

Solstice

A Story from the Odin Chronicles

by Joe Nobel

There is a woman in Asgard. The most beautiful of mortals, yet barren, barren and beautiful like the cold coast of Greenland. That woman is me. I peel grapes for the god Odin. Peeling grapes is the penance I must pay for I have wronged him dearly. I have also wronged an innocent along the way. Odin may one day see it in his heart to forgive my transgression, but the transgression against that young and innocent being will take centuries of penance.

So I peel grapes. And I feed them to Odin as he reclines. Or sometimes I arrange the delicately prepared grapes on a silver platter for his enjoyment. It takes me hours to prepare one such platter, he gobbles them up in a matter of seconds never acknowledging my efforts. Or sometimes he leaves them, leaves them to dry and shrivel, again, never an acknowledgment. I would cry as I empty

the barren efforts of my labor into the garbage. But I know, someday, he will forgive me. Fore surely he must. Until then I serve.

Odin doesn't use me much anymore, and I am speaking sexually. He leaves me so frustrated, him not using me. The others won't take me either, they know I have disappointed Odin so I have become an outcast. Still, after all these years, no, centuries I would have thought he would have it in his heart to forgive me ...

I had it all, I had Odin - all to myself. True, he may have been off on some other plane at the same time he was with me, but to me and my mortal senses he was all mine. What other woman can make that claim. And I was happy with him, maybe I didn't know it at the time, but I was happy.

He walked among the mortals back then, and he chose me, me, imagine that, to accompany him. He went by the name of Woodrow O'Din, and I was Mrs. Aida O'Din. It was just like being married, being his wife, the only thing missing was the Catholic church wedding. We ran the Prancing Pixie Inn, right in the center of Stromness, that's a town in the Orkney Islands, and the Orkneys are a group of islands off the coast of Scotland. (And that was on Earth, in case you don't know.)

He walked the earth as a middle aged man, a quintessential inn keeper. And I, his all too fatally beautiful wife. You see, he kept me perpetually young, never older than twenty-nine. It was just the two of us, envy of everyone in town. And I had had everything I could ever desire, everything except one thing. A baby. And that desire would be my downfall.

Dale Olsen jumped off the bus behind Professor Crump.

"Back on the bus, dear," Crump said. He calls everyone dear. All the girls.

"But Professor, I gotta' pee."

"Very well." He looked back on the bus, considered the ramifications of a stampede to the hotel restaurant's toilets. "Hurry back."

"Hello!" Crump called stepping inside, "hello, anybody here?" The lobby was empty. There was a cup of tea and an open newspaper on the counter. But no clerk. He rang the bell. A simple silver bell you press down and it goes "ding". No one. "We're looking for rooms. By chance, would you have any free rooms." Still no answer. "We're stuck, you see. We were trying to get back to the mainland but our ferry reservation was mysteriously canceled. And it seems all the other hotels are full, even the place we were staying won't allow us back ..." He was talking to the walls.

Professor Crump looked at the double doors leading from the lobby to the dining hall. "Hello?" He walked into an empty dining hall. White linens covered row upon row of tables, vases, empty water pitchers, overturned cups, and napkins rolled with cutlery waited the onslaught of morning guests. But it was mid afternoon and the hall was empty. Empty except for Dale Olsen, clutching the triangle between her legs through her school uniform dress. She ran out of the dining hall as Crump took his tentative steps in.

"Really Dale -" he said. She was gone, off on her quest to seek out the toilet, gone before he could say anything more. He was going to ask if she saw the hotel manager ... anyone.

Dale ran out into the middle of the lobby. She considered running out and peeing behind the building. But as she turned to survey the room one last time she saw the man standing behind the counter, he was casually reading his newspaper and taking the occasional sip of his afternoon tea.

"Ohh, excuse me sir. I gotta pee - awful bad." The man slowly put down his paper and turned his head to the girl. "You see, we've been going around on that stupid bus all day. We were supposed to be on the ferry back to Scotland by now, the whole school group and the bus 'n all, but Professor Crump said that they canceled our reservation on the ferry and we've been driving around all day trying to find a place to put us all up. We can't go back to the hostel 'cause the next group is already there, and we can't find room in any hotel because they're all booked up. That stupid solstice thing, I guess. And I gotta pee, I didn't go at the gas station because the other girls were picking on me and I was afraid that they'd bully me in the toilet, so I held it back, but I can't hold it any longer. Pleeeease."

"Well, we can't have any accidents now, can we?" The man finally spoke. He had a calm presence about him, calm like a great leader, like a retired Prime Minister. Even his eyes smiled at her. One, the right one, was covered with a patch. She felt that his covered eye could see everything about her, see her inner most secrets. "Come with me, my little one." He led Dale back into the staff area, in through his own living room and into his families bathroom. "There's a clean towel on the bottom shelf if you want to wash your hands."

"Ahhhhhhh," Dale sighed like never before as the pressure relieved off her bladder. She expected to see the kindly man in the living room waiting for her, waiting to escort her back to the bus. Instead she saw a young woman, a woman with golden blonde hair frazzled and ever so long.

"Who are you!" Dale gasped.

"No, who are you? How did you get into my home?" The woman had an accent, a French accent.

"Err, I'm from the bus. I had to pee. The man let me in."

"Well, I'm letting you out." And the woman did just that, led her back out the way she came in, back out to the lobby. That's where they ran into Crump and O'Din. The two were talking. Perhaps there are rooms here for them. Dale stood behind Professor Crump, trying to be invisible, and listening to every word they said.

"... yes I'm not surprised you couldn't find room anywhere, every room is booked with solstice coming. And I'm not surprised you can't get off the island, haven't you heard what happened? Here, look at the headlines." O'Din closed his newspaper and turned the front page in Crump's direction. METEOR STRIKES FERRY'S ENGINE, ONE IN A BILLION ODDS! The article went on to say ... couldn't have come at a worse time, the line's second ferry is in dock awaiting parts from London ... no ferry service for the next three days ...

"Oh no, this is terrible, where shall I put the girls? We were supposed to be heading back ..."

"Professor, relax. I have rooms for you. The same ferry accident that is keeping you here is keeping my next set of guests away. You and your girls shall have full run of my hotel until you can get off the islands."

"God bless you sir," Crump cried. It appeared for a moment that he would fall to his knees in thanks.

Soon Woodrow and Aida found themselves sitting behind the desk in the lobby, watching the little girls move into their rooms. Giggling little sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen year old raging

hormone machines kept tenuously in order by the bus driver and Professor Crump. The last girl in line, following a few paces behind the rest of the group, was Dale Olsen. No giggling.

"That one there, she saw me. Saw me while I was being invisible."

"She's strong."

"And she saw into the eye of knowledge. Knew right away I was looking at her."

"Look at the way she stays back. They pick on her. She has to be strong or they would tear her apart."

"Maybe they pick on her because of her horn rimmed glasses ..."

A group of girls, fifteen or so, gathered in the hotel's game room. It was about an hour after settling in. Billiard table, dart board, ping pong, and an assortment of board games like chess and backgammon. Dale was there first. She found this a quiet spot to read, to get away from the low grade taunting of her room mates. Then the rest of the gaggle discovered her hideaway. And the onslaught happened and her quiet sanctuary became the 'in' spot. Dale stayed, determined to stand her ground. After all, she was there first.

Penny Fontroy beat Kathy Weiss in a game of pool. Nobody beats Penny Fontroy, not if they know what's good for them. Not even one of the other 'in' kids. Lise Gentile ran into the game room, a most inopportune moment for Penny as she was just about to gloat. Lise looked around and ran up to Penny and Kathy. She whispered something to them. It was the you'll never guess what I found kind of whisper. The three, they were the deadly triad, looked around the room, for a moment, Penny's eyes settled on Dale. Dale pretended to ignore them although she felt the gaze like a laser.

"Back to my room. Everyone. You to Dalo," Penny snapped. They all called Dale Olsen, Dalo. "Lise has found something awesome."

Dale hesitated, she was suspicious of them, but on the other hand they were including her ... finally including her. Dale followed.

She arrived last at the room, it was her room, a room shared with Penny, Kathy, and Lise. The gods must have conspired against me, she moaned when she read the bunking assignments. Now Penny, Kathy, and Lise invited the whole gaggle back with them, and Dale had to squeeze through the door just to get in. Perhaps with so many others here the triad's attention would be diluted away from her.

Wrong. "Hey Dildo, look what I found." It was Lise. Sometimes instead of Dalo, they called her Dildo when they were especially derogatory. Lise held up a pair of handcuffs. Plus, there was an assortment of leather floggers spread out on the bed. And there was one more thing, a long pink acrylic instrument, as long as Dale's fisted arm and just about as thick - in the shape of a man's penis. "And look at this, a dildo for Dildo!"

So that's what that word meant! Dale felt her face turn red.

"Look she's embarrassed," Penny taunted. "Do you have one of these at home?"

"Where did you get those things!" Dale asked, trying to take the offensive, it didn't really work. Lise picked up a flogger, caressing it. Proud of her find.

"I was searching through that freaky old man's things." "He's not freaky, he's nice." "I found them in his bedroom. He's got more stuff but I couldn't carry it all." "Your not supposed to be in his bedroom -" "I bet he uses it on his wife. She must be an ugly hag and couldn't get a man unless she lets him use this stuff on her." "He's got a beautiful young wife, she's half his age." "Yea, right!"

