

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Preliminary note: the Maconiae did exist. I can not post links here but if you do a search you will find descriptions of them.

Syria - Anno Domini 392

I. The Road to Antioch

The heat rose from the paving stones of the old Roman road. Two riders could be seen pausing atop a rise.

The shorter of the riders had uncovered her travel hood and revealed herself to be a young woman with a chestnut head of hair atop a lovely freckled face with classical Greek features.

"How far to Antioch?" asked the woman.

"Ten mile markers, milady," answered her companion, an older, very fit, man who rode quite comfortably on the horse.

The woman looked around the landscape. It was quite desolate. Mirages rose all around them. She made a sign at them, to protect from the evil eye.

"What is that yonder?" she asked pointing to a slim pillar that rose from the desolation.

"A Christian fool, milady," replied the man with some distaste. "I understand there is some mad monk living atop it. The local peasants consider him holy and raise food and water to him."

"You mean he stays atop the column? All the time?"

"Yes, they call them stylites, milady. They believe that by fasting and mortifying their flesh they will receive salvation," replied the man with some ill-disguised contempt. "The only good thing is that once in a while there is a storm and mighty Zeus sends one of his thunderbolts towards them and burns them to a crisp."

The woman smiled.

"Aye, my tutors always advised that thunder sought the ground via a high place. I suppose their Christ was no protection then."

"Certainly not!" laughed the man.

"Well, the road goes close to the pillar," noted the woman coaxing her horse forward. "We will get a closer look I suppose."

"It is not a pretty sight, milady."

Indeed it was not. The stench was almost unbearable. The pillar, about 40 feet high was brown and yellow from the man's effluvia and there was a continuous buzzing of flies. Atop sat a withered old man, completely naked, his eyes closed.

"Maybe he is dead," noted the woman covering her nose with her cloak.

But the old monk opened his eyes and glared down at the two riders.

"Pagans! The curse of Christ on thee!" he said as he threw a turd at the two.

"Bastard!" cried the man narrowly evading the missile.

"And thee!" cried the monk pointing to the woman, "thou art Jezebel! Be gone spawn of Satan! I know who thou art! You lie with beasts! I can smell their dried semen on your cunt!"

"I am of a mind to skewer you imbecile!" cried the man producing a bow and arrow.

"Let him be Heraclius," advised the woman. "Were it known we killed him our problems would multiply. Come, let us move on to Antioch. Leave this fool to Christ or Zeus, whoever decides to take him first."

"As you wish, milady," answered Heraclius after making an obscene sign at the raving lunatic on the pillar.

~~~~~

## II. Antioch

Like any Roman city, Antioch had a senate. And primus inter pares of this was one Zosimus. We find Zosimus on the antechamber of the local governor, enduring an unseemly wait. Zosimus was, by birth, Syrian, of ample girth, and dark skin. He did attempt to adopt what he thought was the gravitas of a senator. And in that guise, he thought, he should not be kept waiting.

"I suppose the governor must be busy, what with the Arab nomads that raided recently," said Phidias, an older man and trusted slave on whose sharp financial acumen Zosimus relied.

"Don't try to placate me, Phidias," retorted Zosimus. "This wait is insulting for someone in my position and lineage."

Phidias smiled quietly. He knew Zosimus' "lineage" included a grandfather who was a dung carrier before he turned to pimping and made a fortune.

"Alas, master, this governor, Polonius, is said to be a young man. An army man, I hear, you know they are not very good at diplomacy."

"He is some peasant from Hispania that our good lord and emperor Theodosius saw fit to raise to the government of our fair city," replied Zosimus in a bitter voice.

"Please master," advised Phidias pointing to the empty tribunal. "The walls have ears."

Zosimus shook his head.

"You are right Phidias. Theodosius himself is from Hispania and said to be rather intolerant."

"All I know, master," whispered Phidias, "is that I have yet to find a Spaniard who will understand our ways here in the east. So let us tread lightly, I beg of thee. It is very easy to accuse someone of plotting against the emperor or of being guilty of impiety."

The door behind the tribunal opened and a four dusty and sweaty soldiers appeared and stood at attention. Next a very dark skinned, balding, fellow with a hooked nose and hard eyes and wearing full armor entered. He was equally covered in dust and sweat. He then signaled to the soldiers to help him remove his armor and sword belt. Once that was done he nodded towards Zosimus and sat himself in the tribunal chair.

"You must be Zosimus," said Polonius in accented Greek. "Please sit. Sorry for the delay. I have been out for days with my cavalry troop looking for those damned Arab raiders that attacked the border."

"Any success, dominus?" asked Zosimus bowing.

"None, damn it! Those Arab bandits know the desert like the palm of their hand and their wiry ponies are hard to catch," replied Polonius with some bitterness.

Zosimus sat his large bulk on the chair offered. Phidias, meanwhile, found a nearby corner and stood silent. Polonius then bade one of his slaves to serve them wine.

"You speak very good Greek, sire," replied Zosimus.

"Aye! I learned it in Masilia (Marseilles). It is full of Greeks there. Our lord Theodosius said it would be useful in this job. Cheers!"

Both men drank from their cups.

"You summoned me, governor," stated Zosimus.

"Tell me, Zosimus, are you good Christians here?"

Zosimus hesitated just a bit too long.

"We try to, milord. But, you must understand, Antioch is quite a crossroads. We get all kinds of folks coming and going. We try not to question who they pray to as long as we can do business with them. Even our bishop, Euthropius, understands that we have to be...pragmatic."

Polonius took a deep breath.

"Damn, Zosimus, I am a soldier," began Polonius. "Truth is I could care less about religion. I leave that to the darn priests. But..."

"I know, Dominus, our lord and emperor Theodosius is quite zealous about religion," offered Zosimus. "Still, Antioch produces a good deal of taxes to the empire as a result of our commerce. That should be, I hope, a mitigating circumstance for our occasional lapses."

Polonius took another sip of his wine and then presented his flask for the slave to refill it. He sat there, deep in thought, for a couple of minutes.

"You can rest easy on that point," replied Polonius. "Our lord and emperor is always in need of the cash Antioch's commerce generates. Now, I understand there is a temple to Diana outside the city's walls," said Polonius.

"Aye. A beautiful building. Very old and of superb construction. It has withstood many earthquakes without a crack. It was said to have been dedicated by Alexander himself."

"Interesting. It no longer serves as a Pagan temple, right?"

"No Dominus, it doesn't. It was closed last year by order of our lord and emperor. Bishop Euthropius assumed ownership. I believe he will eventually turn it into a church as is, of course, fitting."

"I heard the temple had Maco...Maco..." Polonius struggled with the name.

"Maconiae?"

"Yes those."

"At the time the temple of Diana was closed, there were five Maconiae serving in the temple."

"They are prostitutes, right?"

"Yes, consecrated in the service of the goddess Diana, Dominus."

"But I hear they were not the common hierodule or temple prostitute."

"No, Dominus. These women were all limbless."

"Ohmigod! Really? Interesting. Do go on."

Zosimus took another sip of his wine.

"It is not as bad as it sounds. These girls took a vow of nudity and had slaves to bathe them and feed them and massage them. They were all quite beautiful, in spite of their condition, and belonged to the noblest families of Syria."

"I thought they were all slaves!"

"Not in Antioch or in the rest of Syria. It was a source of pride to have a female family member volunteer to enter the service of Diana as a Maconiae. Most were young, fully grown women, when their limbs were removed. Unlike the traditional Maconiae they did not sport stumps. The limb removal was total, at the shoulders and hips. And, before you ask, indeed, some did not survive the operation."

Polonius shuddered, remembering some battlefield amputations he had witnessed.

"So they were just torsos? I suppose that made them quite popular...among some folks," said Polonius winking.

"The traditional Maconiae were very skilled in the sexual arts, in spite of their handicaps," explained Zosimus. "They demanded a steep price from their clients. When I was a young man in Alexandria I did lay with one of them. It was a marvelous experience, milord, but then I was strong and handsome and the lady also heaped praise on me. But our Maconiae here in Antioch, however, were quite special and, in spite of being very high priced, also much in demand."

"Different? How so?"

"At other temples that housed Maconiae they would be consecrated to honor Astarte, whom you westerners know as Venus. They would mate with any man who would pay. But our Maconiae were devoted to Diana, she who runs around the woods, naked, with wolf hounds at her feet. So, our Maconiae were not meant to mate with humans. That was taboo to them."

"So they were celibate? Hard to believe in a temple prostitute!"

"No, Dominus, they were not celibate. They mated with the animals that were brought to them to perform as a kind of sacrament. The goddess Diana supposedly did the same with her hounds and even with stags and lions that crossed her path, or so the poets claim. Of course, to use our Maconiae, the owner of the animal had to pay a steep fee, from which the city Senate of course

punctually paid a hefty share to the imperial treasury.”

Polonius shook his head.

“When I accepted this post I was advised that the east was bound to be shocking in its ways,” explained Polonius in a quiet voice. “I guess those folks were right. Things are indeed very different out here. And now I find that the majesty of our imperial government is financed, in part, by women shagging with beasts! Go on.”

“Their mating ceremonies were held in public at the temple of Diana during the many religious pagan festivals that used to take place in Antioch. I have seen our Maconiae being mated to horses, donkeys, mules, and even camels. Actually, it was a very beautiful act, with a lot of burning of incense and preceded by the singing of hymns and poets reciting odes and hunting horns blaring to honor and summon Diana. The attendees would cheer when the animal and the Maconiae were presented. The cheering would continue while she was being pounded until the animal ejaculated inside her.”

“Camels! C’mon man, think of the smell!”

“You have to understand, Dominus, that a lot of caravan trails end here in Antioch, after all. The caravan masters swore that if the Maconiae mated with their beasts they would have the protection of Diana on their travels. As you can imagine, it was all very good for business.”

“But if the woman is just a torso, how could she mate with the animals?”

“The Maconiae, of course, had help. Slave girls would harden the beasts and then they would lift the torsos so the Maconiae rested in a harness slung around the animal, what we call Diana’s cradle, facing the animal’s belly and with his penis inside her. To insure the Maconiae’s safety, the beast would be hobbled and a bar would be placed to slightly open its front legs. Feeling himself inside a female, the animal would then pound them until the mating was consummated. There was enough slack in the cradle that she would be driven back and forth under the onslaught, with her head emerging from between the animal’s spread front legs. I asked a philosopher friend of mine and he thought that their cunts would channel the blessings of Diana upon the lucky beasts and their owners. The Maconiae, you see, had developed very strong cunt muscles and withstood the pounding.”

“Strong cunt muscles? How did they develop them?”

“When a Maconiae was consecrated they would be ritually married to a horse. Then they would be kept permanently in a Diana’s cradle while slung under her four footed husband. The horse would be kept hard by feeding it some herbs from Aethiopia that induced priapism. Thus, for the rest of her life, the Maconiae would be doing her wifely duties and exercising her cunt muscles on the horse shaft inside her. It was a matter of life and death that she did so. As long as her grip was strong she was able to prevent her husband’s penis from rupturing her and entering all the way to her chest.”

“Oh Jesus!”

“Right, Dominus. The saying is that there are no old Maconiae.”

“I suppose that having always a horse penis inside and trying to grip it tight all the time would explain their strong cunt muscles,” agreed Polonius. “But, c’mon man, I grew up on a horse breeding farm my family owned in Hispania. We had female slaves whom we would sometimes mate with the horses, albeit as a form of punishment or even just for entertainment. Not a large horse, mind you,

father was not a cruel master. The mating would not last more than a minute. And I know horses will retract once they have bred the mare or woman.”

“Aye, Dominus, but there is a difference” explained Zosimus in a diplomatic tone. “The key was the Aethiopian herb. You see, Dominus, the herbs would keep the horse penis hard and inhibit his ejaculation though not his instinct to pound the Maconiae underneath him. That he would do many times a day, frustrated, I guess at not being able to come.”

“I would be pissed off too if I could not come!” laughed Polonius taking another sip from his mug.

“Only when an animal was brought in by a paying customer would the Maconiae be removed off her husband’s penis. And these animals were not fed the herb. They would indeed ejaculate in under a minute and immediately retract out of the Maconiae’s cunt.”

“I suppose everything worked like clockwork at the temple.”

“Yes, it was a very professional operation. In the eve of a caravan about to depart it would not be unusual for each Maconiae to serve up to twenty beasts or more in a day. You have seen how large those camel trains can be. And the horses of the outriders had also to be blessed and even the oxen if present. The slave girls the temple had knew their business. They would place Diana’s crib in the next animal while the Maconiae serviced the prior one. Some of these slave girls were well versed in the art of cocksucking and could coax an erection out of the animal. And they could always press the urine of a mare in heat to the animal’s nostrils to cause it to drop. Then it was just a matter of keeping the Maconiae moving to a new animal penis as the old one was spent.”

“I suppose afterwards the Maconiae would go back to her four footed husband, right?”

“Yes, Dominus, the Maconiae were very devoted wives. The horse even peed inside the Maconiae. This would help clean their innards. The Maconiae would sleep, eat, piss, and shit all the while having her four footed husband’s hard penis inside her.”

“I suppose the horse husband was not jealous,” snickered Polonius.

“I never heard one of those horses complain.”

“Tell me, did the poor girls at least enjoy it?”

“It certainly appeared that way. The Maconiae would shout praises to the goddess while the animals pounded their cunts. I never heard one of them express regrets, even when the inevitable happened.”

“Oh Jesus! No wonder there was cheering from the crowd! You Syrians are a bunch of perverts!” laughed Polonius taking a sip of his wine and slapping his thigh. “And what did these Maconiae do once the temple of Diana was closed? Were they just thrown out into the streets to beg and crawl on the ground and mate with stray street dogs?”

“Heavens no, Dominus!” protested Zosimus. “As I said, these women come from the best of families in Syria and Antioch. I and a number of senators and other friends of mine bought them a villa a few miles from Antioch. There the girls will live out their days in comfort, being taken care by a cadre of slave women. After all, some of these girls were the daughters or sisters of my fellow senators. One of these women, Faustina, in fact, was the widow of one of my fellow senators. It was a May to December wedding, mind you, and Faustina was still young when old Sextus died so her vagina was still supple and able to stretch as needed. She had always wanted to become a Maconiae and saw

the opportunity after her husband's death. Thankfully, Faustina survived the operation and was rewarded with a new, albeit four footed, husband. As for myself, I have a niece amongst the twelve remaining Maconiae. She is a lovely girl whom I raised, by name of Berenice, and once she turned 18 she expressed her desire to become a Maconiae which was a cause for celebration in our family. I then had the best surgeons brought in from Aegyptus to operate on her. She is a strong girl and survived, albeit after much suffering. As soon as she recovered, I then had the honor to give her hand (although she no longer had hands) in marriage to her new horse husband, a fine chestnut fellow of good stock whom I knew to be quite gentle since I had raised him in one of my farms. I even provided a hefty dowry to the temple. None of this was illegal at that time, mind you, Dominus, for our lord and emperor's wise decision of abolishing the Pagan cults had not been proclaimed. Surely our lord and emperor, a pious and charitable man, I hear, would not find fault in our succoring these unfortunate women! The Maconiae all willingly converted to Christianity once the decision of our lord and emperor to close the temple was known."

"True, if there are any complaints just route them to me," replied Polonius in a precise tone while holding on to the cross that hung from his neck. "To tell you the truth, I care not about these mad limbless women. That is not the problem I have with you nor is the reason I summoned you here."

