

The Coin

An adult female domination tale

by

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Synopsis:

A historical outing, tracing the journey of a coin that bends sexuality to cruelty and pleasure from pain.

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The Coin

Act I

Reign Of Irene, Empress Of The Byzantine Empire.

Byzantium Late 797 AD.

The island of Principo, Convent of St. George.

Act II

Reign Of Catherine The Great Of The Russian Empire

The Russian Empire Summer 1750 AD.

The palace of the Kremlin. Moscow.

Act III

In The Midst Of The Russian Revolution.

Revolutionary Russia Autumn 1919 AD.

Lubyanka Prison, Lubyanka Square in Moscow.

Act I Byzantium

Byzantium Late 797 AD the island of Principo, Convent of St. George.

Part I

The cell was cold and nearly unfurnished. A simple wooden bed was pushed up against the rough stone wall of the cell, its thin blankets ruffled and disordered by the young man that sat there in total despair. Dressed in a simple white robe and with fetters on his ankles he passed a single gold coin from hand to hand in agitated apprehension. There is no betrayal of greater depth than the duplicity of a mother!

In his hands was that single gold coin, a reminder of his status and of the depth of his fall from God's grace. One side carried the face of his mother, the Empress Irene, with the orb of the Emperor in her hands. The other side, the side that he was staring at, was his own face, bland and beardless, a second rank to the mother that held him in thrall.

Emperor Constantine the Sixth. Imperator and arbiter of the mother church in Constantinople, holder of more titles than he could count on his fingers.

Sitting alone in a cell. Awaiting his evil mother's judgment.

Bronze chains were between his legs and he was wearing the flax robe of a simple priest. The two sides of the coin that he flipped in his shaking hand, the last of that treasury full of gold and silver, the last dregs of his affluence and power. Soon she would come, that treacherous mother of his. Her verdict would be his doom, her revenge would be his demise. He knew in his heart that she would blind him, that was a certainty. He would be left to suffer and expire, leaving her as the Empress of the Byzantine Empire.

Constantine moved his legs to the chinking of the chains and waited as the sun rose and cast its light through the bars of the window. Outside the distant voices of the nuns drifted in, the everyday noise of work being done and tasks being completed. Time drifted and he forgot that he was hungry and cold, he just remembered the bitter taste of his betrayal. He remembered that he had cast the wife that Irene had chosen, Maria of Amnia, into this very convent. He supposed that the woman that he had subsequently chosen, Theodote, was probably also languishing in a cell awaiting the Empress Irene's pleasure.

The chatter in the real world, the gardens outside his cell, ceased and died away leaving just the sawing sound of a cricket and the occasional chirp of a bird. A sense of imminence filled Constantine's small world, a feeling that decision would soon come and grind his false hopes and aspirations to dust. The sound of footsteps sounded in the corridor outside.

Hushed voices, women's voices. That was the fact that irked him the most. That women ruled his life! That his mother chose his circle of friends. She had chosen his wife from amongst a select group that she had decided would offer their chastity as their wedding gift.

And the result? Maria of Amnia! A woman who was not in the least Constantine's idea of attractive womanhood. A lower logothete's daughter from Paphlagonia of all places! A peasant from the farm! She was plump in the wrong places, a female vessel of chastity in everyday clothes! A woman that his mother knew that he could never desire and who would never bear his heir and son.

Worst of all a woman who, like his mother, wished to rule over the Emperor. Her tongue was a whip that chastised him from the first day. Disappointed in his lack of attention she had made his life a misery until he had discovered Theodote, the love of his life. The footsteps in the corridor stopped.

Hushed voices and the rattle of bronze keys. After the loveless, indeed hate filled, marriage had come the impotent attempts to rid himself of this gynocracy. Thrashing like a fish on the deck of a boat, he had plotted and subverted to no avail. His mother had trapped him in an unending succession of futile political actions and ceremonial and it had ended here in this cell.

What better or more ironic place to confine me than an abbey? he thought to himself. Just another part of the world that is ruled by women! The key turned in the lock and time seemed to stand still for the unseated Emperor of the Roman Empire in the East. Every chirp of the birds was stilled, there was silence as the door opened to reveal the three women that would now be in absolute charge of his life.

Empress Irene. Resplendent in robes of woven gold, carrying the orb of the Empire in one hand and a whip in the other. A smile on her whitened face as she followed the woman that she had chosen for his wife. Maria of Amnia. A woman filled with hate and resentment. The woman who had been chosen as the bride of the Emperor, but had

been rejected by him as unsuitable. Her corpulent figure filled the door as she entered. Wearing the light brown robes of the convent she swept into the cell with the hauteur of the righteous.

Finally, Vergina, the abbess of the convent. Tall, slim and young. It was no accident that she and Irene were such close confederates. She ruled her convent with a rod of iron and fear. Iron and flesh. Iron and pain.

