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Viking's Timeless Love

An Unforgettable Journey Across Centuries of Fate, Magic, and Indestructible Passion

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Synopsis & Opening Introduction

Dr. Elena Vance lives for the past, relying on cold logic and rigorous scholarship. However, while leading an excavation in the misty fjords of Flåm, Norway, her world shatters when she discovers a runic amulet that pulses with ancient power. Upon contact, the artifact opens a tear in time, casting Elena back to ninth-century Scandinavia into a harsh world of myth, blood, and iron. There, she is captured and brought before Eirik Bloodaxe, a formidable Norse chieftain who harbors a tragic secret: a millennium ago, a dying seeress cursed him with immortality. Condemned to watch everyone he loves fade to dust while remaining unchanged, Eirik's binding runic scars can only be broken by a true love forged across time. The moment Elena enters his hall, the ancient runes ignite, marking her as the key to his freedom and the woman foretold in prophecy. As Elena adapts to Viking life and learns to navigate the lethal politics of the era, an undeniable, soul-deep passion ignites between her and Eirik. However, their burgeoning bond draws the predatory eyes of Jarl Thorstein, a ruthless rival chieftain determined to seize the magical artifact and slay Eirik to claim total dominion over the fjord lands. Elena is forced into a harrowing struggle where she must decipher the magic of the past to protect the man she loves. When Thorstein launches a siege against Eirik's stronghold and steals the amulet, Eirik takes a fatal blow to defend Elena, proving his absolute selflessness. Harnessing the magic of the artifact and channeling her unconditional love, Elena shatters the thousand-year curse, restoring Eirik's mortality and saving his life. With the portal to the 21st century open before her, Elena faces an ultimate choice: return to the safety of her modern life or destroy the artifact to claim a mortal, finite lifetime of love beside Eirik.

PRINCIPAL DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Elena Vance (Protagonist): 28 years old. Expressive brown eyes, wavy mahogany hair often tied back loosely, sharp intelligent features, and an agile frame built for excavation work. Initially wears modern field gear before adapting to traditional Norse tunics.

Eirik Bloodaxe (Deuteragonist): Appears 30 years old (chronologically over 1,000 years old). Towering height, broad muscular shoulders, piercing ice-blue eyes, long braided dark blond hair, and silver runic scars tracing his forearms.

Ingrid the Völva (Mentor): An ancient, frail seeress who radiates raw magical presence. Features milky-white blind eyes, weathered skin, and drapes herself in heavy furs and bone amulets.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This sample volume features the unabridged opening chapter formatted for publication. All text has

CHAPTER ONE

Whispering Stones

The rain in Flåm did not fall so much as it drifted, a glacial vapor rolling down the sheer granite walls of the fjord to settle like grease on the peat.

Dr. Elena Vance wiped a smear of gray silt from her cheek with the back of a damp glove, leaving behind a streak of grit that felt entirely appropriate for twelve hours on her knees. Around her, the excavation trench smelled of iron, rotting birch leaves, and ancient water trapped beneath centuries of compacted moss. Most people imagined archaeology as an affair of brushed gold and romantic ruins under Mediterranean suns. Elena knew better. In western Norway, archaeology was cold knees, bruised fingernails, and the endless, obstinate defense of empirical data against the relentless creep of mud.

"Call it, Elena," Lars called out from the edge of Trench Four, his broad frame bundled in high-visibility yellow against the darkening afternoon. He leaned on the timber shoring, steam rising from his thermos lid. "The light's dead, the ground-penetrating radar is throwing ghosts because of the groundwater, and the ferry back to the cabin leaves in twenty minutes.

Elena looked up, blinking through eyelashes spattered with mist. Her mahogany hair had slipped its loose knot hours ago, clinging in damp, wavy coils to her neck and the collar of her Gore-Tex parka. Her brown eyes, sharp and habitual in their appraisal, drifted from Lars to the exposed stratigraphic layer beneath her trowel.

"Just ten more minutes," she said, her voice crisp despite the gravel of exhaustion. "Context layer seven hasn't resolved. The charcoal flecks from that hearth pit should terminate at the ninth-century boundary, but the compaction here is completely irregular.

Lars sighed, a long, misty breath of fond exasperation. "Your father told me before we left Oslo that you'd rather starve in a ditch than leave an unmeasured millimeter.

"My father measures his life in footnotes," Elena countered smoothly, not looking up as she carefully scraped the carbon steel edge of her Marshalltown trowel along the clay edge. "I prefer physical evidence. Ten minutes, Lars.

He grumbled something about obstinate academics and vanished toward the equipment shed, his heavy boots squelching rhythmically through the wet gravel.

