

ROME'S PERFECT BOY



ALEX FOX

Rome's Perfect Boy

Hurry up and buy me!

Bargaining began between two matrons, but the women were stopped by a tall, lean man with short dark hair; he looked like a centurion to me even though he was not in his armour. I took eyes with him, as I should not, but I was so hot standing here, sweating a rivulet down my naked chest. The man eyed me very carefully. I saw him go to speak to my old master and begin bargaining a price. I could not hear them over the noise of the slave market, but my heart began to race with excitement...the tall man was so handsome and lean, muscled and powerful to look at. Yes, I was sure he was a centurion, for he carried a military bearing about him.

And he wanted me.

He bargained strongly, forcefully, and solidus coins were given out to my old master—how much did I sell for? I saw my old master smiling and laughing, so, I must be a good price for him. And I almost wept when he went off to sign the selling papers and not once did he look back at me. He had owned me for years, and now, not even a goodbye glance...my eyes filled with tears of sorrow, and a fly settled in the corner of my left eye and I squinted it away. The tall man came for me. My heart raced when I took eyes with him again. So handsome! Oh...so handsome...

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So hot! I was not used to such intense heat and blazing sunlight—my skin so pale and delicate, how could I endure it? But I must. And now here, standing on a platform in the salve market of Rome, I was to be sold off by my old master. I did not understand why he was selling me. I thought that he loved me well; he had said so himself many times. My long dark hair and blue eyes he adored. And my beauty, he said often, was the finest in Rome. He said I was Rome's perfect boy...

But now! Standing in the heat and breathing the sweaty stink of the plebeians as they viewed me for purchase was unbearable. Dust and heat and flies, sunlight like cutting knives on my fair skin. I wore nothing more than a loincloth; a tight one to show off the shape of my penis and testicles. I was a beauty—I believed so myself—and I wished beyond all things that someone would come and buy me soon before I roasted in the sun and spoiled my skin. Magistrate Dorius, my old master, never let me out in the sun to spoil. My skin was milk to him and must not be set out to go rancid.

I looked down at the people viewing me—rich matrons and even richer men; they eyed my body, my face, my crotch. Even though I was slight in form, I was well hung with a good sized penis for my age—eighteen summers and all of my body without a touch of sun.

Hurry up and buy me!

Bargaining began between two matrons, but the women were stopped by a tall, lean man with short dark hair; he looked like a centurion to me even though he was not in his armor. I took eyes with him as I should not but I was so hot standing here, sweating a rivulet down my naked chest. The man eyed me very carefully. I saw him go to speak to my old master and begin bargaining a price. I could not hear

them over the noise of the slave market but my heart began to race with excitement...the tall man was so handsome and lean, muscled and powerful to look at. Yes, I was sure he was a centurion, for he carried a military bearing about him.

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My new master put me in a small wagon and ordered its driver to take me to his villa. When I arrived, I was amazed at the beauty of my new home—so many marble statues, and gardens and fountains, and a cool house with a cool interior, smelling of oils and sweet fragrances.

My first day. It was a delight I never expected, my first day with my new master. I was taken to a large cool room by an old man servant and told to wait. In the room was a carved chair, padded in red material, and a long leather couch along one wall. A tall chest by the window overlooked a long narrow and enclosed garden. On the chest sat an alabaster bowl with a tiny lid, a naked boy as its handle. A strange table with a padded top sat against one wall, free of adornments.

I waited with my heart still racing. I was thirsty too, but so nervous I did not ask for water when I should have. I did not sit on the chair for I was afraid I might soil it; I was not dirty as such, only dusty. My old master had bathed me well this morning for my selling, but even so, I tried to wipe away the dust of the market square from my skin. Then I stood and breathed away my anticipation—the master would soon come, I hoped.

And when he did, he was dressed in a light toga, and looking fine. The air of command I had felt before seemed very much his nature, even though I did not know him. He came to me, and closed the door behind him.

He said, "Ah, my new purchase. Your name is Marcus, and once kept

as a thing of beauty by your old master. I am, of course, your new master, Antonius Caius Lucien, and I expect complete obedience and submission from all my boys."

"Yes, my lord." I bowed my head to him, and swallowed hard, both from nerves and from thirst.

He noticed and said, "You are thirsty, of course."

He went to the door and called for water—it came soon in a tall bronze pitcher, carried by the old man servant, who poured a mug for me.

"Drink it then," my new master ordered.

And I did. I gulped it down and he gave a light laugh to see me drink.

"Have more, I do not starve or drive my boys to thirst. I do not treat my boys badly; you will live well with me, if you are obedient and submissive."

"My lord, I am, I thank you for your kindness, and for rescuing me from that terrible sun in the salve market."

"Yes, I could see you were suffering there; your skin is the finest I have ever seen on a boy—girls have such skins, but you..."

He began to walk around me, looking me up and down. He stopped behind me and took off my robes. He stripped me naked, his long fingers untying my loincloth and letting it fall to the floor. In my nakedness, he began to study me even more. To appraise me.

"Such fine flanks." He ran his hands down my sides and then my outer thighs. "Such skin, such beauty! I swear, Marcus, you are the finest boy I have ever bought, and I do not say such things lightly, if ever at all. I have four other boys here. It was my custom to keep more, but they grew too much for me to handle...now, I am talking too much. Show me yourself."

I turned for him, held out my arms. He came to me again and ran his hands down my legs, up my back and over my shoulders. He took me and moved me to the strange padded table, told me to bend over it, to lay my chest on its soft top and spread open my legs. Always, I obeyed my masters. But I had never taken such orders as this before. My heart raced and jumped, for my old master had never asked such things of me. My new master felt my buttocks and then slapped them hard. I shuddered.

"Good buttocks, pert and tight," he said. "High and rounded, as I like them."

I could hear him breathing hard behind me. I felt his hand go between my legs and he began to fondle my testicles, to weigh them in his hand, roll them, pull them.

He said, "Good balls you have; but give me a few months and I will fill them and make them hang lower. I like my boys to have low hanging balls, and you need to weight them lower for my pleasure. Never mind for now, yours are near to perfect as they are."

"Thank you, my lord," I whispered, as I had never known such words as this before; no man had ever fondled my testicles before or ever judged them for evaluation.

He said, "Call me 'Master,' not 'my lord.'"

"Yes, my lor—Master."

"Good boy, now stay over the table top, keep your legs open and do not move."

He went away to the tall chest and the bowl that sat there. I could still see him when I turned my head. I watched him dip his fingers into the bowl and he began to wash his hands in the oily liquid within. He came back to me, and when he did, he stripped off his toga and stood only in an army kilt and nothing else. His chest was smooth and muscled, his legs strong and lean. He stood behind me and I felt him open my buttocks, to part them wide; he began fingering my anus, gently working a thumb around and around on the outer side. I quivered and shook and gasped: no man had ever touched me like this! Never! My old master never touched me, only looked at me, but I knew I could not, must not move. I must obey, and I did.

He said from behind me, his voice hoarse and low, "You are virgin tight; your old master did not penetrate you, Marcus?"

"No, Master, he did not." I could only gasp and shiver as I felt his thumb circling my anus, and then down to my testicles and up again. He stopped circling, and I surprised myself that I did not want him to stop...

I could only lay still and gasp. And now...what was he doing? Gently, so carefully, he inserted a finger into me; he pushed his long index finger into my anus, and began to feel inside me. I gasped again, shocked by how much I was loving his touch, this sudden and unlooked for touch, so intimate. My mouth dried and my eyes blurred with pleasure. He fingered me carefully, slowly moving in and out, his own breathing hard and fast. He took his finger out and I almost cried for him to put it back, please put it back, I begged inside...

And he did. Oh joy! He pushed his forefinger back deep into my anus, harder now and wiggled it fast, touching deeper, pushing deeper with quick hard thrusts. I felt his knuckles touch my rim, and he began thrusting his finger in and out to its full length. I gripped the edge of the table and gasped, and when he reached in deeper, I felt my penis throbbing and swelling.

"Good boy," he said. "Good boy; open for me, do not resist," and again, he pushed in.

Over and over again he thrust up my anus; two fingers this time, stretching me a little more, and I could not believe my response, for I was now moving close to orgasm.

"Oh Master!" I cried. "Please, it is so good!"

"I know it is. I am pleased with your response, Marcus, as you are unbroken, and I will stretch you a little wider over the coming weeks, but not today. Today, feel my fingers only. I do not wish to split you too soon, for you are a delicate beauty and must be broken in easily. But you are enjoying this now. I have other pleasures that I will give you, if you obey my every command and satisfy my every desire. Answer me; you will do everything I say."

"I will! Master, I will."

I was getting close to orgasm, as he did not stop his probing and thrusting fingers as he spoke; and finally, with his left hand he reached under and took my penis and jerked me very fast. One hand jerking my penis, the other, thrusting in and out of my anus, I gave a great wild cry of pleasure and spurted my cum through his fingers. I spurted again and again, crying aloud with pleasure. He milked me fast: my legs went weak, my head began to spin, I gasped and he slowly withdrew his fingers. The moment was so intense, I lay shivering over the padded tabletop.

He stroked my back to soothe me, he told me, "When you have recovered, sit on the floor and breathe slowly. I have something to give you. I have other things I will give you over time if you please me, Marcus, and today, you have pleased me well. Now sit on the floor."

I did not sit; I fell. My legs so weak with pleasure, I fell to the floor like a veil, and sat and rested against the leg of the table. I felt so strange inside; feelings I had never known before—light-headed, with a warm swelling feeling in my stomach and chest. My Master left the room, still wearing only his army kilt and nothing else.

With him gone, I looked down at my penis resting on my left thigh;

still swollen and big, my cock-head still leaking my recent spilled milk. I had not expected such pleasure with this new master! So unlooked for, I had not even imagined it. Yes, I was a virgin—my old master's use of me was one of pleasure in my beauty only, to view me naked, but I was never, ever touched and never had I taken sexual experiences or pleasures such as this. I breathed down and controlled my passions. I felt sleepy and happy.

Soon my new master returned to the room, carrying a small box in one hand. Still I sat on the floor. He seemed pleased to see me here—that I had not moved.

He stopped and looked down at me. "I am more than pleased with your first day, Marcus. I am more than pleased I paid such a high price for you. I hope you will give me good value for my coins."

"I will, Master, I promise you I will. I wish to please you, to submit to your every desire. I too am pleased I am now yours."

"Good, I have registered you as my slave with the authorities. Now. . ." He opened the box he carried and put it down the floor at my side.

Inside I saw a fine collection of gold rings, large ones, much larger than the usual sizing for finger-rings. He studied my penis and then took a ring, gave it to me.

"This is a cock-ring; wear it for every session I have with you. You need not wear it all the time. But if I call for you, you must wear it. I have other gifts to give you as you please me. Now, your first day is over, and my manservant will take you to the bath-house. You will bathe twice a day, every day, whether I am home or not. You will bathe in the mornings after breakfast and again before supper, before sleeping. You will have your own room. You will meet my other boys in the bathhouse. Good day for now, Marcus."

And so saying, he stood up and left me, went out and shut the door on me, and I felt bereft without him. Already I had a feeling for him, to please him. All within less than a day, I desired only to submit to his every wish. I prayed that he would return to me soon.

The old manservant came and took me to my room in Master Antonius's villa: a small room, but much nicer than my old one. Here was an elegant iron-wrought bed, with fine Egyptian linen, a long bolster for a pillow, and a bronze bed-pot for pissing in. I had my own chest, a

chair and table, and a beautiful marble statue of a naked youth in one corner. I even had my own window to overlook a tiny patio with pots of herbs growing. I was delighted and so happy now that I had been sold! Oh, I must somehow have pleased the Gods to be here; maybe Lord Cupid smiled on me for my beauty. Already here too were my clothes from my old master, and my sandals.

Within a moment, though, the old man servant was back to take me out again to the bathhouse. And I was afraid to meet the other boys that Master Antonius owned. Four boys only slightly older than I, sitting naked around the bath, on benches, talking low together. When I came in, they stopped and stared at me.

The old servant told me to disrobe and get down into the sunken bath and wash. My hair and body must be scrubbed; then after, he would use the strigil on my body. The bath was for relaxing and cleansing, and with the other boys watching me, I shrugged off my robes and slipped down into the water, so warm!

The boys eyed me and I eyed them back. Three of them were dark-haired and good to look at. The fourth was blonde and very beautiful but older, and he was the one who eyed me the most. He sat on his bench and looked at me without blinking. He then parted his thighs wide and displayed to me his massive member hanging free between his slim thighs, his low hanging testicles covered in soft dark golden hair.

He said, "I am Lucan; this is Dorian, and Allectus, and he is Adrian. And you are?"

"I am Marcus."

"Master's new boy, I see. How old are you, Marcus?"

"Eight and ten..."

"I am twenty and four, so Master is bored with me. Soon he will sell me and you are my replacement. I am not sure I care for you being here, but what choice do I have? When you grow to my age, Marcus, he will grow tired of you as well. What did he do to you in his special room—his playroom?"

"Nothing," I said, and bathed myself. I tried not to look at this one named Lucan, or at his hanging cock and his low hung balls. The other three seemed fine, friendly in the way they looked at me, they smiled; they did not display their penises to me. But soon they got up and picked up their robes, and together, the three left the room, leaving me alone with Lucan.

Once his friends had gone, he got up and came and lowered himself

into the bath with me. He looked at me for a moment and I moved away.

He followed me, came close, then closer. "Kiss me," he said. "Kiss me, you are beautiful, Master has chosen well this time. Kiss me." He took my head and pulled my mouth to his lips, and we kissed.

I had never kissed another boy before; never kissed anyone before. I liked it very much and the memory of Master's fingers thrusting into my anus was still hot on my skin. My penis began to swell. It swelled more when Lucan pushed his tongue into my mouth, when he sucked my tongue into his mouth and explored me.

He released me too soon and said, "Master does not mind us boys kissing and playing with each other's cocks. Shall we play?"

"If it is allowed. But I will not do anything Master has forbidden."

"Nothing is forbidden! Do you think such as him would forbid anything at all? You have no idea what he has planned for you – what he will do to you and how he will use you. He is perverse, and he plans to use your body in ways you cannot even imagine." He began kissing me again, then stopped and said, "Let's get out of this bath, come and lie with me on the towels."

"Only if it is allowed," I said. I was scared, but excited. I did not know what was allowed and what was not.

"Of course it is allowed, you fool."

He climbed out of the bath, took towels from the shelves, and threw them down for us to lie on. I got out of the water to join him; I did not know what was right and what was wrong. But Lucan was older and wiser, he knew the Master's ways and would teach me, I hoped.

