

Don Julian Winslow



THE FALL
of the
ICE QUEEN

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The Fall Of The Ice Queen
by

Don Julian Winslow

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Dedicated to:

A. N. Roquelaure

Also by Don Julian Winslow

Agents in Harm's Way

Captive Women

Compulsion

French Postcards

Obsession

The Blue Butterfly

The Fall of the Ice Queen

The Little Red Dress

The Art of Erotic Spanking

The Mistress of Rosedale

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“Sex is power. It lays waste to our defenses. It over-rides good sense, shorts circuits the higher functions. Our universe constricts until it approximates the contours of our bodies; our breasts thud concussively as we grind into each other, our vocabulary reduced to paleolithic grunts.”

-Cliff Burns, *The Illustrated Guide to the Masters of the Macabre*

Chapter One

It is strange to think, dear unknown reader, that having discovered this manuscript, you will be seeing words written by someone who, like you, was once alive but now is quite dead; and most likely has been dead for quite a while. For if the gods are kind, I trust I will indeed be long gone by the time these pages are opened. For it is always dangerous to know too many secrets -- especially if they are royal secrets. It is even more foolhardy to allow oneself to bear witness to the folly of kings; sheer madness to record those follies for posterity.

So I have taken the manuscript with me to the grave, and only when this tomb is opened, if ever it shall be, will these words once more see the light of day. These precautions are necessary, as you will soon discover, for it was my fate to be in attendance at one of the most depraved and decadent courts known to man. And it was there that I was witness to, and recorded, these remarkable happenings -- the events that led to the undoing and ultimate downfall of one of the most beautiful and wicked women to have ever worn a crown.

History has a way of losing things, and I don't know if the fame of King Rahn will survive the ages, so perhaps it is best if I were to tell you the story of his most glorious, and most infamous reign, from the very beginning.

The people of the two lands, who stand in awe of him, sing the praises of Rahn as the greatest of the warrior kings. But the great Rahn was not born to the royal purple. No, he had to fight his way to the top, ruthlessly hacking away at enemies, and even, in the end, his own brother, till he stood alone at the top of the pinnacle--crowning himself King of the Two Lands.

A tall, powerfully-built man of iron will, cruelly handsome with a hawk nose, angry eyes, and a stern, commanding visage. He was a man of fiery temper. A man born to lead, even though he was not of royal blood. At one time some of

the bolder members of the old aristocracy whispered that the upstart king was no more than a brigand, the bastard son of a family of thieves, but such words were seldom uttered nowadays.

I had known of Rahn before he took the crown. For he was a warrior of great renown, a chieftain who led his clan into battle with ferocious effect, cutting through enemies whom he utterly destroyed without the slightest drop of mercy. He was a big, rapacious man who roared through life, demanding food and wine, women and wealth, with an appetite that was insatiable!

And King Rahn's sexual appetite was equally of legendary proportions. *No* one was safe: man or woman; boy or girl, it made no difference to Rahn if his blood was up; in the heat of lusty passion he was not very discriminating. It was rumored that his close companion, and favored general, Gan, had yielded to him when both were young men in the army.

But though Rahn might dally with a soldier who caught his eye, or perhaps the occasional male slave when on some rugged campaign trail, his preferences were clearly for the feminine side. Here too, he wasn't very discriminating, for he would take whomever caught his fancy, and if she belonged to another man, well, that was of no matter to the King. Lovers and husbands were expected to freely offer their women, and they all did -- to a man, for no one defied the royal will...and lived.

It wasn't always so, but I remember when the King's profligate ways first started. In some ways, I suppose, I was responsible. Rahn was loud and crude, and totally without imagination. But he was clever, and quick to learn about this business of being a King. I had once mentioned to him the custom at some of the remote courts I had visited of having young boys and girls serve at court as "Pages." He was surprised to learn that it was the custom to invite the

children of aristocratic houses to serve their liege Lord in this capacity.

He was astonished to hear that the hostages might be used to force concessions from the fathers since he himself would, without hesitation, sacrifice a child or two, his consort, or even his mother, if he thought he could better gain his own nefarious ends. Still, I assured him that the mere presence at the court of sons and daughters was enough to assure the loyalty of their fathers, and the clans that fell under their sway.

For some reason the King took a fancy to the idea, and word was sent to his Barons that they must give up two children, placing them at service in the court of Thralkild. As it happened, by that time Rahn's court had already acquired a rather unsavory reputation, and so there was some understandable reluctance on the part of fathers and mothers to yield their offspring to the King. When Rahn heard of this foot-dragging he was, predictably, furious; he swore to make an example of any Baron who defied the royal will.

