The Heathen Dog

Summary

Ivar and a small army sail unknowingly into the Kingdom of the Lombards to raid and conquer. His army is eventually annihilated and he is taken captive by King Ricarda. The King decides to give the Viking Prince to his daughter, Princess Marione so she can break his will and turn him into her own meek, little sex slave. It proves to be quite the challenge for her.

Notes

Okay, so this is my first Vikings smut story and really the first story ever that I have actually committed to posting on an online site, so please go easy on me here guys. A few historical details may be wrong or vague, but hey at the end of the day we are all here mainly just for the kinky Ivar smut, and so that’s what I intend to focus on as well as staying true to the characters as best as I can. The first chapter may be a bit slow, breaking Ivar is HARD and I am finding a lot of difficulty in trying to get him to do ANYTHING I want him to, typical. So please understand why it may not start off immediately steamy, we need to work hard on breaking this heathen dog as best we can first ladies and gentlemen ;) So without further ado, I give you something you will regret reading, enjoy :}

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1. "Break His Will, Make Him Yours."

He stared down intently at the heathen who dared to land his ships in his precious kingdom, who dared to take the precious lives of many of his countrymen before he finally found himself outnumbered and cornered, still thrashing wildly with his axe, still taking men down before they eventually managed to subdue him. The heathen that could only be the leader of the small army that now lay dead on his land, sat in his throne room, on the hard and cold floor before him, like the dog he was.

He seemed to be some sort of cripple, his legs were twisted, vile, unpleasant to look upon. It was astounding to King Ricarda that he could lead an army at all. After a very long, drawn out silence, he decided to speak, rage seething through him. "You, heathen dog, have lead an army onto my land to kill my countrymen, rob their corpses and defile many a woman. The only punishment you are worthy of is death, and I am sure that afterwards, you will find yourself rotting in hell for all eternity!" Ricarda spat down at him from his throne, his hands clutching the arms of the chair so hard, blood began to run down the dark wood onto the floor below. The heathen dog barely moved a muscle at his harsh words and he never once looked up at the King now addressing him. This irked King Ricarda even further; the dog was not worthy to die a quick death, even if he was to rot in hell afterwards, it would not please the King, he needed to see this heathen truly suffer, he needed to see him put in his place.

Ricarda then noticed someone lingering to the side at the corner of his eye, he turned his head to see his young daughter, Marione eyeing the heathen curiously. Ricarda smiled sinisterly at his sudden idea. "Marione, come here!" The Princess jumped as he suddenly addressed her. "Y-yes, father!" She quickly made her way to stand in front of his throne, right next to the heathen who, to his surprise, was now looking up from the ground and eyeing his daughter with a hungry, predatory stare. This made Ricarda's blood boil even further. "I may have a gift for you, daughter." Ricarda spoke slowly, staring daggers at the heathen before him, though he soon found himself quickly smiling once again. "You will have to work for it though, dear child!" The King then said while chuckling briefly, turning his gaze back onto his now confused looking daughter who did her best to not look down at the heathen dog still visibly drooling over her.

"What is-" she began only to be cut off by the booming voice of King Ricarda once again. "Marione, do you remember the tale I told you, of what my father and his father before him used to do with their most reviled enemies?" The girl had immediately started to blush and become uncomfortable, finally chancing a glance down at the heathen before answering him. "Uh, yes father?" Ricarda found himself frowning once again at his daughter's own meek and hesitant display towards his hinted at proposal. She couldn't be seen as weak in front of this dog, it could hinder her chances of being able to break him down into hers completely one day. Ricarda sighed and spoke again, more softly this time. "Daughter, perhaps you need this, your own little pet to please you. Ever since Dimytry-" this time he was interrupted by her, as a sudden look of fiery rage filled her icy, blue eyes. "Don't you dare mention him again, or what happened, don't you dare!" She spoke up to him in a dark and raised voice, no longer meek and shy, there was that fire he knew his daughter had deep down. The heathen seemed to take an immediate liking to this side of her too, his own eyes lighting up at her defiance and a small smile playing at his lips. It seemed as if they were both perfectly fated to be in this arrangement with each other, a perfect match, he smiled again at the thought.

"Forgive me, Marione but the truth is clear, you need this after all of the wrongdoing that has befallen you. Take this heathen, teach him, break his will, make him yours, teach him some humility and then I can happily execute him knowing full well that everything he once was is no more." Ricarda sadistically smiled at the thought of the heathen being completely broken down into a loyal
little pet, a sniveling slave by his own daughter, how humiliating for the dog, how torturous for him to go out in such a way. It would be a fate worse than death in the eyes of all of his savage kind. His grin only grew bigger.

"Everyone will benefit from this child, well of course, not our mutual enemy here; even better!" Ricarda chuckled sinisterly while addressing the heathen who finally looked his way, his eyes questioning what exactly he found so amusing. Marione looked down at the dog once more before looking back towards Ricarda, she seemed to be lost, deep in thought before opening her mouth to speak. "Very well, father I suppose I accept your gift, and the challenge that comes along with it." She looked the heathen in the eyes this time and smiled for what seemed like the first time in years. "Perhaps it will help."

