

The lure of pale blue lips

Thorki and also Malekith as tormentor

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Kapitel 3: Hangover

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Thor rolled onto his side as the sunlight that poured in through the window forced him to stir from his slumber. He felt the warmth of the woman beside him and lazily grinned. Eyes still shut, he let his hand roam through the woman's hair before touching her bony side. Funny, he remembered the woman being much softer... His large hand reached for one of the woman's breasts, only there was nothing there. The woman was now flat as a board. Thor bolted upright, wondering if he was dreaming.

Loki still slept as Thor awoke. The night had been not the usual one. His expectations had been a hard and brutal lover, but the prince was different. No cruel and nasty acts, but pure passion. The last night had drained Loki entirely, his magic failing after both had fallen asleep. Not only one part of him was female, the part in which Thor had poured his semen into.

The blond stared down at what looked to be a man, except for the place between his legs. Thor didn't know what to make of this situation. He stared down at the raven-haired man's, taking note of the strong jawline and thin lips. Thor could certainly remember groping a woman's ample breasts and having her pouty lips kissing his body.

Loki's face contorted as he didn't feel the warmth of his bed-mate anymore. His body changed into fetal position, making himself as small as possible to keep the warmth to him. He moaned slightly as the peaceful slumber passed.

"E-Excuse me," Thor managed. He reached out to touch his bed-mate's broad shoulder.

Loki opened his eyes, more confused by the formal and unheard words and not that his lover was still in the room. "Yes?" he asked with a smile, not realizing that his glamor had partly slipped.

Thor accidentally kept trying to steal glances in between the man's legs. "I..." he paused, looking the man in the eyes. The green orbs were the exact ones as the

woman from last night. Perhaps they were related... "Do you remember a woman being here?" He hoped that the man did, for Thor was willing to pay a great sum to sleep with her again.

Loki seemed to be confused for a second, then he understood. A blush crept upon his pale cheeks as nodded. "Yes, the woman... was me. I'm sorry. Usually the men leave after they got what they wanted." His used to magic to become a female again entirely, just like the one Thor had wanted, except for the scars.

Thor's eyes grew wide at the sight. He was sure he was wide awake, even though seeing the magic was like something out of a dream. His large hand reached out to gingerly stroke the woman's cheek. "How did you manage this?"

"You are from Asgard, right? That is a warrior race. You might not be used to magic, and shape-shifting. I can change my appearance into whatever I wish." That's why I cost so much, Loki added in silence as his expression became sad. He looked down, the perky breasts, the long and slender legs, and the perfect unblemished skin. This was not the entirely the body Thor had last night, but if he didn't remember...

"Shape-shifting? You mean I slept with a man who was woman?" Thor asked, baffled.

"Yes... I am sorry to disappoint you." Loki shied back.

"Did we... do it as man and man?" It was a blunt but very important question.

Loki shook his head. "No, my dear. I slept with you in my female form, just as you requested."

"Female form?" Thor repeated, shocked. "I was not informed of such a thing! I requested a female!"

"And you got it." He was just like all the others... But what did it matter? He would never come again and soon forget about the last night. Loki felt the tears stinging in his eyes. This was not the man he had encountered last night, the loving passionate man was now nothing more than a brute male who was not satisfied with what he paid for.

Thor could notice the tears brimming in Loki's eyes and he shook his head. "Forgive me! I never meant to offend!" he exclaimed. "I've never slept with a man before...But you were a woman," he muttered to himself.

"It's alright. It was not a typical night of mine. You were very polite and nice to me. Thank you for treating me like that." He sighed, still feeling the man's seed inside of him and the warm feeling of not not being hurt while the act.

"Is there any way I can make it up to you?" Thor wanted to know.

"Do you remember our night?" Loki asked bluntly, the usual mask on his face. "Was it satisfying?"

Thor opened his mouth to speak, but words failed him. He could remember a sense of intense pleasure, but the exact details failed him. The blond flashed Loki a foolish grin in reply.

"What?" Loki asked purely annoyed. Thor had praised him as goddess and now?

"It was too good for words!" Thor finally answered with a chuckle.

Loki couldn't stop himself from laughing at the man's childishness. "Yeah, you have been a very enduring lover. Is that all you remember?"

"I will be sure to have you again as soon as I can," Thor told him. "And I swear I will remember everything."

