

The Aether did not go quietly.

That was the first thing Jane noticed when Thor finally got the containment vessel open. The temperature in the observatory dropped about ten degrees. The air developed that charged, ozone-rich quality it got around Asgardian technology when it was working hard. The vessel was a flat cylindrical thing, dull gold and covered in engravings. Thor had produced it from somewhere inside his armor, which suggested Asgardian battle gear had way more storage than it looked like.

"This'll hold it?" Clark asked.

"For transport," Thor said. "Not indefinitely. Nothing holds the Aether indefinitely." He was watching the vessel's surface. The engravings were starting to glow faintly at their edges. "But it'll hold until we can sort out better arrangements."

"Define better arrangements," Jane said.

"Somewhere that isn't here and isn't in anyone's hands." He looked at the vessel. "That's the working definition."

The Aether was in the containment vessel because they'd spent the last forty minutes retrieving it. Jane was not going to think too hard about the specifics of that. It had involved Clark using his heat vision at a frequency she'd helped calibrate. Eitri had contributed something from Nidavellir's toolkit that was, as far as Jane could tell, basically a fishing net scaled up to cosmic proportions. It had worked. That was the point.

The observatory had seen better days. Three of the crystal banks were cracked or entirely destroyed. The main console had a serious scorch mark from when the cascade pushed past rated output and expressed its feelings through one of the secondary interfaces. Jane's equipment had survived largely intact. Good design or luck, she wasn't going to dwell on it.

She was at the working console running post-battle diagnostics, interesting, and also somewhat alarming, when Clark appeared at her elbow.

"There's something you should hear," he said. "It can wait if you're in the middle of something critical."

"I'm always in the middle of something critical. Say it anyway."

He glanced at the others. Diana was sitting on the edge of a console across the room, arms folded, watching Thor seal the containment vessel. Eitri was nearby, sweeping crystal fragments into a pile. He looked like someone who processed difficulty by tidying. Sif was at the door. She hadn't fully stepped away from it since the last Dark Elf soldier was secured.

"When the Aether was separating," Clark said, "and I was running calibrations with your equipment, I was cross-referencing it against something." He reached into

his jacket and produced a crystal. Nothing like the Nidavellir ones. It was dark and deep, with a faint interior light that shifted when you looked at it. "Kryptonian data crystal. I've been running analysis protocols against it for a while. Background work."

"What kind of analysis?" Diana asked.

"Pattern matching against energy signatures I'd encountered before. Things that didn't fit any terrestrial or Asgardian framework." He turned the crystal in his hand. "The Aether matches something in here. There's an entry. Old enough in the database that I don't have a clean translation, but the closest Kryptonian equivalent is something like fundamental stone. Or infinity stone, if you want to be slightly poetic about it." He paused. "The entry says there are six."

The room went quiet. Thor straightened up from the containment vessel.

"The database is incomplete on details. I have identifiers for all six but only detailed profiles on three. The Aether is one. There's another that Kryptonian science called the Space Stone. The database notes it was last catalogued in a realm called the Realm Eternal." He looked at Thor. "Which I believe means Asgard."

"The Tesseract," Thor said.

"That's two accounted for," Clark said. "The database is vague on the rest. But it's consistent on one thing: they should not be together. Each one is described as a source of universe-altering power on its own. Together, the data suggests a magnitude that doesn't have a sensible unit of measurement." He set the crystal on the console. "Thought you all should know."

Eitri had stopped sweeping. He was looking at Clark with the expression of a craftsman who'd just heard a commission he recognized. "The old stories," he said slowly. "Nidavellir keeps records. Old enough that most of my people treat them as mythology. Stories about six stones built before the realms took their current shape." He was quiet for a moment.

