

**The Stone Workers: a tale of Ancient Egypt**  
*by A.Horniman*

“Of course the slaves cannot be trusted with the inscription of the actual spells.”

Lady Mereneith nodded and smiled as she followed high priest Anok Sabé around the workshop. Listening to his sales pitch. Quite unnecessary. She knew she had to have a tomb that would keep her memory alive and allow her earthly body to be reborn in the western paradise. She knew she had to spend money to ensure the immortality of her soul. The only question was how much.

“Yes, yes,” she muttered, “Interesting, interesting...” But she knew this process well. Had she not buried two husbands? “Blessed be their memory,” she thought, “and their legacies.” she added as she nervously fingered the talisman she wore beneath her chemise.

“Yes,” the High Priest continued, “Only priests can do that work. They are specialised of course. Years of study and initiation. I remember my own induction into the work, the great work of the transition.”

Anok Sabé was about to launch into one of his favourite subjects, explaining to the customer how difficult the training of priests was. The earthly pleasures that had to be sacrificed for entry into the priesthood. A life of strict obedience and ritual purity, when there was a tugging at his arm.

“Yes, Itennu what is it. Can you not see that I am with her ladyship?”

“My apologies, Excellency, but you asked to be informed the moment the shipment of stone arrived.” said Itennu with nervous determination. “Those were your instructions...”

“Yes, yes. Please attend to it.” and Itennu scurried away as the high priest returned his attention to his customer with an embarrassed laugh.

“One of our priests, your ladyship. A very skilled man. He specialises in the inscriptions inside the sarcophagus. As I was saying, the years of training that we priests have to go through to perform this important work, the personal sacrifices we have to make. Anyway, allow me to show you our embalming studio...”

\*

Itennu returned to his quarters. The day had been long and the delivery of stone had arrived just as the sun, the great eye of Ra was setting over the Nile. The slaves were tired but there was no choice, the stone had to be unloaded so that the carts could return. He watched through the window as Kemosiri, the foreman organised the positioning of the pallets and the wheeling of the blocks of red and black granite into the store room. He watched the slaves, their slow resignation. Their muscular bodies straining as they moved the stones and the pallets. As slaves, that's all they were, just bodies. As slaves, they had no souls. Itennu watched as they worked, naked but for the short aprons they wore. Their torsos and limbs sweating and gleaming in the light of the late afternoon sun.

Kemosiri knew better than to hurry them. As a slave himself he knew how to get the best out of his men. He allowed them time. Time was what they had plenty of. If a stone should fall and suffer damage from mishandling the punishment would be his. A painful whipping at best. Or in the worst case to join the ranks of the eunuchs. Unconsciously he put a hand beneath his apron and adjusted his heavy testicles.

Finally the stone was unloaded and stored. The slaves were exhausted. They would wash their bodies at the river and then be fed. Itennu loved to watch the slaves at their ablutions. The naked strength of them, muscles developed from moving and working the massive blocks of stone. Cleansing themselves of the dust and sweat of the day.

He felt himself becoming aroused as he watched them. Kemosiri, a tall black prince of a man, a Cushite whose commanding presence was felt by all, both freeborn and slave. Even the High Priest Anok Sabé was respectful to him.

Atsu and Babu, the young twins from the Delta, giggling as they washed each other's muscular copper-tanned bodies. Joking, "Wash me well down there Atsu if you want a nice clean hole to play in tonight." But were they really joking? Itennu had a flash of the twins wrestling naked like young panthers. Enjoying each other's warmth and rough muscularity.

Then there was Gershon the Israelite with his strange religion of the invisible god. Itennu had talked with him about it. Curious to hear him express his ideas. His total lack of concern about the afterlife. Most strange. But most of all Itennu liked to be near his lithe masculine strength and beauty, to smell the sweat of him. Just a moment! Did he think that? Did he think the sweating body of a male slave could be beautiful?

The idea of embracing one of the slaves was unthinkable of course. But still the thoughts came. Itennu imagined running his hands over the muscular chest of Chiké, the best developed of all the slaves. A man in his physical prime. Perfect apart from the ugly scar that ran across his face where a whip had cut him and removed his left eye. Itennu watched and wondered what it would be like to feel Chiké's strength against him, on top of him, forcing him...

Of course the slaves looked after each other's sexual needs. It was understood and it was never spoken about. Just as one would never discuss the sexual goings-on of dogs. But Itennu was fascinated by what he imagined they did together. He longed for the easy camaraderie and physical contact between them. Something, as a priest, he could never be party to.

\*

While working on a project of course a priest had to be celibate. And if one couldn't control the need to ejaculate, which was after all a normal physical process, the ejaculation must be dedicated to a god or goddess as a sort of gift in energy to them. The number of times Itennu, finding himself at a point of unbearable arousal, had surrendered to the need to relieve himself and had brought up from his imagination the naked bodies of Atsu and Babu intertwined, wrestling together, erections pressing hard against each other, fighting for supremacy. And then the victor claiming his prize, easing his thick hard cock into the body of his twin. Imagining the pain of penetration turning to delight as he is bugged... And then Itennu, feeling the urge to come rising within him, would switch off his fantasy and dedicate his orgasm to Amun-Ra, the creator god. For if he didn't, a passing demon could steal the energy of his ejaculation and feed off it. Such were the rules taught to all the priests.