He told me to lie down on my stomach; I did. He took more towels and rolled them tight and pushed them under my hips to lift my buttocks high and open.

He got up behind me, and like my Master, opened my buttock cheeks and inspected me; he said, "You are a virgin."

"I am," I said and gasped when he lowered between my buttocks and I felt a new sensation; almost more exquisite than my Master's thrusting fingers.

His tongue, licking and lapping at my anus, his lips kissing my hole, his tongue trying to enter me, and I lifted higher and opened more so he could thrust his warm wet tongue in as deep as he could.

He licked, thrusting the tip of his tongue deep against my virgin hole; but soon he stopped and said, "Did Master do this to you?"

"No, he did not. But it is good, Lucan, is this what he will do?"

"This, and much, much more, but this will be all for now. I will teach you nothing more—you must learn it from him. If he should come now, he will kill me. Now, get up, boy, and wait for him. It will be supper time soon."

I did not want him to stop licking me. My penis was swollen and I wished for release, but Lucan would not give it. I did not understand him and he frustrated me. I was so new to these sensations of sexual delight, and I did not want it to stop, never. So I wriggled my bottom at him and begged him for more.

This stopped him and he said, "I like it when you beg," and he reached down and took my penis and jerked on it a moment, saying, "You are well hung, a big cock and fine round balls; Master will love you and forget me."

"Lick me," I begged him. "Please, I have never felt such things before; I am a virgin, lick me...please..."

"Beg me more!"

"Please, Lucan, please, please." I could not stop myself wriggling and I reached and spread open my cheeks wide, using my fingers to stretch my hole and open it for his tongue. "Please, more, more..."

"Only a little; if I am caught doing this with you, Master will whip me, then throw me out onto the street with the dogs; if he doesn't sell me first. Why should I pleasure you, my replacement?"

He lowered himself over my back; I felt his stiff member pushing against my anus. He rubbed it up and down and said into my ear, "It is forbidden for us to fuck, but I would fuck your tight virgin hole, merely for revenge on him, if I dared. And maybe I will one day soon before he sells me on."

He took his cock and tried to push it inside me. I felt his cock-head enter me; I gasped and pushed, clenched tight and he cried out and pulled away.

He got up and snatched up his robes and said, "I will see you tomorrow." He went out of the bathhouse, leaving me with my arse high in the air and begging to feel again something hard inside me.

I slept all night in fevered dreams of my new Master. Before falling asleep, I remembered, again and again, his thrusting fingers, and I had to release myself into my hand. After it, I entered dreams of frustrated

desire. All this was so new to me! And the thrill of Master coming to teach me more was unbearable. I was grateful for the old manservant who came in the morning after breakfast to take me out into the garden for exercise. To release my newfound passions.

As the old man walked me out through the villa, he said, "My name is Nodus. Now, you can exercise with the other boys. You must wear loincloths in the garden and you are forbidden to touch each other. If I see a cock out, I will tell him! There are good games to be had here, but no cocks."

And out we went into the long narrow garden, the grass here very green from rainwater sprinkled on it by two simple gardeners. Olive trees lined each side of the long length of the green for shade. Here I saw Lucan, Allectus, Dorian, and Adrian, all in a small group and throwing a large heavy looking ball from one to the other. I knew the ball was heavy, for they strained and sweated with the effort to toss and catch it.

Lucan was their leader, of course; I had learned that last night. Now he stood and looked at me as I came to join them; they all wore loincloths and their bodies were oiled and sweating in the sun; they were tanned and I was not. I wondered if Master Antonius would care if my skin spoiled in the sun like my old master had done. I took off my robe and stood with the others, also wearing nothing but a loincloth. My hair was long down my back in dark waves, and this protected my shoulders from sunburning, but Lucan came and brushed my hair to one side and over my left shoulder.

"So beautiful you are, Marcus. I thought of you all night last night. I had to jerk off my cock for thinking of you. I almost had you, didn't I?"

He laughed so brightly, I warmed to him. Maybe he did not hate me so much after all, and I began to relax in his company and the other boys too.

Adrian was so sweet and gentle with soft brown eyes and short curly hair; he led me out of the sun and we sat together under the trees in the shade.

He asked me about my last master. I told him, "He only looked, never touched. I'm a virgin."

"You won't be for long, not when Master Antonius finally has you, but he will make it last a long time before he penetrates you. He likes to make the agony of anticipation last for as long as he can."

I thought about this, and wondered how it would feel to have Master's penis deep inside me.

"Are you afraid?" Adrian asked me as I continued to watch Lucan and the other two carry on exercising with the giant ball.

I said, "I am afraid, a little. But looking forward to Master's teachings. I have never been broken in and never touched. I did not even know it could feel so good. Is Master a big man?" I looked at Adrian and saw him smile.

"He is huge, and the biggest balls I've ever seen. He is like the horses he rides; he is of the Equestrian Class and is trying to get into the Praetorian Guard. That is why he's away from home so often: sometimes we do not see him for days, and we go hungry for his delights. I miss the playroom so much!"

I could not answer this; I had not yet experienced the playroom; that is, beyond my first day with his fingers inside me. "What more could there be?" I asked Adrian.

He said, "Did you notice the ring high on the wall in that room?"

"No, I didn't. What does that mean?"

My heart was beating suddenly fast. Ring?

"There is a ring high on the wall. He will sling you from it, that is, by your wrists. Then, depending on what you have done or how well you've pleased or displeased him, he will strap your bare arse, and more...but I am not allowed to divulge any more of what goes on there. We are all sworn to secrecy on Master's orders. So, Marcus, you can only find out by going there!" He laughed and jumped up to go and join the game.

Lucan called me over to play with them. I went, my heart still pounding from Adrian's news of the playroom. I began to sweat and tremble, but soon put it aside as Lucan tossed me the giant ball. It almost knocked me down as I caught it; it rammed the breath from my chest. I dropped it.

"Come on, you weakling!" Lucan shouted at me. "Pick it up and throw it to Allectus!"

I tried; I truly did try, but the ball weighed so much, I could only lift it so far and run with it. I played this game for a long time, until we all fell exhausted onto the cool grass on our backs. And lying on my back, I looked up at the blue sky and the light white clouds, and saw Lucan's face appear above me. He slipped a hand down into my loincloth, and began fondling me; he slipped a finger down lower between my cheeks and gave a wiggle.

I sighed and opened my legs for more, and he lowered for a kiss; we

kissed hotly, deeper than I expected, and he sighed. "Marcus, oh, Marcus, you are beautiful, I want you so much; shall we go and play? You know we are allowed to masturbate each other and kiss, so will you come? If I can make you come, will you?"

He kissed me again and I enjoyed him, him and his probing finger between my buttocks.

But a voice said over us, "Stop that! Stop it at once! Lucan, leave him!"

Lucan growled. "Go away, you old bastard, I will have him if I want him!"

It was the old manservant, Nodus, glaring down at us, a white rage showing in his eyes. He cried again, "Stop it, or I will tell the Master, and if you spoil this boy for him, he will kill you, Lucan, he will kill you. Perhaps he will put you in the arena as bait for the gladiators! Stop it."

Slowly Lucan withdrew his finger from my hole, too much now I wanted my hole played with.

I said to the old servant, "Can we not play? What harm is being done?"

"Just this, young man, you are the Master's property; you are for him to despoil, not this one here. This one only wants to poke you to spoil you for the Master, for revenge. The Master bought you for himself and no other. If you do not obey, I will lock you in your room and no supper tonight."

Lucan gave a laugh and sat up. "All right, old man, have it your way. I will leave him alone, only do not lock him in his room, let him exercise with us."

"I will, and I will be watching you, boy!" Nodus pointed a shaking finger at us both, and went striding off to join the gardeners. There he sat down on a bench and watched.

So it was I spent the rest of the day exercising, and Lucan, I could see, found it hard to keep his hands off me. But he did. We bathed together later, again under watch by the old man, then had supper and off to bed, alone.

Another two days this routine was repeated and I wondered when Master would come home. I had known him only one day, but it was enough for me to think of him with anticipation and longing. When would he come home?

I knew the Master was back when I felt a thrill run through my body as I heard his voice in the corridor outside of my room. Three more days I had to wait for him – him and his deep commanding voice.

I was lazing on my bed with the window open to play the sweet summer air over my naked skin; I was rapidly probing my own anus with my fingers. Master had taught me the joy of this, and then I heard his voice calling the servants to bring him some lunch. Excited, I sat up but my door opened the moment I pulled my fingers from my hole. Master strode into my room, saw me naked and panting. His eyes opened wider; oh, he was so handsome! How could I have forgotten his lean strength, and dressed in his gleaming equestrian armour. My cock jumped at the sight of him.

“Marcus, I see you are eager for more lessons from me; good boy. First, I must go and change, wash and have something to eat. I will send the servant to bring you to my playroom later. But I order you; keep your hands off yourself! Do not touch yourself when I am home, do you understand me?”

“Yes, Master, I do.”

He turned to leave, but stopped, looked back at me from the door, “I had almost forgotten what a beauty I had bought, and now I am home for a while, I can play with you and get my money’s worth. Wait for me and no touching yourself.”

Then he was gone, the door closed and I fell back on my bed in a swoon of delight and anticipation. My Master was home and he wanted me...

But in the end, he did not call for me until after my bath and strigil that night; the old manservant led me to the playroom, and here I found my Master ready and waiting for me. He sat in his red padded chair and relaxed in his toga. He stood up for me and told Nodus to leave us. The room was supplied with water in a pitcher, red cameo glassware, a bowl of fruit and dates. I tried to glance for the ring high on the wall, but I could not take my eyes from my Master’s face. He was shaved clean and looking fine. I had combed my own hair over my left shoulder, and the moment he saw me, he rose from his chair and came to me, undid my robes, and took off my loincloth.

“Such beauty should never be covered,” he told me, walking around me again and studying my form. “Have you been exercising with Lucan and the others?”

“Yes, Master, I have.”

"Good boy, and did Lucan make passes at you? Be honest, he is allowed only small kisses; I allow him this for being so good to me all these years. So, small kisses?"

"Yes Master, he did kiss me."

"It is permissible; I like my boys to kiss and fondle. Did he do more to you?" He walked around me as he spoke and stroked my buttocks.

"He kissed me, that is all, Master."

"Did he put his cock in you?"

"No, Master, he did not."

"I would kill him if he did; so you must swear on my household Gods, did he put his cock in you?"

"No, Master, I swear to your household Gods, he did not put his cock in me."

"Good boy. I believe you, Marcus. Go and sit on my chair and part your legs wide."

I did as he ordered, sat and opened my legs wide for him. He came and looked at my manhood and saw I was wearing the cock-ring he had given me to wear.

He said, "Take it off; I have something else I want to do to you, and I think now, the cock-ring is not right for you."

"Yes, Master."

I gently rolled the ring off my penis and put it down on the low table before the couch; I waited for what he had planned for me next. He went to the chest, took out a long piece of leather twine, and put it down on the table near me; he took off his robes and stood before me only in his army kilt. His chest was strong, with light dark hair, his nipples erect, his arms long and lean and strong, and for the first time, I saw his massive erection lifting his kilt, but I could not see his penis itself.

He made no sound other than his deep breathing as he began to tie the twine about my testicles to bind them; he did not do it too tight, only enough to pull them from my body. He breathed and stopped, then wound the twine around the base of my member and tied it off.

"I want your cock in bondage to me," he said. "Such a fine cock you have, Marcus, and I want to show it off. Is the twine too tight?"

"No, Master, it feels fine."

He stood up and adjusted his erection from under his kilt; still I did not see his member, and it drove me wild, as it was so huge and I almost begged him to reveal it to me. Only he bid me to stand; he took more twine from the chest and bound my wrists together, again not too tight,

and led me to the wall and reached up with my arms so he could bind my wrists to the wall-ring. When he had tied me firmly, he stood back to admire me.

"So beautiful, Marcus, your body, your lips; should I kiss you now? So beautifully bound for my pleasure."

"Please, Master, do with me what you will. I am yours to command, and I wish you would command me. If you wish to kiss me, please, please..."

"Oh, my Gods! You even beg sweetly."

He grabbed a handful of my long hair and pulled my head back and kissed all over my face and neck, but he did not touch my lips. And again, he drove me wild; how I wanted his kiss! But he did not give it; always he held me back on the very edge of madness and desire. I began to squirm in my bonds, again with my member swelling, and I felt the twine tighten around my balls. I loved it! Oh, the feeling was tremendous pleasure. Master came and loosened the twine around the base of my penis, and saw it swelling to erection, but he did not touch it. Again, he was driving me wild!

I began to pant and beg, "Master, please, touch me..."

"Not yet, my boy, I have something special planned for you tonight."

He went again to his chest and opened the doors. I could not believe it when he took out a belt strap; my pleasure then turned to fear. I had never been beaten or whipped before!

My fear was great and I began to whimper and beg, "Master please, what have I done wrong? I have done nothing to have you punish me now!" I was so afraid that I began to cry. My tears ran, he came and wiped them onto his fingers and sucked them.

He said, so kindly, "Marcus, I am not about hurting you, but pleasuring you. I am the giver of pleasure, and I am not going to strap you for punishment, but for discipline. My discipline will take you places you have never been before. At least, I wish for it. I wish for you to feel and know my kind of pleasure through discipline. Remember this; I am not doing it to hurt you for being bad. I am doing it to release you into your true self, to set you free."

I did not understand him; I shivered with fear. I did not know pain, I had never had it, never been beaten.

I breathed hard and Master said at my side, "I will give you only three stripes; a strapping to brand you as mine. This is what I am doing; I am marking you as mine, branding you, claiming you. And once it is

done, you will be truly mine—all of you; your body, your life, your soul and all that is inside you. You will be mine and mine alone. My boy, my possession, to do with as I wish. Only three straps for now, until you can learn to take more."

"Master, please no."

I sobbed and broke down, I did not expect this from him! He kissed my tears, so gently, his lips against my cheek.

Again, he reassured me, "Only three. I must brand you, Marcus, to claim your body. Do you wish to be mine?"

"I do!"

"Do you wish to submit to my every desire and please me?"

"I do!"

"Do you wish to know the wonderful release and freedom you will find under my discipline?"

"Yes, Master, I do."

"Then push out your buttocks and take my branding."

I did it; I pushed out my buttocks and braced myself for his strap—I breathed in deep, still not understanding why I must be whipped. He moved to my side, took his belt, and laid a fast and hard strap across the round of my left cheek. Oh! I felt it sting! And I gasped and shivered and cried.

"Only two more," he said.

