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EROTIC VIKING VOYAGE

BY CARL SWENSON



Erotic Viking Voyage

Carl Swenson

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FOREWORD

Sizzling sexual adventure in the old Viking tradition!

A hard-core saga of sex and violence about lusty men and women whose red-hot passions spill over every page!

Meet Astrid and Ingrid, the sex-starved teen-aged virgin daughters of King Brian! Astrid was blonde and beautiful, waiting for her hero to come and claim her cherry! Ingrid was dark and sultry and many men were to die before her passions were stilled!

Meet Gunnar and Hakin, the Viking warriors who come from across the sea to win to the hearts and maidenheads of these sensual princesses—and thrill to the battles these Vikings fight to carry the lovers away with them!

Follow the story of these passionate people who fuck as though each screw could be the last and fight every battle to the bitter death! Cock-strokes and sword-strokes echo through every page, surging through to the explosive climax where lust and vengeance merge into unforgettable action!

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

If King Brian of the Orkney Islands had known his daughter Princess Ingrid was about to surrender her virginity to one of his young retainers, he would have been furious.

Of course Brian's younger daughter, Princess Astrid, knew all about what her sister was up to. Astrid did not fully approve of Ingrid's intentions, but she loved her sister too much to betray her to their father.

The beautiful girls were in Ingrid's chamber, discussing Ingrid's plan.

“My mind is completely made up!” Ingrid insisted. “I shall let Hakon screw me as much as he wants, until I get pregnant. If I'm knocked up, Father will have to let me marry Hakon then!”

Ingrid was seventeen, and very lovely, with long dark hair and smoldering brown eyes. Her young breasts were proud and full, and Ingrid liked to wear gowns with low-cut necklines to show them off. Her legs were long and slender, but her ass was round and ample. Many of her father's leigemen had wooed her, but it was handsome young Hakon the Icelander who had won her heart. Ingrid was anxious to wed her lover and leave her father's stern household, but King Briann believed young Hakon not of high enough birth to wed his daughter.

“Sister, your plan is very dangerous!” advised Astrid. “If Father discovers that Hakon has become your lover, he will surely kill him!”

Astrid, fifteen, was as fair as her sister was dark, but no less beautiful. Her long blonde hair hung straight to her round little ass, and her young breasts swelled appealingly under her silk gown. Astrid had clear blue eyes, and her legs were as long and slender as her sister's. Many of her father's bold warriors had tried to woo young Astrid, but the lovely princess claimed to have no interest yet in the opposite sex.

“Father will not discover until it is too late, and then he will have to accept Hakon as his son-in-law!” Ingrid laughed.

“Please be very careful, Sister!” Astrid cautioned. “There are many who would be jealous of Hakon should they suspect, and they would be quick to carry word to Father!”

Ingrid listened to her sister with half an ear, because her attention was concentrated on preparing

her lovely virgin body for her lover.

~~The beautiful princess first stripped down to her pretty white skin. Astrid couldn't help looking at her sister's fine body.~~

“The hair on your pussy is as dark as a raven!”

Astrid said. “But mine is the color of gold!”

Ingrid stood in front of a full-length mirror of polished bronze. She cupped her hands under her large breasts and lifted them upward, making the nipples stick out, brown against her light skin.

Opening jars and pots of oils and unguents, Ingrid perfumed and oiled her shapely limbs. Spreading and bending her knees, she tried to look at her cunt in the mirror.

“I wish I knew whether to expect great pain when I surrender my maidenhead to my beloved Hakon!” she said. She went to her bed and laid down with her legs open. “Try to look up my slit, Sister, and see if you can spy my cherry.”

Pretty blonde Astrid knelt between her sister's separated legs. She looked at the external folds of Ingrid's vagina.

“I can't see anything!” she said.

“Maybe this will help!” Ingrid put her white hands between her thighs and gently opened up the lips of her crack so that her sister could see the bright pink flesh inside. “Now can you see anything?”

“Mmmmm. Let me see...”

Flattered by the attention it was getting, Ingrid's little pussy was getting excited. It started to swell open with passion, which aided Astrid's investigations.

The younger sister probed gingerly into Ingrid's slit with her slim finger.

“Does that hurt?” Astrid asked.

“Oh, no!” Ingrid said. “Don't stop!”

Ingrid's little cunt started to flow with her slippery sex-nectars, making it easier for Astrid's finger to explore. Astrid stuck her finger up farther into her sister's slit, and Ingrid started to squirm with passion.

“I think I just found your maidenhead!” Astrid said. “Anyway, something just stopped my finger!”

“Oooohhh, yes! It feels really good! Push a little harder!”

Astrid pushed, wiggling her finger in her sister's twat, and then she exclaimed: “Oh! There's a hole in it! I just pushed my finger through it, and now I can put it almost all the way in!”

“Oooooohhh, shit, yes! I can tell!” Ingrid sighed. “Please don't take it out just yet!”

Astrid flexed her finger, stirring her sister's vagina and making her moan and writhe with desire. She tried stroking her finger in and out of Ingrid's cunt, and the dark-haired princess whimpered with pleasure.

“You're getting very wet in there!” Astrid observed. “Does this feel good?”

“Oooohhh, no shit! It's really great!” Ingrid sighed. “Please diddle me some more with your finger, Sister!”

Laying naked on her bed, lovely Ingrid was squirming with passion. Her brown nipples had grown erect with sexual stimulation, and her long limbs were trembling with pleasure.

“I hope it feels this good when Hakon pops my cherry!” she giggled.

Ingrid's shapely ass squirmed on the bed, and she humped her pretty little pussy up and down in time with the strokes of her sister's finger.

“Are you going to have an orgasm?” Astrid asked.

“Oh, I really want to!” Ingrid said. “Would you mind frigging me until I come?”

“No,” Astrid said. The younger girl wasn't willing to admit it, but she was getting aroused from

playing with Ingrid's cunt. "What's this?" she asked, touching Ingrid's clitoris.

"Ooohh-oooh-ooohhhh!" Ingrid panted voluptuously. "Oh, that's my clitoris, little sister! My passion button! Please rub that while you frig my slit with your finger!"

"Clitoris?" Astrid said, caressing the tiny button. "How did you find out about that?"

"Hakon showed me!" Ingrid sighed. "Two nights ago he made me have my climax by touching me there!"

Astrid shivered at the thought. She had never had an orgasm, and the idea frightened and attracted her at the same time.

"Your clitoris gets bigger when I play with it!" Astrid noticed.

"Ooohhh, yes, and it feels better and better! Do it faster, Astrid!" Ingrid pleaded.

The pretty little blonde moved her fingers faster and faster between her sister's legs. Ingrid's cunt was now swollen open with passion, over-flowing with slick juices, and Astrid giggled as her sister squirmed and moaned. The younger sister used Ingrid's slick fluids to lubricate Ingrid's red little clit.

Suddenly Astrid had an idea of her own. Bending down even closer to Ingrid's crotch, Astrid stuck out her little pink tongue and playfully licked her sister's throbbing clit.

"Ooohhh, fuck! Shit, that feels great!" Ingrid panted. "Oohh, yes, please eat my cunt! Lick my clit, Astrid, and make me come!"

Astrid ran her tongue up and down Ingrid's slit, very fast and tenderly, and soon the older sister was gasping and writhing with uncontrollable passion.

"Yes, oooooohhh, yes, yes! Lick my come-button!" Ingrid cried.

Licking feverishly at Ingrid's clit, Astrid also moved her finger faster in her sister's cunt. The younger sister could tell Ingrid was approaching orgasm.

"Eat me! Lick me! Suck me!" Ingrid sobbed. "Oh, baby sister, lick me hard and fast, and make me come in your mouth!"

Astrid concentrated on stimulating her sister's sex organs, until the sensations were so overwhelming that Ingrid abandoned herself to her lust, and rolled convulsively on the bed.

