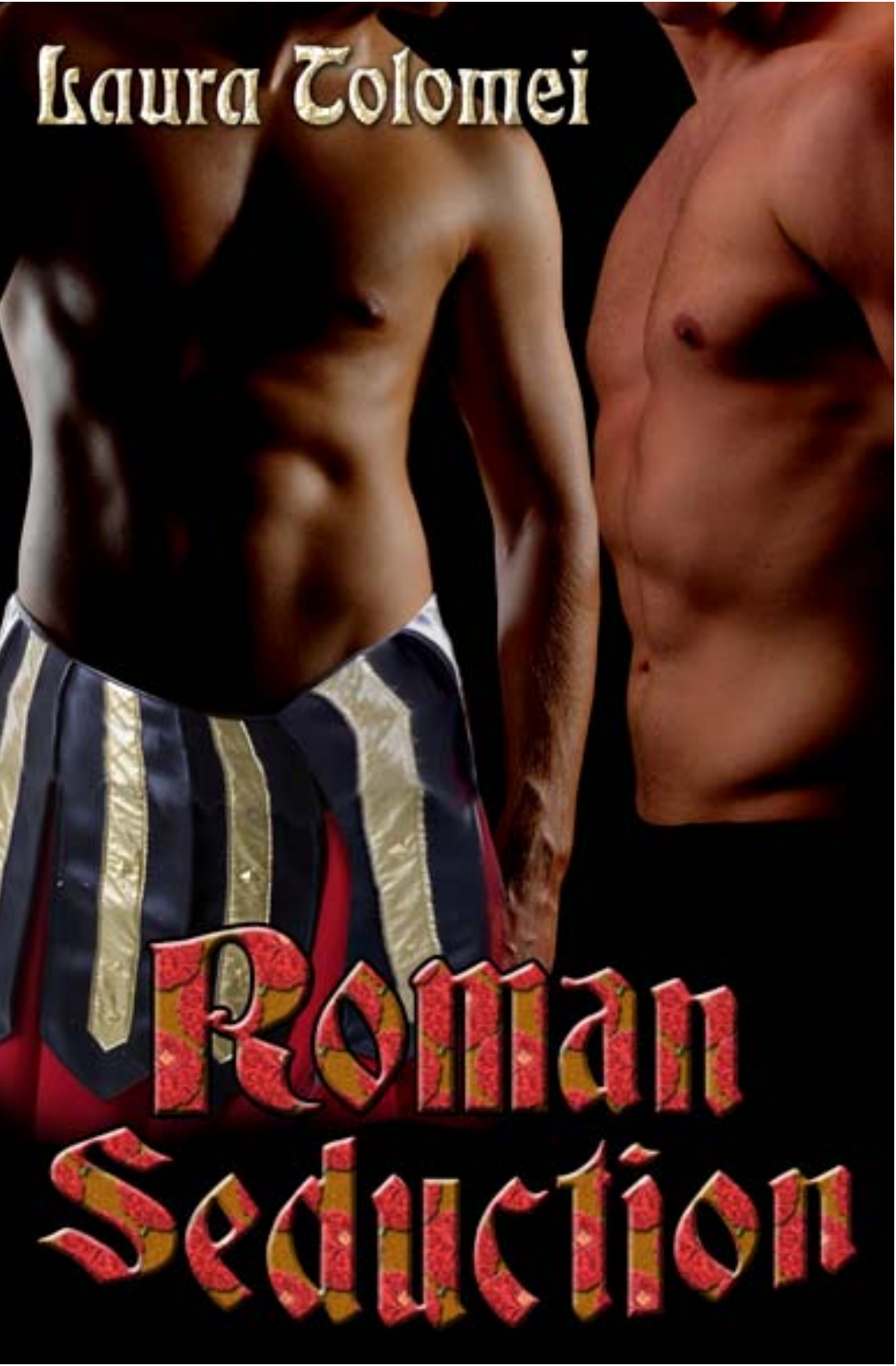


The background of the cover features two muscular men. The man on the left is seen from the back, wearing a blue and gold striped Roman-style garment. The man on the right is shown from the side, highlighting his abdominal muscles. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

Laura Tolomei

**Roman
Seduction**

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Roman Seduction

By

Laura Tolomei

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The place looked nothing like the classic lupanare. Perhaps the difference lay in its position, outside the city's boundaries or in the absence of the business sign with an upright penis saying *Hic habitat felicitas*—happiness lives here. Instead, it looked more like a private house, a rich villa that Aurelius had never seen before. As the slave brought them to meet his master, he noticed the elaborate mosaics on the floor, each room depicting a different mythical scene, from Apollo chasing Danae, one of Hercules's twelve trials, to the white calf Zeus kidnapping Io. The exquisite design as well as the magnificent colors denoted a wealth beyond measurement.

