

**AMAZON**

2<sup>nd</sup> Edition

V. W. SINGER

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Author's Note: All characters in the adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

## Language and Culture Note:

Not that much is definitely known about the Mycenaean language. I have used the appropriate Mycenaean terms and names of people in the story where they are known (or guessed) with reasonable certainty. Homeric Greek comes from a culture several hundred years later and is not much more "accurate" than using modern English (as well as being very hard to pronounce), so I have stuck to basic English for the most part. Since this story is entertainment and not history, I have just assumed that the Achaeans and the Amazons had their own appropriate slang words for sexual activity, but since no Mycenaean porn has survived, (or at least none the archaeologists will admit to finding) I have used modern terms like "cunt" and "fuck" in their stead.

For the same reasons as above, I have employed reasonably modern usage and grammar, rather than the thee's and thou's of romantic literature, although I have tried to avoid obvious anachronisms such as Playboy magazines, hamburgers, MP3 players, hookers in mini-skirts, and modern slang of any nationality or ethnic origin.

Descriptions of period weapons, society, and economy are based on archaeological findings where possible, the Iliad and other writings, classical myths, and my imagination where all else fails. They do not follow the recent film starring Brad Pitt. For instance, coins had not been invented at that time in Greece, so it is assumed that trade was done mostly by barter, although I have also assumed that lumps of gold and copper were used as a crude method of payment. As far as the archaeologists know, "doeros/doera" or male/female slaves were not as harshly treated or regulated as in Roman times. However, I have assumed (probably rightly) that there was a great deal of prejudice, not to say hatred, against Amazons and any other full-time female warriors (as opposed to women folk defending their homes), a problem that survives to this day to some extent, depending of course upon whom you talk to.

There seems to be some evidence that Amazons of some kind existed back then. However the cut-off-the-right-breast and kill-all-the-menfolk-after-sex tropes seem to have been generally accepted by most researchers to be fiction or anti-Amazon propaganda. The fact that there are a number of stories of Greeks and other menfolk in the region allying themselves with Amazons in various wars, not to mention having long term sexual exchange arrangements with them, indicate that the Amazons were not total rabidly men-hating monsters. Since Theseus is famously recorded as kidnapping and marrying the Amazon queen Antiope (before raping Helen of Sparta/Troy later in his life – he certainly had a way with women), it may be assumed that they (Amazons) would not all immediately commit hara kiri upon being captured, and in fact showed a healthy interest in surviving – on which fact hangs this tale.

One last note, since the terms are used a lot in the story, Achaean slaves – a much less formal social class than would exist in Rome – were called doera (female, singular), doerai (female, plural), doeros (male, singular) and doeroi (male, singular) in this novel. Spears were called dory (singular) and dorata (plural). Swords had lots of names, so I stuck with "sword".

The background of the cover picture is a carving of Achilles (the guy Brad Pitt played) mourning the death of the Amazon Queen Penthesilea, whom he had just killed in front of Troy. He was mourning because he had not realised that she was such a hot looking chick until it was too late and he had missed the opportunity to capture and fuck her. They left this interesting titbit out of the film.

Enjoy.

- V. W. Singer

# Chapter One

*Furious Penthesilea leads a  
battleline of Amazons with crescent  
shields, and she glows in the middle  
of thousands fastening golden belts  
around the exposed breast, female  
warrior, and the maiden dares to  
run with men.*

- from the Aeneid, by Virgil, Roman poet, 1<sup>st</sup> Century BC

Evandre watched in horror as her queen Penthesilea fell, stabbed by the spear of Achilles which had driven straight through the side of her horse, under the edge her armour and up into her body, the screams of the horse and the leader of the Amazons sounding as one. She screamed a great war cry, raised her spear and charged the Achaean battle line with her battle sisters and the Trojan warriors beside and behind her.

Her sandals pounded the sand and the leather and brass of her cuirass thumped against her shoulders and breasts as she ran. Unlike the amusingly female shaped shields favoured by many of the Greeks, she carried a large round shield with a semi-circular cut-out at the right side to facilitate the use of her spear. She gripped it tightly by the handle at the edge, allowing her to use it as a weapon when she attacked the first Greek that appeared in front of her.

She swiftly dodged around his shield and slammed the lower edge of her own against his knee, the pain causing him to stumble. Taking advantage of the opening, she drove the point of her spear overhand and down into his neck just above the bronze collar of his cuirass. Blood spurted like a fountain when she pulled the point free before it could be trapped by his falling body. She killed two more Greeks with her lightning fast spear before she ran into the main mass of the enemy and was surrounded by a furious melee. One Greek warrior in particular stood out of the crowd before her, killing all that stood in his way – so she strode towards him, spear raised in challenge.

Thermodosa – another Amazon warrior – followed, guarding her back.

The Greek watched her approach with interest, since he had never fought an Amazon before.

He cried out boldly, "I am Meriones, son of Molus. Name yourself warrior, so that I may know who it is I kill."

Evandre smiled grimly beneath her helmet and shouted back over the rim of her shield in reply, "I am Evandre of the Amazons – and your doom."

With *arête* – the Achaean's warrior's code – satisfied with that exchange, they advanced on each other warily, both aware that they faced an experienced and skilled warrior. Shields clashed and spears darted in and back as they tested each other, probing for a weakness or that vital split second misstep.

Their shields crashed together and Evandre drove her point towards his exposed armpit, which would have been a killing blow if it had landed, but her opponent twisted his shoulder in time to catch it on the large shoulder guard of his cuirass. She immediately spun her spear around, swinging the bronze tipped butt end of her spear at his head like a club.

Even though Meriones wore a bowl-like bronze helmet with separate cheek guards and high plumed crest instead of the older style boar's tooth helmet, a heavy blow to the side of head could still have been disabling, if not fatal. He raised his shield to block, while he simultaneously took a step back with his left foot to move his body further out of range until he could bring his shield back into position.

The wooden shaft of her spear slammed into the bronze reinforced edge of the Achaean's shield with a resounding crack that shook her arm and made her hand ache. Then, to Evandre's disgust it

snapped off, the bronze end bouncing back and narrowly missing her own head. She cast the remaining piece of her spear at him like a huge dart and snatched for the double headed axe – unique to the Amazons – that hung from her wide, bronze reinforced belt. But that moment of inattention against such an opponent as Meriones cost her dearly.

Seeing her plight, he took a diagonal step forward with his left foot, and free of the threat of her spear, he slammed his shield against the edge of hers. This tactic exposed the front of his body, but for just a second, bared hers as well. This was all he needed and with a shout he thrust his spear point forward and down, putting all his weight behind it.

The spear point smashed into the front of her scale plated cuirass, struck a brass scale, skidded off and drove between the scales into the tough leather and linen beneath. Because of the limited vision provided by her helmet, she never even saw what smashed into the back of her head at precisely the very same time, and both she and Meriones thought she had been killed by his thrust.

Meriones moved to apply a finishing blow to be certain of his kill, but was attacked by Thermodosa.

In her rage at seeing Evandre fall, she ignored the Achaean in front of her in the battle line and fell on Meriones, screaming bloody vengeance. But Meriones was too skilled to fall quickly to her attack, and faced with two opponents simultaneously, she soon fell to a thrust of Meriones's spear, which drove deep into her belly below her belt and cuirass.

As she fell to her knees, he mercifully finished her off with a thrust to the throat.

Thermodosa fell in a great spray of blood, falling on top of the body of Evandre.

Seeing their two champions fall, the Trojans to either side lost heart and retreated, moving backwards with shields high, until they were at a safe distance and then they turned and ran for the safety of the walls of Troy and the archers on top of them, leaving the dead and the pitifully screaming wounded.

The Amazons were dead, and with them, the last hope of the Trojans for victory on the battlefield. But they still had the mighty walls of Troy, and no army of Achaeans no matter how large, would ever threaten them. The gods and people of Troy would laugh while their enemies howled fruitlessly outside for another ten years.

## Chapter Two

Troy had fallen. Suddenly and unexpectedly.

And after ten cursed years of squatting outside those walls, Methulos thought it was about time too. He had not believed that the Trojans would be stupid enough to be fooled by that ridiculous wooden horse. But to the amazement of all, they had – and now the city was burning and its treasures were theirs for the looting. Naturally, all the best stuff went to the Wanax (King) of each of the participating city states, and in particular to their mighty leader and Wanax of his home city of Mycenae, Agamemnon – as well as the "great" Heroes who had survived the whole stupid mess. Achilles, for instance, had the incredible bad luck to be shot in the heel by an arrow just before the end and had somehow managed to die from it. Otherwise he would surely have been entitled to a goodly share of the spoils, since no one other than Agamemnon had the balls to stand up to him while he was alive. Everyone was certain the Gods (or a certain Wanax jealous of his fame) had something to do with his death, but no one said anything because they were not sure which particular God or personage was responsible, and were wary of being similarly smote.

Even though he was a Heqetai, a picked warrior of the Wanax himself, Methulos knew better than to head for the main citadel and the king's palace or the homes of the great lords of Troy. Any really good loot or slaves he found there would only be taken from him by the Wanax or the many men more powerful than him. Instead, he shoved and hacked his way to the section of the city within the outer walls but outside of the main citadel, where the rich traders and other middle class land owners lived. No Wanax, Great Lord or Hero wanted to have the bards sing of how they rummaged through the home of Lakuros the salted fish trader and raped his daughter. For some reason, raping a princess sounded much better when the legends were sung, even if the trader's daughter had actually been prettier.

So far, his decision had proven to be a wise one. His pouch held a goodly collection of gems, gold and jewellery, as well as ivory and nuggets of pure gold. His most trusted male doeros (slave), Turios by name, followed behind with a sack to hold the larger items. He had been with Methulos for over ten years, and he was pretty sure that the doeros would neither run off with the sack nor try to stab him in the back and then run off with the sack. In fact, he considered Turios to be something of a friend. Mycenaeans were not all that formal about their relations with doeroi (male slaves) or doerai (female slaves), although nowhere as loose as those crazy Athenians. A slave was still a slave.

Turios pointed at a rather unimposing house that was not burning and so was unlikely to have been looted as yet. "How about that one master? I have a feeling about it."

"Sure it wasn't those boiled beans you stole for breakfast? They looked rather nasty."

Ignoring his master's jibe, he shook his head. "No master. I think I glimpsed a female face in the shadows."

Methulos grinned as he batted an over zealous looter over the head with his dory. "Female. Oh then by all means let us investigate. One should never pass up the possibility of fresh cunt."

Turios was fully in agreement with his master on that point and nodded hopefully. Looting and raping were considered proper rewards for the victors in a war, and even the Trojans probably did not begrudge the Achaeans that. It was the burning and killing part that they rather objected to. Turios supposed that they had a point. However, his master was a good man at heart, and a decent master if one overlooked the occasional slap on the head or (rare) whipping. He truly believed that any Trojan woman taken captive by his master was lucky. He knew that his master's lands had all the workers he needed, so they were not urgently looking for male captives, especially since Methulos generally preferred women to men in bed. But a nice bit of female tail was always welcome.

Methulos cautiously entered the house. This caution was soon rewarded when a club wielding figure charged out of the corner, screaming something about not "harming the hero". The Trojan accent made it hard for him to be certain, especially since he was busy warding off the attack with

his shield. A quick hard thrust of the shield ended the attack just as suddenly as it began and the attacker, who was he now saw was female, slumped to the floor, stunned but otherwise unharmed. He had been careful not to drive the top edge of the shield into her face, not wanting to damage potentially valuable property. "Watch her Turios, while I check the bedroom. She was shouting something about a hero." The last thing he needed was to be surprised by a skilled Trojan warrior. That kind of surprise usually proved to be fatal. Shield up and with his spear held underarm like a sword due to the limited space, he advanced into the bedroom, but relaxed when he saw the sleeping figure on the bed. He silently put down his shield and spear, drew the fine new sword that he had just acquired from a dead Trojan warrior and silently approached the prone figure.

His eyes widened when he saw the rounded curves of the buttocks and the smooth shape of the bare thighs. It was a woman. But the other one outside had called her a Hero ... then he whispered to himself, "No, it couldn't be ... " Surely it was not one of the Amazons? They were all dead and buried with their Queen outside of the city.

Turios poked his head into the room and hissed, "Master, you won't believe what the girl just told me. That one on the bed is – "

Methulos grinned, and without taking his eyes off of the figure on the bed he completed his servant's sentence, "– an Amazon." Unlike many of his fellow Achaeans, he did not hate Amazons. In fact, he found the idea of beautiful, spear wielding, horse riding females rather intriguing. If they were good enough for Theseus, he figured that they were all right for Methulos. He reached out his sword and gently tapped the sleeping figure on the shoulder with the flat of the polished bronze blade.

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Evandre had been wandering through the darkness of the underworld and amongst the clouds in the realms of Zeus for weeks. Occasionally she would return to the mortal world to find herself lying in a comfortable bed and she vaguely recalled a kindly girl who wiped her face with cool moist cloths and fed her warm broths. She had been waking more and more often of late, and she understood that she was healing from a serious blow to her head. Originally there had been some pain around her breast bone as well, but this had faded. Her periods of darkness had become more like deep sleep, and she had even felt a vague concern when she heard the sound of battle within the city ... the city of ... Troy! That was it. She was an Amazon warrior and she was in the besieged city of Troy – and someone was tapping annoyingly on her shoulder.

She groaned, half opened her eyes, and tried to brush the tapping object away, but it seemed to avoid her hand. She heard a voice, and it was telling her to wake up. A man's voice. Her eyes sprang open and she struggled to sit up, her hand automatically reaching for her battleaxe – which was not where she normally put it when going to sleep. Then she froze when she realised that she was being tapped with a very sharp looking sword, held by a man who looked like he knew how to use it. Suddenly she remembered the battle, Penthesilea's death, the deadly thrust of the spear into her chest – her hand went to feel her breastbone. There was only a faint soreness, nearly a memory of the wound. Then she refocused, her trained warrior instincts bringing her back to the problem at hand. She was a captive, and it was obvious that Troy had fallen. "How?" she said, her voice taking in the entire situation.

Methulos realised that she must have been unconscious for some time, perhaps since the Amazon's final battle. The gods themselves must have smiled on her, for few survived such injuries. He realised what she was asking, and smiled. "How did we take Troy? You'd accuse me of lying if I told you. I'll explain later when I can show it to you." He tapped the centre of his cuirass. "I am Methulos of Mycenae, and you are my doera."

She tensed and started to snarl that she was slave to no man or woman, but then the reality of her situation struck her fully and her shoulders slumped. She had been defeated in battle, if not by this man, and since she lived and Troy had fallen, she was indeed a slave – either that or a corpse. She considered that thought for a moment, and then realised that she did not wish to die. She was

not crippled, diseased or suffering lingering agony on the battlefield, so choosing to die merely to shield her pride was foolish. Enough Amazons had already died in this place. However, it did not mean that she had to submit like some farmer's daughter. She nodded. "I am your captive."

Methulos noted her careful choice of words and smiled. This promised to be interesting. Raising his voice, he called out. "Turios, bring the other girl in here."

"Coming, master." A moment later the doeros entered the bedroom, pushing Methulos's erstwhile opponent before him. He had efficiently bound the girl's wrists behind her back while he had waited, so she had little fight left in her, at least for the time being.

The girl's face lit up when she saw that the Amazon was unharmed. "Evandre, you're awake!" The joy in her face was plain to see.

The Amazon recognised the girl as the one who had tended to her for so long and smiled back, expressing her gratitude in a little bow. Then she realised that her captor knew her name and she tensed again. The master of a doeros had the right to give his slave any name he wished.

Methulos could easily guess her thoughts. He rubbed his chin with the hand not holding his sword, deliberately keeping her in suspense. You should not spoil a new doera by letting her think you were too soft. When he felt he had waited long enough, he said, "Evandre. Hmm, and uncommon name, and strange to the tongue."

She tensed, expecting the worst. He could shame her by naming her something like "koza", the Achaean word for goat, and she would have no recourse. Of course she could refuse to answer to such a name, but that would mean being constantly punished over something, that in the overall scheme of things was actually trivial. Therefore she sighed in undisguised relief at his next words.

"Evandre, Evandre, I suppose that will do for now."

He smiled cheerfully at her, and some stupid part of her noted that he was rather good looking – for a man.

He looked at her speculatively. "It's sheer madness out there right now, and I'm going to have to bind your hands like your friend here to show that you're my captive. Otherwise I'll be forced to kill every idiot we meet who decides to lay claim to you. So, are you going to cooperate?" He sighed when she bared her teeth and backed up against the wall. That was the problem with warrior captives. Unless they had yielded to you honourably after being defeated in single combat, they tended to be ... difficult. She looked strong and was probably very prone to kneeing men in the balls, plus she knew that he would not harm her unless he had no choice, since she was valuable property. With a jerk of his head, he said, "Turios, take that girl outside and flog her until I tell you to stop."

The Trojan girl stared at him in horror. "B-but master, I have done nothing wrong."

Methulos ignored her and stared at the growling Amazon.

Evandre was a warrior and an Amazon. She could not let an innocent woman suffer for something that was her fault. She stared at the Mycenaean and saw the determination in his eyes. She felt a tinge of respect. He was a true warrior and did not hesitate to use whatever means necessary to win. She had no time for the idiots who were so bound up in their own honour and pride that they forgot how to fight dirty when necessary. She acknowledged his victory with a nod. Then she straightened her shoulders, and shuffled forward on her knees to the side of the bed nearest to him, turned, and presented her wrists to him behind her back.

When Turios had securely bound her wrists, he finally sheathed his sword. "You can turn around now." He signed for Turios to bring the Trojan girl over to the bed. "What's your name?"

"Iliana, master."

He smiled. "Very patriotic." Her name basically meant "Trojan". He took a step back to appear less threatening and put his hands on his hips. He pointed at Evandre. "From now on, if you have to speak, don't mention to anyone that you're an Amazon. Agamemnon has publicly declared that all the Amazons aiding Troy were killed, and he even gave your corpses a funereal oration. Having you turn up alive would be ... inconvenient, and he would probably want to remedy the situation. He's already sacrificed some of the Trojan royal family, so an Amazon might make a nice addition. Your sisters killed a lot of men before going down including some of our Heroes, and many of my people

would rather see all Amazons dead. More think that women warriors of any kind are an offence to the gods, so they'll want you dead. Then there are the friends and kin of Thersites whom Achilles killed over your Queen. They'll probably want you dead too ... "

Evandre smiled. "You've made your point. Nearly everyone from you great leader downwards wants to kill Amazons, and me in particular. If I'm so unpopular, why haven't *you* driven your sword into me?"

He grinned when he realised that the double meaning of her question was deliberate. She had a sense of humour. "The gods smiled upon you when they selected me to be the one to discover you. I am possibly the only warrior amongst all the Achaeans gathered here in Troy who would find the thought of having an Amazon as a doera interesting." He frowned fiercely. "Of course, should you prove to be too much trouble, I might still test my sword in your backside before throwing it out into the street and telling everyone who you are. Perhaps the Wanax might even reward me."

"I can see how the gods favour me," she replied archly, tugging at her bonds.

Methulos chuckled. "All right. One last thing before I take the two of you outside. No one would believe that I did not inspect the goods before accepting them, so I am going to have to strip you both. Fear not, I am all raped out for the moment, so your maidenheads are safe."

While rape was feared by all women, nudity in itself was not that unusual amongst the Amazons, Trojans or the Achaeans. Neither girl exactly approved of being forcibly rendered naked, but they would not wail and moan about it either.

Evandre's only regret was that her tunic, brought all the way from her homeland was going to be cut and torn. On the other hand, the distinct decorative pattern and weave of her tunic would immediately tell everyone that she was an Amazon, so she was probably better off without it. When the warrior drew his dagger and cut her tunic off of her body, she discovered that she was far more interested in how he reacted to her naked body than the loss of her clothes. She watched his eyes roam over her breasts, focus on her stiff nipples, across her flat belly and down to the patch of hair between her thighs. She made no pretence of modesty and held herself proudly under his gaze, knowing that she was beautiful. She hid a smile of satisfaction when she saw his male member rise in salute under the bronze and leather strips of his armour's skirt and the linen of his tunic, despite his earlier claim of sexual exhaustion. Most Amazons did not mind being admired, or even lusted after by men. They just did not wish to live under their rule.

Iliana shivered under the unaccustomed touch of a strange man, especially one who used a dagger to cut off her clothes. But all the people of Troy had been allowed many years to consider the consequences of defeat, and she accepted her new role as doera and the right of Methulos to do as he pleased with her body. She was the daughter of a wealthy Trojan trader, and she displayed none of the signs of hard living and drudgery common amongst the poor. In fact, she was very pretty, and had fine, smooth skin, unblemished by the harsh sun or the scars of disease. She greatly admired Evandre, and had resolved to be as brave as the Amazon. She consoled herself with the fact that her new master was not fat and ugly, and did not appear to be mean, although it was probably a bit too early to tell. What she did know was that there was a glut of slaves at the moment, and she could be easily replaced by another captive and traded off for a couple of sheep or something. Her father was probably dead, killed in the final desperate fighting, and her mother had died years ago. She suddenly realised that she wanted to stay with Evandre – and even Methulos. People instinctively cling to the familiar, and she was no different. She smiled shyly at the Achaean as he studied her naked form lustfully.

Methulos grinned. "Zeus has certainly smiled on me this day. I'd wager there are not two finer mares in all of Troy, Helen included – as if anyone other than that cuckold Menelaus would still want that faithless bitch." He reflexively glanced around. Offending Menelaus was not a good idea. You only had to ask any Trojan.

Both girls reddened at this mixed, but obviously heartfelt, compliment, although Evandre was not sure she liked being referred to as a mare. But she had been riding almost as long as she had been able to walk, and she loved horses too. She decided that she could be compared to worse things than a fine horse.



"Now all we have to do is to hang on to them," Turios said acerbically. His head jerked towards the street. "It's madness out there."

Methulos gave the girls a last, lingering gaze, looked down at his crotch where the leather strips his armoured skirt had assumed a distinctly odd formation, and shook his head regretfully. There was not time for more of that. The fires were spreading, and a drunken party of warriors could stumble upon them at any time. He sighed regretfully, slapped on his helmet, then picked up his shield and spear. "Stay close and between myself and Turios." He turned to the male doeros. "If there's any fighting and we get separated, take the women back to the house."

During the ten long years of the siege and just like many of the other more wealthy Achaeans, Methulos had built himself a nice house on the Achaean controlled part of the coast, over two and a half miles away from the city and sufficiently far from the main military encampment to provide some privacy. Since the camp itself was never fortified – even after Hector nearly burned all of their ships, living this way this was no more dangerous than huddling in the dirty, filth laden main camp, where the less well off fighters and camp followers had their tents and huts.

The noise rose threefold when they stepped out of the house. There was the pungent smell of smoke in the air, and screams and shouts came from all directions.

To Iliana it was as if the underworld had risen out of the depths of the earth.

But Methulos and Evandre had seen cities and villages being sacked before.

Just paces down the street Methulos saw an Achaean warrior was mounting a woman, him in full armour and she naked and bleeding. That must hurt, he thought idly as he scanned the scene for the safest route out. He could have grabbed more slaves and treasure, but he knew such greed would be certain to attract attention. He had no desire to kill fellow Achaeans unless absolutely necessary. He pointed. "That way." He made a horn symbol with his fingers, asking the goddess Artemis, mistress of animals for luck, which seemed appropriate in the current situation, and led the way through the madness.

For a while, it seemed to Methulos as if they were going to make it out of the burning city without major incident, the two bound and naked girls striding along obediently between the two men. Then suddenly it seem as if Zeus had pissed on him, when four drunken warriors came up the street, headed in the opposite direction, and one of them was sober enough to recognise him.

"Methulos, you dog! Come and join us for the spectacle," he said, waving a skin of wine in one hand and pointing with a looted gold statuette in the other.

Methulos forced a smile and greeted them cordially, then shook his head. "Thank you Epius, but I've had my fill of wine and cunt back there," he said, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb. "I just want to get my pickings out of this cesspit of a city and get some sleep." The warrior was not the Epius who built the stupid wooden horse, but was equally craven in battle. He was from the city of Calydon, and a friend of Thersites. Methulos thought it was just like him to swagger around the city half drunk as if he had taken the place all by himself. He cursed the ill fortune that had led him to meet one of the men who had most reason to hate Amazons, and who was spiteful enough to do something about it.

Epius and his friends barely glanced at the two female captives, seeing only that Methulos had managed to capture just two slaves and a meagre sack full of loot. Epius laughed and shook his head. "Always the slow one Methulos. Me and the boys have a herd of fine cunts tied up in a building back that way along with a pile of treasure as high as my waist. We left a few guards to watch over them while we had some more fun."

Methulos smiled and congratulated them on their good fortune. He suspected that they would find the house empty and the spear wielding farmers that they had left as guards fled or slain when they returned, but that was none of his business. He waved his hand and tried to move around the warriors.

Epius grabbed his arm, his face hardening. "What's the matter? Refusing to drink with us, now that the fighting is over and you don't need Epius to protect you from the Trojans?"

Methulos knew the Epius was a mean drunk, and he could not afford a brawl, not with three of Epius's friends ready to jump in. He smiled and gripped Epius's arm. "Of course not, but I don't

think any wine shops or brothels are open, and where's the fun in drinking in the street."

Epius grinned. "Ah, but we do have a destination in mind. We were just on our way there when we met. Remember I said we were going to a spectacle?"

With no choice, Methulos nodded in an eager manner. "I do. So what's happening?"

Epius licked his lips, his lips twisting into an evil leer. "A pair of Trojan cunts actually tried to fight. They armed themselves with spears and swords – even managed to scratch a few of the men before they were subdued. The guys are going to make a public spectacle of them as a warning to all the others. The stupid cunts said they were inspired by the Amazons." He spat, as if the name tasted foul in his mouth.

Methulos could sense Evandre shifting angrily behind him, and he prayed that she would be able to keep her mouth shut. He knew that it was going to be ugly. The men were in no mood to have the Trojan women display any signs of fight, not after ten years of bleeding and dying, and to be honest, he agreed. Any resistance had to be crushed. The girls deserved whatever they were going to get. If it was not for the two captives he had in tow, he would have been happy to attend the spectacle. Nodding eagerly, he looked around. "Lead on then. Where is this thing?"

This seemed to satisfy Epius, who took another mouthful of wine and grinned. "Follow me."

His friends growled approvingly and they all moved off, with Epius in the lead. After a while it became easy to tell where they were headed merely by the direction of the sound. Over the jumbled roar of the sacking of the city, there could be heard a focused, angry growling. Surprisingly, not all the voices were male.

Methulos followed the warriors through an alley, which unexpectedly opened up into a large courtyard or plaza. In normal times women would have been gossiping and filling earthenware jugs with water from the fountain, young men would be eyeing the young women who would pretend not to be eyeing them back, while children ran and played, and old folks sat and told tales. Not today. There was a raised stone platform that was probably used to make public announcements and for public entertainments such as poetry recitals.

Now it was surrounded by armed and armoured men, plus a surprisingly large sprinkling of women – most in various degrees of nakedness. From their hair and make up, they ranged from prostitutes to very proper wives and daughters. None were old or ugly. Most were being touched in the most obscene ways, several were being fucked right in the middle of the crowd, but none were crying or struggling. A city that is being sacked after a long siege is a very harsh and deadly place, and only the determined and quick of wit survive. These women had obviously decided that they wanted to live, and would do whatever was needed to accomplish that goal.

Unlike those moralists who had never lived through a real war, Methulos did not blame them in the slightest. People did what they had to in order to survive. The squeamish and the stubborn simply died. He looked over his shoulder, and was pleased to see the same realisation in the eyes of the two girls. They might yet survive to see the end of this day.

Suddenly the sound of the crowd was pierced by loud, angry female screams. He returned his gaze to the platform and saw that the two women who had incurred the wrath of the crowd had been dragged up onto its flat raised surface where all could see them. They were still dressed in their linen tunics and high laced sandals, although their struggles had ruined their hair. Whoever was orchestrating this little display was clever enough to realise that stripping them on the stage would be more exciting than dragging them out already naked.

A man stepped forward, holding a gleaming bronze sword and a dory, an infantry spear. "Behold! The weapons that they would have used to slay Achaeans – like you, and you." He pointed with the spear, first at one drunken warrior, and then another, cleverly drawing in the crowd by making the threat that the women had posed a personal one.

The crowd roared in anger. Shouts of "Kill them!" rang out.

The man raised his hands, the weapons still gripped in his fists, and the shouting gradually faded into a tense silence. "Yes! They deserve to die. But if we just execute them, how will they learn the truth. What truth, you ask? That Trojan women are born to be slaves to Achaean men!"

This statement drew roars of approval.

Methulos did not think that anyone was born to be a slave. After all, he faced the possibility of slavery every time he fought in a battle outside of Achaea. But in the present circumstances, he certainly agreed that the gods themselves had shown that the Trojan women were destined for slavery. With Epius watching him, he cheered just as lustily as any of the others.

Evandre hated the idea of being a slave, but Troy and the Amazons had certainly lost this war – although she still was not certain how it could have happened – and slavery or death was the usual consequence. She admired the women's spirit, if not their common sense. They should have killed themselves if they had truly wanted to avoid slavery. Waving weapons around that they could not use was simply asking for what they were about to receive.

Iliana trembled in fear. She felt like she was standing in a den of wild animals. She was resigned to slavery, but these men looked like they might rip her apart like wolves. She felt the urge to press up against Methulos, who offered the only safety left to her in this upside-down world.

The man on the stage nodded dramatically as he tossed aside the weapons. "These foolish cunts should be taught their proper place before they die – and I, Thoas of Aetolia shall instruct them on your behalf!" There was more hand waving, and it was obvious he was enjoying the attention of the crowd. He drew his dagger with a dramatic flourish and cut the long dresses off of the women.

Naturally, this was very popular with the audience, and despite the presence of many equally naked women within the crowd itself, the attention of the men was irresistibly drawn to the slim, pale bodies so shamefully exposed on the stage.

Evandre noted that this did not please the women in the plaza, and there were many dark looks direct at the hapless pair from their more fortunate or canny sisters who had found protectors. As a woman herself, she knew that women often treated other women more cruelly than any man. In proof of this, she heard several of the women in the crowd around her making truly vicious suggestions to their men as to how the duo on the stage should be punished, and she shook her head sadly. How could she blame Methulos for his desires when even Trojan women were so cruel towards their fellows.

Up on the stage, Thoas was rudely stroking and squeezing the flesh of the terrified pair, grinning and responding to obscene suggestions shouted up at him from the crowd.

"Grab her tits!" shouted one warrior.

"Squeeze her arse!" cried another.

"Push your fingers up her cunt and make her squeal!" cried a shrill female voice. This last was greeted with much cheering, not least because of its source.

Thoas obliged each of them, reducing the two struggling women to tears. When he stopped the white of their bodies were covered with bright red finger marks, as if someone had dipped his hand in pink paint and pressed it all over a pair of marble statues.

Methulos was surprised by the man's resourcefulness when he next produced a large wooden olisbos (dildo). He grinned at the sight. It must have been the property of some Trojan noblewoman, perhaps a gift from her husband; given in the hopes that it would keep her faithful while he was away.

When the two women saw what he was holding they struggled even harder.

Over the noise of the crowd Methulos could hear the younger, lighter haired one cry, "Please, no. I'm a virgin. Have mercy!"

But there was no mercy to be found in Thoas; or the men and women in the crowd. Shouts of "Stick it to them!" rose until they joined and became a chant. The bronze spear points of dorata glittered in the sun – many still stained with blood – while their butts pounded the stone of the courtyard, beating time.

Volunteers jumped up on the stage to help. Rough hands held the older of the pair by her arms and ankles, spreading her out widely while her cries of panic rose like startled doves into the sky. She was beautiful, as was the younger girl; which was unfortunate for them. If they had been plain or older, they probably would have merely been killed the moment they raised their weapons against their conquerors, instead of being made in to a spectacle.

Thoas waved the wooden shaft of the olisbos tauntingly in front of her face.

From where he stood, Methulos could see that it was not finely finished, and was probably meant to be used in conjunction with lavish applications of olive oil. But there was no oil present today.

The woman shook her head wildly as she watched Thoas lower the wooden shaft towards her cunt, and none of those watching could be unaffected by the desperate straining of her naked body and the slowly approaching threat. The noise of the crowd dimmed until there was near silence when the tip of the olisbos touched the gleaming curly strands of her pubic bush. Even the woman herself fell silent, reduced to a desperate whimpering when she realised that not even the gods were going to save her. Her entire body shook when the olisbos touched her cunt.

Thoas grinned at his audience and thrust upwards hard with a warrior's powerful grip and arm. Despite the dryness of both the wooden olisbos and the woman's cunt, the rounded tip of the wooden staff was driven into her hole.

Evandre winced when the olisbos rammed its way past the outer portals and penetrated the victim's body. Without lubrication, and not given the chance to spread her cunt open, the dry wooden staff must have dragged the soft inner lips of her cunt right into her hole. As a woman, she knew that this would be agonisingly painful and bitterly shaming. And yet, she had in the past fought alongside armies of men, and when they were victorious, she had watched as similar and even worse things were done to the women of the losers, and she had laughed. War was cruel, and the losers could expect little mercy. Now that she was on the losing side, it would be hypocritical of her to criticise the actions of these men, or even the women.

Iliana watched in shocked amazement. She had never dreamt that she would witness such a thing being done in public, even though she had giggled along with her female friends at tales and gossip of the goings on of her neighbours and fellow Trojans in the privacy of their bedchambers. They had made up imaginary tales of what went on up in the great citadel. The King and the great ones always thought they lived in splendid isolation from the lower classes, but gossip always leaked out through servants, craftsmen, and even priestesses, who may have been virginal, but not blind or deaf. Her eyes moved speculatively to the back of her captor's body. He had fine calves and strong, straight legs. Glimpses under the skirt of his short tunic as they walked had shown her that his buttocks were hard and muscular. Only an idiot would assume that he had taken her for her ability to clean his floors – unless it was on her back. She shocked herself by feeling an urge to giggle at this thought. But what if he was cruel to her and beat her? She knew that husbands beat their wives too, so was she really that much worse off? Rather than watch the horror on the stage, she concentrated on her new master and indulged in shockingly sensual fantasies. In her own way, Iliana was a survivor too.

The woman groaned and her breasts shook enticingly as she struggled to escape the punishing staff of wood that was being driven deep into her cunt. Her cries of pain were greeted eagerly by the audience, who shouted encouragement when Thoas rammed the olisbos all the way up to slam into her cervix, making her try to double up in pain.

Thoas called for the men to hold her tight, and took his hand away from the stump of wood that protruded from the woman's cunt. He smiled at the crowd and mimed slamming the bottom of his fist against the end of the olisbos like he was pounding a stake.

The women in the crowd shouted, "Hammer her, hammer her," knowing particularly well how painful it would be for the woman to have her cervix hammered by the hard, unyielding olisbos.

Seeing their enthusiasm, the men joined in. "Hammer her!" they chanted.

When he saw that he had worked the crowd into a frenzy, Thoas took aim and struck the blunt end of the olisbos hard with his clenched fist.

It was as if he had punched her womb with his fist, and the woman threw back her head and screamed in agony.

"What are you screaming about, cunt?" Thoas roared. "There are plenty of broken dorata lying around. Perhaps I should exchange the olisbos for point of a dory instead eh?"

The woman paled at the thought of being impaled on a broken javelin, and shook her head violently. "No, please, don't ... "

"Then you prefer the olisbos?"

Tears ran down her face as she nodded her head.

"What was that? I didn't hear you. Did you say you wanted the dory?"

"No! Please, I prefer the olisbos," she cried in panic.

"Then you like it? Convince me you like it, and I might not change," Thoas shouted, taunting her.

"Please, I like it. I having it inside me."

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes, it feels good," she shouted, her face turning bright red with shame.

Thoas gave the olisbos a hard twist, scraping her with the coarse wood. "And this?"

"Aagh, y-yes it feels good."

His biceps bulged as he leaned across her thighs and drove the olisbos in and out of the woman's unready cunt in time to the pounding of the dorata of the men and the feet of the women on the wreckage strewn ground of Troy, while the other men struggled to hold the woman still.

The sobbing woman continued to cry out how much she liked being fucked with the rough wooden tool, terrified that it could be replaced at any moment with the deadly bronze tipped shaft of a shattered war spear. At last, her cunt defensively produced its natural lubrication, and the olisbos slid in and out of her body more easily.

The olisbos glistened in the bright sunlight and the members of the audience nearest the stage spotted the clear sticky moisture that coated the wood. A woman's voice cried out spitefully, "Look, the whore is soaking wet. She's enjoying it!"

This announcement was greeted with jeers and a multitude of insults. The men were excited and aroused by this visible evidence of the woman's sexual submission to her torment, but the women saw it as validation of their own decision to submit to their conquerors.

Thoas did not care, but grinned tightly and continued to masturbate the groaning woman, occasionally forcing her to loudly declare her enjoyment. He saw her growing sexual excitement, and he intended to inflict upon her the ultimate shame of climaxing under the pounding of the wooden phallus in her cunt, imposing the conquest of the city upon the body of the Trojan woman.

The woman herself was horrified at her body's betrayal. She tried to resist, but even as she was forced to cry out over and over how much she enjoyed the brutal mechanical fucking, pretence gradually changed to reality. Driven by the shame of her exposure and public humiliation, and perhaps the need to deny the possibility of her death, her body began to respond to the merciless thrusting of the olisbos. Amidst the noise and the baking heat of the sun, in the full view of dozens of people, she uttered a great cry of desolation and despair as she climaxed. She shuddered and gasped in the most obscene and abandoned manner, the juices of her lust running down her thigh.

There was a moment of silence in the crowd, followed by a collective sigh. The roar of the crowd rose to full force again, out of which jeers and female shrieks of derision could be heard like the foaming peaks of waves on a great sea of sound.

Thoas ripped the olisbos out of the sobbing woman's cunt and waved the moist wooden shaft in the air like a victor's banner. He waved his hands, asking to be heard. The crowd was with him, and the noise fell enough for him to roar, "And now the virgin!"

The crowd took up the call. Feet stamped and dorata pounded the ground as they chanted, "Virgin! Virgin! Virgin!" Sexual acts were becoming more blatant in the crowd. Couples kissed and writhed, women moaned as fingers grabbed breasts and penetrated cunts. A few were openly copulating like dogs. The smell of sweat and sex hovered over the crowd like an invisible fog.

Methulos glanced around nervously. He had seen how easily crowds like this turned into out of raging mobs, and when most of the people were heavily armed, a riot would be deadly.

Epius saw him. "Not enjoying the show?" he shouted.

This alarmed Methulos. Mobs hated anyone who disagreed with them. He grinned happily and shouted back, "This is most entertaining. I'm just keeping an eye on my belongings."

Epius nodded slowly and he glanced casually at Methulos's apparently meagre pickings.

Methulos tensed when he saw the warrior's eyes narrow and a faint frown sweep over his face.

He let his hand casually drift to the hilt of his new sword. However, the screaming of the second, younger girl as she was dragged to the centre of the stage drew Epius's attention back to the entertainment, and Methulos allowed himself to relax.

The girl's light brown hair gleamed like gold in the sunlight as she continued to beg for mercy. Despite her pleas, she did not struggle but let herself be stretched out in the same manner as her female companion.

Evandre shook her head. The stupid girl was just making things worse for herself by continuing to remind everyone that she was a virgin. She knew from experience that nothing aroused the lust of men more than a protesting virgin. Then she smiled self-deprecatingly. Since she was a virgin herself, she had no right to criticise the girl until she had faced the same ordeal. She wondered if she should tell Methulos, or just let him discover it when he took her. As a doera, she had a duty to tell him such things. But was she a captive or was she a doera? An Amazon was taught that it was her thoughts that made her free. Yet she had meekly allowed herself to be bound and stripped.

Thoas rubbed the olisbos over the golden haired girl's shuddering belly. "Your turn now, little virgin. Say hello to your first – and last – lover."

"No, please, I'll be good. I'll do anything you want. Don't hurt me."

"Too late for regrets now cunt. You shouldn't have raised your hand against your new masters." His smile was hard and mean as he reached out and pinched her nipple.

The girl squealed in pain, earning her more mocking laughter from the crowd.

Thoas could sense that his audience was growing impatient. He turned to them and raised the olisbos like a sword. "For you. A virgin!" he shouted exultantly, and laughed when the crowd responded with lustful cheers. He whirled to face the pale, trembling girl. Knowing that it was important that all could see what happened, he knelt in front of her right foot which was gripped tightly by a grinning warrior.

The young farmer turned spear-man had probably never seen a young beautiful virgin before, and he fairly drooled at the sight and the feel of her smooth skin under his rough, calloused hands.

Thoas knew she would be tight and dry, so this time he reached up with the hand not holding the olisbos and used his fingers to spread the lightly haired lips of her cunt.

The girl cried out in alarm at this intimate touch, and finally started to struggle, which only seemed to agitate the crowd even more.

Thoas placed the rounded tip of the olisbos against her pink, untouched opening. To his surprise she was wet. He chuckled. "You're a hot one girl. Pity it has to be this piece of wood that tastes your cunt for the first time."

The girl just whimpered.

He shrugged. "Oh well, this is a punishment and we have to please the crowd." He braced himself and then shoved the olisbos upwards, smashing through her virginal defences the way that they wished they could have done to the gates of Troy.

To everyone's surprise, the girl displayed more courage than her friend and endured the breaking of her maidenhead largely in silence, even when Thoas bent and twisted the olisbos around and a trickle of her maiden blood ran down his hand and forearm.

This did not please the women in the crowd, who wanted to see her scream and beg. Female voices crying out "Fuck her harder" and "Ram the cunt properly" rang out.

Since this coincided with Thoas's own desires, he fucked the unfortunate girl even harder with the wooden phallus, in an attempt to make her scream.

Despite his best efforts, the girl remained stubbornly silent, although her face was wet with tears and she twisted and struggled so hard that she might have broken her limbs if she was not being held by men and not chains.

This was actually quite entertaining for the men in the crowd. They got to watch a pretty naked girl being tormented, while at the same time seeing a demonstration of courage, which as warriors, they appreciated.

However Thoas was not so pleased. He took her unexpected endurance and tenacity as an insult and a challenge. He swore and ripped the olisbos out of her cunt and tossed it aside. He held up his

fist, stained with her virgin blood. This earned him a cheer, which improved his temper, and he went to the edge of the stage, where he had placed the next implement of torture that he intended to use on the women. This was a long whippy length of vine wood. He held it up and swung it through the air, letting the crowd see the vine stick bend and flex.

Most warriors had felt the vine stick themselves in the hands of their weapons masters when they were younger, and many winced at the whooshing sound it made. Serious crimes were usually punished by death, and minor crimes by fines or slavery, so public corporal punishment was a very unusual sight in Achaea, especially where the victims were young women. The crowd cheered with renewed gusto.

There were also renewed cries for mercy from the women when they saw the vine stick being demonstrated.

The platform had a deep round hole sunken into it which allowed a thick pole to be erected on the stage for the hanging of oil lamps and banners during festivals and public religious ceremonies. With the heavy vertical pole raised into place, both naked women were tied at the wrists and fastened to the large bronze rings at the top of the pole, which was half again as tall as they were. The gleaming bronze and gaudily painted decorations on the pole added an oddly festive atmosphere to the proceedings as well as serving to highlight the smooth pale skin of the bound women. They were forced to press the fronts of their bodies against the pole, and a rope was wrapped around both their waists, holding them firmly in position with their arms extended above them.

The crowd began stamping and chanting again as Thoas stalked around the helpless women, stroking their backs, buttocks and thighs with the thin, knotty vine stick, teasing, prodding and threatening. He paused behind the older woman and the younger blonde peered apprehensively over her friend's shoulder.

The stick lifted high over his shoulder, and the crowd collectively held their breath.

The victim began screaming as soon as she heard the whoosh of the falling stick. The sound of the stick's impact across her buttocks resounded in the square, accompanied by the gasp of horror of the second girl, who was forced to witness the punishment at extreme close range.

A sigh ran through the crowd. Although girls were being assaulted all through the city, this measured, deliberate punishment was completely different.

Curios, Methulos leaned closer to the Amazon and said, "What do you think of it?"

Evandre tilted her head slightly. "I wager the smaller girl will show more courage when it is her turn."

Her lack of sympathy surprised Methulos. He had expected her to express anger that a woman was being tortured. It appeared that Amazons truly had their own version of *arête*, valuing honour and courage above all else.

Seeing that Iliana was listening, he smiled and spoke to her. "And what about you? How do you feel about this?"

She bit her lip as she considered her answer, and then replied, "There is much anger within the hearts of these men. Those two acted foolishly, but perhaps their suffering will soothe these warriors and change anger to lust. The gods tell us that the two emotions are closely entwined."

The vine stick struck again and again, and their attention was drawn back to the stage by the woman's lusty screams.

Methulos found the scene strangely erotic, as did most of the other warriors gathered in the courtyard, and most of those who had a woman had their hands upon their bodies. He drew the two new slaves to either side of him and rested his hands on their buttocks, partially to blend in, and in part just because he felt like it.

Normally, Evandre would have struggled against such intimate fondling by a stranger, especially a man. It was not so much the knowledge that she was a captive, but the sex charged atmosphere filling the courtyard that made her accept his touch. Despite the rumours and tales told by others, because Amazons experienced the powerful emotions brought on by battle, they also experienced lust and sensuality more readily and keenly than the sedate wives and daughters of the

Achaean cities, especially in the presence of violence.

Iliana watched her new master and saw that although he did not shout and call for more, the punishment of the women obviously excited him. This was strange to her, but she was an intelligent girl and carefully noted it, even as she carefully held herself still under his touch. She could not yet bring herself to writhe and sigh lustfully like many of the other women in the crowd, but she was careful not to reject his caress by word or deed. She had a new role in life now, and she intended to learn it well. She was not foolish enough to believe that she could resist him forever. Unless rescued by death, everyone broke.

Thoas beat the woman's buttocks and thighs until they were bloody, feeling both satisfaction and lust. By the unwritten rules of war, he was fully justified in punishing them for armed resistance during the sacking of the fallen city, and the obvious approval of the crowd drove him on. When it looked like the woman was near to swooning, he moved around to the younger girl. He could smell her sweat and fear as he pulled on her hair and looked into her eyes. "Want to beg for mercy girl?"

The nameless girl stared at her friend, who had tears streaming down her face and mucus running out of her nose even as she continued to moan. She knew she was doomed and she also knew that there would be no mercy for her, unless her final death could be considered a mercy. Even if this man were willing to be merciful, she was wise enough to realise that the crowd would not permit it. "Why waste what little time I have left begging for something that I know will never be granted? Besides, there is much worse to come, isn't there?"

Thoas released her hair, and respectfully smoothed back in place with his hand. "It is a pity you raised your hand against us. I would have enjoyed having you as my doera."

She smiled tightly. "You have me now."

Even with the noise of the shouting mob, he caught the tone in her voice. "Is that an offer?"

Her eyes were clear and steady as she said, "A quick clean death. Let me go to the underworld intact."

"In exchange for?"

She glanced at the sobbing woman on the other side of the pole. "You want to please the crowd. Untie my waist and I will do my best to give them a good show."

"Even when I use this on your breasts and on your cunt?"

She flinched at his last word, but recovered quickly and nodded. "Even when you beat my cunt," she said, deliberately using the crude word.

For some reason, he knew she would keep her word. "Done." He shook his head. "I really wish I could have fucked you. Such a waste."

Her face reddened. "I would like to have felt the touch of a man inside me before I die. Even if it was just his fingers."

He nodded. "It'll have to be quick. They are getting impatient." He reached between her legs, and she parted her thighs in genuine welcome. He tried to be gentle as he searched for her opening, even though he knew that it would hurt her after the violent assault of the wooden *olisbos*. He saw a flicker of pain in her expression when his finger found its way inside, but she was soft, warm and accommodating.

She closed her eyes and smiled gently as his finger slowly filled her. She was a real woman now. She could face the other shades in the underworld and truthfully say that she had known the touch of a man inside of her.

Thoas allowed himself a brief moment to enjoy the feeling of the tight virgin cunt wrapped around his finger, and then he regretfully pulled it out. "I dare not delay any longer."

She nodded. Her eyes wide and serious she said, "I will keep my word. My name is Rhodia."

He nodded back. "And I will keep mine – Rhodia." He heard surprised murmurs behind him as he untied the rope that encircled their waists.

But when he moved away and Rhodia took a step back, arched her back down and shuffled her feet apart to present her buttocks, there was a momentary silence. Then when they realised what had happened, the noise resumed, but this time the pounding of *dorata* on the ground and against shields was slow and respectful, as if cheering a hero into single combat.



Thoas struck, and the crack of the vine wood against her tight buttocks echoed crisply from the surrounding walls.

A shout went up from the crowd when Rhodia's body rocked from the impact, but immediately resumed its out-thrust position.

Thoas continued to strike, beating her buttocks and thighs with dramatic, regularly spaced strokes of the vine stick.

Rhodia's head tossed with each blow, and her glistening body shivered from the impact, but she did not waver, as if carried along by the great pounding cries of the warriors who watched.

These were hard, harsh men, veterans of a terrible ten year war. There was no sympathy or softness, no weakening of the desire to see the women punished. But they were still capable of respect.

Thoas stopped when her buttocks and thighs were evenly covered with deep red weals, many of them seeping blood. He saw the muscles of her thighs trembling and her head sag as she let her weight hang from her tied wrists, and he ran his hand down her sweat soaked back. "Done for now. You can straighten up. Try to get some rest while I see to your friend."

Rhodia inhaled deeply, wiped her tears off on her arms and pulled herself upright using the rope that attached her to the gaily painted pole. She twisted around so that her back was to the pole and leaned her unmarked back against it. With a sudden burst of spirit, she pulled her shoulders back to lift her breasts and smiled defiantly at the crowd.

Thoas grinned and gave them an appreciative squeeze before walking around the pole to the other woman.

She watched him approach and must have realised what was next. She shook her head, as if to deny the reality of what was happening to her and cowered back against the pole.

Thoas held up the rope. "Your turn again."

She pulled and struggled madly against her bonds, badly chafing the skin around her wrists as she screamed to the gods for help.

He forced her shoulders against the pole and wrapped the rope around her struggling body and the pole, but not tying Rhodia. He enjoyed the feel of her terrified body under his hands, and the crowd laughed at her futile struggles. Her movements gradually ceased as the ropes tightened, attaching her firmly to the pole. He was careful not to tighten the ropes too much and cut off her breathing. He didn't want her to faint. He grinned evilly at her and grabbed her breasts. "These first." He pinched her nipples hard, making them rise up stiffly and winked at the crowd.

The women in the crowd laughed and jeered, clinging shamelessly to their captors. Some lifted their own bare breasts with their hands and mockingly made pained faces.

Methulos chuckled when Evandre made a disgusted sound, assuming that she disapproved of the women's behaviour.

She heard his laughter and managed to surprise him again when she said, "Her cowardice is a disgrace. She chose to fight like a warrior and she should face the consequences like one."

This made him laugh out loud and his powerful fingers dug into the hard muscles of her buttocks and slipped into the narrow crack between them.

