

# Shield Maidens (Body Swap TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Smike**

*It is the age of the Vikings, the age of ancient myth. Erik, an unworthy son of a great chief finds his life greatly changed when a witch curses him and his betrothed, the would-be shieldmaiden Sigrid, to slowly change places. As Sigrid embraces her new social status and pathway to becoming a warrior, Erik tries to resist his increasing femininity, and the expectations of his new role as a soon-to-be wife of a Viking warrior.*

## **Shield Maidens**

Long ago in the far frosted north of the world, where dragons and sea beasts once roamed, there was the chieftdom of Norvegr. A harsh and isolated place, Norvegr was built upon a shelf of rock that led down to churning waters. Its soil was hard, requiring great effort to produce healthy crops, and its winters were cold and unrelenting. In this desolation were great monsters, dragons even, and it was these that the Viking warriors of Norvegr captured and put to work tilling the soil, training them under harsh regimen to catch them fish and raid settlements to the south.

Such a place required strict leadership, and Norvegr had it under Chieftain Gorm. A wild bear of a man, Gorm was great-bearded, his hair streaked with a warrior's red. He was broad, muscled, larger-than-life, capable of wrestling four men at once and winning. It was he who had brought low the great red dragon Skalafell, and dominated it with his fearsome will, training it to become his terrifying mount. He was beloved by his people, a hero to his Viking soldiers, and a faithful worshipper of great Odin One-Eye, the raven god, and Thor, the warrior of thunder who inspired great deeds of battle.

But this is not the story of Gorm, and his many great raids. It is not the story of how he lost his eye to the sea-witch Ragna, or how he tumbled the southern fortress of the islander people down into the waves, or how he took a thrall to be his servant, only to find love in her as his worthy wife.

No, this is the story of his unworthy son and heir, Erik, who inherited none of his father's battle prowess or stature. A reedy, thin man of just twenty years old, Erik inherited his father's auburn hair, but was not even capable of growing a beard. Far from his father's broad shoulders, he had the thin frame of a wily southerner, which Gorm felt was a result of his mother's line. His voice was not deep, but it was his nervousness and anxious demeanour that gave it a stuttering quality that fellow Viking warriors and Norsemen found difficult to take seriously.

But it was his aversion to violence, and his fear of battle and sea-raiding, that made Gorm most afraid for the future of his son. The chief had not been blessed with other children, and so it fell to Erik to be the leader of the tribe when Gorm passed. But his boy was not ready, and the hard man was starting to fear he never would be. Working with his respected fellow warrior Hargod, he arranged for Erik to be betrothed to the most beautiful Norse woman in the tribe: Sigrid.

Sigrid was a fair maiden with beautiful blonde hair that spilled down her shoulders in silky straight lines, though she often wore it in a plaited ponytail. Her blue eyes were piercing, like the sky on a clear day, and she had the rounded, smooth features of a woman grown. She was tall, with a healthy figure, and good wide hips that women praised as good for birthing future children. Though she was trim, her bust was not entirely small beneath her blue chest wrapping and wintry outer layers. Peculiarly, she had aspirations of being a warrior, and often practised with sword and shield against the dummies in the practice yard, and more than once attempted to mount a dragon from the cages. Each time she was rebuffed, but it did not stop her from desiring the life of a shieldmaiden, up to and including wearing the leather armour skirts and metal pauldrons of a raider, complete with steel helm.

For Gorm and Hargod both it was a fair trade, to betrothe their respective children. Gorm desired his weak son to become a man in full, and what better way to become a man than to wed and bed a beautiful woman, and ensure further heirs would spring from her belly? And for Hargod, whose life was plagued by a daughter insisting on going out on raids and bending monsters to her will, what better way to make a woman of her than to see her married off to a chieftain's son and become burdened down with motherhood?

It was a match secretly organised, to be sprung upon the two of them as they were called separately to the chief's throne. And both men would get what they wanted from their children, though they would never suspect just how strangely it would come to be . . .

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"Uh, did you say marriage, father?" Erik stammered.

Gorm rolled his eyes. Here his son was in the presence of the most beautiful young flower in the realm, and the boy was quaking at the thought of it.

"Yes, indeed. You two shall be considered betrothed, and will be married in two weeks time."

"But - but I thought you wanted me to join you on your raids," he said glumly, though more to do with the fact that he didn't want to join a raid from the beginning.

“I can already tell you would find some excuse, boy. A warrior’s path is not in your blood, not yet. But there are many things that can get a man’s blood stirring, and hair upon his chest, and the greatest of all is not violence, but the warmth of a woman’s touch.”

Erik hung his head a little, trying to not look at Sigrid. It was true, she was a great beauty, and in their occasional interactions he’d often felt he’d made a fool of himself, though for some reason she still spent time around him. But marrying her? Having to bed her? It was an intimidating thought! She’d likely gut him if he tried!

“And that should finally make a woman of you, Sigrid,” Hargod said to his daughter.

While Erik tried to control his breathing, nervous just to be in the presence of Sigrid’s beauty, the young woman rankled at the news, balling her small fists in anger.

“Chief Gorm, I beg you reconsider! I was not fated to be the wife of a chieftain’s son, burdened down with children and a woman’s expectations. I’m meant for greater things, out there upon the seas in our raiding ships, and upon the sky on a dragon’s back.”

Hargod scoffed. “Daughter, why do you insist on these flights of fancy? A shieldmaiden is a rare thing, but I would not waste a daughter with your looks and mothering potential upon some violent shore beyond even Odin’s gaze.”

Sigrid stepped forward, anger in her breasts. “My looks matter less than my spirit, father! I like Erik, he’s a good man, but I have the heart of a warrior, and if you’ll only let me fight, then-”

“ENOUGH!”

The room fell silence before the chief. Gorm stood, his full might looming over each other figure in the room, his shadow projected by the fire like that of a giant’s.

“You *will* marry. I have decreed it. Now, I am set to take our dragons south, to extract tribute from the Ragnarsson Chieftom. When I return, you shall marry. For the now, spend the next week getting accustomed to each other as future companions in life, and thank Freja that you have both been so blessed.”