"Ooooooh, fuck! Shit! Cunt!" Ingrid screamed. "Here I come, baby sister! my orgasm is starting!"

Waves of intense sexual pleasure thrilled through Ingrid's beautiful young body, and her pussy contracted with the sensations of orgasm. Astrid giggled when she felt Ingrid's little virgin cunt tighten around her finger.

"I'm coming!" Ingrid groaned. "Oh, shit, this feels so good! Oh, fuck, I love to come!"

Astrid maintained her stimulation until her sister's orgasm had completely passed and the lovely dark-haired older sister was laying relaxed on the bed, panting for breath.

"Oh, thank you, sister!" Ingrid breathed. "I can't tell you how good that was! Do you want me to do it to you?"

Astrid shook her head shyly. "No, thank you." she said. But the younger sister could feel the slick wetness between her legs, and she secretly longed for sexual satisfaction.

"I must continue to prepare for my lover!" Ingrid said, getting off the bed. The pretty girl put on a long gown of the sheerest silk, that showed all the best features of her beautiful body. "Do you like this gown?"

"It's very nice!" Astrid said. "I can clearly see your nipples through it, and even the dark hair of your pussy! I'm sure it will drive Hakon to distraction, and you shall get whatever you want from him!"

"Oh, I hope so!" Ingrid said. She started combing out her long dark hair. "I do so want to lose my virginity tonight!"

Then a soft knock sounded at the chamber door.

“It's Hakon!” Ingrid said. “That's his knock!”

Astrid jumped up. She gave her sister Ingrid a kiss, and then slipped out the door leading to her own chamber, closing the door behind her.

But Astrid couldn't find anything in her chamber to occupy her mind. She did some sewing by candle light, but her heart wasn't in it, and before long she pricked her finger with the needle, and threw the sewing down in disgust. She then tried to read a chapter out of a book of Icelandic poetry, but that failed to hold her interests any better.

Finally Astrid had to admit to herself that she was intensely interested in what was going on next door in Ingrid's room. The lovely blonde teenager went up to the adjoining door and pushed it open with a crack, scanning Ingrid's room with a squinting eye.

Hakon Erikson was a strong, capable young warrior, the son of a wealthy land-owning family in Iceland. Someday he would go back to Iceland and inherit his father's estates, but now he was spending his youth in the manner of many young men of his social class—during the brief summer months and his friends sailed off on far-ranging Viking raids, and in the winter they served as retainers in the courts of powerful earls and kings.

When Astrid started peeking, Hakon had thrown off his leather cloak and was seated beside Ingrid on the bed. The young man was clearly stunned by the beauty that was revealed by the young girl's simple gown.

“I do not think I have ever seen you looking so lovely, my beloved!” Hakon said. “I long to kiss your wine-colored lips, but I fear it would not be an honorable thing to do, since we happen to be alone together here in your private chamber!”

“May the gods forbid that anything should happen to stain our reputations!” Ingrid agreed. “But don't you think our honor could survive one little kiss?”

The lovely princess leaned back on her velvet cushions, and her round young breasts stood up invitingly. Hakon could clearly make out the nipples through the clinging silk, and it didn't take him long to decide to chance a small kiss.

“I don't suppose one tiny kiss would hurt anything,” he said.

But Ingrid had no intention of stopping with one kiss, so she made sure the kiss was a persuasive one. As soon as bold Hakon had pressed his mouth to hers, she opened her soft lips and started caressing his mouth with her tongue. Her slender white arms encircled the handsome youth's neck and she pressed her lovely body against him.

“Oh, my love, how sweet are your lips!” Hakon moaned.

“Taste them again!” Ingrid sighed.

Again their mouths met, and again Ingrid pressed her warm body against Hakon's, until the lady could feel his manly organ stirring in his trousers.

“Your body is warm and soft, my lady!” he breathed. “And—forgive me, my love, for saying this, but your breasts are the most beautiful things I have ever seen!”

“Then if you have any love for me you must touch them!” Ingrid whispered, “for they long for your caresses!”

Hakon's trembling hand approached his beloved's tits, and Ingrid seized his broad hand with her own small fingers and forced it to touch her quivering breast.

“Caress my breasts, my lover!” Ingrid sighed.

Thoughts of his personal honor rose briefly to the surface of Hakon's mind, but were instantly washed away in a flood of lust. The handsome young Viking closed his palm carefully over her

beloved's tit, feeling her nipple pressing into his palm.

“Stroke it with your fingers!” Ingrid coaxed. “See how the nipple stands up when you fondle it?”

“Oh, yes! It's so beautiful!” Hakon admired. “I can't tell you how long I have dreamed of taking your soft firm breasts in my hands! I have even—and I blush to tell you this—I have even dreamed kissing them with my lips!”

Twisting on the bed and squirming her body still more voluptuously against her lover's, Ingrid pulled the shoulder of her gown down her arm, exposing one naked breast.

“Kiss it if you dare!” she teased. “I don't mind!”

Hakon bent his head eagerly to the task. He stuck out his tongue and tenderly licked Ingrid's sweet breast, until the nipple was quite stiff with passion.

“You may suck my nipple, Hakon!” Ingrid whispered.

The muscular young man opened his mouth and sucked Ingrid's brown nipple into his lips, caressing it with his tongue. The lovely dark-haired girl squirmed with pleasure, her breath rapidly increasing as she became more aroused.

“Suck my nipple! Suck them both!” she said, also pulling down the other side of her gown to reveal her other lovely breast. Hakon moved his lips from one nipple to the other, until they were both erect with joy.

Ingrid caressed his curly blond hair and whispered into his ear. “Did you know, my dear Hakon, that it makes me feel wet and excited between my thighs when you suck my nipples like that?”

In fact, Hakon knew that very well, since he had already touched Ingrid's pussy on two previous occasions, but it made him thrill with delight to hear the words come from her lips.

“Forgive me, my love,” he said, “but I absolutely must touch your sweet pussy!”

Ingrid's passionate squirming had already brought her skirt up over her knees, and now she reached down and pulled it almost up to her waist. Hakon put his hand on the top of her thigh, and she giggled with passion.

“Touch me if you want, my love!” she whispered. “I like it!”

Hakon tenderly brushed his palm over her full round pussy mound, delighting in the feel of her soft curly cunt hairs on his hands. Ingrid giggled and squirmed.

“You can touch my clitoris again if you want to!” she said, spreading her lovely white thighs.

Beginning himself to pant with passion, Hakon slipped his hand down between the tops of Ingrid's thighs and started to explore her young pink crack.

“In truth, there is wetness between your legs!” he sighed.

“All for you, my love!” Ingrid crooned.

Hakon moistened his fingers in the slick nectars oozing from Ingrid's pink slit, and then started to caress her little lust button. Ingrid gasped with joy, her pretty ass squirming on the bed.

“Your little come-button is getting harder as I fondle it!” Hakon laughed.

“Ooohhh, yes I can feel it!” Ingrid sighed. “It fills my crotch with the most thrilling sensation when you rub me like that!”

Then Princess Ingrid did something she had never done before—she reached for her lover's groin and started to feel him through his trousers!

Hakon gasped and squirmed. Never had his lover approached him in this way, and he wasn't sure what to do! But Ingrid took the matter into her own hands, and soon found the bone button that fastened his trousers.

“I want to feel your powerful manhood!” she whispered. “Many days now have I longed to stroke your manly cock!”

Ingrid unfastened the last button and Hakon's stiff cock sprang out into her soft hand, which instantly embraced it in a thrilling caress. Hakon's loins trembled with pleasure as Ingrid's soft fingers began to slide the skin up and down the stiff shaft.

"Oooohh, by the gods, my sweet love!" Hakon shivered. "The touch of your soft hand on my manly dick will drive me berserk with desire, and I may not be able to control myself!"

Sweet Ingrid laughed upon hearing this warning, and her soft fingertips started to caress the swelling knob of Hakon's cock, for the princess knew that part to be specially sensitive.

