

How to Train your Girlfriend part 1

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

PROLOGUE:

It is a sunny morning in the isle of Berk. The sky is smoothly clear, a beautiful light blue. Hiccup's dragon, Toothless, flaps his wings joyfully as his vast, majestic form slices the air right above the curvature of one of the many grassy hills the island's geography offers. The cute, black dragon leads the way, as Stormfly, the adorable, blue, Deadly Nadder, is flying right behind him, playfully nudging his back legs with her head, as they are both surging towards a big oak tree at the top of the hill, that offers its shadow for a nice, refreshing cover from the bright sun.

"Eaaaaaaasy Stormfly. You're gonna hurt yourself and Toothless" Heather the Unhinged, calls the dragon out in a motherly, scolding way. The large beast lets a dragonly croak, as it immediately obeys the brunette's words, changing course towards her and doing a sweep around the young brunette's pretty, walking form, before continuing flying uphill. Heather smiled in that fulfilled, truly happy way, taking in a big whiff of the fresh cliff-side air.

With her slim, 20-year-old figure clad in her favorite, olive-colored blouse and her brown, leather, vest-like top, first hugging her perky, B-cups nice and tightly and shaping her skinny waist before ending in a cute, short skirt that covered Heather's winterly, thick, dark-green stockings. A pair of muddy boots, the dirt now crusted on the sides of the sole with the drying power of the sun, was on the girl's feet, a trusty shoe-wear for any resident of the isle.

But why would Stormfly obey Heather's orders? After all, isn't she Astrid's dragon?

Not anymore. For the past year, Stormfly answered to Heather and Heather only, "leaving" her previous blonde owner for the likes of a more....assertive leader. It wasn't like Astrid objected to handing her good friend her dragon. On the contrary, despite loving her dragon like few things, Miss Hofferson was very much on board as soon as the idea popped in Heather's mind. Now Heather had two dragons, Windshear and Stormfly.

“Great day for a picnic. You were right, sweetie!” Hiccup addresses...Heather (!?), as he’s tracking along beside her. But...surely that kind of term of endearment would be saved only for his dearest girlfriend, Astrid. But now, the lanky, handsome lad, 22-years young, with his signature, rough, brown hair, is eyeing Heather’s green eyes with the same romantic affection he was showing Astrid’s, over a year ago.

Something sounded... off, and indeed, things had changed a lot during the past year.

“Come on, Piglet!” Faster!” Heather turned behind her shoulder towards the hill’s slope. “Uhhh Ffu’u Muf’ Huvuf’!” (*I’m sorry Miss Heather!*) about 10 yards behind her and Hiccup, a naked, bound and drenched in sweat Astrid replied with an utterly apologetic tone. Her blue, wide eyed betrayed her desperation to be believed. She was trying her hardest, evident by her sweat-drenched body, that glistened under the bright sun. The usually fair-skinned lass had gotten a bit of a tan from all the recent ‘excursions’ Heather and Hiccup were bringing her on. The weather was great. Why wouldn’t they take advantage of it?

Astrid’s words were distorted by a thick, cylindrical, wooden bit-gag that was tightly wedged between her molars. Two holes punched through its sides were good hitch points for the two leather straps that were fastened on them, then tied tightly on the back of the girl’s head. The bit made her drool uncontrollably all over her skinny, shapely body, which was mostly devoid of any “useful” item of clothing.

The young blonde, a former dragon-race champion and once admired by all the islanders at Berk, now looked much less dignified. Her signature bulky, metal shoulder shields, her cute little red, leather vest and her fur/leather Viking skirt were nowhere to be found.

Instead, the once confident and commanding leader now bared her small, perky B-cups to anyone that happened to pass by, in need of the soothing breeze of the hill. Only Hiccup had the esteemed privilege of seeing them, back when the two were “boyfriend and girlfriend”, but now there was hardly anyone in the isle that hadn’t been privy to the young maiden’s titties. The round iron rings that hung from Astrid’s pink, pierced nipples drew the eyes even more as they ‘caught’ the sunlight. Another round ring on her forcibly exposed clitoris bared the former Chieftess’ most intimate body parts to anyone with eyeballs.

