

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



To Serve Two Masters

Gordon Neale

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This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practise safe sex.

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TO SERVE TWO MASTERS

There was an area set aside for the display of slaves: an enclosed yard where men were discussed, priced and sometimes even exchanged.

We stood obediently, the three of us in a row. Master sat on a wooden bench and waited for one of the traders to show interest.

Justin was the first to be examined. The man who approached him was half-naked. He was hairy and coarse, but obviously a wealthy freeman of some sort. He squeezed Justin's pink, round nipples slowly and thoughtfully.

Justin's nipples are very sensitive and the pressure made him squirm slightly. Like the other two of us, he had been anchored by the chained collar around his neck to a nearby post. He strained on his lead. This seemed to please the man and he patted Justin's curly, golden hair. He then asked our Master some questions. Master replied by making Justin bend over at the waist and inviting the man to put his finger into the waiting arsehole. We had all learnt to get well used to such invasions.

Rock

My arms ached. My chains were heavy and it was now six long hours since Anton, the man who had been my owner since my early teenage years, had had them fixed round my wrists and ankles. Soon, he would no longer be able to include my body as part of his property. This was to be the last time I would be whipped in this house.

I had failed to get an erection for one of Master's guests. As a result, I was to be flogged in front of the entire household. Marvin usually administered these punishments. As senior slave, he certainly could be trusted to be every bit as heavy with the lash as a freeman. Our owner only ever bothered to do the whipping personally when Marvin himself was the one tied to the post in the yard.

Marvin was some ten years older than the rest of us: in his mid-thirties I think. When both he and Master were not more than children, he'd been bought at auction by Anton's father. He must have been a bargain; the old man had always had an eye for the best boys on the market - those bargains who would grow into valuable men. Besides, the family had never been rich enough to afford the best. We had all been acquired before our prime and therefore had cost less than our present worth.

Marvin was still regarded with envy by visitors to the house. Tall and powerful with a brooding yet intelligent face, he showed few signs of his age. He had the sort of sculptured chest which, almost without thinking, people would reach out to feel - to stroke. Hair on a slave's chest

was sometimes shaved off (some time ago there had been a fashion for smooth men). We who were owned by Anton had been allowed to keep ours. Marvin's caused his maleness to appear as something untamed, wild. His skin was dark, betraying his southern origin. Though he had never fought in battle, he had the air of a warrior about him. He and his father had been captured. The senior man had been sold for many times the price of his son; now the son was as valuable. Marvin had been the one who, during his puberty, Anton had experimented on - he had always been the favourite. Now, Master only wanted one man's hole to fuck, and Marvin was obedient, happy to serve and beautiful to look at.

The rest of us, in our early to mid-twenties and thus marketable commodities, were to be sold. At first we were not told of this, but we knew something was afoot. There was an atmosphere, something in the way we were treated during those last few days. We had speculated on what was going to happen to us.

Then, we were actually taken to the market. This was not unusual: slaves were sometimes valued without being put up for sale.

The market was certainly not a place for chaste thoughts. Everywhere there were young men being herded, ready to be sold. Some had been taken in war, and some had been brought by the traders who travelled to other islands, buying cheaply and making handsome profits. Others were freemen who had committed criminal acts and been sentenced to slavery as punishment.

Most of the slaves had been stripped naked, although some wore loose cloth about their waists. They were beautiful creatures; these auctions were famous for that. Sometimes ten or more at once were marched through, chained one to the other by their necks and ankles. Sometimes one or two were led to the holding-pens, their

hands tied in front of them, pulled along by the rope that bound them.

Whenever we were taken out in public our cocks and balls were bound tightly to give our erections more thrust, then chains would be put around our necks. These were simply to provide something to tether us with should there be need to leave us unattended. Each of us are branded with the slave's mark; even if we could have done so, it would have been foolish to try to wander. Our hands are usually tied behind our backs and our feet hobbled. There would be little chance of mistaking us for freemen.

Once we had arrived at our destination, we were taken to be examined. There was an area set aside for this: an enclosed yard where men were discussed, priced and sometimes even exchanged.

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to assist by moving his hips slowly to give the man more flesh. This too had pleased.

After making him lick the finger clean, the stranger examined Justin's mouth, his ears and his neck. He grunted in approval at the well-muscled back and the strong arms, still bound tightly behind. Then he turned his attention to Justin's cock. Justin is exceptionally well hung and gets hard at the slightest thing. The examination left him standing up like a ram-rod.