That last comment came from behind. It was Kathy Weiss. She grabbed Dale by the arms. She was strong, Dale couldn't struggle free. Penny Fontroy hopped off the bed, cuffs in hand, and before Dale knew what was happening she felt the cold steel circle around her wrists. She heard two clicks as each of the cuffs snapped shut.

"Turn on the radio. Loud!" Penny barked. One of the background girls obeyed.

Kathy held onto Dale, elbow pressed up against Dale's back, under Dale's two arms. This move pushed Dale's chest out, her budding little breasts thrust forward.

Dale felt her fledgeling nipples press against the crisp white school blouse. Then to her horror she found Penny in front of her, starting to unbutton that very same blouse. Dale didn't wear bra's - yet. And it was too warm for an undershirt. Dale didn't think that Penny would dare, but to her surprise she looked on as her chest was exposed one button at a time.

Then they got her undressed, Penny, Kathy, and Lise. They had to undo the cuffs, fortunately they had the key, to get the school uniform dress and her blouse off. Then the cuffs went back on and her panties came off.

"My brother says that weird women like pain," Penny declared as she picked up a leather flogger, "and Dale, you're the weirdest I've ever seen." Penny whipped the flogger at Dale. The thongs crossed ineffectually over her breasts.

The physical pain was almost nonexistent but the emotional pain was more than she could bear.

"Throw her on the bed. Hold her down." Dale's head began to spin long before she was twisted around and pushed down onto the bed.

O'Din sat in the back office, pen in hand, balancing the books for the month. Aida came in and sat down beside him.

"She needs us," he said.

"Who?"

"The little one ... the one who had to pee."

"And you're going to help her?"

"We're going to help her."

"Your help is often a mixed blessing."

"She's being raped - by her classmates."

"You could intervene quickly if you wanted to. But knowing you, you're going to do something subtle involving the cosmic scheme of things. You don't have to do anything mysterious, you could wander in as the innkeeper and put a stop to it."

"Yes I could do that, but that would only delay things. Of course I could smote her attackers with a strategically placed meteor or lightning bolt. But that wouldn't help the poor little girl either. Sure she'd get a surprise respite from the taunting ... until the next bully comes into her life. Remember, there are fifteen other girls standing around watching."

"So what will you do?"

"Me, nothing right now. You're going in."

"Me."

"As a teenager."

"What!"

"I'll make you a young girl again, a pretty little sixteen year old teeny bopper."

"You've been keeping me at a perpetual twenty-nine since the seventies."

"Not bad for someone born in '37. If I'd have let you age, you'd be sixty-five by now, and you wouldn't be turning heads throughout the town. Now, come here and let me do some magic on your bones."

"No ... it's going to hurt," Aida said but she tentatively stood up and inched her way over to him. "Odin, you'll bring my body back to twenty-nine when we're done with this girl, promise?"

"I promise."

"And will you finally give me a baby."

"We'll talk about it, again."

"We've talked about it for decades. Master, please. Imagine the beautiful little half-god I can give to you! Please, I've waited so long."

"Aida, you do not have the temperament to be a mother! Come here, there is a little girl who needs our help while we stand here and rehash this old argument."

"Yes, master."

O'Din stood up and stood next to Aida. He held the side of her head between his fingers. Then working his magic, he reshaped her body, her bone structure, her face, her skin, her muscles, changing everything, changing her back to how she looked when she herself was a skinny little school girl.

Aida screamed in pain as her body contorted out of its current shape. She would have collapsed to the floor had his grip on her head not be as firm. The torture seemed to last forever for Aida, or at least for the fifty years that had transpired since her actual age of sixteen. But in reality her body was reshaped in a matter of a few seconds. She fell into her master's arms, shivering and crying.

"You have half a minute to pull yourself together. Then as the innkeeper's daughter you shall stumble upon them in the act. So before I give you a child, you'll get to see one more time what it's like to be one."

"What do I have to do?"

"First of all, stop them before they rape her. One of them stole a dildo from my toy chest. We can't have Dale get deflowered in such a brutal fashion by a plastic instrument, can we? Then we'll scare the shit out of these bullies and teach Dale a little confidence at the same time."

"How?"

"An idea will come to you if you think fast."

Penny Fontroy, not to be upstaged by Lise Gentile and her find of sex toys, had a prop of her own. It wasn't enough for Penny to upstage Lise by whipping Dale Olsen with the floggers while Lise and Kathy held their victim down. After inflicting what she thought was sufficient pain upon Dale's thighs and budding breasts she rummaged through her own backpack for an added little surprise. She pulled out a gun. A little hand gun, it wasn't hers, she had lifted from her big brother's night table.

"Ohhhh!" All the girls took a step back.

After holding it up for all to see, Penny climbed up and sat on Dale's chest straddling her. She took the gun and pushed the barrel into Dale's mouth.

"Suck on it," Penny said with a smile. "No, not like that, give it a blowjob. You do know what a blowjob is, don't you?"

"Mmm hmmm," Dale quivered. She knew what a blowjob was. She watched a few movies on the VCR with her brother and his friends when mom and dad were out.

"Good, because while you suck off the gun, Kathy is going to treat you with the dildo. Deep and hard, aren't you Kathy."

"You bet," Kathy said. "Now open your legs like a good girl, don't make us force you to open them."

Dale found herself forced to perform fellatio on the guns barrel while she felt her pussy lips forced apart by the fist sized head of the dildo. Lise ended up holding her legs apart and pinned down, ending any hope of struggle Dale might have had.

"What's all the noise," the door burst open, "I can hear all of you from the other end of the hotel - hey, what's going on here!" A young girl with long frazzled blonde hair stood in the door. French accent. "What are you doing with those things, are they my dad's?"

Penny, Kathy, and Lise jumped off the bed. Dale was left lying there, naked, exposed, cuffed. Dale thought she'd get into trouble. Somehow it would all turn out to be her fault.

"That gun!" "What gun?" "The gun behind your back, I saw it." "What about it!" "Give!" "No!" "Give!"

Aida was toe to toe with Penny Fontroy. "Hand it over unless you're prepared to use it right now."

"Here," she let Aida take it, "but it's my brother's and he's gonna' to want it back."

"He can come up and get it any time he wants." Aida plopped it into her handbag, zipping it shut quickly.

"So, what do you want?" Penny asked.

"I want in," Aida said, "in on your game." She helped Dale sit up. "Get these cuffs off her."

"You don't like cuffs? That's saying something, you coming from a weird family 'n all. These things are your dad's, hu? Your weird dad's."

"Don't you go calling my dad weird. You don't know anything about him."

"Okay, okay!" Penny said. "Don't get touchy." She waved at Lise, who then ran up to unlock the handcuffs."

Aida rubbed Dale's shoulders as Dale flexed her arms. Then Aida kissed Dale, it was almost second nature to Aida. "Woooooowooo!" The girls giggle, Aida realizes her mistake.

"You want her," Kathy said, "you can have her." Laughs.

"Don't read much into it." Aida stood. "I was thinking of what we could do for fun. A way to include Dale."

"How do you know her name?" Penny.

"It's on the register. You're all on the register." Aida looked around, made eye contact with as many of them as she could. "Solstice is coming up tomorrow night. Why not have a sacrifice to the gods."

"A what!" "Cool." "How are we going to do that?" "When?" "Where?"

"I know of a circle of stone where we're sure to summon a god. We'll do it on the eve of the solstice, tomorrow night. And we need someone in the middle, to play the part of the sacrifice."

"Oh shit, you're serious!" "You're not chicken are you!" "No ... what's going to happen?"

"We'll tie her to a sacrificial altar stone, all naked of course. There will be a bonfire. We'll dance around the fire. We'll be naked too, unless you're shy."

"No one here is shy!" Penny said, challenged. "No one, except possibly Dalo."

"I'm not shy either, but I don't want to be-"

"And you'll have to be nice to her until the sacrifice," Aida added. "Starting from now."

"What do you mean, be nice to her?" Penny asked.

"Exactly that. For starters, don't use that on her." Aida pointed to the dildo. "She's got to be a virgin for the sacrifice. But above that, you've got to serve her."

"What!"

"Yea, serve her. Dale, is there anything you want?"

"My clothes for starters. And an apology ... from everyone, especially those three."

"I think I did something right, but I don't know exactly what. Were you watching?" Aida said back in her private quarters.

"No, I was watching Bugs Bunny," Woodrow O'Din replied.

"Ohhhh! You're so infuriating. I told them we'd sacrifice Dale to the gods. I was thinking to take her to some out of the way Neolithic stone circle. We'll tie Dale down, the other girls will dance around a bonfire. I think Dale could get a thrill of being captured and ravaged, I think she trusts me enough to know I won't let the others harm her. The other girls will think they're hot shits as they dance naked around a bonfire. That's where you come in. You fly down from the heavens, you scare that same hot shit out of those brats and free Dale. I betcha' some of them will literally poop in their pants. That will put them in their places for a while."

"Very good, Aida, I am impressed with your thinking. Perhaps you're maturing after all these years."

"So ... can we talk about a baby?"

