

# Eagle's Claw

By [dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk) [www.damnd1.org](http://www.damnd1.org)

A Roman slave trader pays a high price for his dishonesty.

*If you want to encourage me to write more stories like this, you can find my [Patreon](#) here*

## Eagle's Claw - Part 1

**June 2018**

Michael looked at his father's latest finds laid out on the table before them. There was mixture of pottery, coins, an iron dagger, and various bronze items.

"Is this from the villa dad?"

"Yes. A surprising trove given that it was found in what appears to have been the slave's quarters."

Michael and his family were spending summer with his father on a dig 15 miles outside Rome. It was a site that his father's team had spent the past eight years excavating.

Michael was familiar with most of the items, but he noticed several similar objects that seemed oddly incongruous, out of place, except that they showed a similar level of aging as other objects of the period.

"Dad is it okay to pick this up?" he asked, gesturing to one of the objects.

"Certainly, but make sure your hands are clean and dry first, and please be careful."

Michael's hands were already clean, but he rubbed both hands on his cargo shorts to ensure there was no sweat on his fingers that might be corrosive. Then he picked the object up and held it up in front of his eyes. It was totally alien to him, and he couldn't even begin to guess at its function. It appeared to be a pair of small ornate articulated four-fingered hands, connected to each other at what Michael thought of as the base of the thumb. However, unlike a normal hand, the four "fingers" were arranged in two opposing pairs, each at right-angles to the other. At the rear, there were a pair what appeared to be small, round keyholes, one on each hand

"What's this dad?"

Stephen looked at the object his son was holding.

"An excellent question. It's the first time any of us has ever seen such an object before. We've searched the records, and put the word out but so far nobody can say for certain. Our best bet is some kind of testicular adornment for the slaves."

"Testicular adornment?"

Michael tried to imagine his own balls cupped in the small hands.

"I don't think it would be very comfortable."

"Maybe not, but slave comfort was not a particular concern. The person who lived in this villa was a senator. Not a person who cared much about the feelings of his slaves."

“I wonder how many slaves had to wear them?”

Michael allowed his imagination to wander back to the scene at the heyday of the Roman empire...

### **23AD – 10 miles from Rome**

The sky was a flawless blue with a yellow sun blazing above. A cart rattled along a dusty track winding its way up a low hillside. In the far distance, set among hills of its own, the city of Rome was visible. On the back of the cart sat four men and a woman. Each of the men wore nothing but a subligaculum; loincloths tied in a simple style that was also common in Greece and India.

The cart was driven by a man wearing leather armour. A gladius hung from a thick leather belt at his side. It had tasted the blood of many men during his time as an avocati in the third legion, and now it served him equally well as a slave manager in the service of Senator Faustus. It was unlikely that the short sword would be needed. He was accompanied by a second armed man, and the passengers were bound with their ropes passing through metal rings on the cart frame. They were slave transfers destined for the Senator’s employ. He preferred slaves with experience.

One of the slaves spoke to the other. He was younger, better looking, and built more sturdily than the others.

“You know anything about our new owner?”

“Faustus? Yeah, he’s better than many so they say. You’ll get worked hard, but you’ll always have enough to eat, and not just slop. He believes in keeping his slaves strong.”

A third slave chipped in. His back was striped with the scars of old lash strokes.

“Can’t be worse than my old master. He used to take pleasure in beating us. The tiniest excuse.”

“I wonder what work he’ll have us doing?” the second slave mused.

The guard looked over his shoulder.

“Senator Faustus has a farm. You’ll probably be working the fields. Or out in the olive groves.”

“I was breeder at my last place,” the younger slave said. “Think there’s any chance of that here?”

“Can’t say for certain. Faustus doesn’t usually breed his own. Raising the young ‘uns is too slow and costly, but who knows, you’re a strong boy. He might be giving it a try. But I wouldn’t get your hopes up.”

“Either way,” the cart driver chipped in, “you’ll all quickly get used to being naked.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” the breeder asked.

The driver grinned at his companion.

“Well you won’t be wearing those rags once we arrive. The old man keeps his slaves naked.”

“What?! Why?”

“Saves on laundry I s’pose, but truth be told, I think he just likes the sight of all your cocks flopping around. Tits too. He goes both ways.”

All five slaves fell silent for a while as they considered the news. They were used to being naked together when they bathed in the river, although male and female slaves were kept strictly apart at this time. They all knew that whatever shreds of modesty they preserved were at the kindness of their owner, but so far they had each been owned by masters with conventional views on the matter.

Eventually the breeder looked across at the woman sitting opposite him. She was well put together.

“I wouldn’t mind breeding you. What do you think? Fancy sitting on a piece of Manfred meat?”

He had been born outside Trier in Germania, but he had been captured as a boy and he had no discernible accent.

Manfred lifted his hips, wiggling what was clearly a substantial penis at her.

The woman blushed.

The guard smiled.

“You’d better hope that Faustus DOES plan to use you as a breeder, because a big cock is no use otherwise.”

“Yeah, especially if you can’t get it up!” the driver added.

The two guards laughed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?!” Manfred demanded angrily. “I CAN get it up. I can always get it up.”

“Not if the master clamps your balls you can’t!”

“What?! What does that mean?”

Manfred was becoming increasingly unsettled.

“You’ll find out soon enough. Let’s just say that if your balls are clamped, getting it up will be the least of your concerns.”

“Nobody’s clamping my balls!” Manfred said, not even knowing what it meant. “I’d sooner die first!”

“Riiight. And you’re not the first slave to say that, yet there they are; every single one – 75 men and boys, all clamped, all still here, all still alive.”

“Yeah,” the guard said to his companion with a cynical sneer, “it’s almost as though they don’t really mean it. As if the threats are nothing but bravado!”

The driver let out a hearty belly laugh and his companion quickly joined in.

In the back of the cart, the male slaves fell into a brooding silence.

### **23AD - Villa Herculaneum**

The afternoon sun cast its gentle late summer warmth down on the veranda. The sound of crickets buzzed continuously off in the dry grass, but it was not enough to disturb the two men sitting discussing business. Senator Quintus Faustus sat on a curule; an ornate stool reserved for people of

power. Aulus, his vilicus sat on a simpler wooden stool. A bowl of olives and a jug of water stood on the table between them. They were poring over a scroll as Aulus outlined the senator's weekly business transactions.

Two large men; singularius, accompanied a middle-aged man and a youth to the veranda.

"Your guests domus," one of the bodyguards said.

Quintus looked up and rose from his stool with a smile to greet the man.

"Ahh Cassius, my old friend. It is good to see you! Thank you for responding to my invitation."

The man smiled in return and they grasped each other's forearms in a manly grip, before leaning forwards and embracing. Both men were dressed in loose fitting tunics befitting the warm weather.

Quintus addressed Aulus.

"Be a good man Aulus – run inside and fetch three cups and a bottle of wine would you please?"

"Of course, dominus," he responded and disappeared inside the villa.

Cassius said, "Quintus, it is good to see you also. Always a pleasure to visit you. You look well."

Quintus nodded, graciously accepting the compliment.

"Thank you, my friend. And you also. Trading in slaves obviously agrees with you."

"Yes, yes. Life is good. I am fortunate to count many of Rome's wealthiest families among my patrons."

"Indeed. Your wealth has earned you considerable status, even in a city as large as Rome. But let us leave Rome to another day. I'm glad that you have been able to come out to my estate to pay me a visit on such a fine day. And with your son as well. I was hoping to meet him again."

He turned to the boy.

"Hello Valens, how are you?"

"I'm very well sir. Thank you for asking."

Quintus smiled.

"He's so polite. A young man now."

"Yes, I've been teaching him the business so that he can take on some of it. Eventually I'll hand it down to him so that I can retire."

"Very good. It sounds as though you have things all planned out."

"Well one can never be certain what the gods have in store for us Quintus, but I make what plans I can and hope that they will smile upon me."

Aulus returned with the wine and three pottery goblets. He placed them on the table, then took a few steps back, hovering unobtrusively in case his master called upon him again.

Quintus gestured to the stool that Aulus had previously occupied and Cassius sat as Quintus poured two goblets of wine. He looked to Valens.

“Do you drink wine Valens?”

“Yes sir, but only with dinner. Would it be too much trouble to request a cup of water instead?”

“For such a polite young man, no, it is no trouble at all.”

Quintus poured water from the jug on the table and handed it to the youth. The boy accepted it with a nod and a smile, then he sat on the baked clay floor in the shade near the house as he waited for his father and the senator.

Quintus and Cassius sat and chatted idly for half an hour before they were joined by the passengers from the cart. The driver and his assistant brought up the rear.

“The new slaves you purchased sir.”

“Ahh excellent thank you Gallus. You may go.”

Gallus turned to glance at the two singularius who stood on the veranda ready to leap to the senator’s defence at a moment’s notice. Even with a sword and twenty years of training, he wouldn’t want to take on even one of them, let alone two. He and his colleague stepped back, leaving the five new slaves standing in a line before Quintus.

“New slaves Quintus? I don’t recall them.”

“No, I thought I’d try another dealer for a change. I hope you don’t mind my friend?”

“Umm, well, no of course not Quintus. You are free to purchase wherever you see fit. But have I in some way displeased you? Have my slaves failed to meet your expectations?”

“No, no. They’re all hardy stock and good workers.”

“Then another dealer is offering a better price perhaps?”

“Again no, my friend. As I said, I simply thought I’d try someone new.”

“As you please Quintus.”

Quintus turned his attention to the new slaves.

“Welcome to my farm. If you obey me and work hard, you will be well treated. You’ll never go to bed hungry, nor will you be whipped. You’ll even have free time to yourselves. Now would you please remove your clothes. You won’t be needing them.”

The new slaves glanced at each other uncomfortably, but they knew better than to disobey. All four men unwrapped their subligaculums. The woman removed her chest wrap first, then her loin covering. They stood holding the strips of cloth, uncertain what to do with them.

“That’s it, you can drop those in a pile by the plant. My slaves don’t wear clothes.”

The new slaves obeyed then returned to their places in a line in front of their new master. Each of them cupped their hands modestly in front of their groins.

"Now, now. No point being modest," Quintus said smiling. "You'll be naked for the rest of your time with me. If you're lucky, that will be for a long, long time. Anyway, I want another look at what I've purchased. Drop your hands to your sides please."

The slaves complied.

Quintus looked them over for a few moments. Valens scrutinised the woman with great interest.

"Hmmm, they look healthy enough wouldn't you agree Cassius?"

"Yes indeed. Of course, you can't tell if they have something wrong inside. Maybe worms?"

Quintus laughed heartily.

"Worms? Oh my dear Cassius, I do believe you're jealous aren't you?"

Cassius shrugged.

"Well maybe just the tiniest bit ummm, concerned that I am no longer your exclusive supplier."

"Ha, ha. Well you know what they say my friend, variety is the spice of life, and you have dozens of other customers."

Cassius hid his irritation beneath a smile.

"Of course, Quintus. I'm just being foolish. You know how much your friendship means to me."

"And yours to me also."

Quintus returned his attention to the slaves.

"You," he said, addressing Manfred, "you're Manfred I believe. You were a breeder for your previous owner weren't you?"

"Yes master," Manfred responded, showing great deference now that he actually stood before the senator.

"Good, step forwards. Stand before me."

Manfred stepped forwards and Quintus reached between his legs cupping the man's testicles in his palm. He closed his fist to feel their size as well as their weight.

"Ummm, you have a fine pair of stones on you. Feel Cassius."

Cassius leaned across and groped the man's testicles, squeezing just a touch harder than necessary.

Quintus gripped the man's long penis and drew his foreskin back.

"Clean too. How many children have you sired?"

"I can't be certain sir. At least 50."

Quintus nodded his approval.

"And can you get it up on demand?"

"Yes sir."

"Good, good."

Quintus turned to Aulus.

“Aulus a plate please. One of the large glazed clay ones.”

Aulus disappeared inside and returned 30 seconds later holding a heavy clay dinner plate.

“On the table please,” Quintus said.

He turned back to Manfred.

“Make it hard now. Tug yourself until you squirt. Squirt onto the plate. I want to see how much you cream you make.”

Manfred turned to the other slaves. He was embarrassed but also a little smug. He WAS going to become a breeder. Leave the clamping for the other men to worry about!

He turned back to face Quintus and Cassius. Then he reached between his legs and gripped the thick six inches of meat that hung there. He drew his fist down, then up repeatedly, moving slowly at first. He disliked having to perform in front of strangers, especially males, but Manfred also found the experience a little arousing. In 30 seconds, his cock was a thick 9 inches, with veins bulging along its hard length. He pumped faster now. Then he glanced past the men and saw Valens watching from his seat on the ground. Manfred gave the boy a small wry grin. Valens blushed but continued watching. Manfred looked down at his cock, giving it his full attention now. His fist pumped faster and faster, then he was squirting. Several thick ropes spurted from the large head and landed on the large shiny earthenware with an audible splat.

When he was finished, he looked up at Quintus, satisfied that he had performed. He took his fist off his cock and dropped it to his side, allowing his meat to jump and twitch in the aftermath of his orgasm.

“Is it me, or is there a certain insolence in this man’s bearing?” Quintus asked Cassius.

“Well, it’s not for me to say Quintus, but he certainly seems very happy with the size of his cock.”

Quintus turned to Valens.

“Hey boy, what do you think of the size of his cock, is yours that large?”

Valens blushed.

“N... no sir. It seems VERY large to me.”

“Yes, me too,” Quintus agreed, noting the lump at the front of Valens’ tunic.

He turned his attention to the plate. He lifted a dribble of Manfred’s semen from the plate and rubbed it between his finger and thumb.

“Hmmm, thick, very fertile I’m sure.”

Quintus looked to Gallus.

“Take these three to receive their eagle claws. Take this one,” he gestured to Manfred, “and the woman to Felix, tell him that they are to be set to work in the fields straight away. And he is to keep a close eye on Manfred.”

“Yes dominus. Right away.”

The man led the slaves away, Manfred with his still-hard cock pointing the way, walked with a swagger that the other males did not share.

Cassius spoke up.

“Eagle claws?”

“You’ve never seen my eagles? In all the time you’ve been visiting? I think it’s time I remedied that. Come with me.”

Quintus rose and walked down the step from the veranda. Cassius rose and followed the senator. Valens also rose, his hands cupped as inconspicuously as he could in front the tunic bulge that betrayed his still-hard penis. One of the singularius noticed his bulge and gave him a leering smile. Valens looked away, embarrassed.

“Father?” he queried, unsure whether he was also to follow.

“Oh yes boy,” Quintus said, “you can come too. Who knows, maybe we’ll see something else to make your rod stand up.”

