

Vikings

Jezebel Rose



NOTE TO READERS

This is a new erotic story with explicit themes involving sex and rape. Intended for mature audiences. This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. **All persons in this story are 18 or older.** This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Copyright © 2023 Jezebel Rose

Visit the author's website: www.Jezebel-Rose.com

The Neon Rose is a registered Trademark of Jezebel Rose as is her cover designs and written stories.

Contents

How would you like a **custom erotica story** written for you? I will write and edit your desire to perfection.

Send me an email at jezebelrose1@protonmail.com

Vikings

Vikings surged into an English city, their blood boiling with exhilaration. They lusted after exotic plunder, especially the innocent young women – all ripe for raping and breeding. The massive Viking warriors twitched in anticipation as they stormed into battle, ready to unleash their carnal desires...!

Useful Links

[New Erotica](#)

[New Erotica Bundles](#)

[Jezebel Rose Collection Series](#)

[New Incest Erotica](#)

[New Rape Erotica](#)

[New Cuckold Erotica](#)

[New Bestiality Erotica](#), [Dog Sex](#), [Horse Sex](#),

[Daddy](#), [Siblings](#), [Mother Daughter](#), [Mother Son](#)

[Sex Slavery](#), [Rape](#), [Gang Rape](#), [Bestiality](#), [Paranormal](#), [Barely Legal](#), [Time Stop](#)

Cuckold, Lesbian, Birthing

BDSM, Sadism, Humiliation, Masochism

Historical, Romance, Paranormal, Mind Control, Virgin

Adventure, Science Fiction, Interracial, Historical, Cannibalism

Time Stop, Softcore, Hucow, Horror, Bukakke

<3 Love <3

I use my website as a hub for all my adult entertainment platforms.

Check it out!

www.Jezebel-Rose.com

Vikings

Viking longships cut through deep blue sea like a fleet of ravenous wolves. The massive wooden hulls of the vessels glinted in the twilight sky, a mix of orange and purple hues, and the warriors aboard roared with joy. In anticipation of battle and glory, they shouted and sang ancient verses in their native tongue.

The oars of the ships dug into the ocean, a chorus of deep splashes that echoed like thunder, while the warriors banged their swords against the hulls in a show of strength and determination. The sun was setting, and the stars were beginning to appear in the night sky, lending an otherworldly beauty to the scene.

The air tasted of salty sea and brave deeds, a promise of triumph that filled the lungs of all aboard. The boats creaked with anticipation as the kindred spirits shared in their collective pride and excitement, a burning desire to prove their courage through the ultimate test: an epic journey for honor, glory, and fame.

The city walls engulfed the horizon, a monumental fortress of granite and mortar standing sentinel in the night. The warriors bellowed with elation as their oars carved through the waves, pounding an ominous beat upon the water's surface. In response, fiery torches were lit upon the ramparts, painting the sky with a blaze of orange and red, heralding the imminent confrontation with destiny.

The longships surged towards the shore, their sails billowing and oars slicing through the waves like a boatful of slaving beasts. The warriors saw the fear in their enemies' eyes as they made out details of the soldiers standing atop the walls, ready to meet their doom. A deafening roar of battle cries erupted from the lips of the Vikings as their bloodlust boiled over and filled their hearts with an insatiable desire for war.

The longboats continued to surge towards the shore, their sails billowing and oars slicing through the waves like a boatful of slaving beasts. As they neared the entrance to the harbor, a shock wave rocked through their vessels; it was then that they realized what had stopped them from being hit by arrows. It was a defensive line of fire ships blocking off entry into the port.

All around them, arrows flew through the air in a deadly shower, most ricocheting off the shields held up by the Vikings. With no other option, they prepared for an all-out assault on the flaming blockade. The warriors grabbed their weapons and charged forward with blood-curdling screams, determined to break through and reach their destination.

England's ships were ablaze with bright orange flames and thick black smoke, yet none reached their targets. But soon enough, one brave warrior managed to set one of them ablaze with his torch, allowing them all to finally breach the blockade unscathed.

Onwards they went with renewed vigor and determination. They charged onto land as if storming a besieged city, whooping and hollering as if possessed by some ancient spirit. Their blades clashed against steel in blinding

flashes of light while swords screamed through the air in a dizzying cacophony of destruction.

The sound of metal clashing against metal filled the air as the Vikings charged forth, determined to win or die trying. Arrows rained from above, but their shield walls held firm and their courage never wavered. Despite taking losses along the way, nothing short of death would stop these brave warriors from achieving their goal.

