

## First Raid

“Remember Eyjolf...stay by my side whatever happens.”

“Leave him alone Hallvard, the colt will be fine as long as you stay out of his ear and stop worrying him.”

“Besides, if he wants to survive his first raid, he should stick with a real warrior like me. You will get him killed the way you wave that sword around Hallvard.”

The longboat broke up in general mirth, the crew exchanging insults with my uncle while laughter echoed across the waters. I huddled deeper into my cloak, unsure of myself, and not wanting to get involved in the other stallions’ play. A chill went through me, and not from the cold North Sea wind.

I did not know then that the rest of the stallions were as scared as I, their joking and insults their way of covering their own anxiety. Combat is a magnificent teacher, if you survive the lessons.

“Quiet down all of you! Any more noise and a few of you won’t be surviving the start of this raid, let alone its end.”

The boat hushed then, all the stallions quiet under Tryggvi’s malevolent stare. I had tried to stay clear of our leader as much as possible, there was something otherworldly about the tall chestnut stallion. It was whispered that Odin had claimed him already, but unwilling to have his spirit with him in Valhalla had sent Tryggvi back to torment his people instead. Seeing the wild look on the stallion’s face, his eyes wide and piercing, I could believe it.

My uncle could not resist more helpful advice though, whispering harshly in my ear.

“I mean it Eyjolf...I promised your father, may Odin protect him. And I will not be an oathbreaker. Stay by me and stay safe.”

“But uncle!”

“No buts colt!”

His hand lashed out, clipping me on the back of my head for my defiance. The nearby crew grinned at that, some giving me encouraging winks, some shaking their heads. I only hoped they did not regret my presence. I had become used to being an outsider, long before my father died. I hoped this journey would bring me into the fold, a true viking whatever my faults, and a stallion's stallion.

That would not prove easy if my uncle insisted on keeping me attached to his cloak like a good luck charm.

"Easy now...we are getting close."

I could hear the sound, getting louder, the unmistakable sound of waves breaking on the shore. I could smell it too; the smells of land, close. Though I could not see it through the pre-dawn mist, I knew it must be there. The famed island of Britain, source of much plunder.

Our leader was no mere berserker, at least, or he would not find a crew of willing followers. He had consulted many, and learned as much as he could before planning this raid, some of it from slaves captured in past raids. We were seeking a town, reputed to be wealthy and yet relatively undefended, and he had planned our approach carefully.

"There...lift oars....let me see a moment..."

Out of the gloom I could see cliffs, and a sandy shoreline that looked bleak and desolate. There were rocks all around, trap for the unwary. The land seemed featureless to my eyes, but our leader saw enough.

"There...those hills in the distance....the one with the top like an eagle's head, is to the left of the one with a flat top. We are North of the Inlet....we must row South, parallel with the coast. Valthjof, steer left, and hold us close to the shore but not too close. Right you bunch of maggots, put your backs into it now! We need to be in the inlet quick!"

There was no grumbling, only action. The crew was a good one, and experienced. They knew their roles, and the need for speed. I gripped my oar tight and rowed with all my strength. I was not full grown yet, a massive stallion like my father had been, or my uncle, but I was strong and lithe and I

could row as well as many. Glad of a task suited to my skills, I let the hood of my cloak fall from my head, nostrils wide as I sampled the scent of land, and let a soft smile play over my muzzle while I put everything into my oar. I saw Gunbjorn across the boat looking at me, nodding and smiling with approval, and felt a stirring of pride and joy. My fears were forgotten for now.

According to Tryggvi, the town had placed watchers in forts on the coast, aware that Viking boats were raiding this season. North of the town, though, a narrow inlet in the shore led to a river, fast flowing but navigable, that plunged into the country above the town. That way was undefended, and so that way we would go, landing on the riverbank and attacking cross-country to surprise them.

They would wish they had never been born soon enough.

“There...up ahead...do you see it Valthjof?”

“Aye Tryggvi...”

Our helmsman threw himself into the tiller, and our boat crashed through the shore break, heading for the inlet. The shore was rich with grasses and reeds, piled up on either bank, and we would be protected from the wind when we entered the inlet. It would make life much easier...provided no watchers were waiting to ambush us from the riverbank.