The vile, fat pig of a King never seemed to shut his big mouth as he sat perched upon his small, pathetic wooden chair. It creaked under him dangerously, with every move he seemed to make. If what Ivar assumed was his daughter hadn't entered the room and sparked his own interest, he would of already lunged forward and tried to strangle the revolting pig out of his misery and hopefully be killed right then and there, it certainly would of spared him the humiliation of a public execution in front of whatever was left of the dumb, christian peasants in this pitiful kingdom. He should of listened to his nagging brothers and just continue to invade what was left of the great land of England, he sailed too far, he aimed too high and now here he was, prisoner to a weak, fat pig who called himself a 'King'.

As soon as the Princess had entered the room, the pig King had a never ending smirk plastered on his face every time he looked down at Ivar now. It confused him and his patience was starting to run very thin. What was so amusing? What exactly were they planning to do with him? Eventually he had had enough of being in the dark, he needed to know what they intended so he could plan his next move carefully. "Well?! What is it that you plan to do with me, christian pig?!" He spat up at the King finally and his daughter who he had heard call 'Marione'. They had both looked down at him and then at each other with blank expressions. They didn't understand him of course, so he decided to give Saxon a try, hoping they were familiar with the language. "What is it that you plan to do with me then?! I am growing much too impatient waiting around for what's sure to be a satisfying demise! So out with it then, how will I go, pig? How will I make my glorious journey to the halls of Valhalla?" He smiled triumphantly at them as he finished his long spiel, hoping to anger them, show them that no matter of death frightened him, but much to his dismay, they only smiled gleefully right back at him. The pig King even dared to chuckle at his expense once again. Ivar could feel his anger growing, fast. He glared at them both and slammed his fist on the hard ground underneath him causing the girl, Marione, to flinch ever so slightly. "Enough of this!" He yelled up at them both, his utter rage very evident now. "So the dog speaks Saxon? Good for you, dog." The King finally responded, his voice growing dark again. "The fact of the matter is dog, that there are no plans to kill you, well at least not for now, not until i'm sure we've broken your will completely. Until there is nothing left of the savage, heathen warrior you are now." Ivar continued to glare up at him. "So it will be torture." He seemed to state rather than ask a question, looking between the King and Marione. "Fine by me, christian pig." He finally said, smugly. This statement only resulted in more choked giggling from the pig King, Ivar seethed with rage once again at this pathetic display. The King finally pulled himself together and looked thoughtful for a brief moment. "Well, a kind of torture I suppose, it will be torturous enough for you, no doubt! Perhaps even a worse fate than anything a knife could do to your already crippled self!" Ivar's irritation and confusion only grew, he sighed before going to speak once again. "What-" he was interrupted by the
King. "My family deals with their most hated enemies in an interesting way dog, things are done much differently in this kingdom. Our enemies always end up serving us, they become our meek, little pets, slaves that will bend to our every will, satisfy our every, urge. You see, this is what will happen to you as well, it has happened with countless others, you will be no exception." The King finished with a small smile.

This time, Ivar was the one laughing at him. "You are even more pathetically idiotic than I first assumed! Do you really think I would ever become your broken little pet?! I am Prince Ivar the Boneless, son of the great King Ragnar Lothbrok and I would sooner die one excruciatingly painful death over and over than serve as a personal fuck toy even once for any of you christian scum!" He spat at the pig King's feet after he finished his defiant speech. The King kept his smile. "Oh i'm afraid you do not have a choice here, Prince Ivar." He said simply while gesturing for two nearby guards to approach him. "Strip him." The King ordered something in his own language, causing the guards to look at one another hesitantly before they began to cautiously approach Ivar, hands on the hilt of their swords. Marione started to blush slightly once again, but did her best to still appear authoritative. Ivar began to back away, glaring up at the approaching guards. He managed to knock one of them down onto the floor with him, he dragged himself on top of the stunned guard and attempted to choke him to death while the other guard quickly and desperately grabbed ahold of Ivar's shoulders, doing his best to try and heave him off of his friend. Ivar refused to let go of the man's neck. "Die! Christian dog!" Ivar chanted in his own language as he watched the life slowly leave the man's fearful eyes. He heard the King desperately utter something else and then he felt even more armor clad hands on him until eventually, five different guards had managed to pry him off of the younger guard in his grasp. Marione watched, visibly shocked and intrigued by his own sheer strength.

The guards finally managed to restrain him on the floor as he spat and screamed at them some more in his language, his eyes crazed and his teeth baring. His defiance only worsened as they began to actually strip him of his armor and then, his clothes. Soon enough he was completely naked, everything was on display for everyone in the throne room to gaze upon. He hung his head in defeat as the King and Princess and all of the guards openly stared at his disgusting, twisted legs and flaccid cock, his shame. He couldn't stop or hide the humiliating shade of red that began to creep onto his cheeks, it only served to make the King roar with laughter once again, at his expense. "It seems that the dog is shy now! Look at that Marione!" The King remarked something to the Princess who in turn actually smiled, a cruel smile directed right at him. Ivar never longed to rip the lungs out of anyone more than these two cunts.

Ivar continued to scowl at them, as he lay completely exposed on the floor. "Collar him." The King suddenly ordered something else, and Ivar watched intently with wide eyes as one of the guards left the room and then returned with an actual dog collar in his hands. Ivar immediately began to back away once again, screaming profanities at the five guards approaching him and at the King and Princess Marione. "There is no fucking way you are putting that on me you disturbed fucking cunts! You will all die screaming for this! Your god won't be able to save you from my wrath or the wrath of my brothers when they find out i'm being held captive in this shit hole of a kingdom! Get away from me! Fucking dogs!" He warned and screamed at them in Saxon but they did nothing to stop his collaring, they simply watched and smiled.

