Love Comes on Little Cat Feet

by G33kinthepink

Summary

Loki teleported, he knows he did. However something went terribly wrong. Now he's trapped in the body of a feline with no idea of where his body is, or how to get to it. His only hope is to reach Thor and hope he can somehow help. Problem is, Thor doesn't speak cat. Though Loki soon discovers that there are perks to being cute and fluffy around his brother and the Avengers.

This story was simply fun to write. Though it does contain some light smut near the end, it's more of a fluff story.

As always, I own nothing. Marvel owns the characters, I simply enjoy writing with them.
Chapter 1

Despite what is said, Loki does not die in the beginning of this story.

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Chapter 1
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Thor knew that he would always remember the moment that his brother died. The entire world went silent and move at torturously half speed as he watched it play out before him. Helpless to prevent it from happening, yet forced to watch it all unfold.

The plan had been simple. Their adversary, not so much. Whatever mastermind that was behind this latest attack, had been slowly upping his game. As though testing their strengths and weaknesses. Loki had lead the charge at Thor’s urging, he’d never forgive himself for that. Grimacing as he dashed past the pittance of robotic troops with his daggers blazing. Daggers that glowed lethally green with the limited amount of magic that Odin had allowed him.

He sliced through limbs with his rapid speed and Thor followed behind, mowing down those that still stood with his mighty Mjolnir. Both never paying heed to the barrage of gunfire that nipped at their footsteps. They were gods and while not bullet proof, tended to be quite difficult to hit when they wanted to. Thor had made it through to the other side and was backing away as a second wave of robots came pouring out of the surrounding buildings to join the first. Tossing his mighty war hammer from hand to hand as he eagerly awaited to confront them. His back impacted something and he turned to see that Loki had stopped, staring intently at the building wall before him.

The shadows cloaking the building’s wall seemed to come alive, glowing a deep red at sharp angles before the giant scorpion like machine fully revealed itself.

“Any ideas,” Loki had asked curiously.

“Kill it,” Thor had responded with his battle ready, eager smile.

Loki rolled his eyes, as though he didn’t know why he’d expected anything different. They had just enough time to register the claw like guns it wielded before it was firing upon them. Splitting them up as they dove in opposite directions. The robot army swarmed in, focusing their attack in the larger Asgardian. Thinking back, Thor knew it was just to keep him busy.

“You need any help there, big guy,” Tony was chiming in over his earpiece.

“For this,” Thor had scoffed as he swung his mighty weapon and batted down robots as though they were mere toys. “Surely you jest.”

“Well, I was just asking as it seems as though little brother may have bitten off more than he can chew,” Tony stated.

Thor glanced over his shoulder as saw that the giant scorpion had fully descended off the wall and was firing steadily upon Loki, dogging his footsteps as he ran in a wide circle, his long legs and swift stride keeping him just clear of the fire from the great beast. Though his speed and agility were greater than that of a mere mortal, he was still unable to attack and not get hit himself.

“Nonsense, he is doing fine,” he stated, then noticed the robot’s massive tail was held aloft and was
glowing a brilliant blue, the whine of it charging up hinted at some massive weapon could be heard even over the gunfire.

Thor bashed his hammer down, knocking back the latest wave of bot soldiers, but could already see more approaching in their wake. He was torn, he wanted to aid his brother, knowing his daggers could not possibly be as lethal against such a foe as that. However, if he moved, then they’d have both the soldiers and the scorpion robot to deal with at the same time. He knew this attack was meant to split them up, but perhaps the mastermind behind this didn’t realize that he was dealing with gods.

Thor brought his hammer down again, a great wave of lightning and earth rolling before it as it laid to waste the robot forces. Thor heard the giant weapon blast and felt the earth beneath him lurch as he was suddenly moved. The green tendrils of magic yanking him just out of reach of the blast, though it was still close enough to feel the laser’s heat upon his arm. He turned to see Loki pulling back his magic as he turned his focus again with a grimace back to the bot. Loki saving him from harm was nothing entirely new, though he couldn’t help but feel a surge of fondness for his brother over such acts. Proof that no matter what his brother said, he did not wish harm to come to him. If only Thor had been able to return the favor.

Already the scorpion bot’s tail was charging. The claw guns began firing again and this time instead of running away, Loki dashed straight towards the massive creature. Driving a path straight down the center between the two lines of bullets until he was close enough.

His arm drew back, fingers charging the blade just before he threw it. His aim as sure and true as ever as it lodged right in the center of what could be seen as the robot’s face. Causing it to draw in its claws in self defence, and ceasing the gun fire. Loki continued forward, his feet carrying him closer, until he launched himself. His feet twisting agiley up and over his head, his palms coming to rest upon the machine’s head just long enough for him to rip his dagger free, before carrying him all the way through the flip and directly onto the bot’s wide back.

His feet never faltered as they landed, pushing forward immediately, as he raced towards the still charging tail. Crossing his blades before him as he leapt and slicing them outward, he severed the metal appendage from the beast. The cut limb sparking and flashing as it fell just behind it. Loki descending just before it and turning back to face the creature as it also whirled to meet its attacker head on. Its steps quaking the very ground as it moved.

Thor had felt proud of his brother’s skill and prowess. Loki was a warrior, trained alongside him in asgard. Though he didn’t care for battle, he was still quite the force to be reckoned with.

“There, you see,” he boasted to the man in his earpiece. “This is child’s play.”

“No so fast there, Point Break” Stark informed him and he watched as Loki turned to take heel again, dashing away from the metal arachnid as two vestiges rose from it’s back and fired missiles at the fleeing Asgardian.

Thor went to throw Mjolnir, only to be tackled by bots. He’d been so caught up in watching that he’d let his own guard down. They piled on top of him, their weight gaining as more joined. Thor growled angrily and surged upwards with his weapon, pulling him straight into the sky and looking as robot soldiers tumbled in his wake. Foolish things, thinking they could hold him down. He came barrelling back to earth, driving Mjolnir before him as exploding the earth as he landed on one knee. Leaving a heap of smoking robot limbs laying about him as he rose to his feet, looking around in satisfaction at what appeared to be the end of the robot soldiers.

His eyes sought out his brother’s plight and saw that he’d just rolled free of the one missile, it exploding uselessly to his left. Thor could see his brother’s chest heaving heavily as he caught his
breath. This battle growing far too long and tiresome. Loki caught his gaze just briefly before he was on his feet again. The remaining second missile chasing him down as the lethal machine was again firing at him.

Thor raised his hammer, throwing it at the great robotic bug. Seeing just after he’d released it, that that was the direction his brother was heading as well. Loki was charging the scorpion head on and had jumped, diving directly under the metal creature and severing its front leg with his dagger. The whole beast collapsing down and forward right on top of him as both the missile and Mjolnir dove to meet it head on. He tried to call Mjolnir back as he watched what was about to transpire, but his arm felt weak and distant as he watched. The sounds suddenly a dull din as though hearing them through a glass cage. It was too late. The resulting explosion enough to knock Thor backwards to the ground.

He stood up slowly, trying to peer desperately through the thick plume of smoke. Mjolnir returned obediently and he caught her easily, though his hand dropped and he let the handle slide from his grip as fear gripped him. Loki had been directly under the giant robot when it fell, surely he’d teleport out of the way. He had enough magic stores left to do just that, didn’t he? Had the battle possibly worn him down more than Thor had realized?

“Loki,” Thor called as he approached the smoking hull. Still fully expecting to see his brother pop out unscathed and dripping words of sarcasm. “Loki where are you? Come out now, this is no time for games.” He warned, waving away the smoke as he looked over the wreckage.

Stark had appeared overhead, joining in the search as well. Thor knew he had some sort of scanning device to track his brother, no matter where on Midgard he was. A safety precaution, he’d told him. Now he looked to him hopefully as the fingers of fear began to tighten around his heart.

“Stark?” He asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

“I’m scanning, give me a minute,” Tony had replied, though Thor heard the uncertainty echoed in his tone.

He began digging through the wreckage, calling his brother’s name as he tossed giant chunks of metal about. The reality of it sinking in as he fought against it’s too rational voice. Loki had been tired, he’d seen it himself. He didn’t have enough magic to get clear. “ANTHONY!!” Thor barked, needing to find Loki, just to deny the voice of fear in his head.

“Still scanning,” Tony had replied, but even Thor knew it wouldn’t take that long. Shouldn’t have taken more than a mere moment. He heard Jarvis’s voice and felt the wind sucked out of him. “I am finding no life readings on Mr Laufeyson sir. It appears he is not here.”

Thor growled in defiance, tossing debris before him as he searched. Jarvis’s neutral robotic voice etched in his head. He wasn’t here. Loki wasn’t here. He didn’t have enough magic to get out of the way let alone transport himself anywhere else. He had to be here. There, before him, just under that shard of steel as large as a jet door, there was a bit of leather there. From his armor maybe.

Thor lifted the steel piece and threw it so hard it scuttered to a landing 50 yards away. His eyes landing upon the scrap as his shaky hands went to retrieve it. He fell to his knees as the skies opened up, showering him with icy rain as lightning split the sky. This was it, all that was left of his brother. Just a singed bit of leather armor, barely larger than his hand. He remembered yelling in anguish, yelling so hard that his throat went raw. His tears mixing with the rain on his face as he finally allowed the reality to flood him. His brother was dead.

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Loki would never forget the day Thor forgot about him. How angry he’d felt at being left behind by his supposed brother. He woke up feeling cold and wet. The wet wasn’t so much of a surprise, but being cold was. Loki usually enjoyed the cold.

He could still smell the smoke stinging his throat as he raised his head and looked about. He’d landed quite the distance away, though could see the wreckage from the battle had already been cleared and the area barricaded off with little yellow signs flashing their warning lights to anyone who cared to look. It took a lot of strength to pull himself up to just sitting. Far too much strength. That battle had severely depleted him and he needed to rest, though his brother would surely insist on throwing some great celebration feast, just to gloat and wear him down further.

Speaking of which, where was that great oaf? Had he seriously left him lying here in the streets to begin celebrating without him? Figures, he did all the heavy work and Thor leaves him to take the credit. Oh he was going to give him a right earful when he finally caught up with him. Brother indeed! For all his posturing about caring about Loki all the time, this is how he shows it.

“Thor!!” Loki called out, despite knowing he wasn’t anywhere around.

At least he tried to call out. All that he was able to emit was a loud mewing sound. That wasn’t right. He tried again and again the feline tone filled his ears each time. Just what was going on? He got all the way up, and realized he hadn’t really gained much more height than when he had been lying down. With growing trepidation he looked down, taking in the two black, fur covered paws that now stood where his hands should have been.

“Damn,” He sighed in disgust, realizing his plight. For now where Loki should be standing every bit of six feet tall, instead stood a nine inch high, damp, black, cat with bright green eyes and a slightly singed coat.

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So here's chapter one of my new story. Let me know what you think. Lots of humor and fluff to come.
Chapter 2

Thor had traveled to Asgard only briefly to deliver the news in person, then had returned to Midgard to wallow in his grief inside walls that didn’t echo so much of his lost brother’s memory. He was angry at his father for not allowing Loki to have more magic, just a bit more surely would have been enough for him to have saved himself. But Odin’s logic had been to protect the humans from his brother. And possibly so.

But Loki’d been doing so well, sarcasm aside. He had not caused any trouble in a very long time and fought bravely beside Thor in every battle. Right up to his last. Thor had begun to hope that his brother had finally turned a corner in his life. That he could see the error of his past ways and start the more honorable path. One filled with less lies, less tricks...less hurt. If only he’d had a little more magic.

Thor paused as he passed by his brother’s old quarters at the Avenger’s tower. The door was locked, as was the precaution. Only to be electronically opened upon Thor’s or Tony Stark’s request. He leaned against the door, listening through it’s dense metal for any sounds coming from within.

“Jarvis, open this door,” He commanded, looking to the ceiling where this Jarvis being resided.

The door opened, sliding up and into it’s slot in the ceiling, however nothing but a dark room greeted him. No noise or movement emanated from the shadows. Thor let his eyes sweep fondly across all the books and neatly arranged trinkets his brother held so fondly. His few belongings that he’d been allowed to keep. His bed still made crisp from that morning, not a single wrinkle in the blanket.

Thor sighed, he didn’t know what he had been expecting. But he had just a glimmer of hope when the door had first opened. As though hoping beyond hope that the trickster would be waiting right inside. Another prank that he could scold him for after forcing him to endure a lengthy hug. Norns, what he wouldn’t give to be able to hug him just one more time.

He felt a great surge of grief wash over him and he immediately ordered the door closed again. Leaning upon it’s thick surface as tears streamed unbidden down his cheeks. After all they had been through, he couldn’t believe it had all ended here. His mind reeled with if-onlys. If only he’d made Loki stay behind that day. If only Loki had had more magic. If only Thor had been faster, he could have defeated the robot scorpion sooner. Instead, Mjolnir’s magic force paired with the missile had obliterated his brother into nothing but ash.

He hit the door once with his fist, leaving a quite sizable dent as he retreated to his room. Only emerging to retrieve cases of this Midgardian ale from the kitchen to try to drown his sorrows. Horrifically weak stuff, but it would have to do. Outside, the rain continued steadily with no sign of letting up.

Loki waited a full 2 days to see if Thor would return looking for him. All the while hoping his
limited magic stores would return as well. However, he could feel it totally depleted. Reaching inside for it, he felt hollow cold space where it should be. He knew that it could take a month or more his current weaker form to get it back. Yet another problem to add to his growing list. The first being finding Thor.

When it became apparent that the great oaf was not going to come back, he set off on his own. Figuring Thor likely had thought Loki had escaped off to another realm. Ha! If only he’d had such magic. Trapped in this tiny body it took him over a week to make it back to the Avenger’s tower from the site of the battle. The things he’d had to do along the way to survive, he’d rather just forget. But it gave him time to think. Time to piece together all the actions that had lead him straight into this predicament.

He recalled fighting that accursed metal arachnid quite vividly. The wretched device wearing him down, making him doing more running than actual fighting. So when he finally saw the opening that would bring it down, he took it. He knew it’s shell was cracked by his dagger blow, right up at the front. So if it’s very own missile impacted the already weakened surface, then it should penetrate. The difficulty had been figuring out how to get the missile to hit the bot that had launched it to begin with. Once that was sorted out, it was all action from there. Run, jump, slice, dive...and that’s where it went all went terribly wrong.

He nearly couldn’t believe it when he had spotted the cat crouched under the bot. Hissing and spitting fiercely, the stupid brave thing. He’d no idea how it had gotten there to begin with, but yet, there it was. In hindsight, he really should have let it become yet another casualty of war. But he’d always held a bit of a soft spot for Midgardian felines. The poor hapless creatures once were revered as Gods themselves. Though now were nothing higher than the occasional companion to the humans. So he set in motion his own current predicament. Simply by saving the cat.

He snatched it from the pavement and his momentum carried him over it. Hugging it to his chest as he hit and rolled. But doing so had slowed him, abruptly the original projection of his dive and he was still under the robot when the blast hit. He had cradled the cat to his chest, closing his eyes and reaching deep within for his magic reserves to teleport them far enough away to safety. He shouldn’t have had to reach as deep as he did, but his cursed stores were shallower than before. It took time to gather them into something usable. Too much time.

He had activated magic, and technically had teleported. However, the blast, coupled with Mjolnir’s magic had interfered with his own spell. Now his body was Norms knew where and he was now occupying the six pound body of fur and hate that padded soggily towards the tower. His essence if you will, now firmly planted into the cat’s body. He could feel the feline’s instincts ever present, pushing them back easily most of the time. However, allowing them to take over when he had the grueling task of hunting and eating rats. Not the most pleasant of meals, to say the least.

He had an idea that perhaps his own physical body had been knocked out of the teleport stream by Mjolnir’s own magic. Though whether on accident or on purpose, was yet to be determined. He never did like that stubborn hammer. But if his body was knocked out of the teleport path, then it could be in any realm, or worse, stuck between realms in seidr. The magic plasma that flowed through Yggdrasil itself. Which lead to the more perplexing task of how to get it back? Either way, he would need Thor’s help, if he had any hope in succeeding and right now, the biggest problem at hand, was how to get to Thor.

Everyone loved the story so much already, I give you another chapter early. I'll try to update.
bi weekly. Thank you everyone for letting me know how much you're enjoying this! It makes my little writer heart happy!
Alright, moving day. So I'm posting chapters now to all my fics in case I can't get another one posted until next week. Plus I like to have at least 3 chapters of each story up to set the rhythm. Thank you everyone who has shared how much they're enjoying this. Lots more to come, though the chapters are a bit shorter from here on out.

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Chapter 3

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Loki glanced up at the massive tower, the bright red “A” glowing at the top. Casting a small bubble of light into the gloom of this night. It had rained steady for days, ever since the battle. Loki half had an idea that this was Thor’s doing, however, New York weather was fickle at best. And for what reason would Thor be creating such a monsoon? Just to drown his steps? No, Thor would likely still be 20 ales into celebrating his latest victory.

Still, as miserable as he currently was, he couldn't help but feel a little excited about seeing his adoptive brother again. Despite his loudness and abrasive, brash mannerisms, Loki did miss him whenever they were apart. He was one of the few people that still believed in him.

He sat down, looking up at the tower in thought. An involuntary tremble running through him. This cursed feline form was not so well insulated and nowhere nearly as adept at regulating it's body temperature. It also lacked thumbs or anything half as useful for penetrating the Avenger's fortress. So how was he to get in? Certainly not by the front door.

Unless, that was exactly how he was getting in. He smiled to himself as he saw a shadow move on an adjacent roof. At least the improved feline night vision was handy.

Clint was obviously returning from patrol, or whatever he did out on the rooftops at night. He could be chasing pigeons for all that Loki knew, or cared. However, he did know that the usually quiet man had a soft spot for animals. Many a time bringing in poor lost strays that Tony would no doubt find a more suitable home for the next day. And currently, there was no poorer looking stray than Loki right now. He just needed to set the scene. Gods what lows had he sunk to.

He soon spotted a suitable patch of sidewalk just outside the main door, dimly lit by a yellowing Street lamp. By the Nine, it was like the universe was setting the stage. All he had to do was to get Barton to spot him. Which wouldn't be difficult as he would be on the opposite rooftop, coming home any time now.

Loki set himself right in the middle of the patch of light and focused on looking as dejected as possible. Not a difficult feat when you were covered in soaking wet fur, freezing to the bone, and so hungry you could eat a snow boar. His head drooped as he stared on mock sadness at the sidewalk, though his ears listened intently for sounds of his intended's approach. Another feline perk, to be sure.

He let his body tremble freely, it did little to help warm him, however he knew it aided in making him look all that much more pitiful. Finally he heard the sound of feet dropping down to the sidewalk
behind him and counted to three before allowing himself to turn around.

He had brought to mind a most preposterous digital play that Barton had insisted on watching during one of the many times that Thor had forced him to “socialize”. Not allowing him back into his room until such "socializing" had been thoroughly fulfilled. This movie show had been centered around a large green being known as a Shrek, yet featured a strange orange feline, dressed in boots and a fancy hat that would get anything he wanted simply by making his face appear as adorable as possible. It went without saying, that the whole thing was ridiculous.

Loki now shamelessly employed the same method. It seemed only fair. He made his green eyes as wide and innocent as possible and crouched down low, as though expecting to be struck. Peering up at the short man approaching and making himself look as helpless as possible.

Clint paused, obviously worried that he'd scare off the small black feline. He knelt down before it and held out his hand, rubbing his fingers together in an effort to entice the tiny beast.

“Hey there little guy,” he said in a laughable soothing voice. This really was too easy. “Are you lost.”

Loki looked at him and acted hesitant as he approached, sniffing the fingers curiously, not because he expected anything to be in them, but because that's what animals did. He was actually surprised at the wealth of information he got from his olfactory senses. Everything from the sausage and pepperoni pizza the man had had for lunch, to the mango scented hand soap that he had washed his hands in. Each scent radiating almost like a rainbow of colors before him.

Loki pulled back his head, blinking as he cleared his thoughts. He hadn't really expected that, that was definitely all feline there, but it could be useful in the future. Back to the task at hand though. He looked up, meeting Barton's eyes with his hopeful wide gaze and emitted the most woeful, piteous meow he could muster. The long, high-pitched cry even surprising himself. And it was of course successful.

“Oh, you poor thing,” Barton had cooed, scooping Loki up into his arms and scratching the fur at his chin gently. “You're all skin and bones. Come on, I'll get you something nommy to eat.”

Loki would never let him live this down. Nommy? Good grief, this was getting weird. And when things got weird, you could either step back and get serious, or lean into the weirdness. Loki being Loki, never was fond of such seriousness and of course, leaned in. And oh wow did Barton's fingers under his chin feel simply remarkable. He found the cat's instincts overriding his usual reserve, and leaned in more, as he stretched out his neck to allow the man more access. Delighting at the soft tickling of fingers in his fur, sending euphoric waves of pleasure in their wake. By the nine, did cats ever have it good!

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Chapter 4

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Chapter 4
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Loki hardly even realized they were inside, so distracted as he was, until Barton was setting him down on the kitchen bar and turning on the overhead light. Tony would have a fit if he saw the wet, dirty creature walking all over his apparently quite expensive marble counter that he'd just had installed last month.

Which made Loki just want to walk on it all the more. Prancing around in a small circle as he mewed pleadingly. Shaking his fur out a bit to further aggravate the son of Stark should he ever find out.

“I know, you're so hungry,” Barton was saying as he rummaged through the cabinets. “Oooh, how about some nice tuna? That sounds nummy, doesn't it?”

Loki thought anything that wasn't rat-tar-tar sounded absolutely heavenly right about now and pawed at the air as he urged the man to fetch this tuna.

“Yes, yes tuna,” he said which of course just came out as tiny meows, as he watched Barton work the can opener, the scent hitting him like a giant ocean wave. His pupils contracting in excitement at the scent. My gods, how had he never experienced this tuna before? Had they been hiding it from him? Which meant that it had to be either expensive, or something Tony only purchased for himself. Both reasons were enough for Loki to immediately love it more. It never occurring to him that his exuberance for it could be being skewed by his feline parts.

“Here we go,” Barton announced, finally setting a plate of this tuna stuff before him and Loki in his extreme hunger, couldn't help but dive right in eagerly. Oh how the taste was exquisite! This was his new favorite food ever.

He was so enamored by it that he even tolerated Barton grabbing a towel and roughly scrubbing his fur to dry him off a bit. Only growling when he got a bit close to his head. He had to draw the line somewhere.

“There ya go...,” Clint said pausing to peak around Loki's behind, lifting his tail briefly “.. Buddy.” He stated as he concluded the cat was in fact a male.

Loki was surprised as his tail was tugged, but was otherwise not paying Barton that much attention. Ignoring his incessant babbling in his hunger.

“Tony is going to kill you when he sees that cat on the counter you know,” Loki knew that voice. Steve Rogers, though there wasn't much malice in his tone and Loki knew there was no threat there. Steve was just as soft hearted as Clint was.

“I know, but he's was soaked to the bone,” Clint defended running a hand down Loki's back. And oh, there was a new pleasant sensation. His spine tingling electric as it arched into Clint's hand of it's own accord. He really should be more focused on overriding these feline surges, but currently he was torn between eating and getting the man to repeat the pleasure inducing action. Turns out, he didn't need to worry about the latter, as the hand returned immediately after running to the base of his tail. “And half starved. Look at how hungry he is. Poor little guy.”
Steve came closer and Loki could see his gentle smile out of the corner of his eye as he finished the last of the tuna. Licking the juices off the empty plate shamelessly. He didn't even care, it tasted too good to waste a drop.

He was surprised when Steve's fingers began scratching his fur just behind an ear. And oh wow, his fingers were just as gentle. Yep, definitely breaching further into the weirdness now, but how could he not resist leaning into their touch? Now that his hunger was sated, he recognized that it was mostly the cat's instincts driving his actions, but it also served to up his cuteness factor, so he went with it.

And why not? These two had zero idea that they were currently petting and cooing over the former Asgardian. Oh if they knew, he would have such a laugh. Though he was kind of glad they didn't. For this was nice too. Being showered with attention and served special food. This was what it was certainly like to be a god.

Which reminded him, he still needed to find Thor. Which meant, as much as he was enjoying this, he needed a break to escape. That break came sauntering in almost as if on cue.

“Oh, who do we have here,” Bruce asked affecting the same gentle tone as he reached out a hand to pet the small black cat.

This is where Loki drew the line. He knew better than to trust those hands. He pulled back on his haunches and hissed warningly. It had the desired effect. Everyone pulled back to regard Bruce curiously.

“ Oh uh, I sometimes have that effect on animals,” he stated a bit sadly, pulling his hand away.

Loki saw the opening and took it, darting past them all and launching off the counter. He dashed rapidly to the adjoining room, using his black coat to his advantage as he kept to the shadows. Already hearing the scrambling footsteps of the men pursuing him. He slowed down and crept up the stairs, careful not to draw too much attention to his movements as he made his way up to the bedroom level.

Behind him he could hear furniture being overturned and cries of “where'd he go” as the men searched futilely for him in the living room. Foolish mortals. They'd be down there for hours.

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Important Note: Please do NOT feed your cat Tuna. It is bad for them in large quantities. However, this being just a story, we're going to ignore that for entertainment purposes.

Also, I'm not a vet. Just a writer. Please refer to your vet for all of your feline's dietary questions. Thank You.
Loki paused as he looked at his bedroom door. He'd never be able to get in there on his own, even if he wanted to. However, his brother's door had a very handy pull style latch. Loki took careful aim and leapt up, hooking his front paws on it and using his weight to draw the latch down until the door clicked open.

He expected Thor to be drawn out by the noise downstairs, but when he didn't emerge, Loki pushed his head inside to see why not. The larger man's snores from the bed answering his question as he stepped inside. Backing into the door to push it closed behind him. They'd never think to look inside a closed room. Idiots.

Speaking of idiots, what was going on here? Loki waded past a disturbingly large litter of Midgardian mead bottles that had been discarded carelessly about the floor. Thor was usually more prudent in his tidiness than this. Had he drank all of these recently?

He leapt up onto the bed and marched straight up the Asgardians torso until he stood upon his bare chest. Looking down at his snoring visage with a frown. While he was excited to see him, he was disappointed to find that he hadn't been missed in the slightest. Here was Thor celebrating by drinking himself into a stupor.

"Thor! Wake up you great oaf," he called down to him as he pranced in a small circle upon his chest, pulling at him with his far too tiny feline claws. They didn't even leave a mark in his godlike skin. There was also the problem that his words merely came out as loud mewls. "Thor! I am in need of your assistance! Wake up!" He demanded, sitting down and swatting at his brother's face.

Nothing. Not even a break in snoring. Well, this was getting him nowhere fast. He'd just have to wait for Thor to finish sleeping it off and get him to help him then. Atleast his brother was warm, his skin putting out the heat of a small sun.

The feline found his current position entirely too comfortable to move. Curling his still damp paws under himself as he laid down and soaked in the warmth the thunder God was putting off. Well, turns out his brother was good for something. He soon found his eyelids getting heavy despite the steady roar of his brother's snores. Weary from his days of travel in the chilly rain with little to no food, and now having both a full stomach and warmth, he soon drifted off to sleep.
Thor awoke to the unexpected light weight upon his chest. Peeking his bloodshot eyes open to peer upon the tiny creature currently using him for a bed. He'd drank himself to sleep nearly every night since his brother's death, trying desperately to drown his sorrows in this poor excuse for mead. Though it only ever lead to more crying and sadness the following day.

He told himself he shouldn't mourn Loki's passing, that he should be celebrated for dying in battle, like a hero. But his broken heart refused to listen. Feeling hollow and physically pained the absence of presence. However, each day had gradually gotten a little better. The pain was still there, but it got slightly easier to push down. To put on the disguise that he wasn't hurting as much as he was. To try to fake normalcy if nothing else, than for those around him that couldn't understand the loss he truly felt.

And Today starting significantly better than the last. This unexpected visitor was quite the welcome surprise. A distraction, tactile and easy to focus on.

“Well, hello there small feline,” he greeted, letting his fingers dance over the cat's sable head, it's soft fur delightfully addictive to touch. “Where did you come from?”

Loki awoke to the sensation of being petted and the low rumble that was Thor's voice. He raised his head, his bright green eyes meeting the thunderer's familiar blue ones and and gave a great stretch before raising himself up.

“Thor, thank Valhalla! Finally you're awake,” Loki greeted with a yawn. “I need your assistance in finding my body.”

Thor's heart skipped as the black cat opened its lids to reveal a pair of bright emeralds gazing back at him. So much like Loki's in color that he had to smile at the resemblance. The cat greeting him with a series of plaintive meows that caused him to chuckle.

“My, you're a chatty one,” he remarked reaching up to scratch under the feline’s chin. Delighting as he stretched to meet his nimble fingers. “My friends got you for me as a gift, didn't they? Those guys.” He said smiling as he lavished the cat with attention.

Loki was dismayed as Thor didn't listen to his pleas. Apparently he didn't speak cat either. All that high end tutoring Odin had insisted on was apparently for naught. Well, this certainly was going to be problematic.

“What? No, Thor, I'm not a gift, I'm….ooohhh, oh gods right there. Don't stop,” Loki was lost. Weirdness fully breached and jumping all in now with all four feet. He'd no idea that his brother could be so gentle and dexterous with his fingers as he leaned into the light scratches. No wonder he was popular with the ladies. Wow!

“Yeah, you like that don't you,” Thor smiled wider as the cat nearly fell over in its eagerness to meet his attentive fingers. “Well, either you smell, or I do.” He announced lifting the feline carefully
and cradling it in one arm as he went into the adjoining bathroom. Stepping carefully over the discarded mead bottles as he went.

“I'm pretty certain it's both of us,” Loki conceded, his voice a long tiny mew. “However, if you think that I'm licking myself clean after being on the streets, you'll be waiting until Hel freezes over.”

“What's say you to a nice hot bath,” Thor asked, looking down at the cat and smiling fondly at it as he filled up the tub. Setting it down on the edge as he climbed in and sank into the steaming waters with a sigh. “Well, come on then,” he urged tapping his broad chest that stuck just out of the water as he laid back on the edge.

“A bath sounds delightful,” Loki agreed, judging the distance carefully before leaping across, landing neatly upon the wide plane of beefy muscle and settling in. Laying half in the pleasantly warm waters and ignoring the cat's instincts to flee completely. No way you half wit feline, this was going to be far too good to pass up.

They hadn't bathed together since the days of their youth. The sudden nostalgia hitting Loki like a wave. Forcing him to push the fond memories down to the pit of forgotten memory where they belonged. Sentiment would get him nowhere and would just serve as a distraction.

“Yes, Thor, now bathe me.” He smirked smugly.

Thor looked proudly down at the cat as is laid upon him, giving a short meow before closing it's eyes and giving Thor it's adorable little cat smile. He had no idea that Midgardian cats had an aversion to water, so this was nothing out of the ordinary for him as he grabbed the sponge and carefully began cleaning them both off.

Loki felt the low rumbling in his chest just before he heard it. A thrumming vibration, rising and falling with each breath. He knew that sound. He was purring, by the nine, how humiliating. Curse this feline.

However, as Thor ran the sponge ever so tenderly down his back, the warm water flowing over his sides, as those too gentle fingers rubbed the soap into his fur, he immediately dismissed it as being humiliating at all. He'd freely make this noise in his normal form if anyone bothered to lavish him in this much attention. Now this was living!

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Thor grinned as he used the human’s device of blowing warm air to dry off his new pet. The small creature turning this way and that upon the bathroom counter until it's sleek, black fur was dry and softer than ever. Even standing up on its haunches to allow Thor to dry it's belly. Noting how it often turned to regard itself in the larger mirror before it.

Loki had to admit, he made a mighty fine looking feline. Nice shiny coat and all that traveling had put down a fine layer of muscle throughout his shoulders and haunches. Though he was a bit thin yet. Perhaps he could teach Thor how to understand the meow for tuna.

“You're quite the diva, aren't you,” Thor remarked smiling a bit sadly down at the feline as he set the dryer down. His hand moving to gently pet over it's soft head as he felt the first prickling of tears at his eyes.

“Loki would've liked you.” He choked out before breaking down. Leaning heavily across the counter as he covered his eyes to try to stave off the shuddering of his sobs.

Loki was immediately taken aback. What was this all about? And what did he mean by, would've? He felt a sudden chill as it all clicked into place. Thor only drank this much when either celebrating or grieving. And with this turn of emotion, it was clear as to which it was. But was he actually grieving over him? Did he truly think he was dead?

“Whoa, hey, easy there,” Loki mewed as he pushed his way under his arms. Coming up and nudging his head against Thor's chin to get his attention.

He couldn't believe it. Thor was this distraught over him? All this time he'd have thought he would celebrate no longer having the burden of his adopted brother around. To no longer have to constantly look after him, or watch over him. Instead, he could see nothing but sorrow at his absence and it tore at his heart to know his fiercely strong brother grieved so at the idea of his loss. How had he never noticed this attachment before?

Thor wiped his eyes and raised his head. Loki using the opportunity to place his front paws on his cheeks to try to still his anguish. He couldn't pet Thor as he'd done him, couldn't really do much in this form to console him. So he held his face and rubbed his cheek against thunderer's as he'd seen felines do to others they were fond of.

“By the nine Thor, I'm terribly honored, but don't cry,” he begged sniffing a bit himself. The realization of his brother's fondness of him had come as quite the surprise. As did the emotional weight it bore. “You're soaking me in tears. Come on now.”

Thor was pleasantly surprised by the feline’s reaction to his break down. The small creature rubbing on him as though trying to console him. It's tiny mewls calling to his addled brain.

“You're right,” Thor said as though he'd somehow had a conversation with the cat, despite only hearing feline type noises. “Loki wouldn't stand for such crying anymore. “

“You're damn right I wouldn't, it's very unseemly,” Loki agreed, though was surprised when Thor
scooped him up and hugged him tight. “Ugh, Thor, breathing is important in this form.”

Fortunately Thor relented as the feline struggled in his arms. Wiping away the last of his tears as he returned to scratching the cat under the chin. “Now, how about we go get some breakfast,” he asked, getting a resounding meow in response.

“Another solid idea Thor,” Loki agreed as he was carried out to the bed while Thor got dressed. “Then maybe you can clean up this mess.”

Though he couldn't help but watch as his brother got dressed. They hadn't both dressed in the same room since they were youths. Thor had definitely filled out nicely, all fine thick muscle and sculpted lines. Loki was suddenly quite grateful to be in this form where he could check him out openly without scorn. Perhaps there was no rush to finding his body after all. This was certainly proving to be quite interesting.
Chapter 8

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Chapter 8

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Thor had scooped Loki up to ride in the crook of his massive arm as he descended to the tower’s kitchen. It didn’t appear as though anyone else was up at the moment, so he would have to wait to give his thanks until after breakfast it seemed.

“Now let us see,” Thor began as he set the feline upon the marble counter just beside the stove. “What would my new friend like for breakfast?”

“Tuna?” Loki asked hopefully as he sat and watched the thunderer get out a giant pan.

“Yes, eggs and bacon. That’s a splendid idea,” Thor said happily, smiling down at the little creature as it meowed at him in seeming agreement.

“No, Thor, Tuna. T-u-u-u-n-a,” Loki tried, turning in a circle to try to get his attention. “Look Thor, Stark keeps it hidden right up there.”

“Yes, yes, lots of bacon for my little friend,” Thor chuckled in delight as he fetched the strips of meat from the refrigeration device and set several pieces to cook. Pausing to pet the meowing feline as it turned excitedly upon the counter.

Loki sighed and sat down. “Right, we’ll work on that one. Eggs and bacon it is then.”

Thor set everything to cooking, then poured himself a cup of the Midgardian brew known as coffee. He needed to clear his head and get out of this slump. He was no use to his friends in his previous state. He added a bit of sugar and then set it down beside him to flip the bacon before it got too crispy.

“Gods yes, you read my mind,” Loki stated eagerly as he leaned in and lapped at the dark brew.

“Are you enjoying that,” Thor laughed at his pet’s antics. “It’s pretty good, isn’t it?” The feline raised it’s head to look up at him with those far too green eyes and he couldn’t help but reach out and scratch it just under it’s chin. Right where it liked it best.

“It could use a bit more sugar,” Loki replied as he regarded the larger man. Delighting as he reached out and scratched him gently under his chin. “Careful there Thor, I’m getting far too used to all this attention you’re lavishing on me.” he only half joked.

The food finished quickly and Thor piled it onto a plate. Heading to the table as he balanced the food and coffee in one hand, while carrying his new pet over to the table in his other hand. Setting him down before settling in to eat. Smiling at the eager mewls coming from the sable feline.

“Thor, what is this,” Loki asked in growing dismay. “Where is my plate? “

“Steady now, there’s plenty for the both of us,” Thor assured the vocal cat as he tore off a bit of bacon and held it out to it. Smiling proudly as it settled down to sit before him and daintily took the offered bacon. Munching it happily, its long tail swishing happily to curl the tip at the end of each slow arc.
“Oh, you’re going to hand feed me now,” Loki stated quite in surprise. “Yes, this will do just fine then.” He sat happily before his brother, delighting far too smugly as he was dutifully fed piece after piece of wonderfully flavorful bacon. Now this certainly was living like a God.

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Again, I should note that this is story Loki cat. I am in no way suggesting giving cats coffee and bacon. I am also not saying that they can or can not have it. Ask your vet, not a fanfic writer. :-)
Thor looked up as Steve and Clint both wearily shuffled into the kitchen. Not really noting that they both appeared to have gotten little to no sleep. Which they hadn’t, having been up half the night searching for a certain black cat. One that was sitting comfortably upon Tony’s dining table and being hand fed bacon by the thunder god himself.

“My friends,” Thor announced, getting to his feet and covering the distance between them in a mere few steps. They had just enough time to brace, before being pulled into a massive bone crushing hug. “How can I ever thank you enough for such a wonderful gift! You are truly clever to know what was needed and acquire it for me.”

“Gift,” Steve questioned as they were released, only to receive a rough nudge from Clint as the shorter man motioned to the black feline, now helping itself freely to the rest of Thor’s bacon. “Uh yeah, the gift,” Clint repeated firmly. “Well you know, sometimes the best cure for a broken heart is to fill it with another.... uh, heart. Or so I’ve heard. “ He said with a shrug, looking to Steve again as they followed Thor back over to the table. Watching in wonder as the giant man ever so affectionately petted the small cat, leaning down to kiss the top of it’s head as it raised it to meet his hand. There was no way in hell they were ever taking that cat away from Thor.

“Whoa there, are you going to save any of that for me,” Thor was chiding gently as he happily watched his pet devour his bacon.

Loki delighted in the turn of events. Leave it up to his brother to think that he had been meant for him. Still, he knew the others would never be able to eject him now, giving him all the time in the world to sort out how to get his corporeal form back. In the meantime though, this bacon was getting cold.

“I saved you one piece,” Loki replied easily as he lifted his head to meet Thor’s gentle touch. Blinking in surprise when the thunderer leaned down to kiss his head. Well, that was certainly different. This was getting both stranger and more entertaining by the minute. He hadn’t done that since they were small children. Often tucking in his smaller brother at night in their shared rooms. The wave of nostalgia hit him quite hard and he felt his chest tighten as he fought to shake it off.

“So what are you going to name it,” Steve asked him as he sat down with his own cup of coffee now to curiously regard the feline that had eluded them all night. They never thought to check inside Thor’s room as the door had appeared to be closed. Perhaps they should have looked harder.

“I have yet to determine it’s name,” Thor admitted as he shovelled in his eggs, watching his pet licking off it’s paws with meticulous care. “I am certain that it will come to me eventually.”

“Great, I’m going to be the only cat in existence literally named cat,” Loki mused flatly. Moving to get some more coffee before his brother drank it all. As it seemed he wasn't pouring Loki his own
cup of the Brew anytime soon. He supposed it could be worse, at least he wasn't eating off the floor like some poor canine.

“Well, he’s certainly a cute cat,” Clint remarked reaching out and stroking the feline’s sleek black fur. “Hey look, he likes coffee.” he chuckled.

“Are cats supposed to drink coffee,” Steve asked curiously.

Loki was quickly growing accustomed to all this petting. Delighting in it actually. These fools had no idea they were lavishing their former prisoner with such open attention. He even arched his back into the touch, bringing even more petting from the smaller man. Yep, they were so easy to manipulate.

Stark’s familiar voice from the doorway caused him to suddenly bristle. “Hellooo-what the hell?!”

Clint and Steve were instantly on their feet, moving to usher the other man back to the living room. “Oh, uh Tony, great. We needed to show you something real quick,” Clint interjected and they each grabbed one of Tony’s arms, turning him around and quickly dragging him off.

“Just what is that furball doing on my new formica table,” Tony spat at the two men as they released him.

“Long story, or short story,” Clint asked steadily.

“I haven’t had coffee yet, better give me the abridged version,” Tony responded as he crossed his arms over his chest and waited for the explanation.

“I accidently brought it in last night and now Thor thinks we got it as a gift for him,” Clint stated rapidly.

“And you’re not telling him the truth because..” Tony asked raising an eyebrow.

“Are you kidding me?” Clint spat. “Do you see how happy he is? No more moping about. No more rain for days.”

“No more drinking all the beer in the fridge,” Steve pointed out appealing to Tony’s monetary side.


He sauntered off to the dining room leaving the other two blinking in disbelief. That went over much easier than they’d hoped.

“What the hell guys ,” Tony announced as he headed straight to the coffee maker, looking back at the other two men who had followed him back in. Clint and Steve just froze wide eyed and unsure. Thinking Tony had just given in to temporarily appease them. “I thought we were going to wait and give Thor his gift all together.”

Tony smirked and leaned down to pet the cat. “Hel-looo kitty.” he crooned as the cat met his hand meowing eagerly.

“Ha, this is great! Even you Stark?” Loki couldn’t believe it. The one person he’d expected to throw a wrench in all this and be all difficult, was petting him just as eagerly as the others had. Oh man was he going to laugh it up when he finally revealed his true self. Which would now definitely
be later. Much, much later if he could help it.

“My aren’t you loquacious, “ Tony remarked at the mewling feline.


“Nothing,” Tony replied confused as he straightened up, watching the thunderer over his coffee cup. “I just said he was loquacious. You know, chatty.”

“Yes! Loquacious,” Thor responded, grabbing the feline in both hands and holding it up before him.

“Oh dear Thor, what are you on about now?” Loki pondered in trepidation as his legs dangled below him. “And petting is fine, but if we could limit the manhandling. That would be great!”

“That shall be his name. Loquacious, so named after the great god of speech.”

“Are you serious right now, Thor? Have you gone mad,” Loki lamented with a loud mewl. “There was never even a God named Loquacious. You just made that up.”

“I think he likes it,” Thor said smiling gladly at the meowing creature clutched in his hands.

“Oh Gods kill me now.” Loki sighed.

“Yeah, it doesn’t really roll off the tongue though, does it,” Tony remarked with a half frown. “Maybe if we shorten it. Lo...Lo.. Locat, LoKitty…” he repeated sounding the words out.

“Thank you Anthony Stark,” Loki said rolling his eyes. “Anything would be better than Loquacious.”

“Oh, you like that one,” Tony pointed out as he scratched the black cat’s head listening to his plaintive meows.

“Lokitty, huh,” Thor asked lifting the cat up higher to look at it’s face scrutinizingly.

“Oh yes, “ Loki giggle snorted as his brother repeated it, “It will be worth it just to hear that ridiculous word come out of your mouth, Thor. Say it again!.”

Thor smiled and nodded as his cat meowed and seemed to sneeze in answer to him.

“That settles it! Lokitty it is!” he said pulling his newly named pet in and hugging it to his chest. Delighting in the little chirruping meow his feline was emitting at the touch.

Loki giggling fitfully at the word. “Oh, Norns, Thor. If I died tomorrow it would have been so worth it just to hear the great God of Thunder saying Lokitty with such a straight face”

“Uh Thor..” Steve began, unsure if the name so close to his recently deceased brother’s name would really be appropriate.

“Shhhh, just go with it,” Clint urged firmly.

“And, at least it’s not cat, or worse” Loki sighed recollecting himself. And there was the kisses again. Who knew his brother could be so affectionate?

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“Come Lokitty,” Thor announced getting up from the table. “We have been idle too long. We should visit the indoor sparring rooms.”

“Speak for yourself,” Loki scoffed lying down stubbornly on the table.”I just walked for over a week to get here.”

“Lokitty come,” Thor said again, curious as to why his new pet wasn't obeying.

“Uh, Thor, they're not like dogs,” Steve interjected gently. “They don't come when they're called, don't fetch, or do tricks on command.”

Loki listened intently, making a mental list of things he could get away with now under the premise of just being a feline.

“And they don't like water.” Steve was finishing.

“Damn,” Loki thought, well who could blame him. The bath was quite nice.

“Nonsense,” Thor laughed, clapping Steve on the shoulder amiably. “Lokitty and I enjoyed a fine bath just this morning. “

“You bathed your cat,” Clint asked in some disbelief.

“Of course,” Thor continued as though it was the norm. “He quite enjoyed it, purring and everything. So whatever you may believe about your felines, it obviously doesn't apply to Lokitty. This one is special.”

Of course he was special, he was a God trapped in a feline body. Not that he could relay that to Thor.

“Lokitty, the day is wasting,” Thor urged again.

Loki was about to obstinately keep ignoring him, however Bruce walking into the kitchen got his attention. He didn't care to be left in the same room as Banner anytime soon. He hopped to his feet and dashed towards his towering brother. Tuning into the cat's instincts, he climbed easily up his legs and back as though he were a massive tree, until he was safely upon his shoulder. His tiny feline claws not even leaving a mark on the Asgardian's skin.

“Happy?,” Loki meowed. “Now you had better give me scratches for that.” He ordered, delighting when Thor's gentle fingers danced through his fur.

“There, you see,” Thor said proudly as he scratched Loki right behind the ears. “This one is special.”

“Hmmm quite,” Tony said watching the cat curiously as Thor strode off with it on his shoulder.
“Jarvis?”

“Already on it sir,” the AI dutifully informed. “However all scans have this far returned normal.”

“What, you really think there's something up with Lokitty the wonder cat,” Clint scoffed openly.

“Just making sure,” Tony replied greeting Bruce cheerily. He then regarded Steve and Clint with a smirk. “So which one of you two had to teach Thor how to clean a litter box?”

“Litter box?” Steve’s eyes widened as it sank in.

“Well yeah,” Tony said taking a knowing sip. “I mean you wouldn't have left the cat up there all night without somewhere to go potty, would you.”

Steve and Clint looked at each other in growing horror.

“Nooooo, of course not,” Clint half chuckled as he began backing towards the door. “We totally had that covered. Steve, you want to go look at that thing I told you about?”

“What thing?” Steve asked a bit clueless, then caught Clint’s motion with his head. “Ooohhh, that thing, yeah. Of course.”

They both turned in unison and rushed up to the Asgardians room.

“They didn't get it a litterbox, did they,” Bruce remarked sipping his coffee.

“Either that, or Clint bought a hooker for Steve and has her tied up on his bed,” Tony shrugged. “Sadly, my money's on the box.”

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Chapter 11

Steve and Clint looked at the room littered in empty beer bottles in dismay.

“How can one man drink so much beer,” Clint asked a bit in disgust. “He obviously hasn't cleaned this up for a week.”

“I'm pretty certain this was just from last night,” Steve replied with a sigh. “And he is an alien. Who knows what their metabolism is like?”

“Alright, we'll flip a coin,” Clint offered. “Whoever wins goes out to buy the litterbox and litter, the other stays here and cleans this up as well as, uh, anything extra.”

Steve nodded and watched as Clint pulled a coin out and flipped it in the air.

“Heads,” Steve called out, claiming his side as the coin landed in the back of Barton's hand and he slapped his palm over it.

Clint carefully peeled up the edge of his hand, peeking at the coin underneath. “Ooohhh sorry buddy, it's tails.” He said clapping Steve amiably on the shoulder as he pocketed the coin. “Well, good luck to ya.”

“Yeah, thanks,” Steve said shaking his head as he went to get several garbage bags. Only thinking on it after the fact that he hadn't actually seen the coin himself. Figures.

Turns out watching Thor down in the tower’s exercise room, was more boring than anticipated. Not that Loki ever really cared for their sparring sessions, still, it gave him something to do. In this form, he didn't really have many options.

He was at least able to nap on Thor's chest as his brother occupied himself by laying on a bench and lifting heavy things. Thank Yggdrasil for that fine feline ability to nap whenever and nearly wherever. Including the thunderer's back when he moved on to push ups.

However, when he began punching the extra heavy duty punching bags, Loki was out. Trotting off to the nearest bench, to sit and be well out of the way. Which was totally and completely, well, boring.

This was no fun at all. He considered going back up to the living area, or even the kitchen. However, not knowing where Banner was and being away from the relative safely that Thor actually provided him in this form, made him uneasy to say the least.

“Thor, how much longer are you going to be at this,” Loki asked, meowing at the big oaf.
Thor either didn't hear him, or ignored him as he was focused on pummeling the bag with his fists. So Loki hopped down and got closer to get his attention.

“Thor! Thor! “ He yelled up to him, knowing nothing was coming out but loud meows and he still didn't have his attention. So he carefully wound between his feet as Thor moved and shifted. The large Asgardian stepping forward and back to hit and feign blocking. “Oh by Odin's beard, Thor would you… Whoa… Whoa!!”

Thor was so focused on his workout that he didn't notice his pet approaching. It had been far too long since he was in battle and he itched to release this pent up energy. The dull thud of his fists hitting the special cylindrical bags Stark had designed for both him and Steve, version 5.0 apparently, filled him with a sense of accomplishment. As did the jolt through his arm as his fists made contact.

He stepped forward with a series of quick jabs, ducking back two steps before repeating. Fighting an actual opponent would be so much better. Heck, even sparring with an actual opponent would be better. Perhaps he could entice Steve down later to go a few rounds with him.

He stepped back, vaguely registering a meowing sound before lunging forward again. Only to find his feet twisting as they impacted a small furry object. His brain immediately recognizing that said object was his new pet and he valiantly tried to keep from stepping on it further. Only to get his feet tangled in his efforts as the feline also moved, trying to get out of his way. It all ended with him lying face down upon the cement floor.

Loki was for once even impressed by his own dexterity as he had somehow managed to avoid both being stepped on or kicked as Thor stumbled about. Sitting back on his haunches and cringing a bit as the large man fell face first into the floor.

He then smirked, that was far too easy. He'd rarely ever been able to upend his brother in the sparring ring before. The big oaf always out muscling him. Now was his chance to get him back and he certainly wasn't going to miss it.

“Hahaaaa, you're mine now golden boy, Release the furball!” Loki yelled letting his inner feline come out as he drew himself back and pounced.

Thor couldn't believe it. Had that really just happened? He was about to look up to see if Lokitty was okay, when he heard the tiny low growl. Suddenly there was a small furry object landing on his head, it's teeth yanking at his hair as it's claws dug in and kicked at his head.

“I got you now, Odinson,” Loki growled, pulling at his hair as he held the large man by the head. “You'll not get away this time!”

Thor erupted into laughter at the miniscule feline's ferociousness. Listening fondly to it's tiny growls. This was the best pet ever. Clever and fierce, just like him.

He reached back and grabbed the cat gently, pulling it off his head and setting it on the floor as he rolled over. The cat immediately rushing forward to claw and bite at his arm.

“Hey, no manhandling,” Loki complained rushing forward and latching onto Thor's arm. “And just where do you think you're going?”

Thor laughed even harder, reaching for the cat again, only to have it jump back and evade his grip. Ears pinned and tail lashing ferociously as it watched his hands.

“That's my Lokitty,” Thor beamed proudly. “Such a fierce warrior cat you are.” He remarked making moves as tough he was going to grab the cat and delighting as it jumped and dodged, only to
return quickly, swatting at his hand and doing a little half growl half meow.

“Your cat,” Loki scoffed, recognizing absently that he was actually enjoying this. Thor for once, wasn't trying to kill him and this feline body was possibly more agile than his own. “You'll have to catch me first to make that claim!”

Thor continued making grabs at the cat, delighting each time it dodged and attacked. What a fun game this was. Suddenly the cat feigned an attack, only to jump straight over Thor's hand, landing inches from his face. He flinched a bit in surprise as the quick paws swatted him right on the nose before the cat took off across the room.

Thor was grinning so broadly now that his face hurt. If the first game was fun, this one was even better. His pet was entirely too fast to catch by hand, often seeming to run straight along the walls to evade him. He soon employed the help of a hockey stick to try to help block, only to have the cat dash right up it and his arm, descending over his shoulder and down his back.

Time and again he'd block and grab, the cat jumping, sometimes straight up in the air to evade him each time. He would think he had it cornered, only to have it climb up the wall, knocking down whatever was there, leaping straight onto his head before zooming off again.

“Oh I am enjoying this body immensely Thor,” Loki beamed excitedly as he climbed and leapt, straight from the shelf of weight balls, knocking them all behind him purposely, so they rolled into Thor's path. His own trajectory taking him into a neat landing onto one of the punching bags. His claws holding tight as it swayed and turned under him. “Oh no, looks like I'm stuck, whatever shall I do?” He teased. Watching his brother knowingly and as the man leapt for him, he neatly dropped off the bag and moved out of the way as both Asgardian and punching bag came crashing to the floor. Thor still clutching the bag as they hit. “Oh Thor, you're going to have to be quicker than that, I'm afraid.”

He meowed smugly as he used the fallen man's back as a launch pad to take off again. Yes, he was enjoying the feline's natural graces, allowing it's instincts to guide him to climb, leap and often twist in air, always landing with ease on his feet. These creatures really were built to do some amazing things. Like now, using his tail for balance as he changed direction, easily dodging the large man's meaty hands. He should release this furball more often. Why this was almost fun.

Thor huffed, releasing the fallen bag and rolling over as he got to his feet. Watching the feline closely as it evaded him. Meowing proudly to itself each time. He was never going to out maneuver the tiny beast, he'd have to learn to outsmart it.

The thunderer studied it, looking for some signal or hint to it's next move. There! Just before changing direction, it would turn an ear towards the intended path. Oh he had it now!

He watched, the cat feigning left though it's right ear twitched in the opposite direction. Thor was ready, the cat bounded off the wall to the right and Thor dove.Grabbing Lokitty in both hands as he snatched him out of the air, and turning as he landed on his back. Holding the cat above him like a hard won prize as he yelled out in triumph.

