

The weight around his wrists grew to be his only comfort in this dark place. Steady, heavy, imbued metal hugged the fine bones with suffocating loyalty to their maker; he adored the sensation now.

He had nothing else.

He was afraid because he knew he deserved this. They knew he deserved this. Cast from sight and into the cold black, his silver tongue affected no one now. Every waking moment felt like a plunge from the Bifrost, where he looked up and saw light and just let go, because for all of his ambition, he could never have a place among the stars. At least when he fell the first time, it was with the sun shining on his face and calling his name.

Falling here was lonely. Falling now was a torment he couldn't name. Time didn't exist; day bled into night and night engulfed everything, making his eyes useless and suffocating his words should he dare to cry out. He was a child here, a sorcerer no longer. His fears were at their basest. He knew this cell was built just for him. Perhaps Thor had constructed it himself, as only he knew just how the darkness terrified his younger brother. Only Thor could ever fully grasp the magnitude of quiet and loneliness as a weapon against the Trickster. Loki suffered in the unmoving dark, yet he felt a stab of pride that the sun knew him so well.

He'd spent years being just beyond the gaze of everyone else, he never thought for a moment that their golden child ever spared a glance back at him. He felt the weight of the shackles on his wrists and breathed in the tendrils of blackness, wanting to lay back and close his eyes but also afraid of truly falling into the abyss this time. He was safe in his broken position, slumped forward onto his knees with his feet tucked against his thighs. If he laid back, who was to say that there would be solid ground to hold him? If the darkness was like ink, he'd be swallowed up and no one would hear his screams. There would be no body to burn, nothing for his brother to mourn, and his soul would wander, lost forever in smoke and choking fog. And if he closed his eyes, he might find a darkness that was ever more terrifying, and he would be driven mad before he had the chance to beg forgiveness.

Loki would go mad here. Of that, he was absolutely certain. It was his punishment, well-deserved and fitting, but he couldn't find the warrior's heart to accept his fate. He didn't fear death. He did fear his own mind, and being found wild-eyed and writhing, babbling nonsense in his own filth, screaming, clawing, pleading for mercy from his demons, while they looked at him in -pity-. His brother, who never hesitated to embrace him, would not be able to touch him when he fell into the spiral of chaos.

Thor never retreated from him. Not once. Their battles went on long before Loki's ill-fated attempt to take the throne, when they were barely young men and still quite children. The first time he understood his brother's valor for all things, Loki was fourteen and Thor was sixteen, and they had been planning the hunting trip for weeks.

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They left a week before without him. He hadn't ventured from his room in just as long. His chambers, always so immaculately clean, smelled of dust and age thanks to the piles of spell books he'd demanded. Hours spent poring over the ancient runes, head throbbing with each new charm and incantation, he spent his time fitfully sleeping or staring helplessly at the odd image in his mirror. Her mirror. His mirror. He should've been with Thor, enjoying a hunting holiday in the lush forests and foggy mountains of the surrounding lands. Sleeping under the stars, riding after his brother and his brother's friends, scouting ahead in the pristine, cool air, and just.. being a lad. Instead, he was a she, and she couldn't figure out how to fix it. Loki stared at the tired green eyes across from her (him?) and felt a sob of despair in her chest. A full week had passed, and she was no nearer to her original form. The silver-tongued prince tried simply to lengthen his legs, so he would have an easier time riding, and now, he was a princess. She sat on the foot of the bed, hugging her dressing gown over the unfamiliar-feeling bosom, and wished quietly for the headache to subside so she could think of something---anything---to do for more time. Thor would want to see his brother, who'd taken "ill" and couldn't join the hunting trip celebrating his sixteenth birthday. Even Thor wouldn't accept many more lies.

At least, Frigga took it well. Once Loki shed the hooded cape that obscured his wretched form, Mother paled first, but there was pride in her eyes, too. Loki loved spending time with her, learning the runes and spells to be an aid to the proud warrior younglings, instead of a burden. Frigga listened to his story calmly, then hugged him close.

"Do not try to change, my child," she told him gently but firmly. "We love you as you are. Did the Allfather not tell that you were fit to be a king? You're perfect. Different maybe, but perfect in every way. I love you, Allfather loves you and your brother loves you as well. No need for spells that would grant you wider shoulders or broader chest. Let this be a lesson."

She did not punish him for messing with magic greater than his understanding; merely set a time limit. Loki had a full month to either restore himself or the spell running its course and dissolving by itself. If neither happened, Frigga promised to fix the issue herself.

That was a week ago. Thor and the Warriors Three left without Loki but as all good things come to an end, they were bound to return soon. Mother would probably try to keep the golden prince away, but... That would only work for a little while. Thor loved his brother with passion; Loki could remember those few times he got really ill and once when he broke a bone - Thor refused to leave the room, sometimes much to Mother's annoyance. He stayed by his little brother's side, watching out for him, trying to lift his spirits and chase away the demons during feverish nightmares. Loki - princess Loki - was running out of time. He dreaded the moment he had to face his brother in this wretched form, even weaker, thinner, even more useless than before! What a disgrace! Why couldn't the ground just swallow him, to hide into Niffleheim's eternal darkness with her shame...!

While he was a small, pitiful little thing, she--he-- was still a lad. This body was new, and as frustrated as she was, it was nice to look at. She wondered why the breasts were so full, when the rest was quite petite. The legs and arms were long (ironic, considering the purpose of his initial spell) and the skin was smooth, white like pearls. Her eyes were luminescent, doe-like, almost too large for the miserably frowning face. After the third day in this condition, Loki was nearly overcome with the inane notion that he should look and explore; a flash of pink, puckered flesh and soft skin between fleshy thighs, and he was too horrified to look any more.

As usual, he was far behind the other boys. Thor and Fandral had lain with numerous girls, and had a sort of running competition to see who had satisfied the most women. Volstagg had a few mistresses of his own, and Hogun had been in the company of the same girl for nearly a year. All were experienced in one manner or another, and were eager to satiate the smallest boy's curiosity. Fandral had taken his inquiries a step further and discreetly taught Loki how it felt to kiss. Aside from that, the prince (princess, princess!!) was absolutely virginal. How pathetic that the first female body he'd seen nude was his own!

She tightened her dressing gown around her middle, rocking onto her bare feet and swallowing down nausea as she heard loud, boisterous voices from outside. She'd hide in the bathroom, she decided, knocking over a stack of books with her left arm as she dashed over fine furs and silks to the small doorway. She'd claim that she was still ill.. she'd annoy him into leaving if she had to! Oh, while she was terrified of what was to happen, she felt sad, too--she and Thor had rarely spent more than a few days apart, and she'd missed him terribly.

She barely had the chance to close the door before a hard fist slammed against her residence's main entrance. "Loki~! Brother, I have returned! The hunt was as glorious as Allfather's battles, let me tell you the stories!" Before she could even open her mouth, the door swung open and Thor Odinson marched in, broad chest swelling with pride, golden locks darkened and matted with the sweat and dirt of the trip, sun-kissed skin smudged and scratched; but his smile shone like the bright sun. He halted when his brother didn't rush to greet him, then peeked into the bedroom only to find it vacant. "Brother, where are you?"

Her breath came in sharp gasps, heart hammering in her chest as she held the bathroom door shut. She wanted badly to run out and hug him--his voice was growing deep and powerful with age, and though he was a little envious, he was impressed, too. Beautiful, radiant Thor was going to be a fine young man and a wonderful king. Loki laid her head against her forearms, throat tightening in an inexplicable rush of emotion. "I.. I'm still not feeling well," she lied, grateful that her voice cracked. It would hopefully be convincing. "I fear I will be poor company this evening. Perhaps you should rest and regain your strength, and we can visit tomorrow?"

"What! Brother- You cannot be still sick!" Thor sounded both annoyed and worried. "A week has passed since you've fallen ill and you are still to recover from whatever ails you?" She could hear his footsteps, drawing near. "Come out and show your pale face! I missed you greatly, my first trip was to your chambers, and you refuse to greet me properly? Loki- what is it? At least let

me see you!"

"I am," he protested weakly, "I missed you as well, my dear brother, but I would loath to make you ill so soon after your triumphant return." Loki was wondering if she was, indeed, as sick as she claimed. When the voice came closer, it sent strange tremors through his ears, down his neck, and into the core of her strange body. She bit down on her knuckle, squeezing her eyes shut. "Please, Thor... just allow me this evening to better recover. I can hear that you are tired as well. Please.."

There was a long pause. In the silence, Loki could hear something brush against the door - most probably his brother's hand. "Alright..." Thor said finally. "You sound so weak, my brother. I only hope this illness did not break you... I shall go now and return tomorrow then with spiced wine to warm you up." She could almost feel the worry radiating from him though the finely carved wood. "Rest well, my brother. But pray tell me- You do not harbor ill feelings for me for leaving without you, right...?" It was almost ridiculous, how timid the prince of Asgard sounded.

He couldn't help himself, his chest aching at the vulnerability he sensed. Her palm slid over the wood, then rested where she was certain his hand would be, as odd as it seemed. Her eyes filled with tears, guilt nagging at her heartstrings. "Never," he murmured. She looked at her hand, the long fingers and slim wrist, and decided that this, at least, was something that didn't change too strikingly. She cracked the door enough to slip her forearm through, and sought out his hand to link their fingers together. "I love you dearly, my brother. I am so happy that you've returned safely, and I cannot wait to hear stories of your adventures."