Evandre pretended not to notice. His touch made her heart race, although she was not sure of the reason. She had killed many men during this campaign, and under the laws of the Amazons she was now entitled to have sex with men, and she had often wondered what it would be like. On the other hand, not having a choice as to who her partner would be, shamed her. Did she feel rage or lust – and were they all that different? Many priestesses said that the two were just different faces of the same emotion, just as the goddess Athena was both the patron of warfare and the preserver against the ravages of war. Since he could not see her face she allowed herself a thin smile. All she knew for certain was that his touch was not unpleasant. She could decide how she felt about that later.

Thoas tapped at the woman's breasts with the vine stick. He nodded mockingly when she shook her head. "Yes. They want to see me beat your breasts with this. Don't they?" He shouted the last two words, and was rewarded with a roar from the crowd. "See?"

The stick slammed across her breasts and she screamed so hard that she choked and spittle dribbled from her mouth.

Eager to get back to Rhodia, he laid the vine stick on her breast hard and without mercy, making her globes flatten and bounce madly and covering them with huge, parallel bruises. Her nipples split under the punishment and drops of blood spattered when he struck them again. He shook his head in disgust when she lost control of her bladder and a yellow stream ran down her leg to puddle on the stone beneath her feet. However, her shrieks and general cowardice seemed to amuse the crowd, so he persisted. He gave her a moment to recover, playing to the mob by poking at her nipples and belly with the stick, making her yelp and wail. When she had recovered her breath, he signalled to his grinning helpers. "All right boys, take the rope off and then get her legs up and wide apart."

His assistants responded with alacrity, unwinding the rope from around her waist, leaving a raw looking red belt around her waist where her struggling had scraped her skin against the coarse fibre of the rope. They gripped her by the ankles and knees and lifted her wildly kicking legs up until her knees almost touched her shoulders, leaving her body hanging by the rope around her wrists. That rope was long enough so that they were able to turn her body around the pole so that her cunt faced the crowd.

Thoas tucked the stick through his belt like a sword and leaned forward to grab hold of the pubic hair on the lips of her cunt, which were still wet with her piss, and yanked them hard to either side, exposing the pink insides to the stares of the eagerly watching men and women. He pretended to peer into her cunt and then shouted, "She's no virgin, but her cunt's going to feel this shaft like never before." He gestured towards the stick, which was near enough to his cock for his jest to be obvious.

Jeers, laughter and obscene suggestions of every kind rose up from the crowd, the worst of them coming from the women as usual, some of them so awful that the woman turned pale.

He pulled the vine stick from his belt and cried, "Hold her tight boys, she's going to wriggle when she feels this."

The men gripped her hard, muscles bulging in their arms and shoulders while they all stared at her cunt, eager and curious to see what the stick would do to it.

Standing well to the side so that all could see the action, Thoas jabbed at her cunt with the stick, teasing her by pretending that he was going to poke the slim shaft into her. Then he placed the tip of the stick on her cunt, diagonally across the line of her hair shaded slit.

The woman realised what was coming and shouted "No!" just as the stick swung away from her cunt, paused and swooshed through the air to land on her cunt with an audible smack. She screamed like a woman giving birth and kicked so hard that she almost threw the hefty men gripping her legs off of their feet.

It was unlikely that any of the people in the square other than Methulos had ever seen a woman's cunt being punished before, and an enthusiastic shout went up.

Evandre saw several women rubbing their own cunts and licking their lips. Logically she knew that she should be horrified, being a woman herself, but the sight was so raw and primal that it made her own cunt tingle. Combined with the touch of Methulos's finger on her arse hole, it made the heat rise in her loins and she admitted to herself that if her hands had not been bound, she might have rubbed herself too. As it was, the fact that she was bound seemed to make her more aware of her nipples and her cunt, and she knew that she was getting wet. An impudent part of her mind wondered if Methulos had detected the moisture, and if he had, what he thought of her. She would not submit willingly, but she could still feel desire.

Thoas beat her cunt slowly but thoroughly, evenly covering every part of the small mound with red marks, many of them concealed by the curly hair.

Her screams were wild and stained with horror. She shouted that she could not bear it, that she would die; that no woman should have to bear such agony.

But Thoas had seen women scream and die, torn apart by childbirth, and he knew that a woman could bear much worse pain between her thighs and yet live, so her pleas did not stay his hand.

The watching men had listened to friends and brothers scream in the battlefield, bellies pierced by arrows and spears, and they felt no sympathy or remorse at her suffering, but rather felt satisfaction that someone should pay other than warriors.

The women were glad that it was not them. These men, these conquerors, held their lives in their hands – the ultimate power. And power aroused women like nothing else.

There was not a man who did not have a stiff cock, or a woman who had a dry cunt as they watched the beating of the victim's cunt.

When her cunt was swollen to double its normal size, he finished the beating of her sex by kneeling down before her and striking directly into her slit, drawing blood.

The woman gurgled, unable even to scream when the vine wood struck her clitoris. She took three more strokes, shaking and groaning as if she would die, and then her head fell as she swooned.

Thoas sprang up and raised his flexible wooden weapon, stained now with the women's blood, his fists clenched in victory as the crowd applauded. He spun around dramatically and signalled for the men to lower the limp woman's legs. He glanced at Rhodia, who looked levelly back at him. "Are you frightened, now that you've seen what I am going to do to you?"

"I was frightened before, and more so now. But I also saw that snivelling and disgracing herself did not save her." She nodded at the other woman's blood stained crotch. "Since I only have this day, it seems right that my cunt should feel all the joys and suffering of a lifetime." She looked down at his loins. "It seems that you enjoyed beating her cunt. If you enjoy beating mine as much, then I will have pleased at least one man in my life with my cunt."

Her words made his cock even harder. He tucked the rod under his arm and reached out to play with her breasts. "Does that feel nice?"

Even though her face was pale with fear, she managed a tiny laugh. "A decent woman would never admit that she enjoyed the touch of a strange man on her breasts; but I find decency means very little to me at the moment. Yes, that feels good, especially compared to the fire in my buttocks and thighs." She raised an eyebrow. "Are you being kind or cruel, I wonder. Will your gentle caresses make the pain even worse by comparison when you beat me?"

Thoas smiled. "I suppose you will have to find out for yourself," he said as he toyed with her nipples.

She moaned softly, and drew a shuddering breath. "I suppose I will." She looked at him, eyes wide and desolate. "I'm not all that brave, you know. If I thought it would do me any good, I would beg and grovel and offer you the most degrading and humiliating services I could think of in exchange for mercy."

He shook his head. "Rushing heedlessly to destruction is foolishness, not bravery. Courage is how you face what you cannot avoid." He indicated the limp form of the other woman with his eyes. "I'd give you a piece of leather to bite on, but they're going to want to hear you scream."

She nodded back, took a deep breath, and straightened her body. She took a small half step away from the pole. This forced her arms back and lifted her breasts, making them more vulnerable to the rod, but it also created a small space behind her so that her body could rock backwards when she was struck.

Thoas stepped away from her, and the crowd gasped at her tautly arched beauty. They fell silent as he raised the vine stick and swished it with a flick of his wrist. Rather than simply strike at her breasts, he adjusted his position until his extended arm held the rod horizontal and stretched across both of her breasts, as if he was preparing to lunge with a sword. He brought his arm back across his chest, and then lashed out with the vine stick.

Rhodia was surprised at the speed the flexible rod seemed to move. She had not been able to watch the blows to her back, and it was as if the rod had disappeared from in front of the man, only to suddenly reappear and smack into her breasts with terrific force. It was shockingly painful, but no worse than when he had hit her thighs. However, being whipped on her breasts seemed much more of a violation somehow, and she guessed that for a woman who had not already accepted the inevitability of her punishment, the shock and fear might have magnified the pain threefold. She did not scream or even cry out, but merely rocked back until her back touched the pole where she rested

for a second until the pain allowed her to breath again. Because she had a reason to accept the punishment, it gave her the strength to push away from the pole and to arch her chest out again.

The extent of her beating depended on the whim of the gods and of the man holding the vine stick, but her courage could earn her a quick, relatively painless death. Before she had been captured, she had seen horrific sights of men and women being disembowelled, impaled, or thrown alive into burning houses only to emerge moments later on fire and screaming in agony as the flesh melted from their bones, and she would do anything to avoid such a fate or worse. The crowd cheered when she presented her breasts again, the first red stripe glowing bright against the alabaster of her skin, and their approval was like a draught of wine. Her fingers gripped the rope that held her wrists and she forced herself to look at the vine stick. She would not hide from her fate, even in her mind.

She saw his hand move this time, and the blur of the rod as it painted an arc in the air, like a fan made of impossibly fine fabric. Then there was the pain, harsh and searing. A tiny, traitorous voice in her mind screamed out that it was too much, that she could not bear it. She crushed it with a stroke of her will, and bear it she did. She panted, gasped, and shook, but she held herself steady as the flames consumed her breasts. Her reward was another cheer from the crowd, and she even managed to flash them a triumphant grin.

Seeing that she was entertaining the crowd, Thoas struck with care, aiming each stroke carefully although he struck her just as hard as he had the other woman. He deliberately avoided her nipples, until he had covered her breasts in red stripes and her entire body trembled continuously from the agony in her breasts. He admired her stubborn hopeless courage, and it made beating her more enjoyable, but there was no mercy in him. He had spoken the truth when he said that he wished he had a chance to fuck her before all of this had happened, but he also looked forward to the end when he would use his dagger on her. He enjoyed killing, and he was good at it.

Rhodia saw the curl of his lips and the way he adjusted his aim, and she knew that he was going to beat her nipples. Her fingernails dug into the ropes and her toes curled up tight as she braced herself. She had no idea what it would feel like, but she knew her nipples were much more sensitive than the rest of her breasts, and she felt a rush of fear. The temptation to dodge and to protect her nipples from the vicious kiss of the vine stick was almost overwhelming, but she knew that it would not save her nipples and would break her deal with her torturer. She ignored the frantic screams in her mind, and allowed the rod to slam into both of her nipples. It was as if Zeus had struck her with a thunderbolt. Jagged, tearing pain shot outwards from her nipples, pain so intense that she thought it would explode from her flesh like the burning sparks that shot from a blacksmith's forge. Her scream was more like a cry of anger at her own weakness. The severe pain caught her by surprise, and her knees almost buckled.

Thoas watched her curiously, wondering if this would break her. He saw her shake her head, and he started to smile. Then he realised that she was just shaking away the shock and nausea.

Rhodia guessed that the man was waiting to see her collapse and beg, but she had sworn to the mother goddess Athena Potnia that she would go to her death with her pride and honour unbroken, no matter what happened to her mortal body. She would not give in so long as her body drew breath. She inhaled raggedly, and pulled herself up by her wrists.

The crowd uttered a collective sigh when she straightened and pushed her breasts and swollen nipples out again. As fickle as any crowd, a few of the women cried words of encouragement, inspired by Rhodia's courage.

Thoas beat her nipples, slowly and accurately. Each stroke of the vine stick landed on or very close to her nipples and each stroke forced a ringing cry of agony from his victim.

Rhodia did not dare to look down at her breasts. She was certain that her nipples had been torn from her breasts or shredded beyond recognition, and she feared that the sight would shake her determination to endure. Simply dealing with the terrifying pain was bad enough. Her entire body was shaking, her nerves overloaded by the hurricane of agony. Even her teeth chattered as if she was freezing to death, and she could feel blood trickling down from her wrists. She knew her breasts were bleeding, because she could hear the thick, heavy drops strike the stone floor with dull

plops, even though her breasts burned with such pain that she could not feel the blood trickle over her skin. All she knew was that she had to endure, even though she wanted to cry for her mother like a little girl and each bolt of pain made her want to wet herself.

She faintly realised that something had changed, even though her breasts and nipples hurt so much that she felt little relief between strokes. Then she realised that the beating of her nipples had stopped, and she slowly opened her eyes. She slumped back in relief against the post when the man nodded at her. Her breasts still felt like they had been cut to pieces, but she consoled herself with the thought that she would not have to endure it for very long, since she would probably not live to see the sun set. With a grunt of effort, she pulled herself upright and forced herself to stand erect as she faced the crowd. She displayed her torn breasts like proud battle trophies and smiled when the crowd cheered. She risked a quick glance at her breasts and what she saw made her gasp. Her nipples were still basically intact, although badly swollen and bleeding, but her breasts were covered by cuts and contusions. She thought sadly that even if she was to live through the day, her breasts would be covered by thin scars and only the most poor or desperate man would even look at her. The robes worn by married ladies both in Troy and in the Achaean lands often bared the breasts, and hers would be fit only to frighten little children.

Thoas was really looking forward to seeing how she would deal with having her cunt beaten, and he flexed the rod with his hands, noting that the blood stained his palm. He had realised that if he struck with just the tip of the rod, the damage was much greater, and he intended to beat her cunt into raw meat. It would be interesting to see how long she could withstand the pain before giving up. Then he would be completely justified in killing her slowly and painfully, which he knew was what the crowd wanted. He suspected that they would get very upset if he tried to be merciful, and he had no intention of putting himself in danger.

Methulos and his group had slowly made their way to the front of the crowd, and he had overheard Rhodia's deal with Thoas, who's name he had heard from the crowd. But he had also seen the man's expression when he was looking away from Rhodia and he also knew the kind of men making up the crowd. They wanted to see blood and guts and would be extremely upset if Thoas gave her a merciful death. He suspected that Thoas knew that too, and he felt a twinge of pity for Rhodia, who appeared to be dealing in good faith and was displaying considerable bravery.

Thoas grinned as he turned back towards Rhodia. He was going to enjoy this. The stupid cunt was going to bravely suffer hell for no reason at all.

Methulos never managed to discover what originally sparked it off. A noise in the crowd behind him made him spin around, and he realised that it was the familiar sound of weapons clashing mingled with shouts of anger. In a drunken, tightly packed group of warriors, their blood already pumping from the show on the stage, this was like throwing a blazing torch into a barn full of dry straw. The noise and movement in the crowd quickly spread from the original incident and everyone began to finger their weapons uneasily. The crowd was turning into a mob. He saw Epius draw his sword and his friends raise their weapons. Methulos looked around for a quick way out of the square, but there were too many people milling about. As the sound of clashing weapons and shouts of rage quickly grew, he slipped on his helmet and turned to Turios and the two girls. "Up on the stage. Now!" The high ground would be easier to defend and he would have a chance to spot a way through mob.

Turios was an old hand had following his master through tavern brawls and even battles that had fucked up badly, and he moved swiftly without asking questions. He grabbed Iliana and tossed her up on the stage before climbing up himself. He knew his master would be right behind him.

Methulos grinned at his doeros's quick actions and imitated him, although Evandre was bigger and a lot more muscular than the other girl, and he grunted with effort as he pushed her up onto the stage. He had a fine view of her buttocks and her cunt as she scrambled over the edge of the platform with her hands still tied behind her back, and he could not resist giving her cunt a pat before throwing his shield and dory after her and springing up on the stage himself.

Startled by the sudden outbreak of noise, and the unexpected intruders, Thoas cried out, "Hey! You can't come up here ... " He never got to finish his sentence because the butt of Methulos's dory

slammed into the side of his chest and knocked him off the platform.

The assistants looked at the way Methulos held his weapons and the efficiency by which he had disposed of Thoas and they all decided to jump off of the platform rather than face him.

The chaos was spreading and it was turning into a huge drunken brawl, which would have been fine, except that the men were all still armed and armoured and it would all rapidly turn deadly.

Methulos looked around for a way out and spotted an open doorway on the side of the square closer to the platform. He pointed. "There. Same formation as before. Let's go!" Then he noticed the Amazon staring at him. "What?" He saw Evandre silently look over his shoulder and turned, only to meet the eyes of the blood covered figure of Rhodia. It was true that she had displayed considerable courage, and both women were likely to die of dehydration if just left hanging here. Without the spur of Thoas's rhetoric, he decided they had been punished enough, and with a shrug of his armoured shoulders, he transferred his dory to his shield hand and his sword swept out to slice through the ropes that held the two women's bodies. "Go! Run before anyone notices." In fact, he heard several voices shout at him, but fortunately they were lost in the general madness. He sheathed his sword and turned to go.

"Take me with you."

Surprised, he turned. He pointed at the other two bound women. "I'm taking slaves, not rescuing maidens, especially not Trojan ones." He glanced at the vine stick that Thoas had dropped. "And I like to use that too. Better you just run."

She shook her head. "I've nowhere to go, and I'm not a maiden – not any more. No one will want me looking like this, and those who recognise me will want to kill me. Take me – please." She bent down and picked up the vine stick. She clutched it to herself and looked at him. Her message was plain.

Methulos sighed and then grinned. "You've certainly got guts, I'll give you that. All right, come along. I'll tie your wrists when we're out of this mess."

Rhodia jumped happily and the winced when her bleeding breasts bounced. "Thank you master. You won't regret it, I swear."

Methulos said "What about your ... " then realised that the other woman had slipped away. He looked into the swirling crowd and saw that she had already been grabbed by two men. He looked away when he saw the flash of a sword. "Never mind. Let's go." He jumped off of the platform on the opposite side from where he had mounted it, shield and dory raised. Most of the men got out of his way when they saw that he was ready to fight, and he only seriously clashed with two warriors.

One backed away when he received the point of Methulos's dory in his shoulder, but the other one thrust out his shield aggressively, and Methulos was forced to stab the drunken fool in the thigh and kick him in the head before he gave up. After that, the way to the door was clear and he slammed the door behind the little group when they were all safely inside the building.

He did not notice the angry figure of Thoas, who had climbed back up on the stage and was staring in their direction as he rubbed the welt on his forehead that Methulos had given him.

## Chapter Three

Methulos had managed to find a mule cart to transport the party back to his house. Chariots big enough to transport five were only available to the Kings and others of ranks far above that of a humble Heqetai, and those that had belonged to the Trojans had either been destroyed or were under close guard.

He was in a good mood as they approached his house. He had taken a decent haul of loot, including three interesting doerai, and gotten safely out of the burning city again. The gold and jewels that rattled in the bag on the floor of the cart made him a wealthy man, and he had not needed to resort to looting temples either. He glanced over his shoulder. And he had his Amazon.

Evandre saw his look and stared back levelly at him, neither hostile nor servile. She was faced with a moral dilemma. From what she had seen of him, he was a man of honour and a good fighter. But although she had surrendered to him, he had not defeated her in battle. There was no shame in submitting to one who had beaten her, but what did honour require of her now? She was still pondering this point when the cart rumbled into the courtyard of a spacious, well built house.

Turios jumped off of the cart and ran to close the gate behind them, and then helped the girls off of the cart. They all still had their hands tied, including Rhodia.

Methulos pointed at her. "Take her inside, clean those wounds and put some salve on them." He looked at Rhodia and said, "Turios is a pretty good healer. He's certainly had enough practice on me. You should heal up nicely."

Rhodia was surprised by his concern and fell to her knees. "Thank you master. Don't worry about my wounds. I'm strong and I can still work or do ... other things." Her eyes were hot as she smiled up at him.

He chuckled. "I like your attitude. But don't worry about work for the time being. Concentrate on healing up. I'll let you know when I want you for anything. Besides, the salve is really smelly."

When the two of them had left he turned his attention to the other two bound girls. "So, what am I to do with you?" He studied their naked forms appreciatively. He decided that he had been really lucky. Both of them were lovely in their individual and separate ways. Iliana was of medium height, fair and smooth of skin, had nice firm breasts and an amazing figure. Evandre was tall, tanned, and magnificently fit. Her skin was slightly marred by various fine scars, souvenirs of hard training and combat. On the other hand, most women had scars from childhood diseases anyway. Both looked intelligent and quick of wit. And both presented different problems if he was to mould them into suitable playthings and companions. He thought for a moment, and decided that he might as well be honest. "I have no need of servants. I have enough slaves to handle the cleaning. Make no mistake, I took you two for sex. And in case you have not noticed yet, I enjoy inflicting pain on women. So it would be best for all of us if you tell me truthfully now whether I am going to have to force you to cooperate." He pointed at Iliana, because he believed that she would be less trouble. "You first."

She stepped forward and knelt. "Master, I am willing to do whatever I must in order to please you. I'm not sure I'm brave enough to accept your punishments, b-but I will do my best. I've never been beaten before."

Methulos nodded and helped her stand up. "If I untie your hands, will you try to run?"

Iliana shrugged forlornly. "Where would I go to? If I ran to a different city or village, I would be in no better state. From what I have seen, Master is a good man. I am content to stay here."

He smiled and untied her wrists. "I shall accept your word. If you disappoint me, then you will find yourself permanently in ropes or chains until I can sell you. Now go inside and join Turios. Ask the other servants where to find him. Tell him I sent you. Do what he tells you to do. I will talk you privately later." He watched her happily scamper off, rubbing her wrists. She had a very nice bottom. Then he turned to Evandre, a small smile on his face. "I wager that you will not be so simple to deal with. Am I correct?"

The Amazon looked at him calmly. "I surrendered to you, and as your captive, I will obey you

insofar as coming and going is concerned. I will work for you as any prisoner does. But an Amazon does not submit to a man sexually unless she chooses to or he has beaten her in combat. It would be shameful and I would have to kill myself."

Methulos smiled. "I thought as much." He cracked his knuckles and rolled his shoulders. "Will wooden training swords do?"

She grinned wolfishly. "They will do fine, if you dare not face me with a real blade."

He shook his head. "I'm not cutting you up just to prove a point. Training swords will have to do." He fetched two wooden swords, twirled one with his hand and said, "So if I beat you, you won't kill yourself if you're forced to have sex."

She nodded.

"But that doesn't mean you'll willingly become my bed partner?"

She smiled and shook her head.

He chuckled. "Good enough. I'm going to untie your hands now. Promise you won't do anything silly like running away."

She eyed the wooden sword eagerly. "I promise." She stood very still as he untied her hands, and rubbed her wrists and arms as he walked in front of her.

Methulos tossed the other sword to her and watched as she caught it by the handle and went into a guard position. She was good. He glided forward, sword held low and to the side. Unlike children's stick fights, the objective was not to whack their swords together. The edge on a bronze sword nicked and blunted easily and was reserved for cutting or stabbing the opponent, not her sword. She moved in fast and slashed at his wrist and then his belly. The wooden blade would not have cut, but the impact could have made him drop his sword if it had landed. He faded to his right, and with her sword momentarily out of the way, dropped low and slashed at the back of her knee.

She dodged the cut to her hamstring by lifting her leg up and over his blade, but standing on one leg she was immobile just long enough for him to straighten his legs and drive forward, driving his shoulder into her body just below her hip. She was thrown off her feet, and landed on the sand with a grunt of pain. She drew in her legs and rolled away and then slashed out with her sword to keep him from closing while she got to her feet.

But moving with extraordinary swiftness, Methulos stepped in after her sword had passed and the edge of his wooden blade struck her arm just above the elbow.

Evandre cried out in pain as her arm went numb. If it had been a real sword, she might have lost her forearm. Instead, she lost her grip on her sword, and then was thrown onto her back when he kicked her in the chest. She tried to push herself up and spring back onto her feet, but her arm collapsed under her and she fell back. Then the point of his sword was at her throat. She stared up at him in amazement. "I fought some of your great Heroes in front of Troy, and they weren't as good as you. How come you're just a Heqetai?"

He grinned. "Heroes are playthings of the Gods and die young. I'm a professional. I'll fight for my Wanax and my city, but I've no desire for glory and fame. Let fools like Achilles get their names in the stories. I intend to be around to hear the storytellers sing about him. Do you submit?"

She stared cross eyed at the wooden blade pricking her painfully underneath her chin. A hard thrust even with a wooden sword would drive right through the soft tissue and all the way into her brain. He had instinctively chosen his killing stroke well, taking into account the nature of his weapon and not just treating it like a bronze sword. She knew full well that it was the warrior that made a weapon deadly and not the other way around. She let her arms go limp and said, "I yield." They both knew those two words meant much more than admitting she had lost a fight.

Methulos knelt down beside her, put aside his practise sword, and gently began to massage her arm, expertly working on the muscles and tendons.

After she recovered from the surprise, Evandre sighed with pleasure. "That feels good. You have surprising skills."

"Turios taught me. He said I was the clumsiest warrior in Mycenae and needed to learn how to heal myself." He grinned. "Besides, it's a good excuse to get your hands on women."

She chuckled at this and then looked into his eyes to let him see her sincerity. "You have beaten



me in combat. I swear I will not try to escape or resist your touch."

He brushed his hand gently against her cheek. "Ah, but you are much too fine a mare to be merely broken. I intend to train your mind and your body in new ways of thinking and feeling."

"Like Rhodia?"

His head shook slowly, his hands still carefully working on her arm. "Like a soldier, a warrior."

Evandre had undergone a fierce and rigorous training from early childhood to become an Amazon warrior, and she understood what he meant. Turning a woman or man into a soldier was much more than teaching them how to use weapons and armour. It involved learning a new way of thinking as well as training the body to react in totally new ways to fear, pain, and anger. It appeared that she was now to be trained in something totally different – sex. But what he was saying was that some things didn't change. First you put the trainee through hell. She grinned. "So, I am an untrained novice once again?"

Methulos stood up and held out a hand to help her rise. "That is exactly right." His grin was both a welcome and a threat.

She stood still while he brushed the sand off of her body, obviously enjoying the task greatly. His hand slapped briskly over her skin, knocking the clinging grains off while giving her a mild spanking all over her body. She bit back a gasp when his fingers slapped at her nipples, making them sting and tingle.

"Legs open," he said in a tone of command.

She obeyed, taking a step to the side, before she even realised what she had done. She smiled to herself, and then winced when he started to smack the sand briskly off of her cunt. She had never been touched so intimately in such a manner by anyone, but he was doing it in such a way as to make it seem perfectly natural. Her entire body other than her face and neck was glowing a healthy warm pink by the time he was done.

He could not resist a final squeeze of her marvellously firm buttocks before turning to head into the house. "Come with me." He went inside and headed for the kitchen. As expected, he found Turios and the other two girls there.

Rhodia was squatting on the big heavy work table, her breasts, buttocks and thighs covered in a greyish green paste that smelled truly foul.

Iliana sat on one of the benches beside the table, her nose wrinkled in disgust. She looked surprised at the Amazon's dusty, sweaty, and very pink hand mark covered condition, as well as her untied hands, but decided not to comment.

Evandre notice her stare and her face reddened to match the rest of her.

Rhodia turned her head glumly towards him. "You weren't joking when you said this stuff stank. Where did Turios get it from, the cesspit? I may die from the smell before I have a chance to heal ... er, master."

Methulos hid a smile at her near slip. He still wasn't sure what to do with her. She was very pretty, and he liked her character, but if she turned out to be heavily scarred he didn't know if he would find her attractive. However, the salve was truly effective, so he decided to withhold any decision until he saw how she healed up. However, he decided to have a private word with her nonetheless. "Turios, take Evandre and Iliana to the bathhouse and let them wash up and show them where the toilets are. I'm sure they could use both."

The two girls nodded happily and eagerly followed Turios out of the kitchen. Iliana turned to wave at Rhodia as she went.

"You and Iliana seem to be getting along well," he said to the smelly, newly made doera.

Rhodia nodded. "She's a very nice, practical girl. She'll make you a good doera, master. You won't need to break her."

He nodded at this assessment. "I agree." He suspected that he knew what Rhodia was thinking. "I'm not like Thoas," he said.

Her eyes were wide and dark as she looked at him. The salve had pain killing properties as well as healing, and she was without severe pain for the first time since she was dragged up onto the platform. "I believe you, master. I knew it even before you rescued me. I saw your face when I was

being beaten. Most of the crowd, they looked like animals, excited by the blood."

"I was excited too," Methulos said, trying to be honest.

"I saw lust, not bloodlust," she said simply.

He nodded. "True enough. I had no real desire to see you slaughtered, although harsh things are often necessary when taking a city. Any act of resistance has to be put down hard or you risk troublesome outbreaks all over, which might have incited our men to slaughter everyone, including the women."

"I understand. I was stupid and in a panic when I follow that other woman in picking up a weapon."

He hesitated, and then said, "What I'm trying to say is ... "

"Would the thought of more punishment drive me mad with fear?" she said softly.

"You were desperate back in the city, and you may have said things that you now regret. It may not change what I do with you, but I would like to know. A doera used for sex is not the same as a simple labourer. That's why I'm taking the time to talk with all of you."

She smiled warmly. "The fact you ask tells me I chose wisely when I chose to come with you." She waved at the mess covering her body. "When all this comes off, and if you still want to ... play with me, I will not be afraid. I will not let Thoas and his cronies affect my life. I want to make a new life here with you master, and I can accept the price, whatever it may be."

He selected a muck free spot on her body and patted her. "Good. The salve will soon dry and you will be able to wash the worst of it off. Come, follow me to the bathhouse, and I'll hand you over to Turios." He suspected that the ordeal on the platform would haunt her more than she admitted, but if she was really determined as she sounded and her scars were not really ugly, she promised to be an interesting plaything.

He said slowly, "You were a virgin until today. In fact I still consider you a virgin. I have known other girls who have lost their maidenheads from participating in sports or other physical activities."

She smiled bashfully. "You are kind to say that master. Most men would consider me ruined and debased after what happened." Her expression turned sad. "I always looked forward to having sex. I prayed to the Gods that my husband would be virile and would be interested in bedding me often." Her cheeks reddened. "Am I horrible to feel that way?"

Methulos ran a fingertip gently over her shoulder. "That sounds marvellous to me. Concentrate on getting better, and then we'll see about the sex eh?" He prodded her. "All right, enough talk, smelly one. Let's go and find Turios."

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A couple of hours later, when everyone had washed off the dirt and sweat of the day, and Turios had carefully rinsed the worst of the muck off of Rhodia, Methulos led them to the miniature megaron or main hall, around which all Achaean houses, from great palaces to houses larger than a hut, were built. The fire in the brick lined centre of the hall burned cheerfully, its smoke rising up through the hole in the roof. Over the years, Turios had even found some soldiers who were craftsmen in their non-military lives to paint simple murals on the walls, mostly of naked women. He knew his master's tastes very well.

Methulos sat on a low chair at the top end of the large open room. A table loaded with food stood next to him. A separate tray held a jug of wine, a pot of honey and a small block of goat cheese, with a little metal grater. He poured himself a cup, added a dollop of honey and grated a little of the cheese on top for seasoning.

The women were seated on a large rug in front of him, although he had allowed Rhodia a big cushion to shield her wounded bottom and thighs from the hard floor. They had been given mugs of mead, and a tray bearing figs, flat bread and a platter of boiled pork, all of which sat on the floor in front of them.

He raised his cup on a toast. "Ladies, I welcome you to my home and my family, for you are

part of my family now, and I will feed and protect you as I would my own sisters."

The three doerai bowed to him respectfully. Unlike in some other lands, Mycenaean household slaves lived and ate with their masters. This of course, did not imply an equality of status. Just like children, they were totally under the control of their masters. However, just like a parent, he was also responsible for their actions outside of the home. For instance, he would have to pay compensation for any damage they did to the property of others.

He let them eat, and encouraged them to talk about themselves. Now that they were clean and out of the terrifying conditions of the burning city, they looked even better, and for a while he simply enjoyed watching them. When they had all eaten their fill, he cleared his throat. Seeing that he had their attention, he said, "Now, you must be wondering what is going to happen to you. Well for Rhodia, nothing much, since she needs to rest and heal up. So she will stay with me most of the time and we will get to know each other better." He pointed at Evandre and Iliana. "As for you two, I'm making you into a team. Until I tell you otherwise, you will do everything together. Eat, sleep, work, go to the toilet. There is a reason for that. Evandre knows about training and discipline and she will help Iliana cope with some of the things that I am going to put you through. On the other hand, I suspect that Evandre is going to find some aspects of being patient and sexually submissive just as difficult, and I think that Iliana can help her there." He smiled. "You will also be punished together. That's right. If one of you earns a punishment, both of you get it."

The two very different girls looked at each other.

Evandre held out her hand and clasped the other girl's forearm. "Hello team mate."

Iliana smiled nervously at the bigger, stronger girl. "Hello."

Evandre said, "You watch my back and I'll watch yours. Okay?"

Iliana's smile widened. "Okay."

Methulos nodded approvingly. "The next thing I want you all to understand is that you will often be required to perform sexual acts and be punished merely for my amusement. It may be something as simple as dancing or acting as my footstool. But make no mistake, I intend to train you to accept a great deal of punishment. You may even learn to find it sexually stimulating. I advise you to cooperate with me, as it will make you life easier, but one way or the other, you will be trained. Do you understand?"

Both girls looked apprehensive now, but they nodded. "Yes, master," they said in tandem.

"Good. Now kiss each other on the lips. Nice and slowly, not like kissing your grandmother."

Iliana giggled nervously. "I've never kissed anyone like that before." She looked at Evandre. "Have you?"

The Amazon shook her head. She gingerly reached out, and after a few awkward moments of fumbling, managed to put her arms around the smaller girl.

Neither girl came from a culture that had a horror of homosexual love, so the act was not shocking, merely new and strange. Their lips met and melded together, and both girls were surprised to find how warm and intimate it felt. The kiss went on and on, and rather than hold awkwardly still, they both began to experiment with moving their lips and tongues.

Methulos noticed Rhodia smile as she watched. He suspected that she was not as innocent as she looked, although she had recently been a virgin. "All right girls, you can stop now."

Iliana blushed and looked away from Evandre, breathing heavily. As if to distract herself, she lifted her head to look at Methulos. "Master, I understand that you want to punish us because it excites you, but why does it excite you? Do you dislike women? Did a woman wrong you in the past?" The thought that she was the doera of a man who hated women was alarming.

To everyone's surprise, Rhodia answered her. "It's because pain is always real. We girls don't have a great big signal to show when we are horny ... " she mimed stroking a cock between her legs, "and women often fake feeling pleasure, but the way we squeal and twist under the lash or rod is always real."

Iliana looked Rhodia and then back at Methulos. "Is that true, Master?"

Methulos nodded, studying Rhodia thoughtfully. He definitely needed to have a private talk with her. "Basically that's right. The other thing is that women use their beauty and men's desire to

manipulate and control them, and that is most unbecoming in a doera, so a touch of the rod reminds her of her status. You are young and inexperienced, but wait until you have the chance to observe the sounds and movements of a girl in pain and one who is really in the throes of erotic passion. You'll be amazed at how similar they look." He clapped his hands. "Enough talk for the moment. You might as well learn a few simple things to please me right away. The two of you stand up please. Rhodia, you are excused for the moment. When you are healed I will tend to you. Just watch for now."

The two girls looked at each other uneasily, but obediently stood up. They were both aware that although Methulos was being very nice, he could change his mind at any time and beat them severely or even kill them, and no one would care. They became even more nervous when he produced a leather strap, about the length of his forearm and slightly wider than two fingers.

He waved the strap for emphasis and said, "First, some basic positions which will make it easier and more enjoyable for me to play with your bodies. Put your hands behind your neck and lace your fingers together, then move your feet apart the width of your shoulders. Do it now. I shall call this Position One. Whenever I say Position One, you will assume this position, no matter where you are or who is nearby."

Evandre immediately understood how vulnerable this position made her, and her skin itched at the thought of all the very sensitive places that were now exposed to the strap.

Iliana was more embarrassed than concerned, as her breasts lifted tautly and she felt a cool breeze ruffle the hairs covering her cunt. Although nudity did not bother her much, she had never deliberately shown off her body this way to anyone. It was both humiliating and extremely sexual. She felt like a prize cow on display at the market. She felt a touch of annoyance, but quickly suppressed the emotion. She was a doera now not a free woman, and her master had the right to have her do anything he liked. She had volunteered to go with him when given the choice, and she had sworn to herself to make the best of this new life. If this was what he wanted of her, she would learn. She realised that her sexuality was no longer something private, but a commodity, a plaything, that belonged to her master. It would be disloyal of her to try to hide or withhold any of her body's reactions from him no matter how embarrassing or humiliating it might be. She almost smiled when she suddenly realised that her very embarrassment and feelings of humiliation were things, services, that she could offer her master, since he obviously enjoyed them.

Methulos grinned widely. The pair of girls looked absolutely magnificent. They looked like two statuettes, one carved out of ivory, and the other from amber. He also noted the progression of expressions passing over Iliana's face. He stood in front of Evandre. "You look very nice like that."

She stared straight ahead, refusing to be baited. "Thank you master."

"It makes you very open and vulnerable, doesn't it?"

She shifted uneasily. Her helplessness went against all her training and instincts. "Yes master."

"Would you hold still if I hit you?" He didn't say "could" since that would sound as if he was questioning her courage.

"Yes master."

"Anywhere?"

"Yes master." She swallowed at the idea of being struck on her breasts or between her legs.

He deliberately patted her cunt. "Good girl."

"And you, Iliana, do you understand how vulnerable you are like this?"

"Oh yes, master." Her eyes were wide open and she sounded excited and breathless.

"I could touch you anywhere I liked, couldn't I?"

"Yes, master. Anywhere – anywhere at all," she panted.

"Does that excite you?"

She blushed deeply at this, and it was obvious that she had to force herself to reply. "Y-yes master, I ... it does."

"Tell me what the excitement does to your body."

She bit her lip and her feet twisted. "My heart is beating very fast, and it feels hard to breath, master. Also my skin feels hot and then cold."

"And?" he pressed.

Her voice rose in pitch and became raspy at the same time. "I ... my n-nipples have become hard, and they tingle and itch. I want badly to rub them." Her blush spread all the way down to her chest.

"And?" he said, slapping the strap against his palm.

She jumped at the sound, and seemed to get even more excited. "I ... I think that I'm getting wet – down there."

"Down where?"

"Oh gods, d-down ... in my ... my cunt," she gasped. "Is that the right word?"

Evandre stared at her new partner. She realised that the girl was enjoying being teased and humiliated. This was something completely alien to the Amazon warrior. Humiliation was something to be avoided at all costs in her culture. Then she remembered what Methulos had said about the two of them learning from each other. She had no idea how she could "learn" something like that, but perhaps if she talked to Iliana in private, she might try to understand how and why the girl felt like that. Her rigorous military life had left little time for eroticism, and it was not encouraged, since sensuality was considered by her people as decadent and a weakness. But now it seemed as if it was an important tool to her survival and success, so she would learn whatever Iliana could teach her. Amazons were practical people.

Methulos smiled. "So do you want me to touch you then?"

Iliana was confused and overcome. She was horribly embarrassed, but so very excited at the same time. She also badly wanted to please her new master, but the idea of actually telling a man that she wanted to be touched, especially standing naked in front of him was horrifying. In the end, she told herself that she knew that he wanted her to say yes, and as a doera, she could not refuse. She squeezed her fingers hard behind her neck, and dug her fingernails into her knuckles until they bled. Her legs trembled as she forced herself to blurt out, "Yes master, I want you to touch me."

"Here?" he asked and reached out a hand to cup her breast and kneaded it gently.

She made a high pitched sound and nodded forcefully.

"And here?" he said, transferring his grip to her other breast and tweaking her nipple.

"Yesss," she sighed happily, abandoning any pretence of modesty.

Methulos was both surprised and pleased at her reaction. It was clear that she truly enjoyed being used and humiliated. The fact that she had been innocent before and now totally cut off from her old life, apparently allowed her to abandon all her old inhibitions. Again he thanked the Gods for smiling on him this day. He looked into her eyes as he slid his hand down her trembling belly until his fingers felt the first of the soft curls that formed a neat triangle at the join of her thighs. He saw her lick her lips and brace herself.

Her voice low and husky, she whispered, "Are you going to touch me down there, master?" Her words sounded more like an invitation than a question.

"Where Iliana? Touch you where?"

"My c-cunt master, my wet, virgin cunt," she replied with obvious relish, speaking each word slowly and clearly as if to savour the obscenity of it all.

He knew from experience that there was nothing like a virgin who had decided to throw modesty and decency to the winds and his cock hardened approvingly. Very slowly, he pushed his fingers through the triangle of curly hair until he felt the very top of her slit. He paused teasingly, enjoying the way she quivered impatiently, and then with a single movement moved his hand down to take hold of her cunt, one finger resting inside her slit. The tip of his finger was soaked in her juices.

Iliana's mouth opened as if she had been shot with an arrow. She threw her head back as he began to rub the heel of his palm over her clitoris, while the tip of his finger teased the hot, wet, opening of her hole.

"Whose cunt is this, Iliana?"

She lowered her head and looked at him in surprise at the strange question. She started to say, "Mi..." and then thought better of it. A wide grin spread across her face and she sighed happily. "It's

your cunt, master. It's all yours to do with as you please."

He actually felt a gush of juices flow from her hole as she spoke.

"Really? Anything I like?"

She took a deep breath, realising what he was asking, and then nodded firmly. "Anything, master."

"Even nasty, horrible, painful, things?"

"I ... I'm not very brave, and I'm afraid of the pain, master, but ... yes, master. I want to give you everything. Do whatever you like to my cunt, even dirty, nasty, things. Use it any way you like – for anything you like. Oh gods, I can't believe I said that." Her hips began to roll and writhe, rubbing her cunt against his palm like an affectionate cat.

He patted her cunt. "Good girl. I will have to think of interesting games for your cunt."

She smiled and licked her lips. "Thank you, master," she purred.

Methulos lifted his hand and studied the glistening juices that covered his fingertips. He moved over to stand in front of Evandre. "My hand seems to be wet. Do you mind if I dry it on you?"

She smiled at his teasing. "No, master." Despite her apparent indifference, it felt both exciting and faintly distasteful when he wiped the slick juices onto her flat belly. However, she had no intention at all of panting like a puppy the way Iliana did.

He smiled at her. "So, Amazon, do you feel vulnerable?"

She nodded. "Yes ... master. I too have never displayed myself in this manner."

"But I assume you are more used to being touched by others?"

"Wrestling is part of our training, and we do it in the nude, so in a way, yes, master."

"In a way?" he asked as he casually placed his hand on her breast.

She glanced down at his hand. "Those touches weren't deliberately ... sexual."

He brushed his palm in a circle over her nipple, and felt it rise and stiffen under his hand. "And this – is this sexual?"

She exhaled gently. "You know it is, master."

He applied a hand to her other nipple as well, and rubbed until it was just as hard. "I don't suppose you're eager to be punished?"

She shook her head. "No, master, I don't think I am – although it looks like I'm going to be." She glanced at the leather strap tucked under his arm.

Methulos grinned. "Not yet. But you may not enjoy what comes before that either."

She cocked her head to one side and smiled gently. "I'm sure I won't. But for some reason, I trust you. I shall endure."

He leaned forward and kissed her nipple, as if bestowing a salute. "I hope that in time you won't have to merely endure."

She looked doubtful. "That would be nice, master." Her nipple tingled madly from the touch of his lips, as if mocking her misgivings.

"I'm going to touch your cunt now."

She seemed to brace herself, as if expecting the thrust of a sword. "Yes, master."

Rather than tease her as he had with Iliana, he simply brought his hand up between her legs, paused when it touched the first hairs, and then placed it firmly on her cunt. "As my doera, do you recognise my right to touch you here?"

She was surprised by the question, but answered as calmly as she could, given that a strange man's hand was gently kneading her cunt lips for the first time in her life. "Of course, master. I have submitted to you, and my body is yours to do with as you please."

"And what about the sensations that come from your body?"

This was another surprise. She had not thought of it in that manner before. Her mind and spirit was her own, for not even the gods could control those – but if her body was his to command, did the physical sensations that her body generated belong to him as well? She could see no argument against it. This was an odd concept, and one that had all sorts of implications. "I suppose ... I mean, they belong to you too, master."

He nodded approvingly. "Very good." He tugged at the hair that covered her cunt lips and

frowned. "This stuff gets in the way. It makes it hard to properly appreciate your cunt."

"I could shave it off, master," she offered.

His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "But that would leave a nasty stubble, and someone would have to shave you at least once a day. A doera is supposed to make her master's life easier, not harder." He smiled. "I know, since you and Iliana are partners in all things, you can start by plucking each other's cunts clean. Not this nice little rug here – " he rubbed the triangle of hair above her cunt, "– just the hairs on the lips and between the cheeks of your bottom. How does that sound?"

Although she did not want to admit it, discussing her cunt in this manner embarrassed her. Amazons were not encouraged to explore their sexuality, since it was considered a weakness, and something that men exploited and used. She was annoyed to realise she was blushing. She inhaled deeply to calm herself and said, "That sounds like a good idea, master."

Iliana looked a little frightened. She asked softly, "Will pulling the hair from our cunts hurt a lot, master?" Actually saying the words seemed to excite her.

He smiled at her reaction. "Why don't we find out?"

She licked her lips and nodded. "Yes, master."

He turned to Rhodia, who had been watching the proceedings with fascination. "There's a length of rope over in the corner there. Fetch it for me please."

He patted both of the apprehensively waiting girls on the hips. "You two, lie down here on the carpet, head to toe. He took the rope from Rhodia's hand and placed it on the ground, perpendicular to the bodies of the two girls. "Evandre, lie on your back on top of this rope. I want it at your waist. That's right." When she was in position, he said, "Now you Iliana, get face down on top of her. Get right down so that your bellies are touching. Don't worry, Evandre's a strong girl. You won't crush her." When Iliana was lying flat on top of the Amazon, he passed the end of the rope around their waists several more times and then tied the ends together securely, joining the girls together at the waist.

Both girls found the position extremely embarrassing, as their faces were inches away from each other's cunts. So close in fact, that they could smell each other's feminine scent.

With Iliana's thighs on either side of her head, Evandre had nowhere to look except straight up into the girl's cunt. Iliana's pubic hair was so close that it tickled her chin and lips. If she tried to lift her head, she would have pressed her nose right into the girl's cunt.

Iliana had slightly more freedom, but the muscles of her neck were forced to fight gravity in order to hold her head up, and she knew that she would tire soon and be compelled to lower her face into the Amazon's cunt. Her helplessness made her heart pound with excitement, and although she had never considered having lesbian sex, the fact that her master was forcing her into this humiliating and obscene intimacy made her entire body glow with a strange, sensual heat. She remembered that her cunt was very wet, and the thought that the other girl was looking and even smelling her arousal made her even more excited. She prayed that she wouldn't drip onto Evandre's face.

Evandre had also become aware of the aroused state of the girl on top of her. She wasn't really familiar with how a sexually excited girl's cunt looked, but the swelling of her inner lips and the wetness that matted the hair around the opening of her cunt hole were hard to miss. She knew how her own cunt smelled, but right now Iliana's cunt smelled of something extra. She realised that it was the smell of the girl's sexual arousal, and she blushed deeply, embarrassed that she was being forced to witness something so very intimate.

"All right girls, are we comfortable?"

"Yes, master," both girls lied, knowing that was the correct answer.

"In a moment, I want you both to start plucking hairs. But before you do, I have to tell you that in order to give you an incentive to work fast, I am going to smack the buttocks of the girl on top with this strap. When I think she's had enough, I will give the order to turn over so that the other girl can share in the fun. I will keep hitting you until I think that you are both properly hairless. All right, get ready, go!" With that, he brought the strap down to smack Iliana's bottom.

The girl uttered a cry of surprised pain and began to pluck at Evandre's cunt hair. She gave another startled cry when the Amazon returned the favour and pulled several of her pubic hairs out.

The pain of having the hairs pulled from her cunt lips was trivial to Evandre, but the continuous plucking, and the knowledge that her cunt was steadily being bared was bitterly shaming. However, this did not prevent her from doing her duty, and she plucked industriously at Iliana's pubic hair, occasionally wincing as the lash landed near to her face.

Methulos was not punishing Iliana, and the strapping was both an incentive and a means of introducing her to the idea of being beaten, so the strokes were quite light, stinging rather than burning her bottom, sufficient to turn the skin pink but not to weal.

Iliana was fascinated by Evandre's cunt – so much so that she could almost ignore the plucking of her pubic hair, and the almost enjoyable smack of the strap on her buttocks. The pain had frightened her at first, but she soon realised that it was well within her ability to bear, and her confidence grew into boldness. She had never seen another woman's cunt close up before, not even her own. She marvelled at the multiple folds of soft, bright pink flesh, and the warm moistness of it all. Greatly daring, she even brought her nose close to the Amazon's cunt, telling herself that her neck grew weary, and inhaled deeply. In her old life, she would never have done it, but this was what her master wanted, and she was a dutiful doera. Using the plucking of the Amazon's pubic hair as an excuse, she pulled and spread the girl's cunt in all directions, exploring her sex like some strange new land. It thrilled her to the core to be forced to do such dirty, forbidden things. She felt relieved of any guilt or responsibility, and she allowed her hidden erotic nature rise to the surface.

The repeated sting as each hair was plucked from her cunt lips, combined with the manipulations of Iliana's inexperienced fingers caused Evandre's cunt to react, despite her shame and her attempt to remain calm and stoic. She could feel the heat growing in her cunt, and even a trace of moisture as the girl on top of her enthusiastically tugged and rubbed at her cunt – she wasn't certain whether she was doing it on purpose or not. She fervently hoped that Iliana wouldn't notice, since it would be so embarrassing – unfortunately, there was little chance that she wouldn't eventually spot the steady seepage of moisture that she could feel. She mentally cringed at the mocking looks that she imagined on everyone's faces. The stoic, warrior Amazon, getting all wet and horny like some silly farm maiden. She viciously yanked a clump of hair out of Iliana's cunt before she realised what she was doing, and cried "Sorry!" when the girl yelped in pain.

Methulos stopped smacking Iliana's bottom and walked around the two intertwined girls to examine the state of their cunts. He squatted down beside Iliana's head. "How are you doing?"

The girl's face was red with passion. She smiled up at him and said, "I'm fine, master. You can hit me some more like that if you like. It's not so bad." She bit her lip and then said, "In fact, being tied like this and having Evandre doing ... things to my c-cunt while you smack me is so exciting. I never knew it could be like this."

"And what about what you're doing?" he asked, nodding at her busily working fingers.

Her voice faded until she was almost whispering. "Master, to tell you the truth, I would prefer it if you forced me to lie still while Evandre plucked my hairs. That would be so sexy. I don't like hurting her like this."

He nodded and stroked her hair. "I'll remember that. But don't worry, I'm sure you're not hurting Evandre. In fact – " He held his finger to his lips and then pointed at the Amazon's cunt, indicating that Iliana should pull the half bald lips apart.

She grinned and pulled on the remaining hair on Evandre's cunt lips, spreading them apart. She winced as the Amazon retaliated by plucking a few of her hairs in quick succession, and then peered into the girl's open cunt following Methulos's pointing finger. Her mouth opened in an "O" when she saw the glimmer of moisture in the revealed hole, and realised that the Amazon was getting stimulated by her touch. She felt a surge of arousal, and she had to consciously resist the urge to rub her cunt on Evandre's face. She was giving the Amazon erotic pleasure. It was the first real sexual act of her entire young life. She nodded happily to Methulos.

He grinned back and said loud enough that Evandre could clearly hear him, "Time to roll over. Iliana below, Evandre on top. Don't stop plucking unless you have to."



Evandre, who was much stronger than Iliana, did most of the work in rolling them over. She was quite happy to be on top. She had not enjoyed the feeling of helplessness as she lay under the other girl, and she did not mind the threat of physical punishment. That was something that she was familiar with, unlike all the strange, confusing sensual feelings that had been thrust upon her.