Astrid looked exhausted, since she was being forced to carry the couple’s generous picnic supplies, her body at a constant forward angle to deal with the heavy weight she was carrying. They had packed quite a meal and bottles of refreshments.

Her dirty feet had no shoes on, only a few wraps of leather strands, tied around her soles. A large, leather sack, visibly full to the brim, had been fastened onto the girl's back and shoulders.

Astrid had no ability to use her arms, in order to better balance herself on this incline. Both her arms were stashed, inside dark-brown, leather arm-sheathes that operated like a straitjacket. They forced the girl's arms to cross tightly in front of her belly, before the ends of the sheathes (housing two sturdy metal rings) were clipped together, behind the girl's back, leaving zero slack to her slender, self-hugging arms.

"I don't want excuses; just move your slow ass!" Heather reprimanded the human mule with a little smirk that showed she was enjoying all of this verbal abuse she was handing out. "Fef' Muf' Huvuff!" (*Yes Miss Heather!*) Astrid's tired eyes met Heather's smiling green one, as dug her teeth on that bit-gag, straining to pick up her pace.

While Hiccup kept walking, Heather waited with crossed arms, until the mule-girl reached and surpassed her, only to brandish the riding crop she had stashed on her waist belt.

WOO-TSHHHH

The long stick bended through the air until its leather end met Astrid's ass with the full force of Heather's hand. "Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng!" Astrid meowed in pain, her pretty, bit-gagged face contorting into a strained grimace. A clear red mark was on her right, meaty asscheek. "Don't make me use it again" Heather warned and Astrid turned behind her shoulder to look at the brunette with a pathetic nod, before continuing her straight route.

Why was she taking such an abuse, without protesting nonetheless? No collar or other type of leash kept her from at least attempting to make a run for it, but strangely, the girl did not appear to want that. She simply took Heather's beating and insults as if they were mundane. As if she somehow deserved them.

As for Hiccup, he did not even bud an eye to this demeaning treatment his beloved (?) Astrid was experiencing, making his merry way towards the big tree. His feelings towards the young woman had changed radically over the past year.

Finally, Heather and her (as of late) boyfriend, Hiccup, were free to enjoy the beautiful day, half-lying face-up on a spread table-cloth, resting on their elbows, next to each other, under the wide shade of the tree. An array of tasty goodies lied beside them. But Astrid was not with them. Well, sort of.

Since the lazy cunt made her Mistress wait to reach the summit, Heather had the idea of fashioning a hemp-rope crotch rope onto Astrid. The mean rope really dug in between the girl's clean-shaven pussy-lips, putting painful pressure on her sex. The end of that short rope had then been coiled around the tree's chunky trunk. A thick branch kept the wrapped rope from sliding down, meaning Astrid could now lower her body more than a squat, before the rope "yanked" her back at her feet. She would not have a proper rest, force to stand for the duration of the couple's lunch.

"Did you at least water her?" Hiccup asked Heather, his glance falling on the blonde slave, who simply stood and watched as her ex-boyfriend and her friend passionately made out a few feet from her.

"I'll do it later...come oooooon, give me attention" Heather said all coy, grabbing Hiccup from the nape of his neck, running her fingers through his short hair as he brought his face closer for another kiss.

You'd think that Astrid's expression watching all this would be one of sorrow, anger, deep jealousy. After all, she still considered Hiccup to be her soulmate, as strange as that may sound. But the feeling someone got from watching the straitjacketed, crotch-roped maiden was one of arousal! Astrid was flush in the face (more than her fatigue had already caused) and her rope-squeezed pussy was leaking at the "wonderful" sight of her (not one but) two soulmates, finding pleasure together.

Nothing brought her more gratification than pleasing Heather and Hiccup. In her eyes, these were the only two people in the world that mattered. And as she watched them fool around, the bound, nude girl was grinding her roped hips in the air, making the rough rope slide against her moist fuck-lips, and give her that sweet (but also kinda sour due to the rash-inducing friction) stimulation. "MMmm!" a lustful moan accidentally escaped her lips.