But that was only when there was a project. Projects involved not only the carving of the stone sarcophagus and the inscription of the spells and prayers inside and outside to protect the body in its afterlife journey but also the weaving of a consciously focused intent, and that required celibacy. Maybe for weeks or months. And in addition to that, for the actual installation of a spell, a day or sometimes a week of absolute continence, not only for the sake of ritual purity but to allow the sexual charge within the priests' bodies to accumulate in order to effect the magic.

\*

The next day Lady Mereneith was back in the workshop discussing terms with the high priest. They were getting close to a deal and Anok Sabé was floating round the twice-widowed high-born lady, fawning and wheedling. She was ignoring his ministrations and was instead asking the most technical questions. "And which spell would be best to guide the boat across the lake of lilies? And I will need something special in the Chamber of Judgement when my heart is weighed against the feather of Ma'at ... " She was a demanding customer who knew exactly what she wanted.

Itennu looked at her from the other side of the workshop as he potted about. A woman who must be in her sixties now, who had in her time been an exquisite beauty. A Nubian freewoman who had married a minister of the Pharaoh's court. Her ebony skin still smooth and unwrinkled, her bearing imperious. Her voice gentle but belying an iron will. She would get what she wanted from Anok Sabé and he would get his price.

Itennu tried to imagine her life. The pleasure that she could give a man. A man who would fall, willingly fall prostrate at her command in order to receive her favours. He tried to imagine the pleasure she could bring. She turned and looked at him. He looked away and went back to tidying the work-bench. "She knew I was thinking about her! I must be more careful."

\*

The next day Anok Sabé told him what he had arranged with Lady Mereneith. He had persuaded her to choose a grand tomb where she would be buried not only with her servants but also with the craftsmen who had worked on the tomb. This was an extra precaution and carried a heavy premium. That the weaver of the spells and inscriptions and the makers of the tomb should survive to reveal secrets of the burial was a risk she wished to avoid. And she was prepared to pay to avoid that risk. Itennu froze for he knew what that meant. That he and his team would die when Lady Mereneith died and they would be buried with her.

As a freeman of course, he would be guaranteed passage to the western paradise. As a priest, his knowledge of spells and incantations would serve to get him across the deserts and lakes, past the fire-breathing serpents and the other nameless horrors of the journey to the afterlife. His heart would be weighed against the feather of Ma'at and according to his deeds he would be judged.

The slaves, having no souls would just die of course.

A wrenching horror went through Itennu. The thought of the slaves working on a project that sealed their deaths. Unaware that the tomb they were building would also be their own. But they couldn't be told of course. The thought of those beautiful men whose magnificent bodies he admired and lusted after. The thought that they would be cut down, a poison perhaps or a knife, he wasn't too sure of the procedure. And all to serve the purpose of some high-born lady, to enable her to achieve the immortality she craved. Regardless of the lives of anyone else.

Anok Sabé would get a handsome fee for the project. And he, Itennu, writer of inscriptions and weaver of spells, would get his own chance at immortality as a passenger as it were in the lady's tomb.

His gut ached. He felt himself retching. He retired to his quarters and sat and stared into space. This was his life and now his life would end when her life ended. And he would never know the fulfilment of love. An anguish welled from deep within him as he sat and stared, paralysed with emotion.

\* \* \*

They started the project the next day. The slaves began the long hard job of carving the granite sarcophagus. Itennu discussed the brief with Anok Sabé and clarified what spells and prayers would be needed. The high priest was so pleased with the deal he did not notice the shift that had taken place in Itennu. Instead of the nervous scurrying, the eagerness to please, there was a detachment to him now. A detachment that hid a quiet determination.

Anok Sabé left around midday to go to his tailor to order some new ceremonial robes. Some of the money from the deal he would invest in the workshop, the rest he would enjoy.

But the slaves noticed something different about Itennu. Previously he would avoid getting too close to them. Now he was touching them as he talked to them. Doing the work, explaining what needed doing in his quiet patient way but now touching them. Stroking Gershon's arm as he talked to him. Coming up behind Atsu and leaning over him to see his work, pressing his body against Atsu's muscular back, his groin against Atsu's hard round buttocks. The heat of him. The smell of him. Atsu feeling the young priest's hard-on pressing against him.

There was a new energy in the workshop. It was like a dance. Itennu moving around, touching all of them, rubbing against them, leaning into them. After all the time of his physical distance this was something new they had to adjust to.

Then Chiké played it back. He came up behind Itennu who was sitting on a high stool at his bench, working on a text and pressed his body against his back. Itennu could feel the slave's breath, his body heat, his cock pressed stiff against him. Then Chiké moved away from him and Babu and Atsu came up behind him and leaned softly against Itennu who felt two hard pulsing dicks pressed against his lower back. Then the foreman, Kemosiri came to ask him a question, put his hand on Itennu's shoulder and gave him a friendly squeeze. Then finally Gershon the hairy-chested Israelite, they all found an excuse to press, to rub, to touch, to stroke.

To Itennu their touch was more than just sexual. There was a care, almost an affection. Itennu was their master of course but they respected him. He was never cruel to them. He had never treated them as soulless animals. He treated them like men. And they respected him for that. All of them had known worse and they appreciated what they had with him.

