

# SALVATION

*A Harrow Viking Novel*

Treasa Klöth

Other Great Books  
By Treasa Klöth

The Immortal MacKinnons

Kandra

Raven

Aryana

Tierney (coming 2019)

Harrow Vikings

Salvation

Desolation (Coming 2021)

Texas Heat Rising

Across the Great Divide

Across all Odds (Coming 2021)

Holiday Novels

The Christmas Gift

# SALVATION

*A Harrow Viking Novel*

Treasa Klöth



Salvation ~A Harrow viking Novel  
Copyright © 2019 by Treasa Klöth.

All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews. This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

For information contact:

[http:// www.MagickMoonInk.com](http://www.MagickMoonInk.com)

Book Cover design by: Eklund Photography, Dianne Lane  
& Magick Moon Publishing

ISBN: 978-1-7332190-1-3 1

(Print/ deluxe)

First Edition: February 2019

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

To the Harrow Vikings for all that you have done to make us successful! We are a family, perhaps not a perfect family, but a family none the less! Our adventures have been great, and I plan to have many more to come! Hail the Harrow, for you all have the Heart!

To, Lilly and Yayay, I miss you every day and I keep trying to fight this battle in hopes of giving you both Salvation from the Damnation you are in. Don't give up hope my little Shieldmaidens! To Felicity, my youngest Shieldmaiden, I adore your fighting spirit I know you will grow to be an amazing woman someday.

To my father-in-law, we all miss you and we will see you again soon! Thank you for always having been there, when we needed you.

And of course, to my readers, I thank you each and everyone for your support and for your amazing reviews! Hail to each and everyone of you!



## PROLOGUE

*Havlok the storyteller, sat near the roaring fire and looked around at the men, women, and children. "So ye wish to hear another tale this night, Ja?"*

*The Vikings around the fire all cheered and encouraged him. For one and all loved to hear the Storyteller's magickal tales.*

*Slowly, Havlok looked around at the people in the group once more. "What type of tale do ye desire? One 'bout thee Gods?" At the groans he laughed, "Let me guess, ye wish to hear 'bout one of our great Krieger?" As the people cheered, he laughed again, "Hmm, let me see what one, have I nicht told in some time?"*

*Before anyone could speak, a young boy's voice called out, "Will ye tell us 'bout The Great Chieftain of the Nord?"*

*The man holding him laughed and tried to hush him, "Brand, they do nicht wish to hear this tale."*

*"I want to hear it, Father." The boy told his father with a big grin and pleading icy blue eyes.*

*The woman standing behind him laid a hand upon his broad shoulder and smiled, "I would also like very much to hear this story as well."*

*The warrior caught her hand and brought it to his mouth to place a kiss in the center of her palm. "And I can nicht deny ye anything, Meine Geliebte." His wife leaned down and kissed him quickly then laughed softly as he set their son down and pulled her down into his*

*lap, then placed their son in her lap to hold them both. Neither would know just how precious they truly were to him.*

*The woman wrapped an arm around his broad neck, "I very much like it when you call me, my love."*

*She smiled at him, then giggled when he nuzzled her neck with his bearded face and spoke softly, "Meine Geliebte, Meine Geliebte, Meine Geliebte, ye will forever be just that."*

*Havlok shook his bald head, "Am I to tell this tale, or do I need to send the two of ye to yer home?" He growled at them good naturedly. He was happy, to see such love between two people.*

*The warrior waved a large hand, "Go on with ye Erzähler! We shall behave ourselves for now." He grinned at his beautiful wife. "Albeit it will be nicht easy."*

*Havlok looked around at the group in the Great Hall once again and fell into his storyteller role. "As ye all kennst, our great lady, the Gräfin Saoirse, was charged by the God Odin himself, to lead the Harrow. But do ye kennst how she chooses her great Krieger and Kreigerin?"*

*Though he had told them many times how the male and female warriors were chosen, they answered begging him to tell them once again. "Our great lady and her most trusted Valkyries walk many a battlefield, to find only the ones that they believe truly deserve a second chance to enter the hallowed halls of Valhalla, only these ones who can stave off Ragnarök." He paused for a moment, "These brave ones, must die for them to live once more, and search for salvation. They must have heart to be Harrow."*

*"Ist was after one of the greatest battles in the history of our people, that our great Lady and her most trusted Valkyrie Isana was searching for more Harrow worthy Krieger, in a field full of dead warriors, that they found Brauneber, The Great Chieftain of the Nord."*



# ONE

Saoirse walked across the battlefield and looked at the dead, as many souls called out to her, but she was searching for the right ones.

From across the field Isana called to her, "*Meine Gräfin*, I believe I have found a good one." Saoirse shifted to where her most trusted Valkyrie stood over the bloody body of what had once been a mighty warrior.

Squatting down next to him, Saoirse studied him intently, reaching out with her hands one just above his face, the other above his heart, she allowed his life to play out behind her eyes. "But Isana, his betrayal, was *nicht* good at all. I do *nicht* kennst if he ist worthy enough for salvation."

"*Ja*, he did commit betrayal and can *nicht* enter Valhalla." She waved a hand toward one of her sisters who collected the dead to take to Valhalla. "If any can understand how deceitful one can be with another, and trick another into betrayal, I would believe it would be ye. Plus, he has heart, *ja*?"

Saoirse sighed heavily, "*Ja*, and I agree, if ye feel this strongly, then we shall give him a chance." Taking the vial of liquid from her pouch, she opened it and let one drop fall into his mouth. It only took a moment for the magick to work. The Great Chieftain sat up with a roar of fury, still caught in the grip of battle. Luckily, Saoirse and Isana had many warriors

react in such a way, and Saoirse quickly blocked his sword as he swung it toward her. Isana used her golden shield to pin the man down by pressing it to his massive chest. “Calm yerself, *Krieger!*” Saoirse snarled down at the warrior.

Brauneber glared up at the beautiful women. “Have ye kommen to take me to Valhalla?”

Isana laughed, “Ye are *nicht* worthy of Valhalla yet, *Krieger.*” She threw her long braid over her shoulder and narrowed her bright blue eyes on him. “But we will give ye a second chance.”

“Ye speak in riddles, *Fräulein.*” Brauneber snarled at the beautiful Valkyrie.

“Mind yer tongue, *hund.*” Isana snarled down at him. “I am far above yer station in life and even more so in death.”

