

The Last Sibyl



Miss Irene Clearmont

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An **ADULT** story of Female Domination in the long lost times of the
Mycenaean Greeks.

By

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Take courage, lover!
Could you endure such pain
At any hand but hers?

Robert Graves.

1500 BC

The Pythoness of Delphi, oldest of all of the priestesses of the shrine, relaxed as the drug took her imagination to a deep inner place. The Ambrosia of the Goddess, distilled from mushrooms and bitter roots, dragged her consciousness along a dark road until at last she began to prophesise and speak the will of her governing mistress:

"The way to Delphi is hard for all men. They travel from distant Argos, Mycenae, Iolcos and Gla to come back into their mother's womb.

It is strange that men should wish to venture here, into the heart of our groves, down to the cracks of the earth. A place alien to their hearts."

There was a pause, a moment of reflection as if the idea had provoked a new vision, a new fork on her road of thought.

"They come here to hear of the future, to listen to the enigmas that are posed by women and they do not understand our precious secret, the one that binds them to us.

They do not understand that it is not the cooling breeze between a woman's legs, not spring's caress of Hera nor the touch of the pollen of spring. It is not the lapwing's broken wing, it is a man's spilled seed that makes another man!

They are like children in their understanding, these men."

She sighed and looked at her chief priestess with blank black eyes. They were full of wisdom and vacant of understanding, they saw another world, the world of revelation and prophesy.

"When men finally discover this mystery they will forsake the goddess and raise male gods in her place. Petty spirits of water and air will rule us all. Zeus, insignificant sparrow of the skies; Apollo, timid mouse-man and Poseidon, the offspring of a fish!

I can sense the approach of the sacrificial goat. A man comes to hear the foretelling, a king of the Hellenes, a bringer of our doom.

Go now to the open sky and welcome him as you have been trained, while I wait for our nemesis to attend the mystery that he takes so casually."

The priestess slipped into a trance, a state of almost-sleep that presaged the coming of the goddess that would possess her, her lips moved in almost silent whisper and Pelopia, her servant, leaned forward to catch those words that dripped like poison.

"We shall teach him otherwise... We shall possess him and sacrifice him. Lead him to me!"

The words faded from her lips and a terrible smile crossed her features as finally the Ambrosia gripped her senses and took her to a world where death stalked souls on the other side of the Styx, the river of death.

Pelopias gathered her robe and bowed to her mistress, the Pythoness of Delphi who had spoken the words of the Mother. The older woman sat on the lightning split oak of the throne seeing the world with other eyes than her own.

The rope hung ready and the stone knife of the sacrifice lay on a ledge.

The fifty five steps that led from the depths of the sanctuary to the inner court of the temple were worn with the tread of priestesses, victims, supplicants and martyrs that had trodden their ledges.

Pelopias smelled the sweet smoke of sacrifice, it penetrated her senses and lifted her into a world of shadows and dream. As she climbed those stairs she pondered what the old priestess had revealed to her.

The secrets and outlines of that intimate female mystery filled her with power, the power of knowledge that men's seed was the precursor to birth and the terrible understanding that the rule of women was coming to an end.

The foretelling of the end of the Goddess' reign at the hands of mere men! The end of millennia of peace and harmony, divination and leadership by women.

As she reached the lip of the cavern she looked at the red light of the fading sun. She spent a moment in reflection before she turned her gaze to the men who awaited her presence. The hand maiden of the Pythoness who would lead the King to the Priestess.

Atreus, king of Mycenae stood tall with iron bladed sword at his side. His companions knelt in the dust as Pelopia, the deputy of the Goddess opened her hand in a small greeting. Only the king stood without genuflecting, a brave act in the face of the power of the Goddess.

"King Atreus," said Pelopia in a slow deep cadence. "You have come to Delphi to partake of future secrets. She hears you, the Mother, and she bids you to enter the earth before your time and pay homage."

The king smiled, as if showing fearlessness would impress the priestess with his courage.

"Madame, will you guide me to the Pythoness?"

"I have that duty," she replied. "But, you must come shaven and naked. Exposed in your bare skin like the day that you were born of the loins of your mother, Hippodamia. If the Goddess favours you, you may hear words that will answer your questions. If you are not in her favour, she will speak only words that will make your mind reel."

Pelopias signed to the handmaidens who had arrived to attend the rite.

They stripped the king to his pelt, cast off his robes and armour, tossed his weapons into the dust and washed him with linen cloths soaked in the waters of the river Styx.

Atreus stood as he was attended to. His prick reared like the proud bough of a tree as the water laved the dust from his skin. His sword lay in the dirt, catching the last ray of the sun as it finally set below the hills of Kalos.

Finally he was ready to enter the cave, the mystery.

Naked and helpless.

Pelopias turned without a word and led the king to the upper lip of the fifty five steps that led to the Sibyl, the Pythoness of the Goddess.

As he was led into the throat of the darkness he extended a hand to the wall and let his fingertips guide him into the depths of the earth. His heels felt cold on the stone and a chill entered his heart, the chill of preternatural fear.

Finally they reached the bottom of the rough stair and were concealed in the utter darkness of the womb.

He felt a light hand on his throbbing prick.

A touch that became a grip.

A grip that became a grasp.

It pulled him back and made him gasp with sudden desire. He reached out into the dark but found no Pelopia there for his touch.

The hand grasped him and pulled again before contact was lost and Atreus, son of Hippodamia, was alone in the shadows that filled the dusk of his life.

He could not turn back. Shame forbade it!

The King stepped forward into the unknown with his cock pointing the way to the inner womb of the Goddess. He did not speak, for the thought of that endless silence being broken by a voice was too much to bear.

