



Thor's Hammer

By Missy Lyons

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Nashville, TN

Dedications:

This story is dedicated to all those people who have been so supportive in my early career. My friends, my family, and my fans.

My husband and my daughter both deserve thanks. If they were not understanding, I would never have had the opportunity and they did sacrifice time with me so that I could spend many hours writing. The writers I have met through Romance Divas and RWA and the tremendous amount of knowledge they shared with me and the guidance they provided. Also to my critique partners, Lianne, Kelly, Rachel, and the newest addition Chris, who all gave me personalized attention and helped when things got the roughest. Through the writer's roadblocks and the hard times when the words did not flow or when life just got in the way.

Chapter One

Men and Gods alike had grown lax with the passage of time. Centuries had passed and in the age of modern man, people paid more attention to their computers and their cell phones than the fairy tales they were told as children. Or at least men thought they were only fairy tales.

The sad fact was the stories were all true. The Gods had not died, just because people stopped believing. The power of Gods was still envied by a few but no longer worshipped by the masses. Even the few that still believed, no longer lived in fear of the Gods.

Thor was arrogant and cocky enough to ignore that night's warning, a crimson moon. Thor was up to his usual tricks, and carried on as he would normally. The God spent his life living up to his reputation as the playboy of the Viking Gods. Time had not changed his lusty bad boy behavior. Who was he to turn down pleasures of the flesh? Especially when women threw themselves at him. What woman wouldn't throw themselves at the red-haired giant? Too powerful to be mistaken as a man, he was a giant among men towering over them, thick and powerful muscles contoured his lean hard body. His mere presence was formidable, intimidating most men, and melting most women at the knees. Thor had an air about him that was commanding. Men listened when he spoke and women flocked to his irresistible charm.

Tonight he had his lover wrapped in his arms, an arm thrown possessively over her breast and her blonde hair tickling his chest. Normally he had several lovers but tonight he had chosen to take only one. Thor first saw her speaking to Loki, but the moment he saw her, she approached him. She begged him so sweetly at the feast earlier that night that he could not resist her soft

curves or her mouth that dripped kisses and licked and sucked every part of him. The wench was insatiable for a mortal and the delicate woman had not disappointed him. As he mistakenly thought she slept soundly, he slipped into a deep slumber that left him undisturbed as his new lover crept away in the night.

He awoke to a cold bed and very disappointed to find that she had already left. The memories of last night had left him in a very aroused and painful state. He was ready for more and the wench was nowhere to be found.

“What in Valhalla?” He looked over to his nightstand to find his golden hammer missing, and a thunderous rage filled his body, clouding his senses. Such raw power in the wrong hands could ruin the world as we knew it. He smashed his fist into the wall, stone crumbled under his knuckles, leaving a dusty residue on the floor. His voice thundered out, shaking the walls to their very foundations. “That bitch! She stole my hammer!”

There was no getting out of it. Thor didn’t even know who she was, but there was a chance that Loki may know. He had spoken to her that night. Loki the God of Mischief, Thor should have expected the girl was up to no good from the first. What else would she be doing in his company? He would have to ask his friend Loki if he knew who she was, because he sure as hell didn’t know.

It’s not like he spent the night talking with the wench.

He spent the night fucking her and that had not required much talking.

“Loki, think about it. Don’t you remember her? She was that lanky blonde in the red dress.” Thor ran his hands through his hair in frustration.

“I am trying to remember.” Loki was holding his head between his hands to stop the pounding in it. Thor’s yelling was not helping the throbbing pain to dissipate, if anything his booming voice was feeding the fire. Loki was still abed when Thor had thundered into his chambers. Emily, Loki’s companion for the night had pulled the sheets hastily up to cover her breasts, although her nude state beneath the covers was obvious. One glance at her, revealed her immediate state of shock and obvious fear of the Thunder God. Perhaps if the God didn’t come in here yelling and threatening to tear the place down with his bare hands, she wouldn’t be so fearful. Loki decided to be as tactful as possible. “Can you please not yell? My head feels like it is going to split in two.”

