deep vibrations through the hall. The crowds of women cheered with excitement and nervous energy in response. All around, Flavia could see the mood change. Dresses were falling from shoulders to reveal nude bodies eager to touch and be touched. It was the more experienced women who had no shyness and eager to get started while many of the younger girls took in the scene with trepidation. She caught Lavinia looking at her for guidance.

˝Let…let´s just get some wine,˝ stammered Flavia and her sister nodded in agreement.

They moved through the rapidly undressing throng to the fountain where they filled their glasses with the wine. The very first sip told Flavia

the wine was strong, very strong. Other women were dipping their glasses and casting very unsubtle glances at the two teenage girls.

"There you two are," said Camila joining them at the fountain, she was already nude, her womanly assets on display. The sisters blushed and didn't know where to look, "Oh girls! Don't be so coy! This is an orgy! And I can assure you that neither of you have anything to be worried about, your bodies are as tight as they come."

"We'll just have a glass of wine first… it is sacred after all," mumbled Flavia.

"Maybe a little extra courage is needed, but not too much. You both have to perform cunnilingus on 'the embodiment of Venus'," Camila put on an exaggerated version of Saphina's voice, "If you get her to cum hardest then you will have the honor of being deflowered. Such a great portent! It guarantees you strong healthy babies!"

"When do we have to do that?"

"Pff…I'm sure she has devised an overly dramatic way of announcing the Worship of Venus. When she does then all the maidens

just form a line and take turns. I do hope you have both practiced your oral sex… firm, but not too firm, fast…but not too fast… You should practice some more now! Quick get those dresses off, it is bad luck to be clothed after the ringing of the gong.

Flavia was sure every eye in the room was on her now, it wasn´t just her cheeks that felt hot, she could feel the heat moving down her neck and to her chest, while below, a different warmth was starting to build. Slowly she pulled the straps of her dress off her shoulders and let the dress fall. Her nipples instantly tingled and she felt another throb between her legs. Lavinia copied revealing her delightfully small titties, her nipples were already erect and stood proud from her neat little circles.

"Mmm… so beautiful and sexy!" beamed Camila with pride, "Flavia, lower your arms, don´t cover yourself up, you need to show off your fruits. Now go and find someone and enjoy yourselves!"

The sisters just nodded and shuffled off, neither able to look at the other. Flavia did her best not to cover herself up even though every

instinct in her told her to do so. As they walked they felt the eyes on them and heard the elder women whisper, commenting on their tight teen bodies. Flavia let out a gasp as she felt a hand caress the small of her back and move down.

"Hello," greeted Octavia, who had been waiting for her moment. Her red hair was dark as the wine in the fountain and flowed just as smoothly. The full curves of her body caught Flavia's eye, the full breasts, the curve of her waist into her hips.

"H…hello…" Flavia managed to respond, and then she saw another woman speaking to Lavinia, her hands gently stroking her sister's shoulders.

"You are such a beautiful thing aren't you," Octavia smiled, her eyes moving over the teenager's body.

"Than…thank you," spluttered Flavia, too nervous to hold the woman's eye, she instead looked around the room. The place was descending into hedonism. All around women were now all nude,

touching and kissing. Soft moans and eager groans mixed with the music and Flavia felt her tingling nipples stiffen.

"It has been such a joy watching you grow up over all these years. Seeing that body of yours develop, becoming this sexy young woman. All that time at your villa chatting with your mother, I always have had my eye on you. I have been so, so patient, but it looks like Venus is rewarding me now. It is ok to be nervous."

"I…I'm…not n…nervous," Flavia stammered.

Octavia laughed and then stepped in close so her wonderful globes were just inches away from Flavia's, "The first fuck is always the most daunting, doing it in front of all these people… knowing they can all hear you moan with pleasure… see your face rapt in bliss…" the woman took another step forward so their bare breasts pressed together, leaned and whispered in Flavia's ear "Once you've done it once you will want to do it again and again."

Flavia's body was in overdrive, she knew her flower had spread and her nipples ached from hardness. She could feel Octavia's soft

breath on her neck, smell the sweet perfume. She stood frozen as she felt lips reach her shoulder and start to kiss upwards while at the same time a hand moved down her hip before changing course and heading inwards.

"You're trembling, don't worry, I will be gentle with you and make you feel so good. I will eat your virgin pussy so softly you will beg me never to stop."

Flavia just whimpered as the hand reached her sex and slid effortlessly through her soaking folds.

"Mmm… you are so wet for me," purred Octavia, her lips now on Flavia's cheeks and heading steadily towards her mouth.

Over Octavia's shoulder, Flavia saw Lavinia receiving a similar treatment from two of her mother's other friends. Hands were moving all over her slender frame and kisses were being applied to her neck and back, she was unable to resist. Flavia's own arousal continued to build as she watched her sister while fingers started to work her pearl. Then there was heat from behind as another body pressed against her back

and she was sure she could feel hard nipples rubbing against her shoulder blades. Another mouth was on her neck and Flavia felt herself enveloped by the erotic heat. Her head lolled to one side to allow the lips to do their work unrestricted and then Octavia reached her mouth and slid her tongue inside.

Flavia could taste the heavy wine as the tongue slowly circled her own. She kissed back, trying to match the calm assured motions of the older woman. Every inch of her body was now more sensitive than she could recall, every caress, every touch and every gentle breath on her skin sent a thousand tingles and shivers through her. With her eyes now closed, all she could hear was the constant moans and whimpers of submission that filled the great hall. She didn´t need to look to know what was happening to her was happening to dozens of women, all succumbing to their primal desires. Amongst the soft gasps of pleasure she was sure she heard Lavinia´s and she imagined her virgin tight pussy was also being fingered by these experienced women.

It was too much for Flavia and her tongue surged forward in a desperate attempt to feel more, taste more. Octavia pulled away with a giggle, "Mmm…she's a hungry one," she teased to her friend, who was still kissing Flavia's neck.

Flavia felt foolish at the apparent rejection, just standing there, her mouth open, her tongue left wagging in empty air. The woman then deftly used her experienced fingers to pinch gently either side of Flavia's clit and using the slick hood, started to stroke up and down. Flavia let out a moan and her legs started to quiver under the devasting sensation. Suddenly standing up was becoming unbearable as her whole body started to tense with every precise stroke. She heard the two women laugh, they were taking great amusement and pleasuring an inexperienced teenager.

"We've wanted to fuck you for so long," said Octavia, her friend, who was still peppering Flavia's shoulders with licks and kisses, nodded in agreement, "Still so sweet and innocent yet so delightfully fuckable."

"How wet is she?" asked the woman from behind.

"She is soaked!"

"I want to taste her, come on, let's take them to the couches."

Flavia was in a daze as the women led her and Lavinia to the side of the hall where dozens of huge mattresses and couches were laid out for one purpose only. She saw the same far away, lustful look in her sister's eyes that must have been reflected in her own. She noticed how erect Lavinia's nipples stood from her small titties and how flushed her chest was. All around, women were kissing passionately, cupping each other's breasts or fingering pussies so the room was filled with groans and the sound of wet sexes being fucked. It was like she was in a waking dream. Even as she walked she felt hands reach out and touch her from all directions as the place just became a writhing mass of naked feminine flesh.

The dozens beds against the wall were covered in red and purple silks on which dozens of women now cavorted with complete abandon. Every sexual position that Flavia had ever imagined, and many she hadn't even considered possible, were now taking place. One woman lay

on her back, while a girl rode her face, groaning and moaning while cupping her breasts. While below, two women lay between her legs, devouring her pussy simultaneously. Two young women were on their knees, their faces down, performing oral sex on golden slaves, their asses up as an older woman fingered both girls vigorously and gave encouragement to lick harder. Flavia could see the golden paint was now rubbing off onto the girls´ cheeks.

Octavia managed to find a little room on the beds and both Lavinia and Flavia were lain down, side by side, their bodies joining the mass of writhing forms all around. The two sisters shared a glance, their bare shoulders pressing tightly together as they lay next to each other. Then Flavia looked down and saw Octavia and one for her friends position themselves between their legs. She watched, frozen in sexual anticipation as the older women moved upwards, their tongues tracing along the inside of their legs. She could feel Octavia´s warm breath on the inside of her thighs and felt her pussy ache with desire.

"Mmm… you smell so sweet…" purred Octavia, grinning up at her.

Flavia found herself instinctively spreading her legs even wider, jostling for space with her sister, and inviting Octavia to taste her nectar.

Octavia opened her coral colored lips and extended her tongue fully allowing Flavia to view the instrument that was going to pleasure her. Flavia´s chest rose and fell rapidly as she eyed the slick, wet tongue, the subtle roughness of it.

"Please…" she whimpered, her pussy now throbbing in anticipation of that first touch.

Octavia leaned in and ran her long tongue along the full length of Flavia´s petals right up to her swollen little pearl.

"Ooh…oh…" Flavia´s head fell back against the dozens of soft cushions as the sensation of the first touch consumed her. A moment later she heard Lavinia also cry out.

Together the sisters moaned as their wet pussies were licked. The pleasure built causing them to thrash around, their arms rubbing against each other, and the various other nude women that lay all around them.

Flavia felt her legs being lifted, her knees being pushed towards her chest and realized a second before it happened what Octavia was planning. Flavia gasped as her now exposed anus was subjected to a sequence of licks and gentle flicks. Each other made her nipples tighten even more until they felt as hard as diamonds.

"Oh by the Gods… oh… Mmm…" the words tumbled from her mouth and she reached out to find something to hold onto and found Lavinia's hand. Both hands squeezed tight as the pleasure in both sisters continued to build.

It was Lavinia's turn to gasp as the woman between her legs sucked on her hard little clit and then lapped at it, "Oh…so good…so good… Mmmm…"

Hearing her sister so consumed with pleasure sent a powerful throb through her own pearl, "My pussy…please…" she whimpered.

Again she heard the older women laugh at the total control they had over the young sisters, "You want me to lick your little kitty?" teased Octavia.

"Please…please…"

"I…I…I'm going to cum!" gasped Lavinia, the eroticism of the event, the divine bliss between on legs and the taboo nature of lying next to her sister becoming too much for. She squeezed Flavia's hand even tighter.

"Oh by the Gods… by beautiful Venus… please, my pussy," begged Flavia. It felt like her clit was on the very edge of a cataclysmic orgasm that couldn't be realized until it had just one last lick… and without it, it throbbed in frustration.

"Please…please… oh…oh…" whimpered Lavinia.

Octavia and her friend pulled away and leaned back, amused at the two sodden pussies and the shiny pearls that glistened with total arousal so desperate for release. The two older women shared a mischievous look.

"You two girls want to cum?" asked Octavia.

"Oh, by the Gods yes," replied Flavia.

"Please… I need to… I need to…" begged Lavinia.

There was a loud cry of pure carnal euphoria from a woman a few yards away from them as she hit her orgasmic heights. The sound of the climax made both the sister´s pussies tighten, desperate to reach the same state of pleasure.

Flavia watched on in confusion as Octavia and her friend pulled Lavinia by the ankles and rotated her around. She could see Lavinia was equally unsure but powerless to question the mature women. Then Octavia took Flavia´s ankles and spread her legs. Flavia realized what was about to happen and let out a gasp just as her pearl throbbed so hard it almost tipped her over the edge. The sisters´ legs were locked and then pulled so their pussies were pressed tight together in a scissor position.

Just the touch of her sister´s wet folds against her created a heat in Flavia that she had never imagined. She saw Lavinia looking down her body to where their pussies were joined together in a sensual kiss, and then their eyes met. Flavia felt so wrong sharing such a sexual experience with her younger sisters, yet at the same time, so totally out

of control of any rational thought. She heard her mother´s voice telling her that there were no taboos tonight and her own desire to just fuck surged through her. To fuck anyone. Lavinia´s expression was one of doubt but also lust and she made no attempt to pull away, she just looked at her sister hoping for guidance.

Flavia knew she was too far gone. The only thing that mattered right now was feeling that release in her pussy… to climax as the sensation was one that she never wanted to end and at the same time couldn´t bare for a second longer. She started to grind.

Slowly, tentatively, to start with Flavia lifted and then made slow rotations with her hips and in so doing rubbed her slick pussy against her sister´s. Lavinia just stared, eyes wide open, her lower lips trembling as Flavia pleasured her. The two sexes were so wet that they easily glided against each other. With a gentle squishing sound the engorged labia lips kissed.

"That´s it," cooed Octavia, "Fuck each other… you are both so so beautiful, that´s right rub your cute pussies together… make each other

cum…″ she, along with the other women, started to masturbate as they watched the erotic spectacle.

Lavinia gave a sharp jolt as a bolt of pleasure shot through her and sent ripples of bliss back through her sister, ″Oh…do it…just do it…″

Hearing Lavinia so desperate made Flavia grind harder, spreading both their sexes and allowing their hard little pearls to slide freely along the other´s velvety folds, ″Oh…I can´t stop… I need to fuck you… I just need to….″

″Don´t stop… fuck me! Fuck me!″ cried Lavinia, her chest now rising and falling rapidly.

″Oh my!″ came another voice. The sisters looked up to see their nude mother looking down at them as they fucked, ″Isn´t this the most glorious sight! Keep going my girls… show each other how much you love each other,″ Camila then started to frantically rub her own clit so hard her hand blurred from side to side.

″They are just two sexy little nymphs,″ said Octavia between moans.

Flavia´s mind didn´t know what to think it was just her body taking control. She couldn´t believe she was just lying there, fucking her sister while her mother and her friends just watched and masturbated. Everywhere she looked there was just pure feminine sex. She felt so depraved… so dirty… but she couldn´t stop… she didn´t want to stop… it just felt so good. She tugged Lavinia´s ankles pulling her sister even tighter into each her so their pussies now locked together in a sensuous kiss.

"You´re… going to make me cum!" whimpered Lavinia, her brow creased with concentration as she tried to control the impending orgasm.

"I´m going to cum too…we´ll cum together…" Flavia´s voice was breathy and thin. She felt her smooth pearl rub against Flavia´s slick folds, the scent of their sexes now wafted over them shrouding them in their sexual musk.

"That´s it girls… don´t resist… just let it go… feel Venus´s blessings upon you," encouraged Camila.

While Flavia gripped her sister´s ankles for support, Lavinia reached out, searching for something, someone to brace herself against. She gripped some girl´s arm, who she had no idea, it was just one of the many enraptured bodies squirming with tortuous delight on the mattress, "Oh! Oh! OH! Flavia, I´m cumming!"

"That´s it, cum on my pussy… make me cum too!" gasped Flavia as the pressure that had built up finally reached breaking point and released in a burst of pleasure. The two sisters´ bodies buckled and convulsed in unison as they orgasmed. The climax spread down through Flavia´s legs forcing them to tense and straighten. She gripped Lavinia´s ankles tighter as her whole body shook and her pussy contracted again and again. As the sisters´ pussies rubbed together their orgasms made them all the more slicker and more sensitive until Flavia felt another build and then release, and then another. She knew it was her little sister´s cunt that she was orgasming against… she knew her mother watching as she climaxed but in that moment it didn´t matter. The only thing that mattered was the pleasure. She could feel Lavinia´s orgasm, she could

feel her sister´s shudders as her sex pushed even harder into her sex. And then both girls closed their eyes and fell still…. spent… their bodies as light as a feather yet so heavy they couldn´t move a muscle.

The voices Flavia heard seemed far away and she didn´t comprehend what they were saying.

"They are your daughters, which one do you want first?"

"They are so beautiful… it is impossible to choose."

"Take eldest first then."

Flavia felt movement on the mattress and then she realized her face was being mounted. She opened her eyes just in time to see a flower in full bloom and a tight little ass hole descend on her. Her senses were overwhelmed by the heady scent of the sex, the taste of the flowing arousal and the touch of the soft labia on her lips.

Camila had mounted Flavia while Octavia had climbed on Lavinia. The two women faced each other as they rode the teenagers, driving

their sexes down hard. Camila could feel her daughter´s lips run across her pearl while the nose feathered her anus.

"Oh my…Oh…" purred Camila.

Both women leaned forward and kissed while they continued to fuck the teenager´s faces. The kiss was hot and passionate, saliva dripped off their tongues and fell down over the girls´ joining sexes, the spittle mixing with the arousal.

Flavia just licked, she didn´t want to think… she refused to allow herself… she just licked. And then she started to rub herself against Lavinia again. Her clit was still super sensitive but she didn´t care… she needed that sense of total pleasure again. She felt her sister respond with a series of pushes. The two girls resumed their fucking while they continued to eat out the woman on their faces. Their tongues lashed out and lapped at anything they could reach as Camila and Octavia moved their sexes up and down the girl´s faces, coating them in their hot arousal.

Camila shuddered as her daughter´s tongue caught her anus with a delightful flick. She remained still allowing the tongue to focus on her back hole, to circle it, to tease it and then to probe it.

"That´s it, my girl… don´t stop…"

Octavia also gasped as she felt Lavinia´s inexperienced, eager tongue, stiffen and push inside her pussy. She could feel it whirl around inside her, caressing her smooth inner walls so perfectly. Below, the two women could see the sisters had resumed grinding together, they could hear the wet juices squelch as the sexes kissed. Then hands were wrapping around them from behind as their breasts were cupped by their friends, eager to join in. Fingers pinched their hard nipples forcing them to moan. They turned their heads so they could kiss the women behind them as they fucked.

The pleasure between Flavia´s legs was building again and she sped up her hips gyrations desperate to get that ultimate sensation of driving her pearl against her sister´s. All the while she lapped at the holes in front of her. First the anus and then the sweet pussy until her

mother was fucking her face in total desperation. She could tell by the frantic thrusts that Camila must be close, close to covering her lips in cum. She licked harder while she continued to hump against Lavinia. Then she felt her head being squeezed between Camila´s legs and she knew she had her mother on the edge. Her tongue assaulted the clit before it, she licked so hard and so fast her jaw ached and then she tasted the sweet tang as the pussy tensed and released again and again. The juices ran over her lips and down over her chin… then she had her own orgasm. It was sharper than before making her hips spasm against Lavinia triggering an orgasm in her sister as well. The two bodies twitched, rising and falling off the mattress in a blissful harmony. The climax, the taste of her mother´s essence, the heat of her sister, the constant cries of ecstasy all around as well as the effect of the strong wine made Flavia feel the world and reality had slipped away and she lay there as a sequence of smaller orgasms continued to bless her body.

Camila and Octavia dismounted the two teenagers and looked down at their handiwork. The girls looked dazed, their tight bodies still

locked together ravaged by pleasure while their faces glistened with wet orgasmic glory.

"Your girls are so perfect," smiled Octavia.

"Yes," agreed Camlia proudly, caressing her daughters' bodies, running her hands over the girls' small breasts and feeling their hard little nipples against her palms, "They are Roman women now. I don't know about you, but I could do with more wine!"

Flavia was only half aware of her mother leaving. She was still enjoying basking in the sensation of total relaxation. She stroked her sister's legs as they lay still locked together, their pussies still kissing. Then lips and hands were all over her, she opened her eyes to see a wave of naked flesh move over the mattress like a single living sexual being consuming all before it. Her nipples felt the wet warmth of being drawn into hungry mouths and a tongue was slipped between her lips. She had no idea who she was kissing and she didn't care. She was just lost amongst the fucking. She knew her pussy was ready for more so

she started to rock backward and forward against Lavinia feeling not only her juices but also her sister´s start to flow again.

The heat continued to rise as hot sweaty skin rubbed every inch of her. The sweet scent of feminine arousal was all around, like a mist in the air. She reached out blindly and felt soft flesh everywhere she touched and then she felt her hand guided between thighs and her fingertips touched wet folds. She started to rub, feeling the lips spread beneath her touch until she reached the entrance. The pussy was so sodden she was easy able to slip two fingers inside and start to stroke the slick tunnel. Another moan joined the chorus of euphoric sighs and groans.

Another tongue joined the kiss and Flavia felt two tongue lapping at her own. Still she didn´t bother to see who her lovers were she just accepted it and licked back. She felt a ball of salvia run down from the tongues above and drip into her mouth. She responded by opening wider, allowing the two women, whoever they were, to spit into her mouth before resuming the kissing, now even wetter than before. Her

pussy felt a surge of pleasure as Lavinia started to thrust harder, her own arousal reaching breaking point and needing the divine release of another orgasm.

Flavia´s fingers worked the unknown pussy with the same rhythm as she as being fucked and she could feel the wet pussy squeeze in response. Then there were teeth on one of her nipples, it was delightfully painful on her sensitive bud and it mixed perfectly with the treatment her other nipple was receiving as another mouth was lovingly sucking it deep inside and circling it with the very tip of a stiff tongue.

When one of the girls that had been kissing broke off to pant heavily in her ear, Flavia wondered if that was the girl her fingers were currently deep inside. The other mouth took advantage of the extra space and clamped her lips over Flavia´s. With mouths wide open and locked together their tongues worked each other, both stiff slick with thick salvia. The hot pants breathed even harder onto Flavia´s ear. Hearing the desperate gasps for breath just further added to the eroticism. She fingered faster, curling her fingers upwards and stroking

the impossibly wet top wall. The panting responded with breathless words mixed in, "Oh fuck… oh… my pussy… my pussy…"

Flavia felt a sudden series of sharp jerks from Lavinia, she must have had another orgasm. The thought of her pussy lips covered in her sister's slick cum brought her to the edge and she pushed harder against Lavinia even as her sister tried to wiggle away to relieve her now over-sensitized clit.

A cry of pleasure in her ear was accompanied by a sudden contraction on her fingers and she knew she had brought the girl to her ultimate satisfaction. It felt good giving pleasure… almost as good as receiving it.

Then everything was moving again. The whirlwind of hot skin shifted and Flavia felt Lavinia being pulled away into the maelstrom of wanton fucking. For a moment she was frustrated, her pussy was craving its next orgasm but she needn't have worried. Her ankles were gripped and were pulled upwards into the air and her legs pulled apart into a 'V' shape. She saw two women standing on the mattress holding

one of her ankles each, their womanly curves shining with sweat, their hair hanging in wild unkempt curls down the side of their faces. They kept pulling until Flavia´s ass was lifted off the bed and the only part of her on the silk bedsheets were the top of her back and shoulders. She felt so vulnerable and so unbelievably horny knowing these women were not only parting her legs but also her flower, and they would have a perfect view of her petals in full bloom. A third woman then came out from the mass of nudity and stepped in between Flavia´s legs and position her pussy right above Flavia´s. The two women holding her legs then pulled her up, bringing her tight into the third, locking their sexes together. Only the very top of Flavia´s shoulders and head were on the mattress now and she looked up her own body, between her modest mounds and watched herself being fucked by a gorgeous woman. The woman had so much leverage to work with that their cunts rubbed together in a blur to the sound of their wet lips caressing.

It didn´t take long before she felt her climax building from her clit, "Oh…yes… yes… do it…please…" she panted her eyes wide as she

watched the woman thrusted against her. The strain making sweat run down the woman´s body, between her breasts and over her midriff until her whole body shone with perspiration. The sight alone was enough and Flavia came, she tried to thrash her legs in response but they were held tight and instead the orgasmic shock waves flowed down making her torso tighten before releasing, "Fuck…fuck…"

The orgasm took all her strength and she lay there helpless as the woman used her body to reach her own climax. It still wasn´t over. As soon as the first woman had finished the next stepped into to take her place. Flavia gasped as she felt the next soaked pussy start to rub against her clit, that was now beyond sensitive. She struggled but there was nowhere to go, she just had to accept she was just a toy to be played with. Clearly, the delicacy of teenager pussy was too good to resist for these women and they would all want a turn with her.

As the fucking continued she turned her head to gaze into the sexual storm raging all around her. Not far from her see could see Lavinia, she was face down on the mattress, her face buried between a

girl´s legs, nodding away. While on top of her were three other girls, all straddling her and riding her. Their pussies were enjoying being driven into Lavinia´s back and ass as they moaned and groaned together, kissing and kneading each other´s breasts as the fucked the prone teenager. Flavia imagined just how much feminine juices were being rubbed into her sister´s back, marking her with their sexual essence.

The woman above her shuddered, went perfectly still and then convulsed as she climaxed. It was now the third woman´s turn. Despite her pearl being more sensitive than she could ever imagined, she didn´t resist as she was mounted again. Her legs were pulled up and, once again, locked tight against the fresh pussy. Flavia was grateful for the amount of cum on her labia lips that helped lubricate her sex as she was being taken again. This woman rode her harder than the others and she felt her clit being driven hard against the soft lips, caressing it wonderfully. Flavia had never cum so often so quickly and she knew another orgasm was going to be forced out of her. To the sound of the woman´s grunts, Flavia spasmed feebly, her body spent as the orgasm

threatened to knock her unconscious. She lay there, her legs powerless as the woman shuddered to her climax and then she was released.

Flavia knew she couldn´t take anymore. As soon as she could she closed her legs before anyone else could take advantage of her teen flower. She rolled over onto her front and offered her ass instead, it didn´t take long before her offer was taken up. Within seconds she was mounted and the familiar sensation of wet labia lips started to grind up and down her small round ass. At least she had a moment to recover.

*****

Slaves continued to fan Saphina with huge palm leaves as she sat on her elaborate throne overlooking the grand hall. It was a vision of pure wanton carnal energy. Nude women were sprawled out everywhere, fucking on the floor, on beds, against the walls and up against columns. It was hard to distinguish where the music started and the constant moans of pleasure finished.

On the floor, in front of her, two of the golden painted slaves rolled around in ecstasy as they kissed and fingered each other, their paint

smudging to reveal hand prints on their smooth skins. Saphina watched with a contented smiled as she sipped from her glass of wine.

"I hear you have a wrestler to enter my little competition," she said without taking her eyes off the golden lovers.

"Yes, a Germanic slave," replied Dariana, who sat on a large cushion near Saphina's feet, "I hope she gives you some entertainment. She is quite the specimen."

"My toes! Suck my toes!" Saphina suddenly yelled.

For a moment Dariana thought she was talking to her and considered if she should debase herself, she sighed in relief when she realized it was the slaves she was addressing. The two girls tore themselves away from each other and then, lying prostrate, started to suck Saphina's toes.

"I hear the Germanic women are quite formidable. Of course, she will be no match for my champion. What about you two, Camila, Octavia have you not entered one of your slaves?"

Sprawled on a large cushion the other side from Dariana lay the two noble women.

"I prefer my slaves to fuck, not fight," Camila responded.

"I prefer my slaves to be able to do both," smiled Saphina, "There is nothing quite like being thrown around by a muscular savage and then ravaged.

"I will be sure to try it," said Octavia sounding unconvinced.

"Have you heard about the latest delicacy in Greece?" asked Saphina, "Milk! Can you believe it?! No matter what those stuck up fools in Athens do we just seem to copy them so I have brought some for us to try."

"Milk?" queried Dariana and shared a confused look with Octavia and Camila.

Saphina clapped her hands. Four young slave girls came from behind the throne, unlike the others, they were not coated in gold, and instead had white dresses on. They looked very nervous and stared in

wonder at the decadent scenes occurring below. All four were very busty and their breasts strained at the thin white fabric.

"I acquired these last week and thought I would wait until tonight to enjoy them," Saphina looked them over and then pointed to a blonde girl that was trembling with nerves, "You. Here. Now!"

The girl nodded and approached, her legs shaking so much she almost tripped.

"Well pick one," snapped Saphina, showing her usual impatience.

The noble women each selected one and that girl knelt down on the floor next to them. Saphina then pulled down her slave's dress to reveal the girl's lovely, full breasts with pale pink areola. The other women followed her lead and stripped the girls.

"Apparently it is best straight from the teat," said Saphina and leaned in and took one of the slave's nipples into her mouth. The slave girl tensed up as she watched the grown woman suckle her. After a few seconds Saphina, leaned back up, "Oh yes! Like liquid ambrosia! Drink up!"

The nobles were hesitant to begin with. Dariana was first to act and took a nipple into her mouth. Octavia and Camila shrugged and followed suit. Camila started to suck, at first nothing happened, then, slowly, a few drops of creamy nectar started to flow. It was sweeter than any milk she had ever tasted or at least recalled tasting. She wanted more and now used her hands to squeeze the breast pumping the milk into her mouth until it started to run over her lips and down over her chin.

"Maybe the Greeks are onto something," she heard Octavia saying between slurps.