And with that, they were sent from the room, the two young betrothed looking at each other quite awkwardly, with more than a little flush in their cheeks.

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“Married, married! This is so unfair!”

Sigrid collapsed back into the boat, sighing dramatically. Erik gave her a comforting smile, but didn’t try to sit any closer. He was, like with a lot of things in life, awkward around girls.

“I’m sorry Sigrid, I didn’t want things to go that way. I just thought Father was going to take me on a fishing trip, or an easy raid, or force me to fly on top of Skalfell again. I had no idea he was going to make us betrothed.”

He scratched his hairless chin, unsure what to say next, so instead he worked the sales some more. It was one of the few traditional Viking skills he was talented at. Sigrid helped him, but he could tell she was still fuming.

“It’s just - no offence, Erik, I like you. You’re a sweet boy. But I don’t want to be married to you. And I certainly don’t plan on getting pregnant and spitting out babies between my legs any time soon.”

Erik blushed. He had a mental image of the act that would be required to make that possibility, and it was not an unpleasant one, especially the face he imagined Sigrid making as they came together. He coughed.

“Ugh, yeah, I understand that. I don’t really know what to think. I mean, you are beautiful, but-”

She rolled her eyes. “For Odin’s sake, I know it! Everyone tells me I’m some great beauty, like I was placed here for looks alone! I can hunt, I’ve trained myself with sword and spear and shield.”

Erik nodded. “And I know that. You, well you deserve to be a shieldmaiden, Sigrid. But - but we’re stuck, aren’t we? I mean, you’re going to end up being my wife, and me your husband, and we’re not capable of changing our roles, as unfair as it is.”

She looked at his glum face, and her own turned flush red with anger. She threw one of the fishing nets in the middle of the little boat at him.

“Hey, what was that for?”

“For just lying back and accepting this! Oh, I bet you’re so happy that I get to be your wife. Meanwhile, you complain about all the freedom you get as a man!”

Erik stood, tipping the boat slightly. “Freedom? What kind of freedom do I get? I’m being forced to be a warrior even though it’s not who I am. I’m just as trapped as you! I can’t even try to ride a dragon without it trying to eat me. At least you get to stay home and try to make the village a better place.”

“Sure, I’m *really* lucky,” she said, folding her arms.

A wind suddenly picked up, pressing against the sails and causing the boat to sail further out from shore than intended. The sky was grey, as bleak as their thoughts, but it was increasingly gusting. The two Norsemen worked to adjust the sails and ready the oars. Both were practiced at seafaring, though Sigrid had never been allowed too far from her home. But something about his wind was unusually ominous. The two of them fought against it, adjusting the sail, trying to row closer to one of the great pieces of ice in the bay, but still they were pulled past them.

"I - I don't know what to do!" Erik called.

"Me either!" Sigrid shouted over the wind, "I don't think this is a normal storm."

They both thought of it at the same time: *sea monster*.

Erik drew his sword, but his hands shook, and he could barely hold it right. Sigrid, to his shock, also drew a sword; it had been hidden among the netting. She held it firmly and confidently, and as the storm caused her blonde hair to wave in the wind, he thought she looked like the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen; a true Valkyrie.

"I'll protect you!" she shouted, and he felt protected.

But only for a moment. The sea churned, and something began to rise from its crashing depths. The two clung for dear life to the tiny mast, fearing what they would encounter, but it was not a great sea monster they found, but a woman. Her skin was green, and her lower half was that of a mermaid's tail, though with a much longer and more serpentine appearance, with large fins that look dangerously talon-like at their tips. The woman's eyes and mouth were slightly too big, and she was hairless and naked. Her appearance terrified them.

"Seawitch," Erik gasped, "I've heard about them."

"Then you would know I am not to be trifled with, boy," the sea witch said, her voice watery, like a drowning woman's. "I am Ragna the sea-witch."

"You took his father's eye," Sigrid said.

"Indeed." The woman lifted her necklace - the only item of clothing she wore - and displayed the human eye still preserved as its jewelled piece.

"What do you want from us?" Erik said. He was trying to appear brave, but this was a creature that his father had fled from, what hope did they have?"

The sea witch smiled, regarding them both. "I want nothing from you, dear ones. But you want something from me, and you shall have it, whether you want it or not. I am the Deep One, She Who Hears All Upon the Waves, and I heard your argument. You each possess that which the other one wants. For Erik, a life of peace, prosperity, and love, free from violence. And for Sigrid, a life of battle, raiding, adventure, the flight of dragons. Well, I shall give thee what you desire, and shall find amusement in the cost."

"Please, sea witch, we don't want to fight," Sigrid said. But her blood was up, and in truth, she did want exactly that. To prove her worth.

"Liar," the creature said, chortling. "But your boldness confirms my choice, dear Sigrid. You are most beautiful, and Erik will appreciate your beauty, more intimately than he could have imagined."

"I do not wish to marry him!"

"Ah, but you will, that much is fated. And you shall be happy together, and produce many children."

Erik looked at Sigrid awkwardly. She gave a stern glare back. "I don't plan on birthing any children."

Once again the witch laughed. "Who said anything about birthing them?"

Erik was about to plead again, but found it difficult to master the right courage. It was too late; the sea witch Ragna grabbed her necklace, and began to chant. Instantly he felt a cold aura settled over him, one that bloomed out to connect to Sigrid's. She gasped, and both of them felt a strange tether, invisible but powerful, binding them together. For a few fleeting moments, they could feel each other's life force, each other's soul. Erik could understand Sigrid's desire to be a great Viking, just as she could understand his own lack of place in the world, and his aversion to the path his father had put him on. They locked gazes, staring meaningfully into one another's eyes.

"Erik."

"Sigrid."

"And now," the witch bellowed, "you begin the path to your new lives. I look forward to hearing whether you succeed in the trials to come, or fail. But this moment was fated to happen!"

The world flashed white, and both of them lost consciousness.

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Erik coughed as he woke. Water escaped his lungs. It trickled out, tasting oddly sweet, as if it were not only water. He was on the shore near Norvegr, having washed up somehow from the dreadful churn. He coughed up more water, still feeling ragged. His body was sore, his chest ached as if it were bruised, and his genitals . . . they were numb. He took a moment to confirm they were still there, and sighed with relief. The chill of the water could freeze many a body part, but there was always one in greatest need of preserving. It was simply shrunken from the cold.

