

# Valhalla Calling (Knight to Valkyrie TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **An Anonymous Commission**

*Sir Albrecht Ritter is a fanatical knight in service to the cause of Christendom in medieval Germanic lands. On a crusade to cleanse its northern coast of heathen Odin-worshippers. But when he strikes down a Viking wearing strikingly different armour, he is shocked to find she is a shieldmaiden, one the Vikings claim is a true Valkyrie. But even more surprising is the curse Albrecht finds himself inflicted with, which begins turning him into a new replacement Valkyrie . . .*

## **Valhalla Calling**

### **Part 1: The Battle**

The barbarians were upon the horizon, massed in their ranks. Already, Sir Albrecht Ritter could feel the tension, the thickness in the air that came before battle began. The nervousness of the men around him as they stared down the ranks of Norsemen in the distance. But where some shook, pissing themselves in fear, he simply smiled. He positioned himself in front of his men, just one commander among many of the complex army that had been raised to take back sections of the great Frisian Coast. It was the Year of Our Lord 835, and the Viking menace had already raged for over fifty long years. Albrecht had fought many battles against them, and had grown to hate his enemy with a fanatical religious devotion. The men knew it, and his exploits against the Norse menace had become the stuff of minor local legend among the troops.

He used that reputation now, standing before them in full armour. The weather was cold, so his cape was still affixed, his fur covering over his plating. But it only added to his ferocity. He was a man of only average height, but very broad, with shoulders that rippled with muscle when bare. His armour reflected that, and as he removed his helmet to speak to the men his dark bearded face was revealed to them. He had void black eyes attributed to his Rus ancestry on his mother's side, and his hair was similarly raven black. His beard was peppered with slight grey, though he was only in his mid-thirties. It was not the wild thing of the Viking berserkers, but the well-trimmed facial hair of a minor lord and knight. He gazed at each of his men, some of them green in their quaking boots, and gave a variation on a speech he'd delivered many times.

“Remember men!” he called, “these invaders lack our righteousness! Odin-worshippers! Heathens! Pagan filth! They have desecrated our lands - *your lands!* - and claimed your women for their concubines! It is your sisters and wives and daughters they have defiled, it is your houses they burn, your flour and gold they steal! They put upon Frankish custom, mock our proud Germanic ways! But most unforgivable of all, they have shunned the Good Lord who guides us now.

“Do not despair, men! We have the fervour of Jesus Christ with us, the sword of the Holy Spirit, the shield of our divine Holy Father! We have been sanctified by communion, blessed with our christening, and even if you have not all lived holy lives, your place in the Kingdom of Heaven is assured by the holy acts you commit today. They cannot win. It is ordained. So do not fear! We will be victorious, and feast well tonight! And these pagans will either surrender to our ways . . . or we shall send them straight to hell where they belong!”

A resounding cheer leapt up from the men, encouraged by his zeal. They all knew him to be heavily religious: he had ties to several monastic orders, including one on his lands, and the sign of the cross was upon his shield, his armour, and as a crucifix around his neck. But it was his reputation and fearlessness in the face of the enemy that encouraged them most.

“For Jesus Christ, we will win!” he declared.

Swords rose in the air.

“For our Lord and Saviour!”

“For the truth of His Word!”

“Death to heathens! Death to those who reject the teachings of Jesus Christ and the Vicar of Christ himself, Pope Gregory, who has sanctified our actions today, and declared we will be victorious!”

Another cheers, another cry of victory. There was just one final line to deliver. While Albrecht may find the cause of righteousness powerful enough - indeed, his father had inculcated this very value in him strongly until his untimely passing - the men often required a little more base urges to satisfy. He could overlook the occasional fling with a woman provided she was clean and unmarried, and the soldier gave his confession to the army priest, but it didn't mean he liked it. But sometimes a little more encouragement was needed. He cast his sword out, pointing it to the distance.

“In that town there will be a lot of appreciative women, men! Many who will make fine wives to give you strapping sons and beautiful daughters! And the Norse women are most beautiful as well. We are Christians, and so we know a woman's place. We will take their women alive, and they will come to know a woman's virtue in our faith. And I hear they do indeed have great 'virtues!’”

Laughter rose up this time, and men began to whisper. Albrecht could only make out parts of it, but he knew the usual stories, and could even confirm some of them. Many of the Norse women indeed had the lightest, most beautiful blonde hair put upon this earth. They were unusually tall, which put off many men, but quite hale and fit for childbearing. And, of course, as one soldier put it, their beautiful member's had 'tits like a cow in calf.'

Albrecht was not married, but the thought of a Norse woman as a bride was a mixed prospect for him. They were indeed quite beautiful, and Germanic women somehow did not appeal. But his devotion to his Lord made him pious, and the thought of bedding a woman who was once pagan . . . could he ever truly know if she had been saved? And yet they danced in his dreams, always tempting him. It was his damned friend Hans Neimitz, further down the line. His friend was not as devout, and loved to speak of Norse beauty far too often than was sensible. It was his dream to have one as his bride.

He cast aside those thoughts as the horn to ready for battle sounds.

"Right men! Form up, in your ranks! They may have a demon's rage with their berserkers, but we have organisation! Strategy! Gifts from our Lord! Use them well, and slay as many as you can!"

One last cheer, and he put on his helmet, did one final check of his armour.

Battle was only minutes away.

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The day rang with the clashing of shield and spear and sword. The blood was up, and as Albrecht cut down another Viking heathen, his back was kept safe by his men, who had not let him down. Already they had lost a small number, but the Norsemen were disintegrating along the left flank, and he pushed forward upon it.

"To victory, men! To victory!"

They surged forth, crashing against their lines. The Vikings held the town, but it was unwalled, and only a few paltry defences had been organised in time. The tower on the edge of the town was the biggest threat: spearmen and archers flung death down upon the Christian ranks. They had to capture it. But the Vikings were not stupid, no matter how cruel and vile their way of life. A powerful commander, easily a head taller than Albrecht himself, was issuing orders, rallying the troops. His voice could not be heard over the rage of battle, but it was clear that even some of the powerful Viking clansmen and berserkers respected his commands, because they surged forth with renewed vigour, attacking at Lord Gessaphe's lines. Albrecht was briefly bewildered: just moments ago the enemy had seemed quite demoralised in that area, but one appearance by their leader and a few words, and they were now launching themselves at the righteous Christians, and inflicting at least

two casualties to one of their own. Hans waved to him, clad in his own armour, and helping take the blows and protect the flank. Albrecht waved back, acknowledging his friend's valiant efforts, and used the relief to push on. He cut down another raging enemy, a red-bearded man who cried out in his foul tongue. He only barely managed the feat, taking a hit to the side that nearly doubled him over. The heathen was another madman encouraged by his leader, and it was as if his strength had tripled from his leader's warcry alone.

"We need to take the tower!" he called to his men. "Get me to that commander! I'll cut him down!"

There was only a minor hesitation in response to this resurgence, but seeing their leader valiant and stalwart encouraged them. They pressed forward, forming a shield wall to batter back the heathens. All around the class of steel and the cry of warriors made for a cacophony of chaos. Albrecht kept his eyes on the commander standing by the tower, clearly intended to be a defensive fort once the town's unfinished walls were complete, which they never were. The commander had brilliant armour, so clean and shining as to be almost unnatural, and it was surprisingly sleek. A golden emblem of a proud eagle was on his breastplate, and his closed helmet had a beak like a bird of the same likeness, and swept back stylised wings in gold by the ears. Groovers along the helmet and armour made for an intricate design, containing gleaming rubies and sapphires and emerald gems. A white fur belt with a thick polar pelt skirt hung over his armoured legs, and an impressive red cape that was also unreddened by dirt hung down to his feet. He looked less a warrior than some type of mythological hero, or god.

But Albrecht knew there was only one God, who existed in Holy Trinity. This man was mortal, he knew, like any other. He threw himself forward, screaming for his men to support him, driving towards the commander. The Viking champion drew a gleaming sword that was impossibly silver, gleaming brightly, and he twirled it with an elegance that was unlike his Norse brethren. With one stroke as they pressed against the commander's defences, the champion struck down one of Albrecht's soldiers on his left, before expertly parrying another sword strike and slicing open another. Blood flew, but none impacted upon his armour.

"Who - who are you!?" Albrecht demanded.

But the warrior either did not speak the Germanic tongue, or simply refused. He adopted a warrior's stance, albeit one that seemed half a dancer's, and readied his longer sword for Albrecht's attacks. The knight motioned for his men to take the flank.

"This one's mine! And then the tower!"

And then he flew forward to cut the enemy down. The commander parried easily, rang his steel against Albrecht's armour. The knight twisted, grabbing his sword and trying to insert it into the shoulder of the enemy, between the plates. But already the commander was moving backwards. He ran forward, using the opportunity to check the man in the shoulder.

There was a soft “ugh!” of surprise as the taller commander was pushed back further into the tower’s lowest recess, through its door. He struck out with his sword but the knight held back, then thrust, catching a slight gap in the enemy armour, eliciting a small streak of blood.

The commander’s body language showed surprise. He leapt back up the spiral staircase leading up the tower. Albrecht ran after him, striking down a bowman who was shocked at the knight’s appearance. For a second, the bowman’s blood splattered over that of the leader’s, and the knight saw that the commander’s blood almost seemed to *gleam* compared to the bowman’s. He ignored that strange sign, and chased the leader up the tower, just in time to nearly have his head removed.

He ducked at the appearance of the sword, and tackled the other man upwards to the roof of the tower. Two bowman were already dead to his men’s own archery, but another remained. He smacked the man across the face, who fell down laughing in some strange tongue. An usual reaction, but his main quarry was the commander opposite him on the circular roof of the tower. He adopted another stance, and Albrecht took his own.

What followed was a mythic clash, as if the very sake of Christendom was at stake. As if the two religions of the warriors were to be decided by this one conflict. Albrecht gave it his all, but so did the taller commander. He took a cut to his side, more gleaming blood thrown to the stone floor, but the knight’s brow bled over one eye, and his leg dragged from a deep cut that would need attention soon. They were nearly evenly matched.

“You are a worthy opponent!” he declared. “I know not if you know my tongue, but you will understand soon that I carry the light of my Lord with me, and it is his will that I will prevail this day!”

The commander cocked his head, readied his sword one last time. The two ran to the middle of the tower, both trying to find the soft spot of the other, and collided heavily, falling to the ground. For a moment, Albrecht thought he was finished: the other warrior was atop him, and his body was pinned. But then blood that gleamed slightly gold trickled upon his form, and the warrior exhaled.

*“You have won, knight. A valiant victory.”*

Albrecht managed to shift the warrior off of himself. His eyes were wide, and he removed his own helmet even as the dying warrior removed theirs. Their voice hadn’t been what he expected at all. It had been female.

Long, straight red hair spilled out as she removed her helmet, and Albrecht looked upon the fact of the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her features were sharp, her eyes further set apart than German peoples. They were a pale, piercing blue. Her lips were dainty, slightly thin, and she had a regal aspect to her that made her appear more like a queen than a warrior.

“You - you are a woman!” he declared. “A shieldmaiden? How?”

She chuckled, gasping a little as she clutched her mortal wound upon her side.

“We are of the All-Father. We do not place such foolish limitations as you, warriors of the wooden cross. I am no shield maiden, I am a Valkyrie, destined to shuttle the dead to the feasting halls of Valhalla, and to aid them in battle. I am Herfjötur, chainer of armies. Hamperer of the pagans.”

“It is *you* who are the pagans! I do not believe a word of your pagan nonsense. To let women fight is an abomination under the Lord.”

She gave a thin smile. “Then slay me, dear knight. You have wounded me fatally, as none of your mortal kind have managed for centuries. I am dying, and demand a warrior’s death.”

Albrecht sheathed his sword. “No. I would no more give a warrior’s death to a woman than any other. I will accept your surrender.”

“I do not give it. My warriors will fight on, for me. Their Valkyrie. Their lover before battle, their leader during it, their passage to Valhalla in its aftermath.”

The knight spat over the tower in disgust, even as her strangely gleaming blood continued to spill and the warrior gasped. She was indeed dying, and there was nothing to stem bleeding that bad. She had only moments. Already below, the tide was turning back against the Vikings, who were searching for their female warrior.

“You will not grant me my warrior’s death, then? To allow me to reincorporate back in my realm?”

Albrecht was tempted, but the law of the land was clear. Women soldiers would be put to death by fire, not by the sword.

“No,” he said coldly, looming over her.

She nodded, her face becoming calm. “Then I curse you with a dying spell, dear Sir Albrecht Ritter, born of Goslar. Yes, I know thine name. What has been killed, will be replaced, and what worshipped the cross will serve Odin One-Eye for all eternity until Ragnarok comes, and perhaps even beyond.”

She spoke a sentence in a strange tongue, one that sounded even older and more incomprehensible than the Norse tongue.

And then she died.

“Pagan nonsense,” he muttered, beginning to turn away.

And then he stopped. A strange wind blew from the north, and to his astonishment her armour began to gleam. In front of him it glowed brilliantly, and with the cry of some great invisible eagle it disintegrated into golden dust, her form along with it. The wind carried it all away, like a great stream of golden magic, and it rose up into the clouds, which closed after the last trail of its ascent.”

Albrecht immediately fell to his knees and made three signs of the cross.

“Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Protect me from this foul magic, from the curse of the devil, from the spells of demons. I make this place hallowed in your name. Amen.”

After several long moments, he stood, still trembling. The rush of battle had left him, and the supernatural sight of the woman warrior’s death remained in his consciousness. The last ring of battle finished, and it was clear that the good Christians had won the day. With one last look at where the supposed Valkyrie had been slain, he began to step down the tower. That was when another Norseman spoke, the one he had thrust aside with his gauntlet. He was an older man, white-haired, and over one eye was an eyepatch from an old injury. He was sitting on the steps, presenting no threat, but grinning like a madman.

“You have been cursed, knight,” he said in faltering German.

“Such things do not exist, Norseman,” Albrecht replied. “And you are my prisoner.”

“Ah, then I *do* surrender, as I am no Valkyrie. I lack the breasts for it, after all. But you *are* cursed. A spell has been placed upon you sure as day, I can see it through my eyepatch.”

The knight had little patience, and he hauled the man to his feet, pressing him against the wall.

“Of what manner of spell do you speak of?”

