Where do we go from here?

by Drachenkinder

Summary

Sakaar from the view point of one of the fighters in the Arena's warm up acts. Non canonical characters. Most action is off screen from the movie. An exercise in imagination.
Morning Routine Interrupted

Chapter Summary

Meet Jack Linden. Painter, player and about to go on the adventure of his life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
Chapter 1: Morning Routine Interrupted

Jack Linden woke to the smell of fresh roasted coffee and silently blessed his overnight guests. He stretched slowly, easing the kinks out of his back. The apartment was quiet, empty. He grinned up at his disheveled reflection, his dark hair sweat damp, long limbs sprawled across the bed, tangled in the one remaining sheet. He remembered some of the things he’d indulged in last night and smiled again. Well, he thought, time to start the day, he had a painting to finish. Yawning he sat up, then quickly wished he hadn’t, as pain lanced through his head and nausea gave a surge in his stomach.

Michael’s parties were always amply supplied with drinks, picking up that bottle of tequila on the way home had been sheer bravado. The Twins suggested it and he went along with them, though he was already pretty lit. He smiled a little despite the pain. Arne and Addy weren’t really related, but they had the same wide brown eyes, round faces, snub noses and curly blonde hair that made them both resemble grown up cherubs. He knew they cultivated the look by dressing alike and mirroring each other’s actions. Their resemblance had added a frisson of taboo to last night’s antics. They were a welcome distraction from his Talk with Michael.

Thinking about it as he stumbled into the shower, Jack realized that he had known Addy a couple of years ago when she called herself Rose and sported a dark-haired Goth look. Her repeated shouts of “Oh God, God, God DAMN!” hadn’t changed. Arne’s baritone echo had set him off in a fit of smothered laughter last night. Now he knew why it had seemed so familiar. The Twins where good fun, but best taken in small doses.

The beating of warm water on his neck and shoulders eased some of his hangover but pointed out that at least one of the Twins needed their nails trimmed. Jack finished his ablutions and went back into the bedroom to get dressed. And was met with a problem.

Yesterday afternoon he’d been working on Mrs. Mortenary’s portrait as it was supposed to be done by Monday afternoon. He normally liked painting homely people, as their faces were quite interesting. During his preliminary sketches and color studies he would talk with the sitter and learn about them. Jack liked to incorporate the person’s personality into the finished portrait. Someone the camera would render as dull and bland could come alive under his brushes, their faces shining with humor and intelligence, hidden passions, or weighted with sadness bravely borne.

Mrs. Mortenary however, was a serious challenge. Her heavy disgusted bulldog looks were married with a sour judgmental mind. Talking to a mere painter was beneath her. He would not have normally taken the commission but cash was at an all-time low. Jack knew that if she was not happy with the portrait her husband would find a way to weasel out of paying him, despite their contract. He’d spent the better part of yesterday trying to find one attractive aspect of her and failing miserably. When Michel had called inviting him to the party, he’d abandoned the picture with relief and gone out for some much needed distraction. He’d been so happy for a reason to quit that he’d completely forgot to toss some clothes in the wash for today.

Jack dug around in the dresser and came up with his last clean article of clothing, a pair of baby blue Hello Kitty drawstring pants that Michael had given him for a gag birthday gift last year. He put them on figuring Mrs. Mortenary’s portrait wouldn’t mind and the touch of the ridiculous might just add the boost he needed to get the picture finished.

Tying his hair back from his eyes, and dropping his work phone in his pocket, he walked barefoot downstairs to the kitchen for the much needed coffee. He dropped his clothes in the washer on the
way. He had just finished filling the big insulated travel mug to take up to his studio when he felt the familiar tingling of magic. Snarling, he gulped a few mouthfuls of burning liquid before slamming the lid on the mug, his one thought,

“What kind of jackass summons an incubus on a Sunday morning before 9 am?!”

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Games People Play
Alan Parsons
Where do we go from here now that all other children are growin’ up
And how do we spend our lives if there’s no-one to lend us a hand

I don’t want to live here no more,
I don’t want to stay
Ain’t gonna spend the rest of my life,
Quietly fading away

Games people play,
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say,
Are not right
If I promise you the Moon and the Stars,
Would you believe it
Games people play in the middle of the night

Where do we go from here now that all of the children have grown up
And how do we spend our time knowin’ nobody gives us a damn

I don’t want to live here no more,
I don’t want to stay
Ain’t gonna spend the rest of my life,
Quietly fading away

Games people play,
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say,
Just don’t make it right
If I’m tellin’ you the truth right now,
Do you believe it
Games people play in the middle of the night

Games people play,
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say,
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Songwriters: ALAN PARSONS, ERIC WOOLFSON © Universal Music Publishing Group

Chapter End Notes

My first fan fiction. Gets off to a slow start. bare with. A note on the name. This character has been around as a PC since the 80's and his name is an alteration of Lak-a-lind, plus a nod to one of my favorite authors, Jack London. Just finished watching the Night Manager and was struck that one of his aliases was also Jack Linden. Weird coincidence.
Traveling First Class

Chapter Summary

Jack's going on a long trip via magic. Also a bit of background knowledge.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 2: Traveling First Class

Jack hated being summoned.

Anticipating the usual frog in a blender feeling of the spell combined with his hangover did not improve his mood. He hoped he puked the remains of tequila, tacos and jalapeno poppers all over their carpet. If this was another pimpled face wanna-be wizardling, with that damn love-demon summoning spell that glitter-fairy-raven-fart had uploaded on the internet… he was going to kick some serious ass.

These idiots didn’t even do basic research. To do a real summoning took years of building power and learning bindings. Researching ancient tomes and hunting in the ruins of forgotten cities to learn the names of the creatures of darkness. The only way to control a true demon was to know its name and nature and build a binding strong enough to bend it to your will. And you still had a fight on your hands to keep your mind, soul and body intact.

But no, why bother with all that when you could just say a few magic words, burn some grocery store herbs and draw a circle on the parent’s basement floor with salt. Fortunately the caster had to have at least some power to throw the spell and he had to be in fairly close proximity to its intended target for it to work at all. Unfortunately California’s bay area had way too many low level wizardlings and witchlings for Jack’s life to be uneventful.

Because they didn’t really know how to do much more then get the spell started it was a rough ride for him. All summoning drew power from the demon itself to complete. A full blood would have not been called without a massive amount of magic from the sorcerer, the demon’s true name and knowledge of their realm of influence. As a half blood he got pulled in just because the caster was desperate, had a bit of power, a half-ass spell that somewhat functioned, and was within a couple hundred miles. They always looked so surprised to see him. They were even more surprised when he stepped across the salt circle and back-handed them across the room.

As the enchantment encircled him, Jack could fill his wings growing, his tail emerging, his claws extending from hands and feet. The room dimmed and he felt himself pulled into a flashing tunnel, moving faster as the spell progressed. His teeth sharpened, lengthened, filling his mouth as his face pushed out into a muzzle. Quills grew across his skull, down his vertebrae and budded in a cluster on the end of his now four foot long tail. His senses grew more acute. With a hangover this was not pleasant and he lapped up more coffee in an effort to ease the headache.

The invocation was different this time. The ride was not the usual jerk and slam and turbulent
spinning that got him both thoroughly pissed off and motion sick. Instead it was smooth, almost pleasant, barely touching his own strength. This was the work of a master, someone who knew better then to anger a creature known for holding a grudge across generations and wanting it strong enough to do his bidding on arrival. Jack wondered why such a mage would want him. The ability to cast an incantation this advanced proved the sorcerer was far more powerful than he was, easily capable of doing whatever they needed without all the rigmarole of a summoning.

Though it was hard to judge time, Jack knew the spell flowed on longer than any he’d ever been trapped in. Before it had always been a gut-wrenching couple of minutes then BAM! There he was stuck in another basement and wondering if there was anything worth stealing after he’d beat the snot out of the idiot who’d called him. Paying for his trouble Jack considered it, not normally a thief.

Yet there was no sign of slowing, no pre-arrival power surge. At the same time the spell felt oddly impersonal, as though he wasn’t actually the focus of its interest but was instead caught up like a leaf swirling on an errant breeze. The gentle ride, the whole not about you effect lulled his built in defenses. His face returned to normal, his teeth still slightly sharp but human in number and size now. The quills disappeared sinking back into his bones. His wings, tail and claws remained. Demi-demon form rather than full on nightmare. Jack was glad, though he could control the shifts to a certain extent it took a lot of energy. If his magic decided there wasn’t enough threat for all the trimmings that was fine by him. Also, it made finishing the coffee a lot easier.

He wondered where the hell he was going and what he was supposed to do once he was there. He gave a fleeting thought for Mrs. Mortenary’s portrait and the fact that it was doubtful he was going to make his deadline. If he was lucky there’d be something to steal valuable enough he could tell her to go pack sand. But at the rate this was going he’d have to take enough for plane fare back home. The hangover receded, the lights flashed in a soothing rhythm, it was gently warm and a feeling of peace slowly overcame him, his eyes slid closed and he slept.

Chapter End Notes

Shape changing as a response to the environment and stress is a kind of body dysphoria for Jack.
Chapter Summary

On Sakaar at last.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 3: It's Out of this World

Jack awoke a start, his heart pounding. How the hell, he thought, could he sleep during a summoning! The spell had been slowly draining him and he’d just gone along for the ride. Idiot! The power he’d garnered last night was almost gone. He thrashed against the binding with his mind, tearing at the fabric of the enchantment. It resisted him for a moment then suddenly gave way against his frantic efforts. He was airborne, falling. He snapped his wings open just in time to slow his fall. He hit the ground with enough impact to knock his breath out, but not break any bones. The coffee mug was jarred from his grasp and bounced, clanging to the bottom of the junk pile.

Jack took in his surroundings, trying to see if anyone was alerted to his noisy landing. Looking for the mage who had summoned him. He coughed, the air burned his throat, made his lungs ache. After a few breaths the coughing stopped, the burning eased as he became used to the pollution. The wind swirled past carrying a heavy stench of chemicals and rotting iron. All around were piles of rusting metal, torn fabrics and broken bits of plastic and glass, some piles larger than the one he’d landed on. Pools and streams of suspicious liquids gleamed in the strange sunlight. The place looked like an industrial junkyard combined with the remains of an amusement park. Joining the sounds of creaking metal and rustling fabric there were strange bird-like calls and every so often there was a loud bang and crash. Straining he heard what sounded like the murmuring of voices.

He started climbing down the pile, moving clumsily, his balance off for some reason. The sound of heavy footsteps stopped him. Jack ducked behind a large hunk of greenish plastic, folding his wings tight against his body, as a group of men approached. They were strangely dressed, masked and carrying what looked like weapons. One walked with its knees working backwards. Their scent drifted up, a confusing mix of human and animal and insect. They creatures stopped almost directly below him. Their voices chittering and bleating.

Jack froze in place as the truth was driven into his mind. This was not home! This was not Earth! Everything from the air, to the light, to the gravity was wrong! He throttled the fear that surged over him. SHUT UP! he screamed inside his head. Deal with it. Survive for now. He panted as the Panic passed. The shivering under control he cautiously looked around the edge of his shelter.

One of the creatures was pointing upward. Jack glanced up and bit his lip to keep from screaming. The sky was ripped open by hundreds of holes torn into the blue. Swirling empty eyes that funneled countless tons of trash to its surface. He flattened himself against the trash pile, the overpowering fear of falling up into that churning chaos very real. The panic slammed back ten times greater. Fortunately the effect was to have him stay in place. Heart hammering, sweat chilling his skin.

Something that looked like a cross between a jellyfish and an octopus floated overhead. Another man raised its weapon and fired. The octo-jelly thrashed and fell. The killer said something to the others
and walked to the body. Cutting off the tentacles and part of its head he tossed them into a bag at his side. The group moved on.

Jack waited until his heartbeat slowed to normal and he could rise to his feet without swaying. Lowering his gaze, deliberately not looking at the maelstrom overhead, he finished the climb down. He waited till he could just hear their progress, then picked up his mug and fell in behind the men, sidestepping the oozing remains of the creature they had shot.

He needed information. He didn’t know where he was or why. Those he was tracking may not have the answers he needed, but they would have some answers. They would also need food and water and shelter. It was better than just sitting here waiting to be collected by whoever had called him. He trotted along warily. The heat of the sun increased. He spread his wings up to shade himself and to help cool his blood. His mouth was dry.

It was afternoon when Jack almost overtook the men. Luckily, a sudden splashing sound gave him warning. He peered around a junk pile and saw them filling canteens and bottles from a raised pipe. He could smell water and his thirst increased. They stood around talking and gesturing for the better part of an hour. Jack’s mouth felt like a desert. He prayed they would not make camp. Eventually the discussion was over and they left.

Jack warily crossed over to the pipe, hoping it wasn’t a trap. He opened the spigot and tasted the water. Warm, metallic and slightly sulfurous it tasted like ambrosia to him. He drank till he could drink no more. Filled his mug and poured it over himself to cool off, thoroughly soaking his wings and body and pants. He took on last drink and filled his mug again. No telling when he would next find water.

He picked up the trail and continued, refreshed. He was hungry but knew he could go longer without food then without water. The day stretched on. The broken ground wasn’t a good path for bare feet. Trying to keep up with the group and keep an eye out for glass and metal shards was not working all that well. By the time dusk was falling Jack’s feet were bleeding from several minor wounds. He was not at all certain of his way anymore. He hadn’t heard the group he was following for a while. He stopped, listening intently for voices. Instead he heard an odd snuffling behind him. He turned.

Grey bare hides, long undershot muzzles, tiny ears and multiple small red eyes gleamed at him from the gathering darkness. An almost inaudible high pitched squealing tugged at the edge of his hearing. Their bodies filled the spaces between the junk piles. They looked like naked malformed rats. Very Big Rats. “Rodents Of Unusual Size.” Jack heard himself say, in a brittle voice. He fought the desire to laugh hysterically.

The monsters flashed forward, jaws gaping, long teeth bared. Jack crouched, one hand, feet and wing wrists touching the ground momentary, before he pushed hard with all limbs, leaping upward into the air. The down stroke of his left wing smacked a rat thing on its head, another’s slashing claw nicked his tail, and then Jack was free of them. Wings beating his way up into the night sky. The fear he’d held at bay all day overtook him as he raced higher.

The panic eased after a few moments of mindless flight, the frigid upper air clearing his head. He deliberately slowed his breathing, calming his hammering heart. Thinking carefully, holding his sanity tight. Everything was weird, yes. It wasn’t the first weird thing to happen to him. It wasn’t even as weird as the night he was torn from his sleep to suddenly find out he wasn’t fully human. This is just a change of environment, he told himself. Like I went on a long trip to an unfamiliar country. I survived the first time I was summoned, the first time I shifted to demon form. I survived when my sense of who I was, was warped beyond reason. I survived that and I can survive this. Remember what Mr. Kenford used to say, “Keeping calm is half the battle son.”
“You weren’t alone then,” his treasonous mind said. “You are now.”

“I’ll find friends.” Jack said aloud. “I’m good at finding friends.”

Focusing on his surroundings, Jack used his heat sense to locate rising columns of hot air, gliding as he hit them, circling higher, conserving his strength. Looking over the darkened plain he spotted a large cluster of lighted buildings glowing in the distance. Answers, solutions and help would be there. Danger too probably. But his home was a city and cities are alike all over the world, maybe all over the universe. He angled his wings and headed toward the lights.

Chapter End Notes

ROUS from the princess Bride. I couldn't resist. Actually canon critters from the Marvel comic books on Sakaar wildlife, as is the octo-jelly.
Chapter 4: Dog Pound

Light edged the buildings, tearing holes in the darkness as Jack flew low over the outskirts of the metropolis. It had taken him several hours to reach it, it was both larger and farther away than he had thought. The structures reached far higher than any on earth. A few heavy air ships defied gravity and flew quietly about on nameless journeys. He kept to the shadows hoping to remain unseen as he looked for a safe place to land. Creatures, no people, he corrected, of many kinds still walked the streets despite the lateness of the hour. Perhaps he would pass unnoticed in this menagerie. His wings, shoulders and back ached with each stroke, his tail muscles twinging as he turned. He was exhausted, hungry and thirsty, the water long gone. He needed to get down before he fell from the sky. He spotted what looked like a darkened park and dropped lower preparing to land.

Light fill his vision, blinding him, a voice shouted something in an unknown language. Gravity ceased to exist. Confused, Jack flailed his wings, blinking to try to clear his vision, not sure if he was flying up to the sky or down into the ground. There was a whistling whipping sound and something large and dark appeared in his blurred sight. Before he could react, cords wrapped tight around him, twisting his wings painfully, his arms bound tight against his body. The coffee mug bruising his ribs. Then he was rising upward, into the open belly of an airship.

Jack tried to slash the cords but his hands were immobile and his claws did no damage. The ship’s doors closed under him. He abruptly dropped down onto the metal deck as the force that pulled him into the craft was cut off. Someone approached him, turning him over onto his back with a foot. He looked up into an unlovely face, bright red, sprinkled with random hairs and warts and dominated by a huge bulbous nose. The man barked something at him. “I don’t understand.” Jack said. “What do you want? I don’t mean you any harm.” Red Face paused for a moment as though listening and then started laughing.

He said something else and the laughter was echoed by other people in the ship’s bay. Another man, this one very small and fat and grey scurried up and handed Red Face a stick of some kind. Red Face leaned over, and suddenly jabbed the stick into Jack’s throat. Jack jerked, screamed in pain as heat burned its way up his jugular. Fire crawled into his brain. His body spasmed. Through the fading heat haze he heard Red Face say, “But I mean you harm, flyer.”

Jack tried to change, tried to call out his full demon form but his power was way too low. All he could do was glare his anger at his captors. “I think the Grandmaster will pay us well for this one.” Red Face said, “He hasn’t had a flyer in the games for a long time.”

Others came forward and dragged him roughly across the floor. From his limited view Jack caught a glimpse of cages that lined the small ships walls. Most were occupied with a variety of creatures. One occupant looked at him haughtily, a woman no bigger than a ten year old child with delicate
branching antlers growing from her head and the presence of a princess. Then he was thrown into a
cage of his own and the door locked shut. The little fat grey man pointed another device at him. Jack
flinched in anticipation, but instead of more pain the cords released and slithered out of the cage
taking his coffee mug and cell phone with them. The little guy grinned at jack’s flinching response.
He picked up Jack’s meager possessions and walked away.

Jack sat up and scooted to the back of the cage, it being too low to stand. He leaned against the wall.
The cage on his right was empty. On his left was the form of a large hairy man, laying down and
possibly snoring. The little antlered lady was across from him. He tried smiling at her in a friendly
manner. She pointedly turned her back on him. The other occupants ignored him. Most sat in
positions of dejection. The craft’s crew hurried about their duties. After a while a bowl and a bottle
of water was pushed through a flap in the bottom of the door. The bowl contained something that
looked like overcooked oatmeal. The other prisoners were eating it so Jack tried some. It tasted pretty
much like overcooked oatmeal but with less flavor. He washed it down with the water. Later a small
hole opened in the floor. Its purpose was quickly explained by the smell and Jack made use of it too.

Jack lay on the hard metal and against all expectation slept. He was woken by the sound of
screaming. One of the crewman was down on the floor clutching his leg, smoke poured from an
open wound and a puddle of bluish ichor gleamed on the floor. A pony sized insect, bound in a net
as Jack had been, was being hauled across the deck. It spit a second time but the remaining men
dodged away. The Red Face fired a shot at the big bug and it stiffened. The crew quickly pulled it
the last few feet to the cage next to Jack and locked it in. The grey man did the rope trick again,
watching Jack with a grin on his face. Jack tried to look bored, as though being housed next to a
 giant acid spitting bug in an open cage was of no concern. Grey guy snorted, hit some buttons above
the cage and to Jack’s relief walls of clear transparency enclosed the bug’s cage.

“Wouldn’t want that for a roommate.” Drawled a bass voice on his left. Jack turned and looked into
the grinning face of the big hairy man. He was very big, probably seven feet tall if he was standing
and a good three feet across his shoulders. He was blond, bearded, had thick shoulder length hair and
covered with long body hair everywhere else. Most of it was blond except for three parallel stripes
across his chest. Not as hairy as a gorilla but far hairier then any man Jack had ever seen. He was
wearing a pair of leather shorts, sandals and a leather vest. All three were inlaid with layers of
different colored beads and stones. He looked human to Jack in spite of his size and hair.

“Uh, no, neither would I.” Jack said. “I’m not real fond of bugs at the best of times.”

“I pity the bastard who will go up against it in the arena. Bittrods are a real bitch to kill. I hear that
last time they had one it took four guys to take it out. One of them was from Antaris four, and you
know how tough those bastards are.”

“Actually I don’t. I mean I don’t know how tough people from Antaris four are. I’m not from around
here.”

“Who of us is?” laughed the big man. “Sakaar is the dump of the universe. Everything that gets
thrown away seems to end up here eventually.”

“I wasn’t thrown away!” Jack said heatedly.

“Whoa, no offence, flyer. There are a lot of folks are here because they have nowhere else left to go.
Dulton.”

It took him a moment. “None taken. I’m Jack. I do have a home though, San Francisco.” Thinking
about it he added “That’s a city, on Earth.”
“Oh. An earthling huh? I saw one once and he didn’t look that much like you. He wasn’t a flyer.”

“I’m a rare type even on earth.” Jack said with a shrug. “Dulton, could you fill me in on what’s going on? Why are we here? And what is all this about an arena?”

“What to start. This is a capture ship. They roam the wastelands looking for ferals, like us to take to the arena. The Grandmaster is the ruler of Sakaar. He holds games in the arena. Games where combatants like you and I get to fight, sometimes to the death. You win enough games you get your freedom. Unless he tags you to fight his champion. But chances are we won’t have to deal with that. We are low end entertainment. We are the preshow warmup for the big guys, the heavy hitters. Guys who can take on the Bittrod. Since these assholes have a full hold now, we should be arriving to be sorted out fairly soon.” Seeing the look on Jack’s face. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m not a fighter.” Jack said. “I mean I can take care of myself, but I’m not a soldier. I don’t know crap about weapons.”

Dulton shook his head. “I’m really sorry to hear that. There hasn’t been a flyer in the arena for a long time, I’m afraid you’ll go there regardless of your skill at fighting, just for the novelty.” He sighed. “Too bad, Jack. You seemed to be nice guy. I’ll burn some frass root for your soul’s journey.”

He turned away, stretched back out and immediately began to snore again.

Jack sat there stunned. He could take a human in a one on one fight, but these people looked a lot stronger than the average human. Without his magic he couldn’t even fly very well. He was drained to last drop. Stuck in what for this world, seemed his default state. He only knew one way to replenish it and he doubted that was going to get laid while he was stuck in a cage.

He heard the ship’s quiet engines come to a stop.

“Wake up you pieces of shit. Its time to make a name for yourselves.” Red face bellowed.

Jack heard a clicking hiss on his right. He looked into the multifaceted eyes of the Bittrod.

“This is going to suck beyond all belief.” he said to it.

It tilted its head as though thinking, then slammed its snapping jaws into the barrier separating them. Jack jumped back.

“Right. Good luck to you too.”

The cages were taken out one at a time. The Bittrod first, next the antlered princess, then Jack. Dulton was still sleeping, as Jack’s cage was hauled away.

Chapter End Notes

Me and HTML .. AKKK! No beta so all the screw ups are my own. The story will start picking up now. Pain and suffering ahead!
Are We having Fun Yet?

Chapter Summary

Jack gets to meet the Grandmaster. Settling in. Seduction.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Are We having Fun Yet?

Jack crouched in the cage holding on with hands and feet and tail as it was bumped across the uneven floor of the loading dock and into the open bay of the tower. Magic washed over him, deep, dark, old. It made the hair on the back of his neck stand up. No, not old, ancient, stars ancient, galaxies ancient. It coiled around the tower like a serpent and breathed through its stones, roots reaching deep into the planet’s core, power boiling up into the sky. Negligently rending holes into the fabric of the universe itself.

Sorcery whose taste he knew. This is what had brought him to this junkyard of a planet. This unconscious flicker of power had drug him unknowing and unknown across the stars and dropped him. He hadn’t been summoned after all. His arrival was simply a chance flare off of immeasurable seething magic.

Magic that ran with a million brilliant singing golden threads to the man, creature, god even now striding toward him. He froze, not daring to even draw breath.

The man stopped, spoke for a moment to Red Face and his crew. Tall, slender, silvered hair with graceful gesturing hands. His face pleasant, gentle, smiling lips painted with a thin blue line, his voice soothing. Golden robes that swirled with his every move. Beautiful as a supernova.

How could they keep their feet in his presence? Where they blind? Deaf? His head pounded, his heart was a fire in his chest. Jack wanted to scream, wanted to claw his way out of the cage, breaking his bones and shattering his skull to fit between the bars. The man glanced over at the cages. Looking first at the antlered lady he smiled and nodded to Red Face. Turning to Jack he frowned. Held up a hand to Red Face’s words and walked up to Jack’s cage. Jack’s vision was flickering red and black. He wanted to turn away, look anywhere but at this Being approaching him. And still he could not move. The man bent down his face just inches from Jack’s own.

He gave Jack a mildly curious look, “Ah, I’m sure that isn’t too comfortable. The... uh ... not breathing. I mean it doesn’t makes you, umm... not seen.”

Jack drew a shuddering breath, than another, his vision clearing, some of the tightness in his chest loosening.

“There... that’s much nicer… mmm?” A hand reached between the bars and stroked his head. Jack shivered at the touch, ancient magic coiling, probing, heat burrowing into him, lust crackled over his body. He turned his face into the hand, rubbing his cheek against the touch, wetting the palm with tears he never felt himself shed. Terror making him shudder. The patterns of his bindings burned blue-white against his skin.
“Oh… that’s interesting. Very… umm… decorative.” He smiled. “No reason to fuss yourself, we’re all friends here.”

Jack heard himself whine, whether in fear or longing he had no idea. His pulse raced as the magic plucked at him, stroked where his skin was unprotected by the lines of blue-white fire. He was sheened in sweat. His balls tightened trying to pull up into his pelvic cavity. His cock hardened tenting the ridiculous pants. His wings mantled, covering his back and his tail coiled under his belly sliding between his legs and wrapping around one arm. Jack took the spaded end between his lips and sucked, bit, rocking on his knees, hugging himself. Pain was his refuge and he tasted flat copper as his teeth pierced the skin of his tail tip. Unable to drop his eyes from the probing warm brown gaze.

“Oh is that for me?” The Grandmaster’s tongue darted out, touching the smiling lips for a moment. “There is no reason to be so… frightened.” Again the soft glance, a kindly concerned Uncle. “You look… Not too bad… a little stretched thin… You have potential…”

He patted Jack on the shoulder and withdrew his hand, withdrew the tendrils of magic. Straightened up.

Jack gasped, dropping his head, his hands grasping the cage floor. His tail tip falling from his open mouth. He felt like he had been dropped from a great height. Released from the Grandmaster’s gaze. Cold, empty.

“Hmmmm.” He tilted his head looking Jack over.

“But… I do have another pet in training… I’d hate to deny my public their thrills…”


Jack blinked at the sudden shifts in the man’s speech. He licked his lips and managed to say “Would it make a difference, what I want? Grandmaster.”

The Grandmaster smiled as though at a dog who had learned a new trick. “Of course it would. Male then. Finlos I think, he is so… ambitious… this will be so much fun!” He grinned, his eyes twinkling and wagged his finger at Jack. “Try not to disappoint, Kitty.” Something darker, deadly, lurked behind the twinkles. “No sir.” Jack whispered.

The Grandmaster turned and went with Red Face to inspect the rest of the captives. Jack stared at his back. “So much fun for whom?” he wondered.

The cell wasn’t bad. He’d stayed in hotel rooms that were worse. It was Spartan to be sure, a bed, a two chairs and a table were the only furnishings, but it was clean. A bathing room with a tub big enough to stretch full length was through an open doorway. It took Jack a few minutes to figure out how to get it to work. As the tub filled with hot scented water he considered his position.

So far he was being treated well. The guards had helped him out of the cage and then one had placed something cold on his neck as he was trying to get his balance after so long a time on his knees. He’d felt a sharp bite as prongs clamped it into bone. He made no attempt to resist. The Grandmaster was at the opposite end of the bay and Jack had not wanted to get his attention again. Also he was unarmed, and there were six of them holding weapons pointed in his direction. They had walked him down a corridor and into an elevator. Then down another hallway to this room.

After a few moments he’d tried the door and found it open. He looked out, no one in sight.
stepped outside and the disc at his neck had dropped him to the ground in blinding pain. He’d managed to crawl back into the room. As soon as he had crossed the threshold the pain stopped. So much for escape attempts.

At least he was somewhat shielded down here, far enough away from the Grandmaster’s power to no longer feel like screaming and beating his head against a wall till his brains spilled out.

The water ceased pouring into the tub. Jack loosed the string and stepped out of the Hello Kitty pants. The warm water eased the tension from his body. He washed the sweat and dirt from his hair, his skin. Cleaning off the smell of his imprisonment, his fear. He had a bruise on his arm from his tail and claw marks on his chest where he’d dug his nails in. He cleaned the minor wounds, they were closing as he worked. His magic or the Grandmaster’s he wondered. It didn’t seem to matter. The tub drained and filled on its own. Jack lay back and shut his eyes in the warmth. Centering his breathing, forcing himself to relax. Floating.

There was a soft sound and the cell door opened. Jack lay still, just breathing. The warm water and the cool tingle at the back of his neck worked together to override any panic.

An enormous man, easily seven feet tall and thick as a tree trunk stepped through. He was clad in strips of leather with a furry cape across his broad shoulders. Short thick horns adorned his head and he held a large covered tray in one massive hand. Clothing hung from the other.

The cell door slid shut behind him. Food smells wafted across the room. He spied Jack laying in the tub.

“Hello Kitty, I am Finlos” he rumbled. “I am here to garner favor with the Grandmaster. How may I best serve you?”

Jack pushed himself upright, pushing his wet hair back from his face. The Hello Kitty comment irked him. So this was his companion. Finlos’ leather clothing left little to the imagination, and it was obvious his endowments were on the same gigantic scale.

“Good God” he thought “How flexible does the Grandmaster think I am?”

“My name is Jack. Not Hello Kitty. I wish to eat Finlos, would you be kind enough to put the food out.”

Jack said, standing as water sheeted off of him. He reached for a towel and stepped out of the tub. He refused to be intimidated by the huge man, but Finlos simply hung the clothing on a rod inside the bathing room and busied himself with setting out plates and glasses and platters of food from the tray.

“Of course his ‘companion’ would be uninterested.” Jack thought. The Grandmaster has such a fun sense of humor.

Jack dried himself off and sorted through the clothes selecting a loose tunic and pants in a deep blue. Both were already modified and he slid arms, wings, legs and tail into the appropriate openings. The clothing was soft and fitted him perfectly. He couldn’t resist a glance in the mirror. He looked, well, worn, but good. The blue of the clothing was a match for his eyes. Black hair and wings and tail shining from the oils in the water. Fair skin marked a little, the recent binding carved on his chest still showing the pinkness of healing skin. The older bindings almost invisible now that there was no invading magic to make then glow.

He turned. Finlos was standing quietly by the table, watching him. Jack shrugged and sat down
opposite the giant. Motioned him to the other chair.

“What exactly are you here for Finlos?” he asked as he put different items on his plate.

“To help you. To protect you. As the Grandmaster commanded me.” He paused, considering. “You seem very… polite. This should be a pleasant duty.”

Jack returned the smile and took a drink of what looked like water. It wasn’t. Crisp and pure and ice cold the alcohol burned down his throat. How the fuck did he know, Jack wondered, closing his eyes and savoring the subtle complex taste of the vodka.

“As pleasant as I can make it.”

“The Grandmaster himself said I am perfectly equipped for this job.” Finlos went on.

The bass growl sent a pleasant hum down Jack’s spine. He’d always found deep voices sexy and Finlos had the deepest he’d ever heard.

Jack noticed Finlos had not taken a plate. “Aren’t you hungry? There is more than enough for two.”

“Thank you. But the food is for you. I have already eaten.”

Jack gave him his best sad look.

“In my culture it is taboo for me to eat alone.” He lied. He sighed looked away in disappointment. “And I was so hungry.” He started to rise and then braced himself on the table as though faint.

“Oh. I did not know. Here, sit down”. I will eat with you.” Finlos placed a steadying hand under Jack’s elbow and eased him back into the chair.

The giant took up food for himself and began eating with gusto. Poured himself a foaming tankard and drank half of it off in one swallow.

Jack smiled, Step one” he thought.

He took a bite of what looked like some kind of fruit. The taste was fantastic, sweet and spicy all at once. He tried a bite of meat, savory and rich and so tender it almost melted on his tongue. He ate, savoring the meal. Reading the big man’s body language, arraigning himself to be most appealing to him. A mix of vulnerable, feminine seemed to be getting the response Jack wanted.

Finlos shifted uncomfortably as Jack played on his unconscious, lessoning his resistance. No hurry for anything. He went to sip his drink, found it empty and refilled his glass. Drinking the cold clear liquid, feeling the touch of frost spread into his muscles, and turn to warmth.

Jack finished eating and leaned back in his chair. Eyes half closed. He studied Finlos through his lashes as he dined.

“Tell me about yourself.”

Finlos was happy to end the silence and rumbled on about his early training, his prowess in the arena, in bed, his many victories and conquests. How he was going to be the Grandmaster’s favorite someday soon and how all would envy him. Jack encouraged him with soft little smiles and Ahhs of appreciation.

The giants’ wide mobile mouth worked at the words, at the food. Jack slowly wormed his way out of the Finlos’ ridged category of important responsibility and male rival into that of vulnerable, sexy
plaything. It was taking all his skills, from subtly changing his scent to raising the timbre of his voice. Finlos was quite conventional and it was hard making him more open to experimentation. But Jack liked a challenge and seduction was natural to him.

He gazed at Finlos, his broad flattened nose and big deep black eyes, not a handsome face but not unattractive either. Skin a medium reddish brown and fur like hair a shade darker. Not a cape after all but thick fur on the top of his shoulders like a mane. The horns were also real.

Jack spared a thought about how they could be used as handles. He noticed his glass was empty again. He emptied the bottle into his glass, it was only half full. He drained it one slow swallow. The ice slithering into his bones. He loved how it felt, cold and heat at the same time. He tilted the glass up and licked the last drops.

The slow bass voice had stopped. Finlos was staring across the table at Jack, a look of naked lust on his bovine face. Jack grinned at him then ran his tongue around the rim of the glass. Enjoying the strangled sound the giant made.

On some level Jack knew he was way too drunk for the amount of alcohol he had taken. He wondered if the food was drugged or even ensnepled. It would be in line with what he’d felt of the Grandmaster to drug him with something to make him horny. But if so it was working on his guardian also.

He also knew he was about to do something really stupid and quite possible painful. He laughed. Pain had never been a deterrent, more an encouragement.

“Come.” Jack said stretching as he stood. The giant took his extended hand into its massive grasp. Jack led him to the bed. “Let’s see if you are as good as you talk. Undress me.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapters are getting longer from now on. Hope my characterizations aren't too off.
Chapter 6: **Bottoms Up**

Finlos’ large fingers were deft, slowly undoing the tunic’s tie and slipping it off Jack’s shoulders. His black eyes were wide with desire, his heavy hands hot through the light cloth. Jack purred as the soft material stroked across his chest, slid down his arms and was lifted clear of his wings. Every little touch felt so intense. Definitely drugged.

“Don’t move. Just… feel for now.”

Finlos stood, his great chest heaving with each breath.

