Doctor Strange and the Goddess of Love and War

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Summary

Doctor Strange, former neurosurgeon, current Master of the New York Sanctum and acting Sorcerer Supreme is used to greeting and interacting with beings from other dimensions as a part of his routine. But only the ancient goddess of Love and War is capable of bringing Stephen Strange to his knees.

Notes

Enjoy!
Dr. Stephen Strange, former noted neurosurgeon, current Master of the New York Sanctum, woke up some mornings and wondered how he had gotten to this place in his life. Not necessarily the geographic location, although he did wonder at that when he was in Kathmandu or the Hong Kong Sanctum. But usually his astonishment at the path his life had taken would be trained on the supernatural and mystic that had become a part of his daily life, becoming so routine that he didn’t even blink when Wong appeared at his elbow, telling him that the goddess of love and war was on her way for a chat.

In his duties as the master of the New York sanctum, temporarily filling in as Sorcerer Supreme until a better replacement could be designated, he was charged with greeting or intervening with beings from other universes and worlds. He had met angels and demons from other dimensions, wizards, aliens, and to his great astonishment, gods and goddesses, a list which included Thor the god of Thunder and Loki. His new title had even brought him exposure to the Avengers, bringing him face to face with the famed Tony Stark. But none of those distinguished individuals could quite hold a candle up to the goddess that was on her way now.

He had heard her called daughter of death, destruction, earthquakes, and draughts, as well as the goddess of sex and love, and the maiden’s prayer. When Stephen had first heard her titles, flowing from Wong in the Ancient Dialect used by her worshippers, he had scoffed at the idea that a single goddess, a single creature, could carry such opposite titles. But understanding had dawned when he had met her, watched her brandish both with precision, knew that he would personally wage wars in her name if she only asked him to.

The strangest thing about her, if he could use his surname in that sentence without scoffing, was that she used no magic to gain his loyalty, used no spells or curses or tricks to draw such a strong reaction from him. She was certainly the most beautiful thing he had ever laid eyes on, but he knew his vow to destroy in her name was drawn from the smile she gave from beneath her lashes, the way she bit her lip, often twirling a strand of midnight black hair around her finger while talking to him. Stephen had found himself completely obsessed with the way she ran her elegant fingers through her hair, transferring the thick mass over one shoulder in a thoughtful gesture, leaning forward as they spoke.

But when she wielded the destructive powers, with the same dexterity she had with her twin khopesh swords, deciding to remind the world of her true identity and bringing down her enemies or those who had simply displeased her, her wrath was stoked to life by careless, ignorant hands, she was a thing to behold. She wielded the power to destroy with the same expertise he had used with a scalpel, terrifying and horrendous in her righteous anger.

His understanding of her was incomplete, he knew, but at least he could say he understood how she could be settled with the title of a life-giver and annihilator. He felt a surge in power when she arrived in Kamar-Taj, as if the power grid that he was tapped into had been electrified with a thousand volts. Standing up, he unconsciously righted his robes, waiting for her to walk in and take his breath away.

And oh, did she ever, thrusting open the doors to the Master’s sitting room with both hands, her hair flying behind her as several of his apprentices ran to keep up with her, as did the goddess’s own servants. The two that weren’t scrambling, he knew, were her trusted Lion (Aaryia) and Owl (Khabra), her strength and knowledge personified as advisors.

Her anger was as palpable as her power, making the fine hairs on the back of his neck stand and take
notice of her arrival. It was as if his eyes were separate from his body, tracing her features, her body, even as he told himself not to. She was a tall creature, taller than him, her curves barely hidden or indeed contained in a blue sheet that was held together at her hips and sides with metal rings, exposing enchanting slivers of her smooth olive skin, leaving her strong, muscular arms bare, an intricate necklace made of lapis lazuli around her throat. Her black eyes were swirls of softness and inexplicable hardness, her midnight hair falling in waves to her waist, her brow raised imperiously as she came to a halt in front of him.

“Stephen,” she said his name in her accented English that made his name sound like music.

He bowed his head, his skin prickling with familiarity as he lowered his eyes from the ferocious goddess, speaking her name with reverence, “Ishtar.”
Ishtar glanced at her advisors and the handful of priestesses that had accompanied from the Heavens, “leave us,” she told them in their native language, and they immediately bowed to her before backing out of the room. She felt the retainers of Kamar-Taj look to Stephen Strange, seeking his permission to similarly withdraw from the room. He gave them a single nod, gesturing with his hands for them to proceed through the door as she began to walk through the room. She smiled as he stood still in the center, although he tracked her movements without turning, his hands behind his back as he waited patiently.

Older than time, older than existence, Ishtar had never quite understood her fellow deity’s fascination with humans, never understood their madness to possess a human, to bring them to the Heavens as their consorts and companions. Personally, she had always thought of humans as rather dull creatures, momentary specks that she considered with indifference, too fleeting and weak to deserve her attention for a sustained amount of time. They waged wars for the most pitiful reasons, never understanding their own blood lust, although she had used it to her advantage many times, loving the way she could manipulate them, exploiting their weaknesses, watching them bathe in the blood of their brothers, of their fellow men, if only to maybe earn her favor. Which she never gave.

And what woman, what female, of any species, would be impressed with that greed, with that ignorance of loyalty?