Now these Barons were at best an unruly lot, who would have been restless under the hand of any man. In that manner, they were no different than their liege lord. Proud, arrogant, ruthless and greedy, they would cede no possession without a fight. One of the most rebellious was a certain Baron Andur who had become a thorn in the King's side. Andur was always an untrustworthy ally in war, treacherous and of questionable loyalty in peace. It was widely rumored that he had his own eye set on the crown of the two lands.

He was a brute of a man, thick set with a chest like a barrel, coarse in manners and appearance. His consort was so unlike him that the contrast was quite remarkable! She was Alea, a tall well-endowed blond woman, a woman of the hills, born of the proud northern people. As the gods would have it her offspring (mercifully) resembled their mother in

all of the most important aspects. She was the apple of her father's eye -- a fetching girl verging on the edge of womanhood, a young maiden by the name of Gwin.

Andur jealously guarded his women, and seldom let them out of his sight. But Rahn had caught a glimpse of them once, at a country fair. His roving eye passed quickly over the solid, ugly form of the Baron, before going on to linger with considerable interest on the tall, long-legged blonde: her full figure tightly corseted, regal lines cinched to a narrowly constricted waist. He admired the thick golden hair, the pleasing curve of the woman's shapely bosom, the top curves of those rich, fulsome breasts, left so casually undraped by the fashionable gown that cupped and lifted the breasts up, thus holding them in obvious display. And in her wake, like the filly trailing the mare, came the daughter, her slight, nubile figure laced up in a shortened version of the long gown her mother wore, nascent breasts peeking saucily out at the top, small and tentative, and infinitely appealing; her pale yellow hair was braided and worn up, pulled back from the innocence of her neat youthful face. Andur's women had pleased the eye of the rapacious King, and this was a King who never forgot a pretty face.

It came as no surprise that the stiff-necked Andur happened to be the first to throw the gauntlet at the feet of his sovereign. Rahn took up the challenge with relish, an evil gleam in his eye. It all began when the King's messengers, sent to deliver the proclamation, had been rudely received at the Baron's grim hilltop castle. After being unceremoniously shown the road, they rode off, empty-handed of course, only to be set upon by a band of well-armed "highwaymen." The messengers and their escort managed to fight their way out, but it was close and they barely escaped with their lives. The line had been drawn.

Rahn let it be known that Andur was to be destroyed, his women taken, his lands confiscated by the crown. The house of Andur would cease to exist! But he took no action.

Not at first. He plotted, and waited and watched, but he made no move. Months passed and some began to question his courage, even his manhood, as the rude challenge went unanswered, for it was well-known that Andur was a formidable foe. But I knew better. One should never underestimate a King.

Now it was well known that Andur was a deeply superstitious man. The mighty Baron feared no man, yet lived in constant terror at the thought that he might, in some way, offend some supercilious god. This religious streak could be traced back to the time when as a young man, he had been on the battlefield, fighting at his father side when the old Baron, an impious old sot, was struck down by a bolt of lightning just as he raised his sword in the very moment of triumph. That act of divine retribution had made a deep, and lasting, impression on the young warrior. Of course Rahn knew of this weakness, and plotted to use it in laying his scheme for revenge.

The chief priest at that time was a man named Druz, a fawning sycophant, corrupt, even by the standards of that most degenerate of all courts. He was summoned to appear before the King, who informed his chief priest that he had some concerns about the upcoming feast of the Crimson Moon. This was the rite of propitiation, a time of atonement, when tribute was paid to appease the gods.

Womenfolk were not allowed to participate in this all-male ceremony, except of course for the female slaves. But all able-bodied men were called upon to attend, and so these religious occasions regularly brought together the squabbling Barons. Fights frequently broke out. And since the wine flowed freely at these gatherings, more often than not they degenerated into drunken brawls. Skulls had been broken; blood spilt. This was an ancient and honored practice.

And so it was with utter astonishment, that the chief priest heard his Monarch now express dismay that such a thing should be allowed to happen! Before the dumfounded priest could reply, the king graciously suggested a remedy. Why not a “peace of the gods”? -- a brief truce in which old quarrels were set aside, along with all weapons, to be left at the gates of the city. The chief priest would personally proclaim that all worshippers would be accorded the protection of the church. Moreover, his holiness was instructed to see to it that all the priests throughout the lands would inform the faithful of this novel idea. The noose around Andur’s neck had tightened just a bit.