A large, warm hand twined with hers, steely fingers gripping her with firm gentleness. "You've grown frailer, my brother. Rest, heal, get better soon. My heart breaks every time you are stricken with ill fortune. I shall leave you now but count on my return! I long to see you even if the illness has wrung you out." The warmth left and there was the sound of clothes rustling and departing footsteps. Thor never went back on his word and left his brother to his own devices as promised. The door closed behind him with a soft click.

She waited a breath, then a second, before emerging from the bathroom. In just a few moments, she felt even worse than she had throughout the entire week. Lying came as easily as breathing, blinking, flowing like water through fingers, yet he hated to lie to Thor. Even in his wretched state, he wanted to bare his every secret to those piercing eyes, and find comfort in his brother, just like he had so many times before. It would be so easy to call after him, fling open his chamber doors and hold out his arms, but he stayed where he was. Loki picked up a tome, slid her delicate fingers through the pages, and read intently over the spells until exhaustion drew her eyelids shut.

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Her door rattled, jerking her back to reality. Her last memory was of a gently-curving rune, drawn

into an intricate, unending knot on the page; she sat up with the image burned into her eyes, leaving spots of blue and green to disorient her as she tried to recall where she was. On her bed, she'd fallen asleep in her dressing gown, her book was on the floor, and Thor was supposed to come see her in the morning with spiced wine.. Loki barely had the mind to cover her yawn. Thor was coming. Thor was here.

The golden prince, properly washed and brushed was looming in the doorframe, goblet in hand and blue eyes wide with surprise. This was a sight he did not expect. Not that it was a bad one... That lovely thing occupying Loki's bed was rather pleasant to look at! The milky white skin contrasted with long ebony tresses, rippling in gentle waves around the face that held the biggest, clearest pure emerald eyes he had ever seen. The dressing gown - Loki's, he noted absently - fell loose at the chest, revealing some of her shapely bosom, while the tightly drawn belt curled around a waist he could probably encircle with his hands... Thor blinked then smirked. That bastard was going to get a sound spanking for lying to his brother and making him worry for his health when apparently, he was just having company! Illness, bah! He was finally doing a man's work!

Thor, still grinning, has lifted the goblet in a toast, then took a small bow. "Forgive my barging in milady, I did not realize by brother had company. I hope you're having a pleasant stay." She was not from the palace... Maybe the city, or even another realm-? She was pretty enough to pass for an Aelf, even.

She was dumbfounded for once. Having prided herself on thinking quickly on her feet, she liked to think that she was never one to be taken by surprise. His brother was here. They were going to spend time together, as he was ill the night before, but he felt fine now, except... Loki closed his eyes, scrubbed them with the back of his hand until the sleep fog faded and he could think clearly. Why was Thor calling him 'milady'..? He shifted his bottom, legs sliding apart as he leaned back on his hands and let the dressing gown slide open over his chest. "Brother, what--?" Ah, yes. He felt his stomach drop to his feet, muscles tensing as he drew the gown shut and hunched forward. "Oh... no, no, no, no, no!!" Loki stood, trembling as he stumbled back away from the chamber door. "You aren't supposed to see..! You weren't supposed to see!"

"What-? Oh, do not worry!" The goblet was hastily set on a nearby chest of drawers and Thor held up both his hands. "Fear not milady, I am not going to tell anyone I saw you here! And I didn't see- much." He was a terrible liar, but even as she had lovely breasts, he was not going to push the issue. "Please calm down. Your secret is safe with me. My brother will return soon, I'm sure of it. I will leave you alone in a moment."

He wanted to take a breath, reassess the situation, and respond with a cool, level head. But it was too much. All of it was too much. He was a freak, a complete failure who turned every attempt to make himself normal into miserable, dismal ruin. All he'd wanted were a few more inches on his legs so he could take a larger horse, a bit more height so he could better spot prey for his brother, a little more girth so he wouldn't feel so dwarfed by the Warriors Three.

Instead, he was.. this. "No.. I'm not..." The female's slender body bent inward and she sank to the floor, covering her face with her hands. He could weep openly like this, yet he wanted to hide it, as if he could retain some shred of dignity by keeping this little secret. "I tried, brother... I never intended for any of this to happen! I spent all week researching through every resource we have available, but I.. can't.. fix it..!"

There was a pause. Thor's brows furrowed and he stepped closer to gather the distressed lovely into his arms and reassure her that everything was fine but the words... they stopped him. The Odinson was not stupid, merely a little slow perhaps; he was capable to put two and two together though. She called him brother. She did resemble Loki, rather strongly... and Loki was a spellcrafter. He tried something what went wrong-? So this was... she was...

"By Allfather's thunders!" Thor exclaimed, taking a step back. "I have a sister!" And he just stood there gaping, having absolutely no idea what to do. He did not expect facing a situation like this ever in his life.

It was funny. Somehow. She laughed bitterly into her hands, shoulders shaking as she tried to draw in a good breath of air. "F-fool.. why do you say such ridiculous things?" There was no point in pretending anymore, so she leaned back, rubbed the corner of her eye, and looked up at him with a tear-streaked smile. "Be truthful, brother--am I a poor excuse for a woman, too?"

Finally his instincts took over the the prince fell on his knees next to his sibling, cradling her in his arms. "Loki! What- How did you manage to end up like this? Are you well? Don't cry-" He bit his lower lip in worried frustration. All he wanted to do was to ease his brother's - sister's...? - misery. "What- do you mean, poor excuse? You look lovely! I mean-" Wait, that was an insult, wasn't it? Thor could feel sweat forming on his temples. "You- it can be fixed, right? Somehow. You just haven't found out yet as to how? Does-" He paled. "Does Father know...?"

She leaned into his chest, just allowing herself a few moments of comfort. His arms were so big and strong, wide hands warm like sunlight against his white skin. It was like a punch to the chest, knowing that for all of his skills, he could never make himself a fraction the man that Thor would be. "I thank you--I think.." Loki lifted her arms to circle around her brother's neck, tucked her cheek against his throat, and allowed herself to cry quietly between sentences. "I spoke with Mother, and she believes that she may be able to assist me when I--" She sniffed, her fingers sliding through the prince's hair. At this nearness, she noticed that his facial hair was soft, not bristly and stiff like Fandral's. "..if I am unable to reverse the spell myself. It is likely that she has spoken to Father---I can only imagine his shame!" An embrace was a calming thing. He must have missed his brother more than he realized! "I was being selfish, my brother. I wished to be a better companion for your celebration, and thought that if I was.. more imposing, perhaps you wouldn't..." She swallowed, embarrassment heating her cheeks. "..you wouldn't have to help me onto the saddle anymore."

"Loki!" The strong arms all but crushed her against the mighty chest. "What is this madness you

speak?! You don't need to be any more imposing! You're fine as you are! Why did you even- Never try anything like this again, do you hear me, NEVER!" He caressed the silken black hair. "You are perfect on your own right. The woods are home to bears and stags alike - you don't compare them either! You are my kin and my equal, never doubt that! You only have to grow a little more and you wouldn't need my help... you silly thing, you! In a year, you'll be as tall as I am!" He dared to place a small kiss on Loki's temple. "Mother will fix everything, you needn't worry. You'll be back to your handsome self. Don't cry, please! It's going to be alright." He had to swallow though... he could feel those lovely breasts pressing against his chest. By the underworld's demons, Loki made for a fine female...!

She whimpered, the tightened embrace managing to squeeze another few tears from her eyes. Thor could never understand what it was like to always be a step behind, under the shadow of a beautiful prince, looking up, always looking up and reaching from the shadows. Flinching under Thor's voice, he kept his head lowered and eyes downcast. Even if he grew to be as tall as Thor was now, he would still be the small one, the weak one, the frail one, so delicate and fragile at his brother's side. "I.. should never have doubted your affection for me," he murmured, lips moving against the firm, bronze flesh. "I always fear that I bring you humiliation, when you have never given me a reason to believe such a thing." His hand slid back over his brother's shoulder, so he could rub his tired eyes. He'd cried so much over the past days! "Please forgive me, my brother. I wished for you to have a memorable birthday, and look what I have managed..!"

The laughter sounded relieved instead of mocking. Thor smiled; the wetness in his eyes was barely noticeable. "Memorable, that you have achieved," he claimed with a nod. "I don't think I'll ever forget the day my brother changed into a sister!" He gently cupped the pale face and brushed a teardrop away under the tear-soaked emerald eyes. "At least you haven't grown horns..." he joked and on impulse, he leaned closer to place a kiss on those finely drawn rose petal lips.

A mere second later, he was blushing furiously, staring wide-eyed at his sibling. He didn't mean to do that!

"By the might of the Vanar, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to- It's just what I do to-" What it even possible to embarrass himself any further...? And the worst thing was he didn't even mind that kiss.

He breathed in sharply, the weight of the kiss still making his lips tingle and burn like he'd taken a draught of the strong brew, then lit it aflame as it lay against his tongue. Her small fingers rested on the lower lip, eyes flickering up to study his brother's. As usual, they read as easily as the tales they'd enjoyed together as children, a few words on vividly-illustrated pages, with color and ink explaining all that one needed to know. "Just what you do to...?" he continued, gesturing for his brother to elaborate. What was this? They hadn't kissed one another on the lips since they were very young!

