Naked Slave Submission

by G-string\_Vixen Â©

The humiliation is almost unbearable; lust filled eyes roam freely over my

naked body and roving hands unashamedly examine me like a piece of ripe

fruit on a market stall. I am afforded neither modesty nor dignity; I'm

made to stand exposed and vulnerable, my legs shoulder width apart, giving

my voyeuristic audience an unobstructed view of my bare sex. No sensuous

curve or intimate nook of my honey skin is spared from the critical gaze

of potential bidders; all of whom leisurely take their time to inspect me.

Of course not every Spartan wandering the streets is permitted to savor

the spectacle of me naked and bound for their viewing pleasure. The atrium

in which I am displayed is strictly reserved for members only. A slave of

my talents and appearance is an expensive luxury, which few can readily

afford. My lithe, supple form is not educated to toil in fields or to work

in hot kitchens; I am trained purely for pleasure. My duties are the most

primal of all: I am a Sex Slave and only the richest and most powerful

members of the city are allowed to examine and probe me. However this

morning there is certainly no shortage of them! The enclosed market place

is bustling with shoppers, each scrutinizing the flesh on offer with great

enthusiasm.

To my embarrassment the stall upon which I am displayed is attracting an

unprecedented amount of attention. There is a seemingly endless stream of

randy, young studs who wish to study me. Each one it seems trying to out

do the others in making me blush. Every potential owner desires an

increasingly graphic account of my sexual talents and their examination of

my body is ever more invasive.

I desperately want to cover myself and hide my silken flesh from their

intrusive demands, but I'm neither able nor would I dare attempt such

disobedience. As a slave in the ancient world I am aware of the

precariousness of my situation. I have no rights no freedoms; to these

people I am nothing more than an object, an object of sexual

gratification. This is my place in society and I have learnt it well.

Every morning at sun rise I have to repeat the slave girl oath: an

admission of my total servitude and submission to my masters. This is part

of the enslavement process, brainwashing me into unquestioning loyalty and

obedience. Not that I need to be reminded of my fragile position. Even by

slave standards Sex Slaves rank as the most subservient. Even other

slaves' treat us servants and our treatment is designed to be the most

explicit and degrading. We're not even permitted clothing! At the very

least most slaves are afforded the luxury of a g-string or loin cloth, but

not us. Since my enslavement I have been kept permanently naked every inch

of me on display for the pleasure of others. And as if this wasn't enough.

In order to heighten my exposure I have been completely waxed from the

neck down so that even the velvet lips of my sex are not afforded the

merest hint of pubic hair to protect them.

The next voyeurs to inspect me are a group of three outrageously hot young

guys. They are all in their early twenties and the trip to the luxury

slave market is clearly still something of a novelty to them. It is

obvious from their swollen loins that they are thrilled by the sight of

hot, helpless females and I can tell from their youthful exuberance that

they will take great satisfaction in making me squirm.

They are dressed in loose, linen or silk pants and their impressive torsos

are proudly on display. They are all tanned and toned to perfection, with

thick, rippling pecs and taut, hard abs, which set my pulse racing. From

the moment their before me their hands wander lustfully over my body,

fondling my tender flesh with wild abandonment. My apple shaped breasts

are massaged and caressed like sweet, summer fruit and their prominent

peaks are tweaked and teased, causing me to moan involuntarily. This

entices the lean limbed males to test me further. Having tasted my

vulnerability they now wish to delve deeper into my secrets.

Commandingly one of the studs orders me to turn around and present my rear

to him. Instantly I obey turn to show my bum to my audience. However, this

is not enough and I am ordered to spread my legs further apart and bend

forward so that my butt is sticking out invitingly, offering them an

explicit view between my tender thighs.

This is not an opportunity to be missed and the guys eagerly gather around

my exposed rear, subjecting it to the same thorough fondling as my

breasts. They squeeze and knead my buns like dough, commenting on how

perky they are. Then without warning a hand suddenly lands down hard upon

my exposed rump. I cry out and lose my balance, falling into the arms of

one of the men. He holds me firmly and my reddened cheeks are exposed to

another sound spank. In hope of a reprieve I stare up weakly into his

crystal, green eyes, almost begging him to protect me from his friends.