Brave Hakon shuddered with desire, his loins turning to water under Ingrid's hot caresses. The lovely girl enlarged her explorations to include the warrior's testicles, and Hakon gasped and squirmed with King Brian's older daughter fondling his quivering balls in her soft, warm hands.

"Please don't forget to rub my cunt!" Ingrid chided. Hakon had become so lost in his pleasure that he had quite forgotten his responsibilities to his lady, and now he renewed his tender caresses of Ingrid's little clitoris.

And so the two lovers caressed and petted each other's organs of sexual pleasure, until they were both extremely aroused. The princess' little virgin twat was flowing generously with her slippery pleasure-fluids, and clear droplets of love-juice were even leaking from the twitching piss-slit of Hakon's cock, as Ingrid's supple fingers tickled and teased his swollen knob.

"Oooohh, my sweet beloved!" Ingrid sighed. "If I asked you sweetly, would you do me a favor out of kindness?"

"Anything, my love!" he swore. "Only name it!"

"I have an itch that I would have you scratch, my love, with your strong hands.

"Where is it? I shall banish it immediately! Between your lovely shoulder blades?"

"No, my love! It's between my lovely thighs. Strike deep with your finger, my beloved, for I fear I shall die of distraction if this itch is not stilled!"

Hakon put his hand where his lady indicated, and she herself took one of her hands away from the caressing of his genitals to help with the spreading of her vaginal lips.

"Oooohh, yes! Open my pussy," sighed the princess, whose soft vaginal tissues were quite inflamed with passion. "Put your finger up inside me, for it's there that I itch and cannot scratch!"

"But what about your tender maidenhead?" asked the noble Hakon.

"Perhaps it's that that itches!" Ingrid moaned, squirming. "Stick your finger in and find out."

Bold Hakon tenderly penetrated his beloved's slit lips with his finger, and the lovely dark-haired girl writhed with delight. Her hand tightened around his cock, making him thrill with pleasure even as he tickled her cherry.

"I have touched your maidenhead, my lady!" he said. "It would be dishonorable to go farther."

"Then you do not truly love me!" fretted the squirming maiden. "I shall be driven to insanity by this terrible itching in my pussy, and you shall be completely to blame! And to think I thought you loved me!"

His heart melted along with his resolve, Hakon bravely pushed farther, until his thick finger had penetrated through Ingrid's cherry. The lovely girl twitched with delight, and lovingly jacked her lover's twitching cock.

"Have I scratched it, then?" he asked, wiggling his finger inside Ingrid's tight wet vagina.

"Oooohh, almost, my darling! You're getting very close! Try to go a little deeper, and you'll have it!" she giggled.

Hakon pushed gently with his hand until the entire length of his manly finger was buried deep inside Ingrid's tight virgin cunt. The brave Viking warrior flexed his finger until his beloved was

purring with pleasure, and rewarding him for his efforts by caressing his balls while jacking his dick.

“Is that enough, my love?” noble Hakon asked. “Is your itch now satisfied?”

But to his surprise, Ingrid's purrs turned once again to a whimpering complaint, and the lovely girl writhed in his arms.

“Oh, no, I fear it is not!” she whined. “I thought you had it for a moment, but now I can tell the true seat of the itch is higher still up my pussy!”

“But, my lover!” Hakon stammered, “I have no more finger left to give you!”

“Oooohhh, damn your quibbling!” Princess Ingrid whimpered, fretting and writhing on the bed. “You must cure me of this unbearable itching! If your finger won't do, then use something longer!”

The inflamed princess threw her arms around her lover and pulled him over on top of her warm soft body, opening her legs so his slim flanks could slip between her white spread thighs.

“Oooohh, Hakon! Fuck me, you thick-headed Viking ox!” she gasped. “Fuck me! Put your big cock up inside my tight, wet little pussy, and fuck me until I don't itch anymore!”

If Hakon had any thoughts left about his honor, he didn't bother voicing them. How could a gentleman refuse his lady what she so passionately begged him for? Especially when the lady had his cock firmly in her hands, guiding it straight to her waiting slit?

Ingrid threw her legs around Hakon's thighs as if to prevent his escape, and directed the throbbing knob of his cock to her wet swollen vaginal lips. Once Hakon felt her soft slit lips caressing his pulsating penis, he forgot he ever knew anything about honor, and with one gentle shove deprived the delighted lady of her maidenhead.

“Yes! Yes!” she cried. “Now you're getting closer! Push a little higher, and you will have satisfied this itch I've had so long.”

Proud Hakon pushed his hips forward, and the swollen knob of his cock ploughed through virgin territory. The caresses of her soft pussy flesh on his penis made Hakon thrill with delight. He pressed onward until a gentle pressure told him he had penetrated to the very bottom of his young lover's virgin vagina.

“Oooohhh, my sweet love!” noble Hakon wooed. “Your sweet little cunt is the greatest pleasure this warrior has ever known! My hard love weapon thrills with joy as it glides to the bottom of your sweet wet love hole!”

“Aaaahhh, my brave lover!” Princess Ingrid swooned. “My loins boil with sexual delight as your proud cock plunges to the fiery depths of my lusting pussy! For years now I have waited to have this hole properly plugged, and now I know why the secret poems call this the state of heavenly bliss!”

The inflamed warrior Hakon was too aroused for much fancy cock play, so he gave his virgin lover the pleasure of some honest straight stroking, until they were both shivering with joy from the sensations generated by the friction of his hard cock moving in and out of her tight wet twat.

“Oh, fuck me, fuck me, my beloved!” Ingrid sobbed. “I love it so much when you stroke in and out of me like that! My pussy is shivering with thrills of sexual pleasure!”

“My cock is also quivering with joy!” Hakon said. “And my balls are tightening with passion while my asshole palpitates with pleasure! My lady, I don't know how long I will be able to control the stream of my passions!”

“Oh, don't even try!” his beloved shuddered in his ear. “I don't want to hear anything about controlling. Scratch my itching pussy with your stiff cock, stir my passions as high as they want to go, and spread your pleasure into my loins if it pleases you!”

The princess' lustful words were like spurs to brave Hakon's passion, and the handsome young warrior squirmed with delight and stirred his long cock around up inside his lover's tight vagina. So

his slim hips were humping rapidly up and down, pumping his thick dick in and out of Ingrid's tender slick cunt.

“Yes, yes! This is the way I need to be fucked!” Ingrid sobbed. “Fuck me hard, my wild Viking warrior! Sweep my decks with your sharp cock! Go berserk in my pulsating pussy!”

Lustful Ingrid raised her legs higher, wrapping them sensuously around Hakon's plunging ass. She embraced him in her slender arms and moaned and shivered as he pumped his pleasure into her tight loving twat.

“Aaaahh, my sweet maiden lover!” the warrior gasped. “Never have I known such ecstasy! My hard cock thrills with every stroke, and I can feel the flood of my pleasure building up between my cock and balls! My cock craves nothing but passionate friction, by rubbing in and out of your sweet cunt as fast as I can move!”

“Oh, move it, move it, my love!” Ingrid sobbed. “I too can feel the climax of my passion approaching, and every stroke of your valiant cock brings it closer! My tight wet virgin cunt craves nothing more than the sweet friction from your dick, and creamy results of your passionate labors!”

The two squirming lovers embraced and kissed, their sex organs throbbing with ever-mounting delight. Bold Hakon penetrated his lady's mouth with his tongue, and gave her sweet lips strokes to match the action of his lusty cock. The lovely maiden was quite overtaken with emotion and desire, and she felt the first of her climax convulsions rippling through her loins.

“Oooohh-ooohhh-ooohh-ah! Ah! Ah!” she sobbed. “Oh, my beloved, you're making me come!” Thrills of pleasure exploded through young Ingrid's aroused crotch. The maiden had experienced orgasms before, but never while being fucked by her beloved's cock, and she was ecstatic in her sexual bliss.