Thor was able to look rather miserable once he put an effort into it. He scratched the back of his head and shrugged with a guilty look. "Forgive me, but that is how I cheer up the maidens when they cry... I know that you loathe to look like this and you're still my brother, but... You do make for a fine lady."

Disgust welled up in the back of his throat, tasting like cheap, spoiled wine. He pushed his hand against his brother's shoulder, placing a few awkward breaths between them. Loki was used to the gentle handling he received when he fell victim to more of his terrible luck, but the kiss, which had frozen his brain and set fire to his nerves, was too much too soon. More pity. "So very unfortunate and saddening that you would debase yourself so sinfully for my sake, brother." He untangled himself from the strong arms and rolled onto his feet--her feet, not much smaller than his own, he realized. "You prefer a woman with hair like spun gold and eyes like the sky." Loki glanced down at the supple body, and with frustration, tightened the dressing gown around the breasts. "With a chest more impressive than this and hips to bear a son to you. This body is not attractive to you."

It was a rare sight to watch the cerulean eyes darken, the same way storm clouds darken the summer sky. Thor's strong hands gripped his brother's frail shoulders like a vise. "When did I ever lie to you, brother of mine? Are you accusing me with such a vice? What I speak is the truth. Have you not looked into a mirror? Do not tell me you would not bed a woman that looked like this! I do like tresses of gold and eyes of sapphires, but that doesn't mean I cannot appreciate anything different! I love you, my brother, I think you handsome when you are a male, you are pretty when a female, and even if you'd be- you'd be- even as a horse, you'd look pleasing to the eye!"

Another woman might've flinched from his touch and the shadow across his gaze, but he was Loki, prince of Asgard, and that response was both expected and unsurprising. Were he any less of a man, he could easily manipulate his brother's headstrong devotion. He stared up, gaze bravely piercing the angry stare. "I do not doubt your love for me. I simply doubt your reason. Did you not work out any of your urges on the hunt? I would expect your friend Fandral to have such a voracious, blind appetite, but not my brother!"

The prince threw his arms up in frustration. "Nothing is ever good enough for you! You bristle when I call you pretty and you bristle when I don't! You call me a liar, a scoundrel, you claim that I'm driven by lust - why do you have to do that, what have I done to you aside trying to ease your misery?! I should go to not bother you in your efforts of reversing the spell- Drink your wine. But don't forget to eat beforehand so it won't cloud your judgement! Valhalla only knows what would happen then." It was always like this. He loved Loki dearly, but the little runespeaker was able to chase Thor into the blindest rage.

The lad in the maiden's body was bold, hands of an unspoiled lass taking hold of his brother's shoulder and shoving with strength that befit his wiry form. "You've a poor bedside manner, my beloved brother. Your attempts at comfort are more akin to a wolf stalking its prey--I know well



what becomes of the ladies within your sight." He didn't fear his brother, though he very well should've. In a female's form or not, jabbing the dragon with a dagger was not the wisest of plans. "Would you have this body, brother? Would you ease my misery by comforting me like one of your lovers?"

The golden prince's chest rumbled with a deep growl. "I have never robbed a woman of her choice!" he spat with clenched teeth. "If you were a young mistress with hair like raven wings and eyes like summer forests, I would offer to accompany you on your white sheets, but as you are my brother, regardless of the shape you're wearing, I will not, because I know that you are repelled by the very idea! Stop accusing me of crimes I did never commit nor do I intend to!"

"And you are not revolted?!" The fury came unbidden, temper and jealousy choking him as the numerous faces of pretty handmaidens flashed across his memory. Smiling, giggling women, gossiping of his charms, his skill, the deep kisses that they were allowed just because of their endowments. "I didn't balk, brother! Why aren't you disgusted with me?!"

"Because you are my brother!" Thor bellowed, shaking with rage. "You will be that even if you try to kill me!"

The fine muscles trembled under his hands, storms in his loving eyes, and while it was a victory, it tasted bittersweet. Was this how he should punish his brother for his misguided attempts at comfort, by reminding Thor that his younger brother's strength was in words, not arms? "Your devotion will be your undoing, Thor Odinson." Thor could hurt this delicate form, but Loki slipped his arms around his thick neck and pulled his broken form close. "Forgive me. I adore you so, that it frightens me at times--please, brother, do not leave me here alone. My mind and heart are wrapped in such a violent tempest, I have spoken out of turn. Please.. enjoy the wine with me. Tell me stories of your birthday celebration."

The muscles beneath her hands slowly relaxed and Thor hugged her lightly. "It's... alright. I understand. Forgive me if something I say upsets you... I do not mean to harm, ever. Not you, never you." He caressed her back and gently pried the frail arms off himself. "But, it is true you haven't eaten yet. The wine would get to your head too soon. I'll fetch you something from the dining hall. Wash your face and put away your books while I'm away. It won't take longer than a few minutes."

She felt her chest ache, a stab of something she couldn't name, and tipped her lips to give a shy smile. Her hand slid over the back of his neck long enough for her to draw him down, where she gave him a gentle kiss to the cheek. "I am fortunate to have a brother who cares for me as much as you do. My frustration and shame were misdirected. I should never have accused you of lust." She brushed a lock of golden hair back behind his ear. "I wonder if there are any fritters left over from last night's supper..?" Hopefully mention of a shared favorite sweet would lift Thor's spirits. "Let us see if I can locate something to better cover myself before you get back. Are you fast enough to best me, brother?"

"If Volstagg haven't had them all for breakfast, there might be a few left." Thor was already grinning; he did like to eat and the honey-covered delicacy was indeed one of his favorite treats. "You better start dressing!" He poked his brother in the chest - the bony part - and left in a hurry.

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At least there was some semblance of normalcy. He watched after his brother, feeling a strange tug of admiration as the strong legs propelled him out into the halls. Thor was handsome and powerful, his crushing blows turning as gentle as a spring breeze when he wound his arms around her slim waist. Perhaps his transformation had manipulated some part of his mind, making his eyes and thoughts linger in frightening places. She decided to dismiss it, however, and went to straighten the room. Normally, he would call for a servant to take care of the issue while he dressed, but her form would mean an awkward explanation. So, instead, she lifted a hand in preparation to summon a spell--she could lift books, straighten the bed, and create some semblance of order while dressing--yet when the power crackled between the tips of her fingers, she hesitated. Unnecessary sorcery had caused this bit of trouble, hadn't it? Swallowing, she concentrated on putting the tomes away and distracted herself with thoughts of how to better cover the ample blessings her mistake had bestowed. She finally chose the largest tunic in the wardrobe, bronze and green embroidered over thin beige silk. Where it normally fell near the middle of his thigh, the size of her chest dropped the hem just over the absence of his manhood. A warrior didn't concern himself with undergarments, even as a woman, so he paused in disturbed fascination before hauling a loose pair of breeches over her wide hips. There was naught but smooth, soft-looking skin between the supple thighs; the shapely buttocks made even these breeches tight, so there was very little left to the imagination. Thor was right: this was an attractive body. He decided to take a bit more precaution, hauling a warm woolen vest on and tying it shut as close to the breasts as he could. It was an improvement, but not much of one, as the damned things appeared to stick out even further. "Damn it all," he murmured, combing fingers through her hair and arranging the gossamer locks over her breasts, too.

Thor chose that moment to return, with a cloth-covered plate in hand. He set it down as he regarded his brother with a small grin. "I say it is a draw as you haven't finished doing your hair. I have food here, our dessert and honey to go with it. Let us enjoy its sweetness." He tried to discreetly look up the tempting form. Even though Loki was his kinsmen, Thor couldn't keep himself from wondering what it would be like to lie with- her. On the deepest, darkest nights, he did entertain a few embarrassing thoughts about his brother, but he didn't dare to dwell for too long - he would have never tried to put another man to disgrace by bedding him.

"Nonsense, victory is yours." He lifted the goblet of spiced wine, holding it out to his brother. "Let us drink to your glory, my brother." He offered a second goblet to his brother, toasted him, and drank deeply; the wine warmed him from the inside out. "Ah, just what I needed. I haven't had a moment's time to relax this week. Pray tell, brother--were there spoils befitting a future king?" Loki plucked a quarter of lamb leg from the plate and sank his teeth into the tender meat--he

really was quite hungry. With a laugh, he slid down to sit on the corner of his bed. "I expect you will have some new furs to wear to our feasts?"

"You bet I have!" the golden prince laughed. "We have skinned enough beasts to cover a whole room's floor with their pelt. Pulled the teeth and claws off to craft it into necklaces befitting a warrior. The silver and black foxes eluded us though. I'll need to return later, because I intend to gift Mother with a fur lined cloak."

He continued to relay the adventures - how they crawled in the thick undergrowth to approach the game. How Volstagg wrestled a bear and how Hogun nearly outran a deer. Fandral was more at home in the city, but he shot a few fat, golden pheasants and brought their prettiest feathers home. There was both valiance, success and mischief as well as some misery when the warriors were caught by a sudden squall. Also, they actually had to hunt quite hard, because Volstagg kept on complaining about hunger. The tall warrior cleared away every piece of the edible prey - though at least he carried the spoils alone as compensation.

The minutes grew into hours; the wine, while it wasn't much, warmed up Thor's blood as well, making his eyes sparkle. He pulled closer to his brother and while he talked, illustrating the tales with wide gestures, sometimes he touched Loki amiably, as always when they spent time together.