A cough and a splutter nearby, and he saw Sigrid pushed aside a wooden board that had once been part of a rowboat. Instantly, he was at her side, helping her up.

"Th-thanks," she managed. "Gods, I feel strange. Sore in all the strangest . . . places."

Even with sand sticking to her wet face, Erik could see her flush of embarrassment.

"I as well," he said. "Like I've been bruised. But I had some of my, uh, clothes off earlier, when I was getting up. There are no marks that I can see."

She patted herself over, and Erik looked away. Even after a crash upon the shore, she looked beautiful. She frowned. "First woman you've ever seen pat her own rump before?"

"I . . . well, yes."

She chuckled a little. "You truly are different from your father, aren't you?"

"That's what they keep telling me."

She put her arm around his waist, and gestured for him to do the same. He did so reluctantly, feeling a shiver of excitement. For the briefest moment, he felt that strange link of a tether again, as they helped each other stumbled back up to their tribe, and it brought the memories of what had happened back.

"By Odin," he said, trying not to gasp. "Do you recall meeting Ragna?"

Sigrid coughed. "Freja, we did! I - I had assumed it was just a dream from the Raven King, when we were tossed into the water, but if you remember it too . . ."

Her sweet voice trailed off.

"What do you think her curse was about?"

"I don't know," Erik said, as they began to edge their way back up the tall hillside, "but she seemed far too happy to deliver it. And she used my father's eye for the casting, which makes me - well, it makes me nervous."

"We have too much to worry about already," Sigrid said. She cringed as she felt at her waist. It too was sore, and seemed to have swollen a little. At least, it felt tight against her clothing.

"I don't want to tell the Chief just yet," said Erik. "Let's keep it between us, until we can figure out what went wrong."

"Agreed."

The two continued to clamber up the hill, aiding one another. Both of them felt strange, almost as if their flesh was still being pressed against the rocks, or licked by the waves. Erik's manhood still felt oddly numb, with only a little feeling returned to it. His chest, by contrast, was feeling quite sensitive, and he could feel his nipples rubbing against his shift quite awkwardly. It was matched by an ache in his pelvis, even an itch upon his scalp. Sigrid, for her part, also felt strange sensations. Her womanhood - so prized by too many men who wanted her hand - felt swollen, almost bulging. Her chest, which Freja had blessed to be a solid handful, felt sore also, but somehow a little lighter upon her shoulders, which themselves had a swollen aspect to them by contrast. Even the bones of her legs fell off, as if they were slowly being stretched.

Neither spoke much about these sensations as they made their way up to Norvegr, when they arrived at the gates, they were brought in.

"Welcome back Erik and Sigrid! Gone for a romantic swim, eh?"

"Shut it, Jor!" Sigrid called.

The man atop the gate laughed. "Well, now *that's* quite the display. Little Erik has finally grown a spine! I guess being with a woman brings out that chieftain's son quality, eh?"

Sigrid looked at Erik and shrugged her shoulders. Erik didn't take it too badly; he was used to people calling him a woman behind his back, but the idea that even his voice sounded a little feminine was somewhat shameful.

The gates opened, and they entered. The men of Norvegr were preparing for a fresh raid against their hated rivals, the Jotunsson Clan, and already the dragons were being mounted and the boats ready to launch. The two weaved towards the tribal centre, still feeling those strange pangs of soreness, the aching in the bones that felt like they were being compressed or pulled.

"Welcome back, son!" Chieftain Gorm exclaimed when he saw them. He launched forward, ecstatic that his son was embracing his role as a man, holding onto the woman he was betrothed to marry. Clearly, their wandering together had gone well. He grabbed Erik into a mighty bear hug, laughing. "Soon you shall be a real man!"

But it was not Erik that he held in his hands, but Sigrid. The young woman's eyes went wide in shock as her face was pressed against the chief's big red beard, and even more so when he put her back down and failed to recognise his mistake.

"And tell me, fair Sigrid, have you found my son to your liking?"

Erik blanched. Surely this was one of his father's cruel japes?

"Father, is this the time for jokes? Of course I find your son to your liking. Do you?"

Gorm erupted into laughter. "My, fair maiden, you have fire and spit enough to be a shieldmaiden indeed, were you not destined to bear sons and daughters for my boy. Of course I find Erik to my liking, now that he has won your heart."

And that's when Gorm did the unthinkable: he gave a playful punch against Sigrid's shoulder, like he always did with Erik. It knocked her to the side, but she held her ground, though she was further shocked.

"Chieftain, I don't understand . . ."

"What's not to understand, young Erik? It appears you have done well to earn my daughter's favour."

The voice came from Hargod, who approached with his own smile. He stared at Erik, who evidently he thought was his own daughter. The two young betrothed exchanged a horrified look, neither understanding, but both familiar enough with their myths to know that the sea witch Ragna was no doubt behind this.

"Father," Erik said nervously, addressing Hargod. "Tell me what you see when you look at me."

"An odd question, Sigrid. I see the same young woman I have always seen. My treasure, my future, and the future of this tribe. You are also, it appears, a little wet. So much for the would-be raider, ha!"



So they truly were seeing Erik instead of Sigrid, and Sigrid instead of Erik. The blood of both young Norsemen ran cold.

"I - I see."

"We shall be off soon," Gorm announced. "A raid against our hated enemy. I shall ride Skalafell, but the rest shall take the boats. No use risking too many dragons. I would ask you to come with me Erik, but I know you still do not have a warrior's he-"

"I'll come, father!"

Erik's eyes widened as he stared at Sigrid, unbelieving what he'd just heard. The young woman stood a little taller than he remembered, her muscles a little more defined beneath her warm clothing and forearm wrappings.

"You well, but S-"

"I am sorry, my fair love Sigrid," she said, smirking a little. "We shall sort out our . . . feelings, soon. Don't worry." She gave a knowing wink. "But for now, a raid. Just one, and then we can return to our business. After all, this is an opportunity, isn't it?"