Ivar fought with everything he had to avoid the collar from inevitably reaching his neck. They couldn't do this to him! Did they not know who he was? Hadn't they heard of his countless victories in battle? His brutal treatment of most of their pathetic Christian friends? He was widely known and feared across many lands. How dare they humiliate him like this! How they will all suffer when he finally gets free! He managed to knock down and punch three of the guards square in the face and was on top of the fourth guard, beating him almost to death. They were utterly useless, he had no idea how he had let them restrain him previously. The King seemed to eventually grow bored of
watching him beat his guards half to death and turned back to face his daughter. "It is time to show your authority, Marione. It is time to punish your pet until he learns to accept his collar and accept who he is, freely." He had said something to her. "But father, how am I-" the King tsked at her. "Authority, Marione my dearest, authority. You know you have it." Ivar laid one final punch onto the fifth guard's now completely bloody face before collapsing onto the ground once again, exhausted and covered in the blood of the unconscious men around him. "My daughter, Marione will be your mistress, dog I forgot to tell you that! You will obey her every command." The King announced to Ivar who simply scoffed in response. He turned to look at them with a mocking grin now plastered on his face, "Stupid cunt! I have just singlehandedly defeated all five of your worthless men, so what makes you think I will willingly obey your bitch daughter's every command? You best kill me now and be done with it before I finally kill you myself!"

Marione stepped forward then and picked up the collar from one of the unconscious guards. "You will obey me, pet because I know every single part of a man that is proven to be more than excruciatingly painful when it is struck with his own belt." She smiled sardonically and seemed to slightly lick her lips involuntarily at the thought of him finally being the one writhing in pain, the crazy bitch. He wanted to take her right there, make her pig of a christian father watch as he fucked her tight little hole, making her scream in agony and disgust as he fucked her bloody. He'd make her scream out his name only to choke her slowly and painfully to death right afterwards. He smiled at the satisfying thought before speaking. "Is that so, little bitch? Why don't you make your way over here and prove it then, Princess." A predatory smile began to cross his face once again as he readied himself to grab her and position her under him, perhaps he'd get a few thrusts in before they finally killed him. She smiled wider back at him as she responded. "Silly pet, do you really think I would try anything without the help of at least ten more guards, hmm, perhaps another fourteen on second thought." And with that, she called out for exactly fourteen guards to enter the room.

One by one, each of her father's most trusted guards eagerly filled the throne room. "Hold him down, but be careful, the heathen is strong in his mind and his body, if you can believe it." She informed the guards in her own language. The heathen was quite the handsome one, with pretty eyes and pretty hair and equally pretty lips. It was too bad that it was all ruined by that big, foul mouth of his. She would have to fix that hastily. His chest and arms were things crafted out of stone, likely from the fact that he had to drag himself around all of his life, his legs and cock were slightly disappointing, seemingly ruining this almost perfect specimen, but she supposed a positive about his disability would be that she wouldn't have to teach him to crawl to her like a good little pet, he already had that mastered. Marione only continued to grow more and more eager and confident about this whole arrangement.

She watched as even fourteen guards struggled to restrain him for a third time. But as both her and Ivar knew from the moment the guards had entered the room, they proved to be successful in overcoming and restraining him perfectly on the ground before her. He groaned in defeat, cursing incessantly under his breath. "Now, pet are you ready to be collared?" She held up the collar suggestively and raised her eyebrows slightly at him. He simply spat at her feet which caused her to roll her eyes. "Oh well, punishment it is." She reached down into the pile of clothes and armor below her that belonged to him and found his own belt. She walked towards him as he started to struggle once again to get free, a dangerous look of utter hate and resentment shone in his eyes as he stared up at her; he wanted nothing more than to kill her right then and there. She smiled.

Marione stood above him then, she raised his own belt high above her head and brought it down hard and quickly onto his exposed cock and balls. He shut his eyes tight, immediately after the hit, he was gasping, choking, unable to even let out a small whimper, the pain was too great. Not a moment later he opened his eyes and his gasp suddenly turned into a shaky, crazed smile. Somehow, he
had managed to regain some of his composure. "Try again, little bit-" the next strike came without warning and it shut him up quite quickly, he yelped that time but closed his mouth as quickly as he had opened it and stared up at her with dark eyes again, he was visibly starting to shake and he clearly stifled a sob. Why couldn't the stubborn bastard just give in already? She was going to end up permanently damaging all of his vital pieces. She decided another ten strikes would get it through his thick skull who was really in charge here. One after the other, she continued to strike him, he was openly yelping after each painfully numbing strike to his burning red genitals now; tears were quite evident in his enraged eyes and he could no longer stop the involuntary whimpers, sobs or profanities from escaping him. Even the guards holding him down winced every time the belt collided with his cock once again. One unforgiving strike after the other until she reached number nine. Not even this tough heathen bastard could withstand this much abuse to his precious cock without eventually losing his mind to the pain. She smirked once again. So heathen dogs are just like any manner of men; they all share the same weakness down below. They only seem to feel with their useless cocks.