Jack leaned forward and kissed the side of the big man’s neck, tasting the sharp salt of his skin. He rubbed his face into his coarse dark brown hair, breathing in the warm animal musk of Finlos’ mane. Placing his hands on the giant’s shoulders he stretched up, standing on tiptoe. Licked up the edge of one large ear, traced down the intricate inner ridges and swirled his warm wet tongue into the opening. The growling response sent a thrill down his spine.

Jack moved a hand from Finlos’ shaggy shoulder to grasp one of his thick horns, pulling his head down. He kissed the broad forehead, the delicate eyelids, nuzzled the beard roughened cheeks, nibbled along the edge of his chin. Turning away as the giant tried to meet Jack’s mouth with his own.

“Stand still!”

He allowed a trace of anger into his voice.

He stepped back and admired his work so far. The big man’s face was flushed, the cords on his neck tight, the blood pulsing in his throat. A light sheen across the broad chest, nipples red and hard. Sliding his gaze down the trail of hair across the muscled belly, Jack smiled. That leather hold all of a posing pouch, wasn’t holding at all, the broad flared head of his cock on a shaft almost as big as Jack’s wrist protruded to the man’s navel.

“I think you’re enjoying this.”

Finlos’ hands worked, clenching… releasing. The tunic crumpled in his grasp.

“I rather like that, please don’t tear it up.”

Finlos licked his lips. Shook his head.

“No,” he rumbled “That would not be good.”
Jack lifted the garment from hands, than took the time to shake it out, smooth the winkle and hang it back up.

The giant’s impatience was a blast of frustrated heat at his back. Jack laughed softly. He stepped out of his pants, bent over slowly to retrieve them from the floor, wings folded, his feet sliding apart, tail lifted. Wantonly opening himself to the man’s gaze. Watching the reaction between his spread legs, his hair brushing the floor.

He snarled as Finlos took a half step forward. Whirling back to face him, his teeth bared.

“Still Damn it!”

He tossed the pants over a chair and stalked back, head up, eyes blazing, his tail lashing, wings half spread. The cruel claws extended.

Finlos was confused at Jack’s mercurial temper. Backed up till the bed caught him behind his knees and he sat down abruptly. The bed creaked at his weight.

Jack paused and shook his head. The man’s cock mirrored his confusion, softening.

“Poor boy, you really aren’t good at this kind of thing are you?”

He sheathed his claws. Reached a hand toward Finlos. The big man flinched. Jack gently stroked his cheek, tilted his head back.

“Its just a game, that’s all. Play acting. OK?” He offered and apologetic smile.

“So you aren’t really angry?”

“No. I didn’t mean to upset you.”

Jack settled himself on the powerful thighs, kissed the wide mouth.

A broad hand pulled him into the kiss, thick tongue pushing into his mouth. Jack lapped, sucked at it moaning softly. His fingers wandered over the leather straps and he released buckles, pulled out lacings. Thin leather metal tipped lacings. “Good” he thought.

“I like things a little, unconventional.” Slipping the straps off, the pouch falling to the floor. He wiggled around till his back was toward Finlos’ belly, his wings pressed against the hairy chest. The man’s massive cock between his thighs.

“A little rough.”

He stroked the underside with a finger. A low murmur of pleasure vibrated against his wing bones thrilling into his shoulder blades and down his spine.

“Okay.”

“I think we need something to ease things along,” Jack glanced toward the table thinking of butter or oil, neither of which was in evidence.

Finlos touched the wall beside the bed and what Jack had thought was a design popped open to reveal a set of stacked drawers. Finlos fumbled in them and pulled out a bottle, handing it to Jack. The scent was clean and the liquid was slick, cool at first, then warming as Jack stroked it over his own cock and balls and thighs. He ran his wet fingers down the big man’s shaft. Squeezing it between his thighs, rocking as he rubbed himself against the other’s hardening flesh.
The answering gasp encouraged him to go further.

Jack bent his back lowering his head to lick the wide head. Probing the slit with his tongue, kissing, sucking. He cupped the heavy balls in one hand, massaging. Working the shaft with his hand, his thighs, and his own hard cock. Finlos leaned back on his elbows with a groan. Jack opened his mouth as wide as he could, forcing the head in, his lips pushing the sensitive foreskin back, tongue barely able to move, pressed against his teeth. His mouth was stuffed so full he was drooling. He bobbed his head slowly at first, gradually increasing the rhythm. Urging the big man on, loosening his self-control with subtle touches of his building magic. Increasing his desire, their desire with each caress of his lube slick hand, worshiping his cock, starving for the feel of it in his mouth.

Finlos gave in to the unrelenting stimulation and bucked his hips up hard. Jack gagged as his throat was battered, pain stabbed in the hinge of his jaws. He held on rocking, squeezing, stroking, and humping against the thrusting cock. Sucking. His eyes closed. Hands on his back, then his shoulders, than the top of his head, holding him in place, the thick cock gagging him.

“Yes!” the word drowned into a groan.

His mouth fucked harder. Finlos’ plunging cock forced deeper, tearing the back of his throat. His deep-toned grunts of pleasure driving Jack higher, eyes watering, the hot tang of blood sweeping into his aching mouth with each thrust.

He was caught in a web of his own making, his mind over whelmed with taste, scent, brutal touch. He reached for the point of focus, pulling the threads of pleasure and blood and pain, weaving the first of his spells. Drinking the giant’s strength, his lust, his own dark desire. Magic filled him, power pulsing deep, riding the waves of ravenous need.

Jack moaned. One deep punishing stab and the spell clasped shut. Finlos shuddered, hips bucking wildly. Jack gagged, choking as salt bitter cum was pumped down his bruised throat, bubbling up between his lips, burning through his sinuses and dripping from his nose as he fought for air. Fighting down his own building release.

He pulled back into the frost clear point of focus. Seeing the ice blue patterns of power that gathered and circled and settled deep into his soul, like a silver dove to its nest. Freezing magic easing the heat of his shaking body. Recharging him with a wintery caress.

Jack opened his eyes as Finlos’ softening cock slipped from his mouth. Cum and lube and drool and blood dripped from his open mouth, trailing sticky lines across his chest and belly. He raised his head, his neck and shoulders popping as he stretched. His jaws ached. He swallowed, his raw throat twinging. His lips were swollen and tender, he traced a split on the lower one with his tongue. His whole face hurt. It hurt so good.

His cock was still hard, but the need was no longer urgent. Jack lay back against his lover’s warm, sweat damp body. Felt the massive arms cradling him.

“First phase complete” he thought. Resting in the protective embrace while he caught his breath.

Their panting slowed and gradually turned into normal breathing. He was shifted off the giant’s chest onto the sheets. A hand touched his face. Jack opened his eyes and looked up into Finlos’ concerned face.

“You are bleeding. You are hurt. I should not have done that. I have never lost control so badly...”

Jack cut him off with a fingertip touch to his lips. He felt guilty, as he was the reason the man had
lost it.

“‘It’s all right. I told you. I like it rough. I need it hard. Need to feel your strength.’”

He appeared unconvinced.

“Finlos, the Grandmaster told you to serve me, right? You want to earn merit with him don’t you?”

He nodded. “Yes, but.”

“No but. I understand this is hard for you. You are a gentle man. But I need this. I need more than this. I’m going to ask you to do things you will find… uncomfortable.”

Jack took his hand. Kissed the knuckles. Looked into the worried dark eyes.

“Will you do this for me? Not just because you want to earn merit, but as my friend? Please, Finlos. I need a friend. Need someone I can trust. Trust to look after me. Trust to not let me go too far.”

Jack hated himself. Hated using this uncomplicated, kind man. But his need was so great and he didn’t see any other options. I’ll make it up to him, somehow, he thought, not knowing if he could.

“Will you be that friend? Will you suffer this for me? Please?”

He was folded into the strong embrace again. “Certainly I will. I will be honored to be your friend. You are one of the Grandmaster’s chosen and I will do as you wish.” He muttered softer. ”No matter how strange.”

Jack relaxed. Glad that words had done his work. He didn’t want to override Finlos’ will with magic. This was going to be bad enough as it was.

Chapter End Notes

First sex scene. Topping from the bottom. Jack is a total slut.
Twinkle, twinkle little bat, how I wonder what you’re at

Chapter Summary

Magic casting, Heavy BDSM. More topping from the bottom. Dub con BDSM participation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 7: Twinkle, twinkle little bat, how I wonder what you’re at

Jack got out of bed, stretched and walked into the bathroom. So much for the bath, he thought glancing in the mirrors. My first chance to get clean in two days and an hour later I look like I’ve been dragged backwards through a whorehouse. He wet a cloth with cold water and washed the mess off his face and chest and stomach. Bent to clean lube off his cock and balls and thighs. He rinsed his mouth out, then took a long drink of the cold water. Damn his throat was sore. He was starting to feel human, or what passed for it, again. He took a clean cloth, wet it with hot water, picked up a towel and returned to the main room.

Finlos was sitting up. Jack knelt in front of him without a word. Taking the warm wet cloth he cleaned dried cum, lube and traces of his saliva and blood from the giants’ cock. Jack worked gently, over the head and under the foreskin, down the thick soft shaft, not trying to rouse him again. Jack loved the feel of the heavy weight in his hands. He washed off the big man’s thighs, marveling at the massive muscles.

Thick fingers stroked his damp hair.

“I am supposed to serve you.”

“Mmmm… you are.” Jack nuzzled the broad palm. “I’m enjoying myself.”

He lay his head on Finlos thigh. “I wish I could do this all night, or day, or whatever it is.”

“It is night, Jack. That was the evening meal.”

He nodded “A very good meal it was, but dessert was even better.”

Finlos gave him a broad smile.

“Why can we not do this all night?”

Strong fingers rubbing down his neck, kneading away the stiffness. He was so tempted to just relax into the pleasure. But three panic attacks in two days had finally got his attention. Normally he wasn’t this damn easily freaked. The last attack so bad he couldn’t breathe had driven home what the problem was. The Grandmaster’s power source was driving him insane, over stimulating his psyche. He needed protection. He also needed a good sell to get Finlos to cooperate.

“Because dear man, I may go into the arena soon and I need tempering.”
“Tempering? Like a sword?”

Jack straightened, sitting back on his heels.

“Precisely, and I need your help. I am the sword and you will be my blacksmith.” Holding up the leather straps of Finlos’ harness. “And these are the tools you will forge me with.”

“I am not sure I understand.”

“Have you ever wielded a whip?”

“Only as a weapon.” Finlos frowned. “You wish me to beat you? The metal tips will flay you. I could damage your wings.”

“You start with the leather ends first. You have to measure your strength for me. The metal ends are for later. And don’t worry about my wings, I’m putting them away.”

Jack stood. He shut his eyes and reached for the cold pool of energy that lay at his core. Pulling, shifting his wings folding, pressing back into his shoulder blades. He heard Finlos’ gasp at a distance. His body resisted, he was still in danger. Jack focused harder, overriding instinct. Forcing the change. Bone and muscle gave in and he felt the odd sensation of his wings sliding into his scapula, his tail compressing and shortening into a human’s fused tailbone. He opened his eyes and staggered. His equilibrium was off without the weight of his wings and the counterbalance of his tail.

Jack had never spent more than a couple of hours at a time in demi-demon form before. He’d always thought of himself as human, with some weird skills. The wings and tail were alien. But now he was … bereft, awkward and weak. Losing his wings and tail was like losing his arms or his legs.

“Are you alright?” Finlos was looming over him, his arm steadied Jack.

“Yes, fine.” Jack lied. “It takes a bit out of me to shift form. That’s all.” How could he have ever lived like this? So limited. Trying to be what he was not.

Jack stopped that train of thought. This was not the time for an existential crisis. He had work to do. He needed to build a shield and this was the form he was most used too. It also healed a lot slower and that was a necessity. He stepped away, regaining his balance.

“I will need a bit of your blood Finlos, just a few drops. It’s more artistic that way.”

“My blood? Wait, is this magic? Is this “tempering” a spell which you are trying to cast?” The big man lowered his shaggy head, looking more bull like then ever. “I do not think the Grandmaster will approve of that!”

Damn! Jack thought. He’s brighter then I took him for.

Jack shrugged. “Why don’t you check with him, if you want to interrupt him for such a trivial matter?”

“Magic is not trivial, it is sneaky and underhanded.” Finlos snorted, frowning down at Jack.

“If it is cast on another, during battle, then I agree, that would be very sneaky, quite unfair in fact.” Jack said. Thinking to himself, but being the size of small car is perfectly fair. “However I’m not casting anything, on anyone but myself. I would be doing it here and now, not in the arena.” He pushed his hair up to show the back of his neck. “Besides I’m wearing one of these
things, so how could I possibly do anything against the Grandmaster’s wishes?”

Finlos looked doubtful.

Jack sighed. “I’m sorry, I’ve upset you again. You do what you think best.” He raised his hands in placation. “Please, contact him. I’m sure he won’t mind. He seemed a very nice man. I can wait till he gets back to you. I can always do the tempering spell tomorrow night. Maybe I can find someone else to help me if it bothers you that much.”

He smiled a little too brightly, let a trace of fear show. “I may not go into the arena anyway. Why would he give me all these nice things, and such a nice companion, if he wanted to take the chance on my getting killed?”

Jack turned away and walked over to the table. He opened another bottle and poured himself a small drink. His back to Finlos. Sipping the spicy sweet liquor he thought. “I’m such an asshole. I hope the poor bastard doesn’t come to grief over this. I really hope he doesn’t contact his master.”

He’d almost finished the drink when Finlos growled.

“You may do your spell, but you must give me your word of honor that the magic will not be used against another.”

“My word of honor?” Jack thought wildly. “I just made you fuck my throat till I bled to raise enough power to begin to cast this spell. Why would you think I have any honor at all?”

What he said was simply. “Thank you. I give you my word, I will not use the spell to harm another.” That part at least was the truth. The shield was purely a passive defense. What he did while it protected him was another matter.

Jack put down the empty glass, picked up an unused knife from the table and walked back to Finlos.

“May we begin?”

“Yes.” A growl

Jack pulled his hair up tying it out of the way, leaving his neck and shoulders exposed.

“My blood first.” He shut his eyes for a moment and gathered his power.

Jack pressed the knife blade against his stomach, a couple of inches below his navel and made a small shallow cut. Blood gathered at the cut. He touched two fingers to the blood “Center.” he said drawing a cross. He brought the blood to his forehead, drawing an eye. “Doorway”. Jack turned to Finlos and took the man’s right hand in his and kissed the palm, then pressed the knife tip in just hard enough to break the skin. A few drops welled up, a deep red. He wet his fingers in his own blood then mixed it into the tiny puddle gathering on Finlos’ palm. He traced a circle with the warm blood over the still angry giant’s heart. “Anchor.” he said. He returned to hand and drew an arrow across the palm. “Agency”. He placed three leather straps into Finlos hand and closed his fingers over them. He touched the blood on his belly one last time and drew a hexagon on the small of his back. “Focus.”

Jack let the power flow into the web he had made, burning a bit of it off so the effects were visible to Finlos. Each symbol he had traced in blood now glowed softly blue-white, connected together by shimmering gossamer threads. The hexagon was the center of a six pointed snowflake painted in light across his back.

“Oh. This is not what I expected. It is beautiful Jack. But so cold.”
Jack nodded, shivering, naked, freezing. He spread his feet and pressed his hands to the wall.

“Warm my blood.’ He said. “Please.”

Finlos swung the makeshift flail against Jack’s shoulders. Lightly at first. Each stroke leaving a faint red mark on the pale skin. Working side to side, moving slowly down his back, across his buttocks, the back of his thighs.

“Yes” Jack whispered. The sting was sweet, made his heart beat a little faster. He could feel his cock hardening. The giant swung with a regular rhythm and Jack started arching his back to meet each slap of leather on skin. Pushing into the heat of it. Panting with the blows.

A Top he’d played with once called it fucking the whip. Most people either braced for the pain or flinched from it. He was the first she’d met who rose to it like it was a caress.

Back up the leather slapped. Hitting the underside of his ass. Curling around his waist to lick at his belly. He skin was warm now, the shivering cold driven away by the repeated blows. The leather worked his shoulders. He loved it, danced without moving his hands or feet.

“Harder!” Jack growled his voice thick with lust. “Put some of that muscle into it.”

The next blow slapped him forward, welting his skin, burning like fire. He grunted as his breath was knocked out of him. The rhythm broken. Jack panted. Finlos paused.

“NO!” Jack begged “Don’t stop! Please don’t stop!” Another hard blow and Jack cried out. “Fuck! Yes!”

The next stroke again knocked out his breath. The forth came without a pause and then leather sang against his skin, welts crisscrossing his back. Jack moaned and shuddered and raised his back, his ass to the fiery pain. The straps hit the back of his thighs like a hot iron. He was shuddering, panting, begging for the lash. His cock pulsing with each stroke.

The big man worked the straps back up Jack’s legs. His own breath coming faster. He’d seen men whipped before. As punishment. Some stoic, some crying out. But he had never seen anything like this. This man that howled in pleasure and begged, no demanded more. He snapped the straps hard up between Jack’s legs. Two of them lashed his thighs the center one caught him hard on his balls.

Jack bent double at the blow, dry retching… his balls a hot knot that twisted excruciatingly deep into his belly. He forced himself upright, absurdly proud that his hands had not lost their place on the wall. The whip had stopped again. A hand touched his back.

“Jack. I am sorry I…”

“You son of BITCH!” Jack swore, gasping as the dense ache pulsed through his gut, his swollen balls. “Did I tell you to stop? Don’t fucking stop! Don’t EVER fucking stop! I will beat the fucking SHIT out of you if you stop again.”

Finlos growled as Jack’s words stabbed into his concern. Enraged he swung the whip so hard it slammed Jack into the wall. Five brutal blows in succession kept him pinned there. Jack eyes were glazed as his body spasmed with each strike.

“Is THIS what you want you BASTARD?” Finlos roared at him. He rained repeated blows across Jack’s shoulders that drove him to his knees. Jack’s head was jerked back as the straps caught loose strands of his hair, tearing it out.
“Stop” a ragged whisper.

Finlos stopped, his hands shaking as his anger ebbed. Wondering if he’d gone too far.

Jack forced himself up. Wincing as a cracked rib shifted. He half turned to meet Finlos’ gaze, his pupils so open his blue eyes looked black. He smiled. “No baby, I want the bite of the metal now. I want blood.” His hand dropped and stroked his rock hard cock. Blue fire trembled over his skin. “Make me fly lover… make me fly.”

He turned and placed his hands on the wall. Singing softly under his breath. “Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood”*

Finlos shuddered. The man is insane he thought. But he reversed the straps in his hand and flicked the leather over Jack’s welted back. The metal ends bit and tore the pale skin. Jack sang on. His voice stuttering as the flail ripped his skin. He wove his pain and blood, his fear and lust and love, into a tapestry of magic.

Finlos’ concern, his strength, his anger and even his doubts were added to the pattern. The song as a good one. Bob Dylan’s words made an intricate scaffold to hold the shield spell and give it form. Each whistling stroke was a star exploding into life across his body. Blood spattered in constellations on the wall, the ceiling, the floor. The disk embedded in his spine pulsed, burned and Jack added it to the weaving. Finlos was working to the rhythm of the song. Jack gasped …

Then he was flying on the pain, his body jerking below him to the steady lashes. Power crackled, frost and fire and Jack pulled the threads of it into his mind. The pattern grew, flickering, sparkling, as he worked. It took on the shape of a woman, protective, beautiful, born of his suffering and need.

But there was more than the dance between him and Finlos to use.

Jack saw... Lightening burning in anger white-hot and deadly, so close. Jack reached out, gathered a spark of it and caught a glimpse of a startled bearded face. He forged the trace of lightening into silver bracelets on woman’s wrists. Far overhead the nexus turned, and Jack lifted a glittering strand of its golden power and the woman’s hair flowed the color of corn silk. Something crying, hollow and cold called to him. Jack stoked the bitter pain, touched weeping deep green eyes and kissed the stolen tear into a garland of flowers.

The song was ending, the power reached crescendo. The whip fell for the last time, white hot, driving Jack back into his tortured body. “Come in, she said I’ll give ya shelter from the storm.” Jack whispered through clenched teeth. The woman’s image blurred over Jack’s for a moment then disappeared in a shower of multi colored sparks. The shield locking into place, burning itself into his muscle and blood and bones. Jack screamed and fell to his knees, grasped his cock hard in his hands. Stroked, claws raking.

He moaned in release, his body shaking in waves. Orgasm pulsed through his aching cock, his form shifted without his control, the freezing power arc of the completed spell, hitting him all together. The tsunami of sensations drove all conscious thought from his mind. He seized, convulsed, grazing his forehead on the wall, his back arched. He slid off his knees. His claws scraping on the stone floor. Whimpering and sobbing as the shuddering became trembling… slowed… stopped.

He relaxed into a sweaty, bloody, cum wet tangle. He gazed upward at the blood spattered ceiling, smiled. Deeply happy. Safe, Numb, Broken and floating.

Finlos stood over him talking, but Jack couldn’t hear him. He smiled groggily up at the big man, but received no smile in return. He was picked up. Limp, wings and arms and legs flopping, his tail dragging across the floor. Laid on the bed. Water and cloth touching him, cleaning him. But he lay
alone, the giant did not hold him. Standing watch over him, guarding and wary. Jack felt regret at the lost trust, but it was vague. …soon darkness took even that thought away.

Shelter From the Storm
Bob Dylan
‘Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
When blackness was a virtue the road was full of mud
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured
I’ll always do my best for her, on that I give my word
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved
Try imagining a place where it’s always safe and warm
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail
Poisoned in the bushes an’ blown out on the trail
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin’ there
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Now there’s a wall between us, somethin’ there’s been lost
I took too much for granted, I got my signals crossed
Just to think that it all began on an uneventful morn
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount
But nothing really matters much, it’s doom alone that counts
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

I’ve heard newborn babies wailin’ like a mournin’ dove
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm
In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes
I bargained for salvation and she gave me a lethal dose
I offered up my innocence I got repaid with scorn
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Well, I’m livin’ in a foreign country but I’m bound to cross the line
Beauty walks a razor’s edge, someday I’ll make it mine
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born
Come in, she said
I’ll give ya shelter from the storm

Songwriters: BOB DYLAN

Chapter End Notes

Jack tries to justify using someone. Dylan's music just fits spell casting to me. Harsh and heartfelt.
Chapter 8: The Girl from Ipanema

Voices called far away. He tried to answer but slipped into blackness again. Hunger stirred in his belly but it was too hard to wake. After a while it faded. A blurred image of someone standing over him, shaking him. More voices that receded, leaving him to blissful quiet. A dream of sleeping in a white cold world. Drifting like snow, moving with the wind.

Jack turned in his sleep and was jarred into consciousness by stab of pain across his back. “OW! Ow! Damn.” Lights glowed on at his movement. The room was empty. His guardian gone.

Jack eased himself up. Groggy with too much sleep. He touched his broken rib, tender but starting to heal. His balls hurt. His back was sore and tight. His butt and the back of his thighs burned. He got to his feet and tottered into the bathroom. God he looked like crap.

His shoulders, back, ass and thighs were and purpled with bruises, streaked with welts, and half healed cuts. He had a bruise on his forehead and his left eye was blackened. There was a welt across his scrotum and over his hip that ached with every step.

“Well Jack,” he said to himself, “this is what you get for playing with amateurs. A good top could have put you in the right space with only half as much damage.”

He smiled crookedly, answered himself, “but I wouldn’t have enjoyed it as much.”

On the plus side the shield was sunk into his very bones, the spell now as permanent as any binding he’d ever cast. He could feel the nexus overhead, but it wasn’t overwhelming. His mind was his own. He also had a surplus of magic coursing through his veins.

Jack took a deep breath, focused and bled some of the power into healing. It was difficult work, running contrary to his nature. It required delicate and finicky spell weaving to nudge along the natural processes of his own body. He labored for the better part of an hour, easing the worst of the damage until he managed to set his shoulder on fire. He yelped and doused the flame with a handful of water from the sink.

He checked in the mirror, he still looked like crap, but like a week had passed since the beating instead of a day. He stretched and felt the muscles respond. Good. A little stiff but functional.

“What I need is a warm bath” Jack thought.

He tried the tub but got no water.

“What the hell?”
That’s when he noticed that the new clothing was gone and the damn Hello Kitty pants were hung in its place. There were neither towels or washcloths or soap, nor the array of bathing oils from his last bath. The sink only gave cold water.

“Alright, I pissed somebody off.” He thought, wondering for a moment if Finlos was responsible, but the big man didn’t strike Jack as being so petty. He shrugged and washed as best he could with the cold water. He brushed off the excess and let the air dry his skin. While he was waiting, the door opened again. A guard placed a covered bowl on the floor while another pointed one of their weapons at Jack. The first guard backed out and the door closed.

“So now”, Jack thought, “I am a dangerous prisoner, no longer a guest.”

He pulled on the pants noticing that they had been washed, stains removed and a couple of small tears mended.

“But a prisoner that shouldn’t look too shabby.”

Jack walked over and inspected the bowl. It contained the same bland gruel he’d been fed on the capture ship. A very far cry from his last meal. Jack ate it anyway. He had a feeling that he’d need the energy before the day was done. He washed his hands and took a final drink from the sink when the door opened again.

The same two guards motioned him out. He stepped outside the room and was meet with four more of them. Serious, professional guards, their weapons never wavered from his chest as they pointed him further down the corridor. As they marched him along Jack could hear a low roar, like the sea booming against the shore, rising and falling. As the sound built he recognized the noise of a crowd. His heart beat faster.

People passed them going back down the hall. Bloodied. Limping. Two uniformed men dragged a very dead creature down a crossing hallway. The smell of blood, fear, and sweat was strong. Then they were in a long room filled with weapons and armor, people hanging things up, taking them down, talking, laughing, crying, praying and cursing. Many turned to look at Jack, the new boy.

“Choose your weapons and armor.” The lead guard said.

Jack walked down the room. Inspecting the offerings, swords, knives, various clubs, and spears. Armor and helmets of leather and bronze and steel. Shields of all shapes and sizes. Comments followed him.

“So that’s the flyer.”

“He’s a little guy.”

“Doesn’t look like much.”

“Hardly a warm up.”

Jack found what he wanted in a far corner. A plain wooden staff, six feet long, well-oiled despite its coating of dust. He swung it overhead. Very good balance, solid weight, just enough flexibility, it was a couple of inches past his own height but not unwieldy. It felt like oak, but was a rich dark brown.

He turned back to the guard.

“I’m ready.”
The guard paused, then dismissed the words before he said them. It wasn’t his funeral. If this idiot wanted to go into the arena wearing a pair of cloth pants and holding a stick he didn’t care. He had no bet placed on him anyway.

The guard pointed to a bench where other fighters were waiting. “Sit there. They’ll call you when it’s your turn.”

Jack sat down. The creature next to him, a scaly green reptilian looked him over.

“You plan on dying quickly?”

“No.”

“Good. Because some of those bastards on the other side will take their time killing you, just to thrill the crowd.”

“Unlike you, huh?”

Scaly grinned. “I’d do the same but we don’t fight people on our side. Prevents guys getting together and cheating.”

“Are the fights always to the death?”

“Or till one of the contestants can’t fight anymore, but usually you just kill him then. The crowd likes that, and being popular gets you all kinds of favors.”

“Anyone win and not kill his opponent?”

“Rarely. The Grandmaster may intervene and allow a really good fighter to live. Or maybe someone lets a wounded guy go if he fought really well. Sometimes the crowd likes that.”

The yelling voices swelled then crested into a chant. Jack couldn’t make out the word.

One of the guards motioned Scaly.

“I’m gonna pound that bastard into dust.” He said, bouncing onto his feet. He picked up a heavy mace and trotted out of the room toward the arena. A moment later a pair of attendants crossed the room carrying the broken body of the last fighter.

Jack could hear Scaly shouting “Dreever! Dreever! As he entered the arena. The crowd roared again and then there was a pause. Followed by a bellow and the clash of metal on metal. The clamor picked up again, yelling, screaming. It covered the sounds of the fighters.

Jack sat quietly during the fight, thinking of his strategy, hardening his resolve. He had no intention of dying, but he would not kill to appease either a megalomaniac or a blood thirsty throng. He had spent his entire adult life fighting that part of himself and he would not give in now. He might be a thief, a slut, a manipulative, lying, son of a bitch, but he was no murderer. He took a deep breath and centered. Remembering all he had been taught, all he had learned in the art of defense.

The fight was followed by a second one. Scaly or Dreever, if that was his name strutted in, weary but victorious. His armor splattered with blood, bits of bone and matter wedged into the mace’s head. He had a slice across his arm but otherwise unharmed. “Dreever! He chanted along with the crowd. He dropped his mace by the rack, raised his hands and shook his fists at his fellow gladiators.
“Dreever!” Most ignored him. One said, “Yeah, yeah, clean up the weapon Dreeve.”

“You shut up, I ain’t cleaning nothing!”

The guard motioned to Jack. As the two fighters bickered, he rose and walked out into the sunlight of the arena.

The high walls towered thirty feet over his head. Above that were multitudes of various peoples, a montage of color and motion and noise. The sand was coarse under his bare feet, stained with blood and other fluids, and next to the walls, littered with bits of trash fallen from the seats. A few stray pieces blew across the arena floor. The air was hot and close, reeking of pollution and decaying flesh.

A hologram of the Grandmaster appeared, one hundred feet tall.

“Hey hey. I hope you are enjoying the fights so far. I know I am and that’s what’s important. I have a little treat for you, ladies and gentlemen. Something we haven’t seen in the arena for quite a while, a flyer straight from the planet Dirt. Give a warm Sakaar welcome to… Kitty!”

The crowd applauded halfheartedly.

“And back for his fifth appearance in the arena, a real dogged fighter, you know him as Trath the Terrible!”

The hologram disappeared.

Trath! Trath! Trath! The crowd shouted.

A man even bigger then Finlos, with dark grey skin and ham sized fists grasping twin scimitars swaggered into the arena. His steel chest plate, greaves and gauntlets gleamed in the sun. A metal helmet sported boar’s tusks and a horsetail crest. He shook his swords at the crowd and yelled “Trath!”

He turned to Jack and roared.

Jack gave him a short bow and then stood quietly, the staff held loose in his hand.

This seemed to enrage Trath and he charged snarling across the arena, scimitars flashing.

Jack waited, unmoving, for him to close the distance. His wings folded tight against his back. Watching the man’s run, noticing a slight unevenness in his pace, a tiny weakness in his right leg. Then Trath was upon him, the left scimitar slashing low, the right raised high. Jack moved. He glided a step backward, the left blade almost grazing his thigh, then moved in under the right arm and guiding its descent with the staff, he swept the fighter’s right leg out from under him with the other end of the staff, twisting the bone with an audible pop. He used Trath’s momentum and bowed, flipping the man across his back to crash head first into the sand. Before the grey man could recover, Jack spun the staff down in a controlled snap, hitting him in his throat hard enough to break the hyoid bone but not hard enough to shatter the pieces into his wind pipe.

Trath chocked, wheezed. He sat up over gasping, eyes bulging, and pulled off his helmet fighting for air.

Jack watched making sure the man could still breathe enough to live but not enough to fight. In a
moment he’d notice that his right leg was broken. A strangled yelp and a grasp for his thigh confirmed Jack’s observation.

The crowd was stunned silent at the sudden fall of their favorite.

Jack bowed again to Trath and walked a few paces away to give his attendants room enough to carry him off. He ignored the snarls from the crowd. A fight that lasted only seconds and left both contestants alive was not to their taste.

He turned and gave a slight nod to the Grandmaster’s booth. “I won’t kill for you.” He said softly.

Jack loosened his shoulders and stretched his wings before refolding them. If he could help it, he wasn’t going to fly for him either. The bastard wanted a show, he wasn’t going to give him anything. Forty plus years of dojo work had honed his self-defense technique into a minimalist method that was extremely effective, without a single flashy move. Jack was all about focus and yielding to win.

The gates across the arena opened and two fighters emerged. There was no name screaming from the surly crowd this time. The first man was tall, pale, with red eyes, blue hair and a single horn on his head, dressed in leather armor. He was equipped with a spear and a chain net studded with hooks. The other was heavy and squat, with an undershot jaw showing protruding fangs. He was armored in scaled mail, wore an open helmet and carried a heavy axe and shield. Tattoos marked his face with vertical lines. Jack bowed to them, head up. A sign of respect that they didn’t return.

They separated, circling on either side of Jack. To his eyes it was obvious they had never fought together. They kept watching to see what the other was doing instead of looking at Jack. Trying to figure out which of them was going to make the first move. Jack solved their dilemma by running toward the axe man. The stocky fighter raised his axe and sprinted to meet him.

Immediately tall guy took the bait, charging up behind Jack and throwing his net. Jack dropped to the ground pivoting, sliding to a stop on his knees as he heard the net snap out of the man’s hand. It whistled over his lowered head and caught axe man full in the face. Jack spun his staff horizontally and down, slapping the hurried spear thrust into the ground. Tall guy, still running, off balance, tried to hang onto the weapon. Jack rolled onto his back and kicked up with both feet, one caught tall guy in the belly, the other in the groin, launching him headfirst into the axe man who was still trying to get the net off his face and shield arm. Jack completed the backward roll and turned to face the tangled gladiators. A hard staff strike to one horn’s head stopped his struggles.

Axe man thrust the limp body off of him and threw his net enmeshed shield at Jack. He was quicker then he looked. Jack dodged the shield and the axe made a one handed swipe at his legs. He leapt back. The crowd was yelling now as the squat fighter swung again, wielding the heavy weapon with both hands. Again Jack eluded the blow as the axe skimmed within inches of his bare belly. A third swing seemed certain to take off his head and yet missed by a hand’s breath. Jack darted forward behind the strike, using the fighter’s impetus from the swing and a leg sweep with the staff to drop him to the ground. He smashed the end of the staff full across the short man’s eyes, fracturing his eye sockets and blinding him. Axe man screamed in agony, clutching his ruined face with one hand as he wildly swung his weapon with the other. Jack retreated to a safe distance till the man wore himself out.

A bottle flew out of the jeering mob and Jack smacked it back, without so much as turning his head, using a touch of magic to ensure it hit the thrower. He didn’t need them getting any ideas.

He again bowed to his opponents, the tall man barely stirring as he was lifted from the sand, the blinded axe man weeping tears of blood as the arena attendants led him away.
Jack turned toward the high viewing booth, to the two figures he could now see watching him. “I won’t kill for you.” he repeated.

The arena door on his side remained closed, they weren’t letting him go after his two bouts. “Yeah” he thought, “Someone is really getting ticked off at me.”

Overhead there was a loud grinding noise as a metal mesh was pulled over the top of the arena walls, right below the packed seating. The mesh gave off the smell of ozone and a low buzzing crackle. Jack wondered about this development. The metal disk in his neck insured he wasn’t going to fly away. Any attempt would lay him out flat. So why the mesh? The cheering of the crowd made him nervous. They knew what was coming, and it wasn’t going to be good for him.

His answer came when four men pushed out a large clear wheeled cage. They raced back to the protection of the tunnel and shut the door behind them. Inside the cage the Bittrod scrabbled at the glass. Insect legs flailing and serrated jaws snapping.

“Oh Crap!” said Jack.

The size of a small horse, built like a mantis but heavier, and incased in the natural armor of a toughened exoskeleton the Bittrod was far more dangerous than the combatants Jack had just fought. Not to mention the acid spitting. He remembered the guy on the ship telling him it had taken four seasoned gladiators, the real heavyweights to take one down. Jack had seen it move, and it was lighting fast.

