

Viking Change 2 (Viking Raider to Demure Noblewoman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Sheriff

It is twenty years after the peasant Rene was transformed by Loki into the Viking princess Rayna, and the transformed Norsewoman has more than accepted her place as the queen consort to the King of France. But the dominant queen's fiery son has so far refused to marry, and a pairing is needed. Thankfully, opportunity comes when a new Viking raid occurs, and Rayna finds she is able to transform their leader into a form more suitable . . .

Viking Change 2

The fiery red-haired man folded his immense arms.

“Mother, I absolutely refuse. She is not suitable for me.”

Rayna sighed. She loved her son, and had done so ever since she was born twenty years ago. He had been a big baby to deliver - a startling surprise for a woman to give birth to given that she had been a man most of her life - and his immense size had not lessened. While he was the heir to his father, King Louis of France, this Louis seemed to have taken entirely after his mother. He was over six feet in height, strongly muscled, his hair the same fiery colour as hers, and strong Nordic features upon his face. And just like Rayna had ended up when she'd been transformed by the northern god Loki from a weak peasant man to a powerful Norse woman, he also had a dominant personality. Which meant, of course, that he clashed with his mother often, despite their shared love.

“Lady Eleanor is a fine match,” she said imperiously, folding her arms in turn. “Your father is keen on arranging it. It will secure a stronger alliance with Lord Aubert, and all the Gods know that he has been a thorn in our side.”

“All because of *your* marriage to Father, not mine.”

“If I did not marry your father, you would not exist, my dear son. Nor your siblings.”

He huffed, stretching the fabric of his fine shirt. The French-Norseman never seemed to quite fit into the clothes; no tailor could contain his muscled form.

“Yes, my many, many siblings. It is a wonder you managed to stop after so many, Mother.”

She raised an annoyed eyebrow. Yes, her Louis and her had been very . . . productive, over the years. Ten children was indeed quite an accomplishment, especially as all were healthy, strapping, and beautiful or handsome. But it had been utterly willing on her

part: she loved dominating her royal husband in bed, and he loved it just as much. Getting her with child had just been the natural consequence of their still-frequent love life.

“It will be your responsibility to get a woman with child soon,” she said. “My young Louis, you must carry on your father’s name. For the kingdom. We all make sacrifices-”

“Yes, yes. You lost your homeland, came here, adopted a new culture. I know the story, mother. I too don’t exactly fit in despite being raised here. But Lady Eleanor has no looks. She is plain, and I don’t just mean in appearance. She has the brain of a boar. I would want a woman that matches my tastes: demure, womanly, beautiful. The very image of a gorgeous native noblewoman.”

Rayna harrumphed. “We can’t always have the life we imagined, Louis. Trust me.”

It was at that moment that a court minister moved swiftly to her side, interrupting the conversation.

“I’m very sorry, your royal highness,” he uttered, staring up at her. Despite now being in her early forties, Rayna could easily be mistaken for a woman who had just turned thirty. Thirty three at best. Her skin was still flawless, her stature healthy, her bosom . . . full. Very full. It still intimidated courtiers from time to time, while also entrancing men who were not turned off by her height and strength.

“Speak up, sir,” Rayna commanded, her dominant tone now utterly natural to her after twenty years of being a woman.

“I’m sorry to say, there’s reports of a Viking fleet headed down the Seine River. A kingdom further to the north of your own has bypassed your father’s fleet and may even be looking to raid the capital. We think it may be King Gorm again. With your husband out hunting . . .”

Rayna sighed. She may be a Norsewoman now, but her French peasant upbringing still had a dislike of Norse raiding in her mind. It was an interesting contradiction. “Arrange the forces. My son will lead them. Won’t you, young Louis?”

Louis looked at her with marvel. “You never gave me the opportunity before?”

“Well, as much as I would like to lead them, and would do a bloody good job, this kingdom doesn’t take to female warriors. So if you will not marry Eleanor, you must gain prestige enough to prove your worth to make your own choice. It is the only way.”

“I will, Mother! I promise to smash them! I’ll bring that damned foul raider Gorm back to the capital alive in chains to answer for his crimes!”