"Not yet. Let's finish this task, then we'll discuss it."

"Yes, master."

"But as for the location of the sacrifice. I was thinking that a far away ring of stones won't do to summon a god of old. Let's think big, what about using the Ring of Brodgar It's much closer, and it's got 36 standing Saracens."

"Great, but it's going to be crawling with pagan wannabees on the night of the solstice."

"Oh, I can think of a million possible accidents that could happen that would block the roads. Petrol spill from a fully loaded lorry coming out of Stromness ... for example. Now, if you excuse me for a few minutes, I believe there's one more Bugs Bunny cartoon playing this afternoon."

Woodrow O'Din turned the TV back on just as the opening credits to What's Opera, Doc? faded.

...enter Elmer J. Fudd: Kill the wabbit, kill the wabbit! (Sung to Wagner's The Ride of the Valkyries)

Bugs Bunny: Kill the wabbit?

O'Din sat by the screen, transfixed. And that wasn't lost on Aida. She knew he had weaknesses. Omnipotent, omniscient, but with blind spots. Like when she pleaded with him and finally got him to go fabric shopping with her, he fast became catatonic and agreed to everything she asked for, at the time it was a vacation to America and a renovation of their personal quarters.

Now she would try for something more modest as he sat hypnotized in front of the Sony. "Aida, they're making fun of the gods ..." "It's okay, times are different." "... but ..." Who would have guessed, fallible gods ...

"Would you like to get sucked off by and then fuck a sixteen year old while you watch TV?"

"You know the morals of these people don't allow for that ... which girl did you have in mind?"

"Me, silly. Remember, I'm sixteen now."

"Yea, sure anything." Eyes glued to the TV he hardly noticed Aida unzip his fly.

He needed a shower, but Aida didn't care. Right now he was the most delicious thing ever to go into her mouth. On her knees, in front of him, she moaned and gasped as she rode his head up and down, licking the tip with her tongue.

Bugs: How would you do it, may I ask?

Elmer: With my spear and magic helmet?

Bugs: Magic helmet! (oh brother)

Odin's breathing rose.

Aida made her move. Forgoing her lips, she slid up his body, rubbing his cock along her body, all the way from her neck, between her breasts, her naval, belly, and on. She slid onto his lap. From there she slid his stiff member into her body. She slid all the way down on him, took him all in, in one motion. She received no foreplay, yet it was easy. Hot and wet, just from the illicit act of befooling her master, it was oh so easy. A baby, this time for sure.

She slid up and down his pole, ever mindful of not blocking his view of the television.

Then came the moment where Bugs was struck down. Elmer clearly didn't see the ramifications of his actions until then.

She rode him, furiously bucking up and down with all the energy in her sixteen year old body, not that she was slow at perpetual twenty-nine, nor did she let her former body get flabby. But the raw power of youth should be irresistible ... even for her master. No wonder it was illegal.

Elmer carried the fallen body of Bugs up the stairs, up to the circle of stones, up on the highest peak. So high up it was only possible in cartoons.

Aida knew she was tight. Now in a much younger body she knew she was tighter than ever. She was sure no man could last more than three minutes in her. But her master was no ordinary man, his stamina was incredible, he could keep going for days.

"Cum for me," she whispered. "Give it to me." She knew he would snap back to his senses the moment the cartoon was over. But, the cartoon continued for a few more seconds. Elmer laid Bugs on a funeral stone. He fell to his knees with tears in his eyes.

Woodrow was about to cum. Aida contracted her vaginal muscles, she knew she was tighter than ever. And her own hurried orgasm fell upon her.

Bugs: What did you expect in an opera, a happy ending?

The cartoon ended.

Woodrow grabbed Aida by the hips and pulled her down upon himself with a ferocity that startled her. He held his breath, turned his head to the ceiling, and clenched his teeth. She felt her insides swell with incredibly hot goo. She knew he shot his load inside of her.

"Did you enjoy your cartoon?" She kissed him on the ear then slowly slid off him. She fell to her knees and put his now receding member back into her mouth. She licked him clean sucking out every last drop of semen.

She tasted it. Salty and tart. Good. He would sometimes change it to different flavors, whipped cream, mint, strawberry, bubblegum. She knew she wouldn't get pregnant on flavored cum. But this was the real thing.

"I have to go prepare dinner," she said. "There's a bus load of hungry teenagers to feed. Oh, and you have to convince their professor to not leave until at least the day after tomorrow."

"I'll help you with dinner," he said as he pulled his now small member away and zipped up his pants. "I'll talk to the old lecher after they've eaten."

They got up to go out to the restaurant's kitchen. "Speaking of eaten, what happened back there?"

"Did you enjoy it? I just wanted to make you happy. I love you, you know."

"Tell me professor, how do you like our islands?" O'Din corralled Crump after dinner.

"They're beautiful."

"Wouldn't you like to retire up here."

"Err, I never thought about it..."

"But, had you thought about it, you surely would want to." O'Din stared with his piercing eye. Crump was sure he was staring with his patched-over missing eye as well.

"Yes, well, I suppose so."

"I know what you need. A business for when you retire. Say, a hotel, like this one."

"A hotel ... like this one ..."

"Yes, but how would you finance it, on a headmaster's salary? Hmmm, let me think. I suppose one could do a combination of bank and owner financing and pay them both off out of the hotel's operations. If the numbers work out, that would make sense."

"That ... makes ... sense."

"But you'd need to see the books, wouldn't you."

"I'd ... need ... to ... see ... the ... books."

"Certainly, come this way."

O'Din helped Crump to his feet and led him past the lobby, in through the "Employees Only" sign, into his little back office.

"Here, have a seat, you might as well get comfortable, you'll be here for a long time."

"A ... long ... time."

"Yes, a long, long time. Now, here are the books for 1989. You can work forward from there. The books from '90 through '96 are there on the bottom shelf. From fiscal '97 onward my wife convinced me to computerize. But I'm sure I won't have to fire up the Mac until well after tomorrow."

"Well ... after ... tomorrow."

"Good luck, old boy. I'll check on you once in a while to see if you need supporting documentation, you know, receipts, invoices, tax records, whatever. Oh, and either my wife, Aida, or daughter, Aida Jr. will stop by with a midnight snack."

"Midnight ..."

O'Din left the thoroughly dazed Crump staring glass eyed at the stack of the ledgers.

"Did you take care of him?" Aida asked in a whisper when he got back to the lobby.

"He has a weak mind. It was easy. He'll be stuck there, going over the books for days on end. He'll dig himself in deeper and deeper as he audits the records for the last thirteen years. After a while he won't ever remember the point of the exercise as he pokes deeper and deeper trying to determine the accuracy of each and every figure he comes upon."

"You can be diabolical."

"At least the girl he's screwing will have a few days to herself."

"He's screwing one of he girls?"

"Penny Fontroy."

"The mean one?"

"Just because Penny is a bitch doesn't make what he is doing right."

The next day the girls became mares on the loose. Their professor was nowhere to be found. He was still in the Prancing Pixie's back office going through the books. He was relatively satisfied with 1989, though he wanted to come back and look at the loss carry forward after he examined 1990 in detail. Aida, in the guise of Aida Jr. came in with caffeine and sugar on a regular basis in the form of tea with toast and jam.

Then evening rolled around. (Time was deceptive because of the summer solstice sun.) Aida had to nudge them along, and once she pointed out the time, the triad made it their duty to load up what they needed onto the bus for their excursion. Firewood, lighter fluid, a case of Coke, five bags of potato chips, five bags of Cheese Doodles, two bags of corn chips, five shrink wrapped packages of hot dogs, five packages of individually wrapped sandwich cheese, two half empty bottles of vodka, a bag of bite size Milky Way bars, another case of Coke, a boombox with some CD's, rope, a scarf (as a blindfolds), handcuffs (from Mr. O'Din's collections, with Aida's blessing), one nasty rubber flogger and one gentle suede flogger (selected by Aida), and the pink dildo. And everyone was supposed to bring warm clothes and a sleeping bag to wrap around themselves. Lise Gentile brought her digital camera. Aida brought a pocketful of memory cards.

"And who's going to drive?" Aida asked.

"I'm drivin'," Penny stated.

"You can drive a bus?"

"No, but I've driven my brother's van a few times."

"She doesn't even have a driver's license." Lise.

"Shut up!" Penny.

"Why don't I drive," Aida said. "I've been driving on my mom's driver's license for a while now. If we get stopped no one would tell the picture is not of me."

"Alright," Penny gave in, "but you better not crack up the bus, or you're gonna get the dildo instead of Dalo."

"Don't worry, just do your part in the circle."

"What is my part?" Penny asked, but before she could get an answer she saw Lise and Kathy drag Dale Olsen out from the hotel. They used the back entrance. Dale was kicking all the way but she was no match for her two captors who had her firmly by each arm.

"What's the problem?" Penny asked as Dale was pushed onto the first step of the bus.

"She doesn't want to come," Kathy said.

"You all said you were going to be nice to me. And I choose not to be sacrificed, so there!" Dale stood up.

"Sorry Dildo, it doesn't work that way," Penny said. "Now get onboard so we can get going."

