Winter Solstice

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historical fantasy

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He opened what he thought was left of one eye but still couldn't see much. Everything was a blurr. His head hurt and it was cold and damp....he fought the urge tovomit.....at least he was alive. It wasn't until after a few moments that he realized that if he rolled over, he still had sight in his other eye. His hand went instinctively to the dysfunctional eye. It was practically swollen shut. He vaguely recalled pieces of the battle he had just survived.

It had been months that he had been stuck in Britainia. Cut off from his raiding party, his friends and comrades. He had beenspending time sleeping during the day and travelling and hunting by night. He was thin and it was hunger that forced him out into the daylight to look for food and had led him into the middle of another small raiding party of warriors. He had smelled smoke in the distance. He remembered now, this is what had drawn him initially to stumble into their midst. Another bend in the trail lead to where he had run into them before turning and running for his life. There in the middle of the clearing was a woman in tattered skins lashed to a pole. Her eyes were wild with fear but also determination.... She was gnawing desperately on the sinew that tied her hands to the stake. He immediately stopped his advance and bent down showing his open hands in the hopes that she might see that he meant her no harm.

He could see her recognition of him in her eyes. She must have seen him and known that he had helped her? He edged closer. As he reached to help with the bindings, the pounding headache and nausea came on stronger than ever. He fought to maintain conciousness. He watched her continue to work on the sinew, as his world went dark.

He came to several minutes later and his groaning alerted her to his conciousness. Her hands and her wrists were ragged from the sinew that refused to release her. She was stuck but good now and she knew it. Fear crept back into her, but she hadn't given up....not by a long shot. He rolled away and sat up to look at her. She sat in her tattered furs and coverings, with her bound hands but she looked both defiant and noble.

When he caught his breath again he thought about this puzzle that he had stumbled into. How was he

going to help this woman if he couldn't even talk to her. Despite his months in Britannia, he had not learned much of the language or their customs. Through the fog of a partial concussion, he finally recalled the word "friend". He also had another thought and pulled something from a bag tied to his waist. It was several green leaves with berries in the middle. It would be called Holly in later years. To his people it meant peace, a time to forgive past grievances and a symbol to lay down arms. Couples that fought might bring home Holly to their loved ones and usually this resulted in a kiss. He moved closer to her but not so close as to frighten her. He showed her the Holly and did his best to say "friend" with the appropriate accent. His hair was once long and grey but he cropped it short regularly with his knife. As a younger man he had kept it tied back loosely off his shoulders but as a younger man, he had not been forced to run and survive on his own for months. His dress clearly marked him as a foreigner. He was a Norseman and an honorable one from a high ranking family but would she see or know that from looking at him?

She looked puzzled by the offering and the foreigner's word. He had said friend and then shown her the leaves with the berries. Even a small child in Britannia knew what these leaves were for. They were considered an aphrodesiac and were a sign that the interested party wanted to couple. He looked a mess with the gash to his forhead and slightly pale now after he had blacked out. She could not deny that there was something different about this man. Although he looked like a Norseman raider, he did not act like one and although she was still tied to a stake, here he was in shambles, politely asking her to couple with him. She could not help but notice his well developed frame. He was shorter then some she had seen but his shoulders, arms and legs were well muscled. She had seen how quickly he had run to escape initially and since no warriors returned, he must have been able to take care of himself and her in the process.

Her emotions were moving wildly inside of her. She was happy to be alive, still very much fearful, helpless because she was still tied and yes she now had to admit she was very much attacted to this stranger and his strange ways. He noticed that she was looking up and down at him as though measuring him in some way and now she had a slightly predatorial look to her eyes. He could feel the usual bulge in response to arrousal. He tried to cast the thought aside. After what she had been through, surely she was not interested in that! He wondered if he had said the word incorrectly..... In any case, he decided to make one last attempt. He did his best to ignore the bulge growing ever bigger and very slowly offered her his knife, handle first. She seemed to relax and he eased forward a little. She seemed to understand and took the knife from him and began to work on cutting herself free. He was happy. The sleepiness was upon him again however. The effects of an empty stomache and a concussion took him again and he fell over in a heep.

