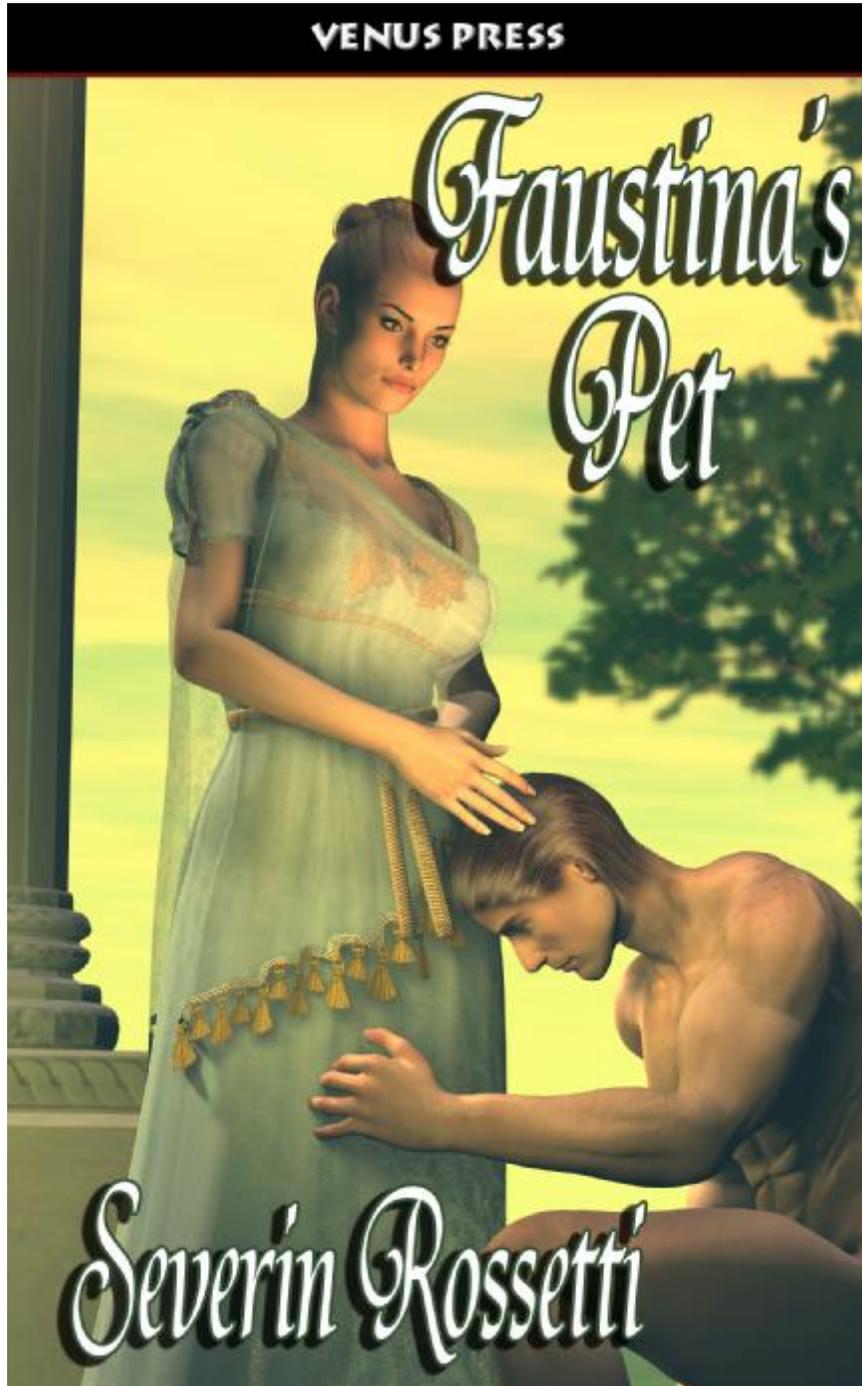


Faustina's Pet

VENUS PRESS



*Severin Rossetti*

# FAUSTINA'S PET

By

**Severin Rossetti**



## **Faustina's Pet**

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Chapter One

"I will have this one," the haughty woman said, her hand slipping under the tunic of the man to feel his buttocks tense.

She had tried his thighs, his chest, his belly, and found them all to be muscular. But then she had tried others, too, and found them to be of similar quality, all the slaves on offer at the auction were of sturdy stock; it was the tension in this one which decided her, though, when her fingers grazed his genitals she felt his excitement, when they crept between his buttocks she felt his fear.

This was the one she would subjugate; this was the one she would have.

\* \* \*

"No molesting the mummies now," his partner warned, as Quinn took a flashlight and keys and left the watch-room to make his first tour of the museum.

There was no fear of him doing that. In public hours, the exhibits in the Egyptology gallery gave Quinn the creeps, emaciated bodies thinly disguised by threadbare bandages, lying inert in their glass cases. Now, some minutes after midnight, lit only by the weak subsidiary lighting, they would be downright creepy. As big as he was, he would be spooked.

Leisurely, Quinn made his way through the lower floor of the building, past offices and seminar rooms, workshops and libraries, using his swipe card at designated points to mark his progress and log his duty as done. After the Director's office, he turned left and climbed the staircase to the public galleries, entering the main foyer.

Crossing the tiled floor to the information desk, his rubber soles making a kissing noise on the polished surface, sensors mounted high on the walls blinked red and green to acknowledge his presence. Past the lift, which was not to be used when there were only the two of them in the building, down the length of the long gallery with its varied selection of exhibits, he reached a second staircase and went up to the floor above.

Pushing through the swing doors, Quinn paused to regard the ancient world before him. In the distance, at the furthest point of the gallery, those Egyptians he so disliked were shrouded in a daunting gloom; off to the right, hidden around a corner for

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the moment, the Greeks and Cretans resting still and silent, the Hittites and Syrians; and immediately before him, the Romans.

Like a troop of ghostly sentinels guarding their world, a line of a dozen statues glowed an eerie white against one wall, each life-sized and then a little more, mounted on shallow plinths and rising two feet taller than him.

Walking slowly along the line, he cast an appraising eye over each, as if he was a general inspecting his troops, the haughty gods and the forgotten empresses, the poets and the philosophers, the slaves. Then, two thirds of the way along, he stopped.

The statue he halted before was of marble like the rest, and wore the simple flowing robes that the others did, but where theirs were as white as their chalky flesh, hers was a polished black.

*Faustina.*

The darkness of her dress was always the thing that attracted him, as if it was a uniform, which described her nature.

She gazed above and beyond him, her stare fixed, coldly chiseled in the stone, as if searching back to her distant past. Yet for all the coldness of her countenance there was something about her mouth, some secret in the slight suggestion of her smile, which always drew him. He took a step closer, so that his face was level with her midriff and only inches away.

Her feet were bare, her hands rested lightly against her thighs, and the dark robe molded itself to every contour of her body, flowing like ink down her legs, clinging to her belly, fitting itself so perfectly to her breasts that he could see the soft protuberances of her nipples beneath.

As always, Quinn looked around, checking the museum's cameras, but knowing that he was out of view of any, he reached out a hand to stroke her arm. Softly, he let his fingers run down from the bare shoulder to the slender wrist, finding the marble warmer than he expected it to be. He ran his hand across her thigh, behind it, caressing the swell of her buttock beneath the dark fabric.