“Oooohhh, fuck me! Oh, shit! Fuck! Cunt! Cock! Piss!” the convulsing virgin gasped. “Oooohh, fuck me, sweet Hakon! Now you are truly scratching that itch between my thighs!”

As the beautiful young dark-haired teenager had her climax, her tight twat contracted with spasms of pleasure, and these convulsions made Hakon's cock pulsate with joy, until the brave warrior could no longer hold back the flood of his passion.

“Oooooooooohhh, my sweet Ingrid!” he sobbed. “Kiss my lips, for my lust's river is about to flow into your belly!”

Lovely Princess Ingrid pressed her mouth to her lover's lips and sucked his tongue into her mouth. At the same time her tight slick slit contracted with a huge orgasmic spasm, and Hakon's cock thrilled with joy and started spurting semen.

The young warrior gasped with passion. His balls twitched and spasmed, and his thick long cock quivered as the burning stream squirted through it into Ingrid's coming cunt. Pleasure ripped through the young man's balls and bowels.

“Ingrid, my darling!” he cried. “Oh, shit, this feels so good! I'm coming in your cunt, Ingrid! I can tell you how much I like it! My cock is having unbelievable spasms of pure sexual pleasure!”

“Ooohh, Hakon, my sweet screwer!” lovely Ingrid gasped. “I can feel the stream of your lust flooding my love tunnel! My pussy reels with joy as your spurts of creamy semen jet into my slit!”

The two young lovers squirmed and writhed together, their sex organs welded together by the flames of sexual ecstasy. The strong young warrior poured his jism into the girl's twitching virgin slit, and her vaginal convulsions kept milking the cream out of the lad's dick, until finally his balls went dry and he had to stop coming.

“Hakon, Hakon, that was so nice!” sweet Ingrid purred. They laid quietly now, his cock still lodged deep within her slit, their arms entwined, happy with the golden after glow of a good fuck.

“Oooohh, my sweet princess!” Hakon sighed. “What is to become of our honor! I fear I have not only deflowered your sweet maidenhead, but I have loosed my semen inside your slit!”

“And I loved every drop of it!” Ingrid sighed. “If you truly love me, sweet Hakon, you must come here and fuck me frequently! I fear the itching between my legs may be a nightly occurrence, and I shall surely go mad if it's not often scratched!”

CHAPTER TWO

Young Princess Astrid watched this whole scene through the crack in the door, and she was much aroused. After Ingrid and Hakon had stopped fucking, Astrid went to her bed and laid down, much troubled in her mind.

Astrid remembered how Hakon had caressed her sister's lovely breasts, and Astrid moved her hands to her own beautiful tits. The girl untied her bodice and allowed her breasts to tumble out of the loosened garment.

“My breasts are almost as large as Ingrid's!” Astrid said to herself. “I wonder if I'd feel good if my breasts were caressed?”

In answer to her own question, lovely blonde young Astrid moved her soft hands to her swelling boobs. She touched the white round mounds with each hand, and then gave in to a desire to caress her own nipples.

Astrid's nipples were rose-pink, and they immediately puckered up with passion when she stroked them. Soon they were quite erect with pleasure, and Astrid could feel her young body squirming with sexual arousal.

“It's true!” Astrid remarked. “It does make my pussy feel good if my nipples are played with!”

The pretty little princess wet her fingers in her mouth and manipulated her nipples, gently squeezing with her soft fingers. Soon she was writhing with passion, and there was no doubt that her little pussy was growing wet with desire.

“Do I dare touch myself between my legs?” the pretty fifteen-year-old asked herself. Before she had a chance to answer, one of her gentle hands was sliding down her smooth belly.

“Oh! My hair feels so soft!” she giggled. “My soft curly pussy hairs!”

She explored further. “I wonder if I have a clitoris too?” she asked herself.

She investigated the area around the top of her crack, right above the inside lips of her slit. Sure enough, she found a tiny button of pleasure flesh that gave off wonderful sensations when she stimulated it.

“Aaaaaahhh!” she gasped. “I do have a clit! And it feels good when I rub it!”

Wetting her fingers again from her mouth, Astrid began stroking her little clitoris. She rubbed back and forth across it, and soon it was swelling with passion.

“Mmmmmmmnnnn!” she purred. “This really does feel good!”

Before long young Astrid's loins were glowing with good sexual arousal, and thrills of pleasure were rolling through her belly. She could tell her little slit was getting even wetter.

“My pussy feels like it wants to be touched!” she sighed.

Astrid moved her finger down to her bright pink slit, which was beginning to swell open with desire. When her finger touched the inflamed flesh, made slippery by the flowing nectars of her cunt, Astrid groaned and writhed with pleasure.

“Oooooohhh! My pussy does feel good!”

~~The lovely girl stripped off her gown and stretched out naked on her bed, her thighs parted and knees bent. She put both of her hands between her white thighs, and started seriously trying to give her young body the pleasure it had never yet known.~~

Astrid used her finger to penetrate about an inch into her vagina. It felt so good, the girl was soon shivering with joy. She rotated her finger, stirring the entrance to her love hole, and her legs shuddered with pleasure.

“My pussy loves this!” she whispered to herself.

Then the pretty little blonde princess used her other hand to manipulate her clitoris, and soon the little pleasure organ was erect and throbbing.

“Sexual stimulation really feels good!” Astrid moaned. “I really like to play with myself!”

The girl was soon writhing all over the bed, her long slender limbs trembling with delight. Her pussy swelled open with delight, and the girl soon found herself fingering her maidenhead. She found the hole in her cherry, and was soon exploring her vagina beyond her virginal membrane.

“Oooohh! This really does feel good up in there!”

Stroking her finger in and out of her cunt, Astrid soon had herself whipped into a frenzy of lust. Her long blonde hair sprawled across the pillow as her pretty head rolled back and forth in passion, her lips moaning with pleasure.

“Mmmmmmm!! I really want to make myself come! I've never had an orgasm before!”

Faster and faster the young girl friggged her virginal sex organs, until the sensations came so fast and so deep the child knew she was approaching her climax.

“Oooohh! Oooohh!oohh!oooohh!aah! Oh! Oh, my cunt! My pussy tickles so hard! I can hardly stand it!”

The girl's beautiful round ass squirmed voluptuously on her bed, and her back arched with the tension of the approaching orgasm. Astrid's teeth chattered and her hands shook as she masturbated herself.

“Oooooohhh, fuck!” she gasped. Astrid almost never spoke all the dirty words she had picked up since childhood, but now the lovely princess found that it increased her ardor if she whispered obscenities to herself while she masturbated.

“Oohhhh, fuck, fuck, fuck!” the excited virgin giggled. “Shit! Piss! Cunt! Cock! Pussy! Pecked! Twat! Dick!”

Astrid's young crotch was now sizzling with hot sexual energy, and the noble maiden was panting with joy. Her little clit was as hard as a pebble, and it vibrated with tremendous pleasure sensations.

Similarly, her tight wet virgin slit was pulsating with joy from her finger-strokes.

The sensations got better and better, and finally young Astrid felt her body convulsing with her first sexual climax.

“Aaaahhhh! Ooohh!!oohh!oh!oh! Oh! Mm-mmm!”

Her lovely young body wracked with thrills of pleasure, Princess Astrid flopped and writhed all over the bed while waves of warm orgasms rippled out from her climaxing genitals.

“I'm coming! I'm coming!” the child sobbed. “I'm making myself have an orgasm, and it feels so good! Oh, shit-fuck, pussy-cunt! I just love to come!”

Convulsions of joy gripped her tight maiden twat, and her sweet slick nectars poured from her little pink slit. The lovely blonde girl humped her slim hips uncontrollably, shuddering with passion.

But finally the spasms passed, and Princess Astrid fell back on her mattress, exhausted but satisfied.