That moan betrayed her and turned Heather's attention momentarily to her. "Piglet likes when mommy and daddy fuck, doesn't she?" now having straddled Hiccup, Heather teased Astrid with a sentence that as shameful as it sounded, was 100% true.

"MMm-hmmm!" Astrid nodded all needily in her bit-gag. Her slanted, pitiful eyebrows, clearly insinuated that she, too, wanted some sexual release.

"No, only I can ride this cock" Heather emphasized the 'I' part as she was inserting Hiccup's erection inside her and slowly starting to do just that. Ride him. "Maybe if I'm feeling charitable I'll let you lick his dick's essence off my pussy" she said, enjoying the soft bobbing she did on Hiccup, who was loving the sensation.

“MMmm-hmmm! MMMmm-HmmmM! Pluuuh Muhh Huvu’!” (*Please Miss Heather!*) Astrid nodded extra needily. She hadn’t been allowed to taste, feel or touch Hiccup’s cock for over a month now. Heather rarely allowed it, in the rare occasions she was feeling particularly charitable. It’s not like Hiccup was dying to fuck her. Heather satisfied him more than enough. She was gorgeous, fun, interesting, engaging. Everything he wanted in a partner.

Astrid could only view her (former) lover’s juicy erection with a feeling of loss. Marvel it from afar (or sometimes from so close she could smell that sweet scent). But she could only long for it. This sight of Heather bouncing on Hiccup’s 6.5-inch meat sword was driving her crazy! She wanted it so bad, but at the same time, the fact that Heather was cucking her so blatantly and shamelessly got her sopping wet, as usual.

As she restlessly writhed and anxiously bent her knees up and down next to the tree that her cunt was leashed on, Astrid thought to herself (for what seemed like the 1000th time today) how she would do ***ANYTHING*** for Heather and Hiccup.

It was a sentiment that she couldn’t seem to be able to shake off.

But she didn’t really mind. Serving them and worshipping their bodies gave her a blissful, euphoric feeling.

It was pure self-fulfillment.

ABOUT A YEAR AGO

HHHhtong

The arrow hit the red-dotted bullseye on the round target, balancing on a short, sturdy tripod. “Yes!” the pretty Chieftess of Berk clutched her right fist, the hand that had just released that deadly accurate arrow. Straddled atop her trusted Stormfly, the fierce warrior was following her daily training regimen. Clad in her signature attire of spiked skirt, round shoulder plates and fur-covered boots (not to forget the metal-studded kransen that rarely left her hair) the girl looked as majestic astride her dragon as a person could, the high-altitude wind blowing the two blonde strands of hair she always kept on either side of her face.

A sharp fighter is a good fighter, and Astrid never missed a day without keeping her performance at a top level.

The dragon roared happily, as it turned back to the sky, bracing for another difficult riding shot. It swooped back down and with Astrid closed her one blue eye, drawing the bow back, without requiring reins or anything else to ride the dragon that sped through the sky. Just her fit, strong legs.

“Aaaaaand now” she mentally timed the shot just right, letting go of the piercing weapon, which penetrated the air, fast approach the center of the circle for yet another time.

CLAAANK

Right before the arrow hit the target, a familiar dagger came out of nowhere from the side and sliced it in half, “pushing” the mangled arrow off the mark. “Heeey!” Astrid frowned like a kid who gets cheated on their favorite game.

“Food is ready!” with a cheeky, rascal’s smile, Hiccup was standing on the backdoor of the couple’s stone hut. The fact he was wearing an apron, being busy cooking for his loved one, did not hamper his knife-throwing skills whatsoever. He liked to tease his girlfriend. Astrid shook her head, unable to hold a soft smile. She knew her boyfriend’s teases came from a place of fun and comfort. He wouldn’t be himself if he wasn’t like that. And that was the man she had fallen in love with.

“Let’s go Stormfly. I’m starving!” Astrid patted Stormfly’s back and the dragon let an excited croak and landed on the backyard-turned-training course.