Camila came up briefly for air and licked the cream from her lips. The slave girl still looked nervous and in shock at what was happening to her. Camila pushed the girl down onto the cushion and mounted her before taking the other nipple into her mouth and suckled even harder. This time she used one hand to squeeze the breast and with a more controlled motion she was able to get a gentler flow of the nectar. With her other hand, she pulled up the girl's dress and ran her fingers over her pussy. It was still dry. Fear and nerves had affected the girl. Gently

she started to rub the folds, all the way up and all the way down until she started to feel the desired response and she felt the tell-tale signs of excitement under her fingertips. The girl gave a whimper as her arousal was forced at the same time she was being suckled by another woman. Camila started to feel the nipple harden even as she sucked on it, drawing the cream out with every suck. The girl´s pussy was becoming wetter and wetter. Camila took a moment to consider the girl´s position, she was most likely straight, had recently been bred by a boy, dragged in chains to Rome and now she was in an all-girl orgy having her body used in a most depraved sexual manner. And still, the girl couldn´t stop her natural reactions as her body reacted and she became aroused until Camila was able to slide first one and then a second finger inside her.

Camila filled her mouth up with the warm milk and then, careful not to lose a drop, pursed her lips, and moved her face towards that of the pretty young girl. The girl was still gazing around at the carnal scene around her and she shared a shamed and powerless look with her friends. The events that were unfolding were unimaginable to them. They

had never considered such depravity back in their small provincial villages in Gaul yet here they were, being treated like the cows on the farm for their milk. Camila then gently opened the girl′s mouth by squeezing her cheeks with her free hand before engaging in a kiss and in doing so allowing the milk to flow inside. The girl closed her eyes as she tasted her own cream and felt Camila′s tongue swirl around her mouth. Below, her pussy was being fucked fast, fingers curling upwards with every inward stroke until she could no longer deny the pleasure and her hips lifted in response. She found herself kissing back, her own tongue lapping at Camila′s, tasting her own milk with every lick. Soon milk was overflowing and dripping out over her lips and trickling down her chin.

Camila broke the kiss and looked down at the girl, she saw the mixture of confusion and arousal in her eyes. Camila then used both hands on the girl′s breasts milking them with a series of firm squeezes until the cream came out in two fine jets, spraying Camila′s own tits and then running down between their bodies.

The girl watched on as her breasts continued to squirt and then Camila leaned in, opened her mouth and fired the cream straight onto her waiting tongue. The scent of her own milk now filled her scenes while all around she heard the sound of moans and slurps as her friends were subjected to the same humiliations.

Camila continued to squeeze the full breasts until the milk was flowing over her body in streams, she then lay down on the girl and started to grind their bodies together. The cream lubricated their skin as their breasts slide against each other and Camila started to kiss her again, her tongue still white. The girl accepted it and again tasted her own nectar. It felt so wrong… so perverse yet her pussy was getting wetter with every passing second and when Camila drove the top of her thigh against her sex, she moaned with pleasure through the kiss. When the taste of milk faded, Camila slid down and clamped her lips over a nipple and sucked and squeezed, drawing more of the divine fluid out until her mouth was swimming with milk. She opened the girl′s mouth again and dribbled the cream down, into the helpless girl, before kissing

once again and sucking on the girl′s tongue while the milk spilled out of their lips.

The girl′s shame continued as she felt her orgasm build. Camila′s thigh spreading her pussy lips and driving down onto her clit relentlessly. She started to tremble then her body tensed as she climaxed with her mouth full of her own milk and Roman tongue.

Saphina sat on her throne with her slave girl crouched between her legs, ″Spray my cunt with your cream!″

The timid slave obeyed and began to express her milk onto Saphina′s glistening sex, the milk mixing with the arousal.

″That′s it, cover my pussy with your cream… Mmmm… Now lick, lick up your milk.″

The slave gasped, the idea of performing oral sex on another woman shocked her, the idea of doing it in public and having to lick up her own milk in process was beyond belief and shook her head.

"Lick my fucking cunt!" snarled Saphina, spreading her legs even wider so the white milk flowed into her pussy and onto her hot pink flesh.

The girl sobbed as she knew she had no choice. She leaned in and closed her eyes, she could smell her own milk as well as the sweet feminine musk of arousal.

"That's it…" panted Saphina, watching the girl edge her face closer and closer. Her clit throbbed with excitement. There was no greater aphrodisiac than having total control of someone, having them debase themselves purely for her pleasure, "Open your mouth… yes…"

The slave girl opened wide and tentatively stuck her tongue out, feeling for the Roman's milky pussy. The tip reached the labia and licked it timidly tasting female pussy for the first time.

"Open your eyes, look at me while you worship my temple of Venus."

The girl did as she was told, somehow this made the humiliation even more intense. She licked again tasting her own milk.

"Mmm… harder… lick me harder…"

She leaned in closer so the flat of her tongue was able to run up and down the milky, swollen lips. As she licked she felt her own pussy start to warm and spread, she knew she was getting turned on by this act… it was shameful and totally out of her control.

Saphina grabbed the back of the girl's head and pulled her in close, "Lick! Worship my pussy! Lick!"

The terrified girl was shaken into action and she licked as hard as she could, pushing the shame and humiliation deep down inside. She looked up at Saphina as her head nodded away, she felt so small compared to the Goddess.

"Stick your tongue inside me!" came the next instruction.

The girl's own clit throbbed at the thought of penetrating another woman in that way. She stiffened her tongue and used the tip to probe for the entrance and then she pushed. Her tongue eased inside and the slave knew her humiliation was complete – on her knees, licking her own milk from a Roman's sex and now with her tongue inside that pussy. She

looked up into Saphina´s eyes and knew she was totally owned by this woman, it made her feel so pathetic and she hated that her own pussy was now sodden.

"Domina?"

Saphina turned to see Breanna had come from behind the throne, "What is it?"

"The wrestlers… they are ready to… perform," whispered Breanna, trying to stop herself from looking at the busty young slave girl that was licking her mistress´s pussy, her lips white with milk.

"They are?! Excellent!" Saphina stood up so abruptly that the slave girl fell over backward and landed on her back, her milky tits pointing at the ceiling, "The gong! Someone hit the fucking gong!"

A golden slave girl hurriedly banged the gong sending a deep boom throughout the great hall. All around, lovers looked up, pulling themselves away from the excess of pleasures and tangle of naked limbs.

"Women of Rome! I have prepared a spectacle for you tonight!"

*****

Alda wasn't sure how many hours had passed by the time she heard the guards return. One by one the cell doors were opened and the women, still shackled, were led back upstairs. She noticed the red-headed girl's eyes were still moist from sobbing and she walked gingerly, clearly, the soldiers hadn't been gentle when they had taken her for sport. It made Alda's blood boil with rage and she wished she could tear those men apart with her bare hands. One of the guards saw how she was looking at them.

"Keep your eyes down you savage, save that anger for the Warrior, you'll need it!"

As they moved along the corridors of the palace she could hear the sound of beautiful music flowing down the passages and with it she was she could also hear hundreds of voices all moaning in pleasure. It was a sound that sent a shiver down her back and at the same time

made her nipples tingle. She tried to calm herself, she tried to tell herself that all she had to do was wrestle.

"In here, hurry up!" snapped one of the guards.

They were led into a room where several slave girls waited for them. Alda smiled when she saw Femke was one of them and was surprised at how much joy she felt at seeing her friend. One of the slaves was dressed more lavishly than the rest and stepped forward when the women were brought it.

"We will take it from here," Breanna said to the guards.

The soldiers snorted in disappointment at not being allowed to join in the fun but they knew better than to argue and left in search of wine.

"Prepare them."

The slave girls got to work starting by stripping off the prisoners.

"Alda, have they treated you well?" whispered Femke as she undid Alda's crude dress.

"They are animals and yet they call us savages!" replied Alda looking at the still shaken woman that had been raped.

Femke followed her gaze and immediately understood what had happened, "Did… did they touch you?"

Alda shook her head. Femke sighed in relief squeezed Alda´s arm and kissed her shoulder before realizing what she had done, "Sorry… I… I´m just glad it wasn´t you who they…"

After being locked in the dark and forced to listen to the guards´ cruelty, it was good to have some kind and concerned contact. The soft loving kiss on her shoulder made her feel closer to Femke than ever before and she suddenly just wanted to hold her tight – to know she was loved.

Alda allowed her dress to be undone, despite all these weeks in Rome she still couldn´t get comfortable with being nude – especially in front of so many other people.

"They want us to oil your bodies," said Famke softly.

"Why?"

"It will make your bodies shine and be even more beautiful. Listen, it will also make you more slippery when you grapple. It will work both ways, it will be harder for you to hold someone but it will also be harder for them to keep a strong grip on you."

Alda nodded and watched as thick scented oils were poured from clay amphora onto the now naked bodies of her opponents. Femke did the same to her, the liquid was warm and pleasant on her skin. Without sharing eye contact, Femke started to rub the oil into Alda's skin, massaging it into her back and shoulders before moving round to her breasts.

"I…I have to… we are not allowed to unchain you yet… I'm sorry…" said Femke.

"It's all right," mumbled Alda as she felt Femke's hands start to work her breasts, the warm oil soothing her skin. The touch was so nice… so pleasant. She wished she could be touched like this in another place and time. She closed her eyes and for a moment and she was

back home under the thick green of the oak trees, sat on a hill overlooking her village with the sun´s rays dappled through the leafy canopy. Femke hands working her breasts… her body… She would do anything to be back there… with Femke.

Alda opened her eyes again and felt her nipples were tightening to erection as Femke´s fingers passed over them. The two women shared a glance and both blushed. Femke knelt down and continued to pour the oil and rub it into Alda´s midriff and then hips, working around to her ass.

Looking at all the other women´s bodies starting to shine, along with the sensual touch on her own skin, was starting to have an effect on Alda. Her pussy was starting to warm and she could feel her labia start to tingle as it swelled. Femke´s hands now moved to her inner thighs and Alda just wished that they would move up, touch her where she needed to be touched. She had been such an idiot turning down Femke´s advances for all this time. Trying to deny what she was… her new life… what she wanted. Femke´s hand got closer and closer to her

increasingly moist flower before moving away and going back down her leg.

"There. You are all done," said Femke, her voice slightly breathless.

Alda just nodded and noticed Femke's nipples were pushing out against the thin fabric of her dress. Every part of her body wanted to tear off the woman's dress and kiss those hard little buds. 'When this is all over,' Alda said to herself, 'Tonight, when we get home, I will give Femke everything she wants… everything I want.'

"Time to go!" called Breanna, clapping her hands. She then led them out and towards the great hall. With every step, the music grew louder as did the moans and groans of pleasure. They could hear cries of orgasmic bliss cut through the background noise and echo down the marble passages.

The prisoners waited behind a thick curtain while Breanna went ahead. Alda tried to imagine what decedent perversions were taking place on the other side. She fidgeted with nervous energy and tried to

put the idea of being paraded naked out of her mind. She just had to focus, just get through this night.

Breanna returned just as a gong rang, ‟Follow me,″ she pulled back the curtain and stepped through.

Alda heard all the prisoners gasp as they took in the scene before them. Hundreds of women filled the hall, some standing many more sprawled out on huge lavish sofas against the wall. All were nude and obviously had just been enjoying each other. Alda could smell the heady scent of sex in the air, it was heavy and mixed with the smell of feminine sweat and perfumed bodies.

As they were led in, all heads turned in their direction and she heard giggles and excited whispers thrown in their direction. Alda knew they were now the entertainment, here for the sexual amusements of these wealthy women. She couldn´t stop herself from looking at all the naked flesh, it was endless. Breasts of every shape and size were on display, skin hot with sweat, pussies glistening with arousal, asses firm

and round. Hands reached out and pawed them, squeezing their muscular arms, cupping their breasts and pinching their bums.

Alda heard some of the comments aimed at them and they made her blush, "Look at the muscular one, imagined being fucked by her!" "I want to see that on her knees eating my ass out!" "I would ride that one's face till I came all over it!"

They were lined up against the wall while slaves, painted in gold, created a space in the middle of the hall and placed thick straw matting down.

"As you can see, my guests, I have brought the finest wrestlers from all corners of our Empire," announced Saphina, standing on her plinth and addressing the throngs of naked women who were now jostling to get a better view of the prisoners, "Each of these fine specimens will fight until only one stands victorious. But it does not end there for that woman will face one last challenge. She will pit herself against my champion, the Iberian Warrior. If she is to somehow defeat

this most savage of savages then that slave will be set free and her owner will receive one-hundred thousand denarii!"

The crowds clapped and cheered with excitement while Camila leaned in closer to Dariana and whispered, "If you needed the money so much you could have just asked," she teased.

"Pff… it isn't about the money," Dariana snapped back a little too quickly… "It is just for the sport."

"But the hundred-thousand denarii would be nice too, right?" Camila enjoyed watching her rival squirm in shame, "I know nothing of this sport… does your slave have any chance?"

"Yes, she isn't just some slave that was trained to roll around on the mat, she is a real warrior. She was captured on the battlefields of Germania drenched in blood, Roman blood. She is a barbarian through and through."

"Then I shall cheer this barbarian on. Although, I understand that Saphina's champion is a beast, a demon dragged from the depths of

Tartarus whom none has even come close to besting. However, as I said, I know nothing about this sport.″

Below, Alda heard Saphina′s words and tensed. If she was victorious she would be set free. It was possible! Just a few fights and she could end this nightmare. The rest of the prisoners also gasped and clenched their fists as they prepared themselves to do anything to win their freedoms.

Saphina marched off her plinth and the crowds parted as she strode to the matting in the center of the hall, ″Tonight is of course the Celebration of Venus and no sport dedicated in her honor can be without… fucking!″ the crowd roared in excitement as Saphina held up a leather thong with a dildo attached. The dildo was beautifully carved from a dark wood and ribbed all the way along the shaft. She turned to face the row of bound prisoners, ″To defeat your opponent you must fuck your opponent! Ass or cunt our Goddess approves! Penetrate your opponent for a minute and the round is yours!″ Saphina returned to her throne and clapped her hands in anticipation.

Golden slaves knelt down before each of the prisoners and fastened on the dildos, pulling the buckles tight until the cocks stood upright. Alda gawped at her dick, it was thick and hard and powerful. She hadn´t seen many real penises in her life, but this one was mightier than any she had encountered and the thought of being taken by it made her nervous yet her clit still throbbed.

"Femke, did you know about this?"

"No… but I told you about Saphina… she is perverse beyond measure," replied Femke, looking along the line of prisoners, some of which were eagerly stroking their cocks, "Just…just… focus on our training. All the principles still apply, movement, speed and leverage. Once you get them face down on the mat you just have to…" she glanced down between Alda´s legs and imagined being taken and her legs trembled as she almost climaxed out of nowhere from just the thought.

Alda nodded, "You heard what she said about the reward… she will set me free!"

"She says that because she thinks no one has any chance of beating her champion. This is just a game to her. Don't think about freedom, just think about your opponent… you must stay completely focussed. One slip and… and…"

"I'm fucked?"

Femke grimaced at the thought of anyone raping Alda, "Just be careful… I … I don't want anything to happen to you."

A slave moved along the line and unlocked the shackles from all the prisoners. Alda felt her nerves build and took another look at the competition. All the women looked strong and athletic although some also seemed anxious, fidgeting uncontrollably. Alda had seen battle, real battle and faced those bloody terrors, most of these women had probably only been trained for this sport as an amusement for their Domina's. Others looked genuinely fierce. The blonde Northerner was smiling, her cold blue eyes glinting at the prospect of combat. The dark-skinned girl also was calm and was taking time to eye up her opponents.

Alda could see a row of white scars standing out against her ebony skin along her shoulder, she was a fighter and would not lie down easily.

"Let the first round begin!" shouted Saphina.

Breanna pointed at the Northerner and then towards Alda. Alda's heart skipped at least five beats until she realized it was the woman next to her that was being pointed at. She recognized her as the red-haired girls with freckles that the guards had raped in the dungeon and her heart went out to her. She was in no mental shape to face the Northerner and physically she was no match.

The match started and the Northerner stared up at the ceiling and let out a bellowing warcry that got the Romans gasping with excitement and the freckled girl shaking with fear and looking for a way out. There was none, the ring was surrounded by tightly packed nude women who shoved her back into the ring when she tried to escape. She turned to see the Northerner stalking her, moving with predatory grace. She tried to compose herself and took on a fighting posture, arms raised, feet balanced.

The Northerner lunged forward, there was no attempt at grappling, there was no technique just pure power. She kicked the freckled girl´s front leg unbalancing her and then threw a closed fist punch across her opponent´s cheek. The crowd cheered as the girl fell in an untidy heap to the matting. The Northerner lifted her arms and bellowed at the audience, her mighty oiled tits shining in the light and getting a few admiring strokes from the women closest to the front.

Alda observed that this was far more like a brawl than the skilled art of wrestling she had been taught.

The freckled girl pulled herself to her feet, nurse her swelling cheek and once again lifted her arms to create some kind of defense.

The Northerner turned her attention back to the girl and gave her wooden cock a stroke, ˝I´m going to stick this up your ass and make you my bitch!˝

The girl once again trembled and looked for a way out. The Northerner pounced and grabbed hold of the smaller opponent and

rammed her knee straight into the girl′s sternum. The girl gave a rasping wheeze as her legs gave way and once again she fell to the matting.

The Northerner looked at her prone opponent who was trying to crawl away, and laughed as she watched the girl′s round ass with a malicious hunger. She delivered a stomp to the middle of the girl′s back, right between the shoulder blades. With all the air driven from her lungs, the freckled girl went still without even the strength to roll over.

With another stroke of her cock, the Northerner mounted her opponent, placing a knee between the girl′s legs to stop any last ditch efforts to close them.

"P…please…don′t…" whimpered the freckled girl.

The Northerner just laughed as she spread the girl′s ass cheeks to reveal the tight little pink star and then spat a ball of salvia onto it and rubbed it in.

Alda felt her pussy throb at the spectacle, felt the arousal that was building inside her. All around the Roman women were masturbating unashamedly, some slowly stroking some frantically rubbing their clits.

She could see Saphina watching from her throne, a golden slave girl had her face buried between her legs and the nodding action left no doubt as to what she was doing. Her Domina, Dariana, was also there, lying on her side on a mountain of cushions. She looked nervous, clearly, she was worried that Alda was no match for this Northerner.

The freckled girl gave a high pitched squeal as the tip of the dildo was placed at her back entrance, she even managed to gather enough strength to throw an elbow back at the Northerner, but it lacked any strength or direction and was swatted away.

Alda looked down at the mighty phallus between her own legs, she took in the rows of ribs and the girth and imagined what it would be like to have that driven inside her ass. The thought made wince and the prospect that she may well face this vicious Northerner made the room spin around her and she pressed herself hard against the wall for support.

With a single drive of her muscular hips, the Northerner drove the dildo into the freckled girl´s ass. The girl tried to cry out. No noise came

out and her mouth just flopped open and close uselessly while tears streamed down her cheeks. The Romans cheered in approval as the Northerner started to thrust rhythmically. On her throne, Saphina turned an hourglass and the sands of time started to run. It was more of a symbolic act as the freckled girl had no hope of escape, not within one minute, not within an hour.

The Northerner pumped away driving the wooden, ribbed cock in again and again until the freckled girl fell still and accepted her fate with miserable sobs.

When the hourglass had emptied Saphina announced the winner, "Grissel from the frozen North! Congratulations, Leila," she turned to a Roman noblewoman who, despite her nudity, was adorned in dozens of gold bracelets and bangles, "You have quite a fighter."

Grissel stood up and nodded towards her owner who raised a glass of wine.

A couple of slaves helped the beaten and broken girl off the mat and returned her to the girl′s owner who spat in the slave′s face in disgust and signaled for her to be taken away.

Breanna then stepped forward and pointed to a tall willowy woman with straw hair and then to Alda. Alda′s mouth went dry and suddenly her legs were so weak she could barely stand.

Femke leaned in, ″She′s got a longer reach than you so get in close, you′re stronger so get her down on the mat and she′ll lose any advantage.″

Alda nodded nervously.

″Hey!″ snapped Femke, ″You′ve got this!″

Alda took a deep breath and stepped onto the matting. The willowy girl looked even more afraid than her and that gave Alda some comfort.

The bout started with a cheer from the crowd and Alda immediately felt hands grab her ass, and squeeze it. She turned to see a woman rubbing her pussy so fast her hand was a blur while she fondled

Alda´s butt. The distraction was all the willowy girl needed and, with a long leg, kicked out catching Alda behind the knee and buckling the leg so she fell crouched to the floor. The willowy woman smiled with sudden belief and made to press home the advantage.

Alda´s blood boiled and all nerves evaporated. As her opponent came at her she drove off the mat with all her strength and rammed her shoulder straight into the woman´s stomach. The woman was caught by total surprise and toppled backward with Alda clambering on top. The woman´s eyes opened wide as Alda punched her straight on the nose.

Blood squirted from beneath her fist as Alda´s knuckles connected. All the woman could do was try to cover her face as Alda launched a barrage of blows. All around the Romans hollered out their approval as the willowy girl was pummelled into submission. Alda was lost in her frenzy for a moment and by the time she had regained control of herself her opponent was almost unconscious and totally unable to defend herself.

Alda took a breath and calmed herself before spreading the woman´s legs. She saw the light pink pussy, shiny with oil. Instinctively she cupped her hand and rubbed the labia lips until she felt the arousal build under her touch. Her opponent barely moved as Alda´s positioned her cock and eased it into her pussy. She heard a faint moan as she pushed in deeper. The crowd continued to roar as they saw Saphina turn the hourglass over and Alda´s felt her own nipples harden and her labia swell at the sense of power. She had beaten this woman and now was taking her… she knew it was wrong but her body didn´t care, she was as horny as she had ever been in her life and she found herself pumping away, driving the ribbed dildo in and out.

When the time ran out she withdrew and got back to her feet and looked down at her beaten opponent. She was still dazed, blood trickling down from her broken nose, and pussy still wide open after being spread by the large phallus. Alda told herself she had done what she had needed to do.

She returned to the wall to wait for the next match and Femke gave her a nod, ‟It wasn´t quite the technical skills I had taught you… but it worked.″

Alda could see there was now concern, even a hint of fear in Femke´s eyes as if what she had just done had scared her.

On the plinth, Dariana grinned broadly and allowed herself to hope.

‟An impressive performance,″ said Camila, ‟I wonder how she will perform against an opponent that actually fights back.″

The wrestling continued. Some fights were more balanced than others. Some were technical contests with the women maneuvering into position and patiently waiting to strike while other matches were brutal and fast affairs. Alda watched the dark-skinned woman move with blinding speed and then grapple a far larger opponent from behind, wrap her arms around her opponent´s throat and bring the woman down to her knees. No matter how much the opponent struggled, the dark-skinned

woman held on until they passed out, their legs spread, and were easily taken.

When the first round was completed only the victors remained. Grissel stepped forward again to face a girl that appeared to be from the Middle East. Her name was announced as Azar and she appeared to be the most technical of them all. Skilled, fast and strong.

Grissel lunged forward, just as she had done in her first match and launched a kick. The move, although fast, was predictable and Azar caught her ankle and twisted it sharply. Grissel howled in pain and had to use her superior strength to pull herself free. Grissel started to limp and, for the first time, Alda saw uncertainly in the Northerner´s eyes.

Azar made the next move with a series of perfectly timed feints that wrong-footed the more powerful woman and allowed her to grip the Northerner around the waisted and throw her up and down onto the mat. Grissel was shaken but not beaten and scrambled to her feet before Azar could mount her.

Azar started to circle again while Grissel´s movements were now hampered by her sprained ankle. Azar came at her again and the Northern woman once again found herself lashing out at shadows as her legs were taken away from under her and this time she was forced, face down, to the floor and mounted by Azar.

The crowds cheered as they watched on, some moaning as they brought themselves to climax. Grissel tried to close her legs but Azar had managed to get her knee in between and then lined her cock up with the Northerner´s pussy. With a forced gasp of shock and pleasure, Grissel was penetrated. Saphina turned the hourglass over and the sand began to run.

"Oh…oh…" the muscular woman moaned as she was fucked, the ribs running up and down the inside of her pussy with delightful effect. She focused her mind and tried to lift herself up. To begin with Azar had all the leverage, but slowly, inch by inch, Grissel lifted herself from the mat while Azar hung on. With a cry of defiance, Grissel managed to bring her knees up towards her chest and then stand while the smaller

woman clung to her back, the dildo still inside her pussy. Reaching back, Grissel grabbed Azar and managed to throw her over her shoulder. There was a wet pop as the ribbed cock was withdrawn from the soaked pussy and then a thud as Azar landed hard on her back.

Grissel was now fuelled by more than her fury, she had been humiliated and she wanted vengeance. Before Azar could recover, she sat on her face and began grinding her ass up and down, squeezing her opponent´s head between her mighty thighs. Azar struggled as she was engulfed in the Northern woman´s strong essence, wet pussy lips mixed with oils covered her lips and nose.

Grissel had the woman at her mercy now and she reached down to unfasten Azar´s strap-on and tossed it aside. Then she smacked her opponent´s now exposed sex. The sharp slapping made the entire room wince as they imagined the pain that Azar must have felt. The Middle-Eastern woman´s legs spasmed and kicked in pain. Grissel just laughed as she smacked her again catching Azar´s clit sharply. Azar´s cry of pain was muffled beneath the Northerner´s ass.

At last Grissel stood and looked down at her disorientated opponent, her face slick with her juices, ″I´m going to take that cute round ass and make it mine!″ jeered Grissel, ″but first…″

The Northerner grabbed Azar by her pitch black hair and pulled her up so her face was level with her wooden cock, ″first you suck me like a little bitch!″

Azar flailed around but she wasn´t strong enough and Grissel squeezed her cheeks forcing her mouth open before driving the full length of her cock inside. Azar choked and gurgled. There was no escape. Grissel pulled her head in tight into her and fucked her face to the adulation of the cheering crowd.

Alda could see that Azar was struggling with both the girth and the length of the dildo, her neck was pumping to expand and it reminded her of the rivers frog back home, puffing out their throats. Tears streamed down the girl´s cheeks while her hands pummelled uselessly against Grissel´s thick thighs. Grissel was loving the sight of another woman on her knees sucking, forced to deep throat her new cock. By the time the

Northerner let Azar go the woman was defeated and gasping for breath. Grissel wasn´t finished with her and lifted Azar off the mat, high into the air before slamming the beautiful olive-skinned body crashing back down to the floor.

Azar cried in pain as ribs cracked and her head bounced off the matting so she saw stars. Grissel then took aim to line up a kick and then drove her foot hard into Azar´s vagina. Again the crowd simultaneously winced and applauded while the fallen girl spasmed in pain. Grissel then took the woman´s ankles and folded her in half, pressing her feet down either side of her head. She was in no hurry to line her dildo up with Azar´s asshole, giving her opponent time to think about what was about to happen, to imagine the ribbed cock breaching her tightest hole. Azar´s struggles were now pitiful and she whimpered pathetically as she stared into the fierce eyes of the Northerner.

"That´s it little girl, take my cock! It´s all over now!" snarled Grissel before spitting in Azar´s face.

Then she pushed her hips forward, the oil and sweat made the penetration mercifully easy for Azar yet her eyes opened wide and fresh tears ran from her eyes. Bent over double, her ass in the air meant every thick inch of the dildo was able to slide in, right up to the base.

Saphina dramatically turned the hourglass. For Azar the minute seemed like an eternity as Grissel grunted with every thrust, relishing this new way of fucking. All the while, Romans cheered the spectacle delighting in the carnal violence.

When Grissel pulled out, Azar curled up into a little ball, shamed, humiliated and broken. Grissel strode around the matting like a conquering hero, hands aloft and chanting her people´s war cries. The Roman women stretched out and fondled her breasts, cupped her crotch and grabbed her ass with lust fill glee, many already fantasizing about being so brutally fucked by such a warrior.

Alda and Femke looked at each other, both their eyes were full of fear from what they had just witnessed.

"Maybe… maybe just let girl with ebony skin beat you," said Femke, "She might be gentler… just don't fight back."

"Just give up? Let myself be raped… lose my chance at freedom?" asked Alda, allowing the idea to build in her mind.

Femke gave a sob, "I just don't want to see you get hurt."

"What do you think Dariana would do to me if I just lay down?"

Femke sobbed again and nodded, "She would have you given to the guards… or worse."

"I'll be alright," Alda took Femke's head in her hands and kissed her forehead. Even as her lips left she wished she had kissed somewhere else but she didn't have a second chance.

"You!" came Breanna's call, "and you!" as she pointed to Alda and the dark-skinned beauty.

Saphina rubbed her hands, "The final second round match, between Alda, the Germanic barbarian and Kahula the princess from Africanus!"

