The Agony of Choice

by Sunsetter

Summary

An unexpected invitation, a sudden trip to Asgard and a host of experiences Jane Foster never saw coming.

Notes

Happens some time after the first Thor movie, not compliant with events of the second.
Chapter 1
The drumbeat of raindrops echoed throughout the room. The only source of light in the otherwise darkened chamber came from a computer monitor and the occasional flash of distant thunder outside. A lone figure sat behind the desk, eyes glued to the gleaming screen. The woman typed a few words, deleted, then retyped again. She then read the whole passage and with a disgruntled sigh erased the whole thing. It was pointless. The daylight still lingered when she sat down to write the paper and she was yet to properly start. *Any minute now...* But it didn’t happen. For the past hour she had been forcing herself to get to work, but despite her best efforts, her thoughts would invariably wonder to him. Only a few weeks of absence and already she was acting like a schoolgirl, half a mind focusing on the task at hand, and the rest hoping she’d hear a knock on the door. Still, he should’ve been here by now. How long can saving the universe take, anyway?

Realizing she was getting nowhere, Jane Foster rose from the chair and went to make herself another cup of coffee. She tied the bathrobe that hung around her naked body, having showered just before she started “working”, then flicked the light on and headed for the cupboard. Just as she closed the cover shut, she looked at the glassy reflection and froze. For a moment she was positively sure she’d seen the light. Not any light, of course. *The* light, the orangey hue that usually meant... no. She had just imagined it, mistaking mere lightning for something she was far more interested in. As she stood there waiting for the pot to boil, she couldn’t help but glance at the window. Nothing. No blinding flash of Bifrost’s light, no unusually concentrated thunder and lightning. *Get a grip, woman.*

She turned around, about to take the pot off the stove when she heard it. Or at least she thought she did. She paused for a moment in a now silent room and then the knock came again. With a grin on her face she rushed to the door, barely remembering to put the coffee down. She swung the entrance open ready to greet Thor, only to learn the person standing there wasn’t him but...

“Sif!”

Jane stared at the Asgardian woman who, though as beautiful as ever, was at the moment completely soaked. The small amount of time it must’ve taken her to get from where ever Heimdall placed her to the entrance of Jane’s building was more than enough to drench her from head to toe. The crimson bodice she wore would’ve been see-through but for the blouse she wore under it, and her leggings were in no better state. The dark tresses of her hair clung to her shoulders and back, giving her an unusual, raw look. Yet all these things combined, Jane had to admit, made her more impressive and awe-inspiring than ever. For a moment she had forgotten what she spent the whole day thinking about.

“Lady Jane,” Sif said, offering a small curtsy. She didn’t seem the least bit upset or uncomfortable because of her current state.

Both women stared at each other for a couple of seconds, Sif with a friendly smile and Jane with the expression of mild shock, until she finally remembered her manners. “Come in, please.”

As they headed through the hallway towards the living room, Jane wondered if she should even bother asking about Thor. Clearly him and Allfather were still on their quest, or else he would’ve been the one standing at her doorway. The sense of longing she so abhorred again started to creep up on her, so she decided not to broach the topic. Instead she began to wonder why the goddess of war
chose to visit her. They had barely even spoken in the past, let alone spent some together. In all likelihood, this had something to do with Jane’s relationship with Thor. She had sensed some disapproval from Sif, though she was pretty sure it wasn’t due to any romantic interest on the Asgardian’s part. Either way, Jane sat down convinced this wasn’t going to be pleasant. So she decided she wasn’t going to make it easy on her visitor. The silence grew more awkward by the second but Jane waited for Sif to speak first. And sure enough…

“Jane, I’m sorry to come at so…”

“...you know, this is really none of your business!” Jane blurted out before she could stop herself.

Sif cocked her head with a mild look of suspicion. “I beg your pardon?”

“I know why you came. I know how you feel about Thor and me. And while I respect your opinion, I must politely insist that you butt out!”

“That I… what?” Sif asked.

Jane was already starting to feel a bit uncomfortable about being so brusque with the woman, but she forced herself to keep going.

“That you keep your nose out of our business! I really find it shocking that…”

“Jane…”

“...a grown man, to some a god even, and here you are…”

“Jane…”

“…preposterous really, there is absolutely no way I will let…”

“Jane!” Sif finally raised her voice, enough to halt the blabbering of the implacable astrophysicist.

Oh, you’ve done it now, Foster, Jane thought. Shouting at a goddess of war, a brilliant idea, truly. At that moment she expected Sif to respond in equal measure, but to Jane’s surprise, her face showed nothing but kindness and calm.

“I admit I was less than supportive of your relationship in the beginning. As no doubt you know I care dearly for Thor and honestly, I did not think you were a worthy companion for him. But I have since come to learn more about you, both from him and from our brief interactions. And in fact, lady Darcy kindly offered to answer some questions I had about you. She has been of great help.”

“You… you spoke to Darcy?” Jane stammered. “What did she say, exactly?” She adored Darcy, but the girl wouldn’t exactly be her first choice as a source of all-Jane information. In this instance however, she seems to have come through for her.

“She had nothing but the kindest of things to say about you,” Sif confirmed.

Jane nervously tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, unsure of what to say. She practically yelled at the Asgardian and she was now starting to feel like a fool because of it. To be fair, her initial suspicions of Sif’s disapproval were confirmed, but finding out why the woman was here before commencing her little speech would have been wise. However, hindsight did not prevent her from blushing in embarrassment. ”Look, I’m sorry if I…”

Sif raised her hand to stop her apology. “There is really no need to explain. You were right to be
defensive. If anything, it is I who should apologize for…”

“No! You only had his best interest in mind, I was the one…”

“Let us just agree to put this behind us, shall we?” Sif concluded with a smile.

“Gladly,” Jane responded with a smile of her own.

The uncomfortable silence started to set in again as Jane waited for Sif explain why she did come. After all, the two weren’t exactly on best of terms before, so it was unlikely this was just a friendly visit. In the mean time, the astrophysicist found the perfect excuse to break the silence. “Can I offer you something to drink? Tea, coffee?”

Unknown to Jane, Sif remembered Thor speaking highly of the latter beverage, and the Asgardian pondered if she should indulge. But, she decided against it, after all there were more pressing matters at hand. “Perhaps another time. We really ought to talk about the purpose of my visit.”

Finally, Jane thought.

“Jane, the reason came here is to an extend an invitation. From Allmother”.

The petite astrophysicist felt gentle pricks of mounting nervousness. “Thor’s mom?”

“Yes. She requested your presence in accordance with an old Asgardian custom. Most people no longer practice it, but Frigga is different. She wishes to meet her son’s intended”.

Jane’s heart skipped a beat at the word, since marriage was certainly never discussed in the time she spent with Thor. However, she concluded it was likely just part of the custom and that his mother knew the nature of their relationship. “So, we’d just be having lunch or something?” she asked nervously.

“Well... as I said, it’s a custom. Every woman is different and thus what she wishes differs as well. I’ve seen mothers approve a union upon a mere glance, or dismiss it outright. Others may have something else in mind. A friend of mine was forced to endure several months of intense physical and mental testing before she received her blessing.”

If Jane thought she was nervous before, her nerves were positively frayed now. This was really bad. If some ordinary Asgardian woman requested that, god only knows what Allmother herself would want of her. A ridiculous scenario occurred to Jane and for a moment she imagined herself wrestling with a ferocious Asgardian beast (which in her mind still looked like a bear). She shook her head and dismissed the silly thought. Whatever was in store for her, it would have to within limits of reason, otherwise she’ll simply tell the queen of Asgard to butt ou… well, maybe not.

“And do you have any idea what Allmother might have in mind?” she ventured.

“Oh, I doubt it’s anything to worry about. She likely just wants to get to know you. And, ideally we would leave here soon.”

This somewhat assuaged Jane’s fears, though she would’ve preferred postponing for a few days. ”Then I suppose I accept the invitation. Although we really should wait for the rain to…” At that moment’s the brunette’s eyes fell upon the clothing worn by the Asgardian. “Oh my god, I completely forgot!” The warrior woman’s clothes were naturally still soaked and Jane admonished herself internally for being such a horrible hostess. It hadn’t occurred to her that she conveniently forgot about this while she was lambasting her visitor, and remembered now when they were once again on friendly terms. “We have to get you something else to wear, you’ll catch your death,” she
rose and headed for her bedroom.

“Jane, really, it isn’t necessary,” Sif tried, but the little astrophysicist wouldn’t hear of it.

“Nonsense!” she shouted back as she headed down the corridor and entered the room, “I’ll bring you something dry in a second.”

The brunette started rifling through her things, desperate to find something appropriate so as to somewhat make up for her earlier behavior. *But what the hell kind of clothes are appropriate for a goddess of war? Probably nothing I would have,* she thought with resentment. She rapidly went through everything in her closet, dresses, blouses, jeans, skirts… but nothing seemed good enough. *Too plain… too formal… too urban, too non-Asgardian…* It occurred to Jane that not once in her life did she fret over what she herself would wear, yet now she was behaving like a girl on prom night. So she took a moment to calm down and collect herself. There was absolutely no reason for feeling this way. After all it’s not as if Sif had come to take her out on a date. The surprising thought only lasted a second but it was enough to bring rosiness back into Jane’s cheeks. Still blushing, she continued her search for another minute or so before deciding on the outfit – a crimson red circle skirt coupled with a white, lacy saree blouse. The blouse itself was something Jane had bought on a whim and never wore because it was a tad too risqué. However, she had a feeling Sif would look perfect in it. To be fair, this wasn’t much of an Asgardian look either (*Who said it had to be?*) and it wasn’t that suitable for rain either (*We’ll be waiting for it to stop anyway*), but Jane just wasn’t satisfied with anything else. So she headed for the bedroom door, clothes in hand, when something else occurred to her.

Should I bring her some underwear? She paused for a second, not knowing what to do. On the one hand, she knew the Asgardian was thoroughly soaked. On the other, maybe bringing her panties and a bra was far too personal an act and she might end up offending Sif. Besides, she would once again start fretting over what to choose. Jane’s almost non-existent romantic life was the main reason behind her poor collection of lingerie, which was something Darcy reminded her of every chance she got. The majority of her private wear consisted of simple, inexpensive panties and similar bras. The only thing out of the ordinary was her “emergency lingerie” as she called it – the two sets from Victoria’s Secret: the first one being blood red tanga panties with a matching bralette (bought to her by quirky miss Lewis in an awkward attempt to “get her out there”, as she put it), the other lacy black boyshort panties with a bandeau bra. She had not worn either of them and at this point she doubted she ever would. It just wasn’t her style but perhaps, awkward move or not, it could be Sif’s. She finally decided to err on the side of caution and brought just the clothes with her. “I wasn’t sure what you’d like,” she spoke as she returned to the living room, “So, I got you…” and at that moment she nearly dropped what she was carrying.

“Oh, god!” she yelped before she could stop herself and turned towards the window in embarrassment. There, in Jane Foster’s own living room stood a very naked goddess of war. As a stark contrast to how Jane reacted, the Asgardian seemed unperturbed by her state and simply waited for her clothing. Jane extended one hand to her, still determined to keep her eyes glued to the window. “I… um, I… brought you something to get breast,” she blurted out stupidly. “I mean dressed! Oh, god, I mean…” Just shut up, Jane. Just... shut... up. She could see the blurred reflection of Sif’s nude form in her peripheral vision, and it took a surprising amount of willpower to keep her eyes from darting to it. She felt the Asgardian come near her before hearing her speak.

“Jane, is something the matter?”

*No, not all, not at all. There is of course the small problem of a naked goddess in my apartment, but other than that everything is just peacy.* “N… no, everything’s fine.” She tried to sound casual and relaxed but to her ears she failed abysmally.
“Why do you avert your gaze?” Sif inquired.

Oh, god. Oh god, oh god, oh god… “I, um… I just didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, that’s all. I wasn’t sure how… on Asgard, because here… and I didn’t know if…” she rambled incoherently until Sif stopped her.

“You didn’t,” she assured her, “you can turn around, it’s fine”. But turning around was the last thing Jane wanted to do.

“If you don’t mind I’ll just…” … keep staring at this fascinating rain drop here, until you’re slightly less nude. Sif was now so close to her she could feel the Asgardian’s breath on her neck, or at least thought she did.

“Jane… look at me”.

As her last refuge of paltry excuses and unfinished sentences came crashing down, Jane Foster slowly turned towards the other woman. “On Asgard,” Sif started slowly, “a warrior’s body is admired and coveted. Is it not so here?”

Jane swallowed nervously, before responding with a barely audible “It is”.

“Then…” Sif continued, “I welcome your admiration”.

Jane’s mind swarmed with panicked thoughts. What the hell does that mean?! Is she asking me to look at her? Why would she… anyone, do that? Will she be offended if I don’t? What... the... hell... do I do?! For her part, the Asgardian now stood close, way too close for comfort, with a look of calm determination on her face. But her face was the least of Jane’s worries right now. Beyond any control she thought she had, her eyes fell upon the form before her, the will she once thought indomitable now crumbling like a house of cards. No man or woman, Foster thought, would be able to resist looking. And Jane certainly didn’t. Her unwilling eyes absorbed every inch of Sif’s body, her gaze trailing from the curves of her delicate breasts, over the flat, gently muscled expanse of her stomach, to the soft V of her pubic area with a tiny patch of trimmed jet-black hair. The firm thighs, evidence of a supreme physical state, lured her eyes further down to the impossibly smooth calves of the warrior woman. In every sense, a sublime fusion of femininity and battle-hardened physique. If Sif wasn’t an actual goddess, then Jane could certainly be fooled by the way she looked. As her eyes gradually traveled back up, the Asgardian spoke again.

“And if in your admiration,” she intoned huskily, “you should feel the sweet ache of arousal, then that is fine too”.

Jane’s eyes flew wide open and she stared at the brunette for a never-ending second of embarrassment and shock, until she noticed the tiny smirk and playful eyes and realized Sif was only teasing. The next moment they were both in a fit of laughter and Jane felt enormous relief that the warrior woman was not really serious.

“I’m sorry,” the Asgardian offered, her expression now friendly and disarming. “I only meant to put you at ease.”

Well, that’s certainly one way of doing it, Jane thought, but merely kept smiling in response. And as the discomfort still hadn’t quite left her she looked to keep herself busy while Sif dressed and managed to find the perfect excuse. “Now how about that coffee?”
Asgard was incredible. In all her time on Earth Jane had never seen anything even remotely as magnificent as what was now before her eyes. As if traveling by Bifrost was not an amazing enough of an experience, the astrophysicist now stared all around her like a kid in Disney land. Towering mega structures dotted the cityscape, intermixed seamlessly with winding rivers and gushing waterfalls. Enormous statues of gold jutting towards the sky were in every larger street, giving off a sense of welcome. And unnoticed by the bewildered brunette, throngs of people bustled in the streets, most not heeding either her or her companion. As Jane’s eyes jumped from one captivating thing to the next, Sif kept smiling at her amazement, only occasionally directing her were they needed to go. Far too soon for Foster’s liking, they had reached what looked to be the most grandiose palace of all. The yawning entrance led way to a hall large enough to house cathedrals and the astrophysicist followed Sif inside.

Rather than going straight all the way, as Jane expected, they soon turned left down a side corridor and then once to the right, before reaching a double door. “These are you quarters,” Sif explained, “I hope they are to your liking.”

Jane smiled reassuringly, “I’m sure they will be just…” absolutely unbelievable! It only made sense that her accommodations would be as impressive as everything else she’d seen so far, but Sif’s modest introduction downplayed what seemed like a room fit for royalty. Luxurious carpets, marble pillars, arches leading to an open terrace with a spectacular view of the city. This one room was bigger than Jane’s entire apartment and yet the two doors on each side indicated there was more. It was so over the top she almost wanted to ask for something… a little more Jane and a little less Queen of the universe. But she didn’t want to risk offending her host, so she graciously responded with “It’s perfect”.

Sif smiled in acknowledgement and headed for the door. “My room is just down the hall,” she said. “If you require anything at all, please, don’t hesitate to come to me. Good night.” With that she closed the door and left Jane alone. The brunette looked around the room some more, unable to stop grinning from joy. She pried open the door to the left to find a long dining table packed with all sort of unfamiliar but delicious looking food. The room on the opposite end turned out to be the bedroom, with, as by now she’d come to expect, the most luxurious furnishings she’d ever seen. She jumped on the king-size bed and lay there for a few minutes, gazing at the marble ceiling. She had dreaded coming here but now that she arrived, there was no doubt in her mind. This is going to be great.

* 

The following morning found Jane surprisingly tired. Judging from the position of the sun she had slept at least twelve hours but her body was sapped of energy and she couldn’t muster the strength to get up. She lay in her bed for another hour or so, drifting in an out of sleep. Usually a night’s worth of rest left her refreshed and invigorated but this time it was not so and she couldn’t understand why. She vaguely remembered dreaming about… something, but the precise imagery escaped her grasp. Recalling she usually felt this way after traveling, jet lag being a constant companion on her trips, she concluded Bifrost must’ve effected her in a similar way.

Satisfied with her explanation, she propped herself on her elbows looking around her bedroom, which once again drew a smile from her. It was only when she caught a glimpse of her breasts in the bedroom vanity that she remembered she went to bed naked. “Oh, god!” she gasped and quickly covered up. Nobody would see her of course, but she felt it best to conceal herself. Sleeping in the
nude was something she did at her own home but here it didn’t seem wise to take too many liberties. On the other hand, if Sif’s lack of inhibitions displayed in her apartment was any indication, she probably wouldn’t get into trouble. Either way, she grabbed her discarded bra and panties and slipped them on, with the rest of her clothing following suit.

Upon exiting her bedroom she was greeted by the sight of Sif waiting for her, this time in her own clothes. “Did you sleep well?” she asked.

Jane noticed that the expression with which the Asgardian said that was somehow peculiar. A gentle smile, but not Sif’s usual one. This one seemed to conceal something, almost as if she knew something the Earth woman did not. She dismissed the silly though and replied “Yes, very well thank you.” It was not entirely true but what sort of guest would she be if she started complaining on her first day?

“Good. Allmother would like us to join her for breakfast. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll wait for you in the hall”.

Jane rushed back to her bedroom and then to the adjoining bathroom. She spent a few minutes making herself look presentable and inspected herself in the mirror. The elegant teal, knee length dress complimented her hairstyle and she was pleased not to sense even a hint of fear or nervousness in herself. She was also glad that makeup wasn’t really her thing because the few things she did bring here didn’t include that, and if Darcy was to be believed she didn’t really need it. So feeling good about herself and not wanting to keep Allmother waiting, she rushed outside to meet Sif.

The long-haired woman sized Jane up and down, still with the same smirk she had before. She seemed pleased with what the little astrophysicist was wearing but didn’t offer any comment. They proceeded down the corridor and made their way through the central hall.

“Is there anything I should know?” Jane inquired, “some ‘Don’t speak unless spoken to rule’ maybe?” She meant it as a joke but was still wholeheartedly hoping there would be nothing of the sort. Jane knew how to deal with pressure, but not this kind of pressure.

“Relax,” Sif replied. “There is really nothing to worry about.”

Jane felt assuaged by that and after a few more moments of her pondering what she should or shouldn’t say during conversation, they had reached their destination. Sif pushed the double door before them, leading them into a grand dining room. It was completely empty save for the woman now rising from the table and coming to greet Jane.

The queen of Asgard was the very definition of regal elegance. Her gown, her hair, even her gait… they all served to illustrate both the unquestionable nobility and the confidence and power Allmother was endowed with. To say Jane was impressed would be an understatement. The woman approached, her smile nothing but kind and reassuring. “Jane Foster,” she spoke softly, “at last we meet”. Jane offered a greeting of her own, giving a curtsey (not too deep, not too short) and bowing her head in respect.

“Allmother. I’m honored”. She hoped she wasn’t being too formal but Allmother seemed pleased with her mannerisms.

“Come,” Frigga offered, “let us sit down”. Sif closed the door as Allmother sat at the head of the table and Jane took the seat next to her.

After Sif joined them, the conversation began. Allmother was anxious to learn about Jane all she didn’t already hear from her son. She inquired about her work, her parents, her childhood. Sif rarely
interjected and Jane only offered short, polite responses. After a while the atmosphere grew more relaxed and astrophysicist felt comfortable asking some questions of her own and the younger Asgardian weighed in every now and then, though she left most of the talk to the other two women. It wasn’t exactly a chat between the best of friends, but it was far from a grueling, stress-filled questioning that Jane had half-expected. In fact, in no time at all she began to grow quite fond of the queen, and unless she was presuming too much – the feeling was mutual. It all went on for some time and probably would’ve gone on for longer had Allmother not been called away by a servant on some seemingly important matter. Jane was in the middle of another curtsy when Allmother interrupted her with a hug instead. Clearly, the affection she felt was not one-sided. The queen left and Sif and Jane were alone.

“Well,” the Asgardian started, “what shall we do now? A tour of the city perhaps?” She didn’t need to see the smile on the Earth woman’s face to know the answer.

A few hours later Sif and Jane found themselves in front of the city baths. The tour was every bit as enjoyable as the Foster expected, but Sif could tell her companion was feeling tired so she suggested they stop by the place. The entrance led to a long corridor with numerous doors on both sides, with what looked to be the central chamber at the end. Inside, three large interconnected pools hosted a hundreded visitors or so, which made Jane feel a bit apprehensive. Not only did she not bring a bathing suit but she wasn’t too fond of being amidst this large of a crowd to begin with. Luckily, Sif soon explained they would be going two stories up, to a more private room reserved just for the Queen and female warriors of her personal guard. The room itself turned out to be fairly spacious marble filled dome with a circular pool of water in the middle. It seemed to be designed as a semi-sauna of sorts, as the steam rising from the water and the braziers made it almost impossible to see from one end to the other. This time there were only two other people, a pair of girls lounging at the far end of the pool. They seemed engaged in conversation until they saw they were not alone, upon which one of them nodded to Sif and the other averted her eyes downward for some reason. Maybe she, too, was uncomfortable being practically nude around other people, Jane thought.

While Sif undressed, Jane entered a small side room stacked with towels. She discarded her clothes and wrapped her body with the largest towel she could find. As she exited she thought she heard a giggle from across the room where the girls were. Sif, whose own nudity had left Jane the only one covered up, also seemed amused.