\*

It was as if they had all announced to him that they were willing to play with him. Chiké was the first again. He came up to Itennu and leaned his big muscular body into him. Then he took Itennu's hand and placed it on his crotch with a smile. Itennu's eyes almost popped out of his head. He felt the man's heavy balls and swelling cock beneath the fabric of his apron. Chiké gestured with his head and Itennu nodded and followed Chiké to the vestry.

Once they were alone, Itennu ran his hands over Chiké's body, his arms, his chest, his belly, worshiping the magnificent muscular form of the man who was giving himself to him. Chiké undid his apron and stood naked, his circumcised cock erect and oozing. Itennu held it, feeling its heat and pulse then like a man in a dream took it in his mouth. Chiké gasped as the priest's lips and tongue worked over the sensitive head of his massive dick, licked the shaft, while his other hand worked the slave's large heavy balls, squeezing them gently as he sucked. Soon Itennu felt Chiké's whole body start to shake and the slave's seed pumped into his mouth, spurt after spurt, sweet and thick till it dribbled down his chin. Chiké picked Itennu up from his knees, adjusted his apron, smiled at him and returned to the workshop.

Then as Itennu was straightening his robes, wiping his face and preparing to return, Kemosiri entered, removed his apron and Itennu was soon back on his knees with the foreman's dick pumping his mouth. Kemosiri was not as big as Chiké and Itennu found it easy to take his pumping, putting his hands round Kemosiri's beefy arse and thighs and pulling him right up to him as Kemosiri shot his load in his mouth. His semen tasted different too. Thinner and saltier. Itennu swallowed it down.

Then Gershon entered the vestry and Itennu had his first chance to stroke the hair on his muscular body, kneeling to lick the sweat off his balls then working his mouth up and down the stiff dick that curved wickedly. Gershon sighing and groaning, thrusting his hips, working his cock into the priest's mouth till he came with a shout, pulse after pulse.

Itennu's mind was spinning. He'd sucked off three of his slaves in the space of half an hour. He was in heaven. They were using him certainly. As the physically weaker man, he felt naturally submissive to them, to their strength and masculinity. But for Itennu it was a pleasure to be used in this way. It was a pleasure to at last touch the bodies of the men he had been lusting over for so long.

He was just adjusting his clothes again when Babu and Atsu came in together, grinning and excited. The twins were the youngest of the team and Itennu was something of a father figure to them. They both cuddled up to him pressing their hot muscular bodies against him and kissing and licking him from both sides. It was totally overwhelming for Itennu. His robes came off again, there were hands squeezing his nipples, one hand on his aching dick and a finger easing its way into his arse, but no, he wasn't ready to be fucked. Not yet. Not here. So gently he pushed the hand away and bent over to suck Atsu's cock while Babu scooted underneath and Itennu felt a mouth on his own cock for the first time. And Babu sucked the priest who in his turn sucked Atsu and whether by luck or by some incredible communication between the twins, Atsu and the priest came at the same time.

\* \*

The work on the sarcophagus progressed over the next few weeks and Itennu found he had his own personal male harem. Of course they all wanted to fuck him but it was a long time since Itennu had been fucked. It had been by the high priest no less when he had first joined the temple. But it was as if Anok Sabé was just marking his territory. The message was "You work for me, I get to fuck you." But the fuck had been uninspiring for both parties and it was never repeated.

As the foreman, Kemosiri had first call. Itennu was glad, for the size of the foreman's dick was something Itennu felt he could accommodate. Kemosiri came to his quarters, already stripped and erect. He lay next to Itennu and took him in his arms and just held him. His lips brushed gently against Itennu's and then he plunged his hot tongue inside Itennu's mouth.

"I want to fuck you." he said oh so gently. "We all want to fuck you."

Itennu found himself unable to speak. He couldn't believe what was going on.

"I'm here to teach you. You will learn to take me. You will learn to give me pleasure and I will give you pleasure."

And as he spoke his hands were working between Itennu's legs, playing gently with his balls, stroking his erection, then finding his pucker he licked a finger and rubbed it round and round stimulating the sensitive nerve endings and relaxing Itennu. Then the finger slipped inside.

"Tell me if I hurt you." said Kemosiri "I don't want to hurt you."

"You're not hurting." said Itennu.

"I'm going to use some grease." said Kemosiri and started working his slippery fingers round and inside Itennu's hole till Itennu was gasping with pleasure,

"Yes, yes, I'm ready."

Then the foreman turned him over on his belly and lay his weight on top of him. His dick found the entrance almost by itself and Itennu felt the push begin. He had expected pain, but apart from an initial complaint from the muscles, there was none.

"I've got the head in." said Kemosiri. "How does it feel?"

"Good," replied Itennu. And slowly Kemosiri fucked more and more of his dick into him till Itennu felt Kemosiri's pubic bone pushing against his buttocks.

"You're so hot and tight inside. It feels so good." said Kemosiri.

"Yes," replied Itennu in agreement and "Yes, yes, yes," as the foreman's dick worked its magic inside him.

"Yes, yes, yes," like a rhythmic chorus as the dick plunged into him over and over, dancing the ancient round of cock and arse.