“By all the gods of Valhalla!” the maiden gasped. “What a joy that was! No wonder people make such a great deal out of sex! Surely it must be one of the most wonderful things in the world!”—

The young girl took a dainty handkerchief and delicately mopped up the free-flowing pussy juice that had overflowed her cunt and dribbled down her lovely ass cheeks. But then she heard some small noise from the adjoining chamber, and she went to look again into her sister's bedroom.

“Can they be at it again so quickly?” she wondered. She crept to the door and once again spied upon the couple.

They were indeed again engaged in sexual sport! Lovely dark-haired Princess Ingrid had now assumed the upper position, with brave Hakon on the bottom. Ingrid had already straddled his swollen pole, and his cock was just now penetrating deep into her vagina.

“Oooooohh, yes, brave Hakon!” Ingrid whispered. “It feels so good to have you inside me again. You are a valiant warrior indeed, to respond so quickly to another call to battle!”

“My lady, I pray only that my sword may always be ready whenever you command!” moaned handsome Hakon, as his noble lady rocked her slender hips up and down, moving her pussy around on his swollen cock knob.

Beautiful Ingrid rested her weight on her hands, and Hakon found that by leaning upward he could suck her brown nipples while his cock stirred her cunt. This discovery caused them both much pleasure!

“Oooooohh, sweet Hakon!” Ingrid sighed. “You suck my tits and fuck my pussy at the same time! My body shivers with thrills of joy when you do that!”

“My delight is no less increased!” Hakon replied. “When I suck tenderly on your taut nipples, I am rewarded with a tiny contraction of your twat, which transmits sensations of the deepest pleasure to my hard-on!”

The screwing couple took to moving faster, in order to enjoy the sweet friction produced by the gliding of Ingrid's vagina up and down the stiff length of Hakon's hard cock. Soon both were moaning and shuddering with joy.

Inventive young Hakon then made another discovery. By sliding his strong hand down between their heaving bellies, he was able to touch his lover's little clitoris, and that gave her great delight!

“Oh, my wonderful Icelandic lover!” Ingrid breathed. “You have no idea how good that makes me feel! Your long pole stirs the depths of my throbbing cunt, and now your strong fingers also arouse my little lust button! My sex organs are pulsating with delight!”

Copious quantities of slippery nectars were flowing from young Ingrid's vagina, and Hakon used these fluids to lubricate her stiff little clit. Using his thumb and index finger to vigorously frig her little fuck button, at the same time thrusting his huge erection deep into her twat, Hakon soon had his lady hovering on the brink of her orgasm.

Princess Ingrid then invented a novelty of her own. Reaching her long slender arm around the writhing asses, she managed to touch Hakon's quivering testicles. The brave lad gasped with pleasure when his moaning lover fondled his balls while he fucked her cunt and friggd her clit.

“Oooooohh, my love, my sweet hard-cocked lover!” Ingrid babbled in her delight. “I feel as though I must have died and joined the immortal gods in Valhalla, since I am sure such pleasures as I now enjoy are not meant for mere humans!”

“They are meant for you and none other!” noble Hakon gently disagreed. “The immortal gods and their wisdom have given men and women the gift of sexual pleasure, and we must now show them no disservice by denying ourselves this benefit!”

“Ooooohhh!” sweet Ingrid sighed in her delight. “Then it is actually an act of piety for me to be

quivering in pleasure from your stiff cock up my cunt, and your strong hands on my clitoris.”

“So it must be, my sweet lady!” Hakon insisted.

The worthy warrior's passions were also approaching the threshold of orgasm, and he could feel his pleasure gathering at the base of his cock. Ingrid's tender caresses on his balls were making his sack tighten with joy.

“My lady, I suspect my hard cock will soon spew its seed into your belly!” the gentleman warned. “Would it not be better for our already compromised honor if we were to allow this flood to spill harmlessly into the air?”

But the beautiful Princess Ingrid would hear nothing of his suggestion! Instead, the lovely teenager only clamped her arms and legs more firmly around her lover's body, and started humping her lover's round ass quickly up and down his quivering dick.

“Oh, no, my noble lover!” she countered. “I crave for you to flood my cunt with your hot semen. I sense that your powerful ejaculation is all I need to complete my own pleasure! Please, my love—surely you will not deny me my delight for the sake of your honor?”

Since lovely Ingrid chose to define the matter as a test of his love, noble Hakon had no choice but to embrace his lover and fuck her manfully until he was no longer able to restrain the flow of his seed. His caressed balls convulsed with extreme pleasure, and his asshole contracted. Ingrid sweetly squeezed his throbbing balls and jacked the base of his cock, and the brave Viking cried out and came.

“Oooohhh, by Odin!” he swore. “I have no choice! My sex organs are exploding! I'm coming for you, dear Ingrid!”

Hakon groaned and squirmed as the semen poured out of his twitching cock. His body was wracked with thrills of pleasure. His arousal was so great and his release so complete that he ejaculated his entire load in one long stream, and the sexual joy was so intense the worthy warrior almost swooned.

As lovely Ingrid had suspected, this splendid ejaculation was the trigger for her own quaking orgasm, and the beautiful princess screamed with delight as her body quivered with spasms of pleasure.

“Oh, fuck me, sweet Hakon!” the orgasming lady gasped. “Fuck me hard and deep, and squirt your powerful ejaculation into my cunt! I can't help coming when I feel you shooting off into me like this!”

The lady's cunt contracted with her joy, and the spasm milked the last drops out of Hakon's throbbing sex organ. He yelped with delight as his pleasure-charged cock jerked in his lover's vagina.

“With mighty Thor as my witness, never have I known such pleasure from a woman's body!” the worthy Viking gasped. “Your throbbing pussy sucks my juices right out of me, leaving me limp and shaking with delight!”

Finally their exertions diminished, and they relaxed exhausted on the bed. Both were extremely satisfied with the pleasure they had taken together.

Is it necessary to add that the younger Princess Astrid also went back to her own bed and again whipped her own young virgin body into a frenzy of passion, finding release through her own clever manipulation of her sex organs?

And so matters remained for many days. Each night young Hakon would steal into Ingrid's chamber, and there they would fuck and play until dawn, while young Astrid lay next door, listening to their sex play, and frigging herself to orgasm as often as her older sister was fucked.

CHAPTER THREE

One day King Brian sat in his hall on his high seat, drinking with his retainers, when young Hakon approached and asked permission to speak.

“Good King Brian,” Hakon began, “I would like your permission to ask you a favor?”

“You may ask me anything save one,” the King replied. “I will not listen to you begging me again for the hand of my daughter Ingrid!”

The king's retainers all knew how much their companion Hakon wanted the King's daughter to wed and they laughed at this sally of Brian's. But Hakon, already secretly enjoying Princess Ingrid's beauty, merely smiled inwardly and continued.

“I will not bore your ears with that today, Your Majesty,” the young warrior assured the King. “That is another matter I would lay before you!”

“Go ahead then!” consented the noble Brian.

“I have received information that my kinsman Gunnar Bjornson is coming out from Iceland. He is a great warrior, and he informs me that he would like to be accepted into your household as one of your retainers, Your Majesty.”

King Brian thought this was good news, because Gunnar Bjornson's reputation had already reached the Orkney Islands, and he was thought to be one of the most promising young warriors in Scandinavia. He had already had many adventures that had turned out to his honor, and he was a young lad not yet twenty.

“I will not be sorry to have Gunnar Bjornson among my retainers!” King Brian said. “He will be welcomed here whenever he comes!”

Several days later Gunnar arrived in a long ship with thirty good men. His kinsman Hakon met him at the shore, and they embraced.

“Did you tell King Brian I was coming?” Gunnar immediately asked.

“Indeed I did, and he was delighted!” Hakon answered. “He has assured me that you will spend the winter here in high honor if you choose to become his retainer!”

Then Gunnar and Hakon went to Hakon's house so Gunnar could get ready to meet the King. He dressed himself in a red silk robe that had been a gift from King Harald of Norway, and strapped on his jeweled sword and scabbard he had himself taken off the famous pirate Arnie Ulfson after killing the notorious berserker in a desperate battle.

