

Viking Change (French Peasant to Buff Norsewoman TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for The Sheriff

Rene is a young peasant returning to his village after delivering his crops. But when his village is raided by Vikings, Rene beseeches God for aid. Unfortunately for him, it is the Norse God Loki that answers. And he thinks that Rene would have a lot better fortunes if he were to become Rayna, a powerful shieldmaiden. Things only get stranger for the former male when she finds out she is betrothed to her former French prince, however, as part of a peace deal. Will she be able to come out on top?

Viking Change

Part One: The Raid

Rene was sore, tired, and fed up. Paris, the city he had dreamed of visiting all of his poor peasant life, had been little more than a waste dump as it turned out. Sure, the numerous buildings and grand protective walls were impressive, but the stench and muck and filth was all the more concentrated for it, and it made the place reek. The upper classes routinely mocked peasants like Rene for being unwashed, uneducated, and illiterate, but now that he had seen the state of the cities that so many of them lived in, he wondered if maybe peasants didn't have it better off in some ways. At least out in the country you could step away from the cow dung without colliding with a wall, and there were far, far fewer rats.

Still, he'd made a profit, and that was what would matter to his father. Rene Senior had entrusted him to make the wagon journey to the capital to sell their produce of cherries, apples, and other assorted fruits and vegetables. A mixed bunch that had been irritating to cultivate into the same season, but with the ascension of the newest Louis to the throne several months ago, a series of festivals and games had been announced to occur in his first year of reign, and with times as hard as they were, it was worth producing as much extra that would sell well in the capital.

Perhaps things had sold a little *too* well, however. Rene felt uncomfortable with the amount of livre in his pockets and stashed upon his wagon and in the saddlebag of his beloved mule, Jean. It wasn't as if he was a wealthy man: by nature of a peasant he literally couldn't be. His father was a peasant, his father's father was a peasant, and so on and so forth dating back to times unknown. They weren't exactly poorly off, at least. Their position near the northern coast upon the Seine River was a fruitful one that meant that unlike many

others of their lowly class, they rarely struggled to meet the requirements of their subsistence living. But that was only food. Taxation was another matter, not to mention the holy tithe. When famine struck, or their liege lord became greedy, or there was a plague, or any manner of suffering, the taxes didn't go away. It could hit their land *hard*.

Well, it wasn't *their* land, per se. Being peasants, practically nothing was theirs truly, though that only brought them closer to the Holy Lord, as Ma often said. Instead, Baron Armand Barrau was their liege lord, and that was the problem. Because all this delightful coinage that could make a material difference in Rene's life would not be going into his pocket, or his father's, but instead straight to the Baron, who was a venal and vile man who barely interacted with them except to extract taxes. Rene had been told by his father to sell and sell well, but not *too* well. That was the problem with noble types: if they made a bit of extra money one year, they expected as much the next. You had to find a balance, or else soon you'd be eating mouldy bread just so the Baron could consume another fine duck dinner.

Rene sighed. "At least you don't have to worry about all these concerns, Jean," he said to the mule. "You just pull wagons and eat carrots, and call it a day."

As if in answer, Jean gave a slight bray.

"You know, I rather feel like you some days. Like a mule, I mean. I work hard for no pay, I've got tired muscles, and there's a strange boil on my leg and a rash on my neck that's got me worried. Oh, you don't have those? I guess mules are better off than people, sometimes."

Another bray, this time sounding a little smug.

"You know, I even look a bit like you, don't I? I'm a bit dirty from that foul city, but take a look, Jean? Tell me I look different from a hard-worked, ugly mule. No offence, *ami*."

The mule did not disagree. In fact, Rene did look quite mulish, in that way that only beaten-down depressed peasants could appear. He had sunken eyes and overly-large ears, and his nose was just a little too long. It left him with a nasally voice, and combined with his teeth which were too large and pushed out at odd angles from his face, he wasn't going to be mistaken for a handsome noble type any time soon. Hell, his village of Dreusot would probably crown him the village ugly at the next feast in celebration to the king. They had a habit of shitting on him like that, no matter how much it angered his Ma.

"I just have to rid myself of all this livre to the Baron, and get back to working away. Then I never have to be disappointed by a muck-ridden city that's given me the shingles or something ever again. I can just work the field, and . . . and work the field. And work the field. By the great Lord above, what a vale of tears this is, just as the good priest says. There must be more than suffering. Suffering and . . . and damned scabbed feet from all this walking and torn up shoes!"

He groaned, and lifted himself up to his wagon as he should have over half an hour ago. It was his fault really; he had itchy feet, and liked to get them moving. His father often joked that if he hadn't been born to a lowly peasant's farming life he'd be an adventurer, travelling to the furthest reaches of the known world. Rene rather liked that idea; it was an amusing escape to think of to escape the drudgery of the planting and ploughing, the seeding and sowing, the year in and year out of his life. Lord knew that the world was indeed a vale of tears through which mankind must suffer for their sins, but sometimes it seemed like the meek would not inherit the earth, but just be trodden over and stamped into it. Especially when one saw the rich and noble and powerful barely suffering at all, like the nobleman upon his horse that was approaching along the road at that very second.'

Rene was no fool. He motioned his wagon to the side of the path and bowed reverently. Regardless of what station the man held, he was owed respect from his lower classes, so Rene kept the bow low just in case.

"Well, well, who do we have here? A peasant with no produce? A hard year has it been, little lad?"

Rene gritted his teeth. He was certainly scrawny, and a fever when he'd been young had left his development rather short when it came to height. Still, humiliation burned like an iron within his gut.

"I am just returning from Paris where I sold my family's crops for the coming festival, milord," he said.

"Lord? Lord!? My word, I would hope that you have eyes, peasant. Stand up straight and you might just happen to notice that I am no mere 'lord', but your *prince*."

Rene stood straight and rigid as a lance. He gazed up at the man looking down upon him. He had never seen Prince Louis before, who shared the name of his newly crowned father, but anyone gazing upon this figure would recognise him as a prince. He had the handsome aspect and flowing brown hair of his lineage, not to mention the tell-tale green eyes that women of the common classes whispered about as if they too might marry a prince in a fairytale drama. His tunic was in his house colours of blue and white, with a silver and gold filigree that spoke to such expense that Rene's entire family line going back hundreds of years could not possibly afford it. This was to say nothing of the man's fine white stallion, the saddle of carefully maintained and cured leather, or the bow upon the man's back that could buy a whole village.

"M-my Prince! I apologise greatly!"

"Pah!" the prince said with a degree of smugness. "How could you have known? Only a humble peasant, after all. I'm sure many nobles look the same to you right, boy?"

"I am twenty two years old, my Prince."

The prince snorted. "That sounds almost like speaking back to the heir to the throne itself! You've got bark, peasant. Try to keep it muffled, or else you'll get my bite."

He patted his sword in its fine scabbard, chuckling darkly. For a moment Rene wasn't sure if the man was kidding or not, until he burst out with laughter, startling the peasant.

"Oh, don't be so shy, boy! I'm only joking. What's your name?"

"R-Rene, my prince."

"Well, Rene, consider this the most blessed day of your life to have happened past me. Where are you headed?"

"The village of Dreusot, my Prince."

"Oh, enough of that 'my Prince' nonsense. I don't like how nasally your mouth puts it. Well, given that you and your mule have travelled far, you can take a little token of affection to celebrate my father's affection. Here!"

He flipped a gold livre to the mud at his horse's feet. "Enjoy, peasant-boy Rene. Take it home to your plague-ridden parents and you can feast for a week upon it!"

"Th-thank you, my P-"

But already Prince Louis was galloping away, clearly no longer interested in the amusements that Rene could provide. The young man scooped up the coin, amazed at the gift. And yet, at the same time, humiliation burned within him. The hot iron of anger pressed against his stomach once more, lighting him up with a futile rage. To be talked of so dismissively, and in such an unChristian manner, it only made all the more clear how unfair life was to Rene. How could the good Lord let it be so?

"Come Jean," he said. "Let's be moving. It is not far to Dreusot, and at least we have some coin to keep, if the Baron does not take it from us. Maybe we can find some calm and peace on arrival so I don't burst from all this anger."

Something was very wrong. Rene and Jean were not far from Dreusot, but smoke was rising in thick black blooms above the buildings in the distance. The sky was grey by this point, the time well into mid-afternoon, and something about it made Rene's heartstop. The village was not to have a festival for a week yet, and this smoke was clustered around the buildings, instead of away from them at a safe distance. Almost as if . . .

"Jean, go!" he cried. "Faster! FASTER!"

The mule moved as fast as it could, but Rene ran ahead of his animal friend. His gut clenched, fear awash within it, the worst case scenario cycling through his mind. His feet were no longer blistered and so as he ran, his mind filtering out the pain. But the panic remained, the unrivalled fear that some terrible calamity had occurred.