The bus rolled out of the Prancing Pixie parking lot filled with very quiet little school girls. Their bravado seemed to evaporate as Aida closed the door, started the engine, and put the behemoth into gear. She rolled the bus out like she had a life time of experience behind her, confidence, poise, etc. Everything got very real for the girls all of a sudden, all too real.

Ring of Brodgar, later that night.

Aida had the bonfire roaring around 11:00, that's when they roasted their hot dogs on improvised skewers. No one thought to bring buns. They washed their dogs down with colas. Music blasted through the boombox. Aida then got the girls naked, she had to be the first one. She taught them an improvised dance step they could do around the bonfire. She made up a chant for them.

Fire, brimstone, hale, and ice

We gather at Solstice for sac-ri-fice

Good girls, bad girls, oh so nice

Spank 'em, whip 'em, flog 'em thrice

Kill the wabbit ... kill the wabbit ...

Odin, Thor, and gods of old

All your deed and stories oh so bold

Command us now, we do as told

Take this girl for you we hold

Kill the wabbit ... kill the wabbit ...

Frigga, Freya, and Iduna

Watch us as we dance 'neath Luna'

Goddess protect us all the sooner

If Gods crash down as in rumor

Kill the wabbit ... kill the wabbit ...

They lined up to jump the bonfire, again at Aida's suggestion. As they jumped the flames Aida snapped a picture of each of them ... each of them recorded, many times, in many different poses and situations. Each and every exposure capturing the naked moment for future consideration.

Only Dale was left out of the pictures so far. She was left out, left seated, handcuffed to a plastic lawn chair, by Penny's insistence. The chair, in turn, was tied to the bus's spare tire. The tire that took four girls to finally drag out. But keeping the spirit of the bargain, the girls, especially Penny, Lise, and Kathy, saw to Dales comforts. "Would you like a second hot dog?" "A third?" "Another Coke?" "How about a blanket around your shoulders?"

Aida came to her once in a while too. "Don't worry, I won't let it get out of hand. And you'll get something to take back home."

"What, my virginity lost to a dildo?"

"No silly, these pictures. They're for you. Imagine what you could do with these pic's if any of these bitches gets fresh with you again." With that news from Aida, Dales spirits picked up.

"Alright, it's 11:45." Penny came over. Lise and Kathy stood behind her. "Aida, tie her to the altar." The sky was deceptive, so far north, on the longest day of the year, the sun had barely immersed itself below the horizon.

"Come on, it's show time," Aida said as she unlocked the handcuffs.

"I'm not going!"

Aida bent down to whisper in Dale's ear. "Look, I saved you from their attack in the hotel, I've got incriminating pictures of all of them for you, but I can't stop them from doing this. If I try to stop them now they'll jump on me, hold me down, and take you anyhow. With them it'll be real. With me in charge, it'll be mostly theatrics."

"Promise?"

"Promise. With me, you won't lose your virginity to a dildo." Aida led Dale from her tire bound chair to the center of the circle and its sacrificial altar stone.

"Hop up," Aida told her, patting the stone. Dale did. The girls stood around, awed, open jawed. Penny and Kathy tied her wrists and ankles with the rope. Having nowhere to tie off the other ends, they just wrapped a length of rope around the base of the altar and tied the loose ends to that.

The clock ticked on.

"It's ten minutes to midnight!" Lise called out as her two cohorts put the finishing touches on the rope bindings.

"Aren't you going to whip her now?" Penny asked.

"Anxious, aren't you," Aida snapped. "Very well, if that's what you want to see." She pulled out a colorful little flogger from the paper shopping bag she had at her side. The thongs of the flogger were no more than a foot long, cut of green and blue strips of suede that danced as Aida jiggled it upside down to straighten the lashes. The handle was less than six inches long, but it too was laced up in the same green and blue suede ending in a turk's head knot. Gold embroidering at the head and base completed the art work.

"Oooooooh!" The girls cried, several took a step back.

Aida swung it in the air, making artful circles and figure eights. I should be able to handle this. I watched master thousands of times ... while flogging me. She swung it in the air a few more times for theatrics.

Aida bent down to Dale's ear. "It's a suede flogger, that means it's all sound an very little sting. But the girls don't know it. Squirm and scream if you want to be dramatic about it."

"I'd rather take it like a woman!"

"Very well, but remember to tense your muscles when you get a whack. It'll look like you're enduring a lot of pain."

Dale nodded.

"Five minutes to midnight! Come on, let's go!" Penny said, impatient.

Then they got what they all came to see. Aida let the flogger fall on Dales right thigh. A sharp resounding whack caught them all by surprise. Its echo came back from the 39 Saracen stones for further effect. Aida knew what Dale felt, a soft gracing caress. This flogger had been used on her many a time before, always for an erotic warm up before heavier play. Aida let another whack fly, this one on her belly. Aida continued working her way up the right side of Dale's body, belly, stomach, rib cage, and breasts.

Aida thought about avoiding Dale's breasts, but finally decided not to spare her there. Then a few throws to the right shoulder. After that, she stepped over to her left side and started working her way down. Aida kept the flogger going in a rhythmic figure eight cycle, gently gracing her skin each time. She saw her subject twisting and wriggling under her ministrations. The movements weren't out of pain, nor did they appear to be a fake response to pain. Aida saw clearly what it was, after all she felt the same thing time and time again. Dale was being hypnotized by her submission, a self hypnosis but a hypnosis none the less. Subspace to the

practitioners of sadomasochism. Dale belonged to her now, or anyone's who would come to use her. Open to all takers.

"It's midnight!" Penny announced.

Aida stopped. She looked up at the sky. All other eyes followed her, even Dales.

"Just wait," Aida said.

"We're waiting," someone replied, it might have been Kathy. Giggles.

And they waited.

Nothing happened.

They waited a bit longer.

"I'm getting dressed," one of the girls from the back said. "It's freezing!" One by one the girls drifted back to the bus to put their clothes back on.

"Well, that was different," Penny said as she too turned to make the trek back to the bus, not wanting to be left undressed when all the others were clothed. All the others except Dale and Aida.

Come on Odin! I thought you were going to come down precisely at midnight. Are you testing me, master?

The girls drifted back, one by one. Perhaps they thought there would be more to see, if not a visitation from an ancient god, at least some honest-to-good heavy duty taunting of Dalo. Might as well, she was tied down anyway.

"Where's that dildo?" Penny said as soon as she got back. She had on her jeans and a jacket. The jacket was unbuttoned and she had nothing underneath. Her budding breast could be seen as she turned. And she exaggerated those turns whenever she got the chance.

"I'll handle the dildo!" Aida said with as much authority as she could muster. Penny backed down.

The pink dildo was in the paper bag too. Long, flexible yet firm, and very thick. Thicker than a fist at its head. Aida spit on it, rubbed the phallus until it was wet all over, and then jumped up onto the altar stone.

She sat between Dale's spread eagle legs. "No!" Dale's eyes said. "Don't worry, theatrics, remember." Aida's eyes spoke in return.

Penny, Kathy, and Lise watched from the head of the altar, behind Dale's head. The rest of the girls gathered behind them or to the side. They saw Aida curled up between Dale's legs, almost pressing her torso into Dale's pussy. Then they saw the dildo plunge in. Plunge right down, down deep into Dale.

Dale moaned and cried. Then she gritted her teeth.

"I dare you, all three of you, Penny Fontroy, Kathy Gentile, and Lise Weiss, to take what I just took!"

A dare. In front of the whole class.

The three girls turned white.

"Do you accept?" Aida spoke. "You've been dared, what is your answer?"

Kathy and Lise took a small step back.

"Okay," Penny said pulling her friends back by their shirts. "We accept."

"Then untie Dale," Aida said, "Penny, it's your turn."

Aida, in fact, did not penetrate Dale's vagina with the dildo. As she pressed herself up to Dale she merely plunged the cock between her body and Dale's outer lips. But to all the world,

especially the untrained eyes of these girls, it looked like Dale took it all in, hard, fast, without a moan, scream, or complaint.

Of course now, Aida had a dilemma. She couldn't fake it with these three, they would know she faked it with Dale too. And she didn't want to have sex with these girls, no matter how badly they behaved.

"Are you three sure you can fit this into yourselves?" she said as she threw the dildo onto the altar as soon as Dale climbed off.

"Yea, Dale took it, so can we."

"Are you sure, take a good look at it."

Gulp. "If she could, we can too."

"Why don't the three of you get up onto the altar stone, undressed, and use the dildo on each other."

"What!"

"I'm making you an offer. It's either that or we tie you up, one at a time and you get it just like Dale."

"Alright, we'll do it to each other." Penny said, scared and resigned.

"Of course you can always back away from the dare," Dale said.

"No way. A dare's a dare."

So, the three found themselves getting undressed and climbing up onto the altar. They looked at the dildo, it had somehow grown larger now that they were each going to stick it up their own little pussies. Gulp. They each looked at it, neither brave enough to be the first. Then Penny touched its head, it didn't electrocute her, so she picked it up. Not as bravely as yesterday, but

none the less, she held it in her hand. None of the three noticed the camera clicking away, capturing them for all time. Capturing them in their lesbian act.

"Err, who first?" Penny squeaked.

"You," Kathy said all too quickly, "you're used to getting it from Crump anyway."

"Kath, how could you say that!"