It was well known in the capital that no word of misdemeanor ever came from the Convent of St. George on the Prince's Islands. For, Vergine ran a convent that could be likened to a prison. A place where husbands could find placement for their unwilling wives. Where pregnancies disappeared as did the women who carried them and where unwilling concubines emerged as mannered slaves. This was the place where the nuns spent less time in devotions to God than they did tormenting their fallen betters.

There was no better match for the unscrupulous Irene than this crow, who feasted on the sour leavings of family and love, lust and sex. With a thin smile and a stern mien she doled out punishments that became a personal pleasure for her. The ruthless woman who had become prosperous at the oppression of others. With these three malevolent female harpies arrived a man pulling a small brazier in which the irons were already glowing with white heat.

Irons for the delectation of an unspeakable mother and a vengeful wife. Blushing pink and white hot for the use of the Abbess of the Convent of St. George.

Part II

His hand clenched the coin, bending the soft gold slightly, concealing it from the three women who were about to achieve their goals by blinding their Emperor. Still, by law and by God he ruled the Empire. A power stretching from Istria and Sardinia to the borders of the Caliphate by the Euphrates. A man who had nothing remaining of all that power, but the coin in his left hand as they prepared to reduce his world to one of touch and sound.

The executioner worked the little bellows under his forge of pain until the iron rods glowed a fierce yellow-white. Small flakes of black crusted the glow as the charcoal burned with a quiet fury and a slight sighing sound as if it regretted the task in hand. 'Kneel,' said Irene in a commanding tone.

Her robes parted for a moment to allow her son to see her naked form. At forty five her body still had that magic spice that had enchanted Leo, the previous Emperor. Smooth skin, a dark bush of clipped pubic hair and alabaster thighs that were glimpsed, but for a second, as she closed the robe and flashed a triumphant smile at Maria, the wife who followed her like a slave. 'Please...' sobbed Constantine. He was overwhelmed by the power of these women who had ruled his life and now required it as a gift to open the locks of the Empire.

'That slut, Theodote, the woman you would replace us with, is already serving as a tavern whore!' said Maria with a smile. 'Now you will be no better, husband! A whore slave to Vergina and myself as you contemplate the low estate to which you have sunk. Your very mother has decided that it will be so!'

Constantine shuffled on his knees and put his hands together as if praying to his mother and her evil consorts. The chains made the only sound, apart from the rustle of the stiff golden robes that concealed Irene's nudity. Irene nodded at Vergine who took a place behind the abject Constantine. She buried her strong hands in his thick hair and gripped his head as the executioner pulled a single glowing iron from the hot charcoal.

Now that the moment was at hand, the moment that signified her ascension to the throne of Byzantium, Irene shivered with hunger. A hunger for authority and manipulation that was almost like lust in her loins. It took her with its force, the outward sign a shiver, the inward flutter of a climax was hidden in the shadowy folds of her mind.

This was real power!

The glowing tip of the metal rod moved forward. Close to the eyes of the victim. The heat, not the metal, brushed the eyes briefly to allow Constantine one last flash of his mothers naked body peeping from within its coverlet of gold and embroidery.

His first sight as a newborn, his last as an adult, her naked form. Vergine allowed her fingers to slip from the mop of hair that would soon be a monk's tonsure. Her laugh rang clear in the stillness of the moment. A call of triumph and conquest. Now she was to have the Emperor as her slave, the highest was to become the lowest, in the entire Empire.

Irene watched impassively as her son began to sob. There was no remorse, no penitence for what she had done. Empress Irene had done what she had to, the safety of the Empire and her own virtuous comfortable status were too important to lose because her son wished to marry the woman whom the Empress had not chosen!

How dare he? The reign of the Emperor Constantine the Sixth was now over! No disfigured man could be Emperor... The reign of Emperor Irene had now begun. The old ruler would be consigned to his vengeful former wife, and the new would rule from the throne in Constantinople, just across the azure waters of the Sea of Marmara.

Now, at last, Emperor Irene could concentrate on the Arabs and their Caliph, Harun al-Rashid. She could sort out the disagreements with the church and iconoclasts. Best of all, she could return to the Porphyra Palace where her lovers waited and relax in the clasp of their strong arms and attentive, servile lips.

The worthless son cried on the floor like a newborn as the mother swept out of the Convent trailing gold robes and silk train as well as a hurrying group of attendants who had to run to keep up with the new ruler of their world.

Part III

Maria of Amnia sat on the side of the bed by her former husband. The blinding had so excited her that her thighs and legs shook from the reaction. The blind man who had humiliated her and married a mere household servant out of love. Love! Who could believe that a member of the lower orders could experience such an exalted emotion? The poets sang of love, it was for the owners, the users, the rich and the titled to experience that lofty sentiment. Theodote, the servant made wife was already disposed of in the Blachernae Gate brothel where she would serve the barbarian soldiers with her body.

Now she, Maria, would snuff out that 'love' from the former Emperor's mind. She, who should have been the Empress. How dare he snatch that glory and power from her to marry some prostitute that he chose for himself? She would rape and punish him until in the darkness of his blindness he would acknowledge her as the arbiter of all his emotions.