“Do *nicht* bait him, Isana.” Saoirse admonished her. “Great Chieftain of the *Nord*, I am the *Gräfin* Saoirse Jäger, of Sliasthorp.”

The man snorted, “Yer the *Gräfin* of Sliasthorp? I do *nicht* believe this.” He looked over the short woman and could not believe that one so small could be an earl over such a renowned military city.

Saoirse drew her power into herself and swung her dragon sword with its glowing sapphire eyes over her head and slammed it into the ground next to his head. Leaning down she snarled at him as she let her magick swirl in her green gaze. “Trust me, Chieftain, I am much more than I appear.”

The giant man gasped in shock. “Are ye a goddess?”

“Something along the lines of the Gods and Goddesses. Trust me ye do *nicht* wish to anger me.” Saoirse snarled down at him. “Find respect *jetzt*, *Krieger.* For I would hate to kill ye again so soon.”

“I do *nicht* understand, if yer *nicht* here to take me to Valhalla, then why are ye here?” Brauneber frowned at the women, puzzled by their presence.

“I want to offer ye a chance to perhaps earn yer way into Valhalla. Ye have committed an unforgiveable betrayal and

ergo can *nicht* enter the ‘Great Hall’ of Odin.” Saoirse told him seriously. “I am *nicht* just a Gräfin. I am *the* Gräfin of *the* Harrow, we were created by the Gods to halt Hela and her Hel-Hoarde from startin’ Ragnarök and the final battle.”

“And ye have chosen me?” Brauneber frowned up at the woman. Then shook his head, “I do *nicht* understand all this, but I am willin’ to listen.”

“Then ye must kommen with us, to Sliasthorp and we will explain it all to ye.” Saoirse told him, then smiled, she stood and held out her hand to him. “Now, up with ye.”

Brauneber declined her hand and slowly gained his feet, he looked around the battlefield and frowned sorrowfully, many of his friends were dead, but two warriors, grabbed his attention, Wintarlind and Löwenherz. Both had been fierce warriors as well as being his brothers and his best friends his entire life. He waved a hand at the two men who had died near him. “Can ye brin’ them back?”

Saoirse frowned as she spoke, “I am unsure.” She walked over to the first one and knelt, a deep frown appeared on her face, and she furrowed her brows. She sighed, “I shall be breakin’ many a rule for these two, as neither are destined for Valhalla, but they were tricked into betrayal much as ye were.”

“Tricked?” Brauneber frowned, “How was I tricked into betrayal? I have committed *nicht* betrayal.”

“Oh, but ye have, Chieftain.” Saoirse shook her head sadly, “This battle and the murder of yer former Chieftain was a betrayal.” She told him. “Ye should have listened to him and yer heart, *nicht* yer pride.”

“Nor yer *huer* of a wife!” Isana snorted.

“This was an act of vengeance, *nicht* betrayal.” Brauneber snarled at the two women.

“Had ye listened with yer heart and *nicht* yer pride, then these two would *nicht* have died.” Saoirse frowned, “Yer Chieftain did *nicht* rape yer wife, nor kill yer child.” She took a deep breath, “Yer wife asked Loki to help her deceive ye into believin’ those lies, as she ist in love with another and the

child belonged to him, *nicht* ye. She wanted ye to kill yer Chieftain, then planned to kill ye and put her lover on the throne in yer stead.”

Brauneber felt the rage fill him. “I shall kill her with my bare hands!”

“*Nein, Krieger, ye will nicht.*” Saoirse shook her head. “She will get what she deserves in the end. Yer destiny ist much more than hers, and albeit it ist against the rules. I will bring back both of yer *brüder* to fight for the Harrow. So long as each agree.” She frowned up at him and shook her head. “If they agree *nicht* to join us, then they will go on to Folkvangr for eternity.”

“But they died gloriously in battle!” Brauneber argued.

Saoirse stood up and growled at him. “They died helpin’ ye to commit yer betrayal. Aught ist glorious in their actions. Ye betrayed yer Chieftain and they stood with ye in the wrong ye committed.” She waved a hand angrily. “Look ‘round ye, Brauneber all of the warriors upon this field died ‘acause of yer act of betrayal!”

“We were all tricked into it, does that count for aught?” He asked angrily, furious that they had all been betrayed by the woman he had loved.

“*Ja*, it counts. ‘Ist why I have given ye a second chance at findin’ salvation for yer actions.” Saoirse snapped back at him, “Ist why, I will bring back yer *brüder* and give them another chance as well. But ye must understand that ye did commit a betrayal and ye must accept that. For ye can *nicht* find salvation if ye do *nicht*.”

Brauneber ran a hand through his long dark hair and frowned, “I understand Gräfin Jäger, and I thank ye for this second chance.”

Isana snorted, “Ye understand, but ye do *nicht* accept it yet.”

“Isana!” Saoirse snapped at her, “He needs time to accept all of this, just as the rest have.”

“*Ja, meine Gräfin.*” She bowed her head, knowing she was pushing Saoirse too far with her boldness.

“I will *nicht* tell ye again. Now, let us see to the other two men and see what they say. For we must get Brauneber back to Sliasthorp as fast as possible.” Saoirse frowned as she knelt next to Wintarlind and carefully gave him one drop of the magick liquid to bring him back to life, much like Brauneber, he came back still in the mist of the battle he was fighting when he died. Just like with his brother they repeated the process, but this time Brauneber snapped, “Calm yerself brother!”

Wintarlind looked from the beautiful women to his brother and frowned, “Braun? How ist this possible? I saw ye b’come a berserker then fall in battle after they killed Löwenherz.”

“Ist hard to explain brother, but I need ye to agree to fight for this woman. She ist the Gräfin Saoirse Jäger of Sliasthorp. Ye must swear fealty to her.” Brauneber grimaced as pain filled his body.

Saoirse frowned, “We need to get them back to Sliasthorp, Isana, quickly. Ye take them and send Alia to me, *jetzt!*”

“*Ja, meine Gräfin.*” Isana bowed her head and grabbed hold of each man by the arm, “Kommen with me.”

“Isana?” Saoirse stopped her.

“*Ja?*” The redhead looked over her shoulder at the other woman.

“B’have.” She smiled at her, knowing Isana would continue to bait the Chieftain until she picked a fight with him and kicked his ass with her superior swordsmanship.

