

Rock the Boat
Soap/Ghost Viking AU

The heavy boot stepped on the young viking's face, pressing hard as the tip of a sword was pressed into his back. "Yield, heathen. These lands aren't yours." A string of curses in old Norse left Jon's lips as he squirmed under the Saxon boot. Housecarl Simon Riley of King Alfred was one of the most deadly fighters in the war pushing the Norse and Dane forces back, driving them out of the last kingdom of this land.

"It's ours cuz we took it!" He said in accented English, laughing at the knight. The boot and sword were lifted off his back, and he sighed in relief before he was kicked over, laying on his belly as the blade pressed under his bearded chin. Those blue eyes looked up to see both a hated and respected enemy. He fancied himself like the Christian Grim Reaper, a skeleton cloaked and armored with a skull-faced helm like he rode in the Wild Hunt.

"Well, we're taking it back. Along with whatever else we please." That last sentence sent a shiver down Jon's spine. His bare chest heaved up and down at the implications. They were alone in these woods, with nary a soul to see the outcome. Jon didn't consider himself a loose man. He had lovers in the past, men and women both. He hadn't seen an inch of this man's skin, but his voice, his talent, his raw power, it made him shamefully weak.

"And am I included in what you're taking, Ser Riley?" He cocked his head to the side, smirking. He had a temple shave, leaving the hair on the top of his head and the back, which was braided and marked with different rings of metal.

"That depends on if you're agreeable." The phantom of a man said.

"Oh aye? You've beaten me in combat, and I'm subject to be your thrall now by my people's laws. Unless you want to let me die in battle." His blue eyes flicked to his ax, the haft of it broken from the head by a well placed shield blow to the back.

"That's an honor for your people, isn't it? What would you prefer?" Jon was surprised at the chance this man would let him die and enter Valhalla. Either he respected his choices, or he was a cocky bastard looking forward to showing off his skill again.

"I can hardly win with only an axe head."

"Lucky you, then, you only have to die." The words shouldn't have sent another shiver up his spine again, but they did. The menace, the control. He cursed his body for starting to feel aroused under the threat this man posed, but he couldn't help it.

"I'd prefer to die fighting at my best. Which is not now. I could fight for you though, I'm not the best of friends with Ubba." Ubba Ragnarson was one of the war leaders of the Vikings invading these lands. He and his brothers had not been the most popular of individuals with those who were not aligned with them. Jon knew Hel took traitors and cowards, but he could fight for his own reasons and die against others who weren't part of his war band. After all the Northmen and Danes fought each other regularly.

"I don't think I'd trust you on the battlefield standing beside Saxons." That gravelly voice rumbled. "But I have an idea for that." Before Jon could think, the armored shin guards of the

Ghost Knight were pinning his upper arms, and the man's crotch was in his face. Jon felt his hips buck involuntarily.

"What in Loki's ball hair are you doing?!" He shouted, trying to regain his composure as he struggled under the larger man.

"Interesting choice of words, dreng." He undid his belt, letting his fauld clatter down before he undid his trousers, pulling out a prize that made Jon salivate. A thick, half-hard cock set beneath a bush of light blonde hair. His mind was fixated on the size, the smell, the shape, but also that under that mask was a pretty blonde haired man.

"If you're loyal, you'll take me to the hilt. If not, you'll take my sword to the hilt."

"Fuck..." Jon swallowed, hesitant at first until Simon grabbed his braid, pushing his face up into his crotch. Jon winced at first, then reveled in the thick, pulsing rod of flesh pressing against his face. Simon lowered his pants more, revealing his thick, heavy balls. He wasn't surprised they weren't shaved, the Saxons seemed to care less about their hygiene than the northmen.

"Come on now, suck the cock of the man who owns you now." He could hear the smirk in Ghost's voice.