She placed a hand on his shoulder. “And come home safe, with only a few battle scars. Or else I shall show you a woman warrior’s wrath.”

Rayna was confident in many ways. She hadn't been as Rene, and it was only when she dreamed of being a poor peasant male again that she lost her continual surge of confidence. Still, that night and the several that followed had her feeling quite worrisome, an unusual feeling for her. Her young Louis was untested in battle, though he was strong and a confident leader. She took comfort in her husband Louis' arms more than once, and even he was shocked at how aggressive she was in their shared bed.

"My God," he breathed, "that was something else. Good Lord in Heaven above, I don't know if I'll be able to use my legs again."

"I would be sorry husband, but I enjoy taking my pleasure and frustration out on you, and I doubt you've changed your enjoyment of that either."

Louis grinned. "My darling Viking Norsewife, I would have you rule over me in bed all day, every day if possible. But even for you that was . . . tantalisingly aggressive. I'm afraid you've milked my cock for a week. I wouldn't be surprised if you end up pregnant all over again."

She snorted, breasts wobbling from the act as he snuggled up against her, taking the woman's position against her side, despite their actual genders.

"I better not be. Ten children is more than enough for a fruitful kingdom. I was just worrying about Louis."

"I as well, Rayna. But it is the way of things. Besides, I've not known you to worry."

"Indeed. They will be fighting now, if they have not already."

She sighed, rose, and put on a nightgown. Louis looked at her curiously.

"I'm just going for a walk. I need to think."

She moved through the castle halls. She was not an unusual sight for the guards, who parted for her. Given her height and determined movements, they practically stepped away out of fear. She didn't know where she was heading, only that she needed some fresh air. But when she reached the balcony looking out over the palace grounds, she was shocked to hear a familiar voice, one she had not heard in a long, long time.

'Well, well, my darling Rayna. Or should I call you Rene? No, I think after such a long time there's hardly any Rayna left. Am I wrong?'

She turned, and only just managed to catch sight of the trickster god. He was lurking in shadow, more made of mist and late night dew than anything else. Still, the smile was unmistakable, as were the piercing eyes. She placed her hands on her wide, childbearing hips.

"Loki," she said. "How unfortunate to hear from you again."

'Oh please, you love your new life. I gave you all you wanted.'

"And ten pregnancies to go with it," she said, voice carrying more than a hint of sardonicism.

'Just more evidence of the bountiful life I gave you. Besides, while you were surprised at the husband you received, you seem to love him now.'

She blushed. She did. She really did.

"What are you here for?"

'An opportunity,' the God said, chuckling darkly. *'I'm afraid to tell you that your son is about to be mortally injured by the one called Gorm. But that is not set in stone. You see, Gorm has forsaken the worship of me in favour of that pig-headed thunder god, the lord of storms Thor. In fact, he destroyed a ritual stone devoted to me. So I want payback, and I can't think of a more amusing way to do it than through you, Rayna. Are you intrigued in saving your son, and giving him a perfect bridal match that will leave everyone satisfied? Everyone except Gorm, that is. Ha.'*

Rayna knew there would be a catch. There always was. But this was her son's life at stake. And besides, much as she distrusted Loki, his machinations had indeed given her a life she loved. Besides, she was still a fiery and dominant woman, and more than willing to take action.

"Tell me more, trickster," she demanded. "And this *Queen* will then decide."

Loki told her, and she decided.

Young Louis was *not* mortally injured, and returned to Paris in triumph. The crowds cheered him as he moved forth on his fine steed, followed by his loyal soldiers and bannermen. Various riches captured from the burned ships of the Vikings were paraded, and more than a few captives were put on show in chains, dragged forth behind the prince. The most important - and obstinate - of these was Gorm. The Viking Raider was a huge man, even bigger than young Louis himself. He was a great bear of an individual, massive and hairy, with dark brown hair and a wild soup catcher of a beard. He had one eye just like his god Odin, but was missing his immense war hammer that was his trademark devotion to Thor. Despite repeated commands and pulling of his chains, nothing could make him stoop his back. He stood tall and proud, snarling at the crowd and even shouting at them in a mix of Norse and other guttural languages. As he approached the King and Queen, Rayna caught more than a little of his foulness.

