Vol. 69½ – The Cornucopious Carnal Harvest

In which King Eirikr and his scandalous sorceress Sædis discover that the crops are ripe, the field is fertile, and the gods are watching—aghast and aroused.

It began on the eve of the Harvest Moon, when the air was thick with nectar and the wheat bowed low, drunk on its own abundance. King Eirikr stood atop the sacred hill, wrapped in fur and fire, a blade at his hip and hunger in his eyes. Below him, the field lay bare, save for one figure—Sædis, the sorceress whose very name made priests stutter and fruit ripen too soon.

She wore nothing but garlands of grain, her skin kissed with golden dust. As she danced in slow spirals, the stalks bent with her, as if the earth itself ached for her touch. 'The ritual must begin,' she whispered, eyes blazing like embers under ash. 'The gods demand a show.'

Eirikr descended into the field, boots sinking into soil still warm from the sun. He reached her just as the clouds parted, a beam of divine moonlight blessing their union. She fell into his arms with the grace of a falling apple—inevitable, sweet, and dangerous.

What followed cannot be wholly transcribed, for the parchment might ignite—but suffice to say the king plowed more than the fields. Ravens fled, cows gave milk early, and the gods—aghast and aroused—cast their divine gaze upon the pair with awe.

They claimed each other with reckless joy, wild laughter, and cries that echoed into the grain. When morning came, the valley had turned gold, and all knew that the harvest would be rich beyond measure.

‘You’ve been a very naughty kernel,’ Sædis whispered, brushing a rogue stalk from Eirikr’s lips. 'Next time, we till the orchard.'