Valens blushed even more brightly. His father had not noticed his erection until Quintus pointed it out. He looked down at his son’s protective hands, then at the boy’s red face with a smirk.

“The boy gets hard at the drop of a hat!” he said.

“He’s at that age. Tell me Valens do you prefer bucks or fillies?”

“Ec... excuse me sir?”

“Cock or cunny. Tits or muscles?”

“Uh... Ummm. C... Cunny?” he said, uncertain if he was permitted to use such a strong word in the presence of such a powerful man. “Mostly.”

“You don’t sound very sure.”

“I am sir. I just wasn’t sure if it was polite to use the word.”

Quintus tousled his hair and smiled.

“It’s perfectly fine with me, but never around the ladies. And it’s good to be open-minded. Too much of one or the other makes a man weak.”

“Yes sir.”

“So come on, let’s see what you’re hiding behind your hands then boy. Lift them away.”

Valens glanced at his father, but they both knew, family friend or not, you didn’t disobey the command of a senator. Valens dropped his hand to reveal the small lump that poked at the front of his tunic. Quintus reached down and lifted the bottom of the tunic to reveal the teenager’s groin. Valens’ erect penis was clearly visible now. It formed a diagonal lump in the thin cotton of his subligaculum. The senator reached down and cupped the boy’s testicles in his fingers, allowing the young man’s penis to rest in his palm.

“Hmmm, nice stones. Full of cream I’ll wager.”



He squeezed the boy's hard shaft as Cassius watched bemused. Quintus turned to him with a smile.

"Hard as stone. Oh, to be young again huh my friend?"

"Indeed Quintus."

There was a damp spot in the white cotton covering the head of Valens' penis. Quintus rubbed it with his fingertip. It was slimy.

"You ARE excitable aren't you boy?"

Quintus allow Valens' tunic to fall back over his groin to the boy's relief. Slaves had no rights, no expectation of privacy, but Valens was a citizen, and he was unused to being treated like livestock.

Quintus draped his arm around the young man's shoulder.

"Come, let's see if we can find someone else to make you leak even more."

He turned to Cassius.

"And I can show you my eagle's claws."

## **Part 2**

### **23AD, An olive grove in the grounds of Villa Herculaneum**

The group walked casually for ten minutes until Quintus lead them to an olive grove.

"We're just harvesting this grove for now," he explained to Cassius and his son. "Lots to do as you can imagine."

Cassius looked at the workers. There was group of twenty males and females of all ages working together. There were boys who appeared to be as young as eight years old, and men and women into their sixties; perhaps older. They were all naked.

"Men and women working together?" Cassius asked, surprised. "Aren't you afraid that the men will have their way with the women? At the very least, surely all these naked women are a distraction?"

"Oh no, they're quite safe. They can even be left unsupervised. They have a daily quota but so long as they meet that, I'm quite happy to leave them to their own devices. They don't even need a supervisor."

Cassius suddenly realised that there was no overseer.

"No supervisor?" he asked, surprised. "How do you stop them running away?"

"Oh, I have my methods. The estate is walled of course. That's enough to stop most of the women. As for the men, well, they have a far greater incentive to remain."

"Oh yes, and what's that?"

Quintus led Cassius and his son towards the group of slaves. The children were in the high branches picking where the boughs were too thin to support an adult. The males and the young females were on crude ladders plucking olives at a lower height. And on the ground, the older women carried baskets of fruit, ferrying the contents of smaller olive pouches that the workers carried, back and forth to a cart loaded with much larger baskets.

“Tell me Cassius, what do all of the men have in common?”

Cassius studied the men for some time. At their distance of 30 feet, Quintus’ there was nothing immediately apparent.

“Well, they’re all well bronzed from working in the sun, and they all seem lean and healthy.”

“Yes, true enough, but there’s more. Look lower.”

Cassius could see nothing obvious.

“My eyesight is really not all that good my friend. I see nothing.”

“Dominus,” Valens said.

“Yes Valens?”

“Well, the men all have... they have small prickles.”

Quintus smiled.

“Ha ha, yes, well observed Valens, but what’s the reason? Look closer still.”

“May I go closer sir?”

“Of course, of course!”

Valens walked until he was underneath a group of three men in a tree. He looked up, studying their genitalia. Quintus and Cassius strolled over to join him.

“Oh, they have some kind of cage around their nuts.”

“Very good. That’s it exactly. My eagle’s claws.”

Quintus called to two of the slaves.

“Marcus, Stefan, come here.”

A man in his early forties and a boy of about 16 approached. They stood quietly, arms hanging loosely by their sides. Both of their penises were shrivelled, no more than two inches long including their wrinkled brown foreskins.

“These are two I bought from you. Do you remember, Cassius?”

“I sell so many my friend, but maybe the boy. His blonde hair seems familiar.”

Quintus nodded in agreement. “Yes, he’s from Suoines. Far in the cold north east. He was my house boy for a while.”

He addressed the two males.

“Lift your pricks, I want to show my friend Cassius your eagle’s claws.”

The two males reach down and lifted their undersized penises. Behind, their testicles were gripped in a steel double eagle’s claw. Each claw was clearly much too small and much too tight for the

testicles it gripped. The skin of the testicles was shiny, and the meat bulged around the four fingers that encircled them.

"That looks painful," Valens observed.

"Painful? What do you think Marcus?"

"Yes, very painful dominus."

"And you Stefan?"

"Yes dominus. Very painful. All the time."

"So now you know why I am quite comfortable to allow my males and females to work together."

He swatted at Stefan's pathetic, shrivelled slug.

"Even if they wanted to, they could never get it up. Can you boy?"

"No dominus."

"How long since you were hard?"

"Not since I got my first hair. And my claw. Maybe 3 years."

"They only get their claws when they get their hair. Between you and I, I think young Florin will be receiving his claw before the end of the summer."

Quintus pointed up to the upper branches where a boy of about 12 was picking olives. Even from below, they could see that his smooth genitals had grown beyond the tiny nubs of childhood and his slender penis was longer than that of either of the two older males before them.

"Once their stones start to grow like that, hair is not far behind."

Quintus addressed the two slaves who were still lifting their penises.

"Very good. You two can return to work."

Marcus and Stefan nodded more in supplication than agreement, then they shuffled silently back to their tasks.

"But why the eagle's claws, and what's to stop them escaping?" Cassius asked.

"As I've already said, the claws stop the males from lusting after the females."

"Why not simply castrate them then?"

"That's a good question. There are several reasons: first, castration is irreversible. Once you've clipped a man, he can never go back and he'll resent you for the loss forever. Perhaps in a very rare while, I may give a hard-working slave his freedom, or allow him to become a breeder."

"I can't imagine they'd ever become breeders again after having their stones crushed in one of your claws."

"Ha ha! Well, it certainly takes them a while before they're able to breed. Usually three months before they can get it up. They'll be squirting nothing but water for the first year, but within two,

they'll be producing seed again. The knowledge that they can earn that chance is a powerful motivator, even if I don't award it very often."

"Yes, I can imagine."

"Second, a castrated man can still get it up. He could be fucking my wife and daughters, and now that he is no longer shooting seed, I'd never know. It has been the revenge of many a slave. And even if my beloved wife was completely loyal, I don't want a bunch of lustful slaves around the place."

"Surely they resent you for the fact that they are in constant pain?" Cassius said.

"I'm quite sure they do, but their pain reminds them that I control them completely: their pain and their pleasure. But more importantly; and this is my final point, the claws are impossible to remove without a special key, and only I have the keys."

"They can't simply cut through the arms or bend them apart?"

"Not without heating them in a forge. If they're willing to slow-roast their nuts to get the claws off, then they could free themselves. I've never met a slave yet with the courage or determination to make such a sacrifice. Perhaps one day a slave will be so desperate for freedom that he's willing to simply cut his stones away. But even then, it's not that easy for a slave to disappear. They all carry the mark on their arms and backs, and if they're caught after escaping, the punishments are far more painful. It happens, as you know only too well, but I have yet to lose one myself."

Cassius nodded approvingly.

"It's a brutal system, and your males are in constant pain, but I can certainly see the wisdom. Perhaps I shall instigate it on my small farm."

"You should. Try it with a couple of your strongest, most rebellious bucks first. Their work rate will drop for a few weeks, but if you threaten to tighten their claws more, they'll quickly raise their effort again, and their complete submission sends a powerful message to the other slaves."

Quintus looked to Valens. He draped his arm around the boy's shoulder once more.

"Anyway, I think I promised you something to raise your rod again didn't I?"

"It's quite alright sir. There's no need."

"Nonsense! A promise is a promise."

Quintus led Valens and his father from the grove back towards the villa, but when he was nearly at the veranda, he turned through an archway where there was a small vegetable garden. A young woman was on her knees tending to the plants.

"Aurelia, come here please."

The young woman rose to her feet. She was in her early 20s and naked just like all the other slaves.

"Yes dominus?" she said.

She had light, long brown hair, clear skin, and a slender figure with shapely breasts.

"Have you dipped your wick yet Valens?"

The teenager blushed.

“Yes sir.”

“Feels good huh?”

“Yes sir.”

“Had your pole sucked?”

“No sir.”

Valens’ face was blazing now.

“There’s nothing like it, and Aurelia here is one of the best. She was raised in a whore-house. She’s an expert aren’t you my dear?”

“Yes dominus.”

“Tell you what Valens, why don’t you show her your snake. She’ll turn it back into a pole in no time.”

“My snake? Now, with you watching?”

“Ha ha. Of course, boy! Come on, don’t be coy, whip it out.”

Valens looked at his father. His father looked back at him with a slight smirk. Valens looked at Quintus one more time, hoping it was a joke, but the senator simply stood watching him expectantly.

Valens reached beneath his tunic and unwound the waist coil of his subligaculum, then he untucked the front flap and pulled it away from his body, allowing the whole thing to fall away in one motion. His penis fell free. It was shrivelled now, like his balls, all small as though he had just emerged from a cold lake. Aurelia watched with curiosity.

“What do you think Aurelia?” Quintus asked.

“He’s not quite a man yet,” she answered diplomatically.

“It was a lot bigger earlier wasn’t it Valens?”

“Yes sir,” Valens mumbled, looking down at the ground.

“And Valens boy, what do you think of our dear Aurelia?”

He glanced at her, then back at the floor.

“She’s nice.”

“Nice? Look again boy. Take your time.”

Valens looked again, allowing his eyes to pass over her body from toe to face, raising his gaze slowly as though embarrassed to survey her. She smiled as their eyes briefly met and he looked quickly away.

“My, your son is a shy one Cassius,” Quintus said.

“He’s not usually this shy. Maybe it’s having his prickles dangling out that’s doing it.”

“Maybe. Valens, what do you think of her breasts, are they not glorious? Hold them in your hands. They’re wonderful yes?”

Valens reached out with both hands as he had been instructed. Her breasts were perfect: tight, pert, not too large or too small. He ran his hands over them slowly and licked his lips slowly as his adolescent mind considered the possibilities.

“Ahhh yes, I think he approves,” Quintus said.

Valens turned to the man, and the senator looked down at Valens’ groin with a grin. The boy followed the man’s eyes and was dismayed to see his pole standing up proudly from its dark tangle of hair.

“See Aurelia, he’s not so small now.”

She glanced down, then at Valens’ face. She smiled, not unkindly.

“No, nearly a man after all.”

“Tell you what my dear, why don’t you suck his pole. Do your very best job. Drain those young nuts of his dry! You can do it there beneath the tree. Valens, go, sit on the grass. She’ll give you a treat you’ll never forget.”

He gestured towards a stone pine with a bushy top that provided shade at its base.

“Your father and I will return to the veranda. You can join us when you’re done.”

Valens stood feeling awkward and childish. He looked at his father for comment raising his eyebrows in question.

“Father?”

“Your prickles says yes. I suggest you listen to it. You certainly won’t get a better offer today boy.”

Aurelia reached out and stroked his cheek tenderly, turning his head in the direction of the tree.

“Come, I’ll make it good. Not many males here without claws for me to practice on. You’ll love it, I promise.”

Valens allowed her to guide him to the base of the tree. He sat on the short, soft grass with his back against the trunk. She knelt in front of him, and moved his knees apart with her hands. His tunic fell away from his groin. Then she gripped his testicles gently in her left hand. Valens looked up at his father and the Senator, hoping they would leave him and the woman in privacy. Then he felt her tongue on his glans. He took a deep breath, and his eyes widened, surprised at how good it felt.

Senator Quintus smiled broadly.

“I think your son just discovered a whole new way to have fun. Come Cassius, let us leave him to it.”

Quintus turned and walked towards the veranda. Just before he turned the corner, he called out.

“Remember Aurelia, I want him completely drained.”

She lifted her head and turned towards her owner.

“Yes dominus. The young man will be dry as the sands of Egypt when we are done.”

The two older men retired to the veranda.

### Part 3

#### 23AD, Villa Herculaneum

An hour later, Valens found his father and Senator Quintus Faustus sitting on the veranda as the senator had promised.

"Ahh, here's our young colt," Quintus said. "Did you enjoy having your pole sucked?"

Valens smiled shyly and looked at the ground. His black hair was matted to his forehead.

"I'll take that as a yes, hmmm?"

Valens looked up at the man through his long dark lashes and nodded.

"Awww, look at him peering at me through his lashes. Such a pretty son you have Cassius. Look at him; he's still glowing. And it seems that she has sucked out what little speech he had."

Quintus smiled at his friend Cassius.

"Indeed. She must have been very good to rob you of your tongue so utterly son?"

Valens smiled.

"Yes father."

"Ahh, at last he speaks!" Quintus said. "Did she drain you completely? I can have her suck you longer if you like?"

He turned to Cassius.

"That woman could suck a plum through a worm's ass!"

Cassius laughed, and even Valens gave a broad smile.

"You agree?" Quintus asked.

"Yes sir, definitely," Valens agreed.

"So, shall I get her to suck you a little longer?"

"No. No thank you sir. No more, thank you," Valens replied quickly.

Quintus grinned broadly.

"Sucked those young nuts of yours empty huh?"

"Yes sir."

"She does have a rare gift doesn't she? Did she make your knees tremble?"

Valens hesitated a few moments, then nodded confirming the senator's suggestion. Both men laughed again at his shy candour.

"I expect you're still a little weak at the knees now boy?"

Valens nodded. The chest of his tunic was damp with perspiration.

“Well take this goblet of water. Do you think you have the energy to join us as we go check up on my newest slaves?”

“Thank you sir. Yes sir I do.”

“Good, then let’s go down to the fields to see how they’re doing.”

