

# Roman Tales

by

Chilled Jill

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This was written and posted as two stories by Chilled Jill on the Visual Sensations for Women message board. The first part was the story of Blondius and the second part was the story of Hunkius. Links to the original stories are [here](#) and [here](#). I have taken the various parts and combined them into one.

There are two versions of this file. One is written in US English while the other is written in UK English. This is the US version. Those links will also get you the latest version in the event that new parts are added. This edition is as of June 3, 2011.

This is the preliminary version as I have not yet gotten a chance to thoroughly proofread it yet. I have only done a first pass reading through page 53.



## Part I

# Blondius Nudius



# Chapter 1

## Monday

### Act I

It was the first Monday of the month, the day of the monthly slave sale, and father had promised me my first slave. This was not just another for his household, but one of my choosing for my personal use. This was quite an event.

Initially, I found the selection disappointing. Oh, they were strong to be sure, but not at all attractive. They were good for heavy lifting, working in the grounds, construction and so on, but not made for indoor duties. I tried not to show my feelings, not that I need worry about upsetting the slaves for what did that matter, but because my father wanted to make this a special day for his only daughter.

“Sir,” said the trader, “is there something in particular you wish?”

My father shrugged, as he looked along the row of muscled brutes. To him, each seemed a perfect specimen, likely to work hard and last for many years.

“My daughter is choosing today my friend, and I confess the feminine mind is as much a mystery to me as the stars.”

The trader nodded sagely, and turned to me.

“Lady, is there a specific need in your mind?”

I was not about to tell him where my thoughts were heading, but felt I owed him some consideration.

“Something finer, more... delicate.”

The trader’s eyes twinkled.

“Sir,” he addressed my father, “I may have such as the lady wishes, but I cannot in all honesty claim him to be the best of my stock. I mention this only because you are a fine customer and I value my position as your preferred choice.”

“Your honesty does you credit,” said father, “But if he pleases my daughter I will pay the normal rate, and hold you blameless.”

The trader bowed and led the way through a curtain to a backroom.

On the floor was hunched a beautiful thing. A young male, blond, tanned, clad in a short gray tunic. Long arms and legs emerged from the tunic, soft skinned and half the muscles of the slaves outside. He looked up; his deep blue eyes wide open. He started to stand even before the trader clapped his hands.

As he stood, I realized how short the tunic was – barley covering half of his thighs exposing his gorgeous long legs, with soft blond hair. My heart beat a little faster. I turned to my father and nodded.

Father was a kind man, and looked indulgently at me. However, he was also an astute man.

“Shall we inspect the goods?” he said to the trader.

“But of course sir.” the trader replied.

He stepped closer to ‘Blondie’ as I had picked a name for the potential slave already. The gray tunic was a loose affair, tied over each shoulder. As Blondie stood there, the trader pulled at the knots and they came undone.

The gray tunic slid off Blondie’s shoulders and down his chest, showing his smoothness. He had two bright nipples, a flat stomach, and a little mole on his side. The tunic dropped to the floor. Disappointingly, Blondie wore a simple loincloth of the same material, but at least his legs were completely bare now. A line of soft hair led from his belly button towards the loincloth.

Father viewed him in much the way he viewed cattle. Not with any great enthusiasm either, considering him to be undersized. He looked at me quizzically. I was speculating what might be concealed beneath the loincloth, and realized Blondie was blushing.

“Can we take him father?” I asked, fluttering my eyelashes in a manner I had perfected over the years.

The trader looked doubtfully at my father, who smiled back.

“My daughter has spoken, as with her mother I know what my reply must be.”

A thought struck him.

“Is he intact?” he asked the trader.

My heart beat even faster, knowing what my father meant.

The trader frowned, “I am not sure sir. With the lady’s permission I could check.”

I tried to remain calm and dignified while a little voice in my head told me I was about to see Blondie’s manhood. Oh, how cute he looked, red cheeked and innocent, half naked and vulnerable... I nodded.

Off came the loincloth in a single movement. My eyes went straight to his penis, soft and long, hanging over smooth balls. He had a soft patch of hair round the base, the same blond as elsewhere. His nipples had stiffened, but I suspect fear moderated his manhood.

Father nodded to the trader, and they shook hands on the deal. A small woven purse passed between them and I heard the rattle of coins. However, my eyes were surveying the merchandise.

“Bought as seen.” said my father.

Oh indeed, I thought, very much seen. I could not wait to get Blondie back to our villa.

## Act II

Now fully dressed, in loincloth, tunic and sandals, Blondie was taken home. As usual, I traveled with my father in a chair carried by a number of our household slaves, the strongest ones naturally for the smoothest journey. I had Blondie walk alongside rather than behind, so I could enjoy the sight of his slender legs.

Father, being a kind natured man, had only fitted one chain around my new slave’s left wrist with the other end secured to our chair. Normally a new slave would be chained by both wrists and ankles, but father felt it unlikely we faced any real risk of Blondie escaping or indeed being stolen from us.

“I doubt even the most desperate slave rustler would consider him worth the effort,” my father had said, “There is surely little stamina in him.”

I was forced to agree, but then I was not remotely interested in whether he could lift rocks, carve wood or round up cattle. Once home, my father unchained Blondie and spoke sternly to him.

“You will consider my daughter to have my voice, you will demonstrate absolute obedience, and you will not cause offence. My fist is fair but strong. Do not give me cause to demonstrate the latter.”

Blondie bowed silently, showing a little more of his legs, and I wondered how far his tunic would ride up. I considered his outfit to be pleasing in all but material, so I took Blondie to my chambers and sent for the household wardrobe mistress. Drusillia came swiftly and stopped in amazement when she saw my purchase.

“He is young and very tender.” she commented, slowly walking around him, “How would you wish him to be dressed? I am not sure whether the usual attire...”

“No,” I interrupted her, “I want him in the same style but in less coarse material. I want the arms and legs bare as now.”

Drusillia nodded, said she had just such a garment, and hurried to her quarters to fetch it.

After my long and tiring morning, I was in need of refreshment so I sent for a serving maid with instructions to bring two goblets. She entered, bowed, filled one goblet and removed a cloth from a bowl of grapes.

“I require a drink for my servant,” I said, gesturing at Blondie. There was only the slightest pause, before the maid clearly decided it was unwise to question, and poured another drink. Blondie looked nervous and perhaps even shocked that he was allowed to drink from a goblet in my presence.

“Take it and drink.” I said, enjoying his discomfort. I could imagine exactly what was going through his mind, how a slave might be treated if caught indulging. He licked his lips gratefully after his drink, and started to look refreshed and relaxed.

Drusillia returned with some soft garments over her arm. I glanced at Blondie's dusty arms and legs and decided he needed to be washed before trying on his new clothes. I sent for two bathing maids.

Pointing to a depression in the floor, I ordered Blondie, "Take your sandals off and stand in there." Utterly obedient, he stepped barefoot into the dip, as the maids arrived with a water container.

"Wash him." I told them, as I leaned back against a low couch. Drusillia folded her arms to watch, and I saw the serving maid lean forward slightly.

That cute redness returned to Blondie's cheeks as he realized that nobody would be leaving the room. There was a second's hesitation while the bathing maids wondered why they had to wash a slave but they had more sense than to air their doubts aloud.

The first bathing maid dipped her sponge into the water bowl, while the second prepared Blondie for his washing. Expert hands unfastened the knots on his shoulders and allowed the tunic to slide down Blondie's beautiful body to the floor. He stepped out of it, looking fabulous in his smooth masculine form. He was now facing me, wearing nothing but his simple gray loincloth exposing his long arms, long smooth legs, and soft blond hair. I was very pleased with my first slave. The maid who was stripping him looked at me for guidance.

"Am I to denude him completely?" she asked. Naturally, I nodded.

She untied the loincloth and it came away easily in her hand, revealing his masculinity to the five women watching. I had seen it before, of course, but it was just as pleasing this time. He obviously felt less stressed than he had been in the sale rooms, because it was slightly larger and instead of resting on his testicles, it stood just a little away from them in a position my friend once described as *semi-erectus*.

"When a man is indulged or feeling pleased, he displays semi-erectus." she had said, "And when he is victorious, or intends to reproduce, his manhood reaches for the stars."

She had much more experience of studying males than I, for in her household disobedient slaves would have their punishment decided by her mother since her father spent too much time with his mistresses. She had told me of occasions when a male slave would be stripped during a banquet and given thirty lashes of the whip while the family enjoyed their meal.

Back to Blondie's sexual organs, I had not noticed before, but he was uncircumcised. The folds of his foreskin prevented me from a full view of the end of his penis. I decided I would have this additional view during the washing.

The wet sponge was squeezed on his bare chest and I followed the water as it trickled down his stomach and around his genitals, down his legs and onto the floor. More water followed, dampening his pubic hair, trickling down his penis, dripping off. The second maid soaked her sponge and squeezed it on his left thigh, and then his right. Soon Blondie's nakedness was dripping with water, which I found intensely pleasing.

I guessed the pleasure was shared by Blondie himself, for as he got wetter his penis became larger. Soon, it was moving away from his balls, in slightly jerky movements. As another sponge full of water was placed on his shoulders and ran down his chest, his penis was actually pointing directly at me. I had

heard other women say they found the process of male arousal unattractive, and I decided at that moment that they must be mad.

A physically attractive young man was in my room, stark naked, dripping wet, and sexually aroused, and being studied in detail by my wardrobe mistress, three female servants, and myself! Far from being offensive, it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

I circled the bath to view the rear of my slave, as the maids started to wash his back. I saw his two gorgeous firm buttocks dripping with water, streams running down his smooth back, damp soft hair on his legs. As I returned to the front, I recalled my friend's words about reaching for the stars. Blondie was erect. His penis stood firm and hard in front of me, the foreskin drawn back by the angle of erection, his testicles firm and enlarged, and the end of his penis almost glowing with arousal and desire.

What he lacked in muscles elsewhere on his body, there was nothing lacking between his legs. My slave was equipped for sex, lovingly designed for it, perfectly shaped to provide the maximum pleasure for his partner.

I wanted to know more about his genitals and sexual performance, so I decided at that moment that would become my special area of study.

### Act III

Soon, the washing was complete and a clean, naked Blondie with an impressive erection was standing before me. He was blushing so much I could almost feel the warmth of his cheeks. In fact, the room was so warm his body was drying as I watched, so I dismissed the washing maids without having him rubbed dry. Since his aroused penis was causing no offense to anyone, I felt no need to make him cover it.

"Come here." I said, beckoning to Blondie.

The beautiful nude walked gracefully to join us, penis firm and on show. I imagined his dilemma, whether to hide it or not. No doubt, he felt safer following instructions, and there had been no instruction about modesty.

Drusillia unfolded one of the garments she had produced. It was soft and smooth, a little like Blondie's skin I thought, and cream colored. Like his old outfit, it had ties at the top and would be worn like a long shirt. I guessed how far down his thighs it would finish, since I enjoyed seeing them.

"The sides are open," said Drusillia, "with ties around the waist. It will reveal a little more than the original."

I nodded approvingly, thinking that now there was no more of Blondie to reveal. I made a point of looking up and down his body, amused that I was mentally dressing him.

"For the undergarment," she continued, "I thought perhaps this?"

It was little more than a pouch with a narrow waistband, and another thin piece of material, which would presumably go between his buttocks as it was far too small to cover them. The idea that he would wear so little was pleasing.

"In due course he will need new sandals," I said, "But for now I am content

with him barefoot”

I was actually completely content with his bare buttocks and penis, but he would have to have some clothes on, if only because it would give me the pleasure of having him stripped again.

“Dress him” I said, lying down on a couch, closing my eyes and reaching for the grapes. I giggled when I heard Drusillia telling Blondie to ‘lower that’.

When I opened my eyes, all I could think was ‘what a transformation before me.’ He looked as gorgeous and well presented as any young man I had ever seen. The cool cream outfit was open at the sides so I could see his smooth skin, but tied around the waist to retain its tunic shape. I could see the waistband of his underwear and the design of the tunic meant there was an open slit at the top of his legs. It would take very little effort to raise the back of the garment to see his exposed buttocks.

I clapped my hands and Drusillia bowed graciously. I told her I admired her work and dismissed her, with instructions to make more outfits for Blondie. I had the serving maid pour two more drinks, and then dismissed her as well.

When we were alone, I handed Blondie a drink and walked slowly around him, admiring all that I could see.

“I cannot wait to show you to my friends,” I told him.

I sent for the household organizer, instructed him to make a room available for my new servant, and told Blondie he should go to his new quarters and rest.

I had an enjoyable afternoon strolling through the fruit trees with my best friend, Marianna, and talking about things of female interest. I kept my news to the very end as a surprise.

“Oh you must show him, you simply must!” she said, “How much of him have you seen?”

I told her I had seen him stripped at the sales, and then stripped and washed at home. Marianna was delighted.

“We must have a party – a new slave party!”

I felt my heartbeat a little faster at this idea, for both my parents would be away this evening.

“Is he a big boy?” she asked.

“He is quite tall, and slender built, not all muscled like the other slaves.”

“No silly, his manhood. How long is it? How large are his bollocks?”

“You shall see tonight,” I winked at her, “See who else you can bring, let’s make it an event of the year.”

Marianna giggled, “I know someone I could bring to make it an event.” She looked round and whispered a name and a description to me. My eyes widened.

“Does she...” I began, not sure how to phrase my question.

Marianna nodded, “She does, and she is highly skilled!”

Later that evening, the Celebration Hall at my house was filled with laughter, joy and food. Marianna had assembled a dozen of our mutual friends; the serving

maids had prepared an excellent buffet. Marianna's special guest, Felatina, had arrived.

Looking splendid in his new outfit, I escorted Blondie to the Celebration Hall. He was barefoot, bare armed, bare legged and what little he did wear presented no real obstacle. If he was alarmed by seeing so many females, he was well disciplined not to show it. Anyway, he had no choice. He was a slave and totally subject to my will. In the middle of the hall had been erected a frame. I saw Blondie's eyes widen as he realized it must be for him.

Felatina walked over to Blondie, eyeing him up and down. I went to join my guests, reclining on cushions on the floor.

Blondie was made to kneel under the frame and his hands were tied to the crossbar. My instructions had been very clear and not only were the bonds not overly tight, but the crossbar had been padded with linen. Blondie had a large cushion to kneel on for comfort.

"Now let's see what he has to offer," said Felatina.

Blondie was stripped of his tunic within seconds, leaving him in just the tiny pouch. The size and shape of his manhood was clearly visible. I enjoyed once again the sight of his beauty, and saw my guests were equally pleased.

There was a gentle tearing sound and the pouch came away. Exposed for twelve young women, his body reacted perfectly and within seconds, he had an erection. The delight in the room was obvious. Felatina knelt beside Blondie and looked directly at his penis.

"We are going to learn about your body," she told him, "What you look like, how you react and we will start with arousal... and orgasm."

## Act IV

Blondie had blushed several times that day, but nothing compared to his blushing now.

Felatina placed her hands on his thighs and gently eased them apart. She ran her fingers over his stiff nipples and down his firm stomach. Then she placed a hand under his balls and gently lifted them. Blondie shivered, but not because of the temperature.

Releasing his balls, she took hold of his penis between her thumb and two of her fingers. Gently she eased his foreskin forwards over the end of his penis, then softly drew it back, then forwards, then back...

Blondie's thighs tensed and I could see the pleasure in his face, despite his embarrassment. While we watched him being slowly masturbated, we handed around fruit and biscuits – this was a party after all. Blondie's eyes closed each time she moved his foreskin.

Felatina gave him a few more strokes, and then let go of his penis and started to lift and lower it using the back of her hand. I had the maid serve wine while Blondie was being played with.

Felatina moved behind him, so she was reaching round to touch him. She had one hand holding his penis again, while the other stroked his thigh and

occasionally lifted his balls.

“This is full arousal,” she told us, even though we could see perfectly well for ourselves. Her commentary was for Blondie’s embarrassment. She started the gentle strokes again, watching our reaction at seeing Blondie being pleased.

“This is the appearance he has when ready to give pleasure as well as receive it.”

She let go again, and then lifted his balls with one hand and started stroking faster with her other hand. Blondie fidgeted and tensed. She slowed down and gently squeezed the head of his penis, then rolled her hand around it, and then started the slow stroking movements again.

Blondie’s chest looked magnificent, all firm and tense. As I took some more biscuits, Felatina started some faster strokes. He made an involuntary moan, and writhed. She slowed down again, squeezed the end and let go. Blondie’s mouth was wide open and his breathing had quickened.

Felatina stood up and walked away, leaving Blondie looking confused. His penis started to lower slightly. She slowly walked all the way around the hall, and then returned to him. Kneeling behind him, she took hold of his penis once more and the slow gentle masturbation started again. With her free hand, she stroked his nipples, and then started fondling his bare buttocks.

Blondie’s hips swayed as she felt him, meaning he was now doing the work as she simply held her hand still. She gave him a playful slap on his buttocks and started to masturbate him faster.

Marianna started clapping slowly, and Felatina matched the speed with her strokes. I started clapping faster, and the masturbation speeded up. Someone behind me clapped even faster and Blondie writhed with pleasure. Felatina let go and the clapping stopped instantly.

As she did her tormenting walk around the hall again, we watched Blondie shiver with pleasure. Felatina grabbed some grapes and biscuits from the table and knelt directly in front of him to eat them. No doubt, food was the last thing on his mind, but she ate slowly and made him wait.

The masturbating started again, slowly at first then faster, then slow, and then fast. Blondie’s penis was rock hard and the end throbbed with pleasure.

Then she let go. By this time, Blondie was sweating and gasping. She smacked his buttocks again.

“This time we do not stop until you share your moment of pleasure”

She gently took hold of his manhood again. She started with slow strokes, then faster strokes, and then back to slower strokes. With each stroke, his foreskin rolled back and forth, her hand moved from the tip of his penis to the base. Up and down, back and forth, faster, faster, faster.

The clapping started again, this time matching the speed of Blondie’s pleasuring. His whole body jerked suddenly and he shivered. His pelvis jerked forwards.

WOW! In full view of everyone, a milky fluid squirted out of the end of Blondie’s penis. He twitched and writhed and more fluid sprayed forth. Felatina kept squeezing and rubbing, as though making sure she teased every last drop

out. His mouth widened, his eyes closed and his body shivered again as a smaller quantity dripped onto the floor.

She let go and stood up, and we applauded both her and Blondie. He sagged, exhausted and quite literally drained.

“Untie him.” I ordered. The serving maid freed him from his bonds, and he slumped forwards.

“Lie down and rest.” I said, smiling at my naked slave, “You are fabulous.”

Long legs and arms stretched out, wet penis resting on his stomach, a look of intense pleasure on his face, Blondie gradually relaxed.

Overall, I decided, this had been a good purchase.

## Act V

I walked over to my naked slave, taking care not to slip on the semen splashes on the floor – Felatina had made him spread his sperm over an impressive distance. I looked down at his penis, now soft and innocent, and his balls dangling between his open legs. He was quite sweaty and he had drops of semen on his body.

“Stand”, I said softly.

Blondie’s eyes met mine with a gentle, affectionate gaze. I was pleased, because although he was my slave and I expected him to be completely obedient; I did not want him to fear me.

He stood up gracefully, his penis drooping over his balls as he straightened up. I found that image as pleasing as his erection, and concluded that male anatomy had been very well designed.

“Put your hands behind your back and open your legs.”

Facing the rest of the party, Blondie did as instructed – his nudity on show to all. I noticed several girls paying particular attention to his penis, tilting their heads for a better view. Felatina came to join us and whispered an idea in my ear, which I agreed to at once.

“I would like to know more about my slave,” I told her, in a voice designed to be heard around the room. Instantly all eyes were watching.

“This is a young male,” Felatina said, not that anyone could doubt this, “Lean, healthy and virile. As we have seen, he can achieve full arousal.”

She walked slowly around Blondie, talking to her audience, and I watched in fascination as not only did he start to blush again but there was also a definite reaction from his penis.

“His penis enlarged when he prepared for the sexual event, it became hard, and it moved into a raised position. We have seen also that he produces the masculine fluid and releases this when he passes the point of maximum arousal.”

She stopped and looked straight down at Blondie’s manhood.

“To keep his body in this condition requires frequent exercise and masturbation.”

To emphasize the point, she gently held his penis and started to slide his foreskin back and forth. As we watched, he was becoming erect again.

“As you can see, he may be able to perform again very soon.”

She let go of his penis, and watching his chest and stomach I could see he was breathing more rapidly. Clearly, males enjoy sexual contact, I thought, so I decided to make sure Blondie had a lot. Felatina left his foreskin drawn back so we could see the end of his penis clearly.

I was starting to feel quite warm and a little hungry, so I clapped my hands and sent for further refreshments while I made myself comfortable on a large cushion. I was anxious to see whether Felatina’s talents were as astonishing as my friend, Marianna, claimed. If the stories were true, then a public orgasm was only the start of Blondie’s night of intimacy.

Two young serving maids arrived quickly, carrying large platters of bread with thin slices of meat and soft fruit on top. They were well trained to serve, concentrating on their task, though I did notice a number of glances at Blondie’s full frontal nudity. Since I had given him no other instructions, he was still showing his penis. I saw also that his eyes were looking at the food and it occurred to me that he might be hungry.

“Kneel in front of me,” I said to him.

Blondie walked slowly and gracefully towards me, his penis swaying, every movement of his body, every muscle visible. Keeping his hands behind his back, he lowered himself to his knees and waited. I took a small piece of bread from my own plate, and put a little meat on top. I could almost feel the desire going through Blondie’s body. I am certain his penis moved.

“Eat,” I said, waiting for him to open his mouth, and then placing the food inside.

The serving maids were confused, not only that I was allowing my slave to eat in my presence, but also that he was eating my food – and that I was feeding him! As he chewed, his eyes closed briefly meaning I think that he enjoyed the taste. I looked at his body as he swallowed, guessing where the food was traveling. It was the first time I had watched someone else eat. I fed him some more – I was enjoying this!

In view of what was to come, I decided not to feed him too much – I did not want to make him ill. At the same time, I felt proud that I had been able to find yet another way to give pleasure to a male. Felatina finished her food, and indicated to me that she was ready to continue.

“That is all for now.” I told Blondie, looking into his beautiful eyes, “You have another duty to perform.”

He bowed his head and stood up, his penis swinging just inches away from me. All eyes were on his manhood as he joined Felatina in the center of the room. I decided to allow the serving maids to stay and watch.

“You will now confirm your status and your obedience to each guest in turn,” said Felatina. She glanced at me, “Have you chosen a name for him?”

“Blondie,” I told her, “In fact ‘Blondius Nudius’ – but I like Blondie”

Felatina nodded and said, “Cover your maleness with both hands. And bow

your head”

Blondie instantly clasped his hands in front of his penis, hiding it for the first time since she had stripped him, and lowered his head.

“When you are asked your name, you will look up, bare your manhood, and tell us your name is Blondie and that you serve your lady Jill.”

She beckoned to one of the serving maids, who obediently went to join her, and instructed her to ask the slave his name.

“Who are you?” she asked obediently.

Blondie raised his head and uncovered his semi-erect penis for the maid. “My name is Blondie and I serve my lady Jill”

There were giggles from the audience, all except the maids who were trained not to show emotions. However, this did not stop her looking at his penis and testicles. Felatina ordered him to cover up. I sent the next maid over. She too asked the question and was rewarded with a full frontal. Blondie was blushing – incredibly, despite everything, Felatina had found another way to embarrass him.

For the next few minutes, she had Blondie stand in front of each of us in turn, waiting to be asked a question. Repeatedly, he had to cover his manhood, uncover it, tell us his name, and cover up again... All the time he was in that halfway stage of being semi-erect.

When it was my turn, I decided to tease him. Instead of asking the question, I told him to turn around. I admired his gorgeous firm buttocks while I made him wait. I sipped some wine, ate a little bread. I made him wait some more. I blew gently so he could feel a cool breath on his back. I kept him waiting.

“Turn around.” I watched his gorgeous long legs as he turned his pelvis towards me, and then I said, “Kneel.” This surprised him, but he obeyed.