“Mama! Papa!” he cried as he ran under the village entrance. He could see now that the buildings were not just near smoke - they *were* smoking, and some further ones were still on fire. The village was on a raised hill that descended back down to the river, and so he scrambled up with all the fury and mania of a wild beast, calling out for his parents and anyone else who could hear him. It was only as he stumbled over the crest and into the village centre proper that he could take in what had happened, and by then it was too late.

An attack. Raiders. *Vikings*.

Two vessels of that strange Norse design were upon the Seine River, the great serpents and strange gods painted upon their sails and prow to intimidate the good Christian peoples of the kingdom.

“No! God and the holy Mother help us!”

He ran down into the village without thinking, terrified as to the fates of his parents. He had no weapons, no training, and Dreusot was practically undefended; it was too much of an expense for Baron Armand Barrau to care for. Besides, raiders rarely came down so far along the Seine. But now they had, and Rene’s heart beat in his chest at what felt like a pace of a thousand times a minute. Houses were burning, and screams were filling the air. Bodies littered the main street, all of them people he knew.

“Sophia! Auguste! Claude! God have mercy!”

His prayers came fast and desperate upon his lips as he saw them. Most were men; the Vikings, he knew, would take the women as their thralls and concubines. A most un-Christian and unholy fate that none of them, not even the promiscuous Adele, would deserve.

But he couldn’t stop. His parent’s farm would be further north with a lovely view of the river. He ran, lungs heaving with effort. He would have to come back for Jean and ensure she was okay, but his parents mattered more. He ran through the village square, and stopped only briefly at a horrid sight: the fat Baron himself had been impaled upon a mock throne of wood, a sword right down his gullet, his wealthy clothing torn of all its gold buttons. Rene made the sign of the Cross automatically, but a small part of him was darkly satisfied that at least the venal man had not escaped the punishment that other, less deserving Christians had been dealt.

“Mama! Papa! I am coming!” he shouted, continuing to run. His legs were weak from the effort, but he had to make it. He passed through smoke and fire and chaos to reach his destination.

Only for him to clear through a black cloud and happen upon a group of wild men with thick beards and elaborate, terrifying armour. They turned in surprise and more than a little amusement, and one grunted something to the other. There was not mistaking the sheer size of these men and their strange appearance. These were *vikings*, the ungodly

raiders from the north who had torn away his village. They laughed, crudely gesturing something he couldn't understand. Rene stalled just for a moment, then tried to run in a different direction.

Only to run directly into another, even larger one with a wild red beard and cold blue eyes within the slits of his helmet. Rene fell to the ground and smacked his head against a rock. The world went dark, and the last thing he heard was a raucous and wild laughter rise up from the group.

He knew they would kill him. At least he would be going to God, where his parents likely were too.

Part Two: The Prayer

Rene was not killed, but he was not saved either. No matter how many prayers he sent up to Saint Magdalene to save him, he was not rescued on the long voyage. His antics had entertained the Vikings enough that they had designated him to become one of their thralls. The journey back to the Norse homeland was brutal. Not only was the weather cold and the lands alien to Rene, but he and his fellow captives were forced to do much of the rowing, all while being underfed and poorly treated by the brutish Norsemen. Talk between them in their own native French tongue was discouraged if plotting was suspected, and they were manacled in such a way that caused horrible chafing across their wrists and ankles. Rene could only hope that things would be better once they arrived in the Norse kingdom, where they would likely be used as thralls for farming and the like until death. The luckier ones would be skilled artisans working for the Norsemen, he supposed, while the women would be concubines. Adele was one of the few women who seemed ready to adapt to such a life, and while it was a sin to consider such an option so readily, Rene almost admired her for her ability to adapt.

"It is a woman's way," she said. "Men make the world a horror, and we women must adapt to it. Do not judge me, Rene. None of you can judge me. I can only make of myself what I must."

Her words sat in his mind: *I can only make of myself what I must*. It was practically a mantra, a new verse for him to add to his daily prayers. They all prayed, made the sign of the cross, beseeched the saints for aid in enduring their fate to come. But no aid came, not even as the longship fleet travelled through his homeland's waters, stopping to raid more villages and towns that were even more fortified. The Vikings seemed to be the scourge of God himself, and he hated them to their core. He had found no evidence of his parents' survival, nor of their deaths. He could only hope that they had escaped the Norsemen's

wrath. Each day wore heavily upon him and his fellow villagers. It was easy to fall into a malaise where there was nothing but the rowing, the work, the meals, the manacles, and finally, the sleep. Prayer and comfort in one another were the only salves for the dreary pain, and even those were wearing thin as the Vikings continued to raid their countrymen.

It was only when the longships had raided the lands close to Paris, destroying several forts and clearing them of loot and valuables, that Rene's desperation reached a fever pitch. The language of the Norsemen was a mystery to him, but he could understand clearly from their excitement that they were finally turning home. He and Adele and Claude Junior and all the others would never see their good Christian homes again. Their fates would soon be set, and the vale of tears through which life was to be suffered would be filled with far more tears than any had before imagined. The words of Prince Louis whispered in his ear as he tried to sleep, the haughty heir who had so much wealth and comfort and who would be safely ensconced in his castle in the capital, safe even from these raiders.

You are but a peasant boy, the spectral prince spoke to him. An ugly mockery. Who knows? The Norsemen clearly find your ugliness and bent teeth amusement! Perhaps you will be the Jarl's royal jester! You may yet go up in the world, little lad with the scabbed feet!

It made Rene burn with anger, even if the words were imaginary they surely represented the real prince's feelings on the matter, if he had any knowledge of what was even occurring to the little folk. Rene grit his teeth, hatred flowing through him. He had tried to be a good Christian, to accept his lowly place in the world. But now even that had been torn away. Why should sinful men like the Prince live in the lap of luxury while he and his fellow good villagers were made into captive thralls? It wasn't fair! Why had God forsaken them?

For the first time in his life, Rene gave a prayer that was addressed not to the one true God or his saints, but to something or someone else. He didn't know to what or whom he was even speaking, but he whispered the words on the deck of the longship as the other thralls slept.

"If there is another god out there, some kind of force that can help me, I beseech you. God has forsaken me. I will not trade words with the Devil, but if there is . . . more, then please. I ask for an escape from this life! Please"

The words died on the wind, and he realised how foolish he had been. He was just about to make another prayer begging for God's forgiveness, when suddenly a voice spoke to him, and not one that was imagined.

"Well, well, it is not often I receive prayers from lowly Frankish peasants! Or are you French now? Hard to keep track, when you are so far south."

Rene gasped, sitting up right and causing the prisoner next to him to stir - they were collectively manacled, after all. Sitting in the middle of the ship under the light of the moon

was a dark figure. He was half in shadow, but it was easy to tell that his clothing was fine, and Norse in design, like that of a foreign nobleman. His eyes glowed a strange, crystal blue that frightened Rene.

“Wh-who are you?”

“Oh, just the kind of god you were seeking aid from, Rene. Don’t look so surprised. You ‘one god only’ types are always so surprised to find out there are many of us. It really is quite a shock.”

Rene made the sign of the cross. “Get away from me, Satan!”

“Please, I am not so bad as all that. And I can assure you, I am not your Lucifer Morningstar, though I do like a bit of mischief. You may call me Loki. Have you heard of me?”

Rene shook his head, and the man sagged a little.

“How disappointing. I do so like to be heard of. I am one of *theirs*, you see. A god of the Norsemen. One of the big ones, actually.”

“Impossible. I was simply praying as a foolish-”

“Foolish mortal, yes. But that is half the fun. Still, I heard your prayer, and so I came out of interest. I can aid your escape, mortal Rene. I can give you another life.”

Rene narrowed his eyes. “What will you ask for in return?”

The man smirked. “Nothing. Nothing at all! In fact, I simply like the entertainment of it. You can accept the life of a thrall, or take another. It is your choice. Perhaps I am only a vision sent to test you, or perhaps an illusion of hunger and desperation. Perhaps I am your nailed God upon his tree, or whatever. I don’t much care, frankly. You can take my offer or leave it. Pray for forgiveness later, if you must. Do you wish for an escape to another life?”

Rene swallowed. It was not the Christian thing to even consider this, but his desperation was great. All his life he had been mocked and spat upon by his ‘greater’, and even in the village he was not greatly popular. He had not been blessed with good looks, or confidence, or luck with women. Even the coin given to him by the Prince had been taken by the Vikings. The only good thing he had in life were his parents, and they might well be dead now. It all added up to his decision.

“I do. Please,” he said. “If you can grant that, I wish it. No foul pacts, just . . . an escape.”

The man - or thing or god or entity - calling himself Loki smiled.

“Consider it granted, Rene. Enjoy your new life. I shall watch it with great amusement! And remember; there is no going back.”

He snapped his fingers, and to Rene’s shock, he dissolved in the wind, falling apart as impossible snowflakes that proceeded to dissipate in the air.