Gunnar summoned his men and had them all dressed in fine clothes from the treasure chests in his ship. Then he said, “All right, kinsman! I am ready to meet King Brian!”

Hakon took Gunnar to Brian's hall. Gunnar and Hakon walked in at the head of thirty men, warriors all, all dressed in fine clothes, and everyone remarked at what a splendid impression they made. Gunnar was introduced to Brian by Hakon.

“What brings you to my lands, famous Gunnar?” King Brian asked.

“A desire to see your splendour, Your Majesty, since the high quality of the Court of Orkney is well-known throughout all the northern lands! I would consider it an honor if you should accept me into your service, and I have with me thirty men, all hand picked warriors, who I would place at your command!”

Then Gunnar had his men bring up many chests containing gifts for the King and his court. To King Brian he gave a gold-crusted shield that had once belonged to the King of Ireland, and a golden crown taken at great peril during a Viking expedition into the Baltic lands. The king was well pleased with these rich gifts, and many others besides which the generous Gunnar gave to him.

Then Gunnar said, “I have presents for the ladies also, for the fame of your beautiful daughters here.”

also spread far and wide, Your Majesty!”

Astrid and Ingrid had been watching from behind their father's high seat, and now King Brian told his daughters to come forward, and he introduced the two princesses to the gallant Icelander.

Gunnar reached again into his chests.

“For the Princess Ingrid, beloved of my kinsman Hakon, I have twenty yards of the finest Oriental silk. Should it please my lord, King Brian, perhaps she may wear it to wed my noble kinsman!”

Everyone marveled at the richness, and the vast quantity, of the precious silk, and it was remarkable that a pound of gold could not buy that much of the precious cloth at the open market. Everyone thought that Hakon's suit for Ingrid's hand would prosper better now that his impressive kinsman Gunnar was at court!

Princess Ingrid thanked Gunnar courteously for his fine gift. Then Gunnar reached again into his chest and took out a necklace of gold chain, encrusted with precious gems. It was worth a king's ransom, and many people gasped when the beautiful treasure caught the light and its many diamonds and emeralds sparkled against the red gold.

“For the lovely Princess Astrid, who is as beautiful as her starry name implies!” the gallant Gunnar said. And as he hung the priceless gift around noble Astrid's neck, a spark passed between their eyes, and when Gunnar's hand accidentally stroked Astrid's breast while he adjusted the necklace, they both trembled as if an electric shock had passed through them.

“Thank you!” the lovely fifteen-year-old princess sighed. “I shall wear it always, in memory of your generosity!”

Then King Brian made Gunnar a member of his household, and gave him a seat of honor very close to his own high seat, and gave him also many rich presents in return.

Although Gunnar was not by nature a boastful man, he had enjoyed many splendid adventures, and since he was a good story teller, he was always being asked to tell the court about his battles. Soon he was very popular in the court, and everyone was waiting for him to start wooing Brian's young daughter.

But some of King Brian's retainers were jealous. There was a man named Helgi who was a kinsman of the King. He had tried to woo both of Brian's daughters without success, and now he began to say things privately to the king to undermine his trust of Gunnar and Hakon.

“The sagas are full of warnings about these situations,” Helgi told the king. “These two young adventurers think they can come into your court and slowly win both your confidence and your daughters! Then when they are safely wed to your children and have won over the hearts of your men with their open-handed generosity, they will do away with you and your rule here in your stead!”

King Brian was not completely persuaded by these arguments, for Gunnar and Hakon were welcome additions to any king's court, but the king did all he could to prevent the further development of any romance between the two brave Icelanders and his beautiful daughters.

Brian was relieved to see that Hakon and Ingrid seemed to have less interest in each other these days. Of course, the king didn't know they were spending every night together, fornicating until dawn.

Young Gunnar was so famous and handsome, many of the ladies of the court immediately tried to seduce him to their beds.

First was a lady named Hilda, the seventeen-year-old daughter of King Brian's steward. Hilda was a beautiful girl with long copper colored hair, high full breasts, and a lovely round ass. One night she went to Gunnar's house on the pretense of bringing him some cakes she had baked.

Gunnar welcomed the young lady courteously, and before long the lovely girl brought their conversation around to sex and wooing.

“So tell me, brave Gunnar—we have all heard about your brave exploits in battle. But are you also a man for the ladies? Does it ever please you to kiss a lady's lips?”

“Indeed, I refuse me no pleasures that do me honor!” Gunnar replied. “Should a well-born young lady choose to honor me with a kiss, I would hardly refuse!”

Whereupon the lovely Hilda threw herself into handsome Gunnar's strong arms, and begged the hero to kiss her mouth. Gunnar complied, and soon they were entwined in a passionate embrace.

As soon as their mouths met the lady Hilda's lips parted and Gunnar could feel the hot caresses of her sweet pink tongue. Gunnar likewise opened his lips, and their tongues met and mingled.

“Oooohh!” the young girl sighed. “Your kiss has like to made me swoon! Please show me where I might lie down!”

Gunnar showed the lady a couch, and she laid full length on it in her thin gown, and she caught Gunnar's hand and pulled him down beside her.

“Now that there is no danger of my falling over, I urge you to waste no time in kissing me again!”

So valiant Gunnar laid down with the fair maiden, and soon they were kissing and hugging, and both were quick to become aroused, being young and comely.

“Oooooohh, brave Gunnar!” the girl moaned. “Your kisses make my heart flutter! Here, give me your hand!” And lovely Hilda took Gunnar's hand and pressed it to her swelling left breast. “Can't you hear my heart beating?”

Whether or not Gunnar could feel the lady's heartbeat is not recorded, but certainly he could feel the lady's breast, and that gave him such pleasure that he soon had his hand inside the bodice of her gown, caressing her naked nipples with his strong hands.

Gunnar's caresses made the lovely girl squirm with delight. Soon her pretty dress had worked up her legs almost to her waist, and she was rubbing her naked legs against Gunnar's, trying to make his cock swell with passion.

“Does my young body excite you, noble Gunnar?” the girl asked.

“Oh, yes!” the hero promptly answered. “In truth, I must admit that for many days now I have been secretly admiring your lovely round ass!”

So aroused had Gunnar become that he could not restrain his hand, and even as he spoke his fingers slipped up the back of the lady's gown and started stroking the beautiful cheeks of the lady's ass.

Hilda squirmed and giggled as Gunnar's strong hands caressed her buttocks while his soft lips started kissing her nipples. The pretty girl opened her thighs, so Gunnar's hand was between her legs and her sexual flesh was open to him.

Finding her treasures so exposed, Gunnar permitted himself to feel Hilda's tender genitals, thus making the lovely lass groan and writhe with sexual arousal. Gunnar's sure fingers quickly located Hilda's little clitoris.

“Ooohhhh! Ahhhhhh, what sweet thrills I feel when your finger stimulates my little lust button!” Hilda sighed. “It makes my little cunt all wet with slick juices!”

Gunnar investigated the opening to Hilda's sweet vagina, and found her word to be true. The pink lips of her slit were swelling open with passion, and a generous flow of pleasure fluids was beginning to spill from her crack.

“It's the truth you speak, sweet lady!” Gunnar whispered. “Your little cunny is flowing with sweet nectars! If I did not value your honor so highly, I would be tempted to penetrate it with my finger, in hopes of giving you some small joy!”

“Oh, please don't hesitate!” the girl begged. “I can only think that any caress given me by the mighty Gunnar can only enhance my honor!”

So Gunnar gently penetrated the girl's swelling crack with his finger. The lovely girl giggled and writhed with pleasure as the hero's hand tickled her little twat.

Now the lovely Hilda fell to whimpering with passion as the brave warrior stroked her cunt. Squirring voluptuously on the couch, the lady cupped her breast in her own hand so the gallant Gunnar could suck her nipple while finger-fucking her pussy.