"Attilio, what a pleasure!" The booming voice caught Aurelius off guard.

A tall man approached, a grin lighting his face. He was bigger than Attilio, his broad chest and muscled legs barely concealed by the tunic. He had sharp, shrewd eyes that were quick to appraise a man for its economical worth. His hands seemed huge, especially the one he extended in Attilio's direction.

"Just keeping my word, Vittore," the centurion replied, their right hands clasping and shaking

forcefully.

The unfamiliar gesture struck Aurelius as odd, but he did not comment.

"And with a friend, too," Vittore continued, glancing at him.

"Your offer was too tempting to resist." Attilio grinned. "Aurelius, may I introduce Vittore Gaius. Vittore, this is—"

"Aurelius Ladeo." Vittore bowed slightly. "I already know your father. Now it's a pleasure to meet his son."

"The pleasure's mine, Magister." Aurelius nodded, too.

Vittore turned back to Attilio. "Ewan is ready, of course." He looked Aurelius over. "Will you go in separate or—"

"Together, naturally," Attilio cut in without even consulting Aurelius. "Otherwise, where's the fun?"

Vittore grinned. "I understand perfectly and as I said, he's a delightful piece of ass, certainly worth trying."

"I trust your judgment completely, my friend." Attilio slapped Vittore's back. "After all, you're the expert." Searching through his pockets, he took out a pouch. "Here's the payment—"

"Put that away, Attilio," Vittore raised his voice as if shocked. "We're brothers in Mitra and I'd never allow one to pay for my humble services."

“Vittore, religion has nothing to do with business. I know that and believe me, I wouldn’t be offended if you let me pay – ”

“Absolutely out of the question, brother.”

“Vittore,” Attilio insisted, “I brought a guest along and at least for his sake, allow me – ”

Vittore shook his head adamantly. “Don’t insist, Attilio. Besides, I told you the young man has no training for the lupanare. By using him tonight, you’d actually do me the favor of teaching him some...” he grinned, “good manners.”

With a reluctant gesture, Attilio pocketed the pouch.

“Now that’s settled, would you like something to drink or eat before taking the dessert?”

It was Attilio’s turn to grin widely. “Thanks, but we come from the tavern where I dare say we’ve had more than our share of wine.”

“Then I guess you can’t wait to start the training.”

“You could say that,” the centurion agreed, still smiling warmly.

Following Vittore’s clap, a servant appeared behind Aurelius.

“Take them to Ewan,” the master ordered, “and make sure they have plenty to drink and eat.” He turned back to Attilio. “Enjoy, brother, and I look forward to any comments or suggestions.”

“I’ll keep my eyes open,” the centurion

promised.

“Yeah, and his ass full.”

Vittore’s laughter followed as the slave led them to Ewan’s quarters. Absentmindedly, Aurelius noticed the surroundings seemed too rich for a prostitute, but he had no time to dwell on it. With one last step, the slave stopped in front of a door and gestured his guests inside, waiting for them to comply before closing the door.

* * * *

About the Author

Born 1965 in Rome Italy, I grew up in Lagos Nigeria then moved to Atlanta GA, to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in the import/export business.

I have always loved writing and started in college by working with Emory University's magazine *The Phoenix*. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English.

In English, specializing in various genres of erotica, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into the contemporary. Recently I published by eXtasy Books:

Slave for Sex, short story in eXtasy's Anthology *Emerald Envisage*.

Sacrificial Sex, novella—gay, horror, dark fantasy, sci-fi, paranormal. Will the handsome stranger convince the bloodthirsty sorcerer to stop vicious human sacrifices? But can he afford to pay the price to fulfill his task??

Divinitas, novel— gay, lesbian ménage, historical, dark fantasy, paranormal, gods. From the fabled lands of Ancient Egypt, Persia and Celtic Britain, three stories span time and space in two men's reincarnations, love betrayal and destiny the ingredients to find a common thread in their sexual obsession and quest for eternity.

Trespassing All Hallow's Eve, novel—gay, lesbian, dark fantasy, paranormal, adventure, Halloween. Follow Attilio and Aurelius's adventures in the passionate sequel as their fates tie with Brigit's sacred duty and her search for new forms of love. But pay close attention because reality isn't always what it seems to be!

Hunted, short story in eXtasy's Anthology *Sanguinary Seductions*.

The Moon Priestess, short story in eXtasy's Anthology *Atlantis Allure*.

Coming soon: *Spying the Alcove*, *Blood Shadows on Passion*, *To Seduce A Soulmate*. And don't miss the first two episodes of *Virtus* the series: *Erotic Empowerment*, *Erotic Control*.

Visit my website: www.lallagatta.com