As they circled Alda took a moment to admire the rich dark skin that shone majestically from the oil. Kahula´s breasts were full and crowned by nipples that were almost black in hue. Her legs with muscular and long, lithe yet strong.

"I see you like my legs," teased Kahula, "Well soon I will wrap them around our neck until you pass out and then I will fuck that cunt of yours!"

Alda took advantage of Kahula´s taunt and made the first move by grabbing her opponent´s shoulders and driving her back. Their bodies pressed together and Alda felt the heat of skin on skin. Kahula pushed back but Alda was too strong and was able to pull the African from her feet and onto the mat.

Before Alda could follow up the attack, Kahula rolled nimbly away and back up onto her feet, "Is that all you have?"

Alda made another move. This time Kahula was waiting. She dodged and countered wrapping both her arms around Alda´s right arm and twisting hard. Alda cried out as she felt her joints being stretched.

She could see the African was trying to pull her down to the mat where she would be immobilized and at her mercy, she knew she couldn´t let that happen. She clenched her jaw and ignored the pain as Kahula twisted even harder and tried to drag her down.

With her free hand, Alda tried to find some part of Kahula to grip, anywhere to get purchase so she could prise her off. Her skin was too slippery with oil and her fingers slid off. Kahula lifted her legs off the floor so her entire body weight now hung on Alda´s right arm. Alda cried out as she toppled to the mat, the tendons in her arm feeling like they were going to snap.

As soon they were both on the floor, Kahula was squirming over Alda´s naked body. At first, it was a relief that her arm had been released then panic set in when she realized that the African was now trying to lock her long legs around her neck.

Alda threw elbows and punches but, on the floor, she had no real leverage and while Kahula winced with every blow they weren´t enough to prevent her attack. Alda did her best to get an arm between her neck

and Kahula´s legs but this just exposed the rest of her body and the African delivered a hard punch into her gut causing her to wheeze and buckle up. Instinctively her arm moved down to protect her stomach and when it did Kahula´s legs clamped firmly around her neck and began to squeeze.

The heat from the woman´s thighs was intense and she could smell the sweet aroma of the woman´s sex as it rubbed against her neck. She gripped Kahula´s ankles and tried to unlock them, it was useless. She tried to get her hands in between the squeezing legs and her neck, searching desperately for a gap. She felt dizzy and then her entire body felt heavy, so so heavy until her limbs flopped down by her sides.

"That´s it, fall asleep. Don´t fight it. When you wake my cock will be deep in your pussy and it will all be over," cooed Kahula softly.

Alda tried to fight, to stave off the darkness, until she slumped into unconsciousness. She felt like she was deep underwater, everything was just vague shades of grey and shadow. The cries of the baying crowd sounded like they came from a thousand miles away. Everything

was strangely calm, peaceful. She felt the tightness around her neck release and hands were on her body. She felt herself being dragged across the matting. Her legs were opened. The wooden cock was lifted slightly and she felt fingers rubbing her pussy. It felt nice. Then there was a pleasant warmth as she was mounted. She felt Kahula´s stomach pressing against her. With her hazy vision she saw the woman´s face looking down at her. Then she felt a hardness touch her pussy lips, spreading them. She felt her vagina being eased open and heard hundreds of women cheering. Her foggy brain guessing the hourglass had been lifted and Saphina was preparing to start it.

Camila turned to Dariana, ˝Oh well, never mind. Looks like your champion has fallen asleep and is about to take cock. So if you do need some money just let me know, I´ll lend you some. At a very fair interest rate of course.˝

Dariana said nothing and just clenched her fists in anger as she looked down and saw Kahula on top of Alda. The African then began to

gloat, grinning at the applauding women and then started to rub her breasts against the unconscious Alda´s face to belittle her opponent.

Alda´s world went even darker but it smelt so good. The scent of fragrant oils and the tang of female sweet filled her nostrils. It was nice and dark and whatever was rubbing against her face was so soft and pleasant. She would be happy to lie there forever. She felt the hardness between her legs again, probing in search of her entrance. Then she heard a voice cutting through the dozens of other cries.

"Alda! Get up! Please! Get up!"

She recognized the voice. It was such a nice voice. A voice that was always kind to her.

"Alda, fight! Don´t let her fuck you!"

There was desperation and fear in the voice and that sparked something in Alda, an anger. She didn´t want that voice to be afraid. She dug deep and focused her mind. Her eyes flicked open.

Kahula was about to thrust her hips and penetrate her opponent when she saw Alda stir. She gasped in surprise and tried to react. It was too late. The Germanic Barbarian thrust her head up and rammed her forehead straight into the African´s nose. Kahula fell off Alda clutching her face, her eyes starting to water.

Alda´s limbs still felt heavy and she struggled to pull herself from the mat. She managed to get to her feet and even though her legs swayed beneath her she was able to stay upright. Kahula was still sat on her haunches and nursing her nose when Alda lifted her from beneath her arms and then flipped her upside down in mid-air before allowing her to drop down to the mat.

The crowd screamed their approval and adrenaline started to pump washing away the cobwebs from Alda´s groggy mind and replacing it with a surging fury. Kahula was winded but not out. The African neatly grabbed Alda´s legs and tried to topple her. Alda stood her ground and gripped the back of Kahula´s neck, squeezing hard. The

woman yelped with pain and let go of Alda´s legs as she was lifted back to her feet.

Alda wrapped her arms tightly around Kahula´s body, their slick breasts rubbing together, their wooden cocks clattering against each other. Alda then drove with her legs and threw her opponent clean over her head. Kahula again fell to the ground hard, her shoulder popping on impact and she let out a shrill scream.

It was Kahula´s turn to be defenceless. She looked up at the Barbarian, the arrogance in her eyes now replaced with fear.

"Wait… just wait…my arm…" she whimpered, "I can´t fight anymore."

"On your knees, face down, ass up!" commanded Alda, her hand stroking her cock in anticipation.

Kahula submitted and did what she was told. Watching a woman totally surrender herself to her made Alda´s clit throb and she knew she was getting wet even as she knelt down behind the round ass and lined up her cock. With her hands, she spread Kahula and saw the hot pink of

her pussy glisten against her rich dark labia. She positioned the cock and with a single deep thrust drove it deep inside. Kahula moaned in pleasure, pain and acceptance. In the corner of her eye, Alda saw Saphina turn the hourglass. She knew she could just stay like this to win the match yet something deep and primal in her wanted to fuck. Not fuck for kindness but fuck to demonstrate her physical superiority. She took Kahula´s waist and then started to thrust, hard and fast driving the massive, ribbed cock in and out. She was transfixed at the sight of the dildo as the tight pussy lips gripped it with every withdrawal, the hot pink lips being stretched out. With every push, it became easier as Kahula´s pussy accepted the girth and became slicker and slicker with arousal.

"And the winner is Alda, the Germanic Barbarian!" shouted Saphina.

Alda was surprised at her reluctance to pull out of her humbled opponent. The thrill of fucking, the sense of domination was addictive and she found herself looking over at Grissel, not with trepidation but with an eagerness to fuck her too.

"That was close," said Femke embracing Alda tightly making her wince, "What's wrong?"

"My arm," replied Alda, with the adrenaline starting to ease the stained tendons in her shoulder and elbow started to ache.

"There will be a brief interval," started Saphina, "Refresh your glasses and take a moment to admire the fighters. The final round will commence shortly."

Alda didn't have time to recover before she was swamped by an admiring Roman women and Femke was pushed aside.

"You are so strong, fuck me!" said one.

"Fuck me first with that big strong wooden cock!" said another.

"Mmmm… those tits! I need to suck on them!" added a third as she leaned in and started to suck on one of Alda's nipples.

Before she knew it, another woman was kneeling down and licking the juices from her cock and another was trying to kiss her. Alda turned her head so the lips instead moved up and down her neck. She didn't

know what to do so she did nothing. She couldn´t stop her sense of arousal continuing to build as her nipples were sucked erect.

There were too many to resist and soon Alda was pulled to the ground and ravaged by the hungry women, every inch of her body was being kissed and licked. Both her nipples were new being suckled and then she felt a weight on top of her as she was mounted by a young woman who took hold of the dildo, aimed it and then sat down taking its full length inside.

"Oh yes…oh yes!" the girl cried, leaning back and squeezing her breasts as she rocked backward and forward, "You are so big and so strong! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The rhythmic thrusting rubbed the leather base of the cock against Alda´s clit and she felt her pleasure start to surge. She gasped and allowed a wandering tongue into her mouth, she didn´t have a chance to see whose tongue it was and just accepted it helplessly as it whirled around lapping at her own one.

"It feels so good! I´m going to cum!" the girl riding Alda cried and then she spasmed, each jolt shooting more pleasure through Alda´s swollen bud.

No sooner had the girl climaxed and dismounted than another was taking her place, sliding down the cum drenched shaft.

Alda felt the shame at being used as a sex toy, the humiliation bit into her. There was nothing she could do, and then she gasped as a sudden burst of pleasure made her clit tighten as it was rubbed. She was going to orgasm. She was going to have an orgasm forced out of her by these decadent women and she was powerless to stop it. She squirmed underneath the weight of all the nude bodies trying to find a way to escape, it was too late. One more deep thrust from the woman on top sent a surge of pleasure straight through her pearl and she orgasmed. Her legs stiffen and then twitched.

"She came! I made the savage barbarian come!" giggled the woman riding her, "and now it´s my turn!" The woman rode harder until she cried out, the ribbed wood doing its work.

Alda hoped this was going to be the end but yet another woman took her place and began to ride her.

"So your girl has made it to the final," said Camila, "Perhaps you do have a chance of winning after all."

"Everyone knows the Germanic tribes breed the fiercest women," shrugged Dariana trying to sound dismissive and totally unconcerned about the close call Alda had."

"It doesn't matter," interrupted Saphina, "It doesn't matter who faces the Iberian Warrior, they will get fucked."

"Are you so sure? both those women seem quite… formidable," said Camila.

Saphina glared at Camila, "You think those women have what it takes to beat my champion! They are nothing! Nothing!"

"It is alright to be worried," Camila continued to tease.

"Worried? I am not worried!" Saphina leapt to her feet, "Ring the gong! Ring that fucking gong! BREANNA! Where the fuck are you? BREANNA!"

As the gong resounded throughout the hall Breanna came rushing over, "Domina? What is it? Do you want to start the final already?"

"Fetch the Iberian Warrior! Go get my champion!"

"Yes, Domina."

The hall quietened as Saphina stood at the end of the plinth, "I have decided to add some extra excitement! Instead of the winner of the Germanic Barbarian and the Northern Viking fighting the Iberian Warrior, they will both face my champion… at the same time!"

The women cheered in excitement at the thought of so much flesh on display and allowed Alda and Grissel back to their feet. Both women had had to endure the amorous attentions of the Romans and looked bedraggled.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" asked Camila, "Two against one… doesn't seem fair."

"Pff… it's not fair! Not fair for those two! All eight of those women couldn't beat my champion. You'll see!" Saphina looked on edge as she paced up and down in front of her throne.

"Don't say I don't do you any favors," Camila whispered to Dariana and gave her a wink, "Now your barbarian at least has a chance."

At the other end of the hall, the two male guards escorted in a large figure. They were struggling with the chain that were wrapped around the Iberian Warrior who thrashed about like a wild animal.

The crowds of Romans gasped and backed away in fear as they saw the Warrior being corralled. While a hood covered the woman's head completely, the rest of her physique was on display. She was tall, taller than most men and her body even more muscular. Dozens of crude tribal tattoos covered her skin adding to the menace of her imposing figure. Her breasts were large and pert, adorned by swirls of dark ink and strange writings. She grabbed one of the chains and pulled

it tugging one of the men off his feet and the other one scrambling to hold on tight.

"I take that back," laughed Camila to Dariana, "Your barbarian is fucked!"

"She can do it!" snorted Dariana trying to hide her growing doubt.

"Well, since you already have a few denarii riding on this, it seems only fair I get involved too. If your barbarian loses I get her for a night."

"And if she wins?"

"You can have a pick of any of my girls, even my beautiful Deena."

"I agree on your side wager," Dariana offered her hand which Camila shook sealing the deal, "The girl I will choose is Lavinia," she smirked.

"What? No! I meant one of my slaves!"

Saphina laughed, "Looks like Dariana has one over you. A bet is a bet! If the Barbarian wins you must whore out your sweet little daughter!"

Camila was flustered. Suddenly the bout below had taken on a real importance, the thought of Dariana being able to use her youngest daughter as a plaything sickening her.

Once they got the Iberian to the matting, Breanna nervously approached and quickly pulled off the hood. The whole room went silent as they saw a woman who was maybe no more than thirty although the tattoos on her face made it hard to tell exactly how old she was. Several rings pierced her eyebrows and a spiked stud went through the side of one of her nostrils. Her dark hair was tied back in thick cornrows that were clamped in brass ringlets. The Warrior´s eyes moved calmly over the crowds of gawping women who stepped back under the intensity of the gaze. There was a wild hatred in those eyes that made even the Northerner balk and take a step back.

Femke was able to push through the distracted throngs of women and reach Alda, who was also staring at the newcomer, her mouth dry.

"L…look at her… I can´t beat that…" muttered Alda her eyes wide with fear.

"You must work with the Northerner, you must fight as a team," replied Femke, "Attack from opposite sides, take out that beast's legs."

Alda tried to listen to Femke's words but all she could focus on was Breanna, kneeling in front of the Warrior, fastening on a dildo that was even thicker and longer than her own. The thought of that bull cock penetrating her made heart skip several beats and then pound fast.

"Behold!" announced Saphina with prideful glee, "Madiera, The Iberian Warrior! None have defeated her and none ever will!"

With her legs trembling, Alda stepped onto the mat and looked over at Grissel. The Northerner's wild woman frenzy had been replaced by fear and she backed up against the ring of spectators, who pushed her back onto the matting.

The Iberian Warrior was stroking her new cock in dark amusement and then turned her attention to her two opponents.

"Listen," Alda said to the Grissel, "You attack from the left, I will attack from the right. Kick the back of her knees, get her down and then we can beat her."

Grissel nodded meekly and started to circle around Madiera, who just stood still, eyeing her victims.

Alda tried to relax her tense muscles which were coiled up tight in fear. She knew needed to be loose, to be fast and ready. She saw Grissel was now in position and called out as loud as she could to be heard over the baying crowd, ‟Now!″

Together, Alda and Grissel dashed forward and aimed their kicks at The Warrior´s legs. Neither could have imagined how fast Maderia was. Even as their legs flashed through the air, Maderia spun away with feline grace. With one foot planted and one in the air, Grissel was rooted to the spot as the Warrior lifted her up high into the air and then slammed the Northerner back down to Earth hard. Grissel let out a cry of surprise and pain. She had never been so effortlessly tossed around like that and she knew she was no match for the raw strength of the Warrior.

Alda´s foot kicked harmlessly through empty air and by the time she was back on both feet Grissel was prone on the floor and Madiera was turning to face her.

Alda tried to steel herself. She had fought on battlefields, she knew what it was like to face agony and death. She gritted her teeth, clenched her fists and prepared to go to war. The Warrior came at her fast and Alda had to move quickly to avoid a punch that would have knocked her clean out in one strike. Just as she dodged one attack another was on its way, this time a sweeping kick. All the training with Femke had made her reflexes fast and she managed to jump just in time. She countered with her own attack. A feint left, a feint right and then a kick back on the left. The fast movements unfooted Madiera and Alda managed to take hold of the Warrior´s mighty arm and, using all her opponent´s weight against her, tossed the large woman over her shoulder and onto the mat.

Madiera, despite her size, landed gracefully, throwing her arms out to cushion herself before rolling away to avoid Alda´s attempt to grapple and lock her up. When the Warrior was back on her feet, Alda didn´t see

surprise or doubt in her opponent´s eyes, instead she saw excitement, the thrill of at last having a worthy challenge.

Madiera roared and charged, arms open wide. Alda allowed herself a moment of hope, ‘She is all power and fury, she has no skill,´ she thought to herself. It reminded her of how she was when she started her training and how easily Femke had been able to defeat her. Alda was wrong. Very wrong.

The Warrior timed her attack to perfection as, just as she had expected, Alda leapt to the side at the last moment. Madiera reached out with long arms and plucked Alda out of the air.

Alda couldn´t believe the speed of her opponent. With both feet off the ground she couldn´t avoid being caught in the Warrior´s muscular arms. In an instant, she felt the woman´s strength wrap around her and squeeze. All the air was forced from her lungs before she was hurled like a child´s doll.

Grissel was just getting to her feet when something heavy barrelling into her and knocked her back to the matting in a tangle of

nude limbs. She looked up to see Alda lying next to her gasping for breath and then the Warrior was on her again. A foot came down on her back and flatten her against the floor. She planted her palms down flat and pushed up with all her strength. It was like trying to lift a granite statue. The Warrior couldn´t be moved. Hands reached down and Grissel felt her chin being yanked back, her back tried to bend backward but with the foot pressing down on it all Grissel felt was white hot pain shoot up and down her spine. She screamed. It was a terrified cry of terror as her body was on the verge of being snapped in half.

The crowd went silent in anticipation and all that could be heard was the pitiful squeal of Grissel, ˝Stop! Please stop! I give up! Stop! Stop!˝

The Warrior held Grissel there for a few moments longer, contorting the woman´s body, holding her life in her hands. Then laughed and let her go. Grissel curled up in a ball and wept.

Alda saw her chance and threw her punches, the first in the Warrior´s sternum and the second straight against the ear. Madiera

howled in pain, wheezed, snarled but didn´t fall. Alda tried to pick her next target while her opponent was still nursing her ear and kicked the knee. Madiera managed to lift her leg just in time to stop her knee from breaking. Still, she snarled at the pain. The next attack the Warrior was ready for and caught Alda´s fist as it blurred towards her nose.

Alda felt her hand been squeezed in an iron grip and tried to pull her fist back. The Warrior held onto it fast and pulled Alda in close. She looked into the wild woman´s eyes and saw the savage brutality staring back at her. She threw a kick that did nothing and then a hand clamped under her jaw and she was lifted up. Her feet flailed uselessly in thin air as she tried to prise the Warrior´s hand away from her jaw. The world then came crashing down around her as Maderia drove Alda into the mat, her head bouncing off it until she saw stars sparkling like flakes of pure silver in her vision.

The crowd cheered as the Iberian Warrior stood in the center of the matting, her opponents not even able to stand, ˝Fuck them! Fuck them! Fuck them!˝ came the chant.

Maderia stroked her wooded cock as she looked down at the two defeated women, smiled and then approached Grissel. The Northerner tried to crawl away on her hands and knees but, with nowhere to go, Maderia reached down grabbed her ankle, dragged her back into the center of the matting and flipped the woman onto her back. Grissel tried to cover up as her strap-on was wrenched off and discarded leaving her feeling even more powerless. Strong hands cupped her now exposed pussy and started to stroke. Grissel just accepted the touch, it was rough and crude but it did the job and she felt her sex heat and swell.

All around the Roman woman were touching themselves and each other, rubbing their pussies as they watched on, moaning and purring as they did so. Then the Warrior mounted the Northerner, gripping her wrists and pinning them down onto the mat. With long slow licks, she ran her tongue up and down Grissel´s face. Grissel just closed her eyes as the Warrior took ownership of her body.

With a single deep, thrust Maderia drove the massive dildo into the Northerner´s wet pussy. Grissel cried out as she was filled totally, the

rows of wooden ribs expanding and caressing her smooth tunnel. Then the Warrior started to fuck. She fucked like a wild animal, her ass rising and falling with increasing speed as she thrust her cock in and out of Grissel. The Northerner moaned and her eyes creased up as the pussy started to accommodate the girth of Madiera´s cock.

"Grissel the Viking is defeated!" announced Saphina after the last sands of time ran out.

Maderia pulled out, the cock now slick with Grissel´s juices, and made her way over towards where Alda was still lying prone, trying to return to her senses.

"Just lie face down and take it!" Alda heard Femke call to her, "Don´t fight any more."

Alda saw the giant of a woman stalking her, moving with a predatory purpose, the wooden cock glistening. The hundreds of Romans were delirious with excitement, some cried out encouraging the Warrior with orgasmic bliss as they climaxed. Alda considered Femke´s

words, to just roll over and offer her ass in a hope that the fucking would be gentle.

"Suck it!" snarled Maderia her voice deep and charged with menace, "Get on your knees and suck my cock you little bitch!"

An image of herself flashed into Alda's mind of her debasing herself, of kneeling down and sucking Grissel's juices from this beast's cock. She felt her humiliation and shame build deep inside her. How pathetic she would look in front of all these despicable Romans. For as long as she could remember her people had fought, bled and died to resist Roman oppression, they did so against all odds and with great honor. Now here she was about to humiliate herself for all of Rome's amusement. She pulled herself onto her knees and couldn't hold back a sob as a tear ran down a red cheek.

As Alda knelt before Madiera she felt her clit throb at the prospect at what was about to happen. She hated that her own pussy was betraying her and knew her juices were starting to flow.

"Take off your cock!" commanded the Warrior, glaring down at Alda, "You are weak and don't deserve it."

Alda found her shaking hands reach down to the leather thong around her waist and she struggled with the buckle.

"I said take it off!" Madiera used her back hand to slap Alda across the face.

Alda's cheek felt like it had been bathed in fire. The pain sparked an anger in her, she looked around at the hordes of jeering faces, saw the Roman women mock and taunt her all while they brazenly masturbated. Images of how she had fought in that final battle back home the day before her village was torched resurfaced. How her parents had stood their ground against the Legions of Rome. How she had hacked and slashed at the Roman shield wall until her line was overrun. If she had the courage to fight then, she had the courage to fight now.

With a roar of unbridled fury she launched herself to her feet and drove an elbow straight into Madiera's jaw. The giant hadn't expected

any more fight from Alda and reeled back in surprise. Alda didn´t wait and followed the attack up by delivering a flurry of punches connecting with Maderia´s head, chest and gut.

The Romans first gasped in surprise and then bellowed their encouragement. Despite her hatred for them, the shouts fuelled Alda and she continued to throw punches and kicks. Gone was all technique replaced by a raging rancour to inflict pain.

The Warrior was on the defense and did all she could to cover up as punch after punch rained down on her. A fist connected with her lip, splitting it, another into her stomach, winding her. Then another lifted her chin, snapping her head back.

Alda saw her chance, with Madiera´s legs wobbling she kicked them from beneath her. The Warrior fell like a great tree and landed face down onto the mat. The crowd roared with excitement, none louder than Dariana.

Alda didn´t waste a single second showing off to the audience, instead she mounted her opponent. She didn´t care which hole she was

going to fuck, she just wanted her cock buried deep in this monster. She spread Madiera´s ass cheeks to reveal both her holes, her pussy was already slick from the excitement of raping Grissel. She delivered a vicious elbow right between Madiera´s shoulder blades, making the Warrior spasm in pain, before lining her cock up with the sodden cunt. With a triumphant snarl, she thrust the ribbed dildo into the woman.

In the corner of her eye she saw Saphina turn the hourglass then she wrapped her arms around Madiera´s hot and sweaty body and started to pump with her hips. Even in Madiera, the cock was a tight fit and Alda could imagine the sensation of the hard ribs rubbing up and down inside the woman.

Madiera moaned in pleasure as she was filled so completely and then heard her Domina´s voice shrieking over the cheers of the audience, ˝Get up you beast! Get up or I´ll have your tits cut off and a spike rammed up your cunt!˝

Madiera knew this was no idle threat, if Saphina said she would do something then she would… and probably worse things as well. The

pleasure of the cock thrusting inside was overwhelming and she tried to focus on getting back to her feet.

Beneath her, Alda felt the Warrior stir back into life, her back muscles rippled as Madiera pushed herself off the mat. Alda wrapped her legs tight around the Warrior and delivered a series of blows to her back and shoulders. It had no effect. The giant heaved herself to her feet and started to buck in an attempt to hurl her smaller opponent from her shoulders.

Alda stopped trying to fight and just concentrated on holding on. She could see from the running sands in the hourglass that there were only a few seconds left, a few seconds until victory, a few seconds until freedom.

Hands reached over Madiera′s shoulder and tried to grip her hair. Alda was able to just move her head from side to side frustrating the Warrior. Madiera howled as Alda clung onto her back, still thrusting, still pumping the ribbed cock into her pussy.

Again, Alda looked over at the hourglass, the sands seemed to be trickling impossibly slowly. There were only a few grains left. But that one glance cost her. With her attention distracted Alda didn´t notice Madiera twist her body enough to create enough space for her to drive a devasting elbow back and into Alda´s ribs.

The impact was like a red hot poker stabbing into Alda´s side. Her grip slipped and she fell to the floor, her dildo popping out of Madiera´s sex. She was sure at least one rib was broken but she didn´t have time to consider her injury any further. The Warrior was on her in a rage that went beyond frenzy. The first few punches Alda managed to block, then one got through her defenses and connected with her jaw. Her world crumbled and her body fell limp.

"I´m going to make you pay, bitch!" snarled Madiera and unfastened Alda´s strap-on leaving the slave unarmed and totally vulnerable. The Warrior positioned herself down on one knee, "You should have just sucked my cock like a good little girl, now I am going to ruin your ass!"

In her daze, Alda felt herself being lifted up and then shoved down over Maderia´s knee, like a child about to spanked, her ass being pushed out and exposed. There was a sharp pain as the first blow connected with her buttocks and she couldn´t stop herself from crying out as the sound of palm on ass resounded throughout the hall, even making some of the crowd wince. Then there was another smack and another. Alda couldn´t hold back the tears which just added to the humiliation. She was an adult being spanked by another woman in front of hundreds of spectators who were relishing every second of it. Another spank made her wail in pain. Madiera had delivered the smack with the flat of her palm with speed and anger and with a force that rocked Alda´s entire body.

"Say you are sorry, little Barbarian," teased Madiera as she lined up another strike.

"Fuck you!" sobbed Alda.

The next blow was sharper and harder than all the previous ones and the pain coursed through Alda´s now bright red ass.

"Fuck you!" repeated Alda with even more venom.

"You had your chance!"

Hands spread her ass cheeks and Alda could only imagine the sight the Romans were being treated to, she knew her tight pink star was exposed by the air on it and also her swollen labia would be there for all to see. She wanted to fight. She wanted to resist but she had nothing left. She knew she was about to be raped for the joy of hundreds of Romans and she was powerless to prevent it. No doubt Femke would be there to witness this ultimate shame.

Fingers started to probe her anus, roughly forcing her tight hole open. Alda was glad for the sweat that was running freely over her body as well as the oils as it allowed the finger to penetrate her smoothly. She just closed her eyes to accept the humiliation and wished the Madiera would just fuck her quick to get it over and done with. The finger curled up inside her soft passage and thrust in and out quickly until her hole started to relax a little. Then she felt another finger start to push alongside the first and she gasped as it forced its way inside her. Even

with the lubrication, it was a tight fit and she wiggled as her hole was stretched. Madiera wanted some fun at her expense as payback for her defiance. The two fingers started to fuck her and Alda, winced as her ass tried to accommodate the extra digit. She could hear laughter all around as well as mocking taunts thrown in her direction. Then she felt a third finger start to probe and her eyes opened wide in shock as it tried to squeeze into her ass. There was no way three fingers would be able to fit and she started to struggle in panic. Madiera just responded by using her free arm to wrap around Alda´s neck and choke her back into compliance.

"You deserve this you slut! You should have just lain down and taken it!"

Alda´s struggles were futile, she had no strength and all fight was throttled out of her. When Madiera was satisfied that Alda wasn´t going to struggle any more, she let go.

Alda gasped, grateful for air again even as the third finger stretched her anus even more. She refused to cry out, she refused to

give Madiera or the Romans that satisfaction, even as tears ran freely down her cheek.

Her asshole had never felt so open, so stretched and just when she thought it couldn´t take anymore a fourth finger was added. This time it was too much and she cried out as her hole was opened up.

"Stop! Please!" she heard her own pitiful voice call out, it was lost in the sea of the bellows of encouragement from the audience. Alda could only lift her head and look up. She saw Femke, who looked shaken and was also sobbing.

"I´m not stopping until my entire fist is up your tight little ass!"

"No! Not your fist! Please! I´m sorry! I´ll do anything… I´ll… I´ll suck your cock… I´ll lick your pussy!" Alda no longer cared how much she was demeaning herself, there was no way her ass could take this beast´s fist.

"Yes you will… afterward…" laughed Madiera as she forced her fourth finger inside the helpless woman.

