

## Terms of Use:

### 1. 📋 Improvisation rules:

A) Orgasms: don't make the woman orgasm or add lines about making her cum. No orgasm countdowns.

B) Don't add dogs or heat play. Don't call anyone "kitten" or "little one".

### 2. **Major changes:** don't do this without my written permission.

Preserve the plot and tone. Don't change or remove consent, characterization, gender, genitalia, or physical descriptors, and don't add aftercare.

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**Tags:** [M4F] [script offer] **Meet Brute** [SFW] [narrative] [meet cute] [barbarian X noblewoman] [Under 1K] [beginner-friendly] [fantasy] [adventure] PD: [long hair]

**Summary:** A battled-hardened barbarian recounts how a journey to the South ended in finding an unexpected wife.

**Word count:** 1,000

**Narrative tone:**

1. The speaker lives in the mountains to the far north. He's not used to the customs and manners of the Coastlands where he journeys.
2. He sounds more aggressive when speaking of his home.
3. His tone softens when he speaks of the woman and her cat.

**Formatting notes:**

- Paragraph breaks indicate the speaker is pausing.
  - **Bold font** is used for word emphasis.
  - **[Square brackets]** are inflection and tone of voice.
  - (Blue text in parentheses) are scene directions. Hyperlinks within parentheses lead to pronunciation files.
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I have no patience for the laws of kings and their fawning nobles.  
Valour is won or lost in combat, not a royal court.

My first blade was put in my hand before I could walk, and I've spent my life training to be a warrior.

Whether I'll earn the right to lead my people, I'm uncertain.

But what I do know is that I am a man.

I need a woman to protect.

Nular mocks me.

He says a **true** barbarian would simply take whatever wench catches his fancy.

But I...no.

I have always wanted to choose a woman who would gladly be my wife.

Not a terrified maiden stolen from her family who will weep and wail and curse my name.

I want a woman who will be truly saddened when I go off to do battle, and brighten with joy upon my return.

One who will keep my home and give me children.

There is...such a woman.

But she doesn't live in the mountains or the plains.

She lives...in a town.

A lord's daughter.

She cannot fight or cook, she cannot ride astride.

But I...

**[Clear throat]**

Three moons ago we crossed Caelestis (Kale-est-iss), following the frigid Aevenspill River (A-vin-spill River) that runs south to The Cold Deep.

A days ride from the river mouth, we turned east and strayed onto her father's lands.

We made camp in the forest and stabled our horses.

In the morning we broke our fast, and as we prepared to ride out, I heard a woman weeping.

I bade my men watch the horses and followed the sound upriver.

I came upon a beautiful wench, her face tear-stained, reaching into the waters with a branch.

**[Embarrassed]**

The cause of her distress was an orange kitten, stranded on a rock in the middle of the river.

I made myself known to her and she held up the branch.

**[Amused]**

As if to fend me off.

I told her to calm herself, that I meant her no harm.

I could tell she was of noble birth.

Her eyes were intelligent, and her long hair was pulled back with a jewelled circlet.

She wore a fine gown of purple silk and velvet and a necklace of amber stones around her throat.

She was unescorted, which was unusual.

In a clipped Coastlands accent, she implored me to save her precious Éclair, who at that moment, let out a frightened yowl.

It seemed there was nothing else to do besides rescue the wee beast, so I waded into the water and collected him from his perch.

He was soaking wet and mewling piteously.

He tucked himself into my arm when I secured him.

The woman beamed at me when I returned ashore, thanking me profusely.

She held out her cloak to receive him.

She tutted at him while she rubbed his fur, drying him quickly as she scolded him gently.

"Good sir," she said, and I remember snorting at that.

"I have no coin except my jewels, which I'll gladly give you.

But I would return your kindness in full.

You have saved my sweet Éclair and I would see you rewarded."

### **[Bemused]**

She led me to her family's estate, and the guards drew their weapons at the sight of me.

She called them off with a stern word and presented me to her parents.

Her mother exchanged a quick look with her father, who signed in resignation before righting his expression and greeting me with dignity.

My men were invited to make camp near the castle, and every day the woman met with me, the kitten sitting on her shoulder or chasing at her skirts.

He would run to me and paw at my boot strings, and climb his way up my thigh, tiny claws prickling my skin as he raced to my shoulders.

### **[Amused]**

She worried I'd be wounded.

As if that tiny fluff-ball could harm me.

After a month of these meetings, I broke bread with her family again and was seated at her father's right side.

The lord cut right to it.

Their youngest daughter was unwed and they lacked a proper dowry for her.

No nobleman would take her to wife, her hand wasn't an advantageous match.

She had not set her eye on anyone until I saved her cat.

He took a sip of his wine before asking me bluntly if I'd wed his daughter.

I thought it was a jest at first but he was quite serious.

I pictured my granddam's face if I wed without her blessing, and winced.

And yet...the girl was clever and beautiful.

Not strong in the ways my people valued, but not helpless either.

I turned to the maiden and addressed her directly.

I spoke bluntly and described the hard life she would lead as my wife, up in the cold hills of Mount Aevenspear (Mount A-vin-spear), far removed from the luxury of her parents' home.

She asked many questions, and then she agreed.

We pledged our troth.

The wedding was arranged quickly.

My bride was decked in a light blue gown.

Her long hair was dressed with white and purple flowers.

Her serving woman held Éclair on her lap, the only time I've seen the silly creature parted from his mistress.

There was a feast of four courses.

Four, my lady wife whispered, was excessive for a wedding, but her grandparents had insisted.

We were served roast beef and freshly caught fish.

Trenches of freshly baked bread and platters of roasted vegetables, a thick stew and **two** types of pie.

There were plates of small honey cakes, and the wine and ale flowed.

Afterward, my in-laws ushered me up the tower steps to the bridal chamber.



Now it's early morn.

The fire in the hearth has burned to embers.

A sad meow at the door stirred me and I let Éclair into the room.

He settled himself down in the middle of the bed and I chuckled.

**[Amused]**

We had gone south for hunting and trade.

I was meant to return home with food for the winter and goods.

I had not expected this trip would end in finding a wife, **and** a cat.

(Fadeout)


**End**

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- 💰 [Ko-fi](#) | 🎁 [Throne wish list](#)
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