Our longboat cut through the water like a knife, the steel-grey waters of the river beginning to glisten and sparkle as dawn poked its head above the horizon. We were committed; and I realised, I was beginning to feel the first stirrings of the excitement the older stallions told me about, around the fire in the great hall of a night.

I felt it in my mind, the whirlwind of thoughts and feelings that buzzed like a beehive. And I felt it in my body; a twitch of an ear, the flick of my tail, a slight tingle in my chest. I also felt it in my sheath, I was embarrassed to realise; a burning feeling, not quite the same as the feeling as I pleased myself late at night by the embers of the fire, after my uncle and aunt had gone to bed, the sounds of wild mating cries filling my ears. A burning nonetheless, and a thickening, my member heavy in its sheath, the end poking at my sheathlips to sample the air.

I shifted uneasily on the seat, trying to concentrate on my rowing and sniffing the air again to distract me. It didn't work though, for as I drank in the scents of morning, I could smell my fellow Vikings, and there rich and pungent were the smells of many aroused stallions. It appeared I was not alone.

"Smell it do you lad? I do...I can almost taste the pussy of the first one of those town girls to feel my length already. Though I guess Odin knows that isn't for you lad..."

I gave a short nicker of embarrassment and redoubled my stroke, determined not to react. I hated the reminder, the knowledge of my otherness. It had been part of why it had taken so much to persuade Tryggvi to bring me along, and why my uncle was so worried. Not that he was worried about my safety, though that was the excuse. He was worried his otherkin nephew would disgrace him and wanted me under his gaze.

"Close lads...one more league, over by those trees...there is a small landing area, we will pull the boat up there."

I looked at the landing spot, a small grove of oak trees near the water's edge. Oak, sacred tree of the Gods. It was a good omen...or at least I hoped it was.

"Stow!.....now!"

The oars lifted from the water as one, as the longboat drifted towards the shore. As the keel scraped on sand, the crew jumped into action, each stallion knowing his place, and his task. The longboat was brought to a halt still in the water's edge, while the warriors gathered on the shore. The helmsman Valthjof would stay behind, along with a small band of guards. I prayed silently I would not be chosen.

"Braesi...Jorund, Hakon....you will remain with the boat..."

Their cries were muted, though you could feel the resentment, and more than one of them eyed me with unrestrained anger. I could read their minds; the otherkin colt gets to enjoy a raid, while we stay here like handmaidens.

I saw Tryggvi's gaze on me then, the look in his eyes quiet and contemplative. I could sense his indecision; I stood up straight, my eyes locked on his, not wavering, not showing fear. The moment lingered...

“Very well...time to march maggots. Plunder awaits!”

We knew not to yell our approval, not yet. Time enough for that once we were upon our victims.

Our band moved like the wind, each stallion galloping free, manes streaming behind. We had ditched out boatcloaks before we landed, and each Viking made a terrifying sight, heavily armed, with sword, shield, axe and dagger, but otherwise mostly naked, a brief breechclout under leather. No other armour was required; our courage, our skill, and our ferocity would be the best armour of all. And if Odin willed it, each knew his time in Valhalla could be nigh, and thought of that only with joy.

Cresting a hill, we were brought to a halt by a gesture from Tryggvi, our leader looking over the town below, eyes keen and sparkling.

“They have a small wooden palisade, but nothing to fear lads. We can leap that in a moment, and be on them before they realise. They will have a force in the watch forts by the beach; make sure none escape to raise the alarm. Now my stormcrows....attack!”

A shattering whinny rose from many muzzles, the band clashing their swordhilts against their chests in a frenzy of battle lust. Then we ran, a compact mass of equine flesh, covering the distance to the palisade wall in moments.

I felt my uncle beside me, his own battle cry still ringing in my ears. The lead warriors reached the wall and jumped effortlessly, nimble and powerful like all Vikings, scaling the wall and landing with a thump of hooves on the other side before beginning to charge again.

As I landed myself, I could gain a better view of the town. The buildings were large, many like the great hall of our thein, made of wood and close packed, separated by narrow streets. Some had little fenced gardens with sheep and chickens. There was one building of stone, set in the middle of the town, with a tall tower at its end. I knew what this was; I had spent some hours, a lonely colt amongst my herd, speaking to a slave captured on a previous raid. An Angle-lander, one of their holy men, worshipper of their God. He told me of their religion, and of their ways. I knew a church then when I saw one.