“Uhhh, are we interrupting something,” Clint asked as he and Steve stood to the side of the gym and looked at the Asgardian curiously.

“What happened in here,” Steve remarked looking around in wonder. All around them the exercise equipment was upended, hockey sticks, swords, and weight balls were tossed everywhere, even one of the punching bags had been torn down.

“Lokitty and I were just sparring,” Thor stated proudly as he got to his feet, cradling the now
purring creature in one arm as he scratched its head gently.

Loki smiled fondly at his brother as he caught his breath and enjoyed the spoils of being a cat. Namely the amazingly pleasant head scratches the larger Asgardian was currently administrating. Now that was sparring. And Thor had actually used his brain over brawn, well mostly. Still, Loki was quite proud of him and allowed the little motorbox inside his chest to rumble away freely in recognition of his feelings.

“Oh yeah, who won?” Clint asked sarcastically, unable to even begin to mentally picture how a 6 foot man could spar with a 5 lb cat and manage this much distraction.

“I did,” Thor smiled proudly. “Though it was a fierce battle to the last.” He admitted, bringing his pet up to kiss it fondly on the head.

“Oh, well anyway,” Clint continued, apparently sarcasm was lost on the Demi God unless it has come from his brother. “Whenever you finish cleaning this up, Steve and I have something to show you in your room.”

Thor looked about and took in the wreckage they'd caused in a bit of wonder. “I don't suppose you're going to help with any of this, are you?” He asked Lokitty with a sigh.

“Ha, not a chance,” Loki laughed, licking his paws and making a show of idly straightening his fur. “For once I am grateful not to have thumbs. Though a prehensile tail would have been handy.”

Thor smiled as his little feline meowed up at him in response and then began grooming itself. “Yeah, I didn't think so.”

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Chapter 12

“What do you mean you didn't find anything,” Clint asked looking at the now clean bedroom in disbelief.

“I mean there wasn't any… You know,” Steve said looking uncomfortable at having to discuss it.

“Not anywhere,” Clint questioned, looking around as though he'd spot something that Steve may have missed.

“Nope.”

“Do you think it went somewhere else in the house,” Clint was getting more and more uncomfortable. That's all they needed, was for Tony to find a certain feline calling card.

“I don't see how we wouldn't have noticed,” Steve reasoned. “We went over every inch of this place while looking for that cat last night. Perhaps Thor already cleaned up after it.” He reasoned.

“Yes, because a carpet of drank beer bottles and dirty clothes is acceptable, but he's drawing the line at…. Hey Thor! Come on in buddy. Oh good, you brought your new friend with you.” He greeted as the thunderer entered.

Thor finished cleaning up the exercise room and carried Lokitty back upstairs. Eager to see what his friends wanted to show him.

“Of course,” Thor replied as though it should be obvious that the cat would be with him. “Lokitty is my constant companion now. My friends, you did not have to clean up my quarters. Though this is a most pleasant surprise.”

“That's not the surprise,” Steve said a bit flatly.

“Then tell me friends, what is it that you wanted to show me?”

“Taadaa,” Clint announced gesturing to the box.

“It's a box,” Loki said flatly as he blinked up at Thor. “With dirt in it.”

Thor was also looking at the box of sand questioningly. “My friends, I am afraid that I am not sharing in your enthusiasm. “ He glanced down as Lokitty meowed up at him from where he was laying on one arm. “And neither does Lokitty.”

“Look, maybe if we demonstrate,” Steve said reaching for the cat, plucking it from Thor's arm and setting it in front of the box. Watching with a frown as the cat just sat down meowing up at it's owner.

“We discussed this, no manhandling the cat” Loki said moodily as he was lifted off his perch and set on the floor. He sighed as he sat down and gazed up at Thor in exasperation.
“Well go on,” Steve urged giving the cat a gentle push. “Go in and check it out.”

“Hey, no pushing either,” Loki growled, straightening his fur down where Steve had rumpled it. “There is no way in Hel that I'm going in there. Now enough of this foolishness. “

“See whenever he has to, you know, go potty,” Clint was explaining patiently. “He goes into the litterbox here. The sand absorbs all the, uh waste matter, and clumps into little balls. Then you use this little scoopy thing and get rid of these balls. I got you the flushable litter, so you just plop it into the toilet and flush away. It's all very hygienic.”

“You have got to be kidding me,” Loki said swishing his tail impatiently. “Seriously brother, do talk some sense into these two imbeciles and pick me up. I'm tired of looking at feet.” Loki stated, sitting back on his haunches and pawing the air at Thor to get his attention and make his intentions known.

Thor frowned a bit, his gaze softening as he met Lokitty’s bright green eyes and plaintive meows. His actions showing he obviously wanted the thunderer’s attention again. He smiled as he lifted him back up to set him upon the bed, giving his fur a soft stroke.

“My friends, forgive me if I don't share your enthusiasm,” Thor explained patiently. “However, this really seems like a most unnecessary step. “

“Unnecessary?” Steve asked curious how else to deal with feline waste indoors.

“Verily,” Thor responded. “Why should he have to use this box of sand and not just use the privy as he's been doing?”

“The privy?” Steve stuttered his jaw dropping in shock.

“He means the toilet, Steve,” Clint chuckled elbowing the other man.

“I know what he means, Clint,” Steve responded. “I just can't wrap my head around it. You mean to tell us that that… Cat, uses the toilet?”

“No, see, I read about this on the internet once,” Clint was beaming, looking in awe at the sable feline, his own hand now reaching down to award the clever cat some fine ear scratches. “Some college kid actually figured out how to teach his cat to use the toilet. I'll bet somebody taught this guy to do the same.”

“Well yes,” Thor stated, thinking this was nothing out of the ordinary. “Your Midgardian felines are quite intelligent. Have you never owned one yourself?”

“No, apparently not.” Steve said eying the sable feline with growing trepidation. Somebody sure had spent a lot of time training this cat. “Oh no, you don't think somebody's missing this little guy, do you?”

“Psshhht no,” Clint dismissed the idea without a doubt. “You saw how skinny he was. I'll bet somebody once loved this little guy, quite intensely to spend that much time training him, then tossed him aside. Most likely in favor of another.”

Loki just blinked and stared at Clint wide eyed. If that wasn't just a story if his own life. The archer had completely nailed it. How very perceptive of him. Loki suddenly felt very much alone, though the sensation was instantly quashed by his brother's large hand moving to pet him gently. He couldn't help but turn to seek out more of this attention which was helping to soothe this sudden rise of feeling at once very small and very much lost.
Thor looked sadly upon his pet, reaching down to pet it softly. The tiny feline turning to seek more contact from his hand and he just couldn't help scooping it up into his arms, hugging it close and rubbing it's chin in just the way he knew Lokitty liked.

“You humans can certainly be quite cruel at times,” Thor remarked grimly, his pet giving a tiny chirrup of a meow as it turned it's head so Thor could rub the other side equally.

“It's not just humans, Thor,” Loki stated, moving to get more attention. This was certainly helping distract his mood. Perhaps if Thor had been so free with such affections back on Asgard? No, that was rediculous and that line of thinking would lead to nothing but dead ends and hopelessness. Best to just dismiss such silly whims of fancy.

“That they can,” Clint agreed solemnly.

He and Steve were still looking at the feline in thought, but were satisfied that there was nothing further to do here. And thankful that they had dodged a bullet of sorts. “Well, we'll see you at dinner then. You up for patrol tonight?”

“Aye,” Thor assured him firmly. “It has been far too long since I have done my share of keeping Midgards streets safe. “

“Great, see you then,” Steve said as they turned to leave the Asgardian alone with his pet.

“My friends, do not forget your box of sand,” Thor said, smiling as they took it with them and he kissed Lokitty's head affectionately. Still chuckling at his friends idea of what this feline would do. His pet was far too unique for average pet items such as a box of sand.

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Chapter 13

Wow! This story is my first to ever reach 500 kudos and as a thank you, have a bonus chapter early!! Thank you to each and every one that has commented and pressed that kudos button! Mega love to you all!!

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Chapter 13

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Thor went out on patrol that evening and only after much debate with his friends, decided that it was best to leave Lokitty back at the tower. Tony aptly pointing out the winning argument that he was in fact, just a mortal cat with no super powers or armor to protect him.

Which inadvertently lead to Thor challenging Stark to build some sort of Battle suit for his supposed warrior cat.

“What am I supposed to do with you,” Tony lamented with crossed arms as he eyed the small black feline sitting on his desk. “You weigh what, 5 pounds at the most?”

“6.8 pounds to be exact sir,” Jarvis chimed in.

Loki was actually in complete heaven. He'd never been allowed down in Stark’s infamous laboratory before. There was so much to see, computer monitors everywhere, gadgets and gizmos to figure out. He couldn't help but look about in wide eyed wonder at it all, debating what to explore closer first.

“Well, best get started with a blueprint,” Tony announced, picking up the cat and moving it to another table to scan.

Loki was so interested in everything, that he didn't even complaint. “Yes yes, just get on with it,” he urged, biding his time until he could explore everything a bit closer.

Then he smelled it, dear gods, tuna. His head swiveled immediately searching for the source of this amazing food. Ear twitching in dismay as he spotted Banner entering with the aforementioned mana arranged in the form of a sandwich.

He watched him closely as the other man approached a work station and began tapping away on a computer screen. Weighing his options carefully before deciding it was a risk he was willing to take.

“Well, time to go make peace with the enemy,” Loki said as he hopped down off the table he was currently on and trotted over to Banner's work station.

“Hey, I wasn't done scanning you,” Tony protested, watching the feline leap up onto the cluttered desk across from him. Fully expecting several crashes to follow. It would serve Bruce right for not cleaning up after himself. And cats were well known to knock things down either on purpose, or just because they didn't really care.
However, he was surprised and narrowed his gaze as the feline carefully picked its way through the clutter, straight towards Bruce's sandwich. Meowing at the man as it sniffed his plate hopefully.

“Ah, finally, I swear you're worse than my brother,” Loki complained. “Hmmm I'll just have a bit of the back half here, if you don't mind.”

Bruce heard the meow and quickly retrieved his sandwich, holding it up and away from the cat. “Oh, now you like me, I see,” Bruce complained, moving the sandwich higher as the cat followed it side to side in an attempt to steal a bite. “No! Shoo! It's my sandwich!” He argued taking a bite, surprised when the cat leapt on his shoulders in an attempt to get at it when he brought it to his mouth.

“Banner, I have felled my brother already in this form,” Loki warned, his tiny meows filling Bruce's ears as the feline pawed at his lunch. “Do not think you will be any more of a challenge in your mortal form.”

Bruce sighed and picked up the cat, plucking it from his shoulder and dropping it neatly to the floor. Only to have it immediately leap back up before him on the table.

“Right, plan B it is, then,” Loki swore with a sigh. “I didn't want to have to do this, but you've left me no choice.”

Bruce stepped back, taking another big bite of his sandwich in an attempt to keep it from the tenacious feline. Watching as the cat suddenly rolled over on his workstation, exposing it's soft belly and meowing in plaintive long mewls as it's wide doe like green eyes looked up at him hopefully. His heart melted instantly and he took a step back forward, reaching out to scratch the soft fur in the underside of the cat's chin and delighting when it didn't hiss at him this time.

“Alright, one bite,” Bruce conceded, tearing off a bit of his sandwich. Smiling as the cat immediately rolled back over, sitting up to eagerly take the offered piece. Which turned into another piece and then another as Lokitty allowed him to continue to pet and scratch behind his ears.

“You know, I'm actually disappointed in you,” Tony remarked from where he'd been watching the whole event from across the lab. “I actually thought you of all people would hold out atleast 10 minutes before giving in.”

“Yeah, but look at how cute he is,” Bruce replied uncaringly as he scratched the cat's ear, his grin broadening as it turning it's little head into his touches.

“Okay, 5 minutes, 7 tops,” Tony added. “But that was only, what 3?”

“2 minutes, 46 seconds,” Jarvis chimed in.

“That's just sad, really,” Tony said shaking his head and returning to his computer. “Hey, why don't you bring Lo the wonder kitty over here and use your tuna magic to see if you can get him to stand still for more than a minute, so maybe I can get this scan done?”

Bruce chuckled and gently lifted the cat in one hand and bringing the rest of his sandwich with the other as he delivered the feline onto Tony's table. “Hey, you know how animals can sense certain things, like dogs sensing seizures, and blood sugar lows, and such,” he went on deliberately feeding Lokitty tiny bits of sandwich to keep him occupied while Tony set to scanning it's dimensions. “What if Lokitty here can sense when, you know, the big guy? What if he knows when he's more in danger of coming out and that's why he's allowing me to pet him right now?”

Bruce had shared with Tony earlier that morning how his initial meeting with the cat went, not
unexpectedly unspectacular.

“So your own special service cat,” Tony remarked. “Nice theory, though I’d sooner suspect it has more to do with your sandwich coming out, rather than the big guy.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Bruce said, not wanting to agree entirely and have all his hopes squashed. He reached out, scratching the cat under the chin and smiling as it craned it’s neck towards him. Meowing softly.

“I’m afraid Stark wins this round,” Loki stated, delighting in both being hand fed his new favorite food of all time, and being lavished with attention at the same time. He’d successfully tamed the Hulk, something not even Thor could taut. It didn’t matter that he was in his less spectacular human form. It still counted. “However, you’re quickly earning bonus points for these delightful fingers of yours. Do all you humans take courses on the proper techniques of petting felines, or does it just come as natural instinct.”

“He sure is chatty for a cat,” Bruce chuckled, straightening up as the scan finished just as his sandwich ran out.

“Yeah, you noticed that too,” Tony remarked in a way alluding to the fact that he’d already been thinking about it.

“Well, looks like I still need lunch,” Banner said with a shrug. “I think a ham sandwich might last longer this time.” He said as he headed back out.

“Right, Jarvis, work me up a base to start with,” Tony ordered, moving from the table to a chair with a monitor attached directly to it.

The AI confirmed the request as Tony reclined back in it the chair so that he was lying near horizontally as he moved the screen aside and brought up a holographic display. Then positioning himself under a device he was working on, held aloft by a couple of robot arms.

Loki had so much to look at and see. He had free access to every computer in here. But was hesitant to do anything that might yet blow his cover. He wanted to take in as much as possible before being locked away again.

And he was instantly intrigued by what Tony was doing. Carefully padding along and hopping table tops until he was directly over him. Lying down beside a set of meticulously set out tools as he peered down to get a better look.

It appeared as though Tony was working on another device similar to the one implanted in his chest. Curious, Loki had never seen it up close before and the mechanics involved, fascinated him.

He watched Tony move the hologram display around before reaching for a tool and deliberately inserting bits of wires or computer like chips into it. He soon was able to figure out the formula on the screen and recognize whichever tool Tony was going to need next. Watching him work really was near hypnotic, feeding his knowledge starved brain.

“Looks like you’ve got a fan there,” Bruce remarked as he came back down awhile later.

Tony glanced up, spotting the feline peering down over the edge of the table at him for the first time and frowning.
“Hey, Coulson messaged me. He wants me to come in to look over some files to try to eliminate more suspects on those robots. Are you good?” Bruce asked politely.

“Yeah, hey take this cat back upstairs,” Tony said as he blindly grabbed a tool to insert a glass fuse with. Loki recognizing it as the wrong tool immediately. “I don't want him knocking down anything.”

“He made it all the way across my desk without shifting a single item,” Bruce remarked, already heading up there stairs. “I don't think he's going to knock anything down.”

Loki frowned, just what was Tony doing? The fool wasn't paying attention, he was going to break that. Loki glanced over at the tools and carefully pawed at the correct one until it fell onto Tony's stomach.

“See. Don't doubt me Bruce.” Stark scowled as he grabbed the tool, glancing at it, then pausing to look at it closer. “Wait, I need that. Nevermind, he can stay.”

Bruce just shook his head and smiled as he made his way out of the lab.

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Chapter 14

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Chapter 14

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Chapter 14

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Tony worked non stop for hours before finally taking a break. His eyes moving from the arc reactor in front of him, to the feline still watching him avidly.

“ You want a closer look there, little guy ?” Tony asked, patting his own chest gently to urge the cat down. “Well come on then."

While Loki was loathe to give in so willingly, he was also extremely curious. That, and an opportunity to really get a good look at the reactor certainly wouldn’t just be handed over to him again anytime in the future. So, as lightly as he could, he dropped down onto Stark's chest and immediately turned his head, craning up to peer curiously at the object.

“That right there is version 4.7,” Stark announced proudly. “At least it will be, hopefully, maybe. Still making improvements.”

So this was the source of Stark's power. It seemed so tiny and insignificant up close, so very fragile. He couldn't imagine why Tony would willingly insert such a device into his chest cavity, but then, humans were ever strange creatures.

Loki raised a paw, the feline in him wanting to play with the little holographic characters before him. But the Demi God wanted to test to see if he could manipulate the images in this form. Unfortunately, the holograms didn't budge under his feline paw as they had for Tony's fingers. Apparently the computer wouldn't recognize his touch in this form. Well, that was terribly disappointing.

He glanced down to see Tony eying him closely. Perhaps a little too closely. Loki was torn, if Tony found out who he was, then he could perhaps get on with the task of locating his body, once Stark convinced Thor that the feline was in fact his brother. On the flip side, that also meant that all this freedom, being able to wander about the tower, even the lab, would come to an end, as would all this delightful attention he was so enjoying being lavished with.

Who was he kidding? Tony with his best of devices would never sort this out.

“Jarvis, are those scans complete ?” Tony asked, reaching out to delicately pet Lokitty's soft fur.

“ All scans are still coming back normal sir .” the AI informed dutifully.

Tony frowned, but Loki just smiled smugly and arched his back into the touches. Of course they were normal, there wasn’t a trace of magic currently in his system. He knew, he had looked for it several times already.

“ Hmm, just a cat then,” Tony remarked with a frown. “Well that's terribly boring.”
“Ha, if you want tricks, you should get a dog,” Loki replied, his meow only causing Tony to look at him even more thoughtfully.

It was getting late and this conversation was growing dull. Besides, Thor should be home soon. Loki couldn't believe how much he missed the thunderer's presence. It had to be some imprint type attachment the feline had developed. It's own instincts sometimes near strong enough to override Loki's own.

Still, he grew fidgety and soon hopped down, heading up the steps on his own to await his brother's return. He felt Tony's eyes following him as he went.

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Loki searched the house first, making certain Thor hadn't returned while he was downstairs, only finding Steve sitting idly in the living room. He had a paper tablet in hand and was scribbling away in it with a crude lead based writing instrument.

Curious, Loki hopped up on the arm of the couch behind Rogers, peering over his shoulder at the paper before him. An unfamiliar male's visage filled the page before him. It's gentle smile and soft eyes, edged in laugh lines. All so carefully etched and shaded. An old colleague perhaps? Perchance something more?

Odd, Loki never knew Steve enjoyed sketching. He certainly never did it in his presence before. Huh, another perk to being a cat. Getting to find out more about the mortals you were dwelling with.

“Hey there Lokitty,” Steve greeted as the now familiar black cat came into his peripheral vision. “Did Tony finally chase you out?”

“Hardly,” Loki sniffed, looking about for a good vantage point in which to watch for his brother. “I'm a cat. I come and go as I please, when I please.”

Steve smiled at the meow he got in response and petted the cat's sleek fur gently. Watching the lithe creature as it hopped down and made its way over to a front facing window, having to stand on its hind paws to peer through it.

“Here ya go buddy.” Steve said, grabbing a footstool and sliding it over in front of the window, grinning as the cat hopped up on it dutifully and meowed up at him before turning back to the window.

“Wow, thanks Steve,” Loki remarked as he settled into his newly appointed watching spot. “You're proving to be far more interesting than I originally thought.”

Loki turned back, gazing out the window in hopes of spotting his hulking brother's form on sidewalk below. His tail swishing idly, ears perking from time to time whenever he would think he spotted something in the gloom of night. But none of them turned out to be his brother.

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Loki soon discovered something else he enjoyed about Steve, he was quiet. Not needing to fill the silence with idle chit chat like the others, Tony often even bantering with his AI Jarvis when he was alone. But not Steve, Just the steady scratching of his drawing tool upon his paper. It was nice.

He was however, beginning to get worried as the hour grew later. Thor rarely went into battle without Loki beside him, and for good reason. The big oaf would have been seriously injured or worse a dozen times over if Loki hadn't been present to step in and save him. But Loki couldn't go into battle with him now, not in this form. What if something had gone seriously wrong? Who would call for Heimdall to send help to bring his brother back to the healers?

He thought back helplessly to how broken up Thor had been upon thinking Loki had perished. For all they'd been through, they'd been through it together. The thought of being separated left him feeling quite hollow and cold.

Finally, out of the night, Thor's mighty presence loomed, growing larger as he approached the door. Loki felt his heart leap in joy as he chirped in excitement. Rushing over as soon as the elevator door clicked open.

"Thor, you're back," Loki greeted dancing around the larger man's feet as he waited for him to dutifully pick him up and shower him with attention. "You'll not believe what I did while you were gone."

Thor entered the tower feeling cold and empty. The patrol he thought would help, only further reminded him of the presence now missing by his side. Even the thugs he encountered that night attempting to rob a bank, brought no joy as he pummeled them. He missed his brother's ready smile and quick wit. Even his sarcasm would have been welcome tonight. Their absence leaving him feeling more depressed than before as the reality that his brother was gone forever, came crashing in around him. Clint had sent him home early, urging him to get some sleep, as though that would help.

So lost in his own gloom as he was, he paid no mind to the furry presence winding around his feet. Relieving himself if Mjolnir's weight as he entered the living space if the tower.

"Hey watch it, you oaf!" Loki started, moving aside just in time to avoid Thor's heavy weapon from hitting him as he let it drop carelessly. "You nearly hit me. Now pick me up. Thor! Thor?"

Thor just trudged further in, seemingly not even noticing the feline mewing steadily up at him. Steve looked on a bit sadly. He could see Thor was missing his brother something fierce, he recognized that look, had seen it echoed in his own features far too often. He also watched as his new pet, the one that had just brought him so much joy earlier and had waited eagerly for his return, now went ignored at the Asgardian’s heavy feet.

Loki sighed, seeing he wasn't getting through to the larger man and decided to take matters into his own hands....er paws. He dashed forward and clambered quickly up Thor's billowing red cape, coming to rest in his shoulder and staring him right in the face. There'd be no ignoring him now.
“Thor, listen, I want to tell you about the lab,” Loki continued. He knew Thor couldn't understand him, heck, even in his normal state, Thor usually only half listened to him at best, but talking with his brother was often cathartic. That, and the steady petting he doted on him wasn't too bad either.

“Lokitty, it is unwise to be in my presence right now,” Thor said roughly plucking the cat from his shoulder. His arm moving swiftly out to the side to release the cat towards the sofa as he shuffled by on his way to the kitchen.

Steve just barely moved his feet in time as the small feline was suddenly tossed onto the couch. The cat looking as surprised as he was by being so carelessly thrown. The shock quickly fading though, and if Steve had ever seen a cat look hurt and offended, Lokitty was a perfect reflection of both right now.

“Aww Lokitty, come here,” he cooed, holding out a hand to try to soothe the cat a bit.

He threw me! Loki couldn't believe it, his heart raced and his claws still gripped the couch as he made certain that he had in fact landed back firmly again. His chest tightened as he realized he was just another useless toy to the thunderer. Cherished when he was in the mood and tossed carelessly aside when he wasn't. Figures, he didn't know why he'd expected anything different.

Lokitty just turned and dropped down off the couch, trotting quickly away into the shadows and Steve turned with a frown towards the kitchen where he heard the familiar sound of beer bottles being opened.

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Don't worry, I know this chapter made you mad. Which is why I posted the next chapter at the same time. Keep reading dear readers.
Steve strode purposefully into the kitchen, pausing as he looked at Thor sitting at the table, two beers already down and working on his third. He took the sheet of paper he was carrying and slid it in front of the Asgardian. Quietly leaning back against the counter to wait for his reaction.

Thor just wanted to drown his sorrows, or maybe just drown. At least then he would see his brother's smiling face again. He was in no mood for conversation, certainly in no mood for games. His eyes narrowed suspiciously at the paper before him.

“I am not in a gaming mood Rogers,” Thor warned darkly, glaring at the paper.

“Pick it up,” Steve returned flatly.

Thor huffed and picked up the paper, turning it over to see the pencil sketch of a small cat sitting before a window. It's ears perked eagerly at the dark outside, tail hanging down the back of the stool, curled up in a small 'J' at the end. It took only a glance to recognize who the feline was in the sketch and he felt his chest tighten, just looking at it.

Lokitty was obviously waiting for somebody, hopefully, expectantly. Thor felt the first pain of guilt shoot through him as he vaguely recalled the small feline meowing at him upon entering. Climbing up to his shoulder to get his attention. Thor had tossed him aside, the one creature on this planet who just wanted to be with Thor and this was how he'd treated him.

“He sat like that for over an hour you know,” Steve remarked pointedly, further digging in the blade of guilt. “I've never seen a cat so attached to a person. Dogs sure, but never a cat.”

“I am a fool,” Thor said still staring at the sketched image, wishing to have a chance to redo everything. To come home and scoop that precious feline up in his arms and shower him with the attention he deserved. “I do not deserve his affection or his devotion.”

“Lo… Lokitty,” Thor called, choking at first before swallowing and steadying his voice as he entered the bedroom. Spotting the feline curled up on the bed with his back to the door. He saw the ears twitch back, though the cat didn't look at him. Obviously giving him the cold shoulder, not that he didn't deserve it. “Lokitty, I have brought what Rogers reports is your favorite, tuna.”

Loki heard the thunderer approaching, at least he wasn't in a drunken stupor yet. Though that was likely on the horizon. He heard him call his name, his voice strangled and choked before calling again much more hopefully. He could smell the flavorful meat before Thor even announced that he'd bought it, and while he could feel his mouth watering, and felt the feline instincts pulling at him, it
wasn't enough. No way was he giving in so easily after what Thor had just done.

Thor carefully approached the bed, feeling his heart sink when the once so loving feline, didn't even turn to look at him. Now he was desperately missing two sets of bright green eyes in his life. “Loke,” he started, choking again and unable to get the cat's full name off his tongue. “I am so sorry, I have wronged you greatly this night. You did not deserve to be treated thusly.” He said sitting heavily upon the mattress and looking hopefully at his pet. The plate of tuna he set on the bed between them, as though that were neutral ground.

Loki listened patiently to Thor’s apology. Not quite good enough yet, but it was a start. And he did really want that tuna Still, as the humans said, Thor opened this can of worms, now he should lie in it. Or something along those lines. At least for a little while longer anyway. “Continue.” He urged just barely raising his head.

Thor heard the tiny meow and felt the wave of relief hit him. It was a start, he'd take it.

“Lokitty, if you could just find it on your heart to forgive me this one slight,” Thor continued a bit bolder. “Perhaps you'd seek some recompense, and I'd truly be deserving of thus. Whatever you see fit to right this. However, I swear, upon my fathers and yours, that I will never look upon you with such blatant disregard ever again.”

Loki slowly uncurled and stretched. The humerus fact that Thor was swearing fatherly oaths to a cat hadn't escaped him. If he were watching this right now, instead of living it, he'd likely be rolling around in the floor in fits of laughter.

“Hmm perhaps I'll forgive you,” Loki said sauntering over to the tuna and munching down upon it, relishing the juicy flavor as it finally hit his tongue. “Or perhaps I'll fill your boots with dead vermin as you sleep.” It was an empty threat, as far as looking could surmise, there were no vermin in Stark tower. Still, the warning of the action made him feel better.

Thor grinned broadly as he watched his small feline come around, turning to meow at him as it went to the plate of tuna. Devouring the canned meat as though it hadn't eaten just a few hours ago, not that Thor knew this.

“That's my Lokitty,” he beamed proudly patting the cat on the back and earning a stuttering growl for his efforts. “Right, got it, no patting.” He said holding his hand up.

Loki finished the tuna, and looked up at Thor through narrowed eyes as he licked all the juices from his muzzle and paws. Thor watching him expectantly, as though waiting for a cue that it was okay to touch his beloved pet again.

Finally Loki decided to relieve the tension, though he was enjoying this so much, he certainly has found he also enjoyed Thor's agile fingers as well.

“Very well Thor, pet me,” Loki demanded, closing the distance between them.

Thor waited and watched tensely. A bit worried that now that the food was gone, that the feline would go back to giving him the cold shoulder again, when all he desperately wanted was to scoop it up and smother it with affection.

He positively beamed as the cat got up and approached, meowing up at him demandingly. Smiling as he ran his hand down it's sleek back, delighting as it arched into his touch. The cat meowed again and tilted his head, Thor dutifully scratching it under the chin as it leaned into his touch.

“Rub my chin,” Loki had ordered, his eyes drifting shut as the large man's hands sent ripples of
pleasure through him as his fingers danced through his fur. Finally he raised his head, stretching up to meet Thor's chin. “Give me kisses.” He demanded. Smiling smugly as the Asgardian delivered as requested, said kisses to the top of his head.

Thor felt his heart flip when his beloved pet butted his chin with his head, demanding more attention. A sure sign that all had certainly been forgiven. He met it's soft head with gentle kisses before scooping it up into his arms and carefully hugging it to him. His fingers still scratching under its chin in an even rhythm.

“Oh Lokitty, you make my heart sing with joy,” Thor said lifting the cat up with him as he stood. “You will not regret this, I swear it.”

“Yes, yes, I know, on your father and my father,” Loki replied easily. “Thor, how many cat fathers do you know? My father could be quite the wretched fellow. Actually, my father was quite the wretched fellow. “ He then paused and regarded Thor with a sniff. “And you stink.”

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Thor happily snuggled his pet as he kicked off his boots and began shedding his armor. Listening to its happy little meows until he felt its tiny paws pushing against him. “I know I know, I need a bath.” He stated giving the feline one more kiss, before setting the cat down and heading into the bathroom.

Loki wandered in after he heard the larger man sink into the tubs steaming waters.

“Care to join me?” Thor asked as his small pet hopped up onto the tub edge.

“No, I don't stink, you do,” Loki replied, laying down on the edge to watch him.

He couldn't get over how much larger his brother looked now. In every regard as he gazed upon his naked form. Something he could never do before freely, but was taking full advantage of now. His eyes drinking in his fine broad chest and well chisled arms. Loki quickly shifted his gaze and shook his head. Definitely into the weirdness now, no longer leaning, but full on wallowing in it.

Though to be fair, when would he ever get such a chance again? Being a feline gave him an all access free pass to look at whatever he wanted, and to think whatever he wanted without his features giving him away. So, by the nine, he was going to look upon Thor as he'd never been bold enough to do before.

The man was the very image of strength and power, and yet Loki knew now just how gentle his touch could be. How delicately careful his fingers were when scratching his fur, or how soft his hands when petting down his back or cradling him to his chest. In fact, how Thor handled Loki in this form was so much the opposite as to how he presented himself. It made Loki wonder if there was a lucky maid in waiting back home who was fortunate enough to also receive these touches. Or man in waiting, which was possibly more apt given Thor's predisposition to wanting to spar everyone.

Thor relaxed back in the tub, his eyes closing as he soaked in its warmth. Pulling one hand out to delicately rub the fur by Lokitty's ear with his thumb, delighting as he heard the small motor in his pet's chest start up. Its rolling purr the sure sign that all had been forgiven.

If only Loki had been so easy to forgive. Though perhaps Thor hadn't used the right techniques, he thought, his lips pulling in a tender smile at the humor of it and letting out a small huff of a laugh.

“And what, prey tell is so funny?” Loki asked eying him closely.

Thor grinned wider at the cat's inquisitive meow. “I was just thinking of my brother. “ Thor explained, still finding a sharp stab to the chest to speak of the other man now, though without quite the large pain of loss hitting him immediately. Perhaps it was because he was technically speaking of him to himself, not that he doubted his cat listened. “He had such a sharp temper, much like yours.” He said opening one eye briefly to meet the steady green gaze watching him. “He could sulk for days over a perceived slight.”
“Definite slights Thor, not just perceived,” Loki corrected calmly.

Thor chuckled again as his cat urged him on with a small meow. “Just imagine if he could have been so easily won over by an apology, a bit of petting, and a few kisses.”

“And tuna,” Loki added happily. “Don’t forget the tuna.”

“You’re right,” Thor replied to the meows a bit heavily. “I never tried. “ He sighed and settled back into the tub again, chasing away the thoughts of his brother’s fair handsome face.

Loki looked at his brother a bit quizzically. What was that all about? Of course Thor never tried, not that he would. Thor missed him as his brother, sure, but he’d never see him as anything other than that. No, those soft caresses and heavenly fingers were not for Loki the Asgardian.

At least that is what Loki would have thought before. Now he just wasn’t certain anymore. Everything he’d thought he’d known about everyone, seemed turned on end. Even regarding his own brother. He sighed and narrowed his gaze, eying the large thunder God as he mulled over all he'd learned over the past few days.

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Thor headed back downstairs afterwards, carrying Lokitty cradled carefully in the crook of his arm. Setting him down carefully upon the table as he went to the freezer.

“You’ll enjoy this, my friend,” Thor announced as he reached inside, producing a small thin package.

“I think we bypassed friend status Thor when I started sleeping in your bed,” Loki chuckled to himself. Oh what a shame it was that nobody could hear his wit.

Thor just smiled at his cat's meow and returned to the table, sitting down and unwrapping the package. Producing a brightly colored, frozen, red cylander on a stick. “Look Lokitty, a popstickle. Yummy!”

Loki came closer sniffing the item curiously as Thor held it upright in his hands. He could see the cold rolling off of it to tiny misty waves. Curious, he stuck his tongue out to taste it. And oh it tasted divine. Yet another human delicacy that they’d been withholding from him.

“It's good isn't it,” Thor agreed pulling it back to take a taste himself. Biting the top off and munching it happily as he watched his feline come closer to get more of the delicious treat.

“Wait, don't eat all of it,” Loki complained, pawing at Thor's hand as he brought it in for another bite.

Thor laughed openly and scratched Lokitty's ears as the cat meowed insistently at him. “I think we have discovered a new favorite treat.”

Thor brought it in for another big bite, Lokitty chasing the scrumptious treat the entire way.

“Thor, wait! Stop, you're taking too big of bites,” Loki complained. “Look if you just lick it, it will last longer.” He let out an exasperated sigh as he eyed the thunderer with popstickle juice on his face. “Now look, you’re making a mess of yourself and wasting good popstickle. These things don’t grow on trees you know. Or maybe they do, not really sure.”
Thor just smiled at his feline's eager mewls and took another bite. Loki could tell the popsticle would soon be no more at this rate, licking it eagerly as Thor held it out and trying to get as much as he could before it was gone.

Finally, Loki could see there was at best, one final bite left and he tried to stall it as much as possible. Holding a paw on Thor's hand to try to keep in in place, then chasing the delicious item all the way to Thor's mouth as the thunderer brought it up to finish it off. His feline tongue grazing the corner of Thor's mouth, finding the extra juices there and deciding, since he was feline and all, and since it was ever so delicious, that cleaning it up wasn't too weird. Just give into the weirdness, remember?

“Awww, you're giving me kisses,” Thor suddenly announced, scratching his felines ears as he felt it's tiny rough tongue upon his skin. “How sweet.’

“What? No,” Loki said shaking his head as he pulled back. “I was doing no such thing. I was simply helping you not to look a mess as you greedily ate the rest of our treat.”

“It's okay Lokitty,” Thor said happily as he scooped up his cat and hugged it close as he headed back to his room. Kissing it on the head and rubbing it's fur. “I love you too.”

“Oh by, the Nine” Loki sighed in resignation, "See what you've done there furball. This is going to be terribly awkward someday. " Though his heart had no right be fluttering such at hearing those words spoken to him. By his brother no less. Not that it meant anything, he was speaking the words to a pet, not to Loki himself.

Still, that night as he lay upon the thunderer's broad chest, he imagined what it would be like to hear such words spoken to him. To Loki the man, not this ridiculous feline. And spoken not of brotherly affection, but true attraction of the heart and body. The thought causing an uncomfortable tightening in his chest as he knew he'd never hear such from the thunderer's lips. Resigning himself to wallow in the ache as he rested his head upon his paws and closed his eyes.

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As the days passed, Loki started relaxing and enjoying the perks of his new feline life. The first having free roam of the tower. He could go nearly anywhere in the great building as he pleased. Lower floors only accessible via the elevator excluded as he’d yet to figure out how to press the buttons in this form.

The other perk was his sudden inclusion into the Avenger’s daily lives. Before he’d been locked away in the mortal cell they constantly referred to as his room. Which was sparse and torturously boring. But now, he got to sit back and observe each member as they went about their daily lives.

Steve loved to draw and read the paper, trying to keep up with daily events. Though he abhorred the television, not that Loki blamed him. The infernal rectangle was chaotic and noisy and more times than not, was showing yet another mindless play they referred to a “shows”. Nothing more than filmed illusions riddled with pointless drama and fake laughter, it grated on Loki’s nerves whenever it was on. Though, it was interesting to read about daily life on Midgard over Steve’s shoulder or while sitting languidly in his lap, the latter position having the added benefit of more scratches and the occasional full body petting.

Clint also enjoyed reading, though his favorites were great lengthy stories of remarkable creatures and heroism. Loki didn’t mind, it gave him something further to read. He missed reading the most during his time here on Midgard. Not having access to any of his endless tomes back home was beyond frustrating. He’d even settle for the scant few locked away in his room at this point. So he took advantage of reading anything whenever it was presented.

Tony spent most of his time in the lab which was easily accessible via a back stairway rather than the elevator. Loki would love nothing more than to hack into the computers now at his free access, however he couldn’t help but feel as though the AI Jarvis was monitoring his every step. Which likely meant that he was. So it was best to play feline for a while longer as he was reluctant to give up all this new found freedom just yet.

Still, Stark had many devices down there that piqued Loki’s curiosity and he often spent long hours lying on one work bench, just watching the mortal as he worked. Most days it seemed as though Stark didn’t even realize he was there, however some days he took far too much interest. Today appeared to be one of those days.

“Hey, Lo,” Stark greeted as the sable feline hopped up neatly upon his work station. “I was just thinking about you.”

“Normally I’d be flattered,” Loki remarked with a soft mew, green eyes watching the short man closely. “However, coming from you, it can rarely be good.”

“Shouldn't you be out catching vermin or something?” Stark quipped as he worked around the cat.

“I'll add it to my to do list once I figure out exactly how to get outside this tower,” Loki replied flatly as he laid down obstinately right in the middle of Tony's table.
Stark just frowned at the cat as it blocked his keyboard and meowed innocently up at him. He wasn't buying that Innocence for just one second.

“Well, that's certainly cat like,” he remarked and reached out quickly snatching the cat by the scruff of his neck. Loki was instantly paralyzed. Staring at the human wide eyed as he was lifted neatly off the desk. “Oohh as is that. Interesting.”

“Stark, what is this sorcery?” Loki spat as fear crept in. He was completely helpless, unable to move. “Release me this instant or there’ll be Hel to pay.”

“You like that? Interesting what you learn on the internet these days,” Stark said as the cat growled at him. He carried it over to a robotic arm known as Dummy, carefully holding the extra bit of skin on the back of the neck until the arm pinched it, holding Loki in it’s metal grip. “Oh, hush now, I’ll let you go in just a minute.” Stark continued, fetching a syringe from where he’d hidden it on his work station and uncapping the needle. “I just need one little blood sample first.”

“Absolutely not! Release me immediately,” Loki growled as he watched Tony approach and grab his paw, sticking the needle in easily. And by Odin’s beard that stung. Loki’s growl grew more insistent until Stark removed the needle.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it?” Tony stated placing the vial of blood into his computer for analysis. He then turned and took the feline, holding it up before him for just a moment before setting it down upon the floor.

The cat immediately racing just out of reach and pausing to look back at him, it’s ears pinned and tail swishing angrily. “You’ve crossed the line this time Stark. And you’re such a fool, you really think you’ll discover anything else in that sample but feline dna? Ridiculous human!”

Tony scoffed at the agitated feline as it growled at him, waving it off dismissively. “Oh get over it, it’s not like you were mortally wounded. “

“Why don’t I impale you and see how you like it?” Loki returned, looking about the lab in malice. He hopped up onto Bruce’s work station and began plowing through all the cups and jars there, toppling them to the floor easily.

“Oh, hey, really ?,” Tony said rushing over to try to stall the cat, only having it jump away from his grasp easily. “Now that’s just petty.” he remarked looking at the mess now on the floor.

“Oh, petty you say, then you’ll love this,” Loki returned, hopping up on the next workstation, and parking himself right in the middle of the neatly layed out tools. “Here Tony, Tony, Tony.” He called mockingly in a sing song tone, though his voice just emitted as a long meow.

“Hey, No,” Tony barked as the cat meowed at him from upon his organized tools. “Bad kitty! Don’t you dare!” He warned charging after him and lunging at him with both hands.

“Wow, you’re much slower than Thor,” Loki chuckled as he kicked his hind legs a few times, pretending to skitter on the surface and scattering the tools from beneath him, before digging in and leaping neatly onto the robotic arm suspending one of his suits.

Tony growled angrily as the tools went flying in all directions and the cat eluded his grasp yet again. “Loke, come on. It was just a bit of blood. What’s the big deal?” He asked as he cautiously stepped towards the suit. The cat now sitting calmly on the arm, it’s hind paw right on the emergency release button on the metal arm suspending it, as it seemed to be patiently cleaning the offended foot.

“The big deal?” Loki meowed, looking back at the human. “The big deal was that you TOOK it!
You did not ask and I did not consent. “

Tony froze as the feline stopped licking it’s paw and turned to him with pinned ears, tail swishing as it growled warningly.

“Loke, easy now,” Tony said holding out his hands as he carefully inched forward. “What, you want some tuna? I’ll get you tuna, just come down off of that...easily.”

“Hmmmm tempting, but no,” Loki returned haughtily as he waited for Stark to get close, almost close enough to grab him, before leaping and pushing with all his feline might. The inertia, causing the suit to swing out towards Stark just at the moment his paw also pressed the release button. The heavy metal outfit soaring straight at the human and bowling him over. Burying him underer its substantial weight.

Tony couldn’t believe it as the contraption buried him. Knocking him roughly to the floor as Lokitty hopped neatly away.

Thor heard the great crash from upstairs and came rushing down the stairs to check to what the commotion was about. Looking about in confusion at the messier than normal lab, then spotting the human pinned under one of his metal suits. “Friend Stark, what has happened here?”

Loki heard the heavy footsteps upstairs from his brother’s approach. Thor’s timing was impeccable as ever. He immediately put on his best injured feline act, mewling piteously as he limped over to his brother, holding the offended paw up as though he couldn’t bare to place weight on it.

Thor was instantly aghast at the sight of his precious feline obviously injured and in pain, Kneeling down to scoop it up gently. “Lokitty, what has happened?”

“Thor, a little help here,” Tony called as he pushed in vain on the heavy suit of armor. He then spotted the cat. Oh that little devil. “Oh come on, you’re not buying that are you?”

Thor cradled his beloved pet in his arm as he investigated the paw for injury. Loki flexing it just enough to cause the injection site to bleed just a bit. It was enough. Thor’s eyes narrowed in anger and he released the paw to hold Lokitty a bit closer as he stalked over to Stark.

“Stark, what has happened to Lokitty,” Thor demanded, his jaw clenching and arms flexing as he fought to control his anger.

“What? Nothing, he’s faking it,” Stark scoffed, looking at the feline and not missing how smug it looked from it’s new perch.

“Stark! I am not in a gaming mood! The truth,” Thor warned holding up a finger.

“Fine, okay, I may have taken a small blood sample from it,” Tony admitted.

“You TOOK blood from my feline?” Thor bellowed angrily, so loud that Steve was now descending the stairs to see what was going on. “How dare you attack an Asgardian's companion animal?”

“Wait, what? Attack? Come on, It was just a small sample,” Tony returned as though it should be no big deal.

Loki braced as Thor brought back one massive fist, only to have Steve rush over and grab his arm.
“Whoa, whoa Thor, easy buddy,” Steve urged, knowing he likely wouldn’t be able to hold the large Asgardian back if he really wanted to pummel Tony. “Easy, why don’t you take Lokitty upstairs and let me deal with Tony?”

“Oh Steve,” Loki lamented with a huff. “You take all the fun right out of it.”

Thor growled and pulled his arm free, looking down at his injured feline with concern. If Lokitty wasn’t so badly hurt, then he would exact his rage upon Stark for this slight. “Know this Stark, if you ever touch my royal companion without my consent again, you will be punished to the severity that Agardian law allows.”

He then turned and took his royal companion upstairs to treat it’s wounds.

“What the hell just happened,” Tony remarked shaking his head. “Royal companion?”

“You want to tell me what that was all about,” Steve asked looking down at Tony, though not making a move to extract him just yet.

“Nothing,” Tony soffed dismissively. “I just took a tiny blood sample from the cat and now he’s all Punishable by Asgardian Law.”

“Oh Tony,” Steve sighed pinching his nose in dissapointment. “Would you let it go, it’s just a cat.”

“So you say, but, Jarvis you have the sample results?”

“All samples so far confirmed. Lokitty is 100% feline.” The AI stated.

Tony frowned. “Well, I had to be sure.”

Steve just turned to leave, shaking his head.

“Steve, come on. You’re not going to leave me like this, are ya buddy?”

“Get Jarvis to help you.” Steve returned as he headed up the stairs.

Tony just huffed and pushed in vain against the large metal suit.

“Sir, if I may,” Jarvis chimed in. “All DNA samples appear to be feline, but I did find a trace amount of some unknown foreign material that I am still analyzing. I also need to report that Lokitty has shown a higher than normal amount of brain activity for a feline.”

“Oh, now you tell me,” Tony repleid wryly. “Just...get Dummy over here to get this thing off of me

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Chapter 19

So the next few chapters are less plotty and more just a bit of fun. Enjoy.

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Chapter 19

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Loki smelled the delicious food just as he entered the kitchen. Tuna, oh gods the heavenly scent of it making his mouth water. There, he could see the plate just on the table. Somebody was obviously making themselves a sandwich, however, that somebody was not here. Making said Tuna sandwich, Loki’s for the taking.

He raced towards the table and leapt up onto it’s smooth surface. Noticing as he landed just how smooth it was, and slick. Incredibly slick, like landing on ice. He extended his claws, scrabbling for purchase as his inertia carried him sliding rapidly across the table. Zoomin right past the plate of food and crashing onto the floor.

“Just what in Yggdrasil?” He spat in shock.

“Oh, hello Loke,” Tony said waltzing slyly into the room and retrieving the sandwich off the table. Stuffing it into his mouth as he smirked at the feline. “Oh, mind the table by the way, I just had it waxed.”

“Touche,” Loki growled, swishing his tail angrily as he watched the human leave. No doubt a retort from the lab incident. It really was too easy of a trap, Loki should have never fallen for it. He would have to be more on his toes around that one.

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“You have to give cats toys to entertain themselves,” Clint was saying as he sat beside Thor on the long sofa. Both looking far too intently at Loki for the feline’s liking. “Otherwise they'll get bored.”

Loki was listening idly as he cleaned his paws and face with his tongue. A troublesome habit that the feline inside him strongly insisted on, despite him having been bathed already today. Normally he’d just push these animal instincts down, but this one remained quite insistent. Much like an itch that demanded scratching. So Loki relented, reasoning that it just helped further cement his cat cover while around the Avengers.

Clint had a box sitting beside him and far too happily took out a ball of yarn. Setting it on the table before the cat.

“And just what prey tell am I supposed to do with that,” Loki scoffed, pausing in his grooming to eye the yarn flatly. “Knit you a sweater? I'm fairly certain you'd need thumbs for that, followed by a desire to actually knit. Which I currently have neither.”

Thor just watched with a frown. “I am afraid that I do not see the entertainment in this ball of fiber.”
“It's yarn,” Clint stated enthusiastically. “Cats love yarn.”

As if to demonstrate he rolled the ball back and forth in front of Lokity. “Here, see? Yeah, that looks like fun. Doesn't it?

“No, but you're certainly enjoying it,” Loki stated, stepping on the loose end and giving the ball a good swat. Sending it rolling across the floor, the ball unraveling as it went as Loki was still standing on the other end.

“Oh, wait, I'll get it,” Clint announced as he jumped up to chase down the ball.

Loki smirked as he picked up his end in his mouth and hopped down, trotting after the human. Clint had just picked up the ball and turned to go back when the cat zoomed past him with the other end in his mouth.

“What? No, wait Lokitty,” he called after the cat, turning to catch it, only to have it duck away from him and run between his legs.

This went on for quite a bit, Clint still holding the yarn ball while the feline ducked and dodged, running around and between his legs. Dragging the yarn trail behind him. It slowly twisting and wrapping around the humans limbs.

“Oh friend Clint, “ Thor began seeing what was happening. “perhaps you should...”

“No no, I got it,” Clint assured him. Smiling as Lokity finally stopped and sat down to regard him.

Even Thor could see the devilish way there feline’s tail swished. The yarn was fully wrapped around and between Clint's legs and as the small man stepped forward to grab the cat, it tightened like a woven string trap. Pinching his legs together and causing him to topple forward.

Loki smirked as he watched patiently. He really should feel guilty about taking advantage like this, but hey, Clint wanted him entertained. So here he was, entertained. He jumped out of the way, just as the human fell over. Releasing his hold on the yarn and turning to hop proudly up onto Thor's lap. Which also prevented the thunderer from aiding his friend as he struggled to get untangled from the floor.

“Perhaps something a bit less.. snare like for my warrior pet,” Thor suggested, petting Lokitty’s fur with great strokes of his broad hands. Pleased that his Royal companion was able to illude Clint's grasp. Though the man really should have been paying closer attention to how tangled he was getting himself in the yarn. He very nearly fell on Lokitty in his clumsiness.

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Chapter 20

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Chapter 20

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Clint smiled broadly as he shook the feathered end of the plastic stick before Lokitty's face.

“Cats love feathers,” he was explaining gleefully. “They can't resist them.”

Loki could feel that. The feline in him wanting to rise up and grasp the silly thing. Which only made him all the more agitated.

“Clint… Just stop,” Loki warned as he raised a paw and pushed down on Clint's hand gently.

“See, he digs it,” Clint chuckled, twisting his wrist from the paw and bouncing the feathers again.

“Clint I'm warning you,” Loki growled pushing his hand down a bit more firmly.

Thor watched skeptically, not missing how Lokity was growling as he pawed his friend's hand. “Friend Clint, I do not think Lokitty is enjoying this.”

“Nonsense, he loves it,” Clint argued, shaking the feathers right in the cats face.

“Right! I warned you,” Loki snarled as he snatched the end of the stick and pulled back on it. Bending the length of the plastic stick like it was some great fishing rod.

Clint of course immediately pulled the other end, trying to free it. Giving great jerks as Loki held his mouth clamped tight.

“Wow, hehe, he's really strong,” Clint remarked giving an extra hard jerk.

Loki let go just at that moment and the stick rebounded, striking Clint clear in the face, right across one eye. Even Loki cringed at the impact.

“Ohh that's gonna leave a mark,” Loki remarked.

Thor was biting his lips, trying to contain his laughter. “Perhaps something less weapon like for my warrior feline.”

He couldn't exactly be mad at Lokity. His pet had to be strong and fierce to be his Royal companion. Clint really should have used a less flexible stick for this toy.

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“By the nine, what is that smell,” Loki mused, sniffing the plastic ball with great interest. The colors swirling before his eyes in a myriad of shifting browns and reds usually indicative of Midgardian meat. Though he'd yet to determine exactly what type this particular scent was from.
“See, I told you,” Clint stated proudly as he sat beside Thor and watched the feline closely. His eye still blackened from the incident with the feather stick “Treat ball, this should keep him occupied while you’re out on patrol” He explained, picking up the ball and tossing it across he room for Lokitty to chase.

“Hey, I wasn’t finished with that,” Loki grumbled as he followed the cylinder’s movement. Hopping down and trotting quickly over to retrieve it and carrying it easily back to the table. Noting the dry rattle emitting from inside.

“Hehe, hey look,” Clint remarked cheerfully as he took the ball immediately upon Lokitty setting it down. “He plays fetch. That’s too cool.” He stated tossing the ball again and smiling as the cat meowed before once again giving chase.

“Clint, I will end you,” Loki growled as he picked up the ball in his mouth again. Noting how it had a small hole on the side. He set it down and moved it with his paw until the treat from inside rolled out. Sniffing it curiously. “Well, this is pointless, fake meat? Honestly Clint, I expected better from you.” He remarked, leaving the treat and carrying the ball back.

He sat it down and waited, just as Clint reached for it again, he gave it a swat with his paw and sending it rolling under the couch. “Fetch.” he meowed flatly, then sat looking up at Thor expectantly.

“That did not seem to occupy him for very long,” Thor remarked with a frown as Clint scrambled after the ball. “And he does not appear to enjoy these treats.”

“We can try different flavors,” Clint suggested optimistically, finally grabbing the ball and bringing it back out. He popped in another treat and set it before the feline.

Loki eyed it flatly, trying to decide where best to send it next, when Stark provided the perfect opportunity. Choosing that moment to come out of the kitchen with a full glass of alcohol in his hand. Loki glanced quickly around, calculating carefully, before giving the ball a hard whack with his paw.

It flew straight between Thor and Clint, hitting the stair rail and popping up, ricocheting of the overhead lamp and careening back down straight into Tony's drink. Landing with a rather impressive splash that soaked the short man. Tony shocked for only a moment before turning to glare at the feline.

“Ha, you didn’t think you'd be getting off scotch free, Stark.”Loki remarked as he smiled smugly. Tony wouldn't dare try anything with Thor right there. This being a feline was having more and more perks.

“Or a different toy perhaps.” Clint offered cringing a bit as Tony turned and stormed back into the kitchen. He suddenly gasped and snapped his fingers, “I’ve got it, catnip!”

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“Friend Clint, what have you done to my feline,” Thor chuckled as he looked at his beloved pet. The cat purring and meowing at the same time so they came out a trilling chirps as he rolled around on his back at Thor's feet.