However I can see the flaming lust in his expression and I know that my

soft, girlish squeaks are eliciting no sympathy. His heavy breathes betray

how arousing he is finding my spanking. He like all the others is

delighting in the absolute power he has over me and I know I can expect no

leniency from him. Against this violation of my delicate form, I see that

there is no defence. All I can do is blush and squeak in response,

confirming their authority over me. After a few minutes of punishing my

backside and making me squeal the boys move on to examining my more

intimate secrets. My stinging buns are parted and to my embarrassment they

start to discuss my pussy and ass. My whole body tenses as I feel their

uninhibited fingers graze my bum hole and venture onwards towards my

velvet peals.

I brace myself in anticipation of their probing, but much to my relief one

of the slave dealers stops them before they have time to explore me

further. The market rules state that bidders aren't allowed to violate the

slave girls' orifices before purchase and begrudgingly my tormentors are

told to release me. They were obviously hoping to explore my body more

thoroughly and I dare not imagine what they'd have done had the slave

dealer not intervened.

For the next few hours I am subjected to numerous examinations, by a

multitude of inquisitors. Men, women, couples. All come to subject me some

form of humiliation. I'd hoped that after the first few infringements of

my body I'd become accustomed to being degraded, but that is not the case.

The cheeks of my face are as red as those of my rear and every degradation

seems to make me glow with shame.

I need a knight in shining armor to come and rescue me, but by the early

afternoon I'm starting to lose hope. However, it is at this moment when it

happens when he arrives! I hear a commotion on the other side of the

atrium, signaling that some one of importance has arrived. Breaking the

rules I dare a glance and am treated to the glorious sight of a bronze

clad Greek hero. Despite the crowd around him I can see his high crested

helmet towering above them. I have heard many tales of such heroes and

their insatiable sexual antics. Of slave girls who are possessions of such

men and how they are taken to their bed chambers and ravaged again and

again; forced to submit their fragile bodies to any and all sexual desires

of these powerful stallions. I myself have dreamt on many occasions of

having my lithe, body pillaged throughout the night, as I buck and squirm

in the strong arms of such a hero and my heart is pounding with excitement

at the prospect of being inspected by one. Suddenly he looks in my

direction and for one intense second our eyes meet.

Without even a glance at the other females he strides over to me, covering

in three or four paces the distance it would take a normal man twenty.

Despite my training I step back as he approaches both embarrassed by my

nudity and terrified by his sheer presence. Alone he stands at, at least

6'5" but clad in his high crested, horse hair helmet he strikes a gigantic

6'8" or 6'9" and he towers over me, like a titan. His imposing form

dominating the space in front of me. He is without doubt the most

magnificent figure I have ever laid eyes upon. He muscles are lean and

well defined and his physic is tight and athletic, toned by the tides of

war. Had I not been naked and bound I would have been helpless before such

a man, my slender form no match for a stallion of his strength.

Unlike the others that have viewed me that morning he doesn't ogle my

breasts or waxed sex. His dark, intense eyes are fixed firmly on mine and

despite the slave girl rules I stare back trapped like a rabbit in a torch

light. I am completely captivated and I stand in awe of him.

For what seems like a life time I stare mesmerized into his deep, dreamy,

brown eyes. Before I even have time to register that he has purchased me I

am swept up in his arms and carried in an adrenaline fuelled daze away

from the market to his encampment.

I am taken into his large, luxurious, purple tent and lain down gently on

a bed of velvet and silk cushions. It's all like a dream, lying there at

his knees and I melt as he unexpectedly kisses me, our lips connecting

with bittersweet fervor.

Surrounded by his broad shoulders and tight, biceps I submit myself to his

zealous hunger. Our tongues dance together, thrusting, tangling,

searching, duelling in a battle of desire. Until after one final, long

drugged kiss he leaves me to undress.