Before she could lift the belt above her head one last time, her father interrupted her. "My daughter, forgive me but could you give just this one moment of luxury, to your father?" He smirked at how broken her pet seemed already. She grinned sweetly back at him and extended the belt towards him. "By all means, father." In truth she despised the fact that he had to take part of this precious moment away from her as well. She turned to look back down at her pet while the King struggled slowly out of his throne. The pet's eyes widened humorously as he realized what King Ricarda was making his way over to do, and to Marione's own satisfaction, he actually whimpered ever so slightly in utter misery at what eventually would be the finishing blow to his throbbing, red cock and balls. The King snatched the belt and immediately lifted it high above his crown with a sadistic look glistening in his dark brown eyes before hastily bringing it down. It seemed to strike him harder than every one of Marione's strikes combined; the pet didn't know what do with himself, he couldn't force himself to make a sound due to the unbearable pain, he sat, mouth gaping, tears escaping his eyes, nose running and his big eyes bulging almost completely out of his head. Ricarda laughed triumphantly at her pet's reaction.

Marione nodded for the fourteen guards to finally let him go. The heathen Prince could do nothing but writhe on the ground, he curled up and held his inflamed genitals, still unable to make a single sound. She dared to kneel down beside him, cautiously reaching a hand out to touch his hair, gently and soothingly petting the soft braids. "Would you like your collar now, pet? Or shall it be ten more strikes, from both me and the King this time, hmm?" He said nothing, his eyes shut tightly once again, trying to regain control over the weak body that had betrayed him and humiliated him today, showing that he could indeed be defeated by such pain, forcing him to eventually submit. He seemed to mumble something under his breath, answering her question. She knew what he had said and she smiled to herself, but she wanted the whole throne room to hear it as well. "I'm sorry, pet what was that?" He seemed to growl at her before reluctantly repeating himself, loud enough now for everyone in the room to hear. "I said, okay! Yes! Put the fucking thing on me!" Marione boldly decided to keep pushing while she was already ahead. "Please?" This time he opened his now red eyes to give her his most murderous glare yet. She began to reach for the belt still in her father's hands until her pet surprisingly obeyed and choked out a "Please!" She smiled, content.

Marione ordered the guards to hold him down once again as she retrieved his collar. He kept his murderous gaze on her as she fastened the leather collar tightly around his neck. She looked over him, proud with her work so far. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it pet?" He looked down at the floor, refusing to speak or look up at her now, like some moody child. "Bring the rope." She ordered the young guard who Ivar had attempted to strangle to death earlier, he ran off dutifully to obey her. She was more than eager to take her new pet for a walk.
2. A Night With The Princess

Chapter Summary

Marione takes her new pet to her private quarters and starts facing even more challenges. Ivar is far from happy about this whole predicament.

Chapter Notes

This one took a little while and i'm still not sure if i'm entirely happy with it, but I hope you will all enjoy it regardless, I know I did writing it and torturing poor little Ivar ;)

Everything around him seemed to spin; the pain was unbearable, he had never felt anything like it before. He continued to clutch desperately at his prick and balls. Everything had gone completely numb now from the stabbing, burning, fucking pain engulfing that entire area. He hated himself for giving in and letting the little cunt actually place the degrading fucking dog collar around his neck. He had showed more weakness than ever before in that desperate moment. He told himself that he wouldn't let this madness go any further.

He just needed a moment to breathe, to regain his composure and come to terms with this new, excruciating pain. He was slowly growing overly exhausted with this entirely fucking dreadful day, but he refused to show anymore signs of pathetic weakness to this cunt of a Princess. He began picturing exactly what he could do to her with that belt if given the sweet chance. How he longed to make her scream, beg for mercy; he longed to see her covered in her own blood and tears.

As he continued to fantasize about Marione's imaginary and very torturous death, he failed to notice her now slowly approaching him with a long piece of rope in her hands. She took advantage of this opportunity and tied the rope around his collar swiftly. He snapped his head up to look at her then, a look of complete and utter disbelief crossing his features. The Princess simply giggled in response. He growled and roughly pulled the rope now connected to his collar, right out of her own hands. That wiped the smug smirk off of the bitch's face real quick. She continued to frown before simply nodding to the still lingering guards, who began to surround and restrain him. No, anything but this fucking charade again. "Stop! Fucking stop!" He tried to scream at them. Marione retrieved the belt and looked over at her pig father, who was approaching eagerly, ready to assist in punishing him a second time with yet another ten strikes. Ivar suddenly grew desperate again. "I'm sorry!" He found himself actually yelling at them, disgusted with himself as soon as the desperate apology escaped his mouth. But it had seemed to work, both the King and Marione froze and looked at each other with new, equally smug faces. Fucking christian cunts.

"I'm sorry what, pet?" He sighed quite heavily, exhausted and just eager to get this over and done with now. He scowled at her once again only to obey and answer with "I'm sorry... Mistress." He had responded with complete resentment and hate evident in his tone. The words felt utterly disgusting on his own tongue. The King mockingly clapped at his submissive display. He felt that same redness quickly return to his cheeks. Fuck this! Fuck them! And fuck the gods! Fuck this humiliating, unbelievable fate they seemed to have bestowed upon him! Fuck his entire, miserable
existence! He clenched his fists tightly at his sides, dirty nails digging into his own palms, quickly drawing blood.