~~~~~

III. The Villa

"We are here, milady," said Heraclius.

"Finally! I desperately need a bath to rid myself of the road grime."

The two riders proceeded up a well-kept tree lined road. Ahead could be seen a magnificent villa, marble clad, which gleamed white in the noon time sun. Behind them, Antioch and the wine dark sea it laid against could be seen. They could hear horses whinnying.

They arrived at an elegant rotunda decorated with statues of gods, goddesses, nymphs, and satyrs. Next to it stood the main edifice of the villa. A group of nude slave women appeared and took their reins and baggage.

"Announce the arrival of the Lady Zenobia," said Heraclius addressing a tall eunuch who seemed to be the master of slaves. "She is here to visit her sister, the Lady Helena."

The eunuch vowed. "It will be done, good masters. We received a courier announcing your visit last week. My name is Totilas."

"You are a Goth," said Heraclius through narrowed eyes. His hand rested on his hip, close to his gladius.

"Yes good master. I was caught and cut twenty years ago, when I was a youth and had already gone through puberty. Ever since I have served the temple...well...the Maconiae, to the best of my abilities."

"That is good enough for me," said Zenobia.

"The Lady Helena, however, adopted the name Pasiphae upon being consecrated," explained Totilas. "Please follow me. Do bear in mind, I beg of you sir, that the Maconiae are not to be touched by uncut human males."

"I know the drill," replied Heraclius smirking. "Do send me one of your female slaves to keep me company tonight."

"It will be done, sir," replied Totilas.

"Well, I intend to call my sister whatever I please, understand?" said Zenobia in a cool voice. "And the temple is now closed, forever. If you all insist on keeping to the old ways you will only bring the wrath of the Christians upon us all. Where do you keep the Maconiae?"

"So be it, milady," said Totilas in a quiet voice for he had learned the hard way not to antagonize the aristocrats. "The Lady...Helena...is in a stall right now."

"Why? It is only noontime," asked Zenobia.

"Unfortunately, her husband went lame," explained Totilas.

"Do you have a farrier?" asked Heraclius.

"Yes, there is one on the staff."

"Have him find me. I was a cavalryman for twenty years. I bet that we can do something to fix Lady Helena's husband."

"I shall do so immediately," replied Totilas. "Mind you, good masters, we try to not disturb the Maconiae when they are communing with their husbands so we generally talk in whispers inside the stable."

"That is fine with me. I would not have a horse rear and kill a Maconiae," replied Zenobia.

Zenobia remembered back to the day her sister had been taken to Antioch. Helena must have been 20 then. She had expressed her desire to become a Maconiae as soon as she turned 18. This was thought by her father to be an honorable choice, which would bring the goddess' blessing on the family. Helena trained mating with a horse for a full year and at the end sported a tough, calloused, cavernous, cunt. Then she was operated at the age of 19. And it had taken her at least a year to recover. Never did she express regrets at her mutilation and smiled widely at her family as she left the family estate. In fact, she rode the 200 miles from Palmyra to Antioch ensconced in a facsimile of Diana's cradle with her horse's penis inside her.

So altogether, recounted Zenobia, Helena had been consecrated as a Maconiae and had been on the shaft for three years. The gods must favor her, concluded Zenobia. Some women, she knew, would rupture their first week in the cradle. Some women, on the other hand, would last as much as ten years before the inevitable happened. Alas, remembered Zenobia, most Maconiae went stark raving mad around their fifth year.

Bitter memories flooded Zenobia. Once she turned 18 her father (Zenobia's mother had long since died) had refused her choice of equally becoming a Maconiae at Diana's temple. No, said her father sternly. He would marry off his one remaining daughter. It was unseemly to offer the goddess two daughters. And her family was of direct descent of the queen of Palmyra whose legions gave the Romans so much trouble a century before. Surely a suitor, one with a noble lineage and whose family had deep pockets, could be found.

But Zenobia had insisted. She had, she told her father, a fascination with large penises and craved them, she explained. This was the result of seeing her sister train to be a Maconiae. Desperately

seeking a penis, Helena had taken to mating with large dogs, such as could be found in her family's estate just outside of Palmyra. In fact, she had given her virginity to one of them, she confessed. (She would not lower herself to mate with a slave.) But she had been caught by the servants more than once though they did not dare break the news to her father. And now everyone in town knew of her proclivities. No young man of a renowned family would ask for her hand she pointed out. And worse, dog penises now seemed puny to her. She craved a horse. The sight of a dropped horse penis would drive her mad with desire.

Her father was furious at first. He had, indeed, heard his daughter's name bandied around Palmyra's forum and how she "had gone to the dogs" but dismissed the rumors.

And now he had found out the truth. The only consolation was that he had a son, Hector, who was prospering while serving the emperor in Constantinople. It was a safe, well paid, assignment and Hector had no obvious inclinations towards the Greek vice and, given his position and lineage, would probably marry soon. Hence Zenobia's father was sure that his bloodline would continue.

Thus it was easy for Helena's father to vow to the inevitable. She had his permission to become a Maconiae at Diana's temple in Antioch. But, warned her father, she would have to undergo training to accommodate the horse shaft, just as Helena had done. If she was to serve the goddess hopefully it will be for many years and it would not be proper that she be ruptured right away. The family honor was at stake.

To Zenobia's surprise, her father immediately ordered her to strip and to no longer wear clothes. Then he took her naked ass to the stables.

"Here," said her father, presenting her to Heraclius, the old soldier who was in charge of the grooms. "Alas, this one also has her cunt on fire, just like her sister did. She will also go to Antioch for it would be hopeless to marry her off now. The whole town knows she lays with dogs. But before I ship her torso off to Antioch, you must train her, Heraclius, just as you did Helena. She is no longer my daughter. She is to be treated as just another mare."

Then her father hugged her one final time and left her alone with Heraclius. Zenobia thought she saw the glint of tears in the old man's eyes but it could have been dust.

Heraclius looked at her with amused eyes. Zenobia covered her breasts and avoided making eye contact.

"OK, little mare," said Heraclius in a gentle voice, "come with me to apothecary."

"Why? Don't you dare touch me!"

"And risk the wrath of your father or of the goddess or, worse, of your dogs? I certainly won't! How old are you? 15?"

"I just turned 18. I am a full grown woman."

"Just follow me girl. You know, I had a German woman once. I had just started my service with the legion and was stationed at the Colonia Agrippinensium (Cologne). They told me to find myself a woman that would warm a bed for winters up there are brutal. Our commander was Caesar Julian, who later became emperor. Have you heard of him?"

Zenobia shook her head. She walked a few steps behind Heraclius, feeling very conscious of her nudity.

"The Christians hated his guts and called him the Apostate. Anyway this German woman, she was big boned, like most of them are and could indeed warm a bed, for which I was thankful. She gave me a daughter. When she turned 15 she was much bigger than you and as horny as her father. It was useless for me to watch over her. She was fucking every young man for miles around. Thankfully, she had no fascination with horse penises. And the Germans don't give a damn about a woman's virginity like the Greeks and Romans do, so I probably could have married her off, even if she was on the eighth month of her pregnancy and had no idea who the father of the child in her womb was. I am afraid that compared to my daughter you look rather runty."

"Show some respect, damn you," snarled Zenobia.

"No, milady, you are no longer the virgin daughter of the lord of this estate. Get used to it, milady, you are just a mare now, remember? Believe me, it is in your best interests to do as I tell you to do."

They reached the apothecary and Heraclius produced several flasks.

"Rub this all over you. I prepared it when I was training your sister."