One can only guess at the thoughts that went through the helmeted head of the obstreperous Baron as he rode to the city, confident, yet perhaps uneasy, even in the company of a strong guard of his most trusted warriors. He must have been deeply suspicious, yet driven by his religious obsession, he was unable to stay away from the call to offer sacrifice. Rahn, watching down from a secret chamber in one of the guard towers, must have smiled to himself to see his enemy, and his escort, dutifully hand over their weapons. Andur’s face was set, his lips, down-turned in a stoic, glum expression. He must have felt quite naked without his sword, as his horse carried him through the massive wooden gates and under the dread battlements of Thralkild.

The Baron and his men were graciously invited by the smiling, bowing priests into the holy sanctum, and there they were surprised to find they were the only worshippers to be admitted. The doors were swiftly barred; a group of the King’s guards slipped into the room by a hidden side entrance, their swords drawn and ready. It was, of course, a merciless slaughter. The unarmed men were quickly and ruthlessly hacked down, before the eyes of their devout but very foolish master.

Andur was held prisoner. His life was to be spared, for he was to await the King's pleasure. But when, after a few minutes, Rahn entered the room with sword in hand, the smell of fresh blood was still fresh in the air. And when the struggling, outraged Baron screamed his insults, and spat into Rahn's face, he so provoked our sovereign that the impetuous King struck at once, thus depriving himself of the pleasures of seeing his enemy die a slow, lingering death.

Even as he was dispatching his enemy with one hand, the King reached out with the other for his prize. Under the ruse of having a message from the Lord of the Manor, a delegation of the King's men had gained entrance into the largely unguarded castle. After a brief but furious skirmish with the few remaining guards, they captured the Lady Alea, her daughter, and their servants, bound them, and roughly hauled the lot of them off to Thralkild.

Now the captives were brought before the King, frightened, disheveled, barefoot in their night shifts, for they had been roused from their beds by the untimely arrival of the horde of armed men. Rahn still wore the short warrior's kilt, although he had changed into a fresh tunic, and washed his hands of the blood of he who had dared to challenge the King. He sat enthroned, his powerful thighs half-exposed, knees well spread, sandaled feet flat on the floor, hands resting comfortably, lightly gripping the arms of the massive throne.

We of the court had been ordered to turn out, for Rahn so loved spectacle that he was especially pleased when he could have his triumphs witnessed by his admiring subjects; we courtiers certainly qualified. He would have a most appreciative audience when he humbled the memory of his vanquished foe...by taking his women before our very eyes.

Chapter Two

Helmeted guards stood at the side of each of the captives. They took them by the arms, hauling them forward, presenting them to their King. The prisoners stood dejectedly, barefoot, wearing nothing but their thin white shifts, paralyzed with fear, their eyes rigidly downcast, hands tied in front of them. Without a word, the King raised a jeweled hand and stabbed a long pointed finger directly at the Lady of Andur. Before she could react, the shift was roughly torn from Alea's lush, twisting body, and she was dragged forward to be placed, naked, on her knees before her sovereign. Her blue eyes were wide with terror; she might have cried out, but she was too afraid to make a sound. Everyone knew it was forbidden at a royal audience to speak, unless one was first given permission by the King.

Now Rahn let his lecherous eyes play over the ravishing beauty who knelt at his feet, her blond head hung in abject submission. It was well known that our King had an eye for those pale, northern beauties, with their fair skin and that incredible silken blond hair. Some of his most favored slave girls had been acquired by the raiding parties, he regularly sent across the northern frontiers in the hunt for the prized, blond women, captives to feed the appetite of their insatiable Overlord. And hardy women they were, lean, and long of limb: handsome women with hard bodies, strong thighs, and splendidly muscled legs.

Apparently, when she retired for the night, it had been the Lady's habit to twist her long hair into a single braided length, which she wore pinned up while she slept. It was a bit bedraggled, but more or less intact, still coiled and pinned in place. Rahn beckoned to a slave girl, and whispered a word in her ear. Obediently, she came up behind the kneeling woman, and deftly undid the coil of hair releasing the soft, blond mass to tumble down over bare shoulders, and fan out halfway down her back. As his

captive had her head lowered, the freed hair fell forward to hang partially draping her face.

I watched Rahn's lips curl in a grin of pleased satisfaction as he studied his newest prize: the smooth crown of her shiny blond head, the shimmering hair that glowed in the candlelight, the huddled shoulders, the flattened cones of her gently-mounded breasts with pink nipples that were wide and slightly up-tilted, and below the silken thicket of pale blond fur that shaded the pubis tucked between those splendid thighs.

