

Delicious, Both Raw and Cooked

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by [nerdelation8](#)

Summary

The Yandere!Thorkell fic no one asked for. He eats one of your fingers raw, then cuts off your head, cooks you up and eats you. All while being jolly af.

The huge Viking sniffed your forearm.

“By Odin’s beard,” the man remarked with delight as his ship sailed over the waves. “You smell *delicious*.”

“I...w-what?” you said. The unnamed fear you’d been holding back since this man snatched you returned, full force. *I’m just a young girl*, you thought. *And these Vikings just want one thing...I can only hope it’ll be over quickly...*

You froze.

Still holding your forearm in his impossibly huge fingers, Thorkell the Tall brought your hand to his mouth as if to kiss it. It brushed past his blond beard.

His lips parted. In a swift motion, his teeth cleaved your finger off at the knuckle.

Before you could process what had happened, the giant started chewing. Thudlike cracking sounds emanated from his mouth as he broke down the entire digit, savoring its taste.

“Mmm,” he moaned dreamily. His eyes were half-lidded, and his expression was like that of a maiden thinking about her crush. A drop of blood stained his lip. His tongue licked it away. Then Thorkell swallowed his mouthful with a wet gulp.

This scene was so horrible, you almost couldn't believe it. The invisible hairs on your arms stood up.

The man looked *blissful*.

You finally looked down at the darkly spurting joint where you used to have a finger. It was unreal.

I can't even feel it, you thought with rising panic. *Th-This has got to be a dream. This has got to...*

Then the pain hit you.

“HruaaAAAAAAAAAAH!” You shrieked. You sucked in a breath, then another scream pierced through the storm. “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

Thorkell chuckled as he held you in his enormous arms. He was smiling almost sympathetically, which made the whole thing even more disturbing. “There, there,” he said, patting you with his huge mitts. “Sorry about that. I should've waited 'til they were cooked, but I couldn't resist.”

Your screams broke down into terrified whimpering.

"Cooked?! W-What the hell?!"

As a meaty hand pinned your arm against his solid belly, you trembled. Even if you somehow managed to weasel out of his grasp, there was nowhere to escape to. Outside the boat were the storm-tossed North Sea waters.

A tear overspilled your eye.

This man could pick up and throw entire *logs*. If you tried to fight back, he could kill you.

Your only move now was to appeal to Thorkell's sympathy.

“Please,” you whispered, staring up into his face. “D-Don't hurt me. I'm just a young girl, what did I do to you?!”

“Oh, you didn't do anything,” the huge Viking grinned. “Other than look delicious.”

“You wouldn't really...” you trailed off.

Thorkell ripped off part of your dress. Before your other fear could resurface, he bandaged your finger with the fabric.

“Hahaha,” he laughed jovially. “Don't worry. I'm not gonna rape you. Just cook your little body up and eat you.”

“Thorkell...*please!*” you burst out, unable to hold back your tears. “Please don't! You can have your way with me! Anything! Just *please don't eat me!*”

The Viking laughed. It wasn't evil-sounding, but jolly and avuncular, like he'd heard a great joke.

“I told you, I'm not into that rape stuff. I've even got a wife at home, believe it or not!” He put a

finger to his chin. “Well...my other home, that is. She doesn't live at our camp.”

*Does she know you *eat people?!** you felt like shouting. But you were too frightened and shocked to say any more.

“Now, now, miss,” he said, attempting to comfort you. His large body in its long fur coat cradled your back, its solidity and warmth perversely cozy. Thorkell spoke quietly, soothingly. “No need to cry now. I promise not to eat you ‘til we reach my village.”

You wept. His other hand free after tying off your bandage, Thorkell the Tall draped an arm around your midsection and held your hand with the severed finger up towards the sky. He let out a deep sigh.

“Can't have you bleeding out and dying before we get there. The meat's gotta be fresh...”

You fainted.

When you came to, Thorkell was carrying you over the threshold of a cottage. You tried to scream, and in fact *did* scream, but the other Vikings passing you on the street just chuckled.

“Yeah!” one cried. “You carried off a good one!”

“I'm jealous!” the other man leered.

“Now, now, it's not what you think!” Thorkell laughed. “We're just gonna have a *nice talk!*”

The men laughed uproariously.

“I'll see you tomorrow.”

Inside, your giant captor set you down on the floor. You screamed and crawled backwards into a corner. You threw your arms out, assuming a defensive stance as if to fight him.

“Oh, you're not gonna win that one,” Thorkell said with amusement.

He set some items down near the fireplace, then approached you. You kicked and punched the giant, but he easily held you in place and tore off another section of your dress. Then he gagged you with it and tied it behind your head. You gave a muffled cry.

Your tears stained the gag as you pleaded unintelligibly.

The giant Viking said, “Now it's time to take you out.”

Your muffled wails grew louder.

“Don't worry, I'll be quick,” Thorkell said. He lifted you up like you were a tiny bird, carried you into another room, and pinned you down onto a gigantic, metal tray.

Then he slid one of his axes from its sheath. You stared at the dark shaft and gleaming metal.

“No! *Oh God, nooooo!*”

Thorkell easily stopped your thrashing.

“You won't feel a thing. Thanks for being my food,” the friendly voice said, and there was a brief *whoosh* sound before the axe split your head from your body.

It tumbled from your spurting neck, rolled a few times, then came to rest on the floor. Incredibly, you were still conscious. At the angle at which your head sat, you had a perfect view as the bearded blond captain closed in on your body. He took a knife and filleted your arm on one side, then the other. He skewered the pieces with a long metal rod.

The gag fell superfluously from your severed head.

This is how my life ends...being devoured by a giant!

And no one will know what happened!

An eternity seemed to pass as your remaining fingers were removed. The killer tossed them into a cauldron as your vision began to dim. Thorkell's axe separated your legs from your waist before he began to remove the meat there, too. Blood pooled heavily on the ground. Its sharp tang would have made you throw up, if you still had a stomach.

You had one last look at the darkening scene before your eyes closed forever.

Thorkell ate a delicious meal that night. It wasn't the first time he'd enjoyed such a delicacy, nor would it be the last. He enjoyed the rest of the meat for several nights afterward. Some of it he boiled in a stew. Some was barbecued. And some was preserved for future use by smoking or pickling - the Vikings were very resourceful.

In the end, the bearded captain devoured nearly every part of you, refusing to share any of his "premium meat" with anyone else.

And he had a fun time doing it.

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