I lie back on the soft cushions and admire the show as he strips. He looks

magnificent in his armor but I'm dying to see what lies beneath.

Fortunately I don't have to wait long. With the skills he's honed on a

thousand campaigns he sheds his bronze breast plate with ease, treating me

to the smooth olive, expanse of streamlined muscle beneath. His

wonderfully broad chest is quite a sight and my mind races with salacious

fantasies.

His armor is immediately followed by his silk, toga skirt leaving him in

only a small, tight fitting pair of white shorts. They do mouth-wateringly

little to cover his hot, bronzed skin, but tease me like crazy. They sit

low on his hips leaving a rope of taut v-shaped muscle where his wash

board abs meet his powerful thighs, enticing my eyes towards his groin.

He can sense my anticipation and he teases me by leisurely taking his

time. I lick my lips with desire and my eyes light up like stars as I

watch his hands slip into the waistband of his shorts. Everything seems to

move in slow motion as he slowly peels the tight white fabric from his

hips. Millimeter by millimeter they slip away until they fall like an

autumn leaf exposing the most impressive column in Greece. I could see

through the taut material that he was fairly sizable but now I can't help

but gasp as his pulsating erection bounces free before my very eyes. It

stands proudly like a tall, oak throbbing and pulsing excitedly, obviously

at its highest level of arousal. Perversely the knowledge that I have

caused him to reach such a peak of arousal makes me grin like a Cheshire

cat. In the powerless world of a slave girl this is the only strength I

have and I take it as a great complement that my tender body can evoke

such a reaction.

Carrying a bottle of oil he casually he strides over to me and kneels

down. Like a magnet my hands are drawn to his wide, muscled chest. It's

hard and smooth and I can feel his heart pounding with excitement. Unable

to resist I slip my hand down to his swollen manhood and stroke it,

enjoying the sensation of its solid silkiness in my hand. His rigid cock

is blatant in its arousal and it pulses in my grasp.

I arch my back submissively as he pours the clear, liquid all over my

burgeoning, pink tipped peaks until it flows down over my cleavage and

stomach. Trickling in thick rivers into my belly button and over my toned

abs. It tickles me as its warmth coats my rose tinged flesh and it is not

long before my master can resist my glistening body no more. He slides his

hands all over me as I twist and squirm in his powerful, oily, grasp.

Occasionally I try to massage some of the oil into his body, but without

success. Every time I attempt to do so he pins me back down to the

cushions and his slippery fingers continue their journey over my inflamed,

silky nakedness. Physically, he is far stronger and he uses his strength

to position me however he desires, moving me about effortlessly. It is

clear that he is in charge and I happily accept his total dominance,

surrendering myself completely to his ravenous hands.

Not one inch of me is left unlubricated; he pays exquisite attention to

every part of my smooth, curving flesh. He caresses my feet, even sucking

on each of my toes. The backs of my legs, my arms, my mid rift, every part

of me is intimately massaged until I have been driven into a sexual

frenzy. My warm, moist centre is now so ripe it threatens to explode and I

try to satisfy some of the fire within me. However, my master knows full

well that my damp, swollen pussy craves stimulation, but he has me exactly

where he wants me and he aims to tame me further. I try to touch myself,

but am swiftly castigated for doing so. Instead I am forced to beg to be

touched.

I try to push the pouting lips of my beaver to him but he still does not

rush himself. He massages my inner thighs, applying a medium amount of

pressure with his thumbs, drawing circles getting closer and closer to my

ripe vagina. Once these circles are at the creases between my legs he

stops. He does not venture into my budding flower, but instead kneads my

flesh making me plead for satisfaction.

Finally to my delight he places his rigid tongue at the base of my sex and

runs it firmly up all the way to the top in one long, hard stroke. The

feeling is divine and he follows his first stroke with another soft, broad

stroke, this time covering the whole of my slit. He continues varying

these strokes between hard and soft, until I'm purring like crazy.

Occasionally he even softly takes my pink, swollen lips in his mouth and

sucks and gently nibbles on them.

