aut viam inveniam aut faciam tibi

by Mossgreen

Summary

*Title translation: Either find a way or make one yourself*

Nobody's having a particularly good day but it turns out all right in the end. Well, for a given value of 'all right' for Ven.

Notes

Note: Follows directly from this; there will be a sequel – when I can write it.

*haec ego non multis (scribo), sed tibi: satis enim magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.* I am writing this not to many, but to you: certainly we are a great enough audience for each other - Epicurus

The sound of Master's footsteps echoing on the marble floor of the atrium was all the warning Ven needed to get into position, facing the door of Master's room. If the footsteps were any indication, Master was not too happy. *Damn.*

The slap of master's sandals was muted by the thick rug in the middle of his room. The only sensation Ven had was his master's tunic whispering against his skin as he strode past, barely pausing to run his fingers through Ven's hair, before dropping into his usual chair.
The brief sharp snap of Master's fingers made Ven look up.

“Wine.” The command was abrupt; Master really wasn’t in a good mood. Ven rose smoothly to his feet and fetched a wine-cup and the silver wine-jug.

“I beg pardon, Master, but this is the last from the jug. If it pleases you, I shall go and get more if you will want more than one cup.”

“Hurry up, then.”

“Yes, Master.”

Ven hurried, as much as he could. “Master needs more wine; he's on the last cup right now and in a foul temper – make it something decent, please,” he said to Willow, who was (thankfully) the first person he saw as he came through the door to the slaves' part of the house.

“The Falernian's too good, he'll wonder what he's celebrating and won't appreciate the expense,” he added, following his friend and fellow slave to the wine-cellar.

“The Setinian, then. Does he want it sweetened?”

“If only adding honey or sugar would sweeten his temper! Yes, a little, I think.”

Ven took the jug of watered, sweetened Setinian back to his master's room, snaffling his tabula as he passed the desk. He had to step around Master's toga, discarded on the floor without a care for the work it would take to clean it. His master's cup was empty, and Ven poured him another, putting the wine-jug on the table and knelt, setting the tabula beside him on the floor before leaning forward to remove his master's shoes.

It wasn't often that Master wanted wine before Ven had even removed his sandals, but Master was changeable like that. Ven was thankful that the water in the jug beside his master's chair was still hot. There was cold already in the basin and he added hot water to it until it was at his master's preferred temperature and then placed the basin in front of his master so he could soak his feet. Ven draped a towel over his lap and reached to begin to wash his master's feet, one at a time.

He kept his master's foot in his lap after drying it to give him a foot-rub; anything to help ease his temper, which might have calmed down a little but wasn't likely to stay that way when Ven finally plucked up the courage to report his earlier failure.

“Did you complete the booking as I ordered?” Master said after a moment, taking a silence that had grown more comfortable straight into ‘dangerous conversation' territory; Ven had hoped to get some pleasantries first, even something as simple as 'Good boy'.

He steeled himself, bracing for a hit or kick or slap – despite what he had told Willow earlier, no slave ever truly went into a conversation like this without expecting the worst, especially when their master was already in a temper. “I am sorry, Master, but I couldn't. I have all the details for flights, hotels and car-hire but... I have no authorisation to pay more than five sesterces for anything.”

Master swore, more lengthily but less colourfully than Ven had earlier, but thankfully did not seem inclined to take his frustration out on Ven physically. “Show me.”

It was, perhaps, a little more astonishing than it should be that Master hadn't vented his temper on Ven. He would be perfectly within his rights to do so, the way he was within his rights to use Ven to demonstrate his skills and tastes for the internet. He didn't think he would ever be able to take it
as read that his master wouldn’t hit or slap him for no real reason – that would be complete lunacy, after all – but it was nice to know that the tendency to do so wasn’t there. Some people took their anger out on slaves just to make themselves feel better.

Ven reached for the tabula, pressed a finger to the sensor and chose to transfer his session from the main computer before he offered it to his master. The greyed-out payment page for the flight booking still had Not authorised to pay blazoned across it in bright red letters.

He concentrated on giving the best foot-rub he could as Master tapped away at the tablet over his head, accepting with equanimity when Master pulled his foot from Ven's hands and set it on the floor before placing the other, dripping with water, into Ven's lap to be dried and massaged.

There was a sharp click, as of something being laid down, and a shift in Master's position. Ven glanced up to see that the tablet had been set aside, and Master had relaxed into his chair as the printer chattered into life across the room.

“All the bookings are complete and paid for, and you are now authorised to pay up to three thousand sesterces in a single transaction on my behalf, as my secretary. You will only use that privilege when expressly ordered, is that clear?” The tone of his voice betokened dire punishment if Ven tried to circumvent that for any reason whatsoever.

“Yes, Master.” As crystal, Master. “Thank you, Master.”

Ven did not think for one second that his master would not be checking, at least for the immediate future, and would be unlikely not to check every so often later on. Three thousand sesterces was a lot of money, after all.

“You may tidy up in here. When you have finished, get your mouth on my cock to make me hard, and then you may impale yourself on it. I wish to take you, but I am too tired to work at it.”

“Master.”