She had had her share of human lovers, indifferent to whether male or female as long as they were pleasing to the eye and provoked her mind at least the tiniest bit. As a warrior, she was known for the deadly aim of her khopesh, as a lover, she was known for her generosity and passion. Although sometimes the lover wielded the khopesh and, she admitted, things got a bit messy, recalling the ancient warrior Gilgamesh, which she had brought to ruin. But she had been offended, unable to understand why the demigod refused to warm her bed, and had taken his beloved best friend from him in her offended state.

As she circled Stephen Strange, this human being, this man whose powers crackled in the very air around him, she wondered what made him special. She didn’t feel the familiar disdain for his life as she did with other males, didn’t roll her eyes at his misplaced, human arrogance. He carried himself with a dignity that she respected, a dignity that she had seen in her best generals, straightening their spines as their legs carried them into battles with their soldiers following out of love and loyalty, never fear.

Perhaps it was because he was a Healer of bodies before he became a Healer of the universe, of multidimensional scuffles and wounds that left his universe exposed to threats this human man couldn’t quite imagine. Or perhaps it had been his fleeting attempts to resist her body when they had first met, when she had descended with the Bull of Heaven to aid him in defeating a demon that had been set loose from her realm. After the battle, when she had been in the courtyard, bathing as was her custom with her priestesses attending to her, he had walked in, freezing for a few heartbeats before he turned his back to her.

His deep baritone had been gruff, the accent that she attributed to New York coloring his tone, “oh! Sorry! I didn’t realize—I’ll come back later, I beg your pardon,” he had said rather eloquently even though she could hear the rush of blood through his body, watched the way his pale skin colored.

“No need, Doctor Strange,” she had called, halting him as he had taken a step away, “you may stay and discuss whatever you wish while I bathe. However, if my nude body offends you, pray
stay for a moment or two as I am nearly done with my cleanse,” she had decided to tease him then, her priestesses hiding their grins, “I would have thought, as a Healer, you would be at ease with my nudity, far more so than others of your species.”

The barb had struck the mark as she had intended it to, and he’d rolled his shoulders before turning to face her with a decidedly defiant expression, meeting her gaze steadily. She had smiled at his audacity, found more respect for him than any other man in that moment because he had let his eyes wander down her body without bothering to hide his fascination with her form. His incredibly, intensely blue eyes had traced her curves with such precision, with such attention that it had been as palpable as his touch.

For the first time in a long time, Ishtar desired a man’s body beyond the simple biological need. That was the wrong word, she thought, perhaps not necessarily biology but her purpose in having been created, her role in the pantheon to draw out love making and sensuality, and sex. She had wanted Doctor Strange in that moment for more than the simple purpose of her function as a goddess.

They had spent hours together after that, memorizing each other’s bodies, committing every inch to immortal memory, every sigh, every groan, every gasp of pleasure forever etched into their skin. She had left him as he slept, smiling down at him, shocked at her actions when she had pressed a kiss to his sleeping lips before returning to her own realm, feeling complete.

She came to a stop in front of him now as he stood patiently, “may I see your hands, Doctor?” she asked softly, watching his lean face with great interest, those impossible eyes that belonged to other worlds, not the face of a mere mortal.

She saw his hesitation, the urge to resist as a muscle ticked in his jaw, but he knew better than to resist a request from her. He presented them to her, holding them palm down, and she watched the way they trembled, vibrating the air around them though she was sure he was not aware. He had the most beautiful hands she had ever seen, long and elegant fingers, blunt nails kept meticulously clean, “may I touch them?” she asked quietly, her fingers feathering over the air above them, tracing the intricate web of scars.

“Why?” he asked, his voice rough, neon blue eyes suspicious in the sunlight that filtered into the bare room.

Ishtar smiled, “I wonder if you know or suspect the fact of those before you that have questioned me,” she glanced up at him.

“Uh,” he cleared his throat, “I have a feeling they weren’t rewarded.”

She shook her head with a laugh, “your instincts, as always, are correct, Doctor,” she smiled, “but if you swear to keep my counsel, then I shall allow you the privilege of questioning me.”

“Why?” he asked, and when she looked up from his hands again, she saw the teasing smile that lifted the corner of his mouth.

Chuckling, Ishtar shook her head slightly, “take care you that you do not ask too many,” she told him, “otherwise, I shall have to rescind my extension to you. Now, to answer the initial inquiry Doctor Strange, I have of late been thinking of these hands of yours.”

“What about them—” he stopped himself before he completed the question, “why would you —” he stopped himself again, “my hands are damaged and useless,” he said weakly.
She laughed heartily, "I shall reveal to you the true purpose of my recent obsession with your hands by and by, but I must first reveal the purpose of my business, which happens to be related to your inquiry," she gripped his forearms, gently pushing his hands down to rest at his sides, "I must tell you, with some consternation on my part, well, honoring you with my immortal consternation I should say for we gods are not often made to feel sheepish or foolish. However, I am here not on a business or important matter, but one purely driven by a need."

She watched him swallow the question that floated through the clear depths of his eyes. Instead of verbalizing it, he quirked a brow, inclining his head, standing still beneath her scrutiny.

"It seems," she murmured, "that I have a developed of late a need only you can fulfill."

"I am…flattered, oh goddess," he bowed deeply, placing his right hand over his chest, casting his eyes down in the tradition of her people, "as ever, I am ready to assist you in any way I can. The sanctums under my protection as well as the sorcerers under my care are ready to aid you in whatever way you need, as long as it does not harm Earth or its occupants."