Besides three separate targets, there was a handmade scaffolding of sorts, made of interconnected tree-trunks about 5 feet off the ground where the girl did her agility drills. There was also a hay-stuffed mannequin, which the girl practices her sword and axe skills on. Despite her practice weapons having blunted edges, it still looked battered like hell.

“Mr. Gobber stopped by and asked about the new steel shipment” Astrid hoped gracefully like a feather off her fantastical stallion and approached her man. “Never mind that old chap, I’ll deal with it later” the young Chieftain of Berk momentarily ignored his duties, putting his hips up against Astrid’s and pulling her close to him by her lower back. “Honey, I’m sweaty” Astrid warned him, seeing him lean in for a tender kiss.

“I don’t mind” Hiccup winked at her and embraced her tighter in his arms, onto which the blonde warrioress “melted away” into a love-stricken maiden, as they shared a deep, sweet kiss. They had learned so much about each other and had gotten so close, a bit of ‘training sweat’ didn’t stop Hiccup from wanting to feel his girl.

“Leave some sugar for the stew” the couple both turned their heads sideways to see the source of that sarcastic comment. It was Heather, Astrid’s good friend, standing with folded arms a few yards away. Her sly, mesmerizing eyes, with her eyelids always a tad closed like a predator zoning in on its prey, gave the impression she could have been there for a while, as if ogling the intimate couple.

“Oh hi Heather!” Astrid swiftly switched her demeanor to a little less...syrupy and to a more social mode, stepping half a step off Hiccup’s embrace, but still holding him. “I was in the neighborhood and decided to drop by” Heather said, opening her arms in a ‘wholesome’ gesture. “You made the right choice. Hiccup has made his famous boar stew. Come and join us” Astrid generously offered her friend a seat at their table. “We have enough prepared, right honey?” she looked up at Hiccup, her arms still lovingly around him. “Of course. Heather, you’re more than welcome to join” Hiccup said to the beautiful brunette, having his arms around Astrid.

He didn’t have that much of a relationship with the second-in-command of the Berserkers. But the two were comfortable around each other, having spent quite a lot of time in Astrid’s shared company. He could say Heather was his friend.

You could also reasonably say the two were the closest people to Astrid. They both meant a lot to her.

“Oh nonono, it’s quite alright. I just wanted to stop by and...say hi” Heather eyed Hiccup when she uttered the last two words. He didn’t think much of it, not responding in any external way. “Good lord, Hiccup, you could use a haircut” always upfront and confident, Heather didn’t hesitate to run her slender fingers through Hiccup’s brown hair, sort of examiningly. After years of familiarity, they were that sort of comfortable with each other.

Platonic.

“I’ve been telling him for weeks, it has gotten too long” Astrid came on board with Heather’s comment, thinking nothing odd of her act of relatively intimate act of touching her boyfriend’s hair. She wasn’t one of those desperate wenches that couldn’t bare the sight of another woman touching their man. Besides, this was Heather. She would trust her Heather with anything.

“I’m very good with scissors. You can stop by whenever you want and I’ll give you a haircut” Heather retrieved her hand from Hiccup’s high-reaching head. Again, she eyed him with a sort of double meaning, with smirking eyes. This time he registered it.

“Thanks Heath’. I would turn his head into a scarecrow’s if I tried cutting them, hehe!” Astrid did not mind being lousy at something. “Hmmm” Heather let a tiny, closed-mouthed chuckle. “Farewell...” Heather did not skip a beat as she turned away. “See ya!” the tender couple waved her off and as she was a few yards away, they never saw what she was looking down on, as they shared another warm kiss.

Three slightly curving, brown hairs, about 3 centimeters each, were resting on Heather’s open palm.

“That’ll do” she murmured with a satisfied, plotting grin.

Ever since she first laid eyes on him, Heather wanted Hiccup. A young, handsome man, the best dragon tamer in the isle and the leader of all its people, he was the perfect “package” for the young woman’s ambitions. The fact that Astrid ended up with him rubbed her even more “wrong”.