Methulos smiled, guessing Evandre's thoughts. He also saw Iliana smile, happy to be underneath and revelling in the increased feeling of helplessness under the bigger Amazon. He shook his head in amusement. They were such an unlikely pair.

Iliana saw him watching, plucked a hair out of Evandre's cunt lip and waved it at him proudly.

He gave her a smile and then slapped the strap against his leg to warn Evandre. He studied her firm, round buttock cheeks lustfully, feeling the urge to bury his face in them. Instead, he swung the strap and gave them a brisk smack. He paused long enough for her to feel the warmth and tingling aftermath of the stroke, and then gave her another. He continued to spank her with the strap, hard enough to leave a clear red mark, but not inflicting really severe pain.

Evandre was confused. She had expected severe, perhaps intense pain, but instead the strap was inflicting sharp, tingling smacks that were hard enough to make her blood surge and her heart beat faster in anticipation of the next stroke, but seemed to be almost playful in their intensity. Did he think her weak and unable to bear more severe pain? Then she remembered the aching bruise behind her leg where his wooden sword had struck. He had not held back then. Yet, her buttocks were beginning to throb and ache, the way her muscles ached the day after a particularly hard bout of training.

Whipping as a punishment was rare in Amazon society, but when it happened, the victim was always tightly bound and helpless. Other than the rope around her waist, she was free to move as she wished, and the hardest thing about the beating so far was the struggle to hold herself still and to accept a punishment that was being inflicted on her for no reason at all other than her master's whim. But she was an intelligent girl, and as she continued to pluck Iliana's cunt hairs, the answer came to her. This was not intended to be a punishment. He was trying to train her, not hurt her. She was being taught to accept his blows without fighting back, the way a horse was taught to accept the bridle and saddle. She did not know whether to be amused or angry. She reminded herself that she was a doera now and had no right to be angry, so she chose to be amused instead. But in her heart she knew that with every stinging stroke of the strap that she accepted without fighting, her mind and body were learning obedience to his lash.

Methulos kept it up until both cunts were visibly bare of hair. Much hair still remained at the sides and in the crack between their buttocks, but he would let them deal with those in their own time. He gave one last enjoyable smack of the strap against Evandre's magnificent buttocks, and then said, "All done, girls." He untied the rope and let them get up. "Back to the position I showed you. Quickly!"

Both girls hurried to resume their wide legged stance, happy to be free of the rope. Their bellies and breasts glistened with sweat where they had been pressed tightly together, and a red, corrugated band marked their back and waists where the rope had bitten into the skin.

He stared at their cunts, making both girls wriggle uneasily. Their cunt lips were glowing red and visibly swollen, both from the plucking and the extended touching and manipulation. Their inner lips were full and distended, peeking clearly out of their slits, especially now that they were not shaded by pubic hair.

There was no doubt that Iliana was highly aroused. Her eyes shone, her nipples were rock hard, her skin flushed and she was breathing heavily.

Evandre was in less of a state, and yet in her own way she was clearly stimulated, even though she was not as eager as Iliana.

Methulos kept his gaze fixed on her face as he reached between her legs to cup her newly hairless cunt. While not sopping, her wetness was undeniable, and her cunt was hot and soft to the touch. He did not mock her by word or expression. His grip on her cunt was sufficient.

Evandre reddened, but nodded stiffly, admitting her arousal in answer to his unspoken question.

He nodded back. "You did well." Methulos had always been curious and eager to learn. Most

men saw women as walking holes when it came to sex, but he had bothered to experiment, and to ask questions. He knew about the clitoris, and just how sensitive it was. His fingers sought out Evandre's clitoris now, and he gently rubbed his thumb in small circles over the hooded pearl.

The Amazon gasped, and her thighs trembled. She had never masturbated, and she had not expected this. She was trained to bear pain stoically, but not an over abundance of pleasure. She winced and had to struggle not to pull her cunt away from his hand. "That hurts," she whispered.

His smile was gentle. "Does it? The truth now."

She gritted her teeth, and shook her head. "I ... it feels so ... " She was unable to find the words and shuddered instead. "I'm not sure I can stay still, master," she whispered apologetically.

"Try your best. I'll excuse a little wriggling," he replied, his thumb continuing to work. He leaned forward and sucked a nipple into his mouth, and flicked it from side to side with his tongue.

Evandre had very sensitive nipples, and this fresh assault made her moan. The bolts of pleasure from her nipple shot down through her body to meet the indescribable sensations emanating from her clitoris. Her knees almost buckled and she wriggled her hips and clenched and unclenched her hands. The sensations in her belly grew even more intense, and it felt like she desperately needed to piss, except not quite. She knew she needed to do something, but she didn't know what, and she groaned in frustration. To her horror, even the heated aching of her beaten buttocks began to feel ... interesting.

Methulos put his other hand behind her back to support her and to balance himself, and continued to stroke her clit and suck on her nipples, alternating from one to the other.

Suddenly, Evandre's eyes widened and her lips formed an "O". She made a wordless sound and her hands unlocked from behind her neck and shot out to grip his shoulders as she staggered. It felt like the thunderbolts of Zeus himself were shooting from his thumb and into her cunt, and only a lifetime of discipline prevented her from pulling away. Violent shudders ran through her body and she could not stop herself from making all kinds of embarrassing noises. Worse still, her traitorous body suddenly insisted on rubbing her cunt against his hand in a most obscene manner. She was shocked and a little frightened that she was capable of feeling something like this, for no one had ever described an orgasm to her before, and she was not sure what was happening. Only Methulos's calm acceptance of her odd behaviour prevented her from panicking and making a fool of herself.

Seeing the surprise in her eyes, Methulos leaned over to whisper in her ear. "You just had a climax, an orgasm. It's what happens when you do sexual things in a way that pleases you."

Evandre realised that he was trying not to embarrass her in front of the other two women, and she felt a surge of gratitude. It would have been bitterly hard to have the soft, city women laugh at her. She squeezed his shoulder in a gesture of thanks. Even though she knew that she should not be touching him in such a manner without his approval, her body was so limp and wobbly that she had to hold on to something or risk falling to her knees. She thanked the gods that these "orgasms" did not happen in the middle of battle, or she would have been dead long ago. On the other hand, she certainly would not object if her master made her climax more often. The corner of her mouth twitched in a mocking smile. Her Amazon sisters would have been shocked and disgusted. Perhaps it was a good thing that she was a doera now. When she felt sure her legs would support her, she pulled her hands back behind her neck. "Thank you, master. That was ... interesting."

He chuckled and gave her cunt a pat. "Your welcome." Then he moved over to Iliana, who was watching him with a mixture of eagerness and apprehension.

She was also a virgin, although she knew what an orgasm was, at least in theory from the stories and gossip of the other women. She had also never masturbated, and she was afraid that she would not climax. She had heard so many women say that they had never climaxed with their husbands. Some even claimed that it was unnatural for women to climax and that the gods had only intended it for men. Now that she had seen Evandre orgasm, she was hopeful that she could too, and was terribly afraid that her master would not bother to make her climax. She knew he could see how excited she was, and feared he might find it amusing just to leave her in this state.

Methulos put his hands on her shoulders and slowly slid them down over her chest to her breasts, which he then commenced to caress. "Stay very still. If you move, I will stop touching you."

However, you may speak or make any sounds you like, just so long as only your head moves."

Iliana's eyes widened in alarm and she froze like a statue. "Yes, master. I won't move, master."

His thumbs worked on her nipples, circling around and around. "That's good. You're going to stay completely still like a good little doera, no matter how or where I touch you – isn't that right?"

"Oh ... oh yes, master. Completely still, master," she gasped as her mind raced with erotic images of what his hands might do. Just as Methulos had expected, being forced not to react to his touch simply made the sensations that she was feeling all the more intense, and soon the urge to move and writhe grew so strong that she thought she might explode. She began to pant as his hand slid down her belly towards her cunt. She wanted so badly to push her hips forward and to present her cunt to his touch, but she was trapped by her own desires in a cage stronger than bronze. She would rather die than move and have him take his hands away now.

"I'm going to touch your cunt now, little doera. Remember, no moving!"

Iliana's face turned red with effort as she clenched her teeth and braced herself. She had never in her entire young life imagined that this was how she was going to have a man caress her cunt for the first time. It was nothing like her childish dreams, but on the other hand, she had never imagined that she could feel so excited and ... for a moment she could not think of the right word ... hot, that was it, she felt hotter, more sensual than in any other time in her life. It seemed as if her master understood her so well.

His fingers threaded through the triangle of hair and then on down to take possession of the freshly denuded cunt. It felt very warm, and very wet. He could feel her entire body trembling with emotion, and she uttered a tiny sweet moan when he pressed his palm against her cunt, trapping her clit between his hand and her pubic bone, and then began to slowly rotate his palm.

"Oh, master, that's so ... oh ... " she panted.

"Are your nipples sensitive, little Iliana?"

"Yes, master. Very sensitive." It was as if his hand was striking a flint in her cunt, showering her body with hot, burning sparks. Waves of pleasure washed over her, making her want to sway and wriggle and clench her thighs tightly together. The effort required to stay still made her pant, and gasp as if she had been running for miles.

"Perhaps I should suck on them. On the other hand, I might bite them. Pleasure or pain. Of course, you would react in the same way, wouldn't you? How would you react, little Iliana?"

She groaned, glorying in her helplessness. "I ... I would stay very still, master. Even if it hurt very, very, much." She imagined his teeth sinking into her delicate nipples, and how she would force herself to hold them absolutely still, no matter how much it hurt. The prospect of having her nipples tormented in that manner terrified her, but the knowledge that she would stay still and let him do it anyway made her cunt quiver and quake. She gasped as she felt his finger gently probe the slippery, wet, opening of her virginal cunt hole. She met his gaze and the realisation that he could see her every reaction and thought in her face made her feel like she was standing in the middle of a huge open arena, and being watched by the entire world as she shuddered and moaned in obscene lustful enjoyment.

Methulos opened his mouth and let her see his teeth as he lowered his head to her nipple. He smiled when he heard her squeak in fear. She was so wet that his fingers were making slurping sounds as he played with her cunt, and he knew – even if she did not – that she would come very soon.

Her heart trembled and thudded frantically when she felt his teeth close around her nipple. She forced her elbows back to lift her breasts and told herself that she would not move even if he bit her nipple off. She was his faithful doera, and she would obey. His hand seemed to be seeking out the most sensitive parts of her cunt, parts that she never even knew she had. It felt so wonderful and so strange at the same time. She felt a funny trembling sensation in her cunt, that spread rapidly to her belly. Her thighs began to twitch and she gasped in alarm when her body threatened to involuntarily shudder and writhe. "Master, I feel ... I'm ... oh ... oh ... Oh Master!" she cried as every muscle in her body seemed to rebel against her control and demanded that she make all kinds of strange motions. Her fingers wanted to clutch and claw, her thighs demanded that they be allowed to

squeeze together really hard, and her hips wanted to make strange, obscene thrusting motions. And yet, it was he master's command that she not move that made it so good. The invisible mental bonds seemed to magnify every sensation ten fold, and she came so hard that she felt her vision dimming, not realising that she was holding her breath.

Methulos was absolutely fascinated by the girl's internal struggle, and the intensity of her orgasm. He tapped the centre of her chest and said, "Breathe."

Iliana took a great gulp of air when her lungs started working again, and then nearly choked when Methulos continued to toy with her clitoris even after her climax had ended. She knew that the thing he was caressing was called her clitoris, but no one had told her how it would feel to be touched there *after* her orgasm. Despite the wave of lethargy that washed over her when her climax had past, she almost jumped out of her skin when he directly rubbed her clitoris. "Ouch! Ooh. Oh, master, please, it's too much ... I can't bear it ... "

He laughed. "But you – will – bear it for me, won't you?"

Her nostrils flared and her lips drew back from her tightly clenched teeth as she fought to stay still under the unbearable surfeit of stimulation. He wanted her to bear it – he had commanded her to bear it. The act of submission gave her even greater pleasure than her orgasm. Her mind seemed filled with a golden glow as she opened herself to the thundering sensations coming from her clitoris as he gripped it between two fingers and rubbed its tip with his thumb. She could bear it, she would bear it, because it was what he wanted.

Evandre watched in amazement as sexual juices dripped from Iliana's cunt onto the floor in great heavy drops. Methulos was not doing anything to her except to move his thumb in a tiny circle, and yet the girl wailed as if someone had rammed the tip of a dory into her arse.

When he finally stopped teasing her clitoris, he had to catch Iliana before she stumbled and fell on her face.

Her entire body shuddered, and her legs visibly wobbled even as she tried to stay in the position in which he had placed her, but she had a great big grin on her face. She had endured, and she had pleased her master. Her orgasm had been very nice, but her real pleasure came from the fact she had successfully obeyed Methulos's commands.

He patted the side of her breast. "Good doera."

Iliana beamed.

He stepped back and studied the two, flushed and tired looking girls. "A good start. But this is just the beginning. We haven't even started with real sex yet – or real pain. But for now, you may rest and get to know each other. Turios will show you to your quarters. I am going to give him some instructions on how to deal with you, and you will obey him fully. Is that understood?" He waited until both girls had replied, and then summoned Turios, who had been waiting within earshot. When the doeros came into the hall, he took the male slave aside and told him what he wanted.

Turios grinned and bowed. "It shall be done, oh master." He turned to the girls. "Come on you two. Your master wants me to give you a little treat."

The Amazon and the trader's daughter looked at each other. This did not sound good. However, they obediently followed Turios out of the megaron.

When the trio had left, Rhodia turned expectantly to watch Methulos. She knew he would at least want to talk to her and find out more about her background. She was kneeling on the cushions and sitting gingerly on her heels, this being the least painful position. All the cuts had crusted over, and the swelling had largely subsided thanks to Turios's smelly potion. However only time would fully heal the deep bruising of her flesh. She would not know how badly she would be scarred until the scabs fell off.

Methulos pulled up a cushion and sat down facing her. "And now we come to you."

She smiled and bobbed her head in a little bow. "Yes, master. Rhodia awaits your bidding."

"I selected from the ruins of Troy an Amazon, and a trader's daughter. However, the gods also chose to send you to me as well. So, what are you Rhodia? What is your tale?"

She smiled mischievously. "You see before you an impure virgin, master."

"A rare accomplishment indeed. Please tell me more."

She folded her hands primly in her lap. "My parents had always intended for me to be a vestal virgin in the Temple of Athena. I was taught to be innocent and pure." She lowered her head demurely, but peeked at him through her eyelashes. "But I was a naughty girl. I decided I did not want to be a virgin, once I was old enough to know what that even meant. I soon discovered masturbation, and for a while I imagined that Athena would not want me if I touched myself every night. But one night I must have made too loud a sound or wriggled too much and one of my sisters told my mother." She giggled. "My parents were horrified as well as furious. They prayed to Athena and sacrificed a goat to her. Then my mother punished me severely. I had never been spanked or beaten before, but she gave me the most terrible spanking that day. She stripped me naked and beat my bottom until her hand was too sore to continue. Naturally she was not the least bit concerned about the condition my bottom was in."

Methulos tsked, and then smiled. "And were you a good girl after that?"

"Umm ... no. After I recovered from the tears and the shock of being struck by my formerly kind and gentle mother, I realised something while lying on my tummy on my bed." She batted her eyelashes at him.

He grinned. "And that was?"

"With my bottom black and blue and throbbing like a sore tooth, I realised ... I realised I had rather enjoyed the spanking." She abandoned any pretence of modesty and lifted her head, showing him a wide, cheeky grin. "Taking much more care than before, I continued to masturbate, and also experimented with causing myself pain. I used belts, bits of string, twigs, just about anything I could lay my hands on. I liked it all."

"And so the virgin was corrupted."

She smiled. "Oh no, that wasn't the worst of it."

He raised his eyebrows. "There's more?"

She nodded. "As soon as I was old enough, I ran away from home and sold myself to the best brothel in the lower city. I fetched a good price, especially when I told the madam that I was willing to be beaten by the clients – for the right price of course." She pouted. "But before I could even sell my virginity, you Achaeans came and spoiled everything with your silly war."

Methulos began to laugh. "And that other woman who was captured with you was –"

She grinned. "The owner of the brothel. She fought back because she was trying to protect her best asset – me and my virginity. The silly woman refused to believe how bad things actually were, and insisted I help her fight. That's when we were captured."

He leaned back on a cushion and roared with laughter. "It looks like the fates were smiling on both of us after all. They sent you probably the only man in the entire bloody Achaean army who might appreciate what a treasure you are." He frowned. "Assuming, that is, that you haven't been frightened off by your little ordeal at the post."

She fluttered her eyelashes again and smiled virginally at him. "Um, other than the thought of dying prematurely and – after you rescued me – the fear of being scarred too badly, I rather enjoyed that man's little games."

He raised an eyebrow. "Games?"

She shrugged. "I thought it was my last day. A few scars were the least of my problems at that point."

"True enough. Just to be clear about this, I assume you only enjoy being tortured in a sexual manner. Am I right in saying you wouldn't like it if I just punched and kicked you at random."

She lowered her head and said softly, "I'm yours to do with as you please, master. You saved my life and I will do my best to accept whatever you wish to do with me. But if you hurt my body, especially my sexual parts because it excites you and makes you hot, then I will find it arousing too."

He nodded thoughtfully. "What about hurting others, or watching others being hurt?"

She bit her lip. "I think I might like punishing other women. As for watching, I enjoyed what you did to Evandre and Iliana. It was very sexy. I got wet, especially when you used the strap." She lifted her head. "I'm sorry I'm not able to please you properly right now, master." Then she

brightened. "I still have some parts that are not injured, and my cunt is a little sore, but I'm sure that it won't spoil your pleasure if you want to fuck me."

Methulos smiled and stroked her cheek and rubbed her belly gently. "I like your attitude, but I can wait until you're healed. For now, just spread your knees apart."

Her smile was slow and sensual. "I'm not really a virgin any more, so you don't have to be careful."

"Are you still very sore inside?"

She licked her parted lips. "I'm not sure. Why don't you find out, master." Wincing in pain, she gingerly edged her heavily caned thighs apart to bare her cunt to her master.

His hand moved down over the soft, smooth skin of her belly down towards her cunt. Her pubic hair was naturally sparse, being more of a fine lace-work of hairs rather than a bush.

Turios had not applied any salve to her cunt, since she had not been beaten there. However the cock shaped wooden olisbos had severely bruised and scratched the inner lips, as well as abrading the delicate skin around the entrance to her hole and ripping her hymen to shreds, so her cunt was swollen and still very sore, but she presented her cunt to him without the slightest hesitation. This was what she had wanted all her life, what she had left her family and sold herself to a brothel for, and there was no fear in her. She shivered with excitement when he trailed his fingertips lightly up the untouched insides of her thigh, stopping just short of her cunt and then moving over to the other thigh. Her cut and bruised nipples hardened painfully, which only served to arouse her even further.

"I'm going to touch your cunt now, Rhodia. I warn you, this is likely to hurt."

She knew that he knew his warning only served to excite her more, and to make her even more eager to feel his fingers on her cunt. She moaned softly when he brushed the fine hairs covering her cunt lips without actually touching her skin. She wanted to feel the pain, needed to feel the pain so badly that she could almost cry. Then she inhaled sharply when he finally let his fingertips ever so lightly touch her skin.

Methulos was fascinated by the way this girl reacted to impending pain. She looked so eager that one might have thought she was about to receive a gift. He had heard stories about women who enjoyed pain, but like most mythical beings, he had never expected to really meet one. He let his fingertips drift over her bruised inner lips. Rhodia had large inner labia, and even under normal circumstances they were clearly visible when she parted her legs. Now, due to their bruised and swollen state, the fleshy red petals blossomed boldly and looked very sore. He had long ago discovered that every woman's cunt, and especially her set of pink inner lips were unique, and with careful study he could identify a girl just by looking at her cunt, so he studied Rhodia's carefully. He would do the same for the other two later on.

Even the feather light brush of his fingers on her inner labia stung delightfully and she smiled even as she hissed in pain. Urged on by the desire to have him explore her cunt and therefore hurt her more, she leaned back and rested her palms on the cushions beside her ankles, which turned her cunt up towards him.

Encouraged by this action, Methulos stroked her cunt lips harder. He ignored her start of pain and continued to run his fingertip down along her inner lips, starting just below her clitoris and rubbing the sore, abraded skin all the way down to where the lips joined, before returning to the top to start over again. From the involuntarily movements of her body, he knew that his touches hurt her, but her tight, tiny smile and her soft sighs told him she wanted it.

Rhodia's cunt flared with a sore aching pain with every touch of his fingers, and it was the most wonderful thing she had ever felt. Her cunt was being lovingly stroked by a man, which was nice, but the fact that he did it in the full knowledge that he was causing her pain, was beautiful. She had long ago given up wondering why she was different from other women, and merely accepted it as a gift, or perhaps a joke, of the gods. He rubbed her harder, and she inhaled sharply as the sting increased, making her nerves tingle and the muscles in her cunt, belly and thighs tremble. Her closest childhood friends could never understand that she felt pain just like them, it was just that unlike them the sensation did not cause moisture to flow from her eyes, but from much lower down in her body instead. It was the pain itself and her deliberate enduring of it that excited her. It made

her feel alive. She saw in her new master's eyes that he understood, and she felt a great warmth in her heart, even as her cunt suddenly shook in pain when he pressed his fingers firmly against her lips and rubbed. Tiny cuts were ripped open, and bruised flesh was crushed. Her inner labia were extremely sensitive, and the pain stabbed into her cunt like heated daggers – and it was good. She felt more excited and alive than any time before in her life. Unlike when she hung from the pole, she did not fear that she was going to die, and she knew that this beautiful, sensual pain was just the beginning and she wanted to cry with joy. She braced her self with her hands and wriggled her cunt against his hand, hurting herself and letting her master know that his touch was welcome.

Methulos felt her rub against his hand and he grinned. He had no doubt that he was hurting her, but there was no trace of fear or reluctance, just a pure lust in her that seemed to glow from her skin like the red heat of a burning ember. For a moment, he shifted his grip to the smooth cone of flesh that began at the top of her slit and flowed down to flare over and around her clitoris. He rubbed the hood over her clitoris, feeling the tiny rigid shaft buried within the folds and masturbating it like a tiny cock.

Her clitoris was uninjured, and the sudden unexpected burst of pleasure made her cry out in surprise, her warm breath rushing out in a gasp. The sharp contrast between the stinging pain and the golden pleasure made it feel so very good that it forced tears to her eyes where agony had failed. "Oh master, that feels so wonderful," she sighed. "Much better than when I did it myself."

"Ready for more pain?"

She grinned. "Always, master." She clenched her teeth when he returned his grip to her inner lips.

He caught both of them between his thumb and forefinger and pinched – hard.

Ordinarily, this would have been very painful, but now, given the wounded state of her cunt lips, it was agony. The muscles of her flat belly rippled as she exhaled in a deep, rumbling moan. "Aaaahh! That hurts, master. It hurts so much." The moan changed to a sharp cry when he pushed the tip of a finger into her cunt and twisted it around, rubbing and scraping at where the wooden olisbos had scraped the opening to her cunt hole and violently shredded her maidenhead. She shuddered with pleasure as the pain triggered a surge of lust. She looked down at herself and then up at the man, her master, who was playing so wonderfully with her cunt. Her childhood dreams had come to life, and the handsome warrior had come into her life to give her wonderful pain. She felt her orgasm rising, and she gasped, "I'm about to climax, master." Then something made her say, "Please, master, hurt my clitoris, I beg you." She just knew that it would be so perfect if he did something painful to her tiny, sensitive clitoris just as she had her orgasm.

Methulos pulled his finger out of her cunt, and saw that it was streaked with a mixture of juices and blood. Using his middle finger, he pushed the hood back from her clitoris, baring the smooth pink pearl to him for the first time. It was stiff and boldly erect, as if daring him to touch it. With the tip of his forefinger, he touched it and gently drew tiny circles around its tip.

The touch of his rough, calloused finger on her clitoris was the perfect mixture of pleasure and discomfort, and Rhodia groaned and clawed at the cushions with her fingernails. She knew he was waiting for her climax. "I'm getting close, master, so close." She yelped when he twisted her cunt lips. "Ouch! Oh yes, it's coming, master, I'm nearly there ... nearly ... nearly ... now master! I'm going to ... "

When he sensed her hips tensing to begin to rocking motions of her orgasm, he braced her clitoris by placing his thumb underneath it, and then pressed the sharp edge of the nail of his forefinger into the tiny soft pearl until he could feel it digging into the firmer core within.

Rhodia screamed, pain and joy intermingling as she climaxed. She totally ignored her injuries and bounced up and down, writhing her hips madly and shuddering like one possessed. Her crushed clitoris sent raw, jagged bolts of pleasure/pain through her body, so intense that she feared her heart would stop. Her head spun and she was filled with such joy and sensual pleasure that she could not stop screaming for the longest time.

Methulos needed to come badly himself. He pulled up the hem of his tunic to expose his hard, quivering cock. He grabbed her head and looked into her eyes. "I need to come. Open your lips as

wide as you can. I am going to spurt into your mouth. Do not spit it out. Do you understand?"

Rhodia had never heard of oral sex, and was not very sure what happened when a man had a climax. Other girls had whispered that something came out of their cocks, but for all Rhodia knew it could be piss. However, she had committed herself to trusting this man with her life, so she obeyed without hesitation despite not knowing what he intended to do. "Yes, master." Her lips parted wide and she tilted her head back slightly to help him put the huge head of his cock into her mouth.

He remembered that she had no experience at all with sex and said, "Suck gently, and lick all around my cock. Keep doing it until I climax, but don't stop until I tell you. You'll feel it when I do, and I will spurt my semen into your mouth. Try to keep it in your mouth until I tell you to swallow, but if you need to swallow because you're choking, go ahead. Ready?"

She nodded, and watched in fascination as he pulled the foreskin back from the head of his cock and then presented it to her mouth. She had not known that cocks could do that, and fleetingly wondered what the funny loose covering of skin was for. She hoped it would not taste bad if she was going to be doing this regularly. Biting her master's cock did not seem like a good idea, so she carefully kept her teeth out of the way as she nervously let the fleshy object enter her mouth. He had said to suck, so she closed her lips around it once the dusky pink head had entered. It tasted faintly of piss, but not unbearably so, and that faded as she began to lave it with her tongue, praying to the Athena that she would not accidentally hurt him. He made sounds of pleasure, which encouraged her to continue what she was doing, and she sucked and licked enthusiastically. A small amount of fluid leaked from the little slit in the tip of his cock, but it didn't taste strongly of anything, so she assumed that it wasn't piss. She had heard that men's balls were very sensitive and easily hurt, so she kept her hands well clear of them, but put her fingers against his body at the base of his cock to help balance herself and control her movements.

"That's good, that's very good. Keep doing that, and I'll climax soon."

Despite her unusual desires, Rhodia was still a very young and inexperienced woman. She badly wanted to please this man, and his praise made her heart leap for joy. She had just had an orgasm and now she was actually performing a very special sexual act, and pleasing her master! It made her feel very adult and sexual. Before the invasion, she had been resigned to a life as a prostitute. Although she was now a doera, and technically less free than she was in the brothel, she only had to please a master who seemed to understand her, and perhaps some of his friends – instead of any man who could afford her services. She was part of his family now, and she felt a great sense of contentment as she sucked and licked on his cock. She felt him quiver, and she recognised the feeling from her own recent orgasm. He was going to climax, and she braced herself to accept whatever was going to come out of his cock. She swore that she would not show any signs of discomfort or disgust even if it burned like fire or tasted totally horrible.

The girl had demonstrated a surprising aptitude for oral sex, and Methulos felt his orgasm rapidly approaching as her tongue busily worked on the head of his cock. "Get ready, I'm going to climax," he gasped. Moments later he groaned and shuddered as jet after jet of semen shot out of his cock into the apprehensive girl's mouth.

Rhodia felt the muscular spasms begin in her master's cock, and a second later she felt a creamy feeling liquid spurt into her mouth. The taste was strange, but not unbearable. It was slightly fishy and a little bit like when her tongue touched a metal cup, as well as a blend of some more familiar, savoury tastes. Just in time, she remembered his instruction not to swallow, so she let it collect in her mouth as she continued to suck and lick until she heard him gasp and he tapped her cheek and said, "Enough." She kept her lips wrapped tightly around his cock as it slipped out, leaving her with a mouthful of semen. She carefully savoured the flavour and odour, trying to get used to it, while she waited patiently for him to tell her what to do.

Methulos sat down on the cushions again with a satisfied sigh. He grinned at her. "Mouth still full?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

"Swirl it around in your mouth. I want you to get really familiar with the taste. In fact, if you are to stay on here with me, I want you to learn to love it. Can you try to do that for me?"



She nodded again and gave him a closed mouthed smile. Then she did as she had been told, running the slick, runny liquid around over her tongue and gums, and letting the unusual taste of it fill her nostrils as if she was savouring a fine wine. It was not an easy taste to like, and her stomach almost rebelled, but she fought the sickness down. She told herself it was a gift from her master, a sign of his favour, and she would learn to treasure it even if it killed her.

When Methulos decided that she had enough for the time being, he nodded. "All right, you can swallow now."

Rhodia gratefully swallowed the now bubbly mass in her mouth, forcing it all down before smiling at him. "All gone, master."

"You did well. How was the taste? Speak truthfully."

She tapped her lips with a slim finger while she tried to think of the right words. "It was an unusual taste, master. Not unpleasant, but very different. But I will learn to love it master, if you give me the chance." She eyed his cock and licked her lips suggestively.

He nodded. "It seems to be a personal thing. Some girls love it, others find it sickening. I have been told that the seed of each man tastes different and that it is also affected by what he eats." He chuckled. "Perhaps we can experiment with that theory."

She bowed her head. "Thank you for giving me a chance, master."

"You are both brave and interesting. If you heal cleanly and do not fester, I will be happy to have you serve me, if that is truly what you want."

She grinned happily. "More than anything master."

"Good." He smiled evilly. "I wonder how Evandre and Iliana are doing?"

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Evandre was glad that Iliana's cunt had been plucked clean of hair. It would have been very irritating to have strands of it tickling her nose and lips all night.

Iliana giggled. "He did say that he wanted us to get to know each other better."

Her warm breath tickled Evandre's cunt. "This was not quite what I had envisaged," she said, returning the favour.

The girls were once more tied head to toe, with a band around their waists. But this time, Turios had also tied each of their wrists to the other girl's thighs in such a way that they were forced to embrace each other with their face pressed against the other's cunt.

Iliana said, "I think he's trying to tell us something."

"I wonder what that is?" Evandre said sarcastically.

"I'm glad Turios let us go to the toilet before tying us up."

"So am I."

Iliana cleared her throat. "You know that our necks are going to get tired sooner or later, no matter what position we assume, and we'll be forced to press our faces against each other's cunts."

"The thought had passed my mind."

"You know what he wants," Iliana said softly.

Evandre smiled. "I've guessed that too."

"Are you going to do it?"

"I am his doera, not a toy or a puppet." She tried not to think of the shameful way that she had climaxed under his touch.

"Does my cunt offend you?" Iliana asked in a tiny voice.

Evandre sighed. "No, Iliana. You are a pretty girl, and Amazons don't find the bodies of other women distasteful, but neither do we normally have sex with each other."

Iliana thought about this for a while, and then said, "I ... I want to please him. Plus, being tied up like this, with you, excites me. Would you be angry if I ... did it to you?"

The Amazon chuckled. "No. You must do what you have to do. Just don't be offended if I don't reciprocate." The scent of the girl's cunt was getting stronger and muskier, and Evandre knew that Iliana was truly excited by her predicament.

"That's all right, Evandre. I understand. Thank you." Iliana suspected that Turios or even Methulos himself would check to see what they were doing, and she wanted him to know that she had obeyed his unspoken command. Besides, she was surprised to find that she was finding it rather sexy to have her face forced against another girl's cunt in this manner, and she was curious to see how Evandre would react if she ... did things to her. She was pleased that the Amazon had agreed to let her play with her cunt. She didn't want to offend the strong, powerful girl who was going to be her partner for the foreseeable future.

Evandre suddenly also realised that like it or no, this girl was going to be her shield mate, and they would have to watch each other's backs. "I will tell him that you did your best, and that any failure to do what he wanted was my fault alone."

Touched, Iliana moved her head forward and softly kissed Evandre's cunt. "Thank you – partner."

Evandre turned her head and kissed Iliana on the thigh. "You're welcome – partner." Then she inhaled sharply as the girl's lips pressed firmly against her cunt. No one had ever kissed her there, and in a way, she found a girl's lips easier to accept than that of a man. The girl's lips continued to drift over her denuded cunt, kissing her all over her mound, and she could not help writhing her hips gently in response. It was the most erotic thing she had ever felt, and her entire body grew warm and tingly. The fact that she was bound and helpless allowed her to accept the caresses without guilt, and she knew it would be childish as well as futile to try to pretend that nothing was happening.

Denied the use of her hands, Iliana resorted first to the use of her lips, making little nibbling motions as she explored the softness that hid within the warm slit of the Amazon's cunt. Because she was head down in relation to Evandre, her lips soon came across her clitoris. With some delicate brushing with her lips, she managed to push the hood back from her clitoris sufficiently for her to suck it up between her lips, leaving it fully exposed to the attentions of her tongue. Iliana's nose was almost buried in Evandre's slit as she worked on the Amazon's clitoris, and her world was filled with the other girl's sexual fragrance. She had never touched her own clitoris other than when washing, and she was filled with curiosity about the little pearl that she held between her lips. Methulos has shown her the incredible sensations that it was capable of, and she was eager to learn how to do it herself. With the utmost care, she traced the tiny shape of with the tip of her tongue, exploring it by touch.

The effect of the girl's lingual efforts on Evandre were devastating. The patient, persistent probing and stroking of her tongue on the Amazon's clitoris shook her to very core of her being. She bit her tongue in an effort not to cry out or to crush the other girl's head between her powerful thighs, but she could not hide the quaking of her body or her deep, laboured breathing as wave after wave of intense pleasure swept over her. She couldn't even squeeze her arms together, as that would have meant crushing her own head between Iliana's thighs and pushing her face into the girl's cunt. Because of the way they were tied together, she could not pull her cunt away from Iliana's mouth and she was afraid that any violent movements on her part could injure the unsuspecting girl who was bound to tightly to her. It was totally maddening, but her pride would not let her ask Iliana to stop, so she could only lie there helplessly while the girl drove her mad with passion. An orgasm crashed through her loins before she even knew it was coming, and still the girl's tongue did not stop working on her cunt. Evandre moaned in despair as the maddening sensations continued and dragged her towards her third orgasm of the day – which was also the third in her entire life.

Iliana was totally engrossed in her exploration of the Amazon's cunt. She searched out every taste, smell and texture that she could find, rubbing and probing tirelessly with her lips and tongue. She had her tongue buried deep in Evandre's cunt, and she could actually feel the Amazon's maidenhead with the tip of her tongue. Her mouth and face were covered with the other girl's juices, but she did not care. The ropes joining her so helplessly to Evandre drove her wild with passion and she was determined to abandon herself entirely to her master's desires. She even stretched her neck out in an effort to reach and lick Evandre's arse hole, even though she was not even sure whether that was something that she was supposed to do. It just felt so sensual and naughty that she just had

to do it.

Methulos peeked into the sleeping chamber just as Evandre came again, and he grinned as he heard her moan of despair as Iliana showed no sign of stopping. He knew that the Amazon was too proud to beg the other girl to stop, and would continue to suffer until Iliana exhausted herself. He noted that Evandre had not returned her partner's caresses. Tomorrow morning one of them was going to be sexually exhausted, while the other would be positively aching with pent up passion. He had given Rhodia permission to accompany him on his little spying mission, and she peeked around his waist to see the action.

"Oooh, that's cruel," she gasped, grinning widely. She understood that her master was cunningly playing the two girl's natures off against each other, so that both would suffer a form of sexual torment. One would have too much of a good thing, whilst the other would be extremely frustrated from having none at all.

## Chapter Four

Early next morning, Methulos was reunited with his new doerai. Turios had untied the two very tired and stiff girls, waited until they had completed their ablutions and shepherded them to the megaron, along with Rhodia, who was also red eyed from lack of sleep, as she had been unable to lie down comfortably on her front or back.

Methulos had slept very well and had already started his morning meal when the girls stumbled into the hall. "Ah, good morning girls. I hope you all had a restful night."

Evandre was used to operating on very little sleep on the battlefield, but not while also suffering from a long sequence of orgasms. She was amazed to discover that having many climaxes made her even more tired than running for miles in full armour and fighting a battle afterwards. She was woozy and her legs felt weak. Her cunt ached as well. However, she was not about to let any of this show, so she forced herself to stand proudly erect as if being inspected by a war leader. She nodded at him. "I slept well, thank you master."

Iliana's jaw and neck ached abominably from her all night efforts, and her cunt ached from frustrated desire. However, it was not her place to complain, and she had actually enjoyed herself last night, so she replied cheerily, "Me too, master. Thank you for asking."

"For your information, I did peek in on you last night to see how you were doing, and the two of you seemed to be getting along well. I was pleased that both of you are making an effort to get acquainted."

Both girls flushed at the thought of Methulos watching their sexual activities, although Iliana was secretly pleased that he had seen her enthusiastic efforts. After last night, she was even more excited by the thought of her helplessness and her need to submit herself to this man.

"Tell me Iliana, what did you think of Evandre's cunt?"

"She has a very nice cunt, master. I admit, it was the first time I have ever ... done anything to a girl's cunt, but she smelled and tasted very nice." She grinned. "And she made such nice noises when I sucked on her clitoris."

Evandre wished that she could sink into the ground. Having her cunt and her sexual responses discussed in public like this was mortifying.

He turned to the Amazon. "And you, Evandre. I think that you think of Iliana's cunt?"

She didn't know how much he actually saw, but she refused to lie, even though she was fairly certain the Iliana would not betray her even if she did. "I think she had a nice cunt too, master. However I admit that I did not ... study hers as closely."

"Did you kiss or lick her cunt at all?"

Evandre shook her head. "No, master."

"Did you think that it was my desire that you did so?"

She stiffened. "You didn't order me to have sex with Iliana."

"And if I had?"

She sighed. He was not going to let her avoid answering him. "I would not have done it, master."

"I will obey you and stay with you as if I were of your family, master. But not all family members have sex with one another."

"But even family members are subject to the orders and punishments of the head of the family."

Reluctantly, she nodded. "Yes, master."

To her surprise, he smiled. "But we shall talk of these things later. First, we eat. I have three lovely girls in my hall and I would enjoy their company. Sit, eat."

Cushions and a low table bearing food had been set out in front of his chair, and the girls sat down to break their fast.

Rhodia looked much better this morning. Many of the tiny scabs had come off, and the bruising was fading. From what Methulos could see, most of the scarring would be fine lighter coloured lines on her skin, almost like some kind of very pale exotic tattoo.

All three of them perked up after drinking some fruit juice and having some food, and soon began chatting and giggling.

Evandre even managed to laugh ruefully at Iliana's animated description of her orgasms as the girl described the night's events to Rhodia.

He allowed them to relax for a while as he studied them, occasionally adding a comment or joke. These were not farm workers or maids, and he wanted them comfortable with him, as long as they remembered who was in charge. "Evandre, now that you've eaten, we need to talk."

She had been expecting this, and rose quickly to her feet. "Of course, master."

The other two girls gave her "good luck" looks and then tried to make themselves invisible from his assumed fury.

Of course, he wasn't really angry, since he had anticipated her reaction, and had deliberately given her the excuse of not having explicit orders. However, the events of last night had given him a reason to test the limits of her obedience, now that she had confirmed her reluctance to obey him with regards to matters sexual. By using Iliana as a surrogate, he would not appear to be a disgruntled man denied of sex who was taking his frustrations out on Evandre, but merely a master trying to train his doera in the proper behaviour required of her.

He surprised her by smiling, and waving her forward. "Come closer. I'm not angry, and I'm not going to hit you. At least not right now." When she was near enough, he reached out and took her hand.

She looked at him suspiciously, expecting a slap or some other kind of blow at any moment, despite what he had said. When he pulled her down to sit beside him on the wide chair, she lowered herself slowly, as if the seat might produce spikes or blades beneath her.

Feeling the stiffness of her body he chuckled. "Relax. Have I lied to you so far?"

Feeling slightly foolish, she shook her head and allowed her body to relax. She felt strange, holding the man's hand like this. She felt the calluses on his palm and fingers from years of weapons use and practise, which were matched with those on hers and she smiled.

He nodded. "That's better. Now, remember, I said I was going to train you, and I meant it. Not beat you into submission or torture you. Last night for instance, might have been uncomfortable and a little embarrassing, but it wasn't unbearable was it?"

She shook her head, wondering where he was going. She knew there would be something in at the end of it that she wouldn't like. Then she told herself that trainee warriors never "liked" their training at the beginning either. She stifled a smile. In fact, many novice warriors were firmly convinced that their weapons masters were trying to kill them.

Methulos let go of her hand and put his arm around her waist, enjoying the warm feel of her body. "All right. Enough of the suspense. This is what's going to happen. Each day, I am going to give you a choice. First I will ask you to do something sexual. Perhaps to me, perhaps to yourself, perhaps to one of the other girls." He held up his hand to silence her when she started to speak. "Hear me out first. As I said, you will have a choice. You may refuse, and instead choose a penalty – a physical punishment – which will be applied both to you and to Iliana. Remember, I said she was your partner. The same thing will apply to her if she refuses an instruction. Both of you will be punished."

Evandre glanced at Iliana.

The girl looked understandably alarmed, but she smiled back bravely. "It's all right Evandre. Don't feel you have to do anything because of me. I can take the punishments if you can."

The Amazon knew this wasn't true, but still, she couldn't give at the mere threat. "So you would beat the two of us into submission after all?"

He shook his head again. "No. The punishments will be proportionate to the act I require and described fully to you before hand. In other words, I won't just string the two of you up and beat you until you surrender." His lips curled upwards in amusement at her predicament. "I'll give you a simple one to start with, just so that you can see how it will work." He waved for Iliana to come to him as well, and had her sit on his lap. He felt his cock stir when her warm buttocks settled on his thighs. He put his arm around her slim body and toyed with her nipple, making it rise and harden.

Speaking to Evandre, he said, "See these pretty little nipples? Well, for the rest of the day, whenever I say Iliana's name, I want you to go over to her and suck on each of her nipples until they are nice and hard. That all – it's as simple as that. If you refuse and for every time that you refuse, I shall give each of you two strokes of the vine rod across your bottoms, one for each nipple. The punishments are not cumulative, and even if you agree once, you can refuse again the next time and take the punishment instead. See – simple. So, do either of you have any questions, before the training begins?"

The girls looked at each other. Both shook their heads and said, "No, master."

He smiled. "Excellent. Now, it's time for our morning exercises. I exercise every morning for an hour and then do an hour of weapons practise. I want all three of you to join me for the exercises every day. If you wish, Evandre, you may join me in weapons practise as well."

Evandre was surprised and touched by his trust in her honour and her oath of loyalty. Most owners would not allow their doera or doeros near even wooden weapons. She had practised daily for most of her life, and it was something that she dreaded not being able to do any more. It was part of being an Amazon. Again, she was impressed at his shrewdness and thoughtfulness. She guessed that he was a formidable leader of warriors.

He stood up and dusted the crumbs of the flat bread off of his fingers. "Rhodia, you can take it easy for the time being until you are fully healed. Evandre, Iliana, let's go."

In her eagerness to get outside and exercise, Evandre missed the cue entirely, and only realised when Iliana tapped her on the arm, raised her eyebrows and pointed at her own nipples.

Evandre bit her lip. He had said Iliana's name. Now she had to choose. Obey, or be punished and cause Iliana to be punished. Her sense of honour and her conscience struggled.

Iliana squeezed her partner's arm. "It's all right. Do what you must. I won't blame you."

The Amazon whispered "I'm sorry" before shaking her head.

Methulos's face showed no trace of triumph or vindictiveness. "I'm sorry Iliana, but your partner has chosen. Will you both stand still for the strokes or will I have to tie you?"

Now that punishment was inevitable, Iliana was excited by the idea of submitting to the punishment. "I'll be good, master," she chirped. "How should I stand master. In Position One?"

He smiled, amused by her eagerness to obey. "No, just move your feet part a bit and bend at the waist. You may put your hands on your knees for support. Arch your back down so that your bottom is presented nicely." He deliberately gave Iliana detailed instruction so that Evandre could copy her without needing to ask or be told. He was not out to crush the Amazon's pride or spirit, merely to encourage her to cooperate sexually.

Evandre had no desire to be humiliatingly tied up for just two strokes of the rod, so she silently adopted the same pose and said, "I'm ready for punishment, master." She was surprised to find that she did not feel any anger or resentment. He had given her fair warning and a clear set of reasonable choices.

Methulos had placed slim vine rods in strategic places all around the house and grounds, so his did not have to go far to get one. He flexed it with his hands and swished it through the air.

The frightening whoosh made Iliana wince, memories of Rhodia's beating at the post making her heart race in fear, and her palms felt slick on her knees. Unlike Rhodia, she did not enjoy pain. She knew this would be very different from the almost playful slapping of the leather belt from yesterday. That was fun, this was a punishment.

He ran his hand over the tightly stretched buttocks and tickled Iliana between the cheeks, which made her giggle. He would have felt sorry for most girls in her figurative position, but Iliana truly enjoyed being helpless, so everything worked out just fine. Moving to Evandre, he cupped her cunt with his hand and just held the smooth bare lips for a moment to remind her of his mastery over her body. "Evandre here goes first."

The Amazon did not fear the pain, but the feeling of helplessness made her fingers dig into her knees in frustration when the rod tapped her taut buttocks. For the warrior maiden, the need to meekly submit was more painful than any beating could have been.

Having an excuse to use the rod on a pretty girl was always exciting for Methulos, but the

knowledge that Evandre could so simply avoid the punishment and yet still stood bent over in front of him added a great deal of spice to the situation. He could read her tension in the lines of her body, and he accurately guessed the cause. He let the cool wood of the knobbly vine rod rest against her skin to build up the tension, as well as because he liked the way the rod looked in that position. He raised the rod, expertly judging its weight and heft, and then brought it flashing down. It slammed into her buttocks with a sharp "thwack". As expected, she barely moved, even though he had hit her quite hard. He studied the mark that ran across both cheeks and nodded with satisfaction. He had not broken the skin, although it had come close where the tip of the rod had struck. Despite her bravery, he could see a fine sheen of sweat form over her back as her body automatically reacted to the pain.

Pain was pain, no matter how brave the person, and the force of the blow burned Evandre's buttocks like a streak of fire. She stifled a gasp and braced herself just in time for the second stroke. As the fresh flames licked at her flesh, she could not help thinking that this was going to happen many more times today because she was too stubborn to simply kiss another girl's nipples. She twisted her head around to guiltily watch her master move across to Iliana. She wanted to plead with him on her behalf, but she knew it would be fruitless. She could save her new friend, but only by abandoning her own pride and self respect.

Iliana tried to look back at Methulos, and managed to turn her head far enough to see the rod rise into the air. The threat made a chill run up her spine, and sent a sharp tingle into her cunt, as if she suddenly needed to pee. She felt so very helpless bent over like this, and she loved it. She prayed that she would be brave enough to take the two strokes as calmly as Evandre had. She did not want to disappoint the intimidating Amazon or to make her feel guilty. She flinched when she saw the rod move out of the corner of her eye. She held her breath and clenched her teeth, only to exhale with a sharp "ahhh" when the rod struck her buttocks. It hurt more than anything she had ever felt in her life, and she had to blink furiously to get rid of the tears that blurred her vision.

Iliana was standing to the left of Evandre, and he was to the left of Iliana, so Methulos was able to see Evandre flinch at the sound of the other girl's gasp of pain, and he smiled. It was good to know that he had judged the Amazon's character correctly. She had a strong sense of honour and justice. Many warriors became callous and uncaring of the pain of others, but apparently this had not happened to Evandre, despite the fact that she had much experience in battle.

The second stroke was not any more pleasant than the first, but the knowledge that she was deliberately holding herself still for such pain excited her, and the good feelings that began to buzz in her loins compensated for the nasty sting in her buttocks. The idea that her punishment was entirely dependent on someone else's actions was also rather stimulating. However, being beaten all through the day was not so good. She would be in pretty bad shape come nightfall, and then there was the next day, and the day after that. She began to feel frightened. She straightened up, with her hands held protectively over her buttocks. The parallel ridges across her cheeks felt so hot that she wondered if they glowed.

Methulos's tone was kind as he said, "How are you doing?" He was careful not to use her name.

Her eyes wide and moist, she said, "It hurt a lot, master." She gasped and then sighed softly when his hand went between her thighs and touched her cunt. She imagined that she was under some kind of spell that forced her to let him touch her there, and she quivered with pleasure.

He held up two wet fingers. "But it wasn't all bad, it seems."

She blushed. "You know what I enjoyed, master. But the rod still hurt." She smiled gamely. "But I'm all right, master. Don't worry about me. I just want to please you."

He held the tip of her chin and gave her a kiss on the lips. "You're a good girl – and very sexy."

She wriggled happily. "If I'm so sexy, why am I still a virgin, master?" she reminded him saucily with a wink. "You can tie me up really tightly when you do it, master."

He chuckled. "Cheeky squirrel. I would think that Evandre's problems would be enough for you without adding more." He gave her hand a light slap, which was transmitted through it to her bruised bottom.

"Ow!" she squealed and scampered away before he could slap her other cheek.

"And you Evandre, how are you? You took your strokes well, but has it changed your mind?"

She pretended to ignore her burning buttocks and shook her head. "No master."

He just smiled. "Very well. Let's go on to the exercises everyone." He wondered if his erection would go down by the time he started on his daily run in full armour around the grounds.

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Watching the three of them bending and stretching in the yard was a sight fit for the gods, and he had never realised how three pairs of naked, sweaty buttocks wobbling in front of him made running so much easier. He would have to suggest it to the army trainers. The bright red parallel lines across the cheeks of two of them lent an especially interesting touch. He was impressed that Rhodia was able to keep up with them through both the exercises and the run, despite the discomfort she had to be feeling, only refraining from the exercises that required she lay on her back in the sand, which would have torn open the wounds in her buttocks and thighs.

All of them squatted panting in the shade of a tree, where Turios served them cool water, and provided buckets of it for them to splash themselves. The doeros did not exercise with his master, but he kept fit merely by doing his regular duties, which involved a lot of heavy manual labour.

When he had cooled off enough beneath the boiling hot bronze and leather of his armour, Methulos stood up and stretched. "On to arms practise. Rhodia and Iliana, you two can stay here and relax, while Evandre and I practise."

This time Evandre caught the use of her partner's name and stiffened.

Iliana, who was still panting from the run, looked up in alarm.

Methulos continued to stretch, and waited silently for the Amazon's decision.

Evandre glanced apologetically at Iliana, and then said, "Please punish me, master."

