

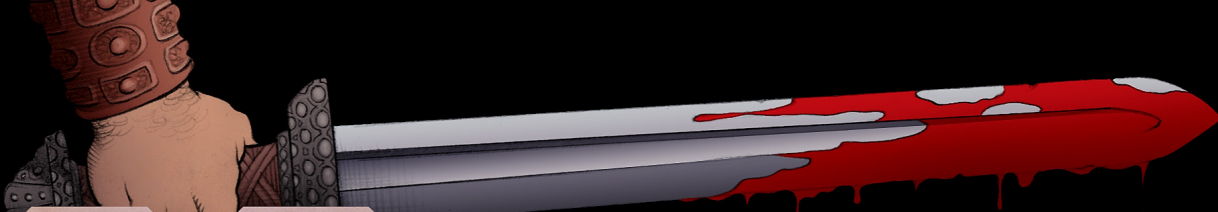
NORSE

Quest of the Shield Maiden™

NUMBER 1

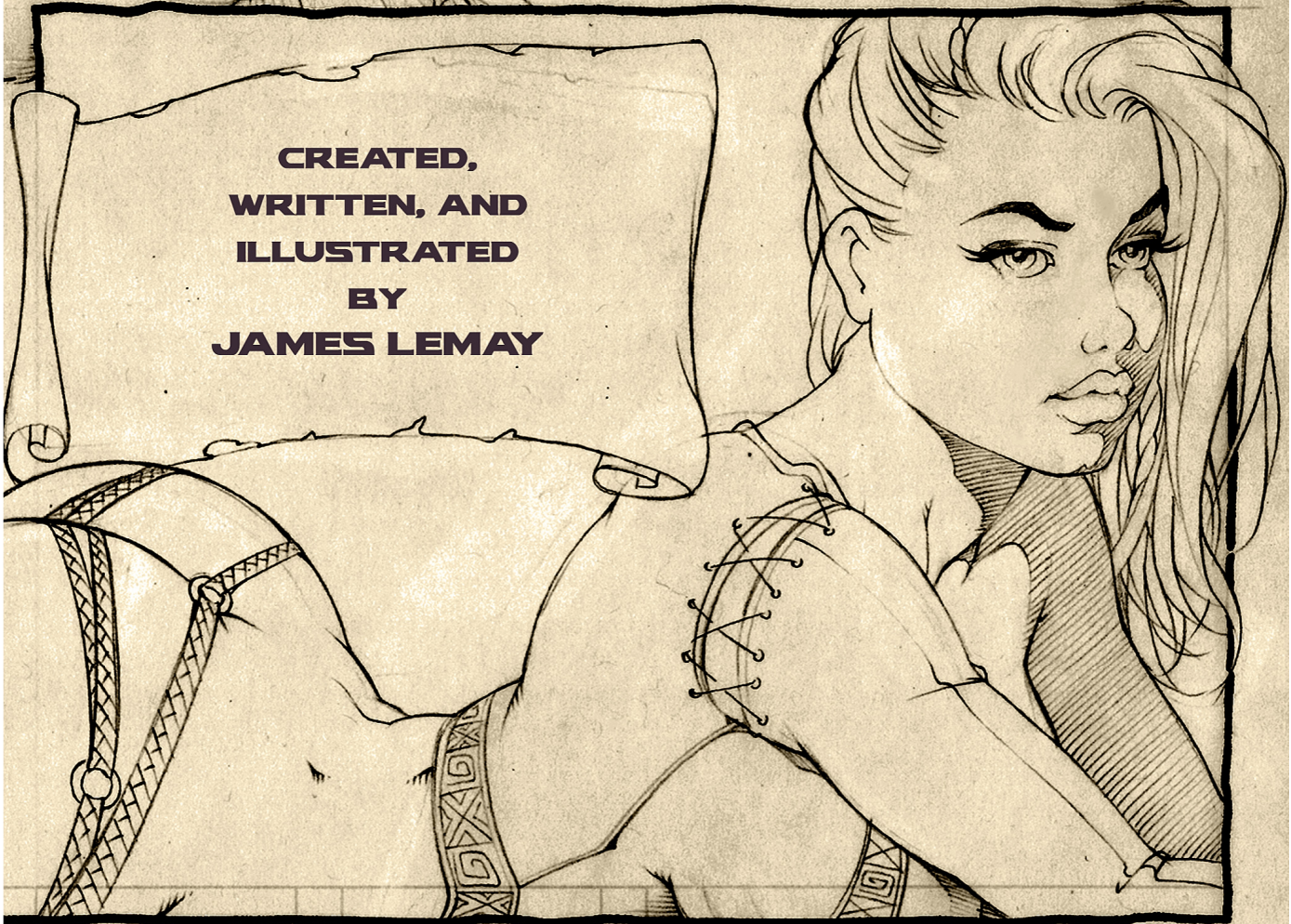
BY
JAMES
LEMAU





NORSE

Quest of the Shield Maiden™



CREATED,
WRITTEN, AND
ILLUSTRATED
BY
JAMES LEMAY

Norse: Quest of the Shield Maiden No.1™ and © 2011-2017 James LeMay. All rights reserved. All prominent fictional characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of James LeMay. Names, characters, locations, and incidents featured in this publication are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, therefore any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), names, events, institutions, or places, without satirical intent, is purely coincidental and should not be inferred. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the author. This book is for **Adults only**.

Follow the further adventures of **Norse** at: patreon.com/jameslemay

Look for **Norse** original artwork for sale at: nsnart.com

A SILK TRADING POST OUTSIDE
the city of Xi'an, China...

GRACEFUL,
ISN'T SHE...?

...ZHEN HAS
BEEN TRAINED
IN THE ARTS OF
SWORD DANCING
SINCE SHE WAS A
LITTLE GIRL--

--AND
DESPITE HER
BLINDNESS, YOU
WILL NOT FIND A
MORE TALENTED
DANCER IN ALL
OF XI'AN..!

