

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Slave!”

Miriam froze in trepidation and felt the wine slop around in the amphora she was carrying. She feared what was to come next and hoped that she wasn't in trouble.

“Put that down and come here.”

She hurried to put the wine down, resting the amphora against the wall. Her slave torc swung free from her loose necked gown and banged against her breastbone. Her fear grew in exponential leaps. Normally, she was ignored and left to her house duties, flitting from room to room almost unseen, while she performed her labours under the Housemaids direction.

She knew that Antonius had been drinking all day. One or two of the slaves had reported his increasing drunkenness and advised that it would be best to avoid him altogether. Miriam wasn't given the choice. Ptolemy had given her the order to take the wine into his private chambers.

With her eyes downcast, she approached her master as he lay on the slightly raised dais, covered with silks and cushions. The smell of him assaulted her nose. He had obviously pissed himself and not bothered to clean up the mess or wash. She trembled and stood at the foot of the dais with her hands clasped at her lap. She looked forlorn and her trembling was pronounced and the shift she wore accentuated her trepidation as it shivered.

“Get me more wine.” He shoved his Ivory flagon at her and shook it, slopping the residue of his last drink over the sides to splash over the silk cloth that covered the decking and stain the delicate yellow a deep red.

Miriam grasped the proffered cup and hurried to fill it with his favoured Greek sweet wine. Carefully, she poured from an earthenware amphora that rested in an iron stand beside the dais and then returned the filled flagon to him. She never once lifted her eyes and made no sound. Keeping her head down, she offered the cup to him above her head with both hands, trying to keep it steady. It was taken from her and she prepared to leave him and complete her tasks.

“Stay.” He lifted the edge of his stained toga and pulled his dirty loincloth to one side. His flaccid cock swung lazily at eye level, his smell was almost overpowering and it was as much as she could do to stop herself from gagging.

“Do it.” He commanded in a bored sounding voice. “Do it now.”

Her heart sank even as she opened her mouth to accept him. It was her first time in this household to be used in this manner. She had hoped that it wouldn't happen and hoped that she had left it all behind when she was sold from Alexander's household.

His limp cock tasted awful. She thought she would throw up and knew she would either be killed or beaten severely if she did. Somehow, she fought the instinctive urge to gag and sucked him to stiffness. After a few minutes, he started to buck against her mouth and with no warning or sound, emptied his balls into her mouth. Miriam held the foul seed to one side of her mouth and hoped he wouldn't want to see proof that she had swallowed it. She was spared.

“Go away.” He ordered her and didn't expect an answer.

She hurried from the chamber and spat his vile excretion into a decorative urn. At eighteen years of

age, she had become used to the treatment of her various tormentors in the form of owners.

Unseen, a veiling curtain swished silently as the observer of the sad tableau retreated into the darkness.

Miriam's short life had been a sad indictment of modern times. Her Mother and Father had lived in the poorer section of Judea. His business as a sandal maker, hardly fed them while her mother's laundry went to repaying a loan to Uncle Joshua. Just after her eighth birthday, her mother had died suddenly.

Faced with ruin and trying to keep three mouths fed, clothed and housed. Her father came to what he considered the obvious solution. Miriam, being a daughter, was sold to her Uncle as a housemaid and full repayment for the longstanding debt. Her two brothers stayed with her Dad who moved away to another village. They lost touch very quickly.

Uncle Joshua didn't really need a housemaid, but her youthful body appealed to his other nature. Although she had not yet started to develop her breasts or grow hair, he used her on a nightly basis. At aged ten, she had an abortion. Her Uncle's seed had taken root, which was not surprising. By now, her body had started to fill out and she had started to menstruate.

The abortion was done by a back street Quack who really only knew how to bleed people as a cure-all, but the proffered money helped him forget his lack of surgical knowledge. Miriam's reproductive system was damaged in the brutal operation; she would never menstruate again or be able to bear a child.

Believing her to be a drain on his considerable finances, Uncle Joshua sold her to an Egyptian slaver. She was now a lithe twelve year old, with the advantage of a fully developed body, conditioned to labour and well formed.

