

## **Roman Slave Girl: 1 - The Island Harem**

By Alice Sinclair

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*Transported from the 21<sup>st</sup> century, I found myself in ancient Roman times. Pagan mysteries, great treasures, and beautiful, naked slave girls were mine to take. These are my tales.*

### **The Celtic Girl**

*A Coastal Slave Market, Outside Carthage*

The best thing about the past, was buying slave girls.

I noticed the girl at the end of the jetty. She was different from the others - she was dark haired, paler, taller. She sat cross-legged on the deck with her back against a display pole, naked, a chain fixed around her ankle.

I walked towards the strange woman.

I passed other naked slaves on either side of the jetty, standing with their backs to wooden poles. Their arms were raised, wrists cuffed above their heads. Two men studied a Greek brunette, one putting his hand against her flat belly. The other held a large breast in one hand, stroking it. Her price, '5 gold' was written on her arm. a blonde German cried out, stretched between two poles. A Phoenician man waved his whip, and struck her a second time.

I reached the girl. She was tall and long-legged, almost five foot ten inches. Her skin was gently tanned, but not gold like an Aegean female. She had long, thick, raven hair, it fell gently curling, to the small of her back.

Another man though, dark-skinned and wearing rich robes, was already studying her.

"What's your name?" he bent down and asked gently.

The slender beauty turned away to face the Mediterranean, hugging her knees against her chest. The man seemed surprised, and looked at me. I shrugged. He straightened up and walked away.

I took his place.

“That was money you insulted,” I said.

She regarded me as if I had just eaten my own faeces, and then offered her some.

“That Gaetulian was a rich caravaner. In his land, slaves are treated kinder. They may even become wives.”

She looked me up and down, then looked away.

“Face me, and spread your legs.”

She stared into the distance.

“Ah!”

She cried out as I grabbed her by her hair. I yanked her head back and slapped her. She stared at me, open-mouthed. Her eyes were a cool, ice, blue.

“Ah! No!”

I slapped her again, harder. She brought her hands up to try and guard herself.

“Face me, and *spread your legs*.”

She quickly turned, hands on the deck behind her, legs apart. Revealed, her breasts were large, perky, well formed. I imagined her nipples between my fingers. Her crotch was hairless: carefully shaved. On her forearm ‘10 gold’ was written.

I let go of her hair. “How old are you?”

“Alena, twenty years, Master!”

“I didn’t ask your name. Where are you from, fair-skinned Slave?”

“From the village of Sandask, on the coast, Master. The coast of Iberia.”

“Iberia,” it explained the paler skin, the dark hair. “You are a long way from home, Celt.”

“There is a rebellion in Hispania Baetica. Romans attacked my village, I was taken and sold.”

I nodded. Between tax collectors who took slaves from those who could not pay, and the rebellions those tax collectors caused, the markets of the Empire will well-stocked with slaves.

I preferred the African markets to those of Rome, however. Here, in this small town not far from Carthage, Romanization was uneven. The local taste dominated - and that was for beautiful slave girls. If you wanted to buy the loveliest women in Europe - you had to go to North Africa.

“This is not Gaetulia, or Hispania Baetica. Here, men treat slaves however they please. Spartacus has no legacy here, understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Get on your hands and knees.” I snapped my fingers.

She quickly obeyed, chain clinking at her ankle. She had smooth, clear back, it curved gently into large, shapely, buttocks. I could tell already that this was an excellent animal.

I got down on one knee, she looked at me, askance. I moved one hand through her soft, smoke-dark hair, and cupped her throat. My fingers closed around the warmth of her neck. My other hand found her back, and ran along the curve of her muscles.

“This is how a slave girl is examined,” I felt the smoothness of her skin. “Every part of her.” I moved from her throat to her jaw, squeezing to make her open her mouth. I looked inside, studying her teeth - all healthy. Her breath was clean.

She gasped.

I did not let go, and squeezed her breasts again, one in each hand. They were delightfully full, soft, and cool. I felt her nipples between my fingers.

Mouth open, she glared at me.

“You have good breasts,” my head was just inches from hers. “Good for milking. You should be chained in a stable and used for dairy.”

“What!”

Reluctantly, I released her breasts. I moved behind her, pushing her feet apart. She looked back at me, eyes wide.

“Please,” her voice was very quiet. She looked down.