“Thor, Thor, oh gods, everything is all spinny,” Loki said dreamily. He should be alarmed, but it was so hard to feel such as whatever this substance was had him feeling absolutely euphoric. It was like being drunk, only better. The room was filled in a rainbow of myriad colors, dancing before his eyes. Every turn off his head resulted in even more. If that wasn't disconcerting enough, his brain felt as though somebody head stuffed it with cotton. That dividing line where he ended and the feline began, was completely mush right now and he wasn't certain if either of them were in control. Focusing was just near impossible and his paws felt like they were miles away. “Thor, Thor pick me up.” he meowed petulantly.

“It’s just catnip, he’s fine,” Clint chuckled, rubbing the cat’s belly and delighting in the warbling meows it brought.

“Whoa, Clint, no touchy touchy,” Loki stated batting a him with his paws that were reacting far too slowly to do any good.

“What is this cat nip,” Thor asked still smiling, his pet looked to be having quite the nice time. Almost as if - “By the Nine, He’s drunk?” He stated bursting out in laughter.

“That’s about right,” Clint replied, picking up the fake mouse that held the green substance and dangling it over the cat playfully.

“Nnnnno,” Loki murmured batting at the mouse, but couldn’t reach it. Each shake of the tiny fabric creature, resulting in more colors rolling down over Loki like a thin smoke. He just wanted to bury his nose in it and fill his lungs with its intrinsic scent. “My nip. Get your own” Rolling onto his feet he tried to stand on his haunches, only to fall over backwards. Thor diving forward to catch him before he toppled all the way over and scooping him into his arms. “Wheeeeeee,” Loki cried in delight as the entire room spun. “I’m flying. Thor Look, I’m flying! Why is everything upside-down?”

“Oh wow, he's purring so loud!” Clint laughed. “Listen to that little motor run!!”

Thor looked lovingly down at the feline laying on its back in his arms, chirruping happily as it’s head lolled back over his arm to regard everything upside-down. “While this is most amusing, I do not think getting Lokitty drunk should be a nightly event.”

“No?” Clint asked holding the mouse thoughtfully. “How about weekly? “ he offered, catching Thor’s stern gaze. “Oh come on, look at how cute he is?”

“Yes, he is most delightful, I will admit." The thunderer chuckled. "Perhaps I could allow it once
“What’s up with Lokitty,” Steve asked wandering in to see the happily chirping feline lulling precariously in Thor’s arms.

“Catnip,” Clint remarked with a smirk as he tossed Steve the mouse.

“No way,” Rogers chuckled as he stepped up and held the mouse out for the cat.

“More,” Loki slurred as he finally caught the fabric rodent in one claw. Bringing it closer to inhale it’s alluring scent deeply and reeling as the herb inside hit him like huge, wave of pure relaxation and bliss, emptying his head lazily before washing over his entire body, to make it feel comfortably heavy.

“That is too funny,” Steve chuckled as he scratched the cat’s chin gently. “You like that, don’t you buddy.”

Loki couldn’t believe the rush of pleasure from Steve’s touch. Releasing the mouse and stretching himself out into his fingers. “Oh wow Steve, that is, wow, near orgasmic. You’ve been holding out on me. Yes, do that, right there.”

Steve laughed as the cat stretched into his hand, his high pitched chirp increasing in intensity as his chased his fingers.

Loki sighed and flopped bonelessly in Thor’s arms as Steve’s fingers finally relented, he couldn’t remember ever feeling this blissful. Whatever this catnip was, he wanted more. If only he could get his paws working again.

“I think that’s quite enough for you today,” Thor laughed, pulling his feline back as it pawed weakly for the mouse. “Let’s see if you can sleep this off.” He stated carrying Lokitty to the living room and resting him in his lap. The long, slow strokes of his hand down the sleek fur, keeping the little cat’s motor going in strong purrs as it’s eyes drifted shut heavily. The purrs soon fading away, leaving a soft whistling in their wake.

“Is he snoring?” Steve asked as he came in to sit next to the Asgardian.

“Verily,” Thor smiled, petting Lokitty softly as he snoozed

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Chapter 22

Sorry everyone, after this I've got to slow my updates to this story down to once per week. Life just got really busy and I'm still writing the second installment to this one. I'll try to update it every Tuesday.

Also, thanks to my reader Faedra for releasing the plot bunny that inspired this chapter. Hope you enjoy!

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Chapter 22

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Tony paused as he walked in, frowning at the numerous scratch marks on one side of the couch. “What the..?!! Lo, seriously?! That was imported Cordova leather!”

“What, you think I did this?” Loki scoffed feigning Innocence. “Blame this insolent feline and it's ridiculous instincts. Though it did feel quite good and the couch was hideous. Whatever beast a Cordova is, you should spare it next time.”

Stark merely narrowed his gaze as the feline paused in grooming it’s paws to meow innocently up at him.

Thor looked over as though seeing the damage for the first time. “Apologies friend Stark, I do not know what would cause him to do such wreckless damage.”

“Cats need a cat tree.” Clint explained easily from where he was sitting beside the thunderer. “Somewhere to sharpen their claws other than the furniture.”

“A cat tree?” Thor asked, unsure he has heard his friend correctly.

“Yeah, it's… You know what, I'll show you,” Clint said as he got up to lead Thor downstairs to view the items on one of Stark's computers. “We'll pick out a nice big one for him. How tall do you think that ceiling is?”

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Steve gaped up at the massive carpeted tree in disbelief "Did it have to go all the way to the ceiling? That's gotta be, what, 50 feet?"

"52.3" Tony filled in without a pause, staring up at the gargantuan piece of pretty furniture with a frown.

"So where's Lokitty?" Steve asked looking around for the sable feline.

Thor sighed and pointed straight to the top where they could just see his head peering over a small platform at someone who was scaling the side of the tree, moving up towards him.

“Is that Clint?” Rogers asked astonished.
“Verily.”

Steve paused, frowning thoughtfully before asking what should be an obvious question, though his friends didn’t seem as though Clint scaling a 50ft tower in their living room was in any way out of the ordinary. “Why is he climbing the cat tower again?”

“Well you see, funny story - ” Tony began only to be cut off by Thor.

“Clint fears that Lokitty is stuck as he has yet to come down from the top, despite many efforts made by him to entice him back to this level,” Thor dutifully explained.

“No you see, that makes it not as funny. “ Stark complained crossing his arms. “You really should let me tell it.”

“Oh, he's reached the top,” Rogers pointed out to distract the two from arguing.

“Lokitty, why did you climb all the way up here if you couldn't get back down?” Clint asked the feline as he struggled to find a foothold. His hand holding tightly the edge of the tiny platform that the cat sat upon while looking for some way to balance himself and grab the cat.

“Honestly Clint,” Loki chided. “do you think I would have done so knowing the feline did not possess adequate climbing instincts to properly descend this abomination?”

“Maybe we should just have him declawed,” Stark suggested, his voice carrying up easily to Loki’s highly attuned ears.

“You know what?” Loki growled, his tail flipping at Stark’s cruel words. “I think I prefer it up here after all. It's less.....peopley.”

Loki hissed, pinning his ears flat and surging forward to swipe at Clint's face with his claws. Just meaning to scare the man enough to get him to go back down. However, when Clint leaned back to dodge the attack, he lost his foot hold and slipping off. Suddenly finding himself hanging precariously from his one hand and Loki saw his chance to help him down.

“Or at least it will be once you're gone. Goodbye Clint.” Loki growled, sinking his claws into the man's hand, watching as the man predictably let go and fell. Leaning over the edge of the platform to watch his descent.

“Uh oh, heads up,” Tony announced suddenly.

Thor had diverted his attention, and now looked up in time to see Clint hurtling towards them. He stepped forward easily and caught the shorter man with a frown.

“My fault” Clint explained catching his breath. “Poor little guy is probably terrified.”

“Perhaps something less tower like for my warrior cat.” Thor suggested hopefully “Lokitty would be fine with a shorter tree. Perhaps one only about this high.” He says putting Clint down and motioning to the top of his head.

Tony suddenly appeared back at his side with a chainsaw, grabbing the cord and preparing to fire it up. “Okay, now don't worry. I'll get him down!”

“Tony No!” Steve barked, taking the chainsaw quickly from the other man. “Honestly, where did you even get this thing?”
“My lab.” Stark responded easily.

“Why do you keep chainsaws in your lab?” Steve asked more confused than ever.

Tony just answered tersly “reasons.”

Steve just shook his head and went to stow the power equipment before Tony could come up with a suitable argument in which to use it indoors.

“You could just fly up with one of your suits, you know,” Clint stated looking back up at the still very stuck feline.

“And singe the carpet with my thrusters?!” Tony remarked, shaking his head. “Come on Clint, you've better ideas than that.”

“Well, we already ruled out using Mjolnir, it's too narrow of a space and Thor would likely take out your ceiling in the process.”

“And the wall,” Thor chimed in with a thoughtful nod.

Clint looked up, still puzzling over how to get the cat down. “perhaps we can lure him down with food.”

“Ah, excellent idea” Thor remarked happily as he cupped his hands around his mouth and calls up to his feline. “Lokitty, come. Let us feast upon the fish in a can!” He smiled as he held his hands out expectantly before giving the order. “Jump.”

“No way is that going to work.” Tony scoffed crossing his arms to stare at the naive thunder God.

“Tuna? Well, why didn't you say so,” Loki said carefully leaning down over the edge. Judging the distance meticulously before overriding the feline instincts and pushing off.

Thor smiled at the sable creature hurtling towards him, catching him easily and immediately showering him with affection as he cradled it to his body.


“Lokitty and I have practiced down in your sparring rings,” Thor replied proudly. “I figured it would be good to use during an escape and I've never dropped him once. Have I Lokitty?” He said kissing his beloved pet on the head.

“That's because you know I'd never forgive you, and you know I'd likely leave one of those horrific fur balls this beast coughed up the other day, in your boots as recompense,” Lokitty purred, delighting in all the attention Thor was lavishing him with. Sure he had to demean himself to actually jumping whenever Thor demanded, oh but the reward was far too good to worry about tarnishing his pride because of it. Thor's fingers always finding just the right spot on his chin.

“Next time, perhaps you could lead with that.” Clint suggested shaking his head at the pair.

Tony just eyed the feline and Asgardian closely as they headed towards the kitchen. “Steve, you ever heard of a cat that does tricks?”

“No. Never.” Rogers replied as he returned to his side.

“I have." Clint chimed in eagerly. “There's this guy down in Key West that has his cats trained to
do tricks. They jump from platform to platform, over people's heads, and even through hoops of fire. Then standing up at the end on their hind paws just like tigers at the circus. Oh, it's awesome to see.”

“Do me a favor,” Tony warned frowning deeply. “When retelling that story to Thor one day, because I know you will, be sure to leave out the part where the hoops are on fire.”

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Chapter 23

Loki sat thoughtfully on the back of the sofa, pondering how to locate his body once he also figured out how to communicate to Thor. He was completely lost in thought, staring at nothing. Though as Steve and Clint walked in, they noticed the feline appeared to be staring intently at the wall. It’s tail flipping idly back and forth.

“Hey, what's he looking at,” Steve asked looking at the blank wall before the cat and seeing nothing.

Clint squinted, staring intently and then glancing back at the cat. “I don't really know.”

Steve went to the wall, putting his hand upon it and even placing his ear against it to listen. Perplexed when he heard nothing.

Loki heard the men come in, their words breaking into his thoughts. Though the subject was suddenly amusing. Silly humans, he wasn't looking at anything, he'd simply been lost in thought. However, as Steve went to put this ear to the wall, Loki decided to keep staring and see how far this would play out.

Steve shook his head, looking back at Lokitty and seeing him still staring. He waved his hand before the cat's eyes and Lokitty just moved his head to peer above or below it. Always focusing intently on the wall.

“Hey you know,” Clint began suddenly serious. “I once read where animals could see ghosts.”

“A ghost, here?” Steve scoffed, not really sure he believed in such things.

“I'm telling you, he's looking at something that we can't see,” Clint went on dropping his voice conspiratorially. “What if there used to be another building where this one stands and it was haunted? So now the ghost found its way in here.”

Loki could barely contain his laughter. “Oh honestly Clint, read something other than a fantasy story once in awhile.”

“I don't know,” Steve said still not buying it. He looked up in surprise as Lokitty meowed, yet was still looking at the wall. Obviously not meowing at them.

Loki could see Steve tense, oh this was too good. These humans were a riot. Just for kicks he gave a few rolling chirrups.

“I think he's talking to the ghost,” Clint whispered, both men staring intently at the cat now.

Yeah, there was no way he was going to let this moment slip by without taking advantage of it. He suddenly arched up, pinning his ears and hissing. The feline in him puffing his fur out on his tail as he drew back from the fake ghost. Then suddenly turning and taking off running for Thor's room.
He could easily hear the two men beating a hasty retreat from the room themselves and rolled around on the bed in fits of laughter for a good hour after the whole event.

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Later that evening, Loki sat before his brother, happily eating the pieces of steak being offered to him bite by bite. Oh, this definitely was the life. Being hand fed such savory delights by none other than the crown prince of Asgard no less.

He paused only long enough to wash the bite down with this watery weak, Midgardian mead, before turning back to await his next bite.

“Is that filet mignon,” Clint asked as he wandered in from his part of patrol.

“It is,” Thor stated, smiling as he cut off another smaller piece and fed it to his precious feline.

“It's very, what was the word,” Loki mused to himself. “Oh yes, nommy.” He stated carefully taking the offered bite from Thor's fingers.

Clint just raised an eyebrow as he watched the cat dining like a king. Suddenly noticing the shot glass of ale it sipped for as well. “Is Lokitty drinking beer?”

“I know,” Loki lamented. “I'd much prefer wine, however until one of you learns to speak feline, then I am stuck with this instead.”

“Relax friend Barton,” Thor chuckled as he watched his Lokitty greet Clint with a friendly meow. “Your mead is not that strong. And look, there was even this miniature vessel for him to drink from.”

“Thor, it's not that strong for Asgardians,” Clint said scooping up the shot glass and dumping it's contents. Refilling the glass with water from the sink and setting it back. “But he is a 6 pound feline. Not an Asgardian.”

Loki looked at the water in offense. “You're joking right?” he sniffed, getting up and moving to the other side of the plate where Thor's glass of beer sat and dipped his head in to take a sip.

“There, see, he prefers it,” Thor touted proudly.

Clint just rolled his eyes and shook his head. “Don't say that I didn't warn you.”

*20 minutes later*

Thor stroked Lokitty's back gently, trying to soothe him as he heaved into the sink.

“Ugh Thor,” Loki lamented catching his breath between waves of nausea. “The mead… It's poisoned….I blame Stark…. Avenge me.”

Thor eyed his poor feline sadly as it meowed up at him weakly before turning back to the sink as the next bout of heaving hit him.

“That's right, get it all out,” the thunderer crooned, dampening a paper towel and folding it in half to fit over his poor sick feline’s shoulders. “No more mead for you. I am sorry Lokitty, I forget that you are not of Asgard. I shall be more aware of your weaker stomach in the future”
“Wow Thor, that hurts,” Loki snarled laying down on the counter as the wave finally subsided. “Way to kick your brother when he's down. “

“Right, the internet says you can give cats Gatorade to rehydrate them,” Clint was saying as he came back in and went to the fridge to find some of the beverage. Thor had called him for aid when Loki first began violently vomiting. “Hope he likes grape.”

Clint poured some into a bowl and tried putting it under the felines nose.

“Clint, stop, I don't want any gator fluids,” Loki warned pulling his head away and letting it hang wearily in the sink. “I don't want to drink anything from this wretched realm ever again. Ridiculous weak feline.”

Clint watched the cat refuse his offering and frowned at it's plaintive meows. “Maybe he'll want to drink later.” He offered giving Lokitty some soft strokes as he set the bowl aside.

“What else did your intranet say,” Thor asked wishing there was something more he could do to make his poor pet feel better.

“Well, it mentioned that you shouldn't give them alcohol.” Clint stated boldly, ignoring the flat glare the Asgardian gave him. “And it said plain, unseasoned, chicken will be easiest for his next meal.”

“Verily,” Thor said nodding as he gently maneuvered Loki into his arms. “Thank you friend Clint. I think Lokitty should get some rest until he recovers.”

Thor carried his beloved feline upstairs and laid him carefully on the bed. Giving him the middle as he laid on his side beside him, delicately stroking the soft fur.

Loki stretched out and lay on his side, feeling completely miserable. He never wanted to eat or drink again.

*2 hours later*

“Thor, Thor wake up,” Loki demanded swatting the large man on the nose. “Thor, I'm going to starve to death. I require sustenance!” Loki gave another good swat, but it was having no effect. He was going to have to switch tactics.

Thor had dozed off himself laying next to his pet. Finally awaking as sharp teeth clamped down on his nose. Pulling away with a start and holding his offended nose as he stared at his pet in shock. “Owww, Lokitty, what?!”

Uh oh, perhaps Loki had over done it just a bit. Time to release the furball. Loki let his inner cat out and rolled over onto his stomach, stretching his paws playfully out towards his brother. “Thor, feeeeeed meeeeee.”

Thor instantly melted as his beloved pet play batted at him, meowing petulantly. “Awwwww it's okay Lokitty, twas hardly a pinch.” He said lifting the cat in his hands and hugging it to his face. Delighting in its little purring motor starting loudly. “I’ve had much worse. I am glad that you're feeling better. Would you like to try some chicken perhaps?”

“I thought you'd never ask,” Loki said his head turning to lick Thor's cheek affectionately. Whoa! Time to reel back in the furball. That's getting a bit much there.

Thor chuckled happily at the little cat kisses, scratching his pet's chin and awarding it a noisy kiss to the head. “aww I love you too Lokitty.”
Great, now see what you did. Wretched feline, Loki thought to himself. Though his heart gave the most alarming little flip at Thor's words.
“I don't know Tony,” Steve was lamenting as he watched Thor and Clint head off on a rare early morning patrol. “This seems like a terrible idea.”

“Terrible? What? No,” Tony argued dismissively. “We've got to make certain the feline is healthy, up on its shots and all. You wouldn't want to have to put a rabid Lokitty down, would you?”

“He never goes outside,” Steve argued. “How is he going to catch rabies? Besides, Thor should really accompany you on this.”

“You're joking right,” Stark asked eying there large man closely. “You saw how he flipped out with just a little blood sample. Imagine if he saw him actually getting injected.”

“Fine, but we agreed, no talk of neutering without Thor's consent.”

“You have my word.” Tony said grinning. Then as Rogers eyed him, raised both hands to show his fingers weren't crossed. “See, scouts honor.”

“You were never a boy scout Tony.”

“No, but I sponsor the boy scouts, same thing.” Stark stated with a shrug. “Now I'll get the carrier ready, you get the cat.”

“You owe me.” Steve said as he went off to find Lokitty. He hated this, it just felt so underhanded and dirty. And he didn't know which one he hated betraying worse, Thor, or Lokitty. Still, Tony was right. In all the time the cat had been with them, they'd yet to take it to the vet once for a check up.

He found the feline in question, easy enough. The black cat was standing on the little foot stool, looking out the window curiously.

Loki heard Steve approach and turned to eye him questioningly. “Steve, what has happened? Why is Thor and Clint going out this early? Has there been another attack?”

Steve smiled as the cat turned to face him as he approached. His little meows just twisting the guilt in his gut. This all seemed so very wrong.

“Hey there Lokitty,” he said gently lifting up the cat in his arms and petting it's ears gently. “Don't you worry about Thor. He's just going on an early patrol.” He spoke softly, keeping the feline distracted as he carried it to the other room, petting it the whole time.

He saw Tony with the plastic pet carrier and froze. Grabbing Lokitty about the body and holding it out before him while closing his eyes. “Here, you take him. I can't do this.”

Lokitty was suspicious about Rogers picking him up, he usually wasn't so handsy. But the petting
was nice. He should have stuck with being suspicious. Being suddenly gripped tightly and handed off to Stark. This definitely wasn't looking good.

“What, Steve really,” Loki growled struggling in the grip. “I expected better from you Rogers.”

“Honestly Steve, you're so dramatic,” Tony said taking the cat by the scruff and, lifting it from the blond's grip, carried it over to the carrier that was waiting upended and open. Ignoring the cats angry yowls of protest.

“I'll get you both for this,” Loki cursed vehemently. “A plague on both your houses!”

Stark neatly grabbed the cat's hind feet together and tucked it easily into the carrier. Snatching his hand out quickly as he released it and closed the door. “There, see, that wasn't so hard.” He said tipping the plastic box down and taking it by the grab handle on top. “You sure you don't want to come along? Could be entertaining.”

“No, I think I'm going to be sick,” Steve said turning to leave. The cats little plaintive meows making him feel much worse. If anything happened to that little cat, he'd never forgive himself for being a part of this. Why did he listen to Stark anyway? The cat seemed perfectly healthy.

“Stark, you release me from this prison immediately,” Loki snarled, reaching a paw through the tiny metal bars at the front of the carrier. “You are going to be sorry when I get out of here. You only think you've seen my wrath! Oh ho, you have seen nothing yet!”

“Eh, suit yourself,” Tony shrugged and ignoring the felines sounds of displeasure entirely, carried it down to where his car was waiting.

*********

“Right, Mr Stark,” the vet was greeting easily. Lokitty's carrier sitting upon the small exam room table between them. “What can we do for… Uh……Lucifurr? That's certainly an interesting name.”

“It was either that or Darth Kitty,” Stark explained with a shrug. “However, I didn't want to get a C&D from Disney. You know how they are.”

“It was either that or Darth Kitty,” Stark explained with a shrug. “However, I didn't want to get a C&D from Disney. You know how they are.”

“Fine, Lucifurr then,” the vet said forcing a smile, Stark's humor obviously lost on him. He opened the carrier and Tony held his breath, bracing for an attack. He narrowed his gaze as the vet gingerly extracted the small black feline who was being suspiciously complacent. “There we are, aren't you a fine looking feline. So what can we do for little Lucifurr here?” He asked running his hand gently down the cat's back.

Loki was biding his time. The feline within was positively petrified, which didn't bode well as this same feline had once faced a giant robotic scorpion with merely a hiss. Every fiber of his being wanted to run and flee, but with the small closed room, there was nowhere to go. He'd have to plan this carefully. Then he'd make Stark pay.

“Well, you know, just check for diseases, he needs the entire round of shots,” Tony was listing off. “Trim his claws, oh and maybe discuss.. You know.. N-E-U-T-E-R-I-N-G. “

“I can spell you know Anthony,” Loki said flatly, acting all innocent as he allowed this strange man who smelled of rubbing alcohol and other animals to pet him. From the dress he looked to be a doctor. From the scent, Loki would guess an animal doctor. And he definitely knew what neutering was.

“Right, let's get a baseline on our little friend here,” the vet said lifting Lokitty up gently and placing
him upon a table top scale. “hmm little heavy for his size.”

“I'll be sure we cut down on the snacks,” Stark assured him watching it all with a bit of smug anticipation.

“By we, you mean you,” Loki remarked as he was carefully moved again.

“Now, let's just get his temperature,” the vet announced grabbing a thermometer and dipping the end in Vaseline.

“Yes, his temperature. We definitely need that,” Tony said his grin growing wider. “By the way, you're going to want to have a good tight hold on him,” Tony warned. “Maybe even a muzzle.”

“A muzzle Mr Stark,” the vet chuckled at the man's warning. “He's not a dog. Just a small average feline. You have to have a more delicate hand with them.”


The vet just raised an eyebrow at Tony, petting the gentle, obviously misnamed feline as it meowed softly.

Loki narrowed his gaze at Tony. “Why does it feel as though you're up to sooOOOOMME OH Gods!!!”

The vet held the cat firmly as he inserted the thermometer, smiling patiently at its loud yowl. “Sorry about that little fellow, it's a little cold.”

“A little cold? You think?! Jottenheim is warmer! You could've at least bought me a drink first,” Lokitty growled at Tony's snickering as the thermometer was removed. “Oh you are so going to get it, Anthony.”

“Very well, that all appears normal.” the vet said finally. “Let me just go get some supplies and we'll get those vaccines out of the way.”

Loki watched the vet leave through a door in the back and heard the incessant barking of dogs just beyond it. A plan starting to form in his head.

“Not so tough now, are you Lo,” Stark said smugly crossing his arms.

Loki just glanced at him and with a flick of his tail, turned and leapt to the opposite counter. Stark could see where the cat was headed and dashed around the table to stop him, but was too slow. The feline slipped between the wall and the glass containers of giant Q tips and guaze, sending them crashing to the floor where they shattered, spilling their contents.

Tony dove for him and Loki easily avoided his grasp, jumping up as the man surged forward, sprawling across the counter, and landing on his back. He then leapt up onto the plastic bin that was attached to the wall beside the sink holding paper towels. It had a push style button on top and as he stepped on it to spring off, the bin popped open and the paper towels erupted out over Stark's back.

Tony couldn't believe it. Just how was he losing to a cat. He quickly straightened, spilling the paper towels to the floor where they joined the mess of glass, guaze, and Q tips. But Lokitty was no longer in reach. Instead he was perched atop the large wooden cabinet and well out of grabbing range of the shorter man.

“Loke!!” Tony snapped, frowning fiercely at the feline. “You get down from there!”
“Ha, you speak as though you have control over me,” Loki scoffed with a flick of his tail. “Why don’t you come up and get me, human.”

Tony narrowed his gaze as the cat hissed challengingly at him. No way was it going to get the best of him. It was a cat for crying out loud! Not to be outdone, he began clambering up the counter.

“Mr Stark!” The vet’s voice suddenly rang out from behind him. “Just what is going on here?”

And there was Loki’s opening. Right on cue. Time to release the furball! He catapulted off the cabinets onto the vet’s balding head. Sinking teeth and claws in. As expected, the vet ripped him off and reactively threw him to the floor. Where he landed in his feet easily and dashed between his legs and out the door.

The vet was stunned, viewing the mess in the operatory that he’d just left in perfect condition mere minutes before, and the man now standing before him in the midst of it all.

“Wait! No, stop him,” Stark said moving to go after the escaping cat. “He’s getting away!”

The vet was too preoccupied with the blood now pouring down his face from the numerous scratches and bites to care. “Relax, Mr Stark. One of my assistants will grab him.” He said as he went to grab a paper towel only to notice the bin standing wide open. Pulling the few still remaining in the bottom to apply to his wounds. “Just what exactly happened in here?”

“Lokitty happened,” Stark grumbled. “And you’d best get him contained quick, or it’ll only get worse.”

“Lokitty,” the vet questioned. “I thought you said his name was Lucifurr?”

Tony shrugged and the vet sighed in exasperation. “I think it’s best if you go sit in the waiting room Mr Stark. Before you do any further damage to my office.”

“What? You think this was me!!”

“He’s just a cat Mr Stark.” The vet barked in exasperation. "Now go!"

“Fine, but you’ll see soon enough.” Tony said going out to have a seat. That vet would be eating his words soon enough.

*****

Loki headed straight towards the sounds of the barking dogs. Following the signs reading 'Kennels' quickly. Hounds disliked cats from what he remembered, so he could use that to his benefit.

The door was easy, much like Thor's, it had a simple pull style latch. He jumped up, catching it with his front paws and popping out open. Then he was in. By the Nine were these beasts ever loud. The cacophony of their barking causing a ringing in his ears.

"Hey hey, what have we here? A snack?" I've asked darkly

"Here kitty kitty kitty" Another called menacingly

Great, he could speak canine as well. That was ever so unhelpful. Loki trotted down the length of cages that contained them, ignoring their jeering taunts and trying to get an idea of how this could work. Then he saw it, back by the door he'd entered, a beautiful lever that said 'Emergency Kennel Open' over it. Well, this was emergency enough.
He did a few more passes back and forth in front of the canines cells, making certain that they'd all seen him and working them into quite the frenzy. He'd definitely need to be quick, that was certain.

“Right, I've got this all in the bag. There's a whole bag, just waiting to be got. Come on you senseless, flea ridden, beasts,” he teased, increasing their growing agitation, his meows being drowned out under all the barking. “Yeah, you want me don't you? You're all beneath me, you Insolent slobbering fools!

He was just returning when an assistant spotted him and headed towards the door to retrieve the errant cat. Well, it was now or never.

He rushed towards the door as well, only launching himself to the lever beside it, just as the woman burst through the door. Alarms blared, and a red light began flashing over her head, drawing her attention as the shadow like cat zipped past her feet.

At that same instant, all 22 dog kennels immediately opened and all the dogs came charging out. Heading straight after the cat that had just been taunting them.

“Come and get me, you dull witted creatures,” Loki called as he took off.

The assistant waved her hands frantically, but was soon plowed over by well over a dozen dogs as they charged in a frenzy after the cat.

Keeping ahead of the stampede proved to be quite the challenge, but they were really not so bright. He'd circled the room beyond the kennel, the mob of dogs knocking over every table, tub, and cart in their path as they flowed nose to tail in a neat line, before leading them back down the hall. Just as the vet was emerging from the now re-straightened exam room. He yelled horrifically as the cat charged past, the pack of dogs followed close on his heels, as the feline ducked right back into that same exam room.

Loki quickly turned, his feet scrabbling for purchase on the slick linoleum and pushed his body against the door, managing to close it just as the vet's back hit it. Right along with a wild mob of frenzied dogs.

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“Mr Stark,” the vets voice called Tony's attention up to the door.

Stark had been reading a magazine and turned patiently. Dropping it as he saw the disheveled man standing before him. His white lab coat half hanging off one shoulder in tatters and numerous scratches covering his hands and face. He was even missing a shoe, though Stark doubted he noticed in his war shocked face.

“Please, go and get your cat,” the vet continued.

“All done already,” Tony said trying to sound nonchalant as he headed towards the exam room where he'd last seen Lokitty.

“Yes, yes, all done,” the vet said sounding as though he was in a daze. “Oh, and Mr Stark. Don't come back.” He added as he turned and left.

Tony cautiously cracked the door open. Sticking his head inside, he saw Lokitty laying calmly on the exam table, licking one paw as though nothing were amiss. Stark quickly ducked inside and shut the door behind him.
“What did you do,” he hissed as he snatched the carrier up off the floor and set it on the table. “You know what, I don't even want to know. In the carrier, Now!”

Loki just eyed Stark daringly, his tail giving an inpatient flick.

“Look, if you want to go back home to your precious Thor, then get in this carrier,” Tony growled.

Loki smirked as he got to his feet. Trotting easily into the cage and lying down as Tony closed the steel door.

Tony was only mildly surprised that his threat had worked. Lifting the carrier, he hauled it angrily to the car. Well, in all fairness, he had warned the vet. Still, for the cat to get the best of a professional trained in handling animals, well that just irked him. But being denied the little shit of a furball from getting any shots or anything, that right there certainly irked him more.

“You are so going to get it,” Tony warned emptily as he opened back door and plopped the carrier roughly inside. Though in truth, just what exactly was he going to do? He didn't know yet, but no way was this cat getting the best of him.

“Oh no, you're going to get it Anthony Stark,” Loki purred maliciously. As Tony slammed the door shut, he sprang into action. He'd had enough time alone in the exam room to thoroughly study the mechanics of the tiny cage's door and now stuck both paws through, grabbing the twin levers and pulling them together until the door latch popped. Then laying there carefully holding it with one paw so that it appeared shut as Stark climbed into the driver's seat and took off.

Loki had carefully calculated the amount of time it took to get from the tower to this animal doctor's establishment. He definitely didn't want to do this too far from home. He was intent, but lazy. One two week walk on these stubby legs was enough. Finally figuring they were close enough he moved his plan into action, slipping quietly from the box and under the passenger seat.

Tony was still fuming, as he drove back. This whole thing was just rediculous. There was no way this was just an ordinary cat. Maybe if it's name was Damien son of Satan. Come to think of it, he never did check for any demonic marks. He glanced in the rearview to check on the demon in question and his heart dropped. The carrier was standing wide open and there was no sign of Lokitty in the mirror.

He glanced back over there seat just to confirm it before turning forward, looking for some place to pull over, only to have an angry black feline standing before him on the dash. Ears back, tail lashing in warning, feral growl that raised the hairs on the back of Stark's neck. That was definitely Satan's cat.

“Oh, hey Lo,” Stark cooed trying to sound gentle, not wanting to startle the beast. “Figured out how to open your carrier, did you?”

Loki purred maliciously. As Tony slammed the door shut, he sprang into action. He'd had enough time alone in the exam room to thoroughly study the mechanics of the tiny cage's door and now stuck both paws through, grabbing the twin levers and pulling them together until the door latch popped. Then laying there carefully holding it with one paw so that it appeared shut as Stark climbed into the driver's seat and took off.

Stark yelled as the beast suddenly sprung at him, too quick to block. The needle sharp claws digging in to his cheeks as the furry creature latched onto the top of his head. Tony grabbed the cat with both hands, ripping it off and throwing it into the passenger floorboard.

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“Yeah, and I also learned about handy trick. Release the furball!” Loki growled, launching himself onto Tony's face. “Humans don't pay attention to their surroundings when in pain.”

Stark yelled as the beast suddenly sprung at him, too quick to block. The needle sharp claws digging in to his cheeks as the furry creature latched onto the top of his head. Tony grabbed the cat with both hands, ripping it off and throwing it into the passenger floorboard.

He had just enough time to recognize that the car had still been in motion that whole time, when it impacted the rear of a truck that had stopped in front of him. The airbag exploding into his already wounded face as the door windows shattered, stunning him momentarily.
He blinked and shook his head. Did that really just happen? He then noticed movement to his right and looked over to see the black feline leaping out the shattered window.

“Don't cross the street if you can't get out of the kitchen, Stark,” Loki laughed over his shoulder as he dove out of the car.

“Lo, no!” Tony yelled reaching for it desperately, his seatbelt stalling him and the cat slipping easily away. “No no no no no!! Shit!”

*********

“What do you mean you lost Lokitty,” Steve was saying into the phone. He had had a bad feeling about this and now he knew he should have paid attention to his gut. “Thor is going to kill you!”

“Me,” Tony scoffed over the phone. “Your hands are just as dirty in this as mine my friend. Now get down here and help me look for this damn cat! And bring my suit!”

Steve arrived quickly and the two spent the next several hours scouring the city, with no sign of the cat anywhere. Rogers didn't want to know any details about what went on at the vet, or how Tony had managed to wreck his car. He just wanted to find the cat and be done with it.

Loki took off down the alleys, remembering a lot of this from his first trek to the tower on four legs. He was nearly there when something caught his eye. A wicked smirk raising the corners of his mouth as his pupils narrowed and he let the feline in him come fully out.

********

Stark flew low over the city streets, his scanner working overtime. “Come on you stupid cat. Where are you?” He growled to himself for the hundredth time. Thor would be returning any minute and if that cat wasn't there waiting for him, well, Stark may have to build a new tower. Again.

“Excuse me sir, but it appears that the feline you're looking for has just shown up outside the tower,” Jarvis chimed in over his com. “Shall I let him in?”

Tony sighed audibly in relief. Thank the gods that cat had a sense of direction. “Yes, yes,” Tony ordered quickly, turning to head back. “Let him in.”

“Uh Parton me sir,” Jarvis continued. “But he appears to have some unknown item in his mouth.”

“Look Jarvis, I don't care if he's carrying a bomb. You get that cat upstairs before point break comes back and he can deal with whatever his cat dragged in!”

“Of course sir.” The AI dutifully replied.

Loki sat expectantly just outside the front door to the tower. Everything was run by that accursed AI. Even the doors. He'd already been out all day and surely Thor would be returning soon. Which meant Tony would be getting pretty desperate to find him about now. Sure enough, the door soon opened and Loki picked up his prize and trotted inside to the awaiting elevator. Good boy Jarvis.

********

Thor strode eagerly off the elevator, smiling broadly at the little feline that was trotting up to meet him. Meowing eagerly until the thunderer lifted it into his arms and hugged it close. His fingers running it's chin delicately.
“There is my Lokitty,” Thor crooned happily. “Did you miss me today?”

“Oh Thor, have I got a story for you,” Loki said as he rushed to greet his brother, knowing the Asgardian didn't understand a word he said. But was eager to share his tale anyway. It was too good not to go unspoken.

Thor frowned and sniffed, smelling first himself, then the cat. “I believe one of us reeks, and since you have been here all day, then I'm afraid it must be me. What say you to a bath anyway, then perhaps some dinner?”

“Yes, thank Valhalla,” Loki agreed heartily as Thor carried him upstairs. “I could use a bath. Then perhaps some more of that filet of the beast mignon.”

Loki lay happily in the warm waters as Thor dutifully scrubbed him clean. Relaying his tales of today's adventures. Oh if only his brother could understand him. Surely he'd laugh at least at the part with the stampeding herd of canines.

When they came down later, Clint was already in the kitchen, preparing steaks.

“Here, you two sit,” he insisted, smiling at Lokitty. “You both look as though you've had a long day. Must be tough work being a cat.” Clint teased with a wink.

“Why thank you friend Clint,” Thor said sitting down and setting his precious pet on the table. “Where is Steve and Tony? Surely they're hungry as well.”

“Oh, they had to go downtown and deal with Tony's car,” Clint answered refusing to lie. “He had a bit of a fender bender today.”

“He should be careful, bending fenders of his cars could be dangerous business.”

“Yes, well, I'm sure it's not his first bent fender,” Clint stated bringing the pan over to plop a huge T Bone steak onto Thor's plate. “There we are, nice hearty steak for the future King of Asgard and his Royal companion. Compliments of Rogers himself,” He then brought over a large glass of beer for his friend and a smaller shot glass with milk in it for Lokitty. “There you go. Enjoy.”

“Thank you friend Clint, this looks most delicious,” Thor beamed, cutting off a small piece and handing it to his feline.

“It's really no problem,” Clint said with a shrug “Steve said something along the lines of owing Lokitty dinner. Weird, but whatever. I ate out so I'm going to hit the hay.”

Thor bid him goodnight and dutifully sat feeding his pet. Enjoying the meat immensely. And the companionship of his intelligent feline.

Stark came in when he was cleaning their dishes, Lokitty sitting smugly beside him on the counter. Tony headed straight for the fridge, not even looking at the cat as he fetched himself a beer.

Thor turned to welcome his friend back and nearly dropped the glass he was cleaning. “Friend Stark, what happened to your face? It is all red.”

“What?” Tony asked in a daze. Sounding very much like the vet had earlier that day. He was exhausted and sore and just wanted a nice cat free night in his lab. “Oh, uh airbag. It'll be fine.”
Thor narrowed his gaze at the tell tale scratches on his cheeks. “Did your bag of air scratch your cheek as well?”

“Oh, no, that was your cat actually,” Tony admitted. “We had a little disagreement earlier.”

“Did you,” Thor said grimly, his tone already threatening as he glanced at his precious pet.

“Oh do not make me your escape goat, Stark,” Loki huffed proudly. “You started this entire fiasco.”

“Who won?” Thor continued as his companion meowed innocently up at him and he scratched it's chin tenderly.

“He did,” Stark admitted tipping the beer back and glancing over to meet the cat's far too amused gaze. “Well, goodnight Thor.”

Loki smirked knowingly. Oh yes, he'd won this round, Tony admitting to it just made him all the more smug. And he still had just the thing to tip the scales completely in his favor. The icing on the cake if you will.

**********

Lokitty crept down to the lab, the prize he'd stolen in from outside clasped in his jaws. He tried not to think about it too much, letting the furball lead as much as possible while it was there.

Tony was working late, as he usually did. And oh, the set up couldn't have been better. The human currently laying back under his work table, tweaking some bit of machinery attached to that arc reactor he wore.

“Here's that vermin you wanted me to chase,” Loki said dropping his prize.

Tony never saw the black feline leaping onto the table above him, but he did feel the cold, wet thing hit his chest. Looking down to see a large dead rat now laying upon him. He screamed and sat up quickly, his head colliding firmly with the table he'd been lying under.

Groaning he grabbed his head and rolled over, carefully extracting himself and looking around for that accursed furball. The cat of course was nowhere in sight. He looked down at the sizable rat lying on the floor and frowned in distaste. Still, it had to be almost as large as Lokitty was. That was actually pretty impressive. He briefly considered having it mounted to give to Thor, but then he'd have to actually explain where Lokitty the wonder furball had gotten it from. And that was a discussion he never wanted to have.

He looked up, spotting his robot arm and snapped at it. “Hey, dummy! Get rid of that!” He ordered still rubbing his head. There would be quite a sizable lump there. “And Jarvis, lock the door.”

“Of course sir.”

Lokitty crept into the living room, listening to the steady scratch, scratch, scratch of Steve's pencil. He hopped stealthily onto the back of the sofa, only pausing a moment before dropping heavily onto the man's gut. Steve jumped in surprise, making a huge line across his drawing. But he couldn't be mad, at least Lokitty was allowing him to be close.

“Hey Lokitty,” he greeted, setting his pencil down and scratching the feline's head with a big smile. “All forgiven now.”
Loki watched Steve closely, when he set the pencil down he had him. Quickly snatching the crude writing instrument in his mouth and hopping down.

“No,” Loki replied, flattening his ears with a growl as he glanced back at a very shocked Rogers, before taking off.

Steve sighed and bowed his head in defeat. Looks like he wasn't too be so easily forgiven afterall. Though it wasn't as if he didn't deserve it. He immediately began thinking of ways he could make it up to the feline.
Steve continued preparing meals for his Asgardian friend that week, always including an extra glass of milk for Lokitty. However, the topping on the cake came Friday. Loki was watching over Tony as he worked, the two reaching a temporary truce, when the smell hit his nose. His ears perked and his head seemed to swivel on its own. Before he knew it, he was hopping down and trotting off in search of that divine scent.

He followed the feline's hyper powerful nose, all the way to the kitchen. Steve was preparing something in the oven it would seem and Loki warily hopped up on a chair first before continuing on to the table top.

“Hey Lokitty,” Steve greeted, though did not bother trying to pet the cat. They had yet to make up for his betrayal and honestly it was eating Steve alive. “Sorry buddy, this isn't for you tonight.”

“So you say now.” Loki replied skeptically, though the feline in him wanted to get closer to that savory smell. Taking him to the very edge of the table where he stretched his head towards the stove, trying to glean what it was. “But do not forget that you betrayed me and I still demand recompense for that.”

Steve smiled at the cat's eagerness, reaching out to pet it, only to have the feline dodge his touch. He frowned sadly, “Still mad at me, huh,?”

"Obviously."

“So, this is the little fuzzall Clint's been telling me about,” a female's voice came from behind.

It startled Loki a bit and he turned to take in the short redhead. Natasha Romanov, when did she get here? Of all the Avengers, she was the one he was most nervous about. Her always suspicious nature trumped even Stark's and she never had a problem seeing through any of his lies.

Well, desperate times called for desperate measures. Loki retreated far back in the feline's consciousness and let the little furball take over completely. It immediately turned on its ultimate charm, meowing at the redheaded woman loudly.

Okay, not so charming. But it had the desired effect. Natasha reached out and lifted the cat into her hands, studying it closely. “Huh, I thought it would be bigger.”
Loki frowned, insolent wench. But the furball didn't mind in the slightest. In fact, it was thrilled to be being held. Giving another long meow at the woman until she put it back on the table. Where it promptly rolled over, exposing it's belly and giving her the big doe eyed look as it's paws flexed in the air as though kneading dough.

“You little charlatan,” Loki complained. “You learned that from me.”

To his total surprise, it worked. The woman lifting the cat back up to hug it to her bosom warmly. Her fingers deftly scratching his jaw with the utmost perfect amount of pressure.

“Awwwww, he's so cute,” she cooed softly, content to just carry the cat around as she talked with Steve. “I can see why Thor adores him.”

“Yeah, he's really something,” Steve agreed, smiling at his friend and suddenly wishing he was a cat. “So how long are you staying for?”

“Just until Clint gets back,” she reported, still doting attention on the feline in her arms. “I told him I'd drop off some files for him to go through.”

“Still no leads on who's creating these robots,” Rogers asked, bending over to pull the deliciously aromatic food from the oven.

“None,” Nat reported with a frown. “But we do have some people we'd like to talk to. Since he's got the sharpest eyes, I figure it would be best for him to keep an eye out for them.”

Loki tried to pay attention, but it was so difficult with such a tantalizing smell assaulting his senses. The feline stared hypnotically as Steve set out two plates, arranging the pieces of meat upon them and ladeling roasted potatoes next to them.

“Salmon, Steve you shouldn't have,” Natasha said exitedly as she set the cat on the floor and joined Steve at the table to eat.

“Well, you're hardly around anymore,” Rogers said blushing slightly. “So I figured this was as much a special occasion as any. Besides, I know it's your favorite.”

“That it is, thank you Steve,” she said awarding him a kiss to the cheek before digging in.. Which only caused Steve to blush brighter as she dutifully swiped the lipstick from his cheek with her thumb.

“You don't have to be such a stranger you know,” he added hopefully.
“Steve, you know as well as I do that Stark makes me twitchy,” Nat replied honestly. “If I'm here longer than a few hours, we could be sending him to the hospital…. Again.”

“Well, maybe you could visit from time to time.”

“I am visiting,” she stated with a smile. Steve's fondness of her was bordering on adorable. “This is a visit.”

Loki frowned from his newly appointed spot on the floor, listening to Roger's pathetic flirting, like he'd even know what to do with that if Natasha humored him all the way to his bed. Fortunately the furball required no urging from him. Jumping easily back up onto the table, not even sliding the slightest on the polished surface. Well, seems like he still needed to learn a trick or two from this creature.

The cat went instantly towards Natasha, meowing hopefully as it headed towards her plate.

“Don't waste you breath,” Loki thought at the cat. “It'll never work.”

Nat frowned at the encroaching feline, grabbing it and setting it back on the floor. “No, bad kitty.”

“See.” Loki remarked flatly. Then he got an idea. “However, Steve is quite distracted and technically owes us.”

The cat got the hint, leaping back up and heading towards Steve's plate. The human too caught up with chatting to notice the small furry creature currently helping itself to his fish. Natasha didn't however and frowned, raising an eyebrow at her friend.

“You know, it's quickly losing it's cute factor,” she remarked with a frown.

Steve looked down with a scowl at the cat. “Lokitty, no!” He scolded, reaching out to move the cat. Freezing when the low warning growl reached his ears. He quickly moved from grabbing the cat to grabbing his plate. Standing up and going back to the counter with it.

“I wasn't finished you know,” Loki grumbled, delighting that the furball was just as bold about telling these Avengers when they could or could not touch him. Of all the felines in Midgard, he at least ended up with a most agreeable one.

Steve worked with his back turned, the cat just watching him hopefully, licking it's chops to savor every bit of flavor left upon them. Steve returned an instant later with a second smaller plate, covered in bite sized pieces of salmon. His own plate only sporting a quarter of the fish for himself.
Natasha watched with an amused smile as her friend returned, setting the smaller plate in front of the cat and reseating himself beside her.

“Steve, you're too soft,” she complained. “You just got bullied by a cat.”

“Well, I kind of owe him,” Steve explained with a sigh.

Loki didn't listen to much more of their discussion. Enjoying the private dish of this salmon. It was definitely his new second favorite food. Though, to be honest, he really needed to try it back to back with tuna in order to make a fully informed decision on where it ranked.

Clint returned shortly after dinner, as did Thor. The latter greeting his feline with hugs and kisses before even greeting Romanov. Loki taking back over control from the feline the instant his brother returned and running to greet the big oaf. The fact that Thor Placed the importance of greeting his pet over that of one of his teammates delighted him immensely. If only he showed such predisposition towards Loki before.

Loki quickly shrugged the thought off, lying snuggly upon his brother's shoulder as he discussed the same matters Steve had. Not really learning anything new, he soon hopped down and headed towards the bedroom. Dashing under the bed and retrieving the pencil from where he'd hidden it.

He waited until late to carry it back downstairs. Finding Steve sitting on the couch looking dreamily towards the window. Natasha having long since left. Once again, Loki hopped back up onto the back of the couch and dropped down into the solemn man's lap.

Steve was surprised by the sudden weight, but couldn't help but smile as he saw the pencil laying before the sable feline. He was feeling a bit forlorn about his friend leaving again. Not knowing when he'd even see her again. But this instantly brightened his heart. This was exactly what he needed.

“Hey Lokitty,” he greeted softly, carefully reaching out to scratch the cat's ears. Smiling and sighing when the feline not only allowed it, but leaned into his touch. “Am I finally all forgiven?”

“If you would have lead with the salmon, we could have ended this little coos long ago.” Loki remarked enjoying the scratches by his ears that only Steve could do right. He lay happily, the little furballs paws seeming to flex and contract of their own accord as they often did when he was most content.

Rogers grinned at the answering meow, retrieving his pencil and showering the cat with more attention. Delighting as it's little paws started kneading his lap as it's internal motor hummed away. He had definitely missed this. No way was Stark ever wrapping him into his plans again. He found his pad nearby and was soon lost in drawing, Lokitty once again keeping him company as he
sketched away. Natasha's attractive likeness soon filling the page.

“Wow Steve, you've got it bad,” Loki chuckled as he lay comfortably until Thor came down to retrieve his pet for bed awhile later.

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“Right, I call it LoCat 3.0,” Tony announced proudly, gesturing to the black cat sitting on the table, it's tail twitching in agitation.

“You've got to be kidding me,” Loki said non plussed as he regarded the heavy suit of armor currently surrounding his abdomin. “I'd hate to see the two previous models.”

“I do not know,” Thor said frowning a bit. He didn't wish to offend his friend, but it was clear that Lokitty was not happy, as his steady meowing clearly hinted. “I do not think he likes it.”

“Likes it,” Tony scoffed looking at the cat. “Clearly he loves it. Just listen to him.”

“Let's see, what would a domestic Midgardian feline do in this case, oh yeah,” Loki flopped over on his side, pretending to be unable to move as his tail swished impatiently. Sometimes, letting the cat's own instincts come out, proved quite fruitful.

“I do not think he can move in this armor,” Thor argued. “Perhaps it is too heavy.”

“Too heavy? Nonsense,” Tony said picking Lokitty up and setting him on his feet, only to watch the cat flop over again. He tried again, only to have the same result. “Fine, back to the drawing board.” He announced picking up the armor clad cat to carry it downstairs.

“I don't get it,” Tony continued to gripe as he carted the cat downstairs. "any other time you act completely contrary to the average feline, taking baths, coming when Thor calls you, not randomly knocking things down just to test gravity.”

“That's because I know how gravity works,” Loki meowed flatly.

“But now,” Tony continued setting the cat down and removing the armor. “Now you decide to act like a typical cat. I didn't even get to the helmet, that's the best part.”

“You really must have low standards to think anything to be the best part of this contraption,” Loki sniffed as he straightened his fur back out.

“Fine, you don't like 3.0, moving on,” Tony announced moving to a computer display and bringing up the hologram image beside the desk. “How about this one? Ohh sleek racecar lines, led joint lighting. Or perhaps this one” He asked flipping through diagrams with a swipe of his finger. “I hear orange is in this year.”

“Not a chance,” Loki said eying him flatly.

Tony shook his head as the cat meowed in response and suddenly paused. “What am I doing? I'm talking to a cat. “ He mused, blinking and flipping through diagrams. “I wish Bruce was here, he'd at least speak back in English. Wait…”he broke off, eyes narrowing in thought as he regarded the calm
feline.

Bruce had been called into the Shield headquarters, putting his brain to work there with trying to track down their latest master villains. With him gone, Loki had hoped Tony would be less chatty, unfortunately that hadn't been the case. Though now he was slightly uncomfortable with how closely the human was eyeing him.

Loki then noticed movement off to his right, near Tony's hand and turned to watch a rather large arachnid making its way across Stark's hand. “I do hope that's not venomous,” Loki mentioned offhandedly as he went back to grooming himself.

Tony noted the cat's attention shift and meow, turning to see the large spider walking across his hand. He screamed, jumping back and flailing his hand, shaking the insect back onto the desk.

“Lokitty, attack! Kill it! Do something!” Tony swore looking for something to kill the spider with that wouldn't wreck his desk.

“Oh sure, now you want me to act like a cat,” Loki chuckled, watching the human's antics with growing amusement. “How about I just give gravity a little test?” He asked, swiping neatly at the spider with one paw and knocking it to the floor, right at Tony's feet.

The spider, wanting to get back to higher ground, headed towards the first tall thing it could, which happened to be Tony. Stark yelled and retreated, tripping over a cord in his haste and landing on his back.

“Lokitty, help me! You got to save me;” Tony pleaded shuffling away from the arachnid quickly. “Come on buddy, uh truce! Truce, I'll even give you tuna.”

Loki laughed, he was finding this far too amusing for words, watching gayley as the short man attempted and failed to retreat from the spider. Finally he sighed and hopped down. “Fine, allow me to save you oh mighty son of Stark.”

Loki let the feline in him to come out as he crouched and then pounced, scooping the bug into his mouth and appearing to eat it. He then turned and hopped back neatly onto the table.

Tony cringed as he watched the cat pounce and devour the bug, giving a shudder as he got back to his feet and caught his breath. Shaking his head and recollecting himself as he went back to the computer. “Good work, Lo.” He said patting Loki’s head absentely, a habit that Loki definitely didn't care for. “However, I think you really should lay off the tuna. Not good for felines you know. How about some nice Cat Chow for a change? Meow mix? Fancy Feast?”

He glanced down to see the cat just eying him flatly. Not meowing or anything as it usually did. “What's the matter, cat got your tongue?” He quipped.

Tony was up to something, Loki just knew it. He could tell by his tone. You couldn't trick a trickster and as Tony renigged on his end of the bargain and began offering less appealing sounding alternatives, Loki was glad he'd suspected the man of double crossing him and kept a present just for him. Though he'd originally done so for pure entertainment purposes. As disgusting as it had been, it would now all be worth it.

Loki ducked his head and spit out the still living spider he'd held safely in his mouth, right onto Tony's hand. Smirking as the man screamed in a far more higher octave than Loki thought possible. Jumping and flailing around as he tried in vain to dislodge the spider that was now stuck to him with the aid of feline saliva.
Finally managing to sling it onto the floor and running over to a table where he had various suit parts, picking up a gauntlet and firing the repulsor at it.

Loki jumped for cover, knocking down a monitor in his haste, unaware that the individual suit part could still fire. Also unaware that Stark was such a terrible aim outside of the rest of his suit.

He had missed the spider and the arachnid was now beating a hasty retreat, straight across the floor towards Loki. He managed to evacuate the area just before the next blast hit, launching off a chair and spilling it over into a small desk, which flipped over launching the tools that were laid out upon it everywhere.

****************

Steve and Thor were just preparing dinner when they heard the blasting from downstairs. Glancing at one another only briefly before rushing off to the lab.

