

Stalin's a Whore
Jason Shannon

Note: This story was originally written as a birthday card for a friend. I had bought him a copy of Sean McMeekin's *Stalin's War: A New History of World War II* as a gift, and my sex-addled mind immediately translated the title into its porn parody equivalent. Therefore, I wrote the story to stick in the card, and had one of the superintendents at my jobsite to print it (having to reprint it several times, trying to get the alignment right), while imploring him not to read what he was printing. The card was labelled *Stalin's a Whore: An Erotic Fan-fic (The Book I Thought I was Buying)*.

In the summers it was hot, moist, mosquitoes everywhere. In the winters it was frigid, snowdrifts as high as a man. The forest was thick, almost as thick as our hero's moustache.

The nearest rail line was forty miles away. This section of track had a train come by once a week, and Tsarist guards patrolled those tracks like rats.

Koba had escaped this particular exile twice before, sneaking back to the Caucasus to agitate. For now, however, he was trapped. The Cossack who came through every so often was well aware of Koba's exploits, and had told him in no uncertain terms, if this cabin were found empty, he'd radio ahead to Irkutsk and have the train stopped and searched on the spot.

"Da," the Cossack had gloated, "I hear that crazy shaman ploughing empress was just poisoned, relieved of giant penis, then shot seventeen times, then drowned. I will do worse to you if you escape."

So Koba was stuck here, chopping wood, reading Marx and Lenin, writing letters to his comrades in Baku, and assisting with the general chores of the household to which he'd been assigned.

One day, there was a clamour in the small house. "Koba! Sverdlov!" cried Mrs. Taraseeva, the matriarch of the household. "Thirteen-year-old Lidia Pereprygina is with child! You are both men in thirties, and have not courted my husband to seek her affections! Who did such thing? Koba, I am looking at you; everyone in hamlet knows about great Koba's virility!"

"Me? Not me!" insisted Koba. "Would I inseminate girl only months after first flowering? I have wife back in Georgia! Plus, I am communist. Would communist have personal life in tatters and wash hands of all collateral problems without ever acknowledge? Of course not. Now, Comrade Sverdlov..."

"*Nyet!* Do not try to blame on me! I have been impotent since Okhrana beat me mercilessly in testicles!"

Oh, shit, thought Koba. *How am I going to get out of this one? I am highwayman and agitator. I cannot have child bride. It would discredit movement!*

So he denied it until he was blue in the face, claiming that it was a sacred Leninist principle to only reach emission once quarterly (the rest of one's time devoted to the people) and that he'd already done that to a photograph of his wife in Georgia this quarter.

One can bullshit about Bolshevik principles all one likes, he thought, *because writings are so dense and double-meaninged, who is to call bluff?*

That night, he slipped out. Though the windows were bolted shut, he had long since sawn through one bolt in order to slip over to Lidia's room. He opened a dresser, grabbed some extra clothes, then slipped through the window.

In the moonless night, he vanished into the woods. It was now a race against time, for as soon as the Taraseevas noticed him gone, he'd be reported.

Arriving at a neighbour's place a few miles away, he shivered. Down near the stable, he slipped off his jacket and opened the sac full of stolen clothes.

Goddamn, he thought. Everything he'd stolen was red, lacy lingerie from Mrs. Taraseeva. He should have inspected it before stuffing it in the sack. *Oh well, at least it somewhat of extra layer.*

He stripped down, pulled on the brassiere, slid the panties up his hairy legs. He pulled stockings

on, clipped them to the garter belt. The brassiere was quite loose on him – Mrs. Taraseeva was a rather matronly woman. Seeing the now empty cloth laundry bag, he tore it asunder, split it in two equal halves, balled each portion up, and stuffed each cup of the bra, filling himself out nicely.

“Very nice!” he declared, then quickly bundled back up.

He opened the gate of the neighbour’s horse pen, sneaked into the barn. Tip-toeing his way down the stables, he found a nice-looking horse, saddled it, and rode out into the night.