Ishtar tried to hide her smile, "so noble, much more so than many of your predecessors,” she told him, “but my purpose is nowhere near as noble as your gesture Doctor Strange," she laughed, “in fact, in earthly terms, it is not at all noble or even allowed to be mentioned in polite society with such aplomb,” she began to walk around him again, taking stock of his body as she did so, “my need is carnal,” the sentence was a sigh, “my need is filled with lust, with licentious thoughts and wants that only you can fulfill.”

She was standing behind him, unable to see his facial reaction, her eyes tracing the breadth of his shoulders beneath the blue tunic he wore, the way his broad shoulders tapered down to his lean waist, those long legs and the delicious curve of his behind. "Why—" she saw his head jerk, "you must have…more…better…options."

"Yeah, I mean when a goddess of sex comes to you saying she wants you to be her horizontal mambo partner, you don’t really think she’s been thinking about your messed up hands," his tone was sardonic, as he glanced up from his hands and directly into her eyes.

The gesture was startling, and she was torn between being deeply offended that he had forgotten himself, and feeling an ecstasy she couldn’t quite name as she looked into his eyes. She remembered having seen that blue only in her celestial palace, high up in the heavens above her pantheon, the shade never-before seen on earth until she had looked into his eyes. "You lack a female’s imagination when it comes to her body, her pleasure, Stephen," she murmured, "you cannot possibly understand or fathom the sensation of these scars you detest, when they are inside me," she breathed, "rubbing against soft, swollen, tender flesh. These beautiful scars," she sighed.

"Well then," he cleared his throat, "when you put it like that…"

"May I take this as acquiescence to my request, then? The same noble intention with which
you offered yourself and your sanctum? Your willingness to provide my flesh with the release only you seem to be capable of giving?” she tilted her head, catching her lower lip with her teeth as she stepped into him.

“I don’t think I have a choice anymore,” he said as if suddenly realizing the truth of his statement, blinking at her, “but do I have your permission to treat you like a woman, well, a female and not be on parade before a goddess.”

She laughed, “you may. I only ask that we retreat to my rooms, where privacy is guaranteed, and our pleasure shall be ours to taste, to feel, to voice.”

“You really have a way with words,” he wrapped his arms around her waist now, drawing her against his chest, “I’ll follow you anywhere,” he murmured before feathering his lips over hers, making her sigh as she transported them to her chambers.
She smiled at him when he pulled away from her kiss to look around their new surroundings. She tried to see her chambers through his eyes, tried to see it with new unfamiliar eyes, seeing the black marble, the massive bed, the numerous fountains that peppered her chambers, the lack of walls that allowed air to move freely into the space from the terrace garden, the plants and flowers that filled the air with exotic scents. “I believe,” she turned to him, “you are the first mortal being that has seen my chambers, my sanctum sanctorum.”

“Trust me, I feel honored,” he assured her, walking away a few steps to look at the garden that spread out before him, “hanging gardens of Babylon?”

“Very perceptive,” she followed him, “they were modeled after my chambers,” she informed him, standing behind him, as patient as she could force herself to be while he absorbed their new environment. She wrapped her arms around his waist from behind, pressing her lips between his broad shoulders, feeling the warmth of his skin through his tunic.

He ran his hand gently over hers and she felt the movement of his head as he looked around, “this is beyond even me,” he murmured, his voice a rumble beneath her cheek, “I’ve never seen anything so beautiful.”

She looked up at him, her chin on his shoulder, taking in the angle of his jaw, the perfection of his cheekbones, the wisps of white hair that marked his temples with intelligence and austerity. “I have,” she murmured, running her hands over his forearms, feeling the strength of the thick ropes of muscles, “very recently, in fact.”

“Hey, that’s supposed to be my cheesy line,” he told her, his voice gruff as he turned in her arms, his eyes holding a warmth no immortal could hope to replicate.

“Find your own, Doctor Strange,” Ishtar smiled, feeling carefree and careless in his arms. She had only ever felt like that once before, and that had been with him as well, when he had literally thrown up his hands in surrender as she’d stepped out of her bath, not waiting for her priestesses to leave them to their privacy before he’d taken her in his arms, kissing her so slowly she had wondered if he had stolen all her secrets from her depths.

His chuckle was warm as he looked at her, running his hands down her back, fingertips a whisper against her skin, “I was never good with pick up lines,” he told her, “cheesy or otherwise.”

Imitating the lightness of his touch, she feathered her fingertips over his broad chest, her fingers itching to unwrap his blue tunic, to undue the ropes of blue leather, to spread her fingers over his chest and touch his bare skin with her hands, with her lips, with her tongue. “Well,” she raised an eyebrow at him, “you must be doing something right, as you would say colloquially, because you have a goddess on her knees in front of you.”

Saying those words, taking great satisfaction in the surprised flare of those indescribable eyes,
she sank to her knees. His breath hitched, the thrumming of his rushing blood a pleasant melody in her ears as she looked up at him, gripping his hips for support. She inhaled, her heightened senses mingling the earthy scent of his arousal with her own, the dark spices dizzying as she gripped the trousers he wore. “How many would give their souls to have a goddess at their mercy,” she murmured, pressing her lips to his growing erection through the material.

Stephen’s laugh was breathless as he looked down at her, running his fingers through her hair, away from her face, “I feel like I’m the one who’s gonna be begging for mercy, any minute now,” he drew out the word “any” making her laugh.