“What is your name?”

He looked directly into my eyes as he bared his masculinity.

“My name is Blondie and I serve my lady Jill. I serve you.”

I looked down at his erect penis...

## Act VI

After a few moments of enjoying his arousal, I told him to return to Felatina. He stood before her, trying to cover as much of his erection as he could. I decided the serving maids had overstayed their welcome and dismissed them, telling them to clear away the leftover food.

Meanwhile, Felatina was assembling a collection of articles on a table. My friend Marianna leaned towards me and whispered, “This is the pleasure part.”

The side of the frame where Blondie had ejaculated earlier sloped backwards, and now I understood why. He was told to lie back against the slope, and then Felatina made him expose himself again so she could tie his hands above his head to the frame. I would have thought by now he was so used to nudity it

would not bother him, but sure enough there was a little reddening of his cheeks. We all moved closer, to get a better view.

“Every item here gives pleasure to the male,” said Felatina, gesturing to the table, “And with your assistance I will demonstrate. But first, Blondie, drink”

She held a small bottle to his lips while he swallowed about half. It looked a little like lemon juice but clearly he liked the taste.

“This juice enhances male sexuality. It hardens the penis and delays the ejaculation. These enhance the pleasure for the woman. And for the man...” she looked at Blondie’s erection, “For the man it increases sensitivity many, many times.”

Already I could detect a change in his breathing, and his penis was stiffening even more. It seemed to be fast acting juice, or he was getting some benefit from the anticipation.

“Item one,” Felatina announced, holding up a cane with a piece of soft furry material on the end, “for the nipples”

As we watched, she started to caress Blondie’s nipples with the soft fur. His mouth was open and he was licking his dry lips, as she kept the gentle rubbing motion going. Both his nipples were rock hard and she alternated between them.

“Marianna, would you take over?”

Marianna took the fur-cane from Felatina, keeping the rubbing going. Blondie made a few little moaning noises and his penis was now pointing towards the ceiling.

“Item two, for the thighs” said Felatina, holding another cane with a marble tip, roughly the width of two fingers. She rested the marble on his right leg, and then started making caressing movements on the sensitive inside of his thigh. Blondie shivered.

“The marble is cold against the skin; the shape allows gentle stroking on very precise areas. Alicia?”

Alicia joined her and took over the pleasure giving marble cane, using it to stroke the inside of both thighs in turn. Blondie was very definitely feeling the pleasure.

“Item three is for the feet, so we should secure them.”

When his ankles were tied to the frame, making sure his legs were open, she picked up item three – a long feather. This was given to Elena to use, with an instruction not to tickle but just to stroke.

Blondie’s feet, thighs and nipples were all being stimulated now – and at the same time. He writhed with pleasure. Felatina stood opposite the frame, directly in front of his wide open legs.

“And now for his penis,” she announced.

Item four was a cane with a loop at the end. As we watched, she reached out and looped it over Blondie’s erection. Unable to move, he could only lie there as she moved it slowly up and down his penis. He moaned and shivered as the intense pleasuring continued. Sara was invited to take over the penis loop and needed very little instruction in its use.

I joined Felatina and stood in front of Blondie, making sure he could see that I was enjoying his sexual experience. His body tensed and I thought he was going to orgasm again. He strained forward, but his bonds kept him in place and the moment passed without an ejaculation. And the pleasuring went on.

“How long does this last?” I asked.

“It depends how strong the male is and how much juice he drinks. I have seen it all over in a quarter of an hour. But I have also known some young males last for nearly three hours.”

I looked at Blondie’s beautiful body and wondered...

After about five minutes, it was clear the volunteers were becoming tired, and I was starting to feel tired myself. I decided to bring the evening to a close, thanking Felatina for her entertainment.

As the guests departed, everyone agreed it had been a memorable night, most of all for Blondie himself. Felatina untied him, and he sank to his knees with a very impressive erection standing proudly in front of him. I decided to take him back to my room to sleep.

We were alone. I reclined on my bed while Blondie lay on some cushions staring at the ceiling. I had given him permission. From time to time I would glance over, checking whether his penis had started to reduce in size. It remained as stiff as a statue, standing firmly between his legs.

I decided not to dress him, there was no point wearing a tunic which would be lifted by his penis anyway. And as I reflected on a very enjoyable day, I was amused to hear gentle sleeping sighs from nearby.



## Chapter 2

# Tuesday

### Act VII

Blondie was dreaming contentedly. They were dreams of playing in the fields, the lovely warm air, smelling freshly baked bread, and splashing about in the pond. He felt so relaxed, his body felt good.

I looked down at my naked slave, with his soft penis. He gave contented little sighs, as his body moved slightly. He looked so calm and restful. I wondered what he was dreaming of.

Drusillia, the wardrobe mistress, was standing next to me. The attractive curves of Blondie's body appealed to her, and presented something nice to clothe. Two bathing maids stood in the doorway. I took a sponge from them and dipped it in the water. Being careful not to let the water drip on him, I held the sponge in the air. Then I dropped it with perfect accuracy on his penis.

With a little yelp, like a puppy, he was awake, startled and looking around in confusion.

“Wash him and dress him, and then send him to the breakfast balcony”

On the balcony outside, the sun shone. I could hear the birds and the sound of slaves toiling in the fields and orchards. I sat opposite my mother, eating grapefruit.

“Father indulged me a little, for I know the slave was not the kind he would have chosen.”

“Your father is a kind man, but with no understanding of women. So when do I see this slave?”

“I am having him washed and dressed, and then he is to come here.”

Presently, the maid bowed and announced the arrival of Blondie. Clean and fresh, he walked out into the sunlight. He emerged tall, handsome, looking as bright as the day. He wore a dark blue tunic, with a tasseled edge, which stopped above his knees. His legs and feet were bare. He stood respectfully before us, his arms behind his back and his head bowed.

Mother looked at him doubtfully and I started to feel worried. Did she

disapprove? Would my Blondie be sent away? She clapped her hands and told him to step forward.

Eyes fixed on the bread and grapefruit, Blondie stepped closer. I could almost feel his craving for the food as I looked at his gorgeous legs.

“Unclothe” said mother.

Lifting his tunic over his head, he revealed matching dark blue underwear in a v-shape, so that his soft pubic hair was visible. We looked at this, and his nipples, and his stomach as he carefully placed the expensive material on a chair. His soft eyes looked at me for reassurance.

I smiled back at him and nodded my head towards his underwear.

He slid the v-shape down, his penis unfurled and hung over his scrotum. He gulped as we looked at his sexual organs. He then carefully stepped out of his underwear, placing it on top of the tunic.

“Cover it” I said, pointing to his penis, and he placed his hands in front of himself.

“Very pretty” said mother, ordering him to kneel.

Naked, but covering as much as he could, Blondie knelt in front of us. Mother picked up a slice of grapefruit and held it out to him. He opened his mouth and gracefully took the fruit with his teeth, chewing delicately. I looked at his thighs as I held out a small piece of bread.

We spent an enjoyable quarter of an hour feeding this beautiful male. Halfway through his breakfast, his nipples showed that he was feeling aroused, and although he did his best to keep his modesty, the increasing size of his penis was noticeable.

“Spread your legs and uncover it,” I said.

Easing his thighs apart, and resting the palms of his hands on them, Blondie exposed his penis. It rose to an erection, foreskin drawn back. He looked nervous, but we continued with the feeding.

“Have you had him sexed?” asked mother, when breakfast was finished.

Blondie darted a look at her and blushed.

“Sexed?” I asked, “Well, Felatina manipulated him last night.”

“Did she? Then I am surprised this poor young stallion is not sore and walking with a limp.”

Blondie’s jaw dropped slightly and he turned even redder.

“But that is just a party trick. If you intend to keep him you should have him properly sexed.”

She was saying I could keep him! How wonderful. I was intrigued by what ‘properly sexed’ meant and could not wait to find out...

## Act VIII

On the day of his 'sexing' Blondie was taken away early. I spent the morning trying on dresses and wondering how he was being treated. I hoped they would be kind.

After a light meal, we assembled in the fruit garden in the early afternoon. A number of our family members had been invited. This was an important event in Blondie's life, and was to be shared with those close. It was pleasing to see my cousins again. They were a few years younger than me but starting the transformation from girls to young women. It was also appropriate to ensure all the household maids were in attendance.

The ceremony was being conducted by Ettia, who I was informed was an expert in sexing.

She clapped her hands for silence and all eyes were on the lawned area.

"Blondie awaits your pleasure," she said to me.

I waved my hand in agreement, keen to see him.

With a rattle of chains, my slave walked slowly into the center of the lawn. It took me a few moments to take in the transformation. He wore blue make up around his eyes and had a metal collar round his neck, with two bars protruding to each side. His wrists were clamped into rings on the end of these bars so he could not lower his arms. It was I suppose a symbolic depiction of surrender.

His ankles were chained together to prevent him running. Blue paint was streaked on his thighs. He was naked. Round his waist was a leather belt, pulled tight enough not to slip down. A chain ran from the back of the belt, between his legs, and was wrapped twice around his penis, holding it in a downward position, even though it was clearly enlarged. There was a bruise on his upper arm. I looked into his eyes, those beautiful eyes. For the first time, I saw sadness and pain in them. A tear ran down his cheek.

I saw a look of stunned amazement on mother's face. She looked at me and shook her head, "This is not..."

I stood up angrily.

"Stop!"

Ettia looked startled.

"What is it?"

"Release him, get those off him!" I was hot with rage, "I will not have him treated this way!"

Ettia spread her arms wide.

"This is necessary for his sexing."

"Then I will NOT have him sexed."

I marched over to my startled Blondie and started unfastening his belt. Ettia tried to pull me away, which was a very bad idea. I had never seriously hit anyone before, it was not considered suitable to my status. But she had hurt my Blondie...

Spitting blood from her mouth, Ettia staggered to her feet, brushing soil from her gown.

After removing the belt, I unwrapped the chains from his penis. Oh, how I adored that penis. By now my fury had convinced one of Ettia's assistants to unfasten that hateful thing from around his neck and the chains from his ankles.

To my left, Ettia was cowering from my mother and trying to make a hurried exit.

"If I see you again, I will have your eyes put out! From behind"

I took Blondie's hand and led him back to the house. Once in my rooms, I did the unthinkable. I apologized to my slave.

"I am your slave, mistress, I have no rights."

"You are my slave, my plaything, my human toy. And ever since I was a girl, I have always looked after my toys."

I made him lie on the floor, while I found a sponge and a bowl of water. Kneeling beside him, I started to wash the paint off his thighs, those lovely thighs. I squeezed water onto his legs and put the sponge aside, using my hands to rub his skin. He was warm and smooth and firm. He was so soothing to the touch. I ran my hands up his chest and then wiped the blue make up away from his eyes, and saw a look of... I am not sure what was in his expression but I liked it.

His penis was standing proudly between his legs. I looked at it and smiled.

"There is a little paint on that too. Do not move."

Offering no resistance, he put his arms above his head in submission. Wetting my hand with the sponge, I rested my palm on his manhood. It was the first time I had actually touched it. It was warm, smooth, solid. And most of all, it was his.

"It might take a little time to get it off," I said, stroking gently. I felt him growing in my hand with each stroke. He was enjoying this. And so was I. I could feel Blondie gently moving his pelvis as I stroked his manhood, doing half the work for me.

I moved my lips closer to his face and blew on his nose. He licked his lips and his body tensed. I leaned closer and rested my lips on his. His were warm and moist as we pressed our mouths together. He tasted so good. He tasted of summer days, of the need for bodily contact. He tasted of man.

Our lips were locked together and we just enjoyed the sensation. My hand was gliding up and down his penis, it felt harder and harder and harder. The more I stroked, the more Blondie sucked at my mouth.

I felt his mouth tense and open wider. He seemed to be mouthing a word, but there was no sound.

Then I felt his orgasm. His penis throbbed and his pelvis thrust into my palm. As I held him, I felt the fluid surge inside his penis, forcing its way into the open. A rush of warm liquid squirted through my fingers and sprayed all the way up his chest, a few droplets landing on his neck.

I kept gently easing my hand up and down his shaft, feeling more warm fluid

on my fingers. Blondie's love juice! Everywhere! And I had made it happen.

When I looked into his eyes, I finally understood what they were saying to me.

So I kissed him.



## Part II

# Hunkius Nudius



# Chapter 3

## Act I

I awoke early on a glorious day. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, a lovely cool breeze drifted across my bed.

There was a knock at the door and I invited the person in. My slave, Blondie, entered. He was stripped to the waist so I could enjoy his soft, smooth bare chest and wore a little white loincloth, which showed his lovely long legs to perfection. He was carrying a bowl of oats and warm milk for my breakfast.

“I am so tired,” I told him, for I had been to a party to celebrate a friend’s birthday the night before.

I stretched my arms above my head, and eased myself up a little on my pillows. I told Blondie to feed me. Bowing his head, he knelt on my bed.

“Take that off,” I said casually.

He stood up and placed the bowl on one side, and then I watched as he untied the loincloth and let it slip to the floor. His penis was long and soft, hanging in front of him and resting on his balls. He knelt close to me, so it was within my reach, and picked up the bowl. I savored each mouthful of oats, occasionally moving my head a little further away so he had to lean closer to reach my mouth with the spoon. As he did so, his penis naturally dangled a little closer.

I sucked the oats from the spoon slowly and gently, making eye contact with Blondie as I licked my lips. I watched his penis and to my delight saw it starting to grow. After the first couple of minutes, it was still mostly soft, but definitely a little longer and a little wider. It was starting to respond. By the time the bowl was half-empty, I had teased him to a semi erection. The end of his penis was pointing towards me. As he reached towards me with the spoon, I reached out a hand and gently lifted his balls. They were cool and responsive to my touch, making his semi erect penis harden and point upwards. His nipples stood out on his bare chest.

By the time the last mouthful of breakfast passed my lips, I had a completely erect and very aroused male slave on my bed.

“Thank you,” I said smiling at him, “Now you can take the bowl back to the kitchen and tell Cara I enjoyed it.”

With a rock hard penis, Blondie stood up and reached for his loincloth.

“No, no,” I teased, “you can go as you are. Tell her I have given permission for you to have oats and milk for breakfast as well. When she looks at that, she will understand why.”

Stark naked, erect and blushing, Blondie left the room. I giggled when I imagined him presenting himself to Cara. Of course, like most of our female servants, she had seen Blondie naked before. In fact, some of them may have never seen him with clothes on. I did not think he had ever been that erect in front of her before.

I left my bed and dressed quickly, smiling at Blondie’s discarded loincloth on the floor.

Later that morning I was out in the fields, taking a stroll with my best friend Marianna.

“You didn’t?” she laughed.

“I did and then I sent him back to the kitchen like that, without his loincloth. Cara had made a very nice breakfast so that was her reward.”

“Poor Blondie.”

We both collapsed in girly giggles, imagining the scene.

“I love to see him blush, it is not easy to think of new ways to embarrass him but that does not stop me from trying. He is beautiful.”

Marianna nodded. Having previously helped to pleasure Blondie, and witnessed him ejaculating, she definitely agreed.

“What is he doing today?” she asked.

“Well, I was told that to keep him healthy he needed regular exercise and frequent masturbation. Mother is looking after him this morning.”

At that moment, back at the house, Blondie was being “kept healthy”. Mother was lying on a low couch on the veranda having her fingernails and toenails manicured by the daughter of one of her friends. Directly in their line of vision was Blondie.

He was completely naked and full-frontal, lifting bricks in each hand, toning his arm and chest muscles. The young woman tending to mother’s nails were studying his semi-erect penis in detail.

“It is time for your pelvic exercise.” mother told him. She was very fond of Blondie, and tended to regard him more as a pet than a slave. He was always attentive and showed her the utmost respect. He found my father quite intimidating and had no intention of causing offence to anyone in the household.

Blondie obediently placed the bricks on the floor and stepped forward. One of my friends had designed an ingenious little device for Blondie to use. For some reason, my slave inspired affection from all my friends.

Blondie knelt beside the “pelvic exerciser” which was a strong piece of quite thin wood secured to the floor and pointing upwards, rather like a flagpole. Holes had been made in this ‘pole’ at various heights, each one lined with linen. To the untrained eye, it might have passed for some kind of musical instrument.

“Number three,” said mother.

Hole number three was the most comfortable for Blondie, being roughly level with his hips when he knelt down. As both women watched, he shuffled closer to the device and slid his penis through hole number three and out the other side. In effect, it was rather like having a wooden finger and thumb grip his penis.

I am told there was some giggling from mother’s surprised visitor as Blondie started rocking his pelvis back and forth, rubbing his penis against the linen lined hole. Soon his semi erection had hardened into a full erection.

“All the way.” smiled mother indulgently, watching firm muscles flexing before her.

Watched by two women, Blondie was having sex with the wooden device. That last instruction meant he was not allowed to stop until he ejaculated.

Meanwhile, I was still laughing with Marianna as we neared the brow of the hill. The field on the other side of the hill belonged to our neighbor, Dassius – a curious man. Polite and courteous to his own class, the very model of a charming man, he was ruthless and brutal when it came to his slaves. Now, my father was tough and firm with our slaves, but never cruel. Punishment was given only when deserved and was often verbal rather than physical. Dassius, on the other hand, seemed to delight in creating fear, prolonging that fear, and then making every effort to ensure that the fear was warranted. Many times, I have heard of things I cannot bear to relate, and often have hoped he would meet some terrible fate of his own.

On this wonderful day, such thoughts were far from my mind, until we heard the scream. It was a man’s scream. We ran the final few yards to the hilltop to see what was happening.

## Act II

At the far side of the field, half a dozen slaves belonging to Dassius were building a stonewall, using heavy rocks. They wore simple sackcloth material and their ankles were chained. Three cruel overseers with whips stood by, urging them to greater effort.

One of the slaves was on the ground, writhing in agony with an arm and leg twisted under him and several rocks on top of him from a partially collapsed section of wall. Two slaves lifted the rocks from him and one of the overseers examined the injured man with unnecessary cruelty, causing further yelps of pain. I watched in horror as another overseer pulled the slave up roughly, and then let him fall to the floor screaming again as his injured leg would not support him.

The third marched over, exchanged a few comments with the other two, then laughed and savagely kicked the injured man directly where he had the most pain. I started forward and felt Marianne’s hand on my arm, holding me back.

“Put him down,” said the one who kicked him, turning coldly away.

It took me a second or two to understand what he meant. As one of the overseers drew his sword, I shook off Marianne’s restraint and ran forward.

“Stop!” I cried, trying to copy the air of command in my father’s voice. I do not think I succeeded, but it had the desired effect.

The overseer bowed and lowered the sword. Although he did not work for us, he recognized someone of the superior class.

“My lady?”

“What are you doing?” I demanded, trying to keep any trace of fear out of my voice.

“That one is injured,” he said, poking the injured man with his foot, “When a slave cannot work, he is no longer of value so has to be put down.”

I looked down at the trembling slave. He was dirty, his eyes told of his suffering and I wondered whether the overseer was right. Then I realized how young he was, how strong his body was, how healthy he seemed – despite his injury. How good looking he was. He was in his early twenties I guessed, was this how his life would end? What had he known of pleasure, of human kindness?

“How much?” I asked on impulse.

The overseer blinked.

“My lady?”

“I want to buy him. How much?”

The other two overseers laughed. I looked at them coldly, copying the expression my mother used when she felt she was being overcharged in the marketplace. They closed their mouth instantly.

“He is worth nothing, my lady, not even burial. We will kill him and add him to the rubbish heap.”

I produced a silver coin.

“Then I will buy him with this. Give this to Dassius so there can be no dispute over property.”

In stunned silence, the overseer took my coin and sheathed his sword.

“As you wish, my lady.”

Losing interest in me and my purchase, the overseers returned to the business of having the wall repaired. I knelt beside my acquisition. He shuddered and I placed my hand gently on his head, careful not to move him or cause any pain.

“Do not worry, I will not hurt you. Everything is going to be all right.”

I turned to Marianne, who was staring at me.

“Quick, go back to the house and fetch two slaves and something to carry him on.”

On the veranda, Blondie was still gently rubbing his penis through hole number three. Mother had made him stop and start his pelvic exercises several times to prolong his pleasure and her enjoyment of it. Her visitor had finished the nail manicure and both of them sat watching my young slave’s exertions.

Mother smiled and leaned forward to assess Blondie’s state of arousal. His penis was extremely hard and his balls throbbing.

“I think you are ready,” she said, “Continue to the end now.”

With fewer but longer thrusts, Blondie performed his sexual routine under their watchful eyes. His thighs and buttocks tensed suddenly, his jaw widened and he made a little groan as he ejaculated. The milky liquid erupted from the end of his penis and squirted into the air. Again and again, as he pumped his balls empty. His little audience clapped appreciatively and laughed, and then mother told him to have a lie down and relax.

“What is happening over there?” she asked, looking across the garden.

Blondie, still naked, wet penis resting on his thigh, sat upright and half turned to see where she was pointing.

“It is my lady Jill...” he breathed.

“And she seems to have something with her.” added mother.

“Gently,” I said to the two muscular slaves carrying the injured man on the makeshift stretcher, “Put him down here.”

With tenderness unexpected from such tough men, they lowered the stretcher onto the veranda and stepped back.

“What have you been up to?” asked mother, looking down at the dirty and pathetic figure on the floor.

“He is hurt,” I said briefly, “Will you help me with him?”

Mother sighed.

## Act III

Moaning through gritted teeth, the injured man shifted uncomfortably, desperately trying to find a less painful position. I stroked his head gently.

Mother was instantly prepared. She turned to her manicurist.

“Lavella, would you go and fetch the physician Pattus please? Tell him it is most urgent, and simply that there is an injured man.”

Lavella nodded and ran from the veranda. Blondie, totally nude and his penis swaying bowed to me.

“What may I do to help?”

“Go and fetch two bathing maids and plenty of clean linen,” said mother.

With no thought for his own nakedness, Blondie ran into the house.

“You are not angry with me for bringing him here?” I asked mother.

“Priorities, my girl,” she replied, “let’s cross one bridge at a time.”

By the time Lavella returned with the puffing and wheezing old physician Pattus, we had water, sponges, wine and various other essentials ready. Mariana stood with the two bathing maids, while I held the slave’s good hand and stroked his brow.

Pattus looked down at the victim.

“A slave?” he said incredulously.

Mother sniffed and gave him a cold stare. The old man nodded and knelt to examine him.

“He needs something to bite on, this will hurt.”

I took a decorative comb from my hair and offered it. Pattus nodded.

“Bite on this.” he told the slave, pushing the comb between his teeth.

Pattus was professional and, although not cruel, examined the damaged arm and leg without any great concern for the effect on the slave – who gripped my hand and chomped on the comb, unable to stop the occasional suppressed moan.

“They are both broken, and in more than one place.”

“Can you mend them?” I asked.

“It is not customary to bother with a slave...” he began, and then thought better of it and patted me on the head.

He had been treating our family ailments for as long as I could remember and had a tendency to forget I was no longer the little child who cried in his surgery. Normally I found Pattus’ pats irritating, but today the old man was a reassuring presence.

“Can we clean his arm and leg, and then I can bind his injuries. And work my magic, my child?”

“Can you treat his pain first?” I asked.

Pattus smiled and reached into his bag. He produced a small bottle.

“Five drops of this into a cup of wine will help.”

I supported my patient’s head as Pattus poured the treated wine into his mouth. Within minutes, his breathing slowed and he seemed to be drifting into sleep.

I kept hold of his good hand as the bathing maids quickly washed the injured and twisted limbs. Occasionally if they pressed too hard, he would stir and moan slightly, but gently rubbing his nose and lips seemed to sooth him.

“Right, I need some linen and a bowl of water. And add this entire bottle to the water.”

He handed mother another bottle while she called for Blondie.

I am not sure what thoughts crossed Pattus’ mind when Blondie came from the house, stark naked and carrying lengths of linen. Or what he made of the wooden device in the middle of the veranda. Or indeed the little glistening droplets on the floor. Fortunately, like mother, his mind was on priorities.