Then Itennu felt Kemosiri pause and pulse his load inside him. Kemosiri kept his dick inside the priest and just held him and stroked him. The priest's body was so soft, unused to physical labour. But his arse was perfect. So fuckable.

\*

The next day the high priest was busybodying around so it wasn't possible to use the vestry. But when the evening came, Itennu waited in his quarters to see who would arrive. He remembered Kemosiri's words, "We all want to fuck you." and wondered how he would satisfy the sexual needs of all of the men. Would it be one a night or would they all want him every night. He thought of Chiké's massive endowment and the twins' fresh young bodies and his arsehole twitched in anticipation.

But it was Gershon who walked through his door. He lay down next to Itennu and pulled him close. The hair on his chest and legs rubbing and tickling. The heat of his groin pushing against him, demanding, insistent.

"Kemosiri says you like to be fucked. Is that right?"

"Yes that's right."

"I want to fuck you. I want to bury my bone deep in your arse. You want that?"

"Yes I want that."

His talk was getting to Itennu, turning him on. As he spoke his words he was grinding against the priest.

“You want my dick up your arse?”

“Yes I want it.” And he lifted Itennu’s leg and entered him from behind pushing straight up into him.

“Kemosiri was right. You have a beautiful arse. I’m going to enjoy fucking you.”

And then Itennu was lost. The energy of Gershon’s fuck was intense. His dick was doing things inside Itennu he never thought possible.

It was as if he was drowning in the sweat-smell and thrusting passion of the slave. He felt himself yielding more and more as the fuck progressed. His body opening, his senses reeling. Then Gershon gave a vicious last thrust, buried himself balls-deep in Itennu’s body and pumped his load into him.

But Itennu hadn’t come. He felt the Israelite’s dick softening within him and he squeezed his arse around it.

“You want more?” asked Gershon.

“Yes, more...” replied Itennu in a post-fuck haze.

“Do you want me or shall I ask another? Chiké, perhaps. He is really anxious to ride you.”

“But he’s so big!” Itennu replied. “I don’t know if I can...”

“Oh I have no doubt you will enjoy it. I have watched Chiké fucking many times and I have heard the cries of joy that he brings from those he fucks. But your arse squeezing my dick like that is getting me hard again.”

And slowly Gershon started to move in and out of Itennu’s body. Itennu was now on his belly giving Gershon full access as the speed and intensity of the fucking built. Gershon’s moans as he ground himself into the priest. “Like a pestle in a mortar,” thought Itennu, “Grinding my body to ecstasy.” And Itennu ejaculated onto the bed while Gershon filled him with another load of come.

“Now clean me before I return and get Chiké for you.” said Gershon.

And Itennu licked Gershon’s member clean of arse juices and come. Gershon smiled at him and stroked the young priest’s shaved head affectionately before leaving.

\*

Itennu lay back and waited, stroking his dick.

“This is how a bride must feel.” he mused. “waiting for her husband to enter her chamber.”

It was moments later that Chiké arrived. The sharp, dark smell of his sweat. The bulk of his body.

Itennu reached out and took the negro’s stiff straining cock in his hand. He was uncircumcised and Itennu played the foreskin back and forth over the bulbous knob. But he could barely get his hand round it and it was longer than two hand’s lengths.

“Kemosiri and Gershon have prepared you for me?” said Chiké.

“Yes, I believe they have.” replied Itennu coyly.

“You are so soft.” Chiké went on, running his hands over Itennu’s chest and belly, “and pale.”

“And you are so dark and strong.” Itennu replied touching the smooth muscular arms, chest, running fingers over Chiké’s nipples.

There was an emotion between them that Itennu never anticipated. He was expecting their coupling to be forceful and animal-like, for Chiké to use his superior physical strength to subdue him and ravish him. Instead they were two men, touching each other, appreciating each other.

"You are such a pretty man." said Chiké, holding Itennu's face in his hands, looking into his eyes. Placing his lips on Itennu's lips. His hands running over Itennu's shoulders and back.

"And you are magnificent." said Itennu.

"No, I am scarred, ugly." Chiké replied, turning his face from him.

Itennu kissed him softly. "Make love to me Chiké." he whispered.

And Chiké's hand reached behind Itennu and moving between the cheeks of his arse found the moist open hole where Gershon's come still dribbled out. Chiké brought his finger to his mouth, sniffed and tasted it. He smiled at Itennu then laid him face down on the bed and covered him with the full weight of his massive body, his cock sliding between Itennu's buttocks, teasing him. Running the tip back and forth, back and forth as Itennu wriggled beneath him as the knob engaged with the entrance to his body. Chiké paused then drove in, lubricated by the two loads of come already inside the priest who angled his body to ease the entrance as slowly, slowly inch by inch Chiké impaled him till he felt Chiké's balls pressed against his arse.

"Gershon has opened you well. Most cannot take me as you have taken me. Soon my seed will be swimming with his inside you."

Itennu gasped as Chiké made his cock twitch.

"Nice?" asked Chiké.

Itennu moaned in reply.

"And how about this?" Chiké continued, rotating his hips, stirring his cock around, massaging Itennu's insides.

Itennu gasped.

"And this?" Chiké went on, pulling his cock almost all the way out and sinking it back deep inside Itennu. Then grinding it, trying to push deeper, yet deeper as Itennu pushed back against him and groaned at the delight.