“I shall do my best,” Isana grinned at her friend. She shifted away and just as quickly Alia shifted to Saoirse’s location.

“Alia,” Saoirse smiled at her and bowed her head to the other woman. “*Danke.*” She knew that Alia hated this part of her job, she tended to avoid walking the battle fields as the souls crying out bothered her worse than they did Isana. She was a fairly, young Valkyrie and had not yet learned how to ignore the ones who cried out to be taken to Valhalla as they had believed they all would go, while alive. And who further begged for a chance at salvation but would never receive it.

“Ye are welcome,” Alia frowned at her Gräfin but shuddered at the souls around her.

“Ye must learn to block them out and sort betwixt them.” Saoirse frowned at the younger woman, “I kennst ist hard to do, but ye must learn this skill.”

“I am *nicht* sure I will ever learn it, *meine Gräfin*.” Alia shook her head. “It saddens my heart to hear their cries.”

Saoirse sighed, “This I kennst, but ye must learn to face it.” She smiled down at the warrior at her feet, “We can *nicht* save them all, but we can save a few.” She waved her hand at the one she stood over, “Tell me Alia, ist he worth redemption or salvation?”

The young woman knelt next to the warrior and placed a hand above his face and frowned, then looked up at Saoirse and shook her head, “*Nein*, he ist *nicht* right for either.”

“Look again. Can he find either?” Saoirse prodded her and took her other hand and placed it over his heart.

“I am unsure,” Alia sighed, “Mein mind says *nein*, but my heart says, *Ja*.”

Saoirse knelt next to her and put her own hands over the younger woman’s. “Look again, Alia and tell me what do ye see?”

“I see a great love for his brothers, and his willingness to die, for them.” She gasped, “He tried to tell his brothers that she was a betrayer, but they would *nicht* listen to him.”

“*Ja*, and he fought by their sides regardless.” Saoirse told her, “‘acause he could *nicht* deny them his sword arm.” She sighed, “Ist why he committed his betrayal. What of his heart, does he have the heart to be Harrow?”

Alia put her hand over his heart again and smiled softly, “Ja, he has a good and a strong heart. He will make a good *Krieger* for the Harrow.”

“Verra good. Now, we will offer him that chance at deliverance from his sins.” She looked at Alia and smiled. “Are ye ready?”

“Ja!” She pushed to her feet and summoned her battle shield, then nodded her head to Saoirse.

Carefully, Saoirse placed a drop of the magick liquid upon his tongue and went through the whole process once more.



Once back in Sliasthorp, Saoirse frowned as she heard a ruckus coming from the far end of the city. Angrily, she summoned her battle armor and shield, then left the Great Hall and strode through the city. Damn Isana and her determination to pick fights with everyone. That Valkyrie was more trouble than she was worth at times, Saoirse thought with a frown as she stormed toward where the sound of fighting, cheers, and yells were coming from. She came to a solid wall of warriors and snarled, “Move out of mein way!” The group froze, then parted quickly at her snarled words.

Saoirse stepped through the group just in time to have Brauneber stumble back into her and nearly knock her over, but Wilhelm was behind her and kept her from falling backward. Grabbing the Chieftain, she turned him and pushed him against the side of one of the buildings, “Ye both must halt now!” She growled, then looked over as Isana came stalking toward them, she stopped when Wilhelm blocked her way. “What did I tell ye, Isana?” Saoirse spat at the Valkyrie.

The Valkyrie raised her sword and snarled at the man, “That swine insulted me! He does *nicht* respect me as a Goddess! And I will *nicht* tolerate his insolence.”

“He does *nicht* respect, what he does *nicht* understand!” Saoirse snarled back at her.

“Then I shall teach him respect. For me as a Goddess and as a woman.” Isana took another step forward but paused as

Wilhelm drew his sword. “I have *nicht* quarrel with ye, Wilhelm.”

“I will *nicht* allow ye to continue this, our lady has spoken and ye will halt.” He snapped at her. “I need this *Krieger*, whole and healthy if I am to train him to be Harrow.” He knew Isana was not happy with this, but ever since Saoirse had charged him with the training of new warriors, she had not been happy with him, but he was the head of the battle forces in the Harrow now and she needed to accept that.

“If it were *nicht* for yer parentage, ye would *nicht* be the head of our forces.” Isana threw the challenge at him.

“That ist *nicht* true,” Alia who was standing nearby came to Wilhelm’s defense. “How can ye say such, Isana?”

“We all kennst ist true.” Isana snarled at them.

Alia started forward as anger shot through her, “How dare ye say such a thing.”

“Do *nicht* challenge her, Alia. She is but baitin’ ye.” Wilhelm shook his head and frowned at her.

“Enough all of ye!” Saoirse snarled at all of them. “Isana I told ye to help him, *nicht* fight with him.” She narrowed her gaze at the Valkyrie. “If ye can *nicht* follow my orders, then ye need to take time in Folkvangr and decide where ye wish to be, ‘acause in mine city, mein word ist law.”

“Fine!” Isana snarled, then disappeared and caused several of the people in the crowd to gasp that she would speak to their Gräfin, in such a way.

Saoirse turned her full attention back to Brauneber, “Ye will learn respect Chieftain, ye will learn our ways or I shall remove the gift of a second chance ye have been given. Do ye understand?”

He shook his head. “*Nein*, I understand aught of this!”

Saoirse frowned up at him. “Then I shall have Wilhelm and Alia explain it to ye, as I do *nicht* have the time.” She looked over her shoulder at Wilhelm and Alia. “I will leave it to ye to deal with the Chieftain and his brothers, *ja?*”

“*Ja* Gräfin, we shall teach them and train them, well.” Wilhelm and Alia answered.

“Good, then I shall leave ye to it, as I’ve much to do.” Saoirse looked back at the Chieftain, “And I suggest ye and yer brothers listen well.”

“*Ja*, mein Gräfin, we will listen and well. For I do *nicht* relish the idea of spendin’, eternity in Folkvangr with aught chance of enterin’ Valhalla.” Wintarlind frowned at his brother. “And neither does my brother Löwenherz.” He glanced at his other brother who nodded his head.

“We will listen.” Löwenherz agreed. “We thank ye for this chance at salvation.”

Saoirse looked back at the Chieftain. “And ye Brauneber? Do ye plan to embrace this chance at salvation?”

He narrowed his hard icy blue eyes and frowned. “It would seem that I have *nicht* choice.”