The wheat fields were further away than the olive groves in the opposite direction, but the group arrived soon enough. The fields were filled with naked slaves harvesting the early crop. As they got closer, Valens recognised the profile of the large man who had masturbated for the senator earlier.

“That’s the man from before,” he observed breaking his silence.

Valens had been quiet on the walk down from the veranda, whilst the two men talked about nothing important. The base of his cock ached pleasantly from the six orgasms Aurelia had drawn from him, and he was aware of his balls in a way he had never been before. The heft of them; their weight hanging in his loincloth. He felt them bouncing in his soft sack.

“Yes it is. Manfred. Look how he swaggers. He’s the only one without an eagle’s claw. He thinks he is better than the rest because of it, and because he thinks he is to be a breeder.”

“Is he not then?” Cassius asked.

Senator Faustus smirked but did not answer.

“Look, see how tall he stands Valens. Even though he is just a slave like the others, he looks down on them, literally and metaphorically. It’s amazing how a few inches of height and a large cock gives a man airs and graces isn’t it son?”

“Yes sir.”

“Still, unless you grow rapidly over the next few years, a large cock is not something you’ll ever have to worry about eh?”

Now it was Cassius’ turn to smirk as Quintus gently teased his son.

Valens blushed almost purple.

“No sir,” he responded quietly.

Quintus looked dead pan at the teenager’s crestfallen expression for few seconds then his face cracked into a broad smile and he wrapped an arm around the boy’s shoulder and drew him roughly to his side.

“Oh, I’m just teasing you Valens!” he said heartily. “I expect you’re perfectly normal for your age, and your cock is bigger than most of the men here!”

Valens looked at the workers. It was true. Their pain shrivelled cocks looked like slugs poking out from their groins.

“Oh look,” Quintus said, quickly moving on. “There are the other three new ones.”

He pointed far across the field.



“Are they? I can’t tell one person from another at that distance,” Cassius said.

“No, nor I my friend, but their gait is unmistakable. See how they shuffle with their legs spread like a post rider who had been in the saddle too long.”

“Ah yes, now you mention it, I see it clearly.”

“Come then, let’s go examine them.”

Quintus led them across the field until they stood before the three newly caged slaves. All three stood hunched, knees wide apart. Tears rolled down one of the men’s faces as they harvested the wheat, the other two had red-rimmed eyes and tear tracks in the dust that covered their cheeks.

“Well, my latest slaves. How are you doing? Settling in? Do you like your new jewellery?”

All three men stared sorrowfully at the senator but none spoke up.

“Well, cat got your tongues?!” Quintus demanded.

“No sir,” one of the men said taking the initiative. His voice was strained with pain.

Valens looked down. The testicles of all three men were bruised dark purple by their newest adornments.

“Not so good sir. These... these claws are agonising.”

“Yes, they’re supposed to be painful. I don’t want you lusting after my daughters. Or running away. I am the only one who can remove them. If you make a break for freedom, you’d better be willing to wear those for the rest of your lives.”

“I’m sure we could work much harder without them,” the slave ventured, struggling to speak through his pain.

Quintus laughed loudly.

“Nice try! Yes, I’m sure you could but then how could I ever trust you out of my sight?”

The three men looked forlorn.

“What, no answer?” Quintus taunted in a mocking tone. “And that is why you will continue to remain caged until you earn your freedom. A soft cock is a safe cock.”

The three slaves looked at him in silent misery.

“Shall we return to the villa?” Quintus said to Cassius, changing subjects as though the slaves’ acute suffering was trivial to him.

Cassius glanced at the caged slaves one last time.

“Certainly, my friend. Perhaps you’d be kind enough to give me another cup of wine from that jug you had Aulus bring?”

“Of course, of course. I just need to collect something on the way.”

They headed towards Manfred. As the two men set off, Valens glanced at the three slaves' caged testicles again, then at their sad faces. They looked back at him. He felt sorry for them. To be at the mercy of an owner like this must be unbearable. He then a tight smile of commiseration and empathy then followed his father and the senator.

"Manfred come with us. I need you for something."

"Right now dominus?" Manfred asked.

"Of course now. I'd hardly ask you now if I wanted to see you next week would I?"

"No dominus. Sorry sir."

Despite his earlier bravado and his swagger around the other slaves, Manfred was as eager to please as a puppy. In fact, he was positively excited. Was the master going to breed him already? He'd only been here a few hours and he'd already squirted a hefty load of cream on the senator's command earlier. His previous owner preferred him to abstain from masturbation or sex for a week at least before being to a female. Sometimes his cock was caged a month or two. Those times drove him almost crazy with lust but the payoff was always worth it as he deeply seeded a comely girl.

The master never bred him with the plain or ugly girls. What was the point in making broods of ugly brats? As a result, Manfred was always horny and eager to fuck on his master's command, and he saw no logical reason why Faustus would want to breed him with ugly women either. His cock started to inflate at the thought. Quintus looked down at the large cock, curved at half mast, as it rose its head in interest.

"See how quickly his cock rises? Manfred could be a very good breeder."

"Yes," Cassius agreed.

They returned to the veranda with Manfred and Valens in tow.

"Please take a seat Cassius. You too Valens. Aulus can pour you both a cup of wine – or water if that is still all you want to drink Valens."

Valens smiled.

"Thank you, sir."

Quintus nodded to the singularius standing patiently, and one of them grabbed Manfred from behind, holding the slave whilst his partner quickly tied ropes to the man's wrists and ankles. Manfred was large and lithe, but he was nothing compared to the huge size of the senator's protectors.

"Have I done something wrong?" Manfred asked, panicked by the unexpected turn of events. "Am I to be whipped?"

Quintus did not deign to answer him. Instead, he watched in silence.

The ropes attached to Manfred's wrists were thrown over wide spaced, heavy wooden beams that formed a trellis support at the open roof of the veranda. The singularius pulled the ropes, drawing his arms far apart, before tying them off. Then they did the same to the ropes around his ankles, pulling his legs so wide that his feet were off the ground shaping his body into an X.

"Master please? How have I displeased you?" Manfred begged.

Quintus stood before Manfred.

"Displeased me? You have done nothing wrong. You have a little too much swagger for my liking. That's a trait that all breeders share. As though you actually did anything to earn these."

He reached between the man's thighs and gripped Manfred's large testicles, then he squeezed slowly until Manfred grunted in pain.

"Not to worry, you'll soon lose that swagger once I fit this."

Quintus lifted an eagle claw in front of Manfred's face. Manfred stared at it for a couple of seconds until he realised what it was. Then he started struggling wildly against the ropes that held him, twisting like a long-winged insect caught in a spider web.

"Master no. Please! I thought I was to become a breeder? I'll serve you well. Please not that."

"I don't need a breeder. I need a good worker and you'll serve just perfectly once you've been properly brought down to size."

The look of disappointment on Manfred's face as he realised that he was not going to become a breeder and was not going to escape the others' fate, was almost comical.

"Please! I can be humble. I'll work so hard for you. Anything but that!"

Quintus walked behind and dropped to one knee, looking through Manfred's spread legs to Cassius and his son. Manfred's large, heavy nuts hung silhouetted between them like fruit in a sweaty scrotum. Quintus grinned, knowing the power he wielded.

"He'll be a lot quieter soon enough," he explained.

His two guests watched with interest.

Quintus opened the eagle claws wide: Not to their maximum extent, but far wider than he would for the average man. Then he gripped Manfred's large left testicle and lifted the left claw around it, arranging the testicle so that it was lying horizontally in the cage, its length going left to right, with its cord on the inside. Quintus twisted one of the two keys that were already inserted, and tightened it, watching both the horizontal and vertical claws close around the testicle. Then he pulled the key outwards a little way and continued to twist. The vertical steel claws continued to close around the middle of Manfred's testicle. Quintus stopped turning when the claw was pressed lightly but not tight against the man's testicle. Then he switched to the right testicle and repeated the procedure.

"Is that it?" Cassius asked.

Manfred shot him a look of pure hatred.

“No of course not. Just trapping them in place. Now to tighten them.”

“How do you know how much to tighten?”

“With a man’s stones, they can take a lot more squeezing around the middle than on the ends. That’s why I compress from the ends only. It causes a deeper pain. I use a simple method of judging. Look closely. See each of his stones is the shape of an egg? I simply tighten until they are round like a small tomato. That usually means I have squeezed it to about half of its length.”

Valens crossed his legs protectively. His testicles ached in sympathy at the mere thought. Cassius smiled slightly at his son’s instinctive reaction.

“In Manfred’s case, I will go a little further just to totally eliminate his swagger. It’s impossible to swagger when your stones are half crushed and your prickles are thin as a finger!”

As Manfred heard his fate, he resumed his struggles anew.

“Master nooooo, please, I’ll do anything!”

Cassius turned his smile to Manfred now. He knew only too well that the man would do anything regardless of whether or not his stones were crushed. It was never for slaves to pick and choose what they would do.

Quintus pushed the key in deeper so that it activated the horizontal claws and started to tighten the right testicular clamp. Almost immediately it started to hurt, and Manfred redoubled his struggles, twisting one way, then the other, constrained in each direction by the ropes that pulled his arms and legs outwards. He alternated between groans and screams as he tried to cope with the rapidly escalating pain in his testicle.

Manfred’s testicle started to deform and Quintus continued, heedless of the man’s obvious discomfort. In under a minute, the man’s enormous right egg was crushed spherical, squeezed on both axes like an over-stuffed pillow. Manfred screamed, tears rolling down his face as he discovered he was no more courageous than the three men who had been members of his party on the cart.

Quintus moved to the other testicle and started to tighten. Almost immediately, a stream of yellow urine squirted from Manfred’s now-slender penis, and fell to the floor.

“They all do that,” Quintus explained conversationally. “No man can hold his bladder if you squeeze his stones hard enough.”

Manfred howled continuously now. Valens continued to watch but the man’s pain made him queasy. He was not in favour of cruelty to slaves. If it was not for their utility around his home, he’d rather they were all freed.

Soon enough, Quintus completed his task. The connected eagle’s claws clasped Manfred’s testicles in their excessively tight embrace, squeezing the joy out of them, and leaving him instead with an acute pain that travelled all the way down his sciatic nerves as far as the backs of his knees.

“See that shivering?” Quintus said, pointing to the insides of Manfred’s thighs. “That’s when you know you’ve got it right. It’s an automatic movement. They can’t imitate it. When their legs start

trembling like that, you know they will not be able to get hard. Look how thin his cock is Valens. Yours is thicker now.”

“That must be so painful,” the boy said.

“Come here,” Quintus said.

Valens approached the senator. Quintus lifted the boy’s tunic then reached inside his subligaculum. He rummaged around until he found the boy’s right testicle. He squeezed its middle between his finger and thumb. Valens tried to show courage in front of his father.

“Quintus?” Cassius said, mildly concerned.

“Don’t worry, I’ll do no permanent damage.”

He was unrelenting. Valens drew his knees together, then lifted one leg off the ground defensively. He gripped the man’s wrist trying to pull his hand out of his underwear. Eventually, the youth let out a pained squeal.

“Owww!”

The senator released him and pulled his hand from the boy’s loincloth.

“What do you think? Painful?”

Valens’ face was screwed up in pain on the verge of tears, and he struggled to breathe. He nodded.

“Yes,” he said in a squeaky, strained voice.

His father laughed out loud.

“That’s teach you not to say foolish things boy!”

Quintus turned to the singularius. His mind was back on business. He glanced at Manfred.

“Untie him. I want him straight back in the fields. When the others see him so timid and tearful it will ensure that he loses his swagger forever.”

The men untied Manfred and supported him by lifting his arms around their shoulders. He staggered down the veranda steps with their support, sobbing as he went.

“Oh, and when you’re done there, bring Linus and Tulio back with you.”

One of the men nodded.

“Yes dominus.”

Then they headed back to the wheat fields with Manfred.”

#### **Part 4**

Quintus whispered to his vilicus. Aulus disappeared inside the house and ten minutes later he returned carrying two large serving platters. He placed them on the table as Quintus and Cassius continued to chat.

Cassius looked down at the small cubes of meat on one of the platters resting next to strips of asparagus.

“Beef?” he enquired.

“Giraffe.”

“Oh my goodness, you really *are* spoiling us today my friend! Not had the pleasure of giraffe in many a year. Valens, come sit. The good senator has put on quite a spread for us.”

Valens was idling, bored, near the edge of the veranda. Much as it was an honour to be invited to join his father at the senator’s villa, he was just like any young man, and would rather have been with his friends playing bones, or wrestling, or simply loitering around his home in Rome.

He rose and sat at the third stool.

Cassius said, “I don’t believe you’ve ever eaten giraffe meat have you?”

“No father, is it good?”

“Oh yes, quite delicious.”

Cassius turned to Quintus.

“With your permission?”

Quintus nodded graciously.

“Of course, of course, that’s why I had Aulus bring it.”

Cassius nodded to his son.

“Here it is. Try some.”

The young man reached over and picked up a cube of meat.

“Thank you,” Valens said to Quintus, omitting the “sir” he had offered earlier. His right testicle was still aching, long after Quintus had squeezed it.

Quintus smiled in acknowledgement.

“Be sure to dip it in garum. It’s much tastier that way.”

Valens dipped the meat into the small bowl of fermented fish sauce.

“And is that sea urchin I see beside it?” Cassius asked.

“Indeed. And over there are quinces and blackberries next to the figs. Please eat up. It’s the perfect time of year for it.”

“We really are blessed to be treated so well Quintus. I feel like royalty.”

“The pleasure is mine Cassius,” Quintus replied, nibbling at a piece of boiled sea urchin.

The group ate and chatted for 25 minutes. The sun started to lower in the sky. It would be evening within the hour.

The two singularis returned, accompanied by two people; a boy who looked to be in his late-teens and an older man.

“Ahh, good. Perfect timing!” Quintus said, as the group approached. “Here are Tulio and Linus. Linus is about your age I think Valens.”

Valens looked at the boy. He was thin, wiry, with poorly cut, close-cropped hair. The boy looked particularly sad. Valens glanced down between the boy’s legs. His testicles were crushed into two spheres by the double eagle’s claw wrapped around them. Valens couldn’t help but think that it was just a twist of the fates that gave one of them fine food, and the other a claw.

“What a sorrowful pair they make, don’t you agree Cassius?”

Cassius looked them both up and down.

“They certainly don’t look very happy.”

“And do you recognise them at all Cassius?”

Cassius scrutinised the pair more closely.

“Hmmm, no, not exactly. Two from me?”

“Yes, that’s right. Good workers. Unfortunately, I had to remove their tongues.”

“Their tongues?! By Jupiter, why ever would you do that if they are good workers?”

“Well, they kept on saying things. Disturbing things. Things that I would rather they didn’t say.”

