### Summary

The gods are being loved and feared in equal parts by their subjects, more the latter by the thousands of slaves working for them. Ten feet tall, powerful and immortal are the rulers of all beings within the Nine Realms.

You, the daughter of an Asgardian merchant, fancy the three handsome princes of Odin - like any woman does - and dream of actually meeting them instead of watching them at public events. That is until, as a consequence of Loki's tricks, you are being forced into slavery at the royal court.

Amidst this harsh new reality, you catch the attention of the god of Thunder who then seeks to make you his alone.

You are nothing but a toy, a puppet, in the god's eyes and he will use you as he pleases.

Do not hope for mercy.

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**WARNING:** This story is very dark and depicts a destructive relationship between the reader and Thor, with heavy rape/non-con elements, depression and manipulation. Please mind the tags and this warning and read only at own risk!

NO HAPPY-ENDING!
Please consider the warnings to this story. It's going to be rather angsty and dark, especially in later chapters!
For those of you who decide to read it nevertheless, enjoy and please leave a comment.

Roles of the main characters played by:
Chris Hemsworth as Thor
Tom Hiddleston as Loki
Alexander Skarsgard as Balder (at least in my imagination)
Asgard: the golden city at the centre of Yggdrasil, the World-Tree, where the Aesir - the gods - spent their immortal lives in noble estates and palaces. From behind the high walls of the golden palace, the royal family ruled over the city and all the other Nine Realms. Each god and goddess was gifted with special powers and enchanted weapons. Their subjects worshipped them, sacrificing their last penny if need be in the hope of receiving the blessing of the addressed god. Not all gods were inclined to help, however, some ignored the prayers of the common people and a few gods were even considered cruel.

The king of Asgard and All-Father of the gods, Odin Borsson, was wise and just but he ruled with an iron hand over the Nine, his word being law to all beings dwelling in his realm. The gods lived in peace among the normal Asgardian citizens and apart from their might, which granted them a superior status, there was one distinct difference between these two classes: the gods were a lot taller than the ordinary people, each of them being at least ten feet tall – the males often taller.

Conclusively, their daily needs, desires and the amount of labor force necessary to satisfy all those were similar to their divine size. As were the pompous mansions and estates, with the royal palace leading the way. Behind its golden towers and walls, numerous chambers and salons housed the many gods and goddesses, the interior fittings matching the royal status of the resident. To afford all this luxury, slavery had become an adequate means and thanks to the many wars, uprisings or revolts within the Nine Realms, there was always ample supply of working hands. No wonder Asgard had become the richest city of all, its wealth being well accumulated over the centuries.

Asgard, the city of gods and many wonders. That's exactly where ________ was born as the daughter of an upper-class merchant who traded various luxury goods across the realms. If the gods, or a member of the Asgardian elite, had any special wishes her father would make them come true – in exchange for a pretty penny of course. But money wasn't an issue for those customers.

Due to her father's skills the family had a very good life, absent any worries for money. While ________'s mother tried to teach her brother Einar and her that gold wasn't the only wealth worth striving for, the father succumbed to the former approach. His greed was growing each passing year. Despite being accustomed to the benefits of her father's income, the girl was neither haughty nor spoiled (well, maybe a little). Unfortunately, she didn't realize how the gold harmed her father - how it carved out his soul inch by inch - until it was too late.

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When the celebrations for queen Frigga's name-day neared, prince Balder decided for a special piece of jewelry as a gift for his mother. The stones should be unique, reflecting her beauty and status as queen. But where would the god of light find a fitting piece? Luckily, he had already heard of the Asgardian merchant, Harald Leifson, who managed to obtain even the most exceptional objects for his customers. Thus, Balder summoned the man and stated his wish, stressing the importance of the punctual delivery as well as the quality of the item. The queen deserved only the best and anything less as a gift would bring shame upon the god himself.
Sniffing the sweet scent of a considerate amount of gold, Harald accepted of course and he already had a vague idea where he would get the desired jewelry. Soon later, the merchant returned from his journey across several realms having a splendid necklace with gems out of star-light in his possession.

The following day at his shop, when Harald was polishing the necklace before he would deliver it, an unexpected new customer entered. Judging from the rich black silken tunic adorned with little gems and golden beads, the gentleman could only be a member of some rich family, probably pretty high up the society-ladder.

“What marvelous piece you have there!” the man with brown short locks assessed as he spied the necklace between the merchant's hands, his emerald green eyes fixated on the glittering stones.

“A beauty indeed and worth a good fortune too! 50,000 pieces of gold, hah, that's gonna be the deal of my life!” Harald mused and held the necklace up so that the other man could have a closer look at it.

“I wonder who can afford such a masterpiece... Your client must be truly bathing in gold to afford such like!” the noble man said, those mesmerizing eyes still focused on the jewelry in a fascinated and hungry manner.

“Yeah, he better keeps up his end of the bargain. Otherwise he won't get it! God of Light or not, payment is due!” Harald replied in a very arrogant tone and carefully put the necklace into a box carved from ebony, fitting its exquisite content. The brown-haired man's face lit up at the mention of a god involved and with a cunning smile he made Harald an offer he simply couldn't resist. At first the merchant had refused but somehow the velvet-like voice of the eloquent gentleman could persuade him to take this even 'better deal': Harald sold the star-light necklace to the brown-haired man for 55,000 pieces of gold. Since the gentleman had to prepare the trunks of gold at his home estate, the payment would be delivered three days hence – after the queen's name-day celebrations. And as a sign of trust and goodwill, the new customer with emerald eyes gave Harald another necklace of gold and green-blue sapphires which he could sell on to the god of light. Hence, there would be another 50,000 gold pieces waiting for the merchant. A win-win situation.

If Harald hadn't been so blinded by the promised gold, he might have reconsidered this suspicious offer.

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A few hours before the grand feast in the queen's honor, Harald was again summoned by Balder so that they could close off their deal. The merchant handed the ebony box containing the sapphire necklace to the god, eager to receive the awaited gold, but then it all went wrong. When Balder opened the lid he found the box to be empty and enraged he threw it across the salon. The wood shattering into thousand pieces against the wall.

Despite his begging and apologizing, Harald had been taken by the guards and brought down into the dungeons where he would wait for his trial in front of the king.

Later in the great throne room of the palace, the merchant's family watched as the gods presented their gifts to the queen, one item more precious than the other, and everyone wondered why Balder hadn't come up with at least something. Embarrassed and empty-handed, the fair god stood before his mother and had nothing to give except a tender hug and a soft kiss on the cheek. He would make it up to her and the merchant would pay for this insolence.
The most stunning present, however, was given to Frigga by her youngest son, prince Loki, who held a marvelous necklace out of white gems that sparkled like star-light in his slender hands. The whole court present applauded in response and Loki, in full awareness of his brother Balder's stern face, proudly put the jewelry around his mother's neck. His trick had worked out just so nicely.

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The very next morning, the king, his son Balder and a small number of counselors gathered once more in the throne room, Harald kneeling humbly at their feet. Never before had the merchant felt this much fear for both his and his family's well-being. Harald knew what the law had in stall for his crime.

Both parties stated their view of the case and the All-Father, being a just king, listened patiently to each. There was no need for him to heed his counselors, however, because the crime was clear and punishment was due. Harald hadn't kept up his part of a legal bargain and as a consequence he had tainted the honor of the God of Light, which was a grave offense against the gods and the royal family. According to Asgardian law, the merchant's reputation and wealth had to be diminished as well. Thus the fitting sentence was a fee of 25,000 pieces of gold for the deed per se. As for the god's offended honor, Haralds' children had to repay Balder for the not received worth of the necklace in hours of slavery. This way the family would be marked by shame for everyone to see, the children serving as a reminder of the deed for the next generations.

Unfortunately, Einar had already signed for the military service for the crown so the burden of the punishment fell solely to his sister _________. 50,000 hours of slavery, which equals 5 and a half years, at the royal court.
At your service

From the window of her room upstairs, ________ watched the four palace guards arriving at her family's estate, the stomping of the hooves being audible from afar. Her eyes were dry and swollen. The moment her father had handed her the royal decree stating his punishment, the young girl had been paralyzed by shock so that the parchment had slid through her soft hands. Then she had snapped out of her trance all of a sudden and had begun to shout angrily, throwing harsh words at her father. Harald didn't respond much since most of her accusations were true, painful statements of how he had failed his daughter. Even if her servitude was limited in time, the girl would be marked as a slave forever. He had ruined his daughter's life and future perspectives. Thus Harald had let her rage like a storm inside the luxurious living room, not caring much when she had smashed one or two vases. All the wealth Harald had heaped over the years wasn't enough to buy back ________'s trust and forgiveness.

After a night of weeping, shedding all her tears in desperation and sorrow for herself, ________ had mentally arrived at the bitter resignation to her fate. Almost ghostly calm and reserved, she had hugged her mother and brother goodbye when the time came. Harald only received a cold glare as she picked up the one trunk she was allowed to bring along. ________ kept her head up as she rode among the guards towards the golden palace, her heartbeat quickening when the large gate came into view between the noble houses and mansions. Nevertheless, the young Asgardian girl took her last steps as a free woman full of dignity and confidence, entering the home of the gods.

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Centuries of experimenting and practice had transformed the slavery-system at the palace into one of an elaborated, well-structured design aiming at high efficiency.

According to individual capabilities, age and gender, the slaves were divided into different categories with certain tasks and duties. Young healthy males would be assigned to hard work like construction or field work and such, while the elderly as well as females and children would serve as cooks, maids and valets.

Upon their first day of servitude, each of them received a magical tattoo of a ring adorned with Norse runes on the right upper arm. The different colors of the tattoo as a whole and the symbols inside the glowing ring indicated their status within the slavery-system.

A white and empty ring was for the general staff, the type of work being resembled by a matching symbol inside the ring. For example, a field worker had a sickle inside the white ring, while a cook had two crossed spoons. Whenever the wearer was assigned to serve a specific single god, the ring would change to the color and be filled with the personal sigil of that deity. Then the slave would have to tend particularly and firstly to this one god's needs while still obeying the orders of other gods.

_______'s father had dishonored the God of Light and so she was bound to serve as Balder's maid. Thus after a short tingling as the magical needle pierced her skin, a lilac ring with the image of a flying dove appeared on ________'s right upper arm. The tattoo would last until the final day of her servitude, a special rune beneath it showing that she was not a permanent slave. However, heretofore
were 49,999 and a half days more to endure.

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Aligned in a straight row the maids stood in the salon of Balder's chambers, their gazes glued to the floor and their mouths shut tightly as the royal abigail Gerlinda surveyed them thoroughly. The grey-haired woman was a member of the small part of Asgardian nobility that had the honor of serving the gods as special staff such as abigail, teachers or advisors. After decades of experience at the court, Gerlinda knew exactly how to train the slaves efficiently and her 'management-style' was rather prominent and feared.

"Remember to always show respect and submission to the gods!" she hissed in a raspy voice as she swiftly straightened one of the maid's skirt.

"Some of you already know what happens to foolish girls who dare to disobey." A few maids shuddered slightly in response as Gerlinda examined one girl after another, tugging a loosening strand of hair back into the tight braid or checking whether the fingernails were clean.

"As for you, new-one..." the abigail paused in front of _______, her stern gaze resting fully on the younger woman who had no clue what awaited her in the weeks to come, still naive and hopeful. Eyes sparkling with innocence and life's joy, a young and lively spirit - Gerlinda had seen so many pretty girls like ________ joining the ranks of the maids. Ultimately, over time the strain of the work, both physically and mentally, had broken them all. This one wouldn't be an exception. Gerlinda thought to herself as she continued. "... Keep your mouth shut, watch and learn!"

_______ only nodded in response and showed some fake respect, hoping the abigail would continue to pace the room instead of lecturing her. Gerlinda then noticed the special mark beneath the girl's tattoo and was about to comment on it when suddenly the large double doors of the adjacent bedroom opened. The abigail stepped back immediately, the new girl and her tattoo already forgotten and all women present bowed in respect as the second prince of Asgard entered the salon.

"Scolding the girls this early, Gerlinda?" Balder asked in an amused tone as he approached the group with large strides, his bare feet smacking on the cold marble floor. Since he had just risen, he only wore a night garment out of thin silk which probably was worth much more than any dress _______ had ever possessed.

"Perfection is attained through repetitive practice and discipline, so that we may serve you as best as possible, your highness!" Gerlinda replied humbly and only when she straightened up again, the maids did so too.

Having laid eyes upon the gods only from afar during public feasts, ________ was impressed by the sight now that she was this close. The god of light was tall and lean, tight muscles being hidden underneath the white fabric with delicate golden trimming, which matched his blonde straight hair reaching past his ears. Hard lines painted his oval face, especially the straight nose, but the cerulean blue of his sparkling eyes kept the balance and gave him an overall tender expression. The young girl couldn't help but stare at the handsome giant, regretting her bluntness immediately when said blue eyes fell onto her.

"I see..." Balder's attention had already been caught by the unfamiliar face at the end of the row. Sensing the pair of cerulean orbs resting on her, _______ quickly averted her gaze in a naive attempt to fade in with the other maids or perhaps with the luxurious furniture surrounding her and vanish.
from the god's sight. But it was too late. Balder already made a step towards her. Then another and he was right in front of her.

"This one I haven't seen before." he assessed in a cool tone as he towered over the small girl with flattering amazement written plainly across her face. Not fear like so many other slaves. "She was brought to service this morning, your highness!" Gerlinda piped from the side while Balder surveyed the girl and came to notice the rune beneath her tattoo. Non-permanent...

"You are Harald Leifson's daughter?" the god concluded and his eyes narrowed at the thought of the sly merchant who had embarrassed him in front of everyone.

"Yes your highness, I am Haraldsdottir and I shall serve you to purge my family from the shame my father brought upon us." she replied like the well-educated woman from nobility she was, her eloquence surprising the abigail and the other maids.

"All others out, I shall have a word with _______ alone!" Balder ordered then, which only added to everyone's surprise but they all obeyed. Because to a god they must always obey.

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Silently _______ watched the god making himself comfortable on the large couch in front of the fireplace, his large body draped languidly across the plush covers. Once fully relaxed, Balder broke the silence between them.

“Has your father told you about his crime?” he asked calmly, his gaze wandering somewhere in pretense of not watching her, which he very well did from the corner of his eye.

“Yes, your highness. He was a fool to try and cheat you.”

Curt and polite but honest, attributes the god favored in a servant.

“Good. You ought to know the reasons that brought you here although I have to admit that I am not a friend of slavery.” the god replied, still not looking at her directly but noting her growing stiffness nevertheless.

Then why again am I here?! _______ wondered, the question burning on her tongue but her manners kept her from ushering a single disrespectful word. She just nodded and let the god continue.

“But justice must be upheld and your father made me look a fool in front of the gods, the nobility and thousands of Asgardians!” Balder clenched his fists as he remembered the hot shame and embarrassment he had felt that moment. Even if his mother had already forgiven him, the others wouldn't forget so easily, especially his dear little brother. The Trickster would chaff him about it for centuries. The blonde was so occupied by his pondering that he almost didn't hear the quiet voice of the girl in front of him.

“If I may ask, your highness, why not punish Harald himself for his actions?” _______ knew the question was risky but she simply couldn't resist now that they were in privacy. Besides, the whole topic made her want to cry and shout at the same time. Balder sensed as much, not only because the girl had addressed the merchant by his name, and since he was familiar with daddy-issues he didn't mind her asking. In fact, he admired how composed she remained in this unfortunate situation.

“You, his only daughter, being here is his punishment, the worst a father can imagine.” he looked deep into her watery eyes, cutting off whatever she was about to retort.

Now her shell has cracked.

“Do not question the All-Father's decisions!” Balder admonished in a stern tone, his cerulean orbs narrowed and sparkling threateningly. He wouldn't tolerate any offense against his father, especially not from a mere mortal girl. Staring bluntly at the god, _______ barely managed to keep herself together as emotionally shaken as she was right now. But she had to be brave. They may have
enslaved me, but they will not break me. ______ swore to herself, her breath calming as she focused. Balder watched in amazement how the girl swallowed her anger and frustration, her expressions turning almost emotionless like the ones of a pretty doll.

“Yes of course, please forgive my offense, your highness!” she said then and bowed her head in respect. The god was impressed. Perhaps she will endure longer than I thought...

“Listen closely, _________” he began more friendly as he leaned forward on the couch, resting his strong arms on his thighs and drowning her in this orbs as marvelous as the bright sky on a summer day.

“I promise not to have you do anything undignified or unbefitting of your former social status. In return I expect diligence, respect, honesty and absolute obedience. Am I clear?”

“Absolutely, your highness.” ______ replied without breaking the eye-contact with the handsome prince, wondering how in the Nine she had managed to screw such a promise out of the god on her first day.
The Three Brothers

The crown-prince of Asgard was a man to be envied by thousands of others. For he had everything one could dream about. Wealth beyond imagination, the might of thunder coursing through his veins and a physique like carved marble, all embellishing his immortal life. And as if that wasn't enough, Thor Odinsson would soon step into his father's place and become king of Asgard. Oh how he enjoyed the sound of it already. Thor, king of Asgard, Protector of the Nine Realms and Ruler over all beings.

The prospect caused a warm pleasant shudder to rush along his spine, trailing his muscled back like slender fingers of a wanton woman. This sensation grew more violent with each repetition of the line.

Many would have called Thor a greedy, spoiled brat who strived only for his own satisfaction regardless the cost – if they had the courage to face him and his famous temper, his wrath capable of erasing whole villages with ease. Truth be told, the crown-prince was guilty at all points and probably at a few more the public didn't know about.

But Thor didn't care.

He loved his life, indulging in every single day, be it the hard training in the morning, the joyous afternoons with his brothers or the heated nights with one of the goddesses. Yes, Thor had a certain reputation in this regard too and since the branches of the gods' family tree would fill several pages, he had some options to choose from. Currently, there was Sif the goddess of harvest, who had been a dear friend of his since their early childhood. Thor's amicable feelings for her had transformed into those of a more salacious nature, however, not until Sif's name-day last year. The celebrations in her honor in early autumn had been one of the very rare occasions that the goddess had shown herself in a lovely dress. Since Sif was also a fierce warriress, her body was usually hidden beneath cold metal but not so on that very night. The caramel silk clung to her athletic but feminine figure in all the right ways. Thus, while the citizens of Asgard had humbly presented their offerings, Thor's hungry gaze had lingered on the goddess's alluring curves, wondering how he could have missed them before.

Skilled as he was, Thor had her wrapped around his finger soon after, her welcoming legs spreading wide for him. Because once the predator was awoken he would complete the hunt no matter the obstacles. And there was always new prey.

Almost simultaneously, queen Frigga introduced her first-born to the goddess Idunn, whom she deemed best suited as a wife – and perhaps future queen. In comparison to Sif's lean physique from the fighting, Idunn was a lot softer all around and she didn't shy at displaying her voluptuous assets. And Norns, Idunn's fruits were beyond ripe. So Thor didn't complain and played the charming prince, aiming at burying his face in those welcoming tits.

Which he did actually, two moons after their first introduction, and her soft flesh felt just as heavenly as expected.

Why wait with the fun until after a mayhap-wedding? Take what you desire and indulge in its utter
consumption without regret. That was the motto according to which Thor fought, ate and 

fucked.

Both Sif and Idunn could verify that fact.

All in all, the crown-prince enjoyed the luxuries of his life without questioning the (social) mechanisms behind them, whether they were just or not wasn't in his interest. Asgardians were far below the god and slaves mostly even invisible - if they did as being told, that is. For woe betide anyone who failed to keep up his duties! A serving girl once spilled the prince's wine while pouring and Thor had replied promptly with a mean back fist, sending her across the room.

The Thunderer was known for having the highest turn-over rate of personal slaves.

Whenever the god lay with one of his affairs, the world around him blurred and nothing else but the whimpering woman beneath him mattered, her squirms of delight ringing in his ears. Also this time, as he took Sif against the balustrade on the balcony of his bedroom, their garments removed just so that the heated flesh could meet. High up above the rest of the city, Thor succumbed to the bliss and almost didn't notice the silent observer. From the corner of his eye he spied the small figure standing on a balcony of the nearest tower, some cloth in hand. One of Balder's maids...

The girl was staring nonchalantly at the god and continued to do so even when their gazes met. Persistent just as Thor kept burying himself in the damp wet hole.

Sif's moans grew louder, more appreciative as her cunt pulsated with every thrust, and reclaimed Thor's attention – both cock and mind. Being close made him grip Sif's hips hard, helping himself deeper into her, the way he enjoyed most. His satisfaction was what he strived for, always, regardless the needs of the woman beneath him. And although the grand wave was already rising on the boarder of his mind, somehow, the thought of being watched wouldn't make way for the crescendo. Thus Thor increased speed, sending Sif over the edge and causing the world once more to blur around him.

Except for one particular spot.

The girl was still there, frozen in place and staring right at the panting god. His gaze was heavy laden with lust, the blue a tad darker than usual and sparkling between the strands of golden hair. When it fell upon the girl, a lovely shade of crimson painted her cheeks and Thor smirked triumphantly. Then he came.

With a quiet squeal, ________ shut the balcony door after she was back inside from shaking out a cushion. Her mind was spinning, matching the flutter of her heart and she slowly walked over to the large bed. Absentmindedly she put the pillow back in its place, images of what she had just witnessed flashing up before her inner eye. Those strong hands holding on to the moaning woman
while penetrating her, each thrust vigorous as per the looks of it. _______ hadn't been able to tear her eyes away from the scene, away from the ocean blue orbs of the crown prince as he fucked. *Norns, he could have me hanged for that...*

During her first few weeks, _______ had learned about the dos and don'ts as a slave, when to be silent and which gods to avoid messing with. Thor was leading the ranking. The many stories of how he maltreated (not only his) servants haunted the girl in her dreams.

Luckily, Balder was not like his brother in this regard and he seemed to keep his promise, having _______ cleaning his chambers or fetching him some items. Generally easy tasks which she carried out dutifully nevertheless, giving her master no opportunity to complain. Her current punishment was harsh enough so better not add any unnecessary extensions. With that in mind, the girl wondered why she hadn't been able to look away.

She had almost given up on solving this riddle when some nights later, the three brothers decided to close the day with some cups of wine in Loki's salon. After a successful hunt together, they had each retreated quickly to their own chambers in order to change, Balder had even refreshed himself in the hot tub of the common baths, before they gathered again. While Loki had his slaves prepare some drinks and food, both Thor and Balder had each brought two of their own servants as well, _______ being among them.

It was the first time she entered the private chambers of the youngest prince, a mysterious place full of wondrous magical objects as she had heard. As they entered, the girl looked curiously around the salon, it's interior being dominated by green, gold and dark ebony. Very classy and matching the Trickster's image. Yet her admiration was overlapped by growing nervousness when she spied the crown-prince sitting on the couch next to the fireplace, the flames tinting his blonde locks in an orange glow. The piece of furniture was entirely occupied by his long, muscular limbs stretching in all directions as he relaxed, the dark red tunic being stretched as his broad chest expanded with every breath. *And here I thought Balder was huge...*

Upon seeing the three princes together, the differences of their physiques became prominent: Loki was lean and athletic while Balder was well-built and a tad taller. Well, and Thor was *massive.*

"Come and sit, brother!" the Thunderer called and waved lazily with one large hand towards the couch opposite of him. Following her master further into the room, _______ purposefully remained behind him in order to hide from the giant on the couch - a least a little while longer. As Balder sat down, she looked around for the drinks so that she wouldn't let him wait. But one of Loki's slaves already hurried towards the god, the green double-serpent inside the ring on her upper arm glowing vibrantly in the dim lit room. Thus there was nothing for _______ to do right now than to position herself a little in the background and wait for an order. Of course Thor noted her then, a spark of recognition crossing his eyes as they fell upon her. Much to the girl's relief, however, he chose to ignore her for the rest of the evening.

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Time floated by as did one bottle of wine after another. The gods were in a good mood and chatting casually about various topics, some of which ________ found quite interesting to listen to. The shallow conversation was punctuated by many subtle, quite entertaining jokes of the Trickster and the girl found herself stifling a laugh at least trice. Loki, the god of Lies and Mischief, impressed her with both his witty comments and his looks. Clad in a dark green tunic atop back leather pants, matching his neatly combed raven hair, he had draped himself gracefully onto he plush couch next to Balder. The porcelain skin resembled a painting, soft strokes forming his oval face and those long black lashes atop the strong shade of emerald green. The god's appearance didn't account for the cruelty he was capable of - the snake wasn't his sigil for naught - but the way he hissed at his slaves for no reason gave a good hint. _______ was almost feeling thankful for being Balder's maid.

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Later and back in Balder's chambers, two maids helped him undress while _______ drew the heavy curtains of the bedroom shut, pulling at the long piece of fabric with all her strength to move it. Her body already yearned for sleep, her plain strawy mattress in the slave quarters transforming into a wonderful prospect with each passing minute. "________?" Balder suddenly called from across the room, already in his nightgown and walking towards the over-sized bed. "My golden bangle appears to be missing..." Her shift could have been over for today but no.

"I need you to retrieve it for me from the bath. That's where I probably left it!" the god added as he slipped beneath the silken blanket, the soft mattress giving way under his weight. ________ watched him full of envy but smiled at him nevertheless.

"Of course, your highness!" she replied sweetly and bowed before she took her leave.
"But don't wake me, just put it onto the table in the salon once you have it!"

Balder had received the missing bangle from his father to signal the reaching of adulthood. Of course the prince would send her, the maid he trusted most with such a task. Apparently, this was Balder's way to value her well manners and upper-class education or he merely intended to test whether she would cheat on him like Harald had. Anyways, ________ could feel honored but instead she cursed the forgetful god, the Norns and above all her father for keeping her persistently from sleep.

She hurried down the empty hallways, racing around corners and past a few guards, in utter determination to find this damned piece of reminiscence.

That was until she reached the large doors to the common baths.
A dedicated maid

Chapter Notes

Remember that the gods are over 10 feet tall...

The common baths consisted of several large basins distributed among adjacent rooms, all joined by one antechamber from which the exit lead to the rest of the palace. At this hour, the lights decorating the richly painted walls were already dimmed and the little fountains here and there turned off. Silence hung over the damp, warm rooms and the mortal girl faded perfectly in, her small figure darting through the thin mist, the faint sound of her bare feet on the cool tiles swallowed by the long skirt swirling around her legs. For a few moments she vanished inside one of the adjacent rooms, then appeared again only to hurry into another. Obviously she was searching for something in vain. Turning her pretty head from side to side, the mortal stood in the middle of the antechamber and sighed deeply in frustration, unaware of the pair of eyes resting on her, observing and scrutinizing from not too far away.

Her dress was beige, plain and just like any other maid’s, with the neckline almost covering the collarbones so that there was little skin showing except her arms. The piece of cloth was held in place mainly by two bronze clasps on each shoulder and would droop like a potato bag down to her ankles if not for the thin belt around her waist. Currently she had her hands stemmed in said location, her hips leaning cheekily to the left and her bosom protruding nicely. Still searching she turned around again, presenting her backside which was worth surveying too.

Out of drunkenness, curiosity or boredom, the silent observer then decided to make his presence known before the girl had the chance to leave. An unmistakable ripple of water echoed through the many rooms as he moved his large body in the basin, cutting the mist like a knife and startling the girl. Instantly she wheeled around in the direction of the sound and narrowed her eyes to peek through the curtain of mist. The bare lights in the adjacent room hampered a clear view from afar so the girl walked a little inside, each step cautiously taken. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the blonde god sitting in the basin. Could this night get any worse?

"Finally someone to pour me more wine!" Thor cheerfully held up his goblet, indicating for the girl to get moving, as he leaned against the edge of the basin. The foaming water covered him just up to his chest, leaving the rest above that line bare to behold. Tiny pearls of water mottled his sun-kissed skin, perfectly underlining the contour of each muscle in the dim light. In full awareness of his impressive physique, Thor looked expectantly at the girl across the basin.

Time for some fun.

Albeit with hesitation, approached the god and picked up the large jug standing on the floor not too far away from the goblet it was meant to supply. It's within a large arm’s reach - his reach! thought sourly, her strained limbs protesting against the new effort. He seems to be in a good mood tonight but better not risk anything.

With the image of the servant girl flying across the room in mind, she placed every step wisely as not
to slip on the wet tiles or trip over her own feet. Luckily, the god had already emptied the jug by half – probably the source of his joyous spirits – and thus reduced the likelihood of spilling. Other dangers had evolved as a consequence, however, because Thor was mean and cruel even absent any alcohol.

The girl ignored the staring of the god as best as she could as she refilled the goblet in his hand, a strange shudder creeping up her spine. The crown-prince sensed her growing nervousness due to his presence, how she avoided to meet his intense gaze and how quickly she withdrew after pouring, creating more distance between them. It made him smirk.

"It was you on the balcony the other day," he said and took a long sip, not averting his dark-blue orbs so as not to miss her reaction. Since it wasn't a question but rather a statement of known facts, _______ saw no point in denial and replied in a calm, professional fashion:

"Please forgive my blunt and disrespectful behavior, your highness! I didn-"

"Did you like what you saw?" Thor interrupted her, obviously not interested in her (boring) apologies, catching her completely off guard. Maybe he would screw out the desired reaction this way.

What was she supposed to answer? The truth (It was smoking hot and kept her dreaming for over a week) or a lie (Your face looks ridiculous while fucking?). Hel no! Better come up with something in the middle.

"Well, it was pretty far away and with my myopia...I merely got the gist, your highness!"

A diplomatic and eloquent excuse, not exactly what the god had aimed for, nor what he was used from his personal slaves. Yet, come to think of it, Balder had mentioned her manners recently and how well she made up for the merchant's insolence. This new line of thoughts made the god drop the former topic and after a brief pause he spoke up again:

"My brother seems rather pleased by your services, so I have heard. But that leaves me wondering why you came to the common baths alone at this hour?"

*That's an easy one, just don't make some puns...* _______ thought to herself as she collected some proper words.

"Prince Balder has already retired and sent me here to search for his golden bangle which appears to be missing, your highness." she replied, standing stiff like a column beside the bronze jug, a little away from the basin. The nervousness kept her fatigue at bay, but still she failed to realize what crucial detail of information had just slipped her mouth. In contrast to Thor, whose dark-blue eyes were aflame.

"How fortunate..." he put the goblet down onto the tiles to his right and reached a little farther behind, grabbing something. "...that I found it earlier!"

_______'s eyes widened at the sight of the bangle in the god's left hand, turning it playfully for her to behold the sparkling metal. "Imagine it was to fall into the wrong hands!"

Thor's gaze travelled from the girl to the bangle and back again. Both knew he had her then - as if he hadn't had any power over her earlier. Everything _______ needed to do in order to get out of here and be finally reunited with her longed for bed, was to get that stupid bangle from the god. Easy as that.

"Please, if your highness would be as kind as to hand it to me, I could bring it to his owner!" she suggested, praying that he would agree and let her leave.

"You mentioned that Balder is already sleeping, so why the hurry? Better keep me entertained some
The answer hit the girl like a slap across the face, her hopes destroyed, and with sagging expressions she watched as Thor put the bangle as far away as his arm would allow, impossible for her to obtain. *Why can't he play nice?!!*  
As she silently cursed herself for not having considered her words earlier more wisely, the god grew impatient.

"Go on, dance for me!" His growl made her jump slightly and so she began to move, reluctantly at first - there was no music to rely on - but less so when she thought of a nice familiar tune. The sweet taste of wine flooded Thor's mouth while his other major senses were focused on the swaying hips of the maid. Again he mustered her, like he had briefly during the meeting in Loki's chambers hours ago. But this time he did so more thoroughly, his sparkling eyes raking slowly over her small body. Pretty without doubt but nothing compared to the stunning, flawless beauty of a goddess - that's what most men would conclude. But not so Thor. As the god drank in all the details of _______'s shape, every curve and every mark, he had to admit that this 'non-perfect composition' was rather attractive, even seducing. Due to the dress swirling around her, Thor had merely a vague idea of the flesh beneath and his curiosity grew with each of her alluring movements. Whether the alcohol was to blame or not, that girl had awoken something basic inside him, some deep secret desire that was finally surfacing - Thor could feel it as his mind-set switched to predator-mode. He wanted her to worship him, to beg for his attention.

Suddenly he had an idea and reached behind, trading the goblet for the bangle again. At the same time, the girl had stopped dancing, her movements dying away as did the inaudible song in her ears.

"You want that, right?" A superfluous question, judging from the way the girl's eyes were glued to the bangle in his hand. Oh how he enjoyed having power over others. "Then go get it!"

_______'s eyes followed the metal as it slipped through the god's loose fingers and fell into the water, sliding down to the bottom of the basin. There it lay, in front of the god, free for her to take and yet even more out of her reach than ever. For _______ had never learned to swim. *But if I get it I can leave. This might be my only chance!* 

Chewing on her lower lip, she weighed her options and came up with a rather risky plan: The water was too deep for her to stand, so she would jump right in and dive down to the ground, grab the bangle and push herself off with her feet to get back to the surface. In and out in one go.

After inhaling deeply she jumped into the water, fully clothed and not caring that she splashed the prince. Patiently Thor waited for her to resurface, intending to keep her inside the basin with him, and he waited. And waited.

The bubbles of air above her diminished as her lungs were emptied. Actually finding the bangle on the ground hadn't been that easy and the whole plan seemed rather stupid to her, especially now that she was drowning. There was no strength left in her bones to fight, she could barely keep on holding the piece of metal. When the first spots of darkness emerged at the corners of her eyes, she suddenly felt two large hands grabbing her roughly by the upper arms, pulling her upwards and out of the water.

Coughing violently and shaking all over, ________ crouched on all fours on the edge of the basin. "Stupid girl...." Thor grumbled in annoyance as he sat down on the underwater step in front of the
wet mess, one arm resting on the cool tiles and his torso twisted. This really hadn't turned out as intended. "What were you thinking?!"

The girl sat up and brushed the strands of wet hair out of her face, a cocky smile spreading between slight coughs. "I thought you wanted me to entertain you -cough-" The impending suffocation had made her lightheaded and Thor couldn't help but laugh at that.

"Tsk!"

Then he noticed the bangle in her right hand, her fingers tightly clawed around the metal. Did she just risk her life to fulfill Balder's order? What a dedicated maid... Thor wondered as he watched her regain some composure. Completely wet from the quick swim, the thin cloth of her dress was now clinging to her body like a second skin and revealing much to the beholder. Each curve, each hill, even some flesh shimmering through here and there. Thor licked across his lips, his loins stirring. This night was far from over and he needed her closer.

"Here, have a sip to calm down!" the crown-prince said as he offered her the goblet in an attempt to loosen her up. A noble gesture if not for the second thoughts.

"No, thank you, your highness... I don't drink." Of course she wouldn't take the bait just like that. "Then I order you to drink!" the god extended his arm further, bringing the goblet almost up to her mouth when she finally took it. But instead of letting go, he guided the goblet in order to ascertain that a large gulp of the expensive liquid rushed down her throat.

The skin of their fingers on the metal faintly touched.

A few moments later, the wine had accomplished the desired impact and ________ truly had calmed down a bit. Not entirely, of course, because that would only be possible when she was away from the prince. Norns, she needed some decent sleep! But Thor had other plans for her.

"Now that you are wet anyway, you can as well wash me!" Thor emptied the goblet in one sip and put it away for good. Then he turned towards the maid again, a wide grin plastered across his bearded face. "Regard it as compensation for saving your life!"

Completely flabbergasted, but realizing that she had been given an order nevertheless, ________ stared at the god who obviously had taken a liking into teasing her. Great, absolutely great!

She had no choice but to let herself sink into the water, carefully this time so as to remain with her feet on the stone step one could sit upon. From a large bowl filled with colorful soaps standing next to the basin, ________ then took a blue one and rubbed it between her hands – the hands which were going to actually touch a god! She would have never expected that to happen in her life. As uncomfortable and out of place as she felt, the maid decided to start with the arm resting on the edge and remain as far away from the prince as possible. Thor could have burst into laughter at her naïve attempts, knowing that they would be all in vain eventually. But he refrained from doing so, in fact neither of the two ushered a word and silence flooded the baths. Gently the mortal applied some foam on his massive arm, her small hands sliding over the tight biceps and triceps, then onward over the shoulder to the broad chest as far as she could reach. Thor sat still the whole time so that he wouldn't scare her away, watching her with wolfish eyes.

Compared to him she was not only small, she was tiny. Thus it would take a while for her hands to rub every spot of his body atop the water line, her warm soft palms gliding in circles across his divine flesh. But Thor wanted those hands elsewhere. Would she even be able to encompass him? Thor became very aroused by that thought and purposefully ignored the shouts of his consciousness,
forgetting about them at once when he spied a pair of stiffened nipples under her wet dress. The stirring of his loins intensified.

"Don't forget the rest below the water..." he ordered in a husky voice, blurred by both the wine finally affecting him and his growing arousal. Impatience hit him like a bolt when the girl hesitated to obey, her bright eyes full of doubt and shock.

"T-this is profoundly inappropriate, your highness!"

"I don't care about etiquette!" He rumbled. With some effort, the god ripped his gaze from her bosom to meet her eyes, pleased by the obvious blush and the fear he found on her face. Still she didn't move and so Thor suddenly grabbed her right hand with his and guided the way down. A growl escaped the god and the crimson on _____'s cheeks flamed up upon reaching the desired goal. Inappropriate or not, Thor was rock hard and throbbing.

"Are you refusing me?" the god grumbled when he felt her hand slightly retreating from his flesh, his own hand still keeping hers in place. _____ shook her head, swallowed hard and began to slide her hand along his shaft. Thor let go of her hand then and relaxed fully against the edge of the basin. Since there was too much of him for one hand alone, the girl soon used her other too and even then she barely reached around his girth. Thor was on fire.

“Good girl...”

Her cool breath on his heated skin did little to soothe the flames of desire within him, on the contrary, he only wanted her to be closer. So he put his right hand on her back and pushed, forcing her to lean a little bit further across his lap as she knelt beside him. Most of her body was under water now, but Thor explored her backside with his hand, squeezing and rubbing the soft flesh in a possessive manner. She was so delicate, so fragile under his touch and Thor knew that he could break her at a whim. Like a toy in his mighty hands. Those slim hips he felt were teasing him, quickening his imagination about her womanly treasure – how wet it would be, how hot and tight. A violent shudder of pure lust rushed through the god. The delightful tension was overwhelming as ______ continued to pump him, her slender hands sliding along his thick shaft.

“Faster!”

Thor wasn't able to say more as his apex dawned upon him, threatening to wash over him like a grand wave during a tempest. Longing for the final moment, the god reached over with his left hand and cupped her deeply flushed face. Without effort he forced her to look at him, her eyes widened and watery, while his thumb parted her moist lips to invade her pretty little mouth and fill it. Like I would elsewhere...

Thor came with a loud grumble, his whole body contracting as the hot squirts diffused with the water. Overwhelmed and utterly succumbing to the bliss, his eyes fell shut as he rolled his head back. That was exactly when the mortal slipped off.
Of apples, chess and a tent

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sleep hadn't come easily that night when the maid was finally laying in one of the many beds of the slave quarters. Because while each fiber of her body yearned for rest, her mind wouldn't stop thinking of that just had happened between her and the god in the baths, reviving each moment anew. She could still feel his throbbing flesh on her palms...

No surprise then that _______ felt awfully tired throughout the next day, not to mention the shock and the confusion. Haunted by indecent pictures, the maid fulfilled her duties and tried to remain within Balder's chambers so as not to accidentally meet the crown-prince, knowing that she wouldn't be able to bear to be in his presence today. Would I ever be?
And so her mind kept rattling while she polished the wooden table inside the salon, absentmindedly wiping over the same clean spot for the 10th time. Luckily Gerlinda wasn't around, for she would have barked at the girl for slacking. Yet despite the mental efforts she employed - and which began to cause a serious headache - ________ couldn't comprehend why Thor showed sexual interest in a mortal, a slave even, who was far below him.

According to latest rumors, the crown-prince already had a betrothed in spe - Idunn, the goddess of youth, who was known for her divine beauty. So why, in the Nine, break all the rules of etiquette, risk an outgrown scandal and have ________ pleasure him like that?
Of course, she had fantasized about the princes sometimes before but in her imagination they had been kind and tender like gentlemen. Last night, in contrast, Thor had shamelessly used his power to force himself on her, to serve only his own satisfaction regardless of how ________ had felt during that all. She had been nothing but a frightened helpless mess but Thor didn't care the slightest, groping her with his large hand which could also end her at ease. The way those hungry dark-blue eyes had rested on her was most terrifying and even now upon recalling, it caused goosebumps to spread all over her skin.

Maybe it was just too much alcohol. Everybody does stupid things when drunk, right? She kept telling herself to calm her sensitive nerves.
A one-off not worth fussing about. Probably he has already forgotten about me!

Two days of hiding out later, Gerlinda informed the maids that their master and the crown-prince were sent on a mission together in Vanaheim. When the abigail added that they would be away for at least three weeks, ________ had almost yelped aloud out of joy. Even if the personal slaves would have to work elsewhere during that time, this also meant that ________ needn't worry about running into Thor accidentally and her nerves would finally get a break. Thor would be occupied by other, more important matters than her and perhaps the distance would do one last thing for him to forget about _________. Or so she hoped.

xxx
"Your turn." the raven-haired prince announced as he leaned back in the comfortable chair, his hands folded in his lap as he waited for his opposite to make her next move. It didn't matter though, because Loki had already won - actually he already had two turns ago - but Idunn wasn't aware of that fact. Neither did she realize how bored the Trickster was by her foolish attempts to beat him at this new game called 'Chess'. A few months ago it had been brought over from Midgard and due to its sudden popularity the trendy, stylish board game had soon been introduced to the gods too. The clever sorcerer had loved it from the beginning but unfortunately he ran short of worthy opponents, especially now that Balder wasn't available. So Loki had to come to terms with less challenging sessions and with those gods (still) willing to play with him - Loki could be a mean winner. Admittedly, Idunn hadn't been a good choice but she just happened to be in the library too and she didn't decline. He regretted asking her in the first place.

"There aren't this many possible moves for you to ponder that long!" The youngest prince grew impatient as he watched the goddess, his gaze dripping from those plump lips downwards to land on the showing decolette. At least her sight is delighting...

"Please don't tease me, your highness! You know I haven't played this one often!" she replied and leaned forward, her heavily laden bosom touching the ivory table. "And besides, this whole lot of rules is rather confusing..." The edge of the dark wood pushed her pale flesh upwards, leaving only a narrow chasm between her marvelous hills.

"If you say so."

With his usual ellegance, the prince tilted his head sideways to rest the most precious part of his body on his arm, his index finger brushing along his temple in order to calm his growing annoyance. So this is why Idunn is famous for her apples, not her wits. He didn't avert his gaze from said fruit though. The seconds ticked by and nothing happened on the black and white square, the chess pieces standing still. If Loki would have kept rubbing his temple it would soon become sore.

"You do realise that it is still your turn?" Maybe she was getting senile. Wouldn't be a considerable loss...

"I'm concentrating. Please give me another moment, your highness!" Then Idunn finally reached for the bishop, lifting it up determinedly as if she was about to turn everything in her favor, and took one of Lokis' pawns.

"So that is the outcome of all this mental effort? Seriously, my lady?!" Loki couldn't believe it, and when Idunn innocently nodded he pinched the bridge of his nose - hard. "Norns help me..."

Of course Idunn wasn't completely oblivious so she noticed how unchallenged the prince was, yet still he needn't be rude either. She could become his future queen after all. Well, if she managed to keep the crown-prince as madly interested in her assets as he was at present, lusting after her at every glance. Idunn was somewhat thankful for the current vacation her womanly parts were granted. Thor was an insatiable beast and far from gentle.

"We can't all have such brilliant minds as you, your highness. So please stop mocking me." she replied and leaned back in her chair, the plump lips showing first signs of serious girlish sulking.

"Seidr requires brilliancy, my lady, but this game certainly doesn't! Remember that it was invented by Midgardians so any mortal should be capable of playing properly!" Loki retorted in a harsh tone, his temper getting the better off him as always when he was bored plus annoyed - a dangerous
mixture. The goddess took the offense by heart and pouted like the spoiled girl she was, her cheeks slightly aflame by anger.
"Really? Let us test that hypothesis!" she said through gritted teeth and glared at Loki for a split second before her cerulean eyes scanned the library for a fitting candidate - in a sense that he or she would loose against the prince and prove Idunn's point. So....which of those looks stupid?

"You there, get over here!" Idunn barked at one of the maids currently busy with cleaning some shelves and a moment later she hurried over.
"How can I be of service, my lady?" the pretty maid said and Loki recognized her to be Haraldsdottir, daughter of the merchant he had tricked recently. What a coincidence...

Loki mused to himself while his facial expressions remained an unreadable mask.

"Tell me how to win this game!" Idunn commanded and watched expectedly how the maid surveyed the positions of the chess pieces. It didn't take long for her to conclude the only solution.
"With all due respect, my lady, but winning is impossible at this constellation." Loki's eyes narrowed at that, he sensed expertise on the girl. To Idunn the maid's reply wasn't satisfying the least so she decided to take her grudge out on her.
"Are you implying that I'm too stupid to play sucessfully?!"

"No of course not, my lady!" retorted quickly, but she suspected that this was leading to her being unable to save her neck. I should have played dumb...

"Oh yes you do and-" That was when the third party present decided to end this annoying clucking which only made his head ache.
"Enough!" his calm voice cut through the air like a blade. "That was simply a statement of facts - which you failed to realize, I might add - and the implying was on your side only. But yes, you have proven a point."

The Trickster's interference led to the desired outcome: an offended Idunn leaving without comment and making way for another, more promising play mate.
"Don't keep me waiting. Sit down!" he ordered the maid with a puzzled look on her face, his rising eyebrows signaling that he wouldn't say it twice. Thus obeyed and climbed the oversized chair while Loki magically reset the chess pieces. And yet another god I ought to entertain...

xxx

Heavy rain drops fell continuously from the grey misty sky of Vanaheim, their drumming against the canopy of the tent not able to drown out the woman's moans coming from inside. In an iron grip she slid along the thick shaft, his large coarse hands guiding her and keeping her in motion according to his preferred pace. Because his lust demanded to be quenched - at least for a short while - and Sif felt wonderful around him. But it wasn't her cunt that kept the god bucking his hips, no, it was the thought of a certain maid back on Asgard. This small, fragile body....the girl had been on his mind ever since their session in the baths, like a quiet voice whispering dirty ideas for his daydreaming, and so his yearning for her grew each day. Soon his loins would be stirring at the mere thought of her - if not for the current mission he was on - and even now while plunging deeply into Sif Thor imagined how it would feel to have the mortal maid pinned underneath him instead. He would have to be very careful not to crush her with his weight, let alone tear her apart with his cock...

Thor came with a low grunt and relished in his apex and the relief it entailed, knowing that this sensation wouldn't last for long. A thought of the mortal's swaying hips sufficed to have him horny
Chapter End Notes

Thor has a size-difference kink but I didn't want him to hunt after children for that. That's why the gods, and Thor in particular, are tall or even huge compared to others. (just to let you know :) )

Hope you enjoyed the story so far.
"...And that is why the Lady Sif and I are not on good terms. Though the black hair suits her much better in my view!" the raven-haired god mused as he leaned back in his comfortable chair, the black queen being caught and turned in his slender pale fingers. A soft chuckle filled the air, its origin hidden behind the too large high back of the chair on the opposite of the chess field.

"Could you turn it blonde again if the lady so demanded?" The lovely voice asked as Loki put the queen onto the field again, gently but determinedly as to win, before he looked up at the mortal girl snuggling up against the plush bolstering.

"Back then, no, but I have learned a few more tricks over the past centuries!" the Trickster's eyes glinted mischievously but the girl held his gaze. She wasn't afraid of him, not like so many others, not like she should be. In fact, during the past two weeks she had become something far closer than a simple maid and Loki wondered how that had happened. Not that he would admit his growing fondness but he wasn't oblivious either.

At first, they met in the library a few times but soon their chess battles became a delightful daily routine for the both of them. The mortal proved to be a worthy opponent who could challenge the god anew every day - at least as long as Balder was away. Engulfed by the thrill of the game, both maid and master would stare for hours at the black and white chess field and choose their next move wisely. According to some research, it had been Harald Leifson who had discovered this joyous game on Midgard and his daughter had been the first one to learn its rules. Since then she had had a lot of practice and her skills were close to the Trickster's. Many times she almost beat the god - more often than he was willing to acknowledge – but she had enough wits not to boast with it. Loosing didn't go well with Loki's temper.

Instead the mortal remained polite and calm whenever the god relished in another triumphant victory because even that was better than having to (actually) work. At the beginning, the girl had been terribly nervous and her focus lay solely on the game itself, her gaze would rarely wander beyond the chess field. Also the god was quite reserved because usually he wouldn't seek the company of mortals, let alone spend his free-time with them. But as the hours of playing turned into days, the invisible ice-wall between them melted away and both couldn't remain silent for much longer. After some verbal incrementalism they began to chat rather vividly about various topics and Loki found himself sharing some anecdotes of past centuries. In turn, he learned some details of the mortal's background - but mainly he did the talking.

Word spread, however, and once certain ears were reached, Loki and ________ had to move to his quarters. The library wasn't an appropriate place to display such unconventional manners - the queen had remarked once in private and, as a good son, Loki obliged. Actually, Frigga didn't mind at all that her youngest was socializing with a mortal slave - not the kind of friend she had hoped for but better than none - however many other gods, including the king, would be offended if this sessions were to continue. Thus the queen saw to it that no such unconventional behavior was to be seen outside of the prince's chambers. She didn't guarantee for what happened inside though.
The salon of the prince's chambers was better for playing anyways: no prying eyes and unwanted attention from other gods or slaves. Their envious gazes had felt like daggers piercing into _________'s flesh, thus she was thankful for the change of setting. In fact, she regarded the whole affair as a privilege. Although she felt rather out of place at first between all the gold, ebony and priceless luxuries decorating the room, the maid became rather comfortable being there - and around Loki too. He wasn't the most affable person but somehow he warmed up to her, treated her friendly and seemed to value her for her chess skills. After all the god himself chose to spend every afternoon with her, a maid.

*Don't be smug about it! You're just a substitution while his brothers are away!* _______ told herself many times so that the disappointment wouldn't be too great once Loki chose to drop her again. Which he surely would one day. *Gods only use mortals for their benefit, remember?*

So for now, the girl enjoyed the inexplicable honor she was granted. Maybe Loki's large wolf-dog Fenrir was to thank for this strange change in his spirits, because the beast who resided within the prince's chambers had immediately taken a liking into the girl. Upon entering, the cow-sized anthracite dog had suspiciously approached from the adjacent bedroom and had sniffed at the little mortal, who had been stiff as a column that very moment. Seconds later Fenrir had licked at her slender hand to show his trust and appreciation of the new visitor, much to his master's surprise. *Fenrir usually hates unfamiliar faces, he barely behaves around Thor or Balder...*Loki had thought suspiciously, not recognizing his own pet.

xxx

Then came the fever. In the middle of the night, the prince was stricken in such a violent fashion that he wasn't able to call for help. Only Fenrir noted his master's indisposition, pressing a moist snout against the god's palm for comfort, and in his delirium Loki had managed to send one simple order to his beloved pet: *Get help!*

The magical creature and the god had spent so much time together that they literally shared thoughts - a quite useful fact that night – and so the dog dashed away to fulfill meet the order.

However, Fenrir didn't provide the kind of aid the prince had expected. Not Frigga, nor Eir the healer but a maid rode on the beast's back as it returned - as if the wolf knew what the god secretly needed right now. _______ tended to Loki as best as she could, with cataplasms and much kindness to ease the prince's illness. But there were clear limits as the fever wouldn't vanish. When she intended to leave in order to get a healer, Loki asked her, no begged her, not to leave him alone. In the dim-lit bedroom, she couldn't see the puppy eyes he shot at her, however the tight, beseeching grasp he had on her arm gave it all away. How could she have refused?

So she sat down at his side and watched over the god while the fever raged within him, occasionally holding his hand for comfort. _________ did so two other nights too.

xxx
During the day, Loki chose to avoid even brushing the topic and instead directed the conversation towards trivial matters, for example gossip, which he normally wouldn't discuss. Luckily, _______ played along and so neither of them spoke about those hours of disgusting misery, a terrible (shameful) state the prince would never show to anyone, not even to his brothers whom he shared most of his secrets with. Yet _______ had seen it all, the weak sickly side of the glorious god as he lay there bathed in his own sweat, the wet nightwear clinging to his lean pale flesh. A mess of all sorts, just like his mind due to the delirium during which he hadn't been able to formulate a whole consistent sentence. *How pathetic, how human...* The god felt deeply abashed as he recalled it, yet then the train of his thoughts also carried him to a much sweeter memory: of a maid's soft small hands tenderly enclasping his; the comfort from sensing her presence on the mattress; her lovely scent flooding his nose whenever she leaned over closely to replace the cataplasm on his forehead. A strange warmth pooled inside the god which began to surface on his cheeks the longer he beheld the mortal across the chess field.

“It's your turn, your highness!”

The piece of ebony between his fingers had completely slipped his mind apparently. Then he noted how transfixed, almost mesmerized he was staring at her. Suddenly snapping out of trance Loki cleared his voice and quickly averted his gaze, suppressing the shade of pink on his high cheekbones.

“...Oh, oh yes... I just happened to be distracted by a *spell...anyways...*” Loki declared somewhat clumsily and put the bishop on a random position on the field.
A feast for all senses

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bright rays of midday-sun illuminated the vast hallway as the youngest prince strode towards his chambers. Suddenly loud horns were audible outside, a fanfare announcing important news. Halting in his tracks, the raven-haired god listened to the familiar noise coming from the main gate of the palace, the prospect of today's chess session with the mortal maid receding into the distance.
*Thor and Balder have returned...*

On proud steeds, the royal brothers and their comrades rode towards the large stone steps leading to the main entrance of the palace. A top of the smooth stairs, several guards and servants had already gathered to tend to both masters and horses. The crown-prince didn't hurry to descend however, stalling time to let his gaze scan through the crowd of mortals surrounding him, Balder and Sif. But before he could make out this one particular maid, the flock of servants split to make way for the queen to welcome her sons, Idunn at her heels. In a tender embrace, Frigga greeted Thor and then Balder, barely able to enclasp her beloved boys like she used to when they were children - especially her eldest had grown into a mountain of a man. And while the queen praised the Norns for safely returning her sons, Thor couldn't help but look out for the girl once more, more eagerly this time but still very subtly. A sinister spark flashed in his ocean-blue orbs as the abigail and a group of maids stepped forward, *her* being among them but refusing to look at him.

"There you are, little one..."

"Welcome back, your highnesses!" Gerlinda bowed lowly in respect, then commanded the slaves at her back in a shrill voice to get moving. Instantly they surrounded the gods and the goddess and helped them out of their thick fur capes which had served them well on the winter-struck Vanaheim. In dismay, Thor watched how warmly ________ smiled at Balder when he handed her his leather gloves, putting them gently into her small hands. Her smile was honest and warm, as if she was really happy to see the god again, like he was the sun returning after a few days of rain. Balder's expression was a mixture of joy and puzzlement as he looked down upon the small mortal. The sight wasn't as pleasing as when she had shuddered in fear like the other night in the baths, but Thor felt a pang of jealousy nevertheless - not that he would recognize, let alone name the feeling as that. That would require some self-reflection. It only made him more determined to pursue this newly awoken cravings for the little mortal.

"....Your journey was a success, your highness?" Thor's mind had drifted off already when Idunn addressed him and thus he quickly forced himself to focus on what lay in front of him - the goddess wore a *lovely* dress as usual - and she didn't mind the crown-prince's gaze to bounce nonchalantly down onto her bosom before looking her at the face properly. Neither did Thor, actually, but then he proceeded according to etiquette, elevating Idunn's hand to plant a faint kiss on the knuckles like a gentleman would. His full lips felt soft and tender against her skin, contrasting to how he usually *handled* her elsewhere.

"Indeed it was, Lady Idunn, for all parties involved!" he replied with a cunning smile a woman could easily faint at. Oh he could be such a charmer. Frigga had taught her sons how to treat a lady and sometimes - mostly to conquer those ladies - Thor would recall her lessons and played his part well. A good son ought to make his mother proud.

All the while, a pair of hazelnut eyes rested on him, watching his every twitch from behind and
searching for signs of concern, let alone betrayal. Sif could be terribly jealous and didn't cope well with competition - especially female one. Thus the Prince did well to keep each of his liaisons unaware of the other, starting by acting rather detachedly around them when both were in his presence. Thor wasn't stupid - maybe not a mastermind like Loki - but he knew how to manage two women at a time. So far, neither of them had noticed the other, and the blonde took great care to keep it that way. To avoid the wrath of a woman had been one of the All-Father's advices - from well learned experience, so the brothers assumed.

"We are all glad to have you back, my dear!" The soft hands of the queen slung around the crown-prince's massive arm, diverting his gaze from Idunn to the right. Frigga loved her sons above all, her radiant smile infectious to the beholder.

"Me too because Vanhaheim lacks the beauty of our city of Asgard!" Thor replied joyfully as the group of gods began to walk inside, him leading the queen, the slaves following soundlessly behind. And while the blonde was engaged into chatting with his mother, being rather restricted to it, he felt the eyes of a maid resting on him and almost boring into his flesh from behind. Obviously ______ knew that he was unable to interact with her directly now and chose to torture him, daring him to turn around and return the staring. And oh, the urge to do so was really itching. Just you wait, little minx!

In the evening, the great hall was filled with joyous gods and Asgardian nobility to feast in honor of Thor and Balder. The numerous guests were drinking and chatting vividly while an army of servants scurried between the benches and tables to satisfy each one of them, keeping their goblets as well as their plates filled. At occasions like this also a part of the personal slaves was on duty too, keeping their deity replenished. On the high table at the back of the hall sat the royal family, Odin at the center, and even he seemed to be in good spirits tonight, a content smile peeking behind the snow-white beard and even reaching his grey eye. When he rose the crowd grew quiet instantly so that they wouldn't miss a single word of the All-Father as he praised his two eldest sons for securing the important trade treaty with Vanhaheim. The combination of Balder's diplomatic charm and Thor being himself - threatening the Lord of Vanhaheim to crush his skull if he declined - had produced the desired outcome and another decade of fruitful business between the realms was guaranteed.

"...another deed which proves that my dear son is on his best way to becoming a ruler!" Odin said towards the end of his speech, the lines painting a triumphant smirk onto the crown-prince's face. "Thus drink and eat to your heart's content, for tonight we shall celebrate!"

Following their ruler, the guests raised their goblets filled with delicate Asgardian wine.

"Hail Prince Balder and Prince Thor, the future king of Asgard!" Njord, the god of the sea, called out from the right side of the hall, the crowd tuning in to his booming voice.

"Hail Prince Balder, hail Prince Thor!!"

Again and again they yelled, Thor reveling in the shouts becoming louder each time - his ego was sky rocketing by now, judging from the self-satisfied smirk on his bearded face. Like the one he wore when he had forced her to 'wash' him, ______ recalled as she watched the scene from behind the high table. Balder had of course taken her and two other maids with him tonight, an honor for any mortal. Yet it felt like walking on thin ice nevertheless. While everyone present was focused on Thor, who sat at the king's right side, the perceptive maid didn't fail to notice the tensed look on
Loki's face on the other end of the table. Although he was smiling as he held up his goblet, his emerald eyes glinted dangerously and remained untouched by the joy his lower face might suggest.

The evening passed smoothly and without incidents since each slave feared the consequences of unintentional misbehaving or clumsiness. The maid flying across the room, remember? ________ imagined herself sharing this fate each time she refilled Balder's goblet, approaching the god from the right side in order to remain some distance to the crown-prince - it wasn't much actually, because the royals sat the following: Loki, Frigga, Odin, Thor and Balder. Still, the mortal did everything in her power to avoid the Thunderer, be it any interaction or mere staring, and Thor loathed it already. What a tease...

Tables were turned literally, however, when Odin and Frigga retired for the night and soon later, the royal brothers were in the company of Sif, Idunn and the Warriors Three, fine warriors from an insignificant lineage of gods. During the rearrangement, Thor had somehow managed to win a seat beside Loki and (more importantly) opposite to Balder, which allowed a full view of the mortal maid in the background. Smirking into his goblet, Thor watched ________'s every move, pretending to look at his brother while chatting when in fact his gaze was hungrily roaming over the little maid. The slender hands struggling to hold the heavy jug of mead. The first sign of a decollete showing as she bent forward to pour the liquid... Thor was beyond horny, his crotch calling for attention, when his little brother interrupted his fantasizing.

"Pondering over a lost cause, dear brother?" Loki put in as he noted the other god's tensed expression, leaning over slightly as Thor replied only with a puzzled look. "Or why the strain on your face? You of all people ought to enjoy yourself tonight!"

The Thunderer didn't notice the bitterness dripping off the Trickster's tongue at the last sentence, smiling warmly at his beloved little brother in return. "A lost cause?... Not really!"

Not lost at all...it has barely begun!

"... But you're right, forgive me my brooding! Let's have another round!!" the crown-prince yelled joyfully, his friends tuning in so that Loki had no chance to dig deeper into the matter, his curiosity being smothered at the very beginning. A stark contrast to Thor's lecherousness, which refused to be quenched by another few gulps of mead, no, it would need something far more pleasant than that. Spurned by his need, Thor excused himself five minutes later, after shooting a hinting, almost demanding glance towards Sif. Then he left the hall. The dark-haired goddess slipped away inconspicuously slightly afterwards to follow her prince, complying his unspoken request.

Clandestinely, the goddess vanished in a dim-lit empty corridor a little away from the feast where the predator already waited for her, grabbing her impatiently and rudely once she was within his reach. Sif barely had the chance to apply some lube, preparing her entrance for what stretch it would suffer shortly, before the Thunderer took the lube from her, turned her around and impaled her on his swollen, throbbing cock. Hidden in the shadows of a row of columns, Thor rammed himself deeply into Sif, jamming his hips against her butt as if he had been abstinent for a month, the surroundings blurring as their bodies heated up with the flames of desire - desire for the small body of a mortal. Oh, all this wild lust raging inside him because of that one maid - it was unbearable. And the god knew he wouldn't reach the apex he yearned for with Sif around his member. But Alas, he was impatient and she more available...

xxx
In the meantime, Balder and Loki had a heated discussion about the negotiations for the peace treaty, which in Loki's view hadn't been closed off as quickly as he could have done it. "Truth be told, little brother, you are the better diplomat but tell me..." The mead began to affect the blonde god as he lazily leaned onto the raven-haired one, smiling softly. "...how would you have kept Thor from smashing things - or rather some Vanir - while pushing the treaty through?"

Loki's face lit up with a smirk in reply, his emerald green eyes sparkling as he imagined his elder brother struggling to manage Thor's temper. The two blondes had always been a rather vivid duo, spurning each other instead of calming. (Well that was true for all three of them).

"Ah yes, our dear brother can be a wild card but there is a fairly simple trick to channel his temper!"

Now the Trickster had the attention of all the gods present at the table, each turning and listening carefully as not to overhear the soft silken voice of the prince. Loki enjoyed every second of it and _________ couldn't help but grin as she watched the scene, her gaze lingering on Loki a tad longer than what was considered appropriate. The black leather armor he wore was highlighted by a golden chest-plate and vambraces, green silk flashing on the inside of the high collar and providing a neat contrast to the waves of raven-black hair. He looks so radiant tonight... the maid though to herself as she lost herself somewhere between those emerald eyes, when suddenly the gods started laughing at the pointe of Loki's joke - which she had totally missed as mesmerized as she was by his appearance.

"...Maid!" Balder's voice over-tuned the fading laughter of the others and it was then that the girl focused again, quickly stepping closer to her master.

"Yes, your highness?"

"Fetch us some more mead, so that my brother's tongue may remain moist enough to tell more of his splendid jokes!" Balder commanded in a joyful tone, patting Loki on the shoulder who then quickly shot a glance towards the mortal, their eyes meeting briefly yet long enough for the Trickster to wink at her.

"As you wish, your highness!" _________ replied and went off in a rush to hide the deep red on her cheeks.

The maid was brought down from the clouds again when she realized that all the wine jugs stored near the high table were empty. Additionally none of the general staff slaves was around to help her out which meant that she had to walk to the kitchens herself and refill the jug. Believing that Thor was still at the toilets, she decided to take a detour as not to run into him - in the light of that the longer route didn't matter much.

Thus the mortal left the hall with a metal jug in hand and, as fait would have it, she chose a certain dim-lit hallway where two gods were currently 'indisposed.'

Unfortunately, the panting and grunting reached he girl's ears when she stood right in front of the indecent scene, her whole being transfixed by it: Thor fucking Sif from behind, his bare massive arms flexed as he held onto her hips to maneuver the goddess along his shaft. Both still had their light sleeveless leather armors on, their pants slightly lowered just to allow the penetration. Rocking back and forth, Thor pressed the moaning woman against the stone wall, a grunt escaping him at the better angle.
The sight was overly arousing and the little mortal just couldn't tear her eyes away, neither would her body obey the distant call of her mind to run.

The blonde god was wrapped up in the approaching bliss when he noted the silent observer, sensing her familiar presence, and lifted his gaze to meet hers. Heavy laden with lust, those dark blue eyes stared at the mortal, his cock hardening more now that he knew she was watching, and then the god raised his arm to point directly at her. The message was unmistakable: *I will ravish you, all of you and nothing will stop me!* 

An ice-cold shudder rushed along _________'s spine at this unspoken threat, electrifying each bone and nerve, causing her hold on the jug to loosen. And loosen....

Suddenly the sound of metal clashing onto the stone floor cut through the air. Instantly, as if the blurring curtain surrounding them had vanished, Sif halted dead in her tracks and soon found the source of the disturbance. A sinister smirk spread on the crown prince's face as he realized the opportunity unfolding in front of him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait. Next chapter will be online sooner... ;)
Plucking the flower

WARNING: This chapter contains heavy non-con/rape elements! Please read at own risk!

Please note that I do not support rape in any form although I wrote about it here. It's just a fantasy, nothing more.

I don't own the characters but the plot. (dear me....)

"You there!!" Within seconds, Sif slipped off the thick cock, pulled her pants up again and stormed over to the maid. "How dare you sneak up on us?!!" she snarled in a low voice as she towered over _______ - Sif wasn't the tallest goddess but still - and pointed accusingly at the jug on the floor.

"Creating such a mess and sticking your nose in matters none of your business!! I should have your eyes torn out and your nose cut off for that! Might teach you a lesson, you nosy scum!!"

The maid had shrunken slightly because of Sif's scolding but remained her ground as best as she could, praying to get away as fast as possible. Sif might be intimidating but not as frightening as the mountain of a man behind her still lurking in the shadows. Now was all about the right choice of words.

"F..Forgive me, my lady, I didn't intend -" The moment when _______ had gathered enough courage to reply, said tall blonde decided to join in and stepped closer to the women, casting a huge shadow over them both.

"Spare us the excuses!" Thor's voice was deep and calm, vibrating through one's entire body, which set the maid's nerves on alarm even more - exactly as he had intended. You ought to tremble in my presence, little one... There was no light in his ocean-blue orbs, just a dark hunger - a craving - as they raked over the shivering mortal.

"Return to the feast so that our friends don't grow suspicious." he ordered the goddess then, brushing gently along her upper arm to emphasize the urgency of this request, and added: "Let me deal with that filthy slave..."

Only barely could he hide the thrill and the excitement rushing through him like lightning bolts, his member so much harder than before as it pressed itself against the constricting pants. The few seconds felt like hours until Sif finally obeyed and walked away, entrusting the concealment of their affair and the maid's punishment to the god. In distress, _______ watched the goddess leave, knowing that there was nothing she could do to stop her and sensing the danger she was in right now.

In retrospect, it would have been wise to regain Sif's attention by calling after her or simply by making a run for it. No additional punishment could have been worse compared to what awaited the maid now, a fate her mind didn't dare to imagine in the slightest. There was no time for pondering
anyway.

Suddenly, the god took hold of her arm with his large hand and began to walk further down the corridor, dragging the mortal along without effort, her futile attempts of resistance going completely unnoticed. As spontaneous as this whole situation had occurred, Thor didn't have a precise plan on how to proceed but he needed to bring her somewhere safe, to a close by place hidden from prying eyes. Out here on the corridor, the risk of exposure was far too high and for once the god managed to let reason prevail instead of pursuing his desires which urged him on to take her right there on the marble floor. The bulge in his pants still grew.

Thus he didn't think twice when approaching the first door and forcefully yanked it open to find an empty unprepared guestroom. The lights inside were out but one could still see the (over-sized) interior consisting only of a plain bed near the window, a small dresser to the left and a desk with a chair to the right. Perfect... the prince whispered to himself as he forced - almost threw - the maid further into the room while he closed the door behind them. A quiet click sounded as the key was turned before it vanished into a pocket of the god's leather armor, and the only exit was locked. There would be no interruptions, no escaping, no running from him. ________ was at the Thunderer's mercy.

With a dark, triumphant smirk spreading across his bearded face, Thor slowly walked over to the frightened mortal who tried to keep up the distance by shying away from him. Each step of his was compensated by two of hers backwards - a pitiful effort because she soon bumped into the dresser at the one end of the small room. However that didn't hinder her from pressing herself against the wood and the metal knobs as the god further approximated, his smirk widening. Another step and the distance between them was closed, Thor looming over the girl and caging her with the breadth of his body.

"Y-your highness..." she stumbled nervously, her hands fumbling with the wood in her back as if the dresser would somehow swallow her if she pressed some button. A chuckle escaped the god as he calmly watched her in despair, like a cat toying with the mouse shortly before the kill.

"Nothing will save you this time...." The fingertips of his right hand began to brush upwards along ________'s arm while his rumbling voice echoed in her ears. Another shiver pulsated through her body, emitting from the core and spreading outwards to turn into goosebumps on her skin, her eyes fluttering shut for a second. An overly arousing sight Thor could have enjoyed for hours if not for his impatient and demanding cock which was throbbing almost painfully at that point.

"Undress....!" Thor commanded then while his hand reached for her face, taking hold of her chin and forcing her to look up at him. This time he noted her refusal though.

"Undress!!" A half-hearted back-fist was accompanied by the repetition of his request, just violent enough to encourage the mortal without neither really hurting nor knocking her over - not that there was any space for her to fall over anyway.

"And do not make me repeat myself again!!"

The girl touched her burning cheek briefly, shock and fear written plainly across her face as she fully realized what was happening here. The Thunderer...he... he's going to... !?
Her color-less face was only surpassed by the white of the moon shining in the sky that night. With
tears swelling in her eyes she finally obeyed and first undid the thin belt and then the bronze clasps of her dress. Silently the cloth glided down her small figure, revealing everything what the god had dreamt of for so many nights. Thor paused as he beheld the naked maid, preventing her shaking hands from covering her private parts. Holding up her arms with his, like a doll for him to use, Thor then forced her to turn around so that he could have a look at that teasing butt of hers - his hands immediately fumbling with her cheeks, cupping and squeezing them. Unknowingly he pressed his loins against her, almost pushing her up on top of the dresser as greedy as he was for some friction. *Norns, I need to have you.....*

As much fun as playing with the mortal was it would have to continue another time because his (or rather his cock's) patience had already run dry and so he quickly unlaced his pants to free his rock-hard member. With both large hands he firmly gripped her hips then and lifted her up - effortlessly due to his divine strength - so that she lay with her belly on top of the dresser, her legs spread to make way for the large male in between.

"N.. no, please, your highness!” she shrieked as she frantically tried to push herself up but Thor simply kept her down with one hand - he wasn't even really pushing yet the girl had no chance, tears filling her eyes.

"Ssshhh, little one..."

With his massive body pressed against her, the blonde leaned forward while he took the lube out of his pocket. Knowing that the body of a mortal was not made for containing a god, Thor needed to keep everything slippery to gain the desired sensation and thus applied quite a lot of the gel on the both of them. The fact that this would mean (a little) less pain for the mortal wasn't part of his considerations though.

"Where is it...?" Thor whispered into her ear as he stroked her nether lips with one finger, spreading the lube while exploring her pussy, ________ sobbing quietly beneath him. A satisfied chuckle escaped his throat as he felt the flesh pulsating due to his touch and then he found the entrance, his finger brushing along the rim before giving in to the allure of inserting. One bulky digit at a time sunk into her wet hole.

“Oh how tight you are, little one..." the god assessed, the moist warmth around his finger causing his member to jerk in anticipation.

“P...please, your highness, I haven’t … I-I'm untouched!” the girl stumbled between sobs and muffled moans due to the massage she was given. Unwillingly or not, ________'s body couldn't hide its reaction to his treatment, to the completely new sensation of being in the hands of a god. That and the thought of being her first thrilled and flattered Thor beyond measure, the joy clearly audible as he whispered: “Then I shall be the one to pluck you...”

He would fill her to the brim and stretch her - if not rip her apart - in order to pursue the satisfaction he had awaited for weeks. *Norns, help me...* they both thought as Thor retrieved his finger to replace it with his throbbing cock, the tip already pressing against her narrow entrance.

"Open up wide for me... little one...." he whispered into her ear, his voice blurred by lust already, while lifting himself up a little to gain a better angle.

The god's hands roamed over her backside as he slowly let himself sink into her, using his weight for support, and he quickly covered her mouth in case she would scream. Which she did, in pain and...
frustration because no one would come to her aid no matter her cries. Thor didn't stop. They both felt a slight resistance inside her, merely briefly halting the male before he ripped the barrier apart, claiming her virginhood.

*By the Nine...* Thor relished each incremental part he plunged deeper into her folds, the maid's cunt feeling amazing as it squeezed his member from all sides. Her tunnel tried to adjust to the massive intruder as best as it could but there was so much of him to swallow. And the thickest part at the base of his shaft wasn't even inside yet.

*I could break her so easily... this fragile girl...* the god thought as he stared down upon her small body pinned to the dresser, her teasing butt rubbing at his abdomen, daring him to push deeper in.

Then he began to rock his hips back and forth, the girl shrieking and wriggling in protest but that all just added to the blonde's arousal. Yes, he liked her begging and whimpering. He had his fill of strong women like Sif, what he wanted was to reign over this mortal, to possess her in each and every way. The first step had been done tonight by being the first man to have her – a woman always remembers her first.

Since the girl had given up on screaming and struggling, Thor then took hold of her tiny hips – just as he always imagined he would – and increased the speed of his penetration, guiding the girl along his throbbing shaft. It felt amazing and overwhelmed by pleasure Thor had to lean forward onto the dresser, almost crushing the girl in between while still plunging deeply into her. Panting and grunting, the god fucked the maid against the wood, his senses roaring and the world blurring around him as he approached the ultimate apex.

With her fingernails digging into the wood, her eyes firmly shut, __________ endured each thrust until the god became rigid all of a sudden and pressed her against his loins even more. Thor held his breath as he spent himself within the mortal, filling her with his seed so that the hot liquid gushed out at the sides. Norns, he had never felt so good before! For a brief moment, all his divine strength seemed gone and the crown-prince collapsed onto the girl, almost all his weight now resting on her as he leaned forward. His head was just above hers so she could hear his relieved sighs while his scent flooded her nose, finding it just as much pleasant as she despised it.

_________ couldn't tell how long they remained like this but eventually Thor lifted himself up and withdrew himself again, the oppressive feeling of being crushed by him still lingering on the girl. At first she didn't dare to move but when she heard him button up his pants, the time seemed right to carefully climb down the dresser. Aching and like in a trance, __________ knelt down to pick up her dress, the clasps and the belt from the floor and held onto the items tightly once she did.

“You really are a special one...” Thor assessed while she stood up again, her gaze glued to the floor in shame. Thus he cupped her face to have her look at him once more and leaned slightly down to his new play thing.

“...And believe me we will repeat that soon. “ the god brought his face close to hers. “...for I want to explore every part of your body and have my fill with you, little one!” Thor's ocean-blue orbs lit up as he noted the shudder rushing through __________, an evil smirk appearing on his bearded face as he continued. “But unfortunately I must return to the feast as not to raise suspicion. As for you, sweet maid.....” The shade of blue in his eyes darkened, his whole aura becoming one looming threat as the god towered above her. “Rest assured that Hel will break loose on you if but a single word of *this* were to pass your lovely lips.”
A thumb brushed gently, almost affectionately over her lower lip but ________ didn't register the touch as captivated as she was by his words, even the water welling up her eyes seemed frozen in shock. Only when the door to the small guest room was being shut again, the god finally gone, the girl sank to her knees and let the tears fall.

Chapter End Notes

For all of you who made it through the chapter, I hope it wasn't too intense^^
Did I scare you off? What do you think so far?

Thanks for reading! :)
Perception at a private dinner

Chapter Notes

Got kissed by my muse today, or maybe it's just Christmas ....anway here's another chapter ;) Enjoy!

Sore. Used. Aching all over. The most fitting words to characterize the maid's current state, apart from anxious, terrified and humiliated that is. And when she closed her eyes she could still feel him being everywhere on her body. His weight pressing her down, his large hands gripping her hips firmly while he took her, and even her core seemed to remember each single thrust. By night and by day, _________’s thoughts were haunted by the blonde, and not even the grand waterfall at Asgard's border would be capable of washing away these memories, the pain, nor his scent which seemed to cling to her irrevocably. This disgustingly intoxicating smell of his.

Once I had fantasized of lying with the handsome crown-prince, to be his one and only... The dream of a foolish girl.

Now that it actually had happened - and not at all how she had imagined it to be - _________ felt ashamed and dirty, knowing that a certain part of her had been spoiled for good, that she had become merely a toy of a spoiled brat. A whore, that's what they would call me...

Atop of it all was this sickening, paralyzing certitude that he would come after her again soon and so every new day _________ woke up in fear.

Nevertheless the maid carried out her duties as best as she could, not only because she had no choice as a slave but also because the work helped to distract her mind a little. The burden however was one for her alone to bear because there was no one within these golden walls whom she could confide in, whom she could pour out her heart to and seek comfort. Not that anybody would believe the word of a slave anyway... she thought bitterly to herself as she changed Balder's bed sheets one morning, tossing the laundry harshly into the nearby basket. Balder too had disappointed her, had broken the promise he had given her on her fist day and thus proven that gods gave a damn about mortals. Arrogant assholes who think they can do as they please no matter the damage... Taking out her fury on the large cushion, ________ forcefully tossed it against the headboard of the bed.