“That can’t have been real,” he said to himself. He swallowed, worrying about the state of his soul. Making the sign of the cross, he began to pray. “Jesus, forgive me my sins.

Take them upon your back and let them be stripped from my unworthy soul. I did not mean to - to - nnggh!”

His gut suddenly clenched, forcing an end to his prayer. Rene tried to avoid waking the other thralls and especially the irritated Norsemen. The only ones awake were at the prow of the ship, where the shift of rowers were continuing their work. None had seen Loki, which worried him as to his own mental state. But the feelings in his own stomach were very real; it clenched again, and this time the pressure spread out to his hips, his chest, his limbs, even a series of pressures across his face. It was like his body was being massaged by numerous invisible, ghostly hands, pushing and pressing and redirecting his flesh in odd ways.

“What - God, what is h-happening to m-me?” he said. He yanked at the manacles, trying to wake a fellow prisoner in his panic, but they would not wake, and soon he lost control of his own body, which began to shiver and shake. He was changing, he could feel it all over. Rene was terrified of dying, and for a moment he thought he was, until the clouds parted above the moon’s light shone fully upon him, revealing exactly what was happening.

“God almighty, my hands! My arms!”

They were warping. Growing. Losing their rough, weakened shape and becoming stronger. And yet even as new muscles bloomed into being - a brief positive sign - the hairs on his arm retracted, and the skin softened. New freckles grew into place, and his hands became smaller, more feminine, though the calluses on his hands remained.

“What magic is this? God, answer me! I didn’t - I was weak! I was - Nghh! Ahhh!!”

More changes rippled across his form. His shoulders shrunk slightly, but his stature actually grew, his spine extending alongside his limbs. Tendon and bone reformed as this occurred, but the experience wasn’t painful so much as foreign and discomforting. Rene grit his teeth, trying to contain his sounds so that the Norseman near him wouldn’t wake and slay him in fear, but it was incredibly difficult, especially once his nipples began to itch furiously. He tried to scratch them, but the jangling of his chains attached to his manacles made it difficult. That was, until they melted away.

“Impossible,” the changing peasant man whispered to himself. The chains now connected to the thrall on his other side, as if he had never been chained to them at all. Even his ankles were free, and to his astonishment, the horrible chafing marks that had left the skin blistered and ripped healed over in mere moments.

“What is this? Ohhhhh, my ch-chest! Am I becoming some great hero? Then why is my groin - ahhh!”

He clasped his newly freed hands over his mouth, barely containing his moans as the odd pressures reached his groin. The sensation was akin to a pair of hands massaging his manhood, pushing it back into his body in a way that should have been painful but instead

made him murmur with unwanted pleasure. He tried to stop it from happening, but nothing could stop his member from absorbing back into his body. It nearly sent him over the edge in a shameful and clearly sinful pleasure.

“No! No, you can’t take it! You can’t take my damn cock!”

Anger surged within him at that ‘Loki’ figure who had clearly tricked him. Was he being turned into a fish? An animal of some sort? What had that demon done?

But those fears were clearly not coming true, because the other changes were all too human and ongoing. His genitals continued to remould between his thighs, but those thighs changed themselves, thickening with muscle and soft flesh alike. His rear expanded beneath him, and he jolted to his feet now that he was free, feeling the softness of his behind. Invisible hands circled around his waist and compressed it inwards. He grunted, twisting and squirming as he moved across the ship as silently as a transforming man could. It was night, and the Siene was wide, and Rene could not swim. But there was hope that he could make it into some shallower water and kick off the bottom, or at least die in his homeland trying to escape, if he could just make it past the sleeping guards without notice. The awake Norseman still hadn’t seen him, and the forward rowers were focused upon their duties, and the moon’s rays were intermittent, so there was a chance.

Except that the pressures were growing, shaming Rene ever more and remaking his body. Hands massaged his face, altering his nose so that it was no longer bulbous but long and thin and almost royal. His hair shook loose from his head, running all the way down his back before reforming into a series of interlocking braids and plaits. As the moonlight passed over him, he was shocked to see that his hair was now a bright red, even more evident as he passed a small lit lantern hanging from one of the masts.

“God, what is happening to me?” he gasped, and then he gasped a second time, for his voice was no longer a man’s but a woman’s, and a commanding, powerful woman’s at that, albeit still quite young in age. It put into perspective why his lips felt fuller, why his jaw was cracking and reforming to become more rounded, while his cheekbones became sharper and raised. Even his eyebrows thinned, a sensation that made him scratch at them with dainty hands.

“A woman? I’m being unmanned! God, help me! Saint Mary, save me!”

He whispered these words beneath his breath, moving ever faster. But the changes moved even faster, catching up with him. His stomach slimmed down, and his blemishes and boils disappeared. Something formed in his gut, shifting aside other organs, even as a new feminine opening flowered between his legs. He nearly collapsed on top of some sleeping thralls in response to the unholy pleasures of the flesh that followed; the formation of a tunnel all the way to a new womanly womb.

“No, no, no, no! Loki, I summon you! God, help me! Anyone!”

But there was no answer at all, except for the rising pressure in his chest. He tried to contain it, but it grew and grew, his nipples swelling yet further, rising in sensitivity. Finally, it could be fought no more. Rene had made it to a point in the ship he could jump off of, but instead he collapsed against the side, breathing heavily as two great breasts began to heave into existence. They rose like two loaves of bread in an open oven, swelling outwards to push tightly against the simple thrall shift he wore. Soon he had a pair of breasts that were even larger than Adele's, and then *much* larger than Adele's. The kind of breasts that even the most pious and virginal priest would turn his head at, with a deep line of cleavage that threatened to rip open the front of his shift and spill the great melon-like mammaries out. They were incredible, wobbling heavily on his chest, and all the more impressive because Rene had literally grown over a foot in height and gained a great deal of muscle, so that he now had the figure of one of the great Amazons of ancient Greek legend. Only there was no cutting one of these bosoms off unless one had all day!

It was all too much to take in. Surely this was some trick of the devil? Some vision sent to warn him of straying from righteousness even in despair?

But then another change happened, and not one to his body. His thrall shift altered, the fabric becoming more complex and thickening. Rene had no more words to say; he could only watch as his clothing became a set of Viking armour, albeit one that was lighter than that of the other Norsemen, and clearly contoured to his new, impressive female form. His feet were covered in thick furred boots, while a dyed blue leather battle skirt fell over his thighs. His upper half was a warrior's leather armour; it contained two light pauldrons of thick leather and a light cuirass beneath, but even these had a feminine nature to them, his arms left bare and feminine jewellery hanging from his neck. Even his ears were now pierced with jewellery.

"Rayna! What are you doing mingling with the thralls? I will not have the Jarl's daughter hanging with the muck, no matter how amusing she finds them! Come forward into the light!"

Rayna? Who on Heaven and Earth was Rayna? Rene nearly posed the question, only for the dreadful truth to hit him in the form of a sweeping set of changes that ran through her mind, through his very soul.

He was Rayna now. *She* was. She had been transformed from a pathetic young peasant man and thrall into a statuesque Norsewoman whose name was Rayna. Instinctively, she somehow knew this. More than that, she also knew that she was the equivalent of a princess, as well as a powerful shieldmaiden in her own right; a female Viking. She was tall, hale, *strong*, and more than any other quality she was beautiful and commanding beyond all measure, with the kind of face that could entice a man as well as leave him withering from a harsh, regal stare. She knew all this and it terrified her.

“Rayna, did you hear me? Get over here, fool girl. You may be a Jarl’s daughter, but we have to keep an eye on you!”

“Mind yourself, Ivar!” she exclaimed automatically, barking loud enough to wake half the ship. “I’ll go where I damn well please, and the Gods alone can halt me if they like.”

Ivar groaned, but waved a hand as if to show he did not care. “Fine, fine! Fool woman.”

“What was that!?”

“Nothing, Rayna!”

“Good, or else I’d challenge you here where you stand, little man.”

A few of the Vikings chuckled at this, and Rayna smiled . . . right up until she realised what she had just said. She clasped her head in her hands, feeling her soft and perfect fire-coloured hair. Everything had changed, her life had changed, just as Loki had promised. And now she was further than ever from her French roots, and the ship was still sailing down the Seine into deeper waters.

“God above, what fate have I allowed myself to be cursed with?”

Part Three: Rayna

By the time the ship arrived in the far north land of the Norsemen, Rayna had only managed to come to terms with her new culture and sex a little. She was free again, but more trapped than ever. Her womanly form was still so strange to her, from the way her hips shifted when she walked, to the way her large bosom trembled with those same steps, to even the way her long hair weighed against her scalp, or shifted in the wind. She was unused to being so much taller, or fitter, or so very beautiful - though *beautiful* wasn’t exactly the way she would have liked to have been considered, so much as handsome. Her dress sense was practical and military, befitting a raiding culture, but *nothing* could truly hide her wild beauty, or her imposing and voluptuous bearing. Despite the evident respect her new fellow Norsemen had for her position and daring as a shieldmaiden, they clearly ogled her when they thought she wasn’t looking.