...SHE IS
CHASTE
AND PURE
AND HER
BODY--

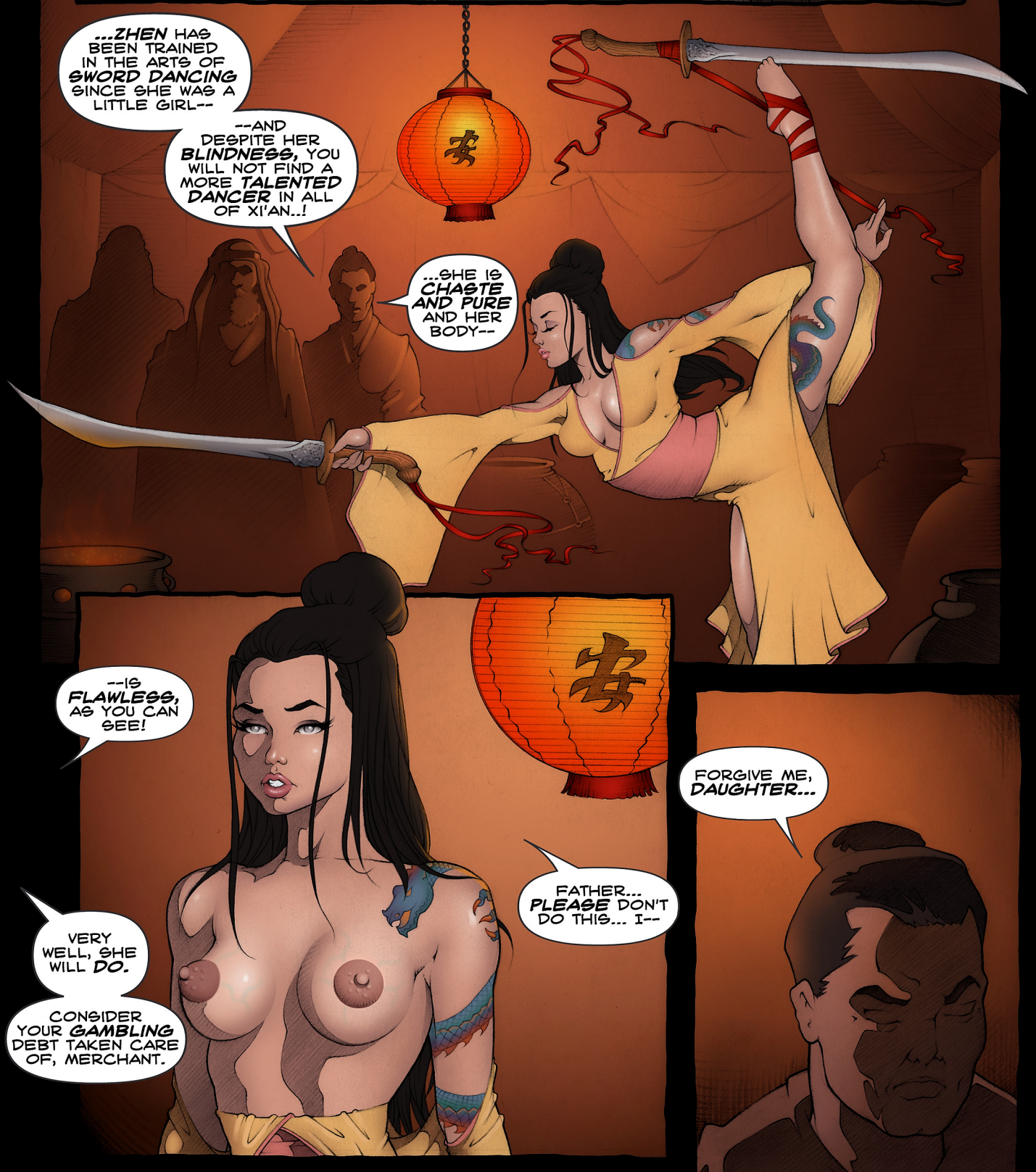
--IS
FLAWLESS,
AS YOU CAN
SEE!

VERY
WELL, SHE
WILL DO.

CONSIDER
YOUR GAMBLING
DEBT TAKEN CARE
OF, MERCHANT.

FATHER...
PLEASE DON'T
DO THIS... I--

FORGIVE ME,
DAUGHTER...



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER,
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
"SILK ROAD"...

WE'VE BEEN
RIDING FOR *MANY*
DAYS AND NIGHTS,
PRINCE KHALID...
PLEASE... I AM
EXHAUSTED..!

...I'LL DO
ANYTHING FOR
AN HOUR'S
REST...

VERY
WELL.

THERE
IS AN
OASIS
AHEAD...

...WE SHALL
BATHE AND
REST THERE
FOR THE
NIGHT.

"FORGIVE ME, MASTER..."

"...BUT I KNOW
THAT **LOOK** IN
YOUR EYE."

"THE GIRL IS TO
BE PART OF THE
KING'S **HAREM...**

"...AND AS
SUCH, SHE
MUST REMAIN
CHASTE!"

INDEED,
NIZAR...

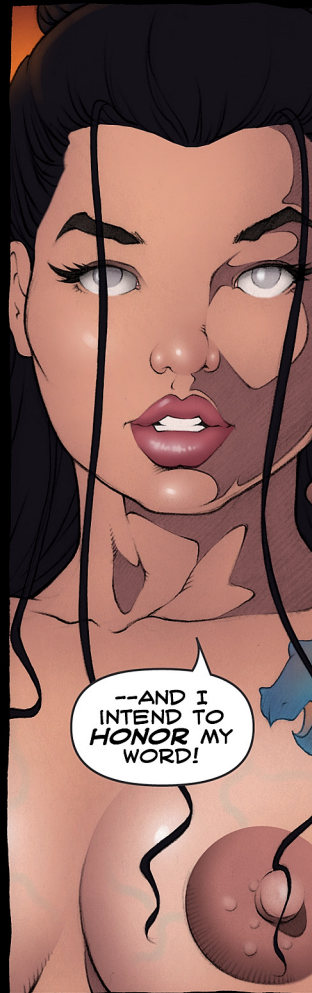
...BUT
THERE **ARE**
OTHER WAYS SHE
CAN OFFER US
PLEASURE!



I MAY BE WITHOUT SIGHT
BUT I AM NOT
DEAF--

--IF IT IS
PLEASURE YOU
SEEK, I WILL GIVE
IT WILLINGLY...

...FOR I
DID SAY I WAS
PREPARED TO DO
"ANYTHING--"





mmmmhh...
MMmmmm...
Aaahhh!

MY FATHER, THE
KING, WILL NO DOUBT
GREATLY APPRECIATE
YOUR EAGERNESS
TO **PLEASE**!

HE WILL REWARD
ME **HANDSOMELY** FOR
BRINGING BACK SUCH AN
EXOTIC **BEAUTY** FROM
THE ORIENT!

Mmmm!
MMmmmmhh!



AND ONCE...
Aaaaaahhh... I
INHERIT HIS
THRONE...
Aaaaaahhh...



...YOU WILL
BELONG TO
ME!

YES,
MASTER!

End of prologue one

The PALACE OF King el-Mur'agjid
in the Kingdom of NEKOR, north-
west AFRICA...



THE
KING IS
LATE THIS
MORNING,
ZHEN...

...BY THIS TIME,
HE'S USUALLY
BALLS DEEP
INSIDE ONE
OF US!

PERHAPS
SOMETHING HAS
HAPPENED TO
HIM, KLEEAH.

ONE
CAN ONLY
WISH!

STILL, I
SHOULD GET
DRESSED AND
GO SPEAK TO
A **PALACE**
GUARD...

DO ME A
FAVOR, ZHEN,
MAKE SURE YOU
BOLT THE
DOORS
BEHIND ME!

THERE'S
FEAR IN
KLEEAH'S
VOICE...
SOMETHING
IS **AMISS!**

I WILL **DO AS**
YOU ASK... BE
CAREFUL!



I COULDN'T
TELL ZHEN I
BEGAN "HEARING"
FOREIGN VOICES
COMING FROM THE
SEASHORE
NEARBY...

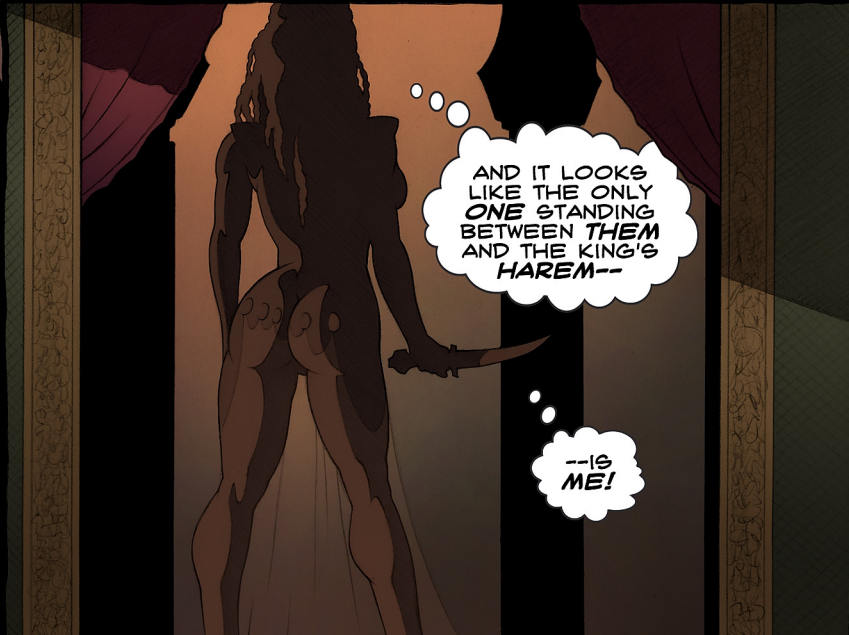
...THE
LAST THING
I NEED IS FOR THE
ENTIRE HAREM TO BE
IN A STATE OF
PANIC!

hmmm...
NOT A
SINGLE
GUARD
IN SIGHT!