To that end she had the help of her friend and confidant, Vergine. The woman who had organized her convent as a place where women, and occasionally men, were sent to be broken down, humiliated and disposed of, for standing in the way of an aristocrat's enjoyment of life. Her heart swelled with excitement as she watched Vergine, the Abbess of Pain, stripping her silk robe and allowing it to fall to the ground. It would not do for the robe to be splashed with the blood of their royal victim!

In her hand was a hazel rod, flexible but hard and sharp, that would take Constantine to a place where pain and subservience was the only mistress. When he was mewling with pain he would learn that his wife regretted their lack of congress over the last two years and wished to renew the liaison with him as the slave and her as the master.

As the rod tore the first strip from his flesh, his hand convulsed and the coin rolled across the floor to draw a circle at Maria's feet. She looked down at the portrait of Irene, Empress of Rome, and thought to see the twitch of a smile on those stern lips. A thin smile that matched her own emotion of achievement. Her red shod toe kicked the coin out of sight. The victory might have been expedited by Irene, but the pleasure of revenge was only for Maria.

Part IV

The months rolled by in the outside world as Empress Irene struggled with the matters of state that required her attention. She never asked about her errant son, she knew that he was no threat anymore and that Maria would be extracting her vengeance in small but painful measures, day by day. In the closed world of the Convent there was a brief disturbance, like a pebble thrown into a pond. But, the ripples died and the new slave became a part of the scenery.

At first he was used exclusively by Maria. She enjoyed the whippings arranged by Vergine, the Abbess of nightmare. She found that the surest way of coming to a climax was to witness her special friend using all her skill to destroy her victim. Just a touch of her own hand to her cunt and she orgasmed, as the whippings with strappados made her blind victim suffer the tortures of hell.

But, then she left her victim alone with that ill named sister of God! Vergine too was addicted to suffering and torment, but she needed more than a hand that rubbed her to a climax. She needed to take her victim to a new place. The place between pleasure and pain, the unknown territory where all passion, love, hate and raw feeling merges to become a single emotion.

The feeling of gratification fused with raw fear. She rode her Emperor. Vergine pushed his erection into her narrow cunt and climaxed as he struggled to both satisfy and escape the attentions of her tortures. He struggled and bucked with the pain as she rode him to her exclusive heaven and back again.

In the darkness of his world and the narrow constraints of his experience, these sessions came to be the only contact that Constantine had with the real world apart from the hours of gloating that his former wife treated him to every day. The pain became a tonic and the sex became a release.

Until at last the two women were tired of him. The torment became stale and the anguish became routine.

Part V

Vergine found a new victim in the beautiful daughter of a 'twice consul' who had refused to marry the Isaurian Lord that she had been sold to. She was so very delicate, with her flaxen hair, pale soft skin and slim body. Here was meat for the Abbess, a victim that was still sensitive to every malicious violation, a victim who would sob all night as the mistress of the convent abused her silken body.

And Maria? She too tired of her victim's lack of sensibility. No longer did he react when he was whipped. No longer were the taunts effective and no longer did he show signs of struggle. Constantine, former Emperor of the world's greatest empire, was now a rag doll that his former wife could use to amuse herself with.

But, a rag doll is inert. So he drew water from the well. He pushed the yoke that milled the corn. Constantine became the drudge by day that was used by all the nuns at night. They had their overweening desires and presumptuous needs. Sordidly and squalidly enacted on his flesh with whips and cunts.

Not all of them, strictly Christian practices! The rag doll of the corpulent Maria became the night time slut of the Convent. He was fucked and used by those nuns and passed from one cot to the next like a toy. Pierced by the wooden simulacrum that the nuns often used for their own pleasures, he knew a new kind of rape.

It was not often that they had a male victim, so they made him serve them in ways that only women steeped in wickedness and then chosen for service by a demoness like Vergine could envision.

Until at last he faded. Fucked in the broad bed of the Abbess. The Emperor, Constantine the sixth, expired and breathed his last. There was a hand on his mouth and his thrusting prick in Vergine's cunt, as she ensured that he drew only just enough breath to climax.

And no more.

Act II Mother Russia

The Russian Empire Late 1750 AD The palace of the Kremlin.

Part I

The rustle of silk over the marble floors signaled the entry of the Queen and her ladies in waiting. Courtiers stood to the right and left as the small group slowly swept up the throne room until at last the Queen herself stood facing her throne. It was a magisterial progress, a moment for all to hold their breath and hope that they were not to be singled out for her very special attention in the next hour.

For a moment she seemed to ponder the empty seat as if almost reflecting as to whether or not she should take her rightful place on the broad throne. This was a moment that she always enjoyed.

The moment when she took her place, about to dispense justice to all the malefactors and miscreants that would be presented to her. This was the moment when she would administrate her vast Empire and meet the supplicants from neighboring states and accept their pleas and supplications.

