

# LOKI'S RESURRECTION

An Erotic Story  
Based on a True Icelandic Saga

Halló?



Olafur Thor Eiriksson

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by  
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## **Loki Fálnisson (Fownis)**

Born in Bárðarvík (small bay of Bárður (man's name)) June 19 1955

Died in Reykjavík (smoke-bay) Nov. 10 2001

His memorial address will be held in the Church in Helguvík November 17, 14,00.

**T**he most difficult lot of a mother is to outlive her children. That has been my burden for the sake of my eldest, a son who seemed to have a promising future in stored for him, an outstanding student and well built in most aspects, but no one is able to rule one's destiny in every way.

One accident followed another when you were in your twenty-first year having the consequences that you became quite disabled. But it didn't seem to alter anything even though your destiny did its best breaking you down; always in good humor, optimism in the flesh.

You married a girl whom you'd met during your college years, just prior to your first disaster, but she didn't let your disability have any influence on her decision to marry you.

For twenty odd years she stood by your side helping you both getting through incredible difficulties and gave birth to three promising sons. But good things always seem to come to an end and she finally gave in to her everlasting struggle trying to carry on the homemaking being the bread-winner

of three children and their disabled father who received his stingy monthly compensation.

In the wake of the divorce you certainly didn't give in, like so many seem to do.

Oh no, not my Loki!

Every one weekend you gave a loving home to your three sons as a weekend-dad, but the other you went out dancing on the capital-area, where you kept on looking for a new girlfriend who'd be willing to live along with you through times of both happiness and sorrow.

It didn't happen till early in the fourth year after the divorce, when you believed you'd eventually come across the right girl for you. For several months you seemed so very close, that I had begun to believe something lasting was to become of your relationship. Happiness seemed to radiate from your eyes.

But the calamity came at the end of last July, when you phoned and told us that the big love in your life had left you. Since then everything has been going down in your life; depression visited you and you, a lad who'd always seemed to be the happiest of all became struck with self-pity and pessimism.

I hope the Lord will keep you by his side my darling son, your mamma.

\* \* \*

Her tears keep on falling one after another on this page no. thirty-six of the "Morgunblaðið" (morning news), just where the obituary had been put down.

The eyes, the pearls of her pretty face, sky blue and as large as small saucers had become puffy and filled with tears

that steadily run down on this page holding notices and articles that remind one of death which is feared by most, but desired by some; fright on the one hand because of the of what will become of us and the other because of a panting to leave an unpleasant type of living. Through tears she looks at the photo of him as a young handsome man. Then she looks at the newish one in her left palm and finds it quite extraordinary how little his face had changed over the years. The latter one Loki had given her shortly after they'd started dating last January. She'd never repaid in kind, for as she'd said: "I always photo badly."

That's nonsense dear Sara. In my opinion very few women look as fabulous as you do, especially when we're making love and you're on your back. As she remembered him he was always praising her for one thing or another, but her response had always been the same: "You get so easily fooled because you're so much in love with me, but the truth is that my looks are quite ordinary."

### **An Earthly Preface**

"Why are you so bloody frigid, woman?" asks the beefy man his long-legged and sexy wife. "You are hardly ever ready to enjoy my hard-on. I can't comprehend why in the name of wonder you wanted to become my wife. You never seem to enjoy being with me like those other women I've been with."

"I don't understand why I can't enjoy sex with you considering how much I do love you from the deepest roots of my heart," replies the coffee-brown beauty with tears in her eyes and the lump in the neck. "I just don't find sex as great as my girlfriends have so often told me it is," the

circumcised girl carries on, “and to top it I’m more tired and indifferent tonight, than usually. Perhaps I’ll become more attracted to you if you’ll allow me to rest a short while enjoying the warmth of your presence,” and thus said she turns toward a wall in their circular straw-shed.

“Well then,” roars the sulky black man who had some months before started to dream of having great sex with her, when he had kidnapped her from a distant village, which he and his companions had raided. In his opinion she was the fairest of all the women in her tribe. As time went by he was able to win her affection, when she came to know him and realized what a promising husband he could become. He lies down close to her round and firm behind keeping his circumcised bone stiff, black and shining king between her thighs, thus allowing it lie in the triangle at the joint of her legs and queenie. He then lays his left arm over her, grabbing tenderly about her firm breasts with stiff brown nipples.