“Whoa, someone's grumpy today...” the other maid currently dusting the nightstand pointed out, then quickly looked at the door before she continued in a low voice. “It's fine, we all have a bad patch sometimes but don't act like that in front of Gerlinda or the gods. They can be really mean...” _________ watched the brunette leave without another word before she picked up the laundry basket and followed behind. You have no idea....

Coming from Asgardian upper class where wealth and status were all that mattered, _________ knew pretty well how to hide her true constitution behind etiquette and a polite smile. All the torment, the pain that cursed through her body was invisible to the beholder, neither her words nor gestures giving it away. And oh she was really convincing, playing her role as the pretty maid perfectly throughout the rest of the day.

Until dinner.
A few evenings a week, when the king wasn’t occupied by his duties, the royal family had supper together in a separate salon adjacent to the grand hall, the splendor of its decorations and interior were in no way inferior though. Despite the rumors and his impersonal demeanor, Odin loved his wife and sons beyond measure, thus greatly valuing these few occasions where his family would be together privately.

Past the guards in their golden armor, Balder and his favorite maid entered the salon where the other royals had already gathered around a marvelous table carved from mahogany adorned with silver inlays and gems. Above hung a chandelier that resembled liquid silver floating in the air, casting a bright but soft light upon the polished wood. At the back of the salon, a neat fireplace surrounded by a small couch and armchairs provided warmth and an overall cozy atmosphere. No one else apart from the royals were allowed to dine in here, not even important guests were granted the honor, and so _______ was rather excited to be here. Including her, there were not more than five slaves present, three of them serving the meals and clearing the dishes, the remaining two tending to beverages and other needs. The latter duo consisted of the All-Fathers personal valet, an inconspicuous man in his middle-ages coming from a noble family that was traditionally providing valets for the king, and _______ - for reasons she didn't know, yet here she was.

"Ah, there he is! We were just talking about you my son." the All-Father sat at the head of the table in a throne-like chair, his wife and Loki to the left, Thor and an empty seat to the right. The intimacy of this meeting was remarkable, almost astonishing: clad in casual attire, the most powerful beings of the Nine Realms had gathered for dinner like an ordinary family would, including the chatting and bantering. Once more the maid felt oddly out of place.

"I hope only in good terms!" Balder jested as he walked over to sit beside his elder brother, clapping on the other blonde's back before sliding down onto the chair. Meanwhile, the servants quietly scurried around, the valet and the maid carefully refilling some glasses. For today, _______ had received special instructions from Gerlinda so that the girl wouldn't misbehave in front of the All-Father, even if she was supposed to tend to the brothers only. The well-experienced valet had the honor of refilling the goblets of the king and the queen.

"There is nothing ill to talk about you, dear brother. Everybody adores you!" the silken voice of the Trickster rang from across the table, his handsome smile covering the grain of jealousy in his tone. For Balder truly was everybody's darling, had always been because of his charm and good looks. If Thor was the sun and Loki the moon, then Balder would be the sky that kept the balance of the firmament.

"Tell me, how fares the lady Sophelia of Vanaheim? I haven't hear of her for ages now." As sensitive as she was, Frigga skillfully changed the topic once she noted the crack in Balder's smile due to Loki's comment and luckily her boys played along. The first dish was served then, which meant a short break for _______ who positioned herself near the tray table where she could clandestinely watch the scene, especially one particular god. So far, the crown-prince hadn't interacted with her and he surely wouldn't do anything improper in the presence of the king but _______'s nerves were alert nevertheless.

Similarly, Thor had a hard time not looking at his new play thing over there which he already yearned for again, the precious memories of that one night haunting him too - but in a more positively inspiring way. Unfortunately, his father had claimed much of his time over the past days, demanding a full detailed report about the stay in Vanaheim, and so Thor hadn't had the chance to play with the maid. But oh, I soon will. Thor thought to himself as he took a long sip from his goblet,
his dark-blue orbs quickly darting over to the maid and carrying the promise to her. Which she surely understood, judging from how rigid she became all of a sudden but the well-educated girl chose to avert her gaze and ignore him - or at least pretend to. Because Thor knew pretty well that the little minx ought to have nightmares about him and that her calm aura was merely a nice facade. He would lure her out eventually, make her beg and moan for him.

However, Thor wouldn't risk anything while in the presence of his family, especially since the two members opposite of him were annoyingly perceptive regarding such matters. Thus the blonde engaged in the conversation and behaved like usual, digging in to the delicious meals, as not to reveal what he was truly craving for.

"... rumors have it that she is with child again." Balder put in, providing the latest gossip from Vanheim to the queen.
"That's lovely!" the queen cheered, eager to hear more such good news since politics wasn't that entertaining in her view. Well, apart from the intrigues and strategic marriages.
"From another man, I have heard." the son to her left added and Frigga's smile fell a tad.
"Oh, that's sad..." In respect for their mother, neither of the sons dared to voice their amusement but of course Loki couldn't leave it at that, no, he just had to go for it.
"Well, if you look at her husband, it can only be an improvement!"

That was when neither Thor nor Balder could contain themselves any longer, vibrating laughter filling the room instantly, and even Odin chuckled into his snow-white beard, the servants around them forgotten completely. It was right in that moment, during these few seconds, when a pair of emerald eyes dashed over to the maid and observed her thoroughly as she silently refilled Thor's cup. She looks unwell, tired and... afraid? Loki concluded, the strange urge to talk to her rising within him, before he withdrew his gaze in time so that no one noticed. This odd lump in his stomach remained however, nagging at the back of his head.

"Your bold tongue will get you into a lot of trouble, my dear!" Although her son did make a point here, Frigga seemed not too much amused by this type of joke and even if she did, at least someone had to keep up with some manners.
"I do hope so, mother!" Loki retorted with a cunning smirk, causing the queen to roll her eyes at him. Knowing that this could become an ever-lasting conversation, Odin then took the floor since he aimed for a certain topic.
"Rest assured that this childish nonsense will have an end once you are to be married!" The three brothers already knew where this was going, loathing the conversation it would imply since none of them saw themselves ripe for such a binding - or limitation as Thor would call it. "Which will be sooner than you may anticipate, especially for you Thor!"

"Please, father, can we not speak about that?" the crown-prince said with a frown, almost pouting, while the maid behind him secretly smiled - the corners of her mouth curled upwards just enough for Loki to notice before she put on the previous expression. A certain discomfort more obvious now so that the raven-haired god knew he needed to talk to her.

xxx

Time passed by smoothly and soon the gods rose to spend the rest of the evening elsewhere, Odin asking his two eldest sons to accompany him to the study to discuss some reports. Also the youngest
god had a precise idea on how he wished to continue now, having come up with a little plan to achieve that.

"But didn't you promise me another round of chess, Balder?" Loki pointed out while the king and Thor already walked towards the door, both occupied by their conversation.

"I'm sorry, brother, maybe tomorrow..." As much as he preferred to play with his sibling, Balder couldn't disobey his father and so he lovingly embraced the younger god as an apology, burying his face in those raven-black locks. If only he knew that Loki was anticipating exactly such behavior of his, using Balder's guilt for his advantage.

"But with whom am I supposed to play now?" Disappointment and sadness were clearly written across the porcelain face, eyes pleading and lips pouting in what was one of Loki's most efficient weapons. "Chess is rather sophisticated, it takes someone from upper class if not higher to pose a real challenge to my skills!" the silken voice once more rang, sneaking each wisely chosen word into Balder's mind to elicit the desired train of thought. Then Loki waited patiently for his brother's mind to come up with the solution the former had enforced.

"You can borrow my maid _________ instead, she probably knows how to play... I know it's not the same as with me but I will make it up to you, little brother!" Balder said then and let go of the other male to catch up with Odin and Thor, not registering his maid's (positively) surprised look nor the triumphant spark crossing Loki's eyes. In the end, I always get what I want...

Thrilled by the anticipation, Loki then led his mother outside and across the grand hall, their steps quiet like whispers in the empty room.

“I see you have taken a great liking into this game...” Frigga suddenly leaned in closer as they walked.

“Indeed, for it encourages and benefits the mind as well as the heart, lifting the latter in a pleasant thrill I have rarely come across with!” Loki replied joyfully, unwittingly increasing the pace of his steps as if he was in a hurry, the slaves behind them barely able to keep up.

“I'm glad you enjoy it, my son, but remember to keep it private!” Frigga replied shortly before they reached the large doors of the great hall where the other three gods were waiting, leaving Loki confused as to what exactly she was referring to.

“Upon later, my love.” The king said as he planted a tender kiss on his queen's pale knuckles, a token of affection without which he wouldn't part ways with her. Among other things, Odin was a gentleman towards his wife. After exchanging some 'good night's wishes', the group of gods split to head for different directions and while Odin began to babble something about reports, Thor turned to snatch a glimpse of _________ following behind Loki.
Secrets to keep

Chapter Notes

Please consider the warnings of this story!
Took a bit longer to write this chapter, because of its length and spicy content. But I think it turned out rather neat. Anyways, the drama continues to unfold, so prepare yourselves for the next chapters...
Glad you all are still reading this! Thanks for every comment, kudo and view!

I don't own the characters but I own the plot.

Once again the mortal maid found herself amongst the black, green and golden interior of the prince's chambers, greeting the giant dog while Loki dismissed his personal slaves in the stern tone he normally used to address them. As soon as the large double door was shut again, the god visibly relaxed, a smile gracing his lips and he immediately walked over to the small table near the window to set up the chess field. A wink of his hand sufficed to arrange the marble pieces as well as the two green armchairs, each of them magically floating over from the fireplace.

“This time won't be easy for you! I'm in excellent mood – victory is mine, I can feel it!”

In fact, all sorts of emotions were to rush through the god during this evening and some of them he neither expected nor admit. The first one was excitement which resonated in the silken voice since the waiting had finally an end, and somewhat impatiently Loki turned around then, wondering why the mortal hadn't joined him yet. When he found the girl petting Fenrir, who seemed to have molten into a ball of fur due to her caressing, surprise struck the god and those neatly plucked eyebrows.

Seems like she tamed the rascal....He really does like her.

Silently, the god watched how his pet enjoyed the fondling, how _______'s slender hands brushed through the dark-grey fur with such care and affection that Loki couldn't help but imagine to be the recipient. Fragmented memories of the maid tending to him during his fever flashed up before the god's eyes, blurred pictures of the mortal sitting at his side combined with the sensation of her hand holding his.

“You want me to pet you all night, don't you, handsome boy?” The maid suddenly said - to the dog as Loki realized as well as the slight heat creeping up his cheekbones - and something twisted inside Loki at the girl's words before he seemed to snap out of his pondering, eager to have her spend time with him.

“Come, let us move on to the game!” Prompt the maid obeyed since she noted the urgent undercurrent in his voice, leaving a pleading Fenrir behind on the carpet, and sat down while the god sank gracefully into the armchair opposite of her.

xxx

"Ha, you won again, your highness!” the girl announced joyfully as if victory was hers yet Loki couldn't share her enthusiasm, his face an unreadable mask lacking any of the emotions it had shown earlier.
"Indeed.... I have." Loki replied without blinking as not to miss a detail of the maid. Something was
off today. From the very first minute, the game hadn't been challenging nor thrilling and the ease with which the god won each of the short rounds was beyond boring. In contrast, the search for subtle hints as to why his opponent lacked the spirit was way more captivating, like a tricky riddle to solve, and Loki soon came across a few telling signals. Those were very subtle yet readable if one was perceptive and patient enough. A gesture or a nervous laugh can report tales...and you definitely have a gripping one to tell!

"...Before we start a new round I would like you to tell me what keeps bothering you so much!" the god simply had to ask for the sake of the future rounds as well as for this strange lump, this persistent nagging inside him since dinner. Loki would have called it 'curiosity serving diversion' but of course that wasn't the true reason for any of his unusual behavior lately. The short silence on both sides confirmed that this sudden interest into her mental well-being was quite out of character for a god – especially for him. It felt nice though.

"Ahm,... I...There is...." ________ stumbled but broke off, her gaze fluttering around the room like a young bird. As much as the maid longed to share the crimes against her to ease her heart, there were several reasons why she couldn't - must not - talk about the incidents with the crown-prince. Never. Being brother of the culprit, Loki wasn't leading the list of people she would turn to anyways. And besides, he's your authority and not your friend...
Recently she had to repeat herself of this simple truth rather often, the god's actions confusing both her heart and mind regarding that matter. Little did she know that Loki faced the same disarray.

"There is nothing to report, your highness. Please do not bother yourself with my trivial matters!" she finally replied as politely as ever, even a small smile appearing on her face, but Loki would have none of it, his emerald orbs narrowing at her naive attempt to trick him, the Trickster.
"Do not lie to me, mortal! Or have you forgotten who sits in front of you?" the god leaned forward as if to nail her down with his intense stare, his curious yet slightly offended ego invisibly pressing her into the plush back of the armchair. It was common knowledge that the aura of a god could actually affect mortals in both physical and mental ways, emphasizing the deity's mood or demands, however the girl hadn't expected such a strong impact.
"P-pardon me, your highness?"

"You have been playing recklessly, rather mindlessly today; dark shadows are visible beneath your eyes which indicates lack of sleep..." The maid shrunk back into the chair as the god cited his observations, his emerald eyes boring into her in a rather intimidating way so that the girl was unable to look away. This brilliant interplay of various shades of green interrupted by flashes of blue kept her mesmerized, now that he was so close to her, making it hard for her to follow his words.
"Moreover, you avoid eye contact and keep staring into nothingness quite often. And despite this loosely cloth of yours, I suspect you have lost at least five pounds over the last three weeks!!"

Silence. No one moved and ________'s widened eyes were fixated on him completely - solely him, like no one else had ever beheld him. But there was little warmth in her gaze as Loki noticed and suddenly the mix of surprise and panic on her features snapped him out of it as he loomed over her, the chess field beneath devastated in the heat of the moment. When did I rise and bend forward? He couldn't recall nor could he understand why he had acted so strangely, so emotional, as if the fate of a
simple slave would be worth of his concern. How ridiculous...
Yet the nagging inside him was still there, demanding something the god didn't understand to deliver yet.

Then the prince slowly loosened his firm grip of the table's edge and sat down again, the maid still watching him warily as if he would leap at her any moment again, fearing that he might hurt her. Fear, yes that was what Loki saw in her eyes and although he was used the sight from other slaves the realization struck him harder than it should. He didn't want fear in her eyes.
"Ahm.. well that came out more intense than it was supposed to..." Loki cleared his voice in painful awareness of the awkwardness of this situation, the embarrassed pink on his face not helping at all, and the few seconds until the maid finally replied felt like hours of silent torment.
"Please your highness..." she began in a soft voice, now sitting comfortably again and having regained her composure. __________ couldn't reveal what burdened her heart and soul, she probably never would, but lying was no option either - not only because she wasn't good enough at it but also because she didn't want to lie to Loki - to the only person who seemed to actually care. It simply didn't feel right.

"... This week has been rather busy for all servants and I am simply not used to the strain of work. That is why I seem to lack some spirit, for what I deeply apologize, your highness." So it was the truth then, not all of it but still the truth. Her gaze fell down onto the small hands in her lap, the fumbling of her fingers increasing as she thought of her next words, and Loki just patiently observed all the hidden messages, all the secrets her body language gave away. The faint blush on her cheeks pleased him enormously, similar to the warm smile appearing on her lips as she continued.
"I enjoy our sessions and value them above all. It is my duty and privilege to entertain you at least equally so please let us not speak of negligible matters and instead have a good time!"
This time he believed in her words and accepted that this was as far as she was willing to confide in him for now. With a nod he signaled his approval of her explanation and although many questions remained, the prince decided to heed her suggestion and drop the topic.

"Very well... But before we continue, how about you fetch us some tea?" the god asked while reinstalling the chess field with his magic, knowing that he could very easily produce some hot water infused with herbs too - but that wasn't the point. He needed a moment alone.
"Of course, your highness!"
Once the maid was out the door, Loki's unreadable mask cracked like a bursting trunk and a wide happy smile lit up his porcelain face. Even a content chuckle escaped his throat, his slender fingers brushing alluringly over his bottom lip and all of this because of some simple words.

"I enjoy our sessions and value them above all."

xxx

Winged by her words, Loki didn't really mind that he had lost the next two rounds and instead of pouting as usual, he congratulated the maid for having regained the upper hand in the game. In fact, now it was the prince who lacked focus, the girl's words still swirling in his mind - the blush, the
fumbling hands, the smile - and so he suddenly rose in between rounds and enthusiastically walked over to a huge dresser on the opposite side of the salon.
"Come, I want to show you something!" Loki said as he waved for the maid who didn't need to be asked twice, almost instantly following him behind. On top of the tall ebony dresser were several objects on display, some containing special magic, and from their chats Loki knew the girl was dying to learn more about them - similar to the god's excitement of showing her the precious collection.
"This here is... " His euphoria came to a sudden halt, however, when he looked down at the mortal, now for the first time realizing how tiny she was compared to him and how impossible it was for her to properly see the surface of the dresser - the piece of furniture reached his chest while she merely made it to his navel. But Loki didn't ponder for long and grabbed the first spontaneous solution just like he literally grabbed the mortal by her delicate hips, his hands reaching almost around her.
Usually he wasn't so blatantly as to breach all spheres of personal space at once, especially not those of a lady, yet he had done so out of a licentious impulse before his mind had any chance to object. "Wha--??!!!" the girl in his grip shrieked but couldn't jump in surprise, and swiftly her feet left the ground since the god had lifted her up as if she weighed nothing and made her sit onto the dresser. The red on her face was prominent and refusing to vanish, as she now looked slightly down on the god - which was oddly enough - and his emerald eyes didn't fail to captivate her even from this perspective.
"Much better! Now where were I ... Oh yes, so this is..."

The prince began to elaborate in every detail each of the many pieces of his collection, presenting the items with equal enthusiasm and pride, while ________ listened intently to the silken voice. Albeit the back of her head was utterly giddy with the fact that Loki had touched her. There had been fabric in between but still.
Watching him as he spoke, the maid noted how much the god reveled in this very situation and she couldn't help but feel happy too, now that she was the one Loki shared such precious moments with. The objects per se might seemed trivial but the act of actually showing and explaining them to the girl held a far greater meaning which both were aware of.
_Status be damned, we are friends..._ they thought almost in unison during a break, their eyes meeting in a mutually confirming and appreciating way, before the low bark of Fenrir ripped them apart.

Both turned to the beast which kept staring at the large double doors of the prince's chambers, signaling that somebody was approaching. By the time the door swung open, the Trickster and the maid already sat at the small table again – pretending to play chess for etiquette's sake – and all traces of green mist and golden sparks were gone.

"Ah, brother!" the crown-prince cheered as he crossed the salon, Balder following behind in a lazy pace, and both were greeted by an especially hateful snarling Fenrir. Although the two brothers didn't seem impressed they eyed the beast warily and stayed clear from it as they passed. A hilarious sight but _______ was too paralyzed to laugh. _Why is he here?!_
"Has it ever occurred to you to knock, Thor?" Loki retorted in a sarcastic tone, successfully hiding his annoyance of being disrupted. "But by now I should have grown accustomed to the lack of your manners...” Waving with his hand to distract his audience and calm his pet, Loki shot a glance towards the mortal who visibly had tensed and seemed rather uncomfortable now that the other gods were present. _That much for enjoying myself..._ she thought bitterly as she tried to think of a reasonable excuse for her to leave.
Balder chuckled slightly at Loki's words in the back while Thor just ignored the mocking, his eyes quickly roaming over the silent maid in the oversized armchair, and he too noticed her indisposition although she tried her best to hide it. ________ had hoped to spend a nice evening away from her predator and hadn't expected Thor to show up here.

*Surprise, little one!*

She could almost hear him think before the conversation went on.

“Has she beaten you yet? I hope she makes an adequate substitute for myself...” Balder then put in as he overlooked the chess field, analyzing what strategies both sides might have been following. “Hm, ... she's not bad...”

“Not at all, my skills are fairly challenged by hers!” Loki replied with hints of a smile in the corners of his mouth. However, not even the compliments of two gods eased the maid's wish to vanish instantly and as much as she tried she couldn't come up with a good plan. Maybe if she remained silent the gods would send her away soon. *As if Thor would let you slip away that easily...* her mind spat, drawing her attention to the intense gaze of said deity. During the meeting with Odin, Thor had had a hard time to concentrate because all the while he had wondered why _______ had been following Loki down the hall. The question had been nagging at him, urging him to investigate and had eventually guided his feet towards Loki's chambers once Odin had released him and Balder. Now that Thor knew the reason – namely a harmless board-game – his mind seemed oddly at peace and instead supplied him with ideas of what he would do with the mortal right here: bend her over the table and take her from behind … or sit in one of those armchairs with the girl in his lap, him buried cock-deep into her folds...

“... -s the meeting?” Thor suddenly came back to reality, albeit his loins' protests, and found himself rather embarrassingly at loss for words, the content of the meeting dwindling already.

“Good... good.. It was good.”

Both Balder and Loki exchanged doubtful gazes, wondering into what depth their brother's mind had drifted off – if it even had depths at all. Sensing their suspicion, Thor then quickly tried to change the topic in a way that the attention wouldn't be on him any more and that he had a reason to stay longer.

“So... you said she knows how to play, huh? Well, let's see if she can beat Balder?” he suggested, massive arms crossed over his broad chest, and much to his surprise the other blonde god was willing to accept the challenge. The chess figures were reset and places were exchanged so that now ________ faced her new opponent while Loki and Thor sat on either side between the players in two additional armchairs. The air was tensed now that all the focus within the room was directed at the black and white field, and while the mortal weighed her next move both Loki and Thor shamelessly used the opportunity to stare at her - inconspicuously, of course, as not for Balder to notice yet palpably enough to distract the maid. Out of respect and humbleness towards her master, the girl didn't intend to win and placed her bishop on a sub-optimal spot on the field. Better not get into any trouble because who knows how well Balder deals with losing.

“Oh come on, _______, you can do better than that!” Loki protested from the side, trying to cheer her up and have her play for real. Skilled eyes as his had her naïve efforts uncovered in no time and since Loki honestly granted her the victory, he had to ensure that she employed her skills to the full extent.

“Did you hear that Balder? She won't go easy on you now!” Thor put in and leaned forward, resting his weight on his massive arms and thighs as he looked from Balder to _______, ocean-blue orbs
resting on the latter as he spoke. “You wouldn't let a mortal girl beat you, would you?”

There went a shiver down her spine and oh, Thor enjoyed this far too much because while his brothers were occupied by the game – at least as it seemed – the crown-prince could nonchalantly observe (and tease) his new plaything.

“Do not underestimate me, Thor! And you, ______, give all you got for I want a fair win!” Balder said to reassure the girl since he sensed her dilemma. Besides, he had a reputation to uphold and in his view, a cheap victory wasn’t a real one.

"Yes, your highness." The maid nodded and made her move under the observation of the three gods. Norns, she really wanted to run and although she clandestinely shifted away from the crown-prince as far as the armchair would allow, he was still far too close for her liking.

Occasionally Thor would even lean over and support himself on the arm of her chair, successfully (and very deliberately) closing the distance between them. It was in fact a false pretense to be interested in her optional next move while all he yearned for was to bury this delicate, tiny body of hers beneath him. It was beyond time that he experienced the sensation of her soft skin against his, and of so many other things...

The minutes passed by and although ________ found it rather difficult to concentrate between all these handsome (and frightening) gods, she somehow managed to lure Balder into a strategic trap, her white knight and rook cornering his king eventually. Warily the maid looked over to her master, waiting for his reaction while Loki announced the result of the game - which he had foreseen three moves prior.

"Too bad brother..."

With a sigh Balder leaned back in his chair, at first seemingly disappointed but then less so as he acknowledged his defeat.

"Does that mean that she won?" Thor didn't know the rules nor cared about them because he was here for an entirely different game - one he pursued with perfection – but he had to keep up the pretense.

"Yes, it appears my maid is far more skilled than I expected ... Well done, ______." Sensing that the girl wasn't eager for another round, Balder then rose and excused himself for today. So with relief washing over her, cooling her nerves, the mortal followed her master outside while Loki and Thor remained sitting at the table.

"He took it better than expected..." Loki mused once they were alone, casually leaning his head on one arm, two fingers rubbing his temple. Also Thor had relaxed further into the soft chair which was barely large enough to contain him.

"Balder has always been sensible to such things but I guess he will get over it." The crown-prince lazily stretched his limbs while sitting and added with a yawn. "Although it's pretty embarrassing to lose to a mortal... almost disgraceful."

The brothers' gazes met in an intense stare then, both eager to keep their forbidden involvement with the maid a secret. A few tensed seconds passed before Loki spoke up:

"Balder and me playing chess with the girl... we should keep that between us." The request he made was plain and reasonable for both gods knew into what kind of scandal this could develop. And since Thor didn't want too much attention on his plaything anyway, he was willing to agree and tolerate these gaming-sessions.

"Fine for me, it was quite fun to watch our dear brother lose. And besides, that girl doesn't seem as dull as the others." The crown-prince admitted with a chuckle, pondering about attending future sessions like this, while Loki looked at him with risen brows.
"Since when do you value someone's intellect?" Usually, the blonde regarded other assets as more important - especially those of a physical kind - so there was no point in denial and instead Thor played it down, countering with an equally spicy question:

"Dunno... since when do you care?"

The Trickster fell silent then, almost dumb folded, for he suddenly realized that he - one of the most arrogant, selfish and farouche gods of all - actually did. Loki cared.

And it scared him.
Monotonous, depressing grey covered the sky above the golden city, leaving little to no chance for sunshine, and the additional drop in temperature only made it even more difficult for the maid to get up. Roughly two weeks had passed since the incident with the crown-prince, however, the mortal was still haunted by the memories in both physical and mental ways - the former receding quicker though, the aching less prominent as she reluctantly sat up in her straw bed. With a yawn she stretched her limbs, arching her back like a cat, before she left the warmth of her blanket and made her way towards the wash room adjacent to the large dormitory which accommodated not less than 50 slaves.

High sleepers were unavoidable and the slaves' few possessions were stored in bags hanging from the wooden frames, resulting in a narrow path in between. Each slave had been given some additional underskirts or pants and long-sleeve shirts today due to winter's beginning, not because of empathy but simply to minimize the number of failures. A pair of plain cloth for each slave was cheaper than having them sick and in need of medical care.

The change of the season implied also more work for the maids since each suite had to be furnished with thicker blankets, furs and carpets; the fireplaces needed to be cleaned thoroughly before igniting and keeping them lit; and a warmer wardrobe had to be prepared for each deity. Thus the morning passed rather quickly and without a free minute for the personal maids, scurrying around in the countless chambers like busy bees.

"Finally some decent temperatures!" the Trickster assessed as he strolled along side the crown-prince down a hallway, marveling at the prospect of his favorite season. Unlike his brothers, Loki loved the cold, the ice and oh the snow! Luckily for him there would be plenty of the white fluff since the city was surrounded by majestic mountains. So while his brother had already donned a heavy woolen cloak for their archery lessons outside, Loki found a light black mantle atop of his leather harness
quite sufficient, enjoying the refreshing chill on his limbs. After about an hour of practicing, however, Loki had to head back inside for his Seidr lesson with the queen and since Thor didn't have any appointments this early afternoon he decided to accompany the other god. The many slaves and soldiers along the way bowed lowly in respect as the royals passed with long strides, some even too intimidated by the tall gods to look at them.

"Did you know that in winter Midgardians ascend a hill or mountain from which they slide down again standing on two planks strapped to their feet?" Loki asked as they rounded a corner, his tone dripping of amazement and curiosity. The young prince had picked up that particular rumor during his latest venture through the Asgardian streets disguised as a mortal - another of his secret habits - and it was way too obscure to forget.

"No but it sounds absurd..." Doing that had never occurred to Thor during the centuries and the mere imagination made him chuckle haughtily, his deep voice echoing across the hallway. "Why would anyone do such nonsense?... And they only do that in winter?"

"Apparently." The younger god shrugged with his shoulders and having turned to his brother while chatting, Loki caught some movement ahead of them only from the corner of his eye. Meanwhile, Thor's attention was already drawn to the other end of the hallway where the stirring came from, his dark-blue eyes narrowing for a better view. A large group of maids was approaching them, each carrying a heap of furs or blankets that almost shielded their faces. Yet one particular head full of locks seemed quite familiar and both brothers smirked inwardly upon recognizing their favorite maid amongst the eight. Unaware of each other's forbidden thoughts, the gods simultaneously slowed their paces until halting to meet the maids halfway down the hallway.

As the small mortals passed Loki called out to her, pretending to have recognized her just then - what a coincidence.

"Ah... you there, _______ Haraldsdottir!"

With a slight flinch said girl realized that she hadn't ducked far enough behind the furs and the maids walking in front of her.

"Come here!"

The Trickster's command was loud and clear, unmistakable for everyone present so _______ obediently stepped outside the group and hurried over to the gods, ignoring the envious glares of the other maids as they went on.

"How can I be of service, your highnesses?" she asked while bowing in respect and purposefully didn't look up at either of them, sensing the male's intense gazes lingering on her - especially that of the blonde giant who looked even more massive with this dark cloak around his already broad shoulders. In contrast, the presence of the raven-haired god had a rather calming effect on her, causing some feeling of safety and protection because surely the crown-prince would behave around his sibling.

Everything's fine... everything's fine....

The silken voice was smooth and rich like pure honey as it over-tuned the mortal's own heartbeat pounding in her ears.

"The rumor has it that Midgardians tend to slide down from mountains with planks attached to their feet" Loki began to elaborate, waving with his right hand to emphasize the seeming lack of plausibility. "and we thought maybe you could tell us why one would do such a thing?"
The honor of being worth consulted about such a matter was apparently one of the rare positive results from her well upper-class education, like the chess sessions with Loki, and the girl was for once glad to be the daughter of a rich merchant. Luckily she had also come across this rumor before.

"Well I think it's called 'skying' and supposedly makes fun, your highness." Still averting her gaze the maid dutifully gave answer then, her voice slightly muffled by the ball of fur in her arms. Meanwhile Thor silently watched the conversation unfolding in a delusive calmness, his hungry eyes boring holes into the maid's flesh he was yearning to touch again, while the precious memories of taking her fueled his inner storm. This sweet little butt of hers was just an arm length away...

"Oh really? Ha! What a strange way of amusement!" Loki seemed smitten by the idea and lost in thoughts while the maid quickly shot a glance at the tall blonde to the right of her. By the grim or rather wolfish look on his bearded face, which promised further torment, the girl knew it had been a mistake. Upon meeting his gaze the memories of that one night flashed up before her inner eye. With a cold shudder running down her spine she focused on the other god instead then, not noticing the triumphant smirk pulling at Thor's lips.

_Oh little one... how much I need you on my cock, all whimpering and wriggling. I cannot wait for much longer!_

Those narrow hips and that fragile body of hers had danced across his dreams repeatedly, teasing and tempting him, until the sweet bliss gave way to the sober reality of a new day which was filled with appointments, lessons and other tiresome vanities that disconcertingly kept Thor from hunting after the maid. Instead of abstinence, Thor had tried to quench his urges by the help of Sif and Idunn, fucking them alternately over the past weeks, but neither of them could provide enough pleasure anymore - nowhere near as much as the mortal could. Of course the god knew that his lusting after her was strange, if not perverted, not least because their size difference was beyond reasonable - but such a major turn-on. True to his motto, Thor didn't care and saw no wrong in fantasizing about the little mortal, his mind prompted to do so now that she stood right in front of him, so close to the predator. And again he realized how pleasantly tiny she was compared to him. In vivid pictures, Thor imagined her sprawled out nakedly on his cloak, the large fabric in which she seemed utterly lost rustling as she wriggled. Then she slowly spread her legs...

"Anyways... Now I better hurry as not to be late on my lesson!" Loki's voice ripped Thor back to the present as well as to the conversation he had totally blacked out on. "I cannot have our dear mother waiting!"

"Yes..." the blonde cleared his voice so that it didn't sound as husky as it actually was "you better get going, brother!"

Also the maid seemed at the verge of leaving, continuing to carry out her duties (and be away from the crown-prince) but Thor had other plans and needed to stall more time in his favor. Besides, he simply couldn't escort Loki now and face his mother with that throbbing boner in his pants.

"Are you not coming, Thor?"

The blonde hesitated to answer, weighing his odds of using a little white lie. It was risky in front of Loki but he ought to try, the impulse of his desires was too strong to resist. All the while ________ held her breath.

"No" Thor replied as casual as he could "I shall visit Balder and ask him for a sparring round
together! Send mother my regards!"
There was truth in it because Thor indeed wanted to spar with Balder today - just not right away. The half-lie was well hidden beneath the strong trust the brothers shared so Loki didn't grew suspicious, labelling any strange signs as Thor just being himself, and after quickly looking at the mortal and then back at Thor, Loki walked away.

"Fine, see you at dinner then!"

At first the girl was paralyzed as her increasing heartbeat confirmed that Loki actually had turned and left her alone with the blonde, but then she didn’t waste a second and rushed in the other direction towards Balder's chambers. Once inside, she would be surrounded by other maids - maybe even Balder too - and safe from the crown-prince. A fact Thor was aware of too and he could only chuckle at her naive attempt to outrun him. Three, four, five steps and he had caught up on her.

"No need to hurry, little one!" he whispered in a low voice as he firmly grabbed her by the upper arm and forced her to stop, spinning her around to face him. "You'll come with me now!"

xxx

Through several corridors he led her, up and down a few steps, and although the god was setting a fast pace he made sure that the mortal followed behind, leaving her no chance to run for it. Soon they reached the destined door through which the mortal was shoved quite similarly like two weeks ago, the exit locked behind her too, only this time she stumbled over her own feet and landed face down onto the floor and the furs she was carrying. As it turned out she had been brought to a small plainly furnished chamber which appeared to be sparsely used as the thin layer of dust on the nightstand next to the unprepared bed suggested. During the past two weeks, Thor had intently searched for a proper new hiding space and accidentally came across this particular room which belonged to Njord, the god of the sea, who resided most of the time among the fish in his deep-sea realm. Thus Njord had been given merely this austerely chamber with an adjacent bathroom and his servants were used elsewhere, leaving the rooms vacant if not forgotten. No one would come here and accidentally interrupt while the god had his way with the mortal so there was indeed no need to hurry anything. Finally Thor could take his time playing with her.

"We will have such fun together..." with large strides he walked over to the provided workplace where he unfastened his cloak, letting the heavy dark-grey cloth glide down onto the chair, before he began to unbuckle his armor. Piece after piece was peeled off, revealing a brilliantly red under-tunic stretching across the god's muscled chest, as well as dark leather pants which visibly bulged at the crotch. Thor was fumbling with the button of the pants when he noted that the maid was still sitting on the floor, frantically holding onto the fur blanket while she watched him in horror and fascination - just like she had peered across the balconies several weeks ago.

"Get rid of your clothes unless you want me to shred them! Those unshapely rugs..." Thor
commanded smugly and was pleased to see that she obeyed him without hesitation, without complaint. He paused in his own tracks to witness the dress slip off her shoulders and then the moment the long-sleeve shirt gave way to her bare skin, revealing her pink hardened nipples adorning those lovely breasts. The sight caused his member to throb demandingly.

With a smirk he then quickly got rid of his own clothes, almost ripping them as eager as he was, and with a sharpe inhale the maid beheld the God of Thunder in all his glory. Norns, he was well-built all over! Pure perfection from head to toe. Golden locks fell onto his broad shoulders and chest, his abdomen was packed with tight hills all the way down where his - oh, oh dear!

________ averted her gaze too late since her cheeks were already tinted in a furious shade of crimson, proving that she couldn't elude the attractiveness of his physique, and that flattered the god to no end.

"Still so coy and innocent..." his voice was low and sensual as he made a step towards her, then another while she got up on her own accord - even if she couldn't escape she would face the god standing and with the little dignity she had left. Naked as on their name-days, the two beheld each other for a moment – in fact this time ________ had her gaze glued to his face, trying really hard not to stare at this huge erection dangling almost on her eye-level. And when Thor reached to fondle her breast she instinctively shied away but then let him of course. Surprisingly his touch was gentle, almost affectionate, which the maid mistook for a sign of sentiment that encouraged her to try and plead for mercy.

"Your highness, please don't do this. I-"

However, empathy and such like were unfamiliar concepts to the god and the harsh way he grabbed her jaw then, pulling her up onto her tip-toes and closer to him, reminded her of that fact - as well as of her place as a slave.

"Haven't I taught you not to refuse me?" the threat in his voice was prominent, his eyes narrowing just like his grip tightened, before both softened a bit as he added: "But I like you begging a little so I will let that one pass..."

There was this smug, arrogant and grossly self-satisfied smirk again that he wore whenever he had full power over others, when someone was bound to his will. The maid remained silent then, knowing that each further word of resistance would only anger the god and that she had to avoid at all costs - her life probably depended on it. Thus she humbly nodded while she struggled to hold back some tears which she would shed eventually.

For a brief moment, Thor considered to have her pleasure him with her mouth but as tempting as the idea seemed, the god didn't trust his plaything yet enough to behave - he would have to train her a little more in that regard - and so he decided that her hands would do the trick just as well. Lounging comfortably against the head-board of the bed, he enjoyed her tiny hands pumping his pulsing shaft as she knelt between his spread legs. Even if she could barely encompass his girth, the put in quite some effort to please him – Thor could tell that much – and he grumbled approvingly. Alternately Thor watched the arousing sight and that of her breasts wobbling gently according to her arms' movements. ________ in contrast was too embarrassed and afraid to lift her gaze from the task at hand, at least most of the time, and when she finally shot a glance at his wolfish, yearning and oh so seductive expression, a strange shudder quaked her core.

Don't let the handsome bastard get under your skin! she thought to herself and ignored the upwelling
heat deep within her that surfaced as a pleasant tingling in her nether parts.
The lamb and the wolf

Chapter Notes

WARNING: this chapter contains rape and non-con elements which you might find offending or upsetting! Please read at own risk!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Don't let the handsome bastard get under your skin! she thought to herself and ignored the upwelling heat deep within her that surfaced as a pleasant tingling in her nether parts.

"Stop!"

As if Thor had sensed as much, he then suddenly got onto his knees and towered over the mortal who had leaned back in response. With her arms in a timid defense in front of her chest and her eyes wide she looked up to the giant's face, searching for a hint of his mood or expectations so that she might comply to them. He had intimidated her enough with his (naked) divinity to shut up and do her best to please him - in a feeble hope that it would be over sooner if she did - but right now she wasn't sure why he had interrupted her. Have I done something wrong? she wondered and couldn't keep the thought from appearing on her expressions, plain fear mingling with the embarrassment and hurt in her eyes. Thor beheld her for a moment, drinking up and storing the exact image of her face right now which was like a dream come true, before he used a calm and reassuring tone to address the girl.

"You are quite skilled with your hands but now turn around and show me your sweet butt!" She visibly relaxed a tad, her gaze dropping in relief as she exhaled, but it was a command nevertheless and as soon as she obeyed, Thor greedily took hold of her hips and cheeks to roughly knead them - marveling at how huge his hands were as they roamed over her fragile body. The maid was forced onto all fours as he more and more loomed over her until he had to support himself with one arm on the mattress, the other hand never leaving her soft skin though. Soon his coarse palm reached around to squeeze her breasts, cupping them both with ease, then traveled down and slid between her legs, his rock-hard erection twitching at the damp wetness he found there.

"Oh my, little one... " with one bulky finger he brushed along her welcoming folds, teasingly circling the entrance "It has been so long since your sweet cunt was around me. Can you even remember how that feels like?"

One digit at a time he let his finger invade her core. It was the god who shivered briefly then.

"A-ah!" Not being used to the touch of a man and still sore from last time, ________'s body responded with an alarming twinge. How could I have forgotten?!

The maid could have laughed at him then but of course she knew better and replied submissively: “Yes very much, your highness!”

It was Thor who chuckled then, his deep voice vibrating through her bones, and then he leaned further down so that he truly enclosed her as a whole with his massive body. How good it would feel if he crushed her with his weight, pinning her to the sheets... But Thor summoned enough willpower not to give in to this particular impulse, knowing that since early childhood he had a tendency to break his toys early because he couldn't handle his strength (or temper) and he didn't want that to happen to his recent favorite.
In fact, he intended to keep this one.

"I bet you were hardly able to walk for a few days afterwards..." he purred into her ear, his breath tickling the shell while his finger dug deeper inside, and a curt nod was all he got as a reply from the flinching maid. She was too occupied by the increasing protests of her walls against this unwanted intrusion to notice how the god fetched some lube from the night-stand. Whether he had put it there previously or not she couldn’t tell but it didn’t matter anyway since the mortal was just glad that he applied plenty of the cool substance on the both of them. Her heartbeat pound like drums in her ears as the next step of the procedure dawned to her. Seconds later, the glistening tip of his proud cock pressed against her entrance, her hips caught in an unyielding hold, and ________ swallowed hard while trying to brace herself for what would follow shortly.

Incrementally slowly the god let himself sink into her folds until he was half-way in, the mortal beneath him wriggling and gasping at each further inch.

"Norns, you feel amazing!" he grumbled while granting her a moment to adjust, reveling in the moment, yet her walls were at their maximum and wouldn’t stretch any further. Kneeling upright behind her, Thor then began to rock his hips in a lazy pace as not to miss any of the sweet mewls escaping the maid’s lips. While the god relished each and every thrust, the girl hoped that there wouldn’t be many until the finish - the pain becoming more prominent with each - and with gritted teeth she tried to endure. Giving in to his desires, Thor soon sped up and used his firm hold of her hips to penetrate her more roughly, almost impaling her on his thick shaft on which he had her slide back and forth relentlessly. All the while his dark-blue orbs were fixated on her, watching her shudder and flinch while ignoring the signs of the hurt he obviously caused her.

At the astonishing and truly arousing sight of his massive cock vanishing between the cheeks of her butt, Thor was suddenly overwhelmed by his apex and turned rigid as he buried himself once more inside her. Dazzled by the mist of ecstasy the god barely registered the hot liquid gushing out around his member and spoiling his thighs. ________ exhaled deeply once he withdrew, tears rolling in a steady stream down her cheeks due to the stinging, the soreness and the shame, and she poised kneeling there for a moment longer because she couldn’t stand the god’s satisfied face right now. Indeed, Thor was still in a fluffy bliss as he leaned back to sit on his ankles and beheld her sore and reddened butt which he had filled to the brim with his seed, her whole crotch covered in the glistening substance.

"How is it possible that I cannot get enough of you?" he thought aloud while unknowingly reaching for his sticky member with his right hand, kneading and stroking the heated flesh yet again. Who would have thought that lying with a mortal felt so utterly good? Thor couldn’t believe it himself but before he (and the girl) knew it he grabbed her behind and pulled her towards his anew hard, needy cock.

"What the- AAAaahh!" she shrieked upon being impaled once more, this time without the adjustment phase and instead straight on to a rough fuck. Eager for more friction, Thor then grabbed a large cushion from behind him which he impatiently stuffed between the mattress and the girl's hips, elevating the latter so that her butt was on a splendid display. He couldn't help but smack it.

"You teasing little minx!"
Then he aligned himself properly, lowered his divine body onto her to have her pinned by his weight
just a little and continued to fuck her. Pulsating and wet were her walls as they squeezed him so
delicately, so exceptionally good, and Thor's eyes fluttered shut with each wave of passion, his hold
on her arms and hips tightening. Yes, he would definitely keep her and mark her as his.

The cushion did its job well as the girl realized because somehow there was more space inside her
which the god engrossed greedily as he shoved his throbbing member deeper in. _______ didn't
bother to cry out loud, for it would drown in the crown-prince's grumbling moans and also because
she lacked the strength to do so. The pain was simply too much and after peaking at some point, her
lower body turned numb as if it wasn't her own anymore - the pain receding into the distance of her
mind - and all she felt was his weight pressing her down, his labored breaths rustling in her ears and
this bewitching smell every inch of his massive body emitted. Suffocated by his entirety and close to
fainting, the girl waited for Thor to cum - which he did after a couple more thrusts, groaning and
gasping as he spent himself.

Then came the collapse and with a long, satisfied sigh the god relaxed and buried his nose in her hair
to inhale her scent which was heavily tainted by his own. _______ couldn't estimate the time they
remained lying there, him sprawled in exhaustion across the bed and her body, but she didn't mind
him much since she needed several minutes to regain her senses anyway. Still her mind was clouded
in this self-preserving trance but the mist slowly cleared, taking the numbness along with it. When
the god finally rose, disrupting the peaceful idleness, also the pain returned to the maid's
consciousness like a bolt hitting a tree, her eyes snapping open. The throbbing of her nether parts
threatened to develop into the worst soreness she had ever had before, one of the long-lasting and
nasty kind. She really had no intention to move at all, not for another few hours, if only she had a
choice.

Silently and with no haste, Thor got up to dress himself even if he would have preferred to have a
nap now and he reluctantly slid into the legs of his pants, shooting quick glances towards the maid on
the bed.
"Get up and dress yourself!" he commanded when he was almost finished buckling up his armor and
the mortal still hadn't moved, the back of her head facing him. In deathlike silence she simply lay
there and Thor had to look twice to see the slight heaving of her chest. A faint whiff of worry
crossed his thoughts then which made him take a few steps towards the bed.

"Have I broken her already?"

He was about to lean down and reach forward to touch her when the small figure suddenly stirred,
like a lamb sensing an approaching wolf. Thor realized the effort with which she forced herself into a
sitting position at the edge of the bed, pausing there before rising to stand on wobbling feet.
"Forgive me, your highness, I seem to have drifted off..." Her gaze was glued to the floor, examining
his boots in detail, before she clumsily walked over to fetch her clothes from where she had left them
on the carpet. This time she didn't bother to hide her private parts or act shyly as she dressed herself,
not even his intense staring seemed to affect her.
"This room is vacant and forgotten so we don't need to hurry that much. But make sure to come here
unseen the next time!" Lastly the god donned his heavy cloak in one swift movement, the dark cloth
swirling before coming to rest on his broad shoulders.

"Next time?" she blurted without thinking and in a tone that gave her apprehension all away. Thor
chuckled mildly and suddenly grabbed her arms again, pulling her close to him.
"Yes, we shall meet here regularly so that I can have my fill with you, my little lamb!" his smile widened at the prospect. "There are so many things I want to do with you... But for now we must leave." Then he let go of her abruptly, quenching his inner instincts, and stepped towards the door.

"I will let you know when we meet here again, so watch out for my sign!" he whispered as he looked down the empty corridor, the maid stepping out of the chamber and into the huge shadow of his physique.
"Yes, your highness." Out here, the winter's cold crept up her legs and arms so that she unintentionally stepped closer to the god's body radiating with warmth - hating herself for even considering him to be anything near comforting. He was arrogant, selfish and cruel but she felt cold nevertheless, also mentally, so there was no shame in seeking warmth. In frustration, the maid buried her face into the furs she was carrying and tried to keep up with the god leading the way.

XXX

"Loki, dear, is everything alright?" the queen's voice rang in his ears but didn't immediately reach his rattling mind, the clouds of his thoughts were too dense. "Loki!"
At the sharp repetition of his name, the raven-haired god blinked and turned to the queen sitting on the couch opposite of him.
"Ah, my sincerest apologies, mother! I was lost in thoughts... Where were we?" They were in the middle of a Seidr lesson when the young god had somehow mentally left the queen's salon to travel elsewhere in his thoughts, to wonder what ________ might be doing in the meantime. Earlier today he had noted her distress and although she had made it quite clear that this was none of his concern, it vexed him nevertheless. The more he pondered about the possible reasons, the more he realized that he did so not only because of his natural curiosity but also out of newly awoken compassion or empathy towards the maid. And that was even more unsettling.

"I do worry about your well-being, my son." the queen went on after a pause, watching her son's every reaction intently, and from her stern expression Loki could tell he shouldn't try to lie now. Instead he shot her a wide and persuasive smile, one of his most effective weapons.
"There is no need, mother. I assure you I am of splendid health!" But Frigga was adamant and not easily swayed since she knew her sons all too well, especially the tricks of her youngest. Through Seidr they were connected in a much stronger way than through their family bonds alone and while Thor and Balder possessed some Seidr too, Loki alone had been truly gifted in this art. Over the years, Frigga had taught the Trickster how to control this immense power within him, how to bend it to his will and also how to hide its traces from unskilled eyes - but never from her eyes. As much as Loki tried he never mastered to shield his inner self, his heart, from the loving mother next to him and thus he wasn't surprised that Frigga pushed the issue.

"Really? Because one day your mood is positively radiant and the other you seem troubled or rather depressed. I cannot name this sudden changes unless..." she held his gaze for a moment and visibly tensed "Have you had any fever attacks recently?"
It was then that Loki became rigid and uncomfortable - both not surfacing on his porcelain face though - and with great effort he tried to soothe the brewing unrest within him so that the queen
wouldn't notice. As much as he despised it, he had to lie to his mother's face because he couldn't let her know of the nights bathed in sweat and especially not of the maid comforting him during his delirium.

"No." he replied curtly after his smile had dropped, his lips a straight line now, and before the queen could dig deeper he continued: "Not since childhood. My body has defeated this irksome sickness for good - thank the Norns!"

In one elegant move, Loki grabbed one of the parchments on the coffee table between him and his mother and leaned back against the soft, beige cushions of the couch. In a false pretense to study the scroll in his hands, the god avoided his mother's boring gaze and hoped to be done with the topic. As a small child, Loki had been haunted by fever attacks every other week - sometimes even more often - and even after long stays in the healing quarters, Eir hadn't been able to name this particular sickness. Parted from his beloved mother, unable to play with his brothers in the sun, the young prince had suffered through those days alone and the memories he still had remained tucked away in his mind. Apart from his dreams which he couldn't control, Loki made sure to avoid even thinking of this dreadful time. Frigga knew and could understand his reluctance, not blaming him for it, but she couldn't help to notice that something was amiss. And then of course, there were these visions she recently had. Due to her divinity, Frigga was able to take a blurred glimpse into the future, sometimes in terms of pictures or emotions only, and for several weeks she repeatedly saw her youngest in some sort of pain. She couldn't make out any details nor when exactly this would happen but she knew Loki would be suffering greatly in the future, even more than he had while lying alone in the healing quarters as a child.

And that frightened the All-Mother.

"If you say so... But please, Loki dear, come to me once you feel not quite yourself. You know I will be there for you no matter how complicated the matter is!" she finally said in this soft tone of hers, smiling lovingly from across the couch before she summoned some Seidr into her slander hands. "Now let us continue with your lesson."

Her words left Loki slightly confused and he silently nodded. Sometimes he wasn't sure how much Frigga knew of his secrets in contrast to what she let on but he was too afraid to find out. Like his brothers, the queen was aware of Loki's sessions with the mortal but none of the three had a clue that the raven-haired god considered the girl to be more than just a slave, a distraction. What exactly she means to me I am not sure of myself... but I do care about ________. And that alone is treason.

xxx

After enjoying his mortal toy, Thor had accompanied the maid to her master's chambers in order to ask for a sparring-round. The blonde was in high spirits and bursting with confidence of winning, yet Balder had to refuse since he still had some paperwork for the king on his desk. The All-Father had decided that his second son should monitor certain affairs of the realm (as to compensate for the future king's lack of skills in this regard), especially treaties and trade agreements with other realms, and while Balder felt honored he also loathed the extra work.

"You're just afraid of loosing!" Thor teased with a cocky smirk while Balder signed another parchment, the quill dancing across the paper, and neither of them noted the maid vanishing through
"Don't be so sure of yourself, brother. Give me two more days and I shall get you off your high horse!" The tip of the quill dug deeper into the paper, scratching the material, while Thor chuckled in amusement and still felt high from his private time with the maid. "Hah, let's see about that!"

Silence filled the salon then as Balder focused on another scroll and Thor remained standing somewhat out of place in front of the desk, watching the few maids scurrying around and noticing that his favorite one wasn't among them. "There is more than an hour until dinner..." the god behind the wooden desk assessed after checking the clock on the shelf to his right, obviously wondering why his elder sibling was still lingering and seemed reluctant to depart. "Don't tell me you want to assist me?"
Balder didn't really meant it, having asked such an absurdity only to get Thor to leave and indeed the crown-prince rejected immediately. "Norns forbid no! I'll find something far less tiresome. See you at dinner!"

And off he went with large strides, slamming the door shut behind him with his typical carelessness so that the anxious maid inside Balder's bedroom knew she could come out again.

Chapter End Notes

For all of you who made it through (and hopefully enjoyed it) please leave a comment/feedback :) More comes soon...
Chapter Summary

Time for reader-chan to stand up for herself! ...Let's see how that works ;)
Inspired by the wonderful Adele and her songs (especially Turning Tables: "..next time
I'll be braver, I'll be my own savior, when the thunder calls for me...") I used that line in
the text below :D

Thanks you all for reading, for the kudos and the comments! I appreciate your feedback
and I do listen to suggestions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Wait for my signs, he had said. Well, one distinct characteristic of signs is that they are mostly
received visually or acoustically from the sender, implying that the sender must be within sight or
shout-distance to the receiver in order to successfully convey a signal. This might become important
when considering a certain blonde god and his desired maid because if she avoids him she can't
receive any signs - which are essentially commands - and she can not even be blamed for it. You
can't know of things you neither saw nor heard.

With this conclusion in mind, ________ set up a strategy and left Balder's bedroom once she was
sure that Thor was gone, the banging door telling her as much. The following days she would have
to be very careful and clever if she wanted to circumvent any encounters with this particular god and
still carry out her duties. Enacting the first step of her plan, she then volunteered to clean up Balder's
desk once he was done with the scrolls and she prolonged the task on purpose so that she wasn't
finished when her master was leaving for dinner with the other royals. The proposal to take another
maid instead slipped past her lips so easily, without hesitation and the deploring expression appeared
on her face on its own, so that Balder didn't grew suspicious and agreed.

Silently and oddly calmly, the maid stored the scrolls away in the large shelf as if nothing unusual
had happened today, appearing to be fine while shattering on the inside and barely being able to keep
up. Thanks to some self-preserving mechanism, a kind of a safety switch, her mind spared her to
revive the recent memories of her torment. Neither pictures nor emotions were allowed to well up
into her consciousness for now, so that she could focus solely on the rustling paper in her hands.
When ________ collapsed onto her straw bed that evening, she was too tired to let the pain take the
upper hand of her conscious mind and fell asleep almost instantly. The next morning would come
soon enough for her to face the damage Thor had done to her - both body and soul.

xxx

"Enough with the politics! Leave the work be for today!" Frigga interrupted her husband, her soft
hand on his gold and brown leather-vambrace gently but determined just like the glance she gave him, and the All-Father paused in his lecture to face her. The cozy light of the fireplace nearby coated the queen in a warm golden glow, underlining her kind nature and beauty the All-Father had fallen for all these eons ago. Memories filling several lifetimes crossed his mind, all regarding sweet moments of him and his wife, so that he couldn't help but smile fondly at the woman capable to bend his will.

"You're right, forgive me, my love." the tender kiss on her knuckles was barely a token of the immense love and trust he held for her throughout time. "I shall speak no more of it!"

Turned to his wife, the king didn't notice his second son mouthing a soundless 'Thanks!' to the queen before successfully hiding his smirk behind the rim of his goblet.

"Now. Where are your brothers?"

The same moment the doors to the private dining room swung open, the familiar ruthless strength announcing the god to be walking through thereupon, and side by side Thor and Loki entered. They both seemed in good spirits, especially Thor as he strode over with large confident steps and eager to dig in, but then the crown-prince scanned the room and found an unfamiliar face standing at the back. A slave as he had expected, also one of Balder's maids to be precise, but not her. For a brief moment Thor's smile faltered, surprise alternating with disappointment in his expressions, and somewhat grumpily he let himself fall down onto the free chair between his brother and the king. Meanwhile Loki had graciously taken the seat next to Frigga, pecking her cheek while storing his long, slender legs under the table.

"Apologies for being late!" From the other side of the table, Loki had registered _______'s absence too – this irritating lump already twisting his stomach again – but he prevailed a cool tone as he spoke as well as a perfect poker-face. Nothing in his behavior or expressions would have betrayed the growing worries and the urge to see her spinning around his mind. Meanwhile Thor regained the merry face he had worn before and drowned all other upwelling sentiments with a large gulp from the golden goblet in front of him. I had her twice today so there's no need to complain...

"Too bad. You just missed an interesting conversation about the peace treaty with Vanheim -"
"Oh stop it, will you!" Frigga lovingly slapped her husband's upper arm where the leather gave way to moss-green satin, much to the amusement of the whole family including the usually reserved king and they all broke into laughter. Also Thor fully relaxed because no one had noticed his subtle display of emotions earlier. Or so it seemed.

xxx

Another two days of hide and seek between the crown-prince and the maid had passed, in favor of the latter, and although this hunt was somewhat enticing Thor would become impatient sooner or later. He would come for her, ravish her and tear apart her barely healed wounds - the maid already shivered at the prospect as she woke on the third day. To say she still hurt all over was needless to say, each move in pain, and as for her soul the damage couldn't be estimated yet. What was sure, however, was that she would never be the same innocent, naive girl as before. Thor had ruthlessly stripped her of those attributes.

The first flocks of snow swirled outside of the dusty window in Njord's chamber that day and the
mortal watched solely their gentle dance while the Thunderer pound into her from behind. Somehow he had caught her, had found her in the open corridor in absence of prying eyes, and meeting his lustful, captivating gaze had been a crystal clear sign. And obey she must. Inconspicuously she had followed him, through familiar hallways and up some stairs to their hideout, and there she was now. Bent forward over the small desk in front of the window, naked and vulnerable as her legs spread widely for the beast intruding her, and she mentally counted his thrusts like sheep before bedtime - maybe she would fall asleep and wake when he was gone. But no such luck.

Albeit time didn't allow for more than one round, Thor made it count as two by ramming himself deeply in, each thrust vigorous and without mercy so that the maid yelped and whimpered beneath him.

When the girl sank onto her straw bed that night, each fiber of her body aching and sore, she couldn't hold the tears anymore and let them fall in an endless stream until sleep enclosed her in its black mantle. The next morning she opened her dry, swollen eyes to the first rays of sparse winter's sunlight, to the snow crowning the golden roof of the palace, and it was then that she made a decision.

xxx

What a stupid idea! her mind shouted at her when she stood in front of the large double doors carved from dark wood and adorned with silver and blue inlays. Why in the Nine had she come here? Was she insane? Honestly she couldn't tell and while it had all sounded rather rational that morning, __________ wasn't so sure anymore. Right now the maid felt like a lamb in front of the lion's den as she stood there and reconsidered her decision. Like drums her heartbeat was pounding in her ears, her hand trembling as she brought it up close to the wood and then she craned her neck to look at the large red sigil flaunting on the upper half of the doors: the mighty hammer Mjölnir. One more time she exhaled deeply, gathering her mind and nerves for what or rather whom she would face in a moment, and with all her courage she knocked determinedly before pressing the handle.

She was about to voluntarily enter Thor's private chambers.

"... or I shall send you flying straight out of this window there, glass and all!!" The crown-prince was currently scolding one of his personal slaves, the threat not at all matching the deed - her badly swollen cheek even less so - but he wouldn't tolerate any failure. Trembling like leaves in a gale, the poor woman knelt at the god's feet and was unable to reply as frightened as she was. Thor was about to let his temper reign over him and continue when suddenly the heavy doors to the salon opened, interrupting the tense scene. Within the fraction of a second, he recognized the familiar presence, the distinct sound of her steps and of course those lovely hips as she walked into the room.

Pausing in his tracks, the god turned to the approaching maid and couldn't help but be surprised by her visit, wondering why Balder had sent her.

"Forgive me the disturbance, your highness!" she bowed before him in respect, empty handed but obviously determined to pose a request at him. "I come with a bidding from prince Balder."
With her gaze kept to the floor, pitying the other slave there, ________ stood rigidly like a column as she waited for his reply. Upon entering the salon, she had regretted to come here and this display of Thor's cruelty just reminded her that she shouldn't expect anything less towards her.

What was I thinking?! As if he would treat me any better if I asked nicely!

Yet she had to try and sway him, use all her charm and finesse to do so, because she knew that there was no way she would endure four more years of his treatment. It was time to be brave, to be her own savior when called by the Thunderer so there was no other option for her than to get it over with. However, Thor motioned her to wait for he wasn't finished with the slave to his feet and in a less harsh tone he warned the woman to ever ruin one of his clothes again. Then he dismissed them all, not wanting anybody around him except ________, who watched in dismay and horror as the other maids hurried outside the chambers. Stupid, stupid me!

Daring to look up ________ then quickly scanned her surroundings and realized that despite the similarity to Balder's chambers, these here were a tad more pompous. A dynamic combination of crimson red on top of ocean-blue dominated the interior and the carefully placed highlights of silver here and there emphasized the royal status of the inhabitant. Just as frightening as the god was, the choice of colors was meant to intimidate and let the blonde look even larger as he relaxed on the monstrosity of a couch (*see notes below*) in front of the fireplace, the grey wool of his tunic contrasting to the brilliant red of the cover.

"So tell me, what is it that my little brother requires of me?" he seemed much calmer than before, the incident with the other slave already forgotten, and now that they were alone ________ could sense his cold, intense gaze lingering on her - solely her, as if he would devour her with his eyes. She had his undivided attention. Oh boy...here we go.

"I ahm... The truth is that prince Balder didn't send me. I came here on my own behalf...to talk."

A spark of sinister excitement crossed his dark-blue orbs, a smirk tugging at his lips. "Really?" his tone was dripping of surprise and curiosity, not to mention that the fact greatly flattered his ego and caused a pleasant tingling in his loins. Usually a slave had no right to ask for an audience and bother a god with their nuisances but Thor was too curious to comply to those rules – as if he ever would. Sensing ________’s nervousness and given the courage she had employed to come here, the god deemed it fair to reward her and play nice - at least for now – so that he didn't scare her off. With a cocky smirk he then patted on the spot beside him on the couch, daring her to come closer. "Then let's talk. I'm all ears, little one!"

Albeit with hesitation due to her aching and anxiety, ________ carefully settled down at the other end of the over-sized couch and although the bolstering was stuffed with comfortable downy feathers the maid sat there like on needles. Nice try... "Relax!" the god cooed as he suddenly pulled her closer with both arms, keeping one slung around her shoulders in a possessive manner, like a giant anaconda ready to entwine her prey. This close, the insane difference in their size became so much more plain, so real as the giant body next to her radiated with warmth and a ton of other sinful attributes, and it all reminded the maid of her status as a slave, her fragileness and her overall inferiority to the mighty beast calling himself a prince. She must have been out of her mind to come here, must have forgotten whom she was dealing with, and with growing panic she looked up into his bearded face, into cruel and beautiful dark-blue orbs seemingly able to pierce her deep inside. And indeed, Thor recognized the emotions on her lovely
features, the fright, the panic and the innocence she still had despite his ravishing - everything that
aroused the prince in a forbidden manner, sparking the blazing flame of his lust. He could barely
keep the desire from his voice:
"Now don't keep me in suspense, my little lamb!" his index finger affectionately traced the line of her
jaw, the bulky flesh slowly reaching her trembling lips which he would make use of one day soon.
"Why did you seek an audience with me alone?"
Did you miss me and my cock? The words lingered on the tip of his tongue, the reverse being true
for himself, but he refrained from speaking them out loud. It would be too much for the feeble mortal
right now and Thor didn't want her to faint from just his words, not here, not now, although it would
underpin his power over her.
Remember to play nice....
There was this sensual, alluring undercurrent in his rumbling voice, however, that caused
goosebumps to spread all over the maid's skin and combined with his smell she felt thrown right into
her dreadful memories. The feeling of being pinned down by his weight, his low growls echoing in
her ears.... violently shook her head to snap out of it, to focus on the present and not let
the god's captivating aura affect her. Yes, Thor had that power too and he used it shamelessly to
attract women he desired, to bend them to his wishes and make them willing (more or less) in much a
similar way as a snake paralyzed her prey through poison before devouring it. And the pull of his
aura grew just as his arousal did, his carnal needs he failed to control (or didn't control at all) so that
soon felt literally wrapped up in the invisible trap he had set up for her. It was too late to
escape.
"Well... how should I say it..." she began, her gaze darting back and forth between his ocean-blue
orbs and her lap. Her tongue felt dry as sand, her throat constricted and in a lack of words, but she
had to seize this opportunity, this chance as he seemed open and willing to listen. Pull yourself
together and be smart!!
"It's about our meetings..." the blonde was fixated on her as he listened intently, taking in every detail
of her, and it took quite the will-power not to overbear the fragile girl and take her right there. Her
bare ass would contrast lovely against the crimson upholstery, even if blushing in a similar shade due
to his spanking.... Thor exhaled slowly as to concentrate on her words.

"Your were using some lube, which I am overly grateful for, but I was wondering i-if we could try to
further prepare me down there" a blush crept across her cheeks as she pointed to her crotch, the
god's eyes following her gesture and lingering there. "s-so that I can give you more pleasure?"
A refusal was beyond question, hiding wasn't possible all the time so why not try to make the whole
affair less painful for her? She really was no expert in this regard but according to her former friends
back in another life, a little foreplay could considerably increase the enjoyment on both sides. Since
the prince seemed to be driven by lust rather than reason, there was a real chance that he would be
open for a compromise if it entailed more delight for him - the reduction of pain for the maid would
be a nice side-effect.

Silence hung over the room, no one moved and the mortal held her breath as she waited for the god's
reply, holding his intense gaze to search his eyes for a hint of consent. In horror she realized that this
was not the case. The lines of his face hardened, the cold returning to his gaze and before she knew it
he had her chin in a firm grip of two fingers while the arm around her shoulders tightened to force
her closer.
"You falsely presume to be in a position to pledge any wishes!" With every word his calm demeanor
vanished more, threatening to transform into the wrath he was famous for. "When instead you should
be glad - even thankful - that I have used merely a fraction of my strength on you!"
A clever girl would have tried to soothe the waves of his stirring temper, ease it down by some honeyed phrases and compliments. But __________ didn't have any politeness for the god, not after those blatant words, and so she shot him the most hateful glare she could muster.

"Oh yeah, thanks for noth - " she was about to unleash many words she would regret later on, to insult him in every way she knew and seal her death sentence for sure, when suddenly a vehement knock on the door cut through the tensed scene. Both maid and god froze instantly in place and stared in bewilderment at the door. Finding a god and a slave on the same couch, entwined in a suspiciously intimate manner (if not romantic at first glance), was splendid material for an outgrown scandal across the realm, one which would have serious consequences for the both of them. Thor had tested his luck with many escapades in the past but he knew the All-Father kept a thin line beyond which there would be no tolerance and no swaying, not even from Frigga. Thus the blonde quickly grabbed a large fur blanket from the armchair next to the couch, pulled the mortal onto his lap as he shifted the muscled legs beneath her and in one swift movement threw the blanket over both of them. The caramel-brown fur came to a rest just as the door swung open.

"There you are, your highness!" Idunn chimed as she approached, her swaying curves wrapped up in a pink silk dress that left little room for imagination despite its length. As if to tease her lover and wake his appetite, the goddess had chosen this too small piece of clothing that squished her ample bosom in a way one couldn't not look at it. Funnily, Thor realized how obviously she was trying to gain his attention, to keep him hooked, and her cheapness - the one he had indulged in some weeks ago - disgusted him all of a sudden.

"Lady Idunn... what a surprise." his stern tone wasn't at all what the goddess had expected and successfully kept her at distance. Standing in between the couches and armchairs, Idunn remained completely oblivious of the mortal beneath the heavy fur blanket that seemed to be loosely draped over the god's massive lower body and supposedly some cushions - in truth however, Thor had his both legs on the couch now, one bent and leaning against the back, to make room for the maid curled up between. Like a kitten she lay there, her toes reaching merely past his knee while her head had come to rest on his lower abdomen - barely above the still very prominent bulge in his pants - but she didn't dare to breathe loud or move an inch as not to reveal her presence. Not that the hands on her shoulder and back, on top of the heavy fur, would have allowed her to.

"Why did you come and disturb my nap?" the irritation was plain in his voice, over tuning the slight sultriness because of the girl he could feel everywhere between his legs. And he was painfully aware how close her head was to the throbbing shaft threatening to rip his pants, the fact producing sinful images which in turn fueled the heat of said flesh. Norns help! "Forgive me my intrusion but I wanted to see you. We haven't had some private time together for so long..." bending forward to show more of her assets, Idunn took a step closer as if to test whether she was allowed to approach or even sit next to him. Without doubt she would discover the hidden third person and that couldn't happen.

"I would have sent for you if I wanted your company." Thor replied grimly, not at all tempted by her swaying tits and instead focused on the maid who had turned rigid under the fur. By squeezing her shoulder slightly he let her know that he would handle the situation, reassured her to keep calm and don't fucking move!

"Oh.." Idunn halted and straightened up, realizing that the crown-prince didn't fall for her as usual and that she wasn't as welcome as she had thought. But the goddess wasn't ready to give up yet, neither her affair nor her dreams of becoming queen. "Well now that you are awake and I am here anyway, we could spend the afternoon together. Perhaps you would like to show me your mighty
hammer again?"
Everyone present knew that Idunn wasn't referring to Mjölnir and ________ stifled a laugh at the horrible pick-up line while Thor chuckled mildly.
"Thanks for the offer but I'll decline! I'm not in the mood, not today and maybe not ever again." he simply said and each word stung the young goddess like needles right into her heart. Although she had aimed for the throne, Idunn had grown fond of the blonde prince somehow, had developed a crush on him like most women did, and so his blunt rejection hurt more than it should. Disappointed and pouting she crossed her arms in front of her chest.
"Do you mean to end things between us?"

Oh girl, just accept that he dropped you like a hot potato.... ________ thought to herself as she listened, a quiet voice at the back of her head reminding her that this could very likely be her fate too one day, and somehow she pitied the goddess who too had been used by Thor to fulfil his needs. And oh, fucking Idunn had been really pleasant, especially her soft tits had been fun to play with but whatever charms had drawn him to her in the first place had gone. When Thor beheld Idunn now he just saw a pretty, plump goddess that didn't evoke the tiniest bit of lust, passion or desire in him - in stark contrast to this one maid down there whom he only needed to think of in order to get horny beyond sanity. Again his mind dropped into his lap, to where ________ silently nuzzled his crotch and delicately teased the god by placing her hand right next to where he needed it to be. By the Nine, he was desperate for some friction and he couldn't resist to shift and buck his hips as to press them forward against the maid, encouraging her to touch him. With no room to move, ________ found her face-to-face with the god's hardened member which pulsated violently even through the leather pants and for once she was glad to be hidden under a blanket as red as her cheeks had become. This is horrendously inappropriate!!

"Thor?!" Idunn had become impatient and honestly, the crown-prince had almost forgotten her as transfixed as he was on his plaything stirring ever to slightly. But upon hearing his name, Thor looked back up at the goddess in a cold, intense glare that sent shivers down her spine. Time to finish this.

"There never really was 'us', you know. We merely had some fun together but that was all. And now that I am no longer interested in what you can offer me, I see no point in spending time together either." Bitter tears welled up in Idunn's bright-blue eyes which he deliberately ignored as he continued. "So please leave!"
And never bother me again.

In a rush and without a further word, Idunn walked away after bowing very brusquely, trying to give utterance to her anger by slamming the door shut - in vain since it was too heavy for her to do so - and silence once more flooded the salon. A few seconds passed as Thor waited whether Idunn would return to yell at him but nothing happened, no footsteps were audible from outside, and so his annoyance was replaced by sinister joy as he grabbed the heavy fur blanket and began to lift it.

Chapter End Notes

--> Picture of Thor on the red couch *.*
http://25.media.tumblr.com/tumblr_mbj4wvqEzW1qmszf7o1_1280.jpg
The maid held her breath when she felt the thick fur blanked being slowly lifted, its weight vanishing from her curled body only to be replaced by the pressure of Thor's heavy gaze on her - which she held with her own, avoiding to give too much attention to the throbbing bulge next to her head and hands. Which proved to be impossible since his entire body around her radiated with heat, promising warmth despite the raging winter outside, especially the pulsating flesh of his loins right there in front of her, and soon she found her own cheeks aflush at the thought of it.

What a lovely sight she was, still curled up between his legs like a kitten and staring up at him through her lashes, the blush underlining her wide eyes. Thor savored the moment, holding the blanket up with one hand just enough to peek, instead of removing it entirely, and tried to calm his inner demons with deep breaths. Too risky, too damn risky...

It would take nothing for him to just bend her over or put those teasing lips to work - ________ knew and instinctively shied away from the large hand reaching to cup her face before eventually, she let it. A slave must obey and Thor let out a pleased rumble.

"Rather a kitten than a lamb, aren't you? You seem to behave when sitting in my lap, little one." the god's low voice vibrated in her ears while the pull of his aura lured her in, bewitching and horrifying her like his masculine smell. "Maybe I ought to keep you there..."

She could barely keep herself from shrinking further into a frightened ball as he lazily traced her bottom lip with his thumb. Unusually gently and agonizingly slowly. That he was weighing his options, the risk of fucking her right now and there, was obvious so ________ mentally beseeched him, the Norns, anybody, for him to decide against it. And for once her prayers were answered. "Too risky..." Thor whispered barely audible between deep breaths, reluctantly dropped both his hand and his gaze before he suddenly flung the blanket away. Some of his personal maids would return shortly without doubt so there would be too little time to fully enjoy his plaything and thus the god was willing to release her from his embrace. For now.

"Leave before I change my mind!" he added when the girl hesitated to move as surprised as she was by his restraint. But then she almost jumped off the couch and headed straight for the doors, leaving Thor behind in his lecherousness.

*Have you later, little kitten.*

***

As if on it's own, the golden goblet was floating a few inches in the air casting a small shadow on the wood beneath, and only at close inspection one could see the thin lilac glow surrounding the metal, coating it in magical mist that caused the object to levitate. Peacefully it swayed as if dancing in the wind, the gold sparkling as the rays of sunlight hit different spots of the metal, and although the sight
was delighting - amazing even, to mortal eyes - Balder watched with an unimpressed look on his face. This simple exercise was nothing more than a trick, an embarrassing attempt to play sorcerer, in comparison to what real masters of the art could conjure and Balder knew he wasn't one of them. Although Frigga had taught her three sons Seidr from early childhood on, only the youngest had proven to be interested and gifted enough to be able to develop some useful skills. Today those skills were famous across the Nine Realms, just as Loki as a person was, and had brought great honor to the house of Odin.

Thor on the other hand, possessed some Seidr too like all gods do in some way, but it was mainly manifested in his mighty hammer Mjölnir through which he could summon lightning and thunder. Combined with his incredible strength and his honed skills as a warrior, the crown-prince had successfully compensated for his lack in Seidr compared to Loki. So while Thor and Loki defined themselves through physical power and Seidr respectively, Balder was stuck somewhere in between and didn't shine at either ends. He wasn't nearly as brilliant a sorcerer as Loki, nor could he overpower whole armies with his crude force like Thor, and this averageness in contrast to them had become a thorn in Balder's side over the eons. Bitter envy had lodged itself inside his heart.

In her kind and wise manner, Frigga had once reassured Balder that there was no difference between the three brothers, that they all were equally skilled and strong, and that he shouldn't compare himself to them. If Thor was the sun and Loki the moon, Balder would be the sky that kept the firmament, the whole world in balance. Nobody would consider the sky less important than the planets, the All-Mother had argued and while her gentle words may have appeased the god back then, today he couldn't help but scoff at them.

With a sharp clank, the goblet fell down and hit the surface of the desk, using the wood as stepping stone to bounce off and fly away before landing for good on the carpet. Luckily it was only water that seeped through the thick wool, the spot dark and a proof of shameful inability that mocked the god behind his desk. Reluctantly Balder rose to pick up the damned thing - with his bare hand because he couldn't even retrieve it magically - only to throw it against the nearest wall to give utterance to his anger. He didn't bother to fetch it a second time and instead sat back down behind the piles of scrolls on his desk, the ones Odin had asked him to read through before their next meeting. Because at least that's what Balder was good at: reading in different languages, memorizing exact phrases and knowing whole books by heart. 'Walking library', was one of his nicest nicknames given by Thor as teens until Frigga had forbidden it but Balder knew that the crown-prince still didn't acknowledge the value of those skills. At least Odin did, even more so recently since he had assigned Balder with the task of surveying the many treaties between Asgard and other realms. Honored beyond measure, Balder dug into work with considerate effort because he simply mustn't disappoint and instead prove his usefulness to the king, to his brothers and foremost to himself.

The gratitude and proud of the All-Father was worth all the tiresome hours spent behind the desk and Balder savored those rare gifts whenever he was at the receiving end. During his stay at Vanheim, Balder had tried to seal the treaty without Thor's help, without the threat of destruction looming over the Vanir, yet eventually there hadn't been a way around it. Then of course, the lion's share of the credit was given to Thor - who had 'ensured another decade of fruitful trade between Asgard and Vanheim', ha! - while Balder had to content himself with a solemn 'thanks' or worse 'you did your best to help'. Oh how he envied Thor and Loki, how he wished to be just as outstanding among the gods as they were, but none of his prayers had helped so far, neither had any of his efforts to win his father's favor.

Being the sky wasn't easy, nor fair, and Balder hated this predicament of his because he loved his family, admired Thor and felt protective towards little Loki, and his love only intensified his envy.
Deeply lost in his troubled thoughts, Balder didn't notice the maid entering the salon and clearing the mess he had created in his frustration, not until a new goblet was placed beside the jug to his left, half hidden behind a pile of scrolls.

"Where is _______?" the god asked as he looked into the puzzled round face of the maid who excused herself for not knowing - or not caring - where this particular maid favored by the princes was before scurrying out of the room again.

*Strange... I haven't seen her for a while...*

Leaning back in his chair, nibbling at the end of the pen, the god searched his recent memories for anything unusual, anything which could explain _________’s absence that seemed to become more frequent. Not that Balder didn't already have a guess, a vague theory, but so far he wasn't sure and could only speculate. Barely anyone knew how perceptive Balder was when something had caught his interest, how patient and analytical he could watch and wait for others to reveal their secrets. Because eventually, truth always wriggled its way into the light no matter how deep it seemed to be buried by darkness, and Balder was eager to find out the truth about his recent observation: the Thunderer, the mighty Thor himself, shooting wolfish looks towards a mortal maid.

While the crown-prince had ignored the girl at first like he did every slave, even some gods around him, Balder had spotted a slight difference in his brother's behavior towards this particular mortal. The signs were so subtle, so well hidden and placed with great care that Balder didn't expect Thor to possess such slyness at all. Well, given the scandalous potential this affair held it was no wonder. If there was an affair at all. For now all he had witnessed were clandestine glances and some teasing like when they had played chess with the maid.