Diana had been listening calmly. "The Amazon records mention them," she said, and everyone looked at her. "Not by that name. The oldest texts call them the Keys of Ananke, that's the Greek name for Necessity. The force governing fate. The prophecies describe six objects of fundamental power, each capable of rewriting reality within its own domain." She looked at Clark. "The prophecies also say that whoever holds all six holds everything. That's the consistent detail across every version." She paused. "My people have been watching for these for three thousand years. We had no idea what form they'd take."

"Now you do," Clark said.

"Now we know two of them," Diana said.

Thor was quiet for a long time. He looked at the containment vessel, the dull gold of it, the engravings still faintly lit at their edges. Jane watched him from across the room.

"The Tesseract's back on Asgard," he said finally. "And this," he touched the vessel, "goes somewhere that isn't Asgard. Having two in the same vault is exactly the kind of thing that draws exactly the wrong kind of attention." He looked at Clark. "The data crystal. Can it tell us where the others might be?"

"Not reliably. The records are old enough that location data is cosmological rather than geographic. Not practically useful." Clark paused. "But I can keep looking. And now we know what we're looking for."

"We should share what we know," Diana said. "Between us. Formally. There should be people watching for these things who actually know what they're watching for."

"Agreed," Clark said.

"That conversation needs to happen properly," Sif said from the door. "Not tonight." She looked around the room. "Tonight, I think we all need to be somewhere that isn't this."

Jane laughed before she could stop herself. "That is genuinely the most reasonable thing anyone has said all day." She looked at Thor. "My place isn't far from here. It's small and has a working kitchen and nobody has been trying to end reality in it recently, which puts it ahead of present company."

Thor smiled. For a moment he looked less like someone carrying the weight of the realms and more like someone who very much wanted to sit down somewhere normal.

"That sounds perfect," he said.

Clark and Diana gathered their things. The night air still had the effects of the Convergence, slightly too clear, the sky too deep, but it was fading as the dimensional alignment drifted back to its usual orientation.

"We should go over the full data together," Clark said to Diana, while Thor secured the containment vessel. "The Kryptonian records and the Amazon texts. Compare what we have."

"I agree. I want to see what they have in common." Diana looked at the crystal on the console. "And I want to translate those cosmological coordinates properly. If there are four more of these things out there, it'd be useful to know the general direction."

They left together, Clark and Diana and Eitri, out into the London night. The observatory felt larger without them. Thor secured the containment vessel to his belt.

“Ready?” Jane asked.

“Give me a moment,” Sif said. She went back outside. Jane could hear her moving through the park, doing a final check, verifying the perimeter, making sure what needed to stay contained was still contained. She came back in two minutes.

“We’re clear,” she said.

Jane picked up her bag, her tablet, and the one intact crystal node she intended to study at length and build several papers around whenever the world settled down. Thor held the door. Sif fell in beside them both as they walked out into the cold London night, and for a while none of them said anything.

Jane’s flat was a fifteen-minute walk that took twenty because Thor stopped twice. A bus stop. A chicken shop still open and lit orange against the dark. A red telephone box that had been there since before his last visit to London and would probably outlast most things.

Sif didn’t stop for anything, but she noticed everything.

“You’ve been here before,” Jane said to her. Not quite a question.

“Once. Four years ago. Different part of the city.” Sif was quiet a moment. “It wasn’t under good circumstances.”

“Most of my visits to London haven’t been under good circumstances either,” Thor said. “I’m starting to think that’s just how this city works.”

“London has had continuously bad circumstances for about two thousand years,” Jane said. “It just takes them well.”

“That’s either admirable or a concern,” Sif said.

“Both. Definitely both.”

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Jane’s temporary place in London was on the third floor of a converted terrace. Narrow staircase, a bulb at the top landing that flickered. The door opened onto a small, thoroughly lived-in space. Books stacked on every flat surface, including two chairs and most of the floor near the desk. A whiteboard on the far wall covered in equations she’d been working through before all of this started. A kitchen that was functional if compact. A sofa.

Thor sat on the floor with his back against the sofa, Mjolnir on the ground beside him, looking at the whiteboard equations with genuine interest.