Iliana sighed and got up tiredly to join the Amazon. She touched Evandre's hand to let her know that she was not angry. She was not looking forward to another two stripes, but concentrated on her bent over pose, and the way it allowed her to show off her hairless cunt to her master. Showing herself off like that made her cunt tingle, especially because of how vulnerable it made her feel. She had an image in her mind of his rod accidentally slipping and striking her between the legs. The frisson of fear that the thought gave her made her wet again. She did not *want* to be hit there, but the idea of forcing herself to make her cunt available for such a horrible punishment, even in an unspoken fashion, was incredibly exciting to her.

Methulos did not drag out the punishment, briskly giving both of them their two stripes, one above and one below the existing ones. He did stop to give Iliana's cunt a gentle brush of his fingers to let her know he had noticed her efforts.

She smiled at him teary-eyed as her cunt tingled from his touch, even while she tried to sooth the burning in her bottom with her fingers.

Evandre could see Iliana's distress and guilt began to weigh heavily on her heart. The girl's cheerfulness and refusal to blame her only seemed to make her guilt worse. Of course, she knew that this was exactly the reaction that Methulos wanted, but the knowledge did not really help. It was still her decisions that were getting Iliana hurt. She could bear her own pain, but it hurt her conscience to see the weals building up on the other girl's buttocks. She began to wonder. It would not be a permanent surrender to kiss Iliana's nipples, nor was it even such an extremely sexual act. She could still refuse to perform anything more extreme later. She shook all thoughts of weakening out of her mind when Methulos tossed her a wooden sword and a shield.

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It took another three punishments before Iliana broke down in tears and fell to her knees after bravely taking the latest two strokes. Even then she was not angry at Evandre, nor did she want to pressure her into submitting. It was just that the pain was getting so bad, and the day still stretched on before her with the possibility of numberless more strokes of the rod.



Evandre ran to help the girl up and then glared accusingly at Methulos. "All right. I'll do it. Don't hurt her any more."

"Do what?" he asked, determined to reinforce the lesson.

"I'll ... kiss and suck her nipples whenever you speak her name," she said. Despite her anger at herself for surrendering this battle, she was careful not to sound angry or resentful. She knew that he could easily punish both of them even more if she was rude. As a doera, she had to learn to be gracious in defeat, as there seemed to be little prospect of victories in her future.

To his credit, Methulos did not gloat. He summoned Turios and had him prepare more salve for Iliana's bottom. He pointedly did not offer Evandre any salve.

She did not resent this. As a warrior, she was quite prepared to bear her own wounds with patience and she understood that he wanted her in pain so that she would think about her attitude.

Iliana sniffed disapprovingly at the smell of rotting vegetation that rose from the salve. However, the relief it provided to her bottom was most welcome.

"So, Iliana, is that better?"

Relieved that the threat of further punishment had been lifted, she grinned happily. "Much better, master," forgetting for the moment the significance of the fact that he had spoken her name aloud.

However, Evandre had not. She stepped up to the surprised Iliana, placed her hands on the girls shoulders. Leaning forward, she took a deep breath and pressed her lips to Iliana's nipple. She felt the multiple rod marks on her bottom throb as she sucked on the nipple, feeling embarrassed as well as silly. But when she felt the nipple harden under her touch, she could not help but feel aroused by the knowledge that she was giving Iliana sexual pleasure. She sucked and licked until the girl sighed happily and then moved over to the other nipple to repeat the performance. When she was done, she looked up, red faced, and said, "Was that satisfactory, master."

He stepped forward and gave one of Iliana's nipples a playful tweak. "Yes, I think that will do fine. Just remember that my command still applies for the rest of the day."

Evandre raised her head proudly. She had lost a battle, but was far from defeated. "I will remember, master."

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With exercises done for the day, Methulos gratefully dumped his armour and other gear, and trailed by the girls, headed for the baths. All of them dived eagerly into the cold water of the large, square pool, that was sunken into the floor and edged with coloured tiles. The bath was fed by a constant flow of fresh water from a small tributary of the great Skamandros river that split the plain in front of Troy.

This improved the girl's moods considerably, aided by the jugs of mead that Turios had thoughtfully placed next to the bath. Even Evandre joined in the playful splashing and tickling, the cool water serving to soothe the soreness of her buttocks.

Methulos was careful not to use Iliana's name, judging that they all needed a break from the emotional intensity and struggle of the morning. "The servants can supply hot water too, if I tell them ahead of time."

Iliana threw herself with innocent abandon at her master, kissing and rubbing her slippery body lithely against him and giggling when he groped her.

Rhodia was more cautious due to her still healing wounds, but also joined in the play. However she was mentally more worldly, and much more aware of the effect of their horseplay on Methulos. She paddled along the edge until she was close beside him, and hidden by the water, she reached for his cock and gently stroked his erect shaft.

Evandre dutifully moved next to his other side to allow his hand access to her firm body. Her face remained expressionless when he reached around and squeezed her ridged and bruised buttocks, and she spread her thighs apart when his fingers searched between them.

He turned to Rhodia. "Do you remember what I taught you yesterday?"

She smiled at the memory and nodded eagerly. "Yes, master. Would you like me to do it again?"

He gave her a kiss and then shook his head. "Not right now. I would like you to teach Iliana how to do it. You're more naturally sensual, and would probably do a better job than me."

Rhodia still felt very insecure about her position in his household and affections. She was painfully aware of her scars and worried constantly that he would decide to reject her. Although she felt a twinge of jealousy, she knew her place. "Of course master. I shall do my best."

He kissed her again, sensing her insecurity. "I know you will."

Pleased, Rhodia began to whisper to Iliana while Methulos climbed out of the water to sit on the edge of the pool, his legs still dangling in the water and his cock overhanging the edge like a very thick fishing pole.

Iliana stared at his cock and began to giggle again as Rhodia continued her detailed and very graphic instructions. "Really?" she gasped. "And it all goes ... "

Rhodia gave the other girl a push in the small of her back, urging her to paddle between her master's thighs.

Iliana was just tall enough to stand on the bottom of the pool and have her head level with his cock. She giggled again and looked up at his face. "May I touch your cock, master?"

"You may."

She giggled again. "And may I suck your cock, master?"

"Only if you do it properly," he replied, glancing at Rhodia.

The ex-vestal-virgin cum whore nodded. "She knows what to do, master."

He grinned. "Excellent. In that case, you may begin." He turned to Evandre and patted the tiles beside him, indicating that she should climb out and sit next to him.

The Amazon smoothly lifted herself out of the water like some exotic sea creature, brushed her wet hair back behind her head and slid across the tiles to sit next to him, her hands primly in her lap.

Iliana extended her tongue and tickled the tip of his cock with it. Her hands were behind her back, and she was obviously enjoying the idea of using only her mouth to please him.

Methulos smiled at her antics and sighed comfortably when her lips closed around the tip of his cock. He slid his hand over Evandre's wet shoulder to the back of her neck, brushing aside the heavy strands of her dripping hair.

Evandre's lips parted silently when she felt him stroke her back, running his fingers up and down her spine and lightly tickling the area just above her buttocks. She had never had anyone stroke her in such an erotic manner before, and it felt really nice, even though her bottom hurt as it pressed against the cool tiles. In fact, the gentle caresses were a welcome and delicious distraction from the pain, and she found herself unwillingly concentrating on his touch. Because she was so painfully aware of his skilful touches, her body reacted strongly to them, and she felt her body growing warm and her cunt reacting with a now familiar tingling heat. She did not know whether to be happy or annoyed, but since she was helpless to do anything except sit there, she decided to just enjoy herself. She was certain that there would be plenty of opportunities for her to martyr herself soon enough. He was obviously trying to be nice, and it would be churlish, not to mention stupid, of her to reject him. Besides, it did feel nice. When his arm reached around her chest to stroke the side of her breast, she leaned against him to let his fingers reach her nipple, and closed her eyes to simply enjoy the sensations that came from his touch.

Methulos felt like a god. He had one beautiful girl sucking his cock, another stroking his thighs and an Amazon comfortably leaning against him, letting him toy with her breasts. Of course he knew that the idyll was only temporary, and the girls need much more training in order to serve him in the way that he wanted, but for now, it was a good start. He saw Rhodia whisper in Iliana's ear and both grinned mischievously. Iliana had been simply sucking and licking at his cock until then, but now he felt the tip of her tongue slip into and under the foreskin and gently begin to push it back from the head of his cock, aided by her lips, which closed tightly around his cock when she pushed her head forward. The sensation was delicious and he shuddered with delight when she finally managed to fully expose his knob and work on it with her tongue. He looked at Rhodia and raised an eyebrow.

Rhodia grinned, happy that she had managed to surprise and please her master with her initiative. Because of her scarred body, she felt inferior to the other to almost perfect looking women, and this drove her to try harder to please and impress him. She knew that he could best guarantee her future, unless she was content to become a mule-like labourer on some plantation, and she was willing to do almost anything to secure her place in his household. She intended to give herself totally to him, as well as to aid and abet his most perverse sexual whims. She knew that as a girl, she could be of great help to him in breaking and training the other two doera. She meant them no harm and hoped that they would not hate her for it, but she was willing to accept their dislike so long as it pleased her master. She urged Iliana on while stroking and kissing his thigh. She knew the girl was excited by the thought of being abused, so she had lied, and told her that Methulos might even piss in her mouth, and that she was expected to drink it down happily if it happened.

With memories of the beating of her buttocks fresh in her mind, Iliana was not inclined to argue about anything, and the disgusting thought of having him piss in her mouth made her shiver with excitement. In the mean time, she had discovered that sucking his cock was not unpleasant, and actually found the submissive act rather enjoyable. She imagined herself flat on her back and having him fuck her mouth with her unable to move her head. His thick shaft would batter and choke her mouth and throat, strangling her with its hardness. The mental image made her clitoris itch and her nipples crinkle up tightly and sweetly ache in the cold water. She realised ever more clearly that she loved being used and abused, even if the thought of pain still frightened her.

Evandre watched as her "partner" enthusiastically sucked on their master's cock. She had no illusions that she would exempt from this requirement, and even though she strongly disliked the idea, she knew that he would find a way to force her to do it. She wondered if she should not just surrender and obediently do whatever he wanted. But she realised that obedience would not be enough. He wanted her to be willing and eager, and she was not ready to be that yet. She felt confused and wanted to be angry at him, but she knew that he would not stop her if she tried to run away. But there was nowhere to go. She was in a hostile land and very far from home. Very few cities or tribes were friendly to the Amazons, and she refused to deny her heritage and settle for being an obedient wife of some fisherman. At least Methulos knew what she was and even respected her as a warrior. He even let her train with weapons, which she knew probably no other man in this region would do. She sighed and realised that she would just have to feel her way from day to day and hope that Methulos would not lose patience with her.

Methulos groaned when Rhodia tickled his balls with cool wet fingers, and Iliana worked her mouth madly over his cock. He smiled when Evandre let her body mould itself against him, giving him free access to her body. Her nipple was hard and swollen under his fingers, and he could feel her pleasure at his touch, even though she tried to hide it. He loved the firm powerful feel of her body. It was like stroking some great powerful cat, that purred and rubbed itself against him, but which still possessed its fangs and claws. There was a thrill and a sense of danger in playing with this warrior woman that added spice to the game – a game which he fully intended to win. He leaned over and kissed Evandre's moist shoulder and the side of her neck.

This surprised her. "What have I done to earn such affection, master?"

"By being a lovely, fascinating girl."

Unused to compliments unrelated to her purely practical abilities, Evandre felt flustered, and although she was loath to admit it, also pleased. This man had already proved his ownership of her body and had no need to flatter her, so she reasoned that he must really mean what he said. As an Amazon, she had been taught not to value a woman by her physical attractiveness, the way that men did. The dangers of that had just been amply demonstrated by the fall of Troy – even though Helen's beauty had been more of an excuse rather than a true reason for the war. And yet ... it did feel nice. She felt vaguely ashamed by the thought, as if she was betraying her culture and beliefs. But she knew that Methulos did not just see her as a pretty doll to be displayed and toyed with. He had proven that he respected her as a warrior. Evandre felt very confused, and the touch of his lips felt nice. In the end, all she could manage was an awkward, "Thank you, master." However, even though she did not realise it, her body relaxed even further as it leaned against the muscular body of

the man who owned her. She even allowed herself to audibly sigh with pleasure when his hand made its way to her cunt.

Methulos was very pleased that Evandre was showing every sign of being a warm, passionate, and sex loving girl. He had known too many women who had buried their sensual natures so deep that nothing could bring them out again. They were like harpies, all claws and fangs, with no softness at all. All he needed to do was to get her to accept that part of her nature, and then train her to enjoy his own style of sex. But in the meantime, he could just enjoy her beauty and her marvellous body. On that thought he gave her cunt a gentle squeeze.

Iliana was starting to enjoy herself. She discovered that she liked the way her master's cock felt in her mouth, and how helpless it made her feel, as well as how much pleasure she could give him with her mouth. She was not some hopelessly sheltered girl, and she knew how babies were made, so this alternative to regular fucking would allow her to pleasure her master as often as he liked without risking pregnancy. She knew that Methulos would give them the herbs that were used to prevent unwanted babies, but they were not completely reliable, so it was very welcome indeed. She was certain that Methulos would not be pleased if all three of them were heavy with child within months. He wanted sexual playthings, not baby makers. She was also surprised at the way Rhodia's hand was stroking and caressing her body. She did not mind, but she had not thought Rhodia to be a woman lover. But when she managed to glance at the scarred girl from the corner of her eye, and saw the expression of almost dog-like devotion that Rhodia was showing to Methulos, she understood. Iliana was making the best of her situation, while Evandre was still resisting his control of her in some ways. But it was clear that Rhodia had made the leap completely to the other side. She was now that rare item, a truly devoted doera. Her attention was brought back to her master's cock when she heard him groan and his hand suddenly gripped her hair.

Methulos bit down gently on Evandre's shoulder and gripped her cunt hard when he felt his orgasm approaching. His other hand went to Iliana's head to guide her movements.

Rhodia realised that her master was about to climax too, and whispered to Iliana, "Remember, don't spit it out whatever you do. Master will be very angry if you do. Be grateful that he is using your mouth and just accept whatever he wants to put in there, even if it tastes bad." She guessed that by phrasing it in this way, it would appeal to Iliana's submissive nature, even though she didn't really think his semen tasted bad, nor would she have cared if it did.

He heard Evandre gasp when he began to rapidly rub her clitoris, and he smiled when he felt her hand touch his arm but did not try to stop him. His climax was rapidly approaching, and he pulled out slightly from Iliana's mouth, so that just his knob was between her lips. He wanted his semen to fill her mouth and not just squirt down the back of her throat.

Evandre could not believe that he could make her climax so easily, not realising that she had been in a high state of arousal from when she had bent over for the first stroke of the rod at the start of the morning. His fingers were rubbing her cunt in exactly the right spot, and she stiffened as a small tremor rumbled through her loins, a precursor to the earthquake to follow.

Iliana felt a sharp pain in her scalp when Methulos tightened his grip on her hair and held her head still with an unbreakable grip. She simultaneously heard him gasp and felt his cock jump between her lips, and then his seed was spurting onto her tongue and filling her mouth the strange, slimy liquid. It was immediately obvious from the taste that he had not pissed, so she followed Rhodia's advice and kept on sucking. The tip of her tongue felt little drops of his semen continue to come out as she worked and he shuddered and groaned above her, so she assumed that she was doing the right thing. The pain in her scalp eased when his grip relaxed and he gently stroked her hair. Neither he nor Rhodia had said anything about the semen in her mouth, so she just waited like the good little semen receptacle that she was. It was tremendously humiliating, and she was so hot she was surprised the pool did not overflow from all the juices flowing from her cunt.

Methulos hid a smile and pretended to forget about Iliana, who still had the tip of his slowly softening cock in her mouth, along with all his semen. Instead, he concentrated on giving Evandre an orgasm, with one hand playing with her breast and nipple and the other working busily on her cunt while she leaned against his chest.

Evandre forgot about everything except the wonderful sensations flowing through her body. She was not being asked or forced to perform any sexual acts or otherwise demean herself, so she felt free to abandon herself to the pleasure.

Even as Methulos enjoyed the warm afterglow of his orgasm, and the very pleasant sensation of his cock still warmly cradled in Iliana's mouth, he was aware of the way Evandre was beginning to unconsciously trust him. He wanted her to mentally associate him with comfort and sexual pleasure, as well as discipline and punishment. Despite her military experience, the Amazon was not very worldly, especially when it came to sex, and it was important for him to imprint the right attitudes in her right from the start. Amazons had strong customs and rules regarding relationships with men, but because of that, they actually worried less about sexual matters such as seduction than other women in other cultures.

However, when she had conceded defeat to him in their mock battle, she had unknowingly lost the protection of her cultural taboos against men by granting him unlimited access to her body, leaving her totally unprepared to deal with matters of romance and sensuality. She was a nearly clean slate, and Methulos intended to draw his own images on it.

Evandre writhed against his hard body as her cunt glowed bright with pleasure. She could smell his male scent – she could even smell his semen on Iliana's breath, and she had been acutely aware of the way he had groaned and quivered as he climaxed. This intimate and unfamiliar experience had made her heart race with a sense of forbidden excitement, as well as made her feel somehow closer to him. It seemed only natural that his exploring hands should bring her to a similar climax as she leaned against him. She had already decided that the sensations that her body generated belonged to him, so he was merely taking what was his – what she had given to him. Having justified it to herself in this manner, she openly welcomed his touch rather than resisting, and let the pleasure fill her up. She told herself that she was honour bound to enjoy his touch on her clitoris, so she did. She strained to feel the pleasure of his touch, and openly gasped and moaned to let her master know what she was feeling.

Even though Methulos could not know that the Amazon had mentally backed herself into a corner, he was experienced enough to know that she was truly nearing a powerful climax. He knew her well enough by now to be sure that she would not demean herself by faking her orgasm, merely to satisfy him. If she had refused to climax, she would have made it very clear to him. He stroked and caressed her cunt with all his skill, and her moans grew steadily louder and more urgent.

Rhodia watched the Amazon climax with intense fascination. She studied how her master had caressed the girl, and the way he had acted towards her. He had made no secret of the fact that he was trying to train her, and Rhodia wanted to see if she could help. Besides, it was so sexy to watch the tall, powerful warrior groan and writhe helplessly under his hands.

Iliana could feel the semen in her mouth work into a bubble foam as she continued to suck gently on her master's cock, but to her delight, she felt it slowly begin to regain its stiffness. She was getting cold and tired standing in the pool and using only her neck and head to pleasure him, but this sacrifice only stoked the heat in her loins. She did wonder wistfully if she would get a chance to have an orgasm though.

Rhodia was wondering the exact opposite. While she was happy to be serving her master's needs, she was impatient for her body to heal sufficiently for him to start punishing her. She longed to feel his vine rod on her body or even more subtle torments aimed at those special, sensitive parts of her. She shivered, but not from the cold.

Evandre burst into orgasm, and she let him feel the way it swept over her. His hand remained pressed firmly to her cunt, which was super sensitive after the climax. His touch there felt like an explosion of erotic pins and needles, fun in small amounts but shockingly uncomfortable when overdone. However, it was his right to touch her there, even now, and she bit her lip as she pressed her cunt firmly against his hand, ignoring her body's frantic demands to escape.

Methulos felt her struggle to keep her cunt pressed to his hand. He kissed her neck and said, "Good, very good. Should I take my hand away?"

Evandre forced down an urge to moan, and shook her head. "N-no, master. Do as you wish."

"And if my wish was to rub your bare clitoris hard?" He ground the heel of his palm against her clitoris for emphasis.

She took a deep breath. "Then you should do it master."

"Bare it for me. Show me your clit."

"Yes, master." She sighed with relief when he lifted his hand away, but she felt a thrill of fearful anticipation as she reached down to perform the unfamiliar task. She had never deliberately exposed her clitoris to anyone before, and she hissed from the extreme pleasure that had become pain as she tugged at the swollen protective hood with her fingertips. She did not allow herself to succumb to the discomfort and continued to pull and stretch her flesh until she was satisfied that her clitoris could not be exposed to any greater degree. The intense sensations created by her own touch made her thighs tremble, but she knew it would be nothing compared to what she would feel when he rubbed her tingling clitoris hard. She felt her cunt muscles contract as his fingertip slowly approached her clitoris. She broke out in a sweat, and her breath came faster and faster as it neared her flesh.

Methulos kissed her shoulder again and said, "Sometimes, doing your duty is enough."

She watched in amazement and relief as he took his hand away. She was not sure why he had changed his mind, but she continued to hold her clit out. She looked down at herself. Seeing her clitoris like that, she felt a confusing sense of achievement. She had overcome her fear and done her duty, and this time, her boldness had been rewarded. She had never realised just how sensitive her clitoris was, and she suddenly understood his desire to see her expose it and make it totally vulnerable. It was a declaration of pure sensual intent, just the same way a warrior raised her sword as a statement of martial prowess. She found the thought oddly stimulating. Sex and sexual pleasure had always been a very minor, suppressed thing in her life, but now she was being encouraged to unleash her sexuality – even to flaunt it. He was telling her that her sex, as symbolised by her clitoris, was part of her arsenal now. It did not make her less of a warrior, but more.

Methulos joined her in looking at her clitoris. His voice gentle, he said, "Is there something you want?"

Now that she had raised her weapon, she refused to retreat or to show fear. "Please touch my clitoris, master. I want it."

Talking about courage just cheapened it, so he simply slid his hand back around her waist and rested it on her inner thigh. He extended his forefinger and slid his hand down her thigh towards her cunt.

The insides of her thighs were very sensitive, and Evandre hissed softly. A warm, tingly sensation began to build in her clit as the tip of his finger slowly neared it, growing stronger as the gap between finger and clitoris narrowed.

He felt her body tense as his fingertip stopped right in front of her clit. He could have made it easier on her by wetting his finger, but he wanted her to feel it, and he believed she wanted it too. He let the tension build for just a second more, then very slowly let his fingertip touch just the very tip of her clitoris.

Evandre hissed at the touch as jolts of raw erotic sensation shot through her loins. This changed to a definite moan when he began to circle his fingertip lightly over her clitoris. What she was feeling was far too intense to be called pleasure, but on the other hand it was not something she would automatically classify as unpleasant. All she knew was that it was the most powerful thing she had ever felt, and it took all of her willpower not to pull away from his touch. He pressed a little harder, and she shuddered and pushed her back against his body, making sharp little panting noises. Then just as suddenly, it was over. The crackling sensations disappeared like the light of a snuffed oil lamp. She let her head fall back limply against his shoulder, but still held her clitoris out until she heard him say, "You may sheath your clitoris now." Even in her dreamy, exhausted state, she grinned at his choice of words.

Methulos looked down at the patient Iliana once more and smiled. "Is my seed still in your mouth, Iliana?"

She nodded silently, careful not to let his cock escape from her lips.

"Had a good taste of it?"

She nodded again.

He grinned. "All right, you can swallow now."

She gulped the bubbly mess gratefully and smiled at him around his cock.

He held out his hand. "You can stop sucking and climb out of there now. You must be getting cold. You too, Rhodia."

Both girls climbed gratefully out of the pool and still naked, they all moved into the megaron where, as always, the fire burned cheerfully and settled down on the pile of cushions.

Without a word, Evandre leaned over and suckled Iliana's nipples. She was far more relaxed about it this time and actually lingered on each nipple as she tried to make it feel good for the girl.

When the Amazon was done, Iliana smiled at her. "Thank you." Both girls knew she was thanking her for more than kissing her nipples.

To her own surprise, Evandre smiled back. "Your welcome." The fact that she was saving Iliana from a severe beating by her actions silenced her prickly pride, and now that she had done it, she knew deep down that she would not refuse to do this act again in the future, even without the threat of punishment. It did not befit a warrior to be needlessly petty or stubborn.

Methulos grinned when he saw Iliana wriggle uneasily on her cushion. "Is your bottom still hurting you a lot?"

Iliana blushed. "No, master."

"They why are you wriggling around like that?"

Iliana bit her lip and her blush spread to her neck and upper chest. "I ... I'm feeling very horny, master."

"Horny? Where did you learn that word?"

Iliana glanced apologetically at Rhodia. "She taught it to me."

He gazed sternly at Rhodia. "That was naughty of you."

Rhodia's eyes sparkled and she unsuccessfully hid a wide grin. "Yes, master. Very naughty."

Methulos studied the girl cheeky girl. She was the youngest of the three, but the most mentally mature, certainly as far as sex was concerned. The long soak in the pool had allowed most of the scabs to wash off her skin. The salve was truly miraculous and had saved his life more than once. In this case, it had almost completely healed her wounds in the course of a day and a half. Her breasts, buttocks and thighs were covered with a very faint white and pink tracery of lines that was exotic rather than ugly. The skin was smooth and perfect except for the faint zebra stripe, which would soon fade into a subtle patterning of her skin. She would do very nicely indeed. "Then I suppose I need to find a suitable punishment to inflict upon you."

She shivered delightfully at the words "punishment" and "inflict". "Ooh master, I am sure master will be very strict and ... inventive." She snuggled happily up against him when he waved to her and patted the cushion at his side.

He chuckled and shook his head in bemusement. She was unbelievable. "I'll deal with you in a moment. But first I think – " he looked at Evandre and shrugged apologetically, "– Iliana needs my attention."

Evandre smiled ruefully and crawled over to suckle Iliana's nipples again. She said, "I might as well stay beside you, since master is talking to you."

He turned to Iliana, who gazed back at him eagerly, her bottom still rubbing slowly against a cushion. He pointed. "If you get stains on the cushion, you'll be responsible for cleaning it off."

She hastily got up on her knees to sit on her heels. "Sorry, master."

He nodded. "Now. It seems that you have an itch. A rather special itch."

She smiled and nodded. "Yes, master. A very urgent itch."

"Then perhaps you should show all of us how you intend to scratch that itch."

She looked crestfallen for a moment, thinking that he had chosen to make a joke of her need. Then a slow, sensual smile spread across her face. "Here? In front of everyone?"

He nodded. "I think it would be best if you stood up, so that we all get a good view, and you don't get any nasty stains on the cushions."

She climbed to her feet, looking doubtful. She loved the idea of being forced to perform such a private and obscene act in public. It was so utterly shameful, and it made her feel tremendously excited. Unfortunately, she had never masturbated before and she was not sure if she could put on a good show. "Master, I've never done it before, and I may not be very good at it. I don't want you to be disappointed with me."

"Just do your best. As long as you really try, and give us a good show, I won't be angry with you." He patted her on the thigh. "Now feet nice and wide apart, so that we can all see what you are doing. Why don't you start simply by showing us your cunt."

Iliana had already spread her legs, and his instruction puzzled her. "But you can already see my ... oh!" She smiled. More humiliation. Master was so good to her. She glanced around at the three faces looking up at her expectantly, and trembled with excitement. Until Methulos had taken her, she had been a good, decent girl. While nudity in itself was not unknown under the appropriate circumstances, such as at public baths and at female sporting events, a decent Trojan girl did not walk around naked in public, let alone expose her cunt or do anything sexual where others could see her. Although she had been constantly naked for two days now, she still trembled in shame and embarrassment to have near strangers staring at her in this way.

Iliana had been thinking a lot about her cunt lately, especially all of last night when she had Evandre's face pressed into it. Something like that really helped to focus the mind, she thought with a tiny smile. Before she had become a doera, she had always considered her cunt to be an embarrassment, something to hide from view, just like any decent girl. But in the past two days, she had come to the realisation that it was now an asset – and not just for what it could do or be used for. Her master like to look at it, and play with it. To her surprise, she realised that he considered it pretty. She had never thought about her cunt in that light before. Now he was forcing her to make an even more obscene exhibition of it, and she knew that she would be punished if she refused. It was so naughty and absolutely thrilling to be forced to perform in this manner. The shame of it all made her nipples hard and her cunt was already getting wet just at the thought of it.

Evandre watched the different emotions play across the standing girl's face as she prepared to expose her cunt to her audience, and she wondered at the girl's strange nature. She appeared to actually enjoy being humiliated and forced to do shameful and unpleasant things. The Amazon simply could not understand how anyone could be like that. But since she had left the tribe to roam the world with Penthesilea, she had come to realise that there were far more ways of living than the ones the Amazons had chosen, and she told herself not to judge Iliana by her own standards. The girl was just following her own nature and doing what she needed to in order to survive. She also realised that she found the spectacle a little arousing herself.

Methulos nodded in approval as Iliana reached down towards her cunt. "That's it. Spread your cunt open and show us the inside of it. Push your hips forward so that we have a good view and don't hide anything."

His helpful instructions only added to her shame as Iliana clumsily tried to spread her lips with the first and middle fingers of her right hand, making an upside down "V" as she pushed the outer lips of her cunt apart.

Methulos patted her thigh again. "That's the idea, but try using both hands. Keep your hands out of the way as much as possible so that you don't hide anything."

Iliana flushed bright red on hearing his obscene, if practical, tips. She wondered how he knew so much about how to show off a cunt, and then realised that he must have done it many times before. She could hardly believe what she was doing, but she also knew that she had found her purpose in life, which was to be used and abused by this man. She cringed as she gingerly tugged her cunt lips apart, painfully conscious of the eyes staring at her sex. Without realising it, she had shuffled her feet even further apart, and bent her knees slightly so that she could push her hips forward. He had said not to hide anything, and the thought excited her beyond words. She would show them everything. As her fingers peeled her soft cunt lips apart, she could feel the cool air on the moist tissues that had now been exposed. She looked down at herself and was startled to see her pink inner lips visibly growing larger and stiffer, spreading out like the wings of a butterfly that had



just broken out of its chrysalis. The inner lips peeled stickily apart under the pressure of her fingers, and she saw a thin, sticky string of juice arch from one lip to the other. A wave of erotic heat washed over her. They would all see her wetness and know that she was so dirty and shameless that she was actually enjoying her obscene display. Of course, this thought only made her more excited, and she gasped when she saw a gout of thick, crystal clear liquid flow out of her cunt hole.

Rhodia smiled and reached between her legs to rub her own cunt. This was marvellous. She had never imagined that a girl could be made to do something so deliciously shameless and naughty. She wondered if Methulos would ever let her give Iliana orders and to use her in this way. She realised that she would love to humiliate and even hurt the lovely girl who was showing off her sex in front of them. Her eyes darted over to the lithe, powerful Amazon who sat at Iliana's feet, and greatly daring, she imagined doing the same to the proud warrior. It would be so incredibly sexy. She surreptitiously pinched her cunt, and moaned softly with pleasure.

This did not escape Methulos's attention, and he smiled. Things were moving along just as he had hoped. Of course, Iliana and Rhodia were easy and basically willing targets. Evandre was the real challenge. Then he brought his attention back to the red faced Iliana and her nicely displayed cunt. It was obvious to anyone looking at her cunt that the girl was tremendously excited. Her cunt was flushed red, ripe, and swollen. Rich sexual juices flowed in a stream from her hole and were beginning to run down the inside of her thigh. "Very nice," he said encouragingly.

Iliana knew that as a properly brought up girl, she ought to have been horrified by his comment, but instead she was delighted. She watched as he put a hand on Evandre's thigh and pointed out features of her exposed cunt to the Amazon, and she pulled even harder on her lips to make sure that she was well exposed. She saw Rhodia making discreet hand signals at her, and she frowned, trying to decipher what she meant. Then her eyes widened as realisation struck her. Rhodia was trying to tell her to open the hole of her cunt itself and to let everyone look right inside the sexual passage that led right to her womb. She grinned and nodded her understanding to Rhodia. It was a marvellous idea. It was even more intimate and shameful, and her heart pounded as she tried to figure out how best to get that slippery hole open.

Methulos noticed Iliana's hands slowly shifting on her cunt, and realised that she was trying to do something new. She glanced up, saw him watching and paused uncertainly. He smiled. "Go ahead."

Happy that her master approved, she started by reaching lower down on her cunt so that the spreading motion of her fingers was concentrated around the hole. She hunched over and saw that she had managed to get her hole significantly wider. It felt so daring and obscene that she almost had an orgasm on the spot. The most private, secret part of her body was forced into a wide, gaping circle. She had never seen it look like that herself and she stared at it in fascination. It looked so open, so ... available.

Methulos was pleased and surprised at her initiative and willingness to shame herself for his entertainment. He noticed Iliana's eyes dart towards Rhodia, and realised that the younger girl had actually egged Iliana on. It seemed that his little harem was coming together very nicely. "That's very nice indeed. You're really doing well," he said to Iliana, staring right into her cunt hole and making his intimate examination obvious. "You're nice and wet in there. Look, she's really dripping," he added as an aside to Evandre.

Her shame was a tangible thing that gripped her cunt with sharp, grasping fingers. The skin of her loins seemed to crawl at the horror of her shameless display. On the other hand, she had never felt so sexually excited in her life. It seemed as if her heart might burst with frustration, for she did not know what to do to relieve the burning need that she felt. In desperation, she turned to Rhodia again.

It took a moment for Rhodia to realise that in her agitated state, Iliana had forgotten her master's original instruction to put on a display of public masturbation. She mouthed silently, "Play with yourself," and made a rubbing motion over her own cunt.

Iliana's mouth formed an "O" when she figured out what Rhodia was trying to say, and recalled what Methulos had originally told her to do. Of course! The solution to both her own frustration, as

well as what she needed to do next was now clear – except that she had never masturbated before. She tried to remember what her master had done to her the day before, but her memories were a blur of fear and excitement. Rhodia was still making circular rubbing motions, so she decided to give that a try. She retained enough presence of mind to know that she had to explain why she was taking her hands away from their cunt spreading duties. "I'm going to ... um, p-play with myself now master. Have you seen enough of ... of my hole yet?" she said, wriggling with embarrassment. "I'll be happy to open it up again for you after I've made myself climax. Is that all right?" She had only ever dealt with household slaves, mostly labourers, and she had no idea how a sex slave was supposed to talk to her master when discussing erotic matters, and she was terrified that she would anger him by saying something wrong, or not saying enough.

Methulos didn't want Iliana so panicked that she lost her erotic glow, so he stroked her thigh gently, as if calming a horse or a pet, and said, "That will do just fine. Just calm down and do what comes naturally. Explore yourself and find the places that feel nice to the touch. Don't worry, I'll wait for you."

Iliana felt a burst of affection for her master. He was so nice – but not so nice that he would not use her the way she wanted ... needed. She did as he suggested and began to run her fingertips over her cunt, noting the spots that felt especially nice and the kind of touch that worked the best for each of those spots. As she worked, she remained almost painfully aware she was being watched, and that her exploration of her body was intended primarily as an entertainment for others. She found herself exaggerating her motions and taking every opportunity to pull her cunt lips apart to provide the best possible view of the most secret parts of her body. She had been too preoccupied back in the pool to notice Evandre's exposure of her clitoris, and she made the discovery that with a simple movement of her thumb just above her slit, she could make her clitoris pop into view like the head of a field mouse peeking from its hole.

Methulos grinned when he saw Iliana pulling her hood back and pushing her clitoris into view. She seemed to be waving it at him, and he extended a finger and waved it just in front of its tip, half threat, half promise.

Iliana felt a thrill run through her clitoris as it was playfully threatened by her master's finger. Realising how very sensitive her clitoris was, she loved the feeling of helplessness and vulnerability. She told herself her clitoris was now completely at the mercy of her master. He could stroke it or hurt it, and it would be her duty to allow, even encourage his touches. She felt an orgasmic surge of pleasure and excitement at the thought. Her need and desire forced her to put her feelings into words. "My clitoris is yours, master. Just command me, and I will do or let you do anything you wish with it."

He gently brushed the tip of her clitoris, making her emit a tiny squeal and then nodded. "For now I want you to play with it. Rub it, stroke it, make yourself climax." He smiled menacingly. "Later, I will think of more painful things to do to it."

"Oh thank you, master," she breathed, and immediately set about stroking and toying with her clitoris. It felt very good, and even better because she was being ordered to do it.

While he watched the show, Methulos pulled Rhodia closer and carefully brushed his hand over her still healing skin. Apart from the discolouration, she seemed to be almost fully healed. "Does it hurt when I touch you?"

She shook her head happily. "The bruises are a bit sore, master, and my nipples are still healing but otherwise I am quite well." She pressed herself against him. "Anyway, the insides of my thighs and my cunt are practically untouched, so you could beat them if you wish." She giggled. "Iliana is really doing quite well. The poor girl is so desperate to be used."

Methulos studied the slim girl beside him. "You realised that she likes being helpless and feeling used?"

"Yes, master. You could make her crawl around and clean the floor with her tongue and I truly think she would have an orgasm." She giggled and sighed longingly. "It would be so much fun to put her through her paces."

He snapped her sore nipple with his finger, making her gasp in pain. "If you are a good girl,

you might get the chance one day."

She rubbed her assaulted nipple against the side of his arm. "Very good ... or very bad, master?"

He flicked her other nipple in response. "Sshh. Iliana is really getting into the mood. Let's watch her performance, and I'll play with you later."

Rhodia hissed in pain, clutched at her breast and then smiled.

Meanwhile, Iliana had made the interesting discovery that if she placed a finger on each side of her clitoris and rubbed them up and down without actually touching the clitoris itself, it felt really good. There was the bonus that this technique did not hide her clit from view, even while it allowed her to stimulate herself very effectively. As her passion and excitement grew, she discovered that making strange moaning noises at the same time felt really good. It was also terribly embarrassing, which also felt good. Her hips naturally wanted to make rolling, writhing motions, and soon she was making a total spectacle of herself, moaning, shuddering and wriggling as she masturbated enthusiastically.

Evandre watched Iliana masturbate with bemusement. She was a good judge of character, like any experienced warrior who had managed to survive years of hand to hand battle, and she could tell that Iliana was not weak or without her own sense of pride. And yet she here she was doing the most awful, shameful things. In a way she had no choice, but Methulos had not really forced her, nor threatened any dire punishments for disobedience. No, it was plain that Iliana actually enjoyed being ordered to do things, especially sexual things, in the most obscene and shameful manner possible. Could a person actually enjoy being humiliated? All her training and experience told her no, but Iliana had proved over and over during the past two days that she did. And where did that leave her? She knew she ought to resent Iliana, because the girl's behaviour only made her own resistance to her master's sexual demands appear all the more stubborn and disobedient. However, she liked Iliana and the girl was just doing what her nature dictated, and she could not find it in her heart to dislike her – or Rhodia, for that matter, who looked like she was even more perverted than Iliana. The Amazon sighed. This new life was so strange and confusing. It made the battlefield simple by comparison.

Iliana gasped. "Master, I'm going to climax! Watch me!"

Everyone's attention was drawn to the gasping, shuddering girl.

Even as she frantically rubbed her clit and pushed herself towards her orgasm, Iliana looked at the eager faces watching her, and realised that her orgasm had a value beyond her own hot, sweaty pleasure. There was something fascinating about watching someone else climax, and because no one could climax all the time or on demand, an orgasm was like a work of art or a piece of craftsmanship. It had value because of it's scarcity and the hard work involved in producing it. So, even a humble doera like herself had something of value to offer her master, something that no one could simply take from her. She trapped her clitoris harder between her fingers and rubbed hard and fast. "I'm nearly there, master. I'm coming ... I'm ... " Her voice trailed off into a series of choking moans and her legs trembled violently.

To the watchers, it was as if Iliana was in agony, as her entire body went tense and quivered like a rope about to snap under an unbearable load. The girl gasped for breath and she suddenly pulled her fingers away from her cunt as it was on fire, when it became too sensitive to touch.

Evandre recalled the feel of Iliana's tongue on her cunt last night and a tiny sympathetic shiver went through her body as well.

Methulos reached out and scooped up some of the ample sex juice that was flowing from Iliana's cunt hole. He let the panting, still quivering girl see it glistening on his fingers, and then wiped it off onto her belly. He his lips twitched when he saw that this little added humiliation made her eyes flare with a fresh spurt of excitement. "I'm going to hurt you a little bit now, but I want you to understand that it is not a punishment. Your pain is sensual and exciting to me."

Iliana took a deep breath, trying to shake off the drowsiness of her orgasm, and then assumed Position One without being told. "Just tell me what to do to please you, master."

"Aren't you curious or worried about what I'm going to do?"

Staring straight ahead, she said, "I am a little scared, master, but I am yours. Use me as you will."

Rhodia's hiss told him that she was just as excited as he was by Iliana's intense submissiveness. "Yes, I'm going to use you in the days to come, use you in ways you never imagined. Are you ready to be used like that?"

"Oh yes, master. I want it ... I need it."

"And what about the pain? Aren't you afraid of the pain?"

"I am, master. But just let me know that I'm serving you, pleasing you, and order me to bear it – and I will." Her entire body was flushed with excitement, and it looked like she was getting ready to climax again just thinking about it. She was feeling a tinge of fear now, not knowing what he was going to do to her, but she clung to her obedience, and it made her strong.

"Nothing too bad, for now. Since Evandre has been so nice to your nipples all morning, I just think that they should feel something a little different so that you don't get bored. I've toyed with them, but they haven't actually been hurt so far."

She licked her lips nervously. "I'm not bored, master. In fact, I've never been more alive and excited in my life."

"I'm glad to hear it. I want you to feel right at home. But being part of my family has certain responsibilities. Right now, your responsibility is to present your pretty nipples to me so that I can hurt them with this." Methulos held up a thin, smooth rod, the size and length of a lady's bronze hair pin but even thinner. It did not look very impressive or fearsome. "This comes from far away to the East. I am told it is called bamboo. It looks like normal wood, but it is much tougher and more flexible. He gripped one end and bent the slim rod into a curve, like a tiny bow. When he released on end, it snapped back into its original straightness with a threatening, humming, swish. He looked at Evandre. "Just so that you and Rhodia know what Iliana going to endure, I want both of you to put out your hands, palms up ... yes, like naughty children."

Looking slightly amused, Evandre put out her hand. The calluses from sword and dory could easily be seen.

Rhodia shuffled over across the piles of cushions and knelt down beside the Amazon, and put out her hand as well.

Iliana watched with interest – and a great deal of anxiety – to see how the two girls reacted, so that she would some warning of what her nipples were about to suffer.

He knew that Evandre would not react, even if he sliced her hand with a knife, so he started with her. He held the slim, sandy brown stick so that it hovered just over her palm. Then he pulled the tip up, bending it into a tight arc. "Ready?" When she nodded, he released the tip and the springy, seasoned, bamboo snapped back, striking her palm with a tiny, but vicious, crack.

Evandre was impressed by the impact, although it was far from enough to make her flinch. However, it had hurt far more than she had expected from its appearance. She mentally winced at the thought of the stick doing the same to her nipples.

Rhodia pushed out her hand eagerly. Methulos had not actually hit her yet, and she wanted to feel the sting of the rod wielded by his hand. Evandre had not even blinked, so she was not expecting very much as she watched him bend the little stick. She held her breath when it reached its peak, and then it snapped down. She gasped in surprise, as the pain flowed from her palm up to her arm. For its size, the springy strength of the stick was shockingly painful, and it took serious effort to prevent her hand from reflexively jerking back and up. A slow, delighted smile spread across her lips. "Hey ... that was ... surprising." She raised an eyebrow and studied Iliana's nipples thoughtfully as she rubbed her stinging palm.

Iliana was getting rather nervous by this time. She knew enough about Rhodia to know that if she had liked it, the slap across her palm must have been really painful. She swallowed hard, but at the same time her nipples rose and hardened to a ridiculous degree. Apparently her body did not share her apprehension. Her palms felt moist and her legs weak both from the residue of her orgasm, and simple fear. But her natural desire to obey, to sacrifice herself, made waiting for the punishment of her nipples exhilarating. She smiled at the thought that perhaps she should have been

the one chosen as a vestal virgin. On the other hand, perhaps not, she decided, as a ball of erotic heat was rekindled in her loins by the swirling winds of her fear and submission.

Methulos brandished the absurdly small stick like a tiny dory, as he turned towards Iliana. He smiled when Evandre stood up as well.

"Excuse me, master," the Amazon said, before she suckled on Iliana's nipples in response to her master's use of the girl's name earlier.

Both Methulos and Iliana saw the fresh bright red line that crossed Evandre's palm.

The oral caresses only made Iliana's excitement worse, and she rocked gently from side to side in response to the itch between her thighs.

Methulos lovingly stroked her firm young breasts. "Are you ready?"

Iliana nodded silently.

"Ask me to punish your nipples."

She inhaled in response to his words, which made her belly ripple and her slightly sore clitoris swell into full erection. Softly, but very clearly, she said, "Please punish my nipples, master." She obviously savoured each word as she arched her chest forward and thrust her nipples at him.

He used the bamboo stick to flick her nipples, brushing it repeatedly up and down, and making the stiff buds dance, fanning the heat of her lust. Finally, he stopped and placed the stick directly across the tip of her left nipple. He smiled as he bent the tip of the slim rod back and looked into Iliana's eyes. He saw almost unbearable excitement there as he let the moment stretch out for seconds that felt like years. Then the tip of the rod escaped his grip, and the strong, elastic bamboo forcefully snapped against Iliana's nipple with sharply concentrated venom.

Iliana cried out in pained surprise. The impact hurt far beyond anything she had expected or believed possible from such a little rod, feeling like he had suddenly driven a metal spike directly into her nipple and breast. Her tightly bent arms trembled and shook as she fought against the urge to hunch over to protect her injured breast. Tears filled her eyes, and she felt powerful urge to simply give up and run away to hide in the corner of the megaron.

Methulos stroked the back of his fingers down the centre line of her body, from her throat down to her belly button, painting a line through the glistening sweat. "I know it hurts, but I want you to show me what a good little girl you are, and how obedient you are. You are my doera. Your nipples belong to me, and I will hurt them if I want to. What you want really doesn't matter, does it?"

Iliana bit her lip and shook her head. "No, master."

"Whose nipples are those?"

"Yours, master."

"Then can I hurt them if I want?"

She bit back a sob. "Y-yes, master." The urge to cry and run away faded, and his words echoed in her mind. She was his doera. Her nipples belonged to him. She belonged to him. "I belong to you," she whispered, mostly to herself, as she felt her strength and determination return. Her voice grew stronger, firmer. "I belong to you." She wanted to belong, to be owned.

He smiled. "Yes you do, little Iliana. You are mine."

A warm glow filled her belly, pushing out the fear and pain. She belonged. She was wanted. She was his. The pain merely demonstrated his ownership, and by bearing the hurt bravely, she acknowledged his mastery over her. Her elbows slowly moved back, and her chest arched out again. She would not fear the pain, because it proved she belonged. That she was owned – and loved. "My nipples are yours, master," she said with an almost blissful smile. She understood now.

Methulos did not rush her. He gave her the time she needed to absorb the shock and pain, and to work her way through it. He gently tapped the bamboo stick against her right nipple, as if beating time on a tiny drum.

The vibrations sent a pleasurable thrumming through her nipple and into her chest, and it seemed as if her heart itself vibrated to the rhythm. The muscles of her cunt and arse hole began to contract and relax in time with the beat, which sent pleasant tingles through her clitoris. Even the steady throbbing pain in her left nipple began to feel somehow enjoyable, serving as a reminder of her servitude.

She had visibly calmed, and Methulos saw that she had regained her focus on her need to be used and controlled. He tapped a little harder, making it sting a little bit, so that she would grow increasingly aware of her own submission.

The tapping had become sharp little smacks that stung like teeny ant bites, but it forced her to focus her will in order to hold her nipple absolutely still and to expose it to the pain. This conscious submission stoked her erotic fires, and she began to enjoy herself again. The image of herself dutifully sacrificing herself to her master's desires, glowing like a sacrifice to the gods of lust, grew ever brighter in her mind. A tiny, serene smile stretched her lips and she exhaled slowly and contentedly.

He sensed that she was ready, and let his fingers stop the rhythmic tapping of her nipple. He saw her body stiffen and tense, her elbows edge back tightly to present her nipple to him. He felt the pride in her, the way she gloried in her submission. He positioned the stick across the tip of her hard, crinkled nipple. He smiled gently at her. "Take this for me."

She smiled back, all doubt erased, her breathing slow and steady. "For you, master." She watched the rod curve away from her nipple, but instead of allowing her fear to rule her, she concentrated on her obedience and sacrifice, and how glorious it made her. When the rod snapped back, striking her nipple with a sharp thwack, she let the intense pain flow through her. She was suffering for her master. The pain was his gift to her, and she would accept it with grace and humbleness. She shuddered and panted, but her back remained straight and her elbows never wavered. She uttered a soft, breathy moan of pain.

Evandre was amazed at the change in Iliana. She gazed at Methulos with fresh respect. He was even smarter and more manipulative than she had believed. She was slightly disturbed by the idea that he was manipulating her the same way, and that she could not see it.

Methulos leaned forward and kissed Iliana warmly on the lips. His fingers closed around her nipples, and slowly began to squeeze. He felt the tip of her tongue tickle him, letting him know that was she was all right. He held the kiss as he increased the pressure on her nipples, and she pressed her lips harder against his. He pinched her nipples to what he judged to be her limits, and then eased the pressure, and changed to a gentle rubbing of his thumbs against the tips of her teats, which made her hum with pleasure into his mouth. She was flushed and panting when he broke the kiss, but she smiled warmly at him. "You can put your hands down and relax," he said and gave her a hug. He was surprised and pleased when she enthusiastically hugged him back.

She whispered into his ear as they were hugging. "If you want to fuck me, I promise I'll be really cooperative."

He patted her bottom and whispered back. "I'm sure you'd be great, but I'm saving it for a little later, when all of you are a bit more trained and ready."

She wriggled against him and giggled when she felt his hard cock poke her. "I'll be waiting."

Methulos turned to Evandre. "I'm not forcing you, merely asking. Have you changed your mind about sex?"

Evandre looked slightly embarrassed, but shook her head. "I'm sorry, master. I'll do anything else you want, even let you punish me." She hesitated for a second, and added, "But I will suck Iliana's nipples whenever you wish."

Methulos could have tried to force her, or teased her about her apparent weakness in agreeing to suck Iliana's nipples, but he did not want to antagonise the Amazon unnecessarily. Using overt force or belittling her would only make her dig her heels in and resist him completely. Right now, she was still being cooperative. Beating her into submission would destroy the very thing that made her interesting. Instead, he would first get her accustomed to his touch, both gentle and rough. He made Iliana lie down on her back. "I think she did really well and deserves a little reward, don't you?"

Evandre nodded suspiciously. It was obvious that he was leading up to something.

"How about this. You kneel astride her, and then bend over and suck her nipples, while I give you a spanking."

She considered this for a moment, and could not see anything dishonourable about his

suggestion. She had consented to suck the girl's nipples, and also to being punished by him. Combining the two did not change anything. She nodded. "As you desire, master." She doubted whether a hand spanking would be very painful, but he had surprised her with that little bamboo stick. Although she had not shown it, she had been amazed by how painful it had been. In fact, her palm still throbbed, and she could feel a distinct weal running across her palm. She had never been spanked, so perhaps a spanking would hurt more than she expected too. She stepped over the Iliana's supine figure and lowered herself onto her knees, head down towards Iliana's breasts. To her relief, her cunt did not touch any part of the girl's body in this position, so either Methulos had miscalculated, or she was being overly suspicious.

Afraid that Evandre might misunderstand any touches on her part, Iliana decided to tuck her arms under her back. This presented her nipples, and at the same time helped her avoid any temptation to stroke or caress the Amazon's body.

Evandre realised that she might be leaning over Iliana's chest for some time, so she lowered herself so that she was resting on her forearms and elbows, which also served to lift her bottom high and removed any possibility of her cunt accidentally coming into contact with the girl's body.