If there ever were true feelings of friendship for Astrid, they gradually vanished upon seeing her with her coveted dragon “stud”. The man that, in her eyes, was destined for her, as was the power that came with him. She was so jealous of Astrid for ‘stealing’ him from her.

Sure, Heather liked Hiccup’s personality (though he could be a bit more introverted for her tastes), but what was driving to him was unadulterated lust; Lust for his body and for his status. She could take or leave the rest.

Alone in her hut, the girl was working the pestle with excited, anticipatory energy, grinding the necessary ingredients into a fine paste. She was really getting into it...picturing the results of her creation. They weren't calling her "Heather the Alchemist" for nothing.

"A dragon's nail... to grip strongly onto your cherished ones..." she said with a breathy, aroused voice, as she tossed the 2-inch-long, curved and pointy nail into the large stone mortar. She had to really wack it with the pestle, until eventually it broke into smaller pieces and started getting finer and finer.

"A five-headed heaven-flower...for the rare dedication and the fragile ego" the brunette tossed in a gorgeous flower, with a slim, delicate stem and exactly five bloomed petals that changed from a deep purple to a milky white color at the tender edges. This was too easy to mash in with the other ingredients.

"Five droplets of rain from the tip of Mount Ymir...as clear as the mind needs to be..." she followed the recipe to a tee, using a little glass dropper to drop the pure drops into the mix. She had worked hard to gain access to every precious ingredient.

She then picked up the stone bowl and placed it on the floor. "And a drop from a vengeful maiden's sex..." she repeated the instructions. There was no other vengeful person in the room. Heather lifted up her long skirt, to reveal her pantyless crotch and squatted over the bowl. She was already sopping wet, imagining all the fun things she would soon be doing. She twirled her finger over her erect clit and it was enough for a single droplet of her horny juices to drop from her shaved pussylips into the bowl.

"...For the devil's lust to take over..."

At the same time, in a different hut a few miles away, Hiccup and Astrid were in a not that different mood. Devoid of any clothing, and lying on the grey, fur-coated rag on the floor, Hiccup was on top of Astrid. Her arms were wrapped around him and her legs were spread, as he thrustled slowly, sensually inside her. "Ooww....owww.....yees....yees..." the blonde moaned with stuck-open lips and closed eyes, kissing her lover's neck.

The flickering flames of the fireplace glistened against their wet, steamy bodies, perfectly intertwined. "I love you, Hiccup" Astrid said with glossy eyes, drunk with fuck-bliss. "I love you too, Astrid" the hip-moving man said and they passionately made out, enjoying each other's organs.

"Now for the final ingredients..." Heather raised her two fingers, pinching the well-kept hairs of Hiccup. She dropped them in to the almost-ready goo, which sparkled with an otherworldly shine. She

then plucked out one of her long, wavy dark hairs from her head and added it, stirring everything together with the pestle until it was a semi-clear, homogenous liquid, with an intense reflectiveness.

The potion was complete. Whoever consumed it would be immeasurably drawn to whoever's body part had become a part of the potion. This time, it was Hiccup and Heather's hairs. Heather's plan needed only one more step.

“Don’t worry, I got the next round” Heather pulled Astrid’s raised arm down, as the blonde was trying to signal to the barkeep of the Inn. Seated in one of the wooden, metal-lined tables of the pub, the two women had gone out for a relaxing night. Drink some ale, gossip a bit and catch up.

Heather got up from her seat and returned with two pints of ale, handing one to Astrid. “To friendship...” Heather raised her glass with a smile and Astrid joined her. “...And to the Chieftess of Berk” she coyly referred to Astrid by her title. A title she liked.

“AAaaw, thanks Heather!” Astrid said, moved by the kind words and as their pints clanked they both downed a big chunk of their contents. Astrid never registered the extra glossiness that only her ale possessed.

“Aaaaah, that’s the stuff” Astrid let a long, thirst-quenched sigh. She wasn’t in her warrior-like outfit anymore; instead she wore her favorite blue, long-sleeved bustier dress. All four of its metal buttons were closed, reinforcing and showing off the girl’s slim, feminine physique. A metal belt (she always needed some kind of metal accessory) gave her look that tinge of an edge a warrior lady always has and drew the eye to her nicely slim waist.