“You know,” she said with a small grin, “those are for drying off”.

Jane felt herself blush a bit. “Oh, I see. And where are the… ” she looked around but paused mid-sentence as she realized her error. She was expected to… Oh, no! No, no, no, no!

“Jane…” Sif started, but the astrophysicist had a pretty good idea what she would say.

“Sif, if it’s all the same to you, I think I’m just gonna sit…”

But the Asgardian was having none of it. “Jane, I didn’t bring you here so you could hide behind a towel”.

I’m not hiding! But even as she thought that, Foster realized she was already sweating more than she felt comfortable with. Clearly the fat towel around her body was not meant to be worn. “I know,
but…” Jane tried again, and again to no avail. She couldn’t really think of good reason to remain like this other than her own embarrassment. At that moment Sif rose from the pool, the water cascading down her flawless body as she came near Jane. The little brunette noted with some apprehension she was actively forcing herself not to look down. The next second the Asgardian was in her face, friendly smile and all.

“I’ve noticed you Midgardians have some rather strange ideas about social norms, propriety, right and wrong… But I’ve also seen you respect other cultures, and part of that respect is adhering to the customs of those you visit."

When in Asgard, Jane thought with small head shake.

“We’re practically alone, Jane. And even if we weren’t, believe me, you have nothing to be ashamed of”. The way Sif emphasized ‘believe’ didn’t go unnoticed by Jane, but she quickly put it out of her mind. She’s right, I’m acting silly. With that thought and still a bit of apprehension, she let the towel slip and walked together with Sif into the steamy water. Had she remembered to look, she would’ve seen the two girls opposite them gazing at her with unconcealed admiration.

As they relaxed in the pool, Jane could tell Sif had something on her mind. “I get the feeling you want to ask me something”. The Asgardian seemed reluctant, but clearly Jane was right.

“I’m… I wouldn’t want to make you uncomfortable. I know you…”

But Jane stopped her right there. “Now, look,” Foster spoke with mock vexation and anger, “I’m not a child. I know I’ve been acting a bit silly, but I just need time to get used to the way everything is around here. Just ask me, seriously. Whatever it is”.

Sif looked at her for a second and then acquiesced. “I was wondering why your nether region is completely hairless”.

Jane eyes threatened to pop out of her head before she remembered promising not to overreact, so she did her best to seem unperturbed. She could still feel the heat in her cheeks, and it wasn’t from the sauna. “Well, I… I shave it. If you mean why, it’s just a personal preference, I guess. To me… it feels nicer when smooth,” she concluded awkwardly. Sif still seemed a little puzzled, as if she had never heard of anyone completely shaving down there. Maybe this isn’t really a thing on Asgard. A few moments passed before another question.

“And do all women on Midgard do this?”.

“No all. It depends who you ask, really.”

Sif appeared satisfied with the response. “Thank you. And I apologize if I…” she spoke, but Jane just waved the apology away in a nonchalant manner.

“Now you’re the one being silly, there is nothing to apologize for”. Even so, she couldn’t help still feeling a bit awkward from the conversation so far - this was one topic she never discussed, not even with Darcy.

From that point on, the heat and the steam did their thing and neither Sif nor Jane felt like keeping a conversation going. They sat near the edge of the pool, eyes closed and minds wandering. Some time passed, maybe an hour or so, and Jane was still relaxing when her thoughts were interrupted by what sounded like a muffled yelp from across the room. She opened her eyelids half-way, enough to glance at the silhouettes of the two girls concealed through a veil of steam. As it shifted slowly across the water, it granted better vision to Jane for a few intermittent moments and from what she could
tell, the young Asgardians now seemed much closer to each other, thought she couldn’t quite make out if they were still talking.

Just as she was about to close her eyes, another sound reached her ears. If she didn’t know any better she would’ve thought this one to be a moan. Jane’s eyes darted towards Sif to see if she noticed anything, but the long-haired woman was in such a state of relaxation she might as well have been sleeping. The astrophysicist’s eyes returned to the girls in front, confident her staring wasn’t seen either by Sif or the two subjects of her attention. She didn’t feel comfortable spying, but curiosity got the better of her.

Through the curtain of gray mist, Jane observed the Asgardians, trying to make out the cause of the noises she heard. And then, as if by some intent, the area before them cleared and the sight there drew a gasp from the petite brunette. They are kissing! But this wasn’t just kissing either. The taller, Celtic looking redhead had her hand wrapped around the ponytail of her comparatively diminutive blonde friend, gently pulling it backwards and forcing her to expose her neck. She laved her skin, showering passionate kisses from her lips to her neck, from her collar-bone to her ears. Then she proceeded to lay a series of gentle bites, intermixed with a lascivious lick here and there. For her part, the smaller girl seemed completely oblivious to her surroundings, lost in the sensation she was subjected to. Jane observed with rapt attention, eyes still half-closed so as to feign unawareness if she were spotted. By now she could hear almost every noise coming from the girl’s mouth, every breathy moan and half-suppressed cry of growing lust. And then as the steam concealed the girls again, Jane could focus on nothing but the sounds, her mind stuck in guilt over acting so inappropriately.

Yet she couldn’t stop. For reasons she could not explain, she found herself staring at the dark, blurry silhouettes before her, wishing the steam would clear so she could once again see the passionate exchange. Never in her life was Jane granted an opportunity such as this. To witness a sight so illicit, and to not be seen in return was something entirely new to the Earth woman. More than that, it was also profoundly addictive. She was aware that a part of her mind was constantly alert, waiting and dreading the moment Sif would clear her throat and show her she was caught, or for one of the girls to direct their eyes her way and force her to look away. The fact she didn’t want this to happen was the most surprising thing of all. Jane had never felt attraction towards women, she wasn’t even sure she felt it now, but there was something inexplicably mesmerizing in what she was looking at. In a sense, she too was lost in her little world, much like the tiny blonde from across the chamber.

After a time, Jane’s mind was slowly invaded by images completely foreign to her. She imagined herself in the blonde’s place, her hair gently pulled backwards as the ravishing redhead left a trail of wet kisses wherever she could. She could almost feel the soft caress of lips on her skin, the gentle tug on her hair strands. Though she was still looking at the sight before her, her imagination took on a life of its own. In her mind, the redhead’s fingers ventured lower, trailing across her smooth stomach before reaching their intended target. She was being toyed with for an agonizingly long moment, before being penetrated by a single digit. A slightly louder gasp echoed in the chamber and Jane looked around in panic, not sure if she had made the noise or the girl in front. Sif still seemed oblivious, lost in thoughts or possibly dreams. The two Asgardians also seemed preoccupied with what they were doing, so Jane noted with satisfaction, and a bit of shame, that she could continue watching.

Now, the small blonde seemed to be growing ever so restless, her breathing quickening and her cheeks taking on a shade of red. Jane could not see what happened underwater, but at some point she observed the blonde mouth another small yelp, her plump breasts rising above the water level as she leaned on the pool edge. Jane knew. She’s inside her! As if to confirm her suspicion, the girl’s chest started to rise and fall with increasing speed. Her breathing was now being interrupted by gasps and moans she was having a hard time suppressing. The Earth woman watched in amazement, knowing the girl would reach her climax soon. The imagery before her unfolded, leaving her breathless and
hypnotized. She vaguely felt warmth in her nether region, though her attention was for the most part on the erotic view at the other end of the room. She found herself eagerly anticipating the moment, waiting for the instance when the tiny blonde would be pushed over edge, granting Jane an experience like none she had ever had. She had heard of women orgasming without being touched, and if that was even possible, the dull ache in her pussy told her it would be now.

Just when it was all about to be over, the redhead turned and looked directly at Jane. The brunette gazed back in shock, completely forgetting to pretend she wasn’t watching them. And the blonde, her eyes flew open as she looked around in clear dismay. Instead of being in the grip of ecstasy like the Earth woman expected, the girl looked clearly frustrated and not at all relived. At that moment Jane realized - she didn’t let her come. The blonde’s gaze was locked on her friend, her eyes hungry for an explanation. The redhead then brought her close and whispered something in her ear while still looking at Jane. By now, Foster thought it would be pointless to pretend she hasn’t seen anything so she looked on in what she hoped was a casual, relaxed manner, trying to figure out what just happened, or rather, why it happened. In the next moment, the blonde also looked at Jane and, realizing she was being watched, blushed furiously and looked away. The other girl seemed pleased however, and after another moment she whispered something else. The blonde’s eyes went wide in apparent shock and she started shaking her head in a pleading manner, as if to refuse whatever she was being asked. The redhead only mouthed another word, and then closed her eyes, reclining on the ledge.

The smaller girl gazed at the water for a few moments longer, then glanced at both Jane and Sif before averting her eyes yet again. And then to Jane’s utter dismay, the blonde started swimming towards her. The first thought in Foster’s mind was jumping out of the pool and running away but her body would not obey her commands. She stood there frozen, watching the Asgardian draw near one horrifying second at the time. Far too soon for Jane’s liking, the girl was right in front of her, cheeks still flushed red and eyes looking everywhere but at Jane. She was clearly far more embarrassed about all this than the astrophysicist was, not that that fact helped the Earth woman feel any better. In her peripheral vision, Jane vaguely recognized Sif was still fast asleep, or at least appeared to be, but her eyes were glued to the girl before her. Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god… Jane’s mind raced in panic. Why… just why is she… what could… I… Her incoherent thoughts interrupted, she watched the blonde lean near her and speak barely above a whisper.

“I beg your apology, milady. But… I am to inform you that… mistress will not grant me release unless you permit it”.

Jane felt a chill run down her spine, though she couldn’t tell what emotion caused it. Shock, fear, dismay, arousal… perhaps all of them. She didn’t even dare look at the blonde as she leaned back. Instead she gazed at the redhead that had sent her here, surprised that she seemed uninterested about what unfolded here. As much as she was glad Sif was out of it, the astrophysicist realized with resentment that at least if she had heard this, she could’ve also provided her with a way out. And Jane desperately needed a way out. Not only was she caught spying on the two during their act of intimacy, but she was now somehow being dragged into it! She didn’t know if she was about to blush from embarrassment or go pale from shock. God, what am I supposed to… But delaying her reaction served no purpose. As much as she was reluctant to even address her, the girl wasn’t going away and they were one step away from alerting Sif and possibly ruining the purpose of Jane’s visit. She could just imagine Sif relaying everything that occurred here to Allmother, every lurid detail that painted the astrophysicist as some voyeouristic pervert. She couldn’t let that happen. She couldn’t let this get out. No matter what it takes. So she leaned in and, acting on what some foolish impulse told her would be her best way out, whispered a response - barely audible enough for even the girl to hear.

“Tell… tell her I gave you permission”. The blonde seemed glad for half a second, before her eyes
were downcast again and she looked as if coming up with something to say. Her eyes still on the water, she whispered back, clearly as unwilling to alert Sif as Jane was.

“N-no. My mistress requested that you either come and tell her yourself or…”. Jane waited for a conclusion to that, but none was forthcoming. The girl looked more embarrassed than ever, now breathing unevenly as if she was about to have panic attack. So Jane stepped in.

“Or what?” A few seconds and she got her reply.

“Or that you partake in our… in our…” She didn’t need to finish. If the first option was going over there, then the other was staying here and masturbat**ing for the redhead!** Well, that is one act Jane won’t be participating in. And she certainly wasn’t going over there either! She wouldn’t do anything that might alert Sif, no matter what perverted game these two were involved in.

“I… can’t do that. Just…” go away, Jane thought desperately, but couldn’t bring herself to say it. The blonde however, pushed on.

“Please, you don’t understand… if I don’t return to her with some… any… please. Can you not just pretend?”

The girl’s voice was now approaching breaking point, almost at that noise level that would certainly give everything away. And before she knew what she was doing, Foster heard herself say ”Alright.”

The Asgardian looked as though she could hug her but luckily she didn’t. She rushed towards her friend, leaving Jane drowning in guilt and self-hatred. What the hell are you doing, Jane?! What on earth were you thinking! Go to her and tell her to leave you out of their… thing, whatever that is. But actually swimming to them was something she absolutely dreaded. Not only could it attract Sif’s attention, she’d be forced to talk to them, or at least to the redhead. And there was something the astrophysicist couldn’t quite put her finger on when it came to the Celtic looking girl. Some unshakeable confidence coupled with a dominant streak that made going there an impossible prospect. Only last week, any events that had unfolded here were so detached from Jane’s world, she never even thought about something like it. And now she actually promised the blonde to masturbate for them! She didn’t know if she had let herself be too consumed by the atmosphere, if she took the When in Asgard rule a bit too far or if this was some side of her that she was only now discovering.

The bottom line is she didn’t trust herself. Everything she thought she knew, everything she counted on or expected of herself – it was all slowly being eroded by the imagery that she witnessed, by the situation she was in. What’s happening to you, Jane? She asked herself, but didn’t know the answer.

Whatever the answer was, it would not come now. Her mind was far too frayed and preoccupied by what was to follow. In no time at all, the petite Asgardian was whispering in the ear of her mistress, as she called her, the redhead’s eyes still closed as she seemed to barely register what was being said. She did, however, allow herself a tiny smirk, showing Jane she was content with the result of their little inquiry. The very next second, she glanced at the Earth woman and then turned to the blonde. Her hand slithered beneath the water and sure enough, the tell-tale signs of growing arousal became evident on the other girl’s face. The same series of events that unfolded before was happening again, only this time with a twist - Jane was a participant. A reluctant one, certainly, but she was still a part of it. She watched them and though the blonde’s eyes were closed, the redhead watched her in turn. But thinking of her promise, Jane felt herself blush. What would happen if she didn’t do it? Would the redhead stop? Would she send the blonde again across the pool, increasing the chance of discovery that Jane feared? But she never learned the answer to that either. As the erotic events unfolded in front of her eyes, she once again noticed the creeping tide of arousal within herself. Two sides of her personality collided, one rationalizing and justifying and the other reprimanding and condemning. However, the erotic force of what surrounded her would not be denied. She felt logic
and reason fade into nothingness and slowly, imperceptibly, the decision she could never imagine herself making was there. Her hand fell to her pubic area and her fingers slowly began gliding over her delicate skin.

Whether the Asgardian watching her knew what she was doing, there was no way to tell. But she didn’t stop her own ministrations as evidenced by the quiet yet noticeable moans of her little friend. As for Jane, she unconsciously synced her masturbation to that of the young blonde. She toyed with her clit, gently caressing the little nub when she thought the same happened to her counterpart. She stroked her nether lips, bringing the slow-burning feeling of pleasure to a boil. Each touch that the Asgardian felt, Jane could also feel on her own body. In a way, the tall girl was masturbating Jane as much as she was her girlfriend and the astrophysicist didn’t know how much more she could take. All thoughts of Sif and her discovery were gone, though she still bit her lip whenever a moan threatened escaping her mouth. The scintillating feeling of pleasure stemming from her pussy grew, pushing her dangerously close to her limit. She watched the other girl go through the same motions, but she was clearly closer as the next second she moaned aloud only for her mouth to be covered by the redhead. The blonde grinded into her hand over and over, the feeling that she was waiting for so long sweeping over her. No, no, no! Jane looked on, dismayed even in her aroused state to see the blonde finish before her. She felt as though something has been taken from her, but more that that she felt hugely conflicted. Foster was near the brink herself, but continuing what she was doing would leave all focus on her! And that, despite what has happened, would be the most mortifying thing of all. Her hand still worked its way around her clit, down her lips and into her pussy, but that precious few seconds in which the blonde was climaxing soon passed and she was forced to decide. And she chose to come too.

Jane’s fingers gradually turned to a blur, strumming across her clit with increasing intensity. The digits of her left hand were inside her, stimulating her g-spot in a wicked assault of overwhelming pleasure. Her eyes were now glued to the redhead who watched her with unconcealed satisfaction. Foster rapidly approached braking point when her eyes fell upon the tiny blonde. Still recovering, the girl was gazing at her with a mixture of surprise, happiness and lust over her face. That expression sparked something in Jane and then it happened. The avalanche of unstoppable ecstasy exploded in her, spreading from her pussy to every part of her body. She gasped and moaned, her eyes still somehow on the blonde through the whole experience. The orgasm kept going and going, as if fueled by the tiny Asgardian’s look. Her pussy contracted over and over and astrophysicist thought it would never end. But it did. She rode out her orgasm and then gradually began to relax. She closed her eyes, basking in the afterglow of what she just went through and having a hard time remembering if she ever felt this good. After a while, the feeling of embarrassment reared its ugly head again and the reality of she had done slowly started to sink in. She didn’t dare look across the pool any more, the intoxicating and mind-numbing eroticism that provided her with some escape from her conscience now vanishing. She couldn’t even bother to get up and leave the pool, as every action she could take seemed utterly terrifying. Luckily, after a dozen minutes or so, Sif finally woke from her slumber.

“Oh…” she looked around groggily. “I must have dozed off.” She looked at Jane for a moment but apparently noticed nothing out of the ordinary. “Shall we go?”

Yes, please let’s go! Jane screamed internally, but managed to mouth the response much calmer. “I suppose.”

Foster rushed to the dressing room, eager to get the hell out of there. She hastily put on her dress, barely remembering her underwear, and waited for an agonizing few moments for Sif to get her own clothing on. As soon as she finished, they headed for the door, but it seemed the day held more surprises for miss Foster. There, just between them and the exit were both the Asgardians with whom Jane became so well acquainted with over the past hours. Oh, this can’t be happening.
Unsurprisingly, both the girls were nude and though they were headed for the dressing room, they stopped before Sif first.

“Jane,” Sif started, “I’d like you to meet Ylva”, she said, pointing to the taller girl.”She’s a member of Frigga’s personal guard”.

The girl bowed her head only slightly. “A pleasure”.

Jane returned the gesture thought the double meaning of the greeting coupled with Ylva’s barely perceptible smile did not escape her.

“And this,” Sif continued, “is her companion, Iona”. Jane nodded to her as well, doing her best to keep her eyes from the wet, lightly muscular body of the taller girl or the curvaceous but dainty form of her girlfriend – who seemed as uncomfortable as Foster herself felt. Ylva then turned to the astrophysicist, the few seconds of silence presenting a painful possibility of revealed information. However...

“We had heard of your arrival here. Iona and I would welcome a visit from a Midgardian, if you would do us the honor.”

Sparing Jane the impossible task of thinking of something to say, Sif stepped in. “She is here at the behest of Allmother. But I’m sure we’ll find the time…”

Foster listened with dread, and rather than contradict and appear rude, possibly arousing suspicion from Sif, she merely smiled and nodded again, hoping her lack of committal one way or the other would allow her to refuse Sif in private. If she even remembers. But for now, Ylva smiled in acknowledgement and led the shy Iona to the dressing room. Had Jane not been in such a rush to leave, she would’ve seen Sif and her red-haired friend exchange knowing glances before parting ways.

* 

The shock still hasn’t worn off. Face in hands, Jane lay on the bed inside her quarters, constantly going over the events of the day. And try as she might, she just couldn’t account for her behavior in the baths. Was it really possible she got so swept up by the act she witnessed that she completely ignored every sense of right and wrong she thought she had? That voice at the back of her mind that usually told her something was a bad idea must have been drowned out by all the moaning and gasping. Her own moaning and gasping, she thought with resentment. The distressing thoughts would’ve continued to hound her were in not for a knock at her door. Jane could tell it was not Sif paying her a visit, both because she never came this late in the night and because a gentler hand did the knocking.

As she opened the door she was greeted by the sight of none other than Iona. The demure blonde did a curtsy while not even looking at Jane and spoke softly: “I apologize for disturbing you this late, milady. But I must speak with you.”

“I... uh, of course.”

The Earth woman let her inside, though the feeling of apprehension began to creep up on her. Nothing good could come of this, surely. I just hope you won’t ask for my permission for something again. She put on her best friendly smile as she closed the door and waited for Iona to explain
herself.

The blonde stood silent for a few moments and then began. “My mistress feels terrible about what transpired in the baths today.”

Jane felt the heat in her cheeks grow but could not even begin to muster a response.

“We are sometimes... swept up by our passion. By that is no excuse. You are an honored guest here and it was wrong of us to invite you to share our union in such a way.”

By now, though she did not show it, Jane was completely mortified. The prospect of running to the terrace and jumping out started becoming more and more appealing. Yet, the Asgardian was not finished.

“She has sent me as a token of apology. She... I, hope that you will accept”.

The astrophysicist became more relaxed. A simple apology, that’s all it was. And here she was, fretting over the possibility of another (un)pleasant experience occurring. As strange and surreal as that whole time had been, it was in some ways understandable. So a couple of lovers got a bit carried away, big deal. Besides, it’s not as if Jane herself was entirely innocent. Now looking back at the events of the day, it was clear she could’ve put a stop to it at any point, consequences be damned. But it seemed she got a bit carried away as well. Now that she actually got it, she didn’t think an apology was necessary, though it was certainly welcome. “Of course I accept,” she responded kindly, glad to be finally on the way of putting everything that had happened in the baths behind her. Iona beamed with happiness upon hearing the words, clearly overjoyed about the turn of events. But before Jane could stop her, still with a smile on her face she grabbed hold of the straps of her white dress and slipped out of it, revealing her naked body to the shocked Earth woman.

“Oh my god, what are you doing?!” Jane cried out as she rushed to pick the dress up and put it back on Iona. The blonde’s expression quickly changed to confusion and then sadness as the astrophysicist hastily tried to cover her up.

“You... you said you accept, I do not understand.”

“What? Is this what you mean by token of apology? Ylva sent you here to... to....”

“To attend to your needs, yes.”

“What?!”

“I’m sorry if I am not to your liking, milady,” the blonde said, now dangerously close to the brink of tears.

“What? No! I mean yes! Oh god...” Jane mumbled, completely incapable of dealing with the situation. “Look, let’s just sit down, alright?” The Asgardian acquiesced, though she didn’t seem in a better mood. They sat on the couch next to each other, neither thrilled to be there. “Iona, first of all, I like you just fine. Just not... well... believe me, I do think you are an absolutely beautiful young woman.”

“But milady, why then...”

“And stop calling me milady!” Jane interrupted in a small display of good-natured anger, making sure to keep smiling so as to keep the poor girl at ease. “You can call me Jane.”