Loki blinked. How stupid was this man? Even after he found out that he actually had been in bed with a man... "Why would you want that now? It's alright. You treated me well." Wonderful. "And I am sure you can not pay another night." he must have been so drunk when he signed the contract.

"For you, I will give all that I have," Thor offered. "Tell me, has anyone else already paid you?"

Loki looked down onto the floor. The poor man, he must have been drugged and not only drunk last night. "I am a whore, my love, what do you think?"

"But there is so much more I would like to know about you..." She was the loveliest woman Thor had ever laid eyes upon. He wasn't ready to leave her just yet. "These scars-you can tell me about them!"

About him? A whore? A slave? Loki closed his eyes and sighed, preparing for the lies he needed to tell to keep his secret. "What scars?"

"How about this one?" Thor asked, reaching over to touch her middle.

Loki tried not to pull away, his training kicking in. He would be suspicious otherwise. "I don't know what you are talking about." he made sure the magic hid everything entirely, also for touch.

Thor looked again and saw that both scars were now gone. "Why do you hide them?" he wondered. "I will show you scars of my own, if you like," Thor offered.

What a child he was... As if he wanted to show his muscles. Scars were no trophies in Loki's world. "I rather not." The next question would be where he got them from and Loki did not wish to lie.

"I think you are beautiful," Thor admitted. "Even with your scars. You should wear them with pride."

"These were no prideful moments, my dear." Maybe he could distract Thor and show him that his existence was nothing more than a body to be used. "All of my scars were inflicted upon me by customers."

Thor narrowed his eyes. "Know that I will never harm you," he promised, slowly rising from the bed. "I will also be sure to return for your company again," he added, reaching for his pants on the ground.

Loki watched him, waiting. Then his lips opened again. "You are different."

"In a good way, I hope," Thor chuckled.

"Yes, yes." Loki nodded and got up too, suddenly feeling the need to be close to his customer, for the first time ever. "Do you... want to see how I really look like?" His mind was trained to please people. To be as perfect for them as possible, but here, with this blond, Loki knew that he could be just himself.

Thor eagerly turned to face the woman. "Yes," he breathed.

"You are not confused that I was born as a man?" Loki raised a brow, his eyes opened in fright as he used his magic to change back to his original body.

"Well," Thor laughed. "I wasn't expecting that... Still, you are quite beautiful."

Loki blushed once more. The way the Asgardian said it... Thor might be a passionate and very male lover, but his heart was that of a child. The woman looked down at himself, a sight he usually hid to please his customers. His body was not only slender, but undernourished. Although he had visible muscles, his body was stringy and the veins were blue under the white skin. Then Loki realized that he was also showing his maleness and compared it to his customers.

Thor took in the sight of the man's naked body, letting his eyes stop to glance at Loki's maleness. The blond stared down at himself for a brief second, then quickly fixed his gaze on Loki. He could see the man's ribs and Thor felt awful. For someone who was paid so much, couldn't he afford food? An idea popped into the blond's head, one he knew Loki wouldn't refuse. "I will tell your handler that I will like to have you again tonight. If I pay extra, do you think you will be allowed to join me for dinner?"

"Thor, I am booked again tonight. And you must leave soon..." Loki said carefully. He already had men who became addicted after a night, but they had already drifted into madness before and lost all their money for one act with him. With this blond it was different. But why? Were all Asgardians like him? It was a place Loki would love to be.

"Then I will pay double!" he declared. There was no way Thor was going to let this mysterious man get away from him. Something about him left him intrigued, and it wasn't just the amazing lovemaking.

Loki sighed and looked him in the eyes. A smile crept upon his lips as he leaned forward, whispering in Thor's ear. "You are so sweet... and silly..." A gentle kiss

followed these words.

"Is this goodbye?" he quietly asked, his voice filled with hurt.

"It is better that way, Thor, believe me. You deserve more than just a whore which you have to pay for the act. You need real love, not a man who has lost himself to madness a long time ago." Loki stepped backwards, putting on his glamor again, becoming the female everyone wanted to have.

"Do not speak so low of yourself," Thor warned the woman, staring straight into her eyes. "I will see you again," he vowed. "Wait for me."

Loki smiled and laughed quietly but mockingly. "We will see. Maybe after tomorrow I belong to my customer for a long time."

"And you will tell me more about yourself," Thor added. He had never met anyone with such abilities and he was curious to see what other secrets Loki held.

Loki didn't even dare to think about this sheer impossibility. "Farewell, Thor."