Jack took a deep breath. “Center, steady.” he told himself. “If you are going to die, don’t let these bastards see you sweat.”

The cage door opened. The Bittrod stared at Jack. He bowed to it.

His heart almost stopped when it bowed back.

It, no, she Jack realized, noticing her ovipositor for the first time, stepped out of the cage, off the cart. She was graceful and deadly, shining iridescent blues and greens and purples in the sunlight, and deep black when she crossed into a shadow. He could see new gouges in her armor and knew she got them in the arena. He wondered how many she had already killed. She circled around Jack spiraling closer. He spun with her. Then, taking a wild chance, he placed his staff on the ground, lowered his arms and dropped his head. Still watching her, turning as she turned. Hoping she was not going to immediately cover him in acid or bite his head off.

She paused, raising her wing covers and extending and retracting her wings. Jack spread his own wings out and refolded them. Copying her movements as best he could. She tilted her head and Jack tilted his in response. She scurried forward and stopped, her deadly jaws inches from his face. Sweat ran down his forehead and dripped off the end of his nose. He slowly raised his head and looked into her multifaceted eyes.

“Thisss isss going to ssssuck beyond all belief.” She hissed in a flat metallic copy of his own voice.

“Good luck to you too.” he replied.

Jack looked up at the barrier, back down at her and formed in his mind a picture of her flying free through a rent in the mesh. He slowly reached a hand toward her head. The jaws snapped shut around his arm, the serrated edges poked into his skin and trickles of blood flowed to his elbow. It took everything he had not to pull his hand back. After a moment she released his arm and allowed him to touch her face. Jack opened his mind to her giving her the image. In return her thoughts
swirled alien into his mind. “Eggs to protect. Precious, precious eggs that contained all the brood she
would ever have. Vulnerable and alone. Food that caged her. Food that challenged her. Food she
killed and ate. Food that talked???”

“Not food “Jack sent. “Not food, Jack who will free you.”

Her sword like arm was against his back, the point pressed into his skin. He knelt before her, his
hands touching the sands of the arena.

The crowd was quiet, watching this strange tableau. Wondering when the Bittrod was going to spear
the annoying man and eat him.

Jack closed his thoughts to the Bittrod and opened his mind to the putrefying aura of blood and death
and pain that filled the arena. It poured into him like lava, vengeance, terror, and hatred threatening to
overwhelm him, the killing instinct raged within him. He could kill her, kill the crowd, and raze the
arena to the ground. Give everything in sight its well-deserved destruction.

He retreated to the icy core of his being, cooling his mind, those were the thoughts of ghosts, not his
own. Power there was but not nearly enough to do what the ghost thoughts demanded. He needed to
be calm for this to work. Needed to be submissive to survive the Bittrod’s regard. The slightest bit of
aggression and that arm would gut him before he could twitch.

Jack knew he was no true wizard. His spells were limited to those he infused on himself. What he
was going to try, he had never tried before, but he was very familiar with summoning, he knew its
effects forward and back. He raised his head, smiled and reached with the stolen power to summon a
portion of the electric singing mesh to the arena floor.

The effect was spectacular if not exactly what he expected. Power leaped up, channeled through him
into the steel netting. Lightning splashed burning over the mesh arcing back down to bury itself into
the arena sands. People screaming as bits of molten steel flew up into the audience. The power
flashed back up through him again, a feedback loop that screamed into the sky. The center of the
mesh bent, pulled lower and lower as the energy cycled. Jack sweated, trembling with the effort to
hold the power focused on the netting.

With a screech of tortured metal it ripped apart into red hot shards, peeling away from the center and
slamming back into the walls of the arena. The excess energy exploding up into the sky in a shower
of sparks. More howling and scrambling as people tried to avoid pieces of burning chain.

The Bittrod wasted no time and was airborne before the remains of the mesh had stopped rippling.
Flying fast and high she was out over the arena and vanishing into the sky, quicker than any of the
hovering ships could respond. Jack laughed in pure joy to see her soar free.

His joy was short lived.

Pain slammed through him, pinning him to the arena sand as the disc burned white hot on his neck,
searing into his spine, locking his limbs in spasms. He fought it with the remains of the stolen power
and managed to raise one hand up.

Jack flipped off the watchers in the viewing booth.

“I won’t kill for you.” He spat through clenched teeth. His arm fell back.

Trash rained down at him from the audience, most of it falling short, the occasional bottle or rock
hitting him as he lay helpless, his back arched, muscles clenching as the electricity danced across his
nerves.
Yes, he was making friends left and right.

After what seemed like hours, but was in truth only minutes the disc released him. He lay panting on the sand. An attendant prodded him to his feet with his own staff and Jack staggered out of the arena. He was shaking from the release of adrenalin, his whole body aching and clumsy from the effects of the damn disc.

The boos and hisses of the mob followed him down the hallway. The rest of the gladiators glared at him. Facing an ugly crowd only made things harder for them. Jack was too tired to give a damn. He shook out his wings and brushed off as much of the sand as he could reach.

Left alone by the attendant in the weapon chamber, he found on oiled rag and wiped off the staff and replaced it in the rack. Since no one seemed to be paying any more attention to him he left the room, and started back up the corridor towards his cell, wanting a nap. Working magic always wiped him out. Even though this time he’d used the remains of death auras, rather than drawing solely his own power, the channeling itself was tiring.

Halfway down the hall two guards intercepted him, then four more appeared. His companions from earlier. They marched him to an elevator without a word.

“Off to the principal’s office for being a bad boy?” he asked the guards.

They motioned him inside ignoring his question.

The elevator moved soundlessly upwards. Toward the Nexus. Toward the creature he had just done his damnedest to piss off.

Jack started singing

“Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes goes, ah. “

When he forgot the words he added a lot of do doo doo do das. One of the guards scowled at him and Jack smiled. He liked making new friends.

Chapter End Notes

Aikido is Jack's martial art, along with a practical helping of ruthlessness. Self defense from a kneeling or prone position is a real thing. I tried to remember some of the moves buts it's been years. Artistic license if I fucked them up.
Hotel California

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 9: Hotel California

Jack was tired, operating on sheer nerve.

“Hung for a lamb, hung for a sheep.” he thought. “I might as well play it for all its worth.” He refused to be hauled up cringing before the Grandmaster.

As the elevator opened he strutted out making the guards have to trot to keep up with him. He didn’t need the guards to direct him where to go, he knew where the Nexus was, he could hear its humming under his skin.

Jack started singing whatever came to mind. He tried a verse of the “Wonderful Wizard of Sakaar”, but they refused to take up the chorus and kept blocking the dance moves. “Too Sexy” went down better, he heard a suppressed female snigger from one of the guards when he got to the “shake my little tush” line. He gave her a wink and a grin. His confidence building from their reaction. Playing them ever so gently. He was dancing backwards to Pharrell’s infectious “Happy”, the guards unknowing stepping to the rhythm, the two closest to him giving a hip swing or a head bob as he sang, when the corridor opened into a room.

Four of the guards halted, snapped into attention. Jack ignored them and pulled the two enthralled guards further in with him as he sang the last two lines, both of them moving to his steps, beaming. He stopped his back still to the room. They stumbled as he let the glamor drop, confused, then quickly brought their weapons up and trained them on him, their eyes wide with fear, as they looked beyond him.

The sound of one man slowly clapping.

“Yes, Yes, very droll.”

Jack turned and gave an overly theatrical bow. “Grandmaster, you wished to see me?” he tried to sound light and relaxed, but he heard the stress as his vocal cords tightened. “Damn!” he thought, “Even shielded he’s still hot as hell.” The scintillating power corona around the Grandmaster as enticing as the man himself.

The Grandmaster waved off the flustered guards. “Just go away and punish yourselves.” He frowned at Jack.

Jack met his gaze for a moment, his smile becoming a nervous grin. He looked away, fighting his
intense physical attraction to this very dangerous Being.

The Grandmaster paced a circle around Jack as he spoke, sounding disappointed, even hurt.

“Here I extend my hospitality, give you every courtesy and how am I repaid? You work unauthorized magic, seduce my faithful supporter, give the worst performance ever seen in my arena and release one of my most prized fighters.”

“I thought the point was to survive the arena.”

“The point was to be entertaining in the arena.” came the snappish reply.

Jack shivered at the tone of the silver haired man’s voice. “This is Michael all over again. Only worse, much, much worse.” He thought. “He’ll break you in ways Michael could never conceive of.” The darker thought emerged. “But he’ll never apologize for it, he’ll never ruin it like Michael did. Never become an old and dying man begging his forgiveness for thirty years of skillful power manipulations. Turning the gift of my bitter and glorious submission into something petty and sick.”

“Not to mention you got blood all over your room.” He continued petulantly, “The cleaning staff was not happy about that. I almost had to melt someone over it.” He shook his head slightly “Now you charm my guards into forgetting their duty.”

Jack licked his lips, staring at the tile underfoot and tried to think of pink hippos or green rhinos, anything but to think of the Grandmaster looked and sounded and mmm… smelled. How much he wanted to please him. How badly he wanted to be broken by this creature’s will. “Don’t be so goddamn easy, you idiot.” He told himself.

The Grandmaster sighed in exasperation “What am I supposed to do with you, Kitty?”

“Spank me?”

Jack bushed scarlet “Fuck! I did not say that aloud.” He thought, “Please god I did not say that aloud.”

But no, that was his voice sounding hopeful, eager, almost begging. He could feel the heat flush down his chest and of course, to complete his humiliation his dick was now hard, the erection plain to see through the light cloth.

He heard a low pitched laugh from the man sprawling on the couch, the watcher he hadn’t paid any attention to.

Jack glanced up, needing to look at anything other than the Grandmaster. His eyes widened in recognition.

“You’re Loki, that…” Jack shut his mouth and bit his lower lip before he said anything else.

“Psycho?” Loki added helpfully with an ice cold smile. “I believe that was what you called me. Right before you gave that mocking performance for your friends.”

Jack was momentarily shocked out of his fascination for the Grandmaster.

“How the hell could you know about that?”

“En (En? his name is En and Loki calls him by name?) doesn’t like people stealing from his, guests. It came to his attention that your captors harbored such a thief. He asked me to ensure that the stolen
property found its way back to its owners."

“He asks him to do favors for him?” Jack thought nostrils flaring. That brought him a whiff of the Grandmaster coming off this way too beautiful, elegant, sardonic piece of eye candy. Male musk and sweat that held Loki’s cedar and moss scent mingled with the Grandmaster’s odor of ozone overlaid with patchouli. (the smarmy shit is getting fucked by Him!)

“Which led to this.” Loki held up Jack’s phone. “It’s amazing how much information you mortals leave about yourselves on these devices. Financial records, personal messages, quite an interesting collection of photos.” He rose from the couch with the languid grace of a cat.

“Venus rising from the waves” thought Jack watching the performance “You just couldn’t stand up could you, you fucking asshole.”

“And one very disrespectful little video.”

“His phone,” Jack thought “Addy was using his phone to take pictures not hers! She’d recorded Arne and him taking a break, naked on the bed and Addy calling the shots. Jack using his stupid talent for impersonations, the most scathing one was of Loki. Doing the German speech, wearing a traffic cone for a helmet and using that ridiculous oversized vibrator for a scepter. How it ended with Arne tackling him, roaring “HULK SMASH! And nailing him while he was hanging half off the bed.

“I found that last bit particularly unamusing.” Loki said as though reading jack’s thoughts. He stalked forward and snarled into Jack’s face, “How dare you!”

Jack took a step back from the taller man’s outrage, squaring his shoulders, spreading his wings, his tail lashing as he returned the glare.

“How dare I?” He spat “You’re the bastard who staged the most half-assed invasion in the history of the fucking universe. How many people, good people, died because of you? Is this is the famous Asgardian punishment we were promised? Queening it around on Trash World and sucking the boss’ dick?”

Blades appeared in Loki’s hands and he struck lightning fast, slashing across Jack’s belly in what should have been a fatal blow. But Jack was almost as quick leaping back and shifting form. The knife barely creased his skin.

“Boys, boys.” the Grandmaster said in a warning voice.

Jack snarled as his face elongated into a muzzle, lips thinning, teeth growing, his mouth filled with thin sharpened fangs. His ears pointed, and lay tight against his head. His hair grew courser, thickening, jet black quills pushing through his scalp creating a shining crest a foot high. They rattled like dry bones as he snapped his jaws at the godling’s arm.

Loki dodged out of the way and slashed again, opening a cut on Jack’s cheek.

Jack screamed in rage, shaking his head and splattering Loki with pale icy blood.

Jack’s backbone stretched, lengthened, basalt quills pushed out of his spine and created a lethal ridge from his neck to the base of his tail. His tail tip blossomed into a heavy mace, the quills thicker and fixed. He leaped at Loki, his eyes blazing cobalt fire, no white, no pupil. He reached with razor sharp claws trying to grasp the elusive bastard. Wing spikes stabbing.

Loki was too nimble, quick, blurring blades cutting stripes in Jack’s white leathery hide as he dodged
the tail mace swing at his ankles. He eluded the tearing claws with an unearthly grace, ripping a knife across one of Jack’s wings.

The binding patterns responded to the magic of the blades, burning brightly, covering Jack from scalp, to fingertips, to the soles of his feet in interwoven designs of glacier blue. The air fogged, chilling. Frost raced across the tile under their feet, both booted and bare as they swirled, feinting and slashing.

Loki’s eyes gleamed red, his teeth bared in a predator’s smile. Snow precipitated out of the heavy air, cloaking them in a miniature blizzard

“That is quite enough.” The Grandmaster said in a mildly annoyed voice.

Jack was slammed back against the viewing window. Pinned, feet off the ground, by a power he had no way of countering.

“Loki, I expected better of you.”

Loki took a deep breath, his eyes shifting back to green. He tossed his hair back, straightened his tunic, and brushed snowflakes off his shoulders. The knives gone as if they had never been. “He insulted me.” He sounded more miffed then contrite.

“You are lucky you two didn’t break anything.”

“And you!” Jack was released from the window only to be forced down to his knees.

The Grandmaster’s hand was on his cheek cupping his long jaw, tilting his head up so Jack was forced to meet his eyes.

“You are so… not very honest… hiding your nature… and I’ve been so kind. Just…stuffed full of secrets, too many secrets. I like my guests to be… open.”

Fingertips caressed Jack’s chin, trailed down his throat. Alien magic running over his hide, sparkling. It felt so good. He licked the Grandmaster’s arm with his long black tongue, leaving melting frost flowers on his warm skin.

“I’m sorry, please…” he lisped through a mouthful of fangs. Defeated by that gentle touch, Jack wasn’t capable of fighting his desire anymore.

“Maybe. Let’s see if you can learn some manners.” He grasped a handful of Jack’s coarse hair and walked back to where Loki had reseated himself on the couch. Jack forced to crawl at his side. Still in full demon form, he was held on all fours at Loki’s feet.

“I believe an apology is in order.”

Jack growled. The Grandmaster tightened the grip in his hair forcing his head down till his chin was touching the toe of Loki’s boot. Loki shifted uncomfortably. All those teeth, that close to his groin was not welcome.

“You really don’t get this, do you? I am trying, trying so hard to help you, give you what you need and you just keep… keep fighting… fighting me.” He sounded hurt, and it hurt Jack to cause him pain.

Jack whined, bared his fangs at Loki, and tried to rub his shoulder against the Elder’s leg.
“I see. Can’t use your tongue for speaking hmmm? Then maybe you could use it to clean his boots off? every bit of dirt. Yes? And Jack.” Jack looked up at the first use of his name. “Don’t freeze his toes and do not get a drop of mud on the floor.”

He stroked the quills on Jack’s head.

“Yes... yes sir.” Jack ducked his head, shivering in shame, his emotions raw. He licked the warm leather as freezing tears ran down his face. Hating Loki, hating that he loved this humiliation even more.

The Grandmaster settled beside Loki sliding an arm around the younger man’s shoulders.

“I think you will like this next contestant, she’s got a reputation for ruthlessness.” He said.

He signaled for the games to begin again. The crowd roared, men and women fought for their lives, killing and wounding each other. Drinks were brought, drank, refilled. A bowl of water was placed on the floor next to Jack. He lapped it up, his mouth dry. And went back to his work.

A conversation was carried on above his head. Occasionally the Grandmaster dropped a hand down to pat his shoulder.

He licked his enemy’s boots clean from toe to heel. Ankle to calf. Cleaning the filth from the sole as it was lifted to his wet tongue. Accepting his punishment. Needing it. Craving it. Knowing he was an evil monster.

The music got louder, wilder. The other guests’ talking became boisterous. There were gasps of pleasure, the smell of arousal, sweat, sex.

He could feel the heat in Loki’s body as the Grandmaster kissed and stroked him.

One of the servants fastened a sturdy collar around Jack’s neck. A leash was attached and passed upwards. He whined in pleasure.

“Mmm... I knew you had potential.”

A loop was passed around the barbed end of Jack’s tail and it was pulled up and tied to his collar. Servants bound his spiked wings with stripes of cloth. He kept licking over the now spotless leather boots. Polishing them with his muzzle. Occasionally jerking his head aside to avoid a heel in his teeth as Loki responded to the Grandmaster’s caresses.

Someone spoke to the Grandmaster. He took his lips from Loki’s mouth long enough to say, “Yes. That would be nice... don’t you think so?” Loki’s reply was a low throaty laugh.

Hands grasped Jack’s hips pulling him up onto his knees. His pants were pulled down baring his butt. Loki stepped on the leash forcing Jack’s head back down to his boot’s toes. There was a wet warm touch on his tight asshole. He wiggled his butt back, begging with his body.

With no more prep than that, a slick heavy cock was punched hard into him, tearing its way up his ass. He yelped in pain and the man pulled out. Only to slam back in deeper than before, bottoming out. Grinding in deep as heavy balls slapped his. The heat of his cock burning into Jack’s butt.

“Keep licking, monster,” Loki’s voice was slurred, drunk or aroused or both.

Jack panted, lapping and sucking the slick leather. Moaning in dark pleasure.
“It’s like fucking an ice sculpture” the man behind him grunted. Slamming him harder, lifting his knees off the ground with each forceful thrust. His quills rattled, as he was bounced against the man’s hips. His attacker’s belt buckle smacked into the underside of his tail in a steady rhythm. He scrappered his claws on the frosted tile. Wrapped his wet tongue around Loki’s leather clad ankle, his lips pressed against side seem of the boot. His torn ring clenching tight on the heat of the man’s cock as it punished him.

Jack writhed, his yips of pain muffled as he sucked and licked in a frenzy of need. His ass felt like it was on fire and he humped back into the rising heat.

“Yes... You like that don’t you?” he heard the Grandmaster breath, unsure if he was talking to Loki or himself. The words sent Jack shuddering in pleasure.

Scorching fingers dug into his hips with bruising force.

The man was swearing as he fucked Jack’s snow cold butt. His punishing cock pounded fast in short brutal jabs. Jack was aching for release, his cock smacking against his belly. “Touch me! He screamed inside his own head, “Tell me to jerk myself off. I want to cum all over his fucking boots!” He whined out loud without words.

The man rode him faster, “No” Jack growled against leather, “No! Too soon!”

He felt the shuddering deep in his ass as the man gasped and came, pumping. His seed was searing hot, boiling into Jack’s icy guts.

Jack hissed in pain and jerked away, kicking out, bucking the man off his ass. Fighting the leash. His eyes mad with agony. Coiling around the hurt, his body shifted back to demi demon. His now unbarbed tail slipping free of the restraint and tucking between his legs.

He heard the guy cursing as he was dumped on the floor.

Jack panted, as the pain receded. With the shift, the cum in his ass no longer felt like it was molten, though his anus and rectum where thrumming with the remembered pain.

He was jerked back to the couch by the leash.

The Grandmaster was smiling, his arms around Loki’s waist, one slender hand stroking the mischief god’s hard shaft, thumb rubbing over the velvet head. Loki holding the other end of the leash, his eyes half lidded.

“Was that a first time for you?... the first time being fucked in that form? Was it good?”

Jack paled at his words.

God he was beyond beat. His skin splashed with blood from the shallow knife wounds, older bruises and fresh ones red, black, purple and yellow. The half healed whip marks split open. His muscles loose and weak and trembling. His lips swollen and his tongue sore. His guts ached. His asshole was sore. His fucking cock hurt. His goddam hair hurt. He wanted to crawl in a hole and not come out till it was next year.

“You’ll have to work on your tolerances for pain... Hmmm? What do you think Loki?”

Jack paled at his words.

“What does BM.WM.FMTT mean?” Loki asked Jack, grinning wickedly as he wiggled and pushed
into the Grandmaster’s fondling hand. Gorgeously slutty, his hair sweat damp on his forehead, his nipples tight little buds under the tunic. “It’s engraved on his coffee mug.” He explained to his lover.

Jack growled softly, his eyes blazing. “Bite me. Whip me. Fuck me to tears.”

“That sounds like a plan.”

“Screw you!” Jack said sprawling at Loki’s feet.

Loki leaned his head back to take the Grandmaster’s hungry kiss on his lips. Sliding onto his lap, his tight leather pants pushed down to mid-thigh. Working his hips as he thrust into the strokes. Watching Jack’s slow burn reaction to the way the Grandmaster was petting and playing with him.

“Don’t you wish you were worthy of that?” Squirming like a snake, grinding his ass into the Elder’s lap “Of all this?” He asked between kisses.

“Oh yes” Jack said his voice low and slow. Pushing his tangled pants off his ankles he raised up onto all fours, dared to rub his mouth over Loki’s knee. His eyes intent on Loki’s smug smile. “You arrogant fuck.” he thought.

The Grandmaster chuckled softly.

“Mmmm I’d love to able to kiss your warm skin.” he nuzzled the blue leather. “Lick you in your sweetest hidden places.” Slipping his now human tongue into the folds of bunched material. He admired the beautiful junction of Loki’s hip and upper thigh. (The son of bitch has a patch of pale little freckles just under his left hip bone.)

Loki laughed as Jack pressed his erection against his booted shin, but his eyes were wary. His hand on the leash tight.

“Oh yeah! Feel the pulse of your blood moving through your hot flesh.” Jack purred as he humped his hips against Loki’s lower leg. He looked Loki full in his sex flushed face and growled in a voice of loving tenderness, “And suck, taste, mmm savor.” Jacks eyes half closing in desire. His tongue licking over his bruised lips. His cock rubbing in circles on the slick leather “Oh fuck yes… suck… the marrow from your living bones while you shriek in agony.”

He wasn’t quite quick enough to dodge completely clear of the expected kick. It caught him on his flank instead of his balls. Making his laugh more of a winded cough.

“The only way I’d…” he faltered to a stop.

Something was very wrong.

Loki was frozen. No longer looking at him, but through him. He was propped unmoving like a broken china doll in the Elder’s arms, only his emerald eyes were alive into the porcelain mask of his face. And those eyes were wide with remembered horror.


His terror vibrated within Jack’s shield. One stolen tear’s worth of power that made it impossible to put this down as an empty act.
He’d wanted to hurt Loki, to make the heartless monster angry, make him pay at least in annoyance for the harm he’d caused. But this sickened him. And he’d triggered it. His words. The most vicious thing he could think up had triggered a memory. Of something real. Oh fuck.

“Hey Baby, what’s wrong?” The Grandmaster cooed in Loki’s ear.

As quickly as the expression came it was gone, the dread fading from Jack’s perception.

Loki’s face twisted into the parody of a smile. “Nothing. I think my new toy needs a lesson in holding its tongue when it’s not being usefully employed.”

“You toy!?”

“Why do you think I have your leash?” Loki reminded him with a tug.

“He doesn’t listen…” The Elder said nuzzling Loki’s neck. “I told him I was busy… I’m running a planet here. ” Fingers undoing the front of Loki’s tunic. “Where would I find the time to train another pet?”

Loki’s eyes narrowed at his comment, his expression calculating, but the Grandmaster was engrossed in running his hands up Loki’s lean muscled abdomen and didn’t seem to notice.

“Come here.” Loki jerked Jack to his feet with a hard tug on the leash. Jack grabbed the leash with both hands and leaned back.

The Grandmaster sighed, glancing at Jack. “I’m beginning to think… perhaps… it would be less trouble to just melt you.”

The short female who had been silently guarding the Grandmaster all night smiled a mean little smile and extended the golden staff she was holding. He paused considering, shook his head. Turned to Jack.

“It’s not really my call… except of course it is… But, I did give you away… so you are his responsibility.”

A startled look crossed Loki’s face.

“You aren’t going to an embarrassing gift, now are you? Like one of those whirling things that just stop working?” He twirled his fingers in a circle. “So disappointing… I think the choice of a gift says so much about the giver… and of course the recipient. I like to see that people appreciate my generosity.”

Jack was not stupid, and he’d been given into another’s hands before. He let go of the leash.

Loki slid forward on the Grandmaster’s lap and pulled Jack’s face inches from his. He smiled his shark’s grin.

Jack shivered.

“Open your mouth.” Jack complied.

Slender fingers reached in, grasped his tongue like a vise and pulled it out between his lips. He felt his body start to shift at the touch and shut it down concentrating on holding still. The touch of steel on his lower lip was not as cold as the fingers gripping his tongue. A sharp point pressed into the underside of his tongue and slowly, painfully pushed upwards cutting a hole into the meat. The blade
twisting as blood poured down his chin. Loki looking not at Jack, but at his work. Jack whined in pain, his breath steaming.

“Ugg! Don’t get that mess on the couch…”

The blade was withdrawn. Jack’s eyes were watering from the pain, tears running down his face. The knife, a fruit knife Jack noted absently, was laid back on the couch side table.

Loki took the end of the leash and threaded it through the wound in Jack’s tongue. He slipped it back through the ring in his collar and pulled it tight, tying it off. Forcing Jack’s head to bend, his neck to arch, and his tongue to stick out as far as it would go. Blood and drool running down his bare chest.

“You will not remove this, you will not shift your form, and you will not use magic to heal this. Do you understand me?” His voice was a caress.

Jack managed an “uh huh” unable to speak or nod his head.

“Maybe, just maybe it will teach you to think before you speak.” Doubt etched in every syllable.

He pulled Jack close and breathed into his ear. “As fuckable as your mouth looks right now, I think I’ll wait until you are the one shrieking in agony before I begin.”

Loki shoved Jack back to the floor. With a gesture the leather pants and tunic were gone and he climbed back onto the Grandmasters lap straddling him. Naked but for his boots, The Elder’s hands cupped the perfect globes of his ass.

Loki looked back over his shoulder. Tugged on the leash wrapped around his wrist.

Jack groaned, propped up on his side, blood pooling on the floor as he watched his tormenter from the corner of his tearing eyes. The pain in his tongue and mouth too brutal, too intimate for him to do anything but endure.

“Play with yourself, ice demon, get that cock hard for me. But if you cum I’ll cut your balls off and stuff them down your throat till you choke.”

Jack had an excellent view of the Grandmaster’s hard shaft as Loki stroked it with a slickened hand. Then guided the fat wet head into his rosebud of an asshole. He squirmed his pale butt all the way down with a deep moan and began riding.

***********

Hotel California
Eagles
On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night

There she stood in the doorway
I heard the mission bell
And I was thinking to myself
‘This could be heaven or this could be Hell
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor
I thought I heard them say
Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year) you can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, that she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget

So I called up the Captain
'Please bring me my wine
He said, "we haven’t had that spirit here since nineteen sixty-nine
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say”

Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They livin’ it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise), bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling
The pink champagne on ice
And she said, 'we are all just prisoners here, of our own device
And in the master’s chambers
They gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives
But they just can’t kill the beast

Last thing I remember, I was
Running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
'Relax’ said the night man
'We are programmed to receive
You can check out any time you like

But you can never leave!
Songwriters: DON FELDER, DON HENLEY, GLENN FREY© Cass County Music / Wisteria

Chapter End Notes

Music is important to Jack, and his tastes are eclectic. It also helps him in working magic, though honestly who can keep from dancing to Pharrell's upbeat "Happy"?
Chapter 10: Game On

Jack felt like a speed freak at the end of a weeklong bender and he knew he looked like hell, and smelled worse. Regardless, this was a challenge, and no one could say that Jack Linden was one to quit. Godling or not if Loki thought he was going to outdo Jack in a fuck off he was dead wrong. This was not his first rodeo. Or his first worm’s eye view of someone he wanted, screwing another man.

Jack had spent years playing in some of the most notorious dungeons and back rooms in the Tenderloin, where his limits amounted to being mostly alive at the end of the night. Considering Jack had the inhuman ability to heal from a good amount of damage, as far as he was concerned, pretty boy Loki was a scoop of vanilla ice cream with a few sprinkles and a cherry on top in comparison.

Jack inched over to give the Grandmaster a better view of what he was doing, the leash going taunt. He created a cradle of his wings till he was sitting reclined, wing wrists supporting his head, to ease the ache in his neck and give a bit of slack in the leash through his tongue. He pulled his knees up and planted his feet flat on the floor, his tail between his narrow thighs.

With a hand that shook from exhaustion he scooped drool and blood from his chest and began stroking his cock into hardness. Rolling his hips as he slowly pumped into his hand.

He was rewarded with a slow smile from the Elder, who was enjoying having his cake and eating it too. Thrusting into Loki’s hot squirming ass, squeezing his butt cheeks, nuzzling his neck while watching Jack play with himself.

Jack dropped his hand and slid his tail up, lapping a double coil around his shaft then snaking the end onto his bloody tongue. The pain was almost overwhelming, but now he commanded it. Jack, not Loki was in charge. If it took plundering his own mouth to reclaim that control, he’d do it.

“Wow!” was the heated comment from the Grandmaster.

Loki caught his change of focus and twisted around to see. His eyes widened. Watching the demon fuck his own damaged mouth was, quite frankly, the most perverted thing he had seen in quite a while. He purred with lust.

Jack grasped his ankles and starting rocking on his supporting wings, thrusting his cock up into the squeezing coils, sucking the blunt end of his tail as he worked it in and out of his lips. Bobbing his head ever so slightly, causing the leash to slowly saw through the meat of his tongue. Blood running down his chest to pool on his belly.

For Jack it wasn’t a problem of cumming too soon, it was a problem of balancing the tearing pain in
his mouth and tongue and his utter fatigue. His major difficulty was to keep his cock hard and keep his eyes open. But he was damned if he’d show it. Loki’s enraptured expression told him he was doing a good job.

“Turn around baby.” Matching words to action the Elder pulled out, and helped Loki swing his long legs off and then back onto his lap. Lowering his fucked open ass into position and sliding down the thick cock. The Grandmaster grasped Loki’s erection in one hand and began pumping him in cadence with his own thrusts. His other hand played him, twisting a pink nipple into redness then stroking over the hollows of his hips and cupping and squeezing his balls.

“Looks like your pet is learning… how to be entertaining.” He panted.

Loki leaned back. One hand tangled in his lover’s hair. Clenching his ass, swinging his hips in circles. Pulling the Grandmaster’s attention back to his magnificent body. The Elder was glad to comply.

Jack relaxed into their rhythm, watching them move together seamlessly. They were both so beautiful. Their mutual hunger entrancing. He was enjoying this more than he expected. Feeling distanced from his own emotions as he slipped a little more into lassitude.

The tip of his tongue split with a gush of blood and Jack’s head fell back. He coughed and choked on the sudden copper flood down his throat, but it soon slowed. His mind was cleared by the sharp pain.

Technically he hadn’t removed the leash, his tongue simply gave way, nor had he used magic to heal the damage, his body could do all lot on its own. Jack unfolded, keeping his tail wrapped around his erection. He dipped his fingers in the drying blood on his belly and drew an arrow on the floor pointing out the large window that gave into the quiet arena.

He smiled as the lovers worked closer to release, Loki’s hand over the Grandmaster’s urging the speed of the strokes on his cock, a hot rebellious bottom directing his Top. Kissing his man’s shoulder and throat and mouth with wet, swollen lips. His sweet butt bouncing as the pounding he was taking increased in speed and power. Long legs spread wide open, his ankles hooked behind the Elder’s calves. Loki was panting, so close as every thrust rubbed deep inside, hitting the spot that sent him higher, his balls pulled up tight.

Jack knew he shouldn’t, but he couldn’t resist…

He stroked one hand on Loki’s warm inner thigh. He startled when it left a trace of blue on the pale skin and his own fingers turned snow white. The effect was gone in a moment but the touch had achieved its purpose.

Loki’s fuck glazed eyes dropped down to him, to the arrow and out the viewing window, across the darkened empty arena to the lighted portal of the gladiator’s hall. His brow furrowed and Jack asked, his words slurred by his damaged tongue,

“Think your brother is enjoying the show?”

Loki’s eyes snapped wide, but he was too far gone to stop. His lover’s relentless fucking drove him over the edge. He gasped and his body shuddered in orgasm, his cock pulsing, emptying in the Grandmaster’s pleasuring hand.

Jack grinned and laid flat out on the floor. His tormenter’s expression so fucking sweet.

Watching the Grandmaster manhandle a now reluctant Loki over the back of the couch to finish
himself off was just icing on the cake.

Chapter End Notes

Jack really can't resist being an asshole.
Aftercare

Chapter Summary

Jack gets of taste of what being Loki's unwanted pet is like. Mildly mean Loki. Terms are offered.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 11: Aftercare

Pain lanced into his side. Jack blinked his eyes open as his neck was jerked roughly up. A fully clothed Loki stood above him. A second kick jarred his half healed rib and caused him to yelp in pain.

“Get up pet.” Loki purred. A sharp jerk on the leash had Jack scrambling to his feet.

Another kick landed him back on all fours.

“Men walk, beasts crawl. Crawl pet.”

Jack snarled low in his throat, gave Loki a look of pure hate. Unsheathed his claws.

“Try it kitty and I’ll rip them out one at a time.”

Jack met the hard emerald gaze, his tail flicked once, twice. He bared his teeth at Loki’s sarcastic half smile. Slowly he dropped his eyes. His claws slid back into his fingertips.

“That’s a good little kitty.”

“Fuck you.”

He never saw blow that caught him on the side of his head, slamming him into the front of the couch. His vision blurred as the room spun. The next one caught him in the belly. Jack doubled over in pain gasping. He curled his wings around himself only to have one wing wrenched back. He screamed as agony shot through his shoulder and wing.

“Oh dear.” The Grandmaster sighed.

“No! Please no! Please no more...” Jack whined, He panted as the grip on his wing eased. “I’ll be good! please! Please...no more!”

The leash was jerked and Jack scuttled, head down, at Loki’s heels. There was a pause when the Grandmaster embraced Loki. “Good night beautiful.” “Good night En. Thank you for your gift.”

Jack struggled to keep up with Loki’s long strides. On his feet he would have had to trot, on all fours he was hard pressed to keep from being strangled by the unrelenting pull on his throat.

“If you’d let …. me walk it... might be easier... on both of us.” He choked out in between yanks on the collar.
“Thank you for your consideration, but I’m doing just fine.” Loki said, picking up the pace.

Jack used wings and claws, feet, hands and knees to half leap, half crawl at his tormentor’s side. He skidded around corners, bumped into the walls and was kicked in the flank if he brushed too close. He was wheezing, breathless when Loki stopped abruptly and Jack banged nose first into a door.

Loki laughed “For such a graceful thing in the arena you are remarkably clumsy in a collar.”

Jack sat back on his heels, shook sweat out of his tearing eyes and checked his nose. It was sore but not broken. He held his tongue.

Loki stepped inside and Jack followed. The room was luxurious. Thick dark blue carpet. Pale blue walls. Satin and silk covered furniture in more blues from sky to aqua. Touches of gold as an accent. Pillows and drapes and soft throws everywhere. Loki threw himself down on a chaise lounge.

