

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Rome, in the year 793 ab urbe condita (40th of the Christian era).

I. The Temple Prostitute

Ariadne felt the man finish inside her. She heard him grunt.

“Oh Gods! That was good!” exclaimed the man.

Ariadne had been on her knees while the man mounted her doggy style. She stood up slowly.

“Thank the goddess, please.”

“Ah yes,” said the man opening his purse, “here, will this do?”

Ariadne contemplated the gold denari on his hand.

“Yes, if that was the fee you agreed to. But don’t pay me. Pay the priestess as you go out.”

“Thank you then...er sister,” smiled the man as he donned his clothes again and left.

Ariadne knelt in front of a small statue of Ishtar and said a quick prayer. The man had been clumsy and she had not derived any pleasure from the coitus. She offered her discomfort as a sacrifice to the goddess and would bear it without complaint.

Ariadne felt the need for a warm bath. As if reading her mind, her slave girl, Sylvia appeared bearing a bundle of herbs. These came from Syria and were known for their potency. They would clean her insides and insure she did not get pregnant. Ariadne nodded and opened her legs to allow Sylvia to stuff her with the herbs. Then, holding her hands to her crotch she walked, nude, to the communal bath.

She recognized the other temple prostitutes wallowing in the hot pool. The women welcomed her with a smile.

“Your third today, Ariadne?” smiled Isis.

“I think I will complete the dozen at this rate,” acknowledged Ariadne. “The town is full of strangers what with the games.”

“We can’t delay here for long then, ladies,” acknowledged Zenaida, the oldest one.

As if to punctuate, a priestess of Ishtar appeared at the door to the bath hall. She raised three fingers and then pointed to Zenaida, Isis, and another girl.

“Pick me please!” pleaded Ariadne. “I’ve only had three so far today.”

“No,” replied the priestess. “Hurry up and cleanse yourself. Put on some clothes and then meet me at the reception room.”

“Put on some clothes?” replied Ariadne stunned. “I have not worn any since I joined the temple.”

“Then have one of the slave girls find you something. Anything. Hurry up.”

Ariadne did as she was ordered. Sylvia helped her dry up and removed the now soggy herbs stuffed inside her. Then Ariadne went back to her room.

"Find me something to wear Sylvia, please. I burned my clothes when I took my vows."

"By the gods, mistress, the only thing I can probably produce are some rags from the slave girls. We also go around nude in the temple."

To Ariadne's surprise the priestess, probably, had left a most beautiful silky gown laid on her bed. A beautiful pair of jeweled sandals completed the ensemble. Ariadne understood and proceeded to dress herself thus.

"There is not time, I suppose, to do my hair," said Ariadne.

"At least let me comb it, mistress," offered Sylvia.

This the slave girl did. Ariadne was Greek, from Attica, a descendant of one of the noblest families there. She had willingly, despite her family's opposition, joined the local temple of Ishtar as a sacred prostitute as soon as she reached womanhood. That had been ten years ago. Her body remained firm and well-toned from her constant mating. It was because of her beauty and love making skills that she had been selected to go to imperial Rome itself, to serve in the temple of Ishtar that laid just a stone's throw from the forum.

Ariadne had stayed nude all the trip as befit a sacred prostitute and her arrival, borne in the nude aloft and open litter, had caused something of a commotion. She was said to be so beautiful as to make Aphrodite herself jealous. The Romans had soon queued to be service by her. The head priestess, however, seeing what a commercial success Ariadne would be, had quadrupled her price. Still, the men, now mostly fellows of means, of the equestrian and senatorial class, had lined up and paid the price asked willingly.

Ariadne entered the reception hall. She saw the head priestess reclining nude on a divan. Next to her laid an older man dressed in senatorial robes who also reclined on a divan. They were making small talk picking from a magnificent spread in front of them while the temple slave girls would fill their flasks with wine. Ariadne dimly recognized the middle aged man as Lucius, a senator, one of her customers. Two men stood behind Lucius. They seemed rather ominous. One was clad in a centurion's armor and the other one, shaven headed and ascetic looking, wore some kind of Aegyptian dress.

"Ah, Ariadne, how good of you to join us," smiled the head priestess.

"You should not have clothed her," smiled Lucius. "Though that dress is highly revealing anyway."

Ariadne had not realized it but the sheerness of the silk hid very little of her body.

"Milord has seen me naked often enough," replied Ariadne. "Would he prefer me to disrobe?"

Lucius stole a quick glance to the soldier and the Aegyptian.

"So, Kafre, will it help, see if she has the hips for it?"

"The lady will feel more comfortable nude," replied the Aegyptian in an oily, sibilant voice, "and it would help to see if she has the required body."

The head priestess made a quick wave to the slave girls who quickly helped Ariadne disrobe. She did, indeed, feel better nude. She had forgotten the last time she had worn clothes and frankly felt uncomfortable, even wearing the sheer silk dress.

"Turn around dear," instructed Lucius.

"I think she could do it," agreed the Aegyptian, "if trained."

"Well, here it is, as agreed. Pay her, please, Cassius," instructed Lucius nodding to the soldier. The man promptly placed a heavy purse in front of the head priestess.

The heaviness of the purse and the sound of gold denarii clinking inside it made Ariadne realize it was a fortune. If it was for her services, even if she were the most high priced temple prostitute in Rome, she would have to service a whole legion, she estimated. She made a mental note to insure that Sylvia would have an ample supply of the Syrian herb. So much semen, she knew, was bound to make her pregnant.

The head priestess did not count the coins. She merely weighed the bag and nodded. Then she stood up and took Ariadne's hand.

"My dear, the good senator has just paid the goddess' tithe. Do you understand? Go with him and do not dishonor the goddess, I beg you."

Ariadne nodded. It was not uncommon for temple prostitutes, at least the most beautiful and renowned, to be purchased thus and taken out of service to the goddess. These women would then be kept in a comfortable villa servicing the man who purchased them from the temple. It was not a sad occasion, she knew. Old lechers such as Lucius appreciated all the knowledge women like her had acquired in the amatorial arts, specially how to entice withered old penises to again stand erect.

"Do I go with you, milord?" asked Ariadne. "Can I take my slave girl with me?"

"Certainly! Yes, do come with me, dear," said Lucius taking her hand. And thus she was taken to the temple courtyard where she boarded a covered cart and told to stay inside it. Lucius and the other two men climbed aboard horses while poor Sylvia had to ride naked behind one of the cavalry troopers that functioned as an escort (the man bore a wide smile).

Ariadne felt no regrets after leaving the temple. She owned nothing, not even clothes, this was part of her vows, and felt she was still serving the goddess. Her body, she felt, was only a receptacle where men could pour semen libations in honor of the goddess. She had felt a certain pride in that. And there were, she knew, worst fates for a woman.

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## **II. The Bride to Be**

As she left, Ariadne stole a quick glance at the temple where she had spent her last years. In truth she had only seen its cavernous halls and mating rooms and none of the rest of Rome. She stared out of a narrow slit in the carriage as she was borne through the imperial city. If any of the bystanders happened to grab a peek at her nude body she felt no concern. If she managed to stoke their lust, she felt, it was done to honor the goddess. She soon realized the caravan was making its way out of the city, into the countryside. She would be kept, she figured, in some country villa, to serve Lucius or his guests.

A few miles from the city the caravan deviated into a tree lined pathway surrounded by vine fields. They promptly arrived at a magnificent villa. Ariadne could see far away the distant outline of Rome.

"Welcome, my dear," said Lucius, "this will be your new home."

She led her into the receiving room. The frescos were as obscene as those she had known in the temple: large massive phalluses spewing abundant seed, satyrs mating with nymphs, Leda mating with Jove in the form of a swan, Pasiphae being seeded by the sacred bull of Poseidon.

"Is this your villa, milord?" asked Ariadne.

"Alas, no," explained Lucius. "It belongs to another senator, or soon to be senator. Understand, my dear, this is all done by the orders of Caesar."

"The most noble Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus Germanicus, may the gods keep him for long!" replied the centurion. There was a bitter undertone to his words.

"Ah, Cassius is my nephew and a good friend, Ariadne," added Lucius, his voice suddenly steely. "I served with his father in Germany in my youth. You are a good patriot, right, Cassius?"

The look Lucius gave Cassius was icy. Ariadne could not help but be uncomfortable. As a prostitute, she had learned how to be discrete. Whatever was going on between these two men was something, she sensed, she would rather not know.

"Come dear, " said Lucius, leading her to the courtyard and making her sit next to him. Cassius stood by looking rather grim, his hand on his sword.

"Milord, I really do not understand..."

"Of course, of course. Now, what I will tell you will probably be shocking. I am sorry, young lady, there is no other way."

"I have been a prostitute for more than ten years, milord. Hardly anything fazes me anymore."

"Obviously you are also brave then," admitted Lucius.

"Out with it man!" snarled Cassius. "The least she can do is know."

"So be it. You see, dear, the august Caesar has decided to make this fellow, Incitatus, a senator. But the senatorial laws are strict. A senator must be married. And you, dear, are to be his wife."

