

The Empress' Eager Udders  
Jason Shannon

Note: A while ago I had an idea for a series of short stories called *The Pranksters' Guide to Time Travel*. The idea is that two jokers on a time travel squad would jump back and forth throughout history, playing fast and loose with the rules, and overall having a good time. It was originally conceived as a single story, with multiple points in history, but quickly became too long, and was broken into multiple stories. The following story remained on its own, and it didn't seem appropriate to send this out to magazines on the hopes of being published.

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Quaestor Flavenius panted heavily, his weight coming down atop young tart. The quaestor was the young stud, twenty-eight years old, and had taken a healthy dose of arugula earlier, which should have kept him ravenous and excited all night. Now he was slick with sweat, panting heavily, his body engulfed in heat, despite the Carthaginian slave girls fanning him vigorously. He had crested Elysium thrice now inside her, and could go no further if the Huns were to barge in and demand it at gladius-point.

He tried to kiss the dancer, yet she turned her head aside. While Venus had allowed her to glimpse Elysium quite a few times this night, merely glimpsing it did not sate her. She wanted to bathe in the glorious bathhouses, drink delicious wine from the exquisite fountains. She wanted it all.

Flavenius stood from the bed, a little disappointed with himself. Why should he be? None of the other twelve guests at his dinner party had been enough for her; they all lounged about on chaise longues now, being soaped down by slave girls and replenished with wine. And none of them had lasted as long as Flavenius.

The quaestor's wife, grunting behind the woman's back, had by now outlasted her husband. She had her own phallus, strapped upon her pubus with leather belts, the sort of apparatus sometimes seen in brothels, used by females of the persuasion of the poet of Lesbos. Yet even she was at her limit, and her thighs could move her no further. She kissed the back of the dancer's shoulder, shifted out from beneath the woman. Languidly, she groped for the bath on unstable stable legs. A slave girl hurried after his mistress, calling, "My lady, let me massageth thy inner legs, lest thou be unable to mount a horse on the morrow."

Theodora lay there on the bed. Flavenius was clutching at the chaise longue, gulping wine from a chalice. Angrily, she called to him, "Is this all thou hath for me? Is not one of those senators or governors rested enough to finish me?"

"My lady, feel free to bathe. See my eunuch Pyrannus on your way out. You'll be handsomely paid—"

"Yes, I know who Pyrannus is. He did performeth cunnilingus earlier when thou had thy slave girl bring forth rigidity to thy phallus. Of course I shall have my money. But money was not the only thing I was promised. Bring in your slaves! The stable hands and scribes, I shall finish copulating with them if such esteemed highborn men are inadequate!"

At once, thirty of the house slaves were brought in, among them scribes and horse trainers and the instructor of Flavenius' gladiators. Some were Dalmatian, some were hairy Germanians, some were black-skinned Libyans. With their master's leave, they each began stripping. The female house slaves, who had by now finished bathing and feeding olives to the quaestor's guests, attended to the men, ensuring each was sexually ready, and that Theodora herself would need waste no time evincing male excitement.

Olietta, the Nubian slave girl, poured a copious dollop of olive oil onto her palms, and Theodora spread her legs pliantly for the other woman to reapply slickness.

Spread-eagled to the Nubian, the actress turned to the slaves. Commandingly, she barked, "Verily, give it to this harlotus!"

Three at a time, the actress took them all, one behind, one in front, and one standing above, legs split, taking from her irrumatio.

She found herself betwixt two Germanians, with a Spaniard at her lips. The Spaniard moved eagerly; her body tried to repel the man, and copious spittle ran down her face. Her throat suddenly free momentarily, she gasped for breath, using her hand on the Spaniard whilst she filled her lungs. Below, the two Germanians thrust vehemently.

In her Elysium, she grabbed at her own mammae, kneaded the voluptuous flesh. Turning to the ceiling, she suddenly spat. “Curse thee, Jupiter! Curse thee to Mars’ wrath! Why didst thou not sculpt my body such that my nipples may also open to receive men thusly? This restrictive body thou hath cursed me with has but vexatious limitations to satiate my libidinal needs!” She quickly reached behind the Spaniard, her fingers finding passage to the prostata, and massaging hard.

She belted out one more vile epithet. “Venus, thou art a cunnus for such a curse!”

Then she devoured the Spaniard’s eager manhood once more.

Suddenly – speaking out of turn, the feeble slave – the Germanian stablehand behind her panted something in his barbarian tongue. She had performed for many barbarians in the past, and spoke some of the northern tongue. The blue-eyed slave in her rear passage said something to the effect of, “See, I told you she’d say it.”

The language was not Trans-Rhinian, as she expected, but perhaps Britannian? She remembered an emissary from the court of Artorius’ kingdom, who she’d lain with. The language seemed to be mixed with the pirate tongue of the northern seas. She’d like to be bent over by a pirate.

Then the barbarian in her front passage said, “Fine, I owe you twenty denarii. Now, shut up and let me finish.”

The barbarian reached fruition within her back passage, removed himself, and hastily retreated to dress in elaborate garb – it had pantaloons, marking his barbarity. The other stable hand, in the front passage, quickly finished as well, bowed out, and also dressed in Germanic pantaloons, strapping a large pack onto his back.

The actress thought their bizarre Germanic tongue and hefty garb quite queer, but she dwelt on this only momentarily, before pulling back from the Spaniard in her oral cavity, swallowing hungrily, taking a breath, and saying the rest of the slaves, “Well, are you just going to stand there? Hop to it, slaves! Who’s next?”

As the next three slaves embraced her, there was a flash of light and a queer wind that blew through the adjoining room, yet Theodora hardly noticed it.

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