Marione cautiously retrieved the long rope near him a second time and used it to yank him forward, right out of his own fuming rage. He growled again as she continued to pull until he saw no other choice but to quickly begin crawling along after her and out of the throne room. He groaned in pain as his still abused and exposed cock dragged across the hard, stone floor underneath him while leaving the room, finally outside. It was freezing, the cold evening air bit at his exposed skin and on top of everything else he had to now put up with the snickering, christian peasants all around him. Some pointing and chuckling at the humiliating situation he was now in, some gasping and shielding their children from the very sight of the heathen who had invaded their land, visibly frightened of him. And some openly cursing him only to quickly hold their tongues as soon as he would turn his hateful gaze their way. He tried to keep his head down as much as he could while he continued to be pulled along through the long and packed village, clenching his teeth and visibly shaking with anger.

"Come along, pet faster!" Marione ordered over her shoulder to him. He shook more at the sound of her sickeningly sweet voice ordering him, a Prince and feared Viking warrior among his people, to crawl faster like a pitiful dog after her. "That's right, you just keep pushing me little bitch and just see what happens." He muttered under his breath in his language while his eyes burned a hole into the back of her head.

They finally came upon a small cottage, positioned right at the back of the large village. He assumed that it was her own private quarters. He smiled sadistically for the first time in a small while; they were finally going to be all alone, this was his chance to overpower the bitch Princess and exact his bloody revenge all over her weak, bony, prettily pale little body. But of course, she was already two steps ahead of him. As soon as she had opened the door for both of them to enter, the crazy bitch actually proceeded to kick him, as hard as she physically could, right in his still aching genitals. He cried out in pain and collapsed onto the floor, clutching the sore area for a second time. "Fuck you! Crazy fucking bitch! Cunt! Fuck!" He screamed while still curled up on the floor. "Cunt! Fuck! Is that all you ever say?" She mocked him as she crossed the small, empty room they were now in to retrieve something. "You, are a dead woman! I will greatly enjoy pulling the lungs right out of your skinny little body and fucking whatever is left right into the fucking ground!" Marione simply tsked at him as she began to make her way back, holding something. "A man's prick is very precious to him, it's his greatest pride and his greatest weakness all at the same time. It's strange, no matter a man's display of strength or dominance, he is always immediately weakened and broken down by any manner of pain or pleasure inflicted on that very sensitive area. In truth, I can't imagine the pain you must be going through right now dear pet. So on this one occasion, I will give you leave to make all of your empty threats and scream all of your fowl profanities as much as you like. See how fair I can be, little Prince?" Before he could open his mouth to respond, the little bitch suddenly lifted up her skirts and straddled him, her thighs pinning his hips to the floor. He could feel the slight warmth of her cunt hidden underneath her dress, now dangerously close to his own abused cock. Ivar seemed to freeze, unsure if he should take this opportunity to strangle her or attempt to fuck her. Marione managed to fasten the rope connected to his collar to a nearby wooden table that had been nailed into the ground, while he was seemingly distracted by his fleeting, erotic thoughts and ideas. She then lowered her cunt right on top of his now half erect prick and began slightly moving back and forth over it. He let out an involuntary moan and closed his eyes, welcoming the wonderful feeling of her warm sex rocking back and forth on top of him briefly. Marione took this opportunity to quickly restrain his wrists together with a shorter piece of rope as well. She stopped moving on top of him then and swiftly removed herself from her place on top of his cock almost as soon as she had positioned herself on him. She smiled down triumphantly at the restrained pet. His eyes flew open then, looking up at her, questioning why she had so suddenly stopped.

He groaned in realization, staring down at his now restrained wrists before looking up at her again
with sheer exhaustion and irritation flashing in his eyes. Had she seriously just tied his own wrists together without him noticing? She continued to smile sweetly. "Tonight, you will please me and only me. You will do as I say, exactly how I say and perhaps put that fowl tongue of yours to good use." He sighed as he lay flat on the floor. "I would sooner please one of the many goats wandering around your shithole of a village outside, Princess." He stated simply, smirking up at her. She chuckled darkly in response. "We could of done this in such an easy and painless way, pet. Oh well!" She then turned to retrieve something else from the other side of the room. Ivar lifted his head slightly off of the floor to try and see what exactly the crazy bitch was grabbing to torture him with next. Much to his dismay, he still found himself frustratingly aroused from the brief attention she gave his cock earlier. The way she looked, on top of him, riding him; it drove him crazy and made him desperately want for more. Why did he find himself so suddenly captivated and aroused by this strange woman? The same woman who continued to humiliate and torture him and treat him as if he were nothing more than a filthy, stray dog. His thoughts were interrupted by her swift return; she held something behind her back as a cruel smile played at her lips.

She had enjoyed parading her little pet around the village briefly, in front of her fellow subjects, just a little too much. The way he shook with anger at the utter humiliation of it all as he had trailed along behind her, it had humored her to no end. Upon arriving at the cottage, and feeling his own warm and physically strong body under her own, she was filled with a sense of immense power and dominance. She was greatly aroused by this feeling of control. Here was the Prince of the pagan warriors people described as anything but human; crazed animals who wouldn't stop until they obtained everything they wanted, completely restrained and at her mercy. She didn't want to stop until he was completely broken now; she squirmed in excitement just thinking about all the things she was going to do with him. But, for now, she decided to focus on just one of those things. "This pet, is what we will play with this evening." Marione stated gleefully as she finally revealed the torture contraption she had behind her back to him.