The first resistance had begun. I could hear the ring of steel, as our advance warriors clashed with stunned inhabitants who had managed to find their swords in time. We pressed on, fanning out into the streets and breaking into the houses. The sound of screams, and echoing equine battle cries filled the morning air. I found myself with my uncle and two other Vikings, trotting warily down a laneway.

“Aghhhhh!”

The attack was sudden, and violent. A small band of armed wolves had gathered, and charged our group. I drew my sword, still caught in the blood lust of attack, not yet afraid, I was still too excited. Our group took up battle stance and repulsed the attack; my uncle killed one attacker, a wild sea grey wolf with wide eyes and red tongue wearing a red tunic with a wolf’s paw in gold. It was then I saw one young warrior, a white wolf with blue eyes, scream something at his companions and turn to run.

I had learned enough of their language, in my time with the holy man, to know what he was saying. He was heading to the forts to bring help...and I knew I must stop him.

With a whinny I charged, leaving my uncle and his companions in spite of my orders. My blood was up, and I moved like the wind, an equine arrow shot straight at the wolfling.

We turned two corners, heading for the southern gate of the town before I caught him, my sword slicing through his back as the startled wolf turned to look behind at the sound of hoofbeats catching him. It was his last sight in this world, as he collapsed with a gurgling cry, blood coursing from his wound.

I stood over the body for a moment, lungs burning and chest heaving to take in air, when my instincts saved me.

I sensed, rather than saw the blow coming. Moving quickly to the left, I brought my shield up to parry the blow, taking the force of the sword against it and pushing back. The impact jarred my forearm, pain coursing down to my shoulder, but I ignored it as I stood back and took in my opponent.

He was an older wolf, judging by the grey fur, but also an important one. His clothes were fine, richly embroidered and hemmed with gold. A golden torc was around his neck, and his sword glinted fine in the light, gems visible at the pommel. He must be an important wolf...or a good warrior.

I did not have time to contemplate this question any longer, for the wolf charged, screaming out a curse as he ran. I could hear the sounds of battle all round, and knew from the triumphant cries of my companions that the fight was going well, but for me there was no help for now; it was me against the wolf. The fear began to reassert itself, as I saw the rage in his eyes, his muzzle bared in a snarl and teeth showing.

Then my training took over, many hours diligently learning at my father and my uncle's sides, with a thrashing my reward for any laxity. I parried his thrust, shifting to block his counter and following up with a rapid disengagement and lunge of my own.

He managed to block that, but I had more reach, and more strength than any mere wolf, and fear had made me desperate. I kept attacking, willing him to make a mistake before my strength failed, and by Odin's hand, I was delivered.

A fierce combination of blows pushed him back, the wolf slipping on the rough gravel as he fought for control. His guard dropped for a moment, but it was all I needed. Using all my strength and reach, I brought my sword down in an arc, slicing into his neck near the shoulder. A fountain of blood burst forth, stark against the glint of his golden torc, and he let out a snarling cry and dropped his sword, legs giving out as he slumped to the earth.

I was beyond mercy, and beyond reason by then, though in truth it was a mercy to finish him. My sword sang in the air as I plunged it into his chest, the wolf gripping the blade ineffectually with paws deprived of strength, claws scrabbling against steel as his life ebbed in a flood of crimson onto the gravel. I pulled the blade out, and he toppled, his legs twitching once before stilling forever. I caught my breath, dull eyes examining my sword, now coated with blood. Odin had drunk deep this day.

Raising my head, I looked up to see the house nearest to me. It was larger than the rest, and richly decorated, the door bound with brass. Something told me this wolf had come from there, and it would pay me to see what was inside.

I stepped to the door, pulling it wide open and standing back a moment lest some defender take the opportunity to swing a blade at the intruder. No sound came, and no flash of metal, and I stepped sideways and entered the hall.

Many candles blazed from fittings around the walls, and a bright fire blazed in a metal hearth at its centre. There was ample light to see, and I was grateful for it, because the hall did have a defender, though for the moment he appeared to be unmoved.

I entered, cautiously, closing in on the lone figure who fell back until his hindquarters rested on a low table against the far wall. There he waited, as I advanced. The closer I came, the more I took in, and at a distance of perhaps five paces, I stopped, lowering my sword for a moment, eyes wide and for the moment waiting.