“Tell me Doctor, do the sanctums require you to wear these many layers of clothing as a form of meditation when you struggle to dress in the morning, or to make it impossible for a lover to strip you quickly?” she frowned in frustration, reaching for the belt and bits of leather tied around his waist.

He threw his head back, laughing heartily as she began to methodically strip him, eventually helping her by undoing the strips of leather around his arms, “so impatient,” he murmured as she growled when she could finally grip the waistband of his trousers, “aren’t immortals supposed to be patient? I mean you have eternity.”

She shook her head, “not when you are making my blood boil and burn,” she took off his boots, “not when I am starving for your skin, Stephen Strange, eternity loses its meaning.” She sighed when she finally drew down his trousers, releasing his erection from its confines, moaning his name, letting him strip away the tunic he wore. She ran her palms over his thighs, feeling the power of his muscles, her eyes drinking in his as she leaned forward, pressing a kiss to his pubic bone, tasting the delicious stretch of skin between his bellybutton and pulsing erection.

“Time is relative, I guess,” his voice was a growl as he watched her.

Smiling, Ishtar rose on her knees, gripping his thighs for balance, her fingers digging into his skin as she touched her tongue to the blunt tip of his erection, taking deep satisfaction in the unearthly sound he made, the ecstasy of the tortured sound drawn out from his throat she took him into her mouth, tasting him and feeling the power of him in her throat. His fingers tangled in her hair, his gasps and moans filling the universe around her as he began to pump his hips as if unable to stop them, unable to control his reaction.

“Oh God!” he groaned, his words distorted, “that feels so good,” he gasped, jumping slightly as she pulled away to run her open mouth down his length. She tasted the twin weights below his thick shaft as she wrapped her fingers around him, stroking him languidly as her tongue found the triangle of skin just beneath his testicles.

She smiled at the sounds she elicited from him, her thumb circling his blunt tip, spreading the moisture that had leaked at her ministrations, “you are a most delicious mortal, Doctor Strange,” she murmured against his rigid flesh, “I do not recall ever having tasted such skin.”

Stephen hissed when her knowing tongue pressed to his base, “I’m glad,” he breathed, “but if you keep going like this sweetheart, I can’t promise I’m going to last more than two minutes.”

“It’s been a long time, has it?” she asked even as her tongue traced the veins that ran over his skin, engorged, swollen with want of her, with lust, with ecstasy waiting to overwhelm him.

“Since I’ve had the goddess of sex seduce me?” his grip on her hair tightened reflexively as she swallowed him again, “a few months,” he groaned.
The goddess smiled around her full mouth, looking up at him with great interest, feeling the orgasm that was building in every muscle, in every fiber of his being as she moved him rhythmically down her throat, using her tongue as much as the muscles in her throat to draw out those inhuman sounds from him. She pulled back long enough to whisper against his skin, “let go Doctor,” and took him into her mouth again.

He bore down on her as his orgasm swept through him, his fingers twisting in her hair as his hips pumped furiously into her mouth, losing all control, all sense of himself as he let the goddess carry him away. Her eyes never left his face, never once strayed as she absorbed every last drop of his orgasm in her mouth, down her throat, watched his lax mouth, those beautiful eyes squeezed shut, his strong voice reverberating against the marble of the room.

With the last of shred ecstasy drawn from his body, she pulled back, catching the dribbles of his pleasure on her chin, smiling as she licked her finger clean when he finally opened his eyes to look at her. Stephen groaned again as he watched her, shaking his head at her as if he had finally lost his ability to speak when she stood up, simply wrapping his arms around her waist, filling his hands with her flesh as she wrapped hers around his shoulders, kissing him slowly. His tongue touched hers and she moaned her approval, opening her mouth for him, letting him taste himself on her. Her palms stroked down his warm skin wondrously, slightly shocked at the warmth of him in contrast to his pale, marble white skin.

“Mmm,” she hummed, running her hands over his hard stomach, “you have gained muscle since last you were inside me.”

“That’s one way to put it,” he grinned, pressing his mouth to her jaw.

“How would you?” she asked curiously, sighing as his lips found that spot just beneath her ear, unlocking the secrets to her body as he sucked that simple, hidden skin

“’Hey Stephen, you got fatter since the last time I saw you’,” he answered, his hands roaming down her back to grip her behind in his palms.

“But you are not fatter,” she frowned, pulling away slightly, “there are more muscles, I can feel their power,” she looked into his eyes, “the last time I saw you, as you say, I wasn’t just looking, I was feeling you inside me, if you recall. I only care about the strong sensations and only wish to speak of them, and as beautiful and aesthetically pleasing you are, Doctor Strange, the sensation of you inside me is all the more pleasurable.”

He shook his head, not saying anything as he growled before kissing her again, moaning into her mouth as he kissed her in a frenzy, his lips wet and soft against hers, his tongue demanding as he tasted her in a familiar rhythm, as if fucking her mouth with his tongue. When he pulled away for air, she drew her palms from his arms, up to his thick shoulders and down to his pecs, pressing her palms against his nipples, “do you know, Doctor, that in my world, in this world of sensuality that I have created, in the universe of physical pleasures that I hold reign, a lover kissing a lover, tasting their own skin, their own body, their own pleasure, is the height of intimacy?” she brushed her mouth against his, “the act of tasting one’s self speaks much of one’s character and strength.”