"Well," smiled Ariadne, "I am flattered. I did not expect marriage but a life as a concubine."

Lucius gave her a sad smile.

"Alas, dear, well, you see..."

"Incitatus is a damn horse!" exclaimed Cassius.

Ariadne smiled. "So? I have lain with well-endowed men before."

"No, dear girl," explained Lucius shaking his head. "We mean, literally, a horse, a draft horse, formerly serving in one of the emperor's farms. He stands as high as that statue over yonder."

"A horse?" replied Ariadne paling. Her hand pressed Lucius' in a death grip. She had heard what went on in the arena where captive women were ruptured by horses for the mob's entertainment.

"The damn beast has a penis the size of a grown man's arm!" snarled Cassius. "He is going to kill her!"

Cassius spat into the ground. Ariadne could not help but feel panic. Lucius held a flagon of wine to her lips and held her nude body tightly to him, caressing it, trying to comfort her.

"But, why me?" pleaded Ariadne. She had emptied her flagon and was now halfway into her second one.

"Alas, dear, the emperor was one of your clients, last month," said Lucius soothingly. "He was struck by your beauty. He felt you were indeed the reincarnation of Ishtar. "

"I don't remember him," admitted Ariadne. She held her empty flagon for Lucius to refill.

"Why should you?" explained Lucius. "He went incognito and paid his coins just like I have done."

"She ought to remember him!" snarled Cassius. "He fancies himself a god! Surely, Ariadne, you would remember making love to a god!"

Ariadne shook her head. Few, if any, men that she could remember had been skillful enough to stoke her lust. And the ones she had had in the last few weeks had not been among those. Her mouth felt very dry. She had heard of the emperor's cruelty. She drank her flagon empty, again.

"The emperor's sister, the most noble Livilla, then suggested that you would therefore be the ideal wife for Incitatus," added Lucius.

"It was jealousy, I think," explained Cassius with disgust. "The woman is said to lay with her own brother."

"Enough Cassius!" snarled Lucius. "You are going to get us all killed!"

"But what if I don't want to marry this horse?" dared ask Ariadne.

Lucius sighed. "I don't believe you have a choice, dear girl."

"I'd rather cut my veins now than be ruptured by a horse!"

"That can be arranged," said Cassius gravely.

"Alas," added Lucius, "I would not suggest it."

"Why, milord? What do I have to lose? I have heard what happens to the women that are ruptured in the circus. It is said to be a long, painful, death."

Lucius stood up in front of her. His face was ashen. "What I have to reveal to you is not to be shared beyond these walls, understood, child?"

Lucius held the flagon to Ariadne's lips and she drank. "Go on, milord, please."

"The emperor, I am afraid, is not...well. As incompetent and pusillanimous my colleagues are, setting up a horse as senator is...unseemly."

"Say it, uncle: Caligula is mad," whispered Cassius.

"That may well be. I must warn you all. Even expressing the thought is a death sentence."

"So? What does it have to do with me? I am the one who is going to be ruptured, milord!"

"Be as it may, if you are not to willingly mate with Incitatus, the emperor is likely to outlaw the cult of Ishtar as spurious, a fake religion. All the priestesses and the temple prostitutes will, in all likeness, be taken to the circus. In fact, I know for a fact that that end was discussed between Caesar himself and the lady Livilla. Do you understand, child?"

Ariadne stood up. She was very pale. She understood now the full import of the words of the head priestess: that she was not to shame the goddess. Lucius refilled her flagon and she emptied it again. Her mouth still felt very dry.

"And if I mate with this horse and am ruptured, will the emperor still outlaw the temples and kill my sisters?"

"Perhaps," admitted Lucius. "But, understand, child, there is time. The marriage is to take place in a month. I, and others who will not be named, will try to dissuade the emperor from being so vindictive if you die."

"Don't try to humor me, milord," said Ariadne bitterly. She had become something of a hard-bitten prostitute over the years, a woman accustomed to her fate and proud of her calling. She well knew how matters stood when she made her choice and so far had had no regrets. "Who can reason with...a madman, milord?"

"Don't lie to her, uncle," offered Cassius. "Her only chance is to mate with the horse and survive. She will prove that she does indeed embody the goddess and has her protection."

"But that is impossible!" cried Ariadne. Her hands rested on her crotch. She pulled her labia open shamelessly showing them to both men. "I have seen the penises of draft horses. Yes, I have lain with many men. See for yourself. I am a temple prostitute. I serve the goddess. I don't apologize for it! Yes, I am not as tight as I was when I started my career. But there is no way I can accommodate a draft horse's member!"

She collapsed in tears in front of the two men, a picture of complete despair and, I am afraid, inebriation. Lucius clapped and Sylvia and other slave girls materialized and bore Ariadne to her chambers.

Cassius refilled his glass and that of his uncle.

"Such a waste!" said Cassius in a bitter tone.

"Indeed, nephew."

"You were right. She is indeed beyond beautiful! If I had not been stationed these many years in the north I would have willingly paid her price to lay with her."

"Relax, Cassius. Kafre said she could do it. I trust him. He saved my life more than once when I was campaigning in the east. There is no better medic in all the legions. You yourself saw her body in all its glory. Her hips are wide. A draft horse's penis is no thicker than a baby's head. Women are built to bear children."

“Granted, maybe she will open. Girth is not the problem. The matter is how to limit the penetration, uncle. But, you have seen how unruly and violent horses get when mating. A horse that size will be impossible to control once he enters her! She is no mare. She is human.”

Lucius glanced around warily. “Then, dear nephew, I suggest you accelerate our plans accordingly.”

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III. Ariadne’s Training Starts

The crowing of a rooster woke Ariadne. She was lying in a bed, with Sylvia embracing her. The two women had been tender lovers for several years. The room was still dark.

Ariadne realized that she was in an unfamiliar bed. Admittedly, it was very comfortable, with silken sheets and a goose down feather blanket covering both women. She stirred and then moaned as a terrible headache struck her.

“Are you alright, mistress?” asked Sylvia waking up too.

“Oh dear, I have a hangover. And it’s a bad one. I do not know how the bacchantes can stand getting inebriated every night!”

“Certainly you would have a hangover,” said a man’s voice in the darkness of the room. “You drank like a Hun last night. You are very dehydrated, milady. Wine tends to do that. I suggest several abundant glasses of water. I had these jugs brought over. I boiled the water first. I find that it is better that way.”

Ariadne painfully sat on her bed. Her hands rested in her head.

“I am afraid I cannot serve you right now, sire. Give me some time, please.”

“Nonsense girl! I am not here to fuck you but to heal you!” snarled the man. He pulled aside the heavy drapes over the windows and sunlight inundated the room. Ariadne moaned with pain and held her head.

“Drink! I order you!” said the man holding a flagon to her lips.

“And you, sir, are?” asked Sylvia.

“My name is Kafre. I served our lord Senator Lucius. I am supposed to help milady prepare for her ordeal.”

“What do you mean?”

“To mate with the horse Incitatus, milady, that is what you are here for.”

Ariadne sobbed. She had half-forgotten her fate. But it now struck her with full force and almost overwhelmed her.

“Listen,” said the man soothingly, “I can help you survive. I trained in Alexandria. My teachers were the most renowned physicians in the empire. I myself am a medic of some repute. You are still young and your body is still elastic. You could survive your mating. But only if you do exactly as I tell you.”

“And that is?”

"First, milady, you must trust me."

"I don't know you sir."

"My name, I repeat, is Kafre of Alexandria. I am your only hope, milady. Believe me, I am not here to hurt you. I can assure you that if you die I will also face a painful death, along with my wife and children. The emperor is not a likable fellow."

"Damn Caligula!" whimpered Ariadne. She took the flagon and drank it fully. The water was cool and tasted odd.

"You put something in this drink?" she said as she handed the flask back to Kafre. Ariadne stared into his eyes. Years of consorting her men had taught her how to read them.

"A mild analgesic, yes."

The man seemed truthful.

The Aegyptian pointed to Sylvia. "Now, you, what is your name?"

"Sylvia, milord. I am the lady's slave girl."

"See to the lady Ariadne. Have her have a long warm bath to soften her tissues. Keep her drinking from these jugs until she finishes. Don't give her wine! She will feel much better soon."

"Am I expected to wear clothes?" asked Ariadne imperiously.

"No, milady. In your case it is better if you don't. I want to strengthen you. You will exercise nude in the sun. I hope you soon will get a nice all over tan," the medic said raising his hand. "I know, I know, you Romans find a tan unhealthy. But, believe me, it is better for you and your skin to get some color from the sun."

"I am not Roman, I am Greek," pointed out Ariadne. "We have no prejudices against nudity. I prefer to live nude. It's one of the reasons I entered the service of the goddess."

"Excellent!" replied the Aegyptian. There was a glimmer of hope in his voice now that his patient seemed cooperative. "Milady, I have ordered a very strict diet for you. It is mostly vegetables. Whatever protein matter, let's call it that, that you get will be taken only under my supervision. Do you understand?"