"Ah, how I regret being unable to join you, my brother." Loki felt warm and at peace, but more proud of his brother than anything. He longed to have partaken in the hunt, to put his skills to more beneficial use. He was a small Asgardian, yet the warrior's blood burned hot inside of him the very same. At the moment, his blood was even further heated by wine and laughter, leaving him slightly-flushed and more eager to lean into Thor's powerful arm. "I so much looked forward to this holiday. As we grow older, it seems to be more difficult to share our time together." Her head tilted, eyes wide and disarmingly innocent. "You will only turn sixteen one time--these years are so very precious. When we are old and grey, I only hope that I will have memories like those of the hunt, to look back upon and smile." Loki touched his brother's hand, then refilled both of their goblets. "Tell me, brother--when I am well again, may I take you with me on another hunting holiday? Just the both of us, no Hogun, no Fandral, no Volstagg... ha!" He gestured to her breasts. "No women!"

"Certainly, brother!" Thor smiled fondly and carefully drew his brother in a loose, quick hug, minding the goblet in hand. "You need to help me out with those pesky foxes! The Warriors Three are skilled and ferocious, but nowhere near sneaky enough." He clinked his goblet to Loki's. "We'll have many hunts together until we grow old and grey. And I promise you that even when I become king, I'll always have time for you." He took a sip from the wine and sighed with delight. A mischievous glint appeared in his eyes. "But why no women? They aren't half as bad, and it's high time you met one - I bet you'll be a skilled lover soon after acquainting with a female's charms!"

Loki's small hand patted between his brother's shoulder blades, hug warming him even further. "I was referring to this body," he corrected, though his crisp response didn't sound as matter-of-fact as he'd like. The wine was making his words a bit sluggish. "You concern yourself with me so very much, if female company were to join us, you would spend so much time advising me and calming me, you might neglect your lady." He busied himself with the soft, ticklish blonde strands that brushed his fingertips. So odd that a powerful man would have such silken hair. "I fear I may be a lost cause. This accident is the only reason I've ever beheld a woman's form," he admitted, voice dropping off slightly. "Pitiful, is it not?"

"Naah, you're just more patient than us," Thor murmured, dropping his head on Loki's shoulder. "You are cautious. You observe. We just charge into the battle! But you- you plan ahead. The ladies will love you once you decide to put your charms to use. You'll know how to make them happy." He paused for a moment then squinted up at his brother. "Hey, since this thing happened... have you gathered some knowledge?" The mischievous glint in his eyes was back full force.

He accepted the praise as graciously as he could, with a small smile and a gentle squeeze to the back of Thor's neck. The staff often complimented his polite manners, but he never once considered himself charming. "I have gathered a great deal of knowledge," he replied after a moment's thought. Thor was never very interested in Loki's spells before! "Most notably, I have discovered that any spells meant to alter the body should be interpreted quite liberally. The text that caused this anomaly promised to grant my form the power hidden in the blood. I took the description to mean I would grow, but apparently, there is a deeper flaw in my blood than I realized. Elder spells are surprising resistant to nullification charms and incantations, even those scrolls in mother's library--"

Thor's expression was read easily enough. "...you *were* referring to my knowledge of spells, correct?"

The golden prince snickered like a first-year novice. "Nay, not exactly... But before we dwell into that and you start covering your ears - I don't think there's a flaw in your blood. Magic is a female thing - few males in all the realm of Asgard use magic, because they cannot do it - except Allfather himself! He is a great sorcerer. I did not inherit much of that; mine is his temper and strength, but yours is his wisdom. In some ways, you are more akin to a female, brother mine, and I do not mean this as an insult. Magic is female, so maybe the spell just worked this way, because you are a sorcerer. It's what is strong in your blood. And a form like this..." he poked the round hips, "...does have tremendous power."

He felt heat within his cheeks, slowly spreading up to his ears and to grip his neck. As he cuffed his brother's cheek, he wished sincerely to be offended by the words; instead, pride swelled in his chest and stomach, as though Allfather himself had heaped praise upon his youngest son.

While Thor was forthcoming with encouragement, Loki rarely considered himself to be a point of

admiration. Now, it was apparently so. "I thank you, my brother, for your kind manner. However, I am curious now, to discover what sort of knowledge you speak of."

Loki set his goblet to the side, then took his place again at his brother's arm. He guided the lion's head to rest on his shoulder, then busied himself with stroking the blonde strands of hair. "Are you suggesting that I violated this body? Revolting," he scolded gently, "I would not do such a thing."

"I hardly think a lass could violate herself..." Thor mused, almost purring from the gentle ministrations. "More like gently probing, coaxing the pleasure forth from the core of her being..." He wiggled his fingers in a certain suggestive way. "How well did the spell turn out is what I'm asking. Does this new form work as properly as it looks? I'm sure you tried to find that out..."

His breath caught in her chest, eyes widening as he muffled a cough against her hand. "I did no such a thing!" he protested, though the unfamiliar voice sounded embarrassingly guilt-ridden. "The form has changed. I saw the bosom and the.. the... but only for a moment! I highly doubt it is even functional."

Loki withdrew herself from Thor's side and circled her arms about her ample chest. It was true that he'd only looked, but not quite as accurate to say it had only been for a moment--more akin to a few long, heart-stopping, breath-taking moments. "It cannot possibly be correct."

"Ooh, my dear little brother, always the shy one...!" Thor grinned but politely kept the distance. "I know if I were to acquire a female's shape, I won't be able to keep my hands off myself!" He threw his head back as he laughed, rich voice ringing out. "Don't tell me you were not even curious. After all - you admitted that you haven't had much experience with the ladies. Now is your opportunity to gain more knowledge! You don't even need company for it."

"Of course I am curious--ah, I -was- curious." He worried a fingernail between her teeth, eyes flicking down to her lap. What was the point in acting coyly? If anyone were to be accepting, it would be his brother! "I wished to spend some time familiarizing myself with this shape, however I fear that there is a great deal wrong with... that."

Her face was hot, and so was her stomach. The discussion was sending white stabs of sensation down between her thighs, as if the humiliation wasn't enough of a distraction. "This body must not be complete, as.. it is entirely smooth." Loki felt herself crawling inward, knees moving up so she could make herself smaller. He didn't have the bravery to admit that he had yet to grow a single hair even on his chin. "Do you understand?"

Judging by the grin, he did. "I kinda like it smooth- Wait, no." The Odinson sat up properly and held up both his hands, bowing his head in a graceful apology. "Forget I said that, it's the wine talking. But- You know, I've come across girls... both with a garden and without. And those without, before you get any ideas, were all of age. Why would that be a problem...? Our dearly

loved Hogun is a bit of a bald bear, too." He snickered at his own joke. "I really think you should stop worrying about appearances. If it does not hurt? It's alright! What could you do wrong by just touching?"

The prince looked stricken, lost though he was in his safest, most favored place. This was knowledge he'd never sought out before, and as he listened, he felt more and more overwhelmed. It made sense to take advantage of this situation, did it not? "If you say it is not troublesome, then I shall believe you. I know you would not torment me while I am trapped in this state."

He said it more for his own sake than Thor's. "You are familiar with bodies, it seems. What do I do to..." She trailed off, staring at her fingers. After a breath, she spoke again. "What am I searching for when I explore, exactly?"

Thor scooted closer and sneaked an arm around the thin shoulders, leaning close to whisper the secrets. "Between the folds, right in the middle and on the top, there is a small bud hiding. It's a source of pleasure for women. I was told a great deal of warriors do not know how to put it to use. You should start there. But all bodies have many sensitive places. I say, let your hand wander and do not shy away from anything. After all, who's to judge you when nobody is there...? Use the opportunities that are being granted to you." He topped the advice with a warm smile.

The embrace was surprisingly welcome, and Loki hitched his hip closer until they were pressed close. It was at this proximity that he noticed a great many things: the scent of oils and spice upon his skin, mulled fruit sweetening his breath, and the kiss of sun radiating from his arm. Loki reached; she slid their hands together as if she were drowning, though she felt naught but fire from within.

"Your lovers call you skilled, even despite your youth. Brother.. I do not learn well by experience, but rather by instruction." She swallowed. Her eyes were growing wet in humiliation. "I do not wish to ask such a sinful thing of you, but you are the only person I can trust myself with. I believe you would be a fine teacher, if you chose to enlighten me."

Blue eyes grew wide in surprise at the words, and slowly, a lovely blush settled on Thor's cheeks. "You... You want me to show you-?" It's not that it was entirely a foreign concept for them, but... those times were different. "You trust me so much? Are you sure?"

"I do trust you, brother, with my life, heart, and soul. You would not seek to degrade me or harm me." She licked her lips, and although terribly uncertain, she looked into those wide eyes and held the gaze. She had missed his celebration thanks to her own selfish foolishness, so she felt it her duty to make up for the loss.

Thor was openly attracted to this body; what better memory could Loki provide? And, he had to

admit that he was dreadfully curious. "Will you accept me?"

"But- of course! It is a great honor to be chosen for such a quest!" Thor kissed his brother's forehead. "I will not disappoint you." His fingers went for the lacing on the vest, undoing the simple knot.

"Just..! Thor, wait!" Just the tiny sensation of fingers against the lacing was enough to make her dizzy. "Call me a fool to question Asgard's great lover, but--" She took hold of his wrists and pushed them away. "--I do not believe a lady would appreciate being undressed like an animal skinned for a starving man."

Reason told him that her brother was eager to see her bare breasts; the thought alone made her mouth dry and her insides wet. "Unless.. this is how a man is expected to.. unwrap his.. gift..?"