In the far distance, as far as the moon, he heard the mumbling of a woman's voice echoing in the gloom. In that direction he made his steps, as he parted the umbra of the cool air with his goose-fleshed skin.

There was the flickering of a light.

The muted glow of a single small flame in a thin ivory shade.

Atreus saw a pale form of white skin displayed on a flat altar, a woman with the dark patch of her hair covering that other temple to the female Goddess.

“You are the *not* the last of your line,” said a voice as he was drawn to the flickering shadow of that naked priestess. “There will follow... many... The horse-towers of proud Ilium will fall to your heirs... A golden era for men... The west will conquer the east, but it will be a mere flood of the tide as the ebb will follow the moon’s pull...”

He struggled to hear the rest but the voice of the priestess was drowned by the pulse in his ears. He was drawn to her like a moth to a flame. Atreus could see that she was an old woman. Forty summers or more of life had passed her eyes already.

“I need!” he muttered as he stood between those thighs. “I need to know!”

“You shall know when you enter the womb within this tomb. You must be enfolded and you must serve the needs of the Goddess. My needs!”

His prick stood in the forecourt of her temple as minutes before he had stood waiting to enter the cave of the holy precinct. It wavered and waited for permission to enter even though his thighs twitched to ram his prick home and take this priestess.

The unslaked whore of the Goddess.

“Enter!”

Her command was not to be opposed!

He pushed his hips and slipped into her flesh.

Tight, like pushing a fisted hand into the death wound of an enemy. He moaned as he felt himself being sucked in by a powerful will other than his own.

Hands encircled his neck from behind as Atreus, king of Myceanae, fucked the intoxicated and mesmerised high priestess. The hands of Pelopia stroked and scratched him from behind in a rhythm that was but a descant to the thrust of his hips.

The high priestess cried out and uttered the hidden words of the Goddess as she felt this man enter her body. She felt the power of his thrust and welcomed him in.

“Your son will die at the hands of woman,” she cried before the hunger overcame her and drowned the Goddess’ words with pure lust.

Atreus felt the searing of the nails on his back and then a rough encirclement of a noose that slipped closed on his throat. He pushed and tried to come to a peak of climax, but the woman who he was fucking circled his thighs with her legs and drew him in. The nails bit into the muscles of his back and the blood flowed freely.

The noose tightened and gripped his throat with its authority; it tightened, pulling him to the tips of his toes as he struggled to escape those legs, that cunt, that fatal grip of the noose.

His hands found the knot, the fingers picked frantically at the rope, but it was knotted and bound with waxed cord that defied his broken finger nails.

"You are the sacrifice," whispered a small voice in his ear. *"You are the goat-song, the one who departs so that others may advance. You will die for the Goddess' pleasure."*

The voice sang in his head like a distant gull as his windpipe was crushed by the grip of the noose.

"You are a king only of the surface world, not in the shadowy cunt of the Mother of us all."

Atreus tried to scream, to call, to beg, but his voice choked as the rope denied him the wind of speech.

"You are the seed that will pull the Goddess screaming and shrieking from her cave. You are the cause of all our ills. You are the bringer of the bad harvest, the seed-nut of the plague, the rampant boar that roots up the golden corn."

He felt a renewed grip and the friction of a woman taking her pleasure from his cock. He felt white stars descend over his eyes, he felt his seed being sucked from him by the will of the priestess.

He felt a cold edge of ancient stone move over his throat.

The King sensed the caress of death as the stone knife part his flesh and he flailed in the combined agony of climax and death. He felt the blood course from his neck, he saw a red curtain descend over his

sight as the semen pumped from his loins and the blood pumped from his veins splattering together in the half light.

Red on pasty white smeared on pale loins.

A last shudder of orgasm bucked his body.

A last death-inspired reaction to make life on the road to sure death.

For that is her secret name, the Goddess of the dark.

Death is Persephone.

Persephone the haunter of the shadows of winter. Persephone the lamia of the moonless night. Persephone the fusion of all three Erinyes, the personification of hate and love, the spirit of revenge and forgiveness, the Mother of death and rebirth.

"It is done," whispered Pelopia as she allowed the blood to course from the corpse of the king over her breasts. It trickled, black in the dark shadow, until it paused for moments before dripping from her standing nipples.

"It is done, and so am I!" replied the spent Pythoness as she allowed the corpse of Atreus to withdraw from her body as it swung. "I am the last priestess who can call the world her own. The last true Sibyl of the Goddess."

Pelopia presented her the knife hilt first and slipped to her knees by the swinging corpse of the king of Mycenae.

“You will follow me; you will be the cause the death of the son of this king in his hot bath in three decades of years. You will guide his wife in her allotted task,” said the Pythoness in a clear prediction of the near future.

The older priestess stood and allowed her hand to fondle the flaccid prick that had so recently been allowed to enter her private and dedicated sanctuary.

“But, men will rule the world for the nonce and women will grow weak until their time comes once again. Pelopia, you are present at the sunset of a woman’s world, after you it will all change, as war becomes a way of life and strength is valued over subtlety. The Goddess will sleep for many years now and only awaken when women have earned the right to rule by mastery over men.”

The End

Note:

Atrous was the son of Pelops and the father of Agamemnon. King of Myceanae, the main power of Greece at the time. He was murdered by Pelopia for reasons that remain unclear. Agamemnon, the son of Atrous, returned from the Trojan War to a death at the hands of his wife, Clytemnestra. That is the legend in bare bones, in few words. Robert Graves can tell you more, much more, for the White Goddess called him.

It seems that the female-led religion of the Goddess (who became spilt into the three wives of major Gods later by men to reduce her power) was overwhelmed at this time by the arrival in Greece of new tribes, the Dorians.

How shall the women regain their power over men?

As they did then, by secrets, mysteries, sex and blood magic!

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