Taking the linen strips from Blondie, he proceeded to soak them in the solution in the bowl. Then he started wrapping them around the patient’s arm and leg. For the first time, I noticed how nice my patient’s legs were. Strong thighs, firm calves.

Mother turned to Blondie and told him he may go to his room and dress. I took a long look at his bare bottom as he walked away.

After a while, Pattus stood up and admired his handiwork.

“With rest and care, and regular visits from me, that should heal nicely. But he must not use them until I say, or the damage may become permanent.”

“Do let me know your fee,” said mother, “and thank you.” Pattus bowed.

“Consider it a gift my lady. Oh, but you might mention to your husband how much I value his patronage.”

Mother nodded wisely and Pattus left us.

“So,” she said, turning to me, “would you care to explain?”

I gave her a brief account of my adventure that morning, finishing with a plea for her to allow me to keep this new purchase.

“That is for your father to decide,” she said, “But he looks capable of hard work even in his present condition. Leave your father to me. By the time I have finished with him, he will think it was his idea. Now, I think you should finish cleaning this one up. I do not want dirt brought indoors”

I sent for Drusillia, the household wardrobe mistress, to help with the painless removal of the slave’s sackcloth garment. She understood the manufacture of clothing so would know how best to remove it.

“I will slit here and here, and here.” she said, making small cuts with her specially designed knife.

Both sides of his rough garment gaped open, revealing dirty skin beneath. A few more careful cuts and she had reduced it to two separate pieces, one on top and one underneath him.

“Does he have a name?” asked Drusillia, starting to lift the rough material.

As she bared his upper body, I looked down at the broad shoulders, well-defined pecs, mud caked hairy chest, cute little nipples half hidden by his hair, the firm stomach and cute little navel.

“I will make him a brother to Blondie,” I said, feeling suitably inspired by the gorgeous, battered, bruised and wounded masculinity before me, “Hunkius Nudius. Hunky.”

Drusillia smiled, “Very suitable”

She lifted the garment off completely and my eyes widened.

“What is that?” I asked.

We both looked in astonishment, resting between two strong thighs was Hunky’s exposed penis and his large firm balls. It was not just the sight of his sexual organs that made us gasp. Although perfectly proportioned, his penis was not abnormally large. At both the base and the end of his penis there were tight metal rings joined to each other by a short length of wire.

Drusillia shook her head sadly and Marianna blinked.

“It is designed to prevent pleasure and make self enjoyment painful,” explained Marianna.

I looked at the beautiful, if filthy, male sleeping on the floor. I found it incredible that anyone could be so cruel to deny a young man such a basic and simple pleasure.

“Well he is mine now.” I said, “So that is totally unnecessary. How do we get it off?”

## Act IV

Dazed and drugged, Hunky looked up with bleary eyes. He was trying to say something but the medicines were too strong.

“Do not be afraid,” I said softly, stroking his eyebrows, “I will not let anyone harm you. You belong to me now.”

I clapped my hands at the bathing maids and gestured for them to wash Hunky’s body.

“Gently...” I warned them.

They bowed and knelt beside the naked hunk, starting to rub his upper body with the wet sponges. As they wiped away the dirt, I marveled at the physical differences between my two slaves. Blondie was soft, smooth, and delicate, whereas this one was tougher, stronger, hairy and generally more rugged. Clearly, this is what happens to a man when he is forced into hard physical work, I thought.

I looked down at his penis as they washed his stomach, wondering how to get that hateful metalwork off it. I wanted to compare him with Blondie in every way I could think of, and the penile restraint was going to get in the way.

I asked Drusillia to design some clothing for him that could be put on and taken off easily, without needing to disturb his bandaged limbs too much. I assured her she did not need to worry too much about covering his upper body or his legs.

I was fascinated that the treated linen had hardened and provided a protective covering, rather I thought like a tortoise’s shell. Our physician may be old and a little eccentric, but he knew what he was doing.

The bathing maids had finished washing his front, and cleaned as much of his penis as they could in the circumstances. Goodness, what a difference. He was bruised and a little scarred, but oh what a beautiful specimen. I would be proud to display him at a party.

Marianna’s eyes traced every hair, every muscle, every scar, and every curve of his body. She caught my eye and we both giggled.

“He is cute,” she decided, nodding.

“Are we to wash his back?” asked one of the maids.

I nodded and for a few moments, we all thought of the best way to move him.

Marianna fetched a clean piece of linen and laid it on the ground next to him. The idea being to roll him gently onto his front, making sure the pressure was taken by his good side.

“We are going to turn you over,” I told the sleepy boy, with drooping eyelids. He nodded but I do not think he understood.

Slowly and gently, we eased him onto his side and lowered him onto the clean sheet, face downwards. He moaned as we adjusted his injured limbs but we did all we could to keep his pain to a minimum. I looked at his lovely strong shoulders, his cute firm buttocks and his long legs. How could anyone harm him?

“He has a little blessing,” smiled Marianna, pointing.

On his lower back, near his buttocks, he had a small round ‘birthmark’. I thought at first it was simply a dirty mark, but as the bathing maids rubbed his skin with the wet sponges it was clearly not going to wipe away.

I gathered up the tattered remnants of the garment he had been wearing and sent for Blondie. He ran to the veranda, keen to obey as always. He was bare chested and wore one of his black loincloths. He knew I liked those, because of how they emphasized his bare thighs.

“Take this and destroy it,” I said.

Blondie bowed and gathered up the dismal sackcloth. Before he left the veranda, Marianna stopped him.

“It is a shame I missed your exercises, they seem to be helping you develop nicely. Perhaps I can watch tomorrow?” she hinted naughtily.

“What a good idea Marianna.” I said, “You could have breakfast as well. Do you like oats with warm milk?”

I suppressed a giggle as Blondie blushed and bowed, and then went on his way.

Now my new slave was clean and respectable, we rolled him carefully back onto the stretcher with another nice clean piece of linen under him. This movement was clearly less painful as he hardly reacted. As his penis swung during the moving process, I wondered again about the metal restraint.

“Jill?” said a stern voice from the doorway, “what is going on?”

I looked up quickly.

“Father!” I cried, running over to hug him. That was a trick I learned as a child, he could never be angry after a hug.

“Your mother tells me you have been shopping?”

I nodded, fluttering my eyelashes at him.

“I found a good slave at a very reasonable price and only a little... damaged.”

Father lifted me to one side and advanced towards the naked hunk on the stretcher.

“Someone appears to have wrapped him for you,” he said drily, “Well, parts of him”

Marianna smiled; she liked my father. He was a big, tough man on the outside but she knew as well as I did that his grumpy exterior hid a heart of gold.

“How much?” he asked.

I hesitated. He raised an eyebrow. That was my father’s way of telling me

to come clean, so I told him.

He rubbed his chin and looked down at Hunky.

“Seems fairly strong, assuming he heals.”

“He will father, Pattus says...”

“Pattus? Oh, so we have had the physician as well have we? And all in this in one morning. I cannot let you out of my sight can I?”

“May I keep him father, please? Please? And I need your help.”

“My help? What with?”

I pointed to the penile restraint.

“Cruel and unnecessary,” agreed father, “That can go.”

He gave some instructions to the bathing maids and dismissed them. A few moments later, one of father’s maintenance workers joined us, escorted by Blondie. Hunky looked up, his eyes widened. With his good leg, he tried to push himself away. I grabbed his shoulders – wow, they felt nice – and pinned him down.

“What is wrong?” I asked.

Groggily, he pointed at the advancing man carrying a mallet and a chisel. Then he nodded towards his penis. There was a look of sheer terror in his eyes and I understood.

“No, no, it is all right, there is nothing to fear. We are not going to castrate you. I like my slaves fully functioning.”

He looked doubtful and there was a look of pleading in his eyes.

“It is true,” said Marianne, thinking fast, “Blondie, come here.”

Blondie walked over to her, puzzled. She took hold of his loincloth and untied it, pulling it off in her hand. His long penis dangled over his balls, and she lifted it with her free hand, exposing his balls. Immediately he started to stiffen.

Hunky nodded slowly, and then nervously rested his head on the stretcher and hoped for the best. Meanwhile, Blondie had turned bright red. Marianna giggled and let go of his penis, handing his loincloth back to him.

I watched in admiration as the highly skilled maintenance worker tapped the metal rings firmly but carefully, and then pulled them apart. Hunky glanced down at his liberated penis, looked gratefully at me – and passed out.

## Act V

For protection from the sun, and not for modesty, I covered the sleeping hunk with a cool sheet. I contemplated a shave and a haircut for him – the maids had already washed his hair – but then I thought I quite liked him a little “scruffy”. He still looked young and boyish, despite his very masculine physique, but the stubble on his face made him look as though he was not fully “tamed”. For some reason, that appealed to me.

I decided, after all my exertions, to have a little sleep. Marianna offered to

keep an eye on Hunky, so I went for a lie down on my bed.

The rest of the household bustled along in its usual way. Mother was planning a banquet with the most senior of the household servants, Drusillia was busy in her clothes-making workroom, and father was enjoying the sun and talking to Marianna.

“Will you let her keep him?” Marianna asked, pointing to the sleepy hunk.

Father chuckled.

“Oh my dear, you have the strange idea that I am in charge in my villa do you? There are two women in my life. Both of whom confuse me, agitate me, and drive me to distraction, they are unfathomable and impossible and... I love them both too dearly to refuse them anything. If this fellow can amuse and delight my daughter in the same way as that Blond fool does, then so be it.”

Marianna smiled at the reference to Blondie.

“I am told he will need some care.” continued Father, “Is that something you could assist with?”

Marianna nodded enthusiastically.

“Yes of course, I would love to.”

“Excellent. When he wakes up, he will be told the conditions on which he may remain. You must report to me if he breaks them, so I can see what is to be done.”

Marianna looked at Hunky, thinking he was in no state to do anything other than obey.

Following my afternoon nap, I found myself reclining on my bed and enjoying a gentle breeze. I heard soft footsteps in the corridor and a gentle tap. I knew those sounds so well, and I invited Blondie in.

In just his black loincloth, he stood before me with his head bowed. My eyes wandered around his lovely bare chest and exquisite legs.

“Is something wrong?” I asked.

“Have I displeased you mistress? Am I at fault? I am truly sorry and will do all I can to redeem myself.”

I was confused. Blondie dropped to his knees.

“Displeased me? I do not think you are capable of displeasing me. You served breakfast well, you amused mother and Lavella, you helped with Hunky, and you let Marianna handle you. Why should I be displeased?”

“You have a new slave...” he began slowly, and I started to see where this was going, “Is this because you do not want me?”

I stood up and walked over to him, telling him to stand. His blue eyes looked into mine, full of deep meaning. I placed my hands on his shoulders and let him see that I was admiring his chest.

“You are my first slave, you were a gift from my father, and therefore you are incredibly precious to me. Turn around.”

He turned and I kept my hands on his body, feeling his smoothness and

warmness. I ran one hand gently down his spine and felt him shiver.

“You are obedient, respectful, and beautiful. Turn around.”

There was a tell tale bulge now as he turned to face me. I reached down and started untying his loincloth.

“And you are magnificently virile.”

I let the loincloth fall to the floor and made sure he saw my smile as I looked from his face, to his chest, to his flat stomach, to his groin, and down his legs. I let my stare linger on his semi erect penis, amused as my glance made it stiffen.

I gently placed my hand under his balls and lifted them, rolling them carefully between my fingers. He now had a superb erection, the end throbbing with pleasure.

“And I know all your secrets, including which is the most sensitive part of your body.”

With my free hand, I gently rubbed his left nipple. Then I shook my head. I ran a finger round his right nipple. Again, I shook my head. I could feel his scrotum tightening in my hand.

“Now let me think... oh yes...”

I looped my finger and thumb around the base of his penis, sliding them upwards. I rested my thumb on the underside, just below the head and looked into his eyes. Blondie was showing all the signs of intense pleasure I knew so well.

“Just here...”

I started to massage that very precise spot and felt him shiver again.

“So you see, you are not going anywhere. I will simply have two of these to play with”

I let go.

“Now get dressed. You can have some more of that later – if you are a good boy! Now I think Mother will need some help in the conservatory, so off you go.”

Promising complete obedience to my will, Blondie refastened his loincloth and hurried off.

I strolled out onto the veranda to find Drusillia talking to Marianna and my father. Hunky was awake, propped up on a low wall, and looking bright eyed. He was bare chested, beautifully clean, and had a low slung green garment on. It was rather like a roughly finished skirt, but not in the least feminine. Drusillia had very cleverly made it look like a simple garment a rugged hunk might drag on after washing. But it was good, comfortable material and I was pleased with the effect. It was fastened down one side, and not too tight around the waist – relying mostly on his hips to hold it up.

His injured limbs were supported by some simple cushions which I recognized as coming from Blondie’s room. Apparently, shortly before calling upon Mother in the conservatory, Blondie had offered the cushions for Hunky’s comfort.

As I approached, I saw Hunky look up and show signs of intending to stand. I placed a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“Rest yourself, I need you to heal quickly.”

Hunky nodded and bowed his head instead.

“Thank you, my lady.”

Father approached him, and I knew he was going to deliver his stern warning.

“This is my daughter,” he said. “You will not harm her, you will obey her without question – or you will answer to me. And that you will not enjoy. Do you understand?”

Hunky nodded and bowed his head, firstly to my father and then to me. Father gave him a curious look, and I wondered whether he was thinking the same as I. His responses were respectful and obedient, rather than fearful. He had a sense of pride, despite his enslavement, and his keen eyes spoke of intelligence.

“Is there anything you want to ask?” continued Father.

“Master,” began Hunky, in a calm and level voice, “I thank you and all in your household. I do not understand what has happened today, but I am grateful for it.”

Father nodded. “Then ensure your gratitude is reflected in deeds as well as words and you will lead a long and happy life in my daughter’s service.”

Rubbing his chin thoughtfully, Father turned and headed into the villa. I complimented Drusillia on her work and she too left us.

Marianna and I sat back and admired the results of our morning expedition. What a transformation, I thought, wondering how soft his body hair was and determining to find out. I thought back to Blondie in my room and wondered whether Hunky was as sensitive in the same place.

Having already seen him naked, I was very keen to explore him further, when he was well enough of course. But then, maybe it could help his recovery.

The evening was approaching so I sent for two slaves to help Hunky back onto the stretcher and bring him into the villa, suggesting he be placed in one of the spare beds in my room so we could care for him during the night.

As I walked to the dining room for a drink of wine, I passed the door to the conservatory. Mother and two of her friends were enjoying wine and gossip amongst the potted plants and I saw Blondie serving food to them. He was wearing a single large leaf in front of his pelvis, fastened to a piece of string tied around his waist, and nothing else. How curious, I thought with a smile, that he is only allowed to carry one item of food from the far table at a time, and has to keep walking back and forth.

I wondered how long the leaf would remain in place before one of the ladies decided it was ‘autumn.’

## Act VI

I sipped the last of my wine and turned to Marianna, telling her of Blondie’s insecurity earlier.

“Silly thing,” she sighed, “what did you do about it?”

“Stripped him, praised him and made him hard. Then I rubbed him in his special place.”

Marianna almost spat out her wine laughing.

“That seems to take their minds off everything doesn’t it! I wonder if Hunky responds in the same way...”

We both giggled about that.

“Shall we go and check on him?” I suggested.

Before going to my room, we went to say goodnight to Mother. We could hear her guests chattering and laughing as we approached the conservatory, but when we entered, there was no sign of Blondie. As I kissed Mother, I saw a leaf tied to a piece of string hanging from one of the plants. In the corner, face down on a rug was Blondie. He was completely naked, fast asleep, cute, adorable, obviously tired from all the day’s events. Mother followed my gaze.

“He can sleep there. It is warm and comfortable for him.”

I nodded and took Marianna to my room. Inside, Hunky was also asleep – having been given another dose of medicine. I had two guest beds prepared, one for him and one for Marianna. Hers was cool, elegant, and soft, like mine. Hunky’s was what I call a “man bed”. A little firmer, with bed linen that was warmer and simpler – but as Marianna pointed out, it was probably the most luxury he had ever experienced.

He had the cover pulled only to his waist, leaving his beautiful hairy chest exposed. He looked so calm, so peaceful that it was almost impossible to believe the extent of his trials that day. Only the injured arm acted as a reminder, for his legs were covered.

“Is he warm enough?” asked Marianna.

I leaned closer and rested the back of my hand on his chest. He felt lovely and warm to me. I asked Marianna for her opinion, so she rested her hand on the other side of his chest. She looked up and nodded. We decided it was not necessary to cover his chest and made for our own beds. I yawned and realized how tired I was.

When I awoke, I could hear the sound of a spoon in a bowl. I quickly gestured for Marianna to join me in my bed, and we both had big smiles on our faces as I told Blondie to enter. He was wearing just a white loincloth, his gorgeous chest, arms and legs on show. He seemed surprised to find Marianna next to me.

“Kneel on the bed, between us,” I instructed.

Obediently, Blondie knelt in the middle of my bed with one of us on each side. This was his first duty of the day, and he was blushing already. I slid one hand onto his nearest thigh and gestured for Marianna to do the same.

“We are hungry,” I told him.

Working purely from instinct, Blondie scooped some breakfast on to the spoon and offered it to me, then some more for her. Watching our faces closely to make sure he was doing the right things, Blondie slowly fed both of us as we gently massaged his thighs. His nipples were rock hard and there was an impressive bulge in his loincloth. No wonder people say that breakfast is the most important meal of the day.

Unable to resist, I started untying his loincloth. He looked at me with wide eyes, as though surprised that I intended to unclothe him. As the loincloth came away in my hands, his penis jerked upwards – standing proud and erect for us as we resumed the thigh massage.

By the time the bowl was empty, Blondie’s penis was pointing upwards, his tight scrotum had gripped his balls and he was bright red in both cheeks. He put the empty bowl to one side and sat back on his haunches, enjoying the moment. I glanced across at the bed opposite. Hunky was still fast asleep.

“Would you help me check his health?” I asked Marianna, winking.

She nodded and watched as I gently placed my fingers on one of Blondie’s balls. I rolled it softly and gently, watching the pleasure in his face. Marianna lifted his other ball, and did the same with that. Then I stroked my finger along one side of his penis, the full length from the base to the throbbing end and back. Again, Marianna copied. We managed to vary our strokes so that while my finger was moving towards the glans, hers was moving towards his testicles, and vice versa. Blondie shivered with pleasure.

“I think that is enough for now,” I smiled, and we stopped teasing him. I handed him his loincloth and told him to dress and go back to the kitchen with the empty bowl.

“And now,” I said to Marianna, “for the other one.”

We went behind wooden screens, for modesty, and changed into some day clothes. Then we walked over to the sleepy hunk in the other bed. I gently slid the cover all the way down the bed, leaving him in his green ‘man skirt’ as I thought of it. He looked so peaceful it seemed a pity to wake him. The cushions were carefully supporting his injured limbs, so he did not seem to be in any immediate need of care. We moved chairs over to the side of his bed, and sat there to watch him.

It was a good opportunity to familiarize ourselves with his physique. His hairy chest rose and fell as he breathed slowly and evenly. His mouth occasionally opened and closed. He had little pulses in his neck, and his “adam’s apple” was more visible than Blondie’s. I wondered how different his testicles would feel and how his erection would compare.

There was a little cough from Hunky, which made his stomach tense. His eyes opened slowly and he blinked several times. I could see he was taking in his surroundings.

“Good morning,” I said quietly.

He turned his head, saw us looking at him and did his best to nod his head to us. He swallowed hard and managed a quiet “Good morning” in reply.

We watched him look down at himself, bare chest, two wrapped limbs and I could see realization dawning. He did not seem shy about being bare chested and I wondered if he remembered being naked yesterday, but thought it unlikely as he had been heavily drugged. Oh well, I thought, there is plenty of time for him to get used to that.

“How does your arm and leg feel today?” Marianna asked him.

He looked down at the bound limbs, and then looked at her, slightly puzzled.

“Strange... but not painful” he said.

Feeling in a naughty mood, I leaned a little closer.

“And how does your penis feel, now that the wires and rings are off?”

In that moment, I could see his memories were flooding back. Whether or not he could remember what happened in detail, he knew that I had seen it. I saw a little redness come into his cheeks, which is exactly what I had been hoping for.

## Act VII

“It is... different...” he said at last.

“More comfortable?” asked Marianna.

Hunky nodded silently, clearly embarrassed. I knew from my fun with Blondie, embarrassment and firm arousal went hand in hand. Having enjoyed seeing him droopy, I was looking forward to seeing Hunky aroused. For the time being, I contented myself by admiring that fabulous chest. The cuts and bruises were unimportant. He was handsome, and what he had between his neck and his waist was very pleasing.

“From tomorrow, you will start to do some work,” I told him, “Not heavy work, you must rest your injuries, but I want to keep you occupied.”

Hunky wriggled into a sitting position, wincing slightly. I enjoyed the tensing of his pecs, for male physical exertion delighted me.

“Mistress,” he said, looking at me proudly, “I swear I will work for you today. I have strength in this arm.”

He flexed his good arm and I made sure I had an impressed expression on my face. Even slaves like to show off and be admired. I wanted him to feel masculine and powerful, at least physically, since that was also good for male performance. I had plenty of plans to make him feel *very* male in other ways too.

“You named him well,” smiled Marianna, “for he is certainly Hunky!”

We looked at each other and giggled as I told her the other part of his name would come true in time.

“Are you hungry?” I asked, casually running the back of my hand down the middle of his torso from his neck to his navel. Oh, how lovely his warm chest and soft hair felt. He nodded and I watched his nipples stiffen as I repeated the movement in reverse.

I sent to the kitchen for some more warm milk and oats for my hungry male. Blondie entered, carrying the bowl. I saw him looking hungrily at it.

“Have you had breakfast?” I asked, and he shook his head.

I took the bowl from him and told him to sit on the bed next to Hunky. Now I had my two gorgeous slaves side by side, both bare chested, both with firm nipples, and both eager to please me.

I knelt on the bed and filled the spoon. The first mouthful went to Blondie and I rested the palm of my free hand on his chest as he swallowed. Then I

fed Hunky, and touched his chest. There were two beautiful chests, both highly desirable, both warm and pleasant to touch, both different. I kept feeding them in turn until the bowl was empty.

“Hunky, I want you to rest a little. Blondie, you can come with us.”

Marianna and I took Blondie onto the veranda. I had him stand, legs apart and hands by his sides while I showed her the masturbation pole.

“Each hole is numbered and he slides his penis through to pleasure himself. It is a lot of fun! It is particularly fun when you stop him at just the right moment, because sometimes he can stop the movement but cannot stop the event.”

Blondie looked down at the floor, his face bright red. Marianna was looking at the device in wonder.

“How does he reach number one?”

Hole number one was the highest, out of reach. I told Blondie to move the table. He positioned it at the base of the pole and licked his dry lips.

“Would you like to do your oath Blondie?” I teased, running my hand down his back.

He stood to attention, hands on his head.

“You are my mistress,” he began, “and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

Marianna was smiling, impressed by this.

“Perhaps you could repeat this to Marianna?”

Blondie turned slightly to face her. Blushing, he said again, “You are my mistress and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

“Take off your loincloth and repeat,” I said naughtily.

Blondie reached down, untied his loincloth and let it fall to the floor, before placing his hands back on his head. Semi erect, balls also on show, he looked straight forward.

“You are my mistress and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

We took our time looking at him, enjoying his body and his rapidly hardening manhood. I was enjoying this!

“Lift your balls and repeat,” I said quietly.

With his left hand, Blondie raised his balls as though presenting them for inspection and we had a good look. Marianna seemed to be mentally weighing them.

“You are my mistress and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body, and my manhood to you.”

“Number one – slowly,” I said.

Blondie released his balls. Every part of his body was visible as he climbed onto the table. Towering above us, totally naked, he leaned towards the pole. He was so erect that he had to angle his penis down slightly to slide it through

hole number one.

We walked around to the other side of the pole to look at him from the front. It was a very enjoyable view, looking up between his legs, seeing his balls on one side of the pole and his long penis sticking out of the hole.