The wolf was beautiful, shiny fur in silver and black stripes. His blue eyes blazed with reflected light from the hearth, and his ears twitched uncertainly. A single golden earring hung from his left ear, and he wore a tunic of pure blue trimmed with gold. He was holding out a short sword, perfect glinting steel, for all the God's like he was a serious threat. His body was betraying him though; the sword tip shook, and his breath came in gasps, snout crinkled as if he sensed something unpleasant. His eyes were what struck me though; I could see the fear, but also determination. He was going to be brave, even if it killed him.

I realised he could not be much older than me, maybe even younger, and somehow our shared uncertainty and fear made me hold for the moment. I doubted I had looked any better, before the blood lust had carried me forward to stand in this hall facing my young foe. I spread my nostrils, drawing his scent into me, tasting his fear, and also something else...something sweet.

"W...where is my father? Why are you here barbarian?"

I cocked my head slightly, looking at the young wolf. He was not backing down, even with death at his neck. Something grew inside me then, something deep.

I had not expected to feel this way for an enemy...yet another shock for me this day.

"Your father is dead, I think. If he is the one I killed outside. A brave warrior, he is in Valhalla now. As to the second, we are here to take...and you to give."

The wolf's eyes widened, hearing his own language coming from the muzzle of a 'barbarian', and it took him a moment for the shock to recede and my words to register.

"You killed him! Then you will die horse!"

The young wolf screwed up his face into a death snarl and charged, his sword describing a random pattern in the air. I waited, calming my fears, until he was close, stepping sideways and bringing my sword down hard to clash against his, the impact shaking the blade loose from his inexperienced paws, the sword clattering away across the paving stones. I followed up with a heavy blow from my shield, knocking the air from him, and the wolf collapsed to the stones, too winded to cry out, just gasping for air and whimpering as he lay.

I had the presence of mind to find bindings then, pulling the youngster's belt from his waist to bind his footpaws, and a length of rope to bind his paws. He lay, quiet now, sobbing softly on the floor, as I leaned against the wall and recovered.

The shock of everything caught up with me suddenly, the thrill and the fear, and I doubled over and threw up, heaving out my guts into the hearth. The wracking nausea subsided as quickly as it began, and I wiped my muzzle clean with an embroidered cloth from the table before giving the hall a more searching appraisal.

I could hear that sounds of battle had finished, and so I felt I had time to explore. I was also curious, and if I was honest, proud. I had killed the lordling, and captured his son, and found this rich hall by myself. I wanted to finish the job, before my companions came to steal my glory.

There were many things already visible that looked good to my eyes, silver and gold plate, but I knew there would be more. And my captive would help me whether he wanted or not. I straddled his prone form, the wolf stopping his

crying, determined for me not to see him as a coward. My admiration grew, and other things. He was a rare one this wolf.

Pulling my dagger from its scabbard, I brought the blade to his neck, the wolf's ears falling in submission, his breath coming in gasps as he contemplated the imminence of death. That was not my plan though.

"Gold. You asked why we came wolf. Gold. Now, you will tell me where the gold is hidden in this hall, and you will tell me it all, or you will die, slowly. I will enjoy slicing off parts of you, never enough to kill you, until you sing like a bird. Now, choose your fate; and if you serve me well, you will live."

The wolf gulped a few times, his body shaking under me, before he bowed his head and pointed his muzzle towards the stone hearth.

"A...a loose stone, third down, second from the left. You will find it there...all of it."

I snorted, standing up and trotting over to the hearth. The stone proved movable with the aid of my dagger, and I reached inside the exposed hole to find a small wooden chest. I opened it, scarcely believing, to find gold coins, glinting and glittering in the glow of the fire. My grin matched the brilliance of the metal.

My ears twitched, as I listened for sounds to tell me what was about. I could hear new noises, whinnies and cries, but not whinnies of alarm. And the cries were wolf cries; cries of terror and pain. I knew those whinnies; and as I listened, the blood began to boil in my body. Stallion mating cries are unmistakable; every night I heard them at home, my mind wandering to the sights of rut as I fondled my sheath. The battle was over, and my fellow Vikings were taking their spoils.