Catherine the Great, Queen, no! She was Empress of Muscovy and Mother Russia. Protector of the Orthodox Religion and mistress of all she surveyed. She was the arbiter of lives and status in all of her wide domain.

What she decided brooked no rebuke. What she laid as law was final and irrevocable. Catherine the Insatiable, the woman who assuaged her lust for power over all men with a slight movement of a hand and a comment that could raise a favorite high in imperial favor or send them to the cells. Those places of punishment that filled the cellars under her fortress in Moscow with the sighs of the lost and the groans of anguish as they paid for slights real and imagined.

Her hand strayed to the small pocket in her wide spreading dress and robes and touched the small gold coin that was her talisman, her amulet of destiny. A coin that bore the portrait of her predecessor in Imperial power, the Empress Irene of Byzantium.

Her predecessor, because the rights and privileges had passed from the Emperors of the second Rome to the Romanovs of the third Roman Empire. A single touch of that cold gold awoke in Catherine the craving that she bore. The hunger to expose her

supremacy and extend her jurisdiction.

Coin between her fingers, concealed amongst the pearls and silk, she turned to face her captive audience. The fear was on their faces, the terror that they would be chosen by their Empress to serve, be punished or be destroyed at her whim. There were the old Boyars, the estates lords and their slatternly wives and mistresses. They held the power of life and death over their bonded peasants like she exercised it over them. The last of their class, they knew that she sought to bring them under her whip hand.

Only a subtle balance of power protected them from her wrath. There were the new lords, the marionettes that she herself had created, whose whole focus was on interpreting her every move and word. They lived to please her and maintain their position in the ever anxious court. They were her creation. Her slaves who maintained their estate by careful maneuvering and courtly intrigue.

They all bowed as she sat sedately on her throne, genuflected and looked down as her gaze roved the hall. She owned them all, she was goddess on earth and arbitrary demoness, the woman who made men flinch, die in agony and fill her capacious bed for nights of erotic nightmare.

A small movement of the hand. Flanked by her maids of honor, her sluts in silk and pearls, she allowed the audience to begin. First the emissaries of the Kahzars. Dressed in fur and red linen they were the outliers to the south of her domain. Known now as the Kozzaki, Cossacks of the plains. They approached the throne bearing the gifts of their lands, salt and bread, earth of supplication. All three of them were proud and tall, but they bowed at every step as they came forward to lay the gifts at her jeweled feet.

Catherine made a small, almost impatient gesture and pouted her lips. The inhabitants of her court could read her mood like they could feel the water when it rained or sense the chill of approaching winter in the late summer. Catherine was dissatisfied.

Already, they knew that her last lover, the Margrave of Novgorod had displeased her last night. The rumor had already made the rounds of the court that he had cried out once too often under the jeweled whip with which she ruled her bed. Now Ivan Illich Vassily lay in the cells under her rooms with the knowledge that his privileges were at an end. All his power and hopes were now confined to the cell where he was given time to realize how he had failed to quench the insatiable desires of his Empress.

The audience continued. Justice was dispensed. Boyar Krilich was rewarded with

estates in Poland whilst three rebellious Nobles from the south were consigned to hard labor in Ekaterinburg. After an hour of displaying her Majesty for all the attendants of her court, Catherine signaled that the audience was at an end. Concealed behind her white makeup she did not betray the sudden feeling of lust that was sweeping over her body like a red tide.

Her hand strayed again to that coin. Her body was trembling with suppressed hunger for satiation. Not the satiation of power that she had, with a flick of the hand, condemned seven to the attentions of her executioners. Nor was it the giving of estates and gifts to her favorites that satisfied her so often.

This was the tingling, the prickling of desire that heralded days of aching lust. She knew the feeling well. It came and went as her cunt craved gratification. Her breasts needed pampering and her body needed a strong prick to fill her to the hilt.

There was no denying this yearning except to gather her maids and minions and explore the nether worlds of her fevered creativity. A gesture and a word was all it took. The throne room emptied in a respectful bowing of fearful courtiers, women and attendants and Catherine was alone with her maids. 'We need a day of rest,' she announced to the remaining few.

It was the clear signal that the Empress was hungry for gratification. She stood in a rustle of stiff silk. The chains of pearls that adorned her dress clicked and the gold of the chains around her neck sounded like falling riches in a treasury. With small steps, and slowly, she led her harpy maids to the apartments that no man hoped to see.

The place where favor lasted as long as a rose took to rot. Where the bed was a playing field for games that had no rules but those that Catherine the Great invented on a whim and changed without warning.

The corridors of the Kremlin echoed with her footsteps, the diamonds on the soles of her shoes clacked on the pavement of marble as she went through the wide doors of the throne room. A few guards, matchlocks at the ready, halberds dipped to the ground in respect, stood like statues as she went to the inner depths of that porphyry palace.