"And this all will help me insure I survive mating with this damn horse?"

"No guarantee, milady. But I will try to do my best. We have a month to prepare you. It should suffice. Now, if you do not do as I say, I can guarantee you will die rather gruesomely. Now, Sylvia, see to your mistress. Keep her relaxed. I will see you in two hourglasses at the central courtyard, understood?"

Two turns of the hourglass later, Ariadne indeed felt much better. Holding Sylvia's hands both walked into the courtyard. A strange chair laid in its midst. Kafre stood next to it.

"This, milady, is my own invention. Please sit on it."

"It looks like a birthing chair. I have seen it in my family's home."

"That is the concept," admitted Kafre. "Place your feet on these stirrups."

Ariadne did as ordered. The Aegyptian tied her feet to the stirrups. Her legs were opened wide.

Kafre then took Sylvia's hands and examined them carefully.

"You have small hands, girl."

"Yes, milord."

"Now, be truthful, have you fisted your mistress before? Do not lie to me."

"Sometimes, sort of playing, I have inserted a few fingers inside her."

"I dissuaded her," explained Ariadne. "In my trade, sir, men prefer a tight cunt. I have never been fisted."

"Milady, please address me as Kafre if you don't mind. Understand that a tight cunt won't do when mating with a horse. It would be, in fact, fatal. A vigorous, continual, fisting stretch your cunt and toughen it and will help you survive your mating."

The Aegyptian then ordered Sylvia to hold out her hands and he poured olive oil on them.

"I think I understand, Kafre. Sylvia, go ahead and fist me and do so without mercy. Our lives depend on how well you stretch me."

"In fact, start with one hand. Then try to insert both your hands into your mistress, like this," said Kafre holding his hands together palm to palm. "Once you have inserted both hands, make one big fist and pound her, hard. You must show her no mercy. The horse certainly won't."

Sylvia tentatively pushed her fingers inside her mistress. Ariadne held her wrist and coaxed her fingers into her.

"Do this the rest of the morning, milady. This will be your routine for the next thirty days, getting fisted continuously by your slave girl," advised Kafre. "And I advise that she sleep with at least one of her hands inside you. Do you think you both could do this, milady?"

Ariadne bravely smiled. "Yes, Kafre, why not? I want to have the biggest, most stretched cunt possible to mate with my new husband."

"Not only the biggest, milady, you must also have the toughest cunt possible. So have no mercy with your mistress, Sylvia. I leave you two alone for now. I will come back for you at the noontime meal."

As the man was leaving she could hear Ariadne moan softly.

"Kafre!" cried Ariadne. Sylvia's hand had disappeared inside her.

"Yes milady?"

"Thank you!" managed to reply Ariadne and then her voice was overwhelmed by her moaning.

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#### **IV. A Tale for Caesar**

"She is quite eager, milord," said Lucius in a most deferential voice. The truth was, the poor man was on the verge of panic and cold sweat had formed in his brow.

"Is that so?" replied the emperor looking at him through narrowed eyes. He was sitting on a jeweled rostra in a great audience hall. Behind Caesar stood his German mercenaries, men who would not hesitate to disembowel Lucius or anyone who failed to please the emperor. In front of Caesar stood his ministers and a good number of the senators. "Is she really eager to die on a horse shaft? That really entices me! Tell me more!"

"Well, the poor girl moans day and night. As soon as I gave her the news she has been, well..."

"Out with it, man, I want to hear all the details!" Caesar's eyes glowed with lust.

"Well, she hasn't work clothes in years and now masturbates constantly and calls out the name of our soon to be senator Incitatus. She walks the hallways of the villa at night moaning in a most plaintive manner and has asked me several times to have her taken to her lover. I have, of course, refused. I have had to describe to her over and over how long and thick his shaft is, how its veins stand out along its sides, how big its balls are, and how creamy and abundant is its ejaculate. And all the while she rubs herself furiously. I am afraid she is half mad with lust."

"Amazing!" replied Caligula clapping his hands. "Extraordinary! In fact, I love it!"

"Is this true Senator?" asked the lady Livilla who was sitting on a lower throne next to her brother. "Does she understand that the shaft will rupture and kill her?"

"That she does, milady. But she has said she has no regrets. She wants it to come out of her mouth, if such thing were possible."

"I told you so! The spirit of the goddess does live inside her!" exclaimed Caligula.

"Be as it may, dear brother, no sane woman would think those thoughts."

"Well," hurried to explain Lucius, "as Caesar has said, she is inundated with the spirit of the goddess herself. And, well, I am no expert in theology, but I believe she embodies lust. Isn't that right, Caesar?"

"Don't bother me to try to explain the affairs of us gods to you mortals. It suffices to me that she is so smitten. Has she met her betrothed?"

"Not yet, Caesar. We did not want to risk she offering herself to him and rupturing herself before time."

"No, that would not do. I want the wedding ceremony and the marriage to be consumed right here, where we all can observe."

"Once he enters her he is likely to kill her Caesar."

"That does not matter, Lucius. I know what horses do. They pound the mares mercilessly and don't care if these are kicking them. And a girl's kick won't hurt a horse. The problem, I am afraid, is that they finish so quickly. Is there a way to keep him hard for a while?"

"I don't know Caesar. I have an Aegyptian medic. He knows of all manner of herbs. I can ask him."

"You do that, Lucius. I want Incitatus to pound her mercilessly for a long time, even after she has

died. It would be such a loving sight!”

“I am skeptical, dear brother.”

“What? Are you jealous now Livilla?”

The woman actually blushed, something which Lucius found amazing, given how depraved she was known to be.

“Well, I do admit to a bit of jealousy. But I don’t have a death wish. Perhaps you could help me mate with a donkey, something that would not kill me.”

“And make you stretch your cunt? No, dear sister. I like it tight.”

“The girl Ariadne is still very tight, even though she was a temple prostitute, milord. She will definitely moan in pain when the horse enters her,” offered Lucius.

“Well, we shall soon see. We have a whole month before the holy matrimony is consumed. Make sure, Lucius, that the girl stays that horny. And keep any broomsticks away from her, you understand?”

“Certainly, Caesar!”

“I have heard much of this girl, this Ariadne,” said Livilla in a quiet voice. “I would fancy meeting her before her death.”

“We probably will have to chain her, milady, if we are to bring her here to Rome. She would be bound to jump out and attack the first horse or donkey she sees. Such is the lust that burns her right now.”

“The man has a point, sister.”

“Then, dear brother, give me leave to travel to her. I must meet her, this mortal woman who has been possessed by her goddess. She is only an hour out of Rome.”

Caligula motioned his sister to him. He caressed her breasts and kissed her on the mouth. “To you, dear, I will deny nothing. Go to the villa but not now. I do fancy you servicing a donkey, indeed, but only orally. I shall have one brought to you today. Lucius, make it so! Wait three days, dear sister, until this weekend, to go see Ariadne. By then you both will have something in common, a lust for animals. I expect that you will relate to her better. Just come back the same day. I will not have a cold bed at night.”

Minutes after his audience, a very shaken Lucius cursed himself for having exaggerated how Ariadne felt about the matter. But he had survived all these mad years, after all, weaving the most fantastic and perverse tales to Caesar. It kept him on the man’s good side. He called for parchment and ink and wrote, in a trembling hand, a letter to his nephew Cassius and sent it with a trusted courier to him. Next, he ordered a servant to go find the best looking, best endowed, donkey possible for the emperor’s sister to fellate.

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V. The Arena

Accompanied by only one of his troopers, centurion Cassius arrived at the villa the next day at

noontime.

Cassius burst through the villa demanding to see Ariadne.

"In here, milord, in the courtyard" beckoned Kafre in a quiet voice.

Cassius entered into the courtyard. Kafre bade him to keep quiet and observe from a corner.

"It's in," announced Ariadne.

She was straddling a thick wooden shaft firmly planted on the courtyard's floor.

"Are you in pain?" asked Kafre.

"A lot. It's very thick."

"Sylvia, place your hands on her shoulders and gently push her down."

This Sylvia did staring at Kafre wide eyed.

"Deeper," ordered Kafre.

Ariadne moaned. "I have bottomed. I am sorry."

"Give her one more push, Sylvia," ordered Kafre.

"Stop! Man!" cried Cassius as he strode in front of Ariadne.

"No!" cried Ariadne. "Do as he says, Sylvia. I must!"

Ariadne stared at Cassius as Sylvia pushed her down again. Her face was contorted in pain.

"Enough, milady," ordered Kafre. "Now, raise yourself off the shaft. And let's go through the whole thing again."

"Are you mad?" said Cassius drawing Kafre to the side. "I have seen the Persians do this! She is going to rupture!"

"I have been treating her cunny with herbs," explained Kafre. "The pain is deadened. The herbs act as a muscle relaxant. Look at her!"

Ariadne had indeed stood up fully disengaging herself from the pole. It had a rounded tip. Sylvia was pouring olive oil on it.

"I have indeed stretched a lot, milord. I can accommodate the horse. The problem will now be to toughen my innards to withstand the pounding."