The man gave a hoarse, maddened chuckle. “Ah, the old magics, of course. The ones that carry from Jotunheim all the way through here in Midgard, and onto Asgard and from there to Valhalla. Thirteen Valkyries there have always been, Sir Knight. Must always been. With the death of Herfjötur, quite dear to us, there is now a position vacant. A position that must be filled. By you.”

Albrecht twisted his face in disgust. “Ridiculous. Pagan superstition that is easily outshone by the light of the lord.”

“Is that so, dear knight? We shall see, we shall see. Spells take time to weave, and time to take effect. Just you wait. Odin All-Father himself sent Herfjötur to rally the warriors here and carry them to Valhalla upon death. With that no longer possible, and your refusal to give her the warrior’s death that would allow her reincarnation in her realm, it is now up to *you* to become a Valkyrie. You are cursed, knight, to become one of the greatest servants of Odin, and a woman true. A great female shieldmaiden, with tits and all! A beauty to inspire our men, to bed them before battle, and feast with them in the after life. No doubt you will rally against it, but the old magic rings true. You cannot escape this fate. You will be unmanned, and your faith will be twisted to serve Odin.”

Albrecht scoffed, no longer desiring to listen to this strange man. He pressed him violently down the tower’s stairs and handed him to an adjutant to be put in chains. He’d

decide what to do with him later. For now, the day was won, and Christendom prevailed, at least in this little Frisian town.

“Become a Valkyrie,” he scoffed, joining his men in celebration. “I think not.”

It was time to celebrate, and forget the strange omens he had seen.

He would not forget them for long.

## **Part 2: The Dreaming**

Something was wrong, Albrecht knew it. After a week maintaining camp, bringing back order in the town of Leisnig, and ensuring that his men were suitably restrained with the woman, though still able to take *some* pleasure, he'd almost forgotten the strange sight of the so-called Valkyrie. That was, until the dreams began.

They started just days before he was set to travel back south again, leaving a guard force behind. He had healed up enough, even with the gash in his side and the cut upon his forehead, to begin the days long journey back to his lands. After a day of prayer, reflection, and dispensation of order, he went to bed early, feeling unexpectedly tired. He had been dealing with captured Norse women, some of whom were being justly and forcibly converted to Christianity to be wed to several of his men, as was right. It was an exhausting affair, and he assumed that was why he felt exhausted. Too many responsibilities were being heaped upon him as the saviour of Leisnig, despite him being only a low-ranking noble. Too many of the upper nobility whose forces had also martialled at the town had already left, their duties done, their share of gold and plunder taken. Poor Christians, the lot of them. He prayed before sleeping that God's wisdom would be endowed upon them, and their souls made suitable penitent.

But then the dream started, and it was unlike any other he'd ever had. In it, he was mounted upon a horse, a brilliant white steed with great eagle's wings. It rode across the sky, and he upon it, but something about his body was all wrong. He felt different, like his weight was distributed in an odd fashion, heavier in the chest, lighter in the shoulders. And the armour he wore was all wrong: not practical, but gleaming a brilliant silver with gold trim. He could tell he was not fully armoured either, or even clothed. For reasons that made no sense to him, his stomach and sides and lower back were bare, as if his costume came in two pieces. And the part that covers his lower half was . . . flowy, in a way that he was unused to. Enough that it flapped around his legs, lifted away from them at times. It was all very hazy, difficult to see exactly, but he *knew* something was wrong. Something around his soft waist - yet, it was strangely soft! Same of his usually hairy arms!



And then, in the dream, he turned upon his horse, and saw that a man had his arms encircled around him, around his soft waist. He had unearthly blue eyes, the eyes of the dead. It was in that moment in the dream that Albrecht realised he was transporting this man to the realm of the afterlife, that he was a Valkyrie, though he could not quite make out his own body, only that it had changed. A great gate of white stone opened in the night sky, and his winged mount flew upwards towards it. Fear leapt into his heart. Somehow, in that moment, he knew that he was stepping beyond the threshold, beyond the point of no return. Albrecht understood that if he passed through that gate he would reach the halls of Valhalla, and his new role as a Valkyrie would be cemented forever, eternal until the heathen's religious apocalypse named Ragnarok.

He tried to pull the mount away, tried to leap from the horse, but it was impossible. His role was clear, his purpose determined despite his desires. The light of the Holy Father was nowhere to be found, and there was only the power of the Norse afterlife before him. Within its radiant light stood a single figure, one Albrecht could barely see he was so bathed in brilliance. But he could see the dark patch over his eye, and that was enough to tell him who it was. The Norse God Odin. The All Father.

"It can't be," he said in the dream, unbelieving that this celestial being was anything but a demon sent to trick him from his faith. But still, his belief faltered as the figure raised a staff, and grinned maniacally.

"Welcome, newcomer. My new Valkyrie. You shall have a new name. I name you Sigrdrífa, bringer of battle. Befitting your old life, as you transition to your new one."

"You are not real!" he called, and there was something wrong with his voice, too. "This is an apparition sent by dark forces! This is but a dream!"

The figure laughed, his unearthly voice booming even as Albrecht drew closer and closer and closer to the white, radiant gate.

"Ah, it is a dream indeed, Sir Ritter. But it is *my* dream, and soon your reality. I name you my newest Valkyrie to replace your fallen sister. Rejoice, for you will no longer suffer under your weak Christian faith, but work to bring glory to *my* halls. Come, Sigrdrífa, and receive your *wings*."

Albrecht cried out in horror, and it was only then that he realised what was wrong with his voice. It was that of a loud warrior woman. One who was speaking in *Norse*.

The white light consumed him, and his female cry died away.

That was how the dream ended, and he woke in a sweat, his stomach churning, his body feeling oddly weak. Out of fear, he grabbed his crucifix by the bedside table, and prayed to God that the foul influence of his dream would be purged from his mind.

"God in heaven, I fear for the nature of my soul. The heathens claim to place a curse upon me, but their power derives not from any god, but only from the Prince of Lies. And

even his power comes only from you, my Lord, and can be countered by your grace. I beg of you that this unworthy soul is saved. Amen.”

It seemed to suit its purpose. Certainly, afterwards he went to confession, and later attended communion to purify his soul as far as possible.

And yet the dreams continued in the following nights. They were not always the same, and sometimes he gleaned more details or lost others. Once, he noticed that his hair was long, and lighter. In another, he felt a weight upon his chest, as if he possessed a woman’s bosom. Once, he could even swear that he felt the distinct absence between his legs, the small mound that led to a woman’s slit.

Each dream disgusted him, unnerved him, *unmanned* him. And yet he could not tell a soul. They were too bizarre, too heathen, and too shameful to admit. Besides, he had placed his soul in the hands of Jesus Christ his saviour, and would not be swayed from the righteous path laid out by his disciples in the New Testament. Church Law was clear: confession and communion would purify all sins, and make room for a soul in the Kingdom of Heaven.

And yet still, after an entire week of such dreams, dreams that postponed his leaving of Leisnig, he was unsettled. He could not hear the voice of his Lord, only that of other forces. Heathen forces. He left his stead, and travelled to the jail, located within the office of the bailiff. There within was the old, mangy man with the bedraggled look, and the missing eye. He grinned as Albrecht stepped into his cell, and ushered the guard to leave the two of them alone..

“Ah, the spell-cursed man approaches,” the figure said.

“I am told you have given your name as Alfodr,” Albrecht said.

“It is my name, yes. One of many. You too have many names, Sir Albrecht Ritter. Killer of Norsemen. The Warrior of the Cross. The Zealot of Salzburg. And now, the Slayer of Herfjötur, the Fetter of Armies. And soon you will have another name, one that will eclipse all others. Do you remember it?”

Albrecht narrowed his eyes. “Sigdrífa.”

The man leaned back against the bars of his cell. “Then you are having the dreams already. Your body shall soon turn, and your spirit with it.”

Albrecht suddenly grabbed the man, lifting him easily and thrusting him painfully against the bars. Alfodr winced slightly, but otherwise showed no sign of intimidation.

“What is happening to me!? What foul demon magic is this? What are these dreams saying?”

“I told you,” the man said. “You slayed a Valkyrie, and she cursed you for your mislaid fanaticism against her. Now you must replace her, and become a beautiful warrior maiden in service to the halls of Valhalla.”

“What does that mean!?”

“What does thou think it means, foolish knight?” he said, holding his hands out as if to gesture to their entire surroundings. “It means your flesh will turn to a woman’s. You will be unmanned. Odin is faithful to his Frigg, but he delights in a woman’s bountiful chest as much as any man with blood in his veins, so no doubt you will be most blessed in that regard as well. And though you will wish it not, you will kneel before the All-Father and swear devotion.”

Albrecht gritted his teeth in anger, punched the man in the belly. He took it well.

“Foul heathen! You speak unholy nonsense! And I would never kneel before anyone but my Lord Jesus Christ, the one true saviour. No soul can be compelled against its nature.”

Alfodr laughed. “We shall see. Your soul will remain your own, do not fear, but you will be compelled to take your wings, as a dog is compelled to slink back to his master. Odin wills it, and so it shall be done. I look forward to seeing what a pretty immortal maiden you are blessed to become!”

Albrecht sneered and dropped the man to the floor, letting him collapse in fits of laughter and a little pain. He stormed out of the room, ordering the guard not to let the man out.

“He speaks foul words against the Lord God, and in time he will suffer and be penitent, or die and go straight to hell.”

But the man only laughed harder, his withered face grinning madly. Albrecht returned to his room, troubled. He dismissed his house servant from his present, and even considered writing a letter to the local Archbishop to perform some sort of exorcism, only to think better of it. Instead, he decided on a different course of action: he summoned his close friend Hans Neimitz, a fellow knight with lesser lands not far from his own, to come drink with him. He gave prayers to Lord God first, of course, but he needed to be certain this was not all fear and illusions amplified in his mind. He had been stressed lately, and it was already high time to think further straight and begin thinking of a woman to marry and produce an heir with. And the best person to remind him of such duties was Hans, who arrived within the hour.

“By the grace of God, man, you look positively haggard!” Hans proclaimed as he entered. He was a tall, handsome fellow only twenty six years in age, and also a bachelor, though sadly in Albrecht’s mind he was not unfamiliar with the women of several hidden brothels. Still, he was a warrior for Christ, one who served with great renown.

“I feel the need of your company to cheer me after a hard week of dispensing justice, my friend,” Albrecht responded. “And I also have much captured wine which is in need of drinking.”

“Ahhh,” smiled Hans, taking a seat before the fire. “And I am in need of a boring bloody bastard to sharpen my wits against, as keenly as he sharpens his sword. And I have games of dice-”

“A sin.”

“Without any stakes but pride!”

“Hmm, then acceptable.”

“For us to sharpen our minds against one another as we drink on our recent victory.”

Albrech smiled, already feeling better in his friend’s company. The two drank and even sang, laughed and told old stories, and even discussed the matter of women and their respective need to settle down and produce children, long into the night. By the time Hans left, Albrecht was happy to burn his letter to the Archbishop in the fire. He was simply becoming worried, and the madman in the cell no doubt planted the seeds of doubt in his mind, having told him of the name of Sigrdrífa without him realising. It made sense. He was a heathen, and their magic held no power.

At least, that was what he so surely believed, up until the point the changes began.

### **Part 3: A Woman’s Form**

Albrecht woke feeling slightly odd. He’d had the dream again, but this time as he reached the white gates to Valhalla, screaming in his female voice, and heard a new line from the looming figure of Odin.

*“Your ascendance has begun, my daughter, whether you want it or not. Wake, and witness the first signs of your flowering.”*

The knight groaned, coming to terms with reality. His chest was a little tense, his buttocks sore, his waist tight and with the slightest twinge of pain. His head ached, a fact he attributed to the alcohol, but as he tossed and turned in his bed, his slowly waking mind realised that his legs seemed smoother than they should have been, as if bereft of the thick hair that always adorned them.

“God, no,” he whispered. He flung the warm bedding aside and looked over himself. His body seemed thinner, less bulky in the shoulders. His hands smoother, smaller.

“Impossible. This is a dream!”

He tore away the shirt as well, removed his bed trousers and hurled them to the floor. He removed everything until he entirely naked, warmed only by the sparse remaining bedding and the barely alive fire at the end of the room. But his heart was colder than any

other part of him, and it pumped chill blood through his veins, sending shivers throughout him. He had changed. He was certain.

They were subtle changes, enough that only a wife or mother would notice. Albrecht's limbs had receded in muscle. It was only small, but he felt his weakness, at least comparatively. Much of his body hair had receded: though he was still a 'bear of a man' to quote his friend Hans, there was no doubt that his chest, legs, and arms were more like the average man than his usual masculine forest. He rubbed his face, and while it still had its full beard, it felt softer somehow, and the hair on his head was likewise a little silky, or at least straighter than the slight curls that were usually upon it.

"Has to be a dream. God would not allow this!"

He pulled himself from the bed, landed upon his feet, and called for a servant to bring him a mirror. It was done at once, such was the agitation in his voice. He shoed the servant away a little uncharacteristically. He could be a brusque lord, but he was not a tactless one, but for now he needed to see himself.

"Yes, there is no doubt I've changed," he said, astonished. "My face is smoother. Lord above, what have they done to me? My eyes too."

They were not as dark as they should be, though it was only in the right light he could notice. They looked almost as if they were heading to a more vibrant forest brown instead of the dark Rus look he had inherited from his mother's eastern lineage.

More examinations, more horror, more anxious beatings of his tremulous heart.

"This cannot be, this cannot be. Lord save me, I will find a way to stop this. I will not become some godforsaken Valkyrie for some demon masquerading as a pagan deity. The Church is clear!"

But the way forward was uncertain. Who to tell? His friend Hans, perhaps, but he didn't want to cross that particular bridge yet. The local lords could not know. They were like petty children, squabbling after land and spoils, and would manipulate the situation to gain both from him, and offer nothing but silence in return. The Church . . .

He breathed heavily.

"Yes, I must see a priest. Only a man of God can see through this."

But he would have to be careful. Some churchmen did not understand the labours of conflict, and sought peace even in strange times. The crusade against the evils of heathens burned brightly in the church, but at a local level, they were often willing to give credence to local superstition, and try to trumpet their importance to those higher up the chain in the church. Albrecht had always been a devout man, and he knew he did not deserve this in his heart. They were all fallen creatures, yes, but he had taken the communion, drank the blood of Jesus Christ and eaten of his flesh. He would not become the centre of a Church inquisition or investigation.