We watched silently as he started to have a sexual encounter with the piece of wood. His thighs and buttocks tensed as he rubbed his rock hard penis back and forth, pressing his firm balls against the wooden pole. I could tell from the expression on his face, the throbbing of his penis, the gentle moans he was making that this was ecstasy for him.

“I would love to hold him when it happens,” Marianna whispered to me.

I let Blondie continue a little longer, and then told him to stop and step down. As he joined us, I could see that he was just about ready. He was a little sweaty, his muscles were pumped up, his penis throbbed and pulsed, and his heart was beating faster.

“Lay down,” I told him.

Blondie obediently sat on the cool floor and stretched out. I gestured for Marianna to hold his penis, showing her the right shape to make with her hand – a sort of tube for it to slide into. As soon as she wrapped her hand around it, he flinched and his pelvis twitched.

Marianna gently slid her hand up and down his super stiff manhood.

“Repeat your oath,” I told him.

Breathing heavily, Blondie started to speak as Marianna gently pleased him.

“You are... my mistress and... I pledge... my loyalty... my obedience... the... whole of my... body and my...”

He jerked suddenly, mouth opening wide and stopped speaking.

A jet of white milky fluid erupted from his penis, the opening in the end widening as more squirted out in spasms. Marianna was laughing as she pumped him harder and faster. Blondie responded perfectly, sending more short bursts of semen into the air.

His whole body arched and I rubbed his chest and stomach. Gradually he relaxed as his eruptions ended. He remained very erect.

“You did not finish your oath,” I told him, playfully squeezing one of his nipples.

He looked up at me, his head shaking slightly his eyes staring.

Slightly slurring his words, he said:

“You are my mistresssss and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whoooooole of my body and my manhood – to you.”

Marianna was still holding his penis, which now looked very wet and very sticky. Blondie smiled at us, and then closed his eyes and slumped back – exhausted.

“Wow!” said Marianna, sliding her hand up and down his penis, “I see what you mean about him!”

“When he has had time to rest, I will have him thank you properly,” I teased, gently pulling on both of his nipples.

## Act VIII

Having had lunch and bathed, I decided to make a visit to the marketplace. It had been a busy morning and I felt the need for some relaxing browsing. Marianna had promised to help Mother look after Hunky, not that he seemed to need much looking after, and Blondie was helping the wardrobe mistress, Drusillia.

I went to my favorite stall, the one selling items I referred to as decorations and Father called ‘tat’. I loved him, but as Mother often pointed out, he would not know a vase from a urination vessel. Speaking of which...

I picked up a glazed object and stared at it in fascination. It was a perfectly shaped and well-proportioned representation of male genitalia, fastened to a jug. The stallholder, Tatiana, brushed her hair from her eyes and came to join me.

“What does this do?” I asked, laughing at the rather immodest frontage.

She smiled back.

“Do you have plants in your villa? This is to water them while they remain in place. You fill the jug, and then tilt it and the water trickles out of the end of the tube. Like this...”

She tipped a little water into the jug and demonstrated. The water came out of the opening in the end of the molded “penis” just as semen came out of Blondie’s. How useful this would be in the conservatory, and I found myself wondering if I could get one modeled on one of my slaves. That would be so funny! I mentioned this thought and we both laughed.

“Surely you can, I have one being made at the moment for a lady who lives further up the mountain. My slave is the model for it, would you like to see?”

I looked at the size and shape of the watering jug and nodded, and then followed her into her workshop a few feet away. A young woman was mixing clay and water in a bowl, rolling it into some very amusing shapes. A young male slave sat in the corner, wearing sandals and a small leather loincloth. Tatiana clapped her hands.

“On your feet, Bolder, come here” she ordered.

“Bolder?” I echoed, wondering where the name came from.

“He defeated a lion in the pit.” she confided, “So I bought him. Not only was he Bolder than the lion, but he was the only one to leave the pit with genitals.”

I blinked. I had heard awful things about the lion pit but had never had the courage to go. If this was true, then I was glad. Unfortunately, Tatiana continued with her story. “If the man defeats the lion, by pinning it to the floor for more than one minute, then the lion is castrated before having his throat slit.”

I started to feel quite upset.

“If the lion wins, then the same thing happens to the man. They fight naked

to make it easier.”

I suddenly wanted to sit down as I remembered our neighbor, Dassius, used to joke about taking his spare slaves to the pit. Hunky’s injury seemed to be the best possible thing that could have happened to him.

Bolder was tall, dark and handsome, with well-defined muscles. I guess to defeat a lion you need strength or cunning, or both. No doubt, whatever Tatiana did to him was preferable to another day in the pit.

“You are not offended by the penis?” she asked.

I replied that I had occasionally seen one and I did not find them shocking.

“Strip!” she commanded.

Bolder quickly untied some laces that held the leather loincloth together. In front of three young women, he let it drop to the floor. A circumcised, semi erect penis sprang into view, hovering over two large balls. I recognized the size and shape from the jug outside. I realized that I had no idea whether Hunky was circumcised or not. It had been impossible to tell with the metal rings on, and once they were off, I had not studied it in detail. This was something I needed to check, so I could compare him with Blondie who was not circumcised.

Tatiana pointed at Bolder’s manhood.

“I had him circumcised as part of my cousin’s birthday celebration. The singing was poor and finished early, so we decided to have him done instead. Spread!”

Bolder parted his legs very wide and stood perfectly still. I looked down at his balls and hoped he did not find himself at any more parties where the entertainers disappointed.

“Tense!”

Bolder tensed all his muscles. I was very impressed. The woman with the cold clay turned towards him, wet clay in her hands. She placed a large piece on his penis, and he flinched slightly at the cold as she started to massage it around his erection and under his balls. I watched in fascination as she molded the cold wet clay around his genitals, feeling and squeezing as she performed her task. Within minutes, the clay had completely concealed his penis and testicles.

“He has to remain erect while it starts to set” Tatiana said, as the clay modeler rinsed her hands then started rubbing Bolder’s bare thighs and buttocks. I imagined amusing Marianna by having a Blondie shaped one made for her!

After a few minutes, the modeler felt the length and girth of Bolder’s clay coated penis. Satisfied that the clay was suitably formed, she nodded to Tatiana.

“Kneel and spread!”

Bolder dropped carefully to his knees and parted his lovely thighs. I could not take my eyes off him as the modeler firmly gripped the clay and started to pull with skilled hands. The manhood shaped model came off slowly and gently, maintaining its shape. Bolder’s penis and balls were now gray. As she placed the replica to dry, she allowed him to straighten up.

“Clean it!”

Dipping his hands into another bowl of water, Bolder started washing his

male equipment in full view of us. He rubbed little traces of clay away from his testicles, around the end of his penis, from the shaft and base. It was a good thing he was shaved, I thought, or this could take ages. I decided not to speculate on how and when Tatiana made him shave.

“Bow!”

Penis swaying, Bolder bowed to me, then to Tatiana and finally to the modeler.

“Dress!”

He bent down and picked up the loincloth, adjusting his penis so that he could start to refasten the laces. He was too erect to cover himself completely so was forced to leave it poking out of the top. I looked down at the exposed glans and was tempted to rub him where I rubbed Blondie. However, I thought that might be presumptuous.

I thanked Tatiana for a fascinating demonstration and returned to my browsing outside.

“So, did you find anything interesting?” asked Mother when I arrived back home and joined her on the veranda.

I showed her the brightly colored bangles I had bought and she nodded approvingly. Hunky looked up from his task, still showing that gorgeous chest. Mother had him making small holes in a tray of soil with his good hand, and pushing little seeds into the holes before covering them.

“And I have something for Hunky and for Blondie,” I said, reaching into my basket.

For Hunky, there was a soft comb with which I could groom his chest. I reached over and gently combed his chest hair, which must have tickled a little and made him smile. Oh, how sexy he looked when he was happy.

For Blondie, there was a carved wooden spoon with his initial engraved on the handle. Mother raised an eyebrow. Personalized eating implements were a status symbol rarely bestowed on a slave.

Both of my slaves provided me with much pleasure, I wanted to reward them.

## Act IX

I decided to see what Drusillia was making; I admired her skill and adored the clothes she made for Blondie. She had a gift for making his clothes revealing and pleasing, while remaining masculine. I was not disappointed.

Blondie emerged from behind a screen at the far end of the room and walked slowly towards me. He had a leather strap around his forehead, with some of his hair flopped over it. He had leather straps tied around his upper arms, emphasizing his bare chest. I had a good look at his nipples, chest and flat stomach. A leather strap around his waist had a length of white material stitched to the front and back and passed between his legs. It did not cover his hips at all and at the back only really concealed the gap between his buttocks. His legs were completely bare; he had leather straps around his ankles and bare feet.

As he turned slowly to allow me an all round inspection, I thought he looked magnificent. He was both dressed and yet almost naked at the same time. The white material did little to conceal the outline of his manhood.

“You can wear that during dinner tomorrow evening. You will never guess who I have invited...” I said, running my hand across his shoulders and collarbone.

He looked at me, with his head titled to one side. I gently stroked his lips with my finger.

“And I shall not tell you – it is a surprise!”

Grinning to myself at his puzzled look, I did a little twirl and went to find Marianna.

She was playing a game with Father. It seemed to be simple enough; each player had one large disc and half a dozen small ones. The object seemed to be to press the smaller ones with the large one and see if you could make them flick along the table. Clearly the further your discs went the higher your score.

It occurred to me that, in the absence of a son, Father could benefit from having another male to enjoy drinking and games with. Although he enjoyed games, there was not the same level of competition he would relish with a male opponent.

The game was giving me slightly naughty ideas. When Father tired of the game and announced he was going to visit a friend for the evening, I first told Marianna of my idea which she seemed to find both amusing and intriguing. Then I told her of my planned dinner guest.

“You haven’t?” she said, slightly shocked.

“I have!”

“Does Blondie know?”

I shook my head, “Not yet...”

When Mother entered the room, closely followed by Hunky who was walking with the aid of a large wooden pole, she seemed amused by our girly giggles. I told her about my dinner guest and she laughed aloud, also asking whether Blondie knew. Hunky had no idea what all the fuss was about and sat with a bemused look on his face. I decided it was time to show him some attention.

“I was going to ask our wardrobe mistress to make you some kind of upper garment,” I teased him, looking at his gorgeous hairy chest, “But I thought with your fur it would not be necessary. Are you cold?”

Hunky shook his head, “No mistress”

I gestured to his green ‘man skirt’.

“What about below the waist? I know you have not got anything on underneath that”

He looked a little embarrassed and I thought he moved his legs a little closer together before shaking his head again.

I put a soft rug on the floor and asked Hunky to lie down on it. He needed gentle help and support from the three of us to do so safely – after all, I did not want him injured again. Helping this tall, sturdy hunk of a guy was both

enjoyable and intensely pleasing to me. The fact he had only one garment on did not hurt either.

Mother clapped her hands and chuckled when she understood what I wanted him for. Marianna and I knelt a few feet away from him and on opposite sides, then took it in turn to flick the discs at him – the object of this version of the game being to see how many we could make land on his chest or stomach. Of course, the fun part was counting them and collecting them from his bare upper body. Over and over again.

We both laughed when I flicked one, which landed directly on his navel. I rubbed his tummy gently when I retrieved that, and the look of total relaxation at that point reassured me that not only did he like his body touching, but also he was every bit as sensitive as Blondie. This gave me great satisfaction and more than once my mind related this information to that fabulous area between his legs. My, how much fun I was going to have there. Marianna pointed out how stiff Hunky's nipples had become, commenting that she could hang a dress from them! I glanced further down his body at the bulge between his legs and thought of what I could hang there.

Hunky grinned and blushed at the same time, and I tried to imagine myself in his place. A couple of days before he was tired, dirty, brutally treated, and all comforts and pleasures denied to him. Now he was clean, lying on a soft rug, being gently handled and aroused. A couple of broken limbs seemed a price worth paying.

Mother left us and retired to bed, but we were still enjoying our human game board. We played many variations, including firing the discs up his body to see who could aim closest to his chin then his nipples, and how many flicks it would take from the far side of the room onto his man skirt.

Then I gently placed my hand on his Adam's apple and told him to swallow so I could feel it move.

"Are you my devoted slave?" I asked him.

He nodded quickly.

"Are you completely obedient?"

"Yes mistress."

"Do I have absolute rights over you?"

Hunky nodded. "Yes mistress."

I started unfastening his man skirt. Marianna leaned forward to get a better view. Hunky gulped nervously.

"I will not hurt you," I reassured him, "I am simply going to have you naked."

There was a big smile on Marianna's face, and indeed on my own, as I parted the green material. Hunky's body was superb, lovely and strong. His bandaged arm and leg did nothing to detract from his beauty as I stripped him slowly. His lovely tufts of pubic hair, his firm thighs – and his penis. It looked much thicker than I remembered from his first day on the veranda, but of course, that was due to his arousal and also the removal of his metal bands. It was hard, very hard. Instantly it was pointing up at the ceiling, then almost parallel with his body, pointing towards his chest. His balls were large and 'full' looking. He

really was a magnificent specimen.

He blushed deeply and placed his good arm over his penis.

“I am sorry mistress, I...”

I shook my head and gently eased his arm away. He did not resist.

“There is nothing to apologize for.” I reassured him, “That is what I want to see.”

He looked into my eyes with a mixture of puzzlement, embarrassment, excitement and perhaps something else.

“When I had your restraint taken away, it was precisely so that your body would react normally. I want you to enjoy all the sensations of being male. And I am going to share all those sensations with you.”

He looked down at his erection. It twitched and seemed to stiffen further, so I knew what he was thinking.

“Oh yes,” I teased, “including that!”

## Act X

Hunky lay there, completely naked, as Marianna and I studied his body. He was beautiful. Although very different in appearance to Blondie, I recognized and could name all the parts. Because of his status and his injuries, he could not move away from us. As I placed my hand on his stomach and felt the warmth of his hairy body, and looked into his eyes, I knew that escape was the last thing on his mind.

How long had it been, I wondered, since he had been freely aroused? When was the last time he had a woman’s gentle touch on his naked body? How long since he had enjoyed an ejaculation in female company?

“Hold your penis,” I said softly, rubbing from his stomach up to his nipples and back again.

Without a word, and looking straight at me, Hunky gently took hold of the shaft of his penis in his good hand. I saw it react; the end seemed to enlarge. I ran my fingers around and across his nipples, making approving sounds.

“When you are strong and healthy again, you are going to do a lot of work for me. I want to see all these lovely muscles in motion.”

I ran my hands around his chest, pressing on so I could feel his heart beating faster, I rubbed his shoulders, stroked his good arm. All the time he was holding his penis for me. Marianna put a hand on his thigh and very gently stroked from his knee to his hip. I could see his muscles reacting, tensing as the state of arousal intensified.

“You belong to me,” I told him, stroking his chest gently. It was such a lovely, soothing sensation for me. He was also clearly enjoying it in a different way.

“These are mine,” I continued, stroking his nipples, “These are also mine,” I stroked his lips and smiled as he tried to suck my finger, “This is mine” I

rubbed his nose, “And this is mine,” I ran both hands from his nipples, down his stomach and back again – avoiding his penis.

“And that is mine,” I pointed to his penis, “Show it to me...”

Obediently, Hunky angled his penis away from his body, holding it out for our inspection. It was very impressive, so I made sure he saw me smile and nod.

“Pleasure yourself,” I told him, sitting back to watch.

Hunky looked a little uncertain, so I decided I ought to show him.

I wrapped my hand around his, well as much as I could since he had much bigger hands than mine, and gently pulled downwards. His hand slid down his shaft. I moved his hand upwards, and then back down again.

The look on his face left both Marianna and I with no doubt that he was enjoying this.

“The more pleasure you give yourself,” I told him, “the more it will please me!”

I kept my hand on his as he started to masturbate. It was such fun to be a part of his self-pleasuring, to feel his hand getting warmer and firmer, and to be so intimately involved in his personal masturbation, to see and feel his technique. As he pleased himself, I saw Marianna gently stroke his balls with the back of a finger.

Hunky’s penis was almost glowing with pleasure. Every part of his body was stiff and tensed. He had muscles in places Blondie did not, and they fascinated me.

“Kiss my finger,” I told him, moving my free hand upwards and pressing a finger to his lips.

As he massaged his penis, his lips kissed my finger, and then I put the back of my hand on his lips and had him kiss that too. Meanwhile, my other hand was enjoying the pumping motion of his hand. I looked at his penis and knew from its appearance that his pleasuring was about to reach its ultimate goal. I did not expect him to maintain this for very long as I knew there would be a long delayed supply of love juice in his balls.

Something I had learned from looking after Blondie was that after a period of not ejaculating, there is often a quickly released and plentiful supply. I often teased Blondie about how much he could produce.

Hunky gulped and tensed and I knew this was his moment. I smiled at Marianna and her eyes widened. Hunky’s face muscles tensed and his jaw moved, as he reached the ultimate moment of pleasure.

With one last pull downwards, he caused ejaculation. His penis could contain it no longer, and a thick stream of semen sprayed from the end, right up his hairy body. Then another, and another. His upper body was streaked with white splashes, puddles, and lines. More dripped from the wide-open end of his penis. The muscles around the base of his penis and his balls were contracting as his body pumped his balls empty.

Hunky was throbbing everywhere. His penis, his arm, his chest, the pulses in his neck, even his nostrils had widened and his lips seemed fuller. Someone once described male ejaculation as a form of blossoming, and I could see what they

meant.

Gasping and a little sweaty, Hunky stopped masturbating. He had a wonderful glow of extreme satisfaction. He looked up and saw both members of his female audience smiling at him and blushed deeply. I saw a look of puzzlement on his face, and I guessed he was wondering how to respond.

“Mistress, I...” he began, looking guiltily at the stickiness on his body.

I pressed a finger to his lips. How warm they felt now.

“No words.” I said, softly and soothingly, “You were perfect.”

I ruffled the hair on his head, and stroked his cheek.

“Relax and enjoy your pleasure. We did. Close your eyes and think about what you just did.”

I placed my hands on his chest and stroked him gently as he closed his eyes. Within just a few minutes, he was drifting into sleep. His penis was softening rapidly and by the time he was asleep it lay on his pelvis. We sat there for a while, watching his beautiful body as he slept.

## Act XI

Leaving instructions for Hunky to be washed when he awoke, I went to have a lie down. Keeping men fit and healthy was hard work.

The following day, Pattus called to check on Hunky’s recovery. My gorgeous slave was busy planting more seeds in trays for mother. It was light work, certainly, but I was pleased that he had something productive to do. He worked constantly and diligently.

Pattus seemed unsure how to address Hunky, not being used to talking to slaves. Instead, he directed his questions to me, asking whether the injured male had been resting, whether there was pain etc. I knew the answers of course; I made it my business to know what he was thinking and feeling.

“I should like to examine the injuries,” said Pattus slowly, waiting for mother and me to leave or avert our eyes. We did neither.

Instead, I helped Hunky to perch on the edge of the table, and then swung his body onto it like a makeshift bed. This, I thought, was an easier place for his examination. While Pattus was feeling Hunky’s wrapped arm and nodding approvingly, I placed my hands on his man-skirt.

In full view of everyone, I unfastened the ‘skirt’ and pulled it wide open. Hunky’s thighs, penis and testicles were on show. Mother leaned forward slightly. Hunky lay perfectly still, blushing deeply. I could imagine he was desperately thinking unexciting thoughts to prevent an erection. I was thinking quite the opposite, remembering his superb behavior last night. His penis rested on his balls, pointing towards his thigh.

Pattus raised an eyebrow but said nothing, concentrating on feeling the position of Hunky’s damaged leg bones through the tight bindings.

“Well, that seems to be holding everything in position,” said Pattus, “Er, you can... cover him now.”

I draped the man-skirt over Hunky's lower body, but did not refasten it.

"Has he shown any other signs of health problems?" asked Pattus.

"Oh no," I assured him, "everything else seems in perfect working order."

From the corner of my eye, I could see Hunky was blushing again. This time it was mother's turn to raise an eyebrow.

"He has even been standing up, for a while..." I said. A wonderfully shy and almost guilty expression crossed Hunky's face. Mother nodded wisely.

"Excellent," said Pattus, the double meanings passing unnoticed by him, "Well, if you carry on as you are he will be mobile again in a matter of weeks. The injuries seem less severe than I suspected, but nothing more than gentle work, and plenty of rest."

"I will make sure he spends plenty of time on his back." I teased, enjoying the effect I was having, "And does not hold anything for too long."

Mother decided to join in the fun. "His muscles do sometimes seem rather tense, is there some soothing lotion he could have? Something that could be rubbed all over his body?" she asked.

"I will leave instructions for such a remedy," Pattus nodded, bowing and taking his leave.

Hunky was bright red in the face, his tongue between his lips. My heart melted when I saw this; truly, I had two of the most beautiful slaves in the world. I ruffled his hair and stroked his nose. By instinct, he moved his head forward and tried to kiss my hand. I gently pushed him back and he remembered his status and cast his eyes downwards.

"I beg forgiveness Mistress"

"Granted," I smiled, gently massaging his bare chest.

I so enjoyed the idea that I had absolute freedom to touch him how, where and when I felt like it. Yet he had to show total control and apologize for his instincts. I would not be cruel, but I would enjoy exploiting this. Pausing only to lift his man-skirt and have a quick look at his penis, I set off to arrange for this evening's dinner party.

When I returned late in the afternoon, I could hear voices on the veranda so I went out to see what was happening. Marianna had returned from her errands and was talking to mother. They each had some fruit. Hunky was lying on some soft rugs, fast asleep. His bare chest glistened, so I suspected the soothing lotion had been mixed up and applied. I was rather sorry to have missed that, but not to worry I could have him massaged again later, without the skirt.

I took Marianna by the hand and we hurried off to help each other change. The dinner party was almost upon us.

Laughter and chatter filled the Celebration Hall, the center of our villa. It was a ladies-only dinner party, so we had no men moaning about the gossip, demanding more wine, or telling exaggerated stories of personal endeavors. Hunky, being convalescent, had been taken to his bed early. This left Blondie as the only male for the evening.

So that I could enjoy the evening, I had arranged for Drusilla to escort him

to the Hall, on the strict understanding that she tell him nothing of our surprise guest.

I walked with Marianna, both of us trying to suppress our anticipation and excitement about what was to happen.

“Who is that?” asked Marianna as we passed the tables outside the hall, which were used to store food ready for the meal, so it could all be brought in quickly as each course ended. I followed her gesture and saw a young man carrying heavy dishes.

“Oh, it is just the kitchen hand. He does the heavy, dirty and menial tasks for Cara.”

Marianna nodded, keeping her eyes on him.

“He is quite...” she began.

I looked again. Gregory, the kitchen hand, was usually only seen covered in grease, or dirt from cleaning out the ovens, or rotting vegetables for the waste. He was part of the household equipment, something that blended into the background, something so familiar it was ignored or overlooked. I did not recall ever taking much notice of him. And yet...

Tonight he was clean; his gray and black tunic fit snugly and showed his legs below the knee, nice slightly hairy shins. He was late teens, almost twenty but not quite. His outfit and roughly cut hair made him look younger. I had to agree with Marianna; freed from his usual messy appearance he was actually quite nice, boyishly handsome in fact. And, I reflected, wasted in the kitchens...

Pondering this new appreciation, I led Marianna into the Hall. It was an impressive gathering, probably around forty women of various ages. My friends, Marianna’s friends, Mother’s friends... We settled at one of the tables, and took a quick look around to make sure everything was in place. Various interesting shapes were set up in the main part of the hall, with large sheets draped over them and in full view of all the long tables. Presently, they served the first course – a simple selection of fruits.

Noticing that the special guest had arrived, I sent one of the serving maids to inform Drusillia we were ready.

Blondie’s entrance was impressive. He was wearing his new ‘party outfit’ – leather straps around his forehead, upper arms and ankles. The one around his waist supported some skimpy white material. One could hardly call it underwear. I gazed over his bare legs, bare hips, bare chest – my Blondie looked superb. Best of all, as he looked round at the number of women, he blushed. No doubt, it was bringing memories back.