Another look over his shoulder, unnecessarily, he lifted his foot, stepped onto the plinth to share it with her, his beloved Faustina. Now their heights were more matched and he wrapped his arms around her, pressed his body against her lifeless form, touching his lips against the smooth marble neck.

He closed his eyes, felt himself grow hard against her, melted into her unyielding embrace. And then it seemed that there was a soft rush of air behind him, as if a crowd had exhaled all at once, even before it occurred to him to open his eyes, he was conscious

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that his hands were no longer on the statue's buttocks, but that the statue's hands were on his.

The breeze became a murmur, the exhalation became a gasp, a soft explosion, and rather than question how the statue came to be gripping him, he turned instead to look behind him.

The gallery had gone, the museum too, also the night. Above Quinn a sun shone down from a clear blue sky, the blank expanse of the heavens broken only by the vivid yellow orb and a plume of gray smoke, rising from distant hills; around him were buildings of the same pristine white marble as the statues he had admired. Before him a crowd...not lifeless effigies but living people, mainly female, many with their hands clasped as if in delight or in applause.

"I will have this one," he heard a voice say, aristocratic and imperious.

"Sold to the Lady Faustina!"

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### Chapter Two

The dark robe was still the same, the flesh still pale, but now her lips were smiling and ruddy, her eyes were sparkling and as soft a blue as the sky.

Now she lived!

"You are mine, as you always wanted to be," she told him, and he felt her nails dig into his buttocks, before her fingers moved to circle his wrists. She lifted his hands, drew them together, and demanded that they be tied, that a collar should be placed around his neck. Coarse rope bound his hands, soft leather was wrapped around his neck and a longer length attached to it, which was passed to Faustina.

"Mine," she grinned, letting the leash fall over her shoulder as she turned her back and drew him after her, down from the plinth and through the crowd.

While some continued to clap their hands, in a gesture of delight or approval, others reached out to touch Quinn, to pinch him, to slap him, and he was conscious that he no longer wore his uniform, the required white shirt and tie, the gray slacks, the stout black shoes. Now he was dressed even more skimpily than the statue he had come to venerate. He was dressed in a tunic so thin and so brief that he might as well have been naked. The prodding and probing he was receiving through the diaphanous linen were already making him quite hard.

"Tut!" Faustina chided, glancing down to note his excitement and tugging on his collar. "Wait! Show some self-restraint! It is what I will demand of you!"

There was a litter waiting at the edge of the square, four dark and muscular Nubians ready to bear it. Faustina stepped inside, then tugged on Quinn's collar to indicate he was to follow. As he stepped inside, she was already settled against the cushions, as the litter was raised he was thrown forward and fell into her lap.

"Such enthusiasm!" she laughed. Raising her knee, passing the leash beneath it and taking short hold of it, close to the collar, she pulled his face hard into her groin. "There you belong and there you will stay."

The soft dark folds of her gown fell over Quinn, wrapping him in a twilight world of shadow and scent, and as the litter swayed gently it rocked his face against the silken lips of her cunt. A time or two there was a slight jolt, and her groin nudged harder

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against him, as if to prompt him. Blindly he formed his lips around hers, felt them moist and swollen and licked slowly along their length until they parted for him. Just as the litter inclined, indicating a gradient, his tongue slipped easily inside and buried itself deeply in her.

With a low chuckle, Faustina wrapped the leash behind her, wound it around her waist and tied it like a belt to hold him there. Her hands now free, she kneaded his shoulders, dug her nails in so that they almost tore the linen of her gown, pulled him even harder against her. She whispered urgent words of encouragement, which were lost on him, she wanted his tongue deeper in her, faster against her, but he was so suffocated by her body that he failed to hear. All she could do was buck her body against his face to take her pleasure from him, her fingers knotting in his hair and tugging viciously.

The litter came to a halt and was lowered.

With a soft curse, Faustina's movements also ceased, her thighs tightened around him for a moment and then released him. Untying the leash from her waist, she placed her feet on his shoulders and kicked him away, free of her gown.

Blinded by the light as the curtains of the litter were drawn, Quinn thought he saw anger in her eyes as she took hold of the leash and stepped out, dragging him after her. Her stride was brisk, he had to jog a step or two to ease the tension on the leash as they mounted three shallow steps and entered the cool shade of a columned portico.

The slap of her leather sandals on the marble floor announced her presence and as she strode into the house others came to join her, falling in step behind her, young women who Quinn took to be maids, servants, slaves. One walking beside him turned to smile, a plump brunette with a bright anticipation in her eyes, as if he was something she might feast upon; another behind him gave his buttocks a sly pinch; a third, so slim and angular that she seemed as brutal as an exclamation mark, looked back over her shoulder to give him a frown, which he took to be of disapproval.

"My guess is that Mistress is already dissatisfied with you," the one beside Quinn explained in a soft whisper. "Did you leave Faustina unfulfilled, perhaps?"

After traversing a hall, which brought back a memory of another world for Quinn, with its statues on plinths scattered all about, and crossing an enclosed courtyard, they finally entered Faustina's chamber.

Releasing his leash, she proceeded across the room, turned and stood by a low couch.

"Make me comfortable," she demanded.

It was a terse command but immediately understood, and all her attendants seemed to know their duties. One went behind her and began to unfasten the intricate

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coiffure, removing the gold pins which held it and the string of pearls which wound in and out of it, while another began to remove the dark robe she wore; a third hurried to her with a bowl, knelt down to remove her sandals and wash her feet, while yet another went through a door off to one side, returning soon with a gown of fine ivory silk draped across her arm.

Even before Faustina was fully naked before Quinn, he felt a knee press at the back of his, felt a hand bear down on his shoulder.

"Kneel and wait," he was told.

Slowly Quinn went to his knees on the hard marble floor, let his shoulders slump from the weariness of the journey and the task that had been demanded of him. Immediately there was a tug on the leash, the collar tightened around his neck to force his back erect, head up and attentive to the Lady Faustina.

Naked, now, her paleness seemed even starker, emphasizing the soft gold of the hair tumbling about her shoulders, and the neatly trimmed patch between her legs that glistened like burnished metal. The string of pearls wound through her hair was now draped around her neck, hanging between her bared breasts, and as she raised her arms to accept the gown her maid offered her breasts lifted enticingly.

The nipples were a dark brown against her pale flesh and Quinn swallowed, felt the soft leather collar constrict his neck.

The gown was so thin she might still have been naked, as she sat on the couch he could still see every contour of her body. Accepting a cup of wine, she dipped a finger in it and ran it across her lips to darken them. Then she fluttered her fingers in a gesture of dismissal and all but one of the maids backed from the room.

"Remove that," she said, with a nod to the rope bounding Quinn's hands, and the remaining maid bent low to untie him. She was the one who had frowned at him earlier, and now in her dark eyes he caught a glint of wicked expectation.

"Now towards me," Faustina said, but as Quinn raised a knee, about to get to his feet, the maid clamped her hand on his neck.

"On hands and knees," she told him, pushing his head lower still. "You don't rise before Faustina until she orders it."

"And will he rise before Faustina?" said the woman before him with a mocking laugh, as he started to make his way towards her on all fours.

The leash shortened, tightened, keeping Quinn's head up and fixed on Faustina, and the maid lashed his buttocks with the loose end, then bent a little to slip her hand beneath his buttocks, to cradle his balls, to grip his cock.

"Oh yes Milady!" she laughed. "He will rise!"