It was a proud thing on one of such low status: uncut and thick enough to choke you. His balls were tightly contracted and his golden pubes hung around them like a lion's mane. Slave that he was, he stuck his chin out in a defiant sort of way: perhaps, by this time, aware he might be taken from the other two of us, confined to a cage all night, and sold tomorrow to God knows who.

The man manipulated Justin's cock, but only a little; then he seemed to lose interest in the boy and immediately turned to Theo.

Theo is the exact opposite of Justin: short, stocky and dark. His muscles are still something to be proud of, but they are marked with thick, dark hairs all over his chest and abdomen. His cock is stubby and blunt, sticking out from a forest of black hair.

His face is still boyish and pleasant but, not unlike Marvin's, it has a wild look. Like a tamed animal: one that could still turn on you.

The man seemed very interested in Theo's arse. Theo's hairy legs are strong and his buttocks are well-formed. Many a man has wanted to be given the privilege of beating them with a strap. Theo's arse-crack is dark and mysterious. The hairs there are softer and more dense. I know that arse. I've been made to lick it often enough, and

many times have had to grease it, preparing Theo to be fucked.

The man even went as far as putting some sort of implement up him. It was only a medium-sized plug, the sort which is meant to open the hole and relax it in preparation for a larger invasion. Still, it was big enough to cause Theo to go deep red. He started to breathe heavily as Master had told him to do when he found it difficult to take a guest's cock.

Then, with a nod of permission from our master, the man unbuttoned the front of his own trousers and took out his massive piece of meat. It was thick and round with a heavy, loose foreskin; pre-come was already dripping off the end. He wore a ring around the base of his balls to keep his erection as hard as possible.

He threw something on the floor in front of me and motioned for me to pick it up. It was a sheath: I knew what to do. I used my mouth to roll it over the head of his shaft. As I tasted the rubber and smelt his sweat, I began to move my lips up and down his organ. He enjoyed this, but wanted something else. He pushed me aside, making me fall to the ground. I stayed there, kneeling in the dust, thankful the chain on my collar was long enough to allow this without choking me.

Then the man stood behind Theo and, giving him a hard slap across the arse like he might a horse, he entered him. Theo almost cried out but the man clapped a hand over the boy's mouth to prevent him making too much noise. He must have been used to slaves who found it difficult to take his massive organ in one go. Despite the pain he must have felt, Theo's cock was hard. His arse, widened by the implement, seemed to accommodate every inch. Even so, the man withdrew before he came.

I was made to lick Theo's arse clean before the man turned his attention to me.

I too, have hairs on my chest, but only a few, and light brown like those on my head. There are just enough on my body to define my belly and my upper torso. My legs are sturdy, but longer than Theo's and slimmer. My cock is nothing to be ashamed of, and it was excited by the treatment the other two slaves had just received. The man stared into my face. I tried not to look directly at him nor look away: you can be whipped for either. He seemed almost tender as he traced the line of my chin.

I'm twenty-five and have always been told that I have a handsome enough face. My beard is not heavy and, in any case, my face had been shaved that morning, so my skin was as smooth as any arse cheek. My eyes are a piercing blue and this has often got me into trouble for insolence - something I never could be. I know my position and I know I am to treat any freeman, no matter how lowly, as though he owned me. It is for Master to decide who fucks me; who punishes me.

The man suddenly drew back slightly as if considering something. Then, just as I was tempted to meet his gaze, he spat in my face. The saliva dribbled down my nose and fell in drops against my chest. He spat again. This time his spit stayed in my eyebrows and almost blinded me as it made its way into my eyes. The man laughed, approving my non-reaction. He reached out and grabbed my balls which had contracted and were sensitive to his touch. He stroked them gently, just touching the hairs, stimulating my flesh and making me want to moan with pleasure.

Just as I thought he was going to be kind, he spat again and dealt me a heavy blow across the cheek. I stumbled and tried to right myself; but his hands grabbed my testicles again and pulled me back to my feet, sending a stab of pain into my stomach. The man came up close. I

could feel his chest-hair against my skin. He pressed his cheek against mine and reached behind to stroke my arse and finger my hole. I wondered why he didn't make me bend over as he had Theo, but he seemed to want to test me for holding. He squeezed my body and murmured in my ear, 'Good boy! Good boy!' Then, almost fondly, he wiped some of the saliva from my face and, withdrawing, motioned for Justin to come forward and to take my cock into his mouth.

I love it when Justin is made to suck me. He's very good at it, even though I know he hates it. Justin is into girls and resents his status as a sex slave more than most. He sucks harder than Theo: he's more intense. It's as though he wants to get it over with and the best way to do this is to make you come quickly.