“You look like you’re reading something in a language you don’t speak but find aesthetically pleasant,” Jane said.

“That’s accurate.”

Sif moved the books off one of the chairs and sat with her elbows on her knees, her sword leaning against the wall behind her. She'd taken her armor's outer layer off. The cut above her eyebrow was already starting to close on its own, Asgardian biology was aggressively practical about minor injuries. Jane cleaned it anyway and Sif let her without complaint.

"The crystal data," Sif said, while Jane worked. "Six Stones. You already know about two. The Tesseract and the Aether."

"The Tesseract has been in Asgard's vault since before I was born," Thor said. "I never questioned what it was. It was just there." He looked at Mjolnir. "A lot of things in the vault were just there."

"Odin collected relics," Sif said. "Some for safekeeping. Some for other reasons." She said it neutrally.

"I know," Thor said, equally neutral.

Jane finished with the cut and sat down on the sofa above Thor, legs folded under her. She looked at the whiteboard for a moment, then at the two of them.

"You're both remarkably calm," she said. "For people who just finished fighting a five-thousand-year grudge match."

"We're not calm," Sif said. "We're tired. The two look similar from the outside."

"Is there a distinction?"

"Calm has something solid underneath it," Thor said. "Tired has nothing underneath it. You're just empty." He leaned his head back against the edge of the sofa. "I'm very empty right now."

Jane put her hand on top of his head without thinking, and he went very still for a moment. He didn't move away.

"When's the last time you slept?" she asked.

"By Midgardian measurement, roughly forty-seven hours ago." A pause. "I think."

"Roughly the same," Sif said.

"Right." Jane looked at them both. "Eat something first. I have food." She started to get up, then stopped. "Actually, just staying here and not eating is also fine. You don't have to do anything."

"I don't want to do anything," Thor said. "That's an unusual feeling."

"It means you're human," Jane said. "Well. Human-adjacent."

"Significantly adjacent," Sif agreed.

Jane heated soup. Nothing impressive, just warm and requiring no decisions. She made it without turning the main light on, so the kitchen was lit only by the hob and the narrow glow from the street outside, which made everything feel slower. She could hear them talking quietly in the other room. Not the words, just the voices. Low and calm, two people who'd known each other for a very long time finding their way back to a rhythm they knew.

She brought the soup out and they ate without talking much. Thor still on the floor, Sif still in the chair. Jane back on the sofa.

They talked about other things. Sif asked about the whiteboard equations and Jane explained them briefly. Sif listened with genuine attention, not because she understood the field, but because the person explaining it mattered to her. Thor asked about a photograph on the wall near the desk, a candid one of Jane and Darcy and Erik from a research trip three years ago. Jane told the story behind it, which was funny in a way that required more context than it was worth providing, but she provided it anyway. Thor laughed in a way that reached his whole face. Easy and unguarded.

It was a good sound. She'd missed it.

She'd missed him. She'd spent a long time being cross about that. Missing someone who'd been gone two years without adequate communication was a feeling she'd resolved into something manageable. That was how she dealt with most feelings: categorize them, work through them, file them where they could be accessed without interfering with everything else. She'd thought she'd done a decent job of it.

She was thinking about this when Sif said, "You're both doing that thing."

Jane looked at her. "What thing?"

"Sitting very carefully and trying not to look at each other too directly." Sif set her empty bowl on the floor. "I've watched Thor do it for about six months after anything involving you. It's pretty distinctive."

"Six months," Jane said.

"He visited Earth twice without telling you," Sif said. "Once for something operational, once because he was in the area and wanted to see the city." She met Jane's expression without apology. "I'm telling you because I think it's relevant, not because I'm trying to cause trouble."

"Why would it cause trouble?" Thor asked.

"Because Jane didn't know," Sif said patiently. "She spent that time thinking you were just absent. People who think they've been abandoned by someone they care about develop feelings about it. Those feelings aren't usually improved by finding out the person was nearby and just... didn't reach out."

