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Loki stared at the pages of his leather-bound copy of *Elven Magic* and sank further into the plush library armchair. Licking his finger, he turned the page and crossed his ankles. He was skipping out on his dagger lessons with the head trainer. He hadn't slept well in weeks and felt ill prepared for the physical demands of the sparring arena. Not that he would have gone to his lessons if he *had* slept well. He was likely to receive a sound scolding from his father for it, but he hadn't earned his nickname, *Mischief*, for nothing. He didn't *feel* like going, and that was reason enough for him.

Rubbing a hand down his face, he yawned. His insomnia was really becoming a problem. He was used to going days without it, but *weeks* was pushing it a bit too far. He couldn't help it though. It had been four weeks since he'd first laid eyes on *her*, and it had been four weeks since he'd slept more than an hour during the night. Hours and hours, he would lie there in his bed. He would just stare at the jade and onyx ceiling, his mind racing with thoughts of the youngest daughter of Freya.

"Sigyn." He whispered her name as he looked at the words on the page, not really seeing them.

"Yes?"

Slamming the book shut, Loki jumped out of the chair and spun on his heels. She was there. She was looking at him. The woman who had invaded even the farthest reaches of his mind was staring at him. Composing himself, he straightened his posture and flashed her his most charming smile.

"You said my name." Sigyn took a step toward him and tilted her head slightly.

"I did, yes." His gaze wandered from her face down the length of her and back up.

"May I sit with you? I do not wish to disturb you from your," she paused to read the title of the book in his hands, "*Elven Magic*, but I am terribly bored with your brother and his friends. More specifically, that other blond one."

Loki smirked and gestured for her to sit. "You mean Fandral."

"Fandral, yes. He is very attentive." Sighing, she crossed her legs, closed her eyes, and leaned her head back.

Loki stared. This was the first he'd spoken to her, and her voice was even more enticing than he'd imagined. Her gold dress clung to her frame and left little to his imagination. He was not usually enchanted by blond hair, but hers was positively stunning. The long waves splayed out against the back of her chair, and he found it

hard to not reach across and tangle his fingers in it. The silence was deafening as her long black lashes fluttered open, revealing silvery grey eyes.

"Since this is our first meeting, allow me to introduce myself. I am Sigyn of Vanaheim, daughter of Freya." She leaned forward, offering him her hand.

His eyes lingered on the red painted nails before gracefully sweeping them to his mouth and planting a kiss on her knuckles. "Loki of Asgard, son of Odin."

"Why did you say my name?" Hesitantly, she pulled her hand back from his mouth.

"You must have been in my thoughts." Absently running a hand through his hair, he smirked.

"I do not feature in your magic book. What on Asgard was *I* doing in *your* thoughts, your highness?"

"I think it best I keep that information to myself. Why did *you* come to see *me*? I am certainly not better company than Thor." Clearing his throat, he reopened his book and leafed through the pages.

"I highly doubt that. You are far more interesting to me." Licking her lips, she stared at his long fingers before returning her gaze to his face.

He pursed his lips and looked up at her. "I am not on most people's favored lists. And you did not answer my question."

"Interesting does not imply that you are on my favored list. I do not have a list of favorites. And since you refused to tell me why you were thinking of me, I shall refuse to answer why I came to see you." She willed herself to look away from him. His green eyes and raven black hair were stunningly unique in Asgard. *Stunningly gorgeous*, she thought. She feared that if she stared long enough, she would jump in his lap and kiss him.

Closing the book again, he leaned his elbows on his knees which he'd splayed wide and clasped his hands. "*Touché*. Is this little conversation done, then? May I return to my reading?"

Her laugh echoed through the lofty library as she leaned forward, mirroring his body language. "You were *not* reading, and you know it. You were no more reading than I was thinking of your brother."

Loki's smirk stretched into a grin, and he laughed quietly. "How long are we going to play this little game, Sigyn?"

She held her hands up in surrender and smiled. "Do you want to know why I came to Asgard?" Raising an eyebrow, she recrossed her legs. At his nodding, she continued. "You probably wouldn't have taken notice, but I have eight sisters, and each has visited Asgard separately in the last year." She paused, wondering if he would respond.

Rolling his eyes, he shook his head. "I had taken notice, but I had not taken any interest. Forgive me for saying so, but it seems the daughters of Freya are quite vapid." He recovered quickly at her glare. "That is, all but *one*."

"I won't easily forget that slight, your highness. But I digress. As you well know, Freya is a goddess of fertility and thusly takes on many lovers. A different one for every night of the week. No man had been able to deny her. She'd become slightly bored, I think. She came home from the market one day and had purchased two portraits. They were beautiful pictures. Two young men. One had long blond hair and a beard and blue eyes. The other had long black hair, pale skin, and green eyes." She stopped again, waiting for his reaction.

Loki chuckled. "They sound very attractive."

"Freya told us that they were the princes of Asgard. We'd all heard of you both and had been told of your appearances and reputations, but it was the first time we'd seen your faces. Freya wanted a challenge, and she decided to use her daughters to aid her. She started with my oldest sister, Hnossa. Hnossa came to Asgard with the express purpose of baiting the princes and bringing you and Thor back to Vanaheim. Freya had a mind to bed you."

Loki sneered. "I do not take lovers."

Sigyn hid a laugh and nodded. "I assumed as much."

"Is that so?" He couldn't take his eyes off her dark red lips as she spoke, wondering how they would feel against his.

Tilting her head to the side, she smiled. "You strike me as a man who does not take one to bed more than once."

"You think me heartless, then." His mouth twitched.

"I think those that are heartless are only made so by having their hearts broken beyond repair. We are not born cruel, your highness. We are *made* so. And no, I do not think you have a hollow chest."