He walked to the center of the hall, obeying his instructions, and stood perfectly still. Forty pairs of eyes were mentally undressing him, not that his outfit left much to the imagination.

“Do you have an oath to share?” I asked, exchanging a knowing glance with Marianna.

Blondie bowed, and then started speaking softly.

“You are my mistress and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my... manhood to you.”

There was a giggle from around the hall at the mention of his manhood. Blondie blushed.

“Good evening Blondie” said our guest, stepping forward.

Blondie’s eyes widened as he recognized the voice, and his jaw dropped as he half turned to see Felatina. The first time Blondie had met her, she had used him to demonstrate to us the many ways of giving pleasure to a man. When it came to male pleasuring, Felatina was not just skilled, she was *the* expert.

“Do you remember me?” she asked.

Blondie gulped. Felatina looked down at the growing bulge in the front of Blondie’s little loincloth, and we all laughed as his thighs moved closer together.

“I see that you do!”

## Act XII

“For the male,” said Felatina, gesturing to Blondie, “Exercise and sexual behavior are closely related. The same muscles are used in both activities.”

Blondie was blushing deeply as we watched him. He clasped his hands in front of his pelvis, trying to maintain some modesty.

“This is why,” she continued, “it is so interesting to watch male physical exercise.”

I thought of Blondie using the masturbation device and had to agree. Felatina approached Blondie with a small bottle.

“Drink,” she said firmly. Blondie took the bottle obediently and drank the contents with one gulp.

“In a few minutes, when it takes effect, that potion has two influences. It increases the male’s pleasure, while delaying his release of that pleasure. It will make him most... attentive.”

There was a ripple of amusement around the room. I winked reassuringly at Blondie, to show him I was enjoying this. The next course of our meal, some prepared fish, was served while we waited for the potion to enhance Blondie’s sensations. I noticed Marianna looking at Gregory through an open door, and rubbed my chin thoughtfully.

Felatina stepped over to one of the shrouded shapes and pulled the cover away. It was a raised wooden seat, with two oars attached – rather like I had seen on a ship, where the slaves rowing would sit. Only this also had a sort of hoop attached to the front. My mind was busy speculating what this was for, but judging by the giggling around the room, some of the ladies had already worked it out.

“Come here, Blondie,” said Felatina.

Blondie walked slowly to join her by the rowing machine, knowing perfectly well he was about to do some exercise.

“Sit down.”

Blondie seated himself on the device, looking nervously at the ‘hoop’ as

realization gradually turned into fear. A block of wood positioned centrally ensured his legs had to be apart when he sat down. There was no hiding his erection, even under the loincloth.

“You are going to row for us,” said Felatina with a gleam in her eyes, “But before you do we need to attach you...”

Reaching down and with a single, swift tug, she detached the front of his loincloth from the leather belt. The soft white material flopped onto the seat, and Blondie’s penis was exposed. He was very aroused and forty pairs of female eyes studied his erection and his exposed balls. With no thought for his modesty or embarrassment, Felatina took hold of his erect penis and slid the ‘hoop’ over it. It seemed a tight fit.

“When he rows,” she explained, “the hoop stays perfectly still but the seat slides backwards and forwards.”

She looked down at the blushing slave, naked save for some leather straps, his penis displayed and restricted.

“Start rowing, slowly.”

Obediently, Blondie took hold of the oars and started to row. There must have been some ingenious gears in the base of the “rowing machine” for as he rowed, the seat started sliding backwards. His penis remained in the hoop, but slid back too so the hoop was now almost around the glans of his penis. I saw his stomach tense a little, a sign of pleasure I recognized. As he rowed a little more, the chair slid forwards so his penis pushed back into the hoop almost down to the base of his shaft. The effect of this gentle movement, and the sliding up and down of his foreskin was obvious. His manhood stiffened even more.

With embarrassment and pleasure on his face, he continued to row slowly, exercising and being masturbated at the same time. The fish on people’s plates were quickly forgotten as we all enjoyed Blondie’s intense pleasure. He could not hide his body or his enjoyment from us. I looked at his legs tensing and his arms pumping, and his penis pointing in front of him.

Repeatedly the hoop slid up and down, as his body slid back and forth. I liked this new toy. The redness in his cheeks was a delight, since one of my favorite pastimes was finding new ways to make him blush. The movement back and forth caused his legs to close together, then spread wide open, then together again. That too was fun to watch, as I adored his legs. His nipples were like little stiff buttons on his chest.

“Faster,” said Felatina, with an assured air of command.

Obediently, Blondie increased his speed and – I noticed – his pleasure. His mouth was opening soundlessly now, another sign of his enjoyment I knew so well. He was breathing heavily too. Felatina kept him rowing and rowing, to the point where I thought he was going to spray his love juice. However, the potion was working well and although he showed all the physical signs of being close to orgasm, the actual event was not happening. I smiled at Marianna as we giggled about what kind of sensation that must be for a man.

“I cannot wait for Hunky to be fit enough to row...” I laughed.

Felatina stopped Blondie and slid the hoop off his penis, telling him to stand. He rose from the seat a little unsteadily and his penis stood rock hard in front

of him, pointing at the ceiling. I do not think I have ever seen it firmer.

She made him stand in front of us, while the serving maids brought bread and cheese to our tables. I noticed all the maids having a good look at him. As we ate, Felatina unveiled the next instrument of pleasure.

It was a large frame, with various cords and chains hanging from it and a number of wheels and levers attached. I marveled at the skilled engineering that created such wonderful toys.

“Stand here,” she instructed Blondie.

Virtually naked and very erect, the beautiful young man did as he was told. She had chains and cords fastened to his wrists and ankles. I was a little worried about this, but trusted Felatina not to hurt him. A further cord with a loop on the end was attached to his penis. Each cord and chain was slack, and she told Blondie to cover his penis, which he did with both hands.

“When modesty is no longer necessary,” said Felatina, “you can simply do this...”

She turned a wheel slowly and the cords fastened to his wrists started to shorten. Within seconds, it pulled his hands away from his pelvis, allowing us to see his erection again which showed no signs of reducing. Soon he was standing in a T-shape, and then his arms were pulled above his head.

“If you have a strong male who resists,” said Felatina, “this device allows you to exercise fairness.”

She turned another wheel, gradually opening Blondie’s legs wide. He was powerless to resist as she used the device to pull him into an X-shape. His balls were now available for anyone to touch and he had no way of stopping them.

“And just to show him who is in charge...” teased Felatina.

Blondie felt a gentle pull on his penis and looked down. His rock hard erection was being slowly eased forward so rather than pointing upwards it was pointing towards us. He fidgeted uncomfortably.

“I will not move it too far,” said Felatina, “Pulling beyond a certain angle can cause a lot of pain and this evening is about pleasure”

She adjusted the wheels slightly, allowing his penis to straighten up, his legs to move back together and his arms to lower. Immediately he covered his penis again.

Felatina produced a large feather and smiled. Blondie looked nervous, while we all laughed in anticipation. She turned a wheel and Blondie’s legs were pulled wide open. He tried to keep his hands in front of his manhood as she turned another wheel. Slowly but surely he was forced to reveal himself again. As soon as he was back in the X-position, she stepped forward.

Blondie laughed, squirmed, writhed, and fidgeted as she stroked his bare balls with the feather. It was lovely to watch. His penis throbbed and jerked as the tickling went on.

I turned to Marianna and we giggled as we speculated about how much Blondie was enjoying himself despite the public embarrassment. I made a mental note to get some large feathers.

Felatina stroked the insides of his thighs with the feather, then the shaft of his penis, then his nipples, armpits, chin, stomach, bare buttocks and neck. Blondie's whole body wanted sex. Hot sex. Wild, instinctive sex. Anything to satisfy its urges. Instead, the feather treatment went on. Blondie rattled his chains as the most basic of urges overwhelmed him. I could almost feel his primitive desperation for sexual satisfaction. Looking round the room, everyone enjoyed seeing Blondie's needs and desires. We all knew what he wanted, the one thing he was being denied.

He was so wound up now he was thrusting his penis helplessly. He was almost having sex with the air. There was something of the caged animal about him. Whatever was in Felatina's potion was certainly working. I had never seen him this excited. I imagined him being released and running around the room, frantically humping anything and everything in the hope of ejaculating. I told this to Marianna and she burst out laughing.

Felatina stopped the tickling while she unveiled the next 'toy'. This was a large, well stuffed, T-shaped cushion. It was almost as big as Blondie.

"This is an exercise cushion, for excited young males..."

There was a huge roar of laughter.

"In order to use it, he must ask permission. Jill, would you step forward please?"

Smiling, I walked over to Blondie – laughing when Felatina passed me the feather. She stood beside Blondie, who looked pleadingly at me.

"Ask your mistress if you can use the cushion."

Blondie tensed, flexed and writhed in front of me. I understood his body language perfectly.

"Please..." he began, "I need... the cushion..."

He looked down at his penis, then at me, willing me to understand, which of course I did.

"Please..."

Felatina moved the cushion to the middle of the floor so it was in clear view of the diners.

"Please Mistress Jill..." begged Blondie.

I smiled at him, and nodded.

Felatina quickly unfastened his bonds and he almost jumped over to the cushion. Totally uninhibited due to the intensity of his sexual urges, Blondie dropped onto the cushion, face down and started pounding his groin into it.

His hands gripped the top end of the T-shape, his strong thighs and buttocks thrust his penis at the cushion, frantically rubbing his glans against it. Repeatedly, he made love to the soft, padded material, oblivious to the laughter and applause from the audience. This was not a young man who wanted an orgasm; rather, this young male *needed* his orgasm regardless of how he got it. Every muscle in his body throbbed and strained as he savagely 'humped' the cushion.

He let out a cry. Not the little moan or gasp he usually made, this was

somewhere between a howl and a shout. The audience applauded loudly. His pelvis pounded the cushion harder and harder as his delayed orgasm overwhelmed him.

He reared up and we all saw semen spraying from his penis all over the cushion. A long thick stream of Blondie's love juice erupted from him. Then another and another. He let out another cry and his whole body shivered and shook with pleasure.

Nobody was eating. Everyone was open mouthed at the hottest male moment anyone could remember.

With another cry, Blondie slumped forward, hugging this cushion and slowly rubbing himself against it as his sensations started to subside.

It seemed to me that he had another memorable evening, courtesy of Felatina.

## Act XIII

I looked down at my slave, enjoying the movement of his body, and intrigued that he was still rubbing his penis against the cushion. Felatina followed my train of thought perfectly.

"The potion," she explained, "is long lasting. Although he reached his climax, he will continue to desire sexual release both mentally and physically for some time. His body will be confused and seek to create another climax."

As Blondie continued his gentle rubbing, the diners returned their attention to their food and I rejoined Marianna. I was amused to see a row of ladies delicately nibbling on cheese and bread, while quite openly watching the young male pleasure himself.

When this part of the meal was over, the maids cleared our plates away and we awaited the next course. I enjoyed these meals, made up of many small dishes, for the variety they offered – in much the same way I enjoyed the difference in the anatomy of my slaves.

"He is still doing it..." whispered Marianna, pointing to where Blondie's cushion rubbing continued.

I smiled indulgently, seeing the pleasure on his face. I imagined what he was feeling at that moment. As for me, I was feeling hungry so I clapped my hands to attract one of the maids.

"The fruit and cream now," I instructed. Then, catching a glimpse of Gregory, I added that I wanted it served by the 'kitchen hand'.

Looking nervous and shy, dressed in his gray and black tunic, Gregory slowly walked into the room carrying a large wooden tray on which was an equally large metal bowl. He seemed terrified that he might drop it, and was cautiously placing one foot in front of the other – almost as though testing the solidity of the floor.

What I could see of his legs I found pleasing. I always judge male legs according to how much I want to feel them. It does not matter if they are hairy or smooth, lean or muscular, tanned or pale. If I feel an urge to place my hands on them, they are fine. I had a definite keenness to touch Gregory's. Judging

from the looks of interest around the room, I was not alone. I beckoned to Felatina, and told her that Gregory was available.

As he gently placed the fruit and cream bowl on the serving table, Gregory looked around. Normally confined to kitchen duties, he had not seen so many attractive women before. It was a curious expression, interest, awareness, wonder, shyness. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped open when he saw Blondie having a prolonged personal relationship with his cushion. I found myself having naughty thoughts about how Gregory pleased himself.

Felatina clapped her hands and told Blondie to stop. A little reluctantly, but nevertheless obediently, Blondie slowed down and stopped.

“Stand.” she commanded.

Full frontal, penis almost glowing from all the activity, my slave stood facing us. Gregory was frozen to the spot. Felatina had Blondie walk to the corner of the room, and kneel down, facing the wall. As the maids started ladling the fruit and cream into smaller bowls, Gregory came back to his senses and turned to leave the room.

“Stand still Gregory.” said Felatina softly, “We have not finished with you yet.”

Stunned by her addressing him by name, the young kitchen hand stood totally still. Marianna later commented that he looked like he expected to receive a thrashing. Obedience and fear summed up his appearance. The dinner guests leaned forward, surprised at this turn of events.

The thick cream with sliced fruit was delicious and I hardly had to chew at all, allowing the coolness to slide down my throat.

“Drink,” said Felatina, offering the innocent male a small bottle.

Without hesitation, Gregory complied, swallowing the potion with a single gulp.

“Take off your sandals.”

Gregory slid his bare feet out of his sandals, vaguely aware of the mounting tension around the room.

“Are you wearing a loincloth?” asked Felatina.

Gregory nodded silently, wondering why she wanted to know. A quick glance towards Blondie probably answered that question for him.

“Unclothe yourself of everything else.”

We all leaned forward to enjoy this moment. With his face flushing, Gregory lifted his tunic. His long legs had some soft hair below the knee, but very little on his thighs. His legs were slender and attractive. The simple gray loincloth gave no clues about the size and shape of his masculinity. His upper body was in keeping with his legs, a hint of some body hair, but no major covering. His nipples were a nice pink contrast to the slightly pale skin on the rest of his body, and were both a little stiff. I wondered if the potion was starting to work.

Marianna was licking her lips, whether at the sight of Gregory bending forward to place his tunic on the floor or the taste of the fruit I was not sure. I suspected both. Gregory stood perfectly still, and I saw his eyes drawn to

Blondie's exercise cushion. Marianna nudged me gently and nodded to his loincloth, where the effect of Felatina's potion was mixing with the natural urges of the male. A definite swelling was taking place.

"He is getting ready..." she whispered.

I noticed the maids, standing around the edges of the room, paying rather more attention to the kitchen hand than normal. The diners pushed their bowls aside so nothing would obstruct their view.

"We are all familiar with the male," said Felatina, gesturing to the scantily clad young man, "This is a well presented specimen, clearly maturing well."

She pointed directly at the bulge in Gregory's loincloth.

"The youthfulness of the body tends to draw attention away from the physical development taking place. This one is at the stage where he is no longer a boy, but only just a man. And yet his sexual organs will be fully developed."

Gregory gulped and blushed. I could tell from the way he tensed that he knew we expected him to demonstrate that development.

"Put your hands in front of your manhood," continued Felatina.

Gregory clasped both hands together; concealing his bulging loincloth, as Felatina mercilessly tore his loincloth away. Stark naked, desperately covering his penis and testicles, Gregory looked terrified. There was complete silence as all eyes were upon him, mentally caressing his bare hips.

"Turn around"

Slowly, he turned away from us – baring his firm, tense buttocks. It was quite appropriate that we were eating fruit, for his behind looked rather like a nicely ripened peach.

I glanced over at Blondie, still kneeling in the corner, and I noticed his right arm moving. Felatina followed my gaze and smiled broadly.

"Stand up and turn around Blondie," she called.

Blondie froze, aware that all eyes were on him again. He stood and turned towards us, holding his erect penis in his right hand. His cheeks were red and there was no doubt what he had been doing. He cast his gaze down at the floor.

"It seems the potion retains its effectiveness," observed Felatina, making us all laugh, "Continue."

Slowly, Blondie resumed his masturbation. We watched as he slid his hand up and down his long, hard penis. Gregory's jaw had dropped again and I tried to imagine what thoughts must have been running through his head. It occurred to me that maybe Gregory did not know about masturbation, although I found that hard to believe. How could you have a penis between your legs and not play with it? I knew that I could not resist playing with my slaves' penises.

Blondie tensed suddenly, and his pelvis thrust forwards. Then again, and again. However, he was not ejaculating. He was having another climax certainly, of that I had no doubt, but nothing was coming out. Yet his face clearly showed the pleasure and ecstasy of a full male orgasm. His reservoir of male love juice must be empty, I thought, wondering how long it takes to refill and marveling at the masculine body.

Face bright red, Gregory tried not to look but the event was too fascinating. Blondie was on his knees now, still masturbating, still thrusting his penis forwards.

“Stop.” said Felatina simply.

Giving himself a couple more rapid strokes, Blondie reluctantly let go. His penis seemed to bounce around for a few seconds as it returned to pointing upwards. Felatina took him to the ‘rowing’ machine and once he sat down, she slid the hoop over his penis.

“Sit perfectly still,” she instructed.

Blondie nodded silently, but I knew my slave well enough to know he had very strong urges and keeping still would not be easy.

I studied the back of Gregory’s body closely, making a note of a few little imperfections in his skin and thinking how cute he looked. Felatina placed her hands on his shoulders and gently – almost tenderly – turned him to face us.

He stood with his legs apart and both hands grasping his manhood. My eyes worked their way from his shoulders, down his chest, down his lovely thighs...

“You will refer to every woman in this room as ‘my lady’, and you will use that as a means of respect at the end of every sentence,” said Felatina. Her victim nodded silently.

“What is your name?” she asked.

Gregory licked his dry lips.

“Gregory... my lady,” he said. His voice was a little shaky due to nerves.

“What is your role in this household?”

“Kitchen hand, my lady.”

All the time he spoke, he kept both hands protectively on his groin. I noticed Marianna was suppressing a giggle, and following her glance, I saw Blondie quietly flexing his legs, making the rowing seat move ever so slightly, causing the hoop to massage his penis. I smiled indulgently.

“What do you do in the kitchens?” asked Marianna, slowly walking around her naked subject.

“I do whatever I am told to do, my lady.”

“What happened the last time you disobeyed?”

“I have not disobeyed, my lady.”

“Will you ever disobey?”

“No, my lady.”

“What happens to slaves who disobey?”

“I think they are whipped,” gulped Gregory, remembering to add “my lady” just in time.

“If you did disobey, would you deserve to be whipped?”

“Yes, my lady”

“What might a slave wear when he was about to be whipped?”

Gregory turned pale. He glanced down at his bare body.

“I think he would be naked, my lady...”

A gentle giggle came from around the room, as the dinner guests enjoyed his nervousness.

“Have you done something today which you think should be punished?”

Gregory looked startled. He shivered.

“I do not think so, my lady, I tried not to displease anyone”

He was adorable, I decided. I imagined having him all to myself and testing his obedience.

“We will soon find out,” said Felatina, enjoying tormenting him, “I want the maids to line up here.”

Surprised, but equally obedient, the four serving maids in the room lined up near Gregory. His face was bright red.

“You are now on trial,” said Felatina naughtily.

Gregory gulped and looked around.

“Uncover your manhood while you are judged.”

Too scared to resist, Gregory moved both hands. His penis sprang up, rock hard in front of him. I wondered whether he was genuinely aroused or whether it was simply the potion taking effect. He had a lovely penis, I decided, looking at the erected male in front of me. It leaned slightly to one side, and he was uncircumcised. The force of his erection completely drew back his foreskin, and I imagined how much pleasure I could cause by massaging that little area just below the head. However, that could come later.

For now, I was looking forward to his ‘trial’. Even though I knew he would not be whipped, it would still be enjoyable to watch his performance.

Particularly since he had to do it for the maids as well!

## Act XIV

“From left to right,” said Felatina, pointing to the maids, “you will be one, two, three, and four”

The maids curtsied as she told each her number. I looked at Marianna, who seemed to be measuring Gregory’s penis with her eyes. She smiled and turned to me, holding two fingers some distance apart. We both giggled quietly.

Felatina heard a gentle creaking sound and glanced around to see Blondie rocking the rowing seat slowly, causing the hoop to glide up and down his penis. The women seated closest to him were watching with interest. Felatina looked at me questioningly. I just smiled and shrugged. Obviously, he still felt very excited.

Returning her attention to Gregory, Felatina asked Maid One: “Can you remember an occasion when Gregory has done something wrong?”

Gregory's head was bowed, his hands behind his back and his impressive erection stood proudly in front.

"He dropped some apples..." said the nervous maid, "And so they had to be used for animal food instead."

Gregory winced. Felatina gently cupped his testicles with her hand, making him stand up straight. His big, beautiful eyes looked pleadingly at her.

"And was he punished?" she asked, gently massaging his scrotum.

Gregory's thighs tensed and involuntarily drew closer together.

"A little." said Maid One, "The cook hit him on the back of his legs with a spoon for carelessness"

There was an amused chuckle from around the room. Gregory's mouth was open, a look of fear on his face.

"Was he... disobedient?" persisted Felatina, rolling one of his testicles between her fingers.

Gregory was breathing in short bursts, his penis twitching with every movement of her hand.

"No just careless" concluded the maid.

Rolling the other testicle, Felatina turned to Maid Two.

"Can you think of one instance when Gregory was punished?"

Maid number two thought carefully before replying. Marianna was casually fingering a grape in her fruit bowl, her eyes fixed on Gregory.

"He did not wake up when he should have and had to have water thrown over him."

Felatina had released Gregory's scrotum, and was now slowly running one finger along the underside of his penis, from the base towards the tip.

Gregory's whole body was tense, and he seemed to be about to stand on his toes. I marveled at her skills.

"Was he disobedient that time?" she asked.

The maid considered, and then shook her head.

"He was very tired. He had carried many loads of wood the night before."

"How was he punished?" asked Felatina, as her finger reached the head of his penis.

"He was turned upside down and his head was dunked in a bucket."

There was an enormous roar of laughter from around the room. Gregory was bright red, his eyes tightly closed. Felatina gently ran her finger around the little opening in the end of his penis. I am sure the head of his penis was pulsing.

Maid Three recalled an incident where Gregory had broken a cooking pot because his arms were tired, and been punished that time by having to clean every cooking pot in the kitchens. Again, the conclusion was that he had not disobeyed anyone. I did not take in any more detail, as I was watching Felatina's finger stroking the upper side of the young slave's manhood, making his thighs

tense and flex.

“I think,” she was saying, “that you are *not* a disobedient slave, simply a rather clumsy one.”

Gregory’s wide eyes blinked and he nodded.

Maid Four could not remember Gregory being punished, or being careless.

“No matter,” said Felatina reassuringly, “But tell me this. Do you think he deserves whipping or can you tell me when he has done a good thing?”

“He does good things every day,” said the maid, “He fetches and carries, he scrubs, he helps us, he does all the dirty jobs even when it is not his turn.”

Felatina was gently easing Gregory’s penis forward, to make it point at us rather than the roof. He was blinking rapidly and I hoped it was not uncomfortable for him.

“Why do you think this is so?” she asked.

The maid drew a deep breath. She looked nervously around the room.

“He is a good and obedient slave. He works hard.”

I saw Gregory look directly at her, and I could read the gratitude in his lovely eyes. Felatina released his penis and let it flick back into its upright position.

“Thank you,” she said, gesturing for the maids to resume their duties and asking one of them to bring a small stool over.

“Stand on the stool,” she instructed Gregory, “with your hands on your head.”

Gregory stood on the stool, as if a glorious statue raised on a pedestal, hands on his head, penis rock-hard. Every pair of eyes looked at his body as Felatina slowly walked around him.

“He is a good an obedient slave,” she reminded us, “Hard working. And it seems very male.”

The last comment caused another round of giggles.

“I think we should see whether he can produce the male eruption.”

Everyone leaned forward, interested to see how she was going to have Gregory pleased. I moved my hand slightly to attract Felatina’s attention – then subtly angled my head towards Marianna next to me.