"You are bleeding," noted Cassius.

"It is nothing, milord," smiled Ariadne. "Believe me, I would know if I ruptured."

Ariadne straddled the shaft again. Sylvia placed her hands on her shoulder again and she willed herself onto the thick shaft. She grimaced in pain as her labia lips opened and stretched taught around the rounded head of the shaft. Slowly, Sylvia kept the pressure on her shoulders until the entire tip had entered her.

"More, mistress?"

"Deeper!" ordered Ariadne.

"Listen, man," snarled Cassius to Kafre, "if she ruptures Caesar will have us all sit on that shaft. Do you understand?"

"How else can I toughen her cunt? This is nothing compared to the pounding the horse will give her. Please follow me, milord."

The Aegyptian led him through the villa onto a pasture where the soon to be Senator stood. He was truly a magnificent horse. Kafre waved to a groom.

"Bring in the mare."

A mare was brought in, albeit reluctantly. Cassius, a cavalryman could tell she was in heat for her cunny was winking. Incitatus smelled her. The groom hurried to get out of the way and closed the gate hurriedly behind him. The mare kicked the stallion to no avail.

"Now, watch, milord," said Kafre setting up a sand hourglass.

"What? I have seen horses mate since I was a child!"

"I have altered his diet with all manner of herbs known for their potency. Relax, they won't kill him. Look."

The stallion mounted the mare and started pounding her furiously. Cassius shuddered imagining Ariadne undergoing that pounding. Then something did not seem right to the imperial cavalryman.

"Damn! He is going at it for a long time!"

"Exactly, just as your uncle ordered me to arrange. Do you understand now why I am being so brutal with the lady Ariadne? If she has any chance of surviving she will have to toughen her cunt as much as possible!"

"Has she seen her new husband?"

"Yes. She met him this morning. I am afraid she does lust for him. Women can't help but be attracted by that shaft. She is resigned to her fate. But, given the news I got from your uncle, I think that it is good that she feels lustful towards him."

"Ah yes, the lady Livilla will come to visit her."

Then the horse finally finished. His shaft came out from the mare's cunt. Its' head was as wide as a dinner plate.

"That flare will surely kill her."

"Actually, it is soft and spongy," said Ariadne approaching the corral. She was holding on to Sylvia. "I should be able to accommodate him coming inside me. It's his pounding that worries me."

"Why did you stop, milady?" asked Kafre. "You were making such good progress."

"I heard my future husband neigh, Kafre," said Ariadne in a mocking voice. "I felt summoned. And

besides, I am pretty sore right now. I figured I needed to stretch my legs a bit.”

“Are you alright milady?” asked Cassius.

“I am a little cold, centurion.” Her nude body glistened with sweat and a soft breeze had started up.

“Please,” said the soldier draping her cape around her nude body. Cassius could not help admire her.

“He is indeed beautiful, don’t you think milord?”

“Well, yes. Has he been broken? I understand he was just a draft horse.”

“I think he has been ridden before, milord,” said Kafre.

“Well, if he is to be ridden, it would be now. I am sure he is quite relaxed and easy to handle after coming.”

“Why yes!” smiled Ariadne. “Most men tended to be quite contented after lovemaking. If I did not hustle them out they would fall asleep in my bed.”

“You know men very well, milady,” said Cassius matter of factly.

“I have to, centurion. I am a temple prostitute. Come now, give me a saddle. I fancy riding my future husband.”

“I advise against it, milady,” said Kafre.

“Nonsense! I used to ride horses in my father’s estate when I was a little girl,” said Ariadne jumping into the arena. Cassius motioned to a groom who produced a large saddle.

“It better fit him,” said Ariadne skeptically.

“I am afraid it is the biggest one we have,” answered the groom apologetically.

Ariadne strode closer to Incitatus. He was contentedly drinking from a trough, all thought of the mare forgotten. Ariadne spoke to him soothingly. She laid Cassius cape aside on a pole and stood nude next to him caressing his flank. The observers all held their breathe.

“Easy boy. My big boy. My future husband.”

Ariadne reached for his now retracting shaft and caressed it lovingly until it disappeared in his sheath.

“Aw!” pouted Ariadne. “He is not enthused by me.”

“He is a damn fool!” snarled Cassius.

Ariadne stroke again his flanks, making soothing noises. Then, she took the saddle in her hands and lifted it. But she found she could not reach to the horse’s full height.

“Let me help you, milady,” said Cassius striding next to her. He lifted the saddle and placed it on top of Incitatus. The horse neighed loudly. Cassius moved Ariadne out of the way. The horse went back to drinking placidly. Cassius quickly secured the saddle to the huge horse.

"It is not a perfect fit, I am afraid," observed Cassius. "I would not ride him far. He would be uncomfortable and would buckle."

"He is a very large horse. He needs his own saddle. May I?"

"Wait! You!" ordered Cassius to the groom. "Put a halter on him and hold on to him tight. If you don't I will disembowel you, understand?"

This the groom did. The horse seemed placid enough. Cassius helped jump Ariadne on top of the horse. For a few minutes the horse seemed to hesitate. But he was still quite placid.

"Here, you are a lucky girl or he likes you," said Cassius handing her the reins.

"Of course he likes me! I am to be his wife!" smiled Ariadne.

"Well, just walk him around a bit. Don't leave the arena. And certainly don't come anywhere the mare or her piss! He might get rowdy again."

Ariadne smiled. "Pass me your cape, centurion. I am still naked, you know, and the wind has started."

"Don't take too long, milady," advised Kafre. "You have to continue toughening your innards."

That night Cassius and Ariadne reclined while dining on divans. The centurion was wearing a toga. Ariadne was nude as usual. Cassius served her some wine.

"Please, Kafre does not want me to drink wine."

"I will water it then, will that do?"

"I guess."

"Is the room warm enough for you?"

"Oh, it's fine. If not, you can always lend me your cape again."

"It is not my cape anymore. It's yours. And it is just a standard issue cavalry cape. It must be rough on your skin."

"Oh, only a bit. It is warm and I appreciate that."

"Are you in pain?"

"Not much. Kafre knows his herbs."

"Tell me about your vows."

"They are simple. The first is a vow of poverty. I own nothing, not even my body. That belongs to the temple. I took a vow of nudity and a vow of promiscuity."

"What is the nature of the last vow?"

"Basically, it comes to this: I cannot refuse a penis when offered."

"Were you going to be a temple prostitute all your life then?"

"Well, no. The terms of my servitude were twenty years. After that, I would be retired. The temple has set aside a portion of my earnings. I would be well off and want nothing afterwards. I was thinking of going back to Greece, with my family."

"But you said they did not like it when you joined."

"Why of course!" smiled Ariadne. "Would you like your daughter or sister to become a temple prostitute?"

"I am not sure! We have had vestal virgins in our family."

"Ohmigod! Only you Romans would enforce celibacy on a poor woman! Anyway, my father almost had an apoplexy. Of course, the old laws of the city applied. My choice had to be respected. And to tell you the truth, I like sex. It was very fun. I never had had any regrets."

He pulled her next to her. His hand rested on her crotch.

"Go ahead, centurion, I am quite stretched now."

"Call me Cassius, Ariadne."

"Cassius then," she said pushing his hand inside her. She smiled at his amazement at how easily his hand entered her.

"Is it true you cannot refuse a penis then?"

"Certainly not yours, Cassius!"

"Ariadne! I don't want you to die!"

"Let's not talk about death now, Cassius. The night is young. Take me, please."

He picked her up and was amazed at how light she was. He found her indeed very loose and did his best to loosen her even more. Sometime during the night Sylvia slipped into the bed with the two of them. Ariadne slept with both Cassius and Sylvia's hand inside her.

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## **VI. Livilla's Visit**

Royal families, being above the law and morals of common mortals, tend to engage in all excesses. The lady Livilla, lover and consort of her brother, the emperor Caligula, fit the mold. She arrived at the villa nude, borne aboard a litter. The problem with Livilla was that she was indeed a beautiful woman and her entering the villa nude meant that most men could not help but notice. But then, again, if they stared at her too closely she could order the fellow to be beheaded on the spot. Kafre and Cassius made a short, courteous, vow as Livilla entered and tried not to stare too much at her.

"So? Where is this soon to be bride of Incititatus?"

"I am here, milady," replied Ariadne walking into the courtyard and making a courteous vow in front of Livilla.

"Well? Are you going to masturbate? I was told you were masturbating continually."

"That I do, milady," replied Ariadne as she started to rub her clit. "I can't help it, thinking of my husband to be."

"That is better, girl," said Livilla stroking her body. "Nice muscle toning. I suppose fucking continually helps."

"Yesss, milady," moaned Ariadne.

"And where is your future husband? Have you met him?"

"Only from afar, milady," whimpered Ariadne. "They won't let me anywhere near. I don't think I would be able to control myself. He has such a big penis!"

"Indeed? Ah, well, come girl. Take my hand. Keep using your other hand. Don't let go of me, mind you. Let's go see your future husband."

