**Detective Loki: Double Agents (A Loki / Norse Mythology-Based Fiction)**

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**Summary**

Loki isn't quite his usual self after "the fire incident." Something is bound to happen. How will Sigyn handle it?

**Notes**

I just felt like doing something more fvkked up with this one.  
Takes place in modern times with AU Asgard as a nation. This is crime drama / Norse mythology / absurd/dark humor.  
Installment 3 of 3. This ties together with the first two, so I recommend reading those first.  
1 of 3: [Detective Loki: The Theft of Thor's Hammer](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12096975)  
2 of 3: [Detective Loki: The Jotun who had no Heart in his Body](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12096975)
Prologue

Sigyn was dreaming, remembering an untold part of a story. She was kneeling beside Loki, who was chained to rocks. She hated him, and she hated Odin; they were both betrayers, of her and each other. She threw aside a bowl and cast runes with all her power. His chains broke, and she whispered to him, “Kill everyone.”

Sigyn woke up. She looked at Loki, who was sleeping next to her. She didn’t know why she was so mad at him in her dream. She had an idea of why she was mad at Odin. She sighed and went back to sleep.

Ch. 1

“Wilderness of mirrors
Streets of cold desire
My precious sense of honor
Just a shield of rusty wire
I hold against the chaos –
And the cross of holy fire”
-Rush, “Double Agent”

Loki, a detective in Asgard’s national police force, stood in line at The Old Ways Bakery. His old partner, Hønir, who had retired long ago, was planning to stop by the station for lunch, and his boss Odin, the Chief of Police, had sent him to get a gift. Specifically, a loaf of marble rye. “It’s his favorite,” Odin had said. “Go to The Old Ways Bakery. They use all natural ingredients, not a paragraph of chemicals,” his wife Sigyn had said. Loki wondered why he, as head investigator, did not have anything better to do than run errands.

Finally his turn, Loki approached the counter. “A marble rye,” he stated.

“You’re lucky,” said the clerk as she turned around, retrieved the loaf from the racks of bread, and handed it to him. “Last one.”

“Great.” He smiled politely and paid with petty cash from the station.

He didn’t feel lucky, he thought as he left the bakery and started walking back to the station. He hadn’t felt quite right since what he and the others referred to as “the fire incident” three months ago. At first he thought everything was fine, better than ever. He felt a renewed energy, and he and Sigyn had enjoyed a two-week vacation in the North Woods. Soon he realized, however, that his renewed energy was also an overwhelming urge, more so than usual, more so than since he could remember, to do something stupid to mess up his happy, perfect, ordered life.

As usual he said nothing to no one. He was sure that Sigyn sensed it though. She would look at his eyes, like she was trying to figure out what they meant: the red flames dancing in his green eyes. A trick of light or maybe a trick of the mind, but they were there.

Lost in thought, he didn’t hear the footsteps coming up behind him. Suddenly someone grabbed him
by his long black hair, turned him around and punched him in the stomach.

“Give me the marble rye!” a voice demanded.

Doubled over, Loki looked up, trying to see through his hair, which his attacker was still holding. “What? Are you kidding?” He was beginning to sense that his moment of stupid was starting.

“Do I look like I’m kidding? You took the last one,” said the attacker, whom Loki thought appeared to be a frost Jotun. The Jotun kicked Loki in the shins.

“Fuck! First come, first serve. Besides, I need it for work,” Loki spat, holding the loaf tighter and wishing he hadn’t left his gun in his desk. The Jotun drew his right arm back and lifted Loki’s head up. “Not my face!” Loki shouted.

“OK, pretty boy, I’ll make you a deal,” the Jotun said as he pushed Loki around and marched him toward the street. “Instead of the bread, in exchange for me not pushing you into traffic, you bring me Idunn.”

“Idunn? Our receptionist?”

“You know who she is. I will pull my car in front of the station. Look for a black Escalade. You send her out. You have 15 minutes. Agreed? Or would like to say hello to this bus?”

Loki, pushed to the edge of the curb, looked at the bus coming toward them. “Agreed!”

“If I don’t get her, I’ll come back for you.” The Jotun let him go, pushed him away from the street and walked the other way. Loki walked briskly back to the station, still clutching the marble rye.
“Hey, Idunn!” Loki greeted cheerfully as he strutted into the vestibule of the police station.

