

Roman game

By dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk www.damnd1.org

A sadistic Roman forces two brothers to play a game to keep their balls.

Roman game

Magnus addressed Felix.

“One of you will lose his balls today. It is up to you to decide which one it will be.”

The olive-skinned boy looked at the Patrician as he spoke with pure dread. The man was renowned for his evil games and he was not known for his mercy. The man sat on a couch three feet away, eating grapes without a care in the world. For Felix and Cyprian their future was gloomy.

At 23 years old, Cyprian was the eldest, and it was his poor judgement that had led the brothers to steal from the Patrician’s peach orchard. And now he was the powerless one. He reclined naked, arms lashed with leather thongs to posts either side. His legs were spread wider and similarly lashed to two more posts.

His younger brother Felix looked down at him with sorrow and fear, knowing that he held the key to his brother’s fate. He looked back to Patrician Magnus and tried one more time.

“Please sir, I’m so sorry that we stole your peaches. We’ll never do it again. Just don’t hurt us.”

The Patrician looked at the boy. He was unbearably pretty. Long dark eye lashes, big eyes, long black hair, golden skin. He allowed his eyes to wander downwards. Although he was 20 years old, the boy had a small cock, tight balls and a small neat bush.

“Do you think I became the most powerful man in Petelia by allowing thieves to leave unpunished? If you beg again, I’ll have both of your balls crushed slowly. Now unless you wish to offer me YOUR balls, your choice is simple.”

Felix knew that he was left with just one option: his balls or his brother’s. He looked down at his brother spread-eagled on the dirt of the courtyard ground. His brother was virile, a thick six inches of flaccid meat dangled between Cyprian’s thighs, still impressive in spite of his fear. Beneath, heavy, heat-loosened balls dangled all the way to the floor and rested there in a loose, dark-brown sack. A thick mat of jet-black pubic hair topped his cock, spreading halfway up his belly. His balls were coated with a thinner layer that matched the thick hair on his legs.

Felix had always admired his brother’s powerful physique and hairy chest, hoping that he would become as masculine in the fullness of time. Felix always assumed that as the oldest, Cyprian would be the one to inherit the family smallholding, and he would be the one forced to strike out and start

a new endeavour elsewhere. But now it was clear that one of them was about to see his future family line curtailed in this courtyard.

He looked his older brother in the eyes. Cyprian stared back at him, a pleading expression of his own.

“Felix no, please, don’t!”

“I’m sorry brother, but it’s you or me.”

Felix knelt between his brother’s knees and picked up the heavy cock in his left hand. He moved his fist towards the base, drawing back its thick foreskin to reveal the head. He swallowed deeply, loathe to put his mouth to it, then he leant forwards and extended his tongue and licked the dark purple glans as though it was poison.

“No Felix, don’t you dare. Don’t you DARE!” Cyprian commanded, but Felix ignored him.

“You fucking prettyboy cockslut!” Cyprian said, trying to shame his brother into stopping. “I always knew you liked cocks!”

For a moment the tactic worked. Felix lifted his head and looked his brother in the face.

“You heard Patrician Magnus, Cyprian. It’s your balls or mine. Why should it be mine?”

“Because you’re the younger brother!” Cyprian said, without thinking his answer through.

Felix stared at him. He couldn’t believe that Cyprian automatically expected him to sacrifice his balls simply because he’d been born a few years later.

Felix dropped his head and wrapped his lips around the corona of his brother’s glans, intuitively fellating his brother with the expertise of a bordello madam. He flickered his tongue out, teasing Cyprian’s helmet with its warm wetness, and to Cyprian’s disgust his cock rapidly responded, quickly growing in size and hardness.

“Father will disown you when he finds out what you’ve done!” he threatened, trying every trick in the book to persuade his brother to be the one giving up his balls.

“Better that than to become half a man,” Felix thought to himself, and continued sucking.

He felt his brother’s manhood throbbing now in his mouth. He lifted his head and looked down at it. The helmet was a rich plum colour, so bloated with blood that it was shiny. It was an impressive rod, at least eight times the distance from the tip of his thumb to the first knuckle, and twice as thick as his own. He bit his lip apprehensively. He’d never had a cock in his hole before, and this was a bad one to start with.

He hawked up lots of spit from deep in his throat, and rubbed as much of the slime on top of the head as he could, then he turned away from his brother and crouched low over the monster. Cyprian tried to turn his pelvis so that his brother couldn’t sit on his cock.

“Don’t Felix! Better your balls than this. You’ll be twice cursed by Cupid and Jupiter if you do this.”

“Better cursed than lose my balls brother.”

Felix reached behind him and gripped his brother’s cock, then guided the shiny head to his virgin hole. He sat slowly, wincing as his hole resisted the intrusion. The Patrician smiled as he watched the younger brother slowly impaling himself on his brother’s massive cock.

“That’s the way boy. Spread your legs so that I can see it going in.”

Felix moved his knees wide apart and leaned back, supporting himself on both arms, giving the Patrician a clear view of his asshole as he tried to take his brother’s cock. The Patrician grinned wider.

