

# WIDEBROS



**MIGHT AND MUSCLE**  
**- Son of Throg -**

*NOTE: All characters are over eighteen years of age.*

The ocean was still and the tide low, an amber wave washing over the sky as the sun slipped below the horizon. But the waters rumbled and churned by a rocky outcropping, a thudding irregular beat sending ripples through the cold surface. Upon the outcropping stood a crowd of young men, several dozen in a tight circle. Some held torches as the light faded, and in their center two men wrestled. Flesh beat flesh and fist beat fist as the two young warriors fought, emboldened by the cheers of their fellows. Muscles coiled beneath bronzed skin, and flowing golden hair tossed this way and that. As the fight reached a crescendo, one was hoisted upon the back of the other and brought down with an almighty crunch. The clay of the arena split beneath his weight, and his eyes rolled back in a daze.

The circle fell silent, but a cheer quickly erupted as the victor placed on bare foot on the chest of his opponent. The young man raised his arms in the air, fists like boulders, his immense size and strength starkly evident even amongst the crowd of barbarian men in their prime. A towering vision of muscle, he was Thrognar. His icy blue eyes gleamed in the firelight, the sun now gone and his fellows pressed against him, cheering for the strongest amongst them. His fallen opponent was splashed with water and hoisted to his feet – an honorable loss. As Thrognar enjoyed the adoration, the crowd parted and another large warrior marched towards him with two figures hoisted over his shoulders. A young man and a young woman, both virginal and ripe for the champion's attention. They each looked back over the man's shoulder at Thrognar with awe and a touch of fear. The crowd watched with interest, to see which prize he would take for the night. Thrognar looked at the two pert asses presented before him for a moment, before grinning and reaching out to take them both. The crowd roared its approval, expecting nothing less from their champion. The longhouse awaited him, for this would be his last night in the frozen north.

Thrognar felt the crowd's hunger – they wanted something to remember. Gently, he laid the maiden upon a stone altar at the height of the outcropping. Fear streaked across her face, but he looked into her eyes, and winked. His hands were warm and gentle, and as she began to relax, he leaned down to kiss her softly. The crowd rumbled approvingly, watching intently as the barbarian ran his hands down her fertile body and parted her legs. At this, the crowd exploded into a roaring cheer once more, watching Thrognar ravage the maiden upon the altar. Her squeals of pleasure pierced through the crowd as he took his prize, and took his time. Ale and boar were brought forth, and crowd celebrated the night's games. A friendly contest of strength on the eve of the Wandering, where young barbarians freshly of age would venture into the world to cut their own path. If he returned, he would have tales worthy of the bards and the strength to call himself a true barbarian. Some sought glory, riches and power in their Wandering. Some sought triumphs more personal.

With the maiden sated and the crowd joyous, Thrognar turned to the young man. His eyes were still wide with fear – he was not a barbarian himself, but clearly a captive from one of raiding parties along the coast. He had soft, pale skin and auburn hair. His eyes shone like emeralds. The youth thought perhaps he had been forgotten as the warrior fucked the maiden ravenously, but the expression on Thrognar's face revealed his hunger. Hoisting him back over one enormous shoulder, Thrognar carried him to the longhouse in the distance. Excitement rippled through the youth's body as he felt an enormous hand glide over his exposed buttocks, one finger looping through the pure white thong between his cheeks.

Thrognar stretched it back, before releasing it, letting it snap back against a smooth anus. He yelped in surprise and pleasure. His name was Jerome. He had been kidnapped when his village was raided by the barbarians, and he had dreaded what they might do with him. But thus far, they kept him in comfort and good health. And now he was being carried to a longhouse by the most spectacular man he had ever seen. He knew that barbarians set out on their Wandering once they had seen twenty-one winters – that meant that he and Thrognar were the same age. Though, he was but a fraction of the barbarian's size – the thought made him shiver. But then, he recalled the rapturous cries of the maiden. He hoped the barbarian would treat him with the same care.

Thrognar approached the doors of the longhouse, Jerome over his shoulder. The guards, noting the night's champion, swung the doors wide. A long fire pit ran through the center of the room, illuminating dozens upon dozens of barbarians, fucking and feasting. Muscular asses shone in the firelight, thrusting and bouncing. Thrognar marched through the crowd, groans and cries rippling across the luxuriant haze. Youths were filled and maidens were bred in the celebrations, a last taste of home for any young man preparing for his Wandering.

At the far end of the room, another set of heavy doors were eased open for Thrognar. As they closed behind him, the sounds of the orgy became soft and distant. A large fireplace adorned with trophy heads burned peacefully, and the room was draped from end to end with thick furs and pelts. Thrognar eased his prize down onto a pure white bear pelt by the fire. Jerome looked up at him, utterly at his mercy but his fears dripping away. The barbarian's golden hair glowed brilliantly in the firelight, a lock dangling down to his chest. And his chest – Jerome's arms would not even span the breadth of it. The men of Njorn – a cold, northern continent - were known as the tallest and strongest in the world, on level terms with the orcs. But this one was something else again. Jerome had heard the stories. He wondered if they were true.