He set to my meat with gusto, contrasting the brutal suction with the tender use of his tongue, sending waves of desire all over my body. He licked my balls before placing his tongue gently into my piss-slit.

Then, just before I could bear it no longer, he was pulled away. The two freemen went into a discussion, which I later found out was about how much each of us would fetch when we were auctioned the following morning.

We three lads looked at each other and I couldn't help but notice Theo's worried look and Justin's slight scowl. (He knows better than to make it obvious. His back bears the marks of many correction sessions at the hands of Marvin.)

After some haggling, a price for each of us must have been decided. Of course, even if we'd known then what the purpose of all this was, we wouldn't have been told what price had been fixed upon. Slaves can get ridiculously jealous of each other if they think their neighbour is to be sold for more than they themselves are. At the time, we

assumed we were merely being valued so our master would know how much we were worth.

We were finally released from the tethering-posts. Our neck-chains were linked and we were made to walk back through the market and so to home.

On the way we saw many slaves going through the same ordeal we had just undergone. Some were sulky; some clearly relished the attention being paid to their bodies. One boy was tied, spread-eagled, to a tree and was being serviced by two rough-looking lads who didn't look as though they were more than nineteen. His face was a picture of pain and lust as one and then the other abused his backside. His naked body was covered with sweat and his nipples were red and swollen.

As we passed, one of the boys yelled out to our master, 'We'll pay you for half an hour with the blond one!'

Master smiled and shook his head. 'He's already been priced. I'm selling all three of them tomorrow.'

That was the first time we actually knew. Theo looked at me and I tried to give him a sympathetic little smile. Master caught this exchange and, stopping, ran his hand over Theo's cheek. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I need the money.'

That afternoon, back at our master's house, I had begun to stroke my cock, finally bringing myself to an orgasm as I thought of what was in store and remembered all those other men, naked and chained. We would be auctioned alongside them the following morning. We had ceased to be men and had become 'stock'.

Master visited us later with a guest who wanted to use one of us. The man had chosen me but I was still limp - spent. It was obvious I had done the unforgivable and wanked myself. My cock is my owner's property, not mine; I

knew I had no right to touch it without being told to do so. I was immediately taken to the cage.

- And there I waited to be flogged. I was told I had been awarded at least ten strokes. This might seem like a heavy punishment for what was the result of a natural impulse, but I deserved it and I knew I did. I'd only meant to feel my cock, to give myself some comfort or relief. I had tried to stop myself coming but the events of the day had been too much for me.

The metal links weighed down my arms and made it difficult for me to shift my feet. The bars of the cage were close around my naked body; I couldn't sit down. I spent the time wondering what the future had in store and who was going to buy us. I wondered whether we would be kept together or sold separately.

I remembered the young thugs I'd seen raping the slave on the tree. I wondered if they had money and were likely to end up owning my body. I almost wanted it.

I fell asleep where I stood. It seemed I was there for an eternity. Presently, a shaft of light entering the room woke me. It was Marvin and, led by a piece of rope loose around his neck, Justin. I knew what was about to happen and my cock immediately jumped. I felt a palpitation in my chest and was obscenely aware of my erection. Though I didn't look down to see it, there it was bobbing up and down. It counterweighted my balls, which contracted, making the soft, downy hairs which covered them tickle and caress the skin.

Justin was made to kneel. His hands were free and, as he had been told to, he put them obediently on his head while Marvin unlocked the door of my cage. I collapsed on the floor and kissed his feet. He used his foot to push my head away, gently but firmly.

‘Stop that,’ he said. ‘You know what we’re here for. This slave wants to piss.’

I mirrored Justin’s stance, my hands on my head, kneeling. At a nod from Marvin, Justin rose to his feet, his hands still in the supplicant position. Marvin reached out and took hold of Justin’s cock. It was soft but it lengthened slightly at the touch.

I did know what to do. Slaves who were being punished were often used as piss receptacles for the others. I leaned back on my thighs, opening my mouth and shutting my eyes. I didn’t have to look to know Marvin was leading Justin towards me by his cock. Soon I felt the first drops of hot liquid splashing my face. We are taught how to piss, just as we’re taught everything else: a spurt across the lavatory slave’s face and then more on his chest. I felt the urine running down towards my navel. Justin held back and the sensation stopped for a while. Then the end of his wet penis was placed in my mouth. I closed my lips around his meat which was, by now, almost hard. I prepared myself. Justin sighed with relief and let go of the contents of his bladder.