The slaver took her to the markets as a neuter. A title that carried the promise of screwing the girl without the problems of unwanted pregnancies. It raised her price a little, but not by much. The Trader had used her body, at every nightly opportunity, on the six-month journey to Egypt. She was fucked in every orifice and became used to the assault of her young body.

A woman, who wanted a companion for the lonely nights, bought her. Her husband was a government tax collector and spent many nights away from home while he set the tithes and collected the awards. For the first time since the death of her mother, Miriam found gentleness and even a little love.

Her mistress and her male friends cared for her, a little too much for the husbands liking, thinking her to be an evil spirit and influence on his unfaithful wife. After five and a half years, she was sold again into the household of Alexander who thankfully, was only interested in young boys. She didn't stay very long there and was sold on to Antonius, her present situation.

She still carried the torc of a neutered slave, wearing it like a brand of ownership and status. Some of the torcs placed around the necks of the slaves held elevated positions. Although owned by a household, they had a certain amount of freedom, often forming alliances similar to unions, setting rules for the conditions of their ownership.

Modern day Rome encouraged this freedom, believing that a happy slave was a productive slave and less likely to run away or be troublesome. To a degree, it worked, but first, the slave had to prove their worth. The majority didn't make the grade and either continued as a drudge to their owners and the elevated slaves as well, or died in an effort to win freedom.

Ptolemy, an Egyptian slave of indeterminate age, ran the household. His heavily tattooed and scarred body always glistened with oil and his muscles rippled under his black skin. The rest of the household were slaves of varied races. None had any standing and lived in fear of Ptolemy.

A story of how he tracked a runaway down and dragged them back by the hair, was a popular scare tactic. The story went on to various graphic descriptions of how he slowly killed them for the amusement of Antonius. Whether it was true or not didn't matter too much, the implied threat was enough of a deterrent.

Antonius was married to Janus. She had very little to do with the slaves or the household, passing her time in different consortiums of similar women who were disenfranchised and had nothing to occupy their lives. As a club, they sought entertainment in any way they could. Every so often though, she would arrange a party, usually for holy days and the house would be turmoil until it was over.

Janus had one passion, a pathological hatred of Antonius and a deep-seated jealousy of his frequent liaisons with the younger slaves of either sex. More than one slave died mysteriously during the night, but there were always replacements cheap enough and abundant in the markets. It was only Antonius's position on the senate that stopped Janus from poisoning him. She was past her prime and would miss the wealth and position of privilege.

Miriam returned to the kitchen and was ordered to assist the cooks who were preparing the evening meal. Talking among the slaves was prohibited, so the next two hours passed with no words spoken, just gestures and grunts.

Later, she found her bed, a straw pallet in the outhouse with several of the other young slaves. Miriam regularly shared her pallet with a young African girl. Neither could speak a common language, but their need for comfort and support was a universal want.

Miriam carefully slipped off her woollen shift and helped Anole with hers over her head. Anole was about eighteen, and had filled out as she grew taller. Petite breasts jutted out at Miriam's eye level. The girl's blackness was highlighted in the thin light from their oil lamp. The dark aureole around small hard nipples, pimpled in the coolness of the late night air that gently blew through the unglazed window port.

They knelt, facing each other, naked and tenderly held each other in an embrace of love and mutual need. Miriam kissed Anole's lips and held her breast in the palm of her hand. The pimpled aureole puckered and hardened under her slowly circulating hand. Anole moaned quietly in Miriam's ear as she nibbled her lobe. Their heat passed between them and a light perspiration beaded on their skin.

Miriam sought for Anole's mons, feeling the coarse pubic hair tangle slightly in her chipped nails and rough skin of her fingers. Slowly, she worked her hand lower and found Anole's hot sex and slipped a finger between her lips and found her budding clit. Anole was unusual in this. Her Father had not had her cut as was the general custom, Anole's shrouded clit remained in tact and hardened to Miriam's tender touch.

For some time, they remained kneeling, gently probing each other's pussies and exploring each other's breasts, their heat building into a raging desire for release. Eventually, they lay, breast to breast and kissed each other, tongue massaging tongue and fingers working each other to a crescendo of carnal lust.