Saoirse tsked and shook her head. “I will give ye a choice.” She manifested a dagger and pressed it against his throat. “Say the word and I will send ye straight to Helheim to join Hela and her Hel-Hoarde.”

His blue eyes widened in surprise. “Ye would *nicht*.”

“Oh, I would. Do *nicht* doubt it. And do *nicht* push me, Brauneber, ever!” She snarled at him, then pushed him back into the wall behind him. “I will give ye a chance to think this over and ask ye again in a few months. If ye still do *nicht* have the heart for the Harrow, then I will send ye straight to Helheim. Make *nicht* mistake.” With that she turned to walk away. Saoirse had not even made it half a dozen steps when she heard him sneer.

“Ist why women should *nicht* lead.” Before he could blink, the knife she held, stuck with a resounding thud, in the wall next to his head.

“Be careful what ye say, Brauneber, for there ist a reason I am the Gräfin of Sliasthorp and leader of the Harrow. And it has nict to do with my birth, but the fact that I will kill anyone, man or woman that wishes to oppose me. Do ye wish to

challenge me? For if ye do, ye might wish to inquire as to what happened to my last husband when he thought he could treat me and my son as if we were his personal slaves.” She warned the large man. Then she turned to Wilhelm. “Teach him well.” With that she returned to the Great Hall and looked for her son.



“Oma where ist, Wybjörn?” Saoirse asked her friend when she was unable to find him.

“Off huntin’ with, Ivar and Finna.” She shook her head. “They are always up to somethin’.”

“Has Wybjörn, been causin’ trouble?” She asked with a frown. “For if he ist, do *nicht* baby him. He ist a man now and needs to act as Baron of Sliasthorp.”

“*Ja*, I understand, but he will always be mein baby bear,” Oma smiled at her friend. “And I can *nicht* help but to treat him as such.”

Saoirse smiled and shook her head. Her son had most of the older women in the village wrapped around his little finger. They spoiled him rotten.

Saoirse shifted to where her son and his friends were in the woods. She shook her head as she heard them laughing like loons. With a wicked smile she stalked them and spied her son and Ivar sitting on a log sharing a jug of mead.

Finna was swinging on a makeshift swing they had rigged up for her, singing some silly song as she was wont to do. The Fragon though she looked like a full-grown woman was little more than a young child according to her cousin Cordath, from Faery. Saoirse had only allowed her to accompany them back to Sliasthorp due to the fact, that Finna had formed a strong attachment to Ivar, when he had found her in Faery.

However, it was Edda and Drako who were in charge, of watching over the Fragon and keeping her out of real trouble. Ivar tended to get into enough trouble on his own. It was why he and Wybjörn were currently sitting in the woods drinking when they were supposed to be off hunting for the city.

Shaking her head, Saoirse slipped quietly through the trees until she came up level with them, but still hidden behind a tree. Slipping one of her throwing knives from its sheath, she quickly threw it as her son tipped the jug up to take a drink of the mead and shattered it. It took all of her will power to keep from laughing as he panicked and fell backward off the log. Ivar jumped up and pulled his sword scanning the area. "Who ist there?"

Finna stopped swinging and shifted to where Ivar was standing and looked around with her big hazel eyes, then sniffed the air and shrugged a shoulder, then shifted back to her swing. "'Tis just Sorceress." She began singing and swinging again.

Ivar breathed a sigh of relief even as Wybjörn jumped to his feet and looked around searching for his mother. "Mutter?" He called with a frown.

Saoirse stepped out from behind the tree a few feet away. "Had I been an enemy ye would have been dead, both of ye." She frowned at the two and narrowed her eyes in displeasure. "I was told ye were huntin', *nicht* drinkin' in the woods like a couple of *nassen*."

"We were huntin' but Finna got bored." Ivar justified with his most charming smile, "A bored Fragon is a troublemaker."

"Why did ye *nicht* just return her to Edda and Drako's care then?" Saoirse snapped at them. "Ye should *nicht* be drinkin' with her 'round."

"*Ja*, we tried, but she kept followin' us." Wybjörn explained, with his own grin, "So we built her a swing to play on and she was happy."

"I see," Saoirse frowned over at the Fragon. "Finna, ye will return to the village and stay with Edda for the rest of the day."

I want Ivar and Wybjörn to finish huntin’.” She looked back at both males and crossed her arms. “I expect ye to bring back a stag each.”

“Can we go back to the village and get more mead from the mead hall, since ye destroyed ours?” Wybjörn frowned at his mother.

“*Nein*, I will tell the Mead Meister that ye are *nicht* to have any mead at all until our celebration upon the kommen Solstice.” Saoirse snapped at him. “Yer drinkin’ too much and I do *nicht* like it.” She had nearly said just like his father, but never did she talk about his father to him, nor did he ask as he knew deep down that his father was a subject that bothered his mother deeply. The only ones who knew the real story of his father was Oma and Törtra, but neither would ever tell a soul, they would not even tell Wybjörn, who he truly was, or what had happened to him.

“When ye have brought yer stag back to Sliasthorp ye may have watered mead.” She told him harshly.

“I am *nicht* a kinder! Babies drink watered mead!” Wybjörn growled at her and hit a fist to his chest in emphasis. “I am a man now, *nicht* a kinder!” His mannerism was so much like his father’s that for a quick moment Saoirse was taken aback, by his actions. Quickly, she recovered herself and anger lit inside of her.

“Then do *nicht* act like a child!” She stepped up to him and suddenly realized that her son now truly towered over her. At seventeen summers, he was more than a head taller than she was. “If ye wish to be treated like a man, then act like a man.” Suddenly, she felt his powers surge and she quickly called her staff to her. Knowing she had to subdue him without haste, she used her staff to take his feet out from under him and pinned her son to the ground. “Challenge me *nicht*, Wybjörn, and check yer powers.” She warned him. Ivar stared at the two of them in horror as he felt the clash of powers unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

“What the *fick*?” Ivar stumbled back from them. “How did he...?”

Saoirse narrowed her gaze at Ivar. “Ye will *nicht* speak to anyone ‘bout this, do ye understand Ivar?”

“*Ja*, I will *nicht* say a word, meine Gräfin.” Ivar frowned from her, then down at his friend who lay on the forest floor.

Within moments, Wybjörn, pulled back his powers and regained control. He frowned up at his mother. “I am sorry Mutter. I do *nicht* kennst what came over me.”