He raced hard for the south. He had to make it to that rail station before the alert was put out. It was a treacherous road. The wind was bitter on his moustachioed face. He leaned in on the horse, shielding his face behind the horse’s mane. His filled-out chest nearly touched his knees, and he felt Mrs. Taraseeva’s panties cupping his behind rather nicely.

Hmm, he thought, women’s undergarments quite comfortable. I am sexy beast in such clothings.

As dawn was cresting, he arrived at the train station. He went off the main road and into the taiga forest, hitched the horse to a tree and sneaked up a knoll, where he spied down on the tracks. He could see the platform, a few rotted wooden planks in a clearing and not much else. Two Cossack horsemen were in that clearing. A small hut was nearby.

Suddenly, a horseman came charging up the road to Kureika. “Officers! Officers, alert!”

Oh, shit, thought Koba.

“What is it, peasant?” snarled the one Cossack.

“Escaped exile. He stole a horse and a set of women’s undergarments.”

Koba had no choice but to hike eastwards along the edge of the tracks. With luck, he would find a train, stowaway, and bypass these Cossack guards when the train came through the station.

He marched. He marched for four hours. *Damned seductive little girl,* he thought. *At least now I have excuse to return to Baku and agitate.*

At last, in the utter serenity of the Siberian countryside, he could smell the exhaust plume of a train. *I am close.*

He hurried along, through the trees. Coming over a hill, he saw the train. It was parked. There were a half-dozen men trying to clear a felled tree from the tracks. They were soldiers by the looks of it.

Tsarist scum, fighting damned Imperialist wars. Oh well, it will only hasten global revolution.

Perhaps he could sneak into a storage car. He kept low, moved through the trees.

As he moved, he suddenly became aware of flowing water, and he was on guard. It’s too cold for water out here.

Turning, he saw one of the soldiers urinating against a tree twenty paces off.

Shit. If I get caught, I will for sure be execute.

He tried to sneak away, but with the first step he took, a twig snapped, and the soldier immediately looked up.

“Hey! Who are you?” the man demanded.

Koba took off running. He ran headlong into a bramble. The soldier followed at break-neck speed. Koba ran. Branches whipped his face. His jacket got snagged on a bush and ripped open.

He tripped, tumbled down a hill. The soldier grabbed him by the shoulder just as he went down, stumbled, fell down the slope right behind Koba.

They both landed in a pile of leaves. Koba’s jacket was half off, and the brassiere was plainly visible. The soldier still had his cock out, not having yet put it away from the piss.

“You are escapee,” said the soldier.

For sure he was to be put before a firing squad. And a Tsarist firing squad was worst of all the Western nations; they had only one rifle to share amongst five soldiers, so the first would take a shot, then pass the gun off to the next man, who’d take a shot, and pass the gun off, and on and on it went.

Koba cowered beneath the bulk of the man.

The soldier noticed the lingerie, reached out and tugged on a bra strap.

“I could have you shot, commie scum. Or... perhaps we make deal.”

Koba noticed the man was now erect. For some reason, he was not repulsed at what was being

implied.

Koba smirked beneath his moustache. Coming to his feet, he struck a seductive pose, bringing his arms together to push the cups of the bra close in amongst themselves, as a woman would do to accentuate her cleavage.

“But captain, sir,” said Koba in a flirty voice, “I am virgin. I am good girl. You would not make dishonest woman of me?”

“Good girl?” scoffed the soldier. “You are already dishonest. Now on knees, skank.”

Playing hard to get, Koba reached down to stroke the man, but didn’t fall to his knees. He said, “Please, captain. I must kiss husband when I return home tonight. You would not make me kiss him with your juices in my mouth?”

The man, whose name was Yuriy, gave Koba a hard spank across the backside. “Liar. You revel in kissing husband after devouring load. Entire contingent of men, slathering you in seed, then you make out with husband vigorously. I served against Japs in 1905. I learn their eastern tongue. They have word for it – *bukkake*. You like being subject to *bukkake* and then kissing husband who is none wiser.” He spanked Koba again. “I repeat, on knees, slut.”

Koba got on his knees. He stared at the throbbing manhood, now inches from his face. It was daunting. Could he really do this?

But he found he was also rock hard in Mrs. Taraseeva’s panties.