WHOEVER THESE
INVADERS ARE,
THEY'RE CLOSING IN
ON THE PALACE! I CAN
READ THEIR MINDS
CLEARLY NOW... THEIR
THOUGHTS ARE IN A
NORTHERN DIALECT...
SCANDINAVIAN--!



--VIKINGS!



AND IT LOOKS
LIKE THE ONLY
ONE STANDING
BETWEEN **THEM**
AND THE KING'S
HAREM--

--IS
ME!

WE'RE IN
LUCK, THIS
AREA OF THE
PALACE IS
EMPTY--

--PERHAPS
THE GUARDS
ALL **FLED** UPON
SIGHT OF OUR
LONGBOATS!

hmmm...
PERHAPS...
BUT SOMETHING
DOESN'T **FEEL**
RIGHT.

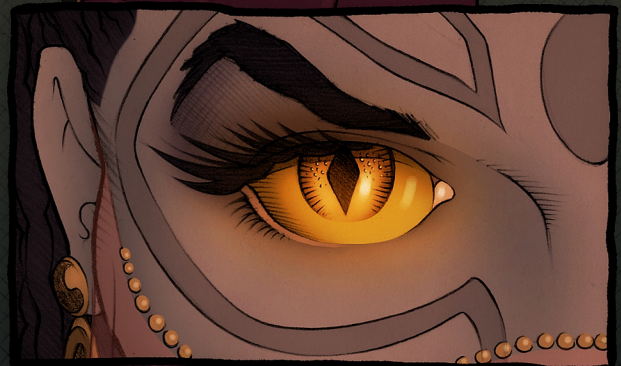
THE
COWARDS
HAVE **INDEED**
FLED... BUT IT
MATTERS
NOT--

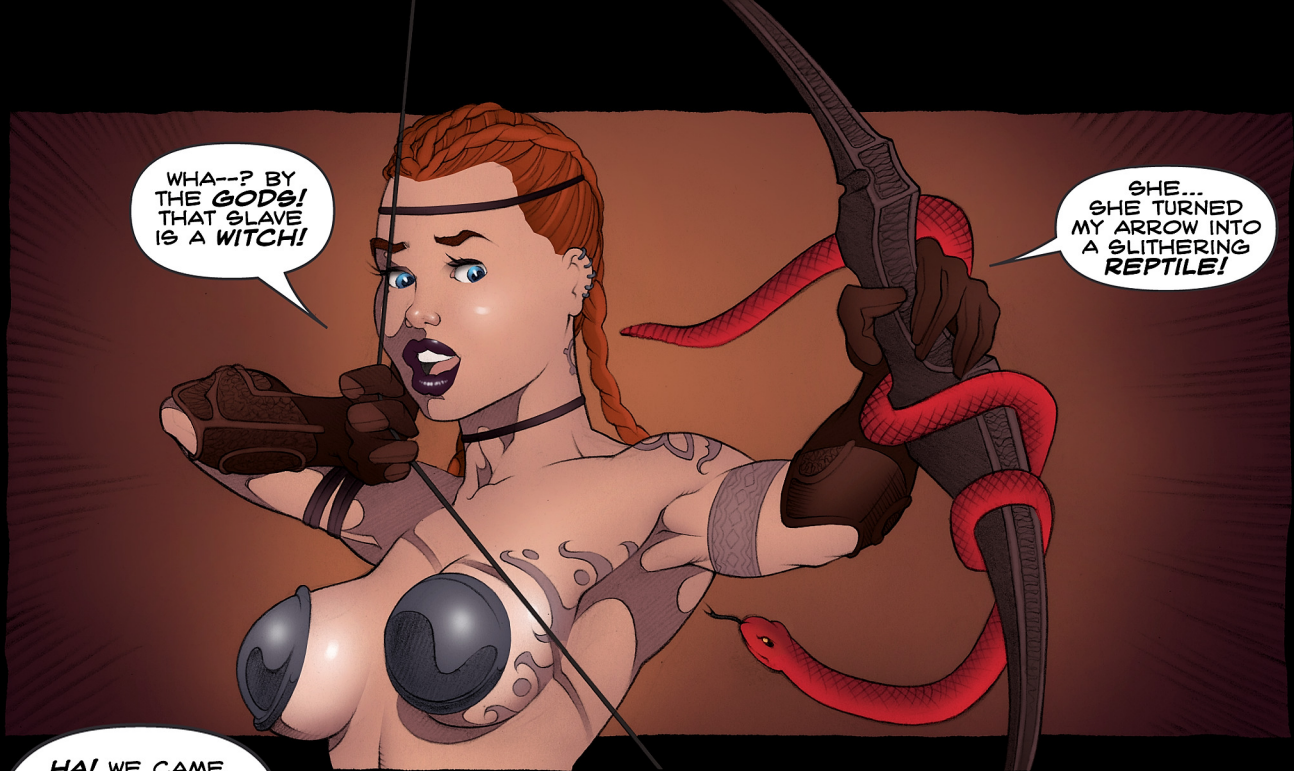
!?!

--FOR I CAN
VANQUISH A HORDE
OF NORTHERN **SHIT**
EATERS ALL ON
MY OWN...

...AND DO
SO WITHOUT
BREAKING A
SWEAT!

BRAVE WORDS
COMING FROM
A SOON-TO-BE
IMPALED SLAVE
GIRL!





WHA--? BY THE **GODS!** THAT SLAVE IS A **WITCH!**

SHE... SHE TURNED MY ARROW INTO A **SLITHERING REPTILE!**

HA! WE CAME TO THIS PLACE TO **RANSOM** THE KING'S **HAREM**, BUT WE'VE STUMBLED UPON SOMETHING MUCH, **MUCH MORE VALUABLE--!**

--WE COULD **CERTAINLY** BENEFIT FROM HAVING SOMEONE LIKE **HER** ABOARD OUR **FLEET!**



TELL ME, **WITCH**, WHAT WOULD IT TAKE FOR YOU TO **JOIN** OUR CREW?

YOU WANT... **ME?**

AYE... NAME YOUR **PRICE!**



VERY WELL... SET FREE THE **HAREM WOMEN** SAVE FOR THE **BLIND GIRL** FROM THE **ORIENT--**

--SHE **COMES** WITH ME!

AND I COULD USE SOME HELP **RESCUING** MY DAUGHTER FROM HER **WARLOCK FATHER'S** GRASP!

DO THIS FOR ME AND I WILL BE **LOYAL** TO YOU FOR THE **REST** OF MY DAYS!

End of prologue two

27th day of the month of February, 931 A.D.



Despite my strong objections, Eirik insists I remain out of harm's way while the Norwegian sea unleashes its savage fury.

Thus, I scribe this from within the Viking ship's tent...

As the feathered quill scratches the parchment...



...I am reminded of a time, back in my native Scotland, when Gregory would spend hours teaching me how to read and write.

I will forever be grateful to him for that kindness, despite his ultimate betrayal at Boarhaven monastery...

...where I could have been at the state of not for the Viking invasion.



But to dwell upon the lad's cowardly act would be futile. So, since I'm to be confined for the duration of the tempest which rages outside, I've decided, rather, to put in writing an account of my first two months living amongst the Northmen.