As I took in those noises, my body reacted too, the wild rush of battle and survival setting off something inside me, something I had felt waiting as we closed in on our prey. I was alive; a strong virile stallion, proven in battle. And I had the perfect means to slake my thirst close at hand.

The wolf sensed something amiss as I rounded on him again, body shaking with need. His eyes bulged, seeing my erect member tenting out my breechclout, sensing perhaps what I intended but not really believing.

His mind recovered enough once I straddled him though, my dagger slicing away his clothing, and he cried out for mercy, pleading and begging me to spare him. I would not be denied then; I had waited so long for this, set apart from my kind, and now I was going to take what I wanted and no one could stop me, least of all a captive wolfling.

“How do you like this barbarian wolf? Is this what you seek, pup?”

He writhed, pointlessly against the cobbles, his paws all still bound behind him. I waited a moment, taking in the beauty of his body, the gentle curve of his ass highlighted by his struggles. His tail flattened into his crevice, trying to form a barrier against my will. It was futile.

“No! No! Please...in God’s name I beg you arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

I had straddled the prone wolf, my body over his, muzzle on his neck panting in need. I fumbled with my breechclout, releasing the erect mass of my stallionhood, the throbbing member pressed into his flesh. I did not want to rush though, though I had been waiting for it seemed eternity for this. Instead, I calmly slid my knees between his legs, forcing them wider, or as wide as the bindings would allow, and bit down on his neck.

“Beg for me wolf...beg for your life...”

“Please!....please....”

I spat on my hand, fingers coated in saliva as they roamed over his secret places. I found what I was looking for; a tight wolf tailhole, vulnerable, hot...mine.

“Arghhhh!”

Fingers spread his pucker, driving in hard and deep, without mercy or restraint. I felt the flesh parting, reluctantly, his tunnel quivering around my fingers, so tight and hot as a forge. I whinnied in lust, pure arousal making my member leap and slap my belly, excitement dripping from its end.

“Now you are mine mare!”

I found his pucker, poor abused ring of flesh, my flare pressed against it as it quivered as if anticipating what was to come. Then I thrust, hard.

He screamed, a long pained howl of wolf pain and terror. I whinnied, triumphant, aroused. My member sank deep, plundering the tight depths of his ass, battering away his defences and leaving him helpless.

I had to wait then, or I realised I may burst with my burden. The wait for my first time had been long, and frustrating. Now it was here, and better than I could have imagined. Like sinking into warm honey, his depths gripped and heated, my nerves on fire. I would wait, and bide my time. This was my own personal conquest.

My need drove me on though, and I pulled back, almost leaving the twitching ring of his anus, my flare buried just inside. I made him wait then, my dagger on his throat, ordering him to beg. He was broken now, and beg he did, pleading for me to spare him. Then as I let my hips rotate playfully, his begging changed...and he begged for more.

My next thrust drew an even louder howl, burying my length full inside him, my orbs pushed hard against his crevice. I began rutting in earnest then, knowing I would not last long but not caring. It felt too good.

One hand lifted the helpless wolf, raising him off the cobbles enough that I could feel under him, fingertips tracing patterns on his belly, then his hip, then finding his sheath, and more than that...

“I see you like this barbarian wolf!”

“No!”

“Your little cocklet doesn’t lie, unlike your muzzle.”

I wrapped one hand around his length, small yet incredibly hard, and stroked while the terrified wolf cried out in shame. My hips slammed forward, burying my cock inside him, and I felt the growing sense of release in my balls, pleasure and need flowing down my cock and into my body.

I bit down on his neck, hard, not caring how much I hurt him, as I screamed out my climax, my cock filling the wolf with seed, a torrent of Viking cum to mark him forever as my mare, my bitch. And I felt the wolf suddenly go rigid, his cock pulsing as he shot his own load against his will, my rut driving him into unwanted climax to match my own. Then I collapsed on him, the wolf still shaking and whimpering, while I caught my breath. The power of my first climax in another male had shaken me, and left me needing more. So much more.

A sudden sound roused me to alertness, the door opening to admit the outside light. My uncle entered, warily, Gunbjorn by his side.

“See Hallvard, the colt is fine. More than fine by the look of him.”