"A gift you are to me, but not out of duty, I hope." Thor's eyes were serious and sincere. "Do not fear me, lay your worries down. When you feel it is enough of my assistance, speak and I shall stop. I might not like it, but I will, for I do not wish to harm you, neither body, nor heart, soul or mind. Some like thing this way, others prefer that and who are we to tell which is the only right road to take? I just wanted the vest off, that was all. "

Guilt stabbed at his insides, along with the odd, wet heat, and she nodded in understanding. "Forgive me. I do not intend to doubt you."

He invited those hands back to their original task and stayed still this time. These were the fingers of a warrior, capable of untold violence; Loki was no coward, though he quivered as a child in the black night.

When the vest was open, she tried to be helpful by sliding it down her arms and into the floor. The tunic beneath was tight over her breasts, yet as she glanced down, she saw the fabric didn't restrict two small protrusions that betrayed her as they perked from her chest.

She was assaulted several ways in the next moment; but all attacks were tender. Thor leaned close to breathe a kiss on his brother's neck while one of his hands cupped a shapely breast briefly, barely squeezing, more like seizing up the roundness and weight.

The questing hand then wandered to a thigh, caressing it and slipping to the inner side of it; but he never touched the hidden area just yet. Thor first wanted to calm his brother a little; if untouched maidens were any indication, Loki was just as scared and embarrassed, regardless of the excitement.

Instinct was to fight. While Thor was at his neck, certainly preparing some juvenile prank, he could take hold of his earlobe, twist, and bring the golden prince to his knees. Yet this was no

boyish wrestling. The touches made her body shake, legs snapping together, then spreading again as he had to constantly remind herself that all was well. "Apologies..." she murmured hoarsely.

Fondling felt surprisingly nice on one breast, so certainly touching the other wouldn't be too terrifying. She stroked her untouched breast, tracing the shape with her fingers instead of lifting or squeezing. It was soft, hot, the tickling sensation enough to make her squirm.

"Warn me if something I do doesn't feel good," Thor whispered and continued to shower the pale column with kisses. He noticed that Loki was growing a bit bolder, so he slipped his warm hand under the tunic, to touch naked skin; just the small waist first, then gradually working his way up, to the bosom.

He did not waste time just squeezed again, this time a bit harder and his thumb rolled the already perking nipple. He hoped to coax a response with that.

The prince clenched her jaw, stomach fluttering nervously, then jerked her chest forward. And Loki, the Silver-Tongued, ever-articulate nobleman, turned his head, pressed his lips to Thor's jaw, and swore.

It felt good. His finger was rough and firm, a perfect balance to the puckered, sensitive skin. She mimicked at first with her busy hand, swiping it over her hardened nipple, then the dainty fingers closed around it and squeezed through the silk. "You are talented with your hands," she purred.

"And you writhe beautifully," Thor countered, smirking. He pulled the tunic upwards, to reveal the pearly mounds to the air and immediately leaned in to kiss them, swirling his tongue around the pebble-hard little nubs. If Loki liked it, it was probably okay to go a bit faster. His hand traveled down now, over the ribcage and the arching back.

Gazing down, she watched his head dip and was rewarded with slick heat. He'd always wondered why women dealt with such attention to their breasts, and now he had his answer: the treatment was barely a step down from worship. She slid her arms behind his head and guided him to stretch onto his side, then held him like a mother cradling her newborn.

As her fingers slid through his hair, she couldn't mask her predatory leer. "How do they taste?" She would be lying if she said that her enjoyment was merely physical; being an object of the golden prince's affections was a power trip in itself.

"Like pearls..." Thor replied, displaying a surprising amount of sophisticated thinking. "It's not much of a taste, but they're silken, hard, and precious." He smiled, that breathtakingly charming, sunny smile of his. "Now lie back. I'm here to teach you things, after all..." He placed a hand between Loki's shoulderblades to help her easing back on the floor.



Her eyes were gleaming, the lovely god of Mischief apparently finding immense joy in her brother's attentions. She laid back, but no longer as a shy maiden; instead, she let her palms wander up from her stomach to her ribs, then to her moist breasts. Loki watched him curiously, thumb brushing over one nipple while her other hand rubbed one large breast flat to her chest. "What does my brother ..Plan to teach me next?"

Thor bent down again, this time to kiss the flat stomach. His tongue dipped into the navel and continued to trek downwards, until his lips were firmly pressed against the smaller mound between the thighs. "I think there was something said about exploring and instructions and experience..." he mused. The scent of the juices were detectable even through the fabric and Thor breathed in, nearly salivating at the thought of what should be done next.

Her hips twitched, legs sliding apart as if in invitation. She wasn't sure just why his head was near her new sex, or why he was kissing, smelling, like he planned to devour her like she was some sweet treat...

For one strange moment, she considered just closing her eyes and allowing him to do the unthinkable. It was just for a moment, though.

"Y-you are a prince of Asgard!" she sputtered, snapping her thighs closed like a vise and pushing his shoulders with her small, pale feet. "Why would you dare to put your.. your mouth against such a place?!"

Thor sat up halfway, supporting himself with his arms. He gave his brother a look. "Come on now. If you dare tell me you haven't even heard of love's many curious ways, I might just run screaming... Tongues come handy when teasing a lover. Some lasses have taken me in their mouths, and... Let me say that it was a delightful turn of events, every time."

He scowled, pushed his foot against Thor's cheek, and shoved until the prince was forced onto his side. To think that -his- brother had -ever- used his mouth like some Midgardian whore was an insult that burned like a branding iron! "Let the lasses please you, my brother, but you do -not- disgrace yourself for anyone!"

She felt betrayed. It had felt so good--why did he have to take their experience to such a deprived realm?! "Using your mouth in such a way is.. is disgusting! It is shameful and wretched!" Loki jerked her tunic down, but was so flustered that the design ended up crooked across her chest.

The golden prince was baffled at that, raising a brow at his brother. "I felt none of the disgrace you speak of... But so be it, I shall use other methods." He leaned on his elbow and dropped his head on Loki's chest, to nuzzle the breasts, while he slipped his hand between the supple thighs, this time gently rubbing the folds hidden.

She grunted, huffed through her nose, and began to squirm again, slithering like a snake to escape his grasp. "S-stop."

Her thighs wrenched closed. Though his hand felt good, and his breath was just a cloth barrier away from warming her breasts again, she felt sick. Why would he even want to put his mouth on her..? "Get off of me."

Not happily, but Thor obeyed; he gave his word after all. "What is it...? Have I hurt you some way?"

"Of course not." She straightened her tunic, lips drawn in a tight line. Coward, her mind accused.

"You are not happy," Thor pointed out. "What ails you now? Speak so I can right the wrongs I've done."

The words almost came, that she was afraid and confused, and disgusted and excited all at once, and that she wished to taste her brother's lips and sin until the ache in her hips went away. But they died on her tongue. She lied instead. "I am hungry. Do you not smell the roast beast cooking in the kitchens?"

Loki crawled over the bed and stroked a lock of hair from her brother's cheek. She kissed his forehead with all the tenderness she could muster, then tipped up his chin. "I'm afraid wine and fritters did not last long on my stomach."

"I'll bring you lunch." The defeat felt like a burden on Thor's shoulders as he stood. "The servants are getting suspicious of not seeing you, I'm sure... But they'll never question me." He grabbed his brother from behind and pulled him to his chest. "I will not return after lunch; the Warriors Three and I have business. But I'll come to say goodnight in the evening. While you're alone..." His voice lowered to a barely audible whisper. "Touch and taste. Maybe that will yield an answer."

She swallowed, dipping her head so she could hide the flush in her cheeks. "Thor, I.."

What? She was sorry for being a yellow coward? Sorry for asking for his tutelage, then denying him out of disgust? Sorry for begging his acceptance, then coldly cutting him off? Her brow wrinkled, throat tight. She was a terrible brother. Sister. Thing.

Loki turned in his arms and looked up. He would smile for her, no matter how badly she'd wounded him. Standing on tiptoe, she kissed the corner of his mouth. It felt warm, safe, so she cocked her head and kissed him fully. Her hands cradled his jaw, holding him steady so she could gently stroke his lips with sweeps of her tongue. "Allow me to thank you properly. This evening."

The answer was delayed, because Thor responded to the kiss, opening his mouth and not letting his brother's tongue go once it slipped in. "I will come this evening," he said quietly, breathing a little faster once he broke the contact. "But you will not thank me, because I have done nothing. We'll see what the night brings."

A sudden thought occurred to him and he couldn't help the grin. "Maybe you should read up on the topic! There's plenty of books, I'm sure you could find some helpful tomes."

She pressed a kiss to his chin, then pecked his lips again. Thor wasn't a passive kisser, nor was he aggressive; he didn't try to dominate, like Fandral had. It was just a lazy exchange of affection. Loki liked kissing his brother. "I did plan on reading up on this, but.. most of our authors are male and write as such, so I am not sure what I will find." He couldn't help himself. He kissed that grin, too. "You are a wonderful teacher."

"When you let me." Thor pointed out. "However, you shall not starve because of me. I'll be back soon, then you'll be left to your own devices... Learn diligently."

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With a belly full of food and mind a bit better cleared of wine thanks to a stein of icy water, he decided to put himself to it. While he feared what the night would bring, he embraced it as well. Shame tried to talk him out of it, insisting that he was sinning like a demon and behaving like an immoral, lust-crazed lass of the night.