“Hi, Loki,” Idunn responded not quite as cheerfully.

“I was just at the bakery down the street. They were giving out samples of apple bread.” He eyed the window as he was spitting out his story and saw a black SUV slowly pull up and park in front of the building. “Well, you’ll never believe it, but I swear the apples were as good as yours.”

“No way,” she said flatly.

“I swear. Come back there with me and try some.”

“I’m not supposed to leave,” she protested. “Why didn’t you just buy some?”

“I didn’t have enough petty cash for two loaves. Come on, it will only take a few minutes. It’s delicious!”

“OK, I guess,” she gave in.

As he ushered her toward the door, he slipped his cell phone into her purse. They exited the building, and the front passenger door of the SUV opened. Loki pushed her toward it, and the Jotun reached out and grabbed her and pulled her in. The door closed, and the SUV sped away.

“Fuck,” muttered Loki.

He ran back into the station and to the detective unit. Sigyn and Thor were sitting at their desks. Odin was just coming out of his office. Loki ran up to him and handed him the bread. “Here’s your marble rye. Mission accomplished!”

“What happened to you?” asked Sigyn, noticing that his hair was a mess and his clothes were scuffed up.

“Well, someone tried to rob me, but as you can see, he didn’t succeed.”

The others all eyed him suspiciously. “And?” prompted Odin, glaring at him with his one eye.

“We have a problem. He wanted something else… Idunn,” Loki replied.

“You gave him our receptionist?” asked Thor. “But she’s nice. She brings us apples.”

“One of you,” Loki shouted at Odin and Sigyn as he ran to get his gun from his desk. “Track my phone! I know you both can do it. I put it in her purse.”

“OK,” said Sigyn, going into the app on her phone.

“Loki and Sigyn, follow them in Sigyn’s car,” ordered Odin.

“OK,” she said. “They’re sitting in traffic. Let’s go.” She handed Loki her phone. “You watch where they are.”

“Thor and I will meet up with you. We’ll take one of the squad cars. Get her back at any cost. We can’t let this get out of control,” Odin instructed.
Sigyn and Loki were soon on the road in her black 4th generation WS6 Trans Am named KATT.

“They’re still on the main road,” Loki said, looking at the phone app.

Sigyn drove, speeding down side streets to avoid traffic, then going back to the main road when they got nearer. A light snow had starting falling, but not enough to effect road conditions yet. She weaved between lanes until she got in the left lane as they approached a light. The Escalade was two vehicles back in the right lane. “Get her when we stop.”

As they stopped at the light, Loki jumped out of the car, drew his gun, and ran to the SUV. Idunn saw him and opened the door. The Jotun tried to restrain her, but seeing Loki’s gun, let her go. Loki grabbed Idunn, and they ran back to the Trans Am. Idunn squeezed into the back seat, and then Loki got in front. To Sigyn’s relief the snow suddenly stopped. The light turned green, and Sigyn took off, way ahead of the rest of traffic in seconds.

“Now what?” asked Idunn frantically. “What if he comes back for me?”

“Well, he is following us,” said Sigyn, looking in the rear view mirror. “He’s trying to catch up.” She turned left, heading for an industrial area with less traffic. Ahead the road curved to the left before going under a bridge. “See that?”

“Yeah, do it,” said Loki.

“What?” asked Idunn. “Why are you slowing down? He’s catching up!”

Sigyn and Loki were both slightly grinning. The SUV got within a few car lengths of KATT. Then Sigyn sped up, heading for the curve. She slowed down enough to take the curve, but the top-heavy SUV was going too fast. It tipped over in the curve and slammed into one of the concrete support beams of the bridge and burst into flames. Sigyn stopped the car a safe distance ahead. She and Loki looked at each other with that same slight, sly grin again. Idunn stared in shock. In a few minutes, a police SUV pulled up behind them. Odin and Thor got out. Sigyn and Loki got out to meet them. Idunn stayed in the car.

“Idunn’s fine. She’s in the car,” Sigyn said to Odin and Thor.

“Well, that was fast,” said Thor cheerfully. “We can make it back in time for lunch with Hønir.”

