

Concubine
Saxa's Journey – Book Four

By

Pasha Baker

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Chapter One

"Good morning, mistress..." The legatus curled his body around Saxa's. "How did you sleep, my concubine?" He kissed her cheek.

"Fine, my lord." She smiled in reply. "And now I am hungry."

"Let's get you some breakfast then... Nyda!" Marsus shouted to the wall his room shared with the high servant's room on the other side.

"Oh! No! Master, I will go get—"

"Nonsense."

"You called me, my lord?" Nyda appeared a minute later, wrapping her robe about her as she yawned.

"Ah, good." Marsus kept Saxa pinned in the curve of his arm as he turned his attention to the woman in the doorway. "Your mistress would like some breakfast." Saxa gave a timid glance at the other woman, just enough to be certain she detected hatred glinting in the other woman's eyes before she cast them respectfully down and made a small bow before she left.

"She is going to murder me!" Saxa's round eyes met with her master's grin as he turned his attention back to her.

"Such hysterics, silly girl. Nyda understands her place and that things often change within a household, whether a slave wants them to or not. She has had to learn new positions before and knows she must learn hers as you must learn how to be the mistress of the house. Such is the way. It's the understanding for all slaves; if one cannot adjust, then they will be turned out. This is from the top slave, such as you have become," he said, pulling her to him and kissing her head, "to the bottom slave. You know this, do you not?"

Saxa considered the door Nyda had left through. "Yes, master."

"Good. Now..." He began to tug the bed clothes down until he fully exposed his solid erection. "Your first duty is, of course, to please your master, little rabbit, so please get on with it before our breakfast arrives..."

"Oh, my dear Mistress, I am happy to serve you! Especially now with your new title..." Nyda assured Saxa later as she combed and set her hair in the style of the true female citizens of Rome, adding bright orange fake curls mixed in with her own hair to fashionably drape about her face and curl down the back of her neck. "There. Now you are presentable to Master Marsus' family." She smiled at Saxa as she placed a dark burgundy flower to accent her carefully placed ringlets.

Saxa wore her first toga in order to give the impression of a real respectable female citizen as was expected. She tried to will her shaking to stop as she decidedly walked into the atrium to join the legatus' children and their families as they ate breakfast in the morning sun. She had begged to delay representing the legatus as his official concubine until after his children had left but both Marsus and Nyda disagreed and insisted she should immediately take on her role by no longer doing any jobs that belonged to a lower slave and by doing the duties expected of a mistress of the house, which currently meant she was to join his family in all their activities. She wandered into the last place she wanted to be at that moment and while she tried to figure out a place to sit, the legatus' daughter looked up and upon seeing Saxa snorted then did a very poor job of appearing to try to cover her mirth with her hands while she leaned over and her body shuddered in laughter.

Saxa felt the air shift about her as the legatus' children, grandchildren and friends stopped what they were doing to see what was making the woman laugh so hard.

"I'm sorry! I-I-I didn't mean to disrupt! Please continue whatever you were doing," she begged, eying the walled beds of plants and flowers that decorated the open room to consider how much space it would take to dig a big enough hole for her to climb into.

"Thank you, mistress." Marsus the Second smiled from his table before he returned to his game with his son, but the other two children of Legatus Marsus didn't seem to follow the eldest's disinterest with the slave's spotlight, their eyes watching her as she settled into the most inconspicuous chair she could find.

"He's going to shame us until we are finally denounced from society," Saxa overheard a more serious Vivica whisper to her husband, "and after our name finally became honorable again after his last embarrassment." Saxa sat poised, not knowing how to act amid the openly resentful discussion.

"Explain what you mean, dear sister." Flavius shifted his intense gaze from his father's newly legal mistress for a moment in order to spur on the conversation.

Vivica lifted a brow to her brother. "Weren't we tortured enough by his divorcing mother? Such horrible degradation! To have him return home to declare her no longer fit to be his wife after twenty years of marriage!"

"Yes, well, she did have several men visiting her pretty regularly..." Marsus the Second interjected.