Thrognar gently lifted Jerome's legs up and back to his chest, presenting his smooth round ass to the barbarian's face. Thrognar gently kissed down the inside of his thighs, over his cheeks, and pressed his tongue against the tight string of his thong. Jerome's head spun as he felt the firm yet gentle pressure on his anus, Thrognar's tongue playing across the fabric. He giggled at the sensation, and then felt that dexterous tongue loop underneath the thong and pull at it. Thrognar growled gently, seeing his prize's bare, smooth hole exposed before him. Moist from his tongue's adventures, it glistened in firelight. Thrognar wrapped his teeth around the thong strap and gave a single, decisive yank. The fabric tore clean across, and Jerome gasped, pinned in place by his virile captor. Thrognar smirked and plunged his face into the quivering hole, his tongue sliding around and over the entrance, before pressing inside, wriggling incessantly. Jerome inhaled before throwing his head back, gasping and groaning, never having felt any such thing before in his life. The barbarian's tongue eased his tight entrance open and squirmed inside, deeper than Jerome would have thought possible for a tongue. Thrognar felt Jerome's warm, tight walls pressing against his tongue as he ventured deeper.

Jerome writhed back and forth, cradled by the warm pelt and pleased beyond his knowing by the barbarian. Every nerve ending was alight with pleasure as the Thrognar's tongue penetrated him obscenely. His gasps turned to cries, the tongue gently withdrawing before

plunging deeper still, and over and over. Thrognar drew back and watched the relaxed pink hole slowly tighten, lonely without his tongue. He placed one last kiss upon it before rising to his knees. As Jerome slowly came down from this high, he saw the barbarian looming over him, face intent. Thrognar unclasped his own thong and tossed the armor aside. An almighty cock bounced free from its bonds, slapping against his abs before coming to rest and pointing straight at Jerome. Whatsoever had blessed Thrognar with his size and might had not forgotten his cock, of truly terrifying proportions. The foreskin was pulled back, exposing the smooth head, and the thick shaft would put most men's forearms to shame. It bounced slowly in front of him, bobbing under its own immense weight. Jerome's eyes were wide – but he rolled over onto all fours and pressed his lips obediently against the glistening head. Thrognar placed one hand on the back of Jerome's head, pressing gently as the young man slurped enthusiastically against his thick meat. Jerome tried valiantly to take the shaft into his mouth, but could scarcely fit any, and so settled for bathing it up and down with his eager tongue. He worried how he would take such a thing anywhere else, though the maiden had done so without complaint.

Thrognar groaned as Jerome pleased him, taking his cock in his hand and slapping it gently against Jerome's open mouth and waiting tongue. A jet of precum shot over the youth's eye and landed across his forehead. Jerome ran his tongue all the way down the shaft to Thrognar's hefty balls, attempting to take them in his mouth, but failing once more. Thrognar chuckled, pleased by Jerome's persistence. No virgin could take all of him in his mouth. But the attempt was always appreciated. Thrognar pulled Jerome to his knees and eased him gently back into the fur, this time crawling over him and pressing his forehead against Jerome's. He lowered his head and kissed him gently. Jerome moaned beneath the barbarian's attention, his lips parting. Thrognar took his opportunity and slid his tongue into the youth's mouth, feeling Jerome's arms reach up and around his thick bull neck. Jerome's fingers slid into Thrognar's golden hair, and he kissed the mighty warrior with tremendous enthusiasm. Though he was a virgin, he had always dreamed of a man such as this. The sight of the barbarians tearing through his village had been terrifying, as they plundered anything of value and burned the rest. But he couldn't help but be in awe of the golden-haired men, wearing no armor but steel thongs and fur-lined boots. He tried to flee with his family to safety, but had tripped and fallen behind. Taken by those ferocious barbarians to be used...

Thrognar broke the kiss and Jerome came down from his reverie. The barbarian still had not spoken a word to him. But one large hand massaged his ass gently, and Jerome knew what was next. Once more, Thrognar pressed his legs wide and back. This time, his bare cock pressed against Jerome's slick hole. Relaxed from the barbarian's thorough rimming, Jerome wondered if it would be enough. Thrognar reached over Jerome's head for a small pot on a shelf – he removed the lid and tossed it aside, upturning the vessel on his cock. A thick, oily substance poured along the shaft. It smelled sweet but mild. Thrognar looked at the youth and smiled, saying the only words Jerome would hear from him.

“Don't be afraid.”