He moved to my other side and strapped me again, fast and hard across my right cheek. This time I shivered deeper and felt the burn of it running down my legs and up my spine; the feeling of it took over my whole body, and I waited for the third and final strap. He whipped me this time across both cheeks together, such a beautiful whip! It thrilled me out of my mind! Pained me just as much and I sobbed and cried again, shivering.

He said to me, "You are so beautiful when you shiver; look, I can see the red welts rising on your beautiful buttocks." And suddenly he fell on his knees behind me and began laying tiny kisses on the stinging welts.

This sensation was too much for me to endure! So good, so painful, and so pleasurable all at once—the two things becoming one inside me, flooding my body with desires of its own; desires and feelings I did not even know resided inside me. Now, these sensations, feelings, emotions flooded my whole body and mind. I moaned as his kissing lips touched the welts, as he gently parted my cheeks and gave my hole a sudden lick, only one! One to drive me wild! I cried out, and he stood up and released

me from my bonds; he took me to lie down on the couch on my stomach, and here he told me to rest.

He went to the window as I lay still and breathed; for a long time he stood looking out of the window at the beautiful evening sky. What was he thinking? What had he done to me? As I lay, I let myself feel the stinging pain of the strapping, now hot and sending strange sensations of possession throughout my body—in my stomach, up my spine, filling me head to foot with the very feelings he said I would feel; a long delicious sense of freedom, of being owned, of being loved, of being wanted like I had never felt before in my life.

Master had given this feeling to me! The way I felt now was all his doing—his gift, his wonderful fulfilling gift—and I stunned myself when I knew that I wanted more...

I lifted my head and looked at my beautiful Master, his figure tall and lean and muscled like a Spartan athlete; short dark hair and dark eyes, full lips, and a noble nose, my Master! I wanted to please him for giving me this gift—my body desired to be released. How strange to feel release in bondage, to feel pleasure in being strapped, to feel love in being owned and possessed.

My member began throbbing, and I said, "Master Antonius?"

"Yes, boy, are you all right now?"

He turned to face me; he looked so handsome.

I asked him, "Master, would it please you if I begged for more strapping? I did not know I would feel this way and I want it. I want more. I need to feel it! You make me feel so much, so many new sensations, so many new emotions, so many new feelings; I cannot even understand. Oh Master, please give me more."

Through all my babbling, Master only stood and stared down at me; his eyes grew wide, his lips slightly parted and he knelt down at my side. "Marcus, do you understand what your requests have done to me? Oh, how I dreamed of finding a boy who would need my strap, my discipline, who would offer himself to me body and soul. I have searched and searched for such a boy and could you be he? Could you be the one? Marcus, tell me this is no jest to appease me. Tell me the truth. Do you wish for more? To truly be mine in every way? If you say yes, I will take you far and you will know ecstasy. I will make you mine down to the last beautiful hair on your head. I have looked for such a one as you all my life."

"Master, yes, yes, yes, please; I want more, so much more I could die.

I wish to die in your ecstasy. I want you to teach me, show me what my body and mind can truly have and feel. Oh, Master, I need you so much. Take all of me, all of me, make my life and body yours and only yours. Strap me more!”

My passions overcame me and I sobbed as he lifted me from the couch and gazed at me with a wild look of awe and amazement in his beautiful eyes. He took me to the ring and bound my wrists again high over my head. Already I felt the thrill of his coming strap. My member stood up at once, so stiff and hard it was a throbbing rod the like I had never had before in my short life.

My master’s breathing was fast; his own cock stood up like mine, only bigger under his kilt, and his control was masterful—he never touched himself, and never gave himself relief before me. Oh, how I wished to see it, his great throbbing member! But then, all I could know was his strap: he came to me and doubled it over.

“Are you ready, my beautiful boy? Brace yourself.”

“I am ready, Master.”

And so it began; my baptism into his discipline and his love—he strapped me fast and hard again over my buttocks and I stiffened and shivered.

He said after two more brandings, “If it hurts too much, just tell me to stop. Say the word ‘stop’ and I will do so immediately. You must not destroy yourself for my sake, as I need you healthy and alive so we can have much more of each other. Marcus, do you understand me? This is an order. Say stop when you want me to stop.”

“I will, Master,” I said, breathing hard and fast. “I’m ready for more.”

Again, I braced, feeling my heart beating so fast that it thumped in my neck and head, my cock rigid. My master then gave me more, up my back, and he sent me wild with pain and pleasure. A burning thrill again took hold of my entire body; burning! Stinging! He strapped me again and again, my back, my shoulders, and each strap felt like he was making love to me, claiming me as his, controlling me; oh, I wished to submit and fall on my knees to his strength and control, my master!

Eight strappings I took and said, “Stop Master!” I slumped in my bonds, my body on fire, and I cried for the pain I had let him give me. I was shivering and he took me down and gently led me to the couch again and lowered me to rest.

He stroked through my hair and kissed my face. He said, “Did I take you too far for your first time, boy? But I will look after you; your every

need will be met and more."

He continued to stroke my hair and kiss my face. I was in bliss to bear this pain for him. I would do anything for him, go anywhere, endure any hardship, suffer any pain. He cared for me!

He said, "I will have Nodus tend to your welts, but it is not as bad as it feels, Marcus. I did not draw blood, and the welts look so beautiful on your delicate skin—my brandings, my marks, my claim, you are mine, my possession. I will use you well. Care for you and give you pleasure. This you will learn, and with me, I will liberate you. Thank you, Marcus, thank you for your submission."

"Master," I sighed. "Master...I am happy, and sore!"

"Then rest; I will send Nodus to tend to your welts, and after you have rested and recovered, I will give you something else, a gift. Rest well, my boy, and I will see you again later tonight."

"Yes Master." Again he left me; left me feeling bereft of his care and his command, his deep voice and his loving whips. I closed my eyes and let myself feel the way he had possessed my body with his brandings. Oh, how could I ever think he wanted to hurt me? No, he only wanted to love and possess me. And I wanted it; I wanted it so much I began to cry again, not from the pain but the joy that I had found in this wonderful man, this master...

Nodus soon came to tend me with cooling salves for my welts. He did not speak as he laid out his little pots on the table, and like we boys, he was wearing nothing but a loincloth. This surprised me; did Master use Nodus as well? I was also surprised to see that his body did not look decrepit with age, but he was well toned for an old man.

He came and patted me over my back and buttocks with a little ball of cotton soaked in salve. I sighed with pleasure to feel the coolness on my raging skin. He did this for a while, then finished and left me alone to rest.

I got up and poured myself some water from the pitcher on the table; I drank the sweet rainwater, then went back to rest on the couch. Here I slept for a while, and woke later to the blessed return of my master.

"Do you feel better, my boy?" he asked me.

"Yes, Master, I am happy and rested."

"See? It was not as bad as it felt; I did not strap you too hard for your delicate skin. For you, your tenderness of flesh will not take a heavier branding; it is not necessary with you. It is enough what I gave you. Marcus, during the following weeks I will introduce you to another kind

of discipline, special to my desires. I feel now that you will be able to endure it."

He stood over me as I looked up at him from the couch; he was holding a lamp burning in its bowl, throwing light over his dark and handsome face. How powerful he looked! I wanted his special discipline, even though I knew not what it was.

I said, "Yes Master, I will endure it."

He laughed a little, deep and very arousing for me to hear. He said, "You do not even know what it is and still you agree. You are the perfect slave to me; I am growing too excited to think that you might be the one I have been looking for since I understood my own needs."

He went away and put down the lamp on the table. He turned and went to the window. Here again I saw him look out into the night. From the window, his strongly muscled back to me, he said, "How old do you think I am, boy?"

"Master, I cannot say. I have not known many men to judge; only old men that my old master used to bring to his house to view me."

"Then make a guess; am I old to you?"

"No, Master, you seem a man to me; the perfect man. Not old, still very young with virile strength that thrills me."

"Guess my age; do it, my order."

His voice commanded me to answer. "Thirty years."

"Well done, boy, you are close. I am twenty and nine. Did you expect someone older? For I strive to join Legio X and its Praetorian Guard and I think Caesar cares for me. Now Marcus, our night is not yet finished, but almost. Go and lie yourself over the table top again, like you did on your first day."

"Yes Master."

I got up at once and did his bidding. I laid my bare chest over the padded tabletop and waited again in deep desire and anticipation for his touch, for what was he going to do to me now? Oh please! Let him touch me inside. I opened my legs wide even though he had not told me to do so.

"Good boy," he said. "You anticipate me well."

And then he went again to his chest and opened the doors for another tool. He came and showed it to me, his new tool. Lying in a box lined with soft red silk was a small white phallus with a wide base, a perfectly shaped male member with its own foreskin ridged for pleasure; or so he told me, as I had never seen a phallus before.

"Women use them too," he told me. "This one is made of softwood but I have another one made of green jade from the Orient, much bigger than this one. But this one is perfect for you. When you are able to take more, I will use the green jade cock on you. For now, Marcus, the small and delicate softwood cock is yours."

My heart began to race when he said these things. My breath short, I could not wait for him to begin. Again, I begged him, "Please, Master, please put it in me!"

He laughed. "How eager you are. I have never had a boy so eager to receive my pleasures."

He took the little white phallus and went to oil it from the bowl he kept on the chest top. I watched him oiling it, holding it in his hand and stroking it, his shadow on the wall from the lamplight.

Oh! I could not wait and began to squirm. My bare buttocks and my own cock stiffened and throbbed as still I wore the leather twine that put my member in bondage. For a long time, Master oiled the little cock in his hand, then he came to me, and I took in a deep shuddering breath. First, he oiled my eager hole and I almost died from his mere touch. Around and around he oiled me with his thumb, just as he had done that wonderful first day.

I gasped.

He said, "Relax yourself, boy, and open; do not tighten, but open your hole when you feel it going in—open more, do not resist it."

"Master, yes..."

"Here it comes now."

I stiffened and shook. He used his forefinger to open me and lead in the phallus; his fingers helped me open, and the little cock pushed in and stretched me wide and I loved it! Oh, it felt so good, to feel it opening me, filling me, only small but enough for my virgin anus to respond with spasms of joy and pleasure. I cried out as my master pushed it all the way up to its wide base, and then, he began gently thrusting it in and out. I felt its length gliding in with the oil and I began to thrust back and allow my stiff member to enjoy it too—I was so stiff! How my master commanded my body; it was a delight, nothing but delight, and added on top of my recent whipping. I began within moments to build to an orgasm that threatened to floor me.

"Master! Oh Master, I'm going to orgasm! More, please, more, deeper, deeper, thrust it hard, deeper!"

He moved quicker, eager himself as I heard him breathing as fast as

his thrusts. Using the phallus on me was giving him pleasure, for my own pleasure was commanding my mind and body. My legs went weak as he fucked my hole; he twisted it, took it all the way out, and then thrust it back in again, punishing my anus and then, suddenly he gave one huge thrust up to its base. I came with a great wailing cry and my cock went into great shuddering spasms of pleasure. So intense, I almost passed out and fell to the floor. He gave a great sigh with me and took my cock and milked it into his hand as I came again and again, spurting repeatedly through his beautiful long fingers.

I died! I cried with joy, I breathed, and my master stroked my back and said, "Good boy, good boy, so beautiful you are, my Marcus..."

He called me his Marcus. My Marcus, my Marcus...I was his; his and his alone. He milked me until nothing was left, my seed splashed on the floor and on his fingers, and to know my seed was on his fingers thrilled me almost to death.

He held my head down and said, "Breathe deeply, relax yourself. Listen to my voice and my orders."

"I will, Master, I will."

As he spoke, he carefully withdrew the phallus from my body, and it was a terrible loss. I felt empty, but he rubbed it very softly over my hole.

He told me as he rubbed me, "In a moment, I will put it back in. I will push it up to its base and I want you to leave it in all night. Sleep with it up your anus, and do not take it out until morning. You must wear it for me all night. I will tie on your loincloth with a thong up your centre that will help hold it in place. Do you understand what I want you to do, Marcus?"

"I think so, Master. I must wear it all night and not take it out until morning."

"Yes, that is what I want you to do. It will give me deep pleasure to know you are wearing it for me all night. Tomorrow, I have decided to sell Allectus, Dorian, and Adrian. I will keep you and Lucan only. So, you will take out the phallus in the morning before I go to the salve markets."

"Yes Master. Master?"

"Yes, Marcus?"

"Please make sure the boys go to good masters. They are good boys and were kind to me."

Again, he gave his light laugh, and said, "I will make sure of it; they

are good boys and have given me much pleasure over the years. Only good masters will take them. I have some power in this city. I have Caesar's favour so no man will be cruel to one of my boys and live. Worry not, Marcus, worry not. These are not your concerns. All that must concern you is pleasing me by submitting to my every desire."

"Yes Master, I will submit."

"That is what I want to hear. I think this night is over; it has been a long night and you need your beauty sleep. Let me put this phallus back in now, and open yourself..."

I did as he ordered me and opened again, and felt the delicious thing slide up to its base. Once fully inserted, Master helped me to stand upright; my legs were still weak from pleasure and my anus was full and tight. He bade me stand still for him to dress me, winding the loincloth around my hips and up between my legs and my centre to help hold the phallus in place.

I gave a deep sigh; it felt so good to have this thing inside me, his gift. His gift filled my body and stretched my hole in a wonderful way. I felt wanted, loved, cared for, and even cherished. I studied his face as he fitted the loincloth. I wanted to taste his lips on mine, I wanted him to seize me and kiss me, to thrust his tongue deep into my mouth, thrust his massive member up where the phallus now was.

When would he cock me? When would he kiss me?

And when he had finished his dressing my body, he took my face in his two hands and gazed into my eyes. He kissed only my forehead. He said, "Sleep well, my beautiful boy, and keep that phallus inside you. I trust you to not remove it before breakfast."

"I will not, Master."

I smiled at him, and my eyes filled with tears for love of him. For my need of him and his great power to command me as I wanted. So much, I wanted to submit to him! My tears spilled and he laughed again.

He said, "Wait here for Nodus; he will lead you to your room. Goodnight, Marcus." Again, he went out of the room and left me alone, waiting for his old man servant.

The old man led me well as I walked slowly. He knew I was wearing something plugged inside me; he was not surprised to see me walking oddly. To my room then, where a small supper waited on my table, the lamp alight. I could not sit down, so I ate my bread and cheese standing up.

And afterwards, Nodus helped me lie down on my stomach; helped

put a small pillow under my hips to lift my buttocks to make it easier to sleep.

When I was settled, he sat on the chair at the table and said, "I will sit with you till you sleep. Master's orders. He wishes that you are well and safe."

"Umm," I said. So tired... Though I asked him, "Nodus, tell me about my master...I fear I am falling in love with him. Does he love his boys? What does he do with his special discipline?"