"Hel take your head, bastard, you're sick if—mmph!" Jon's braid was pulled forward and the tip of that thick shaft was forced down his throat, making his big blue eyes roll back as he took the full length. He felt it pulsing, hardening, using his mouth to become fully erect. To torment him further, he reached back, lifting up the furred loincloth and grabbing that hard cock.

"Cursing me for being a sick bastard when you have this down below? That's awfully rich coming from you, Dane." That insufferable smirk was back in his voice, though Jon hardly had a lot of time to come up with a witty retort as that cock was shoved down his throat. With his arms pinned and head under the control of Ghost, all he could do was accept the brutal facefuck. His traitorous cock was pulsing under the attention of that gloved hand, and it didn't help he was jerking it so slowly through his undergarments, torturously teasing him as he fucked his face so vigorously. It was an asymmetrical coordination that was driving Jon wild more and more every second.

"Mmgmhkkh!!" He shouted, though it came out as moans and gags as Simon's balls kept hitting his chin, that cock bottoming out in his throat. Suddenly the other man's hand sped up, jerking his cock hard and fast through his clothes. Despite the two layers separating their skin, Jon's sensitivity and arousal was pushing him close to his limit. The denial of contact made him crave sensation more, bucking his hips as he fucked the other man's fingers needily. His eyes rolled back once more as he felt himself cumming already, shooting his thick load out, making a wet, sticky mess of his drawers.

Finally Ghost pulled back, letting Jon breathe a little, though it came out as whimpering moans as his hips twitched, and his cock pulsed, pushing out the last drops of his semen. Looking down he could see the fluid push through to the other side of his clothes, the pearly milk strained through his underwear that he'd made a mess of. He hadn't a moment to rest though

before Ghost all but tore them off, a savagery that would have made a northman like Jon blush, and indeed it did.

“Well look at that. You born without hair down here, or do you shave it in case a big strong man wants to look at your pretty cock?” Simon teased him. Grabbing his booted calves before he could respond, Ghost pushed Jon’s legs up, placing the back of his ankles on his shoulders as he got down between those legs, his slick cock pressing against Jon’s needy hole.

“Fuck, ah fuck, wait...” He begged. He was still so sensitive, he didn’t know if he could take this.

“You really want to wait? You want me not to do this to you?” The skull face leaned in closer, and Jon could see those dark blue eyes set deep in the helmet. Gods, he wanted to suck on this man’s tongue so badly, to feel his lips crashing against his.

“I...” He stammered. Ghost’s cock was twitching against his sensitive pucker, feeling fiery hot to the touch. There was an itch in his belly he needed scratching, but Jon couldn’t form the words, his brain wouldn’t allow them to form.

“Well, if you don’t want it...” The loss of Ghost’s cock against his hole was almost painful. Jon moved his legs from Ghost’s grasp, wrapping them around the knight’s waist and keeping him close. The larger man chuckled darkly. “No no, use your words, you pretty thing.” If his face wasn’t blazing red before, it was now.

“Fuck me... Fuck me hard...” His voice was a hoarse prayer to his new god. This skull faced Christian man had conquered him body and soul. Jon could see the sadistic grin behind that mask as he gave him what he begged for, pushing that cock inside and splitting him open. Jon’s head flew back as he cried out. It was so hot, and so deep inside of him. And still he needed more. He couldn’t even form the words to beg for more, but luckily he didn’t need to. Simon did what his body naturally demanded, thrusting his hips as he worked on pleasing himself.

His hips moved harder than when he was fucking Jon’s pretty mouth, clearly not wanting to have damaged him. His ass though? Oh, it was a solid, firm ass from years of running, climbing, and battle. His ass could take this kind of pounding. The sound of Simon’s lap clapping against the viking’s ass was loud enough to be heard over his loud whimpers and heavy breathing. Jon reached up, curling his fingers in the black robe of his former enemy. How had this all happened so fast?