"<Fuck all of you! A plague on your weak people! My kingdom will wreak a vengeance upon you that you cannot imagine! We will pillage your towns! Spill the entrails of your weak, cuckolded men! We will rape your women! Sow Viking babies in their bellies, ha! You will live as thralls, and we will fuck you all! HA! Just you wait, weak Franks! JUST YOU WAIT!>"

“What is he saying?” Louis asked, whose own grasp of Norse was only adequate despite his attempts to learn it. “His accent is . . . strong.”

“Nothing good, husband,” Rayna said. “I would have words with him, Norsewoman to Norseman. Have him brought to the palace dungeon.”

“Are you sure?”

She looked at her husband imperiously, and he shied before her gaze.

“Of course you’re sure. Why did I even ask?”

They stepped forward and embraced their son, proclaiming him a hero of the realm and awarding him and his officers and men many great honours before the cheering crowd. Gorm sneered at her, yelling and disrupting the proceedings and even injuring one of the guards who tried to silence him. He called her many things, “a traitor to your people,” a “French whore of a Norsewife,” and so on. But Rayna was not intimidated. She knew what she had to do. Her son Louis was beaming proud of his accomplishments, and already whispering to his mother and father about being able to choose his own wife.

But Rayna was even more stubborn and dominant than him. She would choose his wife, and he would be happy.

But Gorm wouldn’t be.

“What are you doing here, you she-bitch who has been tamed by these Frankish weaklings?”

Rayna smirked, dismissing the two guards who sat watch over Gorm. He was manacled, but who knew if such restraints could contain him?

“I am here to set you free, King Gorm, though perhaps not in the way you want.”

“Fuck you. You are a traitor. Your father was weak to make such an alliance. A true Norsewoman would not submit to a Frankish weakling.”

“My ‘weakling’ husband submits to me, thank you. And he likes it. But he also has manners. But you needn’t worry about me, Gorm. I haven’t been converted to their God. I know well that our Gods are real, and that you have forsaken one. Loki.”

Gorm scowled. “How do you know such things, queen bitch?”

“That will be the *last* time you call me that,” she said, placing her torch in the sconce on the wall. She opened the cell gate and stepped closer to him, her fine dress barely containing her womanly curves. “And I know this because the trickster god himself told me. He wants you humbled Gorm. And so do I. And so I’ve been given this.”

She took what looked to be a small rock from a pouch at her side and presented it to him. Gorm’s eyes went wide.

“That is - that is a runestone. I didn’t think-”

“That such things still existed? Neither did I. But here we are. And this runestone is for you, you old brute of a Viking. Don’t worry Gorm, the magic spell in this rock will reward you in many ways. You will be young again. You will have both eyes again. You will be vital, and . . . fertile, if not quite virile.”

“I don’t understand your words. You have been polluted by the weakness of these people. Your son showed the spirit of a Viking against me. When I escape from this cell, I shall give him a glorious death for it. I shall split his skull with my hammer and spill his blood upon your dress, tamed wife of a Frankish king.”

Rayna was only momentarily taken aback, but then she smiled. “Thank you, Gorm,” she said, “for making this decision so very easy for me. You know, you raided the lands of one of my vassals, one Lord Aubert. It’s time you paid him back, and your new King and Queen.”

And with that, she breathed upon the runestone, and whispered the incantation Loki had taught her into it. She hoped he hadn’t lied *too* much about what was about to happen.

“If you think that that stone will - NGH!”

Instantly green smoke poured from the stone and swept around Gorm’s body, enveloping it. The enormous battleaxe of a Viking groaned as the smoke entered his nostrils and mouth and ears, entering his body and beginning to change it. He choked and gagged, coughing in great fits as the strange energy of Loki started to transform him.

“What have you - ACH! You’ve k-killed me! Poison, a weakling w-weapon! AAGH!!”

“Not poison,” Rayna said, enjoying the spectacle. “Something far worse, Gorm.”