He tossed the pot aside and leaned over Jerome, his cock now firmly pressed against Jerome's opening. He took Jerome's legs in his hands, holding them in place. Those icy blue eyes were fixed on youth's, and Jerome felt a strange sensation as his anus was stretched

wide by the enormous girth of the barbarian. His breathing became rapid, and pain tingled through his nerves. But Thrognar was gentle, and despite his obscene size, managed to keep the pain in check as Jerome's anus was stretched taught around his meat. A groaned rumbled up from Jerome's core, building in intensity until he could not keep quiet, and gasped in pleasure and pain. Thrognar stretched him wider still, inch upon inch of his cock gradually squeezing into the virginal hole. Jerome thrashed in the thick fur, nerves on fire, the pleasure and pain fighting one another for dominance. Thrognar smiled at the display, always knowing how it would end. As he eased into his prize, he could see the outline of his member pressing outward from Jerome's stomach. Jerome groaned and gasped, eyes unfocused. But eventually, the barbarian slowed to a halt and his balls met the smooth skin of Jerome's ass. Buried to the hilt, he waited for the young man's breathing to even out, before bending down once more to kiss him. Jerome's lips parted willingly, hands again flung around Thrognar's neck and buried in his hair. He had never felt so full – he did not know it was possible to feel so full. The barbarian had invaded every inch of him, as his tongue penetrated his mouth and the two kissed with abandon.

Thrognar slowly began to undulate his hips, his cock withdrawing just a few inches before sliding back inside. Jerome's tight passage was wrapped around him like a vice, and he could feel his cock pressing against a tight bundle of nerves deep within. Upon each press, Jerome cried out with pleasure and stretched his legs even wider. Thrognar chuckled as he kissed his prize – there it was. The pain was forgotten now. At this, Thrognar took off, bracing his feet against the floor and plunging his cock over and over into the tight ass with utter abandon. His hips thrust joyfully, and the little bundle of nerves was pulverized with each strike. Jerome could not see straight, but simply squealed and cried with pleasure as he was ridden by the hungry beast. His feet shook back and forth in the air, spread wide for the invader, toes curling. Outside, the guards could hear Jerome's muffled squeals even above the din of the orgy.

Thrognar sent his tongue as deep into Jerome's throat as he could, the youth sucking energetically on the writhing muscle. The barbarian's cock thoroughly rearranged the youth's insides, bulging out obscenely in his stomach on each thrust. Jerome's ass milked him expertly, and soon Thrognar could feel his second climax of the night upon him. Their kiss unbroken, Thrognar rode the waves of pleasure as hips moved faster and faster. His cock speared in and out of Jerome's tender hole, who felt the most intense pleasure of his life as he cried and shook in the barbarian's arms. Jets of sperm shot from his cock, splashing against Thrognar's abs, and shockwaves rumbled through his core. His sphincter spasmed, sending Thrognar over the edge. The barbarian tossed his head back and roared, an almighty load shooting from his cock. Thick, barbarian seed filled Jerome's insides, causing his stomach to bulge even more obscenely. Thrognar continued to thrust, his semen squirting out through the tight seal of Jerome's anus. His roars and the youth's cries continued as orgasm washed over them both, before finally easing in to silence. Thrognar's glutes flexed a few more times, the last few jets of his load meeting their brethren deep inside his prize. He ran his hand over Jerome's stomach, chuckling at the full young man and kissing him gently. Jerome's eyes slowly refocused to see the enormous warrior smiling at him. He felt warm and so very full.

Thrognar gently withdrew his softening cock, and a river of semen poured out over the thick white fur of the pelt. Thrognar reached back to the shelf for a small object – carved from

obsidian, it was utterly smooth and shone like glass. He pressed it gently into Jerome's still relaxed anus, and a thick ridge wedged just inside his sphincter. The object then widened at the base, leaving something of a handle outside for later retrieval. That would keep the champion's seed inside, where it belonged. Thrognar then lay down on the pelt himself, and wrapped one huge arm around Jerome, who curled into the barbarian and draped his head and arm across one enormous pectoral muscle. After another deep kiss, both of them drifted into slumber, as the other barbarians continued their celebrations beyond the thick doors.

High in the sky, the constellation of Throg shone clearly in the dark of the night. The god of strength amongst the men of Njorn, his presence foretold great events to come. Long in the past, his worldly form had left a bloodline to the barbarians, gifting the chosen amongst them with unparalleled strength with which to protect his people. That line had traced to a boy born on the first of Wyrmfire, and on the night of his birth, the sign had sparkled like none had ever seen. And so the boy was Thrognar – son of Throg.



The sun had not yet breached the sky when Thrognar rose from his sleep. A dull gray light peaked between the beams of the longhouse, and the last embers of the fire glowed gently. Jerome was fast asleep, so the barbarian gently disentangled himself from the sleeping youth and wrapped him in the warm pelts. Jerome curled into the fur and snored softly. As quietly as he could, Thrognar slipped his fur-lined boots onto his feet and squeezed his manhood back into his steel thong. He eased one of the large doors open just enough to slip out, and shut it behind him. As he passed through the main hall of the longhouse, all around him were naked bodies asleep in piles. The air was thick with the smell of seed and ale. Pressing open the longhouse doors, Thrognar stepped out into his village of Stormgard. Few souls stirred, not after such celebrations. But he was ready, and saw little reason to wait.