“I would never presume to...”
“Jane!” the Earth woman insisted. And at last she saw that frown abate, now replaced by a tiny smile.

“Very well, Jane” the blonde said.

“Now, Iona... this isn’t about me not liking you. On the contrary, I find you very...” Careful, Jane. It would probably be best not to finish that sentence. “But can you not see how wrong this is? Ylva can’t just send you to people to...” She couldn’t even say it.

“She rarely does,” the blonde clarified. “Only when...”

“When what?”

“When she senses in me a strong affection for another... and when we’re sure that affection is reciprocated.”

Jane started dumbly, pondering the implications of what was just said. Not only was Iona attracted to her, she and her mistress were convinced Jane felt the same way! And after what had happened she couldn’t really blame them. For now, she chose to ignore the comment.

“Iona, why do you stay in such an abusive relationship?”

“Abusive?”

“Yes! She’s treating you like a plaything or worse. Earlier in the baths, and now...”

The Asgardian shook her head, for the first time since Jain had met her, appearing a bit defensive, if not angry. “You are mistaken. My mistress is nothing but kind to me. If she forces me to do anything, it’s only because she knows me well enough to see that, deep inside, I wish to be forced.” She paused for a second to collect her thoughts, apparently surprised by the audacity of her words. “You’ve probably noticed how different the two of us are. Before I met her I was a timid, withdrawn being. But now... now I find myself doing things I’ve never dreamed of. Even if sometimes...”, she said, slightly blushing, “... I need a little push. I know how it must seem to you, being a stranger both to Asgard and its customs, as well as our union. But I would do anything for my mistress. She has shown me more than I could ever imagine.” She stared somewhere in the distance, her mind wandering.

Jane’s own mind on the other hand, was swarming with questions. There were all sorts of things she wanted to know, but one thing was clear: She may have misjudged their relationship. A part of her wondered if there was some Stockholm syndrome element at play here, but then she thought of the way Iona spoke about her mistress, how her eyes would light up and her lips smile. As akin to love as any true example of it that Jane had ever seen. Though, admittedly, this being a far cry from a standard romantic affair between two people. Maybe it was all the short and straight-laced relationships that the astrophysicist was in that caused her to initially be judging the two girls. But if they were both truly happy, who was she to interfere? Only of course, Iona wanted her to interfere, in a way wholly different from what Jane had in mind.

“Doesn’t she get jealous?” she finally asked the girl. “When you are with another person?”

Iona merely smiled and responded “She knows my heart belongs to her, for as long as we live. As for the body, she is free to share hers with whomever she wishes, as am I. And right now I wish to share my body with you.”

Jane sat frozen by the open invitation. What had happened in the baths had shown her there is a part of herself she’s yet to explore. However, what was asked of her now was too much. “Iona, I can’t.
I’ve told you what I think of you, but I’m in a strange place right now. You’re asking me to be the person I’m not sure I am.” She was in fact more sure than she led on, but she was trying to turn the girl down gently. Her own voice still echoed in her ears when she felt a soft hand on her cheek. She looked up to find the Asgardian with a curious expression her face, as though she felt sad for Jane.

“Why do you deny it?” she asked quietly. “I see in you the same uncertainty, the same questions and same desires that I once struggled with. You and I are so much alike Jane, in more ways than you can imagine. Only I’ve had the fortune of meeting the one who broke me out of my shell and shown me who I am. I came here hoping to be that person for you.” Her hand dropped suggestively down to Jane’s neck, the caress so tantalizing it almost drew a gasp of pleasure from Foster’s lips. Maybe Iona was right, about everything. But Jane couldn’t go against her feelings and right now something was telling her she shouldn’t do this. She moved away and got up from the couch.

“I’m sorry. I know you mean well and there may be some truth to what you said. But I can’t do what you’re asking me, I can’t be that person. Maybe someday I will be, but not now.”

Iona gazed at her for a moment, her face not betraying emotions of any kind. Then she smiled and rose as well. “I cannot say I’m not a little disappointed. But I’m also impressed. You show a certain strength that I often see in my mistress. Perhaps our paths will be different.” She glided gently towards the door, as if walking on air, and then paused there. “If, however, you should have a change of heart, you need only ask.” With an uncharacteristically lascivious smirk on her face, Iona opened the door and left Jane’s room.

The room was bathed in twilight. The marble surface of the walls and pillars took on a strangely elusive, iridescent glow. The usual low noise coming from outside morphed into muffled and indiscernible distant sounds. The sharp contours of the chamber blurred into a swirl of colors and textures. And even time itself seemed to stand still - for everything but the two of them.

Jane’s eyes were locked to Sif’s. She couldn’t look away if she wanted to. The memory of how she got here eluded her. It was as if the whole world outside ceased existing, there was only the woman before her and the sensation – around her neck. The strong female hand grasped her tightly, simultaneously preventing her from moving, while inexplicably increasing her arousal. She couldn’t understand why. From her neck, awareness spread to the rest of her body. She realized she was naked. But the curious thing was that the feeling she usually had from being exposed to someone was missing. Something was different. As she struggled to understand her situation, she heard Sif speak, her voice echoing as though spoken from afar yet strangely piercing into the deepest recesses of her mind.

“I know what you’re thinking, Jane. You’d like to run. You’d like to leave it all behind,” she intoned huskily, “the fear, the doubt, the growing arousal and the unspeakable knowledge you spent the last hour writhing in orgasm on the hand of another woman.” At that moment, she lifted her other hand and Jane was surprised to see it covered with a translucent liquid – evidence of her own arousal. “But I won’t let you, Jane. I’ll make you face who you really are, what you really are. And before the night is over, you will be down on your knees, thanking me, one... lick... at a time.” She only slightly loosened her grip on Jane and whispered into her ear, “You can start moaning now.” Then the Asgardian lowered her hand and entered her.

Jane gasped and awoke with a start. She was lying in her bed, breathing quickened, looking around
the empty room. The light from the window indicated it was early morning. She slumped back onto her pillow, clearing her eyes of sleepiness as she thought about her dream. As usual, parts of it were gone, but she did remember some details. Some very vivid details. She removed the sheet from her body and the feeling of slightly colder air brought with it a strange sensation in her nether region. She looked down to find her panties completely soaked. “Oh, god…” she moaned in frustration. Just my luck! The one time she decided against sleeping nude for fear of being caught, and this happens. It was like a cruel joke somebody was playing on her. And to top it all off, she realized she had brought a change of clothing but not underwear. In retrospect she couldn’t recall if Sif ever specified how long she would be staying so the fault was entirely hers. It’s all because of the damned baths and Iona’s visit! she thought. No wonder I dreamt something like this. But the subject of her dream being Sif still left her somewhat puzzled.

She took off the wet undergarment, blushing slightly as she held it in hand and realizing how truly drenched it was. Jane could recall having a wet dream or two once in a while but never had she woken up in a state like this. She stared at the underwear as if hypnotized and before she knew what she was doing or why, she brought the lacy thing to her nose and inhaled deeply. For a split second her mind was assaulted with overtly sexual images from her dream and a gentle stab of pleasure sparked in her pussy, surprising the little brunette and bringing her out of her short reverie. She realized what she just did and, blushing a deep shade of crimson now, she threw the panties on the sheets and shook her head in disbelief.

What the hell is wrong with you, Foster?

After a quick visit to the bathroom, she put on her elegant black trousers that she usually wore in conferences and business meetings. Try not to soak them too, she told herself with resentment. She grabbed a white button-up shirt as her top and headed for the terrace. Outside, the sun loomed over the horizon, blinding Jane and making it impossible to enjoy a quiet moment of looking over the city. Et tu, sol? Upon realizing she was a bit hungry, she walked to the adjoining room with the perpetually stacked table of food, and grabbed some fruit. Speculating over what Sif and her would be doing today provided her with a brief distraction from what these past few days seemed to be increasingly erotic thoughts. The sound of opening doors soon put a stop to that as Sif joined her.

“Have you slept well?”, the Asgardian asked amiably.

“Reasonably well,” Jane responded, hoping the redness in her cheeks did not return. Of course, there was that part where I couldn’t stop climaxing with your hand inside of me, but other than that, some really solid sack-time. Just as she thought that, Sif’s eyebrow arched ever so slightly, as though the sarcastic line was spoken aloud. The jolt of fear shot through the Earth woman before she remembered how silly it was to think Asgardians could read thoughts. For her part, Sif made no further worrying reaction or comment.

“We won’t be having breakfast with Allmother today, possibly dinner. She and I have some matters that need attending. Will you be alright on your own? Shall I have a handmaiden be at your side if...”

“No!” Jane protested with a smile. “Really, it’s not necessary. I think I know my way around the palace and a bit of the city as well. I’m sure I’ll find something to do.”

Sif nodded in response and headed for the door before the astrophysicist stopped her.

“There is... something I need to ask you.” Oh, god...

“Of course, anything”. Sif’s friendly expression somehow made this all the more difficult.

See, there’s the small matter of my having a wet dream about you and subsequently ruining the only panties I have here... “I was thinking of doing some shopping. Only, as you know I packed in a
hurry and...” She thought she would have to keep explaining but Sif was quick to understand her trouble. The less embarrassing part at least.

"Jane, don’t be silly. Our people know a Midgardian when they see one, and word of your visit to Allmother has already spread. Charging a guest of Frigga would be like charging the queen herself – it simply will not happen. Any merchant will be more than happy to accommodate you”.

“Oh, I see.” Getting stuff for free was nice but it still made her a bit uneasy. And the other topic she needed to broach only increased the feeling. “Thank you. But... would you happen to know where I might get some items of a... more personal nature?” Stop blushing, stop blushing, stop blushing... No store she has seen here, and she saw quite a few, contained anything resembling lingerie. She felt horrible asking this, the dread that the conversation could somehow spiral into something extremely embarrassing for her now getting stronger and stronger. Flashes of intrusive thoughts appeared in Jane’s mind in that brief moment of waiting for a response: Sif laughing at Jane’s predicament, Sif discovering the offending undergarment on the bed, Sif holding the soaked panties, Sif smelling them and then grinning lasciviously before commanding Jane to... stop it! Get a hold of yourself.

In reality, the Asgardian’s reaction couldn’t have been more benign and even here she displayed an uncanny ability of knowing exactly what Jane was thinking about. “Of course,” she said. “They’re usually kept at the back of clothing stores”.

Of course, Jane echoed in her thoughts, they probably don’t parade them in front for all to see. “Thank you,” the Earth woman responded, and watched Sif smile in acknowledgment before leaving the room. Jane breathed a sigh of relief. How a simple visit to Asgard ended up with her trying to replace a sodden piece of lingerie was something she absolutely did not want to think about. Either way, the conversation went better than expected and she returned to her bedroom greatly relieved. She glanced at this morning’s cause of her anguish and covered them with the sheets. The last thing she wanted was for somebody to find them in her absence.

* *

Every single street was packed with people. Worse than that, every shop within was in a similar state. From what Jane could tell, the wide area around the main palace was considered the “elite” part of the city, or some Asgardian equivalent of the idea, and consequently she could not enter a place without being dissuaded by the number of visitors from doing any shopping. Not only did she do all her lingerie purchases online, but the fact she would be counting on merchants recognizing her and not charging her for her purchase weighed on her mind as well. To be fair, the women working at the few shops she entered did seem to know who she was and they accordingly treated her with the utmost respect and kindness but for this particular shopping trip, a little privacy would be extremely welcome. Having not achieved anything for the better part of the hour, Jane decided to venture further away from that section of the city, into what was hopefully a far less crowded area. She made her way down a few winding streets, and sure enough a few turns later she began to notice less busy avenues and alleys with their share of assorted stores, emporiums and stands. Here, looking to buy something was a far more relaxing affair for the young brunette and time flew as she got lost in incredible numbers of items to be found for sale.

Each merchant seemed to hold at least a dozen articles of clothing she wouldn’t mind owning and Foster had to abstain from indulging too much. Just as Sif said, she was recognized every time and not only did they not charge her for anything, they would often insist on her taking more than she did, possibly hoping word of their hospitality would reach Allmother. For Jane’s part, the free
element of the shopping spree was having an addicting effect and she soon had to force herself not to reach for every little item that caught her attention. Some time later, the astrophysicist’s bag was full of blouses, dresses, shawls and various jewelry she couldn’t help but acquire. The fun she had during this time took her mind off the fact that she was yet to purchase the things she needed the most. She found herself starting at yet another window as she finally remembered what she had to do and, as if on cue, she heard a familiar voice right behind her.

“You know, it’s unseemly for a distinguished guest of Allmother to travel without an escort.”

The Earth woman swung around and found herself face to face with the little blonde from the baths. “Iona!” Jane spoke, in a tone she hoped didn’t reveal any discomfort on her part. “How lovely to see you.”

The blue-eyed Asgardian smiled in response. “Lady Jane. What brings you to this part of the city?”

“Oh, I... well Sif had some business to attend to and I thought it best to use the opportunity to look around, maybe do a little shopping.”

“Alone? In a strange city? With no handmaiden at your side?” Though the girl was friendly and in a good mood, the undertone of her voice made it clear she thought this to be a serious breach of decorum.

“Really, It’s not a big deal, I prefer to be on my own”. Jane hoped the emphasis she placed on the last two words would be enough of a hint for the blonde. As much as she liked her, even after everything that happened, she really would prefer to do the rest of the shopping alone. But whether the Asgardian ignored the hint or merely didn’t notice it, Jane couldn’t say. As soon as she finished her sentence the girl looked at her in a bewildered manner, her face almost aghast.

“Nonsense! What if you got lost? What if you should need something? What if you got injured? What if...”

“Iona, really, I really think you’re being a bit...” Jane interrupted, but only to be interrupted in turn.

“I won’t hear of it!” the blonde spoke resolutely, though still in nothing but an amiable tone. “I shall be at your side for as long as you need me.”

“Iona, I appreciate your kindness but...” I really would like you to take a hike. Jane tried again, but one glance at the “I’m not moving” expression plastered on the petite girl’s face told her she had just gained a companion for the rest of the day, whether she wanted one or not. And as if to drive her point home, the Asgardian grabbed hold of Jane’s hand in a surprising display of audacity, and with their upper arms entwined like they were a couple, she led the brunette down the street. Though she knew there was likely to be some awkwardness coming her way considering what she had to buy, Jane couldn’t help but shake her head and smile at Iona’s behavior. There was some sort of sisterly affection stemming from how she treated Jane that, up until now, the brunette felt only towards Darcy. The problem was that this feeling was bizarrely intertwined with their illicit history and some rather... unsisterly feelings Jane was doing her best to ignore. Luckily, she made her position clear the night of Iona’s visit, so there shouldn’t be any further incidents in that department, Foster thought to herself. Then again, her visit to Asgard so far wasn’t exactly what she was expecting prior to coming here.

So they went, hand in hand, the Asgardian and the Midgardian. As they made a beeline from one shop to another, Jane noticed they attracted more views than she did on her own. Whether that was because people thought the two girls really were a couple, she couldn’t say. Either way, she realized she didn’t really care, whatever the case. What the hell, she thought bawdily, we make a hot couple.
The idea drew a smile from her and she turned to the side lest her companion ask what she was
smiling about.

It turned out shopping with Iona was a lot of fun. The blonde was such pleasant company that soon
Jane felt as though they’ve known each other forever. Iona was not only an invaluable source of
information on all things Asgard, but a surprisingly engaging conversationalist as well. In-between
the visits to different stores, they went over much of the conversation that Jane had with Allmother,
as Iona was equally if not even more curious to learn everything about Earth. The blonde was quick
to notice Jane had already done quite a bit of shopping on her own, but between various topics they
discussed she was anxious to show Foster some of her favorite stores. One of these was a jewelry
store run by a friend of Iona’s and from the moment they entered Jane felt as though she herself was
a particularly interesting piece that the blonde was keen to show off. Even this was somehow
endearing, as the shop owner gawked and gushed with clear envy of Iona’s company. Having
decided she had bought enough jewelry already, the Earth woman was content to let her companion
try on a few pieces, as she was yet to buy anything herself.

As Iona slipped on a bracelet and lifted her hand to inspect it, Jane glanced at it and froze. For a split
second she was staring at a hand covered with an almost clear secretion, drops of the liquid trailing
down Iona’s skin. But then a single blink later the image was gone. The blonde stood there looking
at the jewelry, her hand completely dry. The Earth woman shook her head in an attempt to clear her
thoughts. *That was... strange.* She knew beyond a shadow of doubt where she first saw that sight.
But for dreams to invade her reality in such a vivid way was a wholly new and unsettling experience.
*Must’ve been the way she held the bracelet... and how the light fell on her hand.* It was not a perfect
explanation, but she could think of no other at the moment. Certainly it was better to believe it was a
trick of imagination than that she was hallucinating. In the meantime Iona bought the bracelet,
insisting that she pays for it despite her friend’s refusal. After leaving the shop and bidding the owner
goodbye, they settled into their now usual rhythm of conversing and exploring.

The following shop that caught their, or rather Iona’s interest, seemed to contain almost exclusively
see-through clothing. Why a shop would sell almost exclusively these kind of items Jane didn’t ask
but she did realize they were now approaching that discomfort she had on her mind earlier. For her
part, Iona was completely oblivious about Foster’s feelings and went into the shop only to
immediately run out when she saw Jane was still outside. “What’s wrong?” she asked with a hint of
worry.

“I just don’t think there’s anything for me in there.”

Iona beamed as she realized what the problem was. “Is this the fabled sense of decency you
Midgardians are so wrapped up in?” she inquired with a smirk.

“N-no, I just don’t think...” Jane attempted clumsily, but by this point Iona had learnt to read her too
well.

“Jane...” she pressed on, not even bothering to explain how silly the brunette was acting. The tone
would be enough, she thought.

“Iona, as my handmaiden you’re bound to act according to my wishes,” Foster jokingly improvised.
“And my wish is that we do not go in there,” she concluded firmly, but still with obvious humor in
her voice.

The Asgardian seemed both impressed and amused. “Well,” she grinned, “If my lady wishes it then
it will be so”. She took the joke further and did a curtsey drawing a laugh from the dainty brunette.
“Although, it is customary that the handmaiden be in charge of where her lady does her purchases.”
“Oh, now you’re just making stuff up!” Jane said with mock-suspicion.

“Maybe...” Iona conceded, “... but we’re still going in”. Before Foster had time to react she was gently but firmly pushed into the store. The woman inside bowed upon her ungainly entrance and Iona took her hand, likely as a precaution, and whispered “Now it would be rude to leave without looking around”. Jane gave her the ‘I’ll get you for this’ stare and the blonde grinned even wider in response. Luckily, the store was almost entirely empty which brought some comfort to the brunette. As for Iona, she apparently couldn’t wait to get her hands on some of the things here. She sauntered from one aisle to the other, from one shelf to the next, examining countless articles of clothing and keeping with her just a small fraction it all. Jane was just starting to think the blonde will gladly spend the rest of the day trying out everything in here when the girl returned to her with both hands full of clothes.

“I’ve selected a few things in which your ladyship would look absolutely lovely. Of course, she ought to try them on first and make sure they’re to her liking.”

Jane stared in mild shock, eyes darting from the pile of clothes to the Asgardian’s face and then back. “Wait, what? I thought those were for you!”

“Absolutely not,” Iona shook her head, “I am here only to serve and assist you in any way you need, milady,” she said, clearly more than happy to continue the joke of treating Jane like royalty.

By now Foster was beginning to feel like a bit of a grouch. Her first instinct was to refuse Iona and ask her to return every single piece of the risqué clothing she got her hands on. But the blonde’s demeanor and her infectious enthusiasm made her rethink that. Furthermore, she recalled behaving the same way when Sif asked her to disrobe in the baths. The disapproving tone of the goddess of war echoed in her mind and then one look at the pleading azure eyes before her was enough for Jane to make up her mind.

Just suck it up, Foster. You’re not gonna spend your entire time being a spoilsport.

With an exaggerated sigh, she looked at her companion and finally accepted. “Alright, alright. But just a few things.”

The blonde looked ready to leap from joy, but contained herself and continued their little game in a calm manner “Of course, whatever your ladyship desires.” Jane rolled her eyes with a smile and followed the girl to the changing room.

It soon turned out that this was actually a changing room. Not the little stalls she could barely fit in, which is what shops on Earth usually had. This was a spacious chamber with wall mirrors on both sides and clothing shelves in front. Whether this was reserved for special guests such as herself, Jane couldn’t say. But having an entire room all to herself was much better than glancing over her shoulder to see if the dressing room curtain gave her enough privacy. The door clicked behind her as Iona stepped inside and at that moment Foster remembered why she even went out today. The fact she wore nothing underneath her black trousers brought back with it that unpleasant feeling of anxiety. Another opportunity to be the party pooper, she thought self-critically. Get a hold of yourself, for god’s sake, she told herself as she suppressed the desire to come up with some excuse to leave. You’re a grown woman, act like it.

Right as she thought that, Iona presented her with her first choice – and elegant though quite transparent black shirt. “This will look beautiful on you,” Iona assured her, the tone of her voice betraying an eagerness Jane failed to notice. Her mind was on what she was asked to wear and without further delay she started to unbutton her white top. Little by little, her delicate skin came into view, with the lines of her black bra revealing what she wore under. She glanced at Iona and saw the blonde trace every move of her fingers, the gaze of poorly concealed fascination reminding Jane how the Asgardian felt about her. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea. But then she remember how angry
she felt over her own behavior and as if to spite her former, timid self, she steeled herself and continued undressing. She discarded her shirt and took the one held by Iona. “May I hold that for you, your ladyship?” the blonde ventured.

“You may,” Jane responded in a jokingly strict tone, as she hoped playing along might help ease her discomfort. The blonde held the white garment, her whole attention now unmistakably on the Earth woman’s revealed torso. Just as she began to try on the thing Iona gave her, the Asgardian stopped her.

“My lady, I believe it’s not meant to be worn with anything underneath.”

Jane looked at her for a second, her cheeks ever so slightly warmer. The brunette had learned by now Iona was an expert all things Asgard, and this likely included appropriate (or rather, inappropriate) manner of dress. However, Foster had a strange feeling she made this little fact up. Either way it wasn’t something she would ever accuse her of and she didn’t want to back out either. What would happen to the new, bold and adventurous Jane then?