Thor looked at the whiteboard for a moment. "That's fair."

"Why didn't you?" Jane asked. She wasn't angry. She was genuinely curious.

"Because I didn't know what to say," he said simply. "That's the honest answer. I knew what needed to be said and I hadn't worked out how to say it. Turning up without the words felt worse than not turning up at all." He looked at her. "I was wrong. Not turning up was also wrong. Just a different kind of wrong."

"You could have said that," Jane said. "The part about not having the words yet. That would've been enough."

"I know. I know that now."

"Asgardians aren't naturally great at the in-between step," Sif said, not unkindly. "The tendency is to either have the full declaration ready or nothing. The middle ground is uncomfortable territory."

"You seem fine with the middle ground," Jane said.

"I've had practice." Sif looked at her hands for a moment. "And I'm in a different position than Thor."

"Which is?"

Sif looked up. Her expression was plain and direct. "Thor has been in love with you since you two met. I watched it happen. He was spectacularly bad at hiding it." A pause. "And I've been watching him be absent, watching you be absent from his life in the way people are when they're present but not really present. I've been in the room for both sides of it." She was quiet for a moment. "I don't have the same claim on it. I'm not pretending I do. But I'm also not going to sit here and be neutral about what I want. I've been neutral about it for years and it hasn't helped anyone."

"What do you want?" Jane asked.

Sif looked at her steadily. "This," she said. "Not anything specific. Just this. Being here. Being somewhere that isn't the other side of a battle from both of you."

"That's a very diplomatically framed answer."

"I'm being honest, not diplomatic." Something softer moved under the directness. "But if you want the undiplomatic version... yes. I want this. You. Both of you. Whatever that means." She looked at Thor, then back at Jane. "I get it if that's not something either of you want to deal with."

Thor was quiet for a moment. When he spoke, his voice was careful. "I've never been great at choosing between things I want when those things don't fit a neat shape. I spent a long time pretending the things that didn't fit a neat shape weren't real. Acknowledging them without knowing what to do with them felt like a particular kind of exposure." He looked at Sif. "But you're real. What I feel when I'm around

you is real." He looked at Jane. "And so is everything I feel when I'm around you. I don't know how to make those two true things smaller to fit them into a simpler story. I've tried. I'm done trying."

The quiet that followed was not uncomfortable.

Jane looked at Thor on the floor beside her. At Sif across the room. At the quiet honest thing that had just been said, that was not going to be unsaid.

"Okay," she said.

"Okay?" Sif said.

"I'm a scientist. I don't dismiss data that doesn't fit my working hypothesis. I adjust the hypothesis." She looked at Sif. "I'll also be honest. I've been watching the two of you. The way you work together. The way you talk about each other when the other one isn't there, which you both do more than you realize. I'm not blind." She paused. "I don't know what shape this is either. But I'm tired of pretending I don't want to find out."

Something in Sif's expression changed. Quietly. Significantly.

Thor reached up and took Jane's hand from the top of his head and held it properly, his thumb across her knuckles.

"Whatever comes of this," he said, "we figure it out together. No more decisions made separately and presented as accomplished facts."

"That includes visiting Earth without telling me," Jane said.

"That was always a bad decision. I'm retiring it."

"And me," Sif said. She'd moved from the chair without Jane quite registering the transition. She was on the sofa now, close enough that their shoulders nearly touched. "No more watching from the sides."

"None of that," Thor agreed.

Jane looked at them both. Then she laughed, soft and genuine. "I've run models on a lot of complicated systems. None of them were this complicated."

"Are you scared?" Sif asked.

"A little. Are you?"

"More than a little." Sif smiled, and it changed her whole face. "But I've gone into significantly worse things with significantly less reason."

"So have I," Thor said.

"So have I," Jane said.

And that was the shape of it. The three of them on the sofa, the London night outside, the equations still on the whiteboard. None of them moved for a while. Nobody felt the need to.