“Marianna,” said Felatina, making my friend jump and take her eyes off Gregory for a moment, “would you be willing to help our latest male express his masculinity and virility?”

There was a huge smile of anticipation on Marianna’s face as she nodded vigorously, causing another roar of laughter. There was a brief pause in the proceedings. While servants moved a table into the middle of the room, Felatina had a brief, quiet conversation with Marianna.

“Step down from the stool and climb on to the table, I want you on your hands and knees,” Felatina told Gregory.

Obediently, and still very, very erect, the young slave climbed onto the table in full view. He looked, I thought, rather like a prized stallion. His penis was

so hard, thanks to the potion as well as his maleness, that it almost touched his stomach, even though it hung 'beneath' him. I was reminded instantly of watching horses being selected.

Marianna approached him slowly and he waited for her. His penis twitched and stiffened as her footsteps drew nearer and nearer. We all leaned forward to enjoy the entertainment.

She smacked him on the bottom, firmly but not hard. He looked up in surprise. Then she gently placed her hand on his penis. His eyes closed briefly as she touched him intimately. She was standing to his right, behind the table, since his left side faced us. Slowly, she slid her hand along the shaft of his penis. Every muscle in his naked body tensed: his thighs, his arms, his buttocks – everything – and he gasped.

Slowly, firm but gentle, she masturbated him. Her hand looked small compared to his penis, as it slid up and down his male part. Felatina collected a stool and placed it near the end of the table, seating herself on it so she was in his line of vision. As Marianna masturbated him, he had no choice but to look directly at Felatina.

"I think you are enjoying this." Felatina said, making sure Gregory could tell she was looking between his legs, "So I'm going to stay here and watch until you release your pleasure."

Gregory was bright red from both the embarrassment, and the temperature. He was breathing in short, rapid, shallow bursts as Marianna played with him.

I heard a little moan and a gasp, and looked over to see Blondie ejaculating on the rowing seat. A little jet of male liquid squirted from his penis, which was still held in the hoop. I saw him look at me, as though seeking my approval. I smiled back at him. That potion was very impressive. I wondered if it was safe to use some on my poor injured Hunky...

There was a gasp and a groan from the table. I spun back to see. Gregory's mouth was open, and he was moving his jaw as though trying to form a word. However, no sensible sounds came out.

His body arched, and then thrust forward. To everyone's delight, a thick stream of maleness erupted from the end of Gregory's incredibly hard penis. It sprayed the full length of the table and several drops actually reached Felatina, landing on her clothes.

The motions Gregory was making reminded me of watching horses breed. The lower half of his body pumping away, as Marianna kept hold of his penis. In fact, it was now Gregory doing all the movement.

"Roll over" said Felatina.

Marianna let go, and Gregory rolled onto his back, gasping. His penis was still throbbing, and occasional small drops came from it. He slumped back, his penis lying along his pelvis, the throbbing end almost touching his belly button. Male love juice was smeared on his belly.

"How sensitive is this?" asked Felatina, taking hold of his penis and lifting it.

Gregory writhed on the table, tilting his pelvis up.

"As much as that?" she smiled, making everyone in the room laugh – including

Gregory himself.

Marianna put one hand on his thigh and started stroking it. Gregory looked directly at her and I saw the same look Blondie gave me when I played with his penis.

“Stand up on the table Gregory,” said Felatina, “so everyone can see what you have done.”

As he climbed to his feet, and stood towering over us, we all looked at the glistening penis. We knew perfectly well what he had done. It seemed to me there was room for two on that table.

“Blondie,” I called, waiting for my lovely slave to look up, “Stand next to Gregory. I want to compare.”

“Yes, mistress.”

Blondie climbed up next to Gregory and we all surveyed the naked beauty of the two post-ejaculation slaves. Their penises were naturally losing their stiffness now. Blondie’s was dangling between his legs, while Gregory’s was drooping but formed a ‘handle’ in front of his body rather than dangling.

I had them stand there for several minutes, while we waited for Gregory to become dangly. However, presumably due to the potion, he remained quite ‘enlarged’.

“Shall we have some more wine?” suggested Mother, “And perhaps those two could be made available to anyone who would like a closer look.”

I always did as Mother suggested, so we had all the tables moved to the back of the hall while the maids poured more wine. Blondie and Gregory jumped down from their table so it could be taken away. As Mother sipped her wine, she walked over to Gregory and started talking to him. I could not tell what they said, however I could lip-read the words “My lady” from the slave.

The next time I looked, she was pulling Gregory’s penis to one side while he had both hands on his hips. I suppressed a giggle as I saw one of her friends gently stroking Blondie’s buttocks while he lifted his penis up and showed his testicles to her.

“We must have him,” I whispered to Marianna, pointing at Gregory.

“I already have!” she giggled, flexing her hand.

“What did he feel like?” I asked, for I was interested in the physical well being of my slaves and wanted to be sure nothing was unusual about his penis.

“Warm and smooth, and very firm.” she smiled.

“It is such a shame Hunky is not mobile yet,” I sighed, “I would love to exhibit him as well.”

Marianna looked thoughtful.

“You could do something gentle with him...”

## Act XV

While the party guests examined and admired Blondie and Gregory (I later referred to this as the *Fondling Break*), Marianna and I decided to check on Hunky.

He lay on his bed, fast asleep, so we approached him silently and knelt beside the bed to watch him. His hairy chest rose and fell as he breathed, and I desperately wanted to put my hands on him but did not want to wake him. The more sleep he got, I thought, the faster his recovery and the sooner I would be able to enjoy him more fully.

Marianna silently mouthed the words “wake him up” and I considered for a moment. She pointed to a jar on the table and mimed the motion of massaging someone. I smiled broadly as I took her meaning – for the jar contained the soothing body lotion prepared by Pattus. I gestured in the vague direction of the Celebration Hall and looked at her questioningly. Her smile assured me we had hatched a satisfactory plan.

I placed the palm of my right hand on his chest, not far from his nipple. I gently followed the pattern of his hair across his pecs, down the middle of his chest and towards his navel. I then pretended my fingers were a spider’s legs and my hand ‘scampered’ back up his chest. Hunky stirred. Marianna’s smile was almost as broad as mine was and I encouraged her to join in the fun. She gently rubbed his stomach as I continued to stroke his hairy chest. How nice he felt – a man is my favorite toy because there is so much you can find to amuse yourself with.

Hunky stirred again as we both played at being spiders on his bare upper body. I took hold of a couple of hairs and pulled on them. Not hard enough to remove them, nor even to hurt, but enough to make him aware of the sensation. Marianna did the same. Still half asleep, Hunky wriggled slightly and his good arm brushed at his bare chest as though trying to remove the irritation. We could not contain ourselves and started to giggle. His eyes opened slowly as realization dawned, and then he moved as though to sit up. I gently pressed him back to the bed.

“Do not move, just relax.”

“Mistress, I am sorry. I did not realize it was you...”

I placed a finger on his lips to silence him, amused that he instinctively tried to kiss it. He was so responsive to touch. With my other hand, I gently used a finger to rub the soft skin around his nearest nipple. He looked at me with that ‘feeling sexy’ expression I knew so well from Blondie. Marianna was stroking his stomach again.

“I am going to show you off to some friends.” I told him, as I played with his nipple, “And I want them to see how beautiful you are, so I am going to completely undress you. I do not want you to try to cover anything.”

While he was letting that information sink in, I sent for two sturdy slaves to carry him. I was not prepared to risk any damage. We helped Hunky out of bed, wearing just his green ‘man skirt’, and onto a wooden bench. I sent Marianna to inform Felatina, taking the body lotion with her. I told her that the male arousal potion would not be required as I could not allow Hunky to

get too active.

The bench containing my stud was carried slowly and carefully along the corridors, I walked alongside stroking his chest, and occasionally fingering the waist of his man skirt to remind him that he was about to be naked. I saw a pleasing enlargement taking place between his legs, making the front of his skirt bulge – his way of telling me he was getting ready.

When we entered the Celebration Hall, the furniture had once more been rearranged. The various items of pleasuring equipment had been moved to one side, and the ladies sat on a semi-circle of stools. Blondie and Gregory, both still naked, sat on their haunches at each end of the semi-circle. The bench was lowered to the floor and I pointed to Blondie and Gregory.

“Help him onto the floor.” I asked, “And would someone spread something soft for him to lie on?”

Mother quickly threw down a large cover from one of the tables and put a padded cushion at one end for his head. Blondie and Gregory were on their feet in an instant, penises swaying as they hurried to assist Hunky. Taking great care, the naked slaves lowered Hunky onto the table cover. Using his good arm and leg, he positioned himself so his head was supported. He looked up at the ‘audience’ and seemed to become aware of them for the first time.

I knelt beside Hunky, feeling thrilled about having something new and exciting to show to my friends. Mother gestured for Blondie to join her. She positioned him in front of her and had him kneel so she could place her hands on his shoulders. He looked gratefully up at her. Marianna beckoned to Gregory and did the same. The young kitchen slave covered his semi-erect penis, until she gently eased his hands away to allow her to look.

I looked round the happy faces, and thought I ought to say something. I put both hands on his chest. He looked up at me, those beautiful eyes saying much more than words.

“This is Hunkius Nudius, or Hunky for short. He has had a nasty injury, so has to be handled with care.”

“Does he have male needs?” asked Felatina, leaning forward eagerly.

I nodded, rubbing his pecs and watching his bulge develop.

“He does, but obviously I cannot let him have the same exercises as Blondie yet – or Gregory.”

I saw Gregory blush and try to cover his penis again, until Marianna stopped him with a gentle smack on his shoulder.

“He has a beautiful body,” observed Felatina, “I do hope you will allow him to join in when he has recovered. I’m sure he would be a strong rower.”

There was a giggle from around the room. Blondie blushed and looked down, Hunky looked confused so I allowed my hands to slide down and stroke the hair on his belly.

“I am going to uncover you now,” I said gently, “Remember, show me everything.”

Hunky looked comfortable and relaxed on the outside, but I could guess at the excitement and anticipation inside. The lovely thing about male slaves, I

reflected, was that they could not hide anything. I reached for his man skirt.

There was a murmur of approval as I opened his garment. Released from its covering, his penis rose immediately and titled backwards, as though pointing towards me! His superb masculine physique instantly delighted the crowd, and I had no doubt the bindings on his injured arm and leg attracted as much sympathy as his uncovered ones fueled desire.

Marianna was enjoying the view, and casually rubbing Gregory's shoulders. She allowed her hands to move downwards so she could rub his pecs. His penis was rapidly stiffening.

"I have some soothing lotion for him." I reached for the jar and uncorked it. "This has to be rubbed all over his body."

I leaned over Hunky and gently trickled a little of the cold lotion onto his chest. He flinched slightly as it dripped on him. Enjoying his reaction, I slowly trickled it across his chest, down his stomach and then paused. I looked into his eyes, which looked lovingly back at me, and then I slowly lowered my eyes to look at his penis. I saw him gulp. Smiling reassuringly, I allowed the cold lotion to drip around his pelvis, and then allowed several drops to land directly on his erection. He tensed his muscles instantly and his penis jerked. There was another giggle from the crowd, so I allowed a few more drops to land there. Finally, I let a little trickle onto his thigh.

I put my hands on his chest and starting massaging the cool lotion in. Oh! It felt so nice, the warmth of his body, the soft hair, the cool liquid, the beating of his heart. He looked up at me, his eyes seemed to be glazed and his mouth was slightly open. He was enjoying this too. I soothed his chest, before starting on his stomach. I pressed on to feel his ribs as I massaged his upper half. He had the kind of body it is so hard to let go. His penis seemed to be trying to draw attention to itself as I reached towards it.

With one finger, I massaged the lotion into his penis. What a penis! It was warm and firm, and I could feel it twitching under my gentle touch, I could feel the precious pulse. Hunky followed what I was doing with his eyes. Gregory was also fully erect again. Blondie was holding his own penis as Mother gently stroked his ears.

I let go of Hunky's penis and moved my attention to his thigh. He was strong and well-toned. Every time I ran my finger down his inner thigh, his penis reacted. I pressed the back of my free hand onto his lips, feeling the warmth of him kissing it.

I leaned back, ending my physical contact with him and feeling quite flushed from my exertions. Hunky was breathing deeply and rapidly, much like the athletes I had seen race. I looked at the three erect penises in the room and had a flash of inspiration, which I made a mental note of.

I stroked Hunky's nose and nodded towards his penis.

"I think you should show us what you can do with it now..."

He hesitated, his mouth opening. I slowly mimed the male pleasuring movement and nodded.

"All the way, do not stop until you do it."

I stroked his lips with one finger, and then tapped him on the arm.

“Come along, get going.”

There was a tremendous laugh before Hunky took hold of his erect penis. With one final look at me for reassurance, he started to masturbate. I sat back to enjoy the performance with everyone else.

He started slowly, sliding his hand up and down the shaft. Then he got a little faster as his pleasure increased.

“Up and down, up and down” I whispered encouragingly.

I knew he liked his lips playing with, so I rested a couple of fingers on his mouth as he continued to pump away. I feel certain his lips were getting fuller and more ‘pouty’ as he pleased himself. Then I heard it. That little moan, cut off in the back of his throat. The next moment there was a spray of milky fluid launched up his body. I laughed as a little splash landed on his chin, another spray sent droplets all over his belly, some as far up as his chest, all accompanied by more little moans.

The crowd laughed, but not at Hunky. Blondie and Gregory could contain themselves no longer and were both masturbating as well.

“Carry on,” I said to Hunky, “Let me see if there is any more left in there”

Although his penis was losing some of its hardness, Hunky was not going to displease me. He kept pumping away, causing a few smaller drips. I heard another moan; this was Gregory – higher pitched than Hunky – sharing the ejaculation experience. It was less plentiful than his first attempt, but clearly as intensely pleasurable for him. Marianna gripped his chest tightly, smiling approvingly as he looked up at her. Blondie was looking tired, and slowing down. Considering how many times he had done it, I was not surprised there was none left.

Hunky had let go and was taking deep breaths and looking up at the ceiling. Blondie was leaning back, looking exhausted. Gregory was slumped forward, tired and aching.

“And that, Ladies” said Mother, taking the initiative, “is the end of the party. I hope you enjoyed yourselves as much as these boys have!”

There was a tremendous round of applause.

“That was magnificent,” I whispered to Hunky, “But I have so much more for you to do when you have healed...”

## Act XVI

Thursday

Dearest Amylla,

I do hope you are well my dear, and indeed resting, for I have such a lot to tell you.

I am so sorry about the length of time since my last letter, when I told you about the party. I returned Gregory to kitchen duties the next morning, working alongside those maids who had enjoyed his nakedness and male exhibition at the party. According to servant gossip, he was unclothed four times that day to

see whether the potion was still affecting him.

Blondie slept for most of the day, Jill is so kind to him. When he awoke, she had him washed and we took turns to feed him. Then I had him taken to thank Felatina for allowing him to express his maleness.

Of course, as I told you, I had become rather fond of – and amused by – Gregory. Jill noticed this and she spoke to her father. That most admired and widely respected gentleman seems unable to refuse any request from his daughter or wife. Before the end of that week, Gregory had been removed from kitchen duties and joined Blondie as a house-male. Of course, there had to be a little ceremony, which I helped Jill devise.

Gregory unclothed in the kitchen under the watchful eyes of the maids, ensuring he left behind all things that belonged there. He was washed, naked, in the open air while we watched. He walked, still naked, to Jill's room and once there swore an oath of obedience to all womankind. The length of his penis was measured and recorded, before he was allowed to wear a simple loincloth. Like Blondie and Hunky, he is very beautiful.

Hunky has made rapid progress towards healing and regaining his strength and his bandages have been removed. Jill remains protective, which amuses me constantly, since this is a very strong, physically magnificent male. Yet he is completely tamed. When she unclothes him, which is becoming increasingly frequent, it is with great tenderness and care. She has been teaching him to read, something which neither Blondie nor Gregory have expressed much interest in – preferring to run and play during the non-working time Jill allows them. (Yes, she gives them the freedom to have their own time!)

Hunky has studied diligently. Jill has told me she intends to have him reading aloud those tales she writes. Now I would describe him as mischievous, but not in a disobedient way. He seems to enjoy it when she disciplines him. He read a document to Jill. It was a list of fabrics and needlework written by Drusillia. As an incentive to concentrate, she told him that each time he pronounced a word incorrectly or misunderstood its meaning she would take off part of his clothing. By the end of the first line, he was almost naked despite some of the words being the most simple.

She decided to change the discipline to a smack on the bottom. I cannot imagine that she seriously expected this to be an incentive! She is, as you know, not aggressive in the slightest and I tell you this, I think the person receiving the smack enjoyed it as much as the person administering it did.

Now that he is able to stand, his washing takes place at the same time as Gregory and Blondie. Now when I share breakfast time with Jill, we watch the three naked slaves being cleaned. If the weather is suitable, they are taken onto the veranda to dry before dressing.

Jill has asked me whether I would help with the education of Gregory, since she sees his potential for greater usefulness. I have of course agreed, and feel a system of discipline would be helpful. I think it should involve his penis, since he seems most sensitive around that area. Drusillia has made a loop, which she can place around the base of his penis and tighten. Not enough to cause discomfort, but it seems to lead to an increase in the amount of time he is enlarged. I am sure it will not be long before Hunky and Blondie get measured for one!

I must end my letter for now; we are taking a stroll to the marketplace this

afternoon. Jill told me there is something she wants to show me. Or was it “someone’s thing”?

Your true friend

Marianna

## Act XVII

It was such a glorious day, the sun shone brightly and it seemed all of nature was rejoicing. Birds twittered, horses trotted, and even the flying insects seem to buzz in tune.

Marianna and I were shopping.

We had already ordered several lengths of dress material. I had found a soft lemon color I simply had to have a summer dress made from. Then I spotted a familiar stall.

“Oooh,” I said to my friend, “you must come and have a look at these!”

I led Marianna over to the display of decorative items, each one fashioned on the shapes of the male body. I have mentioned before the watering can with its spout shaped like a penis. Well, we looked over the objects with almost childish glee.

There were drinking cups where the handles looked like relaxing penises – at the point where the handle joined the cup was a decorative impression of the soft hairy patch at the base of a penis. There was a walking cane which looked very funny. The main part was a simple length of wood, but the handle...oh the handle! Imagine two nicely rounded testicles forming the join between the handle and the shaft of the cane. And the part you gripped with your hand was long and stiff, a perfect representation of a penis. Even the end was carved in the shape of the gorgeous ‘bulb’ which my slaves seemed so proud of, and which seemed to give them enormous pleasure. Marianna closed her eyes and gripped the handle, sliding her hand along it with a smile and we both giggled.

“Oh, I love this!” exclaimed Marianna, picking up a vase.

It was pale blue with little white figures painted around the wide base. At first, I could not see the attraction since we had many similar vases. Then she slowly turned it around to show me. The little figures were all male, that was obvious by the masculine genitals they had. But as she turned the vase, each figure had a slightly larger penis and at a slightly steeper angle. It was just like watching Blondie getting excited. The final figure was very male!

“I will take this please,” Marianna said to the stall holder.

Tatiana stepped forward, she recognized me from my last visit and we smiled at each other. Marianna handed over a coin and I had a sudden thought.

“Do you still do clay molds?” I asked innocently, an idea forming in my mind.

When we returned home, the sound of male and female laughter met our ears. I knew that mother had some friends joining her for afternoon drinks and refreshment, so I decided to greet them. And as we entered the room, a most amusing sight presented itself.

Hunky was standing in the middle of the room, facing away from me. He wore one of his green man-skirts, his gorgeous upper half bare as usual, and his hands were on his head. Mother and three of her friends each had a long feather and they were taking it in turns to tickle him. They teased his nipples, his arms, his shoulders, his armpits, his stomach and his neck with their feathers. Hunky was laughing and clearly enjoying the ‘torture’.

I pressed a finger to my lips, indicating that nobody should react to my arrival. I walked slowly towards Hunky from behind and placed both hands on his sides – he half turned his head and I saw a look of delight when he realized who it was.

“Hello Hunky,” I breathed softly, letting him feel my breath on his neck.

He lowered his head slightly, “Mistress.”

I held him for a moment, enjoying the warmth and excitement of his body and feeling his reaction to the ongoing tickling. Lots of little muscles tensed as the feathers connected with his sensitive skin.

“I want you to say your oath,” I told him, sliding my hands towards his man-skirt.

The tickling stopped and there was a sense of anticipation in the air. Hunky drew a deep breath and I could feel his upper body expand.

“Which way should I face mistress?” he asked, clearly not wanting to turn his back on mother and her friends, but also not wanting to offend me.

“Just as you are,” I smiled, resting both hands on his hips.

“You are my mistress.” he began, “I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

“And again,” I said, resting my cheek next to his bare arm and sliding my hands down the back of his man-skirt. I could feel his gorgeous firm buttocks tense. His head was still turned towards me and I saw a familiar look in his eyes.

“You are my mistress,” he said again, I felt sure his voice was slightly higher, “and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

I tugged at his man-skirt and let it fall to the floor. All eyes went straight down. He had the most gorgeous hairy legs, strong and firm, fabulous buttocks and a spectacular penis which instantly grew and hardened. He blushed.

“And again,” I teased, wrapping my arms around his upper body and resting my hands on his firm nipples.

He gulped, and shivered slightly. I looked down at his throbbing manhood.

“You are my mistress, and I pledge my loyalty, my obedience, the whole of my body and my manhood to you.”

I could feel every breath that entered and left his body, as I made him repeat his oath again. Mother and her friends watched him delightedly, enjoying every detail of this very male slave.

I giggled, patted Hunky on his bottom and turned to Marianna, who was mentally measuring Hunky’s penis.

“Shall we go and see what Blondie and Gregory are up to?”

Hunky turned his attention back to the four women in front of him. He glanced down at his manhood. His inner thighs tensed and he gave them an embarrassed grin as they raised their feathers...

Laughter echoed through the villa.

We found Gregory assisting Drusillia, the wardrobe mistress.

He was naked and lying on the floor. His heels were propped up on a table so his legs were wide open and up in the air. His penis was soft and floppy, resting in the gap between his legs. Drusillia was threading green and black wool between his toes and he seemed to be very relaxed.

“Do not move,” I told him as he looked up.

“Hello mistress,” he said, following my gaze and realizing without any obvious embarrassment that I was looking at his penis.

Marianna entered behind me, and Gregory also addressed her as mistress.

“Has he behaved himself?” teased Marianna.

“He has indeed,” confirmed Drusillia, “He has been very helpful with winding my wool. And he has pleased himself for me.”

Gregory blushed; we all knew exactly what that meant. And I am certain his penis twitched.

Marianna spotted something on a side table and picked it up.

“Oh, can I put this on him?”

She held up a little loop of material and Drusillia nodded. Gregory turned his head to see, and then gulped. He knew what it was and where it went. His mouth was open and his eyes followed Marianna’s every move. She knelt beside him and placed one hand on his stomach. With her other hand she reached between his legs. Gently and considerately, she lifted his penis, smiling as it started to stiffen. She held it firmly but caringly in one hand while the other placed the little loop over it. As she slid the loop down to the base of his penis, the expression on his face was sheer pleasure. Once it was in place, she moved her hands away. Gregory was now erect, the loop held snugly in place. His thighs had tensed considerably and his toes wriggled despite the wool wrapped around them.

Drusillia looked down between Gregory’s legs.

“I think he wants to pleasure himself again.”

I knelt on the other side of him, and smiled.

“In that case,” I teased, “I think he should...”

Gregory gulped and reached towards his erection. He looked at us each in turn, as though for reassurance. We all smiled and nodded.

He started to rub his hand up and down his penis, sliding his foreskin up and down. He was breathing more rapidly. His mouth was still open, his tongue occasionally running around his dry lips. It was wonderful to watch, as the end of his penis throbbed, his thighs and stomach tensed, his chest rose and fell.

“Take your time,” I told him, “There is no hurry.”