Rhodia hid her smile behind her hand. Evandre obviously did not realise how sexy she looked in that position, or that she was in one of the most popular positions for sex. Rhodia had seen illustrations of it all over the walls of the brothel. It was clear to the girl that Methulos was cunningly getting the Amazon used to adopting sexual poses on command and used to being touched intimately by him while in those poses. She had seen the way Evandre had orgasmed under her master's touch, and it was clear that the Amazon had a healthy liking for sexual stimulation. She did not realise it, but her own body would soon be her worst enemy.

Methulos studied Evandre's arse appreciatively. It looked simply magnificent when it was raised up like that. He waited until she had begun to suck and lick at Iliana's nipples before he knelt down beside the two of them. He felt her tense when he placed a hand on the small of her back, but when she relaxed after a moment, he began to squeeze and stroke her buttocks. When he felt that she had become accustomed to the feel of his hand on her bottom, he began to spank her. He was not afraid of hurting her with just his hand, so he applied firm hard slaps to her muscular cheeks, painting red hand prints on her skin with every smack.

Although Evandre was able to bear the spanks without difficulty, that was not the same as not feeling them. Methulos had a heavy, calloused hand, and each slap stung fiercely, especially since her bottom was already covered with horizontal weals from the beatings with the whippy vine rod. She also could not help but be aware of the very exposed and obscene position she was in, and the way her arse and cunt were lifted high up into the air for all to see – and the spanking only reinforced this awareness. She tried to ignore the mixture of feelings that this aroused, and concentrated on sucking Iliana's nipples as she had been ordered.

Methulos spanked her bottom with great enthusiasm, although he took care not to concentrate on one spot. He didn't want any ugly bruising on top of the rod marks that were still clearly visible. He spread out the hard, stinging slaps all over her cheeks, and soon the individual hand prints began to merge into a warm pink flush that coated her entire bottom. He paused to appreciate his handiwork, and then touched her bottom with the back of his hand to feel the heat. Now that her bottom was nicely warmed, he started to spank her harder but more slowly, scattering the blows randomly over her arse. After each loud crack of hand against buttock flesh, he closely watched the way she reacted. Interestingly, she was becoming less nervous about his touch, and not more. She was trying so hard to ignore the pain, that she had unconsciously accepted his touch, which was exactly what he wanted. He circled his hand over one glowing red cheek, letting his fingertips drift deeper and deeper into the crevice each time, gave her a slap, and then repeated the circular stroking, until finally he was brushing his finger tips over her arse hole with each stroke. He didn't have to hide his caresses this way, but he wanted her to learn to associate his playful punishments with having her intimate parts touched and with the resulting sexual sensations. He had no hopes of turning her into a pain lover like Rhodia, but he could teach her to automatically associate punishments with sexual pleasure. He finally stopped spanking her when her bottom was a deep

cherry red, and gently soothed her by running his fingers up and down her arse crack, letting his fingers curl in and touch her cunt at the bottom before sliding them up again to the base of her spine.

Iliana had very sensitive nipples, and under the concentrated and very determined sucking being applied by Evandre, she discovered that she was capable of reaching an orgasm just by having her nipples caressed if someone spent enough time on them like the Amazon had done. With her hands behind her back, she had felt so deliciously helpless, and she had begun moaning within minutes. Soon her legs were slowly kicking and her thighs were rubbing against each other as her nipples were sucked and sucked.

Although Evandre refused to think of what she was doing as a true sexual act, she was intrigued by the way Iliana reacted to her lingual caresses. She had to admit that it gave her a strange sense of power to have the lovely girl writhe and moan under her lips. All her life she had thought of the use of her dory, shield, axe and sword as the only way to influence someone. But it was obvious that Iliana was being just as deeply affected by the sucking of her lips as she would by a slap on the head with the shaft of her dory. The was even more so when Iliana cried out sharply and climaxed, bucking her hips sharply and wriggling her legs. Her master had not told her to stop just because of an orgasm, so she continued sucking.

By now, her bottom was getting sore enough that the occasional sharp smack broke though her mental control and made her gasp. She had never imagined that a simple childish spanking could hurt so much. The pain was nothing compared to the beatings and stabbings of the battlefield, but those did not usually go on and on for such a long time, nor was she obliged to present her body to be hurt in this manner. And then there was the oddly pleasurable intermissions between the spanks when his hands stroked and rubbed her sore flesh, as well as delving into more intimate places, most of the time seemingly by accident. She did not begrudge him taking his pleasure with her body, and would have patiently endured the most indecent gropings and fondling. However, the majority of his touches were woven seamlessly into the spanking, and she could not honestly accuse him of using her in a deliberately sexual fashion. She could not even say why this distinction mattered to her, but somehow it did. Perhaps it was because her Amazonian honour allowed, or even demanded that she accept his punishments, but it equally required her to be wary of any pleasure that came from purely sexual touching. He could make her cunt get wet, and even make her climax, but he could not make her ask for it. And what if she enjoyed his punishments? Her thoughts shied away from that question. Perhaps because she knew she was not ready to hear the answer.

Methulos was tempted to play with Evandre's cunt, but he did not want to dilute the lesson, so he gave her a couple of final slaps on the bottom, and then patted her on the hip. "You can stop sucking now."

Iliana did not know whether to sigh with relief or cry out in disappointment when the sucking of her nipples stopped. She had climaxed three times already and was had been working her way eagerly to a fourth orgasm, when she heard her master tell Evandre to stop.

Rhodia bent over and whispered in her ear. "Being denied your pleasure can be a form of punishment too."

Iliana nodded. Rhodia was right. If her master wanted her to suffer the denial of her orgasm, then as a dutiful doera she should suffer that frustrating ache just as willingly as the rod or lash. She stopped rubbing her thighs together and blushed when she saw that they were covered with her cunt juice. Her cunt ached, both from the previous orgasms and the need to climax again. She saw her master staring at her as Evandre stood up and moved away, exposing her body. She bit her lip and spread her legs obscenely wide apart to let him see her red and very wet cunt. Although he had never said so, she felt that she should never hide her cunt from his view, both because it was her obligation as a sexual doera, and also because it made her terrifically excited and her heart pound like a drum, to know he was staring at her cunt in its swollen, lust filled state. A good girl did not expose her cunt to men, therefore she would do the very opposite and show it off as much as possible. She glanced at Rhodia for support, and was delighted when the girl winked and nodded.



Evandre stood in Position One, waiting for instructions from her master. Her breasts and cunt throbbed with a disturbingly pleasant ache, urged on by the hot swollen feeling of her buttocks. For the first time in her life, she felt the clear urge to masturbate, a feeling which she firmly suppressed as she gave herself a stern mental scolding. Unfortunately, her cunt had a mind of its own, and she knew that when her master checked, there would be glistening drops of feminine dew on her cunt lips. She pulled herself straighter and gathered her resolve. She might feel lust, but an Amazon did not allow that lust to control her – or use her sex to gain favour with men. Such tactics were for lesser women. She closed her eyes for a second, which for her was as good as covering her face with her hands would have been with Iliana, when she saw Methulos reaching between her legs.

He cupped her cunt with his hand, not caressing it but just touching. He let her see his smile when he found the moisture. "Feeling a little ... worked up?"

Evandre looked like she had tasted something unpleasant, but she forced herself to be honest. "Yes, master. I am slightly aroused." She expected him to tease or laugh, but all he did was to nod gravely.

"That's natural and good. But because you refuse me your sexual service, as your master I must demand the same of you. I want you to swear that you will not try to pleasure yourself or have anyone else pleasure you unless I permit it – unless and until you change your mind and agree to provide me with the sexual pleasure that is my right at your master. That is only fair, is it not? Well, do I have your word of honour?"

Evandre was surprised to feel a pang of disappointment, but she had to admit – even to herself – that it was only fair, and that he was being far more reasonable than most men, who would have just taken what was their right as her owner. She nodded solemnly. "I swear it by the gods. I shall not climax unless you permit it."

The moment of solemnity was washed away by his disarming grin. His hand skilfully massaged her cunt for a moment, making her gasp, first in surprise, and then in disappointment when he stopped and took his hand away.

Her loins ached in a way that she had never felt before, and she suddenly wondered if she was going to experience a whole new form of torment.

Methulos held up his slime covered fingers and held it under her nose. "Smell it."

She cautiously took a sniff, and when she discovered that it was not unpleasant, inhaled harder. She was surprised by the oddly musky smell. She remembered what Iliana's cunt had smelled like, and although it was very similar, there was a faint but detectable difference. So that was what Iliana had smelled and licked last night. A faint blush came to her cheeks at the memory.

He smiled and wiped his fingers on her breasts. "All right. I'm sure that you and Iliana are tired and short of sleep. You may return to your quarters. Get some rest until dinner time. He watched with silent approval when Evandre bent over to suckle on Iliana's nipples without even hesitating, and watched their departing rears appreciatively.

"They are very beautiful, master."

He turned to Rhodia, surprised at her comment. "Jealous?"

Her shrug was both cute and sensual. "Maybe a little. I can't help but be aware of my ... imperfections, and that I'm small and less ... impressive than they are."

"But you're very cute."

She perked up and put her hands on her hips, posing as she twisted about on her cushion. "You really think so, master?"

"Oh definitely. Just don't get swollen headed about it."

"Or you'll beat it out of me?" she added hopefully.

He laughed and shook his head in mock despair. "You're hopeless."

"No, master. Just hopeful." She fluttered her eyelashes and smiled winningly.

He studied her skin critically. "You're healing nicely. In another couple of days, you'll be fit for anything. Then we'll see just how much pain you really like." He paused for a moment, and then said, "You can see what I'm trying to do with the other two girls, can't you? Especially Evandre."

Her eyes were suddenly shrewd and much more mature than her youthful face. "Yes, master –

and I want to help."

"Aren't you afraid they will hate you for it?"

"Not if I'm careful. Besides, when they see you beat the stuffing out of me, they'll be both sorry for me and satisfied that I'm getting what I deserve."

"And what about you. Do I need to train you?"

She looked thoughtful. "Only in the ways you want me to behave. How to pose, what to say, when to kneel, when to humiliate myself. Things like that. But I've already committed myself to you, so you don't need to break me or make me obedient."

"How to humiliate yourself?"

She nodded earnestly. "Oh yes, master. I like pain, and I'm obedient, but I'm not very humble. I suppose it goes without saying that I'm naturally rebellious, or I'd be a vestal virgin by now. I need to be made to obey – Iliana already wants to obey and Evandre will obey you because you beat her in combat. But you'll need to keep me in my place."

"You're being surprisingly candid."

She shrugged. "I know myself. I don't want you to become angry or annoyed with me, so I'm warning you first. I want to be a good doer, but I'm wilful and I'll try to go my own way if you don't keep me on a short leash. I've spent a lifetime fighting the wishes of my parents and it will be hard to break the habit, even though I want to."

"Won't you resent being slapped down all the time?"

She grinned. "Just like a good horse, I only need to feel the bridle. You don't have to yank on the reins all the time."

He nodded. "I've been thinking about that. I intend to teach all of you a series of positions that will act as reminders of your status. Position One is just a start." He described his ideas to her, and was pleased when she willingly discussed them with him and even pointed out some improvements based on her viewpoint as a woman. "There's one more, that is actually tailored to Evandre, but I'll have to apply it to all of you."

Rhodia laughed when he described it. "I don't think I or Iliana will have any problem with that one, master, but I can't wait to see Evandre's face." She giggled and snuggled against him.

"Did I say you could touch me like that?" he said, his voice suddenly cold.

Her mouth opened in shocked surprise, and then changed to a tight smile. She nodded in understanding. She rose to her knees and bowed her head. "No master. I'm sorry, master. Please punish me."

"And what punishment would you consider appropriate?"

Her smile grew broader. "You never used that little bamboo stick on me, master."

He pretended to ponder. "But your nipples still need to heal a bit more, and even your cunt lips are still healing."

Her eyes gleamed. "I have at least one very sensitive spot that's not hurt at all, master."

"Oh? And what would that be?" he asked casually, feigning ignorance and hiding his grin.

He went down on one knee beside her, gently took hold of her hair and turned her head towards him. "You do realise it would be incredibly painful?"

She licked her lips slowly and sensually. "I'm sure master has the skill to make it last as well as be very painful."

"You want it to last?"

"I'm being punished, am I not? I should scream for a long time," she replied breathlessly.

He nodded. "All right then. Get on your back, legs up and apart, and show me this clitoris that I'm supposed to punish."

"Yes, master!" she cried enthusiastically, practically throwing herself onto her back, ignoring the healing wounds on her rear. She spread her long slim legs wide. The fading stripes of her scars gave her an exotic, tiger-like look. Her fingers spread her cunt and exposed her clitoris with a familiarity that clashed oddly with her fresh, innocent appearance. Unlike Iliana, she did not feel very much shame or embarrassment, but the sensation of being very vulnerable excited her greatly. As she waited, she imagined all the horrible things that could be done to her cunt while she was like

this. Her sexual fantasies had always been so extreme that she could not discuss them with her closest friends. She dreamed of being very slowly cut with knives, in tiny little slices starting from the places that would not be very visible or dangerous, so that she would still look pretty and remain conscious until the very last. Cuts under her breasts, in her armpits, and between her buttocks. As she grew older and understood the significance and sensitivity of the spot between her thighs, her cutting fantasies naturally moved to focus on her cunt. It was so hidden, and had so many little folds and crevices, and of course there were the holes. The big one of course, but also her tiny pee hole. She would lie in bed at night with a rolled up blanket pressed tightly between her thighs as she dreamt of the terrible and bloody torture of her cunt. She imagined the little knife in someone's hand as she lay on a table, her legs wide apart. She even incorporated her planned future as a vestal in her fantasies. She imagined the high priestesses telling her that it was her duty to sacrifice herself to the goddess, slowly and with great pain. She would shudder in delicious fear and squeeze her thighs so very tightly around the blanket roll, pressing it tightly against her cunt.

During her bath times, she would carefully spread her cunt lips apart and pretend that she was the person who was going to torture her, and she would trace the folds and crevices of her cunt with a fingernail, imagining the merciless voice of her torturer making notes and plans. A cut here, a cut there. Should she cut across the pee hole or force the tip of the knife into the hole and make cuts that way? And what about the nice deep hole that led right into her victim's body? Perhaps there was some way to pull it open wide so that the knife could get right inside without cutting the outer parts, leaving the furred pink hole looking all pristine, while blood flowed out from deep within.

Of course, Rhodia was not suicidal or crazed, so she was never tempted to actually carry out any of these masochistic day dreams. However her desire to be hurt was very real. What she needed was someone who would love her, but still be willing to give her pleasure by hurting her the way she needed. Obviously, she would have to trust that person, man or woman, implicitly. The other alternative was if she really had no choice but to submit to torture, if the unthinkable were to happen and she were to become a doera. Now the unthinkable had become reality, but so had her dreams. Her new master liked to hurt women, but he was not a homicidal maniac nor mindlessly cruel. In fact, he was rather good looking and kind of sweet ....

Methulos was surprised and amazed that Rhodia seemed to have drifted off into some kind of daydream, even as she exposed her clitoris with her fingers. She had a dreamy half-smile on her face, and an expression of what looked like extreme horniness. He shook his head and chuckled. Then he cleared his throat and tickled her cunt with the tip of the bamboo stick,

Rhodia started, and her attention returned to the real world with a rush. "I'm so sorry, master. It's just that I've dreamed of something like this happening for so very long, and I'm so happy." Big tears formed in her eyes, and she sniffled.

He stroked the sides of her face, wiping away the tears. "Are you all right?" He was afraid that the shock of being captured and made into a doera was finally catching up to her, and she might become hysterical.

Rhodia's sobs turned into a gurgle and then a giggle. "I'm all right. I'm sorry, master. I'm just so happy, I could cry."

Methulos sighed with relief. In a slightly acerbic tone he said, "Cry later. Let's have your clitoris first."

She took a deep, quivering breath, exhaled hard, and then nodded. Her fingers pulled her the hood of her clitoris firmly back again and she nodded. "I'm ready, master." However, there was no mistaking the excitement in her voice.

He knelt between her legs. Teasing, he leant forward and blew on her clit.

She had been braced for pain, and the tickle of his breath made her gasp and wriggle her hips comically. "Ooh, that was evil of you, master."

"And what about this?" he asked just before his lips closed around her clit and his tongue went to work.

Rhodia cried out, and then moaned happily. No man (or woman) had sucked her clitoris before. In fact, the idea had never occurred to her, but it felt absolutely marvellous. Especially since she

knew it was only the prelude to having her little pearl tortured. She realised that his caresses would only make her clitoris or clit, as the girls at the brothel called it, all the more sensitive. Then she smiled when she realised that he knew it too. It was so good to have a master who knew what he was doing. She could relax and simply enjoy the pain.

It was nice to be playing with a girl who knew what was happening and who was happy to play along. He did not have to be so careful about what he said and did. Her cunt smelled and tasted deliciously fresh and clean. She had a subtle but heady female fragrance about her that spoke of powerful sensual desires. He gripped her thighs with his strong hands and held her steady as he worked on her clitoris, enjoying her writhing, shuddering response to his oral caresses. He liked the way her fingers immediately returned to expose her clitoris and her thighs resumed their wide spread position as soon as he pulled his lips away. She had obviously not lost track of the true reason that she was lying in this position. He picked up the stick again and gave her clitoris a little tap just to remind her.

The sharp little rap on her clitoris immediately focused Rhodia's attention on the stick again. The tap had not hurt, but had rather sent a jolt of indescribable sensation through her cunt straight to her brain, like the impact of an invisible sack full of straw. The raw tingling of fear returned, making her clit buzz.

Methulos held the end of the stick between finger and thumb and waved it up and down. "I'm going to smack your clit with the stick first, just to get you in the mood."

Rhodia asked him to wait for a second as she released her clit to pull a couple of cushions behind her head and upper shoulders, so that she could properly see what was going on between her legs. She apologised and forced her clitoris into prominence again, only to squeal softly when the tip of the stick whipped down to smack her clit. This time there was definitely some pain, and she hissed appreciatively. The brief but intense sting made her nerves sing and her clit call out for more. "Ooh, yes, hit my clit like that again."

"Clit?" he asked, simultaneously giving her clitoris another smack.

She inhaled sharply, then smiled and replied, "Yes, master. That's what the girls at the brothel called it. They told me they said it so often that clitoris was too much bother, so they shortened it. I think it sounds cute, and oddly right, but if you don't like it I won't use it any more, master."

He thought for a moment, letting the abbreviated word roll around in his mouth, and then nodded. "I like it too. 'Clit' it is then." He emphasised the word with another sharp rap of the stick.

For some reason, the idea of having her clit or even her cunt lightly smacked had never played a serious part in her fantasies. It had always seemed too trivial an infliction to bother about. But Rhodia was now discovering that the reality was very different. For one thing, each little smack of the stick varied in timing and strength, and landed in a slightly different spot, so she was suffering a continuous series of sharp stinging surprises which made it impossible to relax and "ride" the pain. Another thing she had not considered in her fantasies, was that quantity has a virtue all of its own. Rather than a single hammering blow, cut or stab, she was suffering a multitude of hurtful ant bites, which when combined, inflicted a maddening kind of pain that gnawed at the nerves. Before long, she was breathing in quick panting breaths, underscored by little gasps of pain.

Methulos hummed to himself as he concentrated on the pleasant chore of rapping Rhodia's clit, and chuckled when he saw the expression of pleasure on her face, mixed in oddly with her wincing and tiny yelps of discomfort. "Nice?"

"Ow, ow, ow ... it's ... ow ... very strange ... ow ... and ... ouch ... quite painful ... ow!" Then a grin broke out. "But ... ouch ... I like it ... ow!" In fact, it was making her unbearably horny, and she was soon making little pushing movements of her hips to push her clit up to meet the stick. Her clit was quickly becoming very sore, adding a continuous undertone to the pain. It was all so delicious.

Her cunt danced for Methulos as her hips wriggled, while the muscles of her cunt and arse hole contracted rhythmically. It was a beautiful sight. However, he knew that both he and she needed something more intense. Using his other hand, he interrupted the quick spanking motions of the stick, catching the tip and bending it back slightly before releasing it again. The stick snapped

forward with massively greater force, and slammed its tip into the furred ring of her cunt hole, before resuming the steady slapping of her clit.

Rhodia's mouth opened wide as she groaned. Her cunt hole flared with a blast of pain that burned and lingered even as the steady miniature whipping of her clitoris resumed, only to be interrupted again a few moments later by another shockingly painful snap of the rod into her cunt hole. The total pain multiplied ten times over, and her entire body shook with each burning snap into her hole. It was the most beautiful pain that she had ever felt. It was like her less extreme fantasies came to life, and great glow of happiness filled her being. She looked up into her master's eyes. "Master ... ouch ... I think I can ... ouch ... orgasm from this ... ouch ... do you want ... ouch ... me to try?" she panted in between the snaps of the bamboo rod into her painfully abraded cunt hole.

Methulos was intrigued by this, and wanted to see if she could really do it. He knew that he could very easily come himself and smiled at the thought. "Go ahead. Show me how much you enjoy the pain I am giving you."

"Oh thank you, master!" Rhodia smiled beatifically and bit her lip as she concentrated on the beating of her cunt, meeting the pain as if it was a lover, pushing her cunt up to meet it. Each stinging smack against her clitoris was like a caress and drove her closer to her climax. She squeezed her toes tight, and the muscles of her thighs flexed and contracted in time to the shockingly painful snaps of the rod that drove into her cunt hole. Her fingernails dug into the hood of her clitoris, adding her own pain to the mixture. She closed her eyes and imagined the slim, flexible rod ripping and tearing at her clit and cunt hole. In her mind's eye she saw the skin of her clitoris slowly being scraped raw by the blows, and the tip of the rod cutting into the glistening moist flesh of her feminine passage and drawing blood. Sheer excitement flooded through her body, making her heart race wildly and her cunt tremble.

Methulos watched her strain towards her invisible goal, and struck harder at her clitoris. He could see that her clitoris was actually getting slightly abraded and was swelling up from the constant smacking, but the rod was too light to do any lasting damage, so he did not restrain himself. He was also tremendously tempted to fuck her, but he did not want to create an additional level of tension between the girls because of jealousy or perceived favouritism. However that did not prevent him from rubbing his cock against the inside of her thigh.

Rhodia felt his hot, rigid cock touch her thigh and rub against her. It was a tangible confirmation of the degree that her cunt and her pain pleased and excited him. This was the final element that she needed, and she felt her orgasm building up deep in her loins, like a mighty wave building up in the dark waters of a stormy sea, illuminated and driven on by the blinding flashes of lightning that were the agonising snaps of the slim rod that drove right into her hole. "I'm nearly there, master ... ow ... ahhh ... it's coming master. I'm going to climax just for you, master ... right ... now!!" Her eyes rolled up, and she convulsed and screamed as if an arrow had pierced her belly.

Her intense orgasm was enough to trigger his, and Methulos climaxed as well, spurting his seed between her quaking thighs, which were prevented from fully closing by his body, and up along the length of her belly. A few drops even managed to reach her lips and cheek.

When her shuddering and screaming stopped, she grinned and scooped up the sticky white fluid off of her face and popped it into her mouth. "I'm supposed to swallow it," she said by way of explanation, before scooping up the rest from her belly and cunt and licking it off of her fingers like a cat. When she was done, she cupped her cunt, winced theatrically and sighed with satisfaction. "That was lovely, master. Thank you so much."

Methulos rubbed his chin. "Hmm, I thought I was supposed to be punishing you."

Rhodia glanced at his face, and saw that he was teasing her. She batted her eyelashes innocently. "Master tortured my cunt terribly. Everyone in the house must have heard my screams of agony. I'm sure that no other doera will dare to incur your wrath again after my horrible fate."

He shook his head in amazement. "If I didn't know better, I'd almost be tempted to believe you," he said as he got up from his knees.

She smiled warmly, put her hands behind her back and leaned forward to kiss the tip of his sticky cock. "But I did learn my lesson, master. I shall never be over familiar or presume on our

relationship again, master."

He looked down on her and realised that she was being sincere, and nodded. Then he tilted his head in thought. "You look really good like that – and what you just did; it gave me an idea."

"Oh? What idea was that, master?"

He studied her face for a long moment. "I'd like to be able to discuss things like this with someone who has a different, especially a female point of view. Can I trust you not to tell the other two about whatever I tell you? Where do your loyalties lie, Rhodia. You can tell me honestly. I won't be angry or think any differently about you no matter which way you answer. It would be only natural if you felt some solidarity with your fellow doerai."

She kissed the tip of his cock again. "You saved my life, master. You took me in and treated me with kindness when no one else cared what happened to me. You understand my need for pain. I am loyal only to you, master – to the death. I swear it by Athena Potnia."

People did not make oaths to the mother goddess lightly, and those who broke their word tended to end up badly. He placed his hand on the top of her head. "I accept your oath." He chuckled. "All right then, to answer your question, I want to accustom Evandre to doing things related to sex but explainable and justifiable as something else." He pointed at her lips. "For example, as master, I may rightfully choose the manner by which my doerai greet me. This is a matter of respect and a symbol of your submission."

Rhodia's face lit up with a grin, when she realised what he intended. "Ooh, she's not going to like this one."

"But do you think she will do it?"

She rubbed her chin and then said, "Let me lead the way, master. If she sees me do it and you accept it as nothing more than your due, and you do not leer at me and make suggestive remarks, her Amazon honour will leave her little choice but to follow my example. Iliana will love it, because she will see it as a humiliation, which she will enjoy."

He raised an eyebrow. "And you, are you not humiliated by the thought of greeting me on your knees and kissing my cock?" he said, stroking her face.

She turned her head and kissed his fingers. "To be honest master, if you required me to greet all your male visitors and friends that way, I would feel shame and embarrassment. But you are my life, master. If this pleases you, then it makes me happy too, and there can be no humiliation in that."

He nodded. "An honest answer. To be equally honest, I had not thought about what I would tell my fellow warriors and the lords, if I should somehow come to their attention. With the war over, I think everyone will be too busy preparing to go back to Achaea to come visiting."

"What about you, master. Aren't you eager to go home too?"

He frowned. "That is not an easy question to answer." The latest messengers from Achaea spoke of many troubles. With all the great Wanaktes, from Agamemnon on down, as well as the bulk of the other leaders and fighting men, absent from their cities for nearly ten years, things had not gone well at home. Rebellions, banditry, invasions by other tribes and races tempted by the weakness of the Achaean states, and a breakdown in the very structure of society, had made the possibility that even the greatest cities might collapse or be conquered before long, especially since many of the greatest Achaean warriors such as Ajax and Achilles had fallen in front of Troy. It all did not sound very inviting. After ten years of fighting and hardship over here, Methulos was not eager for more fighting, possibly for a lost cause. Troy would eventually be rebuilt, and those who were here at the start could make a comfortable place for themselves, when the new society was formed under the new Wanax or whoever was chosen to rule. Methulos believed that he was not the only one thinking of staying. He had a nice home here, and he suspected that bandits were squatting in his estate back in Achaea. He had the treasure he had looted from Troy, he had Turios, and all the other doeroi and doerai he had accumulated over the past ten years. And now he had three special new sexual doerai to make his life interesting. He slowly shook his head. "I don't think so. Unless someone comes up with a very good reason, I think I will be staying here." He shook his head, as if to shake the gloomy thoughts out of it. "To get back to the subject at hand, I like what you did. Let's

formalise it and then I can present it to the others as a traditional greeting."

He walked around Rhodia's kneeling figure, and studied her posture. He made a few small adjustments, such as placing her hands open and flat, one on top of the other in the small of her back, and parting her knees a bit more, both for reasons of aesthetics and balance when she leaned forward. It had to be easy to assume, keep and get out of, if the girls were to use it on a daily basis. When they were both happy with how the position looked and felt, he named it the Greeting Position. After playing with Rhodia a bit more and listening to some of her truly horrific fantasises, he sent her off to have a nap along with the others.

She grinned. "When they wake up, I'll warn them about the new position that you taught me, and then show them how to do it. Evandre probably won't want to do it until she hears you command her to do so in person." She shook her head. "She's a funny girl. So practical in some ways, and yet full of strange fanciful ideas in others."

He made an encompassing gesture and said, "You have to remember, the Amazons are like no other culture we know. It's not just controlled by the women – there are a few other matriarchies around that I've heard of – but there are only women. They are terrified of being conquered and forced to submit to men again, and at the same time, they want and need to have a certain degree of friendly relationships with men of the bordering tribes. It must be very confusing." He shook his head. "It doesn't help that almost everyone else sees them as an abomination, even most women."

She tilted her head and smiled. "You're surprisingly understanding and sympathetic for a gruff, tough, warrior."

He poked her breast playfully in retaliation. "When you've had to train as many young boys fresh off the farms or comfortable city houses as I have, you learn to be understanding or you would go mad and hack the head off of all the annoying brats who turn up thinking they want to be warriors." He pulled her up off her knees and slapped her carefully on her healing bottom. "Now be off with you. I'll see you all tonight."

## Chapter Five

Three more days went by in this fashion, with Methulos carefully feeling his way into his relationships with each of the girls, who had settled in comfortably and had become quite friendly with each other due to being required to constantly live and work together.

They had adopted the Greet Position with varying degrees of enthusiasm, just as Rhodia had predicted. Evandre had been resistant at first, suspicious that it was a disguised sexual act – which of course it was – but finally accepted it when she saw the other two girls use it and how Methulos never took advantage of it to initiate sex, but treated it as a greeting and homage due to him as their master. Even though she still had mental reservations, by the end of the third day, even she was falling to her knees and pressing her lips to his foreskin in greeting almost without a second thought.

Turios had given them special blends of olive oil mixed with herbs to rub into their skin, and the skins of all three girls gleamed like liquid sunlight, even Rhodia, who had completely healed and recovered from her beating at the post. He also taught them how to consume a daily dose of herbs that would prevent them from getting pregnant in anticipation of the time when Methulos began to have regular sex with them.

On the morning of the forth day, the girls were surprised when Methulos strode briskly into their shared bedroom at the crack of dawn and woke them up with hard slaps to their bare rumps.

The girls jumped out of bed squealing in muzzy surprise and indignation, even the normally reserved Evandre, who was gradually discovering the joys of simply being a young woman, instead of the hardened warrior. This was hardly surprising, since she was only a few years older than the other two, despite being decades older in experience, at least as far as killing and being killed was concerned. She would never be a giggly young thing out to impress the men of the Wanax's court, but parts of her character that had been suppressed by her role as warrior, were starting to blossom.

Methulos felt happy for her. He knew what it was like to be confined by the warrior's code of kill or be killed from an early age, which was why he was trying to make up for it now, before he became to old and wizened to enjoy himself. He indulged in a few more hurry-up spanks while shouting, "All right you lazy worms, time to get up for your daily inspection."

"Inspection?" Iliana groaned, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"What fucking inspection ... master?" Evandre swore. She realised what she had said, and quickly added, "Er, I didn't mean that literally, master." She had come to trust him enough to grin, at her mistake, rather than looking apprehensive.

"Will it hurt?" Rhodia chimed hopefully, as she brushed the hair out her eyes.

He shouted, "The daily doerai health inspection, that's what bloody inspection."

The girls winced at his battlefield roar.

When he saw that he had their full attention, he moderated his tone to merely loud. "Since you three are valuable property, almost as valuable as cows, and maybe a little more so than goats, I realised that I need to be sure that you are all in good condition when we start the day. So ... I am going to check your bodies from head to toe – literally."

The girls each had their own cot. Rhodia was first and nearest the door. Iliana was in the middle bed, because she liked the feeling of security of being flanked on either side by the other girls. Evandre as last and closest to the corner of the room. She liked having the wall at her back, and being the maximum distance from the door, in case some monster, human or otherwise, came charging in unexpectedly.

Methulos prodded Rhodia in the belly button. "You're first. You other two, watch carefully, because we shall be following the same routine every morning from now on. As usual, mistakes will be punished."

This announcement elicited exaggerated groans from the trio.

He tickled Rhodia's nipple with a fingertip. "Hair first. Hands behind your back and throw your hair forward. I want to make sure you're not losing your hair for any reason, and ensure you don't



have any insect friends living with you."

Iliana, who probably seldom saw head lice or ticks, shuddered at the thought.

Evandre, who had more than a passing acquaintance with all forms of biting insects, including some which had looked big enough to carry away a cow when she woke up to see them hungrily examining her leg, merely grinned. Her master's caution actually sounded quite sensible, even though she did not doubt that he had other motives as well. She knew him well enough by now to know that he always had at least two reasons for everything he did. She was glad that she had never faced him in real battle.

Rhodia obediently assumed the position, pushing the top of her head towards him.

Although it was not his true objective, Methulos nevertheless did a thorough check of her scalp, since he really did not want to share his bed with a colony of lice, ticks or fleas. Her head was pleasantly clean, and he enjoyed running his fingers through her silky hair. "Ears and nose next. A deaf doera is only good for dog food."

Getting into the spirit of things, Iliana cupped a hand behind her ear. "Eh?"

He laughed. "Just you wait until I implement the punishment points system."

"Oooh." Iliana crossed her arms over her breasts and shivered in delicious fear.

Evandre wished that she could tease and banter with him as easily as the other two girls, but she was happy just to be included in the group. It had been a bleak and lonely time ever since Penthesilea had accidentally killed Queen Hippolyte, and then exiled herself and her loyal followers – including Evandre – from her own Amazonian tribe, seeking death or redemption in battle. She had badly missed the simple happy camaraderie of being part of a group that was not actively seeking death. She badly wanted to belong here, even if it meant being a doera. There were moments when she wished that she could simply surrender her honour and pride and throw herself at Methulos like Rhodia and Iliana did – or that Methulos would force her to surrender herself fully to him. But she knew that the growing trust and loyalty she felt developing inside herself towards him would be shattered if he simply raped her and beat her until she cooperated sexually. He could do it, but it would not be Evandre that shared his bed in the end, but just a defeated ghost of the proud Amazon. It seemed that the battle of Troy was being re-enacted in miniature between them – except that she secretly hoped that he would also win this war as well. Then she hid a giggle when she wondered what would substitute for the wooden horse. She had finally learned about that ruse and like Methulos, could hardly believe that it had worked.

While the Amazon had been musing, Methulos had finished examining Rhodia's eyes, ears, nose and mouth, as well as her arms and arm pits – the last with much giggling on her part. It was while he was looking under her arms, that it occurred to Rhodia that since their cunts were plucked clean, the same could be done for their armpits. It would be another little torment for him to enjoy, and it would be easier to keep themselves clean as well. She resolved to suggest it to him as soon as she had the opportunity.

He moved on to her breasts now. He had her lower her arms and lift her breasts, so that he could examine the crease where they met her body for signs of infection or infestation, then grip her nipples and pulled really hard outwards, stretching her breasts into cones. This was supposed to check her nipples for signs of discharge, as well as the proper ability to grow erect under stimulation. Then he quickly ran his hands over her belly, digging a finger into her belly button. Going behind her, he had her lift her arms again, and ran his hands over her shoulders and down her back.

The next highlight were her buttocks. First he grabbed them and kneaded the cheeks to feel the muscle tone and to check for sores and boils. Then he had her spread her feet apart, bend over and pull her arse cheeks apart with her fingers, so that he could examine the crack and her arse hole. He made her clench and unclench the little brown orifice and watched in amusement as her arse hole winked at him.

The final part required that she lie on her back on her bed, with her legs together and knees bent. Then she was made to present her feet to him, and he examined the gaps between her toes, as well as the soles of her feet, accompanied by much female giggling and laughing. Then he moved

on to her legs themselves, squeezing her calves, and thighs. Finally, he ordered her to spread her legs wide.

His inspection of her cunt started with the outer lips and a lot of pinching and squeezing. Then he made her pull her cunt open for him to inspect the inner parts of her cunt. He made her wince and gasp by pinching and tugging painfully hard on her soft inner lips. He kept this up until her inner lips showed signs of growing properly engorged and her cunt hole displayed visible amount of her sticky, glistening moisture. He made her change her grip and to pull on her cunt lips with her hands wrapped around the ample curves of her bottom. This forced her cunt hole to open wider and more completely – even though her fingers were not actually in her hole – which was ideal for an inspection. He grinned as he stared into the gaping pink orifice that now led to an actual hole, into which he could have dropped a stone or poured wine. He imagined that if there was some way to shine light in there at the right angle, he would be able to see right down to her womb, since she no longer had a hymen to partially obscure the view.

Rhodia grinned up at him. "Can you see anything?"

"Cobwebs?" he replied deadpan. He noticed that she was digging her fingernails into the flesh around her cunt, deliberately using his command to hurt herself.

She stuck her tongue out at him. Her cunt lips hurt nicely as she pressed her fingernails even harder into her skin. It was a good start to the morning, and she could feel herself getting wet. It was so sexy being Methulos's doera – much better than if she had stayed in the brothel.

He poked and prodded her cunt hole, enjoying the warm, slick feel of her inner flesh, and how totally exposed and vulnerable she was to him. He nodded to her. "Okay. Your clit now."

With his consent, Rhodia had told the others about the contraction the girls in the brothel had used for the word clitoris, so they were not surprised when he used it.

She wiped the juices that had gotten on her fingertips off on her thighs, and then moved her hands around to approach her cunt from the top. Pressing her fingertips into the mound of her cunt just above where her slit and the cone shape of her clitoral hood started, she was able to peel the hood back from her clitoris without getting her fingers in the way of his view. This was something Methulos had taught her, and she loved doing it, and the way she could make her clitoris pop in an out of view with just the pressure of her fingers. She liked the way her clitoris felt when the hood was pulled back. Unprotected, it could brush against things by accident and create shocking flashes of pain and pleasure. She wondered if there was some way to keep it pulled back like it was now. A ring and harness arrangement perhaps – or even tiny metal hooks attached to a fine chain around her waist. This last thought made her shudder with lust, and her clitoris twitched and swelled.

Methulos examined her clitoris, deliberately being ungentle as he brushed, rubbed and pinched it, making the girl gasp, twitch and writhe. "Hmm, it seems to be working properly."

"Th-thank you master, that's so comforting to know." she gasped, shuddering from the casual flicking of his finger he was applying to her clitoris. She knew his play would not extend to giving her an orgasm, nor would he hurt her enough to make it really enjoyable, which made her grit her teeth in frustration. She jumped when he gave her cunt a playful slap.

"All done. Stand up and assume Position One," he ordered as he moved on to the eagerly waiting Iliana. He repeated the procedure on her, but took a little longer in his preparations, and describing the various positions in more explicit detail.

Iliana loved it. The "inspection" was so humbling and humiliating. It made her feel faint with excitement, as she went through the same inspection steps as Rhodia.

Methulos did not play with her clitoris as much or as roughly as he had Rhodia's, but he teased and threatened it more. He described in detail what he saw as he examined her cunt and added little asides regarding the possible tortures that he might use on any particular spot.

All of this made Iliana's heart pound, and left her feeling just as salacious as Rhodia when she joined the smaller girl in Position One.

Of course, both of them knew that his real target was Evandre, and they watched eagerly to see how she would react.

The Amazon stood erect and proud as he approached. Because she was last, and had seen what

he did to the other girls, she had been given ample time to consider if what he as demanding was dishonourable. She was not stupid, and it was obvious that he was merely using the inspection as another excuse to play with their bodies, and she felt slightly amused at the enthusiastic way her companions had thrown themselves into the game. The very suggestive positions the inspection required worried her a little, but as before, she was merely required to passively obey. Besides, the concept of an inspection actually made sense.

Methulos studied the taut, well toned figure that stood waiting obediently for his attention. For some reason he found her very arousing, and he longed to simply lash her all over with a whip and then fuck her like a rabbit. But he knew that although she would not resist, she would be totally passive during the whole process, and that just was not good enough for him. He wanted her heart and soul to be there as well as her body, when he finally used her sexually. Still, it was subtly exciting to have the warrior woman gracefully cooperating as he examined her body. Unlike when he was inspecting the other two girls, he let his fingers linger on her skin much longer, tracing the fine, soft, skin of her neck and throat, and feeling the feminine hardness of her arms and hands. For some reason he had not expected her to be ticklish, and he was amused and pleasantly surprised when she wriggled and giggled girlishly when she raised her arms and he stroked her arm pits and sides of her body.

"Sorry, master. My arms masters didn't tickle me very much," she gasped between giggles. Her eyes widened. "Arms masters ... tickle ... " and broke into more laughter.

He was glad to see her able to relax this way, and chuckled along with her. He hesitated to move on to her breasts, not wanting to spoil the mood.

Evandre noticed, and said, "It's all right, master. I'm quite um ... resigned isn't the word ... comfortable ... that's it ... comfortable ... with being touched by you. I really don't mind. In fact," her cheeks reddened, "... I rather like it. Being touched by you makes me feel ... wanted. In a non-sexual way of course," she said, straight faced.

"Of course." He smiled, nodded slowly, and reached out to put his hands lightly on her hips. "I'm glad. Each of you is special to me too."

She smiled, and then blushed again. "You really don't have to be so careful about touching or playing with my body. I'm happy to have you do anything you like to me that pleases you. I'm strong, and if you want to torture me like you plan to do to Rhodia, I can take it too. I'm sorry if my ... peculiarities are causing problems for you."

He indicated that she should lower her arms, and patted her on the shoulder. "Not at all. You are interesting and unique because of everything you are, including your um ... peculiarities." He smiled and pointed at her breasts. "Do you remember what to do with your breasts?"

She nodded, feeling pleased that he had described her as "interesting" and "unique". She had listened to many men, allied warriors, talk around camp fires, and usually all that they cared about was the size of a woman's breasts, the shape of her arse, and her willingness to spread her legs. "Uniqueness" was definitely not an asset as far as they were concerned. "Yes, master. I remember." She cupped her hands under her breasts and pushed them upwards so that he could check the crease where they joined her body for rashes or other maladies. She held them up and patiently waited until he nodded, and then lowered them again. Many Amazons were almost flat chested due to the tremendous amount of exercise they did. She guessed that this was the origin of the tales that some people told of how Amazons cut their breasts off to make archery easier. However, Evandre was gifted by nature with fairly large breasts, so even after the shrinkage brought about by a lifetime of exercise and weapons training, she still had breasts that filled the hand nicely.

Next came the nipples. Methulos said, "I'm inspecting your nipples for two things. First, whether they harden and rise normally when rubbed or exposed to something cold. The weather's too warm to easily find something cold, so you'll have to give them a good firm pinch."

Evandre was more than willing to accommodate him, so she gripped her nipples with thumb and forefinger, and pinched hard. She held the pinch until she could feel the crushing ache all the way down to her toes, and then released them. They continued to ache after she let go, and in fact there was a flash of even more intense pain when the blood rushed back into the crushed flesh. She

looked down curiously, and waited to see how they would react.

Methulos nodded approvingly, and smiled at her when the nipples and areola crinkled up and stood up proudly like two pointing fingers. "They seem to be working properly."

"I'm so glad," she said dryly.

He said, "Breasts and nipples can get diseased, and one of the signs of this is a foul discharge from the nipples." He rubbed the tips of her nipples with his thumbs. "I guess that you've seen goats or cows being milked?"

She nodded, arching her eyebrows at the idea of being compared to a milk cow.

"Well, that's what I want you to do now. Milk your nipples hard, so that we can detect any discharge."

Although this sounded suspiciously sexual, his explanation seemed reasonable, so she allowed herself to accept it and reached for her throbbing nipples again. She had in fact seen goats being milked, but she was not sure how that applied to her much smaller teats, and fumbled with her nipples, rubbing and tugging at them. She reasoned that anything that hurt could not be right, since goats did not seem to mind being milked, so she massaged her nipples with her fingers until she found a tugging, stroking movement that felt right. If her breasts had been capable producing milk, she felt sure that this should have made it come out.

He watched in fascination as she milked herself, mimicking the suckling motions of a child's lips with her fingers. It was obvious that it felt good, and that she was enjoying herself, but she was so engrossed with doing it correctly, that she did not realise it. When she had found her rhythm, she milked herself with great intensity, grateful that it did not hurt, and only stopped when Methulos raised a hand and nodded at her. He leaned forward to check. "No discharge, and nicely stiff. Your nipples seem to be in great condition. Do they feel all right?"

The fact was, her nipples felt marvellous, but she could not find the words to say it without admitting that she had aroused herself while performing what should have been a purely practical exercise. How could she refuse to become a sexual plaything, if she could not resist her own sexual nature, let alone his? "Yes master," she replied ambiguously.

Methulos suppressed a grin and just nodded.

She felt greatly relieved when he did not press her for further elaboration. Eager to distract him, she nodded towards her feet. "My feet and legs are next, right?"

He nodded again. "That's right. You need to lie down on your back on the bed for this part."

Her nipples still tingled disturbingly as she lowered herself onto her bed, bent her knees, and raised her feet up into the air. She uttered a tiny sigh of relief to be able to shift his attention to the non-sexual subject of her feet. Unfortunately, her feet turned out to be a lot more sensual than she had imagined.

Methulos took a foot in his hands and gently manipulated her pink, well formed toes. He tugged on them, rubbed them and softly pulled them apart to check the webs in between. Then he examined the foot itself, tracing the muscles and tendons with strong, knowing fingers and thumbs, almost as if her was massaging them.

Whatever his intention, it felt really good to her, and she groaned contentedly as his thumbs ran up and down and around the soles of her feet. She had no idea where he had learned the art of foot massage, but it not only felt incredibly relaxing, but very sensual too. Again it was a passive sensuality on her part, so she felt comfortable in accepting it. Deep down, she knew it was slightly hypocritical of her, but deeply ingrained beliefs and attitudes are often not susceptible to being changed simply by logic. It was like arguing the relative merits of the various gods. It was all in the eye of the believer.

Methulos saw the way she was relaxing under his touch, and knew that at least one part of his attack was working. Just like breaking a horse, the first step is to accustom the subject to the master's touch, and then to get the animal to actually welcome it. The fact that he had worked to keep her sexually aroused but unable to climax for the past few days contributed greatly to this success. Her body had a powerful need, and even though she consciously refused to act on her desires, all that did was to make her needs stronger.

The ache in Evandre's loins was getting more intense with each passing day, and the urge to masturbate was becoming almost overwhelming. She had found her hand sneaking to her crotch as she slept, and it was taking all her will power not to cheat and break her word, especially since it was so easy for a woman to hide an orgasm if she really wanted to. She was pretty sure that she could "come" – as Rhodia called it – merely by squeezing her thighs rhythmically together. In fact ... "Master, I might come if you keep doing that," she warned.

Still holding her foot, he stared down at her, his face serious. "I haven't given you many absolute commands, but you have promised not to climax, and I expect you to keep your word, no matter what it takes and under any circumstances. Is that clear? I will be very disappointed if you fail, and you will be seriously punished."

As a result of her upbringing and training, Evandre was not really frightened by threats of punishment, since being fearless was an ingrained part of her nature, but she truly did not want to disappoint him. She nodded, shame faced. "Yes, master. I'm sorry."

Methulos nodded and patted her thigh to show that he was not upset with her. "Good. I trust you, Evandre," he said, and massaged her feet a bit more before moving on to her calves and thighs.

When he stroked his fingertips over her inner thighs, she bit her tongue and drove her fingernails into her palms to fight the treacherous tremors in her cunt and belly that threatened to spill over into a full fledged orgasm.

"Your cunt now." He always felt a thrill when a beautiful woman spread her legs for him, no matter how often he had seen it happen. It was not just the exposure, but the symbolic significance of the act.

"Of course, master." She was filled with a contradictory blend of emotions, that shifted from moment to moment. As an Amazon warrior, she was not used to dealing with emotions except pride in achievement, and the suppression of fear and doubt. Anything sexual caused bells of alarm to ring in her mind – especially when there was a suggestion of compulsion – but on the other hand, she actually felt quite guilty at depriving her master of the sexual side of her personality. It was this guilt that made her experience and feeling of relief when he asked to see her cunt. This was something she could do without fighting her inner demons. She spread her legs as wide as she could and pushed her cunt up towards her master. "Please inspect my cunt, master."

Methulos disguised his surprise. She did not have to say that, and it seemed to be a good sign. On the other hand, she looked as grimly determined as ever not to display any trace of her own sexual desire, apart from the undeniable physical responses. "I would be happy to Evandre. I don't know if I've said it before, but I think you have a very pretty cunt. Did you know that?"

She had never been complimented on her cunt before, and when she heard the other girls giggle, she flushed and stammered, "Th-thank you, master." In truth, she had never even considered the possibility that a cunt could be attractive or otherwise. A cunt was a cunt. Something a girl just had between her legs. Of course, men (and some women) desired to use her cunt, but the idea of judging a cunt for beauty struck her as being so absurd that she giggled. And yet ... and yet when she looked into his face, it was obvious that he was sincere and not mocking her. She had learned to respect his intellect and abilities, so how could he be completely wrong in this? Perhaps it was some male thing that Amazons had forgotten about in the course of their long separation from the opposite sex? She felt the strangest urge to sit up and bend over to stare between her legs at her own cunt to see what it was she had overlooked all this time.

Methulos rescued her from her confusion, by placing his hand flat against her cunt, applying a gentle pressure and rubbing it in a small circle.

She was already greatly excited, and his expert touch made her gasp desperately. "Ohh, master, please ... " She had wanted to ask him not to do that, but a doera had not right to tell her master not to do anything.

"Please master rub my cunt harder?" he asked teasingly, accurately judging her level of stimulation.

Evandre tossed her head from side to side and dug her fingers into the blanket beneath her. She mentally recited poetry and reviewed memorised battle tactics – anything to take her mind off of

what he was doing between her thighs. "Sh-shouldn't you be examining my cunt, master? You can p-play with it as much as you like later," she panted frantically, hoping to distract him. Her breath rushed out in a relieved sigh when he stopped rubbing.

Methulos had not been lying when he said he found her cunt attractive and he now slowly traced its form with his fingertips. Many of his friend thought he was crazy, but he like cunts. Liked the way they looked and felt, smelled and tasted. He liked hurting them too. Since cunts were so sensitive, they provided a wealth of opportunities for cunt torture, from playful slaps and pinches, all the way to beating and branding. However, he never forced himself on a woman. There were enough of them around who could be convinced, one way or another to "volunteer" to make that unnecessary. He began to tug and pinch at her cunt, moving from one spot to another, working on both the outer and inner lips, while pausing in between to spread and play with it. He left her clitoris mainly alone for the moment, reserving that for some special attention later on.

Evandre was actually relieved when he began to playfully hurt her cunt. The small stings of his pinches and the tugging of her delicate inner lips helped to distract her from an impending orgasm which she was afraid that she could not prevent. In addition, she could mentally classify what he was doing as "torture", and thus justify giving him her full cooperation. It was not her fault if he was not hurting her very effectively, she thought righteously. She also told herself that it was acceptable for someone who was being tortured to moan, gasp, and wriggle, and that the prominent erection of her clitoris and the moisture streaming from her cunt hole were just normal bodily reactions to the "torment". Lying to oneself was not dishonourable – merely silly.

He stretched her inner lips into taut butterfly wings, pressed them back together, rubbed them against each other, and generally played with her cunt much longer than he had with the other two girls.