It was Sif who moved first. She turned toward Jane, fully and deliberately, put her hand against Jane's jaw, and kissed her.

It wasn't a tentative kiss. Sif did very few things tentatively. But it was gentle, which is different from hesitant, the specific gentleness of something you've been waiting a long time for and don't want to rush past. Jane registered it in her chest before she processed it consciously, warmth spreading out from that center point. She leaned into it without deciding to, her hand coming up to Sif's wrist.

When they drew back, Jane opened her eyes to find Thor watching them. His expression was not surprise and not restraint. It was very much something else.

"That," Jane said carefully, "is unfair."

"He can be included," Sif said. Her voice had shifted, not artificially lower, just the quality of it changed, moving from conversation to something more direct.

"I'm already here," Thor said.

"You were always going to be here," Sif said.

He moved up from the floor to the sofa in one smooth motion. Jane found herself between them in a way that was not accidental, Sif's hand still at her jaw, Thor's arm coming around her from the other side. He kissed the side of her temple first, which was not where she expected, and then turned her face toward his and kissed her mouth. Slow and sure, the way you kiss someone you've been thinking about kissing for two years and know you're not going to rush. She felt Sif's lips on her neck at the collar, warm and slow. The combination was something she hadn't prepared herself for and didn't have a category for yet. She found she didn't need one.

Thor pulled back just enough to look at her, then at Sif over her shoulder. Something passed between them that had been building for a long time and was only now being acknowledged properly.

"Bedroom," Jane said. "Because I have hardwood floors and I'm not doing this on them."

"Practical," Sif observed.

"I contain multitudes."

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The bedroom was small and also full of books, the window slightly ajar, cold air coming through it. Jane registered the specific absurdity of all this for about four seconds before it stopped mattering.

Thor kissed her again, deeper this time, his hands at her waist. She felt the solid reality of him, nothing held back. He kissed with intent, thoughtfully, the way he did things when he wasn't rushing. She had her hands in his hair and he made a low sound against her mouth that she felt more than heard, something that started in her chest and traveled low.

Sif was behind her. Her hands moved to Jane's shoulders and slid her cardigan off. Then she pressed a line of open-mouthed kisses along Jane's bare shoulder and the back of her neck. Jane's spine went loose in seconds. Sif's hands were sure and confident. She knew exactly where she was going and she went there without hesitation. Being wanted that clearly, with that kind of precision, was its own overwhelming thing.

Jane turned to face Sif while Thor pressed his mouth to the curve of her shoulder from behind. Sif kissed her again, hungrier now, her hands in Jane's hair, and Jane thought dimly that she had seriously underestimated this, the intensity of Sif's attention when it was fully deployed rather than carefully contained.

"I've been thinking about this," Sif admitted against her mouth. "For an embarrassingly long time."

"How long?" Jane asked.

"Long enough that I'm not going to say."

"Months, I believe," Thor said from somewhere near Jane's left ear, his voice amused.

"Thank you," Sif said flatly.

"Just being honest." He was not apologetic.

Jane laughed, and the laughing broke the careful tension and made everything looser, easier. The three of them settled into each other. She reached back and pulled Thor toward her properly and he came, settling with his back against the headboard, Jane leaning against him and Sif in front of her.

Thor's hands moved over her with thorough attentiveness, teasing her, caressing her, touching her the way she wanted. He kissed the curve of her shoulder and the line of her spine, slow and warm, and she leaned back into him. He held her weight without effort, his arm around her middle, his breath against her hair as he nibbled gently on the side of her neck.

Sif was watching them, and then she wasn't watching. She was present. Her hands started at Jane's collarbone and then lower, cupping her breasts and squeezing gently. Jane pulled in a sharp breath.

Sif looked up at her with an expression that was somewhere between satisfied and intensely focused.

“Okay?” Sif asked.

“Very okay,” Jane said with a grin.