"I'll ask the right questions," he murmured. He coughed a little, his voice cracking slightly. He rubbed his Adam's apple.

It had better not become the apple of Eve.

"I will not become a fallen woman, especially not a pagan one with their sinful natures!"

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Unfortunately the town priest was incredibly busy that day, and his subordinate away retrieving manuscripts from a neighbouring town. Albrecht had to endure the agony of continuing his duties as temporary lord of the holding, until a replacement could be found. He could go back to Goslar, of course, but those in his actual lands would notice his changes even more easily, and here he could go less noticed. Thankfully, none seemed to note any change in him, and he could only hope that with his faithful carrying out of his duties, and his continual prayers to God, that he would be saved from this affliction.

Yet instead, he had the dream again, and One-Eyed Odin laughed as he tried to avoid his fate in Valhalla. His armour gleamed yet brighter in the dream, festooned with gems along his gauntlets, and upon his breastplate, but this time he saw more of his womanly form, with its muscular yet soft thighs, and hair that was long down his back.

He woke panting, overcome and sweating, and to his terror he was changed yet further again. His body hair had receded almost entirely, with just patches remaining that marked him more like a boy on the cusp of manhood than the burly man he was meant to be. His clothes fit less capably: in the night he'd lost further broadness in his shoulders, and his hair had become lighter again, now a dark brown rather than black, and long enough to nearly reach the end of his ears. He once more called for a mirror, but this time he had to deliberately pitch his voice low, to avoid concern: he now sounded like had a cold. He knew it was worse than that.

In fact, there was a lot that had gotten worse. His ears were a little daintier, his hands and feet as well. His legs had actually gotten longer, in fact all of him had. He was of average height, but he now had gained an inch or even two to his person. His nipples were puffy and sore, distended and enlarged, and now had the pink surrounding of a woman's chest. The flesh had not risen . . . yet. It terrified him, the thought of blossoming breasts like those of Eve. Already, he felt like a sundering of the Genesis tale, ripped from his own rib to become a new woman. The most terrible evidence of this was in his manhood: it was shrunken and sad, nearly half its usual length, and his testicles had likewise receded.

He wept in bitterness. He drank early, whereas normally he would suspend any cups of wine until the afternoon, or lunch at the latest. But he needed the fortitude it would bring.

“You will not win, foul demons,” he muttered. “I am a man of Christ, and God alone can change my nature, not you. It is His will that governs all, and he will be victorious, you will see!”

Once he was dressed as capably as could be, he set out to the priest in the church to discuss personal matters of religion. That, at least, was the guise he used for this dread topic. He brought riches to give to the house of God as well, but as he moved through the town, choosing to walk rather than take a carriage, he could not quite get used to how the fabric of his noble vestments pulled in all the wrong places. His hips were aching, as if a pressure was upon them to expand, and it left his leather hose feeling uncomfortable. His nipples flared against his tunic, and a similar pressure was in his chest, though given the cold air of the frigid Frisian coast, that at least was heavily rugged up. His scalp itched and burned, as if urging more hair to grow and take a woman’s shape. He couldn’t stop fidgeting with his cap, but was careful to take it off when he entered the church.

“Sir Ritter, it is wonderful to greet you this day,” the priest, an old man with weathered features, said as he entered. “The hero of Leisnig, vanquisher of heathens. Some whisper you even slayed a Valkyrie, though I put not much stock in idle superstitious rumours.”

The priest chuckled, but Albrecht’s mood faltered.

“God shines upon you, Sir Ritter, for your valiant actions. Your men are very well behaved in our humble town. You have served them well. Some have even taken local girls for brides . . . a good service, given the reputation of the Viking cruelty towards women. Their views upon . . . concubines. This despite their use of women as soldiers on occasion.”

Again Albrecht gritted his teeth. Without meaning to, almost every word the priest murmured in these hallowed halls of the church were reminding him of the spell.

“You came to talk of religious matters,” the priest said. “May we sit? Do you take wine this early?”

“Today, I do,” said Albrecht. “I wish to talk to you of some of these superstitions, actually. Of spells and curses.”

The priest nodded solemnly as he took Albrecht to his own office at the side of the church and poured each a low wine.

“Dark subjects. First, let us sanctify them with his name. The will and power of our Lord God forever and ever.”

“Amen,” said Albrecht, and he drank his wine, feeling uncertain of his God’s power for the first time since . . . no, it was the first time.

“What do you wish to talk about?”

“A curse one of my men told me of, back in Goslar. His brother had allegedly fought against pagans further in the east, also Vikings. He spoke of a curse that one laid upon him after killing a shieldmaiden.”

“Disgusting use of women. They are not fit to be warriors!”

“No,” Albrecht agreed, continuing his lie. He prayed silently that God would forgive this subterfuge within his holy place. “But I found it interesting, the nature of this curse. It was claimed that the brother did not just kill a shieldmaiden, but a Valkyrie herself. And that for this act, or at least in failing to allow her to return to her realm through a warrior’s death, that he was now cursed to become her replacement.”

“As in, become a woman as well?”

“Indeed. To become remoulded to a Valkyrie and serve in the halls, supposedly I say, of Valhalla. Now, this is a disgusting superstition of course. Frightful heathenism. But this man relayed to me that his brother disappeared shortly thereafter, but not before his fellow soldiers saw evidence of strange changes - loss of body hair, softening of his voice, the development of what could be a woman’s . . . chest.”

The priest had a dark, patient look as he listened. He set down his wine.

“Do you believe these foul rumours?”

Albrecht paused. “I have seen strange things in my battle against these pagan monsters. I only wish to know . . . do they have strange powers as well? Something that could change a man’s shape or soul?”

“Worry not, good sir,” the priest said, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Only Christ and his Father in Heaven can do such things. All else is illusion.”

Albrecht felt calmer for the man’s sure words. That was, until the priest said to him: “But mind you, one would hope it was not said to you, good sir! After all, with these past two weeks of calm rule I can see the relaxation has softened you, and even given your hair the glint of new life!”

He chuckled, clearly intended it as a joke, but it only made Albrecht feel as if a dagger had been plunged directly into his heart. He stood up, surprising the priest.

“I meant no offence!” the man said.

“Oh, there was n-none given,” Albrecht said, trembling a little. “I simply came for this answer alone. Also, a gift to the church.”

He handed over the box, which contained within it all the gold he had taken as his share from the invaders.

“This is most generous sir. Are you certain?”

Sir Ritter gave his best smile. “My reputation is important to me as a knight of God. But far more important to me is the actions to warrant it.”

The priest thanked him sincerely, and then Albrecht left. He knew there was another reason too: to get back in God’s favour. And yet even as he stepped out into the street he trembled a little, the awkward pressure in his chest returning, his legs itching as more hairs shed from his skin.



“What am I doing wrong?” he growled to himself. “Why have you forsaken me?”

He began to move back to his housing, but then the tremor, that dreadful series of pressures thrummed through his body again.

“Nnggh!” he groaned, more loudly than he intended. A guard seemed to notice.

“Anything the matter, my lord?”

“N-none!” he called back, his voice higher than he wanted it to be. “J-just my d-damned wound! It’s been giving me pain!”

The pressure increased in his chest, in his hips. Even his buttocks felt odd. His manhood became semi-erect, and it put a shameful blush straight to his cheeks.

“Shall I fetch a physician, my lord?”

“N-no! Ahhh! D-damn! I just need b-bed rest! Be on your way!”

The concerned guard backed away, and when his back was turned, Albrecht began walking even faster. His cock had become further erect, utterly uncomfortable in his breeches. It was only the goodness of cold weather and his full kit that covered his shame, but still the arousal continued. The foreign sensation of his nipples actively *throbbing* caused him to gasp in an unmanly fashion. He practically pushed aside two workers, who made apologies at their lord as he passed.

“M-my apologies! I have urgent b-business!” he called, though he need not apologise at all, given his higher station. He was simply in a panic, his body threatening further change. It was all he could think about as he hurried down the snowy cobblestone street, gaining further speed and making himself look distinctly un-noble. But there were too many signs. Too many things happening.

His scalp burned, and he could feel the hair beginning to push out, extending and changing its very colour.

His chest pushed outwards, subtly but implacably, fat and flesh pouring in behind his nipples, which were also enlarging.

His buttocks rounded, the flesh ripening, pushing against the material of his breeches.

His hips cracked outwards, nearly causing him to stumble for a moment. It was painful, uncomfortable, and yet for reasons he could not understand it was only making his reduced member become ever harder.

“N-no! This c-can’t be!”

He blinked, his eyes stinging as if hit by ash. He couldn’t see them obviously, but he got the distinct sense they were altering slightly in shape, changing colour.

“Not now! Please, God above not now! God, please, Holy Father spare me this humiliation!”

He ran openly down the street, to the astonishment of the bailiff as he passed.

"Is there an emergency, Lord Ritter?"

"N-none but an item I foolishly I-left behind!" he called, rasping his voice lower as best as he could. "Ngghh!"

"Watch your injuries!" the bailiff reminded him. "Wouldn't want to rip them open, sir!"

"I'll - ahhh - keep that in m-mind!" he grunted. He pushed past, so close to his residence. The pain and discomfort was intense, as were the foreign feelings of fate and tissue and bone redistributing. But there was also a strange and unwanted pleasure, one that made his manhood throb with a hard, high erection, and his growing nipples tingle. He pushed open the doors to his home even as more changes surged, and managed to bark off a few orders for privacy before ascending up the stairs. Clearly the staff were alarmed, and more than a couple asked after his injuries. He waved them off.

"I'm- Ooohhhh! - I'm f-fine damn you! I j-just need rest! It's pain, suffering to t-test my faith. Nnghhh! I just need privacy! *Privacy!*"

His voice rose embarrassingly upward with the final word, but he managed to get into his room and shut the door. He barred it for good measure. To his astonishment, despite the heavy weight of the metal, it felt half the weight it should have. Or perhaps, impossibly, his strength had doubled. led, if not more.

"What in the manner of . . . MMPPHH!!"

He shuddered, feeling his face as his lips seemed to expand, puffing up as if he'd been punched right in the mouth. He cringed as his cheeks shifted, perhaps less than a quarter of an inch, but it was agony nonetheless.

"Why Lord!? Why is this h-happening to m-mee!?"

He tried to keep his voice low, but it was difficult among all the unholy changes occurring to his form. He pulled off his clothes, practically tore them off his body, not knowing his new strength. They ripped apart, shredded. Albrecht gasped at the changes to his skin, many of the changes still occurring. At his side, the bandages came loose as his waist shrunk, but rather than showing a still-healing cut, they fell away to reveal a perfectly smooth side, not unlike a woman's.

"But - but only God can heal!" he declared, unbelieving the sight. He grabbed the mirror still upon his bed, reflected at his face: several scars remained, but the fresh cut from the Valkyrie over his forehead knitted before his eyes, until there was nothing left.

"OOhhhhh," he moaned, as his waist pulled in further, as his hips cracked yet wider, as his chest pushed forward a little further. It was unseemly, it was sinful, but there was an eroticism to the changes he couldn't deny. "H-help me against t-temptation, Lord!"

But he couldn't help himself. He grabbed his shrunken cock, hard as it was, and began to stroke it eagerly. He fell back on his bed, even as more slow changes came over him. He gripped it, appreciating at least that it was not too small to rub, and gave over to the

pleasurable urges. He felt as if each stroke changed him further, but it was impossible to fight it. He was like a demon possessed.

“God, help me! I can’t s-stop! It f-feels too good! Too sinful!”

His leg smoothed over, becoming thinner and more shapely. His buttocks further rounded, and as he lay back, stroking furiously, drawing ever nearer to climax, it was impossible to ignore that there was now a jiggling upon his chest.

“I c-can’t s-stop thiiiiiss!!!”

His shoulders pulled inwards just a fraction as he seized in orgasm. His cock throbbed, spending its issue upon his bed, spurting some of his seed off its side and onto the floor. The unholy bliss was incredible, and he moaned, voice cracking slightly, as he trembled in response. Spurt after spurt of his cum poured from him in powerful throbs.

“Nnhggghhh . . . mmmhhpppphh . . .”

He lay back, breathing heavily, and hoping against hope that no servants were listening. He could only pretend at some other humiliating scenario was at hand, like a constipation episode finally ended or some such. He went red with embarrassment just at the thought of such a ridiculous excuse, until he remembered what a much more serious situation he was now in.

“God, forgive me. I gave into the lust that these heathens offer, and was rewarded with yet further change. I do not wish to be a Valkyrie, only your holy servant. Wash my sins from my soul and make me new. Amen.”

And yet still he felt only that post-coital euphoria. He couldn’t remember the last time he had achieved such pleasure, not even with the servant girl many years ago at Hans Neimitz’s estate, the one he had made many confessions and prayers for forgiveness for. It only increased the dread. Why was this unholy change beginning to induce pleasure instead of just discomfort? He lay there, contemplating that, but soon the curiosity was too powerful, the increased weight on his chest calling for his attention.

“I must . . . I must see, and confront it. Defeat it!”

He rose, a little unsteadily, his legs longer and more defined, more womanly in nature. At once he felt that his positioning had changed in some way, a result of an altered pelvis and chest and waist. Hair tumbled nearly to his shoulders, silky and smooth. He took the mirror, placed it on his dress, and looked down upon himself, occasionally picking it up to inspect parts of his own face.

“I can barely even pass as myself anymore,” he realised, awestruck.

It was true. He wasn’t a woman yet, nor could he quite be mistaken for one, but he could easily see the woman he might become. His hair had become a light brown, quite light, and his face had thinned. For now it made him look gaunt, but he had seen many a Norse woman. They had defined faces with narrow cheeks and high cheekbones, and soon so

would he. The skin had paled too, not enormously, but enough to show that his eyes were also lighter, no longer carrying the dark colour of his mother's Rus heritage. Would they end up blue? Impossible to tell. Nor did he desire to find out. His lips had certainly blossomed, though thankfully northern women were not too full-lipped as to make him look too ridiculous. Still, they appeared pursed, like he had swallowed a nasty fruit. Or about to kiss a man.

"A maiden!" he declared, horrified as to where *that* strange thought had come from.