“Does it now,” he smiled, “it’s a new habit,” he told her.

She frowned into his eyes as she realized he was no longer touching her with his hands, instead pressing his wrists into her back as if his hands were aching. “Your hands, Doctor, I would see them now.”
She saw his impatience at her request as she pulled away, saw the haze of his orgasm be replaced by impatience even as he presented her with his hands. Overcome with inexplicable need, she glanced up at him, “may I touch your hands?” when he nodded wordlessly, she touched the long scars that led from his thick wrist, over the back and down each fingertip, the back of his hand crisscrossed with scars that connected together in a labyrinth of ridges and angry skin. She kept her touch light, barely putting any pressure on his skin, “do they hurt?”

“Sometimes,” he murmured, tilting his head as he watched her with interest, “why?”

Smiling, Ishtar turned her attention to his other hand, touching him delicately again before turning his hand to look into his palm, finding the scarring in his palm nearly nonexistent, increasing the pressure of her fingers against his palm, “because there are only very rare circumstances where pain should be present between lovers,” she murmured, “and pain does not belong in our bed today, come.”

She had turned to walk away from him, towards the terrace garden when he tightened his fingers around hers, halting her, “wait,” his voice was thick, his eyes mischievous, “I can’t help but notice I’m in my birthday suit and you’re still fully clothed.”

With a flourish, she turned to face him, “you are quite right,” she reached for the pins at her shoulders that held the material together, “it has been terribly rude of me to remain decent while reveling in the ecstasy of your nude flesh.” She removed the pins, the two halves of the blue silken material falling helplessly around her as with a sigh of surrender, leaving her bare to his perusal, his hungry eyes tracing every inch of her with lust he did not hide.

He didn’t bother hiding his reaction, didn’t bother with any of the coy games mortals tortured themselves with as he reached for her, cupping her breasts in his palms as he kissed her, his mouth demanding and hungry. But she pulled away before he could muddle her thoughts, “come with me,” she murmured against his mouth, stealing a kiss then drawing away from his warmth, from the muscles and bones that held the perfection of the man that enchanted her.

Ishtar led him by the hand to her gardens and let him stand beneath the sky for a few moments, his expression wonderous and wonderful as he looked through her world. Curiously thinking about whether or not he realized his eyes were the same color as her sky, her feet carried her automatically to a corner of the garden where all the medicinal plants and herbs were kept. She glanced behind her as he followed her, his eyes narrowing as he tried to recognize all that he saw, practically feeling his desire to study and document, to learn all that his eyes beheld.

“These plants,” she told him, “are only for my realm, planted here to be used only by the gods, as my father wills it. They will lose their healing properties on mortal skin once they are out of this dimension,” she found the purple, glowing shrub she had been looking for, bending down to pick it up, “therefore I cannot give your beautiful hands permanent relief in your world, only some comfort
while you are with me, so that you can give me the pleasures my body seeks.”

He sat on the bench that was tucked against a large bush, comfortable in his nudity as he watched her with curious eyes, “still pretty generous of you,” he murmured.

“I assure you, my intentions are purely selfish,” she smiled, moving closer to him, kneeling between his legs as she rubbed the herbs in her palm with her other thumb, “this particular herb I cannot explain to you in human terms, cannot express to you how it can morph from simple purple leaves to a different substance, jelly I believe it is called on Earth,” she showed him as the leaves began to liquify and thicken, “it smells of night blooming roses when it changes states, but takes on the scent of a lover when applied to skin.”

“Scent of a lover?” he asked as she took his hand in her palm, gently rubbing the thick, purple substance on the back of his hand. He tensed at first, as if waiting for it to hurt or sting, relaxing when she caught his scent as his skin absorbed the healing powers of the plant.

“To your senses, it will smell like my musk, my…cunt, to put it crudely,” she took his other hand and rubbed the substance into his skin, “to me, it smells like you prick.”

“That’s uh, that’s quite interesting,” he breathed, swallowing as she coated his remaining hand.

“How do they feel?” she glanced up at him, standing on her knees to kiss the side of his throat as he stretched his fingers experimentally.

“Healthy,” he told her on a breath, turning his face into her throat as he drew his hands down her arms with a surety, with a confidence that hadn’t been there before. His teeth sank into the soft skin of her throat, a gentle bite as he curled his fingers around hers, forcing her hands behind her back. With him sitting, legs spread on the bench and she on her knees before him, she could feel his erection pulsing to life against her chest as he licked and kissed her throat, rendering her immobile with her hands trapped behind her.

He pulled her up into his lap eventually, letting her straddle him as he leaned back, burying his face against her chest, tentatively pressing his tongue against her nipples before he sucked her into his mouth with an arrogance, a desperation she couldn’t name. She clutched his shoulders, her nails digging into freckled skin of his shoulders as he sucked her, drawing moans from her that shocked her with their honesty. Ishtar sighed in ecstasy when he ran the back of his hand over her nipples, pressing her open mouth against his ear to sigh her pleasure.

She felt swollen, voluptuous with desire for him, wet and aching for relief that only he could bring, for the relief that she knew was only his to take. The power he possessed now should have scared her, should have frightened her but it only made her more eager for him, desperate for his control over her. The sense of being powerless in his arms was somehow reassuring, comfortable, erotic, and she delighted in her surrender, opening herself to his roaming hand.