And that was the strangest part, really. They *were* her comrades now. Her new Norse brothers-in-arms. She knew each of their names: Harald, Ivar, Gunnar, and even thickheaded Eirik, whose wounds meant he might not make the journey home. And just as she knew them and their habits, so too did she know herself in this new life: she was Rayna, daughter of Jarl Gustaffson, who occupied a powerful kingdom that bordered the highest area of Germania, jutting up into the frigid north. She was wild and beautiful and powerful,

more statuesque than even her tall brothers who stood to inherit, and from a young age she had been bossy and strong-willed, enough to ride roughshod over her father and his councillors, to the point where she practically *forced* them to teach her how to fight, though she was forbidden from being a true sea raider. Naturally, she had run away at the first opportunity, sneaking herself on board a longship and joining in raids, proving herself in bloody battle and taking great booty back to enrich her father's kingdom. From that point, the poor man had little choice but to accept his daughter's prowess, though both knew the day would come when she would be married off to secure a favourable alliance. But until that day came, she would be true to her dominating nature, overruling even her father's men like Ivar who were ordered to accompany her and keep her safe. And yet, despite her martial ability and natural strength, it was not Thor or even Odin that she worshipped above all other gods, but *Loki*, the trickster god. Only she knew why. Only she, from her previous life as Rene, knew *exactly* why.

"This is insane," she found herself saying to herself, over and over when she was brought back to the cold kingdom that was her new home. She stood in front of the mirror in her bedchamber, having already seen and partaken in the great feast in the mead hall, where she too was celebrated, though her father was simply relieved that she was not killed. "God, you must act!" she said to her reflection. "Please, God!"

But the only one that answered was the amused whisper of Loki's voice in her ear, his face warping into existence over her reflection. "The only gods in this place are your new pantheon, the gods of the Norsemen, girl. And you are a *girl* now, or better put, a true Norse *woman*. A mortal Valkyrie, one might say. You said you wanted to escape, didn't you?"

She indicated her tall, Valkyrie-like body, from its massive bosom to its impressively wide hips to its strong, yet lithe muscle. "Not like this! You have placed me in the prison of the fairer sex!"

"Do you feel fairer, right now?"

"Well, no. I'm fairly sure I could easily beat my old self up quite handily, but that's beside the point. I'm trapped in a foreign land, with my former villagers viewing me with hatred! I've been given the younger Claude as a thrall, by Odin's sake! I mean, by God's sake! I don't want to be a Norsewoman. You must change me back."

But Loki just smirked in the mirror. "Ah, there is no going back, I'm afraid. Better to enjoy the luxury of your new home, its honeyed drink and stolen treasures, and revel in the beauty and power of your new form. You *do* feel its power, its instincts, don't you?"

Rayna swallowed. She did. Very strongly, in fact. Her Rayna self had been overlaid upon the original Rene template, and in doing so had overwritten and overrun old parts of herself. It was impossible to think of herself as male, for instance. It was also impossible to truly think of herself as Rene, despite the factual knowledge still existing. She was *Rayna*.

Other knowledge was useful too, such as how to manage her monthly bleeding, various Norse customs that a woman of privilege was expected to know, as well as how to dress herself; though her new thralls were intended to help her with that, including Adele, much to her guilt.

“I would give anything to be a pathetic thrall again,” she said to herself after being dressed and her servants had left the room. It was a common refrain for her, but increasingly an empty one as the days passed and she became used to her new role. As much as she detested becoming a woman, even one that was strong and strikingly beautiful, she couldn’t deny that her position was now more privileged than she could ever imagine. She sat by the side of her new ‘father’ when feasts were served, and she dined on food that was far more sumptuous than anything she could have ever imagined. The cutlery was silver, the plates the finest raided from France. Her clothing, even if they were mostly dresses when she was not acting as a shieldmaiden, were extravagant and finely woven from expensive silks and linen and other weaves. She had the power to order about her lessers, and while it felt terrible to abuse it, having once been the lowest on the social rung herself, her mental changes ensured that there was also a powerful rush when she ordered people about.

“Make sure you clean it well, thralls,” she barked one morning after catching several of her former bullies on their knees, soaping and waxing the flooring. “I will not have the room of a Jarl’s daughter stymied by lazy work.”

Even she couldn’t suppress a grin at bullying her bullies back. Even Adele, who was quite kind and patient and adapting well, wasn’t entirely spared.

“Chin up girl, and be proud. You will do well adapting to these Norse lands, but you must show your strength and defiance without *acting* defiant. Walk the line well, and you will be more than a mere concubine. You will be a fine wife, perhaps to Harald, if I see fit to put in a good word for you.”

Adele was astonished, and did as she was told. “Yes, my lady. I shall do so. As you command.”

Those words, ‘as you command’, were a powerful motivator. Rene had been worthless, but Rayna had *power*. It made her afraid at times, and as the weeks passed she found herself fearing what she was becoming. One night when her servants had finished preparing her bed she found the visage of Loki lurking once more. It always frightened her, and this time particularly so, because he was no longer in the mirror, but instead sitting on her bed, half-wreathed in shadow once more, his blue eyes like shining crystals in the darkness.

“You!” she spat. She went to draw her sword from beneath the bed; Rayna always slept with a weapon close, and she knew how to use it, all from her new muscle memory and mental training. “What are you doing here? Have you not ruined my life enough?”

Loki raised an eyebrow. “Ruined it? That is not what I have seen, fair northern maiden! You are living in the lap of northern luxury! You eat delicious foods, drink the finest wine, command servants and capture the attention of women and men alike with your beauty and strength.”

“You made me a woman! I had my bleeding a week ago, damn you!”

Loki stood suddenly, and she took a step back before fixing her sword stance.

“Don’t ‘damn’ a god, Rayna. Last warning.” There was a chill in his words, before the playful mischief returned. “And there are downsides to any life.”

“Having a new father being one of them. I still do not know what happened to my parents. Or to Jean, my mule.”

Loki scoffed. “Probably dead. Perhaps not. They might still be in France, happily working their lowly peasant farm. My vision can’t see beyond the borders of the faithful Norsemen. But why care, Rayna? Look at yourself, *feel* yourself. Can you really say you are unhappy with your beautiful body? With your full chest?”

“Far too full,” she complained, looking down at her deep line of cleavage.

“Perhaps I did go a little too far in mischief there,” he said, chuckling. “But I gave you strength, did I not? Good health? An escape from your former life? Far better a life than toiling away in the dirt.”

But she kept her sword in her hands, her stance sure. It did not matter that she had no armour, or that a woman alone in a room with a powerful man made her feel strangely nervous. Rene would have cowered, but while she was still much the same person, there was no doubt her courage and confidence, her need to dominate a given space, had been enhanced tenfold from the transformation. She placed her icy gaze upon the god and did her best to wither him beneath it.

“I wish to return to France,” she said. “No, I *demand* it.”

Loki giggled. Actually *giggled*. He was practically gleeful, to the point of clapping his hands together. “Oh, this is wonderful! You, a mortal I have blessed, would make demands of a god?”

Rayna creased her brow, and she kept her sword steady. “You may be a god. Your very existence may have turned my world upside down. But you have *also* made me a shieldmaiden, and a woman of bravery. So yes, I *demand* it. I demand a return to my home country.”

Loki smirked. “Well, how can I refuse the daughter of such a devout Jarl as Buvar Gustaffson? I promise you, Rayna the shieldmaiden, Rayna the beautiful, Rayna the *mighty*, that it shall be done. In fact, you shall be back in France in a single week’s time.”

Rayna lowered the sword. “Good,” she said. “I’m glad that this will conclude our business, Loki.”

“Will it?” he said, a little mysteriously. But then a window banged open from the night wind, and said wind cast him into shards of snow that melted into nothingness, and he was gone. Rayna didn’t like the ambiguity of his words, but looking over her female body, she could only hope that she could see it go.

Though, thinking on it, it was a very, very fine body. And as strange as her time with the Norse had been, it had been wondrous to be so celebrated, and so confident. But she turned her thoughts away from such things quickly. She would be Rene again.

She had to be.

Part Four: Wedding

“You’re forcing me to do *what!?* I refuse!”

Rayna’s father, the great Jarl Buvar Gustaffson, sighed in irritation on his throne. “On this matter, my strong-willed daughter, even you cannot refuse. You *will* marry this princeling from the south, and you will secure a truce and great boon. *They* are providing a dowry to *us*, a king’s ransom that will make my kingdom very prosperous indeed, while also securing a peace that will leave Germania open to us while their barbarians roam free. We have made too many enemies in France to continue to harass them.”