Stormgard stood on the southern coast of Njorn, a major port for barbarians leaving for the world beyond or returning home. Raiding expeditions would often set forth for the villages along the north coast of Archeld, a large continent to the south and the beginning of Thrognar's journey. The land around Stormgard was cold and rocky, the hills rich with iron. Beyond, more fertile lands and forests were nestled between soaring mountains. But all over, it was frigidly cold, beyond what most southerners were willing to tolerate. But the barbarians had no such concerns, steely muscles and hardy skin needing little protection from the elements.

Spanning out from the longhouse were smaller homes built into the hillside. Stormgard had been home since Thrognar had turned fifteen, the age at which all young barbarian males must take up arms and train for battle. The village of his birth lay far deeper within Njorn, and he had seen it but a few times since his parting. His youth had been spent with his peers, training in combat and even seeing true battle for the first time. But with his training complete and his axe blooded, it was time for him to experience the world and rely upon none but himself.

He could bring no worldly goods with him – no gold, no jewels to ease his path. Nothing but his strength, his wits, and his axe.

The sun was just cresting the horizon, mostly hidden by the steel gray of the clouds. The sound of an armory rang out gently through the sleeping village as Thrognar descended the path from the longhouse. Down by the docks, an enormous man raised a hammer over his head and brought it down on a glowing blade, hot from the forge.

“Up already?” he grunted as Thrognar approached, not looking up from his work. “Surely that little piece of ass deserves one more ride before you leave?”

“He's earned his rest.” Thrognar replied simply.

Magnus was the village armorer, thick as a bear, his broad exposed chest covered in hair. He picked up the glowing sword and plunged it into a water bath, sending steam billowing into the air. Removing his gloves, he stepped into the building and emerged with a gleaming axe. Swinging it around a few times, it seemed to meet his approval, and he placed it in Thrognar's hands.

“Sharp as the day it was made.” Magnus declared.

Thrognar smiled, circling the axe above his head. He could feel it pierce the air with ease – he would expect nothing less. As he admired the armorer's handiwork on his trusty axe, he felt a thick hand slap his boulder-like glutes. Upon turning, he saw Hrothgar – his longtime friend and mentor. Hrothgar had seen twice as many winters as Thrognar, and few were ranked higher amongst the barbarians. When strange monsters emerged from the Obsidian Shroud, and orcs and barbarians once more had to fight alongside one another in an ominous echo of battles long past, Hrothgar had spearheaded the barbarian offensive. Thrognar, at his side, had learned much of warfare and battle. Hrothgar was tall and superbly muscled, even amongst barbarians. Long golden hair was tied in elaborate braids down his back, and similarly his long golden beard as it tumbled down his mighty chest.

“Off then, are you?” He said simply, never one for words or extended farewells. Thrognar nodded, and his friend pulled him close. Thrognar wrapped his hands around Hrothgar's enormous glutes, and his mentor did the same. They kissed deeply, Thrognar having earned the privilege of the warrior's respect over their years in battle together. Two of Hrothgar's sons would be ready for their Wandering in the next year, and Thrognar was as good as a son to him. He gave his ass another slap and smiled.

“Give'm hell.”

“They will feel the wrath of Throg.” Thrognar laughed, to which his mentor roared his approval and the two bounced their chests against one another. Hrothgar then extended his hand and offered Thrognar a small piece of parchment. He unraveled it, and atop was the symbol of Throg. Beneath the symbol, a rough outline of Archeld, with a single 'x' scrawled somewhere in the middle.

“It's all we know. The rest is up to you.” Hrothgar smiled.

Thrognar nodded, tucking the parchment in his boot and hoisting his axe over his shoulder. With what little he cared for in the way of farewells complete, the young warrior stood at

the water's edge and looked out across the sea. The wind was cold, though he felt little of it. The ocean was a deep gray, in reflection of the overcast sky. Stormgard was slowly waking up, and here and there sailboats floated lazily in the port. It would still be some time before the celebratory masses from last night raised their heads. Down at the end of the docks Thrognar spotted a longboat raiding party leaving for prey unknown. The gathering crowd was loading axes and swords into the hold. The raiders were dressed as Thrognar was, fur-lined boots and steel thongs, leaving their towering, muscular forms bare and ready for battle. He knew that great adventures awaited them, as they did for him.

Thrognar thought on Hrothgar's words. The same legend which told of Throg bequeathing his bloodline to the barbarians also told of his hammer. The only two things he left behind when he returned to the heavens. Unlike the bloodline, however, the hammer had fallen into myth. Ages had past, and none knew the truth of its whereabouts. The history of the barbarians was carved into the murals decorating their longhouses, and all that could be discerned were faint clues. Thrognar had long been fascinated by the hammer – a relic he felt belonged with his people. A long shot, perhaps, but he had decided to dedicate his Wandering to locating it, or at least learning the truth of the matter. Hrothgar and the muralkeepers had sifted through what little knowledge was available, which pointed to a ruin in the north of Archeld, marked on the map he had given to Thrognar. He could only hope that the ruins held yet another thread he might start to unravel.