Zenobia opened the flask and smelled the goo inside. It did not smell good.

"What is it?"

"A mixture of beeswax, olive oil, coconut oil, and the dung and urine of a mare in heat."

"Eew!"

"If you are going to go around butt naked in this sun I don't want you to get so sunburned that your skin breaks out. Besides, covered in it the stallions will pick your scent a mile away and will come running towards you with their penis extended. I am sure you would like that."

Zenobia said nothing and took a swab of the goo in her fingers.

"What happened to your German woman and your horny daughter?" asked Zenobia as she rubbed herself all over with the goo to insure none of her skin was left untouched.

"Call me Heraclius, milady. I left my big boned German gal and our daughter back in Gaul when I followed Julian east. Alas, Julian died while campaigning against the Parthians (Persians) and I remained here in Syria. I never saw my German gal or my daughter ever again. Most likely they no longer remember me or they have died."

"I am sorry, Heraclius."

"Don't, milady. That is the way of the legions. Now, let me look at your more important piece of equipment, milady."

"What do you mean?" asked Zenobia not comprehending.

Heraclius had sat in a stool and examined carefully her exposed cunt. He did not touch her but did press his face close and smelled it.

"Alas, milady, that tight cunt of yours won't do. Maconiae are supposed to have cavernous cunts. The dogs have not stretched you at all."

"Can this be fixed?"

"Yes, but you must understand that in the end you will ruin yourself for a man. I mean, you are just beginning your life, milady. Are you sure you want to go ahead? I am sure I could talk to your father about taking you back in. I mean, so what if you don't marry a blue blood pommy bastard? I am sure there are some rich merchant's sons who would gladly take you as a wife. You are a handsome woman, indeed; you just need a few more years to fully mature into a stunning beauty."

Zenobia said nothing. She just shook her head.

"If that is the case, little mare, come with me again."

He led her to a stall that was in sore need of mucking and bade her to step in.

"Sorry about the mess, but you must be used to feeling horse shit between your toes. At least until your limbs are removed. You are now a mare, understand? You are no longer a woman."

Zenobia was defiant as she stepped into the stall without caring about the muck her bare feet trod on. Heraclius could not help but look at her with some admiration. He then locked the stall gate.

"Don't worry, you won't sleep on the muck," explained Heraclius. "I will have a cot brought in to you. Wait here and do not come out, it is for your own safety."

"Why?"

"I can hear the stallions whinnying. They smell you, milady. I hope the grooms have them under control. We won't be able to house them in this stable anymore. They would kick the stall gates and proceed to trample you. Now wait here and I will be back with the shafts."

"What shafts?" asked Zenobia but Heraclius was gone.

Zenobia waited for what seemed an hour. Flies now buzzed around her and she tried in vain to shoo them off. She wished she was indeed a mare and could whisk her tail to scare them off. Zenobia cursed quietly.

"The flies bother you, milady?" asked Heraclius smiling. He carried a bulging sack.

"Did my sister endure this? I only remember her moaning delightedly as a horse pounded her."

"She did indeed. The first days are always the worst. You get used to it, I think, I hope. Here," said Heraclius passing her the contents of the sack.

"Oh gods!" exclaimed Zenobia. The sack had produced all manner of large wooden dildos. Some were very thick. Others thinner and long.

"You will need this," said Heraclius passing her a jar. "It is olive oil. Do not spill it. Use it as lubricant. I assume you know what to do. There might be some bleeding. It is to be expected. Try not to rupture yourself."

"Of course I know what to do!" snarled Zenobia. "But I need to lie down on something, not in a dirty floor stall."

"Sorry, milady, it's the muck for you for now. Go on. Get busy. No pain no gain, as they say. Don't worry, I will take you out every morning to wash you, just like we do to all the mares."

"You are removing all traces of humanity from me! Damn you!" Zenobia shouted as she reached to

the olive oil jar.

“Certainly. And later you will also have your limbs removed which I would think is far more traumatic. But, tell you what, I get no pleasure out of this milady. I am not that kind of fellow, you know. But if this is your choice, milady, and my master orders me to help you, I will obey. The legions taught me as much. But, if, and I swear this by Mithras, the god of the legions, if at some point you change your mind and want to become your father’s daughter again, just say so and I will take you to him. I know your father well. He is a curious old bird but he, I am sure, will take you back again without hesitation.”

“No! I will be a mare!” said Zenobia defiantly. She applied olive oil generously to her cunt and to a thick horse shaft. Then she laid in the muck and proceeded to try to insert it into her cunt. It was going to be a challenge, she knew, the dogs had not opened her enough. .

“Suit yourself, milady. Bear in mind that it will become harder and harder for you to say no as the days pass. Your lust will only increase as you shed your humanity.”

“I...can understand...that...” said Zenobia who had after a lot of effort just managed to insert the tip of the thick shaft into her cunt. “When...please...will I be ready...to be fucked by a horse?”

“Soon, milady. Don’t worry, I won’t have you eating hay. I will make sure the kitchen slaves send you good food and I will feed you myself. We need to put some flesh on those bones, girl, if you are going to take a horse penis inside you.”

At this Zenobia whimpered imagining a thick horse shaft entering her. The flies, the muck, the pain she was undergoing to stretch herself, none of that mattered. Her mind was fixed on the horse penis she fantasized flaring inside her and filling her to bursting with horse semen. Heraclius smiled hearing Zenobia moan and then turned to leave for he had many chores to look after and people to supervise. As he was walking away, he heard Zenobia call in a lust filled voice: “Thank you Heraclius.”

~~~~~

#### **IV. Diana’s Cradle**

Totilas then led Zenobia and Heraclius to an immaculate stable with over wide stalls. Only one seemed occupied.

“I see her husband, my four footed brother in law,” whispered Zenobia pointing to a stall where a large black horse stood.

“Your luggage will be in your quarters, good masters, just ask any house hold slave to summon me when you finish visiting the Lady Helena,” explained Totilas in a low voice. He then vowed and left.

Zenobia took Heraclius aside.

“Dear faithful Heraclius, this is a very special moment for me. Would you mind if I am left alone with my sister?”

“No problem, milady, I will go paw the slave girls meanwhile,” smiled Heraclius.

Zenobia pecked him on the cheek and the veteran left the stables. Once alone, Zenobia removed all her clothes and stood nude, except for her leather riding boots, in the middle of the stable. There

were several large mirrors, albeit poor for the technology of the times was imperfect, and she looked at herself in them. The image showed a long legged beauty, of narrow waist, with a tastefully trimmed bush, and breasts of just the right size. Then Zenobia pulled on the heavy gauge electrum rings that pierced her labia major, the ones she had inherited from her mother who also bore them in her labia, revealing a cavernous, distended cunt. Zenobia smiled. The mad stylite monk who sat on the pillar by the road, she thought, must have had an amazing sense of smell. There was certainly dried horse semen in her cunt for she had mated with her mount every night while on the road. And all the while Heraclius had stood nearby with his old gladius sword drawn, to prevent anyone from intruding while her horse fucked her. Maybe Christ had indeed blessed (or cursed) the monk with the ability to smell a woman's cunt (and the dried horse semen inside) from afar, she laughed, not that the imbecile monk would be able to do anything afterwards.

Zenobia approached the stall trying to not make much noise. She peered over the gate. The black stallion's rear was towards her. Its tail swished and then he started dropping feces pellets.

Zenobia did not have a clear look at her sister, only glimpses of bronzed skin that contrasted with the ink black horse hide. She opened the gate and entered the stall and was grateful of not being barefooted and have to step on the muck that lined the stall.

She had now a clear view of her sister's body, such as was left of her. Helena was three years older than her, almost her twin, except that Zenobia did not have her sister's blue eyes. Helena was snoring quietly. Her head was held against the horse chest by a strap.

Zenobia knelt next to her sister. The skill of the surgeons that had operated on her was evident. There was hardly any scarring where her legs and arms had been. Her torso and even her face had been tattooed in intricate geometric patterns, broken only by very realistic images of flaring and ejaculating horse penises. Helena was, thought Zenobia, indeed a work of art.

Helena moaned in her sleep. Zenobia then observed carefully the thick horse penis inside her sister. How much was inside her she had no idea but it must be a lot, she thought. Helena's labia were nowhere to be seen, pushed as they were inside her by the massive shaft. That was not good, thought Zenobia. Her sister's grip on the horse shaft must be weakening and that was inevitably fatal.

Carefully, Zenobia placed a hand in the massive shaft and caressed it. Then she pressed her lips to it and licked it lovingly. Then, as she was engaged in adoring the shaft, she felt it tremble. She stood up. There was no evidence that the horse was coming. Indeed what exploded out of the tight union between Helena and her horse was a jet spray of piss. Helena moaned again.

Eventually the flow of piss subsided. Helena laid in the cradle, still unconscious. Zenobia looked around and found a jar of olive oil. She then proceeded to caress her sister lovingly rubbing the oil all over what remained of her torso. Helena kept snoring contentedly, used as she was to being ministered by the slave women while in the cradle. Zenobia felt her sister's breasts. They were heavy and the nipples were taught and the aureole were quite large.

"You need to be milked," thought Zenobia. The Aethiopian herb, she knew induced lactation. Zenobia then proceeded to nurse off her sister's breasts.

"Thank you," murmured Helena. "I was about to burst."

"Think nothing of it, sister," replied Zenobia who then kissed Helena's mouth.

The familiarity of her sister's mouth woke up Helena.

"Zenobia!"

"Hush, don't startle your mount."

"How come you are here?"

"There is a lot to talk about. But, for now, I am afraid the shaft is very deep inside you."

"Oh goddess, I know. Feel it, sister."

Zenobia gently pressed her hand in her sister's belly. There was no mistaking it. The shaft was very hard and very deep inside Helena.

"This won't do, sister."

"No, let it be, please, it is the will of the goddess," said Helena.

"Nonsense. We have to push you up a bit."

Zenobia inspected the cradle holding her sister in place. The harness, she thought, was too tight.

"Let it be, sister, please," protested Helena.

Zenobia ignored her sister's pleading. She strode out of the stable uncaring about her nudity. She then found the eunuch, Totilas, talking with Heraclius.

"You two! Come with me! It is urgent!"

Both men followed her in earnest. Zenobia quickly explained the situation. Heraclius closely inspected the harness.

"Damn you fool!" shouted Heraclius to Totilas. "Do you want her to die? There is hardly any play on this cradle!"

"Sorry, master, I can explain," started Totilas. Zenobia slapped his face.

"You can explain later, damn you," snarled Heraclius. "Help me push her up. She needs to gain some inches!"

The two men managed to push Helena a couple of inches forward. All throughout Helena pleaded and protested.

"That is better," said Zenobia after inspecting the new settings for the cradle.

Heraclius had drawn his gladius and held it at Totilas' throat.

"You better give me a good reason not to kill you, insect."

"Please, Heraclius," pleaded Helena. "Spare him. He is a good man. He was only doing what we ordered him to do."

"Sister, if given proper care," said Zenobia, "I think you could remain on the shaft for many, many, years."

"Totilas," pleaded Helena, "please explain everything to them."

Heraclius put his sword down but did not sheath it.

"It has been almost a year since the Christians had us leave the temple," began Totilas.

"Totilas even drew a sword at the magistrates," added Helena. "But he was overwhelmed and beaten."

"Twelve Maconiae arrived at this villa which the generosity of the senators provided," continued Totilas. "It was indeed a generous arrangement. I had every intention of keeping the Maconiae alive as long as possible. But after a few months the Maconiae protested. They were no longer being publicly mated with an animal. Not being seen as they mated with the animals was an inhumane punishment they said. I tried to talk sense to them but they all agreed that they would rather be dead than not be used as Diana's Maconiae were meant to. They ordered me to strap them tight, very tight. They wanted to die. I have been with the temple for many years. I could not refuse an order from the Maconiae."

"Is this true, sister?" asked Zenobia.

"Aye, all of it," replied Helena.

"Well, it would be very easy for them to die, right?" said Zenobia. "All they have to do is to stop gripping the horse penis tight."

"Aye," said Totilas. "And a tight cradle with no play would ease matters further as you know. There were twelve Maconiae that arrived here, as I said. Now only five remain. The lady Faustina, the oldest of them all, died two days ago. We just cremated her torso."

"You mentioned the senators," said Heraclius. "I assume they are funding this place. I mean, it is fancy. You have to have deep pockets to afford it."

"That is right," admitted Totilas.

"Did you let them know what happened?" asked Zenobia. "These ladies are all of noble birth and related to the senators."

"Of course I did," answered Totilas. "I even sought an audience with Zosimus, the fellow who runs the Senate. His niece is still alive but I don't think it will be for long."

"And what happened?" asked Zenobia.

"As you pointed out, milady, the old ways are very dangerous nowadays," said Totilas. "Zosimus and the others ordered me to do exactly as the Maconiae instructed me. If they all die then there will be no accusations of Paganism hurled at the senators for financing the Maconiae."

"I don't understand!" snarled Zenobia. "The senators did provide this villa after all!"

"Yes, but things changed over the course of last year," explained Totilas. "The regime has become virulently anti-Pagan. Rabid Christian mobs have been known to chase us. These senators, they are politicians after all. They have no qualms about spilling their own blood if only to survive another day. The sooner the Maconiae die the better for them."

"So much for Christian piety," snickered Zenobia.

"Why go through all that simulation?" asked Heraclius. "Just send some lowlifes such are as easily



found at the port of Antioch and have these slit the throats of the Maconiae. I doubt you would be able to defend them, Totilas.”

“I have contacts in the Senate left over from the days the temple was open. I know for a fact the senators have tried to hire murderers,” said Totilas. “But the local criminals are highly superstitious. Most still fear the wrath of the goddess if, being uncut human males, they were to lay a hand on the Maconiae. And you are right. I may be a Goth but I am no warrior and would not be able to protect them. Besides, they all want to die.”

“So what is the big taboo about an uncut male touching a Maconiae?” snarled Heraclius. “ I just did in helping Helena gain a few inches.”

“The goddess will surely understand and forgive you,” answered Totilas.