Part II

Bed is too small a word for the playground that Catherine allowed to dominate the high ceilinged room where she acted out her games. Massive bog-oak, from the Pripet Marshes and a deep layer of raw silk in linen coverlet that offered sweet repose for Catherine. Soft and beckoning it seemed to her but it was a place where only the Empress gained gratification. For all others who participated it was by turn heaven and hell. Gold chains and fetters hung ready for use and bejeweled whips hung by phallic handles, ready to hand for her milk skinned hands.

A man lay stretched out on this field of combat. Pinned to her bed like an insect ready for preservation he sweated with fear as the ladies of the court entered the room and took position around his fettered form. His body was marked with the stripes of a casual whipping that he had sustained, stripes of bruised flesh staccatoed with small cuts that the sharp gems woven into the braids of the whips had traced on his vulnerable flesh. A velvet bag with silken purple drawstrings lay by his head and a discarded flogger twisted amongst the gold woven sheets.

Catherine swept into the room and smiled like the lioness that had caught a buck. Here was her entertainment for the night! Here was the man that would yield his all to the Empress. Not willingly, but nevertheless eager to please her body. She noted with approval that one of her maids stood at every corner of the bed to tighten the gold chains should she call for it. Three others were prepared to divest her of her robes when she required it. Not always did she assuage her lust in the nude. Oft times, she allowed no single peek as she took her due from her chosen victim.

But, this time, this night, was one of the full moon. A feeling of lust overcame her at the powerlessness of her prostrated victim, the stripes of punishment left her gasping for more and the proud erect prick beckoned her to swallow him whole. For a moment she circled the bed, deciding whether to continue the flogging of the previous night or to follow a new course of action.

A discrete motion and her maids came to her. Carefully avoiding touching her naked flesh they disrobed their mistress with practiced movements. Layers of silk and stiff corset fell from her like an autumn tree shedding leaves, until her full body was presented to all.

Not perfect! But responsive! Already her nipples stood like puckered mounds, awaiting their contact and the slit of her sex was parting like an opening flower. A carnivorous

rose surrounded by the stiff thorns of her pubic hair. The parted lips exposed a slick cavern that would swallow any man and spit him out after consuming his manhood. A word of command and a long tailed whip was placed in her right hand.

The left was clutched around her talisman, the gold coin of Irene.

Part III

Dmitry cried out as the first strike of the whip curled around his chest and neck. It left a roadmap of pain on his flesh and scored the delicate skin of his neck with a line of ruby pearls of blood. A slight splatter of that blood caught her breasts and nipples as she pulled the whip with a jerk to put the heavy leather band behind her back.

Catherine laughed in joy. Dmitry had betrayed her with one of her maids. Now he was less to her than a serf on a distant estate. Less than a rabid dog on the lonely plains.

Her laugh was not the pleasant ripple of laughter and enjoyment of a pleasant bon mot, but the giggle of a woman who is taking pleasure in the downfall of a rival or enemy. For that was who he was, her enemy. His name was forgotten by her in this moment of indulgence, but he deserved this punishment and he would deserve the fall of the headsman's sword after she had reduced him to suffering meat.

The coin in her hand imparted its hate, encouraging her to excess and sexual frenzy as she lined up the next evil sting of the long whip that she wielded with such dexterity. One of her maids moaned in sympathy with the Empress. A sound of misplaced passion that urged her mistress to further overindulgence.

The atmosphere was tense. Would Catherine splatter herself with the blood of her victim until he was but raw meat, or would she extract just portion of lust from his sweating form? The whip cracked over his head with a snap that made him jump for fright and then the Empress was upon his stricken form. Her thighs closed over his face, forcing him to pleasure her as the maids pulled on the chains to allow him no chance to struggle.

Catherine groaned with her lust as he serviced her from front to back, from ass to clitoris and then that tunnel that would consume him in a fury of desire. Her trembling form rode his face and mouth as she worked herself over him until he became faint with lack of breath.

Finally she climaxed and once again struck him with the whip. This time it scored the inside of his legs with bitter fury at the moment that she fulfilled herself on his struggling form. But, his struggles were in vain. A line on his erection marked the passing of the braid and a single drop of blood perched halfway up his cock to balance in deep red uncertainty, before trickling to his thigh.

This was the opening chorus of her need. Catherine dismounted and took up the silken bag. With a small gesture she tossed it to the maid who had previously climaxed at the sight and sound of the whip. The maid caught it deftly and waited until the Empress had dismounted from her captive ride.

A quick pull and the bag was over his head and the drawstrings were pulled tight to trap him in a velvet prison of sound and darkness.

Now at last Catherine could fuck him. The prick went deep inside her on the first move. Her hips opened and her hands spread to allow a maid to support her as she slid over the throbbing prick and down to his very groin went her thighs.

A whispered word and a maid passed the knout. An evil short weighted braided whip that normally took the lives of the serfs who had tried to escape their masters. She kissed its leather braids and passed it to her maid to use on the man who had thought that the maid was his lover. Blessed and approved.