I ignored her and gripped her buttocks, lovely, full, soft! I parted them and studied her anus, and her clitoris. They were in good health. Her clitoris had thin lips, I spat on my fingers, and quickly slipped them inside her.

“Oh!” she cried out and jerked, trying to break away. I held her by her hip, with my other hand.

“Keep still,” I felt around inside her. The hymen had been broken, but I didn’t care about that. I pulled my fingers out, they gleamed with mucus. I wiped them on her thigh, and stood up.

“You beast!” she spat the word, eyes accusing. “You handled me like livestock!”

“You *are* livestock, pretty Barbarian. And you are in excellent health.”

“You don’t even own me! How can you touch me like that!”

You’re right. I have to own you to touch you like that.”

I reached into my pouch. One by one, I counted. Time froze for her as she watched the coins emerge.

A man came running up, all smiles and a ring of keys.

“Ten gold,” I pressed them into his hand.

“Thank you for your business!” he pocketed them. He bent down, and wiped the painted numbers off the girl’s arm. They smeared clean. Then he found a key, fitted it into her ankle fetter, and turned it.

The iron *clacked* and fell off.

She looked up at me, eye wide pools of fear.

I reached into my bag, and pulled out a pair of thick, leather, cuffs.

“Stand, Slave.”

“Master,” she put up her hand, “I -”

I slapped her, hard, her head was thrown to the side. I grabbed her under her chin and forced her head up to look at me.

“You are *meat*. I have bought you, Meat. Do not anger me further, or It will go badly for you.”

She said nothing. Her cheek had turned red.

“What are you?”

“I am meat.”

“Get up Meat, *now*.”

She stood. I crossed her arms behind her back, and put her wrists through the cuffs. Next I drew a rope from my pack, and tied it around her belly. I tugged it and she staggered towards me.

“Come,” And with that, I led the way my new girl to her new life.

## What Happened in the Boat

### *The Next Day*

"I removed the blindfold. The bright, Mediterranean sunlight made her blink. She looked about, all around us was light blue sea.

"Where am I?"

"Beyond the Pillars of Hercules. There are many islands there, but none sail that way. The islands are too few and too small for commerce. And there is nothing along the African coast there, desert. We are at the edge of the Roman world. In fact, it will never extend beyond this."

She was kneeling, thighs clasped together. Her wrists were still in leather cuffs behind her back. I enjoyed the sight of the sun on bare body.

"We will arrive at my island come the early evening."

"You have an island?"

I stopped and glared at her.

"You have an island, Master?" She corrected herself.

"It is ancient and unclaimed. At the edge of the world, such things are possible. I have a small villa there. I think you will come to like it."

She said nothing.

"Do you know what it means to impress a slave girl?"

"You tell her tales of islands and villas?"

"No," I got up and went towards her. She tried to shrink back but there was no room in the small boat.

"It is something very different."

I began to strip. She stared at me, aghast. Despite herself, she kept looking at my crotch. I pulled it out, my penis was hard. She could not take her eyes off it.

"It is very important," I put one hand gently behind her head, enjoying the feel of her soft black hair,

"to impress on a new slave girl, that she is *owned*. Open your mouth, slave."

She jerked her head away.

"I said *open your mouth*."

She glared into the sea.

I grabbed her by the hair, she gritted her teeth and snarled as I pulled her to her feet. I threw her against the mast, she staggered, the small boat rocking. I came up behind her, and pressed her against the mast. She struggled but could not break free.

"You beast!"

I took a coil of rope from the deck, and tied her around her waist to the mast. She looked back at me, over her shoulder, in her eyes I could see the hounds of Cerberus.

Next, I reached for my clothes, and pulled out my belt for my breeches. It was brown leather, soft but with some weight to it.

I drew it back, and struck her.

"Ah!" She screamed, a red mark forming almost immediately across her bare back. "No!" She jumped as the second stroke went across the backs of her thighs.

The only sound on the seas was leather striking soft flesh, and the cries of a beautiful but defiant girl. In total, I only gave her 10 lashes. I spaced them out, so she could not sense a pattern. I struck different areas, none hard enough to cut, but enough to sting greatly.

When I was done, I untied her from the mast, and pushed her down onto her knees.

"Open your mouth, Slave."

Sullen, she opened it.