He looked over the rest of himself. The hair would have to go, given that it fell to his shoulders. He'd never been one for long hair, and was surprised that it carried a weight upon his head. His beard was nearly gone, but at least he could claim to be recently shaved. Still, it remained enough to lend him some masculinity. His body? Not so much.

"Woman's breasts," he muttered. "It is *not* natural. It is *not* right."

They were small, barely a girl on the cusp of womanhood's in size. Still, they had a defined weight, and jostled a little as he moved. They were sore, still aching, desiring to grow further, and his nipples were proud and pink, with a noticeable areola around them. They fit his smaller shoulders, and as he cupped and felt them he shivered.

"Since when do women feel pleasure like this!?" he declared. He had always been a devout believer that women were fallen, and as such their fate was to take less pleasure in the sexual act, and greater pain from its fruits. But now he was discovering that a woman's sensitivity lay not just between her legs, but in her teats as well. "It can't be! How did I never know this? Ahhh . . . so s-sensitive!"

He quickly explored the rest of him, trying to ignore the tits now on his body. He had no chest hair left, no body hair but that which was above his penis, and even that was changing in its arrangement: no longer a proud bush, but lighter hairs in a more vertical arrangement, shrinking in width as it came to his cock. Womanly.

Womanly was a good way to describe much of his body in fact, or at the very least 'feminine.' His hips were too wide for a man, though not yet terribly pronounced. His waist was a much worse offender: severely contracted compared to its normal thick bulk. Combined with his smooth hairless stomach, it was undeniably feminine in nature. The same could be said of his legs: while they still carried some bulk, for the most part the skin had become elegant, their shape spritely and female, and the muscle while still very present was streamlined in form, like that of an exceptionally fit woman. The same was true of his arms. He grabbed his buttocks and felt the cheeks, and he winced at the heightened sensitivity of his skin, as well as their more . . . rondure, nature.

"It has gotten worse. How has it gotten worse? Because I lied in your holy sanctum? Do I need exorcism, God? Please, answer me!"

There was no response, not even to his cracking, effeminate voice.

"I SAID ANSWER ME!"

Finally, a voice answer. But it was not the one he hoped for.

*"Valhalla calls for you, Sigrdrifa!"* it echoed.

Albrecht spun, trying to find its source.

*"By the window. Do you not know the legend of those I see through?"*

There was a quiet 'CAW' which made him turn his head. The window had unlatched somehow, and sitting upon the sill was a dark raven, staring oddly at him.

"This is . . . you are not real!"

The raven tilted its head as if examining him.

*"I am very real, Albrech Ritter. Very real indeed. I am the All Father, once-hanged, once-dead. I have seen beyond the terminus of existence, and I call forth warriors of Valhalla to serve me in distant Ragnarok. I am father of Thor, husband of Frigg, slayer of the Jotenhar, and gleamer of the future. I weave ancient magics and spells, but none delight me more these days than ones that humble Christian fanatics such as you, good knight. Your dismal faith will be no match for the call of the Valkyries. Already my Queen has fashioned your new wings, and will present them to you when you arrive in the feasting halls of Valhalla. I know you are excited for this, did you not just spill your seed at the thought of it?"*

Albrecht turned red. "Never! It is a foul spell upon me!"

The raven cawed, and the voice in his head continued. *"Ah, well I admit that does help a little. I saw your battle with your predecessor. She was a mighty Valkyrie, but she often tested her mettle by assuming a strength similar to that of a mortal, and descending to wield true skill in battle. I will not allow that for you. I plan for you what my Queen desires as well."*

"And what is that, fell god?" Albrecht demanded.

*"To be - apart from my beautiful queen, of course - the most beautiful of all the Valkyries. One whom men will tell great tales of, and pray dearly that you will be the one to shuttle them forth to Valhalla. A woman mighty in stature, heavy in her bosom, with an armour that gleams brilliantly, and yet reveals such pale and supple skin as to make one awestruck. It delights me, to think of a hardened man of the faith of the cross becoming such a Valkyrie."*

He balled his fists. "I'll never become that! I swear it by my God!"

*"But these are not the lands of your God, Albrecht. Or should I say Sigrdrifa. You are changing more and more, and if you try to resist what I have in store for you, then I shall only enhance the responsibilities of your new role. After all, there are many arts the Valkyries engage in, some much more feminine than others."*

Albrecht fell silent, imagining the humiliation that might await him if he rebelled. What worse positions in life could there be than serving a foreign god? Could this figure actually

be Odin? Were the Norse gods real? His faith took another blow, but he rallied against his fear and instead curled his lip in disgust.

“You are not any father, but a father of *lies*,” he spat. “I will resist you, fell demon. I will not be a Valkyrie, or whatever you tempt me to be. I will go to the local priest and demand an exorcism, no matter the humiliation! Anything is better than the fate you wish for me.”

The raven cawed and cawed, and it resounded like a cackle.

*“Very well, Sir Ritter. Find how well that does you. If you try to reach the church, each step will bring you further change. But for now, you must be exhausted. Your staff believe you are sick, so you must play the part. Sleep, dear knight, sleep and dream of your eternal life to come.”*

The raven cawed, but this time his vision warbled, and the air seemed to stir with something in it. Albrecht felt himself becoming suddenly very tired.

“N-no . . . m-must fight. M-must fight . . .”

But all he could do was fall back upon his bed, head upon his comforting pillow, and then lapse into a deep sleep.

He dreamed of the white marble gates to Valhalla once more. He was a woman in full, and his old faith was behind him.

#### **Part 4: Odin’s Tricks**

Albrecht spent the next day entirely in his quarters. He feared further changes, and was terrified of Odin’s threat of changing further if he approached a church. Ordinarily, the fanatically devout man would charge right in, demanding an exorcism, but what if he was wrong? These conversations, signs, and magics matched no description of demonic magic he could find, and his prayers had done nothing for him. He had never heard from his God, but always believed he was in his favour. But now he had a feminine body that mocked him by its very existence, reducing him and yet enhancing his strength. It didn’t make any sense!

And so he spent the day in quiet reflection and penitence, or at least he tried to. He could not ignore the sensitivity of his new chest, even bound as it was in bandages to obscure it. It pained him, but occasionally when he brushed his fingers over the wrapping, it stirred pleasure in him, and his cock would grow hard, and he would have to push the feelings of arousal, that growing addiction to change, down and away from himself. It was too tempting, particularly as his skin continued to soften, and his eyes became a little lighter. He hated every moment of it, and yet no longer were the changes discomforting, instead they were increasingly euphoric, in a way. Still, he had managed to chop his hair, even as it

grew out again, and he had found clothing from his wardrobes to dress himself in, clothing that would obscure his lost weight. He had gained another inch of height, but that was not the biggest worry. That was reserved for his manhood, which was still shrinking bit by bit.

He went to bed only after kneeling in prayer, and for extra penitence he stripped the sheets so he would feel the harsh cold of winter, the same reason he opened his window.

And yet he slept like a newborn babe, his 'ascending' form unbothered by the cold, as if radiantly immune to it, like an angel's.

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Albrecht woke the following day after yet another dream. In it, he had not only passed to the white gates upon his winged steed, but had held the hands of the dead soldier against his bare stomach, and smiled as he looked back at the man. The departed soldier looked to Albrecht's female form with awe, and in that dream Albrecht also felt a lust. It was wrong, so very, sinfully wrong, but the man's touch excited him nonetheless, and in the dream he felt a new purpose, one that horrified him upon waking: the need to comfort the new arrivals in Valhalla with the very fruits of his body.

"Foul devil's work!" he cried to himself. "I *will* go the church. I *will!* But not before taking one other action.

He rose from his bed, clothed himself, and only then realised that his hair had grown out yet again. It was no longer even light brown, but a mid-tone blonde, as if getting closer and closer to the ethereal white-blond of the northern women. It reached his shoulders and spilled partly down his back now, and in anger he took his dagger and shaved as much of it free as possible, right to his scalp.

"See if *that* grows again," he remarked.

He placed a cap upon his head to give some cover, and left his room. His servants were surprised to see him, several asking questions, and he could not escape the odd hints of gossip about his "strange fits" and "odd habits" and "dirty sounds" that had emanated from his room during his exile. He sneered, looking upon the servants who had dared whisper such in his present. He was a fair master, but even with the cruelty of the curse still affecting his form, he would brook no such humiliation. He took his breakfast, waving off remarks about how "pale" his skin and eyes were, or other signs of sickness. In truth, he felt better than ever. Apart from the great soreness of his chest, which he felt had expanded further during the night, he actually felt more limber and strong than ever, as if he truly were an immortal like the Valkyries.

Once he was done, he used that new energy to rush out onto the street to the bailiff's office. Unfortunately, he ran into his friend, Hans Neimitz. Ordinarily he would be happy to

see him, but he'd known Hans for nearly two decades, and the younger man gave a shocked expression as he saw him.

"Albrecht? Albrecht! I was told you were sick, but you look terrible, good man! Why are you out of bed? How are your injuries? Wait, what's happened to your old scar?"

Albrecht froze. He hadn't even realised his old scars were now fading away.

"It's still there, don't worry," he said with a laugh, "I just, er, smoothed it over with some cream. It's part of the damned cold, which is why you shouldn't stand too close to me."

Hans raised an eyebrow, but did step back.

"Well, it's good to see you, at least. I grow tired of this boring town. I don't understand how you follow all its responsibilities! Must be very relaxing."

"It isn't," he answered tersely.

Hans smirked, putting his cap harder over his auburn hair. He was a handsome young man, Albrecht thought, but he needed to settle down soon. A man like him would be worth pleasuring in the halls of Valhalla.

He gasped, coughing at the thought that had just come into his head.

"Albrecht? Ser Ritter, are you okay?"

"F-fine! Just a weakness in my lung. It'll pass, I'm told. A result of that strike on my side."

"Ah yes, this supposed 'disappearing Valkyrie' the prisoners speak of. What make you of it? Did 'she' truly run off?"

"Something like that. I'm sorry Hans, I need to go. I'm seeing one of their prisoners, in fact, right now. I have further questions about the sea raiders' plans."

Hans clasped his hands together. "Well, that's exciting at least! Look, I'll be heading back to my lands in two evenings time, so won't you join me for dinner and some fantastic wine tomorrow night? I want to swap old war stories, one youngster to one not-as-youngster. I promise a good night."

"Hans, I'm not sure I have the time to—"

"Albrecht, consider it a holy rite between crusading warriors! We vanquished the foes here, let's finally celebrate between the two of us, as good Christians should."

Something about his words stirred him, and the man did indeed have a more magnetic presence. There was something about Hans that made Albrecht feel a little different on the matter than he did before. He couldn't explain it.

"Very well. On the morrow."

"Fantastic! I won't hold you!"

He hurried off, likely to the local brothel, though Albrecht was being unkind, he knew. After all, Hans had indeed restricted his behaviour around women, after a firm talking. He was likely just going hunting. And besides, Albrecht had his own concerns.



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Alfodr giggled like a monkey, or at least the tales Albrecht had heard of such beasts.

“Oh, what changes are wreaked upon you, Sir Ritter! I can see already that the spell took effect. Herfjötur’s might was true, even in mortal form, and she had ensured your change. Tell me honestly, do you possess the wonderful bosom of a fully blessed lady? Or are your teats flat and sleek, like a lithe huldra beauty nestled among the water reeds?”

Albrecht grimaced. “I have not come to discuss my changes, you heathen. I am told you have renounced any attempt to convert you to the true faith.”

“Ah, but I already have the true faith. Odin sees all in his ravens. He is watching now.”

He pointed to such a bird in the rafters, looking on silently. It discomfited Albrecht to look at it, so he turned back to the man.

“I do not . . . I *cannot* believe such falsehoods.”

“Believe as you will, you will be a Valkyrie in time. A most beautiful one, as they all are. I can only hope that when I die, you will bring me to Valhalla.”

Albrecht slowly drew his sword, and the man’s face fell still.

“That will certainly not occur,” Albrecht said coldly. He brandished the sword in his grip. “I have talked to the bailiff. Summary executions within a cell are not a kind or desired thing in a place of law, and so you shall be brought to the city square with me now, for all to see.” He paused knowingly. “*Unless* you tell me how to break this foul curse.”

But the man just smirked. “Now, I’d rather know that my hard executioner was destined to grow a hungry little cunny.”

Albrecht turned red. The man’s crudeness continued to shock him.

“Do not joke! Last chance!”

“No, dear knight, it is yours. Embrace your new destiny, or Odin will no doubt be angered. I have his eye, you know.”

He pointed at his missing eye, as his eyepatch had been seized. But Albrecht had no time for nonsense. He took the man, dragged him out of his cell. Alfodr did not resist, and only chuckled in a wheezing breath again and again as he was brought to the town square and made to kneel over a block. Albrecht said all the proper words, gave the blessing of Christ upon the man, that he might find mercy under the lord. In truth, he hoped he went straight to hell. He spoke in the lowest voice he could to avoid suspicion, but even then it was clear that he had been sick at the very least.

“Do you have anything to say before your life is forfeit to the Lord?” he demanded.

The man just giggled. “I’ll see you again, Sir Ritter. You will be beautiful, my Valkyrie!”

He said it loudly enough that people began to chatter. Rage filled Albrecht's mind, clouding his vision. Before the word could even be given by the bailiff, he swung the sword down and cleaved off the man's head.

And then it was done.

Afterwards, he took several steps to the church to find peace. To his shock, he found it easily, talking to the priest, confessing his sins, and speaking enough of the matter without revealing it all that he felt comfortable. He ate of the body of Christ, and felt no further changes, though his current ones remained static.

He went to bed that night, and had no foul dreams.

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Hans Niemitz laughed heartily, and so did Albrecht. The story was an old one, but somehow the tale of the English Lord Callow and his pet pig never failed to muster a good mood from either of them. They were both at Hans' residence, warmed by the fire on this particularly snowy night. Winter was in its full power now, but though it should have cooled Albrecht's heart, he instead felt warmed. True, his form had not changed back, and there were small residual changes that remained that morning: a slight enlarging of his chest, a minor expansion of his hips. But he felt free of the spell in truth. Something in him felt the light of the Holy Father, and the arousal and pressure of the spell was gone, as was the dream. He knew in his heart that the changes would revert in time, and he need only disguise himself a little longer before that happened, and pretend at a slight sickness. Hans kept a slight distance from him, but only slight. Even he could sense a man on the men, not knowing he was free of Odin's malignant influence. He'd correctly guessed the strange man Afoldr as behind it.