Finally, they reached shore and were met with a formidable line of defenders standing between them and their victory--their enemies' stronghold. With a battle cry of "Valhalla!" they surged forward in one massive wave, ignoring the arrows and stones that flew around them as if they were mere insects. Bravely they fought their way through enemy lines toward inevitable victory.

The defenders finally yielded under the sheer ferocity of the Viking onslaught, allowing them to break into the stronghold. They stormed through its gates with weapons drawn and fury in their hearts; no mercy was shown to those who defied their will.

Inside, Vikings found the citizens in chaos, running for cover and screaming in terror. The massive warriors laughed as they surged through the streets, their eyes filled with a thirst for the women. They rounded up the male citizens, dragging them outside into the courtyard, where they bound all in chains.

The Vikings, satisfied with the spoils of war, began to search the fray for the real plunder: women. They quickly rounded up all the women in the city and dragged them into a large group by the entrance, where they were forced to kneel in defeat. The Viking leader surveyed his captives, his eyes blazing with a strange hunger as he licked his lips hungrily.

The women were terrified and filled with despair; no matter how much they pleaded and begged for mercy, none could be found. To make matters worse, some younger women had caught the eye of a few of the more savage Vikings. They tried to hide and escape, but it was futile – their fate was sealed.

The girls screamed in terror as they were ripped away from their homes. Clad only in the thinnest garments, their nude figures glowed like ivory in the faint moonlight. The Vikings' breath was hot on their necks and backs as they shuddered and shook with fear. One by one, the women raped repeatedly by the men before were dragged to the longships, where the cruel invaders unleashed unspeakable acts of violence against them – raping their bodies over and over as if it were something to be enjoyed.

The Viking, Saeton, loomed before the petrified family. His powerful body glistened with sweat, and muscles bulged from beneath his armor as he cracked his knuckles. The man and his two daughters cowered in fear while his wife trembled, her eyes wide and fearful.

Saeton stepped closer to the woman and began to untie her dress. He licked his lips hungrily at the sight of her body, exposed in its natural beauty. "Why don't you tell me which one of the three I should fuck first," he growled

seductively, eyeing them each up and down with a smile. "Perhaps it will be your beautiful wife, or maybe a daughter... or two."

The husband cried out in desperation, begging for mercy, "No! None! Please, God, save us!" But Saeton did not take kindly to being denied what he wanted. Saeton stepped forward and grabbed the youngest daughter on the right. She was a sexy young thing and had to be one of the hottest nubile girls he had ever seen. Grabbing her by the wrist, he threw her over a nearby slave cage and laughed as he felt the girl try to flee.

The sexy young woman screamed in horror as Saeton began to feel under her clothes, touching her hard nipples. Once again, her father tried to intervene and begged the Viking not to take his daughter's innocence. But instead of mercy, all he received was a swift backhand to the face for his efforts. At that moment, Saeton seemed to forget about the other two women in the room and focused solely on raping the daughter before him.

He grabbed her wrists tightly and quickly ripped off her bra – reveling in every inch of exposed flesh like a trophy hunter savoring his victory. When she was wearing nothing but her hair tie, Saeton tore it off and threw it away before mounting her virgin body beneath him.

"Fuck," Saeton groaned, feeling the warmth of the pussy tighten around his cock. He could feel his balls against her hairless cunt, repeatedly smacking with each heavy thrust. The wetness leaked down his dick and balls before dripping to the floor, creating a puddle of cum.

The adorable brunette gasped in anguish as he aggressively rose above her, his body pressed against hers like two inferno flames colliding. She desperately wanted to cry out, but all that escaped was a faint whimper as the pain intensified with each powerful thrust. He buried himself deep into her soul, their energy intertwining and creating an eruption of pleasure mingled with pain – slicing through her like a knife, yet rendering her powerless to the overwhelming sensation coursing through her veins.

Saeton's eyes rolled back in ecstasy as he felt his orgasm approach. He grabbed the girl's wrists and pinned them above her head, unleashing all his pent-up desire onto her fragile body. Suddenly, his heart began to beat faster than ever before, and a wave of pleasure ripped through him like thunder. With one final thrust, Saeton released himself into her, filling her with all that was left in his balls.

When it was over and the pleasure had been spent, Saeton wore a satisfied smirk. He stood up from the bed and admired his work with pride – the naked form of the girl lying on the bed before him, still quivering from their intense experience together. He turned to look at the other two women in the room and smiled devilishly. "Which one should I take next?" he asked demandingly.