“But - but *him?*”

“Oh, have you met him, this young Louis?”

She couldn’t admit out loud that she had. That haughty man upon his fine white horse who had given her the insulting gift of a single golden livre thrown to the mud, all while he called her things like ‘ugly peasant boy’ and ‘little lad’, looking at her like she was the most pathetic looking peasant in the world at the time, which she probably had been. It gave her a strange source of pride to think that he would view her *very* differently now, until the full implications of being *married* to him stirred back in her mind.

“No, but I hear he is a prideful, haughty, self-centred brat of a monarch’s son, and that he cannot keep his fool mouth shut when speaking to those around him.”

Her father, whom she did have some warm feeling for, despite the fact that he was neither her real father, simply chuckled. “Well, you two will make a fine pair, being birds of the same song, yes? Come Rayna, you knew this would be your fate. Great Freja wills it, our mother of marriage and fertility, and you have known from birth that the time would come to be married off. Odin knows, it will make court less tense to have you around. I have had to fight off many unworthy suitors who gaze upon your beauty too openly, and Odin knows also that you have *literally* fought them off.”

“I shall fight this one off, too,” she said, defiant. She was in her courtly dress, something which was, bizarrely, more and more comfortable to her each day, but she adopted a warrior’s stance as she spoke. “There is no world in which I am fated to marry a Frenchman. Or any man. Especially that man.”

“But you will, my dear daughter. I am sorry, you know I love you, but this is the way of the world. You will marry him for the good of our kingdom, for the truce between our kingdoms, and for the prosperity such marriage will bring. This is one command you will not fight. You will travel to France in our finest longboat at the head of a grand procession, and you will live there afterwards.”

It was then that it hit her, how mischievous Loki had been. *This* was the way she was returning to France. *This* was how she would regain her homeland and its culture, just not in a way she had considered.

“By all the Gods,” she said, collapsing back into a chair and placing her head in her hands. “Does this madness ever end? Why him?”

She conjured an image of the prince in her mind, mounted upon his white horse. His smile was smug and annoying, and it turned her frustration to further anger. Worse, with her womanly mind, the image in her mind also stirred other thoughts too. Had he really been that handsome?

There was no fighting it. Rayna worked out her frustration practising her sword and shield against the training dummies in the yard, as well as practising against Ivar and Harald also. She bested them easily, to the point where Harald declared her a ‘Valkyrie reborn,’ a description which pleased her. She passed her anger onto her servants and thralls, but always felt terrible afterwards. Adele copped it quite badly, being her closest maidservant, but always Rayna rewarded her afterwards. On the day before she was set to leave she organised Adele’s marriage, which the woman was tearfully thankful for. She was also very insistent that she take thralls-turned-servants with her to Paris to continue to serve her. By sheer coincidence, these would be as many from Dreusot as possible. She could do little for her former bullies, or perhaps didn’t want to, but other kindly farmers and ordinary women were joyous to return to her, and even seemed to view Rayna as a sort of overbearing, authoritative caretaker who ultimately had their best concerns at heart . . . so long as they obeyed her.

Eventually, she bid her new home goodbye, having only been there for a couple of months. To her own astonishment, she wept bitter tears at leaving the frigid kingdom. Thanks to Loki’s messing with her mind, it was impossible not to see it as some kind of

home, and to linger on the imaginary memories of growing up in that place. But a bigger part of her was excited to return to Rene's homeland, even in a very different way. The only problem was that she was doing so a woman betrothed, with the wedding a mere week away. She had gone from a poor peasant, to a proud warrior woman, and now to pawn to be traded for peace. She feared the next interaction she had with Loki, though how much worse could it get?

"I suppose I could be a damn dog," she complained to herself. "At least back in France I can make the sign of the Cross again openly, and convert back to my good Christian faith."

Though the thought did linger in her mind over just how true her original faith was, now that she had come face to face with a god from another realm. She pushed such thoughts away; bad enough to confront a crisis of identity and flesh, the matters of the philosophical and theological were well beyond her. The Pope himself would probably have no true answers.

The journey was not a particularly long one, though it was filled with dread all the same. Her arrival in Paris was heralded by an immense procession and celebration, followed by publicly available feasting and a day free from work for the cityfolk. Clearly, the King of France wanted his daughter-in-law to be loved by the common folk, something which would be an uphill battle. Rayna herself made waves as she stepped from her longship and into the carriage available for her, and again when she stepped out of it before the great crowds as she ascended with her entourage to the King's palace. The people had never seen a woman so tall or powerful-looking before. Even with her frankly magnificent blue dress and finely plaited ginger hair, it was easy to see that she was taller than the members of the King's guard, and despite her beautiful curves, her strength was obvious. Once again, the pride seeped into her, and she held her head high. The city had been a place of muck when she had visited as a peasant, but now she was in much better-cared for quarters, and that soothed her a little.

"The crowd doesn't know what to make of you," Ivar whispered in her ear as she ascended the steps to the waiting King and Prince.

"I hardly know what to make of myself anymore," she grunted meaningfully, not that Ivar would truly understand.

"Ha! You'll do well, Rayna. It is your womanly duty. Besides, what Norsewoman has married better than a prince of such a large kingdom?"

"I didn't want to marry a prince at all."

"Well, perhaps you'll whip him into shape. Knowing you, it'll be only a half-year before you've convinced the whole kingdom to let you run around with sword and shield and mail, carrying off consorts because your measly little princeling doesn't satisfy you."

Despite herself, Rayna actually snorted. "Ivar, you are a brute. I shall, strangely, miss you."

"Aye, I as well, Princess."

"Not a Princess yet."

"Well, you command the attention of one. Now I shall be silent. Here he is."

A shiver of dread crept up Rayna's spine as she reached the entrance to the palace. The crowds that had been let in had been carefully vetted, but they were kept at a distance by the bottom of the great steps, so that they were all looking up at her statuesque form as she greeted the King and his entourage with her own. She was the standout, visually; a head taller than the tallest present. King Louis himself had a shocked look on his face, though he gave a genial bow in response to her deeper one all the same. She kissed his hand, and he hers.

"I had been told you were an Amazon," he said. "But I can see that the stories of your height and beauty and strength were understated compared to the real thing. What a sight you are! And how appropriate, for peace must tower over us all."

She could have rolled her eyes, but instead she kept herself appropriate. It was a good thing that Loki's changes had not just changed her confidence, but instilled in her the knowledge of court etiquette.

"It is marvellous to meet you in person, Your Majesty," she said. "I look forward to helping seal this truce pact between my father's kingdom and your own, by accepting your son's hand in marriage."

It was then that the Prince stepped forward. She had been trying to ignore him, but there was no doing so in his bright regalia. He was just as proud and haughty as she remembered him being, his hair perfectly styled, his back rod-straight, his sword at his hip. He was wearing a splendid, unblemished white coat with royal gold trim. His tunic beneath appeared to be similarly finely-crafted. His outfit alone would have purchased her old village several times over. Even his moustache was finely trimmed and styled.

Except now, she was the taller one, and he paled in comparison to her height and, likely at least, her strength. His eyes were wide as he looked up at her, and it was clear he was also straining not to look at the way her chest strained at the front of her dress quite suggestively. It almost made her want to pose a little, just to make his eyes tear from their sockets in protest. She placed her hands on her hips instead, giving just a little bit of an intimidating vibe. He almost took a step back, which caused Ivar to cough down a laugh.

"This is my son, and your future husband, Louis the Younger," the King declared.

Rayna had been unsure of how this interaction would go. What minor way could she sabotage this wedding? How could she humiliate Louis as he had humiliated her, without bringing to bear the wrath of two kingdoms upon her? How could she put him in his place?

But to her surprise, the man who had been so proud and petty suddenly became unexpectedly gallant. He swept forward, taking her hand and kissing it gently as he looked up into her eyes. He bowed before her as he did so, and when he released her hand her heart actually skipped a beat.

“Charmed, *mon amour*,” he said, and with such certainty that she almost could have believed he was in love at first sight. “I too had heard tales of your beauty, but clearly words would not suffice to describe you in any fashion. The portrait sent ahead for us to recognise you similarly failed to capture your poise and grace. I consider myself most blessed to be your betrothed, not just for the peace between our peoples, but for the incomparable blessing of being your husband.”

His honeyed words dripped over her, and it took her some seconds to respond, dumbfounded as she was.

“I . . . also consider myself blessed, good prince,” she said.

An awkward silence followed, until the King and Ivar managed to get the procession moving again.

“Come! We will away into the palace, and finalise the last agreements for this betrothal. Then all that is left is the wedding preparations, and the event itself. And with the consummation of husband and bride, so too will our peace be consummated, ha!”