"Well, she was the one with the title, brother. And he was not here..."

"Granted, dear sister, but he could have had her executed for adultery."

"Wasn't it enough that he made us leave our home?" Vivica's face reddened in her passion.

"That was mother's choice, although he could have kept us if he had wanted to."

"Exactly. Why didn't he?" Flavius asked.

"He was in the Northlands, brother! How could he take care of us?" Marsus the Second's voice rose.

"The slaves had been doing the job anyway, more than mother ever did. And it got worse after she married. All I know is I certainly never wanted to leave my home nor Rome! Not for that tyrant." The room grew silent after Flavius let his whole fury sputter through.

Saxa felt especially awkward and guilty for being witness to the siblings' obviously still raw feelings concerning her master. "Excuse me." She decided to leave.

"Excuse us." Marsus the Second stood as she rose, smiling at her as she made her way past.

"Yes. Do forgive us and our ways." Flavius joined his brother in standing as she walked by him knowing he was not true to his words like his older brother and seeing it when she caught his wicked smile and the way he looked her over as if imagining he was stripping her gown away.

When she was out of the room, she hurried down the hall, wanting to get distance from the high born people and her master. Soon she was running through the halls and out to the back patio and down into the backyards, following a path between the carefully tended garden and trees down the hill to an area that was still wild and so covered in brambles but was closer to the sea and she could be alone. She leaned against a twisting tree and breathed in the crisp, briny air that swept in from the sea while tears slid down her cheeks watching clouds grow dark and heavy and the sky turn grayer as gulls whorled and dipped playing with the changing breezes. It wasn't until her heart had stopped bumping wildly and her cheeks had dried that she decided she would be able to return. But she decided to take a longer route, walking lower on the hillside along a path that led towards the horse stalls where she knew she would find several slaves working in the broad garden beds.

She hugged herself, embarrassed at her new attire as she felt eyes glaring at her as she traipsed the path between the rows, where people she had been working beside the day before were bent over pulling weeds or working the soil around the plants meant to feed her master's household. Deciding not to be dissuaded, she hitched up her linen skirts and lifted her chin as she came to a stop beside one of the legatus' paid guards.

"Good day, Mistress," the old soldier greeted her as expected. "What brings you down here?"

"Uh... Hello, Cedric." Saxa searched the hillside until she spotted a specific slave planting trees at the far end of the yard. She didn't answer but squinted at the guard to find him eying her suspiciously.

"No, Mistress Saxa..." He shook his head warningly, but Saxa decidedly left him as she gathered her skirt back up and continued down the hill.

"Excuse me, sir... I mean slave... would you mind assisting me with something?" She spoke to Gaius' broad back, her eyes following the lines of sweat over his thick, bunching muscles already gleaming from working in the morning sun. "I lost a shoe the other night... near the bottom house, can you help me?"

Gaius stopped shoveling and turned around. He leaned on his spade handle as he looked her over, from her carefully coifed hair to her new gown to her delicate shoes.

"Take over here, Shia." He handed his tool to the tall, young man working beside him and wiped his face and hands on his braccas. He followed her down the pathway towards his quarters, then around the side of the house to where overgrown bushes hid a small, roughly made courtyard.

"What is it, Saxa? I don't have time for your games. I'm sure someone will realize you're missing and will start looking." He quieted when she turned back to him and he saw the tears starting to streak her cheeks.

"Why are you stopping here?"

He looked about the area where they had had sex for the first time after he had arrived at the legatus' home, his eyes meeting her imploring ones. "Listen, Saxa, I cannot afford to risk my position here." He leaned away from her, crossing his arms, his big body a monolith in the small space.

She paced in front of him, a sob forcing its way to the surface as she couldn't help but let her emotions come forth. "I don't know what to do!" She stopped a few feet from him.

Gaius' demeanor softened at the sight of her unraveling. "I don't know what you mean." He glowered at her desperate look. "I saw you last night."

"I know, I'm sorry, he didn't warn me..."