The other two women quickly shrank away in fear, not wanting to answer or even look at Saeton anymore. The father put his arms around them protectively while glaring daggers at Saeton, silently cursing him for taking away his daughter's innocence so mercilessly. Utterly unfazed by their

reactions, Saeton simply laughed and grabbed the oldest daughter by her arm before leading her back to the bed, where he also repeated his earlier actions with her.

Once again, Saeton let go of himself in an explosion of pleasure as he slammed into her repeatedly, continuously leaving both girls breathless and exhausted after what seemed like an eternity of sadistic delight for them both.

"Your daughter's tits are fantastic," Saeton smirked as he tore apart the young woman's dirty white clothing. "Look at those perky little nipples, would you?"

"You are sick!" The father figure shouted, covering his daughter's eyes and comforting his wife. "Get out of here! Fuck you!" His words fell on ears that did not understand the language while he watched.

Saeton let out a throaty, knowing laugh. These women were undeniably gorgeous – their curves were perfect and inviting – but they weren't quite the type Saeton sought. He preferred something more savage: wider hips, more wildness, and ferocity to them. Fuck, he thought, his cock twitching with desire at the mere thought of it.

The daughter was devastated and broken as she endured the horrendous violation before her family's wide-eyed, petrified stares. Her despondency ran deeper still as she realized there was nothing she could do to halt the Viking invader's hellish rampage of depravity and debauchery through her once peaceful home. Not a single curse word or anguished plea passed her lips, but

the silent tears that streamed down her cheeks spoke volumes in the face of such abject humiliation and desecration.

Time seemed to stand still as Saeton continued to take what he wanted – until finally, after what seemed like an eternity of pleasure, it was over, and he rolled off of her broken body with a satisfied sigh. He stood up and straightened himself before turning his attention back towards the family cowering in fear.

The girl screamed in horror, her words echoing through the room. Saeton looked at her, a sadistic smirk on his face as he tightened his grip around her thin wrists. "Let me go!" She begged desperately, tears streaming down her face. Even though she and her sister were both eighteen, they were not to lose their virginity until married under God's name.

But instead of taking mercy on her, Saeton just laughed and continued his assault mercilessly, pushing her undergarment aside and screwing himself inside her wet little pussy. He pushed his body to its limits with each thrust. The father stood in the corner of the room, a spectator to Saeton's cruelty – his fists clenched and jaw tight, uttering not a sound but radiating rage in every fiber of his being.

"You see," he said calmly yet menacingly, "this is what happens when you disobey me." With that said, Saeton ordered two of his men to take the daughter back to the ships while he took possession of their mother for himself – much to the husband's protests.

After the Vikings left his house, the humiliated husband watched helplessly as Saeton grabbed his wife by the arm and took her onto one of the longships. Crying, he begged God why such a thing would happen to him.

The women were forced onto their knees and were taught to serve the Vikings in any way they desired. Many were violated in every way imaginable, while others were forced to watch in terror as their mothers and sisters were raped in front of their eyes. "Please, no!" The screams came and went, every woman undergoing the same trials.

The barbaric Vikings showed no mercy, and the women were subjected to heinous acts of depravity and humiliation. There was no escaping their fate, no matter how desperately they prayed or begged for it to end, as they were violated in ways they could never have imagined.

This nightmare was just a prelude to a much darker fate for many of these women. Numerous were sold into slavery or became concubines, while others were taken as wives.

Thirty-seven women were tied together in the center of town. Standing and waiting for their fate, they watched as several Viking warriors walked in front of them, examining their fruitful bodies. Each woman felt the dirty hands touching their privates under their dresses and wondered if they would make it out. "Please," they repeatedly begged, tears streaming down their face while being fingered.

One of the younger women, Isa, stepped out of line, easily sliding her hands from the bondage. She lunged at the nearest Viking, who stood nearly five feet over her head. Looking up, she suddenly became terrified and knew she had made a mistake.

"No!" The nubile girl's mother shouted, reaching for her daughter with bound hands. "Please don't hurt Isa!"

The words these females spoke made the Vikings laugh. They didn't understand nor care what they were screaming.

Two of the Viking men stepped forward and grabbed hold of Isa. They easily held her in position while another man grabbed her loins and pulled them to her knees. He chuckled and pulled out his cock. Smacking it against the young woman's pussy, he wondered if it would feel different from what he had been used to.

He thrust into the eighteen-year-old with one healthy motion and tore away her virginity.