“I do and we need to speak, soon.” Saoirse frowned at her son. This boy had more power than many gods due to his lineage. She dreaded the idea of telling him about his father and who his family truly was. She was terrified he would seek them out, and she would lose him. Saoirse had spent every moment since he was born protecting her son and removing her enemies to make sure that her son was always safe from harm, safe from those people that would use him and hurt him. If there was one thing in this world that Saoirse valued, it was her family, and those she brought into this family.

She couldn’t imagine life without her son in it, without the Harrow. Slowly, she removed the staff from her son’s chest and allowed him to climb to his feet. Turning she looked at Ivar. “Ye will be leavin’ on a mission soon, prepare yerself. For Hela is stirrin’ again.”

“I had hoped we had defeated her in Alfheim when we were there.” Ivar frowned. Their battles in the land of the Fae had been hard and they had lost many great warriors.

Saoirse laughed and shook her head, “Unless I can kill her, there ist *nicht* truly defeatin’ her. And for me to kill her would unbalance the world.”

“And that we can *nicht* have.” Ivar frowned in disappointment, then smiled evilly. “So we will just have to enjoy kickin’ her *arsch*, over and over for now. And destroyin’ her Hel-Hoarde time and again.”

“Killin’ her Hel-Hoarde ye can do.” Saoirse agreed readily. “So prepare for battle with them soon.”

“*Ja*, meine Gräfin, I will be ready.” He told her and nodded his head.

“Good, now finish yer hunt with mein son.” She told him, then shifted from the woods to her chambers in Sliasthorp.

## TWO

Saoirse leaned against one of the walls and watched as Wilhelm and Brauneber trained. She was impressed with the Chieftain's skills as a warrior. He had even mastered the use of magick quickly. Undoubtedly, he was skilled enough to be a part of the Harrow and fight Hela's forces. However, she was still concerned with the deep-seated anger that continued to burn inside of him, from the betrayal he had suffered, and he had ultimately committed. She understood the anguish that lingered inside of him, from being hurt by the woman he had loved and had thought loved him. It was a pain that did not simply just go away. This she clearly understood.

"Yer losin' focus, stop gettin' distracted!" Wilhelm barked at the other man, right after he swept his legs out from under him, in a quick movement, causing the Chieftain to crash to the ground on his back. Then he had to roll to jump up and defend himself. Brauneber pointed his sword at Saoirse. "She ist distractin' me!"

Wilhelm hit Brauneber's sword hard with his own. "Do *nicht* ever point yer sword at our Gräfin, unless

ye wish to issue a challenge, and that would be a foolish mistake on yer part, Brauneber.”

Saoirse frowned at the two pushing away from the wall and stalked toward them. “Tell me this, Chieftain, do ye wish to challenge me to lead this city? To lead the Harrow?”

“I have seen *nicht* reason to challenge ye, yet.” Brauneber snapped at her.

Saoirse gave him a sweet, but sarcastic smile as she spoke. “But ye lack respect for me, as a *Kriegerin*, *Ja?*”

“I have been given *nicht* reason to respect ye, nor to disrespect ye.” He answered simply with a glare of his own. “As I have *nicht* been allowed to see combat.”

“Let me tell ye somethin’, Chieftain.” She stopped a few feet away. “I took this whole city from my last husband, who believed that he could treat me and my son as his personal slaves.” She waved a hand around to encompass the entire city. “That man was a *Nasse*, to think he could treat me as a *huer*, and share me with his friends for displeasin’ him, so I killed them and him. Then I took this city and made it what ye see today. *Nicht* as some pampered queen, but as a Shieldmaiden, a warrior who will fight for her people at all cost.” She sighed heavily and looked at the larger man, “I see that ye have the heart to be Harrow, but that ye lack the respect that I demand. So, we have two choices, ye can go on to Folkvangr or Helheim, depending upon the will of the Gods today, or I can force yer respect for me.”

“Meine Gräfin,” Wilhelm spoke through gritted teeth, he did not like the idea of his lady fighting with this man, nor any man. “Allow me to gain his respect, *bitte?*”

“Then he will respect ye, Wilhelm, and *nicht* me.” Saoirse told Wilhelm with a sweet smile. “And I appreciate yer love for me, but I do *nicht* need yer protection.”

Wilhelm frowned but stepped back and acknowledged her power and command. If this Chieftain got out of control, he would step in, because he could not allow anyone to harm his Gräfin, it went against his moral code. For he had sworn fealty to his Gräfin, Saoirse Jäger. His word was his bond and he refused to break it. Wilhelm also knew that each warrior in the Harrow was dedicated to her heart and soul. Everything she did, was for the love of her people and no one could argue that.

“So, I must earn yer respect. *Ja?*” Saoirse manifested her sword, but it was her regular one, not her dragon blade, she was out to teach this warrior a lesson and not kill him. The dragon sword could kill him if she used it. This mortal blade would hurt him and teach him respect, but he would heal from the wounds, she inflicted upon him.

“I do *nicht* wish to fight a female.” Brauneber snapped at her.

“Are ye afraid, Chieftain?” Saoirse goaded him.

“Afraid to be shown up by a mere woman?”

“I am by far bigger and stronger than ye.”

Brauneber frowned down at her. “I fear I shall harm ye.” He stated arrogantly, sure of his own superior skills over hers, for he was a legendary warrior, whose name was known across many lands.

“Perhaps,” Saoirse nodded her head and smiled at him. “Or perhaps *nicht*. But if ye hold back, I will promise ye that I will *nicht* have mercy on ye, Chieftain.” She smacked her sword against his in

challenge making them clang. “And I shall forego usin’ any of my powers for this challenge.”

Wilhelm hissed in a breath of displeasure, “*Meine Gräfin?*” He fell silent when she held up her hand to stop him.

“Trust me, Wilhelm, I was trained by the best warrior, I have ever met.” She thought of that man briefly and pushed him from her mind so that she would not grow distracted thinking of him. “And this Chieftain, must learn to respect me as an equal or better warrior.”

“As ye wish *meine Dame.*” Wilhelm replied grudgingly, but still, he would be at the ready should the need arise.

Brauneber narrowed his icy blue gaze at her. “If it ist yer wish to offer a challenge than I shall accept. But I will allow ye to cry defeat instead of the death one would normally receive.”

