

The Banquets of Bacchus Trilogy

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Any resemblance to characters alive or dead is entirely coincidental.

The Banquets of Bacchus Trilogy

by

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Part One ~ Quintus The Initiate

Quintus had always known he was one of the chosen of Bacchus. The knowledge, however, gave no comfort to him now that his destiny was as close as his next breath. Quintus' mother resisted as was her duty, but he knew it was a façade; a sop to the outraged good women of the city. She had wept and mourned, hand wringing and side glancing to the gathering observers, as her youngest son, Quintus Marcellinus, had been led away by the guards of the Temple of Bacchus. Long dead, but nevertheless responsible for his son's fate, Quintus' father had pledged his youngest male child to the god of decadence and pleasure in exchange for a warm, moderately influential seat in

the Senate, and ten amphorae of wine every grape harvest in perpetuity. It was fitting, Quintus later realised, as he grew into manhood, that the sacrifice of his future in exchange for the liquid that, it was said, ran through the veins of the god, was what carried his father into Elysium.

The chosen of Bacchus were both envied and pitied, a dichotomy barely lost on someone as intelligently witted as the fair Quintus. Like the rest of his brood, Quintus' father had ensured his youngest was educated to the highest standard as fitting the son of a Senator, albeit a determinedly tipsy one. Only the wealthy sons of illustrious families gained entry into the Ecstatic Mysteries of Bacchus. And only the most beautiful of visage and physique.

The chosen seemed blessed indeed. But the flaw lay in the pity. Few wanted such a fate for their sons. It was considered a waste of the existence given by the gods, a dissipation of talent, promise and integrity. To be a chosen of Bacchus meant a certain stain upon the family who relinquished their son to the Ecstatic Mysteries; not for their offspring honours gained in war or politics or medicine or architecture. For what lay before these chosen – the Initiates, their formal title – was a career based entirely upon the senses. The senses were for hedonists, the idle and the simple, so it was considered. And, it would seem, for the Initiates, glorious, golden young men of a rare, outstanding beauty that captured the eye of no less than a god.

And the pity was thus; for the god was a tainted god, a dying god, last of the children of Zeus, jealous, corrupted by the desire for pleasure and indulgence above all else. Bacchus' place in his father's pantheon was as water trickling through slender fingers, his reputation amongst the deities one of barely concealed contempt. For what use the worship of wine, food, banquets and sex when these were such transient pleasures?

Yet the Initiates accepted their destiny and never resisted, for the alternative was death. For Bacchus, clever and as devious as a lusty fox, understood how death and sex were the blood brothers of the soul.

The Temple of Bacchus guards had arrived at dawn, just as the red hazed sunrise bathed the fine sandstone of Quintus' home to a rosy hue. Quintus had managed an ironic little smile; he imagined Bacchus had decreed the time, the moment. Even Quintus' claiming was borne of a sensuous awareness of the destiny which lay before him. Calmly, resignedly, Quintus had gathered a few belongings, had kissed his weeping and wailing mother through the duplicity of her grief, said farewell to his older brother, Manius, who was present to ensure Quintus went quietly. He need not have worried; Quintus knew this day would come. It had taken twenty years, but like the red hazed sunrise, the certainty of destiny passed its judgement.

When Quintus entered the Temple, he was met by other Initiates. Suddenly, he felt self conscious, the difference in his own aspect stirring him to anxiety. The young men were dark, olive skinned, robust and muscular. Quintus immediately had one of the myriad rumours concerning the Temple confirmed; the decadent god liked his partners to be curly haired and as brown as nuts. Not so he. Quintus avoided the curious glances of his fellow Initiates, the eyes of the rest of the chosen studying him closely. His short haired, blonde and green eyed beauty lent a dissonance to the lush atmosphere within the Temple. Some of the other Initiates muttered aloud their curiosity and perturbation. It was accepted that Bacchus selected favourites, and such were given great power within the Ecstatic Mysteries. But the god was, if nothing else, consistent in his preferences. So now, here in the heart of the god's lair, was a young man of such a blonde and wistful beauty, that Quintus wondered for the first time at his selection. No one out-with the Temple knew such manner of things; gossip and rumour alone were often unreliable educators. Despite one such rumour proving true thus far, Quintus feared that perhaps he was a rare anomaly amongst the chosen. And feared even more the meaning of such.