"That is not for me to discuss. That is Master's business, not mine." He was quiet for a moment, then began talking again. "Though I will tell you some things about him that will help you understand him and his ways. Antonius is not easy to explain, but I have known him all my life. You see, Marcus, he believes that pleasure is our duty to seek; he believes pleasure will free us as men, even for women too – to free us to be our true liberated selves. He believes that pleasure is a discipline like his army training, and he believes that pleasure will take us to the Divine, the place where men become as the gods are."

He paused to take a drink of wine. I listened, enthralled, not really understanding his words, but some of them were making their mark on me.

"Please tell me more," I sighed and let myself feel the phallus filling my anus, my master's phallus, his gift to open me for more.

Nodus went on, "So his pleasure is not just mere pleasure to him; it is much, much more. And should be so for all men; to seek it, to master it, to allow it to help us reach the gods and be as the gods are. Antonius believes this is how the gods live, in a constant state of mastered pleasure. And the greatest pleasure our lives can give us is sexual.

"Oh yes, Marcus, there is pleasure in food and good wine, in war, in battle, in the beauty of the earth and sky, in friendship and love, but none so great as sexual pleasure, as there we can reach ecstasy. We can reach that perfect state of bliss that only the gods know. Antonius believes we too can have that divine state of complete and constant bliss through disciplined sexual pleasures. Not just mere fucking, as that is good and serves its own purpose; but no, to Antonius, sex must be a ritual act, designed to reach bliss and not wasted. It must be ritualized, controlled with his own ideas of discipline. His desires are to reach the Divine, for who needs the gods when we can have their divine ecstasy within our own bodies and minds? Do you understand this, Marcus?"

"Some...some of it. But Nodus, why does he not show himself to me?"

Though I have seen his erection, I have not seen his naked member. Is this a part of his ritual and discipline?"

"Oh, yes, very much a part of it. When he is disciplining you, it greatly excites him, arousing him to that state of ecstasy, and by denying his erection, denying himself release and touch, it heightens his pleasure to that divine state."

"Does he ever release? Does he reach orgasm?"

"Yes, boy, he does. He will reach it without you touching him, without him touching himself, and without you seeing his member. He ejaculates when you do. I know; I wash his kilts!" He laughed. "He sprays under those kilts of his, and he has a massive cock, believe me he has. How he manages to control such a monster is a wonder to me. But he will show it to you one day when you are fully trained and broken in. What you wear in your anus now is only a tiny thing; for you are a virgin and you need to be stretched more before you can take Master's great prick."

"I cannot wait, Nodus," I mumbled. I was falling asleep, so well beaten, so well pleased, so filled, but before I went off with Morpheus, I asked, "Nodus, why are you here and know so much about him? Does he have old men as well as boys?"

"Let me show you why I am here."

He lifted up the skirt of his tunic and showed me his naked penis, and what I saw was a delight. For I had imagined a wizened up thing nestled in grey hair, tiny and useless, but how wrong I was! The sight of it aroused me, and I stared. Huge and long, thick and well shaped, healthy and slightly swollen, the eye of his cock-head poking out at me from a tight foreskin, his balls hanging low.

"See?" he said. "Just because I am over sixty years does not mean I am not virile anymore. There are many, many old men of my age and older who are more randy than younger men, more eager to watch ourselves spurt all over the faces of our bed-partners. Even now I grow hard for speaking of it and showing it to your virgin eyes. I would fuck you myself if you were not Master's property. Would you like your asshole opened by an older man, Marcus?"

"That is a fine member, and it would seem fine to be taught such lessons by an older tutor. I see no problems in it, but I am Master's."

"And if not? Would you let me?"

And his cock grew harder before me.

"I think so."

"That is good. You are an eager pupil." He covered himself again and sat back down. "Go to sleep now. I cannot leave you till you sleep, and I am eager for my own boy."

I wondered what boy Nodus slept with, but I did not ask. I was too tired and slowly went off to sleep, still happy to feel my hole stretched wide and filled.

I woke in the morning to the gentle feel of something being taken from me; I woke fast. Master! Standing at my side and slowly withdrawing the phallus from my anus as I still slept. I had overslept and now he had come to take it out himself.

"Lie still," he said. "It is all right, my boy, you are so tired and experienced so much last night; your branding and then this, no wonder you have overslept."

I lay still for him, hoping that he would reward me for wearing the phallus all night as he ordered me. He took it out, and again, I felt only loss and emptiness.

Master came and stroked my hair from my eyes, my face. "So beautiful in the morning, you are, Marcus." He turned next to my loincloth, undid the ties and took it off. I thrilled to be naked for his eyes. He parted my buttocks and looked at my hole.

"Good," he said. "So good, wider and so very pink and waiting for my discipline." He pulled me open further. "Marcus, my discipline will come tomorrow night." He continued examining my open anus as he spoke, pulling me even wider and saying, "You need to rest tonight, and tomorrow night we will start, though I am worried I am pushing you too far, too soon. Tell me your own thoughts, boy."

"I am ready, Master. So eager to feel all you have to teach me. I am ready."

"You are very eager; maybe we are moving too fast. No, I will leave you waiting for a while longer and we can continue with your branding and the phallus. Tonight then, after supper, I will brand only your thighs and use the phallus again. I will leave my discipline for another day. Now, I am going to take the boys to market. Go back to sleep if you wish and later, go out to sleep with Lucan."

"Please, Master, no; I am ready!"

"No, Marcus, you are not!"

And he turned away and went marching out, leaving me lying open and feeling I had offended him, spoiling his pleasure with me. He closed the door hard and I almost cried for his loss and his anger. I cried for a little while and fell back to sleep.

I slept for a while longer and woke to feel someone sliding into bed beside me; a warm, strong naked body. I turned in surprise to find Lucan at my side; he kissed my face and put his arms around me and held my back to his chest. I relaxed in his arms and smiled in pleasure. But soon I felt his body shaking and again I turned to face him; he was crying.

I said, "Lucan, what's wrong? Why do you cry?"

"Master is selling my friends, and now they are gone and I'm alone here, save only you."

I kissed his tears as he sighed and stroked my face. "So beautiful you are, Marcus, so tender and sweet. I would take you as my lover, but of course, this is not allowed. You are Master's now."

"I think I am."

We held each other close, and kissed softly.

He stroked my hair and said, "I see he has branded you; did he hurt you, Marcus?"

"No, no, I wanted him to brand me—it was wonderful, Lucan, so wonderful..."

He went quiet a moment. I looked up at him as he held my head to his shoulder.

He said, "Are you saying you wanted to be branded, that you liked it?" He seemed shocked.

I told him, "Yes, I wanted it, Master wanted it. I pleased him and I pleased myself. I want more, much more. I want to go all the way with him and have him teach me to submit to his every desire."

"Oh, Marcus, do you know what this means? It means he has found the boy he's been looking for all his life. It means he will no longer need me; I never submitted to his strap. I did not like it and I didn't want it. He only keeps me because I can take his massive cock, both in my mouth and my hole: he used to love me in some way, so he kept me. He bought other boys though, always looking for that special one. I think he's found you now, and he will not need me anymore. He'll sell me on. I've been here seven years, this is my home. I want to stay here with you. I could love you, Marcus."

He pushed me down onto my back and held me, held me by my wrists and crushed me under his stronger body; the head of his cock

thrust against my balls.

"I want you, to open you." He moaned as he kissed me. "Take you from him and we can run away..."

"I don't want to run away! I want only him, my master. Lucan, please, let's just be friends, kiss me, play with me, but don't despoil me; you know he will kill you if you do. Please...get off me ..."

I struggled only a little; I did not want him feeling me struggle as I thought this would only make him want me more. He looked down into my eyes and kissed me again, then he released me and pulled away. He got out of my bed and gathered his loincloth, his cock thrusting up with unfulfilled desire.

He tried to dress himself, to push his thing back down and cover it. He said, "I will not despoil you. You are all his now. I will go to Nodus; he may be old, but he's very virile. And he doesn't spend all his time tying me up, or tying my cock up in rings or leather, or playing stupid games of discipline. He just gets on with it. I'll see you later."

And out he went, angry, hurt, I did not know what. He slammed the door, and I could only lie in my bed and wonder about it all, this new life of mine...

I saw Lucan again later that night in the bathhouse; he was already in the water and I joined him. I went to him and kissed him, for he looked so sad.

I said, "Did you go with Nodus? Why not let him keep you as his boy? Then you can stay here."

"I went to him. He had his own boy with him, I watched. I am too old for Nodus, how ironic! Twenty-four years old and I am too old for him, and he's sixty-five!"

He laughed at this and I laughed with him.

"What boy does he have?" I asked, for I had seen no other boys here in Master's villa save those sold this morning.

"A boy from the city comes almost every day, sleeps with him every night. About your age—a grubby youth who works with the legion's horses and smells bad, but Nodus likes him, so where does this leave me? I am lost."

Poor Lucan—I could do nothing for him. I bathed and got out of the water when Nodus came to run the strigil over my oiled body. Soon, he would take me to Master and I was more than ready for my next lesson with him. Nodus dressed me in a new loincloth and a fine red robe, and led me once again to Master's playroom. Every time I came here, I could

not control my beating heart, my fast breath, and my trembling limbs.

Under Master's hand, I was a trembling fawn, and I loved it, to feel this way. I wanted to run to him, to throw myself into his strong arms, to fall at his feet and gaze up at him, to worship his body, to worship his great thrusting member. I dreamt of his member! I wanted to see it so badly; I believed I would give way my obedience and beg him to show it to me. And not just his member, but his huge hanging testicles—oh, please, I begged the Lord Cupid, please let Master reveal his manhood to me tonight.

But when I went into the playroom, I saw my Master sitting on the couch, fully dressed, this time wearing a tunic and sandals, army style. I knew he was a highly ranked officer of the Equestrian Class and his tunic reflected his rank. His hips were girded with a finely braided gold belt, from which hung a pugio dagger; his gladius sword lay on the table.

"Marcus, so good to see you, boy. You are looking fine tonight. Come, have some wine with me; for this morning, I made good prices on the boys I sold. I made sure they went to good masters; men I know well. I made good coin today, and we will have a long night together to enjoy it. First, we will drink some wine. And you will tell me about your last master and what he did with you; for I do not understand his desires. And I wish to know the ways of other men with their boys. Please, sit with me on the couch."

He sat on one side of the couch and reclined, and I sat at the opposite end. Before us was a low table to serve from; and it was Master who now served me! Oh, what a strange and beautiful man he was.

He poured the wine and handed me a glass. "Taste it, it is my good Armenian wine. You will love it; it will flood your senses with sweet joy and you will be one with Bacchus. It is our duty as men to be one with the gods. For if we are to be mortal, we must seize everything that the gods have offered us and make it our own. Marcus, seize it and take it and make it ours to command."

His eyes shone and I drank his wine; so fine!

"It is divine, Master," I said.

"Of course it is—the grape vine is a gift from the gods. Drink it and tell me, what did your old master do with you?"

He leant back to recline on the couch and wait for my answer, watching me with his dark eyes and his parted lips. It was his lips I wanted to taste, more than his wine.

I did not know where to begin, so I told him only, "My old master did not touch me, he only viewed me. I was made to stand naked in his house all day and pose for him. To adore me, my body, as the finest boy in Rome. He made me grow my hair long—like it is now, Master—and he took me from room to room and posed me where he wanted me; that is all."

"So he did not touch you? He never trained you for sexual pleasures?"

"No Master. I think now that looking at me naked in my poses was his sexual pleasure."

"Did he ever touch himself in front of you?"

"No, Master, he did not."

"Did he ever disrobe himself in front of you? He was always dressed?"

"Yes, Master."

"Such a strange man! Did you ever see him erect from under his robes?"

"No, Master."

"Even stranger. And yet I feel there are many ways a man can reach the Divine. By viewing you naked, he gained something from you in a way I could never do and yet, I think I can understand his pleasure in merely viewing your beauty. Is this all he did with you?"

Master's eyes were keen on my face and on my body. Even though I was fully robed, I could see the desire in his dark eyes for my naked body.

I answered him, "Sometimes my old master had parties; many guests would come, men and women, to eat and drink and recline. He would always call for me and have me disrobe for his guests, and I was made to stand naked for their pleasure, a centerpiece at his party, and pose. But no one was ever allowed to touch me, Master. If anyone tried to touch me, he would throw them out and never invite them again. He said my nakedness was pure and to touch me was to rape me." I gave a light laugh and hung my head. "If my old master knew what you do to me, he would have a terrible fit and die." I laughed.

Master also laughed as he said, "Yes, he would. Each man has his own way of reaching the Divine. It was divine pleasure to him to view you naked and watch you pose. Drink your wine!"

I did his bidding and drank my wine. I felt so good, talking to my Master, hearing his voice in his knowledge. And when I drank my wine,

he took the glass from me.

"And now you will pose for me as I wish to try and understand more of this old master's feelings and sensations. I will try not to touch you. So, disrobe for me now, Marcus, and stand before me in your poses."

My heart jumped with excitement. Oh yes! Disrobe for my Master.

My old master had never made me feel this way, so excited to take off my robes before him. For my old master, I had felt nothing; I was only his boy, his beauty. But for my new master, I felt everything; so many feelings, it made my head swoon with delight as I slipped my robes from my shoulders. When I saw his eyes watching me, so fixed on me, I was sure he saw nothing else. I thrust my hips to one side, untied my loincloth and let it fall very slowly. I heard him take in a breath as if he had never seen me naked before.

I stood pale and beautiful before him in my best pose – my arms loose behind my back, my right hand holding my left wrist behind me and over my buttocks; buttocks that were still marked with light red welts from last night's strapping. Oh, how I shivered as his eyes travelled up and down my body. My long dark hair fell forward over my chest, my slim shoulders, my narrow hips, my long slim legs, and my manhood lying neat against my balls.

And I looked at Master looking at me; he could not take his eyes off me; up and down my body, his gaze went again and again.

He breathed hard and said, "Turn around."

I turned and showed him my whipped back and my pert round buttocks, the backs of my thighs, smooth and taut. And I almost fainted when he spoke.

"Tonight, I will whip your thighs, the backs of your thighs only. Not too hard, Marcus, only enough to raise small welts, for you really are too tender and delicious to treat like a horse or a beaten dog. For you, and only for you, my strapping will be as tender as a lover's kiss."

"Oh Master, you are so erotic to say such things to me. Please do it now. I am trembling for you. I will faint with anticipation!"

I heard him get up from the couch and come up behind me. He took hold of my slim shoulders in his strong hands and held me. I felt his lips touch my neck and I fainted. I fell back into his arms and swooned; he held me to his chest.

