Perils of an RPF Life

by hariboo

Summary

Look, it isn’t that she isn’t excited for Jane, sure she is. But Darcy wonders if Jane ever thinks about that. The fact she’s dating the sexiest E.T. ever.

Notes

another advent calendar fic! This time for... ANONYMOUS~~ and while this is very much unbetad I have to give a HUGE THANK YOU and shout out to A.j. for giving me the title, which is weirdly perfect. Previous title was: Darcy Cares About Her OTP. So, you know, you all were saved from that.

The thing about Thor is, well, he’s an alien.

Look, it isn’t that she isn’t excited for Jane, sure she is. She’s got her tall, blonde and godly drink of water -- though Thor is more like mead, if she really thinks about it; and she has, fyi -- after two years of going through the weirdest non-breakup long distance intergalactic scavenger hunt/relationship, sometimes grieving process. And, look, Darcy really hadn’t signed up for this when she thought a fun internship for her junior year would be to skip off to New Mexico and look for intergalactic sky storms.

But she hadn’t known Jane Foster and definitely hadn’t known that when Jane Foster got her hooks into an idea she never let go.
Not that it didn’t work out for her.

Because Jane got herself more than intergalactic sky storms. She got Thor who is a force of nature. Literally. Thunder god, hello! Also, *an alien*.

Darcy wonders if Jane ever thinks about that. The fact she’s dating the sexiest E.T. ever. Intergalactic jackpot much?

Actually, that works for Thor, too. Darcy hadn’t really considered that before, to be honest. Thor is dating an alien, well, to his homeworld, too; man, double intergalactic jackpot. Go them.

But right.

If they aren’t thinking about this Darcy definitely is, because Darcy remembers one or two things from the show Roswell and various factoids about Star Trek aliens she’s picked up watching random episodes of TNG and Deep Space Nine as a kid. And ever since Thor dropped (literally) into their lives and they realised he was in fact not suffering from some weird Old English headwound she’s wondered… stuff. Mainly what kind of cool alien sex stuff he brings to the table. (The Roswell aliens had like super orgasms, didn’t they? Orions on Trek had super pheromones or something...)

But Jane hasn’t really shared the deets since Thor has been back and they locked themselves in Jane’s flat (see, she’s *learning*, England! Take that! Which are also a British boyband, who isn’t assimilating now, suckers!) for like a week before Darcy is pretty sure the food ran out… or the condoms did.

Darcy knows which one she’s betting on since both she and Jane know Tesco’s can deliver.

Still, she’s curious. There are some serious questions to be had.

And not ONLY about the sex stuff, even though, *yes*, but about other stuff, like:

“So, like what are your intentions?” Darcy asks, as she’s watching Thor watch Jane, who is muttering to herself on the other side of the room. She looks pretty engrossed, spinning her pen idly around her fingers like she does when she’s working through a thought. “And do you have some cool alien sex thing?”

Thor drops the neon green Post-Its tabbies he’s holding. Darcy is teaching him her filing system for Jane’s research. Mostly because he loves, like seriously loves -- it’s grossly cute -- watching Jane work. Also it doesn’t hurt he’s actually helpful. Tossing out alien facts about space that make Jane’s eyes go all sparkly and Darcy knows it’s time to leave the room. Seriously, grossly cute. Who knew Thor was such dork, too. But really because someone besides Darcy should suffer this filing system.

He picks the tabbies up again and cocks an eyebrow at Darcy.

He’s kinda an easy going cool cucumber slash adorable puppy slash besotted bro, but she’s pretty sure she’s toeing a line of some sort.

She grins as charmingly as she can.

Thor chuckles, lightly. Honestly, Darcy knows how lucky she is that Thor indulges all her weird and inappropriate questions.

“I thought my intentions were quite clear, Darcy,” he says in that low timbre of his that makes Darcy totally understand why Jane gave her that first week he came back off.
And yes, Thor knows exactly what his voice does when uses it like that. Darcy, however, has a mission. She will not be seduced by charm and golden gods. She sort of has an Intern she is unfortunately being already seduced by.

“Well, yeah, I can tell you’re totally are goofy for Jane, and vice versa by the way, in case you didn’t notice.”

He smiles. He looks over to where Jane has bent over their latest print outs and is muttering about subspace. “I have noticed.” His eyes go all sparkly, too. Darcy is disgusted and cooing inside.

She pokes him in the nose with her pen. “Good, you better, because I did not spend two years keeping her bathed and fed just for a fling.”

“Fling?” he asks, his smile teasing enough letting her know he knows what she means. He’s explained the All-Tongue to them, and hey, look at him trying to get her off track! Well, not today, buddy!

“Dalliance, or whatever it’s called,” she tosses back waiting for…

“Darcy.” He sounds so completely affronted. She shrugs, she’s not sorry. He looks contrite and kinda even worried for a second. “I would never do such a thing to Jane…” he looks over to her again, his eyes going soft -- seriously, goofy for each other -- and surprises Darcy. “I did fear on the worst days that she considered our time a… fling.”

Darcy shakes her head and pokes him in the arm. It’s seriously like a rock. A very nice, warm rock that looks a bit like a worried puppy. Across the room, Jane is chewing on her pen. Thor looks like he wants to be that pen. The fact these two can pine while being in the same room is a phenomenon Darcy finds endlessly amusing.

“Hey, no sad pine face. You two are so the opposite of a dallifling. That would be a dalliance and fling.”

“I understood.”