The pet eyed the moderately small, steel pear shaped contraption with a hint of concern now evident in his pretty eyes. "Behold, the Pear of Anguish, dear pet." He hastily went back to holding that same look of immense hatred and resentment he always had when he looked at her now before opening that fowl mouth to speak again. "And what is it bitch? What are planning to do with tha-" he was immediately silenced as soon as he found her on top of him again. She had had enough of hearing the vicious and vulgar words that constantly seemed to spill from his pretty mouth. "Please do be quiet, i’ve grown weary of listening to your pointless insults and threats. I think it’s time to fix that fowl mouth of yours!" And with that, she quickly inserted the pear shaped contraption into his still, open mouth. He gagged and continued to glare up at her as she turned the screw at the end of the steel pear, causing it to begin slowly opening up inside, filling that small space inside his mouth completely, rendering him unable to spit his fowl words at her anymore. She laughed at him cruelly as his own drool began spill from his opened and now gagged mouth, around the pear. She took the opportunity to spit right in the face of the heathen between her thighs. He looked up at her, briefly shocked before beginning to fight under her, his eyes filling with that same fiery rage as his curses were muffled by the contraption inside of his mouth.

He managed to heave the top half of his body up off of the ground, only for the rope that was still tied to his collar to choke him and pull him right back down onto the floor with a thud. He was trapped. It still didn't seem to stop him though. His body continued to thrash wildly under her, nearly knocking her off of him completely a couple of times. He then began actually trying to hit her with his restrained hands, she tried to grab them and hold them down but he proved to be much stronger than she. His bound hands ended up successfully hitting her very hard on the left side of her face. Marione cried out in pain as the force of the hit propelled her off of him. She felt her own rage finally taking over. How dare he strike her! Useless, filthy dog! The intense pain now present on her left
cheek, felt all too familiar. That night long ago quickly began to flash through her dark mind, once
again. She began to hastily shake those thoughts away and the tears that came with them as best she
could before slowly turning her head to look at the pathetic heathen Prince, with dark eyes. She felt
something warm, running down the side of her cheek, she reached to touch it only to realize that it
was her own blood. Her pet seemed to immensely enjoy the sight of it, sitting up slightly and
watching her with eyes full of a dangerous sort of hunger now mixed in with the rage. She took that
moment to carefully taste her own crimson liquid as she eyed him. He actually moaned behind the
pear of anguish still fitted inside his mouth in response, his eyes only growing darker with lust.
Marione smiled before slowly getting up to walk back over to him. His lusty eyes never left her own
now as she repositioned herself on top of him.

She began to stroke his cock gently underneath her and his eyes fluttered close in response. Even
more muffled moans seemed to escape him at her caressing touch. Filthy, horny, heathen dog.
Marione's smile grew very cold all of a sudden. She roughly grabbed ahold of his battered length
then and he yelped in response, she squeezed tightly. Crazed, fiery rage returned hastily to his now
wide eyes. She reached up and smacked him as hard as she could with her other hand. "Fwauck!"
She heard him curse loudly behind the contraption in his mouth. She continued to slap him, again
and again. "How does it feel, pet?! To be slapped around and vulnerable?! To be taken advantage
of?! How does it feel?! How does it feel?!" She was practically screaming down at him as she
continued to smack his now, red face. More swears and threats were muffled as he continued to fight
for control under her again. She sighed loudly, irritated, as she continued to do her best to hold down
his flailing body under her; this wasn't going exactly how she planned and she was growing ever so
impatient. She released his prick and began to remove the pear of anguish from his mouth then. He
began physically spitting at her and swearing as soon as the contraption was removed from inside of
his mouth, just as she predicted he would.

She leaned down near his head then to check that the rope attached to his collar was still very much
secure as a precaution only for the heathen to lunge forward and actually lick up some of the blood
still evident on her cheek. She immediately recoiled in revulsion; the dog was clearly mentally
disturbed, licking his lips, a low moan escaping him at the taste of her own blood. He smiled, crazed.
"You can call them empty threats all you want, but you cannot change what will soon be your
miserable fucking fate now, bitch. I will enjoy ripping the pale flesh from your body to have a proper
taste of your sweet, blood. And, before you take your last, pitiful breath, I will greatly enjoy fucking
your tight, little cunt until it too is broken and bloody. Now how does that sound, precious little
Princess?" His breaths became heavy as he carefully explained everything he wished to do to her; the
bastard was actually growing more and more aroused by the violent and disturbing scene he was
painting for her. His words only succeeded to further sour her mood and thin her patience. "Are you
done?" She asked him, quite irritated. He shook his head, still smiling defiantly up at her. "No, not
even close." He chuckled darkly before opening his mouth to continue. There was no way in hell
Marione was going to let this persist. In one swift movement, she forced the pear of anguish right
between his cheeks and deep into his anus with another cruel smile. That shut him up immediately.
His eyes widened at the sensation. His face contorted in pain and he seemed to gasp and let out a
small whimper at the same time. The strange and somewhat horrible sensation of the steel
contraption, still covered in his own spit, being forced into that very tight, virgin hole of his rendered
the pet absolutely speechless. He didn't seem to know how to react now. Eyes darting between
Marione and down at where she held the contraption deep within him.