"And this?" short fast jabbing strokes that hit Itennu's button every time.

And Chiké fucked and fucked till sweat dripped and they entered a world where the only thing that mattered was mutual pleasure. Itennu was up in the clouds somewhere. The magic of Chiké's plunging cock was the culmination of all his dreams, satisfying the desire of his soul. Till he felt a series of spasms run through Chiké's body and knew that he was shooting his load deep inside him.

"That was ..." said Itennu when he could speak again.

"Yes," Chiké said. "That was good, very good," and placed a kiss on Itennu's mouth.

\*

The next day in the workshop was like a day after rain in the desert. The men couldn't do enough for Itennu. They prepared his work bench. They brought him water. Every opportunity to touch, to stroke. The twins came up to him, one each side of him, "Tonight. We come and play with you tonight..." whispered Atsu, massaging Itennu's shoulder with his strong fingers while Babu squeezed his arse.

Their simple lunch of chickpeas and flat bread was like a wedding feast.

Anok Sabé was not around that day, less and less in fact. Lady Mereneith had gifted him a number of jars of vintage wine. "This was my late husband's, my second husband's favourite," she had said in a tearful voice, "I hope you enjoy it."

That meant that the vestry was available. Chiké motioned for him to follow him.

"How are you today? Are you sore down there?"

"No, well yes, a little sore. But I'm fine. Last night with you was ..."

"Shhh." said Chiké "I hope you will want me again. I hope that will be the first of many."

"Chiké! Yes, Oh Yes, I want you again. If I could I would lay with you every night."

And Itennu removed Chiké's apron and licked down the muscles of his chest, his belly - Chiké twitched, "You're ticklish?" asked Itennu. "Yes but please don't stop.." - down to his thighs, licking between them, laving each testicle and then closing his mouth over the top of Chiké's dick. "Oh yes, yes." murmured the slave, "Your mouth feels so..." Itennu moving up and down, getting as much in as he can till the now familiar spasms of Chiké's body heralded a pulsing flood of sweet thick semen in the young priest's hungry mouth.

"Itennu." said Chiké, "That was so..."

"Shhh." said Itennu. "I hope you will want me again."

Chiké smiled to hear his words echoed back to him. He held Itennu in his arms and kissed him before they returned to the workshop.

\*

Around midnight Atsu and Babu came to Itennu's quarters. Babu hugged him from the front, Atsu from behind and they wriggled and rubbed their bodies against him.

They were both so excited and chattering both at once

"His skin is so smooth. So nice."

"Feel his bum. He's got a lovely smooth bum."

"We love fucking, we could fuck you all night."

"Do you think we're sexy?"

"You are such a sexy man."

"Did you bring the grease Atsu?"

"Yes of course!"

"You can fuck us too if you like!"

"I've never fucked anyone before." said Itennu.

"We can teach you."

"Yes, we're good teachers."

"But we're going to fuck you first to show you what to do. OK?"

Itennu smiled.

"Then you can fuck us."



Itennu nodded.

"You'd better go up him first Babu 'cos you're smaller..."

"Am I hell smaller! I can still make you squeal."

"We can come lots of times."

"Feel my dick, it's hard for you. Get your hand round it."

"And mine, hold mine as well."

And the chattering died down as Itennu held a dick in each hand. They were the same length and girth. Atsu's was a bit more blunt and rounded at the knob. Babu's was more pointed and curved upwards and to the right. Their hands played over the priest's body as they kissed his neck, his chest. A finger entered him, greasing him up.

"Slowly." said Itennu. "I don't want to come yet..."

And Babu got behind him and gently slid the top of his dick in. Itennu found he knew how to relax and Babu pushed and slid his way in till he was embedded.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" Itennu replied.

And Babu started to fuck.

"Fucking you! Oh yes. That's some good arse."

It was a fast enthusiastic fuck but Babu was too excited and was soon pulling out having shot his load.

"He always comes too quickly"

"Fuck off! I do the first time but so do you!"

"Alright, alright, he's better the second time."

"And the third and the fourth and the fifth!"

"Alright, older brother. Now it's my turn."

"Older?" asked Itennu.

"Yes by ten minutes."

"So that's why I always get sloppy seconds."

"No 'cos I know what I'm doing. I know how to open them up. You just shove it in and put them off."

"Yes, I always give you first go 'cos you've got the little one."

"Come on he's waiting for you. If you don't get a move on, I'll have him again."

And without further ado, Atsu got Itennu to lie on his back, raised his legs, aligned his dick with the opening, shoved straight up him and went straight into a vigorous fuck while Babu worked on Itennu's nipples and made encouraging noises.

"Yeh, you got it. All the way up you. Feels good doesn't it. A nice fat dick up you. We're going to fuck you all night. How's he feel Atsu?"

“Oh yes, he feels so good on my dick. This is good arse. Making me cum. I’m gonna come! I’m gonna come!”

And Atsu collapses panting on Itennu and slowly withdraws his wilting cock.

When they’d recovered. Babu asked him, “Alright. Who was the best?”

“I’m not sure.” Itennu replied diplomatically.

“So we have to fuck him again!” said Atsu gleefully.

And they did. As promised, Babu lasted longer, stirring his fat dick around inside Itennu’s fundament then fucking him till the young priest was gasping and drooling, his head rolling from side to side in ecstasy.