The Empress Catherine relaxed, waiting for the performance to begin, waiting for the first strike, waiting to start the dance that would bring her to orgasm. The first blow was almost gentle, it created the first tick of the metronome that was a fuck to end all fucks. Catherine closed her eyes and slid up the prick until it almost left her body before the second blow left a savage stripe across Dmitry's strong chest.

No cut, just a red weal that crossed from nipple to nipple, joining them by a line of agony. Every blow of the knout made him buck. Every blow came as she pulled almost free of the rigid cock. Every blow cost him a portion of his life but he could not but help himself. His prick strained to reach into her soft tunnel as his body was ripped by the lead weighted whip.

On the fifth blow she opened her eyes to feast them on her unwilling and willing lover. Unwilling through the agony of their love making, willing as he strained to satisfy and climax. He strained to come and deliver an end to this parody of love. Finally, at the tenth stroke, he came in a surge and thrust deep into his Empress. Splashed and splattered by his blood she finally orgasmed, the stimulation of her hands, the agony of her lover and the supremacy that she was exercising, all combined in a rush of excess and satisfaction.

For a moment she looked at his exhausted form. The features covered by velvet, the muscles of the neck constricted by the silken rope and the cuts and bruises that

disfigured his muscular frame. Then she opened her left hand and beheld the coin that she gripped with an intense grasp. A gold coin slick with blood and sweat.

Dmitry would be disposed of after her maids had had their pleasure. They were harpies, demon sluts, feeders on the sexual scraps that she threw from her table of plenty.

History would not repeat her excesses to historians. They would be concealed from view as the curtain of time closed. She would be known as the Empress who fucked like a man and ruled like a man. Founded orphanages and extended the rule of Mother Russia to east and west.

Her nighttime hobbies would be forgotten by history. She was the Empress. Empress of Russia. Empress of pain.

Act III Russia

Revolutionary Russia 1919 AD Lubyanka Square in Moscow.

Part I

'Everything changes. Even my own name!' That was the thought that ran through the mind of Illona Petrayovitch Ekaterinova Romanov as she stared at the yellow brick front of the All-Russia Insurance Company in Lubyanka Square.

It was certainly worth watching! Pure hate, untainted destruction and authentic show! A sudden smash of glass, and a desk arced out of the fifth story window to land with a crash and an explosion of splintering wood on the cobbles almost at Illona's feet.

Not that she flinched. No, the woman formerly known as Illona Petrayovitch Ekaterinova Romanov, occasionally 'the Baroness' and now as just plain Illona Khotliykova was not one to flinch at anything, let alone a little personal risk. She had never flinched at pain, blood or death. Never!

Of course the surname 'Romanov' was more than inadvisable in the present political climate. What, with a polemical and dialectical tension between the growing power of the Soviets and the supporters of the idea of a Duma with representative powers; now was not the time to stick the head above the parapet with a name like 'Romanov'! In Odessa she had been known as 'the Baroness'. A member of the Okhrana, the brutal instrument of the Emperor of all Russias.

But the Okhrana had failed. It was a broken hope and its officers had joined in the orgy of destruction that was the red terror and mostly tried to change sides. But, changing sides in the turmoil of polemical political suppression and violence that knew no limits was not easy. Unless of course you had a brief and torrid affair with a representative of the Red Army political commissars at the right moment.

So Illona Petrayovitch Ekaterinova Romanov, descendant of both Ivan the Second and Catherine the Great, gave up the family name and joined the revolutionaries of the red revolution. She became simple Illona Khotliykova, a Polish-Ukrainian girl cast into the seas of history being made in Russia. The theory of dialectical materialism was in ascension and the violent uprising of the proletariat was going to sweep all before it in an incoming red tide, a tide of blood.

Surfing this tide was Illona as she made her way to Moscow, the center of the turmoil, the center of the violence and the center of opportunity. Now she stood, one hand on her hip and the other fingering the last heirloom of her past, the coin of Irene and Constantine, the Byzantine Empress and Emperor. Illona watched the All Russia Insurance building in Lubyanka Square being cleared of its capitalistic clutter to be prepared as the new headquarters of the Cheka.

Under her new boss, Feliks Dzierzynski, she was to supervise the conversion of the cellars and underground rooms, a job for which she was more than prepared and willing. When the building had been stripped it was to become the hub for a republic-wide apparatus that would be designed to penetrate every corner of the society that was giving birth to a communist dictatorship.

Feliks had vision. Illona could see where all of this was going to lead. It would lead to the cells of the Lubyanka prison overflowing within weeks as comrades Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin filled the new facility with the victims of their wrath.

Another table was thrown from a window onto the cobbles of the square! Why? Because it was decorated with gold leaf. Because it had been used by capitalists. Because it was enjoyable to destroy and difficult to create! When I have finished with the cellars the occupants of my cells will curse the day that they entered my private vision of hell, she thought.

In Odessa she had been feared as 'the Baroness', here she would be more than feared, she would become a nightmare of dread in the darkness of the cells below this newly organized prison. She would satisfy lust for power and pleasure with the connivance of the state. She knew what real torment was. It stemmed from betrayed love and perverted sex.