He spent some time preparing his sleeping chambers--clean, fresh white silk sheets, the most luxurious fur pelts he owned, and every single feather pillow he could find. At first he feared the he might be too obvious with his intentions, but if there was anything Thor appreciated, it was straightforwardness that left no room for misinterpretation. Loki planned to thank the golden prince for what he had done, for the gentleness and understanding he'd given, even when his whelp of a brother managed to partially spoil his birthday celebration and his return home. He had yet to give his elder brother the gift he'd purchased from the dwarven metalsmiths of Nidavellir. From the Midgardian realms, he'd located a fascinating *omnium steel*, from which he requested a light, deadly hunting blade fit for a prince. The dwarven masters balked at his wishes, thinking him simple for believing a task to be challenging for them, until he'd produced a vial containing five precious drops of *eit*r. The liquid would have restorative properties if added to the strange Midgardian metal properly.

The result was a lovely, graceful weapon of death, hilted in dark mythrill and inlaid with flecks of pale sunstone. It was a delicate thing at first glance, but the weight and balance belied a savagery that he knew his brother would enjoy. He laid it out on the foot of his bed, pillowed neatly atop a folded sheet of crimson cloth, where it would hopefully draw Thor's attention.

A bath was next. He laid in the steaming water for quite some time, unmoving and silent save for the occasional stroke of a hand across unfamiliar skin. There was only so much more preparation to be done, so his mind wandered. *Touch and taste.*

Shivers slithered up her spine, then plunged back down to the secret place between the smooth, fine thighs. She'd been tempted to let him debase himself. As the hot water stroked her like the fingers of a lover, she found herself helpless to images of blonde hair spread over her legs and hips, strong shoulders coiled as a snake ready to strike. But he would not be setting into her flesh with teeth and fangs. The handsome face would be pressed against her, tongue so hot, wet--

She found herself naked, staring at the wide-eyed, dark-haired nymph in the mirror, who dripped cooling water onto marble floor. Her hair stuck to her high cheekbones and the long neck, breasts and shoulders flushed beneath slick black tendrils like fingers. Thor was right. He was beautiful. *She* was beautiful. Untouched. She never thought that those eyes of the sky would ever turn to her and find anything but love for a brother and friend. Yet, she felt his hands wandering across her skin and knew she was desired. Thor, who never asked for anything of his brother, had looked at him like this, just like *this*, and asked without saying the words.

Her hand smoothed across her breast, then down her side and hip. Thor was right: there *was* great power in this body. It held gifts that he might never be able to give otherwise. He could ease the rifts between them, offer the comfort a man's body could never imitate...

She spread her fingers, gasping softly at the pink that peeked from delicate folds. Loki could give him this.

Her hair was soft under her hands, smooth like glass and waving into soft ringlets at the last few inches. It stood out against the blood red of cloth, which she'd taken from beneath her brother's knife and slid upon her shoulders. Scarlet had always been a color more fitting of Thor Odinson, as it looked like murder against her fair skin, but for this evening, she draped it over her new form and knew that he would appreciate it. She laid on her side, stroking the most delicate of ornamentation she owned: bracelets in silver and gold around both wrists, necklaces that could choke if pulled up any higher, and gems on her long fingers, cascading in delicate droplets over her ankles. He'd never taken a woman before, but decided that if he had a lady waiting for him, he would prefer one who took the time to look her best.

Maybe.

Outside, the night descended on the radiant city of Asgard. Lights flared up in the approaching darkness like luminescent gems; for the aerial observer, the streets were radiant ribbons while the homes of the Aesir resembled clusters of stars.

Thor stopped on a corridor to behold the view; it always filled him with pride, the beauty of the

city, for it was proof of the realm's strength and magnificence. The thought that one day, he'll be ruler of it all made his chest swell.

But tonight, there was something else as well. His heart did not tremble with just satisfaction alone - there was expectation.

The golden prince have always adored his brother, even if he made a joke now and then at his expense; and as time passed and he was nearing adulthood, he noticed Loki's beauty as well. One aspect of their closeness he immensely enjoyed was that he could touch - caress the frail shoulders, hold the finely boned hands, and run his fingers through silken, dark hair. He has seen his brother naked of course, when they bathed together in cool streams in summertime, or sometimes when they snuggled up to sleep together. Even warrior friends did things like that, so why would it have been odd for brothers? Thor even had a few embarrassing dreams and thoughts about Loki, but those, he never spoke of. A man offering himself to another was no man; submitting to another's will was degrading, shameful of an act, unworthy of Asgard's princes.

But now- Loki was wearing the shape of a woman. There was no disgrace. Thor had some troubles concentrating on his tasks this afternoon, for his thoughts kept returning to his brother's room. He could feel the breasts pressing against him. His arms still tingled from the warmth the other's frame radiated. And Loki himself asked his brother to accompany him for a quest on the journey to adulthood. Were they going to-? Thor firmly shook his head. He was determined not to force his will on Loki. Whatever the Silver-Tongue wished for, only that will happen tonight.

He stopped for a moment in front of the door, taking a deep breath to calm himself. Then he knocked and announced himself. "Brother, it is I. I came as promised." He entered without waiting for an answer. A quick glance across the room revealed that his brother was elsewhere, so Thor approached the bedroom.

Have he had anything in hand, he would've dropped that. The golden prince stood rooted to the spot, eyes wide and mouth agape, staring at the bed and the crimson-covered beauty on it. "By the Nine Realms and the World Tree's roots and leaves..." he mumbled. "My brothe- Loki! You are..." He licked his parched lips. "Your beauty shames some goddesses in our court."

The Trickster watched with an expression that betrayed none of his uncertainty. Her smooth legs were crossed at the ankles, hip arched up beneath one hand, while the other splayed out on the fur-covered bed. The way in which he stared, so open and honest, made her body warm from the inside out--thankfully, most of the flush was unnoticed against the crimson cloak upon her fair skin. "Many of the ladies of our court are unworthy of the Golden Prince of Asgard. But..." she purred, slowly pushing herself to sit and easing her legs in front of her body. The cloth slid up and over the smooth thighs, baring her hips with the promise of more. "Perhaps Thor Odinson will find me worthy of his attentions for the evening?"

Her eyes met his, the blue so clouded in what he hoped was desire. His knees were shaking as he stood, holding up the flimsy cloth with one arm so that it covered most of her full breasts. He'd learned that the nipples were sensitive on a female, and responsive as well. Honest. Loki was never bothered by the cold, blissfully free of the embarrassing effects that chill gave to a man's pride, so when the nipples swelled now, he knew it was due to arousal. "I am grateful that you are a keeper of your word."

Her hands slid across his forearms, fingers spreading to grip the muscle, then sliding up to rest on his shoulders. There, she unfastened his cloak and stepped close. All she could do was try to maintain her confidence, though she was certain he'd notice her trembling knees or the thundering beat of her heart. "After my outbursts this afternoon, I was certain that you would avoid such a tempestuous sibling. Yet, your heart is open for me, always giving the warmth and light befitting the heir of Asgard." She held his strong jaw between her hands, lips tweaking gently. "I've some gifts for you, brother mine."

"I behold the greatest one right now..." Thor breathed as he curled his arms around his sibling's waist. "You are worthy of everybody's attention. If you were not of my blood and this were your true form, I would make you my wife in a heartbeat." He really felt as if this was his wedding night. Except maybe he won't be nervous at all with his true bride, once it really came to that. He tried to dispel the slight unease with a joke. "No matter how you try though, fair demoness, I will not ravage you like some barbaric giant." He smiled and quickly stole a kiss from those pale lips. "You mentioned gifts. Show me the rest."

"Such things you say." She shivered in his arms, the intensity of the situation leaving her light-headed and breathless. Her slim fingers dropped to his forearms, where she unlaced the leather and fur guards he wore. The unfortunate side of their upbringing meant that the princes were always fully-dressed when up and about, so there would be a great deal of time spent making Thor as comfortable as himself. "How your lovers would mourn if they knew what you thought of this body."

Loki kissed his brother's palm, then gently swirled her tongue over the fingertips, backing toward her bed with shaking steps. "I planned to present this to you on our hunting trip." After another kiss, to his knuckles this time, she broke away to hoist the knife up from its place on the bed. "You have many other, finer blades, I am sure, but I hoped a bit of enchantment would make this useful to you."

She unsheathed the blade from its scabbard, then drew the point over her shoulder, effectively slicing through the cloth and into her skin. The sharpness caused little pain. She then turned the knife to press the broad side over the wound, allowing the eitr-imbued creation to seal the skin closed with nary a mark.

"Does my brother approve?" Loki faced him, pink tongue sliding over the delicate drops of blood that stained the weapon.

"I'd approve more if you didn't try to harm yourself with the demonstration..." Thor chastised her lightly. "But it is a magnificent gift." He took the blade and weighed it in his hand, testing the grip. "It is a mastercrafted weapon indeed! Befitting even a king. And the enhancement will come handy one day, I'm sure!"

He beamed at Loki and rewarded her with another kiss. "Thank you, love. I shall keep this close to me to substitute your healing touch wherever you're not around."

"How else was I to demonstrate?" Her hands slid down his back and onto his sides, peeling his vest away, then setting to work over his belt. "I do not fear pain, not when it is for the benefit of the one that I treasure most."

