

Eija-Riita

A Story from the Odin Chronicles

"Mommy, there's a man eating the food you left out!" Outi, her little one, tugged at her skirt. Eija-Riita put her sewing aside and pushed open the wooden window, the one facing the pasture and the mountains beyond. She was drained and out of energy. Ever since she sent her husband Ongull out for food on the very night of the Solstice she felt a hole in her belly where her emotions churned like the angry sea, mostly regrets. It took her a while for her brain to register that in fact there was a man in the pasture sitting in the snow, eating. He sat in front of the offering cairn, reaching up to it for an apple, a piece of bread, or whatever he fancied to take. He ate slowly, looking down past the settlement, past the fjord, out to the sea.

"This means one more thing I have to do." She looked around, there was no one in the long house with her but Outi.

"Find some men folk, Flosi or Forni. If you can find them, anyone will do." She looked down at her little one, instilling a sense of urgency in her eyes. "Tell them there's a stranger eating the offerings." Outi ran out one door. Eija-Riita grabbed a broom and marched out the other.

She went straight towards the cairn and the stranger eating there. She marched through the snow with a single minded determination.

Who does he think he is!

The stranger looked up at her as she approached but he didn't change his position or pace. He took another bite of cheese. Besides being apples, bread, and cheese, there were all sorts of delicacies, foods out of season, foods which the settlement had never seen before, slices of fish and meats so delicate they required almost no chewing.

These strange delicacies were all delivered mysteriously last night. Thirteen nights since she sent Ongull out into the snow. Thirteen nights since she last saw him. No one saw these mysterious goods arrive. The dogs didn't even bark. The gift bearer didn't stay to be thanked or to offer an explanation. Was it sent by Ongull? Eija-Riita thought not, the mountain folk with whom he had went to trade with had nothing so sweet and tender. And Ongull wouldn't trust those scalawags to make this delivery on his behalf. This food, food so fine, was from the table of a king, or perhaps from the gods. Did Ongull strike a bargain with a god? At what cost to him?

The village was as frightened as awed by the delivery. They all decided, with Eija-Riita's urging to split the food in half, half for them, and the other as an offering to the gods in thanks. Perhaps by making the sacrifice it would help bring Ongull back to her. The others agreed but showed no ambition to help with the details. So Eija-Riita built a cairn of stones in the middle of the snow covered field and placed the offerings all around and on it. And now the insult of

insults, this vagabond sat eating the offering. Slowly and deliberately eating as if he didn't have a care in the world.

"My compliments," he said as she approached. She became dumbstruck by his casual demeanor. "It's delicious."

"What do you think you're doing!" she cried. As she got closer she got a better look at this upstart of a man. He wore a long blue cape. It could have been glorious at one time, now it was threadbare. He wore a war helmet, badly dented from one too many battles. He didn't seem to be carrying a sword or an ax, but Eija-Riita realized there could be one under the cape. He has only his left eye, the right being covered with a patch of leather.

"What indeed," he swallowed the mouthful of apple before speaking further. "My weary journey is hard, but I find respite here, perhaps I can also beg a place to sleep for the n-"

Eija-Riita took her broom and smashed the stranger on the head. His helmet tumbled to the ground as he fell out of his sitting position and tumbled forward.

"Ouch!" The man struggled to his knees. She whacked him a few times on his back and butt as he tried to stand up. "Stop it, stop it," he protested. "That hurts. What are you doing that for!"

"This ... food ... is ... a ... sacrifice ... to ... the ... gods!" she spit between whacks. The stranger now back on his feet shielded himself from her blows with one arm while wiping snow from his face with the other.

"What do you think I am!" he shouted back.

For a moment Eija-Riita was dumbfounded. Could he be a god? After all, the food was put there for them. Or, more likely, he's just a scavenging traveler who fell onto a lucky find. Yet ... he could be a god.

"No, you can't be a god!" She whacked him again after inspecting his rough hewn complexion and worn boots.

It took the vagabond a moment to recover from the blow, but then he stood erect facing her. Behind him she saw the two rows of mountains on either side of the fjord as it progressed inland. The sun was already setting and the sky behind the mountains was a cold mix of purple and black. Just then, two meteors fell out the sky leaving a trail of fire in their wake. They crossed each other just behind the strangers head. There was a momentary "X" in the sky above his head. The meteors crashed in unison beyond the mountains with a flash and a rumble. She had once seen a meteor crash to the ground in her childhood. And the elders talk about what they found at these crash sites. Iron, a prize sent by the gods, excellent for forging swords. She quickly realizes the rarity of two meteors falling at the same time. Falling in just such a way as to crown this vagabond in a trail of light. This could not be a coincidence, rather a sign. A sign sent by ... by a god.

An uneasy maelstrom swirled up in her stomach as she realized that she just hit a god over the head with a broom. She looked at him as he wiped the last of the snow from his eyes. Then she panicked. She threw the broom at his face and ran back to the long house. She screamed at the top of her lungs for the entire distance. She felt he was breathing down her neck every step of the way. Her imagination ran wild. Surely he turned himself into a bear and is gnashing at her heels this very moment. If he would not disembowel her as a bear then he would surely turn into a wind spirit and afflict her with a malady.

She reached the door, her quivering fingers could barely pull it open. Surely he's right behind in the form of a giant dragon baring down on her. She managed to pull the door open. She ran in

and slammed the door behind her and braced herself against it. She looked for something to bar the door. Anything. But as she turned to look, she saw him looking back at her with a clever grin on his face already inside the house.

He sat on a pile of straw bedding, her bedding. He took another bite of the apple still in his fingers. She stood shaking, unable to move, she felt her legs melting into a pool of lard.

"You know," he swallowed the bite, "the prudent thing in your situation would be to get on your knees and beg for forgiveness. But don't let me make your mind up for you, you can do whatever you think is right." With that, the panic washed away from her face because she was given something she lacked in this confusing set of events, direction.

She knelt.

"Well, I'm waiting," he said, the apple crunched as he took another bite.

"Waiting for what?" she asked, not knowing exactly what she should do.

"Start begging," he said with his mouth full "... for forgiveness."

"I am so sorry, oh - what is your name, oh god?"

"I am Odin."

"Oh no, I hit Odin Allfather! I am so sorry Odin for hitting you with my broom. You see, you didn't look like a god to me. I would have thought a god ..."

"Go on."

"... a god would be somehow ... fancier."

"Fancier," he grinned. "That's a good one. Continue."

"What else can I say? I am very sorry, and I won't do it again. And if you have been hurt, let me tend to your bruises. Not that a god needs a mortal to tend to his bruises, I'm sure, but I ask just in case you ..." she trailed off.

"No, I have no bruises. It'll take a lot more than a broomstick to hurt me. Now come here." He signaled her to come with his fingers. "No, don't get up. Stay on your knees and come here. That's right, all the way." He stroked her golden blonde hair and guided her head into her lap when she crawled over to him. "Don't be afraid."

"Are you going to ... take me?"

"Yes."

"What if the men return?"

"They are occupied. I sent them on a fools errand. They will not be returning soon." He allowed a smile on the corner of his lips. "We are quite alone."

"And what if my husband, Ongull, should finally return?" She looked up at him, asking, almost pleading. "Should he burst in the door, I'm sure he's come after you with more than a broom."

"He won't be returning either."

"No?"

"He is in Asgard, the homeland of the gods. He is in my hall, Valhalla." He loosened her blouse. He reached in and touched her breast. He held her right nipple between his fingers. She gasped but did not dare pull away. Nor did she dare lift her hand to divert his.

"Oh Odin, why did you take my loved one?"

He rubbed the nipple between his fingers, then satisfied with its feel, moved to the left one. "He was given a task by the gods." He finally said. He took her face in his two hands and looked at her. "He was given Thor's war hammer, the hammer named Mjolnir, in order to do battle with the frost giants."

"Frost giants, oh no."

"Yes." He pulled his cock out from his robe and guided her head down to it. There was no doubt what he expected. Yet he spoke his command for her sensing her hesitancy. "Put it in your mouth." "What!" "Put it in your mouth, suck on it, and make me cum." She found herself following his orders. She had never done such a thing before and was sure no woman from this settlement had done such a thing either. She felt her cheeks turn red. She was sure she was clumsy at it, yet instinctively she knew what was expected of her. After all, she knew what to do on her other end to make a man spill his seed in her. Then she had a terrible thought, is he going to spill his seed in my mouth? She tried to pull away, but Odin held onto the back of her head and his firm hold guided her up and down on his shaft.

Odin finally spoke again. "His task was almost insurmountable, yet Ongull defeated the frost giants in battle. We all thought he would perish, but no, he succeeded. He is in Valhalla right now as one of the few living mortals ever to do so. He received this as a reward for his victory. He is receiving pleasures beyond his imagination. In fact, right now, the goddess Freya is performing the same act on him as you are on me." She looked up at him, shock in her eyes. She tried to pull away but he kept her head firmly in place. "Freya is much better skilled at this than you are."

"Mmmmmmmmm!!!"

"In a way, this arrangement has its little slices of justice, Freya is one of my wives."

"Mmmmmmmmm!!!" she said, her words muffled by his cock in her mouth.

"You want him back?" he asked. "What if he doesn't want you back. He told me all about how you sent him out in the snow on that fools errand of yours, all on the night of the Solstice, a happy night you should have spent together. You don't know how much that hurt him. He's very angry at you for that. I don't think he wants to see you again."

"Mmmm mfm mmmmmmfmmm!"

"No, it doesn't count that you regret sending him. He can choose from all the nymphs and pixies and goddesses who inhabit Asgard to pleasure him in any way he desires. The atmosphere and amenities of Asgard washed away his pains from the struggle of living year after year. His body has been rejuvenated and his bones hurt him no longer. He is taking full advantage of everything he has been offered in Asgard. And yes, sex is taking up a very large part of his days."

"Mmmm? Mmmm mmm mmmm!"

"Yes he has thought of you. He made me promise to send provisions to you. You and your daughters will never go hungry as long as you live. I have charged some wood nymphs to bring a cart of provisions every fortnight on his behest. But, he does not want to see you."

"Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!"

"He's angry at you for a whole host of other reasons too. He tells me you're a very pushy woman. He doesn't want to be pushed around by you any more."

"Odin, I want him back!" She pulled her mouth away from his cock and pleaded to him.

"Please, oh please, give me Ongull back. I'll be so good to him, I will!"

"Continue sucking," he commanded her as he guided her back down onto his cock. "You may go a little faster. And, your lips can hold on tighter. No, don't use your teeth." He sighed in

delight. After a few moments of enjoying his blow job, he spoke again. "I will do something special for you. I will take you to Asgard with me. However, you will not see Ongull there. If by chance you do, you will not be allowed to speak with him. You will accompany me there as my personal slave. I will train you in the arts of serving and pleasuring gods and man. You will amuse me in doing so. When I can train you no further and you have learned everything you can of the sensual arts, I will most likely grow tired of you. When I do tire of you I will free you. Then, and only then, I will take you to see Ongull. But remember, there is no promise that I will tire of you and free you at any particular time, you might amuse me for a very long time. In fact its conceivable that you may end up living the rest of your life in my servitude and dying as my slave. This is a risk you must be willing to accept. Do you agree?" He let her pull off his cock to answer.