~~~~~

V. Gala

The nude woman that awaited Polonius in his bed was a stunning dark haired beauty.

“So, dear, what happened?” she asked.

“I scared Zosimus shitless,” explained Polonius. “I told him in no clear terms that not only are they to keep the tax revenues coming but also that Theodosius expects the senators to show more zeal in defense of the Christian faith. Of course, their actions in setting up the Maconiae in their own villa spoke against them. The senate of Antioch is now for me to do as I please, Gala. Do you know what it implies? Through those fools I have access to the coffers of the east.”

Gala looked bored.

“Through the spy hole I heard the description of what those women used to do,” said Gala. “I won’t deny it. I got wet thinking about it. It has been too long.”

“Alas, dear, you are the wife of the governor of Antioch,” said Polonius. “It would be unseemly if you were caught tied to a mastiff.”

“You used to like watching me thus,” said Gala as she pleased her bare cunt.

“That was different. We were young,” admitted Polonius.

“Oh well, I will survive, I suppose. Now, you understand that what you have so far is a mirage? The situation is too fluid. Those magnates you scared could readily turn on you.”

“That is possible, I realize it,” admitted Polonius.

“And how many men do you have at hand? A thousand?” Gala asked as she knelt in front of Polonius.

“Yes, no more.”

“That is not even a legion.”

“I know.”

Gala exposed his erect penis.

"And you admitted no success in chasing the desert tribes. Was that true?" she asked and then gave his penis a tentative suck.

"Officially, yes," replied Polonius smiling. "But in truth I did catch one of the thieves, whom I let go with a message to his master."

Gala was now sucking him more vigorously.

"How many of your men know of this?" she asked interrupting her ministrations.

"Just Claudius, my second in command, and a trooper."

Gala smiled.

"Well, Claudius is too compromised and will not dare denounce you," pointed out Gala. "I suggest you kill the trooper."

"I realized that. It has already been done. Riding accidents do happen."

She toyed with her tongue on the tip of Polonius penis.

"And? Did the tribesmen respond?"

"Yes dear. Two of those brutes entered my tent the last night. That despite my camp was well guarded, can you imagine it?"

She started sucking his penis again, which he took as a sign of approval.

"We talked at length. At heart they are businessmen and pragmatic. Their price to support me was steep."

Gala looked up at him with his penis in her mouth.

"They wish to be allowed three days sacking of Antioch."

Gala started bobbing her head as she sucked on him vigorously.

"Of course I agreed," said Polonius barely able to contain his orgasm.

"After all, I can always go back on my word...oh Jesus!"

Gala took all his load in her mouth and swallowed. She then stood up.

"You did well, dear."

"Woman, I promise I will have you knotted again," said Polonius in a weak voice. "I will find a mastiff for you. A large one."

"The dogs can wait," she said, pacing the room. "Has Claudius given you any update?"

"No news have arrived. Claudius has every ship crew who arrives in Antioch questioned."

"And you believe Claudius?"

"He is a Pagan. I could provide many witnesses willing to testify that. And he is the one who first had Eugenius' envoys contact me."

"But Eugenius has still not acted."

"As far as we know, no. Theodosius did move his court to Milan."

"That is suspicious. Why leave Constantinople and its pleasures? He suspects, dear, and wants to be closer to Gaul. Eugenius would not be the first nor likely the last usurper who takes the Gallic legions and heads a rebellion against the emperor."

"You have been right all along, Gala. I am too weak to revolt openly and the situation is unclear. What do you suggest?"

Gala said nothing at first. Then she looked at him through narrow eyes and smiled.

"Wait a further fortnight, dear. Then send Claudius to Elysium. He knows too much. Then act as the most zealous servant of the Christian god. Arrest all the magnates suspected of paganism to start. You can at least milk them dry of their gold. It never hurts to have full coffers. And have the priests consecrate the temple of Diana as a church, I don't know, a shrine to the shin bone of some martyr, whatever."

"I can provide a chicken bone. The bishop will declare it a holy relic, I am sure. And with all the gold from the magnates I will buy you the largest mastiff I can find."

"Oh yes, of course. Rather find me a dozen. I want to stay knotted and full of dog semen for days," she said smiling. "But this reminds me. You will have to make an example of the Maconiae."

"I understand," he said. "However, that will be problematic. The whole of Antioch was proud of them."

"No problem. Make sure the desert tribes raid again in the interim. Have the bishop claim that it is because Antioch has them in their midst that God has unleashed the desert devils against the province."

"That is very clever."

"I know," she smiled. "And, Polonius, I changed my mind. I don't want a mastiff knotting me. I want to be fucked by a horse."

"This is the east, woman. Why not a camel? I can find a relatively clean, well-endowed one, for you."

"Fine, a camel will do," she said smiling.

~~~~~

## **VI. Semen Cheese**

The farrier had setup a forge just outside the stables.

Heraclius knelt next to Helena.

"He is a good man, that farrier, knows his business. Your husband will be fine soon. Only two more horseshoes to go."

"I could tell something was wrong with him," said Helena. "I can sense a lot of him through his shaft now."

Heraclius stared at her with admiration. The thick horse shaft remained buried in her loins.

"Well, milady, you certainly achieved your dream."

To his surprise, Helena actually blushed.

The farrier was working on a hind leg. He struck hard with his mallet to set the shoe in place. The horse shuddered and the impact was transmitted through the horse penis into Helena and she moaned.

"Careful now!" snarled Heraclius.

"Sorry, master, it can't be helped," answered the farrier. "You don't want him to throw a shoe."

"Are you OK, milady?" asked Heraclius with concern.

"It is part of the price," she said. "You taught me well and helped me stoke my lust. I would not be here if it were not for you, dear Heraclius."

"You are welcome, I guess," smiled Heraclius sheepishly. Truth is he never could understand why a woman would be willing to endure so much pain just so that she could eventually die on a horse shaft.

Zenobia approached. She had decided to stay nude, at least in the confines of the villa.

"And how is my dear sister now?" Zenobia asked as she bent down and kissed Helena.

"I am still in some pain," replied Helena. "And come nightfall you will have to help me. My breasts will be about to burst then."

"Listen, sister, I looked all around this place," said Zenobia. "There are seven very well endowed stallions available, now that their Maconiae died. The effects of the Aethiopian herb have worn off on these. I tried one myself this morning. He mounted and came inside me within a minute. I am thinking of having you all take one of them tomorrow. Totilas and the slave girls are willing to help. We would uncouple you from your husband and prepare you. You certainly need a bath, girl."

"That sounds good," smiled Helena. "Will there be an audience?"

"I think I can arrange that," said Totilas approaching. "It won't be as big a crowd as you used to command when at the temple, milady. I think I can get some of the peasants around here to witness and cheer you on. We can take you all to a field so that the horse's seed, when it comes out of you blesses the land."

"Sounds too Pagan for me," noted Heraclius.

"It's OK," replied Totilas. "I know the local parish priest. He is not a fanatic. But I must ask of thee and the others, milady, to please not praise the goddess as you are pounded by your mount."

"What? Are they supposed to thank Jesus?" insisted Heraclius.

"Maybe so, yes, at the end, once the horse finishes," said Totilas. "It would even be good if they wore these hanging around their necks."

Totilas showed them some crucifixes on thin golden chains. Heraclius spat with contempt.

"I think Totilas is right," said Zenobia putting one of the crucifixes on her sister. "What do you say, sister, are you willing to be fucked by a horse out there in a field while the peasants cheer you?"

"Oh yes! Please!" whimpered Zenobia.

"Alas, milady," noted Heraclius, "you won't be able to travel under your husband to the place of your mating. He needs some time to recover. It would, in fact, do him good to not have to bear your weight, at least for a couple of days."

"I would go mad if I did not have a horse penis in me for so long!" cried Helena.

"I don't think you all are exactly sane anymore," snickered Zenobia. "Please, boys, get her off the shaft."

"No!" protested Helena, to no avail since the two men were already unstrapping the harness.

They placed Helena in a large raised dais in the villa's courtyard. Totilas directed the slave girls to bathe her with warm water and sponges. Zenobia stared in awe at her sister's gaping cunt, from where ropes of a cheesy like substance continued to ooze and fall into a bucket. Helena laid quiet, face up, staring at the sky while the slave girls ministered to her.

"I thought the horse's urine would have cleansed her," whispered Zenobia to Totilas.

"It does, milady, to a degree. But after years on the shaft your sister is so stretched that the semen will coalesce in pockets, hence all that semen cheese that is coming out of her."

"How deep is she now?"

Totilas opened his hands. "This much shaft she had inside."

"Oh gods! That is far more than what she trained back home."

"Her youth insured that her vagina stretched without rupturing. She has been three years on the shaft now. Her gripping the penis with her cunt muscles gave her body time to slowly adapt. I have seen the autopsies performed on dead Maconiae, milady, the magistrates always require one to be performed before cremating the torso. The internal organs move around. I have seen Maconiae still live, unruptured, albeit breathing with difficulty, because their cunt was so stretched that the tip of the shaft was somewhere behind their chest. At that point, they are likely to die soon."

"But none have asked to be taken off the shaft, right?"

"Well, I saw a case once, milady. This Maconiae had just celebrated her first year on the shaft. She was very young, perhaps only 20 at the time. Another Maconiae she had befriended had just died and that caused her resolve to falter. She asked to be taken off the shaft and sent back to her family. At first her parents were reluctant to take her back. It would be a loss of family prestige."

"I understand, go on."

"In the end, it was done. Alas, she died soon after."

"How so?"

"Well, she was given the best medical care possible, of course. But, the physicians told us later, she was in much pain afterwards. They thought that her body was addicted to the horse penis and could

not endure without one inside her. They even tried her wearing a thick wooden dildo but that brought her no relief.”

“And what do you think?”

“I think milady that she was indeed addicted, to the oil the Aethiopian herb exudes. Their husband’s urine and semen is laced with it. I would have told them to pack some herb inside her and then keep a thick wooden shaft inside her. I am sure she would have survived. But then again, I am just a slave eunuch and not a physician.”

Zenobia stared at the now full bucket of the so called semen cheese that had come out of her sister. The smell was very strong but not unpleasant.

“Go ahead, milady,” said Totilas. “I have seen other women do it.”

Zenobia blushed.

“Please have it send to my quarters.”

“Yes, milady.”

“And Totilas, the horses that will be used tomorrow...”

“Yes, milady?”

“Please house them in the east stable. I would like to use them tonight. I might need one of the slave girls to assist me.”

“I will see to it, milady.”

