

Like the eternal ice

A Loki Jotun AU

Von Sarah_von_Krolock

Kapitel 4: Chapter IV

The nightgown of her is so thin that he can almost looking through it. He can see the outlines of her body, the hint of her white skin. It's floating and hugging her body at the same time. His eyes are wandering higher to her décolleté and he takes a deep breath. It looks so smooth, milky, soft flesh... a graceful neck... Her hair completely open, how long it is, how soft it looks. His eyes fall lower again to her breasts. He breathes heavily, clenching his fists and relaxing his hands again. He wants to touch those, wants to touch her. Feeling the smooth skin beneath his fingers, her warmth, feeling the weight of her breast in his hands and how soft they are.

She shifts a bit; a strap from her nightgown slips from her shoulder and catches his attention.

Is she doing it on purpose? Is she really trying to seduce him? "Lady Sigyn..."

"You got my drift, otherwise you wouldn't be here now," she smirks cheeky.

"Lady Sigyn... why..."

"Why not?" She places a leg over his lap, pulling the hem of her nightgown higher.

He stares at her pale skin that shimmers in the warm light of the oil basins. "Why not..." He starts low, staring at her leg. "Because... you are so beautiful... too beautiful to be touched by a creature like me... because... I might hurt you..." His hand lingers above her leg, hesitates to touch her. Seconds go by until slowly and with great care he lies down his hand onto her leg, at first only touching her with his fingertips. "Please tell me... when I hurt you."

"I trust you that you won't."

He looks at her shortly before turning his gaze again towards her leg. His fingertips gliding over her skin, soft as a breeze. Again he looks over to her but he can read no sign of pain in her face. He sighs in relieve that his trick seem to work even for a longer time. His hand wanders up her leg to her thigh. Such a smooth skin... He never felt a fur as smooth as her skin and the warmth of it, the heat of her thigh... Freshly fallen snow, the fur of a cub, he can't think of anything he could compare with her skin that would be right. And the heat... better than any fire. A shiver runs through him with the heat that feels so good.

She suppresses a shudder as he caresses her with so much care. And that's only her leg. How tender he would be with her other body parts? She is moved as she sees the fascination in his eyes. With how much fascination and adoration he looks at her... He looks at her like no other man ever looked at her before. As if she's truly the most beauty and fascinating thing, a rare treasure. "You look as if you never seen a woman

before.”

“Of course I did.” Shortly he seems to be offended. “I am not the kind of type these women here around think of as manly... but I am still the heir... that’s reason enough for some to be blind in that matter... There was never something like love and care...” He still strokes over her leg, lingers longer at her inner thigh. “The Jotun women are also not this soft and lovingly... But I am sure not what the Aesir would call manly. That’s why I don’t understand why you...”

“I can’t work with the Aesir type anyway. I’ve already told you that I am not into blonds.” She smirks over to him and pulls her nightgown higher, pulls it over her head and carelessly it falls to the ground. She has to admit to be a little proud of by how he looks at her complete naked body.

His breath is caught for a moment as his eyes are wandering up and down on her. “But why... Lady Sigyn?... Are you in need of a little adventure? Taking advantage of being away from home?”

“I like you. It’s simple as that. I think of you as likeable. You are different than the others. You are not only existing out of muscles. You are smart; you can work with words... And I like being in your presence,” she smiles. “And I think of your magic skills as pretty exiting.”

“And your reputation? When you marry...”

She laughs lowly. “In Asgard only rarely the women are still virgins with their marriages. We all know about our good looks and we use to take what we want. Why should we live in chastity when it’s alright and honourable for men to boast around with their women stories?”

“You are right. That’s unfair. So... you...”

“Don’t worry,” she chuckles and comes closer to him. “With sixteen it was the stable boy but soon he bored me and I started to prefer real riding again. The second one rather touched me like a shepherd who catches his sheep to shear it than a man who wants to make love to a woman. And I don’t like it to be grabbed by drunkards. Can you say the same?”

“We don’t have stable boys.”

She laughs lowly while he smiles and puts a hand on her cheek, pulling her face closer to his. His thumb brushes over her lower lip, getting lost in the look of her eyes.