Rayna turned a little red just at the thought of that word, ‘consummation.’ As they entered the grandiosity of the palace, which was prestigious beyond her wildest dreams, even more than the Jarl’s castle, she felt her womanhood become just a little moist. She tried to ignore it, and especially the Prince at her side and his annoying handsomeness. She had made a solemn vow not to touch herself following her transformation, and despite some wicked dreams and the gaze of some strong Norsemen, she had managed to stave off any exploration of her nethers beyond what was necessary for matters related to the privy and her bleeding.

Now, she was faced with a far worse - and tempting - possibility than simply her fingers slipping into her womanhood. Now a man might well be ploughing her depths in just a week. And worst of all, it would be Prince Louis himself.

So why did the thought also excite her?

She barely saw Louis before wedding itself, as was tradition. Those few interactions she had were irritating in how pleasant they were. For all his boastfulness and pride among the lower classes, the Prince was endlessly charming when talking to his future ‘Viking wife’, as he

called her. The very fact that she had been a shieldmaiden seemed to entice him rather than annoy him.

"I can imagine you would be a terror to behold on the battlefield to your enemies, and a great angel for your allies," he said as they sipped wine together.

She was in her dress, and he was sneaking the occasional glance over her body, given that her cleavage was more prominent than usual in it.

"We call them Valkyries, in the north," she said. "But I prefer your angels."

Certainly, her Rene self did.

"Well, perhaps *I* shall prefer a Valkyrie," the Prince said with an amused smile as he looked her up and down. "You know, there are many who think I am a crazy man for agreeing to take on a Norsewoman as a bride, particularly one as . . . impressive, as yourself."

"And what do you think?" she asked him bluntly.

He took another sip of his wine. "I think there many people who are fools, and do not appreciate the world outside their little peasant boxes."

"You know, peasants where I come from work hard and are given little thanks. They are a hardy people, and worth respecting. You would do to remember that when you become the ruler of this country, my prince."

She stood, gave only the smallest of bows, and walked away, leaving the previously charming prince with a look of confusion in his eyes. It had felt good to say. By all the gods, she disliked that man.

But unfortunately, nothing could hold off the wedding. Ivar was most strenuous on this point: it *had* to go ahead, and besides, it was Rayna's purpose as a daughter of the Jarl to be married off. This was the only way she could return to her home country, even if everyone that mattered to Rene thought he was dead. She was Rayna now, preparing for the various rituals and rites to prove her conversion as a true Christian (yet again). The King's entourage oversaw these and, satisfied that she could take Holy Communion, were able to proceed for the marriage to take place in the Notre Dame Cathedral. Rayna was dressed up quite deliberately, her garb being a perfect blend of French and Norse styles to represent her position of importance to both worlds. Her fiery red hair was likewise braided into an elaborate Norse style, but held together with golden French pins. Her dress was her usual blue, though it now had a gold trim and an impressive train for her servants to take care of. She could only imagine how her parents would view her, if they were still alive or in Heaven, knowing that their beloved peasant son was about to become a princess-by-marriage of France. She missed them dearly, but had not been able to make any inquiries just yet.

The organ music played, and so it was time for her to step forward. Her heart beat in her large chest, and though her dress was incredibly well made, nothing could stop her large breasts from jostling just a little. No doubt more than a few men in the grand cathedral would be looking on in wonder and desire. She held her head up high proudly, stepping forth. If she did have to marry this self-obsessed and proud prince, then she resolved to bully him as he had bullied others. Step all over him - literally, if necessary - in private in order to show him that she *would not* be controlled.

She kept that happy thought in mind as she advanced to the altar. The priest was there at the ready, and even he couldn't look away from her. Prince Louis looked quite happy indeed though, particularly as he was called to take her hands during the proceedings.

"You look most splendid," he whispered, looking up at her.

"Oh, be quiet, you pompous man," she said back.

He blinked for a moment. "Well, pompous I may be, but I think I have rather scrubbed up well also, to see how you look at me."

She blushed only for a moment before her withering glare cast him back into silence. The rest of the ceremony was uneventful. She was unused to such large crowds, and their eyes were all upon her. The priest blessed their union under the one Holy God, a matter she was unwilling to delve too deeply into, and then it came time for them to share a chaste kiss to show that they were indeed now bound in marriage. To the slight amusement of the many attending nobles and churchmen, she actually had to bend down a little so he could reach her lips. There was a brief, slightly raucous applause thanks to the presence of the Norse congregation, and then the two were swept out of the room and taken by carriage back to the palace. The feasting was beginning across the city, and many coins dispersed by the King's forces to make people happily accept their new Norse princess. But in the carriage, Rayna was stewing. She was a married woman now, and the man opposite her was grinning from ear to ear, and even more so as they were escorted up to their new shared marriage bed and the doors locked behind them.

"Well, it seems there is just one final act to go," Louis said, gesturing to the bed. "Shall we consummate the peace, my dear?"

Part Five: Consummation

Louis was already removing his coat and tunic before Rayna could react. She was shocked to see that her new husband was not only fit, but *very* fit. His muscles rippled on his form, and his abs were splendid. Try as she had to fight the feelings in previous weeks and

months, but it was clear that her new body was no longer just attracted to women. Men enticed her just as deeply, if not more so. With utter confidence he approached her, flinging his tunic to one side. He placed his hands around her dress as if he were to help her out of it, but she quickly grabbed his hands and yanked them back. The surprised man actually *yelped* as she flung him back against the bed.

“Don’t even think about that,” she said, and it was spoken like a command.

“Ooohh, have I angered you again, my princess?” he asked, a strange delight in his eyes. “I didn’t even insult a lowly peasant this time. What great crime have I committed? You act as if you know me by some foul reputation.”

“Foul enough,” she responded, stepping forward. God, his abs were divine. It was making her nipples stiffen. Her Rayna instincts were taking over, insisting that she do things to this man, but she was able to reign them in for now. “Your reputation is that of a pompous ass, my prince. You may now be my husband, but I know you as a figure puffed up on your own pride.”

He frowned, but only for a moment. “That may be so, but we are still man and wife, my beautiful princess. We have a role to play, and I am quite eager to play it. Tell me you are not eager as well?”

He posed slightly, showing more of his form. It aroused her as much as it irritated her. Her stupid womanly compulsions were pushing her to take action, but she wanted to do so on her own terms at least. Peace would prevent anything like what had happened to Dreusot happening again for many years, and that was a noble goal. She simply had to swallow her pride, lie back, spread her legs and . . . no.

She refused to do that. *She* was the great Valkyrie woman, the Amazon, the statuesque former shieldmaiden. She with the proud bosom and wide hips and powerful figure that could toss this man around. She who had a strong desire to dominate. And she *would* dominate this man, to satisfy the needs of peace and her own body’s needs as well. She would *take* what she needed from him, fuck him with all the hatred in her heart, and use him up like some object to derive pleasure from.

Rayna actually smiled, and for a moment Louis smiled too, clearly thinking he had won. But then she literally picked him up with ease and pressed her lips against his, and it was soon clear, as she gripped and squeezed and groped his form with a hungry passion, who was *really* in charge.

“Good God, you truly are a magnifice-”

“Shut up, be silent, and take what I give you,” she said. “Now help me out of this dress at once.”

“Y-yes, my Queen. I mean, my princess.”

She smiled. "My Queen will be fine, when we're in this room. Now stop tarrying, or else I'll make this the most unused bedroom for the entirety of our marriage."

He quickly sprung into action, helping her remove her dress while she let down her long red hair, setting it free in all its luscious wildness. Louis' jaw fell as he beheld her, particularly once she stood out from her clothing and undergarments, naked and beautiful and womanly and *in control*.

"Now, *you*," she declared, pushing him back onto the bed. She gripped his trousers and yanked them off of him easily, followed by his breeches. His cock sprang free, and she stared at it hungrily, her lust rising. It was wonderfully long and thick and *hard*, practically throbbing with desire. Her womanhood moistened yet further, becoming slick with need. She felt a great emptiness there. A desire to be filled.

"Not too bad, is it?" he said, clearly proud. She grabbed him pushed him further back on the bed so that he was entirely on his back.

"It is . . . not unimpressive."

Louis gazed up at her. Her breasts were full, like great fruits upon her chest, ripe and magnificent. Her pink nipples were hard, eager to be caressed and pinched, but he would have to earn it.

"You truly are a marvel, my Queen," he said.

"Silent," she ordered, and he shut his mouth. "I'm only doing this because I have to, and because my body wills it. I'm going to *use* you, understand, my prince? I'm going to take my pleasure from you and consummate this marriage. And *you* will just be a necessary step. *I* will be fucking you. You will not be fucking me, understand?"

He let out an astonished breath, but as she climbed on top of him, guided by the instincts Loki had given her, he grunted an affirmation.

"Yes. Yes, I understand, my gorgeous bride. I understand! Ahhh, but you are wonderful!"