Gorm groaned as a series of pressures rippled across his form. His flesh was suddenly spongy, the hard muscle softening like mud. He screamed out for help, but the guards were far away. His enormous arms thinned, the flesh dissipating. To his horror, his numerous tattoos, runic markings, and great battlescars all began to fade away. His arm and leg and chest hair pushed out from his body painfully, leaving the skin strangely smooth. The weathered texture of his skin began to straighten and soften, years and years of battle-hardened life and long nights in stormy weather replaced by a milky smoothness. The tan of the sun on his back and face likewise went away, and he gasped at how nearly porcelain white his skin was instantly becoming.

“Wh-what madness is this? What have you done to me, you fucking hag!? What have you - Ohhhhh!!”

His nipples *throbbed*, squeezing tight before expanding. It was worse than torture for the older, grizzled Viking. It was horribly *pleasurable*. He had to suppress a satisfactory moan as the pressure built up behind his nipples, expanding to swell the breast tissue behind them. He gasped as his entire torso deflated, bones shrinking to become far more

delicate and petite in frame. His spine *clacked* as vertebrae crunched down, shrinking his height dramatically. Broken, dirtied fingernails cleaned themselves up, becoming long and feminine to match his increasingly dainty hands. He stared at such hands with horror: an easy feat, for at that very moment his eyepatch disintegrated, revealing a fully grown eyeball back in its socket. The iris was emerald green in contrast to the other dark pupil, but then that too changed to match.

“Wh-what f-foul sorcery is this? What b-beast am I becoming!? RGGH!!”

His shoulders collapsed down, his waist pulling inwards. The man groaned, voice higher than before, as his insides roiled and shifted, accompanying a new organ swelling up inside of him. His manhood burned, but it was a strangely intense, blissful burn. He rubbed his softening thighs together in the unwanted ecstasy of his shrinking manhood.

“No beast,” Rayna said smugly, “rather the opposite. I shall share with you a secret that no one other than Loki himself knows: I was once a man too, albeit a poor peasant boy. The trickster god made a bargain that saw me turned into a woman. But where I was weak and became a dominant lady, you started strong, but shall become the very image of a shy, demure, beautiful French noblewoman.”

Gorm tried to pull at his shackles. Rather than breaking them, his thin wrists made him slip right out. But the changes prevented him from escaping: his trunk-like legs were resculpting into gorgeous dancer’s legs, worthy of court ceremony. He pulled at his beard in agonised frustration, half-salivating in his strange reluctant joy, but this just caused his beard to fall off entirely and disintegrate into ash. The face left behind had a gaping jaw, one that quickly reworked itself into a heart-shaped configuration. His red worn nose deflated, becoming slightly aquiline and refined. His cheekbones rose to the surface. Gorm whimpered, touching himself all over.

“I beg you! By all the Gods, please help m-me!”

Rayna was amused, watching the change from the other side for once. “I am helping you, Gabrielle,” she said. “I’m helping you find a husband, in fact. I’m welcoming you to the family. The French family.”

Gorm’s look of horror was worth every insult he’d thrown at her, especially once he realised they’d been speaking in French for the last minute.

“Loki!” he proclaimed. “I owe you a great apology! Please do not forsake me!”

‘Ah, but you forsake me,’ came Loki’s voice from the shadows. *‘And I’m having far, far too much fun watching this. I’m going to enjoy seeing you become a delightful submissive French wench, dear Gorm. I’ll be there watching when you birth your first child by Rayna’s son. What an amusing fate this will be for you, after such a tough manly life!’*

“No! No! Nghhh! Ohhhh G-Gods!”

The changes came even faster now, warping not just Gorm's body but his clothing as well. The rags he had been given in his cell reformed around his shrinking body, becoming a gorgeous light blue dress befitting a young woman. A bodice formed to contain two creamy breasts. Gorm grunted as they pushed outwards, becoming a delightful pair that, while not as large as Rayna's incredible set, were still certainly more than a handful for a man like Louis Jr. Gorm held them, trying to tear away his clothing, but some invisible force prevented him from doing so. Instead he was forced to watch as his trousers connected to this dress, becoming a long skirt that flowed to his ankles. His dirtied feet cleansed themselves, becoming just as dainty as his hands, and were swiftly covered in a pair of light shoes of fine make. The waist pulled in even further, while his hips swelled outwards. Rayna was impressed.