"Nooo!...Please… I beg of you! I'll stick my tongue in your asshole!" Alda screamed and the crowd laughed. She knew how pathetic she looked in front of all these people. She knew there was no point in begging for mercy but she was just so desperate, "I can't take it… please…"

The Roman women were getting off on her plight. All around they were fingering themselves furiously. Alda could hear slick fingers pumping in and out of wet pussies. She saw Femke watching on, transfixed and in fear even as her pussy was spread wide and glistening with uncontrolled arousal.

Madiera pushed deeper so all four fingers now breached the tightest of Alda's holes. Alda could feel her ring stretch and let out a wordless cry as tears flooded down her face.

"Stop…stop…" her words were no longer desperate just pathetic.

"You are going to take it all!"

Alda was sure she felt the tip of Madiera's thumb join the rest of her fingers and then its knuckle. Her hand was almost completely inside.

"Almost there, my little bitch, almost there…" then with a last push Madiera drove her whole hand in right up to her wrist.

Alda just squealed, her hands clawing at the matting. She felt so degraded, so humbled and useless. She could feel Madiera clench her hand inside her into a fist and start to fuck her.

"I can't take it… please…" she whimpered even though she knew the Warrior was just getting off on her pleading.

The fist drove deep inside and then Madiera started to pump it back and forward. Little by little, Alda's anus submitted and accepted the large intruder and the pain started to fade to be replaced by an absolute fullness. Alda felt the hard knuckles of the fist caress her soft skin with every thrust and send waves of pressure through into her vagina. She let out a soft moan as much out of surprise as pleasure. It was like nothing she had ever experienced, despite the fullness in her ass, there was a delightful subtleness to the quivers of pleasure that were now vibrating up and down the entire length of her pussy. Her labia continued

to heat up and she knew her clit was rock hard. The fucking in her ass was relentless, each thrust from the mighty woman rocked Alda's frame.

"Oh…oh…oh…" gasped Alda as the tantalizing sensations continued to ripple out from deep inside her.

There was a cry of pleasure from a Roman noblewoman at the front of the crowd, the sight of another woman having an entire hand up her ass was too much for her and, as she rubbed her pussy one last time, a devasting orgasm exploded inside of her and she tumbled to the floor panting with joy. She was not alone. All around the great hall, the women of Rome were now masturbating frantically as they watched the carnal spectacle. Alda could see all the pleasure on their faces as they stared at her, used her as a visual aid to pleasure themselves to. High on the plinth she could see Saphina had a slave crouched between her legs, nodding away while she watched on. Her Domina, Dariana and Camila were fingering each other, their brows furrowed with tension awaiting the blissful release. The air was now thick with the scent of fragrant aromas, burning incense and heady feminine sex all mixing

together. Cry after cry echoed out as orgasms sounded off. Then Alda felt a tightening in her own pussy and realized her own climax was building.

Alda tensed, the shame of being forced to orgasm in such a demeaning way, in front of this perverted crowd, made her sense of shame even deeper. As she lay over Madiera´s knee, she gripped the thick straw matting, try to control her body even as the pressure continued to build. Another orgasmic gasp of delight cried out as a woman reached her peak. Alda tried to block out all the sounds around her, of the hundreds of moans and sound of fingers fucking wet pussies. She couldn´t. The sound of sex was overwhelming and then an extra deep thrust, accompanied by Madiera wiggling her fingers inside her, forced a cry of bliss from her. The waves of pleasure surged up and down inside, up and down against her vagina and made her entire body shudder.

"You are such a slut now!" mocked Madiera as she watched with sexual fascination as her arm pumped in and out of her victim, the tight

ring of Alda´s anus stretched impossibly wide around her wrist, "You´re my slut! Say it! Say you are my little bitch!"

The taunts of this physically dominant woman, the ultimate position of submission and the relentless building of pleasure inside her, sent her clit throbbing, desperate to be touched. And one touch would all it would take.

"I…I…am…" started Alda.

Madiera reached under with her spare hand and cupped one of Alda´s breasts, which were swinging backward and forward with the motion of the thrusts. She then found a fully erect nipple, took it between her thumb and forefinger and then twisted and squeezed.

"Fuck! Stop! Please!" cried out Alda as the sharp pain mixed the pleasure.

"Say you are my little bitch!"

"I´m your little bitch! I´m your little bitch!" sobbed Alda.

Madiera didn´t release her grip and just squeezed harder and laughed, "You´re going to cum, aren´t you? You going to cum with my fist up your ass because you are a little bitch!"

Alda´s entire body stiffened. The pressure inside her was too much, the undulating ripples of pleasure pulsating up and down against her vagina was breaking her. She clenched her teeth, refusing to give in. To orgasm now was to accept her body had lost all control… that she really was owned by this beast. Her hands gripped the matting so hard the straw snapped in her fingers, her legs kicked feebly, trying to ease the tension.

"Oh…oh…fuck…" she cried in pleasure and pain.

"That´s it, cum you little slut!"

Alda looked up, searching for anything that could provide a distraction, to allow her mind to go somewhere else. Then she saw something, something that broke her resolve. She saw Femke at the front of the crowd. Her friend was fingering herself frantically, she was standing there, legs open and two fingers sliding in and out of her

sodden pussy to the sound of her wetness. Their eyes locked, both full of shame and lust. This sight was too much for Alda and her resistance was destroyed in an instant. The pressure of pleasure that she had been holding back with all her strength tore through her body and she convulsed violently over Madiera´s knee.

"Oh no…no…NO! FUCK!"

As her climax claimed her she heard Madiera´s mocking laugh at having total control over her body. Alda´s legs kicked and her hands tore up the matting. It was a fuller orgasm than she had ever had before. It erupted from deep inside her and shook her to the core. Then her body fell still, totally limp, her legs drained of all energy and heavy.

A sharp pain then ripped through her as Madiera yanked her fist out of Alda´s ass. Alda was dropped onto the floor panting and gasping for air. She lay there, face down, without the strength to move when she felt herself being mounted and realized her torment was far from over.

"Now I fuck your tight little pussy!" snarled Madiera in her ear as she lay on top of her prone opponent, her large breasts pushing down on Alda´s back.

Alda no longer had the energy to even attempt to close her legs as she felt the huge tip of the ribbed wooden dildo spread her pussy lips. She remembered just how big that bull cock was and the thought of it penetrating made her whimper again. She didn´t resist. She was Madiera´s little bitch now.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Madiera thrust her hips driving the dildo straight into Alda´s cunt in one powerful motion. Every single one of the hard ribs caressed Alda´s hot wet tunnel, each one sending pulses of pleasure through. It was such a different sensation than having her ass fucked, this was much more intense, a cleaner, sharper pleasure.

"Oh! Oh!" she whimpered as the bull cock stretched her pussy, "Mmm…" she moaned as the ribs worked her as the dildo began pumping in and out.

Madiera was no gentle lover, she fucked hard and brutally, driving her powerful hips with every thrust. Alda found herself being pounded relentlessly against the mat and was only just aware that Saphina had now turned the hourglass. She only had to endure another minute of this humiliation.

"Take it, take my cock!" grunted Madiera into Alda's ear, "You're mine now… little slut!"

After Alda's last orgasm her next was not far off. This time she knew better to resist. She felt the heat of Madiera's body pressing down on her, owning her. The sweat from the woman's breasts coated her skin and she could even feel the hard nipples rub against her flesh with each forceful thrust.

"Do it…fuck me…" the words didn't feel like her own, they came from some primal part of her that craved this dominance, that craved to be fucked by this Alpha woman of the female species.

Madiera sped up even more, wrapping her muscular arms under Alda´s armpits and then gripping onto the shoulders allowing her to pull herself even harder in her opponent.

All around her claps and cheers as the crowd witnessed the end of the competition. The mighty Iberian Warrior fucking this pathetic slave who thought she could stand against the might of Rome. They started to count down the last few seconds of the contest as the last grain of sands tumbled through the hourglass.

Alda realized she need to cum quickly and pushed her ass into the cock, its girth dominating her body totally. She was there. She tensed her legs and buried her face into the straw matting and, with the sound of the Warrior´s heavy panting in her ear, she came hard. She felt her cunt try to contract against the massive bull cock, feeling its firmness, its hard ribs. Her pussy still squeezed it as the series of orgasms took control of her body.

"Oh…oh…oh…oh…Mmmm…"

A roar of victory went up as the last grain of sand fell. Madiera pulled out and stood over her fallen opponents, her bull cock dripping with Alda´s cum. The Northerner was still curled up in a sobbing ball while the Barbarian lay flat on her stomach, her pussy still hungrily contracting as it orgasmed.

"Oh well," laughed Camila and then sighing with relief that she had won the wager. She pulled her fingers out of Dariana´s wet hole, "At least it was entertaining."

Dariana also withdrew her fingers from Camila and snorted indignantly, "Fucking slave!!"

"Don´t be so angry, it was only a little money. I shall look forward to my night with your barbarian. I hope she manages to get some fight back in her, I want it rough."

"Pff! Do what you want with her!"

"Looks like I won again!" chortled Saphina with glee and taking her place back on her throne, "You know what I would love? I would love to watch you two wrestle," she added with a grin.

Camila and Dariana looked at each other, both relishing the idea of pinning the other and fucking them senseless before the actual reality of the effort dawned on them and they just laughed. Below they watched as the guards return and try to collar Madiera. She bit and clawed at them until eventually, three men managed to pull her to the ground, hood her and drag her off in chains.

"I'll give her a reward tomorrow…a fresh virgin for her to play with," said Saphina as her champion was hauled out of the great hall, "Speaking of virgins!" she suddenly yelped excitedly and jumped to her feet, "The gong! Ring the fucking gong!"

"It is time!" she called out to hundreds of women below, opening her arms out wide and giving her guests time to ogle her toned, sleek body, "It is time for the offering to Venus! Maidens!" she then sat back down and spread her legs wide, her pussy was starting to spread at the thought at what was about to happen, "Come and pay homage to your Goddess Venus!"

Mothers eagerly led their teen daughters to the steps of the plinth and one by one they climbed up to Saphina who looked down over them like a farmer inspecting a prize cow. They were a fine array of Rome´s finest young women, their bodies already flushed with excitement from attending their first orgy. The first in the line was a meek young woman whose mother had marched her to the front of the queue to make sure she wasn´t overlooked. She had a slender frame with delightfully small titties and erect buds.

The girl was pretty but Saphina was unimpressed and just gestured for the girl to kneel, "Worship at the temple of Venus and give thanks."

The girl hadn´t managed to look Saphina in the eye once, her attention was totally focused on the woman´s flower. Her legs trembled so much she almost fell rather than knelt between Saphina´s legs, "Mother Venus, bless me and my body, may you grant me pleasures on this, your night," mumbled the girl in prayer. She swallowed, hesitated and licked her dry lips.

"Is there something wrong with my cunt?" asked Saphina, offended at the girl's pause.

"Cynthia!" the girl's mother whispered loudly from the sides, "Lick the Goddess's pussy, just like we practiced together!"

The girl nodded, took a deep breath and leaned in her mouth open, her tongue outstretched. The girl began to lick with timid little strokes, the tip of her tongue gently rubbing against Saphina's soft folds.

The nervous licks did little for Saphina and, with a sigh, she pushed the girl away, "Thank you, that's quite enough. The Goddess blesses you with fertility and prosperity. Off you go."

The girl looked up, obviously expecting to have longer to 'worship.' Saphina forced a terribly fake smile and waved her hand dismissively. The girl stood and looked at her mother who scowled in a disappointment, grabbed the young woman's hand and led her away chastising her loudly as they went.

"Next," Saphina beckoned a maiden over who smiled like she had had far too much wine and then stumbled drunkenly into the kneeling position.

"Worship at the Temple of Venus and give thanks," said Saphina nodding at her pussy.

"Mother Venus, bless me… and…and…my body, may you grant me…" started the girl slurring her words and trying to recall the mantra.

"pleasures on this, your night," Saphina quickly finished for her.

The girl nodded, stared at Saphina's pussy with glazed eyes and plunged her head in before swirling her tongue, and teeth, around at random.

"Oh…oh…oh! Stop, stop, stop…" gasped Saphina in surprise and pushed the girl away, "The Goddess blesses you with fertility and prosperity. Thank you. Goodbye."

The girl grinned goofily, got unsteadily to her feet and wobbled away.

Saphina sighed and shook her head, "That is the problem with virgins, they don't know the clit from the elbow."

The procession continued with another dozen or so girls. Some made Saphina purr in enjoyment, occasionally pulling them in tight and clamping her legs around their heads, most she just quickly gave the blessing and sent them away.

"Next! Ah… you are Camila's daughter, your name is… is…"

"Lavinia."

"Camila, your daughter's here if you want to stop fucking that slave for a moment," called out Saphina.

Camila looked up from between a golden slave's legs. Octavia and her had been dipping fruit into the girl's sex before eating, "My girl, receiving her first blessing!" she beamed proudly and shoved the slave away before sitting closer.

Lavinia looked over to her mother nervously and then smiled sweetly at Saphina, noticing her soaking wet pussy that had been lapped

at by over a dozen girls already so much so that the petals were drenched in saliva and her pearl stood out proud and swollen.

"Worship at the Temple of Venus and give thanks," encouraged Saphina, "Is she any good?" she asked Camila as Lavinia knelt down.

"I bought her a bed slave a few weeks ago to help hone her skills… she has certainly practiced a lot."

"Cute little thing, aren't you," Saphina ran her fingers through Lavinia's hair.

"Mother Venus, bless me and my body, may you grant me pleasures on this, your night," Lavinia spoke, directing her words at Saphina's sex. She then took a deep breath and leaned in. With a firm stroke of the top of her tongue, she licked up through Saphina's slick folds until she felt the smooth little pearl. Then, with rhythmic head nods, she started to apply more pressure and lapped at the bud with the rough top of her tongue.

"Mmm… that's nice…" purred Saphina.

Lavinia was encouraged and kept going. She tried to put out of her mind the line of girls still waiting behind her and that they were all being treated to a site of her round ass and the wet folds of her pussy. That and the scrutiny of her mother. Her nipples were already so hard they ached and she knew they were standing proud from her titties. She kept licking, now focusing on the small little bud. Saphina tasted so good and knowing that she was also lapping up another dozen maiden´s saliva just added to naughtiness.

"That´s it… that´s…" Saphina continued, her thighs clamping around the teenager´s head.

"You are doing so well, my girl," agreed Camila and started to run her hand along Lavinia´s back, tracing the tip of her nails down the girl´s spine, "Make your mother proud, make our Goddess cum." Her fingers reached the top of Lavinia´s ass and then moved down the crack.

Lavinia gasped and the tantalizing sensation of her mother´s nail feathered her anus. She licked harder than before, her senses were being overwhelmed, the intense warmth of Saphina´s thighs on her

cheeks, the taste of arousal, the scent of feminine sex and the exquisite touch of the fingernail circling her tightest hole.

Saphina´s hands gripped the armrest of her throne and her eyes started to squint.

"You almost have her," said Camila, her finger now starting move downwards, over her daughter´s silken folds and edging inside, "I have seen Saphina´s pre-cum face often enough to know she almost there."

Lavinia felt her sex being caressed and spread as her mother´s finger eased inside. She was so wet that the finger penetrated her with one firm push and then started to slide in and out, slowly, so, so slowly, right the way up to the knuckle and then so far out that the tip only just remained inside her. The sensation sparked a lust in Lavinia that she couldn´t hold back and she started to devour Saphina´s pussy, her tongue licking so hard her jaw ached.

"Oh by Mother Venus herself!" gasped Saphina, her ass lifting slightly off the throne, "Give me your blessing! Oh…oh… Mmmmm…" Saphina spasmed in her chair and sighed deeply, "Oh…very nice!"

Lavinia looked up and Saphina smiled down at her, wiping away some of her cum from the girl´s lips and licking it off.

"The Goddess blesses you with fertility and prosperity."

Lavinia felt her mother´s finger being withdrawn from her pussy and instantly missed it. She stood and bowed to Saphina before descending the plinth in search of someone, anyone, to fuck.

"First orgasm of the night from the virgin´s offerings," smiled Saphina, "Hopefully not the last one. Next!"

And it wasn´t to be the last. Now her pussy was warmed up and extra sensitive, several other maidens brought her to climax. Including Flavia who ate her out beautifully. Until there was only one left. Naevia.

"Oh my," grinned Saphina as Naevia came up the steps. She ogled the girl´s lithe body, the pert breasts with dark neat areola and erect nipples. The girl´s midriff was toned and her narrow waist widened gently into the delicate curves of her hips.

"I´ve come to worship my Goddess," Naevia said coyly.

Saphina′s clit was already rock hard and swollen from all the virgin tongues and it gave another throb as she took in this divine beauty. Using her middle and index fingers as a ‘V,′ she spread her sex revealing the glistening hot pink inside, ″Come and worship.″

Camila watched on and felt a dark jealousy rising. She felt her blood run hot at the sight of her lover′s flirtations and clenched her hands into a fist as Naevia knelt down between Saphina′s legs.

″Worship at the Temple of Venus and give thanks,″ said Saphina breathlessly, her eyes wide as she looked down at the impossibly beautiful face that was just inches away from her sex.

Naevia wasn′t timid like the other girls, she gripped both of Saphina′s knees and pushed her legs apart with a single hard push, spreading the woman wider.

″Oh my,″ grinned Saphina.

″Mother Venus, bless me and my body, may you grant me pleasures on this, your night,″ said Naevia, looking deep into Saphina′s eyes and making the woman quiver with anticipation.

Unlike all the other girls, Naevia didn´t go straight for the open flower, instead she kissed just inside Saphina´s leg and slowly moved inwards, running her tongue in small circles around and around on the delicate skin of the inner thigh. As she licked she never broke eye contact with Saphina who started to pant, craving that first touch on her now desperate pussy.

Naevia moved ever closer alternating between soft kisses and tender licks, both making Saphina shudder as the erogenous zones of her inner thighs were played perfectly.

Saphina´s chest began to rise faster and faster as the girl´s mouth approached her sex, "Yes…yes… almost there…"

Naevia´s mouth opened as she made to take Saphina´s pussy inside, then, right at the last moment, instead of licking she gently blew on the hot flower. As the air cooled her throbbing clit Saphina almost cried out. She had expected to be treated to a firm, rewarding lick for her patience, not a subtle tease.

"Oh…please…" she muttered under her breath, "My pussy…"

Naevia wasn´t to be put off from continuing to torment Saphina, and with her eyes still locked with the Goddess, she started to kiss and lick the other thigh, softly and tenderly.

"Your daughter likes to play games!" gasped Saphina, unable to take her eyes off the nymph between her legs.

"My daughter certainly does," agreed Dariana as she fingered herself while admiring the curves of her daughter´s ass doing all she could to stop herself from devouring it like a rabid animal.

Camila couldn´t stop herself from watching. She told herself that this was just a ritual, that it meant nothing, that her lover was devoted to her and her alone. But the way Saphina was looking at the girl scared her.

Naevia gently bit Saphina, pinching her skin of her thigh.

"You are a naughty creature," smiled Saphina, "Now suck my cunni!" Saphina took Naevia´s head and pushed into her sex, driving herself in the beautiful teenager´s face.

Naevia took a moment to compose herself as Saphina′s essence covered her face, coating her lips and nose with her arousal. Then she got to work. She opened her mouth and sucked the hot little bud inside, drawing it in as deep as she could and then started to lick it. With the pink pearl totally exposed from its hood, every lick hit it with perfect procession. She licked with very short, very fast licks using the thickest part of the back of her tongue where the muscles were strongest. Inside her mouth, her tongue blurred over the smooth surface of Saphina′s clit relentlessly.

The intensity of the cunnilingus tore through Saphina and even in her throne her back arched and her hands scrambled to grip the armrest.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck… how? Oh… by the merciful Goddess!"

The sharpness of the pleasure was too much as she felt her orgasm build fast, too fast. She needed to regain control so she tried to pull away, tried to reduce the devasting bliss that was being inflicted to her pearl. Naevia responded by wrapping her arms under Saphina′s

knees and round over the top of her thighs, locking the woman in place and pulling her even tighter into her mouth. She licked hard, without pause and without slowing down. She knew her trade well.

"Give me a second… just a second...I can´t… Oh… fuck…. it´s too fast… I can´t…" Saphina moaned in a jumble of whimpers. Her clit was already sensitive from all the other maidens and wasn´t able to stand the intensity of this expert tongue. Her orgasm continued to build like a runaway horse and she couldn´t even begin to reign it in.

Dariana´s fingers fucked herself even faster as she watched the effect her daughter was having on Saphina and dreamt of the day she would receive her daughter´s attention. Camila couldn´t watch any longer, she downed a glass of wine before marching off the plinth and into the throng of naked flesh determined to drown her jealousy in alcohol and sex.

Saphina´s body passed the point of no return and she knew her orgasm was only moments away. No matter how much she trembled and

quivered, Naevia held on tight to her and continued to lick at the swollen bud, never giving Saphina a single second of respite.

"I´m going…I´m going to cum! Oh Venus! Fuck!" Saphina flailed around in her throne before digging her nails into the armrest. Her face screwed up tight as she tried to vain to control her climax. But she couldn´t, when the orgasm broke it tore through her sending her legs and back into spasms of cataclysmic joy. All around the sound of women fucking and laughing faded away until the only sense was the sense of pleasure that was now consuming her.

"Oh FUCK! Oh Venus, Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried out so loud that most the women in the great hall turned to witness her orgasm.

Naevia knew she had triumphed as juices of a sweeter tang filled her mouth and she was sure she could feel a pulse in Saphina´s clit, throbbing again and again. The woman buckled, but she held on tight, determined to keep licking through the orgasm.

Saphina gasped for breath, the first orgasm was still at its peak as the next one followed, and then the next one and the next. She spasmed

helplessly on the throne as each one sapped her energy replacing it with a deep sense of total euphoria. The room darkened as her eyes rolled back in her skull and her mouth opened and closed in a silent scream of ecstasy.

Naevia finally released her prey and wiped the slick coating of cum from her lips and chin. She grinned at her own work as Saphina's pussy continued to convulse with a series of orgasmic aftershocks.

"I have been visited by Venus herself," mumbled Saphina incoherently, her eyes still closed, her bare breasts rising and falling, "The Goddess blesses you with fertility and prosperity..." she muttered almost inaudibly.

"So, my Goddess... are you going to deflower me?" Naevia asked, caressing the inside of Saphina's thighs.

"Mmm..." purred Saphina, still lost in the warm afterglow of sex, "You want me to fuck that tight little pussy of yours?"

"Yes, my Goddess."

"You want to offer your virginity to me?"

"Yes, my Goddess. I am so wet for you."

Saphina managed to haul herself to her feet and, "Venus has spoken to me!" she called out over the great hall and all turned to face her, "It her decision that this virgin's maidenhood is offered in devotion to her."

The crowd applauded in agreement, although some of the other girls' mothers muttered and scowled doubting that it was any choice of Venus, rather Saphina had simply chosen the most beautiful girl.

"Breanna…where are you? Bring me Venus's cock!"

Breanna retrieved the dildo from behind the throne and handed it to Saphina with as much reverence as she could muster. Saphina held it up. It was a magnificent artifact molded from clear glass and shaped like a perfectly formed penis, strong and straight. The Roman women gathered around to watch the ritual deflowerment and even Camila forced herself to spectate, even as envy gnawed at her insides.

"Offer yourself to your Goddess," said Saphina to Naevia after she had strapped the glass cock around her waist.

Naevia turned to face the excited crowd, fell to her knees, lowered her face to the floor and lifted her ass towards Saphina.

"Spread yourself," ordered Saphina.

Naevia did as she was commanded. She reached back and, gripping both her cheeks, pulled them apart. She felt the tantalizing touch of air on her anus and knew she was fully exposed to her Goddess.

Saphina took her time to admire the perfect peach, the tight dark star as well as the slick lips that were spread, ready for her. She knelt behind it and cupped the firm ass and kneaded it, feeling its muscular curves before spreading opening the buttonhole slightly. Below, she revealed the hot pink beneath and wet petals that glistening invitingly.

Dariana was nearly hyperventilating as she watched her daughter´s ass being inspected, and rubbed her clit so hard it hurt, not that it slowed her in the slightest.

Naevia felt the cold glass phallus line up with her pussy and start to spread her lips. She tensed, she had bedded more Roman noble women than she could recall but her Temple of Venus had always remained sacrosanct, until now.

"Venus accepts your offer and blesses you," said Saphina and she started to drive slowly inwards.

Naevia felt the tip reach her entrance and start to ease it open, "Oh…oh…"

"Mmm… such a tight flower," remarked Saphina as she watched the tip of the glass cock vanish inside the virgin.

"Take me, Goddess… take me…"

Saphina noticed a slight resistance as the virgin's pussy held out for a moment longer before the cock breached it.

"Oh! Oh!" Naevia whimpered as she felt her maidenhood break and her virginity claimed by Venus.

Saphina gripped Naevia´s hips and thrust slowly inwards driving the cock deep inside, ˝The maiden has been deflowered!˝ she announced loudly and received a rapturous round of applause from the cheering women, ˝Her body belongs to Venus!˝ then she leaned in closer and whispered to the grunting Naevia, ˝And to me.˝

Naevia couldn´t reply, the sudden burst of pain had given way to waves of pleasure, deeper and more fulfilling than just having her clit touched, and she moaned softly as she was fucked. To start with the glass cock had been cold but now it was warming up and easily glided in and out of her soaking pussy.

Saphina placed one hand on Naevia´s shoulder and used it as leverage to pull the girl into her, driving faster and faster, ˝You like Venus´s cock, don´t you?˝

˝Mmm…yes… my Goddess… your cock feels so good in my virgin pussy.˝

˝Look around and see all these people watching you getting fucked, they all know I own you now. Your pussy is my pussy.˝

Naevia saw the sea of faces looking up at her and it made her feel both naughty and powerful at the same time. They could all see her being taken by the Alpha-Female of Rome. No one would be looking down at her again. Her cunt was now blessed. Every noble family in Rome would be wanting their sons´ cocks in her now… to breed her, "Yes, my Goddess… my pussy is your pussy… I am here for your pleasure. Oh…oh… I´m going to cum my Goddess. I´m going to cum on your mighty cock…Mmm…."

"Cum for me… Cum for your Goddess," Saphina pumped harder, watching her glass phallus sliding in and out of the tightest of pussies.

"I am! Oh I am! Fuck me! Fuck me…Mmmm…." Naevia felt her pussy contract, gripping the rock-hard cock in its grasp as her orgasm claimed her. It was her first deep vaginal orgasm and she felt her back arch and she cried out, "Oh Venus, FUCK!"

The crowds cheered as the girl quivered through her climax and then fell still, panting on the plinth. Saphina stood up, unfastened the glass dildo and held it up high. It shone in the light of the burning

braziers, glistening with cum and a slight trace of blood. Again the crowd roared in approval of the deflowerment.

Amongst them Camila fumed, she felt betrayed and humiliated. Naevia had played her and Saphina had taken what was rightfully hers.

*****

Liang rolled the ring around in her hand again and again making sure it was perfect. The bright afternoon sun shone through the window catching the brilliant gold metal and making it shine. This one piece of jewelry was worth more than her entire cart of goods and she knew she would never hold something so expensive again in her life.

"Is it done?" asked a weary voice.

Liang turned to see Naevia, the girl was still beautiful but for once she didn't look her usual immaculate self. Her hair was unbrushed and hung wild and there were dark bags under her puffy eyes. Naevia noticed the way Liang was looking at her and shrugged, "It was long night, a very long night. Well?"

"Take a look for yourself," Liang held out the signet ring.

Naevia stepped forward to take it and in so doing the sun shone in her eyes and she groaned and retreated back into the dark of the room, "Why do the Gods give us the joys of wine only to punish us the next day?" she snorted and then examined the ring, "It certainly looks perfect."

"We had a deal, I just want my cart and my stock back and I'll be going."

"Of course. A deal is a deal. Tomorrow, I will go with you to the Council Hall and personally vouch for you to have your merchant's permit reinstated."

"Tomorrow? Why tomorrow?"

Naevia didn't take her eyes off the gold ring, "It is already late and I'm not up for such a task today. You are of course welcome to stay tonight."

"And the ring… if anyone finds out that it is a fake… that I made it…"

"No one will find out. Now excuse me," Naevia left without another word.

*****

Every part of her hurt, none more so than her asshole that ached terribly. Alda gave another sob as she rolled over on the straw mat and tried to get comfortable. Femke had held her all night, the arms around her were Alda's only comfort in the world.