He set his master's foot down, his ministrations complete, and found his master's light indoor sandals, carefully drawing them on and lacing them up. That done, he got to his feet to dispose of the towel and the dirty water before returning to fold the toga – it was not as dirty as he had feared, although its size made folding it neatly a challenge.

“Well, get on with it,” Master said, letting his knees fall open so that Ven could kneel in front of him and nuzzle under his tunic to take his master's cock into his mouth. He still somehow felt more used by doing this than by taking it up the arse, and supposed that it was because his master's mouth – any Roman's, any man's – was primarily for discourse, for oratory, and they would never allow themselves to do this. Ven was more than used to his role and position as a slave, but there were very few things calculated to emphasise that he was nothing more than property to be used as his master chose.

There was a long sigh of relaxation above him and his head was patted through the embroidered linen of his master's tunic. “There is no better use for a slave's mouth than this, and you do have a very talented mouth,” Master said as he concentrated on licking and sucking the velvet flesh into full hardness.

“Stand up, turn around and bend over,” Master said after a while. Ven carefully drew his head back, letting his master's erect cock slip from his mouth and obeyed. The plug keeping his bum ready was pulled out and set aside on the ornate marble table beside his master's chair.
“Come and sit in my lap, then, pet,” Master said, pulling his tunic up

Ven straightened again, turned, and came to straddle his master’s lap, carefully lowering himself until he was seated with his master’s stiff prick filling his arse.

“Hands behind your head, boy, and ride me – work at it,” Master said, lazily, reaching to toy with Ven’s pierced nipples. He had a silver bar in each of the vertical piercings today and Ven closed his eyes as they were toyed with teasingly even as he fucked himself on his master’s prick.

“Open your eyes – look at me.”

Ven forced himself to meet his master’s eyes, which regarded him with a lazy, lascivious expression in their blue depths.

“Such pretty green eyes you have,” Master told him. “Come on, get me off. I’m going to come in your mouth if not your arse. It’s up to you which, and up to you to make me spill.”

It was an awkward position, made harder by his master’s insistence that he keep his hands clasped behind his head. His thighs were trembling by the time his master came, stiffening a little as he thrust up once into Ven’s bum and spilling deep inside him. His hands moved to Ven's thighs, stilling him with his owner's softening cock still inside even as he master leaned forward to suck at the hollow of Ven's throat, raising a dark purple mark which would be visible above the neck of his tunic for at least a week.

“I thought you’d prefer it in your arse,” Master said conversationally, reaching for the butt-plug again. “Stand up and present your bum as before, let’s put this away, then you can clean me off.”

It was interesting in the abstract, and damned irritating, just how quickly he’d grown used to having a plug or dildo in his arse all the time, Ven thought as it was pushed matter-of-factly back in. It no longer felt like the intrusion it was, and it no longer felt right to be without it. He shivered a little at how normal it had become in only a few weeks.

His master's prick now tasted of cum, the olive oil they used for lube and a residual lingering undertone of silicone. He performed the unwelcome task efficiently, and settled beside his master’s leg, even as master patted his thigh, commanding (inviting?) Ven to lean his head there as the television came on. The afternoon drama was Game of Thrones and for once, Master seemed inclined to indulge Ven's preference for drama and didn't change the channel, pointlessly hunting for something more humorous.

End Notes

Translations: tabula – originally referred to the wax writing tablet that was the Ancient Roman version of a notebook. Naturally, the word now refers to a tablet computer, the equivalent of our iPad. I have called it a tablet in previous works, and am choosing to use both words interchangeably as synonyms in future. (The way we might use ‘tablet’ or ‘iPad’ interchangeably, in fact. Though I am not going to come up with equivalent brand names for everything in my writing; I'm not that good!)

Notes: Not being limited to a Windows-based system, I can have the computer system here operate however I like, that works for the story. Their security is pretty good (it has to be!)
and if everything's accessed by finger-prints, why shouldn't they be able to transfer a session from one device to another? (Also, if it's a fingerprint-based system, does that negate the potential password-cracking we have to be aware of in our world? Hmmm.)

I also imagine that a slave's account works as a sort of sub-account to their master's – slaves can't see each other's history and sessions (if they have permission to use a computer at all), or their master's, but the master can see his slaves' if he chooses to... another layer demonstrating that they're not people according to law. There was an interesting thought on a wiki article I read the other day... According to Marcel Mauss, in Roman times the persona gradually became "synonymous with the true nature of the individual" but "the slave was excluded from it. servus non habet personam ('a slave has no persona'). He has no personality. He does not own his body; he has no ancestors, no name, no cognomen, no goods of his own." (Slavery in Ancient Rome wiki page, lines quoted are at the very end of the section linked)

Yes, I'm fascinated by how Romans viewed slavery and how it might work today... precisely why I began this series in the first place. ;-)

Having Game of Thrones (or a version of it) in this world was Imperial_Dragon's idea (thank you!!). It's my own idea to have it as light-hearted afternoon drama because it would be for the Romans, whose historical idea of a nice family afternoon out was watching gladiators fight and kill each other for the entertainment of the masses. ('Bread and Circuses' was a vote-winning strategy in first century Rome, after all.)

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