An account in which I shall describe, as best I can, the series of events leading up to our current voyage to a cold, faraway place aptly named Iceland...



The Winter Solstice had come and gone.

My sister, Fiona, with whom I had been reunited a short time ago, was safe by my side...

...And by the time Kleeah came home in the midnight hour, we both had fallen into a deep slumber...

BRIANNA...
ARE YOU
AWAKE,
GIRL?

KLEEAH...
YOU'RE HOME!
WHAT HAPPENED WITH
THE WITCH, KASSA--

Sshhhh...

It became clear to me Kleeah had no intention of speaking on the matter...

The sorceress and I had only known each other for a few days, but in that short amount of time...

OOOH, YES!
THRUST YOUR
FINGERS **DEEP**
INSIDE ME,
GIRL!

...we had grown very close...

ssshhh...
AAAAHH!
AAAAA!!

MMM... YOU'RE
DRIPPING WET
LIKE A **BITCH**
IN HEAT!

As my hands moved along Bleach's body, I found myself wishing Fiona would awaken and join us, when...



PERHAPS
YOUR **SISTER**
SHOULD JOIN
US...

HEY!
ARE YOU
READING MY
THOUGHTS
AGAIN?

ONE NEED
NOT BE A MIND-
READER TO KNOW
WHAT YOU **DESIRE**
MOST, GIRL--

--IT'S
WRITTEN
IN YOUR
EYES!

WELL, IN
THAT CASE...
AYE, LET'S
WAKE HER!

But as I turned towards Fiona...

...I suddenly experienced what I thought could only be another dreaded, ominous vision...

...A dark prophecy of a possible future happening, in which...

...I could see Fiona, alone in the very bed we had been sharing, startled by a pair of eerie creatures lurking in the shadows.

But instead of attempting to fight them off, my sister seemed to welcome the Hellhounds' lustful urges! It was as if she was in a kind of strange and sinful trance...

It wasn't until the image of a creepy-looking woman appeared within my waking dream that I realized why Fiona's demeanor seemed unusual...

YES, MY PETS...
LICK THE LITTLE
BITCH!

...Inside this nightmarish world, my sister was clearly under a witch's spell, and there was no doubt in my mind that this necromancer could be no other than the Scottish enchantress named Cassandra Blackwood!

If this prophecy was to be believed, Fiona's life was still in danger... I had to find out exactly what had transpired this night and what had become of the depraved witch.

But first, I would have to awaken from this eerie reverie which was far from over...



THIS IS NO MERE
LUST SPELL, YOU
FOOLISH LASS!



YOUR SISTER
SHALL BE MINE ONCE
MORE, BRIANNA...



AND ONCE I
AM DONE PLAYING
WITH YOUR DEAR,
LITTLE FIONA...

...AND THIS TIME,
LIKE A PUPPET ON STRINGS,
I WILL POSSESS HER, BODY AND
SOUL... HER LECHERY WILL KNOW NO
BOUNDS... MY PET HOUNDS WILL FUCK
HER RAW AND SHE WILL BEG
FOR MORE!



I WILL BE
COMING FOR
YOU!



I'M SO SORRY,
KLEEAH... WOULD
YOU FETCH ME
SOME WATER, I'M
A LITTLE DIZZY!



I DON'T
KNOW HOW
MUCH LONGER
I CAN TAKE
THESE AWFUL
VISIONS!

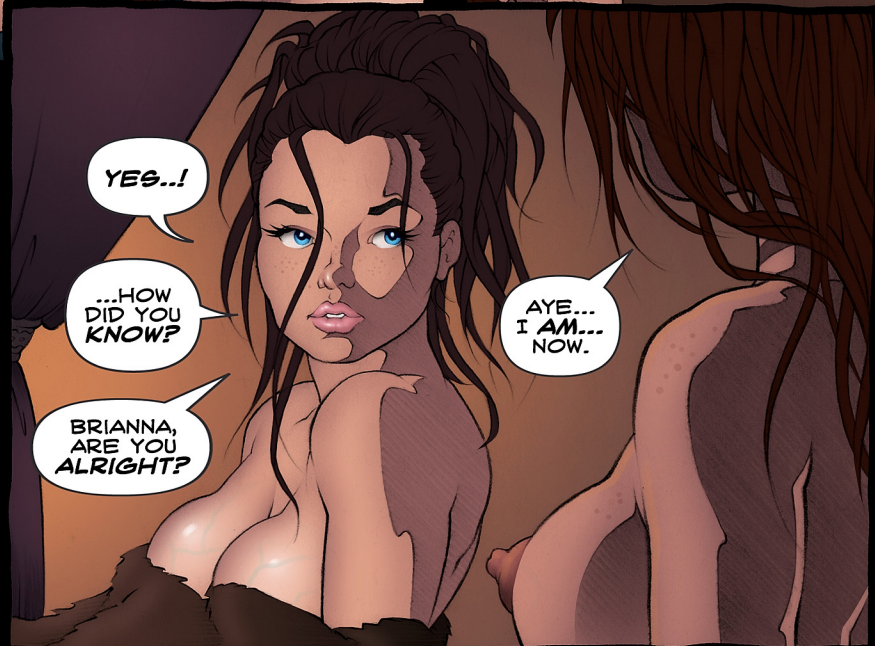
BREE...



...I JUST
HAD THE
STRANGEST
DREAM--

--THAT WITCH
FROM THE COG
WAS MAKING ME
DO UNSPEAKABLE
THINGS TO...

DOGS?

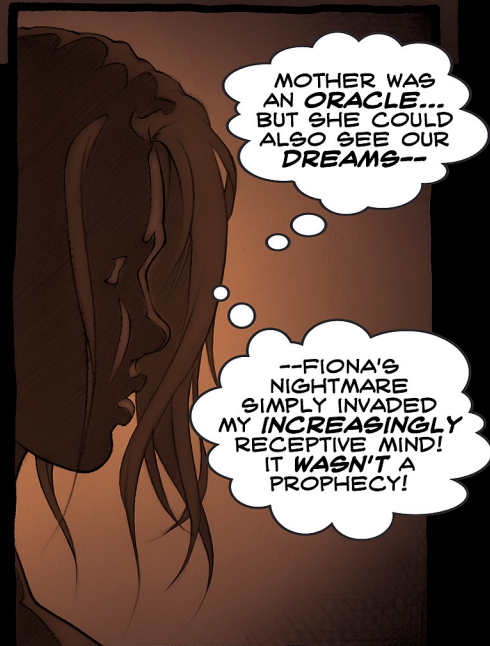


YES...!

...HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

BRIANNA,
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT?

AYE...
I AM...
NOW.



MOTHER WAS
AN ORACLE...
BUT SHE COULD
ALSO SEE OUR
DREAMS--

--FIONA'S
NIGHTMARE
SIMPLY INVADDED
MY INCREASINGLY
RECEPTIVE MIND!
IT WASN'T A
PROPHECY!



THE
WELL IS
DRY...

...BUT I DID
FIND SOME
WINE!

MMMMM...
THAT'S EVEN
BETTER!

FIONA,
MEET OUR
GRACIOUS
HOST,
KLEEAAH.

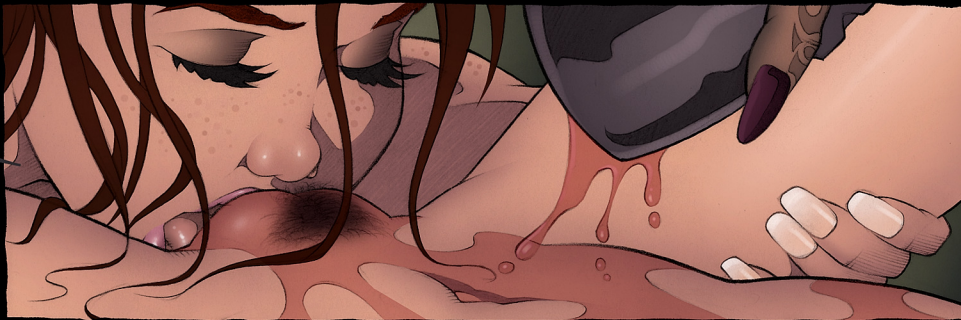
HER AND I
WERE JUST ON
THE VERGE OF
WAKING YOU
UP--



--LIKE
THIS!