"Sssh…" soothed Femke and kissed the back of Alda's shoulder softly, "Just rest."

Alda rolled over and snuggled into Femke, nuzzling her face into the woman's breasts, trying to hide from the world. She felt small… like a weak child. The humiliation from last night had broken all her confidence. She just replayed the events again and again. The sensation of the fist breaching her ass… filling her… making her cum. To have all those women watching her shame as some kind of entertainment… to know she had been reduced to a sexual plaything. She sobbed again.

"It´s all right, just close your eyes," said Femke, stroking Alda´s hair and pulling the woman tight into her chest.

Femke´s breasts were so soft against Alda´s face and her skin smelt so good. Before she realized what she was doing she was kissing them, slowly softly. She heard Femke gasp in surprise and then moan softly. Alda kept kissing until her lips found a hard nub and she took it into her mouth. Just a few days ago, the idea of suckling another woman would have been inconceivable to her but now it felt right… and calming. The nipples hardened under the attention of her tongue and she sucked at it harder and, as she did, felt a sense of safety start to fill her.

"That´s it… that´s it… I´ve got you," Femke said softly, stroking Alda´s hair and hooking her leg over the other woman.

With Femke´s arms and leg over her, protecting her and shielding her from the terrors of the world, Alda melted into her body and sucked harder. The nipple was now fully erect and hard as she ran circles around the nub with her tongue. Femke started to moan louder and grind herself against Alda, driving her spread sex against her side.

"Oh yes… suckle me… oh…yes…Mmm…"

Alda felt the pussy slide smoothly up over her hip and then along her side, she could tell just how aroused Femke was and that made her own pussy heat up.

Femke then rolled Alda onto her back her lips hungrily searching for and finding the waiting mouth. She opened wide, stiffened her tongue and pushed it deep inside Alda´s mouth. Alda began to suck on it in the same way she had sucked on the nipple. She ran her tongue around in tasting the other woman´s juices, caressing the smooth underside and then lapping at the rough top side. The heat all over her body increased as Femke started to rub herself against her. Their breasts pressing together, their nipples digging into the other´s flesh.

Alda wrapped her legs around Femke´s waist and in so doing spread her pussy wide. Alda responded immediately and started to grind her pubic mound against the open sex. As the pleasure grew, Alda tightened her grip with her legs, pulling her lover into her, forcing her swollen clit against Femke. She could feel the sweat starting to run

between their bodies, she could hear Femke grunt with every thrust and she knew her orgasm was building nicely.

"Fuck me… just fuck me…" Alda moaned through their kiss.

The words sparked something in Femke and the pace picked up, she rubbed herself up and down Alda's sex, desperate to make her cum.

Alda was almost there, all her worries and fears were evaporating as a single point of pleasure radiated out from her clit. She took a deep breath and braced for a beautiful climax.

"Well you two have certainly recovered from last night," laughed Dariana.

Femke rolled off Alda in shock and surprise leaving Alda with her legs open, her sodden flower spread, moments away from release. She quickly closed her legs and looked around for something to cover herself with. There was nothing.

"Domina!" gasped Femke, "I didn't hear you come in," spluttered Femke, still on her knees, head bowed, "Please don't punish us. Please! Alda did her best! You saw how bravely she fought for you! We don't deserve to be punished!" she prostrated herself before Dariana, "Please, don't send us to the Colosseum!"

Dariana ignored Femke and turned to Alda, who also submissively bowed her head, the sense of weakness and shame flooding back into her, "I am going to do something for you and you are going to do something for me."

"Domina?" asked Alda, looking up.

"Today I am giving you to my closest, dearest friend, Camila. And I need you to do something for me. If you do it. Then you are free to go."

For the first time in a long time, Alda felt a little surge of hope and joy, "Domina?" she looked up in total surprise.

"I want you to take these documents," Dariana held up several rolled up and wax sealed parchments, "and put them exactly where I tell

you,˝ she then sat down and pulled up her dress, ˜Now please, continue fucking.˝

˜Domina?˝ asked Femke meekly.

˜Don´t make me repeat myself.˝

Alda no longer had the self respect to resist and lay back down on the straw ready for more humiliation, at least this time it will be with someone she actually cared for.

˜Mmm…˝ purred Dariana upon seeing the flushed pink flower and started to stroke her own.

Femke mounted Alda again and lowered her body back down, pressing herself against the wet sex. Alda locked her legs back around Femke´s waist who started to rock back and forth slower this time… more hesitant.

Alda could see the embarrassment in Femke´s eyes at having to share their first loving making with their owner, to tarnish it from being something pure and good to something base for the enjoyment of

another. Despite the more tentative motion, Alda felt the pleasure in her clit quickly start to rebuild.

"That´s it… fuck her… Mmm…"

They could hear Dariana´s fingers now fucking her pussy, the sound of wetness against her pumping hand.

"Oh!" gasped Alda as a stroke caught her pearl deliciously and she reached down to grab Femke´s butt and pull the woman even tighter into her. With every thrust, she kneaded the muscular cheeks and spread them.

Femke could see the passion in Alda´s eyes, the desperate need to cum, while she felt her own asshole being spread and knew Dariana was being treated to it being on display.

Alda´s mouth opened and stayed open, gasping at each thrust, her eyes only half open. Femke could feel the legs tighten around her waist and knew Alda´s climax was only moments away. She stroked a strand of sweaty hair from Alda´s face and stared down at the beauty of a

woman´s most sensual moment and knew she was totally in love with her.

"That´s it, open your eyes, look at me while you cum," whispered Femke.

Alda looked up and tried to absorb every detail of Femke´s face as she felt her body start to tense uncontrollably.

"No!" Dariana said firmly, "Look at me, look at me as you cum. I am your Domina, look at me!" she was also close, her hips rising and falling off the chair as her fingers sped up.

In defeat and shame, Alda turned her head and looked up at her cruel mistress. As she reached her point of no return she felt a surge of hate for the woman that was now robbing her of this beautiful moment, of sharing her body with her lover, of looking into Femke´s eyes as she climaxed.

"That´s it… that´s is….Mmm…" encouraged Dariana, her hand now a blur, the room filled by the sound of her fingers squelching in and out of her soaked pussy, "Look at your Domina and cum."

Femke had no choice other than to watch as the girl she loved orgasmed hard while looking at another woman. She watched Alda´s beautiful face gasp, her jaw tremble, her brow furrow as she stared into the eyes of Dariana. She felt robbed in a way she had never felt before. The Romans had taken so much from her yet nothing felt as personal and cruel as this.

"Oh…oh…Yes! YES!" Dariana quivered as she looked down at the rutting couple and then breathed a deep sigh of relief, "Mmmm… very nice."

*****

"I´m surprised, I had suspected you would renege on our little bet or at the least forget about it," grinned Camila as she eyed up Alda.

"I am a lady of my word," smiled Dariana smiling as sweetly as she could possibly manage and pushing Alda forward.

Camila walked around the slave inspecting her, squeezing her arms, running her hands over the firm ass and getting a wince in

response, ‟I hope she has recovered from last night´s exhaustions and is ready for another round.˝

‟I´m sure she will be able to keep up with you.˝

Camila snorted at the jab ‟I´m so sorry she didn´t win you your prize money. Money being tight and all,˝ teased Camila.

‟You don´t need to worry about my finances, I certainly do not.˝

Camila gave Dariana a curious look and tried to determine if the woman was as carefree as she was making out but she remained totally composed and the only lie Camila could ascertain was the sweet smile. Camila shrugged, ‟Very well. I am sure I will get some joy from her. Bruised and beaten as she is,˝ she turned to Marilla who was hanging back near one of the pillars of the atrium, ‟Get this slave prepared. I will be fucking her tonight.˝

‟Yes, Domina,˝ Marilla nodded and beckoned Alda to follow.

‟Naevia not with you today?˝ Camila asked trying to sound as casual as she could.

"No, she is still recovering from the party. Being deflowered was such an emotional experience. Saphina has certainly taken a shine to her, I think maybe she will take Naevia as a lover," it was Dariana's turn to watch Camila try to remain composed and bury her jealousy.

"You must be very proud of her," Camila said at last.

"Oh I am! I am sure there must be some very envious women out there knowing my Naevia is being bedded at the very highest level. She has always been quite the heartbreaker."

Camila clenched her jaw and nodded, "Indeed. Well it is getting late and I don't want to hold you up any longer. Thank you for bringing me your prize slave. I am sure I will enjoy her very much."

Marilla led Alda down the corridors towards the slave quarters. Alda tried to not limp even though her asshole was still aching.

"Can I see my sister?" she asked as she saw several other slaves going about their evening chores.

"Your sister?" asked Marilla without pausing.

"Elke, your Domina…bought her a few weeks ago," Alda hated referring to her sister as something that was just a commodity but to these people that is exactly what she was.

"She is here, yes. But this isn't some family reunion. You have one purpose and that is to pleasure my Domina."

"You're a slave too?" ask Alda in surprise noting Marilla's fine clothing.

Marilla turned sharply, "While we may both be slaves, we are nothing alike. I am the Prima Ancilla of the noblest house in Rome. I am a God to you. Do you understand?"

A few weeks ago Alda was sure she would have found something defiant to say, now she would not risk jeopardizing her freedom. She said nothing and nodded submissively.

Marilla smiled at this silent acknowledgment of her authority, "It is good you have been broken. Now come on, I have better things to do than look after you."

As they continued down the passage, Alda she saw a young man open an ornate door just ahead of them. As they passed she looked in and saw a well dressed man, elegant even by Roman standards, sitting behind the desk in a lavish study. Just before she turned a corner, she glanced over her shoulder and saw the young man coming back out clutching a bundle of sealed scrolls.

"Stop staring at things that don't concern you!" snapped Marilla.

Alda moved her hand over her dress and felt the sealed papers that Dariana had concealed, sown into the fabric. She watched as the young messenger took the papers and hurry to deliver them before Marilla roughly pulled her away.

"You will stay here," Marilla gestured to a small dorm crammed full of bunk beds, "Until the Domina wishes your company."

"I understand," replied Alda, knowing exactly what company meant.

"Good. Rest, I understand you need it."

*****

The old man stroked his long white beard, once, twice and then a third time. The third time was a deliberately long stroke. All the eyes of the senate were on him and he was going to savor every second of the attention.

"I have counted all the votes," he announced in a slow deep voice before pausing, "and the result of the motion to pass Martial Law is as follows," he paused again and stroked his magnificent beard yet again as he held a parchment in hand and pretended to study it. There were several sighs of frustrations throughout the chamber, "The result of the motion is…" the old man coughed again, "Those for Martial Law, seventy-four. Those against, fifty-six. The motion has failed. Martial Law may not be implemented."

There was a rumble of approving grunts and few stamping of feet. Marcellus sat in the middle and just shrugged apparently unconcerned and looked out beyond the rows of massive pillars and into the night sky.

The dozens of burning braziers around the room making the outside a near sheet of darkness, but still he just stared.

Cassium rose to his feet, "My friends, thank you! Thank you for your wisdom. And thank you for rejecting Tyranny!" he received a mixed response from the chamber, "But Tyranny is not yet defeated. Not while Marcellus continues to hold the chair of the Emperor! It is time we make a change. A change for prosperity and a change for freedom!"

Again the reaction was mixed, some bellowed in agreement while others yelled in fury.

"I call for another vote! A vote to depose the Emperor Marcellus!"

"Calm! Calm!" called out the old man waving his hands in a futile attempt to quieten the chamber.

"And who do you propose to replace me?" asked Marcellus his attention suddenly fixed back upon the chamber which immediately fell silent, "Yourself, Cassium? Do you think a bureaucrat is what the Empire needs?"

"The Empire certainly doesn't need a tyrant and that is what you are, Marcellus. Who replaces you is not a matter of concern for today. First, we remove you and then we shall find a worthy successor," Cassium turned to back to address the whole chamber, "I propose a vote to remove Marcellus from office is taken as soon as our laws allow!"

"That is three days!" the old man piped up quickly.

*****

Vitus hurried the down the marble corridor and after the Emperor leaving the hubbub of the Senate behind. His urgent pace attracting the interest of the Praetorian guard until Marcellus waved them off.

"No doubt you have something to say, Vitus."

"Yes, my Emperor. You cannot be surprised to have lost that vote. There was no way the entire Conservatorium would support such a move."

"I am not surprised in the slightest."

"Then why? Why call for such a motion, you must know that you have left yourself vulnerable."

"Have I?" Marcellus pushed open the grand doors to his study and poured himself a cup of wine, "I am no fool, Vitus. I am always fully aware of the consequences of my actions."

Vitus paused for thought before responding, "Then why call for it? Now the Mercantilium can sense weakness. They see the nobles are divided. My Emporer, you may lose the vote."

"Tell me, how can I lose that vote if all the Conservatorium support me? We have the numbers, right?"

"Yes…but only just… it would only take a few to defect like they did for the Martial Law vote. Those nobles who just voted against you may do so again."

Marcellus poured himself a cup of wine, "As I recall, you told me you couldn't support Marital Law. I am assuming you were one of the nobles that voted against me."

"I oppose Martial Law, I do not oppose you! My Emperor, Marcellus, you are my friend. Our families have been aligned for

generations. I couldn´t vote for an act that goes against my beliefs but I do believe in you.˝

˝Your loyalty should be to me at all times.˝

˝Our loyalty should be to the good of the Empire.˝

Marcellus laughed and then shook his head, ˝Vitus, I believe you are too honorable for your own good.˝

˝I don´t see how someone can be too honorable.˝

˝Maybe not yet, you don´t,˝ said Marcellus under his breath.

˝Excuse me?˝

Marcellus waved his hand to dismiss his comments and smiled warmly, ˝So my Master of the Chancellery, tell me what are your concerns?˝ he then passed Vitus a cup of wine.

˝Too many of our party have lost so much recently. Their losses have been the Mercantillium´s gain. Where once the noble houses flourished now merchants are buying their villas from out under them. I could name a dozen of our party members who are drowning in debt,

weighed down by gambling and other vices. We are vulnerable to bribery, Marcellus!"

"You think some of the Nobles are colluding with Cassium and his merchant cronies, paying off debts to win their votes? Interesting, Vitus, very interesting," Marcellus walked out to his balcony and looked over the grandeur of Rome, the thousands of burning lamps that made up the city "Please tell me these names."

Vitus paused, "I have suspicions but no proof as of yet."

"I trust your judgment more than any other, if you have a suspicion about someone I would like to hear it," he took a deep sip of wine and waited for a response.

Vitus shuffled from one foot to the other, weighing up whether to denounce a member of his party or not, "Petronius Hector Septim," he said at last.

"Is that so?" Marcellus didn't try to hide his amused smile.

"His financial woes are well known, as is his public fall from grace. That makes him the perfect target for Cassium's advances. And through him who knows how many others could be… influenced. He may have lost a lot but I doubt he has lost his ambition."

"Ambition is not sedition," shrugged Marcellus, "Vitus, I do hope this isn't personal."

"My Emperor?"

"Weren't you the one who bankrupted him in the first place?"

"I did my job. Increasing taxation on construction was for the benefit of the Empire."

"I agree. However, it also destroyed Petronius's business interests. A man who was one of your closest friends, crushed with a single act of law by your hand. One mark on a piece of paper by your signet ring and his family's fortune reduced to ashes."

"As I said, my loyalty is to the Empire."

"It is such a pity you aren't able to use your loyalty to create more funds for our Legions."

"I do not wish to return to this topic. We have discussed this subject to infinitum. Rome is more than armies and conquest, we need to fund what we already control. There is no point in conquering new lands if we have no money left to build them up."

"Said like a true Mercantiulium."

"I resent that!" Vitus held his Emperor in an iron gaze.

Marcellus held his hand up, "I apologize, my good friend. Your loyalty to the Conservatorium is beyond question. If Petronius and others are under the influence of Cassium and you find proof, then they will have to answer to me."

*****

Vitus leaned back in his chair and groaned. He rubbed his eyes which stung from reading and the oily smoke from the lamp on his desk.

"He is playing with fire," he said at last.

"It is late," replied Camila, "You need to rest, relax," she sat on the edge of Vitus's desk and ran her fingers through his hair, "Have a bath, have your cock sucked, it will clear your mind."

"I can't. Not until I can put the pieces together. We need proof. We need proof that Petronius is taking money to support Cassium."

"What about what Naevia told me, about the meeting she saw her father have with the members of the Mercantilium?"

"The gossip of a teenager girl isn't the kind of evidence that Marcellus would be interested in," Vitus sighed, "I just need time to think."

Camila stood, "Very well, I shall leave you to your thoughts. I have the joys of Dariana's barbarian tonight, I think I am going to enjoy a rough fuck."

*****

"My Domina is ready for you," said Marilla and gave Alda a brisk gesture to follow.

Alda felt her heart speed up at the knowledge of what was going to be expected of her. She followed Marilla and noticed two guards tailing them, their hands resting on the pommels of their swords.

Marilla noticed Alda´s nervous glance, ˝They are here to make sure you behave yourself. Just do whatever you are told.˝

˝Does the Domina fuck you too?˝

˝The Domina uses me in any way she chooses,˝ replied Marilla with shrug and pulled aside a thick curtain that led into a corridor.

˝How does it feel betraying your people every time you lick Roman cunt?˝

Marilla stopped and turned, ˝Soon you can tell me.˝

Alda tried to think of a response, the image of licking another woman´s sex flashed into her mind and her heart pounded and sent a series of pulses right into her clit.

"We all do what we have to do. I accepted my place years ago and now it is your turn," added Marilla before continuing down the passageway.

Alda felt her nipples starting to tingle and knew she was already getting wet. It had been one thing wrestling and being taken. At least she had fought with everything she had but to kneel down, to lick a Roman noblewoman's pussy like a broken, submissive bitch. That would be a shame she couldn't bear.

"Alda?" came a voice from ahead.

The voice cut through her. She knew that voice better than any other.

"Elke?"

"It is you!" Elke replied smiling her kind, warm innocent smile.

Alda dashed forward before the guards could react and took her sister into her arms, "Are you alright? Have they… have they hurt you?"

"I'm all right. No, they haven't hurt me…"

Alda could see by the way Elke looked at the floor to hide the shame in her eyes that she had been used and she felt anger start to surge.

"Your sister has had an easy life here. You need not concern yourself," said Marilla.

"Easy life?" spat Alda, "She had an easy life on our farm. Easier than being touched by your Roman masters!"

"Being fucked is better than being killed," replied Marilla and then she opened a door, "Come on, both of you."

"Both of us?" asked Alda suddenly confused, "Why both of us, I thought your Domina just wanted…" she didn't finish her sentence as an awful prospect began to dawn on her.

"Do what you need to do," said Marilla, it was her turn to look down with shame, "If you don't it won't just be you who is…punished."

Alda felt a chill go down her spine and gripped her sister's hand even tighter. The guards grunted and nodded for the two slaves to enter.

"It will be alright," whispered Elke meekly to her older sister, "We don't have a choice."

They followed Marilla into the bed chamber. It was quite dark, the small braziers against the wall filled the room was a mixture of warm oranges and deep shadow. Sprawled out on the enormous lavish bed was Camila, she was already nude and the low light caught her magnificent curves, her full breasts and her sweeping hips.

"Ah, the barbarians have arrived to savage me," she mocked and spread her legs to reveal her smooth sex.

Elke and Alda just stood there, mouths wide open, their hearts beating and sweat forming on their palms.

"Domina, the guards are just outside, call if you need anything," said Marilla with a respectful nod and closed the doors behind her.

"I can see why your women folk fight alongside your men," said Camila eyeing up Alda, "Very impressive. Now undress."

Alda´s skin suddenly felt unbelievably hot. Her cheeks, her neck and right down her chest. Elke started to undo the ribbon behind her neck that held her thin white dress up, her fingers were trembling so much she was struggling with the knot. Alda tried to weigh up her options and glanced at the door. No doubt the guards would be right outside, listening intently, their cocks hardening. She was sure she could catch them by surprise and have their swords before they even had a chance to let go of their swollen dicks. Then what? More guards would be on the way and even after that they were still trapped in the city. There was no way she would survive. More importantly, there was no way Elke would survive.

She heard a faint sob as Elke´s dress crumped around her ankles and found herself looking at her sister´s tight nude body. Her curves were so subtle, her titties adorably small, although it was clear her little pink nipples were already erect.

"Mmm… so cute…" purred Camila, a hand moved between her legs and a finger traced slowly through her labia, spreading them, "Big sister, don't be shy."

All kinds of vile curses bubbled up in Alda's throat ready to be spat out like venom. She glared at Camila with impotent rage.

"So much anger! I want that! I want that hate when you fuck me!" Camila smiled as she slipped and finger inside herself. The way it slid straight in showed just how wet she already was, "Mmm… undress or… well I think you know what or is. If you don't want to fuck me then maybe the guards will fuck you both instead."

Alda was sure she heard a slight gasp from excitement from outside the door. The idea of her sister being raped by those men put check to any resistance. Slowly she eased the straps of her coarse dress off her shoulders. She held it against her chest a moment longer trying to imagine what perversions this Roman bitch had in store for them both. Elke was still standing still, her small frame trembling slightly,

her hands over her crotch her eyes fixed on a dark swirl on the marble floor.

Alda let the dress fall and felt the warm night breeze from the open windows caress her tingling nipples.

"Oh very nice," Camila's finger now moved in and out of her pussy so fast her wrist was just a blur and the room was filled with the sound of smacking wet labia lips, "One so muscular and powerful and the other so delicate and refined. Come. Suck on my toes," she then wiggled her feet at the two girls and smiled.

Alda watched as her little sister obediently walked forward, showing off her small pert ass, before kneeling down at the end of the bed. She took Camila's foot and then opened her mouth and began to suck on the Roman's big toe.

"See well trained she is… a perfect little sex slave," teased Camila then wiggled her other foot, "Take your place."

Alda knew she was going to have to debase herself totally to keep her sister safe. Her legs felt heavy as she made the few steps towards

the end of the bed. The sight of her beautiful little sister sucking on Camila´s foot, eyes closed, cheek flushed with shame, sparked another surge of anger in her. She knelt.

"That´s it," Camila playfully wiggled her toes again, "Take them nice and deep."

The hatred Alda felt for Camila was only now matched by the anger she felt for herself. At how her body was betraying her. Her nipples were now rock hard and she knew her pussy was so wet it was threatening to trickle down the inside of her thighs. She opened her mouth, closed her eyes and leaned in. She felt the hardness of the nail and the soft round toe as she took it into her mouth and started to suck.

"Mmm…. Aren´t you good little barbarians? Suckling at the foot of Rome."

The humiliation was close to being unbearable and Alda tried to focus on something else, anything else. She couldn´t. She could taste the perfumed foot in her mouth, hear the sound of her sister sucking

diligently and smell the aroma wafting down from Camila´s fully aroused sex.

"Now run your tongues up my legs… all the way up to my sweet, sweet pussy," said Camila and she stopped fingering herself and watched.

Elke did what she was told and started to move up the long, toned leg, making sure her tongue was licking all the way. Alda hesitated again, her clit throbbing her nipples aching at the prospect of licking pussy for the first time. And the thought of performing such a sexual act with her sister… it was a swirl of feeling she just couldn´t control or understand.

She released the toe from her mouth and started to move up. She felt so pathetic and demeaned at being so obedient. As she moved up the scent of the sodden sex became increasingly strong and she wondered what it would taste like.

"Up you both come, that´s it. Kiss Domina´s perfect pussy," panted Camila as she watched the two similar faces move steadily up her legs, the locks of their blond hair tickling her inner thighs as they moved up it.

Alda felt her cheek press against her sister´s as they neared their destination. It was hot, just as hot as her own. She knew this was wrong, she knew all the Gods of her land forbade this, that her ancestors would forever shun her and forbid her entrance to the Golden Fields. She could see Camila´s flower, wet and glistening, the small pink pearl catching the ruddy light.

The sisters had to tilt their heads slightly inwards and push in tighter between the smooth thighs until the tips of their noses and corners of their mouths touched. Alda knew her duty had been to protect her sister, to protect her from the depraved Romans. What would her parents think of her now, allowing her sister to be so defiled? She tried to tell herself she was protecting Elke, that this was the only way to keep her safe. It didn´t make her feel any better.

Elke extended her tongue and tentatively licked at the velvety folds. Alda copied. Their tongues touched as they licked alongside each other. Alda felt her clit give yet another throb as she tasted not only pussy for the first time but also her own sister.

"Mmm… lick your Domina´s cunni… lick me… Mmm… harder… harder…"

Elke started to nod her head and try to push her face in tighter, Alda copied until both the sister´s heads were moving up and down in unison, their tongues swirling together mixed with saliva and Camila´s arousal.

"Don´t stop… keep going…" purred Camila, cupping her breasts and pulling at her nipples.

Alda kept her eyes closed, the sweet tang in her mouth, the sound of her sister´s lapping tongue, the moans of bliss from Camila filled her senses.

"Oh…Oh…" gasped Camila suddenly and then pushed the two heads away, "Not yet my hungry girls, Domina wants a slow hard orgasm. Suck my tits."

The sisters continued to climb Camila's body, who lay back on the bed, propped up along her shoulders against the pillows. Alda made sure she didn't look at Elke, she was too embarrassed. She just focused on the hard, plump nipple that stood tall above Camila's round breast. She leaned in and opened her mouth wide. She could immediately feel just hard the nub was and knew her own were the same.

Camila's arms wrapped around the two girls and pulled them in closer, "Suckle at Rome's teat because Rome is your mother now."

Comparing herself to a mother infuriated and humiliated Alda even further. It made her feel even more helpless, infantile as she obediently continued to draw the nipple into her mouth and circle it with the tip of her tongue. It made her miss Femke, miss the intimacy they had shared this morning. This just made the act more perverse… a display of power and dominance.

Alda felt Camila´s hand stroking her back, softly tracing her fingernails along her spine. The touch was sublime and it sent shivers of pleasure tingling all the way down to her toes. And she moaned. She regretted it instantly, she regretted showing any kind of joy at this vile act of sexual control.

"Submitting feels good, doesn´t it," teased Camila, "Knowing you are owned… knowing your body belongs to someone else… it´s a release."

Alda tried to ignore these poisoned words but they had the ring of truth and she knew her body certainly believed them. She wanted to thrust her own hand between her legs, to rub and caress at her desperate sex and give it some relief. She then heard her sister moan, a low soft moan of pleasure. Alda felt her vagina spasm as the sound alone almost triggered a spontaneous orgasm. She needed to control her body, there is no way she was going to give this Roman the satisfaction of forcing an orgasm out of her.

"Kiss," came Camila´s next instruction, and she lifted the sister´s heads using a single finger under their chins and turned them so they faced each other.

This time the two girls found themselves looking into each other´s wide eyes. And both instinctively found themselves glancing at the other´s lips.

"How… how can you ask such a thing?" Alda asked, in shock, again her pussy feeling like it was on the edge of ecstasy and an orgasm could trigger at any time.

"Your culture is so backward when it comes to sex," laughed Camila, "There should be no limits to pleasure… no boundaries to fucking. Taste each other, enjoy each other. I order it."

"I…I will not!" Alda pulled away and as she did she saw Elke look at her full breasts, eyes locked on her nipples.

"Will not?" Camila´s voice went from soft to sharp within a second, "Should I call for the guards? Would you prefer to kiss your sister or

would you prefer to watch her being taken up her tight little ass and pussy by cock…at the same time?″

“Fuck you!″ snapped Alda.

“Oh we are going to fuck,″ laughed Camila, “The only question is how.″

“Alda… we must just do as she says,″ mumbled Elke her voice so quiet Alda could only just hear her.

“At least one of you knows their place.″

“It is better you… touching me than… than them…″ added Elke with a weak smile, “At least I love you.″

“But…but we are sisters…″

“By the Gods! How do your barbarians have any joy in your life? Do you just fuck your sheep all day long?″ sighed Camila.

“It′s wrong!″

“I tire of this!″ Camila turned to the door and was about to call out when Alda raised her hand.

"Fine! I will do what you say."

Camila slouched even further back into the plump pillow and allowed her hand to return to her pussy where her fingers started to slowly circle her clit.

Elke leaned over Camila towards Alda. The sisters shared one last look, a look that showed their shame was being betrayed by their lust, before closing their eyes.

Alda swallowed and licked her lips as the two faces approached. Then their mouths met and they kissed. They both kept their lips tightly pursed and the kiss was awkward and tentative.