"Crump told me himself."

"Crump told you. Hey, that means he's humping you too!"

"Ooops," Kathy said, but it was too late, everyone heard.

"Alright, are we going to see a lez show or aren't we?" Aida said.

Penny laid back on the stone altar. Legs spread, hips arched off the stone, head cradled in Lise's lap. Penny spread her own outer labs with her fingers and rubbed her clit to get some juices flowing. She found herself incredibly dry no matter what she did.

Kathy pressed the head of the dildo into Penny's open lips. She rubbed it up and down her friends opening but no matter what she tried, Penny was too small to let the gigantic sex toy into herself. She got it about an inch deep, but then the head's widest part would go no further. Penny screamed and pushed Kathy away from her.

"I'm sorry, I can't do it!" She was looking at Kathy but the line was directed more to Dale and Aida.

"Alright, next," Aida said, without fanfare.

"I'll try," said Kathy putting on a brave face. But she wasn't able to accept the instrument any deeper in her than in Penny. She tried to force it in by herself, but ended up cringing in pain and curling on the stone in a fetal ball when she failed.

Then Lise, tried. Reluctantly, but she put on a brave face and smiled. Her tiny pelvis wasn't able to make more headway with the dildo either.

"Ouch, no, stop!" she cried pushing Penny away from her. "I can't."

Aida kept on snapping pictures.

"Well, you've all failed the dare," Aida said.

"But we tried," Penny said, clutching the two other girls on the stone. Snap.

"Up here, 'tried' does not count. Penny, Kathy, Lise, turn around, on your knees and butts up in the air. It's your turn to get a flogging."

"Nooooo," they moaned.

"Flogging, flogging, flogging ..." the rest of the class started to chant. The triad had no other choice but to turn and expose their bottoms high up in the air. "Dale, you do the honors. After all, it is you who's been wronged." Aida handed her a flogger, not the green and blue toy that was used on her, but a nasty black one that was all sting.

It almost slipped out between Dale's fingers. But Dale rose to the occasion and let the flogger fly. The ends landed deftly on Penny's butt.

"Oh, that was nothing," Penny scoffed in bravado voice. But it wasn't nothing, Aida saw how much Penny winched as she took the lash, she felt the vibrations of her body's quiver through the sex filled air.

"If it was nothing, then thank her for showing mercy," Aida said. Who by now was holding Penny by the head, keeping her from moving.

"Thank you," Penny said.

"Say, 'Thank you Miss Olsen,'" Aida commanded.

"Thank you Miss Olsen."

Dale let another one fly. It too hit Penny's butt. Then after a dozen or so strokes she moved on to Kathy. After another dozen strokes it became Lise's turn.

Well, it's almost 1:00, Aida thought, I guess master had me do it all without his intervention. He was right, Dale is so much stronger, more self confident, and these three, have been knocked down a few notches on the food chain.

Dale kept on flogging them. She moved back to Penny.

1:00 A.M. Aida looked up at the night sky. The horizon was still light with the sun lying just underneath. A little further north from where they were sitting lay the arctic circle, there was the true midnight sun. 1:00 A.M. Something was wrong.

"Dale, stop." Aida said. Dale kept up her flogging. "I mean it, stop."

"Just a few more." She was alternating between the three bottoms.

"Penny, Kathy, Lise, get off the stone."

"Why?" the three echoed. Were they enjoying this?

"It's daylight savings time." "So?" "So, that means it's not 1:00, it's only midnight now! True midnight! Get off the altar before something happens."

But it was too late. Aida saw a meteor streak across the sky. Southwest to northeast, it crashed somewhere below the horizon in the North Sea. Another meteor streaked southeast to northwest a moment later. Their paths crossed directly overhead leaving a momentary "X" in the sky.

"Shit, "X" marks the spot!" Aida said. "Dale, stop, girls get off the alter."

But it was too late. The three kneeling girls could not move their hands or legs. Some force, so delicate and tender, kept the palms, knees and toes, every part of them that touched the alter stone, glued down.

Dale was stuck too. The flogger struck Penny's rump as Dale delivered her final stroke. No matter how she tried to pull away the thongs refused to move away from Penny's skin. And her hand, that too was stuck holding the handle, it was almost like her fingers refused to obey her commands and let go.

"Aida, what's going on?" Dale asked.

But Aida was stuck too. Stuck in the act of holding onto Lise's arm at the shoulder and pulling her off the stone. "I can't let go!"

The other girls didn't register that there was a problem yet, or if they was concern on their faces, they didn't know from where it came.

Then lightning struck, hitting one of the Sarecens.

The girls screamed.

Then full realization hit them, they were in an ancient set of Sarecen stone, on the night of the summer solstice, taunting the gods with a play sacrifice. Static electricity danced around the stone even after the lightning bolt dissipated. The static danced from one stone to the next on its way around the circle. Soon all stones were alit with dancing sparks arcing from stone to stone.

The girls screamed again.

Aida saw the figure standing on top of one stone before anyone else, he was impervious to the electricity. It was only a silhouette of a man. But she knew who it was. A long pointy hat, wide brimmed, a classic witches hat. A long cape flowed in the breeze. A crow sat his shoulder. Ka! Ka!

He also had a long staff, a staff cut from a gnarled branch from some tree grown in a different plane. He pointed the butt end of the staff to the school girls as they huddled in a cluster. Or

rather, he pointed it in front of them, at their feet. A lightning bolt shot out from the staff's butt end. It exploded in a brimstone flash before them.

They ran. A gate opened up in the circle of dancing electricity. An eye in the storm, a point of no disturbance, a way out, and it was in the direction of the bus parked beyond the circle. The girls ran for it. Fast ones, slow ones, screaming and crying ones. Soon all that was left were the five who were stuck to the sacrificial altar. Penny, Kathy, Lise, Dale, and Aida.

The figure jumped off the stone pinnacle. He landed on the grass below, a mortal man would have broken a leg, or worse. This man however, walked over to the altar with the aide of his staff.

"Good evening, master," Aida said. She got a nod in return. And the force field holding them to the stone dissipated.

The girls were allowed to collapse in place. And they did. All except Dale, who was still pulling on the end of the flogger, she fell backwards landing on her rump.

"Come," the dark god ordered. His tone: calm.

Aida was the first. She ran over and knelt in front of him. Eyes down, knees slightly apart, and hands crossed at the wrist behind her back. She waved with her fingers for the others to follow. Dale was next, scrambling back to her feet only to get back on her knees next to Aida. She looked at Aida and tried to emulate her position.

Kathy, then Lise, and then Penny scrambled to follow.

"Please don't hurt me." "Please, my father will pay you anything..." "Please, I'll be nice, I'll do anything ..." The three of the triad whimpered.

"Silence."

There was silence.

"You are not worthy. You may leave," he spoke looking down at Kathy. Kathy scrambled up to her feet and ran. She didn't stop for her clothes and ran directly for the gate in the wall of static.

"You also are not worthy. Please leave my presence," he said standing over Lise. Lise looked up, dared look him in the eye for but a moment, then bolted to her feet and followed Kathy out of the circle and onto the bus.

"May I leave too?" Penny blurted.

"You are the least worthy of all. You are nothing but a common whore and I already pity the man you will one day ensnare in marriage. Yes, you may leave. I suggest you run." And Penny ran, but not fast enough. She got a shot of static electricity on her rump from the end of the staff when she was a mere four steps away. It must have hurt for she fell to her knees and then flat on her chest. "Run." She scrambled to her feet again, knees bloodied, then continued her dash to the exit.

"Aida, you have done well," he said, "you are finally growing out of your immaturity."

"Thank you master."

Dale saw the robed figure place both hands on Aida's head. Then she heard Aida cry and scream and she didn't understand why she was being punished for doing a good job, whatever that good job was. Then she saw Aida change. She aged, matured, right before her eyes. She turned into a woman in seconds. She took a closer look at the final product, it was the same woman she met at the hotel, Mr. O'Din's beautiful young wife. Aida and Aida Jr. were one in the same. Then she looked at the god's face.

"Mr. O'Din!" she gasped.

He responded by holding out his hand to help her stand. Then before Dale could speak again, another bolt of lightning struck. Struck too close. It hit the altar stone behind them. But this bolt of lightning stayed frozen in place, frozen like time stood still. It hummed, it cracked, it made her hair stand on edge. But it stayed, linking sky to ground.

"Come," he said.

"Where are you taking-"

He gathered Dale under his arm, then folded Aida in as well. With his other arm he embraced the electric bolt and shot up with his two charges into the sky.

Dale screamed as she clung onto his robe. She managed to let go long enough to wrap her arms around his chest and hang on for dear life.

Aida too, held on as tight as she could, pressing Dale between her and her master. If either girl or woman would have opened her eyes, she would have seen them shoot up into the night sky, shoot up further than where lightning originates. Out past the atmosphere, out past the moon's orbit. Out past the outer reaches of the solar system. And once past confluence of the sun's gravity gradients, they shifted out of the reality as they knew it. Out into realities that were not constrained by three physical dimensions or by the one boring time dimension. Had Dale and Aida but opened their eyes they would have seen how stars were really interconnected like gumdrops melted together on a hot day then pulled apart, gooey and sticking together with a myriad of tendrils, each quantum particle of each sun not knowing their home starting point. And mix them up in a galactic swirl, add billions of years of complications, and you have the view of what they missed as they quivered safe in the arms of Woodrow O'Din, the god Odin.