“Well if you would spend less time drinking, you wouldn’t feel like this the next day. Try and think, she was new here, and she seemed to hold your interest for a while anyways, that is, until she saw me.” Thor gloated, remembering the way the beauty was drawn to him like a moth to the flame.

“There were a lot of women here last night and I spent a lot of the night drinking. Wait—let me think for a moment. I think I remember a hazy recollection of a blonde girl, hair down to her waist?”

“That sounds like her—you need to remember and fast. She stole my hammer and you know exactly what kind of destruction that can bring. In the wrong hands, it could change the world as we know it. She was talking with you before I even met her. I don’t even know her name, Loki.”

At that Loki burst out laughing. “She stole your hammer? That little dainty thing?” Loki’s laughter bellowed out long and hard as a hyena. “She didn’t tie you up to do it did she?”

“No!” Thor was not feeling really patient to endure his friend’s jesting this morning. Thor’s face had suddenly turned red with his suppressed rage. He clenched his fists angrily at his sides. “Just tell me. What do you know of the girl Loki?”

“That girl was the daughter of Nephrite, the Prince of the Arab Nations. Her name was Demesne. I thought she had run away from her father and the harem, but perhaps she was here for another reason altogether.” Thor began to calm at Loki’s words. Perhaps there was still a chance of retrieving his all powerful hammer.

“And of course you love anyone who is up to no good.”

“Of course, don’t you?”

“Not when they are up to no good with me.”

“Do you think she stole the hammer for herself or for her father?”

“Does it matter?”

“Her father could be worse. He has a reputation for being a cutthroat and an unforgiving mercenary.”

Loki just laughed at that, his eyes dancing merrily at his friend’s dilemma. Thor turned to leave and began walking out the door. “Wait Thor! Where are you going?”

“To get my hammer back.”

“You can’t just walk into the Palace! That place is too well guarded and without your hammer, you could be killed off almost as easily as any other man.”

“It would be harder to kill me than just any man. I have been in enough battles and wars over the centuries that it would be a lot harder.” Thor puffed up his chest with indignation. The thought that some mortal man could kill him was ludicrous. It was entirely possible without his

hammer that it could happen, but it was still too farfetched for him to give the thought much credit.

“He has giants as guards and a militia that has been trained as assassins. Rushing in will only get you killed and the hammer will be lost for centuries.”

“Just what are you suggesting I do Loki? I can’t sit around here and wait. I am getting my hammer back.”

“And I want you to get your hammer back, but wouldn’t it be better if you walked through the gates without any battle at all? How would you like to walk right up to Nephrite and never battle a single guard?”

Thor arched one eyebrow dubiously at his friend. It sounded too perfect. Where was the catch? His friend looked much too smug for his liking, and he wasn’t known as the God of Mischief for no reason. Every plan of his required some amount of trouble. “Sounds too good to be true. So what do you have planned?”

“You will go in disguise.”

Good.

For a moment Thor was worried that Loki’s plan may have been faulty, Loki’s smile was too wide to make him believe that it would be easy. A disguise sounded simple enough and like it may actually work.

Chapter Two

“No way am I doing that!” Thor threw down the silk dress in disgust.

Loki picked it back up and held it in his outstretched hands. “You know it will work. So why fight it? My plan is perfect.”

“Perfectly stupid! I can’t wear that! So tell me again why I can’t just kill all his guards and his men?”

“You could, but why give her the opportunity to hide the hammer? Or for either of them to get away? This puts you in the center of the harem and with no one the wiser. You will be able to speak to either her or her father without anyone being defensive or attacking.”

“I can’t do anything as unmanly as that!”

“You are more of a man, to do it. Any other man would fear putting on a woman’s dress. It’s your best bet my Lord.”

Thor rolled his eyes in disgust. “Fine. I will go shave and you can tell me how you think anyone will believe that I could be a woman.” Thor turned on his heels and strode to the washroom. He hated every part of this plan. He had not cut back his beard in centuries. Yet he had to admit that Loki had a point. This could actually work. If they were expecting anyone at all it was a man and not a woman. He could slip in undetected and without a fight.