Sif smiled and continued, her movements thorough, warm, and careful. She cupped her tits and squeezed, once, twice, slowly increasing the pressure. She leaned forward and brought her mouth into play, her lips wrapping around her nipple. Jane’s back arched, but Thor kept her in place.

Sif was working with absolute patience and attentiveness, having no interest in speed whatsoever. Jane’s brain, which was normally extremely interested in remaining functional, went somewhere quiet and didn’t feel the need to come back. She had her head tipped back against Thor’s shoulder, his hands at her waist, and his lips at her earlobe, whispering something low that she didn’t fully understand over Sif’s ministrations but didn’t need to.

She turned toward him and he kissed her in a way that was considerably less patient than before, both hands at her face, and she heard the soft sound Sif made against her tits. Jane felt her lips travel up her neck and join them, and for a moment it was the three of them in the same small space with no distance between any of them at all.

Thor and Sif found each other over and around Jane. Watching them was its own experience. Two people who’d known each other for centuries. Who’d trained together and fought beside each other and clearly had extremely strong feelings about each other that had been contained for a very long time. None of that containment was currently present. They kissed with the familiarity of people who already knew each other’s rhythms, discovering the new ones. The sound Sif made when Thor’s hands played with her tits was entirely unguarded, nothing like the composed Sif who’d fought against the dark elves with such ruthlessness.

Thor pulled back from the kiss just enough to rest his forehead against Sif’s, their breaths mingling hot and ragged over Jane’s cheek. Jane’s heart hammered so hard she could feel it in her throat. She was still pinned between them, her back to Thor’s broad chest, his thick arms banded around her waist like he never planned to let go. Sif’s hands were still on her tits, her thumbs brushing over her wet nipples in slow, lazy circles that made Jane’s thighs clench.

“Damn,” Sif whispered, her voice low and rough, the way it got after a long battle. She looked at Thor first, then at Jane, her eyes dark with want. “I never imagined it would be like this.”

Jane let out a shaky laugh that turned into a moan when Thor’s hand slid down her stomach and cupped her pussy, his two thick fingers parting her slick folds without pushing inside yet.

“You’re not the only one,” she managed, her voice breaking on a moan. “I wanted you both so fucking much after that time on Asgard.”

Thor’s growl vibrated against her spine. “Then stop talking and feel us, love.”

He kissed the side of her neck again, his teeth grazing her skin while Sif dropped lower, her mouth closing hot and wet around Jane’s other nipple. Jane’s hips jerked forward instinctively, chasing Thor’s fingers as they teased her folds.

They moved her together, Thor lifting and Sif guiding until Jane’s back hit the bed. She sprawled on her back, her legs falling open without thinking. Thor and Sif knelt on either side of her, still moderately dressed while she was already bare from the waist up, her skirt shoved high around her hips. It felt filthy and perfect.

Sif’s hand smoothed up Jane’s thigh, her touch light and teasing. “Look at you,” she murmured. “So wet already. All for us?” She leaned down and kissed Jane’s mouth, soft at first, then deeper, her tongue sliding in like she was tasting something precious. Jane moaned into the kiss, her fingers threading into Sif’s dark hair.

Thor watched them, his eyes blazing. One big hand palmed his cock through his trousers, the outline thick and obvious. “I could watch you two forever,” he said, his voice rough. “But I need to taste her too.” He bent and licked a slow stripe up Jane’s inner thigh, then higher, until his mouth reached where his fingers had been. The first broad stroke of his tongue over her clit made Jane cry out against Sif’s lips.

Sif pulled back just enough to watch, one hand still cupping Jane’s breast. “That’s it, Jane. Let him have you. He’s been starving for this.” She kissed Jane’s jaw, then her throat, then lower again, sucking a nipple into her mouth while Thor licked deeper, tongue fucking into her slowly. Jane’s hips rolled, chasing the heat of his mouth. Every time she got close, Thor eased off, humming low against her pussy like he had all the time in the nine realms.