It was several days' sailing from Stormgard to Ashwater, a small port town on the northern coast of Archeld. The barbarians spared such port towns their raiding parties, useful as they were in facilitating travel between the continents. The journey had passed mostly uneventfully, save for a small hydra which decided the ship would make for a fine lunch. The sailors were fortunate to have Thrognar on board, leaving them with a healthy ship and several hydra heads to sell at port. Ashwater itself was much as he had expected – a decent-sized port and a well-used road, but not much else. A two-story inn took pride of place in the village square, as good a place as any to begin. Thrognar had not a coin to his name here in Archeld, such were the rules of the Wandering. It was common enough for barbarians to serve as mercenaries in these parts, trading sword-arm for gold. Between that and the raids on villages all through the north, they had something of a reputation for chaos and violence.

The sun was just dipping below the horizon when Thrognar stepped foot of the merchant ship, his first step beyond the realm of his homeland. Most of the village's business were closing up for the evening, though the streets still hummed with activity. He could feel wary eyes upon him as he made his way across the square towards the inn – the men here were strong and hardy, but didn't care to have a barbarian Thrognar's size losing his temper.

Ashwater was perched along the northern reaches of the Kingdom of Aldric, and so its inn was a natural crossroads for adventurers heading north or south, traders, guards changing posts, and even the odd barbarian. Thrognar stepped into the packed main hall, ducking his head under the door frame, and scanned the crowd within. The hall was of a decent size for a regional inn, with many tables, nooks and crannies for the patrons to occupy while they had their fill before bed. It was lit by several fireplaces, casting long shadows around the room and leaving some corners in private darkness. A lithe young man in a silk thong



danced seductively on a table for a group of men seated around it, some with hefty cocks in hand as they feasted on boar and enjoyed the little performance. A buxom serving girl holding an enormous pitcher of ale knelt atop the bar, pouring it into the waiting mouths of three muscular, lascivious adventurers. One man – a knight by the look of his armor – reclined in his seat, one of the dancers bouncing in his lap atop his knightly cock while another fed him grapes by hand. There was even a group of Aldric guards, the kingdom's heraldry visible on their helmets. They must have been the Ashwater City Watch. The guards, good customers and able to pay well, had a feast spread across their table and various dancers to entertain them.

Not wishing to draw too much attention to himself, Thrognar slipped into a large chair in a corner not far from the entrance. A fireplace crackled nearby, and he propped his axe against the mantel. His presence had not gone unnoticed, however. Behind the bar, the innkeeper spotted his newest guest immediately. A burly man in a linen shirt so tight the top six buttons would never hope to close over his barrel-like chest, the innkeeper took one look at Thrognar and called over his shoulder to his son in the back room behind the bar.

“Henrick, come out here!” A slender young man with golden hair in gentle curls emerged from the kitchen, dressed in fine felt boots, a silk thong, and a short silk shirt. “Keep our friend company, will you?”

The innkeeper pointed out the enormous barbarian to his son. They could be excellent customers or thorough liabilities, depending on temperament. A happy barbarian was a peaceful barbarian. Obeying his father's orders, Henrick made his way through the crowd to the far side of the inn, a little hesitant once he drew near and understood the scale of the man before him.

“E-excuse me, sir?”

Thrognar looked at the youth, who appeared about his own age, but a waif of a thing.

“I-is there anything we can get for you this evening, sir?”

Thrognar smirked. He'd been to enough inns to know how this worked.

“My lap's getting a little cold.”

Henrick smiled shyly and bowed his head, excited but a little terrified. Normally his father kept him working in the back and away from the crowds – but on very rare occasions, the beautiful young man's presence was called for. Thrognar spread his legs and Henrick slid on to one enormous thigh, running his hand across the enormous man's chest in awe. It was as though he were part-giant. Thrognar's hand ran slowly down the young man's back, a finger sliding down between his plump ass cheeks to toy with the string between them. Henrick giggled and blushed – Thrognar was impressed. Truly, it was difficult to tell whether this was the well-practiced performance of an inn-boy, or a young man experiencing something new. His finger crept underneath the string to toy with the smooth anus hidden beyond it. It was tight and pristine – perhaps the blush was genuine. With his other hand, Thrognar gently tipped Henrick's face up towards his and pressed a kiss to his cherubic lips. Henrick

responded eagerly, his heart fluttering at the giant man's attention. Thrognar pressed his digit inside Henrick to the first knuckle – his sphincter was tight, but suckled at his finger eagerly.

The innkeeper made his way through the crowd with a large pitcher of ale, and a plate of roast boar on his shoulder. The barbarian was kissing his son passionately, while Henrick rode his finger with great enthusiasm. All for the best – the innkeeper didn't need any chaos that night. He placed the ale and boar down on the table. Thrognar broke the kiss to look up at the innkeeper, while Henrick buried his face in the barbarian's neck shyly.

