

IceTalon's Tale

Irbisgreif

for Ouros

Description

LISTEN, just skip this story. I am dead serious. It is so utterly perverse and raunchy that I almost did not want to put my name to it! This was the first story done under the new pricing scheme. It is a short story, \$60.00.

The story is basically about an owl named Icetalon, who is a paladin, one of the 12 peers of the Holy Roman Empire. She is a crusader, and serves the Cardinal of Jerusalem, helping to protect him from any Saracen or Turkish attempts on his life. She is about to be captured and taught a lesson in religion.

The whole theme of this story is blasphemy, it is not something you want to read if you have hangups about religion. If you read it and are offended, that is **your own damn problem**.

Before you complain, I *am* aware that the crusader states and inquisition are a little separated in time. I do not particularly care, as the story works better this way.

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THE DESERTS OF Outremer are not hospitable to even the most hardy of Frenchman, which presents as good an excuse as any for Icetalon to remain in the city where she can be comfortable. Nevertheless, the comfort of Jerusalem does little to alleviate the busy schedule caused by her duties. Two hours before dawn, she wakes and goes to the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre for confession and mass. Then, she leaves and trains for the morning. At midday, she has her first and only meal of the day. A small, private affair of bread and water, with fish on Tuesdays

and a piece of meat on Mondays. She then spends the remainder of the day, until long after sundown, following and guarding the Cardinal of Jerusalem.

The Cardinal's day is far more pleasant. At noon, he wakes to a massive feast he shares with the richest people of the city. After consuming his fill in wine and delicacies, he summons his guardian and assistant and travels to a nearby spring. There, he entertains the women he has purchased as slaves from the Khwarazmian traders. His lust for women slaked, he proceeds back into the city, says mass, and then eats a dinner more massive than his breakfast feast. After the dinner, he spends the night enjoying the company of his women again, meets with the senior commanders of the Knights Hospitaller and Knights Templar, hears confession from the King of Jerusalem, and then says his own confession to his assistant before going to bed.

For two years, this is how Icetalon and the Cardinal live. It is early one February day when Icetalon shuffles out of bed with her eyes baggy from exhaustion, dons her armour in the way she always has, and steps outside, only to be laid low by a rock dropped from above.

The stone lands square in the middle of her head, and with a loud crack ignored by everyone on the small street, Icetalon slumps slowly to the ground. Blood trickles out of her helmet from the crack in her skull, and two cloaked figures grip her body and drag it away.

Without any failure on her own part, she fails in her duty to protect the cardinal, who is stabbed in the chest by his assistant as he wakes. Having been absolved the night before, the Cardinal is sinless, and enters heaven immediately. The assistant is

burned at the stake, and the Cardinal's replacement, the Bishop of Jerusalem, proclaims interdict upon Icetalon for her failure. By the time Icetalon wakes naked and with a thundering headache in a tiny cell, every priest, deacon, and bishop in the Levant knows that she is not to be admitted to any sacrament until absolved by the Bishop.

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IN FACT, THE only person who does not know about the interdict is Icetalon herself. The only thing she *does* know is that she has a pounding, head-splitting headache and is naked in a small, dark, damp, and strangely cool cell.

She examines her surroundings and determines that she is in a dungeon cell. As her eyes adjust, she can see that the only light is from the small crack under the thick, wooden door. Moments later, as consciousness returns fully, her nares adjust and the scent of damp Lebanon cedar wafts into her nostrils. She tilts her head and runs a talon slowly along the floor. It is sandstone, as are the walls. With a sigh, Icetalon realizes that she must be deep under the holy city for the air to be this cool and damp.

She does not have very long to consider her predicament before the door to the cell opens. The terrified owl expects the pair of gruff, masked Saracen assassin fennicks. She does not expect the European wolf in the flowing red robes. Despite his companion's clearly angry nature, the robed wolf seems almost serene.

He approaches Icetalon slowly, dropping to crouch and greet her, "I greet thee."