Stephen stroked her stomach with the back of his fingers, pulling away now to watch her as she clutched his shoulders, waiting for his hand to move down, cursing as her head fell back in anticipation. “Stephen,” she gasped, “please,” she moaned, “release me.”

He pressed his perfect lips between her breasts, “you were never caught,” he told her, his laugh dark and erotic as she cried out when he ran his fingers over her swollen flesh, coating his fingers with her wetness.

“I have no patience man,” she groaned, moving her hips, rubbing herself against his
maddeningly still fingers, “I need you,” she told him, switching to English when she realized she’d spoken in her native tongue, “I need you.”

When he slipped his long middle finger inside her silken flesh, when that scarred, raised skin grated and touched the silken walls of her very core, Ishtar went blind as pleasure crashed through. But he showed no mercy, gave her no breath, no pause as he slipped a second finger deep within her, drawing her breast into his mouth as she rode his fingers. No poet, no writer, no god or goddess could describe the sensation of his rough fingers so intimately inside her, drawing from her moans that carried through the dimensions, giving life to those that worshipped her on earth.

“Stephen,” she gasped his name, “by the khopesh but that feels beyond—” but she couldn’t finish her thoughts, couldn’t think of any words to speak, couldn’t manage anything beyond a loud moan as the ridges of his scars moved against her. He pressed his thumb to the very center of her body and she screamed.

Her orgasm wracked her body, splitting her in half as her screams of ecstasy surrounded them both, bucking wildly in his lap, her muscles clenching rhythmically around his fingers, rubbing against the scars and adding to her rapture. She went beyond herself, beyond existence with only Stephen Strange to anchor her to reality, his wet breath against her throat as he helped her ride that orgasm, his arrogant grin as she collapsed against him, the blue of his eyes as her muscles squeezed the last moan of ecstasy from her before stilling.

“That was fun,” he murmured, gently withdrawing his fingers from her, his smile wicked as he brought his hand to his mouth, methodically tasting his fingers.

Her cheek pressed against his chest, she thought she could spend all of eternity there in his arms, in the stillness that followed a shattering orgasm. “Fun, Doctor, does not do it justice,” she looked up at him, accepting his tender kiss with a moan, her body vibrating, too sensitive to be touched but oh, how could she resist this beautiful creature?

“I never—I never thought my hands could—” he stopped his thoughts, clamping his mouth shut before his thoughts betrayed him.

She took his hand in hers, licking his palm, swiping her tongue between his fingers, tasting herself on him, smelling his arousal from the herb she had put on them, “the things that you mortals consider ugly, useless, broken and unworthy of your attention, are often the very things in life that give the greatest pleasure,” she told him, resting his hand against her breast, “these hands that you have cursed, Stephen, these hands that you have condemned, that you have come to regard as your weakness, the bane of your existence, have just managed to make an ageless goddess of sex come to her knees.”

He watched her silently for a few moments, not saying anything, not moving even though his impossible blue eyes swirled with thoughts unexpressed. When he spoke, his voice was deeper than usual, a rumble of thunder against her, “well, I’m at your service, whenever you need me, I’m just a wiggle of a finger away.”
He moved her to the bed after that, needing to spread her out before him, to take his time with her body. The goddess was so comfortable in her nudity, as if she was created to never have a stitch of clothing cover her beauty, moving more freely without the robe that she wrapped around her for the sake of other’s sense of modesty. Stephen deliberately turned his hand, running his scars over her breasts, smiling at the way she moaned, arching her back into his touch.

“Who knew,” he murmured, watching the way she gripped the bed frame above her head, her soft words reverberating through his mind as he stroked her. Both her hands were above her head, her hair a wild, black mass that spread on the white silk sheets, her skin a warm olive tone as he knelt between her thighs. She ran a hand up his torso with a smile, his erection nestled between their bodies, the wet warmth of her body making him slightly disoriented. But he tried to school himself in patience, wanting to at least be inside her the next time he came.

She raised a brow at him, the intelligence swirling in her gaze making his cock throb. Her body, appropriately, was made for sex. She was soft in all the right places with full breasts, a gently rounded stomach and hips that could cradle a man’s for eternity. But she was made for battle too, her arms and shoulders roped in muscles, her thighs and legs capable of carrying her effortless through battlefields as she swung those terrifying twin *khopesh*. He bent down, holding his body above hers by leaning into his fists on either side of her in the mattress, kissing her slowly as she touched his sides, tracing patterns as she raised her hips towards him.

“Knew what,” she murmured against his mouth, and he realized with a slight surprise that while he was breathless from their kiss, needing to pull away to catch himself, his immortal lover didn’t suffer the same biological need for oxygen.

He shook his head, pressing his mouth to her biceps, biting her gently then licking her soft skin, her moan in his ear as she turned her face towards him, her lips wet against his temple. Wanting to ask her about his hands, about why she seemed so fascinated with them, needing to know exactly how they brought her such pleasure, he forced himself instead to become obsessed with her orgasm, with the way she had come undone with his hand inside her. As long as he lived, Stephen Strange would never forget the way this goddess looked, bucking against him, desperate for what he could give her.

“Are you avoiding my question, Doctor?” she asked, running her hands down his back now, gripping his ass, her nails digging into him so ferociously that he groaned. She pushed his hips into hers, his cock sliding between her wet, swollen folds, and he gasped from the sensation.