"Milady," dared suggest Kafre, "she might throw herself at him. We have had to tie her down a few times."

"Well, then accompany us and keep her under control! I want to see the look in her face when she sees his shaft."

Incitatus was stomping impatiently in his stall. Cassius had arranged for the piss of the mare in heat to be sprayed all around the arena. The stallion could smell the mare and his penis had dropped.

"Oooh! Milady!" whimpered Ariadne as she rubbed herself frenziedly. "Look at him!"

"Magnificent!" cried Livilla. Her face glowed with lust.

"I need him, milady! Oh, gods, how I suffer!" moaned Ariadne.

Livilla grabbed by the shoulders and stared at her carefully. Ariadne moaned.

"I don't blame you, girl," said Livilla before her mouth pressed itself to Ariadne's lips. The two women started caressing each other. Livilla's hand went to Ariadne's crotch.

"Wait!" snarled Livilla. Her hand had disappeared easily into Ariadne's pubes. "I was told she was very tight!"

"I am sooo wet, milady!" cooed Ariadne lowering and raising herself on Livilla's fist.

"Well, she has lain with thousands of men, milady, " Kafre explained nervously. "It is inevitable that she would be loose. But the horse is guaranteed to rupture her. I mean, look at that shaft!"

Livilla turned around and could not help but stare fascinated at Incitatus' shaft.

"How come he has an erection?"

"He smells the lady Ariadne. She is in heat, milady. He wants her," explained Cassius.

"Take her away then!" ordered Livilla.

"Please no!" whimpered Ariadne. "I want to take his whole shaft! I don't care if it kills me! Please!"

Sylvia and other servant girl took the protesting Ariadne away from the arena.

Livilla smacked her lips. "I want to fellate him."

"Of course, milady, just let us take some precautions," replied Kafre.

Cassius and the grooms promptly hobbled the stallion and tied him down with several ropes. The poor horse could still smell the mare's piss all around him. His penis slapped against his chest.

"She is right! It is so magnificent!" exclaimed Livilla as she neared Incitatus. She had spent the last three days fellating several donkeys that Lucius had produced for her.

"Please, milady," advised Kafre, "don't try to take it into yourself. We don't want you to be hurt! (Your brother would have us mated with Incitatus!)"

"Relax," snarled Livilla. "I have plenty of practice by now. Just make sure he does not kick my face in."

The naked royal princess knelt down next to the horse and took the penis lovingly in her two hands. She started caressing its entire length. There was a dreamy look of pure lust in her face. Then she pressed her lips to the tip and started licking the shaft.

"Don't take him all into your mouth," advised Kafre. "He could dislocate your jaw when he flares."

Livilla nodded slightly acknowledging the advice. She pressed her lips against the wide flared head and started rubbing the length of the shaft lovingly.

It did not take long. Incitatus neighed wildly and unloaded a powerful spurt of semen into Livilla's mouth. She almost choked on it and had to let go to steady herself with one hand, such was the power of the jet of semen that struck her face. Blindly, for her face was now a mask of horse semen, she pressed the spouting shaft against her chest. Soon, she stood up, proud and covered in horse semen. She smiled at the onlookers as she rubbed the ejaculate all over herself and drank gobs of it. Even her hair was matted with horse semen.

"I loved it! Once he kills his wife and enwidows I want to make him my lover," she ordered.

"As you wish, milady," bowed Kafre.

Livilla made her way back through the villa. She found Ariadne tied down tightly and moaning in the midst of the courtyard.

"Ah sister," smiled Livilla, "you are such a lucky girl."

"I know, milady. I suffer too much now."

"Here," said Livilla taking a gob of semen from her chest and feeding it to Ariadne. "It's from Incitatus. Drink."

This Ariadne did, eagerly. "Thank you, milady," she whimpered in a soft voice.

Livilla pressed her lips to her mouth.

"The next time I kiss you you will have his entire shaft inside you," smiled Livilla. "I promise."

“Oh yes, milady! Yesss!”

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VII. Ariadne in Heat

Livilla’s visit insured that Ariadne would have the princess’ full support...to be ruptured on Incitatus. But at least, reasoned Ariadne, the bitch was gone. Now there were only fifteen days till her marriage. But it was a sunny morning and she sat next to her lover in the midst of the courtyard. She had noticed, however, that that morning he had dressed for travel.

“I must go now, I am ordered to Hispania,” announced Cassius holding her tight against him.

“Is this farewell then?” She had grown used to saying goodbye mindlessly to the many men that had used her. But this was the first time she felt a genuine sense of loss.

He caressed her face tenderly. “Listen, I have means...”

“And where would we run to, dear? Farthest frozen Thule, where the Kraken coils, the Nibelugen toils and the ice giants rule?” she asked quoting the drunken bards that would compose in the temple to honor the goddess. “There is, alas, nowhere on this earth that the iron hand of Caesar does not command.”

“Then I prefer a quick death, at your side.”

She stood up to her full height, her nude body glowing in the morning sunlight.

“That would not be appropriate. Don’t worry about me my dear. Kafre will ease my pain once I am ruptured. I trust him implicitly. Caesar expects a long, drawn-out death. I do not intend to disappoint him or dishonor the goddess.”

“Ariadne!”

“Go now before I change my mind, Cassius. And, remember me!”

She watched him stand up to leave. Before he did so he took off his cape and wrapped it around her nude body and kissed her passionately. She sat down on a bench and lowered her eyes and heard her lover’s footsteps fade away. Only then did she break down and cry, but not for long. Soon she stood up and clapped to summon Sylvia.

“Yes, milady?”

“Bring the shaft, Sylvia. I will sit on the chair and I want you to pound me with it. Make it hurt.”

“I will have to fist you to open you first.”

“Do so. Cassius is well endowed but he is only a man. I spent too much time with him and I am afraid I lost some time.”

An hour glass later Sylvia stood between Ariadne’s legs pounding her innards with what seemed a wooden pole. Ariadne whimpered under the onslaught but, whenever Sylvia hesitated, she ordered her in a steely voice to continue.

Kafre strode in carrying a basket of herbs.

"Allow me to examine you, milady," said Kafre.

"Please do so," agreed Ariadne.

Sylvia slowly removed the shaft and Kafre sat in a stool and gently prodded Ariadne's now widely distended cunt. He ordered hot water and fresh towels. With these, he gently washed off blood that had clotted.

"Well, you are not ruptured though some surface vessels have ruptured due to the pounding and the stretching," said Kafre as he gently felt the insides of her with a finger. "The skin feels tougher now. The Persian herbs are working. Your cunt is callousing milady. I am afraid you might lose some sensation, however."

"And loose the pleasure of feeling my four footed husband's shaft inside me?" she laughed mockingly.

"Perhaps. Stay on the chair while I macerate these herbs, please," said the Aegyptian.

Ariadne closed her eyes.

"Kafre, I have been thinking about all this," said Ariadne.

"It would surprise me if it were not driving you out of your mind, milady."

"I think what you have done, toughening my cunny, has indeed helped. I might survive for a few moments then and not be ruptured right away. Caesar will appreciate that."

"Go on..." replied Kafre while he worked.

"Has anyone indicated just how I am going to mate with this horse? Am I to lie in a bench under him or perhaps enter a fake mare like to reproduce the myth of Pasiphae and the bull? You know that Caesar loves theater."

Kafre stopped his work and meditated for a moment. "No one has suggested anything. Not even Caesar. Your so-called marriage is to be performed at court, with him presiding. Senator Lucius will deliver your hand to Incitatus. And then you and your new husband are to consummate your marriage in front of the court."

Kafre proceeded to stuff the macerated herbs into her yawning cavern. She stood up. Her labia lips no longer met. She pressed her hands to her pubes to keep the herbs from pouring out of her.

"How long I am to keep this poultice inside me? It smells awful!"

"At least six hour glasses, milady. This means, of course, no pounding at least for that time."

Her belly was actually distended.

"You stuffed me like a goose Kafre! I almost look pregnant!"

"I would say third month," agreed Kafre with a clinical eye. "The herbs will further toughen the skin on your cunny. It's a new variety I had brought over from India. Alas, there are side effects."

"Such as?"

"You will truly come in heat."

"Really? Damn! Too bad that Cassius left. He would have enjoyed that."

"It is no joking matter. You will truly become the raging nymphomaniac that lady Livilla thinks you are. We will have to have you under surveillance at all times, milady. You will not be exactly sane. Pain, I am afraid, will be more like pleasure."

"Really? Maybe that will be best given how I am expected to die. However, I feel very uncomfortable right now with this horrid stuff inside me."

"It's only for a few hours, milady."

"Nonsense, if it is so strong I want you to replace it on the sixth hour. I want to spend at least a day with it inside me."

"The juices are absorbed through the lining of your cunny. I cannot guarantee what the end result will be if we go beyond the supposed time. Milady, we have to deliver you alive to the palace."

"Yes, but not necessarily sane, right? And besides, you will all keep a close watch on me. But I must do something so I don't have to walk around with my hands in my crotch all the time to keep this poultice from coming out. You are surgeon, can you sew?"