Miriam broke first, catching her breath as Anole's fingers invaded her and found that ridged hard place just inside her, hooking into the pad and bringing her to the point of soaking the pallet and

Anole's fingers in a rush of orgasm. Settling her breathing and raging pulse, she kissed Anole's throat and worked over her breasts, taking first one, then the other nipple into her mouth and manipulating each with her tongue and teeth. She travelled on, nipping skin lightly in a teasing pattern that worked towards her prize.

Anole spread her legs and lifted her hips in an upward thrust in a desperate attempt to get Miriam's mouth to her moistened and needy sex. Miriam supported her, slipping her free hand under the girl's arse and flicked her tongue tip over her engorged clit. It brought a gasp from her partner and an impossible pelvic thrust that arched her back in contortionistic pose.

She clamped her mouth over the girl's soaking cunt and sucked her clit into her mouth, which drove her over the edge and into an immediate, crashing orgasm that ripped through her and resulted in a gush of girl cream. Miriam licked and drank from her partner and continued to massage the girl's clit with her tongue while fucking her with two fingers.

Anole couldn't hold on, her second and most powerful orgasm announced its self with a gush of cum and a pelvic thrust against Miriam's fingers. Then, little rushes, that diminished as Anole's body and nerves settled down again.

Anole, once she had calmed, began with Miriam's breasts, a particularly sensitive area. Sucked and kneading her flesh, teasing her nipples and tweaking them to a raging hardness. Miriam wanted her orgasm quickly though, already on a high from her success of bringing Anole off. Anole went straight to sucking her clit and biting the little nub of nerve endings while finger fucking her cunt and anus simultaneously.

It always brought Miriam to a shattering climax, tonight was no exception. Her breath became ragged as two fore fingers manipulated her 'G' spot and a third finger entered her anus and wriggled against her tailbone. In a very short time, Miriam had to stuff her hand into her mouth to stop from screaming. She came in a golden gush that hit Anole's hand and splashed back over her mons and stomach.

Stated, they slept in each other's arms until the next morning's cockcrow.

Life settled down and Miriam became part of the team and kept her nighttime lover. Her lowly status kept her in the kitchens mostly, but every so often, she would have to attend the house. Inevitably, she came into contact with Antonius and inevitably; he took advantage of her and every time, they were observed by the silent witness.

A year slipped by, borne on a daily ritual of duties, until...

The kitchens had been taken over by a team of specialist caterers. Janus was hosting a party and planned for it to be the biggest of the season. Caligula was invited and word had it that the 'Little General' intended to appear. It would be a great honour to Antonius, but more, Janus would step up the social ladder and had a better chance of grasping a spot in the elite ranks.

If she could ensconce her self in those vaulted climes, her marriage to Antonius would be less of a need. It wouldn't matter if he suddenly died. It was quite fashionable to eliminate one's husband in those circles and install a whole team of lovers.

The slaves had been given a hot bath. Under the watchful eye of Ptolemy, they visited the public aquadome and bathed in the luxuriously heated water. Janus had instructed that they were to serve the food clothed only in a small piece of leather that just covered their genitals, all held together with a bead of cowrie shells on strings.

They were to be bathed and oiled with scented essences from India. Sepia was used to colour the light skinned slaves while the Africans had their skin burnished to a polished shine. She wanted the party to be just right and had planned it for weeks. It wouldn't hurt if a show of wealth was put on and having oiled, semi-naked slaves was just one of the small details that made all the difference to mediocre or outstanding.

The walled garden that surrounded their villa was set out with silk covered scatter cushions and low tables were arranged in a circle. Everyone was to be able to see each other and watch the various entertainments. An awning was erected to shade the guests from the worst of the sun. It gave an amber hue to the revellers, accentuated the sepia colouring of the slaves and successfully muted the harsh light.

The food was extravagant. Fruit sat in flat trays and was eaten between courses. Platter after platter was brought in by the slaves, each more exuberant than the last. Swan stuffed with goose, duck and quail especially imported from Gaul was the penultimate dish brought before Caligula who was placed as the honoured guest, but the triumph was a whole water buffalo, cooked in its skin and stuffed with wild boar from the Germanics.

The guests applauded and heaped praise on Antonius. Everyone knew that Janus had organised the event, but he had provided the money.

The entertainment during the feast had been provided by a group of musicians partially hidden to one side behind a pergola. They had been set as background accompaniment to allow the guests to talk and not have to shout, but a shrill note from a bull horn pierced the evening air and brought chatter to a sudden stop. It announced the evenings main entertainments.