Mmmmm...
THIS IS **SO**
MUCH BETTER
THAN WATER!



hmm...
YOUR SISTER'S
PUSSY TASTES
AS SWEET AS
YOURS, GIRL!

NOW I
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU CAN'T
RESIST FIONA'S
DELICIOUS
FLESH!



Aaahhhh...
SHE'S SUCKING
ON MY CUNT **SO**
HARD..! SHE'S
GOING TO MAKE
ME **SQUIRT!**



Oohhh...
hhhhhh...
hhAAA!

AAAAaahhhh!!!





Aaaaaahh!
YES, FINGER
ME **HARD!** I'M
CUMMING!



Mmmmm...
NOW IT'S
YOUR TURN,
GIRL!



*Two tongues bringing me to climax felt
incredible and helped take my mind off
the harrowing events of the previous day!*



*But even in the midst of that orgasm,
I remember dreading what kind of
horror my next vision may foretell...*

In the days that followed, I came to realize that until such time as my sister and I could return to Scotland, the Kingdom of Norway and its snowy peaks would become our new home. Thus, Fiona and I began pulling our own weight...

...Here in the Great Hall's kitchen...

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO **DISSECT** A WILD BOAR LIKE THAT, FIONA?

WELL, THE **VILLAGE** I'M FROM IS NAMED AFTER THESE **BEASTS**--

--THEY'RE A **DELICACY** AT MY FATHER'S **INN**. HE HUNTS THEM, I COOK THEM.

I'VE **GUTTED MANY** A BOAR IN MY YOUTH!

...I in the blacksmith's Viking armory...

YOU'VE NEVER HELD A **REAL SWORD** BEFORE?

NAY...

...SADLY, NOT MANY **WOMEN WIELD SWORDS** IN SCOTLAND.

WE COULD **TEACH** YOU...

...BUT **FIRST**, GUNNAR AND I HAVE A **UNIQUE REQUEST**--

"--WE'VE HEARD TALK ALL OVER
EKKOFJORD OF YOUR PROWESS IN
THE **FORBIDDEN ROOM**. PERHAPS
YOU'D LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE..."

AAaahh!
AAAAAaa!

*In the back of my mind, I was hoping Fiona
would also find some pleasure in her work...*

I WANT
YOU SO
BADLY!

AS DO I,
INGRID!

Mmmmm...
YOUR BODY
IS **DIVINE**,
HELKA!

LET ME
TAKE YOU
SOMEWHERE
WE CAN BE
ALONE...

...I
KNOW A
PLACE!

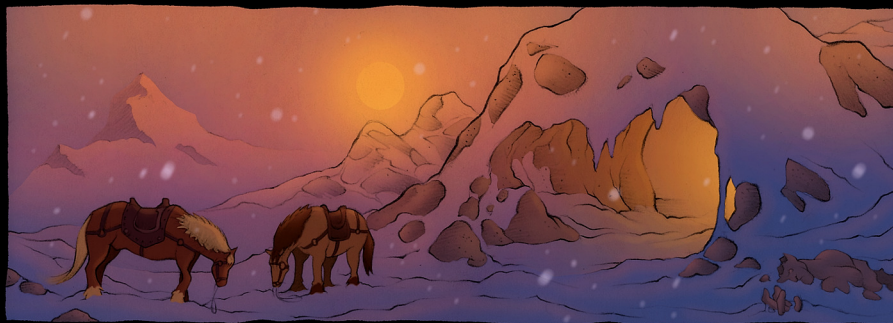
...and that she would later tell me all about it!

IF YOU'RE AS
TALENTED WIELDING
A SWORD AS YOU ARE
STROKING A COCK,
YOU'LL BE A VIKING
IN NO TIME!

AYE,
I'VE HAD A
LOT OF
PRACTICE!

mmmm...
HELP ME
LICK UP
ALL THIS
CUM!

Later on, Fiona confided in me that she would often return to the remote cavern where she had briefly met Balderik, a kind, giant troll, who had perished attempting to save her from a mad Scottish knight named Sir Marshall...



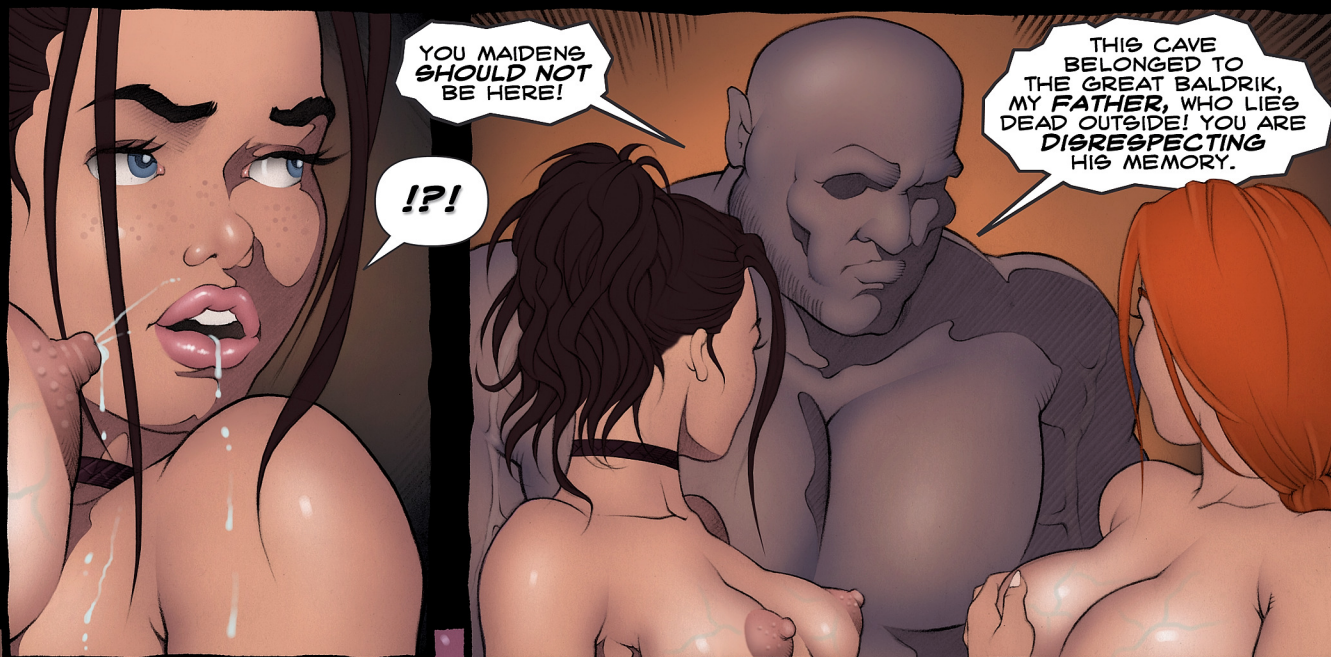
All that remained of Balderik lay half-buried in snow at the entrance of the cave. The poor devil, turned to stone by the sun's rays, had ultimately crumbled under his own weight like an ancient, weathered statue...

WHEN YOU TOLD ME OF A PLACE WHERE WE COULD BE ALONE, THIS IS NOT WHAT I IMAGINED.