He awoke inside her hut. She lived several miles away from the village and only travelled there to trade and help heal the sick. There was no way for him to know that of course or how difficult it had been to load him onto a carrier made from poles lashed together and drag him here. She was

pleased with her handywork and after several days of going in and out of conciousness and being able to eat simple but nutritious broths, his head injury and concussion appeared to be fading. Unfortunately his balls sustained some injury during his falls and remained rather swollen. She had taken every opportunity to look at them and assess the swelling. She had applied melted snow regularly. She had never seen a circumsized cock before. This was something that must be unique to his people. She could not imagine what the ritual involved but the sight of it was amazing. One night while applying the snow, he opened his eyes to smile at her. His cock had grown hard despite the frosty treatment. He pushed his cock towards her, believing that she wanted him sexually and this was some strange custom of hers. She smiled back at his virility despite his injuries. Her hand moved to gently massage his swollen cock and balls. He moaned with pleasure and gently pulled her head towards his cock. She did not completely understand what he wanted but moved to gently suck on him and he smiled in response. She sucked until he had released his seed. They kissed deeply after as he fell into a blissfull sleep.

She loved the taste of him. She had never engaged in this form of coupling with a man before but now that she had tried it, she planned to continue. Usually her men, would lay on top of her, pump madly and then groan and fall on top of her to sleep. She thought back to the taste of his slippery, sticky seed in her mouth. She had swallowed some by accident before letting the rest dribble down the length of his stiff cock. The sight of it was amazing and she had felt herself get very wet with excitement. After cleaning him, she had layed down next to him and pleasured herself for hours. She started to do so again, not realizing that he was awake. She layed next to him. She imagined his rough hands on her body, pulling her wraps and clothing slowly away from her during the night with a candle burning where it usually hung on her shelf. Her fingers moved to her pussy which became increasingly wet. She let out a low moan of pleasure. She was used to this and knew what she liked and was soon finger fucking and pleasuring herself and moaning softly.

She was suddenly startled however to feel his arm move next to her. She stayed still hoping he had not noticed. He slowly rose on his elbows. His eyes moved as though he was searching mentally for something....finally he said "thank you". He placed a hand gently on her stomache and looked at her and said "friend?". She grabbed his hand and plunged it toward her pussy, pushed her pussy hard against his fingers until several were forced inside....."friend" she said in response and she had that predatorial look about her again. He had not been with a woman for a very long time. As such, he was tempted to go quickly but physically he was still not well enough for that kind of mating.

He moved his fingers in and out of her. He explored the lips of her pussy and played with her clit. After shoving a finger inside, she moved her hips so that he could push on the right pleasure spot. Without a word passed between them, she was able to show him the pressure she liked, the movement that she needed.... when to go fast and when to slow down. He had thought that he was good at coupling but this was taking things to a whole new level. Her excitement as he brought her

closer and closer to climax hightened his pleasure. His cock was swollen and purple. He wanted desparately to be inside her and she sensed this and moved her hips to allow him access.

Instead of doing what she was used to, he gently hooked his arms under her knees and raised them up in the air. He slowly pushed the head of his cock inside her. She was warm and so wet, she practically gushed when he entered her even slightly. He moved his cock inside in increments while fucking several times at each stage before going in deeper. Once he was fully inserted to his balls, he was able to fully insert and pull out without pain, provided that he did so, slowly. Fucking this beautiful woman in an animalistic way was not possible right now. His balls were still sore and his head still hurt at times. She positioned her hips to match his thrusting. They each continued to hold each other, kiss and thrust away slowly for a very long time. He would also reach down to grab her breasts and play with and pinch her beautiful nipples and areolas.