Scowled at Jack. “What the hell am I supposed to do with you?”

Jack sat cross legged on the floor and gave him a level look. All signs of animosity gone.

“Hopefully nothing. I’m a white elephant.”

“What?”

“A white elephant. An unwanted gift that you can’t give away or trash because of who gave it to you.”

“Do you think that will save you from my wrath?”

“I hope so. You don’t want to piss off the Grandmaster by seeming ungrateful, or devaluing his gift. You know he’s a touchy bastard.”

“You pin a lot on hope.”

“It’s all I have.” Jack yawned.

“Am I boring you? Do you find the subject of your punishment and ultimate demise dull?”

“No. I’m tired. Look, I’m sorry for the Thor thing. I admit I’m an asshole. A total unmitigated asshole. But could you please just let me sleep and I’ll be all up for the torture tomorrow. I mean what fun would it be for you if I keep passing out from exhaustion?”

He gave Loki his best fake smile. It was returned with a calculating look.

“What happened to the vicious beast ready to fight me to the death?”

“It’s not in my best interest.”

“Really” Loki dropped the leash and walked over to the bar. He busied himself adding water to a small machine. The smell of bee balm drifted across the room. “Pray do elucidate.”

“As long as you stay alive and in the Grandmaster’s good graces I’m safe. As a pet I don’t get thrown into the arena to die. All I really have to worry about is pleasing you. It makes sense to support you rather then undermine you, and to do my best to refrain from pissing you off.”

“You expect me to believe you don’t want to be in my position?”

“No. You know I want to be his, I want to be owned by him, broken by him. I’m attracted to the
Grandmaster like a moth to a candle flame.”

“So why wouldn’t you try to challenge my place here?”

“Moths don’t last real long once they hit the flame. In my saner moments I know that. You can hold his attention a lot longer than I ever could. I probably wouldn’t last more than a week or two before I bored him and he’d kill me.”

“And in return for this protection?” Loki turned, a cup in his hand.

“I won’t bother you. I’ll shut up and stay out of your way. Over I’ll time become the perfect little slave for public performances. If you really want to beat the crap out of me I won’t fight you.”

“And?” Sipping from the cup.

“And the time you won’t have to spend training me, will be yours to do whatever it is the Grandmaster thinks you shouldn’t be doing.”

“You’re on the clever side for an ice demon.”

“Incubus.”

“Incubus. An incubus is a demon of preternatural sexual attraction. Do you truly think you are sexually attractive in that rather gaunt and prickly form?”

“Why don’t you ask whoever was riding my ass about an hour ago? He seemed pretty attracted. If I remember correctly you weren’t exactly looking away in repulsion either.”

Loki sighed.

“The novel is always somewhat alluring. However I’m not going to discuss demonology with an amateur for the rest of the night.” He took another sip. “Go clean yourself. I don’t want you dripping anything on the carpet. You may sleep out here on the floor.”

Jack nodded. Making a mental note to payback the amateur remark at some time in the future.

Loki finished his tea. “I’ll consider your proposal. If I decide to accept it I will give you the terms in the morning.”

He stood up, set the cup down and stretched leisurely in a manner that made Jack want to kick him in the balls. He sauntered into the bedroom. The door slowly swung shut. Jack was granted a glimpse of Loki’s naked back as his clothing slithered off.

Jack growled under his breath. Not sure if he wanted to fuck him or kill him. “Both,” he thought. “I’d like to fuck him then kill him. Though knowing Loki it’d be a lot safer the other way around.”

Jack sagged, worn down to the bone. He stood, up almost fell down again, and staggered into the bathroom. He undid the leather collar with hands that shook, and hung it on a towel peg. The hot shower was heavenly, despite the stinging of soap on his wounds. He nodded off twice.

He returned to the main room and made a nest of cushions, pillows and throws and snuggled down to sleep. It had been one hell of a day.

Chapter End Notes
Loki is pissed off at the monkey wrench that has been thrown in his plans.
Chapter Summary

Bad dreams and memories for both Jack and Loki. Gay Bashing, attempted murder and its awful consequences when your target is a demon. Background knowledge. A tiny bit of reconciliation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 12: No thanks for the memories

It was dark outside the club, and for the first time in two months Jack was without a partner. Two months since the incident. The bouncer had rousted him out of a booth in the back where he’d passed out. Jack had tried hitting on him but the guy either wasn’t interested or was too professional. Instead he had politely asked if he could call Jack a taxi. When he’d said no the bouncer had deposited him outside and locked the club’s doors. Jack leaned against the building, the muggy night air doing little to clear his head. He didn’t want to go home alone. He wished he hadn’t drank so much.

There was this woman he’d been talking to. Jack tried to remember. Pretty, brunette, cute dimples when she smiled, she’d seemed interested. At least at first, but when he’d had a third or fourth drink, she became distracted. She had left to go to the restroom and never returned. Which was fine because the night was young. There was more drinks and another woman, older, blond and a bit drunk, though that was okay. But somehow he’d lost track of her too. At the end there was only empty glasses on his table and an empty seat across from him. He’d put his head down for a moment, just to rest his eyes. The next thing he knew everyone was gone, except him and the club employees cleaning up for the night.

Jack pushed off from the building and staggered toward his apartment. Maybe he’d meet someone, anyone before he got home. He walked a few blocks, past darkened stores and bars punctuated by the occasional vacant lot. He stopped at the corner and leaned on a bus stop bench. He pulled off his shirt and tucked it in the back of his pants in an attempt to cool down, feeling dizzy and overheated. He watched the light turn; red, green, yellow, red, green, yellow, trying to figure out when he should cross. A car slowed down, the passenger checking him out. Jack smiled and waved at the car. Just when he’d decided to chance the green the car was back in front of him, having circled the block.

“You looking to party?” a male voice said.

“Sure.” Jack replied. This looked promising.

“How much?” the driver, another man asked.

Jack laughed, they’d mistaken him for a prostitute.

“It’s your lucky night boys, everything is on the house.” He threw his arms wide and turned in a circle, lost his balance, reeled and ended up sitting down hard on the bench. He giggled.
“Get in the car pretty boy.” The driver said.

Jack stood up and stumbled the four steps to the curb. He leaned on the car and looked in at the two men. The passenger looked to be in his twenty’s, brown hair, muscular build and dressed like a construction worker in heavy work boots, denim pants, and a Led Zeppelin, Houses of the Holy t-shirt. The driver was harder to see but appeared to be maybe ten years older, dark haired and wearing a sports shirt. The men were looking at him oddly, with appraising, rather than a lustful looks.

Drunk and desperate as he was, Jack knew something was wrong. He backed away from the car.

“Hey faggot! Where do you think you are going?” the driver yelled.

He scanned the streets for help, but they were empty, not another car nor a pedestrian in sight. The passenger side door burst open and the brown haired man, jumped out, fists balled.

Sobered by a surge of fear, Jack dodged around him, darted behind the car and ran across the street, instinctively heading home. He heard the pounding footsteps and the sound of the car’s tires squealing as the driver pulled a U turn.

Jack turned down an alley behind a restaurant to lose the car, his shoes slipping on the muck spilling from the dumpsters. He’d almost made it to the narrow gap at the end when the passenger punched him in the back and sent him sprawling across some crates of bottles.

Jack managed to roll to his feet and faced his attacker, the second punch grazing his ribs. He returned the blows, hitting the guy solidly in his chest, upper arm. Jack blocked a blow to his face and clipped the guy on the ear. He laughed wildly. This was almost as good as fucking. Human and real and no freaky shit happening at all.

The man got a hard punch to Jack’s belly doubling him over but the uppercut missed as he tripped over the very crates Jack had ran into. There was the sound of braking glass. Jack hit him hard in the side and he went down, clutching at Jack’s leg in an effort to pull him over. He got a knee in the nose for his trouble and Jack danced back waiting for the man to rise.

Jack felt a hard punch in his back, somehow deeper than the first. He turned to face the forgotten driver. The man was holding something in his hand, something long that dripped. Dripped red.

He heard the passenger say. “Shit! Oh Shit! What are you doing?”

Jack felt a weird numbness across his back, his chest felt heavy, he coughed and liquid spattered from his mouth. Red drops that gleamed on the pavement. The passenger edged past him holding his nose with one hand.

“Let’s get out of here! Just leave him dude, just leave him!” He grabbed the driver’s arm.

The other man shook him off, his eyes narrowed and his face twisted with hate. He lunged at Jack. Jack tried to sidestep but his movements were slow, heavy, like he was underwater. The knife buried itself into his stomach, ripping up, catching on a lower rib before pulling out. Jack looked down in disbelief as his belly gaped open. He grasped his hands in front of himself to hold his guts inside.

The passenger turned and bolted out of the alley. Jack could feel his bones sliding under his skin as his knees buckled, could feel the horror of things pushing out of his back, the twisting of muscle and tendon, the thickening of skin, tail growing, and wings spreading. The driver gave a terrified yell and the blade plunged into Jack’s chest, as he fell, hitting a rib and then piercing his beating heart. The beat stopped for a moment. The world greyed. The man backed away and Jack thought. “Thank
God, it’s over.”

Then red rage filled his vision. His heart slammed against his ribs, the demon raised its head and roared. He struck, ripping his attacker’s arm from his socket. Grasping the struggling man he slammed him against the restaurant wall again and again. Breaking bones and tearing skin, till he was a limp and bleeding rag.

Jack threw the body over his shoulder and clambered up the building, his claws gashing furrows in the crumbling brick. Over rooftops he crept to a safe place, a place free from men, a place to mend and rest and feed. He found a gap in the wall of an abandoned building and crawled inside. Pigeons scattered at his approach, flying up into the night sky through high broken windows. The food stirred in his grasp. Reminded of his hunger, he lowered his head and began to eat.

Jack awoke with a start, his heart hammering. He remembered the horror of waking curled around the remains of a days old corpse, the taste of rotten meat in his mouth and his belly stuffed grotesquely full. Wanting to vomit and his body refusing to lose the meal it needed to finish healing the terrible damage it had suffered.

He shook his head to clear the memory, that was decades ago. He had come to terms with what happened. He’d taken steps to ensure it would never reoccur.

But the sense of horror refused to abate. Instead it intensified, thrumming through his mind, juddering in his bones. Jack took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing. The sensation was being fed through his shield. Not his feelings then. He traced the source of the terror, only a few feet away. Damn! Stealing a single tear’s worth of Loki’s power to build the shield had come back to bite him on the ass like a crocodile. He did not need this shit! He didn’t need to feel it anytime his enemy, he held that thought, his enemy damn it!, went into full scale seelenpein.

Jack got out of the bed he’d made of cushions. He walked through the darkened room and stopped at the door to bedroom where Loki lay sleeping. He hoped this would not earn him a knife in the belly. He shuddered at the thought, the vision of his past too real.

“Loki!” he called through the closed door. “Wake up! Wake up dude you’re having a nightmare.” There was no reply. The other man’s fear clawed under his skin. Jack was sweating, nauseous in unwanted sympathetic reaction. He pulled on the door, to his surprise it swung open.

“This is stupid.” Jack thought. “Let the bastard stew in his own bad dreams. For all I know this is some kind of a trap, to kill me without consequence for breaking into his room.”

Except, with the door open he could smell fear, the acid scent mixed with sweat and adrenalin. He could hear a low whimper. “Shit!”

“He’s a mage, an incredibly powerful mage” Jack thought. “If I go in looking as I do and wake him from the throws of whatever has him in its clutches. It will not be good.”

Jack focused his own magic, trying to ignore the panic tearing at his mind. His body tried to fight him, but Jack had learned how to master the demon and evoked the bindings laid on his skin. Memories of loss and grief surged into his mind, connecting him to his own doubtful humanity. The demon form gave up and Jack sagged against the wall as the change took place, back into his human shape. His weakest, most vulnerable self.

He stepped through the door into the bedroom. The bed was empty, the blankets pulled off to one side, against the wall. Jack approached cautiously, calling softly.
“Loki, it’s all right. It’s just me, Jack. You need to wake up.”

Between the bed and the corner wall was a tangle of blankets, a pale face stared unseeing from the pile of covers. “Loki, it’s going to be alright.” Jack got down on his hands and knees and crawled forward. He kept talking softly, trying to reassure him. The sense of magic and dread was thick. This was much more than a nightmare. He lay prone on his belly and stretched out one hand, touching Loki’s bare foot as tried to send calm back through the link in his shield.

Jack lay on the soft thick carpet, his hand on Loki’s ankle, sending the thought of ocean waves washing back and forth on the shore. Sun sparkling on water. Warm sea breezes bringing the smell of the ocean. Speaking Loki’s name over and over. Telling him he was safe. Gradually the sensation of fear lessoned. He heard Loki draw one deep shuddering breath, then another more relaxed inhalation. Jack waited, no longer speaking. Keeping his mind on the image of a peaceful summer’s day at the beach. His hand resting gently.

Loki cleared his throat. “To what do I owe this unwarranted intrusion?” His words were arrogant but his voice was unsteady.

Jack tried to answer, but to his surprise he started laughing.

Loki pulled his foot away. Leaning against the wall, he stood up, the blankets wrapped around him like a royal robe. Jack could see the hem of one leg of Loki’s green pajamas hitched up behind his bony knee.

For some reason he found this even funnier and laughed harder, tears starting in his eyes.

Loki looked incensed and stared down at Jack. “Are you quite finished?” he said in icy tones as Jack drew a shaking breath and sat up.

He should have been terrified. He was terrified, but Loki’s words sent him off again. He buried his head in his hands and laughed and laughed until he was crying. Sobs racking him to his core. He heard Loki sit down on the bed and sigh. Jack struggled to gain control. He gasped out a few final sobs, and panted as the hysteria finally ebbed. He raised his head. Loki was looking at him in puzzlement. He reached into thin air and handed Jack a handkerchief. Jack took it, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

They stared at each other for a few minutes, Loki in pajamas and blankets seated on the edge of the bed and Jack, wet eyed, naked, sitting cross-legged on the floor.

“I think it would be best if we delayed any conversation until morning.” Loki said.

“Okay.” Jack replied. “You good for the rest of the night?”

“I am good.” A twisted smile at the double lie.

“Alright.”

Jack stood up and walked out of the room. He paused at the door. “Sleep well Loki.”

He waited for a moment, then shut the door. “Sleep well Loki.”

He waited for a moment, then shut the door. He walked over to the pile of cushions and snuggled into the blankets. Jack stared up at the ceiling wondering what he doing. Everything kept getting more complicated. He just wanted to go home.
Hope this wasn't too squidgy for some people.
Jack and Loki talking. They both irritate the hell out of each other. Jack has it bad for his enemy. Loki baiting goes wrong. How could that happen?

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 13: One of my Kind

Jack was floating peacefully, listening to the eerie keening songs of whales swimming further below in the ocean depths and watching the beautiful pattern of sunlight sparkling through the ice. Somewhere overhead a there was a ship, he could vaguely hear voices and the smell of coffee and ham sifted down through the water. Jack frowned. That was wrong, smells underwater. And he was warm, not cold. He should be cold under the ice. The dream slipped away and he opened his eyes to a pale blue ceiling. The smell of broiled meat and coffee remained.

Jack yawned, stretched, arms, wings, and back, and rolled onto his belly, propping himself up his elbows.

Loki was settled on the chaise lounge a plate of food on his lap and a steaming cup in one hand, watching Jack. His hair was damp and curling, and he smelled of soap. His leather clothing gleamed in the soft light. There was no sign of last night’s debauchery or the subsequent nightmare on his perfectly composed features.

“I told you, you could sleep on the floor, I did not say you could take apart the furniture to make a nest.” he said.

Jack sat up and looked around, spying one of the food platters on the counter.

“You didn’t say I could not.” he answered.

“Is that how your offer goes? The letter rather than the spirit of the law?”

“Would you expect any different? I live in loopholes.” Jack rose and started toward the bar.

“Nor did I offer you any food.” Loki said, his voice a soft purr.

Jack stopped at the tone and turned, his heart beating faster. Recognizing the menace.

“It would be better if I had something to eat.” he said, his head down.

“Better for you perhaps. Why would it matter to me?”

Jack glanced up, narrowed his eyes.

“I’d rather you continue to smell like someone I’d like to fuck, than something I’d like to eat.”

Loki looked started for a moment, then resumed his bland expression. “Not that you have a chance at
either, but I hardly think that cannibalism is your style.”

“It’s not cannibalism if you’re a different species.” Jack said displaying his teeth.

“Do tell.” Loki took a sip from his cup, unperturbed.

Jack took a deep breath. Another. “You’re letting him get to you.” he thought.

“May I please have something to eat?”

“Of course, you only had to ask.” Loki smiled like an angel.

Jack turned away, his hands in fists. He managed to quell his anger enough to make up a plate and pour out a cup of coffee. Keeping his back to Loki, he wolfed down the food, chasing it with gulps of coffee. He had just finished his meal when there was a rustle of fabric and a pile of blue cloth appeared on the counter.

“Do get dressed. You’re not half as appealing unclothed as you think you are.”

Jack licked his lips, the combination of desire, fear and anger he felt toward Loki making him reckless. He turned to him, and stroked the bruises on his belly, side, ribs, touched the damage on his throat from the collar and the swelling on his cheek.

“Don’t you like seeing the marks you put on my skin? Are you ashamed of the gifts you gave me?” He lifted his chin, smiled. “I like feeling your tokens of affection in my flesh.”

“Tokens rather of irritation. Should I wish to mark you it would be much more… memorable.” Loki looked away. “I believe you mentioned not trying to anger me last night? If it’s this difficult for you perhaps a muzzle is in order?”

Jack grinned. “Mmm, Kinky. I think I’d like that.”

“Or I could just remove your tongue entirely.” Loki said with smile that did not reach his eyes.

Jack took a step back, the counter pressing against his wings. “No, that won’t be necessary.” He shook out the clothing. It was the same deep blue outfit from his room. He slipped on the pants and then the tunic, tying it in front, his hands shook just a bit.

He walked back into the living space and settled on the floor. Trying for a less contentious topic, Jack asked.

“What happened in the middle of night? You seemed … upset?”

“A nightmare, nothing more.”

“If that was a nightmare, I’m a fruit bat.”

Loki tilted his head. “There is a decided resemblance. Regardless a simple dream needs no discussion.”

“Do people actually believe your bullshit, or are they just afraid to call you on it?”

“People respect my privacy.” Loki said with finality.

Jack snorted “Privacy? From the man who climbed mount En in front of god and everybody?”

Loki stood up in one fluid motion.
“Are you truly mad, little thief?” He snarled. “I am Loki, demon. You have been given into my hand and I will break you of your insolence. I will enjoy breaking you, and I will be most careful to see that you do not. When I am done, I shall place you in the arena to fight and to kill by my will.”

“But, but the Grandmaster…” Jack stammered.

“The Grandmaster is a fool enslaved by his own desires. I shall keep him so sated, so entranced he will completely forget about one insignificant little beast. Did you truly think you can challenge ME?”

Jack shook his head too frightened to speak.

Loki made a small gesture and bands of power wrapped around Jack holding him helpless. Another gesture and he was hanging upside down suspended in the center of the room. A third and a muzzle clamped over his mouth. Loki walked over to the bar and poured a second cup of tea. He returned and sprawled on the chaise lounge. He smiled at Jack.

“Hmm… Let us see if you are, as you put it, all up for the torture now?”

********

Need You Tonight
INXS

Come over here
All you got is this moment
The twenty-first century’s yesterday
You can care all you want
Everybody does yeah that’s okay

So slide over here
And give me a moment
Your moves are so raw
I’ve got to let you know
I’ve got to let you know
You’re one of my kind

I need you tonight
‘Cause I’m not sleeping
There’s something about you girl
That makes me sweat

How do you feel
I’m lonely
What do you think
Can’t take it all
What ya gonna do
Gonna live my life

So slide over here
And give me a moment
Your moves are so raw
I’ve got to let you know
I’ve got to let you know
You’re one of my kind
I need you tonight
’Cause I’m not sleeping
There’s something about you girl
That makes me sweat

So how do you feel
I’m lonely
What do you think
Can’t think at all
Whatcha gonna do
Gonna live my life

So how do you feel
I’m lonely
What do you think
Can’t think at all
Whatcha gonna do
Gonna live my life

So slide over here
And give me a moment
Your moves are so raw
I’ve got to let you know
I’ve got to let you know

So slide over here
And give me a moment
I’ve got to let you know
I’ve got to let you know
You’re one of my kind

Songwriters: MICHAEL HUTCHENCE, ANDREW FARRISS © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Chapter End Notes

Loki baiting. This has to be a tag.
Chapter 14: Life in Suspension

Jack tensed his muscles, pushing against the restraining spell. He might as well have tried breaking iron bands. He reached into his center of stored magic and pulled power, slamming it against Loki’s sorcery. The restraints flowed and reformed, moving like a river as he ripped at them. He tried to weave his own wizardry to crush the fetters but the magic oozed around his frantic working and grasped him elsewhere. He pulled winter from his heart to freeze the spell immobile. Loki’s magic slowed, coiled tighter. Jack panted for breath as his chest was compressed, ice building on his skin.

“Fight beast, give me sport.”

Vision reddening, his ribs aching, Jack threw his dwindling power into a final blow at the sorcererous coils feeling them crack, shatter, crystals of green falling toward the floor. Only to melt and reform as struggled, lapping him again in an unbreakable grasp. He tried shifting to full demon form and felt the last of his magic bleed out in the futile effort.

“Almost, demon, fight harder.” Loki taunted.

Panicked Jack thrashed against the spell, twisting and kicking, straining till the tendons in his wings started to tear, biting at the muzzle and arching his back as though physical force alone would free him. He heard Loki’s mocking laughter and it spurred him to further effort, rage overriding any thought but to kill the mage who had bound him. He snarled and bucked and fought, sweat blinding his eyes, claws scratching his own skin in his struggles.

All the while Loki watched, smiling at his useless exertions.

Finally the panic passed, the rage faded and Jack hung exhausted, gasping, his clothes plastered to his skin with sweat. Swaying gently upside down. Loki stood and paced around him, fingers trailing across his chest, his arms, and the folds of his wings.

“Foolish thing, you’ve worn yourself out and I have yet to begin.” Loki caressed Jack’s exposed neck, causing him to shudder, then fastened his hand around his throat, slowly tightening.

Jack’s eyes half closed, and he went limp surrendering into the pressure. His behavior triggered by the hold on his throat. He moaned softly. Whatever Loki had been expecting him to do, it was not that. He released his grip and frowned. Jack whimpered behind the muzzle.

“Truly? You enjoy being strangled?”
Jack tried speak around the muzzle, but couldn’t do more then make noise. He shook his head no.

Loki narrowed his eyes. “No, it’s not about enjoying is it, nor about wanting? You need this, don’t you? That’s why you provoke me. You need to be chastised.”

Jack shut his eyes, his head pounded from being upside down, making it hard to think. He knew what he was. He just didn’t like it very much.

“Why? What evil have you done that upsets the conscience of a demon?”

His hand rested on Jack’s chest and alien magic slide over his skin pale green light causing the marking on his chest to glow blue.

“Why have you carved knot work into your own worthless hide? What are you trying to conceal?”

Loki plucked at the latest binding, causing the spell to activate. The memory locked within poured out.

Jack on his back threads wrapped around his wrists and ankles. A woman, (Mistress Bea, Jack breathed,) with curling golden hair and a full lush figure barely constrained by leather corset and chaps straddled him.

“It’s about control, fuck toy. You will learn to control yourself won’t you?” Her lips covered his bitted mouth, her warm tongue slipping past the metal between his teeth. He nodded his assent as she raised her head. His chest was cold and wet from the alcohol she had rubbed on it. The carving tool in her hand rested against the pattern drawn on his skin. She rocked against his erection, the silk of her panties teasing him. He squirmed under her, feeling the heat of her cunt through the thin material. Moaned.

“Don’t move slut. You will keep those threads taunt and you won’t break them.” The tool pressed down, bit into his skin, slicing a groove. Pain burned hot on his chest as she carefully carved into his flesh. He could just see the darkness of her areolas peeking over the top of the corset. His mouth ached for a taste of her breasts. He growled in hunger. “Control yourself.”

The memory faded as the magic slid away.

“That was interesting.” Loki said with almost no change in his breathing. Jack was trembling under his hand.

Loki’s magic moved and the markings on Jack’s belly lit up, the oldest he had, the carving cruder. Jack tried to twist away. Loki pulled at the binding burrowing his power into its knots, forcing it to open.

These memories were layered.

“Monster! Killer! Murderer!” Jack’s voice, thick with tears as he drove the knife into his own skin. His hands shook with pain, marring the lines. He could still see the boy, in his late teens, his eyes wide with fright, standing outside the crude circle of salt holding a dagger in one hand and clutching a handful of weeds in the other. Could still fell his own rage and terror at the inhuman creature he had been turned into. Blindly attacking, the boy’s screams painfully loud, searing into his brain, shriller, deafening, as he slashed and clawed, tearing cloth and skin, wanting to hurt as he hurt. Throwing the boy across the room when he finally quieted. Blood pooling on the floor. Footsteps pounding down stairs, a man yelling. “No! No!” More noise and light and the earsplitting sound of a gun. Chips of stone hitting his shoulder and then leaping up the stairs. The man’s throat torn out. A woman screaming at the top of the stairs and a moment’s effort to throw her aside, dead or wounded.
Running, running from the noise, the pain of the light, the grotesque blood spattered thing chasing him in mirrors. Smashing through a window and flying up and up, away from the stench of blood and death. Away from the dark hunger that filled him. Licking the warm blood from his lips.

“Die you fucking monster! Why won’t you die?” The knife tearing deep as he tried to kill the thing hiding inside him. Lock it under his skin with makeshift magic. His tear splashed skin and guts knitting together as he worked.

Loki lifted his hand, Jack was shaking. “A few lives taken and you condemn yourself? Are you that tenderhearted? Or is there more? What is hidden here?”

Jack groaned shook his head no. Pleading with his eyes.

The marking on Jack’s pelvis that circled his genitals glowed as Loki activated the spell.

*********

Jack panted in pleasure. His pants around his knees, his shirt pulled up. The thin blade barely slicing the skin. An older man, lean, hard faced, lay next to him, fully clothed, carefully carving out the design. (Michael, Jack’s mind supplied) Tiny drops of blood beading on pale skin. The back of his hand brushing Jack’s stiff cock. “So tell me, what is the most shameful thing you have done?”

“Mmmm,” Jack sighed “Seduced my older brother?”

“How did you do that?”

“He had anger Issues. He thought our parents would send him back to the home if he got into too many fights. They wouldn’t, all of us had problems, that’s why they fostered us. But he didn’t know that. He hadn’t been with the family that long.”

“So?” the knife curling under his hipbone almost too intense as it stroked into that sensitive spot.

“Sooo, nnn, he was hot and I wanted to fuck him. I talked him into taking out his anger on me.”

“Because even then that was foreplay?” Back down, sharp twinges as the blade passed close to his balls over newly shaven skin.

“Yes. Oh Yeah like that.” Jack gasped. “Then when he was in my debt, I told him to fuck me or I’d show our parents the bruises and off he’d go.”

“You are a piece of work you know that?” Gentle pain sliding around the skin just above his cock.

“Yes. But god he was so hot. Warm brown skin, and deep black eyes and heavy muscular body. I loved nuzzling his thick wavy hair. Hung like a fucking horse. He could screw for hours. I’d be raw afterward. After a while I didn’t even have to ask for it. He’d just smack me around and fuck me.”

“You keep in touch?” The knife slipping a bit deeper as it caressed the other side of his hip.

“No. I’m the only one who cherishes those memories. Oh god, that hurts so good.”

“Cum now, while I’m still cutting.” Michael orders. The blade slicing back up.

“Yesss…” Jack shudders, grasping his cock, pumping in long quick strokes till his seed spills onto the shallow cuts making them sting.

“You are a dirty, disgusting animal Jack.” Michael slices through the mess, completing the design.

“Uh huh, that’s why you love me.” Chest heaving as he catches his breath.

“Who says I love you?” Jack’s bitter laughter echoed as the spell ended.

*****

Loki pulled his hand away. A faint frown line between his eyes as he thought.

“You feed it?” He asked, looking at Jack’s flushed face. “That’s what all this magic on your skin is? You feed it memories to keep it from what? Killing? Taking you over? Is it like Banner’s beast?”

Jack was dizzy and he didn’t know who Banner was. He shook his head yes and no and then couldn’t remember what the next question was, sick with shame and more than half aroused.

Loki waved his hand and Jack fell to the floor. The muzzle gone, the bands of magic fading.
“Answer me. You use the markings to control the monster?”

“Good Jack and his evil monster.” He bared his teeth in a parody of a smile. “Wrong! It can’t take me over, it is me! It’s always there. Fuck me, beat me, kill me if you can. I deserve it. It’s what I was made for. Fuck toy. Thing. Beat me till I can’t think any more. Pain is good, pain is love. Pain is power and power is control. I keep myself from killing. I feed myself on the memories. Cut into my skin so they won’t fade. My choice, not yours. Cut me to pieces and I’ll lick your hand in gratitude. But I won’t kill for you. Put me in the arena and all I’ll do is bleed. Even you can’t take that away from me.”

“Your friend was right. You are a piece of work.” Loki shook his head. “And they thought I was mad.”

“He was never my friend. And I’m not mad. I was just trying to live a normal life. I want to go home. I want to work on my paintings and have sex with my friends and occasionally get whipped cause it feels good. I don’t want to be summoned, I don’t want to kill anyone. I don’t want to cast spells. I hate what I am and the longer I’m in this skin the harder it is to pretend I’m human.”

“Why do you wish to pretend you are human?” Loki asked quietly.

“I was born human, I was raised human. I don’t know how to be anything else.” Jack said. “I have no other choice. Monster or man I choose man. How could you even begin to understand?”

“You might be surprised.” Loki answered “You are not the only one to feel, disaffected.”

“Sorry. I’m being selfish. I’m all screwed up now. I couldn’t ask you to just slap me around some could I? Maybe take a belt to me so I’ll behave?”

“You are serious? You think to ask this of me?”

“Yeah I’m serious. I can’t seem to get it together here. I need to feel under someone’s control.”

Loki nodded. “If it makes you at all reasonable it’s worth a try. Lean against the wall facing me. Open your shirt.”

Jack did as he was instructed. Pressing his wings against the coolness of plaster.

Loki reached and a long strap appeared in his hand. He swung it hard across Jack’s bared stomach.

Jack hissed as the strap welted his belly.

“You will behave yourself. Say it.”

“I will behave myself.”

The strap smacked hard enough to drive out his breath, crisscrossing the first mark. Jack winced, he hated having his stomach whipped.

“You will guard your tongue and think before speaking.”

“I will guard my tongue and think before speaking.”

Loki added another welt to Jack’s stomach, watching him clench his abs to temper the blow.

“You will follow my orders, as they are meant to be followed.”

“I will follow your orders as they are meant to be followed”

Loki snapped the strap over the tender reddened skin, making Jack yelp.
“You will not annoy me or expect my attention.”
“I will not annoy you or expect your attention.”

The next blow was hard enough to double Jack over, nausea clawing at his throat.

“Good boy.” Loki said.

Jack kneeled before him, tears in his eyes. “Thank you.”

Loki stroked a long fingered hand through Jack’s damp hair. Jack leaned into the touch. “You are a pain in the ass.”

“I know.” Jack said.

“Stay here. Clean up that mess of a bed and don’t touch any of my things. Stay out of my room. No more drama or I’ll slit your throat.”

Jack nodded. Turned his head and kissed the back of Loki’s hand.

“I gave my word. I’ll behave.”

Loki gave him a doubtful look and turned away, going into his room and shutting the door. Jack busied himself picking up the cushions and putting them away. Loki came back out and left the room without a word. Jack watched him go. Calmer then he’d been in days. Someone to watch over him.

Chapter End Notes

Loki has come to the realization that is almost impossible to torture someone who thinks pain feels good and has a high healing ability. Plus thinks they deserve it. The seduction thing. Jack was a horny teen who resented getting an older brother who sucked up the parent's attention. A really built, easily manipulated, interloper. Jack is still an asshole though.
Allegiance

Chapter Summary

Jack dealing with the recent past and trying to accept the present. A visit from the Grandmaster. Mild porn. Revised.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 15: Allegiance

After Loki left, Jack settled down with a second cup of coffee. For the first time since Michael had effectively ended their relationship his mind felt quiet. He could explore that raw wound in his heart.

Michael had been his, well owner for want of a better word, more off then on, but always there in the background. Even though months could go by without a call, Jack knew he was still, his. A stable thing is his unstable life. Michael’s influence had always been hands off. Only twice had Jack been allowed to touch him. Both times were early in their association and were solely to teach him that sex for Michael was only satisfying, if it was exclusively cerebral. Jack could count on one hand the times Michael had actually touched him. That included cutting the design on his hips. Michael directed him, used voice and gesture and eye contact to control him. Had Jack submit time and again to other’s embraces while he observed. Directed his guests to wield the whip that marked Jack’s skin. Pushed Jack to the edge of his limits and then over. There was almost nothing he would not do if Michael asked him.

He’d never questioned Jack’s not aging. Jack had wondered if that was why Michael’s associates would change every couple of years. To keep his secret. Or if it was as he said, that they simply bored him. Jack’s most treasured moments were when he would allow him to sit at his feet and Michael would tell him stories. Stories of the Korean War, or of his days as a stuntman, or tales of his childhood. Things he would share with no one else.

Ending it as he had, apologizing to Jack for using him, using as he called it, Jack’s weakness, blighted those memories. He’d taken Jack’s agency from him. Turned him into something that had been exploited instead of an active participant. Which was why he’d walked away as Michael spoke to him, grabbed the Twins and got as high as he could on sex and alcohol. He’d wanted to get as far away from thirty years of a lie as he could.

“Maybe that’s why I’m here. Because I was thrown away.” He said to the empty room. “Only now I’m found. Owned, at least if not exactly wanted.”

He wiped a tear from his eye, it hurt but not as much as it had. Jack finished the now cold coffee and prowled around the suite. There was little to hold his interest. Some books in a language he didn’t know and a few trinkets on the shelves. He resigned himself to a day of boredom when he found a small stack of paper and pencils on the top of a shelf. He cleared off the bar for a work space and started to sketch.

Jack was lost in working on his third drawing when the door opened behind him. He glanced up
with a smile expecting Loki. The smile became a look of shock when he met the Grandmaster’s gaze.

“Hey there Kitty… aren’t you glad to see me? Where’s Lolo hiding?” He said with a wide smile, waltzing into the room.

Jack readjusted his expression to friendly. “Of course I am. Very glad. To see you that is. Umm, he just stepped out.”

The Grandmaster moved over to Jack and ruffled his hair. “Now Kitty… I’m hurt….You know that’s not true. I spotted him over two hours ago heading to the lower floors.”

Jack ran his hand through his hair straightening it. “I was drawing.” He answered, trying for a partial truth “I kind of lost track of time.”

The Grandmaster slid an arm around his waist and looked over his shoulder, his cheek brushing Jack’s as he glanced down at the sketches. “Oh these are nice…. You have hidden talents Kitty… You like keeping secrets.” His hand slipped under Jack’s shirt and trailed over the welts on his stomach. The touch of his cheek and warmth of his hand on Jack’s skin felt so good, he could not keep from leaning back into him, his pulse quickening.

“Loki’s hands… I recognize those elegant fingers, mmmm…. here they are again holding a cup… he does enjoy his tea doesn’t he?” He murmured in Jack’s ear.