As his mind raced, Quintus was distracted by the arrival of several tall, muscular men dressed in pristine white robes. The smooth, brown sheen of the men's skin gave the impression the robes were of gossamer, moulding perfectly to firm, taut flesh. Quintus, with the rest of the Initiates, watched the men approach. He knew who they were, and his heart began to beat erratically against his breastbone. Before him, elegant and silent as cats, stood the Acolytes of Bacchus, his muses, his advisers; his satellites swirling about the god's star of the worshipping of sex as the foundation of the Temple. The Acolytes prepared the way, for the god to seek his pleasure in ease and experience. They prepared the way by apprenticing the Initiates into the Ecstatic Mysteries. The apprenticeship of Quintus had begun.

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The Temple Baths, a luxuriance of marble and the finest, perfumed soap, soft, enveloping towels and steaming, soothing hot water, were a revelation for Quintus. He'd never seen such beauty. Great, soaring pillars, bulky in their prominence, Bacchus' eternal homage to Phallus, punctuated the smooth surface of the floor. Pools of iridescent green and blue water, shimmering through the coils of rising steam, gave Quintus glimpses of naked, masculine bodies, oil giving skin an illuminating effect as if observed through burnished bronze. Near the pools were long, marble slabs, some decorative with nude young men lying on their stomachs, their buttocks and thighs being slowly massaged by Acolytes. Quintus' eyes widened at the sights. He felt fingers press firmly into the base of his back, and he quickened his pace accordingly, following the Acolyte in front of him, with another at Quintus' heel. Even so, Quintus managed to turn his head and observe a young man upon one of the slabs, lying face up, his erection being massaged into the firmness of stone by the expert hand of an Acolyte. The Initiate's moans of pleasure echoed within the Temple Baths like the low thrumming song of the Sirens themselves; only this was the song of the rise to ecstasy, the means to gain entry into the Mysteries.

Quintus followed where he was led, the moans of pleasure rising to a peak, almost pained, bereft of breath, until there was a scream of such intensity it made the hairs on the back of Quintus' neck stand upright. He barely had time to acknowledge the similar effect on his penis before the

Acolytes were halting beside a deep, steam swirling pool, the aroma of lavender and bergamot tickling Quintus' nostrils with a curious anticipation.

Quintus understood what was expected of him and undressed, removing his tunic, his sandals, undoing the lacing of his undergarments. His fingers fumbled slightly, embarrassed at the evidence of his erection and nervous of what he might expect to happen next. He had never been offered guidance; in all the years he had waited for the moment he would leave his home forever and become a servant of Bacchus, not one iota of detail had been impressed upon Quintus. If rumour and gossip were to be believed, then day and night his duties were cock sucking and ball licking; night and day of being fucked halfway into Hades; a never ending toil of sexual prowess, to attain the legendary Pinnacle of Ecstasy, a Greco-Romano Olympiad of fucking.

Quintus held his breath as one of the Acolytes finished undoing his lacings for him, and slowly pushed the undergarment past Quintus' thighs. Quintus squeezed his eyes shut, flushing furiously, the sweat of the rising steam and the sounds of pleasure all around him, making him quiver with tension and arousal. His cock was free of its restraint, the firmness almost an ache in the pit of Quintus' belly; never had he experienced such an erection before, in all his recent years of self pleasuring. No, nothing compared to this now, and tentatively Quintus opened his eyes again. He rested a palm on the shoulder of the Acolyte, and obediently stepped out of his undergarment. Naked, swollen with as yet an untapped ecstasy, Quintus held his breath as the Acolyte pressed a soft, damp kiss upon the head of his cock. Quintus gasped, a sound as involuntary as breath, pleasure near attacking his senses with an onslaught of need. Quintus watched on in fascination, a spectator at his own deflowering, as the Acolyte's tongue gently circled Quintus' engorged cock head, lapping at the oozing dew of Quintus' arousal, bringing forth more with each measured curve of tongue.