"It's good to see you in high spirits, Albrecht! Especially after that execution yesterday. Good riddance, I say."

Albrecht smiled, took another sip of the boiled wine.

"I feel myself heartier already, and no small thanks to you my friend. That lamb stew warmed me greatly."

"I shall endeavour to demand my cooks make it more often! Alas, I will be on the road tomorrow, and will miss your company, even if you are a dour holier-than-thou night at times."

Albrecht smirked. "Only to those not holy."

"Oh, shut it! But tell me, friend. What were those words about becoming a Valkyrie? Something about a curse? The men have whispered rumours of such things the Vikings do."

Albrecht simply waved it aside. “Just a stupid spell the man claimed to set upon me. Or the shieldmaiden, really, but he had a part to play I suspect. They believed for slaying a so-called Valkyrie, I would become one. Foolish nonsense.”

Hans chuckled, drinking as well. “Utterly foolish! Though I won’t lie, friend, I would pay good coin to see you with a fine set of teats and battleskirt to match!”

“Now who should shut it!” he exclaimed, though he only just managed to avoid blushing. His heavier tunic and wrappings disguised the changes that would surely recede soon.

“Ah, but a great beauty you would be, Sir Ritter. After all, you’ve already shaved your beard, and in your middle age you have dyed your hair blonde. Don’t think I didn’t notice it, hidden beneath the rudeness of a cap worn indoors.”

Albrecht froze. He’d shaved his hair down that morning. It had looked brown again. He was certain. Just then, there was a rapping on the window.

“My . . . hair?”

A cawing. Another rap. A dark shape flittered outside it.

“Yes, your hair! I never figured you to import blonde eyes, let alone use them! It doesn’t suit. And I miss the full beard. Who’d have guessed your face was soft beneath it, no offence friend. I’m starting to see what that shieldmaiden and her companion meant now, ha!”

Another rap, another dark shape. Another flutter. Albrecht felt a stirring within his stomach, a keen pressure that began to radiate out through his form. He trembled, feeling the ripples of change begin to descend upon him once more. His eyes widened. Fear entered his heart, extinguishing the warmth.

“Albrecht, did I go too far?”

He looked at his friend’s eyes, and saw once more that they were handsome. Kind. Even capable of possessing a wonderful *lust*. A lust Albrecht’s body wanted to inspire, were he a proper Viking. He coughed in horror at the mere thought.

Another dark shape. Another. Another and another and more rapping and fluttering and cawing, endless cawing! Hans noticed it too: he took to his feet.

“What is out there?”

Albrecht felt time slow in his mind. He pulled himself to his feet, not fast enough, as Hans moved to the window. The pressure was over his body, and the arousal was building, building, building, as the sounds outside become a cacophony of clawing and cawing.

“Hans, friend, don’t open it!”

But it was too late. His friend’s hand was already upon the latch, flicking it upwards.

The window shutters *exploded* open, and the man shrieked as dozens and dozens of dark ravens poured into the room, screeching terribly, each bearing a third central eye. They fluttered through the room, encircling Albrecht's form.

"No! No! I beat you! The Lord God pushed out your presence!"

*"Foolish knight. I am the God of Trickery too, remember? Far surpassing even my son Loki. You will well learn this, when you serve me as my Valkyrie, Sigrdrífa. The time has come for you to know your new body. The time has come for your friend to see who is the true God in this part of the world."*

The changes overwhelmed Albrecht immediately. He could not resist them. Hans spun, clearly having heard the voices, and gasped at the sight of Albrecht as he ripped apart his tunic in agony, so great was the pressure on his chest.

"Albrecht! What was that? Who was that? What is happening, friend?"

The knight cried out. "EEURURGGHHH!!! The ch-change! The s-spell! It's all true, Hans! AAAAHHH!!! I'm b-becoming a Valkyrie!"

"No! I refused to believe it! What fail witchery is this?"

But Albrecht was already rising to his feet, pulling off his clothing. He shredded away the bandages tightly binding his chest, and Hans fell silent at the sight of two very female breasts wobbling as they were freed. They surged forth with great alacrity, faster than any of the changes he had experienced so far. The same was true of his hips: they cracked outwards terribly, and yet he couldn't help but moan at how *right* it instinctively felt. The hips not only of a woman, but one who looked ripe in her fertility, capable of bearing children healthily.

"God above!" Hans cried, falling backwards over his chair. "God protest me! Albrecht, how do I stop this!?"

"I - I don't know, Hans! OOhhhhh! I have t-tried everything!"

"A demon? Do you need an exorcism?"

Albrecht was about to beg for one, but then he whimpered as his hair extended outwards, becoming a light snowy blonde, silky straight and perfect. It descended down, down, down to midway up his thighs, which themselves become softer and more womanly, while still possessing hard muscle. He witnessed his breasts push outwards, filling his daintier palms, becoming rounded and heavy and full beyond belief, so that they overflowed his hands and kept on growing. The delight of a woman's cleavage was before him, and it was a veritable *canyon* from his perspective, and not done growing either.

"ALBRECHT!?"

The curtain of ravens parted just wide enough to reveal the mirror in Hans' room. It was a lavish expense, tall enough to reflect an entire figure, and it did so now. Albrecht saw his cheekbones shift, his eyes lighten, his face soften, his jawline thin and round out. He felt

these things too, but seeing was another matter, particularly as his height rose further in inches, until he was well over six feet, much taller than his friend. He moaned, and it was a women's moan, and a very pretty one at that. Even his lips became fuller. His hips cracked again, his waist contracted, and his large breasts expanded one last shuddering time, until they were practically the size of his own head, unable to be ignored. The kind of wench that soldiers sang songs about, but could only dream of truly meeting. His years reversed, and the maiden before him in the mirror appeared to be in her mid-twenties at the latest, and yet possessing a wisdom beyond her years. A cold wisdom, but not an unkind one

“ALBRECHT!?! WHAT DO I DO!?!”

But the knight could only moan in reluctant pleasure as his penis withdrew. It melted back into his body, accompanied by a brief peal of laughter from Odin Allfather himself. He cried out as he orgasmed, and the final spurt of his seed left him as surely as his manhood did. There was a brief tunneling sensation, a growth within his belly, down deep, and then another ripple of euphoria as his new, womanly slit formed. Two lower lips, vertical, formed alongside it.

“Nothing,” *she* said, realising the hopelessness of it all. “There's n-nothing you can do.”

She fell forward, toppling against her friend, who caught her. He grunted, clearly surprised by his strength, but not as surprised as she was by the blissful sensation of her nipples rubbing against his tunic. She groaned in arousal, and without even thinking she planted her lips against him. His eyes widened, but Hans did not pull away, kissing back and cradling the naked woman's form.

That was, until he realised what he was doing, and she too, and they pulled apart.

“Oh God! It's happened!” she cried. “God has not saved me! I need to go, before I'm Odin's!”

Hans reached out to grab her, but her strength was ten times beyond his, and he was flung down, shocked.

“Albrecht! Albrecht! Come back!”

She stopped at the door to throw on a loose blanket, trying to ignore her heavy, wobbling bosom.

“I can't, friend. All I can say was the curse was true. The Valkyrie cursed me, and Odin has ensured I'll be a Valkyrie. God has failed me. Jesus has failed me. I believe all my life in them and look! Now I am unmanned and cursed, goddamn it all!”

Hans stepped forward, still shocked by it all. “Please, Albrecht, if that's you still in there, we must go to a church.”

She laughed. “Going to that infernal church cemented my changes. I must leave.”

“But - my Gods, I'm sorry Albrecht. You've become a beautiful maiden.”

Something stirred in her loins. A wetness. "Beautiful?" she asked.

"More beautiful and womanly than any I have seen. Please, stay with me. We'll work something out. We'll pose you as my betrothed if that's what it takes, please don't run out into the snow!"

She hesitated, sorely tempted. She was a woman now, and though that fact was difficult to swallow, the evidence was in front of her eyes. God had not answered a single prayer, only Odin had power over her. She had to get away before he exercised it further.

"I'm sorry, friend. Please don't seek me out."

He placed a hand on her arm, and she shivered at his touch. He was so wonderfully warm. But even the arousal in her new flesh was not enough. Something flared in her new Valkyrie instincts. He was Christian, and unworthy of a Valkyrie's touch.

"Begone, Hans! You of the wrong faith!" she cried, and pressed him back so that he fell to the floor. The man looked up at her, galled. "See? See what is happening? I didn't even mean to . . . I have to go."

She pulled the blanket further over herself, for modesty, not warmth: even the cold wind from the window bothered her not now.

"I'll find you, Albrecht! I'll search for you, friend, and find a way to help you!"

But the new woman only shed tears, slamming the door shut and running beyond the snowy edges of the town and out into the night.

Where Afoldr was waiting with neck bleeding, and a winged horse held firmly by its golden leash.

## **Part 5: The New Valkyrie**

Albrecht paused in the snow. The torchlight of Leisnig was far behind her. She was covered only in the thick blanket she'd taken from Hans' residence, but the chill cold air meant nothing to her. Modesty was the only thing she required, and even then it was difficult to cover her incredibly voluptuous new form. She almost dropped it in shock at the sight of Afoldr.

"Who - a vision? I killed you!"

The man grinned. "You should know better as a man - I'm sorry, a *maid* - of faith, Sigdrífa, that you can never kill a *god*."

"That's not my name. And you are no God, Adolfr. Just a wraith to haunt me."

He sighed. "Ah, what a sweet voice my new Valkyrie has. My Queen will be happy to meet you, and grant you your wings."

It was then that Albrecht realised who this man was. It was obvious, really, all along. He'd just denied it in his heart. The one eye should have told him all. Afoldr's form shifted before his eyes, becoming taller, stalwart and strong, with a mane of white hair that spilled over his royal cloak. A powerful axe was strapped to his side, and an eyepatch appeared over his wounded eye. The new figure exuded a power and mastery of magic that betrayed who he was.

"Odin," Albrecht said coldly, and with more than a little terror. "You're - you are real. No demon. You are real."

"I am that indeed. The people of Midgard know well their gods, as you shall come to know them. After all, my Sigrdrifa, you are one of my people now. And a most beautiful specimen, may I say? Not many tempt me outside my marriage, but fortunately for you I am steadfast in my devotion to the Queen of the Valkyries. Just steer clear of my son, he can sometimes . . . stray, from Sif. But we waste minutes. Come, Valkyrie, it is time."

He indicated to the horse. It was snow-white, almost blending in with the surroundings, and had two great eagle's wings like a pegasus.

"N-no," she whispered, but already her resistance was breaking. Her faith had been shattered in such a short time. She had done everything to fight it, and even her hopes of some sort of exorcism were in vain: she *knew* that such a measure would only make Odin smile and change her further. She was estranged, with no place to go. And more than that, she felt a pull towards where she was going. Like a power was calling her to fulfil her duty, even more binding than Odin himself.

It was as if in becoming a Valkyrie, she had been weaved into the very order of the universe, and had been given a purpose from which she could not be swayed.

"I cannot fight this, can I?"

Odin shook his head. "No more than even I can fight the wind. We each have our place, and yours is now set, Sigrdrifa. Come."

With sorrow in her heart, and a crisis in her faith, she stepped forward to the only real God she could ever claim to have seen. From the distant snow came a call.

"Albrecht! Albrecht!"

She turned, even as she reached her new magical mount. It was Hans. He had taken the time to change to winter gear. Even with the snowy weather, his hunting skills had rang true.

"Hans, get back!"

The man halted just thirty or so paces away, staring in shock at the Norse god and the winged mount he held by the leash.

"Let's give him a sight to remember, shall we?" Odin exclaimed. He held up his staff and weaved it through the air. To Albrecht's shock, her blanket ripped away, exposing her

naked form for several moments. Hans' jaw fell, now fully taking her in properly. Albrecht covered her heavy bosom and new womanhood as much as she could, but then the magics spiralled around her again. She grunted as light gleamed across her form, warm and hard.

"Wh-what now?"

"Now you get your armour, befitting a Valkyrie."

Hans gasped. She simply looked to him with despair as her new adornments weaved into existence. In moments, she stood proudly in a two piece armour set that exposed her gorgeous midriff. Her battle skirt was blue, going down to just above her knees, and she wore armoured fittings that braced her calves and feet that were a gleaming silver. Her breastplate was accurately named, for it conformed to her overly-developed chest, hugging it up so that a great deal of cleavage showed up. It felt more like an armoured brassiere for all it protected, and the same was true of her arms, which were openly displayed but for a set of silver and gold bracers on her forearms. Her hair spilled out, long and luscious, from the back of a helm she already knew the shape of: it had no faceplate, but she could feel the proud wings of silver that gleamed from its sides, swept back. A blue cape completed the look, as did several gems that glowed softly in prominent positions along the intricate engravings. Lastly, a shining sword manifested in a sheath at her side, and a spear and shield upon her back.

"It is done," Odin said, "and what a fine doing it is. It's time, my newest Valkyrie. Unless you want your friend further involved. I am inhabiting the real Afoldr. For serving my purpose, he will be the first soul you carry. The first of many."

Albrecht, now Sigrdrifa, gave one last look to Hans. The man was on his knees, overcome with awe at the armoured and beautiful form his friend had taken. There were tears in his eyes. Sigrdrifa just gave him a wan smile, one full of sadness and knowing, and mounted the horse.

"I'm sorry, Hans. I can do no other."

"I'll find you," he said.

"I'm going to a place you cannot follow."

The body of Afoldr slumped onto the horse, bereft of Odin's influence and image. She took the reins of the horse, and willed it to move. Already, her new instincts were teaching her the role. Hans exclaimed something as she took to the sky.

She raced upwards, above the clouds, exhilarated and terrified and morose. Small tears fell from her eyes as the landscape fell below. It was a magical and magnificent sight, but she saw no trace of the hand of her Holy Father in it. There was only Odin, and the powers of this northern land.

A set of hands encircled her soft waist, and she turned. Just like in the dream, the soldier held her, touching the Valkyrie and warmed by her presence. Afoldr smiled, and it



struck her that this was the first time she was truly meeting the man who had allowed Odin to puppeteer him.

“I am Afoldr,” he said. “I am awaited?”