“Alright,” she consented, in a voice far more relaxed than she actually felt inside. But before she could even reach behind to unclasp her bra, Iona rushed to her aid.

“Please my lady, I’m here to assist you. You ought to make use of me in any way you see fit”.

The likely double meaning of that sentence did not go unnoticed by Jane and as she felt the blonde step behind her, a tingling sensation ran through her body. The funny thing was that, from all she had learned of Asgard so far, Foster was pretty sure handmaidens would indeed assist their mistresses in occasions such as this. But the situation of the two girls in the dressing room was of an entirely different nature. Now that she thought about it, Jane realized the tone of Iona’s voice began to take on a different color in these past few moments. She still addressed like she would a royal, on the surface continuing the joke from before, but whereas earlier the mood was one of humor, her sentences were now intoned quite differently. Had Jane been more experienced in matters of romance, she would’ve recognized the slightly husky voice as an unmistakable sign of growing arousal.

As it was, she let her companion unclasp her bra and take it off. This one mere act was strangely liberating, and as Iona came in front of her, she felt her confidence grow. And why shouldn’t it? She was a staggeringly beautiful woman, who certainly had nothing to hide. For a split second that thought sounded somehow familiar, as if it was spoken by another, but she brushed it aside. Iona was now helping her put on her choice of apparel, her eyes still wondering over the gentle curves of Foster’s form. As she began to button her up, her fingers lingered slightly longer than necessary upon every contact with Jane’s skin. The blonde expertly walked the fine line between what Jane thought was acceptable and what would cause her to jump back and recoil in outrage. Somehow, the ideas of embarrassment and propriety began to blur, and though Jane knew this was dangerous territory, she said nothing.

When Iona finished she stepped back and marveled at the sight before her. “Just as I thought,” she sighed. “You look... exquisite.”

Exquisite enough to eat, Jane echoed internally one of Darcy’s lines whenever she saw a “catch”. Rather than responding, she turned to the mirrors to see for herself. And Iona was right. She was a vision. The shirt hugged her body closely, simultaneously giving off elegance and sexual appeal. Her perky breasts were fully visible through the sheer fabric and she felt both vulnerable and powerful at the same time. The garment was something she would never wear back on Earth, certainly not like this. But here and now, she actually felt glad she got to wear it for Iona. In a bizarre way it was a thank you to the little blonde not only for her friendship and affection but for exposing Jane to such
new experiences. She stared at her reflection and Iona started at her in turn. In but a few moments, the blonde asked timidly, more so than Jane had heard her today:

“Is it to your liking, milady?”

Foster turned to her and freely confessed what she truly believed, “You have impeccable taste, Iona. I’ll gladly entrust the choice of my purchases here to you”. The blonde beamed at that, her eyes almost tearing up from what seemed like both relief and happiness. And she wasted not a second more before approaching Jane to ease her out of her new top.

“Then perhaps your ladyship would be pleased to try on a few more items.” Her voice was now back to her usually (at least for today) confident self, as she knew full well Jane would accept. And sure enough, the astrophysicist nodded and waited for her companion to rush back to the clothing pile she brought in with them. She soon returned, now with a red dress. Knowing she had nothing underneath, this time Jane still felt confident enough to begin removing the rest of her clothes. But as she reached for the button of her trousers, she saw in her peripheral vision Iona’s hand twitch. The girl was clearly eager to help her here as well, though she seemed reluctant to repeat her request since she’d be uncovering a decidedly more private region. Not wanting to scare Jane off, she remained silent and still.

But the brunette was not afraid anymore. The difficult part was already over, and any subsequent reveal, she felt, would only be more of the same. So in a surprising act of audacity, feeling both the urge to please the blonde and keep her newfound persona going, she spoke the words never uttered by her lips before. “Am I to undress on my own?”

The continuously formal banter that has by now ceased being funny still served to put the Earth woman at ease. It was like role-play, and with it, some distance from reality that made it possible for Jane to go along with what was happening. For her part, Iona glanced up in surprise but was quick to conceal it. She made a deep bow before approaching Jane. “My apologies, mistress, I was remiss. Allow me.” The casually spoken word “mistress” gave Foster pause. Whether the blonde said it with a purpose or it simply came naturally was of no importance. The bottom line is – from that moment on, their relationship changed. She felt it in the way Iona looked at her, her eyes downcast and submissive. She saw it in the way she kneeled before her, the reverent gesture clearly showing the girl would obey her every command. The friendly connection took a back seat to something more sinister, and by the looks of things, sexual. Jane stood frozen, trapped between the inexplicably strong desire to explore this further and to turn and run away. “I won’t let you run, Jane,” she heard the words from her dream as if they were spoken right beside her. Now, in reality, she was the one in control and there was something profoundly addicting about that feeling.

So she stayed, allowing Iona’s gentle hands to slowly unbutton her, one sex-charged moment at a time. As more of Foster’smons pubis was revealed, the girl’s eyes absorbed every glorious detail. Though Jane couldn’t see it, the Asgardian’s eyes screamed of overwhelming need tempered only by her submissive nature and the desire to put her mistresses’ needs before her own. She slowly tugged the edges of the trousers down, the enticing sight now revealed proving almost too much for her. Jane stepped outside of her last refuge of privacy and finally stood completely naked before the kneeling girl. There was something about that moment, about Iona’s position and her demeanor, about Jane’s nudity and her refusal to end this, that made her feel like a goddess. And for her part, Iona seemed willing to worship her as one. She gently lifted the brunette’s calf and helped her into the see-through dress. Then with the speed of light, she grabbed an asymmetrical white top and assisted Jane in adorning it.

Once again, Jane looked at herself, and liked what she saw. The dress that, she was sure, was meant to be worn with something underneath, left nothing to the imagination yet still somehow made her
look sophisticated. The tiny transparent blouse that only barely fell over her breasts also complimented the effect. Elegant, yet unquestionably erotic. Revealing, but not trashy. And the knowledge that her angelic form was soaked up by the hungry eyes of Iona brought a pang of desire to her loins. The gentle spark promised something unspeakable and the swipe of Iona’s tongue across her lips gave Jane a hint as to what that might be. Yet her newfound power was something she was reluctant to let go. In an act befitting her novel role, she decided to prolong the experience, heedless of Iona’s needs or wants. “Undress me,” she commanded, this time more firmly.

Not surprisingly, the Asgardian hastened to obey. She disrobed her mistress and then patiently waited for her command. Foster merely nodded this time, the act sufficient to tell Iona she was to continue. So blonde started going back and forth, each time bringing with her another risqué garment for Jane to try on. She no longer needed to be told anything, as she read Foster’s body language perfectly. A mere glance from the Earth woman and she would obediently start removing the apparel, only to quickly replace it with another outfit of her choosing. Throughout it all, Jane became acutely aware of the subtle signs that spoke of Iona’s state – the way her touch would linger on Foster’s skin a fraction of a second longer each time, her digits gliding around her nether region in a measured, teasing way, as the blonde tried her best to pass off each contact as accidental due to the nature of what she was doing; how her voice grew slowly more breathy with each comment and how she suppressed a gasp of desire every time she laid her eyes on her mistress’ pussy – it all showed the burning desire she was struggling to control and, surprising even herself, Jane began to feel some bizarre satisfaction at making her wait. Stranger still was the fact that Jane didn’t even know what exactly she was delaying, not contemplating even for a second where this was heading, though she subconsciously knew. Her mind was stuck in the present moment, each feeling, motion and sound accentuating the profoundly erotic nature of the experience. What little guilt or conscience were nagging at her in the beginning were now fading, mercilessly deleted by her growing arousal and Iona’s submissive way. Throughout her whole life, Jane had never found herself in such a dominant position, certainly not with an obedient girl ready to grant her every wish. And now that she had, she didn’t want it to end.

A whole new world opened for her, one of unimaginable experiences and unforetold pleasures. She realized that beyond the game they were playing, she could ask, or rather command, Iona to do anything and she would be obeyed without a second thought. This knowledge was like a virus, coursing through her body and mind, fueling her desire and obliterating any dissenting thoughts. Though her own feelings seemed inconsequential to what her handmaiden seemed to be going through. Her breathing was now ever so slightly quickened, a thin sheen of sweat appearing on her skin. Even her touch, that had until now appeared measured and controlled, began to show signs of mounting want as her fingers quivered with the desire to touch her mistress more so than her present duties allowed. But Jane kept her at the edge, being far more patient despite what she herself was feeling. In its own way, toying with the girl presented a kind of pleasure too, though she knew it was cruel to treat her this way. A fitting punishment perhaps, for pretending she had brought Jane here under completely innocent pretense whereas she had planned or at least hoped for this to happen all along. The delicious suffering of the blonde went on for some time before Foster decided to put a stop to it.

Iona had just finished removing a pair of panties, leaving Jane nude yet again before she turned to get another article of clothing. The moment she rose, the brunette heard herself speak with a dominant tone.

“Stop.”

The blonde glanced at her apprehensively before lowering her gaze in submission. She waited to be told what to do, yet no order came. Jane merely looked at her obedient stance, her mind swarming with conflicting thoughts. This was it. After this, she knew, there would be no going back. No
pretending she was some kind of victim, pulled into something she did not want, no denying that the
decision would be hers and hers alone. Luckily, by the virtue of everything that had happened so far
and how she now felt, the decision was made easy. She grabbed Iona’s chin and pulled her up
gently, forcing the blonde to look her in the eyes. In those azure orbs she saw every emotion
wracking the poor blonde, the fear, the insecurity, the arousal and the desire to submit. She saw
anxiousness intertwined with pure lust and the inability to hold out any longer. The blonde knew,
just as Jane did, that the moment had come. Their eyes remained locked for but a moment longer
before Foster gave the order.

“Kneel.”

The blonde’s eyes widened in surprise and then, her submissive nature taking control once more, she
lowered her gaze. Jane released her and stood silently as the girl acquiesced and lowered herself
before her mistress. Now kneeling, she glanced at what she had been coveting for all this time, her
eyes unable to tear away from the brunette’s pussy. Another agonizing second before Foster spoke
again, this time barely above a whisper, as if loudness would break the spell and shatter what must
surely be a dream.

“You know what I want”.

With a sigh of lust as well as relief, Iona came closer to the treasure before her, intent on obeying
without causing offence by being too eager. Ever the well-mannered Asgardian,
Jane thought.

She felt Iona’s soft hands on her thighs before the sensation on her mons followed. The first tentative
lick from the petite blonde sent a jolt of pleasure spreading through her body. Clearly, the nature of
the situation has caused Jane to underestimate her own arousal. Before she knew it, the first lick was
followed by another and another and another. The soft laving of her skin was soon replaced with a
gentle kiss here or a tender bite there. Iona trailed from her pussy to her stomach, then to her thighs
and back, laying down an erotic path of different sensations. She purposefully avoided Jane’s clit,
knowingly prolonging all-consuming pleasure Jane was caught up in. In her own way, she way
paying back in kind everything the Earth woman had put her through – every painful second
wrought with sexual tension was now being repaid double. The Asgardian was now the one in
control, and she exerted it by expertly toying with Jane’s arousal through every lick and kiss upon
her sensitive nether region.

For her part, Foster was stuck between maintaining the appearance of control and wanting to freely
succumb to the gratifying sensations she was being subjected to. Every time Iona would get closer to
her clit, her tongue teasing mercilessly before withdrawing again, Jane would bite her lip and
suppress a moan, internally cursing the skill with which she was being pleasured. Her skin perspired,
the thin sheen of sweat both adding to her allure and illustrating her aroused state. She held still for as
long as she could, trying to seem in control, before a deviously quick lick on her clit caused her to
lose all pretense of it. Foster’s hand snaked to her right breast as a breathy moan escaped her lips,
letting her handmaiden know exactly what she was doing to her. Just like in the baths, Jane
attempted to copy Iona’s pace, toying with her nipple for a few moments before reluctantly letting
go. The agonizing tempo continued, bringing the Earth woman to the brink of precipice before
pulling her back. Her breathing became ragged, intermixed with soft moans throughout. Iona stoked
the fire inside her, her already infuriatingly slow licks now complimented by her dexterous fingers.
The added sensation introduced a whole new level of delicious pain to the poor brunette and in her
lust-addled mind she began to fear she would have to start begging soon.

Just as she thought that, the blonde girl inserted two digits inside of her, causing another jolt of
pleasure to rush through Foster’s weakening body. Rather than venturing further inside, Iona pulled
out her fingers and in a purposefully slow manner licked both of them clean with obvious
satisfaction. The lascivious smile that followed met Jane’s half-lidded, lusty gaze, the moment of separation bringing further anguish to the suffering brunette. For a girl as shy and timid to be this merciless in her teasing came as quite a surprise to the Earth woman. Clearly the time she spent with Ylva had endowed her with many talents, and for better or for worse Jane was now being given a personal demonstration of every one of them. But in displaying a perfect sense of knowing when to stop and when to start again, Iona brought her hand back to Jane’s glistening pussy and inserted three fingers into her sopping folds. Another moan from the astrophysicist and one more smirk from the handmaiden, before the blonde settled into a steady rhythm of thrusting her hand in an out. The pleasure that up until now Jane could in no way count on began to rise in a steady pace. Each move of the girl’s hand brought her closer, accompanied by licks, bites and kisses on every part of her skin. Foster followed suit yet again, bringing her other hand to the left breast, this time in a less teasing and more urgent manner.

She squeezed her nipples and massaged her breasts, providing an accompanying stimulation the fire that was now raging in her loins. In an accidentally hard tweak, lost in what was being done to her, she caused a sharp stab of pain in her breasts, the less-than-pleasant sensation colliding with the electrifying pleasure stemming from her nether region. This contrast of different stimuli, rather than serving as a deterrent, only pushed her further into the sensual depravity she was experiencing. Slowly, deliberately, she began to squeeze her tits with increasing intensity and in a surprising turn of events she began using that to keep the pleasure Iona was causing from overwhelming her. A bizarre battle of contrasting feelings roared inside her sensitive body, wracking her every nerve with agony and sheer satisfaction. The harder the blonde thrust and the faster she licked, the more pain the astrophysicist caused herself. In a peculiar way, it was her last futile attempt of holding on to some semblance of control, foolishly believing she had some say in when she would get to climax. With a fourth finger now inside her and her clit constantly and mercilessly licked, Jane began gasping and moaning aloud, unconcerned with who might hear her.

Iona, too, didn’t seem overly concerned as her hand became a blur disappearing into the gasping brunette. Her tongue was hard at work, now fully intent of reducing her mistress to a quivering, orgasming mess of a woman. She meant to drain the brunette of all the pleasure she was capable of and she would not be denied. So she brought a single digit of her other hand to Jane’s pink slit, and without fully entering her, coated the finger with her secretions. Her right hand surreptitiously snaked behind the brunette, parting the cheeks of her globe ever so slightly. She inched her way closer to the forbidden orifice, the move completely unnoticed by her mistress. With her left hand still gliding effortlessly in and out of Jane, her lips and tongue tormenting the delicate flesh, Iona coaxed the brunette’s anus open with one gentle push. The astrophysicist’s eyes opened at the sensation, the illicit nature of what her handmaiden had in mind shocking enough to give her pause. But the blonde did not pause, she moved faster and licked harder and before Foster could even think about protesting she slipped the first knuckle into the puckered opening. “Wh...” Jane gasped at the surprising sensation, but the rapidly building orgasm would not allow her to even form a word. Whatever she had tried to say was immediately drowned out by her lusty moans as she continued to torment herself in delaying the oncoming pleasure. But at that moment, Iona made her decision and with her mouth and hand still dutifully pleasuring her mistress, she thrust her come-coated finger all the way inside Jane’s rectum. Foster’s eyes flew open as a guttural moan escaped her lips and in that one second the triple onslaught of ravaging sensations pushed her over the edge. “Oh my g... fuck!” she screamed aloud, her irrepressible moans mixed with broken words born of incoherent thoughts. Violent pleasure shot through her shivering flesh as she came in unspeakable bliss. She felt her pussy and ass contract around Iona’s fingers, even as the girl continued assaulting her body with her tongue, drawing out one orgasm after another.

Somewhere in the drunken haze of her orgasm-wracked mind, Jane felt Iona withdraw from her pussy, and the sensation of the finger still in her ass coupled with the sight of Iona’s come-coated
hand drew another gut-wrenching climax from the poor brunette, this time causing her to spray her arousal in an astonishing amount all over the face of her kneeling handmaiden. Even through the electric orgasms coursing inside her body, Jane couldn’t help but feel mortified at what she had done, surprised from having never came so hard or in such a way. But before she had the time to even notice that underneath the glistening liquids coating Iona’s face lay a smile of pure joy, Foster felt her legs give way as the series of orgasms took its toll and she collapsed weakly onto the floor.

She lay there breathing erratically, her mind still attempting to process what had just happened. The soft tremors in her thighs made it impossible to stand, if she had enough strength to begin with. But after a few moments, she managed to prop herself up and sit, eye to eye with the still kneeling Iona. The blonde was grinning with joy, patiently waiting for Jane to recover. Her face was a complete mess, with Foster’s juices covering the area all around her mouth, coating her lips and dripping down her neck. More than a few stray drops found their way to the upper hem of her frilly knee-length dress, soaking the few inches above the Asgardian’s breasts. The girl seemed completely unfazed by her state, but Jane felt quite the opposite.

“I’m so sorry,” she spoke apologetically, instinctively reverting to the relationship they had before this happened. “I don’t know what came over m...” she went on, but before she could finish, Iona lunged at her, grabbing her face gently with both hands and planting a kiss on the shocked brunette. Jane’s mind reeled from the unexpected move as she felt the blue-eyed girl probe her mouth with her tongue. Between every soft touch of her lips and swipe of the blonde’s tongue, Foster began to grasp the full nature of the act. Not only had Iona brought the brunette’s arousal to her own lips, preemptively silencing any objection Jane might have, she was also granting her the experience of her first kiss with another woman. The sensual contact between them prolonged, the tender nature of the kiss in sharp contrast with the depravity of tasting one’s own come on the lips of another. The Earth woman didn’t know for how long they made out, all she wanted was never to stop. Nothing else mattered, there was only the soft touch of Iona’s kiss and the illicit taste of Jane’s own secretions. And as if all this wasn’t enough, Foster realized with some embarrassment she quite liked the flavor. She couldn’t tell where she ended and Iona began, but no other thing on her lips tasted quite like this. Far too soon for the brunette’s liking, the Asgardian broke the kiss with a sigh, and gazed lovingly into the eyes of her companion.

“You will not apologize for something so beautiful,” she spoke softly, following Jane’s lead in returning to how things were between them earlier – no longer a dominant mistress and her wanton servant, but a pair of friends and lovers. Yet the blonde’s affectionate words didn’t quite manage to put Foster at ease again.

“But... I... I can’t believe I just...”

“What you did,” Iona finished for her, “is mark me as your own.”

The sheer eroticism and perverse nature of that statement brought yet another jolt of pleasure in the brunette’s body, stronger than the orgasmic afterglow she was basking in these past few minutes. The words were stuck in her mind. Her mark, on Iona’s face. Her juices dripping down her chin. Her arousal coating the girl’s lips and then her own tongue. She came then, not nearly as strong as before but she felt it. The dull ache spread in her loins, eliciting one more breathy moan from her. Whether Iona noticed, she couldn’t say. The girl gazed at her for a second longer before intoning with love and lust in equal measure. “I am yours now. And will be for as long as you wish it.”

Before Jane could even think of a response, the blue-eyed girl glanced at her nether region and smiled wickedly. “My, my...” she teased, “it seems you’ve made a bit of a mess.” The attention that until now had been exclusively on Iona, was now diverted lower and Jane suppressed a gasp upon seeing her state. Her pussy was red and ever so slightly swollen, much like her nipples. Drops of her
come still leaked from her hole, streaking her thighs and soiling the carpet below. As much as she felt confident while Iona went to town on her, she was now painfully embarrassed, and the girl’s gentle verbal tormenting was only making it worse. “Whatever will we do if the owner walks in on us?” the blonde kept taunting, but Jane was not amused. Not only did she realize the door wasn’t locked, she was almost sure she heard a bump outside at one point during their erotic exchange. It barely even registered then, but now it was a cause of worry. How will she clean herself, how will Iona? Her eyes darted to the door and then the blonde, trying to find a way out of this.

“Iona, how will we... Is there somewhere we can clean up?” She didn’t see any bathroom but maybe...

“I wouldn’t worry about that, milady,” Iona responded. “I believe I have a solution to our little problem.” With that she bent down to the floor and grabbed hold of Jane’s spread thighs once more.

“Iona! What... what the hell are you doing?” the brunette gasped in dismay.

“Iona, cleaning you, of course,” came the witty response.

“Iona, stop it! Do you know how long we’ve been here? Any minute now that woman could walk in to check on... stop that!” She tried backing away, as Iona’s playful tongue began tormenting her in a very different way. She licked her thighs eagerly, collecting every single drop of the precious liquid.

“Iona, please... we can’t do th... oh!” she moaned, as her resistance weakened and her body won the battle over her mind. She was now backed up against the mirror, nowhere to run, and she could do nothing but allow the wanton blonde to... take care of her. Her protests were cut short, each half-spoken objection interrupted by a moan as she felt Iona’s whole tongue enter her fully. She squirmed and begged, or at least tried her best to, and with her eyes glued to the door she felt herself contract around Iona’s fleshy organ, flooding her mouth and soiling herself all over again. With one hand on her forehead, Jane gasped in exasperation as she used the other to hold the blonde’s head near, torn between wanting to push her away and force her to keep going down on her. Iona in the meantime didn’t lose a beat, but with cat-like ardor kept cleaning the brunette thoroughly. When she was finally satisfied, she stepped backed to examine Foster.

“I believe you look presentable milady,” she grinned and then licked her lips.

Presentable?! One glance at the opposing mirror was enough to tell Jane she looked far from it. Hair disheveled, cheeks flushed red and body covered in sweat was not her definition of presentable. But as much as she hated herself for having that thought, she couldn’t deny Iona did a thorough job on her nether region. “My god,” she giggled with some mixture of amused resignation and despair. “What are you doing to me, Iona?”

“Why, I’m extending Asgardian hospitality, of course,” she mused humorously. “Now, I believe it’s time for you to return the favor.” Jane’s eyes flew wide when she heard those words, she looked at the blonde’s similar state, the juices adorning her skin barely even starting to dry. Surely she wouldn’t ask her to...