She gave another knowing look, and Erik understood. One raid, and she would help find a way back. But this was her one chance of being a warrior, just as this was his one chance to spend some brief time unharrassed for his more peaceful ways. He sighed, feeling utterly humiliated to be mistaken magically for the most beautiful woman in the village, but nodded.

"V-very well, uh, Erik. As you wish."

Gorm smiled wider than the heavens, and clapped Sigrid on the back. "My son is becoming a man!" he said, completely unaware of the great irony. "Come! We shall be gone a mere week, dear Sigrid, and then we shall have a wedding soon after!"

Erik coughed. A week? A full week of being seen as Sigrid?

But already Gorm and 'Erik' were turning away, the hidden woman grinning at the unbelievable opportunity she'd been afforded. It left the new 'Sigrid' to his own devices, staying behind with the women, the boys, the elderly, and the wise men. A man in a woman's place, free from the pressure to be a man.

"Maybe, well maybe it won't be so bad?" he said to himself.

Still, he had the feeling that things were only just beginning. The witch's curse was still vague in his mind, but he prayed to Odin - and Freja - that it would be temporary, and would not go further than this.

As the legends tell, it would indeed go a lot further, as the norms of fate had already spun.

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Erik stared at his reflection, bemused and a little discomfited. He shifted his arm up, then back down. He smiled, then gasped. He turned on the spot and, after checking that no one was watching, wiggled his hips a little.

“By Odin, what has that witch done?”

In the reflection, the beautiful face of Sigrid spoke the words back to him. For reasons that could only be explained by the sea witch’s curse, Erik’s reflection was now that of Sigrid’s, despite his own form being anything but. It was the same in every reflective surface, not just the mirror that had been seized from the western reach, plundered from a nobleman’s castle. Even the still waters of the bay, a day after when they had calmed, showed Sigrid’s fair form, from her plaited hair to her small bronze circlet to her womanly cloak. Even her smirk and smile were the same, though only when he mirrored the same expression. It was utterly uncanny.

Since the real Sigrid had jumped at the opportunity to go raiding, Erik was forced to adopt her role in full. That meant weaving, working the loom, helping take care of the young children for their mothers, and tending to the administration of the fields. It was, Erik felt, oddly relaxing. The women saw her as one of them, and though a few girls were amusingly quite catty over his looks, there was a shared companionship and wisdom that the community shared when the most aggressive warrior men were absent. It was, he decided, a role of caregiving and tenderness, and also far more ribald jokes than he would have expected.

And all that would have been fine - a brief foray into the hidden world of womanhood to think on in future years, perhaps even draw wisdom from - were it not for the fact that it soon became apparent that it was not just his identity changing. No, Erik was not that lucky. His body was slowly changing as well.

It began with his waist. Erik woke in Sigrid’s bed the day after the ‘switch’, his body still feeling a little strange. It took him sometime to remember that he was currently acting the part of the beautiful maid, until his ‘mother’ came in and snapped for him to get out of bed and get dressed. Fortunately, it seemed that wearing his usual clothes made no impact on their sight, but as he changed into yesterday’s wear, his gaze lingered over his form. It looked a little slighter in frame than usual, a bit shorter too. His waist looked a little further cinched in, giving his body an almost feminine look. He’d never been the most manly man, something his father never failed to remind him of, but this appeared odd. He dismissed it as a lingering concern over the curse, and went about his day, trying best to adapt to a woman’s life in the meantime.

But as the day continued, that sensation of his spine contracting, his pelvis creaking wider, and his waist reducing in scope continued. As he chatted and laughed with the women, helped hang washed laundry, organise food from the kitchens, and prepare wood

for the fires, he couldn't help but scratch occasionally at other places too, such as his pectorals.

"Sigrid, by Freja's wisdom what on earth are you doing? And in sight of the younger boys, no less!"

Erik paused. He was simply scratching his chest. And that's when his eyes wandered to his reflection in a clear chunk of glacier ice; they were seeing the betrothed maid effectively squeeze her breasts publicly. It made Erik go red as a magma burst.

"Oh, um, sorry mother!" he said. Even his voice sounded a little higher in his panic. "I was just . . . erm, they were sore."

"Sore?" Sigrid's mother Hildr said. She herself was quite a beauty, though her daughter was beyond her. "But you should keep your modesty, girl." She pulled Erik-as-Sigrid aside. "Are you on your bleeding?"

It took a moment for Erik to realise what she was saying. By the Gods, if she could go any redder she didn't see how!

"N-no, mother. I mean, perhaps soon."

His new mother gave a reassuring smile. "Relax, dear. It is not a pleasant experience, but we must bear it. Besides, if the wedding night goes well, you may have a good nine months to enjoy a life free of your monthly arrival."

Erik chuckled a little, avoiding the urge to scratch his still-numb penis. "I doubt that will happen mother."

"Yes, because you wish to be a warrior. You must give up these dreams, Sigrid. Shieldmaidens are ordained by the Valkyries, and we have not seen their sign in many years. The norms of fate have seen you fit to have a mother's hips and the looks of Freja herself."

Erik stifled a chuckle again. "Somehow, I think I shall find some way to be a warrior still, mother."

Hildr just crossed her arms, scoffed, and led her 'daughter' back to the others, where they were tending to the babies. Erik resisted an urge to avoid scratching his nipples, which had been swelling throughout the day.

"I hope this is not a sign of something bad," he mumbled to himself. "And I hope Sigrid is coping well."

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Sigrid laughed heartily as she helped adjust the sails alongside her 'father' Gorm. The man beamed, placing his heavy hand on her slight shoulder.

"You're doing well son! It is like the blood of the Viking berserker finally runs through your veins!"

"It always has, father! I just needed the opportunity to show it!"

"Ha! And what a showing it is!"

Sigrid knew what Gorm was talking about. She had noticed the subtle signs during the voyage - the slow widening of her shoulders, the expansion of her height. Her breasts were indeed smaller, and his hips were thickening. Even her hair seemed to have taken on a slightly darker aspect. She had a feeling she knew what changes were occurring, particularly as the womanly flower between her legs remained bulged in an odd fashion. But she wasn't ready to truly believe in the possibility just yet. Besides, the coming battle was the subject of her focus. She needed to be ready.