She gasped for air. She looked into his eyes as she thought. She had an angry and defiant look in her own eyes, yet at the same time she felt defeated, having no choices left.

"What about my children?"

"They will be well taken care of. The wood nymphs who brought the food will raise them. They will be very happy living with the wood nymphs, this I promise. They will be raised to be women of high self worth. They will be trained and skilled to the best of their talents and abilities."

"Your deal is as you say, no hidden surprises, no lies, no half truths, no words with two meanings?"

"No, it is as I say."

Her heart sank. "Yes, I agree to your bargain."

"Continue sucking, slave."

They rode a lightning bolt up to the heavens. She held hard onto Odin's arms as they rose higher and higher. The land receded behind them. They went in and out of clouds and still they flew higher. Is this what Ongull saw on his way up to the heavens? The air got thin and cold. She held onto Odin even tighter. The land, the mountains, the ocean all lay out below her. She could see the true nature of the Earth. She laughed when she saw it was a flat plate of blue oceans and green lands and white snowy wastelands all floating on a sea of black. It was an ominous black the likes of which she had never seen. But the stars, oh gods of creation, the stars! How rich and beautiful, how splendid they sat tranquil in their frozen beauty. Is this finally the realm of the frost giants?

Then came the moon. They flew by it with its grey fields of pot marks and craters and mountains. And, then there were more craters, with craters within craters. They circled past the moon, she laughed as she saw its true nature! It's round! Not a flat-round, but a round-round like a ball of snow or mud!

The Earth, round! She looked again at the Earth, now fast receding. Yes, it too is a ball, I see the shadows as night falls. Yes, it too is round like a ball. She forgot her fears and looked at the universe in awe.

The Earth, the Moon, and the bright, bright Sun shrank into the distance. She could hardly make them out after a while as they flew faster and faster. Soon, she could not longer pick them out from the stars. They looked just like any other star in the vast field of stars. The Earth ... the Moon ... the Sun ... are they but other stars? Suddenly she felt that she understood the true nature

of the universe! Then other thoughts raced through her head, each too fast to grasp a hold in her brain. Are there others elsewhere, on other spots of light? Do they have other villages on other fjords, Do these other people they have their own set of gods. Or, do the gods of Asgard rule over all these other places too. If other people on other orbs have their own set of gods, do their gods and our gods talk of godly matters, do they barter and trade, do they compete, do they laugh, cry, die. Do they war and battle? Are their meetings the same as when we meet people from new fjords?

Despite all these churning new thoughts her mind kept homing back on one thought. One thought kept presenting itself in the forefront of her mind, the fellatio she had performed on Odin and his semen which he made her swallow.

"Odin! Where are you taking me!" She felt tears streak down her face, tear's of fear, tears of wonder. Tears realizing that she was taken further from home then she'd ever been before. And she would be totally at Odin's mercy for her comfort, and welfare, and her eventual way home.

The journey ended as abruptly as it had started. They arrived on Asgard. Asgard, the home of the gods. With all the wonders she saw in her journey her brain went onto overload. Erratic thoughts churned to the surface. I can still taste his cum in my mouth, and it's making my stomach upset. She fainted into Odin's arms.

She had fiery dreams. Dreams that replayed her last moments on Earth. She remembered how he was breathing furiously hard. His organ was red hot. He gasped, his body convulsed in spasms, he held her head fast in place. For an instant she felt his seed race up his manhood and then shoot to the back of her throat. She gagged, she tried to pull away. He pushed her towards

him even harder. He pushed his cock down her throat. He gushed again, this time right into her stomach. He was fucking her throat! She didn't think this was at all possible. Then as fast as his orgasm came on, it also ebbed. He pulled slowly out of her throat. Another minor spasm of cum trickled forth as he pulled past her tongue. He kept his member on her lips, glossing them with his sperm.

He commanded her, with his eye, for her to swallow. There was no mistaking what he wanted. She tried to obey, tried to force it down. Swallow, his eye commanded her again. This time she complied.

Then she remembered the lightning strike. A bolt hit the long house. It crashed through the roof and fell to the ground at Odin's feet. But, instead of dissipating into the earth, it just stood there. A lightning bolt, stilled yet humming and crackling. There stood the incomprehensible channel of raw energy, potential energy, waiting, ever waiting for Odin's command.

"You did well." He held out his hand to hers. "Come." He helped her stand. He kissed her, tasting his own juice on her wet lips. "Hold onto my arm." She held on.

With his other arm he embraced the lightning bolt. He pulled it against his body, hugging it. She was instantly transformed. Transformed into what, she did not know. But before she had time to think they shot up through the roof.

The dreams went on and on. Repeating, cycling. It was driving her mad in her sleep. When she could take no more of that she awoke in a fit.

Eija-Riita woke to find herself lying in an iron cage with straw for bedding. She had seen iron before but never enough to forge a cage such as this. It sat on a pedestal of polished marble.

Although it didn't have bars across its bottom, it was too heavy for her to lift. Yet, this was the only way in and out, someone would have to lift the cage off its base to let her pass. She looked up to the top of the cage where bars came together. There was a hook. And tied to it was a thick rope leading to a winch hanging from the ceiling. Someone would have to hoist the rope to lift her cage to let her in or out.

As sleep left her, she became aware of more of her environment. She had a light but warm blanket covering her. As she stirred, she noticed she was naked. She sat up. The blanket fell away from her body. She found the air to be pleasantly warm and dry.

Eija-Riita studies her cage again. It was round. It was wide enough to lie comfortably, if she stayed curled up. It was almost tall enough for her to stand. She got up on her knees. She tried the bars. They were well wrought and did not move. There were several rings welded to the bars near the top. She imagined her arms tied to those rings - to be displayed for all to see. For the gods and goddesses to gaze upon her. Surely she would be naked, unable to hide her breasts behind her arms.

She looked beyond the world of her cage and saw she was in a large stone hall. This room was larger than the long house in which her whole community dwelled. There was a bed against the opposite wall with fine skins covering it. There was someone in the bed, perhaps more than one person. "Odin" she wanted to call, but couldn't muster a voice. There was a fire in the fireplace. The immense stone hearth lay on the wall to the right. A large wooden arched door stood opposite on the wall to the left. Two windows on either side of the fireplace showed an eerie purple sky with glowing streaks of green where clouds might have been. Her angle of view didn't

allow her to see a landscape, just the darkening sky. There were more animal skins on the floor, along with Odin's worn old clothing.

Whoever was in the bed stirred. A pleasing feminine voice giggled.

Then a voice coming from behind her spoke, "Master, mistress, the creature is awake."

Eija-Riita turned to see two beings against the wall guarding her cage. They were the most beautiful of women. Tall in stature, muscular yet trim of build. They each had glowing blonde hair in two braids running down either side of their faces ending past bronze breastplates. They were dressed in armor of sorts. Breastplates with sharp spikes at the nipples. Black iron girdles. Arm and thigh padding as well as padding for the elbow and knees. Laced boots up to the knee completed the uniform. And they had wings. Beautiful wings with feathers of the same glowing blonde.

Someone in the bed sat up. A woman of fiery red hair. Her hair was a shorter than those of the winged guards. It flowed down almost to her neck line. She was a bit older than Eija-Riita, but had firm round breasts, a trim, well formed stomach, and shapely long legs. She was not as tall as the guards behind her, the ... Valkyrie, but she was a taller than Eija-Riita. The woman walked over to examine her. She reached into the cage, Eija-Riita pulled away.

"Don't be afraid, my dear one. While serving Odin you must learn to accept compassion from whoever who may offer it. Because you will never know when you'll be offered it next." Eija-Riita let the woman stroke her cheek and hair. Then the woman let her hands run down her neck, she caressed her breasts and moved down past her belly. She stopped short of her pubic area.

"You're very nice." She walked around the cage, examining Eija-Riita from all sides. The Valkyrie stepped back to let the woman pass. "Do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't."

"Address me as Mistress. I am Odin's wife. Did he mention me to you before to brought you here."

"You're Freya! Yes Mistress, he did."

"No, I'm not Freya. I am Frigga, his first wife. Don't talk to much about Freya in front of me. He mentioned her to you. Did he mention me at all?"

"No, Mistress Frigga."

Then Odin sat up. He was the other one in the bed.

Frigga turned to him. "I see you've gotten yourself an interesting play thing from Earth."

Odin stretched and yawned. "Do you like her? You can have her if you want."

"No, my dear, she's too skinny, and nothing intellectual about her at all. She's much more to your tastes." Frigga went back to the bed. "But, remember who'll keep you warm even when the others abandon you." She hugged him from behind.

"You always come before the others."

"That's all I want to hear." Frigga kissed Odin on the cheek. "Now go have some fun with your new pet. Whip her good for me, teach her something useful, and perhaps then I'll play with her." With that she put on a gossamer robe and left. The doors swung open by themselves as she passed through.

"You heard the goddess," Odin said climbing out of bed, itching himself between the legs on the way out. Eija-Riita was about to respond but stopped herself when she realized the comments were meant for the Valkyrie guards. One pulled on a rope and the cage lifted up from its base.

The other grabbed Eija-Riita and pulled her off her bed of straws. She fell to the floor unceremoniously with a thud. The cage came crashing back down upon its base with a clap of thunder. Eija-Riita jumped with a start, and got the instinct to run, but before she could act on that impulse, the two Valkyries grabbed her by the wrists and pushed her in front of Odin. She tripped and fell forward towards him. She caught herself before hitting the ground. She straightened herself and stood up. Looking up, she found herself standing face to face and nose to nose with Odin.

She felt the blood rush out of her face. She turned stone cold in fear. She wanted to turn and run but all she could do was stand and stare him in the eye. Her mouth opened agape. She wanted to scream, but only a feeble moan stumbled forth. Her legs took a step back. She felt herself turn and run. Right into the arms of the Valkyrie giants standing behind her. Her face hit a breastplate, her eye barely missing the pointed nipple guard. They turned her, each grabbed a wrist and pulled her arms apart. Eija-Riita found herself spread open for Odin, being pulled apart by the Valkyries. She tried to pull and struggle. Her guards became like stone. Immovable objects, holding her fast.

Odin grabbed her chin in his hand. This stopped her head from thrashing. He kissed her, she tried to reject his lips but soon surrendered to them. She returned his passion. The touch of his lips against hers soothed her trembling spirit. She forgot her fears for a moment as they shared their kiss. No sooner did she calmed herself down and started to enjoy it, he pulled away from her, leaving her wanting for more.

Above the fireplace hung a row of whips on iron pegs. Odin pulled down a knotted one. Eija-Riita could see it was made of twelve or perhaps fifteen strands of rope. Several knots were tied along each thong. Each strand was as long as a man's arm. Fear returned to her as soon as she saw Odin taking it down.

He walked up behind her and placed the whip gently over her shoulders. The thongs fell across her breasts. She felt their roughly hewn texture. He let the whip lay there for her to ponder while he caressed her bottom. He pinched and twisted the skin on her butt cheeks. He gave her tender little spanks across the fanny. He kissed her neck from behind, occasionally biting, but ever so gently.