“Is there a penalty for that too?” he traced the shell of her ear with the tip of his tongue, her fingers digging between his cheeks, making him jump when he felt her fingertip brush against the most intimate, sensitive part of him. But instead of pulling away, he frowned at the sensation and let her continue exploring him, curious and aroused.

“Two penalties now, avoiding my question and asking one of your own,” she shook her
head, sighing.

“Aha! But I’m on top now,” he smiled, lifting his head to look down at her with a grin.

“You think this gives you power over me?” she asked with a laugh, stripped of her god-hood and arrogance, he realized she was just a lover now, not a deity.

“I think so,” he grinned.

She pinned him in a flash, and he realized he should’ve seen it coming as he was getting thrown on his back, the war goddess rising above him with a victorious laugh. Ishtar straddled his stomach, running her hands over his chest as he felt her very core against his abs, her smile satisfied, “you forget, Doctor Strange, the other half of my identity.”

He rolled his eyes playfully, gripping her hips, relishing the painless touch as she began to rub herself against him, sighing in ecstasy as she moved. Stephen raised his torso off the bed, licking her nipple into his mouth, “you also forget that humans are crazy and unpredictable,” he murmured around her nipple, his other caressing her softness, rubbing her eraser hard nipple between his fingertips, “and I know what you like.”

He flipped her again, not letting the fact that she let him overpower her get in his way as he forced her on her knees on the bed, positioning himself behind her. He took her hands, holding her wrists captive behind her back with one hand, the other hand between her luscious breasts to hold her upright as he viciously thrust himself inside her in a single, fluid movement. They both called out when he was fully seated inside her, and he had to stop, had to close his eyes as he pressed his forehead between her shoulder blades.

“Stephen,” she gasped, “oh Stephen, more,” she moaned, pushing her back to his chest. A series of guttural words left her and he realized she had slipped into her own language, smiling when she switched to English for him, “move within me Stephen, oh how you overwhelm my body, all my senses,” her eyes were closed as she clenched him inside her with wet, swollen muscles.

He smiled at the way she spoke, the way she used words to reach into him, stroking him as passionately as if she held him in her hand. He began thrusting inside her, the room filled the sound of his hips slapping against hers, flesh against flesh, their bodies raging and out of control as he rode her. She was screaming, grunting, making the most guttural sounds as she took him in her body, as she welcomed him with every thrust, until he couldn’t hold her any longer. Releasing her hands, she fell forward on her hands, staying on all fours in front of him as he pumped inside her, gripping her hips for support.

There was a fire inside him, licking along his spine, a warmth with the subtlety of an erupting volcano in the pit of his stomach. His hips protested as he buried himself inside her, but he couldn’t stop… God… he didn’t want to stop. He vaguely wondered if he was hurting her, grunting as he came closer and closer to orgasm. Pitching his torso forward, he brought his hand around her hips, finding her swollen, delicious clitoris and stroking her with the back of his hand.

For a heartbeat he was lost in the way that simple touch of his ruined hand could make her scream, make her push back against his hips and hold him inside her, screaming her pleasure, unbound and free in the way she took what she needed from him. His name was a gasp of indignation as he continued touching her through her orgasm, helping her ride through it.

She turned her head, gasping, her eyes slightly mad from the pleasure as she panted, “come inside me,” she groaned, raising her hips, “by the Khopesh Stephen, I need you to release your seed inside me.”
He didn’t last longer than that, listening to her groan as he let go, every muscle and fiber in his body exploding with pleasure as she absorbed his orgasm, milking his cock deep within her. He could no longer feel his body, could no longer feel anything as if all that he was, all that he ever had been or could be, was among the stars now, scattered, their only purpose was the pleasure she gave him.

Collapsing on the bed next to her, she kissed his chest, her hand stroking down from his chest to his stomach, resting between his thighs with possessiveness. He returned to his body slowly, his physical being and soul knitting themselves together again as she peppered his torso with kisses. He closed his eyes, absorbing her kisses in his skin, in his bones, his arms useless even though he tried to raise them to hold her against him words even more useless in this moment with her, in her bed.

She let him rest for a few moments, to catch his breath as she rose above him on her elbow, her fingertips gentle as she seemed to trace every muscle in his body with a gentle, knowing caress. He watched her face, watched the secret smile that turned her luscious, swollen lips up as her fingertips flicked over his nipples, as she seemed to touch every freckle on his shoulder and chest, then traced them with the tip of her tongue. When she made a humming sound he laughed, “I feel like ice cream,” he murmured.

Grinning, Ishtar straddled his thigh, deliberately rubbing her wet core against him as she settled on top of him, using one hand to transfer her thick mass of black hair over her shoulder, “I can assure you that your skin is far more delicious than frozen cow milk.”

He laughed, running his ruined hands up her torso to caress her breasts, smiling at the way she responded, arching into his touch with a sigh, “I guess that’s good,” he managed to murmur, grunting when she touched his growing cock.

“My people,” she murmured, rubbing her clit against his thigh, her knowing fingers wrapping around his cock and stroking him in time to her movements against him, “do not have freckles, nor do they blush the way you do when you release your seed within me,” she told him, “do you know, Stephen,” she was tracing patterns on his cock now as it rested against his stomach, the simple touch more erotic than anything he’d ever felt, “if I were not able to feel your orgasm building in your muscles, I would still be able to see it in the way you turn red a sigh before you come.”