Balder revived the last few days in his mind, eyes fluttering shut to venture into the depths of his endless memories, and soon the family dinner three days ago swapped up. In much detail the scene played out before his inner eye once more, Frigga scolding Odin, his brothers entering... *Ah! There it is!*

For a brief moment there had been a crack in Thor's radiant smile, his jaw setting, his brows slightly furrowed in surprise as he had approached the table. Back then Balder hadn't wondered why, hadn't bothered himself to think of it, but now - he knew.

Instantly his sky-blue eyes snapped open, aflame with excitement and certainty that he might be right after all, and like struck by a bolt he jolted up into a standing position. Everything at dinner had been as usual, nothing special, nothing worth the puzzled look on the crown-prince's face - except for one detail:

___________ ’s absence that evening.

The Thunderer had been disappointed that this maid hadn't been standing behind her master like she should be, like he obviously had expected her to be, and it enforced Balder's suspicion that there was indeed *something* between the god and the maid. Now it was time to verify this suspicion.

And as if on demand, the doors to the salon opened to reveal the girl in question.
"Ah, _____________!" Balder joyfully exclaimed, his over-enthusiastic mood startling the approaching maid who seemed utterly lost in thoughts. "There you are!"

"Forgive me, your highness, I got hold up..." bowing low in respect once in front of the desk, the girl waited for some scolding because of her tardiness. But nothing suchlike followed. Instead Balder rounded the large piece of wood, dismissing himself from the work upon it, and walked over to his bedroom, his fingers already unbuttoning his shirt.

"Well, try to avoid such hold ups!" it came from the adjacent room while the maid waited patiently at the spot, unsure of why her master chose to re-dress now - at least that's what the rustle of clothing indicated.

"You're back just in time!" Balder yelled as he slid into one leg of more comfortable pants, allowing for more movement and made to become stained.

"In time for what...?" the god heard his maid mutter to herself as he re-entered the study, his expression calm as ever while on the inside he burst with excitement.

"For my sparrings round with Thor! Grab some towels and come!"

Shit!

***

A strong whiff of dried sweat and blood penetrated the maid's nose upon entering the training grounds on the base level of the palace. The area was divided into several fighting pits of various sizes, the largest one being in the back next to a small chamber containing blunt weapons for practicing and other equipment. As far as ________ could tell, there were only a handful of gods and perhaps five servants present, none paying her any attention as she kept her gaze low and followed her master through the unfamiliar terrain. The stone floor was rough even through her slippers, probably granite, but at least warmer than the stainless marble on the upper levels of the palace. A strange contrast and in fact, the training grounds as a whole didn't fit to the golden magnificence, the girl conceived but her curiosity couldn't distract her mind enough. Not from him, who constantly reigned over her thoughts lately.

One more thing about him which she despised.

Not completely oblivious but in full determination, Balder was aiming for the largest and oldest pit, where past generations had refined their skills for combat, the dark sand tainted with their blood and sweat. Although there were several large windows, a dozen of chandeliers and lanterns hung from the walls and still not every shadow was cast out of the long stretched room, especially in the back. 'Demons lurk in the twilight', the saying popped up in her mind instantly when she saw him. Right there, bare-footed on the dry sand stood the crown-prince, broad and confident as ever as the dim light emphasized the curvature of his massive back, tight muscles heaving due to his steady breathing. Like Balder, Thor was wearing a simple linen shirt and crude, loosely cut pants that ended just above his ankles, and from the distinct dark spots one could assume that he had already been warming up. The thin linen did not conceal the brute strength that lay beneath, the muscles made to
kill another with ease. ________ was so glad that she wasn't the one to face him on the sand shortly. So she remained behind the other god on purpose, hiding as long as possible from the monstrosity inside the pit.

"Thought you bailed out on me, brother." the Thunderer mused as he continued to work on the soreness in his legs, registering Balder approaching only from the corners of his eye. Thighs and calves still ached from the strength training with Volstagg the other day, but Thor was confident that he would have enough power for a brotherly match.

"And have you call me a coward? Never!" Balder retorted with a smile despite the earnest ambition welling up inside him, to beat Thor and above all to analyze his interaction with the maid. Speaking of which, it was time to draw the older god's attention to her:

"You may sit down at the edge and watch." With a nod, the girl reluctantly stepped out of the god's shadow and did as she was told, adjusting her skirt as she sank onto the top of the few steps leading down to the pit.

The swirl of cloth caught his eye, the motion familiar just like the small figure itself, and it was then that Thor looked towards his brother again, more closely, and realized that they were in company of a mortal. ________! His veins sang, the dark desire twitching anew at her sight.

Thor willed his emotions to poise, just like his body as he briefly stared at her, and suddenly all the efforts to calm his lecherousness - to cleanse his mind from the image of her sprawled between his legs - were in vain, frizzling out. Feeling the craving return at the edge of his consciousness, the crown-prince quickly averted his disquieting dark-blue orbs and instead engaged in deep squats. Many, many squats. The burn was a welcomed and effective distraction.

Meanwhile, Balder had stepped onto the sand and began to warm up too, his attention more on the other two than on his stiff back however.

Unfortunately Thor didn't comment on the maid, seemingly ignorant to her presence and not deign to look at her, and so they began to spar without any further delay, said mortal watching silently as they rolled and darted across the sand. Slow-paced at first, to avoid tearing a muscle or joint, but as time slipped by the brothers engaged more and more into their fight as ________ noticed. With bare hands they tried to bring each other down, Thor obviously having an advantage due to his proportions but Balder was quick on his feet and tried to win by using his wits. Skilfully he ducked and twirled away from his brother's reach, providing little chance to get grabbed by those strong hands, and with patience Balder waited for the perfect moment to attack himself. From the flank he went in, using the momentum of their movement to pull and swipe with perfect timing.

With a grunt, Thor hit the ground flat on his broad back, the granite beneath the maid vibrating at the impact.

"Told you I would get you off your high horse!" Balder couldn't keep that one from slipping off his tongue, although he knew that teasing his older sibling in a moment of defeat wasn't wise. But it felt just too good.

Similarly, the maid staggered whether to smile at her master's victory or not, but the way Thor glared as he slowly rose to his full height made her decide for the latter.

"Again!" his low growl rang in her ears, causing her to shift on the granite even if it wasn't aimed at her. She had gotten to this level of his anger only once, when she had refused to undress the first time, and she had learned her lesson by now. So the girl was utterly fascinated and terrified that
Balder didn't seem impressed by the larger god and instead shot him a cunning smile. Her curious gaze darted back and forth between the two brothers.

*See, nothing's gonna happen while Balder is here...* her mind cooed, soothing her nerves which had been alarmed ever since she was ordered to come here, and why not enjoy this break from actual work?

The next round began and the Thunderer was more eager, each swing and move more serious and deliberately done, because despite the protests of his sore muscles, Thor needed to wipe this annoying smile off Balder's face. That provocative smile as if this was his domain, as if one match would mean everything, as if he was allowed to make Thor look weak in front of the maid.

*Not again, not ever!*

While Balder adjusted the hem of his pants, Thor dared to glance her way for a second, roaming over her figure in a possessive manner and finding her irritatingly unimpressed, calm even as she waited there - not as frightened or mesmerized by him as she ought to be. She didn't even register his eyes on her!

It all had Thor's temper at the brink of bursting, vexing and propelling him to lunge more vigorously at his brother, to quit the half-hearted sparring and really fight.

Unsurprisingly, the round was over much quicker that the ones before, Balder frantically patting on Thor's arm to be released from an unyielding head-lock. Panting and gasping, he remained crouching on the ground for a little while longer, even as Thor rose with a satisfied grunt, and suddenly ______ was at his side with a goblet in hand. She had glimpsed the little fountain built into a near wall earlier on and rushed there to fetch some water for her master. Although he hadn't asked for it, Balder seemed grateful and gulped the refreshingly cold liquid down in one go, clandestinely watching Thor as he did so. The maid's obvious worry for her master did effect the crown-prince after all, his jaw setting as he barely visibly tensed, and Balder knew he had to push further if he wanted some serious proof.

Thus Balder made sure to tear at Thor's tunic during the following round, stressing the seams until a distinct ripple announced their yielding. Seconds later, the crown-prince shrugged out of the cloth and tossed it aside, purposefully aiming for the girl sitting on the steps again. She jumped a little in surprise when the tunic hit her square in the face and torso, not just because of the impact. But because of the fabric's smell - sweat, musk, forbidden lust - *his* smell, which it reeked of.

_______ quickly folded the shredded tunic and put it behind her as far as she could reach, hoping the heat would vanish soon from her cheeks.

Which it did not, of course, when she beheld the half-naked god whom this disgustingly intoxicating smell belonged to. Although she had seen all of him before, she would never get used to the sight and could barely keep her jaw from hanging agape.

*A normal reaction...* Balder concluded coolly, focusing on his 'research' rather than envy, and already thought about the next step. Another few rounds passed, Thor engaging without mercy as he threw Balder onto the ground over and over until they both needed a break to simply breathe.

"You technique is good but you lack the proper timing and practice. Paper-work can't teach you that!" Having regained a much better mood now, Thor couldn't help but mock his little brother who still lay on his back, his endurance reaching its limit, while the maid scurried across the sand with refreshments, serving her master first. Thor made sure to brush her fingers with his large palm as she handed him the goblet, her cheeks flushing pink as she snatched her hand away.

*My, my, little kitten...*
“How about we move on to the swords?” enthusiasm was dripping off the crown-prince's tongue and Balder seriously wondered where Thor got all this energy from. Perhaps it correlated with the blushing maid?

“Don't you ever tire?” Balder asked instead, hoisting himself up into a standing position. Doing some paper work at his desk sounded marvelous by now but he couldn't give up yet. With a sigh he turned to his maid. “Fine. _________, fetch two swords from the storage room!”

“Yes, your highness!” she hurried into the adjacent little chamber, glad to be out of the gods' sight for a moment, but then realized that there were far too many weapons to pick, filling the tall shelves and racks. She had no clue which ones the prince was referring to – the short, the crude, the wooden, the sharp ones?

Afraid to let her master wait, she frantically decided on a random pair and leaned over the small table in front of the shelf to grab them when she suddenly felt a pressure from behind.

“Careful with those!” Thor's low voice had her flinch, trying to escape when he already had her caged between the wood and his lower-body. Pure heat radiated from the large male in waves, enclosing her just like his smell, his thick strong thighs pressing against her back as he leaned forward to grab two swords from a much higher shelf. _________ didn't care which ones, honestly, because the sudden proximity of the crown-prince pretty much occupied her mind. Frozen in place she stood there, trying to breath evenly while every nerve of her body repeatedly pointed out to her that he was behind her – delicately making her feel uncomfortable while carefully using merely a fraction of his divine strength as not to crush her.

Oh how he longed to bend her over the table and have her right there, her sinful flesh wrapped tightly around his shaft. Thor let out a low growl, his chest rumbling and vibrating so that goosebumps spread on the mortal's skin and for a brief moment she feared he would pursue his dark desires which she was well aware of. But Thor managed to contain himself, to force his loins to calm even if not remove the pressure against her back, and then he languidly brushed her hair back with one hand. Tenderly and almost affectionately he exposed the right side of her neck, one calloused finger tracing a line from her collarbone to her ear, before he bent down slowly.

“Keep your eyes only on me, little one!” he purred ever so seductively, voice husky but still overtuning her pounding heartbeat with ease while his beard tickled her shell. _________ shuddered involuntarily, earning herself a pleased chuckle before the giant withdrew himself as suddenly as he had appeared, leaving her breathless and upset in the suddenly very cold chamber.

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Her nerves remained on high alert even when she sat well away from the gods at the edge of the pit, watching warily as the two swung their swords at each other. And yes, she obeyed him like the good girl she was, although she tried not to stare too blatantly at his broad chest, his arms as thick as tree-trunks, the sweat glistening on every muscle in the dim light...

Thor enjoyed every second of it, his body fueled by her attention, and whenever he dared he met her gaze to ensure she didn't stop watching him, solely him. That this came at the cost of loosing some rounds didn't bother the god one least bit, regarding it a rather cheap price for the boost of his ego. Eventually though, the soreness of his legs caught up on him and the two brothers decided to call it a day.
“Norns, I can feel every muscle...” Balder sighed as they strolled towards the exit of the training grounds, the mortal at their heels, and Thor just laughed whole-heartedly at him in return.
“You did well today, brother, and I would gladly see you more often on the sand!” the crown-prince patted Balder's back roughly, meant as an endearing but only adding to the growing stiffness.
“Easy there!....Now let's quickly wash and have dinner with the others!”

“Yes, that's more like it!” Food was exactly what Thor needed right now, well, that and __________ against his bare skin. But he couldn't have both now so better settle for the more vital one. Upon reaching the courtyard from which several flights of stairs climbed up to the higher stories of the palace, Balder turned towards his maid who had followed them silently.
“Go to my chambers and prepare some clothes fit for the family dinner! I need to change quickly after returning from the baths.”

The maid needn't be told twice, bowed low in respect and almost ran up the stairs to finally escape Thor and his wolfish gaze. Merely thinking of what happened inside the bathrooms caused her to shiver and blush but she quickly abandoned those memories from her mind as she walked, having forgotten about them entirely when she spied a strangely familiar figure in front of the prince's chambers.

“Einar!!” she flung herself at the soldier immediately, tiny tears of mixed feelings rolling down her cheeks as they held each other in a loving embrace for a while. Sniffing but with a smile, ______ withdrew a little and cupped her brother's face. His days as soldier had marked his skin, having turned the lad into a man, and the girl noted the sadness in his eyes.
“How are you?” he whispered, squeezing her shoulders affectionately, because he knew how hard the life as a servant was – or at least as a soldier – but truth be told he couldn't imagine what she was going through, what she had to endure so far. And __________ decided to leave it that way.
“Fine, I'm fine.... it just takes some time to adjust...”

Which I never will, especially not to Thor and his claims on me.

“What by Odin's beard are you doing here?” she whispered, stroking across the stubbles of his beard with her thumb and the change of his expressions already told her that something was amiss.
“I'm so sorry, I should have visited you earlier but, you know, it's not easy to skip duties here...” his eyes were filled with guilt and regret, things he shouldn't feel around her now that they finally met again. And so she couldn't be mad and instead smiled fondly at him.
“I perfectly understand, don't bother! Glad you are here now. I miss you and mother so much...”

Einar gulped, averting his gaze briefly as the pain washed over him, and he could barely keep his voice from trembling as he replied: “That's why I came, to tell you... Mother she's … she's dying.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long wait. Next one will be online much sooner ;)

Hope you enjoy reading as much as I enjoyed to write that wicked stuff. Things are set into motion, so brace yourselves...
Please leave a comment!

I don't own the characters they belong to Marvel.
Chapter Summary

Words are a powerful tool, they soothe, they hurt or they manipulate. One word alone is all it takes to set things into motion that will bring great change...

Chapter Notes

So, finally it's Balder's time to play his role. I had trouble to integrate him into the royal family tree but now I feel like I found a good place for him. He has given another promise, let's see if he can keep that one.

Hope you enjoy the reading! Thanks for all the comments, kudos and for supporting this story. I'll try to update on a regular basis but please understand that chapters of this length and quality take time. I intend to keep up my (high) standards which means re-reading and editing a LOT. ((and besides, I do have a real life ;))

xx
Dark

Happiness, a rare emotion even for ordinary people but especially irreconcilable with being a slave. Yet _________ had been happy upon seeing her beloved brother, whom she shared so many joyful years of her childhood with, and for once she had forgotten about her dilemma with the gods. Through his stubbles and first wrinkles she could still see the little boy, her dear sibling always there to protect her and make her smile. What a refreshing sight. But one word was all it took for her to fall down from the clouds. One word and her world became more miserable than before.

Mother is dying.

Time itself seemed to have stopped from that moment on, frozen like the grand lake at the outskirts of Asgard. Einar's following and probably soothing words reached her ears as if through a thick veil, dampened and not able to seep past the shock she was experiencing. Although he tried to explain and elaborate, there wasn't enough time to clarify all details and especially the consequences of their mother's indisposition, because duty was calling for both of them. Like in a trance, the girl said her goodbye to Einar, hugging him fondly, before she slipped past the heavy doors of the prince's chambers and walked straight towards the bedroom. There she absentmindedly laid out some decent garments, finest silk and brocade, neatly arranging them on the large bed as if order here would fix things elsewhere in her life. As if everything would be alright.
When Balder entered his bedroom he found two unsettling matters there, the one plastered offensively across his bed catching his attention first. The choice of colors done for him was awful to say the least and he wondered whether his maid had aimed for making him look like a cockatoo in front of his family. Until he saw her huddling next to the bed on the marble floor, head buried between her pulled-up knees. From afar he couldn't assess the severeness of her depression but he was about to find out.

“That's an interesting mix of color you got here...Daring I might call it.” the god approached slowly, smiling and in good spirits after the bath, then bent his tall form to crouch in front of his maid. “But surely there's no need to be so depressed about it.”

A few seconds passed, deadly silence and dread filling the room, until the maid finally replied in a small voice that lacked any of its usual confidence.

“I'm sorry, your highness, ...Seems like I'm not myself at the moment, please forgive my sloppiness.”

__________ kept her gaze down, eyes apparently sore and swollen, and from the painful blankness he found there Balder knew that something troubled the girl greatly. Any other god would have scolded her, yelled at the poor mortal for neglecting her duties and bothering him with her nuisances but Balder felt the strange urge to help instead. Without pondering over it much longer, he simply blurted:

“Never mind!” with one slender finger he lifted her chin so that she would look at his fond expression. “Stay in here and rest a little, we shall discuss this when I return from dinner!”

Balder then quickly changed in decent colors, looking himself up one last time in the tall mirror, and although the maid had thanked him with a smile he could sense that her thin shell was cracking, if not at the brink of bursting.

His suspicion was confirmed once he closed the door and heard __________'s sobbing from her shattered heart.

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Dinner went by smoothly but not as fast as the blonde god would have anticipated. While Thor seemed to enjoy feasting like a starved lion – displaying less table-manners than usual – Balder grew rather more restless with each course. Constantly his thoughts propelled around the maid and his brother, wondering what might have happened during this short moment when they had been alone in the equipment chamber that could have the girl so upset. Right after they had come back then, Balder had suspected that they had been indecent in there – the girl's blushed face had given it away – but that didn't explain her current indisposition.
It must be true, he concluded finally, for what else could be the reason if not a forbidden affair?

Maybe their difference in status is keeping them apart somehow... Why would she be so depressed about a two-sided love?

Taking another long sip from his goblet, Balder looked over to Thor once more, watching how he teared the meat from the boar's bones with his bare teeth – ruthless, shameless and with no consideration of the ones sitting beside him. And suddenly, Balder had his answer. This affair wasn't two-sided but rather forced upon one party, namely the girl, and love surely wasn't involved either.

_Thor is abusing ___________.

This realization had Balder almost choke on his wine and from one moment to the other, he couldn't stand to be in Thor's presence without confronting him – which he couldn't in front of the other royals, of course. A strong urge to shout at the crown-prince, to make him realize his crime even with violence as need be, rushed through Balder's blood and became more compulsory the longer he watched his brother beside him. Those large meaty hands on the fragile girl, let alone the rest of the mountain of his brother on and _inside_ her - the sheer imagination of this disgraceful action had Balder shiver in disgust. Soon later, he thus brusquely made his excuses once he was done with his meal - having lost any appetite anyway - and hurried with large strides towards his chambers.

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When he burst into his bedroom, half-expecting to find it abandoned, Balder sighed in relief that this wasn't the case. Slowly and calmly he crossed the darkened room and sank onto the broad, cushioned windowsill, keeping a proper distance between him and the maid huddled against the window.

“__________?”

She had closed her eyes, as if in peace, but Balder sensed that she was well awake and far from it. With great effort, she looked up at him finally and not even the pale light of the moon could camouflage the red and swelling around her eyes.

“You really shouldn't bother with me, your highness...” she breathed, not sure if she was glad for his company or not. “Its ina-”

“Inappropriate, I know. But how cold would my heart be if it wasn't moved by your apparent distress, your pain? Besides no word of _this_ will leave these chamber.” His voice was calm and
meant to soothe her nerves, that much she was sure of, but she couldn't help noticing the slight vigor ringing there as well. So his next words didn't come as a surprise.
“Lately I noticed that something wasn't right with you. You were absent or slacking way more often and now I wish to know why.”

Oh boy, please don't ask, she thought to herself and it crossed her mind to tell him about her mother but not about the crown-prince. She simply couldn't. Thor would do so much worse things to her if she dared.
Although it was very kind of the god to care about her, __________ decided to dispatch him with the tragedy of her mother – his conscience would be satisfied and she needn't worry about being discovered.
“I received word from my mother who has become terribly sick soon after my levy. Apparently she couldn't bear the loss of both her children to the crown and her depression manifested itself in a nasty ulceration in her abdomen.” the girl didn't even try to keep her voice calm, allowing it to shake and falter between quiet sobs.
“The thing is eating her up from the inside!.”

“Has she been to a healer?” Balder couldn't come up with anything else, anything to cheer her up because he had no clue how to behave in such a situation. How to comfort ladies in times of great distress hadn't been part of his education and he couldn't rely on own experiences either. So he stuck with polite concern.

“Yes but they can't do anything... And it won't take long now.” she suddenly looked up at the god then. “Is it possible that I visit her, your highness?”
The question obviously set Balder at unease as he shifted on the windowsill, his large body filling up almost the entire space, and he nervously brushed through his golden hair.
“I fear not. You see, even with my permission Odin would still object because he can't make an exception. If he did he would have to let every slave visit their loved ones and that would result in chaos!” he reasoned despite his inner urges to march with her to her parent's estate.
“I'm sorry, __________.”

“I-I see...” the way her watering eyes dropped to her lap where her small hands fumbled with the cloth of her dress almost tore the god apart. Norns, she looked to terribly sad and at the same time adorable. Which reminded him of what he had intended to discuss with her.
“But that's not the only issue that bothers you, am I right? And don't try to excuse yourself this time because, honestly, I already have a good guess about it. Could it be...” he paused, his gaze dropping to his hands as he shifted on the sill once more and suddenly he could sense her growing tension. It was almost palpable. “Could it be that my brother, Thor, is forcing himself onto you?”

___________’s heart skipped a beat or two, all color vanishing from her complexion as she stared wide-eyed at the blonde. Her throat felt dry while she began to sweat, he breath speeding up as if she was running, and even if she wanted to reply she simply couldn't. Her mind was blank in the face of panic.
What should I do? Can I trust him with what happened? He's Thor's brother after all... Is this a trap? Shit! What should I do???

"I can't see why his highness would have any interest in a lowly mortal slave..." she didn't look at him when she finally spoke, avoiding his curious gaze as well as giving a clear reply.
"That doesn't answer the question." Balder stated in full awareness of the maid's wariness and caution regarding this matter, which served as further proof that there was truth in it. Not to mention the nervousness with which her fingers were tearing at the cloth of her dress. He had to be right about it, all he needed was her confession.

"I merely wish to help you, __________, that is all. You can trust me!" His big hand reached out to touch hers resting on her pulled-up knees, meaning to spend comfort in this cold night, and the maid really wished she could believe the god and share her secret.

"Why do you want to help me?" she countered and both knew he was close to tearing her guards down, her heart aching for the relief a confession would unleash.
"Is it really that hard to imagine me having compassion?" he sighed but didn't want to hear her honest opinion on that matter anyway.

No slave thinks kindly of a god, who is the reason for her slavery. he remembered himself.

"As you probably remember, I gave you my word on the very first day you came into service." The maid only nodded, thinking back on that particular day that seemed already years ago, and so Balder went on. "Now my word has been broken and I long to amend for that."

"But-" suddenly her face was in his hands, framed by long slender fingers and turned so that he could see the tears welling up in her wide eyes, full of hope, pain and so much fear.

"No buts. Trust me, __________ for the Norns shall curse my fait from now on if I let you down on this!" Gently he let his thumb brush a lonely tear away, his voice becoming much softer. "My favorite dedicated maid...Now, did Thor force you to lay with him against your will?"

Silence except for the pounding of her anxious heart. Again time barely crept by as the maid desperately searched her mind, his eyes, to know whether she could trust him. Balder had phrased his question so delicately that all for her to do was agree. One word would suffice to bring relief.

"Yes." she finally breathed, and as if the weight of the Nine had been lifted off her she began to weep bitterly.
The next morning, the maid rose with swollen dry eyes and a strange flutter in her stomach. She had done it, had confessed the crimes that Thor had done to her and although the relief had been blissful, the anxiety of possible consequences already invaded her mind. When she had calmed herself again last night, Balder had come up with a nice plan on how to minimize any further interaction between her and the crown-prince. From now on, the girl was supposed to come to his chambers early and remain there until the evening when Balder went to bed, so that there would be little to no chance that she ran into Thor on the hallway. Exceptions would be made in cases when she was to accompany her master but then of course he would have a close eye on Thor's paws. He would never touch the maid again, Balder had promised.

*It will be fine...* __________ repeatedly told herself as she hurried to Balder's chambers in the dim morning light, her nerves on alert until she reached the large double doors with the sigil of a lilac dove.

Inside was utter silence since her master was probably still sleeping and so the maid went to light the fireplace of the salon, a new task for her since she had never been the first maid to enter these chambers in the morning.

Meanwhile Balder stared at the ceiling of his bedroom, pale light peaking through the curtains of the high windows, and despite being fully awake he was also lost in thoughts about the delicate conversation last night. So it was true: Thor was fucking a mortal, a slave. Right now Balder couldn't grasp the consequences of that fact, at least not in their full severeness, but nonetheless every single word was stored in his mental vault, for safe keeping and thorough analysis. Because one day soon he would make good use of each of them.

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Loud footsteps echoed down the hallway, announcing the large god for whom the servants and guards almost jumped out of the way. No one dared to meet his stern gaze or attract his attention as he stormed past them, his charged aura threatening to burst into lightning. Thor was infuriated because he hadn't had his plaything where he needed her most. This abstinence lasted for almost a week now, each day adding to the compelling yearning deep inside the god. As his urges had become more vexing, more pressing, the prince had tried to lure her away from her master or to catch her alone in a dark corner of the hallway yet there had never been an opportunity to do so. Oddly enough, Balder seemed to keep the maid close to him for some unknown purpose, or so Thor supposed, but he wouldn't ask of course. Nor would he demand for the girl - even if this was the only means to calm his temper - because it would reveal the scandal which Thor must keep a secret. Odin would most likely emasculate him if he knew.
With every passing day, each hour, Thor's mind became more frantic in its search for an alternative way to enjoy the little maid. It needed to happen soon or else his untamable desire would tear him asunder. By now he was craving for her.

And as if that wasn't enough mental torment, recent politics demanded for the prince's attention - another test for the future king as Odin would call it. The Vanir had violated the peace treaty with Asgard, hoping to strike a better deal with another big player out there in the universe who would grant them more rights. However, Vanaheim was far too important to lose control over it and naturally, betrayal of any kind had to be punished. Asgard, the gods in particular, weren't known for their mercy. Thus Odin sent his two eldest sons to settle things anew, this time with an impressive army at their heels as they rode through the glistening light of the Bifrost.

There he was now, steering his proud steed through the vernal forests of Vanaheim, not able to enjoy the marvelous flora because his mind dwelled on an entirely different beauty. The sight of the romantic clearings and possible hideout places among the thicket had his imagination on fire, indecent images arising of how he would take ________ against that tree there, her tiny figure caught between him and the trunk...

On this journey no one could ease his inner tension though, because Sif hadn't accompanied the brothers and even if she had it wouldn't matter much. As of late, she wasn't able to quench the god's lust which seemed more aflame for the mortal than ever. Even sleep denied its soothing depth to the prince and every other night Thor found himself shifting, turning and tossing restlessly among the dark-blue silken sheets of his large bed, desperately yearning for the feeling of a small mortal at his side. Also this night at the camp side, in the middle of a forest near the capital of Vanaheim, Thor struggled to fall asleep and soon gave up on the futile attempt, rising from his makeshift bed with a tired grunt.

Outside his tent, the camp was quiet except the shushed voices of some guards and Thor stretched his limbs lazily as he scanned the area. To his surprise he found his brother's tent alight and driven by boredom and curiosity he marched over there. Maybe a little chat with Balder would take his mind off the little kitten.

"Thor? What brings you here?" the god was greeted upon entering the spacious tent, Balder bent over a map on a table and apparently preparing for their attack. The approaching god just shrugged casually as if it wasn't in the middle of the night.

"I saw light inside this tent."

"Are you so eager for battle that you can't sleep?" Balder teased while Thor surveiled the map with the wooden pieces on top which mark the Asgardian and the Vanir armies.

"I could ask the same of you!" came as a short reply, its obvious casualty betraying that the crown-prince was restless because of something else entirely. In silence Balder stared briefly at Thor, wondering why in the Nine he was lusting after a mortal and whether she reigned over his thoughts that very moment, when Thor spoke up again.

"That's not the strategy we had planned out with father..." with his fingers he tapped onto the leather
of the map to underline his point "We are to attack from the West where their defense is weakest and -"

"Yes, yes, I know!" Balder cut him off in a friendly but determined tone, brushing the large hand away from the wooden pieces so that they remained in their places. "I reconsidered our plan and I think its not the best way to proceed. If we would split our troupes and corner the city from two sides, hidden by the forest there" Balder pointed at the North side of the city on the map "we could minimize the possible damage on our side!"

Looking up at his older sibling, Balder wasn't surprised to find signs of disagreement there because Thor didn't give a damn about strategy and preferred to go straight in for the fight. Usually that worked out rather well and Odin knew precisely how to put his son's brute determination to good use, yet this time Balder felt like he could do so much better if he got the chance to lead the army - and not Thor.

"Think about it, Thor! Lives could be spared, time and resources saved if we adopted my plan!" the younger one insisted with visible enthusiasm but Thor remained his stoical skepticism, his brows furrowed.
"I don't think so. I trust father in his decision and we should heed his experience!" he said in an absolute tone, his massive arms crossed over his broad chest.

Of course it wouldn't be easy to sway Thor but Balder wasn't willing to give in. Not when he was so convinced of his plan - when he smelled the chance to prove his skills to Odin. And he had just the right piece of leverage to achieve his goal. A sinister spark crossed Balder's blue eyes then, his hand resting on Thor's large arm so that the god fully turned to him.

"I will command this operation from now on." Balder declared without an ounce of doubt in his voice, his expression an unreadable mask and much colder than usual, and Thor sensed that his authority was being undermined.

"Will you now? And why should I let you, little brother?!!" using his impressive physique, the Thunderer planted himself threateningly in front of Balder as he looked slightly down upon him. There was no way Thor would hand over the command, not even to his brother, and he would fight for it if need be - like they had fought over toys in their childhood. Although Balder knew the risks of threatening his sibling, of daring to challenge him so openly, he was confident and leaned in closer while grabbing Thor by the back of his neck, fingers buried in golden locks.

"If you don't, I'll tell father about your affair with __________ !" a sassy smile tugged at Balder's thin lips as he added. "And we both know how sensitive father is to scandals, to such an outstanding one in particular. He won't forgive you that one so easily..."
Thor's face became blank, eyes widening in shock before his whole expression tensed and darkened, blinding fury rising from within. "How dare you..." he grumbled between deep breaths, barely controlling himself as not to punch that annoying smile out of this face. Interestingly, the god didn't even try to deny the accusation which served as final proof that he had indeed lain with a mortal, a slave. Balder felt nauseous from both the triumph and the disgust at that.

"So what will it be, Thor?" Balder cooed while Thor smacked his hand away, freeing his neck, and continued to glare like he intended to strike Balder down with his lightning. The thought had crossed Thor's mind indeed, but then Balder was his beloved brother after all. So no, better focus on deep breathing instead of summoning Mjölnir, Thor reminded himself as he weighed his options. Honestly, he couldn't stand the fact that Balder was blackmailing him - how had he found out anyway? - but on the other hand, Thor wasn't willing to give up on his little plaything. Not when every fiber of his body longed for hers and the delight it could provide, the pleasure beyond anything Thor had experienced so far. No, he wouldn't forgo this sensation. If Balder was so keen on leading, following a dubious plan against the All-Father's orders, so be it. In case of failure, Balder alone would be held accountable while Thor would stress that he had been against it from the start. Not a bad deal...

"Fine, lead the men if you think you are able to!" Thor grumbled in his low voice, taking a step back before retrieving his dominant position and glare, and instantly left the tent. Balder was slightly surprised, confused almost, and let out an amused chuckle.

For the first time in his long life, the God of Light had forced the Thunderer to bend to his will.
Sorry for the wait but here it is! Guess this answers one of the reader's question where Heimdall is. Things are getting spicier so stay tuned for more.

Enjoy!

I don't own the characters but the plot is mine.

The weak rays of the setting sun reached past the balcony into the salon, faintly illuminating the green and black interior. On bright summer days the heavy wood and the deep colors might seem too gloomy in comparison, yet during winter said attributes made this suite the most cozy of all. For sufficient light, several chandeliers had been lit by his personal slaves earlier and he also had them set out a small dinner in front of the blazing fireplace. Nothing too pompous, just some snacks she might enjoy after a tiresome day. On top of the couches, blankets and furs had been arranged neatly, promising warmth and snugness for the prince and his guest. Now the salon was vacant, all slaves banished for tonight because Loki intended to spend the rest of this evening with __________ alone. Undisturbed.

Although he was not riding with his brothers to glory and honor across the Rainbow Bridge, Loki felt his spirits lifted by joy instead of dull jealousy. As soon as Balder and Thor had left the golden palace, the youngest prince had seized the opportunity to claim the maid's undivided attention. It had been too long since they had last spent time together and somehow Loki had been missing her presence, her kind smile and her gentle laughter. But he had also worried for her, as his thoughts revolved around her more often lately, and he couldn't shake off the feeling that she might be in need for someone to hold onto, someone to turn to in moments of joy and dread likewise. A person to share secrets with, even the most delicate ones, without the fear of exposure. The incident with his nightly fever-attack didn't quite count because Fenrir had fetched the girl on his own account, otherwise Loki would have never mentioned it to her. Yet now he sensed that their peculiar relationship had reached a point where he might have, might dare to reveal details as intimate as this about himself to the maid and he really hoped that this realization was two-sided - that __________ needed him as...well, as what exactly?

A friend of sorts but a really dear one, closer than any other. Loki thought to himself as he rearranged the plates on the table anew, to have all items perfectly aligned, and waited for the maid.

Not far away from the suite, __________ descended a flight of stairs light-footedly as she hurried towards the most welcomed distraction. All the worries about her mother and her very own predicament had kept her reeling and restless for the past days, depleting her of much needed sleep and energy to carry out her duties. At least the two blonde brothers were away and Balder's plan had worked out nicely so far because Thor hadn't laid a finger on her for a week. Yet the girl felt oddly trapped now, even more so than before. Staying inside her master's chambers almost the entire day was far from exciting and so being in Loki's instead provided a refreshing change. Not to mention seeing the god himself again, who welcomed her with a wide warm smile as she entered the salon. Also the grey wolf seemed pleased to see her, demanding the attention and caressing which Loki secretly hoped to receive.
"It has been far too long..." the god assessed once they sat at the small chess table, the marble pieces tinted orange by the fire nearby where Fenrir lay.

"Yes indeed, your highness. I'm glad you asked me to come here!" she replied and there was her smile again, pure and sweet, as if being here with Loki would wash away all clouds that darkened her mental sky. Here with him she could pretend that her world was fine, at peace and she had caught herself more than once imagining that she was a goddess herself. They would be normal friends. Everything would be different then, yet the moment she left those black and emerald chambers, reality would crush down upon her and remind her mercilessly of her place in this world. Absentmindedly she brushed over her right upper arm, just below the shoulder, where the lilac tattoo shimmered dimly through the linen of her sleeve.

Even if I make it out of here in one piece, I am marked forever.

Clandestinely her gaze drifted towards the window, presumably watching the heavy snow-flocks fall outside yet Loki, registering every single twitch of hers, noticed the growing sadness in her bright eyes. Without hesitation he claimed back her attention with his silken voice.

"Winter is such a pleasant season, don't you agree?" he said as he determinedly placed the black bishop on a white field, his eyes flickering between the piece of ebony and her face to catch her reaction.

"It certainly has it's charm, your highness, if one can enjoy the snow and all." the line came out with unusual sarcasm, almost rude for her standards so she quickly added in a much softer tone: "But without doubt, Asgard in winter is beautiful."

Loki watched intently, every move and hidden message of her body, before he dug deeper into the topic.

"Indeed, especially the royal gardens turn into a bizarre artwork of nature. Perhaps you may accompany Balder on one of his strolls..."

He leaned casually back in his chair, arms resting in his lap so that his long fingers brushed the leather of his black pants, removing a tiny fuzz. "He seems to keep you on a tight leash these days..." Loki’s gaze remained cast down onto his fingers for a moment, pausing, as he told himself it was curiosity and not jealousy that was urging him on and looked up at her again. To his surprise he found the girl near tears, lips pursed and eyes wide, and suddenly she rose from the small table to walk a few steps away.

"_________?" he whispered as he instantly followed the little maid, who seemed smaller than usual as stood in the middle of the large furniture, hugging herself and shivering slightly. "Come, sit at the fire with me!"

Wordlessly she obeyed and let herself be ushered onto the comfortable couch, the raven-haired god sitting next to her in a proper distance, although he felt the need to be much closer.

"Have I said something to upset you?" was all he managed forth, his eloquence and charm squibbed in the presence of her obvious distress. Loki had always been miserable in such situations, had avoided them therefore, yet here he was.

"No, of course not, your highness. Please forgive me my rudeness, I am..." she paused as Fenrir nuzzled her thigh with his snout, spending comfort while his master watched in inner strife. "...just
Silence filled the salon, oppressive and maddening for Loki as he watched the maid petting the wolf, her tiny hand buried in the grey fur, while the fire cast a warm glow over both maid and beast. The orange highlighted her lovely face, her plump lips and the curvature of her nose which the god assessed to be rather sweet, just like her whole self. Nevertheless, the Silvertongue had turned to lead, sluggish and useless. Yet his mind was restless, searching for proper words and the girl somehow sensed as much. Moved by his compassion and by an unknown feeling of trust and security around him, she brought herself to take the first step and see how far their friendship had developed. Because as friends, there would be room for sharing troubled thoughts and worries - not all of them but some - and he would not cast her away or share those secrets.

"To be honest, your highness, I'm quite depressed." she admitted finally, breaking the cursed silence and ripping Loki from his thoughts. Instantly his gaze was back on her, lingering like an invisible veil which she could clearly sense and still she chose to go on. It seemed the right moment to be daring and truthful. "A few days ago I received a message that my mother ..." her fingers gripped some of Fenrir's fur tightly. "My mother is dying.

With utmost attention the god listened, his entire being seemingly glued to her lips and watching her as she reported of her brother's visit, of how she had asked for permission to say goodbye but had been declined. Gods are cruel. The words popped up in Loki's mind unwelcome, leaving a bitter twinge and a guilty nagging behind. Of course he understood the logic why neither Balder nor Odin could grant her this wish, it was absolutely reasonable, yet at the same time terribly unfair and cruel. Since Loki had always been rebellious towards his father's orders, the solution was at hand - at least for him - and without second considerations he blurted:

"If you still with so see her, I shall take you there."

Both the girl and the wolf looked over at the god, her expression being a mixture of joy and disbelief. Why would he do that? And how?

"I wouldn't know how to thank you for such a selfless deed, your highness." she replied while the raven-haired man rose to his full height and offered her his hand.

"Thank me when we're back." he smiled down upon her, his emerald eyes glinting with mischief and excitement, and the maid hesitated for a moment before she reached up. When their hands touched, hers buried in his much larger one, a pleasant flutter rushed through the god and he felt reassured in his gallantry.

***

Through dark hallways and secret passageways he led her, making sure that she could keep up with his long strides and their hands never parting, until they reached the border of the golden maze. By the help of the shadows and a little distraction, Loki occupied the guards long enough for the maid to slip past the gate unnoticed as it was opened for the god himself. Once on the other side, they joined again and the god cast a spell onto them both. While the girl's linen dress was hidden by a thick heavy cloak of emerald wool, with golden trimming, the god transformed into a human with brown short locks also clad in a warm cloak. No one would have recognized the man for whom he really was, only his eyes gave a hint to his true personality, shining brightly green as ever. To complete their disguise - and because Loki couldn't resist the opportunity - he pulled her close and offered her his arm for guidance as they walked like a couple through the nightly streets of Asgard.

Their stroll came to an end at a large manor not too far away from the palace and the girl tensed at the sight, clutching Loki's arm and stepping a tad closer - much to his pleasure. Yet he didn't allow
the smirk that tugged at his lips to come forth because the hardest, unpleasant part was to come, and slowly they walked around the manor. At the backside they found a proper place to climb the high wall and enter the property unnoticed, for the fewer that knew of ________'s visit the better. Luckily her mother had been put downstairs into a small salon where she could see the garden during her last days. Without effort, Loki's magic opened the large French door leading outside, the lock turned magically with a quiet click. However, the god himself didn't enter as it seemed impolite and out of place. He had no right to disturb this precious moment of ________ by any means and since he despised such situations, he didn't mind waiting outside. The cold had never bothered him anyway.

Inside, the maid knelt next to her mother's bed, squeezing her hand gently to wake her up. When her eyes finally popped open, there was a spark of recognition yet the haggard woman didn't speak. Instead she struggled to breath and with every inhale her lungs rattled violently, the sound most terrifying and telling of her horrendous constitution. Not to mention her appearance, gaunt and pale, the aura of death lingering on all her features. So the girl just whispered to her mother, things she wanted to tell her and remind her now that she had the chance, and bitter tears rolled down her cheeks. A few minutes she sat there in entire silence, waiting for her mother to fall asleep again, before she kissed her good bye, rose and walked back outside to where the god was waiting. Snowflakes were floating in the light winter breeze, dancing until they got spiked like little pearls by the tips of his black hair. Seemingly lost in thoughts, the god surveyed the frozen garden, his pale features highlighted by a tint of pink on his high cheekbones. Without a word she stepped towards him and took his hand so that he may lead her back to the palace, away from the ruins of her family and her old life.

***

The following day, Loki insisted that they met again in his suite, in a false pretense of an afternoon chess-match, when all he wanted was to talk about last night. Well not necessarily talk but rather see how she was feeling. The god for his part had been haunted by nightmares and worries during his sleep and it had required some of his magic to hide the dark shadows under his eyes in the morning. Likewise, the maid looked like she didn't catch much sleep and her frequent yawns confirmed his suspicion.

"Are you still mad at your father?" he asked in between half-hearted moves, none wisely considered nor done with the absolute purpose to win. The maid snorted with disgust.
"There is no word to express my anger. Not that he ruined my life, he even ended mother's. But I guess he's too blinded by his vanity to realize it!" almost forcefully she placed her queen on the field, also not wisely considered and didn't mind much when Loki's bishop took her. "Oops." was all she had to comment and reached for a delicious canapé served on the couch table. For today, they chose to play chess on the couch, both lounging on one end of the furniture while the board rested in between. Much to Loki's surprise and joy, the atmosphere was relaxed and pleasant, as if the sadness of the night's event had lifted their relationship to a higher level of intimacy and trust. Both were able to leave etiquette and manners behind, at least some of it, and instead reveal their true selves to each other. There was no need for 'your highnesses' and other such useless politenesses anymore. They were just Loki and ________.

"Perhaps it is common for old men to become blind from one cause or the other. Seems like your father possesses two eyes yet sees much less than mine!" Loki mused as he leaned back on the couch, brushing casually through his black locks.
"How about you? Do you have any issues with your father?" she managed to leave out the title, but addressing the god by his name, calling him like intimates or family, seemed too much. It would only cause her to blush furiously and that she intended to avoid. Although Loki would prefer to hear his
name roll off her tongue, over and over again. "I had some in my youth, when I deemed myself worthy of the throne. Being born third in line isn't quite favorable in this regard and I didn't understand why this was the criterion to choose a fitting ruler. We had plenty heated discussions back then, my father and I." Loki said with a fond smile, remembering clearly these 'good old days' where he had almost brought Ragnarok upon his father, just to prove his point. The maid watched him reminisce and completely forget the knight entwined in his long fingers. "And do you still wish to rule?" came the conclusive question, the curiosity clearly audible in her voice.

"No, not really. I have come to realize that - as the third born - one can enjoy the advantages of royalty without the responsibilities of the throne and I much prefer this approach. In fact, I intend to keep up this way of living as long as possible!" he replied and reached for a canapé himself, one with salmon and herbed butter, as if to underline his statement. "Which shouldn't be difficult since Thor and I share a strong brotherly bond. He wouldn't dislodge me once he's king!"

_________ watched the god devour the canapé, then some grapes, and they continued to play while talking about other topics. However, her mind was stuck on one simple fact, one she had forgotten but which was inevitable: Thor will be king.

***

Horns sounded loud fanfares across the streets and all Asgard seemed to welcome the glorious brothers as they returned victoriously from Vanaheim. Despite the harsh cold and the snow, the citizens filled the main street and cheered as the army marched towards the golden palace. There, the royal family awaited the brothers in the courtyard, even Odin stood at the top of the steps and seemed overwhelmed by joy. Proudly he hugged his boys once they had ascended to his level, patting Thor's huge back and almost crushing Balder who he already knew was to thank for the victory. Balder's battle strategy had been a success in every regard: lives and money had been spared, Vanaheim had been conquered by the Asgardian forces so that the Lord of Vanaheim was forced to plead for his life. Since his sole word didn't count much anymore, Balder had insisted on a pawn to ensure the Lord's loyalty and his very own first-born son seemed fitting for the position. So the tall, dark-skinned man had accompanied the brothers freely but still in chains.

“This is Heimdal Herdalson, the heir of Vanaheim, father!” Balder presents his pawn like a gift, inwardly bursting with confidence and joy, especially since Odin seemed so pleased by it all.

“I see... Welcome to Asgard, Heimdall.” was all the All-Father had to say to the gold-eyed man before he motioned for the guards to escort him to his room. Meanwhile, Frigga and Loki greeted the brothers and in between hugs and kisses, Thor glanced around for the maid whom he spied not too far away among a flock of servants. ________ in contrast, had watched the blonde the whole time from the corner of her eye, knowing that he shouldn't be left out of sight for her own good, and she could very well sense his heavy gaze on her.

Once the group of gods was heading inside, the maid vanished in the back of the flock while Thor had to walk beside Frigga and Loki, Balder occupying the space beside Odin.

“Looks like father has a new favorite!” his baby-brother teased from the side, just loud enough so that their mother wouldn't hear it, and Thor replied with a light punch on Loki's upper arm. This kept
the Trickster silent, even throughout dinner where Balder was allowed to sit beside Odin – like Thor normally did – and the two men talked vividly about the details of the battle. Everyone listened intently as Balder reported with much enthusiasm, except Thor who preferred to empty his cup again to have the little maid hurry over and refill it. The way she avoided his gaze, let alone to spill or touch his hand while pouring, caused a self-satisfied and pleased feeling in the god's belly. Oh how he had missed this! Let Balder have his moments in the sun, if it meant to be able to tease the girl some more. Even if Balder dared to challenge Thor and have some glory stolen from him, in the end the throne belonged to Thor. It was his right as the first born, his right alone, and Balder couldn't change a thing about that. So while Thor was still royally pissed at his brother, he reminded himself that he was having the upper hand in this game, and if Balder intended to play a little, so be it. Thor would pursue his goals nevertheless, knowing that he would reach them eventually – like he always did, also by force if need be.

Even if he wasn't able to enjoy his plaything like he wished to, there were ways to achieve that pleasure legally, so that Balder wouldn't have any leverage against him anymore. The throne was one way, of course, because there were (almost) no limits to a king's actions.

So once the crown would be placed onto Thor's golden locks, ________ would be his.

***

Propelled by his possessiveness towards the mortal, Thor acted as the responsible leader his father wished him to be, listening carefully to each advise and comment, participating at all counsel meetings and so forth. Although he almost died of boredom, the blond wouldn't show any of it and instead actually used his brains to deliver some useful input to the discussions. Most of the time he remained quiet and took every thing in, much to the surprise of the All-Father and the advisors present. They didn't know the prince to be so interested in inner-state affairs, harvest plans and day-to-day politics. While at first doubting the truthfulness of it all, after a few days, Odin was convinced and pleased by Thor's ambitions to prove his worthiness of the throne. Despite lacking one eye, the old king was far from blind and knew very well that his eldest son was eager to claim the throne, his very actions resembling a shout-out to be heard. But the time hadn't come yet and Thor was forced to wait some more. Each passing day depleting him of his patience, his energy and his nerves. And Balder continued to hide the maid from him.

Being busy hunting for the throne, Thor didn't have any time for his long-time affair with Sif - not that her company would have soothed his lecherousness anyway - and in a quiet moment he had explained to her why they couldn't meet anymore. First of all because it wasn't according to etiquette but more importantly because his chances for being crowned soon increased if he didn't have his head full of her. Sif had bought the lie like a starving lioness, feeling flattered and blushing beneath her ebony lashes, and blinded by affection she hadn't even been mad at him for dumping her. She had felt special and cajoled. Ha!

It all went smoothly and the throne seemed to be almost in his reach thanks to the efforts. So one night, about a full moon cycle after the battle in Vanahem, the brothers spent the evening together in Balder's chambers. While the younger ones engaged in a thrilling chess-match, the crown-prince chose to relax on the couch in front of the fire place, enjoyed his mead and stared into the flames - if the maid was out of sight. He was too exhausted to tease her much tonight but ________ kept one eye on him though, watching the flames illuminate his golden locks that rested on his broad chest, the
red tunic near bursting from the muscles beneath as he inhaled deeply. It was rather odd to be among the brothers in such a casual manner, when they chatted mindlessly as if she wasn't listening. Once in a while, Loki would even ask for her opinion regarding his next move.

Odd but pleasant, as long as she remained behind Balder and Loki, her protective wall from the giant on the couch. Unfortunately, said one was the last to stay, dozing on the couch even when Loki was already gone.

"You may sleep here if you can't make it to your chambers!" Balder teased as he flopped lazily onto the other end of the furniture, a confident smile plastered across his face. One that Thor had come to loathe recently.

"I prefer my own bed, thanks." he grumbled and readjusted his long legs, occupying more than half of the couch and not at all willing to depart. Instead he lifted his goblet towards the maid in the background. "One more and I'm off."

Hesitantly, she stepped forward with the jug in hand but Balder stopped her gently by the arm. "No. You've had enough for today."

Thor still held out the goblet, demandingly and unyieldingly, as he repeated with a smile. "Come on, just one more!"

The maid shot a worried look towards her master, silently asking what to do, which order to obey. She knew the crown-prince was testing him and that there was dangerous rage lurking behind the goofy smile. Indeed, the wine had brought forth much of the suppressed anger Thor harbored towards his brother, of the envy that overwhelmed him whenever he saw Balder interacting with the maid. And Thor, in his possessiveness, very much disapproved of the way the other god touched her arm right now.

____________ is mine!

"I said no. You won't be able to walk and I'm too tired to carry you over. So let's call it a day and have some sleep, Thor!" the blonde next to the girl said in a calm and reasonable tone, trying not to encourage Thor to challenge him. Thor always won in drinking-games. "Go and prepare my bed, ________!" he ordered her then so that she had an excuse to leave the room and with a nod she slipped from their presence.

"You disgust me, you know!" Balder hissed once the bedroom door was shut again, the maid out of Thor's hungry gaze. He hadn't had the courtesy to look at her ass subtly. "How can you lay with a mortal?!"

Thor took his time and didn't react at once, imagining the girl on his sheets before turning to the source of the accusations. "Have you no eyes, brother? Or are you more into boys?"

"I'll admit that she's pretty but by the Norns she's far too small and a mortal!" the other one replied no less harshly, showing no understanding for his brother's lusting. "Hunt after women of your kind!" That was when Thor had enough and suddenly sat up, back straight and jaw tensed. He wouldn't be ordered around by his little brother, who dared to elevate himself above the Thunderer recently.

"Don't command me!" Thor warned in what resembled a low growl. "Have some fun playing father's favorite and leave my affairs to me! I'm the one with the experience in both regards!"

His words stung, more than intended and Balder rose slowly from the couch as he chose his next
words. Infuriated and challenged by Thor's boldness (and perhaps after a tad too much wine) he let emotions prevail as he demanded in full earnest: "On the contrary! You will decline your claims to the throne."

"Ha!" Thor snorted at this presumable joke as he rose to his full height, now being the one to look down upon the other god. "And why is that?!"

*Because you are unfit to rule, a childish brute who lacks the wits and any sense of compassion, justice or reason!* Balder thought to himself, as he had so many other times, but replied instead: "Because otherwise I shall tell father of your blasphemous affair with a slave!"

Thor's breath hitched for a moment, not believing his own ears, and Balder added. "I know he doesn't tolerate any more of your antics and such a scandalous one as this will certainly have him rethink his choice for an heir!"

"You're treading on thin ice here, brother!" Thor growled threateningly so that any mortal would have died a heart-attack, vivid storms raging inside his dark-blue orbs as the fury filled his body. But Balder remained his ground and didn't back away. Not this time, not ever again!

"Oh am I? I think it's you who should watch his step!" he hissed and both gods stared at each other, ready to engage in a serious fight, fists balled and muscles tensed. Thus he was rather surprised when Thor turned around instead and walked straight towards the doors, banging them shut behind him.

Who would have thought that the Thunderer would walk away from a fight?

Who would have thought the Thunderer *considered* to trade the golden throne of Asgard for a mortal?
All hail the king

Chapter Summary

Thor is determined to keep what is rightfully his and more.
Baler rises in Odin's favor and is too triumphant for his own good.
Loki is struggling with guilt and his selfish desires.
And the maid gets crushed between the gods.

Chapter Notes

That one was tough to write so I really appreciate some feedback from you guys. Was there too much in one chapter to follow? I hope not. Because I really needed to get through with some plot so that there can be more smut in upcoming chapters.

Thanks for reading my stuff! +10000, you're awesome!

I don't own the characters but the plot is mine.

The dry sand was vibrating as another man landed flat on the ground, air knocked from his lungs, the sound of the violent impact echoing through the vast training hall.

"Again!" came the command and the next brave soldier stepped forward from the hesitant group, not willingly yet obediently attacking the belligerent god in the pit. It didn't take long before he too flew across the sand, mouth and hair full of the tiny crystals. By midday, all of the soldiers were bruised and exhausted, limbs stiff and bones aching, while Thor was still full of vigor. Bright flames of fury burned within him, threatening to consume him completely and have him loose control. He had intended to act his temper out on the sand yet the dozen of soldiers was no challenge nor did the exertion seem to affect him today. He was too enraged.

Cursed Balder!

Hadn't he been so drunk and tired last night, Thor would have punched some sense and respect into his brother. Out of arrogance Balder had threatened him so bluntly, using the maid as leverage, so that the first-born would be out of the way, so that Balder could rule. The victory in Vanagheim must have gotten to his head! Otherwise, Thor couldn't understand why his brother would try to steal the throne away, side with a mortal and act so antagonistically. What had begun as a game of harmless teasing had transformed into a dangerous and utmost serious situation, stakes high and losses crucial - a war between brothers.
Of course, Thor wouldn't give up his claim to the throne, had he dreamt of being king since childhood, and because greedy and selfish as he was, the crown-prince couldn't let go of promises or pleasures once received. Herein lay the whole problem, for Thor wasn't willing to renounce his little plaything either.

*I want it all and I shall have all!* He promised himself as he sat down on the few stone steps of the pit, resting his massive arms on his thighs as he glared onto the sand, sweat mottling his skin. He wouldn't bow to Balder's wishes, like a puppet to be administered. No! Thor would fight for what was rightfully his, until the very end, and he would teach Balder where his place was - namely below the Thunderer. Never in his life should Balder dare to challenge him, his future king, again.

***

The maid lay awake at night, staring at the dark ceiling of the female-slave dormitory since sleep refused to sweep her away. Yesterday, Einar had passed her a short note that their mother had died, not in peace but in salvation though, and Harald had organized a decent funeral. A last apology perhaps, which the maid wasn't allowed to attend. Not that she wanted to be there anyway. She wouldn't stand to be in her father's presence, the only man whom she despised more than her tormentor with golden locks.

In her view, her mother's death undoubtedly was the result of Harald's recklessness, greed and insufferable neglect for his family. Considering her own fate and what might happen in her ruined future, it was perhaps mercy that fate took her mother away, sparing her to witness what would become of her daughter. Hopefully she would find peace in Helheim.

Sadness threatened to well up, a tight knot forming in her abdomen and twisting nastily, also known as grief. But she couldn't weep now, didn't want to even because there would be no salvation in crying alone in the dark, surrounded by 50 other maids but still alone.

With a sigh __________ turned to the other side on her narrow straw bed, deciding not to ponder about this topic any longer and instead let her thoughts be occupied by Balder's daring plans. In a quiet moment the other night, the god had confided in the maid what he was aiming for, what offer he had made the Thunderer, and she had almost had a coronary.

*Have you lost your mind*?! the words had itched on her tongue but luckily knew better and gritted her teeth as not to let one syllable escape.

Balder wanted the throne for himself since Thor was unfit to rule in his regard and he would achieve this ambitious goal through the maid. According to Balder, it was absolutely surefire because either the crown-prince renounced from his claims or Odin would learn of his affair with __________, which would result in the same outcome. Once Balder, as the second-born son, was king he would set the
maid free and ensure that she could engage in a prosperous life henceforth - as a reward for helping him ascend the throne. Easy as that.

Balder had sounded so convinced and sure of his plan when he had told the maid, yet she remained skeptical - even now - because why should Thor give up the crown so easily? For a mortal? It would greatly surprise her if he did so. However, _______ couldn't help but place her faith in Balder’s plan, entrusting a god with her fate for the promise of freedom. The longer she thought about escaping slavery, leaving the palace walls and perhaps even this realm behind for good, the more she longed for this to happen. Soon she found herself whispering prayers to the Norns, her whole body astir from what she had almost given up on, from what livened up her being like the sun piercing the clouded sky:

Hope.

***

Winter was about to reached it’s peak, a new year dawning upon the realm, which ought to be celebrated as it was Asgardian custom for centuries. The Yule feast, the largest, most exquisite and important feast of the year was about to happen and gods as well as mortals were anxiously looking forward to it. Humans of all status and from across the realms would travel to the golden city to honor the gods - the All-Father in particular and to thank him for having guided the Nine through yet another prosperous year. At this special occasion, the unscalable gates of the palace would open for the humble mortals as the feast would be held at the vast courtyard and later on inside the great hall. As soon as the low winter sun had slipped below the mountain tops, the festivities began outside with large bonfires and four dozen gleemen entertaining the mass of guests. From high born lords and ladies, to common farmers and beggars - they all had come to honor the king of Asgard.

On top of the stairs leading to the palace entrance stood the gods and goddesses, ranked by their status and closeness to the royal family who would occupy the second-highest step, the spot at the very top reserved for the king of course. Clad in luxurious furs from rare beasts, they chatted and enjoyed the hot beverages served by an army of slaves - just like their subjects at the bottom of the stairs. The whole courtyard was ablaze, heat radiating from both the bonfires and the thousands of mortals, their voices blurring to one loud buzz. Warmed up by both alcohol and the common jam, they braved the cold, the atmosphere already joyous and promising to last long into the night. In one stoic movement fitting his might and universal-status, Odin then stomped his golden spear Gungnir onto the stone floor and utter silence swept over the entire city. With booming voice, fortified magically so that everybody could hear, the king held his speech, welcoming the guests and underlining that the wealth of Asgard, of the whole Nine, came to be by the hands of gods and mortals alike. He thanked the humans and other races, if not directly but still, and spellbound the crowd listened to each of his well chosen words.

"When will you tell him?" Balder whispered barely audible to his elder brother as he leaned closer, hiding his face in Thor's golden locks so that nobody would notice. Thor hesitated, looked briefly up to his father and then suddenly the crowd began to cheer and applaud, the sound echoing across the
courtyard, almost deafening. It was then that the crown-prince whispered back: "Later. Let father enjoy the feast some more!"

After the speech, all members of nobility or higher social status were allowed to follow the gods inside, the grand hall near bursting from their numbers though, while the commoners and everything below remained in the courtyard. They would be served mead and some food while the exquisite dining happened inside. Long tables were arranged in several lines to accommodate the many guests, while the royal family had an own table on the dais in the back of the hall. Servants hurried like bees in between the benches, carrying one delicate dish after another and jugs of mead from a sheer endless supply at the basement of the palace. Similar to ______ who tended after her master also tonight since Balder had specifically requested her presence, of course, as to keep an eye on her and protect her if need be. So he had promised. For now she mostly had to wait for orders and be invisible behind him as always, standing still like a doll in her freshly cleaned robes, hair combed and braided for the occasion. From her position on the dais she could easily survey the crowd, admiring some lady's dress or spying a god she hadn't seen before, but she always kept one eye on the two blondes in front of her, in case her service was needed - or in case Thor moved suspiciously. Tonight he wore a black leather armor with many straps and clasps, the fabric tight around his thighs, even more so at his broad chest, and emphasizing every hill of his physique, while his arms were left bare as they rested like tree-trunks on the golden table.

Between the many dishes, jugglers and artists provided some entertainment, as well as musicians and dancers from across the realm. Stunned by the performances the maid almost failed her duty and overheard her master's call, excusing her self when she quickly refilled his goblet. Also tonight, Balder had the honor of sitting to the right of the king while Thor was seated at the outer end of the table - forced into silence and pondering over yet another goblet of mead. At least this had induced him to come up with an idea how to proceed tonight - how to rid Balder of his leverage, the maid, and still inherit the throne. Thor would simply tell Odin a slightly modified version of the actual events, aiming to frame Balder for making false accusations and for blackmailing. Apart from details the plan seemed solid enough and smiling Thor took another long gulp of mead, dark-blue orbs clandestinely traveling to the maid currently refilling Balder's goblet.

*I shall have you very soon, my little kitten!*

On the other end of the table, Frigga and her youngest son didn't engage in much conversation either, only small talk that wouldn't scratch the surface of their true worries. Because as much as Loki tried to keep his thoughts from travelling, he found himself lost more often tonight and had troubles to find his way back to the present feast. The queen noted this of course and she didn't approve as Loki emptied another goblet of mead, knowing that alcohol never eased matters of the heart. She also knew that pushing her son wouldn't make him confess his worries - which she sensed to be of far greater extent than he let on - and so she just smiled at him, fondly and warm like the loving mother she was. Her vision of Loki in excruciating pain at the back of her mind though.

Unaware of his mother's perception, Loki poked the salmon on his plate as if torturing the fish would soothe his restless mind, which revolved around the maid more often than usual tonight. For some
strange reason, Balder had kept her out of his sight for too long now and the deprivation of their
quality time was damaging his mood, having him annoyed and petulant - much to the harm of his
personal slaves. He would snap at them for no reason, like he used to before he had encountered
____________ - not that he would ever admit that she had changed him, Norns no. Loki was too
selfish for that just as he was too selfish to let her elude his grasp. Two years had already passed, had
washed by as the steady stream of a river and in a blink of the eye __________ 's time at court would
be over. She would leave the palace and its inhabitants behind, forever most likely, and try to live a
decent live thereafter. She had suffered enough so far from being enslaved due to her father's crime -
due to Loki's trick to be precise. As much as Loki wanted her to be free and happy, he couldn't bare
the thought of never seeing her again. Even if they could somehow arrange meetings, would she be
willing to come? Would she want to return to the palace for him? Loki doubted it, his heart sinking at
the prospect. She would turn her back on the gods, rightfully so, and become the wife of a mortal
man, have his children and die of old age - be it in this realm or perhaps in another. Loki couldn't
stand the thought, his emerald eyes sparkling with mischief as he sipped from his mead and thought
of how to prolong __________'s service. He wouldn't let her go.

Later that evening when dinner was over but the feast still in full swing, Loki excused himself for a
moment and left the hot, damp hall. As he strolled back along the refreshingly cool corridor, his mind
dizzy from both the alcohol and his pondering about the maid, he suddenly found himself right in
front of her.

"After you, your highness!" she said with a smile as she motioned with her right arm for him to step
through the small entrance that lead directly to the dais. But Loki hesitated, didn't even follow her
gesture since his intense gaze remained glued on her, taking in her braided hair, her neat robes and
the lovely blush on her cheeks from the heat and the effort of carrying the large jug.

"You look very lovely tonight." he blurted without second thought, poorly expressing how beautiful
she was in that very moment, and the girl returned his compliment with a coy smile and oh, even
more red on her cheeks. Loki couldn't help but smirk triumphantly. From his slightly drowsy gaze
and from the way he swayed, the maid guessed that he had had too much mead already and that this
ought to be the source of his sudden flattery. A folly out of drunkenness, nothing more, nothing
serious.

"Thank you, your highness. If you'll excuse me!" still smiling she bowed politely before she hurried
inside the hall towards her master as not to let him wait anymore for more mead.

***

At midnight, the artists staged the main act of their performance, a wild and exotic dance of a
contortionist - the best of his class across the realms. And indeed he lived up to his reputation,
impressing the audience with his impossible moves and contortions. The slim man was clad in a
black tight suit with thousands of tiny crystals sewn onto it that sparkled vividly, his hands and feet
adorned with cyan feathers and golden bracelets. On his head he wore a crown of feathers as well,
long and brightly cyan resembling the mane of a lion, while his face was hidden beneath a white
mask with a long crooked beak. All in all a very fascinating appearance that mesmerized every single
guest, especially when he began to juggle three balls that glowed like lava. Skillfully he threw each
ball up high in the air, twisting his body in the meanwhile as to catch the precious objects with either
his hands or feet. __________ watched intently, not understanding how a mortal was capable of such a
beautiful performance, and mesmerized like all the others she took a step forward, absentmindedly, to have a better view - not registering how close she had gotten to the table and to the crown-prince. In contrast to Thor, who immediately sensed the maid beside him, his body on fire, and he dared to look over at her. Another two seconds passed before the maid noticed the possessive gaze resting on her and her stunned expression turned to one of dread as she finally made eye-contact, her grip on the jug tightening in discomfort. Thor's face remained an unreadable mask, stern and unobtrusive, as he motioned her to replenish the goblet in his hand. The dancer still performed, his tricks becoming more daring and impressive so that nobody noticed the silent communication between maid and god. Reluctantly she then bent forward, hoisting up the heavy jug with utmost care and precision, while Thor devoured her with his dark-blue orbs full of eager lust. She was so close, their thighs almost touching as she leaned forward to reach the goblet in his right hand, which he was tempted to withdraw just a little so that she would land on his lap. Right where he needed her.

But he held still, each fiber tensed during the fraction of seconds when she poured the mead, until the urge became unbearable and his left hand assessed the softness of her butt. The maid became rigid due to Thor's sudden harassment, panic rushing through her bones and making her clumsy so that she spilled a good deal of the mead onto Thor's lap. With a displeased grunt the prince rose, drawing some attention of the guests to himself only then and the maid jumped back in fear. From his dark look she wasn't sure whether he would beat or fuck her as punishment, Norns forbid if he settled for both.

Thor towered above the mortal, ready to scold her when a sudden uproar was audible, the contortionist throwing his balls towards the dais, followed by the deafening boom of a grand explosion. It all happened within seconds. The blast was powerful enough to have the royals fly backwards along with their chairs, while the golden table burst into pieces. ________ let go of the jug to shield her face, shrinking back instinctively, but also she was swept from her feet as Thor carried her along as he fell, landing square onto the maid and knocking the air out of her lungs with his weight.

_________'s head spun and throbbed, her vision blurred and ears ringing as she tried to shift beneath the motionless god - in vain as he was pinning her down similar to when he ravished her. Only now his full weight rested on her, threatening to crush her between the marble floor and his equally hard muscles. She registered the commotion around her barely, her senses dulled and unable to tell her what had happened. She only felt Thor everywhere on top of her, hot and relentless. Just like his smell when it wasn't tinted by the sourly flavor of mead, she noticed before everything turned dark.

***

Three weeks after the assault on the royal family, Asgard was still mourning for its losses, for the many lives taken on that single night. The rebuilt of the grand hall had begun but it would take months until it was fully restored to its former glory. Even if all signs of the explosion could be
erased, Asgard would be scarred forever and the gods would never forgive that crime. Disguised as artists and dancer, the assassin had gained access to the palace and was able to smuggle in the three bombs right under the noses of so many gods. In their midst he had dropped them during his performance, purposefully aiming for the royals the very moment one of them had risen - the perfect moment had been then - and in the chaos of the explosion as well as through the smoke the assassin had fled. Both gods and mortals were among the wounded and dead, as devastating as the explosion had been.

Thus today's celebration was not a merry one and the guest list was kept short in order to avoid a retry of these horrid events. The throne room was decorated with flowers and garlands still, the horns blasting loud as the prince entered through the large doors. Even high up in the tower, ________ could hear the sound as she sat on the floor beside her master's bed, the room silent and vacant like the rest of Balder's chambers. Bitter tears rolled down her cheeks and she couldn't keep herself from sobbing since she dreaded what future would have in store for her, now that the All-Father had died. She thought of what could have been if Balder had kept his promise and the pain of her shattered dreams brought forth only more tears. The tiny spark of hope that had prospered inside her was destroyed before the bloom and left behind sickening uncertainty and fear.

So she cried until her eyes ran dry, wrapped up in her own arms for little comfort in this dark hour of her life, while downstairs the gods and goddesses cheered loudly as Thor ascended the golden throne.

"All hail the king!"

"All hail the king!"

"All hail the king!"
A sinister promise

Chapter Notes

Call me generous for uploading another chapter so early... what can I say, Thor is so inspiring...

WARNING: this chapter contains heavy rape/non-con elements, sexual themes and a lot of smut. Thor is a monster and his relationship with the maid is toxic! Read at own risk.

"Behold Thor, king of Asgard, Protector of the Nine Realms and Ruler over all beings!" the herald called as Thor sat down on the golden throne. Oh how wonderful it sounded, far better than he had imagined so many times. Finally this title and all that was tied to it was his, the weight of the crown resting on his broad shoulders, and all of the gods and goddesses before him sank to their knees in humble respect. They had a new ruler, a young king who would guide the Nine through the eons, be it in peace or in war. Thor had never felt more powerful in his whole life. Powerful, proud and also sad. If not for the dark shadow of the recent tragedy, of his father's unexpected death, this would have been the brightest and best day of the young god's life. Thus the little glee he experienced as he sat down on the cold throne - the first time that he actually had every right to do so and not out of a children’s play - vanished rather soon when he looked to his right at the spot where his family ought to witness his moment of glory, finding only Loki there.

"Don't expect me to use all those names!" his younger brother teased once the new king was at his side later on, the smile on his lips not as radiant as Thor had expected it to be, far from the joy and the proud he had anticipated in his brother's eyes. Yet he hadn't expected to become king this way either, not due to such a tragedy. Odin was dead and while Thor and Loki had gotten off with just some cuts and bruises, Frigga and Balder were still in the healing quarters.

"Of course not, it wouldn't suit you. But don't worry, I shall always remain your brother!" Thor replied and fondly put a hand on Loki's shoulder, silently spending the comfort he would need for himself too. In this turmoil since the Yule feast, Thor hadn't grasped the loss of his father, not to its full extent, and had banished grief as much as possible, turning the hurt into fury. These were no easy times to become the new ruler since the recent assault demanded for detailed and quickly solving. Thor was probably the most eager to do so, to find the culprit and all his accomplices so that they would face Asgardian justice - his justice. He swore to have their heads on spikes atop the palace gates.

Although drastic safety measures had already been implemented, the patrols of guards being tripled and the access for mortals on the upper levels of the palace being restricted, the gods were anxious still and hoped - if not demanded - their king to take further steps to ensure their protection. After the coronation the brothers together descend the few steps to the flock of guests, everyone eager to shake
hands and congratulate the king - or offer their commiserations, Thor wasn't sure. Idunn and Sif were there too, both clandestinely shooting him flirtatious looks that promised sweet indecencies to soothe his grief should he acknowledge them. But their flattery showed little to no effect on Thor's expression, his inner self completely untouched by them as he already had quite different plans as to whom he would spend the nights with. And that prospect alone made him delicately yearning and needy, far more than anything the two goddesses could offer. But such thoughts had to wait a little longer, his lecherousness tested in patience, since there were more pressing matters for the king to attend, like those security measures - even if the desire of his loins was really pressing too.

"How is the new safety system developing?" Thor asked in a quiet voice once the brothers had made it through the crowd and strolled down the vast hallway, guards and slaves bowing very lowly in respect as they passed. Without words, Loki motioned for them to step onto one of the many balconies where they could talk more freely, away from the many (mortal) ears in the hallway.

"Quite well. It should be ready a few days hence, at least the magical set up. The implementation is another issue, yet I believe the abigail Gerlinda will be a valuable assistant - she and her iron leash on the staff!" the young god reported in a cool tone, matching the temperature outside, as he surveyed the courtyard many feet below them covered in a thick blanket of snow. While appearing as reserved as usual, Loki's inner self was stricken by grief, hurt and cravings for revenge - a toxic mixture of emotions which was hidden beneath an elaborated mask.

"Good." came a grumble from the side, leaking of similar emotions since Thor wasn't as good at disguising and deceit as Loki, not when the wounds were this deep. "That will give us more control over the mortals..."

"And your plans for revising the law?" Loki put in, curious as to how his brother would change what had been custom for so long - worry arising at the back of his mind that it could affect his relationship with the maid.

"... those too. Father was too generous and indulgent with them. See how they repaid him!" Thor scoffed as he leaned heavily on the balustrade of the balcony, his brilliantly red cape swaying in the winter breeze, his gaze equally cold. "Not with me!"

They shall atone for the crime against our family!

***
The maid wasn't surprised when two guards entered Balder's chambers in the early evening after the coronation ceremony. Without resistance she let them guide her through the palace, each of her steps becoming heavier as she realized towards which wing of the monument they were heading. Thus even less surprise when they roughly shoved her through the vast double doors adorned with the sigil of a red hammer. At least fate had the decency not to have her brother Einar deliver the girl to her tormentor. She wouldn't be able to bear the shame.

Inside, the salon was heated nicely by the crackling fireplace, candles lit to keep the darkness of the night outside, and she immediately noticed the subtle changes that had been made to have the chambers match their inhabitant’s new status. The general interior was the same but decorations, blankets and so forth had been replaced by even more splendid ones - a wonder how that was still possible - all kept in dark blue and ruby read with silver highlights here and there. In the middle of all this luxurious fine items, Thor fit in with his ceremonial armor, polished and shiny with a long red cape, making him appear even broader as he stood beside the fire place and stared into the flames. His tensed expressions were tinted in an orange warm glow, softening the hard contours of his face while not diminishing the coldness in his eyes as he looked over at the door. __________ tensed visibly and would have turned to stone at that very spot if not for the guards urging her further into the room.

"Leave us!" the god grumbled as he took two large steps towards the maid, waving with one hand towards the guards who were obviously glad to be dismissed from their king’s electrifying presence, almost darting out of the salon. No such luck for the maid though, she was now alone with him. Another step and Thor towered above her, close enough to reach yet he kept his paws to himself - for now - and simply brought his mighty physique into effect. The black leather straps atop the metal heaved gently with each of his breaths, accommodating for the breadth of his chest and overall the vambraces and metal scales on his arms underlined the raw strength that lay beneath, the curvature of his muscles illuminated by the candle light. His look was perfected by the contrast of golden hair atop the cape, the brilliantly red and heavy fabric reaching all the ten feet down to brush the floor gently, still swaying from his prior movements. She had to crane her neck to look up at the giant who overshadowed her, goosebumps spreading on her skin despite the heat in here - effects of his intimidating physique - and it required all her willpower not to run for it.

As if you could escape... Thor mused to himself, sensing her distress and when he finally moved, reaching to cup her face with his large hand, she almost jumped as scared as she was. Narrowing his eyes sufficed to signal her his disapproval and have her reconsider her reluctance, his calloused fingers now brushing along her cheek, down her slender neck circling the little notch between her collarbones. __________ swallowed thickly, shudders erupting her body as he continued to touch her - oddly gentle like the breeze before the tempest - and she already dreaded whatever he had in store for her.

Then suddenly the large hand grabbed her neck, not really tightly but determinedly as it enclosed her flesh fully.
"Tell me, what was your part in Balder's schemes?" Thor asked in a calm voice yet his eyes betrayed how deeply the wounds of his brother's betrayal ran, how much this matter still upset him.

"Have you induced him by any means to such folly? Beseeching him for pity and help?" his grip on her neck tightened. "I warned you not to talk to anybody!"

_________ shook her head as much as she was able to, almost frantically as panic steadily rose within her. She had been aware of his superior strength yet in this very moment she actually felt how easily he could end her life. A flick of his wrist was all it required.

"N-no I didn't d-o anything-!" she managed to croak, not as convincingly as she had hoped, and the hand constricted some more, hampering her breathing. Her tiny hands struggled against it, desperately tugging at his in vain.

"Do not lie now!" finally his emotions affected his voice, the low grumble matching the cruelty in his eyes, and for a brief moment the maid envisioned herself lying dead at his feet, neck broken and her miserable life over. The thought must have surfaced on her expressions since Thor then loosened his grip just so that she could breathe and speak freely. After all he intended to keep her for a while longer.

"I swear to the Norns that I had no part in this! Prince Balder had found out on his own and had approached me on this matter! To tell of his insane plans!" her voice trembled at the end, pulse racing beneath his calloused fingers, yet she kept eye-contact as she innerly prayed for her life. She sounded helpless and frightened: "Please, it's the truth!

Thor stared down hard at her while he made up his mind, searching her face for any sign of deceit, when she added in a small voice: "I-I wouldn't dare to disobey you..." Truth as it was, she really didn't, fearing the god's wrath above all other possible punishments and there was no shame in subtle flattery to please the god if this would save her.

Thor was contemplating his theory. Perhaps she really was innocent and Balder, the hypocritical bastard had made this up all on his own to satisfy his vicious greed and envy. How he had found out about Thor's little plaything was yet a detail to be clarified but there was no rush - not with Balder being still kept in an artificial coma to facilitate his healing process. Thor would have weeks to get to the bottom of this failed coup and reveal its doubtful relation to the assault against the All-Father. As well as how deeply the maid had been involved.

As for ______, she hadn't averted her gaze nor withdrawn her hands which still clasped his wrist, her skin soft at the touch as he noticed, and a few more seconds passed before Thor let go of her neck. In almost a sensual manner his fingers peeled off her skin and the god inhaled sharply when he spied the faint red marks beneath, signs of his dominance over her that ignited his forbidden desires.