Then before Itennu could come down from his high Atsu was straight up him. Itennu was really open by then so Atsu felt free to let go totally and gave him a relentless pounding, cursing and thrashing, working hard for his orgasm till he came with a cry of triumph and flooded the priest’s bowels with another load of teenage come.

\*

“I think we need a rest now.” said Itennu when he’d got his brain to work again.”

“You want us to go?”

“No, just to rest a while. Stay. Talk to me. I like it when you talk.”

“You’re a lot better than Kabede.” said Babu

“Kabede?”

“Yes the Ethiopian eunuch who works in embalming.”

“Yes, everyone fucks him. All the slaves. Well most of us.”

“But he’s just a lump.”

“He just lies there and takes it.”

“You give something back. It’s more fun with you.”

\*

“Are you ready yet?” Babu asked him after a while.

“I don’t know.” Itennu replied. “I don’t know if I can. I’ve come twice already.”

And without saying anything Atsu moved down and took the priest’s cock in his mouth, playing his tongue round the knob, licking the length of it, gently squeezing his balls, running a finger down to his well-fucked arse, while Babu stroked his chest, licked his armpits, sucked and chewed at his nipples until Itennu’s cock was up and fully charged again.

“He’s ready now.” said Atsu.

“Lie on your back.” Babu told him. And Itennu lay down while Babu straddled him, facing him and slowly lowered himself down onto Itennu’s cock.

Even after all that had happened that evening, the last few days he was unprepared for this. As the head of his cock popped into Babu’s body, a feeling of fiery heat and slippery tightness enveloped his cock as Babu slid down to impale himself totally. Itennu almost came there and then.

But Babu sensed it and paused. Then squeezed his arse muscles around Itennu's cock.

"Yes?" asked Babu.

"Oh, yes!" said Itennu."

"Fuck me, master." he gasped.

And Itennu thrust up against Babu's weight, feeling Babu's body respond, glancing upwards to see the look of ecstasy on his handsome face, their eyes connecting, smiling as Itennu ran his hands over the teenager's muscular chest as his cock drove in and out and Babu pushed back against him, as he slowly wanked himself, no speed, no urgency, just a gentle rocking thrusting motion till for the first time in his life Itennu shot his load inside the arse of a man.

Then "Don't take it out yet..." said Babu as he went for his orgasm, as Itennu lay back and watched Babu stroking his cock until he shot his cum over Itennu's chest, hitting his face, his hair.

And at the same time he felt the hot splashes of Atsu's come hit his face.

Then they were lying together. Atsu and Babu licking their cum off the priest's face and body, Itennu's hand between Babu's legs to feel what freshly fucked arse was like.

"How was your first fuck?" asked Babu.

"Great." Itennu replied. "Better than I could ever have dreamed."

"So next time you can fuck me." said Atsu enthusiastically.

"And we'll fuck you some more." said Babu

"From both ends if you like, one cock in your mouth and one up your bum. How about that?" said Atsu.

"And ..."

"Alright, alright." said Itennu. "Enough. That's enough for tonight. Back to your beds boys."

"We love you Itennu." said Babu quietly.

"I love you too. Both of you. Now back to your beds!"

\* \*

The next morning Kemosiri took him to the vestry.

"Were the twins alright with you last night?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well they can be a bit ... wild sometimes. I was concerned that they didn't hurt you ..."

"No, no it was fine. They're very playful to be sure. Like a couple of puppies."

"Panthers more like." corrected Kemosiri.

\*

"So do you want me to suck you now?" Itennu asked the foreman.

"I'd like to leave that till I come to you tonight. That is if you would like me to. Then we can talk some more and we will have time to enjoy each other."

"Yes, I'd like that" said Itennu.

\* \*

At lunch that day. Itennu looked around the workshop at the men whose bodies he had enjoyed, whose love and passion he had experienced. Each of them had fucked him and left their semen in his body. "Such a short time we have ..." he thought, and a pain wrenched through him.

Then the words of the ancient song, "The Song of the Harper" came to his mind:

*"Revel in pleasure while your life endures.  
Wear white and perfumed linen.  
Be anointed like the gods and never grow weary  
in the quest for what your heart desires.  
Do as it prompts you ..."*

And he thought of how much joy they could give each other in whatever time they had together.

\* \* \*

That evening after Kemosiri had fucked him for the second time, Itennu was lying in the lamp-light in the foreman's arms, held close to his body, their breath returning.

"Do you believe as they say that we have no souls?" Kemosiri asked him.

Itennu was shocked.

"Well they say..." he began.

"But do you believe it? That you as freemen, you journey to the afterlife in your mummified bodies, in your tombs. But we as slaves just die and that's it?"

"Nobody really knows. Nobody has ever returned to say."

\*

"Some fear us." Kemosiri continued. "Some say we are the soulless ones who would steal the souls of the freeborn. Do you believe that?"

"Would I be lying here in the arms of my foreman with his beautiful hard cock up my arse if I believed that?" Itennu replied.

Kemosiri laughed softly and kissed the back of the priest's neck. "I've never heard my cock called beautiful before."

"To me it is."

"But Chiké and Gershon, even the twins are bigger than me."

"But it's the man that the cock belongs to that is more important." Itennu replied.