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\* \* \*

Eucratia watched the new slave being led into the house, the Lady Faustina holding his leash so carelessly, so nonchalantly, that he might have been no acquisition at all. And no doubt that was the case for Milady, or would prove to be so, the wealthy woman with her latest pet bought on a whim, on the spur of the moment, to be enjoyed for the afternoon, the evening, and then discarded like all the rest when the novelty wore thin and she quickly tired of him.

Eucratia envied her mistress; she envied her wealth, her beauty, and her comfortable capricious life. And she envied her *this* new pet.

His shoulders were square, his back was broad, his thighs were strong, and he carried himself with dignity, despite the collar he wore and the leash with which he was led. But as he passed Eucratia, she had also noted the hunger in his eyes, the need to submit and serve, and it was this most envied, the desire that the Lady Faustina could encourage.

‘If only, if only,’ she thought, dreaming of what it would be like to have such power, but then was snapped from her reverie by a backward glance from that sour-faced bitch Callista, the most favored of Lady Faustina’s maids.

‘Go be about your chores and leave your betters to their entertainment’ said the look, and Eucratia hurried on lest she incurred that woman’s bitter wrath.

\* \* \*

Faustina laughed as she watched the man crawl toward her, his head held up by the leash, which her maid Callista tugged taut. The short tunic he wore rode up his thighs, baring his buttocks to the maid, and Faustina could see his cock hanging low between his legs, made tumescent by the occasional caresses of Callista.

Most ladies of means favored wild cats or elegant hounds, as pets, but cats needed to be muzzled and hounds were stupid. Faustina preferred to keep men as pets. They were much more responsive, much more fun...and could still be muzzled and made to seem so stupid!

When her newest pet was within inches of her, her maid gave a sharp yank on the leash to bring him to a halt, raised her foot and stepped down on it, pressing the leash to the floor and his face along with it.

"Kiss the feet of Lady Faustina!" Callista ordered, kneeling down beside him, running her hand down his back and then beneath his tunic.

His face reddening, perhaps from the tightness of the collar as he strained forward, perhaps from the maid's sly manipulation of his genitals, Quinn touched his lips to Faustina's foot. It was fragrant with oils, soft and warm against his mouth, and his

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pursed lips sucked a moment, then parted to slip out his tongue. He licked the length of one foot, the other, then the toes, between them and around them.

"Good pet! And without prompting!" Faustina stated, but her smile of approval was only brief. "It might almost make up for your dismal performance on the way here. Almost, but not quite."

"The sad creature left my lady unsatisfied?" said Callista, squeezing his balls, rolling them around in their sack to bring a sharp gasp from him.

"He had the temerity to excite me, but not fulfill me. Is that not right my pet?"

As Quinn lifted his face to answer, Faustina's foot gave him a light kick. Her toes curled, presenting themselves to his mouth, and he closed his lips on them to suck.

Faustina rested her arms behind her, supporting her body as it arched, enjoying his attentions as they became more fervent, as if he understood that he had disappointed and needed to make amends.

"Is he becoming hard, Callista?" she asked. "Is he rising?"

Callista's hand slid from his balls to his cock, her fingers circling it and gripping tightly. "He is exhibiting a certain excitement, my lady," she answered, looking up and grinning.

"Then a little higher now, my pet," Faustina decided, pulling her gown up her legs, parting it to bare her thighs.

Callista loosened her hold on the leash, to permit him to raise his head, and he kissed his way up the legs, across the smooth knees, between the soft thighs.

Faustina splayed her legs wide to admit him, her cunt open to him, to draw him on.

"Slowly!" Callista cautioned him, one hand closing hard on his cock, the other slapping the loose end of the leash across his buttocks. "You approach the Lady Faustina slowly, with reverence!"

Slowly, as instructed, Quinn licked the inside of each thigh, the leash tightening each time he came within an inch of Faustina's cunt. He could smell her, a sweet and musky fragrance, and he could see her glistening lips, which seemed to swell and part and almost speak to him.

Faustina's hand reached forward to caress his neck, fingertips brushed his ears, and she could feel his body tense at her touch. "Does your tongue long to be inside me, pet?"

"Yes," he murmured into her thigh. And then, when Callista's hand squeezed painfully around his cock: "Yes my lady!"

Faustina gave a chuckle. "He seems to learn quickly."

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"A pity," pouted Callista. "No cause to chastise him."

"Oh, have heart dear," said Faustina, reaching forward to stroke the cheek of her maid, at the same time bringing her groin hard against the face buried between her thighs. "I am sure we can find you reasonable justification for beating my new pet."

"My lady is kind," Callista grinned, rising on her knees, and mistress and maid embraced, arms folding around each other to trap their latest plaything between them.

"Pet struggles, I think," commented Faustina, feeling the face squirm between her thighs.

"Short of breath perhaps?" Callista suggested, and their embrace tightened.

When Faustina finally unwound from her maid's embrace she looked down to see her pet perspiring, could see the sweat on his brow and feel it wet against her skin.

"See!" she exclaimed. "I told you! He has the effrontery to soil your Lady Faustina with his sweat!"

"Wicked creature!" Callista scolded him, and slapped him hard across the buttocks.

Quinn's yelp of pain was lost in the folds of Faustina's cunt.

"Again!" she told her maid. "That was delightful! To feel his hurt reverberate inside me!"

Callista struck Quinn again, and then again, the flat of her hand stinging his ass, and the only response he could think to make was to lick more avidly at Faustina's cunt, lapping like a thirsty man in the hope that her pleasure might bring an end to his pain.

Faustina lay back on the couch. Her fingers had clawed her gown over her belly, and now higher still, bunching it about her breasts. She stroked the soft fabric across her nipples, felt the slight texture of the fine weave and began to scour against them. With finger and thumb, she plucked at each nipple through the material, pinched them so hard that she had to bite her lip to contain her cry.

Her pet's tongue was delighting her now, probing deep to draw out her clitoris, grazing it with his teeth. The effort to pleasure was now about to come to fruition.

"Fill him, Callista, let him know the largesse of Lady Faustina," she told her maid. "I want him full and ready to burst as I come."

Understanding, Callista leant forward, her breasts grazing the back of Faustina's pet, flattening against him as she reached out to take the string of pearls from around her lady's neck. Settling back on her haunches, she bunched the pearls in her hand, then pressed them against his ass, around his balls.

"I stroke him now my lady?"

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"So slowly that it hurts," said Faustina softly, her eyes closed, savoring the pleasure of her mounting orgasm.

Callista took Quinn's cock in her left hand, running her fingers up and down it with an excruciating slowness, her right hand meanwhile pressing the pearls hard against his buttocks. A finger found his ass, pressed a pearl against his tiny virgin hole. With a gentle prod, she inserted it inside him, her finger following to drive it deep, and others after it. Looking at Faustina, noting her rapt expression and guessing how close she was to coming, she rammed more and more of the pearls inside him until he sobbed with the sensation, his breath searing the cunt which filled his mouth.

Her left hand pumped harder now, more quickly, more firmly, and as she saw Faustina's body tense, she grazed her thumbnail across the weeping tip of his cock.

"Oh my!" said Faustina, as Quinn's face drove into her, first letting a sigh escape, and then a scream. "Oooohhhh!"

And as her body quaked, and her thighs clasped her pet, Callista roughly yanked the pearls from his ass, just as roughly pulled on his leash, her nails scouring the head of his cock one last time as she threw him onto his back.

"Come now!" she told him. "Come for your Lady Faustina!"