They all turned to look at the burning SUV, none of them looking regretful. Odin grunted. “That bridge might be damaged. Loki, can you...?”

“What? How exactly do you want me to fix a bridge?” snapped Loki.

“You’ll figure something out,” Odin replied.

Loki huffed, annoyed.

“Shouldn’t you just call the highway department?” asked Sigyn.

“Oh,” Loki responded.

“Right. There you have it then,” said Odin.

“That fire should really be put out,” added Sigyn. She retrieved her cell phone from Loki’s suit jacket pocket and dialed emergency services. “Hi, this is the police. We need the fire department.”
Later, the team sat in the break room with Hønir, eating the almond cake that Sigyn had made the night before. They had told Hønir of the events of that morning.

“I hope you appreciate this marble rye,” Loki said.

Hønir laughed. “You were always good for a story, Loki. Remember that time that guy from Midgard came to us for help? You know that guy… He got into some trouble with a Jotun. Then the Jotun made threats against his son. The Jotun just kept trying to kidnap the kid… Until Loki took care of him for good.”

They all chuckled.

“That’s my favorite story,” said Loki, smiling. Sigyn smiled too.
The next day the team was sitting around the office when Idunn came in with a basket full of apples. “I have fresh apples!” she exclaimed cheerfully. She handed out an apple to everyone.

Thor took a bite of his. “These are great! So fresh and juicy!”

“You’re welcome!” Loki exclaimed, grinning. He sat on Sigyn’s desk and winked at her. She rolled her eyes but smiled back.

Idunn went back to her desk, and they all ate their apples.

Shortly afterward, the intercom buzzer in Odin’s office rang. “Lieutenant Skadi from Jotunheim is here to see you,” Idunn announced.

“Send her in,” stated Odin. He stepped out of his office to go meet her.

Skadi had already charged inside their main office. She was fuming. She was wearing her uniform; her long, nearly white, blonde hair was plaited into two braids; and her icy light blue eyes glared at all of them. “You people… You killed my father!”

“What are you talking about?” asked Odin calmly.

“My father Thiazi. You made him crash into a bridge. He was my only family! I want compensation!”

Odin, Loki, and Sigyn all considered her pensively. Sigyn spoke first, “Wait a minute. He kidnapped our receptionist. We followed him to get her back. Then he chased us. He could have just driven away, but he came back after us, and you want us to compensate you?”

“He was speeding and lost control of his vehicle. The highway department isn’t too happy about the bridge damage,” added Loki.

“Oh… but… still,” Skadi said, disappointed.

“Look Skadi, I could put in a good word for you for a promotion. Would that help?” asked Odin.

“Really? Yeah, that would be great,” she said. Odin led her into his office to work out the details. Loki and Sigyn grinned slyly at each other.

Odin came back out of his office and walked to the coffee maker. He put in water and coffee grounds and pushed buttons, but it didn’t respond. He checked the plug. “Damn. Sigyn, ask Idunn to order us a new one. Loki, go get us coffees.”

“Me? Are you sure?” Loki protested.

“Just go do it,” replied Odin, heading back to his office.

Loki sighed.
Loki grabbed some petty cash and walked to the coffee shop down the street. As he waited in line, he got a bad feeling again, the familiar pull toward chaos and destruction. When he got to the front of the line, he knew why.

“Two black coffees, please,” Loki stated.

“Don’t pretend you don’t know me!” hissed Angrboda.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I needed a new job.”

“Right by my work, huh?”

She shrugged. “I got laid off. I had to take two new jobs, actually. I’m not the one who got the nice house in the suburbs.”

“OK… Look, I just need to get coffee,” he said, trying to get back to business.

“Hmm, I don’t think so,” she said flippantly. She brushed back her shoulder-length auburn hair, which had a streak died Crayola red, away from her face.

“What? This is a business. You can’t deny me service,” he protested.

“The manager isn’t here. What are you going to do about it?”

“Complain later?”

Angrboda glared at him. “You’re not funny.”

“I know you don’t think so, so what do you care about me? Besides, how long has it been, like 13 years?” he reasoned.

“More like twelve years and three months!” she snapped.

“So… a long time! Come on, I just need to get coffee. I need it for work.”

“You’re going to have to do something for me first,” she said suggestively.

“What?” he asked blankly.