She could sense that he could not tolerate much more before releasing and together they slowly increased their pace. Her back arched and he pushed his head back as they both moaned loudly and he could feel her pussy juices being pumped before he was able to cum. He followed not far behind. He had one of the longest and most intense orgasms with her that night. It was Winter Solstice, the longest and darkest night of the year. Perhaps it was the magic of the night or the fact that he was coupling with a woman who had saved his life. Whater happened to bring them together, he was happy for it. For the first time in a very long time he did not hate being in Britannia. He layed with the woman after they had finished. He dreamed of her in her wild homeland and hoped that one day he might be able to show her his homeland and he definitely hoped for lots more of the coupling they had just shared.

The hours turned into days, the days to weeks and slowly his injuries turned to bruises that faded. Her wrists healed also from being worn from the sinew bindings. They had coupled every night since he regained consciousness. He had introduced her to the pleasure of a mans mouth and tongue on her pussy. The first time he tried this she had a hard orgasm. Her body shook all over. She looked somewhat confused as though this was a new experience for her. She was ready and dripping for him the following night.

She wasted no time in grabbing him roughly by the hair and pulling his face towards her wet slit. When he inserted his tongue deep into the folds of her pussy, she let out an involuntary moan which surprised her but his warm smile told her this was good and she repeatedly moaned whenever the feeling came on. She loved the way his rough hands and chiseled exterior felt on and against her but what really attracted her was that he had a tender side and loved to laugh. They worked well in partnership. Their hunting trips were always easier and more successful together. She couldn't wait for spring to try coupling with him in a meadow, a forest, next to a stream....oh yes....and definitely on a cliff overlooking the ocean. She was working on a surprise for him also that she hoped he would

like.

She had been nagged by thought ever since their first meeting. She had been tied and totally helpless. She knew she was about to be taken sexually by the warriors....and it frightened her with them but with him....it aroused her. She had gone so far as to craft leather bracelets lined with the fur of a hare and these were attached to leather strips. She took these out one night to show him. She had made sure to wear furs that were very revealing that day and frequently made sure to bend over and show her breasts or glimpses of her pussy to him. The bulge he produced in response told her she was having the desired effect.

He appeared not to understand her gift when he first saw it. She quickly produced a stake which she pounded into the ground at the head of her sleeping pallet and then applied the braces to her wrists and tied the leather straps. He was not sure what she was up at first and only had basic understanding of her language. He only caught "friend" and "meet" out of several sentences that she said but he could guess where this was going. He quickly moved in. His hands tore open her furs. His mouth plunged to her breasts. He sucked deeply on her nipples. Their coupling before had been soft and now the harder or rougher it seemed the better she liked it. She made pretend attempts to fight him off and he responded by roughly pushing her legs away or open.

There was a hunger for him in her eyes and tonight she yearned for this with him. His cock seemed huge and thick tonight in the flickering candlelight. A silver drop of pre cum had formed on its tip and he grabbed her head and pulled it towards the bulging purple head. Her lips circled the tip and she drank what she could of his essence. He flipped her over onto her stomach and went on all fours. He layed her down flat on her stomach instead. If he was expected to take her, he was going to do it his way. He bent her knees back, feet up and hooked his elbows under her feet. He could see her glistening pussy...his target....he plunged deep inside her in one thrust. She began to moan long and low...her eyes slightly rolled back into her head. He could not stop nor slow down at this point. He fucked as hard and as fast as he could. She pushed her hips back. To meet his thrusting and her moans became louder and more desperate. She was grinding her pussy into him as hard if not harder then he was fucking her. His heart hammered in his chest and he was sweating profusely. She looked incredible with her hands tied, the look of rapture on her face and his big cock stroking in and out of her. She could feel the small spasms of his seed coming. She arched her hips and her pussy lips dragged on his cock, milking him dry. He called out in ecstasy and pumped her for all that he was worth. His cock had gone soft and yet he continued to fuck this mysterious women who had healed him and now allowed him to discover new sexual heights that he never would have thought possible. They both would need several days to recover from tonight but he couldn't help but wonder what was she going to do next?