“And I shall do the same for ye, Chieftain.” Saoirse smiled, then laughed wickedly. “For I do *nicht* relish killin’ ye, for if ye are killed again, I can *nicht* brin’ ye back.”

“Then let us begin,” Brauneber hit the end of her sword with a mighty clang and expected her to lose her hold on the blade, but was surprised when she not only held it, but quickly recovered and began driving him back with lightning quick parries, thrust and strong blows. He soon realized that he had underestimated this woman, for though she was small, she had immense skill with a blade.

She did not take long to have him panting and heaving for breath as she ran him around in circles defending himself from nearly every direction. The woman was small but quick with a blade, he was bleeding in several places and had yet to even come close to her with his own blade.

“Yer purposely holdin’ back, Chieftain.” Saoirse accused him with a frown, “At this rate, ye may as well yield if ye do *nicht* plan to defend yerself.”

“As ye wish, *meine Dame*.” Brauneber quickly struck out and nicked her upper arm, then frowned when the cut instantly healed. “Ye said ye would *nicht* use yer powers in our fight.”

“That ist a power I can *nicht* halt, for it ist what I am.” She shook her head, “So to kill me, ye would have to take my head, or my heart if ye can find it.” She laughed evilly. “For I have been told I lack a heart.” Brauneber did not believe that for one moment, he had seen this woman with her people, with her son and he knew that she had a heart. Over his time with the Harrow, he had seen her stop what she was doing to play with children, to help the elderly, and to tend to a wounded warrior. Saoirse was fair in her judgements and made sure that all within Sliasthorp were well fed and cared for. Her rule was to always offer hospitality to all who came to her gate, even for those she was leery of. Even for him, she had broken the rules when she had granted his wish and brought his brothers back to life to give them a chance at salvation after he had led them astray. In that moment, Brauneber knew he could not finish this challenge. On a roar he threw his sword aside. “I yield!”

Saoirse frowned at the large man. “Pick up yer sword *Krieger*, we are far from finished.”

“I yield!” He growled at her.

“*Nein*, I do *nicht* accept, yer yield.” She snarled back at him.

Brauneber stalked forward with a glare. “I refuse to fight with ye.”

“Ye do *nicht* respect me *Krieger*, and I will nay suffer yer disrespect.” She snapped at him. “Pick up yer *ficken*’ sword!”

He stopped in front of her, “Kill me if ye wish it, but I will *nicht* fight ye further.”

“I do *nicht* wish to kill ye, *Krieger*, but I want yer respect and fealty.” Saoirse told him coldly. “I will *nicht* have anythin’ less.”

“Ye have both, *meine Dame*.” Brauneber dropped to his knees in front of her. “If ye wish my life, then ye may have that as well.”

“Why?” She growled down at him. “Why do ye yield?”

“B’cause, I have seen yer heart, yer loyalty, and yer leadership.” He told her sincerely. “I saw yer heart that day when ye gave my brothers a second chance, and when ye have helped the hungry and the love ye have shown the people of this city, and this family ye have built here.” Brauneber bowed his head. “Ye have my fealty, *meine Dame*. Ye have mein loyalty and respect, I swear it. So, kill me if ye wish it, but I yield to ye in this challenge.”

Saoirse frowned down at his bent head, “*Schieße!*” She turned and stormed away a few feet, then turned back around and snapped angrily at him. “I do *nicht* want yer compliance, Chieftain, I want yer respect, as a warrior!” Looking at Wilhelm she snarled. “Finish trainin’ him and have Alia train him further in his use of magick.”

“*Ja, meine Gräfin,*” Wilhelm nodded his head, he was relieved he had not had to kill Brauneber, he was a decent warrior after all.



For nearly a year Brauneber trained with the Harrow not only with swords and other weapons, but with the use of magick, which was foreign to him. Alia turned out to be a tougher teacher than even Wilhelm was with a sword.

“Ye can *nicht* pull back Brauneber, despite that I am a woman, ye must fight with all yer strength, all yer magick.” Alia snapped at him. “I am a demi-goddess, ye can *nicht* kill me, easily.”

“But I can hurt ye,” he snapped at her. “Ist *nicht* within me to hurt ye, Alia.”

Suddenly, a shock went through the ground as a voice boomed and light flashed, Saoirse appeared dressed in leather and chainmail battle armor, holding a long staff. “If ye can *nicht* learn to fight male and female alike, then ye shall be culled from the Harrow, Brauneber.” She told him on a snarl. “We have *nicht* time for ye to figure this out. Alia we are needed to fight Hela’s Hel-Hoardesmen, ye and Anniram get the Valkyrie together. Wilhelm and Ivar will lead the Harrow behind me. We must stop them quickly.”

“Allow me to fight.” Brauneber pled with her, “I am ready *meine Dame*.”

Saoirse sighed heavily, then bowed her head. “Fine I shall allow ye, but should ye fall, I will *nicht* be able to bring ye back. Do ye understand this Brauneber?” “*Ja*, I wish to fight alongside my brothers and sisters.” He told her relishing the idea of truly fighting again and not just training.

“Then Wilhelm and Ivar shall bring ye to the battlefield, and ye shall see things ye will *nicht* understand, so ye must focus on the fight and *nicht* what is happenin’ round ye.” Saoirse warned him.

Harrow warriors began filling the training field, there were at least fifty in all. Saoirse looked them over. “Wilhelm, Ivar, we are goin’ to ‘nother time, *nicht* just ‘nother place. Hela’s forces are tryin’ to capture a knight who ist to b’come the first guardian of a sacred key, here in Midgard. We must find this knight and protect him, to keep the key safe. His name ist Stark, Evan the Stark. He ist a first key holder for the locks that keep Fenrir prisoner. If Hela gets this key, it will begin to release Fenrir’s chains and unlock that which holds her and her Hel-Hoardesmen from this world, fully.” She paced back and forth in front of her warriors, “Ye will see buildings and such that are *nichts* of our time, but ye must *nicht* allow yerselves to be distracted by this, ye must focus upon our goal to keep this man alive and safe.”

“How will we kennst him?” Anniram asked from where she stood with her Valkyrie sisters.

“I will kennst him,” Saoirse told them. “Sif has shown him to me.” She looked over her warriors. “We will defend the Saxons, do *nicht* turn on them, for we will need them to guard Evan the Stark later, once we drive Hela’s forces back to Helheim. Do ye understand?” Groans went through the group as Saxons were not popular with her people, but her warriors reluctantly agreed to honor her wishes. “We are to drive back Hela’s forces and leave this battle. The Saxons will *nicht* remember us being there and we will all be a bad dream to them.”