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Erik winced as he touched his chest. The flesh there had puffed up, especially around his nipples, which now looked like pink teats, complete with circular areola. He had not seen a grown woman naked, but even he knew that body body looked a little feminine. His hips had expanded, giving him an unfamiliar smoothness to his step, and his waist had most certainly thinned. His shoulders were also reduced, though they'd never been too impressive to begin with, and his hair looked strangely lighter in colouration. It felt to his eyes now, growing unnaturally fast. He'd never been one to grow a beard, but his face seemed softer; much of his skin did, in fact.

"What is happening to me?" he murmured as he dressed himself. In the mirror, it appeared as if a naked Sigrid was putting on her wintry covering and fur-lined cloak. The sight of Sigrid's naked form should have enticed him, he knew. He had even taken off his clothes the previous day and looked himself over in the reflection. To his astonishment, where he once would have felt strong arousal and awkwardness at such a sight, he now felt simply . . . normal. Instead, his hardening only came during the night. He would wake after vivid dreams of a brown-haired figure grunting as he thrust into Erik. It was alarming, strange, not right at all, but the feeling of being penetrated in these dreams was wonderful.

*'You will do well in your new role, young one,' Ragna's voice echoed in the dream, 'but first you must accept it. You cannot escape it!'*

"No!" he would yell, and awaken with a hardness that was less impressive than it was meant to be, as if his own manhood was receding away from him. In fact, it did truly look that way, even felt that way, especially when his cock was flaccid. Its slightly numb feeling only worsened his anxiety, and the only thing to do was to deny the changes that were occurring to his body.

“I don’t know wh-what’s happening to me,” he stammered, looking over his reflection in a glacier as he marched to pick crucial healing flowers, as was a woman’s role, “but I’m not going to let it happen. It’s, uh, only temporary. I know it is.”

But in truth, his nervousness only grew. As the days passed, and he awaited word of Sigrid’s return, his body continued to shrink and alter, even as it expanded in other ways. Soon, his former clothing was impossible to wear. To his great embarrassment - and especially because Hargod’s servant woman insisted on being able to dress ‘Sigrid’ - he was forced to wear the real Sigrid’s clothing. To everyone else, he was simply the gorgeous maid of twenty years, her face resplendent, her hair a beautiful white-blonde, her figure bloomed into womanhood. Instead, Erik felt ridiculous, wearing blue and green fur-lined dresses and feminine gloves, over which, at least, were fur-coverings for the hard winter. He was continually having to restrict himself from scratching his chest, his genitals, his hips. He refused to acknowledge the full extent of the changes coming over his form, but with each passing night when he bathed in a hot tub prepared for him, he couldn’t help but massage his bloated chest, which was not obviously developing into twin mounds. Nor could he avoid feeling his manhood, which was smaller every day. His hips swung further as he walked, and his height was more certainly reducing.

“Hurry up and get back Sigrid,” he said in a voice that was becoming increasingly light and feminine, though still possessing a stolid strength. “I’m not turning into you. I’m definitely not turning into you.”

And yet, when he looked into the mirror at night, he had to bit his slightly puffed lip to stop the occasional smirk. Sigrid was indeed beautiful, but her beauty no longer inspired a secret lust in him, but a strange pride. The sea witch’s spell was upon him, and there was no doubt that his increasingly feminine mind was overpowering his male pride, especially given how small the latter was prior to the beginning of the change.

When he dreamed that night, his changes were complete, and his form was Sigrid’s completely. He - *she* - beheld her pert mounds upon her chest, felt their sensitivity, and even more so the delicate flower between her legs. She felt the moistness there, the need to be filled. To have a man; a strong Viking husband who she could be wife to. And he came from the shadows to loom over her. In the dream, she spread her thighs willingly for him, and as he drew near, she saw that his face was that of her own; Erik’s face. But instead of inspiring fear and horror, it only inspired further lust. She wanted to be *his* shieldmaiden.

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Sigrid roared in the heart of battle as she stormed the sea fortress. Gorm was behind her, her new ‘father’ shocked that his son had somehow achieved such berserker rage. She had

taken a few cuts, but these were just the expected scrapes of battle, and it would take more than that to bring her down. This was the culmination of their efforts; the raiding of the enemy fortress to bring the Jotunsson slaver clan low, and it was made all the better for the new energy in her veins; her body was increasingly masculine, and she had realised days ago that she was becoming the Erik that her crewmen already thought she was. Each day she marvelled at her growing strength, though she knew she'd have to train harder to make her body as it should be; Erik had neglected his own possibility. Still, the male essence in her blood empowered her. With her widened shoulders, thicker torso, greater height and greater strength, she felt as if she was finally ascending to the role she was always meant for.

She battled up the castle steps, pushing aside the enemy and battering them with sword and shield. Many fled before her berserker rage, and in the madness she was separated from Gorm. Still she fared well, and it was a disappointment when the call to get back to the ships came; clearly they had claimed what prizes they were after, and clan reinforcements were coming. She made her way back, only to see that fresh troops were ascending. She kept a steady mind, running to the top of the tower. At its height, from the parapets, she could see Skalafell the mighty dragon burning away the enemy below. She whistled loudly, calling it to her. She couldn't imagine having such daring before. She abandoned the whistle, and roared as loudly as her lungs could. And the dragon answered with a roar, and came to her.

"YES!" she called. She leapt upon the dragon's back, still roaring inhumanly as she grasped his neck.

"Fly for me, you fell beast!" she screamed. As she did, her voice *broke*, taking on a deeper, masculine quality.

And then, to the shock of the Viking force, most of all Chief Gorm, the dragon yielded to her commands, flying around the tower towards the chief, and positioning itself to catch him. With a roar of triumph, the battle-hardened man leapt, and was on its back too.

"A raider and a dragon tamer in one day!" he cried, laughing like a madman. "You truly are my son! You truly are a *VIKING!*"

Sigrid beamed. Small tears brimmed in her eyes, but the wind of the dragon's flight flicked them away. It was the proudest moment of her life. She may not have become a shieldmaiden, but she had been able to become a warrior still. She was a man now, the growing nub between her legs confirmed it. And she knew in that moment that she willed it to keep growing, to confirm her as a man for good.