Before long he hears by her steady breathing that she’s visiting her dreamland. Many a night he’s been lying still by her side enjoying the sound of her feminine breathing in through her small flat nose and subsequently out between her thick-set gray lips.

Gradually he’s able to enter his own dreamworld which differs from hers by all the violence that marks the existence of the young men of his tribe, but softness and yearning for a child marks her dreams. His enormous king which every man would’ve been proud of, gets soft and returns to its normal small boy like size. It shrinks until it doesn’t find any firmness between her thighs anymore and drops down behind the girl’s right thigh.

Subsequently the young warrior starts snoring loudly.

In the middle of the night something typical for many men happens; the urinary bladder starts raging eager to empty itself. In the wake his king gets aroused and begins to rise with more eagerness than it normally would. Looking extremely promising his king starts searching in between her thighs, but this moment it doesn't lie still beneath her lovely queenie, which has become very moist, but enters automatically. Successive to the entering she starts moaning with pleasure reaching its peak when the "long guest" begins touching the 7 centimeter long inner clitoris on the inner wall of her abdomen, a prolongation of the outer clitoris which had been removed in the circumcision, back when she still was just a child.

Still sleeping she reaches out for the stiff left cheek of his behind and thrushes it in. When she touches him he moves from his dream of fighting and enters a new one where he's making love to his wife who has begun to enjoy his course of action. In her open eyes he's able to notice how unlike the frigid woman she's become and...

## **A Celestial Preface**

Just as every wise human is aware of we're headed for a very long journey via six Heavens, when we'll die, before reaching the seventh Heaven, where we'll get the long desired diffusion with the pantheon, the nature viz.

Our souls will have to dwell unequally long in each of the six Heavens making the departed people's dwelling often quite a hardship, but longest and most difficult in the first Heaven which we'll enter right after our death. The transportation between the Heavens, for ex. from the first to the second might take a long period and can't be reached,

until the deceased have proven without a doubt that they are worthy souls which have improved their behavior and action. The most important part of this hardship is usually reincarnation, a single one or more, that is until the committee in the next Heaven decides whether you have improved yourself sufficiently. Those of the deceased who'll have to return to the pain and anguish the Earth's dwelling is supposed to be compared to the superior one, won't recall a thing from their former life. Apart from those who have through some kind of an accident been able to ripen their clairvoyance, an ability everybody has somewhere hidden in their brains. The number of reincarnated people on Earth has become so enormous, that just a tiny few are Earthlings who are beginning their endless journey toward their diffusion with the pantheon.

The people who are just beginners in the superior order, which the Hindus call Dharma are the ones who seem quite without a worry in their world, so happily free and easy. On the other hand most reincarnated people are shy and worried. The built-in fear of making mistakes is elevated proportionally with the number of reincarnations.

The dwellers use their time in the first Heaven as well as possible by following and assisting people down on Earth. Escorting them like the shadow. But there's a catch to this endeavor, mainly that there is no manner for the "shadow" to influence the living, in spite of numerous possible reasons. Unless either the one in question enjoys clairvoyance or when psychics can be used as agents.

Everyone has their own "shadow", one or more, according to their importance and/or by a decision from "above".

## Chapter One

This weekend in question his search for a friend and companion of the opposite sex begins as so often before, around eleven Friday-evening. The week had gone by at an unusual speed, even though the suspense had been increasing each day. His sixth sense is informing him that lady-luck will be discreetly favorable for him on this fine evening in September. He parks his blue East-German Trabant station-wagon, a tiny plastic can of a car, which really suits him a single youngish middle aged man quite well, at a space by Ingólfs square, before he makes himself ready by spraying a little perfume down his neck and running his right hand's fingers through his dark hair. He's feeling exceedingly well and has high expectations for this visit to Café Reykjavík (smoke-bay), when he strides over the elegant slated square, but gets a little disappointed entering this old building which used to be a fish-factory early in the twentieth century on Reykjavík's (smoke-bay) quay, but after a number of changes and fillings the quay had moved away, thus making its location less practical for such a factory.

He seems to be too early, for there's hardly anyone inside other than Gunnar, an excavator driver who he's come well acquainted with, after their numerous conversations these numerous nights they'd both visited these premises intoxicated by nothing but their hope and good temper in

a place where the heavy drinkers are more welcome than others.