"I believe you - for now." he stated plainly while the maid coughed quietly, rubbing her neck and
finally breaking the eye contact as she bent forward. Breathing deeply she hoped that this had been the worst part to come for tonight. But as always, _______ wasn't on fate's lucky side.

"While my brother is still recovering you shall transfer to my staff..." smoothly he changed to topic, his hand brushing along her neck as if it hadn't threatened to break it only minutes ago, and the maid felt terribly nauseous at his words. With one finger Thor forced her to look up again at his bearded face full of sinister excitement, his voice low and husky: "I expect you to serve me very dedicatedly, my little kitten!"

A cold shudder rushed down her spine, the knot in her stomach tightening in full awareness of what he just implied. Not only that but she would henceforth have to see him, interact with him and by the Norns endure him every day! The prospect had _______ on the brink of fainting.

"Come, help me undress!" he suddenly said, breaking the silence yet not the tension between them, and with a hand on her back Thor led her towards the adjacent bedroom. Whether he noted her hesitant steps or not, ________ couldn't tell since she was carried along as he walked, like a tiny fish being caught in the tide.

With her jaw slightly agape she took in the sheer overwhelming beauty of the bedroom: furniture carved from ebony adorned with silver, carpets and furs from rare beasts covering the white marble floor, shields and some beasts' heads hanging on the walls. The night-blue satin curtains in front of the huge windows had already been drawn shut and the only light came from a few candles on the nightstand and the dresser, tinting the room in an elusively cozy atmosphere. There was not much decoration as the owner obviously didn't mind such things yet still each item in here surely was worth an entire mansion. _______’s gaze fluttered around like a young bird, restless and curious, until it landed on the monstrosity of a bed that dominated the entire room. The thing wasn't just large, it was vast and suddenly her mind was filled with what one could do on top of it. She blushed and tensed, would have halted in her tracks if not for the hand on her back that still urged her further into the room. Like a column she stood between the large furniture, fear paralyzing her limbs, while Thor undid the clasps of his cape to have the long fabric slide down his shoulders and onto the chair next to the dresser. With a flick of his fingers he signaled the maid to come over and pleased by her obedience he instructed her how to unfasten his armor, his intense gaze watching every move of those delicately tiny hands as they darted across his chest. Somewhat clumsily she undid the many clasps, obviously stalling some time, but Thor didn't mind since he was still indecisive of how to ravish her - the options were plenty - and he enjoyed her tending to him very much.

And she will do so every day now... the thought stirred his core, warmth pooling in his loins, especially so when the last piece of armor came off and his pants were next, the leather bulging in response. _______ hesitated though, her hands motionless in front of the three buttons and Thor almost chuckled at her sweet shyness.

"Go on!"

So she obeyed, undid those buttons and the blush on her cheeks magnified when the god was finally naked in front of her, presenting his physique in all it's might and glory. The wounds from the explosion had left no mark on him. Then it was his turn to rid her of her clothes and Thor chose a
much more efficient manner to do so: grabbing the hem and pulling upwards, tearing some seams here and there. Naked and with her gaze glued to the floor she couldn't see the arms suddenly enclosing her, shrieking when those lifted her up effortlessly. There was too little time for her to register how it felt to be carried in his arms - their naked flesh pressed together, her body against his muscled chest and arms, his scent radiating just like the smug expression on his face only inches away from hers - because he quickly and unceremoniously dropped her onto the bed. The mattress dipped in sharply where the god placed his arms and knees as he loomed above her and the sight of her frightened and blushing beneath him was overly arousing, propelling his impatience.

"It has been too long..." Thor murmured to himself as he applied plenty of lube on his already throbbing and swollen shaft, then on her too and his cock twitched in anticipation when he inserted one bulky finger. The maid closed her eyes when he had aligned himself, ready to replace the lone finger with something of far more girth, and slowly he let himself sink into her folds, a gasp escaping his full lips at her tightness. bit down on her tongue to remain quiet - he surely wouldn't like her whining. Also she couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze when he took her, the shame would be too much.

Thor lowered himself further, now pinning her fragile body with his so much larger one, while he penetrated her good and deeply. Each thrust a delight, compelling him to increase speed which he did when it became too hard to resist, and the sound of slamming flesh almost drowned out his groans. All the while he watched her wriggle beneath him, regaled in the fact that both the crimson and the distress on her face was his doing, and when he spied her parted lips he didn't think twice. reopened here eyes when she felt his index finger pushing into her mouth, eager to explore and be explored, and guessing what he had in mind she began to lick with her tongue around his digit. There went another groan, rumbling in his chest like thunder, and the blue of his eyes darkness several shades - from that she concluded he was pleased - so she continued. Oddly enough she now couldn't avert her gaze from his, mesmerized by the storm inside his orbs and his expression distorted by lust, so that the pain in her lower body receded into the back of her mind. It was the first time after all that she was face to face with him as they fucked.

"My little kitten..." he purred between labored breaths, golden locks swaying around his face as he rocked his hips back and forth, his massive arms tensed as they rested beside her shoulders. When looking up her view was occupied solely by the god, his breadth encompassing her completely, and the sensual sight was almost too much to bear - not to mention his divine aura with carried nothing but pure desire and sexual tension. Bewitched by his entirety she licked his finger while he took her, fast and as deep as the immense difference in their sizes allowed. Thor was close now, his member pulsing wildly due to the squeezing walls around it, and in his selfish need the god withdrew his finger from her mouth to fondle her delicate breasts instead, kneading and pinching those teasing nipples. yelped a little, her back arching suddenly so that Thor's cock was almost sucked in by the Norns what pleasure - and so he eagerly grabbed and elevated her hips to maintain this angle.

A few more thrusts and Thor was hit by an incredible apex, tensing all over as pure bliss washed over him and his seed filled her core, her protesting walls milking every last drop out of him. With a satisfied groan he then collapsed forward, almost crushing the mortal beneath his weight as he now
lay on top of her - purposefully trapping her beneath while he enjoyed the after-waves of his climax. Her scent flooded his nose as his head rested above hers on the mattress and it had Thor drift off for a few minutes. In contrast to the maid who remained full awake and anxious even when he woke up again, waiting as to what would happen next.

"You were very obedient today..." Thor's low voice rang in her ears, his hand once more brushing along her neck as they still lay on the bed unchanged. They both could feel his member stir inside her, recovering to half-hardness already, and _________ shuddered as the god whispered oh so seductively his sinister promise:

"... you really are my favorite maid."
The king's personal slaves were already busy in the adjacent salon, igniting the fire and preparing breakfast, when Thor rolled over in his large bed with a satisfied groan. After enjoying his plaything last night he had slept truly marvelous and was fully rested for his first day as king with several important matters demanding his attention, the modified safety measures leading the way. In the prospect of his new duties and of the many advisors who would consult (or annoy) the young king, having ______ again now would have been a nice kick-off for the day. Thor sighed as he lay on his broad back and brushed over the empty spot on the silken sheets next to him, remembering how she had wriggled there beneath him only hours ago. It still was blasphemy to share a bed with mortals, perhaps even more so after the assault that wasn't fully clarified yet. Thus even as king, Thor couldn't openly lust after the maid and had to exercise patience until they were alone in the evening, when dinner was cleared and the other slaves had left for the day. Then, finally, the ravishing would compensate the waiting tenfold. But until then...

At least she would be near him during the day, tending to his other wishes and scurrying around these chambers like the other maids. He would have plenty opportunities to watch those tiny hands, those lovely hips and to tease her with his persistent stare. Not to mention the fear he meant to evoke in her with his mere physique and voice. He would have her shivering in his presence as proof of his power over her. Spurned by eager anticipation Thor bounced out of bed.

Indeed the maid halted in her tracks when the god emerged from the bedroom, dressed in plain dark-grey linen with a light black leather cuirass on-top, and Thor willed down a smirk at the slight terror in her eyes. To quench the upflaming heat in his loins wasn't as easy though and by the end of the day the god was hungry, even after dinner - not for food but for pleasure. And so once alone in the salon, Thor's paws were on the maid - everywhere - pulling her close and bending her over the small table. Her lovely face was pressed against the expensive wood as he took her from behind, greedily shoving himself into her folds. Oh what sweet sounds, what pleasure to have her around his throbbing member, so helpless, so fragile, and to claim her as his. The marks of his touch already covered her flesh although he had been gentle for his standards and for once Thor was glad about the long-sleeve clothes of the slaves. He didn't want the bruises to be seen in public even if he personally regarded them as signs of possession, of the power he had over her, which stood in conflict to the lilac ring with the dove inside. ______ belonged to Balder still, the god whom her father had dishonored, and would be returned to his service as soon as he left the healing quarters. Thor dreaded that moment, knowing that it would happen too soon for his taste and that his dear brother would come up with something wicked to keep her from his reach. Even as king, Thor wouldn't be able to demand the maid whenever he wished - preferably all the time so that he could give in to his cravings the moment they arose. And Norns those cravings were compelling.

But Thor needn't worry about that now - not that he was capable to spare a thought when the thick head of his swollen cock rubbed so delicately against her inner walls.
"Mmmmh. Little kitten..." the fabric of her dress teared as his hold on her hips tightened, hoisting them up to access those sweet depths of hers and to protrude into her very core. ________ whimpered in pain, a few lonely tears smeared onto the fine wood. Fortunately the round didn't take long as needy as the god had been today and soon she felt his hot seed filling her belly, long spurts with each pulsation of his member and too much for her to contain, the wooden table being spoiled for good. For a brief moment the god poised, enjoying and storing the sensation of his cock being still buried deep within her as it slacked, warm and slick walls throbbing all around, while the blissful after-waves of his climax slowly abated. Motionless the maid waited for him to withdraw, disgusted and ashamed as to how empty she felt when he finally did so. Treacherous and selfishly her core came up with a nasty stinging soreness then, as a reply to the abandonment.

Absentmindedly and somewhat dizzily Thor strolled towards the fireplace while lacing his pants and there he casually let himself fall onto the large crimson couch, legs stretched comfortably in front of him and arms draped on the backrest. "Fetch me some mead!" he commanded the maid who had climbed down the table meanwhile, his voice calm and not urging but ________ knew better than to be misled by that. As fast as her aching limbs allowed she hurried over to the small serving cabinet near the fireplace and the couch, a full jug already provided there, and handed him a filled goblet shortly after. She didn't meet his gaze at the exchange, nor afterwards when she waited for further instructions, for she was too embarrassed and vulnerable to have him tease her again. The shameful and sticky evidence of his claim on her was dribbling idly down the insides of her thighs.

In silence Thor watched the flames as he drank, emptying the goblet with large and thirsty gulps so that he soon handed it the waiting maid again. The faint lilac glimmer on her upper arm beneath the cloth caught his attention then, his eyes narrowing in disapproval. "Those sigils will be altered soon." he stated coolly while she refilled the goblet with shaky hands. "To restrict the access for mortals to certain areas of the palace. Overall things are going to become much stricter for your kind."

_______ had heard fragments of what those alterations contained and despite the lack of profound details she sensed that mortals - especially slaves - would be facing harsher laws and even more injustice than before. What consequences this would have for her own predicament she didn't dare to imagine yet. Instead she focused intently on not spilling the mead while pouring and kept her gaze low when she handed the king his goblet.

"Time to remind everyone that they are dealing with gods!" Thor mumbled between gulps, his divine aura darkening suddenly so that the maid involuntarily shivered. Thor immediately caught the movement. She could literally feel his rage towards the assassin and although she herself had blacked out during the assault, the other maids and servants had gossiped a whole lot about what had happened that night. Rumors from the kitchen had it that this had been the Trickster's doing, one of his pranks gone out of hand, but ________ didn't believe one word of such crap. Why should Loki do that and blow himself up in the process as well? And his brothers too. It simply didn't make any sense. Probably one of Loki's personal slaves had talked drivel to harm his master, which had then transformed into this rumor.

_Loki wouldn't do that!_ her mind reassured her once more but she couldn't say as much about the giant in front of her, not with equal certainty at least. Who knew how far Thor was willing to go in order to achieve his goals. But then again, he had been hit by the explosion too and the only worthwhile target, the only thorn in Thor's eye had been Balder and his threats. Harming his whole family would have been a bit out of proportion in this context. So no, she didn't truly think that the new king was behind the attack even if it had served him well, allowing for a premature access to the throne. _Thor can't be that cruel and cold-hearted, now can he?_ the maid wondered as she dared to peak up from beneath her lashes, snatching a glimpse of him relaxing on the couch as self-consciously as ever, broad chest heaving with every breath. Suddenly she revived the moment when the assassin
had dropped his bombs, the deafening sound ringing in her ears, and how she had lost the ground under her feet as the tall god had knocked her over. Tangled in his arms and with his breadth enclosing her, so close, all her senses had been occupied by him. The oppressive feeling of him completely crushing her swashed at the forefront of her mind, a memory so intense and authentic that goosebumps spread all over her arms, her whole body trembling and swaying unsteadily.

Thor looked curiously at her then, his dark-blue orbs not revealing any emotion or though he might harbor, and without asking the maid answered his unspoken question, gaze glued to the floor: "I just thought of the explosion... too vivid imagination I guess... Please forgive me, your majesty!"

A nod was all she got in reply since the god obviously wasn't interested in any details of her state of mind, let alone of her wellbeing or such like. She wasn't surprised by that, really, but somehow it hurt nevertheless to be ignored like that. How ironic that it was exactly this selfish and cruel brute whom she owed her life. If not for Thor acting as an effective shield against the blast of the explosion, the maid surely would have been severely injured, perhaps even among the dead. This realization left a nasty taste behind and she really contemplated whether to be thankful or not.

"Come, I wish to go to bed!" the god's vibrating low voice suddenly distracted her from her pondering. She hadn't registered him rising but he was already walking towards the adjacent room, looking past his shoulder with a wolfish expression that made the bones in her legs wobbling and useless.

No, I won't thank him for that!

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The following morning approached far too quickly for Thor's liking, bringing an early and tiresome meeting along with it, and he found his study already crammed with people upon entering. All advisors, wise Aesir as old as the palace walls surrounding them, were waiting impatiently for their young king, their mumbling dying away as he finally appeared. Squeezing himself through the crowd towards his desk, Thor spied Loki among the gods and registered the grim look on those pale expressions, Loki's skin tone rivaling with the white snow outside.

With worry the king occasionally glanced at his brother during the meeting and the dark circles beneath those emerald eyes prompted him to have a talk in private with Loki soon.

In a rather long speech, Thor then declared his planned changes of the law regarding the rights and treatment of mortals, which all in all had a distinct tint of subjugation. In response to the assault during the Yule feast, the mortals weren't punished in a monetary way since this would only damage the thriving Asgardian economy, but instead their rights in this society as a whole were being limited. Henceforth gatherings had to be announced, weapons and all materials needed for their production were checked, and access to the palace was forbidden unless by the approval of a god or goddess. In court, mortals would receive a legally lower status than the gods, their words not being treated as of equal worth, which distorted the power imbalance between the races even more. As for slaves and servants, who didn't work voluntarily at the palace, their social status was reduced to that of an object with which the gods could act as they pleased. And as objects, their death, be it by the hands of a god or otherwise, was insignificant. Those were the main points of Thor's ideas and there weren't as many objections by the advisors as he had expected. In contrast, they seemed to fully agree and even
suggested further aspects or possibilities to tighten the net of laws. Only one or two of the old Aesir put in that this development could induce the mortals to exercise even more resistance, revolts and would perhaps result in a greater conflict. However, those arguments were played down by the rest of the advisors and stood no chance against the bottled-up resentment against mortals. So the new laws were written down in full detail at the spot and handed for the king to sign. Thor took his time to put his name on the document, a feeling of joy and proud filling him when he put the quill down again and reread the line.

King of Asgard, Protector of the Nine Realms and Ruler over all beings: Thor Odinson.

"Now see to it that copies of those lines are made public throughout the realm! Let everyone know of my decree!" Thor ordered as he handed the signed parchments to one of the eldest advisors, the paper yellowed and wrinkled like the man's hands. "We shall end this gathering for today and continue with fresh minds on the morrow!"

"As you wish, your majesty!" they mumbled in reply, bowing in respect and perhaps fear, and then left the study one after another. Except for the raven-haired god who remained standing gracefully near the window, his gaze roaming over the snowy courtyard of the palace. Also during the meeting, Loki had been oddly quiet.

"Finally we're done...." with an exhausted sigh Thor leaned back in his large chair, lounging more comfortably now that they were alone and he needn't be as tensed, as regal, in order to be respected. He hadn't expected those meetings to be so sapping. How did father endure those over the eons? the young ruler wondered, looking forward to the happy end of this day, when Loki suddenly spoke up.

"You did quite well, brother!" to tell whether he really meant it or not was hard since Loki kept staring out of the window, eyes that could betray him hidden from direct view, but Thor didn't detect any sarcasm in his voice.

"It's not as easy as I had thought... being king I mean." he said while scratching his beard.

"Your regency was born out of tragedy, it ought to be difficult!" there it was finally, a hint of bitterness as he spat the words out, brows furrowed ever so slightly. Loki's calm expression was not mirroring his true emotions, it never was, yet Thor knew his baby-brother well enough to sense what was going on inside his pretty head - well most of it at least and their father's death had hit Loki far more than he let on. But Thor wasn't good at spending comfort so he would avoid that topic if possible. It still was painful for him too.

"But I believe that if you handle this well, Asgard will forever be loyal to you." Loki replied oddly calm despite the pure rage welling up at the mere thought of that cursed day, of the coward of a human who stood behind this assault.

"And you?" Thor suddenly asked in full earnest and when Loki turned to face him he was startled to find the god walking towards him.

"What about me?" came the stammered reply, the faint smile covering his insecurity about what that
question implied, what truth Thor was really after, and the feigned naivety did its trick. Both brothers were tall, yet Thor had always towered above the other two, and up close he wasn't any less intimidating - if not for his ocean-blue orbs visibly clouded by worry. Loki's curiosity was full on now, waiting as Thor hesitated and obviously weighed his next words well.

"Are you loyal to me?" he finally asked in a low voice and Loki seriously wondered what had caused this particular question to arise. Apart from childish quarrels, the Trickster had always been and would certainly continue to be on his brother's side, no matter what. Their strong brotherly bond had already been tested by the Norns in the past, having the two stand through much adventures and troubles together. So why was there doubt in Thor's voice?

"Of course I am!" Loki exclaimed more enthusiastically as he put a hand on those broad shoulders, looking fondly (and slightly up) into Thor's face, his expressions softer. "Never doubt that!"

A small but significant smile appeared on Thor's bearded face, both gods poising for a moment, and somehow sentimentality got the better of Thor when he then blurted: "Let's dine together and perhaps share some drinks tonight?"

Thor bit his tongue the moment he had said it.

***

In retrospect it hadn't been such a good idea to invite Loki over, given that Thor was needy and heavily inclined to pursue his desires once he spied the maid in his chambers. She was polishing his ceremonial armor in the far corner of the salon, the metal vambrace glistening in the firelight as she turned it in her small hands, but she rose immediately when the god entered. The slight spark in her eyes upon realizing that he wasn't alone didn't elude Thor's perception. "Prepare dinner for me and my brother!" came a grumble from deep down his chest, annoyance clearly audible, and the addressed maids hurried outside at once. They had been trained well not to let their master wait, especially when he used that distinct tone of command. Likewise, __________ registered the disapproval in his voice and - equally habituated by now - tensed in fear as the gods approached. Thor stared down upon her for a tiny moment yet intensely enough to have her avert her gaze, cheeks slightly aflame, as if to warn her to behave. Only then did he proceed and put the few scrolls he was carrying into the shelf near her.

"I see you have made some changes in here." Loki pointed out as he strolled further into the room, pacing large circles in a false pretense to survey the interior when in fact he hoped to sneak a glance at __________. He hadn't properly seen her since the Yule feast where his brooding had tempted him to consume more wine than had been good for him and his eloquence, the consequence following instantly. In a naive and helpless attempt he had tried to tell the maid how important she had become to him and how much he missed her, yet all that had come out was a crude compliment which she probably hadn't taken serious at all. What an embarrassment. Guided by grief and rage, Loki had focused all his mental energy on the development of the new security system these days, successfully suppressing all thoughts or worries about the maid.
So Loki couldn't resist now to cautiously look over at her, watching as she hurried to clear the few utensils for polishing away, while Thor rid himself of his long thick cloak. The blazing fire place had nicely heated up the salon compared to the hallways of the palace and soon the raven haired god too shed his light mantle, revealing a green and blue tunic with a thin leather cuirass on-top.

"Just minor ones... nothing special." the king replied casually as he handed the heavy cloth to another maid, the poor girl struggling not to stumble when she walked away with it, and smiled knowingly to himself as he rolled up the sleeves of his tunic. "I didn't have enough leisure lately to consider redecorations!"

I was busy ravishing my little kitten...

The brothers settled at the small table of the salon for dinner, roasted stag with stewed winter vegetables, and kept their conversation rather shallow in the presence of the servants, avoiding hot topics like politics or anything else of too much interest. Mortals couldn't be trusted these days.

Thor devoured the meat in a wolfish manner, trying to channel his urges that way and have his hands occupied - only once did he brush along the polished surface of the table, recalling how he had fucked the girl on that very wood. Otherwise he would be too tempted to harass the little maid whenever she came closer to refill his goblet. Those teasing hips he liked to grab and bounce against his cock... If Loki wasn't here, this fantasy would come true shortly but alas Thor had imposed this torture on himself and had to test his patience. That didn't keep his hungry gaze off the girl though.

Once the dishes were cleared, Thor dismissed his servants for today - except one of course, which struck Loki by surprise. Why is Thor keeping her here? he wondered while the blonde handed his newly empty goblet to the maid who wordlessly obliged and fetched the jug for supply, fully aware of both gods watching her.

"Have you visited Balder yet?" Loki asked in a curious but neutral way so that the king wouldn't become suspicious as to where he was planning this conversation to go. And luckily Thor was too tired and stuffed to be perceptive for his tricks.

"No." his grip on the armrest tightened, the wood cracking slightly beneath his meaty fingers, and _________ shot the Trickster a worried look from behind the king's chair. He really shouldn't push this matter any further since Thor hadn't forgiven their brother's iniquity. But since when did Loki fail to provoke?

"Well he's healing quite nicely and should be over the worst by now. Eir recommended to have him in the healing quarters for another moon cycle to ensure his full recovery." Loki's gaze dashed from Thor to the girl and reverse, intently searching for any clue as to why the former was so on outs with Balder. And in fact, while the blonde remained a stern face, _________'s expression was oddly blank, all color swept from her lovely cheeks. Does she worry that much for her master? Loki was anxious (and oddly jealous) to know.

"Until then everything should be back to normal I suppose..." the Trickster added as he sipped
casually from his goblet, his mind restless in its pondering.

"Not everything..." Thor snorted with a slight smirk, glancing sideways to the maid whom he intended to keep for himself, no matter how Balder was faring.
In silence the maid stood behind the large couch and chairs, waiting for instructions, while the gods chatted casually over another round of mead. Although the current topic - women - was rather interesting, ________ could barely hold back a yawn as exhausted as she was from her life, limbs aching from the regularly harassments and the tasks she had to complete when Thor was not onto her. Now her feet and back hurt too because of the hours of standing still. But that was all tolerable compared to what awaited her once Loki had left. Oh why can't he stay the night? A silly thought, ________ knew and quit the pondering to listen once more to the gods’ conversation.

"So what about Sif? Isn't she your type?" Loki shot his brother a sly grin, eyebrows risen to cause an unwanted reaction that revealed some truth. Yet Thor only chuckled mildly in reply, keeping his thoughts to himself.

"She's quite a sight, I have to admit. But I don't know...I wouldn't say she fits my type." the blonde crossed his arms over his broad chest and sunk further into the chair as he relaxed, long legs stretched out and occupying most of the space in front of the fireplace. "Too strong-minded I suppose..."

"Is that why mother proposed Idunn then?" Loki retorted with a bold grin and Thor shook his head at the ridiculous thought of having Idunn as queen. In fact, marrying per se seemed like a bothersome matter which the new king really didn't want to tend to, not with the delights his little plaything could provide.

"I can only guess but she surely has other qualities than her wits!" he replied with a wink and Loki rolled his eyes in amusement as he sipped from his mead, the goddess's wobbling tits popping up unwantedly in his mind. If Idunn would focus more on education than on ways to cheaply present her assets, she would have a real chance among the many male gods - for a truthful relationship not solely based on desires of the flesh. And honestly it surprised Loki that his older brother didn't show more interest in the plump goddess, who seemed so eager to charm him with her curves - the whole court had noticed her cheap attempts.

"So you speak from experience?" still smirking Loki crossed his legs over each other and took a final gulp from his goblet, waiting for any blush to appear on Thor's bearded face as a sign of being
caught. But the blonde just shrugged casually, the grey tunic stretched considerably by the moving muscles beneath as he did so.

"One doesn't need experience to verify that!" Thor simply said, leaving his brother to guess whether he was hiding something or not.

Seemingly irritated by the answer and Thor's unexpected skills of not giving away anything for Loki to use, the raven-haired god dropped his smirk, was almost sulking, as put the empty goblet onto the couch table. Thereupon the maid stepped forward to fulfill her duty but he declined a replenishment, covering the goblet with his palm.

"I've had enough! Otherwise I won't find back to my chambers!" he explained as he quickly looked up into the maid's face, daring to hold her gaze for a few seconds in a foolish hope to see her smile at him, yet this selfish desire remained unsatisfied. Instead he found exhaustion overshadowing her lovely features.

"Indeed... Time for us all to retire!" came the low voice from the side and the maid visibly tensed as the blonde god rose, her heartbeat suddenly pounding rather vividly in her ears. In dismay she watched as Thor and Loki strolled towards the doors, the latter making some final punch line when they halted there. Either their voices were too hushed or the girl was simply too tired to understand what they were saying - honestly she didn't care much since her mind was already preparing for the upcoming torment anyway. Absentmindedly she straightened the skirt of her dress and fumbled clumsily with the hem as if a tidy appearance would make a difference.

"Go and prepare my bed!" the king ordered her then, half turned to see whether she obeyed as puzzled as she was by his sudden request, his hungry gaze glued to her butt until she vanished in the adjacent room.

"Why is she here?" Loki asked once they were alone in the salon, already holding the handle of the large doors and ready to leave yet hesitating, something was holding him back. Honestly the question had been vexing him the entire evening so he just couldn't resist to pose it now at the very last opportunity. For a long moment Thor looked scrutinizingly at his brother, weighing if there was any mischief behind his words and those emerald eyes. He had become careful when extending trust to siblings.

"Balder doesn't need her right now and she fulfills her duties very well." he finally replied in a low and calm manner, as if they were talking about a horse or some other object of use, and stepped forward to urge the other god to leave. A discrete attempt to put an end to this conversation before it could get out of hand. The least thing Thor needed now was his nosey brother sensing a hot trail to pursue. Because uncovering Thor's secrets was one of Loki's hobbies or games which he was just too good at.

So don't act suspiciously...

"Ah. ... So I've heard from our brother too. What a pity for you then that her service will be over so
soon!" Loki dropped the words like they meant nothing to him, like he couldn't care less about a servant's time at the palace, when in fact he aimed to plant a distinct thought inside his brother's mind. For Loki was selfish too. And Thor got the gist immediately, his jaw tensing slightly even if he already knew that he wouldn't let the maid slip his grasp. What was it, 3 or 4 years of service still? A blink of an eye for a god. But Thor ought to consider that this moment would come and until then he needed a plan how to prolong __________'s stay at the palace. Even under the new laws, mortals couldn't be forced into slavery without legal reason so unless she or her father committed any crime against the crown, her release was inevitable.

"Perhaps we can find a way around that... to avoid this loss." Thor said in a low voice as he guided his brother outside, the chilly air from the hallway hitting him as unsuspectedly as Loki's prompt and determined reply:
"If you need help... you know I'm good with loop-holes!" waving good-night the Trickster strode off and Thor watched him vanish into the shadows of the hallway, sensing a profitable alliance.

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The maid was fluffing up the pillows when she heard the muffled thud of the door being closed again, followed by heavy approaching footsteps of the giant that over-tuned her racing heartbeat in her ears. Even deep breathing couldn't soothe her nerves, every fiber of her body on alert, and she counted the seconds until she felt the large hands on her skin, warmth radiating from them even through her linen garment. She didn't refuse for it wouldn't have mattered anyway, would only have made him angry. Thor didn't hesitate to fuck her also this night despite the late hour and with the usual selfish vigor, ridding her of her clothes and bending her forward onto the bed. Facing the mattress and ass up high in the air, she endured him in silence, barely a whimper passed her lips as she cried, and she thanked the Norns that exhaustion caught up to him once he had spent himself. Thor collapsed beside her and fell asleep at the spot - providing a rare opportunity for the maid to sneak away with wobbling feet.

Aching all over she woke the next morning and the following ones too, shuffling towards the king's chambers to resume her duties - unable to shake off the feeling of him everywhere on and inside her - only to have this soreness be rekindled in the evenings. Thor seemingly didn't loose his appetite for her flesh nor did he refrain from teasing her during the day, be it with his intense gaze only. As stressful as it was, a certain routine manifested itself over time - also concerning Thor's ravishing - and after three weeks the maid found it somewhat easier to adapt to this schedule. There were a few sacred hours per day when the king wasn't in his chambers, attending meetings, training on the sand or giving audiences, where _________ could relax a bit and needn't worry about each of her steps. In the mornings, she managed to avoid any serious harassment because Thor didn't have much leisure - always being late for an appointment - and the chambers were filled with other servants anyway. So the worst were the evenings, after dinner, for Thor then unleashed his bottled-up lecherousness and selfish desires upon her - several rounds on average and none of them conducted half-heartedly.
It wasn't fair and the girl cursed her father for his greed and stupidity, cursed Balder for breaking his promise - twice! - and Odin too for just popping off and making way for Thor to rule. Even if she was still really pissed on Balder it would be better to serve him, away from the Thunderer, and she yearned for the moon cycle to become full. Balder had played with her hopes, elevating them only to have them crushed mercilessly, and for that she hadn't forgiven him yet. Everything had gotten worse due to Balder's great plan and __________'s heart hadn't fully recovered from this shattered hope, probably never would, and she doubted that it could survive a second time. And that was precisely what she feared to the core: hope reignited by Balder in yet another foolish attempt to gain the throne. Gods truly couldn't be trusted.

*Except Loki perhaps...* she thought to herself but a tiny voice inside her chimed that he would hurt her too one day for in the end he was a god. Why should he be different? Nevertheless she missed him and their sessions together, where she could enjoy herself without fear constantly nagging at the back of her mind. But as much as she picked up from Thor talking to others and from gossip, Loki was still busy with the security system, working on its implementation along side Vár, the goddess of wisdom. And besides, he probably was too occupied by his own grief to help or comfort her in this misery that was her life now.

*A prince of Asgard doesn't bother about a slave, remember?*

If only he could gift her wings out of magic that would allow her to escape these golden walls, carrying her to a better fate - a silly and cheesy wish but what else did she have? Lost in this phantasy she cleaned the wooden dresser inside the salon while more snow fell silently down from the grey skies. To be able to wipe across the large surface she stood on a small chair, barefooted as not to dirty the upholstery. While working she totally ignored the other maids present, like she always did. Somehow she had trouble to connect to them - apart from the platonic getting-along during their shifts - and it seemed that they didn't have much sympathy for her, perhaps even envied her for apparently being Thor's favorite among the servants.

*They can take my place anytime!*

"Stupid girls..." she muttered under her breath as she rubbed a particularly persistent spot of dirt on the wood, expending quite the effort until she had to give up on it. Sighing in frustration she then looked past her shoulder to check whether any of the other slaves were watching and quickly rearranged the scrolls and books on top of the dresser, hiding the spot. Thor wouldn't notice anyway, he wasn't that perceptive - at least not in this regard - as long as he had her ready to use as he pleased. He wouldn't care if her heart shattered into thousand pieces right in front of him and would dispose her once he had his fill on her - when she was worn and broken beyond repair. A tiny dirty spot surely wouldn't bother him.

*My well-being is just as meaningless...* In her pondering she hadn't noticed how time had slipped by and suddenly the double doors swung open to make way for the king. With large and heavy steps he entered, all servants bowing as he marched past them towards the desk at the back of the salon. Judging from the carless way he dropped the two books he was carrying there, Thor was in a mood. And that was dangerous.
A cold chill crept up the maid's spine as she clandestinely watched him rummage in the drawers of the desk, sensing his ill temper from his divine aura. Cursing loudly the god forcefully banged the drawer shut, giving utterance to his annoyance, and the sudden sound had the maid almost jump off the chair she was still standing on. Also the other servants shuddered visibly. Hoping to avoid him as long as possible, she decided to clean the dresser anew and continued to rub that damned spot, back turned to the god so that perhaps he would ignore her. The dark cloud of his temper would erupt on the first one who provided an opportunity, striking like a bolt, and so all the maids acted with utmost care as not to attract his attention. Silently they set up dinner on the small table near the desk, avoiding to clatter with the cutlery when putting it in place, while __________ arranged the books and scrolls on top of the dresser - again and with unnecessary precision. No one dared to speak and even the fire crackled timidly in the hearth.

Thor was scribbling some notes onto a parchment, scratching the virgin material with the sharp tip of the quill until it almost ripped, jaw tensed and muttering something between deep breaths. He seemed completely focused on whatever he was writing there, detached and ignorant to his surrounding when suddenly the piercing sound of metal clashing against stone hit the air. Slowly he lifted his head, unsettling dark-blue orbs peaking beneath golden locks, to find the source of the disturbance: the bell along with the food it was meant to cover lying on the marble floor. Horrified the poor maid with auburn hair beheld the mess she had created at her feet, then she met the king's cold gaze as he rose. Face as white as the wall she was paralyzed by the wrath that those eyes promised. "You worthless scum..." the last word was merely a grumble, low and threatening like the roll of thunder, and with a few heavy steps Thor rounded the desk with balled fists. __________ caught a glimpse of the dark look on his face, for she had halted in her tracks like all the others to witness, and oh boy this was bad. She ducked instinctively when the giant rushed by full of vim and vigor, strangely relieved that it wasn't her whom the bolt would hit but pitying the other girl nevertheless. We're all on our own in here.

Determined on punishing the clumsy mortal and blinded by his rage Thor didn't take notice of the one maid near the dresser, nor the chair beneath her feet that happened to be in his way. Accidentally he bumped with his boot against it, abruptly shoving the piece of wood aside.

Thor was about to continue his scolding, ready to act out his sour mood on the servant when he registered __________ falling off the chair, her beige dress swirling vividly in the air. Without thinking twice, almost out of a reflex, he whirled around and was just in time to catch her, hands on her back and waist – gripping her in a familiar manner. Totally puzzled she looked up at him, surprised that she hadn't hit the ground like expected, and her eyes widened when she realized that he was holding her mid-air. Also the other servants stared in bewilderment and perhaps envy, waiting what the king would do next. Surely he would yell at her for her clumsiness too.

Indeed the thought crossed Thor's mind and it wouldn't be unlike him but upon touching the mortal, almost cradling her tiny figure in his massive arms without effort, his rage receded somehow and transformed itself into a very different kind of inner heat. The urge to carry her to bed was strong, almost compelling as he beheld her blushing and frightened face, lips slightly parted in a sinful
invitation. But Thor snapped out of it before the other servants grew suspicious, quenching his rising desire, and put the maid down onto her feet. Only __________ could sense the reluctance of the movement.

"That was close... be more careful!" he growled in a low voice - not out of anger although it sounded similarly - as he lifted his intense gaze to roam over the flock of servants in the salon. "All of you!"

The maids bowed in respect and murmured their excuses, __________ too while her cheeks remained aflame and her mind stuck on the feeling of those muscled arms enclosing her.

"Now clean up this mess and fetch me dinner! I'm starving!" he added in his usual tone of command and returned to the notes on his desk which would hopefully distract him enough to prevent his pants from bulging.

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"Come here!" his vibrating voice rang a short while after dinner, the salon quiet as its inhabitant relaxed in front of the fireplace. With a queasy feeling __________ walked over there, each step forced and against her inner urge to run. But she was the only servant present – like usual at this hour - and obey she must. Despite the routine of the evening's entertainment, she was anxious and kept her distance to the giant on the couch. At least he wasn't moody anymore.

"Closer!" he chuckled and patted on the crimson upholstery beside him, tempting and showing his obvious amusement over her continuous naivety. As if he couldn't just grab and force her. Like a predator he watched as the maid settled next to him, remaining only a narrow cleft between their thighs and clearly within reach of his left arm which still rested on the back of the couch. The king had already shed his light armor for today so that only grey silk covered the flesh of his upper body, tracing the curves of his muscles in full detail. His broad chest heaved steadily, calm even, as he stared down on the small mortal who sat there anxiously, waiting for him to proceed as usual. They had tried out every possible position of fucking on that couch, but Thor still had ideas and was indecisive in his lewdness. So as a start he put his arm around her shoulders, enclosing and pulling her towards him until she was half draped across his lap and chest, one tiny hand resting on his pecs. She had learned not to refuse, not even think of it, and Thor let out a pleased grumble as he brushed along her side, slowly and deliberately.

"You have been very obedient these days." after a few minutes came a rumble from his chest as it vibrated beneath her and __________ contemplated whether it was a compliment or a curse. Whatever, she kept her mouth shut and tried not to be too irritated by those large fingers tracing her curves.

"And so pleasing... How could I ever abstain from you?" he added in a sensual voice, his other hand now urging one of her legs over his into his lap, rubbing her knee against the visible bulge there. He groaned slightly, his heated flesh pulsing in anticipation, more so when one hand found its way to her soft rear. There it remained for a while, kneading and squeezing a little with just enough pressure
not to hurt. Another few minutes passed like that – which was odd on its own – and the god seemed to have fallen into a thoughtful silence. Strange, very strange. So the maid was tensed, waiting on alert for what would happen next because this petting for the sake of it wasn't according to their unwritten protocol here. Straight on to a good fuck, right?

Look how screwed she had become, being unable to cope with not being ravished as usual – unable to feel glad for his resistance. She really considered to break this maddening silence herself when Thor's vibrating voice filled the air again.

“Balder is returning to his chambers the day after tomorrow. I still haven't visited him yet...” It was a plain statement that told tales about the king and his brother – and it explained why Thor had been or apparently still was in a mood. More importantly, however, was what it implied for the maid. In two days hence she would return to her master's service.

Return to the god who had gambled with her hopes and dreams, crushing them in his selfish ambition. Return to the hide and seek game with the king, which she would eventually always loose. Thor would haunt her thoughts, each step, like an invisible veil that threatened to smother her any time - same as now but there would be great uncertainty about when and where he would ravish her. As strange as it seemed, the schedule that had become custom practice sounded far easier to bear in comparison. What a twisted thought, indeed, to even consider which god she preferred to serve yet she couldn't shake off the want for this illusion of safety. Safety to know about her torment.

"Balder would only make false promises again, to protect and help when he is unable to provide both for himself!" the maid thought to herself as she stared holes into the king's grey silk tunic. When he is the reason for my torment to begin with!

Thor sensed a change in her mood, her small body shifting under his arms as he held and petted her. He had been deeply lost in thoughts, pushing away the urges of his flesh, when suddenly those tiny hands tightly gripped his tunic. He could tell she was glaring, obviously being upset by what he had said - or rather by what he had implied. How intriguing. With little effort the giant shoved the mortal higher up, having her straddle one of his massive thighs. Too bad that the skirt of her dress rode up considerably, too tempting not to peek at the freshly revealed skin. Warmth pooled in his loins when he spied the faint blue marks of his touch there. A blink of an eye later and his crude hand brushed over said spot, like an artist admiring his own piece. _________ had kept her gaze low the entire time, too focused on her grudge on Balder to care much about the change in her position nor the large and hot hand on her thigh. Until his attention was solely on her again, pinning her down like needles do a butterfly. Suddenly she became too aware of her exposed skin, not to mention her compromising way she rode his thigh, and Hel she couldn't keep the red from her cheeks. Thor watched all of it in silence - a new means of torture, the maid realized - and with his other hand he took hold of her chin then, just hard enough to tilt her head back.

"Balder won't keep you away from me!" he promised as he met her gaze, also to himself not to let his little brother manipulate him ever again. “You know why?”

The answer was clear from the start: Thor was king, the ruler over everything within these realms and no one should dare to question that. Especially not his own kin and the narrowed blue eyes hinted at how offended the god still was by his brother's betrayal. So the maid remained silent to this rhetoric question – better not risk anything.

“Because you, little kitten...” his thumb brushed along her bottom lip, feeling the softness of it but not pushing beyond to enter. Yet.

“... are mine!” Thor beheld the blushing maid in his lap, already thinking of indecencies he would
pursue with her, when all of a sudden those plump lips parted on their own. A moist, warm flick over his thumb followed. *Her tongue.* Thor's mind put to record somewhere at the back, while the rest of him was on fire.
Hey there, my loyal readers! Thanks for staying tuned (and addicted to this story)!

As promised, here is the next chapter with so much going on and I have already great plans for the upcoming ones. Thanks also for your many comments, I really appreciate some feedback and perhaps one or two ideas will find their way into the plot ;)

So, more Loki in this one and also his perspective - for a change. He will have more 'stage time' in the next installment, I'm already giddy with excitement myself! I also tried to explain some of the questions raised in the comments so far.

+15k <3

A sinister spark crossed the god's eyes, the blue shifting to a darker shade, and his hold on her thigh tightened, fingers digging slightly into her skin. It had been a brief touch, so easy to miss, yet the sensation of her tongue flicking across his thumb was imprinted on Thor's consciousness. What a sweet reminder of why his pants were bulging in the first place, now demanding for immediate attention and satisfaction. Very much unlike himself, Thor had been lost in thoughts, in his persistent grudge for Balder, so that he had forgotten the desires of his flesh for a moment. But now he was back on track, his divine aura becoming more sensual, bewitching even, as he focused on the little maid in his lap. Seemingly she sensed his intentions, judging from the fear in her eyes as she looked up into his bearded face. Despite everything he had done to her, she still managed to hold his intense gaze, not to challenge but rather in an adorable way - another intriguing mannerism of hers. And then those lips.

"Unbutton my trousers!" he growled with sudden urgency and watched impatiently as the small hands began to fumble with the leather, the maid shifting in his lap as she clumsily worked on those buttons. It all took too long for the god's taste so eventually he interfered and pulled harshly, tearing the leather, to have access to this cock. Hot and needy the hard shaft pulsated against his palm. "Much better now without the confinement..." he sighed as he lazily pumped himself a few times, eyes fluttering almost shut but registering the blushing maid who watched him blatantly. She couldn't keep her eyes off those large fingers enclosing his still growing girth, noticing a vein beginning to show at the under side that led to the red, glistening tip. Until now ________ had never really had the chance to behold the god's glory in full detail because usually Thor was too eager to sink into her folds. To be honest, he looked every inch as big as he felt inside and her womb twisted at the memory. But not only that.

"I'm afraid I'm currently unclean, your majesty..." she blurted then, right before Thor could hoist her onto his shaft or take her from behind against the back of the couch. It was the truth, really, even if it came out as a weak excuse and the maid feared that Thor wouldn't let it pass. It was unlikely that he cared about the menstrual cycle of a slave, especially if this would prevent him from a good fuck. Or so she thought.

"Too bad..." another few pumps to have him fully hard, the first drop leaking, as he considered how to proceed. Thor didn't like it when there was blood during sex - a downside of female company - but alas there were other options for him to achieve satisfaction. One of which he wanted to try for a
while now.
"I shall have your mouth then!"

After a quick rearranging, the god had his legs stretched on the couch, the maid crouching between and resting her hands on his hips as her head dipped down. A few inches above the thick shaft she halted, hesitantly licking her lips and gulping once more before she dared to take him in, the tip easily parting her lips. Oh boy, he wasn't any smaller that way and soon the maid realized that there was too much of him - as always. So she settled on the part of his shaft that fit inside her mouth, careful as not to graze him with her teeth as she moved her head up and down in a steady rhythm. Honestly she had no clue how to please a man like that, what special tricks and finesse one could possess at this skill, but Thor's low grumble told her that she was doing well. If only her jaw wouldn't hurt that much...

Thor watched with fascination as his thick shaft vanished inside her pretty little mouth - at least one third - and enjoyed the warm, wet sensation of it. What a sight, as she crouched there between his legs, both hands and mouth busy working on his release yet failing to encompass him fully, highlighting the considerate difference in their size. Another sigh that came close to a moan escaped his full lips, his head falling back in pleasure, and soon it wasn't enough. He longed to get deeper in, to fuck her mouth down to the throat. So in his greedy need, Thor put his hand on the back of her head and pushed. Little surprise that the maid refused with all her strength as he forced himself till the back of her throat and eventually she started coughing violently around his member. As tempting as the idea sounded, Thor didn't want her to choke on his cock - not really.

So annoyed and somewhat disappointed the god withdrew both hand and cock, allowing the mortal to catch her breath. Like a frightened ball and slightly shaking she sat between his massive legs, a hand covering her mouth as she coughed a few times more. It was then that he noticed the tears in her eyes.

"We ought to practice that a little more..." came the growl from deep down his chest, not hiding his displeasure, and _________ shrank back further, stifling another cough. Maybe flattery would avert a punishment.

"I'm sorry, your majesty... B-but there is so much of you." she stared at her lap as she replied timidly, the red on her cheeks intensified by the light coming from the fireplace nearby. Oh how Thor wanted to ravish her tight little cunt right now, have her squirm and whimper beneath him. Unclean...the reasonable side of him admonished, barely able to keep control of the nether instincts that urged him otherwise, and it all had him rather indecisive and impatient. Then he looked back into her watery eyes and settled for an option.

"Try again with your hands, little kitten!" he ordered despite his true cravings and focused on those tiny soft hands barely able to encompass him fully. Yet she tried so hard to please him, pumping up and down as best as she could, to amend for her failure earlier and to put the king into a happy mood. She seemed almost frantic to do so, working on his release with her entire body - her wobbling tits providing a nice show even through the linen shirt.

With a loud groan the king reached his apex, finally, throwing his head back against the couch as the pleasure overwhelmed him. He was just in time to cover his cock and have the sticky fluid shoot in his hand instead of everywhere else - he preferred to spoil others with it but not himself. Then the sweet exhaustion had him sink further into the couch.

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Silken and smooth his voice hugged each of the many words, ringing clearly but not too loud inside
the healing room. With one slender finger he traced the sentence as he read out loud from the book on his crossed legs, the other hand occasionally brushing a strand of raven-black hair behind his ear. It was late morning, on a busy day as ever, yet Loki had deliberately taken his time to come here and spend time with the former queen. Rarely were the healing quarters so peacefully as when the youngest prince read to his mother. He had often done so in his childhood, barely able to master all those eloquent words, and although he still enjoyed the task it was overshadowed with sadness today. Because today the queen couldn't look at her son with eyes full of proud and love - she never would again thanks to the assault. While every scratch and wound had healed properly, Frigga's sight was forever damaged and what remained were only memories and her visions. But she would never see the faces of her sons again.

"You read with such lightness, it is a pleasure to listen, my darling!" she interrupted Loki at the end of one chapter, patting with her hand on the mattress as she searched for his, and although she heard him smile she could very well sense the sadness looming above Loki like a cloud. He was filled with anger and grief, probably more than the queen herself, and it pained her that there was no means for her to ease the burden of his heart. All she could offer was love and advice if he would seek it. She felt her hand being gently clasped by his, then a kiss on its back as soft as the touch of a feather. He remained silent though.

"Please do not dwell too much on the past, it will not bring back what is lost." she squeezed his hand like the caring mother she was, spending comfort for the boy without a father. Even if her own heart ached at the thought of it, Frigga needed to be strong for her sons. Loki still didn't reply, his silence speaking volumes.

"Help your brother to rule. The first decades are the hardest and he will need your qualities to remain a balance within the Nine." she continued and could hear him chuckle finally.

"Of course I will. Thor's crude ways would bring us war at the first opportunity!" Loki could already imagine the upcoming meeting with the Vanir Lords going out of hand because of his brother being himself. So he regarded it as his duty to assist the new king as best as he could, filling Thor's diplomatic gaps.

Suddenly voices were audible, no a tumult as it seemed, and both son and mother poised to listen. When the rumbling didn't diminish, the familiar shouts becoming remarkably louder, Loki was overcome by curiosity and left his mother's bedside. As he stood on the small hallway inside the healing quarters, he could locate the noise coming from a few rooms further down where several healers, assistants and servants had already gathered in front of the door. It's Balder... He realized, still trying to figure out who else was shouting. Moments later the king stormed out of the chamber, face red and obviously in a rage judging from the way he banged the wooden door shut, almost having it jump out of its hinges.

"He stays a while longer!" Thor barked at the chief healer, Eir, a distant cousin of his, who looked as puzzled and anxious as the flock of mortals around her.

"A-as you wish, your majesty!" Loki heard her reply while the blonde god marched away, his angry footfall audible long after he had gone, and then Eir cautiously vanished into the chamber. A gasp, followed by the goddess calling for her assistants in an urgent tone and Loki didn't hesitate to rush there himself. The mortals all made way for the prince as he entered and in shock he beheld his brother crouching on the bed, nose bleeding and face swelling from some nasty punches.

What in the Nine was that about?

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Still rather confused and concerned about the occurrence in the healing quarters, Loki stood among 
the royal advisors and other gods during their meeting with the king. From the very beginning of 
their gathering it had been clear that Thor was in a horrible mood, dark clouds already forming on the 
sky and the air inside the study seemed to thin out the longer the meeting went. Thus Loki decided to 
keep his report about the newly implemented security system short and concise, sparring everyone 
the details while he couldn't help but emphasize at several points how much finesse it entailed. He 
needed the appreciation, haughty as he was.

Anyways, everyone present was impressed and glad to hear that the safety of the gods and goddesses 
living inside the palace was guaranteed - except Thor, who remained a stoic, stern expression paired 
with a cold gaze none of his noble advisors dared to cross. At one point it seemed like he was lost in 
thoughts, not at all listening, dark-blue orbs softening a bit and Loki swore he saw the shadow of a 
smirk beneath the golden beard. Very confusing indeed. It had to be connected to Thor's fight with 
Balder earlier today - which obviously was something far beyond their usual brotherly bickering - 
and Loki couldn't shake off the jealously creeping up his neck for not being in on the secret.

*How could I miss this? What matter is important enough to have them so upset?* the raven-haired 
god wondered and clandestinely watched the king from the corner of his eye while he continued to 
report.

"Slaves and servants shall have access only to those areas where their duties lie and are restricted by 
a time schedule. They cannot enter a god's suite during the night for example, or at any other hour of 
the day preferred by their master. The same applies to sleeping quarters, the kitchens and so forth." 
Loki explained self-consciously despite his brother's glaring, Var at his side. "In two days hence, 
every mortal within these golden walls should have a new tattoo and the implementation will be 
complete! As for the palace itself, individuals without a tattoo are restricted to the main courtyard and 
the foyer. Audiences must be registered and need special permission by his majesty."

Several advisors put in some questions as soon as Loki was finished, addressing details which he had 
purposefully skipped, but he didn't get the chance to reply.
"Well done brother." came a low grumble, cutting through the other much louder voices with ease 
and in a tone that caused goosebumps on one's skin. Silence flooded the study, the tension 
surrounding the king becoming almost palpable, and then - against every odds - Thor smiled.

"Just as I expected! Thanks to you, we shall all rest assured that our nights are safe and undisturbed 
again." the blonde god said, his smile changing in a distinct way which Loki knew all too well from 
his sibling.

*Thor is feeling triumphant... But which battle did he win?*

Spurned by curiosity, Loki tried to lure some hints out of his brother while chatting during the brief 
lunch break but Thor successfully defied him. Not a single word passed his lips that gave away 
anything. It was frustrating, infuriating even, and too soon the meeting continued. Now Tyr and Sif, 
who commanded the Asgardian forces, were present too and once again the atmosphere inside the 
study changed for the worse while the king skipped through the report of the latest assault. He would 
have to read every line in detail during the upcoming days, yet for now the gist sufficed: the mortal 
assassin had been caught and under torture he had revealed that there had been a small group of 
mortal resistance at work. They had hired him, a professional juggler, to drop the bombs which had
been specifically made for this purpose - Thor skipped forward - ah, there. An analysis of the bombs listed its compounds and apparently a few of them were not available on Asgard. Since the palace gates had been wide open at the Yule feast - also because of the many supplies, food, etc. required for the banquet - smuggling the bombs in hadn't been very difficult. Everyone had been too busy to look closely.

All in all, the report proved that the gods had felt too secure, too inviolable in their own home, and Odin's death had been the punishment for this arrogance.

"Check when and by whom those substances were imported in the last couple of months! Search also the black-market!" the king roared in a deep tone of command when the meeting came to an end. "And find out more about this group of resistance! We ought to smash it as soon as possible - before they can strike again!"

The advisors who had been quarreling amongst each other became silent, nodded and bowed in respect, all eager to find the members of this resistance group and flay them alive. For once they were united in a cause, willing to obey their king without doubts and so Thor felt more powerful than ever after that meeting.

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In a much better mood, Thor waved with his empty goblet and called for his favorite maid once they were alone after dinner. The fireplace was crackling nearby, candles being lit here and there, to tint the salon into a (false) cozy atmosphere. With eyes glued to her, the god watched as she carefully poured the mead, then put the jug back on its place on the wooden table he was sitting at.

"Come to my lap, little kitten!" he commanded after a large sip, pleased by her immediate obedience and the wariness he noted in her movements. Since his legs were to far apart as he lounged in the chair, she settled only on his left thigh, which provided enough space to sit upon anways. Her legs were dangling freely between his and one bulky arm snaked around her waist to keep her there and provide stability. Yet the little gallantry didn't have the intended effect - meant to calm the feeble mortal - and instead he felt her shuddering beneath his touch. More so than usual.

"Don't fret, little one." his low voice rang and close as she was she could feel his chest vibrating as he spoke. "I won't have you while you are unclean."

______ looked up into his beared face to check whether he was joking, playing with her, but his expression seemed serious and honest - wow.
"Unless you beg me to fuck you, that is." he added with a tiny smirk appearing beneath the golden beard, widening when the maid blushed from ear to ear.

"Thanks for making allowances for me, your majesty!" she stumbled promptly once she noted his expectant stare and it all only added to the maid's confusion. Because obviously this brake she was being granted was some kind of reward, a mercy, she ought to be thankful for - which she was, truly, since she had resigned her claims to any rights she once had.

Slaves are objects in a god's eyes...

So why did he care? Or was is merely a trick to have her obedient, to lure her into a false sense of
safety? 's mind was on alert and warily watched the giant as he leaned forward to grasp his goblet, finding herself being slightly squished between the tree-trunk of a thigh she was sitting on and his broad chest. Norns, his smell... and the heat radiating off him in waves!

"I visited Balder today." Thor suddenly said to rip the maid from her pondering, his grip on her waist tightening to stop her restless shifting.
"So I've heard..." her mumble was barely audible, not meant for his ears, yet the king picked it up nevertheless.
"Tell me about the gossip!"

"Well... ahm..." her gaze dipped down to her hands in her lap and out of a habit she sucked her lower lip in as she hesitated. If only she knew what that evoked inside the god.
"Go on... I won't bite..." he purred in a husky voice that betrayed how eager, how ready, he was despite his promise earlier, and it required quite some willpower not to give in.

"They say you lost it because of your grief and then beat him up for nothing," she replied, still avoiding his gaze and thus rather surprised when the giant began to laugh full-heartedly. If not for him holding her, she would have kissed the ground for sure.

"Really? That's too good!" he shook his head as he took another long sip from the goblet, amusement softening his usually stern expression. Truth be told, Thor hadn't visited to check on his brother's well-being - he could have asked Eir for that piece of information. The purpose of it had been to behold Balder's expression, his frustration and anger, once he realized that Thor was king now and that his own efforts to gain the throne had been in vain. Although Balder stressed how horrified he was about what happened and that he certainly hadn't had a hand in it, Thor still didn't believe him. Not fully. And this lost trust would be so hard to rebuild - both brothers knew. So eventually during their talk, Balder had been overcome by desperation and had raged inside the healing room. Thor had only done what had been necessary to stop him and the sly bastard had called for it months ago anyway. Well and thus the broken nose.

"Let me correct that. It wasn't for nothing and I did it on purpose." the king said after a brief pause, his hand beginning to brush along her back, tracing her spine through the linen shirt. The maid's body replied to him with goosebumps dotting her skin and a shiver despite the heat inside the salon. For a moment Thor considered to have her snuggled up against his chest to warm her but there were more exciting ways to do so - rubbing their naked bodies against each other for example.

"Balder would have returned to his suite today and you with him. So I prolonged his stay in the healing quarters." Thor whispered in a low voice, his other hand now cupping her face to have her meet his intense gaze.
"I couldn't let him take you away from me, my little kitten! Especially not since you seem to welcome my touch..."

With his thumb the god parted her lips, toying with the idea to put them to use and it was then that the maid realized what she had unsettled by (accidentally) flicking across his thumb the other day. Apparently he had interpreted it as a plea to remain in his service, an encouragement for his actions. Suddenly ________ felt rather nauseous, her lower belly constricting even more than usual during her period.

What have I done?!
Against all reason she then leaned - no, collapsed against his broad chest with eyes firmly shut and her whole body crouched. Paralyzed by shock and the stinging of her abdomen, she didn't mind when Thor cradled her in his arms like a wounded puppy, pressing her even closer against him. She didn't mind that this would reassure his assumption that she welcomed his touch - what a nice phrase - because it was too late to change that anyway. She was screwed.

Silence flooded the salon then, only the fire crackling nearby while both god and mortal remained in this position for a while. Now and then, Thor let out a content sigh and smiled clandestinely into his beard that he had successfully tamed the kitten. She really did behave so much better in his lap. Somehow he managed to keep his urges at bay and instead enjoyed this - whatever they were doing here. Not that he would ever admit that, Norns no, yet he couldn't help but feel annoyed when a knock on the door interrupted the idyllic scene.

_Damned, I totally forgot about Loki!_
A ravenous beast

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait.

Thor’s being his jerky-self and oh I’m so thrilled to write the next chapter! *more drama ahead*

Enjoy and thanks for the kudos/comments!!

The Thunderer let out a displeased grumble in reply to the unwanted interruption, __________ stirring in his arms, and despite his inner cravings he straightened up in his chair to signal the maid that he intended to rise. No one should see them like this. Recent politics was challenging enough without a scandal.

But one day I shall show them all that you are mine...

"Off you go, little one!" he whispered to his plaything as she jumped off his lap - much less reluctantly than he secretly wished - and smacked her delicate butt before she was out of reach and the large door opened. Calm and smug as ever, Loki entered the salon in a casual but rather exquisite attire, blue and green silk with golden trimming, and undoubtedly his outfit bested the king’s grey-tunic and leather-pants combo. An attentive observer might have wondered why Loki was obviously over-dressed for both the current hour and the occasion, as if to impress. In fact, his mere presence seemed out of place since the king rarely had visitors after dinner but __________ was preoccupied by the fuss in her mind to scrutinize that. With a queasy feeling pooling in her gut, she glanced towards the king to judge the current situation based on his behavior. Like a lazy cat after a slumber, Thor was stretching his long limbs as he stood between the chair and the fireplace, acting unsuspiciously in front of his sibling and seemingly not bothering one tiny bit. She really wished she had those nerves. The brothers greeted each other with a curt nod, Loki standing in the middle of the room where he could scan his surroundings - visibly relaxing once he found the maid preparing some drinks at the dining table. Joy sparked in his emerald eyes as his gaze brushed hers in a split second.

"Feel free to settle yourself!" the king gestured vaguely at the wooden table while he himself walked over to the desk filled with papers and reports, all waiting to be read thoroughly for the upcoming meetings and pending decrees. Thor sighed at the prospect and let himself fall into the chair, wood creaking beneath his weight, and sullenly he began to restore some kind of order there. In contrast, Loki seemed to be in best spirits as he gracefully settled at the head of the table, back facing the desk and his long legs crossed to show his polished leather boots. Apparently he was making himself comfortable to stay. Once again __________’s eyes flew to the king, instinctively, because one ought to check on the lion in the room, then she served both gods their drinks. First came the king, of course, but it was his brother whom she faintly smiled at as she put the goblet in front of him.

Why are you here?
"Thanks again for your permission, brother. You know how much I like to play." came the reply to her unspoken question, addressed to the king, and in surprise she watched Loki magically conjure a chess board, the ebony figures shining proudly in the fire-light. She couldn't stop her smile from widening at the sight.

"As long as I get to work..." Thor murmured from between piles of papers, not even bothering to look up and instead really trying to focus on the state matters on his desk. Thus he failed to notice the wordless exchange between his brother and the maid, their secret conversation through facial expressions that clearly showed how glad both were to see each other again. Knowing as much but still not willing to risk anything, Loki kept the amusement out of his voice as he replied: "We shan't disturb you, I promise."

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It was odd to say the least, playing chess with Loki inside the king's salon and with the blonde giant just sitting a few feet away. __________ caught herself glancing towards him more often than usual, worried that he might be watching them play - and be angry about Norns knew what. The fear of Thor being annoyed or enraged was constantly on the back of her mind that evening and even if he didn't seem to mind, she remained on alert. Soon her head spun in response to the brooding - she swore one could hear it rattling aloud - and the poor girl could barely concentrate on the game itself. Concluding from what she had witnessed so far, Thor had allowed (perhaps even induced) Loki to be here and ensure that Thor worked instead of pursuing his urges. Sending her away was no option, he had never done that before reaching satisfaction, and the maid guessed that tonight wouldn't be an exemption.

Self-serving as ever.... she thought to herself as she put the bishop where it would threaten the black knight, forcing Loki to retreat. But he seems nicer recently, granting me a pause... a blush crept along her cheeks, her gaze darting over to Thor. And the way he held me earlier...very odd indeed. Those strong arms had felt way too comfortable, too alluring as they had enclosed her and pressed her against his warm, large body, and __________ now realized how long she had been deprived of similar experiences. The last time that she had received some affection had been from her dear mother, Norns grant her mercy, when she had left the secure walls of her parents' estate for good. It felt like an eternity ago, the memory of her mother hugging her slowly receding into the void of her mind, one detail every day, and instead the loneliness inside her grew. Even if her brother Einar was somewhrew inside the palace, she rarely saw him since their shifts didn't match and the soldiers had their quarters in an entirely other part of the building. Their lunch breaks weren't long enough to meet and be back in time and with the new security system things got even more complicated with limited access to certain areas of the palace. Thus she was on her own, parted from the last beloved sole in this cold world. But that didn't make her blind, nor did she let her guard down when it came to interactions with the Thunderer.

Gods are cruel, never forget that! I will always hate him for what he did to me.

As time passed without any scolding or negative interference from the king, the maid relaxed a bit and despite it all enjoyed her special company. They didn't talk much, of course, and she would address the prince with his title if she did so - a fact Loki loathed already but it couldn't be avoided
right now. During the game he mustered his friend and came to realize that she looked very 
exhausted and upset. But then he remembered what she had endured since her stay at the palace, 
what it meant to be a slave and he wasn't surprised anymore that those strains had left some traces on 
her appearance. Loki's heart sank. 
*She should get some rest...* he thought as he spied the current late hour on the clock atop the dresser. 
Yet here he was in his selfishness and demanded for her presence, forcing her to stay awake and 
entertain him because, well just because. Over the past days, Loki had tried to talk to some of his own 
amaids in a foolish attempt to find a substitution for the one he longed to spend time with. But they 
were all annoying, boring and so well conditioned by fear that they had shivered like leaves even if 
he really had tried to be nice. In the end he had snapped at them nevertheless, reinforcing their 
behavior, and had went straight to Thor to - he wouldn't say beseech but - ask very nicely if he could 
borrow __________ for a chess round. That Thor allowed it under the condition to play right under 
his nose hadn't been part of the plan but admittedly, it was reasonable. This way, no one would see, 
hear or ask anything and besides, what other choice did he have? 

__________ was in the king's service until Balder returned from the healing quarters - which would 
take far longer than Loki had anticipated. During his last visit, the youngest prince had confronted his 
sibling with the obvious conflict between him and the king. That it had been some sort of punishment 
was clear, Loki had pointed out in a calm and analytic manner but Balder's persistant silence in 
response to any questions had him yell eventually. None the wiser but frustrated and enraged, Loki 
had stomped out of the healing quarters like a pouting little child excluded from a game. Oh he 
would find out the truth about it all, he had sworn to himself but frankly, longing thoughts of the 
pretty maid would often intercede his plotting. And also that evening, Loki found himself consumed 
by her presence - soaking in every detail of her, every trait and every flaw - so that he didn't register 
subtle signs of Thor's possessiveness over her. Nor did he dare to confront Thor with the brotherly 
quarrel, for the sake of being able to play with the maid. It seemed much more important than the 
truth.

After the second round, Loki deemed it appropriate to throw some modest jokes into their platonic 
conversation because that was what he always did, no matter whom he talked to. Still he felt 
triumphant when the girl diagonally across from him giggled sweetly and leaned back in the 
monstrosity of a chair. Honest joy that reached her eyes but it was rather shortlived as she then 
clutched her under-belly in a protective manner. 
"Are you in pain?" the concern in his voice was perhaps a tad too prominent and at the back of his 
mind he registered Thor's attention resting on them like a heavy cloth. He ought to be careful now 
and willed his hand to remain in his lap despite the urge to comfort her. 
"No, not really... It's just..." she stumbled with a slight blush of embarrassment. "Female issues, your 
highness." Once again she glanced towards the king, holding her breath as she met and held his 
stern, suspicious gaze until he resumed reading the scroll in front of him. Exhaling in relief and still 
red on her cheeks she then made her move, placing her pawn on a rather doubtful position on the 
board. There had been a strange spark in his dark-blue orbs, something for her to worry even if she 
couldn't name it yet.

Still she didn't understand why Thor granted her this pause, allowing her to leave his suite a few 
minutes after Loki had left - without touching her - and to her great surprise the raven-haired god 
reappeared the following evening and the one after that too. Same time, same smug smile as he set up 
the game on the wooden table while Thor vanished behind his desk and for once in her life 
__________ was grateful, if not happy, to have a long period. Because of the recent stress in her life, 
it hadn't occured as regularly as usual but at least she didn't need to worry about a pregnancy. Gods 
and mortals couldn't procreate, never had and never would because it was sheer blasphemy - and 
because of some genetic stuff as her home-teacher had elaborated. End of story and saving her a lot
of trouble. So Thor could fill her up with his seed without second-thoughts. Hooray. And somehow the maid sensed that her master's patience began to run dry, especially so on the fifth day of not using her, and she seriously wondered how he had soothed those urges throughout the eons. How many women must he have had? How many of them broken and ruined in the flame of his desire?
As if sensing that he was on her mind, Thor looked up from his parchments then and clandestinely watched the two players.

While reading the tiny scribbling of the elder, his thoughts had drifted off far too often to be productive tonight, his neglected cravings pushing such sweet images at the forefront of his mind. Thus he gave up on seriously working much earlier than he had planned and instead focused his attention on the little interactions between __________ and Loki over there. His brother had his back half turned towards the desk so it was hard to see his expressions, one could only guess from his body language, but at least the maid was on full display as she sat on a large red pillow in that over-sized chair. She didn't touch any of the wood, neither the chair's back nor the table in front of her, her posture straight and as proper as her conversation-skills. Not once did she fail to address her opposite correctly or misbehave in some way, her words chosen with care and eloquence that hinted at a costly education. Gracefully she then moved her bishop, her small hand flying across the board, and Thor found himself envious of the ebony-piece being handled so gently. Transfixed as he was he didn't catch the other god's words - a jest presumably because ____________'s entire face then lit up with a bright smile. A strange knot formed in Thor's gut at the sight, twisting, until it morphed into a familiar burn of ravenous need.

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The palpable tension inside the salon once Loki had left was enough reason to worry, not to mention the absorbing gaze Thor shot at her as she handed him the refilled goblet. After wishing his brother goodnight, the king was relaxing in the same seat that Loki had occupied earlier that evening, his large body barely being contained by the chair. ____________ counted the seconds as they ticked by, nothing audible except the timid crackling of the fireplace, and waited to be dismissed just like the previous nights. A naive wish, yes, and after a few minutes of standing like a column beside the king, the maid realized the shift in his mood. He wasn't going to dismiss her. Not just like that.

Thor noted her shudder from the corner of his eyes as he took a long sip from his goblet, his appreciation not showing on his stern expressions however, and sank further into the chair to spread his legs welcomingly.
"Back to your place, little kitten!" he ordered while patting on his thigh once he had put the goblet back down and his low, grim voice finally had the maid on full alert. Shakily she approached the god and settled on his thigh near the knee, her legs dangling between his. Immediately his hands were on her flesh, groping and claiming what was his so that she had no chance to move. Grabbing the front of her neck and her waist he adjusted her position, shifting her butt to his center and pressing her down there - to let her feel his lust for her.

Thor let out a rumbling groan into her ear as he held her close to his body radiating with hot desire, his hardness pressed against her small delicate butt. Oh what teasing sensation, bringing sweet memories of past pleasure to full life so that the burning need inside the god intensified with each wriggle and shift of the skittish maid.
"I'm still unclean, your majesty!" she stuttered as she felt his hand snake beneath her skirts, roaming along her thigh upwards, and the feeble plea in her voice made it sound less like a protest. She had learned her lesson about defying the Thunderer. But why not try to win another day or two even when her period was almost done? "Hm... really?" his hand didn't stop at her panties, thick fingers rudely pulling them aside to gain access to her sweet core. The maid stilled in his lap as he pushed three digits-deep inside.

"The fifth night it is.." his finger twisted as it explored and tested. "It can't be that much anymore..." it was only a husky whisper that he brought forward as preoccupied as his senses were at that moment, his cock throbbing painfully against his breeches as it longed to trade places with his finger. He left her no chance to reply - not that she had a plausible lie at hand anyways - and suddenly withdrew his hand from beneath her skirts to hold it up in front of their faces, the spoiled digits glistening in the dim fire-light. To ________'s dismay the milky substance had only a faint red tint, perhaps only caused by the fire-light, and tears filled her eyes as she heard Thor's dark chuckle. The first pearl slid down her cheeks when he pulled up her skirts with one hand, swiftly reefing them like sails, after he had unlaced his pants.

What a fool she had been, to let herself enjoy this break from torment up to a point where she forgot it wouldn't last for long, being only a fleeting moment, and anger filled her at this naivity. Thor was cruel, careless and selfish, a ravenous beast driven by desire.

Have you forgotten?

With one arm around her leg and waist Thor lifted the tiny mortal up to bring her down, impale her, on his ready cock that throbbed in his palm. __________'s little shriek was drowned out by another of Thor's groans as he pushed further inside, the remnants of her period serving as sufficient (but not adequate) lube. She would be sore for sure.

"It has been too long.." he sighed as he held her close to his chest, resting his chin on her head, his other hand now slung around her torso, and the maid shuddered at his words. Last she had heard them it had been from Loki, same phrase but with a different meaning entirely. Yet now was not the time to think of the raven-haired prince nor to imagine how his porcelain face would distort at the sight of her like this. __________ tried to ban the thought from her mind and it helped when she felt the giant beneath her move.

Thor then began to rock his hips, at the same time lifting her with his arms, and both actions fused in a matching rhythm that soon elicited one sinful sound after another form deep down his throat. His little plaything didn't fail to please him, feeling a tad tighter than before the timeout, and oh he truly had missed her around his member. So small and fragile as she bounced on his cock. Somewhere at the back of his mind, a small voice warned him that she would break if he used too much force, if he lost control, and Thor might have considered this if the same fact wouldn't be so arousing. His hold on her tightened as he sped up the movement, the maid now clutching at his forearms like a cat to be bathed, nails digging into flesh but not really hurting, and entwined they raced towards his relief.
Just before the sacred goal, the giant stopped entirely and paused, delaying the sweetness for a bit, and with one hand he cupped her chin with as little force as he could muster in this state of blurred heat. Then he continued incredibly slowly, feeling one's way towards the apex with each thrust.

"You. Are. Mine." he purred according to the rhythm, his whole body vibrating beneath her as he spoke the words, the promise. And then he came, one more thrust pushed him over the edge and a delicate bliss flooded his senses.

Spoiled and sweaty as both were, they remained entwined and Thor pulled her along to half-lie on his chest as he leaned back in his chair. She had her eyes closed and tried not to think too much of the throbbing soreness building down there, of the mess, of his flesh slackening and leaving a void behind.

"Never forget that..." she heard his rumble and suddenly a hand brushed through her hair, then went along her shoulder in small circles, like one touched a pet. She kept her eyes firmly shut and was too exhausted, too upset to shy away from the contact - and also the seriousness in his tone suggested that she better not. Yet she couldn't help but hold her breath and shudder when he added in an ice-cold voice:

"And believe me, I will flay any other man who dares to touch you, to look at you in a way that displeases me. Be he mortal or a god."
Okay, it's been an eternity since the last update - I'm totally sorry, I just wanted to get this chapter 100% right (in my perfectionist-opinion)... Well, yeah, I couldn't upload crap.

So here it is, the beginning of a new 'era' for our dear Reader. Brace yourselves, for what I have in mind.

Enjoy the reading, comments are always welcome!

x

Dark

PS: Support (and admire) our lovely gods in their latest movie and go see Thor: Ragnarok in your cinema!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

And believe me, I will flay any other man who dares to touch you, to look at you in a way that displeases me. Be he mortal or a god."

A few more minutes passed, the god retreating into thoughtful silence until she was dismissed, sent on her way with a smack on her rear. However, his words rang in her ears long after she had left the king's chambers and although she hadn't done any kind of sin - especially not the one he was referring to - she felt strangely guilty. Close to being caught. Since her first day of slavery, _________ had mostly kept to herself and usually didn't interact with other slaves or servants, not more than was necessary, and apart from the haughty guards there were only old men in her daily life. Except...

Unwillingly, the raven-haired god popped up in her mind, sneaking his way into her thoughts all day, as well as memories of his hands on her waist as he had lifted her onto the dresser; of this special way his emerald eyes sparkled whenever he met her gaze. Thor couldn't have witnessed any of it, they had been too careful in his presence, but his threat indicated otherwise.

" Be he mortal or a god."... Perhaps he was just general speaking. But what if not?

They were friends, nothing more, but it would be enough to have Thor's wrath unleashed, that she was sure of. Although she couldn't explain why the blonde had taken such a likening into her, his possessiveness was plain and somewhat predictable. Still, Thor was a wildcard and the sum of his actions couldn't be anticipated, at least not by her, as the dimension of his punishment should he find out about this unorthodox friendship. Thor mustn't know. For the sake of them both.

The following evening, the maid was thus rather reserved and watched every step twice when Loki was once again invited to play chess with her, successfully ensuring that Thor kept his paws on the
parchments. Rarely did she smile and only a few words purely out of necessity left her sealed lips this time, unapproachable in their tone despite the politeness per se. It stung but Loki adapted quickly to the swallow, purely professional mortal opposite of him and none of his gestures, expressions or such like would have betrayed the turmoil on the inside. A mix of disappointment and worry boiled deep down his guts, a combination he rarely experienced, purposefully avoided, and while the god told himself that this wasn't a kind of pain, he focused on the familiar concept of curiosity instead. None of her movements went unregistered, were stored and to be analyzed in detail when he would be surrounded by his own four walls. In the darkness of his bedchamber he would brood over her sudden detachment until sleep would carry him away to dreams of the lovely maid. While the nightly sickness hadn't returned since that one night, Loki was haunted more and more by a different kind of fever.

The evening passed much slower than usual, testing everyone's patience, and when Thor finally deemed it appropriate to retire, Loki only consented and left without stealing another glance at the maid. In a lazy pace he strolled down the corridor, inconspicuously checking for any guards or other servants out there, until he halted in front of a small oriel window. Outside the sky was clouded and somber, just like his mind, yet he remained standing there and seemingly lost track of time in his pondering.

At the muffled sound of small approaching footsteps, Loki quit his pretense, had he been waiting all along.
"__________!" he whispered as he stepped out of the shadow-hung oriel, presenting himself in full height to the maid who jumped a little in surprise. It had him step even closer to her and almost put his arms around her for comfort. Almost. But he held back, given how reserved she had acted earlier.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you!" Instead he motioned with his open hand towards the niche of the oriel, inviting her into the shadows that promised some protection and intimacy. The maid hesitated for a moment, her gaze meeting his warily, but the trust they shared was enough to have her step forward.
"It's fine. I'm a little skittish lately..." she replied drily once the shadows had swallowed her half, shielding her from prying eyes and also - thankfully - hiding the redness of her swollen eyes. She didn't want him to notice that she had been crying while Thor took her, didn't want to lie at his questions and have him worry for her. Loki mustn't know of her true torment, of what she had become - she wouldn't bear the shame and disgust in his emerald eyes. So she smiled as best as she could when she looked up at him once more:
"Even if I didn't let on, I'm really glad we could see each other so often these days! Guess you pulled a few strings to arrange that."

A little truth to cover all those big lies, how pathetic. And suddenly she couldn't keep up the detached behavior, couldn't push away this friend who cared for her.
"I missed you." she admitted in an apologetic tone and the god understood it as that, an apology for giving him the cold shoulder. Truth be told, she had all the right to do so, given the nature of their friendship. How could he blame her for acting reasonable?

Loki remained silent though his expressions softened in a way she hadn't witnessed before, his features like carved marble melting at her words. In the moonlight the pools of emerald switched to sapphire and back again as he stared down upon her in a longing way. Like an armor peeled off, he allowed some emotions to surface in her presence, trespassing a foreign land of insecurity and
vulnerability he usually so despised. Despite himself he cared about this mortal, much more than was good for him - or her - and every fiber of his sought to comfort her, be with her and hold her. And more.

Loki knew it was wrong when he bent down and tenderly cupped her face, her skin soft beneath his slender fingers. But he didn't stop.

Loki knew it was wrong when he felt triumphant about the blush on her cheeks, about the wide eyes transfixed solely on him. But he didn't stop.

Loki knew it was wrong, oh so wrong, when he brought their lips together and claimed her first kiss.

***

Nothing mattered except them, hiding in the oriel and the sensation of it all. Of the kiss. How sweet was her taste, how lovely her small figure against him as he pulled her closer - demandingly but also gently, just like his tongue flicking across her lips. She was caught in his arms and by the spell of his body, his scent, his aura, but she didn't mind as stunned as she was. Then it hit her and _________ shied back abruptly, breaking the spell and the god was still too surprised by his own actions that he let her. Too late he registered her backward steps and by the time she was running down the hallway he couldn't call after her without raising unwanted attention.