Both men froze in disbelief as they looked around at the destruction that now surrounded them. All around there were monitors knocked over, chairs and tables upended, tools and parts everywhere.

“Tony,” Steve called looking around in dismay, the smaller man standing in the middle of the wreckage, huffing and puffing quite heavily. “What is going on down here?”

Loki heard Steve's voice and popped his head up from where he was hiding in the thigh piece of one of Tony's suits. He spotted Thor and made a hasty beeline straight for him.

“Thor, you're never going to believe this,” Loki chuckled as he leapt at the Asgardian, Thor catching him in midair and clutching him close. “Anthony Stark is terrified of spiders. Oh-ho-ho it was great! You should have seen him” he said rolling over in Thor's arms in a fit of giggles.

Thor heard his beloved pet's frantic meow and frowned as his feline dashed towards him in safety. Catching him easily as he made the wild leap into his arms and petting him gently. Trying to soothe him as the furry beast rolled over in his arms, still meowing in alarm, obviously quite shook and exhausted. Likely from dodging Stark's blasts, no doubt.

“Stark, explain yourself,” Thor ordered grimly, he did not like the idea of his pet being mistreated. “Why is Lokitty so upset? Surely you did not fire upon him?”

“What? Nooooo,” Tony scoffed waving him off as he extracted himself from the wreckage around him. “At least not yet.”

Steve was certain that it was only his steady hand on the Asgardian’s arm that kept Tony from losing any teeth to Thor's fist that day.

“Tony!” He admonished sharply.

“Sorry, sorry, I wouldn't hurt your precious Lokums,” Tony jeered.

“Then what happened?” Steve asked.

“There was a spider,” Tony answered as though that made perfect sense.

“Are you telling me a spider caused this destruction,” Thor questioned with a deep frown. “Like that tiny arachnid by your feet?”
Tony yelped and jumped straight in the air, looking around his feet wildly and aiming the repulsor at the floor. Frowning when he couldn’t see any such spider in the spot he just vacated.

Thor's booming chuckle shook his chest as he turned and carried his pet back to the relative safety of upstairs. Loki looked up at him in renewed admiration.

“Why Thor, that was positively wicked.” He stated smiling proudly at his brother. “I'm impressed.”

Steve just shook his head. “Tony, put the blaster down. There's no spider.” He assured him. “And get this cleaned up, please.”

Though Steve began to wonder why it was whenever a room was demolished, that Lokitty was around? Coincidence? Maybe.

Tony frowned and looked at the stairs flatly. That Asgardian had definitely spent too much time with Loki while he was around. Which reminded him. “Jarvis, begin running analysis on every sound that comes out of that felines mouth and look for a pattern. He's way too chatty to be a normal cat.”

“I couldn't agree more, which is why I'm already on it sir,” Jarvis replied dutifully.

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“Now I shall not be gone long,” Thor assured his friend Steve as he headed towards the door. “You look after Lokitty while I'm away.”

“Of course, Thor,” Steve chuckled patting the large Asgardian on the shoulder amiably. “He's in good hands. Though, I'm surprised he's not down here giving you a hard time about leaving.”

“I… Did not discuss it with him,” Thor admitted a bit guiltily. “He was yet sleeping as I slipped out this morning. I figured it is best this way. I must attend to matters at home and if he got upset, then I might find it more difficult to leave than it already is. Perhaps there'll be some new news from Heimdall.” He added hopefully.

“Yeah, perhaps there will be,” Steve said in what he hoped sounded agreeable enough. Though if Heimdall had any news of Thor's brother, he would have made it a point to summon him.

“Now don't forget,” Thor was going on as Steve followed him off the elevator and onto the rooftop platform. “He likes his steak medium rare, but not too rare, or it gets chewy. And cut it into pieces not bigger than a fingertip. And he likes a little sugar in his milk.”


“It's just, we've never been apart this long before.” Thor said with a sigh.

“He'll never even know you were gone,” Rogers assured him with one last pat before stepping back.

“I shall not be gone long.”

“You said that already.” Steve reminded him grinning at the large blond. You'd think he was leaving a dear family member behind instead of just a pet. But to Thor, Lokitty was family. “Go on now, so you can hurry back.”

Thor nodded and gave the signal. Heimdall dutifully opening the rebuilt bifrost to usher the prince home.

Loki yawned and gave a big stretch, he couldn't remember the last time he'd slept so soundly. Why the room was already well bathed in light and the bed was empty. Thor must be long up already. Odd that he didn't wake him.

Loki stood, stretching again before hopping down and trotting downstairs to find him. Silly oaf was probably eating all the bacon without him. He heard chatter in the kitchen and went in, fully
expecting to see his brother there. But it was only Steve and Tony chatting over coffee.

This his truly odd, Loki thought. Now where could his brother be? Maybe he was down working out in the gym. That would explain it. Thor sometimes woke early needing to burn off some energy.

“Thor, you silly boy,” Loki called happily as he dashed down the gym stairs. “You could've invited…. Me?” But the gym was empty and silent. No Thor to be found here either.

Perhaps he had another early morning patrol. That had to be it. He raced back up the stairs to hop onto his favorite ottoman. Staring out the window to await his brother's return. He'd give him an earful when he got back with Clint about leaving without even saying good bye.

“Hey, buddy,” Clint greeted the feline as he came downstairs. Pausing to pet it's head as it turned back and meowed at him. “Looking for somebody?”

“Clint? What are you doing here?” Loki lamented. If Clint was here, then Thor wouldn't be out on patrol. They always went out in pairs in case there was another attack.

Maybe he'd missed him upstairs somehow, Loki thought as he jumped down and took off back up the stairs. “Thor! Thor where are you?” He called as he checked every corner of their room.

“Hey guys, did Thor go out this morning?” Clint asked as he strolled in and poured himself a cup of coffee.

“Oh he got called back home,” Steve supplied. “Said he'd only be gone a few days.”

“Some Royal thing needing his attention no doubt,” Tony quipped snidely. “Trouble with the elves perhaps.”

“No, that was last year,” Clint replied easily. “They smoothed all that out, remember?”

Tony just narrowed his gaze and frowned. “You know, it was more humorous before we knew there actually were elves. Kind of takes the fun right out of it.” he grumped as he headed off to his lab.

Loki dashed to the other rooms, feeling his anxiety rising along with an uncomfortable tightness growing in his chest. Oh gods, was he having a heart attack? Did cats even have heart attacks?

“Thor, come out now! This is no time to play hide and peek.” Nothing, he was nowhere to be found. Surely his brother wouldn't have just left him.

He could feel real panic beginning to set in now as the thought took hold and began to snowball in his brain, and the worst but was that he didn't know if it was from him or the furball. Thor had never just disappeared like this. But so what if he did. It was just typical Thor, thinking only of himself.

It had to be the feline. Silly creature probably had separation anxiety disorder. “Don't freak out on me now,” Loki said to the cat within as he made his way back downstairs. Though if he was honest, he was also saying it to himself. "He couldn't have gone far. Boy is he going to get it when he gets back!"

“Hey, had anyone seen Thor?” He asked leaping up onto the table.
“Oh hey buddy. Looking for Thor?,” Clint asked as they all turned in surprise at the sudden appearance of the meowing cat. He scooped Lokitty into his arms and scratched his chin gently. “Your daddy had to go back home, but don't worry. We'll take good care of you.”

“What?! Home?!“ Loki’s heart hammered and his brain froze as he squirmed out of Clint's grasp. Dropping to the floor in a bit of a daze. “I can't believe it! He left me! He left me!”

Loki was wat a complete loss as to what to do in this situation. He couldn't believe it, Thor had just left him here to rot with these humans. Now he'd never get his body back and would be forced to live out his few remaining years trapped in this furry body. Never again to see his brother's sea blue eyes or bright smile.

Loki dropped all his walls and let the furball come out. He just wanted to disappear into the void and feel nothing. Certainly not this intense sadness that washed over him like a wave. The feline seemed to have a similar idea and took off, back up stairs to Thor's room. Where it dashed under the bed and huddled in the darkness, sulking.

Well this was just great. Apparently the furball was just as attached to his brother. Perfect, they could both be miserable together.

“Do you think he understood me?” Clint asked looking after the feline as it disappeared up the stairs.

“I doubt it,” Steve replied. “But he definitely knows that Thor's missing. Maybe we should try to distract him with food.”

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“I don't think he's coming out,” Steve said a bit sadly as he gazed upon the plate of untouched bacon pieces on the floor. “Maybe I should just go in and pull him out.”

“Nah, he'll come out when he's hungry,” Clint said with a shrug.

Steve went back up at lunch, swapping the still untouched plate of bacon out for some pieces of ham. Then again at dinner to swap the ham out for steaks.

Frowning as he got down on his hands and knees to look under the bed. “Lokitty, come on out buddy. I got some yummy steak for you.”

The sable feline just barely visible in the darkness beneath the bed merely pinned it's ears and hissed. Growling ferociously at the human.

“Oh no you don't,” Loki growled. “I'll not be tricked by you again. You and Tony probably sent him back. And where would you take me now? To one of your shelters for unwanted pets perhaps? Or perhaps that island of misfit toys I saw in your filmed illusions? Am I to be orphaned here as well, just another unwanted misfit creature?”

Steve blinked in surprise at the suddenly aggressive cat and headed back downstairs.

“Clint,” he asked his friend later that night. “How long can a cat go without food.”

“A few days I suppose,” Clint said. “Has he not come out yet?”
“No, and he hissed at me.”

“Aww poor little guy is probably scared and confused. His daddy has never left him this long before.” Clint supplied calmly. “We’ll lay out one of Thor’s shirts. Animals know their human’s smell and it will calm him. Then we’ll try to coax him out with some tuna tomorrow.”

Both men were surprised when the shirt remained folded, untouched on the floor and the tuna didn't work either. Then another day went by without the feline’s presence. Even Steve thought the place felt empty and too quiet without Lokitty wandering around.

Well, desperate times called for desperate measures. He grabbed a couple pillows and his sketch pad and headed up stairs. Ignoring the growls as he placed his pillows against the wall and laid down on the floor beside the bed. Opening his sketch pad and setting about drawing as though nothing were amiss.

Loki watched Rogers skeptically. Just what was he up to now? It certainly couldn't be comfortable on the floor like that. Carefully he shifted until he could see what Steve was drawing.

He recognized the eyes immediately. There was his Thor. Gradually being brought to life by the steady scritch scritch scritch of Steve's pencil. Loki felt as though someone was trying to crush his heart, but couldn't peel his eyes away from his brother's visage. Norn's he missed him so much. Just when had he gotten so attached?

Steve awoke the next morning feeling a bit stiff and uncomfortable. He also had something pressing down on his chest. As he opened his eyes, it took him a minute to realize that he was in Thor's room and not his own. Laying on Thors floor to be exact. And as he raised his head he gazed down upon the black feline currently curled up on his chest.

“Hey buddy,” he crooned softly, gently stroking the cat's soft fur. The feline raised it's head and blinked wearily at Steve and he smiled as he scratched it's chin. “What say you to some breakfast, huh?”

He didn't get a response, the normally chatty cat was oddly mute this morning. But at least he wasn't hiding anymore. Or growling. Steve carefully cradled the cat in one arm as he gathered his sketch pad and headed down to the kitchen. Setting the still open drawing on the table and smiling as Lokitty settled himself upon it. As though claiming it for himself.

“I thought you'd like that one,” Steve said as he whipped up some bacon. Quickly setting a plate of bite sized pieces before the cat in hopes of enticing him.

Lokitty merely sniffed it before looking back up at Steve.

“This isn't the way Thor makes it,” Loki thought to himself sadly. “Thor doesn't over cook it. Now I'll be forced to eat dry, crunchy, bacon from a plate for the rest of my life.”

“Come on, at least try a piece,” Rogers urged holding a piece up to the cat. “Please.”

“Well, I suppose this will have to suffice,” Loki sighed taking the offered piece. If he was going to
have to eat ruined bacon, at least he'd have it fed to him properly.

“There you go,” Steve smiled as he watched the cat finally eat. “Boy Thor has got you spoiled. I told him I’d take care of you until he got back, but I never knew hand feeding was part of that deal.”

“Thor's coming back,” Loki asked excitedly, perking up as he felt the tightness in his chest loosen. “When?”

“I know, you miss him buddy,” Steve said smiling as the cat meowed and he fed him another piece of bacon. “Don't worry, he said it would just be a few days.”

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A few days turned out to be a week. Loki spent most of his time watching out the window for him or sleeping on the sketch of him that Steve had left on his bed.

“Friends, I have returned,” Thor announced stepping off the elevator to be greeted by an insistently meowing feline. “There's my Lokitty. I know, I have missed you too!” He said scooping up the cat and chuckling as it rubbed it's head all over him.

Loki should have given Thor the cold shoulder for leaving him to begin with. But he was so excited by his voice that he simply forgot. If ever questioned on it, he'd just blame it on the overwhelming surge from the furball as well. So eager to greet it's human. “Thor, I'm so glad to have you back, you'll not believe what I've had to eat while you were gone,” he announced feeling the little furballs excitement building and feeding into his own. There was no holding it back as Thor lifted him up and the feline set about to rubbing and head butting it's favorite person.

Thor happily doted the cat with affection as he greeted the rest of his friends. Catching up on events or rather lack of them while he was away. He was a bit concerned with how much Lokitty ate when he fixed dinner that evening. Though Steve assured him that he'd been feeding him as per Thor's instructions. The tiny cat nearly ate an entire steak all by itself.

But it was the sketch laying on his bed that made the Asgardian smile. He brought it back to Rogers with Lokitty still cradled purring in his arms.

“He kind of missed you, a lot,” Steve supplied. “He wouldn't sleep without you, so I improvised.”

“I will neither confirm or deny that statement,” Loki said airily. There would be plenty of time for damage control later. For now, he would just enjoy being a cat and having his brother back.

“Thank you friend Rogers,” Thor said carrying his beloved pet back upstairs and setting heavily upon the bed. “I am sorry that I left you Lokitty. I expected you to be angry with me upon my return, but knowing you were sad without me is so much worse. Can you forgive me?”

“Perhaps,” Loki allowed chirping at Thor as he walked back and forth across his lap, rubbing against him. His mind already turning over this new information. Loki being sad was worse than him being angry? All he had to do was pout a bit? If only he'd known this ages ago. Though he still needed to test the theory.

And test it he did. The entire next week he made certain to remain glued to Thor. Not letting him go anywhere without him. Clint only feeding his plan by explaining it as separation anxiety, likely left over from being abandoned on the street. That nearly brought the thunderer to tears and Loki finally had to relent as Thor swore oath after oath to him that he'd never abandon him. Oaths that Loki would definitely hold him to once he had his own body back.
Loki was living the life. Thor was certainly the most doting feline owner in history, on rival only with the ancient Egyptians who worshipped cats as gods. Still, this was quite god like in its own right.

Loki awoke every morning to the steady thunder of Thor's great heart under his ear, the radiant warmth of his body soaking straight to this feeble feline's bones. His brother was always lavishing him with gentle scratches and kisses to his head upon waking, and meeting that dazzling smile and shining blue eyes every day made his chest tighten, but his mood lighten at the same time.

He'd also grown quite fond of their shared baths every morning. Apparently, nobody informed Thor that cats didn't require manual bathing on a daily basis, but Loki certainly wasn't going to be the one to mention it. Not when he got to check out the Thunderer's fine physique as he climbed into the tub. Delighting as he waited for him to settle before hopping neatly over the porcelain tub lip and laying on that great broad chest as the mighty thunder God gently sponged his fur. Cupping water into his hands to ladle over his back, and ever so carefully rubbing his thumbs around his face to clean the fur there.

Once he was meticulously dried off, by the Midgardian hair dryer, he was carried downstairs. Laying in one crook of the mighty warrior’s arm as he set about fixing them both some food. Thor always making certain to hand feed Loki, bite by bite. Loki often earning extra pets and scratches from the other members of the house as they came for breakfast themselves. All seemed to be quite happy with Loki’s presence, or rather Lokitty's, and the positive effect he had on the Asgardian’s mood.

Oh yes, he most certainly was going to miss all of this once he had his proper form back. But he did need it. For one, lacking thumbs had numerous drawbacks. The inability to help himself to tuna whenever he wanted, was only one of them on the ever growing list.

Another concern was that he didn't know where his body was, or what condition it would be in once he got it back. There was only so many places it could be. Though he lacked the means to look for it, thumbs aside, it would take magic, and that had yet to return.

He lay mulling it over one afternoon while laying in Captain Roger's lap as the man drew quietly. A position he'd surprisingly grown fond of as Steve was not only a nice break from the constant noise of most mortals. He would also absently scratch Loki’s ears as he studied whatever he was currently sketching. And Steve gave, without a doubt, the best ear scratches.

Loki was so lost in thought, his front paws kneading the pocket of Steve's pants as he mulled over how to locate his body, the paws flexing of their own accord as his feline instincts ran on autopilot whenever he was deep in thought. So deep that he nearly jumped in the air when the buzzer announced a visitor to the door. Loki looking at it in offense for breaking his train of thought as Steve carefully lifted him up and replaced him back on the couch as he went to check who it might be.

He returned moments later with two strange men. Leading the way with them into the kitchen.
“Jarvis, please tell Tony that the men are here to treat the countertops,” Steve said.

“He has already been made aware,” the AI reported.

“Of course,” Steve remarked, unsure why he had even bothered. Of course Tony would know, Tony knew everything that went on in here. “Well I'm going out to get some groceries. Can you let him know?”

“Absolutely Mr Rogers,” Jarvis replied politely.

Steve paused by the couch and looked down at the cat that was peering over the arm towards the kitchen. “Now you stay out of their way,” he said scratching both sides of Lokitty's cheeks at the same time and smiling as the cat stretched up towards him. “I'll be back soon.”

The cat meowed after him and he chuckled to himself. Maybe once all their work calmed down, he'd get himself a cat. One like Lokitty would be nice.

“Steve, don't forget to pick up tuna,” Loki called after him. “Tuuuuunnaaa, oh why do I even bother.” Loki huffed to himself and wandered off towards the kitchen to check out the strange men and see what they were up to.

He silently padded around them, keeping to the shadows where his dark coat would be hidden best and quickly scooted under the table where he wouldn't be seen. Yes, being a cat had so many benefits. Especially enhanced hearing as he listened to them whispering to each other.

But the whispering didn't bother him, it was the high pitched whine he heard, as though something electronic was firing up. He watched the men curiously as they turned on various machines, buffing the counters and polishing them in oils, but under it all that high pitched whine continued.

Carefully he dropped to the floor and followed the sound, tracing it directly under the large dining table. There was some sort of black box attached there, and it was emitting the noise. But why wasn't Jarvis picking any of this up?

Loki came out and hopped right up on top of the table, gazing at the large buffer machine that sat directly over the boxes location. It's size and function must have been hiding the other device from any sort of detection.

“How long is this going to take,” the one guy was asking his partner.

The second man looked at his watch, tipping it enough for Loki to see a small computer like screen, instead of the usual numbered display. “20 more minutes.” He replied then frowned as he spotted the cat on the table before them. “Hey, get rid of that cat!”

Loki was immediately on his feet as the man reached for him, jumping away from his grasp and rushing off. Once out of reach, he paused by the doorway to watch the men curiously as they turned on various machines, buffing the counters and polishing in oils. But they seemed to be distracted, looking often out to the living area as they conversed. This didn't look good, this didn't look good at all. He of all people knew when people were up to no good, mainly because he was usually up to no good himself. He had to get Tony, but how could he tell him something was wrong?

He trotted quickly down the stairs, forgoing the last steps to leap the short distance and rush over to where the human was laying back, wrenching on Mark 3.7 or whatever number he was on.

“Tony, suit up,” Loki warned, jumping straight on him and glancing back to make certain he hadn't
been followed. “You've got some quite unsavory characters upstairs! Hurry!

Tony scowled as 10 pounds of feline landed on his gut. Meowing incessantly as he tried to work.
“Oh, back on speaking terms, are we?” He remarked glancing briefly at the little furball.

He suddenly did a double take as he heard the cats low growl after his meow. Just now noticing
how fluffed his tail was as it swished, ears pinned. Yep the cat was clearly agitated.

“What's gotten into you, Lo,” he sniffs, looking at the cat curiously.

“Tony for Yggdrasil’s sake, suit up,” Loki growled insistently. “You're too mortal in this form to
handle those men on your own. Oh, by Odin's beard, here!”

Loki dashed off, jumping up on Tony's workstation across the lab and returning with one of
his gauntlets. Dropping it right in his lap. “Here, see, suit up.”

Tony sat up and watched the feline closely as it went and retrieved one of his gauntlets. Bringing it
and dropping it in his lap before meowing up at him.

“Hey, neat trick, but it's not getting you any tuna,” Tony remarked.

He heard the thump upstairs and noticed how the cat suddenly hunched down, growling lowly as it
watched the stairs.

“Why do I get the feeling that you're trying to tell me something,” Tony said absently as he got to
his feet. Setting the gauntlet on his hand and grabbing the arm device that would call the rest of his
suit of needed.

“That's because I am you half wit,” Loki cursed. “Now come on, hurry. They said whatever they
were working on would only take 20 of your Earth minutes.”

“Jarvis report!”

“I am detecting nothing out of the ordinary sir,” the AI dutifully reported. “The two men are still
polishing the table as required, no one other than yourself is currently in the tower.”

“Then why do I got a bad feeling about this?” Tony sighed eying Lokitty closely as it stood on the
stairs meowing back at him expectantly.

Tony followed the cat as it dashed ahead of him up the stairs. Moving as quietly as possible,
watching as the cat paused by the kitchen entrance, as though waiting for the perfect opening. It
looked back at him briefly, meeting his eyes before crouching low and ducking back inside. “Jarvis,
follow him.” He ordered.

“Already on it sir.” The AI responded.

Loki crouched by the door, watching the two men as they feigned working. Having obviously
heard Stark's unstealthy approach. Moving slowly around edge of the table as they went. Just a bit
more and he'd have his opening. He glanced back, making sure Tony looked at least remotely ready.
Figuring he'd have that blasted AI tracking his movements. There, he had to move now. Keeping his
body low, he dashed in and crouched carefully, right under the box. Surely this Jarvis would notice
now!

“Sir,” the AI chimed up. “the feline should be positioned under the dining table, however the device
the humans are using appear to be interfering with my ability to scan through it.”
“I’m sure it is,” Tony sighed. “Better call Phil.”

“Hello fellas, everything going well,” Tony greeted jovially as he sauntered into the kitchen, hands clasped behind his back to hide his gauntlet.

“Oh yes sir,” the one man replied, smiling as he glanced at his partner. “Shouldn’t be too much longer now.”

“Good good,” Tony said eying their buffing machine briefly as he made his way further in. “Say, you guys haven’t seen my cat around, have you? Little guy, black fur, green eyes, meows incessantly.”

“Oh no sir,” the one man said instantly. “Haven’t seen a cat in here.”

“Liars,” Loki barked, shaking his head. “And not even good liars at that!”

Tony looked surprised as he heard the loud meow over the din of the machine. He knelt down to see Lokitty sitting under the table. The cat stretching his head up to look at a strange black device on the underside of it.

“Oh, there he is,” Tony smiled as he stood up meeting the men’s surprised gazes. “See, meows incessantly. If one of you could just grab him for me, since you’re closer.”

Loki was shocked, what was Tony on? The one man knelt down, leering at him as he reached out towards him.

“Come here little kitty,” the man called. “Your daddy wants you.”

“I assure you that he is most certainly not my father,” Loki scoffed, waiting until the man was fully and precariously under the table to pounce, swiping the man’s face with his claws.

The man jerked his head up, trying to dodge the attack and ended up hitting his head on the table. Groaning and holding a hand to his head, he slowly came back out. Only to see his partner already standing with his arms up in surrender as iron Man, now in full armor, held one repulsor aimed at him.

Phil arrived with Shield agents half a second later. Securing both men and their equipment to take into custody.

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“You're kidding me,” Steve remarked in awe as Tony relayed the tale. “The table was bugged? By who and how?”

“The Formica table was dense enough to hide the signal from Jarvis,” Tony explained, petting the sleek black feline that was happily munching away on tuna upon the counter. “As to why, here's hoping we find out. Phil took them in for questioning.”

“Then how'd you discover they were up to something?”

“Oh, a little cat told me,” Tony smirked. “You know Lo, you're quite adorable with your tail fluffed out like it was.”

“Bite me human,” Loki growled as he engulfed his meal.

Tony just smiling at the growl it earned him from the cat. That was definitely not a normal feline, of that he was absolutely convinced. But if it wasn't a cat, then what was it? Or who?

Thor returned awhile later, informing them that Clint had been called in temporarily to help keep an eye on their new prisoners back at base. And after Tony relayed the story, announced that they should celebrate the capture of their foes.

However, Tony decided it would be best to celebrate out. Everyone agreed as Thor smiled, still holding Lokitty and lavishing him with high praises and affection for his brave deeds.

“Uh Thor, the bars here do not allow cats,” Steve informed a bit painfully. He knew it would damper the thunderer's spirits.

“It's okay, Lokitty already celebrated with two heaping cans of prime Bumblebee Tuna,” Tony assured Thor, clapping him on the back as he took the feline carefully from his grasp to set upon the couch. “Now it's time for us humans to celebrate. Well, humans and Demi god.”

Loki didn't miss how Tony glanced pointedly back at him at the comment. “Yes, you all go get ridiculously drunk. But I don't want any complaints when you have to carry the mighty God of Over Indulgence back home. And I'll tell you, he isn't light.”

Thor looked in dismay as his beloved pet meowed at him, before curling up on the couch, apparently content to take a nap.

“See, he says go, have fun, drink one for me,” Stark assured the larger man as he steered him towards the door.

“I shall return Lokitty,” Thor called after his cat just as the elevators were closing.

“Oh, that I know Thor,” Loki yawned. “You always come back to me.”
It occurred to him suddenly that he was actually all alone in the tower for once. Except he knew that accursed Jarvis would be monitoring him. Well, he could monitor him as he slept then, Loki thought as he stretched out and let himself doze off. Feline metabolisms were great!

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Loki was awoken as the elevator dinged, getting up and giving a languidly stretch. He’d have thought they’d be out much later than this. Now let's see, go greet him, or let him come to me? Such decisions. Well, if he was drunk already, then it would be easier to trip him up. Then play the ‘pity, hurt kitty’ card to get extra scratches. Right, go to him it is.

Loki hopped down and trotted towards the door just as it opened. The thunderer storming in with great even steps, causing Loki to quickly move out of the way as he charged in. Nope, definitely not drunk.


Tony came in next hot in his heels. There was no sign of Steve. Perhaps he was off doing his own thing. Perhaps he got called into work. Loki was busy enough dodging feet and being ignored. He huffed impatiently and went to race up Thor's leg, claws at the ready to get his attention. Only to pause at his feet as he caught the strange stench rolling off him in great pinky plumes. It was so sharp it nearly burned his sensitive nostrils and make his stomach roll a bit.

“Ugh, did you indulge in the local wenches Thor or bathe in them?” he scowled turning to leave. The scent of women’s perfume on Thor making him suddenly incredibly agitated and more than just a little jealous. He knew he’d have to give the fondness up that he’d developed for his brother once he got his body back, but he hadn't considered the idea of Thor going out to sample the human women.

“You're a total buzzkill you know,” Tony was complaining. “Any one of those women would have thrown themselves at you tonight.”

“I am in no mood for this conversation, Stark,” Thor growled lowly, heading to the kitchen and straight for the refrigerator. Wanting nothing more than to drown the loss of what never was with copious amounts of alcohol.

Loki stopped in his tracks as he listened. Thor turning down women? This was an interesting development. He crept closer to the kitchen door to better overhear any juicy details.

“Yeah, well, I was in the mood for a little brunette,” Tony returned haughtily as he followed the larger man. Feeling the need to get his say in. “Maybe even a blonde. But no, Thor wanted no part of the ladies tonight.”

“I am sorry for spoiling your night,” Thor growled, his fist planted firmly on the counter as he pointedly stared at the granite swirls to avoid looking at the smaller man. “I simply can not think about such things with my brother's memory still so fresh.”

Loki blinked and crept a bit closer. He knew his brother had been broken up terribly over his supposed death, but to turn down drinking and sex as well over it. That made Loki’s chest constrict uneasily. Why was Thor still mourning him so? It had been well over a month.

“You act as though you loved him, and not exactly
in a brotherly way.”

“I Did Love Him,” Thor barked suddenly, slamming his fist into the counter. His hair hanging low, hiding his face, but Loki heard the ragged inhale and desired suddenly to go to him. “Norns help me I did. And I would have gladly spent every day until the stars burned out showing him that love, bathing him in affections, and spoiling his every indulgence and desire. If only he would have just …..allowed it.”

Loki froze, his heart hammering rapidly in his chest. Just what was Thor saying? Spoiling? Indulging his desires?? It sounded as though he truly loved him? But why? For how long?

He thought desperately back on their life together. All the little touches, the constant checking on him, lingering in his room long after any conversation had ended. Come to think of it, he couldn't remember the last time his brother had taken a woman to his bed.

Gods how had Loki missed it this whole time? No, he knew why. Because he didn't believe anyone could love him. He was a Jotun, not from Asgard at all. He was a monster, just another stolen war prize and Thor knew all of this. Knew it and loved him still apparently. Though now he could see, perhaps more for it.

If only Loki would have just given up all his anger over the foul hand he'd been dealt in life and believed that someone could love him. But could it ever be so easy? Just ‘hey Thor, I'm starting over, this isn't the old me, this is the new me. How does that sound?’

The old him would have scoffed and said it sounded ridiculous. That he was surely a naive fool to even dream of such. But what if? What if he was to start over? Then those words would sound like hope. Hope of a different future, a different life. Maybe if cats really did have nine lives, then it was time to start the next one. With aching heart, Loki crept closer, watching his brother's arms flex as he clenched his fists in an effort to recompose himself. “Thor?” He called to him softly.

Tony just stared at the Asgardian in disbelief. Had he just admitted to having a crush on his own brother? Well technically adopted brother, which by the way, nice loophole. He didn't even know what to say to that. He was officially rendered speechless.

Tony heard the tiny meow and watched the cat creeping towards it's owner slowly. “Here, you talk some sense into him,” Tony said grabbing the small feline and setting it upon the counter before turning to leave. Deciding a late night working in his lab would be just the thing to bleach Thor's admission from his brain.

Thor didn’t budge, his head hanging in anguish as his massive biceps flexed under the strain of trying to control his emotions. He shouldn’t be feeling this still. Surely he should be able to move on from his brother’s death by now. But the grief and regret at so much left unsaid between them hit him like a massive wave. If only he had a chance to do it all over, he would share all his feelings, spill his entire heart out to his brother. For he could see now, that in the grand scheme of fates, even their lives could be short.

He was slowly drawn back to the present by the small mammal that had crept beneath his arms, now standing directly under his face. Lokitty sat up on his haunches to butt his head insistently upon the thunderer’s chin and rubbed his tiny feline face along Thor’s jaw.

“Pet me Thor” Loki said trying his best to soothe his brother and needing the closeness and cuddles himself. “Rub my chin.”

Thor smiled as he recognized the soft meows Lokitty used when he wanted attention. His heart
melting and his trouble fading to a dull ache as he petted the cat's soft fur. Almost on cue, Lokitty stuck his chin out and Thor scratched it dutifully.

"Give me kisses," Loki said bowing his head, his heart shattering as Thor's lips pressed softly into his fur. This, this was what he wanted. No doubt about it. But would the Thunderer really still feel the same once he got his body back, or would he perceive this whole ordeal as another of Loki's tricks? If Loki wanted to do better, to be better, would anyone ever believe him?

“My you're affectionate tonight,” Thor said unable to keep from smiling as the feline rubbed it's head along his jaw. “Did you miss me?” He asked gently scratching his pet's fur as he carried him upstairs with him, pleased at the distraction his pet drew. Pulling him away from such painful thoughts. Gently he set him down carefully upon the bed. “You'll forgive me, I smell like a brothel. Stark felt he was doing me a favor however…” Thor paused collecting his thoughts and swallowing past a lump in his throat. “However I am not ready to let my brother go just yet. Do you think this wrong of me?”

“No Thor,” Loki replied pacing the bed as Thor undressed.

Thor smiled at the meow his Lokitty gave in answer and shed the rest of his clothes, stepping into the steaming shower.

“Don’t let me go just yet, brother.” Loki sighed settling on the bed to await Thor's return.

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Chapter 30

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Chapter 30

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As much as he was enjoying all the attention and the anonymity that came with it, it was time to find his body and get it back. For more reasons than self defense.

So, first think first, as the humans said. He needed to reveal who he was. While Stark was suspicious, he still was as clueless as the others. Not a single one of them spoke feline, huh, some super heros they were.

Fine he'd just tell them in plain Midgardian English. He went to go to the lab as that's where the computers were kept, only to find the door shut and locked. Curse you Stark!

He pawed at the door and meowed loudly. What if there was an emergency and he needed to get in to warn the human? Though actually, said human was probably safer behind the closed door. Still, it irked both him and the feline within that the door was closed to begin with. Just what was he working on down there that he didn't want anyone to see?

With a disgruntled flick of his tail, he headed back to the living room, spotting Steve's sketchpad and pencil on the sofa. He had gone out with Thor for early patrol and left his instruments behind. Alright, let's keep it simple. This wasn't that difficult.

Carefully he grasped the pencil in his mouth and pawed open the book to a blank page.

“Right” he thought, tilting his head as he placed the pencil end to the paper, thinking as he wrote. “I am Loki….. Surprise.” There, that should.. he frowned as he looked down on the scribbles he'd made upon the paper. Funny, that didn't look like words at all. That looked like some sort of disfigured waterfowl drawn by a drunk toddler.

With an exasperated sigh he tried again…. And again, and again. Finally getting frustrated and giving up, he let the writing instrument drop from his mouth. Apparently cats couldn't write, and holding a pencil in his mouth with his feline head tilted sideways meant that he couldn't write either.

Well, this was going to be harder than originally anticipated. He paced around a bit, trying to think of some other way to communicate, finally resigning himself to his footstool to ponder it over until the feline’s metabolism took over and he drifted off to sleep.

He awoke some time later to voices and lifted his head. Clint was talking with Tony, who had emerged at some point, about their new captives. Apparently they weren't giving up any information yet and Barton would be down at headquarters for a while yet. He just stopped by to grab some clothes.

Loki got up and stretched., If Tony was up here, then perhaps… He hopped down and trotted over to the lab entrance. Crud, that was still a no go, door was shut tight. Though perhaps if he waited, he could still gain access.

Sure enough, as soon as the conversation ended, Stark headed straight back towards the lab. Loki crouched in the shadows, muscles tensed and ready to spring into action. Tony's hand reached the
doorknob and as soon as it cracked open, the feline made a break for the entrance.

Tony glanced around the room, curiously wondering where that cat had gone to, when he nearly stepped on the beast in question. Frowning as he quickly grabbed it as it made a break for his lab.

“Oh no you don't, furball” he stated turning and giving the cat a light toss back into the room. “Members only.” Stark smiled smugly, closing the door quickly before the cat could try to get in again.

Loki didn't know which he was more put off about, not gaining the access to the computers that he needed, or Tony tossing him like that. This manhandling was getting out of control. Just another reason why he needed to get his body back.

The sound of humming reminded him that there was yet another person in the house. Clint, the man was practically half bird. Surely if he maybe talked slow he could get something across to the human.

He quickly went over to where the short man was making himself a sandwich, humming tunelessly to himself. Loki sat and frowned, perhaps he was giving this man too much credit. There was no way he would understand feline.
At this rate he'd be stuck in this body until the cows froze over.

Clint turned from the counter and noticed the small cat sitting at his feet, patiently watching him. “Oh hey Lokitty,” he said scooping him up and holding him level with his face. “Did you miss me buddy?” He asked in a comically gentle voice. Bringing the cat closer and kissing it on the nose.

Loki scowled at the human before him. Why did he ever think this man to be intelligent enough to understand him? He could barely understand what he was even saying while using that ridiculously childish voice. He was a cat, not a some young mortal.

All thought was suddenly derailed as Clint kissed him briskly on the nose. Did that just really happen? “Clint, stop.” Loki warned reaching out and blocking the man's lips with one paw, just in case he thought of repeating the action. “Seriously. This will only end in tears. Yours, not mine of course.”

Barton chuckled as the cat placed one tender, soft paw on his mouth and meowed at him. “Aww it'll be okay, I'll be back soon.” He assured Lokitty, bringing him in to cuddle to his chest, scratching his chin as he kissed him on the head one last time before setting him on the floor. “Your daddy will just have to keep you entertained until I get back. “

Loki flicked his tail in annoyance. Why did these humans constantly refer to another's relation to him as his father? It was beyond strange. Though given that he'd now been kissed twice by the same man who before would have zero qualms with shooting him with all of his arrows at once, strange was apparently on the schedule for today.

Clint just smiled happily at the cat as he gathered his sandwich and his bag and headed out. “Hey, maybe I'll bring you back more catnip.” He suggested then added with a sly wink. “Just don't tell Thor.”

“Oh sure, I'll just keep that as our little secret,” Loki grumbled going to resume his position on the foot stool. “Along with everything else because nobody in this house apparently speaks feline!”

Grumpily he curled up on himself to resume his nap, not even twitching an ear as the door closed behind Barton. He really hadn't given much thought to how difficult this would actually be. He had always simply assumed he'd find some way to communicate when he was ready. Well, Stark
wouldn’t stay holed up forever, so eventually he’d have access to a computer. If he could get it to work with these feline paws that was.

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When Thor arrived home he had come up with another plan. Certainly the Thunderer could figure this out by association. His brother wasn’t as dull as he lead others to believe. He hopped down and wove back and forth in front of the Thunderer.

“There’s my favorite feline,” Thor greeted reaching down to scoop up his beloved pet, only to have it move away from his grasp.

“What are you talking about, I’m your only feline,” Loki scoffed moving quickly out of reach and trotting straight to the stairs. Turning around to beckon his brother to follow. “Come along now, Thor. We’ve got a lot to discuss. Hopefully.”

“Lokitty, wha..” Thor was a bit confused, Lokitty had never evaded his touches except during sparring. Ah, that must be it. This was a game! He smiled broadly as the cat paused by the stairs to meow back at him. “Oh ho, you’ll not evade me so easily.”

Lokitty was a bit surprised when Thor barreled towards him, but at least he was following. Perhaps he had an idea after all. Quickly Loki turned and dashed up the stairs, heading towards their bed rooms with the giant blond charging after him.

“While I appreciate your enthusiasm, if you step in my tail, you great oaf, I'll personally pierce your nose with your favorite feline's fangs!” Loki warned.

Steve watched, with a bit of surprise at first, as Thor took off, chasing after his cat, smiling and shaking his head as he settled onto the couch. Never a dull moment with those two.

His smile turned into a frown a moment later as he picked up his sketch pad and eyed the scribbles on it curiously. Did Tony do this while he was away? Was this some brain dump for a future project?

Steve turned the page this way and that, but unable to make heads or tails of it. He finally just shrugged it off and flipped the page. Retrieving his pencil though, quickly brought another frown. Were those teeth marks? Ewww! Disgusted, Steve tossed the pencil down, making a mental note to discuss later with Tony the boundaries about placing other people's items in his mouth.

Thor raced after the small cat, delighting in its cajolling meows. He thought surely it would duck into his open bedroom, but instead, went straight past, finally coming to a halt at Loki’s old door at the end of the hall.

“Haha, I've got you now,” Thor announced, pouncing on the cat and rolling it up smoothly into his arms. Delightfully happy as he rubbed his nose in it's soft belly fur.

“What? No! Honestly Thor,” Loki complained pushing against Thor's face with his paws. “Put… Hehehe… put me down…. Heehehehe… Stop, by the Nine that's not fair! Heehehehe” 
Loki pushed futility at the Thunderer's face as his nose tickled his belly, distracting his thoughts from anything but dislodging the attack.

Thor chuckled as his feline squirmed and meowed in his arms. Nuzzling him even more as he turned to go back downstairs and not relenting until they were in the kitchen.

“Now,” he continued gently, his fingers already scratching out a rhythm on the cat's chin and listening happily to the steady rolling purr emanating from it. “Friend Steve has informed me that you
much enjoyed this sea creature called salmon.”

“Salmon? You got salmon?,” Loki asked hopefully. The feline within leaping at the idea. “Oh yes please!”

Thor smiled as his pet perked up, obviously delighting in the idea. Carefully he set him down on the counter and began preparing the meal for them both.

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Later that night, as Loki was being carried to bed by his brother, he caught sight of the door to his old room and was finally reminded of his goals that day. That was odd, he usually wasn’t so forgetful. He thought back, recalling his distraction at the time, his brother’s affections, the promise of that delicious fish. It was no wonder he’d been derailed from his plans. Though the furball’s own emotions at the latter certainly didn’t help. It was getting tougher and tougher to keep the feline instincts at bay. Too much time spent in this body obviously.

Although thinking back on his plans, they probably would’ve come to naught, he decided with a sigh. What would he have done once in there? There were no images of himself at which he could gesture to. And pulling down his books would not have been enough to form an association as apparently felines were prone to pulling and pushing things down quite regularly. This was going to be problematic indeed.
Chapter 31

Loki sat stewing as the strange device was fitted onto him. His tail twitching in growing agitation. “Honestly Thor, how much more of this foolishness am I to endure?”

“Almost done, Lo,” Tony assured the feline, meticulously placing the collar around the cat’s neck and adjusting the settings. Finally stepping back with a grand gesture of his hands that said ‘taa-daa’.

“Forgive me, I do not understand,” Thor said looking at his feline closely. “This is not armor.”

“No, no, we've moved on from armor,” Tony said waving his hand dismissively.

“We have?”

“Well, thank the Nine for that,” Loki huffed.

“Yes, yes, armor would just slow him down,” Tony stated as though it was obvious. “But with this,” he paused to open the tiny view screen he held in his hands, the device showing Tony and Thor reflecting back. “now we can see what he sees and, even better, talk to him.” He handed Thor a small device. “Go ahead, say something to him.”

“But I do not need a device to talk to Lokitty,” Thor returned, still not sharing Tony's enthusiasm. “He’s right here.”

“Yes, thank you Thor,” Loki returned feeling quite proud of his brother for spotting the obvious and pointing it out.

“Well right now he is,” Stark continued ignoring the cat's quick meow. “However, on the battlefield he may be several blocks away.”

“The battlefield? “ Loki questioned looking to Tony as though he'd gone mad. “Surely you must be joking. “

“Hmmm yes, I could see the use of this,” Thor agreed looking at Loki far too thoughtfully.

“No. No you can't, there's no use in this! No use at all!,” Loki quickly argued. “I'm a cat and likely painfully mortal in this form, though I've no urge to test that theory anytime soon.”

Tony smiled at the cat's sudden vocalness. Beginning to figure out how to press it's buttons to get it to be more chatty. “See, he likes it.”

“No I don't,” Loki growled scratching at the collar and pushing at it with his hind feet to try to get it off. Oh what he wouldn't give to have thumbs right now.

“Apologies Stark, while I can see the usefulness of such device, I do not think it would be wise to take Lokitty into the battlefield with me,” Thor said with a somber sigh. “I can not stand to lose any more of those that I care about.” He scooped his feline up into his arms, rubbing his ears gently as he cradled him to his chest.

“Well, it was worth a try,” Stark relented, and if Loki had not been so delightfully distracted by the wonderful scratches to his fur, he would've been more suspicious about how easily Stark had given in. Thor went to hand back the microphone and Tony just waved him off. “Keep it. You can talk to him when you're out on patrol.”
Thor smiled widely, he liked that idea a lot actually. “Well then thank you friend Stark. We will put it to good use.”

Which he did that evening. Loki’s head popping up from where he’d been resting on the couch when the Thunderer’s voice filled his ears.

“Thor,” Loki asked curiously as he looked around, not seeing his brother anywhere. Only then did it dawn on him that he was still wearing Stark’s collar.

“Fret not Lokitty.” Thor assured his cat, delighting in the tiny questioning mew he had heard through his end of the device. “All is quiet on the streets of Midgard New York this night. I shall not be away much longer.”

“Well, don't rush home on my account,” Loki replied settling back in to his meditation. He kind of missed Steve. The other man out on patrol as well since Clint was back at headquarters. Leaving nobody here to give him attention except for Tony, and Loki decided that as interesting as the lab was, he just wasn't in the mood to be down there. He needed to be focusing on finding his body.

Thor’s smile broadened at the answering meow he'd gotten. Tucking the device into his pocket and feeling his heart was lighter for the one-sided conversation with his cat. The only thing on this planet that could make him momentarily forget how badly he was missing his brother.

Down in the lab, Stark smiled as a computer chirped to his right. The data being sent from the collar, was recording not just Thor's words, but the curious feline’s answering meows. He had plenty of data on the cat, but it still hadn't been enough to fully formulate a pattern. Now, with Thor's words working as reference points, it could prove to be just the key he needed.
“I don’t know,” Steve lamented as they piled out of the SUV. “Do you really think it’s a good idea to be taking a day off after what’s been happening?”

“Well, seeing as how SHIELD is currently going over every inch of Stark Tower with a fine tooth comb looking for more bugs,” Tony informed him with a smirk. “Yes.” He then turned with a frown as he watched the Thunderer exiting the vehicle. “Thor, you have to put his leash on. There are laws here.”

“But Lokitty has done nothing wrong,” Thor argued firmly. “I do not see why he has to be placed in bonds.”

“I don’t see why you wanted to bring him anyway,” Steve remarked curiously. “Cats don’t like the beach.”

“Nonsense, Lokitty deserves a day away from the tower as much as any of us,” Thor replied. He’d already had this discussion once back at the tower with Stark and he wasn’t eager to repeat it.

“Whoa, guys, relax,” Stark said stepping in. “If Thor wants to bring his cat to the beach, he has the right to do so. It may be just friggin weird and get him a lot of stares, but he still has that right. As long as he puts its harness on and keeps it on a leash.”

Thor sighed, shaking his head as he dutifully fitted the harness. Lokitty appearing to take it all in stride.

“You know Thor, I don’t think I’ve ever been to the beach without worry of getting scorched by the sun,” Loki remarked, looking around at everything a bit eagerly. He was actually feeling quite thankful to not be cooped up in that tower for another minute. The inability to go anywhere was beginning to try his nerves and this harness was a small penance to pay for a bit if time out in the sun.

What Stark hadn’t counted on, was that the feline would be a huge chick magnet. As soon as they set up their chairs and umbrellas, Thor was swarmed by bikini clad babes, all eager to pet the adorable kitty.

“His name is Lokitty,” Thor was sharing eagerly, not seeing the women as anything other than friendly humans. “He was a present from my friends. Look”, he said,” he really likes to be scratched thusly.” and proceeded to demonstrate rubbing under his feline’s chin.

“Oh gods yes!” Loki purred, quite pleased with all the new attention being lavished on him. “Lokitty loves the beach. Yes he does indeed. Oh I could do this until the cows freeze over.”

Thor smiled at his feline’s apparent happiness and gently bent to kiss his head tenderly, earning a round of ‘awwws’ from the ladies at seeing such a large man bestowing such tender care to the small creature.

“I think I need to get a cat,” Stark remarked with a frown at all the attention Thor was hogging.
“Come Lokitty, let us go swimming,” Thor announced excusing himself from the ladies as he carried his feline to the water.

“Uh, Thor,” Steve called after the thunderer, only to have Tony stall him.

“Shhh, just let it play out,” Tony stated watching the cat a bit closely. “I tried to warn him already that this was a bad idea. Now let him see for himself.”

They both watched as Thor unclipped the leash and gently set the feline down by the water’s edge. The ocean thankfully still today, otherwise the waves would have easily swamped the poor creature. Tony sat back in anticipation, just knowing the cat would take off running and surely hilarity would ensue when the once mighty thunder god would have to go chasing after it.

“Wait for it,” He announced as he clasped his hands behind his head, his lips already pulling up into a knowing grin as Thor stepped into the water.

Both Tony and Steve watching closely, tensed for action. Then went wide eyed in disbelief as the cat boldly stepped straight in, following the Asgardian into the water.

“You have GOT to be kidding me,” Steve remarked in wonder. “That is not a normal cat.”

“You just now catching onto that Cap?” Stark remarked with his best ‘are-yo-shittin-me’ frown.

“I hope that collar is waterproof,” Rogers chuckled offhandedly.

“Of course it i-iiss,” Tony replied thinking hard about it for a second before nodding his head. “Yeah, that one is definitely waterproof.”

Steve raised an eyebrow but didn’t question further.

“Thor wait up, I have little legs you know,” Loki complained as he followed his brother into the shallow water. Enjoying the coolness of it in his fur. Even the furball had no complaints, though after all those baths, it could hardly feign an aversion to water. It soon become too deep to walk in this tiny body, so he set about paddling, pleased with how bouyant his fur was in the salt water.

Thor just smiled as he heard his beloved pet’s plaintive meow, as he walked backwards slowly to keep an eye on Lokitty. Watching the tiny creature paddling towards him, he paused and waited until it reached him before scooping it up and heading to deeper water.

“Thor, I can do this,” Loki argued, pawing at the water as it got chest high on his brother. “Put me down.”

“Here you go then,” Thor said, releasing the cat back into the water to paddle around as he dove under. Swimming around the bottom a bit, but always popping back up right beside his little feline.

“Better watch out for sharks,” Stark yelled out to them.

Loki frowned, at the annoying human’s comment. “What is this shark?” he pondered looking about the clear water as he tread the surface calmly.

Thor however seemed unconcerned, but finally tired of diving he laid upon his back, floating idly along the top of the water. Loki soon grew weary of swimming himself and paddled over to climb up upon his chest, panting a bit heavily at the exertion of all that paddling. Thor’s hand started rubbing his fur automatically the instant he laid down upon his brother’s broad pecs & he purred contentedly, enjoying the warmth of the sun drying his fur and the gentle rolling of the water.
For a visual of this chapter, go look up Nathan the beach cat. Instagram @Nathan_thebeachcat. He provided a lot of inspiration for this chapter and is too adorable for words.
Thor’s head popped up immediately, as the sounds of screams reached his ears. Looking back towards the shore he saw a giant robot descending upon it. The same kind of bot that had taken out his brother. He growled furiously and reached up his hand, holding Lokitty to him as he called for Mjolnir.

Loki looked up in surprise and frowned as he recognized the giant robot. “Damn” he cursed. Why couldn’t they just have a nice relaxing day for once?

Tony and Steve whirled around in surprise as the first mechanical crunch announced the metal arachnid’s arrival. Tony swore under his breath as he leapt to his feet. Steve did the same beside him, minus the swearing, of course.

“Hope you brought your suit,” Steve remarked gaping at the giant creature. “Hope you bought yours.” Tony remarked, looking down to Steve’s swim trunks with a raised eyebrow.

“I’ll improvise,” He said rushing forward and pulling off a car door to use as a makeshift shield as the scorpion started firing upon them.

Tony reached into the bag he’d brought and pulled out his suit gauntlet, pressing a button as he put it on. The rest of the armor seemed to fold out of the small piece to engulf him.

Mjolnir hit Thor’s waiting hand and carried him and his feline to shore, his armor melding onto his body as they flew through the air.

“Stark, take Lokitty. He will not be safe on the ground” he said, handing off his pet as he twirled Mjolnir in anticipation. The lightning already flashing in his eyes.

Loki looked back at Thor nervously. He knew that look. Thor was about to go berserk and Loki was lacking his usual form to bring him back from it.

“Oh Thor,” He sighed sadly as Tony took him and took off.

Thor growled in fury as he looked upon the creature that had brought him so much anguish. It didn’t matter that this wasn’t the exact robot, it was similar enough and obviously made by the same people. He would make them pay for bringing about his brother’s death. He would have his revenge. He would make them all pay. He felt the rage building within him and let it consume him.

Tony frowned as the feline was thrust upon him, though when he looked up, he realized there would be no arguing. In fact it was probably best if he took to the skies post haste.

“Well, it’s just you and me,” He said holding onto the feline’s harness as he took off. “You know, a normal feline would be pretty terrified about now.” He remarked as he circled and dodged the hail of bullets already firing at him from the robotic beast. “But you’re no normal feline are you, Lo?”

A rocket zipped by to his right, Stark rolled to dodge it as it exploded.

“Is now really the time to be having this conversation,” Loki grumbled as he watched the scene playing out below his dangling legs. Steve was busy trying to rescue all the humans, while Thor was hitting the creature with ever increasing waves of lightning. None of it appearing to hit the bot or do
any amount of damage at all. But it at least distracted it from firing any more rockets their way. “Damn, it’s got a shield against Thor’s lightning,” he remarked watching his brother getting more and more charged up. “Oh, Thor, look with your eyes, will you! That’ll never work.”

“Hmm, it appears to have some sort of shield,” Tony remarked ignoring the meowing creature in his hand as he fired upon it, finding his blasts having no effect as well. “Jarvis.”

“Already analyzing,” The AI dutifully reported.

Loki cringed, pulling up his feet as Thor let loose a barrage of lightening, the arcs of electricity surrounding him and the bot in a massive wave. The robot halted as the blast hit it’s shield, only to continue forward unscathed once it dispersed. Loki could see his brother’s fury increasing at the obstinate attacker.

Thor yelled and brought Mjolnir into the earth, driving forth a great wave of destruction before it. The Arachnid, merely dove straight down into the sandy beach, disappearing deep beneath its surface. Bursting back out of the sand directly beneath the thunder God it sent him flying backwards as it breached the surface.

“Come on you oaf, get up,” Loki urged. He couldn’t believe he was rooting for his brother. But he actually felt worried for his well being against this highly advanced foe.

“Oh, there we go, loophole,” Tony announced as he focused in on the arachnid. He noticed how the seagulls that had erupted before the bots sudden arrival did not seem to be diverted by the shield in any way. “There, watch the gulls.” Tony directed, not put off that he was talking to a cat in the slightest as he was now more convinced than ever that this was no feline.

Loki narrowed his ever sharp feline gaze and focused, watching the birds fly off, sometimes grazing the bot in their haste to flee. Great, so the shield didn’t deflect birds, what good was that information.

“So our weapons can’t penetrate it’s shell, but a cat could.” Stark informed him as he dodged and turned to blast down two more missiles that had been aimed his way. With Thor down, the metallic arachnid seemed to instantly focus on Stark.