She smiles. “Yeah, you did. You understand more than you let on, don’t think I haven’t noticed. Or that Jane hasn’t.”

His grin -- the wide, extra bright and cocky one -- is probably why the myths have him down as the god of fertility (look, she’s done her homework). Darcy shakes her head.

“And that brings me back to my original question. Intentions?”

“Pure,” he says, smiling softly as he takes the blue highlighter and starts marking the data they’re looking through for Jane. Gamma radiation.

Darcy smirks, “Really?”

Thor looks up and smirks back. Also, holy shit.

“Ha! I knew it,” she laughs. “You dawg.”

“Dog? Canine?”

Thor’s eyes widen at the last one and he huffs a laugh. “Clever.” Thank god she reads historical romances now. Thank god Professor Mama Foster has a nice collection of them at her house.

“And the other thing?”

Thor levels her with a look. Whatever she’s not giving up.

“You know...” she trails off, wagging her eyebrows again and tilting her head Jane. His eyes slide to Jane, too. So do Darcy’s. Her hair is tied up. That means she’s editing algorithms and probably taking a break soon. Algorithms are exhausting.

Thor sighs all dreamy like. God, (no pun intended), Darcy is probably going to be leaving the room in fifteen minutes. She’s timed this down to a science, practically. When he looks back at her, he’s got that eyebrow up again.

“I almost forgot how forthcoming you are, Darcy.”

She shrugs. “Yeah, well.”

“But I am not going to answer.”

She pouts. “Aww, come on! We’re bonding here. How All-Tongue is that All-tongue... Are you literally a sex god? Is it out of this world? Getting that info out Jane is practically no challenge at all. Just get her a little drunk or wait until she gets into one of her sharing rambles. You’ve seen them, it’s all cute and embarrassing, but informative.”

Thor shakes his head, but he looks mostly fond. Like Darcy is an annoying but endearing little sister. It’s not a new look. Jane gives it to Darcy all the time. They really are perfect for each other.

“Then why ask me?”

Darcy spread her hands over the small mountain of colour coded tabs, files and highlighters spread on the floor between them. “Bonding.”

Thor just gives her an endlessly amused look.

“Insatiable curiosity?”

“About?” Jane’s voice sounds louder and closer than it has been in hours. She pushed up from her desk and is walking over to them, eyes tired but bright. Thor doesn’t waste time in extending his hand and Jane smiles at him. Okay, ten minutes before Darcy has to book it for her midday coffee run at Nero. She’s currently not the only insatiable person in this house.

Thor doesn’t stand but he straightens slightly as Jane walks behind him and rests her weight against his back, leaning forward, her thighs against his shoulder blades. He’s tall enough, even sitting down, that Jane doesn’t have to lean that far down to take hold of his shoulders, basically using him as leaning post. Thor tips his head back and reaches one up to hold one Jane’s hands by his collarbones. Jane grins down at him and they don’t even need to kiss to completely forget there are other people in the room. Eight minutes.

“Darcy is asking if I have any unique bedroom habits,” he answers Jane, never looking away from her.

Darcy rolls her eyes. She sees where his loyalties lie. (She can’t very well blame him. Hers lie in the same place.)
Jane’s brow furrows and then she scoffs. She looks away from Thor, even as her free hand starts threading through the loose strands of hair by his temple.

“He’s not a fictional character, Darcy.”

Darcy shrugs, grinning. “He was up until two years ago.”

They both laugh. Darcy preens because, hey, it’s always nice when someone likes your joke. Jane leans more into Thor. His other hand reaches behind his back and circles Jane’s ankle in his wrist.

(Five minutes.)

“Yeah, well he’s still not Max from Roswell. I’m not seeing all the colours of the wind,” Jane says, but there’s a tale tell blush across her cheeks and Thor is grinning soft but all dirty like. They’ve shifted around so Jane is pressed up against his side and his arm is reaching all the way around her hips. Her hand is curled in his hair. There is definitely something in Thor’s alien sex game they aren’t sharing.

Yet.

She’s totally gonna get it out of them one day.

But right now, she definitely has got to go. Thor is straightening and turning his face to Jane, more precisely, Jane’s hip bone and yeah, two minutes and counting. She scoops up all the work she can even though Jane has been pretty good about not messing up her workspace, but well in these last few weeks Darcy has learned Jane’s work is kinda a turn on for them. If she doesn’t save her Post Its tabbies who knows what they’ll witness.

“Yeah, I know you’re both lying and one day when you least expect it I’ll get it out of one you.” Standing, she waves over her shoulder at them. Jane kinda waves back, Thor kinda says bye, but they’re already mostly paying attention solely to each other and Darcy rolls her eyes. As she closes the door she hears Thor ask what Jane was working on and Jane’s answer is more of a loving laugh than words. Darcy’s lunch breaks have gotten very long. There’s definite some alien stamina at work. She’ll find out.

More importantly, she got one of her answers. Thor is head over heels for Jane. She already had suspected as much, but it’s nice to have confirmation. She’s also pretty sure he’s thinking intergalactic wedding invites, which, won’t that be the coolest shit ever.

Every other student who passed up on Jane’s internship can suck it, because there’s a space wedding in Darcy’s future. Her life is ridiculously awesome, student loans notwithstanding. SHIELD could have really helped with those, those losers. Checking her watch, she decides she’s gonna treat herself to a Hot Chocolate Milano and maybe a makeout session with Intern before heading back. As interested as she is in whatever Thor’s alien sex game is she does not actually want to witness it.

Somethings are better left between Jane and her god.

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