“What sort of things?”

“Well, that’s actually the reason I invited you here today my old friend. They told me that they were citizens. That they were taken from their holding in Salapia over on the east coast.”

“The east coast? Hmmm. Well, I can’t say I remember them. When did I sell them to you?”

“About 9 months ago, but I think you are missing the point. Perhaps wilfully if I might say so. They are *citizens* Cassius.”

“Citizens you say? But I deal only in slaves taken from other dealers, or from prisons, or those that my own teams have captured out in the foreign lands. To capture citizens would be quite improper.”

“And against the law Cassius. Don’t forget that. We could both get in very serious trouble if we started dealing in citizens. Now you see why I had to cut out their tongues. Unfortunately, they are not the first of your slaves to make the claim. More than a dozen of my slaves have lost their tongues to protect us both.”

“I see that these two still wear your eagle claws though Quintus?”

“I paid good money for them. I don’t plan to let it go to waste even if they *were* citizens until you encountered them. These two will be with me until they grow old and die. But I don’t like being forced into such choices.”

“But how can you even believe their claims Quintus? You know every slave claims to be a Carthaginian prince or a Germanic nobleman whose family will reward you richly if you just set them free.”

Quintus smiled.

“That’s true enough my friend. Unfortunately, these two described their capture. They were by the coast, preparing to launch their small fishing boat when they were taken. Their boat was burned to hide the traces.”

“Well, that’s certainly an interesting tale my friend but what does it have to do with me?”

“They said you lead the capture party. And while they were being transported here, they heard your men call you by name repeatedly. And they gave an extremely accurate description of you and that bay gelding you love to ride so much.”

“Oh. Well, I’m sure it’s just a coincidence, but as a gesture of good will, I’ll happily take them off your hands and refund the purchase price, along with a little extra for your inconvenience?”

“No Cassius, I don’t think that will do. You have played me for a fool, and abused our friendship for your own profit. I’m afraid that you will need to pay a higher price.”

Senator Faustus nodded to the singularius and they moved in and seized Cassius by his arms.

“Wait, what are you doing? Quintus, my friend, surely we can talk about this? There’s no need for unpleasantness!”

“No, I’m afraid the time for talking is over. You need to learn a lesson. You cannot simply steal citizens from the fields and streets of the Roman empire for your slave business. They have rights.”

Quintus nodded to the singularius who were holding Cassius. They quickly strung him up where Manfred had been strung up not two of hours earlier.

“By the Gods what are you doing Quintus?!”

“I think that a little time as a slave will give you a greater respect for the laws of the empire my friend.”

“What? You can’t do that. I’m a citizen.”

Quintus gave Cassius a wry look.

“I’d think that you of all people, now of all times would not be using that as a plea.”

Cassius looked at the senator in a panic.

“No, you’re quite right. My friend please, Quintus, Senator, I’ll make it up to you. Don’t do this. You cannot. I’m too well known. People will notice. Caesar will hear of it.”

“I think you overrate your importance. And if Tiberius hears of this at all, he’s more likely to put you to death than to save you.”

Quintus walked up to Cassius, who was now strung up in an X, and tugged at the rope holding his tunic in place. The cloth fell open and Quintus pulled it away from the man’s body, allowing it to fall to the floor.

“Quintus please, forgive me!”



Quintus unravelled Cassius' subligaculum and dropped it on top of the discarded tunic.

"You misunderstand Cassius. I have already forgiven you. But you take dangerous risks with both our lives and you need to learn a lesson or you'll end up dead before your time. A year as a slave is exactly the lesson that you need."

"A year?! And what are you doing to me now?"

"You know my slaves are naked. You will receive no special privileges."

He looked at Cassius' naked body. The man was quite well built for a merchant: muscular, with a decent chest, although just a little soft around the belly. He had a thick rug of dense hair on his chest that led all the way across his belly to a large, equally thick bush at the base of his penis.

"My, my Cassius. I am impressed. You've stayed in much better physical condition than most traders."

Quintus patted his friend's stomach, then allowed his hand to drift to the man's penis. It was thick.

"You also know my slaves wear the eagle's claw. You will be no exception to that rule either."

"No! Have mercy my friend, please, not the claw. Punish me if you must, but not like that."

Quintus turned to Aulus and the man handed him a claw.

"No, I will not make an exception."

He turned to Tulio.

"Do you think that the man that captured you illegally and has condemned you and your son to a lifetime wearing the claw should be punished as you are?"

Tulio looked up at Cassius. Their eyes met and the smallest grin creased the corners of the man's mouth.

He nodded slowly but emphatically.

"Yeauh," he grunted, unable to articulate an "s" without his tongue.

"There you are then Cassius. What's fair is fair."

Quintus walked behind Cassius and reached between the man's hairy thighs. He gripped the man's testicles like a farmer checking out a prize bull.

"I must say, I'm surprised. You have a good bag on you. With stones like this, I'd expect that you would have produced more than just a single son."

He yanked the man's testicles down, locking first one, then the other testicle into the claw. Valens who had been watching in shock and dismay, threw himself to his knees beside Senator Faustus.

"Please senator," he implored, "my father has done terrible things, but don't hurt him I beg you. I will serve as your slave for a year as well if you leave my father unharmed."

Quintus turned to the teenager and cupped his cheek in his hand.

"Stand up boy. You're a good son Valens. Better than Cassius deserves. But sometimes a man cannot escape paying the price for his crimes, and this is such an occasion."

“Pleeeeee Senator. I beg you. I’ll do anything!” Valens persisted.

“Anything? That’s a very generous offer boy. Extremely generous, but I’m afraid I cannot accept.”

Without further delay, Quintus turned back to Cassius and tightened first the left then the right longitudinal band, transforming the man’s testicles from eggs into round balls, each the size of a large brussels sprout.

Cassius screamed as his testicles were crushed, pissing himself exactly as Manfred had done earlier.

Quintus turned to Valens. The boy looked almost as distraught as his father, powerless as he was to intervene.

“See, I told you; they always piss themselves.”

Quintus turned to Aulus and the man handed him something. A strange looking piece of apparatus.

“Something extra for you my friend,” he said to the howling man’s back.

He showed the object to Valens. It consisted of very thick leather belt attached to a four-inch steel rod. At the end of the rod there was a steel ball, about the same size as Cassius’ testicles now were. Attached to the base of the rod by a hinge, there was another curved bar, about four inches long. Along its length, two rows of metal balls, each the size of a pea were welded in pairs.

Quintus lifted the larger ball on a rod and rubbed olive oil onto it, then he pressed it against Cassius’ sphincter. Despite the extreme pain in his testicles, the man instinctively arched away from it to protect his sphincter from invasion, his howling taking on a momentarily higher pitch. But Quintus pushed harder, until the ball forced its way through. Cassius felt his sphincter snap shut behind the ball, gripping the steel rod it was attached to. Quintus pushed the rod all the way into the man’s hole until all four inches were embedded. Cassius could feel the ball pressing against his prostate.

Quintus grasped the second rod and rotated it up between Cassius’s legs, snapping the end into a special locking slot on the rear of the eagle’s claws. Then he adjusted the rod, lifting it until the tiny pairs of balls were pressing against the length of his perineum, each pair straddling the raphe seam that divided the man’s pudenda.

To finish, Quintus wrapped the thick leather belt around the man’s waist, locking it with a padlock at the rear.

“What’s that?” Valens asked.

“Little something extra I reserve for my special slaves. The balls will massage him constantly; make him horny, but the pain in his stones will stop him getting hard or relieving his lust. A year of constant pain and lust should ensure that your father obeys the law in future. And treats his best clients with integrity...”

Valens looked on sadly, unable to relieve either his father’s humiliation or his suffering.

“Don’t feel so badly. You don’t have to feel left out. You can enjoy the fun too.”

Quintus gave the singularius a nod and they grabbed the teenager, quickly stringing him up opposite his father.

“Sir what have I done?” Valens asked.

“Nothing. Nothing at all Valens. That’s the shame of it. But the sins of the father must also be borne by the son. Tulio and his son Linus. Cassius and *his* son Valens must pay the price.”

Quintus removed the boy’s tunic, then his subligaculum. Valens’ genitals flopped free. His were much more modest. His right testicle still ached from Quintus’ lesson an hour or so ago.

“Your prickle is much smaller now. Is your stone still hurting?”

Valens nodded.

“Ahh well, it will prepare you for your eagle claws.”

Quintus stepped behind the teenager and tightened the eagle claws in place.

“No, please,” Cassius grunted through pain-laboured breaths. “Not Valens too. He is blameless.”

“Such nobility,” Quintus teased. “If only you had shown such good character when capturing your slaves. Tell me Cassius, dear friend, how many citizens have you captured and sold into slavery – hundreds? Thousands? To capture barbarians, or to trade in criminals or deserters, that is one thing, but to turn the hard-working citizens of the empire into chattel, that is a crime worthy of death. No Cassius, you will watch Valens suffer the same fate as you, and as you see him scream as I squeeze his stones, remember, it is YOUR fault that he suffers so.”

Quintus started to turn the key, closing the claw around Valens’ left testicle. Almost immediately, Valens realised that the pain of crushing his testicle in that direction was incomparably worse than what he had believed was the extreme pain the senator had inflicted earlier on his right nut. The pain was acute, stabbing, sharp yet aching at the same time. He felt as though a knife was being driven through it and twisted, yet the pain was worse even than that. His penis shrivelled still further – well under two inches of flesh including its puckered brown foreskin.

“No please, pleeeeeease!” he screamed as his testicle was slowly squeezed.

Urine dribbled from his penis, but he neither noticed, nor would have cared about his lack of control. His left testicle was a small lump of pain. There were daggers shooting from it up into his belly and down the inside of his left thigh. He strained at the four ropes holding him in place as though he could imitate Samson at the temple, and pull down the beams that held his arms and legs spread so wide. But it was pointless. There was nothing he could do to protect himself as Quintus started to tighten the right-hand claw.

Valens’ right testicle was already aching from its earlier abuse. His screaming rose so high in pitch that it was like a young girl’s voice. Linus and his father watched solemnly. They had every reason to

despise Cassius, and it gave them both satisfaction to watch him suffer the same fate he had condemned them to, but neither drew pleasure from watching his innocent son's pain.

The inside of Valens' thighs trembled as though an electric current passed through them. Quintus took his time, using the young man's suffering to torment Cassius. A single, perfect 4-inch brown turd fired from the boy's anus, narrowly missing the senator's wrist, and landed with plop on the tiles; barely audible over the boy's screaming.

Then finally it was done. Cassius turned to Tulio and Linus.

"It is done. Now your tormentor and *his* son share your fate, for now at least. Return to your quarters. You may rest easy for the day."

They nodded and walked off, the sound of Valens' shrill screaming and his father's growling moaning loud in their ears.

Quintus addressed his vilicus.

"I'm going to the back of the house to see my family. I don't want to listen to these two. Aulus, take care of that," he pointed to the small turd that had fired from Valens' bottom. "I'll be back to deal with them later."

Two hours later, Quintus returned with his singularius following. Cassius was groaning and Valens was sobbing in gasps as he tried to catch his breath. His inner thighs were still trembling, just as his father's were.

Quintus walked over to Cassius.

"How are you enjoying your new adornments Cassius? Feeling horned yet?"

Cassius glowered at the senator in silence. Quintus smiled back at him.

"Ohhh don't give me that look Cassius. You tried to cheat me, and now you are paying the price. It could have been much worse."

He turned to his guards.

"Untie them."

The singularius untied Cassius and Valens. They both collapsed to the ground, their legs weak with pain and numb from the hours of suspension.

"Take Cassius to the slaves' quarters."

The guards lifted Cassius to his feet. As they carry-dragged him towards the edge of the veranda, he turned towards Senator Faustus.

"What about my son?"

Quintus smiled in a way that sent shivers down Cassius' spine.

"Don't you worry about him. He's going to be my house slave..."

## Part 5

### 23AD – The veranda at Villa Herculaneum

Valens watched his father staggering towards the slaves' quarters with the help of the singularius. He was fearful at seeing the man go, but at least their captor Senator Quintus Faustus had promised that they would only be held for a year. "Only". Even another two minutes of this misery seemed unbearable.

Valens looked between his legs. His penis was a shrivelled slug now, but that was the least of his concerns. Behind it, two four-fingered metal claws encased his testicles like a raptor carrying a tiny animal. The claws were closed tight, far smaller than the testicles they gripped, and doubly so along the length of each testicle, crushing his tender nuts into small round marbles of pain.

Senator Quintus looked at the boy's new adornments with satisfaction.

"Well boy, how do you like your claw?"

Valens lifted his head, tear still streaking his cheeks.

"Hurts," was all he managed to gasp through his pain.

"Yes, that's the idea."

With great effort, Valens said, "P... please. Take it off sir. I beg you."

"Oh, I'm going to. In a year, when your father has paid the price for cheating me."

Valens correctly surmised that there was little point in trying to persuade the senator to change his mind.

"How long will it hurt this much?"

Quintus frowned.

"Were you not listening when I explained out in the fields Valens? It will ALWAYS hurt this much. Every moment of every day for the next year, it will feel exactly as it does now: as though your nuts are being crushed. But, if it's any consolation, you will get used to the pain. Not today, and not this week, but you will eventually learn to live with it. I gather from the other slaves it will never be something you be able to completely ignore, but you will find it easier to endure."

This was not news that Valens was happy to receive. His groin and his lower stomach were a mass of pain; acutely sharp in his testicles but spreading far beyond.

“Anyway boy, no point in dwelling on it. Follow me, and I’ll show you where you’ll be living while you are here.”

Quintus turned and walked imperiously towards the house. Valens tried to follow, walking on tottering steps as though navigating a field of broken glass. Quintus realised that the boy was not keeping up with him and he turned and waited for Valens to catch up. He watched the youth’s pained steps with a smile.

“Aulus, help him or we’ll be here all night.”

“Yes domus,” his vilicus replied.

The man walked alongside Valens and put an arm around the boy’s waist to help him along. Then Quintus headed off again more slowly, towards the house.

As they passed through an internal atrium, a teenaged girl and an older woman were lounging and chatting. A naked boy of about 8 years stood attentively nearby. The woman glanced over with mild interest, and the girl rose to her feet.

“Cornelia my love, this is Valens. He’s going to be our new house boy.”

“But we already HAVE a house boy, or do you plan to get rid of Florin?”

The young boy looked alarmed. He moved close to Cornelia.

“No, no, Florin will stay, but I thought it might be nice to have someone a little older and stronger to help him.”

The woman stroked Florin’s hair as though he was a pet, and he moved closer still for reassurance.