“Lemme guess, another mercenary?”

“Perhaps.” Thrognar replied, still sliding his finger in and out of the young man on his lap. “But the sooner I get my hands on some gold the sooner I'll be out of your inn and out of trouble.”

The innkeeper chuckled. He could not fault the barbarian's logic.

“Well you'll find yourself outta luck 'round here, buddy. We got adventurers passing through from dawn 'til dusk. Any scrap o'coin to be found, is found and wasted tenfold.”

Thrognar noted the slight hint of desperation in his voice. He wondered if he ought to question the innkeeper on the map in his boot, but thought the better of it. Such a thing would have no meaning to the people of this village. The innkeeper left the two of them to their business in their little corner, now satisfied that his large guest was entertained and fed. Thrognar knew that Aldric Castle was several day's walk to the south west, and would likely have both more plentiful gold and more learned minds to assist him in deciphering his goal. The boar and ale were most welcome after the meager food on offer on his voyage, and he soon found himself in another deep kiss with the angel on his lap. Though, now with two large fingers undulating inside his tight passage.

Thrognar felt himself swelling inside his thong, and was just about to unclasp it when the intimate moment was interrupted. A shadow cast over them, and a gloved hand landed on his shoulder. He looked up to see the group of city watchmen he had spotted earlier standing before him, faces stern. The three young guards were tall and bountifully muscled, pectorals perched high on their chests and quadriceps bulging around their tight armored thongs. No doubt they would have little trouble dealing with any of the usual trouble Ashwater might see, though unfortunately Thrognar was far from the usual trouble.

“Another damn barbarian, eh?” the apparent leader of the group growled, his armor slightly more ornate than his companions. “Don't you think we've had enough of you around here?”

Lance Ulrick had seen just twenty-four summers, but had made his family proud by ascending to captain of the Ashwater City Watch. A minor post in the grand scheme of the Kingdom, perhaps, but a significant achievement for a simple farm boy. His dirty-blond hair and azure eyes gave his face a boyish innocence, but he had the bulging body of a man and battle experience that belied his age. Lance knew all too well the troubles the northern coast faced from raiding bands of barbarians and orcs, and did not take kindly to the

presence of either in his village. The three of them had brought down such brigands before, and he did not see why the one before him ought to prove any different. For his part, Thrognar had been itching for a fight since he left Stormgard. He knew that spontaneous fights were not accepted here in the South as good-natured rivalry as they were back home, but surely it was appropriate for him to defend himself? He tapped Henrick's ass gently, and the youth slid off his lap and scampered to safety.

“Don't bother excusing yourself, you're going to the stocks, beast!” Lance spat, hand upon the hilt of his sword.

Thrognar rose to his feet, and a dash of fear shot across the guard's faces as they realized the extent of his size – though it was a little late to back down. Across the inn, patrons turned their heads to observe the commotion.

“Are you sure I can't excuse myself?” Thrognar asked innocently.

Three swords were drawn, and Thrognar quickly sent a fist into the Lance's abdomen. The force sent him flying back into the table behind him, knocking the dancing boy to the floor and spraying ale all over the seated around it. The other two charged at the barbarian, swords raised, but he ducked beneath and knocked them onto his shoulders, standing back up and sending them toppling over behind him into the wall. Lance charged back into the fray, diving for the barbarian, but Thrognar managed to wrap his hands around the guard's head and spin him around, straight into the other two guards in a heap against the wall. Momentarily dazed, Lance managed to get to his feet once more and carve his sword in a mighty arc towards Thrognar. Once more Thrognar ducked the assault, rolling to the side (taking several chairs with him) as the second two guards at last found their footing. Thrognar noticed a several lengths of rope looped over a hook on the wall – spare tether for the stables should any patrons require it.

“Get down, you brute!” one of the guards cried as he and his companion launched themselves at Thrognar. He caught one of the guards in one mighty fist and hurled him at the other – once more leaving them in a heap. Lance brought his sword up once more to strike the barbarian, but Thrognar grabbed the fallen guard's shield and thrust it hard at Lance's helmet. With a rich and resonant “BONG!”, the captain fell to the ground, dazed. Working quickly, Thrognar took the lengths of rope and tied up the lesser two of the guards. He then hauled Lance up to his feet and threw him over a table, bountiful ass pointing to the heavens.

Damn.

Truly, Lance had an ass worthy of a barbarian. Large, round and firm. Thrognar ran his finger under the leather thong strap between the cheeks and pulled it back, letting it snap against Lance's smooth pink hole. He groaned softly, starting to come to. A wicked thought coming to him, Thrognar took the remaining rope and fastened Lance's limbs to the four legs of the table, spreading him wide. He then took one of the tied-up guards and placed him in a seat in front of Lance. His senses gradually returned to him, and he saw his captain prostrate on the table in front of him, eyes glazed. Thrognar took the last guard and gently slapped his face.

“Hey there – come on now, wake up.”