~~~~~

VII. Gold

Phidias stood in front of his master. Zosimus laid on a couch, in an advanced state of drunkenness.

“No, master, I do not believe everything is lost,” said Phidias.

“The man is ruthless. He threatened to hang me by the balls, along with the rest of the senate, if I do not comply.”

“Have you met with your peers and told them about Polonius’ demands?” asked Phidias.

“Aye, I did that. They all cried like scared women.”

“Seems to me they are not alone in that,” snickered Phidias.

“Oh, be quiet you stupid slave! Who are you to judge your betters?”

Phidias ignored Zosimus’ outburst. He refilled the wine mug that Zosimus held out.

“What exactly does Polonius demand?”

“A million sesterces in gold to be delivered immediately!” replied Zosimus sobbing.

"Well, that certainly is steep!" snickered Phidias. "But, did he tell you exactly why he wanted that money?"

"Who cares? He is a politician after all, this peasant from Hispania. It is in their nature to rob honest men! Dear God! I am ruined!"

"Certainly not!" laughed Phidias. "I should know, I run your finances. If the rest of the magnates are as loaded as you are then a million sesterces, in gold, is doable if the load is distributed equally. If all fifty senators contribute, that would come out to...twenty thousand sesterces per head."

"Can I get that much?"

"I see no problem but it will take a couple of weeks. Most of your gold is stashed safe in Alexandria and Constantinople and likely the rest of the senators don't have their wealth stashed under a kitchen tile in their villas."

"Polonius wants it now!" complained Zosimus. "He was adamant about that."

"Which makes matters most suspicious," pointed out Phidias. "There are rumors of a rebellion against Theodosius out in Gaul. It is headed by one Eugenius."

"You think this barbarian Polonius wants to secure the east for Eugenius?"

"That is a possibility, master. Obviously Polonius would need money to start a rebellion. But he would also need money if he were to secure the east in Theodosius' name."

"But, it would be impossible to bring all that gold back to Antioch! I mean, the winds are bad this time of the year! What if a ship sinks?"

"No need to transfer the gold physically, master. You and the rest of the senators would issue a writ giving Polonius right to the money you have stashed in Constantinople or Alexandria. He could then use that as funds to finance whatever he is thinking of. However, he will have to pay an inflated price and accept some devaluation of his assets."

"What do you mean you sly Greek?"

"If he is seeking to be a rebel, who would he buy weapons and supplies for his army? In Syria it would only be you or the other senators. Even if he does not want to buy from you but from outside Antioch he still has to go through you all since you have all commercial relationships with the other cities of the east. So, yes, give him an outrageous price when he asks to buy grain with the funds which you supplied him, at least on paper. When he complains, offer to broker bringing it from Palmyra or Damascus, for a fee, of course."

"And what if he seeks to secure the east for Theodosius?"

"The same terms apply. And at the end you can always go over his head and complain of Polonius' methods straight to the emperor. I mean, his attitude is certainly equivocal. You can tell Theodosius that you had to set usurious conditions for you were not sure of Polonius' loyalty. Had you only known he sought to serve our lord and emperor you would not have been so...greedy."

"That is quite convoluted, Phidias."

"I am a Greek, master. It is in my blood."

“Set my bath, good Phidias. I will try to sober up. I need you to explain what you told me to the senators.”

“I don’t think it will take much convincing, master. Most of them are very savvy businessmen. Thankfully you senators in the east are not like old ones in Rome that would not soil their hands engaging in commerce.”

“Aye that we are not. But wait!”

“Yes, master?”

“What if Polonius does decide to rebel and Theodosius prevails? Or what if he decides to stay loyal to Theodosius and Eugenius prevails?”

“That would be...complicated. Of course, in the first place you can point out that you did your best, with the financial means you had, to obstruct Polonius’, that foul traitor, designs. In the second case, you can say you are a loyal champion of liberty and opposed the tyranny of Theodosius contributing to the best of your ability.”

“Would that work?”

“How the hell would I know, master? I am not an oracle. But I do know this. If you are doomed I will likely end as a galley slave. Frankly, I have grown used to sleeping in a clean bed and not being whipped constantly. And also I get seasick very easily.”

~~~~~

## **VIII. Five Thousand Sheep**

That night Zenobia offered a sacrifice to Diana. First, she partook of the semen cheese that came out of her sister. It was tangy and very salty, having been repeatedly washed by both her sister’s and the horse’s urine. She knew the taste of her sister’s cunt and that of horse semen. Both flavors were readily identifiable in the mix. The “cheese” did make her a bit giddy and very horny so she only ate tidbits and stopped when she thought her stomach would refuse it. She felt it was a sacrament, of sorts, in honor of the goddess Diana and it would not be good if she puked it.

Zenobia still had an almost full bucket of semen cheese. She then added olive oil, beeswax, some wine, and the urine of a mare in heat to the mix. She carefully macerated the concoction and then heated it in a pan till she ended up with a smooth cream, not bad tasting actually. Then she had anointed herself with it, making sure every part of her body was covered. Now, she felt, she was ready to perform the second part of the sacrament in honor of Diana.

Zenobia stood in front of a small statue of Diana and pulled her labia apart.

“Goddess,” said Zenobia, “let this cunt be the vessel on which the horses will deposit libations in your honor. Whether I live or die is your choice, goddess. In either case I beg you extend your protection over the Maconiae that have served you so devotedly.”

There were flashes of lightning as Zenobia walked in the dark to the stable where the seven stallions awaited. These could hardly be controlled once she entered the building for they had smelled her. She inspected each stall admiring the thick, long, horse penises that now were being offered to her. She decided to start with the largest one, a brute on which the Lady Faustina had died. Zenobia felt that if she could take him then she would be able to take the rest.



So it was that through the night, with help of Totilas and some slave girls, Zenobia had allowed herself to be mounted by all seven horses. All semen that dripped out of her cavernous cunt was gathered into vessels after each mating. The slave girls then covered her with the horse seed, from head to toe, even her hair. In the end, she staggered back to her quarters, walking unsteadily and leaving a trail of horse semen that dripped from her cunt. She felt sure that the goddess would appreciate her sacrifice and would henceforth smile on her. In the next bed her sister, Helena, snored placidly. It was perhaps the first time Helena had slept in a bed in years. Zenobia fell asleep, having ordered a slave to wake her up in a few hours.

The roosters were just waking up when the slave girl woke Zenobia up. She found she was in a bed dripping with horse semen, so much had leaked out of her, and both she and the slave girl shared a laugh. For some reason, she could not open an eye and she realized it was because of horse semen that had dried on her face. She bade the slave girl to bring her water and a sponge and then she carefully removed the dried horse semen in her eyelid. A mirror was provided and, to her satisfaction and pride, Zenobia stared at the true face of a bacchante that bore a mask of dried horse semen.

Zenobia then saw to her sister and started nursing on her. This woke up Helena who smiled.

"Thank you," said Helena after Zenobia finished.

"My pleasure."

"You are sly. You took me off my husband's penis."

"I confess I did. I don't want you to die."

"Is that why you are here?"

"Partly. You see, Heraclius trained me to mate with horses."

"He is very good."

"Yes, though I was not the best of pupils. I am afraid he let me know several times that you were the best."

"Nonsense. I have seen how he looks at you. He loves you."

"I am aware of it. I do know it won't work. It is best if things stay as they are. Anyway, once I was trained I was ready and very willing to be operated. Father had some physicians come in from Damascus and Alexandria."

"Obviously it did not happen."

"Not because I chickened out. I confess I did pee myself as I walked to the stable where they had setup the cutting table and their instruments. They gave me wine and opium, which was good. Then they strapped me down, tight, and put a leather bit in my mouth. But you know the routine."

"Of course."

"Then I felt a surgeon's scalpel start on my right shoulder. See? I have the scars there still. But he was not to finish. Heraclius cried for them to stop and his voice was harsh and commanding. The surgeon almost peed himself for he had a gladius at his throat. Of course, I had no idea what was

happening. It is very hard to get your resolve up to that point. They helped me off the cutting table and I knew I would never have the nerve to undergo the operation again."

"But, what happened?"

"My father stood at the foot of the operating table with a message in his hand. The temple had been closed by Theodosius, it said. I was never going to be a Maconiae."

"Oh goddess! Be thankful the message did not arrive after you had been cut!"

"Anyway, I was so distressed I thought of drinking hemlock at that point."

"What kept you alive then?"

"Father's love. He took me back as his daughter. He said he was proud of how brave and determined I was. He would never, he said, deny I was his daughter. And if anyone condemned me for my proclivities he would defend me. No one, he said, can judge you or how you live your life or what you do with your body. He did, however," laughed Zenobia, "ask that I do cover myself when in the house or when there were guests around."

"That's understandable."

"Believe it or not, once it was known that old Valerius of Palmyra had recognized again his daughter suitors did show up. I insisted, however, that if they sought me they had to witness me making love to a horse. Frankly, I had no use for men at that point and thought that getting fucked by a horse in front of them would scare them off."

"Did it?"

"Yes. Well, there was this ambassador from the Onogurs who would not be deterred."

"The what?"

"Some wild tribe in the steppes to the north of Tauricia (Crimea). He offered father 5000 sheep for my hand and said I could have a whole herd of stallions to mate if I married him. I showed him my cavernous cunt and he said it did not matter, that he would not mind using me as a boy and that he had ten other wives that were quite tight."

Helena giggled.

"I suppose the negotiations fell through."

"Thankfully. I heard their ponies were shaggy and not well endowed. Fortunately, he was recalled urgently by his king. A war had broken out or a plague epidemic, whatever. I never saw him again. Father, however, was disappointed. Five thousand sheep was a good price for me, he said, half mockingly, I think."

"How is father?"

Zenobia grew quiet.

"I am sorry, Helena, I guess there is no good time to say it. Father died last winter, of pneumonia."

Helena shut her eyes tight, overcome by grief.

“Our brother Hector rushed back from Constantinople. He could only stay at Palmyra few days but he gave me powers of attorney to handle the estate matters. I then thought about you. I had to find out what had happened to the Maconiae once the temple was closed.”

“I am just awaiting death, Zenobia. If I am not a Maconiae, what am I? A useless, helpless torso?”

“I understand, believe me, I do. I was on the cutting table myself, eager to get it done. Listen, sister, I have thought about all this and everything became clear on the road to Antioch. You obviously cannot remain here. Any day the Christians will come for you. Forget the empire.”

“You jest. Where could we Maconiae go? Farthest frozen Thule?”

“No, I asked Heraclius. He says the Parthians to the east are still Pagan. I intend to take you and the other Maconiae with you to the east. Father had good friends, business contacts over there. I am sure they will help.”

“You mean setup another temple to Diana?”

“If need be. I researched matters. Her cult is much extended, though her names vary. Who cares? There are probably temples to her in Parthia that will be glad to host you.”

“Are you serious? There is an impassable desert to the east!”

“No, the caravans issue from Antioch all the time and head to Parthia. You fucked their animals to bless them each time they left for the east, remember?”