"You should not refer to a peer of the kingdom so familiarly, even if she be a woman."

His left hand reaches out, and softly pries one head-feather from another, pulling the sticky blood that holds them stuck fast away and letting the cool air reach more of Icetalon's body. "Thou art foolish to presume that thy position is intact."

Before she can respond, the wolf laughs and motions to the two guards. The pair quickly enter the room and lift her, slamming her back against the wall and pinning her arms and wings so that she cannot fight. She lifts her legs to kick out at the wolf,

only to have him grab the limbs and force them aside. As he steps between them, Icetalon gasps. The wolf is wearing nothing under his robes, and is clearly intent on taking Icetalon's virginity.

The owl screeches, but the group is far too deep underground for the sound to be heard by anyone who might assist her. She is helpless, held pinned by the trio. There is nothing she can do to stop the wolf from slowly pressing his shaft up against her cunt.

The wolf gives a soft sigh as he sinks himself into her body, tearing her maidenhead. He speaks softly as he thrusts into her warm, wet folds, "*Animum stupro corporis puniri potest.*"

"*Ego coelibes iuratos!*" is her reply, and she tries to squeeze her thighs shut to drive off the invasion.

The wolf easily overpowers her, holding himself deep within her, violating her roughly with each thrust. He rapidly approaches orgasm, eager to leave his seed within her. "*Nunc ut voluptatem iurati infidelibus!*"

She shrieks again, and tries to give another kick, but it is useless, serving only to bring more pleasure to the rapist wolf, who soon grunts, his knot swelling within her. She is unable to stop him as he forces it home. Her avian cunt cannot grip it in a tie, but it can stretch and bring him pleasure like one. Soon, the wolf is shooting ropes of seed into her deflowered cleft.

Icetalon sobs, feeling violated and disgusting. The wolf pulls out of her, letting her pussy drip seed onto the floor, and he and the guards leave, though not before he wipes himself clean on her wing. Icetalon wished very much for a priest, as the dripping violation of her vow of perpetual chastity was a stark reminder that she had to attend confession soon.

The door to the cell closes, and a small piece of paper is slid under the door. After crying in despair for thirty minutes, Icetalon shifts over the floor and reads the note, only to cry again after reading the text. As she sobbed, the tears covered and distorted the looping chancery writing of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, causing the text of her interdict to run. Until she had the absolution of the Archbishop himself, Icetalon could receive none of the sacraments, which meant she was unable to receive the absolution of confession, and would live in sin until she

was finally forgiven by the Bishop. The thought of being unable to cleanse her soul—just as she was currently unable to cleanse her body—left her feeling utterly abandoned, and she chastised herself for that sensation. However, she would find herself having it often throughout her ordeals.

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GIVEN ONLY WATER, bread, and a load of wolf or fox semen thrice a day, Icetalon did not know that a week had passed since her capture. She marks time on the walls, trying to keep track of how long she has spent captured, but she soon loses count when—during a particularly brutal session—her tally is noticed and rubbed away. She does not bother keeping time after that.

A few sessions and sleeps later, she wakes to find she cannot move easily. Her first thought is that some kind of restraint has been placed on her, but her hands drift easily to the weight on her stomach, showing that she is not bound. Noticing this is a great relief, but when she realizes that she is gravid, she screams even louder than during her rapes.

Her screams quickly bring the attention of the wolf, who slams open the door and has her held down until the screaming stops. He looks furious, ready to beat her, and for a moment she thinks her death has arrived. Her heart sinks when he notices her large belly and smiles wickedly.

"Congratulations, hen. Soon your children will be born. I look forward to having you teach them about your so-called God."

Her rapes stop once she shows signs of pregnancy, though she is not fed any better or any more. Slowly, the pregnancy takes its toll on her frame, and she sits, unable to move, as the pair of eggs in her belly grow to full size. As with everything else in her now miserable life, the laying takes place in the cell. Two guards and a nurse assist her in straining to lay each egg, and as the second forces her open, she begs God to let her die. It is only after the eggs are laid that she receives any rest.