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Chapter Three

The day was warm. Eucratia was perspiring following her chores. The sky was clear and the sun was hot, but there was something about that single gray plume of smoke rising from the hills that sent a chill through her. It was as though a dormant god's anger was simmering, discontent. She could almost believe she heard the earth grumble beneath her feet and as she stepped back into the cool shade of the villa she embraced herself, rubbing her bare arms to smooth the gooseflesh.

Such embraces she could give to Lady Faustina's plaything too! From an adjacent room, she could hear his sighs, Faustina's murmurs, and Callista's cold laughter. The other maids had been dismissed, she guessed, as she herself so often was, the most junior of them was never invited to assist Faustina in her 'entertainments' nor even invited to join in when the others entertained themselves with their mistress's discarded pets.

One day, though. One day.

\* \* \*

"My pet looks so sweet splayed out like that, rather like a crucified Christian," said Faustina.

"Quite," agreed Callista, both laughed softly as they embraced on the couch.

Beneath them, the exhausted Quinn laid supine on the marble floor, his arms outstretched, one knee slightly bent, the short tunic yanked up about his chest to bare his lower body. His flaccid cock lay damp against his thigh, and the fine hairs covering his stomach was matted with the spunk that had spat from his vicious ejaculation, sticky skeins of the crystallizing fluid, reaching up to his chest and down to his knees.

"My lady's pet has made rather a mess of himself," commented Callista, prodding his genitals with her bare foot, making his cock flop to one side and then the other.

Quinn winced at the contact, her touch was not gentle, his cock still sensitive.

"Indeed he has," said Faustina, fondly caressing her maid's breasts, her fingertips brushing the nipples. "And for that you must take much credit, my dear."

"And my lady found some satisfaction too?" asked Callista, enjoying the caress of her Mistress and hoping for more by way of reward.

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“Some satisfaction, yes, but by no means sated,” Faustina grinned. “What say we set this filthy creature to bathe and then explore the opportunities for my total satisfaction more fully?”

Smiling broadly, Callista unwound herself from Faustina's embrace and got to her feet. Standing astride the supine man, she prodded him with her foot as she bent to retrieve the leash.

“Come on you mucky pup!” she said, tugging hard to bring him to his knees. “No rest for you yet. We need to clean all that filth off you.”

Callista leading the way, Faustina following behind, the two women escorted their pet from the room, out to the bright light of the atrium. The gravel paths of the courtyard were rough on his hands and knees, he moved only slowly, and occasionally Faustina would prod him from behind, a bare toe nudging his ass-hole.

By the side of the pond, Callista told him to stand and remove his tunic.

“Feeding time for the fishes?” Faustina wondered absently, sitting on the low rim of stone, which bordered the pond, and from a bowl that rested there she took a pinch of the dried fish food and tossed it into the water.

Immediately the surface became a rippling frenzy of feeding fish.

“We have mullet, bass, eels,” Callista told Quinn, as she waited for him to remove his tunic, and licked her lips. “Mm! Delicious!”

When he was naked before her, she unclipped the leash but left the collar.

“Bound?” she asked Faustina, showing her mistress the long strip of leather.

“Oh, I think so,” smiled Faustina. “We don't want him able to interfere, do we?”

“Hands behind you, pet,” Callista told him, then reached around him to bind his wrists. “Lovely! And now...”

She took a pace back, then knelt before him, regarding his soiled naked body. Running her hands down his chest, her fingers slowly circled his flat belly, inching closer to his groin, a light tickling touch which challenged him to become erect again. When her fingers circled his cock, it throbbed in her hand and she smiled, licked her lips again.

“Good boy,” she said, poured some oil over her fingers and began to stroke him more firmly, coaxing him slowly erect.

Satisfied that he was hard enough, she then took the bowl from Faustina, poured more oil into her hand and made a sticky mash of the fish food. Looking up, she saw the curiosity in Quinn's downcast eyes but offered no explanation, simply began to liberally coat his genitals with the pulp, molding it along the length of his cock, packing it tight against his balls and around his ass, finally wiping her hands clean on his buttocks.

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“Into the pond with you, pet, bath time,” she said, taking him by the elbow and helping him step into the water. “Now sit.”

The pond was no deeper than a bath; the water came up to his chest and was quite warm, the open courtyard having caught the sun for much of the morning.

Smiling as he settled into the water, Callista backed away, her eyes never leaving his. Faustina too was smiling, a secret expectation in her eyes, a wicked humor in the set of her lips.

Even before the maid had joined her mistress, seated at the edge of the pond, the first fish came to feed.

It began with a tickling sensation at the tip of his cock. Unexpected, his eyes widened and brought a burst of laughter from the two ladies, who hugged each other in amusement. The tickling was brief, it paused a moment, but then was followed by a hungrier nibbling. And not just one fish, but many, and not just feasting on the tip of his cock but along its whole length, jostling greedily for a taste, more and more, swarming around his balls.

Quinn squirmed in the water, his hands straining against the rope to beat the creatures away but unable to escape. His back arched as he tried to lift himself from the water, his body tossed from side to side as he fought the delightful torment, and then...he tensed, stiffened, eyes wide once more at this latest sensation.

“The eel?” Callista guessed. “They are a delight, aren’t they?”

There was a soft caress, which wound itself around Quinn’s balls, between his buttocks, a light nip at his ass and something silky nudging against it.

“A delight indeed!” echoed Faustina, who had recently learned the secret of enticing the creatures inside her cunt, swimmers in her secret sea.

Paroxysms of laughter died as the two ladies, enjoying his anguish, now began to take some excitement from it. Faustina kissed her maid, Callista responded by parting her lips to admit the tongue of her mistress, and their hands began to rove each other’s bodies in mimicry of the caresses the fish were giving their pet. Fingers dipped between thighs, fluttering lightly, probing deeply, lips like pouting fish lips pecked at breasts, at necks, plucked tenderly at engorged nipples.

Yet never did their eyes leave Quinn’s, enjoying each moment of his torture, savoring each drop of unfulfilled delight. The fish would feed, and then depart, leaving him hard and aching while Callista would satisfy her Mistress.

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### Chapter Four

“Get a move on girl! Lady Faustina will be requiring food soon!” Eucratia was told, and she turned from the open window.

“The smoke above the hills is getting darker, heavier,” she said. “The plume is growing, it seems somehow portentous.”

“So you're a seer now as well as a slave? A diviner as well as a domestic?” scoffed the cook, striking her across the back of the thigh with a broad wooden spatula. “Enough of your dreaming and get on with your duties girl!”

But the plume of smoke was growing, Eucratia knew it, as she applied herself to the preparation of the food, and not just in the portentous way which made her shiver with foreboding, but also in a priapic way which had her trembling inside.

Like the phallus of an excited man its column had swollen, thickened, at its peak becoming engorged. If a god *did* lie dormant in those hills then his cock would look much like that, pressure building inside, mounting, aching, and waiting to be released.

There was moistness between her thighs and as often as she wiped the back of her hand across her sweating brow, she stroked fingers against her crotch, a heady recipe that would stir the Lady Faustina's appetite all the more.

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Clean, every morsel of the fish food lapped from his groin, Quinn stood in the open courtyard while the sun dried him. His cock was still hard, a soft towel might have dried him more sweetly, but might also have made him come, and this the two ladies would not allow.

And so Quinn was made to stand and look on as the two ladies pleased each other, Faustina orgasmed on her maid's mouth, Callista coming over the fingers of her mistress, their delight in each other making him yearn for his release, not from his bonds, which he was beginning to take enjoyment from, but from the longing which had built inside.