Ivar snorted loudly. “Of course we never get gratitude for what we do!” He laughed like crazy.

“Shut up, Ivar!” Anniram snapped at him. “We are *nicht* here to be thanked for what we do! We are all here at the whim of the Gods.”

“Ye are only here b’cause ye love to fight with everyone.” Ivar snapped back at her.

“Enough!” Saoirse snarled at the two of them. “We’ve nay time for this. We must go and we must halt the Hel-Hoarde from their mission.” Quickly, she shifted to the battlefield where the Saxons were already engaging the Hel-Hoardesmen. Lifting her Dragon sword into the air she quickly swirled it around and slammed the blade into the ground. “Harrow *Zusammen!*” She called all her warriors, and they shifted to her location along with the Valkyries. “Alia, Anniram circle around them and flank them, Harrow drive them back into the Valkyries and keep them between us.”

She turned around and drew up short at the sight of her son standing with her warriors. Quickly, she shifted to his side. “What are ye doin’ here, Wybjörn?”

“Fightin’ Mutter, what does it look like?” He raised his shield as a Hel-Hoardesman threw an energy ball at him and he deftly deflected it away from him and his mother.

Saoirse turned and engaged one of the demons. “Go home, *jetzt!*”

“*Nein*, I will *nicht* go home, now!” He snapped at her. “I am *nicht* a child any longer, Mutter, I am a warrior.”

“I do *nicht* want ye here!” She snarled at him. “I do *nicht* want ye to be in this battle. Go home!” With a flick of her wrist, she sent her son back to Sliasthorp. Swiftly, she scanned the battlefield and spied Evan the Stark and shifted to his side.

“We must get ye out of here, Lord Stark!” Saoirse snapped at the man and quickly began fighting by his side against multiple Hel-Hoardesmen as they focused on this man, trying to kill him before he

could receive the key and stop this line of keepers. “We can *nicht* allow these demons to get the key or ye.” She told him as she used sword and shield to drive the demons back.

“Who are you and where did you come from, my lady?” Evan frowned at the smaller woman who fought beside him. She was strange, unlike any warrior he had ever seen. Her blonde hair had multiple braids and held a multitude of beads that clacked together as she moved. Her shield was odd as it was round and held the emblem of a dragon in flight on it. Her speech was even more puzzling to him. In his travels Sir Evan had met all manner of peoples, but no one quite like this woman, and a woman warrior no less.

“Where I come from ist *nicht* important. What ist important ist that we must protect ye and the key at all cost. Come with me willin’ly or I shall make ye kommen.” She snarled at him.

“I am afraid, there is no way out of here, my lady.” Evan told her as one of the Hel-Hoardemen’s swords sliced across his arm. “And I know not what key ye speak of.” He shook his dark head and frowned as he fought the demons before him.

*‘I am takin’ Stark out of here!’* Saoirse told Wilhelm gruffly through their telepathic connection, *‘I will take him to Sliasthorp, then I shall return.’*

*‘There ist nicht reason to return, we have the Hel-Hoarde in retreat, meine Gräfin.’* Wilhelm informed her.

*‘I shall return. I will nicht leave all of ye to have all of the fun.’* She snapped at him. Turning to Evan Stark, she grabbed him by the arm and shifted them from the battlefield to Sliasthorp into the Great Hall.

Evan gasped as he looked around. “What manner of place is this? And how did we get here?”

“Ye are in mein home in the city of Sliasthorp.” She told him honestly. “I have brought ye here to protect ye, from the demons who seek the key ye are to receive.”

“Well, that or she believes yer a *kinder* that needs protection.” Wybjörn sat up from the bench he had been laying on. “*Meine Mutter* has a bad habit of just bein’ overprotective.”

“Wybjörn!” Saoirse snapped at him, “Ye will stay here and watch over Evan the Stark!” She snarled at her son. “And when I get back, we shall speak of what happened. Do *nicht* leave this hall, do ye understand me?”

“*Ja, Mutter!*” Wybjörn growled back at her. “I will sit here and wait for ye to return like a good little bear cub!” Reaching over he poured himself a cup of mead, then drank the entire thing in one long drink and slammed the cup down.

Saoirse glared at him, it was times like these when she wished that his father were still alive and could deal with him. As he grew older, he grew harder to deal with and she became more frustrated. “I will deal with ye, when I return!” With that she shifted back to the battle and quickly noticed that the Chieftain of the North was surrounded. She watched in horror as one of Hela’s Hoardemen pulled out an ancient dagger, without a second thought she shifted and appeared near Brauneber, who as seriously out numbered. Saoirse had no time to block the dagger and felt it stab into her side, and she knew it would not kill her immediately, like it would have killed Brauneber. So, she swiftly destroyed the demon who held the blade, then grabbed the weapon and shifting it back to Sliasthorp for safe keeping. Quickly, she threw herself back into the fight, blocking blows with her

shield and slicing Hel-Hoardesmen nearly in two with her dragon sword. Though she was quick, she received a fair number of cuts from their tainted blades, and even took a blow from a ball of magick to her leg as she was not deft enough to block. She felt her strength waning, but she pushed herself harder.

At one point she was nearly back, to back with the Chieftain of the North, as the Hel-Hoarde surrounded them. She was relieved when Wintarlind and Löwenherz, quickly made their way to them and the four warriors stood grouped together and fought for all they were worth. It did not take long for the Hel-Hoarde to retreat and run back to Helheim as many of their numbers fell under the blades and magick of the Harrow.

A cheer from the Harrow and the Valkyries went up as the last of the demons cleared the field and victory was theirs. Brauneber hugged his brothers, then turned and hugged Saoirse. "I thank ye for yer help, I would *nicht* have survived had ye *nicht* fought beside me. Ye are a great *Kriegerin, meine Dame*. I would willin'ly fight by yer side or have ye at my back any day."

Saoirse winced when Brauneber hugged her tightly in his excitement, pain coursed through her. Once he released her, it took all her strength to remain on her feet.

Brauneber turned and roughly smacked his brother Wintarlind on the back, "We fought well this day, surely this will help to speed us on our way into Valhalla! I plan to drink my fill of mead this night." He saw the look of horror cross his brother's face as Wintarlind looked behind him. "What ist wrong, brother?"