She worried her lower lip between her teeth as she pushed her heavy belt to the floor. She knocked the knife out of his hand, too, just to be certain that his attention was directed to her alone. "I wish to give this form to you, to possess and know without fear or doubt."

A breath, and she let the borrowed cloak slide down her body and around her feet, leaving her pale, bare, and breathless for his scrutiny. Loki pressed to her then, fingers in her hair, breasts crushed to his chest, and though she hesitated at first, her left leg slid around his thigh, then up to his hip. "Touch me, my prince.." The sensation of leather and metal on naked skin was maddening; she could scent herself, wet and bittersweet, sliding brazenly over her brother's thigh like a mad she-wolf in heat.

Her mouth was invaded a heartbeat later, warm lips crushing against hers, a strong tongue assaulting, trying to slip past twin rows of pearly teeth. Thor's hands slipped under her buttocks to hoist her up, encouraging her to wrap her other leg around the golden prince's hips. Once she obeyed, she could clearly feel the bulge between his thighs; Thor jerked forward, moaning into the kiss like a lovestruck beast. He turned and leaned down to gently let her lie against the sheets. "You wicked wixen," he panted. "I did not foresee you gathering so much courage. Not that I mind- Let me shed my remaining clothes and I'll be with you in a heartbeat."

Her eyes were heavily-lidded, lips parted as she scooted back to wait for him. The sheer lunacy of it all should've calmed her--that the virginity of Loki, both the prince and the woman, was to be handed to her precious brother on furs and silk. While Thor moved to undress himself, the Trickster spread her long legs and dropped her eyes.

She still wasn't entirely delighted about prodding at this stranger's body, however, she found that her small fingers felt especially nice when they delved between her smooth folds to stroke the pink flesh inside. Her shoulders tensed. She was hot and embarrassingly wet.

"Why do you always force me to wait?" she asked with a hint of amusement, eyes meeting his as she slid two of her fluid-slick fingers into her mouth.

Thor glanced up and promptly covered his eyes. Loki could see the massive erection twitch in its nest of golden curls. "Cease this, or you shall be ravaged despite my best intentions..." He shook his head, took a deep breath and crawled closer on all fours like an advancing predator.

"You are beautiful, desirable... I can barely hold myself back. See what you do to me?" He gestured towards his crotch and grinned. "Was it not worth the wait?"

He needed a moment, as he beheld the Golden Prince in all his glory. His brother was beautiful, a perfect specimen of Asgardian superiority; he was strength and heat, sculpted like the legends themselves, all male and all so very -real-. He reached for his brother, fingers carrying the scent of her body's interest, and touched him with reverence. "You insist on treating me as one of your maiden lovers, forgetting that I am a warrior too."

Loki lunged for him, upon onto her knees with her arms around him and her body shamelessly crushed to his again, as if she would die of cold without him against her.

"You are like a golden lion, my brother," she hissed into his mouth, fingers clawing down his back then gripping palms full of his buttocks, "You will devour me and I should be frightened, yet all I feel is desire for you."

The blue eyes closed for a moment and Thor swallowed hard, but his arms lifted by themselves, to keep Loki where she was. "Seems you made up your mind..." His hands began to roam over the petite body, caressing, stroking, squeezing and soon his lips followed, devouring every inch of flawless skin.

"How would you like me to have you...?" He was getting breathless and needier than ever. His proud flesh was darkened with blood, straining against her flat stomach, smearing her with drops of pearly semen.

Her wicked mouth latched to his throat, just above the adam's apple. She sucked hard, marking him as hers (all mine, brother, all mine!) and taking her sweet, deliberate time in exploring him. "I want you inside of me," she spoke, taking slow, deep bites of his throat and shoulders that left the golden skin with flushed imprints of her teeth, "I want you to claim me, bury yourself inside and take your prize, make my body fit yours and know me as I know only myself." Her fingers slid inside, stroked deep to the knuckle, then they emerged in glossy splendor. She pushed them into her brother's mouth. "You'll be the only man to have me like this."

Loki glanced down at the weeping arousal, and though she'd vehemently opposed it before, she found herself drawn to it. The demon's tongue swirled around the tip and the demon's mouth gently circled the head.

Thankfully to his pure Aesir bloodline, Thor had quite a bit of stamina. A lesser man would have



not withstood such an assault. The heir of Asgard sat unmoving on his heels, fingers fisting into the sheet and he threw his head back with a rumbling moan breaking free from his throat.

He had no idea what made Loki's mind change, but he was thankful for it; for that silver tongue was eager and wicked against his engorged flesh. He glanced down and gently stroked his sibling's head. "You will be the death of me one day, I just know it..."

She stayed on hands and knees, black hair tumbling over her face as she worked up more and more saliva into her mouth. The result was a wet, lewd sound that deafened her as she worked the length with careful dexterity one would expect from such a cautious sorcerer.

Unfortunately, her brother was gifted with both impressive length and girth, so there was little that could comfortably fit the virginal mouth. She did grip him with one hand, though, pulling in what she could and stroking what she could not. No doubt that he'd had a far more skilled lover, but judging from the noises he made, she was certain his mind was only on the lover before him now.

"Have you had enough?" She spoke after the hefty head popped from the suction of her lips, breasts pushing against his thighs and groin as she licked a trail up his navel. "When you cry out, I could feel it all the way through your manhood."

She laved one of his dark nipples, her hands sliding under him to cup his great pride like they were treasures.

Thor shuddered, then his blue eyes flashed like the sky with thunder. He grabbed Loki's shoulders. "Ravaged you shall be, love...!" He shoved her back and climbed on top of her, seizing her leg by the underside of her knee. Licking his lips, he took hold on his penis and brushed the weeping tip against her folds.

She was so, so wet. "You shall be mine and mine alone...!" He positioned himself and with one forceful thrust of his hips, he entered the inviting heat. The sensation wrung a cry from him and he stopped for a moment, to enjoy the feeling of the tight body enveloping him completely.

She was grateful for the sudden assault. It gave her no time to think or reconsider what was happening. Her back hit the sheets, arms up near her head, and then, in one brisk movement, she was his.

She'd broken bones before, sprained ankles and wrists, and cracked ribs, which she'd bore without too much of a sound. This pain was nowhere as intense, but tears still sprang to her eyes; no, she had experienced far worse, yet nothing this intimate. Her channel trembled, then clenched down to fight off the intrusion. Her body was ever the traitor, though, and the slickness that drew her fingers and made her smell like such a whore now allowed him to continue pressing forward.

She hissed through her teeth. This was her gift to him, borne of her love and devotion, and she would be damned to Hel if this was to be cut short on his account. Loki dug her fingernails into his shoulders, hunched forward, and hid her face against his abused neck. "I-it feels like.. you're splitting me.. in half..!" The female moaned into her brother's ear and wriggled her hips to encourage him. "You're so big..!"

There was a chuckle from the golden prince; breathless but merry. He nuzzled his sibling affectionately and slowly withdrew from the slick heat. "I hope it doesn't hurt. I'm big and you're tight, like an untouched-" the thought caused him to stop abruptly and his brows furrowed with a frown.

He glanced down and gasped when he noticed the crimson smear on his own skin. Why didn't he think of that! Well, he did before, but all coherent thought dissolved in desire's heat. "Loki...!" he breathed, trying to look into those emerald eyes. "You should have reminded me-" It's not that he felt sorry. His chest filled up with radiant heat and glimmering golden light, because he received the greatest gift of all. Loki trusted him enough to give this. Triumph was sweet.

Loki groaned, frustration evident in the sound. "By the Nine Realms, it hurts more when you stop!" She squeezed her eyes shut, thrashing her head against the pillows. Oh, the beautiful fool! Always so protective of his brother, Thor was not gifted with the foresight to care for the end result. The large member stilled where her hymen had torn, making the sensitive walls throb and sting.

She rubbed her wet cheek against her forearm before leaning back to stubbornly watch his face.

"Do. Not. Stop." She hoisted her legs up higher, locked her ankles together, and pulled him in deep. Her hands cupped the lovely face, lips finding his, then punishing him after the kiss with a soft bite.

"I want you to take me, you fool. Put your manhood where your reputation is, and make me see Valhalla like the handmaidens claim you can."

The slow blooming smile on those finely drawn lips was like the sun peeking through the clouds after a long winter. "Let it be noted," Thor mentioned, "that it was never my intention to stop. I know my duties." He eased himself into a comfortable position and rolled his hips slowly. "I would have been more careful had I have the mind to remember. But as I do not intent to make you furious, love, I shall take you to the stars and beyond."

He began to make good of his promise, slowly drawing out and pushing back, sheathing himself fully in the blissful heat every time. His mouth did not rest in the meantime - his lips planted wet kisses on Loki's throat, collarbones, the full breasts and everywhere they could reach. "How does this feel, love? You see the golden gates?"

There was some irony to the situation. They were brothers, yes, yet Thor was shaped in such a way that his mind toyed with the thought that this action was not as strange as previously thought. Ever the scholarly boy, so interested in pursuits of the mind and knowledge over all, he appreciated the movements far beyond the simple sensation.

Quite frankly, there was an occasional dragging, prodding, that did more than just cause a brief gasp. "Mmmnot yet..."

She looped her arm around the back of his neck. "What is it.. like, brother mine..?" he groaned, a little breathlessly. There it was again--beyond the fullness and the heart-shattering depth, a sweet little pain built like gathering storm clouds.