“Thor – fuck – please,” Jane gasped.

Sif smiled against her skin. “He likes it when you beg. So do I.” She reached down and slid a finger into Jane’s pussy right beside Thor’s tongue, curling it just right. The stretch and the dual sensation made Jane’s back arch clean off the bed, a gasp escaping her.

Thor lifted his head, his lips shiny with her juices, his eyes wild. “She’s close already. Our girl.” He kissed Sif then, right over Jane’s soaked cunt, sharing the taste. Jane watched them devour each other and felt something deep and warm crack open in her chest. These two, immortal, unstoppable, wanted her, loved her, were unraveling for her. It was overwhelming in the best way.

When they broke apart, Sif looked at Jane with raw desire. “I want you,” she said huskily. “Both of you. I want this, and I’m not hiding it anymore.”

Jane's eyes flashed at that.

Thor stood long enough to strip off his tunic and trousers, his cock springing free—thick, heavy, flushed dark at the tip and already leaking. Jane's mouth watered at the sight. Sif stripped too, armor and leathers hitting the floor with soft thuds, revealing strong shoulders, full breasts, the faint scars from battles Jane had only heard stories about. She was gorgeous, deadly, and looking at them both like they were her whole world.

They came back to the bed together. Sif lay down beside Jane and pulled her into a slow, filthy kiss while Thor settled between Jane's spread thighs. He rubbed the head of his cock up and down her slick pussy, teasing her clit until she was whimpering into Sif's mouth.

"Ready?" Thor asked, his voice gentle even as his hips twitched with need.

Jane broke the kiss just long enough to nod frantically. "Yes. Inside me. Now."

He pushed in slow, inch by thick inch, stretching her open until she felt full and aching and perfect. Jane's head fell back on a long moan. Sif kissed her neck, whispering, "Breathe, Jane. Feel how he fills you. He's been dreaming about this tight little cunt for months."

Thor bottomed out with a groan, his hips flush against hers. "So good. So warm. My Jane." He started moving, deep and steady, each thrust dragging against that spot inside her that made sparks shoot up her spine. Sif slid a hand down and rubbed Jane's clit in tight circles, matching Thor's rhythm.

Jane couldn't stop the sounds spilling out of her, whimpers, curses, their names. She reached for Sif, tugging her closer until Sif straddled her face. The warrior lowered herself carefully, and Jane licked into her without hesitation, tasting how wet Sif already was. Sif gasped, her thighs trembling on either side of Jane's head.

"Fuck, Jane... your mouth," Sif breathed. She rocked gently, riding Jane's tongue while Thor fucked her harder now, the wet slap of skin loud in the room. Jane was lost between them: Thor's cock pounding deep, Sif's pussy grinding against her face, both of them moaning her name like a prayer.

Thor's hand found Sif's breast, pinching her nipple. "Look at our girl taking us both," he growled. "She's perfect. Made for this."

Sif leaned forward and kissed him again, messy and desperate, while Jane sucked on her clit. The angle let Jane slide her middle finger into Sif's pussy, curling them the way Sif had inside her, returning the favor. Sif's moan turned into a broken cry.

They stayed like that for long minutes, Thor thrusting deep and steady into Jane, Jane eating Sif out like she was starving while she fingered her, and Sif and Thor kissing and touching each other over her body.

Jane came first, sudden and shattering. Her walls clamped down around Thor's cock, her thighs shaking and her muffled scream vibrating against Sif's pussy. Thor fucked her through it, slower now, letting her ride every pulse.

Sif pulled off Jane's face just long enough to let her breathe, then kissed her messily, tasting herself. "Good girl," she whispered against Jane's lips. "So fucking good for us."

Thor eased out of Jane with a wet sound that made all three of them groan. His cock glistened with her cum. He looked at Sif, his eyes dark. "Your turn. It feels like I've waited lifetimes to be inside you again."