After playing with her for a while, Odin took hold the whip and pulled it slowly off her. The soft skin of her breasts and her tender nipples stood erect as the braided lashes brushed by, one knot at a time. She heard Odin take two steps back. She saw from the shadows laid by the fire that Odin had raised his hand. Then she heard the whoosh of air and felt the whip land on her bottom. She screamed in agony. Pain shot through every nerve in her body. Her feet gave out. She would have fallen if not for the two Valkyrie dutifully holding her arms. But, that was only the first lash. She hadn't recovered from it's sting when she received a second. She had no more air in her lungs to scream. Odin struck again. She gasped for breath as yet another lash hit her delicate bottom.

Odin kept going, he took immeasurable delight in flogging her bottom and watching her squirm from his ministrations. He struck her right butt cheek, then her left, then her right again. He alternated each one. She struggled, she squirmed. When she tried to kick out with her legs and twist her rump to avoid the lashing each of the Valkyrie, as if on cue, twisted a leg around

one of Eija-Riita's. Then they pulled her legs apart as far as her body would allow. This exposed Eija-Riita's most sensitive areas all the more. Odin kissed one of the Valkyrie on the cheek for this. That Valkyrie betrayed the slightest of nods in return.

"They're very interested in how this will turn out, you know." Odin spoke, Eija-Riita wasn't sure if he was addressing her at first.

"Master?"

"These Valkyrie guards: I promised each of them I'd take them to bed and satisfy them if you amuse me."

"Is beating me amusing you, Master?"

For that a stroke of the whip landed across her back. Hard.

"Yes, you amuse me very well." Another stroke across her back. Then another. The last one had doubled in intensity.

This went on for longer than Eija-Riita could imagine. And she was able to last a lot longer than she thought she could. Whenever she thought that Odin would tire, or that she would faint from the pain, he would continue, and she found herself able to accept the lashes. Then after countless stroke after stroke across her back, arms, bottom, and legs Odin stopped. He hung the whip back up on its hook above the fireplace. But, just as she thought it was over, Odin pulled off another whip. He showed her what he had selected. This one, instead of being made of hemp rope, it was made from strips of leather. Other than that it looked like the last one, twelve thongs, each as long as an arm. This one though had exquisite embroidery of gold stitched into the handle.

"This one I'll use on your front side."

Upon hearing this she screamed and bucked and pulled herself furiously, but to no avail. She saw his cock harden. Realizing that this is exactly the behavior that amused him. She stopped her hysterics, and stood still for the imminent flogging.

He then proceeded to whip her front side. Her belly, her stomach, her mons, but he enjoyed most the breasts and the nipples. He played games, trying to flick just one nipple, then the other. Then to cover each breast and only the breast with one stroke of the flogger. He whipped the breast from below, watching them bounce up and down after each stroke. He whipped them from the sides, from the middle out, each time watching them bounce and quiver in the air.

He took a shorter whip off he mantle, again with many thongs. He took a nipple between his fingers and held it firm. He pulled it as far as her body would allow. Then he whipped her breast holding it this way. He occasionally changed breasts at his whim to be sure each one received equal treatment.

Eija-Riita's entire universe became the pain of her body. Then the flogging stopped and that universe ended. Odin once again held her chin in his hand and kissed her, then he replaced the flogger on its hook by the fireplace. Watching Odin sit down on the bed, her own senses returned to her again. She realized that she had been crying and her nose had been running horribly. Commanded by the slightest motion of his head, the Valkyrie loosen their rock hard stance and led Eija-Riita to the bed. They threw her at Odin. Unprepared, she stumbled forward and fell at his feet. Her face landed in his lap, inches from his swollen member.

He wants me to suck him again. But before she could put his member in his mouth he stopped her.

"No, not this time," he said.

As if silently summoned, the two Valkyrie sat on the bed, each on opposite sides. They unfurled and flapped their enormous blonde wings and started to undress. Eija-Riita sat up to watch them. How beautiful and shapely their bodies were. No loose fat, just muscle. And how tall they stood! Odin was a head taller than her, and each Valkyrie was a half head taller than he. He stroked the breast of one. Neither one's were particularly large, but both Valkyrie's breasts stood firm and shapely.

Eija-Riita found herself in Odin's arms watching along with him as the two Valkyrie finally undressed and cast aside their armor. Then they each unbraided their flowing golden hair.

"Eija-Riita, this is Sigrún, and this is Róta. They have both performed exemplary service in battle and as a reward shall both be pleased beyond their wildest fantasies." The Valkyries smiled at this. "I shall give you to Sigrún for now. I will personally attend to Róta's pleasure first. I know you will give yourself fully to Sigrún while she waits her turn with me."

"Odin, Master," Eija-Riita hesitated for a moment, "I don't know if I can do this. I've never before ..."

"What, pleased a woman?" Odin said as he looked on her kindly. "Today you've done so many things you didn't know you could. You pleased me with your mouth. You flew through the heavens. You amused me by taking the flogging so well. I'm sure one more new thing will not be too much for you. I'm sure you'll enjoy her no end, Sigrún is one of the kindest, gentlest, and most sensitive creature you will ever meet."

"Thank you, Master." Sigrún spoke for the first time. Eija-Riita almost cried at the melodic beauty of the Valkyrie's voice. If three words are so hypnotic, what would her song be like?

"On the other hand," Odin continued, "watch out for Róta, she's got a bit of a mischievous streak, and she thinks I don't know what she's up to, and that she's getting away with her tricks. But, she is oh so fun. Yet she is very kind hearted also."

Odin eased Eija-Riita up onto the bed to lie cross. Even the short way across the bed her head and feet never reached the edge. Odin helped Sigrún onto her. He held her hand for a few moments until Sigrún settled onto Eija-Riita's face. Then Odin left Eija-Riita and Sigrún to themselves. Eija-Riita couldn't tell what Odin and Róta were doing, but by the rocking and jostling of the bed they must have been wrestling each other. She couldn't imagine anyone being able to out-wrestle Róta. She imagined Odin being pinned to the bed and that he was on the receiving end of unspeakable torments.

But this she could not see. She was able to see only the delicate skin of Sigrún's loins and pubis. She smelled her delicate fragrant sex. She smelled more like a field of flowers in summer than a woman. But, she was a woman, this Valkyrie. Sigrún pushed her pussy against Eija-Riita's mouth. She lay on top of Eija-Riita and put her own lips onto the mortal woman's sex.

"Lick me," her Valkyrie ordered, the melodic tone, the calm manner of her voice didn't make it sound like an order. Eija-Riita tentatively complied. She stuck her tongue and felt it land against Sigrún's sex. The Valkyrie spread her lips aside with her fingers for Eija-Riita. Eija-Riita then rubbed her tongue around Sigrún's clit. She then sent her tongue tentatively into the rim of her pussy.

"That's right, that's nice," Sigrún cooed. "You can stick your tongue in. Yes that's nice. Here, lick it here, where you were before, this is where it's most pleasurable. Yes, that's it, no a bit higher up. Yes, yes, you found it. You have the same spot, you know. Or haven't you been

allowed to explore yourself? Here let me touch you while you make me cum." Sigrún reached around and gently touched Eija-Riita's pussy. She had no trouble opening her lips and gliding her fingers to her soaking wet clitoris. She started rubbing Eija-Riita gently.

"How's that?" Sigrún asked.

"Ahhhhhhhhh."

"That good? But, don't stop on me! Yes keep going. We'll cum together. I'll see to it that we orgasm at the same time. Your job is to keep licking me. You keep doing it to me no matter how good it feels for you. Okay?"

"Ohhhhhhhhhh."

"That's right don't let your pleasure distract you from your duty."

"Hhh Ahhhhhh!"

Eija-Riita did her part, even as she went wild with pleasure and had to force herself to concentrate. She came in torrents. Sigrún's melodic cooing slowly turned into shrieks, showing that the Valkyrie enjoyed it as much as she.

In the end Sigrún slid off Eija-Riita's face and slid down to straddle her midriff. She left a trail of gooey pussy juice on her way down. Eija-Riita saw the wings of her lover once more. She unfurled and flapped them once before returning them to their closed position. She laid herself down on Eija-Riita's body. They kissed. Eija-Riita held her, caressing her wings softly.

She looked up to see the other two, Odin and Róta. They were intertwined in the most unusual position. Eija-Riita didn't know how their arms and legs could get so convoluted. Surely they were wrestling to see who gets on top, and it looked like neither one really won the contest. Those two built themselves up into a fury as they orgasmed together. When they did, lightning

struck outside the window. The bed shook, Odin collapsed. Róta couldn't stop screaming "Yes! Oh Yes! Yes! Yes!" Even when it was long over, Róta lay there, a smile etched upon her face.

"Come on girlie!" Sigrún prodded her fellow Valkyrie. I think it's my turn with Odin, and this one here thinks she's done for the day, but you've got to put her through the paces too.

Róta cooed and rolled over. Once again Eija-Riita was entranced by the sound of a hypnotic Valkyrie voice. She popped back to reality when she felt Róta lying on top of her.

"No, please, I've never been so satisfied in all my life. And Sigrún is the first woman I've ever had. I'm not ready for another." Eija-Riita started to protest.

"You've only cum once, didn't you? Then you've got a lot left to go for tonight my pet." Róta spoke, her face inches from Eija-Riita's.

Odin then spoke too, "Eija-Riita, silence! I don't recall giving you a choice in this matter! I want to you accept the pleasures Róta is offering you, and to give of yourself to her in the same like."

"Yes, master," Eija-Riita said in a quivering voice. He scared her, but not too much. After all, he had finished flogging her for the night, and the worst that seemed to be in store for her was yet another orgasm. What she didn't realize is what a strong, deep, and fierce orgasm she would receive at the hands of Róta.

Róta positioned her legs between Eija-Riita's so they were at opposite ends with their pussies in the middle, grinding against each other. They held each other's hands and pulled themselves firmly together, pussy to pussy. Róta ground and gyrated. She slapped Eija-Riita's rump when Eija-Riita didn't do the same. Róta expected her master's slave to perform for her. Eija-Riita

finally complied though exhausted, bruised, and sated. Soon their pussy juices mingled to form a gooey base that lubricated their ever furious gyrations. It was too much for Eija-Riita and she began to scream. She screamed "Yes" and "No" and "Stop" and "Don't Stop", but mainly she just screamed. Róta wouldn't let up, the mortal's screaming drove the Valkyrie wild and she redoubled her sex. Eija-Riita tried to break her hand hold and pull away, but Rótas grip was stone firm and gentle at the same time. Eija-Riita did not break free.

"Will you knock it off!" Odin spoke, a bit annoyed. The amusement of Eija-Riita's screams had worn off some time ago as Odin was alternately fucking and 69-ing Sigrún and wanted to concentrate his pleasures with this new lover. "Come on love, let's go into the other room, Frigga and Freya are both out, their beds are free for us." They left hand in hand, Sigrún had pending orgasm written on every muscle on her body.

"Yes, yes, cum for me, and I'll cum for you!" Róta cried once they were alone.

"Róta, I can't, it's too much ... oh no ... I'm cumming! I'm cumming. I am cumming again." She bucked and screamed. And, she bucked again. Then she laid there on the bed spent. Pussy to pussy, legs intertwined, but totally drained of energy. She felt a tear run down her cheek.