She never wanted to give up being Erik.

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Even as Sigrid and the ship returned from their victorious battle, Erik was fighting his own, and losing badly. He was becoming Sigrid, it was impossible to deny any further, as much as he wanted to. His hair was fully blonde now, but more than that, it had lengthened down his shoulders. In the morning, Sigrid's servant women helped plait it, and he too was learning this art. It fell over his soft, feminine shoulders, which were now perfectly comfortable within the women's clothing he was given to wear. The female cloaks and dresses fit him comfortably, cinching around his reduced waist and widening perfectly around his impressive hips. With his shorter stature, the hem of the dress reached his ankles, which were also feminined and soft, with a set of dainty feet that no longer fit his old shoes. Even his face had changed; it was borderline identical to Sigrid's, the last tiny hard edges becoming soft, and rounded.

But the true changes which confronted him were hidden beneath his clothing, and for good modesty's sake. His breasts - and he could not deny that he had a woman's chest now - had come out of hiding, and now had an enticing wobble to them. They had an actual weight, and were - he suspected - almost equal to Sigrid's size, and would be there any day now. Furthermore, his penis was little more than a nub, his testicles shrunken around his remaining shaft and increasingly looking like a pair of feminine lips. At least, that's what he assumed; he was in truth a virgin, and had never seen a woman's parts before, but he had heard ribald jokes enough to guess what was coming.

He sighed, adjusted his dress, and looked in the mirror.

"So close to being you, Sigrid," he said. "There's got to be a way back. There has to be."

But Ragna had not reappeared, even when he sailed out into the bay. It was just him and his changing body, and his resolute will not to become a woman.

When he returned from the shore for the fifth time, he was greeted by Sigrid's mother, who was waving excitedly.

"Sigrid! My daughter! The ships are returning!"

Erik's eyes widened - even they had become a deep blue - and he raced up the hill to see the ships come in. His heart beat nervously, and he was overcome with emotion; tears brimmed in his eyes as he saw his father's vessel, and all crew alive and well. Upon the prow was . . . was him! At least, a figure so close to looking like him that it was astounding. But there was a determined gaze, a grim satisfaction, that still marked him out as Sigrid. He'd recognise that face anywhere. He breathed a little heavier just at the sight of her, and even more when the ship was anchored and the crew disembarked to Norvegr. Despite his own fears over his changing body, and the strangeness of seeing another wear his own, he felt that magical tether flare once more. A need arose in him, and he ran ahead of the other women to find Sigrid.

Little did he know, Sigrid was doing the same. As glorious as she felt, having returned home with spoils of war and victory, and capable of riding even mighty dragons, the sight of her own body upon the hill stirred something in her heart. That tether brightened, and a yearning need to embrace her old form struck her. She ran ahead of the warriors, who themselves were no slouch.

“Erik!” she called.

“Sigrid!” he replied.

The others were too far behind on either side to hear them, and they wouldn't have cared. The two embraced, the connection completing. Sigrid marvelled at how much Erik now looked like her female form, and Erik did the same for Sigrid. Her strong arms enveloped his, but while Erik was weaker, he was grateful that Sigrid, with her own desire to be a warrior, did not have a body of weakness. Far from it, she still had a Valkyrie's strength that was now his.

“I'm so glad you're back!” he beamed, still holding her tight.

“And I am glad to be back. I have done the most incredible things, Erik. I have been a warrior, I have ridden dragons. You should see your father's pride!”

“And you should see, well, *your* father's pride. His daughter is now acting like a good Norsewoman, apparently.” He brushed a stray blonde hair from his red cheeks.

Sigrid laughed. “You look like you've taken to my role well.”

“I - I suppose. And you to mine. But we can't stay like this. I'm not meant to be a woman.”

She eyed him over. “What if you are?”

“What? H-how can you say that?”

Sigrid laughed. “Erik, you're the kindest, most compassionate person I know. You care deeply about others, and you like to nurture and craft, rather than wreck and fight. That's a woman's nature, right there. Have you been good with the little ones?”

He rolled his eyes. “Uh, yeah, obviously. They're easy to corral.”

“That's funny, because I find them near impossible to manage. And your hair and dress; who did them for you?”

Another blush. “I - well I did them myself. Was I not supposed to?”

“You were, but I was always terrible at it. I couldn't stand to be made all lady-like. Yet here you are. I bet you worked the loom well, too.”

“Yes, well, again, that's easy-”

“But impossible for me. Erik, don't you see? The sea witch may have cursed us, but it is also a blessing. We have not just swapped bodies, but lives as well. And the norms of fate have connected us still. Tell me you don't feel that connection now.”



He couldn't, because it was making it hard to think of anything else. Despite himself, he couldn't help but see Sigrid's male body as deeply attractive. His sensitive nipples hardened against his dress, and a warmth settled in his belly, a precursor to bodily desire. He realised that he hadn't fully withdrawn from Sigrid yet, and that there was a hardness pressing against him, one that he didn't find at all unwelcome.

"I - do you feel it too?"

"Strongly," she said, pulling him yet closer. "Very strongly. I think . . . I think we should kiss now. Let the tribe know how we feel about one another, and to confirm our changes."

Erik was afraid. He was nervous. He was unsure what it was to be a woman still, let alone be stuck as one. And yet . . . the need was there. The connection that inflamed his womanly passion, and made him yearn for a man's touch, just like in his dreams.

"I don't know," he stammered, but already he was pulling his lips up to hers.

They kissed. Passionately. Deeply. For a long time. As they did, their bodies rippled with the final changes, ones that sent shivers of bliss through both their forms. When they parted, both knew they were now totally the other in form, right down to their manhood and maidenhood.

"WONDERFUL! WONDERFUL!" Chief Gorm yelled, as he ascended the hill to see them. "Looks like the wedding will be sooner than later!"

Erik gulped, a nervousness settling in once more. He wanted to say no, to say there had been a mistake, but those protests died away the moment he looked back at Sigrid's confident male face.

A bigger part of him felt this was destiny. And you cannot fight destiny.

Only embrace it.