Perhaps they had dozed, perhaps they had dreamed, and from their dreams they returned to him, first one and then the other, smiling up at him through heavy-lidded eyes.

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"Bathed?" said Faustina.

"And dried?" wondered Callista, extricating herself from her mistress and coming towards him, running her soft hands across his body, down his flanks. "Yes, dried," she decided.

"Then I suppose our pet needs to be fed," said Faustina, also rising.

They stood either side of Quinn, linked arms around him and took him back indoors, their hips chafing his as they moved.

Back in her chamber, Faustina half reclined on a couch, her body propped on one elbow, while Callista clapped her hands.

"Rubria!" she called out. "Valeria!"

In moments, two maids entered the room, carrying between them a long low table that they set on the floor beside Faustina's couch. On it were all manner of foodstuffs, meat and cheeses, fruit, tiny roast fowl, and delicate pastries. Faustina took a cherry, held it by the stalk above her mouth, caught it between her teeth and plucked it free, smiling at him as her lips closed around the fruit.

"Hungry, my pet?" she asked Quinn, taking out the stone and dropping it in a bowl, then licking her fingers with an exaggerated delight.

The sight of all that food reminded Quinn that he was indeed hungry, and he nodded.

"Then what will we feed him?" asked Callista, back at his side, resting a hand on his shoulder, her body leaning into his. "Such varied delights we have."

Faustina's hand moved across the table, testing fruit for its firmness, then taking a fingertip taste from a jar of honey, wetting her lips from a cup of wine.

"Sweet or sour? Which shall it be, Callista?" she asked, offering her fingers to the maid Rubria to dry on a cloth.

"Oh, sweet for pet I think," answered Callista, and called out, "Galba! Here, now!"

The man who answered the summons was tall, and muscular, a naked, Nubian. He might have been one of the litter bearers from before and his body glistened as if from oil. With a lightness that belied his build, with the elegance of a cat, he crossed the room and stood silently before Faustina.

She rested a hand on his thigh, lightly stroked it, then slipped her hand down to grip his thick flaccid cock, weighing it in her palm. It rolled lazily in her grasp.

"Rubria, Valeria, make him hard for me," she ordered.

At her command, the two maids went to the dark-skinned slave, Valeria embracing him from behind, her arms circling his broad hulk, her fingers scratching

### **Faustina's Pet**

down his belly to his groin, while Rubria knelt before him and took his cock in both hands, lifting it to her lips.

"Kneel at table," said Callista to Quinn, and with gentle pressure on his shoulder forced him to his knees before the array of food.

His mouth watered, his belly ached emptily as he saw Faustina tearing the flesh from a roast fowl with her delicate teeth and no more than a foot away Galba's cock began to grow and fill Rubria's mouth.

"Let me see, dear," said Faustina, leaning forward to pull the maid's face away, drawing her lips back from the drooling cock. It jutted out stiff and erect, curving upwards like a shiny black scimitar. "Yes, that will do," she decided. "Valeria, the honey."

Valeria bent to take the jar of honey from the low table, then proceeded to ladle spoon after spoon of the golden syrup over Galba's cock, pouring it into one hand, spreading it around with the other until it seemed not so much a part of him as a polished black and unyielding dildo.

With a wicked smile, Faustina craned forward, bringing her face up close to that of her pet, so close that he could smell the fruity fragrance of wine on her breath.

"Feed," she told him, with a sly sideways glance at Galba's sticky cock.

His eyes widened, he was about to pull back, shake his head, but Callista knotted her fingers in his hair, holding him fast. Then she began to inch his face closer to Galba's groin, Rubria pinched his nose to open his mouth, Valeria cupped a hand beneath his chin to guide him.

The cock nudged Quinn's lips, he tasted the sweet honey coating it, and despite the revulsion he felt at the idea, he licked, tentatively at first but then with relish. Around the head, along the full length, he began to lap the honey from the cock.

"That's it my little cock-sucker!" said Faustina. "Taste! Drink!"

"Drink deep!" said Callista, thrusting his head harshly forward so that the cock entered his mouth, almost choking him.

"Make Galba come my dears!" Faustina urged, and three pairs of hands assaulted the Nubian's genitals, fingers clamping hard around the base of his cock, probing his anus, tugging and squeezing at his balls. His cock spasmed, lifted to touch the roof of the mouth of Faustina's pet, who was caught up in the frenzy and sucked all the more greedily, drawing forth the gushing emission.

"Yes, let him fill and fortify my pet!" Faustina demanded, and letting her hand slip between his legs, kissing him lightly on the ear, she whispered, "For you will need fortifying if you are to please me, pet!"

*Severin Rossetti*

\* \* \*

As Rubria and Valeria returned to the kitchen with the leavings of Faustina's afternoon feast, they were flushed and full of what they had witnessed.

"How Milady's new pet gorged on Galba's honeyed cock!" exclaimed Rubria, as she set down the trays and salvers for Eucratia to scrape clean.

"Yes. And how sweet did it taste in your mouth as you made it grow?" asked Valeria, adding more dishes to the pile.

"Oh, so very very sweet indeed!" said Rubria, smiling and licking her lips lasciviously. "It's just a pity that it had to be Faustina's pet who tasted the fruit rather than me!"

"Greedy!" laughed Valeria. "What passes the lips adds pounds to the hips!"

"For the taste of a cock such as that, I wouldn't mind, I'm sure there would be exercise enough to follow," said Rubria slyly, but then noticed Eucratia's attention to their conversation and nudged her friend. "But hush! Enough of this! There are young ears listening!"

Valeria turned to Eucratia, regarding her a moment.

They were a little kinder to the young girl, these two, at least more tolerant of her presence than the spiteful Callista, and after a long minute of scrutiny Valeria sidled closer to Eucratia, wrapped an arm around her in a sisterly manner.

"You aren't embarrassed by our chat, are you, little one?" she asked.

"Not at all," answered Eucratia.

"You know of the things we talk of? Things that have more to do with pleasure than procreation?"

"I do," said Eucratia, with such confidence that Valeria laughed and gave her a happy hug.

"So tell me, little one, if you had Faustina's pet for an hour, an evening, in your bed until morning...what would you do with him?"

Eucratia had to think for no more than a second before she said, "I would love him so sweetly, so slowly and with such skill that he would be mine forever."

"She would?" Rubria laughed.

"Forever?" Valeria wondered.

"Forever!" Eucratia insisted, annoyed by their amusement. "As if it had been preordained, as if we were both figures of stone hewn from the same rock! As if we had been fused together by the fire of the gods."

\* \* \*

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As Quinn fell back from the spitting cock it was into Faustina's embrace, and she cupped his face in her hands, kissed him deeply, her tongue exploring his mouth to taste the honeyed spunk filling it. Her kisses drew the last breaths from him, they suffocated him as much as the Nubian's cock had choked him, and his body gave a weary shudder as he softened in her embrace.

Drawing his face into her lap, she stroked his head.

"Bathed. Fed. You see how kindly Faustina treats her pets?"

"Yes mistress," Quinn weakly replied.

"Mistress? You hear that, Callista?" laughed Faustina. "Already he knows to call me mistress!"

"Yes, the obedient little whelp," said Callista, but there was a hint of petulance in her voice that did not escape Faustina.

"Callista? What is it, dear?" she inquired, a soft smile suggesting she already guessed.