"It's as if you are part of me.. I feel your pulse. You're dripping inside and it makes me w-wetter." The explanation, coupled with another jab of bliss, made his breath hitch. "I want it.. deeper... please!"

"You're tight, wet as you claim and you grip me more fiercely than a warrior's fist..." Thor groaned. "Hnnh, deeper you say... I'm afraid I can't do much for that like this, but..." he wiggled a bit, then eased his hands underneath Loki, one palm against the tiny waist, the other on the narrow back and with one graceful move, he lifted her up, so she was now sitting in his lap.

His manhood disappeared completely inside her and Thor buried his face between the breasts, moaning with delight. "H-how about this...?"

For the second time that day, eloquent Loki was without the proper words to express the pleasures filling this borrowed frame. And for the second time that day, she inhaled sharply, doubled forward, and swore. The filthy oaths came unbidden, as the Silver Tongue was made helpless by a thick rod pressing flush against a hidden treasure. "Th.. That..!!"

Her hand curled around his hair into a fist, jerked hard against his scalp, and held him close to her chest, while the other gripped his upper back in a frenzy of clawing motions. From this angle, every movement seemed to be intended for -her- pleasure alone; those intimidating inches stroked every little spot inside, while the bud Thor spoke of was suddenly subjected to a steady bout of attention when the prince moved. She pushed her hips forward to meet his thrusts, pretty face pursed into an expression that could easily be mistaken for agony. "Oh... Ah!! Ah! Yes, my prince!" At once, he thrust up while she sank down, and it tore a startled cry from her throat. "Strike me again, oh blessed Golden Prince, ravage me!"

"With the greatest pleasure...!" Thor claimed with much delight. He was not a selfish lover; he loved to see his mistresses writhe in joy, and Loki did that beautifully. The prince leaned back a bit, steadying himself with one arm; the other curled around the slim waist, pulling her down a little with every thrust. He could feel the peak drawing closer but he was damned if he didn't

make Loki come first! He wanted to marvel at the delicate face as it contorted in wild abandon.

Loki leaned back as well, one hand gripping Thor's chest, the other upon the golden prince's knee. Riding was the only way he could describe it, her entire body arching and bouncing as though she had her legs wrapped around the bare back of a wild steed. Her breasts swayed toward her chin, hair sticking to her face, skin slapping skin as slickness spread between her thighs. There was a mounting pleasure, a torrent that made her legs shake. She gripped him so tightly it was almost painful; the hefty member rammed against every inch of her virginal insides. "I.. am yours... Thor.. Odinson!" Her teeth gritted. Her fingers dug into his shoulder. "Wielder of Mjolnir.. Protector.. of... the Nine Realms..!"

"Set your sight on the golden gates, love..!" Thor grunted. Holding out proved to be increasingly difficult, but he was determined. He knew he was not going to be far behind once his sibling's pleasure reached its peak.

He growled loudly, through gritted teeth and thrust more vigorously upwards, plunging deep into that sweet inviting body. He wanted to hear Loki cry out his name...

He was able to ignore the strange urge building in her loins at first, simply attributing the need to too much wine and too much attention to her lower half. However, the sudden intensity that spread her open made her plead loudly for mercy. "S-stop... oh.. brother mine, ride me into Valhalla...!" Her words made no sense, as she begged for him to stop and keep going all at once. "I cannot...!! You mustn't, oh, Thor, please.. I beg of you---!!" Something snapped, like lightning across an ink black sky. His brother's name was hot on his lips, the cry of a terrified, lost prisoner suddenly released into the night. Heat surged from between her legs, shooting up her spine to white out her vision; her hips jerked hard, and she clenched down violently as release rang sweet. Her knees twitched upward, and for an insane moment, she was sure she felt hot sprinkling over her fair, white skin. "Thor, ohThor, Thormybrother, my beloved..." Loki's head tipped back, chest heaving as she pushed her hips forward to make sure she rode out every breathtaking moment.

Yes, finally! The Odinson's victory was complete now! Thor's growl was barely quieter than a scream and he grabbed Loki's hips with both hands, strong fingers bruising the fair skin. One more thrust, two, three... And he pulled the frail body down to bury his pride completely, his seed flooding the tender insides in a hot, powerful rush. The prince's teeth scraped against his sibling's chest, leaving quickly fading reddish marks. The orgasm made the world blur before his eyes for a few moments as he spurted wave after wave of his essence. Dimly, he was aware of something... wet, but couldn't pay any mind to it. His penis twitched, and the raging fire slowly quieted, leaving him breathless and trembling.

The sounds were like music to her ears. Her head was spinning in silent joy, eyes barely able to stay open as her ravaged body was used until it was deliciously sore, full, and deservedly filthy. She felt slick and wet, her muscles like water. The last few stabs of his penis were almost

overwhelming, but she knew that they would just seek to push his seed further inside of her. She'd be completely his. Loki belonged to his brother, whether it would be acceptable or not for those who shared blood to share kisses such as these. "Thor.. my Thor, my beloved... my precious treasure..." She pitched forward, gasping as her forehead bumped his chest. She must've bled more than she realized, as her thighs felt soaking wet.

Her chin was tipped up and plush lips brushed against hers in silence. Thor kept her close, supporting her with a steady hand on the small of her back and stroking her shoulders, brushing away beads of sweat. "I love you," Thor breathed. "I love you so much... Blood of my blood, raven prince..." As his furious breathing and thundering heart calmed down, he slowly became aware of the tickling sensation of drops of fluid trickling down his skin. What could it be...? He kissed Loki's cheeks and glanced down, only to frown slightly in confusion. There was some watery substance covering his entire lap; he could even glimpse the darkening of the sheet beneath them as it slowly soaked through. What just happened, really...?

Her arms were numb, yet she managed to slide them up and around his neck. Eyes drifting shut, she slumped against her brother's chest for. "And I you, Thor, my golden prince..." Shuddering, she leaned to kiss his chest, but was distracted by her rapidly-cooling skin, as well as the look of confusion on the prince's handsome face. "What is it, beloved?" Her voice was foggy with exhaustion and post-orgasmic bliss, but as soon as her gaze followed his, the icy edge of the Trickster's voice returned in full force. "N-no.. oh.." Blood pumped to her cheeks, and she tore away despite the protest of her lower half. Her thighs snapped shut. She then dug her fingers into the sheets, humiliation in her jerky movements. "This.. this can't...!"

Thor continued to sit there and look genuinely baffled for a few moments, then slowly, a grin appeared on his handsome features that grew until it nearly split his face. "Well!" He exclaimed with ill-hidden pride. "I shall take it as a compliment! Apparently the pleasure I dealt out was greater than you could take..." He finally took notice of his sibling's distress. "It's alright. Don't be ashamed, you were out of it."

She scowled, though the expression was easily lost when coupled with the scarlet flush across her face. Shoulders pinching inward, she hid her fine features with one hand. "You rotten scoundrel! Why did you not warn me that it is possible to... wet... myself during passion?!" The female limped across the room, shoving the soiled bedclothes onto the floor and pushing the lump with her foot. "That is absolutely revolting!" With her back to him, she allowed her throat to tighten for the third--fourth? Fifth?--time that day. It had felt fantastic.. his brother was indeed skilled, and provided more pleasure than he could with his own hand and spells.

Thor rose gracefully, not minding his state of undress and the drops of liquid adorning him still the slightest. He wrapped his arms around Loki, drawing her into a warm embrace. "I am sorry, my love. I was not aware of such a thing myself. Do not feel ashamed, I don't mind it much. It just shows that you lost control and that is quite an accomplishment for me as you are always so calm and collected." He buried his nose into the dark hair. "You gave me a beautiful gift

tonight and all the treasures of Asgard would not be enough to properly reward you for it."

She wanted to scream and throw elbows, strike him in the soft, vulnerable area just above his sternum, paralyze his breathing, punish him for humiliating his brother so, but... the gratitude was heartfelt. He felt a rush of warmth and pride that left him shaking. "Please.. do not tell, my brother." She turned, eyes raising shyly to him as they tried to blink back exhausted tears. Despite it all, the uncertainty, the anger, even the bit of pain, he'd never seen his brother look so very content before. Loki knew he'd done something memorable for him, enough to make up for the terrible mistake he'd made. "I.. am glad it was you to have me.."

"And I am proud to bear your gifts." Thor leaned in for a slow, passionate kiss. His heart sang, and there was not an ounce of guilt or disgust. All these events stemmed from love, honest, pure affection between him and his kin. How could it have been wrong? He felt a little sorry even that this wonderful, passionate night will not be repeated ever again. Loki was going to reclaim his true form and only the memories will remain of the pretty lass, who gave herself so freely, fully and selflessly. But it was alright. Thor knew that everything had to go on in order.

She pressed close to himself and allowed her body to absorb his warmth, despite all selfishness and greed in the action. She adored him. Sometimes her affection for Thor bordered on something dark, and was not adoration. It burned like hate and gnawed on her stomach. She reached to touch his face, just enjoying him for the moment. "My brother.. will you remain with me this night? I will change the bedclothes, of course.."

"Only if you allow me to bathe you," Thor grinned merrily. "We're filthy and sweaty. Some hot water would feel good."

"Please," he replied quickly. A smile crossed the fair features, and she leaned up to kiss the underside of his jaw. "We have not shared a bath since we were both young. I look forward to our time together."

"So shall be it!" The golden prince swept his sibling up into his arms without a warning. "To your bathchamber, to enjoy each other's presence further."

Next:

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