“Really?” She ushered the remaining customers out the door. “Sorry, we’re closed. Lunch break.” She locked the door behind her.

“I really can’t,” he protested.

“Sure you can. You need to get that coffee, right?” She led him to a back room.

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Angrboda handed Loki his two cups of coffee. “Now you’re going to get rid of your wife, or I’ll tell her about this, and she’ll leave you anyway.”
He said nothing and walked out the door.
Loki returned to the station, walked into Odin’s office, and put the two cups of coffee down in front of Odin and Skadi. “Here,” he stated flatly.

Loki had just made it a few feet past Odin’s office door when Odin, now standing in the doorway, asked, “What took you so long?”

Everyone was staring at Loki. “They ran out.”

“The coffee shop ran out of coffee?” asked Odin skeptically.

“Yeah, they had to go get more.” Loki, not making eye contact with anyone, went to his office and closed the door. He sat down at his desk and stared at the printout of a Moral Gray Area cat meme that Sigyn had printed and taped to the wall. There was nothing morally gray about what he had just done.

There was a knock on the door, and Odin entered without waiting for a response. He closed the door and sat down in one of the two chairs in front of Loki’s desk. “What really happened?” Odin asked. “Whatever it is, you should tell me now, so we can minimize the damage. Is it as bad as yesterday?”

“Worse,” replied Loki. He leaned forward and put his head in his hands and told Odin what happened.

Odin sighed. “We’re going to have to do something about her. We can’t let this get any more out of control.”

Loki nodded.

“I have to get back to Skadi,” said Odin. He got up and opened the door and found Sigyn standing there. She looked disappointed.

“Did you hear any of that?” asked Odin.

“All of it,” she said.

“Come inside.” Odin pulled her in before she could run away, and he closed the door. They sat down.

Loki avoided looking at her, staring at his desk, trying to think of something to say or do.

Odin tried to reason with her. “In hindsight maybe I should have warned you. Loki has just recently been reborn through fire… Chaos. It’s given him new life, but it’s also made him more unstable, more destructive. We should give him some time to settle.”

“How much time? How much am I supposed to put up with?” she asked angrily. Then she added more calmly, “Is there a field office I can be transferred to?”

“No, don’t! Let me explain!” Loki started to panic. “I didn’t want to do it! It was precisely because I didn’t want to… What Odin said… Chaos, destruction! Also, she wouldn’t give me the coffee!” Sigyn glared at him. He was rambling frantically now. “Even before I was with you, it was just something to do. It wasn’t even great. She would be like ‘Not so fast, Loki. Not so hard, Loki. I can’t bend like-‘“
“OK, I get the point!” Sigyn shouted.

“Do you? It wasn’t just that,” Loki continued.

“You should shut up now,” said Odin.

Loki continued to ramble. “She was always like ‘Why don’t we do anything else together? Why don’t you have any friends? Why do you still work for Odin? Why won’t you marry me? I can get you a job with my family. We could have children if you would stop using magic.’ Ugh.”

“See, he really can’t help himself,” Odin said to Sigyn. “He knows that he should shut up.”

“You’re missing the point,” Sigyn said to Loki, and to a lesser extent, to Odin. “You don’t get to just do whatever you want, with no consideration of me, no matter what the excuse. If I forgive you, how am I supposed to respect myself?”

“I said I didn’t want to! She just wants to destroy me.”

“You’ve done a fine job of letting her,” Sigyn pointed out. “You could have just left and not gotten the coffee.”

“You would think!” exclaimed Loki. “But, I always get the thing, don’t I?” He grinned slightly.

“You do,” Odin agreed. He grinned slightly too.

“Oh, gods,” muttered Sigyn. She turned to Odin. “Can I just go for now?” Odin nodded, and Sigyn left them there.
Sigyn remembered that there was a singles bar a couple of blocks from the station that she drove past every day. She didn’t know of any other one, so she went there that night. She walked toward the bar counter and saw a familiar face. Sif walked toward her.

“Well, well, well. What are you doing here?” Sif teased.

“Same as you, I assume,” said Sigyn.

“Ha! I told you!” Sif exclaimed. “Come and sit with me.” They sat at the bar. “So, tell me what happened. What did Loki do?” Sif asked excitedly.