He said, "I want to make this evening last for a long, long time. I have much work to do with my soldiers tomorrow and I may not see you again for a while, Marcus."

When his hand stroked down my chest and touched my stomach, I almost fell to the floor in my faint of pleasure.

He breathed against my neck, his lips now at my ear. "I want to play with you all night. I want to take you into my world. I want to share my world with you, but you can only come into my world if I train you—for you cannot come with me without it. How can I know for sure you are the one I am looking for? How can I be sure you will endure me? My desires? I am afraid to break you too soon and I will lose you. So long, I've searched for the right boy and I am afraid of losing you. So, we must go slowly, step by step. Only then can I judge your response and know if you are the right one for me."

"I am, Master, I am. I am the one you have been looking for. I know it in my heart and my soul and my body. My body is willing to do anything you command of it. I give my body to you for I want it this way. I need it this way. I want you to command me!" I fainted and fell at his feet, put my head down, and bowed low. "I am yours, Master, all yours. Use me, train me, teach me, despoil me!"

"Marcus, I can never despoil you. Stay on your knees with your head bowed to the floor and let me think." He turned away and I heard him pacing up and down.

I kept on my knees and bowed my head as he wished, as I wished. Up and down before me, he paced; I heard his sandals hard on the stone floor. I did not look up.

He said, "Stay down!" The command was so strong in his voice.

"Yes, Master."

Up and down, he went again and he sighed aloud. "I do not know what to do with you! I have never had a boy like you before. I want to break every bone in your body, just so I can make you helpless and heal you myself. Just so I can lift you up in my arms and lay your broken body on my bed and wrap you in my bandages. Just so I can take you to the ends of your endurance. The end of my endurance! Oh, Marcus, you are sorely testing me. Such beauty, such flawlessness, such willing submission; you make my head spin with desire, just as I do to you. I could kill you so easily; so easily and yet no. I want you impaled on my cock but I will not give it to you yet. You must prove yourself worthy of my love and my discipline, for I do believe now—you are taking me to a place I have never been before. Stand up."

I lifted my head; I showed him my tears for he had made me cry. I knew then I was in love with him, and just to hear his commands was

enough to make me weep with joy. I stood up on trembling legs, my heart beating so fast that I could feel it in my throat.

"Stand in your pose," he ordered me.

I moved as he wanted me and stood in my pose, my hands again loosely behind my back, one hip slightly pushed to the side.

Again, he appraised me. He said, "I can see why he kept you out of the sun; your skin, so pale, contrasts so beautifully with your dark pubic hair. Marcus, have your penis stand erect for me now."

"Please, Master, I do not know how as I fear I have upset you. I don't know how to make it erect on command." I wanted to cry for my failure to come erect.

He paced up and down, and said, "Yes, you are not ready for this, but I want to see you hard. So, we must start again as it is my duty to teach you, to arouse you, to show the way. This means it is time to bind your wrists again and tie you to the ring. Time now for your strapping. This will make you very stiff, very hard, and I want you to ejaculate for me on my touch; though my overall aim over the coming days is for you to come without my ever having to touch you. I want you to come erect on my command, and ejaculate on my command. Do you understand this?"

"No, Master, but I am willing to learn, desperate to learn, to do your will."

He again was making me tremble, his very words that he could teach me to ejaculate on his command alone thrilled me.

"You will learn."

He took both my wrists in a single hand and took me to the ring for binding. I held out my wrists for him—waiting, shivering—as he went to the chest for his twine. Coming back to me, he tied my wrists together and pulled me forward. He lifted my arms to the ring, tied the twine to the ring, and left me hanging.

He stood at my side and studied me, my face, my eyes; he lifted my chin with a finger and lightly kissed me, but not a lover's kiss, a light touch only. He said, "Are you excited now?"

"I feel strange, Master, calm, but ready for your strap."

"And your sexual pleasure? For your member is still flaccid. What do I have to do to you to make it stiff?"

"Master...I think your strap with harden it."

"Yes, that is what I wanted to hear."

He released my chin and went to fetch his belt strap; I heard him snap it, testing its strength. It was a fine thin leather, and doubled over; it

gave a firm yet light sting to my flesh, flesh that was willing. Already, I felt the thrill filling my flaccid cock; soon, I would be erect and my Master would be pleased with me.

"Are you ready, Marcus? I will brand only your thighs tonight."

"So ready, Master, so ready."

My heart thrashed as he stepped behind me, to my left side, and laid a swift quick snap below my buttocks, to the top of my left leg. I cried out! I could not stop it, so tender there and it hurt so much. I sobbed, gasped, cried, "More!"

He whipped me three more times across the backs of my legs. The strokes came fast and I barely had time to brace for the next. My eyes stung and watered, I moaned and sobbed, and he moved to my right side and branded me again, terrible pain this time. I slumped in my bonds and fell against the wall, I pushed out my buttocks; oh, so much I wanted to feel him lash my buttocks, and I begged him for it.

"Master, please, brand my cheeks, my arse, brand me there! I want it, I want it!"

"Yes, boy."

He gave me what I wanted, what I then craved for. Fine sweet slaps across my thrusting buttocks, again and again and again. I fell into a swoon of delight and my cock came up rigid.

"Master, I am hard! I'm hard!"

"Good boy, Marcus, you are so good, so good."

He gave me another swift branding, only this time he did it from a new angle that allowed the strap to whip up between my legs and sting my balls. I nearly died with pleasure; I almost came!

"Master! Do that again!"

"Marcus, your flesh is aflame with my brands, oh so beautiful, the red welts."

Then he did something that I was not expecting; he fell on his knees behind me and forced open my buttock cheeks with his hands, parted me wide, and lapped his tongue across my hole—again and again, he lapped at me. I felt him pushing his face deep into my arse and he moaned. He licked and lapped at my anus, making me wet, sending me blind with pleasure; I was reaching the Divine! I pushed my buttocks against his seeking lips and tongue; he licked up higher, then lower towards my tight balls, back to my hole, seeking entry and trying to plunder my anus with his tongue. I reached orgasm and spurted in great waves of ecstasy against the wall. I splashed my semen against the wall

in a long throbbing emission that would not stop.

I screamed aloud. He reached forward and took my cock in his hand and jerked my foreskin back and held me, feeling me spasm in his hand, directing my cum against the wall again. I thrust back and forward in his hand until nothing was left, until nothing was left of me. I was wasted, out of my mind with his gifts of pleasure. So controlled to spurt for his pleasure, I wanted my body to be his.

So intense, I began to cry, to weep with the sheer emotion he flooded me with. I cried and cried and he came to his feet and untied me, let me down into his embrace, and lifted me up into his arms and carried me to the couch, my hero, my soldier, my commander, my Master...

He laid me out on the couch, this time on my back, and lifted up my legs so I could not feel the leather of the couch rubbing against the backs of my whipped thighs. I lay here breathing deeply and weeping, loving him beyond all things. I looked up at him; gazed at him, fell into his eyes.

He lowered to my side and stroked my face. "My Marcus, my Marcus; you must be the one, you must be! When you took my strap against your balls—it was that strap that made you ejaculate and this is what I want you to do. I will torture your balls and I will discipline your anus, for these are my desires. It must be this way to reach the Divine; to discipline those parts of your body that must never been seen or touched. The most intimate parts of your body, Marcus, do you understand? I demand full obedience and compliance when I discipline your anus. Your testicles. Will you do this for me?"

"My body is yours, Master."

This was all I could say for I was depleted, sated, fallen into a state of bliss. My limbs were languid and I could barely form my words to speak. He was so intense! My Master, so intense. And he allowed me to return his caress as I reached out and touched his face but lightly. He took my hand and kissed it, held my fingers to his lips a moment. Only a moment.

He released me and stood up, and then, I saw his huge erection tenting from under his tunic: would he show it to me?

I begged him, "Master, please show it to me, please. I beg you."

"No Marcus, it is not yet time. Soon it will be time, but not tonight."

But all I wanted was his cock, his cum filling me. I begged him again. "Let me touch you, Master, let me touch it. I swear it to you; let me touch your naked cock, please, please..."

"I love you when you beg," he said. "But it is enough for tonight, and you will not ask this of me again. You are angering me now. And yet still, you are dangerously making your way into my heart. I do not know if this is good for us."

And still he stood with his erection only inches from my face, thrusting up from under his tunic, always unseen! I looked up into his eyes; he looked so handsome, different, and he was hard, though lowering now, and his breath was rapid.

He came and kissed my cheek, and said, "This session is over. I may not see you for a while—I am very busy tomorrow. So wait for me, Marcus. And my parting orders are these: do not touch yourself. Do not ejaculate without my permission. You may kiss with Lucan, but nothing more. No touching, no ejaculations, for either of you. You will not touch him—not his cock, or his anus, or his balls. He may not touch you. You may kiss him and nothing else. Do you understand my orders?"

"Master, I do."

"Good."

He said nothing more, and went to gather his sword from the table. He went out without a backward glance. He did not look at me. He did not say goodbye. He only closed the door on me. And I wondered if I had done something wrong, something to displease him. Did I ask too much of him when I begged to see his member? Had I somehow ruined his path to the Divine? Surely, I must have. And I sat for a long time, alone, waiting for Nodus to come and lead me back to my room.

So it was that my Master went away for too long. I fell into despair. Each day I sat with Nodus and Lucan in the garden, and the old man allowed me a few moments in the sun to brown but not enough to spoil my pale skin.

I played with Lucan at exercises, and he taught me to throw and catch the giant ball. I began to be happy again, playing with Lucan. He chased me around the fountains in the garden, caught me and kissed me behind the trees. But we both obeyed Master's orders and did not touch each other's bodies. We bathed together, and Lucan's kisses became very intense—he dived his tongue deep into my mouth. He said if he could not fuck me with his cock, he would fuck my mouth with his tongue. And so he did and I enjoyed him. Nodus stayed close to us at all times,

to see that we did not fall to masturbation. We were both forbidden to masturbate, to ejaculate. And I became very frustrated, but controlled my desires with thoughts of Master's commands. I thought of him every day and prayed to his household gods every night for his swift return; for now my body was beginning to ache for his touch, his discipline, and his whip. At night, alone in my bed, I tried to imagine what he was doing now, tried to imagine what he would do to me when he came home again...I could not wait!

One day—six days since Master had been gone—I went out to lie in the sun for a little while in the garden. Nodus sat nearby and Lucan sat playing his hands in the fountain. I lay out on my stomach on a towel in the sun, closed my eyes, and dreamed of Master's probing fingers. As I dreamed, I felt a shadow fall over me. I turned and there he was, my handsome Master, dressed in his beautiful gleaming armour and standing over me and blocking my sunlight.

He said, "So I find you sun-burning your fine skin. Marcus, get up and go and sit in the shade."

I jumped up at once, bowed to him, and said, "Master! Welcome home, I am so glad to see you."

"Go and sit in the shade."

He stood back and I went to sit next to Nodus in the shade. Here I stared at my Master, for he was stunning in his polished cuirass and belted skirt, sword at his hip, his helmet under his arm—I died to look at him like this! But there was a darkness about him now.

He marched to come and stand before me. He said, "Come to me tonight after your bath, in the playroom. Be ready for something very special tonight. Tonight you will need strength, courage, and trust. I have waited long for this night and now I am ready, so you must be ready for me, Marcus."

So he said, and he turned and marched away.

I sat with my heart in my mouth, excited beyond my wildest dreams, trembling. I looked at Nodus.

He said to me, "I think, Marcus, if you can endure what Antonius will do to you tonight, you will be his forever."

I shivered again and looked over at Lucan. Still he sat by the fountain, watching me, saying nothing with a look of sorrow on his face.

And it was agony to wait for the evening to come—agony! The day seemed to drag and crawl as slow as a snail trying to make its way up a tall terracotta pot. Nodus brought me some early supper as he said I

would need my strength for tonight's session with Master Antonius. I could barely eat—too excited, too nervous, too thrilled...

I went to my bath. I was alone tonight; no Lucan. I bathed well and Nodus ran the strigil with extra care and attention over my entire body. He oiled my skin, dressed me in my loincloth, and draped me in robes. He brushed my hair and laid it over my left shoulder to fall over my left breast. I took deep breaths to still my thrashing heart, and Nodus led me again to Master's playroom. I went inside.

I was alone. I looked around the room and saw the furniture had been moved—the long padded table now sat with its head under the ring on the wall. I saw at once that I was to lie on the table, my head towards the wall, so Master could lift my arms up to the ring overhead.

My heart began to race even faster and I sat on the couch and tried to calm myself. The lamps were already alight in their bowls and the room smelled of some sweet flowered fragrance. There was wine and water in pitchers on the table before the couch, and more fresh fruit—grapes, dates, and figs—in a large bowl near the pitchers. I ate a few grapes; I drank some water, for I would not help myself to Master's wine without permission.

So long it took for him to come that I almost began to cry. And yet he did come; I stood for him and bowed low. Tonight, he was wearing a short tunic over the top of his kilt, a light leather belt, sandals on his feet, and a cloak around his shoulders that he took off and flung onto the couch.

He said to me, "Sit down, boy."

I sat. I waited.

He sat with me again like before, on the opposite end of the couch and asked me to pour us both wine. I did so, with my hand shaking.

He said, "You are nervous, I see."

"I am, Master."

"You can call me 'sir' sometimes too, not just 'master' all the time."

"Yes, Master, sir..."

He was quiet for a long time and drank his wine; I sipped mine.

He sighed, got up, and again went and stood at the window, his back to me.

After a while, when I knew something was wrong and still with his back to me he said, "I will be staying home for a few days, Marcus. I will work during the day, but my nights are free for a while."

His voice sounded sad.

I said, "Yes, sir. Master?"

"Yes, Marcus."

"Is something wrong? I fear I hear it in your voice."

He said, "Caesar is going on campaign; he will be gone a long time, I fear. I wished to go with him on campaign, but I was not chosen to go this time. He said he would take me next time on his Britannia campaign, only this time he is going to fight the Gauls. And I am not to go, but stay in Rome and oversee logistic matters. I did not want this!"

He lost his temper, turned and sat down again opposite me. He tried to calm himself as we drank more wine. I did not understand his life outside of this villa. I knew nothing of Rome's army or our Caesar's campaigns, but that my Master knew our Caesar was enough to thrill me.

And I dared to ask him, "Master, sir, are you a centurion?"

"No, I am a Tribune and I should be with Caesar now." He stopped, stared at me, and said, "And yet, if I was with him, I could not be with you. Sometimes, I wish for you more."

This confession of his made me blush.

He told me, "On campaign, my desires are not met, save only in the youths I can call to my tent and yet, when they see the size of my cock, they run away!"