“Yes.” Jack sighed, not sure if he was agreeing to the words or the actions. Heat flowing down his body from the Grandmasters lips to his belly.

“Oh… one of him looking pensive… he so serious… he needs to lighten up.” Warm lips pressed against his throat, caressed the bruised skin. “I hoped you would help with that.” Jack’s eyes went out of focus, the pencil fell from his fingers and bounced off the bar and onto the floor. “Where did he go Kitty?” His hand sliding lower, playing with the waistband of Jack’s pants. Jack’s cock stirred and he pushed his hips up trying to meet the Grandmaster’s teasing hand.

“Just a walk, I think he said something about wanting to see more of your city. Asgardians do a lot of walking, very physical people, from what I hear.” Jack was shivering.

“That’s our Lolo, very physical.” The Grandmaster said with a soft laugh. His breath warm on Jack’s jaw. To be surrounded by his power was overwhelming. Especially since Jack was drained to nothing. He wanted to drink it in, feel it flow through his mind and fill him to bursting. Since his body pretty much wanted the same thing he was having a hard time focusing on the words of his interrogator.

“So he just beat you and left you hmm…” His hand pressing against Jack’s tender belly. Pulling Jack back so his ass was tight against his hips. “Didn’t fuck you, did he?”

“Yes, No. I mean I was bad. He had to, beat me. I haven’t earned it, earned getting fucked.” Jack was panting, his cock hardening as he squirmed his ass against the Grandmaster’s crotch.”

“Well if you haven’t earned it… You are his pet… I shouldn’t interfere in your training…”

He let Jack go and shoved him gently away.

“UNNNHH!” Jack turned, wanton, aching with need and met the laughing brown eyes. “Please, please.” He begged.
The Grandmaster tilted his head. Touched his tongue to his lips. “Hmmm, he did leave you in quite a state… I suppose I could come up with something fun.” Jack froze. The arena was “fun” to the Grandmaster.

“Get me a drink, Kitty.” He ordered. Jack scurried around the bar and started pulling out bottles and a glass. “What would you like?” he asked.

The Grandmaster considered. “Fill it half full of that and add a shot of the blue one. Does he have any of the Maldonian brandy left?” Jack looked blank. “Cut glass bottle, red cap, amber liquid. Jack dived back under the bar and rummaged, came out holding up a bottle. “Yes that’s it, pour it slowly in till it changes color. Perfect. No umbrellas I suppose?” Jack shook his head. “We’ll have to rough it then.”

He took the glass and sipped, “Not bad… Pretty good in fact. Want a taste Kitty?”

“Uh Sure.” Jack said knowing better to refuse him any request. He reached for another glass to make a second drink but the Grandmaster caught his hand and towed him over to a chair. “Not like that… sit here in front of me.” He folded into the chair and Jack knelt as his feet. The Elder dipped a finger in the liquor and touched it to Jack’s mouth. “Open up.”

The liquor was warm and too sweet as he stroked it over Jack’s tongue, brushing the raised scar. “Good?” Mmmm. Jack replied, “Tongue almost all healed up Hmmm? Suck.” Jack felt the heat rise in his face at the command, he closed his lips and sucked and lapped at the slender finger stroking in his mouth. Meeting the Grandmaster’s delighted gaze.

“You really like this… Don’t you, Kitty?” He smiled and slipped another finger between Jack’s lips. “You should see your face… Looks like last night… Lolo was so angry, he didn’t notice… But I did… thought you were going to cum when he put his fingers in your mouth.”

“Almost did.” Jack panted, licking between the thrusting fingers. The taste of the drink replaced with the Grandmasters own taste, the frisson of golden power playing over his fingertips added to the pleasure. The Elder explored his mouth with slick touches on his lips and tongue, the inside of his cheeks. Finger pads gliding over the sharp tips of his canines and turning to rub the roof of his mouth. Every stroking movement increasing Jack’s arousal.

“This is fun.” The Grandmaster put his drink down, leaned forward and slid his free hand behind Jack’s head. He pushed his long fingers in to the knuckle, grinding them against Jack’s lips and forcing the tips down his throat.

Jack gagged for a moment then swallowed, sucking harder. He loved the feeling of vulnerability, held in the Grandmaster’s strong grasp. Loved the roughness of it. Loved how the touch went straight from his lips and tongue to his throbbing cock. Power flowed down his throat, coiled warm in his belly as he drank straight from the Nexus, filling that aching emptiness. He made soft little noises as the Grandmaster finger fucked his mouth.

“Look at you… Lolo will be so proud.” Jack shivered in ecstasy at his words. He brought his hands up to gently rest on the Grandmaster’s arms. Needing to touch, his fingers rubbing on the long muscles of his forearms.

The Grandmaster watched Jack. Watched his hips rock as he rubbed his cock against the front of his pants, how his head bobbed as he sucked and licked as he drove his fingers deep into the demon’s
warm wet mouth. How he greedily swallowed the tiny bit of power that was fed him. Jack’s face was flushed scarlet. His eyes shut tight.

He watched the door open silently, and met Loki’s startled eyes. Perfect, he had timed this perfectly. The cameras had helped track his progress of course. Loki didn’t know where every one was hidden. He grinned into Loki’s eyes and rammed his fingers harder down Jack’s throat, bruising his lips, once, twice… Jack arched his back as he came. The Grandmaster holding his fingers buried in Jack’s throat as he shuddered.

“That’s nice… Doesn’t he look nice Lolo?” Sliding his fingers out of Jack’s still sucking mouth with a pop. He fisted his hand in Jack’s hair and turned him toward Loki.

Jack blinked his eyes open. His swollen wet lips parted, face flushed, breathing hard as he tried to catch his breath. The front of his pants wet with his seed. Sated with pleasure and magic.

“It looks a mess.” Loki said as he sauntered across the room. He bent to kiss the Grandmaster, shoving Jack aside with his foot.

Jack scooted over grinning. As Loki kissed the Elder deeper, laying his claim, Jack knelt up and wrapped his arms around Loki’s thighs and planted his lips on his leather clad ass. “Missed you.” he said.

Loki kicked back. “Get off!”

Jack let go and backed away on his hands and knees, still smiling. “As you wish.”

“You shouldn’t be so mean Lolo, he’s made some lovely pictures of you.” The Grandmaster said as he pulled Loki down into his lap.

“It was not to touch my things.” Loki answered, though he sounded slightly mollified.

“He’s been lying for you too.”

Jack undid the front of his pants, bent his back, lowered his head and began to lick himself clean.

“Really…” Loki paused

The sudden silence caught Jack’s attention and he looked up. Both men were staring at him.

“What? I didn’t lie, I said I thought you said wanted to see more of the city. Didn’t you?” Jack said “Uh, something like that.” Loki answered. He looked a bit flushed to Jack.

“Did I do something wrong?” he asked

“No. You did nothing wrong.”

Jack lowered his head and finished cleaning, licking the last of his seed from the inside of his pants and his softening cock.

“You cannot, not fuck him Lolo… think of the possibilities…That has to be one of the finer pieces of ass on Sakaar.”

Loki took a deep breath. “It’s also insane, En. It does this kind of thing to irritate me.”
“Is that what you call this?” The Grandmaster rubbed his hand over the bulge in Loki’s pants. “Irritation?”

“Right now? Yes, its irritation. It lives to annoy me. I don’t want to talk about the beast.” Loki twisted around and kissed the Elder again.

“You want to talk about what you’ve been up to?” The Grandmaster asked, nuzzling Loki’s cheek.

“I have not been up to anything. I went for walk. As it said, I wanted to see more of the city.” Loki pressed his teeth into the lobe of the Grandmaster’s ear.

“But you never left the Tower.” Pulling away from Loki’s mouth he placed his hand under the godling’s chin, tilting it up, his lips softly brushing down Loki’s exposed throat.

“I became... ahhhh... lost in the lower levels. By the time I found my way out, I was I was no longer in the mood.” Loki buried his fingers in the Grandmaster’s hair.

“I thought you might be visiting your brother.” The elder nipped at Loki’s soft skin, leaving little red marks on his neck. Loki sighed, “That oaf? Why would I bother?”

The Grandmaster took his mouth from Loki’s throat. “He’s going up against my champion tonight. I do hope you won’t be late.”

Loki tensed for a moment then leaned down and kissed him again. “I shall not. I’m looking forward to seeing this champion of yours.”

“Good! Good... I know you’ll enjoy it.” The Grandmaster gave Loki a quick hug and eased him off his lap as he stood up. “That’s why I dropped by Lolo... to let you know.” He smiled at Loki. “I’ll think of something special after to celebrate my champion’s victory... Hmmm Sweetie?”

“Yes. that sounds wonderful.” Loki smiled in return... but Jack could hear the strain in his voice, smell the fear on his skin.

The Grandmaster patted Jack on the head as he sashayed out the door.

Jack was on his feet and at Loki’s side as soon as the door shut. He caught his elbow and eased him back down on the chair. He stood helpless as Loki put his face in his hands.


Chapter End Notes

Just being in the presence of the amount of power the Grandmaster commands tends to overwhelm most mages. To someone who's magic is sex based its like being dropped naked into the middle of an orgy. Hopefully this makes Jack's reaction is at least understandable. Plus he has the whole attraction to older dominate men which the Grandmaster totally rocks.

If you like this please drop a note.
Chapter 16: Conversion

Jack backed off, knowing Loki barely tolerated him. He hated being around Loki when he was distressed, the twinging in his shield was decidedly uncomfortable. Jack’s innate desire to make things worse, warred with his need to make Loki feel better. He had however, given his word to not annoy Loki. It was a relief to know he had a reason to act on his better intentions.

He decided to make Loki a cup of tea. That’s what you did when people were upset, you gave them something to drink. He found the tea machine and was trying to figure out how it worked, when Loki said in a carefully controlled voice.

“What part of do not touch my things do you not understand?” Jack could hear the clenched teeth.

He carefully put the machine down. Kept his back to Loki. “I thought you might like a cup of tea.” His throat tightened, making his speech slide up half an octave. “Fuck” he thought, “Could I sound any more pathetic?” His tail flicked in annoyance.

“I do not.” Loki said. “Come here. You may be of use to me, demon.”

Jack returned and knelt in front of Loki and looked up.” Yes?

“Turn around and put your hair up. I need to see how the obedience disc works.”

Jack put his back to Loki, sliding close to his knees. He lowered his wings so they were out of the way and twisted his hair up in a loose knot on his head. “Is this O.K.?”

“Good. This may hurt a bit. Don’t move.” Loki put one hand on top of Jack’s head bending it to his chest. His cool fingers touched on either side of the disc. Jack could feel Loki’s magic sliding over his bared neck. The alien magic found the points where the disc was woven into his shield.

“What is this? You tied it to your warding? Why?” Loki asked

“The disc trickle charges from some remote source. I was tapping it to keep my shield strong. Plus it bleeds a little of the charge off so it’s not quite as painful as it would be if I didn’t steal a little of its power.” Jack answered.

Loki explored further into Jack’s shield spell with his own magic. Jack felt slightly sick at the touch. It was almost as though something was crawling around under his skin.

“You have mixed sex, ice, and blood magic, electricity, emotional energy, plus the bits you stole from my brother, myself, and the Grandmaster all in one spell.” Loki made a disgusted noise. “You use too much power for too little effect. Your technique is an abomination.”

“So sorry it doesn’t meet your exacting standards.” Jack growled. “It fucking works so what is the
problem?”

“The problem is I need to disentangle this mare’s nest from the disc so I can study how that works.” Loki answered. “Now be quiet.”

Jack shut his mouth and crossed his arms. Fuming. “It’s not like I had any one to teach me.” He thought. “Asshole probably had tutors waiting on him hand and foot. Probably has a library filled with magic books.”

The odd feeling of Loki’s seidr plucking at his shield made Jack hunch his shoulders. It was invasive, wrong, and intimately horrid. He clenched his jaw trying to stay still. The pulling of strands of the spell that were buried in his bones, in his flesh went on. His stomach churned and he could taste acid at the back of his throat. Loki’s cool fingers on the back of his neck were the only thing keeping him steady. He could feel the shield spell shifting, gaps opening up and threads stretching. The relentless twisting and tugging set his nerves twitching. There was a sudden wrench and Jack felt something give and resonate discordantly through his body. Loki’s magic slithered free with a feeling like sandpaper across the back of his tongue. Jack gasped for breath, panting, trying to calm the nausea, shivering and cold.

“I left your warding up, it is too much trouble to take it down.” Loki said. He stretched and leaned back. “At least not without damaging you beyond all use.”

The removal of his cold touch from Jack’s skin caused a rush of vertigo. Jack scrambled to his feet and bolted to the bathroom, hand pressed to his mouth. He hung over the toilet and vomited up the remains of his breakfast, emptying his belly till he was dry heaving. Shaking and weak he sat up, waiting till his breathing slowed. Still light headed, he used his wings to stand, pressing them against the floor and bracing himself till he could lean on the sink. He rinsed his mouth out and splashed cold water on his face. Took a short drink, then a longer as the water stayed down.

“Hurry yourself. I do not have time to waste on your weakness.” Loki called from the front room.

Jack walked to the door of the bathroom and leaned on the frame. “Fuck you. Just.Fuck you with the horse you rode in on.” He said wearily. He took a moment to dry his face, then walked back into the room.

Loki was now standing. Eyes narrowed.

“For royalty you have craptastic manners.” Jack said and kneeled back at his feet. “I’m doing the best I can.” He put his head down and waited, his back to Loki.

“What would you know of the conduct of true royalty?” Loki asked. Taking his seat he placed his hands back on Jack’s neck, letting his thumbnails dig into the space between his vertebrae.

“Ow! Damn little, except that being gracious seems to be a given. OW! Is that necessary?”

“Yes it is. I am gracious where appropriate. That quality, however is wasted on a fractious pet. Especially one with the vocabulary and behavior of a third rate whore.” Loki answered, lifting his thumbs and admiring the crescent shaped marks he’d driven into the demon’s neck.

“A third rate whore? I was thinking I as was at least a second rate whore. Not that anyone’s ever bothered paying me for my work. Does this mean I get an allowance?”

“Cease your prattling.” Loki thumped Jack on the head. “And stay still.”

Jack took a deep breath and settled into seiza, breathing slowly and deeply.
Again he could feel Loki sending tendrils of magic into his neck. But they were centered on the disc and bearable this time. After a few moments Jack felt the touch of metal on his skin against the edge of the disc. The was a sudden pressure as though Loki was trying to pry the disc off, then PAIN as electricity slammed through his nerves. His back bowed and his head snapped back with a crack against Loki’s knee. His muscles spasmed, his legs kicked out and his arms thrust apart. His wings half spread and beat against the floor as he fell over. The pain stopped as suddenly as it had started.

“So they can’t simply be wrested off. I thought not, but it’s better to check the obvious first.” Loki said.

Jack sat back up, got back into position without a word. He wiped sweat from his eyes and pulled his hair back up where it had come undone in his thrashing. It hurt but he could take it. This was not going to be easy, but baring pain was a point of pride for Jack. “Ready.” He said.

“Not quite.” Loki said and got up rubbing his knee. “You will need to be secured for this.”

Jack expected the magical restraints to reappear and was surprised to see Loki walk back into his room. He returned a few minutes later with an arrangement of leather straps and a length of thick rope. He looked Jack over and made a few changes to the harness. Loki knelt and began fitting the straps on Jack. He strapped his ankles to his thighs, and his hands to his ankles. His wings were folded against his back and Loki tied them in a series of crisscrossing knots that passed around his tied down arms and over his chest and stomach. His tail was passed between his legs and tied into the knot work on his chest. Lastly the collar was refastened and a strap passed down his chest to fasten to a cross strap holding his thighs.

“Why not use magic bindings like last time?” Jack asked while Loki adjusted the restraints to his liking. The straps were firm but not tight. Jack couldn’t move but he wasn’t in any discomfort.

“That spell may interfere with my investigation.” Loki replied. “The less magic used, the clearer the results. You know very little about mage work.”

“True. I just try things till something works.” Jack thought a moment “Or fails in a really spectacular way.”

Loki sat back down and pulled Jack back against his legs, placing his hands on Jack’s bowed neck.

“How?” he said. Jack felt the unnerving sensation of Loki’s magic sliding under his skin. “This will hurt. Keep your head down. I need to see how it is triggered.”

Electric fire ripped through his body, and his head snapped back as the muscles in his spine spasmed. Pain danced like lightning through his bound limbs. Before the pain came in pulses, but this time it didn’t stop, it kept building stronger, tearing down his back and across his tensed abdomen. It felt like his bones were being wrenched apart, tendons stretched impossibly tight. Something snapped in his right arm. His vision went glaring white. Jack screamed.
Loki spoke and power flared green and glowing like sunlight through leaves. The pain stopped.

“Indigo.” Jack panted. “Indigo.” Unable to think of anything but his old safe word. His face was on the carpet and he was laying on his side. His clothes were damp with sweat and rucked up under the ropes and straps.


“Stop, please I can’t… It’s too much….” His arm throbbed and he ached all over. “I’m sorry… I’m not strong enough…” He hung his head, shame flaming his cheeks.

“You don’t have to be. I will be strong for you.” Loki’s hands rubbed his shoulders. “All you must do is endure.”

“I’m afraid.” Jack could hear the whine in his own voice and his sense of humiliation increased.

“It’s alright. Just breathe.” His hands kneaded the tension from Jack’s trembling shoulders.

Jack relaxed into the touch, his breath easing, and his heartbeat slowing. “I think the radius in my right arm broke.” He said.

One hand slid down his arm. “You are right.” The feeling of coils and scales and a snake’s tongue flickering on his arm, not so alien any more, not quite as odd. Almost pleasant. Then that soft green growing light and he could feel the bone knitting back together, the fragility receding.

Jack turned as far as the ropes would let him so he could look in Loki’s face. “I’ll try not to fail you.”

“Good pet.” Loki said almost gently, and settled his hands again on Jack’s neck.

The rest of the day passed in a blur for Jack. He could not wrap his head around the pain the disc caused. It was completely devastating, even in short bursts. There was no narrative in his mind where he could encompass what it did to him. He screamed and begged every time it was triggered. Loki calmed him with words, settled him with touch and went back to his exploration. He got paper and pencil and took notes, did strange math formulas. Spoke to himself in a language whose words and meaning were beyond Jack’s understanding. Sometimes his magic hovered in the air like translucent cobwebs, other times it was laser focused on the disc. At one point Jack was covered in it like a delicate netting as it mapped the progress of the electric pulse through his tortured body.

The ropes were gone and the Loki was taking off the last of the leather straps when Jack returned to full awareness of his surroundings.

“Were you successful? Did you find out what you needed to know?” Jack asked as Loki eased him onto the floor. He stretched out his legs with a groan.

“What do you think?” Loki grinned and showed him the disc in his hand.

Jack reached his hand to his neck and felt the bare skin. “It’s gone. You did it. Will it help, with your brother?”

“Perhaps. If I choose to. The knowledge is important either way.” Loki patted Jack on the cheek. “You put your mind to it you just might be tolerable.”

“I will. I… I want to please you.” Jack raised himself up on one arm, feeling weak and shaky after the day’s ordeal.

“Why?”
“You know why.”

Loki put his hand under Jack’s chin and held him in his emerald gaze. “Tell me. Look me in the eyes and tell me.”

Jack licked his lips. “Because you are without mercy. Because you are strong. Because you are as beautiful as moonlight on rippled water. Because your mind is quicksilver. Because I want to, just once, see you smile.”

Loki let him go. “Pretty words for your enemy.”

“You are not my enemy. You own me.” Jack lay back and put his hand on his heart. “I wish I believed in a god to pray too, because whether I want it or not, you own me.”

“Believe in me.” Loki said, rising to his feet. “Pray to me. I may even listen to your prayers, little demon.”

“Yes.” Jack whispered. He rested, listening to Loki getting ready for the evening’s games.

**********

**Personal Jesus**

**Depeche Mode**

Your own personal Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers
Someone who cares

Your own personal Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers
Someone who’s there

Feeling unknown
And you’re all alone
Flesh and bone
By the telephone
Lift up the receiver
I’ll make you a believer

Take second best
Put me to the test
Things on your chest
You need to confess
I will deliver
You know I’m a forgiver

Reach out and touch faith
Reach out and touch faith

Your own personal Jesus
Feeling unknown
And you’re all alone
Flesh and bone
By the telephone
Lift up the receiver
I'll make you a believer
I will deliver
You know I'm a forgiver
Reach out and touch faith
Your own personal Jesus
Reach out and touch faith

Songwriters: MARTIN LEE GORE
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Data from: LyricFind
Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 17: Interlude

“So much for a quiet evening.” Jack thought, drying off as quickly as he could.

Loki had come out of his room, looked at Jack resting on the floor and snapped, “What are you waiting for? Clean up,” and pointed at the bathroom. Jack had scrambled to his feet, not realizing that Loki had intended for him to go along. He stripped off his sweaty clothes, got into the bath and had possibly the shortest shower of his life.

He wrapped the towel around his waist and walked into the front room. Loki waved him over.

“Come here, turn around and pull your hair up.” He said.

Jack saw the obedience disc in his hand and stopped short. His vision tunneled and his breath came short, his chest felt like there was a vice around it. There was a ringing in his ears. He could feel the shift starting as his body went on the defensive.

“NO!” Loki’s voice was a whip.

Jack cringed and bared fangs, unsheathed claws. Stared in Loki’s eyes and pled. “Please, I can’t. Not again.”

“You can and you will.” Loki’s voice was softer, but there was no denying it was an order. “You know this must be put back on.”

Jack nodded and forced himself to take one step forward. Fighting down the panic, fighting back the shape shifting. Trying to breath. Another step and he was within reach, a third and they were face to face.

“I will,” Jack said, looking up at Loki, he could not control his shivering “but not like that. Please, hold me?”

Loki sighed and pulled Jack against his chest. “You try my patience demon.”

“I know.” Jack said sadly, and clung to him. Bare chest against Loki’s leathers. His head resting on the taller man’s shoulders. Trembling and holding tight to keep from bolting. Fear a bitter taste in his mouth. He felt Loki lift up his wet hair and the cool press of the metal disc against his neck and the sharp bite as it dug back into his spine. The room spun and for a moment he thought he was going to faint, but there were cool hands on his forearms and a calm voice in his ear.

“It’s over. Now get dressed. I don’t have time for your theatrics.” But there was a hint of humor in
Loki’s tone.

“Damn you.” Jack said his voice catching. He staggered as Loki released him with a shove.

“Too Late.” Loki laughed. He turned to the bar and proceeded to check the dishes that had arrived while Jack was bathing.

Jack pulled on a pair of black silk pants that hung low on his hips and hugged his body so tightly they left little to the imagination. A silk vest that was low in the back to fit over his wings, and cut high in the front to leave his stomach bare, completed the ensemble. The only color were the silver lacings to hold pants and vest closed.

Loki looked him over as he loaded a plate. “Are you growing a beard for some reason?”

“No one has offered me a razor.” Jack replied. “No shaving, I get a bit shaggy.”

Loki looked at him quizzically. “It’s a simple use of magic to prevent such things.”

“Hmm. Let me experiment and see if I can remove parts of my body with magic?” Jack said “How could that possibly go wrong? I’ll stick with a razor.”

“I see your point.” He reached into somewhere and pulled a straight razor into existence and handed it to Jack. “Be quick.”

Jack rather doubted that quick was what he was going to be, but he wasn’t going to irritate Loki by trying to explain a safety razor to him. He returned to the bathroom and did his best while Loki spoke to him.

“You are to mingle with the other guests. Keep your ears and eyes open. Remember what is said and who says it. Try to be pleasant. If you cannot guard your tongue then do not speak. No one should try anything as you are mine. If anyone does it is an insult to me and you will immediately bring it to my attention. Don’t eat or drink anything unless I give it to you. Do you understand?”

Jack murmured his agreement as his finished the last strokes. He figured he’d done a pretty good job, with only a couple of nicks on his chin. The least of his marks, considering the bruise on his cheek, the bruises and welts on his stomach and the fading black eye, which was now a lovely shade of yellow. Plus the mark of the collar around his neck, which looked like someone had tried to throttle him. Looking closer he realized that there were fingermarks there from when Loki had tried exactly that, this morning.

“If you make me late it will not go well for you.” Loki said

Jack trotted out of the bathroom. Loki thrust a plate at him. “Eat.”

Jack ate while Loki finished his own meal. As soon as Jack finished Loki put his hand under his chin tilting Jack’s head up. “Why do you not heal this? You look...”

“Like shit?” Jack finished for him. “It would take me an hour to do healing. I thought you were in a hurry.”

“Someone is going to have to teach you proper magic.” Loki said, exasperated. “Hold still.”

Jack clenched his jaw as Loki’s seidr slithered over his skin and into the injuries. The weird feeling wasn’t as bad as before, but it still made him flinch back. He tried not to squirm as the magic crawled over his face and down his neck. He had a sudden vision of delicate spider legs touching his cheek
and jerked his hand up to brush them away. Loki’s frown stopped the motion. Soft green light washed over his vision and he could feel the residual pain receding. Loki shifted his grip and his power glided lower, easing the ache of Jack’s healing rib and healing the last traces of the flogging he’d had Finlos deliver. The bruises and welts on his belly and sides faded to nothingness.

Loki removed his hands. “Now you should be better able to do the work I set for you.”

Jack sighed. He hadn’t realized how much the dull aches had been wearing him down.

Loki cocked his head. “But, I think you are missing something.” He considered for a moment. “Sit up on the bar.”

Jack hopped up and sat down, wondering what he intended.

Loki pushed his knees apart. “Hold onto the edge and do not move. This may sting a bit.” He smiled like a wolf. Stepping between his knees he placed one hand on the small of Jack’s back. A knife appeared in his other hand. Magic sheathed the blade in verdant green. The tip touched to the simple knot work of faded scars on Jack’s tensed abdomen. “These are so crude, they hardly do you justice.”

Jack gasped as Loki pushed the blade into the start of the design. His own embedded magic flared blue against the invading power. The recently revived memory tried to trigger again but Loki’s blade was carving over the pattern, this moment intertwined with the decades old event. The blade burned on his scars, slicing deep into his skin. Blood welled from the cuts only to turn to frozen ruby drops that rolled from his belly to land on the bar top like tiny jewels.

Loki didn’t just recut the old binding, he elaborated it, delicate swirls and loops incised into Jack’s pale hide. Along the blade the green magic flowed layering past and present.

Jack was panting, his head fallen back, his throat exposed, the sharp pain making his heart pound. His eyes half closed in pleasure, drinking deep of his favorite kink. Feeling every twist and turn of the blade, reveling in the dark lust of being marked. Flying free from everything but the sweet sting of the knife.

“Loki,” he moaned softly, “uhnn!”

Loki finished with a final twist of the blade, making Jack shiver.

He ran his fingertips over the raw edges of the carving, sealing the weeping wound with a word.

“How why would I fuck you, when you are so much more responsive to the blade?” Loki asked, his voice low, looking into Jack’s glazed expression with lidded eyes. “Perhaps I will rewrite every memory on your body with those of my choosing, hmmm?” He licked Jack’s blood from his reddened fingers in slow sensuous laps.

Jack watched him, mesmerized. He was insanely high, feeling the pulse at his wounded stomach, the divine hurt that laid him bare. “Yes.” He said and laughed, his eyes shining with joy.

Loki grasped his arm and hauled him from the bar. “Time to go little demon.” He said with a smile. “Put on your collar like a good pet.”

Jack took the collar from Loki and fastened it around his neck. It was black and trimmed with silver as was the leash Loki clipped to it. Jack felt so good he was beaming.

“Do you wish me to crawl or walk?” He asked smiling, his hands lifted, his posture open.
Loki was looking at him strangely. “You act like you are drunk.”

“I am. Drunk on pain, on your magic. I love being cut, marked. It’s better than anything else.”

“Yet you were not even aroused.”

“You are right. Who needs sex, when there is power and submission and the feel of your knife carving me into heaven?” Jack’s eyes were wild. “I’d do almost anything for that.”

Loki shook his head, bemused. “Tonight simply do as I told you. And walk, but behind me as a pet should.”

The walk to the Grandmaster’s viewing room was an exercise in sensory stimulation for Jack. From the cool feel of the floor under his bare feet to the whisper of the machinery working overhead to the bright colors painted on the walls, everything seemed to glow and hum and be intricately entwined into a deeper meaning. Loki moved like a dancer’s dream of ahead of him, fluid and swift in sleek dark leather. Jack stretched out his wings and trailed the elongated clawed fingertips lightly along either wall, enjoying the faint clicking as they ran over the battens. They were almost at the viewing room when Loki turned and asked.

“Why are you doing that?”

“Because I want to.” Jack answered.

Loki looked nonplused. “And you do what you want?”

“Most people do. Even if they lie to themselves about it afterwards, or beforehand.” Jack considered “and I like the noise it makes.” He folded his wings back. “Like duty or honor or patriotism.”

“Patriotism has a noise?” Loki asked as they entered the room.


“You said you liked the noise of honor and duty and patriotism.” Loki said.

“What? That doesn’t make sense. I didn’t say that.” Jack looked confused. You asked me if it had a noise. I said they were lies people use to do what they want.”

“You distinctly said “I like the noise it makes, like duty or honor or patriotism.”” Loki stated, staring at Jack.

“Clicking, the clicking noise it makes, I like that.” Jack said.

The Grandmaster had approached during this conversation. Sliding his arm around Loki’s shoulders he asked “What are you two talking about.”

“Freedom” Jack said “and lies.”

“What? I thought you were talking about noises?” Loki said

“You’re the one who keeps bringing up noises.” Jack replied “I was talking about people doing what they want.”

“I always encourage people to do what they want… right Lolo? “The Grandmaster said as he led Loki over to the drinks table. Jack trailed behind them.
“Certainly Grandmaster.” Loki said “I have often heard you encouraging people to enjoy themselves.”

“It’s oh… how many times …what they want is… what I want them to do… isn’t that nice?”

“Very considerate of them, and of you of course.”

“Of course…” The Grandmaster echoed. “I am considerate … I want what is best for everyone… And what is best for you is…” He paused looking over the drinks and choosing a pink one with some fruit floating in it. “This!” He handed it to Loki with a smile.

“Thank you En,” Loki took a sip.

“Something for Kitty?”

“Maybe later, or it'll fall asleep before the party gets started. It has no tolerance for alcohol.”

Loki jerked Jack closer with the leash. He unclipped it from Jack’s collar and pushed him toward the gathering at the back of the room. “Go confuse someone else with your ramblings.”

He turned toward the Grandmaster. “Now when do I get to see this champion of yours?

Chapter End Notes

Being high on endorphins and well into sub space, Jack is not the most coherent of people.
The big fight night. Jack gets to meet a friend and party. Not so much fun as it sounds. Loki is a prick, tease.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 18: Party Town

The group of spectators was much larger than the last time Jack had been here. So many people, different types of people, chatting and drinking, their bright clothing swirling with all the colors of the rainbow. The spectacle made Jack’s head ache. He tried to make his way to the back of the room but kept getting lost as paths through the crowd turned or closed. He was feeling more than a little dizzy from the sounds and smells and motion when he bumped into a massive back.

“Jack!” The huge man said with a smile as he turned. It took Jack a moment to recognize it was Finlos looking down at him. But not the Finlos who had visited his room and looked like a refugee from an adult leather goods store. Tonight he was dressed conservatively in dark brown pants, a long loose coat of the same color, and a pale yellow embroidered shirt was stretched over his muscular chest. His mane was curled and oiled till it gleamed and his horns were gilded, golden and shining. Gold chains adorned his throat and gold studs glittered in his ears. An elaborate arrangement of golden rings and delicate chains gave the impression of gloves on his big hands. Jack stared at him, amazed.

“I thought, I mean… what are you doing here? Aren’t you in trouble?” He stammered.

“I am here to watch the Grandmaster’s champion take on this new challenger.” Finlos rumbled.

“Why would I be in trouble?”

“Because, uh the magic. And not checking with…” Jack tilted his head in the direction of the Grandmaster. “Him, first.”

“But I did check with him. As you suggested, while you were getting your drink.” Finlos said with a chuckle.

Jack was getting more confused. “You did nothing, you said nothing. How could you? I would have heard you.” He passed his hand across his forehead and was surprised to see it wet with sweat.

Finlos smiled broadly. “Jack, you were an unknown quality. Surely you do not think the Grandmaster would endanger one of his assets, like myself, by sending them into a situation which he was not monitoring. He was watching everything that was going on and told me to go along with you. Do you not have discrete communication devices on your world?”

“He was watching, like on a surveillance camera? And you were wearing an earwig?” Jack was stunned. He took in Finlos’ calm demeanor, his civilized clothing, his urbane speech. “You, you played me! You bastard, you played me!” Jack said heatedly. His tail flicked and a women turned to
glare at him as it brushed her ankles. Jack glared back.

“Now, now, why are you upset?” the giant asked. “You tried to play me, did you not? I am not upset. Though that was certainly an unusual experience for me. I am glad to see there was no permanent damage.”

Jack could see the logic of his viewpoint, and besides he was having trouble maintaining his anger, any real emotion at the moment.

“You’re right I did.” He gave Finlos a rueful smile. “So unusual in a good way or a bad way?” He asked, trying for seductive but afraid he was hitting anxious. His thoughts were scattering and he reined them back in, trying to focus.

“A good way I think. A very good way for the first part.” A smile spread across his wide face. “An experience I would not mind exploring further.”

Jack thought about it. “Perhaps, that could be arranged. I’ll have to ask.” He turned about, looking for Loki, but there were too many people in the way. He kept turning looking this way and that. Way too many people now that he thought about it, and too much noise and too little air and it should be too hot but was getting cold instead. The room seemed to be tilting and he wondered if the tower was swaying in the wind.

Finlos caught his shoulder and then put a massive arm around his waist. “What is wrong?”

“Crashing.” Jack said, finally understanding what was happening. “Don’t feel so good.”

Finlos half carried, half hauled Jack over to one of the couches at the back of the room. He sat him there and left. Jack put his head in his hands and rubbed his pounding temples. Shivering in cold. A moment later a heavy cloak was settled around his shoulders and a hot cup was pushed into his hands.

“Drink this. It will help you feel better.” Finlos said, settling beside Jack, wrapping an arm across his back and pulling him against his side.

Jack took the cup in his hands, cradling the warmth. The room seemed to expand and contract around him with each breath.

“It will not do you any good if you just hold it.” Finlos said, his voice soothing, as warm as the heat radiating from his body where Jack leaned against him.

Jack raised the cup to his lips, and a sweet honey smell filled his nostrils. He was suddenly thirsty, his mouth parched and his lips felt dry and cracked.

“Don’t eat or drink anything unless I give it to you.” Loki’s voice sharp edged, cold, echoed in his mind.

Jack lowered the cup and looked into it. A transparent golden scorpion hovered on the surface of the liquid, its tail dripping venom, the iridescent drops adding an oily sheen to the drink.

Jack’s hands jerked open. The liquid splashed onto the carpet and spattered hot on his bare feet. The cup rolled away empty.

“What is wrong Jack?” Finlos asked again, concern in his voice.

Jack turned and looked and saw gentle Finlos, so simple and kind, but now Jack knew it was a mask
and cunning Finlos looked through its black eyes. Then the eyes flashed golden brown and it was ancient power looking at him. Only a glimpse, maybe even a hallucination.

Jack forced himself to smile, “Sorry I’m a bit shaky. Loki played with me most of the day. It takes a toll. I appreciate your concern, but nothing to drink, please. I don’t think I could keep it down.” Plain truth that. No lies to trip him up.