"Wow, you're a good performer!" Róta caressed Eija-Riita's mons. "Here, let me lick you out. I don't want to waste this luscious juice."

"No, I beg you. Please don't." Eija-Riita pleaded, she covered her pussy with her hands.

"Ok, you eat me then," Róta said matter-of-factly. She got out from the mix of legs and laid on the bed next to Eija-Riita with her legs open. Eija-Riita was so consumed with lust and passion she found herself eager to explore between Róta's legs. After doing it to Sigrún, she was more confident the second time around. Besides, Róta had been so rough with her, she

determined to return the treatment in kind. She licked and sucked her, but she performed in a firmer manner than with Sigrún. With Sigrún she was too new and scared to try anything aggressive. With Róta she went all the way, she imagined what she might like for herself and performed the same on Róta. She expected her Valkyrie to scream "No, no, no" the way she did, but Róta enjoyed the entire scene. She even grabbed Eija-Riita's head and firmly plowed it deep into her pussy as she orgasmed.

They ending up laying arm in arm. Róta kissed the juices off her mortal captive's face. Then they listened in amusement to the sounds from the next room, the sounds of Odin making Sigrún scream with a most urgent intensely.

The two of them almost fell asleep arm in arm when Odin and Sigrún returned.

"Happy?" Róta asked her sister Valkyrie.

"Oh yes, I never thought I could cum this hard. And you?"

"She's not bad. Odin, you found a special little treasure here. When she gets trained they'll be lining up for her."

"I knew I saw something in her when she attacked me with a broom."

"You did what!" they asked in unison.

"Well ... I ... that is ... I didn't know ..." Eija-Riita stammered.

"Come here," Odin interrupted. Eija-Riita obeyed. Still on the bed, she crawled over to him on her hands and knees. "Turn around." She did, her rump faces him. "Hips higher." He grabbed her around the waist, "Like this."

"Odin, no. What are you going to do?"

"What's it look like," he said as Eija-Riita felt his burning hot cock enter her.

"Ohhhhhh, Odin no, I'm exhausted, my pussy's so sore!" She cried even as he pushed all the way in. "Odin ... no!" He starts to pump in and out.

"It sounds like you're protesting, my little slave." He picked up the pace of his fucking. "For that, you'll get it twice as hard."

She heard giggling. She turns to see the two Valkyrie sitting at the head of the bed, very amused at the show.

"Sigrún, Róta," Eija-Riita called out. "Help!"

More giggles from them.

"Odin doesn't need any help!" Róta laughed. "And, I'm quite enjoying watching you squirm.

Sigrún was a bit more sympathetic. She hummed a tune. The little tune got stuck in Eija-Riita's mind. It played on and on. It was an arousing, sexy little tune.

Hearing it, Eija-Riita's libido picked up again. She found herself turned on once more and actually grinding herself against Odin as he smashed his cock into her. She pushed her rump in kind as he drove himself in and out relentlessly. She found herself getting hot and on her way to an orgasm yet again.

But she was quite sore already from her fucking sessions with the Valkyrie, Odins own reaming only added to it all. He was hot and hard and insatiable. He kept pounding. Soon Eija-Riita came. Odin didn't let up and she felt herself fall into another orgasm. As her pussy tightened with each wave it squeezed Odin's cock, it should have sent Odin over his own abyss. Yet he kept reaming it into her. She realized it could just as easily been her ass that he was

pounding and not her pussy, so she took comfort in that thought as she realized she was about to orgasm, once again.

"No, I can't." Her arms gave way, her face fell to the bed. Odin grabbed her around the waist and kept pumping her. She climaxed one last time then lost herself to him.

Eija-Riita thought she heard Sigrún cry out "Oh no, she passed out!" before darkness overtook her one more time that day.

Eija-Riita awoke to find herself back in her cage. She found herself covered with the same blanket as before. As she stirred she realizes that every muscle under her skin was sore. As more of her senses came back, she realizes her pussy was burning with pain. She would be content to lie there for a moment, but she heard a voice calling to her.

"Wake up sleepy head!"

She opened her eyes to the sight a pixie creature, female, very lithe in body, supple, and young. The creature let Eija-Riita out of her cage and lead her, on a leash, to a great hall. The hall was filled with other slave girls. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of them. Eija-Riita was ill equipped to estimate such a large numbers of people. Her settlement at the base of the fjord had barely twenty adults. These other slave girls were eating ravenously. Some were joking and laughing and drinking flagons of ale. Others were by themselves, with far away looks of dread. She put herself firmly in the "dread" camp, not feeling much like celebrating either.

"Get food from those wenches by the fireplace, it's roast boar tonight." Her pixie guide said. "Ale's in the corner, there's the wench serving it. Wheels of cheese are on all the tables, don't be shy, grab what you will. There's also other food in baskets, most of which you aren't familiar

with. Nothing there will make you ill so try anything if you want. Supper will be over at the gong, then you will be the one served up."

Eija-Riita turned to ask what she meant but the creature didn't stay long enough to explain. Her guide was lost in the crowd. She realized that despite all her pains, feeling of utter humiliation, and of being used so wantonly, that she was famished. She made her way between a row of tables and through a gaggle of slave girls over to the roast on the fire. No one else was lined up for service. The serving maid saw her coming and greeted her with a homey smile.

"Here you go dearie." The older woman broke off a rib with lots of meat clinging on, plenty of juicy fat dripping off. "Grab a plate over there." Eija-Riita did, and the grandmother plunked the rib on it. She added several slices from the tender side of the roast as well. A ladle of stewed apple from a kettle was plopped on her plate beside the meat. "Enjoy, but eat fast, not much time before you're on."

Not much time before I'm on what? She was tempted to ask, but instead she just found a place to sit. She ate her fill, and just as she was done, she heard the gong. There was silence in the hall. Even the group of slave girls who were laughing and singing became quiet and sullen.

"All of you, to your cages!" From the front of the hall a tall Valkyrie of raven hair commanded the slaves. "Is there anyone new here tonight?" Before Eija-Riita could answer the Valkyrie noticed her. "Ahh, yes, you over there ... come with me."

Eija-Riita complied.

The Valkyrie, her name was Finna, was the hall mistress. And, the hall was none other than Valhalla, where Odin greets the fallen warriors with a nightly feast. Finna explained Eija-Riita her duties.

" ... after your evening meal, which you will be taking here, you will proceed promptly to your cage. If you are late, or of bad temperament, or in any way hinder or detract from the feast, you will be beaten severely. So be prompt, and be smiling. A Valkyrie will help you up into your cage. You shall be locked in and you shall await the warriors there. When all of you wenches are in place, the fallen worthy will be led in. They will be fed, given spirits, wines, and ales. While eating they shall select from you caged women. When chosen, the bottom of your cage will spring open and you'll fall into the arms of a Valkyrie waiting below. She will hand you off to the warrior. He will use you as he chooses. When done, you will most likely be handed off to his neighbor. Although there are plenty of slave girls to go around, you will more than likely be used many times each night. It's very likely for you to be taken by ten or more men. Not counting, of course the blow jobs you will be expected to perform, often while being used in the other end."

"Remember, these are Odin's own chosen. These are the warriors who fell in battle, they all fell while fighting with honor. If you refuse a warrior, you are refusing Odin, you will be punished." Finna continued as she led Eija-Riita along, "If you don't smile, you'll be punished. If you don't give him a kiss at the end and tell him he was great, you'll be punished. Any questions?"

"Ehhh," Eija-Riita was stunned. She felt her heart sink to the pit of her stomach. "No."

"And one more thing, you may have noticed that when you awoke today you were 'clean'. You were washed in hot water to melt the dirt and sweat off your skin. You will be responsible

for keeping yourself clean from now on. You will see small pools of effervescing hot waters all around Asgard, avail yourself of them often. Sitting in one will soak your pains away and heal whatever bruises you may have acquired. It will also cleanse your skin. I know it is a strange request for you, for your people have not discovered the habit of cleanliness. But, once you start bathing regularly you will come to enjoy it. Oh, and if you report for your hall duty in a dirty or smelly way you will be punished."

Finna handed Eija-Riita off to another Valkyrie who effortlessly lifted her up to a cage above her head. That Valkyrie latched the bottom shut.

"Oh, by the way," Finna said, "Enjoy yourself tonight. And, remember to save some of yourself for Odin, I know he'll want to fuck you in the morning. When your services are through here, they will start anew for him."

Enjoy myself? She was too dumbstruck to think of a response.

The other Valkyrie who lifted Eija-Riita to her cage whispered something to Finna. Finna smiled, then she laughed.

"Little one," Finna spoke again, "tonight there will be some entertainment before you'll be given to the men. A sassy little vixen will be punished for breaking one of the rules we just discussed. Enjoy the show."

Finna disappeared into the crowd of slave girls and Valkyries. As the last of the slaves were lifted to their cages, the Valkyries took their places against the walls of the great hall. The gong chimed again reverberating through the hall. The great doors at the far end of the hall opened. Warriors clad in battle gear were led in and gently shown to their places along the many long tables filling the hall. They were all well, healthy, and whole, yet Eija-Riita could see where their

armor was pierced or slashed, delivering mortal blows. Occasionally a warrior was in a total daze, he was led by the arm by the Valkyrie to his seat at the table. Eija-Riita learned later that this was typical of the newly fallen. Most of them, however, were loud and boisterous. Some were singing battle songs. Others were describing their last battle to their neighbors, telling stories how bravely they fought even as some coward slew him.

The gong sounded again. The room fell silent. That's when a young girl, quite pretty to Eija-Riita's eyes, was led into the hall from the kitchen end. She was pushed up onto a stage next to the doorway. She dragged her feet all the way.

Her gown was torn off her even as she cried for mercy. A Valkyrie lifted her onto the waiting table. The girl tried to squirm, buck, and evade her fate in every way she could.

"Don't do this!" the girl cried. "Don't, oh I plead, don't. Have mercy. Odin help. Odin, please come and help. Stop this. Don't. I beg of you ..."

Her cries were silenced when a Valkyrie jumped up onto the table and straddled the girl's face. The Valkyrie ground her pussy right onto the girl's crying mouth. It was clear the girl couldn't breathe as she tried to push the Valkyrie's knees off with her flailing arms. Then she scratched at the Valkyrie in desperation. Soon two other Valkyrie held onto an arm each and forced them still. The first Valkyrie, the one sitting on her face, grabbed the girl's ankles and lifted them over her shoulders. As she did, she lifted herself off the girl's face for a moment allowing the girl to take a deep breath. The girl's pussy and ass were now exposed to the world with her legs raised above her.

Finna entered the hall again. She received a rousing applause along with hoots and hails from all but the most newly fallen of the warriors. She produced a long black whip which she cracked in the air. This was greeted with gasps from the otherwise jaded men.