He laughed then, and I did not know if he was jesting with me or not.

He went on, "I saw Lucan today. I told him I will not sell him. I will keep him for a while at least, until I know for certain that you are the one I have been looking for."

He stood up and began his pacing again. He said as he paced, "Even though Lucan refused my discipline and my strap, I keep him for his skill at taking my fully erect member. He has value to me for that, and yet, I do not wish to sell him; he deserves better. So, Marcus, what I will do to you tonight will determine, for certain, if you are the one. And if so, I will need to re-evaluate Lucan's role in my life. For it seems to me now that you will be able to endure me and my needs. Do you think I speak with accuracy on this matter?"

He stopped and stared at me for an answer as if I were one of his soldiers.

I wanted him so much; I stood up, then fell on my knees before him. I said, "Master, I think you speak with great accuracy. I think you know me now, and I think you know I am the one. You need only give me this one test tonight. I swear to you, sir, I will endure all that you give me."

He smiled and put a hand on my head, stroking my hair.

He said, "Stand up and disrobe."

At once, I did so, and stripped to my bare flesh and took my pose for him unasked.

He smiled and said, "Now give me an erection, fully hard and rigid. I want to see how much I excite you."

His order excited me. I closed my eyes and thought of all the things that he had done to me. I went back to my first day here with him, with his long fingers probing deep into my open anus. I thought of it all and began to rise for him. I opened my eyes and saw him sitting again on the couch and staring at me with delight. He eyed my stiffening member, and the more I displayed it to him, the harder I became. I delighted at exposing myself to him; my heart slammed fast for I had passed his first test, to come erect on his command, and it thrilled me.

I delighted myself and Master could see this.

"That is excellent, Marcus, excellent. Lucan cannot do that. And neither could my other boys, save Allectus, who I thought for a while might be the one I searched for. But he did not endure what I will do to you tonight. I tried it with him, but he failed the test. They all failed."

"I will not, Master, I will not."

He got up again, poured some water, and gave it to me. "Drink the full glass; you will need your strength now. And I do not want you begging me for water in the middle of it, so drink it all."

I drank all the water with my hand shaking, and when I was finished, he took the glass from me.

He said, "Go and lie down on the table; spread your legs to each corner and be still."

I did so; I laid down on my back on the padded table and opened my legs, my cock still stiff. I put my ankles at each corner. I breathed deeply, trying to control my emotions, my own desires. Again, my Master went to his chest and this time, knelt to the bottom drawer and took out a large box; he told me to close my eyes. I did. I heard him taking things from the box, moving things here and there.

He came to me and began tying on a blindfold, telling me as he did, "Tonight, you will see nothing. You will only feel and hear. I want you to concentrate on feeling. But you will see nothing from now on, not until I take the blindfold off. Tonight, Marcus, you are nothing but a body for me to control. I will give you feelings, but no sight. You are my body, fully mine to do with as I wish. Submit totally, surrender and abandon

yourself to my control, and I swear to you, you will know bliss tonight. You will go to the Divine and you will give me all your trust. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I am fully your body."

He tied the blindfold tight enough so I could not open my eyelids under the material. It did not hurt and I was not afraid, only excited. I breathed hard. Master went away again. I heard him take something else.

I knew nothing! All I knew were sounds. He came back to my side; I could sense him there beside me. He picked up my head, opened my mouth, and inserted a small gag—a ball to hold open my mouth, but not enough to stretch my jaws wide; only enough to gag my words. He tied it at the back of my neck and put my head down again.

He said, "If you want me to stop everything and take you down, you will grunt three times. One grunt for yes, two grunts for no, and three grunts to stop everything and release you from bondage. Do you understand, Marcus?"

I gave one grunt through my gag for yes. So now I could not speak. He took away my senses so that I was only a body that grunted, and yet still I was not afraid. I grew even more excited and willing.

Next, he bound my wrists and tied them to the ring above my head. As I lay still, I could feel my heart beating so hard it shook my body. I listened to his movements, his breathing; his own breathing was faster but not as fast as mine. I heard him take something else. He came and tied what felt like a light rope around one ankle, my left, and he lifted up my leg high, so that it was pulled back towards my head, opening me. He tied the rope to the ring. I could hear him doing this, his breathing more controlled now; he did the same with my right ankle: my legs pulled up and back towards my head, I was fully open and exposed to his view. Again, this excited me and my cock throbbed and leaked wetly against my stomach.

I was fully trussed up and bound, blindfolded and gagged. I breathed hard through my nose and I began to sweat. This was hard to endure, and I lay still and tried to relax.

I listened, and heard him go again and search through his box of tools. Quiet when he found what he wanted, when he came back, and now, what was this? Soft wide strips of leather he began winding around the base of my stiff member; his touch made it jump and twitch and throb, and I moaned.

"Good boy," he said.

He bound the base of my cock. Then more. Again, with the soft wide strips of leather, he bound my testicles where they joined my body; around and around a few times, I felt only thrilling sensations of touch, wonderful sensations of being bound and controlled. He bound my balls, though not too tight, enough to separate them from my body and my cock. And yet there was more!

I shivered and moaned when I felt him fingering my balls and parting them. He used more twine, brought it up between them, and separated them from each other in my sac—he was separating my balls! I did not even know this could be done and yet he did it, gently working the twine around each one, until I could feel them pull apart, two throbbing balls, separated by soft leather twine. Again I shivered, moaned, squirmed, and breathed hard—my heart slamming, my muscles quivering, my genitals burning and throbbing; my cock separated from my balls, my balls separated from each other, my genitals in bondage to my master. My arms and legs in bondage to my master; my eyes and my mouth in bondage to him. And lying here like this, naked and exposed to his gaze, I began to feel the strangest things flooding through me: in bondage, I was free!

He said to me, his voice lower and rough with excitement, "Lie still and feel it, Marcus; let yourself feel it all, and you will fly free. Give yourself over completely to this feeling. Are you all right? Grunt to me if you wish to be released from this. One grunt for yes, two for no."

I gave two grunts. I did not want to be taken down. I shook my head no.

"Oh, good boy! Good boy, there is more to come, only one more thing. Another night we will go further; tonight though, only one more thing."

I grunted yes and nodded my head.

His voice! So deep, so filled with desire, so much mine! My body so much his and I was so free, I wanted to weep through the blindfold. And I waited and waited for this one more thing. Quiet fell for a while; I heard only his breathing, heard him take something else and then his sandals on the floor as he came and began tying something to the twine that separated my testicles. I gave away to this feeling, bound so much in bliss that I cared not for what was happening now, only that I began to feel my balls being stretched, pulling down on something heavy, stretching them from my body. I let myself feel it, his power and his

control and his needs; he needed to do this to me, he needed it so much, I would let him have it; the freedom of my body to use any way he wanted. It freed us both!

I felt my balls stretching longer, longer, and Master spoke.

"I have attached weights to the twine; the weights are hanging over the edge of the table, pulling down on your sac; do you feel it, Marcus? They are not too heavy, these weights; they are my lightest ones. I have heavier ones that I use on myself. I do not expect you to wear heavy weights on your delicate balls, but I think you can go to a heavier load later in your training. Do you feel them; do you wish it to stop?"

I grunted no.

"Good boy, now lie still and give yourself over to the whole experience; feel it all. Feel your arms. Feel your legs wide open to my eyes. Feel me gazing in love at your stretched balls, your bound cock, your open anus. I want you so much, Marcus. So much, only lie still and let me look at you for a while. Can you endure it for a while longer?"

I grunted yes, yes, yes!

I had to know that he was looking at my exposed body, my bound body. I had to feel his eyes on me, and I could! I could feel him watching me, looking at me, gazing long at my exposed anus and my stretched balls...it was all too much! I was nothing but pure sensation and feeling, and I began to fly ever higher, reaching the Divine. Master was right; I was reaching the Divine! Bliss began to flood through me, and I felt that I lay on clouds in the sky and not on the padded tabletop on the earth. Bound and trussed, I was flying free! I moaned in pleasure.

For a while, there was quiet and I heard nothing much at all until I heard my Master go and sit down. I could feel his eyes on me. I could not see him, only feel him, and this was so perfect, so perfect...my genitals were on fire...

Silence, his breathing and mine.

He said, "Do you need anything, boy? Some water?"

I grunted no.

Silence again, longer this time, where all I could feel was his eyes watching my burning balls, my bound cock. And my legs and back were beginning to ache. I was coming to the end of my endurance. Master sensed this, I think, for I heard something else. His breathing began to increase and I heard the sound of what I knew was him—he was masturbating. I could hear it; hear him working his cock in his fist, see it in my mind's eye—he was masturbating over me! This thrilled me even

more, if that was possible.

He walked closer to me. I sensed him stop at the foot of the table; I heard him working his cock faster and faster, heard him begin a long terrible moan from deep within his chest; he kept on. I began to squirm my arse at him, I tried to open my legs wider for him.

"Yes! Yes! Marcus, yes!"

And then the greatest joy of all...I felt his hot cum splash and gush over my balls, my stomach, and my anus. He gushed over me in long warm spurts, again and again. I felt his cum dribbling down to caress my hole, my so eager hole! I heard him moaning, sighing, making sounds of a man in deep pleasure; pleasure and pain in one, in his long aching groan as his great cock released its load over my burning flesh.

I moaned aloud through my gag for his pleasure, and sweated hard. I could bear no more! I grunted three times and he came at once and took out the gag.

I gasped, "Master, I love you!"

This confession came out of me unbidden. I could not control my words; he had taken me so far, I could not control my soaring passions. I loved him. I loved him...

"A moment," he said and moved away.

Quickly he dressed, and I realized that he was naked, and he would not let me see him naked. I heard him moan as he dressed, then he came to me fast and took away all my bindings. He took down my legs first, untied and freed my aching balls, my cock, my arms, and finally the blindfold. I blinked hard at him. He was dressed and I was disappointed. I so wanted to see him naked. I only lay on the table, stunned out of my mind for what he had just done to me. And I was still covered in his emission and it felt joyous to me.

I could not move, but lay still and felt all the pains in my body subsiding.

Master stood at my side, looked down at me. "You endured it, Marcus. You made me come—and for that, you will have all that you desire."

He lowered and kissed me lightly, still not enough! And he moved to my body and began to smooth his milk into my skin; he massaged it into my cock and told me to turn onto my stomach.

I could not move well, so he helped me turn. I sighed and laid still for him to finish our night, our wonderful night together. Using his spilled cum as an oil, he entered me with his fingers; he pleased my hole with

his fingers again—what I loved so much—and I thrust up to meet him. He fucked my hole with his fingers, pounding me hard up to his knuckles until I came. I flooded in a wild orgasm that blew me away to the gods! For I came without him touching my rigid cock, only working my hole with such skill. I knew he truly was a master of all things, that he had come from the gods himself. I came and came and came, and again, almost passed out from the sheer intensity of his power and command.

And when it was all truly over, he let me lay on the table in a swoon until I recovered enough to stand.

He helped me to the couch, holding me as if I was precious to him. He laid me on the couch and poured me a drink, now of wine and water. He stood to watch me drink. I was so content; I was still in my bliss-filled swoon.

He said, “My boy, you have almost convinced me you are the one I have been searching for. If you are the one, I will keep you forever. Only a few more lessons for you and I might consider mounting you. Of taking you to my bed, of being my bed-partner.”

“Maybe even your lover, sir?” I asked, a little shy to ask such a thing of such a man.

“Not that, not that, not yet. But maybe, for tonight, you sent me to paradise. Your submission is almost perfect. Your surrender, almost complete. More stretching of your balls, and I need to open your hole a little wider. Maybe tomorrow night, after our next session, I will use the green jade cock on you. I think you can take it; you open to me so well. You give your body over so willingly. Do you need this, Marcus? As much as I do?”

“I do, Master; I did not know that I did until I met you. I did not know I needed to be controlled and put in bondage. And I want it. I need it! I dream of it, I beg for it, I desire it. And you are the perfect master, for you discipline the most intimate parts of my body, those that truly need it to reach the Divine.”

“Ah, now you are beginning to understand me. Perfect master and slave. You enjoyed everything I did, did you not?”

“I did, Master; everything, even the weights. Even now, I can still feel my body on fire from it all. My balls feel wonderfully stretched and used. I cannot even know the words to speak of it. All I need to complete my submission is to lie under you and feel your great cock thrusting deep inside me; what else can I ask for?”

"One day, Marcus, one day you might feel that. Now I think you need to go and sleep. No touching yourself, no masturbation, and no ejaculation—only I can give the order for you to come. No ejaculations without my order. In the morning, have a long bath and rest all day. Goodnight."

He kissed me lightly again, and went out. My first truly deep lesson was over...

It was so hard not to touch myself as I lay in my bed, swooning still from my great experience with Master Antonius. I wanted so much to continue it on my own but I obeyed my Master's orders. I lay, feeling all of my body on fire, used, needed, wanted, branded. I felt so loved and wanted, I cried for a while and slept in bliss...

I bathed in the morning as Master said, and went out to join with Lucan in the garden. Master had gone to work in the city. Soon after breakfast, some women came to clean the house, room by room. Lucan and I stayed out of their way, though Nodus was duty bound to oversee their cleaning. Yet still he came out often into the garden to make sure Lucan and I were not up to something forbidden.

We were not; though all morning, Lucan wore a strange smile on his face that bothered me. His smile got wider and wider. He sighed often and squirmed on his back as he lay baking in the sun.

I could not bear him a moment longer and said, "Why are you smiling so much and sighing?"

"At last you ask me!" He turned to gaze at me with his deep grey eyes.

"Well, Lucan?"

"All right, I'll tell you. Master came to me last night; he took me to his bed and fucked me hard all night. He rode me like one of his horses. For the first time in two years, he had me. Oh, Marcus, how could I ever forget the size of that cock of his! He split me, filled me, even now his cum is still leaking from my hole. I am so happy, as I know now that what he told me was true; he will not sell me on, but keep me. I slept with Master last night..." Again, he gave a long deep sigh of pleasure, and I was filled with cold horror.

Master...I thought I was his only one! But then he goes again with Lucan. I felt cold, even as I sat in the sun. I felt crushed, I wanted to run

away and hide and sob. I was Master's! Only me! But of course, I was not. Lucan had been with Master for seven years. So, what was I, other than Master's plaything? His new boy? I had to do better if I was to be Master's alone. So I sat quietly in the sun, then went to the fountain and cried a little to myself, but not too much to redden my eyes for all to see how weak I was. I was so much in love with Master Antonius.

All day the women worked around the house, cleaning, and we had lunch out in the garden to keep out of their way. I was sad and jealous of Lucan. I did not talk to him at lunch and he laughed at me. In the evening, I went to my perfectly clean room to get ready for my bath; the cleaning women had done a fine job. Nodus said Master liked the house scrubbed top to bottom every month and at other times, Nodus did it himself.