"Oooohhhh! Aaaahhhh!" the lady moaned. "Never have I had such pleasure from a simple finger-fuck! Your strong finger makes my cunt shiver with pleasure, brave Gunnar!"

Seeking to arouse Gunnar further, lovely Hilda began running her fingers over the mighty Viking's groin. Her hands soon encountered an object so long and hard she could not believe it was his cock!

"Gunnar, have you come to bed with me with your great iron battle-mace concealed in your trousers?" she asked.

"I am armed only for the battle of the sexes, my lady!" brave Gunnar assured her. "The weapon you feel has a somewhat blunted point, and is best suited for use in holes that are already prepared for its entry!"

"Unsheath the weapon, so I can see how you are armed!" Hilda challenged, fumbling at his trouser buttons..

Gunnar obliged the lady by opening his pants. His huge cock sprang into her hand, and she stroked its immense length, marvelling at the size and strength of it.

"I think not many men could match weapons with this one, bold Gunnar!" Hilda confessed. The lovely girl couldn't keep her hands off of it, and soon she was using both hands to caress and stroke Gunnar's heroic cock.

"I swear, it's nearly as long as my arm from the elbow to the wrist, and at least as big around!" the lady remarked with enthusiasm.

Without any further conversation, beautiful young Hilda rolled over on her round ass and flung her legs open, begging noble Gunnar to fuck her flowing cunt.

"Now Gunnar, if you are a true gentleman, you will not deny me the pleasure of a spirited fuck. Your caresses and the sight of your heroic penis in its erect condition have aroused in me such a passion that I shall have to count you my enemy if you should fail to relieve me of it!"

The lady looked so appealing in her passion, her white thighs opened to expose her pink throbbing slit, and her words were so plaintive that brave Gunnar thought it to be a point of honor to mount her and give her the benefit of his splendid erection.

"Fuck me! Fuck me, brave Gunnar of Iceland!" Hilda gasped. The noble lady sought his quivering cock with her dainty hand, and guided it directly to her inflamed vagina. "Stick it in me!"

But the lady had not counted on the formidable size of Gunnar's weapon, and she gasped with surprise when her pink lips stretched and his swollen cock knob penetrated her tight love hole.

"Oh! Oooohh, my lover, stop for a moment! Lie still and let me get adjusted to your enormous hard-on!"

They laid quietly for a moment until the juices started flowing again in Hilda's tight twat, and then the high-born lady started to feel tremendous sensations of pleasure from Gunnar's huge erection.

"Oh, now it feels good!" she giggled. "Please move it around a little, Gunnar!"

The stout warrior gyrated his muscular hips, and his gigantic erection squirmed inside his lady's vagina, filling them both with thrills of pleasure.

"The sweetness of your cunt delights me, my lady!" Gunnar said. "Your little pussy is as tight as can be, but also wonderfully soft and pleasantly lubricated with your creamy love juices! If it wouldn't trouble you, I think I will push my cock a little deeper into your delicious fuck hole!!"

In answer, the noble lady pressed her round ass upwards, accomplishing the very act Gunnar had described, so that his large cock was now deeply lodged in the lady's pleasure tunnel. Beautiful Hilda raised her shapely legs and wrapped them around her lover's quivering ass.

"Oooooohh, sweet lady!" the bold warrior gasped. "I can now feel your tight cunt encasing almost the entire length of my hardened penis! I can't tell you what pleasure my weapon takes from being so delightfully sheathed!"

"Ooohh, bold Gunnar!" the lady responded. "My cunt is filled with thrills of joy as your enlarged cock penetrated down to the very bottom! Never have I been so well filled! Fuck me, brave Viking! Pour your sword strokes into my gaping pleasure wound!"

And so they engaged in spirited fucking. Mighty Gunnar rode the lady like a spirited fill, squirming artfully in her soft saddle. The young girl cringed with passion as her manly lover fucked her valiantly, until the noble lass was almost out of control with lust.

"Pray, slow down, brave Gunnar!" she wailed. "You will ride me to my orgasm before you've had time to enjoy the gallop!"

But noble Gunnar insisted that he cared not a bit for his own pleasure. "It is only your sweet spasms I seek, my lady!" he panted. "In truth, I only mounted you in order to still the passion I had raised in your cunt, and it would be dishonorable of me to let my own pleasure flow into your unprotected loins!"

Lovely Hilda wanted nothing more than to feel Gunnar's lustful flood sluicing into her slit, so she tried her best to make him come, flexing her throbbing cunt and whispering obscene endearments into his ear.

"Oooohh, fuck my tight throbbing cunt, sweet Gunnar!" she moaned. "Work your hard cock out of my loins! Come in me if you want to, I don't mind! Wouldn't it feel good to have a nice orgasm while you're fucking my tight wet pussy?"

But Gunnar's control was such that he rode the lady unswervingly to her climax, without spilling a drop within her twat. Soon the lovely girl was whimpering and sobbing with uncontrollable pleasure as her orgasm finally caught up with her.

"Ooohh! Oh, you're making me come!" she cried. "You're fucking me so good I can't stop myself from having an orgasm!"

The lovely young lady trembled and jerked as the come spasms thrilled through her beautiful body. Gunnar waited until her last convulsion died away, then pulled out his swollen cock.

"Touch me!" he cried.

The well-fucked lady was in such awe of his powers that she forgot her disappointment in not making her heroic lover come inside her, and she wrapped her dainty hand around his hard cock and jacked it once with sensuous tenderness. Gunnar's enormous cock immediately spewed forth such a mighty ejaculation that the lady's breasts and belly were soaked.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!" the mighty warrior gasped, and then he collapsed on the couch.

The lady then rearranged her clothing and went home, but not before gallant Gunnar had given her a bracelet made of solid red gold.

The next lady to present herself to Gunnar's attentions was the lovely Thora, daughter of Thorhalla, King Brian's helmsman. Thora had chestnut-colored hair, and her breasts were exceptionally large and well-shaped. Her legs were famously long, and her face was very fair, with large green eyes.

One day Thora met Gunnar outside the king's hall and struck up a conversation with him.

"I should not want to detain you if you are about some important business," the girl, a mere sixteen, said.

The gallant Gunnar immediately responded,—"What could be more important than exchanging words with a pretty young lady?"

Thora smiled and blushed, then said, "Perhaps we could be exchanging more than words, bold Gunnar of Iceland!"

Gunnar inferred from this remark that the young lady was not urging him to restrain himself. He would not care to besmirch the lady Thora's honor by denying any suitable exchange that she might suggest!"

Thora now suggested that the two of them walk up the fjord a little ways to see if they might find some wild berries to pick. Gunnar readily agreed to this, and soon they found themselves in a secluded little glade some half-mile from King Brian's hall. They had not found any berries.

"There are many things we could now exchange besides words, bold Gunnar!" Thora remarked.

"Shall we then begin with kisses?" Gunnar asked.

The noble young couple immediately fell to kissing. Their lips opened and their tongues caressed each other, until their sexual passions began to be inflamed.

"Now we must exchange caresses!" Thora sighed. "I will open my blouse for you if you will not disdain to caress my breasts!"

Gallant Gunnar dared not to insult the lady by refusing so intimate an offer, so he was soon stroking and petting the fine breasts of which noble Thora was so justly proud.

"Many are the compliments I have heard paid to your lovely tits," Gunnar said, "and now I can understand their justly deserved fame! Seldom have I looked upon or caressed such a fine pair of breasts, and on a young lady of such tender age!"

"Oh, thank you, brave warrior!" Thora sighed.

"The praise of Gunnar of Iceland is worth the compliments of a hundred lesser men! I could now go happily to my grave, knowing that you have gazed upon my breasts and found them to your liking."

"Oh, sweet lady!" gentle Gunnar chided. "Don't yet die before I have an opportunity to salute your lovely nipples with my lips."