Kafre nodded. Ariadne pulled on her labia lips. These were already quite distended as one of the idle pleasures of the temple prostitutes was to pull and massage them constantly.

An hour later Ariadne walked on unsteady legs down the villa holding on to Sylvia and followed by Kafre.

"I have an idea as to how to consummate the marriage," explained Ariadne as she headed to the arena.

Incitatus stood there motionless chewing idly on a bale of hay.

"The saddle that we have," explained Ariadne, "is not big enough for him if placed on top of him. But it need not be for him."

"I do not understand," answered Kafre carefully.

"As I said, dear Kafre, my fate has been obsessing me these last few weeks. I thought of this. Have the grooms extend the straps and place the saddle underneath him, facing down, so that it can act as a cradle. I will place a blanket in it to make it comfortable. I will then place myself on the saddle, faceup to Incitatus, with my legs held high against his flanks. When he enters me the whole setup will rock back and forth. And I can use my feet to press against his hind legs to try and limit the penetration. It is my only hope to survive my ordeal!"

"I understand, milady. I will have it done thus today," agreed Kafre.

"Furthermore, I feel ready to mate with him."

"What? You want to try the contraption? Certainly not, milady. As I said, we need you alive. I don't want to be placed in that deadly cradle!"

"Nonsense, Kafre, I want to feel his shaft, get used to it. I will do so standing up at his side. Sylvia

will help me guide the shaft inside me.”

“He will be very unruly still!”

“Not if I blow him first! I know men! If that slut Livilla could bring him to orgasm I definitely can do so. I was known in the temple as a very skilled fellatrix!”

They helped her walk carefully back to the courtyard.

“Oh gods!” cried Ariadne.

“What is wrong, mistress?”

Ariadne collapsed and started rubbing her clit furiously and moaning.

“Aye!” noted Kafre. “She has come into heat. And that was only with the first round of poultice. Perhaps it’s for the best that she becomes something of a mindless lust racked beast given what her fate is.”

“What do we do, milord?” implored Sylvia.

“Take her to her bed, Sylvia. Suck her tits, kiss her neck, lick her clit. It is best if she is thoroughly exhausted from coming continuously. She will be easier to handle. I do suggest tying her up, at least tonight. Her body is trying to adapt to orgasming continually and there is no guarantee she will not lose her sanity entirely. And tell me immediately if she passes out. I might have to pound her heart to restart it. I will come by in a few more turns of the hourglass to change the poultice and sew her cunny shut. Meanwhile, I have some engineering work to do that will outdo Daedalus himself!”

By the third day Ariadne had collapsed exhausted to an almost catatonic state. She was still kept tied up in her bed with a slave girl ministering to her cunny between pounding sessions with the wooden pole.

“She will not do in this state!” cried Kafre.

“Perhaps,” suggested Sylvia, “we might get a reaction if we offer to have her mate with Incitatus.”

“That might do the trick, girl. Try it.”

Sylvia laid next to Ariadne and caressed her face.

“Mistress...how about a big throbbing horse dick? Would you not like that, to be mated to a horse?”

For a few minutes Ariadne seemed not to react. Then she blinked and her eyes gleamed.

“Help me,” she whispered in a hoarse voice.

They helped Ariadne to walk to the arena. Meanwhile, Kafre had arranged matters. Incitatus was almost driven mad smelling the mare’s urine that the grooms had spilled all around. He was tightly bound and hobbled and his penis stood erect, pounding against his chest.

“Now, milady,” instructed Kafre in a stern voice, “Sylvia will help you stand next to the horse. Now I know you will want to drive yourself deep into it. That will not do.”

“Why not? I want all of it inside me!” replied Ariadne savagely.

"We won't let you do that, milady. But you will get a good pounding I guarantee it. The horse will have enough slack to make thrusting motions. Sylvia will guide his head inside you. I will hold on to your torso to limit the penetration. I don't want you to rupture, girl! Caesar will kill us all!"

"Why should I care?"

"Do it then for the goddess, do you understand? Do not dishonor the temple."

Ariadne seemed to sober up a bit. Years of conditioning at the temple steadied her.

"Alright, Kafre, I will try to control my lust. But you better hang on tight to me. There is no guarantee how I will react."

Ariadne stood next to the horse while Kafre looped his arms under her armpits and held tight to her torso. Sylvia carefully took hold of the shaft and pressed it against Ariadne's distended cunny. The horse then thrust forward. The massive shaft entered Ariadne easily.

"Oh gods! He is in!" she exclaimed with joy.

"Is he hurting you, mistress?"

"No! He feels great! So warm! Lovely!"

She slowly willed herself onto his shaft while Kafre held on tight to her and Sylvia murmured encouraging words.

"That is enough," warned Kafre.

"Please, I want more!"

The horse felt himself inside a warm mare and started making thrusting motions. Ariadne indeed got more of the shaft. It rocked her back and forth like a rag doll while Kafre and Sylvia held on to her to try and limit the penetration. It took a long time due to the stallion's modified diet. But then Ariadne howled and grabbed her belly.

"It is flaring! Oh gods! He is coming inside me!"

Ariadne was actually driven forwards by the force of the ejaculate. The shaft retracted slowly and cruelly and popped out of her distended cavern amidst what seemed buckets of ejaculate. They carefully walked her back to her chambers and laid her on a cot.

Kafre examined her pubes. "I see no blood, only semen coming out."

"My belly is distended!" protested Ariadne.

"Is semen trapped in your womb, milady. I will leak over the next few days."

"I want to mate with him as often as possible," announced Ariadne. "I think I can handle him. There is no other way to get used to him. And yes, I want to try the saddle. Is it ready?"

"Almost, milady."

"Then see to it, Kafre. I thought I would be satiated after this but I feel a wave of lust returning. You better tie me down."

This they did. Ariadne laid on her bed moaning while a couple of slave girls ministered to her.

"Sylvia, come with me, " ordered Kafre.

"As you wish, milord."

Kafre led the slave girl to the arena.

"He is very placid right now. The saddle is finished. You are the same size as your mistress. I want you to get in it. Do you understand?"

Sylvia went pale. If the horse grew unruly she could be killed. Still, she nodded her agreement.

The grooms placed the saddle on Incitatus without releasing his ropes.

"Go on, Sylvia."

Sylvia slipped onto the saddle and opened her legs wide.

"Move your legs forwards. I need you to be able to press your soles against his hind legs," instructed Kafre.

Sylvia tried, unsuccessfully.

"You are too far back, I see." Kafre made further adjustments to the ropes. Sylvia's face was directly now between the horse's legs.

"I cannot see anything, milord."

Kafre guided her soles to lay against the horses haunches.

"If he starts pounding it will be a way of getting some measure of control."

"I think so," agreed Sylvia. To illustrate, she started rocking her cradle back and forth. It hardly moved.

"It's too stiff, milord!"

"Aye! I can see that. We will have to adjust it. Ariadne will need every bit of length she can gain."

Kafre helped Sylvia onto her feet.

"The problem is that my mistress might no longer care to live. How do we keep her from willingly rupturing herself on the shaft?"

That was a definite problem. Over the next few days they willingly helped Ariadne to mate with Incitatus, albeit in the relatively safe standing up position. Ariadne had been right. If she fellated the horse first he was relatively easy to handle afterwards. Soon they released the ropes and to everyone's relief, the horse cooperated. In fact, he no longer needed the stimulus of the mare's urine. His shaft would drop as soon as he saw Ariadne.

"Do you enjoy this, milady?" asked Kafre when she was brought back to her chambers.

"Oh gods!" she giggled (an encouraging sign, thought Kafre). "I thought I would not at first. I don't

know if it's the herbs you gave me. I was naturally a lustful woman to start with. How could I not be?"

"I dare not judge you, milady."

"Don't then. We women have very few choices. Becoming a temple prostitute was one I took and I was proud of myself, I admit it. I enjoyed my sexuality freely. Very few women do. Now I am mating with a horse as often as possible. And yes, I love it!"

"That is what I want you to realize, milady. There is no reason why you could not keep mating with your husband the rest of your days. That is, if only you stayed alive."

"That is for the gods to decide, Kafre."

"Aye, that is true. I only want you to understand that you must do your best to keep yourself from driving yourself down onto that shaft. If you survive, I am sure Caesar will be generous and agree to keep you strapped under your husband the remaining of your life."

"That would be blissful! Alas, he does not stay hard all the time."

"By then you will be skillful enough to coax his erection as often as possible and you two will be able to mate as needed."

"Oh gods! Yessss!"

"Then stay alive milady!"

Kafre left satisfied.

"Will she be alright, milord?" asked Sylvia.

"I gave her something to look for, girl. She could stay in the saddle the rest of her life mating happily with her lawful husband. Make sure you talk to her about it. Stoke her lust. It might keep her alive. Hell, it might keep us all alive!"

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## **VIII. The Marriage is Consummated**

Marcus, the eunuch who acted as grand chamberlain of the palace walked side by side Senator Lucius. The great audience hall was all covered in flowers.