“Oh, that’s good. I would HATE to lose Florin. He’s such a little dear.”

“This is Cassius’ son Valens. I told you last night that I was going to have to punish the man for selling me citizens as slaves. I thought it was only fair that his son shared his punishment. And truth be told, I didn’t think it wise that I should let the boy go free to start complaining around Rome about my punishment. He’ll be with us for a year, and then after that, he can complain to whomever he likes. The deed will already be done, and I doubt any court would sanction me for my choice of punishment.”

“Hmmm, seems a shame to torment the boy for the sins of the father, and he does look a sorry sight.”

Valens looked at her balefully.

“Well, his father captured a boy and his father and they will spend the rest of their lives wearing my claws. It seemed fitting that Cassius’ son should also share *his* fate. Think of it as a way to restore the cosmic balance; to appease Lady Justicia.”

“Oh, don’t be so melodramatic darling. You haven’t prayed to Justitia a single time in your life, you know you haven’t,” Cornelia said with an indulgent laugh. “Be honest; you wanted a nice clean, pretty boy around for you to fuck when I’m not in the mood.”

Valens looked up at her with an expression of shock.

Julia said, “The boy just discovered his fate. I don’t think it pleases him.”

Aulus smirked and looked at the floor as a wry grin spread across Quintus’ face. He looked at his vilicus and nudged his trusted assistant.

“My wife knows me too well eh Aulus?”

Aulus smiled.

“It is a fortunate man whose wife knows what he wants and is willing to give it to him domus. You are a lucky man Senator.”

“Always the taciturn one aren’t you Aulus, and you are perfectly correct of course.”

Quintus pulled his wife to him and gave her a tender kiss.

“I’m a lucky man.”

“The boy is not quite so lucky,” his daughter said.

“What?”

“The boy. Your new house boy. He’s not so lucky.”

“He’s two years older than you Julia,” Quintus said.

She sneered, looking down at Valens shrunken cock. It looked like it was nothing but foreskin.

“Well, he looks like a little boy now.”

She walked forwards and lifted the eagle’s claw clamped to Valens’ genitals. He winced and bent over instinctively trying to protect his testicles.

She smiled at him.

“Too late for that boy. The time for that was before my father turned your plums into cherries.”

The girl looked down at his compressed testicles. Her description was perfectly apt: Valens’ testicles had been compressed into perfect spheres, each now the colour of a dark Amerena cherry.

She flicked his pathetic shrivelled penis.

“This won’t be much good for anything now.”

Valens struggled not to weep. He didn’t want to reward her teasing with tears.

“Don’t tease the poor boy Julia,” her mother chided. “He’s unhappy enough.”

“He’s just a slave mother.”

### **One month later**

Valens stood just inside the closed door to Julia’s bedroom. She looked down at his claw.

“You’ve been here a month now boy. How do you like our home?”

He considered his answer. Every exchange with her was an opportunity for her to jibe him.

“With respect, I’d rather not be here mistress.”

She grinned.

“No, I suppose not.”

She pointed at his genitals.

“Have your stones stopped hurting yet?”

“No mistress.”

“Ah that’s good, that’s good. I’ve often wondered what it must be like to have two small orbs dangling there; so small, so soft, so vulnerable, so delicate. When I was 13, I used to play with the boys from a neighbouring farm. The eldest one was year older than me. So strong. I rather liked him actually. We used to wrestle naked – it was very unseemly. One day he had me pinned by the shoulders. He was sitting astride me and I could barely move. But my right arm was free. I reached up between his legs to the pouch that hung there and I gripped the stones within in my fist and pulled. At first, he refused to let me go. He was showing off to his younger brothers. So, I decided to squeeze and twist instead of just pulling. I could feel the lumps in his bag. I remembered being surprised at how soft they were. How small for such a big strong boy, right on the edge of manhood. I squeezed hard. He let me go then, and surrendered. But I wasn’t interested. I kept squeezing and he started screaming and trying to get away, but I had him. He tried to peel my hand away, but whenever he touched me, I squeezed harder and it stopped him in his tracks. I squeezed harder and harder, then I felt one of his balls pop, followed immediately by the other. He screamed so high I thought he was a little girl. Then his face turned this dark purple colour, and he threw up.



I never forget the feeling. It wasn't a big pop like a sheep's eyeball, it was a soft squish, like bursting two grapes. Or when you accidentally tread on a slug and you feel its guts squirt out of its body. He rolled off crying. He wasn't the strong one anymore. His father came to our villa to complain, but when I told them he wouldn't get off when I told him, my father sent the man away. No boys would ever wrestle with me again after that. I guess the word got around. But I often think of that boy; Regulus his name was. It means little king but now he'll never even be the ruler of a household. Not without balls he won't."

Valens listened in silence and horror, wondering where the conversation was leading. She looked at him.

"You don't have to be afraid. I'm not going to do that to you. My father would disown me if I did. But I was wondering, what does it feel like?"

"What does what feel like mistress?"

"Having your stones crushed."

He considered the question.

"It's a terrible agony. It starts as a deep ache then it turns into a sharp stabbing pain. It's not like any other type of pain I've experienced."

"Hmmm, that's very interesting. I suppose that's why your prickle is so small, or was it tiny before?"

She gestured towards his inch and a half penis contemptuously.

"Yes mistress."

"Regulus had a big one for his age. He was proud of it. He tried to persuade me to let him put it in me, but I'm not letting an equite seed me if I have the choice. I'll save myself for a patrician; maybe a consul, or even a senator like my father."

"When I burst Regulus' stones, it wasn't so big any more. It shrivelled – not anywhere near as pathetic as yours, but still small. I wonder how big it is now; if he's still proud of it. What do you think Valens?"

She rarely used his name, preferring instead to belittle him with "boy".

"I don't know mistress. I wouldn't imagine so."

"No, nor would I."

She smiled sweetly as though enjoying the memory of her achievement.

"Anyway, enough talk."

She started to remove her tunic.

“Have you ever had a woman boy?”

“Yes mistress.”

“How many?”

“Three.”

He wondered if the blowjob from Aurelia counted. He decided it didn't.

“Had any boys?”

“Four.”

“Been fucked, or were you doing the fucking?”

“I was... I have not been fucked mistress.”

“Ah. Who were they?”

“The boys?”

“All of them.”

“They were mostly slaves my father was selling. Two were boys I know.”

“Of course. And did you enjoy it?”

Valens thought back. It was hard to even think about sex now with his testicles constantly aching, but it had been one of his favourite activities.

“Yes mistress.”

“Good, good.”

She stood naked before him.

“What do you think?”

He looked at her nubile young body. In other circumstances his pole would be standing the moment he saw it.

“You are very beautiful mistress.”

“Yes, I am.”

She sat on the bed and spread her legs.

“Come here boy. Lay between my legs.”

She gripped his tiny slug and tugged him down onto her as she lay backwards.

“Now rub your prickle against my mound. Make yourself hard.”

Valens ground his groin against her.

“That’s it, use your prickle boy.”

He ground his cock against her slit. It stayed resolutely limp.

“Come on boy, get it up. I need a cock inside me. Are you such a drooping cuckold that you can’t even get hard for a beautiful woman? Try caressing my breasts. Maybe that’ll put wood in your maggot.”

He caressed them as she instructed, but unsurprisingly, nothing happened down below. His flaccid nub ground back and forth against her mound, but there was no excitement.

Even if he was not wearing the excruciating eagle’s claw, he might not have been able to perform under such circumstances. Her constant barrage of belittling insults was like dousing his libido in the river Tiber, and her unsettling pleasure at his pain was like dousing it there in winter!

After ten minutes, she stopped him.

“What a limp disappointment! Reach into that cupboard. There’s something that will help you.”

Valens clambered off and opened the cupboard. Inside he found a 5-inch wooden cock attached to a harness. He lifted it from the cupboard.

“It’s not big but it’s harder than yours. Was yours even that big before my father turned your balls into cherries?”

“Yes mistress,” Valens acknowledged sullenly.

“Hmmm, I find that hard to believe.”

She gestured to the dildo.

“That’s it, put that on. You might not have wood, but at least I can still feel some inside me.”

He put the dildo on. There was a belt that passed around his waist and straps that wrapped around the inside of each thigh.

“Make sure it’s tight,” Julia urged.

He did as she commanded. When the dildo was securely attached, the base pressed against his pubic bone and his tiny cock dangled beneath.

“Good, now grease it well and come over here and fuck me.”

Valens greased the dildo from a pot of goose grease in the cupboard then he returned to Julia on the bed. He climbed on and carefully inserted the dildo.

“Now fuck me boy.”

Valens thrust his pelvis back and forth rhythmically and Julia slowly writhed on the bed.

“Oh yes,” she moaned, “That’s more like it.”

As he fucked her, his eagle claw swung back and forth below.

He continued at a steady pace.

“Good, keep going boy.”

Valens drilled her for 15 minutes. She looked up at him and his face was sheathed in sweat and his dark hair clumped and fell in front of his face.

She stroked his lithe body, running her fingers over his lean six pack.

“I bet you never managed to last this long before did you boy?”

He supported his weight on straight arms above her.

“No mistress,” he answered truthfully.

Julia grinned contemptuously.

“I thought not. Suck my breasts boy.”

Valens lowered his head to her chest and sucked them.

“Keep sucking. Now fuck me faster.”

He moved his pelvis quicker.

“Yes, good boy. Even faster.”

He pumped faster still.

“Harder!”

He smashed his groin against hers, driving the wooden cock into her. His useless real cock wobbled and bounced underneath, and at the start of each forwards stroke, the metal eagle claw smashed against the wooden cock as the change of direction swang it higher, making a tap, tap, tap that sounded like a knife being repeatedly tapped against a wooden bowl.

Julia’s head fell back.

“Yes, more. Just like that!”

He pumped faster, then she reached up and wrapped her arms around his torso and pulled his body towards hers. She raked his back with her nails.

“Fast as you can boy!”

She had pulled their two bodies together chest to chest, restricting his movement, but Valens slammed into her like a horny chimpanzee.

“Yes, YES!” she gasped triumphantly, as he bounced his pelvis against hers. It gave him absolutely no pleasure, but she was in ecstasy.

She wrapped her legs around him, drawing him deeper into her. He could barely move at all now but he kept trying She writhed euphorically beneath him, then collapsed into the bed and lay still. He continued to fuck her limp body until she reached up and pushed his face away from her.

“That’s enough now boy. You’ll turn my cunny into bloody meat if you keep going.”

Valens stopped fucking her and knelt up, pulling the greasy pole from her. It poked out of his groin at a right angle, and beneath, his nub hung soft and lifeless. Julia reached up and gripped it.

“Pathetic. You feel nothing. No flicker of life down there do you boy?”

“No mistress.”

She grinned.

“Take that thing off.”

She gestured towards the dildo.

Valens climbed off the bed and removed the dildo, then he turned to put it back in the cupboard.

“No wait. Don’t put it away.”

She stood up, and extended her hand so that he could pass it to her.

“One good fuck deserves another.”

Valens’ eyes widened as he realised what she was suggesting.

“Please mistress no.”

She looked coldly at him and he realised there would be no reasoning with her. He handed her the dildo, and she strapped it on, taking her time to increase his dread.

“You know,” she said, stroking his cheek as though he was a small child, “it’s lucky I like you boy, or I wouldn’t grease it first.”

Valens looked at with an expression of fear. He knew he should thank her for the concession, if only to pander to her ego, but he felt sick to his stomach: even more than he had every waking second since Quintus crushed his stones into his fiendish claws.

Julia ignored his silence, and turned instead to the cupboard. She smeared a generous handful of grease onto the dildo, then turned back to him. He watched her with trepidation.

“You know you’ve got beautiful eyes,” she said, looking into his dark brown, long-lashed eyes. “I can see why father would like you. Has he fucked you yet?”

He shook his head fearfully.

“Probably saving you for something special. Turn and lay over the edge of the bed with your ass in the air.”

Valens opened his mouth to make one final plea, but he saw nothing but humour in her eyes. He shut his mouth without saying anything, then he turned laid on the bed.

She spread his hairy ass cheeks with the fingers of her left hand, and guided the head of the dildo to his starfish with her right.

“Here it comes!” she said jauntily.

She pressed against him. He clenched his sphincter and pressed back, careful not to make his movements too obviously defiant. She pressed harder, and he tensed more. She laid on him with her full weight, then reached around to the eagle claw. She gripped it, digging her finger tips into the bulging flesh of his brutally squeezed testicles.

“Stop... fighting... me!” she said, squeezing the tender flesh.

Valens let out a strangled yelp and flinched. That momentary distraction was all it took and then the dildo pushed through his sphincter's defences. It slid all the way in and there was nothing now that he could do to fight back.

Julia grabbed both of his hip crests and started fucking him, driving the dildo home hard every time.

"Is this how you took those slave boys Valens? Did you force them onto their stomachs to take your stiff prick as though they were women? Now you know how they felt. Do you like it boy?"

She pumped hard, pounding his hole aggressively.

"Do you like being taken like a five aureus scortum?"

She compared him to the most demeaning form of prostitute – not the meretrix favoured of the nobility, but the cheap back-alley whores who would take it in the ass on a public street for little more than the price of a loaf of bread.

Valens lay face down on the bed, refusing to acknowledge her insult, knowing it would only embolden her. He'd never had a prick in his ass – it was a matter of pride. He fucked others: slaves, his friends, but a young man of his status did not take it up the ass. Not until now. The indignity was almost unbearable, but the pain in his balls eclipsed it. It had been bad enough, before, but now that she had squeezed what little he had left, his whole body trembled at the agony of it.

He felt her pounding him; the dildo sliding in and out. It pressed against his prostate at the extent of its downward stroke.

Then Julia grabbed his hair and pulled his head back.

"Do you like that boy? Your first cock? I bet you do. I bet you've secretly been longing for it, you filthy pillow biter!"

She grabbed a cushion and placed it in front of him, then she forced his face into it.

"Go on, now you can bite the pillow!"

He turned his head to the side so that he could breathe, and she continued pounding him until she grew bored. Then she stood and unstrapped the dildo. His asshole was stinging.

"Get up boy. I'm done with you. For now. But I'll be seeing you again."

Valens rose to his feet. His face glowed crimson at the shame of her debasement. Then she looked at the bed.

"What's that? Did you squirt on my bed boy?!"

The pounding had massaged the juice from his prostate. Not semen rich, but still creamy. He looked at it with shame.

"I'm sorry mistress. It wasn't on purpose."

"I don't care. On your knees. Lick it up."

"Mistress no, please."

She pulled a whip from her cupboard and hit him with it with a sharp crack.

"Do you defy me boy?"

He raised his hands to protect himself.