I changed for my bath, as I knew Master would be home soon, and I wanted to be ready for him, all bathed and smelling oiled and clean. But all the time, I was sad. I vowed to myself that I must not show my sadness to Master. If he wanted to take other boys, such was his right to do so as master of the household, as master of us all.

Only tonight, after my bath, I was not taken to Master's playroom, but back to my own room. This made me even sadder; he did not want me. He wanted Lucan. Nodus came and told me. Told me that Master had called Lucan to the playroom tonight and that I was to stay in my own room and sleep.

I sat for a long time on my bed, combing my long hair.

What was Master doing with Lucan now? Pleasuring him, branding him, taking him to the Divine, kissing him, mounting him? I cried to myself again.

"Master Antonius," I begged. "Please, Master; love and want and need only me..."

I lay down and fell asleep; so sad, I thought I should die. I was so in love, I could not bear it...

Another two days went by without sight of my beloved Master. He took only Lucan, and Lucan walked around the garden, smug and full of himself.

I endured. And at last, he called for me. On the third night after my bath, as usual, I was taken to the playroom. Master was waiting for me. When I saw him, I burst into tears. I wanted to fall into his arms and sob on his strong chest. I knew then that I needed more from him than his discipline and his branding. I was in love with him, and this was

dangerous to him.

But he came to me as I cried; he took hold of me and held me, kissed my hair.

"Poor Marcus, you feel the loss of me deeply, that I have been using Lucan and not you. I have been testing him, to see how far he will go for me. I need to compare him to you and then, I will make my choice. You or him. He gave me a lot of pleasure over these past nights, but I have this sense that he only did it for me to keep him here. He does not enjoy it like you do. He does not submit so completely as you do, he does not abandon himself to me fully like you do. So tonight, I will give you what I gave him last night, and I will see which of you reacts the best to my needs and desires."

I sobbed, "So this is another test. And if I pass?"

"We will see."

"Master, sir, do you love him?"

He laughed. "In some way I do, for I would not have kept him all these years if I did not. He responds differently to my discipline; he reacts with anger, not like you. You react with joy and bliss, which is what I want. I do not want angry youths; I have enough of them under my command at work. But I care for him with love of a kind, more brotherly love than being in love with him. Marcus, I know you are in love with me now, but I love Lucan like a younger brother. And yet, I still need to test you, train you, and watch how you respond to my needs. Will you submit to me tonight?"

"Of course, Master, I will. You know I will. I need and crave your discipline; without it, I am nothing. With it, I am everything."

"Yes, exactly! This is exactly what I want. I want that one special boy who is everything under my command and lost and nothing without me."

He released me and poured us both wine, as he liked to do. He gave me a large glass and asked me if I had eaten well. I had not. I had been so sad today that I had not eaten much dinner.

I told him this, and he said, "That is not good. You need strength, Marcus; you know that when you submit to me, you need your strength. Then maybe I will postpone our session tonight."

"No! Master, no; I cannot wait another night. I will eat now." I took some grapes from the bowl and began to eat them as he stood and watched me.

He sat down. "Eat them all if you can, and I will make this session a

short one. Intense, but short."

So I ate the grapes and drank the wine and I felt wonderful, wonderful when he sat and watched everything I did.

"Beautiful, Marcus," he said. "It is so hard to deny myself having you. I have to discipline myself when I think of you. You are my great indulgence. My great temptation. It would be so easy to just take you to my bed, strip you, kiss you, lay you down under me, so easy to do that. But it is not enough for me. Or for you. I need to control your body and your sex, and you need me to control your body and your sex."

Then he stood up and came to me, took the wine glass from me. He said, "Marcus, even if I were to take you as my lover, to my bed and into my heart, I would still need to bind you, discipline you, command you, and brand you. Everything. I would still need to do this to you. It will not stop just because I have you as my lover. Do you understand this?"

"I understand it, sir. I do. And I do not want it to stop. I want you to love me and brand me, and do to me what you need, what I need. I want you to keep on doing it forever, with new disciplines, new methods of control, and ways to the Divine. Please, sir, I do understand."

"Oh, you are perfect, even your answers to my questions are perfect; you say exactly what I want to hear. Now it is time. Disrobe and go and lie down on your back on the table."

"Yes, sir."

Oh, my joy came at last!

To strip naked for him, to lie naked for him, to wait for him to take me to a new place. To discipline my body. I stripped naked and got up on the table, on my back, and I breathed and waited.

Tonight, he did almost the same as our last wonderful session; again, he blindfolded me, gagged me. Again, he tied up my wrists and hoisted up my ankles wide, pulling my legs open and back towards my head. Everything for him to see and use, presented for him to use at his leisure—my anus open, my cock hard, my balls willing to be stretched again. This time, he put a small pillow under my back to help brace me and keep me comfortable in this trussed up position. He moved around the room, his breathing hard again, enough for me to hear him in his growing excitement.

My growing excitement.

He again went for his twine and bound up my cock and my balls; only this time, he did not separate them. I wished that he would for I loved it so much, it felt so wonderful, even beautiful. I wanted it! I

waited for his control, felt the joy when he began tying the weights to my testicles and let the weights pull down and stretch my balls from my body—such an intense feeling flooding me as I knew, this time, the weights were a little heavier than the last.

My cock began to dance and twitch as I felt him give the weights a small push. They began to swing from over the edge of the table, tugging back and forth against my sac as they swung, and sending me delirious with pleasure. I moaned and whimpered through my gag.

“Are you all right, Marcus?” Master asked.

I grunted yes.

I only wanted more, much more!

The weights swung, and I heard Master go and sit down. “Stay like that for a while, Marcus, give yourself over to the sensations, relax and feel. Relax and feel.”

I did feel. I felt so much more than just the weights swinging my sac, stretching my balls. I felt my cock raging to come. I felt my heart thrashing, my anus gaping for Master to view. I felt my emotions soaring again in that wild sense of freedom and liberation, the awe-filled sense of being wanted, precious, my body worthy of my Master’s use.

I let him watch me, felt again his eyes on me, his breath as he took in the sight before him. I hoped and begged that he would again masturbate over me and splash me with his warm gushing cum; please! I waited for the sound of him pleasuring himself. But I heard only his breathing, and he sounded calm tonight. I felt hurt, disappointed; was I not pleasing him enough? What more could I do, how else could I submit?

“Enough now,” he said.

He came to me and I felt him untying the weights. I did not want to lose them, but Master needed more.

“I want you in a new position, boy.”

He began to untie everything; he took away the weights and the gag, but not the blindfold; he let down my arms and my legs. He sat me up; he gave me water and I drank greedily.

I rested a moment. I felt him stroke my hair and kiss my forehead. He said nothing as he had me sit on the edge of the table. He went to his toolbox and came back with something that he put in my hands.

“Feel it,” he said.

I did; I felt a long thin whip. I thought it was a horse crop, but it was softer. At one end was a large long fat knob, and at the other, a group of

squared leather strips.

"This is my crop, it is soft leather, and the strips are soft, but all together, they give a good sting. I'm going to use it on you. Marcus, will you submit to my crop?"

Now, I heard him breathe to excitement and I sensed he was erect under his kilt.

"Yes, Master, I will submit. I am willing, eager to feel your crop and your skill when you use it."

"Excellent, Marcus, excellent. Listen to me now, I want you to kneel up on the table and bend over, present to me your buttocks, open. Bend over so your head touches the table and your arse is high in the air. Part your legs wide. You must stay in this position until I tell you to move. You must not move, no matter what I do, I want you to hold this position. So I trust you to hold it without restraints. Can you do this for me?"

"Yes, Master, I can and I will."

"Good boy, now get up and bend over, head down." He led me into his position. "Up on your knees, head to the tabletop, arse high and open. Legs parted wide. Good boy, that's it! That's it!"

He was truly excited by then and so was I. I loved this position; for in it, he could see all of my genitals exposed to his gaze. My balls hanging free and lower, my cock stiff against my stomach, my hole free for him to see and use. I shivered, heart pounding, waiting to feel his crop on my buttocks. I whimpered, I could not help myself. I whimpered and moaned.

Blindfolded, I could only feel him move behind me, hear him say, "One quick sting on your left cheek."

He gave it. I arched and moaned. A quick stinging burn, beautiful! I cried out; he stung my right cheek. I felt the sting run deep inside me. I felt my head spinning, my buttock cheeks burning. Then nothing more for a moment. He went away and I moaned for his loss.

He came back and said, "Open wider, your legs. I need to see your balls hanging."

"Master, yes..." I opened wide, my balls hanging free.

"A small sting."

I thought he would sting my cheeks again, but no, he stung my swinging balls; I was not expecting this! And yet it thrilled me to even greater heights. I did not know this was even possible. My balls were on fire! He stung me there again, brought the crop up a little higher, and

slapped my balls with the square strips again and again and again. They swung. They stung and I went wild; I was coming!

He kept on slapping the squares against my balls. They drew up tight and the crop kissed my cock. Again and again and again, he kept on whipping my balls and my cock.

Desperately I cried out, "Master, I'm coming! Don't stop, please, please, don't stop!"

"Good boy, come now!"

He gave more slaps against my balls with the crop. With the final one, I exploded. I exploded and screamed as my orgasm tore up my body, wracked my body, my penis going into deep spasms that spurted my milk all over the table and my chest. It would not stop. I came and came and came, and screamed and cried.

"Antonius!" I wailed his name. I could not help myself, I was so overcome I could not control myself. "Antonius...oh Master, Master...you have killed me...divine! My Master, use me, use me..."

I fell onto the tabletop again. I could not control it, so overcome I was by his exquisite cropping of my balls and cock. I collapsed and sobbed my heart out for him.

He stroked my back as I sobbed; I felt his hand trembling as he touched me. "Yes, yes, yes, Marcus, it is exquisite, for me as it is for you. It is divine; divine. This is the great gift the gods have given us, to feel as they feel, to use our bodies to reach the Divine and spend our seed for them; this wonderful gift they themselves have given us to feel."

He stroked me. "Marcus, you have done so well, have pleased me so deeply, so profoundly. I will make you my boy above Lucan. But I need now my own release. So, one more thing, and the session and the test will be over for tonight."

He had me sit up. "Up on your knees again, one last time. Open. Present, give me your anus, it is mine."

"Yes, sir, it is yours. Use it."

He inserted the wide knob end of his crop into me, and the moment it entered me, I again began to stiffen. I knew I could come again as he worked the knob in and out of my hole. He pushed it in deep, and rubbed inside my body. He worked it back and forth, again and again, and my cock was ready for orgasm. He began to breathe hard behind me as he fucked me with his crop, faster, thrusting and twisting. I heard him using his other hand on himself, and the fat knob of the crop opened me wide. He suddenly gave his agonized cry and came. And with him, I

followed, pumping my cum in a stream over the tabletop; I cried out with him. Together we reached the Divine! And it was immense and powerful and I was his...only his...

He continued to fuck my hole with his crop, slowing down to a long in and out motion, his breathing deep and my own, a ragged pant. I let him continue to work my anus, as I knew he needed me open: for one day soon, he would enter me again, and when he did, he would use his penis and not his crop or his fingers. One day soon, he would fill me with his virile emissions that would quicken me. Then, he withdrew the crop very gently and bent to kiss and lick my hole to soothe it. He lapped me for a long time, making love to my hole, kissing it, working his tongue around the outer rim and pushing inside, tasting me, tasting the intimate flesh of me with loving kisses, caring licks and soft moans as he finished me with a final lap.

I was done. He was done. We were both spent and wasted and filled with bliss. We were both in a state of trance and love. I knew that he loved me now; I felt it in his loving kisses against my hole, for if he did not love me, why his tender probing and care of my anus after its penetration and use? Only a man who loved another man could kiss in such an intimate place with such love and care.

And when it was all over, he helped me off the table. I still wore the blindfold and I heard him dressing; only when dressed would he let me see him. The blindfold came off now; I looked into his eyes and he into mine. He took my face in his hands and kissed my forehead, my eyes, my cheeks, and nuzzled my neck, but he still would not kiss my mouth. He still would not lay me in his bed. He still would not show me himself naked or his erection. Still, he was not ready to give these things to me.

He kissed my forehead one more time. "You passed the test, and you are my boy, and not Lucan. I will discuss with him tomorrow what his future will be, for I will not sleep with him anymore, use his body, or discipline him, for he does not want it. You want it, and to you I will give it."

"Master, yes..."

"Good boy, such a good boy. Tell me if I hurt you in any way tonight, in a way you did not want."

"You didn't hurt me, sir. Not once. Everything you did, you did with care and need and love. Oh, your crop whipping my testicles was exquisite, and what you did just now, the crop inside me and your loving kisses to soothe me. Oh, Master, it was all perfect."

I fell against him, into his arms. He held me tight and I heard his heart beating as he held my head to his chest. My Antonius...my Master...my Master who would not take me to his bed, and once again, he left me standing alone in his playroom, waiting to be escorted to my room by his man servant, Nodus...

I rested for two days and saw no one other than Nodus. I began to despair again that Master had given me over in favour of Lucan—but surely not. Master himself had told me I was now his boy. I waited and tried not to feel the pain of his absence.

Then Nodus came to me on the morning of the third day and told me to dress in my town clothes. I did not understand why, and began to fear that Master was going to sell me on, take me to the salve market!

No! Please, no...

I dressed in my tunic and sandals, a light summer cloak around my shoulders. When dressed, Nodus came and escorted me to the rear gate of the garden. There outside on the road was a horse-drawn carriage and with it, up on a beautiful black stallion, fully dressed in his Tribune armour was my Master. I almost fell over in delight, for he looked so handsome, so commanding and powerful that my legs went weak.

He rode to my side and, towering over me from horseback, he said, "Marcus, we are having a day out in the countryside. Now get into the carriage and stay hidden. It would not be proper for anyone to see you as my boy. Though you may peek out from behind the curtain. Get in now, boy."

"Yes, sir!"

I ran to the carriage, wild with pleasure, and climbing inside, I stopped, for there sat Lucan, himself dressed in his town clothes and smiling with great joy.

I sat down beside him and looked at him. Nodus was our driver, and I felt the carriage pull away and down the road we went, rumbling over the rutted tracks. And I could not bear it; I had to peek out through the curtain and watch Master riding up on his horse, how he commanded the mighty beast with his thighs, his bare legs tanned from the sun. The very sight of him gave me an erection, and I wrapped my cloak around myself to hide it.

"You cannot hide it," Lucan said, and laughed. "He is so magnificent,

isn't he? Antonius, he would give any real man an erection."