“Are you sure you’re brothers? You don’t seem to have his massive cock!”

It was true. Felix looked down at his own cock, a shrunken maggot in the pain and humiliation of this act of sexual depravity, nestling on the small mound of his scrotum. He flushed with embarrassment.

“Yes Patrician, quite sure.”

“Hmmm, well I think I’ll be doing the neighbourhood girls a favour by removing your brother’s stones. I don’t imagine they’ll be queuing up to ride your slug.”

Felix’s face burned a darker crimson as the Patrician taunted him, and the two guards who stood to either side looked down at his pain shrivelled cock, laughing along with the Patrician.

Felix was struggling to force his brother’s thick meat into his hole. The puckered entrance just didn’t seem capable of stretching wide enough.

“Just relax boy, it’ll go in easier that way,” the Patrician suggested.

Felix forced his body to take the man’s advice, in spite of the discomfort he was feeling. He sat, applying continuous pressure. He had no way of knowing how far his brother’s cock was entering him, or even IF it was entering him at all. He reached between his legs to check, but before his hand could touch Cyprian’s penis, he felt it slip inside him. The back of the glans slid past his sphincter, sending an unexpected shiver of pleasure into Felix’s body. Felix allowed his brother’s cock to slide deep into him, as far as he could take it until he felt the end pressing against him deep inside. He took a few experimental bounces and the discomfort didn’t increase significantly, so he started bouncing up and down in earnest.

“Brother don’t, I beg of you!” Cyprian said, only too aware that he would not be able to hold his load for long against the warm, wet friction of his brother’s deep hole.

Felix ignored him, staring straight ahead. He had disconnected himself from his emotions, and he was treating this now as just an unpleasant task like so many others, that had to be endured. He started clenching his buttocks, increasing the pressure on Cyprian’s cock. The Patrician had given him an ultimatum; he must either make Cyprian cum in his hole or he’d lose his balls.

Felix felt Cyprian squirming beneath him, trying hard not to surrender to the pleasure his cock was feeling.

“Looks as though the boy enjoys the feel of his brother’s cock in his hole boys,” the Patrician said to the guards. They laughed.

“Yes Patrician!”

The Patrician was referring to the erection that had grown in place of Felix’s maggot. A five-inch finger of meat, bouncing and swaying with its owner’s every motion. Felix looked down at himself, relieved that his erection was shielded by his body from his brother’s sight. He bounced faster, grinding with his hips now to hasten his brother’s orgasm.

Beneath him, Cyprian was stunned and disturbed by how good his younger brother was at riding cock. Then he felt wetness splattering onto his left leg. At first, he thought for that Felix had spat on him. Then he realised what it was; Felix had squirted. For some reason that disgusted him more than his brother riding his cock.

“Did you just squirt?!” he demanded angrily.

Felix didn’t answer, too ashamed for words at his body’s unexpected response to a prostate massage.

“You disgusting pig, get the fuck off me!” Cyprian yelled and bucked his hips upwards, twisting and trying to dislodge his younger brother.

Felix rode his brother like a bull rider in the coliseum, and Cyprian bucked time and time again, trying to throw his brother off his cock. The guards and the Patrician laughed uproariously at the older brother’s antics, but rather than bucking Felix off, the thrashing had another effect on Cyprian: his body responded as though he was in the throes of savage fucking.

Suddenly thick, lumpy cum started to ooze around the lips of his younger brother’s sphincter, revealing that Cyprian had also lost his battle not to squirt. A piston-assisted ring of cream slowly worked its way down his own cock, and the sound of Felix’ bouncing took on a new, squelchier tone.

Cyprian stopped squirming and pleaded with his brother.

“Pleeease Felix. Please stop before it’s too late.”

“It’s already too late boy,” the Patrician said.

He addressed Felix.

“Get off boy. See what you have done to your brother.”

Felix stood ready to give the Patrician an unobstructed view of his brother’s cock, but as he pulled off Cyprian’s large, hard cock with a slurp, cum poured from his hole onto his brother’s belly.

Felix stepped to the side, and looked down at his brother sadly. He had won, and although it had saved his own balls, it was not a victory he took much pleasure in.

The Patrician dropped to his knees between Cyprian's thighs.

"Looks like you lose boy," he said.

Cyprian looked at him desperately.

"Please don't sir. I'll do anything."

"Anything? That's a generous offer. But I don't think so."

The Patrician punched him hard in his large, low hanging nuts. Cyprian grunted in pain. The Patrician punched him again hard, and again, and again. Cyprian screamed, then groaned, and then, after the 15th punch, his vocalisations reduced to a low, continuous moan.

The Patrician rose to his feet and placed the end of his sandal on the large bruised orbs resting on the hard dirt, then he rocked his weight forwards and reduced them both to offal in the bag. Cyprian let out a strangled sob.

The Patrician spoke to the guards.

"Untie him. Sell him at the docks to Greek slavers. I never want to see his face in town again."

He looked at Felix.

"You, I'm keeping for myself..."