Camila lay back and watched as the girls kissed above her, she saw their hesitation, their reluctance to surrender themselves to the delights of the flesh. She reached up and cupped one of their breasts each, they were so different, one large enough that a hand couldn't fit all the way around the other so small her palm smothered it. She began to knead them, then took their nipples between her thumb and forefinger

and started to roll them. They were both so hard, so aroused, "Open your mouths," she panted, her eyes fixed on the sister's lips.

The touch on Alda's breasts was incredible, she had wanted to cup herself, to do anything to feel contact on her overly sensitive skin. And now Camila's touch was sending sparks of pleasure down her body and to her pussy. A pussy she craved to touch... even if just for a moment.

Elke couldn't resist Camila's touch and opened her mouth, her mind fighting what was right and being defeated by a primal urge. Her moist lips parted and started to open and close around her sister's until they too started to relax and they were able to taste each other.

"That's it... almost there," Camila moved her hands down the girls' bodies, down over their stomachs and down, pushing to get between their legs as they crouched.

Alda tensed. She knew where the hand was going, she knew the effect it was going to have and it terrified her and excited her in equal measure. She kept her legs together and squeezed her thighs to stop

the intruding hand. Elke´s lips continued to kiss her own, her sister´s mouth opening increasingly wider, her saliva now covering Alda´s lips. Alda kept her mouth pursed refusing to allow herself to perform just a debased act.

While Alda kept her legs shut, Camila was able to ease her hand between Elke´s. Her thighs didn´t offer must resistance and Camila was able to slide between and soon had her fingers caressing the girl´s soaking wet pussy. She spread the velvety folds and with two fingers started to slowly rub backward and forward.

The sensation was too much for the virgin girl and with a moan of submission, she opened her mouth wide, stiffened her tongue and speared it towards her sister´s closed lips. The sudden aggression caught Alda by surprise and the tongue breached her mouth. It surged inside hungry and desperate. Her own tongue was caught off guard as her sister´s lapped at it, hot and slick. Alda tried to focus her mind, tried to resist the barrage of temptations that were being relentlessly thrown at her. She attempted to close her mouth but her sister tilted her head

and clamped her lips firmly around while her tongue continued to writhe around inside. The kiss felt so good and that one consideration of temptation was enough to distract her. Camila´s hand forced its way between Alda´s thighs.

Alda´s sex was just as wet as her sister´s and it gave Camila a thrill to know she was rubbing both of the siblings´ pussies at the same time. Owning them both, controlling them both. She took her middle finger and started to probe inwards. Elke´s virgin pussy was unbelievably tight and once she had eased the finger inside she could feel her finger being rhythmically squeezed. Alda´s pussy was more accepting so she added another finger and then curled them both searching for and finding their most sacred spots.

The sensation of having Camila´s fingers inside her was immense but Alda continued to fight the urge to surrender. Even as her sister wrapped her arms around her head and pulled her tighter into the kiss, Alda refused to let her own tongue respond. Then Camila touched her in a place, in a way that Alda had never known possible. It was a surge of

pleasure far deeper than any she had ever experienced. It was a pleasure that, with every rub, sent an energy down her legs and up her spine, it made her breasts feel even fuller and her nipples ache to once again be touched. She didn´t know it was possible to have just a full sense of bliss and it was too much for her.

Alda´s tongue leapt into life swirling around her sister´s, over the rough top and then down to the silky smooth underside. Elke was caught by surprise by the sudden counterattack and she let out a soft moan as her mouth was invaded. She happily sucked on Alda´s tongue, drawing it all the way in.

"There you are," purred Camila, watching the two young women giving themselves to each other. She continued to stoke their passions by speeding up her hand, driving her fingers harder and deeper into the two sisters.

Soon the girls´ hands were all over each other, running down backs, over shoulders until they were cupping breasts, kneading and rubbing while their mouths continued to be locked together.

Camila squeezed her legs together, trying to apply some pressure on her own sex. The sight of seeing the two barbarian sisters submitting to her will had lit a fire between her legs, an inferno that now needed attention and she knew just how she wanted it. She withdrew her fingers from the girls and heard them moan in frustration.

"I think Elke´s virgin pussy needs to be eaten… Alda, lick your sister´s cunni!"

Alda felt her heart stop and then pound twice as fast. She couldn´t stop her eyes from glancing down at Elke´s freshly shaven crotch and then she blushed when her sister caught her looking.

"You… you can´t ask me to do such an act…" pleaded Alda, her clit throbbing so much she was worried she might actually just cum there and then.

"Oh, I am not asking. I don´t ask sex slaves to do anything. I order them. And that is what you are – sex slaves."

Those words cut deep into Alda´s pride and she clenched her jaw to control her anger.

"Lie down, Elke. Show us your treasure," said Camila, sitting up on the bed creating space for the girl.

Elke looked at Alda, uncertain as to what to do. Alda just looked away in helpless shame. Elke lay there, her legs closed, her chest heaving, her small titties rising and falling.

"Good girl, open up," Camila spread Elke's legs until she was completely exposed, her delicate pink pussy glistening, "Mmm… such a pretty little cunni and just look how wet she is," mused Camila, "Lie down between her legs, enjoy her, enjoy the sweet taste of virgin pussy."

Alda glanced again at the door, part of her wanted to run for it. To smash it down and flee but another part of her wanted to stay. She tried to tell herself that it was just the part that wanted to keep her sister safe. She lay down flat on her tummy, her sister's thighs on either side of her face. It was the cutest most beautiful pussy Alda could have ever imagined, perfectly symmetrical, like a pale pink rose, the petals shining with morning due. She then felt a weight pressing down on her ass as

Camila mounted and straddled her. She could feel just how wet the Roman was her pussy started to grind against her firm cheeks.

"Mmm…" moaned Camila thrusting down hard so her labia spread and the muscular buttocks rubbed directly onto her swollen nub, "Now lick your sister´s pussy, show her how much you love her… how much you want to make her cum on your mouth."

The words added to the depravity of the act. Alda looked up from the flower, up over the flat midriff, up between the two mounds, which were rising and falling rapidly and up to Elke´s sweet face. Alda could see the total look of shame and apprehension in her sister´s expression, but also the lust that burned in her teenage eyes. She didn´t say anything.

"What are you waiting for?" grunted Camila between thrusts, "Lick!"

Alda resigned herself to the perverted act and lowered her head. She could smell the sweet scent of sex, the aroma of her sister´s flower and opened her mouth.

"Oh…oh…oh…" panted Elke even before the first touch and then, "Ooooh…" in a long breathless moan.

The first lick was with the very tip of Alda´s tongue, it just glanced the edge of Elke´s labia yet that faintest of forbidden touches was enough to send shudders up and down Elke´s body. Below, Alda felt her own pussy start to tense. The relentless thrusts from Camila drove her into the thick mattress causing little tremors of bliss as her closed legs squeezed tight applying pressure on her sex. She licked again, still nervously, still with just the tip of her tongue. Her sister´s swollen lips spread under the touch and the girl let out another moan. Alda´s pussy contracted at sound of Elke´s gasp of pleasure.

"Lick her like you love her!" grunted Camila and pushed Alda´s face hard into Elke and then, after gripping a handful of thick hair, made Alda´s head nod.

Suddenly Alda found herself immersed in her sister´s sex, slick arousal on her lips, nose and and chin. Elke cried out as the pleasure

between her legs soared. She watched as her older sister´s head was forced to nod, rubbing against her pearl with every motion.

"That´s it, she likes that! Use your tongue!"

Alda rolled out her tongue so now the rough flat surface caressed Elke´s smoothness and the taste of her sister´s essence filled her senses. It was too much and she came. Her hips spasmed as the orgasm caught her by surprise while her legs went stiff before relaxing.

"Did you just cum?" laughed Camila, "Tasting your sister´s pussy made you cum. I bet you have been imagining licking her out for years. Lying in bed fingering yourself at the thought of tongue fucking your little sister. Go on! Stick your tongue right inside her, make her cum on it!"

Alda´s cheeks flushed in embarrassment. She had shamed herself by allowing her body to take such joy from something so wrong. The pleasure in her pussy was already building again. She stiffened her tongue and pushed it between the small folds. Her sister was tight, so so tight. She had to really force her tongue to get it inside.

"Oh…yes…" she heard Elke moan, "Please…Alda…do it… fuck my pussy!"

Alda came again, hearing her sister speak like that, tasting her, feeling wet smoothness, smelling her juices. Her body shuddered again and her hips lifted off the mattress driving her ass into Camila.

"Mmm…. By Venus's mercy!" moaned Camila as the sudden spasm against her pushed her right to her edge.

Alda continued to nod, pushing her tongue deeper and deeper inside her sister as she did so. The depravity and shame of such a perverse act filled her but she didn't stop, she sped up.

"I'm there! Oh Alda you've got me… please don't stop…I'm going to cum!"

"That's it!" encouraged Camila with a grunt, "Cum on your sister's face, make her taste your divine scent! Oh! Oh! Mmmm!" Camila gripped hold of both of Alda's shoulders and pulled against them to ride her even harder.

"My clit! Lick my clit! Do it now! Please Alda! Please!"

Throughout their childhood Alda had heard her sister´s cries, for attention, out of anger during their many, many arguments but never out of sexual pleasure. Alda used her fingers to spread the wet lips revealing the hot pink inside and urging the little pearl from its hood and then she licked it in a frenzy, her sister´s pleasure as important to her as air.

"You´ve got her!" Camila panted, "You´ve got me too… make us cum!"

The bouncing motion off the mattress allowed Alda to lick even faster, her tongue brushing up and down over Elke´s clit in a blur which made the bed creak. She could feel how wet Camila´s pussy was as she was ridden and knew both women were close to climax.

Elke´s legs closed around Alda´s head and she started to rub herself against her sister´s tongue, "I´m cumming! Oh Alda you´re making cum!"

Alda felt her sister buck, thighs squeezing against her cheeks engulfing her with the warmth of hot flesh. Sweet juices began to flow, running down her lips and down over her chin. She kept licking through Elke´s orgasm reveling in her sister´s joy.

"Oh by the Gods!" Camila´s thrusts suddenly became rapid and then stopped dead as the woman´s back arched and her body went stiff, "Fuck! Oh Fuck!" then the rocking returned, slower, more measured as Camila controlled her clit´s sensations against Alda´s ass and eked out series of minor tremors.

The cries of release that filled the room along with the knowledge that she had just licked her own sister to orgasm, that she had done something more depraved than she had ever thought she was capable of, triggered another orgasm of her own. It was an orgasm born from shame and total surrender. Her legs tensed together as Camila continued to ride her ass and her mouth lapped up Elke´s sweet nectar. She was able to hold back the pressure for a few moments longer until

another moan of ecstasy from her sister destroyed all resistance and her body quivered in defeat and pleasure.

*****

In the cold moonlight they were a tangle of sweaty limbs, the warm breeze billowing the curtains doing little to cool their sticky bodies. Alda just lay there, resting her head on Camila´s breast, her body riddled with guilt and shame from the sex acts she had been forced to perform. She waited and listened until she was sure the Roman was asleep and mentally prepared herself for what she had to do. Behind, she felt Elke nuzzle into her, the girl´s nude body pressing against her ass and back. Carefully she rolled over and their breasts touched. Even after all the sex this act still sent a pulse through her pussy.

"Elke," she whispered as softly as she could.

"Hmm?" came the sleepy response, the girl´s hand moving down from Alda´s hips and along her leg.

Alda wished she would stop and at the same time preyed the hand may move somewhere else, "Elke, listen to me. I need to do something. I have a plan. A way for us to be free. A way for us to go home."

"Home?" replied Elke much louder than Alda would have liked.

"Sssh!" she placed a finger on her sister's lips. They were so soft… so moist… memories of their kiss came flooding back and she forced them from her mind, "Stay here. I will be back in a few moments."

"Where? Alda… what are you talking about?"

Camila moaned. When the woman went quiet, Alda eased herself out from between the two bodies. Camila rolled over, searching for naked flesh even in her sleep, and wrapped an arm around Elke and pulled her in close before hooking a leg over. The sight of this arrogant Roman lying with her sister sent a fury through Alda. She could throttle the bitch while she slept. She wouldn't even have a chance to cry out. Alda breathed deep controlling her anger and crept to the door.

Outside she could see the two guards. They were both slumped in chairs an empty jar of wine lying on its side, the last drops of the red

liquid dripping onto the floor. One gave a deep snore that reminded Alda of one of her cows from her farm. The other gave an odd jittery wheeze as his head lolled from one side to the other.

Hurriedly, she pulled on her dress and then, on tip toes, sneaked passed the sleeping men. Even though the villa was much larger, much grander than that of Dariana´s, the layout was still basically the same and she was able to find her way around. There were a few slaves still awake, apparently their duties never ended. Some were cleaning some were carrying crates towards the kitchen. Alda was easily able to avoid them and stay in the deep shadows and waited until all was still and silent. She recalled the room she had seen the Dominus of the house sat in earlier and, after taking a few moments to confirm her bearings, she pressed on in the half dark. She was about to turn the final corner when she froze at the sound of a voice?

"Did you hear that?" asked a female voice.

"Hear what? No…" replied a male one.

There was silence again.

"Nevermind, just I thought I heard something."

Alda froze and pressed herself against the wall and listened. She then heard a wet sucking and faint moan. She peered around the corner and saw two figures, also doing their best to conceal themselves in the shadows of an alcove. One was on her knees, head bobbing back and forth while the man stood. Both were dressed in slave's garb. Alda recalled how male and female slaves were not allowed any sexual contact and these two were risking everything for their midnight tryst. Alda smiled, the sight giving her some joy. Two lovers risking so much to be together. It gave her hope.

"Oh…Oh… just like that, Deena…take it all…Mmm…" moaned the man, louder than he probably should have.

Alda didn't have time to wait. Every second out of Camila's bed was putting herself and Elke in danger. She looked around to make sure no one else was nearby. There wasn't, the lovers obviously knew a good spot to meet up. Then she made some deliberately heavy footsteps.

"Fuck! Someone is coming!" gasped the man, "Go! Go! Go!"

Alda felt a pang of guilt for disrupting them as she watched the couple dash the other way down the corridor and vanish into the darkness. She edged down the passage until she reached the ornate door. She had no way of knowing if someone was on the other side. She could walk straight into the Dominus of the House, and with the documents, whatever they were, in her possession she knew the consequences would be dire. She pressed her ear against the wood and listened, although it was hard to hear above the sound of blood pumping in her ears, she was sure as she could be that there was no one in the room. She eased the door open a crack. It was dark inside and she sighed in relief.

She closed the door behind her and fumbled with the scrolls fastened into her dress, carefully she pulled them free. Dariana had told her that there should be a pile of similarly sealed documents awaiting for collection in the room somewhere. In the gloom, it was hard to see but she found a small wicker basket on a side table next to the door where several other similar papers were stacked. She added the ones Dariana

had given her to the collection and, after a quick glance back into the passageway, hurried back to the bedroom.

Camila and Elke were as she had left them, tightly embraced. She saw Elke´s eyes open and then the girl sighed a breath of relief. Alda slipped back out of her dress, and blushed as she saw her sister eye up her body, every contour caught in the soft moonlight. She climbed back into bed her heart still beating so fast she thought it might explode. She kissed Elke on the shoulder, "Everything is going to be alright, I promise."

*****

Liang stretched out, the mattress was so soft and the pillows were like resting her head on a cloud. Despite that she couldn´t wait to get out of this place. As soon as she had her stall and her merchant permit back she would find somewhere new. Make a fresh start.

"So ready for the start of your new life?"

Liang sat up in surprise and then scrambled to lift the bedsheets to cover her breasts.

"Do you always sneak into people's bedrooms and watch them sleep?" she snorted indignantly.

Naevia shrugged as leaned back in the chair, "It's my house I can do whatever I want. Come on, get up we need to get you to the council hall. Get your paperwork all in order."

"Thank you," Liang's tone softened, she then waited for Naevia to go, but the girl just watched her, "Are you going to allow me to get dressed?"

"I was hoping to see more of that beautiful body of yours, but I guess that can wait," smiled Naevia as she stood.

Liang watched the young woman leave and muttered under her breath, "You can keep waiting because that is never going to happen."

The streets were eerily quiet. The tension hung in the hot air as the people of Rome went about their business. Rather than the cries of traders and merchants, there were muffled whispers and furtive conversations. It was like a pressure before a storm and Liang was glad of Naevia's bodyguards that flanked them. Images of the mob in the

Alleys flashed into her mind and she was relieved that there were so few people out and about.

The Council Hall had the usual excessive embellishments, towering pillars and mighty steps leading up to the entrance. Inside was a hive of bureaucracy, endless shelving units stretched the length of the massive chamber and clerks hurried around fulfilling some duty or other. When Liang had arrived in Rome another merchant had told her that it wasn´t the might of Rome´s armies that controlled the Empire rather the precision of their administration. Every trade, every property, every person was logged and filed allowing an economic understanding beyond other kingdoms´ primitive comprehension. Entire swathes of land could change hands without a single sword being swung instead it would happen with the scratch of a bureaucrat´s pen hundreds of miles from any frontier. It was terrifying and awe inspiring at the same time.

When Liang came the Council Hall to apply for her merchants permit she had to queue for hours, answer a thousand questions and

made to wait for what seemed like forever. Naevia, clearly, wasn´t someone who queued for anything.

"I would like to make a registration," said Naevia after she pushed to the front and stood by the main desk. Those who had been waiting mumbled but said nothing as the bodyguards glared at them, hands resting on pommels of swords. Liang allowed herself a slight laugh. The disgruntled people were the same lot that would have pushed past her in an instant, would have looked down on her like she was nothing. Compared to a lady from one of the great Roman houses, they were nothing.

The young clerk behind the desk spluttered and flustered, maybe at Naevia´s prestige, more likely from her beauty. They were quickly taken to a side office where a fat, particularly pompous individual sat. He grinned the sycophant´s smile at Naevia and then eyed Liang curiously.

"How can I be assistance… Lady?"

"Naevia Athena…Septim."

Liang thought the man was about to melt in a puddle of his own platitudes as he bowed again and again.

"Such an honor… such, such an honor. What can I do for such a gracious lady?"

"This woman," Naevia pointed Liang, "She has lost her home during the riots."

"Is that so?" the man looked confused.

"Also she had her merchant's permit revoked."

"That is a…tragedy?"

"Her stall with all her wares has been repossessed."

"Her plight sounds… terrible?" the man was still unsure of what kind of response was expected of him.

"She has lost everything… everything," continued Naevia.

"That is unfortunate… but I am unsure how I can assist. We don't just have houses to give to… to…"

"Give her a house? What are you talking about? asked Naevia.

"I…I'm not sure I do know what I am talking about. My apologies your grace… please tell me what you want," the man wiggled from side to side in his chair making it creak.

"She has nothing. She is a vagrant, without Roman citizenship. I would like to register her as my property," said Naevia, a cruel glint in her eye.

"Oh I see!" laughed the man heartily and with relief, "I apologize again, I completely misunderstood your desires. Of course! A contract of enslavement is all that is required."

"What!?" cried out Liang, "I am not going to be your fucking slave!"

"Oh you are going to be my 'fucking' slave indeed," replied Naevia.

"My word! Quite the tongue on her, you will have to beat that out of her!" chuckled the fat man, his chubby fingers rifling through a pile of papers in search for the right one.

"You fucking bitch!" snarled Liang, "I should have known a Roman would have no interest in helping me! I'm leaving!" she turned to see the

bodyguards were already placed to block her path and for the first time, her anger was replaced by fear, "Naevia, you can't! I can't just be made a slave… I… have rights!"

"Do you?" asked Naevia, unable to hide her amusement.

"I arrived in Rome as a free woman, you can't just decide to make me a slave?" she then felt her doubts rising and she looked to the fat man for assistance, "Can she?"

The bureaucrat stroked her chin thoughtfully, "Do you have any evidence of owning property? Evidence of how you support yourself? Evidence that were you to walk out of here you wouldn't be a blight on the streets, whoring yourself to every passerby?"

"I can just leave! I'll leave Rome! I'll never come back… Naevia! Please!"

Naevia ignored Liang's pleas, "So what do I need to sign?"

"Here you are," the man brandished a document and passed it over.

"I won't sign anything! I won't!" snapped Liang her fear and anger taking turns to control her as her panic continued to rise.

The man laughed again, "Your signature is not required. Why by the Gods would we need a slave's affirmant?"

"Why are you doing this?" sobbed Liang, her emotions getting the better of her, "Why?"

Naevia made her mark on the paper and the bureaucrat added his signature.

"Congratulations, this person is now considered by the state of Rome as your property and has been allocated the status of slave."

Liang's legs gave way beneath her and she slid down the wall into a heap, the office all around her began to spin.

"Come on slave," said Naevia heading back towards the door.

"I won't…I won't…" muttered Liang.

"Either you walk, or…" Naevia glanced at one of the bodyguards who held out a collar with a chain attached to it, "Or we drag you through the streets… maybe naked."

Liang said nothing on the way back to the Villa. Nothing seemed real. A few hours ago she was planning a new life, it was going to be difficult but it was going to be hers. Now she was nothing. A slave. In what world could this be allowed to happen?

Once back in the villa Naevia walked around her new prize, "That isn't the dress of a slave. Take it off."

Liang looked down at her red silken gown. She remembered getting it back in Chin, it had cost her half her savings but she knew how important it would be to look her best. It was tired and in some places was showing ware, even still, the immaculate class of the embroidery shone through depicting dragons and birds and bamboo. It had been her identity.

"Tell me why you have done this? Why could you possibly want me?" asked Liang.

"You do not ask your Domina questions! You do as your Domina commands! Now take off that dress!"

Liang had seen the grisly fate of slaves that had disobeyed their owners. Body parts on spikes, men left to rot in cages hanging under bridges, women taken to the Colosseum and raped for the amusement of the crowds. She unbuttoned the top of her dress carefully feeling like she was peeling away the last part of what made her who she was.

Naevia wasn't so patient, she gripped Liang's dress and gave it a sharp tug so a couple of buttons popped off and fell to the floor. Liang gave another sob as the dress fell from her body and her arms tried to cover her dignity, one across her chest and the other with a hand over her crotch.

Naevia tossed the dress away like it was nothing and continued to inspect the woman. She walked slowly behind Liang and traced a finger along the curves of her ass, "Very nice."

Liang just stood there, helpless in the middle of the atrium. She noticed a couple of slaves watering the flowers, casting sideways

glances at the newest member of their sorority. Naevia walked back around the front, ‟I want to hear you address me as Domina. Call me Domina.″

Liang hesitated and received a back handed slap across the cheek. She sobbed as her face began to sting.

‟We have just the thing for disobedient slaves,″ teased Naevia and took a collar from the table.

Liang gasped in dismay as she saw the leather band and the three chains attached to it. She didn′t know what it was for but she knew it was designed to break and humiliate her.

‟I′m sorry, Domina,″ she whimpered. As the words left her mouth she felt like her soul was being crushed.

Naevia didn′t pause and fastened the leather collar around Liang′s neck, ‟lower your arms, slave.″

"Domina…please…I'm sorry…" part of Liang wished she had stayed in the Alleys, face what fate had in store for her even if that was to die. At least she could have died free… her own woman.

"Lower your arms," repeated Naevia coldly.

Liang did so. Her nude body was completely exposed as she stood in the atrium, slaves pretending not to look, Naevia making no such effort. Then to her greater shame, she felt her nipples tingle and a slight warmth between her thighs as she started to experience what it was like to be owned sexually.

Naevia then cupped Liang's breasts and caressed them softly. It felt good and when the fingers started to pay attention to the nubs they responded.

"Looks like you might enjoy being my sex slave," teased Naevia.

Liang just stared straight ahead, she tried to stare at a crack in the paint on the far wall. One of Naevia's hands started to drift down and Liang sobbed as she knew exactly where it was headed and what it would find.

Naevia ran a finger through Liang´s folds and felt the first traces of arousal starting to form under her touch. She continued to caress the petals softly, each touch creating more juices, "Mmm… you are getting wet for your Domina."

"Please stop…"

"I don´t think your cunni wants me to stop," and with those words, Naevia curled a couple of fingers and slipped them in the now moist pussy.

Liang still tried to focus on the crack in the wall, she clenched her jaw and tried to put the sensation coursing through her sex out of her mind. She couldn´t and low moan escaped her lips as Naevia continued to stroke in a circular motion.

Naevia then took the longest chain from the collar and pulled it down forcing Liang to bow her head. Naevia spread Liang´s dark labia revealing the hot pink inside and with it the shiny little pearl. With practiced precision, she tightened the claws of the clasp around the sensitive clit.

"Oh! Oh! Stop! Stop!" winced Liang, tears running down her cheeks.

"You've lived a free life too long, you need to be trained… you need to be broken so you understand your place," Naevia then fastened the remaining two clasps around Liang's hard and erect nipples.

Liang had to bend over to stop the cruel clasps from pulling on her most sensitive areas. She felt humbled and pathetic as she dropped to her knees to relieve some of the tension on the chains, "Why?" she sobbed, "What have I ever done to you to deserve this?"

"Nothing," shrugged Naevia, "I just want you to help me with something."

"Help you? I already helped you… I made that signet ring!"

"You did. You made something beautiful and now I am going to use you to destroy something beautiful. But first I am going to enjoy you," Naevia reached out and pushed two fingers deep into Liang's mouth, "You want to bite, don't you? But if you do, there will be consequences."

Liang fought back the urge to sink her teeth into Naevia and allowed herself to be pulled over to a couch. She could still see other slaves in the atrium pretending not to watch as they continued to water flowers or dust vases.

Naevia withdrew her fingers, "Now kiss me."

Liang felt her helplessness consume her as she lifted her chin. Immediately a sharp pain shot through her nipples and clit as the Obedience Collar tugged at them cruelly and her head bowed again.

"I said, kiss me!" Naevia stood right in front of her.

"I…I can't… I can't reach…" sobbed Liang.

"Can't? Or won't? When your Domina tells you to do something, you do it. You don't make excuses. Kiss me right now or I see how much money I can make selling you to the brothels."

Liang had seen enough of the plight of enslaved brothel whores. They were often imprisoned in tiny cages, their pussies and asses pressed against the bars, unable to move while they were fucked

relentlessly by any pleb with a single denarii in their pocket. She took a breath and lifted her head. The pain was instant and it took all her willpower not to bow her head. She leaned in, her mouth opened on its own accord, her eyes closed in acceptance. She told herself she had no choice. Their two tongues met in the middle, their tips pushing against each other´s until Liang felt her tongue being sucked hard into Naevia´s mouth. She stiffened it and kept it still allowing Naevia´s tongue swirled around it covering it in spit and lapping hungrily.

"Mmm…your mouth tastes good… I hope your cunni tastes just as nice," purred Naevia.

Liang´s pearl throbbed at the prospect of being licked and she squirmed even as the clasp bit deeper into it.

Naevia turned and climbed onto the sofa on her hands and knees and deliberately pushed her butt out. She then pulled her dress up to reveal herself. "You want my ass, don´t you?" she teased.

Liang felt ashamed at how easily her desires had been stoked but still couldn´t take her eyes off the sight before her. The slender teenage

body, the slim waist spreading out to the round ass. She could just make out the girl´s flower, the petals glistening in the light.

Naevia reached behind with one hand, stroked her ass and then slapped it hard. The sound of palm on flesh rung out in the room cutting straight through Liang. She approached the sofa and reached out with trembling hands.

"Don´t be shy, taste my ass."

Liang could hear the mischief in the girl´s voice. She was clearly a girl who always got what she wanted. Unlike her… everything she had had been a fight, a constant struggle against life. And now all that was gone. She had nothing except one thing, and that was her dignity… and she knew she was about to lose that as soon as she stuck her tongue up this Roman girl´s ass. But if she was going to be a whore, there was no more beautiful person in Rome to be a whore to.

Naevia´s ass so was firm in her hands and she kneaded it and squeezed it before spreading the cheeks apart. She could see the tight little dark star and her nipples tingled sharply at the prospect of tasting it.

"Go on… you know you want to… you want my forbidden hole, take it," teased Naevia, relishing the control she had on other people.

Liang knelt down behind the perfect ass and licked her lips in anticipation for that first lick. She leaned in, ignoring the biting pain, her mouth opened and her slick tongue extended. Images of her life just a few weeks earlier flashed into her mind, of having her stall in the Silk Market, the beautiful trinkets she sold. Sure, she wasn't rich but she had made an honest life for herself. A life that she had been proud of. Her family had scoffed when she had left her home, they thought she would fail. That she would be return within a few months and be back in the fields tending the cattle. That was years ago and in the space of a few days, everything she had worked for was gone. Instead of meticulously checking her accounting books, ready for the next day at the market, she was a Roman's slave with no choice but to debase herself. She clung onto that thought, 'no choice,' she had no choice but to lick this brat's anus… it wasn't that she wanted to…

The first touch was tentative, unsure and nervous. Just the tip of her tongue feathered the swirls around the tight hole. But enough to send a shudder down Naevia´s spine.