"No mistress! Sorry mistress!"

He dropped quickly to his knees and started to lick at the puddle of seminal fluid. She whipped him across the shoulders. He flinched then continued licking. She whipped him again and again, drawing blood before her temper was sated. He swallowed his own cream, then he turned and stood, facing her.

"It's gone mistress. Sorry mistress."

"Good now get out of here and return to your room."

"Yes mistress."

Valens turned and started walking away when a foot rose between his thighs and struck his tortured testicles...

## **Part 6**

Senator Quintus Faustus wandered out to the fields where he spotted the familiar figure he was looking for. He approached a naked man who was harvesting wheat.

"Cassius, my friend, how are you faring?"

Cassius stopped his work and turned to Quintus. To him, the term "friend" no longer fit but he played along with the conceit.

"As you might expect Quintus, given the fact that my stones are in constant pain and I am being toiled like a common slave."

Quintus looked down at the man's groin. His formerly fat testicles were being brutally squeezed between the talons of two connected four-fingered metal claws that he called his "eagle's claws."



“Well, that’s to be expected. My claws are designed to keep you in constant pain after all. Just be grateful that your claws will eventually be removed, unlike the many male citizens that you kidnapped and sold to me.”

“Is there nothing I can say or do to persuade you to remove this Hades-spawned device from my stones? I’m willing to make amends if you will permit me.”

Quintus smiled.

“My friend, you are *already* making amends. Working as my slave for a year, while your stones are being crushed to a mere shadow of their former size will doubtless instil you with a new sense of empathy so that you are never again tempted to harvest your slaves from among the citizenry. And the work is clearly doing you good judging by your increased muscles.”

He looked down and swatted at Cassius’ penis with a smile.

“Perhaps not every part of you has fared so well.”

The man’s formerly-thick cock now formed a 90-degree curve no longer or thicker than his pinky finger. It jiggled as it was hit, the flesh taut. Cassius looked up at the huge singularis who hovered discretely behind the senator, ready to leap to the man’s defence at a second’s notice. He knew that he had no option but to accept the man’s casual contemptuous ridicule.

“I see the eagle has taken its toll on your cock. We have a phrase for that. We say that ‘the eagle has caught a worm.’ You are more fortunate than most. I wonder if it will ever grow as large as it once was after an entire year with your stones in its claws? Your stones certainly won’t. Valens has been even less fortunate, but then he had much less to start with, didn’t he?”

Cassius’ attention rose at the mention of his beloved teenage son. He had been forced to suffer a similar fate as his father.

“Valens. How is he?”

“Oh, he’s fine. In his case, the eagle has caught a maggot rather than a worm, and of course, he’s no more comfortable in his claw than you are. He’s quite the solemn one if truth be told. In fact, he’s the reason that I came to visit you. I thought you might like to know; he’s going to lose his virginity this evening.”

Cassius frowned.

“But he’s already...”

Then he comprehended what Quintus was telling him. His son was going to have his hole violated tonight. His mouth gaped for a moment.

“Please Quintus, not that. He will eventually recover from this ordeal, but if you take his hole, his soul will be scarred and he will never be able to walk with his head high again.”

“Nor will the slaves you illegally captured and sold to me. Anyway, it’s too late, I’ve already invited several guests to enjoy his fruits. I’d hate to disappoint them. I just thought you’d like to know. Be sure to think of him as you sit down to supper this evening. That will be about the time he loses his flower.”

Quintus smiled. He had deliberately used the term for the female genitalia just to rub it in to Cassius that his son was to be used as a woman. He wanted Cassius to feel the maximum distress as

punishment for his dishonesty, and there was no better way than to treat his son like one of the effeminate male prostitutes that worked willingly in some of the more exotic fornix in Rome.

He turned and walked away with a smirk, leaving Cassius to imagine his son's fate.

Valens stood attentively at the edge of the communal bath shared by Quintus with his wife and daughter. Nearby, a small naked boy of 8 held a coarse cloth.

"Be a darling won't you Florin," the elder woman said, "and scrub my back with that cloth."

"Yes ma'am," the little boy said, and started washing her back.

"I'll have more wine too please Valens," she said, turning to the teenager.

He poured wine into her cup.

"I have to say, it is nice to have another houseboy, and one whose prickle can be trusted not stand up and start twitching at the sight of a woman's naked body."

She reached out and flipped Valens' lifeless, shrivelled brown penis from below with the edge of her index finger. It bounced pathetically. His cheeks glowed red at her touch, but he knew better than try to avoid it. His testicles were being crushed inside one of Quintus' eagle claws, and Valens' primary physical sensation was a deep and constant ache that overrode all other feelings. But the man could always make the pain worse by the simple act of tightening the claw.

"I love the ones from high upbringing," Julia said. "They always get so much more embarrassed."

Quintus smiled.

"If you're embarrassed now Valens, you will be doubly so tonight. I'm holding a party and you will be the guest of honour. You'll be losing your cherry. In fact, I think it's quite likely that that tight hole of yours will be fucked until it looks like a baboon's ass!"

Valens had once seen a baboon in a cage brought by traders from Africa. Its bottom was huge, red and raw-looking. The image of his own hole bearing any resemblance to such a thing sickened him. A rush of dizziness overtook him and he felt himself swaying. He managed to maintain control, but he could do nothing to hide the look of horror on his face.

"I don't think he likes the sound of that father," Julia teased with a smug grin.

"No matter; the bashful ones are always the most fun, and everyone loves a virgin."

Valens thought better of informing the man that his daughter had strapped on a wooden dildo and fucked him on several occasions.

"Well just you make sure to wash the shit from your cock before you climb into bed with me," his wife Cornelia said with unusual crudeness.

She looked at Quintus with mock sternness.

"Yes dear," Quintus replied with a grin, playing the role of a chastened husband.

As evening drew forth, Quintus retired to his triclinium; a room that served as both dining room and lounge. Over the next hour, his guests arrived, and were brought to the large room to join him. He plied them with small delicacies and diluted wine as they lounged around on the low couches that lined three of the walls.

A trio of musicians played quietly in the corner.

“My friends; honoured guests, you’ll forgive the meagre fares that I have provided. It is not, as you may suspect, because my fortunes have waned...”

He waited while his guests laughed and threw playful remarks his way. He accepted the remarks with a good-natured smile.

“No, it is because further guests will be joining us, and I think that you would prefer that you can keep your cocks hard when they arrive.”

There was a surge of cheering and ribald comments as the guests received the news that the evening would include fucking.

“Let me start by introducing Florin and Camilla.”

He gestured to his vilicus who stood by the entrance to one of several fauces or corridors.

“Aulus, bring in the children.”

Florin, his wife’s 8-year-old houseboy, and a little girl a year or two younger walked to the centre of the floor. Both were naked. The girl wore feathered wings, the boy had fake horns on his head and a little tail made of fur. The guests chuckled at the children’s costumes.

“They are going to dance for us, although they haven’t been training for long.”

The music rose in volume and tempo and the two young children started to dance, whirling and twisting and bouncing in a dance that was halfway between the sinuous dance of Aphrodite, and the rhythmic jumping of African tribal dancers.

Neither of them was very good, and there was a distinctly amateur, child-like quality to their movements as they struggled to repeat what they had been taught.

After 10 minutes, the music became more languid and sensuous, and the children’s dancing took on a more erotic tone. They both circled and thrust their hips in parodies of fucking motions. They circled each other, moving ever closer and staring at each other with surprising intensity.

Then they moved and bounced their pelvises together in time with the music, their hairless groins bouncing off each other, as they sent ripples up and down their small bodies. Florin’s penis was soft, but the guests were nonetheless amused by the children’s simulated coupling.

When the music stopped, the children bowed as the guests clapped and cheered. Camilla stood with a happy smile, but Florin looked apprehensively to Quintus for approval. Quintus nodded and smiled to the boy and Florin smiled back, relief evident on his face.

“What my little dancers lack in expertise, I’m sure you’ll agree, they make up in charm,” Quintus said.

His guests smiled and nodded their agreement.

“Indeed,” Constantius said, “but are they even capable?”

“No, most certainly not. I had Florin clipped when he was five years old. I doubt he could get a rise even if his life depended on it.”

He shoed the children away.

“And now,” Quintus said, “the main attractions.

He nodded to Aulus, and the man gestured to two pretty women in their early 20s. They were naked, and wore flowers in their hair. They smiled coquettishly, but both were well trained in the arts of Aphrodite.

“I think you remember Sabina and Marilla from our gathering last spring.”

The guests nodded and smiled.

“Yes, they’re very nice Quintus, and I don’t want to appear unappreciative” a hugely overweight middle-aged man said, “but if you recall, the last time, several of us mentioned a preference for satyrs rather than nymphs.”

Quintus smiled broadly.

“Indeed, I do remember Aloysius, and that is why I have an additional guest for your pleasure.”

He nodded to Aulus once more, and the man gestured to Valens who was standing naked and out of sight of the guests. Valens felt his stomach knot, but he stepped shyly into sight of the guests, looking at them through the fringe of his dark hair.

Aloysius gasped.

“Oh my, Quintus, what is this treasure you have found?” he simpered as effeminately as any exoltus.

Truth be told, Quintus was not particularly keen on Aloysius. The man was drawn to Venus just a little strongly, and even now he wore lipstick, rouged cheeks and had flowers atop his head. But he was a useful ally and he had contacts all over Italy.

“This is Valens. He’s one of my slaves. He serves as houseboy. He’s been with me a few months, but I have been saving him for you Aloysius. He’s fucked a few wenches, but otherwise he’s a virgin. His hole is doubtless tight as a newborn calf’s.”

“And you would know all about that wouldn’t you Aloysius!” another guest said, nudging the fat man’s arm.

“Not since I discovered your son Pius!” Aloysius retorted with a hearty laugh.

Pius was momentarily taken aback at the suggestion that Aloysius was fucking his young teen son, but he was the one who'd started it. In any case, Aloysius was the kind of man who could make anyone, short of the Emperor himself, disappear, so he grinned at the man's response.

"Oh, good come back Aloysius, you put me in my place!" he said, laughing just a little too hard.

Aloysius turned his attention to Valens.

"He's a sweet boy. May I..." he said glancing at Quintus.

"Of course, of course."

Aloysius turned back to Valens.

"Come here boy."

Valens approached timidly and stood before the man. Aloysius was reclining on his side on a lectus tricliniaris; a padded couch used for lounging whilst dining. He sat up and looked at Valens.

"He's very clean. He's been well looked-after."

"Yes, he came from... good stock. He was not always a slave in fact."

"Oh, how delightful, a boy who was once a freeman, or dare I even suggest it, a citizen?"

Quintus gave an inscrutable smile and a twisting head nod.

"Let's just say, his father had a debt to repay, and Valens was taken in partial payment."

"Simply magnificent! The sons of citizens always make the best playthings. They are so proper and they get so indignant and upset when you treat them like whores."

He addressed Valens.

"Turn around boy."

Valens did as he was told and Aloysius spread his buttocks to look at his sphincter. He licked a finger and worked it inside. Valens grimaced against the intrusion. The finger was bad enough, but in front of an audience? It was the most humiliating experience of his life. But that was soon to change.

"You're right, his pucker is as tight as a puppy's arshole."

Quintus smiled, hiding his distaste at the analogy. He was not entirely sure that Aloysius did not have first-hand experience to back up his comparison.

Using the boy's hips to turn him, Aloysius turned Valens back to face him. He looked at Valens pain-shrunk penis, then he lifted it between his index finger and thumb and wagged it in the air.

"What a pathetic little maggot. How old are you boy?"

"Eighteen sir," Valens replied, blushing.

"You have the cock of a boy not old enough for hair. And what's this?" he said, lifting the claw that encased Valens' testicles.

A new young senator called Tuilio answered.

“That’s one of Quintus’s eagle claws. He uses them to keep his slaves in order. Have you not seen them on his field slaves?”

“No, I haven’t. How do they work dear Quintus?”

“It’s pretty simple really my friend. The claw closes around the slaves’ stones, and can only be unlocked with a very special key. Once the claw grips the stones, it squeezes them, with predictable discomfort. It stops the males from getting aroused around the females, and it also ensures that they remain focussed on their work.”

“How very inventive of you Quintus, but doesn’t it take a while to put them on at the start of each day?”

“Oh, they are never removed. Valens has been wearing his for months now.”

“And the discomfort remains?”

“Most definitely. And I tighten his just a little each month to guarantee it. That is why this young man’s prickle is so tiny.”

Aloysius beamed at the idea. He spoke to Valens.

“Does it hurt much boy? Describe it to me.”

“It hurts a great deal sir. As though I have just been kicked in the stones.”

“Marvellous!” Aloysius said effusively, “I like my boys in pain; it makes them clench tighter and a shrivelled maggot makes my cock harder. Ball pain is the best but I always go too far, then they can’t be used again.”

Quintus smiled through his distaste yet again. Aloysius had a reputation for sadism and depravity, but the senator has not before seen it on display.

Aloysius pawed at the front of his toga.

“My cock is hard right now. May I?”

“Of course, I saved his hole specially for you.”

Aloysius pulled aside the front of his toga. Beneath it, he was wearing a subligaculum; a cotton loin cloth tied around his waist. Valens looked down at it. The pouch hung heavy, and there was a ridge where the man’s cock rested. He untied the loin cloth and unwound it from between his legs.

A huge, heavy pair of balls flopped out, and his penis bounced into view. Much of it was buried in the fat of his lower belly, but four inches showed. It was thick but it looked puffy. He sat back down on the couch and spread his legs.

“Suck me boy, and mind your teeth.”

Valens looked at the man’s cock apprehensively. He dropped to his knees, gripped the meat in his hand. He could barely get his fist around it but he started sucking. He did not want to taste it so he wrapped his lips around it and kept his tongue well back in his mouth and out of the way. Like all Romans, the man’s penis was uncircumcised. It had a coarse, heavy foreskin covering the head, and Valens was more than happy to leave it in place. Aloysius had other ideas. He reached down and gripped near the root of his penis, moving his fist towards his body to unskin the head. Valens felt stickiness on his lips.

“Use your tongue,” Aloysius said.

Reluctantly, Valens started licking the man’s pre-cum coated glans.

“Lick me like you were licking your own pole. Come on boy, put some feeling into it, or I’ll be asking Quintus to tighten that claw between your legs until we discover just how small it will go.”

Valens had no desire to find out the answer to that question. His testicles were already the size and colour of cherries. He poked out his tongue and started licking Aloysius’ penis, running his tongue over the glans. The precum had almost no taste, but its generous presence still disgusted him. He tried to remember how Quintus’ female slave Aurelia had sucked his prickles. It was just a few months ago, but three months of constant pain in his stones made it seem like a whole lifetime ago.