Finna positioned herself several paces in front of the girl's exposed delta. She raised the whip, took her aim. Then she felled the whip with a crack onto girl's right butt cheek. Her muffled scream could be heard emanating from below the seated Valkyrie's pussy. Blood oozed at the line of the whip strike. Another fall of the whip. This time landing on the left cheek creating symmetric marks. Blood now flowed down each butt cheek. Finna kept on cracking the whip. More lashes fell onto the girl. They landed on alternating cheeks. Each one falling one finger away from the last one. Each one made a mark closer and closer to the girls pussy. Soon her inner thighs were lined with five red wounds on each side. Each gently letting blood. Each one skillfully laid to but cut the skin, to let blood, yet cut no deeper. Finna gave a nod to the Valkyries holding the girls arms. With that signal they each took their free hand and spread their victim's vaginal lips on either side, exposing her clit. The girl sensed what was coming and despite the exhaustion of taking ten lashes and being deprive of air during the whole time, she bucked and squirmed in panic.

Despite the moving target, which the Valkyries could not still, Finna landed a final lash directly on the girls clit. She convulsed so violently she broke free of the two Valkyrie holding her arms and her legs and slipped away from the one straddling her face. No matter, the punishment was over.

The girl fell into a fetal ball and was allowed to lie sobbing for but a moment. Valkyries all around her pulled her up and made her kneel on the stage. A warrior was then escorted to her.

She proceeded to give him his long overdue blow job. Despite the pain she suffered she was now eager to let his organ fill her mouth and start bobbing up and down on his shaft with the full intensity it deserved.

"Now, that's more like it," Finna said. "Will you refuse him again?" The girl shook her head even as she sucked. "Have you learned your lesson?" She nodded, again without missing stroke. "You're pussy hurts now, doesn't it? In fact I'm sure it's unbearable." She nodded, cock still in mouth. "Alright then, for tonight, you won't be penetrated there, only in your mouth and in your ass. "Mmmm mmmm!" "You're very welcome, my dear. Now I have other matters to attend." Finna turned and left the hall. The girl continued sucking. Blood dripped from the ten points the whip struck. The strike on her clit, masterfully placed, didn't break the skin.

Eija-Riita, looking on in horror, learned later that her wounds, no matter how severe, will be healed by the gods the following morning. It was those hot pools. Learning this she realized that she too could be punished severely, only to be healed again so she could be punished just as severely again the following night.

Eija-Riita watched from above as the fallen worthy ate and drank. Food and ale flowed continuously from the kitchen. Nymphs, pixies, and assorted other sensuous creatures made sure the tables were stocked and the ale kept flowing. The Valkyries stood against the wall, or occasionally walked down the aisles. The purpose of which eluded Eija-Riita, it certainly wasn't to keep order. The warriors devoured their food and drink using no more than their hands. Faces, floor, and table tops were soon smeared with grease. They grabbed and fondled the nymphs and pixies. They fucked the willing ones. Those not in the mood shooed away any unwanted

advances. The Valkyries stood close by when this occurred to make sure that these serving wenches were indeed willing participants. After all, there were not the slaves to be served up after the feast.

Eija-Riita observed fallen warriors whispering to their Valkyrie charges and pointing up to caged slave girls. The Valkyries nodded in return. We're being picked out, she thought. For the freshly fallen warriors, their Valkyrie mistresses could be seen explaining how things work. She overheard a warrior say "... this one above me, the one who's scared and crying, I'd love to take her. Would you let me have her Sigrún ..." She looked down between her bent knees and saw a warrior and Valkyrie looking back up at her. It occurred to her they were looking up at her exposed pussy as she sat cross legged. Amongst all her conflicting emotions she felt embarrassment swell up and her face turn red.

Below her, over the din she heard the Valkyrie reply "She's yours. You'll be the first one using her, she's new. Enjoy breaking her in. We may as well get started now, everyone seems to be done eating." With that, by some form of magic, the bottom of Eija-Riita's cage opened. She plummeted down, screaming all the way, landing in Sigrún's waiting arms. Her Sigrún!

"Don't make me do this, Sigrún," she cried and she hugged the Valkyrie as she lay in her arms. "Don't give me to them, I can't do it!"

"Yes you can, little one, and you will." Sigrún smiled back at her reassuringly. "They'll take you, and use you, there's nothing you can do to change that. So accept it with grace." Sigrún stroked the hair away from Eija-Riita's eyes. She kissed her on the forehead. "Look around you, many of the other girls are very anxious for the sport. You don't see dread and doom on their

faces. See, they're flirting with the warrior's below hoping to be picked by the cute ones. So accept what you cannot change ... and have fun."

"This is all too much."

"You can do it. Make me proud of you." Sigrún told her. "Your warrior is waiting. His name is Karlung. He is of fine lineage. He died bravely defending his settlement from marauders several months ago. Before that he led an honorable life. You can't ask for a better warrior than he for your first."

Karlung turned her to face him and kissed her. "You are a very pretty girl. I am privileged to have you tonight." She tried to smile back at him. "Get onto all fours," he commanded. "I will take you up the ass."

Eija-Riita couldn't believe it as her body got down onto all fours. It was like she had no say over these matters. It was of her own volition, but she was so overwhelmed with new thoughts that she was drained of any will to resist. She felt Karlung stick a finger up her bottom. Mercifully his finger was well lubricated with grease from the roast he had just eaten. He widened her hole one finger at a time before finally entering her with his member.

She saw that he was going as gently and slowly as a man can be expected, but it still hurt her as she felt his heat all the way up her bottom. She tried to scream but didn't even have enough will left to utter a sound. As her mouth was opened in agony, another warrior quickly stuck his cock in. She found herself giving this new one a blow job. It was the second one today! And the second one of her life. Strangely, she found she was able to perform this duty even with Karlung up her ass.

The evening continued on like this. She was handed from one warrior to the next. Fortunately these fallen mortals didn't have the same staying power as Odin. (Though they were all remarkably viral.) At one time she found herself on her back with her head hanging off the table. One man had his cock in her mouth. He held her down by the arms while he had his member all the way down her throat. Another man entered her pussy. She was able to accept him easily inside her. She was still hot from the previous man who he didn't satisfy her well. As she was taking these two, a third climbed onto her chest, put his cock between her breasts, held them together, and proceeded to fuck her tits. She never knew who these two warriors were, her only view was the first man's legs as he kept pounding his member deep down her throat. She wished she saw who was taking her pussy. The mystery was unbearable. Soon she found she was getting very hot, not knowing was a big part of it. Then she found herself rising to orgasm. She wanted to scream and moan in pleasure but only the most muffled sounds were allowed up from her throat.

The one who deep throated her kissed her afterwards and told her she was special and that he would request her in the future. She was too dazed to take the complement, but it did register at some subconscious level. This complement somehow gave her strength to go on for the rest of the night. As she sat up, she saw the man who fucked her pussy and gave her an orgasm was long gone. So was the one who fucked her tits. He left her a pool of cum that oozed down from her breasts as a parting gift.

Time passed in Asgard surely as it did on Earth. The night progressed towards dawn. The warriors had their fill, and the hall of Valhalla emptied out. Some of the remaining warriors lay in

the corners and under tables passed out from wine and ale. Others, staggered drunkenly, groping at any slave girl within five paces. Another had two slave girls sitting on his knees as he philosophized about his life, death, the afterlife, and the loved ones he'd left behind. On some silent cue, the Valkyries ushered (or carried) the remaining warriors out.

"Okay girls, you're done for the night," Finna said. "Thank you for the use your bodies, thanks for the pleasure you've bestowed. Everyone was exemplary tonight. See you all tomorrow. Be prompt or you'll miss dinner. Don't fool around too long after you leave. Be back in your master's beds before they wake. Good night."

The girls started to file out. The pixies, nymphs, and a cadre of elderly human women burst forth from the kitchen and started hauling away the refuse of the evening. Eija-Riita lay on a table, sobbing, thankful it was over.

Over for now, but what about tomorrow? Could I do it all again? And, Odin, what about him, he will surely want me to perform for him too. It was too much for her, and then -

"Hey, there! You're the new one!" Eija-Riita looked up, there was a group of five or six slave girls standing around her. "We usually go out and have our own party after they guys are done. Why don't you join us!"

She took an outstretched arm. The girl helped her up.

"We usually soak in a hot pool and reminisce our own lives on earth," the girl said. Eija-Riita noticed her short and curly blonde hair first. She managed to keep it clean and hers curls from untangling through the whole night.

"You mean we have an orgy of our own," another girl laughed. This other girl's hair was a plain brown sort who's style didn't fare as well through the night. Her smile was warm and her laugh was infectious. It almost brought Eija-Riita out of her tired mood.

"Shh, can't you see she had enough for the first night," the first one said. "My name's Zana, this is Tika. I'll give you the other names when we're soaking in the pool, I'm sure it's too much for you to remember right now.

"Come on," Zana said when she saw Eija-Riita hesitate. "Don't worry, no one's going to jump on you."

So Eija-Riita found herself going with the girls, they took her to their favorite hot pool. There they soaked their tired and abused bodies. Several of them kissed and then had sex. The rest watched. Tika washed Eija-Riita's back and gave her a massage. She returned the favor and washed her back too. She learned that some girls were mortals brought up to Valhalla to serve the gods, just like she. Others had died and are here as their final reward. She was very surprised to learn this.

"Surely you're forced to perform acts like this as punishment for living a dishonorable life or doing a ghastly deed before death. Certainly not as a reward!"

"No, no, doll," Zana said. "It may be hard for you to understand, but I chose this as my reward after death." She shook her head, trying to find a way to explain her thoughts. Her golden blonde locks were finally wilting from the steamy hot water. "In life, I was always a sickly little girl. I wasn't pretty at all. No man would have me. Not a one. Now look, the gods have given me

this beauty. The noblest warriors are all over me. They want me, they love me. They ask if I can go with them and be theirs."

"But, isn't it too much!" Eija-Riita burst out.

"I've become insatiable since I got here," Zana laughed. "I can see from the look on your face you don't understand. When I got here I was as overwhelmed as you are now. But this pace of life has grown on me. Now even after the night's fucking, I'll grab an hour of sleep, find a god or goddess in the morning and have a go at it again."

"You mean you hope you'll find a god," Tika corrected. "She doesn't always get lucky. Then she comes crying to me. I'm a living mortal, like yourself. The god Thor is my master, he brought me up here as his sex toy. Zana hopes I'll encourage Thor to take her. But Thor doesn't need suggestions. I get a good spanking every time my 'silly friend' shows up in his bed."

"That's because you don't want to share him-"

"That's not true, I'm so sore when Thor's done with me, I'd love a break once in a while-" She held her two arms up, gesturing the length and thickness of Thor's member.

The conversation continued like this for a while, Eija-Riita sat in the pool taking in as much as the floodgates of her mind would allow. All the while the hot water worked its wonders on her body, dissolving away the dried semen, washing off the dirt and grease, healing the bruises, refreshing the sore muscles, and rejuvenating her pussy for the next day's sex.

She almost fell asleep in the pool but the others watched out for her and kept her head from bobbing down into the water. The morning sky turned from purple to light blue. They saw a pinprick of the sun as it pierced over the top of an east facing hill. They dutifully rose from the

pool and dispersed, returned to their masters beds. Zana showed her the way back to Odin's chamber.

Odin was fast asleep. He was alone. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to do, go to her cage or snuggle next to him? She took a chance and climbed into bed with him. He sighed, rolled over, took her in his arms, and continued sleeping. She felt good in his arms. It was natural. She was his. She turned to him. Her face was against his breast. His warm skin against her face warmed her spirits in a way she couldn't describe. She fell asleep in his embrace.