Her favorite maid hesitated, the other two looked on nervously. "It is not my place to say, my lady."

"But you may, just this once," said Faustina affably. "Come on dear, out with it!"

"That perhaps you are being a little too gentle with this new pet of yours?" Callista ventured.

"Gentle?" laughed Faustina, though her hand caressing her pet's head was indeed gentle for the moment. "He has had his face fucked, his ass invaded, has been permitted only one orgasm and his genitals have been food for the fishes! I would hardly call that gentle!"

"And I would hardly call my lady's delicate pearls a true invasion of his ass!" Callista blurted out, even before she could think how insolent that might be to her mistress.

Thankfully Faustina burst into richer peals of laughter, her hand rested on the head in her lap, then firmly kneaded the neck, smiling first at her maid and then at her pet. Her eyes darkened with a mischievous smile.

"Lift your legs onto the couch my pet," she told him. "Lay between the legs of your mistress and rest your head against her comforting breast."

Slowly, weary from the treatment he had thus far received, he raised his legs and settled himself between her thighs, lowering his body into hers and sinking his face between the breasts she bared to him. Her body was more welcoming than any feather mattress, its softness seemed to enfold him, its perfumed warmth embraced him.

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"Suckle, my pet, take what comfort you can from me," Faustina invited him, inclining his head a little and offering him an engorged nipple.

Softly, he fastened his lips on the fleshy protuberance, and began to suck slowly, contentedly, like a child at the breast of its wet nurse. With a tender caress and a loving touch, Faustina held his face there, her fingers lightly stroking his cheek.

Then she smiled across at her maid, asked, "This annoys you even more? Be honest with me dear."

Callista simply frowned.

"Very well then, I'll tell you what," Faustina finally continued. "While I offer comfort and solace to my end, you may take out your childish chagrin on your end. Invade his ass as you think it should be invaded. You have my permission to do what you wish with anything below the waist."

"I have, my lady?" Callista beamed.

"You have. But be warned that your insolence towards me was noted!" Faustina added, her eyes flashing, knowing that the hint of punishment to follow would drive her maid to be more savage still with the parts of their pet which were offered.

Their pet continued to work contentedly at the breast now filling his mouth, almost lazily. His happy fatigue drew him closer to the arms of Morpheus.

Callista was gone no more than a moment, seating herself at the far end of the couch. Reaching to the table, she picked up a small clay amphora and began to pour the olive oil it held over the buttocks of their plaything.

Feeling him shift between her thighs, as the warm viscous liquid ran between his buttocks, Faustina twined her legs around his and spread them wide, then folded her arms around his neck to hold him more tightly to her breast.

His behind now covered in oil, Callista now proceeded to smear it liberally around, parting his cheeks and rubbing it into the crevice, then across the shy tight hole of his ass. Circling this with a fingertip, then with a thumb, when it was lubricated enough she applied some pressure. The sharp nail entered, he gasped when the broad knuckle followed, then screamed when the ring she wore there tore into him, the rough cut diamond and the harsh gold mount raking inside him. She forced the thumb as deep as she could, the nails of her fingers scoring his flesh.

The yelp of pain this brought from him made him close his mouth on the breast he sucked, making Faustina squeal with delight.

"Oh yes, my pet! How lovely!"

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Callista's thumb circled around and around, making him wider, a finger joined her thumb and then they parted, spread like a tiny vice to open him. She then brought her other hand up to introduce the phallus, a dark wooden reproduction of Galba's cock.

It would not do to harm the man, her mistress seemed fond of her new pet already and would be angry if he was damaged in any way, so Callista was slow with her insertion of the phallus, twisting it a little, nudging it forward, moving it in with an agonizing slowness.

But the contrary pup seemed to be enjoying the invasion of his ass and she suddenly lost her patience, rammed the rest of the instrument hard inside him.

"Oh yes! Harder and deeper!" Faustina cried, as the teeth clamped down on her nipple. "And faster and stronger from you, my pet!"

Encouraged and exhorted, Callista began to move the wooden phallus back and forth with a steady pumping of her arm, reaching higher inside him each time.

She rested her body against his now as she raped his ass, pressing him harder against Faustina to increase the delight of her mistress, and it was when she saw Faustina's eyes close, surrendering to the joy of her breasts being sucked, that she bit his ear and said, in a low but threatening voice, "This is but a taste of what I shall do to you."

The threat was enough, the promise portentous, and he sobbed into Faustina's breast as he came between her thighs.

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Chapter Five

Faustina lay dozing on the couch; her legs splayed wide, her pet lying between them. Callista reached forward and gripped Quinn by the ear, twisting it, digging the nail of her thumb into the soft flesh of the lobe to pull his face from the bosom where he hoped to rest.

“My lady will sleep until evening,” said Callista softly. “I now have you to myself for a while. Come.”

She dragged him off the couch and led him from Faustina’s chamber, her nail still digging into his ear, her hand held low at her side so that he had to walk with his back bowed.

Eyes downcast, he could see little but the tiled floors of the corridors he was led along, was conscious of oil lamps burning high on the walls but not much more. Descending a flight of smooth stone steps, he stumbled slightly, and this earned him a slap from Callista.

“Every slip and failing is noted, no matter how small,” she told him sternly. “I am not as forgiving as my mistress.”

Along a narrower darker corridor, Quinn was then aware of a brighter space opening around him. Slowly, Callista brought up her hand, lifting his head to let him see the quarters she shared with the other maids.

Couches and divans were scattered about the low sprawling room, and on some young women rested, while others were seated, engaged in conversation, reading, passing the time over board games or dice. There were maybe a dozen people in the room, and still space for a few dozen more.

“We have a guest to entertain, our lady’s new pet,” Callista announced.

“Or to entertain us?” said one, rising from her seat and approaching.

Quinn recognized her as Rubria, the one who had sucked the Nubian’s cock before him, and like the rest of the maids in the room, she wore a long shift of such diaphanous material that it was quite transparent, billowing as she moved, molding itself to her body so that he was conscious of her every contour.

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"Welcome to our world," she said, stopping before him, her fingers stroking his cheek.

"Hold him while I change," said Callista, finally releasing her fierce grip on his ear and crossing the room, removing her robe as she went.

"My pleasure," smiled Rubria pleasantly, almost welcoming, but if it was an embrace Quinn was hoping for, and the soft pressure of her breasts against his chest, then he was to be disappointed.

Hooking her leg behind his, placing the flat of her hand against his chest, she sent him sprawling to the floor, and was astride him before he could come to his senses, sitting heavily on his chest and her knees pinning his arms.

Turning, slipping one of the thin shifts over her body, Callista grinned at the sight. "Rubria is more than a match for any man," she told Quinn. "She could give a gladiator something to think about."

There was a ripple of laughter about the room, one or two came over to watch, to scoff at his subjugation. One placed her bare foot on his face, turned his cheek to the floor and held it there, while another poked his genitals as if in curiosity.

When Callista returned, Rubria was squirming on top of him, rubbing her buttocks back and forth against him, and the lips of her cunt, which he could feel to be wet. Leaning forward, grinning down at him, her pendulous breasts weighing heavily against her shift, she took hold of his wrists, released his arms from beneath her knees and raised them high above his head. Her body was arched over his as if to devour him, he fought against her grip but to little avail, her hold was firm and the thighs clenching him were as unyielding as the tiled floor beneath him.