By the time he stopped, Evandre was alarmed to discover that she was edging towards an orgasm again. Her cunt was hot and tingling from his pinching and stretching, and she wished he would slap her cunt hard or something. When he moved on to the actual inspection of her cunt, she gladly reached around her thighs and dug her fingernails hard into her cunt lips as she pulled them apart to expose her hole as the inspection required. The pain was a welcome distraction.

Methulos was certain that the Amazon did not realise how swollen and ripe with lust her cunt looked. To someone as experienced as he was, it fairly screamed of arousal. He stared dramatically into her wide spread cunt hole, letting her see and feel his gaze on and in her most intimate places.

Because of how hard and painfully she was stretching her cunt hole open, she was extremely aware of it, and she could have sworn that she actually felt his gaze as he probed her intimate depths with his eyes. Like Rhodia, she wondered if he could see her womb, or if her maidenhead completely obscured the view into the deepest parts of her sexual passage. Since she had never looked into another woman's cunt in that way she had no idea what the view was like. She just hoped he liked it. In fact, she could not resist asking, even though it did seem a strange expression of her vanity. "Do you like what you see, master?"

"If you mean do I like looking at the fresh, pink, virginal, cunt of a lovely young girl, then yes, I like it very much."

Even though this was the both oddest, and most wildly intimate compliment she had ever received, she felt a tiny glow of smug satisfaction. It was quite heady for a young girl like her to be complimented so much on her beauty and sexual attractiveness by a man she admired and was totally dependent upon, especially since she felt certain he was sincere. She actually tried to stretch her hole open even wider, and since she had strong fingers, the pain became quite acute. However, she could feel her hole widening, and his approving nod made the discomfort worthwhile.

Methulos was certain the Amazon did not realise how much her actions were being driven by her raging lust and sexual frustration. He deliberate added to it by running his fingertip around the tightly stretched rim of her cunt hole, playing her cunt like a musical instrument. Then he scratched at the slick, corrugated walls of her sex passage that had been pulled into the open by her determined grip.

Evandre shuddered at his touch, which was both frightening in its casual intimacy and because

of the pleasure it caused. She almost cried out when she felt his fingertip cautiously prod her maidenhead. She felt the tiny membrane stretch, and a sharp twinge of pain flashed through her cunt, causing a chill sting of panic pierce her heart. Was she going to lose her virginity like this? Then she did cry out, when he gripped the rim of her cunt hole with his fingernails and pinched hard.

He grinned at her startled yelp, but ignored it as he said, "All right. Let's move on to the last part of your inspection."

Evandre was a quick learner, and she although she had acted nonchalant, she had watched Rhodia and Iliana carefully when they were being "inspected". She felt a certain amount of pride and satisfaction when she was able to fully expose her clitoris without any embarrassing fumbling. She could feel how stiff and sensitive her clitoris was, and she could not help speculating whether he was going to caress her there or hurt her. Her arousal was so great, that even the prospect of having her clitoris hurt held a certain attraction. At this point, all she knew was she would enjoy any kind of touch there. She groaned in frustration when he blew teasingly on her clitoris, making her wriggle her hips in an obscene and sensual fashion.

"I am going to examine your clitoris now. Remember, you must not climax unless I command it."

She bit her lip and nodded. "Yes, master."

Methulos had no intention at all of allowing her the relief of an orgasm at this point, so he manipulated her clitoris with firm brisk touches that definitely added to her already extreme arousal, but did not provide sufficient continuous stimulation for her to achieve a climax. It was surprisingly frustrating for him as well. He longed to either rub her clitoris and watch her bounce and shudder in a massive orgasm, or hurt her clit and hear her cry out in intense sexual pain. However either would have eased her accumulating frustration, and he was not letting her escape that easily. With a final prod of her clitoris, he nodded. "Your cunt appears to be in good order. That ends your inspection. You may rise."

He stepped back and addressed all three of them. "Remember. I am going to be making this inspection every morning, so be prepared. It should all go a lot more smoothly and quickly in future without the need for me to describe what to do. All right, you may go to the bathroom for a quick wash and to use the toilet. Then we'll have breakfast and do our morning exercises." With that, he spun around and left the room to attend to other matters.

Rhodia looked at Evandre shrewdly. "You're suffering pretty badly, aren't you?"

The Amazon felt a brief flash of annoyance, then realised that the girl was genuinely sympathetic and concerned. She shrugged. "I feel like a bow that has been pulled taut and just left in that condition. I know that I deserve it for refusing to give the master something that is his by right, but I can't help the way I was brought up and what I believe," she blurted desperately. She glanced suspiciously at the two girls, looking for signs of mockery, but they both just nodded.

Innocently, Iliana said, "I thought you Amazon's didn't like sex."

In her frustration, Evandre wanted to snap at the girl or even strike out physically, but she knew it would be both unwise and unfair. Making an enemy of her fellow doera in such a small household would be foolish – and unkind. Iliana did not deserve that. The girl had shown her nothing but friendship and concern since they had met, plus she had probably saved her life after her injury in front of Troy. She owed Iliana a lot. That was one of the reasons she found it so hard when the girl was punished because of her. She tried to smile, even though talking about sexual matters was totally alien to her. "With regard to courtship, and the desire to flirt with men ... and sleep with them, you are probably right. Amazons are taught to place very little, if any, importance on such things. But I am just as human as you or Rhodia, and I can feel sexual pleasure and desire just as strongly – perhaps more so, because I have suppressed it for so long. Master has managed to arouse me in ways I never believed possible – deliberately, I'm beginning to suspect – and it hurts me in ways I was never trained to bear. I would much prefer the lash and the rod. I would know how to deal with those and I would be more confident of pleasing master with my strength and endurance."

Rhodia spoke up. "Truly? You would have him punish you for his entertainment? Wouldn't that

make you angry, that he could mistreat you for no reason other than his sexual desire?"

Evandre lowered her head. "Perhaps you find it hard to believe, but I take my oath of submission very seriously. But sexual slavery is the greatest horror for an Amazon. That is why we live the way we do, and why we all learn to fight. Master understands this, and he has been kind and honourable enough not to demand that of me. However that places me in a very difficult position. By failing to please him in every way I can, I am acting against my oath to serve him as he desires. I am trapped between two unyielding forces. So, if my pain would please him, then I would gladly give it to him."

Rhodia hid her smile and said solicitously, "Perhaps I can speak to master on your behalf, and make sure he understands your feelings and what you are willing to do for him."

Evandre looked grateful. "I would be eternally grateful. I am not like you, Rhodia, but I would even try to enjoy his punishments if that would please him."

Rhodia nodded. "I'm sure he would like that very much."

The Amazon held out her hand. "Then I will stand beside you in this strange new battlefield, where you are the sword-master, and I the novice."

Iliana held up her hand. "And what about me? I am weak and fearful, but I desire to serve the master no less than the two of you."

Evandre smiled. "I do not think you weak at all, my friend. You merely show your courage in different ways." She held out her other hand to her. "Then would you stand with us as well?"

Iliana grinned happily as she clasped arms with both of them. "Together then – to the end."



## Chapter Six

After the noon meal, when Methulos allowed all of them to take a nap, Rhodia hung back and asked to speak to him.

Knowing what Rhodia was going to do, Evandre led Iliana away, glancing over her at the youngest girl with a smile.

Rhodia nodded back and winked.

Methulos lay back on the cushions and sipped his blend of wine and mead. When the other two girls were out of earshot he said, "What was all that about?"

"Master, Evandre has confided in me."

"And would you betray her confidence?"

Rhodia shook her head. "She wants me to speak to you. Besides, I swore no oath of silence, and I truly believe that I act in her best interests."

"Very well, speak then," he said, curious to learn what his doerai were up to.

She knelt in front of him and placed her hands on her thighs. "You've made her really horny, master. She's in a lot of ... well I don't know if you can call it pain really, but she's very uncomfortable." She held up her hands, palms out as if to hold him back. "She's not complaining, master. In fact she seems to think she deserves it, and that you are being really kind to her."

This intrigued Methulos, who raised his eyebrows. "And?"

Rhodia smiled. "And we – she and I – sort of agreed that in compensation for her inability to provide the um ... usual sexual services, she would be happy to entertain you by being punished."

"But I could always punish her anyway."

She nodded. "True, master. But she told me that so long as it lead only to punishment and not sex, she would cooperate fully."

This sounded interesting, and Methulos sat up straighter. "Cooperate how?"

Rhodia's smile widened. "She would invite and suggest punishments for herself, and act as sensually as she could."

He nodded in understanding. "Provided I don't take her actions as an indication that she is inviting me to have sex with her. A sort of substitution. Pain in place of sex."

Rhodia nodded eagerly. "That's it, master. She knows I like pain, and she said that she would even try to learn to enjoy it, if that is possible." Her expression was shrewd. "You and I both know that if you accept her offer and treat her carefully, her sexual frustration will only get greater." She stroked her own cunt and added, "I know all about sexual frustration, master. It's a powerful thing. Under the right circumstances ... almost irresistible?"

They both smiled at each other, in complete understanding.

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After sundown, the girls helped Turios set out the evening meal in the megaron.

Rhodia had conveyed Methulos's acceptance of Evandre's unofficial offer, and the Amazon was cheerful. Now that she could see some kind of resolution to her moral dilemma, she felt much more relaxed and happy. She could even allow herself to act in a more sensual manner without fear of being misunderstood by her master.

When everything was set out for the meal, Turios went to fetch Methulos, who had gone to his own room for a nap.

As soon as he entered the megaron and walked up to the waiting girls, they came up to him and one by one, dropped to their knees, placed their hands behind their backs and kissed the tip of his proffered cock in greeting. He noticed that Evandre allowed herself to display much more enthusiasm when her turn came. It appeared that she was as good as her word, and his cock stiffened visibly under her lips.

Evandre noticed, and felt a thrill of happiness at his obvious pleasure and approval. She looked

up at him and said, "Greetings, master." Her voice was sultry.

Methulos took care to hide his amazement at the complete change in the Amazon. He had not expected her capable of such a rapid change. Apparently she had a much more sensual nature than he had hoped. He smiled warmly at her. "Greetings to you Evandre."

Turios had even arranged a spit roast set up over the main fire in the middle of the megaron, and the delicious scent of roasting meat filled the room as they settled down to eat. The doeros turned the spit and carved chunks of hot, crispy pork onto a large platter beside the fire pit. Unusually, he was eating with them today at Methulos's invitation. Even though he knew that his master would not have objected, he placed a generous helping of steaming hot pork on a separate plate for himself. He knew it would be a bad idea to develop bad habits that could embarrass his master in front of his friends or betters. It was different for the girls. For Methulos to share his food with them would merely be amusing or an eccentricity.

The roast pork was good, and they ate with gusto, and Methulos could plainly see a change in Evandre's attitude. She looked far more relaxed and happy, chatting casually with the girls and even chose to sit close to him. Since Rhodia had confirmed that she had conveyed his agreement to use her for punishments in place of sexual services, he would have thought that someone who was not a lover of pain like Rhodia, would look much more nervous and apprehensive, no matter how brave and fearless she was. This peaked his interest, but he decided to allow everyone to enjoy the meal before he started asking what might be difficult questions. In the meantime, he simply enjoyed their company and the lovely bodies. Evandre even took part in some of the racy conversation and seemed comfortable with some of the openly sexy discussions.

Since they were all virgins – everyone agreed that Rhodia was one, despite the olisbos – the girls were endlessly curious about sex.

Iliana, who had already been introduced to cunnilingus – with Evandre on the receiving end – was full of questions about it. "Do men like to lick cunts too?"

He wobbled his hand. "Some do, some don't. A lot consider cunts unclean, and many don't really care about giving women pleasure anyway – they just want to stick it in, spurt, and go to sleep."

Rhodia pouted. "That doesn't seem very fair."

Evandre laughed. "Now you know why the Amazons choose to live apart from men. Men are pigs." When the other two girls went stiff and stared wide eyed at her, she realised her mistake and covered her mouth. "Oops." She went to her knees and pressed her forehead to the floor. "I'm so sorry, master. I meant no disrespect. Please punish me."

Methulos chuckled to show that he was not angry, and gently lifted her up. "I can think of some fairly porcine specimens myself." He waited until she was looking at his face again, and then added, "However, if you ever say something like that when outsiders could hear, I would be forced to punish you severely, do you understand?"

She nodded stiffly, angry with herself for being so stupid. "It was unforgivably rude of me, master. You should punish me anyway."

He smiled. "Let's talk about it first. I have no intention of starting your punishments based on anger or my injured pride."

Evandre bowed her head respectfully. A great warrior did not let his heart rule his head. "Yes, master."

He patted the cushion beside him, indicating that she should sit down so they could talk. He waved the other two closer as well. "Bring that platter of pork, and the jug of mead. We can nibble while we talk." He wanted everyone to feel relaxed, although Evandre's little misstep provided a useful opening to start the discussion. When they were all settled comfortably, he popped a piece of crunchy skin in his mouth, chewed thoughtfully and then put his arm around Evandre's shoulders in a comradely manner. He fed her some pork, smiled at the others and said, "Rhodia made an interesting proposal to me on your behalf, and I suppose she must have given you my reply?"

Evandre nodded, savouring the pork. She swallowed and said, "Yes master, she did."

"Good, good. Now since this really affects only you, I want to hear it from your own lips, so

that there is no misunderstanding – by either party."

She bit her lip, as she gathered her thoughts, and then said, "I was feeling miserable, master. I really hated not being able to give myself to you in the way that you should rightfully expect, and I was afraid that you would come to hate me for it. Then Rhodia made a suggestion that seemed to offer a solution, provided master was not angered by my daring to set any kind of conditions."

He gave her waist a squeeze. "Since my agreement is conditional and may be withdrawn at any time, as is yours, I don't see how I am losing anything. I'm sure you have noticed that I have refrained from fucking any of you so far."

Evandre lowered her head again. "And that is because of me, master. That my condition prevents you from enjoying Iliana and Rhodia to the fullest is a heavy burden of guilt for me to bear."

He smiled and gave her a little shake. "Come, enough of the breast beating. Let's talk instead if what we *can* do together. "Go ahead in your own words."

This brought a happy smile to her face, and she actually leaned her shoulder against him. "After I had talked to Rhodia, I realised that so long as I was not ... making sexual advances to you, my honour as an Amazon would be satisfied. Since you derive sexual pleasure from hurting women, it occurred to me that so long as you were agreeable to accept punishing me in place of regular sex, I could freely offer myself to you without dishonour, and yet still give you pleasure. Also, I am perfectly happy for you to um ... take your pleasure with me in that way and then to turn to one or both of the others for sexual relief."

He nodded slowly. "So you would imitate Rhodia?"

She shook her head. "Not at all master. She actually derives pleasure from being punished. She is very special in that way, and I cannot be like her. I offer you something else, master. I offer you a willing, enthusiastic, victim on whom you may inflict your torments. I shall always be compliant and fully submit myself to you whenever you desire, but you shall know that I feel nothing but pain under your rod and lash."

"But would that not be a sad sort of existence, knowing nothing but pain? Would you not come to hate me sooner or later?"

She smiled shyly and said, "If master is kind, he can provide me with sexual pleasure as well. It is just that I shall never ask for it – I will not ask to fuck you, to use the most basic terms, but I shall not object if you choose to fuck me or make me climax."

"Ah, I see. A most cunning scheme."

Evandre nodded towards Rhodia. "She deserves all the credit, master."

He smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Indeed?" In fact, he knew just how much credit the wily Rhodia deserved, and he saw the girl hide a smirk at the success of her stratagem.

Evandre said, "Um ... master, there is one thing I have not been able to work out, which is what do you do if you wish to really punish me. Hit me harder?"

Methulos grinned at the thought. "I am not some mechanism like a chariot, that can be set to carry two men with one horse and four with two horses. No, I have a simpler idea. Your back, buttocks, palms and the sole of your feet shall be reserved for true punishments. I shall not hurt them at any other time. That way, we shall both always know the reason and purpose of any torment. Does that sound reasonable to you?"

"With just one tiny adjustment, master," she said with a mischievous smile.

"Which is?"

"I have noted that you delight in toying with our arse holes, master. So having me spread my buttocks apart for you to play with what lies within, shall not be counted as a true punishment."

His laugh was loud enough to make Turios turn to stare. "A hard bargain, by Zeus. Then we are agreed."

Evandre pressed her thigh against him and nodded. "Then we are agreed."

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Iliana seemed genuinely happy that some kind of resolution had been reached between the Amazon, whom she greatly admired for her strength and confidence, and her master. She waddled towards them over the cushions on her knees, gave Evandre a kiss on the cheek, and bent low to kiss the tip of Methulos's cock.

Rhodia joined them and kissed his cock too. Then she grinned at Evandre. "So I shall have a partner to share the lash." She gave Evandre a hug.

As if to demonstrate her new attitude, Evandre rubbed her breasts against Methulos's arm, inviting his attention.

He knew that she was testing his ability to keep up his part of the bargain. He reached out to cup a breast with his hand, enjoying the weight and firm feel of her flesh in his palm.

Feeling his gentleness, she prepared to stiffen and withdraw into her customary unresponsiveness, then sighed and relaxed again when his fingers tightened painfully around her breast, digging into the globe like an eagle's talons. He smiled. "I'm not going to be always bashing you around like a mad man. You'll have to trust me to know how best to apply pain and when to do it."

With her breast still burning under his powerful grip, she stroked his arm and the hand that was hurting her breast. "I trust you, master." The odd thought came to her mind, that even pain can feel good in its own way, when it was welcomed by the recipient. She rubbed and writhed her body against him, as if he was lovingly caressing her. She would not hide her pain from him, but her breast did not hurt so much that she felt the need to grimace or moan, and she was too honest to exaggerate what she was feeling. She did utter a tiny gasp when his fingers slid over the curve of her breast to converge at her nipple, where they toyed with the sensitive teat just long enough to bring it to full hardness, before crushing it mercilessly between finger and thumb. "Oh yes, master. Hurt my nipple. Hurt it badly."

Methulos was surprised at how erotic she could be, and realised how strongly she had been controlling herself in defence of her concept of Amazon honour. She looked incredibly sexy as he pinched her nipples, shifting his hand from one to the other, while his other arm explored all the other parts of her that he could reach. She seemed quite satisfied to let him caress her as long as she was being hurt somewhere. She even allowed herself to react to his caresses, by blending them in with her expressions of pain. When he reached for her cunt, she obligingly opened her thighs wide.

Apparently, having his word that anything he did to her was with the ultimate objective of causing her pain was enough to ease her concerns. He was pleasantly surprised when she moaned and writhed sensually when he began to finger her cunt. "Contrast and surprise is an important part of sensual torture. For instance, to maximise the pain that you feel in your cunt, I must first stimulate it. The more aroused your cunt is, the worse it will hurt when the torment starts. Warn me if you get close to an orgasm. It's important that you don't come, as Rhodia calls it." To emphasise his point, he stroked her clit with little circular motion of his fingertip.

Evandre moaned and quivered as he stimulated her already painfully needy cunt. "Y-yes master. I will ... will ... warn you. In truth, my cunt already hurts, master. It aches so badly with the need to climax. Does that please you?"

He kissed her lips and was pleased when she kissed him back. "It pleases me very much. Part of the torture is to keep you constantly horny and as close to the edge of climax as possible. Will you help me do this?" he whispered into her ear, as if imparting a terrible secret, even as his hand expertly stimulated her cunt. The way she pressed her cunt against his hand and rolled her hips in response to his touch was deliciously exciting.

The stroking and teasing of her cunt had Evandre almost delirious with sexual excitement, and she groaned and panted as she replied, "Yes master. I will keep myself hot and aching for you." Her hand gripped his knee with a warrior's iron grip. "It's ... it's so hard, master. I need to come so badly. It hurts more than the rod across my buttocks."

With an evil smile, Methulos said, "There is still the matter of your punishment for calling me a pig."

Her already red face turned darker at the cheeks. "I'm so sorry, master. It was thoughtless and

stupid of me. I'm ready to be punished whenever you want." Then she groaned again as he lightly pinched one of her inner lips.

He said, "Three strokes of the rod on the soles of your feet. I warn you, it will be very painful."

Evandre nodded eagerly. The spiteful little pinches on her swollen inner lips were driving her mad. Any distraction would be more than welcome at this point.

Methulos wiped his juice covered fingers off on her thigh and stood up. "On your back, with your feet together, knees bent and feet raised."

Iliana giggled, and when he looked at her she explained, "That must be the first time you told one of us to close our legs instead of open them."

He chuckled. "That's true. Don't get into the bad habit of doing that," he said sternly, pointing at Evandre.

She grinned back. "No, master. My thighs shall always be open for you." That she could joke about the subject was just another example of how radically her attitude had changed.

As he fetched a flexible vine rod, he said to Rhodia, "Why don't you kneel above her head and hold on to her ankles. I'm sure that Evandre will hold still for the punishment, but she may find it hard to keep her balance once the pain starts."

"Yes, master," Rhodia said eagerly. The thought of participating in the torment of another girl, even indirectly, excited her greatly. She knelt beside the Amazon's legs and gave her a sympathetic smile, before grabbing hold of her ankles to brace her. The pink soles of Evandre's feet were right in front of her face, and she watched them intently, not wanting to miss a single stroke.

Evandre had not been whipped on her feet before, but she had heard stories of other Amazons who had been tortured in that way when they were captured by their enemies. Her teachers had always emphasised how horrifically painful it was – meaning that it would be better to be killed in battle than captured, tortured and raped. She was afraid, but not terrified, since she knew the extent of her punishment, and she trusted her master not to cripple her. The pain itself, she would bear with honour and dignity. She had committed a serious offence out of nothing but boastfulness and she knew she deserved what she was going to receive. In fact, if she had been in his place, she would have been much harsher. She knew that Methulos could be totally ruthless if he wanted to be, so his leniency meant that he liked her. This thought made her feel warm all over.

Methulos approached to pair of girls with the rod in his hand. His face was stern and serious. "This is a punishment, and I take little pleasure in it. You may scream, but you are not to move your feet away. If you do, the punishment will start again from the beginning. Any questions?"

Although she felt a tingle of fear, Evandre was calm. She was not so much resigned as she was committed to being punished. "No, master. Please punish me."

He placed the rod across the bare soles of her feet and took careful aim. He would be striking hard, and it would not do to miss. There was no teasing. The rod went up and slashed down, striking across her soles with a harsh, shocking crack of wood on flesh.

The pain was worse than she had thought possible. She had never realised how sensitive her feet were, and now she realised why everyone had always shuddered when they talked about prisoners having their feet beaten. Her scream was loud and raw, tearing at her throat. She did not think of pride or vanity. Her only concern was to keep her legs raised and in place, even though it felt like her feet had been cut in half. She thanked the gods that Rhodia was holding her ankles, since her grip told her where her legs ought to be. Without the girl's help, her legs would surely have wobbled and sagged as her mind was overwhelmed by the flaming agony.

Methulos studied the deep red line scored across the Amazon's feet, and nodded in satisfaction. He had been afraid that he had hit too hard. A severe beating on the feet could render a person unable to walk for a week or more, and he did not want that to happen to Evandre. Just the pain would be enough. He decided to use a little less force for the remaining two strokes. He waited until her gasping and panting had subsided, before placing the rod across her feet again. Her quiver ran through the rod up to his hand.

Evandre clenched her teeth, but not too tightly. She did not want to crack a tooth. She inhaled sharply when the rod flickered in her vision, and then everything was obscured by a blinding red

fog of pain. She heard a high, shrill feminine scream, and belatedly realised that it was her own voice. She could not remember the last time she had screamed like that. She could not feel her feet, except as a pulsing source of unending pain. Her fingers dug into the cushions, and she did not realise that her fingernails had torn the fine fabric in her clawing desperation. It felt like glowing hot metal spikes had been hammered through her feet and deep into her legs lengthwise. One more, she told herself, just one more.

Even Rhodia was slightly shocked at the Amazon's reaction. She realised that it must be awfully painful. The thought was followed immediately by a warm tingle in her cunt and the thought of having her feet beaten like this. She jumped as the rod swooshed past her face to thud into Evandre's feet for the third time, wringing a final scream of agony from the Amazon. Rhodia placed a kiss on each red striped sole before releasing her ankles and sitting back on her heels. She squeezed her thighs together to massage her cunt as she waited to see what would happen next.

Evandre dashed the tears from her eyes, but did not lower her legs, since her master had not told her she could do so. She felt a flash of anger that her thighs trembled in a visible sign of weakness. She was surprised when Methulos placed a hand on her thigh.

"Even the strongest warrior cannot control the way his body reacts to fear and pain. I've known many brave fighting men who regularly piss themselves just before they charge the enemy."

This made Evandre laugh, despite the cramping agony in her feet that had barely faded even though the beating had stopped. She nodded. "I have seen the same. Women hate this even more, as it always runs down our legs and wets the sandals."

He stroked her calf and said, "You may lower your legs now. The punishment is over."

She resisted the urge to simply let her legs drop to the floor and to try to soothe her feet with her hands. Instead, she climbed up on her knees and said, "Thank you for punishing me, master. I shall never be so careless in my speech again." She placed her hands behind her back and pressed her lips to his cock. Then the pain in her feet overcame her, and she folded up on the cushions in a ball of misery. A familiar stink made her open her eyes, and she saw Methulos sitting at her feet with a jar of the healing salve. She hissed in pain when he picked up one of her feet and lightly spread the smelly mixture over her swollen sole, put it down, and repeated the process on the other foot.

When he saw her watching him, he shrugged and said, "A lame doera is no use to me."

She smiled as she lowered her head. "Thank you, master."

Although both Iliana and Rhodia were sympathetic towards their fellow doera's suffering, both of them were also sexually aroused for their own reasons, and clustered around Methulos, hoping for some attention.

He put his arms around the two of them after he had cleaned his hands of the smelly paste. He leaned back against a pile of cushions, kissing and groping them, and receiving the same in return. He kissed Rhodia on the cheek and said, "I have something for you." His hand went under the cushions and came up with two shorter pieces of bamboo stick, and some thick linen thread. These sticks were different in that they were flat, instead of round, and had square, almost sharp edges.

Rhodia examined the items excitedly, knowing that it had to be something painful. She grinned happily when she heard him say, "Legs apart." He was going to really hurt her cunt at last. She rolled onto her back and lifted her legs, spreading her knees wide without a trace of shame or embarrassment.

Methulos and Iliana shared a grin at Rhodia's enthusiasm.

"Spread your outer lips, But leave the inner ones alone."

"Spreading my cunt, master. Is that spread enough for you?"

Iliana peeked over her master's shoulder at Rhodia's cunt. "If you open it any further, he might fall in," she teased.

Rhodia stuck her tongue out at her fellow doera, then stared down at her cunt to see what her master was going to do to her. She watched in fascination as he placed one of the bamboo sticks in each of the valleys between the inner and outer lips, pressed the sticks together with his finger and thumb, and used his other hand to tug at the inner lips so that the sticks were positioned firmly at the base of each lip. Then he skilfully wound a length of thread around the upper ends of the sticks,

joining them tightly together. Finally, he forced the lower ends together, clamping her inner lips firmly between the flexible sticks, and tied that end off with thread as well. This left Rhodia's inner lips tightly squeezed together, along with her clitoris, and sealing off her cunt hole. The sticks also applied an increasingly painful pressure on the delicate inner lips and her clitoris as they began to swell. He leaned over and gave her bound lips a kiss. "Now we let you enjoy your new cunt decoration, while I see to Iliana."

Rhodia could feel her cunt already beginning to throb painfully. She smiled demurely. "Thank you, master." She hissed in surprised pain when she got up and her thighs applied additional and very painful pressure on the sticks, which forced the sharp edges against her inner lips. Her clitoris was painfully crushed by the sticks near to the binding thread, where the pressure was greatest. It pushed out boldly from under its protective hood, and Rhodia suspected that it was in for a lot of unpleasant treatment. She prodded it with a fingernail and murmured, "Just you wait. I bet the master has a treat in store for you."

Methulos observed this little byplay out of the corner of his eye and shook his head in amused wonder. He saw Iliana looking as well and smiled at her. "Now let's attend to you, Iliana."

Evandre was no longer required to respond to the use of the girl's name, so she just lay back and watched. The pain in her feet was starting to fade as the numbing properties of the salve worked on her flesh. In fact it worked so well that she could feel the ache of frustrated desire return to her cunt.

"Yes, master," Iliana breathed. She enjoyed the tension as he remained silent for a long moment, as her fear and apprehension built up to a quivering peak.

"Stand up facing me, feet as far apart as you can get them and remain stable. You're going to wriggle in a moment and I don't want you to fall over."

Iliana could feel her cunt getting wet merely from the implied threat in his words, and the humiliating posture she was being asked to assume. From where the others were sitting, they would be staring right up at her cunt. The strain on the tendons and quivering muscles of her inner thighs were a constant aching reminder of her obscenely parted legs. She wasn't sure what to do with her hands, so she just put them behind her back until he gave her more instructions.

Methulos studied his view of her cunt, and then waved her forward towards him a couple of steps so that he could see the details better and he could reach her cunt without straining.

He had not told her she could close her legs, so she awkwardly shuffled forward until he indicated that he was satisfied.

He looked up at her and said, "I'm sure you've figured out that I'm going to hurt you, and that your cunt is going to be the target."

Iliana nodded with a nervous smile. "Yes, master." She glanced down at her cunt. "That much seems obvious."

He raised a finger. "Almost right. I'm only going to hurt one part of your cunt. Can you guess which part?"

She knew that he would not take her maidenhead in such a trivial fashion, so it had to be ... "My clitoris, master?"

He clapped his hands. "Very good, Iliana." He reached under the cushions again and produced a strange little device that resembled a miniature fly swatter. There was a slim rod about a foot in length, with a flat rectangular piece of leather bound to the end of it. He slapped his palm with it and the sharp crack showed that it was capable of delivering quite a blow, despite its delicate appearance. "This is my new clitoris smacker, made especially for you girls."

Iliana could see that the leather was quite thick but still flexible, as was the rod itself, so it would have a springy whip-like motion, rather than being simply a stiff rod. A tingle of fear and anticipation made her clitoris itch. The threat to her clitoris made her wide legged position all the more exciting. She hoped that her master would make her humiliate herself more before beating her.

Her heart leapt in joy when he said, "Show us your cunt. Open it up nice and wide so that this –" he swished the smacker, "– can reach every part of it. Then ask me nicely to punish your clitoris."

Iliana inhaled deeply, feeling the shame and the fear run through her body, and the heat that

was building in her loins. Before she had been captured by Methulos, she had never realised how deeply submissive she was; how much she loved being forced to obey and to cooperate in her own torture. It excited her like nothing she had ever known, even though it terrified her at the same time. She brought her hands in front of her and spread her cunt lips in a motion that was rapidly becoming second nature to all of them, like brushing their hair. It was something that they were made to do all through the day, and she knew it was to reinforce the idea that the insides of their cunts belonged to their master just as much as any other part of their bodies, and that they should never try to hide it or deny access to him, even if they knew that pain would quickly follow. When she was satisfied that her cunt was nicely and fully on display, from clitoris down to her wet cunt hole, she announced, "My cunt is wide open for you master, and ready for you to play with. Your doera's sensitive clitoris is sticking out and ready to be hurt. Please beat my clitoris master, or punish it in any other way that you desire."

Her words made him hard, especially since Rhodia's hand had slipped under his short tunic and was holding his cock in a feather light grip. The invitation was irresistible, and he stretched out the smacker, and brushed the flat leather tip over her moist inner cunt.

Rhodia watched her master toy with Iliana's cunt intently. Her own cunt throbbed and pulsed painfully, the trapped clitoris and inner lips turning dark and swelling up under the pressure of the clamping bamboo sticks. She imagined Methulos using the smacker on her crushed cunt and shuddered with delight. The fall of Troy was the best thing that ever happened to her.

The pain in Evandre's feet was greatly reduced by the salve, and she was able to watch her master play with the other girls. Now that her real punishment was over, she was eager to join in. Her cunt and breasts ached sweetly and she squeezed her thighs together. She was not allowed to orgasm, but that did not mean she could not stimulate herself when her master was not watching. Masturbation was not encouraged by Amazon culture, since it was viewed as a distraction and a sign of weakness in a warrior, but neither was it forbidden. She rocked her hips gently, and warm pulses of pleasure flowed from her cunt.

Iliana's heart pounded as the cool leather tip of the smacker brushed and tapped at her engorged inner lips. She moaned softly when he pressed it against her cunt and rubbed it back and forth. The knowledge that at any second it could drop and snap back up to sting her cunt was wonderfully scary, and the way he was toying with her most secret parts while she was forced to expose them to him, made her chest ache with shame and her cunt flutter with delight. It filled her with such confusing and contradictory emotions, and yet they all seemed to blend together so well. He was going to hit her clitoris, and she was so afraid that she would not be able to stay obediently still under what was bound to be terrible pain. She did not want to disappoint him.

Methulos could read the warring emotions that filled the girl, as if they were written on her body in the complicated script used by the palace scribes.

Evandre was surprised to discover that she was aroused by what she was watching. Amazonian society mainly dealt with sex by ignoring it except acknowledging it as a necessary evil required to produce new Amazons. This left Evandre with very few taboos regarding sex except for the almost maniacal need not to be seen by a man as a sex toy. Other than that, she was nearly a blank writing tablet, and ever since she had arrived at Methulos's home, she had been nearly overwhelmed by new and amazing ideas about sex, and with almost no social preconditioning, she absorbed it all like a sponge. As a warrior, she was not afraid of pain, and the way the other two girls seemed to be fascinated, and obviously aroused by pain, was beginning to affect her as well, especially since she was almost unbearably aroused and in state of constant sexual heat due to Methulos's cunning treatment. She licked her lips and almost unconsciously allowed her forearm to brush rhythmically against her nipples while she watched him play with Iliana.

Iliana gasped when he began to flick the leather tip up and down, lightly slapping her cunt lips, but avoiding her clitoris. Each slap sent a little thrill of fear and shock through her body, emphasising her vulnerability and her deliberate exposure of her cunt. She began to hope that he would hurt her harder, not because she wanted the pain, but because she wanted the challenge of keeping herself exposed in the face of the pain and to know that she was enduring something for her



master that would have had most girls screaming in terror and agony. The more she was forced to endure, the greater the excitement and stimulation she felt.

Methulos gradually built up the pain he was inflicting on the girl. He enjoyed it and was in no hurry, plus he knew Iliana needed the time to gradually submerge herself in her submission, which would also allow her to bear more and more pain. He flicked her cunt lips a little harder, and when she just moaned softly, he let the leather tip slap her even harder.

Iliana's eyes had been slowly narrowing as she focused on the sensations coming from between her legs, but they suddenly snapped open again when the whip stopped hitting her lips and the leather tip moved up to delicately brush against her clitoris. The leather, which had felt cool and smooth against her inner lips, suddenly felt as coarse as sand when it rubbed against her super sensitive clitoris, and the friction sent juddering vibrations through her cunt and belly. Her thighs tried to squeeze together to protect her clitoris, and she felt a surge of lust as she deliberately pushed her hips forward instead, refusing to avoid the rubbing of her clit.

Methulos slit the leather flap over her clitoris, first upwards, and then down, maintaining a constant friction over the tip of the delicate organ. He smiled and felt a surge of lust of his own when he saw Iliana's body quiver under the maddening friction. To his surprise, he realised that Evandre had moved over to knee by his side and slightly behind him, her head near his left shoulder. As a trained warrior, she would never block the movement of another warrior's right arm.

She watched what he was doing, and then said softly, "Master, do men like to hurt women there? On their cunts, I mean."

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, if I was going to hurt a girl, that is where I would to it."

"Why is that? Because it is the most sensitive spot?"

"Yes that, but there is more. You know men always think of their manhood in terms of their cock and balls? Well apart from our breasts, women think like that too, although they don't say it. When Amazon women fight with each other, a kick to the cunt is a very popular move, and everyone laughs when a good kick or knee lands between the legs. If we torture a woman from another tribe, we always go for the cunt."

He looked over his shoulder at her. "Are you saying that you want me to punish your cunt?"

She bit her lip and shrugged. "I'm not sure. Perhaps what I'm saying is that I approve of cunt torture, and I just wanted you to know that if you concentrate on hurting my cunt, it is nothing more than I would expect, and not just because you are male."

"And would you willing present your cunt to me for torture, like Iliana and Rhodia?"

Her nod was emphatic and without doubt. "Yes master. I will help you torture my cunt in every way that I can. If I can't give you pleasure with my cunt in the normal way, I must do so in another."

He gave her cunt a friendly pat. "We'll talk about that after I've attended to these two ladies." He had not stopped toying with Iliana's clitoris while talking to Evandre, and he could see that the steady, incessant friction had kept her shuddering and her clitoris was sore and painfully engorged. Before he began spanking her clit, he turned to check on Rhodia's clamped cunt lips, to make sure that the loss of circulation was not doing any serious damage. He nodded in satisfaction. She should be all right long enough for him to finish with Iliana. He looked into Iliana's eyes and saw the intense arousal, as well as her fearful anticipation. "Ready?"

"Y-yes, master. I am always ready to please you." The maddening rubbing stopped and she watched in fearful anticipation as he took aim with the little whip. She tightened the muscles of her buttocks and thighs to brace herself and to prevent her hips from retreating or flinching. She told herself over and over that she would be brave. She stared at the gleaming pinkness of her clitoris and concentrated on pushing it forward.

Methulos pursed his lips and took careful aim. He wanted the first smack to be precisely on target and of the correct force. His wrist snapped the whip forward with practised precision, and the leather striker slapped against Iliana's clitoris with a sharp, forceful splat.

Iliana's cry was tinged with triumph. She had not flinched, and the whip had hit the target with fearful power. The pain was intense, shocking; yet she gloried in her ability to bear it and hold

herself ready for more. She panted, and when her voice had stopped shaking, she said, "I'm ready for more, master." Her words were greeted by an immediate response, and the leather striker swept forward to smack forcefully against her clitoris again. Fire filled her loins and bright sparks of agony shot up along her nerves from her cunt up to her chest and to her toes. Having her clitoris spanked felt like nothing she had ever experienced before. It was more painful, more intense, and yet somehow, very sexy. It felt very, very intimate and even though she wanted to shriek with pain, she was also filled with the intense desire to bare her clitoris even more, to somehow make it even more vulnerable.

He spanked her clitoris until the little nub and the flesh around it were a darker shade of red than the rest of her cunt. He did not cunt the strokes, but he guessed he must have hit her at least twenty five times, and she was screaming loudly after each stroke towards the end. Her entire body was covered with sweat, and her thighs trembled so badly that he was afraid that she would fall over. And yet, she still did not release her grip on her cunt, and her clitoris remained perfectly exposed. He made her jump by gently touching her clitoris one last time with the leather striker. "That was the last one," he said. He tossed the whip aside and leaned forward to press his lips to her hot, swollen clitoris. "Well done," he said, as he stood up and gathered her in his arms.

Iliana threw her arms around him, still gasping in pain. "Did I really please you, master?" she asked as she pressed her body against his, desperate for his approval. "I can take more if you want, I really can."

Methulos kissed her lips to silence her, and stroked her sweat slick back until she calmed down. "You were deliciously obedient, my pet. But there is something you can do for me, if you like."

"Anything, master."

He kissed her again, and said, "Put your arms around my neck and don't let go until I tell you."

Her arms flew up and around his neck, and she pressed her breasts against his chest. She felt his rigid cock press against her belly, and she quivered with delight. With her lips against his neck she whispered, "Like this, master?"

He smiled over the top of her head. "Just like that." His hand slipped between their bodies searched out her cunt, and began to caress her clitoris.

Rhodia would have loved having her raw, beaten clitoris rubbed, but it caused additional pain to flare in Iliana's cunt, and she choked back a cry of pain. Instead she moaned softly and tightened her grip around his neck. "Ow, that hurts, master. It hurts a lot." Despite her protest, she remained perfectly still, allowing him to do as he pleased.

He felt her entire body stiffen. His other hand, which rested on her buttock, felt her muscles become rock hard under his touch as she struggled against the pain. His voice was warm and soft as any lover's as he murmured, "I know, I know it hurts, little Iliana. I want you to show me how obedient you are. Show me how willing you are to let me hurt your clitoris, show me how willing you are to receive my gift of pain."

Almost hypnotised by his voice and her own desire to please, Iliana began to sway and rock her hips, rubbing her clitoris against his fingers, hurting herself as her master desired. She whimpered and moaned against the side of his neck as she rubbed and rubbed. The pain made her legs turn to water and she would have fallen except for her desperate grip of her arms around his shoulders. Her mind was totally focused on the burning feeling of his fingertip on her clitoris and the way it hurt. She heard him softly murmur in her ear, telling her how good and obedient she was, how much her devotion pleased and excited him, how hard her suffering made his cock. Her whole world narrowed down to the warm tight space around them, and her total desire to serve and obey.

Having a lovely naked girl demonstrate her absolute devotion by deliberately hurting her clitoris while she was tightly pressed against his body and gasping out her pain and passionate declarations of love and submission, was devastatingly sensual. Methulos had to struggle not to spurt his seed right there against her rippling belly.

The pain in her clitoris came in waves, crashing against her again and again as she crushed it against his fingertip. Then suddenly her thighs and belly trembled, and she felt a flash of fear. She thought that she was going to succumb to her weakness and fall to the floor and she groaned. Then

the tremors increased until her whole body was shaking, and she realised in total shock that she was having an orgasm, brought on by her intense submission and feelings of total devotion to the man who owned her. The shame, fear, and pain, all combined within her breast into a seething ball of lust that overcame all the pain and tiredness, and she screamed her passion against her master's neck.

The intensity of her orgasm almost made him climax as well, and he dug his fingers hard into her buttocks, bruising her flesh, as he struggled not to spurt his seed.

Iliana came and came until finally her legs did give way, and she slid down her master's body to curl up at his feet. She lovingly kissed his knees and thighs, while his cock waved majestically above her head, like the staff of a high priestesses as she gave a blessing. She had pleased her master and she had found her own pleasure in doing so. Life was good.

Methulos untangled his legs from the smiling girl's arms and bent over to kiss her damp forehead. "Rest now, little Iliana, while I deal with your sister."

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The pain in her cunt totally occupied Rhodia's attention, and she barely noticed Iliana's climax. Her clitoris throbbed and ached madly, and her inner lips looked frighteningly swollen and dark as the unforgiving bamboo strips continued to crush and clamp her inner cunt. Her clit and lips had become so tender that she could hardly bare to touch them, despite her love of pain. The intensity of the sensations that shot through her cunt at the slightest touch were frightening, and she feared that her cunt might be permanently damaged. However, this was what her master wanted, and the pain was quite delicious, so she just sat on the cushions with her thighs spread and stared at her swollen cunt.

Methulos's cock stuck out at a ridiculous angle as he turned towards Rhodia. On the way, he saw Evandre staring at his cock with a crooked smile on her face and he raised an inquiring eyebrow.

The Amazon chuckled. "That looks painful."

He laughed. "It aches a bit, but there is much pleasure in waiting. Ask Rhodia," he said, nodding his head towards the girl with the clamped cunt. "How are your feet?"

"Much better, thank you master. With your permission, I'll go and wash the salve off, and get ready to play with you, if you so desire."

"That sounds like a good idea. Go ahead, and I'll see to Rhodia in the meantime."

Despite her brave words, Evandre's feet still hurt badly when she stood on them, but she forced herself to ignore the non-fatal injury and walked out of the megaron as if it did not feel like the floor was covered with bronze spikes.

He watched the Amazon stride away, knowing full well the pain she had to be feeling, and then squatted down beside Rhodia. "How are you doing?"

She stared dramatically at her clamped cunt and said, "I won't be much good to you if my cunt falls off, master. But other than that, I'm fine."

He chuckled at her irrepressible attitude, and examined her cunt himself. "It does look rather sore, doesn't it." He picked up the smacker and slapped the leather tip against his thigh. "I wonder what it would feel like if were to spank your cunt right now?"

Her eyes widened. "It would hurt like Hades, I expect," she said dryly. Then she grinned. "Why don't we give it a try and find out?"

He smiled at her use of the word "we". She was truly happy to be hurt, and did not think of herself as the victim, but a participant in the exciting game of "Let's torture Rhodia". He peered at her cunt again and said, "That looks pretty sore, are you sure you're all right?"

In reply, she tucked a cushion under her head so that she could watch the action, and then pulled her legs up, spread them wide and grabbed her ankles from the inside. Her swollen cunt lips were thrust up into the air and stretched by her position, and she hissed in pain when the movement pulled at the tightly clamped lips, making the sharp edges of the bamboo cut into her flesh, and increasing the pressure on her sensitive cunt flesh. "My cunt hurts really nicely, master. Would you

care to make it hurt worse?"

Both amused and amazed by her endurance, he fanned the spanker just above her puffed up cunt lips, teasing and tickling her with the breeze at the same time. Then he placed the leather striker against her arse hole, which winked impudently at him, paused, and then drew it up and over her cunt. He actually had no intention of hitting her cunt hard while the bamboo strips were still clamped to her flesh, as she was likely to be badly cut when her inner lips were caught between the whip and the sharp edged bamboo. However, she did not know that, and he teased her by tapping her cunt with light, stingy slaps of the leather striker.

Because of the severe swelling caused by the long period that she had been wearing the clamp, the relatively light slaps were shockingly painful, and Rhodia hissed, inhaling through her clenched teeth. The pain felt oddly unfocused, almost dream-like, because the clamp had cut off the circulation of blood to her trapped cunt lips and clitoris.

He amused himself, making her yelp and wriggle by playfully smacking her cunt for a while, but then he finally decided to move on to the main event. Setting the smacker down, he tapped the tightly joined bamboo strips with his finger.

"Ow! Be careful, unless you really want to cut me. Those things are sharp."

"And if I did?"

She tilted her head, taking his question seriously. "I think it would be a bit of a waste. The pressure has made my cunt lips and clit sort of numb, and I think cutting it now would be a pity, since I wouldn't feel much of the actual cuts."

"You'd let me cut you?" he asked curiously.

She seemed perfectly earnest when she replied, "Of course I would, master." She shuddered. "It makes me hot just talking about it."

Methulos smiled. "Just wait until you feel these clamp strips come off. You'll be in for a real surprise."

"Oh? What kind of surp... " Just then, he untied the first knot, and rapidly untied the lower end of the strips until they sprang free of the last turns of the thread. Blood rushed back into the crushed lips and clitoris. "Aaahhh!" she screamed as a harsh, thundering pain filled her cunt.

He said, "Ah. Um, I should have warned you about that. It always happens when some part of you is clamped. It tends to hurt abominably when the clamps come off and the blood comes rushing back.

She wriggled her bottom about like a landed fish. She would have cursed, but she had not been at the brothel long enough to learn many useful swear words. Instead, she bounced her bottom up and down, shouting "Ow, ow, ow!" Although the leg up position was something she had assumed of her own volition, she did not want to show weakness by lowering her legs the moment there was any discomfort, even though her cunt lips burned with a deep, sullen pain. Once she was over the surprise, she began to enjoy the unusual pain, and her wriggling slowed down and became a more sensual writhing. "That's all right, master. I was just caught by surprise."

He grinned. "I that case, I should also tell you that the clamped bit becomes really sensitive after it has been unclamped." The smacker struck her cunt with a sharp crack before he finished his sentence.

"Yow! That was really ... special," she gasped. The pain was incredibly intense for such a relatively light blow. She clenched her teeth and moaned as the pain washed through her, but as it slowly retreated like an outgoing tide, she was rewarded by the warm glow of pleasure that she always felt in response to pain, and her moan changed into a slow, pleasurable groan.

"Ready for another one?"

"Oooh ... yes please!" she sighed.

He could see that her cunt lips and clitoris were returning to their usual colour, so he allowed himself to strike her cunt a little harder. The leather striker hit her soft cunt lips with a satisfying splat, which was immediately followed by a shout of pain from Rhodia. He smiled when he saw her pull her ankles back towards her shoulders, lifting her cunt higher, and spreading it wider for the whip. Her clitoris was still nicely swollen, both from the clamping and her raging lust, and made an

irresistible target. He aimed the next stroke directly at her clitoris, and grunted in satisfaction when the striker landed squarely over the pink button.

Rhodia screamed and made fucking motions with her hips. "Fuck, that hurts!" She inhaled, gripped her ankles tighter and with a tight grin said, "Do it again." Now that she had the measure of the pain, she was really beginning to enjoy herself. The pain was bad but not unbearable, and had a uniquely erotic flavour, coming as it did from her clitoris. Each smack on her clit blazed like living fire, before smoothing down to a heated glow, like gulping down a glass of harsh wine. And just like wine, the pain was quickly followed by a flush of warm, heady pleasure. The greater the pain, the greater the resulting pleasure. But first she had to endure the pain – which hurt her just as much as anybody else. Most people did not understand that, and imagined that her body just felt pleasure instead of pain when it was hurt. So rather than just being passive and submissive, she needed to display a powerful determination and intense bravery in the face of pain, in order to derive the pleasure that came afterwards.

Methulos, who was no stranger to pain – both his own and that which he inflicted on his sexual playmates – quickly realised this, and understood that even someone like Rhodia could be broken by an overly cruel and mindless beating. The sport lay in being able to judge where the limits lay and carefully testing them to the very edge. He smacked her clitoris again and watched in fascination as the cycle of pain and pleasure ran through her body. He saw her defiant smile, which contrasted oddly with the shining wetness of the tears of pain in her eyes, and he nodded and smiled back at her. "Ready for another?"

She took a couple of deep breaths, tensed the muscles of her thighs, and then nodded. "Ready, master." The leather striker slashed down and crashed into her clitoris. She screamed shrilly, the awful, shocking pain seeming to tie her cunt in knots. She was glad that her master had not ordered her not to scream. It felt good to scream, and it helped her absorb to the pain. Her master was a good torturer. He resisted the temptation to hit her too soon after the last stroke. It gave her nerves and mind time to recover from the shock and to fully appreciate the agony of each succeeding stroke.

Her cunt looked so soft and tempting, and her clitoris seemed to beckon to him as he took aim for the next stroke. Beating a woman's cunt was such an intimate and sensual process. The tension and fear as the whip rose, the sharp shocking impact that shuddered through her sexual flesh as well as his hand and up his arm, and the waves of pain that rocked her body. Then there were the tiny signs, like the smell of her fear – and in Rhodia's case – her sexual arousal, the tiny trembling of her thighs, the gradual moistening of her cunt hole, and the reddening and swelling of her cunt itself, which was especially pronounced in this case because of the clamping that had come beforehand. He found it more sexually arousing than the most sensuous dance or feminine caress. With the right girl, it was magic. He snapped the whip down on her suffering clitoris again, and watched entranced as Rhodia danced her dance of pain for him. After around thirty strokes, he saw the strain showing on her face and the signs of exhaustion, so he moved on to the finale stage. Placing the tip of the whip right above her clitoris, he began to slap it with the leather striker – lightly and rapidly, a quick smack, smack, smack, that made her gasp and writhe, but in pure pleasure this time and not pain.