"This looks wonderful," admitted Lucius.

"We will have a full orchestra of musicians. They will help drown her screams."

Lucius paled a bit. Then again, it was common for Caesar's entertainments to require those measures.

"And the mating will take place right here?"

"Yes, once Caesar pronounces them horse and wife, of course. We have taken precautions. I have some slaves ready to spread sawdust to soak her blood. We don't want Caesar's guests to slip on the blood, right?"

Lucius frowned. Kafre had assured him that Ariadne had so strengthened her cunning that she just might survive.

"Ah, that is a good precaution. I do hope that it is his pooled semen that has to be collected instead of her blood. Remember, she is supposed to be possessed by the goddess Ishtar and she is supposed to protect her."

"It will be as the gods decide then, Senator."

"Show me the horse."

"This way, milord."

The eunuch took him to a luxurious stable next to the palace. A group of naked young women were caressing and stroking Incitatus.

"The Senator Incitatus is housed in his very own quarters as you can see, Senator. I have ordered a group of young slave women to stroke and clean the horse's shaft and tend to his needs. I am afraid they got very enthused. One was kicked and another one was bitten."

"Oh gods!"

"It doesn't matter, milord. They are only slave girls. I had them replaced right away."

"So be it then! But mark my words, I don't want the horse to be hurt, understand?"

"Certainly, Senator. Now, the lady Ariadne will arrive early tomorrow morning. She has her own quarters to prepare. It is quite comfortable. Do you wish to see it?"

A man dressed in simple plebeian clothes had met Lucius' gaze.

"That won't be necessary, Marcus. I imagine her needs and options will be minimal at that point."

The eunuch left and Lucius waited at a quiet courtyard in the palace. The man in plebeian clothes soon appeared.

"It is all ready, uncle."

"Ariadne weds at noontime."

Cassius paled. "I am afraid we have arranged for matters...later."

"She will be dead by then, my boy."

Cassius spat. "It can't be helped. I can't give you the details."

"Don't!" warned Lucius.

"But it can't be done earlier."

Lucius laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Then at least make sure that she is avenged!"

The next morning Ariadne arrived. She was nude as usual and holding tightly on to the equally nude

Sylvia. Marcus bowed to her.

"Please follow me, milady. I will show you your quarters."

"When will I be wed?" asked Ariadne. "I am looking forward to it. I am very wet right now."

Marcus did not seem impressed or interested.

"Fine, I suppose, milady. But the marriage is scheduled for noontime."

"So be it. I will be masturbating all the while thinking of my new husband."

"I will insure no one bothers you, milady."

Her quarters were indeed luxurious. A magnificent spread lay in front of the two women. But Ariadne looked at it with disdain.

"I have no appetite, Sylvia. If you are hungry, go ahead and indulge. I think I will last more if I am ruptured on an empty stomach."

"Don't talk that way, mistress. You have a very strong cunt. You know that shaft. It holds no more mysteries to you."

"Embrace me, Sylvia, please. Hold me tight, love me!" said Ariadne. The two women hugged for a long time, kissing. Sylvia then took her hand and led her gently to the bed, there to make love in the manner of women.

That would have been the case had not the door burst open at that point and a plebeian dressed fellow not entered bearing a large bouquet of roses.

"I thought we were not to be interrupted!" complained Ariadne.

The man removed his hood. It was Cassius.

"Cassius!" cried Ariadne leaping onto his arms.

"Please, Ariadne, don't make noise. You have no idea what is at risk."

She pulled him apart and stared at him coldly. "You should talk, my dear Cassius, you are not the one about to be impaled on a horse shaft."

"I know. Forgive me. I had to see you, one last time."

"Milord, I never refuse a penis, remember? Take me then. I will serve the goddess."

"You don't love me then?"

She pulled him on top of him.

"Don't talk, there is no time for thought, just fuck me, Cassius."

This he did, quite vigorously and enthusiastically. Ariadne was indeed now cavernous. As he consummated the union he realized that he never again would be able to satisfy her. He felt a sense of loss. Yet she made a show of feeling passionate. Doubts assaulted Cassius. How much of it was the

temple prostitute play acting for her clients?

"I must go now, Ariadne."

They kissed.

"Go, milord. I shall remember you, I promise you, as I die."

Once they were alone Sylvia hugged her.

"Men, Sylvia, I think I am done with them and their feuds and politics. If I survive I will stick to horses."

"And me?"

"You will always be at my side, Sylvia. I cannot get enough of the taste of your cunt!"

Noon came. The buccinators of the praetorian guard announced the entry of the emperor.

"So? What do we have today Marcus?"

"A most enlightening spectacle, milord. A wedding of a young woman and a horse."

"Ah yes! Let the ceremony commence!" applauded Caesar.

Lucius entered with Ariadne on his arm. She was nude and bore a bouquet of roses in her arms. Furthermore, she was entirely painted in blue woad. This had been Kafre's suggestion. The paint had psychotropic components. Ariadne would absorb this through her skin. She would be high and perhaps would be able to ignore her pain.

"Ah, my dear Lucius! Do you speak for this pictish princess here?" asked Caesar enjoying the spectacle.

"Yes, indeed, milord. This here is the lady Ariadne. And she has been besmitten by the goddess Ishtar, or at least her Caledonian form, with an unnatural lust for our future senator Incitatus. She asks that you give your blessing to the union and attest to its consummation."

"Are you eager to couple with the horse milady?" asked Caligula good naturedly.

"Most definitely, milord. I am very wet and can hardly wait."

"See brother?" interjected Livilla. "You are being cruel by not letting me be penetrated by a donkey!"

Caligula dismissed his sister's pleading and clapped. "Enough! Bring on Incitatus! And let the ceremony begin."

Incitatus was led in and stood next to Ariadne. She could feel the eyes of everyone upon her. The depravity of what she was about to do in such a public arena actually stoked her lust.

"Let's dispense with the preliminaries. Do you, lady Ariadne, take the horse Incitatus to be your lawfully wedded husband, to cherish and respect?"

"I do, milord," replied Ariadne in a clear, strong voice.

"Ahem, well, will you Incitatus. Oh dear, he is eating your bouquet, milady Ariadne. I take that as affirmative. I now pronounce you...horse and wife!"

There was applause and cheering. Caesar held up his hand.

"And, in ratification of the laws of the republic, I hereby endow Incitatus here with the title and rights of a Senator of Rome! But first, let us congratulate the two newlyweds before they consummate their marriage for our entertainment.

The guests then crowded around Ariadne making congratulatory gestures. She knew it was hypocritical. They were all there, she thought, to watch her die. Certainly, Lady Livilla said so openly.

"I actually admire and envy you, my dear," she said kissing her on the lips. "I wish I had your nerve. I fantasize all the time about taking all that shaft."

"So do I, milady!"

"Please, milords," announced Lucius. "Let the two lovers demonstrate their love to you."

A new round of applause greeted the announcement. Ariadne faced the audience.

"In my role of a Caledonian princess, milords, I must first show my devotion to my husband's shaft. Allow me please."

She knelt next to Incitatus. The horse dropped as soon as she felt her slim cool hand on his member. So greatly attuned had the two become the last few weeks. Ariadne grabbed the enlarging penis stroking it gently and massaging his balls. The crowd stared fascinated at the primordial spectacle. Ariadne did indeed seem the embodiment of a primordial goddess. She looked like the incarnation of some wood inhabiting Diana that regularly made love to her beasts.

She pressed her lips to the tip of the shaft, her eyes closed in an ecstasy of lust. She licked and kissed its entire length, at time cradling it between her bare breasts. Then she wrapped her lips around the huge shaft and started massaging the length vigorously. It was not long before Incitatus started making nervous motions with his hips. She released the head of the penis and opened her mouth wide to receive a vigorous jet of ejaculate. She tried to swallow as much as possible but the flood of semen covered her from head to toe, such was its abundance. Meanwhile, on the rostra, the lady Livilla masturbated furiously.

Ariadne stood in front of the guests smiling obscenely. Caligula started clapping and then the rest of the guests did likewise.

"Most impressive my dear. Alas, now he is spent," pointed out the emperor.

"Nonsense, milord. He is a Senator of Rome. And I am a temple prostitute. Surely he can perform again for his newlywed wife and surely I can coax an erection out of him," answered Ariadne.

Caligula smiled. "Suit yourself then, lady. Just fuck him good."

Lucius clapped and a couple of grooms showed up bearing the cradle where Ariadne would lay.

"What is this, Lucius?" asked Caligula intrigued.

"Why, milord, it is the nuptial bed where milady will lay while Incitatus mates with her."

"Fascinating! I love it!" clapped the emperor.

Ariadne checked the straps. Everything seemed in order. Incitatus, however, was nervous, unused to having all those people around him. Ariadne realized that and started caressing his flanks and talking to him soothingly. This had the desired effect and the stallion calmed down. From a cleverly hidden pouch in the "cradle" Ariadne found a small vial with mare's urine and she discretely rubbed it in her crotch. It appeared to the onlookers like she was masturbating. Then she placed her pubes against Incitatus' snout. The effect was immediate. Incitatus neighed loudly and his penis started dropping out of its sheath. This drew a round of admiring applause from the guests.