"Ah, so you do believe we have souls then!"

\*

"So when I die, when we die, my soul will be with yours in the afterlife." Kemosiri went on.

Itennu paused before answering. "Does he know?" he thought to himself, "How could he know? How could he have found out?"

"I hope we will be together." he replied.

"So do I." said Kemosiri.

\*

And so the project progressed. The days in the workshop were long and hard. But they were enlivened by frequent diversions. Gershon needed his balls draining at least twice a day and he would interrupt Itennu's work and lead him into the vestry where Itennu would lick the sweat off the Israelite's hairy crotch, tongue his full balls and his straining prong till Gershon begged him to let him come.

The twins would have spent all day sucking and fucking if they'd been allowed to. While the other slaves were discreet, they were quite shameless, even in the workshop. Squeezing Itennu's bum. Flashing their erections at Itennu when they thought no one else was looking. Till Itennu made some ground rules clear to them. No teasing or showing off in the workshop. Vestry for sucking only. Nights in Itennu's quarters where they could play and explore.

Chiké was a less frequent visitor to the vestry. But it was in his arms that Itennu slept most often. Their lovemaking, for that is what it had become, was slow and long. Itennu had learned to take the negro's length and thickness. Chiké would caress the slim young priest with his rough calloused hands and Itennu would luxuriate in the rich male smells of the slave's body - his armpits, his balls, his cock, his arse - wanting to take in as much of the man as he could. Then Chiké would work a finger then fingers into Itennu's arse, opening him. Then nestle the tip of his cock at Itennu's pucker, pause and rub it gently back and forth till he felt the top engage and Itennu would say, "Make love to me Chiké, I'm yours." And Chiké would push into him and fuck him till the sweat dripped off him as Itennu wriggled and gasped and pushed back to take it deeper, ever deeper till he would feel Chiké's dick pulse inside him as he shot his load. Then Itennu would use his muscles to squeeze the cock inside him until Chiké was hard again and then the fucking would continue. Three or four loads was not unusual for Chiké while Itennu would sometimes have as many loads fucked out of him. Often they would fall asleep with Chiké's dick still up the priest's arse as if it belonged there.

\*

"I want to thank you." Kemosiri said one evening. "You give yourself to us with such ... you show us..."

"You mean I show you how much I enjoy sex with you?"

"Yes. But it's more than that. You, you give."

"I feel it is I who should thank you." Itennu said. "For what you have given me. All of you. I feel so, so loved."

"You are loved Itennu. Although some will never say it to you. Gershon was a warrior and he is so full of anger. But after his nights with you, he is calm. A different man almost."

"And Chiké?"

"Ah, Chiké. A deep river of sadness flows through him. There is a real need there. I think you can meet that need."

"And you, Kemosiri?" asked Itennu.

"I can only thank you Itennu."

"I feel your words are not enough." said the priest feigning coldness.

"How then can I show you?"

And Itennu reached down and held Kemosiri's cock in his hand. And Kemosiri smiled.

\* \*

"Do you want to watch us wrestle?" Atsu asked him one day.

"You can oil us up if you like. We like how you touch." said Babu.

Two horny muscular teenagers to oil up. Itennu had dreamed of this so many times. The oil was good rich olive oil and it made a squelching sound as he rubbed it on Atsu's shoulders and chest, teasing his nipples, then his arms, his flanks and back, his belly and buttocks, then each thigh, saving his crotch for last.

"Get plenty of oil on my balls and dick. The hair will soak it up and he loves to grab me down there so it will make it more difficult for him." said Atsu.

Atsu's cock was already stiff and straining almost flat along his belly as Itennu got both hands full of oil and squelched it into his nuts, the hair of his crotch, between his legs, and he couldn't resist slipping an oily finger up the lad's pucker.

"That's it," said Babu, watching "Lube his hole up for me. It's gonna make it easier for me to fuck you when I win, brother. I'll slide it right up you and make you squeal."

And Itennu repeated the procedure to Babu till both the twins' muscles shone with oil.

"Lots of oil round his bollocks and arse. Lots up his hole." prompted Atsu. "I'm going to beat your arse and then I'm going to fuck you."

"No chance. You love it up the bum so much you'll lose to me. You want to lose to me 'cos you're dying for a good hard fuck tonight."

"It's you that needs to get fucked tonight, brother.

And Itennu watched transfixed as they grappled with each other, arms and legs, slipping and sliding. Swearing and cursing at each other.

"Ow, that's not fair, let go of my nuts you bastard."

"Pussy. Can't take a bit of ball pain." Babu replied.

"Let's see how you like your nipples twisted then."

Then Babu manages to get Atsu on his belly and without warning rams his dick straight up his twin brother's arse with a triumphant "Yes!"

"Oh man!" groans Atsu as Babu goes straight into his fuck.

"Raping your hole brother. And you fucking love it. Tell me you love it!"

"Fuck me man. Fuck me hard."

And Itennu watches as Babu pile drives into him as only a teenager can. Atsu whimpering and wriggling beneath him.

"Tighten your hole you bastard."

And Babu reaches beneath Atsu, grabs his nuts and squeezes them as Atsu writhes in the combined onslaught on his arse and his balls, his sphincter tightening round Babu's brutal plunging cock.