Sif's smile was fierce and soft at once. She rolled onto her back beside Jane and spread her legs wide, one hand reaching out to lace her fingers with Jane's. Thor moved between Sif's thighs and pushed inside her in one smooth thrust. Sif's back bowed, a raw sound tearing from her throat.

"Thor! Yes! Harder!" she demanded, her voice breaking. He gave it to her, his hips snapping, the way two warriors who'd fought side by side for centuries could, rough and knowing and full of trust. Jane watched, mesmerized, then leaned over and sucked one of Sif's nipples into her mouth while her hand drifted down to rub Sif's clit.

Sif's free hand tangled in Jane's hair. "I adore you," she gasped. "You're so good. So attentive. So... eager."

Thor leaned down and kissed Sif deeply, then turned and kissed Jane just as deeply, never stopping the roll of his hips. Jane could taste Sif on his tongue and it made her dizzy with want. She parted her folds and slid two fingers back into her own pussy, fucking herself in time with Thor's thrusts into Sif, and the three of them moved together in a messy, perfect rhythm.

Sif came hard in no time, her thighs clamping around Thor's waist and her pussy fluttering visibly around his cock. She cried out both their names, her body shaking. Thor followed moments later, burying himself deep and groaning long and low as he spilled inside her. Jane rubbed her own clit faster and came again just from watching them, smaller this time but no less sweet.

They collapsed in a sweaty, tangled heap, Jane in the middle again, Thor's arm under her head, and Sif curled against her chest, one leg thrown over both of them. For a long minute the only sounds were heavy breathing and soft kisses pressed to whatever skin was closest.

Thor nuzzled Jane's hair. "I love you," he said quietly, the words rumbling through his chest. "I love what we are together. The three of us. No more waiting. No more hiding."

Sif kissed Jane's collarbone, then reached past her to stroke Thor's jaw. "I'm yours. Both of yours. For as long as you'll have me."

Jane smiled, bone-deep and glowing. She felt sore and satisfied and so fucking loved she could barely speak. "Forever sounds good," she whispered. "I'm never letting either of you go."

They stayed like that, trading lazy kisses and soft words, hands roaming without urgency now, just gentle touches that said everything the three of them had been holding back for so long.

Jane drifted toward sleep with Sif's fingers tracing circles on her hip and Thor's heartbeat steady under her cheek, already wondering how soon they could do it all over again. This time slower. This time with even less restraint. This time knowing exactly how much they all meant to one another.

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The Aether left Earth three days later. It traveled via a route that involved a brief and thoroughly unannounced transit through the Bifrost to a waypoint that existed in a location Thor had spent two of those three days calculating. The waypoint was remote, cosmologically speaking. Not easily found. Not easily reached. Nothing nearby that would attract interest.

It wasn't a permanent solution. Jane told Thor that plainly and he agreed plainly and they both acknowledged that permanent solutions to infinity stones probably weren't available in the near term. The goal was simply to make the near term as long as possible. It was good enough.

Thor stood outside Jane's building in the grey London morning while the transit completed, Mjolnir in hand and Sif beside him. Jane stood behind him with her tablet and coffee. The sky was completely ordinary. He looked at it for a long moment.

"Two down," he said.

"Four to find," Clark said. He'd come to see it off, the Kryptonian crystal in his coat pocket. "We'll start looking."

"We'll all start looking," Diana said from his left.

Thor nodded. He'd meant it. He intended to be a significant part of the looking, and the finding, and whatever came after the finding. He intended to do it from here, from this realm, from this specific context, with these specific people.

The sky above London was grey and cool and exactly what it was supposed to be. The ordinary light fell on ordinary streets. Sif drank Jane's coffee without asking, because she'd apparently decided she lived here now and was applying that logic immediately. Jane made a noise of protest and took it back. Thor watched them both and felt a smile tug at his lips.

It was, all things considered, very ordinary. And perhaps that was exactly what was needed after all the anomaly of the Convergence.

To be continued...