She grabbed his hands and forced them onto her breasts, even as she took his cock in her hand. She was on the cusp of true womanhood in a way that frightened her. For months now she had denied herself any true feminine pleasure for fear of losing the Rene part of her, but now there was no choice, and no chance.

And no desire to do anything but what happened next anyway; she was so immensely lustful.

"Ohhhh," she moaned as he thumbed her nipples and squeezed her large breasts. They were each half the size of her own head, and his fingers sank into the flesh, even as they wobbled with her movements. She slapped him when he tried to pull himself up to kiss her, forcing him back down with her hands.

"It's not that kind of consummation," she said forcefully, before licking his pectoral muscles and sucking at his neck. He shivered in response to her ministrations, and again when she took his cock and stroked it a few more times. She continued to tease him, stopping whenever he seemed to be getting into a rhythm, tormenting him.

"Y-you are a wondrous torturer!" he stammered. "Please - you must end my suffering! Whatever it takes!"

"I'll take *you*," she replied, and with that she placed his cock at his entrance, and after just a moment of hesitation, during which she prayed to Loki and the Holy Father alike for absolution and courage, she gave him entry. There was the briefest stab of pain as he tore her hymen, a small trickle of blood, but she was made of hardy stuff, and the pleasure that followed drowned it out. His long cock slid deep into her, and she accepted his girth readily, lowering herself slowly in a manner that continued to tease and torture him. Rayna grinned widely, placing her heavier weight upon him. Her strong thighs gripped his waist, trapping him beneath her, and she leaned forward to grip his shoulders, holding him in place and dangling her large breasts in his face. It was practically an act of erotic suffocation, and something about the act only made her wetter.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, shaking her head and tossing her fiery hair all about, "you like that, don't you, you little French man?"

"Oh, f-fuck, I do! By the Holy God above, I've n-never experienced anything like this. Please, don't stop!"

"We'll stop only when I want to stop," she declared, and he nodded as eagerly as a peasant would to their overbearing lord's orders. "You may be the prince, but in the bedroom, *I'm* in charge."

He shuddered beneath her, clearly both intimidated and aroused, and that combination heightened her own lust as well. She began to raise and lower herself upon his pole, her slick vagina taking him in and out, in and out, to the point where at some point it was more as if *she* were thrusting into *him* rather than the other way around. She may have been the penetrated one, but there was a dominance and control in it that she had never considered to even exist as Rene. In the French Christian world she had been raised in, women were the fairer sex, the ones unto which things were done. They were naturally passive, and those who were assertive in their sexuality, like Adele, were outcasts or judged heavily. But she had seen another taste of life, a world that may still be ruled by men, but gave greater allowance to women. And so she thrust down upon him, planting herself upon his pole at her own desired pace, *consuming* him, *gripping* him, taking her pleasure from him.

Rayna cried out. "Ohhhh, yes, yes! F-fuck yes!"

"Ohhh, Rayna! You are magnificent, you are-"

“Don’t say a word, little prince man!” she shouted, still sliding up and down on him. “Just suck on my big tits already. Suck on them and make me cum!”

He did so readily, pressing his face deep into her cleavage for a moment until she gripped his jaw tightly and redirected him. She groaned in further pleasure, drawing ever closer to climax. She bounced harder and faster, riding him like he was little more than her mount, and it pleased her to see that he was helpless to her ministrations. He was harder than ever within her, his face strained in pleasure, but each time he went to speak or encourage her she silenced him forcefully. He accepted this silencing with something approaching a shameful relish, and soon the pair were almost to their climax.

“R-Rayna, you marvellous Valkyrie, I’m about to - about to reach my full!”

“Not until you bring me to mine, little prince man,” she bellowed. “Not until I - I - OHHHHHH!!!”

She *exploded*. There was no other way to put it. It was like her very essence was cracked open, spilling out into the glorious radiant heavens for just a taste and touch of the eternal bliss beyond, before slipping back into the mortal realm. His cock expelled its seed within her, but she cared not for the ramifications of that. She reached out for further pleasure, sliding once more on his cock, and she again felt the touch of the divine. For just a moment, she thought she heard Loki’s self-satisfied laughter.

“Enjoy your life, Rayna. It seems you have indeed found your place within it.”

But even the trickster god’s brief presence could not stall the bliss she felt. She collapsed down upon him, pressing her weight upon his, trapping him beneath her. He grunted in her ear, still expelling his seed into her womb. Her internal muscles squeezed him, draining him of every ounce of his issue. It was another act of power on her behalf, and it made her grin from ear to ear.

“That was *acceptable*,” she managed to breathe in his ear, her voice slightly raspy from the exertion.

“It was amazing from my p-perspective,” he uttered. “Good God in Heaven, you are angel and Valkyrie and Goddess all!”

She pulled herself up, brushing her hair over to one side. She was still in a blissful state, and proud at how well she had performed. She looked her new husband in the eyes, and was startled to see that he seemed to possess admiration in his expression. Admiration, and perhaps *adoration* as well.

“You enjoyed that, truly?”

“I - I did! My God, I did! I could never have imagined, but . . .”

He trailed off. His fingers traced over her hips, caressed her strong, toned stomach. She grabbed his hands and shoved them down, trapping him again. It only made his excitement deepen, which almost galled her.

“What is wrong with you? Are you telling me you *want* a woman like me hurling you about? Flinging you onto the bed and making you her pet?”

Prince Louis took a moment to answer. “I . . . I have no Earthly idea, my wife.” He smirked. “But I’m willing to find out. *You* clearly seem to possess the spirit for such play, and there is something wonderfully taboo about it, is there not?”

Rayna, disgusted, rolled her eyes and got off of him. She exhaled sharply as his still-softening cock slid out of her, and again when she felt his warm seed trickle down her thigh. She could not believe what she had just partaken in, but at least she had taken charge. But now the pompous ass of a Prince had taken even that from her. He had enjoyed it, damn him! And so had she!

“Where are you going?” the Prince asked as she began to put on her night clothes.

“To my own bedchamber,” she replied, “as soon as one of my servants tells me where it is.”

“Well, we only have one, darling. We French like togetherness.”

She turned, placed her hands on her hips. By all the Gods, he was handsome, resting on his side completely naked, his muscles on display, and yet also perfectly smaller and weaker than her. Perfect for domination. She sighed.

“I will take the bed. You will sleep in it only in the portion I allow you.”

Again, that strange, excited grin. “Yes, my Queen!”

In the days that followed, Rayna was continually frustrated by several things. For one, now that she had finally given in to her libido, it had awakened as a fierce monster, much like the creatures of Norse legend that waited within the sea. Having experienced the unbridled bliss of womanly pleasure, her body ached for more, and it was clear that her powerful, beautiful form was most up to the task. Which, of course, meant that Prince Louis was as well. Far from hating her, or being diminished by her, the nobleman’s fascination with her had only increased, and he relished every chance he got to be overpowered and fucked by her, even if said fucking was full of frustration or even occasional hatred from her. She tried to make the experience miserable for him, but several factors prevented her from doing so: her instincts to take charge during sex meant that she couldn’t just deliberately become a passive willow who would disappoint his surprising tastes, and she couldn’t *not* go without sex because she desired it too greatly. Not to mention that he was, in fact, a *monster* in bed, with stamina to nearly match her own, and a marvellously short period between expulsions of his seed. They satisfied each other multiple times a day even when she had to haul him to a side chamber on the way to an important meeting and fuck him against a wall. Each time

she came magnificently, even biting into his shoulder so that she would not alert the palace to their deviance. That taboo alone felt rather exciting, linking her to him even further. She was understandably frustrated by how much her whole approach to sex had backfired, despite its joys.

The other major frustration was Prince Louis himself. He was, continually, an absolute charmer. At first she had suspected this was all falsehood, that he was just trying to lay the honey thickly upon the crust in order to sweeten her disposition to him. But in every court interaction - and there were many in the days following their wedding and consummation - he was deeply respectful and even defensive of her in public and in private. He helped her get to know the local courtroom politics, and even valued her contributions, though they were not always helpful. He showered her with compliments and gifts, but

At one point, a respected older nobleman made a comment about the new Norse princess off-handedly, stating that, "we must all suffer the burdens of compromise, even when it is well beneath us, as you would well know now, my Prince."

Far from smirking, or chuckling, or playing off the comment and pretending not to understand it, Prince Louis quite literally *leapt* from his seat, startling the members of court as he raised his voice.

"Good sir, you would do well to refrain from insulting my beloved wife, who is now a member of my family and my most treasured individual. The only thing *beneath* me right now is the presence of those who would speak in a coward's tongue. If you have words to say about Princess Rayna, out with it now."

The nobleman was stunned, as were several onlookers, some of whom rushed to soothe things over, but Louis was having none of it.

"My Prince, if you interpreted my words as such, I can assure you that-

"Do not take me for a fool, Lord Aubert. I know exactly from which cloth your words were cut."