Gunbjorn had a huge grin on his muzzle, a fresh layer of blood staining his coat where some unfortunate had bled out under his sword thrusts. He looked on with what appeared to be admiration, ears twitching and tail swaying gently from side to side. He reached unconsciously for his sheath, hefting the weight as he nodded at me, still lying over the helpless wolf, my cock buried to the hilt.

My uncle was not so happy, though I could tell he was relieved. He covered his joy with a scowl though, and his eyes were not kind. He regarded my prize, his muzzle screwing up in disgust.

“So I can see. It looks like you have been taking your plunder already, Eyjolf. I can smell it, the room is thick with it. And by the smell, your prize had enjoyed his plundering too.”

I returned the scowl, my success and my recent deflowering leaving me emboldened. With a last slow lick of my wolf’s neck, which made him groan and shudder, ears flattening again, I stood up, my still erect cock pulling from his plundered tunnel with a loud sucking noise obvious in the hall, and I watched my uncle warily.

Reaching for the table, I picked up the small chest of coins, throwing it to Hallvard. The startled stallion caught the chest, eyeing it.

“What is this?”

“The other plunder, uncle. My little wolf here was most helpful in telling me where I could find everything.”

That made him grin. My uncle was an avaricious horse, it was his main flaw. He could never have enough gold.

“You can speak their language? Well, you might prove useful after all colt. And am I right in saying that it was you who killed the wolf outside?”

“Yes”

Gunbjorn whistled at that, his grin widening.

“Well done youngling. That was the headman of the town, a renowned warrior in the service of the king of Northumbria. He was no mere novice...a worthy victory for your first raid. There will be songs sung of your prowess when we return Eyjolf.”

I could not help but smile at that, hugging my pride and my delight to my chest. I was a worthy Viking warrior. I belonged.

“He is still a colt though, Gunbjorn, until he returns and is presented to the thein. Until then, he is still my charge...and my responsibility. You disobeyed me colt...no one disobeys me. You caused me fear, and worry imagining you sent to Valhalla while I searched for you. And you are still under my orders. There is a price to pay colt...or do you defy me?”

My pride shattered in a moment, and I stood, anxiety replacing triumph. Gunbjorn looked on quizzically, not sure what my uncle was playing at.

“Surely I am a stallion now uncle...”

“You know the law Eyjolf...or have you forgotten that too in your pride and stupidity?”

I dropped my head, embarrassment replacing the euphoria. I knew he was right; I also knew that soon, he could not control me any longer. I had learned many things on this raid, and been given many gifts. I knew how to live now, though there were formalities to observe.

“No lord, I have not. I am your charge, and submit to your judgement.”

“Good. Bend over that table then lad, and let’s get this over with.”

I snorted in shame, and anger, but I knew it had to be borne. At least he was not doing this in front of the whole crew. I bent over the table, my tail raised obediently high and waited for the blows.

I felt, as much as heard, the belt withdrawn from his waist, the sound of leather slicing through air. The beating was hard, and merciless, but I bore it all stoically, not letting a sound escape my muzzle. I rested my head on the table, looking towards the wolf, now rolled into a ball on the floor, his eyes on me and my humiliation. I could see the glint in his eyes, the satisfaction, even something else. Excitement. His tongue poked out, little pink end just jutting from his muzzle as the belt rose and fell.

Eventually it was over, and I rose stiffly from the table. To my surprise, my uncle embraced me, tears falling into my mane as he held me. Perhaps I had misjudged him after all.

“Please Eyjolf, I mean it. I cannot lose you yet...you are all I have of my brother...and I do not know how to be without his presence in life.”

So maybe that was the answer. I guess it made sense, in a way, and I could live with that love without feeling beholden. Another gift from my first raid.

Gunbjorn embraced me then too, his warmth welcome behind me. I felt his hands on my battered rump, soothing and stroking the sore flesh as he kissed behind my ear. My blood boiled again, and I began to wonder...

“So nephew, you are allowed to keep one item of spoil for yourself. This chest of coin is a worthy prize from your first raid. Shall I put it aside for you?”

I grinned then, while I ruefully rubbed my ass. My uncle may think many things of me, but I knew how to choose wisely...and how to surprise.

“No uncle, the gold is yours. Consider it recompense for my disobedience.”

“But what will you take then?”

“Just one thing...I want this wolfling, as my slave.”