"Mmm… you are such a tease!"

Liang licked again, this time with the rough flat of her tongue. It was still hesitant, a short sharp lick. She tasted the girl´s essence and felt her clit throbbed at her submission.

"I imagine Roman ass is the sweetest thing you have tasted, it is an honor to be allowed to lick my forbidden hole. You should be thanking me," said Naevia, looking back over her shoulder and at Liang, whose face was between her cheeks.

The words sparked a deep shame in Liang, and she asked herself where that proud headstrong woman, who left the Orient all those years ago, had gone. She licked again, harder this time with a nod of her head and a sweeping motion of her tongue across the dry hole.

"I said, thank me!"

Liang was taken aback at the sudden force of the teenager´s voice and looked around to notice a couple of the slaves had abandoned their chores and were furtively watching her, their hands moving underneath the folds of their dresses.

"Thank you…"

"I am your Domina, remember!"

"Thank you… Domina…"

"What are you thanking me for?"

"Thank you for letting me lick your asshole…Domina," Liang´s shame manifested as a red hot heat in her cheeks, down her neck and across her chest.

"That´s where a slave´s tongue should be, up her Domina´s ass. Now keep licking!"

Liang did so, she tried to limit her nodding as the pain such movement caused on her nipples and clit was still intense.

"That´s it… that´s it… You can smell me, can´t you… taste my sweet essence… you know you want this…" purred Naevia with glee.

The anger in Liang made her lick harder and now she lapped at the asshole with a sequence of firm strokes.

"Just a hungrily little slut… I bet your pussy is soaked at the joy of eating my ass out."

Liang knew the girl was right, she could feel her arousal on her own sex, she knew her lips were hot and spread… but it wasn´t cock that it now craved… it was this Roman noble woman´s tongue. The thought of seeing this beauty performing oral sex on her fired her passions even hotter and she stiffened her tongue, the tip teasing the entrance of Naevia´s hole.

"Do it! Stick it in there!"

Liang´s anger and humiliation surged in equal measure. With her hands, she spread Naevia´s cheeks wide, easing the tight hole open. Then she knew what she had to do. Her stiff tongue started to probe the tight entrance before edging slightly in. She could now taste her

Domina´s earthy essence. She could feel eyes on her, she knew what a sight the other slaves were being treated to. This golden-skinned slave being totally humbled, face buried in her mistress´s ass, her tongue being used for the Domina´s pleasure.

"I´m going to fuck you now!" said Naevia abruptly, turning and pushing her sex slave onto the couch. She slipped her hand between the Liang´s legs and found the soaked petals of the woman´s flowers. She rubbed them a few times, feeling the wet folds under her fingertips. Liang moaned and lowered her head down onto the pillow and pushed her ass out even more to give Naevia better access. Naevia used her middle finger to part the swollen lips and felt the entrance to the woman´s sacred tunnel. Her finger eased easily inside and slid in right up to the knuckle. Her index finger took a bit more effort, but the tight pussy was so aroused that it slid in with a little extra effort. Then she started to thrust, slowly in and out, in and out. Liang continued to moan in appreciation and shame.

Naevia took a moment to appreciate the Easterner´s golden ass. While fuller than hers, it was still small and delicate. With her free hand, she ran her middle finger down the crack until it reached the anus and she started to probe it. She heard Liang take a short sharp breath and she realized she was about to be double penetrated. Naevia sped up with her other hand, the room was now filled with the sound of the woman´s sodden sex being fucked and her soft moans of delight. With a few more circles of the anus, the woman´s tightest hole loosened slightly and Naevia eased her finger in. She considered going slowly, taking her time, allowing Liang´s asshole to adjust to the breach, but she didn´t. She pushed hard, driving her longest finger straight in and buried it deep inside the woman´s ass.

Liang gasped and whimpered as both her holes were filled. She hated the pleasure she was receiving, hating that her body so easily submitted to her new Domina´s touch. She glanced up and saw the slaves around the room frantically masturbating while trying to hide

behind the pillars. Then the sharp pain to her clit forced her head back down.

Naevia saw her fingers moving in and out of the woman, "You love being fucked. You love being owned, say it!"

"Yes, Dominia…" Liang sobbed.

"Say you love being owned!"

Liang hesitated, how could she say that? How could she surrender everything she believed in?

"Say it!" repeated Naevia with more venom and at the same time increased the speed of her fingers.

"I… I love being owned…" Liang submitted and buried her face in the pillows in shame.

Naevia brought up a ball of spit in her mouth and then dribbled the saliva down onto Liang's asshole. The extra lubrication allowed her finger to fuck faster and with every drive the tight golden ass was more

accepting until both of Naevia´s hands pumped backward and forward in synchronous rhythm.

Even with her face in the cushions, Liang couldn´t stifle the moan of pleasure.

"You´ve never been fucked like this, have you?" teased Naevia

Naevia wanted to feel more control, more power. As her middle finger pulled almost out of Liang´s anus, she brought her index finger up and locked it against the middle one. Then she pushed.

"Oh no… that´s too much…" gasped Liang and tried to pull away, but Naevia just followed the motion and pushed harder.

Naeiva saw Liang´s tight hole start to stretch as she forced the second finger in and then with a firm shove she pushed both digits in.

"Stop! I said stop!" squealed Liang, still wiggling to escape, but she had nowhere to go and Naevia kept pushing.

"I decide when to stop, not you," laughed Naevia, relishing at seeing the older woman so under her power.

Liang accepted her situation and stopped struggling allowing Naeiva to thrust deep and hard, filling her. Soon she was once again burying her face in a cushion while her hands desperately clung to it, squeezing it again and again. Naevia could only imagine the pleasures the woman was being subjected to by being fucked in both her holes. A foreign Eastern woman was certain to have never been penetrated in this manner. Their ways were so shy and timid. It gave Naevia another burst of power to know that she was giving this older woman her first such experience.

"You're going to cum soon, I can feel it. I can feel your pussy squeezing my fingers, you can't hold on any longer," teased Naevia.

"Oh... Oh... you've got me... I'm going to cum... fuck, I'm going to cum hard!" whimpered Liang, looking up from the cushion.

Naevia felt the woman now push into her rather than trying to retreat and knew the climax was only moments away. She took in the erotic sight, the slender body of the exotic woman writhing in ecstasy, the light catching the subtle muscles along her back, the delicate waist

that curved gracefully out to the pert little ass. An ass that had her fingers inside, driving in and out. And just beneath the slick wet pussy squeezing hungrily at her other hand. It was so wet now her fingers felt almost no resistance as they thrust faster and faster.

Liang´s breaths were sharp and rugged as she approached her orgasm, "I´m there…I´m there…I can´t resist!" the woman´s whole body shuddered from her core. It was a simultaneous explosion of shame and pleasure.

Naevia watched the Easterner shake, the muscles around her shoulders flexing as the woman gripped the mattress with all her strength. She felt her fingers in the ass gripped tightly as the small round buttocks clenched and the ones in the pussy were squeezed in a series of small contractions.

Liang then tensed, going completely still before collapsing flat onto the couch with a deep sigh.

"Mmm…do all Easterners cum so hard? And to think you were so hesitant to be my slave, so hesitant to enjoy the pleasures of feminine sex. You are mine now. My sex slave."

"Yes Domina, I am your sex slave," Liang couldn't understand why uttering such debasing words made her clit throb again.

Naevia pulled her dress over her head and tossed it to the floor, "Look at me."

Liang summoned enough strength and carefully turned her head as to not pull the cruel chains. She saw Naevia's modest mounds crowned by dark nipples catching the soft light. Her face was something out of myth, perfect an unmatchable radiance. Naevia caught Liang being transfixed by her beauty and ran her hands down her own body slowly while tilting her head to one side to reveal her smooth, vulnerable neck, "You are never going to lie with anyone else again. You are never going to touch a man… your world is just going to be one of wet pussy. My wet pussy."

Images of spending every night, wrapped in the finest cotton sheets, entwined with this nymph, legs locked, breasts pressing together, lips kissing, spilled into Liang´s thoughts. Naevia slouched next to her on the couch and spread her legs wide drawing Liang´s gaze to the spread petals of her sex. Every delicate fold glistened with arousal. Liang could smell the scent, the musk of femininity, heady and enticing.

"Go on…" whispered Naevia her fingers spreading her flower.

Liang´s own pussy was throbbing in desperation pounding against the clasp gripping her clit. She wanted to touch herself so much but also the desire to taste Naevia´s sex was overwhelming. She leaned forward.

"That´s it… a little closer…" purred Naevia.

Liang buried her face into the sodden pussy, the taste and scent filling her senses. She opened her mouth wide and licked and licked, long hard deep strokes, each one spreading the engorged labia lips and each one ending with a firm lap at the smooth little pearl.

"Mmmm… my golden skinned slave… lick your Mistress´s pussy… make your Mistress happy."

Liang heard the taunting words but she didn´t care. She just wanted to devour and consume this girl. She clamped her lips around the girl´s clit and drew the little bud into her mouth and then she began to flick it with her tongue.

Immediately Naevia´s legs kicked in response and the girl´s toes wiggled in delight, "Oh…oh… yes…yes.."

Then Liang started to circle the pearl with her tongue, pressing the flat of her rough tongue hard against the smooth surface. She did it slowly, every move of her tongue slow and precise.

"Oh by the Gods! Venus! Eat…eat my pussy!" Naevia hands gripped the back of Liang´s head and she started to grind herself into the woman´s face. Her sensitive clit throbbed and the pressure built fast.

Liang could feel the girl was losing control and eased her middle finger into the girl´s pussy. Naevia tensed in surprise. Then as Liang licked slowly, her finger curled upwards and stroked Naevia´s top wall with an equally slow and deliberate pace.

"Faster… faster, slave…"

Liang knew the delicious torture she was applying and wasn´t going to give the girl a quick release. She kept the slow methodical pace.

"I order you…faster…" panted Naevia in desperation.

Liang didn´t obey, if anything she slowed down allowing the pressure to build and build until she knew the girl was on the edge.

"I´ll have you flogged if you don´t make me cum!" snapped Naevia, her head thrashing from side to side, her hips lifting in an attempt to grind her sex quicker onto Liang´s tongue.

Liang managed to control the pace, keeping it slow and, when she thought she had gone too far, stopping completely.

"You´re playing a dangerous game, slave!" whimpered Naevia, her voice a mixture of pleasure and anger.

Liang was sure she could feel Naevia´s clit throb under her tongue as blood pumped into it. She placed the very tip of her tongue against the nub and licked it from side to side with rapid flicks.

"Fuck!" squealed Naevia, her voice thin and high.

Then Liang, feeling the girl was on the very precipice, paused again.

"Don't you dare stop! I will have you beaten, I will have you whipped! Make me cum you bitch!"

Liang knew she had the girl. She gripped with her free hand holding the girl tight, locking her in place and then she licked. The licking was fast, a frenzy of hard lapping strokes, each one caressing Naevia's hard clit along the full length of her rough tongue. While in the teenager's pussy, Liang's fingers fucked in and out so fast her hand was a blur.

The change in pace destroyed Naevia. She couldn't catch her breath, her gorgeous face creased up under the tension of her body tightening up. She cupped her small titties, kneading them again and again, the pleasure of her touch melding with the bliss between her legs. She could feel the orgasm building, about to breach and her whole body tensed in a desperate attempt to control the release. Then her world exploded and her vision filled with sparks and stars. She knew she body

was convulsing uncontrollably and she squeezed her nipples as the ripples of pleasure gave way into a crashing wave.

"Fuck! Oh my Gods! Thank you, Venus! Oh fuck me, Venus!"

Liang continued to lick through the orgasm and tasted a flow of fresh juices, the tang wilder and more potent than before. She gripped the girl who buckled and quivered and then, slowly, Naevia fell still. Liang kept her fingers inside the girl and her tongue pressed against the swollen nub. Every few seconds an orgasmic aftershock shuddered through Naevia, her whole body spasming briefly. It was a full minute until Naevia fell completely still.

Liang leaned up, licking the sweet cum from her lips. She saw Naevia was motionless, her arms stretched out wide on the couch, her breasts rising and falling slowly. Her post-orgasm face was even prettier than before, a serene, innocent beauty.

"You surprise me, slave," smiled Naevia, "But I see you still need to be broken. On your back!"

Liang´s heart skipped, whether out of fear or excitement she wasn´t sure. She did what she was told and rolled over.

Naevia smiled as she studied the exotic face, the small lips, the sharp brown eyes. She knew instantly what she wanted to do with that face. She started to climb up Liang, straddling her as she went. Her sex wanting more, wanting more satisfaction. She let it rub along Liang´s body as she moved up, she moaned as she brushed against the woman´s midriff, then over the golden titties. She knew she was so wet she was leaving a trail of her arousal along the woman.

Liang´s lips trembled as Naeiva reached her face. She saw the smooth mound leading towards swollen pink pussy.˝

"I´m going to ride you, I´m going to cum all over that beautiful face and make it mine!˝

"Yes, Domina,˝ replied Liang, as she watched helplessly as Naevia lowered herself down. Naevia´s knees pinned her arms down to the couch cushions, her thighs clamped around the woman´s head locking it in position.

Liang didn´t struggle she could no longer find the willpower to resist. Naevia smiled as she saw the exotic face look up in submission and then she lowered her sex onto that face. She felt her labia on Liang´s lips and slowly start to rub herself backward and forward. Her lips spread wide as it passed over the woman´s nose and she knew that Liang was being subjected to her divine aroma. She pressed down until the nose was on the verge of penetrating her and held that position.

After a few moments Liang struggled, she kicked her legs, tried to lift her arms, and tried to turn her head but all in vain. She gasped for breath and Naevia relished the idea that the Easterner was desperately inhaling air laced with her sex´s scent. She gave it a few more seconds before she moved herself back down, over the woman´s lips and chin.

Liang gasped for breath and looked up with a mixture of fear and arousal.

"I have total power over you. Whether you live or whether you die," mocked Naevia, her dark nipples aching as sexual power flooded through her. Naevia smiled and pressed her sex back down over the

woman´s nose, this time she felt her labia parted and the tip of the nose penetrate her. It didn´t take long before Liang was struggling. Naevia could feel the woman trying to breathe, her nose trapped inside her wet entrance. This time Naevia held the position even longer and Liang´s kicks sent cushions across the room making the watching slave tense in fear at what might happen.

With the advantage of Naeiva´s leverage, no matter how much Liang tried to push up with her arms, she had no chance of escape. The woman was frantic now, all her senses were overrun by Naevia´s sex, the smell, taste, even the wet sound as it rubbed over her nose. She tried to break free by turning from side to side but it was locked in place between the smooth thighs.

With a laugh, Naevia lifted up and Liang panted, gasping for breath with her mouth.

"I enjoy breaking women. Strong women, straight women, older women… foreign women. In the end they can´t resist my tight, teenager pussy! Now stick your tongue inside me."

Liang still hadn´t managed to fully get her breath back but nodded submissively and then pushed out her tongue.

"Good girl," mocked the teenager.

Naevia started to ride the beautiful face, driving her sex up and down, covering it in her arousal until all of Liang´s face glistened in the light. She felt the woman´s tongue spread her pussy and focused on it, leaning in to get an angle so her clit brushed firmly against her nose. She could see the top half Liang´s face, the brown eyes looking up at her. Naevia´s clit throbbed deliciously at being in such a commanding position. The woman was now hers.

"Mmm... mmm... that´s it, lick my pussy..." she moaned and felt Naevia´s tongue lap at her in response.

She grabbed the arm of the couch and used it to pull against so she could fuck faster. Her breasts started to sway, the sofa creaked and she moaned with pleasure.

"Harder! Lick my cunt, slave!" snarled Naevia.

Liang did her best to respond but for the most part, she just lay there, her tongue outstretched and just took the face fucking.

A particularly good stroke of her clit against Liang´s nose sent a shiver through Naevia´s nub that reverberated up and down hers spine, "Oh… Mmm… I´m going to cum all over that pretty face."

It only took a few more strokes and she was there. Naevia gripped the couch arm until her knuckles went white, she clenched her jaws as she focused all the power of the orgasm into a tight ball of pleasure and with one final stroke, which drove her clit firmly across Liang´s tongue, she climaxed.

"Yes…oh yes…" she moaned as she rubbed through the orgasm, her juices making Liang´s tongue even slicker. She then felt the Easterner lick hungrily to lap up her essence, "That´s it, drink it all up, drink your Domina´s cum."

Satisfaction drained the energy from her body and she allowed herself to collapse on the couch next to Liang. Both girls lay there, the breeze from the window cooling the sweat from their hot skin.

Naevia leaned onto her side and propped her head up on her elbow while she made circles with her other hand around Liang's nipples, gently feathering the dark areolas, "For the rest of your life you are going to be my fuck toy. Mine to use however I want."

Liang closed her eyes, savoring the calm of her body after sex and the sensual touches on her breasts, but deep down she feared that what Naevia said could well be true.

*****

The Centurion watched the furious crowds that howled and bellowed in rage. The mass of plebs were pressing against the barricades and his men were using their spears to prod them away. It reminded him of herding cattle from his youth before he replaced the life of a farmer with that of a soldier. It had been a good decision as he found out he much preferred slaughtering people than livestock.

Beyond the writhing, angry mass buildings continued to burn. The flames had easily leapt from one street to the next in the cramped and twisting alleys. For days the fires had burned and he was sure there

couldn't be much left of the slums. Except for the people. He looked into the eyes of one of the men who was trying to clamber over the barricades. He has seen that look before, a frenzy that had overcome all reason. It was strange to see it here, in Rome. The man snarled in pain and fury as a spear jabbed his shoulder and he toppled back into the crowd of baying plebs.

"Centurian!" came the crisp voice of one of his men. The soldier slammed his hand against her chest in salute and then held out a note.

The Centurian nodded and took the paper. It was hard to read, the only light coming from the cinders of buildings on the other side of the blockade. He took his time to make sure he understood the command correctly and then gave a wry smile.

"Fall back men! At the double! Fall back!"

"Sir?" came a quizzical response from one of the soldiers manning the crudely built wall, "If we fall back they will be over the barricades in minutes. They will run rampant in the city."

"You from Rome, soldier?"

"No… No Centurian… I'm from Fabreen in the South."

"Then why do you give a fuck if this city burns? Fall back! Back to the palace!"

The soldiers gave each other a look then obeyed the orders. In a quick, well-disciplined formation, they marched away from the barricades.

The wall was down in less than a minute. The timber frames were hauled down and thrown aside and, like a great river breaking a dam, the mass of enraged plebs surged into the city.

*****

"I did what you asked. So am I free?" asked Alda.

Dariana playfully curled a lock of hair around her finger as she lay on the couch, "I gave you my word. You are free."

Alda hadn't trusted the Roman. She had assumed it has just been a ploy and gasped in surprise and joy, "So I can go?"

Dariana held out a scroll, ‟I have signed your release. You are a free woman. Make any choice you want.″

Alda took the scroll and suddenly had the urge to thank Dariana. She fought back this urge and instead just nodded.

‟Well go,″ Dariana waved her hand dismissively.

Alda didn´t wait for her to change her mind and hurried from the Atrium, she needed to speak to Femke. In her haste she didn´t notice Dariana call over one of her guards and whisper in his ear.

Alda found Famke diligently folding the laundry, ‟She freed me!″ she blurted out, ‟She was good to her word! I am free!″

Femke´s expression had half a dozen different emotions, all the ones around joy, happiness and surprise as well as sadness and fear, ‟She actually freed you?″

‟Yes! Look!″ Alda thrust the signed document into Femke´s hand.

‟She´s… she´s never freed a slave before… never. Where… where will you go?″

"Back home… I have to. My people are still fighting for their freedom."

"If you go back… you might just be caught again… you know Germania has no hope. If they are not conquered this year then they will be the next. It is just a matter of time."

"What are you saying?"

Femke handed back the document but couldn't make eye contact, "As a slave, Rome is a living hell… as a free woman… Alda you could do so much. You could live here, find a job… be safe."

"Stay in Rome? Live with the very monsters that pillage and despoil our lands? Take their coin and eat their bread?"

Femke quickly wiped away a tear that was starting to form in one of her eyes, "I'm sorry… I just… I just don't want you to die on some battlefield for a lost cause."

"It's not lost!" snapped Alda, then she saw Femke's sorrow, "Is that really what you are afraid of?"

"No… no… I´m being selfish… I don´t want you to go… I don´t want you to leave me. But you are right. You should go… you must," this time she didn´t try to wipe away the tears that were flowing freely down her cheeks.

Alda felt her heart breaking and she knew she could not, would not leave this girl behind, "I´ll take you with me."

"Don´t say that. Don´t say things that are impossible."

"I´m a free woman, if I walk you out of the city no one will question me. And by the time Dariana notices we will be long gone."

"They will hunt us down and when they find us, and they will find us, then… then… No. I won´t let you take that risk for me."

"I´m going to take that risk anyway. I´m not leaving my sister behind!"

Femke crumpled to floor surrounded by the piles of washing, "If we get caught… they will… I´m a coward! I´ve always been a coward. I can´t go back to the fighting pits. I can´t die like that… not in the Colosseum. I

will live the rest of my wretched life here. A coward, pathetic but safe. Go…″

"We won′t get caught!″

"I am sure they all think that… all the ones that are dragged back to Rome in chains and are crucified or worse. I′ll be alright. You must do what you must.″

*****

Alda was sure the smell of smoke on the warm breeze was stronger than before, and there was a sound also being carried on the wind. Was it shouting? She took one last look back up the street at the grand villa lit up against the night sky and then forced herself to look away. It was Femke′s choice, now all that mattered was saving Elke.

To start with her excitement overcome all her other senses. To be free was something that she had always taken for granted but now it was like the greatest gift of all. Further down the hill she was sure the sound of shouting was getting louder and she was sure it wasn′t just shouting… there was screaming too. Then she saw flames. They were

much closer than the ones that had been burning in the North for the last few nights. She stopped and took a moment to look and listen. There were hundreds if not thousands of voices howling in the night. Some in anger some in fear. It was a sound she had heard before, on the battlefield, and it was getting closer. A cold doubt started to gnaw into her. Something was very wrong.

"Where do you think you're going?" came a man's voice from behind.

Alda spun on the spot. She saw a man who she recognized as one of Dariana's bodyguards. He was tall and lean with pockmarked cheeks. His eyes were fixed on her and a dagger was in his hand.

"I...I have been set free," replied Alda and pointed to the scroll Dariana had given her.

"There are two ways this ends. The first you lie down and offer me your ass like the barbarian whore you are then I kill you nice and quick. The second is I stab you in all kinds of nasty places and I fuck you as you bleed slowly to death."

Alda noticed the man´s toga was already bulging at the crotch. She glanced over her shoulder and down the street and considered fleeing into the dark. Maybe she would get away, maybe she wouldn´t. Then a single thought entered mind, ‘Fuck running!´ and she knew what she was going to do.

The bodyguard sneered and lunged forward. The man was a hired thug, not a trained killer and his movements were slow and predictable. Alda dodged one way and then moved quickly the other. The man tried to compensate but ended up with legs crossing over and him losing his balance even before Alda kicked his knee out. He let out a yell of surprise and pain and tried to scramble back to his feet. Alda didn´t give him the chance and took hold of the wrist of his dagger hand and twisted it fiercely until the unbearable pain forced the man to drop the weapon.

Alda´s eyes dropped to the blade and allowed the bodyguard to swing an attack of his own. With his free hand he punched Alda in the stomach sending her tumbling backward gasping for air.

"You bitch! I´m going to fuck you up before I fuck you!" he snarled and punched Alda again.

Alda managed to turn her head with the blow to lessen the impact, even still, the fist caught her cheek and sent her reeling. She blinked trying to separate the fake stars from the real ones. The bodyguard followed up his attack by grabbing her hair and forcing her head down, bending her over. He then delivered a clubbing blow between her shoulder blades.

Alda cursed her decision to stand and fight as pain exploded along her back and her legs buckled.

"Should have made this easy on yourself," laughed the man, sensing victory. He gave her a kick in the side and smiled as the woman cried out in pain and fell to her hands and knees on the cobblestone road. Content she was defeated, he pulled up his toga and with just a couple of strokes got his cock to full erection. He leaned down and pulled up Alda´s dress revealing her firm round ass and ran his hand rough along the crack and down to her pussy, "Oh I´m going to enjoy you!"

The touch fired a rage in Alda, she was not going to be defiled again. She rolled onto her back and picked her target. The man′s balls were drawn up tight against his stiff shaft and she drove the heel of her sandal straight into them with all the might her muscular leg afforded her. She was sure she felt something pop. She didn′t wait to see his pained and shocked reaction, instead, she rolled over to where the dagger still lay, grabbed it and sprung to her feet.

The man was still bent over double, both hands nursing his ruptured testicles. He looked up and his eyes widened with fear as she saw the enraged barbarian bearing down on him, the blade glinting in the moonlight.

"S..st…stop!" he groaned and held up a hand to defend himself.

The knife slashed his hand, slicing the webbing between two of his fingers. He cried out as the next attack cut through his cheek, the point of the blade knocking out several teeth and almost severing his tongue. His last cry was a bloody gurgle as the dagger punctured his throat.

Alda watched as the man went still and dark pool of ichor spread out around his head. Her heart was pounding her legs felt like they could run forever and she felt stronger than she ever had. A couple of minutes passed until the real word started to return to her senses and when it did she heard the thousands of voices. She shook herself from her trance and tried to focus. Quickly she wiped the bloody dagger on the body and hid it under her dress and hurried down the road.

As she neared the bottom of the hill she saw people coming out of the villas and looking down into the city. She heard their concerned muttering and called their guards to secure their property. Then she saw the first mob. It was moving through the street below, moving upwards towards the richer neighborhoods. It moved like a single living beast, a writhing mass consuming all it touched with fire and violence. Flaming torches were hurled over high gates setting alight tinder dry bushes that ignited instantly. Smoke wafted on the warm breeze carrying embers and burning ash.

The villas´ guards retreated behind gates, their swords drawn, as the plebs made their attempt to climb. Many people were cut down and thrown off the walls before they reached the top but others managed to clamber over the neatly trimmed hedges and the gates that were more designed for decoration than defense. Alda saw guards overwhelmed by sheer numbers then heard the screams of women as the villas were breached. She could imagine what fate those noblewomen faced.

"Femke!" she gasped. She turned and ran back up the hill back towards the villa that had been her prison.

By the time she reached the high gates Dariana´s guards were all gathered and looking nervously down towards the rising smoke.

"What´s happening?" one asked her.

"Rioters! Mobs!" Alda panted, "Thousands of them!"

The guards looked to each other for ideas. Alda could see these were no hardened soldiers, just hired security.

"Get the gates closed!" cried one.

"Will they hold? Maybe we should get the fuck out of here?!" shouted another.

Alda didn't wait for them to reach a decision and ran past them and towards the service door.

"Femke? Femke?" she cried out.

Slaves looked at her in surprise and, when they saw the panic in her eyes, with concern. Alda dashed from room to room until she found Femke looking out the window.

"Femke!" Alda wheezed and bent over, hands on her hip and panted.

"Alda? You came back? What's happening?"

"We need to go, now!"

"What are you talking about? I told you, I can't go…"

"There are thousands and thousands of angry plebs coming up this hill, they are killing, burning and raping everything in their way!"

"We… we have guards… and gates…" Femke replied, although the tone of her voice showed her fear.

"This is a house not a fortress! We need to go!"

"We need to tell the Domina…"

"Fuck the Domina! She tried to have me murdered!" she gestured to the man's blood that had sprayed down her front.

"By the Gods! Are you all right?"

Instinctively she rubbed her swollen cheek, "Better than the scum she sent to kill me. We don't have time," she grabbed Femke's wrist and pulled her down the corridor.

Outside the howls of rage were louder now and the air tasted of acrid smoke. The guards had closed the main gates and assembled behind them. Alda noted the gate was higher than most of the other villas and far more guards protected it. Maybe they did have a chance but she wasn't going to stay to find out.

"Is there another way out?"

Femke´s eyes were wide as she was looked around in shock.

"Femke! Is there another way out?"

"Through the garden, there is a path that leads to some steps down the other side of the hill."