"Ah, a true pair of hips for breeding," she noted pleasingly. "Just what is needed for a noble line to continue. Though another thing is also needed."

Gorm looked up at Rayna, tears forming in his eyes. He was shaking as emotions flowed through him, far more than his steely self ordinarily would have felt. He trembled, trying to avoid crying and failing terribly. His hair, once coarse and wild, became long and flowing, pouring down his back before tying itself into a fine plait. Makeup appeared on his face, light touches that enhanced the soon-to-be woman's beauty.

"I won't give in!" Gorm cried, tears now flowing freely. His manhood was beginning to withdraw, and he clutched at his crotch through the dress in an awkward and humiliating manner. "I won't become some weak French female! I'll take my own life first!"

'Ah, but the changes I make to your mind will make that impossible now, dear Gorm-turned-Gabrielle,' Loki mocked. Rayna laughed with him. *'I'll also make it impossible for you to think of yourself as anything but a woman, or to call yourself anything but Gabrielle. You'll also find yourself very, very submissive, and more than a little attracted to Prince Louis. You wreck my ritual stones? I'm going to wreck your whole life's trajectory, Gabrielle. Your future is one of lusting after the red-haired French prince and being unable to help yourself from being his perfect doting wife, little heirs in your belly and all.'*

Gorm could no longer contain it. He *screamed*, howling in anger and rage at the fate that was befalling him. When the scream ended, his manhood was gone, shrunk up inside his body and replaced with a feminine mound and tunnel. His features were finished, his clothing immaculate, and he was no longer a he at all. The new woman's mental changes proceeded exactly as Loki had stated they would; the new woman was literally incapable of thinking of herself as anything but female, or her name as anything but Gabrielle.

"You - you can't do this to me!" she said in a birdsong sweet voice, her new French accent musical to the ears. "I am Gabrielle, daughter of Lord Aubert, and betrothed to my darling Prince Louis. No! That fiendish trickster! I'm Gabrielle, and my role in life is to be the

perfect member of court and to always support my lord husband, and to produce heirs for his royal line! N-no!"

"Ah, but it sounds so delicious, does it not, dear Gabrielle? Are you happy with her, Rayna?"

"Very, Loki," Rayna said. "And for once, you followed your word."

'Oh, not exactly, but it wasn't you I tricked this time. No, I promised Gorm a long time ago that if he forsake worship of me, then he would find himself a gorgeous French wife bearing many worthy children. He took it less literally than I, ahem, intended.'

Even Rayna had to chuckle at that.

"Well, Gabrielle," she said. "I've decided I don't hate you anymore. In fact, you look to be the perfect future daughter-in-law. What say you come meet your prince?"

"I'll never *disobey you, my queen*," Gabrielle said. She appeared shocked at what the magic had made her say. Worse, it felt incredibly *right* to say it. Already, her natural new submissiveness was kicking in. She followed Rayna out of her cell, her mind contorting itself with ideas of escape, and yet unable to fully contemplate them. Already she had a feminine gait and a sweet manner, and the notion of being a violent Viking was something she knew she should want to be again, and yet her brain reacted with disgust at the mere thought of.

"Loki, please change me back!" she pleaded, but there was no answer. So instead she followed Rayna, unable to do violence, nor to escape her new dutiful self.

To say Prince Louis was smitten immediately would be an understatement. The powerful half-Norse, half-French man gazed at her as she was introduced by Queen Rayna into the court, with Gabrielle's father Lord Aubert by her side. With reality altered just as it had for Rene twenty years ago, the French vassal had no clue that the loyal daughter he was looking to marry to the prince hadn't even existed the day before. She stood there in her regal blue gown, her hair immaculate, her face soft and innocent, her green eyes mysterious and otherworldly. The new woman wanted to scream, to kill everyone there, but the larger part of her new mind was overcome with fascination and lust at seeing the red-haired giant of a prince. Gorm had never loved, but now Gabrielle was experiencing love at first sight. She could have swooned, for her heart practically skipped a beat as he strode towards her, took her hand gently, and planted a kiss upon it.

