Summary

Arendel will be saved from Elsa's curse, by any means necessary.

(An exchange gift written for Chocolate Box 2018.)
have believed in the existence of sorcery, and now here he is, using a mystical troll artifact on an
ice witch who has cursed her country -- no, his country -- with endless winter.

Hans clears his throat. The quiet sound is enough to hush the last murmurs of idle conversation. He
has everyone's attention now.

"We are gathered here today to end the curse and free the land from the Snow Queen's sorcerous
grasp."

(He doesn't mean to be melodramatic, but he wants it to be beyond question that he will rule when
this is over, not Elsa.)

The pronouncement is met with cautious applause. No one wants their hopes raised only to have
them dashed should the ritual fail. Nevertheless, they watch, rapt, as the ritual begins.

Hans drags the heavy rod's smooth end across Elsa's bare skin. He is sure his skin would stick
painfully to the icy shaft's slick surface if he touched it barehanded, but it slides smoothly over
Elsa like a skater across a frozen pond. The rounded tip traces a route down her torso, starting at
the hollow of her neck, slipping between her splayed breasts and down over the soft skin of her
belly.

She shivers at the rod's touch, and her nipples grow harder. It's the first time he's seen the queen
shiver, even though she is lying stark naked in a room barely less frigid than the arctic outdoors.
The others in the room have dressed in heavy coats, gloves, hats, and scarves -- quite a contrast to
the summer finery worn at her fateful coronation little more than a month past. Cold means
nothing to Elsa now, but she feels his touch.

She squirms and tries to shut her thighs as the rod creeps lower, but her chains grant her legs barely
an inch of slack. She can't protect herself from this assault, nor from the eyes of the eager audience.
Every inch of Elsa is presented for their perusal.

Hans circles around a struggling knee and steps forward between her thighs to look down upon the
sacrifice. Her eyes are squeezed shut. Her chest barely moves in shallow breaths. To all
appearances, she is purely terrified. As he massages her flaxen-haired mound with the cold
implement in one hand, he spreads her cunt with his other hand, and there he sees glistening
evidence of arousal.

The guests have gathered closer around the altar. He sees puffs of warm breath in his peripheral
vision, and one large, ermine-trimmed arm drifts forward to pet Elsa's unbound hair. Hans looks up
at its owner. A heavyset northern nobleman stands at the opposite end of the altar, smiling down at
his vulnerable queen. A month ago he bent his knee to this woman, as did all of his countrymen,
but she is at their mercy now.

Hans feels a flood of relief at the lord's presumption. He was worried reverence for the queen's
rank would overrule the men of Arendel's good sense in this matter. He is certain they won't forget
the feeling of having Elsa powerless beneath them.

Hans brings the runed shaft between her legs and positions it at her entrance. It looks large, maybe
too large for her to take, but he swears by all his ambition that she will take as much of it as he
gives her.

He pushes it in, forcing it an inch inside her dainty orifice. A muffled cry breaks from Elsa's
gagged mouth. He pushes further in, ignoring her sounds of protest. Men to either side of him assist
him, lifting her thighs and ass to angle her body for deeper penetration. Hans does not let up the
pressure until the troll rod is buried inside Elsa all the way up to the last rune. She has stopped fighting now. Her limbs tremble uncontrollably in her erstwhile courtiers' grips.

Hans pulls the rod out and drives it in again. Her whole body shakes with the impact, and with the next thrust, and the next. Hans wonders if he should be more gentle, but something about the roughness appeals to him. Her rhythmically broken whimpers stir something inside him. His own cock stiffens with excitement inside his breeches.

He readies to drive the rod home yet another time, having lost track of how many times it has been, but stops for a moment to watch a tremor pass through the queen's body. He leans over Elsa's quivering stomach and peaked nipples until his face is inches from hers. Her eyes are still closed. Her face is twisted up in horror. There is an unexpected sheen on her cheeks. He examines it closely.

Tears! She's crying tears of liquid water. He slaps her suddenly, on impulse. The brief contact leaves a damp spot on the palm of his glove. Fierce glee wells up inside him as he realizes what is happening. He thrusts into her again, as hard as he can, and it seems that the rod presses deeper into her than ever before. He pushes and pushes until the hand that held the rod brushes against the flesh of her cunt. A sudden gush of wetness escapes from her vagina and soaks his glove through.

He rips the glove off and raises his bare hand in victory.

"Stoke the furnaces!" he calls. "Elsa's curse is lifting, but our work here is not done until winter leaves her heart and body entirely."

This is not part of the troll ritual, but nobody knows or cares. With the unnatural wintry aura dispelled and the palace's furnaces blazing, the grand hall begins to warm enough for guests to shed their outer garments. Hans is the first to hand off his gloves and greatcoat. He doesn't delay for even a moment. He pulls his cock from his breeches and plows into the queen's cunt with gusto.

She isn't as warm as a woman should be, but her sopping wet vagina seems to suck him in eagerly. By the time he's spurted his seed inside her, there's a rosiness to her cheeks that wasn't present when he started.

Each subsequent man to attend to her enjoys a warmer cunt than the man before. Elsa is fucked until the clouds melt away into summer sunshine. She is fucked to exhaustion and beyond, until there is no ice left in her heart to strike at them with.

She is limp and sticky when they unchain her and move her out into the courtyard, where townsfolk fuck her soft mouth and her tight asshole. Hans sends messengers to spread the word throughout the capital, and hundreds come to gawk and grope the queen, to abuse her angrily, or to explore her timidly.

These festivities extend for a fortnight before the trolls arrive. King Hans greets them politely and shows them to Elsa. Arendel at last is done with her. The trolls bear her away into the north.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!