He laughed breathlessly, “I’ve never been more grateful for being pasty white in my life.”

Ishtar grinned down at him, her eyes sleepy and soft with erotic promise as she leaned down, “your body fascinates me,” she told him, pressing her mouth on the side of his throat and sucking his skin viciously, making him gasp at the sting, “why?”

“You’re—you’re asking me?” he laughed, turning his head to look at her, watching the way she smiled with her mouth still against his throat.

“I am indeed,” she grinned, her hand dipping below his cock to cup his balls in her palm, “it is very odd for me to contemplate. You have features, like every other man. You have two eyes, a nose, lips, arms, a chest, stomach—”

“I’m anatomically correct, I get it,” he interrupted before she began to recite his organs.

She chuckled, rubbing her cheek against his chest, “and yet you fascinate me endlessly. You seem to have power over my body, possess the singular ability to call forth orgasms from me. Sometimes I am convinced I could just listen to your voice and shatter from it.”

“I’ll get the phonebook,” he murmured, feeling rather ungrateful to his skin for betraying him
“For what?” she frowned in confusion.

Stephen shook his head, “never mind,” he laughed, “kiss me,” he told her.

“Commanding a goddess now,” she clicked her tongue, her mouth a teasing breath from his mouth, “arrogant!”

“You know how I roll,” he laughed.

She climbed on top of him, forcing his hands above his head, telling him to grab the iron bars above the bed that were cleverly disguised to look like vines. “You do not touch me,” she told him, her eyes hard as she resettled herself, straddling him, “not without my permission, as I am unwilling to let your hands go to waste this day. But I require you to watch, Stephen, I want you to see how you sink within me.”

Ishtar grabbed two pillows and put them behind his head, making sure he had a good angle to watch her, wanting him comfortable as she rose up on her knees, “watch,” she whispered, biting her lip as she guided his erection to her wet entrance, gasping “watch” as she rubbed the very tip of him against her swollen clit “feel” she told him, her eyes fluttering shut as she pushed him inside her. She cursed in her native language as she held the very tip of him inside her swollen flesh, unmoving, letting him absorb the sensation even as he felt her muscles trembling from the need to move.

Ishtar grinned, moving her hips just enough to slide her flesh against his bursting tip, “at my mercy.” she looked down at him, making him gasp as she saw her power flooding those brown eyes, “at my leisure, at my beck and call, your body mine to command,” her smile was filled with her power as she leaned down over him, “mine.”

He smiled, the muscles in his arms burning as he tightened his grip on the iron above his head, wondering if his palms would start bleeding, or whether if he’d notice when they did, “the little death,” he groaned, not recognizing his own voice, the garbled, thick words that came out of his mouth. He was babbling, and he knew it, but so close to the beautiful death, he couldn’t care, “baby, please,” he groaned, “end me.”

Ishtar smiled, moving her hips just enough to slide her flesh against his bursting tip, “at my mercy.” she looked down at him, making him gasp as she saw her power flooding those brown eyes, “at my leisure, at my beck and call, your body mine to command,” her smile was filled with her power as she leaned down over him, “mine.”

With a blush.

“Take it,” he groaned, “fuck me,” he felt tears stinging his eyes as she brushed her mouth over his, “end me.”

“This moment will live in me for eternity Stephen,” she grinned, running her hands from his armpits, over his biceps, her touch gentle as she moved over his forearms before gripping his wrists, “the great Doctor Strange, at my mercy,” she laughed softly, unwrapping his fingers from the iron. He thought she would let him touch her now, would let him move, let him fuck her until they both came. Instead, she gripped his wrists in her hands, pressing them on the mattress above his head.
“Beg,” she murmured, her hair creating a black curtain around them as she looked down at him, “beg for mercy from your goddess.”

“Please,” he gasped, unable to look away from the swirl of power in her eyes, her body as she trapped him.

“Ah,” she sighed, “my beautiful mortal,” she grinned, kissing him slowly, “I believe I shall grant us this boon.”

With a single thrust she sat on his cock, burying him deep in her swollen body, so wet and unbelievably smooth, her breath hot against his mouth as he grunted. Still holding his wrists above his head, she rode him now in practiced movements, lifting her hips slowly, so slowly to the point where he thought his cock would slip out, then sliding him down…down…down again, frowning in concentration as she clenched her muscles around his length.

By the third stroke he was making inhuman, keening sounds of lust, unable to control himself. By the fourth he was babbling against her mouth, looking deep into her eyes, her nails digging into his wrists. By the fifth stroke he was done, and he exploded inside her, buried to the hilt deep inside her as she sat up to absorb his orgasm, throwing her head back in ecstasy as he filled her.

He was sure he died in those heartbeats as pleasure wracked him, as he was cut up, all his limbs, all his senses, all his thoughts escaping, exploding into the outer reaches of the universe, leaving nothing for him in those heartbeats except the sound of his own moans in his ears, the heat licking his spine and stiffening it, his cock releasing all that he was inside the lovely creature on top of him.

Stephen was sure he lost consciousness, lost time, opening his eyes that were replanted in his head a few moments later, ages later to find her collapsed on the bed next to him, staring at the ceiling, as boneless as he. He turned his head to look at her, astonished by her power. She caught his eye, reaching out a hand to touch his bare chest, the terrifying goddess disappearing as she giggled, “that, as you say, was fun.”

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