But as soon as she saw her shock, Iona started giggling, clearly amused by Jane’s reaction. “Relax. There will be other opportunities for that. For now I suggest you get your strength back while I take care of everything.” With that, she picked up one of the garments and began wiping herself off. She then took a light silver shawl wrap from the pile and wrapped it around her shoulders, covering up the wet front of the top of her dress. Having placed the clothes inside the bags, she watched Jane as she rose and made her way to her outfit on the floor. As the brunette put on her trousers, the Asgardian brought the two bags to the door and turned to her. “Coming?”
“I think I already did,” Jane commented bawdily. Iona glanced at her curiously, not understanding the play on words. “Never mind, I’ll just be a...” At that moment Jane looked at the remaining piece of clothing on the floor and realized what it was. Not only was it her white shirt, it was the shirt Iona used to wipe herself. “Oh, god did you use that to... did you...” she stammered as she picked up the garment and found it to be exactly as she expected – as though it was soaked with female ejaculate. Iona seemed unaware up until that point as well, but having seen what the problem was, she reacted almost indifferently.

“Oh. So I did. I do apologize,” she smiled cutely. “Luckily we have other things for you to wear.” With that she tossed Foster an item from the bag, which turned out to be the black see through blouse she had tried on first. For a brief moment, the brunette waited for the joke to end and for the Asgardian to pass her something decent, anything she had bought on her own earlier, but to her utter surprise, Iona opened the door and smiled wickedly back at her.

“I’ll see you outside,” she mouthed with a wink.

“Iona, don’t you dare...’ but before Jane could finish the door closed. She glanced down in trepidation, her only choices a come-soaked shirt and a fully transparent one. I’ll get you for this Iona, she thought, hating herself for still feeling nothing but fondness for the girl, despite everything she had subjected her to. Luckily, if you can call that luck, the Asgardian made a slight error in her plan to make Jane walk through the shop, and maybe even the city, almost completely bare-breasted. The astrophysicist picked up her black bra, putting it on as she cursed her misfortune. It’s something at least. She then put on the accursed black shirt over and, picking up her white one from the floor, left the dressing room. As she walked towards the exit of the store, she felt herself blush in shame, if she had even stopped during this whole ordeal. The woman that had welcomed her in now stood near the door, her eyes briefly checking out the Midgardian’s new outfit. As they met, the woman bowed once more and rather than letting Foster leave, stood right before her. With yet another ill-concealed glance at her customer’s body, the wavy-haired brunette spoke to Jane.

“It was an honor to be of service to you milady. Is there anything else I can do for you, anything at all?”

Jane stared blankly at the woman. As she heard those words, she noticed a change inside her. It was like her time with Iona had granted her some sixth sense. The silly idea being true or not, she still gazed at the woman and knew exactly what she was saying, or rather wasn’t saying. The telling glance, the barely noticeable eagerness of her body language, and finally, a brief lip-bite as her eyes darted unwillingly towards Jane’s bra-clad breasts. Moreover, remembering the noise at her door from before and now looking at her slightly disheveled state, the Earth woman suspected, though this she was not sure of, that the woman had spent more than a few seconds in front of her dressing room and may have done more than just eavesdrop. My god, she thought, is everyone on this planet a sex-crazed maniac?!

No sooner had she thought that than the friendly face of the little blonde appeared in her mind, making her feel terrible for having thought of her that way. Iona has been nothing but kind to Jane and here she was inadvertently branding her a mere pervert. She scolded herself internally for that thought, vowing to do better in the future. But the woman’s thinly-veiled suggestion still came as a shock. However, she only smiled at her and responded, “Thank you, but I think I have everything I need.” The shop-owner looked a tad disappointed but still smiled back.

“Of course. Should you change your mind, please, feel free to pay me a visit.”

With those words, Jane headed for the exit as fast as proper manners would allow her. Outside, Iona waited patiently for her.
“Is everything alright?” she inquired innocently.

*Oh, everything’s fine. I just spent the last hour writhing on your tongue, I'm wearing clothes more revealing than anything I've worn in my life and I'm pretty sure the owner was pleasuring herself while listening to us before actually propositioning me! Just another dull day on Asgard, really. But she neither had the energy nor will to treat Iona to some well-deserved sarcasm. “Let’s just go... you cruel, vicious...”*

“Kind, loving...” Iona corrected her jokingly.

“...merciless, evil...”

“...mesmerizing, alluring...”

“...my personal nightmare.”

“...your personal handmaiden,” Iona concluded with a lip bite, leaving no room for interpretation as to what she meant by that. Jane couldn’t help but smile and shake her head at the girl’s playful behavior as they made their way back to the palace. “You know, you really do look incredible,” the blonde said.

“I know,” Foster finally agreed, as she grabbed Iona’s hand. This time she didn’t care how many people were looking.
Chapter 2

Days went by. Between meals with Allmother, walks with Sif, visits to Heimdall, meeting the queen’s personal guard (and doing her best to avoid eye contact with Ylva), visiting museums and notable landmarks, time seemed to fly for Jane Foster. The problem was the dreams she was having. Almost every single night, for no reason she could explain, the astrophysicist dreamt of Sif. And every last one of her dreams were of an erotic nature. Why on earth she kept dreaming of one single thing time after time was beyond her. Not that there weren’t slight variations. One time, she’d be eagerly going down on Sif, stooping so low as to lick her feet and then slowly make her way upwards; another she’d be blindfolded and chained by the Asgardian while she mercilessly teased her with ice cubes or she’d be kneeling with a whip in her hands as she waited for Sif to take it and administer the blissful punishment. In retrospect, and much to her shame, Jane realized the main theme was always her submission and it was always Sif that she was submitting to. This made all the time she spent with the Asgardian slightly awkward, thought she did her best not to show it – it’s not as if she could avoid her during her entire stay.

On the plus side, she hadn’t had any more “accidents” during her sleep, which may or may not have been related to the fact she reverted to sleeping in the nude again. Possibly soiling the sheets seemed like a big risk to take, but after a few nights of simply forgetting to put anything on and still not finding them ruined in the morning she was convinced she’d be fine. The dreams, however, did have one unfortunate side effect, due to their erotic nature. Though she no longer woke up dripping, Foster did feel the unmistakable throb of arousal whenever the morning came. To walk this way most of the morning was distracting to say the least, and Iona’s few invitations to do more “shopping” did nothing to help.

After what had happened in the store, Jane’s relationship with the playful blonde became somewhat... strange. Iona still wanted to hang out with her, in no subtle ways implying she’d like to repeat some other experiences they shared as well. Yet Foster, though still feeling fondness for her, thought they needed some time apart, maybe to try figuring some things out. She tried coming to grips with how she behaved and how easily she was led down that path. She didn’t blame Iona in any way, she didn’t even feel badly about it. But her behavior still posed some questions. What did this mean? Was she gay? Was she bi? Did she even need a label? What kind of relationship would she want with Iona? And how the hell did her dreams of Sif factor into it all? It was so much easier not to think about any of this than to wrack her brains trying to figure everything out. So she kept herself busy with whatever she could find, and hoped things would, somehow, work themselves out.

On this particular day, the Earth woman was busy trying out all the drinks she found in the buffet room within her quarters. Most of the bottles on the shelves seemed like regular stuff you would find on earth, but most of them also tasted differently from anything she’d had before. She had already put aside a few favorites, which she could best describe as mild liqueurs, one tasting a bit like a mixture of lemon and coconut, another that sort of resembled blackberry and one she really couldn’t compare to anything. Though she adored the taste, she only tried a tiny sip from each of them, as alcohol, even in small doses, didn’t quite agree with her. She was just about to try another bottle, this one filled with jet-black liquid sprinkled with small silvery fragments of some unknown ingredient, when a voice stopped her.

“I’d advise against drinking that.”

She turned to see Sif, who these days, upon Jane’s invitation, let herself in without knocking.

"It’s quite strong,” she warned.
“Are you saying I can’t candle my drinks?” Jane replied, jokingly feigning outrage.

“Of course not.” Sif raised her hands in defense.

“Well, it’s true, I can’t,” Jane admitted. “Thanks for the warning.”

“Shall we go?” the Asgardian inquired. She had promised Foster she would show her the Tower of Dag, or day, as it was called. The white tower was supposedly one the highest in the city and positioned in such a way as to be the last structure to catch the rays of the sun before it sets. One needn’t be an astrophysicist to look forward to such a sight, but in Jane’s case it certainly helped.

“Yes,” she replied, and followed the warrior woman outside. They hadn’t even been walking for a minute when they saw a person coming down the hall and heading towards them. Much to Jane’s chagrin, it turned out to be none other than Ylva. The redhead was clad in her uniform, hair tied into two long braids, and she was not looking too happy. Worst off all – her eyes were set on Jane.

“Sif, Jane,” she nodded briskly as they approached, and Sif could immediately tell by her tone something has upset her.

“Ylva. Is there something wrong?” the Sif inquired.

“In fact there is. Jane and I have a rather serious matter to discuss.”

Sif glanced at Foster to see if she knew what was going on but the astrophysicist simply stared blankly, trying her best not to look petrified. Oh, my god! She knows! She knows what happened between me and Iona! That naive girl told her! Of course she did. “Ylva doesn’t get, jealous, Jane. Oh, no way.” How... could... she be so stupid?! Now what the hell do I do? You’re in serious trouble, Foster. As Jane’s mind swarmed with panicked thoughts both Sif and Ylva stared at her for a few painful seconds before the redhead spoke.

“Twice now you have promised to grace my home with your visit and it has yet to happen,” she said, her features softening into a smile and making clear she was playing a joke on Jane. Sif smirked and rolled her eyes but Foster breathed a sigh of relief.

“Oh, I... of course. I did promise. It’s just that...” but no sooner had she begun to come up with another excuse than Sif interrupted her.

“We’re free this evening.”

No, we’re not! I’m sure we’ll be very busy! Jane interjected in her thoughts, for she didn’t dare refuse Ylva this time, not when the woman just found out Foster wasn’t doing anything this evening. But Sif’s uncanny ability to sense Foster’s thoughts didn’t seem to be working. “I’m just not sure I...” she tried to leave some room for not showing up, but Sif was having none of it.

“Trust me, Jane. We better come, lest we have the she-wolf of Asgard hunting us,” she said while looking at her warrior friend affectionately. Not seeing a way out, Jane acquiesced and the redhead bid them farewell, continuing on her way.

Nice going, Foster. Now what the hell are you going to do?
How anything good might come of this, Jane couldn’t imagine. She had dealt with similar situations before - she’d run into an old acquaintance, and after a brief talk and a bit of catching up, she’d never hear from or call on them again. A sort of unspoken agreement, where each party pretends to want to meet up at a later date but it never happens. And she assumed the same would happen here, she thought Ylva’s invitations were nothing but courtesy calls but it seems they were not. Sif took it upon herself to accept on Foster’s behalf and now they were on their way to what would likely be a very awkward, if not unpleasant dinner-date. As they walked down the street, Jane glanced at Sif, thinking how great it would be if she was as care-free.

Far too soon for Foster’s liking they had reached a sizable mansion that was apparently Ylva’s home. **Oh, boy... here goes.** Sif reached for the door but they swung open to reveal Iona standing there. “Welcome,” she greeted them enthusiastically and, to Jane’s utter surprise, hugged like a dearest friend. Sif watched with slight confusion before the blonde realized what she had done. Having not told Sif anything about Iona and her little adventure, the warrior woman naturally assumed this was the second time they met and thus, considered this a slightly inappropriate greeting. Luckily, the blonde came to her senses. “Forgive me,” she said with an apologetic smile, “but my mistress and I are so happy that you’ve come.” The astrophysicist flinched a bit at the word ‘mistress’, but Sif seemed unfazed. Jane wasn’t sure if the word was used in more situations than on Earth, but her first association was the peculiar sexual relationship of Ylva and Iona. She couldn’t tell if Sif considered this to be one of those usual circumstances or if she was well acquainted with exactly what went on between the two girls. All was revealed to her, however, when Sif came close to the little blonde, gave her a peck on the lips and whispered into her ear.

“We’ll forgive you, but Ylva may not.”

Hearing those words, the blonde blushed furiously and averted her gaze downwards as she cutely bit her lip. For her part, the Earth woman stared in fascination at this little exchange. She had never imagined there was anything going on between Iona and Sif, she wasn’t it ever did, but this... this was interesting, to say the least.

The long-haired Asgardian then proceeded inside and Iona moved aside so Jane could follow, her eyes still downcast. Within the mansion the hallways were decorated with warrior statues that stood between shields and crossed swords hanging on marble walls. Had she not been staying for all this time at Allmother’s palace, Foster would’ve had a hard time concealing her awe, but as it was, she looked around in what she hoped was just the right amount of interest. Further inside Ylva awaited, with her emerald-green eyes locked on Jane and lips forming a welcoming smile. It was then that Foster noticed how similarly Iona and her were dressed, each wearing a knee length dress with Asgardian motifs, Iona’s being white, Jane’s light green. Despite herself, Foster couldn’t help thinking how this somehow made it seem like she was Sif’s girl, like Iona was Ylva’s. Still, she did her best not to think about that, as she glanced at what the redhead was wearing. Ylva was clad in an elegant black gown in sharp contrast to Sif, whose brown breeches and casual red blouse demonstrated how well she knew Ylva and how comfortable she felt at her home. For her, a simple visit to a good friend was clearly no reason to over-dress even if it was supposed to be a somewhat more formal occasion.

The redhead greeted Jane with a small kiss on the cheek and welcomed her into her home. As they walked into the adjoining room, they exchanged pleasantries, Iona looking anxious and Sif almost bored. Hearing Jane speak of herself and Earth yet again wasn’t exactly her idea of fun but Ylva seemed enthralled. Some time after, as they sat in the dining room sipping drinks, the conversation started inching dangerously closer to Jane’s personal life, and more importantly her relationships. Fortunately, Iona excused herself and went for the kitchen to attend to their meal, and wanting to
avoid this awkward line of questioning, Jane offered to help.

“There’s no need, really,” the blonde protested but Jane’s facial expression told her enough so she held the door opened and they were soon alone.

“Thanks,” Foster said. “I really didn’t want to talk about... some of the more personal things.”

“Of course,” Iona noted, and went about her business. She chopped some vegetables, refusing to let Jane do any work, she put the finished desert (a delicious looking one at that) to cool and then waited for the main course to be ready. And while they waited, Iona’s eyes turned to the astrophysicist, staring at her with mischief written all over her face. “Oh my, whatever shall we do while we wait?” Jane gave her a half-serious warning stare, as she realized she may have moved from the frying pan into the fire.

“Iona,” she began, “don’t you dare do...”

“Do what, exactly?” the Asgardian questioned with pretend innocence.

“What you’re thinking of right now!” Foster mouthed quietly, glancing towards the door.

“Why, I truly don’t know what you mean,” Iona continued in her playful fashion. “But,” she spoke as she began to close in on Jane. “now that I look at you, I must confess I am getting certain ideas.” She grinned cheekily and every so slowly continued drawing nearer to Foster, who was now back against the counter.

“Iona, I’m serious. Stop fooling around.” But the blonde was now right in her face, with both hands on the counter to prevent Jane’s escape.

“I believe we have about five minutes before the meal is ready,” the blue-eyed girl teased. “There’s any number of things we could do in that time, perhaps you have some ideas of your own?” With that she started running her finger up Foster’s arm, the sensation on her skin both pleasing and unsettling at the same time.

“Yes, you start behaving and I’ll keep pretending to be helping you.”

Iona eyed her up and down, absorbing Jane’s lightly clothed form before responding. “Alright, I’ll behave. But first you must grant me a small wish.”

Jane sighed and gave her a suspicious glance. “What wish?”

“Ah, ah, ah!” the blonde chided. “You must first give me your assent.”

“What? No! I don’t even know what...”

“Well, then I’m afraid I must continue.” With that, Iona leaned in close and gave a soft lick to Jane’s neck.

“Okay, okay! Fine, just... fine!” the brunette acquiesced with a quiet voice full of panic as she unsuccessfully tried moving away. They haven’t even been here that long but she was already imagining Ylva, or even worse – Sif, walking in on them. Between the flashes of the redhead chasing her through the house with a sword and Sif reporting to Allmother every sordid detail of her perverted behavior, Jane was now anxious to go back to the dining room. At that moment, Iona smiled and before Foster knew what was happening she slipped a hand underneath the brunette’s dress. With a yelp caught in her throat and eyes wide open, Jane felt the girl trace the line of her panties. She then moved the cloth aside and slipped a single digit into the dismayed Earth woman.
She swirled it around inside, causing Jane to flush in embarrassment as she realized she wasn’t exactly dry down there. Just as she was about to protest and push the Asgardian away, the finger was withdrawn. The fact that there was a part of her that wished the blonde had kept going would later weigh heavily on Foster’s mind. But Iona clearly had no such worries, as she brought the finger to her mouth and sucked the thing clean.

“Mmmmm,” she intoned with an almost orgasmic sound. “Delicious.” She then moved away and checked on their food as if nothing had happened.

Still blushing, which seemed to be an annoying trend for her these days, Jane shook her head in disbelief, trying to hold back the grin she felt forming on her lips. “You’re insane,” she said, completely ignoring that part of her which found the experience exhilarating. “What if Ylva had walked in on us? Or Sif?!”

“My mistress wouldn’t mind. On the contrary. And as for lady Sif... well, what makes you think she would?”

Jane stared blankly for a second, analyzing what was said. ”What do you mean Sif... wait, Iona...” The realization was so sudden she was cursing herself for not thinking of this sooner. “Did you tell Ylva about what happened between us?” The blonde looked at her completely bewildered, as though she was asked something completely nonsensical.

“Of course I did. She is my mistress, I tell her everything.”

Jane’s heart sank. Why she had just assumed that Ylva wouldn’t learn of this when Iona clearly told her the redhead sent her to Jane in the first place – she didn’t have a clue. Where in the hell did she get the idea that Iona simply returned that first night, told her nothing happened, and then kept her mouth shut about subsequent events in the store? This was clear evidence Foster’s mind was not working properly. Asgard must’ve been getting to her. Being in a new city, trying her best to please Allmother during the day and struggling with her dreams at night, it would make sense she’d make some error of judgment or for something to slip her mind, but this?! How did this happen? She actually came here thinking Ylva knew nothing about them. And now she was to go out there, sit and converse, pretending everything was peachy in front of the clueless Sif. 

“You’ve completely lost it, Foster. You’ve had your share of blunders in life, but this one really takes the cake. How could you be this stupid?!”

Now there was nothing for her to do but suck it up and try to make it through the night without dying of embarrassment.

Half-way through Foster’s mind-wracking train of thought, Iona grabbed the dishes with the food and nodded for Jane to take the rest. As they approached the door leading into the hall, the Earth woman paused. “What did you mean by that? What you said about Sif?”

“Oh,” Iona mouthed, for the first time appearing a bit uncomfortable. “It’s not my place to say.”

“Say what, what are you talking about?”

“I... I believe she finds you quite captivating.”

“What? Are you saying she’s attracted to me?” Jane asked in confusion, looking for some evidence of a joke in the blonde’s features. None was forthcoming. “No, you’re wrong. There’s no way she’s attracted to me.” I would know, Foster thought, I may not have dated much, but this I can always tell. And you’re simply wrong. There’s always a sign. Of course... there’s was that whole thing when she undressed in my apartment... but that was a joke, right?

“I’m probably mistaken,” Iona said in a conciliatory tone, clearly eager to drop the matter for
whatever reason. Before Jane could question her further, she nudged the door with her foot and headed towards the dining room. And rather than being alone with her thoughts, Foster immediately followed.

Back in the dining room, the two Asgardians seemed deep in conversation and only stopped when Jane and Iona entered. “Finally,” Sif said with a smirk. “We were afraid you two had already started.”

Iona glanced at Jane and then quickly replied “I had a small taste. I couldn’t help myself.” The body language and facial expression gave nothing away but Jane knew all too well what she meant by that. So she stared at the table as Iona served the meal, desperately hoping that would be the last of the little blonde’s teasing. After that, Sif was the first to dig in, followed by Ylva and then Iona, who seemed to wait for her mistress’ cues in just about everything. Jane started to eat last, though mostly forcing herself because somewhere between the time they got here and the food being served, she had lost her appetite. And she had a pretty good idea why. As they talked intermittently during the meal, Foster cast sideways glances towards the other brunette in the room. After a while she realized what she was doing and stopped. What did you expect? That you’ll catch her licking her lips suggestively while looking at you? Get a grip, for god’s sake.

Just as Jane started to relax, being glad that the dinner so far held no unpleasant moments for her, she felt something on her leg. It didn’t take even a second for the sensation to register and a glance across the table confirmed it. Iona was sliding her toe along her calf. For all intents and purposes the blonde was calmly eating her food and nothing more. Yet Jane was sure she knew what was going on underneath that calm exterior. Luckily, she had the good sense not to react, so neither Sif nor Ylva seemed to notice what was going on. For her part, the Earth woman tried her best not to change that. The dinner went on, and she responded to questions as calmly as she could, though she would’ve liked nothing more than to reach down and slap the foot of the impish girl away. By now Iona had reached her knee, getting dangerously close to eliciting a reaction from her. Fortunately, they had finished the meal by that time and Iona was forced to get up and fetch the desert. The astrophysicist was so focused on appearing unaffected that she missed the question Ylva just asked her.

“I’m sorry?”

“I hear Sif has been teaching you archery,” the redhead repeated.

“Oh, yes. Well, she tried at least. But I’m afraid I’m not much of a student,” Foster replied modestly.

“Nonsense. Another month or two and you’ll be fit for Allmother’s personal guard” Sif said with a smile. Jane chuckled at that, more worried by the idea of staying here that long, rather than how good her archery would be by then.

“Well,” Ylva mused, “if you ever wish for a proper teacher, I’m at your disposal,” adding in a joking whisper “Between you and me, Sif’s archery skills are the laughing stock of Asgard.” The astrophysicist laughed at that while Sif feigned outrage.

“How dare you! I won’t have you fill my disciple’s head with such lies!”