This became the pattern of her day to day existence in Asgard. At night she would serve the fallen worthy in Valhalla. During the days she would serve Odin himself. On her return from her nightly duties, if she saw either of Odins wives, the goddesses Frigga or Freya, sleeping with him she would crawl off to sleep in her cage. When neither was there, she would fall asleep in his arms and have blissful dreams as she felt him holding her. Odin would wake her in a few hours. She never got enough sleep. He would wake her with his hands on her mons, or perhaps caressing her nipples. She would be too tired to respond to his advances at first, but as she awoke she would get very hot. She never refused him. Nor was her body ever incapable of letting him enter her or to use her as he willed.

When either Frigga or Freya was sleeping with Odin, she would creep off silently to sleep in her cage. One time she made the mistake of falling asleep next to Odin with Freya on his other side. Freya was furious when she awoke. The only way Odin could calm Freya was to give her Eija-Riita for the day.

That day Freya tied the mortal girl to a tree and proceeded to flog her with a long leather strap for hours on end. She placed clamps on her nipples and clit and shoved cocks forged of iron up both pussy and ass. Freya left these cruel instruments in place for the whole while. Freya laughed and taunted Eija-Riita while delivering the beating. When the goddess was finished with the flogging, Eija-Riita's entire body was bruised black and blue. Bloody welts covered her torso. But Freya wasn't through yet, that's when she proceeded to cane Eija-Riita. Beads of blood formed chains along her skin where she received the cane marks on her already all too bruised body.

Odin called an end to that session late in the afternoon. He saw Eija-Riita shaking from pain and Freya showed no signs of ending her abuse. Odin sent Freya away and cut Eija-Riita free. She collapsed into his arms as soon as the ropes binding her arms were severed. Odin held her as she cried uncontrollably. When he got her to stop crying he handed her off to a Valkyrie to tend her bruises. The Valkyrie sat beside her cage for days as she recovered from Freya's beating. Odin excused her from her nightly duties while she recovered.

That taught Eija-Riita a valuable lesson. She stayed out of the way of goddesses in general. She learned from others that they tended to be jealous of the gods. She would accept their advances (she had to), but never to initiate one on her own. It was hard, for they all had a radiance around them that no mortal could resist, not even a woman. Freya was fatally beautiful. Even after the cruel treatment at her hands, Eija-Riita would get a strange yearning for Freya every time she saw her. Even the traumatic memories of her cruel punishment couldn't push these feelings aside. Such is the power of the goddesses.

Frigga, Odin's other wife was somewhat kinder. Yet, she too, was not fond of her husband's little play thing. Occasionally Frigga accepted Odin's offer to loan her Eija-Riita. He felt it was best for her to act out her jealousy on Eija-Riita, not on him. Frigga would accept his offer "just to see what she can take". Her floggings were always controlled, and forever conscious of Eija-Riita's limits. Eija-Riita even had an orgasm once while Frigga flogged her pussy. But then again, Frigga made Eija-Riita dust and mop her bed chamber after receiving those floggings.

Generally, Eija-Riita would be allowed catch up on her sleep until late morning. She would sleep in her cage as Odin conducted his affairs of state. She knew that she was on display for all his guests as a pet or a trophy. She learned not to mind.

Odin would take this time to meet with his Valkyrie squadron leaders to discuss logistics of gathering the fallen when large and gruesome battles awaited on Earth below. He met with other gods and goddesses to discuss matters she could not fathom. He sometime took interest in the fates of mere mortals of Earth and bring one up to visit him.

In the afternoons Odin usually devoted a few hours to Eija-Riita. He would teach her the protocols the gods expected of her: when to kneel before a god, when merely to bow; what courtesy to extend to other creatures. She learned that she didn't need to extend undue curtesy to the Valkyries, if they wanted something of her, they would command her to do it. She learned that they weren't sentient. She didn't know what that word meant. Odin tried to explain in different ways, but the closest Eija-Riita could comprehend is that they didn't really understand the meaning of the word "I".

She was taught other things too. Like how to stand still for hours with clamps pinching her nipples, with more and more weight added by Odin's. She would not be bound during these cruel lessons. But if she dared touch anything, or even move her hands in their general direction, she would be whipped severely. She learned to take this torment for longer and longer periods of time with more and more weight added in each session.

"Odin ... please ... no more," she would plead.

"Quiet, my dear. This quivering is not becoming of you."

"Yes sir ... but ... sir, it's too much."

"Shhh." Odin toyed with the nipple clamp. The forged black iron clamps held her throbbing nipples with their delicate pink tips protruding through the other side. He turned the screw tighter by a half turn on the right one, then the left. She gasped, but dared not add another complaint.

She stood in his bed chamber on a grand bear skin. A fire blazed in the stone hearth, keeping the raw Asgard north wind at bay.

Odin rubbed his index finger of each hand against the exposed tip of her nipples. She gasped in both pleasure and pain but, again, dared not move. Despite the pain on her chest she felt the grateful warmth of the heat radiating from the fireplace and the comfortably soft bear furs tickling up between her toes. She dared not move as he rubbed his fingers against those exposed nipple tips, torturing her so delicately. To do otherwise would invite a severe whipping.

Golden wire strands would dangle from each nipple clamp, Odin would gently yank on these sending erotic waves of pleasure and pain directly to her brain. She knew he was only toying with her. Each of these wire would soon support a lead weight. She kept her hands down by her waist. Her fingers did not touch her hips, rather they hovered mere inches away. Odin taught her

to stand like this for him. No matter what he would do to her body she was ordered to keep perfectly still.

He allowed her to talk to him even as he forced her to keep her body still as a rock. She suspected that he enjoyed taunting her and listen to her cries as she pleaded for leniency. Sometimes he would continue her lessons while applying weights. He challenged her to think even as her body was experiencing the most distracting pain. He so enjoyed it. She endeavored never to disappoint him.

He tied a lead weight to the gold thread dangling from the clamp on her right breast. Then, another one, of equal weight, to the clamp squeezing her left one. She took a deep breath. He stood there, looking at her. He looked mostly at her face. He drank in her facial expression as she forced herself not to flinch. A small smile, just an upturn on the end of his lips, betrayed his approval in her. She knew there was more to come. She had taken weights like this before. But, with every new session he would always add more. She knew that his session had just begun and he would hang many more weights off her today. He didn't disappoint her worst fears.

He added yet another weight to each nipple. And another. She was sure her nipples had grown in length since he started playing with her like this. Odin turned the screws on the clamps tighter, again, each one another half turn. She whimpered as shots of pain pulsed in her nipples. She wondered if they were being crushed. She wondered if this torment would make her orgasm.

"We wouldn't want the clamps to slide off, would we?" he teased. "That would ruin all our fun. We would have to start all over from the beginning."

"No ... no sir, we wouldn't," she said.

Odin grabbed a handful of wooden clothes pins. He attached one to the fleshy skin on the underside of her breast. He pinched a piece of flesh next to the first clothes pin and fastened a second one next to it. Soon he worked the pins in a circle around her breast.

"A sunflower!" he mused. "Pretty." She tried to smile.

He repeated the ring of clothes pins around her other breast. Her deep breathing was the only betrayal she let out of the pain she was feeling. Odin stood back to admire his artwork.

"You are a field of flowers my pretty," he said.

"Yes sir," Eija-Riita said. Odin still had five clamps in his hand. Five special clamps. Two were big and chunky, the other three were small but longer. These last three also had a large round head, insuring it would not slip off even if it were applied to a moist area on her body.

"Odin, no," she said. "Not those, not again." Yet she dared not move an inch of her body.

"Why not?" he asked. "They are so much fun to use. You make such a contorted look on your face as you try to maintain a semblance of composure." Odin knelt in front of her. He attached the larger clothespins to her outer labia forcing her pussy lips open. As he did she, amongst her mixed senses, she knew she would orgasm soon. Two of the smaller ones found their homes on her inner labias. She grew instantly hotter. A little exploration with his fingers landed her clit between his thumb and forefinger. He pulled her clit until he was able to pull it far enough for his purposes. When he got it pulled out enough for his needs, he attached the last clip to it.

Eija-Riita lost her composure and cried out in pain. The worst part was that while it hurt so much, it brought her all the closer to cumming. She tried to maintain a straight back for her master and only betrayed the slightest jerk away from him with her hips. But it was her hands that betrayed her. She darted her hands out to push him away from her. Only at the last instant

before touching his hands did she stop and quickly return them to their proper position beside her hips.

"Control yourself!" Odin snapped.

"Sorry, master," Eija-Riita said, hoping he would not punish her for her betrayed reflexes. But she knew all too soon that punishment was indeed being dealt out to her as he silently hung weight after weight on the clips pinching her outer labs, then inner labs, and finally her clit. She almost stamped her feet in frustration as she felt her clit being pulled harder and harder. "No, master. Please don't," she cried. "I can't take that!" Then she felt yet another leaded weight get added to those pulling her clit. "Master, no." Her whimpering trailed off as she realized that her cries were for naught. She felt him add more weights. The pain, and the climb to orgasm which wouldn't quite manifest itself by this sexual torture alone, it was all so unfair.

"Practice self control," he said as he stood up to face her. She didn't know how to respond. "Spread your legs further apart," he commanded. As she moved her legs apart the weights danced on her clit causing her to cry out again. "Put your palms on the ground. Keep you knee's straight." She tried to obey his orders, she tried to bend at the waist, she tried to put her palms down but with the weights dangling from her nipples and pussy she couldn't do it without bending her knees or falling over. Odin grabbed her around the waist and helped her by lowering her to the floor allowing her to finally put her hands down. She knew what he wanted of her. He wanted her ass in the air. He would either flog, spank, or whip her, or he would fuck her. If it was to be a fucking up the pussy, he would have to remove the clips by now, at least the one on her clit, the one that hurt the most.

As he felt his finger penetrate her ass she realized what he was about to do to her. He rubbed grease as a lubricant all around her petite little ass hole with one, two, then three fingers. Then he wasted no time in pushing himself into her. Inside her, up her ass.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," she moaned. She couldn't take one more painful sensation. And how could he ignore her pussy as it needed to cum so badly. Odin began to rhythmically push his cock in and out of her ass hole. It caused Eija-Riita to rock back and forth as he held her hips. The rocking caused havoc to her most delicate places. Her nipples, her labs, her clit. And of course the inner walls of her ass. "Master, please stop! I can't take much more of this." He did not stop. And she found that despite the excruciating pain, she was able to take it. She was taking all the torture he was giving her. Everything.

He was not quick to cum. He never was. He took his time and enjoyed every stroke in and out. Every cry and whimper she offered him. Every shudder of her muscles as she thought she would collapse under him, yet forcing herself to maintain her position for him. At some point in the middle of her anal reaming, Odin started removing the clips, clamps, and clothes spins. He reached around to her breasts. As he pulled them off each of her nipples, she felt the blood rush back in. This is when she felt the real pain. The pain that was denied her when the blood was forced out as the clamps were screwed on tighter and tighter. She screamed as each one came off and fell to the floor beneath her. Mercilessly he flicked each nipple with his finger as feeling rushed back in with the returning blood supply. He did the same with the clips on her pussy. He reached under her and yanked each one off with a jerk. Each one elicited a fresh scream from her. All that sensation, it almost made her orgasm. So close, yet so far away.