~~~~

IX. Blessing the Fields

Zenobia dressed modestly this time. It was Sunday and the bells of the temples of the Christians could be heard afar. The Maconiae would bless the fields around the nearby hamlet after the Christian mass was finished.

Zenobia strode into the villa’s courtyard. Lying in cots were all five Maconiae, her sister included. None of the women looked happy having been removed from the penis of their four footed husbands. They laid there, bare and defenseless, having been washed and cleansed and rubbed with the salve made of their cheese semen and the urine of a mare in heat. Their yawning cunts still dripped horse semen.

Previously, Zenobia had talked with each of them individually, explaining her plan to eventually take them to Parthia. But before, she explained, they had to be taken of the horse penis which had dug very deep into them. At all cost, pointed out Zenobia, they had to let their cunt heal from the inhuman stretching it had endured. Nonetheless, she explained, they would have the opportunity to perform once more as Maconiae, being fucked in public by an animal. It was because of the latter that she got the Maconiae’s reluctant consent.

Zenobia nodded to Totilas who motioned for litters to be brought forth. The Maconiae would travel to the sites where they would perform as if they were respectable Roman matrons. However, their litters were carried aloft by the nude female slaves that served the villa. Heraclius had already gone ahead with the stallions for these would be hard to control once they smelled the Maconiae.

The procession arrived at the first field. Zenobia had insured that her sister Helena would be the

first Maconiae to be used. A fair sized crowd of peasants had gathered in place, headed by the local parish priest. A large chestnut stallion awaited in the field, his penis already thumping against its chest. The sight made Helena smile.

"You are already wet, sister," joked Zenobia as she lubricated her sister's yawning cavern.

"Oh yes! Look at that thick long shaft! And look how many people are here!"

Helena diplomatically took the communion wafer from the priest and received absolution. The golden crucifix gleamed from her chest as she was picked up and held to the audience up by Totilas and Zenobia. There were cheers and applause and Zenobia understood then why no Maconiae ever regretted her choice in life.

The horse stood in the middle of the field, hobbled both front and back. There was a spreader bar that slightly spread its front legs. Helena was then placed in Diana's cradle and the already hard horse penis smoothly penetrated her, bringing a loud moan from Helena. Totilas and Zenobia insured that there would be ample play in the cradle.

Driven by the smell of the salve that covered Helena, the stallion immediately started to make thrusting noises and commenced to drive its penis like a jackhammer into Helena. Because of the play in Diana's cradle and the slightly spread front legs, Helena's head and shoulder would emerge from under his chest as she was being pounded. The applauding and cheering was constant and loud and Helena moaned loudly and writhed under the onslaught. The coitus lasted almost two minutes, which was considerably extended, thought Zenobia. Then a flood of amber horse seed exploded from Helena's crotch and the horse penis slowly retracted making obscene noises. A puddle of semen had formed beneath Helena.

Zenobia and Totilas then unstrapped Helena from the cradle. There was no bleeding. She was picked aloft by Zenobia and presented to the crowd. Helena was smiling.

"She survived! Praise Jesus!" exclaimed the priest. Helena, however, was mumbling her thanks to the goddess Diana.

Then Zenobia carried Helena around the field as amber ropes of horse semen dripped out of her crotch. Once the flow stopped (more or less) Zenobia returned her sister's torso to her litter and instructed the nude slave girls to see to her.

The ceremony was repeated at a nearby field and so on. Thankfully no injuries were recorded. The whole hamlet congregated in the plaza in front of the parish church and a communal feast was started. The Maconiae were the honored guests and no one objected to their nudity or their yawning cunts which were in very evident display and continued to drip horse semen.

As the Maconiae were being led back to their villa the parish priest and village elders approached Zenobia.

"Milady, we are very grateful for these blessings," said the priest.

"Hopefully your fields will bloom afterwards."

"We are sure of that," pointed out an elder. "We used to take care to offer libations to the old gods before."

"Were they effective?" teased Zenobia.

"Sometimes," admitted the elder.

"Surely the earth will be fertile now that it has received so much semen," said the priest.

"Well, in the name of the Maconiae, I thank you for your hospitality. Those women are happy when used thus."

"I shall myself go see the archbishop and put a good word for them," offered the priest.

"Please, Father, let's keep it for now between you, the Maconiae, and God," answered Zenobia. "If the harvest is indeed good there will be no reason to keep the contribution of the Maconiae from being known widely."

"I understand," agreed the priest.

That night Zenobia again offered a sacrifice to Diana to thank her for protecting the Maconiae. She anointed herself with the salve of semen cheese and allowed herself to be fucked by several stallions.

~~~~~

## **X. Basilica**

The trooper obeyed the order and albeit reluctantly allowed the scruffy fellow awaiting to enter the governor's private office.

"You are Leo the Sicilian?" asked Polonius.

"Yes Dominus."

"You are aware that I have had men executed for lesser crimes than the ones listed in your file?"

"I know, Dominus."

"And you still obeyed my summons?"

"I hear you pay fairly and sometimes require wet work."

"That, I do. Do you know the man named Claudius who works for me?"

"The man who is your second in command? Everyone does."

"Keep the name in mind," advised Polonius. "I might need you to do some wet work on him."

"Certainly, Dominus."

"But do not act until I give you a definite order, understand?"

"Of course."

Polonius advanced Leo a purse.

"Here, this is to insure your loyalty and your silence in this matter."

"I have not been here, Dominus."

"Ah, one last thing, a personal favor please..."

"Of course, Dominus."

"Can you find me a dog?"

"A dog, Dominus?"

"Aye, a large one. Male. I need it to...protect my wife."

This raised a doubt in Leo but he kept his thoughts to himself. Leo well knew that the governor's villa had a full squad of guards protecting it.

"Certainly, Dominus. I will find you the largest dog in Syria."

"Good, now, be gone!"

Next Polonius dressed in his finest toga and proceeded to the basilica in the center of Antioch. Now, at this time, the term basilica meant a large building where government business was conducted, not a Christian temple. Polonius walked there escorted by a squad of his troopers. He noticed that the crowd was sympathetic and was not blaming him for the tribal raids on the border. That was good, he thought, and so he good naturedly acknowledged the townsmen which drew some cheers. With just a little luck, he thought, he could become master of the east. And then, why not, ascend to the purple.

Polonius sat in the rostra at the end of the basilica. There were crowds of Antiochenes awaiting. The bishop started the proceedings with a suitable prayer, which Polonius endured patiently. He stole a brief glance to the women's gallery. There, adorned in suitable finery, sat Gala, his wife, surrounded by the women of the local nobility. He managed to catch her eye and she smiled back. Alas Gala, he thought, I shall soon see you again butt to butt and knotted with a dog, just like you used to at old Arelate (Arles) in Gaul.

Once the invocation finished, Polonius sought his second, Claudius, who stood nearby wearing lorica and gladius at his side. Polonius bade him approach.

"Any news from Gaul, Claudius?"

"None, sire, not yet."

Polonius sighed. He knew Claudius since the time they were subalterns in Gaul. That would, however, not deter Polonius. He would send word to Leo to dispose of Claudius.

As if on cue, and indeed it was so for Polonius and Claudius had arranged it that way, a trooper arrived, dusty and covered in sweat and grime. He approached Claudius and handed him a message. Claudius read its contents and nodded while handing it to Polonius.

Then Polonius made a show of carefully reading the message and stood up.

"Citizens of Antioch! There has been another raid! The bastards actually penetrated as far as the column of the blessed Simplicius. He bravely cursed these Pagan devils that issued from the desert. And in return they took the good monk down from his pillar and murdered him! May he rest at ease in heaven sitting at the right of Christ!"

This caused all manner of cries of woe from the gathered citizenry. Polonius made a show of having

his lorica and armor brought forth and was helped to put it on.

“Know thee, citizens, that I shall spare no effort to eradicate these desert devils that are hounding us!” said Polonius as he fastened his gladius at his side.

“Aye! These are devils!” cried the bishop, also on cue. “The blessed Simplicius will be avenged. But, I warn you, my children, these evils will continue as long as we continue to house spawns of devil in our midst. And by that I mean the Maconiae!”

“Yes! Yes!” cried Zosimus applauding who wanted the Maconiae dead as soon as possible.

“That will be all for today,” said Polonius dismissing the audience.

“Wait!” cried several men who then approached the rostra. “We will be heard!”

“Who are these fools?” whispered Polonius to Claudius.

“They are from the guild of caravaneers, Dominus. You must heed them, I am afraid.”

“Fine, state your case, gentlemen,” said Polonius seating again at the rostra and motioning them to approach.

“My name is Moshe ben Isaac, Dominus. We have two caravans about to leave for Damascus and points east,” said the elder of the caravaneers. “It is altogether 200 camels plus horses, carts, escorts, and outriders.”

“Camels, eh?” replied Polonius stealing a quick glance at Gala who smiled widely.

“Fine beasts, Dominus, all of them, strong and enduring,” replied the elder. “But that is not our concern. It appears, and I say this with all due respect, that the Christ could not protect the monk Simplicius from the desert raiders. And your men, Dominus, are spread very thin. How can we trust that the army will protect us?”

“You doubt my word?” replied Polonius through narrowed eyes.

“No, Dominus, not at all. In the past we have benefited from the army’s protection. But also from that of Diana whose Maconiae blessed our beasts. Now I hear the blessed bishop here ask for their eradication. Our beasts will not fuck them and receive the blessing as was done in the days of yore.”

“That is blasphemous talk!” snarled the bishop.

“Pragmatic talk, your holiness,” retorted the elder. “You will remain safe here within the walls of Antioch while we are the ones traversing those wastes to the east. And we are really not sure if we should proceed on our way then. The protection of the Christ seems ineffectual, none will be now forthcoming from Diana, and, despite the governor’s best efforts, probably very little will be offered by the army. You tell us then, my lords, what we shall do, stay in Antioch and have our beasts and cargo rot or go forth and have our throats cut in the desert and our merchandise stolen?”

Polonius sat fuming on the rostra. His first instinct was to have the elder impaled for impudence. Maybe that would convince the caravaneers to go forth. Phidias, meanwhile, had been whispering into Zosimus’ ear.

“Please, Dominus!” said Zosimus approaching. “May I say a word?”

"Go ahead," snarled Polonius.

"I have known old Moshe for years," said Zosimus pointing to the elder. "He is a brave and fair man. And, citizens, you can see for yourselves the governor's zeal in defending our fair city and the border. Perhaps, then, a compromise could be achieved. Tell me then, Moshe, how many men do you have as your escort?"

"We have our usual contingent, 300, 150 per caravan, Zosimus. You know that."

"Ah yes, 300 brave fellows worthy of the Spartan 300."

"Well, they are what we could recruit, Zosimus."

"I believe I can speak for the rest of the senate of Antioch in this manner," continued Zosimus. "After all, a lot of the merchandise being transported to Damascus and points east belongs to us. We will provide funds to double your escort, Moshe. That should insure you reaching your destination."

"If you really want us to cross the desert safe, Zosimus, raise the number to 500 per caravan," answered Moshe.

"Fine," agreed Zosimus. "You will trek with 500 escorts per caravan. We will provide the funds."

"But you forget Zosimus that mercenaries are hard to recruit," pointed out Moshe. "We will be delayed by a week, perhaps more. The more the summer progresses the drier the wells will be."

"In that case," said Polonius standing up, "I shall assign my trusted Claudius to take a squad of my troopers and immediately make forced levies to flesh out your escort. Aye, they might be soft civilian lads not able to hold a sword but their number should deter the raiders. Besides, they will be cheaper."

Moshe raised his arms in resignation.

"Which means Antioch will thrive without relying on Pagan deities," added Zosimus.

"And our letting them live offended Christ!" shrieked the bishop.

"I have not forgotten about the Maconiae," admitted Polonius. "I shall take the appropriate measures as I see fit. Good day, gentlemen. I have to leave for the border now. But first, a word with you, Moshe, please."

"Yes Dominus?"

"Who breeds your finest camels?"

"That would be Omar the One Eyed. He has a stud farm just north of Antioch."

"Thanks," replied Polonius.

Amongst the citizens who filed out of the basilica was a tall blue eyed fellow without facial hair: Totilas.

