The Viking Sissy

Description

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The salt spray stung Ericâ??s cheeks, a familiar, biting kiss from the North Sea: his heavy blue wool cloak pulled tight against the chill. To his crew, he was Eric a capable warrior with a sharp mind for navigation.

They saw his blue eyes, his pink, soft cheeks, the delicate snow-white skin that never seemed to weather. They joked about it, clapping his back with hands like bear paws, never guessing the secret sissy that lurked just below that heavy manly cloak

He shifted, the rough wool of his tunic scratching against the smooth, hairless skin of his thighs. Beneath it, he wore nothing. Except the shame. And desire to be seen.

The raid on the coastal village had been a swift, brutal success. Ale flowed, silver gleamed in firelight, and the sounds of rough celebration filled the night air. Eric had slipped away, He found a secluded hut, Inside his hands trembled as he untied his cloak.

This was the truth. Eric turned, presenting his back to the imagined gaze of a warrior.

The curve of his spine dipped into the lush, full swell of his ass, He bent forward, bracing his hands against a rough barrel, and presented himself to the empty darkness. A perfect, submissive arch. A silent invitation.

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The door creaked.

Eric froze,A massive silhouette filled the doorway, a man stood there, the most fearsome of their crew. A head taller than any other man, and eyes that missed nothing. He stood there, silent, taking in the scene: the discarded clothes, the obscene, beautiful curve offered in the gloom.

Eric couldnâ??t move. This was death. Or glory.

The man. The warrior stepped inside, letting the door fall shut. The darkness became almost total..

â??So,â?• the warrior said. â??The whispers are true. A SisrÃ¥ sails with us.â?•

Eric said nothing. The manâ??s hand slid down, over the trembling swell of Ericâ??s ass. The manâ??s touch was deliberate.

A thick finger traced the cleft, of Ericâ??s ass a bolt of pleasure. A fermented vintage desire, uncorked, after many years, it shoot up his spine

â??Such softness,â?• the warrior murmured, Hiding thisâ?¦ all this time. Under wool and steel.â?• His other hand came up, gripping Ericâ??s hip, holding him firmly in place. â??You distract men from glory. You are a danger.â?•

â??Iâ?¦ I am sorry,â?• Eric gasped, the words barely a whisper.

â??Sorry?â?• Said the warrior. Why waste your time being sorry.

The command was absolute. Ericâ??s body obeyed pushing his ass back into that devastating touch. Then the thrill of the pressure of the warriors cock, not yet inside, but resting heavily against him .

Huge and heavy and so , so hot .

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