"No, I saw you again after that. After he claimed you." He took a step towards her. "I watched both of you through his west bedroom window. I saw how you gave yourself to him, how you moaned beneath his touch. You have no discernment when it comes to ecstasy, you come for any man, rich, poor, young, old."

Saxa's mouth was an "o" as she stared up at him with red rimmed eyes.

He shook his head. "I cannot forgive you anymore."

"What? Why? I-I have no say... in anything! I didn't ask to be his concubine. I didn't ask to be his sex slave. I still must wear a slave's collar." She grabbed the silver circlet about her throat. "I didn't ask for any of this. Please, Master Gaius, the only friend I have—" she said, taking a step forward, her eyes imploring his, "is you. Please don't leave me, I beg you!"

Gaius scratched his chin. "I don't know if I'd ever say I was your 'friend' my love." He smiled sarcastically at her look of confusion. "Saxa, if I am just a friend, then, I am a horrible one,

for I will always insist on sex with you over discussion."

Saxa let loose a heart wrenching sob as she covered her face with her hands.

"Come now..." Gaius grabbed her to him, petting her hair as he held her to his sweaty chest. "Shhh, little heart." He closed his eyes as he kissed her crown. "How many times will you break me?"

Saxa buried her cries into the powerful muscles of his torso.

"You know I used to fight for my life on a daily basis, right?" He chuckled as he stroked her hair. "I mean your problems hardly suffice for complaint against that."

"You are right! I am shameful!" She pressed away from him, sobbing in self loathing.

He let out a groan before grabbing her back to him. "I'm joking, Saxa." He curved her into his arms and said no more until her cries quieted and became hiccups.

Gingerly, he tugged her away, his hand stroking curls from her tear soaked cheeks as his pale gaze met her darker one when she stared up at him. "Venus be damned, even when you cry you are lovely," he stated quietly before pulling her to his kiss. She lay in the circle of his embrace, relishing the feel of him as her fingernails bit his flesh with her desperate clinging. Caught up in hugging and consoling each other, the lovers didn't think to check the shadows of the fruit trees that hung over the courtyard to see if anyone else might have joined them as they began shifting stances. The lovers' hugs and kisses soon became hungry and they hustled about beneath the watcher's gaze; the ex-gladiator turning his master's newly named concubine about so that she clutched the stone wall and stood on tip toe while he pulled up her skirts and undid his braccas just enough to allow his rigid penis loose in order to unceremoniously thrust himself into her. The voyeur was able to see that there was no pressure nor resistance for the act from either party as they sat only a few feet away taking note of the ease between the two as they writhed against each other, the man holding the woman up, his mouth caressing the side of her throat as they moved almost silently in the shadows of the trees at the end of the yard slaves' lodgings. Watching as the large male slave grimaced while the woman cried out softly before he grabbed her up and they kissed, their longing and hunger for each other quite evident in every touch they shared. They were still attendant only to each other as the intruder left the pair still clinging to each other, gasping and basking in the aftermath of their hurried encounter.

Nyda hummed while she folded a dried tunica of her master's as she gathered the wash from the drying lines. It had been several days since the legatus' children had left the household and she felt their absence as if a hole had opened up in the center of the large stone house.

"Hello, Kade," she dryly acknowledged the brown haired man as he meandered onto the legatus' property towards her. "How go the affairs of Senator Publius?"

"The senator sends his regards." Nyda couldn't seem to ever fully stomach Senator Publius' replacement slave for Malachi. She tried to hide her loathing, though she still glared in contempt, hating the way his lip perpetually sneered and his eyes were always scanning his surroundings but never met her gaze. He plucked a plum from a nearby tree and took a bite leaning on the garden wall as he chewed. "He wonders how you fair on the matters the both of you discussed a few weeks ago."

Nyda scowled at the younger man before sighing resignedly. "I suppose I am interested after all. Very interested."

Kade nodded, not smiling as he grabbed another piece of fruit, a pear from a low branch and stuffed it in his beltae's pocket before he strolled back down the legatus' field and into the neighbor's yard where he disappeared into the brush.