During the friendly banter Iona returned, carrying four small bowls filled with what looked like ice cream. Sif and Ylva were still going at it, though Jane’s attention was now elsewhere. As Iona sat down, she glanced at the enticing desert and then directly at the Earth woman, as if to ask “Give you any ideas?” The only idea on the brunette’s mind, however, was to somehow get through this night alive. But the blonde seemed to have different plans. Her toe was immediately back on Foster’s leg, sliding up and down playfully. Then making use of the conversation between her mistress and Sif, Iona licked the ice-cream of her spoon with deliberately slow motions, not only casting occasional
looks at the subject of her delicious torment, but timing every lick with the move of her toe. In a bizarre turn of events, she made every motion beneath the table seem as though she was personally licking Jane’s leg. By this time, Jane was getting more than a little hot and bothered, doing her best to seem unperturbed but not being sure if she was succeeding. Just as she was taking a sip of water to calm herself, Ylva gave her a shock of another kind.

“Have you visited any stores in Asgard, Jane?”

The Earth woman coughed and sputtered, the sudden question almost causing her spit out the water and embarrass herself. “Uhm... excuse me.” She looked at Iona for a second and could swear the girl was holding back a smile. “Yes, I... I did some shopping.”

“Have you found anything to your liking?”

“Oh... yes, a few things actually.” Jane replied, now absolutely positive her cheeks took on a light shade of red. Sif was of course clueless, but Foster knew Iona was having a time of her life, even though she didn’t show it. And from what she could tell, so was Ylva. I should’ve known - like student, like teacher. Though she didn’t appreciate being teased like this, she was still grateful the redhead was subtle enough to pass off her question as part of ordinary chatting. No sooner had she thought that, than Iona moved her foot closer, now caressing Jane’s inner thigh in a unsettlingly pleasant manner. The Earth woman tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, feeling quite hot at this point. And before she knew what she was doing, out of fear Sif would see Iona’s foot, she pulled her chair closer to the table only to realize she had just given more opportunity for the girl to torment her. Oh god...

“Then you’ve found the experience pleasurable?”

Jane's eyes darted to Ylva in panic. “I’m sorry?”

“Given that you had no handmaiden to assist you, I mean. Sif mentioned you were by yourself.” The woman’s face was nothing but friendly, but the mischievous glint in her eye told Jane how much she was loving toying with her like this.

“Oh, right. No, it was fine, really. It gave me a chance to explore a bit.”

“And gain some new experiences, no doubt?”

Oh, you sadistic.... “Yes, I supposed you could say that.” Through all this Iona was slowly moving from Jane’s thigh, inching ever closer to her center. She flicked the hem of Foster’s dress a few times, before managing to slip her foot under it. The thin transparent panties they had bought together offered no protection against the advances of the impudent girl and as her toe finally touched Foster’s cloth-covered pussy, Jane yelped in surprise only to less-than-successfully mask it as a cough. The edge of Ylva’s lip curved into a small smile, as though she knew exactly what had happened.

The situation was getting progressively worse. Jane was caught between two fires, on the one side trying to endure Iona’s teasing without reacting, on the other doing her best to continue the conversation with Ylva, hoping Sif wouldn’t notice anything. Needless to say, the task was becoming more and more difficult and Jane was half-expecting to hear herself moan any minute now. She was desperately trying to think of a way out, but they haven’t even been here that long and she felt like she ought to stay lest Ylva start chasing her for another dinner-date on account of Foster bolting from this one. Any hope Sif would be of help was squashed as she noticed the brunette was merely sipping her drink, content on letting Ylva and her chat for a while. Only this was rapidly becoming the most agonizing chat Foster has ever had. Not knowing what else to do, Jane rose from the desk, severing the delicious link between herself and the blonde. “I’m feeling a bit hot. If you’ll
excuse me, I think I need some air.”

“I think I will join you.”

Foster heard the redhead speak the words but couldn’t believe it. Will this night never end? Ylva showed her the way, while Iona cleaned up the table and Sif helped. They exited onto the balcony, with Jane cursing herself for not thinking of a better reason. They stood next to each other, one of them clearly a lot more comfortable. “It’s a beautiful night,” Ylva intoned, as she gazed at the stars.

“It really is,” Foster responded, not knowing what else to say. But as the silence grew more awkward, the Asgardian turned towards her and spoke again.

“But not as beautiful as you.”

Oh... god...

Jane stared at her mutely, mind swarming with panicked thoughts. Before she could say anything, the redhead reached out and gently caressed her cheek with the back of her hand. “I understand what she sees in you.” Instead of reacting in any way, Jane found herself wondering if the woman was talking about Iona... or possibly Sif. But her thoughts were interrupted yet again. “The more I get to know you the more I realize what a remarkable being you are, Jane Foster. Beyond the beauty that is breath-taking, past the intelligence you posses and the kindness display, there is something... unique, within you.” At that moment she lay her palm on Jane’s face, softly yet still slightly possessively. “I look into your eyes and I see a battle being waged. I see the doubt, the longing, the fear, the curiosity. But above all, I see in you, like I saw in my precious Iona, the desire to fully submit to another.”

Jane’s eyes flew open, her mouth shaped for a response before a single finger on her lips put a stop to it. ”Don’t,” Ylva said, as much with affection as it was with a dominant tone. “You’d only be lying to yourself. I know how you struggle. I know how you cling to rules and boundaries imposed on you by those who neither know you nor care for you. But I do care for you Jane, and I want, more than anything, for you to be free.” Jane listened, her body frozen and her mind almost hypnotized. The redhead’s tone slowly grew more sensuous, each word spoken keeping Foster hopelessly still. “It is a strange twist of faith,” Ylva continued, “that for some, true freedom can only be found in submission.” With that she came dangerously close, face to face with the little brunette who listened to the husky voice with rapt attention. “But... I am a generous person, Jane. And if you ask nicely, I may grant you the privilege of being my pet.”

The word triggered something in Jane and before she knew what she as doing she raised her hand and slapped Ylva. The very next instant, ice-cold fear shot through her as she realized what happened. She slapped Ylva. Ylva the warrior. Ylva, Iona’s mistress. Ylva her hostess and Sif’s dear friend. That evanescent moment of feeling insulted was now gone and with her hand over her mouth, she stared in shock. Ylva, on the other hand, barely reacted. Her expression changed, but in her current state Jane couldn’t, for the life of her, interpret it. If she had to guess, the redhead seemed almost... impressed? But none of that mattered. She had slapped her.

“Oh, god. I’m so sorry,” she began, but the fear, the anxiety and the inability to in any way respond to what Ylva had suggested was simply too much. “I... I have to go.” With that, Jane rushed back into the house, through the dining room that was mercifully empty and headed for the exit. She left the house in a hurry, as if to flee from all the guilt, worry and embarrassment threatening to overwhelm her. She barely registered the passers-by who looked on with curiosity as she ran towards the palace, her quarters now feeling like the only refuge for the dismayed brunette. At last she returned to her room, but the feelings she tried to escape were still there. She felt terrible. And as if the recurring flashes in her mind were not enough, Jane knew Sif would likely be coming soon to
find out what had happened. Perhaps she already knew. Maybe Ylva had told her everything. Either way, the night was far from over.

She paced around the room for about five minutes before a knock on the door startled her. Sif entered slowly, apparently worried about Jane. “Are you alright? Ylva told me you weren’t feeling well.”

Wow. Regardless of how the redhead was behaving on the balcony, Jane felt grateful that she decided to cover for her. The second Foster thought she had Ylva figured out, the very next moment the woman would surprise her.

“I’m fine, now. I think,” she said, playing along with the what the redhead told Sif. Unfortunately, she still felt she needed to explain any future apprehension on her part, that Jane would undoubtedly show when two of them cross paths again. “But I’m afraid I may have... disrespected Ylva. I think I was quite rude in my sudden eagerness to leave.”

“Oh, don’t be silly Jane,” Sif assured, “Ylva would never hold it against you, believe me.” Jane felt grateful for the comfort, but knowing what she did, it wasn’t much help.

“No, I... the way I acted was just...” But The Asgardian put her hands on her shoulders, trying her best to assuage her fears.

“Jane, I’ve known Ylva most of my life. Believe me, your worries are completely unfounded. I know at times she can appear a bit intimidating but I would’ve thought by now you’d know better. She may be a she-wolf on the outside, but trust me, deep inside she’s a kitten.”

That drew a laugh from the astrophysicist that was now feeling only slightly better. Now, there’s an image, she thought, Ylva the harmless kitten. “I appreciate what you’re trying to do, Sif. Really. But I still feel a bit...”

“Unnecessarily so. Even as I was leaving I could tell you have left quite an impression on her.”

I should think so, I slapped the poor woman. By now the Foster was starting to get sick of the way she felt. She knew as the days passed she will cease to make such a fuss about this, but she was eager to put the night behind her, or failing that, temporarily out her mind. And as if on cue, her mind came up with the perfect solution. “I think I need a drink.”

“... and just as we were about to leave, Darcy pushes me and I spill my drink all over his shirt! I was mortified! And I don’t know if the two of them were in cahoots or if Lewis really is the master matchmaker she claims to be, but he did end up asking me out.” Sif listened to Jane’s tale with a constant grin, more than a little amused by Darcy’s shenanigans. They were sipping their drinks, Jane the mild liqueur and the Asgardian something a little stronger. “Of course...”

“Yes?”

“He, um... turned out to be a complete bore. He spent the entire night talking about himself and by the end of it I didn’t know if I should scream from frustration or run towards the exit.”
“Dreadful,” Sif said with a chuckle. “I can’t imagine anyone would spend so much time in your company and not make you feel like worshipped like a queen.” Jane smiled, wondering if Sif would include herself there.

“If only all my dates were as considerate as you.” The Asgardian smiled back at the compliment, and proceeded to take another sip from her onyx-colored aqua vitae. After that, an uncomfortable silence set in and Jane was trying to come up with a way to end it. They had just started to have a good time and no awkward comment on her part should stop that. So she pushed the empty liqueur glass away, looking for something better. “This is no good. I think I’ll have some of what you’re having.” She was in fact, feeling a bit tipsy, but that was far from how she wanted to feel. Foster had never gotten drunk in her life, but if there ever was a moment...

“I thought you said you can’t handle your drinks?”

“I can’t. Now pass the bottle, woman!”

Sif acquiesced with a laugh, and Jane poured herself a liberal amount of the fluid. The first taste was like liquid fire being poured down her throat and she coughed and sputtered her way through the first sip. For her part, the Asgardian was trying hard not to laugh as she sat next to Jane, ready to bring forth another liqueur when the Midgardian came to her senses. But Foster took another sip and another, each subsequent taste slightly more bearable. The warrior woman couldn’t help but admire her friend’s tenacity as she finished the entire glass. “You weren’t kidding about this being strong.” Jane admitted, feeling more than a little flushed from the experience.

“You seemed to handle it well,” Sif noted. “Shall we call it a night?”

Jane stared in disbelief. “Call it a night?! Absolutely not! I’m just getting started.” What with the willingness to forget everything that happened, and the intent to prove she can hold her own as well as any Asgardian, Foster poured herself another glass.

“Jane, I’m not sure if...”

“Are you going to talk,” Foster teased, “or drink?” Sif grinned wide as she grabbed the bottle and refilled her own glass. So they drank, Jane stubbornly determined and Sif obviously amused. From one sip to the next, Jane started to feel more affected by the alcohol, as evidenced by an occasional hiccup and the increasingly frequent giggling at even the most unfunny comments made by Sif. The Asgardian herself was barely tipsy, though she had drunk twice as much. And she was glad, as the talk of a drunken Jane was every bit as enjoyable to watch as it was to listen to.

“That Ylva,” Foster slurred drunkenly, “she’s one hell of a woman. Damn kind. Terribly interesting. And I don’t mind telling you - damn good looking.” Sif listened in delight, not wanting to interrupt Jane in any way. “And Iona, too. All of you Ashgardians,” she mispronounced comically, “such nice people. And YOU!” she raised her tone suddenly, looking at Sif as though she had just fallen from the sky. ”You’re the best of them all! You’ve shown me so much, treated me so nicely, been such a friend.” At these words Sif, though still entertained, felt very touched as well. She knew that the hopelessly drunken brunette was speaking from her heart and, though it was hilarious, it still meant a lot to her. But then Jane continued. “Even if... even if you...”

“Even if I what?” Sif couldn’t help but ask. Jane looked at her for a second, as though contemplating her response before bursting into a giggling fit, her eyes tearing up from laughter. The Asgardian waited for the girl to calm down, still hoping she would get a response. A moment later Jane looked around, checking to see if anybody would overhear what she then leaned to whisper.

“Iona told me.”
Sif’s eyebrow arched inquisitively. “Told you what?”

“She said you find me captiv... cat... cat pee!” she concluded and once again started giggling like crazy. Sif sighed and waited again, before Jane managed to continue.”Captivating!” she exclaimed, glad she finally managed to pronounce the word. “I know you’re attracted to me, missy!” Jane shook her finger threateningly, though still coming off as comical. If she had the presence of mind to notice Sif’s face, she would’ve seen a rare sight indeed – the goddess of war blushing.

“Iona talks too much. You shouldn’t take everything she says seriously.”

Jane squinted at her before shrugging. ”No reason to deny it,” she said between two hick-ups. “I know! You see, I went shopping and since then I’ve had this... sixth sense.”

Sif gazed at her, trying to make sense of the incoherent comment. “A sixth sense?”

“Yes, Iona gave it to me! Went she went up on... no, wait. That’s not right... down! When she went down on m... oops,” she said then covered her mouth with her hands mid-giggle. “I... shouldn’t... shouldn’t talk about that.”

“About what, exactly?”

“DON’T,” Jane raised her voice comically once again, “try to change the subject. Are you or are you not attracted to me, so help you god?!”

“Jane, I really don’t think...”

“The prosecution rests! Your honor,” Foster spoke to someone invisible to her left, “the witness has dodged the question, which is as good as a confession!”

Sif didn’t know whether to laugh at Jane’s shenanigans or attempt to refute the accusation. One thing was certain though, she would have to have a word with Iona.

“I don’t blame you though. Or judge, nope, nope;” Jane raised her hands in defense. “In fact, I kinda know where you’re coming from.” Before Sif could ask her what she meant by that, the drunken astrophysicist leaned in closer and whispered conspiratorially. “You see, I had this dream. More than one actually. And booooooooyy, were they something.”

“Dreams about what?”

Jane leaned even closer to answer but then shouted right into Sif’s ear “I CAN’T TELL YOU!” The Asgardian flinched and pulled back as Jane gave another hick up and finished, this time quietly. “It’s a secret. But I will say they weren’t entirely unpleasant.” Sif was curious, but after that last sentence she wasn’t sure she wanted to learn more. So she got up and tried to get Foster to do the same.

“I think you’ve had enough, Jane. Your bedroom awaits.”

“Ha! I knew you wanted to get me into bed,” she accused with another hick-up. “Well you’ll have to buy me dinner first, missy!”

“We’ve already had dinner, Midgardian,” Sif reminded, as she helped Jane get on her feet.

“Oh, right. I guess I’m all yours then,” the astrophysicist giggled, and Sif shook her head at the girl’s silliness while wrapping her arm around her shoulder. “But you gotta leave before morning,” Jane added extra quietly, “or Allmother could catch us in the act!” Here she started giggling again, making it difficult for Sif to get her across the room as Foster was not too interested in getting her legs to
move. “And I wouldn’t want her to see I’ve been drinking either.”

“Well, that’s one thing you won’t have to worry about.” Even before this moment, Sif contemplated giving Jane what Asgardians called heiðr, which were small pills for clearing one’s thoughts, that also worked well for hangover. She had planned on giving her one tomorrow, but as Foster was now in quite a state, it might be a good idea to give it to her now. Of course, she had a hunch the petite brunette might not be cooperative given why she started drinking in the first place. Step by step, they had reached Jane’s bed and Sif laid the drunken girl on top of it. She then headed for the bathroom to retrieve the pill.

“Hey, where do you think you’re going, lady!” Foster slurred. “How do you expect us to get in on with you in another room?” Though she still ignored her, Sif couldn’t help but grin at that last comment. Sober or drunk, Jane Foster really was one of a kind. She soon returned to the room and sat on the bed next to the Earth woman.

“Jane, take this,” she extended her hand to the astrophysicist. Foster squinted for a second before vigorously shaking her head.

“Ooooh, no. No, no, no. I’m not taking any Asgardian LSD, I can tell you that right now.”

“It’s to help clear your mind. It’s made for Asgardians, so you’ll likely start feeling the effects instantly.”

“And what if I don’t want to clear my mind?” Foster countered, in a tone like that of a child refusing to go to bed.

“You said it yourself, Jane. You’ll be in no condition to meet the Queen tomorrow if you don’t take it.”

“Well... maybe I don’t give a rat’s ass about the queen,” she mused drunkenly. “So what if she finds out?”

“Jane...”

“Oh, alright miss pain-in-the-butt. I’ll do it. But... you’ll have to give it to me.” Sif brought the pill to the lips of the lying girl, ready to drop it in, but Jane merely shook her head. “M-m.” The mischievous grin should’ve been enough of a hint, but either way Foster immediately clarified. “Not like that. With your lips.” Sif rolled her eyes, unable to suppress a smile. This was unbelievable.

“Jane, you’re drunk. Just take the...”

“Never mind then. I’ll wake up tomorrow, hung-over, and probably throw up all over Frigga or something. And then she’ll know what you did. She’ll know you got an honored guest drunk, completely wasted, bringing shame upon her glorious house! You’ll be shunned, outcast! Forced to wander the deserts alone in... ” More out of the urge to shut her up than to obey her request, Sif caught the pill between her lips and pressed them to Jane’s own. Foster was stunned for but a moment, only to immediately recover and swallow the proffered medicine. But as soon as Sif started to move away, the little astrophysicist grabbed her head and pulled her back in for a proper kiss. She could feel the Asgardian struggle but the knowledge she could stop her if she really wanted to further emboldened the Earth woman. With Sif still on top of her, she proceeded to snog the woman, her fingers buried in the dark tresses. Finally, the warrior woman pulled back with a look of gentle chastisement.

“Have you had your fun then?” Jane’s hands were in that moment clasped behind Sif’s back, as
much to prevent her from escaping as it was to enjoy the feel of her body. The drunken haze was still thoroughly obscuring any rational thoughts and qualms she might’ve had about this, and all that was left was the feeling of want. She might’ve drunkenly giggled her way into this situation, but now that Sif was lying on top of her, she could do nothing but stare at the mesmerizing brunette. “I think I should leave.” Sif spoke and tried to untangle herself from Jane’s embrace. But Foster only held tighter.

“Pffft. Here I am, throwing myself at you and all you want is to take off. Some goddess of love you are.”

“War, not love. And I told you, we’re not really go...”

“Uh-uh. Don’t give me that crap. I’ve seen you naked, and believe me, if you’re a goddess of anything it’s love.” By now, Jane’s state was marginally improving. Regardless of whether it was the pill or their current situation, she was not giggling as much (though she was still in a very good mood) and she even spoke with less difficulty. Which only served to put her friend in more of an awkward position. “Although, I’m willing to grant you ‘goddess of sex’, too. Hot, steamy, kinky....”

“Jane!” Sif exclaimed, and then she was the one who started giggling.

“Because, girl... that body of yours. It can drive a man wild. Luckily for you I’m not a man, so I think I can handle it,” Foster concluded with a smile.

Sif shook her head in disbelief as she tried once again to get up. “You’re not yourself, Jane. Tomorrow, you’ll look back on this and realize it was the liquor talking. I’ll do you a favor and spare you any further embarrassment.” But, catching Sif completely off-guard, Jane threw her on the bed and switched their positions. She held the Asgardian’s arms pinned as she leaned closely to her face.

“The only favor I want, is for you to have your way with me.”

“Jane, enough. If you were sober you would not be...”

“Stop using that as an excuse! That thing you gave me is working. The only effect the drinks are having on me is giving me courage to do what I otherwise would be to afraid to even think about. And if you had taken a few shots more, maybe now you wouldn’t be such a coward.”

Sif’s jaw clenched at those words. “Jane, let go of me or I’ll...”

“You’ll what?” Foster exclaimed, her voice a combination of resentment and anger. “All this time I’ve admired your bravery, Sif. But when the chips are down, you’re nothing but a weak, fearful...” Before she could finish her sentence, the Asgardian threw her to the side, reverting to their original position, only now with Sif holding Jane’s arms pinned with no small amount of force.

“I... am... not... afraid!” she snarled in anger. The ever so slightly fearful look in Foster’s eyes gave her pause and she immediately released her. “Damn it, Jane,” she spoke sadly, “I’ve wanted you from the moment I saw you. I just never thought you would feel the same way. Even now, I’m not sure if that’s really you or just...”

“It’s me,” Jane responded with an assuring smile. By now, she really was thinking much clearer and somehow... she still wanted this. What bizarre mixture of feelings and strange circumstance caused her to feel this way didn’t even warrant a thought. Not now, at least. Because for the moment all she wanted was to be with Sif. “I swear it’s me. I want you, Asgardian.” Sif remained motionless, still unsure of what she should do. But for better or for worse, Jane didn’t give her a choice. She grabbed the long-haired woman by the hand and pulled her down, face to face in intimate closeness. She
could still see a hint of worry in Sif’s eyes, but luckily, she thought of a perfect way to make the emotion vanish. She pulled the Asgardian’s head closer and then closed the distance between them with a sensual lip-lock.

This time there was no struggle on Sif’s part, as the woman was now content to let Foster lead the way in the passionate exchange. They made out slowly, exploring one another in understated arousal. Sif ran her fingers through Jane’s hair, caressing her lover with warm affection. For her part, Foster merely held on to her, hands clasped behind the other woman’s back as if to prevent her escape. But any idea Sif had about leaving was by now gone. And their deepening kiss only made that the idea less and less likely. The warrior woman slipped her tongue in Foster’s mouth, eagerly probing her in a gentle, yet possessive manner. She wanted to be ever closer to the little Midgardian, to have her, to be inside her and one with her. They no longer merely exchanged saliva – the blissful feeling of their joined lips brought with it a kind of intimacy that only came from giving yourself fully to another – body, mind and soul.