Drusillia hummed a little tune to herself as she carried on winding her wool and watching her assistant explore his sexual arousal. Marianna smiled at him and placed a reassuring hand on his chest. I wanted to play with his raised legs, since I always liked legs, so I stated running one hand from his ankle to his thigh and back again. Marianna giggled and with her free hand started to do the same to his other leg. Thinking he might as well have the same enjoyment from both of us, I copied Marianna by placing my free hand on his chest.

My friend and I exchanged glances, having the same thought at the same time, and we both started to stroke his nipples.

After several minutes of pleasuring, Gregory tensed suddenly and all eyes went to his penis. It throbbed and jerked, and a lovely creamy fluid spurted out of the end. We carried on stroking his chest and legs as he enjoyed and shared his maleness. As though determined to prove his manhood, Gregory kept stroking his penis until it seemed certain he must have teased every bit of liquid out. Finally he let go and slumped back.

His penis jerked several times while we continued to play with his legs, then gradually started to relax – lowering itself in jerky stages until it drooped between his legs.

“Good boy,” said Marianna, stroking his hair.

“I think it is time we went to find Blondie,” I said, giving Gregory’s leg a few more strokes. It was such a lovely leg, I did not want to let go.

## Act XVIII

As we approached my bedroom, I motioned to Marianna not to speak. There was a very soft voice coming from inside, which I recognized at once.

“... are beautiful Mistress, your skin is soft and cool...”

Marianna and I exchanged glances. Who was Blondie talking to?

We entered silently and there, lying on the floor next to my bed, wearing just his loincloth and holding a cushion was Blondie. He had his eyes closed and we watched as he started gently kissing the cushion. His lovely soft lips pressed to the material in small, slow, gentle kisses. He held the cushion gently, tenderly pressing it to his chest. Marianna’s head tilted to one side for a better view, and we both looked at each other with probably the same thought. What a pleasurable and gentle lover he would be.

I spotted a small leaf on the floor and carefully picked it up, rolling it into a ball. Giving my friend a smile, I flicked the leaf ball at my slave. It landed on his stomach and both eyes opened. He sat up and pushed the cushion to one side.

“Mistress! I was, er, my... I did...” he floundered, looking for a reason why he had been wooing a cushion in my bedroom.

He stood up, hands folded in front of his loincloth and head bowed. He knew he was in trouble and that in some households his behavior could lead to a whipping. But surely my first and most precious slave knew me better?

“I am pleased,” I said, “to find you honoring me in my absence. I would have been yet more pleased had you removed your loincloth.”

Marianna giggled, “Take it off now,” she whispered.

Blondie moved his hands, revealing the outline of his masculinity held by his loincloth, and started untying the garment. He let it drop to the floor, and we watched as his penis rose to its erection for us. We looked up and down his beautiful naked body; I never tired of enjoying his perfect physique. Every inch of him shouted out loud what he wanted to do. I could almost sense his hand being drawn to his penis... but it was important he remembered to whom it belonged. Every part of his body was mine. I had complete control over it.

And I was in the mood for showing him off.

“Follow me,” I ordered, turning to leave.

We approached the room where mother and her friends were enjoying Hunky, hearing male and female laughter. As we walked in, one of mother’s guests was stroking Hunky’s erect penis with the end of a long feather, making everyone (including Hunky) laugh as it grew harder. I reminded myself how sensitive males were between their legs.

“Oooh look,” said another of mother’s friends, “another one!”

I gestured for Blondie to stand next to Hunky and display his nakedness. I enjoyed having the two side by side, so I could enjoy the contrast between the hairy and the smooth slaves. And compare the lengths and shapes of their penises.

I walked over to the vase of feathers, and selected a long pink-dyed one. Blondie’s eyes followed my every move. I stopped in front of him, and let him watch my eyes travel up and down his long legs, gorgeous chest and lovely penis. And then I reached out with the feather.

He giggled as I ran its softness over his left nipple, then his right. Then I ran it slowly down the middle of his body. I enjoy seeing how a male is almost divided into two halves by the line down his middle. His penis flexed and twitched as I stroked the feather around his hips. Then I looked into his eyes, those beautiful soulful eyes...

He made a little sound, almost like a squeak, as I stroked the feather from his testicles, up the underside of his penis to the enlarged end. I gently circled the tip of his penis, watching him squirm. As I did this, Marianna took a feather and started to tickle his nipples at the same time. Blondie clearly found the sensation pleasurable. Muscles all over his body tensed – in his thighs, in his buttocks, his stomach, and his arms... The more we ‘feathered’ him, the more he tensed.

Hunky was having the same experience courtesy of two of the older ladies, and I enjoyed watching them both writhe in pleasure. I knew of women who took pleasure in seeing their slaves endure pain and humiliation, but that was not for me. I prefer to take pleasure from seeing – and giving – pleasure.

Another of mother’s friends decided to enhance Hunky’s enjoyment and started stroking his back and buttocks with her feather while he still had two feathers pleasuring his front. Mother smiled indulgently at Blondie – I knew she had a great fondness for him – and started stroking HIS back and buttocks.

His pelvis kept moving forwards as we stroked him, and I knew what he wanted. But for the moment, I was denying him that form of pleasure. That would come later, when I decided.

A maid entered the room and bowed, having a good look at the two naked slaves. I put down my feather and went to speak to her. She told me that my guest had arrived, and I spoke softly in mother's ear.

"It seems another treat awaits us," she said to her friends, "Shall we have some refreshment before it begins? Join me on the veranda"

I think Hunky and Blondie were more than a little disappointed to see the feathers returned to the vase, and their pleasuring halted. From being the center of attention, they were now left with just Marianna and me. I looked at the two very healthy specimens of maleness, enjoying having them naked.

"You have wonderful bodies," I told them, "and I take great pleasure from displaying you. But for now, I want you dressed. Go to Drusillia's room where you will find Gregory. Tell Drusillia I want all three of you in something small, soft and easy to remove. Then I want you to wait in my room until I send for you."

Hunky reached for his man-skirt, but I placed a finger on his chest.

"No, walk there naked, both of you."

We watched them leave the room, having to walk past the maid on the way. Marianna turned to me.

"It is strange," she said, "How they are both so different and yet I cannot say that I prefer one over the other. I suppose it is like asking whether a peach or orange is the nicer fruit."

I nodded to the maid, her signal to bring my guest in.

On the veranda, mother and her friends lay on long comfortable couches, sipping spring water.

"Mother," I said, stepping out into the sunshine, "we have a guest. Tatiana."

Behind me, the lady from the market stall stepped forward.

"My greetings," she said, bowing low – her rank in society being much lower than ours.

"Tatiana has come to show us some art," I explained.

"Bolder, come here!" Tatiana clapped her hands.

Her slave stepped forward, carrying a large basket. He wore just sandals and a leather thong and was tall, handsome, with a beautifully defined body. His bottom was mostly bare, a small piece of leather covering his genitals was connected to a waistband by a thin strap which passed between his bare legs and buttocks.

"I am going to paint one of Lady Jill's slaves," explained Tatiana. She turned to Bolder: "Put that down."

Silent and obedient, Bolder carefully put the basket on the floor. My eyes wandered around his body.

"They are just being clothed," I told her, "Perhaps Bolder might amuse us

until they are ready?"

Marianna and I reclined on a couple of spare couches, looking forward to what was to follow. I remembered enjoying seeing Bolder before, and recalled him being very acceptable when naked. Tatiana nodded. Reaching inside the basket, she produced a long thin cane and I wondered what she had in mind.

"Exercise!" she snapped.

Obediently, Bolder slid his sandals off and dropped to the floor. He started doing push-ups. Every muscle in his arms, legs and buttocks tensed as his audience leaned forward for a better look.

One of the ladies, Winela, turned to mother and said, "I usually have my slaves exercise naked while being whipped. It makes them jump higher."

"Faster," said Tatiana, giving Bolder an encouraging strike across his bare buttocks with the cane.

I tensed a little, I really did not care for that sort of thing, but it was not my place to tell her how to treat her slave. I thought back to her story of having him circumcised.

"Faster!" Tatiana struck him again.

In response, Bolder increased his speed again. He was sweating now.

"Stop," once again, her instruction was accompanied by a movement with the cane.

I noticed a smile on Winela's face, and reflected that I should not like to be a slave in her household.

"One of my slaves did not try hard enough," she said. Continuing her story, "So I had him castrated while the others watched."

I was used to hearing of slaves being treated harshly, but I found that unnecessarily cruel. I was glad my three beautiful males were not around to hear that, for I knew how much importance they placed on their testicles.

I heard the slap of cane on bare buttock once more.

"Stand."

Bolder stood instantly, muscles tense.

"Strip."

In full view of seven women, and with his eyes fixed on the cane, Bolder started untying his thong. It fell to the floor, revealing his large, semi-erect, circumcised penis and two very well developed testicles. I felt some relief that Tatiana had allowed him to keep them.

"That would make a nice trophy for the wall," commented Winela to mother.

I was becoming a little tired of her remarks, but did not want to be openly rude.

"I think it looks nice where it is," I said softly.

Bolder's face turned towards me, only briefly, but I saw a reassured look in his eyes. I saw him glance down at his penis.

Mother cast an eye over Bolder's manhood, "Yes, I do think it is such a shame to damage the arrangement, rather like beheading a rose in full bloom."

"It is a big one too," said Marianna, "Like a tree branch..."

We all giggled at that. And I had to agree, in length and girth he was well constructed.

"My husband," joked Winela, "was more of a twig."

Everyone laughed, and I wondered whether that had anything to do with her keenness to damage her slaves.

Another of mother's friends, Nigelina, joined in the conversation.

"My husband is hung like a stallion," she said proudly, "Sadly he only seems to manage one race a week these days."

Her third friend, Betyus, laughed loudly, "Mine seems to have forgotten what to do with his. Fortunately, I have a slave with the necessary talents. What about you?"

Her question was directed at mother, I cringed not wanting to think about that.

"Oh, I have no complaints," she replied, a little twinkle in her eye.

Throughout this conversation, Bolder stood naked having his penis inspected. The cane struck his buttocks.

"Exercise!"

He dropped to the floor and, penis hanging beneath him, resumed his push-ups.

## Act XIX

As Bolder exercised in the nude, a maid stood at the edge of the veranda and attracted my attention. I walked over to her and she informed me my slaves had been prepared.

"Have Blondie sent out first," I told her, nodding to Tatiana. The maid bowed and hurried away.

"Stand!" ordered Tatiana, swishing the cane onto Bolder's buttocks.

Penis bobbing around, Bolder rose to his feet. All eyes were on his manhood. From inside the basket, Tatiana produced a chain. At one end was a loop, at the other a ring. Bolder was clearly familiar with this – he automatically spread his legs, reducing his height. The loop was put around his neck like a collar, while she slid the ring onto the end of his penis. Bolder straightened up again, and I was amused to see that as he did so, the chain linking the two caused the end of his penis to be lifted up, giving us a perfect view of his testicles. She instructed him to stand at the far side of the veranda, facing us.

Blondie appeared in the doorway, and nervously walked towards me. He had been beautifully dressed by Drusillia – she had an eye for clothing men. Around his neck he wore a loop made of white cloth, it was about the thickness of a beaded necklace. He was stripped from the shoulders to the waist, and had a

single length of white material in place of his usual loincloth. It was open down one side, save for a piece of string looped through holes in both edges and tied in a bow. It was clear from his almost bare hip, and the outline in the front, that he was naked underneath. His long, tanned legs and his feet were bare.

Even though I had seen him nude countless times, I always felt a rush of excitement. I beckoned him to stand in front of the 'audience' and turn to face them. I saw his eyes glance at Bolder, then the chain... and I wondered if it reminded him of a certain occasion he narrowly escaped something unpleasant.

Tatiana had removed several pots from her basket and a long paintbrush, with a wooden handle and soft hair bristles. Blondie watched in puzzlement as she dipped it in one of the pots.

"Stand still," I ordered him, "Tatiana is going to paint a pattern on your body."

I started untying the string holding his clothing together. It separated and came away easily in my hand. As soon as he was nude, Blondie started to have an erection. In slow jerky movements at first, then a smooth rise to full arousal. Leaving him wearing only his 'collar', I went back to my couch and reclined in considerable comfort, putting Blondie's clothing item behind me.

Tatiana started with red paint. Blondie looked down as she began painting a pattern of scrolls down his bare chest. He seemed to enjoy the sensation of the wet paint and the soft brush caressing his bare skin. She circled his nipples with delicacy and I was amazed at her gentleness, considering how harsh she was with Bolder.

"You have a most unusual way with your slaves," said Winela, turning to me.

"They are more like her toys," said a gruff, kindly voice from somewhere behind me.

I turned round to see father, just back from whatever business he had been attending to.

"Good afternoon ladies," he said, picking up a rolled up piece of parchment from a shelf near the doorway, "Don't mind me. I only came for this."

He strolled over to mother and bent to give her a kiss on the cheek, then looked over at Blondie, who was now having blue swirls added to the red scrolls.

"Do you ever cover your body?" he asked, sighing and rolling his eyes comically.

"Yes master," said Blondie respectfully, "But only when my mistress commands."

Father winked at him, "I suspect that is not often then..."

Blondie grinned back at him. He liked and respected my father, and not simply because it was his duty as a slave. In return, father knew that Blondie made me happy and so thought well of him. But then, father had always been indulgent to his little girl. Chuckling to himself, father took his parchment and wandered off into the gardens.

The swirls and scrolls had now reached Blondie's flat stomach and each stroke of the brush made his stomach muscles react. Tatiana was only inches away

from his penis. She started painting green curves on his thighs. I knew how sensitive Blondie's thighs were, especially on the inner sides, and I watched with delight as I saw him squirm slightly and his penis flex. He was not just being painted, he was being pleased.

"What color would you like on his penis?" Tatiana asked me, unexpectedly.

I looked at the lovely sight of Blondie's patterned body and considered. I shrugged.

"I have some shiny golden paint..." Tatiana suggested.

"Oh that would be nice," said mother, "It is his most precious part after all."

Blondie looked down at his nakedness, and then smiled at her. Tatiana leaned forward with a brush dipped in gold. Blondie tensed wonderfully as the cold paint touched his penis. With slow, gentle strokes, she gradually turned his penis gold – all except for the glowing head which she left as nature intended. I noticed that the end of his penis was open slightly wider than usual, and a little drop of his love juice had formed in the opening. That, I knew, was a sign of his pleasure and it made me happy.

"Now," said Tatiana, "we will leave you to dry for a little while. Do not cross your arms or smudge the paint."

We now had full frontal male nudity at both sides of the veranda. I sent for the maid, and told her we were ready for Gregory.

Gregory bit his lip and blushed deeply as he walked across the veranda. He was wearing an identical outfit to the one Blondie had removed. He saw Bolder first, chained and nude, and then Blondie tastefully decorated with paint. He looked around the assembled women and blinked boyishly, his mouth open. Gregory's bare chest and legs always pleased me, a mixture of manliness and boyishness.

"Stand and face the front," I told him, rising from my couch.

Gregory was totally obedient and I walked over to him slowly, prolonging his nervousness. I saw his adam's apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed nervously. His mouth was still open as I slowly untied his string, and slid his 'clothes' off. His penis was instantly erect, and I was amused considering he had fully pleased himself at least twice that day. Maybe it was just a sign of his youth that his body recovered so quickly. Some of the older ladies leaned forward, and I realized this might be the first time they had seen him.

He seemed unsure what to do with his hands, so I gently eased them behind his back and told him to rest them on his bottom. Meanwhile, Tatiana was mixing a substance in a bowl she had taken from her art basket. She added a little more water and nodded in satisfaction.

"Tatiana is going to make a model of your manhood." I whispered in his ear, and then walked back to my couch.

He glanced down at his penis, which leaned slightly to one side and it twitched in response. He tensed his thighs and licked his dry lips as Tatiana moved towards him. Without warning, she reached out and touched his penis. His thighs instantly drew closer together and his upper body tensed. He was about to move his arms, when he looked into my eyes and thought better of it. Tatiana was rubbing some kind of oil onto his penis and the look on Gregory's

face told everyone watching that he was enjoying it.

She took a large handful of the clay she had been mixing, wet and sticky, and started smoothing it onto his oiled penis. His mouth was open even wider now, and his eyes were fixed on her hands. She gently massaged the clay all around his penis and testicles, molding it perfectly to his body. Blondie watched with interest, and I imagined he was glad of anything to occupy his mind while his paint dried. Perhaps he was wondering what cold clay felt like.

Tatiana settled back on her knees for a moment, while the clay started to set. After a short while, and with the most delicate touch, she eased the clay mold off Gregory's penis and placed it gently on a straw mat to dry fully. Gregory looked down, firstly at his now gray penis, then at the model of his manhood. It was probably, I thought, the first time he had been able to view from that angle. He seemed fascinated by the shape of the model. Tatiana handed him a cloth and a small bowl of water.

"Wash yourself before it sets," she instructed.

We all watched as Gregory dipped the cloth in the bowl, then started wiping his penis. I made a mental note to have all my slaves wash their penises in front of me later. It was interesting to watch Gregory do it, he was much rougher than I expected, scrubbing away at it. Not for the first time, I was intrigued by a man's relationship with his genitals.

"Stand next to Bolder and let your body dry," said Tatiana, gesturing to her own slave.

Gregory walked over to join the chained slave, turning to face us and keeping his hands behind his back. He had clearly realized that we wanted to see penises.

I summoned the maid once more.

"I am ready for Hunky now," I told her.

## Act XX

Hunky stood in the doorway, showing off his hairy body. He wore the same simple white collar and wrap around garment as the others and looked gorgeous. I turned to see the maid openly admiring his bare chest – she caught my eye and looked away instantly, her head bowed. I stood up and placed my finger under her chin, titling her head upwards. She looked at me apprehensively.

"I am sorry mistress." she said quietly.

I shook my head: "There is no need for apologies, or to look away. Enjoy his beauty."

She hesitated, and then looked again at his chest and legs.

"Thank you mistress..."

A naughty idea crossed my mind. I looked at Hunky, letting him see my eyes caressing his body.

"Strip him," I said quietly.

The maid looked up, eyes wide. I nodded, and pointed to the little string

holding Hunky's white cloth together. I stood directly in front of him and looked into his kind, caring, sensual eyes.

"She is nervous," I told him, "Make it easy for her to strip you."

Hunky looked at me, a little sparkle in his eyes and at the same time a quiet amusement at how I was exercising my power over him. He looked directly at me, and I felt a little fluttering in my stomach. Why did he always have that effect on me? As though he was submitting to my request, rather than obeying an instruction, my equal rather than my slave. Without breaking eye contact with me, he lifted the end of the string and placed it in the maid's hand. Then he raised his arms, stretching his upper body, and put his hands on his head. With a gentle movement, he leaned slightly to one side, making the piece of string taut. I looked down and could see the outline of his manhood growing under the white material.

I looked into his eyes again as the maid pulled the string. Hunky's clothing fell away, revealing once more his full frontal nudity. The maid looked down at his penis, her eyes wide as it rose rapidly into a full erection. I allowed my gaze to run down his chest, his arms, his legs...

"Carry me." I said suddenly, surprising myself by speaking my thoughts aloud.

Pausing only to make sure he had not misheard, Hunky lifted me – one strong arm supporting my back, the other tucked under my legs. I felt the warmth of his naked body as he held me close, and I could feel his erect penis brushing against my dress. I placed a hand on his chest, resting on his body hair.

"Where shall I take you... mistress?" he asked quietly.

His soft, deep voice and the confident way he held me gave me another little flutter. I was starting to feel very warm.

"Walk to where Blondie is." I said, letting my hand slide down his chest a little.

Feeling completely safe, I was carried the short distance to the side of the veranda by the most fabulous hunk of a man. Once there, he lowered me gently to the ground and stood with his hands by his sides. I had a quick look around, enjoying the sight of four erect penises.

Gregory's was the smallest of the four, I noticed. Although that is not to say it was actually 'small', for he was perfectly formed and it was in proportion to the rest of him. Then I think Blondie's was next in size. I was undecided between Bolder and Hunky, so I would consider them the same. I turned back to Hunky and slowly untied the collar around his neck, standing so close to his naked body that I could feel his penis pressing against me. I looked into his eyes, and then winked at him.

"How would you like him decorated?" asked Tatiana, looking at Hunky with greedy eyes.

"Paint his arms," I said slowly, then ran a finger down the centre of his chest to his navel, "and I would like a clay model..."

Everyone leaned forward to watch this. Hunky flinched as the cold oil was rubbed onto his penis. I smiled at him as Tatiana expertly rubbed his manhood, and then started to press the cold and sticky clay onto it. Once again, Blondie

seemed fascinated and I realized that he wanted to have it done too. Well, I thought, it would spoil the gold paint so you will have to do without. Hunky made a little sigh of pleasure as the clay was eased off and his penis swayed.

“Clean it off,” said Tatiana, handing him a cloth and the bowl of water.

Hunky was gentler with his penis than Gregory had been, and wiped in slow downward strokes. When he had done, the lovely manhood glistened in the sunlight. He looked down at the clay mold drying on the straw mat, raising an eyebrow as though satisfied it did him justice. Tatiana raised her paintbrush and started decorating his arms with the familiar scroll pattern.

“He is a big beautiful boy,” said Betyus.

“I would like to see how high he jumps when he is whipped,” added Winela.

“I would rather watch him perform at the stud farm,” laughed Nigelina, “I bet he can go at it for hours.”

Hunky could hear this discussion of his body and masculinity, and I could tell it was exciting as well as embarrassing for him.

“What is that scar on his leg?” asked Winela, “I thought you did not beat your slaves?”

“Oh that is from an old injury,” said Mother, “Before Jill bought him.”

“I hope you got him cheap,” continued Winela, “When I sell my damaged stock I only manage to make a fraction of the original cost.”

I resisted the temptation to tell her not to ‘damage’ them, and instead smiled at Hunky, “He was very good value...”

I saw the slightest trace of a smirk on Hunky’s lips.

“So you buy your own slaves?” asked Nigelina.

“Yes, father allows me some money which I do not have to account to him,” I replied.

Tatiana turned to face the audience, proud of her work on Hunky. He looked wonderful!

“Can we have them lined up?” asked Mother.

I clapped my hands and obediently Gregory came to stand next to Hunky.

“And the other?” suggested Mother.

Tatiana turned to Bolder: “Stand here!” she ordered.

The chain connecting Bolder’s penis to his neck rattled as he walked, and made his penis swing from side to side. I asked Tatiana to remove it, so we could have complete nudity. I looked along the line, each penis was at a slightly different angle – and Blondie’s gold painted one shone!

“Do you collect their semen?” asked Betyus, “Mixed with herbs and oils it makes wonderful skin lotion. You just need a few males who are good producers.”

I shook my head, looking at my aroused slaves with interest.

“Oh I agree,” said Winela, “I have my slaves whipped while it is extracted from them.”

Somehow this did not surprise me. She even deprived them of the pleasure of orgasm.

“Do you never tire of whippings?” I asked sarcastically.

“No,” she laughed, “But the slaves do. That is when I send for the branding irons.”

I shuddered, and as I looked at the naked parade I saw their penises were starting to droop.

“Well Tatiana,” said Mother briskly, sensing my temper rising, “Thank you for a most interesting display. And now ladies, perhaps we should get down to business.”

That was the real reason mother tolerated some of her guests – as useful allies on the ladies committees, rather than true friends. Making polite noises, the older ladies left the veranda and headed indoors to discuss matters of importance, leaving me, Marianna and Tatiana with the naked men.

“Thank you for your visit,” I said to Tatiana, “If you could let me know when the items are ready...”

She nodded, instructing Bolder to gather together her art equipment. I had already told her what sort of things I would like to be made using my slaves’ penises as models.

“And if I may,” added Marianna, “I would love a water jug modeled on Gregory...”

Tatiana smiled and nodded. “Would you like his penis as the handle... or the spout?”

Marianna looked naughtily at Gregory’s naked body, and his rapidly growing penis. She licked her lips slowly as he blushed.

“Both,” she giggled, “Then I can feel it and watch it perform at the same time...”

“Dress!” snapped Tatiana.