“Later then. When you are feeling more settled.” Finlos rumbled and pulled Jack closer, his broad hand stroking his back.

Jack sighed, turned his head and kissed his shoulder. “This is nice. I wish I could stay here all night.” He said, and he wanted to, really wanted to burrow into the soft warmth. Wanted to be held, comforted and safe in this cozy nest. Even though he knew it was all a lie and he could smell the corruption that lay hidden underneath. He pulled away and shrugged off the cloak. Choosing the empty cold.

Finlos grasped Jack’s arm as he rose, the hand hot on his chilled skin.

“Why not stay? I will stay with you. I have seen the champion fight on numerous occasions. I would not mind missing one bout.” The giant’s guileless smile was soft and inviting.

“I need to walk,” Jack said, “to clear my head.” He drew out of the heavy grip.

“Wait, I will come with you. You don’t look well. Jack!”

But Jack had already slipped swiftly into the crowd, putting as many people between himself and Finlos as he could. Gold gleamed everywhere he looked. Golden jewelry and golden trim, sandals with thin golden straps and combs of gold holding fantastical hairdos in place. Over it all thin shimmering almost invisible lines, cobwebs of gold power that connected like the wires on a vast circuit board. All of them leading back to the ancient spider who manipulated the strings like a puppeteer with a room full of marionettes.

The soft golden brown eyes seem to flash from a dozen different faces. Jack could hear the Grandmaster’s voice echoing in the conversations as he moved through the crowd. Hollow men and empty women were vessels to pour his power into, with cameras for eyes and speakers for mouths and pitiless computer brains calculating the odds.

Jack knew this was the grand game, not the fights down in the arena. The arena was where the pawns were sacrificed. Here was where the rooks and castles and bishops maneuvered for status, protecting their king. But the king was only a place keeper for the player who truly shifted these pieces around the board. And it was the queen he wanted. Beautiful and deadly, the most powerful piece in the game. Dedicated to protecting the king, only which king? Tonight the black king fought in the arena. And Jack was queen’s pawn. Black king, black pawn but the queen was in blue and gold. Which way would the Trickster move?

Jack circulated through the room, trying to ignore the overlaid visions of delirium. He smiled, flirted, and listened with flattering attention. Letting the occasional too friendly hand touch him, though it made his skin crawl. He acted as if everything was normal, just another party. Drinks were pressed into his hands and he would set them down and pick up an empty glass, or spill their contents into another’s vessel. Food he was passed he broke into smaller pieces as he gestured, talking and laughing and leaving the remnants on someone else’s plate. He was not sure if what he saw was true sight or hallucinations brought on by too much time in subspace. Either way he knew it was deadly serious. He saw Loki sitting with the Grandmaster, a sharp edged silhouette, all shattered glass and barbed wire. Golden threads coiled and stroked at the Grandmaster’s touch only to be cut to ribbons
by shards of Loki’s brittle laughter.

As the evening wore on the faces around Jack became stranger, leering. Their words layered with double and triple meanings. A man turned to smile at Jack with a face that was half rotted away. Blind and suppurating eyes batted their moth clustered lashes at him. Hands that grasped and patted were bone and gristle laced with twisted curling veins. He saw the Grandmaster standing by the viewing window, his double towering beyond in the arena. Heard the reverb of his announcement echoing and cross echoing till it drowned out all meaning.

Fighting to keep control over the visions Jack asked a headless servant who held a tray of gutted squirming rats, the way to the toilet. He followed the wheezed directions and stood shaking behind the locked door. He poured cold water on his head and face trying to come down. But the water turned to blood and the demon looked back at him from the mirror. Jack put his hand to his face to insure he hadn’t changed and his doppelganger laughed. There was a roaring in his ears and he struck out at the mocking reflection, hitting it again and again.

The mirror was cracked and blood dripped from his trembling hands, down his arms into the clear water swirling. The pain was real. The glass sticking in his hands was real. His reflection though shattered was his own. Jack pulled the broken bits of mirror out of his hands and washed them in the cold water. Holding a towel over the wounds till they stopped dripping. He could hear more roaring, but it was outside his head.

He opened the door and walked cautiously back to the party. It was quieter, most of the guests were focused on the action down in the arena. An honored few clustered around the couch that gave the best view. No one seemed to be paying attention to him. There were no more rotting corpses, no weird half machine people, though he could still feel magic, thick and cloying.

When Loki suddenly jumped up and shouted “YES! That’s how it feels! Jack startled so badly he bumped into a tall woman standing beside him. She only smiled, patted his cheek and turned back to the fight. Jack was too far back to see what was going on in the arena, and he had no desire to get closer. He was afraid the visions would return.

The noise of the battle resounded through the room. Then lightening cracked across the sky. The hair on Jack’s arms stood on end and electricity shimmered over his skin. He back stepped till his wings pressed against the wall and shut his eyes. He could feel the lightning in his bones. Arcing and tingling. Thunder boomed again and again. The last report loud enough to truly shake the tower. Then quiet. A soft murmuring of voices as people filed past.

He felt someone close and heard a click of metal at his throat. Jack opened his eyes to see Loki looking thoughtful and holding the other end of his leash.

“How..” Jack started to ask.

“Not now.” Loki warned softly and glanced toward the Grandmaster who was looking down into the arena with a frown on his face.

They followed the rest of the subdued party goers out. Jack kept his silence till they were back in Loki’s rooms.

“How?” Jack asked.

“He lives. My brother is a skilled fighter and stronger then he looks. Even without Mjölnir.” Loki answered. “However, there are new developments I have to consider. What did you learn?”
Jack related his experience, from his encounter with Finlos, through the hallucination plagued party to the final moments of the battle. He tried to piece together the conversations he’d overheard, many of which were speculations on how long the new boy toy would last.

“I’m not sure what was real and what wasn’t. I swear I didn’t eat or drink anything.” Jack said. “Could something have been put in the food here?”

“I would not put it past the Grandmaster, he has done something similar in the past. If so, it affected us differently.”

“I thought it was true sight at first.” Jack continued. “Like when I first saw the Grandmaster and I had no shield to protect my mind. I saw how he wears that human form like you or I would wear a coat, like a star trying to pass itself as a man.”

Loki folded arms and considered Jack, who was seated at his feet. “That is how you see him?” he asked. “Or is it how you see his power, his magic?”

“How I saw him.” Jack answered. “Tonight he was using other people like clothes. Like a wasp who lays its eggs inside the living bodies of its prey. Only he hatches out and eats them away instead of his offspring. He wants you Loki. He wants your power and your mind and he’ll do the same to you. Turn you into another of his puppets.”

“That isn’t going to happen.” Loki replied. “I know how powerful he is, better than you do. I have defenses in place for just such attempts. Just because I act unaware of his machinations does not mean I am unaware of them. I have been practicing magic for a fair amount of time.”

“Compared to him?” Jack asked. “He scares the crap out of me. He should do the same to you. I don’t know how to protect you from him.”

“Why would I need or want your protection, demon? I am perfectly capable of looking after myself.” Loki said leaning forward. “You are presumptuous.”

“I’m afraid Loki.” Jack said and wrapped his wings around himself. “Don’t want to lose you.”

Loki rubbed a hand over Jack’s shoulder. “You won’t little demon. I have no plans to become a puppet to a self-indulgent mad man, no matter how powerful. You did well tonight. Very well considering.”

Jack smiled, glad to have pleased. He turned his head and brushed his lips over the inside of Loki’s arm.

Loki stroked a hand through Jack’s hair. “You may sleep on the chaise lounge tonight, and you may use the throws to cover yourself. You will however, stay out of my room. Understood?”

“Yes, I understand. Thank you.” Jack stood up and took off the vest and folded it, placing it on a chair. He unclipped the leash hanging from his collar and hung it off the back. He slipped out of the pants and laid them on top of the vest. Loki stayed seated and watched him appraisingly. Jack picked up a soft blanket in deep royal blue and turned to walk to his bed for the night.

“Come here.” Loki ordered as he stood up.

Jack returned but before he could kneel Loki grasped his arm and pulled him into an embrace. Jack wrapped his arms around the taller man’s waist, tilted his head back and Loki took his mouth with a hard demanding kiss. His lips were warm and firm and Jack opened his mouth and breathed in Loki’s breath. Loki’s tongue licked wet over Jack’s parted lips and slid into his mouth. Jack returned
the caress and their tongues stroked over one another. Jack's heart pounded and heat pulsed in his groin. Then Loki broke off and pulled back. Holding Jack at arm's length he smiled at his obvious arousal.

"You are such an excitable little beast." He said with a wicked grin. "Sweet dreams little demon." Loki patted Jack's bare butt, walked into his bedroom and closed the door.

Jack stood in shock, his face flushed, his mouth tingling and his cock hardening. "You are a total asshole Loki." he called as he stalked over to the chaise longue. "I'm gonna lay here and jerk off thinking about fucking your hot tight ass." He curled up under the cover.

He heard a low chuckle from the other side of the door.

Jack spit on his hand and started stoking his cock remembering the taste of Loki's mouth, and the way his arms felt around Jack's shoulders. Long slow strokes that got slower and slower as sleep claimed him.

*****************

Party Town
Dave Steward And The Spiritual Cowboys

Saxophones were playing in a pool of light
Corridors of mirrors in a never ending night
Jukebox electric shining in your face
Arms like a gorilla playing a stumbling bass
You were singing under water when you started to drown
I never did like you much so I didn't slick around
Matthew was the only one who lasted till the end
He was swimming in the kitchen when his mind began to bend
In party town, party down
I saw you with your dress torn down
In party town, party down
You were naked and alone
Officers and criminals were walking hand in hand
The king of executioners he was singing in the band
Microscopes and laser beams they all were being used
Girls were drinking Novocain to keep themselves amused
Senators and ministers were hanging in the sky
People paying in advance to watch the scene go by
Magazines were quoting all the things that had been said
Making fun and money on the fact that she was dead
Party girl, party girl, I saw you in your party world
Party girl, party girl, you were naked and alone instrumental... party
Party town, party town, where the beat goes down
Party town, party town, you can hear them beg for more
In party town, party town, the girls don't keep you hanging round
In party town, party town, they nail you... to the floor... Ha Ha
Yes, it is possible to hold it together for hours while hallucinating your head off, and even convince entirely sober people of your sobriety. I don't recommend the experiment. At all. Under any circumstances. Crashing is also a very real phenomenon. Take care of your subs.
Chapter 19: You Sexy Thing

There was a hand stroking his side, sliding over his ribs and across his back, exploring where the black, finely furred skin of his wing merged into the muscles along his spine. The fingers trailed down that junction where it flared out and ended over his hip, then skirted under his wing to touch where his tail emerged just above the cleft of his buttocks. His tail was encircled by a gentle grasp that started to slide slowly down its length. Jack loosely coiled his tail around the hand, returning the caress as he surfaced from what seemed a pleasant dream.

“Mmmmmm.. “ He murmured. But the hand was still stroking his tail and a weight was pressed into the curve of his body as he lay on his side. He opened his eyes and meet Loki’s gaze. Seated with his butt against Jacks thighs, one long leg tucked under him. A teacup was in his right hand and Jack’s tail sliding through his left.

There was an oddness to Loki this morning and a wild look in his eyes, as though nightmares had stalked him. He was wearing only a deep green silken robe that gaped open across his chest and rode high on his long slender thighs. He reached the end of Jack’s tail and spread the two thin bones that allowed the tip to widen into a flattened diamond, with his thumb. He rubbed the spread skin between his thumb and forefinger.

Jack twitched, laughed and tried to pull his tail away but Loki tightened his grip and dragged his thumb back over the sensitive skin, making Jack shiver and squirm.

Jack reached for his hand, giggling. “Don’t do that! It tickles.”

“Is that so?” Loki said. He put down his tea and caught Jack’s wrist, twisting it behind his back till Jack was pinned on his stomach, his other arm trapped under him. Loki sprawled over the demon holding his wings down. He ran a fingernail over the thin skin and Jack exploded into laughter.

“Oh please! Ha! ha! ha! Please stop!” Jack wiggled and struggled trying to get away, arching his back and kicking as he laughed.

“Hmm.” Loki purred and licked his tongue, warm and wet over the stretched skin of Jack’s tail tip.


“Ah, I like that response.” And Loki licked over the vulnerable spot again.

“Ghhhh! Jack moaned. “That’s, wrong that’s… unn… too much!”

“How is it wrong?” Loki asked and nipped the web of skin between the tail struts and the tip.
“Yiike!!” Jack yelped, trying to pull free again. “It’s too intense. I can’t! It’s not for touching!”

“What’s it for then?” Loki licked over the bite.

“Uhh!” Jack was panting. “For flying, balance, telling up from down, oh god it feels so wrong when you do that. Like I don’t know where I am. Like I’m falling up.”

Loki laughed, and let the thin bones close against the vertebrae. “So how does it feel when I do this?” He asked and took the end of Jack’s tail in his mouth and sucked.

The tendons and muscles all along Jack’s spine and tail contracted, his claws unsheathed as his fingers clenched and his toes curled. “Noo! No! Don’t! Oh! Fuck!”

“Well?” Loki took the end of Jack’s tail from his mouth. Then licked the tip.

“Please!” Jack shivered. “It’s like you are touching my nerves, touching inside my bones. Electric sparks that go everywhere. It’s too scattered. I can’t make sense of it. Please, don’t, don’t stop.”

“Don’t stop?” Loki chuckled and ran his other hand up the inside of Jack’s thigh. Jack groaned at the intimate touch, but his knees fell apart.

Loki stroked over Jack’s rump, smiling at how he squirmed and whimpered. He slid his thumb down the cleft of his ass. “You are so impatient little demon.” He nibbled the end of Jack’s tail. “I wonder what you would do if I were to push this right…” He rubbed his thumb over Jack’s tensed hole. “in here.”

“Oh god. Please, Loki, my god.” Jack was breathless, his cock stirred heat spreading along the shaft.

Loki sat up, still holding Jack’s tail. “Shall we find out?” He leaned down and whispered in Jack’s ear. “Do you want your god to fuck you with your own tail little demon?” His thumb rubbing in circles. “Do you? Then pray for it.”

Jack shivered at his wicked words. Lust bloomed in his heart and his cock hardened further

“Loki, god of mischief, I beg you,” Jack growled low, pushing his ass back and trying to impale himself on Loki’s thumb, “Answer your demon’s prayer and ravage me. Please, fuck my tail up my ass, Trickster. I pray thee. Please!” His face flushed.

“You are a blasphemous little monster!” Loki purred. “So I shall reward your devotion, as it deserves.”

He patted Jack’s rump and placed a small jar on his back. A moment later felt a slick warmth as Loki spread a thick oil over the end of his tail, his cock twitched as Loki stroked his tail tip as though he was jerking him off. Jack bared his teeth and snarled, his claws embedded in the throw he clutched in his hands. He went up on all fours, turned his head and snapped at Loki, the very picture of rage. Trembling.

“What are you playing at demon?” Loki’s voice was sharp and he tugged on Jack’s tail, hard.

“Not playing!” Jack spat, and lowered his head and shoulders till they were against the brocade fabric of the chaise lounge. Raised his wings half spread above his back. “Need!” He snarled again.

“Hold then.” Loki rubbed a slickened finger just under the base of Jack’s tail, stroking down between his clenched buttocks and over his tight anus. Jack growled louder and raised his butt, begging with his body pushing back as Loki smoothly pressed the finger into him. He clenched
around the intrusion, and gave a low animal yowl.

Loki pulled out and slapped him hard across his ass. “Hold I said!”

Jack turned his head and glared, his eyes changed to solid cobalt blue. “Yes” He hissed. “Yes my lord, my god.” Teeth shone white and sharp under his lifted lip.

Loki pushed his finger back into the tight entrance felt Jack opening as he stroked. Was surprised at how cool he was inside, how he was getting colder not hotter. He pushed a second finger in and heard Jack curse and growl. The muscle tight and cold around his fingers, as he curled them searching for just the right spot. Feeling the demon jump and moan when he brushed over it.

Jack’s skin had whitened to the color of snow and felt as cold under Loki’s hand. Loki watched but Jack didn’t shift any further, didn’t even seem to be aware he had changed at all. His breathing was fast and ragged and his eyes had slid almost closed. Loki saw that where he touched the demon his own skin was taking on the blue color and marking of his Jotun heritage. He almost stopped, but something in him urged him on, a dark need to see how far the change would go.

He pulled his fingers out of Jack’s stretched and slickened asshole and pressed the tapered end of the demon’s tail to the entrance. It was strangely erotic watching the slick tail slide into the pale rose rimmed opening, one vertebrae at a time. The thin flat muscles and tendons were visible, beneath black fur so fine it felt like suede. The way Jack’s muscled ring opened and clenched around the bulge of each bone, made Loki’s cock throb.

The way the demon’s tail moved in his hand like a snake was obscene. Jack’s soft “Huh, huh, huh”, as Loki pulled his tail back out then pushed it deeper sent a flush of heat to his groin. Loki was panting now. Watching how Jack moved as he fucked his tail into him. How Jack’s wings grasped the side of the chaise lounge like oversized hands, and how he worked his body against those anchor points. Jack’s growl was low and deep, then broke into a hissing snarl as sensation overwhelmed him.

Loki pulled Jack’s tail all the way out, and the gape of his ass was an invitation. He let go of Jack’s tail and dragged him onto the floor, still clutching the throw. Loki kneeled up behind him, pulling the tie off his robe so it fell open reveling his jutting cock. He stroked on the lube and pushed the red flushed head against Jack’s wet rim. Loki shuddered at the icy touch of that tight hole on his cock.

Jack yowled, an animal cry that started as a low pitched growl and broke into a wild ragged scream as Loki entered him, stretching him open with a deep swift push.

Jack’s inner muscles clenched, wrapped tight around Loki’s shaft, his slick rectum so cold it burned like fire. “Like fucking an ice sculpture” the opportunist had said, but Jack was no sculpture now. His body was never still, his back undulating, his hips twisting, his growling muffled as he bit and clawed the blanket into shreds. His wings trembling, he shoved back into Loki’s thrust.

Loki grasped the squirming demon by the hips, pulled half way out and then slammed in harder, the chill filling him with every stroke. Burying himself in the icy depths of Jack’s body. There were layers of cold and he bored into them, ramming Jack’s pale ass with a ferocity he rarely unleashed. Jack responded with an enthusiasm created out of lust and hunger and barely controlled anger. Burning with an arctic fury, their breath fogging in the rapidly cooling air.

Loki’s shapeshift to Jotun flowing up his arms and belly, over his chest and down his thighs. The room seemed to brighten as his vison became more acute. He pulled away abruptly.

Jack cried out, wordless, as if in pain.

“Turn over beast. Cast your eyes on the true nature of your god.” Loki said bitterly.
Jack pulled his knees up and turned. He checked as he saw Loki. “Fuck!” The lust and anger fled from his face.

Loki tensed, his expression blank.

“You are so…” Jack stared at him in shock and confusion. “so…” He lifted his hand to touch the raised marking on Loki’s cheek. “blue?”

“Dare you mock me?” Loki snarled grasping his wrist. Sharp pointed teeth stark against his dark lips. He shoved forward and roughly grabbed Jack’s chin in his other hand squeezing his face. “Dare you little demon?” Loki stabbed into his thoughts like knife.

“Never.” Said Jack and opened his mind to his god.

Adoration. Loki saw himself through Jack’s mind. Shining like moonlight on snow, powerful as an avalanche, and blinding as the sun sparkling on ice. Laughing, unknowable, shrouded in mystery, and desirable as taking the next shuddering breath. Intricately beautiful in his Jontun form, the lines on his skin like frost patterns traced over darkened glass. Blizzard Master. Winter’s Storm God.

Loki let go of the link, opened his hands. Stunned he gazed at the demon.

Jack lay back, his knees bent, legs open, his cock hard on his belly, moisture beading the slit. He reached both hands out to Loki. Pleading with his eyes. Like a fallen angel begging for grace.

“Thine?”

“Mine!”

Loki took him with a gale’s force. He pushed Jack’s knees to his chest, bending him double. He thrust his cock between Jack’s buttocks, rolling his hips till he found Jack’s slick hole and rammed full depth into his ass. He gloried in the demon’s wounded cry. Loki pinned him down and fucked Jack’s ass with bruising force. Working his hips to make him squirm and moan in pleasure, his ball’s slapping the underside of Jack’s tail.

Jack howled at the powerful assault and grabbed Loki’s driving butt with both hands, pulling him as close as he could, his claws digging into the clenching muscles. Every stroke of his god’s cock driving him further into ecstasy. He mantled his wings and wrapped them both into a cocoon of slender bone and velvet skin. His cock was pulsing with each thrust rubbing a smear of precum against his stomach, against his lover’s ribs. Loki kissed him roughly, biting his lip with teeth sharp enough to tear the tender skin. Jack returned the kiss open mouthed his tongue slipping between Loki’s lips. He shuddered so close when Loki sucked on it, moaning into his mouth.

Loki could taste the copper of Jack’s blood in his mouth as he sucked his tongue, could feel the demon frantically humping his cock between their bodies, and feel his asshole spasm at each thrust. Loki bit into Jack’s tongue and ground his hips hard against his butt, driving Jack’s breath out as his cock stabbed deep.

Jack gasped into Loki’s demanding mouth, overwhelmed by pleasure, he shuddered and came. His cock pulsed in waves, wet seed spilled onto his belly, splashed onto Loki’s heaving ribs, freezing in drips and puddles. His anus clenched, as Loki thrashed every last spasm from his shaking body.

Loki broke the kiss as he fucked Jack through his orgasm. He plunged harder, faster, with enough force to crack a mortal’s pelvis. Jack’s little yips of pain where enough to send him up and over the edge. He shivered and emptied his seed in long throbbing pulses into Jack’s bruised ass. “MINE!”

They lay together catching their breath. Loki’s softening cock slipped from Jack’s ass and wet spilled
across the base of his tail. Jack unbent his legs and slid his feet behind Loki’s knees. He stroked his fingers over the lines that decorated his cool blue skin. Looked into eyes the shifting color of a sunset.

“You are so beautiful, I was just stunned, and I couldn’t find any words.”

“Besides blue?” Loki asked with a chuckle, and bit him hard on the shoulder.

“OW!” Jack wiggled but Loki held him still, sucking and biting the same spot, marking him.

“In my defense you are blue, and it is my favorite color.” Jack pressed his own sharp teeth against Loki’s long neck.

“Don’t even think about it.” Loki chided, pushing Jack down as he sat up. The black velvet wings caressed his shoulders for a moment before Jack folded them back. He watched as Loki shifted back to his normal color and form. Jack looked at his own skin turning from snow white back to pale peach.

“That was weird, I’ve never shifted partway before.” He looked at Loki who was glancing at the light covering of snow that lay on the furniture and shivering in the cold air. “Did you make it snow? Like it did when we fought?”

Loki glanced back at Jack, who looked like a debauched saint, his face soft and glowing, his hair wet and sticking to his forehead and his belly streaked with the remnants of his seed.

“That was not you? I thought it was an effect of your spikey form.” Loki looked puzzled.

“Never happened before.” Jack said.

“Perhaps an effect of both our magics. It will bear looking into. Later.” Loki stroked Jack’s cheek, brushed the tangled hair from his forehead. “I need you to run an errand for me.”

********

Hot Chocolate
You Sexy Thing

I believe in miracles
Where you from, you sexy thing? (Sexy thing, you)
I believe in miracles
Since you came along, you sexy thing

Oh, kiss me, you sexy thing
Touch me baby, you sexy thing
I love the way you touch me, darling, you sexy thing
Oh, it's ecstasy, you sexy thing
Yesterday I was one of the lonely people
Now you're lying close to me, giving it to me

I believe in miracles
Where you from, you sexy thing? (Sexy thing, you)
I believe in miracles
Since you came along, you sexy thing
Oh, touch me
Kiss me, darling
I love the way you hold me, baby
Oh, it's ecstasy

Oh, it's ecstasy (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
Kiss me, baby (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
I love the way you kiss me, darling (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
Oh, yeah (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
Love the way you hold me (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
Keep on lovin' me, darling (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)
Keep on lovin' me, baby (Sexy thing, you sexy thing, you)

Songwriters: BROWN WILSON
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Chapter End Notes

Was not going to actually have Loki fuck Jack but IW really pissed me off.
Chapter 20: *Don’t Kill the Messenger*

After a late breakfast Loki said to Jack,

“I require you to take a message to my brother. Will that bit of his power in your warding allow you to locate him?”

Jack had to think about it. “It should, let me try.” He closed his eyes and concentrated on the spark woven into his shield. It was easier to see now that Loki had removed the Grandmaster’s magic. He thought of the glimpse he’d had of Thor in the astral plane, and how he’d felt the shimmer of his power last night when the lightning flashed. It was hard to open his mind outside the constraint of his body without being driven by pain. He centered, calmed his mind, focused on the tenuous link between stolen power and the power’s master. There was an almost invisible shining silver thread. Jack followed it down, and over to the west of the tower, maybe three or floors below them, the link growing stronger, flickering with energy. He reached, touched, RAGE flared along the link and there was a sharp snap of electricity that threw him back into his body.

Jack lay on the floor, his eyes watering and the smell of ozone and burnt skin in his nostrils. “Ow! Damn!” The hand he’d reached with throbbed in pain. He blew on it trying to cool the burn. White lighting marks were etched down his fingers, across his palm and streaked in jagged line to his elbow. He called the cold and covered his hand and arm in soothing ice.

“Your brother is really pissed off.” Jack shook his hand, ice cracking and reforming.

“I take it you found him.” Loki raised an eyebrow at Jack’s easy control of ice magic.

“Yeah, a few stories below us and on the west side.” He looked over the damage. “He was ticked off the first time I touched his power. Does he have, like anger issues?”

“He has his reasons.” Loki said in a tone that told Jack the matter was closed. He pick up pen and paper and started to write.

“O.K.” Jack crossed his legs and worked on healing the burn. He slowly sent his magic over the damaged skin that way he’d felt Loki healing his earlier wounds. It was like making the skin remember how it was supposed to be, opposed to his usual method of speeding up the natural healing process. It seemed to be working better, already the pain was fading.

“JACK!”

Jack jerked his head up, dropping his focus and feeling the magic dissipate. He had the impression that Loki had called his name more than once.
Loki motioned him over. “You are to take this to him. Wait for his reply, if he has one and return to me.” He said handing Jack the folded paper. There was a complicated scrawl over the flap of the fold that felt like Loki’s magic. “Turn around you’ll need to travel without restrictions and without calling attention to yourself.”

Jack felt the cold touch of Loki’s hands on his neck and a trace of his magic centered on the obedience disc. There was a brief shock from the disc that was over before he could react to it. Then Loki’s hands ran over his shoulders and down his arms. Jack could see a soft green glow pass over his skin for a moment and could feel Loki’s sorcery slither down his body in a cool wave. But when he looked down at himself he could see no difference.

“What did you do?” He asked

“I made you appear ordinary and not worth remembering.” Loki said and kissed down the side of Jack’s neck, his lips warm and soft. “Now you look as you truly are.” He set his teeth into Jack’s trapezoid with bruising force.

Jack yelped and pulled away as Loki laughed.

“Hurry, little demon and try not to be seen. That glamour won’t hold against anyone with real power.”

Jack hastened down the hall. He made it to the elevator when a group of guards turned around the corner and approached. Jack did his best impression of a harried office worked and they ignored him, walking past without a second glance. He rode the elevator down four floors without incident, several people getting in and getting out. He trailed after the last group for a bit, then took a left and worked his way closer to where he could feel Thor’s brooding energy gathered.

Jack heard quick footsteps coming toward him, but continued on secure in Loki’s glamour. A lithe woman, dressed in dark leather armor paused as he approached. He remembered seeing her before but couldn’t remember where. Perhaps at last night’s party? He gave her a vague nod and went to walk past.

Her hand shot out, grasped his wing and spun him around, slamming him against the wall. Jack was startled she had even noticed him. He was even more surprised at her strength. Her arm across his chest held him in place, there was a knife hovering unsteadily at his throat.

“Aren’t you Lackey’s pet?” her breath reeked of alcohol, but her dark eyes were focused intently on his face. “What are you doing here?”

“Exercising.” Jack said grasping her wrist and trying to guide the knife a little farther from his throat. Her arm didn’t budge.

“I thought you’d get enough of that in his rooms.” She said.

“Beautiful, I’m insatiable when it comes to exercise.” He said with a smile. “You want to work out sometime?”

He twisted his hips aside to avoid her expected knee and caught it on his thigh with muscle numbing force. She flipped her knife so quick it was a blur and the pommel rapped him sharply on the nose. Jack yelped as he felt the bone give way.

She released him and stepped back as he bent over. “Don’t try that shit on me.”

Eyes watering from the pain he clutched his nose, blood dripped down his arm, off his elbow and
Blinking away the tears, Jack said “Wad da hell! You boke my nodes.” He wiped the blood off his mouth. “I don’t allow dat on da first date. I’mb supposed to ad leasd ged a kiss before.” He bared his teeth in a wolf’s grin.

She turned away with a look of disgust. “You two snakes deserve each other. I don’t want to know what you’re up to.”

Jack had a retort on his lips but she was already walking rapidly down the hall. Besides Loki said be quick.

He channeled cold to his hand and held the bridge of his nose till it numbed. He braced against the wall and pulled the bone back into place, hissing at the sharp pain. Again he focused his magic and the bone reknit, the torn blood vessels sealed and the inflammation shunted away. His nose ached and felt tender, but he could breathe through it and his eyes weren’t trying to swell shut anymore. He was thankful for this morning’s exercise in more than one way. He had plenty of power to spend in healing.

He continued down the hall and turned a corner thinking. Scrapper 142, he remembered a woman saying last night. One of the Grandmaster’s favorite slave catchers. Touchy as hell, even if nice to look at. Though he had to admit he found her violence intriguing.

The hallway continued all the way across the tower. A couple of more turns and a smaller corridor opened into a room painted with red and white stripes. There was a man at the window, short hair, big muscles and gladiator armor. He turned as Jack stepped through the entrance, his eyes narrowed and his hand reached to his empty belt. Jack tilted his head, the red facial stripes were a bit confusing.

“You’re Thor, Loki’s brother right?” The link he’d been following led him here. “You look different on the astral plane, more hair and less paint.”

“I am Thor. What of it?” He rumbled, his fists curled into fists and he took a menacing step toward Jack.

Jack raised his hands, “Look I don’t want any trouble, Loki sent me here and..”

A large door opened behind Thor and a huge green figure emerged. Jack recognized him and his heart skipped a beat.

“Oh my god! You’re the HULK! You’re the fricking HULK! WOW! OH Man! This is great! “

Jack bounded toward the Hulk in his excitement, disregarding Thor completely.

“I saw you in New York! I mean on T.V. but it was live news and you were just… amazing! That big whale ship thing coming in and you just went WHAM and slammed it into the ground and stopped that sonabitch all by yourself. Unbelievable! And then you started punching and BAM! BAM! BAM! Those Chitari were getting tossed all over the place!” Jack was waving his hands and reenacting the fight.

Hulk grunted and sat on the bed.

“I also took down a whale ship.” Thor put in.

Jack turned his head for a moment “Uh huh. You threw lightning. Iron man flew down one’s throat. Now that was bad ass.”
He turned back to the Hulk who was taking off his armor.

“I mean you were just kicking serious butt and then they cornered you and bang! Bang! Bang! They just unloaded on you and you went RAHHHH! And took those guys out! You were like “Guns, I don’t need no stinking guns.” ” Jack went on.

Hulk grinned. “No stinking guns! Hulk Strong”

“The strongest.” Jack agreed. “You smashed the hell out of them.” Jack grinned back. “Hey is it true you dusted Loki’s butt? There’s this really bad vid taken from a building across from Stark tower making the rounds, where it looks like you’re tossing him around like a rag doll.”

“Puny god.” Hulk laughed “Hulk won! Hulk always wins!”

Jack laughed with him. “No wonder you’re the Grandmaster’s champion.”

“That is my brother you are speaking so disrespectfully about.” Thor turned Jack around as a nude Hulk walked past to climb into the sunken hot tub. Jack looked around Thor to check him out.


“Look, Thor I’m a big admirer of Loki. I think he’s the best thing since butt plugs. But you have to admit the dude was being a total shithead at the time.”

“You take liberties. I have killed your kind for less.” Thor said with a glower.

“My kind!?” Jack snapped. “What are they? People who look different from you?”


“I’m sure that makes it okay then. Their widows and children will be glad to hear they don’t have to mourn because they were just demons. No need for a funeral kiddos cause daddy was just a demon.” Jack said mockingly. “And Loki was supposed to be the bad guy.”

“You don’t know of what you speak.” Thor shook Jack.

“I don’t want to know. I don’t want to hear how it’s ok to slaughter people cause you don’t approve of them. Here’s your message. Just fucking read it and give me an answer to take back to him.” Jack shoved away from Thor and handed him the sealed letter.

Thor let him go, took the letter glanced at it and then at Jack. “Who are you? And what are you to Loki?”

Jack lifted his head, squared his shoulders and said.

“Jack Linden, portrait painter, bisexual, American, ice demon, and your brother’s pet and devoted worshiper.”

“Pet? Like a dog?” Thor asked absently while he read.

“Not unless he’s into bestiality.” Jack replied.

“WHAT?” roared Thor, his head snapping up and electricity sparking over his skin.

Jack leaped up, wings flapping once as he somersaulted to cling with his claws to the ceiling over the
hot tub. He asked Hulk, “Is he always this slow on the uptake?”

Hulk chuckled. “Thor slow.”

“His pet, boy toy, plaything.” Jack said. “If you want details ask him. The Grandmaster gave me to him. I think to keep Loki out of trouble. Probably not his best idea.”

“You think I will believe anything a demon says?”

“I don’t give a shit what you believe, Honey. I’m just here to deliver that message and take your reply back.” Jack answered shifting his grip to keep from falling.

“I have no message to send him.” Thor growled “Except this.” Lightning arced across the room slamming into Jack and knocking him into the water below. His head smacked on the back of the Hulk’s head and everything went black.

Jack came to soaking wet, held upside down by his ankles and coughing water out of his throat and lungs. “O.K. I’m O.K.” he croaked to Hulk’s knees. Hulk set him down and Jack sat up. Thor was staring out the window, his back to them. “Thanks buddy,” Jack said hoarsely “I owe you one.”

“Jack go.” Hulk said

Jack rose to his feet. Took one of the Hulk’s huge hands in both of his. “It was a real honor to meet you. I’ll remember this for the rest of my life.” He looked into the Hulk’s face and smiled.

Hulk frowned. “Go!”

He let go and walked out of the room, keeping a wary eye on Thor till he was past the first turn. He shook off as much water as he could, wringing out his clothes and hair so he wouldn’t leave a dripping trail back to Loki’s rooms.

Loki was gone when he got there. Jack stripped out of his wet clothes, made himself a cup of hot tea and curled up in a chair wrapped in the torn blue throw to wait his return.