The little smacks still stung, especially with her clitoris as sore as it was, but the pain was hardly anything compared to what she had been enduring. However, it was just enough to bring her excitement to a boil. Her moans sounded like a strange, passionate chant, a steady, panting, "uhh, uhh, uhh," as if her breath were being fucked out of her by a monstrously huge and powerful cock. Then the pitch of her moans rose, and her head rolled from side to side as her fingers clawed at her ankles and scratched the skin. "Don't stop, master, please don't stop. I'm going to cum, I ... " She screamed one final time, but anyone looking at her face this time could tell that she was crying out in sublime, unbearable pleasure.

Iliana watched in awe. Even one as inexperienced as she was, could tell that Rhodia was having a truly massive orgasm – brought on by nothing but the whip on her clitoris. She knew that she could never come in that way, but she did not feel threatened or jealous. They both served and pleased the master in their own slightly different ways. The thought made her glance at Evandre.

She like the Amazon, and hoped that she would be able to find her way to pleasure the master too. He had still not climaxed today, and he was reserving the Amazon for last, which meant he wanted to climax with her. Iliana hoped that Evandre would not disappoint him. He had not fucked any of them yet, and she wondered what that would be like. She was certain that he would find a way to make it special.

Evandre watched Rhodia climax, feeling slightly envious. She had obviously found her place and knew what she had to offer her master. Evandre was not truly jealous, but felt slightly insecure. Could she do the same? She examined her heart, and she was surprised to find that she truly wanted to be able to offer something special to him – to see the joy and approval in his eyes that she saw now as he watched Rhodia climax under his whip. Her feet still ached painfully, and she wondered if she was losing herself. Was she still a true Amazon, and if not, what?

After giving Rhodia a big hug and a kiss that was passionately returned, Methulos winked at her and went to sit down next to Evandre. His erection refused to be hidden by the hem of his short tunic and rose up from his loins like a pillar. And just like a stone column, it was a declaration of its owner's power and determination.

Remembering his promise, Evandre smiled and reached out to touch his rigid cock with the tip of a finger. "Your friend certainly enjoys the screams of girls in pain," she said, smiling to show that she was not accusing him.

He nodded towards to two exhausted girls. "It enjoys their pleasure too."

She nodded, conceding the point. "True." Her eyes gazed into his, wide and unafraid. "And what would you have of me?"

He traced the curve of her breast with his hand. "I'm not sure – and I think, neither are you. So why don't we do a little exploring."

"That sounds good."

He stroked a muscular calf. "How are your feet?"

She shrugged. "They will serve."

He smiled. "Are you angry at me for beating you like that?"

Her eyes filled with concern, she reached out and touched his shoulder. "No, master. Not at all. I was wrong, and you dealt fairly with me. If anything, I fear that I shall be a disappointment to you. Perhaps I will never be able to find a way to please you like the others." Then she smiled. "On the other hand, an Amazon does not admit to failure easily." She looked at him sideways and moved her knees apart very slightly. "You have taken your pleasure from the cunts of the other two girls. Perhaps my cunt will be able to please you in some way too."

"Show it to me," he said, testing her.

She seemed to have no qualms about that, and let her knees slide further apart. She leaned back on an elbow, resting it on a pile of cushions. Tilting her hips, she presented him with a clear view of her sex. "My cunt, master."

He smiled. "Indeed it is. Or more precisely, it's my cunt." He moved his hand between her thighs, and was gratified when she did not flinch away from his touch. He cupped his hand over the warm soft mound, enjoying the sensation of ownership it gave him, especially when she pushed it back against his hand. "You're new at this, so I'm not going to try to trick you or play games with your mind. Very simply, I'm going to start with a good hard spanking of your cunt using just my hand." He saw her begin to object and said, "Before you say anything, I am not being soft with you. It may sound like a child's punishment, but I assure you that having your cunt spanked is no joke. It will hurt and hurt badly. However, the advantage over using a whip or any other tool, is that I have better control over exactly how hard I strike and the way the blow lands. All right?"

Evandre, who indeed had been about to make that exact protest, closed her lips. She recalled that she had thought the very same thing when he spanked her bottom, and she had been wrong then too. She nodded her head, and smiled. "I bow to your greater cunt beating experience." She wanted to demonstrate her willingness, so she did what she had refused to do since she had been taken captive. She looked him in the eye, then slowly and deliberately rubbed her cunt against his hand. She told herself that this was a punishment of her cunt and not a sexual act, so she was free to do

whatever she pleased. She saw his surprise – even though he tried to disguise it – so she explained. "I have realised that my breasts and cunt grow more sensitive when sexually aroused, which only seems sensible. However, it occurred to me that this ... ability could be used as part of a punishment as well. As a dutiful doera, I should make my body as sensitive as possible in order to better feel the pain. So, before each punishment, I should try to stimulate and arouse my breasts, nipples and cunt as best I can." Her face reddened. "I also thought that you would enjoy taking part in the ... stimulation. Providing it does not lead to any real sex," she added hastily.

Methulos nodded thoughtfully, his hand still holding her cunt. "Just to be clear, what do you consider 'real' sex?"

This question took her aback. What was "real" sex? Although she had not discussed it much with her mother or any other adult Amazon as a child, nor with her companions and battle sisters as an adult, she had always assumed that sex was when a man put his thing ... his cock ... into her cunt, or more precisely, into the hole that led to her womb. Neither the Amazon tribal tongue or the Achaean language had a word for that part of the female body that was not purely related to function. Terms like "birth passage" did not seem appropriate in this context. Was that it? Was sex only when the male organ, a good example of which was brushing her thigh at that very moment, went into her cunt hole, and nothing else? Slowly she said, "I-I'm not sure. I always assumed that sex was equivalent to fucking – a man putting his ... cock into a woman's cunt. That's what we were told never to allow, at any rate. Everything else, kissing, touching, and so forth, was disapproved just because it might lead to fucking."

Softly he said, "And if you knew that nothing you did would lead to actual cock-in-cunt fucking?"

She was stunned by the concept. Was she being tricked? Manipulated by the more experienced man?

Methulos gave her cunt a gentle squeeze and said, "I can see that you need time to think about this, so don't answer me right now. Take all the time you need to think about the matter, and then when you're ready, come to me with your conclusions."

She was surprised, and grateful that he did not try to press his advantage in the face of her obvious uncertainty, and she felt a glow of gratitude and increasing trust towards him. "Thank you master. I will do as you say, and give you my thoughts very soon."

He smiled. "Fine. In the mean time, would you say it is all right for me to stimulate your cunt as I please, while you just stay the way you are right now?"

"Of course, master. You've played with my cunt before, and I did not object."

He nodded. "True. But then you were not offering yourself quite the way you are now."

She shook her head firmly. "There is no dishonour in this. My cunt is yours to touch and manipulate as you please. I am certain of that."

He smiled. "Excellent. Then it's all right for me to do this – " His hand changed from merely holding her warm cunt, to actively masturbating it. He really enjoyed playing with Evandre's virgin cunt, with its bold fleshy inner lips and well formed, relatively large clitoris. He also enjoyed to innocent but determined manner in which she presented it to him, as if it were some kind of ordeal to be endured, despite the fact that she was moaning in pleasure at the same time. The girl was full of contradictions, and he hoped that he could guide her to resolve her moral dilemmas in a manner that benefited his desires and needs and made her happy at the same time.

Meanwhile, Evandre had decided that trying to disguise or hide her enjoyment of the sexual things he did to her was ridiculous and unnecessary. She had not invited them, and her natural sexual reactions were not a matter of honour, any more than a rumble of hunger in the belly was. So long as she did not seek out sex, just as she did not steal food when she was hungry, she was behaving honourably – or at least that was what she told herself. Since she was already burning with repressed desire, it did not take much effort on Methulos's part to stimulate her to a point where she was loudly and openly writhing and groaning.

Some otherwise lovely women looked ugly when they were lost in passion, but Evandre looked glorious. Her lithe, tremendously fit body moved like a hunting lioness, and her face was set in an

expression of absolute determination that gave it a pure, hawk-like beauty. Methulos's fingers were totally drenched with her sexual juices, and they made wet, squelching noises as they rubbed and teased her cunt. "Brace your feet and lift your hips off the ground. I want your cunt raised up high," he ordered.

Evandre's belly rippled as she obeyed, pushing her cunt up against his hand.

"Are you ready to have your cunt spanked?"

"Yes, master. Yes. Spank me. Spank my cunt hard," she moaned, feeling free to ask for pain, even though she dared not ask for pleasure.

He rubbed her cunt for a moment longer, bringing her perilously close to an orgasm, gave her clitoris a final tickle that made her clench her teeth, and then abruptly stopped. Without warning, his hand lifted several inches, and then fell again to slap her wet cunt.

To Evandre, the sharp, stinging spank was a welcome diversion. She had been struggling desperately not to climax, and the ache in her cunt had grown to agonising proportions, making her want to scream in frustration. The sting of the slap was like a dash of cold water, helping her to re-focus her mind away from her raging lust. On the other hand, it really hurt. Although she was getting used to the idea of their cunts being toys of their master, having her cunt spanked was still a novel concept and it was somehow shocking that a man should so casually slap her cunt. The combination of unexpectedly intense pain and indignation sent a chill shock through her body, totally focusing her attention between her legs. Unfortunately, she discovered that the slap only momentarily diverted her attention from her horniness. As a matter of fact, the residual tingling from the slap only served to intensify the erotic ache between her legs and in her breasts.

Once she had a chance to absorb the idea of being spanked between the legs, he began to spank her in earnest. With his left hand and arm wrapped around her bent right knee for balance and leverage, he brought his hand down in a series of firm slaps that cracked loudly and echoed from the ceiling of the megaron to blend with the crackling of the fireplace. "Tilt you hips up a little more, so that I don't have to bend my hand at the wrist. That's good."

It impact of his hand against her cunt sent a shocking vibration up from her loins and into her chest, where it seemed to make her heart and lungs vibrate. The flat, heavy impact of his fingers and palm were very different from the rod or strap. There was less "sting" on the skin, but each spank drove it's impact deeper, creating a more intense, intimate, pain which reached all the way to her womb. The slaps of his hand were also more personal, with flesh touching flesh, and her body reacted differently that if it had been struck with a cold piece of wood or leather. Each impact of his hand against her cunt felt as if it had left a heated imprint of his hand on her skin and flesh. Evandre decided that he had been right when he said that the pain would not be trivial. The pain was very real and grew to become dreadfully severe as slap after slap landed on the same, very sensitive, spot. On the other hand, although she did not admit it – even to herself – the spanking was somehow very erotic as well. Which brought her back to her original problem of being extremely horny. She winced as his fingertips smacked hard against her clitoris.

Her cunt was reddening nicely, and he could see from her face that the pain was beginning to get to her, as well as the nice fiery afterglow that came from a spanking. He chuckled and said, "Brace yourself for a change of pace."

Before she could ask what he meant, she gasped as his fingers rubbed rapidly in a circle around her clitoris, making her arch her body in response to the sudden bolt of erotic sensation. Then the rubbing stopped and a sharp, heavy slap to her cunt made her cry out in shock. He continued to alternate this way, and Evandre was soon quivering and moaning from the quick and confusing changes in sensation. Pain, then pleasure, and then pain again, until the two extremes began to blend, and she wasn't sure which was nice and which was not. She mentally shrugged and stopped trying to analyse the experience. She just allowed it to flow through her instead, accepting pleasure and pain in equal measure. She did not even realise it when he switched back to simply spanking her cunt, landing slap after slap on the swollen pink lips.

Methulos saw that she had fallen into a near-dream state and had stopped resisting the pain, which was exactly what he wanted. He gradually reduced the force of the slaps until they were



imparting a sharp, stinging sensation that bordered on being pleasurable, like a hard massage. He loved the tingling of his hand as it crashed against her cunt, and the sheer obscenity of what he was doing. What could possibly be a more intimate and enjoyable way to pass an evening than a nice cunt spanking? Especially since he could see that the spankee was getting more and more horny. He could see from the way her belly rippled as she drew deep, shuddering breaths, and the way she tossed her head from side to side, that she was very close to an orgasm.

Evandre waited from him to increase the severity of the spanking again and erase her arousal, or for his fingers to begin masturbating her to a climax, but instead he continued to slap at her cunt, lightly stinging her sex lips and clitoris and sending little bursts of pleasure/pain into her body, which was already as tense as a drawn long bow. She had been on the verge of an orgasm of so long now that the need to come was a physical pain in her loins, and worse than any sword slash or blow of a club, because it filled her mind as well as her body with unbearable longing. She felt like a person dying of thirst next to a sparkling river. She glanced at Methulos desperately, but he was obviously enjoying the spanking of her cunt enormously, and looked like he could go on doing it for hours. Looking in the other direction, he saw the girls watching her with a mixture of sympathy and envy, and saw no escape from her dilemma from that corner. She groaned loudly when he went back to alternating between spans and caresses. The stimulation was not enough to "accidentally" make her climax, but just kept her at the point of nearly boiling over. She realised that her hips were making an obscene fucking motion, rising up to meet her master's hand with each slap, and if her face had not already been so red, she would have blushed.

She gasped and clawed at the cushions when he began to rub her cunt and tease her clitoris again, and to her horror she heard herself say, "Please ... "

Methulos looked up, concern on his face. "Is something wrong? Am I hurting you too badly?"

Evandre wasn't sure if he was giving her a chance to take back what she had said, or if he was teasing, but she knew it was too late. She knew what she had meant, and that was what truly mattered. Her heart pounded and she felt as if she was about to jump off a cliff into the unknown. "Please ... let me come, master. I can't bear it any more." She heard Rhodia gasp, and she waited to hear Methulos laugh at her in triumph. To her surprise, his voice was kind and serious when he replied, "Of course."

Naturally, Methulos was delighted that she had taken such a significant step towards accepting her own sexuality, but he knew it would be wrong and a serious mistake to gloat. Instead, he concentrated on giving her a really good climax. He leaned his chest against her knee and reached out his hand to stroke her nipple. At the same time, his other hand began to lightly smack her clitoris.

His touch was so light that it was almost a pat, but it was still strong enough to send strong vibrating waves of pleasure shooting into her cunt. When it combined with the stroking of her nipple, she felt the tightening of her body, and the rumbling in her cunt that presaged a powerful orgasm. Before she became unable to speak, she panted, "Hurt me a little when I come. I want to feel ... both things when I climax."

Methulos nodded. She understood what he was trying to do with her, and by this act she was showing him that she was willing to cooperate.

Her mouth opened in an "O" and her eyes squeezed tightly shut when he placed his thumb over her wet cunt hole while continuing to stroke her clit. She blindly searched for the hand that was caressing her breast, and having found it, she stroked his forearm, hand and fingers as her panting grew faster and she tilted her head back. "Master, I'm ... " She was unable to finish the sentence as her climax overtook her and she shuddered violently. She pressed her fingers on his, and she a bolt of additional heat flow from her nipple when he pinched it hard between his thumb and middle finger, the small pain addition an odd seasoning to the banquet of her long delayed orgasm. She came so hard that she felt the room darkening around her as she screamed mindlessly.

Methulos left his hand on her cunt, touching her very gently. He knew that she would be painfully sensitive when her orgasm faded. He released her nipple and shifted his body so that he could replace his fingers with his lips as he slid and arm under her neck and cradled her hot,

sweating body against his.

"This doesn't mean I'll change into a sex demon overnight, you know. A lifetime of training won't go away just like that," she murmured warningly.

He kissed her breast and nodded. "Don't worry. I understand. For now, we'll pretend it never happened, and let things work themselves out as they will."

She chuckled softly. "Somehow I doubt that you will be satisfied with simply leaving it all to fate."

"Perhaps not, but don't forget, there is still the matter of teaching you to like punishments."

Her head nodded slowly, as she lay contentedly in his embrace. "I'm much more confident that I can please you with my pain, so yes, by all means, let's continue with hurting me." She kissed his cheek to show that she had no objections to his proposed plan of action. Pleasure and pain. Or perhaps pleasure in pain. Who knew what jokes the gods would play on her tomorrow. But for now, she opened her mouth wide when she saw his cock approaching her face. It was her turn to learn how his semen tasted. She welcomed the distraction. This was something she could do for him without any qualms, and it took her mind off of what had just happened. His cock felt huge and solid in her mouth as she began to suck.

## Chapter Seven

Another week had gone by, and Methulos had still not fucked any of the girls, although he had come in their mouths, on their faces and just about everywhere else except their cunts. He also kept them constantly horny through activities like the morning inspection, casual teasing and even punishments, both minor and major.

A strange hierarchy was slowly developing amongst the girls, as they worked out their individual places in the household.

Iliana, being the most submissive of the three, became her master's almost constant companion, following him everywhere. She was content merely to be at his beck and call, and she actually encouraged him to inflict petty cruelties and humiliations upon her on a daily basis, because the shame and the forced submission to minor pain aroused and stimulated her to the extent that her cunt was almost always wet and aching with need. She was also happier than she had ever been in her life. Severe punishment still terrified her, but master was kind, and only did it one in a while to keep her from getting complacent. It added an element of excitement to her life and she actually found the uncertainty and fearful anticipation of the next real punishment added to her constant arousal.

Despite her closeness to him, she was not his confidant – nor did she want to be – and discreetly moved away out of casual earshot of her own accord when he chose to converse with Rhodia or Evandre. Being the victim suited her and she did not want to be consulted on how she or the others should be treated. However, she was an efficient and patient administrator, and was happy to help Turios run the household, which kept her busy when not attending to her master's needs.

Today, she stood silently beside her master while he listened to Turios reporting on the status of the household's finances, and his progress in bartering off the loot taken from Troy.

There was a surfeit of common household items, weapons and even gold temple decorations on the market. After what had happened to Achilles, no one was trading in actual icons and symbols of the gods, since it seemed their wrath was all to real.

However, Methulos had chosen carefully when he was looting, and the jewellery, pure gold blocks taken from the workshops of gold smiths, and fine craft work, had held their values nicely. But instead of building a grand palace for himself, he was cautiously acquiring plantations and buildings where he set up dispossessed Trojan craftsmen and women. He intended to begin producing quality foodstuffs, fabrics and manufactured items as soon as he could. With the destruction of Troy's economy, there would be a great demand for the common luxuries, once life settled down to whatever new pattern developed. He also kept a careful eye on local politics, to see who was likely to rise in power in the new, slowly rebuilding Troy, so that he could make the right friends and bribe the right people.

He had become accustomed to having Iliana's shapely form near to hand, and he stroked her buttocks and thighs like someone might pet their dog. It was soothing and enjoyable. When the news was less good, like when thieves made off with valuables or foodstuffs from the grounds, he would pinch her, or dig his fingers hard into her flesh. Iliana was rarely without minor bruises and finger marks these days, but he knew she enjoyed it.

She knew he especially liked playing with their cunts, so she would stand facing his side, her feet slightly apart so that her cunt was always within easy reach of his hand. She never knew whether his touch would be gentle or harsh, and her heart always beat faster when his fingers approached her cunt. Often, he would not even look in her direction, and she would move her cunt towards his searching fingers. She loved it when he would snap his fingers and say "clit" or "lips". This meant that she should spread her cunt with her hands and place her clitoris or the inner lips of her cunt in his grip to be pinched and pulled as he pleased. Sometimes he would use his fingernails and she would bite her lip to stop from crying out in pain. Although he had not told her to do so, she tried to be silent whenever he hurt her, as a sign of her acceptance and submission. It also felt more

exciting that way. Often, she would have little orgasms while he played with her body, while at other times he would order her not to come, and she would strain until she was red in the face not to climax while he vigorously rubbed her clitoris and cunt. She knew that he loved her as a man might love his horse or dog, and she loved her master in return, and she knew she would willingly die for him.

Although he never said so, Methulos was not as unaware of Iliana as she thought. He knew she liked being treated like a pet, and it suited him to do so. However, he genuinely liked and valued her, and was careful not to truly think of her as nothing more than an item of furniture or a domestic animal. Her pleasures and victories were little ones, but he knew that they were just as important to her. She also demonstrated a flair for looking after the day to day workings of the household, and Turios was certainly glad of the help. He was always amazed at her love for humiliation. For instance, right now he had her on all fours, head low on the ground and bottom raised high. He had made her back up between his legs until her cunt and arse hole were pressed tightly against the leg of his chair.

On his instruction, she vigorously rubbed herself against the hard, carved wood by rocking her hips up and down, grinding her cunt hard against the chair, deliberately hurting herself for his amusement, while he rested one sandaled foot on the small of her back. Later, she would tell him if there were any splinters that had pierced her cunt – which she knew he would pluck out with a pair of tweezers, a process which of course would be accompanied by much "accidental" pinching of her cunt flesh and startled yelps of pain on her part. She loved these little games, and the sensually humiliating uses he found for her body, and especially her cunt. She looked forward to the day he would take her virginity. With her cunt hole opened, she dreamt of her master making use of her feminine hole for so many shameful and possibly painful things. She still feared the actual pain, but she so loved doing the things that resulted in the pain, and it was even better when the other girls were watching, which increased the shame, as well as her feeling of pride in being willing to do such awful things for her master. His smile and nod of approval were all she needed. She felt like a goddess whenever he hugged her and told her that she had done well.

Rhodia was much more comfortable talking with Methulos, although her favoured topics of conversation were mostly about sex, punishment and the manipulation of the other girls. She was not a stupid girl, nor uncultured. However, as a girl who was destined to be a vestal virgin, her parents had given her very little opportunity to learn about the workings of the world outside of her home and the temple. It was a tribute to her determination and inquiring mind that she knew as much as she did. In addition to enjoying pain, she had realised that she also wanted to punish other women as well. She knew that only Methulos could give her an opportunity to do that, so her sole objective was to please him and to gain his trust. Fortunately for her, she was clever enough to realise that she could not manipulate him using feminine wiles, and she was too honest and grateful to him, to use lies and cunning. Instead, she concentrated on being as sensual and sexually creative as possible. She spent all her free time thinking of ways to entertain him, and perfecting her sexual skills. She masturbated incessantly, practising in front of the bronze mirror in their room so that she could perfect the way she looked and moved, and even the way she moaned when she climaxed. She trained not as an actor or seductress, but like an athlete, tuning her body to the peak of sexual perfection. She also invented dozens of entertaining ways to hurt her body, and especially her cunt. What free time she had, she spent crafting little toys of torture that her master could use on her.

Methulos could not help but notice the way Rhodia's body and movements continually grew in grace and beauty, and he made sure to let her know how much he appreciated her efforts. Despite the faint scarring of her body, she was one of the loveliest girls he had ever met. Combined with her sweet temper, and incredible ability to absorb and enjoy pain, she was a vision from the gods themselves. Although he enjoyed punishing Iliana, he was always aware of the fear in her eyes when the torments became too intense, although she would never refuse him anything. Rhodia, on the other hand, was a completely different animal. The more he punished her, the more sensual and exciting she became. She was always willing to accept a challenge and he never felt that he was abusing or forcing her into anything.

That morning, still flushed from her daily intimate inspection, she had shyly presented him with her latest gift. It was little flat wooden box that she had scavenged from somewhere. He opened the slightly cracked lid and smiled when he saw the contents. The box contained a single straight hollow reed, when had been lovingly lacquered and polished into a smooth tube about twice the length of a man's palm and the diameter of a little finger. The inner hollow was quite a bit narrower. Beside the wooden tube, was a collection of around twenty or more small brightly coloured items with a tuft of threads at one end and what appeared to be a mixture of wood and bronze forming the other half. Methulos immediately realised that he was looking at a miniature blow pipe, complete with a set of bronze tipped darts. Achaeans did not use them for war or even hunting, but some people made a sport out of it, especially those who lacked the strength or skill to use a bow. Rhodia had probably manufactured them out of threads unpicked from an old garment or blanket, small reeds and the tips of worn out sewing needles. Her careful craftsmanship had turned them into a fine toy for him to use on her. He smiled and thanked her for the fine gift.

She flushed with pleasure, happy to have pleased her master. "I was thinking that if I bent over with my legs wide apart, you could use my cunt as a target. I could even watch you by looking back through my legs. Do you like the idea, master?"

He gently closed the lid so as not to lose any of the darts. "Very nice indeed. You must have spent a lot of your rest time on it," he said accusingly.

"It was my pleasure, master." Her smile was impish as she added, "An it will be my greater pleasure when the darts seek out my cunt."

The image her words generated made his cock stir excitedly.

Evandre shared a knowing glance with Iliana and shook her head, amused by the girl's never ending quest to please her master as well as herself, with sensual pain.

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It was not long before Methulos found the time to try out his new toy, and summoned Rhodia to the megaron. At one side of the large room was a collection of bronze and leather goods, which were samples of the products of the craftsmen whom he had set up in business. He looked up from the goods that he was examining when Rhodia approached, padding along silently as usual on her bare feet. He held up a pair of finely crafted sandals, dyed with bright colours and decorated with seashell beads. "Ah Rhodia, just in time. What do you think of these. There is a pair for each of you."

She clapped her hands and hopped about excitedly. "They are lovely, master. They will be so useful when we go out."

This was a cunning little rebuke, since they had never been far from the house since they arrived. She knew however, that in truth it was mostly for their own safety. The remaining Achaeans, hordes of petty thieves, as well as outright bandits, that infested the area around the corpse of Troy, were not above kidnapping unguarded young women for their own use or for sale. And there was still the possibility that someone would recognise Evandre as an Amazon and kill her just for the fun of it.

Still, Methulos knew they could not stay in the compound forever. He nodded. "You're right. Let me think about planning some outings for us in the near future."

Rhodia hopped about happily, her joy real this time. "Thank you, master."

Iliana, who was kneeling at his feet and handing him items that he wanted to see, as well as occasionally giving his cock a kiss, looked up and smiled. "Thank you for the lovely sandals, master. Do you want me to leave you alone with Rhodia?"

Methulos was examining a leather belt painted with little Potnia figure-eight designs. "The stitching on this looks a little flimsy. Prepare your arse hole for a whipping, Iliana. I want to test the belt's quality."

Iliana loved this position, because it was so very humiliating and vulnerable. On all fours, she placed her head between his feet and lowered it to the ground, resting her cheek on the rug. She

spread her knees and arched her back down, which lifted her milk white buttocks high and taut. Finally she reached back with her hands and pulled her bottom cheeks apart, exposing her pink, tightly furled arse hole. The position allowed him to strike straight down at her arse hole, and if he wanted, he could bring his feet together and clamp his ankles around her neck to hold her in place. "I'm ready, master." As usual, the thought of being whipped made her belly flutter with fear, and it felt to her like the whole world was looking at her arse hole. It was scary and humiliating at the same time, which made it perfect in Iliana's opinion.

He chuckled and slashed down with the belt. "Indeed you are, little one."

Iliana shuddered when the tip of the belt snapped angrily at her arse hole. She could not see the lash coming in this position, and she was not sure whether that made it more frightening than watching the lash fall, or not. Her arse hole clenched and relaxed frantically, as if it could protect itself by doing so. It felt so good to pull her arse cheeks apart like this, even when it hurt. Iliana was secretly a bit of an exhibitionist and liked to be watched, especially when she was doing shameful and embarrassing things.

Methulos was only being playful, and stopped after giving her six medium strokes, which turned the space between her arse cheeks a nice bright pink. He bent over and gave her bottom a smack. "That's all. Now I want you to run around the house, and show everyone your newly whipped arse hole. When ever you meet someone, you will bend over and pull your cheeks apart, and you will say 'My master has just whipped my arse hole.'"

Iliana jumped up excitedly. "Oh thank you, master," she cried and scampered off, looking for someone that she could show off her whipped arse hole to, and so humiliate herself.

Rhodia giggled. "That girl is so funny." She shook her head in amazement. "Do you know that she's perfectly modest and normal when she is alone with us girls? She isn't stuffy, and will join in our games and jokes, but she doesn't deliberately expose her cunt or arse hole, or behave the way she does around you. It's always so surprising to see the difference. You'd think they were two different girls."

Methulos chuckled too. "What's really amazing is the way her personality has blossomed. She has really embraced her new life with open arms, and she is amazingly sexy and uninhibited when she knows it will please me."

Rhodia raised an eyebrow and pursed her lips in a tiny pout. "And I'm not uninhibited, master?" Her eyes opened wide and she mimed looking pathetic, wiping non-existent tears away with the backs of her hands. With tiny, swaying steps she moved towards him until her nipples touched his chest.

He laughed, and put his arms around her to give her an affectionate hug. "Sometimes you frighten me. I'm afraid that one day you'll encourage me to go too far, and you'll get seriously hurt."

Her lips turned up in a smile. "What's one more scar to me, master. But don't worry, I'm not suicidal. I'm surprised how much I'm enjoying my new life with you." She pressed her cunt against his thigh and began rubbing herself against him, with her arms tight around his waist.

"What, more than working in a brothel?"

She lifted her face to him and grinned. "Well, I suppose I do miss being raped and beaten daily by fat old men with limp cocks."

He nodded, deadpan. "What nice girl wouldn't regret losing such a desirable life."

She sighed dramatically. "Instead, I have to let a terribly handsome warrior shoot darts into my cunt for his amusement. Such awful cruelty. Woe is me."

"For my amusement?" he said indignantly and tickled her mercilessly. When he had her rolling on the floor, he stepped back and looked around for her gift. When he found the flat box, he took out the lacquered reed and one of the darts, which he inserted point first into the end of tube. He took aim at a basket of apples, pursed his lips around the smooth end of the pipe and puffed hard. The little dart shot out of the pipe at surprising speed and smacked into an apple with enough force to make it rock, and burying the needle tip deep into her hard, crispy flesh of the fruit. Methulos picked up the apple, examined the half buried dart and whistled. "You crafted a fine tool, Rhodia." He pulled out the dart and showed the deep hole in the apple to her. "Are you sure you want me to

use this on you?"

Rhodia studied the apple and a ripple of fear ran deliciously through her body. Her cunt seemed to glow with heat. She touched the hole in the apple with a finger tip and said, "I have a much nicer apple for you to aim at, master."

Methulos slipped a probing finger between her legs and immediately found it sinking into slick warm wetness. There was no doubt that she wanted it. He kissed her lips while his finger slid smoothly along her slit. She was breathing hard and her arms held him with surprising strength.

When the kiss ended she whispered, "Try out my gift, master." When he nodded, she ran to fetch a chair and led him to sit down in it. She knelt and kissed the tip of his cock gently and lovingly, and then took five short paces away, turned around and spread her feet wide. She let her knees flex slightly as she leaned forward and looked back at him upside down from between her knees.

He studied her position for a moment. "I think you better lift your head and shoulders a bit and don't look at me. I don't want to accidentally put a dart in your eye. That wouldn't be sexy at all."

She smiled at his concern. "Yes, master. Please enjoy my cunt," she said and lifted her head.

He studied his plump, tempting target, which glistened with copious amounts of her sexual juices. Her inner lips and clitoris were blushing a darker pink and strongly engorged. It would have been obvious to anyone but a blind man that she was burning with sexual heat. And even the blind man would have smelled the fragrance of her arousal. He carefully inserted a dart, and raised it to his lips, aimed and puffed.

Rhodia had a fraction of a second warning, the "thwuup" of the dart as it left the end of the pipe reaching her ears just before the dart struck her buttock, but she still jumped in reaction to the painful sting of the needle. "Ouch!"

"Oops, I missed. Sorry."

She chuckled and called over her shoulder, "You just need lots of practise." She wagged her newly decorated bottom at him.

"You could be right," he said, while he loaded the next dart into the pipe. Due to the shortness of the pipe, achieving accurate aim while blowing hard into it at the same time was quite a challenge. However, the colourful flash of the dart in flight, and seeing it strike the girl's flesh was more exciting than he had expected. He decided that he liked this game. He inhaled, aimed, and blew again.

"Ow!" This time the dart struck just below her arse hole and a little to one side. It was a more sensitive spot, and the pain was much sharper. She inhaled, and absorbed the pain, feeling it burn and turn into sensual warmth. The pain was both different and more intense than when she had tried the darts on herself. The impact as the dart struck, and the element of surprise, both served to magnify the pain, and her cunt had been spared so far. Her senses became sharper, and the feeling of fear-tinged excitement was pulse pounding and exhilarating. She felt a large droplet of her cunt juice run down the inside of her thigh. The darts in her flesh continued to hurt, especially when she moved, which added to the thrill. Another hollow "thwuup" heralded the arrival of the next dart. "Aaah!" His aim was on target this time, and a needle pointed dart thudded into her outer cunt lip, just missing her slit by the width of a finger. A sharp bolt of instinctive fear slashed through her body, and her instincts screamed for her to protect her cunt. Fortunately, she rarely listened to her instincts where sexual pain was concerned. She mentally brushed the bothersome mental guardian aside and pushed her cunt further outwards by bending over slightly more. Even though she kept her face safely out of danger, the arching of her neck pushed her breasts into the line of fire in the event that Methulos missed entirely and a dart flew between her legs. Her nipples hardened at the thought.

He saw the dart strike home on her cunt, and he punched the air in triumph. "Yes!" he grunted, a grin spreading across his face. She was going to have a most colourful cunt before he was done.

The next dart struck on the other side of her slit, and she hissed, bouncing up and down on the balls of her feet as she wriggled in pain. He was getting good at this game. She grinned as she wondered if he would actually manage to hit her clitoris or something else interesting. Perhaps if

she bent her knees a little more and moved them outwards it might make her cunt open out a little more ... A dart might actually find its way into her hole, she mused hopefully.

He sent two more darts plunging into her cunt lips. Then he tried for her clitoris, which was right at the bottom of her cunt in her upside down position, and a very difficult target.

In the event, the dart passed close enough to her clitoris for her to feel the tufts of thread brush past it as the bronze tipped missile passed under her body and slammed into her breast. "Youch! That was a definite miss – but at least you hit something interesting." She looked down to see the bright red bundle of threads blossom miraculously from the tip of her breast, just beside the nipple.

He aimed a little higher this time, inhaled, and tried again. The tiny dart shot out of the pipe with a vicious snap. At first, he was not sure what he had hit when the dart smacked into her cunt once again. Then her loud cry of pain announced the first dart to crash its way into her slit, narrowly missing her pee hole.

She shuddered and moaned tightly. The pain was nothing to joke about this time, and she panted and drove her fingernails into her knees as agony flooded her loins and seemed to join up each of the darts in a network of fire. She took deep slow breaths, trying to flush out the red fire from her body, as the pain in her cunt shot through her belly to her spine and up to her brain, threatening to make her pass out. However, her unique form of courage won out and she brought herself under control again and forced herself to speak lightly. "Phew, that was a good one master. Right inside my cunt. Perhaps I should borrow your armour next time."

"Is there going to be a next time?"

She wagged her bottom again, hiding a wince as the movement made the pain in her slit flare up again. "Definitely, master. How could I pass up on something that is this much fun." And in fact, she was beginning to feel pleasure again, now that she had overcome the initial blinding pain. The dart next to her pee hole still sent out throbbing waves of sensation, but the sore, hot ache was feeling better and better, and she could actually feel her clitoris tingle again.

Methulos moved towards her. "Stay where you are. I just want to have a closer look at that last dart." He chuckled. "I just realised that this is the first time I've ever stuck a needle in a girl's cunt, so it's something worth remembering in detail."

Rhodia lowered her head to look between her legs. Although she was not an exhibitionist like Iliana, she had a much more sexual nature, and she loved to have him pay attention to her cunt, whether it was to caress it or to hurt it. She usually ended up climaxing either way. She felt his hands on her thighs, and his face was so close to her cunt that she could feel his breath on it. Her sexual arousal returned in full force when he gently pulled her cunt lips apart to examine the dart that was still lodged in her slit, and became a raging fire when he kissed her clit and dripping wet hole. She almost came on the spot when she heard him say, "Your cunt looks so sexy with that dart in it." She laughed and said, "There's still plenty of space in my cunt for more darts, master. And I bet you can't hit my clit."

He gave her clit another kiss before patting her on the thigh and returning to his chair. "Hah. Prepare to have your clit darted." He grinned when she stuck her tongue out at him and made a rude fucking motion with her hips, before lifting her face out of the line of fire again.

She was beginning to like the sound of the dart leaving the pipe. It sent a jolt of excitement surging directly to her cunt, which was followed by a very focused stab of pain. This time the dart stabbed into the most flesh near to her cunt hole, and she moaned with pleasure. It hurt so very good that she would have rubbed her clitoris except that she didn't want to risk getting a dart in her hand. The next two hit the outer lips, while the one after that nearly struck her arse hole. By the time he reached the final few darts, her cunt bristled with colourful little banners, which waved gaily like some kind of bizarre decoration. Only two more had landed in the slit, both piercing one of the inner lips through and through before stabbing into her cunt flesh. Her cunt was a mass of pain, and her hips made constant writhing motions. The unbearable erotic heat in her loins and her need to climax was so strong that she wanted to scream and beg Methulos for relief.

He grinned as he studied her dart covered cunt and lovingly stroked the buttocks of the panting, gasping girl. "Just about every part of your cunt has a dart in it except your clitoris. Somehow I



managed miss it every time."

"Never ... mind ... master ... You'll ... do ... better ... n-next ... time," Rhodia panted, the delicious pain in her cunt driving her mad.

He tapped her clitoris with the lacquered reed pipe. "Ah, but I have one more dart left, and I've thought of a way to make sure that I can't miss."

Her eyes widened with fearful excitement. "W-what's ... that ... master?"

"This," he said gleefully, and he touched the end to the pipe to her clitoris.

"Ooh, isn't that cheating, master?" she gasped, shuddering from the feeling of the pipe on her swollen clitoris and the thought of having a dart driven directly into the incredibly sensitive spot.

"Gamblers cheat. To warriors, it is known as good tactics." He twirled the pipe with his thumb and fingers, making the rim of the tube circle her clitoris.

Rhodia cried out at the intense stimulation. "Oh, oh, oh master, I'm going to come if you keep doing that."

"In that case, I better fire the last dart before it's too late."

Rhodia clenched her teeth and squeezed her eyes tightly shut, bracing herself for the terrible pain of having her clitoris skewered lengthwise by the dart. She prayed to the gods that she would not embarrass herself by jumping away or falling to the floor. She felt the tiny movement of the pipe and the increase in pressure when he placed his lips against the other end of the pipe. Her belly rippled and her cunt clenched tightly on the very verge of climax. For a fleeting second, she wondered if the pain of having her clitoris pierced by the dart would trigger her climax or blast it completely away in a wave of agony.

The distance was so short that the sound of his puff and the impact of the dart were almost simultaneous. However, unknown to her, he had not closed his lips tightly around the pipe, and the dart was only thrown forward hard enough for the needle point to prick her clitoris and just shallowly pierce the delicate skin.

The pin prick of pain stabbing into her clitoris was like a large stone dropped in an already turbulent pool of water, and it served as the final trigger to her orgasm. She screamed in a confusing mixture of pain, relief and juddering sexual pleasure. The violent movement of her body ripped the dart from her clit, providing more welcome pain, as did the shaking of all the darts that studded her cunt and buttocks. She slowly collapsed to her knees as the violent orgasm robbed her legs of all strength. She felt fresh twinges of pain as Methulos began pulling the darts out of her body so that she would not fall on them and drive the darts deep into her flesh. Each plucked dart sent a secondary tremor into her cunt, making her tingle from her head to the soles of her feet.

After he had removed all the darts, Methulos fetched some vinegar and a soft cloth, which he used to wipe away the drops of blood and reduce the chance of the wounds festering, even though they were tiny and clean.

Rhodia lay against him, warm and relaxed from her exertions and orgasm. "You need to start fucking us you know." She bent over and kissed his hard cock. "It's not fair to you, and to be honest, all of us are looking forward to it too."

"Even Evandre?"

She snorted. "Her too, provided she can pretend that she had no idea what you are doing to her. That girl is probably the horniest of us all, since she doesn't allow herself to think of sex or to seek out relief for herself." She tickled the tip of his cock with her tongue. "In the meantime ... "

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Of all the girls, Evandre had the most in common with Methulos. Both were life long warriors, and both were from somewhere other than Troy. He had discovered that she was also very intelligent, and knew a great deal about all kinds of things ranging from metal craft and cooking, to bard's tales and sagas.

She was also world wise about the ways of rulers and other great and powerful people – meaning that she did not trust them any further than she could throw a horse with one hand. Other

than the strange Amazonian taboos regarding men and sex, she had little shame about her body. She knew she was beautiful, but did not care very much, since Amazon society placed greater emphasis on fitness and military skills. Forced by fate and their way of life into being a very militaristic society, she placed great emphasis on honour, which was where her current problems arose.

Since her orgasm after having her cunt spanked a week ago, she had not had another orgasm. This in itself was not a problem for her, but she had discovered that she found Methulos attractive, and his constant attentions to her and to her body – even when they were painful – tended to arouse her sexually. So she went about in a haze of constant sexual excitement. The morning inspections did not help, since she found that the need to deliberately and extensively expose her body and cunt to him the first thing very day, stoked her lust even more. She knew that he found her predicament amusing, and she didn't really blame him, but she was sooo sexually needy – what Rhodia called "horny" – that she felt ready to burst like an over ripe fruit. With the other two girls busy catering to his sexual whims, she could not avoid almost constantly thinking about sex, even when he was not stroking or hurting her. Sometimes they just sat and talked, and she was horrified to find that the sight of him and the sound of his voice forced her mind to think of sexual pleasure.

She had hoped that the punishments would help to drive sex from her mind, but Methulos was a kind master at heart, and even his most severe punishments seemed somehow to leave her more excited than before underneath the weals and burning hot skin. Worst of all, she liked being held and touched by him, and her honour did not require her to resist him, just not to throw herself at him – which was getting harder not to do all the time.

The other two girls had discreetly left them alone, claiming that the morning exercises and a heavy lunch had made them very sleepy, and begging to be excused.

Methulos had permitted them to go to their room, grinning at their antics. Then he had settled down beside Evandre again. He put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her naked form close to him.

She moulded herself to him willingly, since she was acting under his direction.

For a while, he talked to her. She chatted a lot with Turios and the tradesmen who visited the house bringing fresh food and other items from the farms and craftsmen in the surrounding countryside and was always up to date on the affairs of the world outside the walls of the house.

Evandre tried to ignore his fingers toying idly with her nipple and said, "The latest news from Achaea is not good. Things are breaking down even more, despite the return of the army and the Wanaktes to the cities." Despoiled estates, unfaithful wives, runaway doeroi and hordes of bandits had turned the well ordered city states into urban battle fields. The long absence of their leaders and the great outpouring of wealth required for the ten year war, had taken a terrible toll. His fingers trailed down her belly towards her cunt and she obligingly spread her thighs. She bit the inside of her cheek, knowing that he would find her soaking wet between her legs. In fact, she seemed to smell of sexual arousal all the time to her own senses, despite her frequent visits to the baths.

Methulos said, "Rhodia fashioned a new whip for me yesterday."

"How kind of her," she replied with a sense of desperation. He was going to want to try it out on her, and she was going to get even more horny. She was afraid that she was learning to be as pain loving as Rhodia. His fingers found her clitoris and she gasped. He managed each time to tease her to the brink of orgasm, and then he would stop, finding something more important to do with his hand. Her promise to him prevented her from finding relief in masturbation, and the other girls had been forbidden to make her climax. Truly, she was beginning to welcome the punishments as the only time that she was distracted from the unending erotic ache in her breasts and loins.

Methulos knew he was being cruel, but he was fighting deeply ingrained beliefs in her, and he needed to marshal equally powerful needs and desires within her to counter them, before he could appeal to logic. Like superstitions and the choice of gods to worship, logic and practicality meant little in the face of what a person "knew" was right. The only time that a change could be made was when the person herself had a strong desire for a change to occur. Merely beating her into submission would just break her fine spirit and mind, or in the case of someone as strong and determined as Evandre, it might even kill her. But he knew that she was reaching a breaking point

of a different kind, and he just had to be patient for a little longer. He pulled the whip out from a white linen sack, and showed it to the Amazon.

Evandre ran the braided leather through her fingers and made an appreciative sound. Rhodia had a talent for working with her hands, and the whip was a beautiful piece of work. Soft and supple, the leather gleamed and the whole thing looked like a work of real craftsmanship. She had no trouble appreciating it, even though it was going to be used on her skin. "Very nice, master," she said sincerely.

Methulos ran a hand slowly from her the toes of one leg all the way up to her hip before sliding it around and over her cunt, and then around and under her thigh to lift her leg up in the air. "Speaking of very nice ... " He kissed the smooth skin of her thigh. Apart from a few small scars, the Amazon had lovely skin – surprising for someone who had led such an active and violent life, most of it outdoors. A good diet and plenty of exercise had given her beautiful legs, and he loved looking at them and touching them.

Although she was no longer embarrassed easily by sexual matters, she still blushed at compliments. "Th-thank you, master," she stuttered. Until she had followed Penthesilea to Troy, she had lived a life that was as almost totally isolated from men and flirting as any vestal virgin who was not Rhodia. When he rested her calf on his shoulder and wrapped both of his arms around her leg, kissing the side of her knee and stroking the silken skin of her inner thigh, her desire and lust rose to such heights that she wanted to wave her arms around madly and scream in frustration – while at the same time sighing like some stupid love struck maiden in the love songs that Iliana liked to sing. She had never been treated so lovingly and yet so harshly by any single person before in her life. In self defence, she turned her attention to the whip and cleared her throat. "Are you going to try this out, master?"

Still hugging and stoking her leg like a lyre, he nodded. "Oh definitely. Tell me truthfully Evandre, do you resent me punishing you for no reason other than my own lust?"

Her instinct was just to shake her head and say "no", but something made her want to be honest with him. "Master, when I first met you, I thought you to be a good man with a cruel streak in his nature." She chuckled. "Now that I know you better, I see that my first impression was absolutely correct. But a good warrior has to be able to be cruel, so I do not fault you for that. More importantly, although I do not feel that way towards others, I have seen how erotic it can be when you punish us. Fear and pain in just the right quantity makes a person feel more alive and vital – and horny." Her head dropped. "I am terrible to admit such a thing."

He kissed her knee and let his hand rest unmoving on her cunt. "I don't think it is wrong to feel desire of any kind. It is only wrong when we allow our desire to rule us." Having planted that seed in her mind, he lowered her leg and took the whip from her hands. "And now, it's time to deal with *my* desires."

Relieved and amused by his sudden departure from emotional matters and on to simple lust, she laughed. "Of course, master. And how may your humble doera serve you?"

He grinned and tickled her belly with a finger. "Humble? I've seen wild boars more humble than you."

She giggled and then sniffed. "Are you calling me a sow?"

He sniffed back. "I'll have you know, boars are brave fierce fighters – stubborn too."

She raised an eyebrow. "Oh, so now I'm a fierce stubborn pig. You certainly have a way with your compliments."

"And you are asking for a whipping."

She grinned. "Perhaps I am." She squeezed her cunt by pressing her thighs together, shuddered with lust, and stood up. She stretched her arms above her body in a lazy yawn, knowing how well it showed off her impressive form. Like any athlete, she was proud of her body. She wagged her hips playfully. "Oink."

Methulos drew the whip through his fingers, feeling the knots of braided leather slide over his skin and judging the weight of the lash. "Position One will do. I'm just going move around you and whip anything that looks interesting. Remember to keep your head up. I don't want to catch your

face or eyes by mistake." He began to slowly step around her taut, erect, body, caressing her with vertical strokes of his fingertips, tracing the outline of her body. When he was behind her, he could not resist kissing her shoulder. Then he dropped into a squat and pressed his lips against her hard firm buttocks. He tickled the deep crack with the tip of his tongue.

Evandre uttered a high pitched "Eeee!" in response to the tickling of her arse crack, and felt a tremor rumble through her cunt like the ghost of an orgasm, and she inhaled sharply when the aching of her lust pulsed in her cunt and up into the rest of her body. She had come to love his teasing and caresses, even if they did add to her sexual discomfort. No one had ever treated her like this, and as far as she could tell, he was not trying to subjugate or demean her any more than her status as doera entailed. She did not ascribe this to any great virtue on his part. He simply saw no utility in deliberately belittling a person, free or bonded. Although this might have been a virtue in itself. She started slightly when she felt the cool leather touch her shoulders and slide down her back towards her buttocks, and for some strange reason her nipples stiffened and tingled in response.

Methulos stepped back from her body, let the whip hang from his hand for a second, and then began to swish it from side to side, using the motion of his wrist and hand. When his was satisfied with the movement of the lash, he edged closer to her again until the tip slapped against her buttocks. He "painted" her buttocks with the lash, applying light pink streaks to both cheeks as the whip swung first left, then right, and then back again in a steady rhythm.

Evandre inhaled, the air rushing through her nostrils when she felt the rapid, repetitive stinging on her bottom. Like the chafing of armour, she could quite easily adapt to this kind of minor pain, and it even became kind of nice in an odd sort of way. The heat and the sting was rather stimulating, like lowering herself into the steaming waters of a hot-spring. Her bottom began to throb, and the throbbing rapidly spread down between her legs. She bit her lip and told herself to concentrate on the feeling of the whip. The lash continued to dance up and down over the curves of her bottom cheeks.

When he had evenly covered her arse with a horizontal pattern of fine thin whip marks, he slowed the back and forth motion of the whip, but struck harder with each swing. The leather struck with a positive snap now, and the impact of the leather raised a ridged weal. "How are you doing?"

The burn of the whip was much fiercer now, and one stroke no longer merged into another, but had an identity and pain of its very own. She grunted when the lash landed right across the peak of her cheeks, and then said, "I'm doing fine, master. Don't worry about me. Just enjoy yourself."

He stopped hitting her, and said, "I intend to. However, unlike the wild boar, you are not nearly indestructible, so tell me if something is wrong and let me decide whether to continue. That's an order."

She grinned over her shoulder. "Yes, master."

"Bend over and spread your feet a little. Stick your bottom out more. I'm going to give you a few hard ones." He watched her arse appreciatively as she changed her position, and then hefted the whip again. He grinned when she twitched her bottom defiantly. Her cunt was moist and lushly swollen, and he suspected that she had no idea how obvious her painful arousal was, or she would have been mortified. "One." The whip snaked forward and cracked loudly against her out-thrust bottom.

The pain was very real this time, and rocked Evandre forward. She braced herself for the next burning stroke, but instead she felt the touch of his hand between her legs. He was not masturbating her, but merely held her cunt in the palm of his hand as she struggled against the waves of pain that filled her bottom. She felt an odd sense of comfort from his touch. She even managed a smile when she felt the stickiness when he pulled his hand away. He had been handling and looking at her intimate spots so often, that she hardly felt embarrassment any more. But it had not been replaced by the apathy of over familiarity, but instead she felt a sense of completion and companionship at his touch. The stroke still burned like a brand across her flesh, but she felt no fear when she sensed him prepare to strike again.

Methulos laid two more strokes across her buttocks, and then let her stand erect. He could see

the sweat glistening on her back and running down her sides from her arm pits. He put down the whip and placed his hands on her shoulders, massaging her tense muscles gently.

"Did you enjoy that, master?"

In reply he pushed his hips forward slightly and let his stiff cock press against the shimmering heat of her wealed bottom. "Just as much as I'm enjoying this," he said while rubbing his cock up and down the crevice of her arse. He pressed his chest against her back and reached around her body to place one hand on her breast and the other on her cunt. Tilting his head, he bit lightly on the side of her neck as his hands stroked and caressed.

