

Author: centurionF
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THE ROD OF JUSTICE

His broad frame was immobilised, chained X-square between the ancient columns of the temple

He'd suffered punishment before, many times. As a boy, as a youth, as a soldier, as a captive. But this was the most glorious of all. He surveyed his rippling shoulders, held in a perfectly straight line from wrist across to wrist. Presenting a handsome profile to the young priestesses, naked but for a tiny thong round their breasts, rubbing their virgin vagina against his trunk-like thighs to stimulate his semen production. His balls were indeed swelling, heavy and pendulous, barely concealed by the small loincloth hanging from a leather string round his hips. A filthy square of cloth, stained with the cum of the many men who had occupied this position, over centuries of unendurable punishment

His armour had gone, but his helmet remained as the last symbol of his status. He'd polished it countless times, naked and proud. It always made him hard. The inside was caked with the ejaculate of his companion in arms Thakis, and Thakis' was caked with his. Masturbation was unmanly, but a spontaneous, unwanked unloading of many weeks of seed into the proud fighting symbol of your closest brother-in-arms was deeply satisfying, and a tribute to Mars

And here he was, held in place by the fabled Rod of Justice. A long bronze pole, covered in a stitched leather sheath. It rose from the ground behind his widespread legs, and entered deep into his rectum. It was not the priestesses who were stimulating his seed, but, like all the men who had been here, the knowledge that the Rod had held Hercules himself in place for his punishments. Punishments which he so richly deserved. Punishments passed down only by word of mouth in

the soldiery, late at night by campfires, or on sentry duty deep in the pines. Or in the ear of captive soldiers, to still their groans as their arse was ravaged and milked up by cock after conquering cock

He was preparing himself for the first. There was no doubt what it would be. The girls were softly massaging his thick, full pectoral muscles. Their sweet, warm lips brushed his nipples. Nipples made large, full and erect by previous torments over the years, including nine days of attention by the King of Scythia and his three closest bodyguards. Young swarthy men who punished his pectoral region for hours on end, as the sun went down and the moon came up. Until they could stand no more. His suffering finally made them vent their passions on each other, using his copiously given-up cum as lube for their heated sodomy. The king had taught Aurax to take pain. To beg. To shoot seed without being touched

His first trial came swiftly and without ceremony. A tall captain of the guard in a hooded metal helmet appeared from nowhere, wearing just an armoured peplum beneath his thick, hairy chest, and carrying a leather bucket full of greenery. He roared in anger. Aurax had not been shaved. A senior cadet about 19 was dragged from out of one of the labyrinthine screens which wound between the ancient marble columns. A girl screamed in frustration. The youth was strung up by four guards in one of the three X-frames ranged in a semi-circle 60 feet in front of Aurax. The lad had his back to him. His leather peplum was removed from behind by an older man, probably a general. He kissed the boy's shoulders as he unlaced the garment. The peplum dropped to the floor. The lad's front was out of Aurax' sight, but he watched as the man's arms reached round and massaged the boy's abs from behind. His big arms went down to the lad's groin. The cadet dropped his head. The older man's right hand fell into a steady rhythm. The cadet moaned. The unseen girl cried out. A hard slap came from the screens. Then another. The boy shuddered and groaned. The older man slowed his hand rhythm, and stopped. He moved off the boy with a grin of triumph. His right palm held a warm pool of cum. It dripped between his fingers. A short stocky guard with short blond hair came up with a whip.

The older man took the whip in his left hand, and ran it through the cum-drenched palm of his right hand. He handed the glistening whip back to the guard. The guard took it to the cadet and rubbed his face in it. The girl whimpered behind the screens

Aurax watched as the stocky blond guard started to whip the boy. Aurax admired the man's muscles. The whipping action pumped his arms and shoulders, and sweat ran down his back. Aurax got hard. His strengthening tool pushed his loincloth aside. His cock stood proudly to attention, in public tribute to the masculinity of the guard. The guard saw this as he changed from one side of the boy to the other. He paused in his work, and unlaced his peplum. He let it drop to the floor and faced Aurax. He stood square and upright, his stomach pulled in, allowing Aurax to admire his physique and genitals. His ballsac hung large and full. He used his whip to hold his cock upwards, and swung his hips from side to side. His bollocks swung in time, and kissed his thighs. The guard stroked the whip up and down his short, thick tool. His knobhead glistened with pre-cum. The men gave each other a nod of respect. A bond. A bond of hard cocks sticky with semen. Aurax wanted the man's whip, and the cocky blond guard wanted to give it to him. Man to man. Relentlessly. Mercilessly. The image glimmered like a mirage between them

The moment ended. Two cadets appeared and shaved Aurax' chest. The blond guard gave the boy three more lashes, then masturbated him. He spat on the handle of the whip, looked at Aurax, and forced the whip handle up between the boy's widespread arse-cheeks. The boy screeched and gave a deep, heavy sigh. spurts of semen landed on the floor in front of the lad. The blond guard came up to Aurax, his work with the lad done. He took the shaving utensils from one of the cadets, and shaved Aurax's midriff, down to his pubes. Leaving his pubes intact, he kneeled on one knee, removed Aurax' loincloth and shaved his testicles. His breath bathed Aurax' thighs and balls. Pre-cum flowed down Aurax' cock. He ached to cum. He felt the guy's moustache graze his balls in a kiss. It was a dangerous game. The guard would be punished if

Aurax ejaculated, and both men knew it. Aurax held back, but his man would not be denied. He stood up with Aurax' loincloth in his hand. He took off Aurax' helmet, and with a grin on his good-looking face he polished the helmet with the loincloth. The loincloth stained with bollockload after bollockload of the many guys whose hips it had graced. Aurax was beat. He sucked his stomach in and his thighs trembled. The triumphant guard held the helmet over Aurax' groin as he shot his load for him, then left

In a few minutes Aurax heard the familiar sound of military punishment. The sound of a bullwhip, applied slowly and methodically to a broad guy's back. The hard punishment of a military man by another. His stocky blond buddy was taking it. Aurax grew hard again. As the lash rang out pre-cum dribbled down his cock. The sound changed as the whip went lower, round the guy's waist and arse. Muffled grunts could now be heard. The guard was wearing a gag. Aurax's pre-cum gave way to semen, oozing milkily down his cock onto his balls. He ached to be wanked, but that was not in prospect

The big captain of the guard reappeared with his bucket. It contained stinging nettles. Wearing leather mitts he took one long, strong stalk and pushed it deeply down into Aurax's piss-slit. Aurax stayed silent as the stem of pain seared down his cock and set his balls on fire. Breathing heavily, he leaned back against the Rod of Justice. The Rod probed Aurax' insides further, milking up more thick white juice. It bubbled up around the nettle and glazed his purple-red cockhead. The captain liked what he saw. Aurax was looking at him, admiring his chest, tensing his own for the punishment to come, spunk dribbling down his cock. Aurax was ready. He belonged to him. He was all his. Exactly how the captain liked them. He selected another nettle, and held it close to Aurax' right nipple. The men stared into each other's eyes. Aurax' cock throbbed for the helmeted captain. The captain was hard behind his peplum. The sky grew dark, the braziers were lit, and Aurax cried out. The sun-baked nettles were full of sting, and doing their work. Another night of punishment on the Rod had begun