Sigyn told her the coffee story. “I’m not going to kill her though,” Sigyn added. “She’s not worth it.”

Sif shrugged. “Suit yourself.”

“Killing Loki, though, that’s tempting,” Sigyn joked.

Sif laughed. “You know, I wasn’t trying to kill you before. I just wanted to get away.”

“I figured that,” said Sigyn. “Still, you shouldn’t have resisted arrest.”

“I panicked,” said Sif.

“Yeah,” said Sigyn. After a moment, she added, “Your were right about me not caring and just wanting to know everything.”

“Too much now?” Sif asked.

Sigyn shrugged.

“I was wrong about you and Loki being like me and Thor,” Sif said. “Thor and I cheat out of joy. I had time to think in prison, and I decided that rather than be angry, I should have fun too. Loki, though, he cheated out of destruction. And you, you’re here for vengeance.”

“Yeah,” agreed Sigyn. “You know what, I’ve decided I’ll stay with Loki out of spite. Can’t let the bitch win.”

Sif laughed. “Good for you,” she encouraged.

A female bartender, a tall woman with long white hair, who had been standing to Sigyn’s left and serving other customers, approached. “What can I get you?” She asked them. Sif ordered some fancy cocktail, and Sigyn ordered a cherry sparkling water.

“Really?” asked Sif.

“I drove here, and I have to work tomorrow.”

Sif rolled her eyes. After a moment of studying her, she added, “You know, you might want to rethink your outfit.”

Sigyn was wearing black skinny jeans, black boots, a black t-shirt with some band logo that Sif couldn’t read, and a black leather jacket. She had on thick, smoky black eyeliner and eyeshadow.
Sif, on the other hand, was wearing a revealing red dress and red lipstick

“This is how I dress,” Sigyn protested.

After a few minutes, the bartender put their drinks in front of them, and they paid her. “Well, let’s get to it,” said Sif, smiling. They started sipping their drinks and turned around to scan the other patrons.

“How about him?” Sif asked, pointing to a guy with short brown hair, rectangular black, plastic-framed glasses, a neatly-trimmed beard and wearing a V-neck t-shirt and skinny man-jeans.

“Oh, no. No hipsters,” said Sigyn.

“Him?” Sif asked, pointing to a tall man with short blond hair and wearing gray dress pants with a white button-down shirt and carrying a briefcase.

“Too… business-y,” said Sigyn.

Sif rolled her eyes. “Do you really want to do this?”

Sigyn nodded. They looked around more.

“OK,” Sif said, pointing to a guy with shaggy brown hair who was wearing a black motorcycle jacket over a plain black t-shirt with blue jeans.

“OK, fine,” said Sigyn. She finished her drink.

“Go on then, introduce yourself,” said Sif, giving Sigyn a shove.

Sigyn walked over to the guy. Sif followed. Sigyn went up to him. “Hi. Sigyn Laufeysson, Asgard Police.” Sif smacked her palm on her forehead.

“It’s not mine!” The guy pulled something out of his jacket pocket, tossed it at Sigyn, and ran the other way.

Sigyn picked up the joint off the floor and handed it to Sif. “Want it?”

“If you don’t,” Sif said, taking it and putting it in her purse.

They went back to their stools at the bar and ordered more drinks.

“You’re really not good at this,” said Sif as they were sipping their second drinks.

“No,” agreed Sigyn. “Maybe I should just go home. Anyway, I’m not feeling right. I’m really tired.” She turned around to get off the stool but slipped and fell to the floor.

Sif knelt down to check her. She was passed out. “Oh, shit,” said Sif. She got her cell phone out of her purse and dialed emergency services.
Sigyn was dreaming. It was the dream in which Loki was chained to rocks. The same thing happened as before. Then she woke up. This time she knew why she was mad at Loki. Then she realized that she wasn’t in their bed; she was in a hospital bed. Loki was sitting on the bed on her right side and holding her hand. She sat up and leaned against him.

“What happened? Why am I here?” she asked.

“You don’t know?” he replied.

She shook her head and looked at him. His eyes were a dull green with no flames. He looked defeated.

“How long have you been here?” she asked.

“Since they let me in,” he replied. “The doctor said you had a large amount of sleeping pills in you,” he stated.

“What the fuck?” she said incredulously.

