

*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*

I came. I saw. I conquered.

Or was it: I saw, I conquered,

I came?

# HOUSE OF THE GOLDEN BEAR

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ROME, 63 A. D.

The late afternoon sunlight gave the Roman spring air a pleasant warmth as General Marcus Licinius Verus descended the steep street down from the Palace of the Caesars on the fashionable Palatine Hill. Marcus Licinius did not live on the Palatine nor was he on his way to visit family or friends. His goal was the House of the Golden Bear. This visit was a reward granted by Nero Caesar for Marcus Licinius' military victory in a Syrian border skirmish against the Parthians. And this visitation would be of a carnal nature. He paused and studied the much-sought-after gold admission token in the palm of his right hand.

The front side of the exquisitely-crafted coin bore an image of a standing bear displaying an erection *maximus* while the obverse side showed the bear fucking a man. On both sides engraved around the edge were the words *Domus Ursi Aurei, House of the Golden Bear*. Marcus Licinius flipped the token into the air and deftly caught it. What a curious name for the most exclusive male brothel in the

empire! Marcus Licinius knew this was a very lucky day for him, because admission to the notorious House of the Golden Bear was by imperial invitation only. He smiled in anticipation and the weight of the weary months he had spent on the borders of Parthia disappeared as he finally spotted the small portico entrance in a tall red stucco wall with no windows to the street. On either side of the sturdy doors, two even more sturdy guards eyed him sternly as he approached. One flash of the token Marcus Licinius held brought beefy smiles and burly bows. One of them knocked on the door which opened quickly. Almost on a zephyr of Roman spring air, Marcus Licinius was ushered silently into the mysterious House of the Golden Bear.

Marcus Licinius found himself in a large square atrium beyond which rose the equally elegant three-story pile of a mansion. Colonnades of rare dark red African marble backed by tall cypress and palm trees surrounded the atrium. In the center was a large marble pool where, with earthy Roman humor, a bronze fountain of a drunken Bacchus pissed into the water. His observations were interrupted by a high-pitched voice that entered the room before the face that spoke it broke through the curtains.

“Greetings, General Marcus Licinius Verus! Welcome to the House of the Golden Bear.” The eunuch’s accent was pure Syrian. “Our pleasure is to give you pleasure that would delight even the Gods.”

Marcus turned and saw a short, dark-skinned eunuch bowing to him. The middle-aged Syrian had long hair dyed the deepest black, rouged cheeks and lips, and wore a brightly-colored robe over his plump body. Marcus hardly tried to disguise his distaste at being recognized by a eunuch, because Marcus Licinius Verus was a man’s man.

“You don’t know me, eunuch. I have never been to the House of the Golden Bear.”

“Ah, but we’ve been expecting you, Most Noble Sir,”

the Syrian cooed. “The Divine Nero Caesar himself sent a message notifying us of the expected time of your arrival.” The Syrian grinned almost conspiratorially. After all, this was Rome, the capital of the world. Everyone was a conspirator. The eunuch gracefully took the token from Marcus. “The Divine Nero has given us explicit orders to gratify your every wish. ‘Nothing is to be denied my good and trusted friend, General Marcus Licinius Verus.’ His very words!”

Marcus smiled at the imperial favor.

“As always, Nero Caesar is most kind and gracious.”

“How true, how true! Now, General, shall we begin?”

The Syrian ushered Marcus to an antique Greek chair situated under the colonnade. Slaves were summoned and refreshments provided. As Marcus comfortably situated himself, the Syrian smiled and sized him up.

He judged Marcus Licinius was handsome for a Roman. He was of moderate height and appeared beneath his blue linen tunic to have a husky, muscular build. He was no more than XXXIV. His short-cut Roman hair was black as his unRoman clipped beard. The beard, the Syrian knew, was an affectation, the kind soldiers pick up on campaigns, and Marcus Licinius had fought long and hard in the barbarous east, *barbarous* because *barba* was the Roman word for *beard*. His clear skin was a light olive and his facial features even and attractive. No big Roman nose, the Syrian sighed. Thank the Gods! His eyes were hazel and clear and his smile revealed white teeth in excellent condition. The Syrian also noticed the curling black hair that covered his exposed arms and legs and surmised that his body must be as hairy as that of a satyr.