Our hero finds a seat by an empty table behind the bar which is elliptically shaped and located in the middle of the gloomy salon, and orders a cup of Swiss-mocha, a drink he finds absolutely delicious. While he's waiting for his coffee his eyes wander around the almost empty premises and stop on four good looking females at a table not far away.

Automatically he gives their appearance a quick valuation, speculating at the same time what might be his chance of getting a dance with anyone of them when the band has started its playing. They are all slender looking and seem pretty from where he's sitting. Two have dark hair down to their shoulders, the third one is a short-cut blond, but the fourth whom he finds most attractive has beautiful chestnut hair with a ponytail and happens to be facing him, but the dark-haired ones to the sides.

For the purpose of not being accused of any rude staring he turns his head down, but keeps on giving them an eye secretly. When he's been sitting approximately ten minutes, his coffee's arrived and been drunk half a cup, he notices that the chestnut-girl is standing up. Now he turns his head toward her and to his pleasure sees this goddess who's wearing a tight red leather-skirt and a white short-sleeve blouse start walking towards him.

She has long gorgeous legs and has on black dance-shoes. Perhaps she finds his face peculiar, for it probably is showing how astonished he is by witnessing this miracle. Before long this astonishingly beautiful creature is standing at his table asking him with her dark, sexy voice whether she can sit at his table.

“Be my guest,” says the youngish man.

She sits down, lays her elbows on the table, her head in the palms and then she starts gazing into his green eyes with her brown charming ones. Up close he's for the first time able to realize how God's creation really is beautiful. The pretty face with the large queen-size nose, the nice cheekbones, the delicious fleshy pink lips are such a delicacy for his eyes that she easily charms him out of his shoes! And when she starts talking her voice is like of another world, so dark and charming-like: "Do you know what, you young beautiful man?"

"No, how might that be?" he asks feeling enchanted, a little shrieking.

"How old are you, 25-30?"

"I've just turned 43," he replies becoming a question-mark.

"How old do you believe I am?" she asks.

"I really don't know what to say. 26? 28?" he asks carefully for he certainly wouldn't want to offend this godsend.

"Thank you ever so kindly," she says with a smile on pretty lips." I'm 58, in other words just an old woman in your eyes, not true?"

"I'm not very experienced in this kind of valuation," he carries on, "but to tell you the truth you look younger than girls my age, even though they're wearing heavy make-up. What's your magic, how are you able to keep this youngish look having reached this incredible age?"

"Thank you. I think I can agree with you that still my looks are incredible, even though I don't use any cosmetics," she replies with her incredible voice which he finds absolutely irresistible and overwhelms him entirely. "But the reason I'm here at your table is to ask you whether you'd like to sleep with me tonight!"

“Naah—” His reflexes are rather clumsy, for he isn’t exactly used to this kind of talking. Most nights he’s had to return to his cold bed on his lonesome after his eager search for a woman who’d be willing to sleep with him. He’s very fastidious and careful, for in no means would he like to be stuck with anyone who’d only give him more problems and worries. His dream-girl is not supposed to smoke or drink alcohol, must be happy, humorous, athletic, horny, live alone and have quit menstruating.

“Well, do you want to fuck me or not, you extremely beautiful man?” she asks him straight out.

“I would not mind it very much, telling you the truth, but I really do find this too unusual and incredible an offer for not feeling a little suspicious, perhaps a crack involving your friends,” he says, while pointing with his non dimpled chin towards the three ladies eagerly following the actions of the fourth.

“To tell you the truth, the four of us are divorced, and have become very horny for a good man. When you entered the premises every one of us became hot and we began speculating how tempting it would be to have a sexy well-hung man like you fucking one of us tonight.”

“Aren’t you kidding?” he asks disbelievingly his face having dropped to his chest. “Do women really discuss us men like that?”

“Yes, you bet ya,” she says in a stimulating manner. “We aren’t different from you guys in any way and in some we’re even more enthusiastic about sex, than you are.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“The truth is that the girls started to challenge me to approach you in the means of offering my body to you,” she carries on while giving him a begging eye.

“It’s quite tempting, my dear, but I’m really not the most experienced man in sexual matters, to tell you the truth,” says the good-looking middle-aged youngish man, who’s become a little frightened of not standing up to her expectations. “But what’s the girl’s name, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“I wouldn’t find it any worse to be able to mold you into a fabulous lover,” she offers him while taking his small muscular hands into her feminine ones. How say you, do you want to fool around with me? We’ll enjoy anonymity as drifters in the sea of opportunities.