Her emaciated body lays on the ground in the afterbirth as the group leaves the chamber, and she returns to her small meals. After a few months, she

has recovered, thanks to the lack of eggs within her, but her feathers are half-lost to nervous plucking as she tries to stay sane with limited contact.

This is how the next four years of her life go.

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WHEN THE WOLF enters her cell with two young wolf-owl gryphons in tow, Icetalon is surprised. Her mind is a husk of its former self, and it takes her some minutes to realize the two are her children.

The wolf speaks, "As promised, boys, here is mummy."

"She looks icky!" says one. The other just tilts his head.

"She's a Christian, they are not very good at being imprisoned like this."

"What's a Christian?"

Icetalon moans, and reaches out to her two children, frowning. When she moans, it gets their attention, and she recites the most heartfelt rendition of the Creed that has ever been delivered.

"Wow, mummy is dumb."

"Yes she is, son. That's why she's here. I just wanted to show her to you both. The Order of the Illuminated Ones is going back to Europe, and we're going to leave her here for her religion to 'care for'."

Icetalon moans again, and reaches out to her offspring, "G-give your mother a hug. Please. And don't leave me."

The two boys recoil in fear, and then run out the passage. The wolf follows them, chuckling, "They have no love for disgusting idiots like you, slut."

Icetalon passes out, and never sees her children again.

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THE NEXT TIME she is conscious, Icetalon finds herself in a place she has not seen for years—the *al-Masjid al-Aqṣā*. She turns her head to the side, and her empty eyes watch as a group of crusader knights enter for morning mass, only to find the missing paladin of France lying on the altar.

They stand, surprised and unable to speak, until the priest behind them enters and sees her. He

screams for the heretic to be seized and thrown from the building before mass can occur. Two knights take her and drag her from the place into the bright sun.

Her eyes sting in the brightness of a star she has not seen in many years, and she can hear people speaking in hushed tones about the sudden reappearance of the failed guardian of the old Cardinal of Jerusalem.

She soon finds herself blind, the intense rays of the desert sun overloading her eyes. And when the knights release her onto the floor of an unfamiliar place, she can only chirp slightly, "Please, I must see the bishop."

"Maybe, once I am done with you."

Icetalon's blood freezes. She has escaped years of loneliness only to be delivered to the inquisitor.

The inquisitor continues, "You were found violating your interdict with an act of sacrilege this morning, Icetalon. Why?"

Icetalon rises to her knees, and faces the direction of the inquisitor's voice. "Please help me, Inquisitor! I was kidnapped and held prisoner!"

The inquisitor coughs, shaking his head and stepping around the kneeling, desperate owl, "Yes, your initial ransom was very, very high. It only recently came down enough for us to actually afford it."

Icetalon breathes a sigh of relief, "I am glad. I was held most cruelly. I did not know until recently by whom. They are called The Order of the Illuminated Ones."

The inquisitor clicks his tongue and shakes his draconic head. "Yes, we know who they are. They are atheists."

"They have done unspeakable things to me, inquisitor."

"Yes, we have a list of your sins. You must confess them *all* before you will be permitted to see the bishop."

"C-confess? But I cannot be absolved until the interdict is lifted!"

"And that interdict cannot be lifted until you confess. Only then can you have absolution."

Icetalon's heart sinks into her stomach as the inquisitor spoke. Few survive the confession process of the inquisitors. Still, the broken and suffering

bird holds herself still, knowing that she must survive if she is to have the interdict lifted and her soul absolved of its sins.

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FOR TWO DAYS now, Icetalon has screamed and begged to be released from the clamps on her arms and legs, only to have them replaced with another red-hot set. She confessed rapidly before the torture began, but the inquisitors declared that her confession was not heartfelt, and that at least some torture would be needed before the full truth of her transgressions was known.