"Where are we?" Dale managed to stammer once they landed. Or rather, materialized. Or perhaps just began to exist where they were. The climes and flora were similar to those of the Orkneys, but the grounds were much more cultured than the wild places of the desolate islands.

"This is Asgard, my home, my true home. This is where we gods live."

"Gods? Mr. O'Din, you're not serious-"

"Here you may call me Odin. And I'm sure after all you've witnessed you might be prepared to believe who I am."

"What - what are you going to do with me?" Dale asked. The others were not worthy, by elimination that meant she was. But worthy of what or, gulp, for what.

"My child, were you or were you not found on the sacrificial stone in a Saracen circle precisely at midnight on the night of the summer solstice."

"It was one in the morning," Dale mumbled.

"Odin, master, what are you going to do with her?" Aida asked.

"What do we do with any young female sacrifices around here?" Odin retorted.

"Are you going to cut my heart out?" Dale quivered.

"No, he's going to screw you!" Aida said. "But, Odin, she's too young, you said yourself-"

"We're no longer in your all important self-referentially superior western civilization with its western standards of behavior. We are in Asgard now, under Aesir mores."

"Aida, it's okay." Dale said, "Odin, sir, err master, what would you have me do?"

Odin turned his head, behind him lay a stone dais. Dale followed his eyes, she knew what he wanted of her. She hopped up on the stone wordlessly. Obedient, yet full of dread.

She sat squarely in its middle. She felt every bump of the cold course stone surface against her tender if not bony behind. She spread her legs. She propped her arms up from behind. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth.

"I'm ready," she squeaked.

Odin laughed. It was a long and hearty laugh.

"What's wrong?" she said. He continued laughing. "Am I doing something wrong? Look, okay, I'll admit I didn't ever 'do it' before, but I'm ready now. Honest. I don't even mind if you get me pregnant." A pause. "Are you going to get me pregnant?"

"And if I do?" Odin said.

"What!" Aida grabbed his arm and turned him towards her. "How dare you, I want the baby, I've waited all these years for you to give me one. And she comes along, just a kid, and you're willing to give her one right off the bat!" She slapped Odin, her master, across the cheek.

She regretted the action immediately.

Odin didn't say anything, his facial expression didn't change to rage or anger, only a possible glint of disappointment in his eyes. He turned from her.

"Dale," he held out a hand to her, "step down. I am not going to deflower you. I was wrong, you are not ready. Perhaps I will find you ready during your stay here with me."

"How long will you be keeping me ... master?"

"For a few days, maybe a week on the outside. But in Earthtime you will be sent back to your hotel room before morning."

"And what will you be requiring of me while I'm with you."

"To learn, my dear, to learn. It is I who shall be of service to you, I shall be teaching you. Teaching you poise, confidence, a certain charm. And how to beat the snots out of those bullies if they bother you ever again."

"I think Aida taught them a lesson back there."

"She did, and they'll be hiding in shame for a while. But not for as long as you may think for they have short memories, they'll forget about this incident in no time, they'll even deny it."

"It's on film, you'll let me have the pictures?"

"Of course I will, but do you really want to rely on that as a crutch for the rest of your life. You will be learning how to blackmail, and that's not the life's lesson I had intended for you to take away from this. Come" Odin took her by the shoulders and led her away from the clearing. "You come too." He said to a kneeling Aida as they walked past her.

"Master, I'm sorry, so sorry, I didn't mean to ..." she trailed off as she saw Odin walk away, leaving her behind. She got up on her feet and ran after them.

Aida was not new to Asgard, Odin had brought her several times before. In Asgard, he kept her in his hall, Valhalla. And in there, in his private suite, away from the perpetual feasting on the ground level. He would keep her there in a wrought iron cage standing on a marble pedestal in one end of his bed chamber. She would sleep there, on a bed of straw, too far to reach out to touch her master. Yet she would see him sleeping under his bearskins on his enormous bed. He always slept with a goddess or two, and Aida could do was watch, sure that they were giving him a better time than she could ever hope to.

The cage waited her in his bed chamber as before. And a Valkyrie waited for her beside the cage. Valkyries, noble female warriors, Odin's own handmaidens. Between them and the

goddesses, how could she, Aida, ever hope to compete. Somehow it became lost to her that Odin chose her, chose her to live with her while he walked among the mortals on Earth. Chose her, over these other diversions at his disposal.

The Valkyrie pulled a rope, the rope in turn lifted the cage off its base. Aida climbed up, sat down, and curled her toes in so the weight of the cage won't come crashing down on them.

"You too, Dale," Odin said.

"Me, in there?"

"Yes, this is where you shall be sleeping, with Aida."

"But, master, this cage is already so small," Aida dared speak, "I have to curl up, as it is."

"Then it should be cozy for the both of you," he said. "Dale is not ready for sex, yet. If I were to invite her to sleep in my bed with me, I would surely take her out of lust. And you, my dear Aida, since I am disappointed in you I will not give you the pleasure of my bed tonight, not even for the spanking you so richly deserve."

"Can I sleep on the rug?" Dale asked.

"Into the cage," he said.

"The cage, yes master," Dale climbed up and squeezed next to Aida. The Valkyrie then lowered the rope and the cage came clanking down around them. The Valkyrie got the pleasure of Odin's company for the night. Aida and Dale sat and stared.

Dale and Aida woke in each other's arms. Each one's back or side pressed against the unforgiving bars of iron. They saw Odin's bed empty, unmade, ruffled.

"They were at it for hours!" Dale yawned. "That could have been me. I didn't know he had that kind of stamina."

"He's a god, remember. He can have any kind of stamina he wants."

The two didn't have to wait long to be let out. A wood nymph type creature, female of course and very lithe of body, came to check on them. Seeing that they were awake, she hoisted the rope to pull up their cage. This little creature exerted far more effort than the Valkyrie in this task and as Dale watched she was sure the nymph would loose her grip and send the cage crash down on fingers and toes.

Dale jumped out from under the cage the moment there was sufficient clearance. Aida followed a moment later. Once out, the nymph released the rope and the cage crashed back with a reverberating clank.

"Here are your clothes. I reached down to Earth and picked them up from the Ring of Brodgar. It was easy, there is already a portal there." She threw their cloths, abandoned last night by the altar stone, onto Odin's bed. Everything was there down to their shoes and socks, and Aida's handbag. "Odin says to meet him in on the field by the bluff when the sun is at its highest," the nymph said. Until then he instructs you to make your morning toilet, soak in a hot pool to cleanse your bodies, then seek out your morning meal in the galley. After that, avail your services in the kitchen to Mistress Moira."

They did just what the nymph ordered. When they reported for kitchen duty to Mistress Moira who turned out to be another nymph. She put them to work washing dishes.

"I wouldn't mind so much if I didn't do this all the time at the Prancing Pixie Hotel." Aida said, arms deep in the bowl of hot water, bubbles, and plates. She handed Dale a plate. Dale rinsed.

And they washed dishes all morning long.

And they were almost late to the field by the bluff.

Odin was there when they arrived. He sat on a stone, looking out over the cliff to the cold northern ocean. Not another spec of land lay between them and the horizon.

"Are we late? Sorry." Dale spoke. Aida was still too afraid to speak because of yesterday's transgression.

"Dishy hands?" Odin said when he turned away from the sea.

Both girls held their fingers instinctively for his inspection. "Yes," Dale nodded.

"No matter. We're here today so I can work a little magic on you to boost your confidence and self esteem. I'm going to touch your brain, touch it ever so slightly. I shall not effect the nature of who you are, nor shall I touch the core of your personality. Come here ... kneel before me ... now I'm going to put my fingers along your scalp ... I shall feel into your brain, your mind ... I am tracing the firing pattern of a few neurons ... umm humm ... yes ... I see ... and I'll look at of few molecules situated between those key neurons ... ahh ..." He took a deep breath. "Now all I have to do is knock a few of these molecules out of the way, here ... here ... and here. Block these three neurons here from reacting ... and slow the cycle of this system of neurons by introducing those same molecules right ... here." He removed his hands from her head. "Done. Now that didn't hurt a bit, did it?" He held out his hand to her.

"No, master, it didn't." She took his hand and pulled herself to her feet. "And, you're right, I feel ... different ... yes, I feel the self confidence building already. Oh, thank you."

"We're not done yet. These changes are good as far as they go, but now Aida and I are going to show you a few moves in case you have to kick some butt. I want the two of you to face off ten paces apart."

"What did you do to her?" Aida whispered to Odin as Dale staked her place on the grass.

"Nothing," he whispered back. "Her new found confidence comes from within her. Now we are going to back up that confidence by teaching her some self defense." He then sent Aida off to face her opponent with a pat on the rump.

"Aida, you're going to play the part of a kid in the school yard trying to push Dale around. Dale, I'm going to show you some moves to defend yourself. First a few moves to deflect her advances. If that won't send a bully running, then I'll show you a few moves to throw her to the ground. And I'll show you ways to do it without looking like you did anything but step aside so you won't get thrown out of school for fighting. And if that doesn't stop the bitch then I'll show you a few moves to pummel her into the ground. Ready?"