I LIKE IT HERE. I FEEL SAFE IN THIS CAVE...

Mmmm... I SEE YOU'RE A WET NURSE. CAN I HAVE SOME?

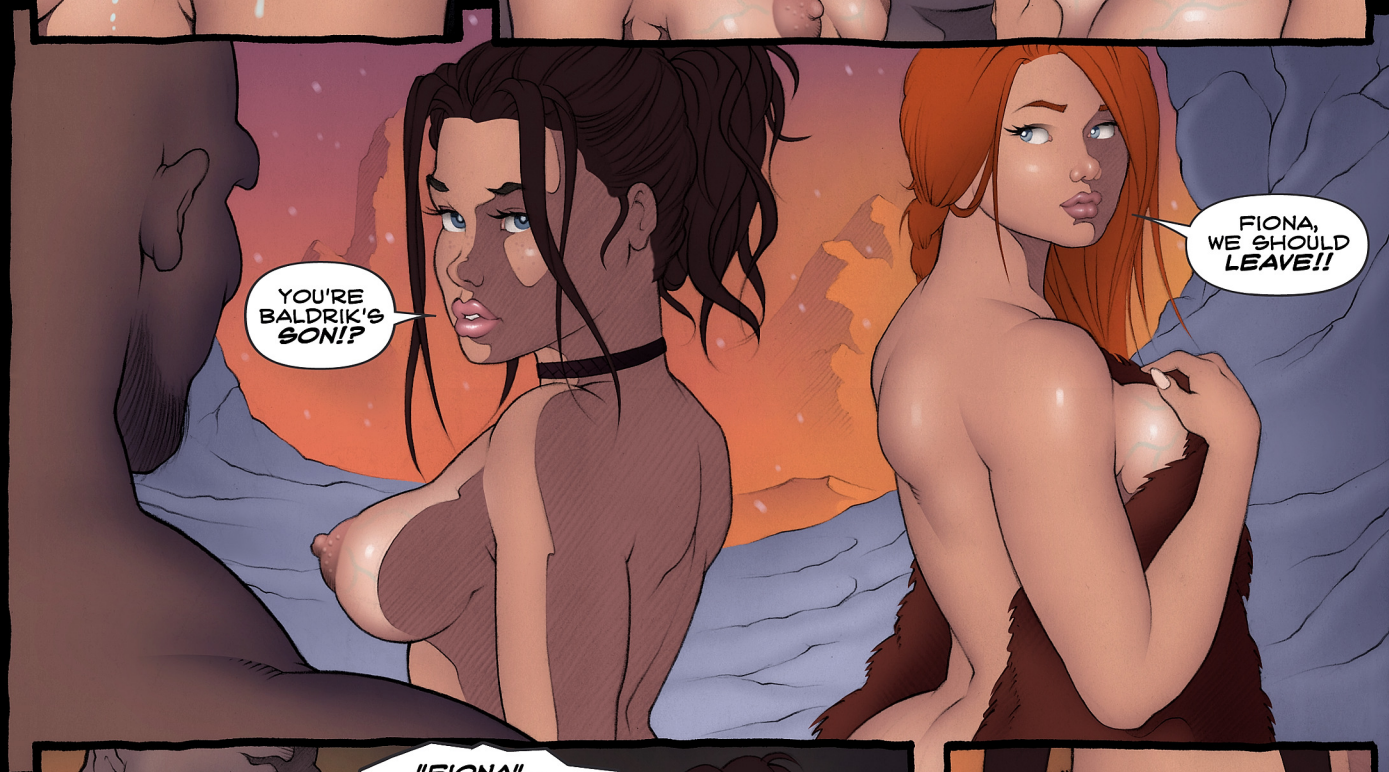




YOU MAIDENS
SHOULD NOT
BE HERE!

!?!

THIS CAVE
BELONGED TO
THE GREAT BALDRİK,
MY FATHER, WHO LIES
DEAD OUTSIDE! YOU ARE
DISRESPECTING
HIS MEMORY.



YOU'RE
BALDRİK'S
SON!?

FIONA,
WE SHOULD
LEAVE!!

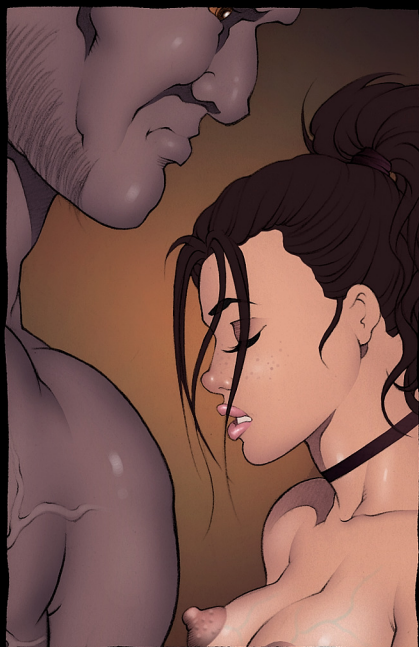


"FIONA"...
THERE'S A RUMOR
MY FATHER WAS
PROTECTING A GIRL
BY THAT NAME WHEN
HE MET HIS END...
ARE YOU **HER?**

AYE...
I...
I AM...

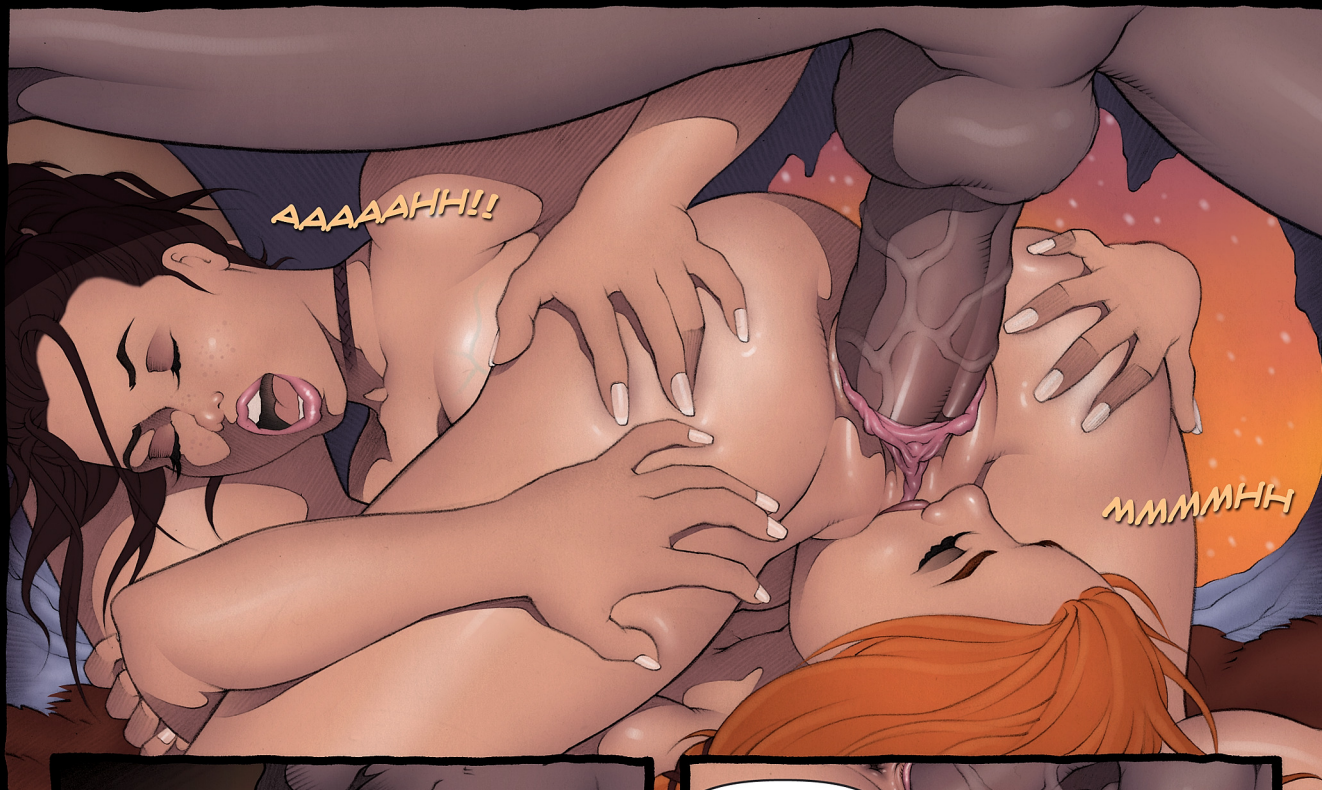


I'M...
SORRY.