He obviously hadn’t been allowed to piss for some time; it came down my throat in a torrent, hot and salty. I gagged and tried to swallow it, but some dribbled out of the corners of my mouth. He controlled the flow and I was able to swallow what was in my mouth before he let more in. I drank and drank until his bladder emptied and his penis was withdrawn. Marvin, still holding the boy’s organ, shook it and a few extra drops fell on my eyelids.

I opened my eyes, which were stinging slightly from the salt. Justin was standing in front of me with his soft cock hanging right by my line of vision.

‘Clean him,’ Marvin ordered.

I leant forward and gently licked under Justin's foreskin and into his piss-slit. Before this could grow into anything too pleasurable for either of us, Marvin took hold of Justin's lead and pulled him away. Then, without another word, he motioned for me to rise. My limbs ached and I stumbled slightly as I got to my feet.

I was not to be caged again: Marvin pulled one of my wrists upwards and locked my shackles onto a ring which was secured to a beam above my head. Justin, knowing what was required of him, took my other wrist and secured it to another ring. He was then led away and I was left with his piss on my body and with thoughts of the lashing I would have to endure in a very short time.

The whipping post is in the centre of my master's yard. It is made of wood and is about six feet high. Some way before the top, chains are driven into it so the victim can be secured with his hands shackled just in front of his face.

Master sits on a chair facing the victim. He likes to watch the lash coming down on us; to see Marvin's face as he flogs us. The other slaves are made to sit behind so they can see the welts appearing and learn from the punished one's mistakes. We have to pass that post several times a day. It serves as a reminder of our position and a warning that we must always be obedient or suffer the consequences.

It was about nine o'clock by the time they were ready for me. From my prison, I could hear their voices out in the yard. This would be my last whipping in this place. From this time on, the only person who would ever be chained here would be Marvin himself, and my master would be the one holding the lash.

I was led from the house into the evening sunlight. It hurt my eyes and I squinted. Marvin fixed a heavy steel collar around my neck which forced me to keep my head

up. I was taken over to Master's seat and was able to study the audience while they studied me.

Two young men, guests in our house, had been allowed to come in and watch the show. They seemed very interested in the procedure. Sitting on cushions at my master's feet, they plied him with questions.

'Is he going to be lashed now?'

'When I give the word, Marvin's ready for him. He's certainly had enough time to think about his errors.'

'Will it hurt him? Will he be marked by it?' - the older boy had a deeper voice than his brother. It made me feel strangely excited, but I also felt a tingle of fear.

'Oh, yes. A slave must be taught obedience. If you mollycoddle him, he'll not be worth selling when the time comes to do that.'

'And you're selling all three?'

'Yes, they are to be sold tomorrow.'

'Will the marks on this one's back make him cheaper to buy?' - this was the younger boy.

'No - but hush! We need to get the business over with.'

The boys were clearly impressed by my naked body. One was just below my own age, twenty-two or so, and the other some two years younger. They were alike, almost identical, but the elder one had a hard look about his face, a cruel expression. The younger seemed to pity my situation: he looked at me sadly and a little kindly.

Both of them were handsome and well-formed, their bodies tanned and muscular. They had the same jet-black hair and slightly sallow skin. Their eyes were so dark it was not possible to see if they too were black, or very dark brown. They wore loin-cloths and sandals but nothing else. They took it in turns to stroke my nakedness and examine how Marvin had tied my hands tightly in front of me. I

knew Justin and Theo were standing behind me unfettered, with their hands on their heads.

The younger boy turned to Anton and asked, 'How much is he? Would we be able to afford him?'

Master laughed. 'You're not yet ready for the responsibility of a slave. Your father would not look very kindly on it if I saddled him with extra expense. A slave is like an animal. It takes feeding and housing. It's not just the cost of buying him you know.'

The young boy took hold of my genitals. 'He's so big. Will I ever be as big as that?'

'I already am,' said the other.

'No, you're not,' scoffed the first. 'I've seen your cock often enough. It's only a little bigger than mine and you're two years older than me. Mine would easily be as big as this slave's with a bit of exercise and attention.'

The elder one gave him a malevolent look: something unspoken passed between them which I didn't understand. The younger boy was cowed by whatever it was. He coloured and became very quiet. Then he stroked my cock into life and ran his other hand round the contours of my chest.

'I like hair on the body,' he mused. 'It feels so soft.'

He stroked my nipples and then pinched them. I steadied myself as he squeezed and rolled them between his fingers.

'You poor thing,' he whispered. 'You have to be whipped. I think it's going to hurt you very much.'

'What would you have me do with him?' Master asked.

The older boy replied, directing his words to me.