"Ah, Zeus," muttered Quintus beneath his ever quickening breath, as the Acolyte's tongue flicked mercilessly. Before Quintus could curse again, the Acolyte stood up and began to undress. The other Acolyte was easing into the water by way of marble steps, his powerful arms outstretched for balance. Dizzy, near feverish with frustration and pleasure, Quintus observed the now naked Acolyte, white robe like fresh snow strewn about suntanned ankles. The man's body was lithe and powerful, with firm, muscular thighs and arms; his shoulders were broad, his chest smooth and entirely hairless, his belly ridged with muscle. Quintus drank in the sight of the Acolyte; fully erect, the phallus was large, heavily veined and bulbous at the end. Quintus quivered at the sight of such a magnificent specimen of manhood, from cock to toe and above again. Glancing to the pool, he saw the second Acolyte was now seated upon a marble bench topped with cushions and soft towels in the midst of the water, an oasis for rest, massage and sex. Here, then, before Quintus' youthful gaze, was the heart of the apprentices' classroom, whereby the Initiates would learn how to become worthy in order to gain entry into the Ecstatic Mysteries of Bacchus.

Quintus stepped into the pool, the Acolyte guiding him with a beckoning hand. The steam wreathed Quintus' skin, the shimmering caress as tender as a lover's kiss, and the sounds of his fellow chosen filled his ears, their arduous cries the tribute of the Bacchanalian Initiate.

Nude, Quintus quickly became aware of his inexperience of fleshly pleasures, and his nervousness heightened. A racing heart pounded the blood in his veins, creating sensations of dizziness assailing him; the blood engorged his erection akin to some smooth wood carving, crafted by the most expert connoisseur of Phallus. The potency of the two Acolytes' cocks did nothing to assuage Quintus' anxiety. His mind cascaded myriad thoughts through him; would he soon encounter Bacchus himself? Was it true, as the rumours insisted, that the god was a wicked, ugly creature, addled from wine and rich living? Would Quintus have to suck that wine limp cock, likening the idea to fellating a rain slick slug.

The Acolytes led Quintus deeper into the pool. Fragrance tickled Quintus' nostrils, and his cock twitched as the warm water soothed the ache at the base of his shaft. He had never felt so afraid and yet so aroused. Quintus knew he was being lured ever closer towards the Ecstatic Mysteries...

The Acolyte who had been reclining upon the cushions now stood before Quintus, tall and bold with his own evident arousal. Quintus flushed hotly again; the skin of his cheeks tingled pleurably. The man was broad chested, a demi god of a specimen, evidently chosen personally by the discerning Bacchus; this Acolyte was dark, swarthy, like his companion. Quintus shivered within his bones, despite the rising heat. Anew, the difference of his own aspect both disturbed and excited him. The man before him, cock-head visible on the surface of the water, slowly leaned forward and with a leisurely possession, began to circle one of Quintus' nipples with the tip of his tongue. *

The Banquets of Bacchus Gay Slave Erotica - Ancient Rome within the sensuous Temple of Bacchus.

Approximately 19k words. Gay erotic fiction.

There are scenes of a highly sexual and explicit nature throughout. All characters are over 18+ and consensual.

The Banquets of Bacchus M/M Erotica Trilogy is gay historical erotica with a slave and master element. Quintus enters the Temple of Bacchus, to be initiated into the Erotic Mysteries of Bacchus, Lord of All Pleasure and Delights.

Against the backdrop of a decadent and louche ancient Rome, Quintus' journey from Initiate to Acolyte within the highly sexualised Bacchanalian Temple, sees him learn about the pleasures of erotic love in all its taboo forms. A series of Temple servants induct Quintus into the heat of ecstasies only attained through experience and plentiful practice.

The Trilogy is a combination of gay slave erotica as well as first time gay sex, and the presence of the god Bacchus evokes a story of m/m fantasy. Quintus' destiny is to relinquish his gay virginity to the infamous god, and pay homage to sexual desire above all things.

Quintus' initiation into erotic love sees him experience the heights of pleasure, leading him ever deeper into the inner sanctum of the Temple. Here, he will encounter Bacchus himself, who will guide him to the Pinnacle of every earthly delight.

Might Quintus discover more than he could ever realise within the walls of the Temple of Bacchus...where the Pinnacle awaits him, the culmination of all his fantasies.

Note: Lots of male/male sexual scenes with lithe, muscular and wonderfully virile Ancient Roman guys.

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