Sensing in Jane some slight discomfort, Sif slid to her side without breaking contact, so as to ease the burden of her weight on the brunette. But this move also provided her with new opportunities, so while her left hand was buried in Foster’s tresses as they made out, her right one was free to explore the lightly-clothed body that begged for her attention. Her fingers flowed across the astrophysicist’s stomach, slowly but surely approaching the hem of her dress. Not wasting a single second, she slid her hand underneath and caressed the silky softness of Jane’s inner thigh. The girl moaned into her mouth, giving voice to the pleasure that was now rising in her core. Sif then felt the thin fabric covering the treasure she sought, and reacting more on pure instinct than any kind of bravado, she grabbed Foster’s panties and with one swift motion tore them clean off. The earth woman yelped in surprise and broke the kiss, staring at her lover in amused shock.

"It was in the way," Sif replied matter-of-factly, and then turned her gaze to Jane’s dress strap. “Much like that dress.” She barely manage to hook one finger underneath the strap before Jane jumped up in alarm.

“Don’t you dare!” she said laughing, and with the speed of light removed the rest of her clothes. “I like that dress, you loon.” Sif would’ve liked for the undressing to have lasted longer, but the current situation had its benefits as well – Jane’s naked form lying beside her being one of them.

With no more obstacles in sight, the Asgardian was free to resume her unhurried examination of every part of Jane’s limber body. Her lips left a wet trail across Foster’s skin, weaving a sensuous dance across every erogenous zone within reach. Her fingers continued to toy with Jane’s pussy, mercilessly flicking her clit before her lips latched onto a painfully erect nipple, and her teeth barely grazed the tumescent nub in delicious friction. She alternated one sensation with the other, never subjecting the Earth woman to both at the same time so as to keep her painfully near the edge. And for her efforts, Sif was awarded with erotic dulcet tones emanating from Jane’s lips as the girl moaned in pleasure to every one of the Asgardian’s touches. Not wanting to make her climax too soon, Sif slowed her ministrations and cooed softly in Foster’s ear. “I’ve neglected to mention...” she said as Jane looked at her through half lidded eyes. “The pill you took has been known to cause some side-effects.” The astrophysicist barely even began to form the question before Sif provided her with an answer. She came even closer and with a husky voice she whispered to Jane “Increased sensitivity.”

With that she lunged three digits straight into Foster’s pussy, eliciting a yelp of surprise and lust from the dainty brunette. “Oh!” she mouthed, as she was given an exact demonstration of what those side effects amounted to. Knowing a single move of her fingers at this moment would set the girl off, Sif remained motionless within her, and proceeded to tease her verbally instead.
“So loose, so pliant. And with a wantonness quite unbecoming of a lady. You remind me of Iona.” Jane eyes went wide, half-certain her situation made her imagine that last part.

“You’ve been with Iona?” she asked, surprised that rather than feeling a pang of jealousy, she found herself overcome with fascination. That image – Sif and Iona... if the Asgardian meant to stave off her climax this certainly wasn’t helping.

“Many times,” Sif confirmed in a lusty voice, but didn’t stop there. “Rarely a dinner at Ylva’s goes by without that little harlot spending the night servicing me beneath the table.” At that moment a gentle burst of pleasure shot up from Jane’s nether region, though she was sure the fingers inside her did not move at all.

“Ylva... she lets you?” Foster asked without thinking.

“Lets me? It is at her behest. Though I have no doubt Iona would still do it of her own volition. But she oh-so loves being ordered.” Here Sif brought her mouth close to Jane’s, letting her feel her breath as the Asgardian went on. “What to do, when to kneel... how fast to disrobe or how eagerly to lick. At times the girl is so wanton we have to punish her. Though I’m uncertain as to how much of a punishment the flogging is – the redder her derriere becomes, the more drenched is her sex.” Another stab of pleasure, and in that instance Jane could’ve sworn Sif’s finger tugged her pussy imperceptibly, balancing on the thin edge that kept her from coming. She knew if she herself moved even a little, she would dissolve into on orgasming mess then and there. But the only thing that matched her desire to come was her need to listen to more of Sif's illicit tale.

“More...” she pleaded.

The Asgardian grinned, pleased her words could have as much of an effect on the Midgardian as did her fingers. So she continued to draw out the girl’s pleasure, content to leave her teetering on the brink for as long as she could bear it. “So eager...” Sif mused, “just as Iona said you were.”

Jane emitted a sound that was half a moan half a gasp as she realized what was said “She told you?” she asked unsurely.

“Every sordid detail,” Sif confirmed huskily. “Though some of what she said seemed... far-fetched. I vaguely recall mention of the word ‘deluge’, when describing one particular part of your lovemaking. Tell me, Jane,” she inquired as Foster felt herself blush furiously, “is there any truth to it?”

“I... I...” the astrophysicist tried, but from all the embarrassment and still rising arousal, couldn’t even utter a word.

“No matter, I intend to find out.” With that, Sif licked her neck, drawing a wet trail across the delicate skin. By now Jane was in agony, her desire almost as unquenched as her curiosity and every erotic act on the Asgardian’s part seemed designed to prolong the anguish. “And if I should find out I was lied to, then Ylva and I will have to punish that little strumpet again. You could come too. You could watch. Watch as the two of us take turns on her, over and over until the girl is too weak to stand. You would want to touch yourself then, no doubt. And if you lack the courage to do it openly, you could do it in secret and I can pretend not to notice, like I did in the baths.”

Jane forgot to breathe. It was strange how she could be lying there, writhing on the fingers of another woman, and yet there were further depths of shame for her to reach. She could think of no response, as she could barely think at all. All that time in the pool, while she masturbated to the sight before her, Sif was fully aware. The flush of embarrassment rushing anew throughout her body added to pleasurable heat she was feeling. But in a sense, this knowledge was also liberating. Now she held
no secrets in front of her lover, being laid bare in every sense that mattered. She felt so exposed and vulnerable, and she clutched to the warrior woman with both arms as if she could protect her from all that made her so frail and weak. Yet she knew it was the kind of weakness Sif enjoyed seeing, she had purposefully helped make her like that in her cruel refusal to make Foster come. Jane couldn’t take it anymore.

“Please... Sif, please,” she pleaded in despair.

“Please what?” came the cheeky reply, as the Asgardian nonchalantly feigned ignorance. She wanted to hear the words, to hear Jane say what she long fantasized about. And the answer came.

“Take me,” Foster mouthed breathlessly.

Sensing the astrophysicist has been sufficiently pulled back from the orgasmic brink, Sif began to acquiesce the needy request. She started to massage the g-spot of the frail brunette, subjecting her to pleasure so strong it bordered on painful. Jane bit her lip to suppress her gasps, as she felt the Asgardian’s thumb on her clit double the mind-numbing sensation. Just as she thought the long-haired warrior would grant her mercy, she felt her ministration slow down yet again. She gasped in exasperation as her hungry look demanded for an explanation her lips couldn’t ask.

“Jane... I know it’s hard, but I want you to keep your eyes on me. Can you do that for me?”

Foster barely even contemplated the strange request before she moaned “uh-unh” in confirmation. With a gentle smile of content, Sif resumed her pleasuring of the dainty girl. With their eyes locked with one another, she fingered Jane faster and faster, each glide across her g-spot and every flick of Sif’s thumb across her clit sending pulsating shock-waves or pleasure rushing through her body. Her throat felt coarse from moaning, her nipples were painfully erect and the effect of the pill she took seemed to magnify every sensation on her skin threefold. She squirmed in exquisite ecstasy until she reached her tipping point. The violent telltale jolt of pleasure shot from her pussy and then flooded her with sensations that overwhelmed her tiny body. The instinct to bite her lip was eschewed as she remembered Sif would not want her to hold back in any way. So she refused to do just that and every breathy moan of her lips was accompanied by a contraction of her pussy around the Asgardian’s fingers. Throughout all that her eyes never left Sif’s, and she held on for dear life, clutching desperately to her lover that refused to let her stop coming. Her thighs were now shaking spasmodically, and it all became too much. Her body instinctively pulled back, unable to take any more.

She felt herself bump against the headboard, but though Sif’s fingers had left her body she would not stop coming! The moment she pressed her hands against her thighs in some silly attempt to stop them from twitching , she felt yet another painful stab of pleasure shoot through her. “Oh... oh, god... oh, g... go...oh my god” Jane mumbled in distress, now actually worried about what happening to her. She vaguely saw Sif’s grinning face, barely looked at the thoroughly flooded sheets beneath her as she closed her eyes and attempted to calm down. Little by little, one painful second after the next, she began to descend from her orgasmic high, confident one single touch anywhere on her body would send her spiraling back down into the abyss of pleasure and pain. Luckily, the Asgardian seemed to sense this so she merely watched her for some time until Jane finally felt somewhat normal again.

When Foster opened her eyes Sif was there, gazing at her with love and lust in equal measure. Her hand was positively soaked, and she briefly glanced at the drenched sheets before speaking up. “So the tales of Jane Foster were true after all.” Jane grinned in embarrassment, covering her eyes with her hands, unable to face the reality of her situation. But nor wanting to let her hide in a moment such as this, Sif gently removed her hands and gave her a reassuring peck on the lips. “As beautiful as I had believed.”
Jane didn’t know to what exactly she was referring, but hopefully not to the fact every one of her encounters with women so far proved to be a... positively wet affair. She still couldn’t help but be mortified about the apparent need of her body to flood everything when she orgasmed. Yet neither Iona nor Sif didn’t seem to mind. In fact, they appeared to enjoy tormenting her with the fact. “How uncouth,” the warrior woman mouthed as she brought her hand close to Jane. “You’ve made a complete mess of the bed. It’s only fair...” she continued, before taking a single wet finger and tracing the line of Jane’s lips right on them, thoroughly coating her mouth before placing a moist kiss there. Jane barely began to feel the taste of her own secretions before Sif pulled back. “… that you help with the cleaning”. The Asgardian extended her hand and not even stopping to contemplate the outrageously erotic nature of the request, Jane closed her lips around the soaked digits and sucked them clean. The taste that she had first felt in the dressing room with Iona flooded her taste buds yet again and she blushed in remembering how much she liked the flavor. When she looked back at Sif, the long-haired brunette was grinning wide in a teasing manner. Jane could do nothing but smile back, as she slumped against the covers and lay there exhausted.

Sif laid next to her, face beaming with joy over what just transpired. Jane intentionally refused to look at her, though she saw in her peripheral vision the Asgardian was still smugly looking at her. Foster’s insistence to keep staring at the sealing and not acknowledge how much she came all over Sif’s hand grew more comical by the second and when she finally locked eyes with the other brunette, both women burst into a fit of giggles and laughter. Sif was glad Foster could feel so comfortable in her presence and Jane felt much the same. The profoundly intimate and deliciously erotic encounter between them brought with it an entirely different kind of relationship. “I’m glad you find tormenting me so amusing,” Jane declared with a chuckle.

“Only because I supplement the torment with an equal amount of pleasure,” Sif winked at her in response. She brought her hand back to Jane’s body, hoping by now the sensitivity had decreased enough. As much as the Asgardian loved just lying next to her lover and enjoying the afterglow of her climax, she couldn’t help but venture forth with an inquisitive touch, wanting to be as close to the other woman as she could. Her testing feel bore fruit, as Jane allowed herself to be felt up. This time her body didn’t recoil, but with her mouth agape she was stuck in a silent moan as she felt the delicate sensation above her pussy. Sif’s finger glided up and down, more out of curiosity and affection than any desire to began pleasuring the tiny brunette anew. “You know...” Sif spoke, as she drew an unknown pattern over Foster’s denuded mound, “I’m beginning to grow quite fond of you Midgardians.”

“Really?” Jane replied with mild sarcasm, “ I honestly couldn’t tell”. They sat like that for a while, Jane basking in the aftermath of her orgasm and Sif keeping her arousal ever so elevated. But then Sif rose from the bed, maybe go to the bathroom, or less ideally to leave, but either way a hand grasping her waist put a stop to that. “Where do you think you’re going?” Foster inquired, with just a hint of annoyance in her voice.

“Well, the night is late and I thought...” Sif tried explaining but to no avail.

“I don’t care what you thought,” the Earth woman reproached tenderly. “You’re not going anywhere.” There seemed to be some unspoken agreement between Iona and herself, and now the same with Sif, that only Jane’s own pleasure mattered. Whether it was because she was a guest, or because the two girls could sense her unease and reluctance going into an intercourse with another woman – in the end it mattered little. The fact was, Jane was a bit sick of it. It was easier to swallow with Iona’s playful nature and submissive way, but right now she’d feel awful it Sif simply left without... some reciprocation. But rather than feeling like it was a debt to be repaid, Foster was actually more than a little curious. Not so much about seeing Sif nude, after all she’d already witnessed that wondrous occurrence before. But rather... if she could tear that self-composed mask from the warrior woman, if she could make her scream, if she could get her to gush like Jane did...
She remembered that addicting sense of power that consumed her when she commanded Iona and wondered how it would feel to reduce the mighty goddess of war to a gasping, orgasm-wrecked little girl. That image was stuck in her mind when she yanked the Asgardian away from the edge of the bed and into her embrace for another kiss.

Sif moaned a half-hearted protest, but her body showed no such qualms as she began to devour the lips of her lover. But sensing this might well make her the center of attention again, Jane broke the kiss and flipped the long-haired woman onto the bed. The Asgardian grinned at her initiative for only a second, before Foster began ridding her of the clothes she was somehow still wearing. She began removing the red blouse, the firm expanse of Sif stomach revealed inch by inch. While slowly pulling the fabric upwards, Foster began laying kisses on every part of exposed skin, adoring the gently-muscled landscape underneath her lips. She unveiled Sif’s pert breasts next, and like following a treasure map she trailed gentle licks on every part of them as soon as the red fabric was gone. She then latched onto a rosy nipple, hoping Sif would react as she did when subjected to similar ministrations. But looking up, Jane saw the Asgardian was still merely smiling, thought undoubtedly enjoying the sensation. Clearly, the eager Earth woman would have to work for her reward. So she continued.

However, the fact that Sif did not respond vocally as she would have was enough to plant a seed of uncertainty in the astrophysicist. She laved the soft skin of the Asgardian’s neck, her fingers fumbling for the button of the warrior’s breeches. But as she did that, more and more she became aware of this horrible uneasiness, a strange sense of inadequacy fueled by her lack of experience. This was Sif, the goddess of war. The woman was likely infinitely more experienced in the matters of lovemaking and here she was, an Earth girl who barely even dated let alone made love to a woman, thinking she had what it takes to please her. The urge to flee reared its ugly head again, possibly due to the pill working to its full effect. Whatever courage she gained from drinking seemed to be waning and she now found herself with a naked goddess, expecting a sense of panic to flood her any moment.

Whether it was somehow obvious from Jane’s body language, or if Sif really did in some way sense her thoughts, she immediately realized what was troubling the Midgardian. She gently grabbed hold of Foster and pulled her close. “Come here,” she whispered in a reassuring tone. She caressed her hair and her back as Jane hugged her, her chin leaning on Sif’s shoulder.

“I’m sorry. God, I don’t know what...” she muttered in a trembling voice. Sif pulled her head back until they were face to face with one another.

“If I hear you apologizing one more time while you’re here,” Sif warned in good-natured anger “I shall throw you out of the palace as you are and you can go back to Midgard naked.” Jane giggled at the comment and instantly felt a little better. “You worry too much, Jane. I’m not Ylva, I won’t bite,” she said and then added “unless you ask nicely, of course.” Foster smiled and averted her eyes downwards, the intimate eye-to-eye conversation far from anything she was used to. “You don’t have to do this,” Sif continued, now with a barely noticeable tone of sadness in her voice. “We can stop and I wouldn’t...”

“No!” Jane interrupted, “I want to... I’m just not sure what to do.” The sentence sounded stupid even to her ear. After all it wasn’t rocket science (hell, something along those lines would actually be right up the astrophysicist’s alley), but she didn’t know how else to phrase her concerns. Still, Sif grasped her meaning.

“Well... tell me, what would you like to do?”

Foster felt her cheeks blush as she attempted to word a response. “I want to please you,” she
concluded lamely and immediately felt silly for saying it.

“No... tell me what exactly you would like to do, to me.”

Oh, god... The conversation was already embarrassing enough, and for someone with Jane’s experience, or lack thereof, it was positively mortifying. Yet Sif seemed to know exactly how far to push her and when. So Foster tried, not wanting to disappoint her lover in any way.

“I... I want to hold you. Kiss you. I want to explore with my hands every part of your body and retrace the steps with my lips alone.” The words just came to her, and surprising even herself, Foster kept going. “I want to devour your sex and never stop. I want to make you scream your throat raw, begging me to cease because you can’t take any more. But most of all, I want you to mark me,” she unwittingly echoed Iona’s words, “for your juices to cover my face and make me yours.” She concluded her utterly perverse yet profoundly honest admission and just stared blankly at Sif, waiting for a reaction. Her whole mind was focused on the other woman’s face, as any other thought would threaten to overwhelm her with the reality of what she just expressed. One word, a telling glance, a playful smile... anything. Yet the Asgardian sat there with a neutral expression for what seemed like eternity. And then...

“I’m sorry, Jane,” she finally spoke, “but you’re already mine.” With that her visage took on an expression of pure lust as she grabbed Foster’s face with her hands and told her “However, I’d be more than happy to indulge the rest of your desires. And should they lead you astray, do not worry, I’ll be there to put you on the right path.” Foster understood what was said. Sif was content to let her do whatever she wished, and if a need for it arose, she’d be glad to instruct her. She’d teach me, Jane realized with an internal smile, more than happy with this turn of events. And as she thought that, she felt Sif gently push her head down, down to where they both wanted her to be. This small display of dominance was just what she needed and soon she was where she belonged – between the legs of a goddess. Her goddess. So worthy of devotion, so deserving of worship. And Jane would now gladly spend days worshiping her.

Sif’s sex beckoned like a forbidden fruit. Jane’s mind thought back to how Iona pleased her and what Sif did to her not a moment ago. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, she thought, and placed a tentative lick of the Asgardian’s inner thigh. This time she knew better than to expect a reaction, so she proceeded to lave the firm muscles, patiently and meticulously licking her way to and from Sif’s sex, first one thigh and than the other. The Asgardian’s hands were still on her head, for the moment not guiding but rather providing incentive with that lightly dominating streak Foster was beginning to love. Not that it was necessary, after a little while her tongue and mouth almost worked on their own. The more time she spent going down on Sif, the more naturally it all came to her. And rather than simply copying, she now experimented of her own volition. She came dangerously close to Sif’s clit, attending to the surrounding area with languid licks, the only contact with the sensitive nub being an “accidental” brush of her fingers. Though the woman was still largely silent, Foster began to notice a change in the Asgardian. When she drew too close, her body would imperceptibly, involuntarily jerk so as to make contact with the merciless tongue, something that Jane would now yet allow. The gentle burden of the hands on her hair became a marginally insistent push, in Jane’s mind showing Sif didn’t know whether to push her further and deeper or try to hang on to that calm, warrior exterior that was usually on display.

But none of that mattered. Jane was enjoying this far too much to bring it to a swift end. In an agonizingly gradual pace, she continued to service the goddess of war, bringing the heat within her to a soft boil. After a while, she brought her tongue to Sif’s pussy, and drew a line along its lips. A barely audible sound came to her ears, though she was half-certain she imagined it. Yet when she repeated the motion, this time extending the delicious friction over the Asgardian’s clit, her suspicions was confirmed. So she does moan, Jane thought gladly and continued her oh-so-gratifying
work. It was not a loud, hoarse moan the likes of which she could be heard emitting in the throes of passion. It was restrained and collected, like it came from one that though such vulgar displays of wantonness were unbecoming of a lady. Luckily, Sif was a warrior first and a lady second, and Foster felt confident she could draw out much more wanton sounds from her stubbornly reserved lover.

She then slid her hands underneath Sif’s body, grasping her delectable derriere with a tight grip. This gave her full control over the body of the long-haired woman, and provided the opportunity to truly ravish her sex. So she proceeded to do just that, every swipe of her tongue along the sensitive lips of Sif’s pussy continuously invoking lilting whimpers from the warrior’s mouth. Jane’s attentive tongue was starting to get to her now, though she still tried not to show it. But her body did the talking for her. A thin sheen of sweat now covered her skin, with her nipples almost as swollen as her sex. She squirmed underneath Foster’s lapping motions, until a wet slurping sound reached her ear and revealed just how wet she was becoming. As if taking that as a sign, Jane supplemented the motions of her tongue with two digits that she began to insert into Sif’s dripping cunt. The Asgardian responded with an uncharacteristically loud moan, her thighs thrusting forward to take more of the Earth woman’s fingers inside. For her part, Foster began to establish an agonizingly intermittent pace, licking up to her clit while pulling her fingers out, and thrusting them back when her tongue left the sensitive nub.

Just when Sif began to wonder how such an inexperienced girl could be subjecting her to a sensation as pleasurable as this, Jane drew a wet trail with the full width of her tongue, flicking the other woman’s clit three quick times before pursing her lips blowing cold air directly on it. Sif almost jumped at the feeling, her mouth eliciting a brief keening wail before she bit her lip to stop it. Jane grinned in satisfaction, ecstatic she was having such an effect on the other woman. But not to overstay her welcome, and deciding she spent enough time toying with her lover, she began to lap at her more ferociously, now in sync with the thrusts of her fingers. Sif’s juices pooled around her fingers, with a few stray drops now marring the sheet below. Had she been lying on the exact spot where Jane came, it would’ve gone unnoticed by the little brunette, but as it was, every dark spot underneath was like a bizarre validation of her skills. She began to increase her efforts, thrusting faster and licking stronger.

Up until now she had largely avoided Sif’s g-spot, but as the Asgardian rapidly approached her orgasm, Foster got an idea. She remembered how she felt when she came with Iona’s finger inside her ass and thought she ought to do something similar. She didn’t dare try the same thing though, still not quite aware of all the likes and dislikes of the other brunette. However, a coup de grace of sorts would certainly bring her ministrations to a worthy close. She kept at it for a little while longer, until she sensed Sif was teetering on the very edge of her climax. With the skill she had no right to posses, Jane latched on to Sif’s clit and created deliciously agonizing suction on the nub. At the same time, her finger found the soft spot within the Asgardian’s core and, curving her digits in a “come hither” motion, she pressed hard on the hypersensitive bundle of nerves and slid along it with several swift moves. The room filled with Sif’s subdued cries, as she shook from the force of the orgasm wracking her body. She instinctively grabbed Jane’s form with her legs and pushed her head deeper so that the merciless tongue never leaves her body. Her cunt spasmed around Foster’s digits and a stream of liquids now poured down her hand onto the bed below. Jane kept at it, until she felt the athletic legs release her and Sif’s hands fell to her sides.