A troupe of jugglers entered into the centre of the ring followed by exotic dancers from the Orient. Flame swallowers and dwarves cavorted and performed their feats. The audience dutifully clapped and rewarded the performers with small coins.

A tall African woman entered into the melee of performers and stood rigid and still while they danced and sang their way out of the ring. The music stopped and she stood, alone and naked in the middle. Silence and intrigue eventually ensued. She had stood without moving, without any sign of recognition to the crowd. Then, two black men brought in a huge python, laid it on the ground at her feet and retreated to the side.

A sound, just above hearing began. A humming without break for breath gradually increased in volume and pitch. A single note that became imperceptively louder until it seemed that it came from the heart of each observer. The timbre and vibration felt like it came from the chest of each person, such was the resonance of the note coming from the African woman who still had yet to move from her statuesque pose.

Having captured her audience's attention, she began to sway. It began with a slow hip sway that hypnotically drew the watchers eye to her hairless mound. Only her lower body moved as if she were disjointed from the belly up and knees down. Gradually, the tempo increased and her humming became higher in pitch. Somehow, she was breathing in while still making the constant hum.

The movement also captured the python's attention. Its snout with its heat sensory pits, quested for the disturbance and source of interest. Its head rose from the coiled body and began to sway in time with her belly. To the audience, it looked as if they were dancing in a synchronised pattern.

Eventually, the reptile's snout was at waist height and swaying with the woman. It had closed the gap between them and now was flat on her skin. They danced like this for a while until, with an ear

splitting scream, the woman back flipped away and the snake collapsed into a boneless heap to be carried off by the two who had brought it in.

For a few moments, the silence of the audience was complete, as if they had also been mesmerised by the woman's dance and humming. Then they clapped as one, the spell broken. Conversations started up again. The semi-naked slaves, also spellbound by the performance, galvanised into action and replenished goblets and carried fruit to the partygoers.

Something subtle had changed though, a new sexual tension wafted on the warm Italian breeze. Conversations turned to more personal advertisements of willingness to mate. Caligula was famous for his carnal pursuits and deviances. It was a feature of Roman Senate life, that a party without Caligula was no party. He was the honoured guest and could, and did, fuck anyone. It seemed her cared not a whit what sex his partner was. Any, and all ages were victims of his voracious appetite.

His favourite pleasure though, was to watch others at his direction. Mother and Son, Father and Daughter or same sex incest were his favourites. Most of the Senate and Nobility had become wise to his predilections and managed to ship their children to someplace else just in case.

Janus knew how these things went and had prepared for it. Her next entertainers were heralded as exotic dancers, a thinly disguised misnomer for group sex. The dancers entered into the ring, naked except for some diaphanous material that only served to heighten interest in their lithe and supple bodies.

The music started slowly, producing handclaps in time, but gradually increased in tempo until the eight bodies writhed in a frenzy of oiled and naked sex. Two women of the troupe each had a partner, while the other four men joined in a line, connected to one another by their cocks in each others arses, forming a human chain.

Caligula loved the spectacle and clapped his appreciation of Janus's efforts. The dancers either feigned or achieved orgasm and filled out of the ring, their ears ringing with the clapping and shouts of appreciation. Their hands clutched the coins thrown by the voyeuristic watchers.

A woman came in next, with a black panther on a leash. Her performance was mildly sexual and served to cool the tension of the audience. Janus had thought that the partygoers needed to be cooled before leaving for their homes. She had anticipated that they would be more than ready at this point, but she miscalculated the excesses these Romans could go to.

"Antonius. What else have you to tempt us with my friend?" Caligula's voice cut through the chilled night air like a knife through his heart.

"Well Caesar, the entertainments have all been the design of Janus. I had no part in the planning so I am just as eager as you to see what is next.

Janus stared at Antonius, a look of pure hate and then malice. In her derangement she blamed her husband for all of her problems, believing him to be plotting against her. How could he have dropped her into the public gaze of Caligula? Did he want to humiliate her so badly in front of Caesar and the collective nobility? But, then, an idea hit her with such clarity, that she wondered how she hadn't thought of it before.