Yes, Marcus Licinius Verus, the Syrian mused, you are definitely a cut above our usual customers, even if you are so regrettably hairy! Some poor resident will be coughing up a hairball like an Egyptian cat after he licks

you all over!

“Most Noble Sir,” the Syrian announced, “please allow me now to present for your selection the residents of the House of the Golden Bear. You may select whomever you desire at any time.” With that the Syrian clapped his hands three times as a signal for the procession of residents to begin.

A red-and-black curtain parted in the portico to the mansion and a line of some twenty young men, themselves not yet twenty, paraded in tight loincloths past Marcus Licinius. As he inspected them, they strolled casually about the atrium waiting for him to make his choice. Many of the residents smiled encouragingly at him; for like the Syrian, they too were glad he was more attractive and masculine than some of the doddering patrons of Nero’s favor. Suspense filled the atrium as they waited for Marcus Licinius to announce his choice.

“As you can see,” the Syrian noted proudly, “our residents come from every part of the empire and beyond. The House of the Golden Bear has spared no expense in bringing our esteemed patrons the best younglings available in the world. Of course, I need not state that their training in the arts of pleasure is also of the highest quality.”

Marcus observed the young men closely. No doubt what the eunuch said was true. Before him stood fair-skinned Greeks, dark-skinned Egyptians, a red-headed Hibernian Celt, and a black Ethiopian. Never before, be it in Rome, Alexandria, or even in Antioch had he seen such a dazzling collection of smooth-skinned handsome youths.

Marcus frowned in disappointment. Damn the Gods, if it wasn’t the same old problem! The last thing he wanted to bed was some youth as hairless as a girl. Contrary to popular Greek and Roman taste, he preferred men, not boys, and the hairier the barbarously better! He realized that his visit to the House of the Golden Bear would

be a waste of time because he would not find what he wanted, but he would have to fuck so as not to displease Nero. Marcus Licinius cursed into his hand. He shifted his weight in the pretty, pretty brothel chair. The thin wood legs creaked the way those pretty, pretty boys would splinter under the weighty matters he had in mind for his pleasure, the way those strapping Parthian prisoners had broken under his victory as he...

“Sir, is something wrong?” The Syrian eunuch had been beaten for less than one Roman’s frown. “Our residents displease you?”

“Not displease, eunuch! But not please either.”

The Syrian and the teasing parade of youths gasped hoping a situation had not arisen that might go suddenly and disastrously wrong. Rome was a place where torture was sometimes the same as desire. The Syrian, eager to protect his youngling goods, clapped his hands twice. The nearly naked young men disappeared quickly behind draperies and palms, through doors. The Syrian, wishing to guide and please the Roman, began to navigate.

“General Verus, Nero’s residents are beyond compare. Complaints are few.”

Marcus cut him off. “Have you shown me everyone, eunuch?”

“Perhaps the General prefers females?”

Marcus stood up, folded his arms across his chest, and gave the dithering Syrian an exasperated look. “Don’t babble nonsense.”

“Sir...” The Syrian eunuch trembled at a loss. “Sir, you have seen everyone.”

“I have wasted my time and yours. No, do not worry. I have no intention of complaining to Nero Caesar. The problem is taste: mine, not yours. Good day, eunuch.” Marcus would compliment Nero. The eunuch would never mention the General had chosen not to fuck.

Marcus turned to leave, but never left the spot where he was standing.

A new figure stood in the bright empty portico where the younglings had exited.

Marcus studied the figure so caught in a shaft of Roman spring sunshine he glowed.

Marcus' face broke into a smile.