"This is the remarkable Lady Gabrielle Aubert?" he asked, voice low and manly. It made her shudder. Loki's magic was already working in her, making her feel totally submissive to this man. She took a deep breath, and the hint of cleavage in her bodice heaved, giving the younger Louis quite the sight. His eyes flashed down, and she couldn't

help but blush. Why was she blushing? She was meant to be a raging, bloodthirsty berserker raider, damn it all! And yet she felt so fragile and small in this man's presence, and that seemed totally natural to her changed self.

"It is excellent to meet you at last, your royal highness," she said automatically, even curtsying like a true lady. "I have wanted to meet you for a great deal of time."

"And I wish I could say the same, for you are the most beautiful and fair maiden I have ever gazed upon. This betrothal shall surely be a blessed one. Mother, how could I have dared to question your choices when it came to finding a woman to marry me?"

Rayna just looked to the former Gorm, who blushed deeply in shame, a shame that was already being drowned out by lust and desire for this tall fierce redhead before her.

"Well, what can I say, my son? I have the magic touch in such things. And I have little doubt that Gabrielle here will adjust very well in time for the wedding and consummation. Won't you, my lady?"

Gabrielle swallowed. No curse on Earth could escape her mouth, her instincts were too overridingly deferential. All she could do was splutter a little, meet Louis' eyes, and then look to her new father. Even that man was one she was naturally dutiful to.

"Of course I will," she said, giving in to her mental changes. "Won't I, Father?"

"Naturally, my dear. My daughter is the very image of the ideal noblewoman of this realm. A perfect counterpart to tame any . . . Viking influence."

It was meant to be a stealth insult to Rayna's heritage in Louis, but it unintentionally hit Gabrielle far harder. She imagined cleaving her new Father's head in twain with a battleaxe, but then that very thought horrified her with its awful images of blood and violence, and she unexpectedly stepped forward to embrace her husband-to-be. The court was a little shocked by this.

"I'm so sorry!" she cried. "I don't know what came over me. I'm just - just so happy!"

And the worst part, the part that the remaining pride of Gorm hated most, was that it was true. The new woman couldn't fight the tidal wave of joy that came with knowing she would be serving this powerful, domineering man. His charming smile took her to another place.

"No need for apologies, dear betrothed," he said. "I'm rather taken by a woman who is so sincere. Perhaps you'll be the one to finally tame me."

A laugh went up in the court, but Gabrielle could only smile wanly. She was, she knew, utterly tamed already.

The wedding was a great affair, of course. Just as Rayna's had been, it was full of festivity and joy, music and entertainment, and even grand fireworks. At the centre of it was the giant Prince Louis and his much smaller, incredibly demure bride. It had been less than a month since Gorm's change into Gabrielle, but that was more than enough time for the beautiful new maiden to become resigned to her humiliating fate. Well, perhaps not resigned completely, but her every attempt to fight it had failed, and her body was far too receptive to the handsome, burly prince. So receptive, in fact, that for many nights already she had discovered the pleasures of her new womanhood, feeling her new sensitive flower each night as she imagined having her petite yet busty body ravaged by the prince. It was as if all her self-identity as a powerful warrior now hinged on him externally. As much as Gabrielle wanted to, it was impossible to attune her mind back to the person she used to be. Ironically, the closest thing to being Gorm again was simply being *with* a man like Louis the younger, and that was exactly what Rayna and Loki had wanted.

What she wanted.

It was a perilous trap, and one she had fallen into so completely, so shamefully. So it was with blushing cheeks that she was married in the enormous cathedral that gave her marvel, her dress beautiful, her makeup and finery all adding to her elegance. Her heart beat in a tremulous manner, first from disgust at herself, then anger at Queen Rayna and the trickster god, and then finally in helpless lust and - yes - *love* as Prince Louis loomed ever more closer. The ceremony went by in a whirlwind. The marriage customs of the French were so strange, so formal, but her magical instincts guided her, and Rayna was there every step of the way, her new mother-in-law ensuring that the former Viking played her part well.

"I do," she found herself saying at the crucial juncture, and at that the burly heir to the kingdom took her in his arms and kissed her. It was more like a Viking's kiss, all storm and passion and power, rather than the chaste kiss of the French, and Rayna approved. It was the same kiss she gave to her own Louis that he loved.