The first torture she must suffer is fire. Glowing irons are clamped painfully around her hands and feet, burning the flesh horribly, but the feeling is even worse if she moves, as then her soft skin touches the metal and sends a puff of smoke into the air. Soon, the air around her smells strongly of cooked owl-flesh.

Every day, as these torments continue, she is asked repeatedly why she will not confess fully. She pours her heart into a confession, only to be told that she has not confessed fully, and that her tortures will continue.

When the inquisitors are not there, she recites the rosary and the litany of the sacred heart, begging God to have pity on her and deliver her into the arms of mercy.

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EVENTUALLY, SHE APPEASES the inquisitors by getting the number of times she broke her vow of chastity—and the species of each violation—perfectly correct. Once she has done so three times, she is freed from the torture of fire.

Now, she learns, she is to suffer the torture of water while she confesses her 'fundamental offence'. She takes weeks to determine what the inquisitors mean, and all the while she is repeatedly subjected to a drowning experience.

While she lays, trapped on a rack with her body stretched taut, a bunched up burlap sack is lain across her face, and ice cold water is poured onto it. To the inquisitors, her body jerks and twists, but to

her, it is as if she has been suddenly plunged deep underwater. Every effort to breathe is gut-wrenching, and Icetalon feels as if she is drowning, despite being well above water.

Between each session, she is asked repeatedly to confess, but nothing seems to end the torment. She confesses each violation of her vows, but this does not interest them any longer and results in another drowning.

Her attempt to confess her original sin is treated even more severely. Instead of simply covering her face, they 'baptise' her by forcing her head into a bucket and holding it there until she is forced to breathe a breath of Dead-Sea salt-water.

Finally, after what seems like ages of this treatment, Icetalon realizes what the inquisitor is after, and confesses to being negligent in her duties, allowing herself to be ambushed.

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ONCE SHE CONFESSED to all physical sins, Icetalon found herself in the undesirable situation of having to confess to all mental sins. To assist her in the task, the torture of earth was provided. This would see that she would eventually confess everything to the inquisitors.

Icetalon finds herself forced, each morning, under a broad, flat board, which covers her entire body. Then—as the inquisitors demand confessions of her—large boulders are placed upon the board, pressing down on her body.

The pain of being crushed was immense, worse still was that each day's session included long periods when she was unable to confess because of the weight, a state that brought no pity from the inquisitors, who would kick their feet under the board and land repeated blows on the poor owl. This continues for months as the blind snowy owl tries to list off every time she felt despair during her imprisonment.

Satisfying the inquisitors proves almost impossible to do, but Icetalon finds new reasons to try when the board is removed, and the inquisitors begin dropping the sharp rocks directly onto her body. Her mind and body nearly destroyed by almost a year of constant torment at the inquisitor's hands, the poor

bird lists off every time she has felt despair in her long life.

Finally, one day, the weights are removed and the battered bird is brought back to her cell. She has finished confessing all her sins of the four long years at the hands of the Order.

The next day, she faces the head inquisitor again, the time has come to confess all the sins she has committed while at the hands of the inquisition.

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AIR PROVES TO be a simple punishment, compared to the tortures of before, though it begins with the most horrible thing that Icetalon has ever felt.

The blinded bird screams so loud, the people in the streets near the inquisition cannot help but inquire as to what is causing the yelling. Within the walls, Icetalon suffers as her wings are slowly removed by two knights with handsaws.

Only when she has been de-winged does the blind owl learn what the torture of air is. Unable to see, the bird knows only a creaking sound, and that she has been tied to a wooden plank.

A few loud sounds later, and Icetalon finds herself dizzy, falling through the air. Her body lands on a wooden table with a resounding cracking noise, and she hears the inquisitor's gravelly, draconic voice. "Begin your confession."