I put one hand behind her head, and took hold with a generous fistful of hair. I cupped her jaw in my palm, with the other. I pulled her head to me, and I entered. I felt her soft lips, her tongue, the top of her mouth. It felt the warmth, the wetness. I pushed till I felt my penis touched the back of her throat.

Her eyes were tightly shut.

"Open your eyes, Slave. See what you're doing."

She opened her blue eyes.

I pulled it out, slowly, very slowly. Then, I grazed the tip over her lips. I rubbed her cheeks with it, then her forehead.

"Kiss it."

She obeyed, her lips pecked gently.

"Again, but do not stop. You will keep kissing until I say."

She began kissing my penis, again and again.

Gripping her head, I moved it where I liked. I made her kiss the bridge between my penis and balls.

Then I made her kiss my balls, first one and then the other.

"Lick."

She began licking them.

"Open, wide."

I put one, then both, testicles in her mouth. I felt her tongue tracing over them. I pulled them out, and then peeled my foreskin back.

"Lick it clean."

Cleaning smegma is sex slave work. She probed carefully with her tongue, feeling as far back as she could go. Finally, I was satisfied.

She winced as I bunched her hair tightly. My other hand slipped down to grip her by her long, tanned, throat.

I put my penis back into her mouth, and began rocking her head.

"Continue."

She began rocking her head of her own accord. It did not take long: I came inside her, it was a good amount.

"Do not swallow."

I pulled it out slowly, it gleamed with dripping semen and spit. Then I wiped it on her cheeks, and over her eyes.

"Open."

She opened, showing a mouthful of grey-white seed. I put my penis in like a brush, wetting it again. Then, leaving strings from her lips, I rubbed it on her neck, and on her breasts.

Then, quick as a striking serpent, I reached down and squeezed her breasts, hard as I could.

"Ah!" she jerked back, and threw her head down, choking. She spluttered and coughed, again and again. She spat semen on the deck before her. I waited till she was all done. Then, I pressed her head down, to the deck.

"Eat it," I said. I did not let her up till she licked and swallowed every last drop.

"Look at me."

She looked up, face flushed. I still held her by her hair. Semen and sea spray was on her cheeks.

"Who is your master?"

"You are my Master."

I let go of her hair. I reached behind her and untied the leather cuffs. They slipped off and lay on the deck. She pulled her hands in front of her, rubbing her wrists.

"That, is how a slave girl is impressed."

I went to the front of the boat and sat down. From a leather bag I pulled out a loaf of dark bread and some cheese. Beside it was an amphora of wine, I pulled out stopper with my teeth and had a taste. It was cool, excellent.

Across the boat, the naked Celtic slave girl watched me on her knees.

I snapped my fingers at her. She stood up and started coming towards me.

"No," I shook my finger. "Crawl."

She got down on her hands and knees, and crawled to me.

I handed her the bread and cheese, and lay back.

"Now, you will learn to feed your Master."

"Yes, Master."

"Get closer," I beckoned. "Closer. The slave must be close enough that the master may put his arm around her," I draped it around her waist - then slid down to her behind. Her buttocks were soft in my fingers. "Sit back on your heels. Now tear the bread."

She tore it carefully, crumbs fell on my bare chest.

"Pick the crumbs off, and eat them."

She carefully picked them up one by one and put them in her mouth.

"Break a small piece, and wait for me to open my mouth for you."

I opened my mouth, she leaned forward, her large breasts swinging free, and popped the bread into my mouth. I felt her fingers on my lips.

I ate the bread, and then signaled for another piece. She leaned forward again, but I could not take my eyes off her breasts. As her hand went to my lips, I grabbed her wrist. She looked at me, eyes wide. I pulled her arm and lifted it aside. With my other hand, I reached up and fondled her breasts.

I let go of her hand. "Keep feeding me, Slave."

While having her buttocks and breasts groped, the slave fed me the bread and cheese. I let her eat the crust and lick the cloth the cheese had been in.

"This wine," I took a sip, "is from Iberia as well. Let us see how you both taste."

I put the amphora to her mouth, she held the it in both hands.

"Take it into your mouth, but do not swallow or I will punish you."

She took a mouthful of wine. I put my hand around her neck, and pulled her towards me. My lips found her's: the result was very messy.

"Lick me clean," I was of course still naked. Slowly, carefully, she licked my chin and then my neck.

She just used the tip of her tongue. She moved down to my chest.

My hands still around her throat, I lifted her head up and backwards, and bent her like a bow. Her hair fell behind her, her breasts were bared at the sky.