Within that cave is where Fiona first encountered Magnor, offspring to the late Baldrík. Being keenly aware of my sister's charming ways, it was not a surprise to learn that she and him became intimate shortly thereafter...

The two have been inseparable ever since.

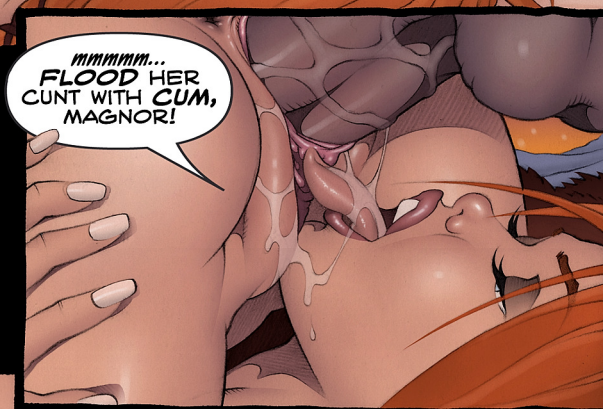


AAAAHHH!!

MMMMHH



UUHH
UUUUHH!



MMMMM...
FLOOD HER
CUNT WITH CUM,
MAGNOR!



PUSH IT
OUT... YES,
LIKE THAT!



AREN'T
YOU GLAD I
BROUGHT YOU
HERE?

AYE...
MMMM...



Soon after their first encounter, my sister discovered that although he and his father were very much alike, there was something about Magnor that was fundamentally different...

THE
SUN'S RAYS...
THEY HAVE NO
ILL-EFFECT
ON YOU--!

--HOW
CAN THAT
BE?!

IT IS
A TRAIT I
INHERITED FROM
MY MOTHER. SHE
WAS LIKE YOU...
A HUMAN!

"WAS"
LIKE ME?

SHE
PERISHED
WHEN I WAS
YOUNG.

I'M SORRY
TO HEAR THAT,
MAGNOR--

--BUT IT
SEEMS YOU
AND I SHARE
A SIMILAR
STORY...



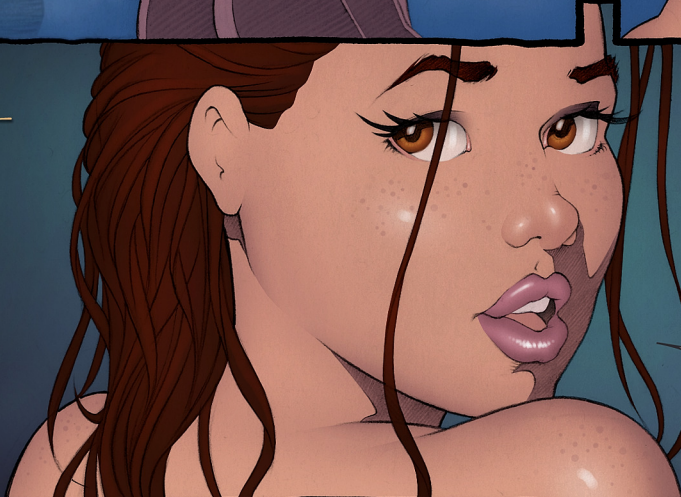
I had not laid eyes on Eirik in almost a fortnight. Him and his wife had apparently worked out their differences and seemed genuinely happy together...



...Sunnhild made sure I knew just how happy.



I was never a violent person, but at that moment, I wanted to claw her eyes out, and may have done just that if not for what occurred next...



HEED MY WARNING, DAUGHTER... THERE ARE PERILOUS TIMES AHEAD...

MOTHER!?!

It had been nine years since my mother last stood before me. Branded a witch by the church, she'd been bound to a post and set ablaze, her screams of agony echoing through the town square as flames engulfed her body... I thought I'd never see her again until the day I would join her in the after life... But there she was, before me once more, appearing out of the mist...

MOTHER!
IS... IS THAT
REALLY YOU?
HOW--

HUSH, BRIANNA. MY SWEET LASS...
I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME... LISTEN
AND LISTEN WELL...

...YOUR SALVATION LIES
BEYOND EKKOFJORD, BRIANNA...

...Like a ghost.

...YOU MUST UNLOCK
THE SECRETS BEHIND
YOUR VISIONS...

...ONLY THE BLIND
GIRL CAN GUIDE
YOU...

...GO TO HER...

NO!
PLEASE DON'T
GO! MOTHER,
DON'T LEAVE
ME--

--NOT
AGAIN.

*In an instant, my mother's ghostly figure vanished back
into the rising mist...*

*Long I remained, kneeling in the water, distraught and
confused... wondering if all of this... the dreams, the visions,
the apparitions... if they were real or imaginary... had
I truly become an oracle, like my mother, or was this
the beginning of a Hellish descent into madness...?*

*But then I remembered my
mother's words...*

*...she claimed my salvation
lay beyond the village...*

*...And mentioned
something about a blind
girl...*

*At that moment,
I became determined
to find out what she
meant. What all of
it meant. Whether or
not I was going mad,
I needed answers...*

*...and I was
going to get them!*

If I was to decipher the meaning behind my mother's cryptic message,
I felt it necessary to leave Ekkofjord behind, at least for a while, to
gather my thoughts and find some much needed solitude...

I DON'T THINK
I'VE EVER GAZED AT A
MORE **REMARKABLE**
LANDSCAPE--

--EVEN THE
SCOTTISH
HIGHLANDS
CANNOT
COMPARE!

NORWAY
IS A TRULY
MAGNIFICENT
KINGDOM!

I SHALL
MISS THE LAND
AND ITS PEOPLE
ONCE THE DAY
COMES WHEN I
MUST RETURN
HOME.

*And that's when
I saw it...*

...that remote dwelling...

... "Beyond Ekkofjord!"

COULD
THAT **BE**
WHAT I'M
LOOKING
FOR?

hmm...
IF IT IS,
IT SEEMS
TOO
EASY!