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The wedding was set, the feasting tables prepared. The tribe was gathered, and the two young Norsemen were seated at the head table in the wife-to-be's home, as was tradition. Erik was incredibly nervous, wrapped in a gorgeous blue dress made of fine silk raided by Sigrid personally. It revealed the curves of his fine feminine form, his expanded hips, his soft backside, his respectable bust, his womanly hourglass. A small dip in the dress revealed a hint of cleavage, clearly meant to tease his husband-to-be. Sigrid, for her part, wore a fine jacket and hose of Norse design, a clasped cloak with bear fur on its exterior around her shoulders. As was the tribe's tradition, she placed a smaller fur covering around her former body's slim shoulders.

“You look beautiful,” she said, as she did so.

“A fine compliment to yourself,” Erik grumbled under his breath, “since it is *your* body.”

“Not mine anymore,” she said, smirking. “Besides, you wear it much better than I did. I never realised how well-suited you were to womanhood, my dear. Maybe we’re both meant to be like this?”

Erik blushed, smiling sheepishly before the crowd as they feasted and talked.

“Maybe, maybe not, but I can’t say I ever expected it. I mean, me? A wife? I knew I was never the man that Father wanted me to be, but still!”

She placed a manly arm around her former body’s waist. “It will be okay. Trust me, I think you are going to enjoy being Sigrid. Besides, don’t think I haven’t seen your eyes wandering across your old body.”

Another, deeper blush. “Oh, sure, embarrass me in front of the whole tribe, won’t you? Don’t think I haven’t noticed you doing the same for me.”

Sigrid just smiled. “It’s the magic the sea witch spun. We can’t fight it, and in truth, I don’t want to. In fact, just looking at you, ‘Erik’, I want to -”

“HEAR ME!” Gorm roared, and all attention fell on the massive Viking chief as he stood. “Today is a great day! Just a week ago, my son returned from battle a warrior! He accomplished great feats, and while it has been late in coming, has proved himself a mighty Viking!”

The tribe erupted into applause, Hargod among them.

“But now he becomes a *man*, and takes a wife! And what wife could be greater, what new daughter could be more beautiful, than Sigrid! She has a warrior’s heart, but has learned that a woman can be a Valkyrie in her own stead, a Shieldmaiden among women, and approach her household with the tasks that Freja has set her.”

Another applause. Erik sank a little in his seat. He knew he looked utterly gorgeous as Freja herself at that moment, and tried to hide it. Sigrid cheered along with the crowd, clearly lapping it up.

“But now, it is time for the two to become one! For them to swear to one another, and hold fast to eternity, until they are both swept to the gates of Valhalla eternal!”

The tribe priestess approached, and gestured for the two to stand. They did so a little nervously, extending their arms, fingers intertwining. For all the strange nature of their change, they could not deny the great desire they had for one another, nor the connection they found as they looked into one another’s eyes. There was a moment of realisation for both of them, as their hands were bound together with the ancient cloth.

It was love.

They smiled, giddy, and a little overcome.

“Do you swear to be bound, in sight of the Aeir and Valir Gods, to one another? To share the same bed, the same passions, and to support your companion through the battle of the sword, the ship, the spirit, and the birthing bed?”

Erik gulped a little. Birthing bed? He lowered his strong yet feminine hand to his stomach for a moment, imagining what it would be like to be full with child.

“I swear it,” Sigrid said. She nodded to her feminised wife-to-be.

“I swear it as well,” Erik replied. And oddly, he realised he meant it completely, strange as it was.

The tribe let up a raucous cheer, and tankards were raised to the new married couple. Already, chants and songs were starting, mead poured out, and toasts were made to Erik and Sigrid.

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It was not long after feasting that the male crowd lifted up Sigrid, and the female half lifted up Erik. Both figures were born aloft, each slightly drunk on mead and good food, as they were carried to their now-shared bedchamber in the chief’s halls. Both laughed, overcome with festivity, and also with a great deal of nervousness.

“Make it official!” someone called. “Plough her field!”

They were practically pushed in together, the door shut and locked, as was the humorous tradition. The fire was already set, the bed prepared for them by servants. The two looked at one another, eyes searching. For Sigrid, her new wife was the epitome of beauty. Despite simply being her former body, her new one recognised it as another’s, and Erik’s blue eyes, blonde plaited hair, and fit female form was making her excited. Her manhood stiffened, and once again she marvelled at the fact that Erik had been hiding such an unexpected monster between his legs. For Erik, his heart beat maniacally, fluttering at the sight of his former body, his nipples throbbing with need, his tunnel growing moist.

“Are we going to - I mean, I feel like looking at you is -”

He didn’t even get to finish the sentence. Sigrid pulled him against her, and Erik found himself held in her strong grip, her hard lips against his soft ones. He swooned unexpectedly, lifting a leg back as she held him. Her touch was everything, and his feminised body was flooded with desire. With arousal. With *need*.

“Oh, Gods,” he panted, “I - I think I want this.”

“Me too,” Sigrid said. Already she was unclasping her cloak, undoing her coat. Erik was the same, pulling away the clasp of his fur covering, and beginning to loosen the stays of his dress.

"No, let me. I want to unwrap my gift," Sigrid said. "Besides, I know what I'm doing. I've worn a few of these before."

Her hardness only grew as she tore the dress from Erik's form. As expected, the new woman's nipples were firm, erect with desire, and her soft chest rose and fell with each needful breath. The two pressed against one another, naked chest against naked chest, and within moments they were on the bed. Erik was by his very nature submissive, and so it did not take much coaxing for him to end up on his back, the looming figure of Sigrid in his body over him.

"Are you ready, my love?"

It was the first time she had confessed love, and Erik found his more sensitive heart flutter once more.

"I am . . . dear husband. Dear love."

He parted his legs, incredibly anxious and yet far more desirous, and seconds later she entered him.

"Oh - Ohhhh - Oohhh s-so big!"

"And to think you never knew your own blessing!"

"I'm - aaahhhh - I'm f-feeling it now!"

Soon, she was thrusting, and he was reeling, being taken like the woman he now was. He moaned and cried out, his voice high and sensual, and driving his new husband to greater heights. They thrust, finding a rhythm as Sigrid's motions were matched by Erik's pelvic movements. Their shared pleasure rose, building towards a magnificent orgasm as they had never felt it before.