Still, the lack of the usual chunky shoulder plates and rougher, leather garments made her look terribly cute and her braided blonde hair had a thin blue bandana running along them, instead of the more... aggressive kransen.

“There’s a hair in my ale...” Astrid tilted her head, seeing a short, brown hair floating in the foam. Heather’s brow rose in a micro-expression. “Aaaa, what are we, chickens?” she nudged her buddy, before tilting the rest of the drink down the hatch. She was never the sissy type of girly girl. “Right...” Heather smirked, seeing the special ale disappear down Astrid’s throat.

The two kept chatting, but it didn’t take long for the potion to show its mind-altering effect. “Maybe I shouldn’t have bottoms-up that ale so quickly” Astrid felt suddenly drunk and her concentration waned. In addition, she suddenly felt flush with a wave of unexpected arousal crushing on her body like a locomotive.

Or a charging dragon.

The mental image of her boyfriend, Hiccup, was projected into Astrid’s mind. The young warrioress was suddenly overcome with a deep need to be fucked by him. And not necessarily like the romantic, passionate love-making that had taken place yesterday. He wanted to pull on her hair, spank her ass and call her a filthy village whore.

It was never her style and speed of lovemaking, but out of the blue, the blonde was gripped by this strong necessity to be pounded rough and hard.

“Feelin’ alright?” Heather asked with her usual, secretive half-smirk on. It always seemed to hide something, like the girl always knew more than she let on you. Astrid never questioned it after a while. “Y...yeah, I just...have to...” as she went to rest her back on the chair and “steady” the spinning room, Astrid’s eyes locked on Heather’s, in a way they had never before.

Something intense, an invisible force, drew her towards Heather like a magnet. Not in a wholesome way, but a dark, lustful one. Her friend’s dark, full hair, her radiant green eyes, the curves of her slim form. Astrid could not believe her feelings, but her focus had now shifted from Hiccup to her good friend.

She wanted Heather!!!

“You look flush” Heather noted casually, secretly drinking in her rival’s shame. The comment made Astrid’s already rosy cheeks even redder. “It’s nothing, I...I ...I need to go” a flustered Astrid took off, Heather’s piercing eyes following her shapely form rush off the tavern.

The potion had worked wonders. For Heather. Because for poor Astrid, it was slowly but surely turning her into a horny, clueless dunce. From the very next day, she couldn’t hit a target to save her life, and even fell off Stormfly on a couple of occasions. On top of her training going awful, the 21-year-old, at the peak of her sharp-mindedness, was finding it harder and harder to focus on the most menial tasks, drawing blank multiple times per day and losing track of her goal and surroundings.

During most of these intense daydreams, her mind was rushing off to scenes of graphic sexual imagery, with her as the object, not even desire that much, but moreso exploitation and ridicule. It caused her multiple panty-changes each day, since whenever she’d manage to “snap back” to the present, they would sport a wet spot right underneath her tight, blonde-pubed pussy.

It was embarrassing to say the least, but Astrid didn’t know what hit her. The scariest aspect in all of this though, was that she felt her mental resistance to these impulses weakening more and more. She couldn’t keep the façade for more than 3-4 days before Hiccup asked her what’s wrong.

“I...I just want to...” Astrid tried to put her blurry mind to form the words. “Something like... “get better”...no, too generic... “I want to be good?” No, that meant the same thing? Astrid panicked in this internal monologue, realizing that even her vocabulary had shrunk. Hiccup eyed her puzzled, waiting for an answer.

“I just want to...suck your dick!” Astrid spoke in a final burst, the only truth clear enough in her mind to be vocalized. “Ok...” Hiccup chuckled at the unexpected prompt, as well as the weird way it was communicated.

Without any further requirements or even foreplay, Astrid dropped to her knees, and undid Hiccup’s leather belt from his pants. As she did all that, she was stricken with a huge feeling of ...relief. As if her previous discomfort had been dealt with, and all was well now that she would get to taste Hiccup’s slong. The girl never bothered with disrobing or anything, still clad in her dark-red, sleeveless top and casual brown skirt and boots.