"Oh yes, yes," shouts Atsu as the fury of Babu's fuck drives him to the heights of pleasure.

And Atsu shoots first which sets his brother off and Itennu watches the twins as they twitch together in their orgasms.

It ends. They're both panting and sweating, getting their breath back. Babu pulls his cock out and they're cuddling and kissing each other.

"Wow!" said Atsu. "That was fucking wild!"

"Didn't he hurt you?" asked Itennu.

"He likes me to work on his nuts when I'm fucking him," Babu replied for his brother.

\* \*

"Gershon!" said Itennu after the Israelite had fucked him one night, "Are you man or demon?"

"Sometimes I do not know myself." Gershon replied softly. "You touch me and a fire burns. And all I know to do is fuck, to drive myself so deep within you to quench the fire with my seed. But it only makes the fire burn stronger."

"And how is the fire now?" asked Itennu.

And Gershon took the priest's hand and placed it between his thighs and Itennu closed his hand round the heat of his rock solid manhood.

"Does it never go soft?" he asked.

"When I am with you it is like my cock is possessed." Gershon replied. "Like it is no longer mine but the cock of some demon that has its own will."

"And what is its will?"

"To fuck your arse. To fuck you till I can fuck no more." said Gershon, picking the priest up as if he were no heavier than a child, laying him on his back, raising his legs over his head and stuffing his prong back inside Itennu's arse.

\*

There were many, many memorable times. The Night of the Tear Drop when the rising of Sirius announces the flooding of the Nile. According to the legend, the tears of the goddess Isis weeping for her lover, the god Osiris flow into and flood the Nile. It's a time to celebrate the fertility of the land, of animals and of people. A time when the whole of Egypt, from the Delta to the fifth cataract and beyond is celebrating the creative energy of sex and giving in to the urge to joyful uninhibited fucking.

Itennu and the men came back from the ceremony in the temple. The worshippers had left the courtyard. The statue of the god and the holy books had been returned to the sanctuary. Itennu was wearing his perfumed robes. The sexual power of the goddess was in the air.

"We will wait for you in the workshop." said Kemosiri.

The men were standing there.

"Who will you choose as your lover tonight?" asked Kemosiri when Itennu arrived. And Itennu looked at the five of them. The smell of male rut was intense. All of them aroused, five stiff drooling cocks pulsing with five heartbeats that all wanted to fuck him.

"I cannot decide." said the priest.

"Can you take all of us?" asked Gershon. "We all want to fuck you."

"We all want to fuck our seed into you." said Babu.

"You'll love it. We'll fuck you really good." said Atsu.

"I want to." replied Itennu.

And so they fucked him. They bent him over the workbench. Kemosiri worked some grease into Itennu's arse, then his fingers, then his dick, then after a few moments was shooting his load.

Then as soon as Kemosiri had pulled out, Babu, was straight up him and straight into a frenzied fuck.

Then Atsu sank his cock into Itennu with a groan. "Beautiful arse. All hot and squelchy. Feels so good on my dick."

Gershon was next. He was so turned on by watching that he came with a few strokes.

Then their attention was on Chiké. They all marvelled at how easily Itennu accepted the massive cock. How Chiké pumped his hips, driving relentlessly, eyes closed, head thrown back, grinding his horse-dick into the priest's body. Itennu taking every thrust. They watched Chiké's power, his control, his total concentration. Some of them knew what it felt like to take a fuck from him. The twins playing with each other's cocks, watching as he built up speed, going for his climax then thrusting himself as deep as he could into the orgasming Itennu, shaking as he shot his load.

As soon as he pulled out, Atsu was on his knees cleaning Chiké's semi-hard dick with his mouth.

"You carry on like that." said Chiké "and you'll be next for a fuck." But Atsu didn't stop and soon he was face down being bugged by Chiké, while Gershon had re-loaded and was back fucking Itennu's insatiable hole while the foreman was driving his dick into the hot teenage arse of Babu.

\*

But Itennu knew that one day soon it would all end. Lady Mereneith was ailing. Her death could only be months away. The project was nearing its completion. The sarcophagus was almost ready. The tomb was built, the final spells and decorations were being put in place.

And then it would be over. Itennu and his men would die when Lady Mereneith died. He tried to imagine death. His own death. But, despite all his priestly training, he couldn't. It was like trying to imagine nothing.

And he knew too that all the months of sexual pleasure with the men, with Kemosiri, Chiké, Gershon, Atsu and Babu had broken the rules of celibacy and continence that a priest must follow. That the spells he had written and inscribed were useless scribbles on stone. That the Lady Mereneith would never find her way to the paradise of the west. Maybe she would be betrayed by her dog companion and abandoned in the desert. Maybe her soul would be caught like a fish in a net to be devoured by wild baboons or perish in the maw of some nameless monster.

And if she did make it though to the weighing of the heart, then she would be judged a murderess, a woman who had poisoned both her husbands in order to inherit their wealth. And she would never reach the afterlife for her soul would be eternally damned.

But Itennu's chances of making the journey were good. He knew the spells, the incantations, how to protect himself. But even if all that were true, it was unimportant. He would die having known love and happiness. For a few brief months he had lived in paradise.

*The End*

© 2007

[ahorniman@googlemail.com](mailto:ahorniman@googlemail.com)