It had been years since Yuriy had patronized a St. Petersburg whorehouse. He had was mad with lust. And he mercilessly sought relief with the moustachioed prisoner. Koba’s voice would be hoarse the next day. His eyes watered. He gagged and heaved, spittle drooling everywhere. Yuriy grabbed hold of his swept-back, longish hair, formed it into pigtails in his fists, yanked it violently, and smashed into Koba’s skull furiously.

And Koba loved every minute of it. *Da, use me. Use my worthless proletarian throat. Make me gag. I am filthy prostitute who can do nothing more than take load. No more revolution, only load.*

Afterwards, his stomach full, he snuggled with Yuriy in the bed of leaves.

“*Da*, this is life, Comrade,” said Koba, smiling contentedly in the arms of his new beau. “Sucking dick on trans-Siberian railway – is any better way to live?”

“I will sneak you onto train,” said Yuriy. “But price is blowjob every night until we reach Moscow.”

“In that case, I hope we take scenic route.”

Yuriy got up, buckled his pants, went over the hill to the train. A few minutes later he returned. Almost immediately, ten men came out of the woods and surrounded the revolutionary.

Koba scrambled to his feet, petrified. “Your captain is dick-sucking slut!” he shouted. If he was going down, at least he’d out the Imperialist and take him down as well.

“*Da*, we already know,” said one of the newcomers, an elephant of a man. “Problem is, he is only top. We have been needing bottom for a while.”

“Unfortunately,” said Yuriy, “my unit saw us. But the same deal can apply, with a few... renegotiated clauses.”

“Same deal *will* apply,” said the big man.

Koba looked around at the men. They were all leering at him.

And, suddenly, Mrs. Taraseeva’s panties were feeling tight in the crotch once more.

“Well,” said Koba, striking a pose. He undid his jacket to reveal the stolen lingerie. “It looks like you boys need much relief after long journey.”

“Much *release*,” came a shout.

“Come, enjoy supple embrace of Madam Kobette,” he said, hiking up his trousers to reveal Mrs. Taraseeva’s stockings.

There were hoots and hollers from the various men. These men were strapping, domineering men, burly men who had been without the feel of a woman for many months at dead-end posts in the Siberian wastelands.

The big man stepped up to him. He was nearly seven feet tall. He had a huge black moustache, swelling outwards from his upper lips and merging with his sideburns, the tips of the moustache

spiked with the grease of his face. His chin was shaven and he had sweaty jowls. His tunic looked native, Asiatic. Perhaps Evenk, or something Siberian. It was grease-stained and ragged.

“*Da*,” said the huge man. “My cousin has favour of empress. You know name Rasputin, *nyet?*”

The crazed shaman who never bathed. Perpetually drunk, stumbling through the Kremlin, pleasuring the empress while Nicolas was at the front. Yes, a grotesque, smelly man. And the empress favoured him because of his alleged eleven-inch manhood, her uterus taking a punching nightly.

“In our family,” said the beast, “we call him Small-Cock.”

Now Koba noticed the huge bulge in this man’s trousers.

He ripped open the rest of Koba’s buttons, grasped at the stuffed cup of the brassiere.

“Oh, behave,” Koba said coyly. “I am not such a loose woman as the empress.”

“You soon will be,” hooted another man.

“Bend over, commie slut,” said the beast. “Your posterior property of people now!”

His manhood was the size of a rainbarrel!

Koba bent over, spread his cheeks with his hands. Yuriy came up behind him, tugged down the panties. “Do not worry, darling.”

Koba grunted. Two fingers were now inside him. Yuriy’s fingers. They were in to the knuckles, and curling forward, towards the stomach. Koba felt an immediate surge of pre-ejaculate surge up his shaft.

“Right there,” said Yuriy. “That is your g-spot, dirty girl. Or, as we call it in my unit, the tasty bits. Vladimir will most definitely be hitting this with his sabre, *da*.”

“Time to collectivize the means of buggery!” came a jest.

The beast know as Vladimir grabbed Koba by the hip. “You are commie revolutionary, *nyet?* I will show you revolutionary way of lovemaking, *da*.”

Then he spat on the palm of his hand.

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