

*He's wearing the bracelet.*

That's all that ran through Jedediah's mind as he thumbed through the small novel he'd brought to Octavius's domus that night. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. But that wasn't what was on his mind — that honor went to what Octavius was wearing.

*That bracelet.*

Both of them knew what it meant. It meant that, as long as he wore it, Octavius was free to use. Free to fuck, to breed, to use to get off.

Jedediah took a few glances over to the kitchen where Octavius worked, cooking a few eggs on the stovetop. He was so focused on the task at hand, he hadn't noticed Jedediah's blushing cheeks or cock straining against his jeans.

But despite the base instincts in his brain and sex screaming at him to fuck his lover like a whore, kitchen safety is paramount. He wasn't gonna risk burning anything, food or flesh, not yet.

The six minutes it took for Octavius to plate the simple breakfast of sunny-side-up eggs and bacon were the most agonizing six minutes he'd ever sat through. The hourglass was one thing, but this was torture.

"Here you are, love," Octavius placed Jedediah's plate on the small table before him. "I hope I got them the way you liked."

He did. The yolks were perfect, just runny enough that when they popped they poured onto his bacon like a sauce. He wolfed it down rather quickly, to Octavius's shock.

"By Jupiter, you're hungry. I'll have to make more," he said, before taking a bite of his own egg.

"Oh, I'm full, in fact," Jedediah turned to Octavius, moving closer. "I ain't feelin' hunger, 'Tavius."

Octavius's cheeks glittered pink as Jedediah slowly, gently, pinned his wrists against the couch.

"You're wearin' it," Jedediah nudged the bracelet. "You know what that means."

The Roman's eyes looked away, but he nodded.

"Color?"

"Green."

Jedediah unzipped his jeans.

"You little slut."

He lifted Octavius's tunic — he'd forgone the armor for tonight — and revealed that he wasn't wearing any underwear. His cunt was already wet, dripping with shiny natural lubrication.

"Look at you. You *wanted* this."

Keeping Octavius's wrists pinned with one hand, he used the other to slip two fingers into his lover's pussy. Octavius whimpered as Jedediah nudged his g-spot, coating his fingers in the slick wetness of his body. His eyes closed and his face cinched, embarrassed at this domination.

"Now, why're you goin' and actin' all flustered, 'Tavius?" Jedediah continued to gently finger Octavius. "Did you think I forgot what it meant — that you're my personal fucktoy? That you're a free use slut?"

Octavius only whimpered, "Yes, yes, I'm a slut, f-, fuck, I'm, I'm your slut, u-, use me, fuck me, please—!!"

Jedediah pressed a gentle kiss against Octavius's cheek as he pulled his fingers out. "Damn, you're gorgeous."

Gently, he rested the head of his cock against the entrance to Octavius's cunt. "Well, Gaius?" The general felt his clit throb. "What do you want?"

"Fu-, fuck, just—, just fuck me, please!! I need your cooOO—!!"

Jedediah interrupted him by immediately bottoming out in him. The cowboy heard the most wonderful, shuddery moan stumble out of the general as tears pricked at the edges of his vision.

Hard, deep, and fast, the way he knew he liked it, Jedediah slammed into Octavius. He was perfectly warm and loose, aroused to hell, and the little whimpers and cries didn't help to mask it. Octavius was an upstanding, by-the-rules general — and he was a horny fucktoy meant to be played with whenever Jedediah wanted. A very interesting duality.

Jedediah released Octavius's wrists for a moment, pushing his lover's legs up so the knees were close to the ears. Octavius, obeying, grasped his legs to keep them up as his lover resumed thrusting. The interior angle changes — and Jedediah can't get enough.

"Mph, that's perfect. Look at you, so pretty. Such a handsome little breeding toy."

"Yes, ahh, thank you, thank you for using me, ahh—!! Please don't stop, please!!"

Jedediah wiped the sweat from his brow, knocking his hat off in the process.

"You want me to fill this pretty cunt o' yours, don't you?" His thrusts slowed, drawing out the action. "Cum inside you and leave you drippin' with that little reminder? That you're *mine*?"

Octavius could only whine. Going this slow was torture.

"You're gonna have to beg me for it."

The rough slamming resumes, making the tears of pain trickle from Octavius's eyes.

"Please! Please!! I need it, I need it, I need it," he repeated over and over as he was used. Jedediah wasn't even wearing any protection — going raw was his favorite.

"Color?"

"Green, oh, fuck, please, I need you, I need you to cum inside—!!"

Octavius was cut off by two simultaneous actions. Jedediah's tongue entered his mouth in a kiss, and warm, sticky semen filled his pussy. The two stayed like this for a moment, Octavius's overstimulated clenching coaxing more seed from Jedediah's cock, before it came to an end. Jedediah pulled out, and admired his work.

One wrecked general, panting and face shiny with sweat and tears. His cunt already dripping with the results of the impromptu breeding session. His expression fucked out but so, so happy.

"Like a work of art, 'Tavius," Jedediah huffed, catching his breath. "So pretty, so handsome."

Octavius blew a little kiss from his spot on the couch.

A wicked idea formed in Jedediah's mind.

"I think those other holes you got need to look as handsome as this one," he punctuated his sentence with a slap to Octavius's puffy red labia. "How's that sound?"

Octavius nodded.

"Keep that little bracelet of yours on, then. Let's go for a walk out West."

"The usual suspects?"

Jedediah snorted.

"Yeah, I bet."

"Just... give me a moment," Octavius sighed, still panting. "I need a moment."

"Take your time," Jedediah helped him sit up. "You still got breakfast to finish."