He felt the tightness of her vagina and couldn't help but enjoy the sensation. He was so far gone in lust that he had forgotten where he was and what he was doing. In fact, it wasn't until his companions started to laugh that his trance began to fade away.

The other Viking warriors joined him in the act, each taking turns raping Isa and using her body for their own pleasure. She cried out in pain as they took turns violating her cunt, and she felt completely helpless as she prayed for it to end soon.

The abuse continued for hours, with each man taking turns pleasuring himself on the once-innocent girl's body. When they were finished, they carelessly discarded her broken body onto the ground, leaving her lying there in a pool of tears and cum-soaked dirt.

As Isa lay there trying to gather herself, she noticed all the other women around her suffering similar horrors. Her heart was heavy as she looked into each of their eyes, knowing this nightmare would never be forgotten.

Isa cried out as different men took turns on her. Numbness spread out from her center as she felt it happening but couldn't fight back. Every man seemed to get increasingly aggressive, and Isa knew she could not withstand it for much longer. Looking down, she saw cum dripping from between her legs and thought about whether she had been impregnated by these invaders.

To ensure nobody forgot what had happened here today, the Vikings decided to leave a lasting reminder; they tattooed a symbol onto the forehead of every woman who had been violated by them – a sign which would serve as an eternal reminder of their suffering and pain.

From then on, these women were forever known as "the marked,"; branded with a reminder of their trauma which could never be erased or forgotten even if time healed some of their wounds.

Randolf had emerged as the leader of the Viking raiders. He was a fierce warrior; his determination and strength had seen him break through all obstacles in the port. As they set sail away from their enemies' stronghold,

Randolf looked around at the ships filled with their spoils: slaves and various precious items. It was time to take everything back home to the Viking village center.

The women were bound together and marched off the ships onto land, where they were then led by Randolf himself back to the village center. The villagers gathered around to examine these new English captives, their eyes wide with awe. They marveled at their beauty and exotic skin – none feeling pity for these women who had been taken against their will.

Randolf seemed especially taken with one woman amongst the slaves; he selected her from amongst her companions, separating her from them and bringing her into his house. She was a cute nubile with jet-black hair that cascaded down her back like a waterfall. Those who noticed could only guess what would happen next. Randolf knew precisely how he wanted to treat her: not with respect or honor as if she were a real Viking wife but as his humiliated sex slave.

He ensured she was enslaved to his home, eventually providing fine furs and plunders. Gradually, she became accustomed to her new life as Randolf's concubine, ultimately developing intense love and hatred toward him...

*

Useful Links

[New Erotica](#)

New Incest Erotica

New Erotica Bundles

Jezebel Rose Collection Series

New Rape Erotica

New Cuckold Erotica

New Bestiality Erotica, Dog Sex, Horse Sex,

Daddy, Siblings, Mother Daughter, Mother Son

Sex Slavery, Rape, Gang Rape, Bestiality, Paranormal, Barely Legal, Time Stop

Cuckold, Lesbian, Birthing

BDSM, Sadism, Humiliation, Masochism

Historical, Romance, Paranormal, Mind Control, Virgin

Adventure, Science Fiction, Interracial, Historical, Cannibalism

Time Stop, Softcore, Hucow, Horror, Bukakke

<3 Love <3

How would you like a **custom story** written for you? I will write and edit your
desire to perfection.

All you have to do is send me an email.

jezebelrose1@protonmail.com

Newsletter: <http://eepurl.com/5hSQX>

Website: <https://jezebel-rose.com/>

Discord: <https://discord.gg/9zN3NvQ>

The Neon Rose is a registered Trademark of Jezebel Rose as is her cover designs and written stories.

Infringements, attempts to reproduce or copy any of Jezebel Roses' designs or stories will immediately be met with charges that may exceed \$250,000 and up to 25 years in prison by Criminal Court under Ohio State Law. You will be pursued for, but not limited to, loss of sales, copyright infringement, short- and long-term damages, and any harm to Jezebel Roses' reputation.

Infringements will not receive C&D prior to legal action. You will be required by law to show in Criminal Court under the Copyright Law of the United States (Title 17) and CASE Act of 2020.

If you choose to attempt reproduce, copy, or otherwise hurt Jezebel Roses' reputation will result in immediate legal action with letter to residence of infringer in the least amount of \$25,000 per infringement.

Please report any copyright concerns to JezebelRose1@protonmail.com. If copyright infringement is found, you may receive an award up to \$5,000 cash.

Find more details about this on www.Jezebel-Rose.com