She nodded grimly. “To Valhalla we go.”

He laughed. “Then it was all worth it, to give all to the Allfather. What is your name, dear Valkyrie?”

“Sigrdrifa,” she answered, trying to ignore his fingers around her waist. She continued to fly, the white gates appearing just as they had in her dream. It was all so unreal, and yet it was so. Her bosom shook with each ‘step’ of the horse upon the air, and her hair whipped behind the man in a great trail.

“Sigrdrifa,” he repeated, as if tasting it. “I can think of no more beautiful woman than Freya herself. I am truly blessed for you to bring me to the feasting halls of the afterlife.”

She nodded, turned back to the approaching gate.

“But where are your wings, dear Valkyrie?”

Another single tear down her eye.

“I shall be receiving them soon,” she said.

The thrumming power of the gate was upon them, and just as in her dream she entered it, unable to will herself to stop. Not that she gave much effort to try. She was resigned to her fate, and could only hope that it would be kind to her.

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Brilliance. Radiance. Warmth.

Sigrdrifa gasped as she exited the brightness of the white gate and exited out into a great valley lit by a warm sun. It was a massive expanse, verdant beyond belief, ringed by mountains that were covered in blankets of snow. The air smelled fresh, and throughout the valley were great Viking lodges and halls, homesteads and shops, fishing lakes and centres of contest. Thousands upon thousands upon thousands of individuals filled this afterlife, the great valley of which extended between these mountain reaches almost to the horizon. Longboats snaked along serpentine rivers. Wagons and horses moved with alacrity, driven by enthusiastic riders.

And at the centre of it all was a great stone plaza, over which stood an enormous lodge several stories in height, made of expertly chiselled stone. Its vast pillars were beyond anything of mortal make, and the plaza leading up to it held statues that were clear representations of Odin, Thor, Freya, the Valkyries, and numerous other gods and beings of the Norse religion.

“It truly is real,” Sigrdrifa said. Afoldr clung to her tightly, marvelling at it all.

"Paradise," he said. "Fighting and feasting and drinking and swimming and sailing until we are called to fight for Odin at the end."

"The end," she repeated sadly.

The winged mount took them down, driven by her gestures, but she got the sense it knew its path, and would not sway from it. Her heart beat faster in her chest, reminding her of just how prodigious her new bosom was on top of it, but even among her moroseness and fear, there was a powerful undercurrent of curiosity. She had been abandoned by her God, by her faith. She needed to know the nature of this place and its gods. She needed to know that *something* was real. Perhaps . . . perhaps the Holy Father had an intention with this place? Perhaps Jesus played a part in it all. It was weak, but she needed to cling to something from her old life, as she landed in the grand plaza before a grand procession, at the head of which was Odin and a gorgeous blonde-haired woman that could only be Frigg, also known as Freya.

Sigrdrífa helped Afoldr down from her mount, allowing him to take her hand as she did so.

"Bless you beneath Odin's good eye, Valkyrie," he said. "You are truly a thing of wondrous beauty."

"Yes, wondrous beauty alright," she said flatly. While the man's awe was genuine, she could also feel his gaze upon her prodigious chest, and her powerful bare thighs.

He turned to the procession.

"Welcome to Valhalla," the god said, stepping forward, surrounded by acolytes, and his wife by his side. "Here you may rest, good Afoldr, for your valiant service to me. You are to be rewarded beyond measure. We will talk later of this, but for now please allow one of my einherjar to bring you to a hall of feasting, that you may eat of the great boar Sæhrímnir, whose flesh reknits anew each night, and drink of the mead that springs eternal from the great goat Heiðrún's udder."

The man bowed, and one of Odin's warriors, a man who must have been a Viking in life, led him away. It left just the formerly male knight standing before the two gods, and several members of their procession. Queen Frigg regarded her, stepping forward to circle Sigrdrífa as the transformed male conversed with Odin.

"Well done, my newest Valkyrie."

"She is not a Valkyrie until I say so, my husband."

He nodded, indicating deference to his wife's judgement.

"Is there no way for me to turn back?" Sigrdrífa asked, looking over her tall, powerful, and oh-so-female body. "To go back to my Christian brothers?"

"None, good lady. You belong to Valhalla now. This is our perfect slice within Asgard, and where you will be festooned with honours when you are not committing your duties. If

you did not want this fate, you should not have indulged in the pointless Christian piety that desecrated poor Herfjötur' death."

"My other Valkyries weep for her," Frigg said coldly. "As do I. She should not have forsaken her powers on Midgard to test her strength. Her luck was doomed to run out. You will have much to prove, even *if* you get your wings."

"I don't want them!" she exclaimed. God, her voice was powerful, but soft and musical. A voice that could sing. "I just wish to go home! To be a man again!"

Odin smiled. "And yet you came here, because you know this is fated. Do not be as blind as your friend Hans, though perhaps you will see him again." He chuckled. "I told you that if you tried to fight your fate and seek exorcism or change from your powerless church, that each step would bring you further change. You will have quite special duties as a Valkyrie, most honoured. Though perhaps . . . a little embarrassing for one who was once a man. But for now, my dear wife?"

Frigg smirked. She was an imperious beauty, even taller than Sigrdrífa despite her 6'3 height. She brought her hands up.

"A test, for the would-be Valkyrie," she said. She clapped her hands together.

Sigrdrífa's world vision exploded into light, and the plaza seemed to expand. Odin, Frigg, and their procession was gone, and all around her, large stone walls were being rotated up around the statues. She realised it was forming some sort of great stadium. Hundreds of individuals, clearly informed of what was about to take place, were already lining the stands as some great mechanism pushed them upwards. Odin and his family, including a large set figure and a slim shieldmaiden who could only be Thor and Sif, had taken their seats in front of the Great Lodge, overlooking the increasingly high walls. The woman formerly known as Albrecht shuddered in fear as nearly a dozen Valkyries launched from the skies to perch upon their respective statues. One was empty: the one that had belonged to Herfjötur. It made Sigrdrífa's spine shiver in fear.

"What is this!?" she shouted. She drew her sword, took her shield from her back and clasped it quickly, almost by instinct, to her arm. She was amazed at how light it was in her hand, despite being made of pure steel with silver and gold plating. Upon its face were engraved a seat of eagle's wings with a warrior woman crying to the heavens: a representation of *herself* now, she realised.

"This is just a taste of what you must face!" the Queen of the Valkyries declared. "Let loose the ice troll of Jotenheim!"

Sigrdrífa gasped as a hold opened up in the plaza, and a platform was raised. A great being, seemingly made of animated ice and rock, rose upwards. It bellowed chill, and it was even cold enough to effect her, giving her the sense that such a blast could easily kill an ordinary human.

“But I’m not an ordinary human any longer,” she said, not knowing how to even feel about that. She tensed her fingers, marvelling at her strength as the beast rose and rose until the platform was even with the ground. It looked to be easily twenty five feet in scale, capable of climbing the walls of the stadium were it not chained. But the chain was long enough for it to reach her, and its cold eyes - if they were even eyes - locked upon her.

The being roared, and she was blasted backwards dozens of feet, cracking her back upon the wall.

The crowd booed.

“Unworthy!”

“Bring back Herfjötur!”

“Give the beast to Hel! Earn your wings, girl!”

“Waste of a prize bosom!”

She sneered, getting back up easily. Amazingly, her spine was not snapped. Her breasts wobbled a little as she stood, and she grimaced once more at how much her Valkyrie armour showed off her tall, powerful, yet deeply feminine form. At least she didn’t have the overly wide hips or round behind of his mother’s Rus ancestry. But the Norse women’s propensity for a large bust certainly outweighed those small consolations, and her hips were certainly wide enough to still be impressive.

“A test, dear former knight!” the Queen cried. “Slay the troll! Earn your wings!”

“And if I do not want them!”

“Then you will die, and your shade will go to Hel. Not your Christian illusion either, but the land of frost where those who failed to rise for battle reside in endless cold. A cold even you will feel, stripped of your powers. SO FIGHT!!!”

The ice troll roared again, sending out another frigid blast. It was unlike anything Sigdrífa had ever seen, or imagined. The Bible had creatures yes, but not on such a scale. It was a book of men and angels, and the celestial world beyond, not of great beasts like the Hellenics of old! He tried to search for some weak spot, but could find nothing. The beast roared a second time, and the blast caught her, pressing her against the wall a second time, more painfully.

“NNGHHH!!” she cried, as icicles formed around her wrists.

The crowd booed disappointment.

“Kill her and be done with it!”

“Revenge for a fallen Valkyrie!”

“No! She was chosen! She just has to find her feet!”

“I want her to win just to grace my feasting hall!”

She pushed the comments from her mind, *especially* the ones about her body. To be thought of as an object of lust to men’s eyes . . . God, it was wrong. And the worst part was

that even in the rush of battle, her nipples throbbed a little as they had with Hans, aching to be touched.

“NOOOO!!” she cried.

She leapt again to her feet, but this time she vaulted to the side, dodging the next blast. The immense beast roared, surging forth in great lumbering steps, casting ice across the floor of the stadium. She rolled, using her increased agility and strength to her advantage. The beast pressed forward, attempting to crush her underfoot as it approached. But as Albrecht, she had fought with sword on ice before. She dashed for the frosty glaze it produced upon the ground and slid along it, her feet out as she steadied herself on her elbow. In an arc she swung her sword, chipping away chunks from its foot.

An audible gasp came from the crowd.

“See!? I told you! I’m going to win the bet!”

Whoever it was in the crowd was ecstatic. Sigrdrifa couldn’t help herself but smile in the direction it came from, exhilarated by the first action she’d experienced in weeks, and the first as a warrior woman. She raised herself, the tops of her large breasts bouncing a little but fully secured by her the underpinning of her armour and blue clothing. She raised her shield just in time to batter a mighty strike. The ground crumbled at her feet, rocks flying up, and she was forced to stick a long leg back, kneeling with the other to absorb the blow. It revealed more of her thighs beneath her battle skirt than she would have liked, but it worked, as the beast tipped to the side, its icy maw sending out another blast.

It only just caught her, hurtling her aside, but this time she vaulted off her hand by pure instinct.

“I - I didn’t know I could do that!” she declared. She looked up at Frigg, who only gave an acknowledging nod. One that said, *‘you’re learning. But you haven’t won yet.’*

Just days ago as Albrecht, she never would have believed in ice trolls, but not even Satan himself could conjure this reality. No, whether her own Holy Father was even real, it was clear that this place was too, and the Gods within it. And its *monsters*.

“COME FIGHT ME BEAST! I HAVE FOUGHT HEATHENS! I CAN FIGHT YOU TOO!”

Her own roar was powerful, nothing about her femininity making it any less so. It shocked her, that revelation. As a devout Christian mad, he’d always seen women as lesser, tempted first by the serpent in the Garden of Eden. But here he was surrounded by powerful women, even shield maidens were part of the einherjar. She roared again, challenging the beast. Her blood was up as if it were for any battle, but now she had mythical strength and speed.

“You must have a weak point. Some way for me to win. Hell or Hel, whichever is true, I will *not* end up there!”

“Show us!” Odin’s voice boomed across the arena.

Sigrdrífa launched towards the beast, imagining it to be the heathen enemy she had fought many times. The Viking berserker. It occurred to her that some of the einherjar around her maybe well have been sent to Valhalla at her hand. It amused her, and actually gave her further strength.

“I’ll show these heathens what a true warrior is, even if I am cursed with a maiden’s form!”

She skidded beneath a crashing foot as the troll roared, taking out more chunks. It appeared to do almost no damage, but she was probing it for weakness. She had to think like a knight, probe it for chinks in its armour, find the gaps. The creature turned and nearly batted her aside, and it was only as she brought her shield forth that she managed to only take a glancing blow. Another roar from the crowd, but she ignored them this time. In her mind, she was fighting a great, monstrous heathen. It didn’t matter that her faith was being tested, reduced, crushed, for now she could rely on that zealotry and righteous rage, let it fuel her actions. She gave a womanly cry, uncaring how it sounded, only that she was prepared to fight the monster.

It was then, as it turned, that she saw it. A bright gleam in its chest, nestled beneath the ice. It glowed, receded, glowed again.

“The heart,” she said. “The weak point.”

But how to reach it? She didn’t have wings, couldn’t even imagine what they would be like. But she *did* have her spear, and it was enough to recall a tactic she’d used when as Albrecht she had helped Hans Niemitz and his forces scale the walls of a fortress taken by Cathar fanatics. She gripped the spear, aimed it well. She preferred the sword, but she had training, and now a Valkyrie’s instinct.

“RRRRRAAAAAARGGGGHHH!!!”

It was the sound of her greatest roar yet, as she flung the spear. Her long curtain of perfect blonde hair whipped about herself in an arc as she hurled it. It soared forth and embedded in the creature.

The crowd gasped, but already she was moving, leaping to the creature’s forward foot. With her superior strength she launched up upon it, a little clumsily given her lack of experience, but capably all the same. From there she jumped high, grabbing her spear and dangling from it. The beast moved its hand swiftly to smack against its own frosted belly. She had little time: she clambered up to balance on the spear, and jumped, just in time. She grabbed a bit of rock protruding from the ice troll’s chest, and drew her sword.

Only to drop it as the creature whirled about.

The crowd gasped again, but this time in a hushed subdued manner. With her enhanced hearing, some of their voices reached her.

“She’s done for now! That’ll teach the Christian knight!”

“She killed me as a man, now I get to watch her go straight to Hell!”

“Wait, look! She’s doing something!”

She drew back her shield upon her arm and smashed it against the creature’s chest as hard as she could. The impact was mighty, and the ice cracked a little. She twisted, smacked the sharp edge of the shield against it, producing even more cracks.

“Just. One. More!”

The ice troll boomed, opening its mouth. She realised it was about to send an ice stream down upon her, and it would likely at this distance be enough to kill her. Already her other hand was becoming encased with ice. So gritted her teeth, cried out once more, and hit him again and again with the shield.

The beast breathed in.

The ice cracked.

She roared.

The heart exploded as her shield collided with it, severing it in two. She fell from the beast as something else exploded, far above her. With her powerful, shapely legs she kicked off from its belly, launched from its leg, and skidded off the ice to freedom. Unfortunately, she slipped over, landing on her chest and causing her boobs to compress painfully.