"Uh hu."

Odin had Aida push Dale to the ground. Dale fell unceremoniously landing on her butt. Odin showed her how to step aside next time, how to anticipate Aida's steps. After doing it a few times, Dale perfected her timing to the point where she could twist her body aside a microsecond before contact and send Aida stumbling to the ground without so much as a touch. When she perfected that move, Odin continued by showing her more tricks.

He kept the situation real, if Dale failed in a move, he made sure that Aida was on top of her, he even had Aida slap her a few time when Dale found herself pinned down.

"What are you going to do if you find yourself in this situation?" He would ask if Dale found herself pinned down. He made it clear to her that not every move of hers would work, not at first, not without real life practice. "You find yourself down on the ground, you can't ask the bully to let you up and try the move again. Let me show you how you can kick out from under her and turn the table."

And it went on like that all afternoon. Dale and Aida fast became both sore and exhausted. As the sun circled to the west, a wind whipped up from the north. It chilled them to the core. But Odin wouldn't stop, he didn't allow time for either one to interject and ask if they could stop and maybe continue tomorrow. On the contrary, he worked them faster and harder than ever.

Anger and frustration welled up in Dale. Directed against Odin. But she was fighting Aida. And Aida wound up on the receiving end. Aida too, must have felt the same welling up, for she too held back no punches. A simple bout turned into a raging school yard fight. Dale ended up on top, pinning Aida down, pressing her shoulders to the ground. Dale's nose was dripping blood, down past her lips and drop by drop they settled on Aida's chest. Aida had delivered the blow to Dale's nose earlier in a most unsportsmanlike blow. She also socked Dale in the right eye, and that was beginning to turn black and blue. But at this point Dale had Aida pinned down. Aida being too exhausted, found she was unable to flip her opponent off.

Then Dale started slapping her. Hard slaps, fast and furious, across the face.

Odin let a few of them fly, letting Dale express her rage, then he finally put a stop to it after six or seven slaps. He pulled Dale off. Dale screamed and kicked when Odin grabbed her around the waist lifting her off her opponent. She clawed at Aida even as she was being pulled away.

Then as Dale realized where she was, in Odin's arms, and what she was doing, an exercise, not a fight, she broke down crying. Hysterical sobs. She turned into Odin, burying her face in his chest.

"I'm just as hurt as she is!" Aida cried. But there was no immediate comfort for her. She had to pick herself up off the grass by herself. Odin would have helped, but he couldn't pull sobbing Dale away from him in time for Aida's hand up.

Aida started to cry. Alone, dejected, physically hurt, emotionally drained. Another woman was already in her master's arms, being comforted, just like she longed to be. She did not want to share his embrace with another, not at that moment.

You refuse me a baby, but offer one to her so willingly. Now you comfort her when I need it the most. Aida could do nothing but stand alone and cry.

Odin did notice, he pull her to him. Folding her into his arms as well. And she accepted her place next to him, albeit shared with another. But that pull of her arm towards him came a few microseconds too late, and the attention he could afford her, split between Dale and herself, came up less than she needed.

In her distant past, before finding Odin, Aida lived in a situation where she was one of four women. They all shared one man. In that relationship she understood the score, understood the diluted attention she was receiving, but in this relationship, living with Odin, their implied social contract said that he was hers and she was his - at least when she needed him. And, she very much needed him now.

"Both of you," Odin said, "stop crying, go soak yourselves in a hot bubbling pool, then join me for dinner."

Hearing those words, some of that need dissipated in Aida, she seemed to be able to stop crying instantly. The same thing must have happened to Dale, she too put on the stiff upper lip.

"I'll show you a nice pool down the path," Aida said to Dale as she pulled out of Odin's embrace and took Dale by the hand.

The following day with the sun at noon.

"I see you're both rested, your bruises have healed over night and the magic of Asgard's hot pools has healed all broken noses and blackened eyes. I'm sure your sore muscles are cured as well. So why don't we get started. Dale, Aida, take your positions."

Odin continued the lesson from before. He drove them hard and fast, but didn't let their emotions take over as he allowed yesterday. Dale got her moves honed, then Odin built on her discipline. The second day ended with another bout. This time there were no tears shed, and no broken noses or blackened eyes. The bout ended with Dale pinned to the ground. And just as Odin was about to declare Aida the winner, Dale flipped her over the head and scrambled to post herself on top of Aida's chest in victory.

No slaps this time. Only a handshake and a hug when Odin called the bout 'over', and Dale as victorious.

"Dale, you are now ready to return to the mortal world. I shall send you back to your room in the Hotel. It shall be around 4:00 A.M. on the same night you left. Try and get some sleep because the ferry is running again and you'll be off on your bus."

"Thank you ... master," she said. Her eyes hesitated as if she wanted to add something.

"Yes, go on," Odin noticed.

"May I ... thank you for all you've done?" she asked. "Thank you by ..."

"Do you want to give yourself to me?"

Dale nodded.

"You want me to be your first lover?"

She nodded again, but there was still anticipation in her eyes.

"Come now, I see there's more. Tell me what you want, you may just get it. After all, none of what you see in Asgard is real in the mortal world, so you might as well go for everything you desire."

Dale gulped. Then she blurted out a sentence a speed times ten.

"I didn't understand," Odin said patiently, although he suspected what she wanted without reading her thought.

"I want ... I want to be tied up and," gulp "whipped savagely, spanked, flogged, have my nipples tortured, be forced to service you, and to be ..."

"Go on."

"... and to be fucked against my will. I want everything."

"I see," he smiled, "You might be interested to know that up here in Asgard what you asked for is not so unusual. Down on Earth it's not all that unpopular either."

"Will you be getting me pregnant?"

"Do you want a baby?"

"No, I think I'm a bit young for that. Perhaps after I finish college."

"A wise decision. No, I will not be getting you pregnant."

Odin led Dale to a round dais carved of roughly hewn granite. It was off on one end of the grassy lawn. It must have been there all along, only Dale hadn't noticed it before. Or maybe it just appeared a moment before. Aida followed.

Odin laid Dale on the stone, face down. He had Aida tie her wrists and ankles to protruding knobs on the stone's side. Rope magically appeared as it was needed.

"Hold onto her hands and watch her eyes," Odin commanded Aida as he took position facing her spread eagle legs. A flogger appeared in his hand, long, with thick and heavy leather thongs.

Dale could feel every bite of this flogger as it came down on her rump, while the blue/green one from last night was all slap and no feel, this one was the opposite. A strong thudding sensation reverberated up her butt and echoed throughout her body. Then as soon as Dale assimilated the whack, and reminded herself that this is what she asked for, she felt another throw of the flogger descend upon her delicate skin. Odin kept his motions rhythmical, flogging her in time. Although he worked mostly on her bottom, he also ministered to her back and shoulders as well as her thighs and calves.

Dale reminded herself again that this is what she asked for.

Odin changed floggers. He selected for himself a longer, thinner one, one of braided leather thongs. He let go a stroke which landed squarely on her butt. Of course it was a surprise, she expecting the same feel as before. And of course she jumped like a drop of water landing on a burning cooktop. His stroke landed squarely on the crack between her thigh and butt, the most delicate of regions, the sweetest of spots.

"Youch!"

Then she got another whack, just like the one before, on the opposite cheek. She endeavored to keep silent and accept the pain in dignity. And Odin kept the flogger strokes flying. He fell into a figure eight motion landing strokes rhythmically on both her butt cheeks. And Dale found herself accepting, even enjoying, the sensation coursing through her body.

Then came the whip. Odin pulled one out of thin air. It was long of braided black leather, ending in a single fall, and then tapering down even thinner to a popper no wider than a string. All to channel the energy of the stroke down a narrowing gauntlet until the wave traveling along the diminishing whip is converted to speed. Speed, which by the time it gets to the end, to the popper, can travel at hypersonic speeds. Thus the crack.

Dale jumped and screamed as Odin cracked his whip over her head.

"Nooo!" she cried, then realized the whip didn't even touch her. But the next stroke did. This one too landed on the sweet spot on her rump. And though this lash too broke the sound barrier on its rendezvous with her cheek, he aimed it so that the tip of the popper all but grazed her skin. It left but the slightest red streak on her already hot and red bottom. "Yikes!" she cried. But she knew there was more coming. And she was right, the next stroke landed on the other cheek.

As before, Odin fell into a rhythm. Gently gracing the right, then left butt, then repeating the cycle. And Dale relaxed as she came to expect the same strokes from him.

She found herself floating off to a land of bliss. The pain became pleasure. The lashes, caresses.

Then the cycle ended all too soon. Odin, being satisfied with Dale's rump, instructed Aida to untie her and turn her over. Aida did as instructed without a word.

Odin repeated the procedure on Dale's front side. First the thick and thuddy flogger, all along her loins, belly, ribs, and breasts. Ohh, those little budding breasts. Dale thought that hitting her breasts would be excruciating torture that would derail her enjoyment, but she found her assumption wrong as soon as the first stroke landed on her left breast. Certainly Odin started off gently and worked up the intensity as he did before with other area's of her body. And Dale found herself craving for more and more and let out a sigh when Odin changed floggers to a faster stingier one.