Overwhelmed by my kiss already, this fragile mortal... Loki thought to himself as he brushed along his bottom lip, smirking in the dark, and already greedy for more.

***

First kissed by a god, by Loki. She could barely believe it and had to pinch herself twice to be sure that she wasn't dreaming. In fact, in her younger naive days she had imagined to make out with one of the princes, more than once, and had discussed the perfect happening of a first kiss with her friends. Among Asgardians, unlike in other cultures, kisses were not something ordinary between individuals but rather precious and held great meaning. Because with each kiss, especially on the lips, a small fraction of one's self transmitted to the partner - or so the Asgardians believed - and there were always serious emotions entailed. A kiss from mouth to mouth symbolized love and this gift ought to be shared with great care. So far _________ had only kissed her mother and brother, the people she held dear the most. Well, and now there was Loki.

How did that happen? That their whole interaction, their 'relationship', was blasphemous was beyond question, but this... this was much more. _________ lay awake for a long time that night, staring at the ceiling of the dormitory while her thoughts circled in endless loops of worry and fear. Yes, the kiss had been nice and sweet. And yes, she really liked Loki and enjoyed his attention for her, although she didn't know what feelings exactly she harbored for him, how deep those were and whether they matched his.

Because obviously he likes me more than I imagined... he wouldn't kiss me for naught.
But that wasn't what kept her awake late until midnight. Due to this kiss, she wouldn't be able to look at the raven-haired prince like the days before. A line had been crossed between them. Now they shared an intimacy, a real big secret, and how was she supposed to hide that all the time?

Admittedly, she had a decent pokerface but not when he was around. By now Thor had found out how to push her buttons to screw out whatever she held back, whatever of her reactions he desired, and on top of it all, he was far more perceptive than his critics would acknowledge. There was indeed something beneath this mop of golden locks and ________ knew better than to underestimate his slyness. As for his cruelty, she didn't dare to imagine its full capacity but without doubt he would stay true to his words.

"And believe me, I will flay any other man who dares to touch you, to look at you in a way that displeases me. Be he mortal or a god."

He always fulfilled his threats and promises - one of the few rules Thor deliberately complied to.

But Loki is his brother! Thor wouldn't hurt him... or would he?

She couldn't be sure entirely, but also wasn't willing to find out. Thus this kiss was added to the burden of her secret, becoming a matter never to speak of and never to think about again. And there couldn't be another. Ever. Whatever emotions Loki was developing for her had to be quenched before the bloom, before they could inflict unspeakable harm to the both of them. Because it wasn't just a kiss.

It was high-treason.

***

Like walking on egg shells, the maid crossed the large salon to bring the king a scroll he had demanded, avoiding his gaze as he wolfed down his breakfast. If not for an important meeting, Thor wouldn't be up that early, already dressed and about to leave. Thus he had neither time nor the mood to tease the maid this morning and left the chambers without a word.

The chill out there on the hallways seeped through his black leather armor and woolen cloak but it helped to fully wake him up and be ready for the meeting by the time he arrived at his study. Inside only Tyr and Sif were present, two gods he trusted with his life, and they were as tensed as he
because of the matter they were about to discuss.

"We gathered the information you asked for, your majesty." the large, bearded Tyr grumbled once Thor sat comfortably in his chair behind the desk - a place he had to learn how to fill properly after his father's death. Solemnly and obviously proud of herself, Sif then stepped forward and put a neat report file in front of her king, searching his eyes for a hint of affection towards her. In full awareness of how important those few pages were, Thor exhaled deeply before he turned the cover page.

"There are a lot more rebellions than we first thought and their numbers are still growing. But still they lack proper organization and structure and act like a loose bundle." Tyr elaborated in a grim, low voice as if the walls would spy on them while Thor scanned the text that held additional information, details and numbers.

"For now, the greatest threat comes from the top men, the leaders, and if we act now - set an example - there's a good chance to smash the whole nest."

Silence filled the study then while Thor arrived at the paragraph he was most interested in: personal information of those leaders. Holding his breath he read the lines, each name imprinted on his memory because those were the murderers of his father - almost of his entire family - and it was them upon whom he would unleash all his bottled-up wrath. He was already impatient to do so, the mere thought stirring his blood. And when he didn't find his brother's name on the list, relief washed over him for he had not been betrayed by his own kin. Finally he had proof of Balder's innocence in this matter and that restored part of the lost bond between him and the king. Well, it also greatly facilitated an apology for the broken nose.

Balder's name was not there, not among the culprits, but someone else's was. Thor checked the list once again, just to be really sure, and a third time to rule out any doubts. He read each letter of that particular name and a fanfare of triumph rang in his ears. Oh this was good, no, perfect even, and not to mention the consequences of that one name written there! Another exhale to keep him calm and royal, to hide the thrill that vibrated through his entire body. Then he closed the file and leaned back in his chair, the air around him electrified by his stirring aura and both Tyr and Sif couldn't deny the queasy tingle they felt as Thor's cold ocean-blue orbs glued them at the spot.

"Seize the traitors at once, when surprise is still on our side! I want them chained at my feet by the end of the day!"

Tyr and Sif nodded and were both glad to be out of their king's presence. Thor was restless, impatient and shortly after they had vanished he almost jumped out of the chair to be on his way too, the file tucked away under the folds of his cloak. With eager steps he marched down the hallways, the servants and guards all shying away and ducking as the Thunderer rolled by like a
brooding storm.

***

The way Thor made his entrance - almost tearing the doors out of the hinges as he opened them and followed by ten guards in shining golden armor - made it pretty clear that something serious had happened. All the maids inside the royal chambers halted in their tracks. Even Gerlinda, currently scolding one of the girls for nothing in particular, was dumbfounded and looked as frightened as the others.

"You there!" he pointed directly at _________ - who else could have such bad luck? - and with few large steps he approached and met her in the middle of the salon. Instinctively she shrank back as he towered above her, but somehow she put forth enough courage to hold his piercing gaze. Honestly, she had no clue what would follow next because this was way out of the daily routine, of the unwritten protocol between Thor and her. Whether he would ravish or unleash his lightning upon her, she couldn't tell and when he roughly shoved a file of parchments towards her she jumped in surprise.

Clumsily she took the file, looking at it with utter confusion, until Thor impatiently opened it and flipped through the pages while she held them. No one of the witnesses moved, they barely dared to breathe, and all eyes were on ___________. She could feel them prickling her flesh, waiting for her fall like starved vultures.

"Read out from here on!" came the command once Thor found the particular paragraph, tapping with his index finger at the neat hand-writing. Thanks to her costly education, the maid was capable of reciting many poems, hold short speeches or debates but yet her skills failed her at this simple text, her voice way less secure than she hoped for.

"C-concluding from the testimonies-

"Louder, so that everybody can hear you!" Thor growled from above and the maid chose to ignore the hint of amusement in his tone as she cleared her voice, then continued as she was told, defiance stabilizing her voice.

"Concluding from the testimonies of insiders and from the circumstances under which the assault was planned and conducted, the main culprits could be identified."

His surroundings blurred slightly, all that mattered was her lovely voice as it rang like music in his ears, highlighted by his name passing her soft sweet lips during the next sentence.

"According to Asgardian law and by the decree of king Thor Odinsson,"

Oh Norns, he was aroused by his little plaything again, and the best part was yet to come.

"the following are held guilty for high-treason:"
Pause, the heart-beat drumming in her ears speeding up.

"Olaf Grundsson, Erik Slevitsson, Briana Enyasdottir and Har--"

Suddenly her voice faltered, died away like the color in her face, and neither the maid herself nor the king would forget the fateful moment when she read out the last name on the list.

"Harald Leifsson."

No, no, no, no, no!! her mind shrieked as she frantically re-read the names over and over only to realize in horror that they weren't going to change. A few thick black letters that sealed her fate.

Thor sensed that she would faint long before she began to sway, her feet failing to keep her up, snatched the file from her shaking hands and snaked one arm around her fragile figure. Lifting the unconscious maid up to chest-level without effort he held her in an iron possessive grip. Lightheaded and oh so aroused by the triumph of the moment, he nudged her even closer before turned to his subjects.

***

The world remained delicately blurred for the next hour or so, a heavy mist clouding the god's mind and in retrospective, he really wondered how he had managed to instruct the guards and servants - when his urges screamed to carry the maid towards bed. Yet like bees the flock subjects scurried around and away to obey their king. It didn't matter that they had heard the names of the traitors too, because Sif was already on the hunt for them. Never underestimate that woman's will and persistence if she was doing Thor's bidding. Gossip and words travelled fast, but couldn't outrun her in this case.

And besides, Thor couldn't resist to demonstrate his superiority, his power over mortals and over _________ in particular. With her father accused for high-treason, the girl had become a valuable hostage until he was caught and finally Thor had enough reason to fully claim her as his slave. Permanently.

Reluctantly he let go of the girl when the other maids had fetched and filled a small metal tub inside the adjacent bathroom. She regained consciousness then, groaning and stirring in his arms, but not enough to walk without the help of two maids. She didn't resist as they ushered her into the hot scented water, shaved her thoroughly, scrubbed her until red streaks appeared on her wrinkled skin, and entangled her damp hair with a comb. Welcome was the twinge, the burn, as it distracted her from any pondering and kept the flood of worries, fear and such at bay. Instead she would focus on the present, watching as her colleagues pamper her - prepare her obviously, but what for she didn't dare to imagine. Although she already had a vague, frightening idea.
A dark-blue silken dress was put on her, nothing special but it was soft and warm against her skin. ________ beheld her reflection in the too tall mirror made for the giant, mustering the clinging shoulder-off top disapprovingly. At least the skirt of the dress floated around her legs in many folds, just like the long sleeves around her arms. While someone laced the back, another girl roughly of her age put a few drops of perfume on her braided hair and at the hollow of her throat, and a third maid adjusted the neckline so that it wouldn't bee too revealing. Ignoring their haughty glares as best as she could, __________ ended the treatment and let them doll her up - because she was exactly that: a toy, pretty to look at and to be played with.

*Now I'm seen for what I am.*

Lastly came the matching slippers and a final inspection by Gerlinda to ensure that the outcome was presentable to the king. The old woman did nothing to hide her disgust and disdain but ________ boldly met her gaze, because the abigail was not worth her fear.

"As good as it can get, I suppose. Can't make a swan out of a duck." Gerlinda hissed between her thin wrinkled lips, obviously displeased by the defiant young thing. Some maids in the background snickered meanly. "Now move! We can't let the king wait anymore!!"

With shaky feet hidden beneath the blue silk, ________ walked in front of the flock of mortals into the salon where the king was currently talking to another mortal. In contrast to the god on the crimson couch, the man was standing humbly in front of him, head bowed and eyes cast to the floor. Judging from his well-fitting clothing and clean appearance, the man was definitely not a slave but somewhere higher up the ladder, a courtier perhaps.

*He looks somehow familiar....* she realized and her blunt staring caught the attention of the king, who then turned her direction. Heavy and captivating was his gaze as it rested on her, roaming over his pretty doll approvingly. Dark-blue suited her well and the amount of skin showing was sufficed to stir his phantasies.

"Come here." he called once the other maids, Gerlinda and some remaining guards had left the salon, and put a hand on ________’s lower back when she was at his side.

"It is time for your new tattoo, to match your *status*." Thor elaborated as he noticed the girl tensing up when she saw the many flacons and especially the set of thin needles lying on the couch-table.

“Please sit so that we may start.” said the man whom she recognized to be The Engraver, the one who branded all the slaves and servants for their masters, and feeling a slight pull from the large hand on her back she complied and settled on the couch to the right of the king. His hand never lost contact, brazing warmth seeping through the blue silk into her flesh. It soothed her nerves a little, her tiny hands shaking mildly when they pulled up the sleeve of her right arm.

“Hold still now. We don't want any blurred lines.” Thor purred from the side just before the needle penetrated her skin and motionless she waited for the man to finish his craft. Not the needle but the god was responsible for the goosebumps dotting her skin.

Both watched as the magic needle painted vibrant red strokes on her skin, the dove slowly being
smothered by the sigil of the hammer Mjölnir that flaunted inside a red circle on her upper arm.

"How should her status be called, you majesty?" the haggard man asked after erasing the runes for 'non-permanent slave' and while he avoided the king's gaze, ______ did not. She looked up into his bearded face and Thor could see his reflection in her watery eyes, her lower-lip sucked in. Oh he could have ravished her then, his teasing little kitten, and slowly brushed his hand upwards her back until his fingers could claw around her slender neck.

"One word alone can hardly describe what she is to me. I call her many things..."

...beneath the sheets. Thor continued in his mind and despite the mist of fantasies in his head, he came up with an idea.

"Courtesan."

While ________ was close to tears, another wave of arousing triumph washed over Thor and it was him who became restless, barely able to keep still. Against all odds he had won this game, had laid claim on her in so many ways and now finally the last step was done so that no one was capable of stealing her away from him.


Chapter End Notes

PSS: Loki had his moment but we all know he won't leave it at that. But how will he react to the Reader's new status?
The truth unravelled

Chapter Summary

Sorry it took ages.... RL had plenty of drama for me so I had little time for his (special, kinky) piece of drama ;)

Hope you understand and can enjoy this new chapter! *next one will be smut, I promise*

So yeah, Thor on the throne is a sight to behold - even on his own. And Loki has troubles to deal with the truth that unravells before his eyes.

Let me know what you think in the comments!

"That would be all." came a grumble from the god, paired with a dismissive gesture of the hand, once the tattoo was done. Thor seemed calm and relaxed as ever, untouched by the girl's great misfortune, but the restless way he brushed along her back gave him away. She could sense Thor's impatience, his eagerness to overwhelm her, and the Engraver probably did too because he collected his utensils with such a haste.

"Your majesty!" he bowed very low, dutifully keeping his gaze on the king's boots as not to witness him groping his plaything. Obviously the sight was too much for the mortal to bear, too scandalous for his narrow mind-set.

_He branded me the Courtesan, what did he expect?!_ she thought to herself while Thor seemed just amused by this ignorance.

_________'s eyes followed the man until he disappeared behind the large double doors that now locked her here, alone with the king and his warm hands on her shoulders, her waist. Meant to claim and to possess what was already his. It wasn't enough to fuck her, apparently, he considered this mental torture part of the game - and they both knew that it had reached a higher, more intense level. From clandestine meetings and vacant baths it had evolved to an official statement, still scandalous and shocking. But all his subjects would acquaint to seeing Thor abusing the girl, their growing dislike for mortals due to the assault helping the king in his pursuit. And that was only the beginning.

"Let me see." Thor cut in when she was about to pull down the sleeve of her dress and hide the brilliant red lines. She turned her torso more towards him, struggling against his grip but he let her. Mesmerized by the red little Mjölnir he brought up his hand, eager to touch the freshly pierced skin, but then settled on the elbow instead.

"Red looks good on you too." his low voice rumbled from deep down his chest. "I shall have a dress made for you in that very color. Or I just wrap your naked body up in my cape..."
A cunning smirk spread across his bearded face, a spark of excitement illuminating his eyes at the thought while the girl seemed indecisive whether to blanch or blush at that. Thor let out an amused chuckle.

"Still a coy maiden." the god then let his hands wander once more, one gliding down her thigh and the other across her shoulder-blades. Languidly he traced the hem of the dress, purposefully slipping off and onto her skin here and there. Until he suddenly gripped her slender neck from behind, all five fingers springing like a trap. ________'s gaze darted to his face, reading his expressions in a feeble attempt to predict his current crude and future actions as well as the reason behind them. All he gave her was a disturbingly cold glare from beneath those golden locks.

"But how innocent are you really?" effortlessly he tilted her pretty head, forcing her to take him in, his expressions as well as his divine aura. "Tell me, little kitten, how much you knew about your father's ambitions, about the assault?!

"Nothing! I swear to the Nine, I had no idea what Harald was up to!" she replied promptly with surprising confidence. "And I certainly wouldn't have helped him, never!"

Thor didn't need to be overly perceptive to notice the disdain seeping through her every word and with curiosity he realized that she had some serious daddy-issues - much worse ones than his own.

"He didn't confide in you when you were still at your parent's estate?" he had to coax out every grain of truth there was, needed to be absolutely sure, for the next steps of his plan to work properly. Even if he knew from the report that the girl hadn't been involved at all, he longed to hear it from her personally - to see her plead and appease him. Thus he tightened his grip on her neck incrementally, with as little force as he could muster.

"N-no!" she stumbled, her voice shaking now due to the limited breathing. "He never talked about business at home. A-all I heard of were his plans to marry me off to a noble offspring so that he would rise on the society ladder..." the god loosened his fingers at this portion of information, not because of the tears welling up in her eyes when she continued.

"I hate that man!" she added and the god was surprised by such venomous words.

As abruptly as he had claimed her neck, it was released again and Thor was off the couch, walking towards his desk with large strides. He hadn't aimed for that, for her past life and certainly not for such hatred - because it reminded him too much of his own (family) troubles, of the hole his father had left. This wasn't acting, but rather real emotions coming from her pretty mouth. So he leaned onto the desk, muscles flexing under the dark leather armor, and there he flipped through the report file in a strange silence.

__________ used the opportunity to gather herself and quickly wiped the tears away with the end of her sleeve. She really didn't want to hand over her last bit of dignity and cry in front of the Thunderer. He owned her in so many ways, but he wouldn't own her tears. While she watched the god's back warily, wondering about his odd behavior, Thor reconsidered the information from the report and the girl's matching statement. And finally, finally, he deemed her completely innocent. No doubts left and one thing less to think about, so he could enjoy her without the whispers of treason at the back of his mind. With a thud he closed the report file, smirking, and turned around to look at the mortal on the couch, noticing how tensed and alarmed she was now that his attention had returned to her. She feared him, exactly like she ought to, and Thor knew that one distinct glare, one gesture sufficed to have her jump at his whim.
"There are matters I must tend to, alas, but I shall return soon. Wait here for me." the god announced and his smile fell a tad, reluctance visible in every of his steps as he slowly walked away from the desk. In a blink of an eye, he decided for a detour towards the couch, towards her, his counselors be damned. He was late already so why not let them wait a little longer.

Tall and solid like a tree, the god stood behind the couch, his hands a heavy burden on the girl's narrow shoulders. She didn't turn, couldn't actually, as he pulled her backwards so that she leaned against the back-rest. Thor's heat seemed to seep even through the upholstery and the thin layer of wood that separated their bodies.

"Are there any additional rules for my new status, your majesty?" her voice rang, quiet but clearly, out of nothing and not entirely on purpose because _____________ was strongly affected by the god's aura, bewitched and nauseated. She could feel its poisonous effect on her mind as it sank in, lulling her into a compliant, submissive trance.

"As my courtesan, you mean?" this sounded way too good, igniting sparks in both body and mind. His courtesan. A dark smile nudged at his lips when the girl tensed beneath his hands and the air within the salon almost vibrated as he spoke:

"You will no longer work as a maid and just carry out the tasks I give you. Only mine. No one else is to command you and if they try, you will report back to me." He wouldn't share her, never, since a pet had only one master to obey.

"And you will not leave this suite without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes, your majesty." she replied humbly, her watery gaze glued to the flames in the hearth. This was Hel, it had to be, and she felt suffocated by both his words and his mere presence, by those invisible chains he put on her. And this time there was no lock to be picked, no keyhole to escape. Thor withdrew his hands and stepped away, aiming to leave, and he didn't need to turn to know that the little mortal was shattering into pieces, tears and sobs breaking free, once he closed the doors behind him.

***

Loki had been so blind all those months. He, the God of Mischief and Deceit, had not seen through his oafish brother's schemes and plots, had been so oblivious to the truth despite the signs. And there had been enough to notice, Loki realized in retrospect. Although Thor had put in quite an effort, acted with untypical slyness, Loki should have been able to look past the facade of golden locks and blue eyes. What a shame to his name! For that reason alone, it was justified to pretend to have known all along but simply not to care whom the king held as slave and what he did to them.

However, Loki cared about _____________ - that was why his ignorance to her suffering hurt him
most. The truth had been plain before him yet the god had selfishly averted his gaze, enjoying her company instead. Thus he wasn't much better than Thor, like any other god who found entertainment in mishandling their slaves or having them sing, dance and so on.

Slaves were property of their master, objects of use, and Loki had always treated his subjects exactly as that. So he didn't oppose to the thought of holding a mortal as a pet, sort of, because he too cherished the comfort of his own fury friend. In his view, one held a pet simply for company and to occasionally boast with, given that it was of a rare species or of some other special quality - basically also a kind of entertainment.

But Loki hadn't grasped what sinful tint Thor's understanding of entertainment had, what indecencies it entailed. Thus the raven-haired god stood in tensed silence at the bottom of the stairs leading to the throne, irritated by the buzzing crowd of other gods and nobles that filled the throne-room to the brim. They had all come to witness, to gloat and be entertained by the trial - Loki himself was no exception, alas, but only he burst with impatience as to be done with this spectacle and seek out _____________. Above all, he needed to talk to her, even if he had no clue what to say to this new predicament of hers. With her father being revealed as a traitor, the poor girl's fate was sealed and a lifetime of servitude to the crown lying ahead of her. If only he could spend some comfort, lift her surely depressed spirits, but the god would probably just mess it up - this wasn't his strong suit after all. Still some inner voice urged him on, whispering what bad things the king could do to her behind those high doors of his suite. Of course, his perfect poker-face hid the storm of worries brooding in his mind. Until the king made his entrance.

Clad in a sleek black leather armor with silver clasps, highlighted by the brilliant red cape floating from his shoulders, he proudly strolled through the crowd in a whole resemblance of power. The many voices died away abruptly because of his immense presence and aura, both radiating with intimidating triumph so that his subjects made way immediately, none daring to meet his gaze. The cause of it, as Loki realized, was on a long golden chain behind him and with rising horror Loki's eyes travelled along the many sparkling links until the collar around _______________’s slender neck. A golden collar for a pretty pet. And as if that wouldn't suggest already as to what she had become, no real clothes were given the girl but she was only wrapped up in a loose piece of snow-white fur that covered merely her torso, arms and the upper third of her legs. Timidly she tried to keep up with the mountain of a man whom she was chained to, frantically clutching on the fur to hide her nakedness beneath and shield herself from the cold reality around her. Deathly silence stretched across the hall as the stunned crowd devoured her with their (envious) looks, the smacking of her bare feet on the marble floor echoing from the walls. Loki's insides twisted once he spied her behind the mountain of a man and the first crack appeared on his porcelain face.

He couldn't believe his own eyes because this was the final proof of his grand ignorance, his failure as a god priding himself with mischief and lies. Finally his poker-face was smashed when the white fur slid down her right shoulder, revealing brilliant red lines and runes.

Courtesan of the king.
hours earlier today. At first she had been glad for the time alone, so that she could weep and let the pain in in solitude. It was easier that way and it had a strange cleansing effect when she could gather herself again. But time passed without the blonde showing up like he promised. And her suspicion was amplified when instead Gerlinda and a flock of other maids appeared and began to redress her. With make-up they covered the redness of her eyes, making them wide and shiny instead. The blue dress was stripped from her rather unceremoniously and ____________ missed the fabric against her skin already - not that she had had time to accommodate to such luxury. Then several hands had applied oil to every inch of her skin, the flowery-scented substance warming her flesh.

When Gerlinda had handed her the white fur - and only that - the seriousness of what would follow had dawned upon her. She would be put on display, presented as courtesan and pet of the king. Her expressions must have been of such dread that one of the maids had felt enough pity to secretly hand her a goblet of wine. Without hesitation ____________ had gulped down the liquid, as red as her painted lips, and had hoped to numb every feeling cell in her body. She hadn't declined the second round either.

But truth be told, she wasn't prepared for this humiliation, for the thousands of eyes staring her down to a fraction of her size, while she tagged along after the king. The way to the throne seemed endless, the marble beneath her feet as cold and hostile as the crowd she walked through. For once she really wished to be in the king's chambers, to hide behind those large doors instead of being here right now. She didn't look at the highborn lords and ladies, some of which surely knew her from her former life, and instead stared a hole into the red cape floating in front of her. Alas the wine did it's trick and with each step she felt less, cared less and succumbed to the lovely numbness of both body and mind. Only in this state she had a chance to survive the day.

Finally they reached the steps to the dais and ____________ took great care not to look towards Loki over there, not to even register his presence and let it bother her. Instead she ascended the few more steps to the throne and wondered whether she was supposed to stand or sit on the floor beside it, while Thor sank down onto said monstrosity. This probably was the only chair that dwarfed his size, cast out of tons of gold from all the realms Asgard ruled over. An embodiment of sheer dominance and power, fitting the god upon it.

She had little time to admire the engravings and details of the throne, because Thor suddenly pulled at the chain lightly to signal the girl where he preferred her. It was not on the floor.

"You're a kitten after all and as that there is only one place for you." he whispered in reply to her confused gaze and his intense glare combined with a subtle shift in his seat sufficed as an order. He could barely keep the satisfaction and excitement from his expressions when the girl climbed onto the tree-trunks of his right leg, doing so carefully as not to reveal any more skin. With one arm slung around her, Thor pulled the little mortal closer, so that she now huddled across his lap. One last look down upon her blushing face, before the herald called across the hall.

In heavy chains, three mortal men were dragged along by Lady Sif and Tyr and then forced to kneel before their king. Their costly robes were stained by dirt, blood and other substances, and the people nearby crinkled their noses in disgust. Thor knew the stench all too well, from battle and the torturing
he had witnessed - or conducted as in this case.

"Look at those filthy scum, Asgard! Look at the traitors who murdered the All-Father and tried to vanquish his legacy!" the blonde roared in his booming voice, the girl shaking in his lap and instinctively clutching onto the straps of his armor.

"They pulled the strings behind the assault and Norns know what other crimes! But no more, their scheming ends today!"

Being still affected by the strong Asgardian wine, __________ barely realized what was going on at the bottom of the steps, and she would have preferred to remain oblivious. However, when she caught a glimpse of Loki's blank face, distorted by shock and anger - and not directed towards her - an urge of curiosity was strong enough to have her turn her head and see for herself. She better had not.

"Hush." Thor growled beneath his breath when she let out a small whimper, her heart skipping a beat or two, as she recognized Harald kneeling down there.

This is his trial. He will die here and now.

It hit her then, the realization like a sharp knife to her consciousness and suddenly she was all too awake. Sitting up straight she turned some more to have a better look, working against the blonde's hold.

"My king, how do you wish to punish those who have so ruthlessly betrayed all of Asgard?" Sif called loud and determined, knowing the answer already since the king had stated his motives earlier during the torturing. But this was part of the show for the crowd, to teach the mortals a lesson and remind them of their place far beneath the gods. Just like he held one of them as a pet, to peak the humiliation - or so Sif assumed. What greater shame for a father than to see his only daughter being kept as a toy, displayed in her vulnerability and nudity in front of the whole court?

"They shall face a gruesome death and we shall feast upon their bones." The crowd broke out in loud cheering at Thor's statement, all but the girl in his lap who had turned rigid. Seconds later, Tyr unsheathed his great long-sword and stepped forward, silence filling the room once more. With one lazy gesture of the hand, Thor granted the other god permission to carry on and do what he must. This would be over in an instant, Tyr never missed his aim and kept his blade sharp.

__________ buried her face in Thor's chest when it happened so that she wouldn't have to witness. But the sound, metal cutting through flesh and bone, she would never forget. Three times, the last one belonging to Harald.

Father.... she thought and although she expected a flood of emotions to overcome her, it never hit her. Instead a thick blanked of numbness covered her senses. She couldn't tell if this was still from the wine or some sort of mechanism of her brain. But it was damned good right now. Like in trance
she leaned against the giant, let herself be petted and indeed behaved very similar to a kitten. Much to Thor's liking.

After the main event, drinks and snacks were brought on, dancers and musicians mingled with the crowd as the feast began. Nothing hinted at the cruel happening earlier, the marble cleared of the bodies and the heads being presented on spikes at the other end of the hall - to warn any mortal who should try to harm the gods. And to underline the mercilessness of the king. Pensively, Thor let his gaze roam over the buzzing crowd until it returned to ____________ in his lap. Still she kept her face pressed against his armor, almost eager to snuggle up to him - but Thor was not stupid. Without consideration he brought his goblet to her mouth, squeezing her whole being with his arm around her so that she complied and drank. It would take away some of the pain, he knew.

"Congratulation, brother." came a familiar voice from the side and Thor turned his head to find Balder standing on the second-top step. Obviously he didn't dare to approach any further, fearing for his freshly healed nose. "You put up quite a show."

"As traitors they deserved no less." Thor replied grimly and took a long sip from his wine, emptying the goblet which he then handed to a servant for replenishing.

"Indeed. But I wasn't referring to them in fact." Balder's gaze met Thor's in an intense stare, two seconds long, before he looked down in defeat. "I had no idea you could be so cunning and persistent in pursuing your goals. Now she's legally yours and no one will deny you that right. Me least of all for I have learned my lesson."

Thor remained silent and listened very careful to what he realized was a peace-offer from his brother, perhaps an apology even. After a while Balder looked up at him, expectantly and somewhat nervously.

"Let our quarrels be past, brother, and stand at my side for the challenges to come." Thor replied finally and Balder brought forth a small yet greatly relieved smile.

"I would like that very much." humbly the younger god bowed, the slight kink in his nose visible from this angle, and he glanced one last time at the girl in white fur. "Please keep an eye on her. She has no one in this world."

With a strange feeling in his gut and rather irritated by those words, Thor watched Balder descend the steps to the dais and mingle with some other gods there. But in fact he was right, ____________ was alone and helpless - her fate depending on Thor's mood and mercy like he always wanted it. She was bound to him in more ways than simply by the tattoo on her arm. Being the daughter of a traitor was reason enough for many gods to despise her, being his plaything yet another. And he bet many godesses and women across the realm envied - if not hated - her for exactly that. So yes, she was in dire need for protection, which Thor would happily supply.
The evening slipped clandestinely by, Thor relaxing more and more on his golden throne from which he had a splendid view across the hall. More than once his eyes followed the curves of a pretty goddess, rather out of habit than of real interest, and in between many gods sought a word with him. Being in a good mood, the king chose to talk and listen to them - at least for a few minutes - before he grew bored of their presence. Only Tyr and Sif were granted a longer audience.

"What a feast!" the elder, bulky god cheered happily. Tyr was always up for drinking, no matter the occasion, and the many seductive dancers and maidens among the guests pleased him greatly - one of the advantages of having a young, un-married ruler. "Today you really honored your father, your majesty!"

"Yes indeed. And none shall question your rule!" Sif added and threw her long black hair past her shoulders in what ought to look like a casual manner. However, Thor knew her too well and immediately noticed the longing in her hazelnut eyes. Her heart was still aflame for the blonde, he knew, and she would give herself to him completely if he so desired. It flattered him, yes, but otherwise had no effect on his mood.

"That would be best. I wish for a quiet rest of the winter." he replied calmly, eyes briefly roaming the flock of gods on the dais below.

"Well, not too quiet I hope." Tyr retorted with a wink, overstepping many boundaries but Thor didn't mind tonight. Tyr had proven his loyalty more than once and honestly, Thor enjoyed the other god's truthfulness as much as his fighting skills.

"You know me, old friend..."

While they continued to chat, none of the two other gods took much notice of the girl in Thor's lap and only looked at her very subtly. __________ couldn't care less and chose to ignore them too, focusing on the music and buzzing noise of the crowd below. Luckily the large sip of wine she had been granted earlier kept her worries and the pain out of her mind, made her sleepy and relaxed despite the circumstances. Soon she fully leaned in to the god's broad chest and arm, welcoming the warmth of his large body around her - warmth she so desperately needed to keep the cold within her heart at bay. She would have to deal with what happened today eventually, be haunted by dark thoughts and the pain, but not tonight.

That was also why she chose to avoid Loki's gaze whenever he shot a glance towards the throne and only watched him clandestinely, occasionally as he chatted with other gods. Lost in admiration for his green and black outfit, __________ was caught staring by the Trickster himself - his emerald orbs on her like flashlights - any by Thor too.

"Are you tired already?" his low voice vibrated through his chest and armor, through the little mortal as a whole, and she quickly looked up at his bearded face to tell whether he would want her to be tired or not.

"No not really, your majesty..." she replied and upon thinking of her basic needs, her stomach began
to growl far too loud for her liking. Only now she realized for how long she hadn't eaten. "Just famished, it seems." Thor chuckled in amusement, adding to her embarrassment, and waved for a servant carrying a tray of food. A dedicated - and kinky - master as he was, Thor couldn't let the opportunity slip and insisted on hand-feeding his little kitten, bolts of lust rushing through his veins whenever her tongue (accidentally) touched his fingers.

What a sinful display, what a sight. As much as Loki couldn't stand it, he wasn't able to keep his eyes off either. Even a blind man would have sensed the arousal in the air and Thor looked very much like was about to devour the girl any moment. All his attention was glued to her as she nibbled at the morsels he so generously offered her and Loki recognized the predatory glint in Thor's dark-blue eyes.

*It's not just a show, a facade...* he realized the longer he watched, the longer he tortured himself with witnessing the intimacy. *She really is his courtesan.*

"Loki?" Balder called from a few feet away, aware of the change in his younger brother's mood and aura, but the raven-haired god had already turned away and was hurrying down the steps from the dais. Never looking back.
After-waves

Chapter Summary

Alcohol numbs the mind, let's us feel less of the pain... and under its influence, the god and the mortal experience a new connection, unlike what they had before. But will it last once the king is sober again?
WARNING: THIS CHAPTER CONTAINS HEAVY NON-CON/RAPE-ELEMENTS! THOR IS A MONSTER AND THIS DEPICTED RELATIONSHIP IS TOXIC! READ AT OWN RISK!

xxx

Sorry for the long wait. Holidays were crazy as hell and yeah, had no muse to inspire me. Thanks for waiting and your lovely comments! I really appreciate that! Love ya all.

Dark

Thor's dark-blue eyes were transfixed on the girl in his lap, feasting on the sight of her plump lips closing around the morsels he fed her and around the tips of his fingers. With eyes half-lidded she ate, cheeks flushed by the wine and the heat he gave her, and when she looked up to him - silently asking for more - a pleasant tingle spread through the god's veins. The shift in his aura towards a more salacious, darker tint must have been palpable for the other gods standing nearby and probably also the mortal nobles could spy his lecherousness from across the hall. Hunger of a different kind was written plainly across his bearded face. But Thor didn't care at all, not letting whispers or stares of others interfere this delicate moment with his plaything. He enjoyed it way too much.

They better acquaint to the sight...

By the time he had fed her several bites, Thor had reached a level of arousal that made it impossible to continue sitting idly on his throne and his free hand had long but found its way beneath the fur. Her sweet naked butt felt so soft against the leather of his pants, against his battle-worn palm, and teased him to rub his swelling loins against it. Oh yes. Spurned by his urges, Thor decided to call it a day - at least concerning this part of the evening entertainments - and in his mind he was already flying towards his chambers.

"Time to retire, little one!" he whispered with a hinting tone into the tiny shell of her ear, leaning forward and deliberately squishing her between his limbs, before he guided her down his lap. The wine had made her movements somewhat clumsy, as both realized, and her head spun a little when she was on her own feet again. She let him lead the way down the steps, following carefully as not to stumble, and through the crowd of merry guests while she tried to keep up close to him. Not that her master's short leash would have permitted her anyway. Many eyes followed her, the attention burning on her skin, so she walked even faster and nearly bumped into the wall of Thor's body when he halted all of a sudden. Carefully she took a small step to the side, just so that she could peek past the thick red cloth but Thor noticed and possessively barred her way with his breadth.
Then he beheld the other mortal maid lying whimpering on the marble in front of him, half of her face red and swollen - perhaps even bloody - from a nasty hit. Behind her, the raven-haired Trickster stood with his hand poised in an unmistakable fashion that identified him as the one responsible for this mess. The case per se was nothing extraordinary, as Loki was known to manhandle slaves - like any other god - and so Thor was unaffected by the display of violence itself. Yet he sensed very clearly that this had something to do with the mortal hiding behind his broad back, that there was a connection between her and Loki he hadn't seen so far and it triggered his possessive nature. Automatically, Thor shielded ___________ completely from Loki's line of view while facing his younger sibling with a warning glare.

"Apologies, my king." with a casual bow Loki averted his gaze, a smug smirk softening the hard lines of his face yet those emerald eyes remained untouched by it. Thor grew all the more alert. "For putting scum in your way. This one didn't behave as it should."

Thor surveyed the damaged good on the floor once more and put the pieces together one by one. Apparently, his little brother hadn't left the feast earlier but just mingled with the nobles instead of remaining on the dais - for the same reason that had him act out on the now bleeding maid. Something upset him greatly and a wise king would have had a word with the Trickster now, in private though, yet when the emotions were still fresh and close enough to the surface to catch them. At any other opportunity to talk, Loki would most likely hide them away beneath emerald green sparkling ever so mischievously and gallant words. A wise king, like Odin, would have recognized the potential conflict and its far reaching consequences if it were to happen. But Thor was not like his father and his mind clouded by desire.

"Clean the mess away!" the king commanded the approaching soldiers and shot Loki another hard look while the maid was carried out of sight. Even without his Seidr, Loki sensed the tension building between him and Thor, could see the lightning in his eyes, but it all didn't cover the Thunderer's aroused aura. Thus it wasn't surprising that the silent interaction ended quickly, Thor being the one to break eye-contact and then continue to walk away without another word. Casually Loki brushed through his hair to rearrange it, as if nothing had happened and the king's glare hadn't affected him at all. Despite his pouting state of mind, his eyes darted towards the girl on the golden chain, stealing yet another forbidden glance at her lovely frame, her blushed face, her bare legs... She didn't look his way and disappointed that his naive hope had been crushed, Loki put his poker face back on and disappeared in the crowd.

___________ exhaled in relief when Thor continued walking because the brief halt had been rather unpleasant. Too many eyes on her, too many whispers sneaking into her ears from all directions and Norns the palpable tension was unbearable. Affected by the wine and food, she was not able to realize what had happened and that people hadn't stared at her - at least not entirely. And thanks to Thor's wall-like back she had been spared the sight of the maid's bloody face.

Still in her welcomed trance __________ kept on walking, one step after another without bothering about the roaring feast, her surroundings. Only her master's large strides mattered and not to fall behind on them, because he would lead the way wherever they were heading. Barely did she register the cold outside on the hallways, as it crept into her body from all sides. Thus nether instincts made her yearn for warmth which Thor could provide in so many ways. She didn't shy away as his large hand guided her along, pushing her through the vast double doors of his chambers with determined
calmness. And even inside his invisible reins remained on her, the steady hand still wonderfully warm on her back. The rooms were prepared for his return, drinks and snacks arranged, fireplace still crackling discreetly, but otherwise they were abandoned. Here in the quiet the contrast to the noise level inside the great hall became apparent and _________'s head began to spin a little. Thor noted her swaying footsteps and provided stability with his firm hand on her back while urging her straight into the adjacent bedroom. There would be no preamble tonight.

Dutifully she was about to help him undress but he motioned for her to sit and wait on the bed, knowing that her hands wouldn't be any less clumsy than his own right now. They both were affected by the strong Asgardian wine after all. While shedding the many layers of his garment, Thor watched the little kitten shifting on the sheets, the fur loosely draped around her to inspire fantasies in the mind of the beholder. Absentmindedly she played with the golden chain dangling now freely from the collar, the tiny links sparkling in the dim fire-light, and Thor made a mental note to use the chain later on.

When he was finally naked, the god sank onto the bed next to her, the mattress giving way under his weight as he crawled closer. Sitting on his heels, he spread his legs expectantly, presenting his eagerness and want for her that _________ refused to face. Over the past weeks, she had learned her place and had never shown any sign of defiance, obeying him like he wanted her to, yet she didn't fully embrace their intercourses either. Thor would have been surprised if it was the other case. As long as he could have his way with her, he didn't mind her lack of enthusiasm. But that very moment, he couldn't stand the dull look on her face.

"Don't be so shy!" he said and slightly pulled on the fur so that she let go of it, the white fluff gliding down her shoulders to reveal her nakedness beneath. Thor smirked at the sight, his loins twitching as his gaze dipped down to her hardened nipples - thanks to the cold on the hallways. Without hesitation he reached forward and squeezed those delicate breasts with one hand, mildly at first but then harder when the mortal didn't react to it. Not one muscle of her face stirred, her eyes lifeless as they stared into nothingness, as if she wasn't there at all. So Thor's hand shot upwards, snatched her chin and turned her head.

"Look at me!" he demanded with equally sudden roughness so that _________ snapped back from wherever her mind tried to escape to.

"P-please forgive me, your majesty." came the well trained reply and although there was fear in her eyes, Thor recognized something else, an unspoken message that she just wanted him to quickly get it over with. Nothing more. With a disapproving snort he pushed her face backwards until she lay on her back, legs spread and ready for him to intrude. Just as he was hovering above her and positioning himself, she closed her eyes and exhaled quietly - like she probably did every time he fucked her but this time, Thor was unnerved by it. More than he was willing to acknowledge. He couldn't tell why, but this obvious apathy was vexing, scratching his ego perhaps, and it really diminished his arousal. So Thor paused, considering this realization, before he gave in to a sudden impulse and dived down, not with his hips but with his head. His full lips closed around her tiny nipple and most of her breast, sucking and exploring curiously what had only been touched by his hands so far, his golden beard tickling her skin. When he lightly bit down on her nipple, _________’s eyes shot wide open and a shriek escaped her throat in surprise. Her whole being was tensed in alert and at last he had her undivided attention, which spurned him on to hold it. In circular motions his tongue danced across her breast, then the other one, mapping those delicate hills and searching for the most sensitive spots. Because suddenly he deemed it worthwhile to elicit another whimper, more so a moan from her sweet lips. Yes, Thor wanted her to moan because of his touch, for his touch and more.
So he shifted his large body, coming to rest on his side next to her, head popped up on his arm for he couldn't miss any reaction of hers as his free hand travelled from the hills of her breasts across her flat belly and beyond. __________ inhaled sharply when a bulky finger brushed with unknown tenderness across her clit, with no hurry or other purpose than just what it was. Also here, the girl recognized a circular pattern as the calloused tip continued and still surprised about it all she let this strange sensation wash over her, like a wave of fresh water during heat. Honestly, she was too drunk to think of possible reasons for the god to tend to her this way, or of the consequences it might entail. Instead she allowed herself to just experience. A few strokes and circles later, a shiver quaked her body from the very core and unfamiliar heat pooled in her belly. Thor noted the change, the growing restlessness as she shifted, bucking her hips ever so slightly, shyly but greedily, towards his hand. A smirk tugged at his lips at her eagerness and he felt both triumph and incentive burning inside him as he watched the little mortal with even greater hunger. His member was solid rock by now.

Another whimper left her parted lips between labored breaths, her tiny body aflame and unable to hide the effects of his touch. Thor knew what he was doing, had he practiced with enough goddesses so far whose physique was no different from hers, just another size. And the way her hands gripped the sheets confirmed his expertise. Higher and higher she rose as this new, different burning spread from her crotch to her entire body. Despite the protests of her consciousness, telling her that this was wrong on so many levels, she closed her eyes and threw her head back in a pleasure she hadn't known before. This was too good not to enjoy, even if it was provided by him. The god who tormented her, who was her living nightmare. She would hate herself for it once the heavy mist of alcohol and pleasure would fade away. Under the cool light of soberness, the cruelty of her fate would hit her full force, painfully reminding her that this life wasn't hers to live. So she let Thor carry her to lofty heights, each brush and stroke doing its trick, and oh his loins pressed against her thigh added to her arousal. Until stars appeared behind her firmly shut eyes and every fiber of her body tensed in delight, hips jolting upwards, face distorted by pleasure. What a sight, what a feeling of her pulsating walls around his finger, wet, hot and throbbing. Her apex was contagious and inspiring, driving the god mad with wanton lust. He couldn't wait anymore, lest he would burst.

Within the blink of an eye he was on top of the little mortal again, golden locks falling forward and framing his face as she looked up. The hunger sparkling in his dark-blue orbs caused her cunt to throb violently - or were this normal after-waves? She couldn't tell, didn't have time to ponder either because the god then joined their hips and claimed her tight hole. Yes so tight, but so delicately wet and sensitive, each throb as if to pull him further in with lecherous need. As if his cock would make her whole. Thor settled for a decent pace, because Norns, each thrust sent ripples of glee through his very core. Wrapped up in pleasure, Thor applied more weight to her light frame, pressing her deeper in to the mattress as he rested on his elbows beside her shoulders. With his eyes closed, he buried his nose in her loose braids as he encompassed her with his large body. He was used to her trembling beneath but her slight arms and legs slung around him - or at least as little as they could - in a desperate attempt to cling to him, to press their bodies more together, was something entirely beyond Thor's expectations. And he doubted she knew what it did to him.

Oh my little kitten...
Soon the god was moaning too, low like the roll of thunder that drowned out the noises of their colliding flesh, of her whimpers and gasps. Right now there were no worries, no tomorrow, nothing except their melting bodies. With her soft whimpers in his ears, Thor dared to penetrate her harder, deeper, and her dripping wet cunt seemed to approve. He could feel her throbbing around him, squeezing and massaging him in a way no goddess could. That alone was worth the effort, the risk, of making her his plaything - his courtesan. Possessive thoughts invaded his mind, of the many ways he owned her and the fact that she depended on him for dear life, literally. Yes, he was everything to her. That provided the final push and Thor buried himself one last time into her folds, impaling her, as he came.

It took quite the willpower not to simply crush her beneath his weight, as strong as his urge to rest was yelling, and with much effort Thor rolled off her to the side. _________ remained on her back, eyes shut and panting now that the pressure of his body on her lungs was gone. The air was chill and uncomfortable, so she suddenly missed the warmth, the whole sensation, of having the god on top of her. How odd. She quickly pushed the thought away, embarrassed and concerned of originating it, and reminded herself to get going and head for the slave dormitory. It was a habit really and her sudden movement must have given her intentions away, since Thor immediately slung an arm around her waist to stop her. Lazily he pulled her closer, forcing her to lay back down on her side, until he spooned her from behind. ____________ tensed in alert, afraid of what might happen, of punishment and pain, as she had been conditioned by her new life.

"Hush..." Thor's low voice purred into her ear, sleep already blurring his words. "Sleep now."

***

When _________ opened her eyes the next morning she was quite surprised that a) she had indeed found some (pretty decent) sleep and b) Thor hadn't crushed her during the night. He lay on his back, limbs sprawled all over the mattress while she was still curled up at the same spot, back turned towards him, occupying not much more space than one of the cushions. Listening to his even breathing, she decided to remain perfectly still and not to wake him so that she had some time to clear her head. The alcohol of last night did leave its traces and made her rather sensitive to sound and the rays of light peeking through the curtains. Tempted by the warmth and the coziness of this luxurious bed - especially since she had been sleeping on straw for the past months - she dozed off again soon.

So that was it. She was supposed to share his bed the whole night, **all** nights from now on. Obviously she hadn't put the pieces together when Thor had said she wasn't allowed to leave the suite without his permission. Well, at least she didn't have to sneak back into the dormitory in the middle of the night anymore. A small benefit but at least something. The mere thought of the cold outside on the hallways made her shiver and as if on demand the giant behind her stirred. Groaning he turned his massive body around and lazily patted on the mattress with his hand until he found his little mortal. Again she found herself pressed to his chest, seductive warmth and scent radiating off him in waves and even in this drowsy state his divine aura was compelling, soothing her nerves when she noticed his hardness poking her thigh.

But Thor didn't make a move onto her besides that. They just lay there, relaxing and ____________ swore she heard him snore ever so slightly once or twice while she remained fully awake. Her mind was too busy processing the past day - defying the hangover it still suffered. Since yesterday she was a courtesan, whatever strange things that status might entail, and she had been presented to the public in a rather scandalous way. The remaining blurred memories of her sitting on Thor's lap in that fur,
being hand-fed by him... was enough to paint crimson on her cheeks. Wonderful gossip material.

Ah yes and then Harald had died - *Don't go there!* her mind chided and directed her attention to the blonde god's hips rubbing against her legs, eager for a little friction.

"Mhmmm little kitten..." the predator purred, his whole chest vibrating, and she heard him smirk between the words. What she didn't see was that Thor glanced quickly at the clock on the nightstand, realizing that he was late - more than usual - for his appointment with Frigga. If it wasn't his mother, he would stay in bed for another hour or so, just because he could. A demonstration of a spoiled brat's power. He didn't dare to do so with his mother though. Thus he pressed his half-hard cock one more time against her, dwelling in last night's pleasure for a moment longer, before he reluctantly got up. In a moderate haste he put on some casual clothes, a dark-grey cloak atop, and walked over to the large mirror to adjust his mop of blonde hair somehow. All the while he noted ________'s eyes on him, watching with wariness and uncertainty as to what she was supposed to do. Of course, the concept of a courtesan was new to her - as it was for Thor, he would only learn it later that day - and luckily he didn't mind her still lying in bed.

"You may rest for now." he said rather detachedly, not even bothering to look at her, as he walked towards the door. The girl hid a little further under the sheets.

"But I expect you to have lunch with me any my brothers."
Tired eyes met her in the large mirror as she beheld herself inside the bathroom, not too long after Thor had left. If not for the other maids urging her to get up, ____ would have stayed beneath the silken sheets, brooding and desperate to let sleep take her away. Only during the sacred hours of dark slumber she could forget the cruel strokes of fate, forget the pain and the sorrow of her life. Still she was stubborn enough to want to live, to defy the Norns and their plans for her. But their latest stroke didn't make it easy to uphold a positive attitude.

Since yesterday she was an orphan, bereaved of almost her entire family - she didn't know what had become of her brother Einar and other relatives had only become more distant, avoiding scum to dirty their name. Thus not an option to go to if she ever was dismissed from slavery. Iff indeed. Although she couldn't forgive Harald for putting her into slavery, his death moved her heart. He was her father after all. Had been ... As if his passing had opened a forgotten trunk, early happy memories of her and her father bubbled up from deep down her unconsciousness. A hug, laughter, playing in the gardens... Memories of a time before gold and wealth had claimed his heart.

That he had been a rebellion leader was a great surprise, had she never thought Harald to have compassion or a strong sense for justice – except concerning his own person. Whatever reasons he had aimed at, and she was sure gold had been a strong incentive here, Harald had lost the deal and his life in one go. Tyr's long-sword had parted Harald's head from his body, in front of the whole court, in front of both friends and foes, and in front of his own daughter. The sound of cracking bones echoed in her ears and ____ shook her head violently to regain silence.
Yet there were too many troubling thoughts swirling around her mind, drawing tiresome circles and persistently demanding attention. Even if the hangover from yesterday's wine had somewhat passed, she still felt sick, her senses dulled and exhausted but very sensitive at the same time. All those shocks recently had been too much apparently, and did leave some traced behind on her. Her eyes were a good example, glassy and underlined by dark circles, portraying the strain on her fragile being - as well as other parts of her body too as she realized. Slowly she let her gaze wander down, taking stock of all the bruises and marks there, of the visible damage done to her body. Large blue spots had appeared on her hips, her upper thighs and arms, while smaller red ones dotted her breasts. Some were already fading, some freshly blossoming on her skin.

Thor's marks. Her whole body shuddered as she thought of him, of the last night they had spent together. So tender his touch had been, so skilled and daring, while her body had betrayed her hatred for the god. __________ had brought herself to climaxes before, being familiar with this heat and tingling, and pure shame and fury filled her heart now that he had awoken it inside her. Now that he had snatched this most private part of her too. How could she enjoy, let alone come because of Thor's touch?!

She remembered well the cocky smirk on his bearded face as she had tensed in bliss and how eagerly he had claimed her then. It hadn't hurt that much despite the stretch, since her insides had been liquid and still wrapped up in the after-waves. Thor had used the opportunity well, had sunk himself deep into her, and had stolen one moan after another from her lips. Adding to her shame.

How could I give him this much satisfaction?! The damned bastard!!

She shook her head once again, more frantically this time so that she had to steady herself on the sink. The wine was to blame, she concluded, because the rich liquid had clouded her senses, had made her compliant and willful. Norns, he hadn't needed his seductive aura to get his way. Less than her own behavior she could grasp his. Why had he busied himself with her pleasure when he usually just took but never gave? Perhaps it was a reward for her obedient behavior, as he had pointed out several times recently, but to __________ it was more of a punishment, a heavy burden to her soul. Because him being the one to provide pleasure didn't fit with her hatred towards him. And she really hoped that it wouldn't happen again. Why should it? It was highly unlikely that something had changed inside the god, that his morale and conscience were back on.

I shall find out at lunch anyway... she thought to herself as another maid knocked on the door, telling her to hurry for the gods would arrive soon. Quickly __________ washed herself in the large sink, carefully patting on the sore spots, and made herself presentable as best as she could. Upon reentering the bedroom she noticed the dark-blue dress lying on the freshly made bed and prompted by the chilly air she rushed to put it on. The silk was soft but not really warming, especially since her shoulders were left bare - but still better than the white fur, which she spied on a chair near the dresser. So after one final check in the mirror, she decided to wait in front of the fireplace in the salon.

He won't coax another moan from me, not one fiber shall he stir with pleasure! she vowed to herself
as she stared into the flames.

xxx

Lunch with his brothers. Norns, that was exactly what he did not need today - not when his head ached from wine and all the other stupid incidents last night. But over the eons it had become custom for the brothers to meet after such a feast or event and who was he not to honor this tradition? And besides, the king had many new tasks ahead which all required wisdom, some caution, political tact and so forth. That's where Balder and Loki came in, the ones more capable of those attitudes, both willing to help their big brother out as best as they could. Because Loki - especially Loki - loved and valued his eldest brother above all, even if he could be an oaf at times. But this oaf had protected little Loki often, had covered him up for his mischief, and side by side they had stood throughout their lives. It was just as their beloved mother once said: Thor was the sun, Loki the moon and Balder the sky to keep the trio together.

That was why it hurt so much more. On the one hand, Loki didn't mind Thor's selfishness and wanted every of his wishes to come true, but on the other hand, Loki couldn't tolerate __________ to become victim of Thor's greed. The way he had his paws on her, let alone the covetous glances he shot her...

Don't think of it! It will only make lunch worse. ... Loki scolded himself mentally when he followed behind his brothers through the doors with the red hammer. Indeed his mind quieted and with stoic expression he sat down opposite of Balder at the table, a handful of maids scurrying around them. Meanwhile, Thor was at the fireplace where his favorite mortal had been huddling until he approached. With approval he surveyed her in the blue dress, a smirk tugging at his lips when he spied a faint bite mark just below the cleavage, and then he led her to the table. His hand so broad and warm on her back, __________ tried not to lean in to it.

Idly the gods ate, Thor flanked by his brothers, while the mortal was ordered to stand beside her master, tend to the beverages or other needs if required. The other maids had been dismissed, for more privacy, and it was all fine by her. She hadn't expected to be sitting at the table with them, to eat with them like equals, and she wasn't that hungry anyway. Or so she told herself.

"Thor, you do know that mortals don't feed on air, do you?" Balder interrupted the current conversation when he heard the quiet but distinct grumble of __________'s stomach as she refilled his goblet. With both shock and embarrassment she stepped back and warily watched her master's reaction. Cerulean eyes met those of ocean-blue in a intense stare. Of course he was aware of that but admittedly, Thor hadn't considered that keeping the girl inside his chambers implied that she couldn't attend the slaves' meals. Oops. He forced himself to smile at Balder, calming his volatile temper by doing so.

"Are you hungry?" came Thor's low voice after a pause, sounding like he was actually interested in the answer. Suddenly there were too many eyes focused on her, the blush not diminishing, and eventually she nodded shyly.
"Y-yes your majesty." avoiding to hold the king's gaze she looked away, catching a glimpse of worry in Loki's expression.

"Then come!" Without looking she knew what Thor wanted, where he indicated her to sit, and obediently - almost habitually - she settled on his upper thigh. But unlike the night before, the king handed her the dessert fork so that she may help herself to some food from his plate, which was piled with enough delicacies. Silently and very carefully as not so spoil herself or worse, the king, she ate and couldn't help herself but enjoy the taste. It must have shown on her face too.

"I see you approve of our meal?" Balder chuckled from the side, his tone warm and friendly as on the first day she met him. Funny thing that he, the first god whom she ever spoke to, was also the first to address her directly now. As if he wanted her to take part on their conversation. How odd, but nice of him. She couldn't shake off the suspicious feeling that Balder tried to amend for his failure towards her.

"Yes, very much, your highness!" something about the blonde go prompted her to go on, words chosen carefully though since there were two others listening. "So many months on bland stews and stale bread is like going cold turkey for one's gustatory nerves! And this-" she held up a spiked piece of rare meat. "-is just delicious!"

Once again she felt three sets of eyes on her, pinning her into place, but both Balder and Loki seemed amused by her untypical 'outburst' of words. As for Thor, she wasn't so sure.

"Take as much as you like but leave a few bites for me!" she heard his voice rumble in his broad chest, felt his hot breath on her cheek as he leaned down, and gone was her readiness of speech.

"As if a delicate thing like her could eat all that food away!" Loki piped from the side as if to help her out, noticing how Thor's hold on her tightened, slightly but subtly pulling her closer to his chest. Can't he keep his paws to himself?!

Since this open display of possessiveness was detrimental to his appetite, Loki then neatly put the cutlery down and sipped from his goblet. Many thoughts he had spent on whether to confront the king about this whole courtesan-thing and although he hadn't reached a consensus yet, Loki wouldn't do it in ___________'s presence. He would spare the girl to witness the bothers debating - it could become rather rough since Thor wasn't one for arguments. Thus Loki played along, pretending not to care about his friend being groped by his brother, not to mind how exhausted she looked, while on the inside he couldn't bare the sight.

My friend... But how am I to sympathize with the daughter of the man who murdered my father?

***

__________ had long finished eating, feeling sated and tired, when Thor still wolfed down one piece of meat after another. She really wonder how the realm could afford such a glutton as she
leaned against his chest, not really listening to their conversation.
"... So the security level of our realm, especially the palace is outstanding. Thanks to my humble
efforts, of course." Loki said while Thor relaxed in his chair, finally being full. "The one thing that
remains to be done is the assignment of a gatekeeper for the Bifrost."

"The last one didn't survive the Yule feast." the raven-haired god added in reply to his king's
inquiring look. Thor's expression darkened visibly at the thought of that particular night and also
Loki tried to push the memories away.

"What about this hostage - I mean guest of ours, Heimdall was it?" Balder put in after a quick
consideration, knowing that nothing good came from a man without a task. His brothers didn't share
his good will though, especially Loki who wasn't fond of Heimdall's people.
"That Vanir?" he sneered in disgust as if a dead rat had been placed at his feet.

"Yes. I've heard his eye-sight is one of a kind, some claim he is all-seeing. We should make use of
this skill and tie the Vanir clans closer to Asgard." it was what Odin would have suggested, Balder
was sure, and also the other two gods recognized wisdom in this suggestion. Still there was doubt
about it.

"I'm not sure if that will turn out against us eventually." Loki replied after a pause, supporting himself
on the armrest and absentmindedly brushing with one finger across his thin lips. He often did that
when his mind was rattling. "We shouldn't allow a Vanir to hold such a key position."

"I agree with Loki, the Vanir can't be trusted." Thor shifted in his seat, cradling __________ in his
arm like the kitten she was and enjoying her meager weight on his lap. Loki bit down on his finger,
hard enough to quench the bitter jealousy welling up inside him and the slight pain induced him to
stay on track and listen as Thor continued: "They broke our peace treaty, so why should they be
loyal now?"

"They certainly won't be if we don't give them a chance to amend for their failure." Balder retorted
without hesitation, folding his hands elegantly in his lap, and Thor recognized the rueful spark that lit
up on Balder's features for a moment. A chance to for the Vanir, or for Balder to prove his
trustworthiness?

Clad in silverly-grey robes with dark-violet hems and linings, he looked at least as good as Loki in
his black and turquoise outfit. Both radiated with elegance and seemed to enjoy this debate, being
able to assist Thor in this matter and be valued for their input and eloquence. A rush of satisfactory
delight washed over Thor upon realizing that he could gain some more power over his dear brother if
he played out this wish for redemption.

"There's truth in that..." Loki admitted and smiled at his sibling, then at the eldest one. "Perhaps
there's a less important and influential task we could give him? You know, to test his true
allegiance."

Silence filled the salon as everyone thought about this idea and the sudden lack of voices had the
mortal fully awake again. All the food had made her drowsy and maybe she had even dozed off for a
moment, all the strain finally catching up to her. But now she turned her neck a little to watch the
gods, Balder in particular as he spoke.

"Hm... If he is all-seeing then we could ask him to find the fourth leader of the rebellion? Sif's spies
can't find him on Asgard - if he's still here at all - and so Heimdall would come in handy. Also there's
no motive for him to sabotage anything since this fugitive is not known to have any ties to
"Very well." came the grumble of a command from beneath her, Thor's whole chest vibrating. "Arrange it that way, Balder, and give him the necessary instructions. Don't share too much information about the assault though, you never know with those Vanir."

"As you wish, brother."

"That still leaves us without a gatekeeper." Loki mused while sipping from his goblet, emerald eyes darting from god to god to mortal and back again. He noted that she was all ears now but like the other two didn't worry about it. What harm could she do with this insignificant information? She couldn't leave these walls anyway.

"I suggest we take Skurge." Thor said as he suddenly rose and made his way towards the couch, carrying the girl along in his arm. Moments later she found herself sitting next to the king on the dark-red furniture, not in his lap anymore but still very close, his arm reaching behind her on the backrest.

"Who?" the youngest god shot Balder a confused look, delicate eyebrows risen in lack of knowledge, but also he seemed clueless. "Never heard of him."

"He's a fine lad, fought many battles with me. Give him recognition and an elevated status and he'll eat from our hands." Thor elaborated with a smile, staring into the flames as he recalled memories of the man in question. Skurge was not the brightest star out there, nor of divine birth - just the son of some noble mortal lord. But he was loyal to Thor, looking up and admiring him since they first met. During battles Skurge would always secure Thor's back, like a shadow - which could be too clingy at times - but that made him the perfect choice.

"Sounds like you manipulated him before?" Loki assessed as both he and Balder joined the king in front of the fireplace. Daring as he was, Loki settled on the couch next to __________ - far away not to raise any suspicion - while Balder made himself comfortable in the arm-chair near by.

"Perhaps you're not the only sly prince of Asgard." Thor replied calmly, yet Loki could make out a warning undercurrent in his tone and the Trickster made a mental note not to look at _________ too often hence forth. Nevertheless, his eyes searched for hers during the gods' conversation about politics, about how Asgard needed to strengthen its position as ruling realm. Now that Odin's firm hand on the Nine was lifted and since Thor hadn't built up enough credibility yet to step into his father's shoes, some other realms may question Asgard's superior status. They might be up for conquering the golden city.

"Let them try..." Thor boasted full of confidence as he relaxed more against the backrest, allowing his fingers to brush along __________'s upper arm. "... and face my wrath as I set an example on them!"

"Like you did yesterday?" Loki retorted before he could even think about what he was doing, and he would come to regret every word.

"So you don't approve of the way I punished those traitors?" the tone was threatening enough without looking at Thor's face and Balder tensed as the air seemed to charge. He didn't like where this conversation was going. Also _________ straightened up in alarm.

"Oh no, that was fine. It could have been a tad more dramatic though, like sewing their mouths shut." Loki casually ran his long fingers through his black hair, as if they were talking about something meaningless. "What I don't approve of is the way you bother yourself with a mortal when you could have any goddess at your side." He knew he was walking on thin ice the moment he had
said it. But hadn't his mother warned that his loose tongue would get him into trouble?

Silence, tensed and uncomfortable as it stretched out, oppressing in the suddenly small salon. Oh how badly __________ wanted to slap the Trickster, to talk back and hurt him too, but she bit her tongue to keep quiet. Thor studied his little brother warily and took his time to reply. Not that he lacked the words, no, he was trying to keep the reigns on his flaring fury because of this insolence. No one was allowed to question the king and Thor loathed to explain himself, to justify why he preferred to fuck the little kitten in every position he knew. Then it hit him, pieces falling into place and suddenly Loki's strange behavior lately made perfect sense.

He's jealous!

"I see." Thor finally broke the silence as well as the built-up tension with a small smile spreading beneath his golden beard. "Well, first of all it is a reminder for the mortals as to where their place is. And secondly, I'm simply not ready for a long-lasting relationship yet. That's why I choose to indulge in some pleasure without serious consequences."

Gods and mortals can’t procreate. Loki narrowed his eyes as he though of Thor testing that theory.

Both Balder and __________ shared a look of confusion and concern, expecting the king to lash out any time now. Especially when Thor somewhat rudely pulled her into his arms and rose, cradling her even more possessively than usual against his broad chest. As if to prove a point. "Now I think you better leave..." he dismissed them in a husky voice, purposefully devouring the mortal in his arms with his hungry eyes and already making for the bedroom. Quickly and out of instinct, Balder grabbed Loki by the arm and urged him to come along and leave before this could get worse.

***

"Are you out of your mind?! You can't talk to Thor like that!!" the blonde barked once they were on the hallway and at some distance to the doors of the king’s chambers. "To confront him so openly will make it only worse!" Loki didn't seem to listen and walked on. Until Balder forced him to halt and face him, pulling harshly on his upper arm.

"He could have you whipped for this insolence. Or her." Balder reduced his voice to a whisper, checking whether the corridor was empty and safe to have this type of conversation. "Don't you think I know that? But how am I supposed to watch this.... this abuse?!!" the younger god hissed as he yanked himself free, and his porcelain mask cracked right then, turning from anger to pain.

"You care about her, don't you?"

"It's none of your business." Loki hissed and Balder frowned. "Whatever. I care because that girl has a pure heart and didn't deserve any of this. But listen-" he put his hands on both of Loki's shoulders to get his full attention and to underline what he was about to say. "- She's the daughter of a traitor and as such has no perspective for a prosperous life or a life at all outside the palace. It's either being a courtesan or having to rot in the dungeons or worse!"

Loki pursed his lips, wanting to protest but honestly he had to agree to Balder's reasoning.

"All the gods cheered when Harald Leifsson was beheaded, what do you think they would want to do with his daughter?"
"So Thor's just being merciful?!" the raven-haired god spat, almost choking on the words, and his eyes lit up with pure frustration when Balder didn't reply. "Seriously?? That's what you want to believe?!

Both sighed deeply, taking a step back to clear their heads, and Balder glanced at each end of the corridor once more to be sure they weren't listened in to. "I worry for her, honestly. And I've grown fond of her during our chess rounds..." Loki said after a pause but upon Balder's surprised grin he quickly added: "Well not that fond but just, you know..."

"I too worry for this girl." the god of light interrupted, still smiling knowingly at his little brother and his poor attempt to downplay his feelings for the mortal in question. "We can't free her from slavery nor from Thor's paws. But together we can watch out for her, keep her out of Thor's temper and wrath. But only if you keep yourself in check and don't do anything stupid!"

"Fine." Loki avoided his gaze, shoulders tensing as the mischief wound itself in his head akin to snakes, emerald eyes sparkling like they did when the two were but children. "Promise me you won't provoke Thor so that he leashes out on her!"

"I promise." he whispered but deep down both gods knew that those words were empty. One way or another Loki would hit a nerve and the girl would have to pay for it. Balder vowed to himself that he would not let that happen. __________ had suffered enough because of his doing.
Memories left buried

Chapter Summary

Sorry that it took so long. Real life was demanding to say the least...
Still I did my best with this chapter and I hope you find it as intriguing to read as I.
There are 2 little surprises and at least one open end / thrilling thing for next chapter for you!

Enjoy and please leave a comment! Also thanks for all the kudos, the love and for staying tuned :) * I appreciate your support!

xoxo

Dark

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was no doubt that Thor was in a mood after the tensed lunch they just had. ________ knew him too well by now to be mislead by the calm demeanor, by the pensive look on his face as he seemingly relaxed. She could sense the agitation in his muscles, hidden beneath fine grey silk, and could see the brooding temper in his dark-blue eyes whenever she dared to meet them. It was in the details indeed, but there were always signs before a storm and ________ had learned to look out for them. Avoiding the king’s wrath was rule number one, being essential to staying alive, and right now she wasn't sure if she could escape the thunder without some lightning. For a while now he had been staring at her, his gaze like brazing sunlight permeating her exposed skin right to her very core. She fought against the urge to shudder, against the tingling and discomfort his stare evoked in her, and stubbornly she focused on the grand glass window on the far side of the salon. Refusing to let him affect her even though he would win in the end. As always.

Half an hour ago, Thor had meant to take her, had already settled the two of them on the soft mattress and was about to unlace his pants when the guard had entered. In his tow had been the royal seamstress, upon the king's request and so he had refrained from the ravishing. Very reluctantly. And hence the girl was being ushered back into the salon and onto a small pedestal. The seamstress hadn't commented on ________’s lack of clothing, nor on the bruises, and instead had set straight to work, taking measures of her entire body. Rather thoroughly, when it came to the girl's breasts and private parts. However, the seasoned woman remained stoically professional when she pulled the tapeline through the thighs at their junction, while ________ turned rigid. She could very well imagine the god's amused smirk as he observed the idle scene and it only increased her uneasiness. Although she was surprised to be gifted with new clothes, she somewhat dreaded what exactly they would look like, how revealing they would be. Thinking of the scandalous white fur, she found it hard to be thankful even if that probably was what the king expected of her. Gratitude, because he was so generous, so merciful, to buy his doll new pretty dresses to be ripped apart in the heat of his desires. No, she would not play along and be blinded by fine silk and brocade.
Very much like the predator she considered him to be, Thor's gaze travelled up and down her frame, slowly as to soak up all there was, all the curves and edges he found so alluring, all the many dark spots of his doing. Without them she would be an eyeful, pure and radiant, yet his greed compelled him to claim, to own and to mark. She was his alone and always would be, for his hunger for the little mortal knew no sating, and he would remind himself and her with heach bruise, each soreness and ache. With his mouth and hands, everytime he got hold of her. So that others saw merely beaten flesh where Thor thought her beautiful.

And since every precious thing needed proper wrapping, he had requested the royal seamstress earlier that day. As much as the white fur had appealed to his lecherousness, Thor wouldn't have her so exposed henceforth. Silk of many layers and colors should conceal her lovely figure until he, and he alone, would peel off each petal of his rose one by one to reach the sweet nectar beneath. Solely for him to devour.

Heat pooled in his belly at the thought, the dark hunger deep within stirring to life and suppressing any other rise of his temper, and once more he let his gaze roam over her frame. At the back of his mind, he admonished himself to feed her properly, lest she would loose even more weight than she already had because of slavery. If he meant to enjoy her fully and as long as possible, he ought to ensure she remained healthy and nourished. He couldn't have her break from his demands. He still had so much in store for his little kitten, especially since the new intimacy during their last encounter.

By the time the seamstress was done, any of his thoughts about his vexing little brother and politics had cleared and one distinct desire emerged from the silence of his thoughts. What had been a fleeting appetite at the border of his consciousness had turned into ravenous need.

"Come here." he grumbled the moment the door clicked shut and as if hexed to life, the little statue on the pedestal moved by this distinct tone of his voice - low, husky and foreboding. She stepped down and walked obediently towards him in as much grace and dignity as she could muster. Those last hints of her upper-class heritage surprised and impressed the god, for she clung to them no matter what and approached him in her pure nakedness as if she wore the most lavish of dresses. She had long given up to cover what he had already seen thoroughly and he was pleased by her forthcoming. In so many ways.

Greedily he grabbed her by the waist and upper arm once she was in reach and lifted her onto him, her naked small body draped across him in the armchair. There he took a good eyeful of her tits, adorned with pink hard nipples and faint blue spots. The sight went straight to his cock, stirring beneath her lovely hips in a way she couldn't miss, and prompted him to lean forward and renew the marks by feverish sucking.

"Aah, it hurts, your majesty!" ___________ yelped and wriggled away from the pain, especially when Thor used his teeth, and her futile struggle against his hold only put oil into the flame of his desire. With a sinister chuckle, he retrieved and leaned back to assess his work on her molested skin, the girl shrinking under his piercing stare. As if an inner countdown was up, he then pushed her further up his torso with one arm, shoving her tits to his eye-level. ___________ tensed in awaiting another round of biting on the already tender flesh, her tiny arms clutching the god's shoulders for support. He could feel her delicate fingers presing into his muscles just as he heard her inhaling his scent as she dug her face into his golden locks. So small and light, yet he was overly aware of every gram of her resting on him. A groan rippled through him, low and sensual, betrayed
how eager Thor was and in quick impatient movements he fumbled with his breeches, unlacing and then pulling.

"P-please use some lube, ...your majesty." she whispered through his golden locks between tensed breaths, anxious to look him in the face and instead buring her nose deeper in the crook of his neck. Her voice rang of fear, like it ought to, but nothing else - not the slightest undercurrent of anticipation which he secretly had hoped for. Thor halted briefly in his tracks.

A few new dresses won't change the way she sees me, won't erase the fear nor the hate.

His aura flipped, the brooding temper rising anew and mixed with the urge to claim, to possess and to hurt.

But I don't need her to like me as long as I can fuck her.

The mortal in his arms turned rigid when he impaled her, shoved her down in one go absent any lube. Tight as ever her walls embraced him, serving his purpose, and lifting him to sweet heights while her tears stained his tunic.

xxx

Thor left his chambers in an even darker mood than after lunch, although he just came good and hard. Wasn't that what he enjoyed most, to rapture and take without consideration? Strange then that he felt so utterly unsatisfied.

xxx

On his way back to his chambers, Loki's thoughts had long drifted off from the Seidr lesson he just had to more confusing matters, matters of which his sharp mind had trouble to sort and to comprehend in it's logical approach. Some things are beyond the limits of logic. He couldn't stop thinking about __________ since he saw her at lunch and her exhausted yet lovely face appeared whenever he shut his eyes, slipping into his consciousness even during waking hours now. And the more he fantasized about the girl, the more he felt guilt's cold hand gripping him tightly. Because in the light of nothing but truth, it had been him who seduced the merchang to betray the god of light. It had been him who set things into motion and so at the bottom line, he was responsible for all her misery and suffering.

But Loki was no friend of truths and had a habit of keeping them clouded and obscured, until people
would trust in his lies and mischief. That's how he had learned to achieve his goals - if not by Seidir alone - and never before had he questioned this approach. But this girl had changed so much about him. She made him care and worry, bringing human traits to the usually stainless surface of his poker face. She had seen him in his worst, most vulnerable condition, and in his best yet still she was his friend. But what friend was he, if he sat by idly while she was being used by another god? Loki didn't dare to imagine what Thor did to her - another truth better left in the dark - and although Balder had advised him not to do anything brash (Balder had called it stupid), Loki felt the strange vex to do something.

Even though he couldn't and that was probably for the best, given what damage his previous actions had caused. So he strolled back to his chamber, in thoughts of the girl and resisting to simply turn and head towards the king's chambers. With much effort he tried to focus on his Seidr lesson and what he ought to practice until next time he met with Frigga, absentmindedly entering his chambers which he found to be rather crowded. Loki halted and stared from his ten feet down upon the five mortal women standing in his salon. Clothed in too little silk to cover much nor to fend the cold but smiling nevertheless, they looked up at him expectantly, while one of them handed him a small white card.

*Pluck a flower of your own. ~ Thor*

xxx

Until evening his mood had somewhat normalized and after a tiresome meeting with his advisors, Thor returned to his chambers. To his surprise the mortal within was already asleep beneath his sheets but upon a brief glance at the clock he realized he better be to bed too. Tomorrow and the days following would mean some more diplomatic work - the hardest part of ruling - and so he would need every hour of sleep he could get. Slowly and silently he moved across the darkened bedroom and undid his light armor and boots, when he noticed a foreight object in the far corner of the room. A trunk too small to be his own was tucked between the dresser and the tall mirror, barely visibly in the dark except for its silver clasp which reflected the light coming from the salon. Ah yes, he remembered and in that particular moment curiosity won over fatigue. Moments later the god found himself at his desk, the trunk standing before him and the silver clasp clicking quietly open under his fingers.

___________'s trunk with everything she brought to the palace on her first day. And since her father's wealth and estate were confiscated, this little wooden box contained everything she possessed in this world. Carefully he picked one object after another and put them on the desk: scented writing paper and silver pens, a small mirror and make up utensils, as well as other mundane things. Then he held up a framed picture of her family, arranged in an idillic scene and dolled up for the occasion. Yet their faces betrayed that it was a play and reality was not as happy as suggested. Another picture showed up, one of __________ and her brother alone, entangled in a hug and laughing as if the picture had been taken between unawares. It showed that despite some quarrels, her life had been happy and carefree, full of hopes and wonders of a naive young girl. Thor scoffed and put it away too, the warm and happy smiling girl facing the cool wood of his desk.
Next was a small booklet with a beautifully ornated binding, pearls and other small gems woven into the dark blue velvet. Obviously this was a much cherished object of private nature, one she wouldn't show to anyone. Thor flipped it open without second thoughts, skipping through the pages of what turned out to be a diary. __________’s diary. On a random page he paused and began to read the neat writing until long after midnight. Quickly he put everything back into the trunk - except the diary which he intended to keep hidden in his deks - and placed the whole trunk near the door. Then he peeked outside and called for the guards standing watch, instructing them to dispose of the trunk and its contents. Nothing should remind _________ of her former life, of what she could miss and yearn for.

_I am her world now._

xxx

______________ woke to the sound of footsteps and rummaging outside in the salon, while the giant behind her remained fast asleep, his large chest heaving with each breath. With his face buried into the cushions and framed by golden hair, Thor looked so peaceful, gently even and utterly handsome. No one would believe what a monster he could be, what cruelties he was capable of. A lifetime ago she had admired this god like any other girl and dreamt a foolish dream of romance and love. She wouldn't find those in her life now. All what mattered was her survival, both physical and mental, and the decent rest she had that night did wonders to her overall well-being. She watched him for a while longer, just because those moments were so rare and his divine physique worth admiring. But eventually he had to be disturbed in his slumber and she wasn't sure if she wanted to be the one to do it. Indecisively whether to wake the sleeping lion or not, __________ glanced towards the clock and back at him again, until the decision was made by the door swinging open. With vehement and purposefully loud footsteps the abigail Gerlinda stormed inside, her face in thousand wrinkles more than usually. She didn't seem to fear the king's wrath upon being woken.

"Your majesty, it is beyond time to get up!" she announced as she pulled the curtains open to let the faint morning light inside, blinding the king who rolled over with an annoyed grunt. "The ambassadors of Niflheim and Jotunheim will be here in less than two hours and her highness the queen-mother requested so speak to you beforehand."