The astrophysicist watched her lover’s barely quickened breathing return to normal, and only then removed her hand. Her eyes glanced at the wet junction between Sif’s thighs and Jane briefly considered teasing her, her lips quirking into a smile over the idea. But then she remembered that not only she came like a waterfall when compared to Sif, so any teasing might well backfire, she also recalled who she was dealing with. A goddess of war was not someone you want to risk angering, though she was reasonably sure the Asgardian would not react like that. Still, Jane was... not afraid
of Sif in any way, but certainly cognizant of the respect that was due to a warrior like her, even when lovelmaking is concerned. The mostly reserved manner in which she allowed Jane to please her indicated there were lines that could be crossed and Foster would do well to steer clear of them. Perhaps it was best to leave the more playful ideas to her time with Iona. The thought that she had so assuredly counted on there being such a time, never crossed her mind.

In the meantime, Sif gazed at her through half-lidded eyes, waiting for Jane to make the next move. And not to disappoint, or rather in eagerness to please, Foster held up her soaked fingers to her lips and without a second thought began to clean them one by one. Sif grinned at this sight, enjoying every second of the erotic display. When Jane was done, the Asgardian finally spoke. “You wanton little harlot,” she breathed huskily. The very next moment she grabbed Jane’s hand and pulled her right on top of her. They lay there, breasts mashed together and bodies joined in delicious friction. “If any other person had teased me for so long,” Sif intoned with a lusty drawl, “I would’ve flogged them for impudence.” She accentuated the last word with a light smack on Foster’s bottom that drew a surprised gasp from her. “But, we can leave that for another time.” Before the astrophysicist could ask if she was serious, Sif closed the distance between their lips and possessively devoured the diminutive brunette one more time.

A storm was coming. Clouds coiled across leaden skies and extended their tendrils over the city. People trickled into surrounding buildings in search of cover. The warm air lingered, and the oncoming breeze made staying outdoors enjoyable, if only for a little while longer. The usual golden aura that radiated from within the city gave way to dull, ashen colors that now dotted the entire horizon. The growl of distant thunder echoed menacingly, like a warning, and most people heeded it. Yet among those few that did not was Jane Foster.

She sat on the terrace of her quarters, lost in thought. She pondered the events of the past week, her mind wandering from one thing to another. Iona... Ylva... Sif. The imagined scenes swirled and combined, blending and fading until reappearing again. She couldn’t hang on to any of them for long, it was like trying to grasp sand with her bare hands. Almost as if her brain refused to deal with it all. Question swarmed inside her head chaotically, but one gripped her stronger than the rest. Who am I?

She had come here the timid but resolute scientist, sure of herself and what she wanted. Now, she wasn’t sure of anything. The girl pleasuring herself inside the baths, that was nothing like her. Yet it did happen. But it didn’t end there. Iona kneeling, Iona licking, Iona making her come... Oh, god. And then Sif. The flawless body, the dominant yet tender touch and the hours upon hours she spent between her thighs. She could almost feel the taste on her lips two days later, though perhaps it, too, was burned in her mind with the rest of the illicit memories. Through all that, any consideration of her own sexual orientation seemed trivial and meaningless. She had always considered herself straight, thought in retrospect there may have been some going through the motions others set out for her. Society, friends, family... it seemed easy to place the blame, if indeed anybody ought to be blamed. In truth, she began to realize her own nature may have robbed her of most of the experiences she could’ve had but didn’t dare consider. Now the door was swung open, and everything was up for grabs. That one crucial moment in the baths where she decided to place her pleasure before any other consideration was like the clash of the first domino and after it fell, the rest followed - and it was all out of her hands.
As if the thought she had sex with two different women within such a short period of time wasn’t
arresting enough, she then recalled other things as well. There was Ylva, the she-wolf of Asgard as
Sif called her. Her own kind demeanor took a surprising turn and ended with a shameless
proposition, Jane’s role in the imagined arrangement still bringing a blush to her cheeks. And then of
course, the merchant from that accursed store. Foster hadn’t met enough people on Asgard to
accurately judge this, but was it possible that everyone here was so open about their desires? It all
seemed so surreal, like a dream. But there was no doubt in her mind every experience in this place so far had been all too real. How that made her feel and what it meant for the person who used to be the old Jane Foster, the new one couldn’t say. Maybe all this is useless, she
thought. Maybe wracking her brain would serve absolutely no purpose and she should just... go with
the flow, so to speak. Maybe...

The first drop of rain landed on her face at the same time a knock on the door reached her. She rose
from the chair and left the balcony. Sif, she imagined. They hadn’t spoken since their night together
and now seemed as good a time as any. As she walked to the door Foster became aware of
something. The anxiety, the fear, the doubt and shame, it was all gone. She had expected dreading
the reunion with the goddess of war yet here she was, perfectly calm as she reached for the door. A
new Jane Foster, she concluded, for better or worse. She swung open the entrance to her room and
found herself face to face with the none other than the queen of Asgard. “Allmother,” she greeted,
doing her best to conceal her surprise. In all her time here, Frigga had not once been to her quarters,
some silly breach of decorum being a possible reason. Yet she was here now, the usual smile of
kindness gracing her visage.

“Allmother,” Foster replied and moved out of the way.

The queen walked slowly across the room, pausing before the terrace while Jane closed the door and
joined her. “Foul weather,” Frigga said absentmindedly. “We don’t often have days such as these on
Asgard.” The astrophysicist didn’t know what to say to that, having never been one for small talk, so
she remained silent. The queen stared outside for a few more moments before turning to Jane. She
approached her and took her hand in her own, a hint of worry on her face.

“How have you been, Jane?”

“Oh! I... well, fine, I think. I just have some things on my mind, that’s all.”

An awkward silence set in, the queen still holding her hands before finally replying. “Yes, I know.”

“You do?” Foster stared in confusion, the feeling of nervousness she thought was behind her
threatening to appear again.

“Of course. I know all about your recent encounters with Iona and Sif.”

Jane went pale. “I... I... I... can’t believe they told you about that.” She had thought that whatever
happened between them was surely their own business! But clearly she thought wrong.

“They didn’t tell me anything, Jane. You did.” Without waiting for another confused reply, Frigga
turned to Foster’s bedroom and headed for her bed. Jane watched the queen circle her place of sleep
and then reach for the ornately decorated headboard. Her hands grasped what turned out to be a
golden chain and pulled until she held a necklace with a large emerald crystal at the center. Foster
looked on bewildered as the queen returned and stood before her again.

She remembered. She remembered looking at that thing the very first night she came here, but it had
so perfectly fit into the golden headboard she never would’ve thought it to be anything but a part of it. She felt her heart beat faster as she stared at the green jewel, a sense of dread creeping up on her.

“What is that?”

“This,” Frigga said as she put on the necklace, “is grönn auga, or the green eye. It has many purposes but mainly, it helps me see the unseen.”

“What does that mean exactly?” That dread that Jane felt a second before was now growing stronger, she could almost feel it like some animal’s claws scraping down her neck.

Frigga sighed and then confirmed what the astrophysicist subconsciously feared. “Your mind, Jane. It allows me to see into your mind.”

Foster took a step back and stared in shock. “Is this some kind of a joke?”

“It is not. But please, Jane, allow me to explain.”

“Explain? Explain what?! You just told me you’ve been reading my mind!” Her tone rose in anger as she forgot any notion of respect and decorum.

“I know how this seems, but if you let me...”

“No! Get away from me!” Foster recoiled and stumbled backwards to the door, while the queen looked on in worry. The notion, that horrible notion turned out to be true. Her every thought, deepest fears and most private desires laid bare for Allmother to see. “I can’t believe this. How could you invite me here and pretend, pretend about everything and all the while intrude on my privacy in such an abhorrent way! Oh, god... I feel so...” violated, she thought but then remembered Frigga might well have heard that too. “And now? Are you doing it even now?” she demanded in exasperation.

“No, Jane, it doesn’t work like...”

“But you have been doing it! I can’t believe this is happening...” She slumped against the door and fell to the floor, hand buried in her hair while she sat there in distress. The queen approached her carefully and kneeled by her side.

“Jane, please. Hear me out.”

“I’ve heard enough,” she mouthed quietly. She never felt so betrayed in her life. And no reason behind this deed could justify it.

“I know how you must feel, but...”

“Of course you do, I’m an open book to you now!” Foster shouted out. The queen let her be for a second before calmly resuming.

“I will not try to justify what I did. It is inexcusable and you have every right to be angry. But I beg you to grant me an opportunity to explain, even though I do not deserve it.” Foster listened, her mind torn by conflict. Every ounce of respect and admiration that she had felt for the woman was now mirrored by resentment and hatred that were completely foreign to her. She didn’t care what Frigga had to say. But that one word, that act of such a powerful woman begging for anything, it made the former win over. She looked at her with teary eyes and voiced her response.

“Fine.”
A hint of a smile crossed Allmother’s features before she sat on the floor right next to the distraught brunette. “Do you remember why you came here, Jane?”

“Of course, you invited me.”

“Yes, but do you remember why you wanted to come?”

_of course, it was because of…_

“Thor.”

She spoke the name as if it was pulled from some long forgotten dream. Thor. Her Thor. The reason this whole thing started. The realization she had spent all this time on Asgard and _not once_ thought of him hit her like a ton of bricks. She gazed into the distance with that thought in her head. How was this possible? Yes, Asgard was fascinating and yes her recent experiences had kept her… preoccupied, to say the least. But not one thought?

“And what was it about him that made you travel here?”

“I… my love for him. I wanted us to be together and now…”

“And now…?”

_now I don’t know._ Whether it was the shock of this recent discovery coupled with recent events or something else entirely, the fact was she did not know how she felt about him.

“I’m not sure.”

“Then as a filthy interloper into the recesses of your mind that I clearly am,” Allmother offered jokingly, “may I shed some light on the matter?” The words forced a tiny smile out of Foster, and against her will she found herself eagerly wanting to hear what the queen had to say.

“I don’t believe you ever truly loved him Jane.”

“What? That’s not...”

“Please. Hear me out,” Frigga interrupted gently and placed a hand on Jane’s shoulder. “You’re a scientist, Jane. For so long a time, you’ve chased the thrill of the unknown, always searching for a new riddle to solve. On Midgard you found that thrill in your work, the discoveries within and the results they yielded. But when Thor came it was an entirely different kind of discovery. A new enigma for you to examine and solve, but one unlike any other.” Jane soaked up every word, unable to tear her eyes away from the queen of Asgard. “In a way, he represented what you were seeking your whole life. He was the embodiment of your unsated curiosity and that… caught you off guard. But it was not love, Jane. Merely temporary fascination. That is why you haven’t thought of him since you arrived – Asgard took his place as your next big discovery and it, too, was soon replaced”. Jane knew what the queen meant by that last comment, but was glad she didn’t actually say it. They sat in silence for a few minutes before Foster spoke up.

“I still don’t understand what that has to do with... with that!” she pointed at the queen’s necklace.

“Jane, the reason I invited you here was to get to know you. To see what kind of person could captivate my son in such a way. But no words could unveil what was deep inside your mind. You have to understand. You were a Midgardian. And for my son to be with one of you... I had to be sure.” Frigga lowered her gaze, her voice tinged with sadness. “I may be the queen of Asgard, but even I have moments of weakness. This,” she held out the green jewel, “is one such moment. I had
to know. He was my son and I... couldn’t handle the doubt. So I used the Eye, and I’m ashamed of it. The night before you came here I placed it on your bed. It was only meant to be there one night, enough to put my mind at ease. But when I looked inside your mind when you first fell asleep here... I was not prepared for what I saw.” Foster gazed at her in fascination, the anger that had been coursing through her slowly abating. Much like the queen, she needed to know. And Frigga told her.

“I saw in you... a whirlwind. A torrent of fears. A maelstrom of repressed desires. I saw your whole life and everything in it. I watched you take the path others set out for you, never questioning, never doubting. And the little pleasure you derived from your calling only kept you there, stuck in a tunnel vision and oblivious to a world of possibilities. So I made a decision. I decided to help you take a different path, one you would have never treded on your own. The Eye... it sees everything. But when I, too, am asleep it peers into me also. And what it beheld is my desire for you to break free. Gradually, my own thoughts seeped back to you, as I knew they would. And I lay aside your fears, bringing desires to the surface. Just enough for you to take that first step.”

Foster moved away from her, the resentment beginning to consume her again. ”That... that almost sounds like you brainwashed me!”

“Jane, no. It isn’t like tha...”

But Foster’s eyes were already wide from the sudden realization. “You!” she accused quietly.”It was you all along. The dreams I was having, the way I acted in the baths, with Iona, with Sif... it was all you!”

“Jane, please. I have only ever...”

“What the hell did you do to me?! You had me.... play out some sick fantasy of yours! How could I have been so blind? I would have never acted like that. You made me. You made me do it!”

Frigga let her finish, patiently awaiting her turn to speak.

“I may have omitted telling you the truth, Jane. But I have never lied to you. And I never will. Believe me, I only showed you the door, the decision to open it was yours alone.”

“I don’t believe you. I can’t trust anything you say. This was all your fault, ever last bit of it.” She stared angrily at the queen, her calm demeanor only infuriating her further.

“Does the desperation with which you cling to that belief not tell you how trapped you were, Jane?”

“Stop saying that!”

“Who are you really angry at? Me, for helping you spread your wings, or yourself, for having never decided to do so on your own?”

“I had a life.... a normal life... and now...” Foster stammered, more to herself than for the queen’s benefit.

“Now you are free. Free to do whatever you want and with whomever wish. The rules and boundaries of Midgard no longer apply to you, Jane. Here, the only rule is ‘be true to yourself’, and as long as you do no harm to another, no one will judge you for anything.” Allmother approached Foster once again, and spoke softly to her. “Just let go.”

The astrophysicist stared at the floor with her eyesight blurred, forgetting to step way from Frigga.

“No. I can’t even trust my own thoughts, it could all be you. It’s like a conspiracy, everywhere I go
they... want me,” she breathed out, remembering every illicit offering she was ever made here. But Allmother understood her fears.

“Nothing in your waking hours was a figment of imagination, Jane. Every desire for your companionship was genuine. Does that truly surprise you?”

Foster looked up at her, unsure of what to say.

“Even on Asgard, your beauty is matched by few. But when that which lies beneath the exterior is equally alluring, fewer still are able to resist.”

Unwanted, a single thought appeared in Foster’s head.

*Even you?*

Whether she heard her thoughts or read her face, Allmother knew what she wanted to ask.

“If I were a younger woman...” she admitted and left the rest unsaid. Jane felt the sudden urge to slap the woman to stop her from talking nonsense. For a fraction of a second, she wished she could speak up, tell the queen how truly beautiful she was and how any man or woman would be lucky to have her. Even... But in the very next instance she recalled what was done to her and tried her best to delete any affectionate thoughts from her head. She’s supposed to be angry, for god’s sake. Yet for a second she actually considered... thought about... Unbelievable. And the worst thing was that if the queen really was speaking the truth, the thought was entirely her own. The queen... and her. She shook her head to wipe the image from her mind and then headed for the terrace. This time, Frigga didn’t follow.

“You have a decision to make, Jane, and please do not take it lightly. If you wish to leave then Heimdall will be happy to return you home. But if you stay, I promise... all that you’ve experienced thus far will pale in comparison to what may yet be in store for you.” With those last words she left Jane to her thoughts.

*Cursed sun.* Nearly a hundred million miles away, past the buildings and statues of the city, countless leaves on the trees behind her house, through a tiny slit between the teal curtains of her bedchamber and still the light lands right on Ylva’s face. The redhead groaned grgally in frustration and turned to the other side of the bed. It was useless though. She knew the chance of falling right back to sleep was slim, like every time she was roused from slumber. It was probably for the best. She was supposed to go see Allmother, and it was better to arrive early than to oversleep and be late. She lay in her bed for another half hour before willing herself to finally open her tired eyes. And it was worth it. She may hate getting up at the crack of dawn, but if she had to, there’s no sight she’d rather wake up to than this.

Iona was only a few inches away, dead asleep. The unruly blonde tendrils of hair fell over her face, her soft breathing barely audible. A fraction of the white sheet covered her back, leaving the lower portion of her body completely exposed. Ylva glanced down and couldn’t help but grin. The cute venus dimples gave way to the girl’s delectable derriere, and the still-present rosiness of her cheeks. The crimson red they were endowed with the previous night had for the most part dissipated, but the soft welts across the skin were still visible.
For the redheaded warrior, the act bordered on art. To finely walk the edge of inflicting punishment yet never cause permanent damage, induce too much pain or allow too great a pleasure... it was a skill. And one she found great joy in mastering. I wonder what the Midgardian would think, Ylva pondered, if she saw you begging for one more lash that would finally push you over the edge. She grazed the skin of Iona’s back, sliding her fingernails down to the bare bottom. She barely approached the rosy shade when the Iona jerked, muttering something indistinct. The redhead withdrew her hand and let her be. Sleep, little one. For I doubt you’ll get much of it when I return this evening. She rose from the bed and silently slipped out of the room.

An hour later she was approaching the central palace, wearing the red and white uniform of Allmother’s personal guard. She had forgone the thick armor pauldrons and the rest of the protective gear, as there was no need of it. Though soon there might be. When she drew near, the guards at the entrance stomped their halberds on the floor in respect, acknowledging one of a higher position than themselves. Ylva cared nothing for such displays, as for her, one warrior is equal to another and being assigned to the queen or not, she couldn’t stand that underlying notion that her position somehow made her superior. Nevertheless, she did her best to go along with it, as being part of Frigga’s entourage meant adhering to rules and orders to a fault. She proceeded inside, the soft thud of her boots on the carpet the only sound within the hall. She made her way to the central chamber and then took a right turn to the queen’s personal quarters. Just as she approached, she heard the slam of wooden doors and stopped dead in her tracks. By the virtue of her position, the person in front hadn’t seen her, as Ylva was right at the edge of the huge marble pillar. But rather than stepping forward, she surreptitiously circled the tall column on the other side and took a closer look.

Leaning on the winged doors was none other than her favorite Midgardian, Jane Foster. Clad in an uncharacteristically revealing white dress, she stood there breathing quickly, oblivious she was being watched. At first glance she appeared normal, but a second one afforded Ylva a more accurate picture. The disheveled hair. The blush in her cheeks. The few drops marring the top of her dress that lead back up her neck to a chin covered with and lips coated by a translucent liquid the redhead knew all too well.

Oh, Jane...

Ylva gazed in fascination. She remembered Iona telling her of Foster in the throes of passion, but words did not do her justice. The gentle contours of her breasts under the sheer fabric, the flustered look and the libidinous energy she radiated... her entire appearance screamed eroticism. Ylva had half a mind to grab her and take her then and there. But she abstained. There would be other times. For now she merely enjoyed the sight of the alluring brunette, gazing at her for a brief moment before Jane finally stirred. The Midgardian gave a cursory glance to her surroundings, not catching sight of her present company. She sighed and shook her head with an abashed grin, as if thinking "I can’t believe I just did that". Then stepping away from the door, she practically ran down the corridor, to where Ylva knew her own room to be located. The redhead watched until the girl disappeared around a corner, then went to the door, knocked and entered.

Allmother stood at her window, as elegant and faultless as ever. She didn’t avert her gaze to see who entered before saying “Come in, Ylva.” The redhead approached and got right to business.

“All the preparations have been made, my queen. We may leave tomorrow, as you intended.”

“Very well,” Frigga responded absentmindedly.

“My queen, I still think your full guard is warranted. We don’t know what dangers we may face on...”

“Nonsense. I’m confident the two of my finest warriors will keep me safe.”

Ylva clenched her jaw at the reply, but knew better than to try dissuading the queen of Asgard. “As
you wish.” Now that that was out of the way, the redhead’s mind turned to more pleasant matters. She waited for a few silent minutes in Allmother’s company before daring to broach the subject. “I’m pleased to see you and the Midgardian are... getting along.” In her mind she finished that sentence quite differently, thought it was nothing she would ever risk expressing in front of Frigga.

The queen finally looked at her and after short moment her neutral expression morphed into a smile. “Nothing ever escapes you, does it, my darling Ylva?”

“She did,” came the unexpected but honest reply.

The queen took the warrior’s hand in her own and tried providing assurance to the last person she ever thought would be in need of it. “Give her time. I suspect you may yet have an opportunity to... mend your relationship with her.”

“Then she has decided to stay?”

“She has.”

Ylva tried not to look too content at the notion. “She was wise to heed your advice.”

To her surprise, Frigga looked saddened at those words. She looked out of the window and spoke in a slightly dispirited tone. “If only I was as wise in my actions.”

“My queen?”

“The weight of my deeds still haunts me, Ylva. I look back at what I’ve done and I shiver.”

“My queen, you’ve only ever had the well-being of your son at heart, surely anyone would understand...”

“Perhaps. But it is still unjustifiable. I can only hope I may one day be given a chance to atone.”

Ylva stood silently, completely at a loss as to what to say. She was of the opinion that Allmother was overreacting, but then again, if it had been her whose mind was probed with that thing, she might’ve thought differently. Then suddenly the queen’s mood seemed to change as she put on her best (though Ylva knew - not entirely honest) expression of happiness. “Still. We mustn’t dwell on such things. It may all turn out to have been for the best.” The redhead nodded her assent before Frigga continued. “Either way, Iona was of invaluable help to me. Please extend her my gratitude.”

“She was overjoyed to serve you, my queen.” Ylva intended on leaving it there, but then she had an idea on how to improve the queen’s mood. “In fact, she was deeply honored for the opportunity. I’m confident she would like to extend her own gratitude to you as well, if you’ll allow it. Shall I send for her so that she may... thank you in person?” The redhead waited for a response and the queen still stared out into the sky. But a moment later the answer came. Ylva didn’t need to see Frigga’s face to know it now held a knowing smile.

“You may.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://www.fanfiction.net/user/Wizard-of-Sketchy) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!