With a commanding gesture, he bade her to rise up. The big blonde, her hands till bound, struggled to her feet, rising to her full height to stand before her liege lord.

"Raise your head, woman. Look at me!"

Slowly, the proud widow of Andur lifted her chin, and stood with her shoulders thrown back, chin held high, her clear eyes on some distant horizon. Her smooth high brow seemed curiously untroubled, the blue eyes calm and steady, under their fine blond arches. One could only guess at her thoughts as she stood there under the scrutinizing gaze of her lecherous sovereign. Undoubtedly the Lady was fearful for her life and that of her children. Any sensible woman would be, especially one who was the wife of a declared enemy of the King. Yet Alea could hardly be called distraught over the death of her brutish boor of a husband.

If the facts be known, the beautiful young widow was undoubtedly glad to be rid of him. And although not exactly pleased to find herself being eyed up as an object of desire in the King's acquisitive gaze, she may have saw more hope for herself here, than in the dreary isolation of that grim pile of dank stones at Andur. So it was hard to tell just what thoughts went through that pretty head as she stood there, for there was not a trace of emotion in those soft, blue eyes and that vacant stare; impossible to know what she thought, as she was made to turn around so as to present the man with her back, allowing him to appraise her handsome well-

made bottom; the splendid ass that had once been claimed by Andur, and now was the victor's for the taking!

And what were the feelings of this elegant Lady as she stood perfectly still? Did Alea feel the heat of the King's longing gaze on her naked bottom? Could she even dream of the perverse humiliation she would be made to endure at the hands of that vengeful monarch? Could she even imagine what it meant to be called upon to submit, and to serve, in the most debauched and decadent court known to man?

Only after his greedy eyes had leisurely devoured that magnificent behind did he allow the young woman to turn and face him once more.

"Release her."

The captive's hands were freed. "You may approach," he said imperiously, scanning that pale, expressionless face.

Moving as in a trance, the stately nude stepped forward, placing a bare foot on the thick fur rug that lined the steps to the throne. We watched in silence as she mounted the steps, moving with measured dignity -- one, two, three steps, till she brought herself to the place where our Monarch pointed -- a patch of fur rug just between his opened legs.

By now there was an unmistakable bulge in the King's kilt. His blood was fired with lust, and he could no longer keep from enjoying, with his hungry hands, that which so far he had savored only with his eyes. He reached out for his latest acquisition. Large, masculine hands curved around naked feminine haunches, as he drew her hips towards him. Strong fingers curled around her hips, and dug into the rearchecks as he grasped two full handfuls of his prisoner's buttocks. He held her in his hands, tightening his grip, testing the underlying firmness of her twin mounds, squeezing ...harder, till he had the long woman leaning back with closed eyes, swaying as she arched back.

“Look at me!” he hissed, suddenly infuriated by the blonde’s quiet composure, that maddening detachment that seemed to him to border on disdain. The big blonde stood straight and tall, her hands loosely at her sides. And as she looked down on her enthroned sovereign, she saw him brush back the short hem of his kilt and free his obviously ready penis which surged on being exposed and now stood proudly erect before her.

I saw the Lady’s blue eyes widen as she stared fixedly at the phallic apparition, studying the King’s erect manhood, transfixed, suddenly taken aback to realize what was being demanded of her before the eyes of the court. The impatient monarch made his wishes perfectly clear.

“On your knees, woman!” he spat, pointing to the spot on the rug between his widespread thighs. We watched in perfect silence as, with quiet dignity, the Lady Alea lowered herself; kneeling till her eyes were even with her sovereign’s erect manhood that stood pulsating with lust only inches away from her lips.

We watched her closely as she reached for him, wrapping her fingers around that swollen shaft, holding him lightly in her curled fingers. Then she tilted his stiffened sword forward to bring the taut ring of her lips down over the throbbing crown, docilely accepting the hard prick of her Lord and Master into her receptive mouth.

I saw Rahn’s eyes flutter closed; his drawn lips curled up in pleasure as the elegant Lady went down on him. The golden silk spilled over his thighs when she buried her head in his lap. Her soft breasts shifted seductively, swaying heavily beneath her as she leaned forward. He reached down, placing his hands on her head, running his fingers through the mass of hair, holding her lightly, while she worked him over with mouth, and lips, and tongue.

I glanced over to where the daughter stood watching from the shadows, curious to see her reaction as her mother was forced to her knees, to show in abject obeisance --