Gabrielle loved it too. It reminded her, she realised, of how she had been. And now in Prince Louis she no longer saw a tamed Viking, but *her* Viking. There was no fighting that feeling. He leaned forward, so much taller than her, and whispered in her ear.

"I can barely stand all the pomp and parade to come. Gabrielle, my lovely new wife, you are such a desirable sight that I simply want to rip your clothes off and consummate this marriage again and again."

She shivered, cooing a little in his ear.

"Wh-whatever you wish, my lord husband. My prince. I will do for you."

He grinned. "Exactly the kind of royal wife I desire."

And then the pomp and parade began. Gabrielle sat through it, legs buzzing with impatience. She wanted it to last forever. She wanted to never give herself fully over to her new womanhood.

But she also wanted to be fucked by this Viking French king. She wanted to be made his, and feel that connection to her original homeland in her once more. Only his sword, his hammer, his *thrust*, would be altogether different from that of battle.

"Gods help me," she breathed, before correcting herself to the singular 'God' as befitting a Christian noblewoman. "Curse them all. I want this so badly I could scream."

Gabrielle screamed, again and again. For all that she was shy and blushing and maiden-like to all outside appearances, she was wild with ecstasy. Louis was every bit the brute she wanted him to be. He had *thrown* her onto his bed, torn off his clothing quite literally, and worked on getting hers off with an animalistic spirit. It made her all the more aroused for him. Her nipples were tense, her womanhood slick with desire, and she knew she could not resist. How could she have fallen so far was in her thoughts. The question of how she could have gone from a powerful Viking berserker king in his late forties to a beautiful and dutiful lady just reaching twenty was beyond her. She was undeniably the same person, and yet just as undeniably not. But her mind could not dwell on such things, because when he placed his epic manhood against her opening and slid inside her, all regrets faded away. Yes, there was some shame. Yes, embarrassment. But the lust was in her like a fire, and she gave way to moaning and whimpering and crying out in joy.

"P-please keep going! Plants your s-seed inside me, my P-Prince! I need it so very badly! You can't imagine how much I need it - it isn't fair but I do!"

"That's exactly what I want you to say," he said, squeezing her breasts roughly, but not *too* roughly. Just enough to make her squeal with delight. "I'd always wanted a wife who would be like this in the bedchamber. How perfect you are, my dear Gabrielle. What a princess you will make for me. And what princes and princesses you will bear."

"Mhmmm, yesssss. Make me w-with child. Please, I need it! I can't even imagine it, it's so s-strange. I can't tell you - but I need to have your heirs! Please, deeper!"

He groped her backside, making her squirm deliciously, and then continued thrusting. He was a titan, a beast, a man totally in control. She followed his movements, but was helpless to take the lead. It was all him, and she could only respond in ways to heighten his pleasure. When he finally grunted, his cock throbbed inside her, her walls pulling tight against his massive girth. Her tunnel became flooded with his seed, and that sent her into true delirium. She was hit by wave after wave of delight, climaxes hitting her one after

another. She gripped him with her thighs, but otherwise let him suckle from her breasts and kiss her neck, sucking upon it just as much to leave a red mark that would need to be covered tastefully in the morning.

And then he collapsed against her, his weight tremendous, but her own body able to take it. The feeling of his manhood stirring inside her tight passage was too good to try to ask him to move just yet.

“That was astonishing,” Louis breathed in her ear. “I think I’m going to do that to you every day for the rest of our lives, my lovely Gabrielle.”

Gabrielle sighed, taking in just how true and alien that statement was. He really would. She was going to be fucked by this broad, handsome titan of a man forever. She would bear his children - probably many of them - and serve as his quiet and loving wife, utterly submissive and deferential. She would never lead an army again. She would never win spoils, or take thralls. Instead she would spin thread, wear beautiful dresses, and follow her husband’s commands in all places, especially the bedroom.

And, she realised in full as he rolled off of her and she pressed her naked body against his comforting side, she would be helplessly happy about it.

At least she still had a bit of Viking in her, all things considered. Well, given the size of Louis and his promise of heirs, she would probably have a lot of Viking in her. Every day. That would have to be enough for Gabrielle.

The End