By the time he reached his orgasm she was crying. Not a sob, not a whimper, but an uncontrollable hysterical cry. After he came, he slowly pulled his cock back out of her well reamed ass hole. It was so stretched that it stayed open long after he was out. He squeezed the remaining cum from his cock into her ass holes gaping opening. He rubbed it in with his finger. When he finally finished with her he gave her rump a gentle push and she tumbled into a ball on the bear skin. After all the pain she endured for him, she thought that surely he would reward her with an orgasm, but she saw that this time she would be left wanting.

He rubbed the back of her head with his toe as she lay on the warm rug crying. He left her there as he went off to attend to his affairs of state or whatever godly business was awaiting him. When she recovered herself she knew she would be expected to pick up all the weights, clamps, clothes pins and whatever else he used on her. Then she would be expected to clean herself up and lock herself back inside her cage.

Sometimes she would be loaned to other gods and goddesses. At one time Odin loaned her to Thor for a month. She remembered that time fondly, day after day of pleasuring Thor and his wife Sif. She got to spend time with Tika, her friend from the hot pools. Thor was a bit clumsier than Odin when it came to women, and his imagination was more to battle than to bed. But, he was fun to be with. He would watch as Tika and Eija-Riita pleasure each other for hour upon hour. Then as they were getting spent he would pounce between them and start them up again. This time, he being their center of attention.

Remembering the words Zana told her on her first morning so long ago. Eija-Riita realized that she too was growing insatiable. She started looking forward to the orgies every night. When the final gong would sound, signaling the end of the slaves meals and the start of the nights festivities, her loins would flush with hot sexual energy. She would feel herself getting wet as she filed into the banquet hall and be lifted into her cage. She waited in anxious anticipation from above to see who would choose her and what would be her sexual adventure for the night. She watched as the worthy fallen ate and drank, hardly being able to contain herself. Whenever she started playing with herself, no matter how discretely, a Valkyrie would chastise her and tell her to save it for the warriors. When the bottom of the cage fell away and she was handed off she became the wildest of creatures who could not be sated by man, beast, or god.

The orgies would end too soon for her. She would go with the women to the pool and there she would and have sex again within her own small circle of friends. When the sun would rise, she would hurry to Odin's bed, hoping he would be alone. As she became braver, Eija-Riita allowed more familiarity between herself and Odin. She took to waking him with kisses on his cock. If he did wake, she would ride him like a wild horse until she could take no more. She could never get him to the point where he was sated. She took it as a personal challenge to fuck him until he begged her to stop. Unfortunately (or fortunately) he would stay erect after his orgasms and be ready to plant himself into her again. He would stop her when affairs of state called and their personal time ran out. But, never did he end their play because of reaching his viral limit. After their lovemaking, she would always be sent off to her cage while Odin attended to his stately duties. She felt slighted at this at first, then she realized that he kept her caged as his

trophy and he was very proud to have her displayed there for him. In this too she finally took solace.

She slept while he conducted his affairs. Although she desperately needed sleep and was always in short supply in her life she wished she could skip that too. There was so much more she could be doing with Odin.

Odin encouraged her to think. Odin would answer questions for her, even though this usually happened between floggings to her fanny while she was tied down.

"Odin, as you took me from Earth to Asgard," she once asked, "I saw the Earth, Moon, and Sun all fall away, then I realized that they were all round balls. Then I saw they were no different than all the other stars. So that means the other stars are like the Earth, Moon, and Sun but very far away."

"Yes," he said, "go on." He stopped the flogging so she could concentrate her thoughts on her question.

"But there's something I don't understand," she said, "why can't I see the string that keeps these worlds all up in the air? And, why couldn't we see that string when I was living on Earth, it must be enormously wide to hold it all up? And behind the stars: what's that black curtain all around everything? And what's behind that?"

Odin had trouble answering these questions, but from then on he took to strolling with her through the walking paths of Asgard every other afternoon. Their conversations took on a student-teacher demeanor. Odin was strict but patient, and he was always pleased when he destroyed another cornerstone of her beliefs.

The years rolled on. Odin's afternoon strolls with Eija-Riita continued on a regular basis. He finally convinced her that there were no strings holding up the stars and planets in some gigantic cosmic "room" with a black curtain around it. Besides astronomy, his lessons included physics, biology, zoology, and mathematics. His lessons were carefully chosen as were the very words he used. He never forgot who he was molding, a peasant girl from an isolated fjord from a people who had not yet discovered reading and writing.

He indulged her in more than the hard sciences, too. He gave her insights into what makes mankind what they are. He touched upon sociology and psychology. He told her of man's future history. He told her of the sciences of the mind that wouldn't be discovered until the 30th century. Sciences new and strange to a mankind who had undying faith in their technology. New ways of thinking that didn't get wide acceptance until the 32nd century.

One day they were walking along an idyllic path close to the cliffs, Odin trying to impart a lesson on metaphysics. Odin was getting annoyed at Eija-Riita's silly comments which missed the point of his whole discussion. They stopped at a grass clearing and Odin commanded Eija-Riita to her knees, then commanded her to suck his cock. He continued her lesson while receiving the pleasure of her lips. This way she was forced to remain quiet while he lectured her.

She wanted to interrupt and ask many questions, but knew enough not to stop the stokes, and certainly not to let his cock fall from her mouth.

"Odin, sir," a voice interrupted from behind.

He turned his head, leaving Eija-Riita on her knees with her mouth still holding his cock. There was a group of wood nymphs who promptly fell to their knees before Odin.

"Koiri, what are you doing here?" Odin asked, his voice betrayed a bit of annoyance. He pulled away from Eija-Riita, leaving her on her knees.

"Odin, we beg your intervention." Koiri spoke. Fear quivered in her voice.

"You are very naughty for visiting me here. You should have waited for me to come see you."

"Freya knows about us," the nymph pleaded. "She found out from Frigga, who saw you come to us one time. Now Freya is extremely jealous of us. She is tormenting us to no end. Please stop her."

"Come with me," Odin spoke, most annoyed. "Eija-Riita, you are dismissed for the afternoon."

Koiri and two other wood nymphs left with Odin. One nymph, Moira, and a human girl remained in the clearing with Eija-Riita.

"Mother?" the girl spoke. She was a tall young lady nearly as tall as Eija-Riita, she had piercing blue eyes and hair of yellow gold. Her hair flowed freely off her back. She was in the same green buckskin garb as of the wood nymphs.

"Outi? Is that you?" Eija-Riita jumped to her feet. She was surprised, then elated and then extremely embarrassed that her daughter saw her with Odin this way. "Outi, you've grown so much. I hardly recognized you. I still remember you as the baby I left. Are you well? Are these creatures taking good care of you? How are your sisters?"

"Mother, we missed you so much at first. Uncle Woodie took us and gave us to the wood nymphs for them to care for us. Their ways and their magick were strange to us. But, then we

understood and we learned to be happy with them. It was all on the understanding that one day you would return to us."

Eija-Riita stood up and hugged her daughter. She felt a tear streak down her face. "Oh Outi, Outi, I've missed you so much." The young girl backed off.

"I have changed my name. I am now called Valkyrie, having named myself after the Valkyries of Asgard."

"To me, you will always be my baby, Outi."

"Call me Valkyrie, that is what my sisters and the nymphs now call me. It is my name now."

They looked at each other, more tears streaked down Eija-Riita's face.

"Mother, " Outi/Valkyrie finally spoke, tears welling up in her eyes as well, "The wood nymphs told us that you were on a quest to free father. You were off to free him after he was forced to battle the evil frost giants and then seduced by the goddesses. Yet we find you here in Asgard, the same land where father is alleged to be dwelling. I find you not on a quest to free him, rather I find you performing fellatio upon Uncle Woodie. Aren't you trying to bring father back?" With that her daughter turned and walked away, beckoning Moira, her wood nymphs charge, to follow.

"I'm sorry," Moira said to Eija-Riita, "since we had to plead with Odin, I thought I'd bring Valkyrie so she could see you once more. I had no idea that we would find you playing games with Odin."

Moira and Outi/Valkyrie took each others hand and faded to nothing as they returned to Earth.

"Outi, come back!" Eija-Riita screamed. "You don't understand! Come back!"

But they were gone, vanished as if never there.

"No!" Eija-Riita screamed as she collapsed into a ball on the grass. "Odin, oh how have you cut me," she sobbed. "Now I have lost everything!" She was alone in the clearing. She felt alone as an empty universe. She felt sick. She fainted from despair.

She awoke to find herself back in the hanging cage in the hall of Valhalla ready to be served up for the nightly orgy. A new girl with hair of autumn red hung in the cage next to hers. This girl had mischief in her eyes. Eija-Riita remembered her first night and how full she was full of fear and humiliation.

Looking around, she saw that the Valkyries were prepared for the night's sex fest. Already few newly fallen warriors were being shown around with a Valkyrie on each arm.

"Glad you're awake, oh privileged one!" Finna, the Valkyrie forever in charge said as she poked her wing at Eija-Riita. "Many have requested to have you tonight. Seeing you asleep has made you all the more alluring. You will be busy tonight ... and sore tomorrow morning." She laughed and walked by.

"I can't do this any more," Eija-Riita cried to herself. Then she realized that up to now how she had actually enjoyed being taken and ravaged by the warriors, gods, goddesses, and other denizens of Asgard. How she had become so hot as Odin commanded her. How every humiliation doubled her next orgasm. And oh, the orgasms she had received by him! She had been raped, oh so raped. Yet it never felt like rape, the forced sex, the whippings, the bondage, they all made her body quiver, always wanting more.

But now, something sank in her stomach. Odin had betrayed her! In serving him, she had lost everything of herself. Soon the orgy would start, she would be taken out of the cage and passed around again. But she could no longer take it. Should she fight it? Scream? Kick? Hold onto the cage? Would that arouse her suitors even more? If she did put up a fight she would excite every god, goddess, elf, pixie, nymph, half-god, and fallen warrior in Asgard into wanting her. And, on top of that there will be punishment doled severely with Finna's whip should she refuse. Perhaps she should close her eyes lock her thoughts away and perform for them. Perhaps that would be the best route, at least for tonight. Yes, she would do what she is told to do, she had done it thousands of times. Just do it, and survive it. Odin promised this wouldn't last for ever. One day it will end. He did promise. Oh when will he tire of me?

And so it was, she was taken from her cage and used so viciously. When they noticed that she was so passive they laid on the stone dais in the middle of the stage and bound with rope. Two, sometimes three men took her at a time. They came in her cunt, in her mouth, up her ass. No one noticed her tears, nor how she clutched the hemp that bound her hands to the dais.

They left her there when the nights activities ended. No one bothered to free her. The cleaning crew tickled her underarms and feet as they passed. A kindly Valkyrie finally freed her. Noticing her staggering, the same Valkyrie led her to a deserted pool where Eija-Riita bathed herself. The Valkyrie helped Eija-Riita sink into the hot pool, effervescing perky little bubbles caressed her tired body but this time she took no enjoyment of the sensation. Eija-Riita watched as the dried sperm washed away. She scrubbed herself all over to be sure it all indeed washed off. She felt the whirl of the water caress her skin and soothe her muscles. She almost fell asleep in

the water but the Valkyrie kept her awake. What would it be like to die if you're already in Asgard, she mused.