Bolder pulled his leather thong back on quickly, tucking his large penis in, and then slid his feet into his sandals.

“When they are ready, perhaps you would send Bolder to deliver them?” I asked.

Tatiana agreed and Bolder looked at me, surprised.

“I think,” I continued, “that there might be something I would like him to do when he comes...”

## Act XXI

When Tatiana and Bolder had left, I turned back to enjoy my nudes.

I stood in front of Hunky first.

“You are beautiful,” I told him, gently cupping his testicles in my hand, “These are mine and I like playing with them.” I moved my hand from side to

side, feeling the firm masculine orbs rolling across my palm. I felt the skin of his scrotum tighten and his penis stiffen.

I released him and moved to Gregory.

“You are beautiful, and this is mine,” I wrapped my fingers and thumb around his penis and slid his foreskin back, I could feel it swelling in my grip “I enjoy playing with it.”

I let go and walked over to Blondie. He opened his legs and tilted his penis forward.

“You are beautiful,” I looked down at his golden penis. I then started stroking his nipples, “These are mine, and I love to play with them.” His nipples were hard like marble. He looked down at his penis, as though willing me to touch it. I smiled at him, determined to tease him a little longer.

“Marianna, is there anything you would like to enjoy?” I invited.

She considered for a moment, and then walked to Blondie. Once again, he angled his pelvis forward hopefully. Instead, she reached up and stroked his ears. She proceeded to feel Hunky’s penis and Gregory’s testicles.

“Follow me to my room,” I smiled, turning to my slaves, “and completely unclothe.”

Blondie and Gregory quickly removed their white collars and dropped them to the floor. As we walked to my room, we passed several maids. I ordered my slaves to walk slowly and I told each maid to look at their penises and to tell me which slave had a golden one.

“Blondie, mistress” came the replies.

When we reached my room, Blondie was blushing. He knew that very soon every servant would know his penis had been painted gold, not just those who had seen it. Knowing that no matter how much time he spent completely naked, he could still be embarrassed was one of my little pleasures.

“Mistress?” he said quietly, kneeling on the floor and looking up at me.

“Yes Blondie?”

“Mistress Jill, will you have us whipped?”

“I do not like the whip, either as encouragement or punishment,” I said, “Nor the branding iron. If it is necessary to have you punished, I would have something else in mind. You are not going to misbehave are you?”

“No mistress,” said all three slaves at once, bowing their heads.

It amused me to test their obedience while they were naked. Somehow, I always found their responses more earnest.

“Good, now rest. This evening you will demonstrate your bodies to a new friend who has some good ideas for exercising you.”

The slaves settled themselves obediently onto rugs scattered around the room.

“You will be naked in front of her,” I said, looking down at the gorgeous array of chests, legs and penises, “And she wants you in your full masculinity, so you may not touch your manhood now.”

I looked across at Marianna, and she saw the naughty look in my eye. As we walked back to the veranda to rest ourselves, she turned to me and smiled.

“You do realize there are now three males desperately wanting to use their manhood, but resisting?”

“Really?” I replied, with an air of innocence, “Do you think it will make them sensitive? Perhaps they will find the exercise even more enjoyable.”

We picked up some oranges from the table and giggled.

“Perhaps we will too,” laughed Marianna.

## Act XXII

“What time is Domini coming?” asked Marianna.

“She said early evening, and will stay tonight,” I replied.

“Oooh, so she will be here tomorrow as well?” Marianna had a playful look in her eye.

I nodded, wondering what my friend was thinking.

“If she does not exhaust them tonight,” said Marianna slowly, “Then perhaps they could do a little exercise in the morning as well.”

We exchanged a glance and giggled. She had such a naughty imagination.

A soft cough made me turn my head. Standing in the doorway was a young male slave, dressed in an attractive white garment and sandals. The garment was a single piece of material fastened at the front and back to a thin waistband tied at each side. His upper body and long, powerful legs were bare. He had a dense mop of black hair on his head and a desirable, simple and honest face. He carried a large hammer in one hand and a long metal chisel in the other.

“Yes?” I asked, allowing my eyes to enjoy the firm and muscular shape of his hairless torso. Every detail was exceptionally well defined.

“Forgive me Mistresses,” he bowed his head, “But I am sent by my master to place some new floor stones.”

He gestured beyond the veranda to a square of ground that had been dug out and partly filled with sand, then edged with wooden beams. There was a pile of stone beside it.

“Then you had better continue,” I said, smiling. If he worked with stone, it would explain his magnificent physique I thought.

Bowing respectfully to Marianna and me, he walked from the veranda towards the prepared area. We watched him go, enjoying every movement of those muscles. He reached his work area, removed his sandals, placed his tools on the ground and went to pick up the first floor stone. It looked heavy, I doubt if I could have lifted it, but with his arms, legs and stomach muscles tensed he moved it roughly into place.

“What is your name?” I called.

The beautiful and healthy specimen stopped his work and straightened up.

“My name is Garn, mistress.”

“A pleasing name for a pleasing body,” whispered Marianna in my ear.

I smiled at the masculine delight, and told him to continue working. He bowed and returned his attention to the first stone. He slid it towards one corner so that two edges touched the wooden beams. From where I was sitting, I could see that one edge was a smoother join than the other was. Garn took up his chisel and hammer and struck the stone with careful, deliberate blows making small chunks break off. I marveled at how he was able to transfer the strength built up in his powerful arms into such precise movements. Gradually, Garn reshaped one side of the stone, until it was a smooth fit with the wooden beam. His powerful yet compact body forced the stone into place and he stood up to fetch another.

“Isn’t he strong,” said Marianna, impressed as I was by his physique, “and yet shapely.”

“Shall we tease him?” I suggested, feeling a little glow of pleasure at the thought.

Marianna giggled, and followed me as I walked towards the working area.

“May we watch, for I am interested in men’s work?” I asked, knowing that Garn was not allowed to refuse.

“As you wish mistress, but I would suggest you watch from this side for safety,” he gestured to the chisel.

We knelt on the grass; far enough away to avoid loose stone chippings from hitting us. Garn continued with his work, lifting a stone, placing it, breaking pieces from the edges.

“You have a strong body,” said Marianna, “Well suited to manual work.”

“Thank you, mistress,” said Garn politely, and I thought I could see the beginnings of a smile.

“Is your chest so well developed simply from your labors?” I asked innocently.

Garn blushed a little as he replied, “I think so, mistress, though I also perform in sports.”

“Your thighs remind me of a runner,” Marianna observed, “Is running one of your sports?”

“Yes mistress, running, climbing, wrestling and throwing.”

He seemed to be concentrating intently on one corner of his latest stone.

“Are your buttocks as firm as your thighs?” I asked quietly.

Garn’s face was bright red now, whether from his exertions or my question I could not tell.

“Yes, mistress.” his voice sounded a little choked.

“I have heard,” said Marianna, winking at me, “that men perform some sports naked. Do you?”

Garn was definitely embarrassed now.

“Yes mistress, I must wrestle naked and sometimes run naked.”

“Why do you have to wrestle naked?” asked Marianna, with a huge smile.

“It is to prevent your opponent dragging you to the floor by your loincloth, or holding you back,” Garn grunted as he rammed the current stone into position.

“And why do you run naked?” Marianna continued.

“The games are a series of events, mistress, and sometimes after wrestling your opponent to the ground you must run to the finish line.”

“Do women watch your sport?” I asked casually.

Garn stopped his laboring for a moment, “No mistress, it is not allowed. The important men place bets on each sportsman, ladies may not gamble.”

“That is most unfair,” said Marianna, playing with her fingernails.

Garn said nothing; he was busily striking at a stone.

“So you take off all your clothes,” I teased, “And yet do not show your body to women. Do you think that fair?”

“I follow instructions mistress, I do not judge nor make rules. I am simply to obey.”

“Your arm muscles are quite large,” said Marianna, “Are all your muscles like that?”

Garn nodded, “I am quite strong.”

As though to underline this assertion, he moved another stone into position. As he knelt down, I saw the unmistakable bulge in the front of his garment. Marianna had noticed it too.

“Do you have a large manhood?” I asked, stretching my arms above my head and yawning.

Garn blinked and then gulped. The bulge in his clothing grew larger.

“I, ah, I think it is normal mistress.”

“How do you compare with the other sportsmen?” asked Marianna, increasing Garn’s embarrassment.

“It is not the largest, mistress, but nor is it the smallest.”

He was sitting on his haunches now, unable to concentrate on his work.

“Do you measure yours next to theirs?” I asked, giggling.

“No mistress,” said Garn quickly, “But when we await our turn to race we can see each other.”

“Have you been circumcised?” asked Marianna.

Garn hesitated, then replied, “Yes mistress.”

“As a boy?” I inquired, tilting my head to one side and looking directly at his bulge.

“No mistress, last year when I was bought by my present master. It is a rule of the villa.”

Marianna stretched out on the grass, enjoying this intimate teasing just as much as I was.

“How was it done, and where?” she was not going to spare him any blushes.

“On my first night, mistress. All the slaves bought that day were chained up and inspected. Those of us who needed to be circumcised were done as part of the inspection – after branding.”

He pointed to a small pattern of two zigzag lines on his upper arm.

“May we see your manhood?” asked Marianna, fluttering her eyelids at him, “It would complete our view of your body.”

I could not prevent myself from giggling. This was so naughty and so much fun!

Garn hung his head, and then said, “Must I do this mistress?”

“You are not my slave,” I said, “But you know the answer. Stand – and bare your body.”

Garn straightened up and stood facing us. He paused for a moment, and then put both hands on his garment. Slowly, he started to untie both sides of his waistband.

The cloth fell to the floor and Garn stood perfectly still. His penis, which had already been straining at the material, now stood firm and erect. It was superb, matching entirely my expectations based on the rest of his body. The end was enlarged, the shaft rigid. His scrotum was like a little leathery pouch between his legs. He was beautiful.

“You have been very neatly circumcised,” said Marianna, no longer teasing but genuinely complimentary.

“I think you underestimate your size,” I added, “You must surely be among the most impressively hung sportsmen.”

Garn bowed, “Thank you mistresses,” he said, his voice slightly croaky.

I looked up and down his body, and then said, “You are one of the most masculine males I have ever seen. Every inch of your body is pure man. You are a magnificent example of your sex.”

Garn bowed again, “Thank you mistress.”

“I would like you to carry on with your work now,” I said, leaning back.

Garn reached for his garment, but Marianna swiped it away. She shook her head.

“Naked,” she smiled.

## Act XXIII

Garn looked at me. He had the loveliest eyes. I did not see fear in them, but a sense of vulnerability: he knew he was completely at our mercy.

“Mistresses,” he said, bowing his head in submission.

He knelt, naked, on the completed stones as he maneuvered another into position. His buttocks were rounded and firm, tense and lovely, his penis stood proudly between his legs. He leaned forward to push the new stone into place.

“He looks like a horse!” Marianna giggled.

I could see what she meant. Kneeling, with his palms flat on the floor, he did indeed look like a four-legged animal. Just as the penis of a male horse sticks out under its body, so did Garn’s. Our giggles seemed to make it stiffer and it hung almost parallel with his torso. Garn blushed, chipping away at one edge of the stone. Each time he struck the chisel with the hammer his body shook – the vibration made his arms tense and I saw with delight that his buttocks were tensing too. Best of all, his penis swayed.

He stood up to fetch the next stone, walking like a figure from a dream; graceful, powerful, elegant movements, his arms and legs had real power and strength in them. His torso was sculptured, yes that was the word, sculptured. As he carried the stone back, I could see every muscle in his entire naked body working together to bear the load. His penis was nearly as hard as the stone and I wondered whether he was enjoying showing it.

He placed the stone on the ground and was back on all fours again. Marianna looked naughtily at me, and then made a sound exactly like the neigh of a horse. We both collapsed with giggles, it was so funny, and I saw Garn’s shoulders shaking a little as he tried not to laugh.

“You are a big boy,” I said, “I would like to see you using that.”

“Yes mistress,” said Garn, striking away at the stone.

“So would I,” teased Marianna, “Now.”

Garn dropped his chisel and stared at her.

“Mistress?”

“Do you know how to use it?” I asked innocently, curling my hair between my fingers, “Do you know why you have one?”

Garn picked up his chisel and continued working. “Yes mistress,” he said between strikes.

“Have you used it today?” I asked softly, looking at my nails.

Garn stopped working and blinked, “Yes mistress.”

“When you use it,” said Marianna, “what do you do with it?”

Garn put down his tools and sat on his haunches, his penis poking out between his thighs.

“It is how I empty myself after drinking,” he explained.

“Oh, how does that happen?” I asked, wide-eyed and innocent.

Garn looked uncertainly from one of us to the other: “Sometime after drinking I feel a pressure here,” he placed a hand on his pelvis, “that tells me I need to... empty myself.” He blushed.

“How do you empty yourself?” I continued.

Garn licked his dry lips, “I relax and point at the wall and it...happens.”

“What happens?” I leaned forward, looking directly at his penis.

Garn shrugged, “I hold it and the water runs out until I am empty.”

I smiled at him, "Show me."

Trembling with embarrassment, Garn took hold of his penis with his right hand and angled it forward. It was not easy for him as he was very erect.

"Like this mistress, and the water pours."

"It is not doing anything," said Marianna, looking down at it.

"No mistress, I do not feel the need just yet."

"I will fetch some water," decided Marianna, heading for the house.

Garn watched her go, staring after her with a stunned expression.

"Who is your master?" I asked, "What did he pay for you?"

Garn told me, and an idea entered my mind. Then Marianna returned with a large jug of water and a small bowl. She filled the bowl and passed it to Garn; he held it in both hands and pressed it to his lips. The water was cool, since it was kept in the coldest part of the house, and he drank it slowly, rinsing the inside of his dry mouth and savoring the cold liquid.

He licked his lips, "It tastes more watery than any other," he said, "and it is cold"

I nodded, suspecting that slaves would get a bowl of water from a supply kept carelessly, probably warm and not too clean. Garn held out the bowl, suggesting he wanted more, and blinked at Marianna. I looked at his honest, open, boyish face and his manly body and wondered how anyone could deny him anything. Marianna refilled the bowl and we watched his Adam's apple and stomach moving as he drank more deeply this time.

"You like that, don't you?" I smiled.

He nodded and said "Thank you mistress," offering the bowl back.

Instead, Marianna refilled it and Garn drank again. When he had finished I took the bowl and told him to work.

"But tell me when you feel the urge to empty yourself," I instructed.

We sat back and enjoyed many minutes of Garn pounding away at the stones. Gradually his penis relaxed and assumed a dangling posture as he became accustomed to his nudity. Time and again, we watched it swing as he fetched and carried, and hammered away. Eventually he looked up.

"Mistresses, I need to empty myself."

"Excellent," I smiled, "Do it there."

I pointed to the space next to his working area. Garn hesitated. Marianna sighed and folded her arms. Garn bit his lower lip and stood up, head bowed. He walked to the side of the new paving and turned away from us.

"Turn around." said Marianna gently.

Garn turned; his penis was an attractive 'arched' shape now. Looking down at it, to avoid eye contact with us, he gently took hold of it with his right hand. There was a little pause, and then some almost colorless liquid sprayed from the end of his penis, the opening at the end widening to allow it out. Garn's face betrayed a mixture of embarrassment, relief and pleasure at the sensation. I

knew how much my slaves enjoyed the other type of liquid emerging from theirs, so I assumed males also enjoyed this. It then crossed my mind that I did not watch Hunky, Blondie or Gregory do this.

We giggled as Garn kept the flow of water going for quite some time, and I recalled how much he drank. Eventually the flow slowed and dripped onto the grass, and then he did something that made us giggle again. He shook his penis, to get out the last few drops. I enjoyed seeing that so much, I told him to do it again!

“Was that a nice sensation?” I asked.

Garn nodded, “Yes mistress.”

He crouched down and wiped his hand quickly on a patch of dry grass. I ordered him to resume his task, and asked Marianna to keep an eye on him, while I dealt with a little business in the house.

“What is it my dear?” asked Father, looking up as I entered his study.

I stood behind his chair and put my arms around him.

“You are the finest father,” I told him, “Kind and generous, firm and fair, strict and loving...”

Father raised an eyebrow: “And I am blessed with you my daughter. How much do you need?”

I feigned surprise. “Father?”

“You want to buy the laborer don’t you?”

Now I really was surprised. How could he know?

“He is very hard working, and skilled, and respectful, and fit...”

Father shook his head slowly.

“He would be very useful around the house; he could mend anything I am sure.” I persisted.

Father shook his head again, though with a little twinkle in his eyes.

“I am sure he could mend your game...”

Father had recently broken his favorite game, a large table with grooves carved into it and holes around the edges. It had two bats attached to one end, the object was to hit a ball with the bats and make it cross over as many grooves as possible without going down the holes. The scoring technique made no sense to me, but father loved it.

“He is strong,” I continued, “He could demolish the old stables...”

Mother had been complaining about the increasingly derelict former stables which father had long promised to have removed, but never had. Father chuckled.

“How much do you need?” he repeated, and I realized he had been teasing me, “Of course you can have him.”

I knelt at his feet and looked up at him. “You knew, didn’t you? Before I came in?”

Father chuckled again, “I met Marianna in the hallway carrying a water jug.

I take it ‘Garn’ amused you both?”

I laughed, and told him how much Garn had cost his current owner. Within minutes, a messenger had been dispatched to negotiate the sale.

“Send him to me when you are done with him,” said Father as I turned to leave the room, “Assuming he has any strength left.”

When I returned to Marianna, she was still mercilessly teasing Garn.

“It swings every time you hit that stone,” she was saying, “Back and forth, back and forth. It is a very pretty one.”

“Stand up Garn,” I said firmly.

The gorgeous young male got to his feet, semi erect penis swaying.

“I have news for you. You are no longer owned by your master.”

Garn looked puzzled. I told him to step forward, and then ran my hand down his chest. He felt magnificent, warm, smooth, and firm as my hand bumped over his perfect torso. He stood still, like a statue.

“You are mine. Turn around.”

I ran a hand down his slightly sweaty back, and then slapped his buttocks. They were like a large firm peach. He did not flinch.

“Those are mine. Turn around.”

He turned again, his semi erect penis hardening. I stroked his thigh.

“And these are mine.”

I looked into his eyes as I slid my hand up his thigh and between his legs. I wrapped my fingers around his scrotum, rolling his testicles gently between fingers and thumb, feeling how large his orbs were. I felt his thighs close together, pressing both sides of my hand. Then I stroked a single finger up the full length of his penis to the very tip, he was incredibly hard and smooth. Garn shivered.

“Oh yes, that is definitely mine.”

Marianna giggled.

“And now,” I continued, “Let us talk about the other function it has.”

## Act XXIV

Garn glanced down at his penis and at my hand, with which I was gently fondling his testicles. I loved the feel of them.

“Other function Mistress?” he asked, his voice slightly unsteady.

“When the other slaves are raised,” said Marianna, pointing to his erection, “they rub it for pleasure and to amuse us. Is that not so Jill?”

I nodded, “If they rub enough they produce some pleasure juice. Does yours do that?”

Garn’s face was bright red and he nodded. He seemed to be having some difficulty looking at me.

“I want you to show us,” I continued, feeling his testicles moving in my hand, “But first I’m going to have you washed.”

Garn gestured at his unfinished work.

“You can continue with that later,” I said, “This is more important.”

I let go of his scrotum, wrapping my hand around his hard manhood. He felt very male. I gave it a gentle pull and started walking. Obediently, Garn followed and I led him by his penis towards the house. Marianna walked next to him, resting the palm of one hand on his bare bottom.

When we reached a nice shaded balcony, I sent for a maid to wash Garn. She arrived quickly, carrying a sponge and a bowl of water. He stood perfectly still while she gently sponged his naked body from head to toe. His erection remained firm, and there was a wonderful expression of pleasure on his face as she delicately washed him in his most masculine places.

“Open your legs,” said the maid quietly.

Garn spread his gorgeous legs, allowing her to sponge the skin between the top of his thighs and his scrotum. As soon as he was completely clean, the maid bowed to me and prepared to leave.

“Stay and watch,” I said, “Garn is going to pleasure himself for us.”

She put down her washing equipment and stood facing him. His eyes widened, I imagined he was surprised that I was going to allow her to watch. Marianna commented later that it must have been a memorable day for the latest addition to my collection.

Garn drew a deep breath and looked uncertainly at his penis, and then at me for confirmation. I could sense his nervousness and embarrassment, but also anticipation.

“I’m ready,” I teased, leaning back against the wall, “Begin with your left hand.”

We watched with growing pleasure as Garn bowed his head slightly and wrapped his strong hand around his penis. The water glistened on his naked body as he started to gently rub his penis. The bathing maid’s eyes followed every up and down movement as he began to perform. The bulging end of his penis throbbed and swelled as he stroked it, and his body seemed to tense in the same rhythm.

“Use your other hand now,” I said softly, “Be firmer, I know they are quite sturdy.”

He gave me a beautiful boyish smile as he swapped hands. He was indeed less gentle with himself using his right hand. Marianna giggled.

“No doubt that hand has more practice,” she laughed.

The maid giggled as well, and then looked apologetically at me. I smiled back encouragingly.

“Enjoy,” I said, “It’s intended to give everyone pleasure.”

The more Garn stroked his maleness, the less concerned he seemed about his embarrassment. That was something I had noticed about all my slaves. Male slaves have a point at which they lose interest in everything except the act of

self-pleasure. Garn's penis was very hard now, and his breathing was louder. He kept making little grunting noises, which I recognized as a sign he was nearing his most exciting moment.

"Stop," I said quietly.

Garn's eyes were wide and puzzled as he looked at me. I was very amused to see him manage three more rubs before letting go. I turned to the maid.

"Stand behind him."

Marianna looked at me; her twinkling eyes showed that we both shared the same naughty idea. The maid stood behind my beautiful nude slave and awaited my instructions. Marianna pointed to Garn's penis, and giggled at the little drop of male juice on the very end. Garn looked down to see what had amused her, and instantly all his embarrassment flooded back.

"Hold his maleness," I instructed the maid, "Hold it firmly."

She reached around Garn's naked body and took hold of the erection she had so delicately washed earlier. His thighs tensed and he rose briefly onto his toes.

"Stroke him," I continued, "Rub him all the way to his conclusion."

Garn's stomach and thighs flexed and tensed as the pleasure continued. He looked at his penis and the female hand controlling it, then at me, and then at Marianna. Looking after my slaves had given me an insight into their thoughts, and for all his embarrassment, I felt sure Garn must be proud and excited at being allowed to reveal his masculinity in this way.

"There you are," said a familiar voice, "Your father tells me..."

Mother stopped at the edge of the balcony. She looked up and down Garn's naked body as the maid continued to pleasure him. Garn's eyes widened and he seemed about to say something. Then he jerked slightly, shivered and gave a little moan. Mother laughed and Garn grunted, thrusting his pelvis forwards. A sudden spurt of male pleasure juice squirted out of his penis and across the balcony.

"Very nice," she said approvingly. "But do you really need another?"

Garn's penis pumped away, held firm in the maid's grip. Another splash landed on the floor, his whole body flexed and another sprayed from his penis. The maid continued to stroke him. Garn's head swayed from side to side, his jaw opening and closing soundlessly.

"He's very strong and healthy," I explained, "There is much work in him. And he was inexpensive, a very good purchase."

Mother nodded in agreement as the naked male jerked again. He gave a loud gasp.

"And very well equipped," she observed, "However, Domini has arrived. She's taking some refreshment inside, so perhaps you could leave Garn to recover?"

"You can stop now," I told the maid, "Garn, kneel down."

He sank to his knees with his head bowed and his penis poking out in front of him. The end was sticky and shiny, the shaft still as hard. The maid had a tremendous smile on her face; clearly, she had enjoyed the experience as much as Garn. I laughed, and was delighted to see Garn also smiling. The redness had

returned to his cheeks, and I suspected his embarrassment was now returning but with an added sensation after his performance.

As I turned to enter the house, I heard Mother giving an instruction to the maid.

“Wash him.”

I smiled to myself as she settled back on a bench to watch.