******

NIGHT RIOTS
Don't Kill The Messenger

I’m in love with fire I’m in love with fire I’m in love with pain
Got a god-shaped hole and A broken soul feeding off of fame
What could I do what could I change?
We are not the same
I’m a voiceless mess just obsessed with sex
Suck the night’s black tongue
I’m no center of the universe Thinking don’t kill the messenger
I can act not just observe Thinking don’t kill the messenger
Don’t kill
Don’t kill
Don’t kill the messenger
You’re in love with fire you're in love with fire And you are never wrong
Lion heart save yourself play your part
Stay on your back where you belong
I’m no center of the universe Thinking don’t kill the messenger
I can act not just observe Thinking don’t kill the messenger
I'm no center of the universe Thinking don't kill the messenger
I can act not just observe Thinking don't kill the messenger
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill the messenger
I don't know where I'd start Would I even make a spark?
Just enough to break the dark
If I could set one light Sometimes embers multiply
Set a fire through the night
I'm awake the whole night through
Saying don't kill
Children vanishing in the news
Saying don't kill
I'm no center of the universe Thinking don't kill the messenger
I can act not just observe Thinking don't kill the messenger
I'm no center of the universe Thinking don't kill the messenger
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill
Don't kill the messenger

Songwriters: Travis Hawley, Matt DePauw, Nick Fotinakes, Michael Van Kranenburg, Rico Rodrigue

Chapter End Notes

I really do like Thor, its just that well he did murder this king and slaughter a lot of his people because he had a freaking nightmare. Threatening bragging about that to Jack who is similar to those people is just going to piss him off. Jack's a huge fan of the Hulk, probably has a bobble head Hulk and a collection of t-shirts. Also note the Hulk Smash reference back when Loki and Jack first met. Of course he's going to check him out. Jack has accepted Loki's discription of him as an ice demon as gospel.
Chapter Summary

On watch. Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll. Somebody's pissed off the boss.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 21: Queen's Pawn Gambit

The setting sun painted the city in dusty rose and long black shadows stretched through the streets where the first lights were twinkling on. Gold highlighted the western edge of the Grandmaster’s tower where Jack sat crouched like a gargoyle on one of its many ornamental flourishes. Shaded by an overhang and high enough to catch the slight breeze he’d been spared the worst of the day’s heat. He’d still had to spread his wings to try to cool his blood. The loose pants stuck to his sweat slick skin, he’d taken off the tunic hours ago, risking a bout of sunburn rather then pass out from the broiling temperature.

He had a clear view of the entrance to the Hulk’s room through the wide window.

Loki had come back to his rooms around noon, agitated and pacing. He took Jack’s recital of his mission without a comment or a flicker of emotion and then sent him out to watch. It was the seventh hour of his vigil and he was seriously bored. He waited till a patrol ship had passed behind the tower and stretched like a cat, spreading his wings one at a time and flapping them to get the blood circulating. He changed position and settled back down to watching.

Thor had stood and brooded in front of the window for as long as Jack had watched. He occasionally moved out of Jack’s sight, deeper into the room, only to return to gazing out at the city.

The communication device in Jack’s ear clicked on and Loki said: “Report.”

“Thor’s still in the room. If He gets too close to the entrance the archway glows. Probably the obedience disc, he touches it when the light comes on. The Hulk came back an hour ago, training I think since he was wearing armor and carrying that mace. I saw 142 leave him outside his room, also dressed in armor. Hulk and Thor just had some kind of argument. They threw stuff at each other but it didn’t come to punches. No sign yet of makeup sex, unfortunately.”

Loki’s laughter rang a little too sharp and wild in his ear.

“Do you want me to stay here all night?” Jack asked “I won’t be able to see inside once the lights go out, ’cause the windows turn opaque.”

“I need you there if he makes a move.” Loki replied, “Stay alert and keep your eyes on him. If he leaves track him. Stay out of sight, Thor is not a total fool.”

“Yes, my Lord. But I’m going to need more water. In this heat I’m just renting it.”

“You need to learn to do this for yourself.” Loki snapped. “I’ll be out of contact for a couple of hours.”
The earwig clicked off. A moment later a pack of water bags appeared beside Jack. He drank the last of the previous pack and dropped the empty bag off the building, watching it fall spinning gently till it was too far away to see.

He checked Thor’s position, still out of sight in the room, and stepped off his ledge to drop a couple of stories before unfurling his wings to slow his fall. He landed on the massive sculpture of a former champion’s head. Stepping close to the wall he open the front of his pants, pulled out his dick and relieved himself. There was a certain satisfaction about pissing on the grandiose statues of killers. He’d favored them all this day. The fact that they concealed him from the occupants of the tower and had plenty of nooks to hide from the patrol ships was beside the point.

Finished, he checked the sky in case the circling ship had altered its patrol, satisfied it had not he again stepped out into space caught himself with his wings and flapped back to the blindside of his aerie. He inched back into place. Thor was back at the window. Jack lay flat till he turned his head then crawled to his hidden nook.

With the sun gone, the heat abated, and the gentle breeze kicked up into a cooling wind that whistled around the building in a thousand soft tones. Dinner was brought to the Hulk’s room, massive trays that took two people to carry. Thor left the window and Jack could see a sliver of his back as he ate. Jack’s stomach growled, lunch had been light and hours ago. He’d ask Loki to send him some food at next contact, though he knew his god would bitch about it.

The hours crept by. Thor never returned to the window and eventually the lights went out. Jack checked through his warding but the thunder god was still there, his power banked, most likely asleep. Jack yawned, getting tired himself. He wondered why Loki hadn’t called for a report yet. The couple of hours had stretched into over four. He risked activating the earwig.

“My Lord?”

No answer made Jack even more worried. He waited another half hour and tried again with the same result. Something was wrong. Jack teased out the traces of Loki’s magic he had used to stitch Jacks shield back together. He tried to get a reading or location for Loki, but the Trickster had been careful to remove anything that Jack could use.

“Damn it! Loki where the hell are you?” Jack cursed. He tried the com one last time. Still no result. Thor was sleeping peacefully for all he could tell.

He made his choice and dropped off his ledge circling up to the vent Loki had let him out of earlier. It was a minute’s work to wriggle through the narrow duct and back into the maintenance room. He waited till the hall was clear then sprinted down to Loki’s quarters. The rooms were empty. There was a mess of Loki’s cosmetics scattered in the bathroom and under the reek of perfume there was a faint acrid smell in the air. Jack was puzzled. Loki used scent but he didn’t drown himself in it. But the rooms were filled with the odor of at least three of his perfumes laid on with abandon. The sense of wrongness ate at him.

Most likely he was at one of the Grandmasters parties. Jack decide to go check. He took a few minutes to wash up and change into last night’s outfit, complete with collar and leash. He trotted down the hall and into the elevator before he could change his mind. The music was loud and raucous and he had no trouble finding the rooms where the Grandmaster was holding court. Jack peeked through the door and glanced over the crowd. The Grandmaster was at the back playing on a mutant synthesizer and singing. Jack had to admit he was good at it.

Loki wasn’t in attendance. Jack risked slipping into the room to search further. The party had got to the point where a lot of people were making out and many were missing bits of clothing but it wasn’t a full on orgy yet. There was a cluster of people in the farthest corner away from the band watching
something and Jack made his way over to them.

As he slid closer he caught the heavy scent of the mixture of Loki’s perfumes. He slipped between the watchers and stopped as he saw what had enthralled them. Loki was stretched out on a vertical slab. Bound by ankles and wrists, naked, hard and panting. His eyes were pinpricks and his body was shivering uncontrollably. His heels were drumming and his fingers tapping on the wood and a smile too bright for sanity distorted his glistening face. The acrid reek of the drug pulsing through his system was overpowering. A heavy man was shoving long thin scalpel like blades through the skin on his inner right thigh and into the board’s surface. His left thigh was already pinned from knee to groin.

He saw Jack and grinned wider. “J-J-Jack! I’m having f-f-fun! It’s all s-s-so good!” His teeth were chattering.

Jack’s vision tunneled and washed to crimson, and he roared as the demon took hold. The heavy guy turned, fell back, and it was all Jack could do to keep from gutting him then and there. He grabbed the fat man instead and threw him halfway across the room. The watchers scattered and Jack turned back to Loki. He started pulling the blades from his skin, his magic pouring over the wounds like ice water.

Loki’s voice was frantic, too high pitched. “Wh-wh-what are you doing you l-l-little f-f-fool! Y-y-y-you’ll spoil every th- th-thing. “

“What the hell are you doing? This isn’t you. How can you let them do this to you?” Jack’s words distorted by the lisp of his fangs.

The sudden silence was a warning that Jack refused to heed, pulling the last of the blades from Loki’s thigh and closing the weeping wounds. He knelt and ripped the shackles from the slab.

“You know… there is a key for those.” The Grandmaster said.

Jack ignored him and rubbed Loki’s feet trying to get them to stop shaking.

“Gra-Grandmaster.” Loki stuttered. “He he’s a b-b-bit over pro-protective.”

Jack stood up slowly and turned to look at the Grandmaster. There was neither fear nor deference in his eyes. His rage was absolute zero. “Would you be kind enough to have the key brought? Loki has had enough for one night.”

“Oh Loki… your pet has turned guard dog. Isn’t that cute?” The Grandmaster said and his ancient eyes bored into Jack’s.

“There is cold enough between the stars to drive into the core of this planet and shatter it like a glacier shatters mountains.” Jack thought with a clarity he had never felt before. “and all I have to do is reach and let it take me.”

Somewhere far away he heard Loki saying “I am rather w-w-weary Grand m-m-master. W-would you mind terribly if I retired for the n-n-night?”

“Would you dare to?” came a languid thought “He would not survive.”

Jack blinked. Took a breath.

The Grandmaster removed a key from his pocket, and moving beside Jack, he undid the cuffs around Loki’s wrists.
“Of course Lolo. I’m sure you can make it up to me… in the morning.” He said with a kiss on Loki’s cheek. He dropped the key by Loki’s feet. “Take those off of him.” he commanded. And turned to his guests.

“Anyone have any requests?” he laughed, as he headed toward the synthesizer. The music started back up.

Jack knelt back down and removed the broken shackles. He glanced around for Loki’s clothes and didn’t see them so he stripped off his quill shredded tunic and wrapped it over his shivering shoulders. A moment later he had his pants off and was supporting Loki as he donned them.

“I look ridiculous” Loki said trembling.

“Better then looking dead.” Jack hissed as he slid an arm around him and half carried him from the room.

*****

Yes
I've Seen All Good People - Your Move

I've seen all good people turn their heads each day
So satisfied I'm on my way
I've seen all good people turn their heads each day
So satisfied I'm on my way

Take a straight and stronger course
To the corner of your life
Make the white queen run so fast
She hasn't got time to make you a wife

’Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time
And its news is captured
For the queen to use!

Move me on to any black square
Use me anytime you want
Just remember that the goal
Is for us all to capture all we want (Move me on to any black square)

Don't surround yourself with yourself
Move on back two squares
Send an instant karma to me
Initial it with loving care (Don't surround yourself)

’Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time
And its news is captured
For the queen to use!
(Don't surround yourself with yourself)

Don't surround yourself with yourself (Don't surround yourself)
Move on back two squares
Send an instant karma to me (Send an instant karma to me)
Initial it with loving care (Don't surround yourself)

’Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time
And its news is captured
For the queen to use!
Songwriters: JON ANDERSON
© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Loki. He didn't sign up for edge play like this.
It was apparent to me that after the Hulk/Thor fight Loki has fallen out of favor, as he is so desperate to get back in the Grandmaster's good graces when they disappear. This is my version of a mildly annoyed Grandmaster.
Jack can channel power and ice magic comes naturally to him. He just realized how very dangerous that ability is. Not that he would have survived freezing a whole planet, or even a small part of one, but still.
Queen's gambit is a common first move in chess.
Watchdog

Chapter Summary

Jack cleans up the mess. some cuddles.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 22: Watchdog

Jack turned on the shower, as hot as he could stand it. Loki leaned against the wall the tunic falling off his shoulders, drumming his fingers and rocking. His head turning back in forth, as though he was searching for something in the confines of the bathing room. He reeked of semen, cunt, sweat and the bitter harsh smell of the drug in his blood.

“Y-y-you sh-sh-shouldn’t have inter-interfered.” He stammered. “I h-h-had every th-th-thing under c-c-control.”

“I could see that. “Jack said flatly. He pulled the tunic off, pushing away Loki’s fluttering hands.

“I c-c-can bathe myself. I d-d-don’t need your help.” He protested.

“Then do so.” Jack stepped back for a moment.

Loki struggled with the tie of the drawstring pants, his normally deft fingers clumsy and shaking. The bow became a knotted mess and he cursed and tugged and snapped the tie, tearing the material of the waistband. He pulled the tight pants half off, got them caught at his knees and Jack grabbed his waist to keep him from keeling over.

“Right.” Jack said “Hold still, forget your damned pride for a few minutes and maybe we can get you cleaned up before sunrise.”

He stepped on the crotch of the pants and pulled Loki out of them. Jack half lifted, half shoved the taller man into the shower. Loki gasped as the hot water hit his bruised and abraded skin.

Jack stepped in behind him. Loki stood head hanging, hands bracing himself on the wall, as the hot water poured over his scalp and down his back. Jack picked up the shampoo and poured it in his hands and worked it into Loki’s matted black hair. Washing away the filth from the night’s debauchery. Loki stood silent and tense, his muscles jumping as Jack took a washcloth and soap and worked carefully over his back.

“I will kill them for this.” Jack said in the same flat tone. “Make this tower a fountain of blood, and drown every last one of the vermin in it. Raze their rat warren of a city to the ground and slaughter all that breathe for their blasphemy.”

Loki choked out a laugh. “What happened to I won’t kill for you?”

“That was before.”
“Before what?”

“Before you became my god.”

Loki’s stuttering laugh repeated. “You are delusional.”

“Probably.” Jack said. “I think I told the Grandmaster I would shatter his trash pile planet by freezing its core.”

“YOU W-W-WHAT?!” Loki turned and grasped Jack’s shoulders.

Jack looked calmly into Loki’s pinpointed eyes. “If he reads minds, which I think he does. I was not trying to hide the thought. The bastard was amused.” Jack ran the washcloth over Loki’s chest ignoring the vise like grip on his shoulders.

“I doubt I can do it though. I’d need more power than I have to even reach interstellar space. Plus it would kill you too. Which he pointed out.”

“You think you could destroy a planet?” Loki asked sarcastically, and leaned back against the shower wall, releasing his grip. Jack noticed his speech was clearer, the heat of the shower seemed to be helping. He washed Loki’s stomach, the abdomen muscles tense under his hand, down his sides and reached around to clean his lower back.

“In theory.” Jack knelt and continued washing, being careful of Loki’s bruised hips and his still hard cock. Jack could see how chafed and inflamed the delicate skin was. When Jack went to clean his cock Loki dropped his hands to Jack’s head and rutted into the washcloth grimacing in pain.

“Shit!” Jack swore and dropping the cloth substituted his soap slick hand. “You’re not in any shape for this.”

“D-don’t c-c-care!” Jack could feel Loki’s hands shaking as he forced Jack’s head toward his shaft. The acrid stench of the drug blooming on his skin. As much as Jack wanted to take Loki’s cock into his mouth he knew this was wrong. This was the drug acting. He called the cold gradually to his hands, wrapping them around Loki’s penis. He turned his head away, rested his cheek against his god’s hip and brought the temperature down. Loki’s thrusts slowed and stopped, his cock finally going flaccid. He sighed in relief, his hands on Jack’s head for support now.

Jack wondered how long he’d been had an erection and whether the drug had allowed him any release. Jack took his hands off and picked the washcloth back up. He was gentle cleaning Loki’s butt and used the lightest touch between his cheeks. He still tensed and hissed in pain and the water ran red with dried blood for a moment. Jack started talking so he wouldn’t think about what had been done to him. He washed down his long slender legs as he spoke.

“Loki, I know you think my magic sucks, and I’ll grant you I’m not good at a lot of it. I know I don’t have much power of my own. I’ve never learned what you consider the basics. But I’m good at two things; Ice magic and channeling power. I’m really good at those. I wouldn’t survive, but pouring the cold of interstellar space down the Nexus the Grandmaster created, and into the molten iron core of this planet, would pretty much blow it to hell. Pick up your foot, please.”

Loki compiled and Jack finished washing his feet.

“If you c-could, you would commit genocide, because I bore a little d-discomfort?”

“Yes. For the indignities you suffered, I would destroy those that caused them, those that watched, and those that stood by and did nothing.” Jack stood up, reached around Loki and turned off the
They say he cannot die, but that does not mean he cannot suffer, and I would gladly, joyously, spend eternity making him beg for the death that never comes.”

Loki put his hand at the back of Jack’s neck and drew him close. Rested his cheek against Jack’s forehead. “Little d-demon, the only thing you would accomplish is a long and p-painful death for yourself. If he truly thought you a th-threat you would already be d-dead. I have lost t-too many to death, I would not willingly give even a foolish, useless p-pet like you into death’s hands.”


“Th-that will not help me sort this m-mess out in the morning.” Loki said and pushed him away. “I n-need to sleep and you n-need to go back on w-watch. Th-thor cannot be allowed t-to interfere in my p-plans anymore t-then he already has.”

“Thor is still sleeping. I don’t need to be there to know that much.” Jack said as he helped Loki to get dried off and into his pajamas. “I don’t want to leave you alone. I don’t trust you to take care of yourself.”

“Th-that was an order.” Loki said as Jack slide an arm around his waist and helped him into his room and then onto his bed.

“You are under the influence of drugs, therefore incapable of good judgement and thus unable to give orders at the moment. It is my duty to protect you first. You are almost incapacitated and I will not leave at the mercy of any of his sycophants who happens to try the door.”

“Jack..” Loki growled, thought better of it and laid back closing his eyes.

“You can always beat me in the morning should you think it fitting.” Jack added.

“I w-will n-not reward your b-b- behavior.” Loki said softly.

Jack chuckled and knelt on the bed. “Over, on your stomach.” He said

Loki made a disapproving sound but he complied.

Jack straddled his hips, sat on his rump and slid his hands under the pajama top pulling it up a bit. He closed his eyes focused on his center, and let the ki well up to increase the flow of blood to his hands. He started to massage, feeling the tensed muscles and working his fingers in to loosen them, letting the heat of his hands flow into Loki’s back. Gradually Loki relaxed into the touch.

Jack worked down his spine and back up the sides, further up to his neck. He kneaded every knot his could find until Loki was loose and his breathing was calm and easy. Jack rubbed down his body, leaving the pajama bottoms in place as he massaged though the material. By the time he got to Loki’s ankles he was almost asleep. Jack stroked his god’s slender feet. He loved the delicate architecture of bone and tendon so near the surface. His thumbs worked over the soles and Loki moaned softly. "Norns that’s good.”

“Feel better?”

“Yes.”

“Sleep well, Loki.”

Jack pulled the blanket over him and started to slip off the bed but Loki’s hand grasped his wrist. “Stay” he said, and his eyes were soft and heavy with sleep.
Jack slide in beside him and as Loki turned on his side he spooned against his back, daring to curl his arm around his god’s waist. Loki’s arm trapped his and Jack felt his breath deepen and slow. Jack had enough presence of mind to place an alarm into his shield so he would be aware if Thor’s status changed. Nuzzling his neck, he breathed in the scent of Loki’s damp hair and waited quietly as he drifted into sleep. Jack would rest but not sleep. Keeping watch over his damaged god and plotting his enemies’ downfall.

Chapter End Notes

Kiatsu is the form of massage practiced here. It is a very relaxing massage for both the giver and receiver.
I thought this fic would be over by now but it just keeps getting more involved, and darker.
Closer

Chapter Summary

Cuddles, fucking, violent fucking. Let's just face it, it's all about the porn.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 23: Closer

Jack lay beside Loki in a light doze, stroking his back when he stirred in dreams and holding him when he shivered from the drug leaving his system. Eventually Loki stopped twitching and dropped into deeper sleep. Jack meditated, his body resting, his mind alert enough to react but still and calm. He came out of it as dawn broke and sunrise backlit the heavy bedroom curtains. Curled beside a sleeping Loki, his arm around his waist, his hand against his god’s muscled abdomen he savored this sacred silent moment. Breathing in the scent of his hair and feeling his chest expand with each sleeping breath, he thought “Mine. My god.” relishing his possessiveness. His hips tucked against Loki’s firm butt was causing a pleasant reaction in Jack’s groin. He wiggled a bit and his growing cock slid over the one silk covered cheek and nestled into the warm cleft of his rump.

Jack bit back a moan. Loki’s breathing was still slow and deep. With that reassurance Jack gently rocked his hips, rubbing his cock slowly up and down of the silk smooth space between Loki’s buttocks. He rubbed with his fingers down the trail of black hair from Loki’s navel towards the waistband of his pants.

“What do you think you are doing?” Loki asked his voice sleep blurred.

Jack considered trying to fake being asleep, rejected it and answered honestly instead. “Humping your ass.”

Loki laughed, turned on his back and shoved Jack away. “I take it you are no longer feeling genocidal?”

“I am a little.” Jack answered propping himself up on one elbow, and idly stroking his erection. “I want to kill those who did that shit you last night.”

“No one did anything to me.” Loki sighed as though he found the whole thing ridiculous. “You overreact. It was my decision to be there.”

“You were drugged out of your mind.” Jack growled, still seething at that the Grandmaster would give a heavy dose of stimulants to someone so obviously hypersensitive to begin with. “How could you even know what you wanted?” He placed both hands on the bed and sat up.

“It was my choice to take the drink, I knew it had something in it.” Loki retorted.

“And you knew what it was and what it would do to you? You knew he’d hand you over to those toadies of his?”

“What does it matter? It’s not the first time.” Loki said, sitting up and running his hands through his
thick hair, trying to pull the tousled curls into some kind of order. “If you hadn’t interfered the whole thing would have been over last night and I’d be back in his good graces.” There was a warning in his tone.

“Or you’d be dead, or maimed beyond even what you can heal.” Jack incensed at Loki’s “not the first time” comment.

“I can look after myself.” Loki said through clenched teeth.

“I heard what was being said about you the other night.” Jack continued, returning the glare. “I saw your playmate’s faces last night. They weren’t planning on stopping with a little cutting, Loki. And you can’t heal everything. I’ve seen your scars and what’s more important, so have they. Do you want to spend the rest of your life as a eunuch or a cripple?”

“That is enough. I don’t need a nursemaid.” Loki’s rage palpable.

“No. You need a goddamned keeper.” Jack spat.

The punch caught Jack across his cheek, snapping his head sideways. Loki’s speed was always hard to defend against. He was knocked on his back, and Loki pinned him down and straddled his hips.

“YOU! NEVER! KNOW! WHEN! TO! HOLD! YOUR! TONGUE!” Loki shouted, each word punctuated with a hard blow to his face and chest. “WHY?” His left hand clasped tight on Jack’s throat and his right balled into a bloody knuckled fist.

Jack looked up at him dazed, blood in his mouth. He took a deep and ragged breath as Loki’s throttling grip relaxed. Said nothing.

Loki lowered his fist. Still panting. As though he suddenly noticed Jack had made no effort to stop the attack.

Jack slide his hands up Loki’s silk clad thighs, raised his wings to embrace his heaving shoulders. Licked the blood oozing from his spilt lip.

“Because I like foreplay before I fuck,” Jack said hoarsely. He rolled his hips and rubbed his erection against Loki’s pajama clad butt. “And harsh or gentle I crave your touch.”

Loki slapped him hard enough across his bruised mouth to bring tears to Jack’s eyes. “You would have me come…. “ He bent forward and kissed Jack hard, crushing his lips and lapping his tongue over the tear, tasting the blood. “..Come before Him with your blood in my mouth?” Loki leaned back, waved his fingers and his pajamas were gone, leaving him straddling Jack naked, his thighs and ass hot on the demon’s hips. “With your sweat on my skin?” He rocked his butt against Jack’s hard cock and smiled at his quick indrawn breath. “With your seed in my ass?” He bent forward and kissed the bloodied swollen lips soft and slow. Feeling Jack’s mouth open to his touch he pulled back again.

Jack’s hands tightened on Loki’s hips and he humped against his warm butt. “Yes...and your seed in my mouth, my god.” Looking into Loki’s burning green eyes.

Loki’s hands were so warm as he ran them over Jack’s shoulders. Jack winced as the fingers curled and Loki’s nails slowly scratched red lines from his clavicle, over his chest, one nail scraping his right areola with a sharp, intimate hurt that made him whine. Loki continued down his ribs digging hard enough to draw tiny drops of blood where the skin was tight over bone. He eased up as he moved to Jack’s flanks, his nails just brushing the twitching skin. Jack jerked, giggled involuntarily from the ticklish touch.
“Oh Fuck!” he said as he saw the mischievous gleam in Loki’s eyes.

It was only a matter of a hand wave, a blur of verdant seidr and Jack’s arms were stretched over his head, his hands bound, his legs open and his feet secured, his wings were spread out to their full length and even his tail pulled tight and held in place. He was completely helpless, unable to do more than squirm, and at Loki’s doubtful mercy.

“Mmmm!” he purred. Though his heart was hammering.

Loki laughed. “You are so sensitive… right… here!” again that feathery caress just under his ribs and Jack spasmed, gave a stuttering laugh.

“Please! Don’t!” he begged which only added heat to Loki’s gaze.

Loki reached and a little jar appeared in his hand. He opened it and there was the smell of honey and spice and olives. He dipped a finger in and smoothed the slick concoction over Jack’s torn lips and into his mouth. It tasted faintly sweet, warm and gingery undertones to the heavy sun kissed olive flavor.

“You like that don’t you?” Loki asked as Jack’s lips closed around his finger, sucking and licking.

“You’ll have a chance to get a better taste, soon enough.” He pulled his finger out from Jack’s hungry mouth with a pop and dipped it back in the jar.

Loki raised up off of Jack’s hips enough to slide his slickened finger back between his thighs and over the closed muscle of his anus. He rubbed and rocked on his own finger, pushing it in slowly, lasciviously, circling his hips, his head thrown back, his beautiful cock hard and swaying with every move. Soft animal noises of pleasure escaped his parted lips. He glanced between his lashes at Jack’s fevered face and grinned, enjoying the demon’s fruitless efforts to raise his hips and thrust his own aching cock to Loki’s teasing body only inches above him.

“You are such an eager beast. Are you in heat little demon?” He chuckled.

“I’m on fire you bastard!” Jack panted.

“Good.” He pulled his slickened finger out, raised it to the jar, thought a moment and offered it to Jack instead. He smiled when the demon lifted his head to take the finger back in his mouth. Sucking with even more appetite at the taste of his god’s asshole. Jack’s eyes were already a bright blue flame but this morning his mouth was hot, not icy and the skin on his cheeks flushed pink and warm.

“My, sweet little pervert.” Loki panted. He again pulled away from Jack’s wet mouth to dip two fingers into the jar and repeat the performance. This time though, it was less rehearsed and more ragged need bled through as he fucked himself, opening his ass. With a groan he took his fingers out and grasped Jack’s hard shaft, stroking its hot length. Jack cried out and arched up but Loki shifted his hips so the head hit the inside of his thigh.

“Calm yourself, beast.” Loki said in a shaking voice that belied his words. He scooped a generous amount of the lube onto his fingers and coated Jack’s cock, watching as the demon humped and twisted into his hand. He slowly lowered his hips, guiding the blunt reddened glans against the rim of his opened hole. He held it there, rubbing the silken head over his slick and sensitive anus. Watching as the demon writhed, his clawed bound hands scrabbling, unable to get a grip, his face twisted with such raw want it was fascinating.

“NEED YOU!” Jack howled. “Please, please Loki, my lord, my god I pray thee… please…”

The begging was too much for Loki and he let go his hand and took Jack into his body. The demon’s cock was so warm as it opened his ass, sliding past the tight ring and into his heated depths,
stretching him and filling him as he took it all the way in. Jack plunging up and he grinding down till they could not get any closer. Joined into one animal with one need. Thrust and counterthrust building the heat into a flame. Loki riding Jack as he bucked and thrashed.

It was so hard to bank those flames, so hard to rein in his own desire and master his body, put both hands on Jack’s chest and pin him hard against the mattress and pant out, “Hold!” But so rewarding to watch the demon shiver and fight down his instinct, lust and rage racing over his face before his naked need to submit took control and he stilled, wild and barely held in check by Loki’s command.

“Good Boy.” Loki whispered as stroked the sweat damp hair from Jack’s cheek. He shivered himself as the demon’s eyes rolled back in his head in ecstasy at the praise. “Don’t cum yet you little shit, I’m not done with you.” He cautioned.

“On your word,” Jack murmured thick tongued and half into subspace already, “only on your word, my god.”

Jack’s worship was heady and Loki drank in his lustful prayers like heated brandy. He straightened up and brushed his fingers over his pet’s belly with the lightest of touches. Jack’s instant clench of his abdomen and the swift intake of breath told Loki this was going to work. He traced his fingernails backwards up the demon’s sides and laughed as Jack twitched and gasped and swore.

“Oh Fuck no! No!” Jack pleaded with a giggle.

“Oh yes!” Loki grinned, his pleasure increased at the way Jack’s cock jerked inside of him at each teasing touch. He clenched his ass and rocked slowly now. Alternating his tickling with kisses, he rode with a slow rolling motion on Jack’s twitching cock. Watching the beast fall apart under his hands.

Jack was in sheer hell, the tickling kept short circuiting the pleasure from Loki’s tight, impossibly hot ass working his cock, but at the same time, the intense stroking tightness kept him from dissolving into a bundle of shuddering nerves from the light teasing touches. He was laughing wildly, tears were running down his cheeks and the overstimulation was keeping him from subspace, jerking him back into his convulsing body every few seconds. He was beyond words, panting and giggling, while Loki played his body like a maestro.

Jack blinked for a moment when Loki brought one hand to Jack’s throat, loosely holding him and stroking his thumb over his Adam’s apple. He fisted the other in his hair and bent his head back, Loki’s hips increasing their rhythm, as he rode into Jack’s frantic thrusts.

“Now Jack!” Loki growled “Cum, pet, cum in my ass. Cum for me good boy, pretty demon.”

Jack rutted harder, Loki’s words cutting through the haze of lust, driving him deep into the grasp of subspace, his balls pulled up and his cock throbbed.

“Mine!” Loki hissed as felt Jack’s cock pulse and jerk inside his ass.

“THINE!” Jack screamed, lost in heat and flame and the terrible power of his god’s possession. His sweat drenched body shaking as Loki rode his final pounding thrusts.

Loki didn’t stop though, he fucked every last drop of seed from him, riding his cock beyond orgasm, till pleasure became too much and turned to ache. Ignoring Jack’s whimpering protests and only slowing when he felt Jack’s cock softening.

He slid off of Jack, dispelling the magic bonds, and lying on his back beside the gasping demon.

“Time to earn your keep fuck toy,” Loki panted, shoving Jack roughly in the side.
Jack rolled wobbly up onto his elbows. He needed no instruction, as Loki pulled his own knees to his chest exposing his wet, fucked open hole.

Jack almost pounced in his eagerness as he moved between Loki’s thighs, burying his face into the cleft of his sweat damp buttocks and kissing his hot, soft puckered asshole. Loki’s hands tangled in his hair and pulled him tight, Jack’s nose pressed to his perineum and Loki’s scrotum masking his eyes.

Breathing in his musky scent Jack sucked the rim and licked his tongue over the wrinkled opening, tasting sweat and the sweet honey oil and the first bit of his own salty cum slipping from Loki’s wet anus. He plunged deeper as Loki moaned and squirmed. Half smothered in his god’s flesh, Jack prodded his tongue farther in, sucking and licking Loki’s ass. Lapping up his cum as it spilled from his lover’s clenching hole. Tasting a trace of bitterness he shuddered. It felt so filthy to be cleaning Loki’s fucked open asshole with his mouth, no matter how much he loved it.

Loki was swearing a steady stream, almost incomprehensible as he ground himself on Jack’s sucking lips and flickering tongue. Abruptly he pulled Jack’s mouth up and away, forcing him onto his knees by the fierce grip on his hair. He brought his long legs under him and kneeled up in front of the demon. Jack’s eyes teared at the pain but he opened his lips as Loki guided him to his swollen dripping cock.

There was no licking, no kissing, and no teasing. Loki thrust hard, full length into Jack’s mouth and buried his cock deep into the tight choking grasp of his throat. He pulled out only to plunge back in just as hard. Fucking his mouth with no regard for Jack’s gagging on his thick cock or his choking gasps for air. Pounding his already swollen lips and bruised cheek. Loki was lost in his violent need to dominate, to ravage, to force his will on the struggling man. Jack’s hands clasped his buttocks urging him on. The cobalt blue fire of his eyes begged for the brutal attack. He could see Jack fall into the pain and pleasure of being used, watched his face grow soft and open as he surrendered to it. Loki ground his cock deep into Jack’s spasming throat. Holding it there as the demon choked for breath, holding it longer, too long as Jack’s eyes rolled up. Loki came in hot spurts, his seed flooding Jack’s throat, inhaled into his air starved lungs, and splattering across his face, as he pulled away to let his worshiper breathe.

They knelt there, Jack coughing and shaking, Loki shivering in release. Both overwhelmed at the savagery of their mutual lust.

Jack rolled on his back. Panting. One of Loki’s hands still tangled in his coarse hair.
“I have never in all my life been as thoroughly fucked as I am right now.” He laughed raggedly. “Twice binds the cord.” He whispered to himself in an odd questioning voice.

“Twice means nothing,” Loki gasped. “But that your dick is acceptable and you have a fuckable mouth.”

Loki bent and kissed him gently, then trailed his mouth over Jack’s battered face, licking up his own cum.

Jack smiled, sated, still floating and stroked a fingertip down Loki’s face when he lifted his head.
“You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen and if you didn’t piss me off so much I could really go for you, Loki.”

“Hmmm…” Loki hummed, pulling his hand out of Jack’s hair and stroking his cheek.
“You’re not too bad looking Jack, if the light is dim, and I squint my eyes just right.” He demonstrated. Jack threw a pillow at him.
Loki threw it back and shoved Jack with his feet hard enough on the hip to knock him out of bed.

Leaning over the edge he said. “It’s way past time for you to return to your watch. No telling what my brother has been up to while you were so busy trying to distract me.”

“Is that what the kids are calling it these days? Distraction?” Jack said getting to his feet and starting toward the bathroom.

Loki stood up and pulling him back by one wing. “I’m first. Despite what I said, I’m not going to a meeting with the Grandmaster stinking of you. Go make tea and see what they’ve brought for breakfast.” He considered. “And check on Thor’s whereabouts.”

Jack was drying off from his turn in the shower when the alarm on his shield went off. Thor was moving fast, and he was free of the building.

He ran into the bedroom, stole a pair of Loki’s lounging pants and was hopping into them as he scrambled into the living room.

“Thor’s out, out of the building, heading west.” He gasped, ripping a hole in the back of the pants for his tail to fit through.

“Shit!” swore Loki “Track him. Find him and report back to me.” He threw the earwig at Jack, gulped down the last of his tea, and sprinted out the door. “Damn Him. I did not need this!”

Jack followed a second behind, heading for the maintenance room and his passage to the outside world.

***********

Nine Inch Nails Lyrics

"Closer"

You let me violate you, you let me desecrate you
You let me penetrate you, you let me complicate you

Help me I broke apart my insides, help me I've got no soul to sell
Help me the only thing that works for me, help me get away from myself

I wanna fuck you like an animal
I wanna feel you from the inside
I wanna fuck you like an animal
My whole existence is flawed
You get me closer to God

You can have my isolation, you can have the hate that it brings
You can have my absence of faith, you can have my everything

Help me tear down my reason, help me it's your sex I can smell
Help me you make me perfect, help me become somebody else

I wanna fuck you like an animal
I wanna feel you from the inside
I wanna fuck you like an animal
My whole existence is flawed
You get me closer to God
Through every forest, above the trees
Within my stomach, scraped off my knees
I drink the honey inside your hive
You are the reason I stay alive

Chapter End Notes

Tickling as a form of torture. Hope you like this shit as it is really getting close to the end. They are both more switches then anything else. Jack loves the physical fight and Loki loves the head games.
A Hunting we will go

Chapter Summary

A search for a missing brother. Friendly conversations, not, Loki in bondage.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 24: A Hunting we will go

As he darted around the corner Jack ran straight into a pair of patrolling guards, knocking one down and sending her gun and helmet flying in the process. The one still standing swung his weapon up and Jack parried it with an arm block and punched him hard in the throat. As he fell gagging, Jack unsheathed his claws and tore his jugular open, blood spraying in a crimson arc across the wall. The second guard was scrambling to her feet when Jack tackled her. A glowing blade was driven into his upper arm, embedding in the bone with a searing pain, disabling his left hand and loosening his grip on her armor. As she tried to wrest it free, he punched his right wing, hard into the side of her head. She went limp under him, her head at an unnatural angle.