“In the far east, all the women wear veils, and they will never suspect you are anything but what you say you are. No man would dare question you or pull the veils from your face, especially as the newest bride of the Prince.”

“What?!” Thor thundered out. His straight edged knife was thick with shaving lather and

when he turned back to Loki, his eyes were murderous. Loki couldn't help to keep the smile from his face. Seeing Thor worked up was too much fun. "Oh no you don't! You are not going to get away with this my friend. If you are going to talk me into this idiotic plan of yours, then you will be there right by my side."

Loki looked surprised.

"Oh yes. You will definitely be there too."

"Why would you need me?"

"Every bride needs a bride's maid, my mischievous friend, and you will make a perfect maid."

Loki burst out in laughter, and clapped his friend on the back. "Accompany you into Nephrite's Harem? Full of over two hundred beautiful women, trained in the erotic arts? That would be my pleasure, Thor!"

"As long as we are on the same page."

"Definitely on the same page. I think I should wear the blue silks though. You are definitely the one who would look better in the pink silks. It goes with your blue eyes much better. The blue silks drown out your eyes." Loki's face was dancing with merriment, knowing he was only seconds away from Thor's temper taking over once again. Despite his argument, Loki wouldn't miss being in the middle of this adventure for anything.

"Get out of here you bugger, and get yourself dressed." Thor shoved his friend from the room and closed the door. He had a lot to think about and if this plan of Loki's was to be successful, neither of them could afford to be making mistakes.

Chapter Three

It was a miracle the plan had worked. Thor was still stunned it was working as Nephrite's men were escorting them to the women's quarters. Loki tittered nervously impersonating a woman while holding the thin lacy veil close to his face, and looked down in a feminine manner. The guards had done just as Loki requested, escort them to the Harem. Their own guards had been dismissed and sent home.

One of the guards was quick to stop the first beautiful girl in the locked compound. Evidently the guard didn't want to stay any longer than necessary. "Desire, can you please help these women to make themselves ready for their new master? He wishes to dine with them tonight."

"Can't you get one of the other girls to do it?"

"No Desire, I am not even supposed to be here. I don't want to end up castrated. Please just take them and if you want to find someone else to help care for their needs, then by all means find someone!"

Desire let out a frustrated sigh and pushed her black silky hair away from her almond shaped eyes and face. In the woman's quarters she was free to not wear the veils or the dresses that hid every seductive part of her. It was here that she was free to dress and act as she pleased. Here and also in the presence of the Prince. However in his presence she was likely to be wearing even less. The scoundrel encouraged it. And as the Prince's favorite she indulged each and every one of his fantasies.

She looked at the new women, not hiding the contempt she felt from her face. New

women were always looked at speculatively. Any women that weren't family were competition. Although these two seemed to not be the Prince's type, they were fairly large and not petite. One never knew if some exotic new flower would catch his eye. Not that it worried her too much. Desire knew that Prince Nephrite would always come back to her. No other woman could compare with her, but it's not like his attention did not wander from time to time and sometimes that wandering eye did not make her happy.

"Please Desire?" The soldier asked meekly.

"Alright." Desire waved the guards away. They obeyed the silent command without question. As soon as they left she redirected her gaze to the newcomers. "I suppose you two should take a bath first. The Prince always demands that his ladies are clean and smell fresh," she wrinkled her nose for effect, "and right now you are neither even if you can call yourself ladies. Come along." She turned her back and began to make her way to the baths. The pools of water were kept warm for the women and were public. No woman bathed alone.

Thor took one look around the room full of naked women, all lounging or in various points of the act of bathing, and he was momentarily paralyzed in place. Disrobing was certain to mean their exposure in more ways than one. His mouth was open, not that anyone could see for all the veils he wore. These women, who had such modest dignity, had no such modesty amongst themselves. They were at ease with their bodies and even if they hid every piece of their skin in public, they showed no such fears here.

"You can disrobe here and one of the servants will assist you with whatever oils and fragrances you like. I am sure you will find everything you need here."

"Uh—I—ugh," Thor stuttered out, his eyes were wide taking in all the feminine delights

in the pool. Ordinarily he would be the first to jump in and take part in the erotic pleasures to be found here, but he was on a quest to find his hammer and could not afford to be so easily distracted.