Evandre stood like a statue, fearing to disgrace herself by rubbing back against his cock and body or forward against his exploring hands like a cat in heat. She closed her eyes as wave after wave of erotic passion washed over her. She almost cried out when his hands and body left her.

He walked around her body to her front. "Lift your head a little more. I'm going to whip your breasts – and these lovely things," he added as he leaned forward and sucked on her nipples. When they were fully erect, he stepped back and to the side. Once again, he began to swing the whip from side to side. When he had built up the correct rhythm, he carefully edged closer to her until he felt the tiny shock of the whip when it struck her breast. He stopped there and whipped her breasts with just the slim tip of the whip, snapping at one breast and then the other in a steady rocking motion.

Her breasts were much more sensitive than her buttocks, and Evandre hissed as the whip stung her breasts over and over. Each smack of the flying leather tip was a sharp shocking sting, but the cumulative effect was to fill her breasts with a throbbing mass of pain, which was occasionally pierced by a far more powerful jolt of agony when the whip caught one of her nipples. The punishment of her breasts seemed to go on forever, and the pain became harder and harder to bear without moving. Desperate for a something to help take her mind off of the pain, she mentally searched for the constant ache of her sexual frustration, which had momentarily faded to the background. However, it immediately returned in full force as soon as she thought about it, and flooded back to the front of her consciousness with a power matching the stinging agony of her whipped breasts. By playing one kind of suffering against the other, she found that she was better able to stoically withstand the torture of her breast and nipples as they danced under the kiss of the lash. Even so, she sighed with relief when the beating stopped, and she welcomed the warm pleasure of his kisses and feather-like stroking of her dark red breasts.

Methulos soothed and made a fuss over her until he saw that the worse of her suffering had faded.

Evandre allowed her sexual heat and desire to flow through her being completely unchallenged as shield against the pain, and she found herself swaying in a raging storm of lust when Methulos stroked her belly and said, "Now for your cunt." The thought of spreading her legs for him only made her arousal even stronger, and not even the thought of the whip on her cunt could dent the sexual armour she had forged around her being.

A stack of cushions served to raise her hips into the air, and she eagerly opened her legs, something that the non-sexual Amazon warrior would never have dreamed of doing before her world had been turned upside down by Methulos.

Her cunt seemed to glow red against her pale white skin, like a ruby floating in milk, and Methulos was not sure if his desire to whip that beautiful cunt or to simply sit and stroke it was greater. He grinned. Like most things, there would be a compromise. He would stroke her cunt with his whip. He shook his head disbelievingly. "You look so sexy Evandre, that I'm always afraid that the gods will strike me dead after having seen you like that."

She blushed and automatically started to thank him, when what he had actually said struck her, just at the same time as the tip of the whip smacked at her cunt with a sound like snapping fingers. He had never actually whipped her cunt before, and she was stunned by the shocking bolt of pain that struck her like a thunderbolt. It was not that the actual pain was so much worse, but because her cunt was so sensitive, the pain seemed to shoot through the channels in her body normally intended for pleasure like a fiery arrow, sizzling into every corner of her being. Her legs kicked straight, even the feet and toes pointing at the ceiling, forming a white "V" with a dab of glowing pink at the

point. An indistinct sound forced itself from her throat, and her entire body shuddered. A feeling that something was still touching her cunt lingered long after the whip had departed, and she lifted her head to stare between her legs. For some reason her mind had refused to acknowledge the fact up to now, and it was only at that moment that she suddenly and shockingly realised how sensually swollen and flushed her cunt looked. She had recently had plenty of opportunities to study the cunts of the other two girls under all sorts of conditions, so she was well aware of the physical signs of extreme female arousal, and she was stunned to realise that the vastly more experienced Methulos must have been totally aware of her desperately aroused and needy condition for days and days, as clearly as if she had been flaunting herself at him like the lowest street whore.

Another stroke of the whip interrupted her moment of epiphany. This one was harder, and she felt no shame in screaming. She had to struggle not to clamp her thighs together tightly, and instead she pulled her knees tightly back towards her shoulders, hugging them to herself tightly with her arms. She squeezed on her bent legs until she felt near to blacking out from lack of breath, and then sighed and slowly relaxed her arms. Her cunt burned ferociously, and the odd feeling that the whip was still touching it was even stronger. Buoyed by her earlier success, she concentrated on the sexual ache that infused her cunt, and was pleased to discover that it was growing increasingly easy to summon those sensations, despite the throbbing pain that hovered around her like a storm cloud. Using her desire and lust like a shield, she pushed the pain back with her mind, and in moments she was back in control of herself again.

Methulos teased her by flicking the whip out to very lightly smack her cunt, making her squeal in fright. He chuckled when she waved her fist threateningly at him. "Someone with her cunt in that position should not be making threats."

"Bah! I do not fear your whip – and neither does my cunt," she said with a grin. She didn't add that her cunt was too busy demanding an orgasm, although she now realised that he probably knew that as well as she did. She gave lie to her brave words when she jumped violently in reaction to another teasing snap of the whip that lightly stung her clitoris and sent a stab of fear rushing up her spine. However, this was followed by a flush of sheer erotic heat, and she gasped as she teetered on the edge of orgasm. But she had been commanded not to climax, and besides, she required just that little bit more in order for her lust to erupt, despite the need for sexual relief that was rapidly becoming sheer agony.

Methulos changed his whipping technique. He shortened his grip on the lash leaving only the length of his forearm of lash hanging from his fist, which he began to spin in a slow, lazy circle. Because her cunt was pointing almost straight up towards the ceiling, he was able to make the tip of the whip repeatedly slap along the length of her cunt from her clitoral hood to her cunt hole with a lazy "slap, slap, slap," of leather on soft, moist, cunt flesh. It allowed him to control the impact much more precisely, and he watched her face and eyes closely as he varied the speed at which the lash rotated, hitting her cunt harder and harder until he saw the strain in her face, and then slowing down to an almost pleasurable smacking, before speeding up again.

This new attack on her cunt was driving Evandre crazy. The constant and regular smacking of the whip, and the carefully controlled levels of pain that pushed her right to the limit of her endurance, only to fade to a comparatively comfortable – even sexy – slapping, and then going right back again to the edge of screaming agony, did not give her a second to relax or recover. An unending stream of sensation bombarded her cunt, and all she could do was cling to the moments of relative pleasure when the whip slowed, in order not to become hysterical. She was writhing and bucking her hips as if constantly in a state of orgasm, and her cries of pain and moans of lust were impossible to tell apart. Suddenly she realised that it was the most powerful and enjoyable experience that she had ever felt. It tested her and stimulated her to the very limits of her endurance at the same time. It shamed her and glorified her. She realised the only time she had ever felt more alive was on the battlefield. And when the whipping stopped, she felt bereft, empty. She wanted something, needed something.

Evandre felt the nervous tension flow out of her, to be replaced by a great calm. It was the same way she felt just before deadly combat began, because she knew that all the waiting and worrying

was at an end, and that she was committed, live or die. She would work out the words later, but she felt the rightness of it. "Master?"

He heard something in her voice that made him stop the whip immediately. At first he was concerned and stared at her cunt to see if she was bleeding. When he did not see anything obviously wrong, he just said, "Yes?" He knew that Evandre would not have interrupted him for something trivial. What she said next shocked him.

"Fuck me, master. Please fuck me. I need it so badly that I could die."

His jaw dropped. He had been working towards some kind of acceptance with her, but this sudden turn around was totally unexpected. "But ... "

She shook her head and held out her arms. "I'll explain everything afterwards, but right now I need you. Your doera needs to be fucked, master."

Days of teasing and playing, and the cunt whipping that he had just given her, had taken its toll on him too. He was dying to have sex with her, as well as the others. "It might hurt, this being your first time ... "

She actually laughed. "It doesn't matter, master. I just need to be fucked by you. If it doesn't feel good this first time, I know it will be good the next time, and the time after that. I'm not worried. What I am, is so horny that I could scream. Now do you want to fuck this wild boar, or do I need to ask Turios to catch me a partner from the forest?"

That was an invitation that no healthy man could resist, so he set aside all his concerns and dropped to his knees between her legs. The pillows raised her cunt to just the right height, so he gave her hot, whipped cunt a kiss and then shuffled closer on his knees until his cock was in position to get into her. He used his hand to guide the head right to her opening, where he dipped it in her copious secretions, and then slid it up and down her slit, bumping it into her clitoris and making her gasp, before returning to her eager wet hole.

Evandre moaned deeply at his touch. She knew that breaking her maidenhead might be painful, but this was one pain she eagerly anticipated. Iliana and Rhodia told her that most girls did not experience an orgasm on their first time, so she was not setting her hopes too high. However, she knew that this was something she wanted – no, needed – to do or go mad from frustration. In any event, her cunt was well prepared to receive him.

With his cock in position, Methulos lowered his body on top of hers, kissed her chest and smiled into her eyes. "Ready?"

She licked her lips. "I've been ready for days but just refused to admit it, even to myself." She hesitated out of habit, and then put her arms around his neck, pulled him closer and kissed his lips.

He worked his cock slowly into her hole, giving her body time to expand and adapt. Her instinct would be to contract her muscles hard in the face of the invasion, and she would need to consciously relax in order to accept him. Using small twisting motions, he gradually managed to lodge the head of his cock firmly in her hole, where it met the filmy barrier of her maidenhead.

Evandre's inhaled sharply when she felt the sting of pain in that unaccustomed place, but she was not to be dissuaded by this obstacle. She wrapped her legs around his body in the instinctive, age old movement of a woman receiving her lover, and pressed down on his back with her heels. She felt him tense as he readied himself to push, grinned up at him and gasped "Oink", as she pushed upwards with her hips. Even in this, an Amazon did not wait passively to be speared. There was a sharp, ripping pain inside her cunt hole; more pain as his cock forced the sore flesh to stretch, and then the strange, delicious feeling of being filled like she had never been filled before.

Methulos groaned with pleasure. She was very tight, and her strong muscles gripped him like a fist as he slowly eased his way deep into her body. He had wanted to be gentle, but when she rammed her hips up at him he gave up the fight and began fucking her in earnest.

Evandre had never dreamt that she would be fucking a man for the first time with a freshly whipped body and a cunt that was swollen both from being beaten and from many days of intense frustrated arousal. All she knew at the moment was that it felt really good, despite the slight soreness of her freshly torn hymen. She clung on to him and fucked enthusiastically, throwing a lifetime of inhibitions to the winds. She discovered that moaning loudly felt both natural and really

good, even if it announced her sexual activities to the entire household.

Normally, Methulos was a considerate and skilful lover, but constant arousal and the naïve enthusiasm of the Amazon threatened to make him climax much sooner than he ordinarily would have. He clung to the rags of his self control as he pounded his cock into the warrior woman's wet cunt, and was both amazed and delighted when she began to scream and shudder in a very loud and obvious orgasm. This was the last straw and he exploded moments later, spurting his semen almost painfully inside her rippling, clasping depths, adding his moans to hers.

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Rhodia poked the sleeping Iliana. "Wake up! Listen to that," she said, pointing to the door of their shared bedroom.

Iliana frowned sleepily, and then sat up in alarm. "Why is Evandre screaming like that? Maybe she's been injured. We should go to her – " She stopped when she saw Rhodia's expression. "What are you grinning about?"

Rhodia's chuckles grew into loud laughter. "That's not pain."

"Not pain? Then wha... oh!" Iliana's eyes widened as realisation hit her, and she began to smile as well. "You think that she ... he ... "

Rhodia nodded vigorously. "And that means that we ... "

Iliana's hand went between her legs to cover her cunt. "Oooh."

"Exactly," Rhodia said with great satisfaction. "We're finally going to get fucked."

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Half an hour later, Turios came to fetch them. "The master wants to see the two of you." He grinned. "Perhaps he's come to his senses and is going to sell you off to a chicken farmer."

Rhodia saw Iliana's stricken expression and gave her a playful shove. "He's joking silly. Now hurry up. Master's waiting for us."

Iliana smiled happily and stuck her tongue out at Turios. Then she whispered to him, "Rhodia says we're going to get fucked."

Turios nodded serenely and said, "And about time too. Watching the four of you wandering around all the time with those constipated expressions was depressing."

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Despite her mental breakthrough and the loss of her virginity, Evandre still a little awkward and hesitant in physically demonstrating affection, especially to someone she had just fucked. However, she pushed herself to make the effort, not wanting to fall back to her accustomed stiffness, which would have been the easier thing to do. She ignored the stickiness between her thighs and very deliberately pressed her naked body against his and threw an arm over his chest. She rested her head on his muscular arm and lifted her face for a kiss, which she received with satisfying promptness. "So now that I've fucked you, are you going to toss me aside? After all, you've got what you wanted – I gave in," she said lightly.

Methulos sensed her very real anxiety. Amazons were taught from childhood that men only wanted to use them for sex, and would abandon them as soon as they were done, or seek to own them like domestic animals. He kissed her forehead and said, "If that was all I wanted, I could have fucked you the first day you arrived." He gave her another kiss and stroked her soothingly. "But what made you change your mind?"

She sighed contentedly and snuggled tighter against him. "It happened while you were whipping my cunt. I realised that I wanted to have sex with you, and that I even enjoyed your punishments. Not because I like the pain like Rhodia, or enjoy being used like Iliana, but because it was a challenge, and it made me feel alive every time I faced your whip or strap. I suppose that like



your wild boar, I just enjoy the struggle and the fight, even if it's against my own fear. It's like people who climb mountains or hunt fierce beasts with nothing but a club. However, Amazons are not supposed to admit or show their sexual desire to men, or barter their sex in exchange for security. But when you were whipping my cunt just now, I realised that my desire and need must have been obvious to everyone, and I was hiding the truth only from myself. And since you had already taken me into your family and home, I could not trade my sex for your protection and support. Finally, I could not enslave myself by being dependent on you, since I was already a doera. As I lay there with my legs wide open and your whip smacking my cunt, I realised that I was not protecting my honour, but a ghost of something that had died and become irrelevant a long time ago."

He hugged her. "I'm glad. You may be my doera, but I want you to be happy here."

She chuckled ruefully. "I'm certain the other girls will be happy." She twisted her head around when she heard Rhodia's voice.

"Happy for you, sister," Rhodia said as she knelt down beside her. "All of us have had to give up some parts of our old lives, but you were clinging on to the wrong parts of your past."

Iliana was less philosophical. "Was it good? We could hear you screaming all the way over in the bedroom"

Evandre blushed, and then nodded.

Rhodia looked at Methulos. "So, master. Are you still going to whip her, now that she's opened her legs for you? Or do you love her too much to hurt your precious Amazon?" she asked teasingly.

Evandre's mouth opened wide in outrage. Then she grinned. "Boars have thick skins. They need to be whipped often to stop them from running wild."

Methulos laughed and reached down to give her cunt a pinch, making the Amazon squeal in mock fear.

Iliana looked from master to doera in confusion. "Bore?"

Evandre laughed at this and shook her head. She held two fingers to her mouth, imitating tusks. "Boar. Wild boar."

This explanation just made Iliana look more confused.

Rhodia kissed Evandre's cheek. "Then I'm going to have competition as the biggest pain lover here?"

Evandre kissed her back. "I'll never enjoy pain the way you do, sister. I just enjoy the challenge of enduring it."

Then, as if rehearsed, Rhodia and Iliana moved to kneel beside their master, and gazed at him expectantly.

He grinned and nodded. "Yes, we're going to have sex from now on." His smile became sly. "I need a little time to recover, before taking one of you on. In the meantime, I want you – " he pointed at Rhodia, "– to entertain me by licking Evandre's cunt. She has a lot of sex to catch up on." The turned to Iliana. "My cock is all sticky with Evandre's juices and virgin blood. I need someone to help clean it up and to get it back in shape to handle one of you two."

Faced with this humiliating task, Iliana was immediately happy and eager. She smiled at him through coyly lowered lashes. "Of course, master."

Rhodia lay down beside the Amazon and licked her lips.

Evandre looked alarmed. "I ... I'm not very ... nice down there. It's all ... "

"Sticky and bloody and dripping with the master's seed?" Rhodia said.

The Amazon nodded.

Rhodia giggled. "I was going to be a whore, remember? I was ready to lick the cocks, feet, arse holes, and any other parts of complete strangers that they wanted me to." She licked the sweaty curve of Evandre's hip, tasting the salt. "Why should licking the cunt of my sister bother me, no matter what condition it's in." She tapped Evandre's knee. "Now be a good Amazon and open wide so I can get in there and carry out the master's command."

Still looking doubtful, Evandre let her thighs fall apart, and watched apprehensively as Rhodia crawled between them. Lesbian sex was another thing that she was coming to terms with, but which

was becoming easier to think about as she grew closer to the two girls who ate, slept, bathed and screamed beside her. Then Rhodia's lips and tongue touched her cunt, and all rational thought disappeared and was replaced with hot, wonderful, pleasure. A sudden image of Methulos whipping her cunt, then stopping to allow Rhodia to lick her until she was about to climax, and then whipping her cunt again, came unbidden into her mind. Was she truly such a sexual demon? Then she grinned. Why not? Who was she going to disgust or disappoint? Methulos and the girls would probably clap and cheer if she told them about her waking dream. She cried out in sheer lust when Rhodia sucked her clitoris into her mouth and flicked her tongue madly over it.

Methulos looked up from Iliana's devoted attention to his cock and said to Rhodia, "She's not to come yet."

Evandre grinned. "Of course not, master. I wouldn't dream of coming before you hurt my cunt again."

He grinned back. "You're learning." He lay back and pulled on Iliana's hips until she straddled his head and then he began kissing and biting her cunt as she nursed his cock back to full erection in her mouth, tasting Evandre's juices and virgin blood. When he was hard and quivering again, he stood up and pointed at Rhodia. "You're next. Iliana comes last, assuming she manages to get my cock up again. Otherwise she'll just have to do with an arse hole whipping until later."

Iliana shuddered in submissive ecstasy. "Of course, master."

He nodded at Rhodia. "Get on your back, and ready to be fucked."

Then he grinned at Evandre. "You'll do anything for me?"

Evandre smiled. "Anything, master."

He handed her the whip. "Then prepare Rhodia's cunt for me by giving it a sound whipping."

In another life, she would have resisted the idea of hurting another woman for the amusement of a man, but now the Amazon barely hesitated. She gave her sister doera a fleeting glance, and then took the whip. "Yes, master. I'll make her scream nicely for you – as long as she gets to whip me in return some time."

Rhodia smiled widely at this offer, feeling her heart leap with excitement at the prospect of whipping Evandre. She lifted her legs, and spread the lips of her cunt with her hands. "Are you good enough with that thing not to hit my fingers?"

Evandre inhaled when she realised that Rhodia wanted her to whip the delicate inside of her cunt. "I won't miss. But are you sure? I might hurt you badly."

Rhodia bared her teeth. "That's the idea," she said, and wriggled her hips. Then she turned her face towards Methulos to let him watch the expressions of pain in her face as the lashes fell.

Iliana knelt up so that she could continue sucking on his cock, while her own cunt glowed nicely from his attentions.

Methulos watched with interest as Evandre tested the handling of the whip, snapping it viciously several times just short of Rhodia's cunt lips.

"Ooh, you're making me wet before you've even touched me," Rhodia gasped appreciatively.

Evandre merely smiled, and on the next snap of the whip, allowed the tip to actually strike her cunt.

"Aghhhh. Good one," Rhodia gasped. The whip had struck just above her cunt hole, and the pain flared harsh and strong. She had never been whipped on the cunt by another woman, and it added an interesting touch of novelty to the experience, although she would still have preferred that Methulos had done it. Still, she liked Evandre, and being whipped by her was sexy too. In fact ... ouch ... she seemed to have ... ouch ... a good touch ... when it came to whipping ... ouch ... cunt. The Amazon had managed to land three smacks of the tip in a row right in her hole, and Rhodia was beginning to suspect that it was more than just luck. "Ow!" she yelped when the fourth one landed on her cunt hole, only harder this time. When she saw Methulos grin, she turned her head to look at Evandre. "Are you going to ... ouch ... put all your ... ouch ... strokes in my hole?"

Evandre smiled evilly. "And what if I am?"

Rhodia sighed happily. "Oh good." Then her brow wrinkled in concentration.

Both Evandre and Methulos laughed when they saw her cunt hole wink at them, as if her cunt

was trying to talk.

"Three more to finish. Hard ones," he said to Evandre, and winked at Rhodia.

The pain loving girl winked back and then gritted her teeth. This was going to really hurt. The lash shot out and hit her cunt hole with a loud "snap", and Rhodia's hips bounced up into the air and slammed down onto the cushions again. Before her scream left her throat, the whip struck again, hitting almost exactly the same spot.

Evandre felt no compunction in whipping the girl in this manner, and as a woman, she knew how much a cunt could take without serious injury. The pain of course, was another matter. She lashed out for the final time and felt a craftsman's satisfaction when it landed on target, punishing Rhodia's cunt hole hard for the final time. Evandre did not feel any sense of dominance or superiority. In fact, she eagerly anticipated the fact that Rhodia would very soon be in a position to repay her in kind, and she knew she would not feel any resentment or malice towards the girl when she did so. She did admire Rhodia for being able to keep her cunt spread wide open for the whip all the way to the end. She admired strength and determination in others and she thought it was very sexy.

Methulos took the whip back from Evandre. "Give Rhodia's cunt hole a nice kiss."

"Yes, master." Evandre knelt, stroked the backs of Rhodia's shaking thighs and pressed her lips to the hot reddened hole, smearing the girl's juices all over her mouth.

Although she was still panting from the agony in her cunt, Rhodia giggled at the sight. Then her smile took on a sensual tone when Methulos knelt down between her legs. "Hello master," she panted huskily.

He placed his hand on her cunt, his touch light as a feather. "That was very well done, and very sexy too. Does your cunt hurt too much to be fucked?"

She quivered sensually at his touch, knowing that he only had to press down slightly to cause the pain in her cunt to flare up into blazing agony again. Part of her mind rather hoped that he would do it. "Not at all, master. Evandre did a marvellous job, and I'm as hot as Hades and ready for anything."

Methulos looked over his shoulder. "Speaking of Evandre ... Iliana, I want you to lick and suck Evandre's cunt as nicely as you just did mine. I don't want her cunt to cool down while I'm busy over here."

Iliana smiled shyly at Evandre. She was still a little in awe of the Amazon. "Yes, master. Lick her cunt. It will be my pleasure," she said, the last addressed at Evandre herself.

Evandre smiled and stroked the smaller girl's cheek. She whispered, "How do you want me? Standing up, sitting down?"

Methulos did not catch her reply, as he had turned his attention back to Rhodia. "I've always wanted to lick a cunt that has been freshly whipped. Would you mind?"

Of course this was not really a request, but Rhodia gestured graciously at her cunt and said, "Be my guest, master." She clenched her teeth and suppressed a start when his lips touched her cunt. It was so sore and swollen that even his warm breath and the butterfly light brush of his lips sent a bolt of pain shooting into her belly. Fortunately, also it slowly trickled back to her cunt in the form of warm, honeyed pleasure and she sighed. This was all so good. And soon she was going to be fucked in her whipped cunt. His tongue traced her inner lips and circled her wet hole, producing a mad mixture of pulse pounding pain, and spine tingling pleasure. Freed of the need to hold her cunt open, she used her fingers to lovingly stroke his hair and caress the parts of his face she could reach. Her cunt hurt too much for her to climax from his licking, but it still felt really good and she sighed with regret when he stopped. On the other hand, it meant she was about to be fucked.

He had enjoyed licking her cunt, which tasted and smelled sweet and sexy. The fact that he could feel her tremble in pain at even his lightest touch as well as sigh with pleasure, was tremendously exciting for him. And now he was going to fuck her. He slowly lowered himself on top of her, and the angled lamp light made the fine scars on her breasts dance like spider webs blowing in a light wind, almost invisible, but still tickling the eye. Her lips met his, and he noted how her kiss was different, softer and more lingering. As he kissed her breasts, he felt her hand

reach down to guide his cock unhesitatingly towards her raw, whipped cunt hole. It felt hot, abnormally hot, when his knob touch her there, but her hole opened, blossoming to accept his hardness. She had already lost her maidenhead to the wooden olisbos, so he slid into her tight virginal cunt without resistance and was soon buried to the hilt. He looked down at her face and smiled. "Hello there," he said, giving his hips a twitch.

Despite the pain, or because of it, his cock felt marvellous to Rhodia, who smiled lazily and licked her lips. She had been dreaming of this moment for so long that she felt as if she had been fucking for all her life. The way his cock hurt her with every movement was just perfect. "Hello, master. Do I feel nice in there?"

He chuckled and kissed her lips. "Marvellous."

Instead of trying to fuck him by moving her hips up and down, Rhodia wrapped her legs around him tightly and ground her cunt against him, writhing her hips in slow sensual circles and rubbing her sore burning cunt against his body.

Methulos matched her technique by rubbing his pubic bone against her clitoris, only moving his cock in very small but forceful thrusts and twists, using the weight of his body to provide the impetus while at the same time wrapping his arms under her arms and over her shoulders from behind to hold her steady. To anyone who was watching, they barely seemed to be moving, but it was all very intimate and intense, with their bodies plastered tightly against each other.

Her voice quivering with lust and pain, Rhodia groaned against his neck, "Ooh, master. This feels so very good. I want it to go on forever. Fuck me, master. Fuck me until I die."

It was delicious, and her youthful enthusiasm made it all the better. Methulos began to rock his hips backwards and forwards, while at the same time biting not so gently at the tops of her perky young breasts. Behind him, he could hear Evandre's moans as Iliana busily licked her cunt. His entire world was filled with sensual beauty and erotic passion. He owned three marvellous girls who would not deny him anything, whether it be pleasure or pain. He bet Paris never had as much fun.

Rhodia thought she might die from happiness. The pain she felt was so wonderful, merging with and boosting the pleasure of his skilful lovemaking to insane heights. The bites on her breasts were so very exciting. "My nipples. Bite my nipples," she gasped. She wanted to claw at his back, but she resisted the impulse and stroked his body instead. She was experiencing a whole series of miniature orgasms as she fucked, her cunt and belly quivering in almost constant muscular motion, and her head swam with the intense pleasure. When his teeth closed over her nipples and he bit down hard enough to draw a tiny bit of blood, Rhodia screamed and came.

The orgasmic pulsing of her tight cunt around his cock and the sound and feel of her screams and the knowledge that he was hurting her cunt with every movement, was enough to make Methulos climax as well, and he rammed his cock hard and deep as if he were trying to impale her with his staff even as he pumped his semen into her wet convulsing cunt hole.

Rhodia continued to shudder and moan ecstatically, clinging to his neck and shoulders while her hips rubbed her raw whipped cunt painfully against his pubic hair as she squeezed every last drop of enjoyment out of her first fucking. She showered his lips and face and neck with kisses and clung to him as if her life depended on it.

Evandre watched as her master fucked the massively enthusiastic, pain loving girl, and she asked herself whether she felt jealous or betrayed. She looked down at Iliana's head busily working between her legs. Her hand reached out, hesitated and then stroked the girl's head. She smiled. No, she didn't feel jealous, because theirs was not that kind of relationship. The four of them – five if you included Turios – were family, bound by something other than mutual jealousy and selfishness. Besides, she thought, she could hardly claim to be neglected, as Iliana brought her to the very brink of orgasm once again before skilfully easing back to prevent her from actually coming. She moaned softly and rolled her hips as the slow, sensual torture began again, a serene smile on her face.

Iliana had discovered that she had a natural talent for sexually pleasing others, male or female, perhaps because she threw herself entirely into giving sexual pleasure, without thought for her own. But in doing so, she found a kind of joy and pleasure that she had not realised existed before coming to live with Methulos. In her private moments, she wondered if she was naturally intended

by the gods to be a doera. Certainly, she knew that Methulos had not forced her into this role, but she had in a way chosen it for herself. She sensed Evandre's pleasure and happiness as she suckled skilfully on the Amazon's clitoris, and she felt a warm glow in her belly. She wondered how her master would take her virginity. She felt confident that he would find some way that would bring out the best in her submissive nature. But even if he just kicked her in her cunt and broke her hymen with a piece of tree branch, she would be content so long as she pleased him.

Methulos had to peel the grinning Rhodia off of his body. "By the gods, I've unleashed a monster," he gasped.

She smiled sensually and pressed her hand against her sore cunt, and rubbed the well whipped hole with her fingertips to add some pain to her post orgasmic euphoria. "But I'm your monster, master." She glanced at Evandre, lust in her eyes. "Can Evandre whip me some more while you're playing with Iliana?"

Both he and the Amazon rolled their eyes at this. The girl was totally incorrigible, but also impossibly sexy. "All right – but I shall be very displeased if you are not fit to exercise tomorrow morning."

Rhodia winked at Evandre. "It depends on what kind of exercises you have in mind, master."

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Methulos lay on the cushions sipping some mead mixed with wine, while Iliana licked him all over, bathing him like a cat.

Her tongue searched out every crevice of his body, missing nothing. She licked between his toes and around his arse hole, all the while wiggling her hips and showing him her cunt the way she knew that he liked. Occasionally he would pinch her somewhere sensitive and she would squeal and then smile, pleased at his attention, and then go back to licking. Despite having climaxed twice in a short space of time, this loving attention, combined with the view of Evandre and Rhodia playing in the background and the frequent gentle application of Iliana's lips and tongue to his cock, had him back with all banners flying and ready to go in a surprisingly short space of time.

Iliana smiled proudly at his erect cock, and waited expectantly to find out what he was going to do to her. She was certain that it would not be something as simple as putting her on her back and fucking her. When he produced a lump of gold from his pouch, which lay next to his discarded tunic and sandals, and a piece of the same thread that he had used on Rhodia earlier, she frowned in confusion. They did not seem to be anything that would assist in her deflowering, or be very good tools of torture. Still, she had faith in her master to come up with something nasty for her – and she wasn't disappointed.

Methulos tied the irregular lump of gold securely to the end of the thread, and then dangled it in front of Iliana. It weighed about as much as two ripe apples. With an evil grin he said, "Guess where this goes."

Iliana was no fool. She knew his tastes well enough by now to figure out the right answer almost immediately. She matched his smile and slowly looked down between her legs, and then looked at him with raised eyebrows. When he nodded, she laughed, and clapped her hands in delight. "I get it. You tie that to my clitoris, and then fuck me from behind. The gold nugget will swing back and forth, pulling on my clit. The more my hips move, the harder it will swing and jerk on my clitoris."

He nodded. "I would guess that there would be some kind of scraping effect from the thread as well." He stroked the side of her breast. "Well, are you ready to lose your virginity?"

She nodded vigorously. "Oh yes, master. I've been wanting to get my pesky maidenhead out of the way for the longest time now. I can think of so many simply awful things you could do with my cunt hole, once it's properly open."

Methulos imaged Iliana's mother listening to her daughter talk now and laughed. The good woman would have dropped dead of mortification on the spot. "All right then. Let's have your clitoris, and we can get started."

Iliana shuffled her feet apart eagerly and pulled her cunt lips apart, baring her pink clitoris. It was not huge, but there was enough of it for the noose of thread to get a good grip on it, and she winced when he tightened the loop of thread around it just enough to prevent it from slipping off when he let the gold nugget hang free. She gasped in pained surprise when the full weight of the nugget was suspended from that tiny part of her body. "Wow, it's heavier than it looks."

"All right, you can get on your hands and knees now."

Iliana gingerly lowered herself, trying not to make the pendulum swing too vigorously. She did not need to be told to spread her knees wide, but she paused and asked, "Do you want my head on the ground or up here, master?"

He thought for a second and said, "Stay up. That way you can rock back and forth more easily."

"Yes, master," she replied, already falling into an erotically submissive state that made obeying orders so very stimulating. She arched her back downwards to push her cunt out to him, making it easy for him to get at her hole. The gold pendulum swung gently in an elliptical orbit, pulling her clitoris around in all directions as well as making the coarse thread of the noose rub in minute movements against it, creating a powerful scraping sensation in her clit the made the soles of her feet itch, and made her want to pee. And yet, she knew that she was wet down there – very wet. When she felt his cock nudge the entrance to her cunt hole, she dug her fingers and toes into the rug and prepared eagerly to accept him into her body. This was far from the dream most girls have of the way that they would lose their virginity, but somehow Iliana felt content. She had acknowledged her true nature, and her master accepted it too and was wise enough to use it for their mutual pleasure. She supposed that she could have found some degree of happiness with a cruel master who merely enjoyed mistreating her, but this was so much better. With a tiny smile of pure mischief, she let her body rock harder, and gasped when the pendulum tortured her clit in response.

Methulos rubbed the head of his cock along her slippery moist slit, and when it was in position, he leaned forward and took a firm grip on her hips. He leaned forward and kissed the small of her back, straightened up, and pushed gently.

The breath rushed out of Iliana's lungs when she felt his cock begin to push. At first, it was just a steady pressure and a slight twisting motion, and she felt her cunt hole slowly spread and dilate to accommodate his size. It hurt a little bit, but she felt joy in the way she was presenting her cunt to him, offering it to him for his use. The pain increased as he pushed harder, making her submission more intense. Her eyes widened. He was actually inside her! A man was fucking her – almost. Then he started to rock his body, just enough to push and relax, push and relax, but never actually pulling out. Of course, this started the gold pendulum attached to her clitoris swaying in earnest and rhythmically pulling and scraping at it. The sensation was intense, almost drowning out the feeling of his cock working its way deeper and deeper.

Then there was a sharp, stinging pain inside her. She felt an instinctive flash of fear, then realised that his cock was touching her maidenhead. She strained backwards as if sitting on the toilet, trying to open herself up for him. The pressure built up against her hymen, as did the pain. Her clitoris was getting sore as well, both from supporting the weight of the gold nugget, and the constant pulling.

Methulos said, "I'm going to try and break it. Are you ready?"

"Y-yes, master," she gasped. She felt his fingers tighten almost painfully on her hips, and she bit the inside of her cheek. The pain rapidly increased, and she could not help crying out when she felt something begin to tear inside of her. The tearing and the pain grew to a peak and, gritting her teeth, Iliana threw herself backwards, forcing herself onto his cock and panting with relief then she felt his cock break through and sink deeper into her cunt. She had done it! She was no longer a virgin. She felt him pull out until just the head of his cock remained, and then force its way back in again, ending up deeper this time as her cunt opened up more and more to him.

He grinned when he felt the thread brush his balls. His fucking movements were really making the pendulum sway strongly now. He began to fuck her in earnest now.

She was truly being fucked! She enjoyed it, despite the soreness of her torn hymen, and she also enjoyed enduring the increasingly strong tugging and harsh rubbing of her clitoris by the gold

pendulum. It was as if she was being made to pay for every pleasurable stroke of his cock with a matching painful tug on her clitoris. The temptation to pull the thread off of her clitoris was powerful, but not as powerful as the erotic satisfaction she felt by willingly submitting to the strange torment. As a matter of fact, the soreness of her cunt would have made it difficult for her to become sufficiently stimulated to climax, despite how much she enjoyed being fucked. However, the requirement imposed on her by her master to suffer the torment of her clitoris at the same time added the final surge of sensual fire that she needed. She climaxed – not once, but twice. First when Methulos drove his cock all the way to the bottom of her cunt hole, and she felt his cock strike the mouth of her womb, even though she had no idea that was happening. She just felt the strange pressure of his cock hitting something inside her belly, and it excited her so much that she climaxed even before she was truly aware it was going to happen. Then, when he continued to fuck her as she moaned through her orgasm and the evil gold pendulum tortured her clitoris even more when her hips shook and rolled, she felt the pressure of an orgasm building up again.

Methulos was tired and this was the third fuck in a row, but Iliana's sweet, completely giving nature and the way she willingly endured the torture of her clitoris, gave him the energy to go all the way, and he cried out in triumph when he felt his orgasm approaching.

Iliana felt and heard it too, and the knowledge that her virgin cunt had pleased her master enough for him to climax, thrilled her. And when his final frantic pounding caused the gold pendulum to not only swing, but to actual bounce upwards, and then drop again heavily, jerking at her clitoris and sending agonising bolts of pain into her belly, she climaxed again, just seconds after Methulos began to spurt his seed into her cunt.

## Chapter Eight

Methulos was slumped on top of Iliana's hot, sweaty back, totally and happily drained, even though his cock was still hard and buried inside her cunt.

Iliana was tired too, but she remained still beneath his weight, gladly letting him rest on her. She also did not say anything about the gold weight that dragged agonisingly on her climax sensitised clitoris. Every panting breath that he took on top of her made the pendulum sway, and she had to bite her tongue in order not to scream in pain and disturb her master's rest.

Unexpectedly, Turios appeared at the main door to the megaron and called out. "Master, I need to speak to you urgently."

Methulos lifted his head heavily and frowned. "Then come over here and do it."

Turios shook his head. "Please come over here, master. I have to talk to you in private."

Methulos could hardly believe it, but he trusted Turios not to make such a ridiculous request unless it was truly important, if not dire. He braced his hands on Iliana's buttocks and pushed himself to his feet. Looking down at her he said, "You can take that thing off of your clit now. You were absolutely marvellous just now."

Iliana beamed happily. "Thank you so much, master. I'm glad you enjoyed taking my maidenhead." She even managed a chuckle. "After all, it was the only one I had to give you."

He tousled her hair affectionately, and strode stiffly towards the door and the waiting doeros. "This better be life or death, or ... " His voice trailed off when he saw the figures behind Turios. "Who are ... " Before he could complete the sentence, the butt of a dory shot out and rammed into his belly. Ordinarily, he would have dodged such a clumsy blow without difficulty, but his legs were still wobbly from his sexual exertions, and he grunted in pain and doubled over. The shaft of the dory pulled back and the butt thudded against his head, knocking him to the floor. Through a swirling red cloud of pain, he heard Turios cry, "I'm sorry master, but they ... argh! He tried to get up, but a sandaled foot slammed into his chest, before stamping on his throat and pinning him helplessly to the ground. His weapons were over by the middle of the megaron, along with his clothes and the girls.

"Not so cocky now, are you, you bastard." The foot pressed down harder. "You stole my girl and my glory. I damn near got killed in the riot when the crowd turned on me when the entertainment disappeared."

Realisation struck Methulos like another blow of the dory. It was Thoas! Apparently the man who had been torturing Rhodia and had intended to kill her, had somehow found him and come back for revenge. He mentally cursed. He should have killed the poxy bastard when he had the chance. Now it looked like he was the one who was going to do the dying – probably along with Rhodia. This Thoas did not seem the forgiving kind. He could only hope that they would be satisfied with raping Evandre and Iliana, against whom they did not have a grudge. He felt a burning rage in his aching belly for being so stupid and sex sodden. He should have realised that something was wrong when Turios called him to the door like that. Still, it was unlikely that he would have gone to the door with sword in hand or wearing his armour under the best of circumstances. He wondered if Turios was still alive.

The foot lifted off of his neck, and two sets of hands grabbed his arms and shoulders and dragged him across the floor towards the fire pit. He did not struggle, pretending to be more dazed than he really was. An attempt to fight now would just earn him another clout in the head. He rolled his head limply from side to side and saw that Thoas's two henchmen wore short-swords. The must have been commoner spear men from the army. Their normal weapons were probably stacked away in ship, in preparation for transport back to Achaea. No one wanted hordes of drunken commoners wandering around with serious weapons in their hands. The real warriors like Methulos himself would be sufficient to handle any bandits or surviving Trojans. Thoas, being of higher rank of some kind, owned his own dory, and therefore was able to hang on to it after the war ended.

Thoas pointed at the cowering women. "You two just stay there and keep still until we have



time to deal with you," he said threateningly to Evandre and Iliana. He glared at Rhodia. "You come here. You're next when I'm finished with your lover here."

Rhodia, clutching Methulos's discarded tunic in front of her, edged towards the intruders, looking justifiably terrified.

Thoas kicked Methulos in the crotch, and laughed when the warrior curled up in agony. "You better enjoy feeling your balls while you have them. I'm going to cut them off, along with your cock, and toss them in the fire while you watch. Perhaps I'll even make you eat them."

Methulos had managed to catch some of the kick on his thigh, but the pain still doubled him over. Things were looking pretty bad. He could probably kill one of them before he was too badly hacked up to fight any more, but victory looked very unlikely since his head was still spinning from the whack that it had taken. He braced himself to spring up at Thoas as soon as the grips holding his arms loosened. The opportunity came sooner than he expected.

Thoas flipped his dory point down and raised it above Methulos's belly. "A jab of this in your belly will take any remaining fight out of you. A gut wound will hurt a lot but you'll die of other things long before a hole in your belly can kill you," he said, laughing.

His companions laughed as well, and let go of Methulos's arms to leer at the girls. One of them stared at Rhodia. He nodded at her scars. "She's a bit worse of wear, but she'll do for a start."

Thoas turned like a snake to glare at him. "She's mine! No one touches her. Understand?"

The two men hold up their hands. "We hear you, Thoas. No need to be like that."

Methulos knew that this distraction was as good a chance as he was going to get. He sprang up and grabbed for Thoas's dory while kicking out at his knee at the same time. Unfortunately, he was betrayed by the sickness from the blow to his head. His kick missed, and he stumbled and fell back, although he managed to keep his grip on the shaft of Thoas's dory.

Thoas roared in anger and thrust down at Methulos.

Methulos's grip on the shaft of the dory allowed him to hold the bronze point away from his chest, but even though he was stronger and fitter than Thoas, his attacker had the advantage of gravity on his side, and the sharp point slowly moved closer and closer to Methulos's body.

Thoas's teeth bared in a snarling grin. "You're going to die really slowly..." his voice trailed off and he looked down in surprise at the shaft of Methulos's dory which had pierced his back and passed completely through his body to leave the bronze point jutting out from his front. He released his own dory and staggered around, only to see Evandre advancing towards him with a sword in her hand. "What ... ?"

Methulos chuckled. "Never faced an Amazon in battle before Thoas? You should be honoured."

If Thoas had been able to turn any paler, he probably would have. As it was, his expression of shock and belated fear was almost comical, except for the blood that suddenly gouted from his mouth.

The other two men were not cowards. They drew their swords and turned side by side to face the approaching Amazon. Unfortunately for them, she was just a diversion.

Rhodia dropped the modestly held tunic to reveal Methulos's dagger in her hand. Her victim never even saw her coming, focused as he was on the sword in Evandre's hand, until she drove it hilt deep into his kidney.

The remaining man turned again when his partner screamed, his face a mask of shock as he companions fell one after the other at the hands of women – doerai at that. He snarled and started to thrust his short-sword into Rhodia's belly while the girl struggled to pull her weapon out of her victim, who was convulsing like a landed fish.

There had been no more blades left for Iliana, but the trader's daughter had faced thieves, thugs and lechers in her father's business all her life, and was no helpless blossom. Holding Methulos's shield above her head with both hands, she shouted and brought the bronze rimmed edge down on the last man's head with skull cracking force, and he slumped to the ground without even knowing who had killed him.

Using Thoas's dory as a staff, Methulos climbed shakily to his feet and gazed at the carnage all around him.

The only attacker still alive was Thoas himself. He was on his knees, clutching the shaft of the dory that skewered him, shuddering in agony and slowly bleeding to death.

Rhodia had finally freed her dagger and started towards Thoas to finish him off. She seemed oblivious to the blood that covered her hand and forearm. However, she stopped at a gesture from her master.

Methulos's head had finally stopped spinning and he demonstrated the skill that had kept him alive on the battlefields of Achaea in dozens of wars and skirmishes. His body barely moved as the dory spun in his hands. The weapon blurred, propelled by his powerful arms and a lifetime of practise, and the bronze tip slashed across Thoas's throat too quickly to be seen.

Propelled by the weight and momentum of the heavy spinning shaft, the bronze blade of the dory cut almost half way through the dying man's neck, nearly reaching back to his spine. There was a huge gush of blood, and Thoas was thrown backwards. Made awkward by the dory piercing his abdomen, he toppled over onto his side.

Methulos tossed the dory aside in disgust. This entire episode had been stupid. Thoas had been stupid to hold a grudge over something that was basically trivial in the context of the sacking of a city during a war. Methulos himself had been stupid in letting him ambush him the way he did. Then he looked at the girls. The only thing not stupid was the determined and united way in which they had acted to defend themselves and, he admitted wryly, to save his backside.

He looked at the three women, who were still holding their weapons and looking at him. "So, what happens now?"

Evandre looked at the other two girls, who nodded at her. She turned back towards Methulos, and slowly glided towards him, blade held low and her expression determined.

Methulos tensed and braced himself to snatch up the dory at his feet.

Then Evandre stopped, just out of reach of the sword in her hand.

Methulos watched, stone faced as she lifted the sword and held it up on both upturned palms.

"Your sword, master."

He raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure? Nothing will have changed between us if I take it."

Evandre smiled, but did not lower the sword. "I know, master. We all do."

He nodded and respectfully took his sword back from her with both hands. He glanced at the other girls, who both smiled and placed their weapons on the floor. He walked around and gathered up all the weapons lying around on the floor, although he left the dory in Thoas's body. Then it struck him. "Turios!" He put the hardware down carefully out of long habit and training. Bronze blades did not respond well to being tossed on a stone floor. He spun and glanced around frantically for his doero and friend. He sighed with relief when he saw his friend sitting up near the door, with his back against the wall of the megaron.

The doero waved. "I'm all right. The bastard kicked me in the balls and hit me on the head. Thank you for finally remembering me," he said sarcastically.

Methulos put his hands on his hips. "Well, if you're quite done lazing around, there is a mess to be cleaned up. I suggest you get the servants in here to take away the rubbish," he said, pointing at the bodies. He stared gloomily at the blood stained rugs and cushions. "I suppose these will all have to be burned," he muttered to himself. Then he raised his voice again. "And send a messenger to the craftsmen. We need new furnishings."

He turned to the giggling girls. "All right ladies, I think we should all head for the baths. A good hot soak will make us all feel better."

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The next morning, Methulos performed morning inspection as if nothing had ever happened, and the girls actually seemed to enjoy the familiar ritual. Now that none of them were virgins, the inspections of their cunts involved a lot more probing and fingering, which all three silently agreed was very sexy, although they protested that it tickled, and there was lots of wriggling and giggling, although none of them seemed eager to have him take his fingers out, claiming that there was just

one more spot inside the hole that he had missed.

Then came morning exercises. This time, all three girls joined in the arms drill and Evandre started to teach them how to use the wooden weapons after Methulos gave his approval. This was actually very unusual. Other than bodyguards and doeroi used as household troops, doerai were never allowed to get their hands on weapons. The usual reason given was that a foolish girl might hurt herself, but everyone knew that this was just a fiction to cover up the unease of masters over the thought of having a doera that he might fuck and mistreat, later get her hands on a weapon.

Then came the usual playful splashing bath. With Evandre actively joining in on the sexual horseplay, this was a particularly noisy event which left all four of them red faced and panting, but not just from exertion.

Methulos went on to attend to household affairs with Turios, accompanied as always by Iliana, who followed him around like a sensual puppy. She always insisted that she didn't want or need so much free time, and that serving him was the best recreation for her, even if it simply meant serving as his footstool for an hour.

Finally, lunch time came around. The girls were nervous, because they felt sure that Methulos would address what had happened the previous day, and they feared that their actions had changed his view of them.

Turios served a sumptuous meal. There was a roast on the spit again, and Evandre tilted her head as she looked at it, and then glanced at Methulos, but she didn't say anything.

Rhodia frowned. "That's a funny looking pig."

Iliana giggled. "That's a wild boar silly. They say that a boar's meat is sweeter and more flavourful than a pig's."

Evandre knew that this was a deliberate message from Methulos, but she was not sure what he was telling her. Killing and roasting the boar could be a threat, or simply a joke on his part. She forced herself to be patient, and waited for him to explain.

Methulos waved at the meal. "As you can see, I've arranged for a particularly fine meal for all of us today. Although yesterday was not a true battle, we are now joined in the bonds of combat. In addition, you saved my life."

Ever truthful, Iliana said, "We were saving our own as well, master."

He nodded. "Be as it may, our survival and victory yesterday is worth celebrating, so let's eat."

Methulos waited until everyone had had their fill, and some of the tension had eased under the influence of full bellies. He looked at their expectant faces and said slowly, "Yesterday, all three of you raised weapons in the presence of your master without my prior approval. In my city, a doera who does this is usually put to death."

Shock, fear, anger and disappointment all flashed past their faces, and all three girls started to protest at once.

"Silence!" Methulos's roar cut through the chorus of agitated female voices like a knife. When they had all gone quiet, he smiled. "Fortunately, we are not in Mycenae, so Turios will not have to dig any more burial pits, for which mercy I am sure he will be very grateful."

The relief on their faces was almost comical.

Rhodia waved her small fist at him. "Oooh, that was evil," she said.

He held up a finger. "I'm not finished. If it became known that I allowed my doerai to freely wave weapons around in my face, I would be a laughing stock, so ... "

Rhodia's face lit up. "You have to punish us!"

"And fuck you soundly afterwards to prove that you are still willing to serve me sexually."

Evandre smiled. "Of course, master. That goes without saying. The fact that we are all newly in a fuckable condition naturally has nothing to do with it."

He grinned. "Of course not. I'm not the sort of man to fuck himself into a silly stupor for no good reason."

Iliana covered her mouth with both hands to hide what looked suspiciously like laughter.

"Are you being disrespectful, doera?"

Iliana shook her head, still unable to open her mouth without bursting out in laughter.

Evandre dropped to her knees in front of him and kissed the tip of his cock. "Please punish and fuck us, master. Or any combination of the two," she added mischievously.

The other girls joined her on their knees, kissed his cock, and nodded their agreement.

Methulos smiled in approval, and then lifted up a sack. He reached inside the bag, winced, and then extracted a tied bundle of stinging nettles. "A special punishment deserves special tools." He grinned. "And a special target ... "

"Our cunts!" all three of them cried before he could finish his sentence. They simultaneously dropped onto their backs and spread their raised knees. As one, they parted their cunt lips so that the nettles could reach their most sensitive parts.

Methulos looked amazed. "By the gods! How in Hades did you ever guess that?"

Evandre looked at him over her breasts. "Wild boars are cunning, master."

Methulos glanced at the fire pit, and then leered at her cunt. "Tasty too."

The girls groaned at the terrible pun.

Before they could respond any further, he slashed the nettles into their cunts, one after the other in quick succession.

This was met with a chorus of shocked screams, but not a single thigh or knee wavered, and the trio of pink young cunts remained on full display, even as the vicious sting of the nettles began to show on their most intimate of places.

He continued to whip their cunts with the nettles until the bunch and the spare bundle in the sack were reduced to shredded stumps.

Iliana and Evandre sighed with relief when the whipping stopped, although Rhodia looked a little disappointed.

Methulos pulled his tunic off and grinned. "And now, prepare those nice fresh cunt holes ladies." With that he began to fuck all three of them, first Evandre, then Iliana, and finally Rhodia, before repeating the cycle again, glorying in their hot wet and very welcoming holes. When he was close to coming, he said, "I can only come in one of you, so who shall it be?"

Both Rhodia and Iliana pointed at Evandre. "She saved us all, so she deserves to receive your seed," Rhodia said. Then she winked at Iliana and added, "Besides, we can suck it out of her afterwards and share."

Evandre blushed bright red, but bravely faced her sexual future, as befitting an Amazon.

**The End**