He pointed to the doorway.

"By the Gods, yes! He is what I am looking for! Why didn't you show him to me with the others?" He raised his hand to slap the Syrian with his open palm. He felt his prick jump. "He is the man I want."

The Syrian turned to the golden figure in the portico. He squealed. "Sir, no! Impossible! You don't understand. He is not available to our patrons!"

"Why not?" Marcus looked again at the man in the doorway. He was, in fact, golden in the sun, shimmering with golden fur and golden beard and golden hair. He was pleased when the man smiled back. "You have been hiding your Golden Bear. He's the first true man I've seen since I've come into this puerile garden and I'll have him! Arrange it, eunuch!"

"But, Sir..., he's...."

"Did not Nero Caesar command that I was not to be denied anything—which means anyone—I wanted in the House of the Golden Bear?"

"Yes, but..."

"Then I take the Golden Bear himself. Dare you disobey the emperor?" Marcus gave him the harsh look that had made the fiercest warrior of the defeated Parthian soldiers cringe. "You have my orders, eunuch, or your tongue like your balls will be tanned into a whore's purse."

Defeated almost to tears by the imperious Roman, the Syrian swept over to the man in the sunny doorway. Marcus could make little more than sounds from their

conversation, but he heard the golden man laugh. His voice carried the accent of the Celtic lands of northwestern Gaul. The blond man looked at Marcus and stepped back from the sunny portico. He disappeared into the mansion as the Syrian hurried back to the Roman. This time the Syrian eunuch was shaking his head. He was confused by the ever-changing appetites of Romans drunk with the power of ruling the world.

“Eunuch?”

“Alexander says...”

“Alexander.” The name promised power.

“Alexander would be delighted to entertain you, Marcus Licinius Verus. He asks you join him now.” He gave the Roman a look.

“Is something wrong?”

“Oh no, not at all.” He gestured to the mansion door. “Please follow me, General.”

The Syrian eunuch escorted the Roman General through the ground floor of the labyrinthine mansion to an inner colonnaded courtyard. He paused before a doorway covered with heavy linen curtains and bowed to Marcus Licinius.

“The esteemed Alexander of Gaul awaits you, Most Noble Sir,” he said in a slightly baffled voice. “Please enter and may you enjoy pleasures that even the Gods would envy.” With that, the eunuch spun on his heels and hastily retreated, leaving Marcus by himself. The Roman shook his head for a moment at the strange behavior of the Syrian. *Eunuchs!* Who could figure them out? Castration was good, but Rome should never have imported Syrians. The combination was a problem all over Rome.

Forgetting the eunuch, Marcus Licinius slowly parted the curtain and stepped into the small dim room. As his eyes adjusted to the low light, he saw the man he wanted standing naked in the middle of the room with his legs

spread and his arms folded across his chest. Marcus paused to savor the sight as he felt himself growing hard.

The naked man appeared the same age, height, and build as Marcus. The General was a quick and skilled judge of men. It was obvious that Alexander of Gaul was from that northwestern province of the Celtic empire, for his short-cropped hair was a dark golden blond as was the full Gaulish-style moustache that covered his mouth and drooped down to the bottom of his jaw. Marcus was delighted to note that the body of the Gaul was furred dense, dark, and golden. Between his sturdy spread legs hung a large hairy ball sac and a prominent prick that was rapidly hardening and rising in its succulent foreskin. His pale blue eyes assessed Marcus with a smile.

“General, shall we stand and stare, or shall we fuck?”

Marcus, who loved men of humor, gave a great grin and walked up to the Gaul. He put his hands on Alexander’s massive hairy shoulders and began to pet them. “Gods,” was all he could say in a thick voice, “it’s been a long time since I was with a real man. A long, long time. Not since my days in Britannia.”

The Gaul Alexander unfolded his hairy arms and pulled the Roman Marcus into a firm bear hug. Pale blue eyes gazed directly into hazel.