I licked the wine off her neck, shoulders, and then finally down between her cleavage. I pushed hard with my tongue, she gasped as I bit her nipple.

Her body was pushed up against mine, my crotch against hers, our bellies touching. I let her raise her head back up. Her face was just inches from mine, she stared into my eyes with her ice blue ones.

Perhaps a thousand years past.

She closed her eyes, parted her lips, and kissed me. I felt her tongue again, this time probing, exploring, eager. She put one arm around my back, and the other one around my head. I kept one hand clamped around her throat. With the other, I reached down between her thighs, and grabbed her by her pussy. I dug, and inserted two fingers into her vagina. She cried out - I showed them in as deep as they would go.

"Oh!"

I began to play her, like an instrument. She moaned and fidgeted, she scratched my back and bit my shoulder. I pushed her down onto her back, her knees bent and spread wide.

A few minutes later she gasped and cried out loudly, for Poseidon and all the fish to hear. She arched her back, curling her toes, clutching at my hand.

I removed my fingers and wiped them on her belly. She looked at me, flushed, panting.

Then she remembered herself.

She closed her knees together, covered her breasts with one arm, and looked away.

"You may go now, Slave."

She crawled to the other end of the boat, kneeling with her back to me. She found a piece of sailcloth and tried to cover herself with it. She looked down at the deck.

"It is all right," I said loudly, robbing her of whatever sense of privacy she thought she could create. "It is like being tickled. You cannot help how your body responds."

She said nothing.

"But know that this is your life, now. Your body cannot help but enjoy how it is treated. If mind were to follow body's example, you will find great happiness kneeling at my feet. Otherwise," I shrugged, "I will make you suffer. I will not stop, nor have mercy. If you suffer it because you choose to. That is the only choice left you. To resist and be miserable, or surrender completely, to being an owned woman."

We did not speak again that night.

## The Island

By sun down, my boat arrived at the island.

It was large and as such things go - too small to show up except on the most careful of maps. Large enough for a hundred people to live quietly, worshipping their gods, growing their crops, bedding their slaves.

Sailing in, it was a thick band of green: palm trees, coconuts, bushes. Between the gaps, I could see large baobab trees. The water was calm; gently sloshing waves. Large rock formations pushed out of the water, surrounding the island. Black sea birds rose from them, leaving squawking chicks in rock nests and between stubborn trees.

The rocks formed the natural harbor, we passed them through two huge stones that had been carved with the likes of ancient gods - by whom, I did not know. Within the harbor, the water became shallow, through the light blue I could see white sand. Large fish swam below, nosing between coral and kelp. Against the shore, was a wooden jetty. Next to it was moored a small galley - it had a sail that had been furled, and rowlocks for three oars on each side.

"Look up on it," I said pointing. "This is your new home."

The boat sailed in, I jumped as I reached the jetty, seized a thick rope and tied it to the prow.

"Master!" I heard coming from inland. "Master!"

Running along the dirt path came a tall, slender, blonde. Her skin was gently tanned, the color that comes with active work, rather than being deliberately sunned. She was naked except for a rough woolen towel she wore tied around her waist, a knot tied against her hip. She wore a bronze armlet around each bicep, her long, dirty blonde hair danced with each step. On her right thigh just below the hip, was of brand mark.

"Come," I beckoned. "My lovely Germani girl. I have missed you, Frida."

Frida knelt before me, sitting back on her heels, knees parted wide. She bent down, cradling my foot in her hands. She shook her hair to the side so I could see her face, and then began licking my foot.

I looked behind me. Kneeling on the deck, her hands and knees bound behind her back, Alena was staring, her lip curled up in scorn.

"Don't worry, soon you will lick my feet, as well."

Six other girls came running up. They too were naked except for a rough, undyed wrap tied at their hips. All were slim, young, their bodies tanned and fit. All of them were branded on their thighs.

Like excited puppies, they all crowded around my feet, licking and kissing. I stood there, enjoying the moment.

Seven, naked, beautiful women, licking my feet. This, more than anything, was why I was happy to be stranded away from the 21st century.

"Enough. There is cargo to unload. If you drop anything, I will whip you, and the girl next to you. Understand?"



"Yes Master," they answered, they went aboard the boat and began picking up the bags and crates. I watched their behind's move, as they carried them down the jetty.

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