“Well then, what do you want me to do, scratch its eyes out?” Loki asked sarcastically. Surely this human has lost his mind, thought Loki, tucking all four feet up and cringing as they barrel rolled to avoid another barrage of bullets.

Though thankfully he’d noticed Thor back on his feet, returning to face the attacker, throwing Mjolnir at it, only to have the beast dodge the attack and resume firing upon the Asgardian. Which at least meant that it was no longer firing at them. However, it was instantly apparent that their normal line of attack was getting them nowhere fast.

“Jarvis, find me a way in,” Stark requested, firing his repulsor to take out an errant missile that the bot had managed to fire off in their direction. Flying through the cloud of smoke after it had exploded they emerged with Lokitty’s fur singed on the other side.

“Cutting it a bit close there Stark,” Loki growled.

“Alright Lo, you’re up,” Stark informed the cat as he got the information he was looking for.

“What! ,” Loki barked in surprise, just as Tony flew low over the robot and released him. “What? No! Don’t release the furball! Aaahhhhh!!” Loki yelled, soaring through the air to land right on the machine’s back. Scrabbling for purchase as the bot turned to fire upon the diving Avenger, only to have it’s attention drawn back by another lightening blast to it’s shield. “Have you lost your mind?! I
am quite mortal in this form you know.”

“Alright Loke,” Stark’s voice came through his collar. “It’s up to you buddy. See those two ports where the rocket launchers are raised from? You should be able to fit in there no problem.”

“I am NOT your buddy,” Loki complained, peering over the edge, his mind seemed to blank for a minute, debating how far it was to just jump down and run for his life. He quickly shook the thought off, that wasn’t him. That was definitely the furball. Though the idea wasn’t a completely terrible one. If Stark had a plan and there was a chance of it working, of it helping Thor, then it was maybe at least worth a try.

Stark watched his monitor tuned into Loki’s collar while holding his breath, all the while blasting more missiles that seemed to be aimed his way every time there was break in Thor’s attack. “Come on Lo, don’t prove me wrong now,” he breathed hopefully. He had made certain to keep a way to connect with the device he’d created, but had no idea it would serve this purpose. Finally he saw the feline turn from the edge and dash straight for the missile port. “Yes!! Good kitty!”

Loki ran neatly up the robot’s surface and dropped inside, landing on his feet and allowing his eyes to adjust to the dim interior. All around him wires and plugs ran like vines, plugged into circuits and boards lining the interior wall. “Alright, now what?”

Tony smirked as he heard the meow and gazed into his monitor. “Alright Lo, we need to disable that shield.” He directed, chuckling at the answering meow he received as the cat began padding slowly along the wall of computer parts.

“Not really my area of expertise,” Loki complained as he regarded the equipment about him closely. Scrutinizing each part. “This isn’t exactly Asgardian tech we’re dealing with here, more like rocket surgery.” Loki suddenly braced as the bot dodged another blast from his brother outside. “Thor, you are not helping.” He grumbled standing back up on his hind legs to look over the wires higher up. “Doesn’t your Jarvis have any ideas?”

“Currently working on it, Lokitty,” Jarvis announced in his ear.

Loki shook his head, then paused. Wait, did the AI just reply to what he said. Could it understand him? Surely not. Surely it was purely coincidental. He braced again as the bot rocked.

“Perhaps if one of you could stall Thor for a minute?”

Tony listened closely as the cat’s meows came into his earpiece.

“Speech Pattern Analysis complete. Translating now,” Jarvis announced to him before the meows turned into words. “Stall Nutshell Boggins”

“I beg your pardon,” Loki scoffed at the nonsense being repeated back to him.

“Uh, Jarvis, you wanna try that again?” Stark asked equally confused by the stream of rhetoric.

“Apologies, sir. “Jarvis explained quickly. “Still working through the feline nuances. However, I believe he was referring to Thor.”

“Got it,” Stark replied, smiling smugly at his own prowess. Definitely no cat. He buzzed down to where Steve was deflecting blasts as best could with car doors. “Hey Cap, think you can hold back the thunder god there for a bit. We got a man on the inside.”

Steve looked over his door at the lightning erupting all around the large Asgardian. “You’re kidding, right?”
“I wouldn’t shit you Steve,” Tony stated as he flew back off, quickly getting out of range of any bullets the robotic beast may fire his way. “You’re my favorite turd.”

“Gee thanks,” Steve said shaking his head as he approached the thunder god. “Uh Thor, Earth to Thor.” Frowning as he got no response. He finally stepped forward and grabbed his arm, Thor shook him off and turned toward him with a snarl, lightning erupting from his eyes and down his arms. Steve had just a moment to dig the car door into the sand, hoping it would be enough to ground it as the lightning bolt hit it. “Uh, Stark, Thor’s not really in a chatting mood right now.”

Loki heard Stark’s reply and narrowed his gaze, so, he finally learned to translate feline. Well, sort of. He couldn’t help but to be impressed. Seems the human was good for something after all. This would definitely speed up the process in locating his body. He heard Rogers over Starks open intercom and shook his head. “Fool, of course he’s not. He's in berserk mode.”

To which the collar supplied “A jester just isn't. He's sprinkle alamode.”

“Jarvis, honestly?” Stark scowled. “Do you have dummy translating this? You know what, nevermind, I’ve got this. Run update 7.6 alpha 8.”

“Right away sir,” Jarvis supplied.

“You Lokitty,” Tony continued. “Repeat after me, Tony Stark is a genius extraordinaire!”

“More like Tony Stark the ridiculous extraordinaire,” Loki griped, digging his claws into the metal grating inside the bot as another rocket blast shook it. “Now is not the time for your foolish games, Stark. Thor could destroy us all while like this. I thought you had a plan?!”

“Update now complete.” Jarvis suddenly chimed in and Loki heard his words being repeated perfectly now back to Stark.

“Now why would a feline know so much about a certain thunder god,” Stark replied wryly.

“Maybe because I’m sleeping with him,” Loki remarked slyly, hearing Starks choke of surprise as the words were now translated clearly.

“Touche,” Stark said once he regained composure.

“Oh, don’t be so vulgar Stark,” Loki spat with a lash of his tail. “Even your puny brain can comprehend that the current anatomy would never work for whatever you’re imagining.”

Tony just hummed, “Current anatomy, huh? As opposed to..?”

“As opposed to you actually paying attention to what it is that we’re supposed to be doing.” Loki snapped back.

“Right, well, now that you're finally coming in loud and clear, let's get to it.”” Tony couldn’t help but think he’d heard that eloquent snark before. But the cat was right and he shook his head, turning back into the monitor. “There, the large motherboard to your right.”

“You’re going to have to be a bit more specific I’m afraid.”

“The white thin plastic thing with the company logo on it,” Stark said a bit excitedly. “Pull that one.”

Loki clamped down onto the part in question with his teeth and braced against the wall with his
paws as he pulled. It finally broke free, the bot giving a great lurch to one side as it did, sending Loki sliding along it’s interior until he could get his claws dug in for purchase.

“What was that?” Loki murmured around the part still in his mouth.

“Your exit cue,” Stark informed.

Loki heard the explosion as lightning hit the robot and felt it lurch again. Quickly he extended his claws as far as they would go and scrambled for the opening, clambering out of it just as another bolt hit. The bot lurched to the right and soon Loki was on the outside, holding on frantically to keep from sliding off.


Loki did not ever think he would be entrusting his life to this human, however, since he still had the piece of technology in his mouth, he could make the fair assumption that Stark wouldn’t let him fall.

He dug his claws into an edge piece of metal and twisted his body as he leapt out into thin air, not realizing he’d been holding his breath until the solid metal hands of Stark’s suit enveloped him.

“I’ll take that,” Tony said gently removing the motherboard from the feline’s mouth.

Loki looked below as they spiraled up and clear of the lightning barrage now assaulting the defenseless machine, rendering it shortly to a smoldering pile of metal bits.

Yet Thor continued, driven on by his blind rage. Oblivious to everything but the hate and power of the thunder within him.

“Stark, put me down,” Loki said softly. He had been the only one able to quell Thor when he got to this point. He only hoped he could still do it in this form.

“You sure there furball?,” Stark said a bit unsure.

“Yes, Stark, you owe me,” Loki warned lowly.

“For what?”

“For ever listening to this crazy idea of yours in the first place,” Loki reminded as Stark dutifully delivered the cat to the ground.

Loki carefully approached, dodging the lightning that flowed around the thunderer. “Thor, Thor it’s me.” Loki called to him. His plaintive meows sounding so small amidst the din and crash of the electric bolts. He watched Thor’s heaving chest, this was extremely taxing for his brother and he needed to stop, and soon.

Finally Thor paused, knelt down on one knee, his fist planted firmly in the earth following a massive wave he’d just sent forth. It was now or never. Loki dashed forth and leapt onto the massive Asgardian’s shoulders. He draped himself across the back of Thor’s neck, much as he used to do with his hands. Gently kneading his front paws into his brother’s muscular shoulders and focused on purring as loudly as he could.

“Steady Thor, steady now.” He urged. He used to be able to quell the thunder with just his touch and some soft words. Remarking now that it was ever so odd that he was the only one who could do it. He’d always just figured it because they were raised as brothers, a familiar face in the storm. Only now he knew it was likely much more. Thor’s love for him tempering the thunderers heart. He only hoped Thor’s love for his feline form was just as strong.
Thor felt the soft vibration before he heard it. The steady rise and fall was slow, like waves. He knew that sound, his addled brain latching onto the familiar rhythm. Focusing on it as the clouds in his head slowly parted, he did not recognize it for what it was yet, his brother. His brother Loki had come to calm him. Then he heard the first plaintive meow and his heart ached at the sound. Not Loki at all, no, Loki was gone. He let the exhaustion flood through him, turning his bones into jelly as he welcomed the forgetfulness darkness would allow and collapsed to the ground. Lokitty jumped out of the way just in time.

Loki shook his head as he regarded Mjolnir where it rested beside him in the sand. “This is all your fault you know.” He stated giving the weapon a sniff.

A spark of electricity zapped his feline nose, enough to have him jumping back with a start. Sighing in resignation, he climbed right back on top of the fallen thunderer and lay down upon his chest, looking into his weary face sadly.

“Sleep now Thor,” He said softly, flexing his toes as he felt the first tingles of his magic finally returning. “Oh thank Yggdrasill.” he sighed

Now that the coast was clear, Stark approached the slumbering God, flipping his mask up to show off his smirk. “Good work, Lo…ki.”

Loki's head whirled around at his name.

“Aha! I knew it!” Tony snapped in triumph. “So what happened, how’d you get stuck in there. Wait don't answer that” he said reaching down and fiddling with the control on the collar. “Okay now answer it.”

“What are you…” Loki froze as he heard his meows translated to words and now coming from the collars speaker. Looks like his time of enjoying the cat life was up. “Damn.”

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Chapter 34

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Chapter 34

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Thor awoke back at the tower in his own bed. His ever familiar feline resting in a small ball upon his chest. He was at first disoriented, then he remembered the events that had lead up to this and felt the ache in his heart renewed. He solemnly reached out a hand to pet his little cat’s head.

“Good Lokitty,” He said softly. “You’re such a delightful feline.”

“Yeah, well Tony owes me Tuna for me risking my life like that,” Loki complained.

Thor smiled in delight at the tiny voice emitting from his cat’s apparently new collar as his cat meowed, giving a stretch.

“Your collar is speaking for you,” Thor announced in awe of the device. “Oh this is truly magnificent. Now we can communicate you and I.”

“We already communicate Thor,” Loki stated, trying to ignore how strange and small the voice emitting his words were. If this was the voice he was stuck work, perhaps he’s just go back to remaining unheard. With a stretch he rose to his feet to walk forward and butt his head into his hand.

“Pet me.”

Thor chuckled in delight as he ran his hand along Lokitty’s soft fur.

“Rub my chin,” Loki demanded, sticking his head out and revelling in the gentle tickle of fingers under his chin. “Now Give me kisses.”

Thor felt a swell of adoration for his pet and hugged him into his arms as he peppered his head with tender kisses, laughing happily at it’s shared affection for him.

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“My friend Stark,” Thor thundered as he carried his feline downstairs. “This device is truly a wondrous thing! It has translated Lokitty’s speech for me! Oh you have truly outdone yourself this time.”

“Oh you like the new collar? Version 2.7. I fitted it to him while you two were napping,” Stark stated with a shrug. “Though I’m not so certain it would have worked on a normal feline.”

“Yes, Lokitty is most exceptional,” Thor beamed proudly. “He has regaled me with the tale of how he entered the robot to aid in it’s defeat. A most proud moment befitting of a feast.”

“Yes well, the ending was my personal favorite,” Tony remarked. “A cat calming a beserk thunder god. Funny how he knew how to do that.”

“Aye, that is most exceptional,” Thor stated still scratching his cat’s head gently. “My brother was the only one who used to be able accomplish such a feat.”
“See I figured as such,” Stark said pointing a screwdriver at the feline in question. “And all the other little things that just weren’t adding up. Though I’d thought you’d figure it out sooner there Mr Boggins. Getting a bit slow on your game there.”

“I am afraid that I do not follow,” Thor said frowning a bit at Stark's nonsensical words.

“Oh, well he didn’t tell you the best part then,” Tony stated as he turned and crossed his arms daringly. “Did you Loki?”

Thor gaped at Stark, unsure whether to be angry or confused.

“You kind of gave yourself away there Lo,” Stark continued undaunted.

Thor carefully grasped his cat in his hands and held it out before him. His breathy words barely a whisper. “Loki?”

“Guilty as charged,” Loki replied quirking an ear, still a bit unsure how his brother was going to take the news. He certainly wasn’t ready for the crushing hold that followed.

“You,” Thor growled, in disbelief. “You allowed me to believe you were dead. We all mourned for you. All for what….a trick??”

“Well, to be honest, I didn't mourn your supposed death,” Tony added as if anyone were listening to him. "Celebrated maybe.”

“Thor if you do not lighten your grip you may mourn yet,” Loki warned wriggling desperately in his grasp.

“I still can not believe you would do this brother,” Thor spat, setting him roughly upon the table and turned his back to regather his thoughts. All his tears, all he'd confessed openly about his feelings, obviously fell on deaf ears if his brother did this merely for a wicked ruse. He felt hurt beyond words. “You tricked me, you tricked all of us. To what end, brother?”

“You keep using that word. I don't believe it means what you think it means.” Loki countered with a flick of his tail. “ A trick would make this intentional. There is nothing about this 10lbs of fur surrounding me that is intentional, believe me! And don’t you think if it were just a trick that I would have changed back by now? To what end would I have to spend my life as a ridiculously tiny feline?”

“If it is not a trick as you say?” Thor said, a warning tone lilting his voice. ‘Then how did this come to pass?’

“Oh, good, I want to hear this,” Stark said pulling up a chair eagerly

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“So wait, let me get this straight,” Tony was saying as the cat regarded him with a swishing tail after having patiently told everything he could remember on how he ended up like this. “You paused in the middle of a fight to save a cat?”

“I’m not entirely heartless Stark,” Loki growled, he still had not heard another peep from his brother, and that was most concerning of all.

“So you somehow what, body swapped with the feline,” Tony continued undaunted. “And now you don’t know where your body is?”
“Exactly.”

“Ha, You flubbed that one, didn’t you,” Stark barked in laughter at the seemingly infallible Loki.

“I did not Flub,” Loki retorted with an impatient flip of his tail. “Some intentional mistakes were made.”

“Yeah right,” Tony said rolling his eyes. “Intentional.”

“This is most troublesome,” Thor stated darkly, still not ready to believe the tale a hundred percent. He was having a much harder time trusting anything his brother said or did especially now. He refused to constantly be the fool.

“You’re telling me,” Tony returned. “What’s going to happen to the feline?”

“No friend Stark,” Thor corrected. “It is most troublesome because Heimdall searched for my brother in all the realms and could not find him.”

“Well, he didn’t look here, obviously.”

“Oh don’t be so smug Stark,” Loki chided. “Without my magic, your Jarvis had no idea that I was here either. Though it is troubling if Heimdall couldn’t find it in the realms. “ He started licking one paw as he thought to himself. A terrible feline habit, and as soon as he realized he was doing it, he stopped, shaking his head in exasperation. “Perhaps it was overlooked, or hidden somehow. It has to be out there, somewhere. Knowing my luck, you humans have probably buried it 70 meters underground already. Norn’s knows what I’ll have to repair just to make it usable again.”

“Hopefully they didn’t use it for that other thing.” Stark interjected ominously.

“What other thing?” Loki asked eying the man skeptically, his tail twitching with annoyance.

“Well, when unclaimed, uh bodies arrive, they’ll sometimes use it for medical studies. You know, dissections and such.”

“Oh by the Nine, could this possibly get any worse?” Loki sighed wearily.

“Lokitty, I can assure you that your body is nowhere on Midgard. “ Thor assured him. “I had Heimdall and Shield both check very thoroughly. In fact, Heimdall checked all the realms and found no sign of it anywhere.”

“Well, have him look again, because it has to be in one of them!”

“Heimdall would not have overlooked it brother,” Thor corrected grimly. “Do you not have any idea where it could be?”

“Do you honestly think that I'd still look like this if I did?”

“Was that rhetorical,?” Stark chimed in. “Because I’m 99.7 percent certain that you would.”

“Stark,” Loki growled with a perturbed swish of his tail. Now was not the time for jokes.

“99.8,” Stark replied. “Okay, okay, well if your all seeing Heimdall couldn't find it, then how do you propose to?”

“That is indeed a good question.” Thor mused thoughtfully.
“Well, we’ll just need to look for it using some other means.” Loki countered easily. He had actually been counting on Heimdall coming through for him, but the fact that Heimdall hadn't seen him was even more troubling.

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Chapter 35

Clint and Steve walked in as the others were discussing possibilities. Loki's tail wrapped around his paws as he sat deep in thought, the end of it curling up minutely every second or so.

“Hey look, the Lokitty's talking,” Clint chuckled, not really shocked that Tony had developed a means of translating feline to human speech. “Hehe how cute, and he's talking about Asgard…” Clint stopped and narrowed his gaze at the cat before turning to Tony. “Why.. Why is he talking about Asgard?”

“Why do you think?” Tony asked taking a careful sip of his coffee. He hadn't warned Clint of Loki's reveal when the other man had returned to the tower last night. He just hated to spoil the surprise.

“Why you little shit,” Clint spat lunging across the table after the feline. Steve reaching after him, grabbing him quickly to stop his friend and hauling him back.

Loki was thankful for his still quick feline reflexes, however jumping up onto Thor's shoulder was not his intention, merely the place where he was now used to being.

Thor thankfully didn't try to dislodge him immediately. Instead he reached up to scratch the cat's chin automatically before realizing what he was doing and dropping his hand with a disgruntled huff. Everything had certainly been easier before he had found out the truth. No, that wasn't right. For he had missed his brother dearly, it was just that having him back like this was now more complicated than ever.

“Are you kidding me?!?” Clint fumed. “That was Loki the whole time. I should have..I should have known, you.. You… Little shit!! The cat tree, and the toys, and the whole litter box thing. I should have known.”

“Yeah, you should have,” Tony replied unhelpfully. “I mean even I knew.”

“You didn't know anything, Tony” Steve countered trying to grasp the situation before him.

“Well, I didn't Know, know,” Tony replied airily. “But I had a pretty good hunch.”

“Oh! oh!! I even kissed you,” Clint sputtered rushing to the sink and turning the faucet on to rinse it his mouth. “I'm gonna be sick!”

“Trust me,” Loki stated dryly. “The feeling is mutual.”

“Do not feel alone in this friend Clint,” Thor said plucking the feline from his shoulder and moving Loki back to the table, mainly to prevent his wandering fingers from seeking out his soft fur again. Such habits would be difficult to break and only made him angrier for it. “It would appear that he had us all tricked.”

“For the final time, this is no trick,” Loki grumbled, feeling more than just a little hurt at how Thor was keeping him at arm's length, still insisting this was all just a lie, an elaborate scheme of some sort. He wanted to talk to him, tell him that he had not only heard his confessions of love, but felt them himself. Thor, however, would’ve crumbled up and dismissed any such words of sentiment that Loki might dare to speak now. No, his chance had apparently come and gone all while he was, for once in his life, without the words he'd needed to speak it.
“Oh yeah, then why don't you change back,” Clint countered, wiping his face off with a dish towel before tossing it aside more violently than was necessary.

“Oh gee, why ever didn't I think of that?,” Loki snarked with what was definitely an eye roll.

Clint lunged again and Steve held him back easily. “You listen here you little furry asshole, don’t you be crackin wise with me!”

“Oh heavens, I'm so scared I'm shedding,” Loki replied sarcastically.

“Loki, Clint, please,” Thor implored stepping between the two. “This is not helping matters.”

“Perhaps if you explained how this happened,” Steve suggested.

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Chapter 36

Tony and Thor dutifully retold the entire tale. After which Clint was now finding this far more humorous. Which was decidedly an improvement from trying to kill the cat, while Steve was still puzzling how this could even be.

“So wait, the purring, and begging for attention, and scrunchy paws thing,” Clint was chuckling.

“That was entirely the little furball’s doing, I assure you.” Loki stated haughtily. “This is still his body and I do allow him a modicum of control. “

“Right, allow.” Clint scoffed openly. “And I have a rainbow bridge to sell you.”

“I was not aware that you possessed a bifrost, Clint Barton.”

“I, what? No,” Clint stammered. “You know, this was a lot more fun before aliens, and elves, and rainbow bridges.”

“That's what I keep saying,” Tony agreed quickly.

“But I don't get it,” Steve stated. “If this wasn't a trick, then why not find some way to tell us who you were?”

“Well, an effort was made. I even used your rudimentary paper and crude writing device.” Loki said a bit sheepishly. “Turns out felines can not write.”

“The scribbles in my sketch book?” Steve chuffed with laughter. “That was you?”

“Again, guilty as charged,” Loki sighed. “Now that the entire building has been brought up to speed, can we please get back to the problem at hand.”

“I don't know,” Clint mused wickedly. “I mean, he is so much easier to control like this. Maybe we should leave him like this, even get him a little collar with a bell on it so we know where he is?”

“You know I had thought about that,” Tony agreed far too cheerily.


“Retractable,” Tony mused.

“Just like a little puppet on a string.” Clint said all too wickedly. He couldn't help but feel a little justified after what Loki had done to him in the past. Controlling him and all with the staff. To say he was still holding a grudge was an understatement.

“I got it, a shock collar. “

“Tony, that's beyond cruel, even by your standards.” Steve chided shortly. Trick or not, this was no way to treat another person, Asgardian, cat, whatever.

“You're right, he's probably used to it anyways. Having an electric brother and all.”

Loki sighed and looked up at Thor hopefully “This really is not getting us anywhere.”

“I agree,” Steve said surprisingly enough. “What resources do we have that could even begin such
a search. “He suddenly snapped his fingers as an idea hit him. “I know, we can check the morgue for any John Does’ brought in around the time of the attack. How far do you think your body could have gone?”

“Svartheim,” Loki admitted.

“Is that some place in Europe?” Steve asked confused.

“That is not even in this realm I'm afraid,” Thor supplied.

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Loki puzzled every option. There had to be something he could use. He knew of Asgard tech and still had knowledge on how to use it. “A sight glass perhaps would work.”

“Odin would never allow me to bring one to Midgard, “ Thor countered glumly. “Loki you know this.”

“Of course he wouldn't, the stubborn fool! “ Loki spat disgruntled. It was no secret that there was a rift between him and the All Father. I have to build one myself. He may not allow the sight glass, but he would allow you to bring the materials.”

“So you'll build one,” Thor nodded seeing the loophole himself. “Very clever brother.”

“Ha! “ Clint barked with laughter. “I'd like to see how you propose to do that without thumbs.”

“Actually, Stark will help me.” Loki countered smoothly

“Oh no,” Stark retorted. “Your little fuzzy butt is mistaken. Stark will most certainly not be helping you. Far too busy with Mark 6.”

“I thought it was Mark 8.”

Stark frowned deeply and pointed accusatory at the feline. “Hey, have you been looking through my stuff?! “

“Of course I have. “ Loki replied and if he could've shrugged he would've. “But I am shocked, the ever curious Anthony Stark turning down a chance at getting his hands on a piece of actual Asgardian technology.”

Tony just eyed him narrowly for a moment. He hadn't really thought of that. Dammit. “Well, I suppose I could work you in between my current projects. Just to help out Thor of course. Just let me go lock up all my computers.” He said pausing to look expectantly at Thor “well, what are you still doing here Point Break?? We've got a sight glass to build. Get going!!”

“Wait, what are we doing with Lokitty while Thor's away?” Steve asked a bit troubled.

“Did you just call him Lokitty?” Clint snorted.

“Yeah, sorry, habit,” Steve explained rubbing his head.

“Nope, I like it. Proposal to continue referring to the prisoner as Lokitty in this form.” Clint suggested with a smirk.

“No,” Loki argued. “No. You will not continue calling me by that ridiculous..”

“Seconded,” Tony said firmly. “Sorry furball, you're overruled.”
“Fine, you never could call me by Lokitty the entire time I was feline before, I doubt you'll be successful now.” Loki huffed impatiently.

“Don't you underestimate my spite Loke…. You're right I can't do it.” Tony shrugged. “But the rest of you have to abide by the ruling.”

“Thor?? A little help here.” Loki looked hopefully up to his brother.

“Apologies Lokitty, it is not my place to go above the ruling on this,” Thor said though Loki was certain he was taking great pleasure in his suffering. “However, I do not see where it is necessary to lock my brother away again while he is in this form.”

“I'll watch him,” Steve offered much to everyone’s surprise. “I mean he's a cat and technically he's been with us this whole time and hasn't gotten into any trouble.”

Loki was speechless, he expected more protest from the humans. But this, he honestly had no idea how to reply.

Thor fortunately didn't have that problem and gave his friend a broad smile. “Thank you friend Steve. You do me great honor in looking after my brother while I am away. There it is settled, I shall be back before the night falls.” he paused to give Lokitty a gentle stroke with his hand, wanting terribly too do so much more. To scratch his ears and kiss his head, as he'd done in the past, but was unsure where the boundaries were now. Lokitty had sought such attentions just this morning, but that was before Thor knew truth. With a soft sigh and a gentle smile he turned to leave.

“I'll go check the mourges,” Clint stated already heading off. “No way am I spending another minute with that…. That…. Thing! Especially if you're not even going to lock it up!”

Loki just watched the man go with an indignant huff. It's not like he wasn't used to being looked upon as something less than an atypical male, but it did sting more than he was expecting. He had actually grown a bit fond of Clint.

Tony narrowed his gaze at Steve as Thor left. “What's this all of a sudden? Since when do you volunteer to babysit our resident psycho?”

“Well, he's really not been bad, per say,” Steve countered and when Tony opened his mouth he decided to play his trump card. “And the fact is, we owe him.”

“Owe him?” Stark scoffed. “For what?”

“For him not telling his brother how WE sent him off to the vet the last time he was away.”

Loki just smirked and flipped his tail idly as he watched the exchange.

“You…. You…” Tony wanted so bad to argue. “You have a point. Let's keep this between us. Right Loke?”

“The terms are agreeable,” Loki conceded easily.

Tony just sniffed and turned to go lock down his lab. Steve frowned and looked down at the black feline. If the collar wasn't talking for him, he'd still have a terrible time wrapping his head around all this. “Don't make me regret this.” He warned heading off into the living room, and pausing at the doorway when the cat didn't follow. “Well come on, I'm supposed to be watching you, remember.”

Loki quickly hopped down and followed Steve into the living room. At least Steve was being
amicable, he thought. Taking up his seat by the window he curled up to have himself a good nap. Might as well rest while he could before all the excitement started. While it was true his magic was returning to him, it had yet to be fully restored and the feline within was currently demanding a nap. Loki was getting tired of fighting it so he soon drifted off to strange dreams filled with chasing small rodents.
"Alright, now I have this one keyboard calibrated to register your, uh paws," Stark announced as Lokitty looked at the large holographic keyboard in front of him. “Of course, I had to guess, so there may be some dialing in to do.”

Lokitty carefully reached out with one paw and looked up at the screen expectantly to see the letter he'd stepped on appear there.

“TaaDaa,” Stark proclaimed proudly.

“Yes, and with my rate of typing, we should have the program in place by sometime next year,” Loki replied flatly. “Is there no setting for this, something to make it easier?”

“Yeah, it's called setting your ass down and practicing.”

“Well, can you at least make it only do numbers? I believe that would speed things along.”

Tony frowned at the blunt reply but had to agree, cats weren't excellent tyers. “Jarvis?”

“Already applying it sir,” the AI dutifully replied.

As Lokitty watched, the keyboard before him changed to a large pad of numbers. He began reaching out with both front paws, pressing each number he needed and watching them line up on the screen above.

“I need a few equation symbols,” Lokitty announced.

“My, demanding aren't you,” Stark quipped.

“Well, it would save a bit of time if your Jarvis just listened to me instead of you having to repeat every request.”

“Fair enough,” Stark returned boldly. “Jarvis, you may listen to the furball's requests…. Within reason.”

“Of course sir,” Jarvis responded haughtily. “How may I assist you Lokitty?”

Tony erupted into a snort followed by a flood of chuckles. “I'm sorry, it's even funnier when he says it. Say his name again Jarvis.”

“Lokitty”

“Again please,” Tony wheezed now laughing even harder.

“Lokitty.”

“Are you quite done,” Lokitty asked eying the man flatly as he swished his tail in impatience.

“Oh yeah, yeah,” Tony breathed wiping tears from his eyes that had formed at laughing so hard. “Wait..one more time.”

“Lokitty” Jarvis supplied, causing the man to erupt into the next fit of giggles.
“Right, that's ever so helpful,” Lokitty shook his head and turned back to the screen. “I can't imagine why you humans haven't made it past your little moon yet. Jarvis?” He asked, unsure how else to address the ever present AI more formally. “Can you supply me with a division sign after the two?”

“Of course, sir,” Jarvis replied. The symbol Lokitty had requested appeared on the screen.

“Ah excellent,” Lokitty said focusing on the task at hand. He began typing out more numbers with his paws, calling for the equations as necessary, each set translating to a shape or element of a device. As the AI translated each formula that was typed out, more and more pieces of the sight glass began to appear in the screen. Loki used his paw to maneuver them into place, directing Jarvis on which to make larger or bring forward.

After the first two, Tony stopped laughing and sat mesmerized as the alien device began appearing before him. He didn't know whether to be more impressed by the item itself, or the fact that Loki had the knowledge in his head to even build such a thing. If he knew how to build this, then what else lay in that brain going to waste?

“I have to admit, I'm impressed,” Tony stated, as more of the device was taking shape. What appeared to be a large magnifying glass was at its core, but it was actually two mechanical cylinders sitting one on top of the other that spun around seemingly independent of each other. A third covered in rune symbols sat on top and apparently worked to 'dial in' the location they wished to view. “This is a sight glass?” He asked.

“Yes,” Lokitty responded, still adding in a few key parts. “Do you think it is within your scope to create?”

“Within? Oh I'd say definitely,” Tony said his brain already working on how to build this thing before him. He could see certain elements that were definitely not Earthly in nature, even the tiny runes along the glass border. “But, uh, how does it work?”

“Magic,” Lokitty supplied easily, earning him a flat frown from the man. “Well, you asked. Though I assure you it's not all smoking mirrors as I've been informed that your magic is here. I will use my limited seidhr to activate the runes in proper succession.”

“Like an old rotary phone,” Stark said looking at the item in renewed awe. His fingers twitched, eager to get started in creating this.

“I'm not familiar with such a device, but I'll assume that it may be similar.”

“How…” Tony licked his lips eagerly, thinking how best to broach the next question. Right, straight forward it is. “How much Asgardian tech do you know how to build?”

“Oh well, quite a bit actually,” Loki replied blinking, a bit surprised to be asked about his knowledge. “I spent many an afternoon exhausting the libraries back…”

Loki broke off as the light caught on the face of Tony's watch and reflected onto the desk as a tiny bouncing spot of light. Lokitty was focused on it, ears pointed, pupils dilating. He immediately felt the pull of the feline stronger than ever and pushed back against it. He shook his head to refocus. “Back on Asgard,” he finished licking a paw as if nothing were amiss.

“Uhh,what was that?” Stark asked eying him closely.

“What?,” Loki parroted looking around as though missing the subject.
“That little pause there Felix,” Tony replied suspiciously. “You looked a little more feline than Asgardian there for a minute.”

“Technically, I’m more Jotun.”

“Don’t try to change the subject,” Stark snapped moving around his desk and pointing a screwdriver at Lokitty. “You’re slipping. “

“I’m quite certain that I am not,” Loki argued stubbornly.

“Right, right,” Tony said completely unconvincing. “So, tell me this Magic Dance, what happens if we don’t find your body, even with this sight glass thingy?”

“Why don’t we just wait and burn that bridge when we get to it,” Loki replied flatly as he turned back to the screen and began rearranging items with his paw, appearing to check and double check his design. Unfortunately he already had an idea exactly what would happen if they didn’t find his body, and apparently they needed to find it sooner rather than later.

*************
Despite Thor's promise, he did not return that night, though Loki couldn't be surprised. If he had filled the All Father and mother in on his predicament, then they would want details that would likely take a while to completely dish out.

Still, it seemed strange to not be eagerly awaiting his brother's return, or the affections that had previously come with it. He knew that was gone now, felt the boundary walls Thor had erected as soon as his admission about his identity was out. Though what did he expect? Proclamations of love? That was a fool's hope and he was far too old to keep playing the fool.

He didn't even remember falling asleep on the ottoman. Their work in the lab on pause until materials were procured, he'd been returned to Steve for observation. The captain thankfully taking his job lightly as he sat upon the couch sketching away. Loki had considered going to lay by him as he used to do, but figured it wouldn't be accepted now. Tony was right, if he'd had the power to just stay hidden in a cat form, he would've taken full advantage of it still.

He awoke as Steve was shutting his pad, standing and stretching his back.

“Well, it looks like Thor isn't coming in this night,” Steve announced looking at the sleepy feline. “So, would you like to sleep in your quarters or Thor's? I'll have to lock you in of course, Tony's orders,” he added a bit sheepishly.

“Of course. I suppose it's best to return me to mine,” Loki stated, hopping down and trotting ahead of the man up the stairs. He would've liked to curl up in Thor's bed tonight, to smell his scent upon his sheets as though the man had left mere moments ago. But after how angry he'd been upon finding Loki out, he didn't want to discover how upset he'd be at finding him in his bed.

Despite his brother's previous confessions of love, there seemed ever more tension between them than before. Perhaps Thor only thought he had loved him. Or he'd moved on in this short space of time. It seemed as though his words had been just that after all, only words. Loki had been a fool to believe Thor felt anything more.

Steve bid Jarvis to open the door and watched as the cat dutifully went inside. Hopping up upon his old bed and curling into a small circle upon the sheets. He paused, feeling a tugging on his chest.

“Hey, you gonna be okay?” He asked carefully.

“Yes, this is fine,” Loki responded. Answering the question without actually answering it. Truth was, he had no idea.

Steve nodded and shut the door, heading to his own quarters for the night. His thoughts constantly returning to how different Loki seemed in this form. Perhaps the guy just needed a bit of humbling as Thor once had.

**********

Thor returned in the early dawn light, Tony was already in the lab reviewing the diagram.

“Hey, I have returned with everything that is required,” Thor announced depositing the items in the lab. “Where, uh, where's Lokitty.”

“The Royal furball is in his room,” Tony informed, eagerly digging through the pile of alien tech
parts.

Thor went upstairs grimly. If Loki was locked away, then he must already be causing mischief while he'd been away. Well then, perhaps it was good he'd had all this time shut away in his room to think about what he'd done.

Thor opened the door and gazed in upon the small sleeping creature. The sight giving his heart pause. There was the pet he'd loved so dearly, and there was also his brother which he loved just as much. His brother had heard all his admissions while in this form, but had yet to say anything. Perhaps it was because the feelings were not mutually shared.

“Lokitty come,” he spoke flatly. “It is time for breakfast.”

Lokitty raised his head and meowed happily at the tall man. The collar dutifully translating the sound as just a meow as the tiny creature stood and stretched.

Thor’s frown deepened. “Have you broken your collar already, brother?”

Lokitty hopped down and went to it’s human, twining about his legs. Letting out another meow.

Thor bent down and lifted Lokitty before him. Peering at him closely. “Lokitty, is this some jest?”

Loki realized what was going on as soon as Thor grabbed him. Coming back as though just waking up himself. He shook his head quickly, trying to recall what could've transpired. “Why of course it is. You deserve it for taking so long. I trust you brought everything I need.”

Thor huffed and sat the cat roughly upon his shoulder as he turned to go downstairs. He should've known. Loki was always playing games. “Verily. It is in the lab with Stark.

They ate in relative silence. Thor at least tearing the bacon into small bits for Lokitty to eat. Even hand feeding him a couple out of habit before placing the rest upon a plate for the cat to take at his leisure. Loki flinched at the small admission that things were now so different and even such a small thing as this hurt more than he wished to admit.

Thor fed Lokitty at first. Old habits guiding his hands before he realized his mistake. By the Nine, why was it so different now? All he wanted to do was to scoop Lokitty up in his arms and shower him with affection. He'd obviously done it before, well, before he knew anyway. But that was just Loki pretending to be feline to work it to his advantage. He watched with a frown as Lokitty got up and simply left without a word. Trotting off to the lab to see over his project. After all Thor had done, after all he'd confessed, he felt just betrayed by all this. If Loki had heard his words, then why the distance between them now?

Afterwards, Loki headed down to the lab, leaving Thor to do whatever it is he did during the day, at least, whatever he did now that Loki wasn't welcome to be a part of it.

*************
Tony was already working away on the device, eager to get his hands on both the alien materials and the device they were meant to build. Loki hopped up on the workstation, watching patiently, only speaking up when Stark required direction on a particular piece. He had regained more of his magic stores overnight and was currently erecting a sort of wall within him to hold the little furball at bay, although he had no way of knowing how long it would last.

“My you’re chatty today,” Stark said noting the felines unusual quietness, “What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?”

Loki laid his ears back and eyed him flatly. “And just how long have you been saving that one up to use? Days? Weeks?”

“No, no, I just thought of it,” Stark said offhandedly “Just now in fact.”

“Wouldn’t your brain be better off only being taxed by the project at hand instead of these ridiculous idioms?”

“See, it’s called multitasking,” Stark quipped in return, never pausing in his actions. “Us genius types can do more than one thing at once.”

“Yes and you’re such a model example of this multi taxing,” loki returned dryly. “Say, how is your motorized chariot?”

“Ouch, and here I thought we’d moved beyond that. I’d moved on, Steve has moved on, I’m certain the vet has moved on especially after that hefty check I sent him.”

“Are you quite finished?” Loki growled flipping his tail impatiently. If only this human knew how much he needed him to be done with this machine.

“No, not really.”

“Because you’re installing that part upside down.” Loki informed, pushing in front of Stark and taking the piece in his mouth. He set it down, flipping it over, then lifted it back up. “Like this, see?” But the collar didn’t translate his muffled mews as he held the piece in his mouth.

Tony got the idea though, checking the diagram before taking the part from the cat. “Aww look, you’re not totally useless after all. Though I didn’t catch that last bit, what was that?”

Loki sighed trying to reschool his patience. “Stark please, get all your ducks on one page, will you.”

“Well excuse me, had you not written half the instructions in Latin.”

“I assure you that isn’t Latin,” Loki sniffed.

“Hey, how’d you even type that in anyway?”

“Easy, I had your Jarvis do it. See, there was a simpler way after all.”

“Jarvis, you traitor. You could’ve translated these squiggles this whole time. “ Stark remarked a bit perturbed.
“I would've been happy to provide you the proper translations upon request sir. Loki-”

“Ah ah, his proper name Jarvis. He is still feline.”

“Apologies sir, Lokitty provided the key and the script to produce a language he was more familiar working with to speed things along”

“Did he now,” Stark asked eying the small cat that was looking far too smug at the moment. “Hey, don't be messing with me reindeer games. I'll pull the plug on this entire shenanigans and you'll be stuck like that.”

“No you wouldn't, Stark,” Loki huffed indignantly. “Because then I wouldn't share any further tech with you.”

“Alright, fine, I wouldn't, but keep it up and I'll be placing a call to Banner. I'm sure he'd be eager to see what we're building here,” Stark didn't miss the way the cat's back twitched uncomfortably at the other man's name. “Or how you duped him this entire time.”

“You wouldn't dare.” Loki said narrowing his gaze at the human.

“Try me.” Stark returned obstinately holding the cat's gaze.

“Fine, none of these shenanigans you speak of,” Loki sighed knowing when to pick his battles and when to give in. “By Odin’s beard you’re worse than Thor.”

“Oh hey, speaking of which, how is it now between you two since...you know.”

“Our words have been somewhat limited, although we have both been quite busy with the task at hand,” Loki admitted. “Which is what you should be as well.”

******

They worked all day. Steve brought tuna sandwiches down at lunch. He smiled at Loki as he delivered his sans bread. Loki felt his entire body tingle with excitement at the smell and dug in eagerly. At least that would be one perk of getting his body back, easier access to the tuna.

“So how's it coming along,” Steve asked looking at the device curiously. He had no idea what he was looking at, but thought it would be polite to at least ask.

“How's it look,” Stark replied, dropping the magnifying spectacles he was wearing down there bridge of his nose, to peer at Cap over them.

“Uh, good?” Rogers offered hopefully.

“Hey, Top Cat, how's it looking from your end?” Stark called to the feline that was munching eagerly on the minced fish.

Both he and Rogers waited but got no response. In truth, Loki didn't even hear them. His feline brain registering nothing but the yummy tuna and blocking all else.

“What's with him?” Steve asked curiously.

“Oh you know, trouble with the fam,” Stark lied, he had an idea why Lokitty hadn't responded. “Speaking of which, where's Sparky?”

“Thor's off on patrol,” Steve stated still eying Loki closely. “He and Clint should be back this
evening.”

But as Steve looked up Stark had already returned to work, obviously not listening to him any longer. Rogers just shook his head as he left.

Once he was gone, Stark moved to Loki and snapped his fingers at his ear. Loki jumped and looked at him a bit affronted.

“What in Hellheim was that for?” Loki growled, the tip of his tail flexing angrily.

“Just making sure it’s still you in there,” Stark replied going back to the device.

Loki sighed and returned to finish his meal. It was still him, now. But for how much longer?

*******
Alright, here's a little bit of Lokitty fun to help everyone with their Post Infinity War Stress Syndrome. Enjoy.

*********

They didn't finish that evening and when Loki went back upstairs Thor still hadn't returned, but Clint had. He was in the kitchen making himself a meat on meat sandwich. The man hummed to himself as he took the slices from where he had laid them carefully out along the counter and piled the bacon, ham, and turkey onto the bread until it was overflowing.

Loki hopped up onto the table and watched him curiously, he was feeling hungry again, but highly doubted this man was going to offer him any. Clint however, obviously noticed the cat's arrival. As Clint hefted the sandwich into his hands, a bit of the meat fell out the back and onto the counter. The archer quickly plucked it off the counter and dropped it into his own waiting mouth, humming in theatrical satisfaction as he did.

“Mmm mmm mmm,” he crooned. “Boy this sure it's a good sandwich. Pity you'll not be getting any. Oh, but I did pick you up some cat chow on the way home.” He mentioned snidely, pointing to a bowl on the floor that was full of some sort of dried kibble. “Bon appetit furball!” He sniggered, taking another bite.

“You know,” Loki began, idly licking one paw as though completely unperturbed. “My butt has touched every surface in this kitchen.”

Clint froze, a look of dawning horror crawled across his face as he dropped his sandwich to the floor and turned, spitting his mouthful out into the sink in disgust. He vigorously began rinsing straight from the faucet and sputtering noises of distress in between rinses.

Loki however calmly hopped down, delicately extracting the bacon from the now open sandwich. Normally he'd be disgusted to eat from the floor, but his chances of Thor coming home and feeding him anytime soon, were looking pretty slim. What if he also agreed that Loki should now eat what looked like oddly shaped balls of dirt? Cat chow indeed had to be punishment for Earth's felines.

He was suddenly shocked to find a spray of water hitting him and jumped up in surprise, the retreated quickly under the table and looked out, thinking the roof had opened somehow to allow the rain in. He realized it hadn't been raining that day and upon closer inspection, he could see Clint holding the sink device that was used for rinsing dishes. The man looked far too smug holding his new weapon.

Loki just turned, giving his tail a flip and holding it high as he walked off, presenting his butt as another reminder to the man not to be so cocky. He heard the wretch from behind him and smirked as he found a quiet place to sit and lick his fur dry.

*********

That evening Loki crept upstairs, right to Barton's room. The fool had left his door unlocked. Though, even if he hadn’t, Loki had enough magic stored now to turn the tumbler at least. Though as he focused, he found himself teleported easily onto the otherside. “Interesting”, he thought, “I shouldn’t have enough magic for that yet.” At least not in his usual form. Perhaps moving this smaller form about would work to his advantage.
The sound of cascading water and somebody singing dreadfully offkey reached his sensitive ears and he turned to eye a second doorway that was partially open. Steam billowed out as Clint was obviously enjoying a hot shower. Loki never could get the hang of these mini mortal waterfalls. He just didn’t see the point in them.

Even now as he crept stealthily in and hopped up onto the privy, he wondered as to their appeal. You couldn’t luxuriate and relax in them for hours as you could a bath. And they suffered such terrible temperature fluxuations, he’d discovered, if another member should activate the privy’s plumbing while you were in them. Utterly ridiculous, though at the moment, quite useful to his current means at least.

“Oh Clint,” Loki called loudly, hearing the man cut his crooning short as he recognized the voice. “What were you saying about being a puppet master?”

Clint heard the loud meow and the device translating the words and froze. No! No way would he dare be in his room! Shit, he didn’t lock his door. Cursing Clint peeked out around the shower curtain to spot Lokitty sitting upon the toilet with one paw upon the flusher.

“Don’t you dare,” he warned him, half wrapping the curtain around himself to try to retain some modesty.

Lokitty winked and pushed the flusher. Clint screamed immediately as the water got scorching hot and he scrambled desperately to get out of the shower, getting tangled up in the shower curtain and face planting on the floor in his haste.

“Oh, see,” Loki said as he sauntered by the prone man who now lay moaning on the floor. “You can reach the correct octave afterall.”

Clint growled and snatched for him, but the cat was gone. This was ridiculous, he was getting one upped by a damned feline! This wouldn’t stand, not on his watch. He had to think of something! Had to get even! He had to…answer his phone, he realized as he heard the steady ringing.

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Chapter 41

Loki returned downstairs, mainly so that Captain Rogers would not get into trouble for not watching him. The man seemed to be one of the few currently on his side and it was best not to take that for granted, given his current predicament. So he took up his usual spot on his hassock and watched out the window for Thor to return, listening to the steady scratching of Steve’s pencil on his pad.

He wondered curiously what Steve was drawing. Before, he could just go up to him and look for himself, while also receiving the most wondrous of attentions from that man’s far too deft fingers. By the Nine how he missed that. He wondered, suddenly curious, if he were to go to him, what exactly Rogers would do. He supposed worse case would be to set him back on the floor. But was it worth it to try?

Lokitty crept up slowly in the narrow space between the man and the back of the sofa. Crouching low, taking his time as he made his way inch by inch. He couldn't explain why he desired to be so close to this man, but yearned for it greatly. A persistent yearning that either needed to be fulfilled or squashed out entirely. Though he doubted very much on the actual fulfillment, perhaps he could yet creep close enough before the man noticed to satisfy it just a bit.

“If I let you up here,” Steve began, never taking his eyes off the page he was working on. He'd noticed the feline's careful approach from the start. Curious as to what Lokitty was up to until he finally figured it out. The cat had often rested freely right upon his lap as he'd drawn many times before. He had assumed that was just the feline's doing and Loki had merely been going along with it. Now he realized, perhaps it was both of them. Though he had to admit, he'd missed the constant warm presence himself. “I want you to agree to something.”

Lokitty froze, he'd nearly made it even with the man's waist before Rogers acknowledged his presence. He flattened his ears for a moment, not so sure he was liking where this was going.

“You being able to speak is odd enough,” Steve continued unabated, noting how the feline tensed beside him. “But I want you to swear to me that you won't lie to me, whatever that… Thing… Translates, needs to be the truth.”

An oath of Truth, perhaps Steve was sharper than he let on. Loki had to pause to weigh it through. Thinking back on all he'd said in the past months, way before the collar would even make his words known to anyone. When was the last he'd spoken any untruths. Jesting threats to end lives were the best he could recall, though he did remember something else.

“I would require the same from you then,” Loki stated, sitting up tall and facing the large human.

Steve started at the accusation. “I would never..”

“As I thought myself,” Loki agreed, cutting him off and narrowing his gaze. This was actually a bit fun, negotiating. He'd get what he wanted on two fronts if this went well, while Captain Rogers merely was wanting a single thing in return. “Imagine the shock and betrayal I felt as you handed me over to Stark to be hauled off to that barbaric place of medicine.”

Steve's face reddened and he dropped his eyes in shame. He'd nearly forgotten the vet incident. Of course Lokitty wouldn't and the reminder made him feel awful all over again. He almost wished he hadn't even asked Lokitty to agree to anything. He should just allow him in his space. But he would always be on his toes then. No, he needed this. Then hopefully they both could work on rebuilding
“Lokitty, I am sorry, truly,” Steve said raising his gaze to meet the feline’s green eyes. “It was cruel of me, and something I'll never do again. However, you've done some cruel things in the past yourself. So, if I agree, and you agree, can we start moving past that? Start building new trust?”

Loki smiled, even in his cat form it was evident. Though Rogers did dutifully remind him of his past transgressions. Still, he'd be getting what he wanted and Steve would get what he asked for as well. “Very well, oaths of Truth then?” He raised a paw, holding it in the air.

Steve smiled as he took the paw into his hand like a mini handshake. “Oaths of Truths” he parroted. Feeling immensely proud of himself for thinking of such a thing and heartened that Lokitty had even agreed to it.

Still smiling he released the paw and went back to his sketch. A moment later, the sable feline climbed carefully up onto his lap, still a bit cautious as though thinking Steve would actually renege on his end of the bargain already. Rogers smiled and paused his sketching to rub the cat behind the ears, in just the spot he knew he liked it. His smile widening as Lokitty leaned into the touch and the tenseness vanished.

“You know, you're a lot nicer as a cat,” Steve remarked still scratching him as he moved to give the other ear equal attention.

“Perhaps that's because you're all much more amicable towards me in this form,” Lokitty replied. It was the truth after all. At least they were.

Steve frowned a bit thinking back to how they'd always either have Loki locked away upstairs or shy away from him as though he was diseased. Thor the only one showing an ounce of equality when it came to dealing with his brother. Thor the only one even wanting Loki to be there. The rest of them had been tolerating him because they had to. They'd never even begun to give Loki a chance at rehabilitation.

“I can't speak for the others,” Rogers said, running his hand smoothly down the cat's back in long strokes. “But I am sorry for my part in that. It wasn't fair to you at all. You were trying.”

“Don't be terribly hard on yourself there Captain,” Lokitty chuckled. “I wasn't trying that hard. I was merely complying.”

“Well, neither of us can go back and change that,” Steve continued, pausing in his attentions. “But we can start from now. We can go forward with a different frame of mind. I can do more than tolerate, you can do more than just comply. We can be a team here and perhaps even friends?”

Lokitty started at that and eyed Steve curiously. An odd tightening beginning in his chest as though he were holding his breath. “Friends? You would honestly want me as a friend?”

“Technically, you're laying on my gut as I pet you. I'm pretty certain we already are.”

“We are? I,” Lokitty paused thinking back. Wanting to make certain his words were truth. “I've never had a friend of my own before. Thank you Rogers.”

“Well, don't make me regret it,” Steve warned giving Lokitty one last scratch before going back to his sketching.

Lokitty laid his head upon his paws, listening to the scratching of the pencil on the sheet as he soaked it all in. The tightening in his chest seemed to have burst, spreading a warmth through his
entire body and it came as no surprise when the gentle rolling rumble began.

Rogers heard the purring and couldn't help but feel lightened by it. He'd made real progress today with Lokitty. Progress he hoped would carry over to Loki once he had his body back. The guy was powerful, and brilliant, and capable of doing such good. If only he'd be given a chance to.

Steve looked up as Clint came by in full gear and threw a glare at the feline upon his lap. “You got a mission?” He asked curious.

“Yeah, hopefully one far far away from hell cat there,” Clint responded with a huff as he headed out.

“He’ll come around,” Steve said scratching Loki’s ears and thinking Clint’s anger was still a grudge held over from the whole Tesseract incident.

“I admire your optimism, even if I don’t share it,” Loki remarked, relaxing into the attentions and letting his eyes drift shut.

******

Dawwww Steve Feels are the best!

Just a quick note, rest assured dear readers, this work is written in its entirety all the way to it's eventual end, aside from perhaps an inner chapter or two I may add for extra flavor. There's a whole lot more yet to come and I thank everyone who's reading and enjoying the ride so far.
Steve was still awake quite late and yet Thor didn't return. He'd been sketching away in the living room with Lokitty slumbering upon him, though honestly should have been in bed hours ago. He was also putting off delivering Lokitty to his own quarters as long as possible, but with a yawn decided he'd put it off long enough.

Carefully closing his sketchbook, he cradled the feline gently in his arms as he got to his feet. Lokitty awoke and gave a great stretch.

“Mmm Thor?" Loki questioned, looking around wearily.

“Sorry buddy, he's still not back,” Steve explained, feeling his chest tighten at Lokitty automatically asking for his brother. “You're welcome to sleep in my room if you'd like.”

“Nonsense, house rules,” Lokitty replied a bit grumpily. “I'll be just fine in my own quarters, thank you.”

Steve just frowned as he walked the cat to the large door, bidding Jarvis to open it and setting Lokitty down gently. “Thor misses you too you know. Maybe you guys should try talking to one another.”

“That's certainly difficult to do while the other isn't here,” Lokitty replied, then added a bit more gently. “Thank you Captain Rogers. Sleep well.”

“You too Loki,” Steve said just before the door shut. He sighed and shook his head as he made his way to his own quarters. Hopefully these two could work past this and soon.

*******

“Alright Macavity, you're up,” Tony announced eagerly, looking proudly at the device he'd created. Loki looked the device over carefully, checking for any mistakes. “I'm impressed.” He allowed carefully.