“These things are ridiculous. I can withstand a fall like that, but my chest is ample enough to give me pain?”

She could also feel her battle skirt fly back, exposing the material of her breeches as well, and likely giving a display of the shape of her buttocks and thighs. Certainly, a series of whistles and roars of approval went up from the crowd. She stood up, feeling tired and beaten down, but what she saw before her gave her strength: the ice troll’s head had shattered into thousands of pieces, and its lumbering body was collapsing in on itself, becoming little more than glacial ice and stone in a great pile. Despite the humiliation of her new body, particularly her ridiculous chest, and the embarrassment and shame of becoming a servant of another God, one to be leered and ogled, she relished the victory. Like a soldier who had just vanquished an impressive foe before his men, she couldn’t resist lifting her clenched fist in triumph. It didn’t matter how low she’d come, in this moment of battle-hardened success she felt like the embodiment of victory. She smiled, *beamed* in fact, and probably looked like quite the beauty as her hair swayed gently against her thighs.

The crowd roared and clapped, eclipsing the boos entirely, reducing them to nothing. It was only minutes later, after Sigrdrifa had retrieved her shield and spear, that Odin and Frigg/Freya called for silence.

“You have shown an application for battle, for strength and resilience!” the Queen of the Valkyries declared. “You, child, who were once mortal, a devout Christian knight and

enemy of our people on Midgard, shall now become a beautiful and powerful Valkyrie, immortal servant of myself and the Allfather. Where once you slayed those you call Norsemen, now you will help bring their souls to feast in Valhalla, among other duties. Come forth now, Sigrdrifa, and claim your wings.”

Sigrdrifa stood her ground for a moment. She tried to resist. However fractured her true faith was in the wake of her transformation, there were clearly other magics still upon her. After all, she was already thinking of herself as Sigrdrifa despite her still-male mind. And more than that, her inability to sway from the white gate was another sign. And now, as her Queen spoke, it was like her very soul recognised Frigg as her rightful liege, and her body moved to obey, no matter how much the Albrecht within her yelled in frustration.

And so she stepped forward. With the wave of a hand, a series of long marble steps led up to the gods. The Valkyries flew down, standing on either side of the stairs, spears against the ground. They looked at her as they passed. Some were neutral, others clearly hostile, others simply sad. They missed their sister, and did not look forward to their new one. Still, she stepped up to her Queen. And she was, much as she didn't want to admit her, *her* Queen now.

“Welcome, Sigrdrifa,” the woman said, her voice a little warmer now. “In time, you will come to accept this life. For time you shall have. My husband has done well to choose you, for a Valkyrie must be strong and agile, battle-hardened, but also compassionate. You do have these qualities, though you have buried the last. It is time to unearth it. It is time to take your wings. Do you accept your duty?”

She wanted to say no. She wanted to scream “I am a knight of Christendom! I have fought against you all my life!” But all she could do was take the knee, and bow deeply before her Queen, whose authority was instilled in her very blood.

“Yes, my Queen, my Goddess,” she said, as fanatically as she had ever spoken of her own Christian faith. “I am ready.”

The woman smirked. “I still feel your resistance, hiding behind the magic that compels you. But no matter, you will be ready in time. You have proved yourself enough. I grant thee thy wings!”

A great burst of radiant flame poured from Sigrdrifa's shoulder blades. She gasped as her armour shifted, plates separating to give room to an impossible set of twin growths.

“By the Holy Spirit!” she exclaimed.

“No, by your *Queen*,” Frigg reminded her.

But she couldn't reply, the sensation of great feathered wings growing and expanding from her form was simply too strange, too alien for her to give voice to.

“OOHhhh . . . NNggghhhh . . .”

“Yes, feel the power!” her Queen stated. “You are a Valkyrie now!”



Sigrdrífa staggered back, nearly falling down the stairs in response to the foreign sensations. But then something stopped her. It took her a moment to realise her great wings had unfurled completely, and had caught the wind instinctively, beating her back onto her feet. She looked at them, in utter awe at their pure white feathers, at how they gleamed like she'd always imagined the wings of angels would.

"I'm . . . I'm a Valkyrie."

"You are indeed," Odin smiled, "just as I have willed it."

"But you also tried to fight your new fate," his wife continued, "and my husband promised that you would change all the more for it. The Valkyrie have many roles, as soldiers, defenders, protectors, as harbingers of death and life, slayer of monsters, and guides for the dead to these halls. But they are also lovers, and capable of bearing young. For trying so desperately to cling to your old Christian maleness, and for slaying my dear Herfjötur, you have been given . . . additional duties. Not only have you been gifted with tremendous beauty and an expansive bosom," at that she gave a slightly sarcastic look at her husband, who grinned, "but I now give you a woman's lusts and wants, and strong ones at that."

She weaved multi-coloured magics, causing Sigrdrífa to breath heavily. Already, she could feel a renewed tingling in her loins, a throbbing of her nipples as she stared as the strong, burly einherjar around her, and even the beautiful shieldmaidens dotted among them.

"I - this isn't right. A woman's lusts are not for men. Please, I beg of you *my Queen*, don't-

"But women's lusts are not viewed with such hatred as in your own dismal religion. And silence, my daughter, for I am not finished yet. You will serve to please our greatest warriors, here in the halls and those who you shuttle to our gates. You will be a figure of comfort to them, giving them warmth and life. Do not fear, you will not be some common whore as you are no doubt thinking of, but a celebrated Valkyrie beloved for the bodily compassion you bestow."

Sigrdrífa trembled. So *that* was why her armour was so revealing. Why her form was so . . . bountiful. Even with her strength and impressive height, she still had a body that was built for bearing babies.

"I - I can't -"

"But you *will*," Odin said, taking over. "And for your crimes, and for your atonement, you will also on occasion be called to be impregnated with the seed of great warriors, from those that already fill our halls to ones you shuttle forth to this realm, and bear their children to become great warriors and servants of the faith back on Midgard. This you will do, and don't worry, I have given you fine hips for the birthing bed."

"And your new sisters will aid you in this duty," Frigg added.

Sigrdrífa felt as if she were about to faint. This truly was Hell, even if such a place may well not exist except for its Norse equivalent. To lie with a man? To become pregnant by him? To wail and gnash her teeth as she pushed and pushed until finally she gave birth through her dilated womanhood, and then feed a baby - her baby - from her prodigious breasts? It wasn't right. It wasn't natural!

She tried to say so, but the two gods silenced her with a raised finger from each. With a swivel of a gesture from Odin, she spun to face the mighty crowd, and adopted a pose that was both powerful and feminine, a hand upon her expanded hip.

"I am Sigrdrífa!" she declared, voice booming, "your newest Valkyrie! I hope to please you all!"

And the stadium cheered, even as she wept internally. Her punishment was far from over. She could only wonder what Hans would think of her now.

## **Part 6: Duties of a Valkyrie**

Sigrdrífa pulled the man's soul from the snow. He rose, shocked, not seeming to know he was dead, until he saw her. In that moment she could picture how she looked to this man. The sun and the radiance of the white gate was positioned over her back, illuminating her as if she were a goddess herself. Her silver armour would be gleaming spectacularly, and in the light wind her gloriously long pale blonde hair whipped about ethereally like a serpent's tail. She loomed over him, no doubt creating a sight with her 6'3 stature. Her expansive chest created an alluring sight, a shelf contoured perfectly by her metallic breastplate, and the two halves of her lovely globes arcing up to her clavicle. Her midriff was bare, her toned stomach sensuous and beautiful, and her strong thighs were revealed by the softly flowing wind upon her skirt and cape. As she stepped forward, blocking the light of the sun, her beautiful face with its ice blue eyes and high cheekbones would be unveiled, framed by her silver helm, its wings marking her out to be Valkyrie. She summoned her own wings, spreading them forth to their greatest extent.

"By the Gods," the man said.

"You are Birne Alfson," she said. "Killer of barbarians, prized berserker of your clan. Valiant sea raider, and blooded warrior."

"That is me, yes," Birne replied. "I died taking as many as I could with me. They attacked our village, and I held them off while others escaped to warn the boats. I cleaved my axe through many a skull."

She extended a hand. "And you have been rewarded by Odin Allfather and his Queen Frigg. You are awaited in Valhalla, and I am to perform you great service."

The man looked over his form, clearly hoping that the rumours of a new, more lustful Valkyrie were true. It turned the former male's stomach to feel a pagan man's eyes leer over her heavy breasts, her thin waist, and linger upon her powerful thighs. She was rapidly finding out what it was to be a highly attractive woman, even one who was highly capable in a fight.

"Let us be away," she said, trying to keep her voice as imperious and regal as possible.

She stumbled only as she saw a man in the snow, a man who should have been able to see her. But his connection to her surely had left its magical mark.

Hans Neimitz' eyes were wide as he looked upon her tall, deeply feminine form. He had a number of wounds, but none serious. He had probably felled the very man she now ferried.

"Albrecht? My God, is that you?"

"Hans," she whispered. She wanted to stay, talk to him, tell him of everything she had seen, and try to regain her faith through his conversation, though she had always been the truly devout one of the pair. But the instinct of duty called, and she could not sway from it.

"Don't go!" he shouted.

"I'm sorry. I can't stay. I don't belong here anymore."

She took to the air, filled with astonishment and grief for her life that was. And yet despite that, as Birne placed his hands around her waist, her loins were burning, her feminine mounds aching to be squeezed. She hoped she could get some privacy when she arrived back at her new lodgings, and bring herself to womanly climax. It was, after all, what she needed to do for herself at least once a day thanks to Frigg's magic.

But now she was picturing Hans' face, in all its handsomeness.

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She had spent over two months already doing this, transporting dead Norsemen and Norsewomen to their ultimate paradise in Valhalla. Each of them looked at her with awe fit for a Goddess, and with more than a little appreciation of her looks as well. More than a few had been friskier than she liked when it came to holding her naked waist, some even placing their arms just below her breastplate's curves. She reminded them to be respectful, and all of them were: she was rapidly finding that she was also quite a sacred entity now, viewed as a peerless warrior and worthy of a quasi-worship. It discomfited her, when for all of her life she had known for certain that all worship belonged only to the Holy Trinity and none other.

Each time she shuttled them forth, she gained a sense of understanding of her new role. She was Sigdrifa, Bringer of Comfort, whereas once she had been destined to be

Bringer of Battle. Already her renown was spreading, and when she used her wings to fly over her new abode in Valhalla, Odin's followers pointed and shouted her name excitedly. There were already some bawdy songs in her 'honour', not that she cared to listen to them. She was too busy learning the nature of Norse religion, of Odin and Frigg's history, and her Queen's orders to fetch those destined for Valhalla. When not doing so, she was forced to train against foes like the ice troll and much worse, including alongside her Valkyrie 'sisters.' It was fascinating, to add flight to her repertoire of warmaking, and she couldn't deny how sleek and elegant she felt in her precise, flowy movements. And while she stuck out initially, she soon learned to fight as part of a team as part of her continual practice, and even perform before Odin and his children.

Unfortunately, her new 'sisters' had taken little liking to her yet, the death of their fallen sister was too fresh. Some such as Sigrund had even treated her to silence or the occasional cruel jest at her formerly male nature, which was unique among them. On the times where they were expected to feast together, all thirteen of them during festivals and events, she tried to keep her head down and avoid contact. But still the comments came.

"How goes the comforting lately, new sister? Have you enjoyed the war embrace and 'pillar' of strength that comes from a man?"

"Not yet, sister," she replied flatly.

"Ah, it shall come soon then. Frigg says your training in our regular duties is nearly complete. You have brought many souls to Valhalla already, and no doubt the men eye you lustily."

"I know not, I simply follow my orders and purpose."

Another, known simply as Göll, Spirit of Tumult, laughed heartily. She was a bigger woman, though still not as big in chest as Sigdrífa, much to her embarrassment.

"A new order will come soon, I suspect! Trust me girl, you may have once been a self-righteous pig of a man, but to be fucked between your legs by a man's long 'sword' is one of life's greatest pleasures. Even we Valkyries succumb to the urge sometimes."

The rest tittered, and it reminded Sigdrífa that for all their mythic status, their armour, and the wings they could summon at will, the Valkyries still were women, and prone to women's gossip. Only Róta, the slim white-haired Valkyrie who looked to be only twenty years old, but was in fact at least five hundred years of age, was kind to her.

"Don't worry, young one," she said. "Trust me, you will become accustomed to it. My sister did not die in vain - she died how she would have wanted, at the hands of a great warrior. Your new sisters will come around to you, given time. Just as you will come around to your new faith, to the All Father and our Queen. You would not have your wings otherwise."

Sigrdrífa had simply sighed. "I just fear for so much. I have had my faith ripped away - I still pray to my God, but even that fades in just the month I have had this . . . this womanly form. And I now am revered by Norsemen, a people I have hated as brute pagans for so long. All of that is difficult to stomach, but the knowledge that soon I am to lie with a Norseman? To bear his child in my belly and birth it as part of my duties? It is not seemly. It is sinful! A good Christian would not-"

"But we are not Christians, sister. And neither are you truly anymore. You know this. You have seen our Gods, and where is yours? Is he still silent? Still nailed to your tree?"

Sigrdrífa was silent, her mind at war with this concept, and yet feeling its importance nonetheless.

"I have heard nothing. Not for all my life. I have lived by the scriptures and faith alone."

She smiled, kissed Sigrdrífa on the lips in the Valkyrie custom of greeting. "My sister, you will find your place. You have been blessed with immortality, strength, flight, and a new life and holy duties. Do not waste them. And do not fear for your coming babies. They will be a blessing, as mine have been."

Sigrdrífa could only not, unable to say anything. And soon she was back to feasting and drinking with the others, trying to fit in and yet feeling like an outsider. All the time her loins burned just with the thought of what the others had been discussing and stirring her about. In truth, she had been unable to stop exploring her own body shortly after Frigg had 'blessed' her with great fertility and great lust.

"I feel like a libidinous wench!" she later cried, pleading with her Queen to restore her passions to normal. It was bad enough viewing the numerous fit and burly einherjar around her, and admiring not just the men but the women too. Evidently, the Norse also had relaxed custom for *that* sin too, only it was so hard to see it as a sin, given how wonderfully handsome or beautiful they looked.