She began crawling up his body, leaving the torturous toy still inside of him. He watched her intently
with still wide and confused eyes. She then twisted around and positioned her increasingly wet cunt
over his gaping mouth, lowering herself so she sat on him, completely covering his face now. "Put
that tongue of yours to good use. Now!" She ordered down to him. He did nothing and she felt him
actually trying to turn his face to the side, away from her warm and wet sex. She forcefully grabbed
his head under her and positioned it back towards her cunt, holding it there. "Just, use your tongue! Don't you know how?! Lick, kiss, whatever! Now, pet! Don't make me ask again!" She was only growing more and more aroused and his determined reluctance to finally please her was very much getting on her nerves. She suddenly felt his teeth on her very sensitive flesh, ready to bite down; she quickly removed herself from on top of his face before he could get the chance to follow through with his chosen action. "No! That's it! I've had enough of your disobedience, pet! You obey me! You please me! You are mine!" He actually had the audacity to scoff at her words then and it sent her completely into a dangerous fit of rage. Marione reached for the screw sticking out of his ass and began to turn it slowly, forcing the steel pear to begin opening up deep inside of him slightly. He began to cry out in pain, his eyes shutting tightly as his face contorted in pain once again. She grinned. "Fucking stop, stop!" He screamed at her through his pain, visibly panicked as the contraption began to attempt to resize his virgin hole. "What was that, pet? Are you ready to behave now or should I tear you open completely?" He began shaking his head furiously in response, eyes bulging, wide and full of panic. "No! No, stop it! Come here and I will fucking please you then. Anything but fucking this!" She sighed and hesitated before finally turning the screw in the opposite direction, closing the pear of anguish again. He let out a comically huge sigh of relief. "This is your last warning before I do do something physically drastic to you, pet. I mean it." She warned him and it seemed the message might of actually gotten across to the stubborn prick this time as he simply nodded once, saying nothing, eyes dazed and still full of concern.

She sat atop his face one more time and much to her satisfaction, he began to immediately glide his tongue up and down her wet slit. She moaned as he worked on eating her out completely. His small kisses and tongue felt awkward and unsure while exploring her cunt at first, but still felt very much like heaven at this point. Marione began rocking back and forth, fucking his face. He briefly froze as she began doing this, but quickly continued. The more she moaned, the more confident her pet seemed to grow with his wandering tongue. He was really trying now. His hot tongue dove down deep inside of her and eventually up and over her clit. Exploring this particular area caused Marione to moan even more greatly and encourage her pet. He then made sure to spend the most time, swirling his tongue over in that very special area. Marione quickly reached her satisfying end, crying out in absolute pleasure. She got up only to collapse on top of his own heaving chest, curling right up to him, still breathing heavily herself. He looked down at her curiously as she continued to actually cuddle up closer to him. He said nothing, which surprised her. No sarcastic, threatening or hateful comments. He just lay there in sweet silence, allowing her to eventually fall asleep soundly on top of him.

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This was his chance. The fucking bitch was finally unconscious. He needed to act fast. His eyes darted around frantically, looking for something, anything to aid him. Much to his dismay, there seemed to be nothing of use even remotely close by. Ivar looked around and took in the small cottage he was trapped in for the first time. There was a large bed in the centre of the small room, a few bookshelves, cupboards and small tables, the large, nailed down table he seemed to be restrained to and a lit fireplace on the far right. He wondered why she stayed in this poor and pitifully small cottage while her pig of a father freely roamed the huge castle in the middle of the large village all on his own.

He looked down at her then, fast asleep on top of him. She looked quite peaceful and innocent like this. Asleep and dreaming, curled up close to him instead of looming over him, whipping him furiously with his own belt. Ivar really looked at her then and took in her beauty, every detail of her from her long and flowing dark hair to her plump little lips. She was an astoundingly beautiful creature, and here she was, curled up with only him. She was his. Or at least, that's just what he told himself in that moment. He still felt that same rage and hate for her; he desperately wanted to be the one to torture and kill her slowly for all she had done to him. But now, in this precious moment, at
the same time, he longed for nothing more than to wrap his arms around her petite frame and plant kisses all over her; he wanted to shield her from every single evil thing in the miserable world around them. And above all, he desperately longed to feel himself deep down inside of her, stretching her tight walls. He longed to spill his seed deep into her cunt, into her throat, all over her perfect tits, all while she openly begged for him. He groaned at the thought and looked down at his still half erect, leaking cock with annoyance. The least the bitch could of done was return the fucking favor. He quickly felt his resentment for her return as his eyes slowly began to grow much too heavy with the sheer exhaustion from the endless fucking day he just had. He fought the urge to sleep, but not hard enough as he finally felt himself give in involuntarily and completely fall into deep unconsciousness.