Reaching down, Callista plucked Rubria's robe a little from her body and a breast fell free, the foot that flattened his face to the floor was lifted and his head turned as the breast was lowered.

"Suck on it pet, taste how sweet my nipple is," Rubria told him.

Her breast was large, the nipple filled his mouth and the warm flesh molded itself around his face. He sucked, as demanded, but quickly grew short of breath, the breast mashed into his mouth, against his nose, making short his supply of air. He began to struggle again, found little use in his hands straining against Rubria's grip, so started to thrash his legs.

"Fasten them!" he heard Callista say, and he felt hands at his ankles, circling them with cuffs of leather, and then something rigid connecting them, spreading them wide, so that he could neither flex nor stretch his legs. "To the frame with him now," she ordered. "Rubria has had her fun, now we will have ours."

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As the breast was removed from Quinn's face other hands joined Rubria's, hauling him to his feet and dragging him backwards across the room. More cuffs around the wrists fastened him to the frame before he had a chance to turn his head and see it, a simple but stout rectangle of timber inside. He was fixed like a man crucified, arms extending to each upper corner, legs spread by an iron bar, pointing to each lower corner.

There were maids before him and behind him, he saw the amused smiles of those who caressed his chest and groin, but had no sight of those who slapped his ass or teased his balls from the rear.

"Usually this frame is reserved for recalcitrant maids," Callista told him, her fingers fastening on his cock. "Each has memories of the torture they have experienced when tied to it, vivid enough memories that they might delight in inflicting that same torture on you."

As if on cue, fingers dug into his buttocks and parted them, a nail scoured his hole and then opened it to harshly insert a length of polished stone.

"Clench and hold it there," a voice told him, its owner unseen, just her breath felt on his neck. "Let it slip by so much as an inch and you will suffer."

As the caution came so Callista tightened her grip on Quinn's cock, her sharp nails cutting into the engorged flesh, and he automatically flinched, his buttocks flexed and he felt the insertion begin to slip from his ass. He caught it, but too late.

Callista smiled, there was a 'tut' of disapproval behind him and he felt a sharp breeze precede the slap of a strap across his ass, driving the phallus back inside and pumping his own cock into Callista's grasp.

"I think pet wants to fuck my fist!" Callista exclaimed, with a nod of encouragement, and the blow came again, again, with a heavy regular rhythm, driving his cock between her fingers so quickly that it really did feel as if he was fucking her fist.

In a paroxysm of pain and delight he came in her hand, sobbing loudly, slumping from the bonds that held him to the frame. The blows ceased and there was silence as Callista slowly released his cock and unfolded her fingers, looking at the spillage they held.

She brought her hand up to his face.

"Mucky pup knows what he needs to do now, doesn't he?" she said.

Quinn recoiled from the soiled fingers, but from behind the hand that beat him now held him fast, Callista's fingers pressed between his lips and he was made to lick them.

"You've already tasted Galba's spunk, now taste your own," Callista told him.

\* \* \*

### **Faustina's Pet**

With Faustina's pet too weary to offer more amusement for the moment, Callista and the other maids turned their back on him, returning not to idleness but now to their duties. All left the room until only one of their numbers remained.

She was Eucratia, the small, slender, silent young woman, who had stayed in the background while others took their pleasure from Quinn's pain, quietly watching. Now she approached, slowly, almost shyly, to stand before him and inclined her head to look up at him. There was an innocence in her eyes, a curiosity about her expression, as if she wondered how he had been able to submit to so much pain and humiliation.

Resting her hand on Quinn's hip, she trailed her fingers as she circled him, regarding the chafed cock, which looked sore and pink, then the bruised buttocks were an even more livid color. Gently she kissed her lips to each, rested her palms lightly against them and felt him flinch.

"Poor thing," she said softly, and pulling over a footstool she stepped onto it, so that their heights matched, wrapped her arms around him and pressed her body against his. She could feel the heat of his punished flesh, his buttocks burned against her belly, and she rested motionless against him, as if she was a salve that might draw the pain from him.

Then she rose on tiptoes, to whisper, "I'm going to release you. Your ankles first. Be careful."

Kneeling down, her breasts brushing his body just lightly enough not to hurt, she unclipped the bar between his spread legs, set it aside and waited while he brought his feet together to steady himself. Then she stood again, reached up and unfastened his hands. Lowering them, bringing them down to his belly, she crossed them there and held him in her steady embrace.

"Can you walk?" she asked, after moments of silence, and at Quinn's weary nod she began to lead him forward from the frame, guiding him across the room with caring words. "Slowly now. Easy. Rest on me."

Reaching her divan in the furthest corner, she helped him bend his knees to sit. He started at the first contact his buttocks made, though, so instead she eased him onto his stomach, lifted his legs onto the bed.

"Relax, let the tension go," she said, her hand stroking the back of his neck. "I have something which will ease your pain."

The liquid she poured over his buttocks was warm enough not to startle then cooled deliciously to soothe the stinging pain. With a light wad of fine muslin and the gentlest of touches, she then began to dab the liquid around, soft comforting kisses drawing the heat from his flesh.

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“Better?” she asked, and Quinn sighed into the pillow, his body stretching, loosening.

With the lightness of a feather, the soft muslin fluttered over the small of his back, across his thighs, he could not be sure but he thought he might have felt the kiss of her lips.

“Can you turn over on your back now?” she asked, with a gentle pressure on his shoulder. “Are you able to?”

Cautiously Quinn rolled lightly onto his back and the cotton bed linen was now a comfort, the soft mattress cradled his body almost tenderly. He opened his eyes and saw the young girl kneeling on the mattress beside him, smiled gratefully up at her.

“They loved you viciously, those others,” she said, returning his smile. “Fucked you cruelly. But fucking doesn’t have to be vicious. It can be tender too.”

## Faustina's Pet

### Chapter Six

She still held the wad of muslin in her hand, and now she let it fall lightly in his lap. It rested as fine as mist across his cock, over his belly; with fingertips she plucked the end and drew the material slowly up his chest.

“So tender,” she said, uncovering his cock and seeing it twitch a little at the final contact.

Unfolding the material, she then draped it across her hand and brought it slowly down, wrapping her fingers around his cock, enclosing it in the muslin. She squeezed slightly, then stroked her fingers up his cock to the head, moving so lightly that he felt the fabric rather than her fist. And then down gently, arousing him, the muslin wrapped around his balls.

Pausing there, an eyebrow cocked, she looked questioningly at him, waited for his nod and then continued, masturbating him as tenderly as promised.

After the previous savage treatment his cock had suffered, the gentle way this slip of a woman stroked him was a delight. Quinn was in awe of the other maids, and Faustina, he was excited by them and in fear of them, but this one he could love, hers could be a gentler enslavement of him. Quickly he grew hard in her hand.

Raising a knee, about to move her leg over him, she noted his look of consternation and paused, reached down to touch her fingers to his cheek.

“It’s alright my pet, don’t worry, I am small and light and won’t hurt you,” she promised, her soft voice as light and caressing as her touch. “But my cunt is tight and powerful, that will be all you will feel and it will delight you.”

Her knees either side of him, her body hovering over his, no part of her touched him but for the fingers that held his cock. Slowly she removed the muslin, peeling it away like a glove, making his erection seem to be drawn out even more as she lifted his cock and pointed it up.

Quinn’s cock just touched her cunt and she gave a slight dip of her body, so that her lips just admitted its head, then another to take a little more of him inside her. Satisfied that it was seated securely, she then took her fingers from it, rested her hands on

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her thighs and smiled down at him. Another slight dip of her body and she had half the length of his cock inside her, and still no other part of her touched him.