“Aww, Lo. That was almost a compliment,” Tony said placing a feigned hand to his heart. “I'm touched.”

“Don't be,” Loki returned moving directly in front of the device and sitting up on his haunches. His front paws carefully placed on either side of the top ring. “We still have to see if it works.”

“It'll work,” Tony returned assuredly. “As long as your plans were accurate.”

“You doubt me, Stark?”

“Always,” Tony responded with a smirk as he saw the feline had apparently found everything in order. “By the way, your diagram seems to be missing something.”

“And what would that be?” Loki asked turning to the man curiously.

“The glass. I mean it is called a sight glass. Though I can't help but notice there's a distinct absence of glass in which to peer through.”

“You humans and your simple ways. Don't jump in the deep end if you can't get out of the kitchen,
there Stark.” Loki replied with a wink, turning his focus back on the device.

Stark was ready with another quip, but quickly stalled as Loki closed his eyes. Slowly the two rings below the rune layer began turning in opposite directions. Gradually gaining speed as Loki continued focusing on them.

“Jarvis, tell me you're getting this?”

“All sensors recording, sir,” the AI dutifully informed.

As the rings increased in speed, they began to hum. Low at first, then increasing tempo as the cylinders sped up and finally became a blur. Loki calmly opened his eyes, he'd already decided where to look first. Had plenty of time to think about it in fact. Slowly, he placed a paw on a rune and it lit up with a strange blue light beneath the soft pad of his foot. He followed with another, then another. Until a great azure glaze spread between the rings suddenly, like a tiny pool of water. Shimmering and seeking to give off a light of its own.

“See I told you it would work,” Tony stated smugly, actually quite proud of himself for building his first piece of alien tech. “Mr I'm so much better than everyone.”

“I never stated I was better,” Loki replied haughtily. “Merely that I was different, in a way that was better.”

“Right,” Stark said unimpressed, “So what now?”

“Now I search,” Loki said peering into the blue field before him and watching as it revealed the strange alien world behind it. Heimdall had not seen his body in any of the realms, so it must be somewhere hidden. And who better to know the hidden places than the trickster himself? He began searching the secret passages, the unmapped caves, every crevice and gully, leaving no stone unturned before moving on to the next.

Stark watched him for awhile, then watched the computer reading out what the sensors were recording. He'd been curious as to why it was called a sight glass when the main component, the glass, had been missing. Now he saw why. Though understanding the how was going to take awhile and he was eager to have such apparently limitless access to both the tech and the magic. To have both available for study at least until the body was located.

As Jarvis recorded away, Tony finally turned his attention back to the hard drive they'd retrieved. The company name on the shell of the device, turned out to be nothing more than a company in China. One that manufactured hard drive shells. Of course it wouldn’t be that easy. So carefully he began taking it apart, inspecting every piece for some clue as to where it came from and who had been controlling it.
Alright Lo, let's go,” Stark announced with a weary sigh.

Loki pulled his head away from the device and blinked, letting his eyes adjust to the difference in light in the lab. “Go? Go where?”

“It's 2am, sleep is required in order to properly function.”

“While I appreciate the concern, I assure you that I can continue on without using the sleep.” Loki explained haughtily, turning back to the device.

“Really? Use the sleep?” Tony asked quirking an eyebrow. With a sigh he shook his head. “I wasn't talking about you. I don't care what you do, as long as you don't do it in my lab. When I'm not here.”

Loki pulled back and looked at Stark a bit affronted. So that was it. Despite his showing Stark how to create alien technology and allowing his tiresome scans, he still wasn't trusted. “So, you’re not going to leave me unattended in your lab to continue my work?”

“Not in a million years.”

“How about after that?” Loki asked only half jesting.

“Move. Now,” Tony warned flatly, waiting to see how much of a fight Loki was going to put up.” or I can move you.”

Loki narrowed his eyes, but in the end, just hopped down of his own accord. The sight glass instantly powering down once the contact was broken. Truth was, his magic was waning, between keeping the device running and also keeping the feline at bay. He didn't realize just how tired he was until he made his way up the stairs. His limbs feeling far too heavy.

Lokitty crept down the hall, heading to his appointed quarters, but he paused by Thor's room. The door had been left slightly ajar and he could hear the great oaf's snores emanating from within. Would he really be welcome by his brother's side? Doubt filled his head, but there was only one way to find out. It has worked with Captain Rogers after all.

Silently he padded inside, Thor's deep breaths carried easily down from the bed to his sensitive ears. Every fiber of him wanted to be close to the Thunderer and whether that was him or the insolent feline he could put it off no longer. Pulling back on his haunches, he leapt easily upon the bed and made his way beside him, forgoing his previous perch upon his chest. This would be fine for now. This would be enough, he told himself as he settled beside Thor, feeling the warmth radiating off his brother's body and allowing himself to drift off to sleep.

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Thor woke early and couldn't help but smile at the familiar form slumbering against him. He reached over to pet his beloved feline, but stopped himself mid air. There was still much they needed to
discuss. Boundaries had been made and he desperately needed to know where they lay, where he now stood in his brother's life. With the sight glass working, Loki had been spending every waking hour in the lab looking for his body. Even in cat form he looked exhausted. Perhaps words between them could wait, if just for a little while longer.

Carefully rising, so as not to disturb his brother as he surely needed his sleep, Thor went to clean up. However when he emerged Loki was gone.

Loki felt his brother get up, feigning sleep as long as possible as he was loathe to leave this momentary peace. Would Thor have words about him sharing his bed? Loki decided he didn't really want to find out and slipped downstairs while he was dressing. Tony was already in the lab and it made for a good getaway, or avoidance to other heavier topics. Whichever you choose to call it, it was the same. Bonus that Stark actually had bacon and eggs sitting on his desk and Loki managed to steal a piece while the other man worked. He returned to his own search as well.

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Lokitty scryed with the sight glass until Stark inevitably chased him out once the human deemed the hour too late again. Sneaking in to slumber next to his brother as he had the night before since Thor has left his door ajar again. Loki viewed it as an open invitation. Perhaps this was a positive step in the right direction for the both of them.

Thor awoke him the next morning, far earlier than Loki would have cared for, but his magic was mostly restored by then and would certainly be back to full reserves after breakfast. Well, what appeared to be full reserves for his feline form. Running the sight glass all day and keeping the wall erected within was a terrible drain, but it had to be done. Sleep restored only so much of it, food would surely restore the rest.

“Brother, what news of your search?” Thor asked hopefully.

Loki wished he could echo his naive optimism. “The news is no news. “ He replied with a languid stretch. Jumping down to walk just in front of his brother as they headed downstairs.

“Well, do not lose heart,” Thor said following the sable feline. He wanted nothing more than to pick it up and carry it in his arms as he used to do. But again, that had surely just been Loki playing feline.

“The humans say that it is not over-”

“Until the fat lady sinks,” Loki finished, cutting him off. “Yes, I've heard. You'll alert me once this fat lady is located, though I doubt she's all that buoyant.”

Thor frowned thinking it over. He never really paid much attention to the oft odd sayings the humans tossed about. He quickly set about preparing breakfast for the both of them. Filling a plate with tiny bits of bacon and setting it upon the table for his waiting brother.

He sat himself in front of him, but had yet to touch his food. Loki could tell there was much on his mind, and he supposed rightly so. But felt himself tensing at the idea of having to hash it all out over breakfast. He should've just slipped out as he'd done the other morning.

Just then Steve came in announcing that they had early patrol. Loki mentally thanked Captain Rogers for having such impeccable timing as he watched Thor shift from thoughtful mode, to wolfing down his breakfast mode.
Stark only frowned at the gorging asgardian as he came in pouring himself a cup of coffee. Thank Helheim at least the human was up. Now at least Loki could get back to work.

*****
Loki watched out the window as Thor and Steve headed off on their morning watch. A second later the elevator dinged and he turned toward it tensely to see a grey suited man come stepping off. Loki recognized him immediately and went trotting off to the kitchen, hopping up onto the counter beside Stark.

“There’s a suit here,” Loki informed Tony as he flicked his tail.

“Sir, agent Coulson has arrived to see you,” Jarvis dutifully informs a moment later.

“You’re a little slow this morning Jarvis,” Stark replied turning up greet the familiar man as, he entered. “Phil, early morning unexpected visit, these are never good.”

“I have a matter of great importance to speak with you about,” Phil informed crisply.

“Aren’t they always matters of great importance?”

“Not you Stark,” Phil said moving his head slightly to indicate the feline beside him. “You.”

“The cat?” Stark burst out laughing. “You want to speak to a cat. I must be dreaming or drinking.”

“Enough with the jokes Stark,” Coulson replied tersely. “Shield is well aware of the alien Loki’s current situation.”

“Damn,” Lokitty remarked with a twitch of his tail. He certainly had been enjoying his anonymity from S.H.I.E.L.D. while it lasted.

Tony narrowed his gaze, if they knew then they had to have been told by someone. So who among them was the rat? “Ah ah, house rules. You will address him by his full name Lokitty while he’s in this form.”

“Don’t look so shocked, we’ve had our suspicions for quite awhile,” Coulson responded calmly. “Romanov merely confirmed it.”

“Wait, she knew the entire time she was here?,” Lokitty exclaimed in disbelief. He had been so certain he had her fooled, but this also brought to light another angle of this. “So, she knew before you did.” He finished looking smugly up at Stark.

“I had my suspicions too,” Stark countered indignantly.

“Gentlemen, if you please, time is of the essence here,” Phil reminded pulling the attention back. “We have a mission for you.”


“I agree with the furball,” Tony snorted. “He’s a cat, what can he do?”

“He can infiltrate a stronghold without detection,” Phil stated. “Something we humans and your technology is currently unable to do.”

“Yes, well, even if he could, Thor would never allow you to place his precious Royal companion in harm’s way,” Tony countered, but the timing of it all hit him as the words left his mouth. “Which is why you sent him out on such an early mission.”
“Exactly,” Coulson agreed. “Our plan is to get, agent Lokitty in and out before his return this evening.”

“You plan fails to include as to why I would ever agree to such a mission,” Lokitty said, still not believing this. “I am quite mortal in this form.”

“Barton is being held captive,” Phil said causing the feline to narrow it’s eyes at him.

“So that's why he hasn't been around the last few days,” Stark remarked, he'd honestly thought the man had gone back home to his family for a bit.

“Well now I want to do it even less,” Lokitty stated setting about to lick his paws idly.

“If they detect us coming, they'll execute him on the spot, we've no doubt about that,” Phil informed noting how the feline paused it's cleaning. “Come on Loki, you owe him.”

“I most certainly do not,” Lokitty countered.

“Really, because we've got a nice glass cell waiting on the helicarrier for a certain alien that becomes uncooperative or steps out of line,” Phil said. “I believe you've been out of line for a little while now.”

“Well, he's certainly been uncooperative,” Stark agreed sipping his coffee boldly.

“Or perhaps we should just deport you back to Asgard while looking like this.” Phil continued coldly.

“Oh, Agent Clint Barton, well why didn't you say so,” Loki said hopping down and winding around Coulson’s feet. “Well, come on, time is of the essence.”

Phil smiled as he scooped up the cat. “Stark.” He said, bidding him goodbye. He turned to brief the feline in his arms with the mission. “Now, they shouldn't be able to detect your collar. We've tried multiple times and Stark's tech must be well shielded within it. Though don't tell him we said that. It'll be a simple drop a few clicks from the stronghold. I'll show you the blueprints once on board the helicopter. Finding Barton is up to you.

*****

A few clicks for humans might as well be miles for a feline. Loki felt like it took forever for him to reach the compound. The land all around was dry and covered in sand that reflected the bright sun's rays and hurt his sensitive cat eyes. Finally he found the strange abode. Half Adobe like building jutting straight out of the side of a hill, with a stout set of metal doors at the entrance that looked entirely out of place in the desert landscape. Did humans know nothing of camouflage techniques?

Outside the doors, two guards stood chatting idly as they smoked. The stench of the cigarettes making him recoil a bit. Not now little furball, we are on a mission, he chastised the feline within gently.

Crouching low he carefully approached, circling around to stay behind the men's backs as they chatted. Laughing, heads back and eyes closed at their off color jokes, Loki used the distraction to dart straight behind them and through the doors. “Idiots” he thought as he glanced back at them over his shoulder once before heading deeper into the building.
Now for the task at hand, finding Barton. Pausing in the shadows he closed his eyes and reached for the feline's instincts within. He could allow it out, just a bit, but had to be careful not to open the gate too much. A breeze tickled his long whiskers and he opened his mouth, tasting the air. Smelling it through his mouth proved to be more exact at deciphering each smell. The reek of human sweat, sharp and musky, but he knew Clint's smell and they weren't it. He also smelled food, warm and spicy, followed by the chatter of a great many voices in his delicate ears. The humans were obviously having a meal, this was perfect timing as they'd all be gathered in one spot.

Sticking to the shadows he slipped soundlessly past. Frowning at the foolish mortals who relied too heavily on their technology, that they never noticed the enemy despite it being right under their noses. Not that they could smell anything over that overspiced fare they were eating. The scent of it burnt his nose and caused him to hasten his pace.

Loki turned his head until he found the passage that no breeze emanated from. They'd likely be keeping Barton well underground, away from any windows or doors. So it only made sense to go away from the breeze.

The hallway darkened and the air took on an earthy smell. He trotted on, mouth open to catch every scent. Finally he caught the slight familiar whiff of the man he was looking for. Stench would be more apt term though. He could smell sweat and dirt, days worth of it by the arid aroma. Just how long had Barton been a prisoner here? Feeling quite smug he arched his tail high until the tip curled, resembling a question mark, and sauntered towards the unguarded cell.

***

Clint heard something approaching the bars of his cell, something small. He figured it had to be a rat or something, but when the black shadow of a creature emerged, he thought at first he was losing his mind. He rubbed his eyes and gave his head a quick shake, but the tiny figure remained, it's bright green eyes shining back at him in the dim light. Clint would know those eyes anywhere and thought that he was never so happy to see a cat in his life.

“Lokitty, is that you?” Clint asked looking up hopefully at the sable feline as it slipped easily between the bars and into his cell.

“Clint Barton, what in Helheim are you doing here?” Loki asked curiously as he paced back and forth taking in the cell.

“What's it look like, I'm being held prisoner,” Clint hissed back.

“Well, did you mean to get captured?”

“No, of course not, whoever sets out to get captured?”

“Depends on the situation really,” Loki replied easily. “Oh well, it's a moo point, let's get you out of there, shall we?”

“A moo point?” Barton asks a bit confused.

“Yes, you know, it's like a cows opinion, it doesn't matter.” Loki stated as he focused his magic on the lock. Urging the tumblers to click in place with his mind.

Clint wanted to argue that the saying was wrong, but it worked somehow. And besides, the door was clicking open so he quickly scrambled through it, turning to the right to take off down the hall.

“Not that way,” Loki corrected quickly. “Not unless your goal is to get captured again.”
Clint aborted his movements and quickly turned to follow the cats lead. “Oh Lokitty, if you get me out of here alive, I'll give you tuna everyday for a month.”

“Hmm, I accept those terms,” Loki replied, his ears focused intently as he lead the way down the dim maze of halls. “Hold on, wait here just a moment.”

Clint could hear movement around the next corner and watched as the cat went trotting off in the same direction. He braced nervously, unsure what Loki had in mind. Suddenly there was a yell, followed by gunfire and running in the opposite direction.

Just then Loki peeked his head back around. “Come on, quickly now.” He urged.

“What did you do,” Clint asked following tight on the felines heels.

“Well, as you humans so eloquently put it,” Loki explained as he lead the way. “I nipped that problem in the butt. Though the illusion that he's chasing will only last so long. Best to pick up the pace.”

He was so focused on keeping up, that when the cat next screeched to a halt before him, he nearly fell over it. There, just ahead, was the door and the way to freedom. Unfortunately it was currently being blocked by two guards.

“Well go on,” Clint urged. “Make one of your illusions to distract them so we can get out of here.”

“I can't,” Loki replied sternly.

“Well why not? It worked back there.”

“Yes, well, I used up what limited magic resources I have back there and unlocking your cell.” It wasn’t a complete lie, he did hold back just enough to keep the furball’s wall intact, though barely.”We'll have to use a different tactic.”

“I don't think being cute is going to win these guys over.”

“Oh really? Dam, and I was really wanting to watch you try. “ Loki shot back sarcastically, earning him a glare from the other man. “Now how good is your hand to hand combat.”

“Are you about to do something foolish?”

“Verily.”

“Well, I'm ready when you are.” Clint stated crouching at the ready.

“Right, time to unleash the furball,” Loki announced before charging into battle, letting the wall within him drop to allow all 10 pounds of fur and hate to be released.

He dashed directly towards the man on the left, charging right up his pants and shirt. The guard squallled in pain and shock at the sudden sensation of being pierced by the tiny claws as the cat made its way immediately to the man's head, latching on with all four feet and mouth.

The other guard reactively grabbed his gun, but saw what their attacker was and was torn between helping his friend and laughing at him. Meanwhile the guard tried to free himself, but every time he grabbed the cat, sharp teeth closed upon his hands, making him release it again.
Finally his friend took pity on him, setting his rifle aside, and attempted to free him from the furry creature, by grabbing the cat and tugging firmly. But the cat was latched on tight and every tug brought screams of pain from his friend as the claws dug in harder.

Clint himself was both amused and impressed, but knew an opportunity when he saw one. The second guard's back was now turned and he was thoroughly preoccupied with trying to peel off the ferocious feline assailant. Barton rushed forward, quickly confiscating the guard's gun in the chaos. Sneaking up behind the second guard and bringing the stock down firmly to the back of his head. The man collapsed bonelessly to the floor.

Meanwhile the first guard, through sheer panic and determination, managed to muscle through their the pain and peeled the feisty cat off of his face. Finally free he wasted no time in immediately hurling it towards the door, smiling smugly as it hit with a solid thud and fell roughly to the floor.

"Hey!" Barton barked from behind him, causing the guard to whirl in surprise. Clint surging forward with the rifle stock to catch the man squarely in the nose. "That's my friend!" Clint growled, jabbing the butt forward into the man's gut.

The guard doubled over, holding his ribs and nose at the same time and Clint brought the end of the gun crashing down upon his head. Sending him down to join him fellow guard in a nice dirt nap.

Barton immediately rushed over to Loki, scooping up the feline that was getting slowly to its feet.

"Lokitty, are you okay?" He asked petting the cat gently as he passed another glare back to the fallen guards.

"Not one of my better plans, to be certain," Loki allowed, catching his breath. Oh gods he was going to feel this one in the morning. "That always hurt less when Thor did it."

"Come on, let's get out of here" Clint said as he continued carrying the cat as he finally made his escape.

Once Barton was safe, S.H.I.E.L.D. moved in, retrieving the man with a helicopter and sending in ground forces to shut the stronghold down.

"I trust word of this never reaches the others," Phil urged pointedly.

"Of course sir," Clint stated, still holding Lokitty cradled in his arms. The feline obviously feeling the wear of his mission as the man stroked his fur idly.

"You know, you're not as terrible as you put on," Barton said lowly to the feline. "I know you never wanted to take over the Earth." Loki looked up at the man questioningly. Just what did he know? "While you opened a door into my head, I saw into yours as well. That's the way doors work you know. I saw things, things I'd rather forget. But I know you did it to save your own skin. I was pissed at you for using me, that's true. Anyone would be. But I was more pissed that you didn't just tell us. We could've helped you."

"Yes, well, relying on others has never been my strong suit," Loki replied laying his head back down with a sigh.

"Well, it seems like you're playing for us now, so you might want to get used to it."

Loki didn't bother responding. Is that what he was, part of the good guys now? He wasn't so certain as to how he felt about that. True to plan, S.H.I.E.L.D. delivered both Lokitty and Clint back to the tower before Thor and Steve even got back. Clint immediately fixing Lokitty a huge plate of tuna.
which the cat ate eagerly, his exhaustion setting in and causing him to no longer hold the feline back, just letting go and letting things be what they will be. Honestly, how much harm could the little furball do?

Stark walked in sometime later to see Clint carrying Loki around petting him.

“Aren’t you the least bit perturbed.” Stark scoffed at the sight “The guy opened a door into your head and walked right in. He controlled you, he manipulated you and he knew all your deepest secrets”

“Yes, but he could've been a real dick and he wasn't.” Clint admitted thoughtfully. “He knew everything about me and kept it to himself. He didn't bring up my family or my past to use against me. Besides I'm the one doing the manipulating now.” He smirked scratching under Lokitty's chin and down his back until the feline flopped over in delight under the touches. *And when all else fails, I have catnip.*

Stark just narrowed his eyes at the very feline display before heading off to his lab.
Chapter 45

“So, how much of your magic are you using to work this device,” Tony asked curiously, as he watched the feline dialing in another location and hoping to get some sort of base line for his readings he’d been collecting. They’d been at this for days now with no results. “All of it?”

“Hardly,” Loki sniffed giving his tail a flick. “If I were, you wouldn't be talking to me right now.”

Which was true, the furball had been obstinate that morning, but Loki fortunately had rebuilt enough reserves to successfully lock it away again. For now.

“What, you'd be unable to speak?” Tony falsely gasped in horror. “Now that would be troublesome.”

“It's troublesome because I would be nothing but feline,” Loki explained. “And your collar here only translates feline when I'm speaking it.”

“What does that mean? That your magic is the only thing making you, you? That's ridiculous, you didn't even have magic before. I know, I scanned.”

“I'm certain you did,” Loki replied calmly. “Though then is not now and things are changing, rapidly.”


“Yes Stark, and to think I considered you the one here with the most intelligence. “It's ominous because it means that whenever my body is, it's weakening.”

“You mean like starving, that's no surprise. If the cat's in there with you, then nobody's driving your body. “

“No, we Aesir can go quite a long time without food or water, even a while without air. No if my body is weakening, then it's being acted upon by some outside force. I have to find out where and why. And hopefully soon. “ Lokitty admitted trying to sound lackadaisical about it. Though the worry plagued him endlessly. “Which also means there are ever increasing times of late when the furball is in complete control. I've increased the boundaries using what magic is available, though I'd appreciate it if you didn't go spreading this information around. It would only cause more undo worry and stress upon my bro-Thor. And he's been under enough as of late.”

Clint had returned home to his family and some much needed R&R after his rescue, which left the Avengers down a man for patrols and the robots still technically on the loose, even without a recent sighting, thank the stars. Though that also meant that Steve and Thor were gone from dawn until dusk most days without a day off. Both insisting Stark spend all his time aiding Loki.

“Yeah, thanks for that reminder,” Tony said recalling Thor's admission to having not so brotherly feelings for his brother. “Can't say I didn't have my suspicions though. So what, if you don't find your body then you'll just...poof. like cease to exist.”

“I suppose so, though I doubt it would make any sound at all. Though it is quite troublesome.”

“Right, well, we better get on it then,” Stark said jumping up from his seat. “ We need to get this body found. Jarvis alert me as soon as Point Break returns.”
“Of course sir.”

Loki just eyed the man curiously.

“I don’t get it,” he began carefully. “I would think you of all people would have been eager to have me poof out of existence.”

“What? Are you kidding me,” Stark scoffed, grabbing the cat by the head and kissing it noisily just between the ears. “And take that beautiful brain with you.”

“Ah, see, now that makes sense,” Lokitty relaxed, shaking his head as if he could dislodge the kiss. Though it could be mutually beneficial to them both. After all, most Asgardian tech ran on magic, so how dangerous could sharing a few choice items with Stark really be? And it would give him access to the lab. Perhaps one day unlimited access. With that thought he turned back to his work at hand.

Stark frustrated, picked up a pen from his desk and threw it at the cat. Loki moved easily to avoid it, and it hurled past. Right into the blue field of the sight glass and disappeared.

“Hey, did that just..” Stark began, getting to his feet and looking incredulously at the device.

“Congratulations Stark,” Loki supplied flatly. “You may have just advanced this realms writing utensil abilities by a hundred years.”

“You mean, that doesn’t just look into other realms, but actually a door?”

“More like a peek hole.” Loki corrected looking at the small area in which to view through. “But I suppose.”

“Now that is interesting,” Stark pondered, sitting back down to think over possibilities and implications.

Loki just shook his head. The man was ridiculous. He lacked the basic magic that would even enable him to use this glass let alone a door.

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Loki lay idly upon Thor's bed, his tail swishing in thought. He was no closer to locating his body than he'd been days prior and building walls to keep this feline at bay was getting tiresome. Still, as Thor entered the room, he knew there was another more immediate problem at hand. No avoiding it any longer.

Thor sat heavily upon his bed with a sigh, looking down at his hands thoughtfully. He knew he needed to broach the subject that had been gnawing away at him, but how to begin?

"Loki," he said softly. "I feel we need to talk."

Loki sighed and opened one eye, he knew this was coming. Thor had brooding written all over him since his return. Still, this was a fool's quest, to what end would this conversation gain?

Thor not receiving a word from his usually loquacious brother, took it as a sign to continue. "Before…. Before I knew that you were you, I said a lot of things."

"Do not fret Thor," Loki grumbled shifting his head to the opposite paw and flicking his ear. "I won't hold you to any of it."

"No, you see," Thor said stumbling a bit over trying to make the words go from his brain to his mouth. "Those words were truths. I spoke them from the heart. And I know what you heard, so do not try to deny any of it. I meant every single word I spoke, mean it still. I love you Loki, more than you will ever know. And-"

"Why," Loki asked shortly, cutting him off and raising his head to regard the much larger man. "Why do you come to me now with such oaths of love? When I am like this? To what end do you see for us?"

"I mean once you get your body back, of course." Thor corrected carefully. He could feel his brother's ire building. Knew he was about to be lashed out at, though not yet grasping what for.

"And if I don't," Loki asked sitting upright, his tail curling around his feet. "If I remain as I am now, what then?"

"Loki, it's still you," Thor urged. "I'll still feel the same about you."

"Then you're a fool," Loki spat turning away. Truth of it was, he didn't want his brother mourning him again. To build up hope only to lose it a second time. He'd seen him go through it once and the thought of it happening again to Thor was something he didn't wish to bear. Perhaps if he squashed that hope from ever beginning again, it would be better for the both of them. "Midgard's felidae have ridiculously short lifespans. Less than a blink compared to the Aesir. And how old is this particular specimen already? 3 maybe 4 years of age already. Its barely begun its life and yet I can already feel this body dying all around me. So save your words and save your love for somebody who's going to be around long enough to appreciate it. " Loki rose to his feet with a swish of his tail. "I think it's best if I return to sleeping in my own room for now."

Thor watched him stunned as the small cat padded away from him. Dammit why was his brother
always doing this? He could tell he was just trying to push him away. To protect him, but from what this time?

Thor heard the electric crackle and unclenched his fist. Focusing on relaxing and urging the lightning back at bay. Anger would help nothing at this point. He needed to remain focused, for Loki.

“Loki wait,” he said reaching out and grabbing the feline before it made it off the bed. His brother wouldn't care for manhandling, but by the Norns, sometimes it had to be done. “Don't go. And don't… Stop trying to push me away.” He said hugging the struggling cat to his chest and speaking bit literally and figuratively.

Loki was shocked as his brother grabbed him, lifting him from the mattress and bringing him back to him. How dare he use his size to such advantage! He was always doing this, strong arming him just to get his way.

“Loki, no matter what you say, or how true it may be,” Thor continued undaunted. He would usually be arguing with his ever stubborn brother right now, but decided perhaps a different tactic this time. Words were Loki’s weapons and one could rarely win against him using the same. So, perhaps a softer attack was needed to get through his walls. Slowly his fingers began dancing through the soft fur. “I'm not leaving you to do this alone. I'm staying right by your side, no matter what. We're in this together.”

Loki paused in his struggles as Thor's words sank in. His brother always was tenacious to a fault. He wanted to make him angry, to make him push back and let him go. But as he felt his brother's fingers rubbing his fur, he also felt all his resolve to do such things fall away. Whether that was the furball driving him or not, he couldn't say, and at the moment could hardly care.

“As brothers?” Loki asked, still not wanting Thor to commit his heart to such folly again.

Thor felt the form begin to relax against him and ventured to scratch his fur, the way he used to. He still braced for the sharp words he knew his brother would throw at him, but instead he smiled as Loki’s words came to him. Maybe being a cat was having a positive change in his brother after all.

“If that's what you wish. “ He said feeling his shoulders relax as though at least part of the wall between them was finally coming down. “But perhaps you'd wish for me to pet you,” he asked a bit more lightheartedly, stroking the sable fur gently. “Rub your chin?” he asked letting his fingers dance on the tiny cats jaw and delighting as it turned it's head at his touch.

Loki drank in the affection like a starving man. He'd no idea just how much he'd missed the gentle touches until they were bestowed upon him again. If only he could have stayed himself yet as a cat for just awhile longer. Suddenly, Thor's repertoire sank in and he quickly pushed back with both his paws. “Let's just stick to the petting for now, shall we?”

Thor chuckled as he was preparing to drop a kiss on his brother's head when the cat pushed away. Yes, that was definitely still his brother. He wouldn't have expected any other reaction. Still, this was nice and he continued stroking the soft fur as he laid back upon his bed, cradling the small creature to his chest. This wasn't perfect, and Loki still was hiding something from him, of that he was certain. But this was at least a start in the right direction.
“Alright, we have a lead,” Phil Coulson informed over the computer screen the next week to meet the team as they gathered that evening. “It’s a weak one, but we have to investigate all we’ve got right now.”

“You've discovered Loki's body?” Thor piped up hopefully.

“Obviously not,” Loki replied drollly as he licked his paws, a terribly feline habit and one he couldn't seem to shake. “I'm certainly not wearing this fur for fun.”

“A lead on the robots?,” Steve asked hopefully. “So lay it on us.”

“John Tesche,” Coulson said forebodingly.

“The rich twat that’s buying up all the available real estate in New York?” Stark Scoffed.

“The rich twat that also just happens to be hosting a who’s who party tonight. Which Tony, I’m surprised you’re not there.”

“Oh yeah, I knew about it, and turned it down, “ Tony replied with a shrug. “I only attend parties I can crash.

“Well crashing this party would make you far too obvious and we need to get information,” Phil continued. “We need somebody he doesn’t know, so none of the Avengers. Somebody stealthy, who can get in and out without detection. Somebody good at snooping around. “ He paused as all the eyes in the room fell upon the feline sitting leaned back against a certain large Asgardian and playing with his own tail.

Loki stopped as he felt the eyes upon him and looked up in disbelief. “You have got to be joking!”

“I agree,” Thor chimed in. “I do not think risking Lokitty’s life to be helpful”

“He’s not as helpless as you think Thor,” Tony allotted. “Especially with his magic returning.”

“Sending the feline in is the best shot we’ve got.” Coulson affirmed

“Oh no,” Loki argued quickly straightening up. “if you think you're sending the furball in, you've got another think coming.”

“Another think?” Stark asked curiously.

“Yeah, another think. Because if that's your thought, it's wrong and you need to have another one.” Loki clarified.

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Loki looked upon the large mansion in growing dismay. How in the realms did he ever allow himself to be talked into this?. “Yeah, I'm not really feeling up to this,” he said pausing by the bushes just outside the back door. “There’s an awful lot of humans in there and last I checked, I don’t like
“Very funny Lo,” Steve came on over the intercom, of course they would call Steve in to help encourage him. Way to use his new found friends against him. “The sooner you get in, the sooner you can be back out and be eating tuna.”

“I’m not so easily ..” Lokitty paused as he spotted a large dog coming around the corner of the house. “Great, let's do it then.” he announced as he teleported himself just inside. Winding between feet and making his way stealthily over to the far wall. There he hugged the shadows, listening to the varying conversations.

“I think I’ll rename humans as Dulls after this,” Lokitty remarked quietly. “Could this party be any more Bo-OH” Loki was cut off as something cold and wet suddenly touched his butt. He whirled to see a large black dog sniffing him. So much for going undetected.

“Loki,” Thor’s voice hissed across his transmitter, and by the Nine, where did Thor learn to whisper, in a blacksmithing shop? “Loki what happened? Do you require assistance?”

“Calm yourself Thor,” Lokitty replied softly. Thanking Valhalla that the com was closed so nobody but he and the Avengers could hear the conversation, thanks in part to a special earpiece he was wearing. “It’s just a dog.”

Just a dog was going to be just a problem if he didn’t get rid of it soon, especially as it was determined to draw attention to him. He looked around for a suitable way to get rid of the beast and saw his opportunity when a waiter came in hauling a tray of horderves. Lokitty dashed towards him, winding between his legs and tripping the man up. The tray of tiny delicacies tumbling instantly from his grip as he fought to keep his feet, spilling the tiny cocktail weenies to the floor. The dog rushed over to help clean up the mess and Lokitty saw his opportunity to quietly slide away from the commotion completely unnoticed as everyone was now focused on the canine. Another waiter came over and toke the dog by the collar, scolding it as he drug it outside.

Well, since the main floor of the party was obviously a bust, Lokitty began exploring the rest of the mansion. Vast over decorated bedrooms, towering libraries full of books from floor to ceiling, Loki had lost count of how many bathrooms the place had.

Finally he found what appeared to be a study with a huge mahogany desk gracing the middle. The walls were decorated with blueprints of subway trains and maps of the tunnels both old and new and train schedules for all over the city. There was even a map of the city streets, which Lokitty hopped up on the desk to get a closer look at. Nothing much to see there, except for a few highlighted streets.

“You find anything yet?” Steve asked over the com.

“Only somebody’s overactive train obsession,” Lokitty replied with a sniff as he looked at the blueprints giving everything from the height and length of the average subway train, to the metal it was made from. Interesting, but only if you were making trains. Still, he raised up on his hind paws to get a clear look and let the Stark device view what he was seeing.

“That’s a serious Train Obsession,” Stark remarked from where he was watching everything through his viewers back at the tower.

Lokitty heard footsteps approaching and dropped down quickly, slipping out of the room and down the hall as two men approached the study. He paused just around the corner to watch them enter the room, a tall guy with rounded glasses and a thick mop of dark hair, chatting amicably with a shorter round fellow.
“That’s John Tesche,” Stark informed. “The shorter fellow is Gary Blanch, he owns the grocery on Alabaster Street. Teche has been trying to buy out all the shops down there so he can open ones of his own. Greedy bastard.”

Loki shrugged, buying and selling property didn’t really interest him and likely didn’t have much to do with giant scorpion robots. He turned and kept making his way up stairs until he came to the door to the roof. He jumped up, hooking a paw in the door lever and hefted against it with his weight, giving it a firm push only to find it didn’t move. He jumped back down, looking up at it with a frown.

“You have to pull it,” Stark informed him dryly.

“Yes thank you,” Locitty replied back snarkily. “my next plan was going to be to start lifting it from the bottom.” He jumped back up, turning the lever with his paws and pushing against the wall beside it with his hind feet. Hopping down when the door popped open and slipping through before it could close again.

He found himself out on a vast rooftop deck. The mansion was nearly 5 stories high, with a view straight across downtown. A telescope set to one rail looked through the channels of building pointed towards the opposite side.

Lokitty delicately hopped up on the railing, balancing precariously as he gazed in the direction the telescope was pointed. His more highly tuned feline eyes making out the great hulking domed building on the other side of the city.

“Is your device seeing this Anthony?” Lokitty asked curiously.

“Jarvis zoom in,” Stark directed, landing a finger on the building in question and making a pinching motion with his fingers to blow it up. “That’s the old subway station. It’s been closed for maybe 20 years now. What is this guy’s obsession with trains?”

Lokitty turned his head as he heard the door latch click open, looking around for someplace to hide. The entire deck was open, there was nowhere to go. Not a single potted plant or chair to hide under.

“What’s wrong?” Steve asked sensing the cats sudden quietness over the com.

“What’s wrong?” Steve asked sensing the cats sudden quietness over the com.

“People approaching,” Lokitty stated bluntly. “By the Nine, I’m out in the open here.”

“Use the roof,” Thor directed quickly.

“You’re joking,” He looked down at the sloping roof below him, the drop from the edge was hundreds of feet. But maybe he’d get lucky. Cats always landed on their feet, right? No time to debate as the door opened and he hopped down, his feet instantly beginning to slip and slide on it’s slick surface.

“I'm going to die. I'm going to die.” Lokitty cursed as he scrambled for purchase to slow his slide down. “Oh Gods, why did I listen to these mortals.”

Thor instantly sprung into action, dressed in hoodie and sweats to conceal himself, he rushed to the area beside building, no way was he going to let Loki get hurt. “Loki you've got you!”

Lokitty managed to stop himself just as he reached the gutter, teetering on the edge, he looked down at the tiny figure that was Thor “like hell you do!”

“Lokitty trust me. “ Thor pleaded looking up at the small creature on the roof above. “Jump!”
Lokitty sighed as he quickly reviewed his options, which weren’t many. “I can't believe I’m doing this.” He muttered and jumped into the open air, closing his eyes until he felt the familiar hands catching him and curling him against a warm broad chest.

Thor heard guards approaching and beat a hasty retreat. "Loki I can feel your heart beating so fast” he chuckled a bit as he continued holding the tiny cat close against him.

“I can't believe I didn't die.” Lokitty replied his eyes still wide in horror at the thought of what had just transpired. “You caught me! You actually caught me!”

“ You doubt me?” Thor asked a bit surprised. “Loki, I've never failed to catch you. And I never will.” He says scratching under the cat's chin gently and kissing him on the head before catching himself. “Sorry habit.”

“Really?” Loki said still a bit breathless “It's actually a nice habit.”

Thor just beamed broadly as he held his brother close all the way back to the tower.

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“What was all that about?” John Tesche asked over the radio to his guard, he had heard the yell from the rooftop and watched the large man in a hoodie beating a hasty retreat, though he appeared to be holding a small object in his arms. Tesche quickly turned the telescope to see.

“Just some jock trying to crash the party.” The guard informed. “We drove him away though.”

“Indeed,” Teche remarked focusing on the small black feline cradled in the large man’s arms, it bright green eyes still wide with fright.

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Chapter 48

Apologies dear readers for the late update. The American Holiday had me all mixed up this week. But here it is, hope you enjoy.

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The next day went pretty much the same, and the day following that. Try as he might, Loki was no closer to locating his body than before he’d even gotten the sight glass. Also, keeping the furball locked away behind a magic wall, while said magic was also being allocated for running the search, was quickly draining all his feline and Asgardian resources.

Tony smirked as he looked upon the sable cat, it’s head face down upon the table beside the sightglass as it snoozed. Lokitty had fallen asleep hours ago, but Stark had delayed waking him due to being busy with other projects. Now however seemed as apt a time as ever. He took the end of his pencil and lightly brushed it along the soft fur just inside the cat’s ear. Delighting as it flicked it’s ear in annoyance before Lokitty finally shook his head and looked around curiously.

“Any luck there, Heathcliff,” Stark quipped smugly, already knowing the answer.

“Hardly,” Loki sighed. “This is like searching for a needle in a stack of needles.”

“It's haystack, but, eh, you're getting closer.”

“Why would my body be in a haystack?” Loki asked questioningly.

“Why wouldn't it?”

“Fair point,” Loki allowed.

“Now that is ridiculous,” Lokitty scoffed openly “ of course it'll be the last place I look. Why in all the realms would I keep looking for something once I've found it?”

“You know, I never thought of it that way.” Tony said gazing off thoughtfully before shaking his head.”A debate for another day. Bed. Sleep. Now.”

Loki huffed in anger, he felt like his time alloted in the lab recently came with a curfew. Although, honestly, he hardly had the energy to argue. Wordlessly he hopped down and made his way up towards the rooms, pausing by Thor’s slightly open door. Quietly Loki hopped up on the bed and stealthily made his way beside his brother, curling up against his side with a soft sigh. He enjoyed his brother’s warmth and the delights that had been lavished upon him as a feline. How much simpler everything seemed before the truth had been discovered.

Suddenly a large hand was wrapping about him and hauling him up upon the Thunderer’s chest, stroking his fur in such soft, long sweeps that Loki couldn’t dare begin to stall the rumbling purr that swept through him.

“Remember when you used to trick me by turning into snakes?” Thor asked him fondly. “ I keep waiting for you to stab me.”

“I won't be stabbing you, Thor,” Loki said with a sigh. It seemed he could never fully shake the
“I know,” Thor said, causing Loki to gaze up at him curiously at the hint of melancholy in his voice.” though I'm not certain whether to be relieved or saddened by that. “

Loki decided it was best to just let that one be. To discuss it any further would open too many wounds and he just didn’t have the energy to triage them all right now.

“Still no luck, I gather?” Thor asked after a while, sensing the need to change the conversation.

"No,” Loki allowed with a sigh “If only I had an article of clothing that I was wearing that day. I could use the material to narrow down the search.”

“How about a piece of that clothing?,” Thor offered hopefully, suddenly recalling the piece of leather he has kept since that day. He reached over, and pulled it off his nightstand where he had been keeping the charred bit of leather.

“Why in the Nine realms would you keep that?”, Loki inquired, though he knew the answer as soon as the question was asked. “Nevermind, you and your sentiment. Thor, I could kiss you right now.”

“I, uh, don't think under the current circumstances,” Thor stammered. “what with you being feline and all.”

“Save it Thor, it was just a figure of speech.” Loki said curling up upon the Thunderer's chest to sleep. He wanted to run back down to the lab immediately and get to searching, but Tony’s obvious disapproval aside, Loki's magic stores were definitely waning. He needed sleep to recharge it and as he let down the feline wall, he felt the small creatures own weariness taking over.

“Right, yes, I knew that,” Thor answered quickly as he began gently stroking the cat's soft fur, delighting in the gentle chirping purr emitted every time Lokitty breathed in and out.
Stark eyed the sable feline, one eyebrow raised skeptically as he watched the cat meticulously place the charred bit of leather directly below the eye of the sight glass, adjusting it carefully by dabbing at it with first one paw, then the other with until he was satisfied that it was centered.

“And that's supposed to help you, how?” He asked finally. Lokitty had been quite excited about the bit of leather and had pushed Stark to hurry though his morning ritual so that he could get down to the lab with it.

“This is a bit of my outfit that I was wearing the day of the attack,” Loki explained as he made a few adjustments to the outer ring of the sight glass with his paws.

Stark could see Lokitty thought that was explanation enough and frowned. “Again, that helps how?”

Loki finally paused and turned to Stark with a sigh. “It helps because it'll have a bit of my essence yet upon it. “ He explained and seeing the human was yet nonplussed, continued to break it down for him. “My sweat, blood, bit of my magic.”

“Wrong,” Tony objected. “Jarvis scanned for your magic. Didn't you Jarvis.”

“That I did sir,” the AI replied bringing a smug grin to Tony's face as he sipped his coffee. “However, the amount detected upon the sample of garment was so minute that I didn't find it suitable to include.”

Tony nearly choked on his coffee and now it was Lokitty's turn to look smug. “Didn't find it suitable!! Jarvis don't make me upgrade you.”

“Apologies sir. However it would not have aided in locating the alien Loki.”

Loki frowned and flipped his tail. He disliked being known as ”the alien”. It seemed so segregated. Just another reminder of how he'd let his guard down as a cat and gotten far too close to these humans.

“Exactly, see it wouldn't have been enough,” Tony continued noting the small shift in mood with the feline and wanting to keep it on task to learn as much as he could. “So how is it going to work now?”

“Simple magnetism Stark,” Loki replied shaking off his thoughts to refocus and turning back to the sight glass. “Like is attracted to like. It's a Universal rule. My essence that remains in this article of clothing will be attracted to my essence that remains in my body. No matter where in the realms it is. I'll direct it and use it as a guide.”

As he spoke, Lokitty placed his paws upon the either side of the sight glass. The familiar green magic charging it up, causing the discs to whir and hum as they were once again brought to life. Only this time instead of just a pool of light spreading across the glass, it focused downward in a bright cone of light, directly towards the piece of leather. As soon as the tip of light touched it, the blue light exploded across the center of the glass, filling it as the runes of the outer ring began lighting up.

Stark watched in awe, trying to follow what was happening. He watched the symbols light up one by one, and keep lighting up. He'd never seen the sight glass use so many to dial in a location before.
Pretty soon they were all lit and the device seemed stabilized, locking on to the location.

Loki didn't seem to notice the progression of runes as he was so focused on peering into the bright blue light. “Ah, there you are. By the Nine it's about time…… Oh Hel.”

Lokitty suddenly pulled his head back and broke the connection with the device. The lights shut down immediately as he stared a bit troubled out into space.

“What?!?” Stark urged literally sitting on the edge of his seat. “You found it, problem solved right?!”

“I did find it,” Loki replied still sounding like he was in a daze. “And therein lies the problem.”

“Problem as in the realm it's in isn't a friendly one?”

“Problem as in it's not in any particular realm, but rather between them.”

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Lokitty sat before Thor on the table, his tail curled around his front paws in troubled thought. Even his brother looked grimly thoughtful at the news.

“This does explain why Heimdall was unable to see it, brother.”

“I still don't get it,” Stark urged. “What is this between realms place?”

“It is Yggdrasil,” Loki explained almost absently. “It is the great tree that holds the realms together. The great bringer and taker of life.”

“Yeah, great, interesting story really,” Tony quipped dryly. “So fire up Mjolnir and go get it.”

Both Loki and Thor levelled Stark with a glare that had the man holding up his hands in defense.

“Mjolnir can not travel between realms,” Thor informed darkly as he stared at the cat, the first hint of sadness showing in his eyes as he only saw it as his brother. His brother who was now trapped in this mortal form with no conceivable way back.

“Nobody has ever traveled into Yggdrasill and returned,” Loki stated grimly, flexing his claws as he thought.

“Challenge accepted,” Stark chimed up suddenly.


“Me? No, I don’t want your body back,” Tony informed coolly. “I actually prefer you in this smaller, football sized form. However, I’m also sick of Thor’s sulking. It’s a bit of a downer and quite expensive. So perhaps with my superior brain,” Loki scoffed openly at the comment. “And your magic we can get your body back. Or get you back into your body. One of the two. Maybe both.”

“Perhaps….?” Loki paused thoughtfully, as he looked around the lab with renewed interest

“What about a larger version of the sight glass.” Tony offered. “One big enough to allow one to
actually pass through.” but even as he spoke the words, Loki saw the one glaring flaw to his plans. “that doesn’t sound too difficult, Jarvis-”

“Not so fast Stark,” Loki cut in. “Even with your admittedly advanced technology, my limited magic would not be enough to open a gate between realms and hold it open. There’s only one device in the realms that can do that.”

“The Tesseract,” Thor said grimly and Loki nodded. “I will ask father. Surely he would allow it’s use for this venture.”


“Loki, don’t,” Thor argued troubled by his brother’s insistence that he was worthless to their family. “He cares for you just as he cares for I. Otherwise you would have been rotting in a dungeon on Asgard for your slights instead of here on Midgard with me. “

Loki just sniffed and flipped his tail, not really eager to have this same argument rehearsed for the hundredth time. “Well, we shall see then won’t we. “

“Yes,” Thor returned firmly, running a hand down Loki’s slick fur. Unable to help himself from showing his brother affection and delighted when he didn’t rebuff it. “I shall return with the Tesseract, then no longer will you doubt our father’s love.”

“Your father.” Loki corrected, sighing as he allowed the soft strokes of Thor’s hand upon his back to smooth his thoughts as well as his fur. “The Tesseract will not change my lineage.”

Thor just smiled, deciding not to react to Loki’s goading. He’d surely at least win this small battle. “What else is required, brother?”

Lokitty flattened his ears briefly at the title and finally shrugged off Thor’s touches. Back to brothers it was, then. “Well, assuming that you come through with the Tesseract, then the metals here are not suitable enough to hold the door open. They’ll collapse as soon as it’s opened.”

“I shall bring materials from Asgard then,” Thor said undeterred.

“Midgard’s tools would not forge that steel,” Loki countered. “It will have to be made there.”

“Then I shall have it rendered and return with it whole.”

“There see, that’s not so hard,” Stark remarked easily, though his mind eagerly began calculating all the things he could do if he got his hands on some Asgardian metal. “Door opens. You pop in for your body, easy and done.”

“Not easy,” Loki sighed. “There still remains the one glaring flaw to the entire plan.”

“Flaw, what flaw?” Tony asked confused.

“The flaw is that I may not be able to return,” Loki admitted coldly. “This small mortal form is no match for Yggdrasil’s power. My limited magic stores will get me to my body, but as long as it’s been in there, I will likely not have enough energy to return myself.”

“Then to what end? This is madness Loki. I will not lose you again.” Thor said lowly, his hands automatically seeking out the soft fur again.

“What’s the average lifespan of a Midgardian feline,” Loki returned, finally leaning into Thor’s
gentle scratches. “10 years, 15 if I’m lucky. If I stay in this form, you’ll lose me anyway.”

“Then we shall wait until that time,” Thor argued stubbornly.

“Thor, Yggdrasil is not kind,” Loki said as gently as possible, recalling all he knew from reading about the great tree of life that held all the realms together. “It takes apart everything not made of Seidr that enters its core to be redistributed as it seems fit. We’re all just food for the great tree eventually. By that time, all my seidr will have been drained and there will not be a body left to return to.”

“Then I will come in with you,” Thor returned firmly. “I can pull you out. I know I can.”

“How Thor,” Loki sighed. “The inside of Yggdrasil is a thick and unbreathable place. It will see you as an intruder, a germ. It will drain you of your own seidr and strength. Within a matter of minutes you’ll be just as helpless as I am in there.”

“Well, perhaps I can help in that department as well,” Tony offered his mind already formulating a plan. “What if we pull you back out?”

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The plan they devised was pretty straightforward though no doubt insane. They’d open a door into Yggdrasil, the Tesseract would hold it open and Loki would enter. Once inside, he had no doubts that his soul, if you will, would be replaced back to its proper body as Yggdrasil preferred the order of things to disorder. Explaining it like a magnet, his soul would be drawn to his proper form and with Loki’s limited magic, he should be able to get it there. The problem was, that he’d be helpless immediately upon entering his own body and likely unconscious. There was no living inside of the pure sierdh that was the tree.

Thor would have a cable made from the strongest metals in all the realms. The same metal he was having the gate created from. This cable would be tied about his waist. He’d enter after Loki and hopefully find him before becoming unconscious as well. Then, if all went well, Stark and Steve would pull them out. If all didn’t go well, then hopefully they’d at least pull the thunderer out. This was the only way Loki would concede to allowing his brother to aid him in this.

“Inertia will be the key,” Loki stated looking over the blueprints for the giant metal ring displayed upon the screen. “As long as this inner ring is kept at a steady rotation of 0.164 radians per second, it should trick the Tesseract into keeping the gate open instead of closing as soon as one of us enters. But it must stay at that speed.” Loki could see what he was asking was beyond the current capabilities. “I’ll get it started by borrowing some of Mjolnir’s magic, if she’ll agree that is. You just need to maintain the speed after that.”

“She’ll agree,” Thor stated firmly. “I can aid in that.”

“See, no problem, fuzzball,” Tony returned with a cocky smirk. He was already punching in the plans, his mind working at a thousand miles per hour. Working through the solutions to the latest mind flexing puzzle before him. He was actually happy to have such a feat to accomplish, such a puzzle to solve. This was exciting to him. And not just the implications that he’d also have Mjolnir’s magic, but Loki’s and the Tesseract’s as well to scan and analyze while all this was going on.

Thor returned to Asgard immediately to procure the cable and take the blueprints for the gate that they needed while Tony and Loki began making preparations on their end. As it was, it still took almost a week of work on before Thor finally returned. Bringing the 6 inch thick cable that was amazingly light to handle, despite it’s superior strength.

“You sure this won’t break,” Steve asked handling the rope feeling material doubtfully.

“It’ll hold,” Thor assured him as he watched the robots in Tony’s lab carefully assembling the giant orb like device that was to be the gate. He’d brought it in 3 separate sections, it being far too heavy and large to bring as one whole creation. Each piece locking into place neatly as it was designed. “I’ll bring the Tesseract when all is ready,” Thor assured his brother who was sitting on a table overseeing the progress.

“How’d you convince him,” Loki asked dubiously. “Please tell me that you didn’t lie.”

“Me Loki?,” Thor scoffed openly. “I could never lie to father. Is it so difficult for you to accept that he agreed to it because he cares about you?”

“Yes,” Loki returned easily, looking up to meet his brother’s eyes. His heart trying to memorize every moment he met that azure gaze as though it would be his last. As it may very well be. Though he wouldn’t give voice to his own theory, that it was Thor’s care for him that prompted the
Thor just smiled and petted Lokitty’s head as he turned back to watch. He didn’t want to argue anymore. Didn’t want their final moments together to be full of bitter words.

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Thor sighed as he sank down into the tub. They’d been working tirelessly late into the night, but it appeared as though the device was almost ready. Securing the cable took a bit of work, but he’d managed and Tony was downstairs right now making certain it was securely anchored into a giant winch-like device.

Loki waited until he was certain his brother was submerged before creeping in. Figuring his looking privileges had ended along with his admission of identity. Still, if this was the last time he was going to possibly see his brother, then he wanted some of their former closeness to remember him by.

Carefully he hopped up on the ledge of the tub. “Mind if I join you?” he asked softly.

Thor just smiled and patted his chest. “Of course you may, Loki.” His blue eyes following the cat as it leapt neatly over to his chest and settled upon it. It was difficult to wrap his head around the fact that this was in fact his brother, especially thinking back to all the other moments just like this one that they had shared. “You’re very affectionate in this form you know.” he remarked as he delicately rubbed the cat’s cheek with his thumb.

“Shhh, don’t make it weird,” Loki joked, bringing a soft rumble of laughter from under his paws. Wanting to drink in every moment, every sensation and sound from his brother while he still could. “I thoroughly blame it on the feline’s instincts.”

“Well, it’s nice,” Thor remarked smiling at Loki tenderly. “I like this softer side of you.”

He then took up the sponge and delicately began washing him off.

“I like your softer side too,” Loki remarked quietly, causing Thor’s hand to pause as he stared at his brother and felt his chest tighten a bit. “Pet me Thor.” Loki demanded, pulling Thor out of his daze as the haughty feline barked orders at him. He smiled and petted the sleek sable fur dutifully. “Now rub my chin.”

“Let me guess, give you kisses,” Thor chuckled as he rubbed the feline’s chin and gently bent his head to place a noisy kiss right upon the feline’s skull. He couldn’t help but voice the question that had been plaguing him. “Loki, are you not afraid of what lays before us?”