Rayna herself felt ready to pull a sword out - not that she actually had one anymore - but though she stood to her full height, intimidating the insulting noble, it was again Louis that took charge in this sphere.

"My Prince, such outrage is unbecoming a noble lineage such as -"

But Louis strode forth, right up into the nobleman's face. "Do not tell me of my lineage, sir. It is a lineage that has honed the art of the sword and has seen many a duel through the generations. Do not tempt me now to issue a challenge. You *will* apologise to my wife, and you *will* leave my presence thereafter."

To Rayna's shock, the man did so, leaving in a fuss and a clear state of utter humiliation.

"I've earned a dangerous ally today," Louis amused later when they were alone together. "But he can be handled. And now they all know where the line is, and never again to cross it."

Rayna was in a resplendent red dress, her figure pleasantly outlined, her red hair spilling down over her shoulders.

"Louis, I must ask why you did that."

He looked at her strangely. "Whatever do you mean, Rayna?"

She put down her wine. She had been playing the scene over in her mind many times, trying to figure it out, and her own feelings on it. "I mean why did you leap to my defence so stridently? Was it for your own ego? To establish your power? Or because a man whose wife is insulted is insulted in turn."

He shrugged. "All of those things in some small ways, I suppose, but they were hardly in my thoughts when I put Lord Aubert in his place."

She leaned forward in her chair, examining her husband. "Then why?"

"Because . . . because he insulted you, and I could not stand it."

"But why?"

"By all the Gods, Rayna. I know you may not find my company pleasant, but is it so hard to believe that I am absolutely captivated by you? Not just by your beauty, but by your commanding personality, your forcefulness, your self-possession and strength? Is it so hard to believe that, as astonishing as it is for a French prince to be married to a Norse Valkyrie, that he is completely in love with her? I am your *thrall*, Rayna. You call me pompous, and no doubt I am. You put me in my place when I insult the common folk, and I find myself revisiting those words I said so callously again and again in the latest hours of night, regretting their stupidity. You command me in bed, and I am unable to refuse an order. And besides, you are by far the most fascinating and beautiful woman I have ever met. That alone would have my interest."

Rayna was taken back, and momentarily had no idea what to say. She crossed her arms beneath her bosom, which was already straining the French-designed dress she wore.

"You would have me believe this? How do I know this is not just an attempt to entice me back into bed?"

"With all due respect, my beloved wife, it is *you* who drag *me* to the bed these days, not that I offer a word of complaint. The world believes that I have tamed a wild Norsewife, but in truth it is you who have utterly tamed me. In that private world between you and I, my soul belongs entirely to you."

She searched his eyes for any hidden meaning or feint, but his expression was entirely honest. More than that, it was *vulnerable*. He was offering her a piece of himself that the usually jocular and charming man rarely gave away, just as he had kept hidden his

submissive desires until they came out in the bedroom with her. Something in her heart softened towards him, like a frozen river of the wild north thawing with the spring.

“You really do love me, don’t you?”

He smiled wanly, as if it almost hurt to be so sincere for such a protracted period. “I rather think I do, my love. I know it is early days yet, and I know that this is a political marriage for peace, and that you think little of me, but yes, I do love you. And I know it will pain me every day that you do not feel the same way.”

He took another sip of wine, this time a much deeper one, as if simply admitting the lopsided nature of their relationship pained him. That thaw that had swept over Rayna’s heart grew in heat, cracking away the icy shards that surrounded it. Despite her initial impressions of the man, and his own superior comments, she could see now that he contained many more layers than she had first believed. And she felt the stirring of something else within her too; a desire that was borne not just out of arousal, but something deeper as well.

“Have we court business to attend to anytime soon?” she asked

“A few small legal disputes father wants me to preside over, as part of my training as heir.”

“Postpone them,” she said, making her voice authoritative so as not to be questioned.

The Prince looked up. “I can do so, I suppose. But why?”

She stood to her full height and strode over him, then leaned over so that her full bosom practically *burst* the seams of her tight dress. Her breasts were nearly in his face, and his gaze was magnified upon them. She ruffled his hair as if he were a pet.

“Because I wish to consummate my marriage to my prince.”

“I think we’ve already done that, quite a few times in fact.”

She pulled him easily up to her and kissed him, but this time the kiss was one of passion and not just control. She moaned a little in his mouth, but more than that she made the kiss long and loving, parting softly rather than forcefully for once.

“Not like this,” she said. “I would have *you* this time, my husband. My *loving* husband. I want *you*, and not just for my own womanly wants this time. If, in fact, we are to love one another, is that not a better way to start our love life?”

His eyes lit up with hope. “Oh, yes! *Oui!* Of course, my beloved.”

“Good,” she said, yanking him by his collar away to the bedroom. “But don’t think this doesn’t mean I won’t be in charge. I am still the mistress of the mattress.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way!” he exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of a boy who had just been accepted by his crush. Rayna smirked as she pulled him up onto the bed and began ripping off his clothes, then she her own. Her mammoth breasts were unleashed, and

this time she allowed him to feel them and suck on them with abandon before pushing him back down on the bed. She was going to ride him again, but this time she would do so in a way that was as caring as it was controlling.

She had a feeling it was going to be a much better start to their marriage.

“Oh, G-Gods!” he cried as she placed herself down upon him. “I love you, Rayna!”

“And perhaps I love you too, Prince Louis. But first, I think you need to be punished.”

His face lit up with excitement. The man knew his desires.

Rayna did come to love him, and much more quickly than she expected. Prince Louis was really not all that bad, and forward thinking in many ways once you knocked some sense into him. Occasionally, his well-bred nobleman's complex had to be taken down a peg, but she got the feeling that he was often risible simply so she could 'punish' him in the bedroom as his powerful Viking wife. Certainly, rumours didn't take long to spread of the incredible stamina and lust the couple had for each other, and many tavern songs apparently made mention of their amusingly lustful love life. Not all of it was exaggerated.

Of course, a piece of Rene's past was recovered. While Rayna could never again be the man she was, and no longer wanted to be so, she was able to use her new powers as princess to have her original parents searched for, though Louis would never quite understand her particular interest in them. They were indeed safe and sound, though still mourning the loss of their son. It was with many tears and hugs and a great deal of surprise that she was able to privately tell them of her true nature and how she had changed. Of course, the fact that her faithful mule Jean had also survived and recognised her immediately helped seal the deal. The pair were given gifts from the treasury to easily set them up for life.

Of course, not everything was easy. Loki visited one final time a couple of months after Rayna's re-consummation with her husband. She had been falling for him ever since, and the two found a secret taboo joy in playing the roles of stalwart prince and submissive princess in public, while in fact being the submissive husband and powerful Norse Valkyrie in private and among trusted friends. She had grown more accustomed to her womanhood to the point of accepting it completely, but for one final step.

Louis was out hunting one early morning when she arose late. Rayna nearly called for her servants - some of whom were from Dreusot - to help dress her when she was suddenly hit by a powerful nausea. She struggled to get to the privy in time before emptying the contents of her stomach. When she managed to clean herself, she found that her

breasts were oddly tender and felt somewhat swollen. It was then that she heard the voice of Loki's mischievous voice in her ear.

"My, my, Rayna, it seems you truly have taken your next step into womanhood! What an escape this has turned out to be!"

She turned, but he wasn't present, so she shouted to the walls. "Loki, you villain! What change have you brought upon me now?"

Her heart beat quicker. She was afraid of what change might tear her away from her present privilege and happiness.

"Oh, no change on my part. This is all you, my dear Norsewoman. But of course, as much as you have a woman's instincts and knowledge, you have not truly experienced a woman's upbringing, which means that some signs may take longer for you to recognise. You have been a married woman for two months now, and have taken to the bed with your husband several times a day, more often than not. And now you have a sickness in the morning, and tender breasts, and a tiredness. What change could this possible herald, I wonder?"

Rayna gasped, putting the realisation together. She placed a hand upon her slim, yet muscled stomach. It was still muscled because, much to the surprise of the court, she had convinced Louis that it was well and good for her to continue her private shieldmaiden's warrior practice. But now that threatened to be paused for a time.

"I'm - I'm -"

"Expecting, yes! Congratulations for the little heir to come, Rayna. Unless, of course, you wish to make another deal? Another change?"

She continued to caress her largely flat stomach, marvelling at what was happening inside her. It was something Rene would never have imagined, and even Rayna had put off thoughts about it despite the occasional murmurings of the court. Still, now that it was happening, the implications unfolded before her.

"Well?"

Slowly, Rayna smiled. She placed her hands on her hips and assumed a mighty bearing, the kind that Louis would be greatly aroused and intimidated by in equal loving fashion.

"Not a chance, Norse God. Flee back to the North where you belong. I'm right where I should be."

And Loki's presence fled, leaving her Rayna happily alone once more. She'd have good news to tell Louis when he returned. But first, she decided, she'd have her way with him a few times before letting him know.

The End