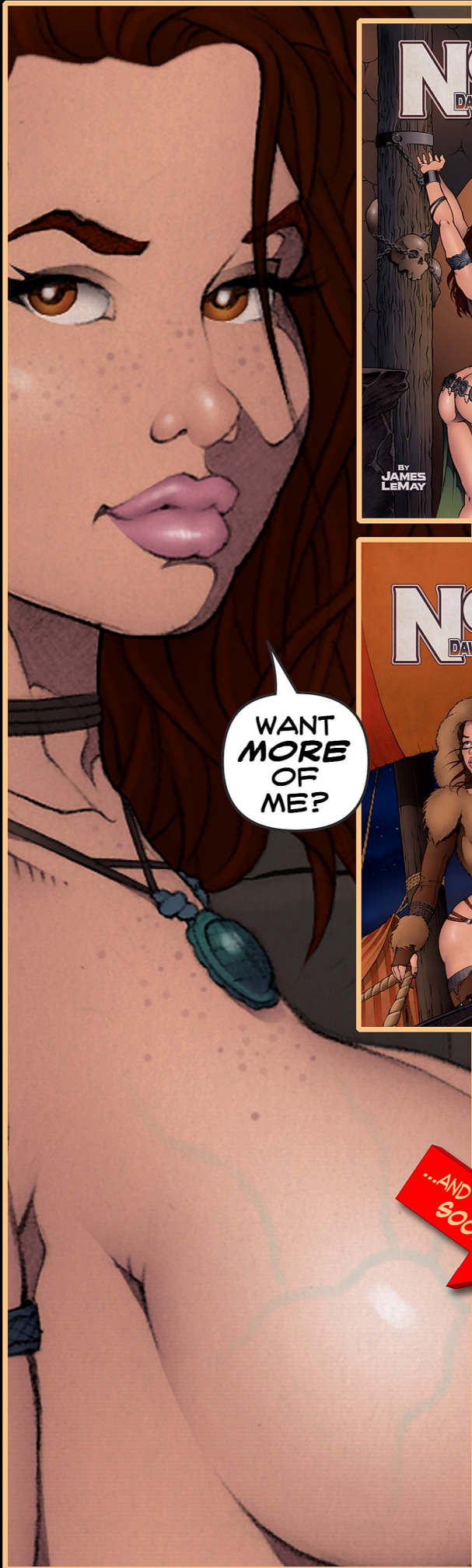
*I felt apprehensive at the sight of that strange house.
Even Kjazz, my steed, suddenly became agitated and
seemed unwilling to proceed any further eastward.
But in the end, curiosity got the better of me...*

*...thus, I decided I should go
down and take a closer look.*

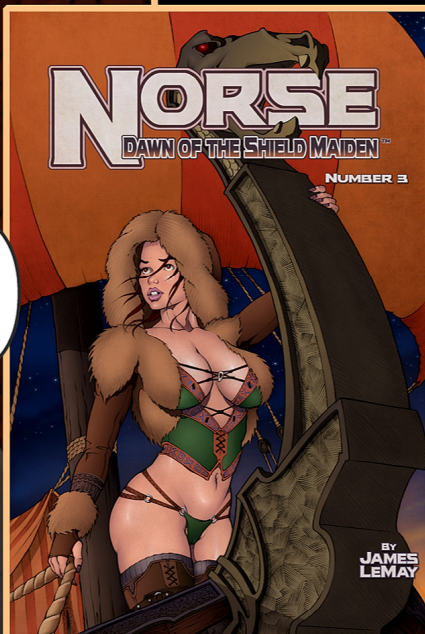
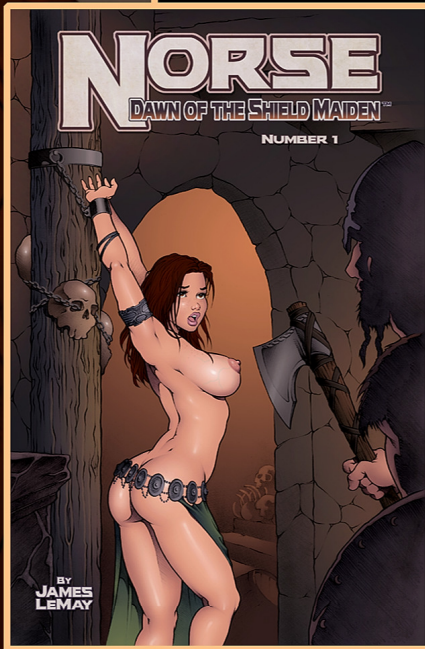
HELLO?

CRREEEEEEAAK

TO BE CONTINUED...



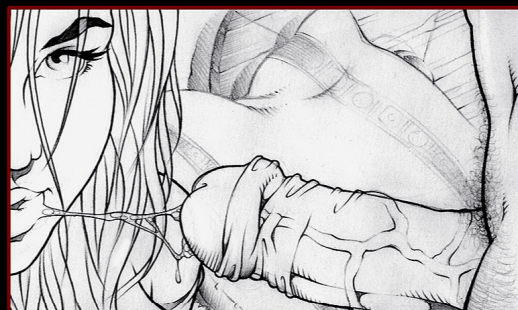
WANT
MORE
OF
ME?



CURIOUS HOW IT ALL BEGAN? THEN LOOK
FOR THESE 4 BOOKS ABOVE NOW
AVAILABLE AT DRIVETHRUCOMICS.COM

...AND COMING
SOON!

THE CARNAL ARTWORK OF
NORSE
BY JAMES LEMAY

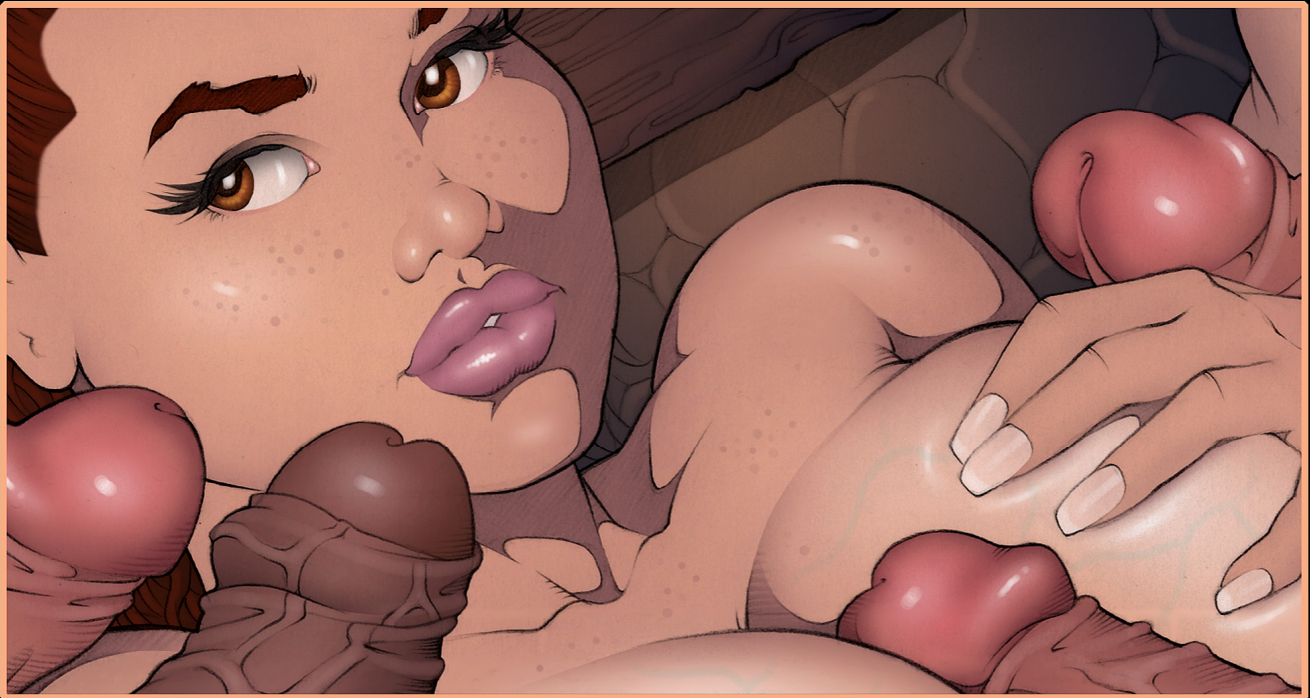


**BRIANNA AND HER MANY LOVERS WILL
RETURN IN:**

NORSE

Quest of the Shield Maiden™

NUMBER 2



**CUMMING IN
2018!**