“Saoirse?” Wintarlind went to quickly move around his brother trying to get to their leader.

Brauneber whipped round in time to see their Gräfin raise a bloody hand, then spiral toward the ground. Quickly, he caught her and gently laid her down. “*Meine Dame?*” He asked with concern filling his voice. He saw the blood staining the side of her green leather jerkin and the hole in her chainmail.

Before he could do much, Wilhelm, Alia, Anniram and Ivar surrounded them, “We must get her to Sliasthorp, quickly.” Alia told them. “We must get Saoirse to Oma to heal her.”

“Let me take her,” Ivar leaned down and scooped her into his arms tenderly and quickly disappeared with their leader. He shifted directly into Saoirse’s private chambers and laid her down on the bed, Anniram and Alia shifted into the room as well. “Go Ivar, and let us care for Saoirse, send Oma as swiftly as possible.” Alia told him.

Before he could even leave, Oma and the Seer swept into the room hurrying to the side of the bed. “She was stabbed by the dagger of Thanatos.” The Seer, Törtra told them all, as she leaned her dark foreboding looking staff against the wall to bend over their leader and study her. They all knew that Thanatos was the Greek God of Death, so this was serious. “It can kill Gods, but I can *nicht* see if it shall kill our Gräfin.”

“What do ye kennst ‘bout this dagger?” Alia asked with true concern. “Ist there a cure?”

“I do *nicht* kennst,” Törtra shook her head, “I have verra little understandin’ of Greek things.”

“I shall go to the Goddesses and see what they kennst.” Alia told them with a frown. “Anniram and Ivar, go deal with Wybjörn and Evan the Stark.”



Hours later as Wybjörn, Brauneber, Ivar and Anniram paced outside of Saoirse's rooms. Oma came bustling out of the chamber only to find that not only those four were there, but the Great Hall was packed with Harrow members waiting on word of their leader.

Brauneber was the first to reach her. "Tell us Oma, how ist she?" He was flanked by the other three warriors.

"She ist alive, for now." Oma wrung her hands in worry. "But I fear none of us kennst how to treat this, nor if she will awaken." She was hoping that Alia had more information from the goddesses that would help, because this was beyond her healing skills.

"We kennst *nicht* 'bout the dagger of Thanatos." Törtra frowned. "We must hope that one of the goddesses kennst more." She had seen this happening but had not been able to see the outcome in its entirety. The gods had shown her that Saoirse was to save the life of the Chieftain, and that it would be this dagger, but then they had abandoned her and left her sightless.

"I did *nicht* see her get stabbed, when did it happen?" Brauneber frowned. "And why ist she *nicht* healin'?" The Seer turned to him and snapped. "Saoirse took the blade that was meant to end yer existence *Krieger*." She snarled at him. "She kennst that this battle was pivotal in the war against Hela and that ye must survive to secure the last guardian of the key."

“But she said we must protect the first guardian of the key.” Anniram frowned at the Seer. “And we have him here in Sliasthorp.”

“*Ja*, this ist true, but now that we have stopped them from killin’ the first guardian, they will seek to destroy the last guardian.” She informed them angrily, then turned and looked at Brauneber, “And ye, *Krieger*, must find the last guardian, and protect the key and keeper at all cost. Ist why Saoirse protected ye.”

Brauneber was stunned to know that the smaller woman had not only saved his life but had done so knowing that it could cost her, her own life. He looked at her son and the others around them. “We must find a way to save Saoirse.”

“We must retrieve water from the five rivers in the realm of Tartarus and get her to drink from a mixture of each, if we are to save her.” Alia spoke as she reappeared in the room with them and had Isana by her side.

Brauneber turned to glare at Alia and Isana. “I shall go with ye to the hell realm to help ye get what ist needed for us to save Saoirse.”

“*Nein!* Ye must go protect the last guardian.” Törtra the Seer snapped at him. “Saoirse saved yer life, b’cause she kennst that ye were meant to help that guardian.”

“We have saved the guardian already!” Wybjörn snarled at the seer and waved a hand toward the Englishman who was now sitting silently in their Great Hall still staring at them in confusion, shock, and a bit of awe. Evan Stark understood nothing they said in their heathen tongue. He had pretty much resigned himself to believing that this was all a strange dream of sorts. “Now, we must save *meine*

*Mutter!* Can we *nicht* just take the key from him when he receives it and keep it safe? "

Törtra turned to the boy and snarled back, at him. "Neither of ye shall do anythin'! Ye both, must go find the last guardian, *nicht* the first. If we take the key, then it will change history and that is *nicht* allowed." She frowned at them. "I have told ye this already." She manifested her rams head staff and slammed it into the wooden floor for emphasis and power rippled through the room.

"Then let us be on our way and be done with it, so after we can come back and help save our *Dame*, as she risked her life, to save mein life." Brauneber spoke with authority.

"Ye can do neither until the granddaughter of Odin arrives for ye will need her help." Törtra informed them ominously.

"Then Alia and I shall go to the hell realm and begin the quest to save Saoirse." Isana spoke with authority, though she had been angry with the other woman, she loved Saoirse like a sister. Isana would give her life to save her friend.

"*Nein*, ye must also wait for the wife of the Celt, the granddaughter of the Morrigan, as well as, the granddaughter of Odin, to kommen." Törtra informed her with thin patience. "Ye must have their assistance to begin yer journeys. "

"Why are ye being so cryptic, Törtra?" Alia furrowed her brows at the seer.

"I can only tell ye, what the Gods have revealed to me, and *nicht* more." She shook her head sadly. "I can tell ye *nicht* when the granddaughter of Odin, and wife of the Celt, shall arrive, only that they must, to help each of ye on yer quests."

“So, what? We are to simply wait and hope that they will kommen b’fore *meine Mutter* dies?” Wybjörn growled at the seer angrily.

“*Ja*, for it ist the will of the Gods!” Törtra informed them all. “When the time ist right the Gods will reveal to us all, what they have planned. ”

“And if *meine Mutter* should die in that time?” Wybjörn growled displeased with her answer.

“Then ye shall b’come King of Sliasthorp!” The Seer growled right back at him.

“I do *nicht* want to be a *König!*” Wybjörn stepped back in horror.

“Then best ye pray to the Gods that she ist strong enough to fight the poison from the dagger.”

Törtra told him shortly.