“Fear is useless and temporary, dear brother,” Loki replied exhaling softly. “This will either work or it will not. Fear will not increase our chances of success in the slightest.” He smiled, not wanting to take away all his brother’s hope. Hope was all they had. “Truth of it is, that it either will work, or I won’t be around any longer to be concerned with it. However, at the current rate of things, I may not be around much longer even without attempting this.” Loki paused and took a deep breath to focus his thoughts. Even now the furball was pushing against his carefully created barriers, demanding to be let out. “The felidae is growing stronger as my own essence grows weaker, Thor. If my body was not located soon, then I would eventually have lost the battle and ceased to exist. It was either this or nothing.”

“I know,” Thor said heavily.

Loki turned to him surprised, before huffing out a laugh. "Stark told you, didn’t he?’"

“Verily,” Thor stated. “Even had he not, do you think I do not see the changes in you? Do you think
me so unobservant of my own brother?”

“Do you wish me to answer that honestly?” Loki jested hoping to lighten the mood.

Thor just chuckled and stroked Lokitty’s sleek fur. “Loki, when you get your body back. Will you remember any of this?”

“I’ve honestly no idea Thor,” Loki allowed. “Nobody has yet to successfully come back from the inside of Yggdrasill.”

“Well then, we shall be the first,” Thor stated firmly, kissing the top of his brother’s head as if sealing the deal.

But the weight of what lay before them weighed heavily on his head and his heart. Following him well after they’d retired to bed. His brother sleeping soundly upon his chest for what could possibly be the last time.
Chapter 51

Lokitty paced nervously before the device. A giant set of double rings that would channel the Tesseract’s energy to create a rift. A hole big enough for one cat and one Asgardian to travel through. With Mjolnir’s magic hopefully staying open long enough for Thor to get pulled back. He had no doubt that his brother would return, though he did doubt that he’d be with him.

Loki was going over everything in his head, checking and double checking every connection and everything he recalled from his readings on Yggdrasil. “Right, we’re going to be inside the core, in the vein if you will, so I doubt there’ll be any air.” He explained to Thor dutifully.

“I can hold my breath for a long time Loki, you know this,” Thor assured him as Steve assisted with getting the cable secured about his waist.

“Inside the vein,” Steve asked a little unsure. “Are you going to be like swimming in blood in there?”

“More like ethereal fluids,” Loki informed. “Goo,” He added a bit more simply for the human. “Which is why when Thor gets pulled out…”

“When WE get pulled out,” Thor corrected.

“Right, well, that's why you'll need to get... Us.. Into cold water as quickly as possible. It'll disperse the uh goo, and hopefully help revive our systems.”

“I have the hot tub filled with ice water and the heater is off,” Tony informed clamping down the heavy clip and pulling the cable snug to Thor's waist.

Thor went forward a bit and knelt beside his brother, stroking his fur gently. “Loki, this WILL work, I have faith.”

“I'm glad one of us does,” Loki stated flatly with a sigh. He then looked up, meeting Thor's azure gaze. “Look Thor, I'm not certain what Yggdrasil is doing to my body in there, however it's likely not going to be very pretty. Try to keep a cool head.”

Thor frowned at the warning, wondering just how much Loki actually knew of what was inside. “How will I find you?”

“That'll actually be the easy part,” Loki replied leaning into Thor's hand. “Magic will be attracted to magic in there like a magnet. As long as mine remains when I'm back in my own body, yours should go right to it. Just let go and follow it. Though do be quick or Yggdrasil will drain your seidr dry.”

“I will be, do not worry,” Thor assured him lifting him up to kiss his head tenderly.

“Me? Worry? Why this is just a bit of fun,” Loki assured him and Thor set him back down. Knowing the words were not the truth.

“Alright Thor, let's get it fired up, shall we?”

Thor gripped Mjolnir’s handle, calling on her magic to aid him. He looked to his brother and nodded. Lokitty placing a paw upon his hand and one upon the ring to channel the magic, gasping at the sudden surge of force that hit him, filling him as he’d never been filled by magic before and nearly swaying with it’s might.
He knew Mjolnir was holding back, but if this was what Thor felt when wielding her, then she was truly a force to be reckoned with. He almost didn’t want to release it, but to hold it forever, as some precious thing, that would no doubt burn him up and destroy him just as the star it was created from. But Thor’s hand under his own paw kept him grounded and focused. Thor was what mattered here. He insisted on coming along, so it was important to focus so he would return.

Loki carefully moved the magic into the wheels, the metal grinding lightly as the inner rings began spinning, carefully supported, yet not hindered by the larger outer ring, it increased speed. Tony watching the monitors eagerly to chart the readings.

“You better be getting all this Jarvis,” he said, his eyes dancing with excitement of what he was witnessing.

“That should be enough,” Loki said removing his paw from Thor’s hand and keeping the other on the ring to continue the energy focus until it was up to speed. “Be ready with the Tesseract.”

Thor nodded, leaving Mjolnir where she sat and ran to a gilded velvet like bag he’d brought it in. Reaching in and pulling out the blue cube encased safely in its glass like vessel, he reapproached the ring.

“Tony, how are we looking,” Loki called back to him, his eyes never leaving the rings. The wind being generated from it’s rapid gyration ruffling his fur and creating a loud hum of noise as it increased speed steadily.

“Almost there,” Tony informed.

Faster and faster it spun, the pitch growing from a hum ever higher. The wind increased in its wake. Steve moved a bit further back, but otherwise watched the entire event unfolding wordlessly.

“Now,” Tony barked and Loki nodded to Thor. The Thunderer held up the cube and twisted one of the silver handles on the end of the casing, calling it’s powers to act. Suddenly a blue light shot from the Tesseract and landed in the middle of the rings, spreading slowly like water until the entire center was soon a blinding blue white light. Every rune on the outer ring lit up in unison.

Thor set down the Tesseract and held his breath as he watched as well. The cube maintained its link with the rings as they spun. This was beyond anything he’d seen with the Bifrost or his father’s magic. What they had just accomplished would be surely written about in tomes of heroism to be talked about for all ages.

Lokitty removed his paw and stepped before it, regarding it in awe, he’d only theorized and read about this, but to see it in made real was something else entirely. They were literally holding open a door into Yggdrasil itself. Cautiously he approached and touched the light with a paw, feeling the heat and energy tugging at it. Wanting to draw him in and assimilate his form into it’s veins, to use him and shape him into something it could use.

He sighed and glanced back, meeting his brother’s eyes one last time. “Well Thor, I suppose we’d best get to it.”

“Loki, wait!” Thor said stepping forward, feeling as though his heart was going to shatter right in two. He had to say it! Had to tell him before it was too late. “Loki I…”

“Don’t Thor,” Loki cut him off bowing his head. He knew exactly what the thunderer wanted to say, he just couldn’t bear to hear it. He needed to focus, Thor needed to focus. “Tell me when you bring me back.”
Loki leapt over the event horizon and immediately felt as though he were being ripped away from the furry shell that had borne him for so long. He'd imagined it might be like this, but had no idea the sheer force of his consciousness being torn from the small mortal form. And he certainly didn't expect the pain that was welling up to greet him.

Something seemed to grab him, he knew it was just the pull from his own body, but Instinct made him want to cling to the feline, to shrink away from the hurt and darkness awaiting him. He felt the cat's panic as the tendrils of Yggdrasil reached for it in the thick darkness. His awareness still attached to it's tiny helpless form as it fought for air where there was none.

Closing his eyes and shutting out everything as much as he could, he focused intensely on the furball. He has to calm it. Trying to soothe it's thoughts with the happiest of memories, plates of tuna, fabric mice laden with euphoric herbs, swimming in the ocean with Thor. With the cat distracted he bid his seidr to envelope it fully, swaddling it in a magic cloak. He thought he felt the rumbling purr even as he felt them being torn apart. His own seidr being drawn back to his body as he'd planned. Though, it would all be for naught if Thor failed to come through. Thor. He already missed his brother blue eyes, the color of the sea during a storm. Would he ever see him again? With that thought the darkness took him.
Chapter 52

Thor tried to reach for him, but with a neat jump, his brother was gone. Disappearing into the light before him without a sound. No, not like that. It wasn’t going to end for them like that! He was going to bring his brother back and tell him everything he’d been aching to say for ages. Whether Loki wanted to hear it or not!

He turned around to where Stark had donned his Iron Man suit and was standing with Steve Rogers, holding the cable and feeding it a bit when he stepped forward. “My friends. On your father's names, do not let go!”

With that he turned and stepped into the light. It was blinding and warm all at once, though the air inside was not thick as he'd expected. He felt a tugging at his body, as though being sucked forward by a great vacuum. Loki had said their magic would be drawn together like a magnet should any of his remain, so he allowed it to pull him, glancing down to make certain the cable was still firmly about his waist.

“Like we would let go,” Stark scoffed as he and Steve felt the cable pull and began feeding it's length to allow Thor to continue. Hoping they had enough and wouldn't come up short. They really had no idea how far Loki was in there.

Thor felt the pull weakening and moved forward on his own, shadows inside lifting before him and suddenly there he was. His brother, suspended before him, held aloft by pink, root like bonds. His skin a light shade of blue, bared before him, and Thor recognized it as his Jotun form. Definitely not a good sign if Loki no longer possessed the magic or will to hide his natural form. His eyes were shut, giving no indication of consciousness and all around him there s were strange, pulsing root like formations twined tightly about his limbs. Pulling his arms and legs out taut to either side. Even penetrating his nose and mouth, moving in rippling pulses as though they were drinking from him, as they held his brother splayed out before him. Though obviously they kept him alive as well, likely wanting to keep his form as fresh as possible as it extracted his seidr from him.

Thor growled and surged forward, feeling his rage well up at the sight of his brother being used and helpless, grabbing and clawing at the pink roots. He felt their flesh like forms squish beneath his hands as he ripped and tore them away from his brother.

More roots seemed to grow from the odd fleshy like wall behind Loki and snaked out from all sides, reclaiming their prize as they now sought out the Thunderer as well. Tearing at his clothes and pulling at his arms, their very touch seeming to take his strength, sucking it from him little by little as he struggled and fought the grasping forms.

They were feeding off him, just as they were feeding off his brother. Pretty soon they'd both be nothing but fertilizer for the great tree. No, he wouldn't allow it. He surged forward, wrapping his arms firmly around Loki’s still form, feeling the roots surrounding them both, wrapping them in their lethal grip as his energy waned. Any minute now his friends would pull them out, he just had to stay conscious enough to keep a hold of his brother. No, he was never letting him go again.

Steve and Tony both watched the timer counting down, steadily feeding more cable only to feel it suddenly pull forward. Nearly jerking them off their feet.

“I don't know if that was a good sign or a bad sign,” Steve remarked feeding the length just a bit
more. Suddenly He felt it tug again.

“Okay, I think that's enough time,” Tony announced. “Let's reel them in.”

Steve opened his mouth to argue, then looked curiously at the cable. It had stopped moving completely and was now vibrating in a steady rhythm, almost like a heartbeat.

“Yeah, you're right,” Steve agreed, already tightening his grip. “Let's pull them in.”

“Jarvis, hit it,” Tony barked and his AI complied, starting up the massive winch behind them to begin reeling in the cable.

As it gradually emerged from the rift before them, its length seemed to be coated with a strange pink substance almost like a slimy strawberry jam.

“Gah, what is that,” Steve remarked as his hand hit the slimy substance, slipping a bit and forcing him to tighten his hold.

“I suppose that's the goo Loki warned us about.” Stark remarked, frowning at a particularly chunky bit emerged, dripping in a slow ooze from the line before them.

Suddenly the cable went taut, the wench groaned in protest as it stopped moving. The metal lifeline now tight and creaking with strain as they pulled against it's unyielding length.

“It's going to break,” Steve warned as he groaned with the effort of pulling against it.

“No it's not,” Stark argued stubbornly. “It's just hung up on something. Look, on the count of three, we give it a good hard yank.” He directed, Steve nodding his head as he repositioned handhold and planted his feet. “One…. Two….threeeee.”

They both jerked with all their might, putting the weight of their bodies into it. Suddenly the cable was moving again. The quick release of tension sent them both backwards to the floor, though now it was moving too quickly. Steve was certain they'd snapped it and expected to see it's frayed end come shooting out with the rest of the cable at any moment.

Instead, what came shooting out was one very large Asgardian, completely covered from head to toe in the pink jam substance, but more importantly, in his arms he held an equally goo coated form. Steve was on his feet instantly, rushing over and scraping the ooze from their faces.

“They're not breathing,” Steve remarked, pausing and looking curiously at Loki's blue skin. “That can't be good. Tony quick, get this cable off!”

“Already on it,” Stark replied, his suit already folding away as he unclipped the cable and moved to help lift the Asgardian. “Jarvis, shut it down!”

“Yes,sir,” The AI informed as the brakes that were built into the ring engaged, slowing the inner ring’s spinning with an ear shattering screech. The Tesseract shut its power off as soon as the wheel slowed enough.

Thor had a tight grip on his brother, refusing to let him go from where he held him to his chest, the leaner man's head sitting just under his chin. This would make moving them both together twice as difficult.

“Uuuuuggghh,” Tony complained as they both looped their arms under the jelly covered forms and lifted. “Goo isn’t the right word for this. I think Slime seems more apt, don’t you?”.
“Definitely, but if we don’t hurry, you’ll not get your chance to correct him,” Steve said cringing as he carried the two carefully out the door and to the awaiting hot tub. “Wouldn't this have been easier with your suit on?”

“Are you kidding me? I don't want this slime on my suit.”

Steve just shook his head as they hefted the two men over the edge, setting them down carefully so that their heads were both above the water.

Steve hurriedly grabbed some washcloths that they had nearby and began wiping the pink mess from the brothers faces.

“Is he supposed to be blue like that,” Stark remarked curiously. “Or naked? Loki definitely didn't mention nudity. That I would've remembered.”

“I've no idea,” Steve answered. “I don't think so.” He continually dipped the cloth into the icy water, bringing it up to clear their faces. Finally focusing on just Thor, hoping it was his best bet to try to revive him first, then perhaps he'd help with Loki.

“Come on Thor,” Steve urged wiping the slime away as best as he could. “Breathe! Just breathe! Come on, don't make me have to do CPR on a large slime covered alien.”

“Do you think it would work on them,” Stark asked coming over and eyeing the two doubtfully. Nurse care wasn't exactly his strong suit.

“I don't know,” Steve barked. “come on Thor. Just breathe!”

Thor suddenly gasped, his eyes opening wide as he took a large gulp of air. Feeling as though he were underwater too long and had just made it to the surface. His heart pounded frantically as he was instantly assaulted by the chill of the water. He heard his friend's voices and looked around in confusion at first.

“Hey, welcome back big guy,” Steve greeted, sighing in relief as Thor took his first breaths of air. “You did it!”

“I did?” Thor was confused at first, what had he done? Then he shifted, feeling the weight of the form he still held against him and it all came flooding back. “Loki,” Thor called, gripping his brother and shifting him so he could see. He wasn't moving and worse, wasn't breathing. “Loki, come back to me.” He cried, grabbing the tiny towel from Steve to begin wiping down his brother's face. Cradling him with his free arm.

“Is he supposed to be that color,” Steve asked still quite concerned that all this would be for naught.

“It is his Jotun form,” Thor informed him as though that answered everything.

“Ohhh, his Jotun form,” Tony echoed, looking to Steve and giving him a shrug. A conversation for another day, obviously, right now they had a greater concern.

“Come on brother,” Thor urged, giving the limp form a small shake. “Loki, we are safe. We have done it! Just breathe... Please!” Thor cried, his voice breaking a bit as he hugged his brother to him tightly. No, it couldn't end like this. He wouldn't let it. They had succeeded. They had done the unthinkable and came back! He wouldn't lose his brother again!

Thor reached out his hand, summoning Mjolnir to him. The slowly gaining hum already filling the air marking it's approach. “My friends, you will want to stand away from the tub.”
As the giant hammer appeared, soaring obediently to the Thunderer's hand, Steve and Tony quickly evacuated the room. Then peered back in from around the door frame.

Thor held Loki’s slender body to him as he held his hand aloft. Calling on the lightning to come to him. It's crack shattering the air as the bolt hit him and flowed through him. Dancing out across the water as it spread. Engulfing his beloved brother in its electric bite.

Loki gasped suddenly, pulling away from Thor's arm as he moved to escape the lightning. The blue fading from his face, melting away to form his familiar pale ivory visage. Thor immediately dropped Mjolnir to the floor, releasing the power as he wrapped both arms around his brother, hugging him tight to him.

“Loki, we did it,” he murmured, kissing his brother's head gently. “We did it.”

He felt his brother relax against him, his breathing becoming slow and steady. His slender hands dropping back to his lap as his body slumped. “So we did.” He breathed weakly.
Tony stared at the far too handsome man slumbering in Thor's bed. All the goo had been bathed away from the pair, Thor's doing thank goodness, and Loki was now wearing a thin green robe. The top of it just open, revealing his fine pale chest that rose and fell slowly with each breath.

“He looks younger than I remember,” Tony remarked, not even glancing at the larger Asgardian who had thankfully gotten fully dressed and now stood staring broodily out the window.

“He was soaking in pure Seidr for all that time,” Thor explained, glancing over at his brother's sleeping countenance with a frown. “It washed away all the lines that hate and stress bring.”

"Huh, a literal fountain of youth,” Tony replied stepping a bit closer to take in the smooth almost angelic face. Loki’s hand just resting beside him on the pillow, the other splayed loosely across his stomach, those far too pink lips, like dusky roses in a field of snow, just slightly opened, begged to be kissed. Tony felt he could stay here staring at the beauty before him all day. “He's so… Gorgeous.” He remarked almost absently.

Thor let out a soft huff of laughter and regarded his brother. Feeling the familiar flutter in his chest that he always got when he saw him. “That he is.” He agreed proudly.

“So, uh,” Stark began, shaking his head to clear his thoughts. Thoughts he definitely shouldn’t be having about their newly returned prisoner. “Do you think he'll remember, you know, being a cat and all? “

“I do not know, friend Stark,” Thor replied grimly, turning back to the window. It was that thought that plagued his mind. How much would his brother remember, if anything? As a feline he'd displayed such softness, such affection. It tore at Thor's heart to think that he'd finally gotten close to his brother again, just to have all that ripped away from him.

“Say, what happened to the cat, by the way,” Stark asked looking at Thor ponderously.

“I'm afraid Yggdrasil would have devoured it's mortal form instantly,” Thor replied grimly.

“Oh right,” Tony said a bit troubled as he turned to leave. “The ever voracious tree of Life and all. Well, I suppose I'll have to go break the news to Steve….. and Clint. Oh boy, this is going to be a long night.” He grumbled as he left.

Thor couldn't have agreed more.

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Loki felt his consciousness pulling at him, bringing him slowly back up into the world of wakefulness. Puzzling at first why the steady thunder of his brother's heartbeat wasn't greeting him.
The hammering resonance had become such a constant in his life that it's absence from below his ear was unsettling.

Gradually he opened his eyes to instantly gaze upon his brother's form. The hulking shape of it standing rigidly before the window. But why was he standing over there and not resting in the bed with Loki?

Then it dawned on him, he was no longer a feline. No longer an innocent mortal creature to be held and coddled. Perhaps Thor had changed his mind about all he'd said before. About loving Loki so dearly. Or perhaps, and more likely the story, he thought that Loki wouldn't receive his love now that his body was returned. With hardly a rustle of the sheets, Loki sat up. Letting his head settle and his balance return as he looked upon the thunderer.

Thor glanced over, meeting his brother's gaze only briefly before turning it back to the window. He wanted to go to him, his very skin ached to touch, but he remained frozen in place by doubt. Doubt that his brother would receive any contact from him without a backlash of biting words that his heart just couldn't bear to hear just yet. His heart and mind were a bitter war of emotions.

“I thought I had lost you. Do you have any idea how that feels?” Thor said finally breaking the heavy silence hanging between them.

“I do.” Loki replied quietly dropping his gaze. “I saw.”

“You remember your time spent in that feline body?”

Loki raised his gaze and slipped quietly from the bed, approaching Thor cautiously. “I remember waking every morning to the thunder in my ear that is your heart. I remember warm baths, shared meals, and gentle touches. I remember Thor.”

Thor stilled as he watched his brother's approach. Bracing himself for the disappointment he would inevitably feel upon Loki announcing this was some game, a wicked trick to the emotions. Half expecting to feel a daggers bite at any moment.

“Thor?” Loki asked, now standing right before him in that far too light robe that hid nothing of his sensual frame. Thor stood wordlessly, his eyes watching his brother's youthful visage as Loki took his hand, guiding it deliberately to his side. “Pet me.” Loki urged tilting his head towards Thor's. The thunderer's heart quickening at the words as his thumb slid slow circles over the cloth, feeling Loki's always cool flesh just beneath it.

Loki carefully took Thor's other hand and rested it by his jaw, tilting into it as he half closed his eyes, appearing to drink in the touch. “Rub my chin.” His soft voice cooed.

Thor's thumb grazed over Loki's porcelain cheek. Tony had been absolutely correct, Loki was gorgeous. As Thor's pulse quickened he licked his lips, anticipating the final request.

Even though he knew what words would be uttered next, it did nothing to prepare him as he felt his heart melt. All the walls he'd meticulously prepared to protect himself from his brother's rebuttals, falling neatly away as the words spilled from his lips. Their faces now so close he could feel Loki’s cool breath brushing his lips.

“Give me kisses.”

Thor surged forth as his resolve faded. Smashing their lips together as the hand upon Loki's waist slipped further around him and tightened crushing his brother into his grasp. Thor's tongue brushed over Loki's lower lip and he heard the soft gasp as he opened and allowed the
thunderer to claim his mouth. Tongue tasting and exploring the forbidden fruit he'd always dreamed of. Feeling all the love and yearning he'd had bottled up all this time, come flooding out, his tongue caressed his lover's, tasting the coolness of his mouth. It felt crisp, almost like untouched snow. All while Loki's own hands snaked behind Thor's neck as his lean form melted into him.

Without breaking the kiss, he lifted Loki easily into his arms, carrying him back to the bed and laying down upon him, covering him with his own body. Thor's hand sliding inside the robe now to explore the flesh beneath. Loki felt so pliant under him, his divine alabaster skin open and bared for his hands to explore. Something he'd always craved, but never been able to act upon. It was so smooth to the touch, like the finest of silks and his fingers couldn't get enough of it. He traced every curve, feeling every rounded rib, and dip in muscle from Loki’s chest all the way down to the fine globes of his ass. Bringing the most wonderful moans from his lover's lips that Thor then swallowed with their passionate kisses.

Loki would never forget the day he discovered his brother's love. The way Thor filled him so perfectly, setting every nerve inside him on fire with the most exquisite pleasure. Every drag of his thick cock electric like lightning, and every thrust explosive like thunder. And through it all his ever gentle hands, caressing, pulling, stroking him to the very brink and holding him there as their bodies moved as one. Everything was Thor, he was engulfed by the sweltering heat put off by his skin and the taste of him in his mouth. He was inside him, and surrounding him all at the same time and all Loki could think was that he wanted more, needed more. He would never get enough of this to quench this new craving.

Thor would never forget the day that he got his brother back, truly back. And the day he was finally able to show him how he felt. To reveal all the ache and love for him that he'd kept walled up over the centuries. Loki's tight heat hugging him, flexing and tightening with each rolling thrust. Those long legs of his wrapped tightly about his waist as though afraid he'd actually leave. No, Thor would never leave. This was everything he wanted and as he rolled his hips forward, he knew it was more than he'd ever imagined. It was as though they were made for one another, their bodies slotting together so perfectly, the magnificent way his love arched into each thrust, meeting him eagerly with breathy moans.

As such, it should have been no surprise when their climaxes came in unison. Their lover's names slipping from their lips as the Galaxy exploded behind closed eyes. The intensity of it bringing their gazes open to meet each other's eyes in shared wonder and adoration. Chests heaving, hearts racing, they quickly closed the distance between them as their lips met passionately at first, before tapering off to softer, more tender pecks. Their foreheads held together long after as they vowed their undying devotion to each other. Seeing each other now no longer as brothers, but as lovers forever more.
Chapter 54

Thor lay awake, idly tracing his fingers over the pale arm now draped across his chest. His lover now using his wide shoulder as a pillow, his slender legs tangled comfortable with Thor's as their bodies formed a solid line along the bed.

He couldn't get over how comfortable this felt. How very right. Having Loki as his lover, his companion, he could think of none better and wanted none other. Though he couldn't help but smile at the similarity in position, Loki once again claiming his chest in slumber just as he had in his feline form. He had been so soft and amiable as a feline, Thor couldn't help but wonder, or rather hope if he was being honest, that his lover would remain so now that he had his body back.

His attention was suddenly torn from his lover as a knock came at the door.

“Enter,” he called, not wanting to dislodge his lover just yet. Loki needed his sleep.

“Hey Thor I just wanted to check..OH MY STARS!!,” Steve had walked in, all smiles until he spotted the two men lying together in the bed. Even though the blanket covered their lower half, thankfully, it was clear they were naked. Immediately he turned on his heels and covered his face, though the spreading crimson showing clear up to his ears spoke that he had seen plenty. “Nevermind… I'll uh, just nevermind.” He said quickly exiting and closing the door behind him.

Loki couldn't help at smirk at Steve's discomfort. Giving a small huff of a laugh, before stretching languidly. “Poor Steve, he got to be the unfortunate one to find us out.”

“Better him then Stark,” Thor remarked, combing his fingers through his lover's hair.

“Mmmm true,” Loki agreed, propping himself up on Thor's broad chest and gazing lovingly down upon him. Those blue eyes holding his focus and reflecting back all of the adoration he felt for the other man. “Though I’m sure he already knows.”

“Because of the Jarvis?”

“Because of the Jarvis,” Loki confirmed.

“He seemed a bit too interested in your physical appearance.” Thor added a bit grimly.

“Did he now,” Loki raised an eyebrow in surprise. “Whatever for?”

“I wonder myself” Thor mused, carefully placing a strand of stray hair behind his lover's ear. “Though your skin is positively glowing.”

“Residual Seidr my love,” Loki explained easily. “I am certain it will fade soon enough. Still it is quite humorous.”

“What is that?” Thor asked not seeing the joke.

“Here I thought he only wanted me for my mind.” Loki surmised with a sly smile tugging up one side of his lips. Though he doubted Stark had any physical interest in him, he was curious then as to what his true interest could be. Well, it would reveal itself in all due time.

Thor chuckled, his hand resting on the back of Loki's head, guiding him down gently for a tender kiss. “I'll not be sharing you with anyone in all the realms.”
Loki just smiled softly at him. Thor feeling his heart swell each time he did. It was an honest smile, not full of tricks or spite. Just the love he felt for his partner.

“Did you ever think that we'd end up like this,” Thor asked curiously.

“Think? No, of course not. Dreamed perhaps,” Loki admitted thoughtfully. “Though, the cat was a bit of a surprise.” He added with a chuckle.

“You as a cat was the surprise,” Thor laughed kissing his loves forehead. “You insisted on my carrying you everywhere and you loved the attention.”

“You would have as well,” Loki countered. “It's nice to feel soft touches once in awhile.”

Thor's smile dropped a bit sadly, letting his gaze drop to look upon the pale hand splayed upon his chest. As though noticing for the first time how much more delicate it appeared compared to his own. Everything about Loki was more refined, more elegantly lean. “I am sorry I have not shown it to you sooner, my love.”

Loki hooked his finger under Thor's chin, bringing his eyes back up to meet his. “Shhhh let it in the past, love.” Loki cooed, that one word of endearment shooting straight to Thor's heart in ways the leaner man would never know. Thor just watched him quietly, knowing his love had more to say.

“Here on Midgard, felines are rumored to have nine lives to be lived,” Loki said, taking Thor's hand in his and holding it gently. Gleaning the strength he needed from his lover's warm grasp. “I feel as though I have used up one of those now. Which would make this a new life, a new start. With you by my side as my lover instead of my brother. Friends instead of foes.”

Thor felt immensely proud of his love, hearing his words of wanting a fresh start brought him so much joy. “We were never foes Loki, you just wouldn't allow me to be your friend. However I like this idea. A new life it is.” He stated kissing his love as though to seal the deal.

Loki sighed wearily and settled back against him. His limbs feeling far too heavy and his energy still completely sapped. He just wanted to sleep for days, his eyes soon falling shut again behind heavy lids. But a strange nagging pulled at his thoughts, sensing things that were far too familiar and yet he was certain he shouldn't be. Thoughts that were his own, yet…. Not. He pondered over it all quietly until he had thoroughly flushed out the source of it. The realization both surprising and yet brought a small upward tilt to his lips as he finally surrendered to it's knowledge. Seems his analogy had not been so far off after all. It also seemed as though the fates had a sense of humor rivaling his own at times.
Chapter 55

The first thing Loki became aware of as he drifted back from the deep pit of sleep, was the steady thunderous rhythm in his ear. The now familiar sounds of Thor's heartbeat bringing a soft grin to his lips as he stretched his arm. Feeling the warm, wide plane of muscles beneath his hand as it traveled across his the Thunderer's chest. Slowly bringing it back under him to brace himself as he twisted, raising his head to meet those storm blue eyes which caused his heart to flip and his grin to widen. All he'd ever wanted his whole life was Thor's love. And now it was his.

Thor knew Loki was awake before his brother even moved. Could tell by how his breathing changed in the far too quiet room. He tried to remain guarded, still fearing that upon waking that Loki would refuse him now that he's had more rest and more of his wits about him. Cast him aside with sharp words that cut deeper than his daggers ever did.

He felt his lover shift, that soft touch tracing over his chest and back, causing his heart to quicken in a way that he knew Loki would hear from his current position. Then his love raised his head and as he meet those emerald fields that were his eyes, saw the honest smile, all his fears and worries melted away like ice in summer. Berating himself for not having more faith in his lover's words.

“Mmmmm there's those gorgeous green eyes,” Thor hummed, wrapping his arms around the leaner man and holding him a bit tighter. “I was beginning to fear they'd never return.”

“How long was I asleep?” Loki asked honestly curious. He knew he'd slept for awhile, and yet it still wasn't enough. He felt exhausted, drained entirely. His body had definitely spent far too long inside Yggdrasil. It would take time yet to recover. And as he felt deeper, he felt the fraction of his magic that had yet to grow any larger. That brought more of a frown than his physical degradation.

“A week” Thor replied easily, reaching up to tuck a stray hair behind his lover's ear. Loki didn't need to ask if his brother had stayed by his side the entire time. His love was quite stubborn when he wanted to be, which was most of the time. There was no doubt that he'd not left Loki alone for a second.

“Mmmm,” Loki hummed half in thought as his eyes drifted with his mind, trying to pick up the time around him. “If we were back on Asgard I could easily sleep for an entire Earth year.”

“Lokiii,” Thor chided gently, brushing back his lover’s hair with delicate strokes of his hand, almost as though petting him. “You should not have allowed me to….I would have waited until you were properly healed to join us.”

“Nonsense,” Loki returned softly, his eyes once again raising to meet the Thunderer’s. “I am not some frail child. I will recover just fine and did it not occur to you that perhaps it is I who could not wait?”

Thor smiled and kissed his lover's head tenderly. Giving him a gentle squeeze and enjoying the weight of him pressed into his side.

“I do however require a bath,” Loki stated with a hint of a frown. “And so do you.”

“That I will not argue,” Thor chuckled thunderously. Giving Loki one more kiss before sliding out from under him to get the water running. Only glancing back once to make certain that his love hasn't fallen back asleep.

The sight of him sitting on the edge of the bed filled him with sadness. His brother was exhausted,
his limbs drooped lifelessly by his side and dark shadows ringed his eyes. His form was still a bit gaunt, ribs clearly showing at each breath from all that time his body had spent uncared for. Being fed off of by that wretched tree. He hadn't seen him so spent since that one battle when they were youths where he'd nearly depleted all of his magic. His brother had disappeared for months afterwards and Thor had missed his presence every second of every day during that time.

Thor returned to help his love up and Loki waved him off with a scowl. “Do not coddle me Thor. I am neither old nor feeble.”

Thor smiled and scooped him up into his arms anyway, there was no real bite to Loki's words and his brother merely sighed in defeat as he was lifted off his feet. “Maybe I just enjoy coddling you.” Thor retorted boldly as he carried his love into the tub. Carefully positioning them as he climbed in so that Loki was sitting between his legs and laying back against his chest so that he could bathe him. “New life remember? I intend to fill it with all the coddling and caresses that you could possibly stand. Though you were much lighter as a feline.” He jested earning a sharp elbow to the ribs.

Old Loki would have protested all this. However new Loki had tasted the pleasures of his brother's gentle hands and laid quietly enjoying the soft brushes of the sponge now being lathed across him. He hummed pleasantly at the touch which had the added benefit of earning him soft kisses across his shoulders.

Loki felt the deep tumbling resonance in his chest already beginning to rise and fall with each breath moments before the sound hit his ears, but lacked the energy to stop it. There would be many more moments like this. Moments he had to decide whether to try to suppress or not. For now, it was easier just to allow it.

“Loki, are you purring?,” Thor chuckled as the familiar vibration reached his ears and thrummed physically through their joined bodies.

“Shhhh don't make it weird,” Loki said softly, eyes closed as if ignoring it all together. “I'll explain later.”

Thor was still curious, but didn't want to push just yet. He enjoyed the way his brother was drinking up his affection. Soaking it in like the large sponge now tracing over his body. As long as his brother wanted it, he would gladly give this and more. Drowning him in his love for him until the stars burned out.

However his lover's wasted physique didn't go unnoticed. Thor's fingers able to trace every rib and the sharp points of his hip. How he'd not noticed during their love making made him disappointed in himself. Though he knew that Loki had needed their joining as much as he had. The act solidifying what they had like a contract. Breaking down whatever doors may have yet laid between them and casting them to ruin.

“How is your magic,” Thor asked hopefully.

“Barely a wisp,” Loki replied, holding up one elegant hand to regard it closely. As though he could see the magic in question, despite the usual green aura it cast remaining absent. If Loki had had to put it in a visual sense, he'd relate it to about the size of one of those larger weighted balls Thor liked to toss about down in the gym. Medicine balls they were called, despite not containing any medicinal properties. “But it's there. It will grow with time. At least, as much as it's allowed to.”

Thor knew he was also looking for something else. “Your other form was showing when I brought you back.” He allowed, knowing his brother hated his Jotun form. Keeping it hidden at all costs, though Thor was ever curious about it. He really wanted to see it fully one day, to appreciate it and
take it all in.

“I am certain it was,” Loki sighed dropping his hand back into the water. “So the others saw, they know what I am now.”

“They did,” Thor said gently. “Though they have been forewarned not to speak of it. This changes nothing of my feelings for you brother.”

Loki barked out a small laugh. “I did not think that it would. You already know what I am.”

“I do, you’re my brother and my love,” Thor said, humming as he gave the back of his lover’s neck a small kiss. Yggdrasil had taken its toll on his brother. It would take quite some time for him to recover. Thor would make certain that he was by his side the entire time.

They finished their abalations in relative silence, just enjoying each other’s company and dressed in comfortably loose Midgardian clothing. Loki immediately set about to picking and tugging at the seams in discomfort.

“What is it my love?” Thor asked as he watched him curiously.

“This fabric feels so heavy,” Loki complained peeling the shirt off and dropping it to the floor. “Is there nothing of a lighter material in there?”

Thor rummaged about until he found a light, linen like tunic, sliding it on over his love’s head and kissing his lips as they cleared the neckline. “Better?” He asked hopefully.

“It'll do,” Loki replied settling his arms through the sleeves and adjusting the fabric about him. “I suppose I spent too long as a feline. Clothes just feel so… foreign. I'll get used to them in time, I suppose.” Though he wondered if it was really his time spent that was the issue, or the more current situation with the furball making it an issue.

“Well, it would be for the best,” Thor replied smiling at his train of thought. “Especially if you ever hope to converse with Captain Rogers again.”

Loki burst out with a chuckle at that and Thor felt his heart simply soar.

“Why don’t I make you some breakfast?” Thor offered, kissing Loki tenderly on the head.

“Oh, is it morning,” Loki asked frowning a bit as he looked to the light coming in the window. “I couldn’t quite grasp the time. It’s all a bit fuzzy yet, time that is.”

“It is,” Thor confirmed taking his loves hand in his to lead him downstairs. “The others will be pleased to see you up and about.”

“Now that I truly doubt,” Loki scoffed shaking his head. He knew that they only enjoyed him as a feline. Now it would be business as usual and he’d be sent back to his room to be locked up whenever Thor wasn't around. Well, at least he'd be able to get some sleep then. Though he wasn't Loki Silvertongue for nothing, perhaps there was yet a way around it.
Chapter 56

The kitchen was thankfully empty as Thor bustled about, preparing them both a hearty breakfast of eggs, sausage, bacon, and toast.

“You've become quite the good cook during your time here on Midgard,” Loki remarked as he sat watching his brother bustle about. “Mother would be proud.”

“Yes, however father?” Thor countered already knowing the answer.

“Not so much,” Loki supplied with a shrug. He had considered asking for tuna, however his stomach already twisted at the smell of just the eggs, so he doubted the fish would prove any better.

“Loki you have to eat” Thor frowned as he watched his love push the plate of eggs away from him.

“I am eating, Thor,” Loki returned taking a pointed bite of his toast. Sighing as he realized his words could be snippy and Thor had after all gone through such trouble to prepare all of this.

“Apologies, my stomach is not yet capable of handling such a meal. Give me time, love?”

Thor smiled, the soft title of endearment that fell so easily from his brother's lips warming his heart. “Okay, love.” He echoed gently, reaching out to smooth his thumb over his lover's cheek. “But you need protein to heal. Try just a bit?” He urged, holding out a piece of bacon to Loki's lips, delighting when his brother dutifully took a bite.

“And here I thought you wouldn't hand feed me in this form,” Loki quipped lightly. Smirking as he was fed another piece.

“You deserve a bit of spoiling,” Thor returned easily. “For now, anyway.”

“Really, because I think could actually go for some Tuna.” He really couldn't, but decided to try anyway.

“Tuna is not for breakfast, Loki,” Thor chuckled at his love.

“Sounds like one of Stark’s ridiculous rules.”

“Careful, you feed them and you'll never get rid of them,” Stark's voice chimed in alerting them of his presence.

Loki looked up, seeing the man in question leaning against the door frame. His gaze stirring the Demigod curiously. He'd expected looks of hate, contempt even. After all, he had just been parading around under their noses for a good several months disguised as a cat. But this look, Stark seemed to be eying him closely, though it was not the attraction Thor had mentioned earlier. No, he was eying him like he was searching for something. But what?

Loki turned to see if Thor knew and saw his brother just smiling lovingly at him and tearing him off another piece of bacon. Loki couldn't help but smile as he dutifully took the bite. He reached under the table to place a hand on his lover's thigh, drawing the Thunderer's gaze back up to meet his and awarding him a gentle smile. Drawing strength from his love now by his side, he'd flush out whatever Stark was looking for eventually.

“Stark, care to join us for breakfast,” Loki offered, curious if the short man would be so bold as to dine with him now that he was back in his true form. “Thor has made far more than I could eat I'm
“Well, it would be a shame for it to go to waste,” Stark said sliding in easily across from Thor and retrieving the plate. Digging in eagerly as he smiled at the pair.

“So, now that you’re back to this,” Tony began still eying Loki closely. “Your magic..”

“I am afraid it will take some time to recover,” Loki informed trying to stay amiable. So that was the attraction, his magic. He should've known.

“Well, when it does, I’ll need you in the lab,” Tony continued. “Get some baseline scans into the computer. You know, for reference.”

“I am afraid that I am disinclined to acquiesce your request,” Loki replied haughtily, which brought a chuckle from Thor as he’d heard that response before.

“He means No,” Thor informed Stark as he grinned at the other man.

“Loki, I’m hurt,” Tony feigned pushing away the eggs. “And here I thought we were..”

“Friends?” Thor asked hopefully.

“What?! No, definitely not. But just..”

“Not enemies,” Loki stated for him.

“That’s it, we’re not enemies” Tony exclaimed with a snap of his fingers. “ and not enemies help each other out.”

“By letting you scan them?” Loki chuckled himself, leaning into Thor a bit and seeking out the protection from him he’d grown accustomed to as a feline. Pleased as Thor easily looped an arm about him. “ And what’s in this arrangement for me?”

“You get to see my lab.”

“I’ve seen it actually. Several times. Not impressed.”

“I must agree with Loki,” Thor stated leveling Stark with a stern look. “This arrangement of yours seems far too one sided. There’ll be no scanning of my brother in your lab.”

“Fine, but it’s not like he’s a royal companion animal anymore, so death is off the table,” Stark continued folding his arms petulantly.

Thor just shook his head at Tony’s stubbornness and gave his love a little squeeze.

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They waited until Steve had returned with Clint that evening before relaying Loki’s theory of starting fresh. The shorter Avenger wanting to see it all with his own eyes. Thor was still feeling enthused and proud of his brother as he relayed the information.

The rest of the members of the house were at odds over it.

“I don’t know Thor,” Stark argued as they sat down to dinner. “I think we should set some boundaries, I mean. I supposed he can share your room while you’re here, but when you’re not..”
“It’s back into the cell he goes?” Steve asked warningly, his arms crossed and back stiff and he glared at the other Avenger. Loki was quite touched actually to have him surprisingly on his side in this. “Why? He’s shown us no reason not to trust him.”

“Helloooo, God of mischief ring a bell?” Tony returned not backing down.

Thor grit his teeth, not wanting to lose his temper with his friends, but getting close to it. Loki was committed to doing better, to letting the past stay in the past. But Tony still wouldn't budge. He was surprised his love was being so calm through all this.

“It’s not like he hasn’t tricked us in the past,” Stark continued undaunted, “I mean how do you know he's being honest with you now and this isn't just some elaborate scheme to escape?”

“That would be quite elaborate,” Loki laughed as he listened calmly, his hand going to rest on Thor's thigh under the table. He could see the storm brewing within his love and hoped to quell it before it exploded. “Besides, I have made an Oath with Captain Rogers.

“Yeah, yeah, your little truth pact,” Stark dismissed with a scoff. “Tell me, did you shake on it, I mean paw to human? Or was there a written contract exchanged?”

“Anthony Stark,” Thor rumbled warningly. “We of Asgard do not take such Oaths lightly. Do not for one minute insinuate that my brother would break his word.”

“Brother? Really Thor?” Tony frowned. “Isn’t that a bit creepy now that you two are…”

“Tony,” Clint cut him off, speaking up for the first time. “Seriously, what's the problem man?”

Loki couldn't say he wasn't surprised by Barton taking his side. That was very magnanimous of him.

“What's the problem?!” Stark spat, standing up and gesturing to the lean Asgardian with both hands.

“So, let me understand this,” Loki continued calmly cutting off Tony’s rambling. “I previously had full access to your tower here for a good month, even your precious lab Stark. Often unsupervised I might remind you, however, now it's an issue?”

“Well that was different.” Tony countered.

“How so,” Loki asked, already smiling as he knew what he was getting at as he patiently lead him straight to the loophole that Stark creating.

“You were a cat,” Steve supplied frowning at Tony for still being so stubbornly shallow. Clint nodded in affirmation.

“So that's the reason,” Loki asked, making certain to give the man an out that he knew he wouldn't take as Tony didn't recognize it yet.

“Well yeah,” Stark retorted snidely and took a pointed long drink from his glass as he felt he’d gotten the upper hand and proved his point. “I mean, it's not like you could get into much trouble as a cat. You’ve had no thumbs for one thing. Makes it hard to open doors, hack into computers, murder people.”

“Fine, I accept,” Loki stated calmly and wrapped his arms around himself, his body slowly contorting and melting away with a shimmery green and gold light, until a familiar sleek black feline
“Holy shit, you're still the cat,” Barton exclaimed leaning over to peer closely at the feline on the table, giving it a little poke to see if it was an illusion and earning a swat from a very real paw. “He's got you there Tony.” He goaded seeing the loophole that had been created. It was nice to see somebody who could wipe away some of Stark’s ridiculous smugness. Yep, he was liking this Loki more already.

Loki gave a flip if his tail before going over to his brother who smiled warmly at the feline and scratched it under the chin. “Can you understand me?” He asked hopefully.

“He's got you there Tony.” He goaded seeing the loophole that had been created. It was nice to see somebody who could wipe away some of Stark’s ridiculous smugness. Yep, he was liking this Loki more already.

Loki gave a flip if his tail before going over to his brother who smiled warmly at the feline and scratched it under the chin. “Can you understand me?” He asked hopefully.

Of course I can,” Thor replied smiling as he doted on the small feline. Pleased to see his familiar black feline before him and knowing now it was his beloved brother as well. He should have known Loki would have figured out some way to preserve the cat. “Can't everyone?”

“Can't everyone what?” Steve asked curiously.

“Understand what Loki is saying,” Thor replied looking at him curiously. “Surely you can hear his words now. Loki, say something.”

“Something.” Lokitty replied flatly.

“Uhhhhhh yeah,” Stark said still staring at the cat in disbelief. “I'll just…. Yeah.” He stammered, ducking out to go fetch the device from the lab. Returning and placing it around the cat's neck. ”You're lucky I always make duplicates."

Loki sat patiently waiting, eating up Thor's affectionate petting until Stark had returned. Flipping his tail as the collar was placed before asking hopefully. “Better?”

“Coming in loud and clear there little fuzzy,” Tony quipped with a playful click if his tongue and a wink. To which the feline just rolled it's eyes.

“But I...I thought..” Steve stammered, looking at the cat in disbelief. “I don’t understand, I thought the cat was gone?’

“Yggdrasil redistributes all matter as it seems fit, it also follows the rule that like magic is drawn to like magic,” Loki explained patiently. “Just prior to my own entire consciousness being extracted, I cocooned the furball in what little seidhr I could spare. I figured Yggdrasil might identify that magic with my own and send it along to my body accordingly. It was a gamble, and a weak one at best. Though, had Thor not come through it wouldn't have succeed. However, my intention was to be in possession of the feline upon extraction. Instead, the fates that be have one terribly wicked sense of humor and It would appear that it was easier to merge our matter in order to get all my magic back in one place. Not the way I would have preferred, but I suppose it still counts.”

“So, you can change into the cat now,” Stark asked, looking at the creature before him skeptically.

“Technically, I am the cat,” Loki countered. “And the cat is now me. Since Yggdrasil merged us, we are one and the same, mostly.

“Merged,” Tony repeated as though he still didn't get it.

“Yes merged, come on Anthony, it's not rocket surgery!”

Tony just opened his mouth, going to correct him then shaking his head. Not worth wasting breath on just yet.

Loki looked up though to where Steve was just staring at him and walked over slowly. “My oaths with you still stand in either form. Do yours Captain?”

“Of course they do,” Rogers confirmed, smiling as he reached out and scratched the feline behind the ears. Delighting in how Lokitty seemed unable to resist leaning into his touch. He suddenly sheepishly withdrew his hand and blushed as he glanced at Thor. “Uh, sorry, habit. It won't happen again.”

Thor just chuckled and clapped his friend on the shoulder. “It is alright my friend. It should happen again and often. There is no reason that Loki wouldn't deserve as much attention as he was given previously.”

Loki looked to Thor a bit in surprise as the Thunderer reached out and began stroking his hand down his back.

“I mean, how can you resist?” Clint said reaching out to scratch Lokitty's chin and further digging the situation into Tony like a knife.

But Tony was continuing now eying the feline closely and a bit more thoughtfully. “You have your magic back, don't lie.”

“To a limited extent,” Loki admitted, though as he introspected, he could tell he had used a great amount to innact the change. His once large medicine ball sized supply was down to the smallest of medicine balls. However, surprisingly, that was much more magic available in cat form than it ever would be in his usual state. And wasn't that just another curious twist to this all.

“How limited?” Stark had been ever curious about Asgardian magic.

"Let's just say I won't be doing any further shape shifting anytime soon."

Stark was eager to see if there was any differences now that Loki had his form back to him, whether he was currently in it or not, but he was always torn about bringing Loki down to the lab. Afraid he’d tamper with something. However, as a cat, loopholes being what they were and all, and how much trouble could he get into work thumbs anyway?

“Thor, I need to borrow your cat,” Tony chimed up eagerly causing Thor to narrow his gaze at the small man. He instantly put his hands up in defense. "Whoa, only as a cat, I swear. I mean I know you said no, but that was as his other, uh form, right now he's the cat. And technically he was down there before."

“No!” Thor barked scooping Loki into his arm holding Loki to his chest as he got up to head back to his room.

“Thor, just hear me out,” Tony continued following behind.

Thor held out his hand and the high pitched hum alerted Stark to Mjolnir approaching, just in time for him to duck as it soared into Thor's hand. The Asgardian holding the hammer directly into Stark's face waringly. “Hear me now Stark, Loki is my betrothed. To even propose to defile him with your... Scanning... would be seen as an act of aggression towards all of Asgard. An act punishable by death.”

“So, I’m your betrothed now,” Loki chuckled, padding around on the bed where Thor had just set him down, waiting for the larger man to sit before hopping into his lap. He had felt the instant monumental drain such changing back to the feline form had brought to his magic reserves, but tried his best to ignore it for now. “How do you think mother will take it?”

“Well, you are adopted,” Thor said smirking as he stroked Lokitty’s sleek fur gently

“And father?”

“He stated himself that you were taken to join our realms,” Thor countered, smiling smugly as he leaned down to kiss the small furry head beneath him. “I’m simply joining them.”

Loki smiled himself and rose up to meet Thor’s lips halfway, a deep purr rumbling through him at every breath. “Mmmm and what a wonderful job of joining you do, my love.”

Thor smirked and placed many more kisses upon the fur, happy to finally have no boundaries between him and his love. Well none except for this current form that was. “Barely a wisp, huh? Enough to change into the cat though?”

“It’s was enough,” Loki admitted with a flick of his tail, not sharing that that whisp was practically nonexistent now.

“Enough you say?” Thor countered. “Then change back so that I may lavish you with the love you deserve. “

“I can’t,” Lokitty replied flatly.

“Can’t or won’t?” Thor replied a bit guarded.

“Thor, honestly? I simply lack the magical stores to change back and forth at whim now,” Loki responded rubbing up against his love.

“When will these magic stores return?” Thor continued asking curiously. “And how is it that I could understand you this time,”

“By all rights the understanding me part it doesn't make sense”.Loki replied with a flip of his tail “Perhaps we are now joined in more ways than one. As for changing back, I've honestly no idea, could be hours, could be days,” he explained, pausing to turn his head as a yawn escaped stretching his feline mouth wide.

“You should rest then,” Thor said gently, laying back upon the bed and placing Lokitty upon his chest “I will be here with you still upon your next Awakening.”

“Will you?”

“Yes my love,” he said firmly, scratching under Loki’s chin and kissing him once more on the head. “I will.”

“Do you swear by your father, and my father, and maybe even that feline’s father,” Loki joked as he stretched, arching his hips up and his front paws out, flexing his claws carefully before he finally settled down upon the thunderers chest.
“You will never let me live that one down, will you?”

“You know I will not,” Loki smirked with a flip of one ear.

Thor sighed as even such a familiar expression on the cat’s visage caused his heart to flutter happily. “I made another oath while you were a cat you know. I swore that if I had just one more minute with you, that I would not hesitate to tell you just how much I love you Loki.”

“Well, I think our joining already spoke volumes of that love,” Loki said lightly, tucking his paws under himself.

“It did, I just,” Thor hesitated as he searched Loki’s eyes as though the words he wanted to form were hidden there. “I just wish I had told you sooner. I can’t help but wonder how different it might have all gone.”

“Perhaps,” Loki allowed with a tilt of his head. “Though you know what these humans say, hindsight is a dish best served cold.”

“Is that what they say?”

“I’m almost certain. Though to be honest, they spout this whimsical nonsense so often, I’m not entirely sure they even know what they’re saying anymore. ‘He said with another tail flip. ‘It makes sense though. You can't really appreciate the things you should have done until the time has passed to do them. So perhaps it would have been different. Perhaps I just needed a furball to show me the way.”

“I’ve grown rather fond of that furball,” Thor chuckled as he scratched his love’s head gently.

“Yes, he certainly is an endearing little shit,” Loki agreed, laying his head down wearily. “Thor, just one thing, you didn't leave the Tesseract with Stark did you?”

Thor chuckled loudly. “You think so little of my senses? Fret not my love, I left your side only once while you slept. That device does not belong on this realm as it causes nothing but problems. I returned the giant sight glass and it's more miniature form as well. Much to Anthony's dismay.”

“Oh I can imagine, Well, it certainly solved a problem this time,” Loki remarked a bit dryly leaving Thor to wonder what his interest was in it.

“Loki, you are surely not still obsessed with that stone,” he asked holding his breath as he waited for the answer.

“Only mildly curious, nothing more. I am glad it is back on Asgard where it belongs.”

“Now I am certain there is a human saying about curiosity being the end of cats,” Thor teased, smiling again as his love's answer eased his worries.

“Only ordinary cats,” Loki corrected. “Which I assure you this furball never was ordinary.”

“Thank Valhalla for that!” Thor stated kissing his love's forehead.

They soon fell into a comfortable silence, Thor listening to his brother’s soft breaths as they drew longer and deeper, easing his love into sleep. Holding him safely upon him and finally having all he ever desired, he soon followed him into slumber.

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Thor awoke some time the next morning to a familiar weight upon his chest. It taking him quite sometime to realize that the furry form shouldn't be there. Still, he couldn't help but grin affectionately as he petted the feline's soft fur.

Loki awoke to Thor's soft touches, hearing his thundering heart and feeling the warmth of his chest beneath his paws. Wait, paws?! That wasn't right, was it?. He blinked his eyes open wearily and gave a great stretch.

“Loki, you're still a cat?,” Thor mentioned gently, scratching his love's chin. “I assure you There's plenty of room for us both and I can control my urges for you without you hiding in this form.”

“While I'm touched,” Loki replied stretching his chin to steal a few more scratches before hopping down on the bed. “I assure you I had no intention of still being in this form”

“Oh,” Thor stated a bit confused. “Perhaps it will take just a little more time then.”

“Perhaps,” Loki frowned as he thought to some logical explanation for his current predicament. His magic was coming back, but slowly. This was going to be a serious hamper on his activities.
Chapter 58

They got word that Banner was returning that day, so Loki feeling his relationship with the scientist was tenuous at best, eagerly volunteered to go with Thor on his patrol.