Whilst his tongue assaults my sex he places a hand between my buttocks and

very gently eases a finger into my rear. The feeling is a little unnerving

at first and I pull my hips away from him in a vain effort to escape the

intrusion. It is a fruitless attempt and his finger is soon buried in my

depths. I soon relent as I realize the pressure in my bum is in fact

intensifying the sensations in my sex. The accumulation of his tongue on

my pussy and his finger in my ass has set my body tingling and I can feel

the warmth of my impending climax. My master is clearly listening to the

continuous stream of girly, squeaks and squeals coming from me and he

changes his technique in accordance with my subconscious moans. He makes

his tongue as solid as possible and starts to thrust it in and out of me.

The warmth of his breath and the firmness of tongue tickles and teases the

entrance to my little pussy driving me wild. Over whelmed by the

sensations I start to gyrate my hips trying to make him probe deeper.

Now that I'm starting to buck my master decides its time to go for the

jewel in my crown and he moves his tongue up to my ultra sensitive

clitoris, which is peeking out enticingly. He starts by gently flicking

his tongue over it, making my legs shudder and then moves on to

rhythmically drawing letters around it. The sensation is intense and I am

moaning like a whore, I know I'm close to cumming now and my whole body is

trembling.

It is at this point that he takes my clitoris in his mouth and sucks on

it, still flicking it with his tongue. The warmth of his mouth and the

stimulation is heavenly and it takes me to the very edge of orgasm. I buck

and strain, but my master continues to suck, harder and harder, tighter

and tighter. Suddenly his finger slips out of my behind, releasing a

crescendo of orgasmic energy. My vagina tenses and I feel my juices

squirting out of me. My master continues sucking for a moment longer, but

he knows I am now too tender and he soon releases me. I lie there trying

to catch my breath, my body still trembling. The orgasm was just awesome

and I feel alive with energy.

He permits me a moment to recover and I lie motionless blushing and

giggling, as the warm tingling fades. Once I have caught my breath he sets

about riding me like a prize thoroughbred. He places the tip of his cock

at the opening to my pussy and with great care he inches his sinewy length

into me. I gasp and bite my lip as he enters, glad to have the extra

lubricant of my orgasm to ease his passage. He is quite sizable and my

tight, little pussy is forced to stretch to accommodate him. He starts

slowly thrusting quite deep but not too hard, allowing me to get

accustomed to the sensation of being impaled on such a long, hot shaft.

However, he soon increases the tempo. Staring intently into my eyes he

starts to plunge his sinewy length harder into me. My breasts jiggle and

there is a satisfying slapping of flesh against flesh as he fills me up to

the hilt. He swiftly establishes a good rhythm and the hard, fast friction

makes me hot once more.

With no regard for my modesty I moan loudly, gripping the cushions as my

body is taken with untamed passion. He holds my legs by the ankles and

spreads and twists me as he desires. He alternates between holding my legs

up and together making the fit of his member in my pussy, feel even

tighter and spreading me as wide as my muscles will allow. He is really

driving hard into me now and the hot glide of flesh against flesh is

making me want to cum again.

The sensation of his pulsing core embedded, deeply within me is all too

much and my body jolts and shudders uncontrollably. I grip the cushions as

hard as I can, but all my strength seems to have been sucked into the

first wave of my orgasm. Stars dance before my eyes and the sound of hot

blood fills my ears like the roar of an angry sea. I cry out as emotion

overwhelms me and I close my eyes. I'm lost in a wave of euphoria and I'm

carried away on a sea of pleasure. He is no longer in side me and I stare

out towards him deliriously. I can see him stroking himself, his jaw

clenched and his nostrils flaring as jet of hot seed erupts over my

stomach and breasts. Finally he caves in on top of me, our sweating, oily

bodies spent, panting with exhaustion. It has been one of the most

emotionally rigorous days of my life and my whole body feels weak and

weary. Despite my desire to make love all night I am so tired I can barely

move. My new master is keenly aware of this and caringly he holds me close

in his powerful arms and kisses me tenderly on the forehead. Protected by

the solid wall of muscle that is his chest I drift off to sleep.