Loki thankfully interrupted his tongue tied friend. He used such a high pitched voice that Thor didn't recognize it as Loki's voice. If he wasn't standing right next to him, he would have sworn it was a woman. "Actually, we had a friend here we were hoping to meet. Do you know where we could find Demesne?"

"Demesne, the Prince's daughter? What do want with her?"

"Nothing really, but she would be the only familiar face here and we thought it would be good to meet with her before we meet her father."

"She may be a familiar face but I seriously doubt she will be a friendly face. Are you sure you were friends before? Where did you meet her?"

"All in good time my friend; just help us to know where we can find her."

"Most days she spends in the stables with her stallions. The woman could learn something from the women here if she would just let us teach her a thing or two. Instead she insists on behaving more like a man than a woman and the Prince indulges her every whim. Someday her husband will have to teach her how to be a woman."

"I am sure that you would have a lot to teach her Desire." Loki let his eyes rake Desire's delicious curves from head to toe before asking how he could find the stables.

The stables were filled with the exotic and expensive horseflesh. Contented whinnies echoed in the air, the barn was filled with the warm familiar smells of horses and hay. A stroll

through the barn revealed many thoroughbreds. Some of them bred for speed, others endurance and bred to withstand the desert heat. All of them were well trained and responsive.

Anyone would have expected to find Demesne directing the men, or riding her prized horses, dressed as any lady would be and riding side saddle. Instead she was dressed in white and wearing pants like a man. A turban wrapped high on her head, hiding her hair. She was combing a stallion, who was patiently enduring her loving attention.

“Demesne?” Thor questioned, at first, but when she turned he was confident that he had found his runaway lover. It was her who had spent the night in his arms so wantonly, although she was also much different now. She was stronger, and that strength showed in her eyes. She carried herself with a confidence that just intensified her feminine beauty. Thor could respect that warrior’s spirit. Hell, under any other circumstances he may even have been grudgingly attracted to it, but today this was the woman who stole his hammer. Demesne deserved all of his rage and then some.

“Yes?” she questioned looking up slightly confused. She wasn’t expecting anyone to interrupt her time with her horses today and wasn’t happy at seeing the women outside of their compound. Demesne had more freedom than the other women and she resented the others, especially when they acted like they deserved the same privileges she did. She wrinkled her nose in disdain. “What do you want?”

Thor smiled wickedly before removing his veil. “Remember me? I have come for my hammer, Lover.”

Demesne’s face immediately paled and the expressions on her face changed from shock to anger, and then to fear. As she tried to run, Thor grabbed her by the arm and she turned

violent, flailing and hitting him, clawing at his face and chest in vain. He pinned her quickly and she was forced to submit to him. Still she gazed at him angrily.

“Where is my hammer Demesne?”

“Go to hell!”

“That can be arranged. Would you like to come with me?”

“No! Just go away.” She struggled against him again before he pinned her against the barn door with his body. “Somebody help me!”

Several guards came running to her aid and were dispatched quickly. Thor had to release her to deal with the stable boys in hand to hand combat. They were not trained in warfare and were dispatched quickly. One man was flung against the wall, each was dispensed with more force than was necessary but as a God, he had a lot of anger to burn, and when Demesne tried to escape him while he was so occupied he was quick to grab her again. She screamed at the top of her lungs, even though she had not been hit by him, she was sure that he would not hesitate to use force if he found it necessary. She had just witnessed him killing three men without a second thought.

Thor suddenly slapped her when she began to scream. It would not do to let her call more men to their doom. “Perhaps you need persuasion?” He shook her, before she burst into tears and began to cry. “Tell me where my hammer is Demesne! Does your father have it?”

“Yes! He has it. He told me if I got it from you than I would not have to marry Ahmed. I am not meant for this life Thor. I just could live behind the walls of a harem all my life. Please don’t kill me.” Tears were streaming down her face in vain and she was scared that the Thunder God meant to kill her. Why not? She deserved it for what she had done. God! She didn’t want to

die. Demesne turned her face away from the God and closed her eyes.