“I told everyone that you wouldn’t try to kill yourself,” he said.

“Who the fuck… I’ll kill them,” she said.

Loki grinned slyly. “Odin questioned Sif last night. She said she didn’t see you or anyone else put anything into your drinks. We don’t suspect her. She called emergency services after all. She gave Odin a vague description of the bartender, but she was gone.”

“So you know…?” she trailed off.

“Yeah… I don’t blame you,” he sighed. “Maybe I shouldn’t have come back.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“From the fire.”

“Don’t say that. Don’t you know how happy I was to see you again?”

“You’re not happy now,” he countered.

“I want to be.”

“I’m sorry,” he said. He kissed her on top of her head. She leaned against him and closed her eyes and fell asleep.

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At the station, without Loki and Sigyn, the investigation into Sigyn’s poisoning fell to Thor. Odin figured he’d better assist.

“Sif said the bartender was a woman with long white hair,” said Thor. “We should bring in Skadi. She definitely wasn’t happy with us.”
“I think I appeased her,” said Odin. “I guess it wouldn’t hurt though. She’ll still be in town. Let’s just go to her hotel.”

They drove one of the department SUVs to Skadi’s hotel, went up to her room, and knocked. Skadi opened the door. “What the…? Why are you here? How did you know where I’m staying?”

Odin ignored her last question. “We’d like to ask you a few questions. Where were you last night?”

“Here. Are you sure you didn’t already know that?” She eyed him suspiciously.

“Well, someone with long white hair tried to murder Sigyn last night!” Thor blurted out.

“Why would I? You just got me a promotion,” Skadi said.

“Well, you fit the description,” said Thor.

“Do I?” she asked. “Do you have anything else to go on besides hair color? Where’s Loki? Isn’t he your lead investigator?”

“He’s at the hospital with Sigyn,” replied Thor.

“Hmm,” scoffed Skadi. “There’s something not right about him. Is everything OK between them? He’s a shapeshifter, you know. He could disguise himself.”

“He doesn’t do that anymore,” countered Thor.

“Oh, but I’ve heard he’s been renewed, so to say, so he could,” Skadi argued.

Odin, who had been observing silently, said, “Thanks for your time.”
Loki’s phone rang. “I don’t want us all to die,” Sigyn mumbled groggily. She had just had the same dream again.

“OK. Good to know,” said Loki. He took his phone out of his pocket. “It’s Odin,” he said to Sigyn, who was now fully awake.


“Odin wants me to go to the station. He didn’t say why,” Loki told Sigyn. “I brought you some stuff from home.” He handed her an insulated lunch bag that had been on the floor. She unzipped it and found a bottle of orange juice, a banana, and two peanut-butter-on-dark-rye sandwiches.

“Thanks,” she said.

“And this.” He picked up a plastic bag and handed it to her.

She opened it. Inside was one of her black hoodies. Wrapped inside the hoodie was her gun and holster. “Thanks,” she said again. “Oh, can you get this out of me? It hurts.” She gestured toward the IV that was in her left arm.

“Shouldn’t you call a nurse? I don’t know how that’s supposed to be done. Won’t you bleed?”

“What if they say no? Just do something,” she pleaded. “I’ve watched enough crime dramas to know that attempted murder victims shouldn’t just wait for the suspect to come and finish them off in the hospital. Even with the gun, I still have this thing stuck to me.”

“Right.” He yanked it out of her and quickly covered the area with his hand. She felt fire, then ice.

“Oww!” she exclaimed. “I was thinking of a bandage.”

“Sorry,” he said.

“No, this is better,” she said, looking at her arm. It felt perfectly fine now and didn’t look like anything had been jabbed in it.

“Your clothes are in the cabinet, and your phone is over here,” he said, pointing to the table next to the bed. “I’ll see you later, OK?”

“OK,” she said. He kissed her goodbye.

As he turned to leave, he stopped and said, “Oh, your car is in the parking lot. I’ll leave it here in case you need it. I’ll take the bus.”

“The bus? Since when do you know how to use public transportation?” she asked.

“I’ve seen it go down that block,” he replied.

“Does the same one come here though?”

“Fuck, I don’t know.” He thought for a moment. “You know what I could do?” He smirked.
“Oh, no.” She laughed.