Part II

Illona surveyed her office and contemplated the files that lay on her broad desk. Now ensconced in the depths of the Lubyanka prison she had become one of the trusted servants of Feliks Dzierzynski as she worked to put his dream of social terror into practical effect.

In charge of some of the rooms of 'special purpose', she organized the interrogation of miscreants, political and criminal, who resisted the new polemical ascendancy of the victory of the proletariat. Not that she agreed with all the philosophical claptrap that was now being spouted by the newly powerful cadres who used words, more words and violence to assert their superiority! But it allowed her passions free reign and it permitted her to indulge her whims in a way that even her position in the Okhrana never had.

She enjoyed the fear in their eyes when they were brought down to the cells. The shameful cringing as they were brought for questioning. The cries as the former overlords of Russia were crushed at her command. It was this control over others that thrilled her and made her tingle with the delicious feeling that she was the arbiter of life and death, of pleasure and suffering.

But, it was dangerous here in this gray prison. Others strived to show themselves as faithful to the cause and in doing so they endangered and betrayed those around them. In the end Illona's security depended on her casual but intense affair with her ultimate superior, Feliks Dzierzynski. His need to submit to her ruthless dominance was inverted in his need to destroy others and make them pay for his weakness.

So she flicked through the files with a dispassionate eye, picking victims and likely subjects from the mass of files with less concern for political correctness than finding those who would offer gratification and amusement.

Her legs stretched out under the huge oaken plank of the desk as she looked at the three candidates that she had selected for treatment. This was a joy, to decide her victims and have a whole apparatus of oppression to make whatever decision she made not only valid, but just and correct. Pure pleasure!

Each file was a buff folder with reams of badly typed accusations and 'evidence' tucked inside. All three were doomed to never see the sun again because of their connections with the old regime. Now she had to choose her victim! First off, there was Kirill

Romovich Shapko. Idly she flicked through the pages and enjoyed browsing through the life that she was empowered to end. Ukrainian and an officer of the feeble White Russian army that was on the run from one end of Russia to the other. The front page of the document listed his age and education so it was clear that he did not meet the criteria that she had set herself. He was basically just too old, ill educated and just not interestingly attractive.

Taking a stamp she marked the file as 'complete' on the cover and signed over the red ink with a flourish. This was a part of her satisfaction, this cold bureaucratic ending of life, a stamp followed by a signature that ended a life as surely as a bullet.

After a few minutes she laid the file to one side and struck the bell on her desk. A moment later the door opened and a young man in ill fitting uniform entered the room. 'Comrade Piotr,' she said in a level voice, 'take this file to the special tasks desk and have the prisoner dealt with by the commissar.'

Piotr took the file and nodded. He knew the authority that Illona used stemmed from above and brooked no argument or disagreement. 'Is the prisoner to be executed?' he asked.

'Of course! He is a traitor to the Russian Proletariat and needs to be expunged immediately. Report back to me when you have passed him on to room one hundred.'

As soon as Piotr had left the room Illona moved to the next file. This one looked more promising. A female guest in the Lubyanka was a rarity and this one was certainly a superior example. Formerly rich and privileged, this daughter of a prince would face the special attention of the men in the Lubyanka.

In fact she probably already had. On the other hand Illona had, at the moment, no interest in women. There had been a time in Odessa when she had enjoyed breaking women as well as men, but those times were past. The women who had begged for release had all provided release of a different kind to the vicious but attractive Illona!

'No!' she thought to herself. 'Some of the commissars and officers of the Cheka would delight in 'interrogating' this former member of the aristocracy and they should get the chance to do so.'

That left just Valentin Igor Fedorov, the last of the three. For a few moments she looked at the plain cover of the file and just enjoyed the tingling that spread from her thighs to

her cunt. This man was going to be hers. He was just right! Her hand strayed to her tight skirt and pulled the hem to her waist as she shuffled in the chair. Fingertips touched silk. How very decadent was the feel of the silk stockings on her thighs! Luxury that the former upper classes had enjoyed, a delicate shiny web that smoothed the white skin and made her heart flutter.

The hand slipped to the interface of silk and skin before smoothing over the already wet lips of her pussy. In her head she allowed the forthcoming events of the next few days to form a heady cloud of thoughts that made her shiver with anticipation. The neighboring cell would be the place where Valentin Igor Fedorov would serve and be 'interrogated'. First he would be given hope that Illona was a woman who could possibly be his savior.

Possibly! There would be secret nightly assignments in which she would appear to have fallen in love with her victim. She would appear to be stricken with guilt and remorse that she was taking part in these sordid interviews. Valentin would imagine that she might be persuaded to relent and allow him to escape; or rather that they would flee together to freedom and Paris in the West.