To give final instructions – the words hung in the air unspoken but all three were aware of their presence and judging from Thor's furrowed eyebrows he was not pleased by the abigail's words. Lest her tone. When he finally opened his eyes to catch her staring at him, he met her with one of his most cunning smirks that caused __________’s cheeks to blush. Damn him for it!

"Alright... alright! I'm on my way!" Thor yielded in time when Gerlinda was about to pull his blanket away - she knew it was the only way to get this Odinsson up - and very reluctantly he sat up on the edge of the bed, yawning and stretching. The abigail shot a rather disapproving glance
towards the other side of the bed before she left but while Thor was too tired to notice, _____ chose to ignore it. She wouldn’t become friends with the old fury anyway.

"Have you slept well?" he asked while getting dressed in fine silk undergarment for his royal armor. He had noted how rested and healthy she looked that morning, priding himself with the fact that she had spent yet another night beside him. Only now that she removed her own blanket, she realized that she was still wearing the blue dress from yesterday – untouched as the rest of her body.

"Y-yes very much so. Thank you, your majesty." she replied while getting up too, a faint smile appearing on her lips because she knew that he had allowed her to sleep on purpose, had not woken her when he had returned to the chambers yesterday. His footsteps had been audible and had betrayed his presence, she would always hear them no matter how deep asleep she was. So once she granted him the gratitude he so sought and noticed him beaming and being flattered by it. If only it were always so easy to lift his spirits.

"You won't see much of me over the next weeks... Because of the many ambassadors visiting and speaking their vows to me," he gave away while she buckled up all the clasps of his armor and wondered about his talkative mood so early in the morning. Also she tried her best to hide the joy about this news – finally she would have a little pause from him and his demanding nature. When she was done he lifted her chin with one finger and as if he had read all her thoughts nevertheless he added: "But I shall make up the lost time with you!"

Every minute without doubt...

Chapter End Notes

Again sorry for the wait...next one will be online sooner because I already have an outline for the chapter. (unlike this one, there isn't much plot but it's about the mood and sometimes each word that is essential to what's going on and how the characters develop - hope that makes sense xD )

In the next chapter there will be a scene with Frigga & Thor, a Loki & Thor scene and I guess Sif is about to make a visit too. So stay tuned ;)
The king entered with large strides, the dark-red cape floating vividly behind him as he walked towards the beige living suite, where he joined the goddess on the couch. Clad in peach and pale yellow silk, Frigga resembled the sun on such dire winter days and looked stunning despite her age. Thor gently leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. "Good morning mother."

And immediately a feeling of warmth and security, reminiscence and belonging, overcame the god as his mother's divine aura affected his own. But also the surroundings, the very chambers he was in, had an effect of their own. The whole salon was held in pastel tones of blue, beige and peach, highlighted by a little gold here and there. Thor had always loved to come here. Huge windows caught enough light to fend off the shadows, even during winter days, and each ray of light was reflected by the many glass sculptures the former queen liked to collect. Most of them were gifts from her husband, all displayed in three tall glass cabinets. Thor remembered how he and his brothers had marveled at the sparkling objects as children, eager to touch them, which of course had been forbidden. Somehow they had managed to get one figurine into their clumsy hands and soon later the fragile horse shattered on the marble. Odin had scolded them and to amend for it, the brothers had gifted their beloved mother with an eight legged horse on her next nameday. "Still admiring my collection?" Frigga said as she patted her son's underarm, feeling the metal of his ceremonial armor. Thor chuckled warmly and leaned in to her touch. "Yes, but don't fret. I won't shatter another."
"Good. Since you father passed, they have increased in value to me, as have the precious memories of how he gave each sculpture to me." she replied with a soft smile, the pain of her loss ghosting over her features.

They both grew silent for a moment, each thinking of the All-Father and of how much they missed him. Also his counsel, especially for the upcoming meetings, and Thor wasn't sure if he would conduct them as skillfully as his father would. Asgard had reached outstanding wealth and glory under Odin's rule and it would be utmost shameful to diminish, let alone destroy, his accomplishments. "It will be fine. Just listen carefully to their proposals and flowered words, try to see behind their friendly faces, and take your time to consider." Frigga replied to his unspoken worries and shifted a little closer, trying in vain to embrace her beloved boy. "Balder will be at your side too, you should heed his words."
"Yes mother... thank you." Thor seemed pensive, agitated and nervous like he had never been, not even before big battles - in fact he would prefer to slay an army instead of those blasted meetings. "I won't put shame to our family. ... I only hope to become a ruler as good as him one day."

An embarrassed smile flashed across his bearded face, eyes cast down in humidity and so unlike his usually self-confident character. It was only in moments like these, alone with his mother, that he
could reveal some of his troubled thoughts, his anxieties and self-doubts. She would always listen and be there for him, without judging but happy to give advice, and Frigga would never share his secrets with his brothers. Since their early childhood, there had been a natural rivalry between the siblings and Frigga avoided any comments that would stir it up, given that she knew a few secrets of each son. Knowledge was power, Odin had told her, and so Frigga had acquired not only a broad wisdom concerning Seidr but also used her little army of handmaids to remain up-to-date with daily life in the palace. Especially now that she was blind.

"You resemble your father in some way, not so in others." she said softly, her smile reaching her clouded eyes. "In time you will learn how to rule such a big realm and you will do it in your own way, different but I'm sure just as well as your father would. Perhaps even better."

Her slender hand cupped his face and gently turned him to face her. Thor relented, although the sight of her damaged eyes was still unfamiliar to him. "You were born for the throne, you are the ruler over the Nine and all their inhabitants. Never forget that."

Another minute of silence passed, Thor contemplating on her words, until Frigga spoke up again to tackle another important issue. "I've come to notice a distance between you and your brothers ever since the battle in Vanahem, especially between you and Balder." The muscles beneath his vambraces tensed. "Is there some conflict?"

"No, it's fine."

"Thor ..."

"He questioned my qualities as ruler and challenged me but we're good again.... just our usual rivalry, mother." the king sighed and leaned back on the couch. Yet despite his obvious display of unwillingness to continue, Frigga pressed on.

"It didn't seem like brotherly bickering to me. And Loki?"

"What of him?"

"I worry for him." that had the god turn fully towards his mother, giving her his undivided attention and a surprised look. "In my visions and in reality as of late, he suffers from a pain I cannot name. Also his mind seems distracted, clouded ... much more than usual."

"Did he have this fever again?" Thor put in, now also beginning to worry in earnest for his little brother because he too had sensed a change in him. Perhaps there was more than the jealousy for his little pet and the fever caused Loki's odd behavior. Thor remembered how Loki had lain in bed for days as a child, barely conscious and pale as the walls. The sight and the implied fear of losing his sibling had triggered young Thor's protective nature towards Loki, a strong bond they shared even now as adults. And at the mention of the cursed sickness, also the fear from back then returned. "He said no, but you know Loki's ways. So please look after him, perhaps have a word. He always cherished you." Frigga said in a small voice, clutching the king's massive arm to underline the urgency of her request.

"I will, mother. Don't worry." Thor promised, for how could he not, and planted a soft kiss on Frigga's knuckles. "I suppose father's passing still hurts all of us, each in our own way." He took her hand in his, gently rubbing the thumb over the soft skin as he looked into her grey, glassy eyes. "I swear upon the Nine that such a disaster will not happen again. The mortals have been taught a lesson and more shall follow to make sure they never dare to even think of betraying us again. Father was perhaps to kind to them, so I must remind them of their place."

Dark clouds appeared on the sky outside, blocking the scarce sunlight, as the god's temper rose. Lost in the memories of the explosion, his self-control slipped a tad and the wild fury almost broke loose. But Frigga in her kind way, laced her own aura with enough calming Seidr to prevent the storm from raging and quenched it at the spot. Since Odin had been similarly impulsive in his younger days, subtly and inconspicuous control had become Frigga's speciality.

"Well, the public trial was certainly a strong signal, especially in combination with that doll of
"yours." she replied after a pause, when Thor was fully present again and would listen. "You put on quite a show."
"I ahm..." Thor sputtered in a sudden lack of words, more so when Frigga's expression hardened and he knew she wasn't pleased by him having a mortal courtesan. "You were there?"
"No. But enough of my handmaids with much better eye-sight. They got rather flustered when they reported the details, I'm afraid."
A strange feeling of guilt spread inside the god, for acting against his mother's preferences and being caught at it. On the other hand, however, he truly didn't want to court Idun instead just to please Frigga. All he longed for was the mortal girl, to possess her in every way, and not even his mother's reasoning would change that. Unsurprisingly, Thor put on a stern expression, loathing where this conversation was heading.
"This is not how it's supposed to be, mortals and gods. Yet you are king and it is your right to do as you please. So be it." she went on to his surprise, yet he sensed that this wasn't all she had to say. "But eventually, you will have to marry and secure our line with an heir. The sooner the better, you know, and one does not exclude the other."

Still not sure how to defend himself, Thor chose to remain silent and glanced briefly at the clock on the dresser at the wall. Alas, his meetings called and slowly he rose from the couch. "I am well aware of that..."

But he didn't want a wife or children yet, because he still saw himself as too young for those things. More importantly, Asgard and the Nine needed to be stabilized and acquainted to his rule - not a task done in a few weeks. Besides, could he even produce an heir when he was hard only for the little mortal? Would he be able to have a wife for procreation and ________ for fun at the same time?

It didn't feel right to discuss such issues with his mother. So Thor excused himself very politely, showing his best manners as an apology, and marched towards the door when Frigga spoke up again.
"One more thing before you leave. ..." Thor halted in his tracks, not looking past his broad shoulders. "The poor thing will go crazy if you lock her up forever and without anything to occupy herself."
He nodded curtly and exhaled slowly. "I'll keep that in mind, mother."

The door clicked shut and Frigga sighed deeply. While she understood that men had certain urges, she truly wished that he would act them out on a goddess fitting to become queen. Idun would be such a lovely match, given that her figure promised to withstand Thor's carnal desires and bring forth many heirs. But they had a quarrel, him declaring little interest in further contact, so the young goddess had told Frigga. What a pity, but perhaps things would change. Frigga and Odin hadn't been heart and soul from the first day on either. Nevertheless, Thor refused to see how important an heir was for a king, how quickly fate could strike and change everything for the worse. As loving mother, Frigga wished her sons to be happy - yet each of them struggled with his place in this world. In her visions, Frigga sought to find an answer to the troubles of her sons and to gain a vague idea of their possible future. The pictures she received were blurred and held several meanings, so she needed all her wisdom and experience to interpret them.

And recently, each of her visions regarding the brothers contained a certain mortal girl.

xxx

Staying true to his words, Thor didn't spend much time in his chambers during the following days. The meetings with the lords and ambassadors were as demanding as they were important. In hour long audiences, Thor would be praised and courted like a maiden by the lords in order to sway him
and tinker the conditions of the treaties. Luckily Balder kept a thorough overview of the different
arrangements with each realm and could judge whether a refinement would cross with any of the
other. Who was who, with which realm did they cooperate well, what was their agenda and political
history with Asgard - all the boring stuff Thor hadn't listened to during his lessons. Thank the Norns
for the walking library Balder to save him time and his face. As complex as the foreign affairs of
Asgard were, Thor would easily make a suboptimal decision and he generally chose to meet any
change of a treaty with skepticism. A few were granted, many not and eventually all the fine men
humbly bent the knee before the blonde on the golden throne to pledge their loyalty. None dared to
meet a denial with protest and offend the king. After an early dinner, the lords left the golden city
while Thor and his advisors gathered in his study to discuss the accomplishments so far and the
strategy for the upcoming meeting. Consequentially the king could retire only late at night, in a state
where he almost fell straight into bed. Waking to discuss treaties and alliances with yet another high
lord from Odin knew where.

Because whenever the crown was passed on, each realm sent its highest lord or ambassador to swear
loyalty and allegiance to the new king. They all aimed to secure the protection Asgard could offer, as
well as the economic benefits and political advantages of having such a strong ally. Even if it meant
to give up their independence and freedom, to pay taxes and fees, and to be ruled by the one on the
golden throne. The universe was full of dangers that out-weight the cost of all that.

Strange how empty the rooms appeared absent the blonde god's presence, how spacious and
lonesome they could become. Especially after the third day of hourlong solitude, the entrance of a
maid bringing meals being the only highlight. __________ chose to remain in front of the
fireplace, seeking its warmth and coziness, where she pondered over her life so far. Of course the
brooding didn't do her any good and just left her upset and frustrated - or sad and lonely - or all at
once. She realized that her fate was dependent on Thor's 'taste' in her and that she better kept him
craving more. With her past and family crimes, lacking both money and true friends, there was no
nice place for a girl like her. She could end up in brothels or mines, having to work until death set her
free. Or she could dwell in luxury and comfort, being taken care of, in exchange for satisfying the
king's needs. Was it really too high a price? Or was her own pride blocking her way?

This is your best shot...

Rage was first, making her pace the salon in endless circles until on the third day resentment settled
in. Oppressing and numbing resentment to her new role as courtesan. It hurt though to accept that she
should please the king - that it would be the rational thing to do. But despite her analysis,
__________'s heart wasn't willing to comply to the rationale and refused to see Thor as an
opportunity rather than a curse. The wounds of his cruelty weren't healed and he continued to tear
them open whenever he used her.

"Why do you look so glum and depressed?" one maid had asked her at lunch, placing a fine silver
plate in front of the other mortal. She didn't understand that being the king's courtesan was something
troublesome, a burden to __________, because the naive thing only saw the luxury and the leisure,
the outside image of being held as amusement and therefore having lots of fun with the gods. Oh yes,
this was so much fun - being fucked open and manhandled each day. __________ informed her,
albeit with lighter words, telling little but enough about her abuse and the daily torment that was her
life. That she wasn't courtesan on her own will struck the maid with surprise but still she regarded it
better than common slavery. Admittedly she had a point there but __________ was too irritated to
acknowledge. Instead she hissed a snarky reply at the other girl and successfully ended their
conversation. The maid never talked to her again. Also the other maids didn't talk much to
__________ and rather kept their thoughts to themselves. If they did, however, the conversation
would always become a discussion about who had the worst lot. At least a few of them could be convinced that ________'s status was not as pleasant as it seemed. Anyways, _________ soon got tired of having to explain herself and chose to stare at the flames again - and to ignore the maids as they went about their duties until they left.

Another highlight in midst all the solitude was on the sixth day, when the new wardrobe and mirrored dresser arrived, carried by three mortal slaves into the royal bedroom. All in all they were replicas of the king's own furniture but much smaller so that _______ could access them easily, finding the wardrobe already stuffed with splendid dresses in various colors. With great curiosity __________ took stock of each piece once she was alone again, touching the fine soft fabrics and holding them at her body in front of the tall mirror. Some dresses were for casual wear, others for great feasts or pompous banquets, and thankfully none was too revealing. A goofy grin spread on her face, lightening up her glum expression, as she closed the wardrobe again, knowing that its content was all hers. Odd how unfamiliar the concept of ownership had become to her and how much she had missed to possess something, just for her use. Then she went over to the little dresser that matched the other furniture's design and found the top drawer to be filled with delicate make-up utensils, hair brushes, rich and lovely perfumes and other objects a woman might need. Everything of the best quality and, notably, there wasn't anything made of metal, nothing sharp or harmful in any way. Most likely for her own protection, since she sincerely doubted that Thor feared to be pricked by a hairpin.

He probably wouldn't even feel it. __________ thought to herself as she turned the wooden brush in her hands and suddenly imagined herself attacking the king. She would do it during his deep slumber, when he was unaware and unprotected by guards, advisors or brothers. Nor by his armor. In her imagination, she hovered above his naked form with a long blade pointing directly towards his beating heart beneath the idly rising chest. It would require much strength to push the blade past his ribs until the intended goal and she had only one try. But of course he would wake and disarm her, probably laugh her in the face while doing so, and then punish her in ways she didn't dare to imagine. Whom was she kidding? She would never be able to harm him. A toy was not worth to cause him such, so Thor was invulnerable to her actions and to her words.

xxx

At this point, Thor was glad that his father had stopped his conquest at nine realms, for he was already yearning for those meetings to be over. While the easy ones were already done, like with Vanahem or Jotunheim - where there was only one local leader - a few complicated cases remained for the last days. Some realms were divided in nations or regions under the care of different lords, like Svartalfheim (or even worse, Midgard). On Svartalfheim the deep woods and outstretching valleys, the lakes and the shores were divided among several Elvish populations, each having their own lord. Thus today, four elvish figures marched into the throne room, each one tall, elegant and an outstanding example of their species. Thor observed them carefully as they approached, noticing that one of them was a female and only one was clad in armor, the others in long floating robes that brushed the marble floor with each step.

"Lord Malekith, lord Thranduil, lord Elrond and lady Galadriel of Svartalfheim!" the herald announced and Thor shifted subtly in his throne. He had been warned by his father once that elves were sly and to be handled with care. Proud as they were, they didn't quite digest their defeat against Asgard, lest their lost freedom and independence. However, through skillful diplomacy laced
with threats and promises, Odin had managed to establish a base of trust between the realms and eventually, the elves had accepted the gods as their superiors.

Thor hoped that recent events hadn't quaked this fragile belief.

xxx

It was shortly past noon when the doors creaked open again, disrupting the quiet within the salon but not ripping the mortal girl from her thoughts. ________ jumped a little in surprise when the maid suddenly appeared at her side, placing a tablet with food in front of her.

"Thanks but I'm not hungry...." she said without looking up, huddling some more into the large armchair. During the past days, the maids had just dropped the plate and left again, not caring that the food would be barely touched - but not this one.

"You really should eat. It shows already that you're malnourished." her tone was too soft for the a seasoned maid, so probably a new one who took pity in the other girl.

"I know the king is behind this. He commanded you to cocker up his pet. But I don't want to." admitted it was childish but for once ________ longed to act on her free will, make a choice of her own and be stubborn. Besides, the brooding and sitting around didn't burn much calories.

"Then do it for me." came the prompt reply in an all too familiar voice - soft and velvety, and distinctly male. Confused she looked up and her eyes widened as she watched the maid's body transform, growing and reshape itself into the tall black-haired giant she missed dearly. A beaming smile lit up her face. "Loki!"

"Surprise!" he chimed proudly as he settled on the couch next to her chair, gently shoving the tablet on the table towards her. "Now will you yield and eat? For me?"

His smirk was cunning, reaching his eyes, which sparkled especially green today and bore right through her soul, but there was warmth beneath the mischief in his expression. A side of him only few ever discovered.

"How could I refuse." she said and blushed lovely under his expectant gaze.

Loki watched idly as she ate, focusing on the movements of her small hands, her soft lips and how they closed around each bite. Initially he had intended to come here just briefly, in disguise of a maid, to check on ________. But when he had spied her sad form all alone in the vacant salon, staring into the flames as if she wanted to vanish in their heat, Loki couldn't just leave without revealing his presence.

"It troubles you to see me as the courtesan of the king...” she spoke up once she had half finished her mea and stood up to sit beside him on the couch. Her sad tone pained his heart for he was the cause of it all. “Perhaps I even repel you...”

“Don't be ridiculous!” he retorted quickly, surprised by how harsh his words sounded. So he continued much softer and shifted closer to her. In an instant, his hands rested on her face, the other slightly pulling her closer by the waist. A lovely pink flushed her cheeks, her eyes
focused on his and drowning in the emerald depths. In this very moment, a thousand words swirled in Loki’s mind – all things he wanted to tell her, to confess. But his silver tongue denied the truth as always and instead he leaned forward, using both his bewitching smirk and aura, to whisper: “On the contrary, I find myself rather attracted.”

___________’s eyes fluttered shut in delight when his lips melted with hers. She knew it was risky, forbidden and so stupid to engage in an affair like this despite the king’s possessive nature. But it felt so wrongfully good to be cherished and thus she deliberately slung her arms around Loki’s neck and deepened the kiss.
All lies

Chapter Notes

Thanks for hanging on! Here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sweet and soft were her lips, enticing and flattering were her moans as the dance of their tongues grew wilder, their kiss heating up. Loki savored every moment of it and gave in to the longing desire he had suppressed for so long. Secretly he had wanted to kiss her, hold her and oh do so much more with her, since they acquainted during their chess sessions. Since then he had ignored this craving, locked it away at the back of his mind and now that he kissed her... now this craving burned like a blazing flame, demanding more. Soon his hands roamed over her figure, exploring every curve in excitement and raw need. Both rung for air when their lips finally parted and __________ kept her eyes shut for just another moment, to gather herself, while Loki caressed her neck with lips and tongue. Tender was his touch but she could sense determinedness, if not impatience, beneath his gentleman like behavior.

A moan, quiet but unmistakably, escaped his throat and Loki’s hands wandered further, one slithering beneath the blue silk of her dress. Oh how soft the flesh there was, warm and enticing. "Loki..." she whispered into his ear, unaware of the spell it worked on him. Overcome by the delight of being cherished, of the demanding yet careful way Loki made her a puddle in his arms, she didn't register how far he went. And how much further he intended to go. But when his fingers brushed the inside of her knee, unwaveringly gliding upwards, she held her breath.

Suddenly naked dread crawled across her skin, erasing the built up heat and causing her to shiver in discomfort. The hands that had been gentle before felt too large and meaty, groping with familiar greed. Calloused fingers brushed her skin, promising to venture and to explore every inch of her treasure - the memory of his firm grip on her hips, her throat as became vivid, almost real. The arms around her became tighter, closing in on their prey and she couldn't breathe, she couldn't think. But this was wrong without doubt - panic rose at the back of her mind when, despite what she saw, she felt like a certain blonde god was at her. Instinctively she tried to wriggle free from the tight grasp but he was too strong, continuing to nibble at her neck. Pain that she should not feel burned in her mind, as if all the bruises flared up to warn her, urging her not to let him proceed. With much effort she tried to clear her thoughts, because this was Loki and this should be nice and pleasant.

By the Nine, pull yourself together! The rational part of her admonished but still, too vivid memories of how she had been taken against her will, over and over again, flooded her mind. And although she knew it was Loki holding her, caressing her, she perceived a different deity with all her senses. Despite his physical absence, the girl drowned in Thor's scent that had already poisoned her, his groans like rumble as he pounded into her, and every fiber of her body tensed at the memory of his girth filling her. A cold shudder quaked her and despite everything he did to her, she suddenly longed for the incredible warmth that Thor's divine body emitted.
No! He's a monster and not here right now! ___________ frantically shut her eyes but there he appeared in his full glory, her tormentor, her fate, and devoured her with his unsettling dark-blue orbs.

"My little kitten..." Thor's dark grumble over-tuned the drumming heartbeat in her ears.

With much force she yanked herself free and frantically scurried backwards, as far away from the god as possible. Panting - almost hyperventilating - she crouched there like a cat at the crossroad between fight or flight. Both god and mortal seemed equally perplexed, staring at each other.

"__________?" Loki asked in confusion when he noticed the panic in her eyes. "What's wrong?"

It took a few seconds for the girl to snap back to reality, the blonde giant receding into the back of her mind - luring there until the next opportunity, she knew. When Loki tried to itch closer she held her hand up in defense, signaling that proximity was not helpful right now. So he remained glued to the spot and after another few minutes ___________ found herself capable to reply, her voice shaky though.

"Sorry I... this was getting a little bit too fast for me." she lied and Loki felt even more offended.

"Too fast?!" he couldn't keep the hurt from his tone and irritated Loki shifted closer, aiming to touch the skittish mortal, to calm and resume where they had left off. So long he had desperately dreamt of having her, the forbidden fruit, and now that the opportunity appeared, she refused him. He couldn't believe it! A few days ago Loki had sent three wanton mortal women away, because he thought an affair with ___________ was a sure thing - such reluctance from her side hadn't been part of his calculation.

"Please don't!" instantly she rose as she noticed his advance, hugging herself with both arms and still shaking as if she feared his touch - Thor's low and amused chuckle echoing through her thoughts.

"Things aren't easy for me and I still have some trust-issues..." she explained, as if this feeble excuse would amend for Loki's wounded pride. Countless women - many men even - would throw themselves at him, beg him to be treated with such affection, but not this one. Never before had real effort been required for him to sneak into a lady's heart, never had his charm and charisma failed to seduce if he so desired, but not so with this one. How was this possible?

Silence stretched between them, uncomfortable and oppressing so that it tore apart whatever attraction there was and quenching any romantic sparks. Cautiously, ___________ glanced towards the god who stared holes into the carpet at his feet, apparently deeply lost in his thoughts. Hurt and confusion mixed on his honed features, but in an instant, as if he had made up his mind, Loki smothered any emotional display and regained the cold, haughty attitude he had shown when they first met. When those piercing emerald eyes met hers in an intense stare, she quickly looked at the clock on top of the large dresser - hoping that time played to her favor. Honestly, she expected him to yell and be angry at her but he punished her with more silence and an accusing glare - one she didn't dare to challenge. Apparently he didn't respond well to defeats - she should have guessed as much from their chess rounds - and although she didn't mean to refuse him, her current mental condition didn't allow her otherwise. She simply couldn't bring herself to apologize or to curb the damage that
had been done to their friendship, doubting that it could be mended so easily.

"I value our friendship, really, but I can't cross that line of intimacy... at least not yet." the words spilled from her lips on their own accord while her mind tried to come up with a reasonable explanation, her voice shaky and nervous as she added: "And besides, the risk of such an affair is too high."

"Fine. If that is what you prefer." Loki spat with finality and rose to his ten feet, realizing in anger that he wouldn't get so much as an inch closer to satisfaction in here. Perhaps he should have taken what he desired at first opportunity, he wondered as he marched towards the doors, the green dust of Seidr already surrounding him.

"Do not expect me to visit again." his silken voice rang as he halted briefly in his tracks, the transformation spreading from his legs upwards until he resembled a mortal maid. Then he left the chambers without delay.

Bathing in the warmth of the fire, ________ remained silent and absentminded for a while, then poured herself a glass of water. Only now she realized how her hands still vibrated from fear and she exhaled deeply before she let her tears fall freely. Her skin was dotted with goosebumps, her very core not yet stabilized again from whatever strange state she had been in. Apparently, her wounds were too fresh and far too deep, so that she couldn't get intimate with another man yet.

"Never forget that you are mine alone... "

Quickly she wiped away the tears, the signs of her distress and how vulnerable she was right now. How confused and angry at Thor and herself. She had allowed him to imprint himself so irrevocably into her mind, her whole being, that she would only think of him whenever touched by another man. As if Thor was the only one in her life, the only one permitted to have her - which he was in his view. ________ had been through so much, had endured all this pain, and still she had clung to the feeble hope that one day she could let all of that behind her. That time would heal all her wounds and the blonde would not affect her anymore. But she had been so terribly wrong, she realized.

Because, wherever she run, with whomever she was, Thor would always possess her.

xxx
The sun had already set when the doors of the counsel room opened and gods and elves spilled from the inside, some chatting quietly as they followed behind the silent king. After a few steps he halted and while he turned to Balder, Thor noted a familiar face nearby. Without consideration, the king then bid his brother to lead the elves to the dining hall where he would join them shortly. First he would speak to his apparently upset general, hoping to hear some news about the fourth, not yet captured, leader of the mortal rebellion.

Lady Sif bowed low in respect as the blonde approached her, her voice soft and calm in contrast to what he expected. "My king."

Only when she rose again, Thor recognized that there was urgency of a distinct kind in her hazel eyes, her parted lips hinting at sinful pleasures. He paused, knowing that he should be on his way to the dining hall, yet these matters of the flesh seemed suddenly more important than those of the state. Admittedly, he doubted that he would get as much satisfaction as from his little kitten, but he hadn't had her for a few days now and Norns, he could really use Sif's big mouth on him. _______ wasn't capable of satisfying him that way - not yet that was. So after a final glance down the corridor, Thor pulled the smirking goddess into the shadows of an alcove.

Skilled as she was, Sif and her deep devotion had him hard and throbbing in no time. Priding herself to have successfully 'seduced' him, she sucked and licked every inch of his manhood like she had been starving for it. Indeed she had longed to touch him and to loose herself in the illusion of his affection over the past months. Yet she understood that both the grief for his father and the challenging circumstances of the beginning of his reign occupied his entire energy. There simply was no time right now to indulge in carnal pleasures - or so she believed. Forgoing his own desires for the sake of the realm, what a king!

More loyal than ever - and really horny - she had decided to seek him out and well, take off some pressure. The hope of resuming their affair, perhaps one day becoming queen, spurning her on. Oh and she was really eager to please. Thor stifled a groan and pushed himself deeper in, fisting Sif's black locks the way she liked it. It was all the reward she got, since Thor, in his selfish greed, didn't bother about her gain of the act. This was all about him, about his pleasure and his cock being deliciously tended to. And as if that wasn't abusive enough, the blonde god only thought of _______ the whole time. He would have to teach her and practice with her often because this was too good not to have. Thor couldn't suppress a low groan when he came at the image of _______'s soft lips around his girth. Slightly dizzy, he leaned against the cool stone wall while the after-waves pulsed through his limbs. Sif shot him a self-content smirk, licking across her sinful lips as if she was hungry for more, and rose from the floor without letting on how stiff and cold her legs had become.

"That was exactly what I needed..." Thor exhaled with a pleased smile when he had tucked himself away and adjusted his light dark-silver armor again. He knew how well Sif responded to praise after their intimacy and what he had to say in order for her to remain loyal but not too clingy. Thus it was purely strategic to cup her chip with his large hand and to leisurely brush her bottom lip with his thumb. "You and your pretty mouth."

Sif's eyes gleamed in reply and Thor's smirk darkened, knowing that he had the upper hand over this
goddess and her feelings towards him. He saw no shame in making use of it.

"Always happy to serve..." she leaned in closer, her both hands on his chest and their faces inches apart - she wouldn't dare to kiss him though - and purred: "...my king."

Deeply involved in a vivid conversation with Lord Elrond about the beauty of both Asgard and the elvish province Rivendell, Balder almost failed to notice the king's return. But when Thor somewhat slumped into the large chair at the front of the table, causing even the glasses and plates to quake, he had everyone's attention. Balder immediately recognized the faint hints of an overly cunning smirk tugging at his brother's lips, one that couldn't be related to the elvish guests here, and so he watched the king suspiciously.

"Excuse my delay, one of my generals sought some advice." the blonde explained although no one would have questioned his absence. "Now bring on some food!"

Dinner went by smoothly, given that the elves of Middle Earth were excellent at both table manners and conversations, and so it was the first of such dinners which the brothers could enjoy. At first, Thor had met the elvish lords with wariness and cool guardedness since his father had often told of the sly, wicked nature of the elves. Flowery as their words were, it was easy to fall prey to their schemes and luckily Thor heeded his father's advice and refrained from consuming too much alcohol this evening. He needed his senses sharp and on alert. Yet during the courses of delicate meals, the king somewhat warmed up to the guests, especially to this lord Thranduil who reminded him so much of the Trickster. The tall, platin-blonde elf was not only skilled with words but also a seasoned warrior, having won many battles, and thus Thor granted some respect. Honor where honor is due. Unsurprisingly, Thor and Thranduil ended up in retellings of their finest battles and together they seemed lost in reminiscence while the others chatted with Balder, struggling to over-tune the booming voice of the king.

That was until Thranduil, after an eloquent verbal transition, posed a question concerning a necklace made of white gems like star-light.

xxx
Late at night, muffled footsteps outside in the salon stirred ________'s sleep and she instinctively buried herself deeper into the sheets. Voices were audible along with another set of steps, indicating that the king had brought company and at that the mortal woke up fully. She glanced at the clock, vaguely recognizing that it was almost midnight. Never before had Thor received visitors that late. Torn between curiosity and obedience - because she should be asleep - she sat rigid in the vast bed and tried to listen to the low voices outside. Probably their discussing something about politics... she told herself as she lay down again, but suddenly one familiar voice cried out:

"This is outrageous! How dare he, this haughty little brat!" It was Balder, seemingly upset in a manner she had never known from her former master. And back on was the urge to sneak over to the door and eavesdrop. Within seconds she darted across the room, the flimsy blue nightgown swirling around her figure in the dark.

"Calm down and tell me exactly what happened." Thor replied in his usual calm and low voice, the one that sent shivers down ________'s spine even through the massive door to the bedroom. They were closed, of course, but she pressed her ear right above the slit between the metal and occasionally dared to peek through the key hole once in a while. She really couldn't have one of them discover her.

Little did she know that Thor did consider the possibility that his enraged brother might waken the girl and he really preferred they discussed whatever this was about elsewhere. Also he was too tired for such fuss. But since Balder seemed to be in a particular upset mood - which was absolutely rarely the case - the elder sibling decided to listen and provide help if possible.

"I had a very enlightening conversation with lord Thranduil earlier after dinner." Balder snarled as he paced the space in front of the fireplace, while Thor slumped lazily onto the couch. Knowing that this wouldn't be over soon, he had already poured himself a goblet of strong whiskey from Muspelheim, relishing its burning at the back of his throat.

"We talked about the assault - he expresses his condolences, by the way" the other went on, his restlessness as he marched up and down a stark contrast to the king on the couch. " - and then he told me that thieves had managed to intrude into his palace too. They stole treasures from the vault, some minor ones, but one of special value to the lord: a necklace made of gems like pure star-light."

"And?" the pitch at the end of Balder's sentence was obviously meant to indicate something, but Thor didn't get the hint. It had been a tiresome day after all. Thus he shot Balder a quizzical and perhaps annoyed look. "Why bother about elvish jewelry?"

"Well it so happened that our dear brother Loki gifted exactly such a piece to our mother on her name-day - merely days after they had been stolen from Thranduil." came the reply, laced with anger and increasing in volume. Thor's dark blue eyes darted briefly over to the doors behind which ________ crouched, afraid to breathe as not to reveal herself.
"Loki is many things, but not a thief!" Thor protested, focusing back on Balder and his own mood now slightly darkening because of his innate protectiveness towards his little brother. He didn't like such accusations, although he knew that Loki was far from innocent. "And keep your voice down!" he added as he again glanced towards the doors leading to the bedroom. He thought he had sensed something.

"I never said so. But how does one normally acquire such a exotic, foreign object?" Balder halted right in front of Thor, bending slightly down to underline his point, and snatching his attention back.

"Through a merchant...." Thor said and it dawned to him that this was not just about jewelry. Suddenly he was quite interested in the cause of Balder's distress and took a few moments to think as he sipped from the whiskey. "Through a merchant who is known to service special wishes and have connections across the Nine. Like Harald Leifsson."

During the investigation in the wrap-up of the assault, Thor had studied the gathered information about the rebellion leaders rather thoroughly. Harald had since his early days as merchant established a tight-knitted web of relations to other realms - some based on questionable legal grounds - and soon he had acquired the reputation of the one merchant who could provide anything. No matter how rare. Among his customers were nobles, gods but also some shady entities like the Collector for example.

"He is the only one who could have managed to smuggle this necklace from Middle Earth to Asgard so there is little doubt that Loki got it from him." Thor added with a stern voice, not sure whether he would approve of the implications of this statement.

"Exactly!" Balder threw his hands up, spurned by the king having come to the same conclusion this far. "And you see, I requested such an item from Harald Leifsson! Loki must have induced him to betray me somehow!"

"You know Loki is fond of pranks."

"Besides my public humiliation, this could seriously damage our family reputation - your reputation - and weaken our stance in the negotiations with the elves as well as with the remaining realms, Thor! This is not some childish play!" Balder dared to admonish in the heat of the discussion, realizing seconds after that he may have crossed a line. The king's tensed aura confirmed his assumption. "Forgive me, I didn't mean to.... " and suddenly the god of light felt timid and insecure in front of the Thunderer, his king, whom he had foolishly challenged and superbly lost. Balder could be rotting somewhere in exile for his betrayal, yet Thor had given him a second chance. So Balder owed him
"This could really become a problem if not handled with care and I only wish to assist you." the younger sibling said with regret and some fear crossing his features. He felt Thor's eyes boring into him like daggers until he finally nodded, signaling forgiveness. Balder's posture, his entire body relaxed at that. Then he took the untouched whiskey goblet on the couch-table.

"So Loki has gifted our mother with a present he had no right to possess in the first place." Thor assessed in a calm tone that didn't hint at how displeased he really was. While he didn't mind his brother's tricks - some of them had been really entertaining - Loki had clearly gone too far, earning the house of Odin a political dilemma.

"Everyone has seen the gems around mother's neck and so does Thranduil. He will want them back, Thor."

The king pondered for a while, sipping at the whiskey in between thoughts. In order to uphold peace and more importantly the loyalty of the elves, it would be wise to return the necklace to its rightful owner. Yet on the other hand this would reveal Loki (once more) as the Trickster he was, damaging the family's reputation and Thor's own, and also it would require to strip Frigga of the jewelry. Even if the latter was the smaller obstacle it would need some skillful convincing.

"We shall think of something. For now the elves will stay at least for another day. Tell them that we wish to refine the contract we made today." came the command from his king and Balder nodded, pleased that his concerns were heard and taken seriously. Recently, Thor seemed to value his input in political and personal regards and somehow Balder felt their connection being strengthened. Perhaps they could overcome the issue with the throne one day.

"I shall make the necessary arrangements. This should buy us some time." he replied as he bowed and left the salon with large strides.

Silence flooded the salon while the king remained in front of the crackling fire, seemingly lost in thoughts, since ________ didn't hear any other sound out there. Her own heart-beat rang deafeningly in her ears, her breaths came out swallow and she felt close to fainting because of what just had been revealed to her. Loki, the only one within these walls who seemed to care about her, whom she had called a friend, had betrayed her - as all the other gods involved with her. But this one hurt the most since she had believed in Loki's words and actions - he had kissed her! And his charm and charisma almost had her falling for him, give herself to him, if not for the last stand of her
resistance. Friendship, empathy, happiness and all the other things he had let her glimpse at: all lies.

Loki too had acted selfishly and for his own good, regardless the collateral damages.
Loki was the one who had put her in this misery.

*If he hadn't tricked Harald this all would have never happened... Thor would never have ...I would be free.*

Dizzily she swayed at the spot, dreadful sickness overcoming her while at the same time hot tears sprang to her eyes, and barely in time she clutched at the handle of the door to steady herself. With all the tragic things that had happened in her life recently, couldn't fate spare her for a while? No, apparently not since she had to learn the hard way that she couldn't trust anyone within these golden walls. Lost and alone, that's what she was and how she felt that very moment. So alone that the Norns must have heard her silent screams for help, interfering once more.

"_________, come here! I know you're awake." Thor's deep voice rumbled from the other side of the doors, his demanding tone startling the girl to the core.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I had troubles with this one and really wasn't sure to upload this version of it. But finally, this is what came out. Thanks to you all for reading and being patient with me.

Betrayed, alone and deeply hurt, __________ must now face her tormentor who has little empathy for her misery. She has been caught eavesdropping on political matters, Thor wouldn't let that go unpunished.

Brace yourselves for the next chapter.
xoxo
Dark
Hi my dear readers! To compensate for the long wait, this chapter is almost double the length it normally has. It's already #30 and I'm happy to see that it's still entertaining for you guys. Thanks for the support.
I also added a quick doodle that shows the size difference of Thor and the reader. Hope you can see it on your device.

xoxo

Dark

WARNING: this chapter contains explicit, non-con/doubious-con elements and a whole lot of feelings. Read at own risk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
The crackling fire roared, bathing everything inside the salon in a vibrant orange and golden glow that vigorously battled against the dark shadows that crept in from the night. Despite the blazing heat in here, the marble felt cold against her bare feet and a distinct chill rushed through her limbs as she crossed the salon, even more so when she spied the god on the couch. Leaning heavily against the crimson monstrosity, his posture was relaxed and seemingly calm, thoughtful even. But _________ didn't fully trust this appearance, knowing that within the blink of an eye the golden lion, the predator, could pounce and unleash the raw strength slumbering beneath the dark-silver plates of armor. Too famous were his temper and wrath that could erupt in a thousand lightning bolts at his will. Of course he wouldn't need to employ these divine powers to end her, the tight grip of his large hands around her neck would suffice.

With his eyes cast towards the flames he waited for her to approach and he listened to each measured step, bare feet brushing the floor carefully and slowly, as proof for her fear. And fear him she should, had he caught her eavesdropping on a rather politically crucial matter. Not that she had the chance to spread those said words, nor did he perceive it a risk that she now knew about the jewelry-issue. However, betrayals of his brothers and some comrades in battle before them had marked the god so that he was very sensitive to trust. There was only so much betrayal one can stomach and Thor had had enough of it already. He couldn't have her stab in his back too. So tonight would serve as a warning, a precedent, to teach her very thoroughly that she was not to betray him in any way. She was his, with body and soul, and that forbade any exhibition of disloyalty.

The quiet ruffle of her nightgown died away as she halted next to the couch instead of joining him on the plush cover, he noted, and making herself as small as possible. She didn't dare to look at him directly either.

Ten more tensed seconds crept by, no words were spoken and everything stilled, so that the mortal grew really nervous and alarmed. She had been caught eavesdropping - not that she had wanted to hear about her friend's betrayal - but well, red-handed she was. Indecisive whether to apologize now and ask for forgiveness or to remain silent, she began to fumble with the soft silk of her nightgown to balance the restlessness in her mind. But it was blank as a virgin canvas, there were no fitting phrases or arguments that would excuse her witnessing, nor alleviate her pending punishment. And as if the current situation wasn't challenging enough, she had just learned that all of this - her entire misery - had been a collateral damage of a spoiled god's prank. Surely, they hadn't known each other back then but still, she would have a different life entirely if not for the Trickster and blasted Harald. In full awareness of what he had caused to her family, Loki had decided to chose her as a form of entertainment, some company for the boring hours in his eternal life and he purposefully never mentioned his involvement in her whole affair. Employing lies and tricks was all he did to very successfully achieve his selfish goals and that made him as cruel as the rest of the brothers. Perhaps even more so since he really got her to believe that he cared for her, abusing her wounded soul, so that ____________ now didn't know what of all that had been genuine and honest. Had Loki ever cared for her above his personal matters?
Well no, otherwise he would have confessed to me... Or would have used his powers to get me out of here - permanently and not just for a night's stroll.

Already drained by the large chunks which destiny kept constantly throwing at her, she then couldn't keep up the poise of a submissive slave. Too overwhelming were the voices in her head, lamenting worries, hurt and so much sorrow that one more second of silence would have her explode. Her heart had already shattered, she couldn't bare the same for her sanity. It was what kept her going.

"I am so, so sorry!" she blurted and as if a valve insider had been opened, more words poured from her plump lips, laced with raw emotion and so very unlike her usually reserved attitude towards authority. "I was already fast asleep but then I w-woke to the commotion in the salon. There were loud footsteps and voices that sounded so familiar. A-at first I thought something bad happened like another attack or something..." her hands gripped the nightgown tightly, her expression torn between anger and sadness as she went on with a shaky voice. "How could I not ... I-I honestly didn't mean to listen!"

Thor still didn't acknowledge her presence, at least not that he showed it to her, and replied with more ominous silence. It mirrored his superiority, his upper hand in this game, and caused the girl to continue in a frank attempt to off-set his quiet with a small outburst of her bottled up emotions - and she had harbored many over the past year.

"P-please believe me that I mean no harm, y-your majesty!" gaze cast towards her own feet, the unruly mess of her hair fell into her face but it didn't hide the tears in her eyes. "I just .... "

"Please no more trouble. I couldn't bare it.

Her body trembled slightly and Thor surmised that he had never witnessed her so upset before. Never had she allowed her self-control to slip and reveal how close she was to breaking apart. She had cried or whimpered when he had taken her yes, but not like this. This was core-deep, hurting at the very essence of herself, and Thor recognized his own grief and sorrow that haunted him in some melancholic moments. However, he also knew from own experience that such wild emotions were not caused by the fear of punishment alone. Something else related to this jewelry issue was wearing her down and a small voice at the back of his mind whispered of his brother's suspicious interest in this very girl. Thor knew that Loki wanted her in some way but whether it was merely for chess he couldn't tell. Either way, he would find out and prohibit further contact. Thor could share and spare many things with his brothers and close friends - but not this girl. Never.

It was time that he got to the bottom of whatever there was between _________ and Loki.
"Be it as it may, you heard many important details, not least about Loki's involvement in the whole jewelry affair." he stated in his rumbling voice that cut through the air like thunder, almost giving the poor girl a stroke. If only she could see how dark his irises had become, foreboding the tempest lurking so very closely near the surface. And since Thor wasn't good with either flowery words nor emotions, he chose the direct path without prelude. Unlike his brothers, Thor wasn't vested with the art of lying and deceit. "This last piece of information seems to upset you greatly and most surprisingly. So I wonder what exactly is Loki to you?"

"I beg your pardon, your majesty?" she tried to circumvent this topic much too obviously, only adding to his suspicion as she withdrew all emotions in a feeble attempt to regain her reserved composure. It was then that he suddenly rose and fully turned towards her, pinning her to the spot with eyes as dark as the night sky, streaked with fine silver lines that hinted at his powers. Ten feet tall he towered above her, engulfing her with his broad shadow, oh how lovely she blanched as he took two heavy steps forward. Naked dread sparkled in her wide eyes, which now stared up at his, but it was too serious a matter to regal in the sight. He was about to teach a lesson here.

"Do not lie to me." he growled and ________ stiffened at the threat she had just received, realizing that there would be no tolerance for sugared words or pleas tonight. He would punish her not matter how much she flattered, begged or tried Norns knew what. And this very topic - his baby brother who became friends with her - was too sensitive not to set off any traps. She was bound to fail at discussing this. So she thought really hard, it almost hurt. With his intense gaze lingering on her, she struggled to uphold eye-contact and couldn't help but shrink a little under his intimidating presence. He knew all too well how to make use of his physique and how to lace his aura accordingly, he had caused many powerful men squirm because of it. The fire nearby cast an orange-golden glow onto the right side of his body, softening each contour, while the other half was painted by shades of grey and black that blurred with the surrounding shadows, broadening his appearance even more. Two sides of the god which she could face tonight, two different outcomes for this predicament, but both light and dark didn't cover the sinister glint in his ocean-blue orbs. One day, she knew, she would drown in their mesmerizing depth and never come back.

"He... well we.." ________ was at loss for words now, the bubbling spring that had appeared earlier seemingly dried up. But Thor expected an answer and she was clever enough not to test his patience. But it wasn't just the fear that rendered her silent. Truth be told, she wasn't sure either what the raven-haired god was to her. As a lover she had denied him this afternoon and as a friend she most certainly had lost him tonight.

"W-we played chess together a lot." she began and it felt oddly embarrassing to tell the king about her feelings, to reveal something so intimate to him. Although he had bereaved her physically of so much more.

"And through the game we got to know each other... He told me many stories of his adventures and battles while I shared some of my meager experiences. But mostly I just listened. It was nice."

Thor didn't let on whether he was pleased by all this information but from his aura she sensed that
her answer was still not satisfying enough. So she went on with increasing heartbeat, hoping that she wasn't making things worse while at the same time she had to be honest. Being brother of the Trickster, the king could easily unveil poor lies and deceit. And she wasn't good at either. She bit her lip, considering, before sharing more truth.

"When my mother lay dying, Loki brought me to her so that I could say good bye to her."

Exhaling deeply, the blonde god narrowed his eyes in disapproval. Again Loki had seen himself above their father's laws and had smuggled a slave outside the palace - disguised in an act of gallantry. How typical of him. Probably she fell for this pretense of prince charming, for Loki's famous grace and fluid tongue. Thor clenched his fists but otherwise didn't communicate his rising anger for it would surely cause her to hush. And he wanted to hear it all. Every ugly detail there was.

"I thought he was my friend." she went on, her gaze drifting towards the flames, and she hugged herself as a sudden cold overcame her. For a brief moment she swayed towards Thor and again she felt herself drawn to his frame, to the warmth and safety he could provide, even though same hands had caused her so much suffering. She had been denied honest, tender caressing and compassion for so long one could speak of starvation. Drawn in by this need she had latched onto the first opportunity to trust, to find kindness, so that she wouldn't fall into the abyss of her misery. It only made Loki's betrayal so much worse, so bitter-sweet and tragic - and Thor's alluring, dominant presence so much more intoxicating.

"But I was so wrong."

Another sigh left his lips but this time with some relief. So this was what had her so upset - a storybook betrayal - and Thor could only relate to her disappointment, the hurt and anger. Only that he tended to let himself be consumed by the latter, unlike the little mortal. She was mentally exhausted and at the brink of breaking, he knew. And when her heart would lay in million pieces, Thor would be the one to collect the shards and thus bind her to him more permanently than any chain ever could.

"Yes you were." the god grumbled lowly as he cupped her face with his large hand, gently brushing with his thumb across her jaw line. His little kitten's expression told volumes about how desperately lost and confused and frightened she was, how much she longed for stability and peace in her life. Even without his experience and power he could see, as plain as it was, and he would be the one to provide it. Not Loki and his silver tongue, nor Balder the hypocrite, who both had lied to the mortal and manipulated her for their benefit. Only Thor had been clear about his motives from the start. A few pushes more and she would succumb to the god and accept him as her world.

"Loki never really cared for you." he could feel her tremble beneath his touch. "You have no friends within these walls, nor anywhere outside them."
"Not too long ago I warned you about interactions with other men." sighing he let his thumb slowly trace her slightly parted lips. "I thought I had made myself clear."

Suddenly he moved forward and each step pushed her along as well, for there was no chance to circumvent the wall-like body of his. ___________ almost stumbled over her shaky feet as she tried to maintain at least a small distance between herself and Thor.

"But you have!" she weakly wailed when Thor continued to lead her towards the bedroom, an intimidating sincerity or hunger marking his face. It was hard to guess whether he was displeased, angry or driven by desire at this point and for all she knew the night could end with the usual ravishing or - more frighteningly - it could go down a much darker path.

"And I didn't strive to become acquainted with the prince!" she tried to reason and perhaps make him reconsider whatever he had in mind now. "To play chess with him was practically an order. Please your m-"

Thor halted and pressed his thumb down on her lips to cut her off, her watery eyes confirming so before they flew back up to his stern face. She was focused solely on him with all her senses, just like he wanted her to. Oh it was so thrilling to have this power over her.

"Hush, little one." his whisper echoed in her ears like velvet, soothing and disquieting in equal measure. Thor let his hand drop to her upper arm and almost lost his stern composure when she shivered due to his touch. Then, with rising urgency, he pulled her along by the arm, almost dragging her as he marched inside the dimly lit bedroom. Each of his heavy footsteps quaking the floor, a drum in the dark like her increased heartbeat.

There was no room for arguing since Thor swiftly yanked her onto the mattress as soon as they were close enough. She yelped a little in surprise, gripping the dark-blue sheets that gave off his scent, and she remained glued to the spot while the god went over to a nearby dresser. The same as hers but much larger and probably ancient.

"It doesn't matter much how it came to happen but rest assured that these meetings are over. Henceforth, I do not want you around my brothers without me." he declared as he almost solemnly retrieved something from the top drawer, an object he had wanted to use for a while now. Neither the shock nor the blush that crept across her face did elude his watchful eyes as he turned back towards the bed, in his hands a golden collar on a chain.

__________ wriggled backwards until the headboard when Thor mounted the mattress and obviously intended to use the metal on her. She didn't resist though when he crouched over her, thick
fingers fumbling with the metal, and he closed the collar around her neck, the golden clasps clicking magically in place. Without delay he continued to bind her hands with the chain.

A sinister smirk tugged at Thor's lips when he surveyed his work and then purposefully extended his arm to summon his beloved hammer. Small lighting bolts pricked the inside of his palm when he caught the hilt of Mjölnir, his biceps bulging under the armor, and for a split second the mortal beneath him held her breath, unsure what he would do with it. Legends told of the mystical weapon forged from a dying star, the hammer strong enough to concentrate and control the sheer power of the Thunderer. With unmasked dread she watched as the god pulled her closer, so that she lay on her back, and he then put her hands above her head.

"Stay still..." excitement rushed through the god, as well as impatience, but with great care he placed the hammer at the top of the mattress to tie the loose end of the chain around both hilt and head. Bound to Mjölnir and utterly helpless, she lay before him in her flimsy nightgown and Thor took a moment to admire the sight. Despite the dim light in here, the blush on her cheeks shone brightly and even more so when he began to shed all layers of his armor. Carelessly he tossed vambraces and chest plate onto the floor, metal clanking against marble, and with each peace his anticipation grew. Sinful eyes stared her down as he half knelt on the edge of the bed and pulled down his pants, revealing a very ready, large cock dangling between matching thick thighs. ____________ shuddered.

Usually now would be the part where he ripped her clothes, violated her flesh with teeth and hands, while penetrating her deep and hard until his spending. But not so tonight. Thor crawled over and sat back on his heels. Then he lifted her bottom to rest on his massive thighs, the blue silk riding up her legs, but he didn't claim her. Yet. Instead he let his hands wander from her knees upwards, large and warm, roaming over her tiny body. It was exactly what she needed - tenderness and warmth - but Norns be dammed why did it have to be him? She was at her weakest, yes, and Thor recklessly used this to his advantage. Feeding a starving kitten makes it loyal till its end. And currently, Thor was serving really sweet treats.

With determinedness but still gently, he brushed along her inner thighs and then his hands slipped beneath her nightgown to venture further. Calm and in complete self-control, Thor watched every twitch of hers as he cupped her breasts, kneaded and caressed the soft flesh and the already hardening nipples. He focused on his tactile sense because it was too dark to make out detailed shapes, and very skillfully he massaged her hills and curves, one hand now retrieving to her butt. He really had a soft spot for that part of her body and spent some minutes on touching, squeezing and slightly slapping the tender area. It didn't take long for him to coax a tiny moan from her throat and spurned by the lovely sound he continued his dirty handwork. His own member painfully hard and poking her thigh.

__________'s mind blurred in a sweet haze, deliberately allowing the god to distract her from the pain and the sorrow - especially since he showed this much kindness tonight. Only once had he touched her like this before and it had been her downfall. This time it would be easier for him to mend her, to make her long for him, because again he had caught her in a moment of despair. There would be no need for alcohol to loosen her already weak restraints.

Another moan left her lips and she mentally cursed herself for submitting so willingly, almost desperately, to the god whom she ought to hate. But how could she despise him when his big hands
felt so good on her, stirring something deep inside her that she had thought lost. A primal desire for more. More of his caressing, more of his heaviness on her, more of him entirely until she ceased under his dangerously mesmerizing presence. It already had affected her, badly, and when Thor gripped her hips possessively her eyes fluttered shut in delight.

"Look at me." he grumbled in a husky voice, betraying his own eagerness, and the girl forced herself to obey. His irises were black by now, devouring her with barely contained greed. She wondered if he knew what it did to her, how the sparks in his eyes electrified her nether parts. A first wave was building inside of her, announcing the pending crush by a delicious tingling on her skinning and especially down there. She couldn't keep still now, agitated by the magic he did to her - not only physically but also mentally she felt him invade her, manipulate her with his divine aura which he purposefully drenched in raw lust and want. By the Nine, she tried to resist and remind herself that this was Thor, her nemesis, but it all seemed insignificant in the light of this sweet heights he was carrying her. And he relished in her conflict, determinedly pushing her buttons to tip the scales. And he knew exactly where to press.

Thor leaned forward, resting his weight on one arm while the free hand toyed with her collarbone and neck. They both beheld each other with mesmerized eyes as he rolled his hips and rubbed his erect cock teasingly against her slit. Thor's bearded face lit up with a pleased smirk as they both realized how wet and slick she already was. How her body welcomed his plundering. Ashamed of her body's reaction she averted her gaze and pressed the side of her head into the mattress. This wasn't fair. And it only got worse when Thor lowered himself more, burying her beneath his bulked glory, and nuzzled at her exposed neck. His breath tickled her earshell as he inhaled her scent, faintly tracing her jugular with his nose, and then his deep chuckle filled the air.

"Look how responsive you are..." his whole chest vibrated as he spoke and she whimpered when he pressed his loins some more against her cunt. He throbbed in his untended need and purposefully sought out more friction.

"P-please your highness..." the words broke free from her throat and she couldn't believe what she was about to ask, what she needed of him right now. But Thor knew, of course, and it was all part of his plan that night. Purposefully he used the Seidr of his aura to further arouse her, to make her willing and drunk on him. He would show her the bright light of pure ecstasis, tease her until her mind went blank and screamed nothing but his name. Moments later, her nightgown was in shreds on the floor, for he wanted to witness in detail how she fell apart under his touch. Then Thor continued to nibble at the already sensitive skin of her neck.

Meanwhile his fingers returned to the slick core, smearing her juices along her throbbing nether lips. _________ wriggled beneath him as much as his weight on her allowed and Thor could sense her inner turmoil for she tried to free herself and be closer to him at the same time. Also her restrained hands seemed to bother her a lot, the golden chain biting deliciously into her wrists and denying her access to his body. Oh she longed to hold onto him, to express her growing frustration because with each calculated movement, each flick of his fingers and biting of her neck, Thor brought her dangerously close to the apex. She felt the heat pool in her belly, her senses roaring with restlessness and want, while her mind successfully blocked all thoughts of doubt and concern. This felt too good not to have and so she let all her inner walls down, all the protective shields she had constructed in
the past year, to fully loose herself in the pleasure that Thor granted her. She allowed herself to enjoy it, to feast on it, and eagerly she pressed her hips up to meet his fingers, so that the grand wave may wash over her.

Right then, Thor stopped.

Panting and wriggling desperately, she looked up into his lust-filled eyes as if to beg him to continue. Thor studied her face for a while as he hovered above her, arms like pillows beside her tiny frame to take his weight off of her. The very same weight she really wanted to press her deeper into the mattress, to crush her and bathe her aching soul in its blissful warmth. She was drunk, she had to be, or it was all just too much to cope and her lips moved on their own accord, begging for salvation.

"P-please I need..."

By now it was quite an effort to resist her and Thor had to draw upon all his patience and self-control. If he hadn't a mission he would have long given in to his carnal urges, skipping this enticing foreplay like usually.

"What, my little kitten? What do you need?" he teased and reveled in her torment, his dark eyes a stark contrast to his golden locks that cascaded past his shoulders.

"...." You. I need you to take me hard and thoroughly. I need you and your cock to fuck my brain away.

She remained silent and that earned her another chuckle from the god, as if he had read her thoughts plain as a book. Then he dived down with his head until their faces were mere inches apart.

"I won't give you what you crave for. Not yet." he declared and this close she could see the lightning sparks dancing along his irises, like silvery fish floating in the sea.

"For this" his hips briefly pressed against her cunt, tenderly kissing her wet lips. "you have to ask really nice."

Norns, she couldn't, but this was so good and oh she would go mad if not for some friction, if not for him to fill and stretch her. Mortified because of her wanton need, she looked away and wished to just vanish into thin air. However, she was chained to Mjölnir on the bed with a very alluring king on top of her, his cock so damned close to homeland.

But this wasn't merely about carnal desires, because the pending bliss promised to be balm to her soul and replace the pain, if only temporarily. It was too good, too tempting and _____________ then saw no point in denial - nor in false pride.
"P-please your majesty, take me." she forced herself to speak, still not looking at him, and Thor chuckled in reply.

"Not bad..." pressing the girthy tip of his member against her entrance, slightly stretching the rim, before backing away again. "...but you can do better."

She groaned and perhaps shed a tear in frustration, Thor couldn't quite see, but then she finally met his gaze, her eyes wide and pleading, and whispered like a siren: "I beg you, please, my king -"

His whole body shuddered with delight, raw and electrifying as it cursed through his veins, and the spell that held him was broken. Suddenly he crushed down onto her with his glorious weight, burying the fragile mortal beneath him and also his cock inside her welcoming folds. Ever so tight and especially slippery, her walls enclosed him as he stretched and tore and filled her to the brim, plunging into her with almost his entire length. Any further and she would be in half. By the Nine, nothing could compare to this, nothing. And Thor found himself as addicted to the girl, to the way only she could make him feel, and he knew it was his goal to have her as dependent on him. She would crave him, for he alone would be her solace. Whimpering she wriggled beneath him, tried to meet his feverish thrusts which hurt a little in the beginning, tearing at her sensitive skin. Yet after a few moments, there was this familiar tingling. If not for the chain she would claw at his back an golden locks like her life depended on it. Each thrust sent sparks through her body, filling each fiber with life, while a delicate pressure built inside of her. Thor felt her wettening and opening more for him, demanding for his cock to fill her out. **Fuck.** He gripped her hips hard, sure to leave his mark there, and brought her legs up so that her knees were near her head. Folded in half, she was squished deliciously beneath his bulk and oh this way he could reach her most sensitive spot, rubbing his leaking tip against it with every thrust. It was too much, an overload of stimulation for the both of them.

Small as she was her face was pressed against his pecs and she was utterly trapped there. Thor groaned loudly, drowning out her moans, and steadied himself with one hand on the headboard. Soon the massive four poster bed began to creak.

‘s head spun, as absorbed as she was by the god and solely the god above and inside her. Caught in the tide of his rhythm, she moved along as well, despite her restraints and his weight on her, to meet each thrust and be part of the great one they were about to melt into. This was what he longed for, what drove the Thunderer mad with reckless lust, and what would tie them together even closer. After this night, after what she gave him here, he would never let her be. This sweet first emergence of consent on her side wouldn't be enough for the greedy king, for he would not stop to coax moans and orgasms out of her until the total submission. Then he would reign over her in each and every way, over each of her desires, and this bond ensures that she couldn't be without him.

______________ moaned, eyes fluttering shut before she looked up into his bearded face, a knowing expression mingled with the predatory hunger. The world around them blurred in a heated
frenzy, nothing mattered but their rocking flesh and the junction where it melted. They looked at each other, both flushed with heat and need, both near the tearing and willing to succumb to the white bliss.

"Come for me, little kitten. Come around my cock." Thor commanded between labored breaths, his voice heavily distorted by lust, golden locks swaying as he moved his hips. And dutifully she obeyed.

Thor had no idea that she could become even tighter, her clenching core like an iron grip around his length and almost sucking him deeper in. *Fuck, kitten!*

This was too much, too intense and he quickly picked up the pace, fingers digging into the wood of the headboard, and impaled her so that she wouldn't walk properly for days. Then it was his turn to fall from the clouds, the final step done to reach the apex. He threw his head back, eyes wide and a vibrant blue as the lightning awoke in him, revolting and rejoicing for as long as he came. Riding out their after-waves, drawing a few more whimpers and squeezes from her, Thor lazily moved a few more times until he stilled, head hanging down and framed by messy strands of hair. There he remained, panting and declining from his apex, while he grew slack inside her cum-filled cunt. He could feel their hot juices tickle down between their flesh. Then he slowly withdrew and slumped down beside her, the whole mattress bouncing by the impact, while ___________ became blissfully aware of the emptiness in her core. Thor had filled her so much that she felt lacking without him.

Minutes passed as they lay in the dark, then she heard his breathing to slow down and relax as a sign of his slumber. Still chained to the hammer, she sighed deeply and tried to find a comfortable position to sleep. When she stilled she could feel her spoiled and dripping cunt throbbing in both protest and delight - an intoxicating mixture only Thor could provide.

**xxx**

Thor woke wholly relaxed and rested, sweet memories of last night springing to the forefront of his mind. When he rolled over, sheets shifting softly and mattress groaning, he beheld the mortal lying already awake at the other side. Still bound to the hammer, still spoiled and marked by him.

And like this she should remain, Thor decided, when he got up to dress himself for the upcoming day. He didn't explain much when she anxiously watched his movements, didn't need to, because she quickly realized that he made no move to free her. At least he covered her nudity with a blanket before he left. So she spent the day in bed, dirty and used, not doubt as a punishment, and the maids stared in bewilderment when they found her. Gerlinda admonished their gossiping and giggling, herding them out of the bedroom and closing the door afterwards. ___________ was thankful for
the quiet, through doubting that the old scarecrow had done it for her comfort. It simply wasn’t proper etiquette to have a (obviously freshly fucked) courtesan so on display. They did come in a few times, however, to feed her and have her use a bedpan. That alone was punishment enough.

In the late afternoon, the king returned and beheld his lovely mortal, who tried to plead with her eyes and wriggled helplessly on the sheets. Thor complied - to his own wishes - and took her yet again in a quicker, but no less feverish round. Again she came around him, for he made sure of it with hands and cock, and tears escaped her eyes because of it all. Because she found pleasure in the cruelest man and because she was so exhausted and done, literally. Thor noted her distress and cupped her face, forcing her to look at him through watery eyes.

"Forgive me, I'm... I'm so tired." she said in a small voice, cheeks blushed and hair messy around her face. He nodded and it was perhaps the first time for him to show pity, because then he undid the golden chain and the collar around her neck. Carefully and with much effort she sat up, Thor watching and counting the bruises and bite marks on her figure, until she now huddled beside him on the mattress. In vain she tried to arrange her hair, soon gave up on it and became very quiet. It was him who broke the silence when he bent over, rummaged in one of the drawers of his nightstand, and held something in front of her. In his open palm was a little brown jar which she recognized from medical use.

"It's a healing lube." Thor supplied and brought his hand closer to hers when she questioningly looked up at him. Then she gladly took it, her fingers brushing his palm.

"Thank you, your majesty."

Thor smiled faintly under his beard.

"I have another important dinner with the elves shortly, it will not take too long," he announced as he got up, adjusting his clothes and reluctantly made his way over to the wardrobe where he selected one of his light armors for tonight’s occasion. "Until then you may refresh yourself. Gerlinda will draw you a bath."

He saw her nodding through the mirror where he quickly dressed himself. Better not let the elves wait. But in his hurry he halted at the doors and looked past his shoulder to catch a glimpse of ________'s naked behind vanishing in the adjacent bathroom, and left with a pleased smirk.
So yeah, Thor is getting under her skin and the reader is rightfully scared because of it. The punishment she got wasn't as bad as some of you might have expected, but it was more about the mental part and less about physically harming her in response to the eavesdropping. Thor's ultimate goal now is to own her in every way, and that night he cracked another layer of her. In our darkest moments, we let evil in our hearts, or so it says. And the poor girl is on the direct way to fall into his arms and drown there.

Remember, this Thor isn't prince charming and he won't see reason to his actions all of a sudden. He was raised a spoiled brat, as the future ruler, and as such his greed knows no end.

As for the elves and the pending Frigga-jewelry scene, those are in the next chapter because they somehow didn't fit with this smutty one here. In the near future, Midgard will come into play and Loki makes big decisions. So stay tuned for more smutty drama and a whole lot of the divine trio Thor, Balder and Loki!

xoxo
Dark
"Oh Loki..." the All-Mother sighed, a few more wrinkles of worry crowding her faint blue and clouded eyes. She hadn't expected to be confronted with a pending political disaster when her sons had come to visit her this morning. After a tensed few words of greeting and small talk it had dawned to her, however that this wasn't a coincidental visit. With much gravity the three Odinssons had reclined on the living suite and then the youngest had explained their predicament. Frigga had sensed his unease as he did so, although nothing of his demeanor showed it, and she also guessed that Thor was shooting him dark looks from across the small table, prompting Loki to continue - and stay to the truth.

In fact, it had been the king's order that Loki be the one to sway the All-Mother, him to confess and beg for the damned jewelry. For there was no greater punishment than to confess failure to one's mother. And Thor was pleased to see that it worked, judging by the hateful glares Loki shot at him between sentences.

In silence Frigga sat on the cream couch of her salon, Loki and Balder at her side, while Thor, big and looming, occupied the armchair opposite of them. His fingers threatened to drill holes in the upholstery, yet he managed to contain any outbursts fairly well, for the sake of his dear mother. The many tiresome political meetings did teach him something. However, the sky outside grew dark and clouded, foreshadowing what began to boil beneath Thor's sun-kissed skin. Balder watched with tensed curiosity and seemed ready to go between a fight of his siblings, verbal or physical, if need be. This issue was too important to quarrel over, the realm came first even if Balder was the only Odinsson to acknowledge that. Also he glanced at the king with wary eyes, while listening intently to Loki's humble yet truthful words.

"Now calm down everyone." Frigga spoke up before the brooding storm could break loose, her voice soft and the strategic hand she placed on Loki's vambrace tender as ever. He immediately identified the soothing Seidr in her aura, this warm and dulling presence, which she liked to use on the trio since early childhood. Only this way she had been able to bring her three rascals through their puberty, hormone charged wild boys as they had been. Thor exhaled deeply, fingers relaxing on the armrests, and a spark of melancholic reminiscence crossed his face.
"If this seems to be the best option then I am willing to part with the necklace," Frigga announced with gravity in her voice that gave no room to doubt her decision. "I cannot find delight in its beauty anyway, so let them serve a greater purpose." Then she took also Balder's hand in hers, the shape of his fingers and nails an exact copy of hers. Fully determined and without as much as a grain of confidence, Frigga turned her head to the king, dull but still beautiful eyes that saw differently but not less than before. Thor visibly felt pain at the sight, pain for what the goddess had lost, but he also admired her strength despite it. To loose not only eyesight but also her husband, whom she had loved for eons, was an agony on a whole different level. Still she was the proud Asgardian goddess of foresight and wisdom, rich of power and beauty in equal measure.

"Use them to bind the elves closer to Asgard and to secure their loyalty," the goddess now addressed Thor in particular in a tone she had used when giving Odin counsel. The brothers didn't dare to interrupt. "They are a proud people with little tolerance for such affairs but you could let it look like a token of your generosity, of the trust Asgard places in one of its oldest allies."

"That is quite brilliant." Loki quietly put in but held his tongue when Thor nodded and grumbled something into his beard. He seemed relieved that the former queen was cooperative but still he was skeptical - another trait this short reign had taught him. Never fully trust your closest advisors, always question their words.

"The elves will see through this charade. They aren't daft." Thor said with unchanged stern expressions and barely managed to remain humble and respectful in his mother's presence - not to challenge nor threat like he would with an ordinary advisor. Balder shifted in his seat, while exchanging knowing looks with Loki. They better not interfere this match of power here, not least because it wasn't their decision to make. And not their lecturing to receive.

"Probably." Frigga replied without being intimidated by her son, though she could very well sense the sizzling temper of his as it tainted the air around them. "But the public won't if there is a large ceremony with plenty of pomp and fuss. The more witnesses the better. Make this a stage for yourself, for the glory and well-boding of Asgard and house of Odin. Then the elves can't refuse such a gift from their new king."

A smile crept across Thor's face as he imagined the elvish lords bowing lowly, forcing them to kneel on the hard marble with their pretty dresses. All in humble gratitude and submission to him alone, the king of the Nine Realms. Perfect.

"It is settled then." and with a sudden eagerness to get rid of the elves, Thor rose and hence ended their little gathering.
Outside Frigga's salon, Balder and Loki remained chatting while Thor made his way straight towards his chambers - in an exited hurry to check on his kitten chained to the bed (and then think of a quick speech while redressing). He barely had any words for his brothers besides some orders to prepare the ceremony for tonight, least not for the Trickster, whom he met with unconcealed coldness. Though he noticed, Loki didn't act on it and remained his usual composure.

"He knows." Balder stated with a ring of alarm in his voice, as they both slowly strode down the corridor, his deep purple robe brushing the floor with each step.

"There is nothing to know of." the unaltering indifference of Loki's tone was too suspicious not to notice and Balder wondered what had happened between god and mortal. And why Loki was letting it on. Usually there was no way to tell what mood exactly Loki was in, nor the cause of it. But Balder was open for a change in this regard.

"Desiring the forbidden has never done you any good, brother." Balder replied with stoic calmness (and perhaps a little smugness), hands firmly clasped behind his back like a wise man. Yet he knew that wisdom and truth, as painful as it sometimes was, often didn't make it through to his sibling(s') thick head(s). Well, the same probably was true for himself... but that was a different story.

Luckily the hallway was rather empty and the passing mortals fled their presence in fear - a clear sign that Thor's iron rule was fostering, at least among mortals - so Balder didn't hesitate to actually say what he had been thinking for a while now.

"Thor seems to be quite besotted with her..."

Loki visibly stiffened at that, obviously not agreeing to this euphemism, but didn't comment.

"...and for some reason I believe he won't let go of her soon."

This time Balder couldn't make out any impact of his words, the younger god seemingly unmoved, yet deep down inside the Trickster's chest, where hopes and dreams lay, a nasty sting proved otherwise.

That's how truth feels.

When they neared a small indoor-courtyard, basked in the growing sun-light of dawning spring, and Loki still remained silent, Balder continued more peacefully:

"Look, Loki, don't get me wrong...but it's better if you stay clear from her." They both halted in the middle of the stairs, Loki just slightly below him and turning to glance at Balder with narrowed eyes. Matters of the heart didn't pass his lips easily, never had, especially to his brothers and right now Loki was not at all in the mood to try. By the stern, pained expression he showed, he was rather about to unleash some curses and dark Seidr hexes.

Balder might be Thor's advisor but certainly not mine!
And then, finally:

"Why? To spare myself some drama and heartache?" the younger god retorted mockingly what his heart claimed as bitter truth. Blinded by emotions, of course, he failed to see the bigger picture - the one which Balder always kept an eye on. Because as second son, he now saw his duty in preserving and strengthening the realm eternal and thus in standing behind the king. In all matters of importance, and frankly, that mortal had the potential to become one.

"Yes, for one thing. And also because you know how poss-" he bit his tongue, quickly redesigning his tactic when Loki's brows twitched together, and went on: "Asgard can't afford discord at its core! Thor alone must carry the burden of the crown, but we should be at his side and aid him wherever we can."

Slowly Balder descended to stand on the same level as Loki, whose expression oscillated between stunned and utterly pissed. Balder was aiming for a thin line, but perhaps he could still sway the brightest Seidrman of the realm with decent reasoning.

"His reign is still blossoming and there are enough critics who just wait for such a slip, for any sign of weakness among us three. Since the assault, this has become even more important. We can't let father's legacy crumble in our hands!"

With a hand on Loki's shoulder, Balder meant to calm and to beseech, to underline that he wanted to help here. Because even if Loki wasn't willing to accept - or too young to realize - but the innocent, sweet girl he had fallen for was already tainted, broken and gone. Thor had devoured every ounce of her innocence. Those thoughts, however, were too true and dangerous to share. So while Balder hoped to trigger Loki's sense of reason, because he too wouldn't put shame to Odin's name, Loki finally settled on being offended. Within seconds, the hurt and pain of his wounded pride cracked open the porcelain surface of his features, distorting the god's beauty.

"Oh spare me, brother!" he slapped Balder's hand away as if it was poisonous and spat: "As if you always held Asgard's best interests atop of your own! As if only that mattered!"

"Loki, please, I-!"

"Don't! You may be so eager to serve our king, but neither of you will prescribe what or whom I desire." Loki stepped a tad closer, threatening finger raised, and teeth clenched. The few surrounding guards were already staring curiously, but they couldn't hear a word as he whispered:

"And if I choose to want, to curse or to hate her I do so just as I please - not for Asgard," his pointy finger stabbed into Balder's chest. "-not for any puny lord out there-" poke ",- just for me !!"

Irritated, Balder slapped the offending finger away just as Loki stepped backwards, defiance and rage glinting in his emerald eyes. "So mind you own business!"
And with a final glare filled with all the bottled-up hatred and anger he could muster, Loki gracefully sprinted down the remaining stairs and vanished from sight. Leaving Balder, as so often, confused and without a chance to comment on this little outburst. For a fleeting moment, the God of Light was willing to pursue and soothe his baby brother, his feet already on the descent, but then he reminded himself that Loki was best left alone when pouting. It had always been so and even thousands of years couldn't change that. The result would be more nasty accusations, stinging half-truths or other hurtful words being thrown at him. No, this was useless right now and other important matters should be tended to. So Balder sighed deeply, exhaustedly, before making his way back to where he had come from.

That concubine-issue was far from settled, but peace could be achieved from another angle. Thus he would have to talk with Thor.

xxx

In a whirl of black and emerald silk, the God of Mischief strode down the long hallway leading to the throne room, each step full of vigor, while his pride posture intimidated even the stalwart elvish soldiers at the entrance. Everyone bowed in respect, from the meager slaves to the high Lords and Lady of Svartalfheim themselves, when Loki arrived at the foot of the dais. The heavy dark-green cloth of his robe swayed after he had halted, the golden trimming glistening in the candle light. A quick glance to his right revealed that the elves were anxiously awaiting the purpose of this evening's ceremony, and he noticed the tension in their usually light demeanor. Then the young god bent his tall frame, like a humble subject should, yet not too low as to be mistaken by some distant relative of the one he was bowing to. Not that anybody considered him such, given that he was a tad too late and everybody - including the king - had been waiting for him to begin. The realm wants unity, so be it - Thor had grumbled under his breath when Balder had proposed to start the ceremony without their little brother. Now that Loki was present, Thor could relax for a brief moment while every one else was preoccupied with the Trickster's captivating aura. He could sense the Seidr in the air, the way it was radiated by Loki's every move. And Norns forbid, those eyes were aflame. Even from high up his throne, Thor could see and he knew that there still was an unspoken quarrel between them. Unspoken but not unnamed.

____________ ... his thoughts supplied with a yearning ... he can't accept that she is mine. But he will.

With a grave gesture of his hand, the king allowed the younger god to rise and their gazes met, auras overlapping and charging the air. Without further permission, Loki, in his typical fashion which was in no way inferior to the elvish haughtiness, ascended the marble steps and positioned himself to the left of Thor with stunning implicitness. He didn't miss Balder's admonishing gaze from the other side of the throne. Then, and only then, the spell that held everyone's attention on Loki broke, and the king's booming voice filled the air. The jewelry-farce began.
Admittedly, Loki hadn't credited Thor with such acting skills and with great curiosity he watched as Thor convinced every one present of his generosity and benevolence towards the elves. Humbly and lulled into being thankful, the three lords and the lady accepted the gift from the king and their doubts had been transformed into visible joy to have the jewels back in their possession.

Speaking of... Loki's thoughts made a turn, darting off where he didn't want them to go - because Hel, he didn't have the nerve for it - and suddenly he wondered what __________ might be doing right now. And what a splendid opportunity to visit her had just gone wasted. But on the other hand, he still hadn't digested her refusal - how could she? Him, a prince of Asgard! Women would die for one night with him, for a token of his affection, yet she... Loki's fists clenched. Why didn't she want him?

Of course he could have taken what he desired, could have abused the girl many weeks ago - there was no way for her to escape his aura if he tuned it appropriately - and usually that was not a moral obstacle for the god. But for some reason, he couldn't use his Seidr on her, it felt profoundly wrong. But what good had his benevolence done him? A constantly nagging conscious and more fever-attacks - another little secret to keep to himself. Great, just great.