"Do I want to die?" she asked her self as she climbed out. The wind spirit dried her off. "No, not really, I don't want to die. I've come too far. Yet I am so ... empty, I can't go on." And she thought of where she should go. She felt like falling asleep then and there on the grass. The Valkyrie once again helped her. She silently took Eija-Riita by the hand and led her to Odin's chamber. She left her at his door explaining she has duties to attend.

Odin wasn't in bed. "How could he not be there?" She lamented. "How could he not be here for me. For me, when I need him the most." She crawled into his bed. Lying there, she could see her cage. It sat in the corner, up on it's pedestal, shadows from outside painting its image on the back wall, the rope pulley inviting her to pull it up and let herself in. Instead, she covered herself with Odin's firs. She fell asleep.

Consciousness came as a caress on her neck. Her eyes opened slightly. As the disquieting dreams left eyes her she soon realized where she was. Odin was there for her now. He was rubbing her hair and face. His hand soon went down to her shoulders, then her breasts, and onto her nipples in no time. She sat up with a jerk. "No!" she thought, but she dared not say the word, not to Odin. Perhaps her eyes gave her away. Perhaps not. Odin pushed her down, with the usual decisive command his hands possessed. As usual she complied. He got on top of her. He was inside of her as soon as he sensed she was wet. By now sexual arousal was an automatic reflex. But she was stiff and cold, and very far away. He pinned her arms down. She didn't resist. She didn't even move much. She orgasmed before he did, again an automatic reflex. He came soon

after her. He stayed hard in his godly manner, but she couldn't bring herself to a second orgasm. When Odin saw that she wasn't going to come again, he rolled off her.

He sat up and pulled her into his arms, her back against his chest. He cradled her. Tenderness like this was rare, though not unheard of, from Odin.

"I can see you have a rip in your spirit," he said. "You are wounded inside. You bleed as surely as any fallen warrior before being carried off by the Valkyries. What troubles you?"

She didn't say a word. But tears streaked down her face.

"Were you embarrassed that your daughters saw you?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "No. It wasn't that. It was ... I don't know what it was." She sobbed.

He hugged her tighter.

"That raven haired girl in the cage next to yours ..." he spoke slowly "is my new toy. The time has come when I have become tired of you. I am now releasing you from your services to me."

"You're throwing me out, just like that," she stammered. She felt rejection flush like ice through her body.

"Listen to yourself. You are the one who has grown tired of me. That is the key. That has been the key for the whole time you were mine. You don't want to be here anymore. It sickens you, your spirit has an open wound and it is bleeding life. You cannot heal yourself here. It's time for you to go. You are free."

"Odin, no," she turned her head to him. "I need you more than ever."

"This is what you've always wanted, isn't it. The deal was that you will amuse me as long as I say so. For doing so, you will be rewarded by getting Ongull back. You have fulfilled your part of

the bargain. Now, I shall fulfill mine. Go and prepare yourself. Get into the proper frame of mind. You are no longer a slave. You are a free woman. You have knowledge untold in your head now. Pull your strength together and I will take you to him."

She just stared him in the eyes and suddenly burst out in tears again.

Eija-Riita was dressed in a light white flowing dress as was fashionable for the mortal ladies and goddesses who graced Asgard. The Valkyrie Sigrún acted as her hand maiden while she dressed and prepared her hair. She still had circles under her eyes and her nose was red and puffy from crying all day.

She was going to get Ongull back. At last all the pain, humiliation, and sexual torture has paid off. She walked beside Odin on the path to the bluff overlooking ocean. They walked side by side, but they weren't holding hands. She was not two paces back to his left, and she was not being led by a collar, nor by the nipples as was done so many times. Then it occurred to her that Odin was speaking.

"... free will. You must remember that he has his own free will. Are you listening to me?"

"Yes, Odin."

"Good, because I can still give you a send off spanking that you won't forget for months. As I was saying, I promised that I would take you to him, but have you considered that he may not want to go back to Earth with you."

"But, surely-"

"Don't interrupt! Think about it, he has every elf, wood nymph, pixie, Valkyrie, and even a goddess or two at his disposal. All I promised is that I'll take you to him. From then it's up to you. You must consider the possibility that he may want to stay here."

"Odin, I've come to far and suffered too much -"

"It could be argued that I actually give him to you as fulfillment of my part of the bargain though I never actually said that. If you feel it's a part of our original agreement then it was something that you implied into it yourself."

"Odin!"

"Yet, I could be persuaded to do that for you, to reread our agreement in such a way that in addition to taking you to him, I would actually give him back to you. But, that would mean I'll give Ongull to you as your own personal slave to do with as you will. That would make you the first woman owning her husband as her slave!"

"Odin, please, you know why I am here, I want Ongull back."

"Alright, I will interpret the agreement that way, I'll give him to you even if he doesn't want to go on his own. But listen and pay attention, just because I give him to you, and I say he's yours, and you say he's yours, that doesn't make him yours. It's that pesky 'free will' thing again, remember."

Before she could ask Odin what he meant they came upon a Saracen Circle, a set of granite stone columns forming a circle around a grassy clearing. At the very center of the circle Eija-Riita saw a group of five people having sex beside a pool of steaming water. She stopped at a stone column, she peered in. Ongull, her dear Ongull, was the center of attention. He was lying on the grass resting his head in the lap of a lady who was surely a goddess. She had that

unmistakable white goddess glow emanating from her long blonde hair. She was stroking Ongull's hair and face passionately with one hand while touching her own breasts with the other. In Eija-Riita's eyes she was the most forgivable of the lot. The goddess and Ongull were watching the other three.

Two of the three were tall Valkyries, naked, their armor scattered around the clearing. They were standing above Ongull on either side. They each held an arm and a leg of a mortal woman squirming to break free. They lowered this mortal down slowly onto Ongull's erect cock. She screamed as they aimed her ass instead of her pussy onto his pole. They lowered her down all they way to the hilt.

"You bitches!" the woman swore. "You got the wrong hole again!"

"Let's try it again, shall we?" one of the Valkyrie answered. With that they pulled her off his cock. But before she could catch her breath they lowered her ass back onto him.

"Ooops," the other Valkyrie laughed, "we did it again. Let's try once again."

"Ouch, get it right this time!" their victim yelled.

Once again, up she went and down she came, again impaling her ass hole on his cock. The Valkyries didn't wait this time, they rocked her up and down. The mortal woman squirmed in pain, but she could neither brake loose from the Valkyrie grip nor pull her ass hole off from Ongull. She seemed to be enjoying this to no end. They kept this up until Ongull had his orgasm. The woman was then gently lowered onto Ongull's body. She lay upon him, finally relaxed. The goddess bent down to kiss her.

"Ongull!" Eija-Riita called in disbelief. Odin had kept her quiet while they had sex, but couldn't keep her still once the act was over and they all lay passionately spent of energy.

"Eija-Riita?" Ongull sat up brushing the mortal woman aside. "Is it you? What are you doing in Asgard? Are you dead?"

"No, like you, I'm alive."

"But then what are you doing here?"

"Ongull, I've come for you."

"For me?"

"The children need you, I need you." She looked at his entourage. "I see that you need me, too."

"Need you? I don't need you. You can see that everything I need is here. But, what about the children, I was promised that they and you will be looked after."

"Oh we've been looked after. The children are being cared for by wood nymphs, who are turning them into witches. As soon as they will become women, the nymphs will use them for sex as well. I can feel this. And, as for me, in order to get to see you here, I had to pay by being Odin's sex slave for all these years."

"Well, you shouldn't have done that, because it was all for naught. I won't come back. You can go back yourself and take the children back, that way they won't suffer from the wood nymphs any more. Although, there are worse fates."

"Oh, Ongull. You can't forsake me, not after what I've gone through to get to you!"

"I'm not going back to Earth!" He stood up. He felt nervous, naked, ashamed. He cupped his now shrinking penis with his hands. "I'm not going back. I like it here!"

"Ongull!"

"Only when I got free from you did I see how you were choking me! You were always in charge, always telling me what to do. Well, you're not telling me what to do any more."

"Odin?" She turned to him, her eyes spoke volumes.

"Are you sure you still want him?" he asked.

"He'll learn to be happy with me again. I'll give him the pleasures you made me give to you. He'll stay with me once he sees how good I'll be for him." She nodded. "Yes, I still want him."

"Ongull," Odin spoke, "there's been a slight change in the order of things. For defeating the frost giants in battle you were promised pleasures beyond your imagination. I am confident those pleasures were delivered to you throughout these years. Now, however, due to a deal struck with your wife, you are now hers. I think she insists that you go with her back to Earth. And, from now on she will be the one delivering those pleasures. She served me well, and I'm confident she is willing to do the same for you if you return with her."

"What!" Ongull cried in disbelief. "I was promised those pleasures 'till the end of my days ... here, in Asgard, in your own hall, Valhalla."

"Eija-Riita can deliver those pleasures to you. I know she can. She has been well trained. And she is so willing now. Now go with your wife, collect your children from the nymphs and have a prosperous and happy life on Earth."

"No!" Ongull turned and ran past the Valkyries and the mortal woman and out of the Saracen Circle.

"You better go after him," Odin said. "He's heading to the cliff."

"Shall I stop him?" The blonde goddess asked. The Valkyries too unfurled their wings ready to take to flight the instant Odin would speak his command.

"No. None of you may help," Odin said. "This is a matter for the mortals now. What's more, it falls into the realm of love so we are absolutely forbidden to intercede."

They all looked gravely back at him, not agreeing with his interpretation of Asgard law.

"You, though, had better run," he said to Eija-Riita once more. She unfroze and started after Ongull.

"Ongull, please ... stop." They heard her cries fading into the woods.

She ran after him, winding up the path through the woods. This was a distant quarter of Asgard where she went but infrequently. Though she had been here before and had a vague recollection of where the path was heading she wasn't certain of the details. She knew, however, that he was on the path leading towards the abyss. That long drop, straight down to the ocean swept rocks.

What have I done? I should have approached him slowly, told him know why I was here, and in due time, ease him back. Why should he choose me? How could he know what pleasures I have planned for him. Don't do this to me Ongull! Let me explain!

"Ongull! You stop this instant!" she cried. "You come back to me right now! How dare you run! Think of your responsibilities towards me and the children!" Even as she commanded him to stop she realized the words she was saying were all wrong. It wasn't at all what she meant to say. She ran on, hoping to catch up to him. She would explain everything then. Yet every time she ran around a corner, he disappeared around the next bend. She would often see him look back at her as he disappeared further up the path. If only she could catch up to him she would

explain it all to him. It would be alright. She would assure him. He'd surely come back to her then.

Eija-Riita almost ran of the cliff face as the path crested a final rise and came to an end. The ocean lay in front of her, nothing but a dark blue sea blending into the sky at the horizon. She stopped a mere arms length before the drop. She peered down the abyss just in time to see her beloved's body falling into oblivion. His shrieks receding, then fell silent. Silent as they were drowned out by the din of the wind and the ocean. Silent, long before he would ever hit the distant bottom where his body would spatter against the rocks washed by this cold northern ocean.

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