Then, she had licked and teased, and tantalised his dome, forcing him to give up his cream as she sucked him dry. Even though it was on the estate of Senator Faustus, and in an open arbour where people could, and did wander by, it was the most exciting sexual experience of his life, and though he was shy, the occasional passing-by of slaves gave his first blow job a frisson of forbiddenness that only made him the more excited. And now he was trying his best to reproduce her technique on another male.

He flicked his tongue out, lightly teasing the man’s glans, then he ran it around the rim and up and down his fraenum.

“Ohhh yes,” Aloysius murmured appreciatively. “You have a real gift. I’m certain this young man has done this before Quintus.”

Quintus was ploughing one of the two girls.

“Maybe he’s been taking lessons?” he suggested with a smile.

“Well, that’s one class he should keep attending!” Aloysius said.

He pushed Valens’ face from his penis.

“Enough, you’ll make me spill my seed before I’ve sampled that sweet ass, and I know you wouldn’t want that!”

Rufus, one of the other guests laughed.

“Aloysius, I suspect that’s one honour the boy would happily forego!”

“Maybe so, but it’s not an opportunity that I would pass up on. Virgins are so hard to find in Rome these days. Just ask your son, eh Pius?”

Pius smiled indulgently, wishing he’s never teased the man earlier.

Rising to his feet again, Aloysius addressed Valens.

“Here boy, lay on your back where I was. Lift your legs in the air so that I can see that nice round ass of yours.”

Valens did as he was instructed. Aloysius took a smear of animal fat from one of the plates and smeared it on the youth’s hole, then he again pushed a finger in, then he added another, twisting to loosen the boy’s sphincter.

He wiped the grease from his hand, then knelt behind Valens. He gripped one of the boy's ankles in each hand and pushed the boy's legs back to either side of his head, spreading them wide apart. It was an incredibly undignified pose for the young man to be in, but all he could do was stoically lay there, with his tiny cock laying back on his belly, its puckered end stopping well short of his navel and his small clawed balls on top.

Aloysius carefully aimed his cock at Valens' hole. As he felt it touch him, Valens held his breath, unsure what to expect. The man's penis looked as thick as his arm.

Aloysius leaned against him, and Valens instinctively clenched his hole.

"Don't fight against me boy!"

Valens breathed rapidly and forced himself to relax. Aloysius's cock drilled its way inside him, and though he was trying to be courageous, Valens winced as it forced its way in, stretching his hole. The obese man smirked and slapped the boy on his right buttock.

"Yes boy, that's what it feels like to lose your manhood. Never again can you look another male in the eyes as an equal."

Valens frowned, his closed mouth puckered into a near-circle and his eyebrows wrinkled deeply, mortified at the knowledge that the man was right. The only boys who took it up the ass were weaklings, slaves, or lovers of Venus. He and his friends had no respect for such boys, but now he was one of them.

Aloysius started to fuck him, holding his weight off the boy so that he could use his hips to beat out a rhythm. His cock was puffy, only half hard. Age and overuse had weakened it. Valens felt as though the man was repeatedly forcing a small pillow in and out of his hole. It hurt, but he was grateful that the man was not as hard as his had been when he had held Aurelia's breasts in his eager hands.

Around them, three of the other guests were enjoying the two young nymphs, taking them in various manners. The sounds of mostly middle-aged men groaning with pleasure, and the odour of their sweat made the triclinium feel like a whorehouse. The two young women were lithe and imaginative, and they made exaggerated moans of pleasure designed to boost the egos of the guests.

Another man moved in above Valens' reclining head and tipped the boy's face backwards towards him.

"Do you mind if I use his mouth Aloysius?"

"Of course not Tulio, be my guest," Aloysius said magnanimously.

Tulio nodded a thank you then pushed his cock into Valens' mouth and started fucking the boy's face.

"Tongue boy, tongue. No teeth!"

Valens obeyed, trying to comply with the man's wishes whilst his asshole was simultaneously reamed. He felt as though they were filling his body at every hole.



Aloysius increased his pace, and the sound of his low, heavy balls slapping against Valens' spine showed that despite his massive bulk, when he was sufficiently motivated, the man could still fuck with vigour.

He reached down and tugged at Valens' claw, squishing his own finger tips against the bits of testicle that bulged between the claws. Valens started to whine, a high pitch moan of pain as his already aching balls were tormented still further.

"That's it boy," Aloysius crowed, "your balls are nothing but toys for me to play with."

As he squeezed, he also diddled the teenager's pain-shrivelled penis.

Valens desperately wanted to suppress his moans of pain, but the hurt was too great; in too fundamental a part of his anatomy. A high-pitched mewling gurgled from his vocal chords, even as Tulio continued to fuck his mouth.

Aloysius started groaning and he fucked the boy's asshole faster and harder. Then he was coming. He slammed his cock in, using his full weight. There was an extra four inches buried beneath the fat pad of his belly, but now he was giving all eight inches to Valens. Valens felt it pressing against him deep inside, and he felt warmth as the man started to fill him.

Aloysius's cock was considerably thicker than an average man's but it never got fully hard. His cream started to ooze around the edges and out of Valens' hole. He withdrew it, and rapidly pumped it in his pudgy fist. It was squirting like a fountain. He directed the flow towards the boy's stomach, pouring a goblet-worth of slime onto the teenager's groin and abdomen.

Pius watched the veritable waterfall of cum drenching the boy.

"By Poseidon Aloysius, you're going to drown the boy if you pour any more onto him. You must have been drinking nothing but goat's milk for a month to make such a load!"

Aloysius smiled proudly.

"I have bull balls, but the boy makes me horny as a goat!"

Excited by Aloysius extravagant orgasm, Tulio pulled his own penis from Valens' mouth just in time to start squirting. He aimed it at the boy's face, coating it with half a dozen gloopy splatters. He pumped his cock hard and fast to help his load on its way. Valens could do nothing but close his eyes and wait for it to be over.

When they'd both finished ejaculating on him, Aloysius said, "Sit up boy."

Valens did as he was commanded and the man grabbed the back of his head, pulling their faces together. He kissed the teenager, heedless of the other man's cream on Valens' lips. It squelched between them. Valens felt nauseous, but the feeling intensified as he felt the man's fat tongue forcing its way between his lips, transferring Tulio's seed along with it. Valens had to push his gourd down to avoid vomiting in disgust. Aloysius kissed him hungrily; passionately, as though they were life-long lovers who had been apart for a year.

Eventually the corpulent man tired and moved away.

“Dance for me boy. Over there.”

He pointed to the middle of the room.

With the copious seed load of two men dripping from his body and out of his asshole, Valens stood and went where he had been directed. He looked as though someone had thrown a bucket of cream at him. It ran down his face, chest, and stomach, gathering stickily in his jet-black pubes, and on the claws. But he focussed on the task at hand.

“I don’t know what to do sir. I don’t know how to dance.”

He’d never had any training in dance.

“If you can’t dance, at least move in time with the music. Be sure to put your hips into it. I want to see that little maggot swing and jump.”

Valens did his best to comply, bouncing his body up and down.

“Move your feet.”

Valens stepped from side to side, occasionally lifting one leg and shaking it in the air in what he assumed was a dance motion. He looked more like a dog pissing against a tree.

“Shake your maggot. Up and down. Let’s get that claw moving as well.”

Valens whipped his hips up and down; backwards and forwards until his brown maggot; more foreskin than meat, whipped like a flag in a storm, and the claw swung violently, making his stones hurt even more.

“That’s more like it. Boy, how would you like to come home and live with me; be my plaything?”

Valens looked at Senator Faustus with panicked eyes. Nine more months was bad enough, but a lifetime as this disgusting swine’s catamite was more than he could bear.

“Ha, ha. I’m glad that you like Valens so much,” Quintus interjected, “but dear Cornelius would never forgive me if I sold him on, and truth be told, I’ve been looking forwards to ploughing his hole myself now that you’ve taken his cherry.”

“Ohhhh,” Aloysius said in a descending tone and with an exaggerated pout, “you’re no fun.”

A smile broke out on his face to show that he had not really taken offence.

“Well, at the very least, let us all get the most of him tonight, before you lock him away from us forever.”

“Hear, hear!” Constantius said.

He’d been waiting his turn, and he didn’t much care if it was with a nymph or a satyr. He had his hard cock in his hand, keeping it ready for his turn.

Four hours later, the last of the guests finally left.

"You did well boy," Quintus said to Valens. "I know that you didn't enjoy it much, but my friends greatly enjoyed ploughing you. I lost count of how many times they took you."

"Fourteen," Valens said promptly. "And I swallowed eight," he added sullenly.

Quintus smiled.

"That many? That's a lot to drink. And your hole must be sore."

"Yes sir. Extremely."

"Well, that's a slave's lot for you. At least you'll get to go home one day. Maybe you can get a job as a dancer to Aphrodite," he teased. "Or as an exoltus."

"An exoltus?"

"A male whore. I'm sure you'd be popular at one of the fornix' in Rome."

Valens glowed red.

"Ha, ha. Don't take everything so seriously Valens. You can return to your room now boy. I suggest you wash the crust off you before you sleep."

"Don't take everything so seriously," Valens thought. "How can I not take it seriously?"

He limped back to his room, his dripping hole too sore to walk normally, and his stones aching even more than normally.

As he washed the accumulated dried semen from his body, he started to contemplate how he could one day get away with killing the senator.

## **Part 7**

### **24 AD Villa Herculaneum**

Less than a month of captivity to go and Valens, the innocent son of a trader in slaves was counting the days. Most of his time in the involuntary captivity of Senator Quintus Faustus was spent inanely, serving food, attending to the needs of Faustus' wife and daughter, and doing tasks around the house. Quintus chose him to serve as houseboy because he trusted younger males around the female members of his family. Truth be told, even the formerly horniest and most lustful of his male slaves represented absolutely no sexual danger to the females. Every male he owned wore one of his eagle's claws, a savage steel device that looked like a pair of eagle's talons, but which closed tightly around the victim's testicles, crushing them and keeping the victim in a constant state of pain. Even if a slave had the desire to rape Cornelia or Julia out of revenge, it would be quite impossible for him to get it up in order to do so.

But there was still the danger of violence; that a disgruntled slave would try to kill the women simply to take revenge on Quintus for his discomfort. And that's why he never kept full-grown slaves to work in the villa.

Valens was helping Aulus to unload a cart of supplies. Aulus was a citizen; a man in his 60s who served as a Quintus' vilicus; an administrative helper who took care of the day-to-day business of running the senator's estates.

Valens had a dead lamb over his shoulder and was about to walk it to the kitchen from the cart from where he had collected it. Quintus' estates grew grain, olives and fruits, and even had chickens, but Quintus didn't like the noise or stink of raising livestock.

Quintus approached.

"Valens take that to the kitchens then leave the rest to Aulus and the drover. I have some exciting news for you. Meet me in my tablinum when you are done."

Valens looked up and his heart leapt. Exciting news? Perhaps Quintus was going to release him a month early?

What about his father? He'd only seen the man once during his 11 months of captivity, when he and his father were introduced side by side, as father and son to another of Quintus' guests. They'd both stood naked, their shrivelled penises dangling in front of the brutal testicle clamps they both wore, as Quintus explained the process to his guest.

"You see how small their prickles are? The boy was not all that impressive before, but now it's just a nub. But even his father; quite the stallion before, is more like a gelding now. And they will continue to shrivel as long as they wear their claws."

At the time Valens suspected that the senator had selected him and his father as much to humiliate them both and to torment his father Cassius, as to demonstrate the process to his guest. And it worked. Valens and his father glanced at each other. Valens face glowed with humiliation as the size of his genitals was mocked, and Cassius looked at his son with sorrow; shamed by his inability to protect his beloved progeny from such ridicule.

But now, hopefully, all of that was going to end. Valens would be freed in a month anyway, but a month earlier would certainly be welcome news indeed.

Valens took the dead animal to the kitchens, daring to consider life once again without a constant pain in his nuts. How good it would feel to lose this accursed claw. How good to wear clothes again and have control over his own life. And how good not to have any more cocks filling his asshole.

Senator Faustus didn't entertain particularly often, but he partook of Valens' hole himself whenever the mood struck him. And even more often, when he was tired, he would demand that the boy fellated him as he languished on his bed or a couch. Sometimes he would demand oral servicing for hours; gentle licking and sucking designed to keep the man hard but not to push him over the edge into orgasm. On occasions, Quintus would cuddle and fondle his wife whilst Valens serviced him, and on other occasions, he would continue discussing the day's business with Aulus as he was gently fellated.

Once the lamb was delivered, Valens walked outside to the back of the Villa and washed himself in the large sandstone trough that stood adjacent to the well. It was always nice to wash during the heat of the day. It was cooling. When he was done, he dried himself then reported to the senator's tablinum.

There were scrolls and wax tablets neatly stacked on shelves, and several scrolls unravelled on the man's desk, along with quills, scribes and other paraphernalia appropriate to the office.

"Sir," Valens said at the doorway.

Quintus turned to face him.

"Ah Valens, good, good. Now I promised you exciting news. I've been very happy with your progress over the past year. You have learned to use your mouth almost as well as Aurelia. Your lessons have paid off."

Valens looked at Quintus. He had never wanted to become an expert cocksucker. That was for the lovers of Venus; the boys who reddened their lips and rouged their white-powdered cheeks. The boys who acted as though they wished they had been born women. But now, here he stood as the senator complimented him on his technique.

After his soiree for Aloysius, Quintus realised that Valens would make a valuable plaything. A month later, he sent the boy to learn the arts of Aphrodite and Venus from Aurelia. The 24-year-old woman had grown up in a brothel before Quintus purchased her, and she was skilled in the arts of pleasure.

Valens thought back to the moment he was introduced to her. The first time, he was the son of wealthy and powerful trader, and she was being tasked with sucking HIS pole. He never gave a moment's thought to how SHE felt about the duty. She was a slave and slaves did whatever they were ordered. And she did a magnificent job, draining him so completely that it left him wobbly-legged for half an hour.

The second time he met her was a very different affair.

"Aurelia," Quintus said.

"Yes dominus?"

"This is Valens. I expect you remember him."

"Oh yes. The boy you wanted drained."

She looked at Valens, naked now. She frowned, confused.

"But now he wears your eagle claw?"

"Yes dear. His father owed a debt to me, so he and Valens had to pay it."

Without question, she accepted the news that Valens could switch from pampered son of the elite class, to clamped slave alongside her.

"Ah. No more hard pole for him then."

Valens blushed deeply.