He would do all he could to please her mind and her body and she would drag him down to a level where he would see her as his chance of escape. Then would follow the period of doubt... Those precious few days when the realization that he had to obey if he even wished to entertain hope. Her body would be his shrine and she would reluctantly punish him because of her duty and her position. He would serve her like a slut, a male whore. Desperate for her approval he would abase himself at every slight dissatisfaction and strive to total perfection.

These days would be precious because it would be the time when her victim would willingly sacrifice everything to please her body. Every inch of her would crave and receive attention. From lips to the soles of her feet, he would fulfill her every whim until at last the knowledge would come that she was using him for her own gratification without the slightest intention of letting him survive.

Finally would come the end of all hope. He would admit to heinous crimes against the Proletariat and the Soviets that ruled factory and farm. Valentin Igor Fedorov would learn to obey the basest commands to avoid the torture, subtle and overt, that Illona would apply with ever more severity. As he became more disillusioned and lost his hope she would balance persuasion with threats and then threats with the application of pain. He would slowly give ground to her. Every orgasm that she enjoyed would be at the cost

of agony to him. He would become impotent and helpless until the fear of her very arrival would shake his sanity loose from the seat of his mind.

Finally would come that concluding triumph. The man would become a mewling slave to her. She would use him while she abused him before finally sending him to room one hundred for an end that he might well find that he longed for. He would have to plead for that end, entreat to die for her and implore to be released from her hands.

As she dreamed of her coming campaign she dipped a finger into herself and rubbed gently on her clitoris. A swelling tide of gratification swept over her; finishing with a climax that was to be just the first of many that her victim would supply.

Finally her thighs ceased their trembling and she was ready to act out her fantasies. That was the real pleasure; Ilona had the power to make her fantasies real at the cost of the men that she chose. She stood and straightened out her skirt with an outstretched palm and headed for the cell where Valentin was held. In one hand was the gold coin, in the other was the unread file.

It did not matter that her victim had done nothing, it did not matter that he was going to suffer just because she needed release. All that mattered was that he was going to feed her lust.

The cell was new, but oppressive. Valentin sat on the edge of the small pallet, still dressed in the uniform of the Red Army that the file said that he had betrayed to the Western Imperialists. When the cell door clanged shut he found that his interrogator was a beautiful woman of perhaps thirty years. He looked her up and down and decided that if he were not in the Lubyanka he would have thought her attractive in the extreme.

Tight skirt and heels! Tailored jacket and pressed shirt. For a moment he hesitated and then he stood and saluted. 'Valentin Igor Fedorov,' said the woman who was going to vent her lust on this naive young man. 'You have been accused of betraying the Proletariat and Peasant's army of the Soviet Republic of Russia.'

'I am not guilty,' came the reply. 'I am a scapegoat for my superior officer who sacrificed me for his own benefit and to escape the consequences of his own incompetence.'

He thought that he saw a slight tear in her eye. A trivial sign that this woman who held

his future in her hands might be human enough to persuade that he was a faithful servant of Lenin. That he told the truth. That he was not guilty of the crimes that he was accused of.

'Duty is what calls us all to fight the capitalist enemies of the state,' she replied. 'You will learn to serve the state if my decision is to judge you as not guilty of those crimes that you have been accused of.' He could not but help seeing Illona as a savior.

How could such beauty be false? 'I will do everything possible to convince you!'

'I know that you will!' Illona pushed her hand into her pocket and let the coin slip free of her fingers.

This was how it always started. She looked at him, not hearing the voice, just seeing those lips that would soon be between her thighs, that tongue that would soon be searching to pleasure her clitoris.

As she bent to kiss him she felt his ardent response. Genuine?

It did not matter, he would be hers to extinguish!

The End

A Brief Historical Note.

The path and truth of history is dependent on the writings of those that decided to record the story! Oftentimes, they had their own agenda and reason for writing and allowed those reasons to cloud the veracity of their writings. I have taken these histories and twisted them to my own use so do not expect exact concord between my fiction and the accepted history. Having said that you might perhaps wish to indulge in a little seeking out of the 'real' story. If that is the case then you can start here!

Irene, Empress Of Byzantium

Wife of Emperor Leo she had her son blinded and killed when he plotted to become the sole Emperor of the Byzantine Empire. She forced him to marry Maria of Amnia but he rejected her to marry a woman that his mother had not chosen. That was a final mistake that cost him his empire and life.

Catherine The Great Of Russia

One of the great monarchs of Russia, but not born a Russian. She was known for her sexual appetite and had lovers, selected from the court, until she was over sixty. Her reign came at a crux of Western modernization of the state and the leftovers of the Muscovite medieval state.

Illona Petrayovitch Ekaterinova Romanov

The character is half invented, the name certainly is! There was a woman known as 'The Baroness' who was supposed to have worked for the Okhrana (Imperialist Secret Police) in Odessa. She was known for sexual depravity and cruelty. Feliks Dzierzynski set up the Lubyanka prison and much of the Cheka, the Soviet secret police that later became the NKVD and the KGB. Now the FSB, the names change, the inner truth remains.