"Behold, ladies and gentlemen," announced Lucius. "Our wild Caledonian princess is in heat and the Senator Incitatus can smell her."

"Please!" pleaded Ariadne in a loud, plaintive, voice, "I must have him inside me! Oh gods! Help me!"

Sylvia stepped forward and helped Ariadne enter the cradle.

"Remember your training, milady," she whispered to her ear. Then she placed the soles of Ariadne's feet against his haunches.

The shaft was now rapidly distending. Sylvia placed it against Ariadne's pubes. The penis was hardening rapidly and Incitatus had started making thrusting motions. The head easily popped inside Ariadne's distended cunt.

"Oh gods! Yes! Yessss!" cried Ariadne. "He is in! Deeper, my love! Deeper!"

The applause was now enthusiastic. Caligula and Livilla stepped down from their thrones to watch the mating more closely.

"When is she going to rupture?" asked Livilla.

"Anytime now, milady," replied Lucius.

Fully half of Incitatus's massive shaft seemed to have disappeared inside Ariadne. She knew she had bottomed out and so far Incitatus had only made gentle thrusting motions to worm his shaft inside her. Ariadne tried desperately to push herself forward, using her feet but it seemed impossible for her to gain any distance. For a moment she panicked, knowing that as soon as he started pounding her cervix it would be a matter of time before she was ruptured. She felt stabs of pain but suddenly she felt as if she had gone beyond sensation, to a strange zone where her body filtered only pleasure. She quietly thanked Kafre for whatever had been in the poultice she had worn in her cunt.

Then the onslaught began. Incitatus started pounding her mercilessly. It was like she was subjected to a force of nature. Yes, the cradle rocked, to a degree, and that helped her get some relief as she was propelled forward but then the pendulum swung again and she realized she was impaling herself deeper and deeper into the merciless shaft chastising her. She desperately sought to grip his flanks, to somehow limit his penetration. It seemed to no avail. Meanwhile, the audience stood at rapt attention while the terrible spectacle continued.

Then Ariadne screamed. A stab of pain penetrated the drug induced stupor she had. She felt an overwhelming warmth fill her innards and her lower belly ballooned as the shaft flared. She was actually driven forward by the repeated hydraulic hammers of horse semen ejaculating inside her. She realized what had happened. It would soon be finished, she knew. And she cried triumphantly in

a hoarse voice: "Eternal praise to the goddess!!!!"

"Is she ruptured?" asked Caesar eagerly.

Marcus the eunuch signaled to the slaves in charge of the sawdust.

Meanwhile, Incitatus' shaft was slowly retracting. It seemed impossible that Ariadne had taken in so much.

"Dear," whispered Lucius. "You have to be very brave now. Caesar will probably want to have a pole driven unto you now that you are ruptured. Kafre provided me some drugs to alleviate your suffering."

"Yes, I will probably need them," agreed Ariadne.

The obscene shaft finally came out with a pop followed by a flood of horse semen that fell on the sawdust. But there was no blood.

"Am I bleeding?" asked Ariadne convinced she was ruptured.

"I don't see any blood, no," said Sylvia.

"Caesar!" cried Lucius, "this is a miracle! She is unhurt! The goddess does protect her!"

There was cheering and applause.

Sylvia helped Ariadne out of the cradle. Her body was covered in sweat and horse semen. She tried to stand up and collapsed holding on to her crotch.

"See to the lady Ariadne!" ordered Caesar. And she was borne to her chambers amidst the applause of the audience.

"Is Caesar pleased?" asked Lucius in a trembling voice.

"Well, I would have preferred to have her be impaled, I admit it," replied Caligula. "But, those are the ways of us gods. We are too merciful with you mortals."

Caligula took Lucius by the elbow.

"Now, my dear Lucius, this lady, Ariadne, she is indeed beautiful and wanton. You know that I am putty in the hand of such a creature. I would like to marry her."

"Make her your empress, Caesar? But, she is married."

"That should be no problem, right Lucius? The woman has a steel backbone! If Incitatus can marry he can also divorce. And I would have no problem with divorcing Caesonia. She is too tame for my taste."

"And how about me, Caesar?" asked Livilla. "I would fancy marrying Incitatus."

"Why not, dear?" replied Caligula rubbing his sisters exposed breasts. "You could have a beautiful marriage ceremony, just like this one! Anyways, we are off to the games now, Lucius. Care to join us?"



"I will excuse myself, Caesar, with your permission. I must see to the lady Ariadne. I feel she is my protégé after all."

"Do that, Lucius. Get the best medics in Rome to see to her cavern! I might not be able to ever fill that void but I fancy using her like a boy!"

Lucius rushed to Ariadne's chambers. He found there Kafre carefully ministering to Ariadne.

"Will she be alright?"

Kafre shook his head. "I gave her opium. She was in a lot of pain once she came down from her sexual frenzy. I don't think she will ever walk again. I am sorry, milord."

"Oh gods! Anyway! Hurry you two! Get her aboard a cart and on her way to the villa, immediately!"

"Why the hurry, milord? I don't think she ought to move."

"Don't question me, Kafre, please don't. Just do so!"

Kafre and Sylvia did as instructed. Lucius joined them, dressed in simple plebeian clothes. As they left the city they heard a commotion behind them.

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IX. Epilogue

Rome, one year later.

Lucius welcomed Claudius to the villa. His old friend was now the emperor of Rome. Caligula had been assassinated when leaving the games.

"Salve dominus!" said Lucius good naturedly.

"You and I know each other too well to stick to that foolish protocol, Lucius," said Claudius waving his friend off. "Come, we must talk!"

Lucius clapped his hands and a slave delivered a glass of wine to Caesar. The two men sat on the courtyard.

"Now, Lucius, understand I could not do anything to save your nephew. He was too active a participant. And had he had his way, he would have slit my throat too."

"I understand, Caesar."

"No, don't lie to me, Lucius. Be grateful for my willingness to ignore your participation. I cannot see Cassius acting on his own. Am I right?"

"Yes, Caesar," admitted Lucius. "I had a part in the conspiracy."

"I figured as much. Let us not ever talk about it. Now, you have to pay a price, nonetheless. You seem to have taken over this villa. I want you to will it over to me. I find it very nice, actually. My mad nephew, I understand, had given it over to Incitatus."

"That is true, Caesar. Unfortunately I am not the rightful owner. The four footed senator and his wife

still live here.”

“Really? The so-called pictish princess is still alive? Now, that is something I want to see!”

“Certainly, Caesar, please follow me.”

Lucius led the emperor to a terrace overlooking a lovely green meadow.

“There, Caesar, you can see the two together. She remains in the cradle slung under him. She has actually learned to stir the horse from under him.”

“By the gods! She is nude!”

“Yes, Caesar. That way whenever Incitatus feels the need to penetrate her she will be available to him.”

“What an extraordinary creature! I thought she had died!”

“I managed to scone her out of the palace before the coup. Alas, she had massive injuries. She no longer can walk more than only a few steps. She is in constant pain and we keep her drugged.”

“Can I talk with her?”

“Caesar, that most certainly is possible!”

Lucius took two fingers to his mouth and whistled loudly. They saw Ariadne wave and she coaxed her horse forward. The two Romans went to meet her at the edge of the villa.

“Milady, Ariadne, this is the most august Caesar.”

“Sire, I am afraid I am quite unable to vow or move much. “

“That is quite fine, milady,” said Claudius. “Let me just tell you that you are a quite extraordinary woman. I am told you were a former temple prostitute.”

“That is right, sire, at the temple of Ishtar.

“Ah, I know the head priestess of Ishtar. Lady Helena, right? She is very skilled.”

“That she is, indeed, milord.”

“You have developed a most extraordinary art here. I understand you are still the owner of this place.”

“Yes, my husband, the Senator and myself, we own this place.”

“I would fancy that your art not disappear with you. Would you consider founding here a temple to Ishtar here? Perhaps in the guise of Diana, whom I believe was not unwilling to lie with her beasts?”

“That would be wonderful, milord!”

“I am sure many young ladies in Rome will want to ride like you do.”

“Not only that, someone would have to train the mounts beforehand!”

“Won’t your husband complain?”

“He has never uttered a jealous word to me,” laughed Ariadne.

“Let it be so!” ordered Caesar. “Now, we will let you commune with your beast. He seems to be hardening and you will need to give him relief.”

Ariadne smiled and reached forward to the shaft and guided its head inside her. Then she took the reins and coaxed the horse forward while his shaft remained buried inside her.

“What an extraordinary woman!” exclaimed Caesar admiringly.

“Indeed, Caesar.”

“Enough of this, Lucius. Refill my cup. Now, as I said, I do not want to let you off the hook easily for your part in the coup. You will have to pay something, I am afraid. Tell me, do you still own those lands in Hispania?”

The End