When she was given leave to rest between her duties, or to take her food privately in her luxurious lodging, she soon gave in to those passions. She had lasted barely a few days of agonised restraint initially, but now she knew she could never muster that, not after that first giddy orgasm. Her body was incredibly responsive, and she was almost pleased at times to possess such bountiful breasts, as their softness and sensitivity nearly brought her to climax alone, especially when she fondled with her nipples and imagined another's mouth upon them.

"S-so wrong!" she would cry. "B-but it's g-good! Why is it g-good! By Odin and Frigg it's g-gooooood!"

And her womanly parting was even more sensitive, particularly as she rubbed her clit and placed her fingers inside her wet depths. She always wanted to stop, but a bigger part of

her wanted to continue, and another part entirely couldn't help but imagine another thrusting into her. They weren't thoughts she would ever had had as Albrecht, but the spell had made her lustful to be entered, and even thoughts of other men's cocks enticed her, made her lick her lips in anticipation.

And always after crying out in passion, she would pray for forgiveness.

And always she heard nothing.

"And yet my Queen always answers me, and the All Father appears from his swarm of ravens," she muttered. "So who is the true God and Goddess?"

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It was another month later that she received a summons from her Queen, and finally received word of the dreaded 'task' that was to come.

"You are to escort Ragnarr Offnerson to our realm, but not straight to the mead halls. The time has come for you to give a great warrior the comfort of the flesh, Sigdrifa. I have given you the skills to do what is necessary when the time comes, so do not be nervous."

"My Queen, is there not some way . . . I was a man, the thought of-"

"It is precisely because you were a man that you know how men think, and what men like. Now go, my daughter. Go and perform your new duty. You may even learn to like it."

Sigdrifa frowned, heart beating rapidly, but she could not disobey her Queen. She took to the skies, summoning forth her mount, who she had named Knight, a small way to honour the past life of Christian manhood torn away from her. She flew upon him, dissipating her own wings, into the white gate and beyond, landing as she always did immediately near her destination.

There lay the body of several men, several of them Vikings, a lot more of them the former male's Christian brothers-in-arms. It made her think of Hans, and even fear for his life. Still, it was not worth thinking about. She had seen him that one time, but not since. But in her private lodgings, when the need arose, she sometimes thought of him another way . . .

She pulled her mind from the unimaginable, and pulled forth the soul of Ragnarr Offnerson. He was a mighty man, nearly equal to her own height, with a thick red beard and eager manner.

"Ahhh, you are more wondrous than I could have imagined, dear Valkyrie. So I have earned my place?"

"More than that," she said, trying to steel herself for what is to come, "you are awaited in Asgard, in the halls of Valhalla. But you are also a fine warrior, and you are needed elsewhere first."

He gave a quizzical look, obviously admiring her voluptuous chest and toned middle at the same time, but he took her hand, and she easily lifted him up. She readied to fly, but again her enhanced senses caught something. The pagans had been victorious here, but in the foul weather they clearly had to move on before they could bury their dead. But one Christian brother was not dead. He'd been faking. And now he stood, revealing himself to be exactly who she was terrified and hopeful he would be.

"Hans, you - you're still alive."

"I am still."

"Who is this?" demanded Ragnarr.

"Hush, warrior. You will see Valhalla soon, and my bed."

The words had tumbled out, but he stopped talking, clearly shocked and pleased. Hans was shocked in a different way.

"You . . . Albrecht, you bed them? Are you forced?"

She blushed a deep crimson. "I . . . it is my new nature, Hans. I cannot help it. I wish I could go back, but I cannot. I am a Valkyrie now. I . . . I always will be, until distant Ragnarok."

"It's real then? All of it? Odin and Freya and Valhalla?"

She nodded, the wings of her helm rising up and down dramatically.

"And Christ? Our Lord God?"

Saying the words to come felt like knives upon her throat. "I have not seen evidence, Hans. My prayers went unanswered. I can only answer to my Queen now. Freya, or Frigg."

The man sagged. Since the loss of his friend, he had clearly become more shaggy, his auburn beard a little more wild. "And this is part of your role?"

She took a heavy breath, and even a distraught Hans' eyes went to her bust. "I am occasionally to . . . comfort a great warrior of the faith. And even, in the future, to bear his children, if needed, as a great reward."

She communicated much of her feelings in her eyes.

"I can do no other," she whispered. "I'm sorry Hans. I wish I could see you again like in old times, but this is my life now."

But he stepped forward, more a man than she had ever known him by the determination on his face. "I shall find you! I promise. I will find a way to either stop this, reverse it, or . . . or to be with my friend again."

She smiled sadly, and tears rose in her eyes. The call of duty rose in her breast.

"I would simply like the last, old friend. The others are impossible. But I fear it cannot be."

And with that, she took to the sky, Ragnarr already eager for her bedding.

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“Oohhhhh! Aahhh! Yes, yes, yes! Don’t stop! Right there! Gods, it’s so damned big!”

Sigrdrífa couldn’t help herself but writhe beneath the man she had taken to her bed. It had been such a fearful thing, to descend down upon Knight to the Valkyrie lodge. To hold his hand and direct him past her sisters, all of whom smiled knowingly, some more mockingly, some sympathetically, others like Róta simply encouragingly. And all the time knowing that her body was in heat, like tempting Jezebel, desiring this man to take her, and for her to take him.

By the time they reached her room she was aching for the strong Viking berserker to remove her armour, and he did so with expert alacrity, singing praises of her great beauty, her elaborate hair, her immense strength, and even her “substantial bosom I would love to suck upon!”

And despite the male mind she still possessed, enough femininity had crept into it that she could not fight her body’s feelings, not in that moment did she want to. And so she leapt upon him, summoning and spreading her wings around him for added effect, and wrapping her legs around his muscled waist. She felt his hardness against her and she rejoiced at it. She cried out as he nuzzled at her massive chest, and even more when he stroked and licked and sucked her large pink nipples.

Soon she was wet as the rivers of the Rhine, and she craved him to enter her. And so he did, his over-developed member stretching her tight, moist walls in a way that made her cry out in womanly passion.

And they were fucking. She gripped him tightly with her muscled thighs as he thrust into her, and she bucked with his movements, relishing the way his thick cock expanded her tunnel. He was a magnificent lover, and with her former knowledge as a man, she knew how to please one. She had never indulged too much in vice as a man, being devout, but after a battle when the blood was still up he had allowed a wench to throw herself at him. Now, *she* did the same things those wenches did. She nibbled at his neck, pulled him down so his face was in her massive tits, stroked his back as he inserted himself ever deeper.

“You are the g-greatest woman I’ve had! I am unworthy!”

“You are *not!*” she cried. “You are the best I’ve had! You please this Valkyrie! But you must spend your seed inside me, that your line may breed true, and have a Valkyrie’s spirit for ages yet to come!”

It sent the berserker over the edge. She squeezed her sensitive tits again, thrust one final time. The two exploded in orgasm together, she roaring as if she were in battle, crying out in agonised bliss, unbelieving what she was doing. Moments later she felt the rush of his warm seed flooding her tunnel.



And then it was done.

She escorted him to the mead halls, and kissed him deeply before the other einherjar, as was her duty, to let all know that he had been given the 'comfort' of Sigrdrífa. The men cheered, and many were jealous. But she simply stepped past her sisters and her Queen, asking to be excused.

"Of course, my daughter," Frigg said softly, cupping her chin. "The first time is difficult, especially to a former man, and a Christian heathen too. But it will be easier."

"Yes, my Queen," she bowed, unable to do anything else.

She retreated back to her lodging and collapsed, grateful for the mead close by. She needed to drown her sorrows.

She needed to forget how pleasurable that was. How good it felt.

And who she had been thinking about as she had fucked the Norseman. She reached for the drink and was unable to grab it. She tried again and failed.

"Ah, of course," she said, a little morosely, but with some bitter humour creeping into her voice as well. She caressed her flat stomach idly in the large gap between her two pieces of armour. "An expecting woman should not drink."

She broke into laughter. It was ridiculous enough that she had to look in the mirror. She was caught between anxiety and resignation, between fear and amusement. She imagined an expanding stomach in her current armour.

"I'll cut quite a sight, transporting souls, with a ballooning belly. "Not quite the Virgin Mary, am I!?"

## **Epilogue: To Valhalla**

Years passed. Sigrdrífa was indeed pregnant from her coupling with Ragnarr, and she swelled with his child over following months. The other Valkyries found some amusement in this, but as she was forced to set aside combat training and simply watch from the sidelines, there was a strange sort of acceptance that was granted to her by them. As if in carrying a child - the ultimate female act - she had become one of their sisters in full. Even Sigrund treated her better, and welcomed her to their feasting table.

It was a good thing too, because finding herself expectant was a foreign experience for Sigrdrífa, and enough to finally shatter apart her former faith. She was, after all, carrying within her the child of a great Viking warrior, one she was destined to birth, feed, and nurture for several months before giving over to his remaining family on Midgard: a gift to continue his great line, and with even greater strength and health. The only problem was, the former male knight had to be the one to bear the child. And just because she was a Valkyrie didn't

absolve her of a woman's morning sickness, or tender breasts, or mood swings either. It was these that her new sisters aided her with, and her Queen, who knew pregnancy well, and served as a midwife to her 'daughters.'

It was a good thing too, as just because she had *some* duties off, didn't mean she had all of them. Odin was still around to tease and torment her in the aftermath of his trickery, and his jibes only hit harder now that she was swelling in pregnancy, her midsection bloating even as she went to fetch souls in need of ferrying.

"My, my, what wonderful work I've weaved upon you, dear Valkyrie!" the All Father joked as she went to set off in her sixth month. By then, even her breasts had bloated up a little. "But of course, you weave your own magic now. Not even I can indulge in the arcane arts of creating life, but you have a long future ahead of you of doing just that for your Norse partners, Sigrdrifa."

"Yes, my King," was all she could say, "I will endeavour to do all in your name."

"Ha! You're no fun anymore, not now that you're broken to our will. Still, I sense a tiny bit of resistance in you. May it always remain, so that you never forget."

She never did, certainly not in the birthing bed, which was more terrible than she could have ever imagined. Her sisters held her as she spread her thighs and pushed, and Frigg herself guided the birth, acting as midwife, encouraging her as the former stoic man cried tears of anguish, until finally she pushed one last time and felt her babe exit her.

A little boy.

It was impossible not to love him. Ragnarr was ecstatic, but it was at her milky breast that his child fed for several months, until he was strong enough to make the journey to Midgard against her chest. It was a sorrowful thing, to part with a child she had carried, labored, and nurtured, but it was right. She could sense it in her duties: Ragnarr's family would raise his son, and know always that he had been blessed in the bed of a Valkyrie with a strong line. And besides, she could watch his development from afar.

And so continued her endless duties. She regained her figure by magic, and upon her wings she flew back to combat, both real and practiced, in defence of the nine realms of which she now accepted her part. And from time to time she gave a newly arrived warrior comfort in the bed, growing to like the feeling of it. She even became used to occasionally bearing a child, having born five across nine years. Each one was passed back to Midgard, but she kept her eye on all of them, and to her own surprise she began praying to her new Gods that they would be safe. In fact, she had not prayed to her old faith for years, and likely would not again.

There was only one remnant of that old life she could not forget. It was the face she often thought of when she pleased herself, or faced down hardship and battle, or even took another man inside her. She missed her good friend Hans, his company from years and

years back to before they were even truly men. But she knew she would not likely see him again.

Which was why it was so odd when Odin decided to be present when her Queen gave her the latest quest to take a great Viking warrior and bring him to Valhalla.

“You will lay with him,” Odin added, “and bear him a child. He has been a most loyal follower of the faith, despite much of his life. Yes, he was once Christian, and yet he changed to adopt a Norse life, fighting his former brothers to defend many a fortification. He was even made a clan member, and titled a berserker for his new devotion to the Vakyries. One in particular, in fact. You.”

She just scoffed. “No doubt hearing stories of my bosom and comforting ways, is that why you come to tell me in person, All Father?”

But he just chuckled, and Frigg herself gave a mischievous smile, most unlike her usual imperious self.

“You will see what I mean. In fact, I think you will not be unhappy, Sigrdrifa, though I will derive some amusement from it. Perhaps you will too.”

“But you must be off!” Queen Frigg ordered.

She followed her Queen's orders, and took to the skies. She was not currently pregnant, and so mounting Knight was easy. She leapt through the portal to Midgard, and landed upon a ruined fortification. The story here was easy to see for any battle veteran: the Vikings had been attacked, and had fought bravely while the women, children, and elderly escaped. The tracks told the story. As did the bodies.

One in particular had the soul she was looking for. A wild man with auburn hair cut down brutally, surrounded by soldiers of Germanic origin. But when she plucked his soul and it unfurled into human form before her, she gasped, stepping back.

“Impossible. Hans?”

The man smiled, small tears falling from his eyes. He ran and embraced the taller woman, and she hugged him back, uncaring that he was pressing her bosom against her chest. I

“My friend. My good friend! But - how?”

He pulled back, still holding her shoulders, looking up and down her body with fascination. “I had to, Sigrdrifa. That is your name now, isn't it? After all I saw and what you said, I couldn't keep my old faith any longer. I ventured north and lost myself, and was made a thrall for a time. But after escaping, I returned to help push back an attack. They kept me, and after a time I was made a clan member. I initiated into the rites of the Norsemen, and became one of them over time. Nine long years since that day I last saw you. I had to see you again. I couldn't stop thinking about you, or the revelations you brought me, or - or . . .”

She pulled him with her strength towards her, and kissed him deeply.

“I understand, my friend. I think Odin has played his longest trick yet upon us. Neither of us cling to our old faith anymore, but a new life awaits us, at least, in Valhalla.”

“Can I - is it possible to be with you?”

She furrowed her brow. “In the way that you hope? Perhaps not. But in some form, yes. But let’s not think about what Frigg or Valkyries or Odin himself will say. For now, dear Hans, my friend, you are awaited in Valhalla.”

She smiled, pressing her beautiful form against him. She dismissed her horse with the flick of her wrist, and extended her wings outwards in a display of power and beauty.

“And I am to bring you comfort there, and give you the heir you were always meant to have.”

He grinned, and the two kissed again, lust rising between them. She flapped her wings and took to the sky, carrying him with her, all the way through the white gate, to the realm of Asgard, to the halls of Valhalla, and to her lodgings.

And from there, to the bed of Vakyrie Sigrdrifa.

**The End**