~~~~~

XI. The Caravaneers' Compound

Four of the slave girls (modestly clothed this time) carried Zenobia (also clothed) on a litter through the streets of Antioch. Heraclius and Totilas walked at her side. Zenobia could not help but complain every so often. Her repeated mountings by several horses over the last few nights had left her very sore.

"Maybe you should go easy on the horses," advised Heraclius.

Zenobia shook her head.

"The goddess has smiled upon us so far," she replied. "A Maconiae could mate with 20 or more animals in a day. At the most I have done ten, last night."

"Busy girls, I grant you that. But they had years on the cradle and very scarred and tough cunts by then. What is the record, if there is such?"

"It was before my time," explained Totilas, "but there was one Ariadne of Phrygia who supposedly mated with 100 beasts in one day. Ah, here we are."

They had arrived at a large walled compound. Animal sounds could be heard within. Totilas banged on the doorway.

"This is where the caravaneers are based?" asked Zenobia.

"Yes, this is their guild hall," replied Totilas. "They have multiple pens and stalls for their animals inside. They should be awaiting us."

A slave opened the door and recognized Totilas and bade them to come in. Zenobia got off the litter on unsteady feet and walked in holding on to Heraclius.

After an hour an arrangement had been reached with the caravaneers.

"God willing, we can start off early morning tomorrow," said Moshe.

"Are you sure the Maconiae will be comfortable in a basket hanging off a camel?" asked Zenobia with concern.

"We will pack them there with care," replied one Hassan, "we are used to transporting fragile goods."

"Their heads will protrude and allow them to breathe, milady," explained Moshe. "We shall take them out periodically so they can relieve themselves and service our animals."

"I am sorry, but, like I said, their cunts are too sore right now for them to be carried in a Diana's cradle," said Zenobia.

"Fine, milady," smiled Moshe. "We do not want any harm to fall on the Maconiae though I am sure they would have loved to travel all the way to Damascus with an animal penis inside them."

"Every time we reach a watering hole or camp for the night the Maconiae could service our beasts," added Hassan.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Totilas, "with all due respect, that means the Maconiae will have to be repeatedly manipulated and helped to mate with your animals. You realize that no uncut human males may touch them. I could, but it would only be me to do the task."

"He is right," said Zenobia. "We need to bring the slave girls assigned to the temple with us."

"How many are these?" inquired Moshe.

"There are twenty," admitted Heraclius who had mounted all of them. "They are all very skilled and devoted to the Maconiae. I would hate to have to leave them behind."

"Could they be available to service our men after they have done their duties to the Maconiae?" asked Hassan. "We already have a cadre of female slaves but if the escort is increased we will need more women."

"That will do wonders for the morale of the men," added Moshe smiling.

"I suppose so," admitted Heraclius reluctantly. "However, I do insist that the men they will lay with are inspected previously for the pox. I do not want my girls to get sick."

Zenobia stared at Heraclius and smiled quietly noting how possessive he felt about the slave girls.

"Do remember that the first duty of the temple slaves will be to help the Maconiae mate with your beasts," said Zenobia. "We need them healthy of course."

"I see no problem in that," smiled Moshe.

"Nor I," added Hassan.

"And you say we could leave tomorrow morning?" asked Heraclius.

"We have been receiving a steady supply of levied youths throughout the last two days," explained Moshe. "Our regular escort is trying to show them at least how to hold a sword. If the Maconiae mate with our beasts as we travel then at least Diana's protection will be forthcoming."

"Then we should bring the Maconiae and the slave girls here immediately," said Zenobia. "Totilas, will you please head back to the villa and make it so? That way the Maconiae could bless some of the animals tonight before departure."

"Yes, milady."

"And bring at least three of the stallions along, best endowed ones, please," added Zenobia blushing slightly. "The rest of the horses you can let loose into the fields. The villagers will put them to work, I am sure."

Totilas departed.

"Milady," said Moshe, "are you familiar with camels?"

"I have only seen them from afar," admitted Zenobia.

"Would you like to see how they are built...down there?" asked Hassan. "It would help you understand how the Maconiae would mate, of course."

"Yes, definitely, please show me," replied Zenobia with a self-conscious smile.

"Come then, please, milady."

As Zenobia and Heraclius followed the elders she murmured to him:

“What is this about ‘my girls’ and not wanting them to catch the pox?”

“Well,” answered Heraclius trying to not be fazed, “they are good girls, all of them.”

“And you have been using them like your personal harem!”

“And what was I to do? The Maconiae are not to be even touched by uncut males let alone fucked. And the only other woman around...”

“Yes?”

“Damn, Zenobia, I never told you this.”

“Go on, I have suspected it, mind you.”

“When your father brought me to you, runty kid that you were then, I talked with him, at length. I told him: ‘master, I know my lineage is not adequate but I am a Roman citizen and served honorably in the legions...’”

“Continue...”

“I asked him if he would let me marry you, damn it! I mean, at that point no pommy bastard was going to ask for your hand.”

“And what did my father say?”

“He agreed!”

“Really? And why did you have me in the stall muck stretching my cunt then?”

“Your father said that someone as strong willed and mad as you would have to consent too, that the matter was out of his hands. And yours only craved to wrap themselves around a horse penis. I knew at that point that you would never take me since you were so anxious to have a horse penis inside you. I am big, you know, but there is no way I can compete with a horse! I figured then and there that I had to insure you survived. And that meant stretching you and toughening your cunt as much as possible. Even if it ruined you for me or any other man.”

“In that you succeeded, I have a cavernous, tough, cunt!”

“Anyway, it is useless to discuss this, Zenobia. I am old enough to be your father.”

Zenobia stopped and held his arms and kissed him.

“What was that about, girl?” asked Heraclius suspecting she was mocking him.

“If you would not mind using me like a boy, dear Heraclius,” said Zenobia in a low voice, “and if you do love me, we will have this conversation later.”

“Then you promise me that you won’t rupture yourself with a horse dick as a sacrifice to Diana!” answered Heraclius. “And I certainly love you!”

The two had reached a wide open space within the compound. A scruffy looking one-eyed fellow

stood next to a large camel.

“Behold, milady, this is Omar the One Eyed, an institution here in Antioch,” explained Moshe. “He is an expert in camel breeding.”

“Milady,” said the camel breeder genuflecting respectfully before Zenobia. “This is the champion camel of Hassan’s caravan. His name is Simoon, that is, the desert wind.”

“I hope that doesn’t mean he ejaculates rapidly,” smiled Zenobia.

“Girl, don’t get any ideas,” murmured Heraclius looking with concern at the very large camel barely controlled by several grooms.

“Certainly not!” laughed Omar. “Unlike horses, Simoon will go on and on fucking like the champion he is for almost an hour! Look at those magnificent balls! Ah, my boy must have smelled a female in heat because as you can see his penis is coming out of his sheath.”

“Oh goddess!” laughed Zenobia realizing she had to be the female “in heat” as there had to be residues of the semen cheese salve on her body.

The penis that dropped was as long as a full grown man’s arm though not as thick as that of a horse. It also curved, scythe like, backwards. Zenobia stared at it lustily.

“How come it is crooked?” snarled Heraclius.

“That is how the gods made camels,” explained Omar. “Hence my services are needed to guide the shaft in the right direction.”

“It is very long,” said Zenobia in a half moan.

“And his seed will fill jars!” exclaimed Omar.

“The slave girls know what to do in positioning the Maconiae,” added Hassan.

“I think we have seen enough,” said Heraclius. “Milady Zenobia, we should head back to the villa. There are plenty of preparations we have to see to.”