“Whoa, someone’s feeling randy today” Hiccup commented on the sheer ferocity and urgency with which his kneeling girlfriend took out his semi-hard cock and started stroking it and fellating it, getting it nice and stiff.

Looking up into his eyes with a horny focus and bobbing her face back and forth with a mouthful of “her Hiccup” moving between her lips, Astrid had already forgotten what she was trying to say to him a minute ago.

“I don’t know what to tell you, Hiccup. I’m sorry” Heather pursed her lips in a sympathetic frown, while rubbing a disheartened Hiccup’s back. The dragon trainer had asked her to meet in confidence, to discuss his recent worries about Astrid. The young man even had to make up a task for her to do, just so that she wouldn’t follow him to the tavern.

“She’s not who she was. I can’t tell what happened to her” he stared down at the bar in front of him. “She hasn’t trained in weeks, and she’s not even taking care of Stormfly. It’s like she’s given up on all her interests. She’s always foggy in the head and she...she...” Hiccup wasn’t sure he wanted to share that last bit with Heather.

“What is it?” the woman tilted her head a bit to better meet his gaze. Through, her hand kept rubbing the young man’s strong back, enjoying touching him while also actually comforting him.

“She...” Hiccup made a grimace, before lowering his voice. “...is obsessed with sex. It’s all she ever thinks about” Hiccup finally confessed. “Oow...” Heather made a quiet sound and a face of (artificial) shock.

“Hang in there, perhaps she’s going through something and it will come to pass” Heather shared some uplifting words. At the same time, she slid her stool so that her alluring body was located even closer to Hiccup’s, their hips almost touching.

She was so close to hiccup she could smell him. It was wonderful.

Despite Hiccup's hope, Astrid's odd behavior did not change. The nymphomaniac warrioress (rather, former warrioress) mostly sat home, did whatever chores Hiccup instructed her to do, and constantly offered her boyfriend sexual favors, that got more and more debauched. She asked her to fuck her ass, to whip her, even to piss on her (that last one he refused). All while being seemingly obsessed with him.

Hiccup was getting more and more hopeless, seeing his girlfriend transformed into a dumb, air-headed bimbo. That was not the proud, talented and charismatic Astrid he had fallen in love with.

Meanwhile, Heather was taking the opportunity to get closer to Hiccup. He confided to her about his struggles with Astrid. He talked to Heather the most, since she was another person very intimate with Astrid. Heather's consoling was smoothly, sneakily transforming into a subtle courtship, with hints such as "maybe she won't change after all" and "you have to think about yourself, too". All while dressing as seductively as possible, in long, form-fitting dresses that showed a bit of cleavage, each time the two met at the tavern. Hiccup just wanted an engaging, normal interaction with someone and Heather was there for him.

After three months of this unrecognizable behavior, it all culminated in a busy, crowd-filled night in the tavern. After daily fights, Hiccup had left the house with the excuse of a sexy roleplay game, the only language the brainwashed Astrid seemed to be able to understand. Using rope, he had tied a naked Astrid up at the wrists and ankles, gagged her with a cloth and locked her in the bedroom closet. While she was masturbating with her roped wrists handily in front of her, Hiccup was simply drinking his sorrows away, next to Heather.

"You know what she suggested today?" Hiccup exclaimed annoyed, a bit too loud. He had started his drunken rant a while ago. Heather was all ears, dressed and pampered as seductively as usual. Her cherry-painted red lips could not wait to wrap around Hiccup's member and kiss it all over.

"That we should have a threesome!" Hiccup said in disbelief. "Can you believe it?" the man looked fully fed up. "You don't seem happy, Hiccup" Heather replied. "And I want you to be happy..." she said, leaning closer and gently placing her hand under his cheek.

Time seemed frozen. Heather and Hiccup's eyes met with a clear, shared want. A moment later, their lips eliminated the few inches separating them and they shared a warm, deep kiss, making out passionately, their affair concealed among the ruckus of the crowd.