Alda took Femke´s shoulders and shook her, "We are going to be alright. Stay with me!"

Femke just nodded.

"Get the fuck away from here!" came a bellow from one of the guards who then banged his swords against the metal bars of the gate.

Alda saw that a small band of the plebs had made it all the way to the villa, probably in hope of pillaging the most expensive villas before the rest of the mob got there. They lunged at the metal bars of the gate only to be repelled by stabbing swords.

"Lead the way!"

Femke nodded and together they hurried through the shadows of the garden and to a narrow set of stone steps that were cut directly into

the rocky hillside. The steps were perilous and steep. A misplaced foot could send them tumbling down. Above, they could hear the shouts of the mob grow louder accompanied by the sharp clanging of metal on the gate. So far it sounded like the plebs were being kept at bay.

The steps stopped at a small path that wound down the hill. It was on the verge of being overrun by brambles and thorns. Alda ignored the sharp barbs that cut at her ankles and scratched at her arms. They could see other hillside villas through the thick brush, many were burning and they could see dozens of figures moving around the estates cheering drunkenly.

"How is this happening?" asked Femke in dismay.

"They treat people badly enough for long enough what else did they expect to happen? We need to get to my sister… the Gracchus Villa. How do we get there?"

"They live on the Aventine, that's south of here. Maybe the mob hasn't gotten that far yet."

Alda stopped to tug a particularly vicious thorn from her dress. She could see the fear and confusion in Femke´s eyes, "We will make it. We will get to Elke and then, while all this Hell is breaking loose, we´ll slip out of the city. I can´t imagine they will be looking for a couple of runaways after this!"

"And then?"

Alda stroked a tassel of hair from Femke´s face, it was a futile attempt as both of them looked disheveled, but she neatly tucked it behind her ear anyway. Femke tilted her head so her cheek pressed against Alda´s palm.

"And then Germaina…to be free… together."

Femke smiled, it was a smile full of hope and love. Alda couldn´t resist and pulled the other woman tight into her. There was no intent to kiss, instead their lips just found each other with a will of their own.

*****

"The plebs are in the city! They are scurrying around the streets like rats! I have heard they have reached the Palantine! Many of us have

families on that hill!" Cassium was standing in front of the Mercantilium and shouting at Marcellus. Cassium had lost all his usual composure and the senator's usual rhetoric was replaced by genuine anger as well as real fear. The same emotions could be seen on both the faces of his party as well as those of the members of the Conservatorium.

"What would you like me to do?" replied Marcellus, he had adopted a particularly casual posture on his seat, bordering on slouching, "No doubt the city guard are doing their very best."

"Our city is overrun, I heard they are nearing the Aventine!" cried out one senator.

"I heard they are surrounding Capitol Hill itself! They are all around us!" called out another. This got the chamber united in their anxiety and many looking outside, through the pillars of the colonnade, in fear that the mob were about to charge into the Senate at that very moment.

"I simply don't understand what you would like me to do," shrugged Marcellus, "I have instructed the Fifth Legion to withdraw. As you all requested. This is a city matter not a military one."

This got a raucous response from both parties.

"You have withdrawn the Fifth from the barricades?" asked Vitus in disbelief.

"You allowed the rioters out of the Alleys?" gasped Cassium.

"I'm sorry, did I not understand the last vote?" said Marcellus, "You voted against Martial Law. This is what you wanted," Marcellus then stood, "This is what you all wanted when you voted against me! And now you sob and weep like old women that you didn't understand the consequences and come to me to save you!"

"You… you did this on purpose," said Vitus, his mind spinning.

"That's…that's treason!" waded in Cassium.

"Treason?" spat Marcellus, "I was the one that tried to save the city, it is you that all are guilty of treason! You lot…" he pointed at the Mercantilium, "are so greedy you can't see beyond your next business deal. You can't see the wolves circling Rome, desperate to tear it down and take every last one of your precious gold coins! And you," he turned

to the Conservatorium, "You used to be great! Now you are weak, riddled with vice and vanity! A shadow of your ancestors!" Marcellus took a deep breath to calm himself and addressed the whole senate, "So if you want me to save Rome, save your villas, your racehorses, your businesses let me. Instigate Martial Law and the Fifth Legion will have the plebs either back in their slums or bleeding out in the streets by dawn."

"This…this is extortion!" cried out Cassium, his voice was as much of resignation as it was one of anger.

"It is what it is," replied Marcellus, "As this is an emergency I propose we vote now. Right now. Those in favor of saving the city and impose Martial Law raise your hands now!"

The senators looked at each other then slowly one by one their hands were lifted even if most stared at the floor. Even Cassium, seeing no other option, raised his hand in a defeated gesture.

The Master of the Chamber pulled himself up to his old creaking legs, and stroked his long white beard, "Even though this is most

irregular,˝ he paused to make sure everyone had their eyes fixed on him, ˝The motion for Martial Law… has been passed unanimously.˝

There were no cheers just nervous mumbles. Marcellus sat back down on his chair and clapped his hands. The great doors of the chamber opened and a couple of dozen Praetorian Guard filed in.

˝What is this? Soldiers are not permitted within the Senate! This is an outrage!˝ Cassium felt a cold chill go down his spine.

˝I am devolving the Senate until this crisis is resolved. Those who I have determined no longer have Rome˝s best interest at heart will be detained. The others are free to go…back to whatever is left of your homes.˝

˝Emperor. Marcellus,˝ said Vitus, ˝Martial Law gives you power to control the streets, you cannot simple throw senators in jail for disagreeing with you.˝

˝Vitus Lucius Gracchus. My trusted Master of the Chancellery. My most loyal advisor. My friend. You have hurt me more than any other.˝

"Me? What do you mean?"

Marcellus addressed the Praetorians, "Commander, please escort Vitus and Cassium to the palace. Look after them but don't let them leave."

"Why?" cried out Vitus as two soldiers laid their hands on his shoulders and started to lead him away, "Marcellus! Tell me why!"

Marcellus took out a few scrolls from his toga and handed them to the Master of the Senate, "Colluding with the Mercantillium, taking bribes, profiteering. Your father would be ashamed of you!"

The old man unfurled the scrolls and stroked his beard as he read, "By Jupiter himself! You have been authorizing business permits in exchange for compensation? Vitus Lucius Gracchus! This is bribery and embezzlement of the highest order!"

"Those are lies! Lies!"

"Your mark is clear on each page! How can such a great man shame our great institution so?" the old man shook his head.

"Marcellus? You know me! You know I would never…"

"Take him away!" Marcellus ordered the soldiers.

The senate watched as the two men were shoved unceremoniously from the chamber and then their attention shifted to the remaining Praetorian Guard.

"What the fuck are you all still doing here?!" bellowed Marcellus, "Get the fuck out of my senate!"

There was no dignity as the senators pushed, elbowed and barged their way out of the chamber before any more were detained.

"Petronius!" Marcellus's voice carried over the dozens of scampering feet.

Petronius felt his heart skip and his legs suddenly become weak, "Ye…Yes…my Emporer?" he turned to face the man lounging in his chair and the row of Praetorian Guard behind him.

Marcellus gestured for him to approach, "You did well uncovering Vitus's… duplicity," he nodded at the discarded scrolls on the floor.

"Thank you, my Emporer, it is so important to root out corruption, especially in these turbulent times," Petronius shared a knowing smile.

"Indeed. Now I think I need a Master of the Chancellery who is a little more… shall we say adaptable to my needs."

Petronius relaxed, "I shall be adaptable as you need," he bowed low.

"Congratulations on your promotion and the redemption of your family name."

*****

Storefronts were smashed and their stock pillaged. Many of the plebs had now turned to infighting as they squabbled over the loot. Alda and Femke kept to shadows as best as they could, although, even when they were noticed on occasions, they weren't targeted by any aggression. Their plain coarse fabric identifying them as slaves to which the people had no ill will. Even still, they remained cautious as more than once they saw women dragged from their homes to be gang raped by the jeering masses.

The Aventine Hill stood at the far south of the city and by the time the mobs arrived their numbers were spread much thinner. Rather than a single mass of hundreds they had broken into smaller groups, uncoordinated but still dangerous. The villas of the Aventine had high walls and many guards meaning most attempts, so far, to break in ended in bloody retreat. But the numbers of people were slowly building as the hordes of plebs rampaged south.

"We don't have much time," said Alda noting a particularly large crowd gathering in a leafy park. They had been beaten back and were now regrouping and more numbers were joining their ranks.

"We are almost there, just a few more streets," replied Femke making sure to skirt around the park as much as possible and keep under the rows of olive trees.

With a roar, the crowd started to move, ascending the steep road up the Aventine keen to vent their anger on the wealthiest of Rome. Alda and Femke picked up the pace and kept ahead of the mob. When they reached the Gracchus Villa the gate was locked and guards manned the

walls. They were better armed than the ones Dariana had had to make do with. Rather than hired muscle these appeared to be former soldiers and held their ground with disciplined tenacity.

"We need to find a way in," said Alda.

"How? Every single guard is on watch. If we are not careful we are going to find ourselves trapped between the mob and these walls."

Alda knew her sister waited just beyond the gate. She was so close. If they could escape now they would never be caught. They would just become one of the many hundreds, if not thousands, that were lost on this night. They kept low as the sound of fighting move closer and closer.

"Alda?"

"We wait for the mob," she responded, "We use them as a distraction. Faced with hundreds of angry plebs they aren't going to be looking for a couple of women."

"Maybe not… but if the mob see us they might just tear us apart out of frustration."

Alda gripped Femke's hand, "I won't let anything happen to you."

The crowds moved up the street funnelled between the high walls of the massive villas. They were shouting and cursing, throwing fire brands over gates but were having no luck in getting inside anywhere. Alda noticed the guards manning the Gracchus Villa's walls notch arrows into their bows. One by one the arrows were lit and then fired. They fell in a perfect line right in front of the braying masses. The crowd paused to shout a litany of vile insults at the archers before pressing forward once again.

The archers fired for a second time. All but one arrow landing in front of the crowd, one, however, overshot and caught a man in the throat. That man fell to his knees, his hands trying to stem the flow of blood. He was dead within seconds. The crowd roared in boiling fury and charged at the gate.

"Fuck!" Alda watched the mob hurtle towards where they were hidden behind a bush.

Arrows started to fire rapidly dropping in amongst the tightly packed crowd. Those who fell were trampled as the mass gathered pace. Thankfully they didn't notice the two women pressing themselves as low as they could into the leafy shadow. They barrelled into the gate, which groaned under the strain.

The guards on the other side thrust their spears through the bars and impaled the attackers with impunity. The mass started to panic as those at the front were either skewered or crushed against the bars. They started to climb on top of each other to escape the death trap and some managed to leap on top of the gate and haul themselves over. The first few were easily dealt with but soon more were throwing themselves over than the guards could keep up with.

"Now! We go now!" Alda broke from cover and made for a section of the wall that was thick with ivy.

Femke dashed after her, eyes fixed on the carnage unfolding at the gate. All the guards had moved off the walls to support the defence and none noticed the two women clamber up the ivy. Together, they crossed the lawns, passed majestic fountains and reached the side door.

"Now what?" asked Femke, a particularly horrid scream making her look back towards the gate where the guards were being forced back, hacking and slashing with every step.

"We get Elke and then we get the fuck out!"

"And if anyone tries to stop us?"

Alda pulled the dagger from her dress. Femke's lips trembled at the sight of it but managed a meager nod. Alda kicked the door again and again until the lock broke away in a blast of splinters. On the other side three slaves, armed with brooms and kitchen knives stood, prepared to defend themselves. They looked surprised to see it was two other slaves breaking in.

"Where is Elke? Where is she?" demanded Alda, brandishing the dagger.

The slaves looked at each other, ‟All the younger slaves are hiding at the back, in the pantry,″ one replied.

‟Thank you,″ Alda pushed passed them and they offered no resistance.

In the atrium, several slaves were piling furniture in front of the main door, the noble women of the house were nowhere to be seen.

Then, from outside a horn sounded. Even through the walls the sound was deep and intimidating. It was like the lowing of some great beast.

‟What was that?″ asked Femke.

Alda recognized it immediately. She had heard it before. It was the sound that had heralded the death of her family.

‟A Legion horn,″ she said, unable to hide the fear in her voice as all the terrible emotions of her village´s last battle were stirred up inside her.

"The Fifth Legion," responded Femke, "They have been based in the city for weeks. They must have been sent to disperse the rioters."

"Disperse or slaughter?" Alda felt panic rising in her, "Elke!" she called out, "Elke!"

They hurried through the corridors. Alda remembered most of them from the other night and headed straight towards the kitchen. Outside, they heard shouts turn to screams as the mob was hacked apart.

The kitchen was empty, the lamps all extinguished. It was an attempt to convince any looter it was empty and wasn't worth searching. Alda heaved open the stone pantry door to discover a dozen slave girls all huddled together, eyes wide with fear expecting to be raped and murdered by those who had discovered them.

"Elke? Elke?" called out Alda peering into the gloom. She looked over each face. None were her sister's, "Where is Elke?"

"She…she isn't here," spluttered one of the girls, "The Domina and her daughters took her when they left."

"Where? Where did they take her?"

"They went to their country villa."

Alda felt her legs almost give way as her hope was dashed and she looked over all the girls again in a hope the slave was mistaken that her sister was there.

"Alda, we need to go!" Femke was looking out of the window. The sound of fighting was still raging around the front of the house, "If we don't go now the Legion will secure the city gates."

"We need to find…" muttered Alda to herself, "I can't leave her…"

"She's not here!" Femke took Alda's wrist and dragged her back through the house.

Outside, Alda pressed herself against a wall and peered around the corner. The house guards were continuing to thrust their spears through the bars at the writhing hordes of people outside who were now screaming. Just beyond she could see the tall, bristled helmets of

legionnaires. The rioters were trapped and being butchered by the elite forces of Rome.

Using a crate of fruit, they were able to climb the wall and drop down into a side service alley that ran along the estate. Everywhere they looked people were fleeing for their lives. They kept to the shadows and moved down the hill as blood flowed from the top and down into gutters. All around was carnage. The mob had broken up completely and were scattering to the wind, all anger and resolve gone. Legionnaires marched in small detachments which they used to corner small groups of looters and slaughter without mercy.

As they left the grand villas of the Aventine behind and reached the city streets below the situation was even more dire. The wide streets and open plazas allowed Legion cavalry to deliver brutal charges, slashing down with long swords as rioters tried to flee. Infantry were able to deploy battlefield maneuvers, locking their large shields into mobile walls which they then used to funnel the plebs into kill zones. Fires lit the night sky casting a ruddy glow over the hellscape below.

Alda and Femke dropped down behind a decorative row of trees, one of which was smoldering, and waited for their chance to make a dash across a large open plaza. They saw a couple of dozen plebs run for the safety of a side alley only to have their way blocked by a shield wall. They turned, searching for another route but as soon as they moved another line of infantry stopped them. As they stood, armed with nothing more than work hammers and cudgels, a unit of cavalry pounded across the cobbled pavers. The people saw them coming but there was no way to go. The horseman split and rode either side of them, their long swords swinging. By the time they passed not a single looter was left alive and fresh gore was added to the blood slick ground. Alda had seen such maneuvers before. How the Romans were able to move in perfect co-ordination defied anything her people thought possible. The control and precision was terrifyingly accurate.

Femke was shaking so much she crumpled to the ground her legs unwilling to stand.

"The South West gate is just the other side of the plaza, right?" asked Alda, as the cavalry continued their hunt in search of new prey, "Femke? Femke?"

"I…I can't… we should just stay here… pretend we are dead."

"If we stay we won't need to pretend!" hissed Alda, "This is our chance!"

"Alda I can't… I just can't do this… This was a mistake I should have stayed in the villa," she sobbed.

Alda stopped the woman from curling into a ball by grabbing her chin and staring straight into her eyes, "One moment of courage, that is all you need! One moment!"

"I'm sorry," she wept, "Leave me…just…" Femke didn't have a chance to finish her sentence as palm slapped her sharply across the cheek.

"I'm not leaving you! Get up now and run!" Alda pulled Femke to her feet and broke from the cover of the trees.

Alda tried to focus on a narrow road that led off from the plaza. A shout in their direction made her turn. A Legionnaire on a black horse, who had been directing the cavalry charges, had seen them. He bellowed for his men to wheel and intercept.

Alda cursed, what were two escaping women to them? Why couldn´t they just let them live their own lives, ˝Faster!˝ she shouted over her shoulder and she dragged Femke along behind.

The sound of hooves on cobblestones resounded around the square. Alda refused to look how close they were, the noise was enough to let her know they were closing in fast.

˝Alda…˝whimpered Femke.

˝Just fucking run, we are almost there!˝ and they were.

A taunting cry from the lead rider mocked them and Alda glanced to her side to see the horses bearing down on them. Alda could see they weren´t going to make it. But she saw something they could reach.

“This way!” she turned and pulled Femke straight towards the charging cavalry.

“What are you doing?”

As the women ran towards the horses the distance between them closed with every passing second. Alda could see the joyous bloodlust in the men’s eyes. This entire night had been a celebration of slaughter for them.

“This way! Jump!”

The two women veered off at the last moment and threw themselves into a fountain with ornate stone walls around the waters. The sounds of death and dying faded away as they submerged themselves in cold water. The lead rider cursed as he and his men rode on past their targets.

Alda didn’t wait and climbed back out. Already she could see the cavalry start to wheel. They did so with an effortless grace, all moving in practiced unison. She helped Femke out of the fountain, she was

coughing up the water she had swallowed, ‟Come on, while they are turning!″

They ran again, now dripping wet. Once again, Alda cursed as she was the horses had already completed their turn and were preparing for a second charge. The alley was just ahead now, a dark passage to their salvation. The deafening sound of hooves began again. The Roman cavalry were fast, but not fast enough. Alda and Femke dashed into the alley just as the horses barrelled passed, the air blown up by the mighty steeds causing a wind to blast down on them.

Both women were spent and collapsed to the ground panting. If a single Roman had come after them they would have died where they lay. None did. The cavalry had spotted fresh targets and the infantry had no interest in breaking up their regimented formations and risk being ambushed in the narrow back alleys.

As soon as Alda could stand she did so, ‟We need to keep going,″ she panted, ‟We must be close.″

Femke couldn´t talk and just managed a feeble nod.

The South West Gate was open and hundreds of people were flowing out of it. Some were merchants pushing carts carrying all their worldly possessions while others fled in just the clothes they were wearing. The guards manning the tower had given up asking for papers or documentation. They were too few and the exodus was too great. Alda and Femke huddled in close to a large family made up of several generations from grumbling elderly to mewling infants.

Outside the city, most people had setup make shift camps waiting for the riots to end before returning, praying to all the Gods that their homes would still be there when they did. However, many had given up on the dream that was Rome. They simply kept walking either accepting all they had was lost or they simply no longer had the stomach to keep fighting against the broken system.

Alda and Femke stood by the side of the great road and looked up at the city. As dawn began to break the pillars of smoke melded seamlessly with the dark rain clouds that were sweeping in from the North.

"I won't give up on her," said Alda at last, "I won't leave her to grow up as a thing to be used until all her kindness is crushed out of her. I won't."

The first drops of rain started to fall. They started as a light patter softly peppering the dry dusty dirt but soon the droplets began to fall like arrow shafts punching into the ground and hurling up mud.

"We need to keep going," Femke nodded to a group of city guards who were moving amongst the refugees extorting and bullying, "You may have been freed but if they catch me…"

Alda pulled a couple of blankets from a cart, while the owners were bickering about their next move. They wrapped them around themselves covering the simple dresses that identified them as slaves and then they turned a walked into the gathering storm.

*****

By dawn it was a new city, his city. A city reborn in fire and blood. He stepped out further onto the balcony. The rain was warm, like tears. Marcellus made no attempt to shelter, he let the downpour flow over him,

drench his fine toga and soak him down to skin. He felt refreshed, cleansed.

"Emperor," came a deep voice from behind him.

Marcellus turned to see the commander of his Praetorian Guard standing in his study, the man banged his fist to his chest. Beside him was Vitus, despite his precarious situation he looked defiant. Marcellus gave a nod to dismiss his guard.

"Oh Vitus, what am I to do with you?" he called out over the droning rain and beckoned him over.

Vitus stepped outside and did his best to ignore the rain that ran into his eyes, "Marcellus, I am innocent! Whatever charges brought against me I will fight…"

"Ssh," Marcellus placed a finger over Vitus's lips and then turned back to look over the city, "I shall be like a phoenix, rising up out of the ashes of the old. I shall fly over this world with wings of fire and I will scorch any that oppose me. The Mercantilium, they could never understand. Sons of silk traders, merchants, fishmongers. Fishmongers!"

he laughed, ‟They were never Rome. Not like us. Rome isn´t commerce and diplomacy. We don´t negotiate with our lessers. Rome is about conquest, about might and most of all, Rome is about our steel will to do what is necessary. As for the Conservatorium… well they were lost. Resting on laurels of the past, laurels won by their grandfathers and great grandfathers. How many of them have actually stood on the battlefield? How many are like us?˝ Marcellus put his hand on Vitus´s shoulder, ‟How many have stared into the eye of the barbarian, sword and shield in hand ready to die for Rome?˝ he sighed deeply, ‟The senate doesn´t understand what is out there. Beyond those walls are a hundred nations that would see us burnt to the ground.˝

‟You are not going to reinstate the senate are you?˝

‟Rome needs one voice. The right voice. Not bickering old men trying to line their pockets or arguing about how much tax to put on a loaf of bread.˝

‟I am the Master of the Chancellory, the Empire needs the coin to flow, the Legions can´t function without it!˝

"Petronius can handle the bureaucracy, his disposition is far better suited to that kind of work. You, on the other hand, I have an opportunity for you. A chance for redemption."

"Redemption for what exactly?"

"For allowing Petronius to get on over you," Marcellus laughed, "I need someone to be my eyes and ears."

"Where?"

"Germania! The wildness frontier! The savage lands! The Legions falter, my generals conspire against me and the barbarians grow bolder by the day. Vitus Lucius Gracchus, you shall go to Germania and you will carve your place in Roman history!"

"Germania?"

Marcellus looked around in case someone may be listening in, his deposition changing in an instant from one of elation to one of anxiety, "There is something out there, Marcellus," he whispered, his voice tense, "Beyond the forests of Germania."

"Something out there? What are you talking about? Barbarians?"

"These are no simple Germanic savages. This is an army… no, not an army, a hoard, a hoard without number… it sweeps across Asia and moves further West with every passing month leaving nothing but death in its wake. They seek not to conquer nor to take riches… they only want to kill and destroy. If they aren't stopped… if they were to cross the Rhine…"

Vitus could see genuine fear in the Emperor's eyes, "Surely they are no match for our Legions?"

Marcellus took a breath and steeled his courage, "With you as my General I believe Rome will prevail. Take your family, take the Fifth Legion and return victorious. Or… don't return at all."

*****

Flavia checked all her jewelry and dresses had been packed away and watched as the slaves carried one crate after the next to the horse and carts waiting outside. As she approached the atrium, she heard her

parents continue the same argument that had been raging for the last few days.

"How could you let this happen? Fucking Germania! At least if we had been banished to Africanus it would be warm… and not swarming with savages trying to rape and murder us in our sleep!" Camila was stomping around in a circle with the busy slaves trying their best to avoid her.

"This wasn't my choice! Besides, right now we are best out of Rome," snorted Vitus.

"How long does it take to get to Germania," asked Lavinia who was sat on a sofa next to Elke.

"About three months," muttered her father.

"If we aren't killed on the way!" fumed Camila, "Marilla, make sure the silver is locked away. I don't want anything missing when we finally do get back."

"Yes, Domina."

The front door opened and in came Petronius followed by Dariana and Naevia.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" screamed Camila, "Get the fuck out of my house!"

"Your house?" queried Dariana, "Isn't this the Villa of the Master of the Chancellery?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe you are right," smirked Petronius.

"No, it is not! This is my house," Vitus stepped forward, anger burning in her eyes, "It has been in my family for generations and you, none of you, are welcome here!"

Naevia lay down on a couch and made a big show of making herself comfortable.

"The Emperor disagrees," smiled Petronius and held out a document, "He has decided this is now my house. It makes sense to have such a villa considering my… lofty position."

Vitus snatched the paper out of his hand and began to read it, ″Ridiculous! Criminal!″

″As I understand, it is you who is the criminal,″ said Naevia softly, fanning herself with a peacock feather that was yet to be packed.

″You little bitch!″ snarled Camila and stepped forward, hand raised ready to strike and would have done so if Flavia hadn´t held her back.

″Mother!″ she then turned to Naevia, ″Were you behind any of this? Is this what you wanted all the time?″

″How could a spoilt princess like you understand what I want?″ spat Naevia, her beautiful face suddenly twisted up with hate, ″The things I lost… the things I had to do because of you and your family! I have something I want to show you. Something for when you are freezing your tits off in the forests of Germania to remember me by,″ she clapped her hands loudly.

A large guard walked in but it was not him that made Flavia gasp in anguished pain. The guard was holding a dog leash and pulling along a beautiful woman who was trying to keep up while on all fours.

"Liang!" Flavia cried out.

Liang was nude except for several black leather straps around her body, her golden breasts were exposed and pointed down at the floor. Adding to his humiliation was a faux, black horse tail that protruded from her ass. Flavia couldn't see exactly how it was attached although it appeared as if a large metal ball had been forced up Liang's asshole, to which the thick bristles were attached. The slave kept her head down in total shame at her degradation.

"This is my new pet, I am going to ride her every day. And at night, while the wolves are howling all around you, I shall have my pet lick my cunni until I fall asleep," Naevia was glowing with joy at watching Flavia breakdown.

"You can't do that! She isn't a slave!"

"Actually she is, she is my sex slave," laughed Naevia and pulled Liang's her, jerking her head so she was forced to look up.

Flavia saw the woman she loved riddled with shame and then cry out as Naevia smacked her ass with a firm sharp strike. It was Camila´s turn to hold back her daughter.

"We will come back from Germania, and when we do I will have you all thrown to the lions!" said Vitus, his voice low and calm.

Petronius balked at the tone before mustering enough composure to reply, "If you come back from Germania, it is such a dangerous place, after all."

"Now, if you have finished packing, get out of my house!" shouted Dariana and pointed to the door.

*****

Uta pulled her fur cloak around her shoulders as she pressed her body down against the cold dirt. The first snows had started overnight and already the pine trees were coated in fine white powder. She ignored the chill and resisted the need to shiver, resisted the need to move at all. She remained perfectly still, at one with the forest. She watched from above as laden cart after laden cart struggled up the

narrow track, bumping and jerking their way through the sea of green. She counted the number of Roman Legionnaires, that rode in front and behind. Whoever was arriving they must be important, a new commander perhaps? She noted the standard bearer at the front. He carried the crest of the Fifth Legion. She snarled under her breath as she recalled the atrocities that Legion had wrought on her tribe. Her position was momentarily betrayed by the cloud of warm breath against the cold air. No one noticed. She needed to get back to her Queen, let her know that Roman reinforcements had arrived. She was about to creep away when she saw a carriage, grander than the others. A young woman was looking out of the window, staring up at the towering trees all around. She was beautiful with dark brown hair kept in place by an ornate golden clasp. For a moment Uta forgot herself and raised her head as she studied the young woman. She looked miserable, more than that… empty.

Uta wondered what could make a Roman noblewoman, who had everything, so sad. She then gasped and pressed her head down as the

girl appeared to look directly at her. She reprimanded herself for being careless. It would take just one shout and the Romans would be on her in an instant and she would be strung up and left as food for the wolves. No shout came. Cautiously, she raised her head again and saw the girl was looking straight at her – their eyes met. Uta´s heart skipped and she prepared to run. But the girl just lifted her hand as if waving to her. To Uta´s surprise, her heart skipped again but in a different way. The young woman was her age, and by far the most beautiful she had ever seen. The convoy pressed on and soon the carriage was out of sight. She had lingered too long. Uta crawled away from the road, deeper into the woods before running back to her mother, the Queen. If the Romans had returned then soon there would be war.

To be continued…

Thank you for reading my book! If you enjoyed it then please can you review it. For more full-length lesbian thrillers please check out my website www.EllieWyldeErotica.com for details on:

BLACKSTONE PRISON – OBSESSION – LESBIAN SUMMER – A BODY TO DIE FOR

Also there is an Exclusive FREE story you can download based on my TRUE story of how I was turned to the ‘Pink’ side. Read about my very first sexual experiences as an innocent eighteen-year-old as my eyes were opened to a whole new world by some older girls!

Ellie