"Wake up! Wake up!" His eyes flew open, awakening to find her shaking him furiously now. He groaned in irritation at her attempts to wake him from his peaceful and deep slumber, immediately going back to closing his heavy eyes and slowly falling back into his sweet unconsciousness. A sharp, abrupt slap across his face forced him to jolt awake once again and growl dangerously up at her. By Odin, he was going to kill this fucking bitch. "What?! What do you fucking want now?!" He asked her harshly, his annoyance with her, very evident. "We were not meant to fall asleep! The King is holding a feast in the castle, we must attend, now!" She informed him desperately as she got up and began to ready herself. He watched her rush around nervously with growing curiosity. "You are that afraid of the repulsive pig who likes to call himself King here?" He asked with a small smirk, attempting to lift his upper body up off of the ground to get a better look at her, only be jerked back by the annoying fucking rope again. She glared down at him, but there seemed to be something more to her pale eyes than just annoyance and disgust; could it be fear? There was something she was hiding. The King had done or was doing something to her to create this clearly skittish reaction. He found himself seething with rage at the very thought of the pig doing anything at all to hurt his pretty little bitch of a tormentor.

"There are some things I must tell you now, pet. Being a slave in this village comes with very strict rules that you must follow, for your own good." He was sure it was for her own good as well; if the pig King was to find out her little dog wasn't acting like the proper well trained little slave he ought to have been acting like by now, the King would most likely take it out on his own daughter. He smiled. She seemed to be at his mercy this time. "As a slave, feasting with the other nobles, you must be very sensible and very pious." He raised an eyebrow at her. "Just, be good! Act like a good little, pet. Can you do that?" She explained slowly to him as if he were a clueless little child, a hint of desperation now evident in her eyes. He rolled his own eyes in response. "Hmm, of course, Princess." He hummed lazily while smirking up at her. She froze to look down at him then, seemingly shocked by his obedient response. She saw through the act immediately. "I mean it, pet. Disobeying me in there, in front of the King's noble subjects will not only be bad for me but equally if not even worse for you." Marione warned and Ivar simply shrugged it off. She then stormed towards him and reached down for the painful fucking contraption that was very much still lodged deep inside his aching ass. He froze, awaiting her next move with great concern. To his relief she had decided to pull it out, he winced as the cursed fucking thing was finally removed. He drew a shaky breath before then looking down at his still aroused cock. He needed some sort of release, desperately. He chose his words carefully now. "Princess? Will you not come join me down here? I'd very much like to have my own release deep inside of your tight little cunt." She frowned at him while he continued to smile invitingly up at her. There was a pause before she began to speak again, completely ignoring his request for release. "You will definitely need to be gagged upon entering the great hall, just to be safe. And no more 'Princess' or 'little bitch', you must always refer to me as 'Mistress', understand?" He closed his eyes, simply shaking his head in response to her ridiculous words, beginning to lightly chuckle. "No, little bitch." And with that, she stormed off to retrieve something else from the other side of the room.

Upon returning, he could see that she now held two very strange looking objects. She approached
him cautiously and he readied himself to make a move to resist whatever she was about to do to him. Marione then lifted her skirts and sat herself upon his chest. "Hold still." She warned as she began to lower what looked like a strange iron muzzle with iron framework stemming up from it and sharp looking spikes situated in the middle. He immediately disobeyed her and began thrashing under her in an attempt to throw her off of him. "I'm warning you, pet! Don't make me use the pear of anguish on you again!" He froze at the familiar name of the cursed torture device and groaned in defeat as he let her proceed with whatever she was going to do to him now.

She fitted the iron thing perfectly around his head and actually pushed the part with the spikes deep inside his mouth. His eyes went wide but he refused to make any sudden movements and risk severely cutting the inside of his mouth on the sharp contraption. Marione closed and tightened the iron silencer on the back of his head so it was now uncomfortably and completely enclosed around his entire head, the muzzle and spikes successfully forcing him into peaceful silence. "How pretty you do look, pet. Now i'm sure you feel those nasty, sharp spikes that are dangerously close to your tongue; they will prevent you from making any further vulgar propositions or threats. I'm sure even you wouldn't risk harming your precious, little tongue in a hopeless attempt to offend me or anyone else we may come across in the great hall." She smiled sweetly down at him and he could only furrow his brows in response. Rage was seething through him and he couldn't even utter a simple 'fuck!' in response to the situation he was now in. But the bitch didn't stop there. She reached for the other iron contraption he saw her carrying. "This, is a chastity belt. See how there is a special space especially just for your cock and balls to fit in? This will ensure that you do not try to touch yourself when I unbind your wrists. Only I get that privilege, pet." He growled lowly in response to that; eyes fuming. Marione then proceeded to place belt around his hips and over his still erect and leaking prick. Like she said, his length fit perfectly into the mold as well as his balls. She made sure it was tightly secure around him before locking it. Ivar slightly whined knowing that relief still wasn't coming for a very long time, perhaps never.

She carefully untied the rope attaching him to the table before taking it and stepping back a good distance to stand next to the door. Ready to walk him back to the large hall he first arrived in earlier that day. Ivar took the opportunity to finally move from his lying down position, grunting as he tried his best to turn his body so he was now resting on his stomach. Marione then took out a dagger and hastily cut the rope that still bound his wrists before quickly moving away from him once again. He grabbed his wrists; they stung and had turned red from the irritation of the rope around them. He was relieved to have them finally free to do with as he pleased. She suddenly began pulling the cursed fucking rope to urge him to come, once again. The jerking of the rope almost caused his tongue to collide with the rusty spikes still in his mouth, above his tongue. He groaned and began crawling towards her. His body was aching all over as he did his best to crawl along after her. Marione swung the door open before looking down at him again. "Behave." She warned before turning and yanking him along. Ivar knew deep down; there was no fucking way he was going to obey that command.

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