"I'm going to get you with child, my love!" Sigrid called out.

Erik knew he should have found that terrifying, but instead his mind conjured images of being impregnated, of being *bred* like a good Norsewoman. Of baring heirs for his husband. Perhaps it was the nature of the sea witch's curse, but it brought on his orgasm - his *orgasms*. He shook like thunder, as if his pleasure was blessed by the Vanir themselves. And Sigrid followed. They came together, both moaning in bliss.

When they emerged, half an hour and another sexual encounter later, the crowd roared in approval, much to their shared embarrassment.

The marriage had been consummated. Their new lives had begun.

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"You are looking very beautiful, my 'husband.' You finally have grown, though perhaps not as your father wished it!"

"Oh, har har, 'wife,'" Sigrid replied from her comfortable bed. She was reclining slightly against a wall of pillows, and her hand caressed the large swell of her pregnant belly. "It's not my father who gave me this shifting, heavy hillside of a stomach, but you!"

Erik cracked a grin. Not eight months ago, he had been a *she*, a gorgeous maiden who wished to be a warrior, just as her wife had been a man unsuited for a Viking's way of life. Now, after a chance encounter with the sea witch Ragna, and a long process of adjustment for the young couple, they had settled well into their new roles, and none better than husband and wife. After all, Erik's patience and compassion suited him well for a life as a devoted woman, while Sigrid's determined warrior spirit was destined to be that of a manly Viking. Not to say there weren't hard adjustments: Sigrid had previously lived a life unknowing how men talked of women in their absence, or how to control the snake between her legs, which led to some embarrassing incidents in front of her new male peers. Thankfully, these were largely taken as a 'late blooming' of her manhood, as she quickly proved herself an incredibly capable warrior. Erik, on the other hand, took longer to adjust to his new feminine fate. Having to experience the lingering eyes of men on his form, being treated as the weaker sex, and the elaborate expectations on how to dress himself up beautifully and respectfully, it was all so much. He committed a number of errors that made other women chuckle, particularly when it came to female arts such as the loom, but thankfully the other women took it as Sigrid's awkwardness at finally adopting her expected role and giving up her warrior ambitions.

Despite their occasional fumbles, the newly married couple had each other to aid in their adjustment into their new bodies, a process that was helped by their incredible attraction to their former bodies. Despite Erik's occasional reluctance - a holdover of masculine pride - the pair's couplings were as frequent as that of rabbits. Moans could be heard coming from their bedchambers nightly, and often more than once, the witch's spell ensuring they were sexually desirous of their original bodies. And so it did not take long for Erik to fall pregnant, before she'd even experienced more than one bleeding, an event that terrified and astounded him, particularly once his morning sickness developed, his tender breasts swelled, and his belly began to expand. Now, well into his sixth month, his chest was even more developed, a fact Sigrid greatly enjoyed, and Erik too, though he would never admit it. The shifting babe developing within his womb made the former male thankful for his new fate, something he'd never imagined he'd be, as he was able to experience the gift of life, contributing to Norvegr in a way that finally felt natural to him.

"I can't believe I've gone from being put down by my father for not being enough of a man, to now being celebrated by him for growing a baby inside me!"

The two chuckled over their odd fates. Erik's body was not the only one that had undergone changes, though: Sigrid's adventures as a now-respected Viking warrior had built

up hard muscle and whipcord strength, and her manliness was even apparent upon her face, which now sprouted a short but full beard. It was a look that Erik found incredibly handsome, his very pregnant body incredibly aroused at the sight of his former male one, all thanks to the sea witch's curse.

Of course, they no longer really thought of themselves by their original names. Erik went by Sigrid even when alone with his husband, and in truth thought of herself as a *she* now too. The same in reverse could be said of Sigrid, who wore the name Erik with pride.

"It seems that in changing places, we have found our right stations," he said, pressing himself against his wife's fertile belly.

"Mm-hmm," Sigrid said, cradling her husband's head, enjoying the feel of his beard, and their shifting child within her. "So it seems. Though I must admit, my love, I'm a little nervous about giving birth."

"You'll be fine. I had good birthing hips, remember? Now you do too. You'll be fine."

"That is, well, I suppose that's true. I guess part of me will always be a little nervous."

Erik kissed her, their tongues intertwining as it became passionate.

"You will do fine, my love. And I will be there by your side. It will be hard, but my mother always said that the birthing bed is a woman's own battlefield."

Sigrid chuckled. "Well, I guess I'll be a warrior in my own way, then."

"You certainly captured my heart, now that you're a woman."

Another kiss, and this one was charged with further passion. Erik's hands slid up to the full breasts of her mate, and began to unbutton her shift.

"Mhmm, now?" Sigrid said. She was already growing moist, and Erik was hard.

"Now. After all, we should get some practice in, for the next time I get you pregnant."

Sigrid chuckled. "Damn that Ragna, she wants us making babies like, uh, rabbits. And now - well, now *I'm* the one that has to carry them."

"I'll just have to make sure you learn to enjoy it then, my dear Norsewife."

Her breasts and belly were bared, and Erik began to remove his own clothes. Sigrid breathed deeply, taking in the manly sight of her former body. How had she never realised what an impressive cock she'd had? Her mind filled with lust, and a deep-seated need to be filled.

"What are you waiting for? Come and raid me then, my Viking warrior."

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And he did. More than once. Just as she received him. The young Viking couple remained together, fierce and loving, until the end of their long lives together. Neither ever saw Ragna the sea witch ever again, though on their occasional voyages together, when the beautiful blonde Norsewoman who had once been Erik was pregnant yet again, both could

swear they could hear her mischievous laughter from the waves. Neither would go back if they could, however, for each had found the path they truly desired. Erik became a mighty Viking warrior and later chief, celebrated for his courageous spirit and his might in taming dragons to his will, while his beautiful wife Sigrid produced over a dozen children for her husband and ruled the tribe wisely in her husband's absence even as she reared them, even deep into pregnancy. She remained a beauty even in her later years, just as Erik maintained a rugged handsomeness, and the two are committed to legend, their fates altered by the norms of fate.

**The End**