Jack cursed and got to his feet. He didn’t have time for this. With a surge of healing magic to stop the bleeding he pulled the knife from his arm, almost fainting at the pain. The hall was still empty. He called ice to freeze the pooling blood from the first guard and hurriedly dragged him the few feet to the maintenance room. He returned for the second body and dumped it inside. It was a matter of seconds to run ice up the wall and over the floor to encapsulate the splattered crimson of his first kill. He pulled it back and into a small frozen ball and raced back to the machine room as the sound of marching boots echoed down the hall.

It took too long to wrestle the two bodies into the duct and shove them out the vent, and too long to freeze and lift any trace of blood still left behind. He stashed their weapons behind the bulky ventilator in case he needed them. The whole time Loki was hissing in his ear, demanding to know if he’d found Thor yet. “Busy, complication!” he’d grunted as he heaved the woman’s body off the ledge to fall hidden in the crevice behind the giant horse-faced sculpture on the eastern wall.

“Later!” was his curt reply to Loki’s demand for information. “Can’t talk and track at the same time.”

Which was true. The silver thread linking him to Thor was as tenuous as a strand of spider web, the gossamer connection fading as the distance increased.

He leaped off the building and circled to the western side circling down to the Hulk’s window. It was smashed out, jagged bits of glass sparkling down the tower were they’d caught on its many protrusions. Jack dived lower and saw the swath of destruction plowed through the junkyard at the base of the tower. He landed on the remains of a plane where the pathway stopped. Several of the workers looked up at him.

“Grandmaster’s business.” he barked covering himself with a glamour of authority. They scattered, not wanting to get involved.

The inside of the plane was wreckage and the Hulk’s beads and pants were laying abandoned on the floor. No Hulk in sight. Jack had no idea what happened to him. His trail led here then stopped, as if
he had vanished completely. He could barely smell Thor’s scent under the Hulk’s adrenaline heavy reek. No answers here. He clambered out of the plane and rested for a moment trying to trace the faint and fading link. Westward was the best he could decipher and he leaped skyward beating his wings frantically as he tried to gain time.

The link grew stronger as he flew low over the city, dodging around the tightly clustered buildings and avoiding the open spaces that allowed the larger ships maneuvering room. The last thing he needed was some ambitious scrapper to try to pick him up. Jack slipped into a deserted tunnel between two rambling structures that joined overhead in a complicated series of ramps and walkways. He was barely twenty feet off the ground as he followed its twists and turns, hoping it didn’t dead end. He knew he was close to Thor, but the whole building was patched together with random bits of magic and it was screwing with his ability to get a precise location. Combined with the many cross tunnels, the splashes of brilliant sunlight crossing black shadow and the confusing riot of color he was having a hard time avoiding the walls of this maze.

Jack pulled up and landed on a partially demolished wall. He looked up and out through the gaps in the structure trying to orient himself. He located the Grandmaster’s tower, recognized the northwestern side. There was a second tower that looked like a stack of blue pancakes just to the south of his position. It time to contact Loki, as he was sure his brother was hiding somewhere in this jumbled warren and it was only a matter of time until he tracked him down.

Jack activated the communication device. “Loki.” He called. No answer. “Damn it, Loki answer!” Silence. Going on the assumption that his god could still hear him, but was not in a position to reply Jack decided to give his report anyway.

“Thor is holed up in a grouping of buildings about two miles west-northwest of the Grandmaster’s tower and just north of a blue tower that is made of a, a stack of flat platters. I’m sure I’m close but there is a lot of background magic here. I’ll have to track on foot. Loki, tell me what to do when I spot him.”

He shifted on the wall, waiting. Still no answer. “Fuck! You better be alright, you bastard!” Jack’s voice increased in pitch and volume. Frantic, remembering how he’d found him last night and unable to keep the idea of a similar or worse situation out of his head he called again. His breath came in short pants as panic set in “Loki! Damn you to hell! Pick up! Please… Lo”

An abrupt jerk on his tail pitched him off the wall and slammed him onto his back, his head bounced off the stone walkway. He was looking up into the face of an angry thunder god, electricity crackling and crawling over him. A shorter man peered over his shoulder. “Thor what, who is that?” he said in a wavering voice.

“He’s Loki’s spy.” Thor planted his boot on Jack’s chest, as he blinked trying to clear his thoughts. “No doubt sent to bring me back to further his plotting.” He glared down at Jack. “You can tell him I won’t be a part of his games. Asgard needs me, and if he was any kind of a man he’d be trying to help me, instead of cozying up to that lunatic for whatever favors he hands out to his flatterers.”

Jack snarled and glared up at the bearded man holding him pinned with so little effort. “Help you? He’s done nothing but help you since you arrived. Why do you think he tried to deny knowing you? To prevent you being used like a pawn against him. Who do you think pleaded leniency to the Grandmaster at the end of the fight with Hulk? And who paid for his rebellion with his flesh and blood at the hands of those same flatterers. Who wept at the thought of you going into the arena in the first place? Who cries your name out in nightmare after nightmare?”

“I know my brother better then you demon.” Thor growled at him. “He’s a liar and a schemer, you can’t believe anything he does or says. He faked his own death to further his plots. Twice. I don’t
“Faked his own death?” Jack asked. “Would that be the suicide attempt, the time he was tortured, or the time someone shoved a sword through his back leaving him with a set of scars twice the length of my hand?”

“Suicide attempt?” The shorter man asked, “Loki tried to commit suicide?”

“It was one of his ruses.” Thor rumbled. “To avoid taking responsibility for his actions.” Turning back to Jack he continued. “You are a fool to be taken in so easily. He’s blinded you into believing his lies with illusions and pretty words. I won’t fall for his tricks again.”

“Thor, people don’t try to commit suicide as a trick...” The other man put in placing a hand on his shoulder.

Jack twisted, as Thor turned to shrug the man off, and managed to get out from under Thor’s foot. He scrambled to his feet and glared at Loki’s brother.

“He doesn’t use pretty words with me. I’m nothing to him. I have no delusions on that account.” He said bitterly. “But I tell you truth whether you wish to hear it or not. The scars are no illusion, I cannot be fooled by that kind of magic. And I have seen how quickly he heals. So ask yourself Thor, what kind of damage did he have to survive that left his skin marked from shoulders to ankles?”

Thor shook his head. “It matters not at this point. He’s made his choices and is set against me. Our people are being slaughtered and he hides behind the skirts of a madman rather than face his duty to save them.”

“Did you even speak to him?” Jack blurted. “He thinks you want to risk your life to retake the throne. To salve your honor and make your father proud. Did you even mention your people’s danger? I may not know much about your brother, but cowardice is not one of his traits. What the fuck is wrong with you two, that you would believe the worst of him?”

“Experience.” Said Thor, but there was sadness and a trace of doubt in his voice.

Just then the communication device crackled to life in Jack’s ear. “Loki, I found him...” He dodged back, avoiding the thunder god’s grasp.

“This is not Lackey,” said a slightly slurred female voice he recognized, “but if you want to see your boyfriend alive again you better tell me where his brother is hiding.”

“Shit!” cursed Jack.

Thor made a second grab at him and Jack closed with him jumping up to avoid his grip at the last moment and leapfrogging off the broad shoulders to climb into the sky with beating wings. A thrown rock tore through the trailing edge of one wing but Jack didn’t pause. He poured magic into his flight, ripping into the space between things as he raced back to the tower. Flashing in and out of blackness and burning light. His heart pounding in terror, panic driving his wings faster, taking absurd chances as he flashed between the here and the not-here without a thought other than Loki at the hands of a drunken and vengeful 142.

He knew where Loki was, knew it beyond doubt, a link forged not in magic but one newly formed, deep and secret in his belly.

Jack flew through the broken remains of the shattered window in the Hulk’s room, He could hear the booming voice of the Grandmaster and caught a glimpse of his hologram towering over the city, but he paid it no mind. The halls were too narrow and low for flight and he took to his feet, ignoring the
insistent voice threatening his god. He raced past a troop of guards but they hurried by on a pursuit of their own. His claws gouged the tiles as he corned and slammed into the door barring him from Loki.

He bounced off without any effect. Jack screamed his frustration, reached and grabbed the icy rage he had banked last night. He poured cold power without restraint into the metal, freezing it till it was covered in ice. His second shoulder slam shattered it like glass and he charged into the barren room.

Loki lay on his back, chains that gleamed with dark magic wrapped around him. He jerked his head at Jack, and he spun, raised his arm too late as the woman he knew as scrapper 142 brought a pipe down toward his head. He felt his arm bones break at the impact, the blow on his head only partially deflected, stunning him rather than shattering his skull. He fell to his knees the room whirling.

She spat a question at him but he didn’t understand it through the hissing noise in his own head. The room tilted again and he threw up bile and drool across the tiles. He saw the pipe raised a second time and heard Loki say conversationally,

“He won’t be able to tell you where Thor is if he’s dead.”

The woman lowered the pipe, scowling. “Where is he?”

“Let him go and I’ll tell you.” Jack answered.

“Not on your life.” She replied raising the pipe again.

“Go fuck yourself!” Jack snarled, panting as the adrenalin fueled panic subsided and the pain of his broken bones started to break through.

“Tell her Jack.” Loki said. “It hardly matters anyway, she’ll find out soon enough on her own.”

“She’ll kill you.” Jack whined, pain, and his fear for Loki making his voice shake.

“If she wanted me dead I’d be dead. She’s saving me for some purpose of her own. Besides, I truly don’t believe a Valkyrie, no matter how much she has disgraced herself, can fall so far as to murder a prince of the realm in cold blood.” Loki taunted.

The woman glared at Loki. “Try me, prince.” The title a curse in her mouth.

Loki smiled “I thought I already had. Ah, ah.” He said as she took a step towards him. “Jack, tell her where Thor is. Now.” The command in his voice unmistakable.

Jack sat back and cradled his broken arm. He looked at the woman. “There’s a maze of buildings about two miles north west of here, with a bunch of bridges and stuff connecting them. I left him at the north end where it opens into a plaza.”

“If you have lied to me.” She said raising the pipe again, then pointed it at Loki. “I will break every bone in his body while you watch.”

Jack paled in terror, “NO! It’s the truth I swear. That’s where he was when I left.”

“For his sake you better hope he stays put while I move you two.” The woman sighed. “You could have waited till I opened the door.”

She grasped Loki’s chains and dragged him effortlessly across and down the hall a few doors. Jack trailed them, trying to find an opening, but sick and muddle headed from the recent blows to his head, the throbbing pain in his arm and the weakness from burning through every bit of his magic
reserve and pulling on his own life force to fuel his casting. He vomited a second time, empty dry heaving as they paused outside a room and she fumbled with the lock.

This room wasn’t empty but cluttered with bottles and trash, scattered clothes and what looked like a severed arm. It stank of old food, sweat and booze. None of which helped Jack’s increasing nausea or pounding head. The woman, (‘Valkyrie?’ Jack thought.) Propped Loki up on a stool. She turned to Jack with an apprising look. He was shivering in magic sickness. Swaying on his feet, pale and sweating. She rooted around in a chest, tossing things onto the floor before pulling out another chain, different in look but still with that same binding magic. She approached Jack with it.

“That’s a bit of an overreaction. Not losing your confidence are you?” Loki drawled. “He can hardly stand, much less use any magic.”

“I haven’t survived this long by taking stupid chances.” She answered, and looped the chains around an unresisting Jack, over his folded wings, pinning his arms to his chest.

Jack’s legs folded as the dark magic of the chains bound him, sapping what little strength he had left. His head swam as she grasped the chains and dragged him across the room and shoved him into an ill smelling closet. His eyes fluttered shut and he leaned against the wall tears running down his cheeks.

“I’m sorry, Loki. I’m sorry I failed you.” He wept.

Chapter End Notes

Almost done, things are moving quickly now. Bruce would try to reason with Thor about his crazy baby brother, he’s that compassionate. I hope someone is reading this thing through.
Angst, more angst, Loki does what's best. a revolution in passing. Hope?

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 25: Nothing compares to you

Jack slipped in and out of consciousness. His broken arm throbbed, screamed every time he shifted. His head pounded with an aching nausea. The chains that bound him were as heavy and dragging as old age. He cursed himself, cursed his stupidity in charging in without the hint of a plan, burning through his magic in blind panic to arrive almost helpless. Some damn fine hero he made. No wonder Loki despised him. He was a complete idiot. With a little thought he might have freed him. He choked on his tears, on his own self-loathing at his failure.

He banged his head on the wall, but the was a mistake, making the closet dip and twirl and causing him to dry retch again, his bruised throat raw from acid.

There were voices again, he could hear Thor’s booming tone through the door though he couldn’t make out the words. His stomach churned to think of what the hulking bastard would do to his helpless sibling. After a few moments the door was thrown wide. He blinked up into the light to see Loki looming over him, none the worse for wear. He reached down and lifted Jack to his feet, ignoring his yelp. He unlocked the chains and pulled them free.

“This is taking too long.” Valkyrie said.

“If you hadn’t been so unreasoning and tried to break his skull I wouldn’t have to put the pieces back together.” Loki said irritated.

“Brother, it’s only a demon, our people need us. Every second wasted...”

“Unlike you, Brother,” Loki said as he picked up Jack and carried him to the bedroom. “I believe in honoring all my obligations, not just those that are convenient.” He placed him on the rumbled blankets. Loki’s hands were cool on his head, easing the pain. His seidr welcome as it flooded into Jack’s skull relieving the building pressure and healing the fractured bone.

Thor loomed in the doorway. “What is that supposed to mean? I honor my obligations.”

Loki sent his power down Jack’s arm easing the grinding pain.

“Of course you do. That is why you were so eager to take up the throne when you returned to Asgard after the dark elves’ defeat. Not leave the kingdom in the hands of your grief maddened and failing father, the very man who would have me forgotten for following in his footsteps. The man who would have allowed the dark elves to ravage Asgard itself out of fear. The wise king who sent gunships to kill both his heirs because he was angry that we would dare to disobey him and try to save our people.”

“Loki that is enough.” Thor boomed.
“Is it brother? Is it?” Loki snapped back. “Have you forgotten our sister? Locked away for a thousand years, never a word to either of us about the danger? No mention of how to defeat her? Just keep her hidden away till it’s time for him to die and dump everything in our laps to fix. How hard would it have been to warn us? Or was he afraid we would have seen our own futures in her fate?”

“Loki that’s not true, he wouldn’t have done that…” Thor paused realizing that was exactly what his father had done to Loki. “I’m, I’m sorry brother… it’s only that we need to hurry.”

“Then leave me alone. This work is difficult enough without your presence.”

Thor turned and shut the door behind him. Loki took a deep breath. “My brother is an idiot who will get himself killed trying to follow a dream.”

“Which is why you love him.” Jack whispered.

“Don’t you start in.” Loki said with a frown. He slid his magic into Jack’s broken arm, pulling the bones back into alignment, healing the fracture and rebuilding the torn muscle. Jack relaxed as the pain ebbed completely. Loki ran his hands down Jack’s body, letting his power fill the emptiness and help cure the magic sickness. Jack sighed as the cool power eased the worst of it.

Loki’s hand stopped over his belly, his eyes widening. “What?”

Jack sat up suddenly, and grasped his wrist. “Don’t, please don’t.” He begged.

“Did you mean to…?”

“No. It just happened... Please Loki, Please don’t, don’t take this from me.”

“You would think that of me?”

“I,” Jack paused, realized the truth. “No. That is fear thinking. But, I know I’m not, not good enough. I failed you Loki, I failed you. Why would you trust me?”

“You little fool. Why would I not?” He pulled Jack against him. “You are as honest in your anger as you are in your love. You challenged an Elder for me knowing you had nothing but your rage to protect you. You stood up to my ass of a brother, and you charge into battle for my sake against a warrior who has already bested you. You are a twisted, perverted little beast, but I never doubted your heart.”

“I don’t love you.” Jack sobbed as he clung to Loki. “I don’t. I adore you. I worship you. You are my god and I would die for you. I feel nothing so soft as love.”


He stood up as Jack used the stale bedclothes to clean the tears and blow his nose. “I am obliged to help Thor in his effort to save our,” His mouth twisted as though as at a bitter taste, “our people from Hela. This is a dangerous undertaking and I will not be distracted from it by your needy and annoying presence.”

“I would die fighting at your side.” Jack cried.

“Precisely.” Loki answered. “As I said before I would not loose even you to death, little demon. Nor will I endanger the future for your paltry assistance or emotional needs.”
Jack watched silently as Loki paced. “You will stay here for now. When this is all over I may return for you, if it is convenient.”

Jack said aghast, “You leave me to the Grandmaster’s tender mercies?”

“Things change Jack, even regimes as old as this one can fall. Regardless, seek out your bovine friend’s protection. If anyplace is safe here it will be by his side.”

“Finlos is one of his toadies, he’d turn me over in a heartbeat to further his own agenda.” Jack snapped.

“I’ve been here for six weeks, Jack you arrived a few days ago.” Loki cupped his chin. “Finlos is not a toady, he’s an administrator. He’s been running much of the planet for the Grandmaster for the past three hundred years. He’s cunning and ruthless in politics but he has a reputation for protecting his own. He’s one of the few who does not attend the Grandmaster’s wilder parties. Why the Grandmaster sent him to check you out is anyone’s guess. Maybe he just wanted to take him down a peg. Either way he’ll protect you. He’s too valuable to be tossed away, and if things go to hell, he’ll be the one to pick up the pieces.”

Loki slipped his hand down to Jack’s throat, let him feel the pressure of his fingers. Stroked his cheek with the other hand. Threat and caress in balance. “Swear to me you will do as I say. Pledge on your soul you will obey your god’s command.”

Jack turned and kissed Loki’s palm. “I swear it. I swear on my soul I will obey you. I will seek out Finlos’ protection and await your return.” Jack grasped his wrist in both hands. “But it is hard, I want be with you.”

Loki broke his grasp, bent and kissed Jack one last time. “Your wants are not my concern. You obedience is. Stay here today, things may get… unsettled. Seek him out tomorrow.”

Loki turned and swept out without another word. The door swung shut behind him.

Jack heard the outer door open and the sound of his god leaving with the others. He stayed, his heart was breaking, his world shattered once again. But he would obey. He curled on the bed too empty to cry.

The hours were filled with the sound of gunfire, explosions, fighting up and down the halls but no one ventured into the quarters of scrapper 142. The Valkyrie’s reputation protected him from molestation. It was almost nightfall when Loki left the planet, Jack felt the faint bond severed. Tears tracked down his face but he did not sob. He was numb with loss. The whole affair had been too quick, too hard and too fiercely intense for him to make sense of. He fell asleep to the sound of scattered gunfire.

Jack was woken by a knocking on the bedroom door. He lifted his head hoping against hope, but a plainly dressed women he did not know, entered the room.

“Are you the one who bears the name of Jack?” she asked.

“Yes.” He answered.

“It is good. The leader would like you to attend to him for breakfast.” She bowed and motioned for Jack to follow her.

“Fuck.” Jack thought. “So much for following Loki’s orders. He’d been hunted out by the Grandmaster before he could put them into action. Once more he had failed his god.”
He trailed dispiritedly after the woman. There were people in the halls, some patching walls and checking rooms, others scurrying about carrying various supplies. All workers he guessed from their lack of uniforms and plain clothing.

The woman led him not up but down three stories. The walls here were simpler, not so garishly painted. Jack wondered what the Grandmaster was doing down here. Perhaps his grand party rooms were destroyed and he was forced to rough it with the plebeians till the repairs were completed. The thought gave him a momentary bitter pleasure.

The woman turned into an open room where several people were talking, working on models and holograms of various buildings. She led him through and to a door in the back. She knocked and was answered by a deep bass rumble that Jack recognized. She opened the door and motioned him through to a beaming Finlos. Dressed simply, his broad shoulders covered in a well-tailored dark jacket, his arms wide in welcome. Behind him a table was spread with food and drink, the smell reminding Jack he hadn’t eaten in over a day.

“Jack my boy, so good to see you weathered the storm.” He rumbled, a comfortable smile in his face. “I have had people out looking for you. How would you like a job? Come in and we will talk about it over breakfast. You look starved.”

***********

Nothing Compares to You

Sinéad O'Connor

It's been seven hours and fifteen days
Since u took your love away
I go out every night and sleep all day
Since u took your love away
Since u been gone I can do whatever I want
I can see whomever I choose
I can eat my dinner in a fancy restaurant
But nothing
I said nothing can take away these blues
’Cause nothing compares
Nothing compares 2 u

It's been so lonely without u here
Like a bird without a song
Nothing can stop these lonely tears from falling
Tell me baby where did I go wrong
I could put my arms around every boy I see
But they'd only remind me of you
I went to the doctor n'guess what he told me
Guess what he told me
He said girl u better try to have fun
No matter what u do
But he's a fool
’Cause nothing compares
Nothing compares 2 u

All the flowers that u planted, mama
In the back yard
All died when u went away
I know that living with u baby was sometimes hard
But I'm willing to give it another try
Nothing compares
Nothing compares 2 u
Nothing compares
Nothing compares 2 u
Nothing compares

Songwriters: Prince
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Chapter End Notes

Poor Jack. Loki can be an asshole but it never means he doesn’t care. Thor doesn’t like being reminded of a truth that threatens his illusions. Val just wants another drink.
Thus ends the part of our story that the movie covers.
Just a little bit left now.
Chapter 26: Epilogue

The high priest adjusted his robe and stepped back from the painting. It was going well, the setting sun from the window opposite picked out the white gold highlighting the delicate tracing over the deity’s deep blue skin. Portrayed in his role as Winter’s Lord the flickering light of candles would make the almost naked figure appear to shift as he looked slyly over the draped and padded alters where his followers offered themselves in night worship. All that was left was the background details to fill in the snowbound landscape. The high priest cleaned and put away his brushes for the day. This last painting was taking longer than the others, but it was the one he considered the most important. Though this aspect of the god had the fewest worshipers they were the most ardent. He surveyed his temple.

On the opposite wall above the window another painting showed the god in his role as Patron of knowledge and magic. Pale skinned and clothed in green satin and leather he held a cup in one hand and a knife in the other, representing the cup of knowledge and the sacrifice needed to drink from it. The space was lined with desks, and books, scrolls and computer cubes were stored in the shelves which covered the walls. During the daylight hours those who wish to study magic and other esoteric arts worshipped the god with their learning and questioning. These followers had already left for the day. He noticed that a careless member of his congregation had left a book open face down and another had left a cube out. He’d have to check the records and see who needed to do penance.

He stepped down from the low scaffold and walked heavily to the main hall. Two acolytes were cleaning up the remains of the celebration for the inauguration of the president of the builder’s guild that had taken place earlier in the day. He paused to critique the first painting of his god.

Here he was celebrated in his third persona, the Trickster god of cunning and chaos and the agent of the revolution. There had been a brief few weeks when some had wanted to give his brother, the Thunderer that title but the high priest had succeeded with the support of the leader and now the Thunderer was placed in his rightful supporting role.

The two gods wore armor and were held aloft by the looming muscular figure that stood for the strength of the people. Its deep green color representing the rebirth of Sakaar into a world of wealth and prosperity. Its broken chains celebrating the freedom its people had taken for themselves with the help of the gods. A broken chess piece, the king, in gold and blue and red hung from one of the Trickster’s hands, and a starship hovered over the other. The Thunderer welded a lightning ladder that led a host of gladiators toward the ship.

It was a good painting for its purpose, and Loki certainly looked like he was enjoying himself surrounded by glory and power and a step above his glowering brother. But for all its size and complexity it wasn’t his favorite. No, he much preferred the god in his subdued colors of teacher or
winter lover.

The high priest continued to his office. He placed his brushes in their cabinet. The acolytes would put his paints away and clean the palettes but he took care of the brushes on his own. His favorite picture hung on the wall opposite his desk, protected from the light. A simple sketch of his god’s hands cradling a tea cup.

He settled himself behind his desk and lifted his head in prayer.

“Loki, god of mischief, chaos and cleverness, patron of magic and knowledge, winter’s harsh lover. I thank you for the blessings you have bestowed on our world, for the example you have set us in surviving all odds and never giving up and for the richness of knowledge you have bestowed on our minds. Grant that we will be brave enough to face the truth and clever enough to bend it to our needs. Let us not grow complacent but be willing to embrace change and dance on the edge of possibility.

My god, my beloved lord, know that I have obeyed your command and prospered because of it. Help me to be the father you never had, the mother you did and grant our child will grow strong in the knowledge that he is cherished, both here in Sakaar and out there were ever you wander. Know you that Finlos is a good man and I now stand as his consort. He will raise our son as though he is of the same flesh, though beloved, he will know who and what he is from the moment he can grasp that knowledge. I miss thee Loki, but I am content. I have peace, which I never thought was mine to own. May your life be as bountiful as this life you have gifted me. Live well my god. Sleep well Loki.”

He paused and meditated for a moment on the picture remembering the touches both brutal and gentle he had received from those long strong fingers.

A heavy tread roused him from his contemplation.

“Jack! Are you ready to go? I thought we would try the new Kree restaurant tonight, the minister of parks recommended it.”

Finlos bustled in large and buoyant and powerful, sweeping Jack into his arms and hugging him gently. Jack’s swollen belly making his Lover bend awkwardly forward for his kiss.

“I saw the painting, it is really good. Is that truly how he looked? I never saw him in his winter lord form.”

“Yes Love, it is. My memory for some things is quite precise.”

Jack slipped out of his ceremonial robe and left it on the desk to be cleaned. With Finlos help he put on the simpler tunic he wore outside the temple. He was having a hell of a time getting dressed these days, his balance was all fucked up and he had trouble getting his wings to go exactly where he wanted them to. Not to mention the whole didn’t I just pee a minute ago thing. He would be glad when the baby finally arrived. It had been ten months so far and he felt like a damn Clydesdale. The healers had assured him that everything was normal, well at least as normal as a hybrid ice demon/incubus and frost giant pregnancy could be.

Finlos slid an arm around his waist and guided him as he waddled out to where the grounded ship waited.

“Baby,” Jack said. “Let’s not go out tonight. I just want to go home O.K?”

Finlos smiled as he set the ship for home. He leaned back and pulled Jack against him feeling the demon snuggle into his side, the dark haired head resting on his chest.
“O.K. Jack. I will have the kitchen send dinner up.

Jack sighed. Safe and secure and loved in his consort’s arms. Breathing in the warm familiar scent.

“I wish I could stay here all night.” He said. He kissed Finlos’ rough chin. “I think I will.”

Chapter End Notes

Against all hope a happy ending came out of this mess. I hope you liked this story.
Leave a comment please cause I kinda feel like I'm singing in the shower here.
In the Beginning

Chapter Summary

The very beginning of the story, because it needs to be here at the end to bring the story full circle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 27: In the Beginning

Hir awoke in the first long night of winter, breaking out from hir nest buried deep in the river of ice. Hir raised hir voice in the song, the ancient story of the people of the cold. It was thin and warbling, not the robust chorus it should be, the song of all the people reduced to one last voice. Hir spread hir leathery wings and swept into the star scattered sky, thankful that on this first night the mirror of death was reduced to a thin crescent low on the horizon. The song vibrated across the snow and ice and white shrouded trees, mixing with the murmur of the sky fire as it rippled overhead. Hir listened as hir had, for near a thousand winters, to hear an answering voice, but though the night air throbbed with the noise of the world’s warm and fleeting inhabitants none of the people answered. The song ended in a descending minor chord, plaintive and pleading.

Hir was old, had been old when the people answered Laufey Jotun King’s bargain. The people were long familiar with Jotunheim. For the Jotun had visited Niflheim and invited the people to their own icy world. When the voyagers returned their experiences had enriched the song. In return they lent their ice storm power to the Jotun and both worlds had prospered, each in a different way.

So much so that when Laufey had approached them with an offer to take them to a new world, the opportunity to make the song even more complex and beautiful overjoyed the people, and they readily agreed.

The world was a warm one, but there was power in its vast oceans and it remembered the love of ice that once cloaked it. The people danced in the sky, heady with the sweep of the vast arctic winds and the low humming of the sky fire. At first it was all joy and beauty as the warm oceans gave birth to storms of power beyond any they had ever called. The Jotun King directed their dance and they in turn channeled the sky’s power to their allies. The ice rivers flowed and grew wider, the snow covered hills and mountains with sparkling blankets and the restless lakes became serene sapphire jewels. Below them the Jotun cleared the land to build their new world.

But it was not to last. The Aesir, the weak and warm creatures who had never ventured to Niflheim, opposed the Jotun in their quest for new lands. While the people had no quarrel with them, the Jotun did and called their allies into the forefront of battle. At first the people and their Jotun allies were the stronger, driving back the Aesir, freezing them into the very land they tried to claim for their own. But the people had been betrayed, the fire of death climbed higher on the horizon each day, weakening them, burning them with its harsh light. They could not both call the clouds to shield them from its glare and fight the Aesir, and Laufey was loth to spend his people’s lives in defense of his allies. When they tried to leave the war they could not win, the Jotun King had invoked the original blood oath given to his ancestors and bond them to his will. One by one the people fell to the spears of the Aesir and the scorching heat of the ascending death fire. Voice by voice the song was
lessened. When hir fell hir heard only a few notes still ringing against the scream of battle.

How hir survived hir did not know, but abandoned hir was. Hir sang the song every dark winter, longing for an answer and hir waited for the pact to be honored and hir returned to Niflheim. Hir did not know if any of the people still survived, or if its beloved sky was empty of the song. But now hir’s life was ending and hir was desperate to preserve the singing. The inhabitants of this world were too fragile to either bear or sire hir’s offspring.

This was the last time hir would awaken from the ice river. Hir was despairing of ever finding a vessel or mate and the song was all mourning and longing and bitter sadness. Hir built the final calling in this world dying of heat sickness. This time hir cast it out beyond the lands tolerable to one of hir’s kind. Into the death lands in the empty hope that somehow there was a last refugee hidden under an ice river in the highest mountains.

Against all belief the calling was answered, but not by one of hir’s people. What materialized in the circle of hir’s power carried the appearance of one of this world’s natives, but it was appearance only. It railed against hir’s magic and tried to escape, but its magic was poor in comparison to the ancient’s failing strength. It was like hir in that it was both bearer and sire though it shifted its form from one to the other instead of manifesting both as the people did. It used its poor magic to try to ensnare hir with desire for the act, which had little effect. The act was one of decision for the people not lust and its result was what hir desired.

Hir wrapped the creature in hir’s magic and locked it into its bearer form, for hir had no time to carry a descendent before death claimed hir. It was but a moment to implant the seed and the creature, though it looked like a native was far stronger and did not break in the act of fertilization. This was not a thing that the people did, to force a mate against their will, and hir was shamed because of it. However the need for the song to continue far outweighed hir’s own morality or the creature’s comfort.

After the act and the spell work to ensure the new life took hold, hir was astounded to read the creature’s venomous thoughts. Its madness scrabbled at hir’s understanding, for it would kill the offspring before it was born or even after its birth, if not restrained. Though hir regretted the necessity, hir used hir’s magic to break its mind and bound its life force into the offspring. The offspring would take part of both its parents and it would be strong enough to live on this hellish world.

Hir cradled the mindless body of the bearer in magic, fed it, kept it alive, and sang to the offspring as it grew in the darkness. Hir worked hir’s love and magic, sorrow and hope into the offspring. It would need to look like the natives for hir would not live past the winter’s end and would not see hir’s offspring be born. It would be like the people both barer and sire, but the natives favored the sire here, so the child would take that form until it had its own offspring.

The winter was dying when hir carried the bearer’s body which held the precious offspring across the frozen ocean to lands that had never seen hir’s kind. Hir did not know how long these fleeting beings held memory but there was no sense in taking chances. Hir called a last storm and sheltered in its cold. Hidden by the night hir brought the bearer to a place of healing close by a child of the last ice time. Hir’s breathe was ragged in the heat of the failing storm. Hir cried in anguish that hir would no longer be able to protect the offspring and must leave it to the weak natives to raise. But hir could gift it the last of hir’s strength and the last of the song to sustain it, and the beauty and peace of Niflheim would always be in its dreams. The song would change but this child of hir’s would carry it in its flesh and blood and bone, in its heart and mind. When the time came the song would come forth again and the people would not be lost forever. Hir collapsed onto ground hot enough to melt ice,
and barely had the strength to drag hirself into the great inland sea, before hir faded into death, sinking deep into the slushy water.

Shelly was leaving the hospital after her shift, shivering in the cold of this late winter storm. She was thankful the blizzard had let up, but the chill wind was still blowing, sweeping off Lake Superior and carrying the threat of more snow. As she rounded the corner of the building, she stopped dead at the sight of a naked pregnant woman, laying across a drift. Quickly Shelly ran to what she was sure would be a body only to feel the warmth of life and see the woman’s breath steaming the air. She raced back inside and grabbed the first orderly she could find, in moments the women, the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, was carried to ICU. Normally Shelly would have left, and gone home to her husband, now that the woman was in capable hands. But she stayed until she was assured she was stable and suffering no injury or illness other than a deep unresponsive sleep. That night when Shelly told her husband of the woman, he was understanding of her curiosity and was himself intrigued by the mystery.

The woman eventually woke, but she moved as though in a dream. She would eat if food was before her, would walk were she was lead but was unresponsive to word or touch. Eventually she was moved to the mental ward when no organic cause was found for her state. Shelly would visit her twice a week, even though she never showed a sign she recognized the older woman.

The baby was born on the first of September, a little boy, dark haired, pale skinned, with bright blue eyes. He was as still and quiet as his mother had been. The evening after giving birth she breathed her last. The mystery of her identity and how she came to be naked and alone in a blizzard died with her. Shelly and her husband petitioned the hospital to foster boy baby Linden. The hospital was using tree names this year for the abandoned children and September’s was the Linden.

At first the administration tried to dissuade them, as the prospective foster parents were already in their fifties and the child was obviously mentally defective. His lack of normal reaction to stimulus told that plainly enough, even though his eyes seemed to take in everything around him. He neither cried nor cooed, and seemed to lack all but the most basic of instinctual responses. But the couple persisted and it weighed in the balance that Shelly was a nurse and Robert was a professor of psychology. Early in November, with the season’s first winter storm bearing down on the city, Shelly was able to wrap the little boy her arms and carry him through the falling snow to the car where Robert waited. “What shall we call him?” he asked. “Jack.” she said. “After Jack Frost, because he came out of the storm.”

Chapter End Notes

There was so much that I couldn’t incorporate into the story in flashbacks but I felt it needed to be known.

Jack grew up mistaken for a human, when in fact his human form was the form of the incubus/succubus, and his demon form was that of the people of Niflheim. Now you know why the lawful king of Jotunheim had such a powerful hold on him, jack is still bound by their ancestors blood oath.

Last chapter to this story I promise.

Though I really want to write about Jack and Loki’s child Corvin Lokison and his twin half sibs Buteo Finloson and Buboa Jacksdaughter.
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