"My Caesar." She began while performing her act of submission with her hand over her heart and a bow from the waist.

"My Noble Husband seems to have an insatiable lust for sexual entertainments, indeed, when he is not in my bed, he often takes pleasure in our slaves. His likes seem to run to a certain Jewish girl we have. Think not though, that it is from any lack of willingness on my part, Oh no, just that he likes, shall we say, a more demure figure."

Her eyes shone in triumph. At last she could get her own back for all the times she had silently witnessed Antonius fuck the little slaves whore's mouth.

"I am sure he would be honoured to demonstrate his singularly unique techniques for your pleasure." Her revenge complete, she backed away from the light and left the prospect on the cooling air for Caligula's consideration.

"So Antonius." Caligula turned to his host. "Where is this little Jewish treasure eh?"

Antonius was mortified. He didn't know Janus knew of his infrequent explorations of Miriam's mouth with his prick. But, more than that, performing anything in the exalted company he was in now was far from a comfortable idea.

"Ah, Caesar, she is nothing really, just a slave of no import. I can't even remember the last time we dallied, it is a rare thing."

"Capital! Then you will enjoy the experience as we shall enjoy the show." Caligula's smile didn't reach his eyes. Coldly, they sized Antonius up and found him wanting, as most of the Senate did. Too many old men, too many plots and intrigues weaved patterns in their viperous midst. He distrusted them and any opportunity like this was a rare thing indeed.

Antonius was trapped and panic set in. His tremulous voice instructed someone to fetch the girl. He had no way out, but silently vowed to have Janus meet a violent and untimely accident.

Miriam was marched into the ring; her loincloth was pulled from her oiled, sepiac and sweat covered body. Naked, she stood, head bowed in deference to her piers. She was not conscious of her nakedness. It mattered little to her, her body belonged to her and Anole, nobody and nothing could violate that secret place they shared.

"Well Antonius, here is your prize, let us see how well you perform with the Jew." He couldn't help the sneer in his voice.

Antonius approached and instructed her to kneel. He pulled his crimson toga to one side and waited for her to begin sucking him as they normally did, but Caligula had other ideas.

"Take your clothes off Senator." Antonius complied and shucked off his toga. The reaction was not what he had expected. Suddenly, the whole group of colleagues and friends began to laugh, pointing at his puny dick and laughing the harder as he tried to cover his embarrassment with pudgy hands.

Caligula eventually got his fit of giggles under control and through tears of mirth, ordered Antonius to fuck the girl. His efforts brought more hilarity and after a few attempts to raise a hard on, he fled from the courtyard, his face the same crimson as his toga.

"Come here girl." Caligula addressed Miriam who hurried to obey. "I see you wear the torc of a Neuter, is this true?"

Miriam nodded, knowing that she was not allowed to speak.

"Would you like to earn your freedom?" She nodded again. "Well, you will have to work for the privilege. Does that concern you?" Miriam shook her head and wondered if it meant that Caesar was going to fuck her. "The entertainment tonight has been sublime, even the last comedy act and your part in it impressed me, but the night needs something to finish it off. Can you entertain us and win your freedom?"

Miriam shrugged, unsure of what exactly it was he wanted.

"Come, come child. I'm sure you can think of something to amuse the audience." The people in question, sat silently, intrigued by the interaction and anticipating the outcome. Caligula wasn't known for his leniency, patience or generosity.

Miriam went to her knees, thinking that she was to suck his cock, but his next words froze her in mid-kneel.

"No child. I want a show, let's see your body. Dance for us."

Miriam stepped back and dropped her loincloth to the floor. Her oiled body glistened in the lamplight as she began to gyrate her hips and danced a few steps she had learned. Anole, who had been watching in fear of Miriam's life, dropped her covering and joined her lover on the floor. Her blackness counterpointed the sepia'd whiteness of Miriam's milky skin.

Together, they danced and twisted. Entwining their bodies and then parting in a dance of their hearts. The audience clapped a slow rhythm that the two picked up and kept time with. Soon they came together and danced the dance they knew so well, their secret dance of lust and want. They forgot the audience and entered that place they reserved for each other, where their souls entwined in the age-old waltz of lovers.