“Okay, why not?” says he squeezing her hands.

“My flat or yours?” she asks with an obvious anticipation in her charming manly voice.

“Are we leaving already, even without a little dancing?” He’s really become afraid like a little mouse.

“Yes of course, there’s no sense in postponing pleasure.” She’s already on her feet dragging him up from his chair. “We’ll just go to my place, where we’ll be able to shake our behinds to soft music, while we’re getting into the right mood, you adorable young man. We must fondle and touch each other for the purpose of discovering each other’s sexual desires. Wait here, my dear, while I jump upstairs and fetch my coat. Meanwhile you could even find us a taxi.”

“Oh, that’s not necessary for we’ll just use my own car,” he informs her.

“Wow still it gets better,” she strikes out just as she paces up the white-painted wooden stairs which probably has taken a beating over the years, though its appearance is quite good after a number of paint-jobs.

When she returns in a second with her white fur coat in her right hand she puts her left one in the right palm of the young man, who’s never met such a spectacular woman,

at the same time as she smiles and waves victoriously to her friends who're gazing at them adoringly, also waving.

"Allow me, dear," offers the youngish middle-aged stud, who's wearing a white blazer and black jeans, just as he reaches out for the fur, holding it open thus enabling the woman to put it on. Loki catches his breath when he accidentally touches her incredible back-end.

"Yes, don't you like it, so large and firm. This is how you become in aerobic." Thus said they leave the premises hand in hand walking over the square towards the tiny noble-wagon which awaits them so dulcet and good.

"Oh, is the Trabant yours? How fabulous," the fur-clad beauty cries out when she sees the clean blue shining car. "How is it, like a dream?"

"Like a dream," he agrees, enchanted by the woman's action and lack of restrictions, who had altered all his plans for the night so unexpected, even though he hadn't planned a thing beforehand. He always allowed Miss Luck control the happenings in his endless search for a good friend and companion of the opposite sex. Actually he hasn't got a clue which road this adventure with a woman who hasn't really the age to be his mum, but the looks of a woman same age, will follow. This adventure won't live longer than the night, he convinces himself, at the time he opens the door for her and then closes it carefully and firmly when she's taken a seat and he's pushed her coat inside. The memory of his last attempt to enjoy sex with a woman gives him the shivers.

Many a night he had managed to attract and then drag intoxicated girls (he had his own needs in spite of all wishing-lists) to his home, where he wanted to enjoy the kind of sex his friends had been bragging about as something they did regularly, but when he'd been under the sheets everything

had ended in disappointment, when he had tried to excuse his dangling tail with the words: "This has never happened before," thus implying that there must something the matter with the innocent girl. And probably they have believed that themselves, for his appearance seemed filled with self-assurance, so elegant looking and supple on the dance floor and in every foreplay. But in spite of all his unsuccessful lovemaking he wasn't to surrender his quest for a good friend and companion who'd like to divide her life with him a poor disabled salesman.

But perhaps time's up in his quest and therefore he's about to find the happiness everyone's looking for; the partner who'd be eager to enjoy with him both the times of happiness and sorrow.

He takes a quick look to his side at the moment he slides the key in and turns it clockwise. The two-cylinder motor starts instantly with its funny awkward manner and on it purrs trabb-trabb, but Loki turns in the seat, looks back and backs carefully.

When he drives on he feels how her left hand is laid on his inner thigh and starts massaging up and down, then it moves upwards and closes in on his most sensitive body-part. When the car glides slowly in on the Lækjargata (river-street) her right hand is gliding down the zipper. With her left hand's fingers she handles his good looking not so little friend, who's beginning to look forward to the expected treatment.

"Wow, what stoutness," she moans. "I'll just have to stretch out my gape!"