“Loki, are you certain that you’re up for it in this form?” Thor asked not entirely convinced it was a good idea, but he had missed having his brother by his side. Perhaps they could make it work.

“Thor, I had no issues infiltrating a robot, nor a stronghold in this form,” Loki assured him. “I am certain that I shall fair just fine with the limited amount of magic I now have.

“I suppose you are correct,” Thor allowed. “Wait, what stronghold?”

“I shall tell you on the way.”

**********

The day was calm, boring almost, though it was good to be out in the fresh air. Lokitty rode upon his brother’s wide shoulders soaking in the light night breeze, not realizing how much he’d missed it after being cooped up in the tower for all those months, when suddenly they were loudly interrupted by two young females running up eagerly to Thor “Thor! Oh my God Thor, can we get a picture with you?!”

Loki stretched from his perch upon his brother's shoulder, flexing his claws as though in warning to the human women not to get too close. “You have got to be kidding me. This is what you do while out on patrol?”

“But of course my ladies,” Thor said, smiling as he ignores Loki’s rant to pose with the young girls.

Loki sat up haughtily, peering into the rectangular device known as a cellular phone. He could see his image reflected back at him through the digital screen and sat up a little taller. He certainly was a handsome looking feline, if he did say so himself.

“Aww, is this your cat,” the one girl crooned, turning to pet the sable cat gently. “It's so cute!”

“Yes, this is my..er, companion Lokitty,” Thor introduced, bending his knees a bit so the girls could reach Loki easier. Smiling as he watched his love soaking up all the attention that was being lavished on him. Loki giving in easily, finding these females weren’t as useless as he’d first thought.

The girls soon bid their goodbyes and Thor continued on smiling smugly.

“Not a word,” Loki warned, settling back upon the Thunderer's broad shoulders.

“I wouldn't dream of it,” Thor chuckled, reaching up to scratch Loki gently by the ears himself.

His attention was called away by a massive explosion off to his right. Loki just had enough time to dig in his claws for purchase, before the Demi God was rushing off to see what had caused it.

Smoke still billowed out of a gaping hole in the side of the bank as they rounded the corner. And several men could be seen moving large bags of stuff, presumably money through that hole. Their faces obscured by large gas masks to protect them from the smoke.
“You there,” Thor bellowed, pulling Mjolnir from his waistband and pointing it at the crooks. “Surrender now and I'll go easy on you.”

The crooks in question obviously had no intentions of surrendering, instead bringing out guns from beneath their long jackets and opening fire upon the Avenger.

Loki instantly erected a magic shield to stop the bullets as his tail flipped on boredom. Yes, his magic was definitely returning and much more accessible in this form. Why he hardly used a drop. “Honestly, does that ever work?”

“It wouldn't be much fun if it did,” Thor replied grinning proudly. This was proof that Loki was ready to come back out on patrols again. His magic obviously returning to a much more useful state, though he really couldn't do any attacking. Just defending. Though that was working fine for them at the moment.

“Well let me know when this fun actually starts,” Loki said as he hopped neatly down to the ground by his love's feet. “Would be a dreadful shame to miss it.”

Thor only gave Loki the slightest of nods before charging the foes. Using his massive hammer to smash the hood of their vehicle, blocking their use of it for escape, then setting upon them with his bare fists.

Loki could tell his love was holding back. That was wise as these mortals tended to have much more brittle bones then Asgardians, or Jotuns for that matter. He waited patiently, cleaning his paws as he listened to Thor bring the bad guys to bay. All except one which his delicate feline ears heard racing off into the dark.

“Well, looks like I have to step in yet again,” Loki mused to himself as he took off in the direction of the retreating robber. “How ever did he survive without me all this time, I shall never know.”

With his much highly attuned feline eyes, Loki had no trouble spotting the man and carefully gathered his magic. Building it slowly as he closed the distance, before channeling it to transport him directly into the man's path.

The robber looked back desperately over his shoulder. Surely thinking he was getting away, when suddenly his feet collided with a solid, fur covered object. His hands shot out automatically, and fortunately took the brunt of the fall before his face hit. Though the wind was knocked from him in impact, so all he could do was lay in the dark street, groaning weakly in pain.

Loki stepped smugly upon the man's back and sat down upon it. Waiting for Thor to notice his absence and come looking for him. Which should be right about….. now.

“Loki?? Loki where'd you go?” Thor called out to the darkness. He had turned, grinning triumphantly, the would-be robbers lying about his feet on various stages of injury, and fully expected to see his brother. Had hoped vainly that he'd been watching how efficiently his betrothed vanquished these foes. But instead, he was met with an empty street.

“Over here, Thor,” Loki called as soon as the man in question came into view. As Thor heard his voice, he trotted up, closing the distance. “You nearly lost one. I'd have placed him back with the others, but I doubt he'd take orders from a cat.”

Thor smiled and reached down, picking the guy up in one arm as Loki leapt back upon his shoulder. “Oh, I don't know. You are a pretty formidable cat, demanding too.”

“Demanding, huh?” Loki questioned as the perp was placed with the others. Already the sound of
distant sirens announced that the police would be here soon to take over.

“Yes, always with the pet me, carry me, feed me,” Thor teased emptily as he reached up to pet the cat in question.

Loki didn’t even feign disinterest, leaning into the touches greedily. “Well, just making up for lost time. I’ve had centuries of petting, and carrying, and feeding that I’ve apparently been missing out on.”

“I think you’re enjoying being a cat,” Thor remarked.

“Oh, I absolutely am,” Loki replied. Watching as the flashing lighted cars approached and the police poured out of them. Self importantly bustling about, taking the men and putting them into the back of their cars, thanking Thor, checking over the bank. Until finally Thor turned to steer then back towards the tower. “You should try it sometime. You know I could-”

“No Loki,” Thor quickly cut off that line of discussion.

“Oh come on, just for one night. You don’t even have to be a cat. I could turn you into a nice canine breed.”

“No Loki,” Thor stated firmly. “And just for one night? You can not yet turn your self back, I shudder to think how long I’d be stuck as a Canidae.”

“Well, all I’m saying is don’t go throwing stones until you’ve tried it.”

“Is that how that saying goes?”

“Of course it is. It makes total sense to me.”

“If you say so,” Thor chuckled, reaching up to again begin scratching his love's fur gently. “I like you in this form as well,” he added, craning his head to kiss his love on one fuzzy cheek.
“TaaDaa, did you miss me?”

Thor was standing at counter with coffee in hand and turned, immediately taking in the form of his brother standing back in his Asgardian form before him, except still donning cat ears and tail. Though now larger to more properly fit his current Aesir form. Thor immediately spit the coffee out as he erupted into laughter. “Loki, by the Nine! Stop your jokes.”

“This is no joke Thor, my magic has yet to return to a level that would remedy this.” Loki explained impatiently. “I expected you of all people to be more mature about it. But fine, since your so much nicer to me in feline form, than perhaps I’ll just stay like that for a bit longer.” With that he changed back into his feline form and stalked back off, knowing he’d be stuck like this for awhile longer now, but it was necessary to teach Thor a lesson on delicacy and tact.

Clint and Steve were sitting on the couch enjoying a quiet morning. Clint playing a video game while Steve just watched as he sipped his coffee. When suddenly Lokitty saunters quickly by behind them with Thor chasing after him.

“Loki, I'm sorry!! I'm sorry!! Please come back!* Thor pleaded loudly.

“You know,” Clint remarked as he kept hammering his thumbs upon the controller “In any other house this would be weird”

“Mmmmmmmm,” Steve agrees as sips away unbothered by the commotion.

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“I am warning you,” Thor began, hands clasped together before him. “and begging you, as my friends, please whatever you do, do not laugh at his appearance.”

It had taken two days for Loki to finally change back into his Aesir form, however the feline ears and tail stubbornly remained. Though now whether Loki had them due to his waning magic, or out of spite, Thor couldn’t be certain and didn’t wish to risk an upset Loki to ask.

“Alright alright,” Stark assured him. “you laugh you lose guys. $20 bucks seem fair?”

Everyone nodded just as Loki enters the kitchen, pointedly not speaking as he takes the offered cup
of coffee from his love and leans back against the counter to watch them with eyebrows raised and
tail twitching in anticipation.

Stark and Clint immediately forked their money over to Steve and turn to leave the room, barely
stifling their snickers.

Steve just opened his mouth and closed it again, taking in Loki's appearance as the man sips his a
cup of coffee. Obviously confused “What…. How… You know what, I don't want to know.” he
says finally, turning to leave and waving off the whole affair with one hand.

“What’s gotten into those two?” Banner asked, passing Clint and Stark as he entered and his face
immediately lit up with delight.” Oh wow, that's amazing!” He says stepping closer to get a better
look. “Are you hearing it of those ears?”

“Obviously,” Loki replied though his ear is twitching a bit nervously at Banner's approach and
stepping instinctually closer to his love.

“Oh, and you have a tail too,” Banner announces, grabbing Loki and turning him to get a better
look. Loki feels Bruce's touch and is so shocked his tail goes straight up and curls at the top in
surprise. “With full range of motion. That's amazing!”

“Banner.”

“Yeah?”

“Your hand is on my ass.”

Banner immediately removed hand and steps back a bit just as Thor loops an arm around his loves
waist, pulling him tight and scowling at the smaller man.

"Banner, I am warning you," Thor growled, glowering at the man.

“Oh sorry,” Bruce said holding up his hands but still regarding Loki somewhat eagerly. "I just get
so excited. This really is amazing.”

"I'm glad you think so.” Loki replied haughtily.

“Could you maybe come to the lab later, I'd love to scan you.”

Loki looked honestly taken aback, deferring to his love for guidance. “I'm not even certain what to
say to such a request.”

“You say no,” Thor growled ushering his brother away. “Honestly Banner, I thought I could trust
you. “

“What? No, that's not what I meant.” Banner calls after them. “I'm a scientist.”

“Anthony used that excuse already.” Thor tossed back over his shoulder in reply. “Come brother,
we shall order breakfast to be delivered this morning from the House of Pancakes.”

“Do they make tuna pancakes there you think?” Loki asked curiously.
“Ah, this son of Dagwood is hilarious” Thor chuckled as he sat one evening reading the local newspaper, well the comics anyway. He had no real interest in the petty affairs of humans.

Loki came sauntering over and pushed his way under one beefy arm to sit in his lap, looking far too proud to be in his new position half blocking the paper. Thor just chuckled at his love’s now familiar antics and put one arm around him and rubbing his side. His love merely smiled happily, eyes closed and purrs in contentment.

“Awfully demanding for attention, isn't he?” Tony says eyeing the two over his handheld screen where he was browsing the news.

“Verily, though it can not be helped.” Thor explained kissing the top of his love’s head. “Tis the felidae in him.”

“No no, a bit of an improvement I'd say.”

“Thor, I'd like tuna for lunch.” Loki pipes up looking back at Thor hopefully

“Loki, you just had tuna,” Thor chided gently. “you can't have tuna everyday.”

“But...” And Loki seemed to pause for dramatic effect. "I love you.” Loki whined petulantly, his ears drooping and if Tony had ever seen puppy dog eyes on the Asgardian, this was them. Thor was obviously not going to fall for such a blatant exploitation of his feel-

Alright, but just for lunch today.” Thor replied melting instantly and giving into his love. Awarding him a tender peck to the lips.

Loki smiled and settled in contentedly against Thor's chest, his tail flipping up then dropping across Thor's forearm for good measure. Tony could only just sigh and shake his head, that was really just sad.

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“By the Nine, Stark keeps it the relative temperature of Jotunheim in here,” Loki grumbled as he wrapped his arms about himself. This was a definite downside to merging with the cat. He couldn't remember ever being this cold before.

He walked about looking for Thor to help warm him up, going from room to room and coming up empty. Drat, he must be out on patrol. Which meant Loki should probably change. However a bit further search and found Steve lounging on the couch, scribbling away on his sketchbook. Thank goodness for loopholes, he practically sighed in relief.

Ooh, and he remembered Steve put off an amazing amount of body heat. Something about metabolism, Loki hadn't really been listening at the time. Carefully he approached the end of the sofa by Rogers feet, Looking at the space beside him in scrutiny, there might be just enough room.

Steve half paid attention to Loki searching the house, figuring he'd guess where Thor had gone. It was his duty to watch the Asgardian after all and he was, just not as closely as Stark would have him. It's not like Loki had caused any real trouble since he'd gotten his body back anyway. Probably didn't want to be stuck in his cat form again for awhile, though Steve didn't really want to think of the reasons as to why Loki might not want to be stuck as a feline.

He had glanced up once to see him standing holding himself as though cold, and figured he would
take the throw off the back of the sofa. So it was that he was only half paying attention as Loki approached the couch. Then to his surprise, the lean man began crawling up alongside him, making his way slowly, into the small space between Steve and the back of the couch. He knew Loki was waiting for him to say something, perhaps to be turned away. Steve just paused in his drawing so as not to make a mistake and waited patiently as the Asgardian came all the way up to his chest and settled himself half upon him. Sighing contentedly as he did.

Steve couldn't help but chuckle, pulling down the throw to cover the man now resting tight against him. This definitely wasn't the old Loki, though to be honest, he didn't really know Loki before on Asgard, but there was definitely a lot of the cat doing the driving these days.

“Hey buddy,” Steve said taking the eraser end of his pencil and rubbing one feline ear with it, not missing how Loki tilted his head slightly into the touch. “Didn't think my drawing partner would turn up again so soon.”

“Well, you are the warmest creature in this tower at the moment,” Loki allowed lazily. “And you give the best ear scratches, though don't tell Thor.”

“It'll be our little secret then,” Steve smiled before returning back to his drawing.

Loki raised his head slightly, looking at Steve in question. “This isn't weird, is it?”

“Honestly, yes,” Steve said then awarded Loki a soft smile. “But we're all a bit weird here, so I think it'll be okay. As long as you explain to Thor that I wasn't making moves on you.”

“Dear Steve,” Loki sighed laying his head back down with a grin. “Thor trusts you explicitly. He would never think such a thing.”

“That's good. Just wouldn't want him getting the wrong idea.”


Steve just shook his head and sketched away. Pausing from time to time to regard his drawing, absently rubbing Loki's ears each time he did. Yep, in any other house, this would definitely be weird. It was a good thing they didn't live in any other house.

Thor came home several hours later. Smiling as he walked in to see his love snoozing upon his friend Steve Rogers.

“He was cold,” Steve whispered as he met his friend's smile.

“That must have been new and terrifying for him,” Thor explained squatting down before the couch to gaze upon his love. “He has never been bothered by the cold before, it must be the felidae in him. He is fortunate that you were here to comfort him.”

“Uh, yeah,” Steve agreed though Loki certainly hadn't look terrified. Annoyed perhaps, and Steve could just picture him ranting about how dare this feline be sensitive to lower temperatures. He could hear his haughty voice so clearly that he huffed out a small laugh. Fortunately, Thor didn't seem to notice.

“Here friend Rogers,” Thor said standing and reaching across him to scoop Loki up into his arms. “Let me relieve you off your burden.”

“Oh, he's no burden,” Steve admitted, reaching up to rub Loki's ear one last time before heading to bed.
Loki blinked awake and eyed Thor petulantly. “You're late.”

“How do you know that? You've been sleeping.”

“Because you didn't deny it when I just said it. Therefore now I know you're definitely late.” Loki returned, not moving to dislodge himself from Thor's grip in the slightest as the larger man turned to carry him to bed.

“Forgive me my love,” Thor smiled knowing there was no real bite to his love's words. “What recompense do you require this time?”

“Tuna?” Loki asked hopefully.

“Loki, it is too late for tuna,” Thor laughed laying his love upon the bed, still wrapped in the throw from the couch.

“It's never too late for tuna.” Loki pouted until Thor slid into bed and pulled him under the blankets with him. Silencing any further discussion by scratching under his chin and kissing him soundly on the lips. “Fine, in the morning then.”

“It'll be too early for tuna in the morning,” Thor countered with a yawn.

“It's never too early for tuna.”

“You know that's just the felidae talking,” Thor reminded his love gently.

“I know,” Loki admitted with a shrug. “But he makes a very persuasive point.”

“Which is?”

“I love you,” Loki replied softly turning his gaze up to meet Thor's.

“Fine,” Thor sighed with a smile, how could he ever resist those eyes? “Tuna in the morning, but you'll have to get up early.”

“Or, you could just sleep late,” Loki smirked wriggling around under the blankets before pulling an arm free that was now holding his pants and tossing them on the floor.

Thor raised an eyebrow at his love, Loki had put on a healthier amount of weight and was looking more like himself.

“Now you’re making a very persuasive point.” He said rolling into his love, their mouths meeting eagerly in shared passion.
Loki stretched languidly, his tail curling up into a neat question mark behind him as he yawned and headed downstairs. He had awoken to a far too empty bed, sleeping straight through Thor rising this morning. Not surprisingly given their lasciviously exuberant activities the night before, however, he was a bit disappointed to even be walking straight this morning. Guess they'd have to try again later, he bemused with a devilish smirk and flick of his tail.

The silence of the place didn't hit his sensitive ears until he'd entered the kitchen. Fully expecting to see the large blond hovering over the stove, searing little strips of pork. Instead the kitchen was entirely empty, causing him to pause on the doorway to eye it as if it were some trick or illusion.

Tail now swishing in thought, he leaned back from the alcove and looked around the equally empty living space. Perhaps they had been called away on a mission this morning? Well then, he'd just have to procure his own breakfast. The smirk once again gracing his lips he headed straight to the tuna cabinet. Letting out a huff of laugh at the puny lock holding it closed. With a wave of his hand the lock clicked open and he caught it just before it fell to the counter, only replacing it once he'd emptied the contents of three cans of tuna into a large bowl. Just exercising his magic, he thought to himself smugly. It's what the mortals say, Use it or it'll cost you an arm and a leg...or in this case, his bipedal form.

He sat in the quiet, using a fork despite his feline side wanting to just dive face first into the bowl, and munched happily. Waiting with preemptive glee for Stark to finally emerge from either his bed or his lab to find him eating the forbidden treat. He just couldn't wait to gloat at dispelling the mortal's simple lock so easily.

But as the bowl emptied, Stark had still not appeared and while he had enjoyed his breakfast, it was taking some of the fun right out of his morning. What fun was a bit of harmless mischief, if there was no audience? With a sigh he dropped his empty bowl in the sink and headed to the lab door. Locked, of course it was. Stark was probably down there working on one of his super secret projects. Though that did present another conundrum.

Loki had agreed not to be unsupervised in the tower in his current form. Technically he was breaking the agreed upon rules. Still, he so hated to change as it meant that would be delaying any further fun with his lover for a few days while he rebuilt the rest of his magic stores. Maybe he'd see what Tony was up to before committing to such a change.

“Taadaa,” he announced as he teleported smoothly to the lab, arms held theatrically wide as he took in the humanless space. “Damn” he cursed to himself as he looked about, Stark appeared to be missing as well. Terrible shame as he'd just wasted a ridiculous amount of his magic on that trick. With a shrug he began poking around the lab, looking with some interest at the models and pieces of Stark's Arc reactor laid out upon the one table.

“Sir,” Jarvis's voice startled him and he pulled up quickly, hitting his head on an overhead monitor and cursing at the sudden intrusion. “May I inform you that you are not permitted to be in this space in your current form and without..”

“Yes, yes, I know,” Loki huffed changing smoothly into his feline form. “Happy now Jarvis?”

“Actually, as I was saying,” Jarvis continued undaunted. “You are not permitted to be in this space without Mr Stark's supervision.”
“Uh huh,” Loki replied, not really listening as his eyes fell on the computer screen before him with the SHIELD insignia still up on the screen. “Interesting” he purred as he approached. His paws emitting the ethereal green light as they hovered over the keyboard. For once thankful that his decreased magic seemed far more concentrated in this form. Numbers and letters scrolled rapidly across the screen, soon replaced by images. “Oh brother, they have far too much information on you for this to be merely a casual file.” he said to the empty lab as he dug into the system deeper.

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“Sir.”

“Not now Jarvis,” Tony cursed narrowly dodging another rocket blast. These bots were relentless this morning. “I'm a little busy.”

“Yes, I can see that sir,” the AI continued undaunted. “However, I need to inform you that… Lokitty has just successfully taken over the laptop in your lab.”

Tony huffed barely listening as he twisted in air to deliver a repulsor blast to the fleet of bots. If he didn't know better, he'd swear they were all just gunning for him. Though the rest of the team certainly had their hands full trying to bring down the latest robotic arachnid. “Has he hacked my stuff?”

“No sir, only SHIELD's.”

“Oh, not really my problem then.” Stark replied with a small shrug “They should have thought of that before agreeing to harbor hyper intelligent, psychotic space aliens”

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Thor however, was not as calm upon finding that Loki had been up to such misdeeds the instant they had left him alone. Finding the feline in question sitting upon the coffee table, gazing up at them with his most innocent of eyes.

“Anthony informs me that you have slashed his computer,” Thor said angrily as he set Mjolnir down heavily right beside the cat. “I can not believe you would do this.”

“I can, “Clint chimed in with a shrug. “I can not believe you would do this.”

“Yeah, me too, “ Steve admitted.

“Seriously, no big shocker there,” Tony said though was frowning a bit himself. “And it's hacked Thor. Hacked! Slash is.. Well, it's a conversation for another day.”

“Oh come on, it's not like I caused any real damage, “ Loki stated, pleading his case through his translator collar. “Just deleted a few of erroneous files. “

“A few?” Thor asked a bit incredulously

“Well yes, I couldn't have SHIELD keeping obviously erroneous information upon my being. “ Lokitty explained. “Oh, don't worry love, I deleted yours too. You're welcome.”

“There was a file on me?” Thor erupted, whirling on Tony angrily. “Why was SHIELD keeping a
file on me? Am I not to be trusted?"

"Whoa Thor, take it easy," Steve said stepping in to try to calm the situation. "Shield has files on everyone."

"At least they did," Lokitty said licking a paw in self satisfaction.

"Wait you said a few," Tony asked regarding the cat closely. "did you get mine too?"

Loki just winked in response.

Tony suddenly scooped Lokitty up happily, scratching his chin: "Oh you wonderfully mischievous," he suddenly paused as everyone is staring at him and holds Lokitty it at arm's length. "Uh, Terrible kitty, very bad kitty" he mock scolds as he carries him off to the kitchen, placing him on the counter as he carefully unlocks the cabinet to fetch him some tuna. Pausing only to eye the cans closely for just a moment before pulling one out and emptying it onto a plate. Loki knows he's noticed the missing cans and smirks as he digs into his treat. Thinking nothing if it as Stark removes his collar, hiding it in his pocket just as Phil Coulson arrives.

"Agent Coulson," Stark turns to greet far too warmly. "To what do we owe this visit?"

"You know why I'm here," Phil informs coldly. "That was decades of research and information that he deleted. Every single Avengers file as well as his and Thor's, gone. Do you have any idea just how long it took to gather those files?"

"Decades?" Stark teased the agent at being rhetorical with his words. "You know we really should have known better than to leave him unsupervised." Stark said giving a false cringe. "Oops. Don't worry though, we've got it all under control."

"It doesn't look like much punishment." Phil countered narrowing his gaze at the feline. "In fact it looks like you're rewarding him."

"Of course we aren't," Tony said in mock disbelief as he placed a finger to his lips and ushered Phil off to one side, whispering loud enough for Lokitty to hear. "No see, the tuna is laced with sedatives. As soon as the little fuzzy butt is out we're going to take him to be…. Uh, snip-snip"

"Really?" Coulson responded curiously appalled.

"Yes."

"You think maybe that's a bit severe," he asked still visibly cringing.

"Well, We've warned him before," Stark said with a shrug. "Our words are just idle threats if we don't follow up on them."

Loki smirked as he finished his tuna, wavering theatrically as he stumbled about the counter, suddenly flopping dramatically over on one side and giving a couple of great heaving breaths for extra measure, before finally appearing to be sound asleep.

"Ah, there we are." Stark announced, rubbing his hands together as he approached and scooped up the limp cat. "Well, we've got to be off to the vet before this wears off. Jarvis, have dummy bring the carrier."

"Right away sir," The AI responded, though knew better than to actually start that task.
“I'll leave you to it then Stark,” Phil conceded as he was ushered out. “It appears you have everything under control.”

“Agent.” Tony returned with a nod as the elevator door closed.

“You think he bought it?” Clint asked as they'd overheard the entire conversation.

“Not a single word,” Steve said shaking his head as he watched Tony replace Lokitty's collar and the little feline came back to life in his arms.

“You know, I have something to blackmail you with right?” Tony said scratching the cats chin as it still laying in his arms.

“People in glass houses sink ships, Anthony” Lokitty replied, calmly soaking in this new found attention.

“Interesting…not sure that's how that goes but. It actually works”
“Are you certain you bought enough tuna?” Lokitty asked peering over the seat at the bags in the back.

“If you go through 20 cans of tuna in one week, I am buying a tuna plant and having it delivered,” Stark grumbled. He hadn’t really even wanted to take Lokitty along to go shopping, but still didn’t trust leaving him alone in the tower, not with his magic somewhat returned and his teleporting abilities being revealed. Also, SHIELD may have been watching, had to make a show of not taking Lokitty to the vet while making it appear he was taking Lokitty to the vet. It was bad enough that he had to borrow Banner’s car with his own still in the shop, a baby blue little Prius, how embarrassing, but he’d then had to bribe the obstinate feline to come along with promises of restocking the suddenly depleted tuna supply.

“Well that seems like it would be much more efficient,” Lokitty returned settling back down in the seat.

“Do you have any concept of how money even works here?” Stark replied, turning to take a well known shortcut through an alleyway.

“Not really, I..”

He was suddenly cut off as the car seemed to have been blasted by a loud sound wave that he felt resonating through his bones, more than heard, causing him to cover his ears with his paws to try to block it out. The little chariot also chose that moment to inexplicably lose power.

“By the nine! What was that?” he asked, blinking in alarm as nothing but meows emanated from the collar. “Stark...Anthony? My collar is malfunctioning!”

Stark was busy watching the giant scorpion robot materialize from the wall before him. Shit, this was not good. He reached for his phone to call the team, pressing the button but not hearing the familiar chime of the screen unlocking. Glancing down he frowned at the black screen, which then brought his attention to the meowing feline beside him. It was dead, of course it was, that was no sound wave that blasted them, it was an EMP.

“Stark, Stark, we need to move,” Loki was saying desperately as he watched the now familiar robotic beast that had now reached the ground fully before them. He knew the human couldn’t understand him and turned going between Tony and the door to get his point across.

Tony cursed his luck, glancing down at his communicator on his wrist in which to call Jarvis, but in his haste he’d left it behind. They were literally just going to get noodles, this should have been an easy out and back, but of course nothing was easy in his life. He heard the desperate meowing and reached across to open the door manually. “Loke, it’s up to you bud, Go get Thor!”

He never got a chance to open the handle however, as the scorpion's huge metal claws clamped down on the front, shattering the windshield and side glass as it hefted the automobile into the air, raising it high above it’s metallic form. Tony was hit forcibly by the airbags erupting, feeling like somebody just punched him in the face and gazed around in a daze from the blow. He was still strapped into the seat belt and grunted at the tug on the webbing as it tightened, gasping as he blinked his eyes, he focused to see he was looking straight down 50 feet to the monstrosities back.

Lokitty however, not being buckled in, dug his claws in desperately as the car tilted up and around
him. Fortunately avoiding the strange bags of air that erupted around him, the glass shattering and
dispaepering below his feet as his world was seemingly upended. His feline claws were strong, but
he still couldn’t completely defy gravity and felt his hold slipping.

“Loke, you have to Go!” Stark yelled, pulling against the stubbornly locked seat belt.

Lokitty looked over his head, judging the distance the fall would be and deciding instantly that that
was definitely not in his best interests. The bot’s second claw coming up to grab the car, helped make
his decision. It’s robotic vice coming it where the glass used to be and pinching the roof mere inches
from Stark’s head. As Tony ducked out of the way, Lokitty clambered unseen around to the
underside of the seat, huddling there as the robot began to move.

Stark barely had a moment to move, sliding to the side and covering his head as the second claw
grasped the vehicle. When he looked up, Lokitty was gone. Good, hopefully help would be coming
soon.

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“Finally, Anthony Stark,” A voice greeted him, a tall man with glasses approaching before where
he was strapped helplessly to what was basically an upright gurney.

Stark had watched helplessly as the beast descended underground with him in his car. Of course,
the old subway tunnels, that’s how these things were moving about undetected. He tried to memorize
everything, every turn, every detail, so they could make their way back later. If there was a later?
Now he wasn’t so certain.

“John Tesche,” Tony returned smoothly as he recognized the man easily. “Is this how you treat
everyone that you snub for your parties?”

"Oh Tony, you weren’t snubbed,” Mr Tesche returned with a far too smug. “I sent you an invite.
Only because I knew you’d turn it down.”

Tony cursed to himself, remembering now the invite that had come via mail. He hated mailed
invites and never RSVP’d anything. “You know, I just love what you’ve done with the place. what
is this, the old train station, from in here you almost couldn’t tell.”

“Keep talking Anthony,” Teche hummed turning to walk away. “While you can. “

Well, that was rather dark and foreboding. Though the two scientists now approaching were much
more so, and Tony suddenly found an IV being inserted into his arm and his world going dark.
Lokitty huddled quietly in the car long after the men had come and forcibly extracted Tony from its insides. Focusing on his feline side, listening to everything, smelling everything. He took in the scent of the metal of the scorpion still nearby, the leaking fluids from this ridiculous chariot, and the sweat from where Tony had been held into the vehicle's seat. He heard the hum fade as the Scorpion had powered down, the footsteps of the men leaving, and the gentle distant whir of a ventilation fan. His delicate whiskers tested the air currents for movement as he quietly crept out, eyes focused and looking for danger.

The car had been placed roughly, dropped was more apt, back down on the ground and as he looked about, he could see they were in some sort of huge domed bay. The robot arachnid seemingly crouched lifelessly behind him as he hopped out of the wrecked automobile. Great, now what? Find a way out and go get Thor, who would be the only one who could understand him since this blasted collar had ceased to work, or go find Tony who would be in desperate need of rescuing? He wasn't used to having to think like a good guy. What would Thor do? What would Captain Rogers or Clint do? Seeing as how the Stark was quite mortal, Loki surmised that should he try an escape without him, that Anthony may no longer be alive to rescue when they got back. Right, rescue Tony it was.

He followed the sound of the whirring fan. If there was ventilation, then it should have air tubes of some sort in which to make the air travel. Locating it wasn't so much the issue, it was the giant metal grate sitting about 10 feet up on the wall providing the more formidable problem. For a normal cat that anyway. Fortunately, he was not, Lokitty easily teleported to the other side of the grate, finding himself within the maze of metal halls. Once again he paused, sniffing the air and listening. They would have taken Stark further into the compound, so he turned down that shaft and continued on, quite pleased at how soundless his feline paws moved even over such thin metal. Small grates in the floor opened up onto rooms below, and he paused to take each one in carefully.

The first of them seemed to be several rooms of assembly, the robot armies being put together in various degrees. Then the storage room. Far larger and vaster than Lokitty could even make out from his vantage point, where line after line of bots were lined up, standing at the ready for attack by the hundred. This was getting far out of control and needed to be shut down, sooner rather than later. But he had to pause and openly gasp at the giant space he came to next. His fur standing up on his tail in recognition of the trouble he was seeing.

The room been sunk down over a hundred feet below the regular tunnel depths and in it's center stood a massive robot. It's metal hull a satin black that seemed to absorb light rather than reflect it, rough hewn arms housed guns, and missile launchers, and it's head had a single visor like slit instead of eyes. This thing was created for one reason and one reason only, to destroy. However it's chest cavity appeared incomplete, a great gaping hole there instead of wires or armor. Perhaps there was still time to halt production of this monstrosity.

The next rooms he came upon looked like labs, but the scientists below had been trying to create something far too familiar. He instantly recognized the fumbling blue prints on a easel below. The arc reactor, or a failed schematic of one. There was no way that would ever work, and suddenly he knew, it all came together. The bots only ever attacked whenever Tony was out of the tower. Why? Because they had been after Stark all along. They needed him for this, but what use could they have for the device guarding the mortal man’s heart? Not a good one, that was for certain.

He heard the sound of voices and continued on, smelling the man he’d been searching for long before he came up to the grate that would allow him to see him. Stark was strapped to a large table,
his shirt removed to give easier access to the Arc Reactor, and his head slumping in his unconscious state. Two men bustled around the room, they had attached a myriad of wires to the reactor and appeared to be attempting to harness its energy. So, if they couldn’t build one themselves, they’d just use Stark as what, a giant battery? This certainly didn’t bode well, and Lokitty needed to think of some way to get these men out of the room, fast.

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Tony awoke groggily, blinking at the water cascading over him, his senses instantly attacked by the bombardment of alarms and flashing lights sounding all around him. Finally focusing on the feline currently using his body for a ladder. He slowly focused, recognizing it as Lokitty tugged on one of the leather straps holding his wrists, noting the now unplugged wired and IV lines dangling around him.

“You’re late,” Stark said as his wrist was freed and he reached across to undo the opposite strap.

“Well, as you humans say, better late than pregnant,” Lokitty remarked before hopping down.

Tony only smirked at the meowing feline as he reached down to undo the rest of the restraints, falling forward on his hands and knees as the last one freed him. His head spun and his legs felt like absolute jello as he fought to regain control of his body.

“Now’s not the time to dally stark,” Lokitty warned with a loud meow, heading towards the door and circling before it.

Tony shook his head and fought his way to his feet. Urged on by the insistent meows, he leaned heavily upon the tables as he made his way to the door. The hall was empty, whatever Lokitty had done to create a distraction, he’d done it big time. Tony would congratulate him if he didn’t know the pesky furball would hold it over his head for an eternity.

“I hope you know where you’re going,” Stark grumbled, his shoulder sliding heavily along the wall as he followed the cat as quickly as possible, his feet still trudging heavily and lead like.

Lokitty trotted carefully just in front of him, pausing at each corner to look, listen and sniff. The sound of people behind them causing him to glance back nervously. Hacking the computers here had been surprisingly far simpler than Shields, had he not been in feline form, he wouldn’t even have needed to use magic to do it. The humans left so many of their precious devices unattended during eating hours. Fools. Animating the Scorpion and using it to attack its creators only seemed like a just demise for them.

He heard the sound of footsteps rapidly approaching and crouched back, quickly urging tony into a side room, the man following and closing the door just as a group of armed men rushed past. Tony watching through the cracked door as they went. Lokitty peered past, watching them go before ducking back out quickly. Only to find himself suddenly plucked off the floor by the scruff of his neck, his legs seeming to curl up instantly on their own as he found himself paralyzed by the hold. Only able to growl angrily and twitch the tip of his tail in retaliation, Did all humans know how to incapacitate felidae?

“Well, well, what have we here?” the man asked as he peered closely at the cat, adjusting his glasses before looking in contempt up at Stark.
Tony was surprised himself as he followed the cat out of the room only to find himself facing Tesche and two of his guards. The man had caught Lokitty unawares, catching him easily. “Looks like a stray to me,” Tony remarked innocently. “Probably attracted to the large number of rats in here.”

“A stray, I highly doubt that,” Tesche said narrowing his gaze as the feline in question emitted a foreboding hiss. “No, I seem to recall this particular feline. See, I never forget a face.” he explained as he carefully handed the cat off to a scientist that had joined them. “Take that to the lab and scan it, just to be safe. ” He ordered. "Nothing is ever as it appears with you Avengers. As for you Stark, it’s show time."
“Tesche wants you to scan this,” The guard informed the single scientist working in the room as he stuffed the cat into a tiny metal cage and quickly latched the door.

“Scan it?” The scientist scoffed glancing only momentarily at the cat. “For what? Fleas?”

“Nah, he thinks it works with the Avengers somehow, it was with Stark,” The guard clarified peering at the cat now pacing about inside it’s prison.

“He’s joking.”

“Oh Tesche never jokes,” The guard replied with a half frown.

Lokitty needed a plan, he needed to think. He also needed time. Perhaps a diversion could stall these ridiculous humans somehow. Well, it always worked in the past. The feline let out a most piteous meow and rubbed against the bars of the cage, causing the guard to smile and scratch at it’s fur with one finger.

“He’s kind of a cute little fella, isn’t he?” The guard mused.”Hey, what’s up with this fancy collar?”

The scientist now came over to inspect the cat a bit closer. “You think Stark’s pet would have a regular collar?” He mused shaking his head as he straightened up. Obviously finding this whole matter to be a waste of his time.

“Hey, there’s numbers on it, what do you think they mean?” The guard asked peering closely at the device as he scratched the cat’s chin to keep it in place so he could read it.

“I don’t know, a phone number in case fluffy gets lost?” The scientist returned sarcastically moving to go work with something on a nearby table.

“Nah, not enough numbers, and there’s letters here too. Oh, maybe it’s his name. Hmmm 3-7-0-H-S-S-V”

“His name is 370HSSV?” The scientist asked leveling a flat glare at the other man as he prepared a syringe.

Lokitty didn’t like the looks of that. Anything that came with a needle attached to it would be trouble, especially in this form. Though technically he couldn’t be certain, he may prove to be immune, but now was not the time to find out and he nearly had his plan worked out.

“Maybe, it’s like a code.” The guard explained, taking out a notebook from his pocket and writing the figures down, obviously thinking hard as he looked them over. The scientist had turned back to his table for just a second, so it was now or never.

“Well, while you figure it out, I got work to do. Time for fluffy to take a nap.” The scientist said as he moved the guard aside and opened the cage reaching in to grab the cat.

“Oh no you, don’t,” Lokitty thought moving to the back of the cage.
But the scientist never heard the small cat’s growl, instead he heard a much larger primal growl behind him. Slowly he turned around to see a giant black panther now standing in the doorway of the room. His hand shook that still held the syringe as he slowly turned and fully faced the beast, his breath seizing in his chest as he tried to form words. Desperately he grabbed the guard’s arm beside him, the other man so focused on his number puzzle that he had yet to notice.

“What?” The guard grumbled looking at the scientist with a scowl. He noticed the other man’s terrified demeanor and followed his eyes to see the giant cat and instantly whirled, backing into the table that held the now open cage. Dropping the notepad, he quickly reached for his gun. “Where’d that come from?”

“I don’t know! Why are you asking me?”

Lokitty smirked as he stepped easily from the still open cage. “Foolish humans,” He scoffed in disgust. “Oh boys” He crooned with a smirk.

The guard raised his gun to fire, only to hear a second primal warning growl coming from behind him. He and the scientists turned shakily as one to see a second giant panther now standing directly on the table behind them. Screaming in terror the guard dropped the notepad and the scientist his syringe as they both stepped quickly back away from the table. Only to remember the first panther that was still behind them, or so they thought. Turning they noticed it was suddenly gone.

“Where’d it go???” The Scientist asked as they both now backed slowly away from the giant feline still on the table. “Did it teleport?”

“Can they do that?” The guard asked holding his gun on the panther shakily.

“I don’t know,” The scientist admitted glancing behind him to see the still clear doorway. “But I’m not waiting around to find out!”

They both turned and scrambled out of the door in a haste of shoving and tangled limbs. Lokitty watched them impatiently, adding a not so gentle roar to get them moving a bit more hastily. Once gone, he sighed and allowed the illusion to drop. He’d rather not waste his magic with mirages, but it had to be done. Though he’d meant to project an image of his Asgardian form, the panther was an interesting surprise to say the least. Well, he’d have to explore this little feline side effect another time. Absently he licked his fur as though trying to erase everywhere the guard had touched him, filthy human, as his eyes caught sight of the notepad now laying forgotten on the floor below him. The code the guard had copied from his collar now on display upside down bringing a frown to the cat’s face. Lokitty gave a disgruntled flip of his tail as he turned to the air duct just above him and teleported. Stark would owe him double for this.

He took a minute to orient himself, feeling the loss of even more magic, before moving quickly through the tunnels now, he back tracked to the room where Tony had been held before. Curse Odin’s Beard, it was empty! He continued on and soon came across the now empty holding chamber where the army of robots had previously been. This wasn’t looking good. Continuing on he sighed in dismay at the empty giant silo where the mega bot had been. Whatever they had been planning, it looked like they were putting that in action now. But how, it had been incomplete, unless…

Chapter End Notes
I know, I'm leaving you hanging. Sorry, it'll all be worth it soon. I'll be finishing editing on the last chapters and have them all posted next week. I can't believe it's almost over so soon. It's been one heck of a ride though. I hope you'll enjoy it's grand finale.
Chapter 64

Thor spun his hammer rapidly, taking out robot after robot, and still they charged. They poured out of the subway tunnels by the dozens and it was all he and Cap could do to beat them down. But that wasn’t their biggest problem. What was, the bigger problem at hand was the giant four story high robot that continued firing upon them from their left and when it wasn’t firing upon them, it was using it’s missiles to blast holes into the surrounding buildings.

The attack had happened suddenly and without warning. Thor and Cap were on routine patrol, Clint and Banner were just heading back from Shield when they’d been attacked by the bots. Thor and Cap had come to their aid quickly, but it was evident they were quickly losing half of the city to this attack. Thor had went to aim Mjolnir, but Clint had quickly stopped him.

“Wait, you can’t fire upon it,” He warned and they all focused on the same time at what Clint had first spotted. Hanging helplessly in the giant machine’s chest was Tony Stark, his arms and legs tethered in tightly, head held back by a strap across the forehead so he could watch helplessly all the destruction that was being wrought before him. All powered by the cable now attached to his Arc Reactor. He would have yelled in warning to his friends, but Tesche had seen fit to gag him as well, the lousy bastard.

“Tony?” Cap remarked in disbelief. “We’ve got to free him!”

“When you come up with a plan that’ll get us close enough without destroying either him or the bot, you let us know,” Clint said firing off another explosive tipped arrow at the robot forces still swarming below.

“Banner, any ideas,” Cap asked. They’d made the other man retreat back to observe via a Shield vehicle to avoid the “Other Guy” from appearing, seeing as how they were trying to minimize damage.

“It looks like they’re using him to power the robot,” Banner remarked. “I’m not certain we can unplug him without damaging the reactor.”

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Lokitty was heading back when the sound of a TV caught his attention, dropping soundlessly into the room he observed the attack being broadcast live on the evening news. So that was the play, Stark was the piece meant to complete the giant bot after all. But what was the point to all this? What was he missing? Loki looked at the screen trying to sort it all out. Wait, that street sign said Alabaster, the same street that had been highlighted on Tesche’s map back in his office, he was sure of it. He watched as the large bot blasted building after building, reducing their sides to rubble as the Avenger’s scrambled helplessly to take out the swarm of bots. So, this was his play? How very petty.

He paused and he narrowed his eyes as he took in the room he’d descended in. One of the assembly rooms with half bots all around him. Well, it wasn’t an ideal plan, but it was a plan. He just hoped there was enough of them.
Steve paused with a start mid strike, taking a step back in shock as legless robot warrior crawled rapidly past, it’s metal spine trailing behind it like a reptilian tail. The sight causing him to grimace a bit. He’d seen a lot of grotesque thing in the war, but half robots with their spinal cords trailing out of them was right up there in his new top ten of things he’d like to forget. It was soon followed by another, and another, the half army charging forward past him and without warning, attacking their fully formed bretheren. Well this was certainly a thing of nightmares, but he could at least pause finally to catch his breath. He then heard a familiar voice and turned.

“On your left Cap, “ Lokitty warned as the bot he’d been riding slithered past.

Animating the half assembled robots had been easy as they were all plugged into the same computer bank, getting them to attack the other bots, well that was just the matter of swapping a couple numbers in their core program. Using his magic to fix his collar, well that had taken a bit more than he’d likely admit and while not as worthy of an expenditure, he felt it necessary. He was now running on magic fumes so to speak, not that he would admit to as much.

“Loki?” Steve questioned watching the cat in disbelief, before charging into battle after him. Leave it up to the trickster to find reinforcements right in the enemy’s own house. Thor just cheered as he spotted his love and let his hammer fly , knocking down a whole row of robots as he redoubled his efforts.

Lokitty had however hoped to get a bit closer to the mega bot, but as soon as the mechanical beast spotted him riding his half army into the fray, it immediately began firing upon him. Lokitty teleported quickly off the bot, but didn’t get far, scrambling and dodging the bullets hailing upon him as he tried to escape. Curse these ridiculously small feline legs!!

“Thor, they’re onto Loki! “ Steve warned, spotting his feline comrade's predicament as they both battle the remaining robots, unable to get to the cat in question. “They know!”

Thor yelled angrily as he saw his love in peril and brought a mega bolt of lightning, to level the remaining robot soldiers. Lokitty saw it coming to, but his scramble to safety was blocked suddenly by a massive blast, exploding the ground before him. He huddled instinctively , preparing himself for the blast of lightning to hit him, but it never came. Looking up in amazement he sighed in relief at his new friend.

Steve had rushed forward towards the retreating feline, Lokitty was fast, but he’d never make it in time. He had to get to him first. Leaping forward straight through the exploding rubble courtesy of the mega bot, he managed to plant his shield in the ground just as the shock wave hit, protecting both him and the feline from the attack.

“I got your back buddy.” Steve assured Lokitty firmly. “Any ideas?”

“We could try that sportsball move?,” Lokitty suggested looking up at the mega bot that was looming closer.

“What? “ Steve asked not quite getting the full idea.

“Throw me to Stark” Lokitty stated. “I’ll disconnect him, that should bring down the bot.”

“Quite possibly, but it is a plan.” Lokitty returned bluntly. “And if it succeeds, I’ll not tell Stark that you broke the Lokitty rule by calling me by my real name. “

“Well, if you’re certain,” Steve said hefting the cat in one hand and pulling him back.

“Me, certain? Never.”

Steve just frowned and launched his arm forward, stepping into the throw and using all his might to direct the cat towards the robot’s chest. It was fortunately a pretty large target, though even Lokitty was surprised by the force of the throw. Hitting Stark quite solidly in the gut, he quickly hooked his rear claws into the man’s waistband. That would definitely leave a bruise on both of them and he didn’t miss the muffled oomph as he hit.

Jumping upwards he tried to minimize scratching up the mortal, but without his shirt, there wasn’t much purchase. Still he made it to one wrist and pulled the restraining device free before the robot reached in with one giant metal hand to dislodge him.

“Loki, Look Out,” Steve yelled in warning, throwing his shield uselessly at the Robot’s arm to try to stall it, it just clanging off the mechanical monster’s arm, only nudging it’s progress, but not throwing it off track.

Lokitty turned and saw the giant hand coming straight for him and quickly ducked behind Tony to avoid it. The sight that followed would have been comical had Lokitty’s life not been in peril at the time. He kept the bot busy by avoiding it’s clutches, scurrying over it’s back, across it’s mid section, up over its head, even circling it’s neck, all while the bot grabbing at it wildly with its far too slow hands. Which was just poor design in Lokitty’s opinion. Meanwhile, with one hand free, Stark wasted no time in removing the rest of his restraints, pausing only as he got to the one firmly latched on his chest.

Lokitty scrambled for purchase, his claws scratching uselessly on the metal as the bot suddenly lost power and began toppling backwards, but where could he go?

“Loki, JUMP!” A familiar voice came to him from below, he didn’t even hesitate, his instinct guiding him as he leapt out into the open air, feeling the gut dropping free fall before a pair of firm hands caught him and cradled him against a solid body as the bot crashed to earth.

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“Oh dear, what’s wrong with it?” Lokitty asked as he sat upon Stark’s chest, peering down at him quizzically.

“I don’t know?” Clint said as he gazed down at Stark’s still form. “And ‘it’ honestly Loki!”

“Well, Have you tried turning it off and turning it back on again?” Lokitty offered climbing up on the man’s gut to peer into his face.

“No Loki,” Steve sighed as he watched bruce kneel next to the man and check for a pulse. It was there, but weak “ That doesn’t apply to humans”

“Then why are you always telling Stark to sleep it off?” Lokitty countered.

“Loki, you're not helping.” Banner returned, hefting the cat off and sitting it to the side as he checked Stark over. They had removed him from the bot after it had crashed to earth and ironically, it’s formidable metal shell had seemed to have protected him from most bodily damage, but he still wasn’t waking. Banner rolling up on the site just as the metal behemoth crashed to earth.
"That's because you're too argumentative. I have some valid ideas here."

"That don't apply to human anatomy."

"Well, excuse me Doctor Banner." Loki huffed indignantly " Why don't you just hit him with one of your precious PhD’s"

"Thor, a little help here?" Bruce asked the Large Asgardian that was just standing by watching helplessly.

"I don't know Banner," Thor returned. " perhaps one of your weapons of PhD would work. "

"What? They're not… Guys, please!" Banner stated turning back to try to sort through the problem.

"Oh wait, I see what the problem is." Lokitty announced, hopping back up and placing his nose over the fading light in the Arc Reactor. Banner blinked in surprise as a Green light engulfed it momentarily and it suddenly surged back to life. Stark awoke instantly with a gasp and looked around in confusion.

"What?" Stark asks quickly seeing everyone surprised faces. "What happened? Bruce didn’t kiss me did he, because we talked about that."

"What did you do?" Banner asked eyeing Lokitty suspiciously and ignoring Stark’s pointless rant.

"Cracked diode," Loki said dropping the glass tube from his mouth onto Starks stomach. Must of happened when he disconnected it so violently. I replaced it with one I had Stark's lab."

Banner gaped openly at the feline as he picked up the diode and peered at it closely, sure enough, there was a crack right in the middle of its glass-like shell.

"Oh please Banner," Lokitty said rolling his eyes. "I do know how to read blue prints and spent enough time in that lab to know the inner workings of every machine in there. Including Stark's mechanical heart."

"You were in my Lab?" Stark barked in accusation. "I locked the door!"

"And I teleported in, Magical, remember? Honestly Anthony, do try to keep up." Fortunately Thor thought it the best time to retrieve his love from within Stark's grasp, picking him up and rubbing his ears proudly.

"You stole from my lab!!"

"I know," Lokitty replied leaning into Thor's touches. "And You're welcome."

"Come Loki," Thor said walking away with his love cradled safely in his arms. "I believe a celebration feast is in order."

"Ooooohh can we have Tuna?' Lokitty asked hopefully.

"How about Salmon?" Steve offered as he and Clint joined Thor’s side, leaving Bruce to deal wit Stark on his own.

"Salmon?" Loki asked hopefully. "If that's the reward, I could get used to this heroic stuff."

"Wait! You get back here!" Tony yelled after them just as SHIELD medical showed up. Guiding the man that was trying to climb to his feet onto a stretcher for evaluation. "I'm not done with you
“Let it go Stark,” Bruce urged as he helped the medical team load Tony into the waiting van. “That furball did just save your life.”

“Yes, but…”

“Tony, why would a guy with Loki’s technological know-how, and all the knowledge of Asgardian science in his head, be carrying around spare parts to your arc reactor in his magical pockets?”

“Well, obviously in case a part breaks….oh.” Stark sat dazed as the reality of it hit him. There was no other reason for Loki to want parts to his arc reactor. There was nothing else conceivably to be gleaned from it. Damn it!
Chapter 65

“So that was Tesche’s play all along?” Clint asked incredulously as he waited in the lab with Stark for the others to arrive. “Just destroy the buildings that wouldn’t sell, so he can come in later and grab the land cheaper from the city, rebuild it himself to become what, the eventual owner of New York?”

They’d reviewed hours of SHIELD files over the past week confirming that the man they had captured at the end of the battle was indeed the one responsible for destroying a large part of New York’s West side and setting into play the events that lead to Loki’s furry predicament. SHIELD swarming the underground facilities even as the dust was still clearing outside, lead by an anonymous tip to Coulson’s personal email. He’d no doubts who the anonymous tipper was, but opted not to mention it.

All in all Tesche got off lucky. If Thor had gotten a hold of him, if the rage seething like the crackling lightning from the corners of his eyes was any indication. He’d likely have been ripped limb from limb, Quite literally, for attacking Lokitty his robot. Fortunately, Lokitty chose an optimum time to fake a limp, pulling the thunderer’s attention to help his poor, injured, companion as Coulson ushered his prisoner quickly away. Lokitty of course making a miraculous recovery on the ride home.

“Greed is a funny thing,” Steve remarked shaking his head. “Tesche wanted power and was willing to do whatever was necessary to get it.”

“What an asshole!” Clint remarked dryly.

“You can say that again,” Loki remarked causing the trio to look up at him with amused grins.

It had taken nearly week for Loki to resume his bipedal form after the battle. Stark had told Thor to bring him down to the lab at exactly 8:00 and to make certain his eyes were covered. Though seeing the larger man carrying his betrothed bridal style down the stairs and Loki sporting a dark blindfold, Tony did not want to know where the man had gotten that, just seemed far too comical. Especially as Loki’s now ever present feline ears swiveled about belying the man’s nervousness at the situation. Once in position, though Thor gently set his love upon his feet and whisked off the cloth.

Loki’s bright green eyes focused quickly as he gaped at the site now in front of him. A beautiful dark green cape stood on display before him, the shoulder armor that would attach it, expertly crafted to match his battle armor. All sleek curves to perfectly fit his frame. And just Beside it was displayed a smaller near identical version, just the right size for a 10lb cat.

“All made from the lightest bulletproof material,” Tony informed him with a smile. “No expenses spared, I assure you.”

Loki stepped forward, taking the feather light material in his hands and twisting it in his fingers. It felt almost like holding air it was so light. But as he now saw the shoulder guards up close, he held his breath. Pausing as he released the fabric to run one finger delicately over the “A” that had been etched expertly into their form.

“I don’t understand?” he said turning with questioning eyes back to the others.

“Welcome to the team buddy” Steve announced warmly and patted him on the shoulder.

Loki for the first time in his life was truly speechless and he would always remember the day that found himself surrounded by people he could truly call friends. He was part of the team, not as a
prisoner, but as an equal, a comrade, an ally. And as he glanced over at his love, he added a partner to that list as well. Seeing the pride he now felt in his heart, reflected in everyone’s eyes.


“I shall remember that one.” Loki nodded at the man, still smiling as he added yet another odd saying to his ever growing list.

***************

Awww we're finally at the end of this little tale, though I did leave it open for future adventures should the muse strike. I thank everyone who followed along for the fun and enjoyed reading all your lovely comments.

As always dear readers, in case I don't see you again, Good afternoon, Good Evening and Goodnight!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!