Silence rushed in to reclaim the trench the moment he was gone, heavy and suffocating. The fjord had an acoustic signature unlike anywhere else on earth; the towering mountains trapped sound, batting it back and forth across the black mirror of the Aurlandsfjord until the distant cry of a gull sounded like an echo from another century. Elena had spent her entire academic career insulating herself with logic, peer-reviewed journals, and statistical models. Her parents—both Oxford classicists who regarded Scandinavian history as little more than the crude tantrums of unwashed raiders—had raised her to believe that sentiment was the primary enemy of scholarship.

Yet beneath the cold armor of her methodology, Flåm had always tugged at something raw and undefended in her chest. An ache she could never categorize on a spreadsheet.

She lowered herself further into the narrow ditch, setting her trowel aside in favor of a flat wooden spatula and a soft bristle brush. The soil here was unusual. Below the expected charcoal and fire-cracked river stones lay a pocket of silt that seemed entirely untouched by the natural sedimentation of the valley. It was too dense, almost greasy to the touch, flecked with fine veins of oxidized silver.

Elena brushed gently, millimeter by millimeter.

A dull scrape echoed in the trench. Not the dull clack of shale, but the sharp, ringing chime of metal meeting mineral.

Her breath hitched. She leaned in, her analytical mind immediately cataloging the possibilities: Caches of silver bullion? Hacksilver? A late-Viking Age grave good disturbed by centuries of pastoral tillage?

The bristles cleared away a crust of dark, petrified moss, revealing an irregular curve. It was neither a coin nor an ingot. It was an oval talisman roughly the size of a raven's egg, forged from a dark, dense metal that lacked the green corrosion of bronze or the tarnished crust of ordinary silver. It appeared closer to meteoric iron, wrapped in delicate braids of pale, shimmering wire that bound the perimeter like woven sinew.

In the center, deeply incised into the surface, sat a cluster of runes.

Elena froze. Her heart struck a single, heavy beat against her ribs.

She knew the elder and younger futharks by heart; she had translated stone monuments from Gotland to the Orkneys. But these incisions defied standard typology. They were complex bindrunes—staves interwoven with impossible geometry, shifting across angles that made her eyes strain to track their junctions. They looked less like lettering and more like a map of constellations, or threads drawn taut upon an invisible loom.

"That shouldn't be here," she murmured aloud to the empty mist. "The metallurgical composition... it's entirely outside the ninth-century typology for this region."

She reached into her field kit for her calipers and specimen bags. Standard protocol demanded that organic residue not be contaminated by skin contact. Every instinct instilled by years of rigorous training screamed at her to leave the object in situ, photograph it under scale lighting, and record its exact coordinates relative to the datum point.

Yet the air in the trench had suddenly changed.

The temperature seemed to plummet, not with the gradual chill of an autumn evening, but with the sudden, sharp drop of an open freezer door. Her breath billowed in thick white clouds. Strangely, the ambient drone of the nearby mountain stream muted into nothingness, replaced by a low, rhythmic vibration. It was not a sound that entered through her ears; it hummed directly through the dense bedrock beneath her knees, shivering upward into her pelvic bone, vibrating behind her teeth.

It sounded, impossibly, like a whisper. A chorus of voices murmuring in an archaic cadence just beyond the edge of human comprehension.

"Auditory hallucination caused by fatigue," Elena whispered firmly to herself, her rational defenses snapping instantly into place. "You haven't slept more than five hours a night since the trench opened.

She extended her hand with the calipers, but as the steel tips drew within an inch of the talisman, the metal trembled. A faint, violet iridescence shivered across the deep-cut grooves of the staves, as if the damp mist itself was igniting within the stone.

Elena hesitated. Her scientific detachment fractured against an overwhelming, irrational compulsion. Without thinking, operating entirely on an instinct that felt far older than her twenty-eight years, she peeled off her thick neoprene work glove. Her bare fingers were pale, chilled from the autumn air, the skin calloused from years of handling stone and dirt.

"Just to stabilize the matrix," she rationalized, her voice barely a thread against the rising hum in her ears.

She reached down and touched the face of the amulet.

The reaction was instantaneous.

The stone was not cold. In ground that hovered barely above freezing, the artifact burned with a fierce, radiant heat—not the destructive scorch of an open flame, but the deep, thrumming warmth of a living body. The heat flared upward through the pads of her fingers, racing through the nerves of her wrist and forearm like liquid fire.

Elena gasped, attempting to wrench her hand backward, but her flesh seemed magnetically locked to the incised iron. The intricate bindrunes flared to brilliant, blinding silver, casting long, fractured shadows across the muddy walls of the trench.

Beneath her palms, the stone did not simply hold heat. It pulsed. A steady, deliberate cadence that matched the heavy, terrifying hammer of her own racing heart.

The whispers in the rock swelled into a deafening roar.

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