“My feelings also, General.”

Marcus raised his eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“Have you wondered why this place is called the ‘House of the Golden Bear’?”

“A symbol perhaps, I thought, once, and now I see you.”

The Gaul began to nuzzle the Roman’s beard and neck with his blond moustache and moist lips. Marcus sighed a deep moan of pleasure. Having conquered the Parthians, he considered surrendering to Gaul.

“You see, General, I am the Golden Bear after whom Nero so fancifully named this establishment. I am a



freedman and I manage this house. You will understand when I tell you that it is not my responsibility to personally entertain our patrons.”

Growing more puzzled, Marcus tried to step backwards. Was this a rebuff? But the Gaul continued to hold him in a tight grip.

Himself cognizant of Roman politics played out in the symposia and baths of Rome, Marcus said, “You are with me now because of Nero’s command?”

“When I saw you, I wanted you as much as you wanted me.” Alexander lowered his hands, grabbed his own Roman tunic, pulled it over his head, and threw it to the floor. He untied his loincloth, tossing the brief strip aside, and pulled the laces on his sandals. With an armspan wide as Gaul itself, he once again folded Marcus in a bear hug, grinding their hairy bodies together.

Marcus felt the rush of sexual combat. Once again Rome was pitted against Gaul, and Gaul fought back in a blazing heat of animal lust. Their foreskinned pricks slid wet against wet as they grappled, felt, licked, and tasted. Alexander pulled Marcus to a large bed in the corner and forced him flat onto his stomach. He threw him out full force. Gaul fell across Rome. Marcus, the conquering General, shuddered with pleasure as he felt the Gaul grinding his stiff oozing prick and hairy crotch against his ass. Swallowed up in their lust, neither man noticed the slight movement of the curtains in the doorway.

“Gods, I want you to fuck me!” Marcus said.

“Want no more,” Alexander rasped hoarsely, “I’m going to fuck your ass and shoot my seed full up in you. A true Celtic shot. I will make you shoot your bow at the same moment. Would you like that trick, General?”

“Yes!” Marcus panted and thrust his hungry ass back against the Gaul. Alexander grunted in approval and forcefully yanked Marcus backwards up onto his knees.

The Roman grabbed his own asscheeks and spread them, exposing his hairy puckered hole. The Gaul palmed his foreskin all the way back and rubbed his lubricious precum over the twitching orifice. Satisfied, he spit in his hand and slicked up his rock-hard prick. The Gaul moved forward and placed the firm head of his prick against the Roman's waiting hole.

"*Veni! Vidi! Vici!* General!" Alexander leaned forward. His cock met initial resistance and he applied more pressure. Marcus let out a loud moan of pain turning to pleasure as his muscle relaxed and Alexander slowly slid into him. After a moment, the Gaul began to slowly fuck him. With Marcus on his hands and knees, his own thick thighs presented his haunches up to meet Alexander's thrusts with equal butt-thrusts of his own. Alexander let out a triumphant roar.

"That's it, General! Clench my prick! Lock it deep in your tight hot ass as I ride you!" The Gaul started to pound him even harder. "Yes, oh yes! Get ready to feel my seed fill you up!"

"Oh Gods," Marcus gasped, grabbing his own dripping cock, vigorously jerking off. "I'm going to shoot soon!"

"Then we ride together!"

The heat rose off them...

...in the hot afternoon.

The curtain quivered...

...in the Roman spring.

The two men, Gaul and Rome, abandoned themselves to their furious building climax. In moments the Roman felt the Gaul's prick grow so much harder and larger that he clamped his ass muscles even tighter around the ramming shaft. Alexander bellowed like a conqueror.

"Take my seed!"

Marcus felt the Gaul's exploding prick jerk with sliding rings of pleasure, pumping shot after shot of hot seed

into him. The deluge of Alexander's seed set Marcus off shooting his seed all over the covers of the bed. When both men were exhausted, the Gaul collapsed on top of the Roman. Sweating profusely, Alexander pulled himself out of Marcus who groaned in regret.