Gunnar bent his golden head to Thora's lovely tits and in a moment was sucking and licking her splendid nipples until they stood erect with passion.

"Oooohh, bold Gunnar!" the lady gasped, "your lustful kisses are better to my breasts than the compliments of a dozen kings! Never before have I felt such thrills of pleasure surging through my taut nipples!"

The young lady squirmed about so lustily that the skirts of her gown were soon entangled up around the tops of her thighs, and Gunnar spied the copper color of the hairs that grew around her pussy.

"In truth, I must admit that your breasts do deeply arouse me!" the warrior admitted. "But this small glimpse of your soft sweet pubic hairs has inflamed me even more, and I must confess I am so tempted to soil our honor by caressing your secret sexual treasures!"

Upon hearing this, fair Thora opened her thighs even further, treating Gunnar to the sight of her exposed crotch, including the wet pink flesh between the lips of her vagina.

"Please do not restrain yourself on account of my honor!" sighed the beautiful young girl. "The blame lies entirely with me! If I had not been so careless as to expose my sex organs to you, you would not have become so inflamed! Please feel free to make whatever use of me you might desire for I could only be honored by the caresses of the famous Gunnar of Iceland!"

So Gunnar relented and caressed the lady's sweet pleasure places with his gentle hands, and it was a source of great pleasure to both of them. The lady was already greatly aroused, and Gunnar found her

crack already dripping with slippery juices when he touched between her white thighs.

~~“My young female body oozes cream for you, sweet Gunnar!” the girl murmured. “How I love when you caress my cunt like that!”~~

The lady was not lying—her young body was trembling with passion, and waves of sexual thrill surged through her lovely genitals. Gunnar, for his part, was delighted with the way the girl squirmed in his arms when he stroked the folds of her vagina.

“I can tell you find my caresses to your liking, my lady,” the warrior whispered, “for your lovely ass squirms on the ground when I tweak your little clit with my fingers!”

“Oooh, yes, yes, it does! I do!” the delighted lass gasped. “Your caresses are more exciting than any I have ever known! My honor will be forever soiled if I fail to return the favor!”

So saying, the beautiful young Thora reached for bold Gunnar's crotch. In a trice her nimble fingers unfastened his pants, and the noble lady gasped as Gunnar's heroic erection was exposed to her.

“Oooooohh, my lord!” she gasped. “Surely you must be a sorcerer or shape changer, for an organ of this size should only be found on a horse!”

Irresistibly attracted to Gunnar's throbbing erection, Thora instantly began to pet it with her dainty soft hands.

“Aaaahh! Look, valiant Gunnar! It grows even larger as I fondle it! The enormous red knob swelling even larger!” the girl marvelled. “Would you hold it against me if I wanted to greet it with my kiss?”

“By no means would that displease me!” Gunnar assured her. “Please disport yourself with it however you like!”

So lovely Thora bent her copper-colored head over Gunnar's immense erection and began to kiss and lick the round red knob, until the brave Viking was trembling with lust.

“Oh, suck me! Suck my cock with your sweet lips!” the warrior sobbed. “The knob of my cock shivers with delight from your oral caresses!”

Thora opened wide her jaws and sucked the entire quivering tip between her lips. Gunnar gasped with pleasure as the lovely girl massaged his cock knob with her warm wet soft mouth.

“I love the taste of your manly penis!” the girl moaned. “Many days now have I wanted to suck your cock, bold Gunnar!”

Then Thora proceeded to give Gunnar an exquisite blow job, until the hero's cock was throbbing with pleasure, and his balls were quivering with spasms of joy. When the mighty warrior was greatly aroused, the lovely lady rolled over on her back and coaxed him to fuck her.

“Now that your weapon has reached such heroic proportions, please turn it to my services if you really desire to honor me,” the girl cried. “I crave nothing on this earth so much as I crave the penetration of my vagina by your noble cock! Please don't disappoint me, gallant Gunnar!”

Gunnar allowed the girl to pull him on top of her, and suffered his cock to be inserted between her pink vaginal lips. In truth, the gallant warrior was not loath to do the lady this service, since he judged her cunt to be wet, slick and tight.

Nor was he wrong in his assumptions, for the girl's cunt proved to be as rewarding as he had expected. Tight though it was, it was also exceedingly soft, and very well lubricated, so that his huge hard cock slipped without problem into her deepest places, much to their mutual delight.

“I can feel your hard cock pressing against the farthest fold of my soft vagina, bold Gunnar!” the girl sighed. “My pussy is throbbing with delight from your heroic penetration!”

The swollen knob of Gunnar's cock pulsated with little spasms of delight as the Viking slowly stroked in and out of Thora's tight cunt. The friction thrilled both of them, and they laughed and

embraced, squirming from the delight they got from each other's sex organs.

~~Brave Gunnar maneuvered his cock so skillfully that the young lady was soon quivering with passion, while thrills of joy surged through her thoroughly aroused loins. Her pussy shivered with little spasms of delight, and she lifted her lovely legs and pointed her pretty toes to the blue sky.~~

“Oh, fuck me, you brave Viking warrior!” she sobbed. “You have no idea what kind of sensations get from your wonderful cock strokes! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, Gunnar of Iceland!”

Gunnar's worthy exertions rapidly brought the lady to the edge of her ultimate passion, and she was suddenly amazed to see that the bold warrior was not keeping up with her.

“You are surely fucking me to orgasm!” the lady gasped. “Will you not do me the honor of coming too? Please come in me, Gunnar!”

But gallant Gunnar tightened his hold on his weapons of love, artfully fucking the lady to climax without spilling a drop of his seed. In the end the lady had to abandon her plan to make him come to her, and she simply gave herself up to her pleasure, which was easily three times greater than she had known from any previous fuck.

“Oooohhhhh, Gunnar, I'm coming so hard!” Thora sobbed. “My cunt is exploding with pleasure from your strong cock strokes! Shit! Fuck! Fuck me hard, sweet Viking!”

Gunnar fucked her manfully until her spasms had ceased, and then he rolled off of her, his cock still engorged with lust. The young lady was so grateful for the pleasure he had shown her, she quickly sucked his cock into her mouth to give him gratification.

Gunnar's cock jerked lustily as soon as it felt Thora's soft wet oral caress, and immediately the noble girl's sucking mouth was flooded with Gunnar's manly discharge. The valiant warrior squirmed and gasped as the lovely girl sucked the come out of him. She even tickled his balls for him, to make sure he ejaculated every drop!

“Aaaaaahhhhhh...!!” the bold Viking groaned as his ejaculation was sucked out of his quaking cock.

Gunnar's testicles shivered with convulsions of pleasure, and he spewed enough semen to fill his drinking horn. His sex organs contracted with convulsions of ecstatic joy while his jism flowed through his quivering piss slit.

Brave Thora swallowed as fast as she could, sucking in more at the same time. She was amazed at Gunnar's ejaculation, and near the end almost feared of drowning. But finally she sucked the hero's balls dry, and he stopped squirting into her mouth.

“Aaahhh, with Thor as my witness!” the mighty Viking swore, “never have I parted with such pleasure with my semen! Your mouth, my sweet Thora, is better than all the cunts in Norway!!”

Thora was deeply honored by this compliment, but she was disappointed that brave Gunnar had disdained to ejaculate in her vagina. She was grateful for the honor and the pleasure, but she knew the bold Iclander would never lose his heart to her, and after a while she adjusted her clothing and walked back to the hall.

And so it remained for many days. Lovely ladies from King Brian's court paraded their sexual treasures before Gunnar's eyes, and he tasted many of their pleasures, but never would he consent to sweeten their snatches with his mighty ejaculation.

Also, brave Gunnar pretended at all times to ignore sweet Princess Astrid, although that youthful beauty wore at all times the golden necklace he had given her. But Gunnar's kinsman Hakon continued his nightly visits to Princess Ingrid's chambers, and they became very educated in the arts of sexual gratification.

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