Jon didn’t care anymore. No war mattered, no raid could feel as good as this. Maybe the Christian God would let him into their heaven, if he wasn’t there already. Tears formed in his eyes from the pain of having his ass stretched open, but the intense pleasure mixed with it made it all the more enjoyable. It was too good. He’d never been claimed like this before. Over him, the growling grunts of the knight sounded like they were coming from some giant troll or beast, claiming the powerful body of the viking.

His hole desperately clung to that thick, blazing shaft as it ruined him over and over again, making him feel frail and vulnerable and small. The formerly fearless and powerful man felt so exposed and submissive to his enemy, he shouldn’t be feeling this way! But by the gods, was it worth it all.

“Someone’s enjoying themselves.” Simon said with his cocky tone before pulling out. Before Jon could protest, he was flipped over, his hips pulled back to put him on his hands and knees as suddenly he was filled again. His cock was getting hard again underneath him as he was fucked like an animal from behind. The clapping was even louder now as his cheeks took more of the force of those thrusts. He felt his body rocking like he was on a longship while Thor beat his anvil, making Njord’s waters rise and roil while thunder clapped above.

He felt bare, callused fingers pushed into his mouth, making him moan and whimper around them as Ghost’s other hand wrapped around his cock. Both had the gloves removed, showing those strong, scarred hands. Jon thrust his ass back into Simon’s, moaning hard as he struggled to maintain any semblance of composure, feeling himself reeling more and more. Ghost had all the vigor of Frey in his most fertile of springs, and the stamina of Baldur, not having cum once. By the way that thick, powerful rod jumped and twitched inside of his hole though, Jon could tell that would change.

Using what control over his body he still had, the viking clamped down, using the muscular walls to work on draining his new lover. Or perhaps new master? Was this how the Saxons treated all their thralls? He could get used to it. “Fuck, you little whore, trying to get me to cum already?” Simon growled.

“‘Ahreahy?’ You’ve ‘een pwowing my afh all nigh’!” While not entirely accurate, the moon had rose over their heads, likely enjoying the show it was being given. Jon cried out around Simon’s fingers as the knight’s other hand left his cock and instead slapped his ass hard.

“No back talk with your mouth full, it’s rude.” He chuckled to himself before reaching under Jon and stroking him harder and faster, his cock still slick with his own semen from earlier. The man’s hand wasn’t just large and strong but skilled, fingers applying pressure in just the right way at the right time during those downward and upward strokes to get Jon to start fucking them. At the same time, he rutted his ass backwards into the cock that was plowing and raiding his tight hole. It was all so much. Their momentary little exchange distracted him from his encroaching climax, but Ghost’s doubled efforts pushed him right up to the edge.

And then over it. “Oohhgufuuuuuuuccckhghhk!!” Blue eyes teared up and rolled back one more time as his spine arched, pleasure coursing through him as he spilled his seed into the ground, thick, heavy spurts from having his sensitive ass fucked ravenously. Behind him he heard the growls rising into a bellow as hot, thick semen poured into his tight hole, making him shiver. Gods, there was no end to it... Thick, heavy ropes of essence flooded Jon’s body, so much so it spurted out around Simon’s cock, leaving rivulets pouring down his hindquarters as he shivered in their shared orgasm.

Jon would have collapsed if it weren’t for Simon catching him and holding his body close. “So...” He said through ragged breaths. “Think you’ll be loyal to me now?”

“Yes... always...” Jon didn’t know if he could live without this cock now. This man. It had changed him, marked him. “I’m er, Jon... by the way. Other northman call me Soap.”

“Do you make soap?” Simon asked, genuinely seeming curious as he brushed some loose strands of hair out of Jon’s face. He had to fight the urge not to nuzzle into those fingers.

“Ah, no, it’s a joke, since I get messy during battles.”

“Messy can be good. I think I’ll call you Jonny, too.” Ghost hummed as he held himself inside of the other man, warming their bodies on the cold night.

“Call me anything you like. I’m yours.