Dillon, the young guard, having only just recently enlisted, blinked and gurgled. A large man slowly came into focus, and adrenaline shot through him like lightning.

“Bastard!”

Thrognar laughed. He thrust the young guard's face against Lance's ass, giving the thong strap a firm yank and snapping it.

“Go on. Prepare him.”

Dillon turned his head in shock.

“What in the hells are you talking about? Y-you can't!”

“Oh, yes I can.”

Thrognar took the guard's head in his fist and thrust it deep between Lance's cheeks. Lance groaned again, arching his back slightly at the unknown but pleasant sensation washing over him. His face clenched in anger, Dillon hesitantly extended his tongue, not wishing to bring on any further wrath from the barbarian. He slowly ran it around the rim of Lance's anus, the captain's groan becoming deeper as the moist tongue explored. The third guard looked on in shock as Lance, still in a daze, moaned and arched his back against the face pressed into it. Thrognar grinned approvingly. For his part, Dillon was at the very least grateful that it was the captain's ass the barbarian had thrust him into and not something, or someone, worse. Starting to relax somewhat, he dared to press his tongue against the tight entrance before him. Lance yelped, and then cried with pleasure, pressing his ass backwards against Dillon. The young guard had certainly not missed the spectacle of his captain's ass as they patrolled the town together. The thoughts that had filled his mind. Gods, what he wouldn't give for the beefy captain to just pin him down and take him. Inhibitions falling away, Dillon opened his mouth wide and thrust his tongue deep into the passage before him, groaning himself, taking full advantage of the cover provided by the barbarian's demands.

Thrognar chuckled quietly to himself as Dillon rimmed his captain with enthusiasm, the task needing little enforcement. Dillon wriggled his tongue deep inside Lance, withdrawing and slurping rapidly around the relaxing entrance before thrusting back inside once more, and over and over again. Lance arched and groaned, his senses gradually returning to him, riding the tongue in his ass with delirious pleasure.

“WHAT IN THE HELLS ARE YOU DOING?”

At last, the captain's mind was his own once more. Dillon froze, tongue still wedged deep inside the mighty ass before him. Lance looked back over his shoulder in horror at the mischievous barbarian forcing his new recruit's face into his ass.

“I swear to the gods when I get free, your head will be mounted over the fireplace, you animal!”

Thrognar just smiled innocently, pulling Dillon's face out of Lance and hoisting him up on his shoulder. He dropped him next to the third guard, so they could sit side by side – and thoroughly bound - to observe their captain's rage.

“C-captain... please forgive me.” Dillon stammered.

Lance ignored him, continuing to hurl abuse at the enormous man behind him. Thrognar looked down at the winking anus before him – it was relaxed and glistening. Dillon had done good work. Thrognar was not surprised that the young guard had relished the opportunity to bury his tongue in the captain. It was a spectacular ass indeed, and Thrognar would have done so himself if not for the temptation to humiliate as many of the guards as he could. He unclasped his thong, letting it fall to the ground with a clang, and his mighty barbarian manhood swung free. Lance's threats fell silent, and his eyes grew wide with fear.

“For the sake of the gods, you cannot be thinking of...”

Lance had fucked his fair share of ass in his days, man and maiden alike, but he had never taken another man himself. He swallowed nervously, still firmly bound and unable to move. The rest of the inn – or those who had not fled, still watched intently as the barbarian stroked his meat, and tapped it gently against the entrance before him. Henrick poked his head out from behind the bar, in awe at the size of Thrognar's cock. The barbarian spotted him and gave him a wink, before gently pressing against the tight hole.

“N-no!”

Lance cried out in panic, with what felt like an almighty battering ram pressing against him intently. He looked to his recruits, their eyes wide but unable to intervene as they watched their captain be taken by the barbarian. Thrognar eased in mercifully slowly, watching with amusement as the captain's ass lips stretched wide around his girth. Lance was filled in a way he had never experienced before, his virgin ass stimulated and relaxed by Dillon's ministrations but still unprepared for Thrognar himself. His breath caught and he gasped, the pain building as Thrognar continued to squeeze inside. How bloody goddamn long was this bastard? The captain clenched his eyes shut, gritted his teeth and hung his head, concentrating as much as he could on not fighting the invader. He knew it would only make things worse. He felt his very stomach pressed over as the barbarian filled him, and looking down at his taunt abdominals, he could see a shape pressing out from the inside.

At long last, Thrognar sighed in deep satisfaction as his balls met Lance's buns. He stilled his movements, allowing Lance to catch his breath. The young captain's mighty chest heaved as he gasped for air, the pain gradually subsiding as his body adjusted to the enormous manhood inside him. Even without moving, Thrognar was all but flattening that precious bundle of nerves deep inside Lance's body, sending a strange and exciting new sensation through him. Dillon's cock was straining against his own thong, he had never seen anything so erotic in his life. The captain himself, ass up and on display. His enormous muscles coiled beneath his smooth skin, his handsome face grim with resolve. Lance slowly turned his head back to the barbarian, and spat at him.