The clapping increased in tempo as their passion grew. Miriam and Anole ignored the voyeurs and gave themselves to each other once more. Soon they screamed their respective orgasm in a simultaneous filling of mouths with each other's come as they writhed on the mosaic floor.

Everyone clapped their approval. Cheers rang out and coins rained down on the two girls. Everyone signalled their enjoyment of the spectacle, except Caligula, who sat silently with his head to one side.

"Bravo little ones." He spoke in Hebrew. "But it wasn't enough, send the black for a dog, a large dog and let us see you be fucked by him." The look of horror was what he really wanted to see, that and these two debase themselves for his pleasure.

Resigned to her fate, Miriam explained to Anole what was to come and sent her off to fetch Janus's Pharaoh hound.

She returned with the dog on a leash. Nervously, he entered the area and looked at the ring of people, his pointed ears pert and twitching in nervousness. Anole led him to Miriam who petted his noble head and settled him down.

He licked her hand and as she knelt beside him, then licked her breasts. Miriam stroked his short coat, trying to overcome her nervousness. Gradually, she worked her stroking to his cock and was rewarded by the appearance of his purple veined muscle as it emerged from its furry sheath.

Anole held his head and guided him to her hairy mons, letting him smell her first and then, send his snake like tongue out to taste her. Anole spread her legs to allow the dog better access.

Miriam's fingers had circled the dog's cock and gently rubbed him to full erection. He humped against her hand and precum coated her fingers. She looked up to Anole who was now enjoying the sensation of his tongue. Their eyes met and a silent understanding passed between them. Anole lifted his head and made space for Miriam to crawl under the dog. Working together, they manipulated the dog into position and Anole guided his cock to Miriam's opening.

Instinct took over and a sudden hunch of his hips buried his cock into Her cunt. Miriam gasped and cried out as he invaded her body. In all of her predicaments, she had never had anything enter her quite so deeply or so large. Her first reaction was pain as he thrust into her in a violent and rapid stroke, each thrust embedding his cock further into her.

Miriam's muscles relaxed and accommodated the violation. The dog gripped her waist in a vice like embrace and drove himself deeper into her body. Miriam gasped and screamed as his knot passed between her lips. His humping slowed and became a deeper, more meaningful pelvic thrust. She felt as if she were on fire from the ravishing.

Anole lay down and spread her legs, inviting Miriam to suck her cunt while the dog filled her with his cum. Miriam's tongue went to work, it helped her to focus her mind on anything other than the huge dog cock that was locked into her. He let loose a cry that is peculiar to his breed and emptied his seed deep into her body.

Gush after hot gush flooded her womb in a scalding torrent for a few minutes until he had spent his seed. His natural urge to break free evinced a scream of pure pain that tore at Miriam's throat. He realised that they were locked and only succeeded in turning arse to arse in the classic dog tie position.

Anole creamed in a frenzy of head thrashing and pelvic arches as Miriam's tongue lashed her sex and her teeth grated against her clit. Miriam's fingers explored her "G" Spot, which brought Anole to her shuddering and grand mal climax in a scream of pure lust.

Eventually, the dog managed to get away from Miriam and ran off. The noise from the audience as they bayed and hooted their appreciation of the scene played before them, frightened it into bolting into the house. Miriam and Anole were both spent and lay slightly apart, exhausted and impervious to the braying audience or the money that rained down around them.

"Thank you," Caligula's voice cut through the air. "For the first time in a long time, I have a hard-on. Look at this." His rigid cock stood proud and twitched. "You, finish me off. Now!"

Anole rushed over to comply, her eighteen-year-old mouth enveloped him and sucked greedily until he grunted and sprayed her tonsils. She swallowed, almost gratefully and then stepped back, waiting his response.

"You have both done well. I grant you your freedom and a state pension of three hundred Dinar per year. I hope you both live well and prosper. Caligula rose and then imperially departed the party with his entourage.

Miriam and Anole lived as lovers until Anole died in her fortieth year. Miriam, heart broken, committed suicide soon after Anole's death.

Janus divorced Antonius, poison being too good for him and took a lover. They left Rome and took a governorship in Gaul. Antonius never returned to public life. His political future in ruins, he retired to his vineyard on Sorrento.

Caligula; Well his history is a story for another pen.