Gunbjorn broke into a fit of uncontrolled laughter then, propping himself against my uncle for support as his mirth threatened to overwhelm him. Hallvard looked at me as if I was mad, then nodded in acceptance.

“Well, I guess you have claimed him already colt. And, I must admit, it solves several problems if you have a slave to be your mate. I did not know how to resolve that issue; your choice might be a welcome solution for all concerned. Even the wolf, judging by his seeding.”

I let out a snort, as I painfully pulled my breechclout back on, tucking my still needy cock inside the leather pouch. I knew it would be getting much more pleasure soon though; once we returned home.

“I am not so sure uncle, but let us see.”

I walked over to the wolf, still sitting on the ground, eyes wide as he tried to follow the interplay between the wild horsemen in his midst and learn his own fate. His eyes widened again as he saw me approach, but once again, he pulled himself upright, his gaze defiant. I found myself feeling warm again, that same feeling when I first saw him, his beauty and defiance in the face of fear.

*A gift from Baldr, this one...truly the most beautiful wolf in the world...*

I gripped his bound paws, pulling him upright. I could smell the seed on him, dripping from his cock, and leaking from his spread tailhole to trickle down his crevice. I would need to learn some restraint I could see; I was sorely tempted to bend him over the table like I had been, but this time apply a very different instrument of correction.

“Tell me wolf...what is your name.”

“E...Eadric.”

“well Eadric, I am letting you live, as I promised.”

“T...thank you.”

“Do not thank me too fast. Tell me, did you enjoy watching me getting my ass whipped then Eadric?”

“N...no...I.”

“Do not lie to me wolf. I could see you. You enjoyed it, watching me like that.”

He turned to look directly into my eyes then, his muzzle breaking into a feral grin, teeth showing as he nodded. By Odin his defiance made my sheath twitch.

“Well, then, you should know that the reason I am letting you live wolf is that I have taken you as my slave.”

His grin evaporated fast then, astonishment and a little fear creeping across his muzzle. Good.

“S...slave?”

“Yes, my slave. You will do my bidding, and you will fill my bed every night, as I will fill you. And if you disobey me...or even if I just feel like it, you will feel my belt on that cute little behind of yours. Now...tell me again how much you enjoyed watching me?”

He had the good sense to gulp and stay silent, though I detected a quiver of excitement, of need deep inside. The way his whiskers shook, the way his ears twitched. I looked lower, seeing the plump mass of his sheath, a hint of pink cock poking from the lips. Oh my beautiful wolf...do not ever change.

“I think he is adjusting, uncle.”

And Gunbjorn fell about in gales of laughter again, while Hallvard just shook his head.

\*\*\*\*\*

The wide expanse of ocean flowed past, timeless and troubled. I was anything but troubled though, my spirit at peace for the first time in what seemed an age.

We had withdrawn before the wolves from the coast forts realised something was happening, though they attempted to stop us reaching the boat. Deprived of their fortifications, though, the wolves stood no chance, butchered where they stood. Odin would be pleased at the harvest.

We lost two stallions, two mighty warriors would dine in Valhalla this night. A small price for such riches, or for such slaughter of our enemies.

The crew were in jovial mood as we headed for home, our boat laden with spoil. Amongst that spoil were wolves, a small number taken as slaves. A few females, and one lone male, huddled into my boat cloak as we covered the cold distance back home.

I smiled as we rowed, Gunbjorn grinning back at me and loudly telling the crew of my exploits, as well as my plundering of the slave wolf. That prompted much discussion of the many holes filled with stallion cock, the many wolves who had received a stallion's gift. More than one stallion sported a pronounced bulge in his breechclout as we rowed, thinking back on the many pleasures of the town, and the talk turned to how much the slaves would be receiving when we returned to dry land.

I nudged my wolf, Eadric then, translating for him, and chuckled as he tried to disappear under his cloak, pretending for all the world he was not there. I knew though, more than he realised. As I described in exquisite detail what I would do to him our first night, the wolf began shaking, the cloak vibrating much to the amusement of my fellow Vikings. My nose told me what I needed to know though; I caught the unmistakable scent of aroused wolf.

Gunbjorn caught it too, winking at me as we rowed, and the miles flowed under our prow towards an endless horizon, my smile genuine and contented. I belonged...and the future didn't look so bleak.