"Where are you going?" he asked Aida as Aida left her position behind Dale's head.

"She doesn't need me to hold her hands through this. And you can see her eyes yourself now that you've turned over."

"Fine," he snapped, "don't go too far."

"I'll be right behind you ... cleaning out my purse."

Odin didn't let Aida bother him. He was too preoccupied with Dale, too fascinated with a virgin submissive, too involved in his own mastery of her. Besides, he knew what Aida wanted. That baby she's been dreaming off. Fine. She can have one. And if she turns out to be too immature to raise it he could always turn the child over to a goddess.

But, he didn't look to into the future, not now, not at the expense of being distracted from this scene. Instead he looked into Dale's soul, and how she allowed the pain and pleasure to consume her, how she was lost in the submission, how she allowed the endorphins generated by her brain to wash her away from the coast of reality into the sea of subspace. He pulled out the single tail whip once again.

He whipped her belly, leaving delicate little lines of red, never once breaking the skin. He whipped her breasts, or rather he whipped the clothes pins he placed on her nipples, and watched them flop around as the lash of his whip caught them one at a time. Then to her surprise, and yes, fear, he whipped her pussy. Her legs being pulled apart taught, exposed her completely. Opened at such an intense angle that her vulva, being of the thin kind, spread apart by itself, thus exposing her inner labia and clit for Odin's whip.

But as before, he never broke skin. A lesser practitioner of the single tail might have, but those hypothetical others were mere mortals. Odin caught her on the clit time after time. She bucked and squirmed but was never able to break free of her bounds. For this she cried and pleaded for him to stop, she said it was more than she hoped for, and the pain was too intense, and that she was a beginner, remember(?), and she was afraid that he would miss and do damage to her.

He never missed his target, not even as she squirmed in desperate attempts to get away.

This went on for longer than Dale thought possible. Her pussy was red, and throbbing, and aching. And she was crying. Then Odin stopped, he finally stopped. Dale thought she was in for relief, but no. Odin cast away his whips and cast away his blue robe and climbed on top of the stone. And then he entered her.

Her cries were of no interest to him. Her begging, her pleading that this was her first time and she didn't want it to be hurt so, were of no interest to him, for he knew she was lying, if not to him then to herself. He slid into her, she was smooth and easy to enter, for she was very hot and oh so receptive, all this in spite of her virgin status. He knew that this is exactly what she wanted and how she wanted it for he entered her mind as well as her body, carefully monitoring her, giving her what she craved. Giving her what she wanted despite the barriers she set up to fool herself. After he entered her, and deflowered her, he laid himself upon her flogged and whipped body. A body bound spread eagle on a rough stone of granite ... overlooking the cold northern ocean from on top of Asgard.

Her first orgasm with a man inside her was beyond description. She wished she could die then and there and have this moment persevered as her heaven for all time. But Odin went on and gave her a second orgasm, bound taut with the ropes she could do nothing, only to allow him to give her pleasure and to feel the orgasm that he imparted upon her. She screamed in pleasure as she arched her back, lifting both she and Odin off the stone as she came in orgasm for the second time.

Then there was the third and fourth orgasm bestowed upon her.

"Please, no more!" Dale cried, for she was not used to such ecstasy.

Odin complied with her wishes, for he was looking into her mind and could see that she required no more ecstasy. He saw in her that she was on the edge of her breaking point and

another nudge would do damage, and then he would be remiss in his care over her. He pulled himself out of her, still stiff, hard, and very hot. He kissed her on her delta.

"Aida!" he called. "Come here and untie her." Aida stuffed something she was holding back into her purse, jumped to her feet, and ran over to untie Dale.

"Yes, master," Aida mumbled.

"Don't put on that attitude with me, my dear slave," Odin said. "I'm about to fuck you next."

And Odin did. As soon as Dale was off the stone, he placed Aida onto it. She, kneeling, with butt high in the air. But he fucked her in the ass.

"Nooooo, not there!" she shouted, "I thought you were going to give me your seed!"

"I would have," he said, "if you hadn't attempted to take advantage of me back in the hotel. Sure, I admit I was transfixed on the silly TV program. You happened to notice and was able to fool me into giving you a load of healthy semen. But I'll have you know, I looked inside you since then, and per chance you did not get pregnant from that union. And unless your anatomy has changed, you are not going to get pregnant by this act either. You are getting it up the ass for punishment. But take heart, you will get it the way you want next time."

"It's always next time," she said between his thrusts into her.

He pushed in and out of her fast and hard. Cruel and rough, and then he orgasmed inside of her, it took a mere five minutes of thrusting for him to cum. He pulled out, giving her a smarting whack on the butt.

"You can be so mean, master!" Aida rolled off the stone and sulked off to where she left her purse and it's scattered contents.

Then Dale looked at Odin. "I'm sorry you two are having a tiff."

"Don't worry, I'll give her what she wants and she will think she is happy. It is I who is sorry you are embroiled in it."

"It's okay. I would have done more for you. If only you hadn't put your ... up her bottom."

"What, don't tell me you wanted to give me a blowjob?"

Dale nodded. "Yes, but not after you put it where you did."

"Here in Asgard, everything is magic." Odin waved his hand in the air and produced a wet washcloth, hot and soapy. "Guaranteed to clean off the last residue of whatever you don't want in your mouth." He handed it to her. She fell to her knees. After cleaning off his member, she let it slip in between her lips.

"Ouch, you need cocksucking lessons," he said, "no, don't use your teeth, and you can hold firmer with your lips ... yes, that's right. Now get a motion down ... yes ... yes, keep that up, you've got it." Dale found her own pace and rhythm, and started to understand her master's body language and its feedback to her motions. Soon she has Odin in ecstasy, breathing hard, holding onto the top of her head, twisting his fingers through her hair. It took about fifteen to twenty minutes, but he exploded in her.

She panicked for a moment and tries to push him away, to get him out of her mouth. But she found she could not move. He held her in place, hands steadfast on her head. She had no choice but to experience it all. The still hard member in her mouth, the gooey semen expanding in the back of her throat with no where to go and nothing to displace. The only place it could go is down.

I didn't think I could ever swallow! she thought. But he looked down into her eyes as she looked up at him. Do you really want me to swallow? she asked with her eyes.

You know I do.

Dale calmed herself, then was able to savor the taste of his semen for the first time. Really savor it. Although it has the salty taste that she heard other girls talk about, she was sure Odin's cum was not what she would taste from any mortal man. He had a hint of peppermint to him. In fact the more she allowed the taste to linger on her mouth the more pronounced the flavor became.

Gulp, she swallowed his gift to her. She swallowed in an exaggerated motion, watching him, watching her, knowing he would be pleased with her.

Odin bent down and helped her back to her feet. When she stood up beside him, he picked her up and cradled her in his arms.

"Mmmm, I wouldn't mind staying up here with you forever!" Dale kissed him, and he returned the kiss, a full mouth kiss, tongue to tongue, like long departed lovers.

Then as they were locked eye to eye, Odin heard a click from behind. It was a cold metal against metal sound, a sound only producible from mortal technology. Something that was not supposed to be here in Asgard. He glanced behind him at Aida, then quickly placed Dale, lying, onto the stone dais.

"Aida, what are you doing with that!" Odin said as he turned around. "Dale, stay where you are, don't move."

Aida had a gun between her fingers. It was the gun she took from Penny Fontroy in the hotel room. She had slipped it into her purse, forgotten then, rediscovered now.

"Odin, you can be so mean to me!" Aida said. "I don't mind that you fuck that little tart. What hurts is how you've strung me on year after year. You promised me a baby before, but you always found an excuse in the last moment to change your mind. And you are doing the same thing to me now."

"I think you're giving me all the excuses right here to not give you a baby," Odin said. Then he broke out into a laugh. "Aida, look at yourself, and this absurd position you put yourself in. Do you think those bullets are going to hurt me?" He took a step towards her.

"Stay where you are!" Aida took a step back.

"What's going on?" Dale asked, not seeing Aida from behind Odin, and not daring to move per Odin's command. She sat up and peered around behind Odin. She dared not get up, for he commanded her to stay where she was.

"Aida, give me the gun," He took another step forward. "I've already made my decision about your baby, I'll give you one. Unless, that is, you do something stupid. So don't make me go back on my decision."

But Aida was not listening. Didn't hear a word of it. All she saw was Odin taking another step closer to her, ready to wrest the gun from her fingers, then punish her for being such a bad girl. Humiliate her for her faults, spank her like a child, flog her like a sex toy, and fuck her in every hole like the fuck toy she was for him.

Odin took another step towards her. His laugh turned hysterical.

Aida aimed the gun at his heart. She pulled the trigger. Bang! She shot him. Then shot him again. And again. The bullets sped right through his body, the atoms of the bullet bypassing the atoms of his skin and internal organs. She pumped all six bullets into him, or rather, through him, before she realized that they had no effect. Before she realized what she had done.

Then Odin stopped laughing when he saw the look on Aida's face. Her look of anger towards him had turned to a look of terror and dread as she looked past him, slightly to the right. Aida dropped the gun, let it fall through her fingers. Ohmygod! her face said. She put her hands across her mouth.

Odin turned to follow her gaze, then he too saw where the bullets had finally stopped.

The End

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