Loki set his jaw and looked down at his hands. "You think I merely suffer from a broken heart, then?"

"I see nothing to suggest that you *suffer* from anything. Perhaps a bit envious of the affection that is shown to your brother, but no more than that. I'd wager that any breaking took place a long *long* time ago." Sigyn reached out and ran a finger across his knuckles, enjoying the sight of his jaw relaxing at her touch.

"You would make an excellent wager then. And stop calling me '*your highness*.' I prefer you use my given name." He upturned his hand, allowing her finger to trace his palm.

"Very well, *Loki*. Allow me to continue. Hnossa was unsuccessful. As was Idunn, Nanna, Syn, Sjöfn, Lofn, Var, and Snotra." She continued tracing circles on his palm.

Breathing heavier at her proximity, Loki's voice caught in his throat. "That's surprising. Thor is usually wooed quite easily by pretty faces."

Sigyn chuckled. "Oh, each of them was quite successful in bringing Thor back to Vanaheim. Actually, each of my sisters slept with him before bringing him to my mother."

Loki looked up at her and made a face. "I am the *least* likely of creatures to judge when it comes to sexuality, but even I find the thought of my brother sleeping with your sisters and then your mother somewhat," he searched for the word, "*distasteful*."

"Excellent word choice, *Loki*." Unaware, she leaned closer to him, no more than a few inches between their noses.

He shifted in his seat. His breeches were becoming uncomfortably tight. "Why did she continue to send each daughter, then? She got what she wanted."

Smirking, Sigyn moved closer still. "She never got *you*."

Understanding, he nodded and pulled back. He flashed his charming smile again and sighed. "Is that why you are here, then? Freya's last-ditch effort to fuck the second son of Asgard?"

She sat back in her seat, leaning on the arm of the chair. "*I shall send my darkest daughter to fetch the darkest son.*" Sigyn smiled at the laugh that rumbled in Loki's chest.

"Well, if there was a daughter who stood a chance, it would be *you*." He stood and stepped behind her chair. Leaning low, he whispered in her ear. "You are quite ...well...to put it bluntly...ravishing."

She shivered at his cool breath against the sensitive skin of her neck. "I have no intention to steal you away to Vanaheim. I could hardly share you with my *mother*." She gagged at the thought.

"*Steal* me away?" He gave her a look, then walked to the hearth and leaned against the mantle. "Good thing you have no such intentions because I could not be *stolen*...not even by you. *Especially* not for Freya's sake. And forgive my elitist need to correct your logic, or lack thereof, but...you cannot share that which you do not own."

Eyeing him carefully, she stood slowly. "You are confusing my *supposed lack of logic* with a near-certain, though not guaranteed, outcome. I suspect that it won't be long before I *do* own you, Loki. I have plenty of time to do so because I am not returning to Vanaheim."

His gaze hovered over her mouth, and he stepped forward. "Never?"

"I cannot stop thinking of you. And...well...to put it bluntly," she echoed his earlier words, "I want you. And I want you *far* more than just one night." She closed the distance between them and reached her hand around the back of his neck.

He played with the long locks of hair that had fallen from her bun and now hung loose against her chest. "If anyone is to be *owned*, it will be *you*, woman."

"You cannot own me if you only take me to your bed *once*," she said, her breath hitching as the back of his hand touched her exposed skin just above the low neckline.

"Who said it would only be *once*?" He smirked and bent his face toward hers.

"I thought you said you didn't take lovers?" She tugged on his neck and pulled his mouth so that it hovered just over hers.

Gripping her waist, he leaned down to her face, the tip of his tongue darting out to graze her bottom lip. She opened her mouth, sinking deeper into the kiss as he tangled his fingers into the back of her hair. He slid his other hand down her spine to grip her backside firmly.

"*Oh gods.*" She exhaled against his mouth, smoothing her palm from his neck down to the front of his trousers.

Groaning deep in his chest, he spun them and shoved her against the wall. She gripped his cock tightly through the fabric, then smiled against his mouth as he pulled her skirt up. He wet his lips and licked his thumb before running his hand up the inside of her leg, brushing it across the *extremely* sensitive spot between her thighs. He returned his mouth to hers, and in no time at all, they were fumbling impatiently with the laces of his trousers.

"*Fuck me...*" he moaned, rather appropriately, and shut his eyes as she pulled him free and wrapped one leg around his waist.

Lowering his stance, he rolled his hips up into her, keeping his pace intentionally slow but intense. She fought to speed him up by grinding against him, but he held her firmly in place against the wall. She moved her lips from his mouth to his jaw and down his neck as he pushed a bit harder...a bit faster. Heat spread throughout her body, her toes curling as he drove impossibly deeper.

At the sound of books falling to the floor, Loki turned his head to see one of the librarians staring wide-eyed, mouth agape at their love scene. Sigyn gasped, not only from realizing they had an audience, but that he had not stopped thrusting into her.

"Get out!" He growled and returned his focus to Sigyn as the librarian scurried off with his face in his hands. He laughed into her mouth. *"Perfect timing. Poor bastard."* He'd quite forgotten that they were in a public place and honestly didn't care. All he cared about was burying himself inside of the woman he'd pinned against the wall.

She cried out as he brought her to her end. He finished soon thereafter, the rapid pulses around him having sent him over the edge. Her body sagged with weakness, and she leaned into his tall frame as he redid the laces of his trousers.

Breathing heavily, she steadied herself and brushed her hair from her face. "Are you done with me now?"

He snaked an arm around her waist. "Not even close."

She whispered as he led her from the library to his chambers. "I thought you didn't take lovers, Loki."

Smirking, he opened the doors and kicked them shut behind him. "There's a first for everything, Sigyn."