“No, I don’t expect so. For a while at least. Anyway, my dear, I want you to teach him your arts. My friends have taken a liking to him, and I want him to please them. Nobody uses their mouth on a pole as well as you do. I want you to teach him all you know.”

She nodded.

“Yes dominus.”

As Quintus walked away, he heard her say to Valens with no spite, “So, you go from having *your* pole sucked, to sucking the poles of others. Your father must have owed a very large debt.”

Valens hung his head in shame but Quintus smirked at her straight speech.

Valens had no choice of course. The man’s clamp squeezed Valens’ testicles morning, noon and night; even when he slept. And painful though the clamp was, it could always be tightened. He’d wet himself when it was first locked into place, but he didn’t doubt it could be tightened enough to make him lose control of his bladder again. He didn’t want to find out, so he applied himself to following Aurelia’s lessons. She often demonstrated on him. His shrivelled maggot was incapable of standing up, but she could at least show him how to move his tongue and lips.

After 6 months under her expert tutelage, and getting to practice on Quintus and his guests regularly, Valens could suck a cock like the most expert of pretty boys who worked at the fornix but it was not a skill he took any pride in whatsoever.

“Just imagine your friends seeing you sucking all those cocks,” Aurelia had said once during a lesson.

“I’d rather not,” Valens replied morosely.

“And all the cocks in your asshole too. I expect they would tease you forever if they ever found out.”

Valens blushed.

“They’ll never find out if I have anything to say about it.”

“Let’s hope that you have the say then,” she said sincerely.

“Anyway,” Quintus continued, “word of your tight ass and expert mouth have reached the emperor himself. I’m to present you to him this afternoon.”

“The emperor is coming here?!” Valens asked with a mixture of awe and trepidation.

The fact that he was to meet the man due to his skill at fellatio was a matter of concern.

“No, no. We are to visit him in his home in Rome.”

“Why? What will we do there?”

“Whatever he wishes. I expect he will wish to find out if your mouth is as skilled at pleasuring a cock as he has heard. I suggest that you do NOT disappoint him.”

The news came as a crushing disappointment to Valens. It was bad enough that he was being treated as an exoltus, and being whored out to Quintus' friends; now he was to do the same for Tiberius Augustus Caesar himself!

But wait, this was an opportunity. He could let the emperor know about he and his father's illegal punishment and captivity on Quintus' villa. Maybe he could have them both freed?

As though reading his mind, Quintus said, "And don't even think of telling him your true upbringing in the hopes of gaining your freedom. Remember, the law your father broke was one of the highest in the land. The emperor is as likely to execute him as free him, and if he does neither, I would execute your father for the trouble. Then you would remain as one of my slaves for the rest of your life. Just consider that. If he asks, you will tell him your name but that you have always been my slave and do not remember anything else before."

It was like a cup of cold water in the face. Valens realised that Quintus was correct, and it was too great a risk to take. Especially when they only had one month of captivity left.

Two hours later, Valens stood before the emperor. He was relieved that Senator Faustus has dressed him in a subligaculum and a short tunic for the journey through Rome's busiest streets. The thought of walking naked through the streets where he could be seen by anyone, and might even conceivably be seen by one of his former friends; naked, with his nuts crushed into their claw and his prickles so tiny that he looked like a child's, mortified him, and despite the fact that he was now to be whored to the emperor himself, Valens was grateful for that consideration.

"Ahhh, welcome to my home when I am in Rome Senator Faustus. So, this is the slave I have heard so much about?"

"It's most gracious of you to receive us your imperial majesty. Yes, this is Valens."

"Oh, there's no need for all that formality. You may call me General."

The title was a call back to the Emperor's days as one of Rome's most accomplished tacticians. Now it was an affectation, adopted in what he mistakenly thought was a manner that would endear him as a man-of-the-people to the citizens.

"Thank you General," Quintus said.

"So boy," Tiberius said, addressing Valens. "I hear that you are quite the cock sucker. Better than any woman. Is that so?"

Valens blushed.

"I don't know your royal highness."

"Hmmm, modest. I hear that you are also wearing a special adornment."

"Yes, your royal highness."

"Why don't you show it to me boy."

Without a word, Valens removed his subligaculum. His tunic was just a little too long to reveal his privates.

“Lift your tunic so I can see.”

Valens lifted the front of his tunic and Tiberius looked at what he had revealed, leaning forwards on his stool so that he could see better. He reached out and lifted the claw up.

“Your cherries look mangled. Are they sore?”

“Yes, your royal highness.”

“How often do you take it off?”

“Never your highness. I don’t have the key and I’m not permitted.”

With the index finger of his other hand, Tiberius lightly tapped the side of Valens inch-and-a-half long penis. It wobbled briefly.

“How big does your prickle get when it’s hard?”

“It doesn’t get hard. Not since dominus put on the claw.”

“An excellent control device then Senator Faustus,” Tiberius said to the man.

“Thank you General,” Quintus replied, playing along with the emperor’s conceit.

“Perhaps I should get some for my own slaves.”

He turned to a vilicus of his own.

“Flaviu, how would you like to wear one of these?”

The man blanched.

“I would very much like NOT to wear one your highness.”

Tiberius laughed heartily.

“No, I should imagine not. In that case, a kneeling cushion for the boy then.”

The man scurried off and in moments returned with a leather-covered rectangular cushion. He handed it to Valens.

“Let’s see how good you are then boy,” Tiberius said, pushing his toga to the side and undoing the ties on his subligaculum.

“H... here, your royal highness? In front of everybody?”

Valens looked around the reception hall. There were half a dozen regular guards, two singularius, and at least a further dozen courtiers and other people petitioning the emperor’s attention.

Tiberius looked down at his groin. A substantial penis rested in his lap. He opened his legs wide to give Valens room to approach and his penis room to breathe. His cock flopped down, the end hanging below the top of the stool he sat on.

“Yes here. I am the emperor. It is a supreme honour for them to witness my cock, and you boy, are a slave trained to be an exoltus. It is nothing to them to witness you go about your business.”

Valens hung his head.

“Yes, your royal highness.”



He dropped to his knees between the emperor's thighs and lifted the man's heavy cock.

"Do you want it slow or fast?" he asked.

"Slow, very slow boy. I want it to last a long time."

With that, Valens dropped his face to the penis of Emperor Tiberius August Caesar and opened his mouth...

An hour and two powerful orgasms later, Tiberius pushed the boy's head slowly off his cock. His cock stood tall between his thighs.

"Enough now boy. Your tongue can take a rest."

He turned to Quintus who had waited patiently whilst Valens did his work.

"Your boy is very good. His reputation was not exaggerated. I'll take him from you. How much do you want for him?"

"But General, he is not for sale. I'm so sorry. He is to be freed next month."

Emperor Tiberius lifted a finger to his lips, shushing Quintus with a gesture.

"You misunderstand Faustus. I was not asking IF the boy was for sale. I was asking how much for him."

Valens listened to the exchange with mounting horror; his freedom suddenly in jeopardy.

"Now name your price," Tiberius continued with the quiet reasonable tone of a man who was NEVER disobeyed, "or it will be your wife and daughter sucking my cock, not this boy."

Quintus was a man used to wielding power; to giving commands, but for the first time ever, he was speechless. His mouth opened and shut whilst he tried to formulate a more persuasive answer.

"Your imperial highness, this boy is a much-valued slave who was to be rewarded with his freedom in less than a month. I'd be honoured to let you keep him until then at no charge, but I beg you oh mighty general, not to make a liar of me and keep him beyond that."

"Don't be obsequious Faustus. Do you think me that great a fool? I appreciate the fact that you value your word so highly, and I appreciate this gift, but he's just a slave. He will stay with me and suck my cock for as many years as it pleases me, and if you say another word, I'll have you stripped and on the slave block yourself by tomorrow morning."

Quintus knew that his power was trivial compared to the emperor's. He bowed humbly as he retreated away from Tiberius.

"As it pleases you General. If I may just ask one tiny favour: please return him to me when you tire of him."

Tiberius smiled and closed his legs, turning Valens to face Quintus. He spat on his hand and ran his fingers between the boy's thighs, lubricating the kid's hole, then he pulled Valens backwards so that he sat on Tiberius' lap with his legs outside the emperor's knees. Tiberius wiggled until his cock had

penetrated Valens hole. Then he parted his legs as widely as they would comfortably go, forcing Valens' legs wider still.

Valens' genitals, and the root of Tiberius' cock in the boy's asshole were on display for everybody to see. The emperor's balls hung heavily below, contrasting with Valens' deformed, crushed, red nuggets. Above, the young man's pathetic brown penis protruded like a dried slug.

Tiberius looked humourlessly at Quintus, then rocked his hips, burying his thick cock deeper in the boy's hole as though to emphasise that Valens was his now.

"I expect when I tire of him, there will not be much left, but if there is, I will despatch him to the fornx where he can continue to ply his trade."

Tiberius aggressively stabbed his large, hard cock into the boy's asshole, showing off his latest plaything for Quintus and all of his watching courtiers to see. The aggressive movements were symbolic of his power to do whatever he wanted. He pulled Valens' thighs even wide apart, to the limits of his flexibility, offering the young man's useless genitals for everyone to see. The cage bounced with each thrust, and Valens dropped his head in shame.

Quintus swallowed hard knowing that he was powerless to object.

"Yes, your highness. I understand."

He looked to Valens.

"Goodbye boy. I'm sorry. I did not anticipate this."

Valens looked at him with an expression approaching horror as Quintus backed out of Tiberius' chamber.

A week later, Quintus died from choking while he was eating one of the olives grown on his farm. His wife had no interest in the claims of Cassius that he was actually a citizen, and the man served her, and after her death, her daughter, for another 28 years until he too passed away at the age of 67, his testicles never again having knowing freedom from the device that his greed had sentenced so many others to.

### **June 2018 – An archaeological dig site 15 miles from Rome**

Michael twisted the claw in his hand, examining it. It had held a pair of testicles almost 2000 years ago. Michael was lost in thought. He tried to imagine the slave that had worn that device. He wondered how old he was; what he looked like; what his life was like as a slave; if he'd ever tasted freedom. And most of all, he wondered if it had hurt to wear the device. Michael suspected it HAD hurt. He decided that he was grateful that he had been born in modern times when most people were born free, and men were not forced into slavery.

"I'm going back to my tent dad," he said returning the claw to the artefact table. "I'll see you at dinner."

"Sure," his father said distractedly studying another artefact. "See you in 15 minutes."

The teenager walked outside. He made his way along the foundations of the long-crumbled villa walls several hundred yards from the tent. It was empty of archaeologists and other staff now. In his imagination, he rebuilt the place and repopulated it with people; slaves and overseers. Some of the slaves wore the eagle claw device on their testicles. As much as he found the thought morbid, he couldn't stop thinking about it. There was something kinky and exciting about it. He rearranged his penis as it stirred in his briefs.

Michael never saw the men who attacked him. He was grabbed from behind and before he even had a chance to fight back, a heavy canvas army kit bag was pulled over his head all the way down past his waist, and ropes were rapidly tied, pinning his arms to his sides. He heard urgent conversation, and he was lifted off the ground then carried and dumped onto something hard, with a ridged surface. A moment later, he heard an engine start, confirming his suspicion that he was in the back of a vehicle. It started moving, and he could feel it bumping along the off-road track. He begged and pleaded for someone to tell him why he was being taken, but he couldn't speak Italian, so he could not understand what was being said to him in response. All he could do was lay in the back of the vehicle terrified, wondering if he was being kidnapped for money, or for an even darker fate.

The vehicle drove for an uninterrupted 30 minutes before pulling over. He was lifted from it and forced to stand. His sneakers and socks were removed, then to his dismay, his shorts and briefs were pulled off, leaving him naked from the waist down.

"What are you doing to me?" he shouted.

"You foreigners think you can just come here and steal our culture!" an accented voice said. "You want our culture, then here; you can start with this. It's called an eagle's claw."

Michael's feet were kicked wide apart. He felt the breeze lightly blowing over the thin, scraggly hairs on his scrotum. Then he felt hands on his testicles pulling them lower in his sac. He struggled as he felt them being roughly squeezed, one after the other between the metal talons, then the claw was closed around his testicles.

"Wait, no, my father doesn't steal anything he takes nothing he... aaaaaaargh, stop, stop, please stop! Take it off, take it off!"

He heard laughter and his captors responded by tightening the claws still further, squeezing each of the teenager's balls cruelly between the four opposing talons, until Michael's testicles were even smaller than the useless cherries that Valens had lived with for almost two decades before finally escaping the fornix. Michael's gurgling, girlish screams were higher in pitch than any horror movie diva's as his testicles were reduced to two misshapen orbs the size of marbles. The pain was indescribable. His legs gave way and he collapsed to the ground, drawing his knees together. He replicated Valens' response almost 2000 years earlier and his piss darkened the scrubland dust.

Laughing at the boy's loss of control, his captors untied the rope securing his arms and removed the bag from his head.

Michael blinked through his tears. It was dusk. He immediately looked down at his groin, recognising the claw. He reached for it, crying hysterically at the sight of his deformed balls as he frantically tried to work out how to remove it. He tugged at the arms but they would not move. He looked at its rear and he could see the unusual keyholes. His penis was shrivelled by the pain, although that fact was irrelevant to him.

"Why have you done this to me?!" he babbled, struggling not to vomit.

"If you want to steal our culture, we'll give it to you. Tell your father that you are just the first. Foreigners must stop stealing our heritage. It is not yours to take."

"Okay, I'll tell him, I'll tell him, but please, take this off!" Michael begged desperately.

"Your father can take it off when you see him again," one of the men said with a grin, pocketing the unique hexagonal key that was the only way to remove the claw.

He pointed at a series of telegraph poles.

"Your camp is that way. If you follow the poles, on foot you might make it by morning. Other directions you may reach a town a little sooner. Or maybe not. Either way, I don't know what will be left of your balls when you arrive!"

His colleagues laughed riotously at the comment.

He bent over and picked up Michael's removed shorts and underwear, as well as the boy's sneakers.

"You won't need these."

He threw them into the rear of the jeep and drove away, taking his laughing associates with him.

Michael suddenly felt a much closer connection between himself and a slave 2000 years earlier; the man who was once a wealthy slave trader, but who lived the last 29 years of his life as an impotent, naked slave.

Michael knelt in the dust, naked below the waist, and struggled to think through the crippling pain in his balls; trying to decide whether to gamble on an unknown direction, or set off on the longest, most painful walk of his life.

The sky was golden as the sun started to fall beneath the mountains. He was far from the bustling metropolis of Rome or from the dig site 15 miles nearer to him. He was in a dusty piece of scrubland surrounded by mountains. There were no buildings in any direction as far as he could see.

He rose, and started limping in the direction of the power lines...