A voice spoke from behind the curtain. "My, my, Poppaea, now we know how Marcus Licinius defeated the Parthians. *He backed them down!* Quite a novel military tactic, don't you think?"

Marcus heard the voice, the unmistakable, conspiratorial voice. It was as if the voice, and the presence behind the voice, parted the heavy linen curtains covering the door. The dim fuck chamber instantly flooded with the afternoon light of the Roman spring. Both men jumped with a start, then froze in place on the bed, deferential to the husky voice chuckling at them.

"See, my dear," the all-powerful voice in the all-powerful face said, "I was right and you were wrong. I have won our little wager and you now owe me 1,000 sesterces!"

Standing in the doorway observing them was Nero Caesar himself with his wife, the Lady Poppaea. Nero smirked. Amusement flew like an ugly starling across his fleshy face. The beautiful Poppaea appeared distinctly disappointed, for she had thought to have Marcus Licinius Verus to herself. The thought crossed her mind that the only way to insure men for women, to curb their natural proclivities, was, through religion. All else had failed. Perhaps those horrible Christians threatening Rome had a point, but what point it was evaporated in the heat of the scene in the room, where both Marcus and Alexander grabbed frantically at pillows and sheets to cover their nakedness. Nero, keeping an eye on Poppaea, laughed at their antics.

"Don't bother!" Nero said. "Modesty is not an encore. What a performance! Two bears in heat! He turned to his

wife. “Poppaea, imagine a bronze statue of them twined and bound in burning orgasmic climax! So perfect for the gardens of your villa outside Herculaneum.”

The empress wished not to imagine, but she had to play his game. She fingered her famous emerald-and-gold necklace. “Oh, my dearest love, perhaps I’d prefer a statue of Venus...twined...on ...Juno.”

“Oh?” Suddenly Nero caught her humor. “Oh! Splendid! Even better.” Nero Caesar returned his gaze to the two bewildered and embarrassed men. “I do hope you don’t mind the little fun we’ve had at your expense. My expense actually. How do you like my brothel? You see, Marcus, it was Poppaea who suggested I reward your victory against the Parthians with a visit to the House of the Golden Bear. I was dubious, knowing your particular tastes; so we placed a little wager on you. I said you and Alexander would like each other while she bet you would pick no one. We secretly followed you here to witness your choice.” He smiled imperiously at the men. “I thank you for the entertaining diversion you have provided us today and for making me 1,000 sesterces richer.” He shot a knowing glance to his wife. “Now, my dear, don’t you think we should be going so they can continue cuming?”

Poppaea smiled. “You are the most whimsical of emperors. I love you because you are so unpredictable.” She turned to the two men and threatened with a purr. “Isn’t the divine Nero absolutely dangerously unpredictable?”

The imperial couple swept out of the doorway.

When the terrified Syrian eunuch informed Alexander that the Emperor and Empress had left the mansion, he jumped up and closed the curtains. In his fright the eunuch had bonded himself to the General. He approached the two men both shaken by what had happened.

“Marcus,” Alexander said, “that took ten years off my life.”

The Roman put his arm around the blond furry shoulders of the Gaul. “Better thrown into combat in bed than into combat in the arena.” Marcus kissed Alexander. “I’m not sorry for our combat. Are you?”

“Gods, no!” The Gaul felt his own asshole melting toward the Roman. “Would you like to fuck the Golden Bear?”

Marcus grinned and tightened his grip on the Gauls’ golden shoulders. “You know I would; but this time, Alexander, I will order up a room with a strong door and a lock.”

“...And a guard, or Centurion, or two.”

General Marcus Licinius Verus, turned conspiratorially to the Syrian eunuch, on the fine Roman spring afternoon. “If you can make yourself useful as well as faithful...”



Bill Plum, *Master of the Leatherbears*  
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