Loki shifted his weight as he stood, surveying the throne room to find distraction and his eyes fell upon a few slaves at the back. Hundreds of slaves were working at the palace - hundreds of options to choose from if he wished to pick a flower of his own, as Thor had so nicely phrased it. Yes, that would mend the crack in his relationship with Thor, because he needn't worry or be jealous, and at the same time it would show her how replaceable, how insignificant her existence was to him. Time was on his side, so why bother when instead he could have fun with some other mortal girl(s).

After many praises and cheers from the crowd, the elves were dismissed and sent to their home realm, which was now a sure alley of Asgard. Thor couldn't help but smirk, while Balder sighed in relief once the three brothers exited the throne room. It had all worked out so well. Although the king was happy about the successful evening, Loki could sense the impatience in his strides as they strolled towards the wing of the palace where their chambers were. Under the sigil of Mjölnir, Thor expressed his gratitude towards his brothers for their help, affectionately and firmly hugging each of them in turn, and Loki was reminded of how much he loved this big brute.

So much that he couldn't allow anything to come between them. Loki returned the embrace, to let actions speak instead of words, while his heart was torn. For one cannot replace a unicum and __________ was one of a kind.

Chapter End Notes

So much for Loki's thoughts... perhaps I should have named the chapter "Bro before Hoe" LOL
No seriously, there still is a conflict between Thor & Loki, because we all know Loki doesn't always mean what he says/thinks ;)

Hello my dear readers!
I had awesome vacations and I'm more inspired than ever. So brace yourselves because it's gonna be delicious :D

Thanks for still hanging on and for all the comments! I read every one and I'm glad that people still like this story. +40k!
Read the Notes at the End of this chapter for some of my thoughts on this one...(if you like, of course)

xoxo
Dark

In full vim and vigor, drunk on his hilarious triumph over the elves, Thor burst into his chambers, eager to close the day with another bout for his ego. So eager that it took a few seconds more to realize he wasn't as alone as he had expected and his chambers were rather oddly crowded for the early evening. Gerlinda and two other maids behind her stepped into his path, bowing humbly like the intimidated mice they were, while the abigail babbled excuses and pardons for whatever was going on. Out of reflex, Thor listened only half and instead observed with growing irritation the two guards (who should be outside guarding the doors) as well as three other women over at the sitting area. They all bowed too, yet rather curtly, before the women went on in their tasks. One of them was a goddess, wearing the long-sleeved blue robes of a healer, and by the wild mane of red curls this could only be Eir's niece and prime apprentice, Ulla. Thor vaguely remembered her from banquets and some scarce opportunities where he had stumbled across her in the vast halls of the palace. She was far younger than him and unrelated to the royal bloodline, thus unfitting to be around the young princes. What a shame. For Ulla had noticeably evolved to a fair maiden of almost elvish elegance - if not for the mop of brilliant red hair which refused to be tamed - and Thor most likely would have hunted after her earlier, before his desires had shifted to much smaller prey.

Ulla took a small vial from one of her assistants, the motion ripping Thor from his thoughts, and then she bent her tall lean frame to tend to the patient on the couch. His eyes followed Ulla's hands and his surprise climaxed when he saw the vial at ________'s plump lips, her pale complexion contrasting more than usually against the crimson upholstery. Dark shadows framing her puffy eyes.

"By Odin's beard, what...?!" his grumbling voice interrupted the scene, forcing everyone to pause in tensed wariness. Obviously the king wasn't pleased by this turn of events and ________ shrunk deeper into the couch under his piercing gaze. There was no sign of worry beneath the dark-blue, only confused irritation bordering on anger. And woe betide if it broke loose.
"Please forgive the mess, your majesty. The young Miss fell sick when we bathed her earlier."
Gerlinda repeated now that he seemed to listen, almost bristling at her own words for she herself detested any kind of disorder or divergence from the norm. Also she noticed the sharp drop in Thor's mood and the unmistakable way his brows furrowed. Thus it was all the more important to soothe the brooding storm.
"I called the lady Ulla because it didn't pass." she elaborated, noticing Thor's fists to clench, his jaw
"Why wasn't I immediately informed?" Thor's voice was clipped, low and foreboding. He didn't blink as he waited for a reply.

"Your majesty, there is no need to-"[58x138]

"Why wasn't I immediately informed?" he but roared and finally spun towards the abigail, the red flame of his cape whirling at the sudden motion. Gerlinda had to avert her gaze from his stormy one, lightning illuminating the irises, also she had serious trouble to uphold her aloof composure, anxiety clearly darting across her wrinkled face. ________ watched intently, breathing swallow as not to draw his attention again. Not when he was in this kind of mood and merely at the beginning of a scolding. She almost felt pity for the old crone, almost. She doesn't say it but she thinks me a whore, unimportant and replaceable. ________ thought to herself while the king stared down at the old woman, his fists still clenched at his sides. Honestly, he didn't look convinced - not one tad - and he seemed to chew on that bit of information. Then, a short nod and the abigail was out of trouble, the tension sagging from her old bones instantly. Meanwhile Thor approached the sitting area with heavy steps. Quickly and as if on cue, Ulla stepped forward and began to report her diagnosis, with much details and laced by her own professional fascination for the topic. As if to distract the king from his own wrath and the girl on the couch. Ulla dared to meet his gaze once or twice, but despite her bravery her words then spilled even faster from her mouth and soon her cheeks blushed a lovely red. The normal reaction in his presence. Thor was unmoved and looming, glancing past the red-head towards his courtesan while he listened. In short, ________ had suffered from a nervous breakdown with severe headache and cramps, worse so because of the hot water, so that she had collapsed and the maids had had to carry her onto the couch. Upon being called, Ulla had given her a potion against the pain which also soothed the nerves.

Ulla didn't mention the crying, the desperation and utmost darkness ________'s mind had locked itself in. Nor, what no one knew, the frantic wish - the longing - ________ had felt for the golden giant to be there, to chase away her demons by making her succumb to his own. And yet now that he was here in the flesh, she was consumed by fear and couldn't relate to him offering anything close to protection.

"...now she needs much rest and this lighter potion tomorrow morning." Ulla said as she handed him another small vial, the liquid sloshing as Thor slowly took it from her. She fell silent thereafter, leaving the cause for ________'s sickness in the blue. During examining the young mortal, she had come across some of the marks her master had bestowed on her and Ulla had recognized them for what they were. Proof that the tattoo on ________'s arm was no pretense, no folly to show off Aesir power over mortals. Courtesan it read but it said nothing about the abuse and the pain, on both physical and mental level. Ulla wasn't blind, nor stupid, and her vows as healer extended to all living
kind. But as a goddess, accustomed to the social hierarchy as it were, she knew it wasn't in her place to lecture the king about how to treat his property. She could only help if asked, pull silence over the obvious and pity the mortal girl.

Meanwhile Thor was oddly still, but _______ noticed the foreboding sparks in his eyes and as close as he stood she almost felt his divine thunder vibrating beneath the golden skin. She held his gaze, despite the fear in her bones, because apparently the potion from earlier now kicked in. Suddenly she felt oddly heavy, her body sinking further into the soft upholstery. Warmth pooled in her belly, lulling her into a trance she knew she wouldn't return from, not soon that is, and her surroundings blurred a bit with each passing second. Only he was there, her tormentor, the golden giant as he loomed over the couch. She felt his large hand on the side of her head, spending warmth and comfort, and pushing her further into the pillow. Further on until his hand covered her whole body. Or so it was in her dream.

Thor sensed that she was drifting away, saw the effort of each blink, until her eyes slowly fell shut. He could tell when sleep had grasped her and her breathing pattern changed, muscles relaxing and all pain or worries leaving her. He had never seen her so peaceful, so innocent and pure that he almost went over there to yet claim it again, to steal this precious treasure of his. But he remained glued to the spot and just observed for a while longer. Then, as if he had made up his mind, he nodded - to whom only he knew - and finally spoke in a hushed voice:
"Leave, all of you."

And so they did, their absence making way for Thor's conflicted thoughts to fill the silence.

***

Not too many hallways away, in the darkness of his own chambers, Loki lay in bed and shivered. At the same time he felt such heat, blazing and itching under his skin as if it would split. He knew this fever all too well, loathed and cursed it as it shook his entire body and he held tightly onto the silken sheets as another wave hit him. It was painful somehow, perhaps only in his mind, but painful nevertheless. Yet aloof and proud as he was, Loki refrained from seeking help and had explicitly forbidden his pet Fenrir to bolt and fetch __________ (again). No thanks, not another humiliation and all the fuzz. There was no way to steal her from Thor's chambers unnoticed anyway.

So Loki endured his agony alone until exhaustion had mercy on him and granted some fleeting moments of sleep. Then his mind wandered on its own and left the confines of his bedroom behind, seeking comfort in the thoughts about her. Despite the humiliation of her rebuke, despite his wounded pride calling for revenge, Loki allowed her to invade his thoughts, occupy them so that the fever seems to be but a slight sweat. And it worked, superbly and worryingly efficiently so. But Loki - and that was the sweet irony of it - would not remember what brought him peace once morning came.

xxx

For a little while after his chambers were quiet again, Thor sat down on the armchair next to __________ and watched her sleep. As lovely as the sight was, Thor soon was lost in his pondering about what had happened in his absence. A nervous breakdown.
A breakdown... something broke inside her. Too soon. Damned. Don't ask why... You know why.
Shit.

Perhaps he should have brought her to the ceremony, have her grind on his thigh the way he liked
until he would be restless and horny on his throne. Seeking friction and unable to keep his greedy
paws off her. Well yeah, his speech would have been less fluid and much shorter in that case, all
blood gone south; not to mention how he would have screwed up the whole elvish jewel affair. And
imagine the shocked looks of everyone present, also the Aesir, for they were not used to a king
displaying his carnal desires. Thor would need to attend many more feasts with his lovely pet in tow
to achieve that.

Anyways, what was done couldn't be changed and there was no guarantee that her breakdown
wouldn't have happened anyways, just a day or two later. Such things ran deep, sickening one's
mind, and perhaps now that all the emotions breached the surface she would heal. Thor briefly
imagined her crouching in the tub, her tiny body shuddering from the cramps and pain. And tears.
There probably had been a flood of them, and every suppressed darkness had crept forward to the
surface, shaking and voiding her core. Part of him was glad that he didn't have to witness, but the
voice of his ego at the back chided him for this cowardice.

Time for a drink, he replied to himself and moments later knocked back two glasses of fine Muspelir
whiskey. The burn distracted him, took the edge off and cleansed some of this strange emotions
swirling under the mop of golden hair. Nevertheless he settled in the chair again, openly worrying
over the mortal. Thor wasn't known to worry much about anything. He'd always find a solution and
no obstacle in his path had ever seemed insurmountable in the face of his divine strength and the
power of house Odin. However grand his strength, it was nullified by the eluding nature of this
particular obstacle. Matters of the mind and heart couldn't be solved that way. And as much as he
loathed it already, all Thor could do now was to wait and see until she came to her senses in the
morning.

It can't be that bad.... he tried to reassure himself over another whiskey, because otherwise he would
have to admit that it was his fault, at least to some extent, and that he had taken too much from

Of course Thor understood that the loss of both parents and of her freedom were bitter pills to
swallow for such a young thing. Also he was well aware that his lecherous claims on her, his rough
treatment and damned his ravenous appetite for her were just as challenging. He was a beast. But still
she should be thankful, if not glad to be spared the hardship of life - of an arranged marriage, a life of
uncertainty and after her father's crimes, a life of persecution and misfortune - all things he was
currently protecting her from. By choosing her as concubine, his only one at that which is an honor
in itself, Thor was granting her more mercy and benevolence than any other being in the Nine
Realms. If not for him she would rot in the dungeon, or be used up in a brothel. There was no nice
place for marked girls.
So, he concluded, she ought to fall to her knees in gratitude and be honored and flattered beyond
measure by being entitled as his courtesan.

But deep down he knew that wasn't the whole truth, neither about her situation nor about what he
really believed. Thor was aware of his abusive actions, for he regaled in their very nature at least to some point, but he was not willing to acknowledge that those actions had almost broken the little kitten. It had to be the sum of all the tragedies in her life, but not him alone. No, it wasn't his fault. He had been careful - in his own twisted way - as not to overdo it. He had used little of his strength, focused to act on his desires in the evenings only so that she could recover during the day and Norns he also gave her some healing lube. That was more than generous, given that he had no such obligations at all, it was voluntarily done. Shouldn't that be enough lenience? But the evidence lay on the couch in front of him, claiming otherwise.

*It's not my fault.*

With a huff Thor leaned back in the chair, indignantly crossing his arms over the breadth of his chest. His ceremonial armor was tighter and not as comfortable as the ones he wore for battle or everyday use and soon he felt the need to shed the layers of metal and leather. A glance at the clock reassured him of that idea, given that there was one final meeting yet to be mastered.

Slowly the giant rose, warmth and fatigue flushing his limbs, and stepped closer to the couch. With care none would believe he was capable of after (or perhaps because) three glasses of whiskey, Thor snuck his meaty hands beneath her torso and knees so he had a steady grip on her small frame as he lifted her up. She didn't stir, too far gone as she was thanks to Ulla's potion, and not even his drumming footsteps roused her.

*She won't wake till morning...* a pang of disappointment gripped him, for he had envisioned this evening so much differently. He would have celebrated his triumph over the elves with her, would have regaled in her flesh and in the sweet sounds she made when he did so. Instead, he was carrying the unconscious little kitten to bed without indecent intentions, denied of his carnal desires for once in his life. What a disappointment.

After putting her beneath the blanket, Thor began to shed his armor - grumbling a curse because this would be a lot easier if she undid some clasps and fuck, why did he have to do this? He was king for the Nine's sake!

So finally, finally, his anger rumbled in his belly and soured his mood until the night sky was full of dark clouds, thunder growling in the distance. Thor almost ripped his tunic off, muscles tense from fatigue and his rising temper. He didn't know how to deal with worries and that stuff but he could handle anger. It spurned him on, made him whole and powerful. In its white haze he always knew what he wanted, what he had to do to achieve it, and this clarity was much more welcome than the strange weak mewling of worries that invaded his mind the more he thought about __________.

xxx

Thor stirred in his sleep and woke every now and then, although it was hours until morning and he usually wasn't a light sleeper. Balder often claimed that Ragnarok could break loose beside the bed without Thor waking up.

Apparently it took much less to keep him riling. Tonight, every time he drifted off his dreams would be a haunted mess of emotions and worries he never knew he harbored. And certainly would never admit during his waking hours. Blurred and twisted, the dream fused both the surreal and his memories into a dangerous mixture. His inner eye saw her writhing beneath him in terror as he claimed her the first time and then the picture morphed into that of her lying peacefully on the couch. Sedated, after loosing shit. A somehow disturbing contrast.
When he rolled over he opened his eyes to look at her, the faint blue light of a distant moon that made way for the sun illuminating her face. Her lips looked full and sweet, slightly parted as if to dare him make sinful use of them. Yet as he beheld her as a whole, her whole being, she resembled the naive girl he had initially hunted after. As if time was reversed and nothing bad had happened to her. All that he had stolen from her, ripped and claimed and marked seemed restored. Thor was enthralled and lay awake to watch her some more, waiting with thrilled anticipation until he could feast on her innocence once more.

xxx

____________'s eyes cracked open after what felt like an eternity of dull dark slumber, dreamless and just for the purpose of recovery. At first her mind was blank, still dizzy from the potion.

The potion. Breakdown. Cramps and so much pain. ... Thor. His unsettling dark eyes on me.

She tensed and pulled the heavy blanket higher up her face as to hide herself a little more. He had been pretty angry and without doubt disappointed - probably still was and thus she perked her ears to catch a telling sound, a grunt, a snore or something that would mean he was asleep. But none came. In fact it was much too quiet around her and when she rolled over, the big space of the bed was vacant and the mattress cool to the touch. A sigh escaped her lips, for she was granted a few moments to gather herself before facing the king it seemed.

When she looked at the clock she was surprised, had she never been allowed to sleep that long, but decided not to waste any time and tried to get up as quickly as possible. Her body was aching with a dull version of what she usually felt after being taken, but the cramps had definitely left some sore traces and who knew what Ulla had made her swallow. A heavy sedative it seems, because I didn't notice Thor getting up...nor him carrying me to bed. She blushed at that thought.

But this way she had been able to escape Thor's accusing gaze and could now regain some of her composure. She was still upset and hurt, yet not so overwhelmingly as yesterday in the bath. It had all been to much then, the tragedy of her life swallowing her whole and when she thought of Loki - her last anchor to hope and the last person she had dared trust in - his betrayal had stung her heart and she had realized with morbid sorrow that she was truly alone now. An orphan in this world, stranded at the king's feet.

Thor... the only one of the brothers who had been honest and straightforward in his intentions. __________ knew that if she met his expectations he would keep her around, provide for her and protect her in a very odd sense off the word. And by her little show yesterday she had risked it all. Nobody wants a crying wreck like that. And among all this golden splendor, the divine and the power, there was no place for broken toys. How could she be so stupid and loose it? What if Thor decided to cast her away now?

While she dressed and made herself presentable, clattering noises came from the other side of the door. Then some heavy footsteps and an unmistakable rumble of words. Thor was outside in the salon, meaning there was no way to avoid the pending awkward moment because of yesterday. Shit.

Hastily, __________ checked herself again in the tall mirror, smoothing the many grey and blue layers of her dress with trembling fingers. The neckline reached her collarbones, shoulders being covered too, but dipped a little down in the front to allow a glimpse at the cleft of her breasts. Nervous as she was she pushed her breasts up and together, arranging them in a more prominent way so that perhaps the king would forget his grudge and well... be reminded why he liked to keep her.

How pathetic. Eager for your master's attention like a good pet.
With a sigh she abandoned the mirror and the grim looking reflection of hers, feeling how her stomach twisted and flipped with each step towards the salon. And despite her heart's protests, she decided to apologize and amend for disappointing the king.

xxx

Ever so silently the mortal emerged from the bedroom, Thor almost didn't hear her hushed timid footsteps on the thick carpet. Slowly she approached him at the large desk and waited patiently for him to finish his writing. From the corner of his eye he saw her hands fumbling nervously with the silk of her dress while she shot him quick glances, to check on his temper perhaps - or because of his casual attire today. Usually he would be in his armor, out and away to another meeting, some sparring and it had become such a routine that exceptions as this one today were much surprising. He held back a smirk as he imagined her rattling mind as to what that implied for her today.

Finally, the king put his quill down with vexing calmness and then ordered the remaining maids to leave. Another few seconds passed, ________ all the more on edge, and when Thor's deep voice rang she almost jumped:
"Good morning, little one."

"G-good morning, your majesty." she bowed slightly and kept her gaze low, nevertheless watching how Thor leaned back in his chair, the wood creaking in complaint as his broad back relaxed. Since he didn't seem to be in a mood for talking and ________ couldn't bare embarrassed silence, she went on. Better get done with it now than later.
"I am truly sorry for my behavior yesterday. That shouldn't have happened and I..." her eyes dared to meet his, enthralled by the ocean-blue. "I beg your pardon for the inconveniences I caused."

Thor remained stoically silent and just observed her for another while, the weight of his gaze a burden in itself, and she knew he was still pissed - the tenseness of his jaw gave it all away. Yet for some strange reason he didn't let it out on her and ________ couldn't tear her eyes away from him. A few large strides and he was right in front of her, his large hand brushing lightly over her hair until the large fingers came to rest on her shoulder and collarbone, his thumb circling the hollow there. Pretty close to the neck, she noticed and tensed some more out of reflex. Wouldn't be the first time that Thor strangled her at the start of a conversation. But the mighty hand didn't close around her flesh and Thor's eyes held no malice as he looked down upon her.

"Don't think too much of it. And henceforth tell me if you feel overly exhausted before the point of collapsing." he said in a tone similar to an order - too much so since he felt her shrink under his touch. He went on, softer: "You shall have your rest then. I wouldn't want you to break..."

"Thank you... your majesty." she mumbled and nodded, confirming to herself that she had heard right and that he wasn't as angry as she had thought. Thor noticed the lingering suspicion in her features, the ever-present fear and respect she harbored for him, and still he didn't retrieve his hand. Nor did he move, enjoying her soft skin under his calloused palm and Norns, what a splendid view he had on her decollete from up here.

"Come." he finally tore himself away from her charms, before certain urges became too prominent, and stepped back, half turning to gesture with one arm to the table. "Have breakfast with me."

Totally confused, ________’s gaze slid from the mild expression of his face, along the bulk of his arm, towards the invitingly set table. Realizing that she had been given an order and that one shouldn't refuse such an occasion, she got moving - albeit with an uneasy feeling at the pit of her
Thor began to dig in as soon as he was sitting, while the mortal obviously needed a few moments to settle in. Once again she felt out of place and since when was she allowed to eat with the king? Not on his lap but like at her own place, own plate and cutlery? Like equals? It was hard to process, given that her mind was still a little foggy from the potion last night. And as delicious as the huge variety of food smelled and looked, she had trouble to summon any appetite. Her stomach was still in knots and refused to give in to this suspicious temptation.

"Don't make me command you to eat, kitten." Thor said between bites, then took a long sip from his black coffee - a nice Midgardian beverage - and watched her from the corner of his eye. Finally she ate, reluctantly at first but apparently the heavenly taste of the food enticed her to have more. Good. She should put on some pounds anyway.

"Wow, these are just so good." she pronounced the last word as if groaning, causing Thor to shoot her a pleased smirk.

"Indeed. But have you tried these yet?" and offered her his fork with a bite from his own plate. It was just as delicious, even more so since he got to watch ________’s lips curl around the fork in a most alluring way. She blushed lovely when she caught him staring.

xxx

Breakfast went smoothly and ________ got to know another side of the king as her resolve melted and she began to talk some more. At first about foreign dishes which she had come upon because of her father, and since Thor seemed to love food quite a lot. Through his journeys and battles, he had visited many other cities and had had plenty of opportunities to discover their culinary customs. Then he shared some stories from those journeys, funny tales of him and the warriors three or his brothers, which had all in common that they ended up in an awkward/dangerous situation (because of Thor more often than not). Yet somehow they had always managed to get out of there.

It was nice, strangely so, and ________ caught herself relaxing in her chair, while she sipped at her tea. Similarly, Thor stretched his long limbs and lazily scratched his full belly once he finished eating. Norns, he was a glutton.

Silence filled the air between them when three maids entered the salon and cleared the table, shooting the girl in the chair envious and scandalized gazes. If not for her royal company, ________ would have stuck her tongue out in reply. Jealous, stupid girls.

"Ah...before I forget..." Thor grumbled into his beard and grabbed a tiny vial that had been hidden between all the dishes and bowls of food. It looked even smaller when it lay in his extended palm, as an offer for her. "Another potion from Ulla. You better take it."
"Oh, yes. Thank you, your majesty." she replied and instantly reached for the vial, purposefully brushing her fingers against his palm as she took it. She didn't miss the glint in his eyes, the predator lurking very close to the surface, and quickly swallowed the potion. Meanwhile, the other maids had left and Thor slowly rose, his expression hardening as he thought of the paper work that was waiting for him now. But why not make it pleasant?

So eventually, he sat on the couch and read some reports, while __________’s head rested in his lap. The potion had a similar effect to the one yesterday, perhaps not as strong but still, and thus the girl soon dozed off as she lay there. Thor couldn't help but watch her, enjoy her soft breathing, and from time to time he brushed through her hair.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah... that was kind of fluffy wasn't it? Very unlike me... but don't fret, the next drama will come up soon.
And I love Dark!Thor far too much to let him turn over to the soft-side. Let's be honest, the breakdown was totally over-due because no one could stand through all that and not lose it. I know what tragedy in life means so the Reader was bound to break at some point. Thor knew that too and honestly, he had been waiting for it. Kind of. Remember his thoughts from a few chapters back?

"..And when her heart lie in a million pieces he would be the one to collect them... to bind her closer to him than any chain ever could."

Suddenly his nice actions don't seem so nice anymore. Think about that and never forget that Thor is a monster gilded in a king's robe.
As for Loki, he has troubles of his own. That fever is persistent and guess what, it correlates with his consciousness. But more of that soon. Loki will have more screen-time next chapter, Balder too and soon we're going to Midgard.
As cozy as it was with the girl on the couch, Thor soon felt the need to exercise, to act against the stiffness in his muscles from all the recent sitting. He still had an inner trouble to adapt to the laziness of politics- and the seemingly endless sitting around and discussing things. Also, right that moment, he wished to escape his vexing thoughts about the girl in his lap. She was fast asleep, thanks to the potion again, and Thor surmised that she would probably wake at lunch (which in another two hours) and he planned on spending the afternoon and evening in his chambers anyways. Plenty of time to play with her then...

When he finally, finally, was on the sand with his brother Balder, Thor's mood was instantly affected and bright as if he was the sun himself. His attacks were no less enthusiastic, so no wonder that Balder soon called for a short break, brushing sand out of his blond hair as he sat down on the stone step that framed the fighting pit. As usual, they had chosen the largest one further down the training grounds and the few other gods kept their respectful distance - although they watched the royals sparr nevertheless, out of natural curiosity. And because it must look really fantastic when Thor threw him around like that, Balder supposed bitterly.

"You've gotten better in your defense." Thor was stretching half-heartedly on the sand, radiating with energy even after more than an hour spent here. Balder's brows shot upwards as he turned back to his sibling. Thor seemingly hadn't lost any of his fighting skills nor fitness despite his duties as ruler, Norns, he even looked very much like he had been exercising every single day.

"Do I? Didn't seem so when I was face-down in the dirt." he sneered, albeit with much sarcasm lacing his voice.

"Oh brother, you are too harsh with yourself." The golden god now stood right in front, bending at the hip as he smirked down on Balder. "Just accept that you'll never beat me."

Thor chuckled mockingly but Balder was on his feet in an instant, demanding revance, and tackled his elder brother with full force. Still smiling Thor engaged in the new round and managed to regain the upper hand. Despite his efforts, Balder found himself pinned beneath Thor again. Some things never changed. Cursing and panting he demanded water from a servant nearby, after he was allowed to get out of the dirt. At least his brother did show some mercy then, ending their session and together they strolled towards the common baths.

They weren't much frequented at that hour, but of course the largest basin was cleared and prepared for the king's own use. No one dared to share the tub with him unless explicitly invited. So with a
towel around the waist, both brothers stepped into the hot scented water, and Thor already felt his muscles relaxing. There was nothing better after exercise than warmth all around. By now, their conversation had reached family matters and thanks to the many nooks and crannies inside the common baths, their words didn't make it to the adjacent rooms. Privacy ensured. Balder expressed his worries for their baby brother, because Loki seemed so different these past weeks and Balder supposed that he was lacking purpose in his life. Thor, as first born, was king and ruler, Balder had the honor to assist and advise - a task he had been raised for - while little Loki never explicitly had been given a task of himself. The study of Seidr had been voluntarily chosen, also because of his talent, and he surely would aid his king in this regard whenever asked. But what was there for him in the meantime? Would he continue to deepen his knowledge of Seidr? Was that enough for the aspiring, double-minded Trickster? Balder doubted it very much and Thor hummed in agreement. A bored Loki was dangerous and he couldn't afford another issue like that with the jewels.

Although, that trick of his brought ____________ to me...

"Perhaps Loki compensates this lack of purpose with the jealousy he displays towards you and your courtesan." Balder said as he toyed with a blue soap in his palm, the slippery thing gliding through his long fingers. Thor watched although his mind was deep in thoughts, mostly about their conversation but recently about _____________.

"You think it is all but an act?" the king asked as he rubbed his beard.

"No, the emotions are real but he chose the wrong channel to express them." Balder elaborated, but when Thor only replied with a confused look, he went on. "He would never betray you, he loves you too much for such a crime. And so his bottled up frustration, or whatever you call it, is transferred to being jealous - which is just a relative of love."

"Because I am with purpose since my birth..." Thor supplied with a sigh, still looking at the soap when it suddenly slipped out of Balder's hand. Like a stone it sunk further down and down inside the water, until it came to rest with a thud at the bottom of the tub.

"Exactly. Unlike many others you never had to search for something worth living for." and with that Balder dived down to fetch the soap, leaving Thor to his pondering for a moment.

Afterwards they both agreed on their suspicion that Loki had those fever-attacks again, and that they needed to get him to a healer - even if it was against Loki's will, because it was about time to clarify the origins of that sickness once and for all. Thor volunteered to talk to Loki, convince him to a treatment, but only after the final meeting on Midgard. Both frowned at that prospect. It would be a grand and challenging affair with those people. They had never been united under one ruler before, had never shared the same religious belief, and it would require either much eloquence or force to get this last sheep into the herd. Balder hoped for little collateral damage, while Thor wasn't averse to some fighting. He would conquer Midgard through blood yet again if need be.

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Loki pursed his lips, his emerald eyes taking on a colder shade as he surveyed the dozen of naked mortal girls standing before him in tensed silence. Each a pritty sight in their own way, each trying to gain his attention albeit having to stare at the floor. Slaves weren't allowed to hold eye-contact unbidden. And Loki revelled in their eagerness to please him, in the obvious power he had over each of them because he knew they would scratch each other's eyes out for the promise of becoming his very first concubine. It was amusing really, to watch them squirm motionlessly where they stood and he purposefully made an act of prolonging his scutiny, pacing the salon in front of them with measured slow steps. Occasionally he would halt in front of one, his intense gaze roaming over her flesh, but then continue to pace as if she wasn't to his liking. Oh such drama. But honestly, he hadn't decided yet and probably wouldn't do so soon. Because despite their willingness and indeed alluring physical traits, none of them was ____________. Loki knew that none of them, even when slightly similar of looks, could be a substitute for _________ but he pushed the thought away, petulant and refusing his conflicted feelings for her. It still hurt, her words of rejection stinging deeply and deftly at a spot where he thought he had no heart. So as to prove to himself and others that he couldn't care less about ___________ and her fate, Loki was adamant in his decision to get himself a concubine too. And soon.

Preferably one that didn't look like __________ in the slightest, a complete opposite please. That should do the trick, because once Loki would sate his carnal desires for that particular girl - carnal desires that clouded his mind into considering her anything more than an object - he would be ridden from the nagging in his mind. Would not glance at Thor full of envy whenever he held her possessively and would certainly not fall victim to this blasted volatility of emotions. He was a rational being, focused and sharp of mind and nothing - NOTHING - ought to dissuade him from this path.

Most certainly not this impertinent, pathetic girl. Norns, he had much more important things to do, Seidr research and improving the security system of the palace!

A clattering of teeth brought Loki back to the present and to the naked girls shivering in the chill before him. Winter was fleeting, making way for Spring but the cold would linger for another while, the sun not yet strong enough to penetrate the thick palace walls. Mentally chiging himself for again becoming the victim of his thoughts, Loki came to a halt in front of them and closed his eyes, ready to pick one of them. This was about carnal desires and eventually they were all just means to an end, no matter how pretty.

In that very moment, the double doors to the salon burst open in a foreboding way and Loki already knew without looking who had entered. Of course he would interfer.

"Brother I need to speak with you!" the king approached with large strides which slowed considerably as he took in the scene before him, being crudely reminded of the cattle markets down in the city. A strange look crossed Thor's eyes as he put the pieces together and well, that wasn't so surprising now was it?

"What a coincidence..." Loki retortet without delay, donning a smile that didn't reach his eyes, as he bowed curtly to the king, as did the naked girls. "I could really use your advice here."

Thor narrowed his eyes slightly at the seething tone he was met with, then surveyed the naked slaves shivering in silence - due to the cold or fear he couldn't tell.

"What is this?" he asked although he already had a decent idea, his face still not betraying whether he would be pissed or amused about it.

"Well, I only followed your order so to speak and was about to pick a flower of my own." Loki
stepped closer to him, a malicious glint in his eyes because he almost got Thor off guard. Oh how Loki loved to provoke with such surprises. "What do you say, which one will be best suited as my concubine?" he added in an excited and playful tone, stepping yet closer. "Which one can satisfy a god? I suppose you know which criteria to look for."

The brother's gazes met in a heated stare, dark blue reminding emerald to quit the disrespectful challenging and mockery, until Thor decided rather unexpectedly to play along. A sinister smirk crept across his bearded face. "Of course I will assist you in this matter, little brother." he exclaimed joyfully and slung his massive arm around Loki's shoulders, pulling him closer. "And we shall do it properly!"

Confused and slightly baffled, Loki furrowed his brows and tried in vain to remain his aloof composure. Thor always knew how to knock him off his high horse and Norns may damn him for it. But were would be the fun if his siblings were daft as oafs, incapable of a little mischief themselves? So Loki's curiosity was aflame and he smirked at his beloved brother.

"Let us postpone this audition to when I return from Midgard." Thor dropped his voice for a little drama, underlining how delicate this issue was and - more importantly - to make it sound too scandalous and grand for Loki to resist. "And I shall order for the most beautiful slaves and daughters of noble houses from all the Nine Realms for you to pick among. As many as you wish that is."

"Really?" Loki swallowed with barely contained excitement, finally wriggling out of Thor's grasp and absentmindedly brushing through his black tresses. "You would do that for me?"

Thor still smiled at him, his dark blue eyes alight with joy and something else Loki - for once - could not decipher. When had his brother become so versed at secluding his thoughts? And why was Loki all too willing to accept this offer?

Because Thor just allowed you to enslave and fuck any woman I want... without consequences.

"Of course." Thor beamed at him, his rumbling voice echoing through the salon so that even Loki had the urge to shudder. "Only the best for my little brother."

Another few seconds passed, neither god spoke, but both knew that Thor had him hooked. Without glancing at their shivering forms, and without Loki's consent, the king gestured for the girls to leave and they hastily grabbed their bundle of clothes and rushed out. Then it dawned to Loki.

"What do you want in return for that generosity?" his sceptical tone was just as Thor had expected, for Loki wasn't known to hand over trust easily. But he was close, so close, and with a little more persuasion, Thor would succeed in his plan.

The king's smile faded instantly, the countour of his jaw hardening, and Loki skillfully brought more distance between them as he walked over to the black ebony table where he poured them some wine. His guards were raised now and awaiting whatever Thor had intended to throw at him. He hadn't come here without a reason, remember? Thor wanted to talk, and Hel knew that it was about something serious. A few tensed seconds passed as the blonde gathered the proper words, all the while being watched like the lion in the room by the serpent nearby. Then, finally, he said in a clear and calm tone:
"You will no longer step out of line and endanger my reign, as well as the name and honor of our house."

Realizing that this was a consequence from the jewelry-affair, Loki couldn't deny that and in fact, he had no intention to harm Thor's reign - although the twisted outcomes of his tricks might lead to a detrimental assumption. Loki loved Thor far too much to cause serious trouble - well yes, the jewels were close to the cut - BUT it was not what Loki had in mind when he had tricked the greedy merchant. The young god merely wanted to best his brothers in their gifts for the Queen, simple brotherly rivalry so to speak. How could Loki have foreseen all the rest thereafter? Odin's sudden death and the renegotiations with the realms? Harald Leiffson scheming a rebellion? That was too much to ask, even for the Trickster. However, Loki agreed that he ought to be more careful henceforth in crafting some mischief because now there was so much more at stake. Odin had been wise and his well-founded reputation had protected him from his sons' escapades (and there had been plenty), while Thor - as a young and not yet seasoned king - was much more vulnerable to such things. Loki would be a fool not to see that. However, he agreed that he ought to be more careful henceforth in crafting some mischief because now there was so much more at stake. Odin had been wise and his well-founded reputation had protected him from his sons' escapades (and there had been plenty), while Thor - as a young and not yet seasoned king - was much more vulnerable to such things. Loki would be a fool not to see that. So he nodded sheepishly.

"Yes..." offering Thor a goblet of wine and remaining close at his side so that he could see every reaction of his. "...it is reasonable to ask that." he paused, licking along his thin lips. "I am sorry for the trouble I've caused recently."

Thor took a long sip and looked at Loki, *through* Loki, with those dark blue eyes so that the young god shuddered innerly. He still wasn't forgiven, or at least not trusted, it seemed.

"Please... forgive me Thor." the young god added, eyes cast to the floor as to hide the emotions in them. The next thing he knew was Thors large hand at his neck, half cupping his head too, as he had always done since their childhood. The warmth and comfort of the simple gesture went beyond Loki's understanding but it felt really good, this rare token of Thor's brotherly affection.

"You are forgiven, little brother, but be aware that my lenience has its limits," the king said warmly, magnanimously even, and for a brief moment he considered whether to demand more of Loki. In particular, that he saw a healer in order to cure this fever-sickness once and for all. But that could wait, Thor decided, for there was another important matter which he needed to clarify. After his visit to Midgard, when the political waves would calm down a bit, Thor would enlist Balder to help him convince, trick or drag Loki to see a healer. But now...

"And once you have chosen from among the beauties of the realms, you will stop pursuing what is mine." Thor went on in a lower voice, hushed even, as he leaned closer and met Loki's eyes, daring him to oppose.

"I haven't."

"Do not be a fool as to believe that my love for you has made me blind for your lies, little brother." the hand at the back of Loki's neck tightened. "I know of your midnight-trip to her family estate, of the comfort you spent."
Loki’s complexion hardened, the unreadable mask sliding in place just in time but his eyes betrayed how shocked he was. And how truth Thor's word were.

"-all the while pretending as to lure her in and make her believe that you, a god, a prince, was her friend."

Baffled and more hurt than he would ever acknowledge, Loki snapped out of his paralyzed state and shrugged Thor's hand off. The king let him, granting some space, but both knew that the muscles beneath his woolen tunic were tight and ready. Gathering himself and shaking off the many questions in his mind - how did Thor know all of that? Had __________ told him? Why? - Loki looked warily at Thor and saw the familiar glint of hurt in those stormy eyes. Damned, he had disappointed - if not betrayed - his brother and although deep down he had always known that, it hit him just now. Full force of the emotions-train. And Loki despised himself for the heavy, nauseating lump of guilt in his stomach.

There was no way Thor would forgive him for that, not soon at least, and so instead Loki asked: "What can I do to make it right between us?"

In that moment, Thor knew that Balder had been right all along about Loki's love for him and that this bond was stronger than any obstacle between them. Perhaps Balder was also right about the lacking purpose in Loki's life, because why else would he come up with all those tricks and mischief? So Thor vowed to himself that he would provide such purpose, would fill the void in Loki's life with whatever it took to make him whole and fostering. Yes, a talent such as his couldn't be wasted and Thor would do well to have such an expert in Seidr at his side - just as their parents had always intended. For now, the blonde had apparently achieved his goal here, having Loki's rebellious mind bent to his will, and with a calm voice which didn't betray the triumph he felt, he replied:

"You will accept my offer and its conditions... and you will never again betray me."

Chapter End Notes

So many brother-issue in one chapter *phuu*
Guess Frigga had a tough time raising those three.
Balder seems to know it all (as so often) and tries to smoothen the waves between his siblings. While Thor explores the art of manipulation, Loki has trouble declining the king's offer. I mean, seriously, he's just as any man in certain regards. What do you think?
Blurred lines and shapes were all she saw upon opening her eyes, the heavy fog in her mind lifting its veil reluctantly as the clank of cutlery and something else disturbed her deep slumber. Groggily but well aware of her surroundings, ________ sat up on the couch, the space beside her on the crimson couch vacant and cold to the touch. Thor had left a while ago, she realized with an uncalled-for ache in her chest and recalled how idly they had lounged there, the feeling of his large fingers entwined in her hair ghosting over her skull. Then she looked around, assessing her company. Apparently, it was close to lunch since a few maids scurried around the salon and prepared the wooden table, setting the plates and everything down with more noise than necessary. Their envious side-glances didn't hurt anymore, not when _______'s mind was still dulled from the potion and she really couldn't care less about those other girls and their naive assumptions. If only she had one person to talk to, to exchange thoughts and worries and experiences. But there was no other mortal who had similar experiences with a god, not this intimate and twisted. Also, if she would confide in any of those girls and tell her even a fraction of what Thor did to her beneath the sheets, it would be premium gossip across the city. And Thor would likely flay me for it...

So the burden was all hers to carry and with visible effort she rose and walked towards the bathroom. After refreshing and in the comfort of solitude inside the little chamber, she allowed herself to reach inside her and just feel. Damage assessment, one could call it. To her great surprise it wasn't as bad as she had expected, her body seemingly well except for a few bruises here and there - which now were a fix part of her, like freckles - and even the constant ache between her thighs was gone. The lube Thor had given her worked wonders and she suspected that Ulla had put some healing medicine into the potions as well. Physically she looked and felt well, cocked up and rested. All the damage that was left was at the top stage, her mind, and that wouldn't be fixed as easily. Alas, there was no anti-depression-lube. While exhaustion had left her limbs, it was persistent on the mind and clouded each thought, each action, so that ________ remained perfectly aware of it. Of her misery and loss. As much as she tried to avoid thinking about her parents, Einar, they would haunt her in the stillness of a moment, when her guards slipped just a bit. But she needed to be strong, to endure, and so she tried to push the depression away as best as she could. Even now, while fixing her hair, she struggled with each negative thought and memory. And really, it was no wonder given her situation.

*Quit wailing and make the best out of it,* she reminded herself reassuringly as she finished the braid at the side of her head, its reflection in the mirror reminding her of the small braids the king wore in his golden mane. *Not a curse but an opportunity.*

*Opportunity. Opportunity. Opportunity,* her mind chanted while she reentered the bedroom, the fine blue and grey silk of her dress swirling lovely around her legs. While putting the lube in the top
drawer of her dresser, nestling between hairbrushes and a flamboyant red lipstick she hadn't dared to use yet, she thought of the trunk she had once possessed. Seemingly ages ago, she had brought one single trunk with her into slavery, containing her most valued possessions and anchors for home and hope.

*What a fool I had been to believe I would leave his place again...*

But the trunk hadn't been transferred as she had been handed to another master and she didn't think it still existed, the few items deemed useful probably being given to other slaves. The rest burned to ashes most likely. As she silently grieved for the lost pictures of her family and her diary, though those would only bring her pain, ________ didn't hear the footsteps behind her. Perhaps the potion still affected her usually sharp senses, for she shrieked aloud when suddenly warm and solid flesh was pressed against her back. Familiar warmth flooded her body and his lower abdomen vibrated as he chuckled from high above. Still she tensed whenever he touched her, even her thoughts had frozen over, but Thor was adamant in his open need to touch her, whenever and wherever it pleased him. Almost immediately his hands rested on both her shoulders, securing her in place and subtly pulling her backwards, closer, until she was swallowed by the billowing dark red cape that hung on his broad shoulders. Her eyes fluttered shut as his aura engulfed her, electrifying her being as so often and only after a few seconds ________ craned her neck to look up. She could already tell that he was in high spirits, confirmed so by the faint smirk under his beard. The spark of mirth in his eyes faded as he caught her slightly sad expression, the remnants of her pondering earlier, and for a moment he was lost in her wide expressive eyes.

"Your majesty." she greeted him while Thor still observed her face and absentmindedly traced circles across her upper back with his thumbs. Her slight pleasant shivers in return didn't elude him.

"Hello, kitten. I see the potion did you well." he replied calmly, approving of the delicate way she had braided her hair for him. *Did you miss me?* he thought, but said in his rumbling voice: "Have you been up for a while?"

"Not too long, no." she held his gaze unwaveringly to read the unspoken between them, and the privacy of the moment, shielded by his bulk and the cape, prompted her to add: "I'm feeling better today, physically I mean .... thanks to the rest you granted me."

Thor had never cared to ask of her well-being and thus ________ had never considered to tell him. But these days he seemed receptive to such things, even for his selfish desires only, and she had the sudden need to appear whole again, not damaged and useless. Which was why this simple confession was so intimate, so telling of their bond. Slowly but steadily, the Thunderer tore her apart, layer by layer, until he had access to her very self, her most intimate thoughts and desires. There he would lay claim to them all, would swallow her up in his greed and never let go. Her body was not enough. Thor wanted all she could give him and oh, she would do so willingly in the end.

He but hummed in approval, applying a fraction more pressure to the thumbs on her back, and the girl could almost see the sinful thoughts that filled his mind. Slowly one large hand slid around the front of her neck, then down her collarbones to brush teasingly along the cleavage, fingers barely dipping below the blue-grey fabric. "Good." the rich voice purred closer to her ear as he bent his mighty frame, paralyzing her on the spot. "I'm ravenous."

And just as sudden as he had appeared behind her, the king then withdrew and walked towards the salon, golden locks swaying atop the billowing dark cape at each long powerful stride. Immediately the girl obeyed his wordless summoning and followed suite.
Like a good pet, she could all but hear the maids sneer behind her back in the slave quarters. Luckily they were dismissed as soon as Thor had taken his seat at the table, preferring to eat in private. As earlier today, he then gestured for ________ to join him and again she was positively stunned and confused about this novelty, wondering if it would become a regular custom. So ever wary of her master, she climbed the large chair to his left.

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Honestly, Thor had wanted her on his lap, her ass pressed smugly against his growing loins but then he wouldn't be able to eat - for several reasons. So sating one hunger at a time, it was. At least this way he couldn't miss the exact moment when she noticed the pile of books a little further down on the table, her eyes glinting with curiosity every time she dared to glance at them. Purposefully he feigned ignorance and indulged in the hearty meals for another while, amused by her unsuccessful attempts to hide her inquisitiveness.

"You may read these if you like. It's a random selection based on my guessing." Thor finally elaborated, casually gesturing towards the books to cover his lie - he knew exactly where her interests lay from reading her diary every other night. Nothing he did was without purpose these days, a trait Thor believed would bring him faster towards his goals. And although girlish dreaming was not his favorite literature, Thor had developed a habit of nosing around her prior life late at night - or whenever he had a moment to himself. The parts where she had fantasized about him - being a perfect prince charming, of course - had been especially entertaining. In between the episodes, he had also picked up a few of her interests and hobbies, information he knew how to put at use. The bait was set and lay tempting at the table.

Being allowed to properly look, the girl quickly scanned the titles of the tomes: *A collection of poetry across the Nine, The tales of Old and Ancient, The Art of Healing, Asgardian Flora and Fauna, Midgardian Romance Novels - Best Of*. A childish giddiness spread in her belly and she couldn't wait to dig her nose in those old pages, while a small voice at the back warned about the king's second thoughts. It wasn't really a gift, for the books were only lent to her, but she knew better than to believe in Thor's selfless benevolence - doubting that he was capable of such. Still, she couldn't help the small joy she felt.

"I'm honored by your generosity, your majesty. And for the thoughtful choice." she replied in earnest when she looked back at the king and he was pleased by her grateful smile. Underneath, however, they both knew of her uncertainty and skepticism, for a few books could never mend what Thor had taken from her.

And he would claim so much more, devour her whole.
In an instant, his inner demons came alive and he seized her wrists, pulling her towards him in an impatient need to feel her close. She struggled to follow his lead and not be dragged across the table, until she resumed the place where she belonged, in his lap, her feet dangling freely between his thick spread thighs. Thor steadied her with one hand, deliberately keeping her against his chest, while he finished the last bites of dessert - two forks for him and one for her. Arousal dilated his pupils as he watched her luscious lips curl around the fork, and soon he fed her with his fingers instead, a bolt of lightning cursing through his veins at each swipe of her small tongue.

At first when Thor had grabbed her, _________ thought it was as punishment for not showing sufficient gratitude for the books. However, as she now realized, he was beyond pleased with the small token of genuine gratitude and joy she had been willing to give - he was just greedy for more. And apparently, she didn't seem so sick and in the need for rest anymore.

The meaty fingers on her hips tighten their hold, deliberately directing her more towards the hot swell of his pants. Thor groaned when her butt rubbed against his length, teasing and tempting him beyond measure. For too long he hadn't tended to his carnal desires and the pressure down there seemed suddenly unbearable. Leaning forward, Thor buried his nose in her hair and inhaled deeply, encompassing the tiny mortal wholly with his arms. With no where to go, her body was pressed relentlessly against his, and with a roll of his hips he could work his cock between her thighs. Merely thin fabric separating him from homeland. Thor was too wrapped up in his own arousal to notice her small hands clutching at his tunic, apparently willing him to stop, and only when her faint whimper reached his ears, he paused.

"Y-your majesty, you're hurting me." she almost whispered as afraid as she was to say anything akin to refusal. Yet he had bent his torso and caught her in an iron grip that threatened to break her if she didn't intervene. He seemed so far off and even now, as he slightly loosened his arms, he regarded her with a dark hunger in his eyes.

___________ shivered from the core in tensed thrill and before she knew it, Thor had recklessly wiped everything off the table, glasses and plates clashing onto the marble floor. Effortlessly he put her onto the now free space in front of him, her back facing the wood. Her breath came in short rasps, her body tensed as it prepared itself for the familiar intrusion. Deep breaths, relax. she told herself, knowing that her pause from duty couldn't have lasted forever.

Hastily the god pushed her skirt up, exposing the soft skin of her legs as well as their junction. She could practically feel his lustful gaze as he took in her most private parts. When she tried to sit up in slight panic, wanting to at least see what he was doing - to be prepared and make this easier for her - Thor held her down with one hand on her lower belly, pressing her hard against the wood. With his other hand he had freed himself from his pants and began to knead and stroke along his heated flesh.

"Hush, little one..." Thor cooed when __________ shifted and panted noticeably, keeping her in place. Aligning his hand so that it would span from her navel towards her sex, he began to brush his
thumb across her folds in circles. _________ gasped in awe about how large his hand was, and her body soon gave in to the teasingly slow motions of his digit. _Damn him for his handcraft._ She could feel the familiar warmth pool in her belly and couldn't help but curse the Norns, mildly but still improper for a lady.

"Now watch your tongue..." Thor chuckled darkly, the sound of flesh sliding along flesh growing louder. "Or I shall put it to better use."

There was longing in his voice, longing for doing just that, and _________ shivered not unpleasantly as she recalled the last time she tried to take him orally.

"I'm sorry.... It's just - ah!" his hand had travelled lower, not one but two meaty fingers stuffed in her wettening cunt and pumping without mercy.

"Yes, that's it little one..." he sped up the motion of both hands and _________'s gaze flickered briefly towards his crotch, transfixed by what she saw there. The entire girth of his cock swallowed by his hand, clasped in a grip that turned his knuckles white, and yet the hand slid smoothly up and down his member, from the very base towards the glistening tip. They both could feel her insides clench the more she watched and while the girl wished to vanish at the spot from humiliation, Thor became painfully hard.

"Oh Norns..." she wailed beseechingly, clutching the edged of the table to meet each thrust of his fingers with open need for more, craving to be filled and stretched and taken by this very beast in front of her. As if his plundering fingers weren't enough, as if he hadn't raped her countless times, over and over, until this was her sole way of satisfaction. As if only Thor could bring her to such heights and it was logical for her to crave it - to crave him and nothing else in this world. The thought sickened her to no end.

Thor sensed her trouble, as well as the growing tension building inside her core. As much as she might despise this, the girl obviously enjoyed every minute of it and by Odin's beard she was getting wetter with each stroke, his fingers soaked in her milky juices.

"How sweet you are. So wet and desperate for my touch." Thor's husky voice rumbled as he slowly rose, pausing to pump himself lest he spill on her belly right now. Their gazes met and lingered on each other, his pupils dilated and oh he looked so ravenous, so starved. She knew she would have long but fainted if not for his aura to keep her up, the pressure of it almost overwhelming as it transmitted his arousal and a glimpse of his divine power to her. Usually he didn't use it at that intensity, for it sufficed for seduction purposes at a far lower level, but right now it was past his control and fuck, she was handling it so well, revibrating the Seidr he pushed at her.
"I shall fill you properly..." he grumbled as yet another wave of his arousal rang through his aura. For he too wasn't immune to the charms of this mortal and just as desperate to bury himself in her folds.

"Fuck, yes." she cried, the thought alone made her insides well over and dripping down on the wood.

"Watch it, kitten." the king chided playfully and withdrew his fingers, now thoroughly coated in her juices, to bring them towards her mouth and shut her up. Moaning and blushing a deep shade of crimson, _______ sucked and licked his fingers clean from her essence. She felt the drop in his aura, announcing the raw predatory need of the god. Thor couldn't waste another moment then, pupils dilated as he watched her suck his fingers. She only paused when he bumped his tip against her entrance, smearing some of her natural lube on himself.

When he sheathed himself into her core with one go, she bit him - out of reflex - but Thor didn't notice as squeezed as he was down there. By the Norns, it felt amazing to finally have her again! This one thrust almost pushed him over. Thor exhaled deeply, leaning forward onto his one free arm as not to collapse right there and then. He barely registered her biting his digits at the stretch, and instead began to move his hips in an unyielding pace.

_________ tried to steady herself on the wood, gripping Thor's arm and clinging to it with all her strength. The hand at her mouth was gone and instead now squeezed her breasts, her hips, every part of her body it could reach in its greed in turn. Although the building pleasure forced her eyes shut, she managed to look up to the god's equally distorted face and her blush deepened when she watched a moan wrestle from his throat. What a beautiful beast he was.

Then it was her turn to cry out, for he shoved himself deeper than he usually dared into her wetness, carving out a place for himself and it hurt and felt incredibly good at the same time. She was so full.

But it wasn't enough for him. In between thrusts he suddenly flipped her over, handling her skillfully and without effort in his big hands so that she now lay belly-down on the cool wood. His cock never left her core, the rotation sending sparks of a different kind through her nervous system. Then Thor continued to penetrate her, the tip of his cock hitting every right spot until she squirmed blissfully under and around him.

Thor followed her suite, vision turning white as he came with a thunderous groan, and he pushed yet further in to spill every last drop inside her twitching womb. With both hands planted on the wood, he let his head drop, golden locks covering his face as he just breathed. ______ lay beneath him very still and equally dizzy from the fall. Both felt him pulsate inside her, recovering quickly from the first round, but a glance at the door reminded Thor that they would very likely be disturbed shortly and therefore he refrained - for now.
A peaceful silence hung in the salon, the air heavy with sweat and sex and sin, so that the maids who entered soon later all blushed and almost forgot about their duties. The remnants of Seidr Thor had issued was still too apparent, and quickly the windows were opened for fresh air. Lest one of the maids would faint or climb him like a tree.

Thor was at his desk, sorting through some paperwork with stoic calmness that didn't mirror the ebbing after-waves of his apex just minutes ago. His little plaything had disappeared into the bathroom with hurried steps as soon as the king had withdrawn from her folds, his seed running down her inner thighs much too quickly. And what a load it had been, coating her almost down to the knees when she reached the washbowl. But what was worse was this emptiness, this void he left behind - not just physically, mind you. __________ shivered suddenly from the cold. Hopefully spring would bring warmer temperatures soon, she really loathed the winter already.

Back outside, she fetched the first two books from the pile and thus walked very determinedly towards the lit fireplace. Sneaking a glance towards the king, finding him concentrated on his scrolls, she sat down on the fur just in front of the hearth, where it was nicely warm and cozy. The tales of Asgard's most famous warriors and kings had her so occupied that she didn't notice how fast the time flew by, shadows growing longer as the days were still short. Nor did she pay any mind to the king in her back, who was by now lounging on the couch with a few scrolls nearby.

"I see you are quite entertained." his rumbling voice made her almost jump in surprise. How could she let her guard down so easily?

"Yes, I just read about king Borr and his war against Jotunheim. Apparently I've gotten carried away..." she replied with an embarrassed blush on her cheeks, her gaze quickly taking in his posture, his demure as to guess what he was thinking of it. Avoiding Thor's not so sunny moods was still high priority in her daily life, because she couldn't handle those at all.

"Ah yes, that is a very gripping tale indeed." Thor recalled reading it often as a young lad, fond reminiscence ghosting over his features, but then he added with a frown. "Much more so than these endless reports..."
surveyed the scrolls, reading some headlines as best as she could from her position. They were all about Midgard, where Thor had his grand final meeting tomorrow, she realized with a sudden dread.

From her own expensive education and the bits she had gathered here at the palace, she knew that Midgard was a special case among the Nine and that the meeting tomorrow would be very important (and tiresome). The negotiations would surely take a while... A strange knot appeared in her stomach at the prospect of so many hours alone.

"Will you be gone long tomorrow?" she couldn't stop herself from asking, the words already out before she had thought about them. Thor gave her a long and heavy stare, calm yet intrigued by the timid dread in her voice.

"The whole day I suppose and hopefully everything will be settled then." He replied with a sigh but his eyes remained glued to the girl and her reaction. She nodded, the knot in her stomach now twisting and he could sense her unease. Could she be sad about his absence?

"Can....can I come with you please?" It was merely a whisper and Thor almost thought he had imagined it but _______’s wide pleading eyes looked expectantly at him from beneath a lovely blush. Also she couldn't believe what she had just asked for but well... she really didn't want to be alone with her depressed thoughts, fearing the darkness luring in her mind.

"No that isn't possible, little one." Thor grumbled as if he too wished it wasn't so, while at the same time he felt flattered beyond measure by her growing attachment to him.

"Oh.. okay." Of course she knew that the likes of her had no right to be at such a political event and thus his answer was no surprise to her. But still disappointing.

The rustling of paper followed by a few footsteps ripped her from her thoughts and suddenly the king was kneeling right behind her on the fur.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, fur is somewhat a cliche... but hey, it's still inspiring. ;)

P.S: more Balder, Loki and (finally) Midgard in the next chapter!
Don't fret, little one." Thor cupped her face and watched his thumb brush teasingly over her lips, her whole body tensed. "We shall make up for it now."

__________ felt her core throb at the promise, for she knew the king always kept his word. He would have her sore and aching until his return for sure.

Norns help me...why doesn't this scare me?

She turned fully towards him and shoved the books a little further away, while Thor raised his hand from her lips towards the doors and used some Seidr to lock them - one of the few spells he could perform, the core of his Seidr a raw and untamed tempest inside him. The klick of the lock enhanced her thrill, her skin already tickling from the certainty of no escape, no intrusion. The king all for herself. Without being commanded she began to undo the few buttons at the side of her bodice, fingers calm despite the heavy gaze of the king who watched with piqued interest.

Slowly she slid out of the blue fabric, inch by inch revealing her marked skin, and Thor's arousal only grew with each spot of nudity. He couldn't help but grasp himself through his breeches, further compressing his throbbing member there, as she sat fully naked in front of him on the fur - waiting for his rapture.

And so he would. Within seconds he had joined her in the lacking of clothes, shuffling out of his undergarments in such a rush he almost tore them apart. Free sprung his member, dangling proudly between his spread thighs as he knelt before her. What a sight, what a god indeed. Her gaze lingered for a while, just what was polite and admiration - he was convinced - then she looked up at him with parted lips. Asking for permission, it seemed for when he nodded she gripped him by the root and kissed the tip.

Thor groaned loudly. *Fuck*, she used her tongue now too. The little minx knew that since she could never take him enough in her mouth to be satisfying, she had to employ other means of pleasure. And damned, she found just the right spot at the underside to lick and suck at.
Kneeling and with her head bowed, he had a splendid view of her back and rear, both tinted golden by the nearby fire. Appreciatively he brushed along her spine, his palm flat and warm on her back, and traced the lines he found there. Each hill and curve of her body which belonged to him and him alone. Meanwhile she tended to his balls, testing her lavish tongue-technique also there. With great success as the god grumbled and groaned some more, loudly in the dim lit room.

"Good girl, so eager to please me." He purred and gathered her braid in his hand so he could watch her toying with his cock in her face. Norns forbid, she was so tiny compared to him. Of course he was well aware but at some occasions their size difference was truly stunning. Outstanding and so utterly erotic.

Thinking of her smaller frame, tight and narrow holes, Thor said "Enough of that..." and pulled at her braid with as little force as he could muster. Her eyes shot upwards with well conditioned fear of disapproval, which he knew how to calm and nullify. With a wicked smile he added: "...or I shall spill right now."

___________ blushed lovely and followed the guidance of his hand as he pulled her into a sitting position, close to his core. She now knelt between his spread thighs, hands in her lap since she wasn’t sure about touching him.

"How... how do you want me, your majesty?" She asked instead, even if a part of her opposed this submissive behavior still, clinging to the rights of an individual. But this inner voice grew more quiet with each day, each time Thor had his way with her and did those good things to her. How could she resist the only sparse joy in a life full of misery?

Her soft voice rang like a siren's song in Thor's ears and he was pleased - if not victorious - to hear her usher those words. She was succumbing step by step.

But still she was shy to touch him and tensed whenever he moved near her or had his hands on her, regardless of the intention. Another thing which he would remedy, although her skittish nature was alluring on its own, portraying so clearly who was predator and who prey. So he chuckled lowly as she shied away from his other hand cupping her breast. Thor pulled harder at her hair, exposing her throat in submission.

"Don't." He warned and he would only warn once, punishing any further transgression on her part. __________ nodded frantically in reply.

Once he had his paw on her flesh, time seemed to halt, and with atypical patience the god kneaded, squeezed and brushed all within his reach. He had her writhing within minutes, timidly but distinctly in need, rolling her hips forward in a subconscious invitation. Thor acknowledged it with a pleased hum.

"So receptive, my kitten. Come,..." another pull by the hair had her back arched, her hardened nipples jutting proudly in the air, while his hand travelled lower. "Purr for me!"

Unable to suppress the sound, __________ moaned just as he commanded and rolled her hips some more against his hand. The calloused tips teased her nub, circling her entrance from time to time and when one dug a little bit inside, probing her wetness, both god and mortal held their breaths.

This time there was no need for her to beg - which she would have eventually just to get some damned friction and fuck, she wanted it really bad - for Thor's patience had snapped at the exact moment when he had felt her tight walls around his digit. By tugging at her hair he maneuvered her...
until she was on all fours in front of him, feet pointing towards him and back arched lovely.

"Such a good kitten..." Thor was on his haunches and pressed the tip of his cock against her equally throbbing entrance. She shuddered and tensed when he pushed forward, sliding in between her folds and filling a void she didn't knew she had. And he pushed further in.

"Oh my... ah, I... so big!" she rambled as she willed her body to adjust to his girth, while her walls stretched and pulsed around him.
"Hush...you're taking my cock so well." Thor purred once he had found his voice again and began to rock his hips. Norns, this girl felt amazing.

Soon the lazy pace was not enough, the small amount of skin-contact not enough, and so he bent his tall frame to encompass her whole as he went on his hands and knees too. Like a lion mounting his mate, Thor fucked _________ in an unyielding rhythm, their bodies tinted in the orange-gold light of the fire. Moan after moan escaped her lips, which he all took in his greed for the true bliss. When they were both close, Thor nuzzled at the nape of her neck, inhaling her scent, and bit down. Hard. _________ yelped, her arms buckling under his weight, but the god only pushed her further down until her face was flat on the fur. Still he bit and sucked at her neck, tender flesh abused by his hot mouth while he rammed himself in, and her treacherous body replied with a firework of hormones and endorphins.
"Fuck, yes...!"

A few more thrusts into her clenching, wet hole, deeper than he had ever dared before, and Thor fell over the edge himself. Divine strength gone in an instant, he collapsed on top of her and buried her under his bulk. There they lay in peaceful stillness a little while, until the dripping juices at their junction made Thor swell anew.

xxx

Still and tensed, waiting for commands, two dozen golden soldiers of Asgard stood at the dome of the Bifrost. The cold of the morning crept to their bones but didn't bend their will and in silent patience they poised as if made of stone, until the sons of Odin arrived. Leading the way was the king in his dark-silver, almost black, armor with the flamboyant red cape around his shoulders, the hammer in hand. A weapon that boast of legends, to intimidate and to make a lasting impression on the mortals - with or without bloodshed. In its design, Mjölnir was meant to conquer with absolute fierceness. As was its wielder.
At Thor's side was Balder, in a lighter silver armor with blue and purple fabric beneath, and together they passed the soldiers who bowed their heads in respect. They could all feel the anticipation of the day, the slight anxiousness about this important meeting and how eager the king was to get it done well (and quickly).

The king's face was serene, not betraying any thoughts or emotions, while Balder looked a tad paler than usual, his sky blue eyes surveying the sea and the bay nearby. He had just arranged some final instructions with the ambassador of Midgard, a sorcerer of an ancient gild, and he truly hoped that everything would go according to plan. We will soon find out, Balder thought, as he mounted the
horse provided for him. The Odinssons wouldn't descend on Midgard by foot but aback the finest of warhorses bread across the realms, his a dark brown one while the king rode on a snow-wight stallion. Thor looked past his shoulder to Balder, who nodded subtly, before he called for the bridge to be opened. With the reigns tight in hand Thor lead the party onward through the blinding white light of the Rainbow Bridge, his body and mind being squeezed through space towards the small realm of Midgard.

xxx

With his gaze cast upwards, Dr. Steven Strange stood on the lush grass of Greenwich Park, just a little uphill behind the Royal Observatory, which was where the visitors would soon arrive. The Asgardians, royals of space and proclaimed rulers of Earth. Naturally, this claim was met with mixed feelings by the soon to be subjects, especially by those who had become used to their own power and feared losing it again to those superior beings. Others had rejoiced in a tempting hope that the people from another, more advanced society would lead the human kind to unknown prosperity and solve all the current problems down here on Earth, climate change and cancer included. What a dream, what an illusion, Steven knew but hadn't interfered in the general discussion. His role as the Sorcerer Supreme was to maintain balance in the universe, to observe and to guide if necessary, but never should he meddle with the events of fate. And fate was a cruel mistress, pushing him in this crucial position as an official mediator between Asgard and Earth. For who else would be fitting if not a man familiar with both realms, their customs and who had enough wits and eloquence to see both parties leave in peace tonight.

Small as it might be in the Aesir eyes, but all of Earth's inhabitants were throwing tantrum and roared for different reasons at the upcoming visit from outer-space. Fear and mistrust was in the people's minds, and loud protests were shouting at those others who saw not doom but opportunity in the Aesir. Finally the dream of so many scientists (and sci-fi fans) came true and aliens visited Earth, aliens with advanced technology and wisdom which the humans sought to exploit. There would be no problem unsolved, each of the current crises on Earth erased and those Aesir would lead human kind to unknown prosperity.

Both views were extreme as they were controversial, yet both clouding any rationality regarding the situation. In public debates on TV and even privately among politicians, the opinions crashed and meddled, with no apparent consensus in sight. The dispute ripped the humans apart, splitting them regardless of nation or status, and did more damage than they all realized.

For a disrupted, split society was easy prey for the conquerors of the golden city, Steven knew. He had watched the hassle far too long and finally, despite his solemn oath not to intervene in mundane affairs, he did just that - against his oaths and own preferences.

So far, Steven had only met the second prince and closest advisor, Balder Odinsson, and was already impressed by the grandeur of those people (literally speaking). Reading about the golden city of Asgard was something entirely different from really being there, walking down the palace hallways and meeting one of the ancient inhabitants. Upon the first word ushered, Steven had known - felt even - that his wisdom was meager in comparison to the being in front of him.

Crackling and rumbling erupted the midday sky, thick white clouds parting as a column of light split the heavens. Earth and its inhabitants froze in tensed awe at what happened then. The smell of
burned grass hit Steven's nose and he had to shield his eyes from the blinding light. Only vaguely he could see figures emerge from the column but it was them for sure. Then a horse burst through the light, larger than a horse should be and its white mane just as blinding as the light it came from. On its strong back rode an even more imposing figure, broad and brimming of confident power, golden hair atop brilliant red fabric that whirled like licking flames as the white horse stormed further down the grassy hill.

The air all around shifted, an electrifying yet unsettling chill running down Steven's spine and he knew instantly who that rider was: the king of Asgard, Thor Odinsson. Transfixed by the royal, only at second glance did he take notice of the many other Asgardians behind their king. The one following closely behind, he recognized to be Prince Balder, and hurrying after the brothers was a flock of soldiers, like a trail of molten gold in the wake of the gods. As the last one descended upon Earth's surface, the column of light died away and retreated into the clouds, leaving a burnt circle of runes on the grass. Gone was the blinding light and suddenly the previously nice weather seemed dull and grey. Only the Aesir brimmed of gold and vivid colors, Steven noticed as they approached him.

*An appearance to be remembered,* Steven had to admit and could very well imagine the excitement of all the other humans watching, of the millions of flashing camera lights behind the perimeters. When the Aesir halted in front of him, Steven snapped out of his staring and bowed very low in respect.

"Welcome to Midgard, your majesty. I am Dr. Steven Strange and it is my honor to act as the official ambassador of this planet and as mediator in the upcoming meeting." the sorcerer said as he kept his head down, avoiding eye-contact with the king. Thor's gaze was heavy on the man, scrutinizing and watchful, and he left the talking to his brother while he scanned the area behind the grassy plane. There, at a grand building of earlier times, the representatives of Midgard's nations stood on an elevated terrace. Too easily, Thor could make out the many guards scattered around the building and surrounding bushes, all tensed and ready to protect their leaders. In the far distance, far beyond the eye-sight of humans, he spied heavy machinery that looked much like war-instruments. Perhaps to intimidate and show off. Thor snorted at this. Of course they wouldn't embrace him as their king, Thor wasn't that naive, and the Midgardians' naive attempt to appear as equals amused him just as much as it was offending.

"Please allow me to escort you to the Observatory, your majesty." the mortal's voice brought Thor back from his musing and without looking at the dashing man with the funny beard Thor nodded slowly. Steven quickly glanced at Balder, whose elevating eyebrows indicated that he had been granted permission and he better not dare to waste time. After another curt bow, Steven summoned the magic of his cape to elevate above the ground and float ahead of the Aesir.
woke to the rummaging of a maid outside in the salon, her eyelids heavy and her body aching all over. Dizzy and stifling a yawn, she sat up in the large bed where she had been squirming and writhing beneath the king all night long. Over and over he had pushed her buttons, had made her loose herself in his touch and so greedy for him to fully take and claim what was his all along. Striking his possessive chord was like oil into flames so he had indulged in her flesh with incredible stamina, pushing her over the edge several times. And still it hadn't been enough. Still it had felt so utterly good when he had fucked her, hard, deep, until his spilling. She blushed hotly at the memory and didn't dare to imagine what the sheets under the blankets must look like, drenched in sweat and plenty of other body fluids.

How strange that she had acquainted to his ravishing so much and that it now was an anchor for her self-preservation. Diversion was what kept the darkness out of her mind and oh, it was lurking there now too, waiting for an opportunity to slip back in and poison every thought.

No, don't! she chided herself and got up with haste, throwing the blanket almost furiously onto the bed. Stop this stupid sulking and pull yourself together! What would Thor think of it if he was here?!

Yes indeed, it troubled her that the god knew of her unstable mental health. Perhaps because of pride, or fear, she didn't want to appear weak before him and let on how much he - as the creator of her fate - had damaged her beyond repair. And, more importantly, that he alone, with all his selfish greed and cunning cruelty, was what kept her sane. Thor couldn't know - mustn't - for it would give him the ultimate power over her.

But for now, all is well. Thor has no clue and you have a day off. she reassured herself and breathed deeply as she stood motionless in the middle of the bedroom. Feeling a distinct stickiness all over, especially down there, she decided to take a hot bath. It would help her relax and ease the soreness. Afterwards, freshly clothed in a lovely cherry-red dress with much lace and embroidery, she settled in front of the fireplace with her new books. In fact, she was rather surprised by Thor's thoughtful gift because all the books were about topics that interested her. Especially the one about healing, for __________ had always wanted to learn that profession - if her father would have allowed it. But of course, Thor couldn't know that, nor of her other interests.

Thoughtful indeed... she thought as she flipped the healing book open to where she had last left off.
Time, however, seemed to pass especially slowly today, as if purposefully torturing the girl and her
patience. Because soon after waking, she had begun to miss the omi-present aura of the king, his
intense gaze on her and all the little occasions he would find to touch her, to lure her into his fangs.
Glancing at the clock on the tall shelf, she realized with a sigh that it was just around midday. Still
about ten hours until Thor returned.

Back with her nose buried into the art of healing, ____________ barely noticed the maid entering to
bring her lunch. Today, the royal suite was especially vacant since the king had explicitly forbidden
to 'scurry around his place' in his absence. Only Gerlinda and one other maid were allowed to set
foot into his chambers. Thus __________ was rather surprised when a knock from the door echoed
through the quiet salon. Reluctantly she got up as the knocking grew more urgent and with great
suspicion (and much strength) she opened one door just enough to peek outside.

"Einar! By Odin's beard what are you doing here?!" she cried out but couldn't keep up the
admonishing tone as glad as she was to see her brother again. So much had happened since they last
spoke and there would never be enough time for them to discuss things properly. This was just
another brief visit, __________ assumed.

"Shh, not so loud, sister!" he whispered and nervously scanned the hallway.
"I thought you never get the shift on this floor?"_________ suddenly realized that Einar was tensed
and excited, as well as carrying a large leather bag atop the golden armor of the palace guards. She
knew her brother far too well to sense when he was up to something and right now, he reeked of
trouble.

"Einar, what's wrong? Tell me now!" she added more sternly and lowered her voice too as their
conversation turned to be a highly private one. When Einar finally looked her in the eyes, smiling
fondly but with inner guilt at his beloved sister, ________ became even more anxious.

"You're my sister, the only family I have left and I failed to protect you or do something about
your... situation here." Einar gently but determinedly grabbed her by the shoulders, not noticing how
she shied away form his touch. "But now I'll make up for it and free you from that monster!
Come..."

His hands slid to her wrists, too controlling and tight to be an invitation, and the girl froze in place at
his words. He couldn't mean to...?


"Come with me, ________! I've got everything prepared and we'll be far away once he returns!"

"I ahm..." she stuttered, perplexed at his bold proposal and at her own hesitation to follow suit. Wasn't the chance for freedom worth any risk? Hadn't she dreamt of an opportunity like this to escape this golden cage as well as her captor(s)? Thor might show some of his nicer side to her now, but that could change at a whim as mercurial as his mood was. Escaping, regardless of the success, would grant her freedom and dignity for she still chose over her own fate. Even if the king will hang them both for treason it would be a free death, of her choosing.

"We're using the staff staircase to the stables. I know the groom and he owes me one, he'll have horses prepared. In about half an hour, the guards at the main gate change shifts and at the same time the supply wagons exit the palace grounds. That's our chance to slip past them!" he elaborated proudly and ________ paled some more - although the plan seemed well and surprisingly thought-through, she still didn't believe in their success.

"And then? Where would we go?" she almost whined, cold fear grasping her heart as she imagined Thor finding his chambers vacant. "The king will find us everywhere, Einar, and I don't dare to imagine what he'll do to us then!"

"Bah, when he returns we're already in another realm, choose one if you like. And why should he come after a guard and a wh-" he bit his tongue just in time, ________ narrowing her eyes warningly. "A-a slave?"

"You've no idea how possessive Thor is, dear brother. And yes, just name it, I am his whore." she hissed at him, Einar flinching at the last word, just like aeons ago in their childhood. Always bickering.

"Okay, okay! Let's not quarrel about it now, we're running out of time!" he stressed and glanced down the ends of the hallway. ________’s mind was rattling, torn in two as it debated in vain what to do, until Einar once again looked back at her, with the eyes of their father, and said:

"It's now or never, sister. So come with me!"
Not expecting an answer, for it was clear to him that she wanted to flee this hell, he turned and pulled her along by the wrist - but suddenly she refused.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so the plot goes on and phu, I really try to keep it going but at the same time not to rush things. (hope that makes sense) Anyways, Einar is about to set tings in motion. Stay tuned for more drama!
My dear readers,

First of all: it has been two years since I started this story and I am really happy to see that it still entertains so many of you. Although my updates are not really regularly and the plot might not be as some of you wished for, you stayed and were patient with me. For that and for your support I want to thank you all!

Two years is a long time and what started out as "porn without plot" suddenly developed quite a plot... So let me summarize and add my thoughts on what happened so far:

-**The elvish jewels:** a while prior to the beginning of the story, the vault of the Elves on Savartalheim had been robbed and the tricky thieves managed to steal their most prized possession, a necklace made of starlight-gems. That's basically the root of all the trouble for the Reader and her involvement with the gods. Through dubious and yet not revealed ways, Harald Leifson (the reader's father) got hold of this necklace and intended to sell them to the god of light, Balder. But Loki apparently caught wind of the necklace being on Asgard and, in disguise as mortal, bought them for a higher sum. Why? Well, the brothers all love their mother very much and to somewhat make up for their wild youth - and the constant worries Frigga had to endure - they try to present her with the most splendid gifts. Sibling rivalry ensures that also in this regard they try to best each other.

So, Loki won this year as he gave Frigga the necklace, while Balder lost his face in front of the court and Harald got punished for not upholding the deal. Asgardian law had it that (since the son is already serving as a guard/soldier) his daughter was forced to serve as a slave for 5 years.

Of course, the Elves noticed that Frigga's gems are their stolen treasure and this incident threatened to endanger the peace-treaty between Asgard and Savartalheim. Thus, Thor had no other choice than to return the necklace - though he made it look like a gift to seal the treaty and to strengthen the Elves' loyalty.

Needless to say that Thor was disappointed in Loki for pulling off this trick without considering the far-reaching consequences (i.e. endanger Thor's reputation as a ruler and the treaty). The jewelry affair continued to be an issue between the brothers, as well as between Loki and the Reader, and between Reader and her (deceased) father.

-**The Reader:** serving as a slave was - literally - the end of her world. She had to face betrayal from many sides: first her father who sacrificed her life in favor for his greed. Then Balder - twice - because he broke his promises to keep her safe and to free her from Thor. And then Loki, who seemed like a friend but he too had used her for his entertainment and it was him who condemned her to slavery. Being constantly disappointed by the people she thought she could trust, the girl became wary of hope and promises - fearing that she wouldn't bear another one not met. In contrast, Thor had always been clear about his motives towards her and slowly he (and his greed) turned out to be the only constant in her life. After her father was decapitated she realized that she was alone, helpless and completely at Thor's mercy. Then she fell into a depression - which was really overdue given all the things that happened to her - and it became most apparent when she had a mental breakdown during a bath.
While Thor was surprisingly understanding and mercyful, she now fears that he considers her as 'broken toy' that is useless and to be disposed off. As the story continues, this fear will deepen and seal her dependence on Thor.

**Thor:** Contrary to the hero-nice-guy-version in the movies, the Thor in this story is much darker. He is spoiled, possessive, selfish, cruel against most (especially mortals) except his own family (if they don't provoke him that is). Thor doesn't know where his size-kink came from but he sees no shame in enjoying it to the fullest. In the beginning, he still tried to be secretive about it - with success - and only after Odin's death, Thor could engorge in his little pet. As king, there is nothing he can't do, no one to prohibit or limit his greed. Though his actions will influence his reputation as ruler.