“Oh, yes.” He laughed also. “OK, I better go.” They kissed goodbye again. Their hands lingered on each other as he slowly pulled away.

After Loki left, Sigyn looked out the window. She saw a hawk fly by, and she smiled. She ate the food that Loki had brought and then changed into her own clothes. She put on the hoodie, putting on the hood and tucking her long blonde hair back into it. She stuffed her leather jacket into the plastic bag. Then her phone rang. It was Odin.

“What did the bartender look like?” asked Odin.

“I’m fine, thanks,” said Sigyn. “She had long white hair, but it looked like a wig. She was tall, average build.”

She heard Thor in the background. “Ask her if she thinks Loki shapeshifted!”

“I can hear him,” said Sigyn to Odin.

“What color were her eyes?” asked Odin.

“Brown, with an odd reddish tint. I could see it even in the dim light,” said Sigyn. “The eyes don’t change, so you can tell Thor that it wasn’t Loki.”

“Is it her?” Sigyn heard Odin ask in the background.

“Yeah,” Sigyn heard Loki say.

Sigyn hung up the phone. She grabbed her stuff, walked nonchalantly out of the hospital, and found her car in the parking lot. She sat in it for a while, thinking about what to do. She thought about the coffee shop and the bar and the streets by the station, and she looked something up on her phone. Then two ravens approached and circled overhead, squawking. She started the car and followed them.
The ravens lead her to the police station. They landed in a tree at the edge of the parking lot. She parked and got out of the car. “This is it?” she asked them. “You led me here?”

The ravens squawked and took off. They circled over her again, so she walked after them. They led her down the street to the coffee shop. A tall woman exited. It was dark now, but in the streetlight, Sigyn could see that she had auburn hair with a red streak. The ravens squawked and circled around and then flew over the building and disappeared. Sigyn recognized the woman’s face as she turned toward her. Sigyn glanced at her watch, then quickly approached her, pulled her gun, and jabbed it in the woman's side. “We have a problem,” she said. “You tried to kill me.”

“You can’t prove it,” said Angrboda.

“That you know what I’m talking about is basically an admission.” Sigyn walked her toward the street.

“I heard you talking about Loki. I had the sleeping pills in my purse, so I dissolved them in your drinks. Oh, shit, you’re not recording this, are you? Are you wired?”

Sigyn smiled. “No.”

“Then what are you smiling about? You can’t prove it. You have no evidence!”

“Oh, that’s not what I want,” said Sigyn. She took a step back and gestured toward the gun.

“You wouldn’t!” Angrboda started looking nervous now. “You’re supposed to be the good one! That’s why Loki should be with me!”

“Why would you think that I’m good? I chose to work for Odin, and I chose to marry Loki.” She aimed her gun at Angrboda.

Angrboda turned around and started to run. Not looking, she stepped into the street, right in front of a bus. The bus screeched to a stop, but it was too late. The body lay under the bus. Sigyn quickly put her gun away. The bus driver got out of the bus. He looked frantic. Then Sigyn saw Odin, Loki, and Thor emerge from the shadows of a narrow alley next to the coffee shop. They walked up to her.

“That was obviously a suicide,” said Odin.

“Obviously,” agreed Loki. He went up to Sigyn and hugged her. “Thanks,” he whispered. He seemed relieved.

“Move along, nothing to see here,” Thor said to a pedestrian who had stopped to gawk.

Odin approached the bus driver and showed him his badge. “You can leave. It was an accident.” He then walked back to the others. Sigyn stepped back from Loki. They were all standing in a circle.

“Were you really going to shoot her?” Thor asked Sigyn.

Loki and Odin both grinned just slightly.

“No. This went according to plan,” Sigyn stated matter-of-factly.

Loki and Odin both grinned slyly.
“I’ll write the report. I’ll leave you out of it, Sigyn,” said Odin. “You two go home. I’ll get this cleaned up.”

“Really?” Loki asked skeptically.

“We need to work together. Right, brother?” Odin looked old and weary, but his one gray-blue eye gleamed in the streetlight.

“Right, brother,” replied Loki, his eyes gleaming bright green.

Sigyn smiled.

“Rested and fearless, cheered by your nearness
I knew which direction was right”
-Rush, “Double Agent”

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