'I'd chain you to one of my ankles and make you crawl behind me all day. If I ever felt that you weren't keeping up, I'd use a cane on your arse. You'd suffer, but your suffering

would be your humiliation. You'd have to crawl behind me everywhere – even to my college. You'd have to sit on the floor by my desk and endure the taunts of my fellow students. You'd have to follow me to the eating-house and be fed scraps from my hand. You're two years older than me at least. You'd suffer by knowing the whole town could see your master is younger than you. You, a grown man, are no more than my plaything.'

'Maybe you should own him.' Anton laughed. 'You seem to know how to tame the beasts.' Turning to the younger one he said, 'I'll give you the honour of chaining him.'

He nodded in the direction of the post and the boy smiled. I knew he was excited – I could see his erection through his thin loin-cloth. He kissed me on the cheek very lightly and then ran a finger over my lips. His eyes met mine. I know this wasn't allowed, but he seemed to be willing me to do it.

'You poor thing,' he repeated. 'What it is to be a slave. You've been in captivity since before you were my age and you have to endure all this.' He turned to my master.

'Am I allowed to kiss him properly?' he asked.

Master seemed greatly amused by the boy's interest in me. He agreed to the request and that soft, young face met mine. He gently placed his lips against my own and opened my mouth with his tongue. His eyes, now they were close, proved to be a dark brown. His chin had not yet felt a razor. His tongue explored my mouth and I responded gratefully.

'Oh, get on with it,' his brother complained. 'I want to see how the man takes his punishment. I don't suppose ...'

He gave a pleading look towards Anton and was rewarded with another laugh.

'You can't whip him if that's what you mean,' my master said. 'He'll hardly feel it. Look how strong Marvin is. It will take some doing to better the way he handles a lash.'

‘Maybe he should have two punishments. If what I do is not enough, then give him to your slave to finish the job. I’m strong, look.’

The lad stood in front of my master and invited him to feel the biceps which were indeed remarkable. I thrilled at the conversation but, at the same time, felt utterly degraded by it. This was my position – obliged to be silent, naked and bound in front of two boys not yet out of college. They were allowed to discuss how I should be punished – how I should be tortured.

Despite these feelings I wanted Anton to say yes. I wanted this young thing to know what it was like to make me cry out in pain. I wanted him to see, one by one, the welts appearing across my back and arse. I wanted him to thrill as he drew blood from my body for the first time. I wanted to be degraded even more.

The one who had kissed me began again. This time he was more passionate and I almost tried to break the ropes which bound my hands in my desire to hold his body close to me. Eventually, I was untied by Marvin, but he held my arms pinioned behind me.

He pulled me away from my lover (for that is what I imagined him to be) and turned me around. Justin and Theo were both looking at me, Theo jealously and Justin with contempt. The display had done nothing for Justin; he was still soft. I wondered if he ever imagined women doing this to him. Theo was breathing heavily and obviously had difficulty keeping his hands where they should be. He was dripping pre-come onto the ground in front of him. It formed a spider’s web between the end of his organ and the inside of his thigh. During similar sessions in the past, he had been known to come without touching himself.

Marvin, his hands now holding my upper arms close to my body, pushed me towards the whipping post and

positioned me in front of it. I felt my heart leap as I saw that the boy who wanted to whip me was now holding the lash and practising swinging it through the air. His loin-cloth was full and bulging. It had slipped down his hips because of his activity. The material now cut off the thin, visible line of hair which led from his navel down his stomach to the top of his pubic area. His thighs were rippling with muscle and, for one so young, his arms were magnificent.

I felt sure Marvin was to be denied his privilege on this occasion. The young lad looked like he could easily deliver a beating which was every bit as severe as any Marvin could administer.

The younger boy was waiting to fulfill his part of the proceedings. He was very gentle as he placed each of my wrists in the iron rings which he tightened so I could not escape.

Marvin kicked my legs apart. 'You have a choice of being gagged or not,' he said gruffly. 'If I were you I would accept. The lad looks like he knows what he is doing and you'll only get extra strokes if you plead for him to stop.'

I knew this was correct and I nodded. For some reason I was beginning to cry. It was not for fear: I had been whipped often enough before, sometimes so hard I was not able to stand at the end of it. I was full of emotion because of the boy's lips on mine and his tongue in my mouth. It had been years since I had been treated with such gentleness by a freeman. I wasn't sure what it had done to me, but I couldn't stop the tears.

Marvin glowered. 'Save them for later,' he scoffed. Then he turned to my lover. 'You can gag him too if you want, young master.'

He offered the boy a strip of rubber with a ball attached to the centre of it. The lad stood behind me and put his