She runs her lips a couple of times down and sucks upwards, but subsequently she starts nibbling and sucking the swollen king. When she starts raging this way on this

over-sensitive organ, he begins wondering whether he should put a leash on her, before something bad will happen. He feels severe pain, but is able to bear it manfully just as before. When the aches have grown to an almost unbearable level, he grows completely stiff by the wheel, but is able to stop the car in the middle of the crossroads of “Skothús” and “Framnes” conveniently on a green light. He senses how the white gush splashes into the mouth cavity of this woman, whom he probably won’t ever meet after this memorable night. He looks at how she swallows and licks her lips just when the impatient beeping starts growing steadily behind the Trabant. The red light has long since returned and the vehicles are closing in from all sides, but as usual, when something befalls he becomes quite frozen in his disability. He just isn’t able to decide what to do, but meanwhile the beeping grows intensely from all sides. A few brave drivers try to move past the tiny Trabant, but subsequently a number of them are riveting into one another in this extraordinary traffic-jam. His face is stiff like a statue, but nevertheless manages to look aside toward the woman, who’s in a fit of laughter. But evidently they aren’t to be left alone, for at this moment there is a polite but definite knock on the driver’s window. The recently satisfied driver comes around and pushes on a knob between the seats, thus opening the window.

“Is there something the matter?” asks the uniformed lady-cop (who’s armed with a flashlight) before she puts her head in through the window and sees where the soft and satisfied little man is hanging halfway down the zipper. She’s also able to see the white leak from the corner of the woman’s mouth. “Couldn’t you possibly have waited for a better opportunity, for you know there’s a right moment for everything?”

“I beg your pardon miss constable,” he begins his case, “because we just couldn’t control our impulses or the lust of our flesh.”

“I understand, but would you mind very much if you’d move your car and park it there by the music-hall and then join us in the police car,” she remarks both in a conjuring tone and commandingly.

“Of course, officer, no problem,” but to his new girlfriend he says, “I’m more than a little irritated toward the police, because of these senseless disturbances from them, for they should know by now that I never touch alcohol, even though my driving may seem strange sometimes or slow. I thought it were my problem. One night on my road from the city’s center to my home in Breiðholt (broad hill) I was stopped three times, interrogated and finally had an alcohol measure test each time!”

“Hurry up honey, if we are to be home on a civilized hour,” she rouses him into action. “And do remember your fly!”

On his way towards the police car he happens to look down and notices how his faithful little friend is peeking out into the clement night.

“I would have thought that you’d have something more urgent to do with your precious time, than disturbing innocent civilians like myself,” he begins his typical nagging.

“Hey my friend, you aren’t so innocent tonight,” the uniformed lad at the wheel remarks. “While you’re sitting here in the police car the other constable is trying to solve the traffic jam you caused on this junction.”

“That I caused, he remarks amazed. “It wasn’t my fault my car suddenly decided to play dead, and I couldn’t have done a thing.”

“Well was that how it happened?” the cop remarks with a softer voice. “But you’ll have to oblige me by putting your name on this report anyway.”

“Well then and may we then go our way? We’re actually in quite a hurry.”

“I see,” the cop remarks, and subsequently he picks up an empty form and a pencil. “Name?”

“Loki Fownis,” he introduces himself while he prepares for departure, but the kid-cop immediately takes a hold of his shoulder bidding him to stay a little longer.

“If you’ll sign here, then I’ll be able to finish the report for the insurance-company.”

“Can I rely on you?”

“Absolutely!”

“Well then, give me that pencil.”

Just when they prepare to leave the scene two tow trucks from Vaka appear.

“It’s incredible how some people can be reckless when they’re driving,” she remarks, astounded.

“I enjoyed it anyway,” Loki says with a grin.

\* \* \*

When they’ve at last inside her nice looking place they hurry up getting undressed and in a lustful embrace they roll around the floor and bed researching each other’s bodies. One has to kiss one spot and suck the other; blow on another and nibble yet another. But not surprisingly they were totally exhausted having reached a wonderful simultaneous orgasm and fell asleep embraced, reconciled with their god and all its soldiers. When Loki awakes early in the morning with a full bladder, he has a pee, before he puts his clothes on

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and leaves her flat, therefore not knowing anything about this godsend in his life. On her doorbell he reads the name: Árorra (Aurora)!

\* \* \*

“This woman is the right one for you, boy,” two guardian spirits in the world of the departed yell aloud mentally, but incidentally they’ve been given the job of following, guarding and directing Loki Fownis.

“Do not leave!,” still they yell of all their might, but evidently of no use, because Loki who is entirely immune hurries into his freezing cold Trabant and when he leaves the park the woman has left his mind entirely.

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