She had been right, she was light. She had no weight and caused Quinn no discomfort. It was like being mounted by a spirit which had no substance, fucked by a fairy who fluttered above him as she held her body still and apart from his.

With a teasing pout, and a wry tilt of the head, she then contracted the muscles of her cunt, gripping tightly to draw a sigh from him.

“Nice?” she asked him.

“Nice.”

“And no hurt?”

Quinn shook his head slowly. “No, no hurt.”

Her cunt relaxed, the head of his cock seemed to swell as the pressure on it eased. She took her hands from her thighs, raised her arms and clasped her fingers behind her neck to make her breasts stretch firm and proud above him.

Then her cunt closed on him again, squeezed as tightly as before, took up a regular rhythm, pulsing around him, clamping down hard and then relaxing to let him fill her.

“You will come for me like this, pet,” she whispered down at him. “Just my cunt working on you will draw the delight from you in an uncontrollable gush. Won’t it, my pet?”

“Oh yes it will!” said Quinn, a rushing in his ears and a roaring in his head, his body shuddering beneath her and the earth itself shuddering beneath him. “Yes! It will!”

\* \* \*

Jenny’s friends thought she had to be crazy, to work this night shift once every month. The ‘spooky shift’ they called it, and shuddered each time they spoke of it. It needed courage or stupidity or just a plain lack of imagination to walk about that gloomy mausoleum alone after midnight.

She was neither brave, nor stupid, nor unimaginative. Though, the simple fact of the matter was, she enjoyed the peace of the place, which seemed to her more sacred than sepulchral, more soothing than spooky.

The other three weeks of the month she liked well enough, sharing in the public’s enjoyment, thrilling young children with tales about the mummies—yes, she *did* have imagination. She could weave the most fanciful fiction about any exhibit--chasing away the teenage troublemakers and keeping an eye on the regular stream of oddballs who passed through. But it was always nice, in that fourth week, to have the place to herself.

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The 'spooky shift'? Not at all! What was there to be scared about when the doors were locked, the building was secure, and she knew there was no one else inside but her and her partner?

"Here's a likely couple," Steve said, leaning forward stab at the computer buttons, focusing and zooming, enlarging the image on his monitor.

He had one of the external cameras trained on the gardens facing the museum, and was concentrating on this alone, disregarding the two dozen other screens monitoring the galleries.

Jenny rested her chin on his shoulder, looked at the screen.

"See, right there," he said, pointing, leaving his greasy fingerprint on the screen. "They've just come out of the bar and he's got his hand in her blouse already!"

Through the monochromatic murk, Jenny could make out the couple, looking like ashen figures stumbling through a petrified landscape. The staggered time-lapse images of the camera made them seem drunker than they were.

Steve said, "They're pissed and horny and they'll be at it in minutes!"

"There's a word for people like you, Steve," said Jenny, turning from the screen, flopping into a seat and kicking it back on its castors, as far away from him as the confines of the tiny watch-room would permit.

"And what's that? Voyeur?" he asked, chuckling but not taking his eyes from the monitor, throwing back at her a word that she had taught him.

"No! Fucking pervert!" she said, and his laughter became all the dirtier.

"There they go!" he said, rocking in his seat. "She's got her hand in his trousers, and he's got one of her tits out! Shit but I love these summer nights when the women dress all skimpy!"

"For God's sake Steve!" Jenny complained, but she could tell he was no longer listening.

Propelling herself forward in her chair again, to roll up beside Steve, she reached across him to snatch the bunch of master keys from their hook.

"I'm taking a walk," she said, getting to her feet.

"It's too early," Steve told her, with a quick glance at the wall-clock. "Next patrol's not due for half an hour yet."

"Then I'll walk slow, take my time!" she said, picking up a flashlight and checking its power as she left the room.

"There they go, skirt up and cock out, he's fumbling it in...!"

"Sad sod," Jenny grumbled, letting the door swing shut to cut off Steve's breathless commentary.

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A long tiled corridor lay ahead of her, heavy wooden doors dotting its length, and an ornate plaster ceiling arching overhead. The step of her low heels rang out as she walked along, a steady hypnotic sound like the toll of a distant bell.

Some people working the nightshift might poke around a room or two, curiosity helping to kill the time, but Jenny had no interest in any of these offices and passed each one by without so much as a second glance.

Turning a corner, she came to the museum's private entrance, the doors which admitted the Director and the curators and their invited guests. She checked that they were secure; peered through one of the thick glass panes to see that the heavy wrought iron gates were also still closed. Beyond was the city. People hurried along its streets or staggered home, looking like jaundiced ghosts in the amber glow of the streetlights.

She shivered and turned her back on that eerie outside world, finding it more intimidating than anything the museum had to offer and so stepped gratefully back into the bowels of the building.

Climbing the stairs to the floor above, Jenny entered the museum the public knew, faced the main foyer, the information desk, the museum shop.

She was too early to start her patrol, so she would take her time, walking slowly.

*Okay then, Jenny, have a browse around the shop.*

She looked at the cheap tat which was always there to tempt the children to part with their pocket money, the plastic dinosaurs and the spiders and bugs; then the plaster casts of the Roman gods, the Greek heroes, the Egyptian sarcophagi which their parents might buy as ornaments or bookends or trinket boxes; finally on to the carousels of manuscripts.

The weak lighting made it difficult to read the books, but she could make out the titles, thumbed through a few, glancing at some illustrations... 'How The Romans Lived'... 'Cleopatra'... 'Pompeii: The City That Died'.

She checked her watch, saw that she had dawdled enough and could begin her patrol for real and visit her marble lovers. Replacing the books in the carousel, she left the shop, strode along to the stairs and up to the first floor.

Many a time she had heard the Curator of Antiquities give his interpretation of the sculpture, guessing it to date back to the first century after Christ, the eighth decade of that century.

"Look at the expression in their eyes as they embrace," the curator would always say to his audience, whether they were academics, or schoolchildren who would giggle at the nudity. "Is it love, is it trepidation, is it the knowledge of what has passed, or the fear

### **Faustina's Pet**

of what might come? And before you decide please bear in mind that these two people were a part of the populace of Pompeii.'

It was love, Jenny was sure, and she strode quickly into the gallery, went directly to her lovers.

Yes, they were both naked, but their nudity was no reason for childish laughter. It deserved more than the impassioned scrutiny of cold academics.

His arms around her spoke of such tenderness, as though he was a part of her rather than someone who wanted to possess her. And the way she touched him in return, said that she would trust him with her heart, her body, her very soul.

Jenny knew she would have cherished such a love. Gazing up at them, certain in the knowledge that there was no one but her and them, Jenny raised one hand to her breast; let the other slip down to her groin.

"If only you would let me share in your love," she sighed, her fingers pressing the rough material of her skirt into her cunt.

Smiling, Quinn turned to Jenny, not quite breaking his embrace but holding one hand out towards her.

"Please, join us," he said.

"Yes, please do," said Eucratia, her arm also extending, fingers clamping on Jenny's wrist and drawing her forward, his grip firm and insistent.

\* \* \*

"Base to mobile, base to mobile." Steve's voice came brittle and distant over the radio. "Come in mobile. Where are you Jenny?"

But all he heard was a crackle of static like the thunder of a storm, a noisy eruption, which hurt his ears.

*Severin Rossetti*

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