I dropped the curtain and looked at him.

I said, "Lucan, what is going on? Please tell me."

He laughed, "Oh, I am so happy. Marcus, today, I am a free man! Master has freed me. He is not selling me on; he has freed me. We are going to see my new home. He is taking me there now, and lucky you, you get to come along for the ride, for you are his boy now. All his."

I almost fainted with joy—joy for Lucan, and joy for myself. I was Master's—his and his alone! And Lucan was free.

So we rode on in the beautiful sunlight, over the outer roads of Rome and into the hills; we went higher up a hillside. Lucan opened the curtain, as we were then far enough from prying eyes...there on the hillside sat a beautiful yet small villa, surrounded by olive groves.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" Lucan said. "This is my new home. I am to begin a new life as overseer of the olive groves and its workers. The man who owns the villa is a great friend of Master's, and has agreed to take me on as his overseer. I will work for my living—earn coin and be my own man. And you will come often and visit me. We will have wine and olives and lots of sexual pleasure with the man's many sons."

I laughed.

The carriage turned at the hilltop and pulled up outside of the villa. The owner came out, and Master leapt off his horse and strode in his gleaming armour to meet the man. The man's sons all greeted each other with love and kisses. Then Lucan was suddenly gone. I wanted to cry but Lucan was happy and would live a good life. I watched through the carriage window as Master took Lucan in a farewell hug. Lucan left us and went back into the villa with the owner. Master mounted his great horse, and we began again to roll along the road, down a deserted road of peace and quiet with tall trees to shade us.

Within less than a mile, Master halted us. He opened the carriage door and offered me his hand; I took it, and he lifted me out of the carriage and put me up on his horse with him. I died with pleasure, as he rode with me, his strong arm around me. I felt the power of his horse moving between my legs. We rode a short distance before he reined in, and got down again. He took me under the shade of a tall tree, and here...he kissed me. He gathered me close, kissed me long and deep and tender. My heart stopped when I felt his lips over mine and his tongue in my mouth, oh so deep. I swooned and he held me from falling.

When he broke our kiss, he took me back to the carriage and said,

"Tonight, Marcus, tonight..."

"Tonight," I answered.

He put me back in the carriage and sent me home again. Though he himself did not follow. I went home alone and prepared myself for this evening's lesson; for I knew then he would take me fully. So I waited in the greatest anticipation of my life. And I made myself as perfect as I could be. All afternoon and into the evening, I fell into a dream, for Master Antonius loved me. When he came home, it was only a short while before he called for me to come to his playroom.

I went, I ran; ran to him.

And yet, still he controlled me. Controlled himself.

As soon as I entered his playroom, he came to me. "Marcus, you are the only one left now; all of my boys are gone, save you. You are the one. Beautiful boy, my boy; please now, strip for me."

Oh, yes, I would strip for him. I made myself naked before him and waited for his commands.

"Give me an erection, Marcus; I want to see you hard and eager for my needs."

He sat down on his chair. I stood before him and gave him my erection. All he needed to do was command it, and I would give it. And when I was standing up and trembling with excitement as his eyes drank in my throbbing cock, he stood up and took off his tunic. All he wore then was his kilt, still concealing his own desperate erection from under it. But my excitement tonight was unparalleled. He came to me, seized me in his arms, and kissed me again; long and deep, deeply penetrating my mouth with his tongue before he told me to get up on the padded table. I was so aroused that I shook as I climbed up on to the table and knelt on all fours for him.

"Oh Marcus, so beautiful you are, such willingness to please me, to submit. Feel my crop."

"Yes, Master, yes, yes!"

This time, he did not blindfold me. Or gag me. Or tie me. Only I presented myself to him in the position he ordered, and I would not move from it until he told me to move. I watched him as he went for his crop, as he took it from his toolbox, as he took some oil from the bowl and oiled its length in front of me. He showed me all that he did—all, save his aching cock—that I knew he was longing to be free. But not yet...

He oiled his crop, and went and stood behind me. "Open wide,

present your buttocks and push up and open."

I obeyed. He began to rub the length of the crop gently over my hole. He did this for a while, preparing me for the sting.

I could not wait and began to squirm my arse against its oiled length. "Please, Master," I begged him. "Please sting me now, I cannot wait any more!"

"Endure it, Marcus," he said.

And he rubbed me again and again, up and down over my hole to tease me. Once or twice, he touched my aching balls with the stripped ends. Then, when I was not expecting it, he stung me with the strips—stung my balls—and I cried out with pleasure and pain and joy! "Oh, yes!"

Three more times, he whipped my balls. I was reaching the Divine, my heart slamming in my chest. I sweated and whimpered for more; always I wanted more...

Again he stung my balls, then my cock, and then up higher and he whipped my gaping hole. I almost passed out with the thrill of it; I fell forward and screamed. "Again! Master, again! There, whip my hole!"

He did it again, three more gentle whips against my open anus. "Come for me now!"

Another whip and I reached the Divine. I released a massive gushing load of streaming cum all over the tabletop, again and again and again. He grabbed my cock and milked me until I fell into a swoon, broken, used, whipped, and stinging. I fell into a trance. He lifted me off the table into his powerful arms and carried me with him to his chair. He put me on my feet before him and he whipped off his kilt and sat down, his legs open wide and there I saw him, saw it at last!

I fell on my knees before him. So overcome I fell on my knees between his parted legs and he ordered me, "Worship it. Worship my cock!"

Oh, I did, I did! Huge, upright, rigid as iron, throbbing and long, a massive cock like a pole, and more. I fell forward and buried my face against his huge dark balls, kissed them, licked them, and he cried out.

"Marcus! My love! Lick me..."

I went wild with desire and licked them, sucked them. I moved up to taste his cock for the first time. I kissed up his length, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten kisses to reach the top and then a little more. His cock-head, swollen and leaking, I slipped it into my mouth and sucked on the juices, and died and died again...

I held his cock two-handed and worked it, huge like a horse. He moaned, "Marcus, yes; yes, boy, suck it..."

But he was so big; his cock was a pole, rigid in my hand and thrusting up his chest. Worth the wait to see!

He ordered again, "Get on your knees and worship it!"

I let go and sat back and gazed at it, watched him as he worked it for me. When he could bear it no longer, he told me to open the playroom door. I ran and opened it; he got up, came to me, and lifted me up into his arms. He carried me out of the room and down the corridor. He kicked open the door to his own room, took me inside, and threw me down on his great wide bed. I had never been in his room before. I lay on his bed and gazed at him in a dream-like trance, panting, wanting him, my own cock again rigid.

I watched as he went to the bowl beside his bed, where he kept his oil for lubricating his cock and he used it now. He oiled the massive penis in his hands, stroking up his great pole before me. He got up onto the bed and rolled me onto my stomach; he was going to have me! I sobbed and whimpered and lifted open my buttocks; he fingered me for a while, diving his oiled fingers deep inside me. He sat astride my hips, his powerful thighs holding me in place under him. I felt him take hold of his member and push it down into my desperately willing anus. I felt his great cock-head go in, and I gave a cry of pain and desire, loud and wailing...

"Master, fuck me, fuck me." I pushed up to meet him.

"Marcus, oh Marcus, my beautiful boy."

He gave a long slow thrust into me, splitting me wide and diving in deep with the sheer power of his cock. He forced his way in and I felt him burrow deep inside me; he was in! In! And he began to thrust into me, powering his way inside, his balls so huge I could feel them slapping against my own. Again and again, his great member filled me so full. I knew I could not live without him filling me, stretching me, whipping me, licking me, all of the wonderful joys of the Divine that he had taught me.

I was dying of bliss as he pounded his cock into me, as he cried out. "Marcus, you are mine, my boy, mine to have and do with as I wish. I love you..."

He fell over my back, he bit my shoulder and I reached up with my arse to have him go ever deeper; he loved me! He loved me!

I cried out, "Antonius...please...please, fuck me so hard, you kill

me."

And I felt him thrust his hips, his balls against mine, his cock deep inside me, his teeth in my shoulder and my neck, his great aching moan as he orgasmed inside me, as he pulled out and sprayed over my back, long gushes of his powerful cum. I felt him splashing me again and again, heard his cry of release. I rolled over onto my back to watch him milk the last drops, to see that wonderful, huge member in his hand. At last! And I reached up for him and pulled him down over me and I kissed him. I kissed my Master, felt him push his still hard cock against my own, and feeling his huge cock commanding mine, I begged him, "Master, please let me come?"

"Come now, boy," he said. "Come now, Marcus, my perfect boy, Rome's perfect boy..."

I cried out my pleasure, threw my arms around his neck and pulled his lips to mine. "I love you, Rome's perfect Master." Intense delight flooded me as at last, on his command, I reached the Divine.



About the Author

Australian **L.A. Wilson**, author of 'In Blood Covenant' and 'Son of the Sun' at EP has been writing speculative, gothic and Arthurian fiction for fifteen years; her writings can be described as powerful and unique, a largely non-mainstream author who is highly dedicated to bringing to interested readers slightly out of the ordinary stories, especially in her Arthurian novels. "Rome's Perfect Boy" is L.A.'s first foray into hot M/M erotica, written as Alex Fox. Alex Fox hopes to bring you more M/M sizzling sex in the near future.

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Oriel stirred on the bed, hearing me, and his eyes slid half open. The flash of green was almost luminous in the darkening evening light. "Get up," I said sharply. He struggled up to a sitting position, glancing around to see where I had brought him. He rubbed the back of a hand across his face in a sleepy gesture, and I felt that strange frisson again.

"Are you recovered?" I asked, abruptly.

His eyes hooded briefly, and he nodded. He swung his legs slowly over the side of the deep mattress. "Thank you for allowing me to rest," he said, softly. "They only see your arrogance and aggression - you hide the compassion well."

"You sound like a memory-caller at the fairground stalls," I snapped. "Trite, cheap talk. Or do you expect some payment for it? You can have the lick of my whip around your shriveled balls, if you like."

He didn't flinch, a slim, half-bare figure swamped by the plump comfort of my fleeced covers. "You use crudeness to intimidate them all. To keep people away from you." His voice was a little sluggish, but still absorbing. "You're respected in your work, but they're all scared of you. They obey you without question. They accept your lies as truth."

"Lies?" My heart beat a little faster. "I prefer to call it diplomacy, fool, and you'll watch that tongue or I'll slash it off for sport and let the servants sauce it for the supper broth!"

He was shaking his head now, eyes wide. "No, not the lies of politics, of your work. I meant the lies to yourself, the lies about your love for your mother; about your loneliness; about the loss of your younger brother."

I struck him then - the slap of the blow reverberated around the room. He cried out and slid off the bed on to the floor, scrambling with hands and knees to keep his balance.

"How dare you talk about me with such familiarity!" I hissed. "Who gave you that right?"

"You did," he gasped. "You spoke to me, sir! Your sadness; your anger. I can't deny it, the connection's rarely been so strong. I didn't know not to say it."

I bent down to him, wrenching his head back again. There was a red, shining weal on his face made by my hand. His pupils were dilated again and he was panting slightly. "Is this how people connect with you, Oriel? They strike you?"

"Sometimes," he whispered. His gaze met mine, a braver resistance than any of my servants had ever shown after such a blow from me. "They do what they want. Sometimes they use me instead."

I grimaced. "Is that what the captain did? Saved you from the common soldiers only to use you himself? What kind of protection is that?"

"It's how I serve," he said. His voice was teasing at my nerves again, yet the tone was steady and almost unemotional.

"You're a ridiculous mystery, Oriel! You describe yourself as a helpless, passive victim, used by your masters, sexually and otherwise, and still following like a household dog, begging for more abuse. Yet your eyes show strength you shouldn't have ." I looked back down on them, which was perhaps my greatest mistake. But I couldn't help myself; I felt drawn into his weird, disorientated gaze. Even as I felt an unfamiliar shame at losing my temper with him, I wanted the touch again. From finding him insipid and disinteresting, I now felt the strongest flame of desire that I'd ever known, flaring suddenly to life inside me.

He drew in a deep gasp, as if he'd felt it too. I let go of his hair and forced myself upright again. For a moment I was frozen there above his kneeling form, trying to regain control over my feelings. My trousers tightened across my groin; my fingertips brushed lightly across the flat muscles of my belly, tormenting the goose bumps that sprang in response.

"Is this your magic working on me?" I groaned.

"It comes from you," he whispered. His face was level with my groin, his hands fisted gently at his sides. He dropped his eyes from mine and gazed instead at my arousal, straining against the silk cloth. "I can only respond. Let me serve you." His hands were gentle but confident as he teased down the fabric, letting my cock spring out to blessed freedom. I tried to remember when I'd last been swollen, so hotly, so swiftly.

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Lucy's fascination with a powerful cult drives her to quit her job as a newspaper reporter and infiltrate its inner sanctum. As she draws closer to the handsome and charismatic leader, becoming the object of his bizarre sexual rites, Lucy is both attracted and repelled. But most of all, she is afraid.

Can she escape with her life, or will Lucy fall deep into the grip of this mesmerizing satyr and his fanatical followers?

I allowed my thoughts of Turnquill's strength to flow like the water and mist over my body, imagining him instructing me to touch myself. The scent of lavender had been a subtle undertone when I entered the bathroom, but now grew overpowering, seeping from the steam and the soap and the walls themselves. Feeling lightheaded and aroused, I pressed a coarse and foamy loofa roughly against my skin. Lingering with the sponge, I rubbed it across my erect nipples and shivered with each abrasion. I thought of Turnquill grabbing my hair, twisting my nipples and taking the kiss that he wanted, then taking whatever else he wanted, his hands rough and brutal as the sponge. My head fell back

and my lips parted, knowing the loofa would start working against my most tender parts soon, feeling him on me, over me, and being swept away with the sensation and the lavender and the fantasy.

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Sacrifice

by Lawrence Montgomery

He has a dark side. and she wants to see it. Now she's at the mercy of a stranger who has her lover's face. What will she surrender to him as he methodically strips her body and her psyche bare? What will she have to sacrifice to get her lover back?

The room was kept at a higher temperature than the rest of the house, and she felt herself relax a bit at the comforting warmth. His hands were soft on her skin, and she moaned and closed her eyes as he stroked his fingertips up her sides, raising her arms.

There was a clink of metal, and she snapped back to reality when she realized he had clipped the cuffs on her wrists to chains that were attached to a bar, which in turn was suspended from a cable that led to a winch in the ceiling.

She gazed at the man who used to be her friend. her confidant and lover, until this dark man had surfaced and taken his body and face. He was handling his toys with practiced ease and familiarity, even love, and she shuddered at the look on his face. It was eager, hungry.

He was insane.