Icetalon knows she cannot survive being catapulted through the air too many times, and each time she is flung, she races to confess every single mental sin she has committed. Thankfully for her, resetting the catapult takes time, and she is able to crawl to her knees and rattle off a long list of despairing moments to the inquisitor. She cannot see it, but his draconic snout is stretched into a grin as she effortlessly lists the sins. She is broken.

It takes only a week for Icetalon to finish rattling off her sins. After this, the poor owl is returned to her cell, and awaits her final judgement.

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HER TRIAL LASTS about a week, though to call the matter a trial would be a stretch of the meaning of the word. Icetalon sits, blind and alone, as the

Head inquisitor lists off her sins to the Bishop of Jerusalem. The owl shudders with the listing of each rape, of each despair, and of the violation of her interdict and subsequent sufferings in the halls of the inquisition.

At the end of the week, she receives one chance to speak to the Bishop before sentence is passed upon her. Hoping for mercy and forgiveness, she falls to her knees, asks to be faced towards the bishop, and delivers an impassioned speech.

"Archbishop Theodolphus, when you proclaimed interdict upon me, it was just, for I failed to protect Cardinal Godfrey from his murderous Deacon. I failed further in allowing myself to be caught unaware, knocked unconscious, and taken prisoner by an Order of heretics. I failed again when I did not keep my vow of chastity, and when I allowed myself to despair that I was abandoned by the church. I did not raise my children in the faith, and permitted them to mock it. I entered a holy place, violating the interdict, and when the church brought me to the inquisition to be tested, I let myself despair again.

"I do not deserve any mercy from you, Archbishop, nor do I deserve forgiveness. However, I put my faith in God and you that I can be absolved of my interdict and sins. I will retire as a paladin, and go to a convent, there to live out my days as a lowly, humble sister. I will take a vow of silence, and let my mind spend the rest of my life praising God.

"I beg you, Archbishop, to forgive me my sins so that God may forgive me, as I wish to return to full communion with the church I was raised in and once fought for."

At that, the owl falls silent, hoping that her words had the desired effect.

When the Archbishop speaks, she knows they had not, "I am the second Archbishop Theodolphus, the first died shortly after proclaiming your interdict. I do not see it as appropriate to lift that sentence."

Icetalon weeps.

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AS A SINNING heretic, Icetalon was put to death by the boats, an old and horrible Persian method intended to grant her great suffering before the release of death.

She is lead out to an open marsh, and then placed between two two boats, which are joined together—with holes cut in them—so that only her head, hands, and feet can be seen. She is forced to lie there as the boats are bolted together, and she is then fed milk and honey daily to the point her stomach feels it could burst. The first punishment as she floats amongst the reeds is given by the sun. It is beating down on her confined body, and the heat rapidly becomes unbearable. Her second punishment follows soon after. Stinging wasps and bees find her covered in milk and honey, and they feed, bite, and sting her body horribly. Soon after, the mixture of sweet fluids causes her bowels to shift and spasm painfully, and within a day she is lying in her own filth. The putrid mix of milk, honey, and fæces filling the boats attracts all manner of worms and burrowing insects, insects that feed on waste and owl-flesh in the same manner.

Icetalon cannot even hope to die to starvation, as she is fed daily by her tormentors, and her suffering continues. Delirium destroys her mind after six days, and on the twelfth day, her gangrenous, hole-riddled body finally shuts down, and she receives the sweet release of death.

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ICETALON WAS BURIED in an unnamed plot outside Jerusalem, and nobody prayed for her soul. Judged harshly by God, she watched as the Cardinal she failed to guard, and the Bishop that pronounced interdict upon her, and the Deacon who was burned at the stake but forgiven his sins by the Bishop, all enjoyed the pleasures of paradise. She was then sent to hell to suffer for eternity for her unrepentant sinning in life. The Order of the Illuminated Ones, the Illuminati, joined her Cardinal, Bishop, and the Deacon in Heaven years later, rewarded by God for honest disbelief.

Her God was just, but her suffering was just beginning.