Zenobia scowled at him for she was obviously very aroused at that point. Thankfully she did not insist on staying and mating then and there with Simoon. Omar would probably had offered his services to guide the camel penis inside her.

~~~~~

## **XII. Ambush**

Night fell. Neither Heraclius nor Zenobia had returned. Totilas decided that the best thing would be to get all the Maconiae to the caravaneers’ compound. The slave girls carried them on litters and bore torches. They also led five horses with them, three of the most endowed plus the two that Heraclius and Zenobia had used to travel to Antioch. The procession had almost reached the city when they were stopped by a figure that staggered and fell in front of them.

“In the name of the goddess! It is master Heraclius!” cried Totilas.

Heraclius was helped to his feet. He was covered in blood. The four slave girls that had borne

Zenobia staggered behind him, all beaten up.

"Some bastards jumped us when we were headed back to the villa," explained Heraclius. "One almost stuck his knife in my guts but I kicked his balls, hard. While I was doing so, another bastard hit me in the head."

"Where is the lady Zenobia?" asked Totilas.

"They took her away," said Heraclius. "I grabbed this from one of the bastards."

Heraclius showed Totilas a medallion.

"It belongs to the guild of St. Pancracius," replied Totilas recognizing the image.

"Fanatical Christians?"

"Not really. Thieves. They control the wharf. They are headed by a ruffian named Leo the Sicilian. He is rumored to be in the pay of Polonius, the governor."

Totilas had produced a satchel with medications and bandages and proceeded to patch up Heraclius to the best of his ability. Heraclius then stood up and approached the horses.

"Ah, good man," said Heraclius. "You brought my old mare. It should have what I need."

Heraclius pulled a gladius from the mare's satchels.

"Totilas, where is the governor's villa?"

"North of Antioch. You are not thinking of going there? It is guarded."

Heraclius got on his mare with difficulty.

"Get the Maconiae and the girls to the caravaneers' compound," replied Heraclius ignoring the warning.

"Can you even ride?"

"This bump is nothing, Totilas, I've been battered worse. Oh gods! I am sleepy!"

"Do not fall asleep! Take this bottle and breathe in its contents. Under no circumstances must you fall asleep!"

"Will do! Now get all these women to the caravaneers as soon as possible. If I do not catch up with you bearing Zenobia then just forget about us. Get them to Parthia and find a temple of Diana."

A few miles beyond the pillar of the monk Simplicius, guarding the road to Antioch, stood a small fort or castra. There Polonius was coordinating the patrols he was sending out to guard the border. But just before dusk he was summoned to the ramparts.

"There, Dominus, coming from the south," indicated a trooper.

There was a column of dust such as a cavalry column would raise.

"Are those the men that Marcus leads?"

"Could be, Dominus. But why would they return so soon?"

"If they are tribesmen, secure the fort!" ordered Polonius.

All the men on the ramparts squinted to identify the approaching column.

"Dominus, they are Roman. But they bear a legio standard."

"A Roman unit?" asked Polonius intrigued.

The column approached led by a tribune in full martial garb.

"Macro!" cried Polonius recognizing and hailing the leader.

"Salve Polonius!"

The fort opened its doors and led in the 20 riders. Polonius greeted Macro effusively.

"Macro! I have not seen you since Gaul!"

"Aye! We were just lowly subalterns under Theodosius then."

"Come have some wine. You must be parched. And tell me why you are here."

Polonius plus Macro and a couple of his officers sat at a table in a cool underground room of the fortress.

"This is good wine," laughed Macro. "But then I am very thirsty!"

"Macro, why are you here?"

"It is a foolish errand, Polonius. But it comes direct from Theodosius and I must obey."

"Properly so."

"I was ordered to gather all the garrisons in Palestine and even some units from Egypt. What I patched together does not amount to a full legion but will do. They are mostly old soldiers, veterans, perhaps not as good as the ones we commanded in Gaul but they will hold their own. They are one day's march behind me. I figured to go ahead and enjoy Antioch since I found that you were now governor."

"Macro, there have been Arab raids along the border."

"I am not worried. The tribes will not attack an infantry unit of our size."

"And, pray tell, where are you all headed?"

"Constantinople to start. Theodosius summoned us, on account of the rebellion."

Both Polonius and Claudius stole a brief glance.

"What rebellion? You mean Eugenius finally acted?"

"Yes. But luck did not help him. There was a battle on the Frigidus River, somewhere in north Italy. Eugenius was defeated and is rumored to be dead."

“Oh!”

“Like I said, it makes no sense for us to march west but if that is what Theodosius wants I obey.”

Once alone, Polonius gave a trooper a hurriedly written message, instructing the bishop to arm a mob and head to the villa that housed the Maconiae. He also wrote a second message to Leo the Sicilian to dispose of Claudius. At all costs, he knew, he had to cover his tracks. Theodosius was bound to examine very carefully the actions of all his governors in the east. And there were enough people who did not like him in Antioch, especially the senators, and they were bound to denounce his actions. Polonius felt a shiver. His chances of surviving to the end of the year were slim.

~~~~~

XIII. A Large Mastiff

“Undress,” said Leo the Sicilian.

Zenobia did not know exactly where she was but it looked like a far more luxurious mansion than the one where the Maconiae had been housed.

“If you are thinking of raping me,” said Zenobia hastily undressing and displaying her distended pubes, “know that I fuck horses. A man won’t even tickle me.”

Leo stared unbelieving.

“Those are not my instructions,” replied Leo. “Follow that corridor and enter the chamber at its end. Do not try to escape. My men are all around.”

The now nude Zenobia entered the chamber. Olive oil candles lit it with a pale light. In the middle of the room was a nude woman, on her knees, her head resting on a rug. Behind her was a large mastiff. The two were butt to butt. Zenobia realized that she was knotted.

The woman raised her head and smiled. She was very dark and handsome. Her beautiful body glistened with olive oil.

“Ah, you came,” said the woman.

“There was no way I could refuse.”

“Come closer. I want to see your cunt.”

“How long have you two been knotted?”

“It does not matter. This dog is named Maximus. I gave him some of the Aegyptian herb. For all I know we might stay here like this till sunrise. It is wonderful. I am in bliss. Come closer.”

The woman then touched Zenobia’s yawning cunt caressing its labia and its insides. Amber drops appeared.

“Is that horse semen?”

“Yes.”

The woman took the semen in her hand and placed it to her lips.

"It tastes good."

"I have been with dogs before," said Zenobia looking at the thick shaft that disappeared in the woman's pubes.

"My belly is now swollen from all the seed he Maximus has deposited inside me."

"What do you want of me, lady?"

The woman sighed.

"I guess it would not do to conduct our business with me like this," the woman said with some reluctance. "Besides, I am thirsty. Do be a dear and help me uncouple."

"It will hurt," cautioned Zenobia. "His knot must be huge."

"I know."

There was no easy way around it. Zenobia pulled on the dog's collar and the woman grabbed on to a heavy piece of furniture. The knot was indeed huge and the woman whimpered when it finally came out, after many unsuccessful pulls. A flood of dog semen came out of the woman. She reached for a vase and caught it as it was coming out and then drank it. She looked at Zenobia and smiled and bade her to come forth and offered the half full vase to her. Zenobia readily drank the dog semen. The two women then shared a long kiss, interchanging the dog seed. The woman then sat on a heavy chair, with her legs wide open.

"I am afraid my cunt is not as wide open as yours," said the woman with some regret. "Please put Maximus out."

Out went the dog.

"Who are you lady?"

"First, will you lick me clean?"

Zenobia wordlessly knelt between the woman's legs and proceeded to lick her pubes, taking care of drinking the dog semen that continued to flow out of her.

"My name is Gala. I am the wife of Polonius, the governor of Antioch."

Zenobia looked up at her though her mouth continued pressed against Gala's pubes.

"Don't worry. My husband is out on the border. But it shan't be for long."

Again, Zenobia looked up at Gala while continuing to lick her pubes."

"I love my husband dearly but I am not going to die at his side."

Gala pressed Zenobia's head to her pubes.

"You see, this man Leo, the ruffian that abducted you, brought me Maximus. We talked and came to an agreement. It so happened that a ship docked at Antioch today and it brought news from the west. As I said, my husband is doomed and I will not sink with him. Leo's spies are everywhere. So I knew who you were and the caliber of woman you are. Ah, Zenobia," said Gala moaning from

Zenobia's ministrations, "you certainly know how to please a woman!"

Gala's back arched and she moaned. Then she managed to compose herself and caressed Zenobia's head.

"Anyway, I sort of figured you would want to take the Maconiae east. To Parthia. And that explains why you visited the caravaneers' compound. Am I right?"

Zenobia just stared back at her from between Gala's legs. Her look confirmed Gala's conclusion.

"So, you need me to insure the Maconiae get out of Antioch safe. Leo can insure that. I know where Polonius has stashed some gold and will pay Leo off. Once over the border our only problem will be the tribes. The army here will be in turmoil pretty soon. Now, you are probably thinking...oh Jesus that feels good...that I will ask something in return. And you are right."

Zenobia stood up. Her face gleamed with dog semen and Gala's juices.

"Name your price Gala."

"You will take me along with you, to Parthia," said Gala. "As I said, I won't partake of my husband's fate. And, besides, I hear they have excellent surgeons in the east."

"You...want to become...a Maconiae?"

"Yes."

"I will have to train you, stretch and toughen your cunt."

"Please..."

Then a shouting arose from downtown Antioch.

"What is happening?" asked Zenobia.

"Most likely it is my husband's doing," explained Gala. "He needs to cover his tracks and appear to Theodosius to be a highly zealous Christian. So likely he told the bishop to start a riot. The Christian mob is likely burning down the houses of known Pagans. I do hope your Maconiae are no longer at their villa."

"Lady, pray to whatever gods you pray that that is so!" threatened Zenobia.

Next, there was some frantic barking from Maximus and then silence. The door opened and in strode Heraclius. There was a gore covered gladius in his hand.

"Heraclius!" cried Zenobia reaching for him.

"Who is he?" demanded Gala. "Is he your man? Where is Leo? Maximus!"

"I killed both bastards, lady, and you better be quiet or I will cut your throat next."

"Let her be Heraclius!" cried Zenobia. "She will help us out. And besides, I like the taste of her cunt."

"Damn you girl, now not only do you shag horses but you have taken up rug munching too?" snarled

Heraclius releasing Gala.

"I could not refuse. It was dripping dog semen. What about the Maconiae?"

"They are safe, hopefully."

"You killed Leo and my doggie you brute?" asked Gala.

"I sure did!" replied Heraclius. "Once I killed the leader the rest of his mangy pack of thieves ran. As for the dog, it tried to bite me. Sorry."

"Leo and his men were to guarantee of the Maconiae getting out of Antioch alive!" screamed Gala. "My husband had took all the guards this villa had to the border."

"We need to get to the caravaneers' compound," said Zenobia.

"How about her? Do I cut her guts open?"

Zenobia looked at Gala who now seemed completely undone.

"You said your husband had a stash of gold?"

"Yes."

Gala pointed to a floor tile. It did not take much to remove it and reveal heavy bag brimming with gold coins.

"This should help fund a new temple to Diana in Parthia," said Zenobia. "Gala here wants to become a Maconiae. Now we can also pay for the best surgeons in the east."

"You will have to strengthen and stretch that lovely cunt of yours," said Heraclius to Gala.

"She will have the best trainer there is," said Zenobia smiling and caressing his cheek.

"So be it," agreed Heraclius. "Now you two follow me."

The city was in turmoil and mobs roamed the street. There were fires all around. But Heraclius, gladius bared, successfully escorted the two nude women on top of his mare all the way to the caravaneers' compound. There they found that Totilas had delivered the Maconiae and the slave girls just ahead of the mob.

"They won't breach this walls," said Moshe confidently. "We store many a precious cargo here prior to departure. We build this facility to withstand the kind of mob that is now running around loose. Plus, we have our escorts to man the wall."

Antioch burned for the next three days. The Maconiae were kept busy fucking and thus blessing the animals inside the compound. Finally, on the third day, a resplendent Roman infantry unit, headed by one Macro, entered the city and ruthlessly pacified the mob. From atop the walls of the compound Gala saw that Polonius was now being led in chains. Moshe and Hassan ordered the caravans to leave on the morrow.

Ten days later the caravans reached a fork in the old Roman road. The tribes did not bother them due to their strengthened escort.

"That way yonder is Palmyra," said Zenobia offering Helena a sip of water. "The caravans will stop here for the night."

The Maconiae were being taken out from the baskets they rode in.

"Time for my cunt to bless these animals, praise Diana," smiled Helena.

"You are lucky. I tried Simoon last night. The girls had to help guide him inside me," smiled Zenobia. "I think I am going to get myself a couple of camels in Palmyra."

"You are not coming with me all the way to Parthia? Why?"

"Heraclius is going to train the lady Gala," said Zenobia pointing to where Gala was on her knees fellating a camel that was going to mate with a Maconiae. "And I just might marry Heraclius after all so I don't want that slut to steal him from me. Her cunt is still tight. I need to insure it is ruined for any man."

"I don't think she will mind," smiled Helena. "She has been talking and caressing us all the time. She wants to be cut and become a Maconiae. I never saw someone so eager. Well, maybe you."

"Heraclius and I will escort her torso to you once you are setup. Don't worry, your man Totilas will take good care of you all."

"Goodbye sister," said Helena kissing Zenobia. Then she was picked by the slave girls and helped unto a Diana's cradle. The last thing Zenobia saw and heard as she and Heraclius and Gala rode towards Palmyra was her sister moaning and praising Diana while being fucked by Simoon.

THE END