“Get this the fuck over with then, barbarian.”

Thrognar roared with laughter and took off like a stallion, planting his feet firmly upon the ground and hurling his cock in and out of the bound man. Lance's glutes bounced enticingly, and he grabbed one in each large hand as he thrust with abandon. Lance howled, at first in pain, but as his nerves were electrified he began to feel something else. Thrognar battered his prostate, and a pleasure had never known began to pulse outwards in waves, spreading across his entire body. His breathing was erratic, and he was unable to concentrate on anything else but the feeling of the man taking him. His groans rose in pitch and volume, his toes curling and his eyes crossing over one another. Dillon had never seen the captain like this, his face now slack with pleasure. His crossed eyes seemed to stare into space, and his tongue lolled out, bouncing around with each mighty thrust from the barbarian behind him.

Thrognar felt Lance's tight passage taking him more readily with each pump of his cock, amused to hear the captain's pleased moans echoing around the otherwise silent inn. The townsfolk and passing adventurers watched on in shock as Ashwater's favorite son cried like a whore in heat, arching his back once more and pressing against the forearm-sized manhood piercing into him. Still slack-jawed and slack-tongued, the edges of Lance's mouth curled up slightly into a grin, his dignity and self-control washed away by the pleasure pulsing through every nerve-ending. Had he any ounce of his senses left, he would know that this was how he had made his own many conquests feel beneath his strength. His passage sucked and pulled at Thrognar, inviting him in ever deeper and milking him most expertly. The barbarian took his time enjoying the glorious ass beneath him, but soon felt his own pleasure reaching a crescendo, his balls tightening beneath him.

Lance's prostate had been beaten to within an inch of its life, and he all but shrieked with pleasure as Thrognar's hips pounded against his glutes, the deep thrusts bringing him to the edge. Thrognar reached down and took a firm hold of Lance's hips and bent his knees for extra leverage. Then, he undulated his hips, sending rapid-fire thrusts into the captain and knocking him full-force over the edge and into orgasm.

“Oh gods! Y-yes! YES! YESSS!”

The captain's recruits watched in awe as he cried out deliriously, his cock firing round after round of semen onto the floor beneath the table. His tightly clenching anus brought Thrognar over the edge too, who roared with pleasure but continued to thrust as he shot his seed deep inside Lance's most accommodating ass. Dillon, wide-eyed and mouth open in shock, watched the two men gasp and moan as they slowly came down from their high, Thrognar's cock still pulsating as it bred the captain. He gently withdrew – still firm – and shuddered as two more volleys sprayed over over Lance's ass. The perfect decoration. He now slack hole dumped out a good portion of Thrognar's load all over the floor, and thick rivers of seed oozed down between his legs. The barbarian gave the ass a firm slap with his hand. He was impressed – Captain Lance took him like a man.

Lance's face collapsed onto the table, his breathing heavy and labored. He had just been fucked – fucked by a barbarian in front of the entire town and gods knew who else. Thrognar did not bother to untie the young guards, but did help himself to their coin purses. He also paused to thrust the hilt of Lance's sword into his gaping ass and make his

humiliation complete. He marched to the rear of the inn, every eye upon him, and tossed a few gold coins to the innkeeper for the damage. The man nodded furiously to Henrick, who emerged nervously from behind the bar. Thrognar smiled warmly down at him, and gave him another wink. Henrick relaxed, and in one easy motion, the barbarian hoisted him up over his shoulder.

“Upstairs, end of the hall. Take the master suite.” the innkeeper said, deferentially.

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Sir Gareth Ironfist made it at last to Ashwater and dismounted from his horse. News of an enormous, brutish man roaming the outskirts of Aldric, chaos in his wake, had reached the Paladin on his service as the King's envoy in the dwarven capital of Baldrummar. Normally such concerns were beneath the captain of the King's guard, but the reports had been numerous and concerning.

Three guards stood to meet him upon his arrival – this backwater town had little in the way of a security presence. He recognized young Lance Ulrick, however, a talented warrior with a bright future. But his face was stony, with barely contained rage, as Sir Gareth tethered his horse and turned to meet his underlings.

“Sir Ironfist, please, we did what we could...” Lance muttered.

“Chin up, boy. The only good barbarian is a dead barbarian, and we'll have his head good and mounted before the week is out.” Gareth replied, his voice deep and resonant.

Lance looked up at him, not expecting the kind words from the legendary Sir Gareth Ironfist himself. His handsome face was stern, but Sir Gareth valued resilience from his men.

“Yes sir. Of course sir.” Lance stated, with relief. “He... he's made for the capital sir. He makes for Aldric Castle.”

Sir Gareth sighed – of course he was. He hoped the remaining kingsguard would be sufficient, but he couldn't take any chances. Without another word, he hoisted himself back onto his stallion and took off. Gods be damned if the barbarian got to the king somehow.

**- THE END -**