Thor was betrayed by Balder, who wanted the throne for himself (at least temporarily) and by Loki, who couldn't keep away from the Reader. Both times, Thor was hurt more than one might see at first and atop of it all, Odin's death and the burden of the crown weigh heavy on the golden god. Because Thor isn't completely without feelings and he loved his father and wants to make him proud, leading Asgard to greater prosperity and be a 'better' king than Odin. As the eldest brother, destined to rule, he knows well how to hide his sadness and angst while he openly shows his joy and wrath.

And as if to flee from his duties and the grand expectations everyone (and he himself) is having of him, Thor grows more fond of his plaything. In a twisted, selfish way he needs her for his own peace of mind. Just as he unconsciously needs her more, his possessiveness grows and he now aims to be everything to her. Not just her master, her king, but her world. And fate just plays into his hand nicely.

As for his brothers, Thor has more or less forgiven Balder, though he keeps both eyes on him. As for Loki, Thor has yet to sort their quarrel and make sure that Loki stays away from the Reader for good. Thor loves his brothers but that doesn't save them from his wrath should they take the girl from him.

**Loki:** Always the complicated character, Loki struggles between his feelings for the Reader (which are slightly above platonic) and his love/loyalty towards Thor. The brothers have a strong connection which is disrupted by the presence of the girl and the different claims each Odinsson has on her. This is probably why Loki waited so long to show his emotions towards the girl (aka the kiss). Realizing how hurt and shocked Thor was when he found out that Loki brought the girl to her home estate once, Loki is even more conflicted and fears what will happen if Thor learns of the kiss. Also, the death of their father gnaws on him, because while Loki never had a strong connection to Odin, he still tried to make his father proud. Due to Odin’s sudden death and the fact that Loki hasn't found his place or purpose in life, he feels insecure about himself and his abilities. He would never admit that, of course. But still he strives to show his expertise and be valued for it, and to make his big brother(s) proud.

Loki is not a bad person, but he clearly isn't a knight in shining armor either. He too is selfish and cruel, as it is common for spoiled princes, and he too can be reckless in pursuing his will. For those of you who hoped to see Loki as the hero of the story, I'm afraid to disappoint. Loki is anything but a hero and this is not a Loki-steals-the-girl-from-Thor story. Sorry.

As for his fever attacks, they are a weakness which he can't accept and he hates himself for it. More details about that will be coming soon in the next chapters.

**Balder:** I put him into the story to balance the two extremes of Thor and Loki, and because I thought it would be more intriguing if the Reader was to be Balder's slave first. Balder is a scholar, who strives to become as wise and respected as Odin. He was educated and brought up to be Thor's main advisor, who knows the Nine Realms better than anybody else.
Being the middle child, who usually gets less attention by the parents, Balder envies his brothers for their skills and popularity. This jealousy mixed with the wrongly assumed superiority he feels when he learns of Thor's 'scandal' with the Reader, leads him to want the throne for himself. But Balder soon realizes his mistake and since he loves Thor too much to break their bond, he accepts his place as advisor.

Balder is rather nice to the Reader, because he understands the unfairness of the legal system. Yet he also knows that Asgard wouldn't be as rich and well-functioning without the slaves. When Harald Leiffson is revealed as traitor, Balder believes it best/safest for the girl to remain Thor's courtesan in comparison to what the other gods would do to her. Thus instead of freeing her, Balder aims now to help her by subtly manipulating Thor (e.g. to give her books, evoke his protective nature,...).

-Einar and the other mortals on Asgard: Einar didn't have much of a role so far, because I assume he was pretty much occupied as guard. Thor purposefully kept him away from his sister and even more so when their father was revealed as a traitor.

Einar and the other mortals of Asgard are shocked that a god would engage with one of their own, but while some accommodate to this new trend, Einar can't accept that the Reader enjoys her role as courtesan.

Among the upper class of Asgard, the gods are very popular because they are the main reason for their wealth. Thus they are totally shocked that one of them (Harald) was involved in the assassination of the king.

Why the rebels attacked the gods will be revealed in later chapters.

There is, however, one big issue which I want to discuss or elaborate on in more detail here (beyond the scope of a normal author's note on AO3):

-the rape/non-con elements:

First of all, I absolutely don't support rape and I don't want any of my readers to be in such a toxic relationship as the one I write about. This is just a fantasy and I do understand that some people are sensitive to such topics. I reviewed the entire story and edited some sentences, the plot remained the same though. Some readers mentioned in their comments that I would 'glorify' rape but this is not what this story is about. Perhaps it is sometimes not clear that I write from Thor's perspective, which puts a much different light on what's happening than the Reader's perspective.

Just so that we're all on the same page, here is the dynamic of their relationship: the Reader lost literally everything, her freedom, her family and her entire life depends now on the good graces of a cruel, selfish god. Betrayed by both Balder and Loki, she realizes how alone she is and spirals into a depression. This becomes most apparent when she collapses during a bath. While Thor was surprisingly understanding and merciful, she now fears that he considers her as 'broken toy' that is useless and to be disposed off. Her entire viewpoint has changed because in the beginning she wished that Thor would leave her alone - but now that's exactly what she fears. As the daughter of a traitor, she has nowhere to go and will forever be a slave to the crown. If Thor loses interest in her she would be used up elsewhere in the palace or simply be sold off. That's why she tries to convince herself that, logically, her current position as courtesan is by far better than the alternatives. Thor provides for her and (from a superficial view) she should be happy.
But of course, she hates him for what he did to her, for raping her and for twisting her mind so that she slowly succumbs to his possessiveness. She's not daft and knows what's happening, yet she can't help her human need for love/protection.

Thor is sly and cruel as he caused much of the hurt the Reader experienced, pushing her until the fall, just so that he could catch her with open arms and exploit her mental instability. To him his plan seems to work since she engages more and more in their sex-life and appears more willing.

I know this is highly sensitive stuff, but I find it fascinating to write about this kind of dynamic. In my view, the Reader has suffered so much that she simply longs for stability and an assessable risk so to say. She knows Thor and what he wants from her, there are little surprises and if she can keep his interest up she will never have to worry about her financial situation/protection etc. Of course, the psychological part of the game is horrible! Thor caught her deep in his web of emotional manipulation and so (I conclude) it is only natural for her to develop a twisted, strange kind of sympathy for him.

Don't get me wrong, she hates him for what he did to her but at the same time he is the only one who provides her with little gestures of affection, who seems to care about her. It is a mixture of fear, hate and love that binds her to him and which clouds her thoughts. Perhaps this is a kind of Stockholm Syndrom, I'm not sure about it. Anyways, I hope you understand that this kind of relationship is dangerous and very hard to overcome.

Again, I do not support rape of any kind. I wish no woman has to experience that.

Please, if you are sensitive to such topics do not read this story.

It is dark, twisted and will continue to be just that. There will be no happy ending.

Okay, you have been warned. I just wanted to get that off my heart and I hope it sheds some light on the plot and why I wrote the scenes as I did.

Thanks again for sticking with me. Your comments help me a lot along the way and I appreciate each one of them. I'm just really busy so that I can't reply to all of them. Have a wonderful Christmas and stay tuned!

xoxo

Dark

Here's a picture of Thor leading his lovely pet on the golden leash. (The picture is mine, please don't
use it without my permission).
Of trust and deals

Chapter Notes

Hey there my dear readers!
I really hope you enjoy this chapter, though it has some politics in it (I kept it short!)

xoxo
Dark

The Observatory of Greenwich was far larger on the inside than the exterior let on. Several stairways led to a maze of corridors and rooms beyond which the humans conducted their research of the stars. What a fitting place, Thor mused as he strolled along behind Steven, who led the guests (and the guards) surefooted to the largest room in here. Not sure about the height of the doorframe, the sorcerer turned clandestinely to check whether the gods could walk upright through the doors - if not he feared for the walls to crumble should Thor bang his head. Luckily the Observatory was built in a time of wealth and splendor, when high rooms and doors had been en vogue. (Another reason why this location had been chosen.)

Just like the sorcerer, many other humans shot the gods some looks, of mistrust, curiosity and admiration, because their size was remarkable in comparison and perhaps to guess what kind of people they were - how easily the upcoming negotiations would be. Mankind was a selfish breed and would seek to gain as much as possible from the deal at hand - new wisdom, technology and so forth. If the peace could be maintained that is.

For the purpose of the meeting the grand library in the East wing had been transformed into a seminar room. Many desks had been arranged in lines, all facing two taller desks which stood a few feet away, on a podium at the very back of the room. Shelves much taller than the gods flanked the room and the heavy wood gleamed a rich chestnut brown in the sparse sunlight which fell through the imposing three windows on one wall. Thor and Balder took their seats at exactly those two tables which were special made for their size, the fortified steel chairs scratching slightly on the parquet floor. Dutifully and silently, the golden soldiers aligned themselves behind and at both sides of the podium. The gods screened the crowd of mortals as they filled the empty chairs, none of them daring to openly stare at them but curiosity plainly written across their features. Though the atmosphere was not as tensed as Balder had imagined, he knew that this could change rather quickly once the talking began. Because the Midgardians seemed to believe that this was a negotiation, while Thor had a conquest in mind.

Finally, everybody was seated and Steven positioned himself in the space between the podium and the first row of desks. "Welcome to this unique gathering, ladies and gentlemen." he said to the politicians from across Earth, then turned towards the gods. "And welcome, your highnesses. It is a great honor that you came here in person to negotiate with our kind."
Steven, ever wary of etiquette, kept his gaze at Thor's broad chest while he spoke and chose his words carefully as not to offset any traps. Balder had warned him to watch his tongue in presence of the king. Now he needed to skillfully guide the politicians and the gods towards a fair agreement, terms benefitting both realms, as to avoid any military action.

Shouldn't be that difficult, now should it?

xxx

Einar was half turned and about to leave, when he realized that his sister refused his pulling, not moving from her spot.

"What?" unbelieving and irritated he spun around, only to find ________ just as perplexed. With wide eyes full of horror, she stared at their joint hands and at the fine golden dust of Seidr that sealed the threshold. Fearing the worst, she brought her free hand up and reached forward, but again her hand was stopped by the translucent golden curtain that had been invisible just moments before.

"No... no it can't be...NO!" she cried out and Einar now touched the blocking shield of Seidr too, his plan and hopes falling to pieces right in front of him.

"Einar, I... I can't leave!" she wailed in frustration "I'm locked in here! Einar!"

It was too much to bear, because even if she had hesitated initially, she now wanted to go with her brother - but that had never been her choice to make. The safety system, which was linked to her magical tattoo, didn't allow her to leave and she was sure that Thor had insisted upon this 'feature' when she had been branded as his courtesan. The echo of his voice filled her head:

"And you will not leave this suite without my permission. Do you understand?"

Obviously she hadn't, not in its full capacity and she cursed be the one who made this security system as well as Thor for locking her in here. Back then, he had shut the door to her golden cage for good. And what was horrifying on its own, ________ hadn't noticed her predicament earlier. Never had she considered - or even tired to - leave these chambers except when Thor had explicitly ordered her to.

It never crossed my mind to escape...
She felt ashamed, angry and so frustrated that she couldn't keep the tears from flowing, while Einar banged his fists against the Seidr shield, which vibrated mildly at the assault. As a guard he could touch and grab his sister's hand above the threshold but he could neither enter the salon nor get her out of there.

"Norns be damned!" he hissed and added some other, harsher curses.

What am I supposed to do now?! Our time is running up, if we don't hurry we'll miss the guards changing shift. he thought and panic rose inside his heart, knowing that this would not end well.

"Einar, you must flee alone!" __________ said at last, her voice shaking but apparently she had calmed somewhat. As simple as this conclusion was, it took great effort to speak it out loud.

"This is our only choice now. Please-" tears welled from her eyes anew "Please go and be free! Forget about me and this place, just live-"

"No! Never!" her brother protested and she saw his eyes watering. "I will not leave without you!"

They stood as close as the Seidr allowed, separated by thin dust but still miles apart. Einar fought his inner conflict, heart against mind, while he watched his sister cry for him - for everything that had gone wrong. He hadn't come up with a decision when another voice rang:

"You better stop wailing and keep your voice down!" someone else suddenly interrupted their little drama scene, quick footsteps echoing in the hallway as they approached. Both siblings froze in place and Einar spun around to shield his sister from the presumed danger, almost bumping into the light silver harness of the Aesir.

"P..pardon..my lady." he mumbled and blushed furiously upon looking up into Sif's chestnut brown eyes. Out of instinct, yet against all odds, he reached for the short sword at his belt. He wouldn't halt from fighting the Aesir should she try to stop them. But Sif caught the movement and before his fingers gripped the handle, she whispered:

"Don't. I want to help you."

xxx
In tensed silence the politicians of Earth listened to Balders melodic voice as he elaborated why the Aesir came here. With many eloquent and flowery words he aimed to convince them that this was the best that could ever happen to them, that they shouldn't refuse the generous offer they were granted. But Balder's speech was met with skepticism, whispers growing at the back of the hall among the politicians, and Steven frowned silently when he read between the lines.

"... The All-Father, the wisest king of all, Odin Borrson chose to let this planet dwell on its own and when your kind forgot about their true gods, he didn't interfere either. But now that my brother has succeeded to the throne, it is time to renew the bond between Asgard and Earth." Balder's calm and clear voice filled the room with ease, his posture straight and regal beneath the silver armor. He looked every bit the skilled advisor and prince of the golden city, obviously enjoying himself, Thor realized as he studied his brother for a moment. Then he noticed some of the mortals' gazes on him and let his ocean-blue eyes roam over them, purposefully lacing his aura with an intimidating vibe. Even if humans didn't know of Seidr - or had rather burned those who did and then forgot about the magic in their world - they were still receptive to its might. Thor's lips curved upwards, undetected beneath his beard, as some of the humans in the front row shivered due to his aura.

In the meantime, Balder had elaborated that Midgard, which had always been part of the Nine Realms, should be back among those Nine. This would benefit the humans in several ways, most importantly because the Aesir would provide protection against assaults from the dangers of the universe. The humans blanched visibly at the mention of other far advanced races, realms and whole galaxies which they had never heard of before - and who could all lay claim to the little blue planet and its resources.

"As part of the Nine Realms, you will be under the protection of the golden city and an attack against this planet equals a declaration of war against Asgard. In return..." Balder gracefully took a parchment and unrolled it carefully with his slender fingers, displaying its almost sacred worth.

"This Treaty, as you may read in your copies, states all the conditions and formal agreements for the reunion of Earth with the Nine Realms."

Rustling of paper filled the room as all the humans scanned the pages in front of them and Thor watched what their facial expressions would reveal. Some blanched the further they read, others seemed unimpressed or as if they had expected nothing less of the Aesir - realists who knew that the alternative was a much less friendly encounter.

In short, the treaty stated that Midgard as official realm of Asgard, was allowed to operate mainly on its own with the current political structures. Each nation, however, was assigned to an Asgardian ambassador who would supervise the (political) activities there and report back to the capital of the Nine Realms. These ambassadors had the power to intervene and take control if the nation didn't comply to the treaty or acted against the interests of the king. Eventually, everything and everyone on Midgard was subject to the golden king and his laws. While slavery was common on Asgard, Midgard could choose whether to adopt it as well or not. Regardless of that decision, 25 000 slaves had to be sent to Asgard every three months and certain amounts of resources (precious metals,
building materials like steel, live stock) were to be delivered each quarter of the year to support the golden city.

Further, the second born child of each head of state had to spend the next six years on Asgard where they would be provided for - a measure to ensure that the nations of Midgard were interested into valuing the treaty. Finally, there were some regulations for the trade of (common) goods between Midgard and Asgard, tariff and tax regulations, and so forth.

In return for all of this, Asgard vowed to protect Midgard and its inhabitants from enemies and help the little planet to prosper so that it be a worthy part of the Nine Realms. The treaty stated explicitly that Midgard would profit from the advanced technology and wisdom, with limited access at first until a certain amount of trust was established.

Steven frowned inwardly, for he had not seen the treaty yet himself. He wasn't all too happy about the conditions but at least the wording was somewhat flowery, not too straight-forward brutally honest. Read differently and with more skepticism, one may realize that this was a takeover. And while the conditions seemed unfair and cruel, Midgard didn't want to meet Asgard’s hostile side.

Whispers and murmurs in the human audience grew louder, more urgent with each passing moment and suddenly someone shouted "This is outrageous and against our values!" and "We won't be treated like cattle!"

Thor narrowed his eyes disapprovingly and Steven could swear he saw a spark of lightning in the dark-blue. So before anything serious could happen, Steven sprang up and announced a short break of the meeting. Hopefully everyone would calm down for the second round.

xxx

"Why would you help us?" ________ warily eyed the goddess whom she knew to be to-the-bone-loyal to Thor. The last thing she and Einar needed was falling into a trap so that Sif could distinguish herself in front of the king.

"I understand your distrust, but believe me I am very much interested in your absence!" headstrong as always Sif didn't hesitate to show her disdain for the mortal girl and looked disapprovingly down at her. "I can't see why the king is so obsessed with you.." she muttered nonchalantly as she mustered ________ from head to toe. "But it's best for us all that you're gone. This folly can't go on forever."

"You're quite the honest one...blunt but honest. ________ thought to herself as she fought not to talk back to the goddess, for her undertone did strike a nerve. But ________ had neither the time nor the energy to be upset about that now. Instead she kept her composure purely business like and
replied calmly:

"Fine. Make sure that we leave Asgard safely and I promise by the Norns that we will never ever return."

Sif sensed the change in the girl's stance, her sudden confidence as she spoke, and was surprised to find such fire in the little damsel - especially so when the girl offered her open hand above the threshold.

"Deal?"

"By Odin's beard, deal!" Sif replied with a slight smile and took ________ 's hand. The shielding Seidr came instantly alive, recognizing the captain of the guards, and in one go Sif pulled the mortal through the golden curtain.

One step closer to freedom.

Chapter End Notes

So the Reader does want to flee and it looks good so far. Who of you would have guessed that Sif would come to the rescue? ;)

P.S.: the library of the Observatory in real life isn't that big, as far as I can tell from looking this up. So I imagined the scenery based on the pictures available of the Observatory. Just so you know.
Riders on the Storm

Chapter Notes

And on we go with the plot. Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A sky full of grey clouds, thick and unyielding, greeted the two mortals as they reached the palace stables. Their breath quickened, every heartbeat a drum in their ears, as anxious as they had snuck down the servants' staircase and hidden corridors to get to the horses. Sif had taken the longer route past the many open courtyards, witnessed by many eyes but none suspected her - a loyal subject - be of treacherous intent. Yet here she was, her tall frame proud and with confident strides she walked towards a group of guards practicing near the gates.

Einar watched for a moment, scanning the vast courtyard for possible obstacles or people approaching the stables. Meanwhile, his sister was busy wrapping one of the less embroidered saddle cloths around her frame to fight the cold.

"Help me with the saddle!" Einar said as he hurried over and together they carried a black, plain saddle towards one of the boxes where a particular strong-looking and large stallion watched them with great interest. Einar's friend, who would have had some horses prepared, was already gone. The intermezzo with the Seidr security system and Sif had robbed them of this opportunity, so the siblings needed to steal a horse on their own - one of the gods' horses which were much more difficult to control for a mortal.

"We'll take this one!" __________ declared and with much effort and some climbing onto the box-bars, they managed to put the saddle onto the horse's back. Luckily, horse-riding was part of his training as a guard, so Einar knew what he was doing when he pulled harshly on the straps. However, he would soon find out that riding such a large beast was something else entirely.

_________ kept an eye on the exit of the stable, ever wary of a set of heavy footsteps carrying thunder and wrath.

With great care and much respect towards the horse, Einar led it out of the box and near the exit. There, the two mortals mounted the beast, it's large back warm and brimming with energy so that __________ wondered if it yearned for freedom too.

"Hush..." she whispered and petted it's thick black mane, while Einar watched the Lady Sif act her part and distract almost all guards present at the courtyard. Effortlessly, it seemed, she captivated the men with her looks and a small demonstration of her skills as she taught one of the soldiers how to
properly handle a staff. Over at the gate, the golden soldiers saluted as their shift was over and marched towards the spectacle and the goddess. But also their replacement was caught by Sif's show and so their steps slowed, their focus anywhere but where it should be. It was right then, that Einar kicked his heels into the black flanks, calling upon the power of all the beast's muscles and both mortal's hearts skipped a beat as the horse darted out of the stables.

Nothing but a blur sped past them, vague shapes and figures and their ears were filled with the storming hooves as well as their own heartbeats. Einar and _______ clung to the horse as best as they could, the girl in front clutching its mane while he tried to direct this wild monstrosity underneath them towards the gate. It seemed to know, apparently, since the horse instinctively sped in the right direction and it looked as if they could actually make it. The guards - slacking in their duty and attention as it were - had not reached their positions and the gate was for another few minutes unguarded, almost calling to be breached.

*Please, carry us far away from here!* _______ beseeched the horse and in a silent prayer also the Norns. This just had to work out. It had to!

She didn't look back nor around for any guards, who by now should be alerted and aware of their stampede. In her mind she saw the golden king, mad with fury for her disobedience, and his toxic and manipulative grip on her tightened around her heart the closer they got to the gate. Slight panic overcame her, but as she looked up towards the high golden doors, flanked by even more massive pillars and sculptures, she felt the familiar warmth of hope course through her body.

Hope and lightheartedness, which she hadn't felt for an eternity, and she watched without blinking as they passed the palace gate with ease. Every detail of the golden doors, the sky, drumming hooves and some shouts in the distance - it was all imprinted in her memory, because this moment could be the beginning of her freedom. Of her new life.

_________ turned slightly, just to reassure herself that they had left the palace grounds, and indeed they had. A cold shiver ran down her spine, warning her of the risks at stake, but she pushed all worries away. For now, it only mattered what lay in front of them: passing the city of Asgard and reaching the wide lands and forests beyond.

xxx

A look of surprise and genuine shock was plastered on Sif's face as she watched the duo bolt. She had done her role well, had distracted enough guards and bystanders so that the escape route was
clear. Admittedly, the plan was bold and very risky, but Sif had little to lose should all go wrong and much to win if they succeeded. Anyways, the goddess hadn't thought the mortals to be this cocky, as to steal the Allfather's most prized horse. So Sif was as perplexed and paralyzed as the guards surrounding her, they all watching with disbelief how the famous horse dashed away in front of their eyes.

"Best of horses, galloping across the silver cloud,
So dream-swift, strong and proud.
From Niffelheim to Muspellir,
none is faster than the black fury Slepnir."*

xxx

Loud discussions and murmurs echoed inside the library, the Midgardians debating among themselves in several languages and with a variety of gestures. One needn't be versed in each to gather that they all disagreed with the presented treaty, as palpable as the tension in here was. Steven listened with growing concern, because the representatives of Earth didn't intend to sign the treaty - their false pride making them blind for the immanent danger. And while their debate was vivid and hitzig, the king of Asgard sat idly in his chair and watched. Calm, too calm, his gigantic frame poised motionless and Steven knew better than to assume him unaware of the situation. In fact, Thor observed the crowd of sheep like the predator he was and already planned his next move. For intervene he must, it seemed, or otherwise this folly would become even more tiresome and the humans even more bold.

"As if they have a choice." Thor mused in the ancient tongue towards Balder, who looked particularly displeased by the meeting so far and replied: "It seems humans are as insensible to reason as dwarfs."

"They mock us for hours now." the drop in Thor's voice was dramatic, enough to draw even the attention of some humans, and also Balder turned to face his king fully. Thor spoke slowly, each syllable rolling of his lips with deep gravity: "I will have it no longer." And Steven, though not being versed in their language, understood the threat. Mankind was running out of time.

Thus Steven called for the meeting to continue and began a rather lengthy speech about his
viewpoint and concerns.

"... A few years ago, superhumans, extraterrestrial life and magic were merely Hollywood material and condemned to fantasy. But here we are, proven otherwise and I believe none of you can deny the existence of those phenomena. And I, as Sorcerer Supreme, have seen more of the worlds beyond this little planet and have faced darkness in its purest form." silence flooded the room, everyone intently listening to the man with the red cloak. "So let me tell you that today is an opportunity for Earth, for us humans, to secure our place among the galaxies!"

Murmurs and gasps darted around, "Did he say galaxies?" "Magic, seriously?!"

"But if there are so many other worlds and populations out there..." a middle-aged politician stood up and interrupted the sorcerer with implicit authority, as if to lecture a stubborn child. "... with a likely interest in our planet, then why shouldn't we hear their proposals too?"

And strike a better deal, Steven continued in his thoughts and frowned at the nativity of those men - for he could see the approval in many other faces. Were they truly so blind? But before he could answer or prevent further such statements, another politician added in an even bolder tone:

"Why not decide ourselves with which extraterrestrial party we want to cooperate?"

"BECAUSE THERE IS NO CHOICE TO MAKE!!" roared the Thunderer's voice through the library, the shelves almost vibrating with the same terror as the humans' hearts. Banging his fist on the desk, leaving a deep dent in the metal, Thor had risen and was now glaring at the humans with open fury. Controlled, yes, but visible as to give them a glimpse of what to expect from their king. And finally the sheep all shushed timidly as the big bad wolf showed his teeth.

Also Steven had frozen in place, yet not for what just happened, rather because of the wrath Thor's sparkling - electrifying - eyes promised. He swore he saw lightning flashing in those dark-blue irises.

"Your planet and all its inhabitants have been part of the Nine Realms for eons!! Search your history and you will find proof - though you chose to label it as myths and sagas! The Allfather, Odin Borrson, conquered this world and granted you nescience because of your inability to deal with inter-galactical affairs!!"

An indignant murmur went through the crowd and the golden soldiers flanking the gods tensed, subtly reaching for their swords or gripping their lances tighter. Just as some of the humans slipped their hands towards a hidden gun - top level special forces disguised as politicians. Balder sighed mentally as his efforts to achieve a peaceful treaty seemed impossible to reach now, as stubborn as the humans were to acknowledge their superiors. He should have known from their history that they were difficult to tame, weak and dying quicker than flies, but still so persistent. Like a cold never to be shaken off. So, war they would have then, and Balder assessed the library and all its strategic positions - dead angles, nooks and escape routes. No doubt the humans wouldn't let their new enemies leave the planet just like that.
"But I am your king now!" Thor spread his arms in a grand gesture and stepped slightly backwards, positioning himself in a broad stance that Balder recognized from the sand pit. A disturbing calm returned to his voice, almost akin to joy as his arms slowly fell to his sides, right palm flexing right above the hammer's hilt. "And for your grave offence today I will gladly beat submission into you!"

Ignited by his rage, white and powerful it burned inside him, propelling forward and kindling yet a much bigger flame of bloodlust. Thor, the Thunderer, had summoned Mjölnir from the floor and gripped the hilt with familiar determination. Within the blink of an eye, he was in front of the table, his soldiers behind him stood at his side with their shields up and blades drawn, equally hungry for battle as their master. Balder took the spot to his right, implicitly vowing to have his back until they were back safely on Asgardian grounds.

And so it began.

xxx

Soft as the morning sun in spring, caressing tenderly with a lightness that lifts both heart and mind, Frigga's harp melody rang. With much practiced accuracy, her nimble fingers darted across the strings and elicited most pleasant tunes. Songs she had played when they were but children, Loki realized as he sat on the couch and listened. It had become a regularity of him to visit her more often, every other day or so, since Odin's passing. Out of guilt perhaps and because recent history had demonstrated with insistent brutality, that one's parents don't live forever.

So Loki closed his eyes, focusing on the harp play with the same intensity as his mother, and imagined the sunny days of his childhood. Thor, young and rash, with a lion's heart full of boldness. Balder, already too serious for his age, but still partaking in his brothers' follies with much enthusiasm. And Loki himself, sweet fragile Loki, with a cheeky tongue whenever Thor was near to protect him.

_Fragile._ He hadn't thought of himself like that for a long time. Not until recently, when the fever haunted his nights again - more often than he was willing to acknowledge - and it bothered him deep down. An old fear crept along his bones, whispering of weakness and humiliation, as well as a life chained to the bed because of his sickness.

No, he couldn't go back there. Loki shook his head with such sudden motion that Frigga stooped her
"What is it my son?" The worry in her voice was apparent, meant well but cutting deeper into old wounds.

"Nothing to worry about, mother. Just unwanted memories." The dark-haired god replied casually though Frigga didn't miss the sad undercurrent in his voice. But before she could inquire further, he leaned forward and added:

"Would anyone... would you think me as weak?"

"Oh darling, of course not!" the All-Mother put her harp aside and shuffled closer to her son on the couch. Carefully she brought her hand up towards his face, aiming for his cheek Loki presumed, and he tenderly enveloped her hand to guide it there.

"You are the greatest sorcerer Asgard has ever known. Thanks to your potion I regained some of my sight."

"You can see the Seidr Aura of individuals and objects, that clearly isn't the improvement I had in mind when producing the potion." Loki scoffed in reply, leaning into her touch as if to apologize for not healing her eyes completely.

"Tell me who else across the Nine is able to concoct such a remarkable potion if desired?"

Silence, for he had no answer to that and Frigga felt the smile on his honed face.

"See," she leaned closer and dropped her voice a little. "There is no one like you, no one even close to your mastery. Only those enveloped by jealousy would call you weak. And they will come to regret their mistake."

"Would you have liked to accompany your brothers to Midgard?" Frigga's voice was soft as ever, yet Loki recognized the probing undercurrent in each word as she sought for the source of his distress. A habit one cannot blame a mother for, as it is in her very nature. Still the god felt irritated and wanted anything but confess his deepest sins and secrets to the woman who gifted him life.

"No. It was wise of Thor to take Balder with him and I don't envy him the effort to keep Thor from cracking heads with Mjölnir." he chuckled at his own words and even Frigga almost joined him. Almost, if not for her constant worrying over her youngest - knowing very well that he was aiming to distract her from her quest.
"There might be a time when I shall stand at the forefront of battles in the name of the king, but for now I serve Asgard here at it's heart." with a solemn expression he looked around the salon, taking in the typical architecture and ornaments. Then he took Frigga's hand and squeezed gently, another tactic to dismiss her worries. "Besides, you always said that at least one Odinsson ought to stay at the palace."

The former queen nodded at length and buried her skepticism for now, as she had learned not to press a futile cause. That's what it was, as long as Loki refused to reveal anything. So they sat there in silence a little while, their hands still entwined and both kind of enjoyed the reprieve from all the dramatics. Silence was as much healing balm as if could be deafening.

"Thor will be a great king." Loki admitted after some time, with confidence and absent any jealousy or ill-wishing.

"The shadow of the All-Father is a large burden we must help him to surpass." came her reply and it stirred a very sensitive chord in his heart.

"Does it still pain you to think of your father?" ever aware of his body language and now with her eyesight of Seidr aura, Frigga plainly noticed the shift in his mood.

"Does it you?" he retorted quickly, without second-thought.

"Every day anew."

Loki rose from the beige couch in a haste, because he can't stomach her reply well - hadn't expected his own grief to be reignited by his mother's. Though he knew she was worse off than him. She had lost her husband, her other half with whom she had spent eons, side by side and never truly apart. Their connection had been far beyond a mortal's grasp or understanding, for the love between gods over such a long time had serious effects. Seidr that filled every living thing, also the gods, would unite them and sew the lovers together until at some day there were one. For a god, love was pure and holy, a grand concept that wasn't to be granted carelessly. That was why the mortal subjects often thought of them as cold and heartless, unless they were to witness a couple such as Frigga and Odin had been.

"Can a heart fully heal if it is robbed of it's other half?" Loki asked rhetorically when he reached the large window opposite of the living suite, his arms folded behind his back as he stared into the grey sky. Starting with his father, his treacherous train of thought had led him on winding ways back to
"I honestly don't know and I'll have to see for myself, though I haven't heard of any god dying from heart-break." Frigga replied after a few seconds of consideration. Often had she discussed philosophical questions with her youngest, who was as adept to the literature as she, and in her education the topic of love had always held a spot of importance. Her sons should seek a person to give their hearts to, someone to worthy of their love and perhaps unite in the endless flow of Seidr.

"Your question leaves me wondering if you have a broken heart yourself?" Frigga inquired with carefully chosen words. Never push a son of Odin. And although Loki prided himself with being not as rash and boisterous as Thor, his mood was just as fickle - oscillating to a stubborn petulance instead of Thor's blind wrath, but still.

Luckily Loki faced the window so he could hide his creased brows from his mother - until he remembered her lost sight that is - and the Silvertongue lay barren of any answer. Undoubtedly he had some sort of feelings for the girl but not to such grand extent that her rejection would cause him hear break. Not that he knew how that was like, as a matter of lacking experience in this regard.

"You are wrong to assume such nuisance." he almost scoffed at her but kept his whipped tongue in check just so. They both knew she had struck yet another chord of the many which caused Loki to snap and close up. Burying his secrets like an oyster.

"Forgive me, it was indeed foolish of me to assume the state of your heart." The All-Mother in her calmness didn't seem fazed by her son and Loki wasn't sure if he had been mocked right then.

*Perhaps I have no heart to be shared nor broken, perhaps I am as cold as the mortals' gossip says.*

Another bout of silence stretched between them and while both were lost in their thoughts, the young god's vision suddenly blurred at the edges. Colors blending almost seamlessly into another, and Loki realized that something was amiss. A nauseating feeling crept from his insides upwards and his palms were wet to the touch. Shaking it off as a passing malfunction of his body, a nasty trick just to spite him, Loki stepped back and made his way towards the tall ornate mirror which filled the spot.
between the window and the wardrobe.

When he reached the mirror with unsteady feet, he was met by his very pale reflection - void of any color from one high cheekbone to the other. With pursed lips he observed himself as another wave of something strange hit him, like an unpleasant shudder erupting from one's core. This time he needed the mirror to steady himself lest he would have fallen like a dead tree.

"Loki? What are you doing?" Frigga called from the couch upon hearing the clawing noise as Loki's weight shoved the mirror slightly backwards, the tiny metal feet scratching along the carpet. She narrowed her eyes to recognize the outlines of his Seidr aura, but so far she could only make out basic shapes and not detailed movements. Thus she saw merely his hunched position but not his tight hold onto the mirror's frame.

"Nothing... I was just...clumsy." the last word beard much strain, sine Loki contemplated to vomit onto the carpet right then and there. Of course this didn't go unnoticed by his mother, who tensed in alarm. Her youngest was many things, but surely never clumsy. Full of concern, Frigga rose in one elegant movement, her bronze dress gliding down her body like honey, but she hesitated to approach.

"Loki?"

Slightly crouched but still holding onto the mirror, Loki took deep breaths and willed his limbs to obey. The sickness from his stomach had travelled further upwards and manifested itself now as a sharp sting in his head. A needle, sharper than the ones used by the Norns to sew the thread of fate, rammed itself into his brain - piercing flesh and bone before it suddenly retreated. Slowly he straightened himself, as the pain ebbed away, but the left-behind numbness was startled by a cold shiver when he beheld his reflection.

"Is everything alright, dear? Loki, talk to me!"

His mother's voice was just a distant chime in the wind and with dry voice he replied at length:

"I'm fine..."

Loki dared to raise one hand from the mirror's frame to touch his cheek in horrific curiosity, brushing over tender flesh to ascertain himself that this was indeed his reflection. All the while staring into crimson eyes that couldn't be his own. Blood-colored and bright they shone atop the lapis lazuli skin, like rubies in the depths of the ocean. A sight he would have never anticipated, would have never envisioned in his wildest dreams, for the thing inside the mirror was a protagonist of bedtime-stories and children’s nightmares.
No, not him. It couldn't be.

But the mirror didn't yield and kept showing him this strange yet familiar face as if to provoke a thousand questions.

Loki, prince of Asgard, was of Jotun-heritage.

Chapter End Notes

*this poem was composed as a short version of this one: http://www.odins-gift.com/oth/S/sleipnirdeathtraveler.htm

Things are getting in motion and I'm really excited myself for the future chapters. 
And FINALLY I addressed the issue with Loki's fever attacks: he's a Frost Giant *tadaaa* But some of you might still wonder how and why and wtf? So don't fret, there will be more answers to that soon (you know my love for cliff-hangers). 
Just to point it out for all the Loki-lovers: half of the chapter was for him and his feely-issues. Because I do keep my promises (at some point in time) :D

See you around,
Dark
Hello my dear readers.
I'm so so so sorry that it took this long. Somehow I had troubles with this chapter.... the words just wouldn't spill out of my hand as usual. Action scenes are not my strong suit it seems.
Anyways, here it is and I do hope you enjoy it.

xoxo
Dark

Still the red-eyed demon stared back at him, unyielding and too persistent to be a hallucination born out of fever. Adept in the art of illusions, Loki knew what signs to look for and although it pained him to admit: this was'n one.

Panic shot through his mind, stiffening his bones and clenching the mirror's frame - cursing inwardly for ever looking into it - the panic was soon replaced by anger. Anger for being lied to - obviously now, because what the Hel?! Never cared to mention this Jotunar-issue? - and anger at himself for not realizing this earlier. Perhaps he could have stopped the mutation with some spells, potions or dark arts if needed. Perhaps there was still enough time before he would change perm...

No, don't even think it!, his mind snapped and did its best to halt that train of thought. There had to be a rational explanation and above all a solution to this change of physique. And he was dying to know, more so the longer he beheld the blue grimace that was now his reflection.

Then, as if the Norns had somehow felt pity for the young god, another wave of energy gripped him hard as the security system rang alarm. Immediately, Loki's skin tickled - itched even, from the powerful magic surging through him - and in the blink of an eye he was again pale as the snow outside, green eyes meeting him with a familiar glint.
As much as this sudden transition fascinated the ever inquisitive sorcerer, there were more urgent matters at hand - as the security Seidr kindly reminded him with another bolt through his nervous system.

"Loki, what's happening?" Frigga now heard the audio-alarm too and appeared to be at his side, her soft touch on his upper-arm calming and reassuring as ever. He really had to learn those sedative spells of hers one day soon, for his lack of sleep alone. Thinking of the mortal maid in the darkness of his bedroom wasn't inspiring enough anymore, his mind already accustomed to the recurring filthy imaginations, and to create new ones would require some effort...

Focus, Loki! he chided himself and didn't wait for a third reminder of the Seidr shield, instead collecting his thoughts and his composure - finally - as he turned towards the All-Mother.
"Someone violated the security protocol as it seems and I have to check up on it. Don't fret mother, I'm sure it will be but a nuisance."
And with a soft kiss on the cheek, Loki fled the room with brisk footsteps, never looking back at the forsaken mirror.

xxx

With a shrill clank the first bullet bounced off the hammer's surface, Thor shielding himself in time and effortlessly, while some the other humans visibly shivered at the sound. Thor scoffed at the putative gunman, his annoyance with those humans now transforming into active bloodlust. How dare they?

And so it didn't take another heartbeat before the golden king stormed forward, followed by his men and Balder, in an open attack on the politicians. Like timid mice they scurried away, trampling and stumbling over their chairs and feet, in a frantic panic to flee the library and the god's wrath. Their guards and special forces remained, however, and Thor felt even more mocked by how poor his might was believed to be. Oh we would teach them never to underestimate him again and to look up in awe to their one true king. Midgard would remember their true gods soon.

More bullets flew, spears and blades piercing mortal flesh. Screams and pleas echoed off the tall old bookshelves, tomes ruined by splashes of blood.

What a massacre, what violence and untamed aggression that the Aesir displayed, their king leading the way and swinging his hammer with much vigor. Steven tried to teleport away as many civilians as possible but did not participate in the fight, because he refused to get even more involved. His presence at this meeting had been too far off his book already. Furthermore, Steven realized with sadness that there was no room for reasoning anymore and that he wouldn't be able to persuade either side to stop this unnecessary violence. The humans were finally terrified of the threat they had dared to provoke and Thor obviously enjoyed smashing skulls and laying waste to the Observatory.

Steven and a group of fear-struck politicians appeared behind the military barrier around the Observatory, when the roaring of ACDC's "Shoot to Thrill" caught everyone's attention. Seconds later, a red figure shot across the sky directly towards the Observatory, followed suit by a sleek jet.

Stark and his gang....Steven narrowed his eyes disapprovingly. He should have guessed that they would show up too, always eager to meddle with others' business. While calling themselves 'Earth's mightiest heroes', they often caused more destruction and death than without their involvement. Thus their initial fame had declined dramatically, some critics even demanding they be locked away, and over the past three years they had become a rebellious group outside the jurisdiction, operating in a grey area of both social and moral laws. Accepted when needed, but despised as soon as the current threat was banished. And also today shouldn't be any different. However, Steven wasn't too sure about the odds in this fight.

When the Avengers rounded the building, hovering in front of the library's windows, the music was
turned up a notch to make sure their presence was also noticed by those inside.

"Time's up, folks. Now come out and surrender!" Stark's metallic voice rang via the microphones of his suit, amplified as to overtune the guitars and drums.

Balder paused, as did the men he was about to impale on his silver spear Gryning, and even Thor - after one more bone-crushing swing with Mjölnir - turned to look in the direction of the noise. His face darkened and instinctively he positioned himself better, broad stance and the bulk of his muscles under tension. Thor recognized his new opponents as such upon first glance and the familiar hunger for battle burned hotly in his belly.

"Those are the back-up I presume..." Balder ground out in their ancient tongue, annoyed by the group of self-proclaimed heroes and their arrogance to interfere with matters beyond their competence. In contrast, Thor seemed pleased by the sudden turn of events.

"Perhaps they are worthy of my time and powers!" he chuckled and pointed with the hammer's head towards the row of windows. It took but a mere fraction of the electric charge he was capable of, tiny sparks of lightning illuminating his eyes and forming a bridge between the hammer and the windows' metallic frames, causing them to oscillate against their nature.

Balder shielded his eyes just in time when the windows burst asunder into billions of tiny glass crystals, exploding in a cloud both inside and outside of the library. Stark shielded back and hovered now closer to where his comrades had jumped off the jet. The five of them surveyed the damaged front of the Observatory warily, unsure of the danger that lurked behind the stirred-up dust and glass splinters.

Then, through the clouds of glistening mist, the Thunderer emerged, jumped over the remaining wall with ease and built himself up in front of the new opponents. Blood red and wipping like flames, the cape swayed behind his broad back, contrasting against the black armor, and the glass crystals sparkled like star dust in his blonde hair. A few remaining small electric sparks danced along Mjölnir's metal surface, vanishing back into Thor's mighty hand and further on into his very core. Dark-blue eyes aflame with power and wrath. Tall and proud he stood there, only slightly looking up to the metal man floating a few meters away.

"You made quite a mess, Tinkerbell!" Stark quipped with his typical self-assuredness, his team members barely holding back an eye-roll, while a slight look of confusion crossed Thor's face. Meanwhile, Balder and the Asgardian soldiers had joined their king, after securing the library and eliminating the human forces there so that there would be no surprise attacks from behind them.

"Watch your tongue, mortal, for you are in the presence of gods!" Balder sneered and pointed with Gryning towards Stark, accruing and aiming in one strike. It would take one nod, one tiny signal from his king, and a bolt of Seidr would shoot from the spear's tip. Any moment now.
"It isn't very divine to come here and threaten with subjugation and destruction. I'm afraid we can't tolerate that," another one of the Avengers stepped forward, clad in a blue suit with white and red ornaments and stripes, matching the large round shield he was carrying. With his blonde hair and blue eyes, he resembled the Odissons somehow, and Balder recognized Thor's stubbornness and his own sense of justice in the mortal as he spoke.
"And I'm pretty sure God wouldn't dress like that."

"Nice one, Cap!"

"So arrogant..." Thor grumbled under his beard, then scoffed more loudly: "... as not to recognize true power and divinity. Humanity truly has degenerated over the centuries." Balder chuckled while the Avengers seemed slightly offended. With both arms raised Thor then announced with booming voice that sent shivers down the mortals' spines:

"Midgard is mine. And I shall have it with or without your paracytic race! So come forth and give your very best, though it will not be enough to stop me!"

"Okay guys, let's shut this asshole up!" Stark's voice echoed through the earplugs of his comrades before he sped forward, followed by the Captain, while the Widow and Spiderman remained at the back until Banner had fully transformed into his green alter-ego. Together they were invincible, had always saved the day from the bad guys, and the Captain was all too eager to teach that blond giant some manners.

Xxx

This nuisance, as it turned out, wasn't as insignificant as Loki had initially assumed. In fact, it bordered on a catastrophe.

"They what?!!" his mind went blank after two guards had come running to him, spilling the beans
about two mortals stealing Sleipnir from under their noses. This was bad, like really bad. And Loki had to fix it before the king returned. For woe betide if his precious pet wasn't waiting in the royal chambers.

How could she have escaped? Without any Seidr-skills or basic knowledge of the operating ways of the security system, it should be impossible for a mortal to get past the barriers. The tattoos on the slaves' arms were designed as to literally burn a hole into their skin should they try to breach into areas where they don't belong. So how in the Nine had she done that?!
Loki had to know, not only for this case but also because this was an actual loop-hole in his system and he didn't even imagine what more hostile parties could achieve with this knowledge. Many other kingdoms or nations would use this malfunction for their own benefit and attack Asgard from the very inside, assassinate the king or something like that.

Another attack on the king of Asgard simply mustn't happen. Loki would never forgive himself if Thor was harmed by fanatics or rebels against his rule. Thus the shame and anger he felt at his failure: delivering a corrupt security system although he had promised his brother that it would be perfect. Although so much depended on it.

Damn' it. How could this happen?!

The guards went on in their miserable report, trying to be honest without stressing their galactic incompetence to do their jobs, i.e. guard the gates and prevent slaves from escaping. While listening, Loki's mind riled and rattled as it sought for both explanations and solutions, and only stopped in his train of thoughts when one guard mentioned Einar. Now that her brother was with her came with some surprise, because the lad hadn't acted suspiciously at all while his sister became a slave. Of course, Loki had him observed closely and a regular report found its way onto his desk every two weeks - especially since the father, Harald, turned out to be a traitor against the crown. According to the spies, Einar hadn't been fazed much by it all, had grieved his father's death as much as he had been shocked to learn of his agenda. Well, he always seemed to be on the side of the gods and the Asgardian law, just like the proper soldier should be. Loki sensed that he had missed a crucial detail in this whole story and the consequences of his neglect were now served on a silver platter. Thanks, but no thanks.

*Sneaky little bastard, that Einar, to snatch ____________ away at such a perfect opportunity and so flawlessly...* Loki wondered if there was some third party involved somehow. Because obviously, Einar wasn't capable of altering or manipulating the Seidr shield in any way and his involvement didn't do much to clarify that loophole. So Loki concluded that they must have had help - at least in some form. Anyways, the matter of who and how could be put aside for now because retrieving the king's courtesan was priority number one. As in, better be done already. And he already knew a few spells to lock her up in Thor's rooms for good.

So after snapping at the guards until they shivered like little maidens, Loki marched towards his chambers. Ignoring his personal slaves who bowed humbly at his entrance, the god went straight to the bedroom and one of the many shelves in there. After lifting an invisibility spell placed against
nosy intruders, he opened a small wooden box filled with items which ____________ had once possessed. Luckily Loki had been wandering the hallways at that particular night when two guards were about to dispose of her trunk. Thor probably didn't want that piece of her past near her and Loki simply hadn't been able to resist sneaking a peek. The items were noting special per se, yet their held an intimate value and told him more about the girl's personality. And as much as he denied it, Loki sometimes liked to touch her beautiful writing quill and just imagine her writing letters or poems.

Exactly the same quill he was holding now, but for another purpose entirely, and the air around Loki hummed with familiar resonance as he channeled his Seidr to enact a locating spell.

xxx

Screams and the sound of cracking bones echoed across the grass plane in front of the Observatory and the humans backed away further the more the fight between the Avengers and the Aesir lasted. With their powers and weapons, they had scorched and maimed the earth, deep furrows splitting the ground, and also the Observatory had suffered from a few blows here and there - Steve Rogers having been thrown through the West wing twice by now. Still the gods fought with undiminished vigor, especially Thor who swung Mjölnir with such force that one blow would bring the end and so the Avengers changed their strategy and now tried to disarm him. Too bad that Mjölnir came with special tricks, so when Thor threw the hammer across the field it returned dutifully into his hand when called. The humans had all stared in surprise at that. Never had they met such a powerful opponent. Admittedly, they did play well as a team: the Widow and Spiderman occupying the soldiers until they were all wrapped up in the little spider's net, while Iron Man engaged with Balder and his sharp spear. That left the Captain and the Hulk to deal with Thor, and together they had managed to split him from Balder and the rest, driving him a little further up the grassy hill where the Aesir had landed earlier today. After some time the green monstrosity had captured Thor in a tight clinch from behind, aiming to squeeze the life out of him, while Rogers jumped onto Thor's leg, using the momentung skillfully, and landed a nasty punch straight into the god's face. Thor's head didn't move much because of the impact and Steve might as well punch a steel wall or worse, judging from the damage done. If anything, he was further provoking the god.

Similarly, the other Odinsson grew rather irritated by the human in the red metal suit, who hovered always just out of reach or dodged his attacks at the last second. "By Odin's beard, why don't you die already?" Balder hissed at Iron Man in the ancient tongue while viciously attacking with the spear. While he could keep the mortal from coming close or getting a good shot, Balder too didn't manage to hit him properly. The suit seemed so well designed and calibrated that it ducked the spear's metal tip by a few inches. Only a few scratches were visible on the red metal, and when Balder saw Thor's predicament he grew even more impatient. For as the king's right hand it was also his sacred duty to keep him safe in battle. Thus he focused harder, summoning his Seidr to quicken his movements and enhance his thrusts, and as Gryning glimmered purplish from the charge Balder took his aim with precision - the small gap between the left shoulder piece and the breastplate of the suit, just inches above the heart.
Meanwhile Thor saw naught but red, but more blows followed and the Hulk gripped him tighter, adding some head-butts to the back of Thor's skull so that he could hear the horns of Asgard in his ears. Rogers did his best really, and put as much force behind his fists as possible, but the giant wouldn't budge. It was as frustrating as it was frightening, yet Steve was the last one to lose hope.

Then Tony's agonizing cry filled the air.
No heart to stab through

Chapter Notes

Hello my dear readers.

It's time for another update! And rejoice, I managed it within a month ^^

WARNING: this chapter contains scenes of violence and blood-shed. Don't read if you are sensitive to these topics.

Then Tony's agonizing cry filled the air.

The Captain spun around to look for his friend, cold dead creeping up his neck, and when he found Tony crouching on the ground, a bloody hand clutching the metal above his heart, Steve held his breath.

Likewise the Hulk had fallen into a temporary shock, his vice like grip loosening ever so slightly. Just enough to allow Thor a chance to escape. The god suddenly trashed against the arms holding him, furious and wild, and when the green monster realized its mistake, Thor used the momentum to kick Steve in the back. Hard.

He kissed the grassy ground seconds later, regretting to ever let that asshole out of sight, and thanking the Serum without which he would have a broken spine by now.

"Okay... fine." Steve grunted and rose, wiping dirt off his chin as he stepped closer to the god, who seemed to rest and wait for a change.

*His strength needs to drain at some point .... hopefully.*

With one last glance at Tony's crouching form, Steve let anger overcome his distaste for violence. He punched the god's bearded face over and over, while the Hulk's massive arms constricted around the enemy, getting tighter and tighter.

"Thor!" came Balder's cry from the distance but the Widow and the little spider were already on him, blocking his path. Thor could only grunt in reply, his head beginning to ring and throb. Though the Hulk was not as strong as Thor, escaping his grip was difficult once so well and tight. And Thor was
running out of patience. He couldn’t waste more energy on struggling and needed to change his tactic - if he wanted to teach them a final lesson and get off the planet.

And Steve’s punches really began to annoy him.

Though pure force was Thor's preferred method, he had picked up a few others from both his father and the Trickster, from the many hours they had spent together on the training grounds. So why not lend a page from the master of deceit?

Thor groaned and with a deep sigh he willed his arm to relax, feigning weakness and defeat, so that Mjölnir's hilt slid from his grasp.

Suddenly - finally - the hammer dropped to the ground, landing with a solid thud in the dirt, and for a brief moment his captors were struck with their presumed victory. A split second, passing too quick to appreciate it fully, yet it was all it took for the god's plan to work. Right then, Thor grabbed the Hulk's arms and buried his feet in a broad, deep stance on the ground, like roots of a tree drawing life and Seidr from the earth. With this better leverage, it was much easier for Thor to throw the green guy across his shoulder and away from him. The mortals watching from afar gasped and cried out from shock as the Hulk burst through the brick walls of the Observatory. In fact everyone halted in their tracks and watched the spectacle, gazes retracing the Hulk’s flight to where he had come from. Balder’s eyes lit up with joy and proud upon seeing his golden brother back on his feet, brimming with power and determination.

"Is that all you have?" Thor yelled as he approached the mortal, Rogers, in front of him with murderous intent. Steve didn't back away though, despite his heartbeat hammering in his ears, because Steve never gave up. Never.

Even if the opponent was a few heads taller and a moving brick wall of indestructible might, just like his worst night-mare come true. Especially now that Tony was apparently wounded and still crouching on the grass, the Hulk lying under the debris of the library, and with Nat and Pete struggling to keep the other Odinsson in check, Steve simply had no other choice than to stop Thor. He was the last barrier between the giant and his friends. So when Thor made to grab the little man's head and crush it mercilessly, Steve defied him without hesitation and braced himself against the meaty hand, his both hands grasping the palm. The ground gave way, his boots digging into the earth as Steve was pushed backwards, but he remained steadfast and tried to gain some leverage.

Thor's brows furrowed in surprise, for he hadn't anticipated such stubbornness and courage from the human, least of all that he was capable to slow the god down in his advance. But still, in the end Thor would crush him like the insect he was and it would teach all of humankind a worthwhile lesson. If Midgard’s mightiest heroes fell at the hands of the golden king, then no other would ever raise his voice in rebellion. They will all bow and cower before him in both fear and admiration,
acknowledging their true god.

"You and your friends have stolen enough of my time..." the god grumbled as his demeanor changed to business, his dark-blue eyes cold and staring down hard at the brave man. "Now it will end."

Steve screamed, pushing harder against Thor's hand, who advanced further and increased the forward pressure. By now Steve's both ankles were stuck in the mud, his arms shaking from the strain and he ground his teeth, willing each cell of his body to give everything - and more. Another scream, his ears ringing, and Steve managed to halt the god - stopping him mid-stride.

Right then, sensing that the mortal was at his limit, Thor closed his fingers around Steve's both hands and pulled slightly, retracting his arm so that there was nothing for the little man to struggle against. Bereft of his balance, Steve toppled head-first towards his opponent, gaping, shocked, so that he didn't see the fist coming that promptly ended his flight. Thor landed a straight punch, the cracking of bones filling the air and again Steve's head collided with the ground. Much harder than earlier today though.

"Rogers!!" the red-head yelled as she lunged at Balder with even more ferocity. A true warioress like the Shield Maids of Asgard, Balder thought as she skillfully avoided the sharp tip of his spear by bending her lovely body. Her red curls danced like flames around her face as she moved with feline grace in the deep black leather-suit. Somehow, she reminded Balder of Sif by the bold way she faced him in this unbalanced match. In this tiny moment of carelessness, when Balder was lost in her emerald eyes for a split second, she managed to slip past him altogether and dashed towards her comrade at Thor's feet. Balder turned, meant to pursue and finish what he started - for even beauty would not see his mercy today - but the damned spider-boy successfully locked the Aesir's way. Sticky gooish webs on all his four limbs, as well as along the spear, held Balder in place and with several curses on his lips, Balder summoned the spear's Seidr. What fools those humans were, to send a child in defense of their world.

So be it. Let the boy be a precedent. Balder thought as the familiar warmth of magic flooded his body, his eyes glowing a rich purple as his aura expanded and charged from the spear.

Steve didn't see any of this and had no clue whatsoever about the danger Spiderman was in. Frankly, he barely registered his own predicament as the pain in his head blocked out all reasonable thoughts and dulled his senses. Only barely could he hear Natasha's screams, coming closer, and it cost immense effort to be at least on all fours. Regardless of it all, however, he did sense the looming presence of the blonde king and for the first time Steve felt naked fear consume his heart, his mind and body. When he craned his neck to meet Thor's gaze, he knew the end was near.
In a grand gesture, slowly as if he had all the time in the world, Thor stretched out his arm and
summoned Mjölnir into his large palm, his fingers grasping the leather-bound hilt with familiar determinedness.

"Steve no!" came a high-pitched shout from behind, light footsteps rushing across the moist grass. "Get away from him!!"

Thor turned around half to see the approaching woman and the knives in her hands. Though they were mere needles in his eyes, Thor knew better than to underestimate the efficiency of sharp metallic weapons and perhaps also out of amusement he then fully turned to face her. What a woman, so courageous and stupid to believe she could stop him - she alone! It was as hilarious as it was pathetic.

Natasha showed to fear nor hesitation in the face of the god, instead quickening her steps, darting to the side to strike from a better angle. Little did she know that Loki was a master with the knives and that he had come after Thor for countless hours on the training grounds. She might be agile, this little mortal, but she was far from the skills that Thor was trained to handle. Thus he saw through the strategy of her attack easily enough to dodge in time, first the one knife and then the other main attack. Surprised by his sudden display of masterful footwork, Natasha almost lost her balance. She couldn't believe that she had missed the giant, twice. Furious and at the brink of frustration, she whipped around and used the ground to push herself off and lunge at Thor with even more vigor and speed. He wouldn't be able to avoid this time.

*Please. Please. Please.*

Thor now openly laughed at her, his deep chuckle filling the air in hurtful mocking, as he parried the knives with the hammer, metal clashing against metal. And as if to underline her foolishness he then backhanded her across the face, hard, so that Natasha fell and the knives were knocked out of her hands, flying away across the grass.

Thor had hit her with decent force, enough for her to remain lying face down on the ground. When Thor stepped closer, she barely managed to turn and look up at him. Despite a badly swollen cheek and split lip, he saw resistance and rebellion flaring in her eyes. Oh it would be such fun to break her, to quench her spirit beneath his thumb, yet there was no time for such follies. And she didn't look like she would last much longer anyways, Thor surmised and gripped his hammer more tightly. He would end this little creature, grant her an honorable death in battle. Thus declaring victory over Earth's mightiest heroes. Balder was also approaching, Thor noticed from the corner of his eye, with the remaining golden soldiers in tow.

*One strike and the fight is over.*

And so Thor lifted Mjölnir high above his head, his muscles tense from the increasing effort it took to wield it, for the hammer required not only physical strength but also Seidr from its owner. Focused on the task at hand, he didn't notice the foreign Seidr subtly mixing with his own, invading each cell of his body and hampering the power within them.
Also Balder, as he rushed towards his brother, felt the shift in time and how his movements became slightly less agile and quick. As if something slowed him down.

Steve hurt all over, his limbs shaking violently as he forced himself to half crouch, half stand. Ij between the pangs of pain stabbing his head, he had heard Natasha's voice and it kept him awake like a siren's song. He needed to be strong, to endure and to fight these monsters who called themselves gods. But everything hurt and it would be so much nicer to just lay down a bit on the grass....

Then, as if receiving a sign from above, Steve saw the glistening knife a few feet away, its blade daring him to use it. Transfixed on the metal Steve lunged for it, his fingers holding on tight with new found strength, and then he stumbled towards the god.

It shouldn't be possible to reach him in time, before the hammer rushed down. Steve hurried as best as he could, still so slow, and his heart clenched as he saw Natasha's wide eyes filled with fear.

But Steve was close and the hammer hadn't come down yet, Thor facing away from him and all focused on the woman at his feet.

Don't you dare hurt her. Steve thought as he mad the final step and rammed the knife into Thor's lower back with all he got. The blade was small enough to fit through the narrow slit between the layers of armor and then sunk into the Aesir flesh like butter. Steve couldn't believe this was real. Then everything happened fast.

Thor roared in pain and spun around, face dark and promising naught but death, but Steve didn't hesitate to strike again and began to stab into Thor's belly. Once, twice, just blindly going for it and the god cried out each time. Until Steve's arm ached and forced him to paused, Thor sinking to one knee in front of him. Mjölnir landed with a loud thud on the ground.

Thor beheld the mortal who dared to wound him and attack like a coward from the back. How was this possible? He should have easily sensed him and avoid getting stabbed. Slightly drained from the fight so far, such wounds were the least Thor needed right now and fuck, that bastard had perforated him. Thor saw naught but red, his anger rising but not conquering the pain in his body. So he remained kneeling some more.

"You fight just like the dirty rat you are." Thor grumbled as he pressed his palm flat onto the gushing wound in his belly. Both he and the mortal panted and needed a moment to gather their strength. Though Steve seemed to recover quicker, rising the knife with determinedness and ignoring Thor's mocking.
"Let's see if there's a heart in your chest that I can stab through. Wouldn't be surprised if there ain't one..."

"Do try." Thor replied with a snarl, eyes gleaming with wrath and the urge for revenge. But before further stabbing, a large bolt of purple Seidr hit Steve from the side, knocking him off his feet and sending him flying far across the grass.

"Shield the king!" Balder commanded in a tone as fierce as a whip and knelt down beside Thor while the remaining Asgaridan soldiers positioned themselves in a circle around them. "Thor, by the Nine! Come, we need to leave now. Can you stand?"

"Give me a minute." Thor grumbled and exhaled painfully, not yet willing to accept his weakened state. Yet the wounds in his belly and lower back continued to bleed, compressed by his armor and garments though, but still. As much as Thor would have wanted to crush these mortals as a punishment for their insolence, he realized that this battle better be over and he being stitched up again. So he took Balder's offered arm willingly, allowing him to sling it around the shoulder and supporting Thor's weight as well as the hammer in his right hand. Neither commented on how much Thor was leaning on his brother as they both stood again. Now was not the time to stir Thor's ego and Balder was too eager to get home. With the spear in his other hand pointing towards the sky, Balder summoned yet again some Seidr, only this time from his very own core, as to call upon the gate towards Asgard: the Bifrost.

In their ancient tongue he recited the familiar spell and seconds later the column of blinding white light descended upon them. When Balder felt Thor sway, he held him more tightly and used his spear to support them both, but didn't realize that as he did so Thor's grip on the hammer loosened.

And as the Bifrost pulled them in and away from this forsaken planet, Mjölnir slipped his master's grasp entirely and remained on the grassy field.

Chapter End Notes

Phuu... finally the action scenes are over! Though they were necessary for the plot and somewhat funny to write....

Anyways, what do you think of the outcome of the "meeting" on Midgard? What happened exactly when Thor wanted to attack Natasha, but was stabbed by Steve instead? Oh and what about Mjölnir?

Ha, answers will be provided soon. Until then fret and despair in not-knowing LOL Next chapter features the Reader's whereabouts and Thor's return to Asgard, where he learns of his concubine's absence.
Thanks for reading this story.
Blinding white fury

Chapter Notes

Hello my dears,
it's finally online! Wow, that one was hard.... I just had so many ideas of how this
reunion should look like but none of it sufficed somehow. Well, anyways, it's done now
and I really hope you enjoy it.

Many thanks to you all for sticking with me and this story. 54k +, you are amazing!

xoxo
Dark

With a suppressed huff, Balder found himself inside the Bifrost Dome, the gate to Asgard. Finally
there was familiar ground at his feet and even the air seemed better, clear and welcoming even, in
comparison to the pall of smog on Midgard. However, Balder was too occupied with the considerate
weight of his brother leaning more heaver on him by the second, as to dwell on anything else. Thor
was still conscious and master of his body, walking along as Balder silently led them towards
the bridge. But both knew Balder couldn't carry him completely - and surely not all the way towards the
palace. Cooperation was the key factor to get the king to a healer as quickly as possible. The current
gate keeper, Skurge, had already informed the palace about the king's return, as well as about his
condition, via a Seidr-powered communication panel built into the metal wall. So the gods and
guards at home were alert and judging by Thor's blood-soaked undershirt peeking from between the
armor's layers, the healers hopefully too.

Thus Balder shouted commands at the guards of the gate as well as to the soldiers behind him,
having them quickly unload and ready the two transportation ships that hovered just outside the
dome. With Thor bleeding all over the floor, horses weren't much of an option. With some effort and
thanks to the help of Skurge, as sturdy and simple as a mountain troll, they managed to heave Thor
into one of the ships.

The golden king didn't register much of the fuss around him, mind occupied by the devastating
outcome on Midgard and the wounds that were beginning to drain his energy - to a point where he
gladly relied on Balder's support, both in coordinating the soldiers and in keeping him upright. To
collapse in front of his soldiers was an embarrassment Thor very much liked to avoid. Enough that
he had returned without his iconic hammer.

With some effort, Balder maneuvered the larger god into one of the boats and pointedly ignored
Thor's pained groan when it took off. The ride was silent but the sizzling tension radiating off the
king was palpable, even for the three mortal soldiers on board, and so no one dared to break it. Lest
the tension be unloaded upon him. Glancing at the sky, Balder saw thick clouds gathering above the city, too quick to be of natural kind and looming darkly as a warning signal for all of Asgard.

Their king was home and he was furious.

xxx

When they reached the healing quarters, Eir and a legion of healers were already waiting and directed the brothers towards a large, rather secluded Soul Forge beneath one of the tall windows. Being warned of Thor's abysmal mood by the gathering storm, they all kept their distance and gazes strictly below chest-level, speaking in hushed voices and avoiding rash movements. Only Eir seemed unperturbed or at least masked her fear with professionalism as she ordered her assistants to have bandages and potions ready. Then she told Balder – in a much milder tone, submissive but directive - to move Thor onto his back so that she could start the Soul Forge.

The thin mattress hugged Thor like a gentle lover, welcoming his big frame and taking off the strain in his limbs, while Eir and Balder carefully began to unbuckle his armor. Gingerly they peeled each metal layer off, afraid to inflict more damage and to wake the king's wrath by poking at his wounds. Thor complied with a grim face though, only grunting a few times when he would need to move his torso, and finally barked out that they just cut it off him. Eir did as she was told, slicing the expensive linen with surgical precision. Thor didn't even blink when the blade rushed along his front barely inches above the flesh.

The undershirt was drenched and sticking to his skin as they peeled it off and from the exasperated gasp a little further behind, the wound didn't look pretty. By now the pain had gotten so worse that Thor didn't hesitate to take the suffocating potion one of the healers gave him, emptying the large goblet in one go. From the sweet taste he knew it was Loki's special recipe, the best analgesic substance across the Nine Realms that had already carried him through a battle or two. So while Thor waited for the potion to kick in, the Seidr of the Soul Forge flooded his body and took stock of all the damage there. A warm subtle tickling danced through his limbs and spread inch by inch, the Seidr caressing him and resonating with his own. Eir's experienced eyes watched each swirl of the golden dust around the king, redirecting it to get a more detailed view, and her stony expression didn't give away the final diagnosis. Yet this wasn't Thor's first visit of the healing quarters and during the many occasions he had seen the goddess much more aghast than today.

It were not the physical wounds that stung the most. Those would heal and thanks to his divine power there wouldn't even be a scar to remember. None of his opponents, and certainly not a mortal, could blemish his physical form. With enough time he would become as good as new, unmarked, powerful, indestructible. Perfect.

Far more concerning were the cracks in the god's ego after the fiasco on Midgard. The shame and
anger ran deep in his veins, a deadly mix combined with the pain he felt. Thor's pride as a warrior and furthermore his confidence in his own capabilities was hurt, more than he would care to admit, and as his thoughts circled around in a dark spiral, thunder rolled low in the distant sky.

Meanwhile, Balder had stepped back a little to let the swarm of healers gather around the king, and now he was talking to Loki in a quiet corner of the room. He couldn't tell when Loki had appeared, treading silently like a cat out of the shadows, but he recognized his Seidr presence and was indeed glad to have him there too. In hushed voices and hisses did they spoke, not wanting the king to overhear their worries and the way Loki interrogated Balder about what had happened on Midgard.

Well, yeah.... What exactly did happen there? Balder had no clue as to how a mortal could have wounded Thor this severely, but here he lay, being stitched back up on all sides. At one moment it had seemed as if they had won, the Avengers beaten and spread across the grass, and then - in the blink of an eye - Thor got stabbed several times. Balder remembered clearly how he had dashed towards his brother, but despite all effort his strides hadn't carried him there fast enough. He had been so slow, as if something had inhibited his movements so that the mortal had enough time to strike... Balder hadn't been able to protect his king, had failed as his right hand and sworn shield. And so with shame and anger, Balder averted his eyes from the gushing wound in Thor's lower belly and turned away some more into the secluded shadow of the corner.

"... Balder?" came Loki's quiet voice, emerald eyes scanning the older god's face with worry. Rarely did the God of Light look so glum.

"Sorry, I'm fine. It's just... it makes no sense." he replied and quickly glanced over to their sibling, who stared holes into the ceiling while being stitched up again. Balder knew there was only a thin line between Thor's current abysmal mood and the (literal) explosion thereof. "We'll bring him to his chambers once they're done, away from prying eyes. The less to see him in this state, the better. And perhaps the girl can lift his spirits."

"Ah... there may be a complication with that." Loki piped between his teeth, his smile and sweet voice tinted by embarrassment and guilt. Balder recognized both immediately and frowned, his rising eyebrows enough to prompt Loki to elaborate.
"Fuck!" was all Balder could muster after hearing the whole story of the missing concubine. This was bad, really bad and they had absolutely neither the time nor the means to cover up this massive slip. Thor would know soon and Balder feared that it would be too much for him to handle right now.

If Thor stayed the night in the healing quarters, we could gain time to bring her back... Sleipnir... dammit they could be anywhere by now!

"I already had Heimdall-" Loki began but was cut off by their king's sharp voice. Both gods froze at the spot.

"Balder, Loki. Come here." And neither hesitated to obey, the healers shuffling out of their path as they approached the Soul Forge. The wound was sealed by too many expertly stitches to count, reaching from the right hip bone almost to the navel (the mortal had stabbed him several times, thus the size of the wound). Thor's back probably didn't look much different and the entire lower belly was still wet and glistening a brilliant red. Thor's gaze wasn't any less upsetting.

"We need to strike back, crush them when they least expect...ghnn" Thor made an attempt to sit up but as soon as his abdominal muscles moved, the wound stretched and weeped more blood.

"Thor, no!"

Eir and the healers took a few steps closer, torn between worry for the patient and fear of his mercurial mood. In his hurt and enraged state, Thor was unpredictable and none of them was willing to test the limits.

"Brother please, you must rest!" Loki almost beseeched him and, with slender hands on broad shoulders, tried to push Thor back down. "We will have our revenge. They will pay for that."

Since there came no immediate reply, the king seemed to see reason and rested his head back onto the mattress. The anodyne potion did its trick well, numbing his body - at least to the pain in his gut. It did nothing against the burning fury soaring in his mind though.

"What were you two discussing?" he then asked out of the blue and his brothers weren't quick enough to hide their guilty look. Before, Thor had suspected that something was up. Now he was sure of it.
"Tell me." came the order, absent any room for denial.

"Well it's not that there was -"

"Loki." warned Thor in a growl that had the mortal healers all fall to their knees. Loki blinked twice, tongue darting across his thin lips in a familiar gesture, eyes avoiding the frizzling dark-blue orbs of the king.

"_________ and her brother escaped earlier today." he finally said in a small voice, still looking anywhere but the Forge and fuck, he was so screwed. Loki, as everyone else present, could feel the foreboding shift in the air.

Thor didn't reply and when Loki snuck a glance, he saw pure fury and wrath in those stormy eyes.

"I had Heimdall already locate them." he went on, aiming to ease his fault. The fact that he had failed to locate them by spells, because of the lack of a personal possession of __________, didn't need to be mentioned. Better stick to the essentials.
"They're deep into the forest of Unghør, near the Black Lake, and heading further East."

Unghør, a vast forest with many dark corners and shadows for the wicket to crawl and vegetate. Odin had spent many years to cleanse the thicket and still it wasn't a place one voluntarily dwelled at. Especially not when snow and cold deceived the senses. While this alone was troubling, the mortal's likely destination kept Thor on edge. Because at the Eastern border of Unghør, the ridge of the Silver Mountains began and within their crooks and clefts was a secret passageway between the realms. The Odinssons had discovered it way back in their youth on a hunting trip that had led them far beyond the borders of their parents' reign. The passageway had been a secret since then, shared among brothers whose bond was only strengthened by this particular adventure, and Thor had thought no mortal knew of its existence.

"A dozen soldiers are already flying after them." Thor heard Loki say but his mind was otherwise occupied, deeply buried in the upflaring storm of emotions he suddenly felt. What a disaster, what a shame! His concubine, the epitome of Thor's absolute reign over mortals, had escaped as if to show him, mockingly so, that he wasn't in control at all. Just like his beloved hammer Mjölnir had slipped his grasp. Both incidents putting shame onto the god and only increasing the self-doubts he had harbored since his coronation. For Thor longed to be as great a king as Odin had been, wise and
powerful, respected and somewhat feared. Asgard's glory, as well as his own, should be magnified and Thor saw himself as the golden center of the Realms. The sun that bent all other luminaries to its will and cause.

But the sun could not be touched by mortals - mustn't be - and there was only death as punishment.

Right now, though, Thor was (and felt) useless and forced to wait for his revenge. Word would spread quickly and for many critics this was the long-awaited proof that Thor wasn't as invincible as everyone believed, let alone as good a ruler.

What would Odin say.... Thor could imagine his father's piercing gaze that let him feel bone-deep that he would never suffice, never live-up to the expectations of a crown-prince. It only made Thor even angrier and ashamed of his bombastic defeat today.

And on top of it all, to really make this the worst day of his life, _____________ had escaped. It took a few moments for Thor to realize this and it hit him full-on.

She's gone.
How did they...?
I need to hunt them down, now! he thought as sudden panic rose within him, gripping his insides tightly and squeezing.
Can't loose her.

The soldiers are to slow. If they reach the passageway...

And with each thought the downward spiral was propelled some more, racing towards the darkest place of his selfish heart.

She's gone.
She's gone.
Can't loose her.
Mine.
Mine.
Mine.

She's gone.
It was all too much, the pain, the anger and the shame clashing and merging into burning white fury that welled up from deep within Thor's core, his Seidr, his power-source. Absent his hammer there was no alternative to channel his power and to curb the destructive potential. Instead, the full force of Seidr, the Thunderer's very essence, was let loose. Suddenly the black clouds in the sky above parted, as the biggest lightning hit the healing quarters, bursting through the window and straight into Thor.

Both gods and mortals present were thrown backwards a few feet by the sheer force of the lightning and for a moment they saw naught but blinding white light. Upon opening his eyes again, Balder gasped at the destruction he now saw. A gigantic hole was where once had been the window, the cold of the night creeping in immediately, and the Soul Forge had been melted onto the stone-floor and upturned little tables. Medical supplies were scattered across the floor, everything covered in glistening fine glass dust. Thor was nowhere to be seen.

"By Odin's beard..."

Both brothers stared in bewilderment at the streak of lightning dancing across the dark sky, it's direction unmistakably towards the forest of Unghør.

"He's after her." Loki stated as he was the first to gather his senses. Impressively as this show had been, it was dangerous for Thor to leave in his currently wounded state. Also, Loki doubted that Thor had his fury under enough control not to burn _________ and her brother at the spot. And it were these worries that spurred him on to walk towards the hole in the wall, Seidr surrounding his tall frame. "I'll follow him. Send some more ships and reinforcement!"

His body glowed, shifting and transforming, while the black leather armor melted with his skin and sprouted strong, black feathers. With the final step Loki jumped from the tower, but never fell, as he flew after his king.
Nothing but darkness and cold surrounded the siblings as they ventured through the forest. Sleipnir seemed unperturbed by it all, while the mortals shivered and hoped for the thicket to clear. The ride had gone well so far but after hours on horse-back, fatigue and exhaustion nagged at their bones and mind. While _________ had pressed for a pause some time ago, Einar insisted that they continue without delay. He had told her about the passageway hidden in the mountains, their only chance of escaping Asgard and the Nine Realms.

As well as Thor's reach of power.

Only once they were far away, they would be truly free. So until then a distinct nervousness kept them awake and alarmed, a steady reminder, a constant threat at their backs. When they finally reached the mountains, their worries were proven right. Because of the rocky ground, they had descended and Einar was leading Sleipnir by the reins on the serpentine mountain road. It was _________ who halted first, looking up at the mountain top so far away and suddenly a cold shiver ran down her spine, as if his large fingers lightly touched her neck.

Thor.... it rang in her mind and, perhaps out of strange sentiment, she turned towards the direction they had come from, where the city of Asgard lay in the distance.

What she saw rendered her speechless. She couldn't have yelled for Einar to run, to just.. whatever, if she had wanted so. All her senses screamed in alarm, in pure horror, as she watched the lightning approaching through the black clouds. Fast, too fast for her eye to capture, the white light descended and struck the stony ground just a few meters below them, splitting rocks in its wake.

Einar shouted something at her, and at Sleipnir too because the beast almost got a heart attack - understandably but really bad timing though - but _________ was transfixed and paralyzed by fear. She barely registered that she had been knocked off her feet and had landed on her rear. She only looked at the giant that materialized out of the light, his massive body vibrating a faint blue as a million tiny sparks danced across his skin. And Norns forbid, those eyes. Ice-blue and bright as the lightning within him, brimming with naught but fury. More than ever Thor radiated divine strength and superiority, causing the winterly air around him to crack and warm up. Lightning coming off his skin illuminated the snow, a marvelous spectacle of electricity dancing along the ice. The girl shrank back further, had she never witnessed him so furious, so wild and beyond reason.

So beautiful and raw.

As he closed the distance between them and ascended, his powerful steps were determined but slow. ____________’s gaze then dripped from his face downwards, taking in the glowing hills of his bare torso and arms. Each muscle, each curve was traced by the bright sparks, hugged like a lover. Then
she noticed the dried blood smeared across his lower abdomen and back.

*He's hurt...* the sight called upon a strange twisting feeling in her gut, which she wasn't able to explore further though. In a heartbeat Thor was in front of her and ___________ barely managed to get up and onto her own feet in time. Then she froze again at the spot, too afraid to be struck by one of the sparks dancing around Thor. Yet his presence was oddly familiar and again the heat radiating off him too tempting compared to the cold around them. With a deep sigh she swallowed down her tears of surrender, her short-lived hope for freedom crushed, and looked up into eyes as bright as the sun yet lacking any warmth.

Whether he recognized her she couldn't tell but she felt the weight of his intense gaze on her, boring deep into her very core and soul. A punishment in itself yet not fitting her crime. Betrayal, she knew he couldn't handle well at all and at his current condition she wasn't able to predict his actions. But then why should she care about it all? Why cling to a life that had brought her so much pain and sorrow?

Why not let it end and have peace?

Yes, if Thor was the master of her fate then it had to be him, his wrath and power, to enable her wish.

*Her* wish, her decision, by which she would be free, truly and eternally.

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