“Look at me!” He yelled at her, when she faced him and opened her eyes, he continued.

“You are going to show us where the hammer is. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Thor. Perfectly clear.”

Chapter Four

Thor and Loki had pulled the veils up for the last time to cover their faces. The disguises had served them well in their short time here and fooled everyone. Demesne led them into the Prince's personal chambers and to a vault there. She stopped and pointed to the safe. "This is where I saw him put it for safe keeping."

Thor used his fist to punch through the thick metal breaking the lock. He opened the door to find it empty. "Well it's not there anymore. Where is it now?"

"I don't know."

"He must have it on him, Thor. If I had such a powerful weapon, I wouldn't want to take it off even to sleep." Loki reasoned.

"Well then, where is your father at this time of day Demesne?"

"In the Great Hall, it is likely that the evening's entertainment has started and dinner will be ready soon."

Many women were there in all shapes and sizes, some so petite, they looked almost to be children and with others there was no mistaking them for anything but full grown women with their overflowing bosoms. They came in all colors, some with skin so whit and fair, others with skin that was golden, one had skin the color of chocolate, so dark she must have been African. It seemed the Prince was a connoisseur of the flesh.

The women were all garbed in sheer silks and thin material that did little more than cover their flesh, because it didn't hide any of the treasure to be found there. They danced in time with

the music, and swayed to the beat.

Prince Nephrite was on the Dais sitting atop many pillows, surrounded by two of his favorite concubines. Desire was there naked to the waist, her dark hair barely covering her breasts. Another redheaded woman seemed to be giving the Prince a back massage.

It wasn't that Thor didn't enjoy seeing the women, or the food or the feast spread before him. It was just that he only had eyes for his hammer once he saw it at the Prince's side.

Thor was happy to see this adventure over. He ripped off his veil and made a beeline for the Prince. The Prince stood up and in self defense pulled out Thor's hammer and raised it against the God. Armed Guards rushed for the God and Loki intervened, aiding the chaos that began. Suddenly the dogs went crazy, tripping up the soldiers and the great platters of food spilled on the floor.

Thor smashed through the groups of guards and went straight for the Prince. Prince Nephrite used the hammer to strike at the God and a pin shot through Thor that only served to fuel his anger. Thor ripped the hammer from Nephrite's hands and when he used it, the power ripped out into the air. The thunder boomed, shaking the walls to the foundations. It instantly killed the mortal Prince, and his body was left bleeding on the floor.

The wails that filled the air was deafening as the people realized what had just happened. The few guards that were left in the room were afraid to approach the God.

Thor knew there was not much he could say to put people's fears at ease, but he chose to speak anyways. "I am Thor God of Thunder and I have come for my hammer that this man stole from me." For effect he used his hammer in the air once more and the heavens sang for him. Lightning crashed and the thunder sounded overhead as the storm began over the palace. A

gentle rain began. “I will leave now so that you may continue your feast.”

The women of the harem were all distraught, speaking among themselves in throaty whispers until Desire stepped up and addressed Thor, “What will happen to us now Thor? Where will we go? What will we do? Who will care for us?”

“Well no one can say that I am an unkind God. You may come live with me in Valhalla. It’s not like I could not use my own private harem.” Thor smiled wickedly, knowing such a future would be filled with many erotic adventures to come.

And so they all lived happily ever after.

About the Author Missy Lyons

Missy Lyons was one of four girls born in Santa Maria, California. She grew up along the beach and back in the country, catching lizards and climbing trees. No one knew she would grow up to have such a romantic heart from the tomboy she was as a child. She is currently trying to be a city girl living with her family in Nashville Tennessee, working in both the Health care industry and in Real Estate.

She has a weakness for chocolate, caffeine, cheesecake, fuzzy kittens and children.

Missy loves to write romance. Her heroines are intelligent and strong. She is a multi-genre author ranging from contemporary romance to fantasy. Her favorite genre to write is paranormal romances. From dragons to real life, her work is inspired by fairy tales and daydreams.

You can see more of her work at www.missylyons.com.